

HOMICIDE
LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Fourteen:
"Dead End"

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FINAL DRAFT
Prod.#314
November 8, 1994

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Please note that the following CHARACTER NAMES have been changed:

Alice Grant	to	Alice Nance
Manuel Obregon	to	Manuel Sampier
Dr.Ryan	to	Dr.Rodney French
Uniform	to	Sargeant Sally Rogers

Also note "Dead End" commences the morning that follows the end of Episode #313. The action continues through that day and ends that night.

CAST

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

MITCH DRUMMOND.....Tony Lo Bianco
THERESA WALKER.....Gloria Ruben

GLEN HOLTON.....Steve Hofvendahl

CAPTAIN GEORGE BARNFATHER.....Clayton LeBouef
COLONEL BERT GRANGER.....Gerald F. Gough
DETECTIVE WILLARD HIGBY.....Beau James
QRT LIEUTENANT JASPER.....Gary D'Addario
SERGEANT SALLY ROGERS.....Kristin Rohde

WESLEY HOWARD.....Michael Currie
ALLY FELTON.....Brittany Franklin
ZACK FELTON.....Connor Walsh
BOB REARDON.....Robert Lafferman

DR.RODNEY FRENCH.....Gary Wheeler
SHEILA HOLTON.....Joyce Flick Wendl
ALICE NANCE.....Teresa Payne-Rohan
MANUEL SEMPIER.....John Ventimiglia

BOY.....Jae Khoury

SETS

EXTERIORS

Freighter
 Top Deck
Holton Building
 Alley
 Sidewalk
North Avenue Motel
 Parking Lot
Police Headquarters
 Roof
Rowhouse
Waterfront

Warehouse

INTERIORS

Cavalier
Freighter
 Engine Room
Holton Building
 Hallway
 Lobby
Homicide Unit
 "The Box"
 Giardello's Office
 Squad Room
Maryland shock Trauma
 Bolander's Room
 Felton's Room
 Hallway
 Howard's Room
 Television Room
Police Headquarters
 Barnfather's Office
 Hallway
 Holding Cell
Subway Station
 Locker Area
Trailer

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - EARLY MORNING

CU on FRANK PEMBLETON's face, etched with the righteous fury of a man grievously wronged, as he takes a long, deliberate drag on his cigarette, then slowly exhales the smoke.

PEMBLETON

Manuel, Manuel, Manuel. If I were you,
I'd start talking. I'd start talking
right now.

PULL BACK to REVEAL MANUEL SAMPIER, terrified, sitting across from PEMBLETON. TIM BAYLISS paces behind them, adrenaline pumping.

SAMPIER

I don't know where he is. I swear to
God.

BAYLISS

Glen Holton shot three Homicide
Detectives. We know you're his friend.
We know he was in your janitor's room at
Penn Station last night.

PEMBLETON

Where did he go, Manuel?

SAMPIER

I was working, then all of a sudden
they're cops all over the place, you guys
drag me down here-- I didn't see him
leave. I don't know where he went.

BAYLISS

Maybe he mentioned where he was going.
Maybe in all the excitement you just
forgot.

PEMBLETON

You've been around, Manuel. You're on
parole. I don't have to tell you we got
a situation here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

You gave Holton shelter. You know what that makes you? That makes you an accessory.

PEMBLETON

Harboring a fugitive. That's a serious crime. We don't even have to be talking to you.

BAYLISS

What we could do is arrest you right now. Is that what we should do? Send you back to Jessup?

SAMPIER

I can't do back there. I got a family.

PEMBLETON

Okay, okay. Let's help each other out. How about that?

BAYLISS

We can tell you're not a bad guy, Manuel. We know Holton was into some kinky misdeeds, but we know you're clean now.

SAMPIER

He just needed a place to crash. I didn't even know what he'd done, I swear I didn't --

BAYLISS

Well, now's your chance to do the right thing. Now's your chance to redeem yourself.

PEMBLETON

Holton's no friend of yours. If he was, he wouldn't have come to you. He wouldn't have gotten you in trouble like this. You're goanna sacrifice your whole life, for him? He wouldn't do it for you. Holton'd turn you in in a heartbeat. I think you know that.

SAMPIER looks at PEMBLETON, then back to BAYLISS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUE:

SAMPIER

If I tell you where he went, that's it?
You'll let me go?

BAYLISS

Technically, we have to charge you. But
if you cooperate, we can work out a deal.
You help us bring down a cop shooter?
Hell, you'll be a hero. The Mayor'll
probably thank you personally. We don't
lock up heroes, do we, Frank?

PEMBLETON

No, we don't. We don't lock up heroes.

On PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, grim, SAMPIER wavering,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - EARLY MORNING

Full Redball alert, chaos, double shifts working. THERESA WALKER sits at Pembleton's desk, briefs MELDRICK LEWIS, who sits at desk, MITCH DRUMMOND, who paces Squad Room, drinks coffee, and JOHN MUNCH, who sits at desk.

WALKER

Holton's psychological profile doesn't fit any stereotype. He's an organized offender, highly intelligent, yet he's shown instances of psychotic, uncontrolled behavior. He's violent. But he's also demonstrated characteristics of a fixated pedophile --

MUNCH

So, where do we find this guy?

WALKER

He's smart enough to know the police are after him. He's smart enough not to get caught, so far. What's he's not smart enough to do is control his impulses. He'll cruise for another victim.

DRUMMOND

We've already staked out half the City.

WALKER

The number one characteristic of a fixated pedophile is an attachment to their pornography collection. Pedophiles will never destroy pictures, magazines, videos. They'll trade them among themselves, leave them in their will to fellow pedophiles. Their collection is the most important thing they own.

LEWIS

We only found a few magazine in his apartment. Some photographs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER

My feeling is, he has to have a more extensive collection stashed away somewhere else. He's been doing this for fifteen years. We find out where his collection is, we'll find Holton.

GIARDELLO emerges from his office, approaches.

GIARDELLO

I just got a call from Higby at Holton's apartment. They found a set of keys -- looks like they belong to Holton. Munch, you get down there. I don't trust Higby. I don't want a screw-up.

MUNCH

You got it, Gee.

GIARDELLO

Drummond, you go with him.

MUNCH

I know we're all blessed to have the great Mitch in our midst, but I think I can handle this myself.

GIARDELLO

I'm sure you can. But take Drummond anyway. The keys could be a lead to Holton. We need this break.

MUNCH, not happy, shoots a glance at DRUMMOND, who slips into coat.

DRUMMOND

Have you head how Stan and the others are doing, Lieutenant?

GIARDELLO

Stan's got a fracture skull, he's still unconscious. Beau's conscious. He was shot through the neck and the thigh, but there's no nerve or artery damage. Kay's in critical condition. She was show through the heart.

DRUMMOND nods, exits, followed by MUNCH. GIARDELLO turns to WALKER and LEWIS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIARDELLO

You think there's anything more we can get from Holton's mother?

WALKER

I've talked to her twice since last night... I don't think she knows anything.

GIARDELLO

Let's try a third time.

WALKER

Looking for a hat trick?

LEWIS

Need some back-up?

WALKER

Sure... If you don't mind my driving.

As LEWIS and WALKER head out, on GIARDELLO, looking around Squad Room Redball hustle and bustle,

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT/NORTH AVENUE MOTEL - EARLY MORNING

PEMBLETON lights cigarette, gazes around Parking Lot. In b.g., through glass, SEE BAYLISS talking to MOTEL CLERK, showing him photograph of Glen Holton. As PEMBLETON takes a drag off his cigarette, BAYLISS emerges. PEMBLETON turns to him.

BAYLISS

Holton checked out an hour ago. Clerk's so stoned he doesn't know if Holton left by cab, on foot, or by wagon train.

PEMBLETON

He could have flown away on the wings of Icarus. What difference does it make? He's gone.

BAYLISS

You're tired, Frank.

BAYLISS goes to driver's side door of Cavalier, holds up hand, as PEMBLETON takes out keys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

Toss 'em.

PEMBLETON

I'll drive.

BAYLISS

Give me a break. You're all over the road.

PEMBLETON

And you think you're more awake than I am?

BAYLISS

Yeah, I do. Unlike you, I know I'm mortal. I've been eating protein. I'm wide awake. So toss me the keys.

A beat. PEMBLETON tosses keys across roof to BAYLISS.

BAYLISS

Thank you.

BAYLISS opens door, gets in, as does PEMBLETON.

INT. CAVALIER - EARLY MORNING

BAYLISS turns on ignition, backs car out of Parking Lot.
PEMBLETON looks out window.

BAYLISS

Maybe we should call the hospital again.
Check in.

PEMBLETON

I'm not going to call.

BAYLISS

Maybe something's changed.

PEMBLETON

If it's changed for the worse, they'll let us know.

BAYLISS

You mean if they die. That's not going to happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON

How can you be so sure?

They drive in silence for a beat.

PEMBLETON

Stan and Kay could die. For that matter, so could Beau. Bullet wound, infection sets in, sepsis, you're gone in twenty-four hours.

BAYLISS

You want to think that way, you go right ahead. I'm going to think positive. Nobody's gonna die.

PEMBLETON

Either way, there isn't anything I can do. So I'm not going to call in. I'm gonna do the only thing I can do right now, which is bring down the shooter.

They drive in silence for a beat. PEMBLETON indicates fast food joint up ahead on road.

PEMBLETON

Pull over.

BAYLISS

What?

PEMBLETON

I'm gonna get some coffee. And a hamburger.

BAYLISS

They don't have hamburgers this early. You won't be able to get a hamburger.

PEMBLETON

This is America. You can always get a hamburger.

As BAYLISS pulls over, on PEMBLETON, determined,

CUT TO:

INT. CAVALIER - DAY

WALKER drives like a maniac, weaving in and out of traffic with the ease and confidence of a racing professional. LEWIS hangs on for dear life.

LEWIS

Jeez. You weren't kidding.

WALKER

I'm not making you nervous, am I?

LEWIS

No, no... No problem.

They drive on for a few minutes, LEWIS looks at her.

LEWIS

Sex Crimes. That must get to you sometimes, don't it?

WALKER

Yeah. My boyfriend hates it when I bring the work home. But sometimes you just have to talk about it. No matter how depraved, you have to get it out of your system.

LEWIS

You got a boyfriend?

WALKER

Well, fiancée, really.

LEWIS

oh, yeah? What is he, a race car driver?

WALKER looks over at LEWIS, smiles.

WALKER

He's a paramedic.

LEWIS

So's when the big day?

WALKER

What do you mean?

LEWIS

The wedding. He's your fiancée, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALKER

We haven't actually set a date yet.

LEWIS

How long've you been engaged?

WALKER

(mumbles) Eight years.

LEWIS

What?

WALKER

(changes subject) Here we are.

WALKER pulls Cavalier up to the curb. SHE and LEWIS exit.

EXT. ROWHOUSE - DAY

Walker and LEWIS emerge from Cavalier, cross street.

LEWIS

Eight years, huh? Your fiancee's got a bad case of the commitment blues.

WALKER

Looks, it's me, okay? Not him. I'm just not ready. Anything wrong with that?

LEWIS

No, hey, it's cool.

They approach SHEILA HOLTON, fifties, overweight, wearing rubber gloves, kneels on marble stoop, scrubbing with scrub brush, which she dips in bucket of water and muriatic acid.

WALKER

That's Holton's mother.

LEWIS

What's she given us?

WALKER

Not a thing. According to her, she's up for Mother of the Year. And her son's only problem is he's misunderstood.

LEWIS and WALKER approach.

WALKER

Mrs.Holton, we need to ask you a few more questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHEILA

Who's he?

LEWIS

Detective Lewis, ma'am.

SHEILA

A good-looking police officer. (to WALKER) How come you never brought nobody good-looking with you before?

WALKER

good-looking? You need glasses, Mrs. Holton. Have you heard from Glen today?

SHEILA

I'm on my knees. I got a scrub brush in my hand. (gestures with brush) This is the hold I got on life. It sucks. You suck. Glen sucks. Now leave me alone, unless you wanna dip your elbows in muriatic acid and give me some help.

On WALKER and LEWIS, exchanging a frustrated glance,

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MUNCH and DRUMMOND exit and approach Cavalier.

DRUMMOND

I don't want it to appear as if I'm pushy but I've always been the driver.

MUNCH

Oh, of course. What's wrong with me? How could I have forgotten? You're the best wheel man in the Department. Stan says so.

DRUMMOND

Stan exaggerates.

MUNCH

Not Stanley. He's the master of understatement, if anything.

DRUMMOND

You ever go on vacation with him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNCH

(pauses)

We could never work out our schedules.

DRUMMOND

The best time me and him had was a three day trip down to Mexico. Just zipped down there 'cause we dared each other. We know the wives are gonna have a conniption, but there we are anchored off Acapulco on this sixty-five foot charter. The sun, the water, we have these beautiful babes on the working crew. We're knocking back tequila shooters and caster out our lines. checking our poles for nibbles, y'know. And Stan hooks into this marlin the size of a house.

MUNCH

It was a yellowtail.

DRUMMOND

A what? It was a marlin. I was there.

as THEY get into Cavalier,

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK/HOLTON BUILDING - DAY

Police crime scene tape is still up and UNIFORMS guard the entrance to the building as a Cavalier pulls up and parks in front. MUNCH and DRUMMOND exit Cavalier and approach building.

MUNCH

Stan showed me the pictures. He's standing with a yellowtail.

DRUMMOND

(pauses)

It took me, Stan, and the boat captain the whole day just to haul it out of the water.

MUNCH

Hunh. 'Musta been a world record yellowtail. "World"? It musta been cosmic.

DRUMMOND

We about broke our asses bringing it on deck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNCH

The biggest yellowtail tops out at a buck and a quarter.

DRUMMOND

It was at least five hundred pounds if it was an ounce.

MUNCH

What, Stan didn't show me the pictures?

DRUMMOND

(pauses)

Why do I remember him catching a marlin?

MUNCH

It was a yellowtail.

DRUMMOND

It was a crappy vacation anyway. We argued the whole time. he snored. he insulted the waitresses. Stan can be such a monumental jerk.

MUNCH shoots DRUMMOND a surprised look, then glances up at building. Sergeant SALLY ROGERS approaches.

ROGERS

I heard you guys got close to Holton last night.

MUNCH doesn't answer, continues staring at building as if mesmerized. DRUMMOND turns to ROGERS.

DRUMMOND

We're looking for Detective Higby.

ROGERS

He's around back in the alley.

MUNCH and DRUMMOND go around building.
OMIT

EXT. ALLEY/HOLTON BUILDING - DAY

MUNCH and DRUMMOND come around the corner of the building. MUNCH looks up at building, reflects.

MUNCH

I never even fired a shot. I had my gun up, I aimed, and I skipped. I couldn't get off a damn shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUMMOND

It happens.

MUNCH and DRUMMOND continue down alley. MUNCH and DRUMMOND walk up to Detective WILLARD HIGBY, no toothpick in mouth, who holds a plastic evidence bag.

HIGBY

We found Holton's keys. We checked, this one opens his apartment.

MUNCH

Where'd you find them?

HIGBY

Next to the dumpster.

MUNCH gazes up at roof of neighboring building, separated from Holton's building by a chasm of about ten feet.

MUNCH

You're telling me Holton jumped from his roof... to that roof?

HIGBY

The keys must have fallen out of his pocket.

HIGBY hands them plastic bag, DRUMMOND looks inside.

DRUMMOND

There are four keys on this ring. What are the others?

HIGBY

We haven't identified them yet, except for this small one. It's a subway locker. We traced the number to the Calvert Street entrance of the subway.

MUNCH

Radio Frank Pembleton. Tell him to meet us at the subway station.

As MUNCH and DRUMMOND head off,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FELTON'S ROOM/ MARYLAND SHOCK TRAUMA -- DAY

FELTON sits up in bed, eyes open. BOB REARDON, Beth's brother, appears in doorway, holding the hands of ZACK FELTON and ALLY FELTON. REARDON addresses FELTON, awkward.

REARDON

Hey, Beau.

FELTON looks at his KIDS, breaks into a grin. As he holds his arms open, SACK and ALLY run to him, jump on bed.

REARDON

Ally, Zack, be careful.

FELTON

It's okay.

FELTON holds his CHILDREN in his arms, tight.

REARDON

Beth asked me to bring the kids. How're you feeling?

FELTON

Better, now.

FELTON kisses his KIDS.

ALLY

Daddy, you look ugly.

FELTON

I look kinda tough, don't you think?

(makes a face at ALLY)

Kinda scary.

ALLY shrieks with laughter, buries her head in blanket. SACK pulls on FELTON's arm.

ZACK

Dad, when're you gonna come home? I wanna show you how good I can throw now.

FELTON

You've been practicing, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK

Yeah.

FELTON

That's good, kiddo.

FELTON gives ZACK a hug, gathering him and ALLY in his lap.
He turn to REARDON.

FELTON

How's my partner, Kay Howard? have you
heard anything? The doctor's won't tell
me.

REARDON looks at ZACK and ALLY, gets change from his pocket.

REARDON

Zack, take your sister down the hall to
the snack machine. You can each get a
candy bar.

ZACK

Awh --

FELTON

Hey, hey, none of that, alright? You do
what your uncle says.

ZACK

C'mon, Ally.

ZACK helps ALLY down off bed.

FELTON

Get a candy bar for me too, okay? The
food in this joint's lousy.

ZACK takes ALLY by the hand, they exit. FELTON turns to
REARDON.

FELTON

Talk to me.

REARDON

Kay's out of surgery... But she's still
in critical condition.

FELTON

Critical condition? What does that mean?

REARDON

She had a bullet through her heart, Beau.
She was in surgery for six hours. They
don't know if she's going to make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FELTON

What do you mean? Kay could die?

REARDON looks FELTON in the eye, nods his head. FELTON leans back.

FELTON

She might die...

As FELTON stares into nothingness.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

MUNCH, DRUMMOND, PEMBLETON and BAYLISS with UNIFORMS descend on escalator.

MUNCH

Looks like "Clockwork Orange" down here.

BAYLISS

What?

DRUMMOND

"Clockwork Orange". That's with Ronald Reagan in it, right?

MUNCH

No, Mitch. Ronald Reagan is not in "Clockwork Orange". You're thinking of "Bedtime for Bonzo."

They reach the ground floor and approach the locker area, UNIFORMS fanning out, guns drawn. The Detectives search for the locker number.

BAYLISS

This is it. Seven-three-four-two-nine.

PEMBLETON

Mitch, you got the key?

DRUMMOND

Right here.

DRUMMOND takes key out of plastic bag, tries to open the locker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUMMOND

It's stuck.

DRUMMOND struggles as WALKER and LEWIS approach.

LEWIS

The station manager said there's only one key to this locker.

DRUMMOND struggles with key until locker pops open. There's a duffel bag inside. WALKER slips on gloves, opens the bag. MUNCH, LEWIS, BAYLISS, and PEMBLETON lean in.

LEWIS

Awh, jeez. Look at this.

WALKER

Holton's pornography collection.

BAYLISS

(to WALKER)

You said this stuff is valuable to Holton. Valuable enough that he'll come back here?

WALKER

Yeah, it's a good bet.

PEMBLETON

I want all the entrance and exits covered. I want every single janitor, ticket take and passenger in this place to be one of our people.

As the DETECTIVES get to work,

CUT TO:

INT. BARNFATHER'S OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MEGAN RUSSERT stands in doorway of office. Captain GEORGE BARNFATHER sits behind desk, Colonel BERT GRANGER stands.

RUSSERT

You wanted to see me?

GRANGER

Come in, Megan.

RUSSERT enters, sits in empty chair in front of desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARNFATHER

You're not going to like it, but we want you to review Giardello.

RUSSERT

I don't follow.

GRANGER

Three police officers were shot during what should have been a routine lock-up. Was Giardello negligent? Was anything overlooked or omitted that should have been taken care of?

RUSSERT

You're asking me to investigate Giardello?

BARNFATHER

You're of equal rank. We wouldn't ask you to investigate.

GRANGER

The shootings occurred on Giardello's shift. That makes him responsible, fault or no fault.

RUSSERT

I don't think I'm the best person for the job.

BARNFATHER

We need a full report and we need it as soon as possible.

RUSSERT

I would prefer this be assigned to someone else.

GRANGER

This isn't a request, Megan. Are you saying you're refusing to follow a department order?

RUSSERT

(beat)

No.

On RUSSERT, conflicted,

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/HOLTON BUILDING - DAY

The Shooting Area is still taped off. Broken plaster and holes pockmark the walls. Large dark stains of dried blood paint the walls and carpet. MUNCH stares down at the floor at the vague shape of a body outlined in blood. DRUMMOND measures blood splatters on the wall, then pins lengths of string to each stain.

DRUMMOND

Hold this up that hole.

DRUMMOND hands MUNCH the end of a long piece of string, points to a large shattered hole in the mortar of the wall.

MUNCH

So this is like, what, pin the e tail on the Crime Scene?

DRUMMOND

I'm gonna reconstruct what happened, so when we catch out good friend Holton, which we will eventually do, we got enough evidence to put him away.

MUNCH

What're you talking about? I was here. I know what happened.

DRUMMOND

You're an unreliable witness. Hysterical. Biased.

DRUMMOND pins the other end of the string to a point on the staircase.

DRUMMOND

Stanley was standing there.

MUNCH

You're right, but how do you know that?

DRUMMOND

Because he took a shot to the left temporal lobe. The bullet grazed the skull and fractured it. Head wounds bleed like crazy. Wall's clean there above and below.

MUNCH turns and looks at the wall. It is clean. He looks a foot farther over. Another impact hole with a faded yellow stain just below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUMMOND

Blood always reacts in a given way depending on the weapon. Bullets spray blood faster and farther than a baseball bat would. Knife wounds drip more often.

MUNCH

We went to the same Police Academy, how did I miss this course?

DRUMMOND

You didn't. I just did some extra credit work. Went to the Corning Forensic Institute in upstate New York.

DRUMMOND pins another string up over a smaller dark red stain.

DRUMMOND

Felton went down here.

MUNCH

Why isn't there more blood?

DRUMMOND

His wounds hit muscle and fat. They closed up fairly fast.

MUNCH

He ain't no Mr. Macrobiotic, that's for sure. Being a little tubby might have saved his life. Howard suffered the most blood loss.

(pointing to floor)

That's where she went down. Felton grabbed the banister here.

(point out bloody handprint.)

Gotta hand it to him. He was probably trying to stand up and give back a little of what he got.

MUNCH

(looks at bloodstain)

That's Stan's blood, huh?

DRUMMOND

Blood is blood. Don't get emotional about it.

DRUMMOND goes up the stairs and looks down at the scene. He considers something and then goes up one more stair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRUMMOND

The shooter was standing here.

MUNCH looks up at DRUMMOND as he points imaginary pistols down at him.

DRUMMOND

I'm scared. The cops are coming to bust me. I got nothing to lose. They see me. I got no choice. The first shot misses. Then I get the woman in the chest. Before she goes down -- her partner turns with his Glock. I pop him twice. The older cop's eyes get real big. He knows what's coming. I hit him in the head. I stop shooting.

(turning, looks upstairs)

And I run upstairs.

He looks at MUNCH, who is both mesmerized and amazed.

MUNCH

What in the hell must your dreams be like?

DRUMMOND

Usually my wife's just caught me en flagrante with Sharon Stone.

MUNCH

And?

DRUMMOND

She joins us.

MUNCH

Stan never mentioned your psychotic libido.

As DRUMMOND shrugs,

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EXT. ROOF/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

RUSSERT stands with LEWIS.

RUSSERT
Tell me about the clerical error.

LEWIS
Two-oh-one instead of two-one-oh. They went to the wrong apartment.

RUSSERT
The numbers were transposed from the original file to the arrest warrant memo?

LEWIS
So maybe Gee initialed the memo, so what? You know hot it is, how many pieces of paper cross your desk in a shift.

RUSSERT
Wait, wait, wait. Giardello initialed the memo?

LEWIS
Sure, he initialed it, like any other warrant --

RUSSERT
He signed off an arrest warrant, printed with the wrong address?

LEWIS
You're talking like what happened was somehow Gee's fault.

RUSSERT
I'm just supposed to put together a report, that's all.

LEWIS
Nailing Gee's butt to the wall.

RUSSERT
I've got no choice, Meldrick. I was ordered. By Barnfather and Granger.

LEWIS
The bosses are looking for someone to blame. And they're using you to do their dirty work. How can you do that to Gee?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSERT

I don't want to do anything to him. If he made a mistake, he made a mistake. God knows we've all made mistakes.

LEWIS

And God knows there's always gotta be a fall guy, right?

LEWIS exits. On RUSSERT, conflicted,

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER AREA/SUBWAY STATION - DAY

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON sit on bench, staking out Locker Area across Station.

BAYLISS

Can you think of any place more depressing than a subway station?

PEMBLETON

A lot of people take the subway.

BAYLISS

Yeah, I know, but, still.

PEMBLETON

Still, what? Taking the subway is a very economical, efficient way to get to work. When I lived in New York, I took the subway everyday.

BAYLISS

Airports, they're kind of exciting. Train stations have a certain glamour. Even bus stations have some ambiance. Subways are just... drab.

PEMBLETON

You're telling me you're too good to take the subway?

BAYLISS

I'm not saying that. I'm saying if I had a choice, I would take the us. Or rent a car.

PEMBLETON

Well, you know, not everybody takes the subway because they've got no choice. Some people take the subway because they enjoy taking the subway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

I'm looking around here, Frank. The one thing I do not see if anybody having a good time.

PEMBLETON

You're a snob, you know that?

BAYLISS

I'm not a snob.

PEMBLETON

Yeah, you are. And you're the worst kind of snob because you refuse to accept that you are a snob. You truly believe you're one with the common man. But I bet you'd rather walk than take the subway.

BAYLISS' attention is caught by a YOUNG WOMAN, plain, anxious, as she walks towards lockers, looks around.

BAYLISS

Frank what do you think?

They watch the YOUNG WOMAN stop at Holton's locker.

PEMBLETON

Is that him? Wearing a dress?

BAYLISS

Sure, a disguise. Maybe.

The YOUNG WOMAN pulls out a key, fumbles with it nervously at the locker.

BAYLISS

Where'd the key come from?

PEMBLETON

Holton made a copy. Let's go.

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON move toward the locker, pulling out their guns. More UNDERCOVER COPS materialize from the walls.

PEMBLETON

Hold it.

PEMBLETON throws ALICE NANCE, the young woman, against the wall. BAYLISS pats her down. They see her face. She is indeed a young woman. Kind of pretty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BAYLISS
Who the hell are you?

NANCE
Alice Nance.
(to PEMBLETON)
You're hurting my arm.

BAYLISS
You know Glen Holton?

NANCE
Know him? I love him. He's my
boyfriend.

On BAYLISS and PEMBLETON, surprised,

CUT TO:

INT. FELTON'S ROOM/MARYLAND SHOCK TRAUMA - DAY

FELTON sits in bed. LEWIS appears in doorway, holding a
stuffed giraffe.

LEWIS
Hey, Beau. How're you doing?

FELTON
Good.

LEWIS
That's good to hear.

A beat, as LEWIS hands in the doorway.

FELTON
Meldrick.

LEWIS
What?

FELTON
You can come in. What I got, it ain't
catching.

LEWIS
Right, sure.

LEWIS, uncomfortable, enters, sits in chair next to bed. He
hands FELTON giraffe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEWIS

I got this for you.

FELTON

Thanks.

LEWIS

It's from the gift shop downstairs. It was either a stuffed animal or wilted begonias.

FELTON

This is great.

FELTON holds giraffe.

FELTON

Thanks for coming. I know everybody's busting their ass, looking for Holton.

LEWIS

We're gonna get him. Soon.

FELTON

(nods, beat)

I wanted to ask you a question.

LEWIS

Shoot. I mean... Y'know what I mean. Anyway.

FELTON fiddles with the giraffe, then looks up.

FELTON

When Crosetti died... How'd you get over it?

LEWIS

Awh, Beau... Kay's not gonna die. She's not.

FELTON

I don't know that.

LEWIS

You can't think about it.

FELTON

Why not?

LEWIS

Because you just can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FELTON

Kay might die. I'm not gonna close my eyes and pretend that nothing bad's gonna happen. Because you know what? It already did. So you gotta tell me, what're you supposed to do when your partner dies on you?

LEWIS

What you do is... You keep going.

FELTON

What do you mean, you keep going?

LEWIS

You get up, you do your job, you make it through every day... And you hope that one day you're gonna wake up and it won't hurt so much. Then the next day it will hurt a little less, and the next day, even less than that.

LEWIS takes a beat, searches for the words.

LEWIS

It's not like you forget them, you know? Your life is changed forever. It's not ever gonna go back to the way it was... But you get through it... You just keep going on.

A beat, as FELTON contemplates this advice.

FELTON

That's it? Keep going?

LEWIS

That's it.

FELTON looks at giraffe in his lap, then up at LEWIS.

FELTON

Meldrick, that's the stupidest thing I ever heard.

LEWIS

You're spitting on my advice. You call me down here, I open my heart to you, and now you're spiting on what I got to say.

FELTON

Basically, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEWIS

Then gimme back the giraffe.

FELTON

What? Forget it.

LEWIS

You don't like my advice, you ain't getting the giraffe.

On FELTON, stubborn, as he holds onto the giraffe,

CUT TO:

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

PEMBLETON, BAYLISS and WALKER interrogate NANCE.

BAYLISS

Holton loves you, huh?

NANCE

Glen. His name is Glen. Yeah, he loves me.

WALKER

Alice -- Is it alright if we call you Alice?

NANCE

Sure.

WALKER

Alice, do you know where Glen is?

NANCE

No.

BAYLISS

How long have you been Glen's girlfriend?

NANCE

We met at the Hollywood Diner. That's where I work. He used to come in all the time. He didn't tip so great, but he talked to me. He's very intelligent. Knows about cosmology. The stars and stuff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON

Have you talked to him recently?

NANCE

Sure. Yesterday.

BAYLISS

I thought you didn't know where he is?

Silence.

WALKER

What did he tell you?

NANCE

(pauses)

He said the cops are gonna kill him. He said you think he shot three cops and he was dead meat.

WALKER

No one wants to kill him.

PEMBLETON

What we want to do, Alice, is protect Glen. But we can't do that if we don't know where he is.

NANCE

You want to protect him?

PEMBLETON

What did he tell you would happen to him if he stayed on the street?

NANCE

He said he's gonna get killed.

PEMBLETON

Did you believe him?

NANCE

Everybody thinks he shot those cops. But he told me he didn't. And I believe him. That's why he came to me instead of his stupid, ugly mother. He knows I love him better'n anybody.

BAYLISS

So you and Glen went out, dated, for how long?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NANCE

Well, we never actually went out or anything.

WALKER

Then how do you know he loves you?

NANCE

I can tell. He would never say anything, but I can tell. He needs me.

The DETECTIVES exchange glances.

PEMBLETON

You want Glen to be safe, Alive?

NANCE

Glen had a terrible childhood, you know. His stepfather abused him.

WALKER

If you tell us where he is, Alice, he'll be off the street. He'll be safe.

NANCE

You're gonna put him in jail.

PEMBLETON

If he's in jail, no one's gonna kill him. We can watch over him.

NANCE

You're gonna watch over him?

WALKER

Yeah, we are. We're gonna watch over him. We're gonna make sure he's safe.

NANCE

That's what he needs. Someone to take care of him. Someone to love him. Like that Beatles song: "All You Need Is Love".

BAYLISS

If you love Glen, Alive, you'll tell us where he is. You'll protect him. You'll help us make sure he's safe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NANCE

(pauses)

His father was a carpenter. his real father, I mean. He died when Glen was five... He used to take Glen down to the shipyard, you know, where he worked on boats. Glen says his favorite smells in the whole world are sawdust and coffee and cigarettes, because they remind him of his dad.

PEMBLETON

Which shipyard, Alice?

NANCE

Over by Proctor and gamble.

As PEMBLETON stands and leaves, followed by BAYLISS and WALKER,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TRAILER - DAY

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS enter. QRT Lieutenant JASPER is wetting up a stakeout post. Windows overlook a rundown section of the old working harbor of the Patapsco Bay. The object of the stakeout is a Freighter, tied to a pier. JASPER lowers his binoculars as PEMBLETON approaches.

PEMBLETON

Any sign of him yet?

JASPER

No. I sent two guys down into the ship an hour ago. They found a sleeping bag and some empty soda bottles.

BAYLISS

You sure he's coming back?

JASPER

Yeah. He's got a picture of his mother down there. He's calling this place home. If you want to, you can go back downtown and I'll call you when he shows.

PEMBLETON

We're not going anywhere.

As PEMBLETON and BAYLISS hunker down for the long wait,

CUT TO:

INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

GIARDELLO walks in and sees RUSSERT sitting behind the desk.

RUSSERT

Hello, Al.

GIARDELLO

Hello, Megan. I was just over at the hospital. Stanley's a little better. He's still unconscious, but the swelling's gone down in his brain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSERT

That's good news. I hear Frank's staked out the shipyard over by Proctor and Gamble.

GIARDELLO

Yeah. Finally a break. I think I can send you and your people home for a well deserved four hours of sleep before your regular shift starts.

RUSSERT

Al, we gotta talk.

GIARDELLO

About what?

RUSSERT

Barnfather and Granger asked me to write up a report. They want to know why three detectives we ambushed.

GIARDELLO pauses; looks at RUSSERT, realizing what she's just said.

GIARDELLO

You're going to grade my homework?

RUSSERT

They gave me no choice.

GIARDELLO

You're a good soldier. You do what you're told.

RUSSERT

Al, come on --

GIARDELLO

So far this year, I had three of my officers shot down. I've had a suicide. This place is going to hell all around me and all I'm trying to do is keep things together. So why don't you tell me what you want to know?

RUSSERT

Did you initial the arrest warrant?

GIARDELLO

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RUSSERT

You didn't notice that the secretary had transposed the numbers on the address?

GIARDELLO

No.

RUSSERT

(hesitates)

I'll need all your case folders, the paperwork requesting a warrant for Glen Holton's arrest, whatever you've got.

GIARDELLO

I'll have Naomi take care of it.

RUSSERT stands, walks out. As GIARDELLO sits down, agonized,

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/MARYLAND SHOCK TRAUMA - DAY

A NURSE pushes FELTON, who lies on a gurney, back to his room. FELTON'S eyes are open, his neck immobilized. They turn a corner as WESLEY HOWARD see them and approaches.

WESLEY

Detective Felton?

The NURSE stops a moment.

WESLEY

I'm Kay Howard's father.

FELTON

Oh. Hi. I'm sorry... about Kay.

WESLEY walks next to the gurney as they continue on.

FELTON

How's she doing?

WESLEY

She's stable. She's maintained a steady body temperature for eight hours now. But she hasn't woken up yet. How are you?

FELTON

Better. Waiting to see if the swelling does down around my spinal cord. Waiting to see if I get the feeling back in my legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEY get to Felton's room.

INT. FELTON'S ROOM/MARYLAND SHOCK TRAUMA -DAY

The NURSE sidles the gurney up next tot he bed.

WESLEY

Let me help.

WESLEY and the NURSE lift FELTON off the gurney. FELTON touches WESLEY's arm for steadiness. They lay FELTON back down in his bed. WESLEY pulls the covers back up to keep FELTON warm. The Nurse leaves. WESLEY pulls a chair over to the bedside.

FELTON

Kay... She'll be alright?

WESLEY

I hope so.

FELTON

Funny...

WESLEY

What?

FELTON

All my life I've thought I was bullet-proof. Now I'm lying here... And the only person I'm missing is the sonofabitch who left me when I was a kid. My dad. Instead, it's my partner's father sitting by my side.

FELTON smiles.

WESLEY

His loss.

FELTON

I'm just hoping my kids are still young enough that they won't understand how scary this is...

FELTON is struggling to get something out.

FELTON

I'm sorry. About... for what happened to Kay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WESLEY

You didn't pull that trigger.

FELTON

I know, but I... opened the door for her to walk in first.

WESLEY

Chivalry.

FELTON

It got her shot.

WESLEY

You seen her yet?

FELTON

No. I can't. I've tried a couple of time, but I can't. It's my fault she's in there.

WESLEY

Let me tell you something.. If you hadn't opened that door for Kay, she would have opened it herself.

FELTON manages a weak smile. WESLEY stands, pats FELTON on the hand, then walks out. As FELTON looks outside,

CUT TO:

INT. TRAILER - DAY

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, binoculars in hand, are looking all over the are outline and the pier leading up to the old Freighter. BAYLISS stops in mid-pan. He taps PEMBLETON.

BAYLISS

He just came home.

PEMBLETON takes another look through his binoculars

POV THROUGH BINOCULARS: HOLTON walking up the gangway leading into the ship.

PEMBLETON turns to JASPER.

PEMBLETON

I'll call my people.

On PEMBLETON,

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE/WATERFRONT - DAY

Cold and misty. A half a dozen Police Cruisers, lights off, engines cut, roll up to the pier next to the Freighter. The QRT OFFICERS get out and start running silently up the ramp to the ship. PEMBLETON, BAYLISS, MUNCH, DRUMMOND, WALKER and LEWIS follow the QRT OFFICERS.

EXT. TOP DECK/FREIGHTER -DAY

As the QRTs and our GUYS quietly storm the ship. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS follow a QRT OFFICER down some steps into the bowels of the ship. The OTHERS descend into the ship from other gangways and staircases.

INT. FREIGHTER - DAY

QRTs and DETECTIVES scramble through the dark, dank cabins and storage areas looking for Holton. Flashlights dance strobe-like across the screen and then whip-pan down long menacing companion ways.

INT. FREIGHTER - DAY

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS make their way deeper into the ship and enter one of the holds. PEMBLETON motions toward a corner of the hold and spots his flashlight on a bad of fast food. PEMBLETON looks at BAYLISS. PEMBLETON quietly speaks into his radio.

PEMBLETON

He's in here.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS keep moving.

INT. FREIGHTER - DAY

MUNCH, WALKER, DRUMMOND, and LEWIS move quietly down another cramped companion way following a QRT OFFICER. MUNCH hears something. He turns his flashlight into the darkness of a nearby cabin. HOLTON scrambles away out of the flashlight's beam and runs down another companion way. MUNCH talks into radio.

MUNCH

I found him. He's running toward the stern.

As the entire ship explodes in SCREAMING VOICES of QRT OFFICERS and DETECTIVES,

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHTER - DAY

HOLTON, terrified, slides down the railing of the ladder. FOOTSTEPS running out of the darkness behind HOLTON turn out to be PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, who come racing behind.

INT. FREIGHTER - DAY

QRT OFFICERS and DETECTIVES are swarming down companions ways and stairs, closing in for the kill.

INT. ENGINE ROOM/FREIGHTER - DAY

The engines are solid hulks of rusting iron. HOLTON comes running in and darts behind one of the old turbines. MUNCH, WALKER, DRUMMOND, LEWIS and SIX QRTs come running in after him. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS enter from another door. PEMBLETON holds his flashlight and his pistol up.

PEMBLETON

Don't move.

HOLTON's trapped like rat in the beam of Pembleton's light. BAYLISS grabs HOLTON, who struggles. BAYLISS hits him with his fist. Stops himself. Gazes at PEMBLETON, wired, adrenaline pumped. Beat. BAYLISS cuffs HOLTON.

PEMBLETON

Glen Holton, you are under arrest for the attempted murder of three Baltimore City Police Officers.

As PEMBLETON continues to Mirandize HOLTON,

CUT TO:

INT. BARNFATHER'S OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

BARNFATHER sits at his desk as RUSSERT lays a file folder and report in front of him. BARNFATHER reacts to the thin folder and few pages of report.

BARNFATHER

This is it? Your full report?

RUSSERT

Yes, sir. It's all there. Al was extremely forthcoming.

BARNFATHER

And?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSERT

This was a routine arrest of the suspect who never demonstrated any proclivity for use of firearms. Our people had more than adequate back-up. They were wearing their vests. The administrative assistant who typed the arrest warrant transposed the apartment number. Instead of knocking on two-one-oh and thereby facing the stairway where the suspect was lying in wait, the detectives turned the other way to knock on two-oh-one.

BARNFATHER

Why didn't Al double check the specifics? Why didn't he catch the transposition?

RUSSERT

He's a busy man...

BARNFATHER

Megan, did Al initial the orders to arrest?

RUSSERT

(hesitates)

No.

BARNFATHER

No?

RUSSERT

No.

GIARDELLO comes into the office, faces BARNFATHER.

GIARDELLO

If you want to ask me any questions, ask them directly.

RUSSERT

Al, it's okay, we're almost done --

GIARDELLO

I review and initial all warrants. I reviewed and initialed he warrant for the arrest of Glen Holton. I screwed up.

BARNFATHER

That's not what Megan told me.

GIARDELLO understands quickly that RUSSERT must have just lied for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BARNFATHER

Megan?

RUSSERT

If you had allocated funds for a new computer system, it might have slowed down the endless piles of paperwork Al and I have to deal with. As a result of those piles, we sometimes have detectives out making arrests before we can initial the warrants.

BARNFATHER considers this.

BARNFATHER

It was Granger's idea to save money by not buying the new computer system. I'll remind him of that. Al, Megan.

Dismissed, GIARDELLO and RUSSERT walk out the door, leaving BARNFATHER to stare at the files.

INT. HALLWAY/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

GIARDELLO and RUSSERT walk away from Barnfather's Office. A moment of silence before GIARDELLO speaks.

GIARDELLO

You didn't have to do that.

RUSSERT

(innocent)

What?

GIARDELLO

Lie for me.

RUSSERT

I probably misunderstood the question.

GIARDELLO

The truth is, I should have caught that mistake.

RUSSERT

Bull.

GIARDELLO stops, looks at RUSSERT.

GIARDELLO

You shouldn't have lied, but thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSERT

Lying to those guys? They're only
getting what they give.

LEWIS appears, looking for them.

LEWIS

We got the shooter, Gee.

As GIARDELLO and RUSSERT hurry after LEWIS,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

Three dozen or so OFFICERS and DETECTIVES, including GIARDELLO, RUSSERT, WALKER, DRUMMOND, MUNCH and LEWIS, are looking over at "The Box", trying to glean some hint of how the interrogation is going. MOVE IN toward the window as PEMBLETON closes the blinds.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

PEMBLETON closing the blinds, turns to HOLTON. HOLTON is handcuffed to the interrogation table. There is a welt on his right cheek. His lower lip is split. PEMBLETON leans across the table hovering inches above HOLTON. BAYLISS leans against the wall directly behind HOLTON.

HOLTON

What? You guys gonna bash me around some more? Where's my lawyer?

PEMBLETON

Do you need a lawyer? What are you guilty of?

HOLTON smirks, leans away from PEMBLETON>

HOLTON

I don't have to be guilty of anything to have a lawyer. I know the routine, awright?

HOLTON strains to look back at BAYLISS.

HOLTON

Do you gotta stand in back of me?

PEMBLETON

What, my partner makes you nervous? Why would you be nervous? You haven't done anything.

PEMBLETON

What I think and why you're nervous are two separate items. I know the routine, too, okay?

BAYLISS

Why are you so nervous?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOLTON

I head about that kid who was killed last week.

BAYLISS

And that makes you nervous?

HOLTON

I had nothing to do with it.

PEMBLETON

Who here says you did?

HOLTON

Then why am I here?

BAYLISS

You shot three police officers.

HOLTON

I didn't shoot anybody. I ain't even got a gun. I don't like guns.

(to BAYLISS)

I don't like people standing behind me, either.

PEMBLETON

Why, it reminds you?

HOLTON

I just don't like it, awright?

PEMBLETON

Anyone doing time up at Jessup, they know about someone standing in back of them, don't they? It's a kind of instinct you develop, huh?

HOLTON

I didn't do anything to that kid and I didn't shoot any cops.

PEMBLETON

You're going for one or the other. Take your pick.

BAYLISS

The cops are still alive. The kid is dead. Your choice.

HOLTON

I didn't do anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PEMBLETON

They why were you on the run?

HOLTON

Gimme an aspirin. I got a helluva headache.

BAYLISS

If you're innocent, why run?

HOLTON

I was scared, awright?

BAYLISS

About the three cops, huh? You knew if you were caught, it'd be your ass, right? But you're here now and nothing wrong can happen to you.

PEMBLETON

(to BAYLISS)

If it was me, I'd cop to shooting the three detectives. In Jessup, I might be given a little space. A little respect.

BAYLISS

(to PEMBLETON)

All of those guys in Jessup, they didn't put themselves in there. A cop who put 'em in there and someone who shoots three of them, jeez, there's someone with special light on him. There's someone with a different energy.

HOLTON

There's noway I'm copping to either of these deals, fellas. Where's my lawyer, huh?

BAYLISS

We're just thinking out loud, awright?

(to PEMBLETON)

If I killed that kid, I'd demand to be put in isolation. I'd need protection.

PEMBLETON

(to BAYLISS)

But then who could you trust? Who else is in protective isolation with you?

BAYLISS

I'd be there with special guards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PEMBLETON

But I wouldn't trust them. They'd be the last guys I'd trust.

BAYLISS

They have families, too, don't they?

PEMBLETON

They have kids. Anyone with kids, I wouldn't want them guarding me.

BAYLISS

I see your point. Mistakes are made all the time.

PEMBLETON

Someone turns their head for a second. Some guard leaves a security door unlocked for a moment. Real wrong things can happen.

HOLTON

How 'bout you two don't think out loud anymore, awright?

On HOLTON, looking miserable,

CUT TO:

INT. FELTON'S ROOM/MARYLAND SHOCK TRAUMA - NIGHT

FELTON struggles to move his injured leg. DR. RODNEY FRENCH stands at the foot of Felton's bed. A NURSE applies an ice compress to FELTON's shoulder.

FELTON

I'm telling you, it's the foot, not the shoulder.

FRENCH

Your shoulder is awright?

FELTON

It's my foot. I can't move it.

FRENCH

Any pain in the foot?

FELTON

My whole damn leg is on fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRENCH

Good sign.

FELTON

Pain is a good sign? You make a living for saying things like that?

RUSSERT enters, watches from doorway. FRENCH reads chart.

FRENCH

All of the tests on your leg show there's been no damage to the major arteries or to the bone structure.

FELTON

Then why the hell can't I move it?

FRENCH

It's psychological pain.

FELTON

Hey, here's my head, there's my leg. My head is fine, awright? What did anatomy classes get canceled when you were in school?

FRENCH

Naw. I just flunked 'em. That's why I'm your doc instead of someone else.

(to NURSE)

I'm scheduling Detective Felton for therapy on his neck and shoulder starting tomorrow.

FRENCH and NURSE walk out. RUSSERT comes to Felton's bedside.

RUSSERT

Hi.

FELTON

Hi.

RUSSERT

You'll be dancing soon.

FELTON

Any day.

RUSSERT

Where's Beth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FELTON

She can't stand to see me, weak or strong. Hard to blame her, really.

RUSSERT sits down.

FELTON

You know, I've been lying here...thinking... not my strong point, but... You tend to see things clearly when you think your life is ending... And what I know is... Beth and I don't love each other anymore. We shouldn't be together.

RUSSERT

You're not in the best condition to be making major decisions, Beau.

FELTON

My parents tried to stay together as long as they could for the sake of my brothers and me. And it was the worst kind of screwed up thing they could have done to us. Because all the while they played kissy face all we heard was yelling, all we saw was fighting.

RUSSERT doesn't know what to say.

FELTON

I don't want my children to ever hear me yell at their mother again. I don't want my children to ever lie awake late at night and hear me crying... I just pray she doesn't use custody of the kids as a weapon.

RUSSERT

You've told her?

FELTON

On the phone. Today.

RUSSERT pours a glass of water from a pitcher on the bedside table and holds the cup to FELTON's lips. As FELTON drinks,

CUT TO:

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

BAYLISS remains, like a vulture, behind HOLTON. PEMBLETON throws his hands in the air.

PEMBLETON

Alright. That's enough. We got him on the killing of Borkin, let's just charge him.

BAYLISS

Frank, what're you talking about?

PEMBLETON

We have the Indian-beaded belt from the Borkin kid. We found it in his closet. We know the kid was in his apartment.

BAYLISS

Well, you got the point. This way, he goes up for murder.

PEMBLETON

Exactly. Murder. We convict, he goes away for life. Maybe even gets the gas chamber.

BAYLISS

Let's do it.

PEMBLETON stands.

PEMBLETON

On your feet, Holton.

HOLTON

Hold it, hold it.

PEMBLETON

What?

HOLTON falls silent. PEMBLETON sits back down. BAYLISS leans over HOLTON's shoulders.

BAYLISS

We're all human. Fear makes us crazy.

PEMBLETON

You didn't want to shoot those cops, did you, Glen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

You were scared.

PEMBLETON

Fear makes us do strange things. Things we wouldn't do if there wasn't all this weight pounding down out brains. All this terror.

HOLTON

You know.

PEMBLETON

I do.

HOLTON

I don't do crazy things, but sometimes, it's out of my hands. I don't have control, y'know.

BAYLISS finally comes around to face HOLTON.

BAYLISS

How'd it get out of control, Glen?

HOLTON

(pauses)

It just did.

BAYLISS

I'm trying to understand.

HOLTON

I just come out of my apartment. One of the cops, he sees me, he calls me to stop.

PEMBLETON

Which guy?

HOLTON

I don't know. The first guy. I figure I've got nothing to lose, so I run up to the roof and they come after me. I'd heard about that kid and I knew they'd be pissed.

PEMBLETON

So before you get to the roof, what happens?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOLTON

I'm scared of heights, fellas, and I got nowhere to go.

BAYLISS

You're not on the roof, Glen.

HOLTON

I'm on the roof.

BAYLISS

You're still in the hallway.

HOLTON

(pauses)

I know where I was. You're trying to screw with me.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS exchange a glance. HOLTON notices the glance.

HOLTON

These three cops had their guns aimed at me.

PEMBLETON

You saw this.

HOLTON

Three of 'em.

PEMBLETON

On the roof.

HOLTON

You go up there. You take me there. I'll show you exactly where I was. Right by the drainpipe. And they had their guns and they weren't saying "stop" of anything to me. They had this look in their eyes.

BAYLISS

So you pull out a gun, huh?

HOLTON

(pauses)

I don't remember. I think I had my gun already out.

PEMBLETON

But you don't like guns. You're scared of 'em. How do you end up with a gun?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOLTON

(pauses)

All's I know is I have this gun --

BAYLISS

-- What kind of gun?

HOLTON

A gun.

(beat, grimaces)

One of those guns you get on the street.

PEMBLETON

One gun?

HOLTON

(beat, smiles)

Why do you keep screwing with me? Yeah,
one gun.

BAYLISS

And you shoot the three detectives.

HOLTON

(pauses)

It happened so fast. I don't know. And
then I ran back down the stairs.

BAYLISS leans into HOLTON's face.

BAYLISS

You didn't shoot anyone.

HOLTON

No, I'm saying I shot the cops.

PEMBLETON

(frustrated)

You're lying. you killed Borkin. End of
story.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS get up, exit "The Box".

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS emerge, address GIARDELLO.

BAYLISS

He's not the one.

GIARDELLO

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON

Holton didn't shoot Bolander, Howard and Felton.

GIARDELLO

If he didn't, then who did?

On PEMBLETON, BAYLISS and GIARDELLO, upset,

CUT TO:

INT. BOLANDER'S ROOM/MARYLAND SHOCK TRAUMA - NIGHT

MUNCH sits in a chair, elbows on knees watching BOLANDER, who breathes with the assistance of a machine. DRUMMOND walks in and pulls up a chair across from MUNCH on the other side of Bolander's bed. They look at each other over BOLANDER'S body.

DRUMMOND

Just got off the phone with Giardello. Holton wasn't the shooter.

MUNCH

What?

DRUMMOND

He's just been charged with he murder of the kid. He's didn't pop Stan or the other two.

MUNCH

What the hell. So somewhere there tonight the real killer's having some buffalo wings and the beer and laughing his ass off.

DRUMMOND

No one died.

MUNCH

He shot to kill. That makes him a killer.

DRUMMOND looks at BOLANDER.

DRUMMOND

Look at him. He's a damn vegetable.

MUNCH laughs. DRUMMOND looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRUMMOND

That cracks you up?

MUNCH

Stan hates vegetables. Carrots especially. He breaks out in hives.

DRUMMOND

Your partner is lying here, maybe never to open his eyes again and you're laughing? How the hell do you do that?

MUNCH

He's always said I have a sick sense of humor.

MUNCH looks at BOLANDER.

MUNCH

He never liked me as much as he liked you.

DRUMMOND

I'm not sure that's anything to regret.

MUNCH

He ever make you eat sour beef and dumplings at Rollos?

DRUMMOND

Yeah, all the damn time.

MUNCH manages a smile.

MUNCH

He never took me.

DRUMMOND

Really?

MUNCH

Not once.

DRUMMOND

Then he does like you, John. He made me eat that slop three times a week.

They consider BOLANDER. Beat. MUNCH stands.

MUNCH

Want to... get a beer, or something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DRUMMOND stands.

DRUMMOND

Sure.

As DRUMMOND and MUNCH walk out together,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

CU on "The Board". As "B-O-R-K-I-N" in RED is erased and rewritten in BLACK under Howard's name,

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

HOLTON is eating a sandwich and having a carton of milk off a stainless steel tray. As he eats, he's humming "Pop Goes The Weasel". The GUARD outside the cell just watches him and shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. TELEVISION ROOM/MARYLAND SHOCK TRAUMA - NIGHT

A twelve-year old BOY, in a leg-cast, in a wheelchair with an IV hooked up, is watching an old "Starsky and Hutch" episode on TV. FELTON, in wheelchair, slowly wheels himself in and looks up at the TV. He watches for a moment, then looks over at the BOY.

FELTON

Are you enjoying this?

BOY

No. But I can't reach the remote.

They both look over at a shelf where the remote lies. And then look back at each other knowing neither of them can reach it.

FELTON

Cool care they drive anyway. Red and white seventy-four Gran Torino.

BOY

Yeah, but it's so fake. Real cops don't drive like maniacs all over the place, acting scared.

(turns to FELTON)

Real cops don't get scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They sit in silence for a moment while bad tough-guy dialogue wafts from the old television set. FELTON turns, wheels himself out.

INT. HALLWAY/MARYLAND SHOCK TRAUMA - NIGHT

FELTON pushes his wheelchair down the hall.

INT. HOWARD'S ROOM/MARYLAND SHOCK TRAUMA - NIGHT

HOWARD lies still, her breathing even and getting stronger. A shadow spills in from the doorway. It's FELTON, in his wheelchair. he slowly pulls into the room. As he gets closer he sees that her eyes are open and she's looking right at him.

FELTON

How you doing, Kay?

HOWARD

(beat; with great difficulty)
Better.

He reaches for HOWARD's hand and gently holds it in his. As the two PARTNERS look at each other in the darkness,

FADE OUT.

THE END

(CONTINUED)