

# HOMICIDE

LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Seventeen:  
"The Old and the Dead"

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FINAL DRAFT

Prod. #317

December 14, 1994

Rev. 12/20 blue

Rev. 12/20 pink

Rev. 1/3 yellow

Rev. 1/4 green

The following CHARACTER NAMES have been changed:

Marty Colleary	to	Marty Griffey
Bret Fazekis	to	Bret Blakey
Carl Fazekis	to	Carl Blakey
John Karetski	to	John Howerchuck
Uniform #2	to	Sergeant Mark Deutch

Please note "The Old and the Dead" commences three weeks after the end of Episode #316. The action continues through the first day and ends the morning of the third day.

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

✓ CAPTAIN GEORGE BARNFATHER.....Clayton LeBouef  
✓ SERGEANT MARK DEUTCH.....Richard Pilcher  
✓ COLONEL BERT GRANGER.....Gerald F. Gough  
DR. SCHEINER.....Ralph Tabakin  
NAOMI.....Sharon Ziman

ELDEN WARNER.....Henry Strozier  
LYLE WARNER.....Shawn Wayne Hatosy

BRET BLAKEY.....Lyle Kanouse \*  
CARL BLAKEY.....Pete Philipopoulos \*  
MARTY GRIFFEY.....Joe Lane \*  
JOHN HOWERCHUCK.....Seamus McLaughlin  
MRS. KREBS.....Jill Redding \*  
DR. ELEANOR SEYCHELLE.....Patricia Helwick

SALESMAN.....Gary Glaeser  
TAILOR.....Brian Costantini

SETS

EXTERIORS

Baltimore  
Car Dealership  
Guilford Mansion  
    Backyard  
Harbor Shoreline  
Police Headquarters  
South Baltimore  
    Backyard  
    Blakey Home

INTERIORS

\* Blakey Home  
    Living Room  
Bus Station  
    Garage  
Guilford Mansion  
Homicide Unit  
    "The Box"  
    Coffee Room  
    Giardello's Office  
    Holding Cell Area  
    Locker Area  
    Men's Room  
    Observation Room  
    Squad Room  
Medical Examiner's Lab  
Munch Apartment  
Police Headquarters  
    Barnfather's Office  
    Granger's Office  
    Hallway  
    Roof  
    Russert's Office  
    Staircase  
Seychelle's Office

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HARBOR SHORELINE - DAWN

1

From among the cruise ships and freighters moored along the piers, we HEAR HUFFING and PUFFING. STANLEY BOLANDER and JOHN MUNCH appear in frame, speed-walking. BOLANDER wears old-fashioned gray sweats with a towel around his neck and a blue watch cap on his head. MUNCH wears his usual black suit. Right now, he's having trouble keeping up with the BIG MAN.

MUNCH

Stan, I'm dyin' here.

BOLANDER

Let's go, let's go, next question.

MUNCH

You're oh-for-three, Big Man.  
Maybe I'm wrong coaching you.  
Maybe you should just wing it.  
(huffs and puffs)  
Maybe you could call me an ambulance.

BOLANDER

Don't quit on me, Munch.

MUNCH

Okay...  
(tries to catch his breath)  
The next section of the Mini-Mental Status Exam interview looks for signs of post-trauma stress disorder.

BOLANDER

Where'd you memorize all this stuff anyway? \*

MUNCH

Since you, Felton and Howard went down, everyone in the Squad Room could be certified by the A.M.A. of Maryland. I can describe to you the inner workings of Howard's superior and inferior vena cava. \*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

MUNCH (cont.)

I can tell you how Felton's bowels will react to different pain killers... And I can tell you why you get frustrated when you hear voices in your head.

BOLANDER

I don't get frustrated.

MUNCH

So you hear voices?

BOLANDER

No.

(realizes he blew it)  
Damn it. Oh-for-four.

BOLANDER slows the pace.

BOLANDER (cont.)

I can't believe that after all these years of faithful service to this City, I could lose my badge on some nitwit shrink's say-so. I'll be doomed to sell pencils on the subway.

MUNCH

Not much of a living in that either. Customers would only buy them out of pity and pity won't make the rent.

BOLANDER stops again, glares at the back of MUNCH's head.  
MUNCH stops, turns and walks back to BOLANDER.

BOLANDER

You don't think I'm ready to go back to work, do you? That's why you're out here coaching me, isn't it? You're scared the old partner's a few bricks shy of a load.

MUNCH

Stan, you're a load. Trust me.

BOLANDER stares out at the impending dawn.

BOLANDER

And you're a walk in the park, Munch. Next question.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 2

1

MUNCH

They're gonna check your memory.

BOLANDER

Like what dates and what-not?

MUNCH

Yeah, for instance, what year did the Civil War end? Who was President when Neil Armstrong went for a jog on the moon - you know, simple stuff like that.

BOLANDER's pace has slowed to a crawl, his face puzzled.

MUNCH (cont.)

What is it, Stan?

BOLANDER

Those are simple? I got nothing on 'em, Munch.

BOLANDER rubs the side of his head where the pain is starting to build.

BOLANDER (cont.)

I don't have a chance... Do I?

As MUNCH pats BOLANDER on the shoulder,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. STAIRCASE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 2

As the usual flood of in-coming and out-going shift PERSONNEL pass each other, we see KAY HOWARD, coming up the steps. She's not taking them three at a time as usual, but slowly with concentration. A few OFFICERS and DETECTIVES nod and wave as they whip past her on the stairs. She pauses a moment, looks up at the remaining climb, then digs back in. \*

3 INT. HALLWAY/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 3

Colonel BERT GRANGER walks out of the Men's Room, followed by AL GIARDELLO. Both men shake water out of their shoes. \*

GRANGER

...You don't need to show me the women's, Al. I believe you.

THEY walk into the Squad Room.

4 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 4

GRANGER and GIARDELLO move toward Mail Area.

GIARDELLO

The plumbing in this building is over sixty years old, Colonel. My people deserve better. \*

GRANGER

I agree.

GIARDELLO

Then help me out here. Can you authorize Department funds to get these problems fixed?

GRANGER

You don't even have to lift a phone. I'll handle the whole thing.

GIARDELLO

You will? What's the catch?

(CONTINUED)



4 CONTINUED:

4

GRANGER

No catch. I'll get the money.  
It'll be cheaper than life  
preservers.

HOWARD comes in. GIARDELLO and she catch each other's eye.  
GIARDELLO walks over to her, as GRANGER heads out door.

GIARDELLO

You won't think it sexist of me if  
I give you a hug, will you?

HOWARD

Not as long as you give one to  
Bolander, too.

GIARDELLO

Then we'll just shake.

GIARDELLO and HOWARD shake hands.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

Welcome back, Kay.

GIARDELLO heads after GRANGER and out door.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

Anything you need just let me  
know.

HOWARD

See ya later, Gee. Don't worry.

HOWARD turns toward her desk, but it's not there. A table  
holding the fax machine and a couple of reams of paper is  
there instead. BEAU FELTON is hunched over the fax machine,  
reading pages as they come out. HOWARD taps him on the  
back.

HOWARD (cont.)

Where the hell's my desk?

FELTON

Kay, how you doing? I've got one  
more sheet coming.

FELTON pulls the last sheet out.

FELTON (cont.)

Why didn't you call? I would've  
driven you in.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 2

4

HOWARD

I can drive myself. Now answer the question.

FELTON

They moved it over there.

FELTON points toward the area in front of "The Box".

HOWARD

Why?

FELTON

I don't know, this just seemed like a handier place to put the fax, I guess.

HOWARD

Why didn't anybody tell me? Four years I've been sitting here. This is where my desk is supposed to be.

FELTON

So you're over there. Big deal.

HOWARD

This dog won't hunt, Beau. I'm moving it back.

FELTON walks with her to her desk. They pass TIM BAYLISS, who picks up a RINGING phone.

BAYLISS

Bayliss, Homicide.

(sees HOWARD, offers hand)

Kay, how are you? Good to see you.

(back to phone)

You imbecile, how should I know?

You called me.

STAY with HOWARD and FELTON as they get to her new desk, which is butted up awkwardly against a post.

HOWARD

I belong back over there looking across at you, as ugly as that sounds. What else changed I don't know about?

FELTON

Nothing. Everything's "situation normal" -- all jammed up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

4

FELTON (cont.)  
Especially on the Gasparino  
murder.

HOWARD stops and takes the case folder FELTON is holding and starts reading it.

HOWARD  
I read about that. He was a hot  
dog vendor near the Zoo.

FELTON  
Yeah. It's Pembleton's. He's down  
at the Medical Examiner's Lab.  
Frank wanted to know if you'd call  
some people. You know, check on  
their alibis.

HOWARD  
That's it? A phone job?

FELTON  
Kay, somebody has to do it.

HOWARD hands FELTON the case folder and puts her hands under the edge of her desk. She gives one tug upward and then sits, surprised by her lack of strength.

FELTON (cont.)  
Let me --

HOWARD puts her hand up to stop him from helping her.

HOWARD  
I can get it. Just need more wind.

BAYLISS appears in the b.g.

BAYLISS  
Felton, let's go. A body's just  
been dug up at Carlton and Lemmon.

FELTON  
(turns)  
Right with you.

When he turns back to HOWARD, she's seething.

HOWARD  
How come you get to go out? You  
got shot same as me.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

4

FELTON

Kay, I did my time behind the desk like a good boy. You get your sea legs back then you get to go out.

BAYLISS

Felton?

FELTON

Bayliss, it's a dead person. It isn't going anywhere.

(to HOWARD)

We'll talk about this later.

FELTON holds out the file again. As HOWARD rips it away from FELTON, who then turns and heads out,

CUT TO:

5 INT. SEYCHELLE'S OFFICE - DAY

5

The Venetian blinds are half open, the shards of sun illuminating several diplomas on the walls. Sitting in the tall chair behind the desk is DR. ELEANOR SEYCHELLE, Psychiatrist, Ann Taylor suit, hair-up, attractive. BOLANDER, hat on head, sits in the chair in front of her desk, scared. He smiles at her, then stops and swallows. The interview is beginning to wear on his nerves.

SEYCHELLE

Mr. Bolander, can you tell me what day it is today?

BOLANDER

Uh, it's Tuesday, I believe.

SEYCHELLE

(stares at BOLANDER)

Pickle. Sneaker. Toilet paper.

BOLANDER

Huh?

SEYCHELLE

Detective, I want you to subtract seven from one hundred. And then count backwards, subtracting seven each time.

BOLANDER smiles.

BOLANDER

Thanks for calling me Detective.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SEYCHELLE

We have a way to go.

BOLANDER

Sorry. Uh... Ninety-three...  
eighty-seven -- no, eighty-six...  
uh, seventy-nine... How far you  
want me to go?

(off no response)

...Seventy-two... sixty-five --

SEYCHELLE

Okay, let's try some proverbs.  
"People in glass houses shouldn't  
throw stones".

BOLANDER

Uh... "A bird in the hand is worth  
two in the bush".

SEYCHELLE

No. What does the one I said  
mean?

BOLANDER

Sorry. Well, I guess that those  
who got some faults everyone can  
see shouldn't go around chewin' out  
other folks. Right?

SEYCHELLE writes something down. BOLANDER strains to see  
what.

BOLANDER (cont.)

Was I wrong?

SEYCHELLE

Since the shooting, how often do  
you have trouble sleeping?

BOLANDER

I never said I had trouble  
sleeping.

BOLANDER's pleased with himself. He wasn't caught.

SEYCHELLE

When was the last time you cried?  
Be honest.

BOLANDER

Last night.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

SEYCHELLE

What precipitated the tears?

BOLANDER

Pain.

SEYCHELLE

What kind of pain?

BOLANDER

Dropping an ironing board on your foot type pain. I hadn't done laundry since the... Since I got shot. My ties were a mess.

SEYCHELLE

Any flashbacks? Recurring nightmares?

BOLANDER

No.

SEYCHELLE

Panic attacks? Heart palpitations? Trembling, heavy sweating?

BOLANDER

(getting angry)

No.

SEYCHELLE

What's your mother's maiden name?

BOLANDER

Why're you bringing her into this?

SEYCHELLE

Just a routine question, Mr. Bolander. Now, do you remember what three things I mentioned at the top of the interview?

BOLANDER

I'll tell you what I remember. I remember we won World War Two, that Ollie North took the Fifth instead of telling the truth, that light margarine is still bad for you regardless of the word "light" on the box. I remember the Alamo and the Maine...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 3

5

SEYCHELLE  
(presses intercom)  
Miss Grimes, call security. We  
have meltdown.

\*

Long silence. SEYCHELLE picks up phone, stares long and  
hard at BOLANDER.

\*

BOLANDER  
And I also remember some nonsense  
about pickles, sneakers and toilet  
paper...

\*

SEYCHELLE  
(on intercom)  
Never mind, Miss Grimes.

On BOLANDER, relieved,

CUT TO:

6 EXT. BACKYARD/SOUTH BALTIMORE - DAY

6

BAYLISS and FELTON walk past Arabber carts and horses  
through a run-down series of courtyards.

\*

BAYLISS  
Place gives me the willies.

\*

FELTON  
Why?

\*

BAYLISS  
These old carts and horses. These  
are Arabbers.

\*

FELTON  
Oh, right. You brought an Arabber  
in for killing Adena Watson.

\*

They enter the back yard of a rundown house. Several  
UNIFORMS stand guard over a freshly dug hole in the earth,  
at the bottom of which is a SKELETON. A few NEIGHBORS  
linger about in the b.g. BAYLISS and FELTON turn to MRS.  
KREBS, an old lady with a big galoomph of a MUTT, who  
strains on his leash.

\*

BAYLISS  
Are you Mrs. Krebs?

\*

KREBS  
That's me.

\*

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

BAYLISS

What happened here?

KREBS

Harvey got loose again this morning. I found him diggin' away in this yard here. That's when I saw that skeleton and called the cops.

FELTON

Who lives in the house?

KREBS

A family named Blakey. They're not home at the moment.

BAYLISS

What do you know about them?

KREBS

Not much. Two boys and their father. Although I haven't seen Oscar for awhile. That's the father.

BAYLISS

How long is awhile?

KREBS

Coupla years --

FELTON

Mrs. Krebs, could that be Oscar your dog dug up?

KREBS

I don't know. Maybe. \*

FELTON

Do Oscar's sons work?

KREBS

Yeah.

BOLANDER \*

Where?

KREBS \*

I don't know.

BAYLISS

Do you know when they'll be home?

(CONTINUED)



"The Old and the Dead"  
1/4/94

12A.\*

6 CONTINUED: 2

6

KREBS

After work.

BAYLISS starts to walk away.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 2

6

KREBS (cont.)  
Can Harvey keep the thighbone?

BAYLISS  
Toss it back in the hole, Mrs.  
Krebs.

FELTON follows BAYLISS, who shakes his head.

BAYLISS (cont.)  
Billytown. What a magical place.

FELTON  
Tim, there are no "hillbillies"  
here living in tents making possum  
stew. So stop calling it  
Billytown. I grew up here and it's  
called South Baltimore.

BAYLISS  
But I've heard you call it  
Billytown.

FELTON  
That's different. I'm from here.

BAYLISS  
Then maybe you should ask the  
questions... Jethro.

On FELTON, wanting to pop BAYLISS, who is laughing,

CUT TO:

7 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

7

MEGAN RUSSERT and GIARDELLO, leaving Squad Room in  
overcoats, catch sight of two short, fat PLUMBERS in white  
overalls, chomping on pastry.

GIARDELLO  
That was quick. Granger really  
came through.

RUSSERT  
Yeah, except I've never heard of  
this outfit. They call  
themselves Cooder Plumbing.

GIARDELLO  
At least they're here.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

RUSSERT

Granger's a political animal. How would it look if the Mayor comes through with a group of press people and he has to go across the street to the Waterfront to relieve himself?

GIARDELLO

Those our scones they're eating?

RUSSERT

Yep.

GIARDELLO

Hey.

PLUMBERS look up, full-mouthed.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

I catch you eating one more scone and you're going to get a plunger in the drain pipe.

They both put down their half-eaten pastry, pick up their tool boxes and hustle off toward the Men's Room. GIARDELLO turns to RUSSERT.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

No one messes with my pastries.

GIARDELLO gives RUSSERT a satisfied look.

8 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

3

PAN to Mail Area and BOLANDER in fedora, entering. He walks toward his desk, passing other DETECTIVES at their stations, including FRANK PEMBLETON, HOWARD, MUNCH and MELDRICK LEWIS. BOLANDER arrives at his desk and starts opening up shop. LEWIS approaches him.

LEWIS

Big Man, how they hangin'? You look great.

BOLANDER

Yeah. Hey, thanks for the flowers.

LEWIS

I didn't send any.  
(reacts to being had)  
Nice fedora. Looks like you got a new haircut under there.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

8

BOLANDER  
Yeah, the Maryland Shock Trauma  
barber gave me a trim.

PEMBLETON walks up.

PEMBLETON  
Welcome back, Stanley.

BOLANDER  
Frank. I hear you were tireless as  
ever trying to catch the guy.

PEMBLETON  
Knew I'd have to answer to you if I  
didn't.

PEMBLETON moves off as MUNCH walks over to BOLANDER.  
BOLANDER looks over at HOWARD, who sits at her desk on the  
phone.

MUNCH  
Big Man. You did it.

BOLANDER  
Yeah.

MUNCH  
Was it hard?

BOLANDER  
It was terrifying.

MUNCH  
So my little cram sessions helped,  
huh?

BOLANDER  
Not a bit...

MUNCH  
Look, I was thinking we could get a  
couple of the others together, and  
you know, get some lunch --

BOLANDER  
(looks over at HOWARD)  
Yeah, yeah, sounds great.

BOLANDER walks away toward Howard's desk as MUNCH prattles  
on. HOWARD hangs up phone as BOLANDER arrives. She looks  
up at him.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 2

8

HOWARD  
Hey, Stan.

BOLANDER  
Hiya, Kay.

Beat. BOLANDER's not good at this. He takes three small medals of St. Michael out of his pocket.

BOLANDER (cont.)  
I got you... I mean you, me and Felton each one of these.

He hands a medal to HOWARD. She holds it.

HOWARD  
Saint Michael the Archangel...  
Patron Saint of Policemen.

BOLANDER  
Yeah, you know. Just to keep us lucky.

Beat.. HOWARD fondles the medal, then stands. She and BOLANDER embrace as the rest of the PEOPLE in the Squad Room watch them,

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9 EXT. GUILFORD MANSION - DAY

9

Chaos outside a Gatsbyian Mansion. Squad Cars, Medivac van, LOOKIE-LOOS, KIDS on bikes, REPORTERS shagging information. UNIFORMS put up Yellow Police Tape as MUNCH and BOLANDER, wearing fedora, pull up in Cavalier. THEY exit car and walk toward Mansion. Sergeant MARK DEUTCH meets BOLANDER and MUNCH.

DEUTCH

Mr. and Mrs. Warner. Conrad and Abigail. Both in their late sixties.

MUNCH

Nice digs. I could feature myself here.

10 INT. GUILFORD MANSION - DAY

10

DEUTCH guides BOLANDER and MUNCH down hall of the big, luxuriously appointed Mansion, checking notes as he fills them in. BOLANDER and MUNCH check out the opulent items as they walk and listen.

BOLANDER

I'd be too afraid to live here, you know? Spill a beer on a rug like this, one year's salary down the pipe.

MUNCH

(looks at carpet)  
Antique Persian silk... Two years' salary.

DEUTCH

The maid found the bodies this morning when she came to work.

MUNCH

(passes fine china)  
Ming. Ming. T'ang. Lalique.

DEUTCH

All the help had gone home.

MUNCH

Next of kin been notified?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

DEUTCH  
Yeah, Elden. Their son.

MUNCH  
What's his story?

DEUTCH  
Big-buck lawyer guy, over in London  
on business. He's in the air now.  
And there's a Lyle Warner, the  
grandson, lives in the pool house,  
but he's nowhere to be found.

BOLANDER and MUNCH share a quick look.

DEUTCH (cont.)  
It's pretty ugly, sir. They were  
beaten to death.

They arrive at Den, walk over to a pair of bloody sheets. A  
POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures. MUNCH and BOLANDER  
stand over sheets. MUNCH nods to DEUTCH, who pulls back the  
sheets, only to neck level.

BOLANDER  
Jeez.

MUNCH  
I believe that's what the  
hardboiled inksters call a bloody  
pulp. Okay, we've got one lead.  
The killer thinks he's Gene Krupa.

BOLANDER  
Which one's the Missus?

Another UNIFORM pulls back the bottom of one sheet,  
revealing women's shoes. DEUTCH looks to MUNCH, who nods.  
DEUTCH re-covers the BODY. BOLANDER, watches this little  
exchange, not happy.

11 EXT. GUILFORD MANSION - DAY

11

MUNCH and BOLANDER exit and punch their way through the  
hornet's nest of activity.

BOLANDER (cont.)  
Munch, I know you think you're  
personally responsible for getting  
me my shield back. But don't start  
acting like the primary on a case  
of mine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

BOLANDER (cont.)

I say when the sheets come off and when they go back on, okay? I strapped on a gun and badge this morning just like you. I answered this call so stop getting in my way.

MUNCH

Okay, okay. I was just trying to help.

BOLANDER

You don't have to protect me, Munch. I can handle it.

As BOLANDER walks off, leaving MUNCH in his wake,

CUT TO:

A12 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

A12

As a HAND writes "W-A-R-N-E-R" in RED on "The Board",

CUT TO:

12 EXT. BLAKEY HOME/SOUTH BALTIMORE - DAY

12

FELTON KNOCKS on front door, BAYLISS stands behind him. BRET BLAKEY, a middle-aged man in a flannel shirt, answers.

FELTON

Mr. Blakey?

BLAKEY

Yeah?

Another middle-aged man in flannel, CARL BLAKEY, peeks over his shoulder.

FELTON

I'm Detective Felton of the Baltimore City Police Department. This is Detective Bayliss.

CARL

Hiya. I'm Carl.

FELTON

We'd like to ask you two a few questions. Mind if we come in?

(CONTINUED)



12 CONTINUED:

12

BLAKEY

This about anything in particular?

FELTON

Nothing serious. We're just here about that dead body your neighbor's dog dug up in your yard.

CARL

Oh, then come in.

BLAKEY shoots an exasperated look at CARL, which FELTON and BAYLISS catch.

13 INT. LIVING ROOM/BLAKEY HOME - DAY

13

BLAKEY ushers FELTON and BAYLISS inside. The Living Room is in major disarray. An old, rattling heap of a refrigerator stands next to a lumpy, old couch, which is strewn with bags of junk food. A soap opera PLAYS on a humongous, and ancient, console TV that dominates the room.. FELTON and BAYLISS take in the surroundings.

BLAKEY

Sit down if you like.

FELTON looks around, decides against it, but BAYLISS grabs a chair and sits. BLAKEY heads for the beat-to-shit refrigerator, opens it. It's packed with Olde English 800 Malt Liquor.

BLAKEY (cont.)

Like a lukewarm one?

BAYLISS

Gee, uh, no thanks.

FELTON

Okay, fellas. You want to tell us who was buried out there in your backyard?

BLAKEY

I don't know what you're talking about.

CARL

You asking about Poppa?

BLAKEY

No. They're not asking about Poppa.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

BAYLISS

Where is he then?

BLAKEY

Work.

CARL

Vacation.

FELTON and BAYLISS look at each other. BAYLISS takes BLAKEY in tow and walks him toward the refrigerator.

BAYLISS

That's an interesting design concept. A fridge in the living room.

BLAKEY

(looks over his shoulder at FELTON)  
Doesn't really work, but it's handy.

With BLAKEY occupied, FELTON steers CARL to couch.

FELTON

You know, Carl, I grew up four blocks down on Dugan Street. You lived here a long time?

CARL

All my life.

FELTON

Remember old Mrs. Crowley? How the neighborhood used to smell when she made candy

CARL

Yeah, the saltwater taffy.

FELTON

The neighbors say you live here with your father, but no one has seen him for two years... Now, Carl, think about your answer. Was that your father buried out there, Carl?

CARL, scared, looks toward BLAKEY.

FELTON (cont.)

Carl, I'm giving you a chance to come clean here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

FELTON (cont.)

You tell me the truth I'll walk right out that front door. You lie to me and I'm just gonna have to make another guess and figure you murdered your old man.

CARL

It's Pa out there. But we didn't kill him. He just up and died.

BLAKEY

Damn it, Carl. You've blown it.

CARL

I'm sorry, Bret.

FELTON

How long has your dad been out there?

CARL

Three years.

BLAKEY

We didn't have the money for a burial. That's all it was.

On BAYLISS and FELTON, not buying,

CUT TO:

14 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S LAB - DAY

14

BOLANDER, hat on head, watches as LAB TECHNICIANS unload the SKELETON of old man Blakey. MUNCH walks in.

MUNCH

No sign of the Warner grandson. Maid said he's at some lacrosse tournament down in Annapolis.

BOLANDER

(re: SKELETON)

Look at what happens to you. Doesn't matter if you pay your taxes, give to the church or cheat on your wife. Good or bad, you end up like that.

MUNCH

You cheated on Margie?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

MUNCH follows as BOLANDER moves over to DR. SCHEINER, Medical Examiner, standing over the BODIES of Mr. and Mrs. Warner.

BOLANDER  
What do you have so far, doc?

SCHEINER  
Bolander?

BOLANDER  
Yes, it's me.

SCHEINER  
Thought you were gonna end up in here with me for a while. \*

BOLANDER  
I know you mean that in a nice way.

SCHEINER  
(re: the BODY)  
Well, the first blows appear to have come from behind. I found massive edemas and hemorrhaging at the back of their skulls. =

BOLANDER  
Edemas? \*

SCHEINER  
Swollen bruises, Bolander. What's the matter with you? \*

BOLANDER  
Nothing. Got a guess on the weapon? \*

SCHEINER  
Killer used a club of some kind.

MUNCH  
A truncheon, a croquet, a mallet, a nine iron, what? \*

SCHEINER  
A wooden club. I found shards of wood and varnish under their fingernails. It also looks like they turned and tried to fight off the blows. \*

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

BOLANDER

So we're talking about a thin,  
wooden club with a coat of lacquer.

SCHEINER gives MUNCH a look.

SCHEINER

That's what I just said. Did you  
really pass the Status Exam?

MUNCH

Yes, he did. Now back off.

SCHEINER

Long after these two were dead,  
the killer kept whacking away at  
their faces until he got ground  
chuck.

MUNCH

Thanks for the recipe.

BOLANDER and MUNCH walk off.

BOLANDER

I got a sense of a whole lot of  
hate here, Munch. The killer had  
to know the victim.

MUNCH

Yeah, maybe. So you played around  
on Margie, huh?

BOLANDER

Munch, I was waxing reflective.

MUNCH

She ever find out?

On BOLANDER, shaking his head and walking out,

CUT TO:

15 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

15

HOWARD has her desk pulled only a few feet from the pole.  
She gives it one more tug and sits down, catching her  
breath. PEMBLETON enters in his overcoat and walks over.

PEMBLETON

Kay, did you finish making any of  
those calls I asked for?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

HOWARD

No, Frank. I've been trying to get my damn desk back where it belongs.

PEMBLETON

But there's a phone right here on this one.

HOWARD

Old baseball adage, "Don't mess with a streak." I get my desk back over there where I've enjoyed many years of success and I'll make those calls.

PEMBLETON

I thought your streak ended with Crosetti's old Chilton case.

HOWARD

Nope. That's still open. And it'll stay open until I close it.  
(gets up, shoves desk again)  
Or until I drop trying to move this bastard.

PEMBLETON

Let me help.

HOWARD

I don't want any.

PEMBLETON

If it means I close Gasperino, I can sacrifice what's left of my sciatic nerve.

HOWARD

Frank, you touch this desk, you're on your own.

PEMBLETON backs off. PAN OVER to an impeccably tailored man, ELDEN WARNER, mid-forties, entering Squad Room. He buttonholes LEWIS, who points to BOLANDER in fedora, who's eating a fat, juicy burger at his desk. WARNER approaches.

WARNER

Detective Bolander?

BOLANDER

(mid-bite)  
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

WARNER

I'm Elden Warner.

BOLANDER

Oh, just trying to catch a bite.  
Have a seat. \*

WARNER

I don't have a lot of time.

BOLANDER rises, puts down his burger and shakes WARNER's hand.

WARNER (cont.)

Detective, do you have any idea who  
killed my parents?

BOLANDER

No, I'm sorry. We don't yet.

WARNER

But you have suspects.

BOLANDER

No. \*

MUNCH walks in. =

BOLANDER (cont.)

This is my partner, Detective  
Munch. John, this is Elden Warner.

A quick nod from WARNER. \*

WARNER \*

Have you talked to my son? \*

BOLANDER \*

Not yet.

WARNER \*

Why? \*

BOLANDER \*

He was out of town. \*

WARNER \*

Out of town? Where? \*

BOLANDER \*

(flustered)  
I got it written down here  
somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 3

15

MUNCH  
It was Annapolis, Stan.

BOLANDER  
Oh. Right. Annapolis.

WARNER  
This is a capital crime. And  
you're telling me you haven't  
located a possible first-hand  
witness?

BOLANDER looks around nervously.

MUNCH  
He's your kid. Why don't you know  
where he is?

BOLANDER  
I need some air.

BOLANDER walks out. MUNCH turns to WARNER.

MUNCH  
Your parents have any enemies?

WARNER  
None.

MUNCH  
How about the help?

WARNER  
No. They've been with the family  
for years. And they're very well  
paid.

WARNER checks his watch.

WARNER (cont.)  
Look, I've got meetings until nine  
tonight. I would appreciate a  
call.

He hands MUNCH a card, followed by another.

WARNER (cont.)  
You can reach me at the Free Legal  
Clinic.

MUNCH  
You do pro-bono work?

(CONTINUED)



15 CONTINUED: 4

15

WARNER

Yes. Every other Monday.

MUNCH

Did any of your pro-bono clients  
ever come in contact with your  
parents? See their home?

WARNER

Not that I know of.

MUNCH

Could you fax us a list of those  
clients?

WARNER

Oh, right. Someone I've gone out  
of my way to help is gonna kill my  
parents.

(beat)

I'll fax you the list this  
afternoon.

As WARNER turns and leaves,

CUT TO:

A16 EXT. ROOF/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A16

BOLANDER, hat on head, walks out the door and takes a deep  
breath. As he exhales, he sees HOWARD sitting on a bench.  
He walks over and sits down beside her. Both are feeling a  
little shaky.

BOLANDER

Good to be back, huh?

HOWARD

Oh, yeah. It's great.

Beat.

BOLANDER

Day going alright?

HOWARD

Perfect. You?

BOLANDER

Couldn't be better.

HOWARD

Haven't lost a step.

(CONTINUED)

A16 CONTINUED:

A16

BOLANDER

Me, neither.

They look at each other and manage weak smiles. As THEY watch the tugs in the harbor,

CUT TO:

16 INT. HALLWAY/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

16

JANITORS lay towels down to stem a growing tide of water coming from under the door of the Men's Room. RUSSERT exits Elevator, hears GIARDELLO yelling from inside Lavatory.

GIARDELLO (o.c.)

Colonel, we got the "Poseidon Adventure" up close and personal here, and you want me to take it easy?

RUSSERT pauses before the entrance, the door is ajar. She enters.

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

17

RUSSERT sees GRANGER and GIARDELLO standing near sink. GIARDELLO points to the brown water spitting from the sink faucets.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

Will you look at that?

GRANGER

The plumbers have been paged and will be right over.

GIARDELLO

Those idiots are coming back?

GRANGER

They've worked for the City before, Al. They come recommended.

GIARDELLO

By who?

GRANGER

They do good work.

RUSSERT stands before a urinal. Little spurts and gurgles spit up from somewhere down deep in the bowels of Charm City.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

GIARDELLO

They made it worse.

GRANGER

One of them's been a little  
sick -- bad flu-bug -- but they're  
very competent.

GIARDELLO

How the hell can you say that? Are  
you blind?

RUSSERT plays with the urinal flush-handle as if she's never  
seen one before.

GRANGER

Lieutenant, just calm down. I'll  
handle it.

GIARDELLO

Like last time?

RUSSERT goes for it, plunging the flush-handle. Nothing.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

You are out of your mind.

GRANGER

Careful, Al.

RUSSERT

He's gonna blow.

GRANGER

He better not.

RUSSERT

Not him.

(points to urinal)

It.

RUSSERT turns and runs out of there. GIARDELLO looks over  
at the urinal. WE HEAR the RAGING SOUND of rushing water.  
GIARDELLO and GRANGER bolt as urinals and toilets begin to  
overflow and water runs everywhere,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 OMIT 18

19 OMIT 19

A20 EXT. BLAKEY HOME/SOUTH BALTIMORE - NIGHT A20

BAYLISS and FELTON get out of Cavalier and approach the house.

BAYLISS  
Any family left living down here?

FELTON  
Nope. They all scattered.

BAYLISS  
Blame them? Must've been hard growing up here.

FELTON  
A neighborhood is as good as the people living in it. It wasn't Disneyland, but I had some good times growing up here.

They get to the door.

BAYLISS  
You believe these guys were smart enough to pull a scam like this off?

FELTON KNOCKS. Beat. CARL answers the door.

CARL  
Hey, Bret. They came back just like you said.

BLAKEY comes to the door.

FELTON  
Bret, we gotta arrest you.

BLAKEY  
I told you. Poppa died of old age.

(CONTINUED)

A20 CONTINUED:

A20

BLAKEY

What are you talking about?

FELTON

The only reason you never reported your dad's death was so that you could keep collecting his Social Security checks. Right?

CARL

How'd he know, Bret?

BLAKEY

Shut up.

BLAKEY turns to BAYLISS.

BLAKEY (cont.)

We needed the money, okay? We needed the damn money.

BAYLISS

Come on. Let's go.

BAYLISS and FELTON handcuff BLAKEY and CARL. As THEY walk to the car, FELTON takes a long look back at where he came from,

CUT TO:

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

20 \*

NAOMI enters. GIARDELLO's at his desk.

\*

NAOMI

There's two invoices from Cooder Plumbing. Both last year. Both in June. Another double billing from March and five others in ninety-four.

\*

GIARDELLO

Lemme see those.

NAOMI hands GIARDELLO the papers. GIARDELLO looks them over.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

Every time it's for the same damn job. Those bozos came back, fixed their own repairs and billed the City twice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

GIARDELLO (cont.)  
Why does Granger keep hiring them?  
(looks up)  
Thank you, Naomi.

NAOMI leaves. GIARDELLO sits at his desk, looks at the bills. As GIARDELLO taps his fingers on the desk, thinking as he reads the invoices, he picks up the phone,

CUT TO:

A21 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

A21 \*

HOWARD pours herself a cup of decaf as LEWIS walks in.

LEWIS  
That real?

HOWARD  
No, decaf. I'm not allowed to  
over-amp the system yet.

LEWIS pours himself a cup of high-test.

LEWIS  
Don't rush it, Kay. When I was  
playing ball, I'd rip a knee or  
twist an ankle and the coaches  
would be so jacked to get me  
playing again I never healed.

HOWARD  
Why do guys always use sports  
analogies to explain life?

LEWIS  
I don't know. Maybe it's because  
we don't sew.

HOWARD gives him a look as a UNIFORM walks in with JOHN  
HOWERCHUCK, sixties. The UNIFORM points HOWARD out.

HOWERCHUCK  
Detective Howard?

HOWARD  
Yeah.

HOWERCHUCK  
I'm John Howerchuck. You called  
me about the murder of Tom  
Gasparino.

(CONTINUED)

A21 CONTINUED:

A21

HOWARD quickly crosses to him.

HOWARD

Oh, yeah, thanks for coming in.

HOWARD leads HOWERCHUCK into the Squad Room.

B21 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

B21 \*

HOWARD takes HOWERCHUCK to the desk she tried to move, which juts out into the walkway a couple feet at a weird angle. HOWARD looks at the failed attempt and without a beat, leans her weight into the desk and slams it back up against the wall. She grabs a blotter, a pad and pen, slams the phone back down on the desk, then turns to HOWERCHUCK. He is a little taken aback by the display.

HOWARD (cont.)

Have a seat, Mr. Howerchuck.

HOWERCHUCK sits. HOWARD checks case folder.

HOWARD (cont.)

So... You're an ice cream vendor.

HOWERCHUCK

Yes, Officer.

HOWARD

I'm a Detective.

HOWERCHUCK

Yes, Detective.

HOWARD

And how did you know Mr. Gasperino?

HOWERCHUCK

Well, we used to get into it a lot because he was always in my spot outside the zoo.

HOWARD

Get into it? You'd fight?

HOWERCHUCK

Well, yes. Always politely.

HOWARD

Because he was in your spot.

(CONTINUED)

B21 CONTINUED:

B21

HOWERCHUCK

That's right. The shady spot.  
People don't want to stand in line  
for a sour raspberry ice cup if  
they're melting in the sun.  
Gasperino knew that spot was mine.

As HOWARD shifts in her chair, realizing there is blood in  
the water,

CUT TO:

21 INT. GARAGE/BUS STATION - NIGHT

21

MUNCH reads over a time-card sheet as MARTY GRIFFEY,  
mid-thirties, stands beside bus number seventeen, wiping his  
greasy hands. BOLANDER, hat on head, sizes GRIFFEY up as  
MUNCH hands him the time sheet.

MUNCH

Time sheet matches. He was  
working.

BOLANDER

You ever leave work, Marty? For a  
sandwich, a beer, a drive?  
Anything?

GRIFFEY

No, sir. I pack my lunch. It's  
sad what happened. Poor Mister and  
Missus Warner.

MUNCH

How well did you know them, Marty?

GRIFFEY

We crossed paths only a couple of  
times.

BOLANDER

At their home?

GRIFFEY

Yeah. They hired me to haul off  
their leaves last fall. They were  
very nice people.

BOLANDER

They were also very rich people.

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED:

21

GRIFFEY

You guys think I had something to do with this?

BOLANDER

Well, we didn't come down here to watch you clean sparkplugs. So I gotta ask, did you kill them?

GRIFFEY

That family helped me. Why would I kill them?

BOLANDER

(angry)

Because you have a prior arrest for breaking and entering. Use of a firearm during the commission of a felony. You're just another ex-con with a not so innocent face.

MUNCH

Stan, Stan. Why don't we go check the time cards with his supervisor? Come on.

MUNCH leads BOLANDER out.

MUNCH (cont.)

What's the matter? Why'd you jump down that guy's throat?

BOLANDER

When did the maid say the grandson was coming home from that tournament or whatever in Annapolis?

MUNCH

This afternoon.

BOLANDER

We should interview him.

As BOLANDER walks ahead of MUNCH, leaving him to try and assess BOLANDER's anger,

CUT TO:

22 OMIT

22

23 OMIT

23

A24 INT. GRANGER'S OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A24 \*

The door is ajar and GIARDELLO walks in. GRANGER looks up as he puts on his coat. GIARDELLO, pissed off, tosses xeroxes onto Granger's desk.

GIARDELLO

You are a cockroach, Granger.

GRANGER

What?

GIARDELLO

Those guys you got ripping the City off, doing plumbing and electrical repairs, they're your wife's brothers.

GRANGER

They are not.

GIARDELLO

The name of their outfit? Coodar. That's your wife's maiden name. Stop lying and tell me how you're gonna handle this.

GRANGER

There's nothing to handle.

GIARDELLO

You get nothing in return from them, right?

GRANGER

That's a pretty serious accusation, Lieutenant.

GIARDELLO

You're breaking the law.

GRANGER

There's nothing illegal. It's just extra-legal.

GIARDELLO

I don't know what you've been putting in your tea, Bert, but the last time I checked it's completely illegal for City officials to pad the City payroll with incompetent relatives.

Beat. GIARDELLO stares GRANGER down.

(CONTINUED)

A24 CONTINUED:

A24

GRANGER

Get out of my office. And don't  
think I won't remember this when  
your next review comes up.

As GIARDELLO glares at GRANGER and leaves,

CUT TO:

24 INT. MUNCH APARTMENT - NIGHT

24

Wall to wall books, records and a computer. We HEAR Lou  
Reed SING "Busload of Faith" from the CD player. MUNCH, in  
a black robe, sits on the couch, reading. All the while,  
singing along with Lou.

MUNCH/LOU

"...It takes a busload of faith to  
get by..."

A KNOCK at the door. MUNCH rises, keeps singing as he makes  
his way to the door. He punches off CD player, then opens  
the door. It's BOLANDER, wearing fedora.

MUNCH (cont.)

Big Man.

BOLANDER

I'm sorry, John, I couldn't sleep.

MUNCH

No, come on in.

He ushers BOLANDER inside.

BOLANDER

I should go.

MUNCH

Stan, stay and have a beer.

BOLANDER

Maybe one.

(looks around)

Nice place. How many bedrooms?

MUNCH walks into the kitchen to fetch the beer.

MUNCH

One.

BOLANDER

One more than I got.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MUNCH returns and hands the beer to BOLANDER.

MUNCH  
Wanna stay here tonight, Stan?

BOLANDER  
Nah.

MUNCH  
The couch is comfy.

BOLANDER  
No.

MUNCH  
It's no trouble.

BOLANDER  
Thanks, anyway.

MUNCH  
It'll be fun.

BOLANDER  
No, it won't.

MUNCH  
I'll get sheets.

BOLANDER nods. MUNCH walks down Hallway to a linen closet.  
BOLANDER removes couch pillows.

BOLANDER  
I hate my car.

MUNCH  
What?

BOLANDER  
I hate my car. Body's all rusted  
out, damn heap won't run when it's  
over seventy-five degrees outside.  
Wipers only work on the passenger  
side.

MUNCH  
Stan, they have these things called  
repair shops. They fix things like  
that.

BOLANDER  
Some things you can't fix.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2

24

MUNCH

Are we talking about your car... or  
you?

MUNCH returns with a stack of bedding, starts making the  
bed. BOLANDER tucks in his side of the bed. MUNCH lets  
him go on.

BOLANDER

Know what I'm gonna have when they  
put me out to pasture? A few lousy  
thousand bucks in the bank and a  
pension that won't make ends meet.

(beat)

You know when I was lyin' there in  
the hospital everything, everyone  
was equal. I get out and the first  
case I get reminds me that I've  
worked twenty-seven years and got  
nothing to show for it. I'm not  
harping about how much they have  
and I don't. I'm just talking  
about how I don't even have a  
will... because I got nothing to  
leave anybody. At least Crosetti  
left a yo-yo for Lewis.

MUNCH

Want me to miter the corners?

BOLANDER

Maybe I should've gone in on the  
bar with you.

MUNCH

(re: pillows)

Foam or feather?

BOLANDER

Foam. Maybe I shouldn't have let  
Margie go.

MUNCH tosses aside the feather pillow. BOLANDER sits on  
bed.

BOLANDER (cont.)

Jeez, I'm tired.

BOLANDER finishes his beer.

MUNCH

Another one?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 3

24

BOLANDER

Naw.

(beat)

I was too tough on that mechanic  
today, huh?

MUNCH

No, no, you were fine. Don't worry  
about it. You're doing good, Stan.

BOLANDER

I gotta sleep.

MUNCH

Goodnight, Stan.

BOLANDER

Goodnight.

MUNCH turns and walks off down the hall. BOLANDER waits  
until MUNCH closes his bedroom door, then removes his hat,  
revealing a scar running along the side of his head a few  
inches. As he touches it, gingerly,

CUT TO:

25 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING 25

Establishing.

26 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - MORNING 26

RUSSERT bird-dogs GIARDELLO into his office.

GIARDELLO

What is it, Megan? I'm not in  
the mood for gossip.

RUSSERT

This ought to cheer you up.

She slaps a newspaper down on his desk. GIARDELLO picks up  
the paper, starts reading.

RUSSERT (cont.)

Seems that last year Colonel  
Granger gave a lucrative City  
plumbing contract to his in-laws,  
our friends at Cooder Plumbing..

GIARDELLO

Is that right?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

RUSSERT

Yeah, and they really milked it...  
claiming that all the City Hall  
toilets needed new fittings,  
over-charging for parts. They even  
billed the City for gas money,  
going to and from their own  
office...

RUSSERT looks closer at GIARDELLO.

RUSSERT (cont.)

You don't seem terribly surprised,  
Al.

GIARDELLO

I'm very surprised. I'm shocked.

RUSSERT

You leak this story?

GIARDELLO

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

The phone RINGS. GIARDELLO picks up.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

Giardello... Uh-huh...

GIARDELLO hangs up. He's worried and RUSSERT can tell.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

Captain Barnfather wants to see me  
in his office.

As GIARDELLO exits office,

CUT TO:

27 EXT. BACKYARD/GUILFORD MANSION - DAY

27

MUNCH and BOLANDER walk toward the Pool House. BOLANDER,  
hat on, spies LYLE WARNER, a blond-haired, soft-spoken, shy  
eighteen year old in a sweatshirt, walking out of the  
Garage.

MUNCH

Hey? Are you Lyle Warner?

LYLE

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

MUNCH

I'm Detective Munch, this is  
Detective Bolander. We're  
investigating the death of your  
grandparents.

LYLE

Oh.

MUNCH

Elden's your father?

LYLE

Yeah.

MUNCH

And you live in the pool house over  
there?

LYLE

Yeah.

MUNCH

You have a very economical way of  
speaking. Anyone ever tell you  
that?

LYLE

No.

BOLANDER

Lyle, where were you the night  
your grandparents died?

LYLE

I was having dinner with some  
friends.

BOLANDER

I thought you had a lacrosse  
tournament in Annapolis.

LYLE

Yeah. I did. I mean earlier.

MUNCH

So how could you be at dinner at  
the same time?

LYLE

I wasn't.

(CONTINUED)



27 CONTINUED: 2

27

BOLANDER

But you just said you were.

LYLE

I didn't know which night you meant..

BOLANDER

We're talking about the night your grandparents were killed.

LYLE

Yeah, you're right. I was in my room. But I didn't hear anything.

BOLANDER and MUNCH exchange looks. BOLANDER turns to LYLE.

BOLANDER

The way your grandparents were killed, there would have been some noise... screaming maybe.

LYLE

I was listening to Danzig. I had it cranked up pretty loud.

MUNCH

You'll pardon me for saying this. But you're not acting like a kid whose grandparents were just murdered.

LYLE

How am I supposed to act?

BOLANDER puts a hand around LYLE's arm.

BOLANDER

Let's go have a talk, Lyle.

As LYLE, terrified, walks off with MUNCH and BOLANDER,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 INT. BARNFATHER'S OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

28

GIARDELLO KNOCKS and enters. Colonel GEORGE BARNFATHER's on the phone.

GIARDELLO

You wanted to see me?

BARNFATHER hangs up immediately.

BARNFATHER

Sit down, Al. There's something we need to discuss.

GIARDELLO nervously sits, squirming in his chair.  
BARNFATHER comes around and sits on the edge of his desk.

BARNFATHER (cont.)

We have a very disappointing situation here.

GIARDELLO

I had every right. He threatened me.

BARNFATHER

What are you talking about?

GIARDELLO

Granger.

BARNFATHER

So you've heard the news.

GIARDELLO

I read the paper, yes.

BARNFATHER

Well, the Mayor went a little crazy. He's decided Granger should spend more time in his garden. We'll still have a big send-off dinner for him, but as of now, Bert's been retired.

GIARDELLO

Retired.

BARNFATHER

I'm your new Colonel.

(CONTINUED)

28 - CONTINUED:

28

GIARDELLO

Tough break for him, but hey,  
congratulations to you.

BARNFATHER

Thank you, Al. Of course, you  
realize that leaves my position  
open. And I thought you should  
hear it from me.

GIARDELLO

(expectant)  
Yes, sir.

BARNFATHER

We are going to offer the Captain's  
job to Megan Russert.

GIARDELLO blanches, clears his throat.

GIARDELLO

Russert?

BARNFATHER

You have a problem?

GIARDELLO

(rises)  
Why would I have a problem? I  
mean, I've logged thirty-two hard  
years on this force and Russert's  
racked up an impressive -- what?  
Ten?

BARNFATHER

Look, this was the Mayor's call.  
He wants the Department hierarchy  
to be "demographically correct".

GIARDELLO

What's he talking about? Over  
seventy percent of the voters in  
this City are black.

BARNFATHER

And sixty-one percent of the  
registered voters in this City are  
women, Al. So Russert and me  
compliment each other.

GIARDELLO

Was merit ever a consideration?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

BARNFATHER

Lieutenant Russert is very  
qualified to be Captain.

Beat. As GIARDELLO walks out,

CUT TO:

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

29

BOLANDER, hat on, stands in the corner. MUNCH hovers over  
LYLE who is slouched in the chair.

MUNCH

Lyle, let me be as honest with you  
as I can. You are a liar. You  
weren't at any lacrosse tournament.  
You were not in Annapolis. You  
were sitting on your ass waiting  
until dark to go beat your  
grandparents to death. That way  
you triple your earnings for the  
quarter and can take a sabbatical.  
Tell me I'm wrong.

LYLE

The house goes to my father. And I  
have a trust. Money isn't my  
problem.

MUNCH

What is your problem?

LYLE

Why are you yelling at me?

MUNCH

Because I think you beat two old  
helpless people to death. Call me  
crazy.

LYLE

I didn't kill my grandparents.

MUNCH

Rich little bottom-feeders like  
you aren't satisfied with what you  
have if you know someone else has  
more. It's the algebra of greed,  
kid.

BOLANDER

Munch, take a walk.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MUNCH

What?

BOLANDER

Out. Me and Lyle here need to  
have a talk. Alone.

MUNCH hesitates, nods, heads out of "The Box".

A30 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

A30

MUNCH enters, concerned, looks through glass, watches  
BOLANDER operate. BOLANDER sits in front of LYLE.

BOLANDER (cont.)

This isn't about greed... is it?

LYLE turns away.

LYLE

Do you know where my father is?

As BOLANDER leans back, sizing LYLE up,

CUT TO:

30 INT. HALLWAY/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

30

RUSSERT spots GIARDELLO and follows, trying in vain to catch  
up.

RUSSERT

Al? I just got out of a meeting  
with Barnfather.

GIARDELLO keeps walking, RUSSERT trailing.

RUSSERT (cont.)

Are you okay with this?

GIARDELLO

No, I'm not.

RUSSERT

Oh.

GIARDELLO

No offense to you, but it's  
absolutely ridiculous. And you  
know it. They tell us this is a  
meritocracy. The fact is it isn't.  
Race and anatomy mean more than  
merit.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

RUSSERT

Look, it's not like I asked for the job.

GIARDELLO

You didn't turn it down either.

RUSSERT

How stupid would that have been?

GIARDELLO

(sarcastic)

Very.

RUSSERT

I'd like to be able to think that I earned this promotion because of my record. But I know damn well it's because I'm a woman. This Department is so politically correct it would make Jimmy Carter blush.

GIARDELLO stops. So does RUSSERT. He turns to her.

GIARDELLO

I'll say this just once. I'm not angry with you. I'm just angry. Congratulations. Now, I have work to do.

As GIARDELLO turns and walks away,

CUT TO:

31 INT. HOLDING CELL AREA/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

31

HOWARD stands at the Jailer's desk as PEMBLETON walk in.

PEMBLETON

I got your message. What do you need?

HOWARD

I wanted you to meet someone.

They cross over to the Holding Cell. HOWERCHUCK sits on a bench.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

HOWARD (cont.)  
Frank, this is John Howerchuck.  
(to HOWERCHUCK)  
Mr. Howerchuck, this is Detective  
Pembleton.

HOWERCHUCK waves. HOWARD turns back to PEMBLETON.

HOWARD (cont.)  
Mr. Howerchuck here is an  
ice-cream vendor in Druid Hill Park  
near the zoo. He shot and killed  
Tom Gasperino in a dispute over the  
shady spot.  
(to HOWERCHUCK)  
Goodbye, Mr. Howerchuck. Thanks  
for coming in.

HOWARD exits. PEMBLETON glances at HOWERCHUCK, goes after  
HOWARD.

32 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

32

PEMBLETON follows HOWARD from Holding Cell Area toward "The  
Board".

PEMBLETON  
You called him off the witness  
list and he came in?

HOWARD  
Yep.

PEMBLETON  
And he confessed? Just like that?

HOWARD  
I urged him a little. But he was  
feeling guilty as hell and he's a  
good Lutheran, whatever that  
means, and he figured he'd be  
better off in the long, hereafter  
run, if he confessed.

PEMBLETON  
You must have got your desk back in  
the old spot.

HOWARD  
Nope. Left it where it is.

They get to "The Board". HOWARD erases "G-A-S-P-E-R-I-N-O"  
in RED under PEMBLETON's name and rewrites it in BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

HOWARD (cont.)

Gonna leave it there, too. I got a  
new streak going now.

As HOWARD stands back, looking at "The Board", admiring her  
work,

CUT TO:

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

33

BOLANDER, fatherly, concerned, breaks LYLE down, bit by bit.

BOLANDER

Your dad ever take you on these  
long trips of his?

LYLE

No.

BOLANDER

Why not? They sound like they'd be  
fun.

LYLE

He just doesn't.

BOLANDER

You ever ask him?

LYLE

Yeah.

BOLANDER

He said no?

LYLE

I don't remember.

BOLANDER

Do you feel a little left out when  
he leaves?

No response from LYLE.

BOLANDER (cont.)

My dad was a stevedore. He worked  
the commercial piers all along the  
Bay, loading sugar one day,  
unloading steel pipe the next.  
He'd take me with him sometimes.  
Those ships looked as big as the  
moon to me.

(CONTINUED)



33 CONTINUED:

33

No response.

BOLANDER (cont.)  
It was fun being with my father.  
(beat)  
Where's your mother, Lyle?

LYLE  
She's dead.

BOLANDER  
She die a long time ago?

LYLE  
She died after I left for school.  
I was fourteen. My grandmother  
called me and told me.

BOLANDER  
Your grandma Warner?

LYLE  
Yeah.

BOLANDER  
Your father didn't tell you?

LYLE  
No.

BOLANDER  
So you were very close to your  
grandparents?

LYLE  
Yeah.

MUNCH walks back in. He addresses LYLE.

MUNCH  
Your dad's office just called.  
Said to tell you he was running  
late from some fundraiser at the  
Harbor Court.

LYLE  
He knows why you have me here?

MUNCH  
Yep.

LYLE stares off. BOLANDER turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 2

33

BOLANDER

Lyle, we'll find the weapon. We  
always do.

LYLE

No, you won't.

BOLANDER

Your dad seems like a nice man.  
Heart's in the right place, helping  
out those less fortunate. He's  
setting a good example.

LYLE

Is he?

BOLANDER

You should be proud.

LYLE

Right.

BOLANDER turns to MUNCH.

BOLANDER

Alright, Munch, go take another  
look. See if Lyle's father is  
here.

MUNCH nods and exits. BOLANDER's on LYLE again.

BOLANDER (cont.)

How long was your dad gone on this  
last trip?

LYLE

Two weeks.

BOLANDER

He call you?

LYLE

No.

BOLANDER

He call your grandparents?

LYLE looks up.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 3

33

BOLANDER

But he didn't talk to you.

LYLE

No.

BOLANDER

How did that make you feel? When your grandparents told you that your father called but didn't want to talk to you?

LYLE

Made me angry, I guess... I mean, he's my father and...

LYLE's beginning to crack. Tears fill his eyes.

BOLANDER

You're gonna feel better getting this off your chest, Danny. I'll hear you out. I'm not going anywhere.

LYLE looks at BOLANDER.

LYLE

He said was going to call me at eight. I drove like a maniac to get home so I wouldn't miss his call.

BOLANDER

Your father said this? He promised he'd call?

LYLE

Yes..

BOLANDER

Okay. Then what happened?

LYLE

I walked into the house at seven-thirty. My grandparents told me he had already called.

BOLANDER

And you got angry..

LYLE

Yeah.

BOLANDER

What did you do?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 4

33

LYLE

I started screaming. I started  
throwing stuff.

LYLE leans forward and puts his head on the table. \*

BOLANDER \*

What did you hit them with?

LYLE \*

My old lacrosse stick. I started  
swinging at them. I hit them so  
many times... I couldn't stop.

LYLE's a mess. MUNCH walks in with WARNER. LYLE looks up  
at his FATHER. BOLANDER stands.

BOLANDER

Your son needs a lawyer, Mr.  
Warner.

As MUNCH nods to BOLANDER, impressed,

CUT TO:

A34 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

A34 \*\*

A HAND erases "W-A-R-N-E-R" in RED and rewrites it in BLACK.

34 INT. LOCKER AREA/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

34

HOWARD puts on her coat. FELTON approaches.

FELTON

Hey.

HOWARD

Hey.

FELTON

I heard you closed the Gasperino  
case without even leaving the Squad  
Room. Pembleton's bedazzled.  
Congrats.

HOWARD

Thanks.

FELTON

Listen, I wanted to say something  
about this morning. I didn't mean  
to be so... distracted, you know?  
Running around with Bayliss... I'm  
glad you're back, Kay. I'm glad  
you're okay.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

HOWARD, momentarily touched, isn't sure what to say.

FELTON (cont.)  
So anyway, me and Bayliss moved  
your desk back.

HOWARD  
You what?

HOWARD and FELTON walk toward Squad Room.

35 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

35

HOWARD and FELTON stop at doorway. Howard's desk has indeed  
been moved back opposite Felton's desk.

HOWARD (cont.)  
You morons. Move it back.

FELTON  
Move it back?

HOWARD  
Move it back. I got a winning  
streak going and I want my desk in  
the new spot.

FELTON  
I thought you wanted to sit by me?

HOWARD  
Don't flatter yourself.

HOWARD walks out. On FELTON,

CUT TO:

36 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

36

RUSSERT stands on a dressmaker's pedestal. A male TAILOR  
makes measurements for her new Captain's uniform. GIARDELLO  
KNOCKS, walks in.

GIARDELLO  
Nice uniform. Looks good on you.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

RUSSERT

I feel ridiculous.

GIARDELLO

No, no. Not at all. Truth is,  
Megan, you're gonna be good at  
this.

RUSSERT

Yeah? Why's that?

GIARDELLO

Because you got the right stuff to  
handle the politics.

RUSSERT

Thank you.

GIARDELLO

(sarcastic)

Weekly marathon meetings with the  
Police Commission. Two  
hundred-page fiscal reports filed  
quarterly in triplicate. Real cop  
stuff like that.

(heads for door)

...And I'm sure you'll be a  
terrific trouble-shooter when it  
comes to various facility snafus...  
like broken toilets. Just thought  
I'd come up and say congrats.  
Captain.

GIARDELLO salutes and exits.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 2

36

TAILOR  
Cuffs or straight?

RUSSERT  
I'm not sure.

As RUSSERT gazes after GIARDELLO, wondering about the turn her life has just taken,

CUT TO:

A37 EXT. BALTIMORE - MORNING

A37 \*

Establishing.

37 EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - MORNING

37 \*

BOLANDER, wearing fedora, walks through one the new super Auto Dealerships where Acuras are next to Cadillacs which are next to Chevys. He stops and checks the sticker of a new Chevy Blazer. Out of nowhere, as they are wont to do, the SALESMAN descends.

SALESMAN  
Time to trade in the old for the new, am I right?

BOLANDER  
What? Oh, I'm just looking. When did these things get so expensive?

SALESMAN  
What're you talking about? This baby's a bargain.

BOLANDER ponders sticker price, shakes his head.

BOLANDER  
Last time I bought a car, it was before the Colts left town.

SALESMAN  
That's at least eleven years ago.

BOLANDER  
What's ABS?

SALESMAN  
Anti-lock braking system. Keeps you safe from all harm. You want to take this for a drive?

BOLANDER considers what it would be like to drive the shiny, new four-wheeler.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

BOLANDER

Nah. I'll just fix mine.

As BOLANDER walks back to his old Buick, gets in and drives  
away into the night,

FADE OUT.

THE END