

HOMICIDE

LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Sixteen:
"Law and Disorder"

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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

MARGIE BOLANDER.....Dana Ivey

MIKE LOGAN.....Chris Noth

R. VINCENT SMITH.....John Waters

OFFICER ANGELA BREWER.....Sarada Kotto
VICTOR MACK.....Arthur L. Laupus
WESTMORELAND MAXWELL.....Scott Wesley Morgan
SERGEANT SALLY ROGERS.....Kristin Rohde
OFFICER ANNE SCHANNE.....Julie Lauren
DOCTOR SCHEINER.....Ralph Tabakin
ALYSSA DYER.....Harlee McBride
JUDY.....Judy Thornton
NAOMI.....Sharon Ziman

BRIGITTA SVENDSEN.....Valerie Perrine

LEAH BURNS.....Caitlin O'Connell
CHERI RAFFERTY.....Johanna Rodriguez
QUENTIN RAFFERTTY.....John Healey, Jr.
ROBIN RAFFERTY.....Amanda Stalbaum

ELODIE KEENE.....Marjorie F. Orman
MARGO.....Jacqueline Underwood
MYRA WHITAKER.....Gloria McCarther

SETS

EXTERIORS

Art Gallery/Daily Grind
Food King
 Parking Lot

Lot
Penn Station
Police Headquarters
 Roof
Union Square
The Waterfront Restaurant
West side
 Whitaker Rowhouse

INTERIORS

Art Gallery/Daily Grind
Rafferty Home
 Robin's Bedroom
 Living Room
Homicide Unit
 Coffee Room
 Giardello's Office
 Locker Area
 Squad Room
Maryland Shock Trauma
 Bolander's Room
Medical Examiner's Lab
Penn Station
 Waiting Room/Smoking Section
Police Headquarters
 Ballistics Lab
 Hallway
 Men's Room
 Mack's Office
 Staircase
Truck Stop Diner
The Waterfront Restaurant
Whitaker Rowhouse
 Basement
 Living Room

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. PENN STATION - DAY

Establishing.

INT. WAITING ROOM/SMOKING SECTION/PENN STATION - DAY

FRANK PEMBLETON paces back and forth, chain smoking, royally pissed-off. He glances to the station clock, checks time against his own wristwatch. Detective MIKE LOGAN, NYPD, escorts R. VINCENT SMITH into the Waiting Area, spies PEMBLETON. LOGAN calls.

LOGAN
Detective Frank Pembleton?

PEMBLETON wheels around, fixes LOGAN with a cold stare. LOGAN walks SMITH over to PEMBLETON.

LOGAN (cont.)
I'm Mike Logan, NYPD. Here's your prisoner. R. Vincent Smith.

PEMBLETON
Whenever you decide to show up, I'm supposed to be here?

LOGAN
Hey, you're on the clock, same as me, what difference does it make?

PEMBLETON
Typical Big Apple Attitude.

LOGAN
I take insult to that.

PEMBLETON
I'm from New York. I was born in New York. I know the attitude.

LOGAN reaches into his overcoat, takes out extradition papers.

LOGAN
Mr. R. Vincent Smith here has agreed to waive extradition on a fugitive warrant for second-degree murder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOGAN hands papers to PEMBLETON, glances around.

LOGAN (cont.)

Charm City, huh? Sounds like something you get in your box of Cracker Jacks. Who'd wanna stay in this land of enchantment?

PEMBLETON

Plenty of New Yorkers ran down here to Baltimore. Dorothy Parker, for example.

LOGAN

Dorothy who?

SMITH

Parker. You illiterate.

LOGAN jerks on Smith's handcuffs.

PEMBLETON

Hey, he's my prisoner now. You don't jerk him around like that. Dorothy Parker was the wittiest woman in America. The toast of Manhattan. She dies, she's cremated. Her ashes sit in a jar in some Wall Street lawyer's office for twenty years. Twenty years, while all the New York sophisticates hem and haw over what to do with her and where does she end up? Baltimore, bub.

SMITH

And she's honored with her own park. Parker Park.

PEMBLETON jerks on Smith's handcuffs.

PEMBLETON

I'm in charge here, awright?

LOGAN

I've got two words for you two. Babe Ruth. The Babe. The King of Swing. The Sultan of Swat. Born right here in Baltimore, but where does he have to go to find fame and fortune? New York City.

(CONTINUED)

"Law and Disorder"
3/29/95

3.

CONTINUED: 2

SMITH

Edgar Allan Poe.

PEMBLETON and LOGAN both turn and stare at SMITH.

SMITH (cont.)

Edgar Allan Poe hates New York so much he comes down to Baltimore to die. That's what New York does to its poets.

LOGAN

What'd he die of, the local crab cakes?

PEMBLETON takes SMITH by the handcuffs, walks off.

PEMBLETON

You're going to jail for this murder, but you should thank your lucky stars it's not in New York.

SMITH

Why do you think I don't fight extradition? I might be guilty, but I'm no fool.

On LOGAN, seething silent obscenities,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

CU on "The Board". "P-R-A-T-T" in RED under Bayliss' name. CAMERA WIDENS. JOHN MUNCH sits at his desk. PEMBLETON and MELDRICK LEWIS enter from Coffee Room, cups in hand. AL GIARDELLO stands in office doorway. They listen, uncomfortably, as TIM BAYLISS speaks. The usual rhythm of the Squad Room is off.

BAYLISS

Pratt shoots our guys, we don't have enough to hold him, he walks out of here and two hours later he's lying dead at the bottom of the stairs in his building. One shot through the forehead.

BAYLISS looks around the room.

MUNCH

Suicide?

PEMBLETON

Pratt wouldn't have the guts.

BAYLISS

He was hit at close range. Bullet came from a nine millimeter Glock. Standard police issue.

GIARDELLO

There're plenty of Glocks on the street, Tim.

BAYLISS

Pratt shoots three detectives, ends up dead, a cop makes a likely suspect.

No one meets BAYLISS' gaze.

BAYLISS (cont.)

I get there and I'm all alone. No uniforms, nothing. I had to request backup myself.

GIARDELLO

Who called it in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

Lepkowitz, the landlord, lost his patience after awhile, called Homicide directly. The dispatcher put out the call, not one officer responded.

MUNCH

Go figure.

Silence.

LEWIS

Musta been important things happening elsewhere, right?

DETECTIVES exchange awkward glances. LEWIS sips coffee.

LEWIS (cont.)

Then again, Pratt could've been robbed.

A few snickers and shaking of heads.

BAYLISS

He had his wallet, ten bucks, driver's license and an old parking ticket.

MUNCH

The DMV never forgets.

PEMBLETON

Let's give whoever killed Pratt credit for saving the taxpayers' money.

BAYLISS

How's that, Frank?

PEMBLETON

This way there'll be no trial on the outstanding warrant. Pratt's death demonstrates his tireless love of country.

MUNCH rises, crosses to water cooler.

GIARDELLO

John, what's the news from the hospital?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

MUNCH

Stan came out of the second operation okay. Doctors say give it time. He still has no idea who I am. Howard's good. Bored, cranky.

LEWIS

Sounds like everything's almost normal again.

GIARDELLO

So that's all you've got, Bayliss?

BAYLISS

Pratt fell near a payphone. The receiver was off the hook. I'm tracing calls.

Phone RINGS. PEMBLETON picks up, makes a note.

GIARDELLO

At least you've got a headstart on this one.

BAYLISS

I don't see it that way, Gee. I could use some help.

GIARDELLO

You already know everyone he knows.

PEMBLETON

(hangs up phone)
Meldrick, you free?

LEWIS

Absolutely.

PEMBLETON

Gee, I'm taking Lewis.

GIARDELLO

Fine with me.

BAYLISS

Hold on. I need back-up, Frank.

PEMBLETON

(grabs coat, heads for door)
I just took a call, Tim. Gotta go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

LEWIS
(on his heels)
Right behind you. Later, all.

BAYLISS
Meldrick...
(to GIARDELLO)
I shouldn't be solo on this one,
Gee.

GIARDELLO leaves the Squad Room. BAYLISS turns to MUNCH.

BAYLISS (cont.)
Munch --

MUNCH has also disappeared. BAYLISS looks around the empty Squad Room. On BAYLISS, completely on his own,

CUT TO:

INT. MACK'S OFFICE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

VICTOR MACK, the Department Shrink, questions FELTON. MEGAN RUSSERT sits.

MACK
How's the pain in your shoulder,
Detective Felton?

FELTON
I won't lie to you and say there's
no pain. But it's okay. I'm off
percodan. Just taking aspirin.

MACK
How're you sleeping?

FELTON
Like a baby. Never better... So,
what'd you think, Doc? Can I go
back to work?

MACK
(looks at chart)
You've been making good progress in
rehab --

FELTON
See? I'm strong. I'm fit. I'm
ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK

Well, physically, maybe. Mentally, I'm not so sure. Post traumatic stress doesn't always manifest itself right away.

RUSSERT

You don't think Beau's ready?

MACK

I'd suggest erring on the side of caution. A little more rest and relaxation couldn't hurt.

FELTON

I've been doing nothing but rest. If I get any more relaxed, I'm gonna be unconscious.

RUSSERT

Maybe not working's causing more stress than you think, Dr. Mack.

MACK shrugs, unsure.

FELTON

Everybody keeps saying, "Do what feels best for you, Beau". I need to get back to work, into the Homicide routine. Who could know better than me?

RUSSERT looks at FELTON, makes her decision.

RUSSERT

You'll be on light duty until further notice. Phones, paperwork, cold cases. Understand?

FELTON

You let me come back to work, I'll even make coffee.

On FELTON, grinning at RUSSERT,

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT/FOOD KING - DAY

Parking Lot cordoned off with yellow police tape. On one side of tape stand a few BLACK KIDS, curious ONLOOKERS. On other side of tape stand elderly white BYSTANDERS. Groceries are strewn across the pavement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Assistant Medical Examiner ALYSSA DYER leans over BODY of Jean Battisto, thirties, white, who lays crumpled in a heap, a bullet wound in her head. TECHNICIANS and UNIFORMS work the Crime Scene. PEMBLETON and LEWIS question witness, LEAH BURNS, distraught, who stands next to her car, backseat filled with groceries.

PEMBLETON

Mrs. Burns, you knew the woman who got shot?

BURNS

She's my neighbor. Jean Battisto.

LEWIS

Did you see what happened?

BURNS

I was loading groceries into my car, Jean was loading groceries into her car, we were talking about "Bumps in the Night", our kids' school play... They're both in the third grade. I look up and she's lying on the ground, surrounded by blood.

PEMBLETON

She just fell to the ground?

BURNS

That's right.

PEMBLETON

Did you hear a gunshot?

BURNS

I didn't hear anything. Those bastards. They're always shooting at each other. Jean got shot by a stray bullet, didn't she?

LEWIS

You referring to any bastards in particular, ma'am?

BURNS points across the street.

BURNS

The other side of Fulton. Those kids are always hanging out on the corners, selling drugs, shooting each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BURNS glances over at BODY, then looks at LEWIS and PEMBLETON, bitter.

BURNS (cont.)

This side of Fulton used to be safe. We didn't have black kids running around shooting guns. I'm sorry, but it's true. This was a nice, decent neighborhood. Those kids in the projects, they killed her.

PEMBLETON

Mrs. Burns, right now, we don't know where the bullet came from.

BURNS

I know exactly where it came from.

BURNS shoots a look of fear and suspicion over at the BLACK KIDS who stand on other side of police tape. On LEWIS and PEMBLETON, exchanging a look,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

CU on "The Board". As a HAND writes "B-A-T-T-I-S-T-O" in RED under Pembleton's name,

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK STOP DINER - DAY

Crowded with TRUCKERS. BAYLISS enters, approaches ELODIE KEENE, the cashier, seventies, who stands behind the register.

KEENE

You can seat yourself.

BAYLISS

Were you working yesterday morning, early?

KEENE

Yes. You lose an umbrella?

BAYLISS

No. I'm a Homicide Detective.

BAYLISS shows KEENE his badge.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEENE

You're here about Gordon Pratt.

BAYLISS

Yes. He placed a call to this number yesterday before eight a.m. From a payphone.

KEENE

He didn't shoot anyone and you know it. That's why you let him go.
(points to table near windows)
Mr. Pratt comes in every morning, sits over there by the windows, always reading a book. He's here regular as clockwork except for last week.

BAYLISS

Uh-huh. Well, he won't be coming in anymore.

KEENE

He won't?

BAYLISS

He died.

KEENE

Oh, no. Mr. Pratt's dead? How? What happened?

BAYLISS

That's what I'm trying to figure out. What did he say when he called yesterday morning?

KEENE

He wanted to be sure I hadn't forgotten our date. Wednesday's, we have lunch together at Cross Street Market. Then he walks me home. One of you cops shot him, didn't you? Couldn't stand the thought that he might actually be innocent.

BAYLISS decides to ignore this.

BAYLISS

Did he sound agitated or scared?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

KEENE

No, not at all. Why should he? He sounded happy. He wasn't expecting to be hunted down like an animal.

BAYLISS

No one hunted him down, Mrs. Keene.

(beat, collects himself)
What else did he say? Anything you remember could be helpful.

KEENE

"You're the greatest, Mrs. Keene. See you soon". That's the last thing he said. Then he waited for me to hang up first. He always did that. He was a sweet boy.

On BAYLISS, frustrated,

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

FELTON makes a fresh pot of coffee, crutches resting nearby.
MUNCH removes pot to fill his cup.

MUNCH

Thanks.

FELTON

Can I make some calls for you?
Type up a report?

MUNCH

No, thanks.

FELTON

You sure?

MUNCH

Very.

MUNCH sips coffee, spits it out, checks coffee filter, turns to FELTON, pissed.

MUNCH (cont.)

Two packets of coffee, Beau. Two.
This tastes like dirty dishwater.

MUNCH exits, pissed. Phone RINGS. FELTON springs to action, crutches in hand, into Squad Room.

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

FELTON moves as quickly as he can toward desk with crutches. BAYLISS enters, wearing coat, crosses office, starts to go for phone. FELTON yells to him.

FELTON
I got it. I got it.

BAYLISS
Fine. Get it. Jeez.

BAYLISS moves to desk, irritated. FELTON picks up phone.

FELTON
Felton, Homicide. Shoot...
(grabs paper, writes)
Okay. Thanks.

FELTON hangs up as JUDY enters from Lobby.

FELTON (cont.)
Judy, your son called. He needs
the car tonight.

JUDY
Well, he's not getting it.

She takes message from FELTON, moves away. FELTON stares at the phone, picks up, dials.

FELTON
Hey, partner. What's up? Yeah,
they let me back in the nuthouse...
Not much. How's by you? That's
good news, Kay. You'll be out
soon, just stay positive. Any word
on Stan? Yeah? No kidding...
(for ALL to hear)
Hey, the nurse wheeled Howard in to
visit Stan for breakfast. He
didn't know who she was, but...
that didn't stop him from scarfing
down her tapioca pudding.

Squad Room PERSONNEL react. FELTON returns to telephone.

FELTON (cont.)
You two are royalty over there,
huh?... No, that's okay. You rest
up... I'll see you later. Bye...

He hangs up. As FELTON scans the room, looking for something else to do,

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S LAB - DAY

The BODY of Jean Battisto rests on a metal table. LEWIS and PEMBLETON consult with DYER.

DYER

The bullet pierced the skull behind her left ear. It entered from above, then traveled straight down through the left hemisphere. Lodged in her jawbone.

PEMBLETON

Entered from above?

DYER removes the bullet, tosses it into tray, makes final note on report.

DYER

Yep. The velocity of the bullet had already begun to slow. It was on its way down. There's no powder residue, entrance wound is clean.

LEWIS

So, what, she was shot from a Goodyear blimp?

DYER

All I know is the bullet came down and hit her.

DYER hands PEMBLETON her report, zips up body bag. LEWIS drops bullet into plastic evidence bag.

LEWIS

Forty caliber, fired at an angle. So the shooter could have been anyone within a two or three hundred-yard radius of that Food King.

PEMBLETON

We got a long search ahead of us.

LEWIS

According to Mrs. Burns at the scene, all we have to do is head over to the Washington Village Projects, throw a dart, we've got our shooter.

PEMBLETON

She's got a point.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEWIS

Really. What're you saying?

PEMBLETON

I'm saying that statistically speaking, there's a strong likelihood the bullet came from the projects.

LEWIS

But that doesn't mean this bullet did.

PEMBLETON

(beat)

Let's wait and see what Ballistics can tell us.

PEMBLETON heads out. On LEWIS, looking after him,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Establishing.

INT. STAIRCASE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MARGO, early fifties, climbs stairs, carrying an armful of yellow flyers. She hands a flyer to a PASSERBY. PICK UP MUNCH, walking down stairs, eating yogurt.

MARGO
I see we're being nutritionally conscientious today. Fab-o.

MUNCH
What's this "we?"

MARGO gives MUNCH a flyer. He shakes his head.

MUNCH (cont.)
I'm not interested in palm readers, I hate politicians, and I don't wanna subscribe.

MARGO giggles, continues a few steps, backs up quickly, studies MUNCH's face.

MARGO
No.

MUNCH
What?

MARGO
Your eyes...

MUNCH
I can't stand people staring.

MARGO
And your mouth.

MUNCH
My what? Who are you?

MARGO
It's you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGO peers down at MUNCH with the intensity of a vulture who has spied fresh road-kill. MUNCH jumps away from MARGO.

MUNCH
Have we met? Is it something I
said to you in some bar? If I did,
no harm was intended.

MARGO
It's you, it's you. Wait 'til I
tell Brigitta.

MARGO hurries upstairs, ecstatic. On MUNCH, baffled, as he continues down stairs, dropping flyer in trash.

CUT TO:

INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

FELTON makes his case to GIARDELLO, who listens distractedly. Crutches rest against desk.

FELTON
Drummond went back to the Bomb
Squad. Walker's back in Sex
Crimes. You're three men down.
You need me, Gee.

GIARDELLO
Don't flatter yourself.

FELTON
You know I'm right.

GIARDELLO
How's physical therapy?

FELTON
A breeze. Let me go out, Gee. I
feel like I've been benched.
Banished.

GIARDELLO
You're not.

FELTON
Let me ride shotgun, then.

GIARDELLO
You can't even walk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELTON

Yeah, I can. The doctor says I
have to carry the crutches around.
I don't need 'em.

FELTON stands, walks a few steps, masking his pain.

FELTON (cont.)

See. I'm a god, right?

BAYLISS pokes his head in.

BAYLISS

Hey, Gee, got a call about a
stabbing over in Pigtown. There's
no one here to take it.

GIARDELLO

You're here.

BAYLISS

I'm on my way out. An interview
with Mrs. Wasserman on the first
floor of Pratt's building. Pratt
got shot in front of her door.
Maybe she heard something.

BAYLISS exits.

FELTON

I'll take it.

GIARDELLO

(beat, looks at FELTON)
No. I'll take it, but you can come
along.

As GIARDELLO gets coat, FELTON grinning,

CUT TO:

INT. BALLISTICS LAB/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

WESTMORELAND MAXWELL, Ballistics expert, examines bullet.
LEWIS and PEMBLETON listen.

MAXWELL

Six lands and grooves with a left
twist. Weighs in at a hundred and
eighty grains. Forty caliber.
You're looking for a Smith and
Wesson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEWIS

Could you be more specific?

MAXWELL

More specific?

LEWIS

Like the shooter's name and
address?

MAXWELL isn't amused. LEWIS and PEMBLETON cross to door.

PEMBLETON

Thanks, West.

LEWIS and PEMBLETON exit.

INT. HALLWAY/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

LEWIS and PEMBLETON walk.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

The M.E. says Jean Battisto was hit
from above. The shot was fired
from a distance of at least several
hundred yards. The weapon used was
a forty S and W.

LEWIS

Let's hit the streets, ask around,
find out who saw what.

PEMBLETON

We get a printout of Smith and
Wesson owners in the neighborhood.

LEWIS

You don't have to register your
guns in Maryland.

PEMBLETON

If they were bought in-state,
they'll show up in the computer.

LEWIS

And for every gun that shows up on
the owner's list, there's at least
two-dozen that don't. That's not
how you get shooters, not with some
damn list.

PEMBLETON

We'll start in the projects.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEWIS

Why not start on the East side of
Fulton where the white folk live?

PEMBLETON

Because that's not logical.

LEWIS

It's not logical.

PEMBLETON

No. We'll check out the East
side after we've checked out the
projects.

LEWIS

You know what you're doing, Frank?
You're assuming. You're buying
this bull that when a white woman
lies dead, a black hand pulled the
trigger.

PEMBLETON stops, turns to LEWIS.

PEMBLETON

I'm not black. I'm not white. I'm
a Homicide Detective. What I'm
doing right now is using my
knowledge, my experience, my
instincts to bring down whoever
killed Mrs. Battisto. You don't
like that, then get another
partner.

A beat, as LEWIS and PEMBLETON stare at each other.

LEWIS

Oh, no. You're not putting that on
me. Gee already thinks I can't
work with anybody.

As LEWIS and PEMBLETON head out,

CUT TO:

EXT. LOT - DAY

Crime Scene. The back of a deserted warehouse looms over
the BODY of a man. A few UNIFORMS squat around a gutter
drain, trying to fish out the murder weapon. KIDS on bikes
stand nearby. An OLDER MAN sits on curb, hands cuffed and
covered with blood. GIARDELLO and FELTON approach, led by
Officers ANNE SCHANNE and ANGELA BREWER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHANNE

The victim's been identified as Lester Norris. He and his drinking pal over there got into a disagreement. Something about a Pick Six ticket.

FELTON

Where's the weapon?

SCHANNE

He tossed a knife in the gutter drain. The kids saw the whole thing.

FELTON

You're getting better at this.

GIARDELLO

Is the M.E. here?

BREWER

He's waiting for you.

DR. SCHEINER, Medical Examiner, crosses to meet DETECTIVES as they reach BODY, lying face down in a pool of blood. FELTON stops cold. GIARDELLO notices.

GIARDELLO

You okay?

FELTON nods with as much conviction as he can muster.

SCHEINER

Detective Felton, welcome back.

FELTON

Thanks.

SCHEINER examines BODY, makes a few notes.

SCHEINER

Multiple stab wounds. Massive blood loss. Roll him?

GIARDELLO and SCHEINER roll the BODY. FELTON steps back. GIARDELLO looks at him, concerned.

SCHEINER (cont.)

Victim has multiple lacerations carved into his cheeks and forehead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

GIARDELLO

Looks like he lost a game of
tic-tac-toe on his face.

FELTON breaks into a sweat, joins SCHANNE, who leans against
a Squad Car. He lights a cigarette.

FELTON

You take your vacation yet?

SCHANNE

Sure did. Club Med Cancun. It was
wild. Non-stop name-your-poison.

FELTON

Sounds great. I'll have to check
it out sometime.

FELTON smiles, playing it cool, turned slightly away from
the bloody VICTIM. GIARDELLO calls to FELTON.

GIARDELLO

Beau. Go chat with those kids.
Find out who saw what.

FELTON

Yeah, sure. I'm there.
(to SCHANNE)
Hasta luego, Officer.

He saunters toward KIDS, not quite his old self. GIARDELLO
watches as FELTON glances back toward the bloody BODY,

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

LEWIS and PEMBLETON study maps and printouts. MUNCH fixes
himself coffee. BAYLISS enters, opens refrigerator.

BAYLISS

I had an apple in here. Damn.
(turns to fellow DETECTIVES)
Did one of you eat my apple?

No one responds.

PEMBLETON

You make an arrest in the Pratt
case yet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

No, I haven't, Frank.
(closes refrigerator door)
I talked to Pratt's neighbors, his
mailman, the block homeless woman.
I talked to dispatch. I listened
to the nine-one-one tapes. Now, I
guess I'll interview all cops on
patrol in the area, and then I
guess I'll just have to interview
the thousand or so officers who
were off duty. You know, narrow it
down.

LEWIS

Good idea.

BAYLISS

You have a better idea, Meldrick,
please don't keep it to yourself.

Silence. BAYLISS sits, glances at the others.

BAYLISS (cont.)

I was here when the call came in,
which I took. Where were you?

BAYLISS waits. LEWIS looks at others, then back to BAYLISS.

LEWIS

Climbing into the bed of a poker
pal. A female poker pal. A warm
bed. I've been playing a lot of
poker recently. It's a great way
to meet women. You should try it
sometime.

LEWIS stands, trashes his coffee, exits in disgust.

PEMBLETON

I was on my way home. Stopped at
the Crown Station near Johns
Hopkins for gas.

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON turn to MUNCH.

MUNCH

Let's see... We're talking
yesterday morning, right? Well, I
went and saw Stan at the hospital.
Had to sneak in and break curfew.
Then, Ikaros.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

MUNCH (cont.)
Nothing like spanokopita and a
gingerale to jump start your day.

BAYLISS gazes at MUNCH suspiciously. As PEMBLETON gathers
papers, rises and leaves,

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

FELTON alone, finishes puking his guts out. He moves slowly
from stall to sink, exhausted and pale. As FELTON leans
over sink, sipping water from the palm of his hand, gazing
at his frightened, sweating face in mirror,

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITAKER ROWHOUSE/WESTSIDE - DAY

PEMBLETON and LEWIS approach Rowhouse. PEMBLETON holds
computer printout.

LEWIS

Who's next?

PEMBLETON

(checks list)
Myra Whitaker. Bought a Smith and
Wesson from Carter's Gun and Ammo
in 1982.

LEWIS

She probably goes on drive-by
shootings every day after afternoon
tea.

They climb steps, reaching for badges. Before knocking,
MYRA WHITAKER, black, forties, high-strung, opens the door.

WHITAKER

You looking for me?

LEWIS

Are you Myra Whitaker?

WHITAKER

How did you know?

LEWIS

We know everything, ma'am. We're
Police Officers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITAKER

I guess you better come in.

PEMBLETON and LEWIS exchange a look, enter.

INT. LIVING ROOM/WHITAKER ROWHOUSE - DAY

PEMBLETON and LEWIS enter.

WHITAKER (cont.)

Would you boys like to sit down?

PEMBLETON

Mrs. Whitaker, you own a Smith and Wesson?

WHITAKER

I can't live like this anymore.

PEMBLETON

Live like what?

WHITAKER

With the guilt. Now that you're here, I feel better already.

LEWIS

Mrs. Whitaker, there was a homicide in your neighborhood.

WHITAKER

Yes, I know.

WHITAKER crosses to broom closet, opens it. She hands them a forty caliber Smith and Wesson. LEWIS spots a box of ammunition on the floor, picks it up, shakes the box.

LEWIS

Forty caliber rounds.

PEMBLETON

Have you fired your gun recently?

WHITAKER

That's why you're here, isn't it?

LEWIS

Can't get anything by you, Mrs. Whitaker.

PEMBLETON

We're going to have to ask you to give us your gun, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON

How was that?

WHITAKER

He told me he was going to the movies with Eva.

PEMBLETON

Eva?

WHITAKER

My sister.

LEWIS

He was going to the movies with your sister, so you shot him?

WHITAKER crosses Basement to old freezer.

WHITAKER

I guess you could say it was a crime of passion.

WHITAKER opens freezer. PEMBLETON and LEWIS look inside.

Their POV: THEODORE ARCHER, frozen solid, partially covered with freezer-paper wrapped packages. WHITAKER reaches in, takes out package.

WHITAKER (cont.)

You boys want to stay for supper?
It'll take no time at all to defrost this brisket.

On PEMBLETON and LEWIS, looking at frozen THEODORE,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

PEMBLETON enters with LEWIS, who heads for "The Board", writes "A-R-C-H-E-R" in BLACK under Pembleton's name. FELTON in b.g., stares into space. GIARDELLO steps out of his office, calls to PEMBLETON and LEWIS.

GIARDELLO

Pembleton, Lewis. You found the shooter?

LEWIS

Not "the" shooter, Gee, "a" shooter. Myra Whitaker shot her boyfriend and stuffed him in the freezer.

GIARDELLO

(impressed)
Congratulations. When you've finished basking in the afterglow, I'd like to hear about the Battisto case.

LEWIS

It's slow-going, but we're trudging along. I'd say Frank's on top of things.

PEMBLETON

Might help if I had a partner who didn't whine so much, but hey, let's not get wrapped up in the details.

GIARDELLO looks from PEMBLETON to LEWIS, beckons them with his finger.

GIARDELLO

My office. Both of you.

PEMBLETON leads the way, followed by GIARDELLO and LEWIS, into Giardello's Office.

OMIT (21)

INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

PEMBLETON sits. LEWIS remains standing. GIARDELLO crosses behind his desk.

GIARDELLO (cont.)
Working well together, are we?

LEWIS and PEMBLETON are silent.

GIARDELLO (cont.)
Don't make me ask twice. Frank?

PEMBLETON
(hesitates)
We're working well together, yes.

LEWIS
I've been here by his side every step of the way, Gee. Trusty Tonto, that's me.

GIARDELLO gazes at PEMBLETON and LEWIS.

GIARDELLO
Catch me up.

PEMBLETON
We ran a check by zip code of every resident in the area with a legally purchased gun or a weapons violation.

LEWIS
But what are the odds that the shot was fired by a legally owned gun?

PEMBLETON
I've followed the most reasonable line of investigation. It's a process of elimination.

GIARDELLO
Stop. I don't want to hear anymore.

PEMBLETON falls silent. LEWIS can't resist.

LEWIS
What if we've been working the wrong side of the tracks? All the homes on the West side of Fulton have checked out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON

So now we cross the street and start knocking on doors around Union Square. That's called conducting a methodical investigation.

LEWIS

Unbiased.

PEMBLETON

Am I the primary here?

GIARDELLO

I said stop. Listen to me. Your puffed-up egos are making me sick. Partners help each other. That's the whole point, remember?

PEMBLETON

Gee, excuse me, but --

GIARDELLO

I don't care if you two get along or not. I want you to close this case.

LEWIS

Gee --

GIARDELLO crosses to door, throws it open.

GIARDELLO

Close the case.

PEMBLETON stands. As HE and LEWIS exit,

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRCASE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MUNCH climbs the stairs, absorbed in a magazine. MUNCH passes by NAOMI.

NAOMI

You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

NAOMI continues down the stairs. MUNCH pauses a beat, turns to watch NAOMI descend the stairs. As MUNCH turns back to start up the stairs, Sergeant SALLY ROGERS passes MUNCH. ROGERS taps MUNCH lightly on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROGERS
Way to go, "Big Boy".

MUNCH
What?

ROGERS continues down stairs, MUNCH watches her, then turns back. GIARDELLO passes by on his way downstairs, smiling so beatifically as to frighten MUNCH. As MUNCH takes tentative steps up the stairs, all the while turned and watching GIARDELLO,

CUT TO:

OMIT (A23)

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

MUNCH settles at his desk. JUDY looks at him, smirks. MUNCH takes in this smirk, then notices the entire Squad Room looking at him, pointing, giggling, dancing their eyebrows, a FEW holding yellow flyers. LEWIS passes by.

LEWIS
I gotta hand it to you. You've got
some nerve on you.
(pulls out the yellow flyer)
Could I have your autograph on
this?

MUNCH
My what?

LEWIS hands MUNCH his pen.

LEWIS
And write today's date and maybe
something personal, too. Who knows
what it could be worth in the
future, y'know?

MUNCH
What are you saying?

LEWIS
You don't know?

MUNCH
Know what?

LEWIS
You haven't been across the street?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNCH

There's something across the street?

LEWIS

You gotta go see the photo exhibit across the street.

MUNCH

I do?

LEWIS holds up flyer.

LEWIS

Fourth picture on the right, when you first walk in.

MUNCH

(takes flyer)
Yeah?

LEWIS

(whistles low)
I never would've had the nerve.
(beat, laughs)
And here I thought you were just all talk.

MUNCH studies the flyer as LEWIS joins PEMBLETON at the computer. PEMBLETON's hitting "enter" again and again, a phone on his ear, waiting. LEWIS addresses PEMBLETON.

LEWIS (cont.)

Well, look at it this way. At least we closed a murder. Maybe we're not such bad partners after all.

PEMBLETON

We didn't close it, we stumbled on it.

LEWIS stands behind PEMBLETON, gazing at computer.

LEWIS

We got our list of Smith and Wesson owners around Union Square yet?

PEMBLETON

That drives me crazy, you know? You looking over my shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

LEWIS

Yeah, I know. But it gives me something to do.

PEMBLETON

Computer's down. We'll have to wait.

LEWIS

Shouldn't be a long list. People of the white persuasion aren't as gun-happy as us, huh, Frank?

PEMBLETON hangs up, moves into Coffee Room. LEWIS follows.

OMIT (24)

INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

LEWIS follows PEMBLETON in. PEMBLETON pours himself coffee.

LEWIS (cont.)

You just can't admit I might be right. Can you?

PEMBLETON

Right?

(crosses; in LEWIS' face)

You're not right yet, Meldrick.

LEWIS

At least now we're conducting an equal opportunity search. Let me know when we're back on line.

As LEWIS exits, PEMBLETON seething,

CUT TO:

EXT. ART GALLERY/DAILY GRIND - DAY

Establishing.

INT. ART GALLERY/DAILY GRIND - DAY

PAN ACROSS the walls of the Gallery. Huge black and white photo blow-ups of PEOPLE in flower children regalia. We PAN a photo of someone vaguely familiar. CONTINUE TO PAN, then quickly back up to photo we just passed. MUNCH stares in horror at a photo of his much younger self, a flower child in all his naked glory. MARGO emerges from back of Gallery, carrying rolls of brightly-colored streamers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARGO

Hi, there.
(off photo)
Pretty cool, huh?

MUNCH

(points to photo)
Where did this come from?

MARGO

Brigitta.

MUNCH

Brigitta? Brigitta who?

MARGO

(chortles)
Oh, don't you play sly with me.
Brigitta Svendsen?

MUNCH

Brigitta? Brigitta?
(seized by a moment of recognition)
Oh, you mean Brigitta?
Statuesque? Blond? Peevish?

MARGO nods, smiles.

MARGO

That's the one.

MUNCH

Where is she?

MARGO

She'll be here tonight. We're
having a reception for her
Baltimore opening.

MUNCH

I'll be back.

MUNCH starts for the exit.

MARGO

Will you be coming as you are, or
as you once were?

On MUNCH, wanting to kill,

CUT TO:

OMIT (27-28)

INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

GIARDELLO sits behind desk as BAYLISS paces.

BAYLISS

I want off the Pratt case.

GIARDELLO

No.

BAYLISS

The neighbors didn't hear a thing. Mrs. Wasserman was out walking her terriers. I talked to beat cops in the area, got nowhere. Whoever shot Pratt knew what I'd be looking for and left me zip. There's nothing. No witness, no evidence. Nothing.

GIARDELLO glares at BAYLISS. BAYLISS reluctantly goes on.

BAYLISS (cont.)

Meldrick was home asleep. Felton went to therapy, then home. Walker was in D.C. with her boyfriend. Drummond and his wife have their grandkids this week. Pembleton was here, then he was getting gas. Bolander and Howard aren't allowed out of their hospital beds. Munch went out for breakfast.

GIARDELLO

Follow up on the alibis.

BAYLISS

You really want me to investigate my friends, my fellow officers?

GIARDELLO

It doesn't have to be okay with you, Bayliss. You just have to do it.

BAYLISS sits, head in his hands.

BAYLISS

I don't want to close this case. I don't want to know where it goes. No one does. You don't.

GIARDELLO gazes, sphinx-like at BAYLISS. BAYLISS stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLISS (cont.)
Okay, okay. But tell me this. Out
of all the Detectives in the Unit,
why does it have to be me?

GIARDELLO
The phone rang. You picked up.
(smiles)
Face it, Tim. You're not a lucky
guy.

As BAYLISS slowly rises, exits into Squad Room,

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - DAY

Establishing.

INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - DAY

Practically empty. The BARTENDER sits, reading. BAYLISS
carries two sandwich plates in from Kitchen. MUNCH stands
behind bar.

MUNCH
You want a beer?

BAYLISS
I don't know. Do you? I mean,
it's still light out.

MUNCH
We'll split a pint.

BAYLISS
Good. No harm in that, right?

MUNCH fills two glasses from the tap. They sit across from
each other at a table. BAYLISS bites into sandwich.

BAYLISS (cont.)
Nice photo at the Art Gallery.

MUNCH
Did you want something, Bayliss?

BAYLISS
How about you help me out on the
Pratt murder?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNCH

(waves him off)
Conflict of interest. Rule four
hundred and twelve: Don't get
involved in the homicide
investigation of someone who tried
to kill you.

BAYLISS

Makes sense.

They eat. Beat.

BAYLISS (cont.)

You know, John, I stopped by Ikaros
earlier today.

MUNCH stops chewing, puts sandwich down.

BAYLISS (cont.)

Talked to two waitresses who worked
yesterday and no one remembers
seeing you.

MUNCH

You're kidding. Maybe it was the
Aegean or Zorba's. Jeez, I must've
been driving around town in a
regressive purple haze. There are
documented cases of that.

BAYLISS

Did you have breakfast or not?

MUNCH

Could I have dreamed it perchance?

BAYLISS

Just answer the question, John.

MUNCH, furious, removes his gun, places it on the table.

MUNCH

You want my gun, Detective? I
carry a Glock, just like yours.
Want to check it out? See if it's
been fired recently?

BAYLISS looks at the gun, then up at MUNCH. Beat. On
BAYLISS, shaking his head,

CUT TO:

OMIT (30-31)

INT. LOCKER AREA/HOMICIDE UNIT - EVENING

FELTON sits on bench, sipping a soda. GIARDELLO enters.

GIARDELLO

You alright?

FELTON

Yeah.

GIARDELLO

You sure?

FELTON

I'll be better when my shoulder
stops throbbing.

GIARDELLO

I don't mean your shoulder. Going
on that murder was tough on you. I
could see it in your face.

FELTON

I don't need to hear this crap
right now, Gee. Okay?

GIARDELLO moves toward FELTON. FELTON stands.

FELTON (cont.)

Just back off.

He hurls soda across the room. GIARDELLO ducks, turns back
to FELTON. Beat. A few PEOPLE gather in the archway,
including RUSSERT, on her way in. FELTON, angry and
embarrassed, starts to push through to exit.

GIARDELLO

Felton.

FELTON stops, looks at the floor. Beat. GIARDELLO glances
toward RUSSERT and assembled CROWD. EVERYONE immediately
disperses. GIARDELLO turns to FELTON.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

Throw another can in my direction
and I'll break your arm so fast
you'll be back playing with shapes
in rehab.

FELTON

Sorry, sorry.

GIARDELLO

I'm sick of covering for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELTON

Covering? Gee --

GIARDELLO

Just listen to me. Your marriage has been falling apart for as long as anyone can remember. You come to work looking like you've crawled your way through every bar in Baltimore --

FELTON

Hey, give me a break here. It's my first day back after getting shot.

GIARDELLO

You weren't up to the job before you got shot.

FELTON looks up at GIARDELLO, speechless.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

That's my point. That's the truth. Time somebody said it.

(gives an order)

Two weeks at your desk. When you're ready to be back on the job, be back. All the way back. Understand what I'm saying, Beau?

GIARDELLO crosses into Squad Room. On FELTON, exiting, pensive, reaching for a cigarette,

CUT TO:

OMIT (33)

EXT. ROOF/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

FELTON paces, smokes, fired up. RUSSERT walks toward him.

RUSSERT

How're you doing?

FELTON

Not you too.

RUSSERT

(another tactic)
I think I goofed.

FELTON

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUSSERT

Yeah, I did.

FELTON

I'm just a little on edge.

They reach a bench. FELTON sits, resting his leg.

RUSSERT

Your Squad's been shaken up --

FELTON

Megan, I don't want to hear this.

RUSSERT

You almost lost your partner. It was too soon to come back.

FELTON looks up at her, shaking his head.

FELTON

I'm totally ready.

RUSSERT

I know you want to be.

FELTON looks away.

RUSSERT (cont.)

Beau. Pushing hard isn't the way. Take a few more weeks. Hang out at the hospital with Howard. See your kids. Clean your desk.

FELTON

Did that.

RUSSERT smiles.

RUSSERT

Clean my desk.

FELTON cracks a grin. On TWO OF THEM, looking over Bay,

CUT TO:

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

BOLANDER lies in bed, recovering. MUNCH sits beside him.

MUNCH

You need anything, Stan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLANDER
The food is killing me.

MUNCH
Maybe I could sneak you in
something.

BOLANDER
I doubt it.

MUNCH
What?

BOLANDER
You'd get caught, that's what.

MUNCH
No, I wouldn't get --
(looks deeply into BOLANDER's eyes)
Do you know me?

BOLANDER
Your name's Friday, right?

MUNCH slouches back in his chair, disappointed.

MUNCH
No, it isn't.

BOLANDER
Munch, you're an idiot.

MUNCH
Munch. You called me Munch?

BOLANDER
I didn't miss you. I just want you
to know that.

MARGIE BOLANDER enters.

MUNCH
Your memory's back.

BOLANDER
God help me, yes.

MARGIE
I talked to the doctor. Stan's
CAT-Scan shows the swelling went
down around the frontal lobe.
That's what caused the memory loss.
He's going to be fine now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

MUNCH

The old Stan's back. Happy days.

MARGIE crosses to bedside.

MARGIE

I think its time for me to head
home to Santa Barbara. I'll take a
train this time, thanks.

MUNCH

(to BOLANDER)
She hates to fly.

Smiles all around. An awkward silence. BOLANDER turns to
MUNCH.

BOLANDER

Munch, get out.

MUNCH

Get out?

BOLANDER

My ex-wife and I would like to say
our goodbyes... in private.

MUNCH

Oh, yeah. Right. Sorry. Sure,
you go ahead.

MUNCH exits. BOLANDER and MARGIE look at each other.

BOLANDER

Margie --

MARGIE

Stanley --

They stop, smile at each other.

BOLANDER

You got a minute to sit?

MARGIE nods, sits down in chair next to bed. A beat.

MARGIE

You going to be okay?

BOLANDER

I think so.

MARGIE

I can stay a few more days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

BOLANDER

No, you got your life to get back to. But I'm glad you came. I just wanted to say thank you.

MARGIE

You're welcome.

BOLANDER

(beat)
I was lying awake all last night, trying to remember something. Anything.

MARGIE

You never did have a good memory, Stanley. It didn't take a bullet.

BOLANDER

I couldn't remember the name of the kid with buck teeth who sat next to me in third grade. I couldn't remember what street I lived on. I couldn't remember who starred in "Have Gun, Will Travel". But I remembered you.

MARGIE

Me?

BOLANDER

Yeah. I remembered you, standing at a bus stop. It was windy. You had a scarf with little dogs on it. And a blue peacoat. Dark blue. Navy with gold buttons. I remember thinking I had never seen anyone as beautiful as you, standing there, shivering in that Navy peacoat.

MARGIE

That was the day we met.

BOLANDER

The more I tried to remember, the harder it was... even my name... What had happened to me... But I could see you, clear as could be, like a photograph... You still have that Navy coat?

MARGIE

Not for years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 4

BOLANDER

What happened to it?

MARGIE

I don't know, I probably gave it to
the Salvation Army. Maybe ten,
fifteen years ago.

BOLANDER

A coat like that, you'd think it'd
last forever.

A beat, as BOLANDER and MARGIE look at each other.

BOLANDER (cont.)

Anyway, I guess you got to get
going, huh?

MARGIE

Will you call me, let me know how
you're doing?

BOLANDER

Sure.

MARGIE stands, reaches out, takes BOLANDER'S hand.

MARGIE

Goodbye, Stanley.

BOLANDER

Goodbye.

MARGIE turns, exits. On BOLANDER, alone,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

Establishing.

INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - EVENING

BAYLISS enters. PEMBLETON drinks coffee.

BAYLISS

Frank.

PEMBLETON

Uh-huh.

BAYLISS

Pratt was a bad guy, right? I mean, no one's losing sleep over this.

PEMBLETON

Only you. Because you believe one of us shot him.

BAYLISS

Don't you?

PEMBLETON

Doesn't matter what I think. As far as Gordon Pratt's concerned, I have no opinion. All I know is he was driven, in his own perverted mind, to make the world a better place for losers like himself. Made his poison more dangerous than most.

BAYLISS

If you had this case, you'd be thorough. You would. You'd do your job no matter what.

PEMBLETON looks up at BAYLISS, sips his coffee, lights a cigarette, not so sure.

BAYLISS (cont.)

I keep thinking about the Arabber. About what he did to Adena Watson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLISS

He lives day to day while she rots away in the ground at Greenmount Cemetery... Or even the Wilgis woman. I mean, she killed eight people, but she's happily wiling away the hours at Sheppard-Pratt with the other loonies.

PEMBLETON

Doesn't seem fair, does it?

BAYLISS

No, it doesn't. But who am I to say? I mean, we could go around seeking revenge, and if we were smart, we wouldn't get caught. But then we'd be just like vigilantes, making our own rules. What's the difference?

PEMBLETON

What's the difference? I don't know. We're the good guys, right?

BAYLISS

(ponders a moment)
Right.

On BAYLISS stands, wondering,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - EVENING

MUNCH catches up with GIARDELLO as he crosses to his office.

MUNCH

Gee, I need help.

GIARDELLO

I'm busy.

MUNCH

I'm in the process of being totally humiliated.

GIARDELLO

I saw.

MUNCH

You saw?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIARDELLO

Why do you think I'm smiling? You make everyone smile, John.

MUNCH

You're not smiling.

GIARDELLO

Oh, really? I thought I was.

MUNCH

It ain't funny. I'm defenseless. We should go close the place down.

GIARDELLO

How? Why?

MUNCH

We're the law. No one asked my permission to display that photo to the whole entire world. I'm gonna sue the bitch. I'll take this to the Supreme Court if I have to. But meanwhile, couldn't we execute the duties of our office and close the joint? Maybe torch it?

THEY enter Giardello's Office.

INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - EVENING

GIARDELLO and MUNCH enter.

GIARDELLO

You're being much too sensitive. Anyway, it was your choice to make a public display of yourself.

MUNCH

I have changed since that sorry night in Brigitta's loft so many years ago.

GIARDELLO

Who's Brigitta?

MUNCH

Never mind. Everyone is laughing at me, Gee. I'm a Homicide Detective. All's I have is my credibility, and with me naked in that exhibit, how can people respect me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIARDELLO

Look at it this way. You're providing an example to your younger colleagues.

MUNCH

An example?

GIARDELLO

For every indiscretion of your youth, you will pay for it as an adult.

MUNCH

I am so embarrassed.

GIARDELLO

Nothing embarrassing from what I saw. At least you're proportional. Or were. All things considered, it could be worse, huh?

MUNCH

You say that with such... glee. You enjoy seeing me twisting in the wind, don'tcha?

GIARDELLO

As a brother in blue, I gotta say: Salute forca canut. "I salute you. Strength to your penis".

As MUNCH lowers his chin to his chest, defeated,

CUT TO:

EXT. UNION SQUARE - EVENING

PEMBLETON and LEWIS walk along street lined with middle class rowhouses. They've been at this for a while.

PEMBLETON

We've been to twenty houses in this neighborhood. Nothing. Who's too proud to say he's wrong now?

LEWIS

You didn't find the shooter over in the projects, did you?

PEMBLETON is silent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEWIS (cont.)

Who's next on the list?

PEMBLETON

(looks at list)

Rafferty, Quentin. Bought a Smith
and Wesson back in November.

PEMBLETON and LEWIS approach house, KNOCK on door. QUENTIN
RAFFERTY, forties, answers door.

RAFFERTY

Can I help you?

PEMBLETON

Quentin Rafferty.

RAFFERTY

Yes.

PEMBLETON

I'm Detective Pembleton. This is
Detective Lewis. We're
investigating the shooting of Jean
Battisto.

RAFFERTY

Come on in.

PEMBLETON and LEWIS enter.

INT. LIVING ROOM/RAFFERTY HOME - EVENING

PEMBLETON and LEWIS enter. CHERI RAFFERTY, thirties, joins
her husband.

RAFFERTY

These detectives are here about
Jean.

CHERI

I'm just making some meatloaf to
bring over to her family. Did you
find who killed her?

LEWIS

We haven't found the shooter yet,
Mrs. Rafferty. What we're doing is
talking to everyone in the
surrounding neighborhood who owns
the kind of gun that shot Mrs.
Battisto.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEWIS (cont.)

Your husband's name came up on a computer printout as owning a Smith and Wesson.

CHERI

That's impossible. We don't allow guns in this house.

PEMBLETON

Do you own a Smith and Wesson, Mr. Rafferty?

RAFFERTY

(hesitates)

Yes, I do.

CHERI

(stricken)

What?

RAFFERTY

I bought the gun a few months back. For protection. It's getting worse and worse around here. There's been so many break-ins, muggings -- I didn't feel safe anymore.

(to PEMBLETON)

A man has to protect his family, doesn't he? That's all I want, for us to be safe.

CHERI

Why didn't you tell me?

RAFFERTY

I didn't want you to worry. I keep the gun locked up.

RAFFERTY crosses to a bookshelf, removes a small key from a box, then moves toward a table, unlocks drawer. He reaches his hand inside. No gun.

RAFFERTY (cont.)

It's supposed to be here. I keep it locked in this drawer. It's not here.

CHERI

What do you mean it's not there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

RAFFERTY

I mean it's not here. The drawer's empty.

CHERI

If it's not in that drawer, where the hell is it?

LEWIS

Do you have any children?

As RAFFERTY looks up, blood draining from his face.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBIN'S BEDROOM/RAFFERTY HOME - EVENING

ROBIN RAFFERTY, eight years old, plays with a friend, BILLY, also eight. They're building with state-of-the-art Lego. RAFFERTY, CHERI, LEWIS and PEMBLETON enter.

RAFFERTY

Robin, come here, sweetheart.

RAFFERTY sits on bed. ROBIN walks toward him, dutifully.

ROBIN

We're making a space station, Daddy.

RAFFERTY

Robin, these people are trying to figure out what happened to Mrs. Battisto.

ROBIN

She got killed.

RAFFERTY

I know she did, sweetheart... You know the table downstairs in the hall?

ROBIN drops her eyes to the floor, nods her head slowly.

RAFFERTY (cont.)

I had something in the drawer and it's gone now. I'm very worried because I can't find it.

ROBIN

I know what was in the drawer, Daddy. It was a gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERI approaches, kneels down in front of her daughter.

CHERI
Did you take the gun, Robin?

ROBIN bites her lip, looks at floor.

CHERI (cont.)
You can tell Mommy.

ROBIN
You won't be mad?

CHERI
No, sweetheart, just tell me where
you put it. Where did you put the
gun, Robin?

ROBIN
Under my pillow. I was going to
put it back.

LEWIS crosses to bed, lifts pillow revealing forty caliber
Smith and Wesson.

ROBIN (cont.)
I just wanted to show Billy.

RAFFERTY
(angry)
Never touch this gun again. Ever.
Understand?

ROBIN
I'm sorry. I was very, very
careful. I didn't know it had any
bullets. I didn't know.

PEMBLETON crosses to ROBIN, puts his hand on her shoulders.

PEMBLETON
Robin, did you shoot this gun?

A long pause, while ROBIN considers the question.

ROBIN
I didn't know there were bullets
inside. But I was careful... I
pointed it into the sky just in
case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

PEMBLETON straightens. He and LEWIS exchange a look. CHERI chokes on a sob, kneels down, takes ROBIN in her arms, rocks her back and forth.

ROBIN (cont.)
I'm sorry, Mommy. It was an
accident. I'm sorry.

As ROBIN starts to cry in her mother's arms, CHERI stares over her shoulder at her husband, bitter, angry. RAFFERTY, defiant, turns to PEMBLETON and LEWIS.

RAFFERTY
We hear gunfire all the time around
here. The bullet that killed Jean
didn't have to come from my gun.
You can't know that, can you?

On PEMBLETON, saddened, as he puts gun in evidence bag,

CUT TO:

EXT. ART GALLERY/DAILY GRIND - EVENING

MUNCH walks to his car, spies a cocktail CROWD spilling out from the Art Gallery onto the sidewalk on Thames Street. Two small SEARCHLIGHTS crisscross Thames Street giving the Art Gallery party the feeling of Hollywood. MUNCH pauses a beat, puts his key into his car door lock, pauses another beat, makes a beeline toward the Gallery.

INT. ART GALLERY/DAILY GRIND - EVENING

MUNCH enters. The Art Gallery is done up in garish party streamers. A huge crystal bowl with some pinkish alcoholic beverage is on a table. A fifty pound block of ice floats in this sea of pink. PEOPLE see MUNCH, nudge and wink. A tuxedoed MARGO is ladling out paper cupfuls of the beverage to GUESTS. She smiles and waves. MUNCH slows his pace, trying to take in a familiar face.

MUNCH's POV: BRIGITTA SVENDSEN, a willowy blond, late forties. MUNCH approaches, BRIGITTA spots him.

BRIGITTA
John.

MUNCH
Brigitta Svendsen. I never thought
I'd see you again in my life.

BRIGITTA
So you're happy to see me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MUNCH

No. You're embarrassing me.

BRIGITTA

How am I embarrassing you?

MUNCH pulls BRIGITTA off to one side.

MUNCH

Don'tcha think it would have been nice, would have been right, if you would have asked my permission?

BRIGITTA

Asked your permission for what?

MUNCH

To have me in the buff before the American public. My reputation is ruined. I'm a Homicide Detective right across the street.

BRIGITTA

I know. Margo told me she saw you. Good for you, John. You always had good detecting instincts. Plus a healthy dose of cynicism.

MUNCH

This is about revenge, isn't it?

BRIGITTA

You call it revenge, I call it artistic justice.

MUNCH

We were never meant to have a future. We talked about this. Twenty-five years ago.

BRIGITTA

We didn't talk it out. You left in the middle of the night.

MUNCH

I'm appealing to the warm side of you. To the heart. You have the biggest heart of anyone I know.

BRIGITTA

I cried for two straight years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

MUNCH

How can I make this right for you?

BRIGITTA

Are you single these days?

MUNCH

As a matter of fact.

BRIGITTA

Did you divorce that "actress"?

MUNCH

The "actress"?

(beat, thinking)

Oh, her. Carley. No, well, as a matter of fact, we never got married.

(beat, smiles)

You wouldn't be free for dinner, would you?

BRIGITTA

I would rather shoot my dog than have dinner with you.

MUNCH

What a lovely sentiment. And justified, too. But can we do something about me being up there naked as a jaybird? Is there no kindness left in Brigitta Svendsen? Is there no sense of forgiveness?

BRIGITTA

Nice try, John. It won't work.

MUNCH

What? What am I doing? No one could ever make you do anything, Brigitta. Maybe that was one of the reasons why I fled. You were so independent, so strong-willed. You were gonna go on to be an artist. This is what you are supposed to be. It's in the stars. Maybe the stars were telling you back then that you couldn't be the artist you are if I was around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

BRIGITTA

(beat)

You had to leave me. For my own good.

MUNCH

Exactly. For your own good. I was only thinking of you.

BRIGITTA

I don't know what to do.

MUNCH

Do what's in your heart.

MUNCH smiles, all charm. A beat.

BRIGITTA

I forgive you, John.

BRIGITTA makes a beeline toward the photo of Munch.

MUNCH's POV: BRIGITTA appraises the photo, Munch's glory and splendor. BRIGITTA searches the room, grabs a streamer from overhead, strips the masking tape from the streamer and sticks it on the photo to cover Munch's penis. A hush falls over the CROWD.

MUNCH looks to BRIGITTA. BRIGITTA to MUNCH. A transcendent moment. Then the CROWD inexplicably erupts in tumultuous CHEERING and APPLAUSE. MUNCH looks about. BRIGITTA looks to MUNCH, confused. On the masking tape covering Munch's manhood in the photo,

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Establishing.

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - MORNING

LEWIS hangs up phone, faces PEMBLETON, sitting at his desk.

LEWIS

Case closed, Frank. Ballistics matched the bullet that killed Battisto to Rafferty's gun. Little kid did it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON

That's too bad. She'll probably have nightmares when she gets older and realizes.

LEWIS

Kind of ironic, don't you think? After chasing through the projects, we find the shooter three houses down from the victim?

PEMBLETON

If we got another case right now, Meldrick, same specs, same neighborhood, I'd run the investigation the same way.

LEWIS

So would I, Frank.

LEWIS flashes a smile. PICK UP BAYLISS, crossing to Giardello's Office.

INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - MORNING

BAYLISS walks through the open door, the Pratt case folder under his arm. GIARDELLO sits on the edge of his desk, reading a report.

BAYLISS

I've exhausted every possible lead, theory, inspiration, you name it, on who shot Pratt.

He plops folder onto Giardello's desk.

BAYLISS (cont.)

Of course, I'll look into all new information that comes in.

GIARDELLO

Glad to hear it.

BAYLISS

Although I sincerely doubt there'll be any. Pratt's name is going to stay in red, Lieutenant.

GIARDELLO

Won't help your clearance rate any.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAYLISS
No, it won't. I wanted to let you
know.

GIARDELLO nods, contemplates the case folder.

GIARDELLO
You checked out everyone's alibi?

BAYLISS
Yes.

GIARDELLO
Including Munch's?

BAYLISS
Yes.

GIARDELLO
He's clear?

BAYLISS
(hesitates)
He's clear.

GIARDELLO
Some cases get closed, some don't.

BAYLISS
Okay.

GIARDELLO
Okay.

BAYLISS breathes a sigh of relief. GIARDELLO waits.

GIARDELLO (cont.)
Was there something you needed,
Bayliss?

BAYLISS shakes his head, turns and walks out. On GIARDELLO,
watching him go,

CUT TO:

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

BOLANDER sits in bed, reading newspaper.

MUNCH
Hey, Stan.

MUNCH walks over to join BOLANDER, sits on other bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOLANDER

You can't sit there, Munch.

MUNCH slides over to chair.

BOLANDER (cont.)

Not there either.

MUNCH

Stan, in case your memory's failing you again, when human beings sit, they need something to sit in, or on.

BOLANDER

Have you seen the morning paper?
The Living section?

MUNCH

No.

BOLANDER slaps paper into MUNCH's hands. He reads aloud.

MUNCH (cont.)

"The evening reached a spontaneous climax when artist Brigitta Svendsen publicly altered one of her photographs by taping a bit of paper over the genitalia of her subject, John Munch, now a detective with the Baltimore Homicide Unit."

MUNCH puts down the paper, horrified.

MUNCH (cont.)

I tried to put out a brushfire and I burned down the whole town.

BOLANDER

(icily)

You've done it now. You've pushed it to the edge. You can be naked with your penis in private, okay. But to have you and your pudenda on the front page of the Living section, I think you've overstepped the bounds of decency and civility. You are a public servant of this City. This City has afforded you a good life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

MUNCH

This really upsets you?

BOLANDER

No, I'm thrilled for you, awright?

MUNCH

(beat, wide-eyed)

I never would've guessed you cared
enough to be upset.

BOLANDER

John, you can't do these things
anymore to yourself. It ain't
good. It ain't healthy.

MUNCH

Since when do you care about my
health?

BOLANDER

I don't. It must be the drugs.
Now, get the hell out of here.

On MUNCH, the epiphany of the moment registering bright in
his eyes,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - MORNING

BAYLISS stands, sipping a cup of coffee as his shift filters
in. He gazes thoughtfully at "The Board".

His POV: PRATT, still in RED.

As BAYLISS turns, heads to his desk, another day,

FADE OUT.

THE END