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SCRIPT #5

HILL STREET BLUES

"TRIAL BY FURY"

Written

by

David Milch

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HILL STREET BLUES

"TRIAL BY FURY"

CAST

CAPTAIN FRANCIS "FRANK" FURILLO
SERGEANT PHILLIP ESTERHAUS
MICK BELKER
JOYCE DAVENPORT
BOBBY HILL
ANDY RENKO
RAY CALLETANO
J. D. LARUE
NEAL WASHINGTON
HENRY GOLDBLUME
LUCY BATES
FAY FURILLO
LIEUTENANT HOWARD HUNTER
JOY COFFEY

LEO
EDDIE
RENA
RUDY
CARL
MRS. RODRIGUES
SISTER AGNES
RAMON
PARAMEDIC #1
PARAMEDIC #2
PAWNBROKER (MR. ARONSON)
GERALD CHAPMAN
CELESTINE GREY
REPORTER (CYNTHIA COX)
RALPH MANCUSO (fmr. Greengrass)
BOY
MURPHY
MAN'S VOICE
SHAPE w/.22
IRWIN BERNSTEIN
JUDGE MO SCHILLER
COURT OFFICER
SHOUTER
PUERTO RICAN BOY

HILL STREET BLUES

"TRIAL BY FURY"

SETS

INTERIORS

HILL STREET PRECINCT

- ROLL CALL ROOM
- SQUAD ROOM
- FURILLO'S OFFICE
- MENS' ROOM
- INTERROGATION ROOM
- CORRIDORS
- LINE-UP ROOM

A TENEMENT FLAT

BATHROOM

A BODEGA

CHURCH SACRISTY (X)

CONFERENCE ROOM - D.A.'s OFFICE

COURTROOM

CONFESSIONAL

EXTERIORS

2 CHURCHES

PAWN SHOP

STREETS (from Int. cars)

ALLEY

HILL STREET BLUES

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 ON BLACK

1

"Roll Call - 7:04 A.M."

2 INT. ROLL CALL - ON ESTERHAUS

2

ESTERHAUS

(reading)

Item seven... Stakeouts continuing
are Hertle Avenue. Market, Ten Planets
Video Arcade opposite Massey High
School, and in concert with our
brothers from the Treasury
Department, Ramirez Check-Cash,
one hundred and fortieth and
North. We also begin an
operation at the Allen Street
Bus Terminal, referencing the
commercial activities of gay
gentlemen of pleasure in the
depot men's room. In this
regard I bring to your attention
the currently vogueish brown bag
maneuver, in which one of the two
caballeros sharing a men's room
stall stands with his feet in a
shopping bag, thus convincing
passing law-enforcement agents
that the stall has only a single
and legitimate tenant.

X

X

Phil's tone is admiring, philosophical:

ESTERHAUS

Would that we could address our
problems of recession and urban
blight as resourcefully as we
satisfy our passions!

A few "Hear, hears," "Ah, would's!", etc.

ESTERHAUS

Item eight. Those of you double-
shifted for the Dee Dee Cleveland
(MORE)

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

concert at Memorial Auditorium tonight are listed on the upstairs board. Be aware that for reasons unknown, vandalism and theft in the aftermath of Ms. Cleveland's concerts has tended to focus on shoe stores -- especially those dealing in your more exotic and reptilian styles of contemporary footwear.

(more personably)

Item nine...

(over stirrings in the pews)

Item nine is a memo from Chief Daniels regarding profanity in our dealings with the civilian populace -- which memo is also posted upstairs for your perusal. People, I recognize downtown's tendency to be unrealistic in these matters, but consider a complaint I took yesterday from an elderly woman who had been rendered assistance with her stalled vehicle by one of our uniforms. Here was one of our own who, despite this ungodly heat wave was going the extra mile in performing his duties, yet who was so accustomed to certain patterns of speech that in arriving at the scene, cheerfully inquired and I quote, "So what the bleep's wrong with your car, ma'am", said "bleep" allegedly causing complainant a severe episode of migraine.

Esterhaus turns to the blackboard. Earnestly pedagogical:

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

Now I've assembled some terms you might try substituting for the swear words in question as you move through your daily routine. These won't come trippingly to your tongues at first, but with time and usage you could find them becoming second nature. Your recourse to obscenity will then be fresh and vital when you encounter those situations and individuals for whom only obscenity will suffice.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

CLOSE on the blackboard, and on Phil's finger pointing.

ESTERHAUS

You might try "Drat!" or "Shoot,"
instead of the more common
expletives usually associated
with our street-type patois.

X

Under this we hear muttered tryings out of "Rubbish!", "Fiddlesticks!", etc.

RESUME on a meditative Esterhaus considering the list. He decides to cross out "Shoot!" Turning back --

ESTERHAUS

Item last.

(waits for complete
silence)

Starting today, and continuing
for the next six weeks, Sergeant
Esterhaus will not be supervising
the activities of the front desk.

There's a stunned reaction from the troops. Esterhaus is openly pleased at the confusion he's caused.

ESTERHAUS

Instead, he will be conducting
an experimental six-week orientation
program for senior cadets at the
Police Academy.

"Ahs" from the troops followed by sincere applause and congratulations.

ESTERHAUS

While absent, my duties upstairs
will be divided between Officer
Schnitz and Sergeant Goldblume.
I will continue, however, to
deliver the morning roll call.

(over the cheers,
serious and otherwise)

All right -- let's roll and let's
be careful out there.

X

As the congregation rises --

ESTERHAUS

And people...

(as they pause)

Let's show some restraint in
defacing the Chief's memo.

3 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

3

The members of the day-shift bottleneck on the stairs, spill out into the squadroom as we pick up --

4 HILL AND RENKO - BATES AND COFFEY

4

BATES
(already sweating)
God, it's hot.

COFFEY
(lascivious)
How about I rub you all over
with ice cubes?

RENKO
(to Hill)
It's not enough they issue
new procedure every dad-
burned week. It's not
enough we're already up to
our shorts in every kind of
policy from personal hygiene
to choke holds. Now they're
trying to regulate my human
expression, Bobby!

RENKO.
Lucille, would you please!

Bates pushes past, Coffey
shares a fraternal grin
with Renko, then --

HILL
(a wry grin)
So just go tell 'em to fudge
off, Cowboy.
(as Calletano passes by)
Morning, Lieutenant.

CALLETANO
That's easy for you to say.

Calletano's expression is harried, haunted. He is carrying a shoebox. PAN him past the front desk to find --

4A GOLDBLUME

4A

perusing two nine-eleven slips handed him by Leo.

GOLDBLUME
(off the first slip; some
urgency)
Coffey, Bates -- robbery-shooting --
a bodega at 4139 Jefferson!

As Bates plucks the slip from Goldblume's hand and heads out quickly with Coffey --

CONTINUED

4A CONTINUED

4A

COFFEY

Maybe they got an air conditioner.

GOLDBLUME

(re: second slip)

Hill, Renko -- domestic beef,
9260 one hundred and twelfth.
Apartment five.

Renko groans, as Hill yanks the sports section out of his grasp,
with --

HILL

Let's go, Son. Nature'll have
to wait.

RENKO

I hate these early mornin'
domestics. They reek havoc
with a man's regularity.

And they exit past --

5 BELKER

motivating toward his desk a figure whose bruised face, somewhat scruffy attire and uncertain hygiene contrast with his fascinated engagement with everything he sees. This is Eddie Graig, white, thin, a little above average height and a high-profile, unconflicted queen.

BELKER
(pointing to the chair
adjacent his desk)
Use it!

EDDIE
Why are we so stern?

Eddie sits. Mick jams an arrest form into the typewriter. His general distaste compounded by Eddie's easy familiarity.

BELKER
Last name first.

EDDIE
DuBois.
(which would blow out a hundred candles)

Belker types.

BELKER
First name.

EDDIE
Blanche...

Eddie laughs at this silliness, puts his hand on Mick's wrist in a presumption of shared amusement.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I depend on the kindness of strangers...

Off Mick's wide-eyed disbelieving growl of revulsion, we

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

6 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

6

Eddie is half out of his chair, kibitzing Mick's typing of his arrest form. A hooker passes:

HOOGER
(points to her eye)
Somebody's trade got a little rough.

EDDIE
(giving as good as he gets)
Some of us know how to incite passion.
(looks back to Mick's report)
Can't you change that to lascivious
carriage? It's a tonier kind of bust.

X

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BELKER

You were soliciting, pit breath.

EDDIE

(elegantly)

I've never tricked for anyone I
wouldn't have done gratis.

6 CONTINUED

Premonition modifies Mick's disgust as his desk phone RINGS.

BELKER

(answering)

Belker.

(sits back in the chair,
half-turning away; wearily,
lovingly patient)

Hi, Ma.

(eyes skyward)

Ma, come on. So he was on the
lawn, he likes the fresh air.

Well, it's warm. He was
probably -- so he forgot to put
'em on. Next time you'll lay 'em
out where he can't miss 'em. He did
what? No, he didn't. On Mrs.
Caridi's oak tree?

(an increment of concern;
more combative)

So he was sleepwalking.

(sternly)

Don't say that Ma, don't use that
word. He was sleepwalking, that's all,
and he had to make water.

(a beat)

He doesn't think he's a dog. That's
probably a deep cough. Ma, I'm not
gonna... we're not gonna talk if
you keep saying that.

(upset; quickly)

Ma, I'll talk to you later, I'll
call you later on. Give my love
to pop.

(a distressing, final beat)

So feed him, put it down there for
him.

As Belker hangs up, obviously disturbed --

EDDIE

(has shown total involvement
with the conversation)

How old is he?

BELKER

That's none of your business...
eighty-two.

EDDIE

Senility's nothing to be ashamed of, you know.

BELKER

(flaring)

He's not senile!

EDDIE

It's part of life.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

BELKER

(a growl)

Button it.

EDDIE

(unfazed)

My grandmother was senile, she'd
have such fun on her birthdays.
She'd open her present, then
she'd drift off, then she'd look
down and see her present and get
happy all over again.

BELKER

(a portentous beat)

My father does that with his
breakfast cereal.

A solemn and sympathetic chirp from Eddie as he unconsciously
eyeballs --

7 OMIT
8 FURILLO

7
8

in transit to the coffee table, where he's pursued by Calletano,
still holding the shoebox, and seemingly grateful that he had

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

Frank have some privacy. Ray shows the box as if it were an induction notice.

CALLETANO

I have a tax audit this afternoon.
The IRS has called me.

Furillo's gaze is sympathetic. A little confused by the box, he guesses.

FURILLO

Receipts?

CALLETANO

(nods perfunctorily)
I'm worried, Frank. Rosa's sister bought us a lottery ticket in New Hampshire last summer. We won twenty-five hundred dollars. Now she won't talk to us...

FURILLO

(inferring from Ray's misery)
And you didn't report the income.

CALLETANO

The man at the Service said they'd never check. And this is the top of the iceberg. He said deduct a portion of our rent. He said don't report what Rosa made selling dress patterns...

FURILLO

Is he going to the audit with you?
Isn't that what they advertise?

CALLETANO

Their office says they're trying to find him.

WIDEN to include Hunter who has approached from the left.

HUNTER —

'Morning, Frank. Ray.

CALLETANO

'Morning.

A BEAT, as Howard, sensing he's extraneous, perversely decides to stick around. Given which; and hoping for sympathy:

CALLETANO (CONT'D)

I have a tax audit this afternoon.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

FURILLO
(trying to cue Hunter)
It's probably just routine.

HUNTER
(pensive)
Iversen got eighteen months.

CALLETANO
(panicky)
Who is Iversen?

FURILLO
(to Hunter,
distinguishing between the
cases)
Of course, he didn't file a
return for seven years.

CALLETANO
Who is Iversen?

HUNTER
Lieutenant, Midtown.
(consolatory)
They let him do his time on
the weekends.

Off Calletano's barely contained panic, we --

CUT TO:

9 INT. A TENEMENT FLAT - DAY

9

The fiftyish, orange-haired, emphysemic-thin lady of the house, RENA, escorts Hill and Renko -- who already wince against the din -- through a shabby, unkempt living room. Equally with her friends in the bathroom, from whence comes the noise, Rena is sauced. She is also secretly pleased she can still get her man jousting. Her hoarse voice raised:

RENA
All right, I cheated with Rudy.
I'm that way, I'm a creature of
passion. But am I worth going
to prison over? Am I worth murder?

Rena's features compress with drunken, theatrical horror - her lower bridge is out. She, Hill and Renko enter --

10 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

10

where Rena's lover, Rudy, is supine on the floor, his head wedged between the bathtub and the toilet bowl. Husband Carl whacks at the wall, pipes, fixtures and floor in Rudy's vicinity with a hand-sledgehammer, prefacing the blows with --

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

CARL
Is this it, Rudy? Is this the
one?

11 CLOSE - RUDY

11

legs flailing, shouting more or less continuously.

RUDY
He's gonna break my legs!
He's gonna jump on my head!

X

12 RESUME - HILL AND RENKO

12

with Renko establishing authority while opting for the backup
position, as he shouts:

RENKO
Whoa! Hold it right there!

RENA
It's the police, Carl. Do you
want to be shot down like a
sick dog because of me?

Hill glances unhappily at Rena while gingerly approaching her
husband.

HILL
Ma'am, no one's gonna be
shot. Let's tone down
our language.

RUDY
Is it the police?

HILL
(in the direction of
the man/toilet)
It's the police, just take it
easy, sir.

RUDY
My head's stuck -- get me
outa here!

RENKO
Carl, give me the hammer.

Carl retreats. Rudy shrieks --

RUDY
He's steppin' on my hand!

RENKO
Get off his hand, Carl.
(as Carl backs off to a
neutral corner, still
brandishing the hammer)
(MORE)

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

RENKO (CONT'D)

Does someone want to tell me
what's going on here?

CARL

I came home to find my wife --
that slut over there! -- in
my bed with my former best
friend Rudy, who I'm gonna
bust up real bad!

HILL

Just hand over the hammer,
Carl. You haven't hurt anyone
yet.

13 ANGLE - RENKO

13

leaning down to inspect Rudy's situation closely.

RENKO

Hey, cousin... how'd you get
your melon wedged in there like
that?

RENA

He slipped climbin' out the
window.

14 TO INCLUDE CARL

14

The fight starting to ooze out of him.

CARL

I want him outa my bathroom

RENKO

And we're going go get
him out, Carl. Just
give the hammer to
Officer Hill, and we're
gonna --

RENA

(trying to pump up
the hysteria level)
I'm not worth being killed
for!

HILL

(winces)
Ma'am, will you please...

RENKO

Give it to him, Carl.

A beat. Carl finally puts the hammer in Hill's hand.

RENKO

All right, Carl! Way to be!

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

RUDY

Did he give it to him?

RENA

(embracing Carl)
 Forgive me, Sugar.

CARL

(glum; able to
 accept everything but
 this)
 You took your teeth out
 for him.

RENKO

(looking down at Rudy;
 momentarily optimistic)
 Now.. We're just gonna... we
 just...
 (he gives a little pull
 on Rudy's head. Rudy
 screams)

15 CLOSE - HILL AND RENKO

15

as, squatting down, they realize how tightly Rudy's head is
 wedged. Renko tries to give it a little quarter turn, and again
 Rudy screams.

RUDY

Don't do that! You're killin'
 me! I can't breathe!

HILL

(to Renko)
 I think we've got a problem,
 son...

CUT TO:

15A EXT. BODEGA - ESTABLISHING
 16 INT. - A BODEGA - DAY

15A X
 16

The woman is Puerto Rican, short, stout. Her face is beautiful
 and familiar with sorrow.

WOMAN

He gave everything. He didn't
 fight. Why did they shoot him?

Bates is beside the woman in front of the small pay-counter,
 their eyes are on the Coroner's assistants who have bagged the
 body of the woman's husband and strapped it to a stretcher and
 who now, as Lucy puts her arm around the woman and gives them a
 small nod, lift the body and take it out. The woman puts her
 fingers to her forehead, her features contort, but she doesn't
 cry, as if she can't afford to yield this much to her pain.

X

BATES

(gently)
 Want to sit down?

The woman shakes her head no. A beat.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

BATES

Can you think of anything else
about how they looked?

WOMAN

They are white. They have...

She gestures futilely to indicate caps pulled down. This is
clearly ground they've been over before with the same amount
of success.

WOMAN

I don't see them very well.

BATES

Okay.

As Coffey exits in response to a b.g. police call coming from
the car --

BATES (CONT'D)

Mrs. Rodriguez, another detective
is going to come to talk with
you in a little while, and some
people to try and get fingerprints.
You have to keep the store closed,
and not touch anything, okay?

X

WOMAN

(nodding)

You catch them.

This is said quietly, and with a resigned understanding of the
hope's unlikelihood, in response to which the woman again comes
as close as she'll let herself to tears -- fingers to her
forehead, her face a mask of pain.

BATES

Have you got someone to stay
with you?

WOMAN

My children will be home for
lunch.

Coffey returns. Low, to Bates --

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED - 2

16

COFFEY

Luce, we've got a call for St.
Mary's Church. Sounds pretty
bad. Crowd control.
(off her look)

As quickly as he's said the words, as quick as the woman's look
of angry hurt comes Coffey's wincing, apologetic regret.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. CHURCH - DAY - FURILLO'S CAR

17

wedging through the blockage, parking sloppily at the curb.
Furillo and Calletano exit the vehicle, taking in the scene --
cop cars, ambulance just screaming away -- cops holding back a
stunned, eerily silent crowd -- with a foreboding of something
worse than awful.

X

CUT TO:

18 INT. CHURCH SACRISTY- DAY - WITH FURILLO AND CALLETANO

18 X

moving past the swarm of uniforms, forensic people, etc., all
going about the grim business of aftermath. They stop at the
chalked outline of a fallen form, as Goldblume spots them and
moves over, with --

GOLDBLUME

(reading from his notebook,
grateful not to have to meet
Furillo's eyes)

Rosa Lombardy. Her ordained name
is Sister Anna Carmela. Thirty-
eight. Raped. Beaten with fists
and a blunt instrument. Mutilated...

(voice weakening slightly)
they carved crosses on her torso
and thighs with a knife. Multiple
internal injuries, shock and
severe hemorrhaging, multiple skull
fractures.

(finally looks up)
The M.E. thinks probably drugs from
the level of violence.

FURILLO

How about witnesses?

Goldblume nods discreetly towards an elderly nun, numb with grief,
being gently questioned by two detectives in b.g. and --

X

GOLDBLUME

The other sister looked out the
convent window and saw two guys
running from the sacristy here.

X

X

(MORE)

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18.

GOLDBLUME (CONT'D)

(a look)

She didn't see much, Frank.

FURILLO

Get her down to the station...

(a beat; betraying little emotion)

I want a house-to-house of streets facing the church. And question the priest. Have there been burglaries or assaults on or near the premises?

Was Sister Anna being harassed?

Get the parishioners list -- I want every one of them questioned. And inventory what was taken as quickly as you can.

X

Goldblume nods. Furillo turns, moves quickly from the sacristy.

20 EXT. - THE CHURCH - DAY

20

Calletano and Furillo run a media gauntlet descending the church steps. "Can you give us a statement?" "Have you got any leads?" "Is she alive?" "Was she sexually assaulted, Captain?"

FURILLO

(polite, professional)

No comment. We'll have a statement shortly. No comment. Excuse me.

They reach the car, past Coffey and Bates just arriving, Calletano takes the wheel, Furillo getting in the passenger's side, whereupon --

21 INT. CAR - DAY - CLOSE ON FURILLO

21

FURILLO

Get me out of here fast, Ray,
I'm going to be sick.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

22 INT. STATION HOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

22

As Furillo and Calletano enter through the main door. They are immediately besieged by the press laying in wait in the corridor. The questions are fast and furious: "Captain Furillo, do you have any leads? Was there a motive other than robbery? Can you tell us the condition of the victim? Who would do such a thing?" Furillo pushes through them, calling to Leo.

FURILLO

Leo, would you please escort the press to the outside of the building.

23 SQUAD ROOM

23

Furillo hurries with Calletano towards his office, collaring Hunter enroute.

FURILLO (CONT'D)

Howard, get your men out front -- there's the makings of a first-class mob on the curb.

Then as Alf Chesley crosses, clipboard in hand:

FURILLO (CONT'D)

Alf, in my office.

24 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE

24

Furillo enters, shutting the door behind himself, Chesley, and Calletano. Chesley jots notes as:

FURILLO (CONT'D)

Alf, I want to know everyone with an MO for church busting in the last decade. Also, who's been caught dealing stolen religious artifacts or anything remotely connected with church ceremonies. Also, everyone arrested for loitering in churches, vandalizing churches, disrupting church services. And I want a complete list of sex offenders with histories of this sort of violence.

CHESLEY

I'll go through Division first, then put in a B.C.I. request.

X

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

FURILLO

Do it. Good. And keep an open line with the lab, so as evidence comes in we can match it against names.

Then to Calletano, under which Chesley slips out:

X

FURILLO (CONT'D)

Ray, let's get on the phone to the pawn shops. Tell them to watch for anything that could be from a church -- if they're not sure, have them call us anyway. And contact the religious leaders in the community -- all denominations. Talk to them. This crime is going to turn them ugly, and we'll need all the help we can keeping the hysteria at a manageable level.

As Calletano slips out, Leo looks in.

LEO

(grim)

Captain, we just got word from the hospital that Sister Anna's in surgery. They expect it to take several hours.

FURILLO

(nods)

Keep me posted, Leo.

Furillo suddenly breaks off, his eyes softening imperceptibly at the sight of --

25 SISTER AGNES

25

The elderly nun seen at St. Mary's, as viewed through Furillo's window, being escorted into the squad room by Goldblume and two uniforms, leaving a grim, respectful silence in her wake on the part of cops and press alike as --

26 RESUME FURILLO

26

turning back to Leo with --

FURILLO

(softer)

Ask Henry to take her through the mugbooks, Leo.

(beat)

But not out there. In private. Use interrogation.

Leo nods and walks out.

CUT TO:

27 INT. BOOKING DESK

27

Where a Latin player named Ramon, crossing Calletano on a telephone, informs a khaki officer:

RAMON

I'm making bail for Eddie Graig.

Ramon shows a limp wrist to identify the party further.

27A ANGLE - CALLETANO

27A

scrunching up with his phone instrument for greater privacy:

CALLETANO

(heated; to phone)

Please, just tell your superior
that I am unable to make the 4:30
appointment to audit my tax return.

X

(beat)

Because I'm a police officer and
there is a crisis!

(beat; incredulous)

What do you mean that's no excuse?
Does a man have to be dying in his
bed?

(beat; eyes narrow)

You wouldn't do that to me. You
can't -- this is the United States
of America!

(beat; turning white)

You can...?

As mortal terror suffuses his expression, we return to

28 RAMON

28

Lamenting to Leo and everyone else willing to listen:

RAMON

Maricón cost me nothing but money.
Money and aggravation. I'm
sorely tempted to leave him out
in the rain and let him melt.

X

X

Ramon looks up at Eddie appears, being led to the desk by a
uniform. He hangs his tail between his legs at the sight of Ramon.
Ramon makes a face at Eddie's bruised face and unkempt appearance.

X

EDDIE

I want to go home, Ramon.

29 INCLUDE BELKER

29

passing nearby. He catches the sorry sight at the desk and stops
to observe. He forms an instant hate for Ramon.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

RAMON

(to Eddie)

And tell me, who's going to
buy you in that condition?
If we're gonna have down-time
on the apparatus,
I ought to be smart and let the
City pick up the tab.

X

X

X

Belker steps to the forefront. Nails Ramon with a look.

BELKER

Who're you, toe-jam?

RAMON

(recoiling at the sight)

Not so close, Rover. -- I
haven't had my typhoid shots
this year.

LEO

Ramon Hernandez. He's bailing
out Mr. Graig here.

BELKER

I asked him!

EDDIE

(interrupting)

Please don't get involved
in this.

X

BELKER

Don't tell me where to get involved.

X

RAMON

(a smile)

My. Personal interest.
Eddie's soothed at least one
savage breast with his boyish
charms.

X

BELKER

(furious)

I asked you a question, mincemeat!

RAMON

I'm his business manager.
And I'm taking him home.

X

(to Eddie)

Right, Eddie?

Eddie looks at the floor, deathly ashamed of himself. Belker grabs
Eddie by the arm and pulls him away.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

BELKER

C'mere.

30 INT. MEN'S ROOM

30

As Belker drags Eddie inside and shoves him in front of the mirror.

BELKER

Look at yourself.

X

EDDIE

(trying for levity)

What would you say? The young
Dietrich?

BELKER

Hey, keep laughing, pal. You're
killing yourself. I hate to
tell you what I've seen happen
to your types. That hairbag out
there -- he's bleedin' you.

EDDIE

Ramon's my only friend.

BELKER

Like hell he is. You seem like a good
guy. Whaddaya keep
degradin' yourself for?

X

There's an instant of gratitude in Eddie's face... but it vanishes.

EDDIE

It's what I do.

BELKER

Then stop doin' it! Clean up
your act for god's sake.

EDDIE

You're so dear.

BELKER

Yeah, I'm a regular Bambi.
(a breath)

You're right. I shoulda kept
outta this. C'mon.

Belker grabs Eddie again and pushes him for the door, as we --

CUT TO:

31 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - SISTER AGNES

31

seated numbly at a table, slowly leafing through a book of mug shots, Goldblume at her side. The only sounds are their tense breathing and the occasional turning of a page. It seems evident from the sister's empty gaze that there isn't much hope of an I.D. A long moment, then the door opens and Furillo enters. Goldblume and the sister look up.

GOLDBLUME

Sister Agnes... this is
Captain Furillo.

FURILLO

(nods)
Sister...

SISTER AGNES

(a weak nod, then)
I'm afraid I'm not being much
help, Captain.

FURILLO

(a smile)
You just keep looking. You're
doing fine, Sister.

SISTER AGNES

(barely maintaining)
They were running away, Captain.
I hardly saw them.
(re book)
None of these faces mean anything...

X

Furillo gently touches her shoulder --

FURILLO

Don't be too hard on yourself,
Sister. These things take time.
But we'll catch these men and I
swear to you -- they'll be punished.

SISTER AGNES

Captain Furillo -- I saw the things
they did to her body... It's going to be
a hard memory to live with. But I
know Sister Anna has already
forgiven them...

FURILLO

I wish I could. I can't.

SISTER AGNES

We've all got to try.

Sister Agnes unhappily turns back to the books, Furillo and Goldblume exchange a look, and we --

CUT TO:

32 INT. TENEMENT BATHROOM - DAY

32

Crouched beside Rudy, who is still very stuck, are two paramedics methodically lubricating the relevant portions of the toiletbowl, bathtub and Rudy's head. The bathroom is further crowded with Hill, Rena observing the process, and Renko working the bolts holding the toilet to the floor. He's stripped them practically bare, and still they won't yield. As the wrench slips yet again, and Renko skins his knuckles --

RENKO

Damn bolts're frozen solid.

Carl is only marginally visible sulking in the bathroom door. Paramedic #1 is story-telling for the benefit of everyone.

PARAMEDIC #1

You wouldn't believe how often these things happen, you know. And you can lose 'em. They can strangle on you. It ain't as simple as it looks.

RENA

(watching them critically)
I don't know why you don't try refined olive oil.

PARAMEDIC #2

Ma'am, we've found this mix of petroleum jelly and shampoo to be the best. Not saying it works in every case.

33 FAVORING RUDY

33

As Hill leans low to check on him.

HILL

Rudy? How you feeling, bro?

RUDY

(muffled)

Sick. I'm nauseous. I can't breathe.

X

HILL

If this doesn't get you out,
we'll call the Fire Department.

Whereupon a severely frazzled Carl suddenly sticks his head in the john door and --

CARL

(screams)

I want him outta here. I want
him outta here now!

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

-- then ducks back out as Hill and Renko exchange a weary look and --

RENA
(reflecting to Renko)
This is why it could never be
serious between me and Rudy.
He always stays past his welcome.

Renko wants to get back on the road. Snaps impatiently at the paramedics.

RENKO
Ain't you ready to do something
yet?

PARAMEDIC #1
I'm ready. You ready, Larry?

PARAMEDIC #2
I'm ready.
(to Rudy)
How 'bout you? You ready?

RUDY
(muffled)
I'm ready.

RENKO
Terrific -- we're all ready.
(grabbing Rudy's leg)
One of you grab the other and
let's get this guy outta there.

Paramedic #1 takes the other leg while Paramedic #2 crawls into the tub to push on Rudy's head.

RENKO (CONT'D)
On the count. One... two...
three!

They pull. Rudy is stretched like a piece of wet spaghetti. We hear him gurgling and thrashing about.

RENKO
He's comin'! I can
feel it.

HILL
No he isn't!

RENA
(leaning over)
He's turning blue.

HILL
Slack off a little!

RENKO
(pulling harder)

PARAMEDIC #1 No -- got to pull!
Hey, the guy ain't breathing!

X

Rena starts to scream. Whereupon --

X

33A RENKO

33A

sensing the escalation of emergency and spotting the sledgehammer leaning in a corner, drops Rudy's legs, lunges for the sledgehammer, and comes charging back at Rudy and the toilet bowl under -

RENKO

Watch out! Comin'
through! Comin'
through!

RENA

Don't hurt 'im!
Don't hurt 'im!

CARL

That's it! Whack 'im!

RENA (CONT'D)

He's too beautiful
to die!

Whereupon as Rudy stares in wide-eyed horror at approaching doom and the others fly in all directions to get clear, Renko delivers a massive, overarm death blow to the toilet bowl. There's a horrible noise and a mini-flood of water. The toilet jumps from its foundation like an express train jumping its track.

34 OMIT

34

35 ON RUDY

35

Staggering up from the floor, wet, greasy, sick to his stomach. He blunders into the cops, his hand cupped over his mouth.

RUDY

I'm gonna be sick.

Renko props open the lid on the disembowelled toilet and Rudy obediently sticks his head in, as we

CUT TO:

36 INT. BODEGA - DAY

36

Washington and LaRue are following up the bodega murder. Washington is interrogating the woman while LaRue looks over the terrain. The woman is in a state of numbness; she hears and sees through a fog of disbelief. Her two young children are horse-playing in the room, mindless of the reality of their father's death. Washington is having little success.

WASHINGTON

Can you go into more detail on what they were wearing?

WOMAN

What do you mean?

WASHINGTON

Were their shirts long or short sleeved? Did they have cuffs on their pants? Styles...

The woman shakes her head as if she doesn't understand.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

What about their physical appearance? Any scars, acne, bad teeth -- was one taller than the other...?

The woman just stares at him.

37 ON CASH REGISTER

37

The drawer is open and the key is still in the lock -- preserved remnants of the robbery. The children begin to play with the register, climbing all over it. LaRue jumps at them.

LARUE

Hey, no! Don't touch!

The woman leaves Washington to grab the children and pull them away. She scolds them in Spanish. LaRue takes the opportunity to say low and harsh to Washington:

LARUE

Where's the damn forensics?

WASHINGTON

St. Mary's.

LaRue just shoots him a disgusted look and exits to the sidewalk, shaking his head. Washington looks back to the woman, still occupied with the children then ducks after LaRue.

38 EXT. BODEGA - LARUE

38

on the sidewalk near their parked sedan, lighting a cigarette as Washington emerges from the bodega and closes in, with --

WASHINGTON

Let's just do our job, eh babe?

LARUE

We're wasting our time here. The scene's been trampled on by half the neighborhood, I could get a better suspect description outta Helen Keller, and forensic'll be tied up till next Easter.

(a look)

This is a write-off, Neal.

WASHINGTON

(nods toward bodega)

You tell her that.

LARUE

Hey, I don't like this any more than you but let's face it, as far as the homicide hit parade goes, this ain't exactly number 10 with a bullet. Now we can stay here and play games or move on to something a little more promising.

WASHINGTON

(bitter)

Cost efficiency, right J.D.? Results.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

Suddenly, from the car radio:

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Unit seven-six-seven -- priority.
Call Hill Street Station.

LARUE
(reaching for mike)
You got it, my man.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY - BATES AND COFFEY

39

Standing in the doorway of the shop with two other uniforms and a highly animated pawnbroker, their units abandoned hastily at the curb, under --

PAWNBROKER
(words spilling out)
...So I told 'em I had to get
my jewelers scale and went into
the back room and called the
station. I mean, I heard about
what happened up at St. Mary's
this morning...

Under which a squad car and a sedan have jerked up to the curb, spitting out Hill, Renko, LaRue and Washington who boil up to the group, under --

PAWNBROKER (CONT'D)
But when I came back out they
were gone!

LARUE
(overriding, to Coffey)
St. Mary's...?

X

COFFEY
(nods)
Two guys. Showed up here
'bout ten minutes ago to
pawn some religious stuff.

PAWNBROKER
(to LaRue)
More like 6 minutes, 8 at
the most!

BATES
(to Washington)
Got a little jumpy when Mr.
Aronson here used the back
room phone, and split.

PAWNBROKER
(nods, excited)
They were on foot, I saw 'em...
(gestures up street)
...headed that way. Two of 'em.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

39

COFFEY

The tall one had a black fishnet
T-shirt and grey pants. The
other one jeans and a grey
sweatshirt.

LARUE

(moving for sedan)

I'll radio for back-ups.

PAWNBROKER

Yeah, a ripped grey sweatshirt.
They couldn't have gotten
too far.

WASHINGTON

(calling after LaRue)

Perimeter search, J.D.! Richmond,
Linwood, Ferry and Utica.

(back to Hill, Renko, Bates

and Coffey, pumped)

Come on. Let's move it.

As Hill, Renko, Bates, Coffey and the other uniforms sprint for
their units, and two more squad cars squeal up to the scene --

CUT TO:

39A INT. N.D. SEDAN - DAY - LARUE AND WASHINGTON
Prowling, scanning:

39A

BATES

(radio squawk)

Unit 2203. Vicinity of Utica
and 138 is clear.

X

LARUE

(to radio mike)

Approaching 132nd and Van Buren,
northbound. Clear up here.

CUT TO:

40 INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY - HILL AND RENKO

40

cruising, slowly. Hill scouring the alleys and doorways,
Renko at the wheel, under --

UNIFORM'S VOICE

(RADIO SQUAWK)

Unit 2207. Nothing in vicinity
Utica and 1-3-8.

RENKO

I don't know, Bobby. Thirty
seconds a block, four, five
minutes. They could be all the
way to Decker by now.

BATES

(radio squawk)

Unit 2203. N.D. 7-6-7, turn
up 133 to Van Buren. We'll
proceed east on 134.

X

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

HILL
(eyes on street)
Maybe. Maybe not.

LARUE'S VOICE
(RADIO SQUAWK)
N.D. 7-6-7. 133 and
Van Buren, clear.

RENKO
Either that or they live in
one of these local roach pads
and are cribbin' it even as
we speak...

UNIFORM'S VOICE
(radio squawk)
Richmond and 135 is clear.

X

Under which they have passed a side alley, down which Hill
has peripherally sensed some vague motion and --

HILL
Back up, Renko

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

RENKO

(slowing)

I didn't see nothing...

HILL

(overriding)

Just back up, would you please?!

Renko stomps on the brakes, slams it into reverse and backs up even to the alley, down the length of which, and through Hill's passenger window, we suddenly spot --

41 POV - TWO BLACK MALES

41

Dressed according to the aforementioned description, one of them carrying an overloaded shopping bag, headed up the alley and towards camera as, on the cut, they suddenly react to the squad car O.S., then wheel and sprint full bore back down the alley, as --

42 RESUME HILL AND RENKO

42

The former snatches up the radio mike as Renko cranks a vicious turn and jams down the alley after the fleeing suspects, seen through the windshield in b.g. under --

HILL

(X)

RENKO

(pumped, into mike)
Unit 2202. In pursuit.
Going north on Utica; west
of Elmwood. Backups requested
in first alley off Jefferson.

(accelerating, to himself)
That's right, run you suckers.

Just as --

43 EXT. ALLEY - DAY - THE SUSPECTS

43

Reach an L-turn in the alley at full sprint just as a garbage truck, with inches to spare, squeezes up alley and around the turn, blocking their exit as the squad car barrels in from behind. Dropping the grocery bag, out of which there clatters several gold chalices and a crucifix, the pair frantically scale a six foot wall and disappear. One halfsecond later the squad car jams up to the wall and disgorges Hill and Renko who, jumping onto the front hood, likewise disappear over the wall.

44 EXT. GHETTO STREET - DAY - THE SUSPECTS

44

As, on the cut, they suddenly appear at full sprint out of the mouth of an alley and jam down the sidewalk, bowling over several pedestrians as --

45 HILL AND RENKO

45

Bolt out of the alley in full foot-pursuit, a mere fifty feet behind and --

45A AN N.D. SEDAN - WITH LARUE AND WASHINGTON

45A

Barrels up the street.

46 THE SUSPECTS

46

veer across four lanes of noonday traffic and head into a rubble-strewn, deserted ghetto lot.

47 HILL AND RENKO

47

do likewise, the latter glancing painfully off the front bumper of a braking Chevy, then both headed into --

48 EXT. DESERTED LOT

48

as the shorter of the suspects trips over a pile of rubbish and is immediately pounced on by Hill whereupon --

49 RENKO

49

gains on the latter one, who has slowed for a panicked glance back, and catches him with a desperate flying tackle. Both cop and suspect tumble painfully into the rubble whereupon, grabbing a stray two-by-four, the suspect delivers it soundly to Renko's neck. Screaming in pain, Renko lays the man out with a vicious roundhouse to the temple, then leaps on him and begins to cuff him. The man struggles viciously; LaRue and Washington arrive and pile on, the suspect is quickly subdued and hustled up as Hill, eyes enraged, approaches with his handcuffed suspect, and two squad cars barrel in across the lot, sirens blaring.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

FADE IN

50 INT. FRONT CORRIDOR - DAY

50

The front corridor is congested with press and civilians claiming legitimate business. They're the top of the mob still growing out on the street. The atmosphere is tense -- people waiting for something to happen. Leo's in charge of keeping them at bay and he's running short of patience. All this as Celestine and Gerald are steamrolled in through the main entrance by Washington, LaRue, Bates and Coffey, Hill and Renko, the latter having incurred a torn shirt and somewhat bruised mug in his recent one rounder. The press rides them all the way to the front desk.

CYNTHIA COX

Who are they?

WASHINGTON

There'll be a statement.

CYNTHIA COX

Give us some names.

RENKO

(pushing a cameraman aside)
Watch out, come on!

COFFEY

(sealing off their rear)
Let's imagine a line, okay?
Let's not go beyond the line.

51 ON LARUE

51

As he separates from the pack, which moves on to booking. He slips through the squadroom to --

52 OMIT

52 X

52A INT. SQUAD ROOM

52AX

where Furillo and Goldblume have been watching. As LaRue enters:

FURILLO

Was it clean? Were they advised?

LARUE

Right away.

FURILLO

What have they said?

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

LARUE
(sarcastic)
They're virgins. They found the
stuff in an alley.

There's sudden commotion through the glass in booking. Heads
turn.

53 FURILLO'S POV

53

Celestine is scuffling with Hill and Renko. He's subdued. It's
been a quick study in pathological aggression.

54 RESUME OFFICE

54

FURILLO
(to Goldblume)
Henry, let's get the church
goods shown to Sister Agnes.
Then I want you to arrange a
line-up. We'll wait until
their attorneys arrive.

X

CUT TO:

55 INT. LINEUP ROOM

55

His back against the door, Furillo watches LaRue and Celestine
in the middle of the room. LaRue's crouched in front of
Celestine. Celestine is on a hairtrigger.

LARUE
How long've you lived there?

CELESTINE
Couple months. Get out of
my face.

LARUE
Or what?

CELESTINE
Or I'll spit in it.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

LARUE

Hey spit in my face, Celestine.
Then I'll break both your arms.

Which brings a mildly admonishing glance from Furillo.

LARUE (CONT'D)

Why'd you beat up the Sister?

X

CELESTINE

What Sister?

(sits back against cramps;
feet bouncing slightly)

Where's my lawyer at?

LARUE

On the way. I told you you don't
have to say anything. 'Less you
figure your buddy Gerald's giving
you to my partner.

X

CELESTINE

Gimme for what? We try and move
some equipment, you 'talkin' 'bout
we got over some nun.

LARUE

(as Furillo comes alert)

What do mean "got over"?

CELESTINE

Rape her, whatever you...

LARUE

Nobody said rape.

CELESTINE

Beat her up! Hey where's my
damn lawyer?

Celestine turns away, wraps his arms around himself. Off the
look from Furillo which regretfully calls LaRue off --

CUT TO:

56 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

56

Furillo enters. Gerald, the second suspect, is talking to
Washington:

GERALD

(a man of reason; eager to
correct a misunderstanding)

Check our sheet. We did some
breaking-in, 'never nothing like
this here, what you saying with
this Sister.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

WASHINGTON

Was it you robbed these other churches?

GERALD

(apologetically)

Not saying we did, not saying we didn't, you know, I got to leave that to my attorney. But I'd definitely say we didn't do nothin' with this other crime.

WASHINGTON

'You telling me your partner couldn't do violence?

X

GERALD

(laughs nervously)

Talkin' 'bout a fight, Celestine's bad, like he mix with that cowboy dude. See but he wouldn't move on some religious nun...

X

FURILLO

(suddenly moving forward;
nose to nose)

No good Gerald. You guys did it. Now maybe Celestine was in front. Why don't you help yourself out...?

GERALD

(the tom disappearing; a contemptuous cobra)

I'll help myself, Jack. I'll shut up till my mouth gets here. Move off me.

57 OMIT

CUT TO:

57

57A INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

57A

As Furillo emerges from the second interrogation room and is immediately approached by Goldblume.

X

GOLDBLUME

Frank, Sister Agnes gave us a positive ID on the church items.

FURILLO

Good. Did Chesley get the search warrant for their rooming house yet?

X

GOLDBLUME

Yeah. He's headed over there.

X

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

FURILLO

(nods, a beat)

Are we ready in line-up?

X

GOLDBLUME

(nodding)

I've got Bates waiting with the
Sister.

FURILLO

We need the lab report,
Henry.

X

X

GOLDBLUME

Mick's on that.

FURILLO

Tell him to kick some butt.

X

This is said looking toward the front door, where --

58 DAVENPORT AND RALPH MANCUSO

58 X

the latter a balding, mid-thirties, shlumpily overweight figure, are trying to wedge through the buildup of media in the front area. The tone of the crowd has gotten uglier. The sight of suspects has been like a blood spoor to a carnivore. A uniform trying to help Davenport and Mancuso through, is shoved. There are hot words: "Outta the way! Keep it clear!" Furillo arrives on the scene and flashbulbs and questions start popping.

FURILLO

(to Davenport, over the din)
Counselor.

He shepherds them away, during which, loud:

REPORTER

Can we get something on the
arrest, Captain?Furillo's nod is politely non-committal. As they move to the
coffee area of the --

59 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

59

DAVENPORT

(quiet-voiced in deference
to Furillo's desire for privacy;
calm)Ralph Mancuso , this is Captain
Furillo.

X

(checks names)

We're here to see Celestine Gray
and Gerald Chapman.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

MANCUSO

X

I'm going to be doing affiliate work with Ms. Davenport's office Captain. As you probably know the public defender isn't permitted...

FURILLO

MANCUSO

X

I know.

...to defend multiple suspects.

Furillo's interruption pricks Ralph's bubble. He's just a nervous novice trying to make an impression.

MANCUSO (CONT'D)

X

I'd like to go on record that that's a frightening group of people outside.

FURILLO

They think your clients committed a frightening crime.

DAVENPORT

(practical)
They'll need extra protection going to arraignment, Frank.

FURILLO

They'll get it. Right now I want them in a line-up.

DAVENPORT

Line-up for who?

FURILLO

(curt)
The Sister who saw the suspects fleeing. We've already connected your people with the goods.

With that, Furillo starts off toward line-up.

CUT TO:

60 INT. LINE-UP ROOM - POV - PLATFORM

60

as five black males file onto the stage, Celestine number two, Gerald number five.

GOLDBLUME'S VOICE (through intercom)

All the way to the end. Hit your mark and face forward.

The men do as told. Gerald is being evasive, holding his head down.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

GOLDBLUME (CONT'D)
Get your head up, number five.

61 ON FURILLO AND SISTER AGNES

61

Seated in the dark. Davenport, Mancuso, LaRue and Washington are behind them. Bates is there too. Sister Agnes is nervous. Her eyes dart from suspect to suspect, confused and uncertain. She wants very badly to succeed. Furillo reads her perfectly.

X

FURILLO
Please take your time, Sister.

SISTER AGNES
(shaking her head)
I'm sorry...

62 ON GOLDBLUME

62

GOLDBLUME
Turn to your right, please --
profile.

The line turns.

63 FURILLO AND SISTER AGNES

63

Sister Agnes is straining. Furillo has already given up.

SISTER AGNES
I don't know -- I'm sorry. I
was too far and they were running
so fast.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY - ON FURILLO

64

exiting line-up followed by the other occupants. Goldblume escorting Sister Agnes. As he heads for his office, he's intercepted by Calletano, who hands him a note.

X
X
X

FURILLO
(reads; closing his eyes)
Damn.

CALLETANO
She died without regaining
consciousness.

Furillo looks to Belker, who's approached.

BELKER
(low key)
Lab report's pretty sketchy, Captain.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

BELKER (CONT'D)

They had to operate, Captain.
Didn't help the forensics much.

X

FURILLO

Can't they give us anything?

X

BELKER

Just blood type. The attacker
was type O, for what that's worth.

X

FURILLO

(exasperated)

Can they say how many?

Belker shakes his head.

BELKER

Are we gonna lose these guys,
Captain?

CALLETANO

(looks toward the front
desk)

I'm worried when we bring them out,
Frank. Howard says there's two
hundred people on the street and
more coming.

FURILLO

Get some backups from Jefferson
Heights.

CUT TO:

65 INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

65

The crowd presses in on the thin line of uniforms. Tempers are short. One little spark is all that's needed to set off a major problem. A street-tough nineteen year old lapsed Catholic asks Leo in a voice angrily embarrassed by its own emotional distress:

BOY

When're they gonna take 'em
downtown?

LEO

What's it to you son?

BOY

I got a right to ask. What do
you, protect 'em?

LEO

Yes we do.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

65

Suddenly, back in the crowd --

WOMAN'S VOICE

(wailing)

She's dead! She's dead! It's
on the radio!

The response from the crowd is immediate and vicious. Shouting breaks out in all directions: "Murdering scum!" "Justice -- we want justice!" The cops shout back and just barely succeed in keeping the media from surging through, as we find --

66 COFFEY AND MURPHY

66

Caught in the tumult. Coffey, who's been working the outside steps, is running interference for Murphy, a rumpled, ineffectual-looking man in a Sears business suit. It's a battle of inches for the front desk, and Murphy is visibly concerned they won't make it.

He's held up by a film crew delivering a live report in his ear. He freezes, listening, his face turning three shades of pale. Coffey has to pull him to the sanctuary of the front desk.

CYNTHIA COX

(over the excitement)

As you can see, Tracy, emotions are running hot here at the station where the investigation of what is now the murder of Sister Anna Carmela continues. We know two men are in custody, but as yet we have no names or if, in fact the police intend to make formal charges. I can tell you that there's deep anger and resentment here, in the police as well as those gathering out front.

COFFEY
(pointing to the
squadroom)
He's over there.

Murphy, his legs a little weak, follows the finger. Bates takes a second from managing the press to ask Coffey:

BATES

What's it like out front?

COFFEY

People aren't too keen on
judicial process.

X

67 INT. SQUADROOM - ON CALLETANO

67

Standing over his desk, hanging up the phone to Jefferson Heights, just as Murphy strolls into the picture.

MURPHY

Lt. Calitano?

CALLETANO

Yes?

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

Murphy glances nervously back at the crowd, then offers his hand to a confused Calletano.

MURPHY

I'm Donald Murphy. I'll be going with you to the IRS this afternoon.

CALLETANO

I don't understand. Where is Mr. Owens?

MURPHY

He's no longer with the company.
(digging into briefcase)
I've had a quick look at your return. It seems fairly in order...

CALLETANO

(panicking)
But you don't know about the lottery ticket or the dress patterns! How can you go with me?

MURPHY

Dress patterns?

CALLETANO

I didn't declare some extra income. Mr. Owens said not to.

MURPHY

(a face)
Seriously? That's a definite infraction. I must remind you, Lieutenant, that we don't accompany you as legal advisors.

CALLETANO

I want to see Mr. Owens!

MURPHY

So does the FBI. There are warrants out for his arrest for interstate fraud. They think he's in Paraguay. Or Bolivia.

Calletano sits hard. We can almost hear him mentally genuflecting. Murphy goes back to the return.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

I don't know. I guess the return looks in order, provided the IRS hasn't found out about the extra income.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED - 2

67

CALLETANO

What will they do to me?

MURPHY

Excuse me?

CALLETANO

If they know -- what will happen to me?

MURPHY

I'm a little curious about that myself.

(off Calletano's look)

This is my first week on the job. Kinda moonlighting if you know what I mean. Primarily I sell biodegradeable soap products.

(conspiratorially)

Lieutenant, let me ask you a question. Have you ever held a handful of ordinary laundry detergent? There's a burning sensation -- the phosphates.

CALLETANO

(panicked)

I'm not going!

MURPHY

Lieutenant Calitano. I'm told the I.R.S. doesn't take kindly to no-shows.

CALLETANO

(grabbing Murphy by the sleeve)

Out!

And as Calletano marches him toward the exit, he's crossed by --

68 OMIT

68

69 LEO AND MRS. RODRIGUES

69

the woman from the bodega, transiting to --

70 FURILLO'S OFFICE

where Furillo listens with obvious disappointment. Then --

FURILLO

Search it one more time, then
come back in.

(after thought)

And the vicinity of the building, Alf.

(soto)

Okay.

He's a picture of frustration replacing the receiver. He grabs
his coat and heads for the door. Runs into Leo --

FURILLO

Leo, I want you to call the D.A.'s
Office. Tell Bernstein
not to leave for Grand Jury
proceeding until I get there.

LEO

Uh, Captain, this is Mrs. Eladio
Rodrigues. Mrs. Rodrigues' husband
was...

FURILLO

(pulling up)

I'm sorry for your loss.

MRS. RODRIGUES

(furious)

Where are your men, Captain? I
wait for the detectives to come
back. I wait for who takes
fingerprints. I want who killed
my husband to be caught.

FURILLO

Mrs. Rodrigues...

MRS. RODRIGUES

I know the Sister is attacked
today. Did the Sister support
a family? Does she have
beautiful hands like my Eladio?

And finally Mrs. Rodrigues weeps. She sits in the chair in front
of Furillo's desk and covers her face with her hands as her body
shakes with sobs. Furillo touches her shoulder consolingly for a
instant, then -- with Leo taking his place beside her -- goes to
the door and signals Goldblume. He goes to the corner for his
coat, then comes back to her:

FURILLO

I want you to talk with Detective
Goldblume, all right, Mrs. Rodrigues?
Detective Goldblume will help you.

LEO

(beside her; solicitous)
Detective Goldblume is gonna help.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

Furillo stops Goldblume on the way in. Says low and worried, indicating Mrs. Rodrigues.

FURILLO

Leo will fill you in. Do
what you can.

X

Furillo leaves.

71 INT. SQUADROOM

71

As Furillo heads for the front desk. He pauses at the sight of Celestine and Gerald being led out of the holding area. They're stood like furniture near booking as their escort musters to transport them across town for arraignment. Davenport and Mancuso are keeping them company. Furillo moves on by.

X

72 FRONT CORRIDOR

72

The crowd in the forward area is agitated again, this time at the reappearance of the two suspects. We see Fay pushing through to the desk like a junior halfback.

FAY

Will you please --!

A uniform makes the mistake of trying to hold her back with the others.

FAY

You're on my foot!

He lets go, belatedly recognizing her. She breaks clear of the mob just as Furillo appears on the far side of the front desk heading out. They see each other simultaneously. Furillo tries to sidestep but Fay nails him in the corridor with --

FAY

What is going on here?

FURILLO

Fay, I'm on my way out. There's --

Sudden, wild commotion behind them in the crowd. A scream --

MAN'S VOICE

Gun! He's got a gun!

73 FRONT DESK

73

A shape lunges through the crowd and vaults the far side of the front desk. It's a nondescript man with a snub-nosed .38. He points the weapon across the room toward booking and fires four rapid shots over the desk. Leo and the others caught in the line on fire hit the deck. Furillo throws himself on Fay and they both tumble to the floor.

X

74 ANGLE - SUSPECTS

74

As the bullets strike around them, shattering glass. Everyone, including the attorneys and police escort, drops to the floor. People are screaming. There's smoke and noise.

75 FRONT DESK

75

Hill, Renko, Coffey and two other uniforms dog-pile onto the assailant. He fights back with the superhuman strength of a psychotic. The .22 goes skyward with several hands on it. And then assailant and cops collapse in one big squirming heap of arms and legs, as

76 BELKER

76

launches himself from his desk in the squadroom, leaping through doorways and over the front desk like a deranged gazelle to join the fray. He gets hold of a leg and plants his incisors in the kneecap. The assailant screams and loses some of his fight.

77 ANGLE - SUSPECTS

77

Getting to their feet with the help of cops. There's broken glass and destruction all around them. Gerald is in shock, babbling. Celestine is in a blind rage. He tries to break loose.

CELESTINE

You tryin' to kill me! You
tryin' to kill me!

78 FRONT DESK

78

As the cops succeed in pinning the assailant on his stomach and cuffing him. He's still struggling as they lift him to his feet. Furillo is up and barking orders.

FURILLO

Get him into interrogation! Now!

The assailant is hustled off. Furillo almost individually attacks the crowd.

FURILLO (CONT'D)

I want everybody out of here!
The press -- everybody! Get out!

Uniforms start manhandling the crowd out the main entrance. There are complaints and threats but they go. Furillo turns to Bates.

FURILLO (CONT'D)

Bates, I want somebody at the door.
Nobody comes in unless they're
connected with the case -- and
frisk 'em!
(rubbernecking; to the room)
Was anyone hit?

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED

78

The situation is still chaotic. Coffey volunteers.

COFFEY

I think he shot high, Cap'n.

Furillo catches sight of someone o.s.

79 ANGLE - FAY

79

Sitting on a bench in the corridor, shaking, a near basket case. Her head rests in her hand. Blood is running down her arm from a scalp wound. Furillo goes to her.

FURILLO

Fay, are you all right?

She looks up at him as if she doesn't comprehend the question. She's in shock. He sits down beside as she starts rambling.

FAY

I had to see you about Frank Jr.'s school registration. It's -- they want to skip him a grade. I mean, I'm happy about it but maybe it'd be better if he stayed with his own age group. What do you think?

FURILLO

We can talk about it later.

FAY

He scored so high on his achievement tests...

Fay unconsciously runs a hand through her hair, notices for the first time that it's covered with blood.

FAY (CONT'D)

My God, I'm bleeding!

She's losing it. Furillo takes hold of her and checks the wound.

FURILLO

(shouting across the room)

Leo!

(to Fay; calming)

You caught some glass. It doesn't look bad but you're going to the hospital. Can you stand?

He helps her up as Leo arrives. Leo tries not to show too much distress at the sight of Fay's injury.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

79

LEO
(leading gently)
Over here, Mrs. Furillo.
(lame)
It's good to let scalp
wounds bleed a little.

FURILLO
Are you o.k.?

FAY
Yes. I think so.

FURILLO
I'll call you at the hospital...

Furillo watches them go. He's beginning to sag himself. Commotion
o.s. causes him to look into the squadroom.

80 FURILLO'S POV - CELESTINE AND GERALD

80

being escorted out the side door by a double escort of
police officers. Celestine is cussing and causing trouble.

X

BACK TO FURILLO

There's hate behind the stoneface. He watches them go, then heads
for the main entrance.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

81 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

81

A.D.A. Irwin Bernstein enters hurriedly.

BERNSTEIN

I'm sorry. I heard she died.
(sitting across from
Furillo)

For the Grand Jury I'm going
to need the arresting officer,
the officers who recovered and
ran down the religious articles,
and one of the articles them-
selves. We can have an in-
dictment by six o'clock.

X

FURILLO

Don't go to the Grand Jury,
Irwin.

BERNSTEIN

Don't go? We've got a whole
city screaming for action on
this one.

FURILLO

I know you can get an indictment,
but what about down the road?
We've got no weapon, no forensics,
no one to put them at St. Mary's
and all they've got for priors
are low-rent B.&E.'s.

BERNSTEIN

You search their place yet?

FURILLO

Nothing in it. No prints in the
church, either.

BERNSTEIN

So, comon, you'll take six months
and build a case.

FURILLO

Irwin - I've got all wrapping and nothing in
the package. You know as well as I do, what we
don't have today's not going to get better tomorrow.

BERNSTEIN

They did it, didn't they?
(dawning thought)
Hey Frank, if you're holding
something back from me...

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

FURILLO

I'm not holding anything back!
Of course they did it! I
watched these guys through
Interrogation and for an hour
and a half the hairs on the
back of my neck stood up.

BERNSTEIN

So?

X
X

FURILLO

So I need a confession. Now.
If we indict for murder without it,
they'll go right into Protective,
their lawyers'll be around them
like armor plate, and six months
later we still won't have a
confession -- or a case.
(a look)

X

X

But consider the alternative.

BERNSTEIN

What alternative?

FURILLO

Charge them with what we've got,
the stolen property, and set bail
accordingly... They'll have an
interesting choice, won't they?

X

Furillo's intention dawns on the A.D.A.

BERNSTEIN

Are you kidding? Frank, there's
a lynch mob out there.

FURILLO

I know there's a lynch mob out
there, and I think I can use it.

BERNSTEIN

You'll be signing a death
warrant.

FURILLO

Call the Judge.

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

Furillo at the moment looks like a man ready to execute the warrant as well as sign it. Off his holding the receiver out to Bernstein and Bernstein's cowed response:

BERNSTEIN

Mrs. Bernstein. Look what your son
Irwin is doing.

CUT TO:

82 INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT

82

Crowded with sullen onlookers, on hand chiefly for the bail arraignment of Gerald and Celestine. Mo Schiller is on the bench, Bernstein mans the D.A.'s table, as, on the cut, Davenport and Mancuso step forward to the defense table, to be met there by their clients being led out from holding, under --

COURT OFFICER

(reading off papers)

Twenty-six on the calendar, Gerald
Chapman and Celestine Gray, charged
with 140.20, Misdemeanor Possession
of Stolen Property.

X

(handing papers to Schiller)

It's on for bail setting.

SCHILLER

Mr. D.A., your application?

Celestine is cramping. Furillo is beside Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN

Your Honor, in view of the
relative lack of seriousness of
the crimes charged, the People
are not asking for bail.
Defendants may be released on
their own recognizance.

SCHILLER

Defense counsel?

MANCUSO

(off guard)

Uh, very reasonable...

DAVENPORT

Reasonable?!

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Judge, my client was shot at this
afternoon! My client's name is in
every newspaper, connected to a
heinous crime! Look at this
courtroom, infested with vultures.
I demand protective incarceration
for my client.

CONTINUED

SCHILLER

As you know, Ms. Davenport, it's not the purpose of bail to protect defendants from matters not before this court. D.A.'s request granted -- release on recognizance.

DAVENPORT

Judge! Is the court unaware there may be mob contracts on my client's life?

SCHILLER

(patient)

Ms. Davenport, this is a tribunal of rules and procedures... Please, if your client were charged with a felony, he could elect to remain in custody, under C.C.P. 3606. But since we only have a misdemeanor...

DAVENPORT

(urgent; seeing one last opening)

Then why a misdemeanor, Judge? Can you answer me that? Why? The items taken from the church are very possibly of felony value. Are you going to let the D.A. avoid the intent of 3606 by connivingly charging only a misdemeanor?

Schiller is impressed by Davenport's persistence, and by the validity of her last argument. Raising an eyebrow, hesitating --

SCHILLER

What do you say, Mr. D.A.? Do we have felony stolen property here?

A colloquy interrupted from the back of the courtroom by --

SHOUTER

Don't let her start with the technicalities, Judge! Give 'em to us!

Schiller angrily gavels the shouter down with --

SCHILLER

Quiet! Quiet in the courtroom!

Meanwhile, Bernstein has been conferring with Furillo, and --

CONTINUED

BERNSTEIN

(to Schiller)

Your Honor, rather than overtax the Corrections Department with a needless incarceration, the People have decided simply to drop the charges. Defendants, though they remain prime suspects in a capital crime, are free to go.

DAVENPORT

Free to go!? Your Honor, this is a travesty! I petition for police protection for my client!

SCHILLER

You'll have to speak with Captain Furillo about that.

(raps gavel)

Charges dismissed on motion of D.A.

As murmurs erupt in the courtroom and Corrections Officers begin to lead the defendants off, Davenport holds out for --

DAVENPORT

For the record, then. For the record. The District Attorney and Police Department have clearly conspired to dismiss these charges in order to coerce a confession of murder from my client or his co-defendant.

A BEAT, filled on Schiller's part with private admiration for Davenport's righteous persistence, and offering her the opportunity, having spoken her piece, of graceful exit. Davenport declines:

DAVENPORT

(bitterly, knowing that she's lost)

So what we have here is a neat little exercise in legalist vigilanteism. What got you into their bed Your Honor?...

83 CLOSE ON

83

Mancuso, covering his face.

DAVENPORT (O.C. - CONT'D)

A little "letter of the law" in one ear...

84 RESUME

84

On Davenport, looking to Bernstein.

84 CONTINUED

84

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
...a little "good of the
community"...
(glancing at Furillo)
in the other...

SCHILLER
(resolutely smiling)
Miss Davenport, before you
extend your speculations, I'm
going to suggest you reflect on
the fact there's no longer a
case before this court, then
count whatever you count when you're
trying to regain your self-control.
In the interim I declare this court
adjourned.

Mo gavels -- and without pause leans over his bench to point a
finger at Davenport's nose:

SCHILLER (CONT'D)
And don't you ever when I'm on
this bench ever speak like that
to me again, or I'll throw you in
jail!

As Schiller storms toward chambers, Celestine is doubled up in
pain.

DAVENPORT
(to bailiff, referring
to Celestine)
Get him to County -- he's in withdrawal.

Then, storming towards the doors, past a near-mob of vultures
right in the courtroom she shouts to Furillo across the width
of the corridor --

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
You railroading bastard!

while Ralph Mancuso has a more instructive message from his
client to deliver to Furillo --

MANCUSO
Captain, my client has advised me
he would like to talk with you.

X

85 INT. TOMBS INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

85

where Furillo, with obvious prior approval from Bernstein, who
sits across from Mancuso and Gerald, paces as he reiterates
terms:

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

85

FURILLO
Second degree murder, without
recommendation for leniency...

MANCUSO
(protesting, despite his
obvious lack of leverage)
Captain, you're talking twenty-
five to life...

X

FURILLO
(insistent; no bartering)
You work the numbers yourself,
Counselor. No leniency.

MANCUSO
But we do get the name change
and the federal facility.

X

BERNSTEIN
Standard change of identity.
Maximum security federal penitentiary.

FURILLO
But he's got to roll all the way
over. Confession and testimony.

86 CLOSE ON - GERALD

86

trying to affirm such an arrangement is proper --

FURILLO'S VOICE
Gerald?

GERALD
It was Celestine said to do it.
She wouldn't let us, she locked
us out the room, Celestine was
all loaded, jumpin' bad...

87 RESUME

87

as a sickened Furillo opens the interrogation room door, tells the
Corrections Officer outside --

FURILLO
Get the stenographer.

CUT TO:

88 INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT - BELKER

88

at his desk, looking up as we --

89 WIDEN TO INCLUDE EDDIE GRAIG

in some impressive, relatively understated threads, and with three books under his arm. He hands them to Belker:

EDDIE

These are about... what happens to some people when, you know, they get older. They're from the library; you can keep them for sixty days.

BELKER

Thanks.

EDDIE

May I call you by your first name?

Belker nods.

EDDIE

Mick.

(pointing to one of the books)
It looked like "Living With Forgetting" was the best.

Belker looks through his titles, regards that book's cover.

EDDIE

I think one of the chapters...
it's about not being ashamed...

(beat)

I put a bookmark.

Mick nods again -- now cases Eddie's clothes:

BELKER

You look good.

Eddie does a small turn.

EDDIE

I thought about what you said before.
About degrading myself.....? No more
bus-station men's-rooms for Eddie Graig.

X

BELKER

Attaboy.

EDDIE

I'm going to work the men's-
room at the Hotel Excelsior.

No real surprise in Mick's eyes, and some affection. We pick up --

90 DAVENPORT

crossing towards Furillo's office.

91 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE - FURILLO

Sees her, gets to his feet, continues with the paperwork at his desk - the gesture somehow communicating respect for Davenport's position in the argument both know is to come. Furillo's eyes stay down after both know he's aware of her presence: the opening is to be hers.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

91

DAVENPORT

I want you to know that what
you did today frightens me.

FURILLO

I understand.

DAVENPORT

Do you?

Furillo finally meets her eyes --

FURILLO

This is the kind of crime that
tears a city apart, Joyce. It
brings out what's savage in
thousands of people. It has to
be dealt with very quickly.

DAVENPORT

So the book goes out the window.

FURILLO

I went by the book. I pushed a
little hard at the bindings.

DAVENPORT

That's a crock of the well-known
article, Furillo. You bulldozed...

FURILLO

I did what I've seen you do for
your clients fifty times. I used
every resource...

DAVENPORT

Furillo! I'm a public defender.
I play a role in a system of
checks and balances, and other
people are supposed to play theirs
with the same kind of energy. You
with your jungle justice threw
that all out of whack today.
Gerald Chapman would have confessed
to killing Abraham Lincoln to avoid
that mob tonight.

X

There's little anger left in Davenport; mostly a mix of weary
resignation and despair. A BEAT.

FURILLO

(quietly)

I can live with what I did, Joyce.
I trusted my instincts and they were
right. Under these circumstances I'd
do it again.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED - 2

91

Davenport nods.

DAVENPORT

You can trust your instincts, Frank. Maybe even I can trust your instincts. But I don't want to trust everybody's instincts. I want there to be rules, and I want them obeyed - especially by people who wear badges and guns. You perverted the law today. And you're so damn happy about snagging your confession you don't even begin to see it yet... Please, Frank... see it.

Furillo's steady gaze effectively hides whether she's struck home with him or not. A BEAT.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

How's Fay? Is she all right?

Furillo nods again.

FURILLO

I talked to her. Just a couple stitches in her head. She's fine.

Davenport takes a moment.

DAVENPORT

Frank, I don't think I can be with you tonight.

FURILLO

I understand.

X

Their eyes meet -- without antagonism or apology, and with mutual regret. Davenport turns to leave. Furillo stops her with --

FURILLO

You know, Joyce, Gerald not only gave us a confession, he gave us the location of the murder weapon. There's no mistake. These are the killers.

DAVENPORT

(hurt)

Is that where you make your stand finally, Frank -- with the oldest excuse in the world? The end justifies the means...?

CONTINUED

She leaves; walks slowly through the squad room, leaving Furillo with his chin in his hands. Goldblume pokes his head in.

GOLDBLUME

Frank, on the Rodrigues robbery-homicide, I went over there with Mrs. Rodrigues. No witnesses. And there's no way we're going to get on-going S.I.D.

FURILLO

Let's at least try, first thing tomorrow.

GOLDBLUME

I'll do my best. But we're really jammed.

(beat)

I don't think we're gonna make this one, Frank.

Wearily, Furillo grabs his coat, departs his office, crossing Calletano in the squad room.

FURILLO

How'd it go with the I.R.S. today, Ray?

CALLETANO

I called the District manager, and explained our situation. I see them at four thirty tomorrow...

(a beat)

The men are proud of what you did today, Frank.

Off Furillo's half smile of sad acknowledgment --

CUT TO

92 EXT. A CHURCH - NIGHT

92

Furillo hurries up the church steps to the door, opens it, as we --

CUT TO

93 INT. A CONFESSIONAL - CLOSE ON FURILLO

93

He waits. The sliding door opens. He hears breathing behind the mesh. Kneeling, he addresses his Confessor:

FURILLO

Bless me Father, for I have sinned...

THE END

FADE OUT