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HILL STREET STATION

by

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CAST

Sergeant Phillip Esterhaus

Captain Francis "Frank" Furillo

Mick Belker

Johnny LaRue

Joyce Davenport

Ray Calletano

Lucille Bates

Neal Washington

Sergeant Hunter

Henry Goldblume

Contreras

Earps

Renko

Hill

Lamonica

Gonzales

Fay Furillo

Hector Ruiz

Jesus Martinez

Marv

Detective

Pimp

Khaki Officer

Pickpocket

Sneed

Voice

Woman

Girl

William

Puerto Ricans #1 and #2

HILL STREET STATION

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 OMIT 1

2 OMIT 2

3 INT. STATION HOUSE - ROLL CALL AREA - DAY 3

OPEN CLOSE on SERGEANT PHILLIP ESTERHAUS, (48), a strong sensitive face atop a body of uncommon physical prowess, a physique capable of changing truck tires without first removing the bolts. He reads from his clipboard.

ESTERHAUS

Item fourteen, we've still got a gang of juveniles on 119th Street hitting old people, cashing Social Security checks.

(pensive)

Now, how about let's give that situation a little extra effort.

Esterhaus glances up.

4 REVERSE 4

Thirty cops at tables acknowledge the fact with nods and the occasional grunt. No levity.

5 VARIOUS 5

As Esterhaus gives item fourteen a pencil check and continues.

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

Item fifteen, at this point in time we've got the same purse-snatcher working Wolf from the projects on South. He is a male black, age approximately thirty, six-feet-six inches tall, medium build. He is further described as wearing a long blond wig and powder blue cocktail style dress, gathered in little tucks at the waist.

Esterhaus kills the snickers with a deadly grin, then places his pencil check, and moves on to:

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

Item sixteen: Gang Homicides --
We had two last night, so there
(MORE)

CONTINUED

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)
are gonna be reprisals. Anything
to add Lamonica?

LAMONICA
Looks like the Conquistadors who
did it.

SNEED
'Saw that one coming.

LAMONICA
You're such an expert.

Several cops start crosstalking. "They were bragging
about crossing 125th Street, " "Lettum, cleanup the
ecology."

ESTERHAUS
(calling order)
Last item -- c'mon, last item.

The room settles down.

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)
Last item is a directive from
Divisional Commander Swanson,
concerning the alleged carrying of
bizarre and unauthorized weapons by
the officers of this precinct.

Thirty innocent faces look among themselves. No levity.

ESTERHUAS (CONT'D)
Said officers are hereby warned
to immediately surrender such
weapons to the custody of their
sergeant or face disciplinary
action. That weapons inspection
starts now.

Thirty officers as one, groan, fold up their notebooks and
push to their feet. In doing so, we are suddenly surprised
by the materialization of a hidden arsenal of saps, chains,
brass knuckles, clubs, knives, nun-chucks, revolvers, auto-
matic pistols, etc.; they appear from boots, cuffs, pockets
and brassieres and are placed in a heap into Esterhaus'
table. Worried faces observe Esterhaus surveying the
mountain of weaponry before consulting his clipboard, and
giving this final item a pencil check.

ESTERHUAS (CONT'D)
Okay, that's it. Let's roll, and
let's be careful out there.

and with that, Esterhaus exits the room. A beat, then

6

TABLE

6

as thirty pairs of hands converge to retrieve the weapons,

CUT TO

A6 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

A6

Outside the booking and holding cell enclosure, filled with suspects, the overflow cuffed to a bench and chairs along the squad room side of the glass. Through the glass, rival Puerto Ricans (P.R. #1 with a handcuffed girlfriend) are hurling threats and insults, and on the cut, Lieutenant Calletano is moving in to handle it.

P.R. #1
(in Spanish)
I'm gonna kill you,
you pig. I'm gonna
slice out your belly
and feed it to you.

P.R. #2
(smirking; in
Spanish)
I did you a favor,
Chico -- 'Put in in the
junkyard where it belongs.

P.R. #1
You wrecked my car, and
you're gonna die.
(repeats it)

CALLETANO
(arriving, slamming
P.R. #1 back in his
seat; in Spanish)
You sit down and shut up!
Shut up! Shut your mouth!
(to smirking P.R. #2)
Turn around -- now or
you're all goin' to
psychiatric.

Include Esterhaus in b.g., pouring himself a cup of coffee.

P.R. #1
He wrecked my car.

CALLETANO
I told you to shut up! All
of you shut your mouths.

P.R. #1 does.

P.R. Girlfriend
(in Spanish)
It was cherry, man. New
curtains, new seat covers...
We fixed the whole car like
new and you knew it, too, you
pig -- you son of a pig --
(to Calletano; crying)
We weren't doing nothing to
him. He's a stinking, crooked,
lying pig.
(continue to ad-lib in
Spanish)

B6

FOLLOW CALLETANO

B6

Through the busy squad room toward Furillo's office. As he nears, we hear --

FURILLO'S VOICE

'You want me to hold or does she want to call back?

(beat)

Okay, I'll hold.

7

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

7

On CAPTAIN FRANCIS "FRANK" FURILLO, late thirties, a fifteen year veteran of the force, whose natural good looks betray too many symptoms of over work. In keeping with division's policy of image, his suit is conservative three piece. In keeping with The Hill, we find him in rolled up sleeves and an open vest, his sidearm in ready reach.

With the CUT, he is dealing simultaneously with a phonecall and two uniformed cops who look like they've just pissed the rug. Call them CONTRERAS and EARPS.

FURILLO (CONT'D)

(with hand over mouth-
piece; to Earps)

Was that before or after you split his head with the two-by-four?

EARPS

No, Sir.

CONTINUED

FURILLO

No, Sir, what? I don't understand what the hell you're telling me!

(to telephone)

Yes, I'm still holding.

(to Ortega)

You explain it to me, Contreras.

CONTRERAS

(cut in)

It wasn't no two-by-four he got hit with.

(beat)

It was a two-by-six.

FURILLO

Oh, well -- that makes all the difference in the world. We can relax now.

Frank looks at Esterhaus just entering and tosses the arrest warrant across the desk in his direction.

FURILLO (CONT'D)

Lookit this -- Wrong address on their warrant.

ESTERHAUS

(of the warrant)

'Shoulda never stopped doing these in pencil.

FURILLO

So when the guy understandably objects to being arrested, Earps here hits him with a board.

EARPS

We had to, man. We couldn't get his attention.

FURILLO

(fishing out his petty cash)

Look, just get him outta here. Buy him breakfast. Tell him we owe him one.

Contreras and Earps pick up the cash and, in hangdog fashion, start out.

CONTINUED

FURILLO (CONT'D)

And don't hit him anymore. Don't touch him. Don't even shake his hand.

(to Esterhaus)

I dunno, Phil.

ESTERHAUS

We all err, Francis.

FURILLO

(reacts to telephone voice)

What? "Grade school and precinct visitation program?" Sure we've got one. We've had one up here for years.

(listens)

"To interface with the police experience?" I see.

(looks at Esterhaus, listens)

Why not take my word for it, Ma'am -- I doubt there's a kid in this district who hasn't interfaced with the police experience.

ESTERHAUS

(impressed by the word)

"Interface," humph.

and makes a note of it on the margin of his clipboard.

8 INT. STATION HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

8

The route to the parking lot door. Amid the dozen or so cops heading for their vehicles, we pick up HILL (28, black, intelligent, perceptive) and RENKO (25, urban cowboy, a smiler).

RENKO

I open the door and there she is, standing in her bathrobe, showing me her drivers license. "Officer Renko", she says, "the day has come. Let's get on it and get it on." Whew!

Under the above, Hill, as well as enjoying Renko's anecdote, has sensed something changed in his partner's stature and now hesitates before realizing --

CONTINUED

8

CONTINUED

8

HILL

Did you grow some recently?

RENKO

New boots. Raise ya up.

and lifts a leg to display an outrageously tacky western shit-kicker under his uniform trouser leg.

HILL

(the diplomat)

Nice, real nice. They look uh -- strong.

Renko smiles hugely.

RENKO

Stronger'n mare's breath. They're actually yer basic dress boot.

Hill nods solemnly before reacting to what's now coming in.

9

PIMP

9

Six and a half feet of elegance that appears to have barely survived a trainwreck. Cuffed in caravan, two indignant, statuesque whores -- all being herded past Hill and Renko by the smallest vice cop in North America, MICK BELKER, whose --

BELKER

Move it, hairbag!

-- terrifies even these veteran offenders.

10

HOLDING CAGES

10

as Belker directs the three toward the Khaki station officer who polices the lockup. On the cut, the pimp sees Captain Furillo through the glass divider and siezes the opportunity to holler --

PIMP

This is a roust!

X

Just then, Belker's foot slams into his ass, and the pimp whirls around, ready to kill before he sees Belker crouched low, his fangs bared, the famous deadly growl chilling the station house to silence. With all eyes on them, the pimp steps back.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

PIMP (CONT'D)
(terrified)

He's crazy!

The Khaki officer has unlocked both cages and now gallantly takes a whore's elbow.

KHAKI OFFICER
Ladies, smoking or non-smoking?

11 INT. STATION HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

11

Cops are still heading out to their units as plainclothes detective JOHNNY LARUE (30) hesitates to catch a reflection of himself in a vending machine mirror. So handsome is this man, so arousing is he to female chemistry that his mere glance at a chicken will cause it to lay poached eggs. With him, his partner NEAL WASHINGTON (26, black) a former college jock, haunted by the knowledge that the difference of one half a step is the difference between the Pro Bowl and the toilet bowl. X

WASHINGTON
Come on, gorgeous, let's go
save the public.

Just as LaRue is about to reluctantly turn away, his eyes shift to another image in the glass.

LARUE
(adrenalized)
It's her, she's back.

LaRue turns as both look to --

12 INT. STATION ENTRANCE - DAY

12

The object of a thousand erotic dreams, Public Defender JOYCE DAVENPORT (28), enters with a vengeance. This is the new woman: toughness, ambition and unabashed intelligence in tailored tweed over a sheer blouse with an incredible inner life of its own.

13 VARIOUS

13

As she wickedly transits the station toward Furillo's office. Some cops look up from deskwork or offer a greeting while most just wistfully stare.

14 INT. CAPTAIN FURILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Frank, Sgt. Esterhaus and Lieutenant RAY CALLETANO (mid-thirties, an administrator) are pouring over a mountain of paperwork as the door flies open beneath Ms. Davenport's inertia.

DAVENPORT

All right, Furillo, I want him,
and I want him now! Where is he?

RAY

Where's who?

Frank looks from Davenport to Calletano.

FURILLO

Ray, would you instruct the lady
to please take a seat outside.
I'll be with her shortly.

Davenport pushes past Calletano to within scratching distance of Furillo. Esterhaus is grinning sweetly for purposes of perspective.

DAVENPORT

My client is due for arraignment
in exactly forty-five minutes.
Now, where is he?

Frank aims a finger outside, cop staring Davenport down. Furious, she releases her breath, turns and stomps out. As Ray closes the office door, she positions herself in wait, her arms crossed beneath her bosom. Include, Johnny LaRue who just happens to be moseying between Davenport and the station's coffee setup. For an instant their eyes touch, linger, then drift back to private concerns. LaRue lifts the coffee pot.

LARUE

Care for a little while you're
waiting?

DAVENPORT
(beat)

Sure, why not?

She steps closer and he fills her cup.

LARUE

Cream in your coffee?

DAVENPORT

No thank you.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

Johnny smiles and hands her a cup. By now, his beautiful eye language has fastened on hers. He taps her cup with his before sipping and announcing --

LARUE

I'm Detective Johnny LaRue.

DAVENPORT

That's nice.

Johnny shrugs, smiles, then seems totally fascinated by the gold necklace which dangles into the nether regions of her blouse. Before she realizes it, LaRue gently lifts the necklace, his hands brushing the skin at the base of her throat.

LARUE

May I?

(beat)

Oh, that's beautiful. You know what it's worth by the ounce?

DAVENPORT

(amused; annoyed, yet aroused)

Are you quite finished?

LARUE

(solemnly; as if it were a medical problem)

No, ma'am. I never seem to quite finish for hours and hours.

Just then, Furillo's office door opens, and LaRue squirts out of eyeshot. Favor Calletano.

RAY

Ms. Davenport, the Captain'll see you now.

With ice in her eyes, Davenport marches into . . .

CUT TO

15 INT. CAPTAIN FURILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Frank, Sgt. Esterhaus, Ray and Davenport.

DAVENPORT

(aghast)

You lost my client?

CONTINUED

FURILLO

We didn't say that, counselor.
Not 'lost' per se --

ESTERHAUS

(helpful)

Misplaced is more like it.

FURILLO

(winces)

Look, Ms. Davenport, the way
it lays out is this: Besides
being a pervert --

DAVENPORT

(cuts in)

Alleged pervert.

FURILLO

Whatever. Your client, Mr.
Thorpe, because he convinced
the duty officer he was a
claustrophobic, was transfered
to County Medical.

DAVENPORT

I called County Medical. He's
not there either.

RAY

Now, that isn't necessarily
true. A prisoner might be
there and might not be there --
in an official sense -- depending
on how fast they process his
papers.

FURILLO

For that matter, he could be in
transit between facilities.

ESTERHAUS

Or he mighta got on the wrong bus.
Those buses from County lockup are
not legibly marked.

(thoughtful)

Y'know, Francis. We ought to
interface with County about that.

DAVENPORT

(beat)

Never in my life have I listened
to so much incompetence covered

(MORE)

CONTINUED

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

up by so much unmitigated crap. And don't think, for one minute, the court isn't going to hear about this, Furillo, because, if I'm not mistaken, your fanny is sitting in contempt.

FURILLO

(cool)

Counselor, suppose we drive off that bridge, when we come to it. Now, if you'll excuse us --?

DAVENPORT

So typically Fascist --!

(starts out, stops,
turns back)

You find my client, Furillo, or I swear -- I'll have you up on charges.

and stomps out. They watch, shaking their heads.

ESTERHAUS

Y'know, that woman has a handsome carriage.

RAY

I could watch her breathe all day.

FRANK

(to Heflinger)

Call around, will ya, Ray?
Throw a flag out on him.

ESTERHAUS

(minimizes)

I don't know what the big deal is.
It's not as though the prisoner can stay lost in the system forever --
(chuckles, lamely)

The look on Frank's face suggests that, in this system, the prisoner most certainly can.

16 INT. STATION HOUSE - WITH DAVENPORT - DAY

16

As she moves purposefully toward the exit, a precious gem in a cluster of cheap rhinestones, she passes HOLDING CAGES.

Inspite of the tender hour, both holding cages at the back

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

of the General Administration area are filled to capacity, and a spillage of winos and felons are handcuffed to benches and chairs. Favor a kid, an angel dust o.d., cuffed to a chair, somnabulistically jerking and twisting against some inner horror before he erupts, screaming unintelligibly, leaping to his feet, beating everything in reach with the chair he is cuffed to.

17 TWO COPS (LAMONICA - SNEED)

17

react, bolting across the room to restrain him.

18 DAVENPORT

18

near the exit, transfixed at the sudden explosion of violence.

19 FURILLO'S OFFICE

19

Frank and Ray react to the terrible screams and crashing and charge out. Esterhaus chances a peek out the door.

20 FLOOR STRUGGLE

20

The two cops, tangled up with the kid and his chair, are fighting for their lives, no match for the fury induced by angel dust.

LAMONICA

Angel Dust! He's on dust!

SNEED

Don't let him swing that chair!
(struggles)

Get a rope!

21 FURILLO

21

hears this, and with Ray, dives into the melee. Two more uniformed cops (one that mountain of womanhood, LUCILLE BATES) pounce, trying to pin the kid's legs.

22 BELKER

22

atop a desk, for a better view, can resist no longer. He hunkers, bares his fangs, growls, then dives into --

23 FLOOR STRUGGLE

23

FAVORING Furillo. Realizing it is Belker with a bead on the kid's ear, Furillo grabs the little vice cop.

FURILLO

Don't do it, Belker. Belker!
No biting!

As if hit with a cold slap, Belker freezes, then pushes back, staring at Furillo with an awful look of terrible betrayal,

23 CONTINUED

23

as the rest of the cops finally get the kid under control.

BELKER

You promised me, Captain.

Belker stiffly gets up. Furillo gets up. The room has fallen to near silence.

FURILLO

Take it easy, Mick. My mistake.
I uh -- lost it down there.

BELKER

It's not fair.

(beat; roar)

It's not fair! Two years ago, I bit off a nose -- one lousy nose, and I'm branded for life. "Belker the Biter". You think I don't know what I'm called behind my back? You think I don't know?

Belker's foot slams into the nearest desk.

BELKER (CONT'D)

(sulks away)

One lousy nose.

24 LUCILLE BATES

24

on the floor with the kid while cops restrain him with a rope. Lucy gently holds the kids head.

LUCY

Take it easy. Nobody's going to hurt you. We're going to take you to the hospital now. You understand what I'm telling you?

(she looks at innocent -
faced Lamonica)

And don't think I didn't know who it was copping a cheap feel during that fight.

There is an evil little smile on Sneed's face.

25 DAVENPORT

25

at the front exit, she still stares, aghast at what she's seen. Include Johnny LaRue, sashaying in from behind.

LARUE

Bad scene. I'm sorry you had to see it come down.

CONTINUED

DAVENPORT

You sure did your part to help out.

LARUE

(by way of explanation)

I'm undercover. Look --

He takes her arm and starts steering her out. Before she knows it, his hand has found her waist. As they move out of earshot --

LARUE (CONT'D)

-- We're in a warzone here.

Now, let's talk about you. What're you like once you let your hair down?

Davenport pushes away, but LaRue, like a skater, glides right back in, as we

CUT TO

26 INT. BLACK AND WHITE - DAY

26

cruising the badlands. Hill drives, Renko besides him. Silence until --

HILL

She's a special woman alright. One in a million.

RENKO

Yeah, they all are for the first six weeks.

HILL

You'd know, huh? You haven't stuck with one woman for six hours.

RENKO

(grins)

They can't handle me longer'n that.

(beat)

What about her kids? That doesn't bother you?

HILL

I thought it might, but it doesn't. It's like they're my own already.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

RENKO
(sighs)

Always hurts to see an animal get
his spirit broke.

Hill grins before noticing up ahead.

HILL

Uh oh.

He throws on the siren and lights, as

27 POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - TWO TEENAGE HISPANICS 27

one with a shotgun, the other a sidearm and paperbag, race out from a liquor store toward their getaway car, which, having heard the siren, now peels off up the street, stranding the robbers who stand stunned for a moment before racing back inside the liquor store.

28 HILL 28

is already braking the black and white into a spinning stop in front of the store, and both cops scramble out low, taking cover behind the vehicle, Hill dragging the radio mike with him.

RENKO
(yells)

You in there! Come outta
there with your hands up!

He waits for a reply, gets none, then looks at Hill radioing the call for assistance.

RENKO (CONT'D)
I don't think they're listening.

HILL

You get that feeling, do you?

Renko chances another look over the car toward the liquor store, as suddenly a shotgun BLAST jolts and peppers one fender.

29 RENKO 29

hits the pavement.

RENKO

Oh, mother!

30 INT. STATION HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY 30

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

Every available cop races for his unit.

31 INT. CAPTAIN FURILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Furillo and Esterhaus are each on a phone.

FURILLO

(to telephone)

It may or may not be a hostage
situation in that liquor store.
We haven't made contact yet. We're
still sealing the zone.

ESTERHAUS

(to telephone)

We don't know that yet, Commander.
We won't know that until we've
interfaced with the perpetrators.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

32 EXT. STREET - DAY - MOVING WITH A BLACK AND WHITE 32

Siren wailing and lights flashing as it bellies around the corner, skidding to a halt in front of the liquor store. As two uniformed cops leap from the car, using the open doors as shields, we PULL BACK to reveal

33 THE STREET 33

cordoned off to traffic at both ends, hot pink flares littering the gutter, with uniformed cops diverting motor traffic more successfully than pedestrian traffic, which pours through the barricades to see what's happening.

34 ANGLE - HILL AND RENKO 34

on the scene. Renko's hot to trot, a little glint of anticipation lighting his eyes. He grips his revolver in both hands, using the car hood as a brace, pointed straight at the entrance to the liquor store. Hill, on the other hand, has more understanding of the mood of the piece, and is communicating nonchalantly into his car mike, as he surveys the scene.

HILL

We got six units on the scene now,
but we're gonna need crowd control.
We're comin' close to a hundred people
out here already. And what's with
that hostage squad? What're they
waiting for? Over.

RADIO VOICE

They're on their way. Stay loose,
huh? Over.

as Hill speaks, we PAN OVER to

35 BELKER 35

moving through the crowd assembled across the street,
monolithically focused on

36 A BEARDED BLACK MAN 36

easing through the crowd ahead of Belker. A beat, then he stops behind a woman, turning his focus toward the liquor store. He expertly snakes a hand into her purse.

CONTINUED

and, just as he comes out with her wallet and starts to pocket it --

BELKER

Freeze it, right there, Hairy! You heard me. Freeze!

But instead of freezing, the black man throws an elbow straight back into Belker's chest, and takes off. Belker recovers, a growl or anticipation escaping his lips, and gives chase, and as we PAN the two men weaving through the crowd, we pick up

37 LARUE AND WASHINGTON

37

casually crouched down behind a black and white. LaRue looks around reflexively, spots his own

38 REFLECTION

38

in the side view mirror. He has to smile, liking what he sees, as --

WASHINGTON

(nervous)

Listen, lover. Let's get outta here before every dealer in the neighborhood sees us.

LARUE

Tell ya' what -- I need to find a phone.

They crouch-scurry to the sidewalk across from the liquor store, and duck into a laundromat populated with a captive audience, staring out the front window at the action across the street. There's a uniformed cop by the door who recognizes the two undercover cops and pushes a few gawkers back from the entry as LaRue and Washington move through the doorway.

Once inside, LaRue spots the phone.

LARUE

(checks his watch;
to Washington)

You got any change?

WASHINGTON

Uh uh. Messes up the line of my pants.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

LARUE
(loud)

Anybody got a quarter?

The assorted gawkers, mostly black, with a couple of elderly whites thrown in for sport, don't even turn their attention from the show outside.

LARUE (CONT'D)

Geez, I gotta make this call.
It's urgent --

Just now he sees her --

A38 OLDER WOMAN

A38

at the fluff and fold table, an angry, stingy, hatchet face bespeaking sixty years of terrible life. One would change seats at a lunch counter to avoid her, but --

B38 LARUE

B38

approaches. In his eyes, that beautiful, boyishness --

LARUE (CONT'D)

I'm just a quarter short, ma'am.
It's a personal problem.

Under the above, the woman's eyes have softened, her features too, with the sheer thrill of this critter. She opens her ratty little coin purse and fishes out a coin, setting it in LaRue's palm.

LARUE (CONT'D)

Thank you, babe.

He moves to the phone, drops in the coin and dials. A beat, then --

LARUE (CONT'D)

(to phone)

This is Detective LaRue, Hill
Street Station -- LaRue -- as
in Lash --

He reflexively smiles his sexiest smile into the phone --

LARUE (CONT'D)

I'd like to speak with Public Defender
Davenport?

(a beat)

Well, can you tell her I called?
It's about her missing suspect.

CUT TO

39 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON HUNTER

39

SGT. HUNTER is the head EATER. E.A.T (Emergency Action Team) is comparable to the SWAT team. Hunter is big -- like six-two, one ninety. Short hair, glasses, smokes a pipe. He could be a college professor. In attendance is Esterhaus and Calletano, on the phone.

CALLETANO

(into phone)

-- yeah, we're sending out a car -- but in the meantime, open up the hood and unscrew the radiator cap -- you probably had a leak in there and didn't know it... Look, Henry, the hell with the car -- we got a situation outside that's threatening to come to a boil...no, the Captain doesn't think Poe is the right guy for it. You are...okay, then, let your wife call the auto club -- what's the big deal?

(looking heavenward)

Yes, Henry. Yes, Henry.

Yes...Okay, Henry.

(he hangs up)

ESTERHAUS

(into phone)

-- to one zero four nine, Shavelson Drive, pick up Sergeant Henry Goldblume. Then take him to the eighty six hundred block of Dekker Avenue. Whatta you care, why? Just do it!

(hangs up, then picks up phone, dials again; into phone)

Dispatch -- how many units we got out there now? Okay -- tell you what -- send in three more, and I'll cancel a half dozen days off...Oh, yeah? Well -- why don't you go over there and tell these kids they're playing havoc with traffic control in the area. That'll sober 'em up.

(hangs up)

All this, in the background, as --

HUNTER

I don't like the term "eater", Frank. It's offensive -- more than that, it's insensitive.

PULL BACK to reveal Furillo, near a small table at the door, on which sits a portable short-wave unit with which he can stay in constant touch with the field.

FURILLO

(the diplomat)

I wouldn't take it so personally, Howard. Emergency Action Team takes too long to say.

CONTINUED

HUNTER

(almost a pout)

What's the scenario out there?

FURILLO

We've got a coupla Puerto Ricans
holding hostages in a liquor store
in the eighty-six hundred block of
Dekker Avenue.

Calletano hangs up the phone, as --

HUNTER

(a little gleam in
his eye)

Just say the word and we'll deploy.

FURILLO

I'm sending in Goldblume. See if
he can open communication, defuse
the situation -- it's by the book,
Howard.

(to Calletano)

Didja' get him?

CALLETANO

He's on his way there, now.

(shakes his head)

...Man's an expert in crisis
intervention and he didn't know
who to call to get his car
started.

X

HUNTER

Goldblume couldn't defuse a roll
of kosher toilet paper -- if you
get my thrust.

FURILLO

That's not necessarily accurate,
Howard. I've seen the man work.

HUNTER

(dubious)

Can I say something, here? Phil?
Ray? Frank? You mind if I have
the floor here for a second?

CONTINUED

FURILLO
(god help me)

Howard --

Calletano, sensing what's coming, walks out.

HUNTER

Please, Frank -- we're in a discretionary situation. I'd hate to have it said we had the manpower available and chose to under-react --

(beat; low)

Let me spell it out -- You've got a dangerous number of environmentally handicapped types out there. Two hours from now, that number'll quadruple.

FURILLO

What's your point, Howard?

HUNTER

The point is, I want free rein to neutralize that liquor store. Make it an example. Don't hamstring us, Frank. My guys need the validation.

Furillo silently appraises Hunter -- we sense in his look not only an estimate of madness, but a need to diplomatically administrate it out of the way.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(putting flame to his pipe)

Don't get sucked into a riot situation, Frank. You're too nice a guy.

Calletano comes back in, starts operating the special shortwave unit under --

FURILLO
(beat)

All right -- go down there. Low profile. But I don't want you taking it in your hands unless you get a direct order from me. You got that?

HUNTER
(ultra cool)
It's your precinct.

CALLETANO

This is Hill Street.
Do you read? Over.

RADIO VOICE

(staticy)
Reading loud and clear, over.

CALLETANO

Units 15, 17, 23 and 36 are sealing Dekker East and West. If there's alley access, we'll wanna
(MORE)

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED - 4

39

FURILLO
I appreciate that,
Howard.

HUNTER
(on his way
out; hesitates
at the door)
It's a gut check, Frank.
You don't want to be
accused of having a
bunch of daisies where
your cinch belt oughta
be.

CALLETANO (CONT'D)
seal that, too. How's
that situation? Over.

RADIO VOICE
The same. Foot traffic's
spilling through the
barricades. They're all
over the place. If we
start taking fire, there's
gonna be a massacre.

CALLETANO
Just get those people back.
Pull whoever you can off
the front of that store.
Support's on the way.

RADIO VOICE
Right, it always is.

CALLETANO
(smiles)
We'll stand by. Keep the
faith.

Hunter walks out, disgusted with naive minds, past --

40 FAY FURILLO

40

marching toward her ex-husband's office. Her eyes are dangerously
narrowed. FAY is in her mid-thirties, harried, and -- right now
-- wound tighter than a cheap watch.

41 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE - WITH FAY

41

as she enters to --

CALLETANO
(to Furillo)
-- six more units, rooftop sur-
veillance, and a lotta crowd control.

FAY
(seething)
I really hate you, Frank.

FURILLO
(a tired smile)
Hello, Fay.

FAY
I hate this place. It makes me
nauseous. It always has.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

FURILLO

You remember Ray Calletano and
Phil Esterhaus?

FAY

Of course. Frank, the check
bounced.

FURILLO

What?

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED - 1

41

FAY

Not only that, but you brought Frank Junior home from the hockey game with a hundred and two fever last night. Where's your brains?

FURILLO

(struggling for control)

Fay, I'm in the middle of a crisis here --

FAY

(trying to light a cigarette)

You bet your life you are! My crisis! Frank Junior's home from school, I've gotta have someone stay with him while I go to work and since your lousy check bounced higher than a handball, I can't pay the sitter and I really hate your guts, Frank! This marriage and everything connected with it has caused me nothing but grief, and on top of that, Harvey says Frank Junior's got some gender identity thing he's got to work through because his father's a cop. He's getting into fights in school because of it, and everything's just lousy, and it's all your lousy fault!

and she collapses into a chair, weeping uncontrollably. The three men are stunned and embarrassed by Fay's outburst. If there were a hole in the floor, Esterhaus and Heflinger would drop through it. A long beat, then --

FURILLO

Phil, would you take Fay out to the coffee bar for a couple of minutes? Just till I coordinate a few things with Ray? Then I'll take care of this situation...Okay, Fay?

She nods, yes, still weeping, as Phil throws a huge hand around her shoulder and gently lifts her to her feet.

ESTERHAUS

C'mon, Fay. I'll treat you to some fresh made Columbian.

and as they exit, Furillo moves to the radio to check with the field.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED - 2

41

FURILLO
(to Ray)
I'm sorry you had to witness
that.

CALLETANO
(embarrassed;
philosophical)
Hey -- no sweat -- we've all been
there. Women. They're -- very
chemical.

CUT TO

42 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY - COFFEE SET UP

42

off in a corner of the room, slightly less hectic. Fay's
sipping her coffee, getting herself together, smoking a
cigarette. Esterhaus hovers over her like a mother hen.
Silence until --

ESTERHAUS
So how've you been, Fay?

FAY
(she shrugs helplessly)
How've you been, Phil? How's
Margaret?

ESTERHAUS
Didn't Frank tell you? We're
split up.

FAY
...My God, you were married forever.

ESTERHAUS
Twenty three years.

FAY
I'm so sorry, Phil.

ESTERHAUS
Don't be. Tell you the truth,
Fay. I've never been happier.
Granted, I hit the skids there real
hard for a ten month period.
I mean -- I came close to ending
it. But then I met Cindy, and
overnight my life turned around.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

FAY

Phil, I'm so happy for you. Are you thinking of remarrying?

ESTERHAUS

(beams)

Soon as she graduates.

FAY

She's a college student?

ESTERHAUS

High school.

(beat)

She's a graduating senior.

43 ANGLE - BELKER

43

herding his pickpocket, handcuffed and limping, in front of him toward an empty desk right near Fay and Esterhaus.

Belker

Siddown there, before I knock you down.

The pickpocket sits, and Belker goes around behind the desk, rolling a form into the typewriter, as --

PICKPOCKET

(to Esterhaus and Fay)

I need a nurse. This lunatic bit me on my damn ankle.

BELKER

Name.

(no response)

I said, name!

Something in Belker's tone is awesomely frightening. Perhaps it's the incipient growl lurking just behind the words.

PICKPOCKET

Wilson, Richard T.

The phone rings. Belker looks at his watch, sighs, picks it up, continues to type laboriously.

BELKER

(to phone)

Hi Ma...

(beat)

I'm typing.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

BELKER (CONT'D)

(a beat -- we can hear
ballbusting filtering
through the phone --
Belker's countenance
begins to cloud but
his voice is sweet)

So he wants to go to Florida. I
don't see that as such a bad thing.

(listens)

I can't just pack up and go with
him.

(a beat)

He's eighty-three, Ma. Who's he
gonna have an affair with?

(more ballbusting)

You go with him, then you can keep
an eye on him.

(listens, gets chest
pains)

Ma -- I don't want to hear that kind
of stuff about my own father.

(a beat)

That's silly, you'll look great in a
bathing suit. You've got a great
shape.

Belker suddenly leans over and grabs the pickpocket's tie,
pulling him close.

BELKER (CONT'D)

(furious; to pick-
pocket)

You wipe that smirk off your
face!

(then -- to phone)

No crying, Ma. C'mon. We made a
deal. Ma? Lemme call you back,
sweetheart.

With tears wafting thru the receiver, Belker replaces it.
Takes a huge, deep breath. And turns his attention back
to the typewriter. The pickpocket eyes him as if he were
some inexplicable species of fauna.

44 OMIT

44

CUT TO

45 INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY - WITH GOLDBLUME

45

on the pay phone. We can hear a busy signal through the line.
Goldblume hangs up in disgust. His dime comes back.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE: A police communications technician (call him MARV) trying to adjust his computer-age field switchboard, designed for just these emergencies.

GOLDBLUME

Damn line's busy! Who
they talking to in there?
(looks at Marv)
Can't you make that thing work?

MARV

(flustered)

It's screwed up. Gimme a couple
minutes.

(reacts to phone voice)

What the -- I'm getting a foreign
language. Sounds like Hebrew.

X
X

Goldblume gives him a look, hisses and re-inserts his
dime, quickly dialling Operator.

GOLDBLUME

(to phone)

Operator, this is Detective Henry
Goldblume, Hill Street Station, we
have an emergency here, would you
break into --

(he refers to a slip
of paper)

555-7683 and tell the party on the
line that this is a police priority
call and to please relinquish the
phone? Thank you.

He waits, impatiently, finally turning to another detective.

GOLDBLUME (CONT'D)

You believe this?

(then, into phone)

What? Aw, gee!

X

and he slams the phone down in frustration. It immediately
rings. He grabs it up.

GOLDBLUME (CONT'D)

Yeah?

(a beat)

How much?

he feeds change into the phone, then hangs up, as

46 A DETECTIVE

46

moves through the door. As he does, we note in b.g. some
EATers in black combat uniforms.

X

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

DETECTIVE

Any luck getting through?

GOLDBLUME

He's talking to the media, and they won't get off the line.

DETECTIVE

It's a zoo out there. Crowd's getting heavy, people all over the place, we're gonna have a wreck, no doubt about it.

X

Suddenly, the phone rings, Goldblume picks it up.

GOLDBLUME

Yeah? Detective Goldblume.

INTERCUT WITH

47 INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

47

HECTOR RUIZ, fourteen years old, a sawed-off pump gun cradled in his arm, is on the phone behind the counter. At his feet are four hostages, face down. His partner, if anything even younger, leans up against the freezer units in the back of the store, sipping on a bottle of Soave Bolla with one hand, and loosely covering the hostages with the pistol in his other hand.

HECTOR

(to phone)

Hey, man, you don' come bustin' into my line, you understand? I been talkin' to the media, and they know what's goin' down here, man, so don't try and jerk me around, because I'm negotiatin' the rights to my life story.

GOLDBLUME

This is Detective Henry Goldblume. What's your name, son?

HECTOR

Why? You wanna take me out on a date?

GOLDBLUME

(keeping it low and soothing)

How old are you?

CONTINUED

HECTOR

I can't hear you, man -- too much static on this line.

X

GOLDBLUME
(louder)

How old are you?

HECTOR

(squints a look at his partner; in Spanish)
Weird questions. I don't trust these idiots. We better get Jesus.

GOLDBLUME

No one's been hurt yet, son. If you come out now, we can go somewhere and talk.

HECTOR

The hell with that, man! Just get me Jesus Martinez on this phone. You dig?

GOLDBLUME

Who's Jesus Martinez?

HECTOR

You don't know Jesus Martinez? Oh you're stupid man. You don't know nothin'.

DETECTIVE

He's talking about the warlord of Los Diablos.

X

GOLDBLUME

Find him.

(to phone)

We're getting Jesus right now, but in the meantime, I thought it'd make a lotta sense if we kept this line open, you know, kept a dialogue flowing. Maybe tell me what's troubling you.

HECTOR

What's troubling me is you, Senorito.

and with that, he kisses into the phone, slams it down, turns to his friend, and giggles with the thrill to it, as we

CUT TO

48 INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

48

Goldblume is contemplating the dead receiver in his hand.
A beat, as the cacophony of sounds overwhelm -- helicopters,
radio cars, etc.

GOLDBLUME

(slams the phone into
the cradle)

How the hell can I create an
ambience of trust under these
conditions.

CUT TO

49 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

49

He and Fay are by the door, Frank's hand on the knob.

FURILLO

I'll call the bank. By the time
you get there, they'll have the
cash to cover the check. I
promise.

FAY

What about the session with
Harvey?

FURILLO

I'd love to have a sit down
with you and Harvey about
Frank, Junior.

FAY

When?

FURILLO

I'll call his office. As soon
as I can, Fay.

FAY

(shrill)

When?

FURILLO

(losing patience)

Don't you think it's a little
unprofessional? Taking the kid
to a shrink and then dating him...

FAY

We've been through this.

CONTINUED

FURILLO

Are you sleeping with him?

FAY

I don't think that's any of your business.

FRUILLO

I'm concerned about my son's environment!

FAY

Your son's environment is lots better since you left the house, thank you very much!

Furillo suddenly looks past Fay, through the glass, to

50 POV - JESUS MARTINEZ

50

The leader of Los Diablos. Flanked by two other gang members. They resemble cast-offs from the mongol hordes. Boots, dungarees white T-shirts, denim vests with DIABLOS on the back, tattoo and headbands are the basic attire. They move through the squad room, emitting an aura of power and arrogance that is palpable.

51 RESUME - FURILLO AND FAY

51

as he opens the door.

FURILLO

Look, my eleven o'clock is here.
We'll get together, okay?

52 ANGLE - TO INCLUDE ESTERHAUS

52

as he intercepts Martinez, examining him and his friends critically.

ESTERHAUS

Can I help you gentleman?

MARTINEZ

We been summoned, man, by the Captain.

FURILLO

It's okay, Phil, let'em through.

53 ON FAY

53

exiting Furillo's office, as Martinez and the other two head for it.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

FAY
(to Furillo)
This...is your eleven o'clock
appointment?

FURILLO
That's right.

FAY
(undisguished
contempt)
It's really the big time, Frank.

As Jesus passes Fay on the way into the office:

MARTINEZ
Hey, baby.

And he smiles, showing a lot of gold, swaggering into
Furillo's office, followed by the other two, who pucker,
turn and move in backwards, kissing the air just vacated
by Fay.

54 ANGLE - FURILLO

54

on his genuine look of dismay, as he holds the door open
for these assholes.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

55 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY 55

Officer Lamonica, followed by Sneed, enters with a bag of groceries. He moves over to the booking desk and plops the bag down in front of Esterhuas.

SNEED

They didn't have ribs, so I
hadda go for chicken. I hope
that don't mess up dentente.

Esterhaus shrugs, picks up the bag, and crosses the Squad Room to the Interrogation Room, with the In Use sign in place. He knocks, opens the door to

56 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 56

A spare room dominated by a single overhead lamp illuminating a narrow metal conference table. On one side of the table sits Furillo and Calletano, on the other, Jesus and his two henchmen.

ESTERHAUS

Brunch, Francis.

FURILLO

(taking the bag)

Thank you, Phil.

Esterhaus pauses momentarily, and gives a last look to Jesus and his boys. There is history in that look -- the kind of look that recalls a time when cops like Esterhaus would take punks like Jesus into a room somewhere and tenderize their internal organs. Esterhaus almost involuntarily licks his lips at the memory, as --

FURILLO

(sensing)

Thank you, Phil.

ESTERHAUS

(his eyes fixed on Jesus)

You're very welcome, Francis.

And he exits, closing the door behind him. As Furillo opens the bag of food, which includes burritos, burgers, and a six pack of beer, and lays it out on the table. Jesus, like Caligula, fingers and nibbles from the buffet throughout --

CONTINUED

JESUS

What makes you think I wanna get involved, man?

FURILLO

Because one hand washes the other, Jesus. I do for you, you do for me.

JESUS

Yeah? An whatta you done for me, lately?

(cackles)

You set up peace talks with the Dragons -- to which they never showed their faces.

FURILLO

And who screwed up that one -- ?
(points at a henchman;
in Spanish)
Lover boy over there. You got a short memory.

JESUS

You set it up, man, you made me look bad. Why should I make you look good?

FURILLO

'Got nothing to do with making me look good. Those're innocent people in that liquor store. The agreement we negotiated was you don't hit stores on Dragon turf.

JESUS

Dekker Avenue's DMZ, Frankie.

57 ANGLE - ESTERHAUS

57

sticking his head in the door.

ESTERHAUS

Francis, your wife's on the line.

FURILLO

Please, Phil. Later.

Esterhaus retreats.

JESUS

(mimics Furillo)

'Please, Phil...'

(he laughs)

Oh, you are wicked, man. You really know how to run a business.

CONTINUED

Calletano's had it. He pushes back from his chair and stands, the viens popping out in his neck.

CALLETANO

Frank, we don't need this --
let's just do what we have to do.

FURILLO

Easy, Ray. Sit down. Sit.

A beat, then Ray reluctantly sits. Jesus tauntingly smacks his lips at him, feeding Ray's frustration.

FURILLO (CONT'D)

What's it gonna be? You gonna help
us or do some people get killed?

JESUS

What's the sugar?

FURILLO

What do you want?

Jesus snaps his fingers, and one of his henchmen hands over a dog-eared piece of paper from his pocket, which Jesus opens meticulously and reviews.

JESUS

A pump action shotgun. Two Smith
and Wesson .38s. Half a dozen
flak jackets. A tear gas gun --

FURILLO

(cuts in; flat)

How about some T-shirts with El
Diablo on the front, three colors.
You can design 'em yourself.

JESUS

(vamps to his henchmen)

Oh, wow! T-shirts!

(then, to Furillo, flat)

One flak jacket, and a cop car to
take my mother to the clinic on a
hundred and forty fifth Street every
Tuesday afternoon. She's scared to go
by herself, and 'cause of the treaty
we signed with the Conquistadors, I
can't go up there with her.

FURILLO

(studies Jesus)

You're serious.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

JESUS
(a nod)

You bet.

FURILLO
(to Ray)
Can we live with that?

57 CONTINUED - 2

57

CALLETANO

(wanting to kill)

Sure, why not?

FURILLO

Done.

They consummate the agreement with one of those three stage hand shakes you have to be a sleight-of-hand artists to perform.

JESUS

(regal)

Okay, man, get me my telephone.

CUT TO

58 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

58

Establishing the siege in progress. There are now about ten black and whites, lots of uniformed cops, including a team of eight EATers, and hundreds of spectators. Lights atop the black and whites blink on and off silently, police radios blare, cops pace back and forth. Over the scene, we can hear overlapping phone dialogue via a four-way hookup. With it, we begin hearing the whumping of police and news helicopters.

HECTOR'S VOICE

Hostages are okay, man. Better'n us. We can't walk outta here.

JESUS' VOICE

Sure you can. You just walk, that's all. Trust me, man. You trust me?

59 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY - ANGLE ON FURILLO'S OFFICE

59

Furillo's on one phone, Jesus is on another phone and Ray Calletano is listening to the conversation through ear-phones.

FURILLO

(aside to Jesus)

Don't go off the deep end. They're not stupid.

INTERCUT WITH

60 INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

60

Hector on the phone, the hostages still on the floor.

CONTINUED

HECTOR
(pissed)

We're in this mess 'cause of you,
vato. You want us to come out with
nothin' that's one thing -- but
it was your idea, man!

JESUS

(flaring; in Spanish)

I didn't put you into nothin',
man, whatta you lookin' to do --
make me an accessory?

INTERCUT WITH

61 INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY - GOLDBLUME

61

on the phone, a technician Marv nearby, with the hookup to the
pay phone enabling Goldblume to participate in the conversation.
Pacing back and forth is Hunter, pipe jammed in his mouth.

GOLDBLUME

If I can interject here, for a
moment, Captain --

FURILLO

Who's that on the line?

GOLDBLUME

This is Goldblume, Frank. I'd
like to point out to Hector that
as a juvenile, the charges might
be considerably reduced.

HECTOR

I don't know, man. Aurelio
got told the same thing, but
then his mother tol' the
judge she didn't want him,
and they sent him away.

JESUS

(flaring)

Hey -- Hey! I'm talking!

(in Spanish)

It's enough, now. I told
them you'd come out and you
better not make a liar out
of me or I'll have your eyes!

HUNTER

(pacing back and forth --
to Goldblume)

What's going on? What're they saying?

Goldblume holds a finger to his lips -- sshhh! -- as

CONTINUED

HECTOR

You think you can take me, man?
You just come down here and try!
I ain't afraid a you!

JESUS

(in Spanish)

You're dead. You're dead meat.
Rats gonna eat your dead eyes.

and he slams down the phone, enraged.

FURILLO

(quickly)

Hector, don't hang up -- Hector!

HECTOR

I wanna talk to my mother -- I
want to know if she's gonna
send me to some farm or what?

HUNTER

(to Goldblume)

What's going on?

GOLDBLUME

(covers the mouthpiece)

Back off!

Hunter grabs the phone from him.

HUNTER

(into phone)

Captain, this is Hunter, at
the scene.

FURILLO

Get off the line, Howard.

HUNTER

(overriding)

Listen to me, Frank. You're making
a grave error here -- We've got the
firepower to blow these punks out
of the water!

HECTOR

Try it, man. I kill everybody --
the women first.

FURILLO

Hang up the phone, Howard, that's
an order!

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED - 2

61

HUNTER

We're so damned intimidated by all these minority action groups and political cowards, we wind up doing nothing -- it's no wonder this country's rotting!

FURILLO
(enraged)

Howard --

Suddenly, Jesus, who's been pacing Furillo's office angrily, grabs up the phone again, screaming into it --

JESUS

Last night I kiss your mother.
Four times.

Hector screams and Furillo swats the phone out of Jesus' hand. The henchmen reflexively start toward Furillo who stops them with a look of cold menace.

FURILLO
(low)

Just try it.

(beat)

Now, get out.

62 WIDEN

62

to include Calletano, Lamonica, Sneed and Lucy Bates, ready to move on the three Puerto Ricans. Jesus head gestures toward the door, and with murder in his eyes, starts out, then hesitates, looking back.

JESUS

No more favors.

(to henchmen)

Can't do business with this garbage.

The cops look among themselves, as we --

CUT TO

63 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

63

Furillo on the special phone, his voice low and supportive.

FURILLO

You've gotta work with me on this.
You've gotta keep things cool
in there while I keep things cool
out here. I gotta tell ya -- it's
no easy situation.

64

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

64

A much calmer Hector on the phone. INTERCUT with Furillo.

HECTOR

I got a bad headache. Tension,
you know?

FURILLO

Gee, I'm sorry. Hey, they should
have some aspirin in there. Take
a couple aspirin, you'll feel better.

HECTOR

Don't do no good, man.

FURILLO

I'll bring something with me. Now,
Lieutenant Calletanos' gonna get on
the phone here while I drive over
there -- like we agreed. He's
a good guy, y'know?

HECTOR

Yeah, I know him. He busted me
last year.

FURILLO

Okay, vato, stay cool I'm on my
way.

Furillo hands the phone to Calletano whose voice is pure
honey.

CALLETANO

Hey, man. How you doin'?

65

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY - ON LARUE AND WASHINGTON

65

moving in through the entry to the front desk. Esterhaus
is on the phone.

LARUE

(interrupting)

Anybody locate the guy we lost this
morning?

ESTERHAUS

(covering mouthpiece)

Are you kidding?

(back to phone)

Dispatch, I got a domestic beef.
Woman threatening her daughter.
~~With a knife. One zero eight~~
four, hundred nineteenth street.
Let's pull Hill and Renko off
that liquor store.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

65

During the above, PAN LaRue and Washington into the Squad Room, to an empty desk. LaRue grabs the phone, dials. A beat, then, as Esterhaus finishes with dispatch --

LARUE

(to phone)

Yeah, this is Detective LaRue, Hill Street. Is Miss Davenport there?

(a beat)

John LaRue...About that suspect of yours -- they just brought him in -- some kind of mix-up -- anyway, I thought you'd want to hotfoot it up here and spring him.

(listens)

Oh, that's okay, my pleasure. Yeah. 'Bye, now.

LaRue hangs up.

WASHINGTON

You're crazy, outta your mind.

LARUE (CONT'D)

It's four o'clock, right? By the time she gets up here, it's five. By the time she figures it's a wild goose chase, it's five-thirty. Then she chews out Furillo for another fifteen minutes, and it's time, I move in.

(he puts an arm

around Washington)

Listen, Joyce, I'm really sorry about the mix-up. I really feel terrible, so tell you what. Let me make it up to you -- We'll swing by my place, I'll change into some fresh rags, and we'll go over to Pierre's for drinks and dinner... Then --

(hums)

Washington grins.

WASHINGTON

Tell you what, Slick -- if she turns you down, you can take me.

And LaRue plops into a chair, a self-satisfied grin on his face

CUT TO

66 OMIT

66

67 EXT. TENEMENT - DAY

67

Hill and Renko pull to the curb, jump from their slick, new blue and white unit, moving quickly to the stoop and into

68 INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

68

Dark, dirty, the kind of place you automatically breathe through your mouth in. Hill and Renko hit the stairs, climbing quickly to

69 SECOND FLOOR LANDING

69

moving with them toward the far end of the hall. People stand in their open doorways, excited.

RENKO

Who called in the complaint?

No one answers, but the screaming o.s. directs them. Hill reaches apartment five, bangs on the door.

HILL

Open up, it's the police.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Go 'way and mind your own business!

HILL

This is my business, ma'am. Open up.

RENKO

Open up or we'll bust it in!

(no response)

Okay, let's do it.

Hill step aside, and Renko's boot hits the door, exploding it inward revealing --

73 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

70

A small, terribly delapidated place with cracked linoleum on the floors. In the kitchen area, a large black woman of fifty or so, kitchen knife in hand, has a young, pretty black girl of sixteen cornered behind the kitchen table. She's in panties and nothing else, covering her breasts with a kitchen towel, terrified. There's an electric tension in the room -- big emotions overwhelming a small space. Lots of overlapping dialogue.

RENKO

(repeatedly)

Put the knife down!

CONTINUED

WOMAN

(to cops)

Don't come near me!

GIRL

(repeatedly)

She's going to kill me!

HILL

(real easy)

Don't worry, no one's gonna
kill anyone.

WOMAN

Don't count on it.

HILL

How about putting the knife
down and letting her cover up
her -- this and that -- and then
we can talk about the problem.

WOMAN

The problem is her this and that!

GIRL

He said if I didn't let him
he'd beat me!

MAN'S VOICE

(from behind a closed
bedroom door)

I never said that. She ask for it.

RENKO

Who's in that room?

WOMAN

My husband... He come outta there,
~~I'm gonna cut him, too.~~

RENKO

Sounds like we got statutory rape
here, assault with intent, possession
of a deadly weapon, resisting arrest --
brandishing -- gees -- let's take 'em
all in.

HILL

Hold on.

(to woman)

Look, if you put the knife down, we
can work this out. Either that, or

(MORE)

HILL (CONT'D)

I give it to the white man.

The woman looks at Renko, the devil.

HILL (CONT'D)

I'm counting to three. One, two --

She puts the knife down and Renko tosses it into the sink. As he does, the girl immediately bolts for the bathroom, shutting the door behind her. The woman plops down in a chair. Hill goes to the bedroom door, and raps.

HILL (CONT'D)

You can come on out, everything's cool.

A beat, then the door opens. Out comes William. Small, thin, wearing not much more than pants and a look of fear.

WILLIAM

You okay, Mamma?

WOMAN

Don't you Mamma me, I'll break your back! What you want with my little girl?

GIRL

(exiting bathroom
in a robe)

He raped me!

HILL

Are you the girl's father?

WILLIAM

(indignant)

'Course not. What kind of man you think I am?

WOMAN

You're no man at all, that's what kind of man you are!

WILLIAM

She runs around half naked all the time, what do you expect?

CONTINUED

GIRL

Don't blame me -- I got no place here -- I gotta sleep on the damn couch -- Besides, you're always sayin' Mama don't give you what you need!

WOMAN

(on her feet: menacing)
You said that?

WILLIAM

You run hot and cold on me, woman.

WOMAN

I'm on my feet ten hours a day!

WILLIAM

I work hard, too!

HILL

I know you do, William. You both do. But that won't solve the problem.

WOMAN

Get that girl outa here, we don't have no problem.

HILL

Look -- you break up this family, you got nothin'! Is that what you want?

Silence as this sinks home.

HILL (CONT'D).

Huh? Is that what you want? Him in jail, her in the home? You with nothin'?

Silence as this is considered.

CONTINUED

HILL (CONT'D)

Okay. This is the law for this house. William, whaen you're in the house, alone, you stay away from her, understand? You don't cohabit with your step daughter.

WILLIAM

It ain't no habit. We only done it once.

HILL

Shut up!

(to girl)

And when you're changing your clothes in the bathroom, you keep the door shut.

(the girl nods)

And you gotta be more available to him. A man needs some attention from his woman.

X

WOMAN

He knows I love him...

WILLIAM

You got to show it, Mamma.

HILL

Okay. That's the law!

and slams his hand on the table to seal it.

HILL (CONT'D)

(beat; studies their faces)

Okay, you all take care, now.

Hill and Renko exit.

71 INT. STAIRS - DAY

71

as Hill and Renko move down.

RENKO

(affable)

You just pass them there laws right'n left, yer honor.

HILL

That I do, son.

72 EXT. STREET - DAY - ON HILL AND RENKO 72

exiting the building.

RENKO

I don't know, man -- you ask me
you're wasting --

He freezes, looking around.

RENKO (CONT'D)

The car!

73 POV - STREET 73

the car is gone.

74 RESUME - HILL AND RENKO 74

Renko's fit to be tied.

RENKO

(crazed)

They stole the damn car! A brand
new unit! That's it, man! If I
gotta shoot up this whole block,
I am gonna get that car back! If
you think I'm gonna file a report
on this, you're crazy, man -- no way.

HILL

Hey, hey, take it easy, take it
easy. You don't want to collect a crowd.

RENKO

(loud)

Oh yeah? That's exactly what I
want to do -- collect a big, fat
crowd!

(brandishes his baton)

HILL

Come on, now, partner, take it easy.
We lose two or three cars a month
up here. No big thing. They drive
'em around for a while, play the
radio, and leave 'em off in an empty
lot somewhere. It's no big deal...

RENKO

(to the world at
large)

You think I'm gonna let this go?
A brand new unit?! No way I let
this go!

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

Hill starts to buddy wrestle Renko down the street, as more and more people begin to collect, watching Renko mouth off. They're neutral for the moment, but that could change any second.

HILL

(low and urgent)

That's enough, man. We don't have a car, we don't have a radio, so let's be cool. Now let's go find a phone and call in.

He half herds, half pulls Renko along with him, to

75 ANGLE - STREET CORNER

75

Hill and Renko approach a bank of three phone booths. Every one of them is either out of order, or torn from its moorings.

HILL

It's okay -- It's okay -- be cool.

He looks around. In the background, people are continuing to watch, the way buzzards will watch to see if you're going to fall over in the sand.

HILL (CONT'D)

Lots of phones, man. It's a world fulla phones.

and he starts to move toward tenement building nearby.

HILL (CONT'D)

Come on, we'll find one in there.

76 ANGLE - TENEMENT

76

As Hill and Renko move up the stoop and through the door, into

77 INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

77

No different than any other -- dark, dirty, dangerous.

As they move in a step or two further, their eyes getting accustomed to the darkness, we can discern --

78 FOUR MEN

78

Huddled together near the stairway. We see syringes-- packets of powder--cash. As Hill moves towards them-- in a rapid series of cuts--

RENKO

Jesus! No! Gun! Hill!

CONTINUED

One of the men turns -- he's got a .357. Hill and Renko both start for weapons -- too late -- the man with the .357 opens up on both of them. It explodes like a bomb, time and time again, until the weapon is empty and Hill and Renko lie sprawled on the floor, unmoving. A beat, then the four men quickly disperse. Within moments, the vestibule is empty, and deadly silent -- the only movement the lazy curling ice blue smoke from the .357 drifting toward the ceiling.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

79 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

79

The human panorama, nettled by the deafening roar and whumping of a police helicopter and two media helicopters, all vying for position over the liquor store. Through it all, we pick up Furillo carrying a bullhorn. As he advances through the heart of the action, Lamonica and Sneed doing interference, newsmen converge, firing questions. More uniform cops intercede, then Goldblume and Hunter. We sense that a great deal of time has been wasted just fighting thru the non-involved who demand his attention. Over the helicopter roar --

FURILLO

Get those helicopters outta here.
I can't hear myself think.

GOLDBLUME

(eyeing Hunter murderously)
I wanna make a statement for the record, Frank. I refuse to bear responsibility for what that lunatic did on the phone.

Furillo pushes past him.

GOLDBLUME (CONT'D)

Frank? You hear me?

FURILLO

(points skyward; roars)
Get 'em outta here! Now! I can't hear!

GOLDBLUME

Right.

and makes tracks for the liquor store as Furillo aims his bullhorn at the police firing line.

FURILLO

Holster your weapons! Get 'em out of sight.

80 COPS

80

Look among themselves, some reluctantly complying.

FURILLO'S VOICE

Holster your weapons! That's an order!

The rest of the cops moodily do.

81 RESUME FURILLO

81

FURILLO

(through bullhorn)
You in the liquor store! Hector!

CONTINUED

81 CONTINUED

81

FURILLO (CONT'D)

This is Captain Furillo. The first thing I want you to do is acknowledge you can hear me! Toss something out the door!

82 FACES

82

Cops, crowd, newsmen in anticipation before smiles appear.

83 LIQUOR STORE DOOR

83

A roll of toilet paper unwinds itself across the pavement into the gutter.

FURILLO'S VOICE

Okay, well done, Hector. I'm gonna cross over to your side of the street now.

84 FURILLO

84

to cops, then one anxious cop in particular.

FURILLO

Put those guns away. You -- put it away!

The cop does, and Furillo moves out around the cars into plain view of the liquor store, keeping each movement slow and distinct. He sets down the bullhorn and removes his coat.

85 BALLET, OF THREE HELICOPTERS

85

jockeying in for a better camera angle.

86 GOLDBLUME (INSIDE LAUNDROMAT)

86

screaming through the fieldphone, pointing skyward, his words erased by the roar..

GOLDBLUME

Pull those helicopters outta here. We can't hear. I can't hear you -- Just get those helicopters outta here now.

87 HUNTER

87

stone-faced.

88 BACK OF LIQUOR STORE

88

plastic explosives have been placed on the alley door. Six EATers in gas masks, are poised toward blowing the door and commandoing in.

89

FURILLO

89

coat removed, he unholsters his sidearm and hands it to the nearest cop. Taking up the bullhorn, he slowly advances toward the liquor store.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED

89

FURILLO

I'm gonna come as close as the
curb, Hector. All you gotta do is
open the door so we can rap.

(in Spanish)

Let's get it on, man. I don't
know how long I can keep these
people out here cool.

X

90 INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY - NEAR DOOR

90

Hector's eyes are huge with fear and suspicion, the barrel
of his shotgun resting against his face. PAN from him to
Furillo through the glass, a naked target.

91 EXTREME CLOSE-UP - HECTOR

91

We have no idea what might be in his mind just now -- except
that perhaps the whole world may be ending -- the windows
have started shaking.

92 HECTOR'S PARTNER

92

has frozen with terror, staring at the thousands of bottles
vibrating and chiming against themselves.

93 BELLY OF NEWS HELICOPTER

93

dropping low to photograph --

94 FURILLO

94

frantically waving it back.

95 INSIDE LIQUOR STORE

95

vibrating and quaking with the increasing closeness of the
chopper. Hector and his partner suddenly scream at each other,
their words lost to the helicopter roar as --

96 BOTTLES

96

topple from the shelves, smashing, exploding -- a mirror
crashes against a freezer. On and on, bottles fall -- an
entire shelf drops.

97 HOSTAGES

97

wild-eyed as bottles smash around them.

98 BACK DOOR

98

The EATers react to the sound of crashing and blow the back-
door.

99 FURILLO

99

recoils as Hector and his partner bolt onto the pavement, their hands up.

100 COPS

100

Forty guns take aim.

101 FURILLO

101

waves his arms at the cop, at the same time screaming for the Puerto Ricans to fall down on the pavement. Now, we hear an explosion of gunshots as --

102 EATERS

102

charge into the rear of the liquor store, unleashing their awesome firepower, demolishing whole showcases of bottles. Shooting -- Shooting -- Shooting -- as hostages cower on the floor, petrified.

CUT TO

A102 INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

A102

A total shambles. The proprietor gazes dumbly before spying Hunter at the periphery of the remaining cops and spectators. With a cry of Arabic indignation, he charges Hunter, before two EATers grab him. Against the screaming --

HUNTER
(cool)

----- I want to run a check on that ----
man's immigration status.

B102 FURILLO

B10

beside his car. Ten minutes have elapsed, still he paces holding his heart.

GOLDBLUME
Take a valium, Frank.

Furillo tries answering but all that comes out of his mouth is a squeak from somewhere in his throat. He gestures incredulously back toward the liquor store.

103-104 OMIT

103-10

105 INT. STATION HOUSE - DAY/ON ESTERHUAS

10

ESTERHUAS

--- I'm sorry, Counselor. --- There must-
be some mistake, your client's
not here. Who said we found him?

PULL BACK to include the holding cages and Joyce Davenport whose eyes are suddenly fixed on something across the room.

CONTINUED

105 CONTINUED

105

DAVENPORT
Never mind, Sergeant.

and crosses before every eye in the station toward --

106 LARUE

106

aiming a coffee cup in her direction. On his face the expression of a naughty yet irresistible child who has always gotten his way. As Davenport nears, she can't help but smile thinly.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
You're a cute guy, Detective LaRue.
I mean -- what else do I have to
do with my time besides waste it?

LaRue hands her the cup of coffee and taps it with his own -- as is his wont. The dreamy look in his eyes could melt pantyhose.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
You know...on first instinct I got
angry -- then on second instinct, I
thought of filing charges. Really.

LaRue strokes a wayward lock of her hair back into place.

LARUE
I want to be with you tonight, babe.
That's all.

Davenport eyes soften.

DAVENPORT
You do, huh? Because underneath
it all, you're just a lonely guy
in a dangerous job. Who am I to
argue that?

The sensitive accord in LaRue's eyes seems to have totally drained her wrath.

107 COPS

107

around the station house gaze in their direction, as if Baryshnikov were dancing.

108 RESUME

108

LARUE
I'm sorry --

108 CONTINUED

108

DAVENPORT
(cuts in)

Don't be.

LARUE

After I thought about it, I called back, but I couldn't get through your switchboard.

DAVENPORT
(seductive)

Yeah, that's the trouble with my switchboard.

Just now we hear the sound of dripping liquid and LaRue's expression darkens.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

No hard feelings, LaRue. You can send me the cleaning bill.

She sets her empty cup down, turns and starts off. As she does, we see the front of LaRue's pants, dripping coffee. With whistles and jeers and total euphoria from the police women, include Washington.

WASHINGTON

Your place or mine, babe?

LARUE

(affable)

You know -- I overlooked the obvious. She's into women.

X

WASHINGTON

Absolutely. She'd have to be.

109 STATION ENTRANCE

109

as Furillo enters, Davenport is just leaving. In passing --

FURILLO

That prisoner turn up yet, counselor?

she exits without answering.

FURILLO
(on the move)

What's with her?

Esterhaus and Calletano follow Furillo to --

X

110 INT. CAPTAIN FURILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

110

Esterhaus closes the door.

ESTERHAUS

I don't approve of what you did, Francis. Off the record. You promised me you'd be careful out there but you weren't.

CALLETANO

That goes double for me, Frank. You think you're still a kid or something?

Furillo sits down, nods his head -- he's drained.

ESTERHAUS

(from his clipboard)

You've got forty phone calls here, twenty-five of 'em from your wife.

Furillo takes the list.

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

We can't raise Hill or Renko. I sent Belker and Gonzales out to look for 'em.

(beat)

Go home, Francis. You look beat. Lemme shopkeep. Cindy's got marching band practice till ten o'clock.

Furillo nods and pushes to his feet.

FURILLO

I think I might just do that.

And as he rubs his eyes, exhausted we

CUT TO

111 INT. APARTMENT NIGHT - BATHROOM

111

Davenport, in preparation for retiring, brushes out her exquisite hair, one full business-like stroke at a time.

DAVENPORT

(low)

Reactionary, fascistic, high handed uncaring animals -- kill, beat, intimidate -- violate each and every constitutional guarantee -- dispense curbside justice.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

No sir, the problem's not in the people
of that ghetto. It's in its Nazi oc-
cupation force.

She finishes brushing and snaps off the light, moving into --

112 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

112

in near darkness.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Ugly, vicious -- there's not a cop
up there who shouldn't be prosecuted.
I swear --

She sits down on the bed besides the silhouette of a patient
bedpartner.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

--I see enough brutality and brazen
contempt for law up there to open a
grand jury investigation. I mean it!

She looks at the man. His cigarette ash glows in the dark.
A beat before she releases her breath, her shoulders fall
and she reaches over to stroke the patient man's chest.
The man is --

FURILLO

Feel better?

DAVENPORT

I'm getting there. I took a half a
valium.

(beat)

Why don't you be the other half?

CUT TO

113 EXT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

113

Chillingly deserted, silent but for the sound of Belker's
heels upon the pavement. This is the street Hill and Renko
walked.

114 ANGLE - STREET CORNER

114

From the bank of broken phones, plainclothes cop Gonzales
appears. Like Belker, he carries a handi talkie. He hears
Belker.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

114

BELKER

'Feels weird out here, man.
No people.

Belker's eyes are squinted at a tenement stairway, and he now moves toward it, unholstering his sidearm. Gonzales follows.

115 TENEMENT DOOR

115

The wood is freshly puckered out from the impact of gunshots. Belker's fingers trace the raw wood before --

116 BELKER

116

pulls the door open, then reacts to --

117 SUBJECTIVE POV

117

Renko's cowboy boot. Hill's hand.

118 BELKER AND GONZALES

118

staring down.

CUT TO

119 INT. DAVENPORT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

119

she and Furillo in the after glow.

DAVENPORT

Frank?

FRANK

Yeah.

DAVENPORT

My client -- you think there's a chance he'll turn up soon?

FRANK

(beat)

Don't you ever take a night off?

DAVENPORT

(sweet)

Sorry.

FRANK

He'll turn up. Don't you fret!
(nuzzles her)

CONTINUED

119 INT. DAVENPORT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

119

A paging buzzer goes off. Both react with groans and curses.

DAVENPORT
Furillo, your pants are buzzing.

FURILLO
Yeah, yeah, okay.

Furillo fishes into his pants strewn beside the bed and turns the buzzer off. He switches on the bedside lamp and punches out a number.

INTERCUT WITH

A120 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A120

ESTERHAUS
Hello.

FURILLO
Phil? Frank here.

ESTERHAUS
It's Hill and Renko, Francis.

FURILLO
(anticipating the worst)
Yeah?

ESTERHAUS
Both in intensive care...

FURILLO
(beat)
How bad?

ESTERHAUS
I wouldn't lie to you, Francis.
It doesn't look good. We don't
know what went down.

121 CLOSEUP

121

his eyes are closed as he slowly replaces the phone.

DAVENPORT
(softly)
Frank?

Two beats, before he slides the covers back, gets up and starts dressing.

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

121

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

(again)

Frank? What is it?

He just shakes his head. Furillo's eyes are damp, as
he silently continues dressing.

FREEZE FRAME

THE END