

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:
CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER:
SUPERVISING PRODUCER:
PRODUCERS:

STEVEN BOCHCO
GREGORY HOBLIT
ANTHONY YERKOVICH
DAVID ANSPAUGH
SCOTT BRAZIL

SCRIPT #21

HILL STREET BLUES

"Buddy, Can You Spare A Heart?"

Teleplay by

Michael Wagner
David Milch
Karen Hall

Story by

Steven Bochco
Anthony Yerkovich
Jeffrey Lewis

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HILL STREET BLUES

"Buddy, Can You Spare A Heart?"

SETS

INTERIORS

HILL STREET PRECINCT

- ROLL CALL ROOM
- SQUAD ROOM
- FURILLO'S OFFICE
- OUTSIDE MENS' ROOM

CLAM BAR RESTAURANT

COP DINER

COFFEE BAR

JOCKO'S BAR

BUTCHER SHOP

RESTAURANT

TENEMENT BASEMENT

HOTEL CRANE:

CORRIDOR

ROOM

MIDTOWN PROPERTY ROOM - CAGE

TOKYO HEALTH SPA

AMBULANCE

EXTERIORS

STREETS (VARIOUS)

ALLEY

CEMETARY

HOTEL CRANE

HILL STREET BLUES

"Buddy, Can You Spare A Heart?"

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
JOE COFFEY

LEO
DILAUDID ADDICT (RICO)
SAL BENEDETTO
BUDDY CARPSTEIN
MAN (p.6)
MAN (P.27 - in Jocko's)
JOCKO
PLAYER
ROLLIE SIMONE
REGGIE DANSFORTH
IGGIE
COLETTE
ROBOT
CHARLES WILLET-FRAME
DOG (GABRIELLA - NON-SPEAKING PART)
BALLANTINE
BUTCHER
KID
BOY
FIGURE #1
ATTENDANT

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 BLACK OVER WHICH: "Roll Call -- 6:57 a.m."

ESTERHAUS'S VOICE

Item twelve, as regards paychecks.

2 INT. ROLL CALL - DAY

The morning rumble fades away; the word "paycheck" is a sobering experience. All watch.

ESTERHAUS

Which I'm afraid none of us will be cashing today, people. What can I tell you? Councilman Langella's fillibuster against the city budget compromise is now in its sixty-third hour with neither voluntary withdrawal nor heart attack considered imminent.

A wag fairly reads the collective mood with: "What about assassination?"

ESTERHAUS

(deadpan)

Being voted on as we speak.... In the meantime, Second National Bank's accepting our I.O.U.'s for the purchase of bus tokens, and the Transit Authority's continuing its policy of redeeming up to twenty tokens per customer for cash. Mayor D'Angelo, you'll be pleased to learn, applauds our "valorous devotion to duty in this crisis."

Outbursts of gratitude for the Mayor's praise. "Eat this, Mario."

ESTERHAUS

(plowing on)

Item thirteen, on an only slightly less gory note: update on the unfortunate citywide distribution of the deceased reputed debtor, Buddy Janette -- package fourteen, containing Mr. Janette's left forearm and hand, was discovered in a phone booth on Plymouth last evening. For those of you keeping score, Detective Benedetto, in the tradition of the great Italian masters of the past, has contributed the following:

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

Esterhaus moves to a freestanding second blackboard, which, like the main one, is filled this morning with technical diagrams of Coldwell & Lewiston hardware. Esterhaus flips the board to its reverse, to reveal a fairly decent sketch of a human body sectioned like a cow on a butcher shop chart; portions already recovered are numbered, up to fourteen. A modest inscription reads, "Lawrence 'Buddy' Jennette, 1953-1983."

ESTERHAUS

(a slightly macabre pleasure;
momentarily, he has trouble
keeping a straight face)

Uh, the shaded areas mean it's still out there. People, while I sternly remind you of the laws in this county against gaming, Detective Benedetto has asked me to pass along the following data, which he assures me is offered for news information purposes only:

(reading from clipboard)

"Single action play on particular organs and extremities is still available. On the over-and-under, eighteen is the dead number. A five-to-one is being offered on total packages recovered by June 1."

Benedetto's lounging in the back. A grunt slips him a sawbuck under, "Hey, Sal, five on the heart."

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

(ironic smile)

Springtime. Love it. Moving right along, item fourteen, the population of Crestview was reduced by about thirty-seven yesterday morning when our multiple-personality guy of a couple days ago, Reggie a.k.a. T.J. a.k.a. et cetera, escaped. Ergo all radio motor patrol units, be on the lookout, vicinity of the Men's Shelter and the 133rd Street flop-houses. Item fifteen, ongoing Cop Tip assignments -- Detectives LaRue and Belker, Patrolmen Croog and Kaplan. Item last.

Under which Bates has been casting friendly if not abjectly adoring glances in the direction of the Englishman Willet-Frame who stands towards the rear beside TK-4600. Coffey registers disgust.

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

Gentlemen -- and I hope I'm safely excluding ladies on this one --

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

I was dismayed in the extremis to personally discover two mudcaked workshoe footprints, size approximately nine "d", on the stall three men's room toilet seat this a.m.

As shoes are surreptitiously glanced at around the room --

ESTERHAUS

To the unknown germophobe among us: nobody's quarrelling with your fear of herpes, but show a little consideration, would you? Whatever happened to the old-fashioned Turkish squat? That's it. Let's roll. And let's be careful out there.

The assemblage rises, pushes towards the stairs, though not without a degree of lingering attention to Benedetto's blackboard art.

CUT TO

3 INT. SPILLOUT - DAY

3

A clump of humanity emerges through the door at the top of the stairs as a dozen uniforms surround Benedetto, clamoring to get into the body parts pool. Five and ten dollar bills are waving everywhere as requests are shouted out. LaRue is standing a bit aside at the top of the stairs, whispering something to people who pass by. He catches Bobby Hill and whispers something to him.

BENEDETTO

The pancreas is paying twenty to one ... liver's still out there, also both feet.

RENKO

I got five bucks here that say it's gonna be the waist.

BATES

The waist? Where'd you learn biology, in a cave?

HILL

(joining them)

Hey Sal, put me down for ten bucks on the heart.

BENEDETTO

I love it, a romantic.

Coffey has appeared at the top of the stairs. LaRue nudges him.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

LARUE

(in a low voice)

Want a tip? The next thing to show
up is the heart.

COFFEY

What are you, Madame Marie?

LARUE

Would ya trust me? I'm not
standin' here for the climate.

Coffey considers it; decides that LaRue is just sick enough to be
right; Coffey approaches Benedetto.

COFFEY

I'll go a fin for the heart.

BENEDETTO

Another one? What's this,
Valentine's Day?

Rico passes through the betting pool and heads for the front
desk. He hasn't been this clean in seven years, and seems to be
in good spirits. Leo spots him.

LEO

Rico, where've you been? I was
startin' to worry.

RICO

I slept over at my sister's place.

LEO

(relieved)

Oh.

RICO

It's okay, Leo. I'm makin' it.
Every hour gets easier, you know?

LEO

Good. Come on, I got something for
you to do today. I'm puttin' you
on a desk.

RICO

All right! I always wanted a desk
job!

He leads Rico away as the robot passes by, now wearing a police
hat and a scarf. Rico waves to it in passing.

RICO

Hey shortstop, how's it goin'?

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

The robot passes down the corridor to the door of the women's bathroom. It pushes the door open and enters.

CUT TO:

4 ROBOT MONITOR AND CONTROL PANEL

4

The controls of which are currently manned by Renko, as Hill, Coffey and LaRue watch the monitor with giddy anticipation.

LARUE

Go for the 3rd stall. The latch is broken.

(off Coffey's look)

It came up in conversation.

HILL

Little more to the right, Renko.

RENKO

Okay, boys and girls. Let's take a look at what's behind door number three.

As the guys continue to marvel at their own ingenuity, over Renko's shoulder we see --

5 THE MONITOR SCREEN

5

covered by two hands holding an open issue of a Cosmopolitan-type magazine. Slowly, over the top of the magazine, Bates' head appears. It doesn't take her a second to put it together.

BATES

Very witty, you sick jerks!

She draws back and suddenly the screen is filled with her oncoming fist. As impact occurs, the screen becomes static.

SMASH CUT TO

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN

6 INT. CAR - DAY

6

Hill is driving. Renko is looking out the window and complaining.

RENKO

I certainly hope business is good today Robert, because there is nothing I'd rather be doing than chasing dangerous criminals out of the goodness of my heart, without the compensation of one red centavo.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

HILL

I know, Cowboy. Way things are these days, I guess we're lucky it's only temporary.

RENKO

Temporary is not putting pork and beans on my table. Temporary is not paying my utility bills or putting gasoline in my motorcycle.

Hill spots something out the window.

HILL

Oh oh. I think that's for us.

And we see --

7 EXT. STREET - DAY

7

Commotion outside of a small store, the front of which identifies it as a discount jewelers. Several people are waving frantically to the unit, pointing towards a man running down the street with a duffel bag. The unit speeds up to pursue the man and follows him down an alley. The man turns to see how fast the unit is gaining on him and plows straight into a Dempsy dumpster. He drops the duffel bag and grabs his head, dazed; then collects himself and continues to run. At the end of the alley he scales a wall, and the unit comes to a stop. Hill and Renko get out and go over to retrieve the duffel bag. Suddenly another man comes barrelling down the alley; he puts on the skids when he sees Hill and Renko.

HILL

(pointing to the bag)

This yours?

MAN

Uh... no... I just... I saw the guy running and thought you might need some help... uh... keep up the good work... catch you later.

He turns and is gone as fast as he came. Hill and Renko exchange a puzzled look, then Renko opens the duffel bag. It is crammed full of money, mostly fives and tens. There are also several slips of paper.

RENKO

Lordy, mama, I have died and gone to Heaven. Bobby Hill, what does this look like to you?

HILL

Looks like stolen property.

CONTINUED

RENKO

Well to me it looks like we got us
a case of unclaimed currency.

(picking up a couple
of slips of paper)

Look at this. Carmen, \$5.00 for 327;
Julio, \$3.00 for 635. Now you know
as well as I do, Carmen and Julio are
not comin' back for this money.

HILL

(starting back to the car)
Renko, I know what you're thinking.
Forget it.

RENKO

Before you jump to any rash conclu-
sions, Bobby Hill, I want you to
consider that if we don't turn this
money in, nobody is ever gonna know.

HILL

Renko, get in the car.

RENKO

I'll tell you what, I'm gonna put
this in the back seat. There's no
hurry to turn it in, it ain't goin'
nowhere. And it'll give us some
time to think this thing over.

HILL

I've thought it over, Renko. Get
in the car.

Renko puts the money in the back and gets in, still disgruntled,
and we --

CUT TO:

8 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

8

Washington is on the phone, with Benedetto beside him.

WASHINGTON

Yeah, I know you took over my paper.
(beat)

I don't care what Feldstein said.
Goin' through some lean times, that's
all.

(beat; heated)

Twenty eight grand? That's bogus,
man, I gave him four last week. I
think you better show me the paper.

(beat)

Yeah, I know where that is.
12:30? I'll be there.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

He hangs up and looks at Benedetto.

WASHINGTON

Man's on the hook.

Benedetto nods and they head for Furillo's office, passing -

9 COFFEE BAR

9

where Hunter is pouring a cup of coffee as Calletano approaches.

CALLETANO

You see what I'm talking about,
Howard? I try to show some
initiative, and look at the low
priority my project gets.

HUNTER

How's that, sport?

CALLETANO

The guy from the radio station is
sick, so who do they give me for an
assistant? A common junkie. Two
days ago he thought there were
turtles coming out of his chest.

HUNTER

Well, Ray, one might argue that a
junkie and a d.j. are not worlds
apart on the evolutionary ladder.
Besides, scientists have been quite
successful in training your apes,
your orangutans, even your gibbons to
perform all sorts of perfunctory tasks.

CALLETANO

This is not a perfunctory task,
Howard! This is my project!

HUNTER

Just the same, the boy might
surprise you.

Rico approaches with a sheet of paper in his hand, all business.

RICO

(to Calletano)

Lieutenant, a woman just called in a
robbery: two men got approximately
800 dollars in cash from her
husband's liquor store. One of the
men was black, about six one, red
shirt, black pants;

(MORE)

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

RICO (CONT'D)
the other was causasion, five
seven, slim, dark hair and clothes;
both men were armed.

Hunter and Calletano are both a bit amazed.

CALLETANO
Good work. What's the address?

RICO
(could kick himself)
The address.

HUNTER
Then again...

He ambles off as we --

CUT TO:

10 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

10

Furillo is on the phone. Washington and Benedetto are waiting.

FURILLO
Fay, it's a lunch, it's not a
showdown.
(beat)
And I still think it's a good
idea. You'll have a chance to
talk, clear the air... Fay, I know
for a fact that Joyce is not
looking for a fight. She only has
Frank Junior's welfare in mind.
(beat; wincing at her
reaction)
Nobody's saying you don't. Fay, I have
to go. You'll be fine, I promise.

He hangs up the phone and returns his attention to Washington and
Benedetto.

BENEDETTO
Let a broad find out she can get
away with bustin' your chops and
it's good night nurse.

Furillo ignores it.

FURILLO
(to Washington)
You talked to Simone?

WASHINGTON
(nods)
He got the paper from Feldstein
night before last, saw all the fake
markers on me for 28 grand. Wants
to have lunch today to talk about a
payment schedule.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

FURILLO

Good. Neal, I don't need to warn you about this guy.

WASHINGTON

I know he's bad, Captain.

FURILLO

I don't want you winding up in 18 different packages.

BENEDETTO

(a slight grin)

Only fourteen so far, Captain.

Furillo lets this one slide, too.

FURILLO

Are you sure your cover is air tight?

BENEDETTO

No problem, it's taken care of. We loaded the TRW computer to make it look like Neal's finances are in the doghouse.

WASHINGTON

Didn't have to tell many lies about that.

BENEDETTO

Simone checks, he's gonna find out that Neal's Visa is over limit, he's a month behind on his rent, he's in dutch with every major utility and his car is about to be repossessed. Right now he's got a worse credit rating than John Delorian.

FURILLO

What about Feldstein? Is somebody sitting on him?

BENEDETTO

Mo told me he was hopping the next plane to Miami. Believe me, that little runt's the last of our problems.

CUT TO:

11 INT. SQUADROOM - DAY

11

LaRue is on the phone.

LARUE

No, no... a heart. No, chicken's heart is too small. Got anything bigger?

(MORE)

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

LARUE (CONT'D)

(impatient)

I don't want any rump roast. I want a heart.

(beat)

I'm in veterinary school, it's a class project. Cow, huh? How big is that? Okay, wrap it up. I'll be down this afternoon.

He hangs up just as Washington is passing by; Washington stops and tries to make nice.

WASHINGTON

How's it goin', J.D?

LARUE

(cool)

Who wants to know?

WASHINGTON

Come on, J.D., lay off the icebox routine. It's an assignment.

LARUE

From where I sit, doesn't look like you mind it too much.

WASHINGTON

Look, I know Benedetto rubs a lot of people the wrong way. I used to feel the same way myself. But I gotta tell you something. If it weren't for that guy two days ago, I wouldn't be standing here talking to you right now.

LARUE

What is this, Brian's Song? You're really bringing a tear to my eye.

(beat)

Neal, the guy's a snail, he leaves a trail of slime everywhere he goes.

Benedetto approaches a little too late to have overheard.

BENEDETTO

(in passing)

Well, if it isn't Ray Milan. You up here between suspensions?

LARUE

(calling after him)

Real cute, Sal. Talk to me when you get your oil changed.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

LARUE (CONT'D)

You're dead right, Neal. Guy's a dreamboat.

Washington shakes his head and follows Benedetto. LaRue waits until they're out of sight and picks up the phone once again. He covers the receiver with his handkerchief and dials a number. Two desks away, the phone on Rico's desk begins to ring. LaRue turns his back as Rico switches on a tape recorder and answers.

RICO

Cop Tips, this is Rico.

LARUE

Yeah, I found something strange in my front yard this morning. I been hearing on the news about you finding pieces of that guy, I think this might be one.

RICO

(excited)

No kiddin'? Hang on a second.

He covers the receiver with his hand and looks around. LaRue is the only person at a nearby desk, so Rico yells to him.

RICO

Hey, I think I got another piece of Buddy Janette.

LaRue looks up from his "phone call" and nods.

LARUE

You get the address?

RICO

Oh, yeah, thanks.

(into the phone)

Sir, could I have your address?

LARUE

(back to the phone)

It's 117 N. Hurdle.

RICO

Got it. We'll send someone over right away.

He hangs up the phone; he's so busy still writing notes that he doesn't notice LaRue hang up at the same time. LaRue gets up and comes over to Rico's desk. He takes the slip of paper from Rico.

LARUE

I got this one, kid.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

RICO

Thanks, J.D.

LARUE

Don't mention it.

He starts to leave, almost tripping over the robot, who is making it's way across the floor, still wearing articles of clothing.

LARUE

(to the robot)

You're getting old real fast, you know that?

He hurries away and the robot continues to the door of the men's bathroom. It pushes the door open and enters.

CUT TO:

12 ROBOT MONITOR AND CONTROL PANEL

12

where several female officers are watching as Bates guides the remote.

BATES

Let's see what kind of sense of humor the boys have.

Suddenly Coffey's head appears on the screen.

COFFEY

You're too late. You coulda had the thrill of your life.

He waves and exits the bathroom, leaving it apparently empty. Something on the control panel starts to beep.

FEMALE UNIFORM

What's that?

Bates looks at the controls, puzzled.

BATES

Who knows, there's a million gadgets here.

The beeping is getting noticeably louder.

BATES

(looking around)

Where's the manual?

Before anyone can answer, the room is shaken by an explosion from the men's bathroom. Everyone ducks to avoid flying debris.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

The door to the men's room is blown away. As the smoke is just beginning to clear, Bates comes running, fearing the worst. Suddenly, through the smoke, a slightly charred but basically unharmed robot wheels itself out of the bathroom, in response to the remote in Bates' hand. Bates breathes a sight of relief and we --

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

13 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

13

The room is in a state of post-bomb upheaval. The destruction is confined to the men's room, where several E.A.T.ers are examining the damage as the smoke clears. Ballantine approaches Furillo.

BALLANTINE

Everyone in the building is accounted for, Sir. Evidently the room was empty.

Furillo nods, then catches Hunter as he passes by.

FURILLO

Howard, do you think we should evacuate the building?

HUNTER

Negative, Frank. We've completed a parameter check of the entire building, rooftop and parking lot. There's no evidence of terrorist activity.

FURILLO

(to Calletano)

Ray, use anyone who's free, get a list of everyone issued a visitor's pass in the past 72 hours, run checks on all of them. I want forensics in there powdering, and I want the bomb squad up here with dogs to check for other devices.

CALLETANO

Okay, Frank.

FURILLO

Also, be ready for phone calls. Somebody will be taking credit or calling in additional threats. And check with the heights and midtown. There's no reason to assume that this is an isolated incident.

Ray nods and leaves.

FURILLO (CONT'D)

(to Hunter)

Howard, let's send all civilian personnel down to the parking lot until we get clearance from the bomb squad, just to be sure.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

Hunter nods and is gone. Furillo goes over to where Esterhaus is sitting, having his head bandaged by Leo, as Goldblume and several others look on.

FURILLO

You sure you're all right?

ESTERHAUS

A couple of splinters, Francis. A little iodine and I'm as good as new.

GOLDBLUME

Phil, if the building collapsed on you, you'd say a little iodine would cure it.

ESTERHAUS

I'm fine.

(to the crowd)

Don't you people have work to do?

Furillo nods, still not convinced, pats Esterhaus on the shoulder and leaves, passing --

14 WILLET-FRAME

14

who is dusting off the slightly-charred robot with a handkerchief. Bates is approaching hesitantly.

BATES

Listen, I want to apologize for almost getting the robot blown up.

WILLET-FRAME

Nonsense. TK's designed to withstand a much larger explosion. No harm done.

BATES

Well, I wanted you to know I feel really bad about it.

WILLET-FRAME

I'm sorry to hear that. I wouldn't want to be responsible for making someone as lovely as yourself feel anything other than wonderful.

Bates is beginning to melt into the floor as we

CUT TO:

15 INT. CLAM BAR FROM SHOW #20 - DAY

15

Simone's at the table. Washington approaches diffidently --

SIMONE

Neal?

CONTINUED

WASHINGTON
Mister Simone.

SIMONE
Rollie -- sit down. You hungry?

WASHINGTON
No, thanks.

SIMONE
Sure?

WASHINGTON
Positive, thanks anyway.

SIMONE
What is it Neal, you seem nervous
to me, am I right?

WASHINGTON
Little bit.

SIMONE
Forget about being nervous, we're
gonna work everything out. All
right?

WASHINGTON
Okay.

SIMONE
Feel better?

WASHINGTON
Yep.

SIMONE
All right. Now Neal, I gotta tell
you, I went through your paper here,
and I ran some credit, I don't know
how Mo could've let things get this far.

WASHINGTON
Mister Simone, the last...

SIMONE
Neal, let's do both of ourselves a
favor and you keep your mouth shut,
'cause I gotta tell you I heard
every lie you're gonna tell. Now
I'm gonna talk, all right?

There's a frightening forthrightness in Simone's manner.
Washington nods, looks scared.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

SIMONE (CONT'D)

I say I don't know how Mo let it get this far, in terms you've got 28 grand in debts...

WASHINGTON

I only borrowed...

SIMONE

Shut up, Neal. The figure includes vig, which I make your nut to be seven hundred a week, and this isn't open to discussion. All right?

Washington nods.

SIMONE

Now Neal, I'm gonna tell you something. Are you a married man?

WASHINGTON

No.

SIMONE

No, all right, so that's one mistake you didn't make. But Neal, I'm gonna tell you something right now, even with no family responsibilities a seven hundred dollar a week nut's gonna break your back.

WASHINGTON

I've got another job besides....

SIMONE

Neal. We're both adults. Seven yards a week, every week, no way you make that nut without doing something illegal.

A beat. Simone studies him.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Which if you're gonna do something wrong Neal, don't take a nickel shot, you follow? Now I'm gonna tell you about a situation, and I want you to tell me could you do any good with it. All right?

WASHINGTON

I'm listening.

SIMONE

All right. 's a suitcase, we'll say, some property was involved in an arrest. You follow?

CONTINUED

Washington nods.

SIMONE (CONT'D)

Speak to me when I speak to you,
all right Neal?

WASHINGTON

Some property.

SIMONE

Some property takes a fall, which
is now in a police property room...

WASHINGTON

In my precinct?

SIMONE

(shakes his head)

Midtown. If it belonged to a
cousin of mine, whatever the
situation is, if an individual
wanted this suitcase back. Now
this is the situation where I feel
you could probably help.

WASHINGTON

I don't think so, Mister Simone.

SIMONE

You don't think so? Why is that?

WASHINGTON

It's tough to get into another
precinct's property room.

SIMONE

It's tough. I hope it's tough,
otherwise why am I gonna wipe out a
28 thousand dollar loan, and if a
person showed some initiative he
could walk away with another fin in
his pocket, which I'd also understand
if there was some expenses involved
with whoever you had to fix to get
in.

WASHINGTON

I don't know.

SIMONE

Neal, listen to me. You don't
know. Do you know the name Buddy
Janette?

WASHINGTON

Yeah.

CONTINUED

SIMONE

This is a terrible thing what's happened with this guy, and let me tell you something Neal -- he owed less than 28 thousand. You follow me?

WASHINGTON

Let me think about it.

SIMONE

Think about it Neal. Use some imagination, because I want to hear from you today.

WASHINGTON

All right, Mister Simone.

SIMONE

All right, good. You look like a nice kid, Neal. You know what a beautiful thing it is to wake up in the morning not to owe money. That can be you, Neal.

WASHINGTON

I'll be in touch.

SIMONE

You'll be in touch, good. Today.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. CEMETARY - DAY - BELKER AND LARUE

16

Squeezed into a golf cart, being chauffeured past countless gravesites by one Buddy Carpstein, a weasel-faced mortuary owner in his mid-forties. LaRue looks like he'd rather be in an intensive care unit. After several silent moments the cart rolls up to a humble flower-decked gravesite and the trio unboard. Belker strides purposefully up to a six foot high ornamental torch beside the tombstone and points at the wick --

BELKER

(to Carpstein)

See. It's out.

Carpstein strides up and stares at it.

CARPSTEIN

I'm not gonna insult your intelligence, Mr. Belker. You're right. It's out.

CONTINUED

BELKER

It's not supposed to be out, Mr. Carpstein. When we made the funeral arrangements your company promised me a flame that'd never go out.

CARPSTEIN

(a look)

Did we say that exactly?

BELKER

Yeah. The Eternal Flame they called it.

CARPSTEIN

(a beat)

You got a copy of the contract with you, Mr. Belker?

BELKER

You bet I do.

Belker produces a contract and hands it to Carpstein. Carpstein skims the fine print as LaRue disgustedly lights a smoke, his expression giving new meaning to the word boredom. Carpstein finally finds what he's looking for and laughs --

CARPSTEIN

Oh well this explains it!

(grins, at Belker)

You got the Eternal Flame.

BELKER

(repressing a growl)

I know. The eternal flame.

Carpstein grabs his briefcase off the golf cart, opens it and pulls out a brochure which he hands to Belker under --

CARPSTEIN (CONT'D)

It's like this, Mr. Belker. We at Carpstein Mortuary, in conjunction with Mount Sinai Gardens here, offer three different varieties of flames in our Family Torch Series.

(pointing at pictures
in brochure)

You got your Eternal for \$7.98 a month, like your father's here, your Perpetual for \$8.98 per, and finally your Perpetual Eternal for \$10.98, featuring a three-quarter inch all-weather wick, stainless steel support housing and copper delivery system.

CONTINUED

LARUE

(groans)

Belker, I'm getting a serious
migraine here.

BELKER

(ignoring LaRue, to
Carpstein)

The Perpetual Eternal Flame's the
only one guaranteed 24 hours a day?

CARPSTEIN

(smiles, nods)

7 days a week, 52 weeks a year though
lemme tell you one thing I've learned
about death, my friend...

(glancing around for
potential eavesdroppers,
he lowers his voice)

Death is a natural process, and one
way or another nature's gonna have
its way with you. With your
coffins for instance you can spring
4 grand for a zinc-lined Mount Zion
Deluxe sealed triple-tight and
you're still gonna get residual
seepage.

(palms up, smiles)

Nature.

(beat)

And what I'm telling you here is,
you can buy eternal, you can buy
perpetual, you can buy perpetual
eternal but if you don't have a
windbreak you can buy perpetual
eternal perpetual and your flame's
still gonna get blown out
occasionally.

BELKER

(fearing the worst)

A windbreak...?

Bordering on cerebral hemorrhage, LaRue leans against a tombstone
pressing his thumbs fiercely against his temples as Carpstein
reaches into the golf cart for another brochure and hands it to
Belker, under --

CARPSTEIN

We offer a full line of Memorial
Weather Walls ranging from \$425.95 to
\$889.99 though personally I think
you're better off with that six inch
mortar block Gaza Strip number and a
seasonally rotated perpetual eternal
wick for your more gusty months.

CONTINUED

BELKER
(finding th price)
Six hundred and fifty dollars!?

LARUE
(red-lining)
Belker please!

CARPSTEIN
(smiles, to Belker)
Exact scale model of the Wailing
Wall but forget about the list
price. You spring for the 5 by 8
flagstove visitation patio for an
extra \$42.98 per and I'll not only
knock two hundred off the wall,
I'll throw in 3 aluminum lawn
chairs, a pot of wisteria...
(a whisper)
and don't even ask me about the wick
'cause it's on the house which if my
partner finds out I got me first rate
tsuris till next Schavoois.
(starting to total figures)
'Course if you want the all-weather
lawn chairs and the copper delivery
system we're looking at a slight
extra surcharge of...

Carpstein's voice suddenly rises four octaves then chokes off into
a mute squeal as he is grabbed around the throat by a nearly
insane LaRue --

LARUE
You can take your Wailing Wall, your
patio, your copper delivery system
and your three quarter inch wick and
cram it, Carpstein 'cause he's not
springing for one dime extra.
(beat)
Now I got a perfect view of this cut-
rate boneyard of yours from the 86th
Street overpass every single day I
drive to work and I don't care if its
4 o'clock in the morning with
Hurricane Golda blowing through here,
I catch the flame on my partner's
dad's grave out for one second and
you're gonna be perpetually eternally
dead! Not perpetually, not
eternally, but perpetually eternally
dead! You got that?

Carpstein offers a terrified and choked nod. LaRue releases him --

LARUE (CONT'D)
(to Belker)
Let's get out of here.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

-- then stalks away. Belker pauses one second to straighten a flowerpot on his father's grave and pick up a gum wrapper then, patting the gravestone fondly, he hurries off after LaRue and --

BELKER

Hey, J.D.

LaRue stops and turns as Belker catches up.

BELKER (CONT'D)

(a timid smile)

Thanks.

LaRue manages a no-sweat shrug, the hint of a smile surfacing as they head off through the tombstones.

CUT TO:

17 INT. COP DINER - DAY

17

Hill and Renko have just arrived. They find a spot away from the crowd. As they sit, Renko speaks quietly.

RENKO

What's gonna happen to that money, Bobby? We turn it in, nobody's gonna claim it, it's gonna sit in county property and grow mold until the statutes run out...

HILL

And the city will get it, like they're supposed to.

RENKO

So A, you got a city the size of this one, and B, you got the two of us. Who do you think is in greater need of \$2800.00?

HILL

Renko, we're not taking the money. It's just wrong.

RENKO

You wanna see wrong, Bobby Hill?
(reaches into his pocket and takes out the voucher)

This is wrong. Now why is it that I gotta be fair to the city, but the city's got no obligation to be fair to me?

HILL

It's not the same thing.

CONTINUED

RENKO

And exactly why isn't it?

HILL

(frustrated)

I don't know, Renko. Can we just drop it?

RENKO

Okay. Okay. But first, you gotta look at it from my side.

(Hill looks disgusted,
but Renko continues)

We take the money, we split it, \$1400.00 each. Now, there's Bobby Hill, he's got two hands. With his right hand, he goes to the phone company, he goes to the gas company, he goes to his landlord, he pays off all his necessities. Meanwhile, his left hand is in Neiman Marcus, picking up a new suit, couple of cashmere sweaters, nice pearl necklace for Denise, maybe even a pair of those \$100.00 New Balance running shoes...

HILL

(a chord has been struck)

Those are out now?

RENKO

Yep.

HILL

(thinks)

I don't know, Renko.

RENKO

Of course, I haven't even mentioned my own financial state, such that it is, because I don't want to put unfair pressure on you.

(beat)

It's in your hands, Bobby,. If you want to blow the opportunity of a lifetime, it's up to you.

Hill is in serious conflict as we --

CUT TO:

18 INT. VEHICLE (MOVING) - DAY

18

Hill and Renko. The air's charged.

HILL

You keep the money. Keep it
yourself.

RENKO

(exasperated)

Supposing I did this. Supposing I
did keep all the dough. Then in an
entirely unrelated transaction
supposing I made you a present
which happened to be half the
proceeds. Would that soothe your
overheated conscience?

HILL

(shakes his head no,
wiping his mouth)

If we're gonna do it.... It's on
both of us. We're in it together.

Renko slaps the seat delightedly --

RENKO

I'm takin' that for a yes.

HILL

But I'm telling you Renko, this is
a one-time only proposition.

RENKO

Absolutely, Roberto. It's like our
aunty passed away.

A radio call --

RADIO VOICE

211 at Jocko's, Genessee and
Chippewa.

RENKO

Three most frequently-used words in
the radio lexicon. "211 at Jocko's."

Hill doesn't answer. He's turned on the bubble-gum machine --

RENKO

(looks over, pops him
on the arm)

Will you lighten up?

HILL

I'm light. I'm up.

He's miserable.

SMASH CUT:

19 INT. JOCKO'S

19

A citizen's telling his sad story to Hill and Renko. The bar's a dive.

MAN

I'm at the stop-light, she reaches in the window, grabs my privates with one hand and my wallet with the other. What's so funny?

RENKO

Nothing sir.

MAN

I chased her here. That man -
(indicates bartender)
buzzes her in, then he makes me wait while she must've got out the back. Then her boyfriend hit me in the eye and he ran.

HILL

(to the bartender)
What do you know, Jocko?

JOCKO

I was busy, I didn't see anything.

MAN

(angry, sarcastic)
No he no speaka de English the whole time. Wouldn't even let me use the phone.

JOCKO

It was out of order.

HILL

(to man)
Sir, did you get a good look at her? Or her boy-friend?

MAN

Not really.

HILL

How much money did you lose?

MAN

Twenty-six dollars.

HILL

If you want to come in and make a complaint we'll take you through the paperwork...

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

MAN

But you're saying it's a waste of time.

HILL

I can't be the judge of that.

RENKO

Depends what else you've got to do.

MAN

(indicates Jocko)

I'll tell you that this man might as well have been an accessory, he should be closed down.

HILL

Sir, this man has been closed down more often than a Detroit auto-plant.

A street-player's turkey-strutted in.

PLAYER

Lemme hold a seven and seven there, Jocko.

As Jocko mixes the drink the player cases Hill and Renko with a private amusement.

HILL

What's so funny?

PLAYER

That you' fellas short outside?

RENKO

That is our police vehicle, yes.
(suddenly)
Why?

The street-player chuckles, takes the drink --

PLAYER

(toasts)
Skoal, brother.

Renko hurries to the window --

RENKO

Please let nothing have happened...

Hill's sick, afraid to move --

HILL

Is it all right, Cowboy?

CONTINUED

RENKO

Oh, Mother, what have they done to
your child?

Hill sprints past him --

CUT TO:

20 EXT. STREET

20

Hill sees the car driving off, starts a foot-pursuit with Renko
also hot on the trail, neither of them bothering to note that it's
a lost cause. And we --

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

21 INT. BUTCHER SHOP - CLOSE ON COW HEART - DAY 21

Your basic cow heart is sitting in the pan of a butcher's scale.

BUTCHER

That'll be... \$3.44.

The butcher lifts it out and starts wrapping it as ANGLE WIDENS to include LaRue and Belker across the counter. LaRue has dollar signs in his eyes. Belker is salivating.

BELKER

What're you gonna do with it, LaRue
-- I mean, after you finish
snookering Benedetto?

LARUE

(laying out cash)
Whaddaya mean, what am I gonna do
with it?

BELKER

The best thing is to boil it, then
grind it up in a pate and stuff
blintzes. I'm telling you, you ain't
ever had anything so good.

LARUE

(horrified)
Hey, do I look like some kinda urban
cannibal to you? This is Buddy
Janette's heart -- a human being!
(to butcher)
Thanks, Mac.

LaRue scoops up the package, tossing it from one hand to another,
and moves off. Belker sighs and follows.

CUT TO:

22 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 22

Lattice, brick floors, lots of plants, waiters with feet that
glide as if on ball bearings. Davenport's at the table, as Fay
hurries in.

FAY

Hi.

DAVENPORT

Hi.

FAY

(sitting)
Sorry I'm late.

CONTINUED

DAVENPORT
I just got here myself.

As the waiter breezes over, with --

WAITER
Ladies, an aperitif?

FAY
A white wine spritzer.

DAVENPORT
That sounds very nice.

WAITER
Two wine spritzers. Very good.

And he retreats under --

DAVENPORT
You look wonderful, Fay.

FAY
Thank you. I feel wonderful.

A beat. They're both making some serious adjustments in their place settings. Finally --

FAY
Joyce, I --

DAVENPORT
Fay --

Embarrassed laughter, then --

FAY
Well. How is it so far?

DAVENPORT
How is what?

FAY
Married life.

DAVENPORT
Oh. I don't know. Fine. It's not that different from before. Yet.

FAY
Joyce... I want you to know how happy I am for you and Frank.

DAVENPORT
Thank you. That's kind of you to say.

CONTINUED

FAY

And I also want you to know that I think I over-reacted to Frank. Jr.'s calling you his new mother.

DAVENPORT

No -- I can understand your anxiety.

FAY

When he was very little... I never knew whether his father was going to come home drunk, or sober, or even at all. And then finally, when the drinking stopped... the marriage broke up. It left me pretty angry. And the only person I could count on through all of it was Frank, Jr. It was just the two of us. I know I put a lot of pressure on him, but he was always there for me. And now, here I am. Pregnant again, alone again...

DAVENPORT

And there's this other woman in his life.

FAY

Yes. Something like that.

DAVENPORT

Fay, I'm not Frank, Jr.'s mother and I have no desire to be. But I love him in my way, and I think he loves me in his. And if he and I can be friends, I think that's good for all of us, don't you?

Fay nods her agreement, not trusting herself to speak just yet, as the waiter arrives with their drinks and sets them down, retreating. Fay holds out her glass.

FAY

To friendship.

DAVENPORT

(lifting her glass)

Ours, as well, I hope.

FAY

Yes.

And as they tap glasses gently --

23 INT. PRECINCT - OUTSIDE MENS ROOM - DAY

23

The door to the Mens Room is propped wide open. We hear sounds of people sifting through debris inside. Furillo is at the mouth of the corridor with Calletano who's reading from notes.

CALLETANO

We've gone through the records looking for disgruntled civilian employees, Frank -- back in 1970 -- and came up with only one possible suspect.

(a face)

But I think we can rule her out.

FURILLO

What about the night shift?

CALLETANO

I talked to Sgt. Butler. He's going to check into it further, but he's almost certain that no unauthorized personnel used the facilities last night.

24 INCLUDE HUNTER

24

Joining them from the squadroom as a bomb squad member with his canine sniffer peels off down the main corridor for the entrance.

HUNTER

(to Furillo)

We've done it bow to stern, Frank. Gabriella's come up with blank snoot. No unexpended pyrotechnical devices on the premises.

Gabriella meets the TK4600 trundling up the corridor and lets out a growl. Slinks around the robot, tail low.

CALLETANO

(looking)

How accurate are those dogs?

HUNTER

Accurate enough to sniff out a box of .38 caliber shells Officer Smiljanich was storing against Departmental regulation in his locker.

(to Furillo)

I've spoken to the man, Frank.

The trio is forced to stand aside as a wheelbarrow loaded with debris from the Mens Room is wheeled out for analysis by a technician.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I'm guessing your standard shop-class pipe bomb. Fulminate of mercury packed with plaster. If our bomber had been up to snuff, he could've taken out three stalls and the towel rack.

FURILLO

Who's claiming credit?

CALLETANO

That's the peculiar part of it, Frank. No one. There hasn't even been a prank phone call.

FURILLO

(glancing at Mens Room)

The day isn't over yet.

Furillo moves off toward his office. CAMERA PICKS UP:

25 WASHINGTON AND BENEDETTO

25

At a desk in the squadroom. Washington's on a phone -- hooked up to a tape recorder -- talking to Rollie Simone. Benedetto's next to him.

WASHINGTON

It's Neal Washington, Mister Simone. I made some calls, turns out you could probably get that item you were interested in. Right, but it'd be more expensive than we were... Fella I talked to said he'd need fifteen g's on his end. He's from midtown, right. So's that doable for you? Solid. Well we're ready to roll, whenever you... Good. Okay.

(hangs up; look to Benedetto)

BENEDETTO

Action?

WASHINGTON

Action, Sal.

CUT TO:

26 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE

26

Furillo's on the phone, pissing in a bureaucrat's ear.

FURILLO

It's bad enough these people risk their lives and then get paid in promises. For the promises to turn out lies...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

FURILLO (CONT'D)

(over)

Listen. You're going to buy a work stoppage if you don't start telling the truth. It is not a threat, it's a realistic assessment of the situation -- something you people don't seem capable of.

He hangs up. Sees Washington and Benedetto coming through the door.

FURILLO

(looks to Washington)

'D you reach Simone?

WASHINGTON

Ready to go, Captain. Meet's on for six.

FURILLO

Who's running backup?

WASHINGTON

Jekilek and Cysnicki.

FURILLO

Will Simone make the pickup himself?

WASHINGTON

(a little dubious)

He said so.

BENEDETTO

I think he's gotta send a beard.

FURILLO

Was your conversation setting the meet with him on tape?

WASHINGTON

Right'chere.

(pats his pocket)

FURILLO

So we've still got him made.

BENEDETTO

Unless we die talking.

It's half under his breath. Furillo shoots him a withering look. Washington jumps in --

WASHINGTON

We're off to get the goods, Captain.

CONTINUED

FURILLO

Hold it. What's the story on you going in wired?

WASHINGTON

I'm gonna pass on it, Captain.

FURILLO

I don't think that's a good idea.

(to Benedetto)

I want him hooked up.

WASHINGTON

(protesting)

Simone's sure to pat me down, Captain. A wire could give me away.

FURILLO

And lack of one could get you dead. Simone's a butcher, and I don't throw my men unprotected to butchers.

WASHINGTON

There's gonna be seven officers --

FURILLO

(firm)

That's it, Neal. Coordinate through Phil. And good luck.

WASHINGTON

(a face)

Okay, Captain.

Washington and Benedetto exit the room.

27 INT. SQUAD ROOM - ON LARUE

27

LaRue enters the squad room wearing a smirk and carrying a small bloody package wrapped in newspaper and tied neatly with string -- the same packaging M.O. as Buddy Janette's fourteen anatomical submissions. He sees Washington and Benedetto -- waylays them.

LARUE

Check it out gentlemen.

WASHINGTON

(winces)

Whoo!

LARUE

I copped a preview peek, Benedetto. I flunked anatomy but it sure looks like a heart.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

27

Benedetto grabs it, opens the package on the nearest desk.

LARUE (CONT'D)

Hey, not here man, the Captain'll...

BENEDETTO

(shakes his head)

Lame LaRue. No sale.

LARUE

What are you talking about? Hey,
we don't dig bookies that welsh
man, that's Buddy Jenette's ticker.

BENEDETTO

Yeah? And where's his udder?

LARUE

What do you mean?

Washington's trying to keep a straight face --

WASHINGTON

Believe the man thinks that's a
cow's heart, J.D.

LARUE

(weak; defensive)

Bull.

BENEDETTO

Could be.

- He strolls away, leaving the mess on the desk.

28 PICK UP ON RICO

28

passing behind them, making a furtive try to get a minute away
from the cop-tip phone for a soft drink, but the phone's ringing
makes him do an about-face:

RICO

Man. "Ring-Ring."

He trudges back, activates the tape recorder and picks up the
phone.

RICO (CONT'D)

"Cop-Tip", who is this?

There's a strange silence on the other end.

RICO (CONT'D)

I said, "Cop-Tip", who is this?

CONTINUED

CHILD'S VOICE

My daddy's a bad man. He has to be in jail. Can you come and put him there? He's sleeping.

RICO

Hello? Hello, is this a little child speaking?

CHILD'S VOICE

My daddy made the bomb. I watched him make it.

RICO

What bomb?

(hits him)

Whoa -- the bomb for here, 'went off in this station?

CHILD'S VOICE

He wanted to hurt you. He hates you.

Calletano and Goldblume are passing by. Rico clutches Calletano's sleeve and points at an unused phone nearby, then at the voice coming over the tape recorder.

RICO

Tell me where you are, little kid.
-- your address.

Calletano picks up.

CHILD'S VOICE

Hotel Crane. Five two four.

RICO

Five two four. Where is your daddy?

CHILD'S VOICE

He's upstairs. He's sleeping now. I'm scared.

RICO

Don't be scared.

CHILD'S VOICE

(trembling)

You have to come and get him. My daddy should be dead. I want you to kill him.

RICO

We're gonna send someone to see you.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

CHILD'S VOICE

I'm scared. I...

(beat)

I have to go.

Before Rico can say another word the line goes dead. He and Calletano hang up their phones. Calletano gives him a pat on the shoulder, picks up the address.

CALLETANO

It's probably just a prank, but you did a good job anyway.

RICO

(slow smile)

Thanks.

GOLDBLUME

(to Calletano)

Why don't I grab a couple of uniforms and go for a look?

Calletano nods his agreement. Looks o.s., shouts:

CALLETANO

Coffey! Bates!

CUT TO:

29 EXT. STREET - ON HILL AND RENKO

29

trudging. Renko's winded and his dogs hurt.

HILL

First they'll find our car. Then they'll find the satchel in the trunk. Then I'm going to jail.

RENKO

Bobby, you are experiencing acute delusional paranoia. And I am experiencing heart palpitations.

HILL

I get this dream. I'm in the joint, in the same cell with everyone I ever sent away...

RENKO

Look, let's call in and get a ride to the station....

HILL

No! I've got to think.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

RENKO

We'll just tell 'em we got the call
for Jocko's before we could turn in
the dough.

HILL

If we get out of this I will never
do a wrong thing again for the rest
of my life.

RENKO

We didn't do anything wrong! We
didn't get the chance!

He shouts it frantically. Hill ignores him -- looking down an
alley. The Grail didn't look this good. It's Unit 2202.

RENKO

Well looky there.

HILL

Is it?

RENKO

Oh my goodness me.

Hill sprints down the alley.

RENKO (CONT'D)

Bobby, see...

Renko spots an old man sitting on the stoop of an abandoned
tenement --

RENKO (CONT'D)

...if our spare's all right.

Hill's already opening the trunk, looks back with a beatific
smile.

RENKO (CONT'D)

One time!

Hill looks to the old man --

HILL

Sir, did you happen to see who...

OLD MAN

Downstairs.

The old man indicates a basement entrance below him.

RENKO

(as he and Hill
draw weapons)
What's he look like?

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

- 29

OLD MAN
Colored. This high.

Belly-button height. Hill and Renko exchange a look and move into the abandoned tenement.

CUT TO:

30 INT. TENEMENT BASEMENT

30

Hill and Renko move through the basement, flashlights on. Come upon a living space improvised from cardboard boxes, a rotting armchair with exposed springs and stuffing, doorless refrigerator. The kid's sitting in the armchair.

KID
What do you want?

RENKO
You picked the wrong car for your joy-ride, Sonny. Up!

Encourages him with an ear-twist.

KID
Oh, you're tough!

HILL
Take it easy, Renko.

RENKO
Robert, this delinquent has caused me inconvenience and morbid thoughts and he has put my cardiac system at risk!

HILL
(looks around)
You live around here?

KID
This is where I live. Right here.

Renko makes a tardy survey of the Dickensian quarters --

RENKO
(winces)
Cozy.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. HOTEL CRANE - DAY

31

As Goldblume pulls up in an unmarked sedan and doubleparks next to three units already at the address. Coffey and Bates are there with four other uniforms. Goldblume gets out and they move with him to the door of the hotel. He singles out two of the uniforms.

GOLDBLUME
Cover the outside.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

He and the others duck into the hotel.

32 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR

32

Five stories up. Goldblume and his backup reach the top of the stairs and move for the door in question. Bates is concerned. Half whispers:

BATES

Lieutenant, what if there's bombs in there?

COFFEY

(irritated)

It's just some kids playing on the phone, Luce.

GOLDBLUME

Quiet.

33 ANGLE ON DOOR

33

There's a noise coming from inside the tenement -- a voice, unintelligible but loud and vicious. Goldblume stops everyone short to listen. The voice goes on. There's a thud -- like a chair going over. Goldblume takes action, knocking authoritatively. The voice inside abruptly goes quiet. Goldblume knocks again, harder. No response.

GOLDBLUME

(loud)

This is Lt. Goldblume, Police Department. Would you open the door, please?

VOICE

(through the door)

Go away!

GOLDBLUME

Sir, we're going to have to have this door opened -- now!

CHILD'S VOICE

(almost a scream)

Help! Help!

Goldblume tries the door -- it's locked. He stands away.

GOLDBLUME

Kick it!

Coffey and another uniform kick in the door.

34 INT. HOTEL ROOM

34

As the cops rush in, guns drawn. The room is a hovel, almost devoid of furniture. The first thing they see is a small frightened man, Reggie Danforth, standing with his back to an open window. He's unarmed. He shouts at them.

REGGIE

Kill him! Kill him!

The cops look around the room and see no one -- no child, no one who looks like a mad bomber. It takes Goldblume a beat to recognize Reggie and understand what's going on.

COFFEY

Where's the kid?

GOLDBLUME

There isn't any kid.

REGGIE

(pleading)

You've got your guns -- kill him!

GOLDBLUME

(to Reggie)

T.J?

REGGIE

I've got him to the window! If you don't kill him I will. I'll push him out!

Goldblume takes a step toward Reggie with the idea of getting a hold on him. Reggie reacts by swinging his body out the window. He's determined to jump.

GOLDBLUME

No, wait!

Reggie stops himself. He drags a hand through his hair. He's in severe mental pain -- confused.

REGGIE

(condemning)

You let him fool you into thinking he was dead. He came back. He came right back! I can't stand it anymore! He's got to die!

GOLDBLUME

Reggie?

(no response)

Reggie, there isn't any T.J. You'll only hurt yourself. Let me --

Reggie screams and launches himself out the window. Just like that.

35 ANGLE - WINDOW

35

As Goldblume rushes up to see Reggie's body sprawled on the sidewalk below. Hold on his horrified look as we --

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

36 EXT. HOTEL CRANE - GOLDBLUME AND REGGIE - DAY

36

Reggie is prone on the sidewalk, covered to the shoulders with a blanket. He's just barely alive. Goldblume is sitting beside him, talking his pulse. Bates is there too. They don't talk. A crowd is being dealt with o.s. by the uniforms. Reggie stirs, coming to consciousness.

REGGIE

(bruised)

Is T.J. dead?

GOLDBLUME

Yes. Take it easy. We've got you.

REGGIE

(peaceful)

It's so quiet.

(beat)

They're all gone.

Goldblume finishes with Reggie's pulse. Says everything in a look to Bates.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I used to look forward to going to sleep. It was the only time I got away from them.

GOLDBLUME

(risking it)

What's your name, son?

Off in the distance we hear the wail of an approaching ambulance.

REGGIE

Carl. Carl Brown.

(beat)

T.J. was my friend once. My best friend. But he took over. T.J. was the one who escaped from the hospital. He put the bomb in the building.

GOLDBLUME

It's all right, Carl. No one was hurt.

REGGIE

They all took over. They wouldn't let me come back. I got so tired of listening to them. It never stopped. Never stopped.

(beat)

I'm glad Reggie did it. I didn't think he could.

(beat)

It's so quiet.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

A death sigh from Reggie. His body goes rigid. Goldblume feels for the pulse. None. Bates pulls the blanket up over Reggie's head. The wail of the ambulance siren grows piercing as we --

CUT TO:

37 INT. MIDTOWN PROPERTY ROOM - ON CAGE - DAY

37

A heavy wire cage with a door whose bottom half has a counter top. The interior is in chaos. Hundreds of objects have been tagged and pigeon-holed, seemingly without any attempt at order. Inside the cage is Iggie, the property clerk. He's been doing this as long as anyone can remember. Washington and Benedetto are on the outside, signing release after release on the counter-top. Iggie lays down two more releases.

IGGIE

And sign these two too.

BENEDETTO

(a pal)

Iggie, you think you're a train?
"Too-too".

Iggie makes a sour face. Benedetto looks at Washington.

BENEDETTO

That LaRue -- he oughta be doing
whoopee cushions in a hemerrhoid
clinic. I was pulling the cow
heart gag when I was twelve.

WASHINGTON

(chuckling; he like the
cow heart)

Afraid that's as good as they get on
the Hill, Sal. We're not up with
Midtown yet.

Iggie pulls out yet another form for them to sign.

IGGIE

And this one. Just in case you got two
sixteen-year-olds waiting in a car for Miami.

BENEDETTO

(signing; amen)

Don't think I ain't thought about it, Ig.

Iggie has ferreted out a bloated airline bag from the chaos behind him, puts it on the counter.

IGGIE

Weights out twenty pounds, twelve
ounces.

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED

37

BENEDETTO

Twelve ounces, man these bags are
that light?

Iggie's removed a small glad-bag from the airline bag --

IGGIE

Here's your sample, and your lab
results.

WASHINGTON

Stuff's pedigreed.

Benedetto's taken the glad-bag from Iggie, sampled finger to gum,
offered same to Washington, who declines with a smile --

WASHINGTON

No thanks.

BENEDETTO

I oughta get a filling.

IGGIE

You guys be careful.

BENEDETTO

Simone's who better be careful.

Benedetto's put the bag over his shoulder --

WASHINGTON

Want me to carry it?

BENEDETTO

(shakes his head)

Save your arm. Later, Ig.

CUT TO:

38 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

38

Furillo looks up from the work on his desk to see Renko poised in
the doorway, holding the duffel bag.

FURILLO

Something, Andy?

Renko comes in like caesar returned to Rome with spoils of war.

RENKO

Captain, I just thought you might
like to see what Bobby Hill and I
picked up off the street today.

(sets bag on desk;
stands back)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

RENKO (CONT'D)

Twenty-eight hundred dollars in there, Captain! Numbers operation, apparently -- slips, money and everything!

Furillo's a bit mystified by this presentation, but he's also impressed.

FURILLO

(peeking into bag)

Good work, Andy. The both of you. I mean it.

RENKO

(sucking it up)

Thank you, Captain. You know, sir, it occurred to me that it's possible the contents of this bag might prove to be a gold mine of information for the vice detectives.

FURILLO

I'm sure it will be. I'll make sure they get it right away.

Renko won't let go of the issue.

RENKO

Bobby Hill was exceptional in performing his duty, Captain. Driving the vehicle, chasing after the individual transporting the money. I wouldn't want you to think I was trying to claim all the credit by appearing here alone.

FURILLO

(a little tired of it)

I'm sure you did your part, too, Andy.

RENKO

Thanks, Captain. I appreciate the good word.

FURILLO

You're welcome.

RENKO

Well, I guess that's it.

Renko backs out of the office. Furillo gives the bag a glance and goes back to work.

CUT TO:

39 INT. SQUAD ROOM - HILL AND BOY

39

Hill is leading the young car thief into the squad room. He's deeply troubled by the boy's behavior, by his casual disregard for even the basic decencies of moral conduct. He points him to a desk chair.

HILL

Sit down, son.

The boy sits. Says nothing. Hill takes a spot on the edge of the desk.

HILL (CONT'D)

You hungry? Can I get you a sandwich, some milk?

The boy shakes his head. Toes the floor.

HILL (CONT'D)

What's your name?

BOY

Speedboat.

HILL

Not your street name, your real name.

BOY

(has to think)

Bobby.

HILL

(a smile)

Bobby? My name's Bobby too.

BOY

I like Speedboat.

Just then Renko appears, fresh from his triumphant visit with Furillo. He's beaming. Confronts Hill.

RENKO

I did it, Robert. The bag and its contents are officially in police custody.

HILL

(glad and relieved)

All right, cowboy. Now tell me you don't feel better about it.

RENKO

I got to admit to a certain spring in my step. Giving up money like that is a lot like dying at the Alamo. It hurts like hell but it ain't so bad being a hero, either.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

RENKO

(side glance at boy)

How is our young car enthusiast?

HILL

Fine. We're having a talk before the Youth Authority gets here.

RENKO

You be sure and warn them about his talent for mobility. I swear, I don't understand how he reached the gas pedal and saw to drive.

Renko heads off. The boy watches him go, glaring hate.

BOY

I'm gonna kill that porkchop.

HILL

(angered; wanting to punish)

He's a tough man, Speedboat. It could always end up the other way around.

BOY

(unphased)

So? There'd be one less nigger in the world. That's all.

HILL

You live by yourself in that basement?

BOY

Yeah.

HILL

Where's your mom and dad?

BOY

(shrugs)

My mom's in jail. She's a junkie and a hooker. She told me my dad run off when I was little.

HILL

Didn't somebody put you in a foster home?

BOY

Yeah, but I hated it. I escaped. They put me in Juvie Hall after that, but I got outta there too. Don't need nobody to take care of me.

CONTINUED

HILL

You go to school?

BOY

They can't keep me in school.
Don't want none of that.

HILL

What do you do all day?

BOY

(another shrug)
Get together with my friends.
Smoke reefer. Get crazy. Go some
place and start a fight.

HILL

Steal?

BOY

Yeah.

HILL

Get even with people?

BOY

(a spark)
Yeah. That's what I'm doin' -- I'm
gettin' even.

A beat. Hill wants to strangle the kid and hug him at the same time.

HILL

What do you want to do when you get
older, Speedboat -- when you're a
man? Where do you see yourself?

This stops the boy. He's never really thought about the future.

BOY

I dunno. Nowhere, I guess.

Esterhaus appears. Nods at the boy.

ESTERHAUS

(to Hill)
Youth Authority's here, Bobby.
Shall I escort the lad to the front
desk?

HILL

Sure. In a second.

Hill reaches into his pocket. Pulls out one of his business cards.

CONTINUED

HILL (CONT'D)

That's for you. It's got my number on it. They've got phone privileges where you're going. I want you to learn how to use it. You give me a call anytime and we'll rap, okay?

BOY

'Bout what?

HILL

Anything.

The boy gives Hill a noncommittal look. Esterhaus leads him away. Hill watches them go.

CUT TO:

The same stall we saw two days ago. Once again Hunter is face down on the table, being attended to by Colette's nimble hands. She seems especially radiant tonight. Her smile is like temple bells in a breeze. It isn't sex that's brought Hunter back -- it's an unspoken affection for this exotic woman.

COLETTE

You want same business as last time, Bill?

HUNTER

Uh no, Colette. Just what you're doing is fine.

COLETTE

You have strong back, Bill. In Vietnam man with strong back said to be strong in mind, strong in love, strong in everything.

Hunter is touched. He wants desperately to establish contact. Finds himself blurting out --

HUNTER

Colette...how is it...why do you...?

COLETTE

Why does Colette work in a massage parlor?

HUNTER

(regretting it)

I'm sorry. It's none of my business.

CONTINUED

COLETTE

I am happy here because I am happy inside. Oriental must be content in the heart or there is no reason to live.

HUNTER

Was it bad for you -- the war?

COLETTE

Very bad. Father die, brother die. When the Communists come, there is only one seat on airplane. My mother say, "Colette, you go," and that was last time I see her. I cry and cry and cry. There was no happiness in me for a long time. I wanted to be dead.

HUNTER

(tremendous admiration)
But you survived.

COLETTE

I live now for all my family. I work hard -- it's very good to work hard. I save my money, go to day-time school, learn English, learn make-up for rich ladies. I feel number one inside. Not cry anymore. I give some of my happiness to you too, Bill.

HUNTER

You are number one, Colette. When I think of all the pampered Americans...

(fessing up)
It's Howard, actually. My name. Howard.

COLETTE

(accepting it)
Ho-ward? Nice name Ho-ward.

HUNTER

Colette... I would like very much to take you to dinner this evening.
(qualifying it)
I mean, of course, paying you for your time.

COLETTE

(sincere)
I like that, Bill. You talk to big man up front -- he say okay too first.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

HUNTER

Yes. Of course.

The massage goes on in silence for a beat. Hunter is content, floating on a cloud.

HUNTER

Colette?

COLETTE

Yes, Bill?

HUNTER

You're beautiful.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. STAKEOUT - NIGHT

41

Benedetto's watching Washington, who's leaning against an alley-wall. They've been there three hours. A beat.

CYSNICKI'S VOICE

(on handy-talkie)

Sal, we're gonna be eligible for our pensions soon.

JEKILEK'S VOICE

(on handy-talkie)

Makes you think they'll pay us that either?

BENEDETTO

(into handy-talkie)

Very funny.

Sal's allegedly disgusted.

CYSNICKI'S VOICE

You sure Simone meant this year Sal?

BENEDETTO

Hey Burns and Allen. What time've you got?

CYSNICKI'S VOICE

Eight thirty.

JEKILEK'S VOICE

P.M.

BENEDETTO

All right, shut it down.

JEKILEK'S VOICE

(a little sheepish)

Hey, we're in no-rush.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

CYSNICKI'S VOICE

Want to give him another half-hour?

BENEDETTO

Take off. I'll get Washington.

Wearing a look of full concentration.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. THE ALLEY

42

Washington leans against the alley wall, straightens as, turning into the alley, a car frames him in its headlights. The car pulls beside him. It's Benedetto --

BENEDETTO

Simone must've took a pass kid.

Washington clearly agrees, can't figure it --

WASHINGTON

Man he was sure ready on the horn.

BENEDETTO

Get in.

(as Washington does)

They're like cats, they're like gypsies. Hit a crack in the sidewalk, "Uh-uh, I ain't goin' nowhere today."

Shotguns come through the windows on either side --

SKI-MASKED FIGURE #1

(on Washington's side)

Lie down! Down! Now!

BENEDETTO

'The hell is this!

FIGURE #1

On your face! Do it!

The guns are at the heads of both, with their free hands the figures force Benedetto and Washington across each other on the front seat, fast-frisk them and toss their weapons into the alley. Figure #1 has grabbed the airline bag, reaches across Washington for the ignition keys --

WASHINGTON

(screams)

Now Sal!

forcing the shotgun up --

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

FIGURE #1

Don't man. Don't, I'm gonna kill you!

Grunts of straining fear on all sides as the figure and Washington wrestle in the cramped quarters, Washington trying to pull the figure through the window, the figure's struggling with his free hand to get out a hand-pistol -- it's all at the slow, agonizing pace of a deadlocked arm-wrestle. Same thing seems to be going on Benedetto's side, until the first figure manages to get the handgun against Washington's shoulder -- fires. The sound explodes.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. AFTERMATH - NIGHT

43

Washington's on a stretcher, one of the two attendants working on him is calling in his vitals to the Emergency Room --

WASHINGTON

(embarrassed by his
panic; to Benedetto)

There's so much blood. There's an awful lot of blood.

BENEDETTO

It's all right Neal.

WASHINGTON

I don't want to die.

BENEDETTO

You're not going anyplace, don't worry about it.

ATTENDANT

He's putting himself into shock.

BENEDETTO

I'm gonna put you in shock you S.O.B., what the hell are you waiting for here?

ATTENDANT

The doctors in the emergency room are evaluating his vitals...

BENEDETTO

Put him in the damn ambulance!

Furillo's car squeals up, he's out almost before it stops --

BENEDETTO

He's all right Captain, he took it in the shoulder...

CUT TO:

44 INT. AMBULANCE

44

Furillo's riding in the back with Washington --

WASHINGTON

(weak, more composed)

Don't tell anyone I was afraid
Captain.

FURILLO

If you were afraid Neal I think you
might not've gone for his gun.

WASHINGTON

Please don't tell 'em I was afraid.

FURILLO

All right. Try to relax.

WASHINGTON

I'm afraid of blood.

FURILLO

It's all right.

WASHINGTON

I'm just afraid of blood.

Washington closes his eyes. Furillo squeezes his hand.

FADE OUT

THE END