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SCRIPT #12

HILL STREET BLUES

"NICHOLS FROM HEAVEN"

Teleplay by:

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HILL STREET BLUES

"Nichols From Heaven"

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
IRWIN BERNSTEIN
ROBIN TATAGLIA
MRS. RUTLEDGE
MR. RUTLEDGE
SPENCER RUTLEDGE
SONNY ORSINI
TONY MARINO
DON GOLDBLUM
JOHN FOX (Non-Speaking)
MONTY MARR
STEWART CASEY
CLAY RUTLEDGE (Non-Speaking)

WOMAN (Sc. 52-3)
ELDERLY WOMAN (Sc. 10A)
CABBIE (Sc. 37)
UNIFORM #1 (Sc. 20)
PARAMEDIC (Sc. 20)
MARTY NICHOLS
FIREMAN
2 UNIFORMS (Stunt)
MAN (10A)

OTIS TOLLIVER
PIMP (Jose)

X
X
X

MARGE DONNELLY
NOLAN

SETH LUPOWITZ
SHEILA HELLER
MIKE YAEGER

X
X

JUDGE "Set 'Em Free" Lee Oberman
BAILIFF
D.A.

X
X

HILL STREET BLUES

"Nichols From Heaven"

SETS

INTERIORS

HILL STREET PRECINCT

- ROLL CALL
- SQUAD ROOM
- FURILLO'S OFFICE
- FRONT DESK AREA
- BOOKING
- INTERROGATION
- CORRIDORS
- MEN'S ROOM
- LINE-UP
- VIEWING ROOM
- 2ND FLOOR ROOM ("WAR ROOM")

X

SHOWROOM LOUNGE

- BAR
- STORAGE ROOM (Surveillance)
- MEN'S ROOM

TENEMENT HALLWAY

- RUTLEDGE APARTMENT

COURTROOM

HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM

BAR

DAVENPORT/FURILLO APARTMENT

UNITS

SEDAN (Sc. 36)

X

EXTERIORS

STREETS (VARIOUS)

- INTERSECTION
- ALLEY

TENEMENT

- FIRE ESCAPE

VAN BUREN STOREFRONT

X

"Nichols From Heaven"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 OVER BLACK - "Roll Call -- 7:01 A.M." 1

ESTERHAUS VOICE
Item eight. The cop killings.

2 INT. ROLL CALL - DAY 2

Unusually quiet. Many of the day shift have newspapers on their desks.

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)
Nothing new to report overnight. No new attacks, thank God. Tag team patrols continue in each sector, with Sector Baker units additionally partnered with the Van Duren storefront. For what it's worth, staff psychologists propose that the killer is...

(reads from clipboard; unenthusiastic)
"a single individual most likely suffering from hallucinations with persecutory or grandiose content." A description which, if it doesn't cover the entire urban population, would include just about any guy who talks to himself.

(sober)
So far, we're nowhere on this, people. Item nine. Captain Furillo shot and killed a perpetrator last night. It appears the captain acted with exemplary heroism, single-handedly interdicting the armed robbery of a convenience store on East Cordova.

A few proud nods, but mostly stunned looks.

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)
Until approximately 900 hours this morning while the captain is finishing at Internal Affairs, Lt. Calletano will be in station command. Item ten, our rodential population either remains or has returned. Officer Snitz assures me that whichever it is, our harmonious friends at Vibra-pest have been notified and the lagging lagomorphs will be dealt swift justice.

Under which Washington shudder as LaRue tickles his neck.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

Item eleven. Congrats in equal share to Bates and Coffey, and the bureaucrats in Washington. Felonious Crime in the vicinity of our Van Buren storefront is down fifteen percent overnight. Which leads us to item twelve, and last -- Stewart Casey's column in this morning's Trib and the photo appended thereto featuring two familiar faces.

Coffey primps, Bates feigns a frown at friendly cat calls as Esterhaus shows the room the nice-sized photos of their smiling visages.

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

For those amongst you whose pecuniary disposition has precluded the purchase of this historic tabloid, the podium offers the following excerpt:

(puts on glasses, reads)

"What strikes me most poignantly is the way our cops keep doing their jobs, cop killer or no cop killer. I spent yesterday on the Hill, mostly in a Van Buren storefront with a couple of grunts named Bates and Coffey who handled twenty complaints in three hours, helped prevent a double suicide and never once mentioned the killer, except when I probed. Then Coffey, a big, good-looking guy still with a trace of Little Italy in his easy-going street-charm, said simply and without bravado, "Hey, I was in 'Nam. You put on a uniform, your life's at risk."

Under which, Coffey is elbowed by Bates, smiles shyly --

ESTERHAUS (CONT'D)

(still reading)

"What twisted spirit would want to hurt human beings such as these?"

(looks up at a silent room)

Now, let's roll -- and please, people, let's be careful out there.

The day shift rises --

CUT TO:

3 INT. SQUAD ROOM - SPILLOUT - RENKO AND HILL

3

Among the first we spot emerging, Renko complaining to Hill --

RENKO

I like that, takes a maniac to get us some recognition.

Bates and Coffey are already up, Coffey receiving kudos and ribbing in the front desk area, to which Hill adds --

HILL

(pats Coffey's back)

Hey, good-lookin'!

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

X

3

COFFEY

That's one thing he got right.

RENKO

(to both)

Nice snaps, you guys.

Under which, a cold, frightened, ill-dressed fourteen-year-old boy, the older brother in the domestic/aborted suicide situation from yesterday, Spencer Rutledge, approaches Bates and Coffey. Goldblume is in B.G., at the desk -- he drifts over --

COFFEY

(spotting him; friendly)

Hey, Spencer, what's wrong?

SPENCER

Gotta help me, Officer. They gonna let him out today --

COFFEY

Who, your dad?

BATES

Who told you?

SPENCER

Welfare lady. She said my brother's comin' home, too. And when my dad sees us there --

BATES

(concerned)

Where's your mother?

SPENCER

At the hospital.

GOLDBLUME

Spencer, I'm going to see your mother this morning. We're not going to let anything bad happen to you or your brother.

SPENCER

Hope not.

GOLDBLUME

You can count on it.

Goldblume moves off; Coffey kneels down by Spencer.

COFFEY

Where'd you spend last night?

SPENCER

Home.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

X

3

COFFEY

Alone?

SPENCER

Yeah.

COFFEY

(a look at Bates, then)

Come on, we'll get you some breakfast.

They start out --

CUT TO:

4 WASHINGTON AND LARUE

4

Headed through the double-doors and into the squad room, met by Calletano --

CALLETANO

What happened with Orsini last night?

WASHINGTON

Turned up back at the Showroom about two.

LARUE

He gave six grand to Fox and Goldblum, we got it on tape. Supposed to bring the other six today.

CALLETANO

Any chance he'll give that to Marino?

WASHINGTON

(going to his desk; sitting at it)

Only bet would be we turn Orsini, get him to push it in Marino's direction.

CALLETANO

Let's go with that, let's do it.

LARUE

(nodding yes)

Got Orsini's address?

Washington goes rummaging in his desk drawer, under --

WASHINGTON

Think so, don't we have a couple...

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

X

4

Suddenly Washington shivers, simply stops, emits a short shriek and hyperventilates --

LARUE
(thinking he's having a heart
attack)
Neal!...

Disgusted, half-paralyzed, appalled, Washington points at the open desk drawer where --

5 CLOSE - A RAT

5

Is rooting around.

6 LARUE

6

Shrugs, slams the drawer shut, as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN

7 OMIT

7

7A INT. MAIN DESK - DAY

7A

An hour later -- Hill is waiting for Renko, who's still in the squad room, when Marty Nichols comes in, in uniform --

NICHOLS
Hey, guy --

HILL
Hey, sweetheart --

NICHOLS
Heard the captain blew some guy away
last night.

HILL
That's the look of it, what brings you
down?

NICHOLS
Transporting a suspect. Seein' you --
(off his smile)
Hoping we could make it tonight.

HILL
I don't know why not.

Bernstein enters, makes past them, up the stairs.

CONTINUED

7A CONTINUED

X

7A

BERNSTEIN

'Scuse me.

NICHOLS

What in the world is going on up there?

HILL

Got me. Rumor mill's shut down.
Something about vice, I don't know.

PICK UP Furillo entering through the side -- STAY WITH him through the squad room, all the way to his office -- most everyone stops to watch him on his way in; he's not unaware of it -- Calletano spots him, follows him into --

8 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE

8

As Furillo hangs up his coat --

CALLETANO

Frank...

FURILLO

Yes, Ray.

CALLETANO

(hesitant)

How did it go downtown?

FURILLO

Fine. Everything went fine.

CALLETANO

And Joyce?

FURILLO

(a look, as though to say
"enough")

Fine. Anything on the sniper?

CALLETANO

Nothing new.

FURILLO

What about the Showroom?

CALLETANO

LaRue and Washington are with Orsini in Interrogation, they're waiting for you. I'll be upstairs with Irwin if you need me.

FURILLO

Okay.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

X

8

Calletano moves off as Hunter arrives in the doorway --

HUNTER

I wear my stripes proudly this morning, Frank: It's good to know management can still pull the trigger.

FURILLO

(an awkward beat)

Excuse me, Howard.

Furillo exits toward Interrogation -- off Hunter --

CUT TO:

9 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - WITH FURILLO

9

Entering. LaRue and Washington have been working Sonny Orsini --

FURILLO

How's it going?

LARUE

The individual doesn't seem too persuaded yet.

ORSINI

Hey -- Marino said not even to talk to him, so now I'm supposed to hand him six grand?

FURILLO

Does Mr. Orsini understand his options?

LARUE

Option "A", twenty-five mandatory for felony trafficking.

ORSINI

Yesterday Marino says to me, Option "A", twenty-five years, Option "B", be partners with him.

LARUE

Unfortunately, that was yesterday's menu, Sonny. Today we got "A" again, but no more "B". For "B", we substitute "C".

WASHINGTON

You do what we tell you.

Orsini sweats --

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

X

9

FURILLO

(a beat)

What's it gonna be, Sonny?

CRSINI

(wiping his brow)

I mean, it don't make sense, that's all.

LARUE

Maybe he just needs some time to think it over, Captain. Tell you what, Sonny, you got five seconds. One ... two...

CRSINI

Hey, just for openers, I mean, I rendezvous with Marino alone, you guys behind me or what?

LARUE

'Course we are.

WASHINGTON

You're in trouble, all you say is "it's hot in here."

CRSINI

It's hot in here?

WASHINGTON

But you put the money on him first, right?
(Orsini considers)

LARUE

Three, four...

WASHINGTON

It's our six grand this time, Sonny...

CRSINI

(sarcastic in surrender)

Please, it'd be my great pleasure...

LARUE

Attaboy, Sonny.

He slaps him, a little harder than necessary, on the back --

CUT TO:

9A INT. CORRIDOR

9A

MOVING WITH Furillo on his way back to his office -- Goldblume falls into step with him, carrying paperwork --

GOLDBLUME

Frank, I'm running down a couple crackpot sniper confessions, then I've got to run over to County Psychiatric.

CONTINUED

9A - CONTINUED

X

9A

FURILLO

On?

GOLDBLUME

The woman on the ledge yesterday, Mrs. Rutledge.

FURILLO

We charge her on child endangerment?

GOLDBLUME

(nods)

Pro forma. I made her some promises on her boy. Joyce is representing...

They enter --

10 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE

10

Furillo goes to his desk -- Goldblume stops in the doorway --

GOLDBLUME (CONT'D)

How's she doing today?

FURILLO

Fair, I guess. She was pretty shaken up.

Goldblume senses Furillo's guarded, now enters the office, cautiously closes the door.

GOLDBLUME

(sensing he's probably starting at the wrong point, but...)

I never shot anyone. So maybe I'm not the one to talk to. But if you want to...

FURILLO

(a beat)

I never shot anyone either.

(beat)

Very strange feeling today. I carried that gun so many years, it always seemed like a safety, like security... They gave it back to me downtown, I don't know... feels just the opposite right now...

(a beat; almost too casually)

I'll be alright... as I get back into things.

There's a strained quality beneath Furillo's words; Goldblume wants to get to it, doesn't know how yet --

GOLDBLUME

Like I said, maybe I'm not the one to talk to, but...

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

X

10

FURILLO

I appreciate it, Henry.

GOLDBLUME

(trying to be lighter)

Anyway... everyone thinks you're Wyatt
Earp.

Goldblume smiles, as does Furillo; there's something distant in
it, but Goldblume accepts it, heads out.

CUT TO:

10A EXT. STREET - DAY

10A

Near the storefront -- Bates, Coffey and Spencer walking towards
the storefront -- Spencer and Coffey carry boxes holding
breakfasts, donuts, coffee -- people in the street are taking
admiring notice at them -- they don't seem to mind --

OLD WOMAN

(on the pass)

Nice picture, officers.

BATES

Thanks.

COFFEY

That girl was cute, didn't you think that
girl in the donut shop was cute, Spencer?

BATES

Joe...

COFFEY

Come on, you didn't think she was cute?

MAN

(on the pass)

Keep up the good work.

COFFEY

Will do.

Suddenly, behind them in the street around the corner, the SOUND
of an explosion --

BATES

Lord --

COFFEY

Spencer, take these --

He hands the box to Spencer -- CAMERA MOVES with Bates and Coffey
around the corner --

X

10B EXT. STREET

10B

As Bates and Coffey hustle, then slow as they see --

10C POV - OTIS TOLLIVER

10C

Standing beside Jose the pimp's fancy wheels, smoke billowing out from under the sprung-open hood where a cherry bomb has just exploded. One of the hubcaps has also fallen off; the pimpmobile as usual is double-parked. He whistles at an apartment window.

TOLLIVER

Hey, Jose -- you little pimp. Piece of your ear in the street down here. Better come "Spick" it up.

Under which, Coffey and Bates have arrived --

BATES

All right. What happened?

TOLLIVER

(getting into his car)

Beats me. I come out, this car was blocking me in again, then all of a sudden it starts smokin'.

BATES

Um-hmmm.

Under which Jose, wearing only slacks and an undershirt, staggers out too stoned to notice the cold.

JOSE

(to Coffey)

Man, why you let him mess with my car?

COFFEY

You're cute. Throw my ticket away yesterday, now you want police protection.

TOLLIVER

(starting his engine)

Take some parking lessons!

JOSE

Gonna give 'em to me, man? Want to give 'em to me?

(starts at him)

TOLLIVER

Go blow your head off.

Tolliver steps on the gas, crushes one of Jose's bumpers, backs up, wheels out into traffic and drives off, laughing -- Jose runs after the car, screaming obscenities in Spanish -- Spencer shows up behind Bates and Coffey, struggling to hold onto all the food

--

CONTINUED

10C CONTINUED

X

10C

SPENCER

I spilled some of the coffee.

Bates and Coffey take the boxes from him --

BATES

That's okay, don't worry about it.

COFFEY

Come on, let's eat --

He rubs Spencer's head, they start back to the storefront.

CUT TO:

11 OMIT
THRU
15

11
THRU
15

16 INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

16

Goldblume, Davenport and Mrs. Rutledge, in a hospital gown, sit at a table.

DAVENPORT

As soon as you're released from the hospital, you'll automatically be charged with child endangerment. That means you endangered Clay's life when you carried him out on the ledge.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

I didn't want to hurt him. I wanted to save him from his father. I love my baby.

DAVENPORT

I understand. That's why Lt. Goldblume wants to help us. But you have to help us, too.

GOLDBLUME

Mrs. Rutledge, all we can hold your husband on is a minor charge. If you sign this additional complaint saying your husband beat and abused your son, then we can probably keep him in jail longer.

Beat, as a wave of fear passes over Mrs. Rutledge.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

How much longer?

Goldblume looks to Davenport.

DAVENPORT

We don't know. We can't really say.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

X

16

MRS. RUTLEDGE

(distant)

'Cause if he gets out and he knows I signed somethin' against him, I don't know what he'll do, there's just no tellin'...

GOLDBLUME

Mrs. Rutledge, I made you some promises yesterday about trying to help Clay. This is the only chance we have to keep his father away from him, unless we put him in an institution.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

(a beat, then)

Tell me how, tell me how to sign.

Off tears of fear and commitment welling in Mrs. Rutledge's eyes --

CUT TO:

17 INT. UNIT - DAY

17

Renko drives, Hill reads the newspaper.

HILL

Boy, Joe and Lucy got some nice press here.

RENKO

Robert, it occurs to me that the author of that article made a grave oversight.

(Hill looks up)

HILL

Meaning us? The oversight's us?

RENKO

It's been since sixth grade, Bobby.

HILL

Sixth grade since what?

RENKO

Since my name was in the paper. I was runner-up for the American Legion award -- spelled my name wrong... R-E-N-C-K-O.

RADIO DISPATCH

All units -- code twelve, code twelve -- officer down at Murdock and Lincoln in Jefferson Heights. Request immediate back-up. Repeat. Officer down.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

X

17

Renko looks to Hill, then guns it as Hill grabs the mike.

HILL

2202 responding, Ninety-First and Dekker.

18 EXT. STREET - DAY

18

As the unit flashes by, competing voices are heard on the dispatch.

RADIO VOICE

Unit 1118, we're at Lincoln and --
correction, there are two officers
down -- female officer looks bad.

RADIO VOICE

This is 2240; we're at Hundred
and Fifth and Dekker. Over...

HILL

(anxious; grabs the mike)
Marty's working this shift.

RENKO

(also plainly worried)
Bobby, there are eighty cops
in Jefferson Heights.

RADIO DISPATCH

1904, we're approaching the
scene...

HILL

Who's the female officer?
(beat)
Who's the female officer?

RADIO DISPATCH (CONT'D)

Please clear the lines for dispatch.

Hill looks to Renko.

RADIO DISPATCH (CONT'D)

1904 at the scene... looks like
Yaeger... Nichols.

HILL

Oh my God.

19 EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - DAY

19

As Renko turns, bouncing off a second unit without slowing --

CUT TO:

20 EXT. STREET - SNIPER SCENE - DAY

20

Officer Yaeger lies on the ground, a superficial neck wound
dribbling blood as paramedics remove his bullet proof vest. The
b.g. is a sea of patrol cars and flashing lights into which Hill
and Renko plunge their unit.

CONTINUED

PARAMEDIC
(applying stethoscope)
Take a deep breath.

UNIFORM #1
Take it easy. Just let him
listen.

YAEGER
(dazed)
I think I'm okay. How's Marty,
huh? I got the license. You
want the license?

21 ANGLE - RENKO AND HILL

21

As they fly out of their unit. Hill's path is blocked by another
unit. Renko arrives first, nearly bumping into a sickened
Tataglia as she turns away from the scene.

22 HILL AND RENKO'S POV - A BLOOD-STAINED UNIFORM

22

Near Nichol's body, sees Hill approaching and waves Renko to keep
Hill away --

23 HILL

23

Is just behind Renko, as Renko immediately turns to keep him back.

RENKO
Bobby, don't, she's dead.

HILL
My God --

Hill starts past him, Renko reaches out to hold his arm, offering
a restraint if Hill will take it.

HILL
(plain)
I want to see her.

Hill moves past his partner, approaches her bloodied body, looks
silently, a paramedic covers it with a sheet. STAY WITH HILL, as
we --

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

X
ACT TWO

FADE IN

24 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY - WITH GOLDBLUME

24

Full of the moment's icy, terrorized rage, moving quickly towards the booking desk and Leo.

GOLDBLUME

(to Leo)

Put a man on notifications. Three units from the nightshift to report immediately. Double-time for all dayshifts who want it.

LEO

Just had another compulsory confession. Claims he did Kennedy too.

GOLDBLUME

All calls patch through communications and into 911.

Hill and Renko are just returning from the street, stunned, like unscathed survivors of a bombing, Hill worse than Renko, Renko kind of leading Hill along. Goldblume approaches them.

GOLDBLUME

Bobby, are you alright?

HILL

I'm ready. Anything you want. I'm ready.

Goldblume takes the moment, rather than answering Hill, to touch his arm by way of comforting. Hill remains stoically rigid, doesn't allow himself to be comforted.

GOLDBLUME

Anytime you want to go back on the street, just do it.

As Renko leads Hill off --

24A ANGLE - CALLETANO

24A

Is at a phone on a desk near Belker, scribbling on a pad --

CALLETANO

Got it.

(hangs up; to Belker; also to others in the vicinity)

They found the sniper's car abandoned in an alley off 83rd and Dekker. Cream Fairmont, match on the partial plate.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

24A CONTINUED

X

24A

CALLETANO (CONT'D)
(to other uniforms)
Rohas, Winston...
(starting for Furillo's office)
Frank, we have a positive on the plate
Yaeger gave us.

25 INT. FRONT DESK - ROBIN TATAGLIA

25

Enters the stationhouse, her gait a bit unsteady. Approaches Leo --

TATAGLIA
Belker in?

LEO
(sympathetic to Robin's apparent
fearfulness and urgency)
Squad room.
(indicates)

She enters through the double-doors, as --

26 INT. SQUAD ROOM

26

Belker sees Tataglia, rises, goes to her --

BELKER
Robin... are you all right?

TATAGLIA
I was there Mick. I saw her.

BELKER
(cautiously)
Marty?

TATAGLIA
I saw her Mick.

BELKER
(pained)
Aw Robin.

As uniforms move out, Belker stays steadfastly with her.

TATAGLIA
I'm scared. I'm really scared.
(beat; shivers)
I can't go back out, Mick...
(confessional; hard to admit)
I'm afraid I'm going to get shot.

In a spasm of emotion and embarrassment, she puts her head down on the desk. Belker touches her, comforts her, waits for her to bring her head up.

CONTINUED

BELKER

This is the worst place for you to be right now. Let's get some air. We'll get a cup of coffee, all right?

As Tataglia slowly stands, RACK FOCUS to --

27 DAVENPORT

27

As sober as everyone else, though with her own additional admixture of reasons, transiting the squad room to --

28 FURILLO'S OFFICE

28

Where Furillo is on the phone to Daniels. She waits for --

FURILLO

(to phone)

The description Yaeger gave us, good on the car, sketchy on the shooter. Yes, Heights is notified... Marino?... I don't know, Chief, I'm sorry, the sniper's got all our priority right now... Alright...

Furillo hangs up, takes a deep, weary, saddened breath, that lets Davenport know where he is.

DAVENPORT

I heard.

Furillo nods. Davenport takes a beat.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Frank, I know there's a lot going on. But about...

(troubled)

I just... we just have to talk.

FURILLO

(eyes averted)

I know. Tonight?

Leo knocks, leans in --

LEO

Miss Davenport, there's an attorney, a Ms. Heller would like to speak with you.

Calletano comes up behind Leo.

DAVENPORT

(shaky)

Who's that?

LEO

(shrug)

On your Rutledge case, I think.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

DAVENPORT
(frustrated)
I'll be out.

Her reaction's an index of her distress and registers on Furillo's face.

CALLETANO
Frank, Heights is sending three extra units. We'll flood the area around the shooting, begin door-to-door...
(stops, realizes they're not finished)

Furillo's look to Joyce is apologetic.

DAVENPORT
I'll see you later.

Off Furillo's expression acknowledging an unresolved matter, Davenport moves out into --

29 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

29

Where Sheila Heller, a somewhat hard-edged attorney in her early thirties, wearing a visitor's tag, approaches her --

HELLER
Joyce Davenport?

DAVENPORT
Ms. Heller?

HELLER
I'm court-appointed to represent Mr. Rutledge in this little --
(looking at papers; a somewhat facetious laugh)
-- Obstructing Justice piece of junk.

DAVENPORT
Up here on discovery?

HELLER
(nodding yes)
Want to share? We can get both cases called together, they're both garbage, judge'll be delighted to toss the whole package.

DAVENPORT
Ms. Heller, did it occur to you the interests of my client, the mother, and yours, the father, might not be identical? That the interests of a deaf abused child are also at stake here.

Off Davenport's distress, PICK UP --

30 GOLDBLUME

X

30

At his desk, as Fay approaches. In b.g., Davenport moves through the double-doors towards a phone.

FAY

My God Henry, I just heard they shot two more officers.

GOLDBLUME

(nodding soberly)

One's dead, other was saved by a vest. I'm sorry, we'll have to reschedule.

FAY

Of course.

GOLDBLUME

It could be a late night, too. I don't know if we'll be able to get together.

FAY

Henry, you don't need to explain, remember?

(off his realization)

No matter how late, if you want to call me --

GOLDBLUME

I will.

Fay heads out through the double-doors as, in the --

31 FRONT DESK AREA

31

DAVENPORT

Leo, I need a copy of the 617 Aided on the Rutledge family.

LEO

Coming up.

He pulls a drawer, as Fay comes up behind Davenport.

FAY

Joyce --

DAVENPORT

Hello, Fay.

FAY

I heard what happened last night, Henry and I were going to have lunch but he can't, so... I've got some interviews at three, but would you want to have lunch with me, talk it through.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

DAVENPORT

Fay, I'm up here on business. I don't have time for lunch. I don't have time for a hen party.

FAY

(stunned)

That's not what I had in mind.

Davenport takes half a beat to muster an apology, but it's half-hearted, on the run --

DAVENPORT

I'm sorry. Excuse me.

LEO

Your 617, Ms. Davenport.

DAVENPORT

Thanks.

As Davenport takes it from him, moves away, we PICK UP Monty Marr at the front desk. He straddles his accordian case as Leo shows him an ex-rodent specially preserved for this purpose.

MARR

Gee, I'm sorry Mr. Schnitz, this is really embarrassing.

LEO

That's okay. If you'll just give us back the voucher --

MARR

I don't know what coulda happened. Maybe I didn't take 'em far enough away.

LEO

Who knows. Anyway, just give us back the --

MARR

(pulls out the accordian)

Don't worry. This time I'll take 'em six extra blocks -- a full half-mile, no additional charge --

LEO

(surrenders)

I don't care if you take 'em to the 116th Street Fire Station, just get 'em outta here.

MARR

You got it.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

He breaks into "Camptown Races". All heads turn --

MARR (CONT'D)
Let's hoof it, rats.

He backsteps, then spins, heads out the door past a startled Fay.
Off Leo's despair --

CUT TO:

32 INT. SHOWROOM LOUNGE - DAY

32

As a nervous Orsini pauses, then approaches Marino, who sits at the bar, smoking a cigarette, reading a newspaper.

ORSINI
Gotta talk to you personal, Marino.

MARINO
(low)
No you don't. Get lost.

ORSINI
Can't be dealing with middlemen.
You're the boss, I'm making big
payments, it's gotta be to the boss
direct.
(pulls an envelope)

MARINO
(sotto; real pissed)
Wrong number, Jack. Not even close.

A silent beat as Goldblum and Fox approach. Off Marino's evil
look, as the three close in around him and --

ORSINI
Brother! Pretty hot in here, isn't
it, guys?

33 INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

33

Washington has headphones on. LaRue sits beside him, a hamburger
in his lap. A beat as Washington listens --

WASHINGTON
He said it was hot in there, J.D.

LARUE
I believe it. It's hot back here,
too.

Off Washington's agreement --

CUT TO:

34 INT. SHOWROOM LOUNGE MEN'S ROOM - DAY

34

Marino has Orsini against a wall.

ORSINI
Boy, it's roastin' in here.

MARINO
Then you'd be happy to take your coat off.

ORSINI
Sure, Tony, no problem with that.

But he's a little slow doing it, so --

MARINO
(rips the coat)
Get it off!

ORSINI
(more agitated)
Hey, you guys are the cops. I'm not going to wear a wire on you. Whattaya think I am, crazy?

Orsini wipes his mouth as Marino examines the coat, examines under Orsini's shirt.

ORSINI (CONT'D)
Look at that, I'm sweatin' like a porker it's so hot in here.

MARINO
(finishes inspection)
So you're not wired.

ORSINI
(relieved)
'Course I'm not wired.

Marino hands the coat back to Orsini. As Orsini reaches for it Marino knees him in the groin, grabs him by the hair, and rams his face against the sink several times.

MARINO
Just think if you were. Now stay away from me.

Marino leaves. Orsini crumples to the floor, kneeling over the envelope of money he brought for Marino. Fox and Goldblum enter.

GOLDBLUM
Is that for us?

Orsini looks up, blood pouring from his mouth.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED

34

GOLDBLUM (CONT'D)
I'll take that as a yes.

Goldblum takes the envelope.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. STREET - DAY

35

A couple blocks away from the Showroom Lounge, LaRue and Washington help Orsini into a cab. Orsini holds a bloody towel to his face.

ORSINI
I kept telling you it was hot, where were ya?

LARUE
A buzz in the wiring, we could hardly hear, Sonny.

ORSINI
Get you what you need, at least?

LARUE
Nah. Next time.

ORSINI
What the hell's that mean?

LARUE
We'll talk about it later.

WASHINGTON
(hands cabbie money)
Take him to County Emergency.

LARUE
We don't want this gettin' back to anyone, understand?

ORSINI
How'm I gonna talk? They're gonna wire my jaw.

LARUE
That's a good idea: tell 'em to wire it shut.

Off LaRue slamming the door shut and the cab pulling off --

CUT TO:

36 INT. PARKED N.D. SEDAN - DAY

36 X

Belker sits behind the wheel. Tataglia looks off to the side, trying to decide what's happened to her.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

TATAGLIA

I don't know what it is... I was there when Pete Dorsey got killed and I handled it. Right? I stayed on duty.

BELKER

I remember.

TATAGLIA

So what happened? I mean all of a sudden, I just got this feeling... like I'm numb inside.

BELKER

Still feel that way?

She shakes her head yes.

BELKER

It's all right, Robin. It happens sometimes.

TATAGLIA

Is it 'cause she's a woman? That must be it -- 'cause she was a woman, don't you think?

BELKER

Who knows?...

A beat as Tataglia looks around, sighs, much more emotionally --

TATAGLIA

I knew Marty. She was great.
(she shivers)

BELKER

Want me to take you home?

TATAGLIA

I don't know.

RADIO DISPATCH

All available units, possible
sniper suspect reported
entering 9901 Jefferson...

Under which Belker shifts his attention from Tataglia to the radio --

RADIO DISPATCH (CONT'D)

... suspect description white, male,
five-feet-ten, hundred-fifty pounds,
approximately thirty-years-old,
wearing p-jacket, light slacks,
jogging-type footwear.

Belker instinctively reaches for the siren, grips the wheel, then turns to Tataglia.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

BELKER
I'll come back for you.

TATAGLIA
(sudden)
No.

BELKER
Robin --

TATAGLIA
If I don't do it now, I'll never do
it. Just go.

Belker hits the siren and guns it.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. TENEMENT - 9901 JEFFERSON - DAY

37

Four patrol cars and a cab are already parked as Belker's unit
screams in -- Tataglia trails him as he rushes up to the cabbie.

BELKER
Which way?

CABBIE
Around the side. See, I picked up
this guy on Dekker, he told me to wait
down here, meanwhile I got the police
radio, I hear what you had for
description, put two plus two, plus
the guy was walkin' away from a cream
Fairmont on Dekker --

As Belker and Tataglia race away --

CUT TO:

38 EXT. TENEMENT FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

38

As Danny Nolan, white, thirties, dark coat, running shoes, hops
down, five steps at a time, followed by --

39 TWO UNIFORMS

39

One of whom slips on the icy steps as --

40 NOLAN

40

Swings to the ground, landing in --

41 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

41

As Belker and Tataglia seal off the end of the alley, Nolan turns
and runs the other way as --

42 UNIFORM #2

42

Jumps the last fifteen feet to the ground and tears after --

43 NOLAN

43

Who tries to climb a fence at the end of the alley. He slips, gets up again and Belker is on top of him --

BELKER

(his piece in Nolan's face)

Gimme a reason! Gimme a reason!

NOLAN

(arms raised)

Don't kill me. Don't kill me.

Three other cops rush up, guns drawn.

BELKER

On the ground.

As a uniform cuffs Nolan --

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

X
ACT THREE

FADE IN

44 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

44

Arraignments Judge "Set 'Em Free" Lee Oberman presiding, as with arresting officers Bates and Coffey, interested parties Goldblume and Spencer (who's with Coffey) and defense attorneys Davenport and Heller in attendance --

BAILIFF

Docket N639472, Wilma Rutledge, one count Child Endangerment. And Docket N639488, Harold Rutledge, Obstructing Justice, Resisting Arrest and also Child Endangerment. On for bail setting.

The defendants are led out, with nothing to say to one another beneath their glares, as counsel and cops take their positions before the judge. Goldblume and Bates stand beside the A.D.A; Coffey remains in the gallery with Spencer.

OBERMAN

(regarding papers)
Family situation. Would counsel approach? Officers as well.

An A.D.A., Goldblume, Bates, Davenport and Heller do so.

OBERMAN (CONT'D)

Would this be a matter better handled by Family Court, Mr. D.A.?

D.A.

They won't take it, Judge, with the Obstruction and Resisting.

DAVENPORT

Your Honor, my client has a four and a half year old boy who is deaf and doesn't know sign language. She's the only person who can communicate with him and she desperately wants to take care of him.

OBERMAN

She has a strange way of showing it.

DAVENPORT

Her suicide attempt was only a reflection of her helplessness in trying to protect the child from further abuse by his father..

HELLER

(angry)
Since when does your practice include psychiatry?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

X

44

DAVENPORT

You don't have to be a psychiatrist to recognize a family that's being terrorized --

OBERMAN

(over)

That'll do.... Officers?

BATES

Judge, I was at a prior domestic at the Rutledge home yesterday. I found signs of abuse on the young boy, the father should definitely be kept away from these children.

DAVENPORT

Which is what Mrs. Rutledge wants.

HELLER

So we jail him on some half-baked resisting charge?

D.A.

There's also an Endangerment...

HELLER

My client's employed, he has a clean record.

OBERMAN

Mr. D.A., do you have any reason to believe Mr. Rutledge won't show up in court?

D.A.

No.

GOLDBLUME

Judge, please keep the father inside.

OBERMAN

(back at Goldblume)

Are you of the opinion, Lieutenant, that the mother if left alone, would be a competent parent?

GOLDBLUME

It's a difficult situation, but if I had to guess, I'd say yes.

(beat)

OBERMAN

All right. Step back.

(off Goldblume's look of fear)

Don't worry, Lieutenant, I'll take care of it.

CONTINUED

All step back.

OBERMAN (CONT'D)

Both defendants released on
recognizance, pending preliminary
hearings. Set a long date, Bailiff.
And you, Mr. Rutledge --

RUTLEDGE

Yes, sir?

OBERMAN

I'm notifying Welfare to be at your
house in an hour. Be there then to
pick up your clothes. Then get out.

44A ANGLE - COFFEY AND SPENCER

44A

In the galley --

SPENCER

What's happened?

RUTLEDGE

Where'm I supposed to sleep?

COFFEY

Welfare's gonna bring
your brother back. Then
your father's gonna move out.

OBERMAN

Providing accommodations is not
my responsibility. However,
I hear you're back staying
there...

44B RESUME - FRONT OF COURT ROOM

44B

OBERMAN (CONT'D)

I'll be happy to provide you a bunk at
the Michigan Avenue complex.
(raps gavel)
Next case.

The parties file out, mostly quiet, except for, in low tones --

MRS. RUTLEDGE

(to cops)

Thank you, officers.

DAVENPORT

Mrs. Rutledge, I think we should speak
to your welfare counselor about some
kind of remedial therapy for you son.

As all file out --

45 OMIT

45

46 SPENCER

46

Watches his father dully:

CUT TO:

X

47 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY - WITH FURILLO AND CALLETANO

47

Furillo on the move towards his office, as in back of them attracting mute, dumbfounded attention (including some from the passing Furillo), Nolan, the accused cop killer, is booked.

CALLETANO

LaRue and Washington had problems with Orsini.

FURILLO

Okay, pull 'em off, get 'em on the search warrant.

CALLETANO

(indicating suspect)

We still don't know his name.

FURILLO

We don't need it. John Doe him and go for the warrant on the Cabbie's testimony and interviews with the super.

CALLETANO

What about the press?

FURILLO

Silence. Nothing until Division clears it. Make sure the men are aware of that.

RACK FOCUS into --

48 BOOKING - LEO AND NOLAN

48

With Belker and a couple uniforms as sober, silently enraged guards. Even Leo has no irony for this guy.

LEO

Relax your finger.

BELKER

(off Leo still having problems rolling the guy's fingers)
You hear the officer? Relax it!

From a little distance, with Tataglia just to the side of them --

49 HILL AND RENKO

49

Watch. Hill's stare is frightening.

HILL

Just want to watch the man. Want to see his face.

RENKO

I'd like to break his face.

CUT TO:

50 SQUAD ROOM - HUNTER

X

50

Hanging up a phone --

HUNTER

Frank, Ray!

(having got their attention)

We've recovered a rifle. Maxwell and Beame found it in a dumpster two blocks from the Fairmont. They're on their way to ballistics.

FURILLO

(on the move towards Interrogation)

Good, Howard. Double our guard on the suspect. Ray, let's rush the booking and get him in a room.

CALLETANO

Yaeger won't be here for half an hour.

FURILLO

Neither will the guy's attorney. Come on, let's not waste time.

RACK FOCUS to --

51 HILL

51

Still staring poisonously at Nolan as Calletano rushes over to expedite things, then --

CUT TO:

52 INT. INTERROGATION - DAY - FURILLO, CALLETANO AND BELKER

52

Browbeat a silent, unquivering Nolan.

FURILLO

We have the car you rented, the rifle you threw in the alley, and one of the cops you shot.

BELKER

You finally missed one, John. But he ain't gonna miss you.

CALLETANO

As soon as your prints run, we'll have your real name and we're getting a warrant on your apartment right now.

NOLAN

Where's my attorney?

CONTINUED

X

52 CONTINUED

52

BELKER
(change of tone; as though
appealing to a psycho)
Look, John, you're a sick guy, you
killed some cops. Okay. But if you
want us to help you, you've got to
talk to us now.

Under which an EATER opens the door and attorney Seth Lupowitz,
young, overweight, aggressive, steps in --

LUPOWITZ
Having a nice conversation?
(beat)
I'll talk to my client now.

Belker is the last to leave -- stops in the doorway to cast one
last intimidating look at Nolan.

CUT TO:

53 INT. FRONT DESK AREA - DAY

53

A couple reporters, including Stu Casey, are standing around. PICK
UP Tataglia near the vending machines sipping a coffee, as Belker
emerges from the squad room, is momentarily converged on by Casey --

CASEY
(deferential)
When you get a minute, I'd like to ask
you about the arrest.

BELKER
What arrest?

CASEY
Aw, c'mon...

BELKER
Not now, Stu.

Casey nods and moves off. STAY WITH Belker and Tataglia. They
are silent for a moment -- she's still a little self-conscious
about her previous loss of composure.

TATAGLIA
Get anything more?

BELKER
Nah. Attorney showed.

TATAGLIA
How soon they think before the
ballistics?

-- CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

X

53

BELKER

Hour, hour and a half.

Belker takes a beat examining her, under which, in back of which, Nichols injured partner, Yaeger, is brought in, attracting the attention of the reporters -- though he says nothing, accompanied by Calletano.

BELKER (CONT'D)

You were okay out there.

TATAGLIA

Yeah, I guess... I guess I'm gonna go finish my shift.

BELKER

I think that's probably a good idea.

TATAGLIA

Thanks, Mick.

BELKER

(sotto; close to her ear)

I love you. I was scared for you.

Off the beginnings of Tataglia's smile --

CUT TO:

54 INT. LINE-UP STAGE

54

Five young white males stand in profile. None of them are Nolan.

CALLETANO (V.O.)

Face front.

55 INT. VIEWING ROOM

55

With Furillo, Calletano, Lupowitz and Yaeger. A beat as Yaeger stares --

YAEGER

Ask number three to lock up.

CALLETANO

(intercom)

Raise your chin, number three.

Beat.

YAEGER

I don't see him.

FURILLO

Next group.

CALLETANO

Okay. Second group.

56 ANGLE - LINE-UP STAGE

X

56

As the second group enters, Nolan is second in line.

57 ANGLE - YAEGER

57

Who immediately reacts.

YAEGER

That's him! Number two -- you got him.

FURILLO

Sure?

YAEGER

(very emotional)

Positive.

Hold for a beat on Yaeger, emotions revved, rubbing his wounded shoulder. Lupowitz gets up and without looking at the others, leaves.

CALLETANO

(into intercom)

Okay.

FURILLO

(very terse; leaving; to Calletano)

Hold him downstairs, awaiting ballistics. Let's call Division.

(to Yaeger)

Thank you, Mike.

YAEGER

I want to kill the man, Captain.

As Furillo nods --

58 ANGLE - GOLDBLUME

58

Just back from court, pokes his head in --

GOLDBLUME

(with urgency)

We just got prelim ballistics. It's weird. We got a match on the bullet that killed Nichols. But it's different from the ones that killed the others. Same caliber, same kind of rifle -- but different ballistics.

CALLETANO

(a fearful murmur, to Furillo)

Copycat...

FURILLO

Damn!

As Furillo sucks a hard breath, fearful of the worst --

CUT TO:

59 INT. SQUAD ROOM - STU CASEY

59

With a visitor's pass his yesterday's column earned him, as Furillo, Calletano, Goldblume emerge from line-up --

CASEY
Anything new?

GOLDBLUME
Nothing.

CASEY
What about the line-up?

FURILLO
(edgy)
Who are you?

CASEY
Stu Casey. Times-Tribune.

FURILLO
I don't care where you're from, if there's a release you'll get it with the rest of the press.

GOLDBLUME
Frank --

FURILLO
This isn't the six o'clock news.

LEO (O.S.)
Casey! Casey!

GOLDBLUME
Frank, he's alright. Wrote a piece in this morning's paper.

FURILLO
I don't care. He shouldn't have a pass.

Furillo leaves. Goldblume watches for a moment, worried by Furillo's strained composure.

60 ANGLE - FRONT DESK

60

Leo holds a phone.

LEO
Hey, Casey! For you!

Casey approaches, takes the receiver, with a questioning look back to Leo.

LEO (CONT'D)
Forwarded from your desk.

CONTINUED

X

60 CONTINUED

60

CASEY

Thanks.
(into phone)
Casey....

He listens for a moment, then his features contort --

CASEY (CONT'D)

Listen, it's real noisy here, wait a second....

He holds his hand over the mouthpiece and --

CASEY (CONT'D)

(to Leo, gesticulating a
recording spool, mouthing, sotto)
Re-cord. Quick.

And waves Calletano and Goldblume over as --

CASEY (CONT'D)

(to phone)
Look, it's still noisy. Why don't you
give me a number.... Well, wait, let's
talk -- hello? Hello?

Leo has just completed signalling communications to record when
Casey hangs up, frustrated.

GOLDBLUME

Who was it?

CASEY

(stunned)
I don't know -- he said whoever shot the
cop today didn't shoot the first four.
(sucking air a little; agitated)
But he knows who did. And he knows
who's going to shoot the next four.

Goldblume looks to Calletano. Off Calletano's look of despair and
frustration, we introduce SOUNDS of car honking, and --

CUT TO:

61 EXT. STOREFRONT - DAY

61

As Coffey and Bates rush out, this time with genuine puzzlement
and surprise, to see --

X

62 POV - FAY FURILLO

Furious and frustrated, standing beside her Plymouth, which sits at a bizzare angle to the street, its front end way up on the sidewalk, while its rear has rammed quite nicely into the back of the pimpmobile that's double-parking her in. It's clear that she'd tried to drive up on the sidewalk, had been frustrated in the attempt by a pole along the curb; and has now turned to irate honking, reaching through her driver's side window to do so. People are staring at this white woman -- taking her presumably for a welfare lady, though a welfare lady would probably be less frazzled -- for the moment no garbage is flying.

62A THE SCENE

62A

Bates and Coffey approaching --

BATES

Mrs. Furillo, what are you doing here?

FAY

I had to see an unwed mother, but I didn't mean to take up residence.

She honks three or four more times as, Jose the pimp appears at his building. Jose is a little loaded, doesn't have quite as full a range of emotional response to the further damaging of his vehicle as he might if less chemically altered.

JOSE

What's your problem, mama?

FAY

(unafraid)

Is this your vehicle? Is this your ... your pimpmobile?

JOSE

Dented my wheels, mama.

FAY

(pushing a finger in his face, Jose gradually backing off)
It's hardly my fault, Mister! I've been out here ten minutes trying to get out of a legal parking place that's blocked by your inconsiderate behavior! Look at me! Look at my car! Did you ever stop to consider that I might have a ten year old who's coming home from school, an infant, who'll be arriving from his nurse?

62B ANGLE - HISPANIC WOMAN

62B

Pushing towards the cops, with fright and urgency --

CONTINUED

X

62B CONTINUED

62B

WOMAN

I think someone is shot.

BATES

Where?

WOMAN

I'll show you.

Bates runs after the woman, Coffey follows.

JOSE

Hey, woman's abusing my rights.

COFFEY

Gonna have to deal with this one
yourself, Jose.

Off Jose's dazed concern --

CUT TO:

63 INT. TENEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

63

WOMAN

(leading them)

I seen him before -- he is always
angry -- and today maybe he is drunk,
because he yell very loud -- then I
hear his gun.

As they stop at a doorway --

CUT TO:

64 INT. RUTLEDGE APARTMENT - DAY

64

A dingy one-bedroom with a kitchenette. Sprawled on a ratty couch, a single bullet wound in his chest, is Harold Rutledge. Spencer stands beside the couch, his face bruised from a recent fight. On the floor beside the couch is a pistol. Mrs. Rutledge stands in a corner, holding her four-year-old, crying. A welfare worker is there, in a state of hysteria, unable to speak. Bates rushes to check for a pulse as Coffey moves to Spencer.

SPENCER

He was going to shoot her. I just
tried to stop him. I didn't want to
shoot him.

COFFEY

It's all right.

Bates indicates no pulse.

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

64

SPENCER

I didn't want to shoot him. It just
went off.

COFFEY

(an arm around him)
It's okay, Spencer. It's okay.

BATES

I'll call it in... Okay, let's all
clear out of here.

(to welfare worker)
Who are you?

WELFARE WORKER

(barely able to show I.D.;
stunned)
County Welfare.

As a traumatized Spencer holds still in Coffey's arms --

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

X
ACT FOUR

FADE IN

65 INT. FRONT DESK

65

Bates and Coffey entering through the double-doors with Spencer, Spencer's deaf little brother, Mrs. Rutledge and Marge Donnelly, the social worker --

BATES
Leo, Ms. Davenport here?

LEO
On the way.

COFFEY
This way, Mrs. Rutledge.

They start toward the squad room, cross and STAY WITH LaRue and Washington, entering from the side, carrying objects seized in the search of Nolan's apartment -- somewhat behind them, Calletano, carrying photographs, comes down the stairs stops momentarily at the front desk, then heads into the squad room --

66 INT. SQUAD ROOM

66 X

As LaRue and Washington spot Furillo and Bernstein on their way towards the Interrogation corridor --

LARUE
Captain --
(Furillo stops; they reach him)

WASHINGTON
Search of Nolan's apartment --

LARUE
(holding a bag)
Eight thousand, cash.

WASHINGTON
In the icebox.

Bernstein and Furillo exchange a look.

FURILLO
(nodding)
Anything else?

LARUE
Yeah, his rap sheet. Guy's got
a.k.a.'s up the yinyang. Denny Nolan,
Danny Nolan, Michael Sprague, Michael
Springer, I can't even remember 'em.

66A ANGLE - CALLETANO

66A.

CONTINUED

X

66A CONTINUED

66A

CALLETANO .

Frank, there's something you have to
see -- it's urgent.

FURILLO

Irwin also?

Off Calletano's nod yes, the three head for the double doors, as
we pick-up --

67 BATES AND COFFEY

67

At a desk, as Coffey gives Clay, the deaf child, a candy bar.
Bates is beginning to take Mrs. Donnelly's statement, Spencer and
Mrs. Rutledge try to comfort each other, unhappily --

MRS. DONNELLY

(still shaken)

I was returning Clay to his family --
Mr. Rutledge had the weapon when he
answered the door; he was drunk --

BATES

(grimly)

He was threatening the family --

MRS. DONNELLY

Mrs. Rutledge and Spencer had been struck
by him, he was pointing the gun towards
them --

(Mrs. Rutledge starts to sob.

Spencer holds her)

-- Spencer and Mr. Rutledge began to
fight -- Mr. Rutledge dropped the weapon,
Spencer was to get to it first --

Hunter approaches, stays at a distance. Coffey moves to him --

68 FAVORING COFFEY AND HUNTER

68

HUNTER

(quietly)

Will the boy be charged?

COFFEY

I don't think so -- looks like
self-defence.

(he looks back at the
family)

Sounds strange... I think
they're lucky the gun went off.

DONNELLY (CONT'D)

-- Mr. Rutledge picked up a
knife, he was advancing on
Mrs. Rutledge when... Spencer
fired...

(she dries her eyes with a
handkerchief)

I'm sorry...

SPENCER

It's alright, Mama.

CONTINUED

X

68 CONTINUED

68

Clay looks around uncomprehendingly, eating the candy bar.

HELLER

On the contrary -- what's strange is
that the random discharge of a handgun
can effect more justice than a 200-
year old legal system.

68A DAVENPORT

68A

Arrives; observes the group; feels pity.

CUT TO:

69 INT. WAR ROOM ANNEX - DAY

69

Furillo, Bernstein and Calletano stand in front of a table covered
with spools of recording tape and stacks of photos. Calletano
picks up the top stack of photos and hands it to Furillo. Furillo
reviews it silently for a moment, then his features contort.

CALLETANO

(pointing to it)

Here. This is the one. Nolan.

70 INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

70

Of Nolan and Marino at the Showroom Lounge bar -- Marino's
laughing --

71 FURILLO

71

FURILLO

And Marino...

Off his look at Bernstein --

CUT TO:

72 INT. INTERROGATION - DAY

72

Washington and LaRue, Furillo, Bernstein and Calletano facing
Lupowitz and Nolan who are seated.

FURILLO

We've got you on film with Marino, we
recovered eight thousand in cash
from your apartment, I want to know
what the hell is going on --

(Lupowitz opens his mouth)

And save the legalese.

LUPOWITZ

Captain, I'm only concerned with my
client's best interest.

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

72

FURILLO

(cueing Bernstein)

You want a line on that? You have one option --

BERNSTEIN

We're prepared to waive the death penalty; twenty-five to life, no bargaining down. That's it. Eligible for parole after sixteen and two-thirds.

Nolan, shaken, nods affirmatively to Lupowitz --

LUPOWITZ

Protection?

FURILLO

He gives us everything, I guarantee you no one goes near him.

A beat -- Nolan lights a cigarette --

NOLAN

(shaky)

Marino busted me, couple years ago. We done a few things since -- he wanted some work done, for the eight grand.

FURILLO

Why?

NOLAN

I have no idea.

FURILLO

What exactly did he tell you?

NOLAN

He told me to do a copycat. Take down the cop --

FURILLO

Which cop?

NOLAN

I don't know --

FURILLO

(hot)

Which cop?

NOLAN

Her, just her -- I hit him to make it look like the sniper.

Furillo cringes in disgust.

X

CONTINUED

X

72 CONTINUED

72

FURILLO

(mostly to Lupowitz)

One more condition until we have Marino, we're putting your client in deep freeze. Nothing gets out of this room. Nothing, is that understood, Mr. Lupowitz?

Off Lupowitz's slight, grudging nod;

CUT TO:

73 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

73

Mrs. Rutledge, Spencer and Clay are at the desk. Davenport is conferring with Bates and Coffey and the welfare lady, Donnelly, a few feet away, out of earshot -- a beat, the family watches tensely -- Davenport moves to them --

DAVENPORT

(quietly)

Spencer's not going to be charged.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

(inward)

Oh, Lord -- thank you, thank you, thank you...

In b.g., we see Furillo enter his office with Bernstein -- Bates and Coffey come up. Donnelly eases up closer to Davenport.

DONNELLY

I told Ms. Davenport that your boy, Clay, could benefit from private tutoring, more intensive than the county can pay for.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

(sadly)

Who's gonna pay it then?

DAVENPORT

If you'd allow me... I'd like to.

A beat; the mother feels overwhelmed.

MRS. RUTLEDGE

Miss Davenport -- you've helped us so much...

DAVENPORT

It would make me feel good... it would help me.

CONTINUED

X

73 CONTINUED

73

MRS. RUTLEDGE

I don't know what to say...

Mrs. Rutledge's eyes well up with tears.

MRS. RUTLEDGE (CONT'D)

Bless you... God bless you.

Davenport looks at Clay; he looks at her blankly. Mrs. Rutledge cries -- Bates and Coffey move in behind Davenport -- Spencer goes to Coffey, extends his hand -- he solemnly shakes Coffey's hand, then Bates -- powerful, strong, unexpressed emotions -- the sound of Mrs. Rutledge's weeping -- Spencer looks up at Coffey again, starts to cry, unable to hold it any longer -- he moves forward, Coffey embraces him, Spencer holds on, sobs racking him -- off Davenport, watching --

CUT TO:

74 INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE - DAY

74

Bernstein sits across from Furillo, his briefcase open on Furillo's desk. It's grim --

BERNSTEIN

We ring the wrong bell tonight, and Marino's gone, Goldblum's gone, Fox is gone. If we can keep them loosely surveilled the next twelve hours, come morning we'll have warrants and know right where to mail all three.

FURILLO

(ruminative)

And if there's a press leak about our having Nolan...

BERNSTEIN

Our public statement is we've got a couple suspects on the cop killings generally, no arrests, no names given. Lupowitz would have to be a fool. And of course we keep tight lips up here

Furillo nods, agreeing. A beat.

FURILLO

I want to know why he had her killed.

BERNSTEIN

She could have had something on him, she could've been investigating him... or she could've been in business with him.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

Under which Furillo's look does not discount the last possibility.

BERNSTEIN (CONT'D)

All we know is she didn't come to us.

(a beat)

We'll find out, Frank.

A visibly shaken Hill knocks on the door. Furillo looks to him, then back at Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN (CONT'D)

We're done.

(stands)

Tomorrow, Frank. Then maybe I'll meet my wife again.

Bernstein leaves. Furillo moves to the door as Hill enters. In the b.g., LaRue and Washington are visible in the squad room.

FURILLO

Bobby.

Hill takes a beat, looks down, then --

HILL

(close to tears)

J.D. said... he said Marty wasn't killed by the sniper -- that it was some kind of hit, something with Marino?

He looks to Furillo for an explanation. Furillo swallows his displeasure at the fact that Hill has heard this.

X

FURILLO

(carefully)

Bobby... I'm sorry about Marty. About the other... I can't say just now.

HILL

(struggling)

She was... she liked to do things on her own. I think she was investigating Marino -- maybe.

FURILLO

It's a possibility.

HILL

They were both in Midtown, and she worked vice for awhile -- maybe she...

X

FURILLO

(sharper than he means to be)

Bobby, we don't know. We just don't know.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

HILL

You want me to find out?

FURILLO

Bobby, listen. All the mornings and nights we've been in that cubicle upstairs, that's what all this is about. We're going to move on these people tomorrow; we can't lose that. Do you understand?

HILL

(vaguely)

I just want to do something...

FURILLO

(hard)

For your sake and hers, you've got to stay out of this now, it's not the time.

HILL

(a beat; uncomprehendingly)

Okay....

FURILLO

Go home. Stay with somebody. Keep complete secrecy on this and we'll talk tomorrow.

X

Hill nods, exits slowly -- Furillo watches, STAY WITH him as he exits --

75 INT. SQUAD ROOM

75

FOLLOW Furillo into the squad room where he motions LaRue and Washington into the corridor near the coffee bar -- Goldblume is visible in b.g., watching --

FURILLO

(pissed, quiet)

Who else did you tell?

LARUE

He was crying, Captain.

WASHINGTON

He was in love with her.

FURILLO

Not another word.

A beat as it sinks in.

LARUE

Sorry.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

FURILLO

Don't be sorry. Just don't be a fool.

Furillo moves on towards the bathroom --

CUT TO:

76 INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

76

As Furillo enters. He wets a towel, wipes his face, then leans over the sink gasping for air, under which Goldblume enters.

GOLDBLUME

Frank?

FURILLO

(shaky)

I feel like I'm about to explode...

(Goldblume goes to him, helps him
loosen his tie -- Furillo leans
back against the sink)

GOLDBLUME

Easy -- breathe easy.

Goldblume wets the handkerchief, gives it to him -- Furillo's breathing comes more under control --

FURILLO

Couldn't catch my breath.

GOLDBLUME

You're entitled.

FURILLO

If there's been a worse twenty-four hours here... I'd like to know what it was.

GOLDBLUME

(a little lighter)

Can I get back to you on it?

FURILLO

(a beat)

Henry, I haven't been much of a friend to you lately. I intend to do better --

GOLDBLUME

I know, Frank. I just want to help.

FURILLO

You have. You do.

(beat)

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED

X

76

GOLDBLUME

Will you take some advice?

(off Furillo's nod)

Let's get the hell out of here.

They exchange a grim smile...

CUT TO:

77 INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

77

Leo is standing outside the front desk as Furillo and Goldblume head out. A considerably p.o.'d, uniformed fireman enters from the street and approaches.

LEO

Night, Captain... Lieutenant.

FIREMAN

(beligerent)

Excuse me. You familiar with an individual named Monty Marr?

LEO

Monty Marr?

FIREMAN

Hey don't play dumb with me, the exterminator that plays an accordian.
(reaches in pocket)

Here's his card, he told me you sent him to us with all your rats.

LEO

You got rats?

FIREMAN

Now we do! Sure, now! Now we've got 'em.

LEO

Look bud, where you from?

FIREMAN

116th Street Station.

LEO

Not my business, but no wonder you got rats. Your exterminator sounds like a nut job.

CUT TO:

78 INT. BAR - NIGHT - HILL AND RENKO

78

In street clothes, on stools. Renko's just there for him, trying to keep things even.

RENKO

Want to tell me what the captain told you?

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED

X

78

HILL

No.

Renko drinks.

RENKO

Want to sit here until we close this establishment down?

HILL

Yes I do.

He's looking straight ahead.

RENKO

Well then, I'm here to do it with you, son.

(to barkeep)

Couple more overproofs, Jason.

HILL

She was so beautiful... I wish I understood her.

(beat)

I just wish she was alive.

Inconsolable, simply living with it, Hill looks at Renko.

CUT TO:

79 INT. DAVENPORT/FURILLO BEDROOM - NIGHT

79

Furillo and Davenport sitting up in bed, both trying to read. both trying to pretend there's not a painful agenda to be addressed between them. Finally --

FURILLO

(rubbing his eyes)

Maybe I need glasses.

DAVENPORT

(removing hers)

Here. Try these.

FURILLO

(putting them on; squints)

You're blind.

DAVENPORT

Not so blind I can't see how angry we've both been.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

X

79

FURILLO

(suddenly shakier than he'd realized)

In the last twenty four hours we lost a house, you found out you couldn't have babies, I killed a man, Marty Nicols was murdered, a fourteen year old boy killed his father, and I've still got a cop killer on the loose. What should we talk about first?

Davenport won't be put off. She moves in very close to Furillo, gets comfortable.

DAVENPORT

You know that Matthew Arnold poem about a darkling plain? That's how I feel. Like we've been living on a darkling plain where "ignorant armies clash by night."... Frank, I was never scared, being married to a cop. Now I'm afraid I'll never not be scared again.

FURILLO

(very near tears)

Me, too.

DAVENPORT

When you ran out of the car, God help me, I thought I'd never see you alive again, and I was furious that you'd risk your life so easily.

FURILLO

Easy? I was terrified.

DAVENPORT

Maybe I'm crazy, but I saw you at that moment less afraid of some punk with a gun than you were of dealing with me.

FURILLO

(a beat; then a painful confession)

Maybe you're not so crazy...

DAVENPORT

Frank, I don't have a secret life. I tell you everything that goes on with me. It's just in this particular case, I was hoping there wouldn't be anything to tell.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

X

79

FURILLO

And when we got got married, there was no asterisk on the vows saying I'd only cherish and keep you if you made babies.

DAVENPORT

(acknowledging)

I may not be able to make babies, Frank, but I'm not barren. We can have it all -- a home, a family -- I've got a lot of mothering instincts in me.

FURILLO

(a small grin)

Got a little for me? After the last couple days, I could use some mothering.

DAVENPORT

(disengaging to his face; a matching smile of her own)

I had something of a different instinct in mind for you, Pizza Man. You up for it?

FURILLO

Yeah.

And as they embrace with an almost aching passion...

FADE OUT

THE END