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SCRIPT #19

HILL STREET BLUES

"Nutcracker Suite"

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HILL STREET BLUES

"Nutcracker Suite"

CAST

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

LEO  
CHIEF DANIELS  
CLARA PILSKY  
OZZIE CLEVELAND  
JUDGE ALAN WACHTEL  
HARRY GARIBALDI  
JESUS MARTINEZ  
CLAUDIA RAMIREZ  
DARYL ANN MCCONNICKE  
WILLIAM MULLINS  
WALTER BURKE  
DEPUTY CHIEF WARREN BRISCOE  
BOB TENNELL

X  
X

PEREZ  
KULCZYCKI  
SGT. MORIARITY  
DEALER (Sc. 30)  
GUY (Sc. 50)  
WAITRESS (Sc. 50)

X

BAILIFF  
IRWIN BERNSTEIN  
NATALIE DEROY  
REPORTER #1 (Sc. 54)  
REPORTER #2 (Sc. 54)

X  
X  
X  
X

HILL STREET BLUES

"Nutcracker Suite"

SETS

INTERIORS

HILL STREET PRECINCT

- ROLL CALL
- FRONT DESK
- SPILLOUT
- SQUAD ROOM
- FURILLO'S OFFICE
- INTERROGATION ROOMS
- CORRIDOR
- LOCKER ROOM

BUILDING

X

SLIM LINE RADIO REPAIR SHOP

- REAR ROOM (FACTORY)

RESTAURANT

RESTAURANT

COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR

COURTROOM

WACHTEL'S CHAMBERS

DANIELS' OFFICE

DAVENPORT/FURILLO APARTMENT

- BEDROOM
- KITCHEN

UNITS

N.D. VEHICLE

UNMARKED VAN

X

COURTHOUSE HOLDING CELLS

X

EXTERIORS

CITY STREETS, ALLEYS (VARIOUS)

DIABLO HEADQUARTERS STOREFRONT

SLIM LINE RADIO STOREFRONT

X

TENEMENT DOORWAY

LIQUOR STORE

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 OVER BLACK - "Roll Call -- 7:05 A.M." 1

BATES' VOICE  
Item six...absences.

X

2 INT. ROLL CALL - ON BATES 2

BATES  
LaRue's definitely got mono, he's out three weeks minimum.

Followed by predictable chuckling and kissing sounds. Bates is in no mood.

BATES (CONT'D)  
Hey, the guy's sick, let's not have a party about it. And the big absence, which when I talked to him he had the flu, but even if he was well Captain Furillo's re-assigned to Division, which I think sucks, but expressing an opinion's what got him in trouble.

Grumbles all around -- everyone's got an attitude this morning and no one's worried about voicing an opinion. PICK UP Belker at the column --

BELKER  
Who they bringin' in?

BATES  
Won't know for about a week. For now command is Lieutenant Hunter and Lieutenant Calletano. So...

(PICK UP Calletano and Hunter among the group, quiet -- Bates doesn't know what else to say, moves from the podium, reading a memo)

Item seven: "Stop 'n Cop" and this comes from Deputy Chief Briscoe at Division: he wants every available body available for immediate assist and back-up on observed transactions --

X

PICK UP Pilsky, the aftershocks from yesterday's shooting have intensified; she's pale, didn't sleep much -- Coffey picks up her reaction to the news --

COFFEY  
Everybody, Luce?

CONTINUED

.2 CONTINUED

2

BATES

Everybody means everybody. Check the board, some uniforms'll be in clothes today -- Washington, Belker and Garibaldi, you're still on surveillance at the 121st Street stake-out; we're gonna move on this Slim Line Radio storefront, Chief Briscoe says they're looking to "make some real dents" out there today.

(reading the quiet, negative response)

And I think the Mayor's attitude on this is pretty clear, so I think we better just dig in our heels and do this.

(a beat)

Last item. William Mullins is gonna be released this morning. Joyce Davenport testified against his brother yesterday. She's getting protection, but if she's around let's do what we can to help out. Okay, that's it --

A number of questions erupt from the room --

BELKER

The Captain gonna come back?

HILL

There anything we can do?

BATES

I don't know, what they said was he's not coming back --

COFFEY

Cleveland's crazy to do this --  
(the room affirms)

BATES

(over)

Look, look, we'll know the answer soon enough. Maybe some of us aren't too happy about it, probably most of us. But the Captain wanted us to work hard and do our jobs the best we could. Far as I'm concerned that doesn't change 'cause he's not here.

(a beat, she's said her piece)

So let's roll and let's be careful out there.

The dayshift quietly rises, Belker is off to the stairs like a shot -- as Calletano reaches the bottleneck, Washington approaches --

WASHINGTON

Lieutenant, can I see you a second?

Calletano nods, follows him into --

3 INT. LOCKER ROOM

X

3

As they enter and move away from the door, Washington takes a video tape out of his shoulder bag --

WASHINGTON

You remember Whitney Barnes, the townhouse tapes?

CALLETANO

Yes --

WASHINGTON

Chief Daniels is on this one, with Whitney.

CALLETANO

(half a beat, shocked)

How did you come into possession of this?

WASHINGTON

J.D. made a copy.

CALLETANO

Neal, doing that with evidence is illegal --

WASHINGTON

That's what I told him, that's why I took it away. But as long as it's here, maybe we can help the Captain....

CALLETANO

I don't believe this would be the way to go about it.

WASHINGTON

(half a beat, extending the tape)  
Then I'm returning evidence.

A beat. Calletano reluctantly takes it.

CUT TO:

4 INT. SPILLOUT - WITH PILSKY

4

As she moves to catch up with Bates, in the corridor --

PILSKY

Sarge? I'm not trying to be a pain; IAD had me on the desk today.

BATES

Clara, I talked to Briscoe, he said put everybody on this, I said, "Pilsky too?", he said everybody, I said "Pilsky who shot a guy yesterday?", he said yeah. -So...

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

PILSKY

(shaky, determined not to show  
it)

Okay, well --

Hunter spots them from b.g., moves towards them --

BATES

You okay with that?

PILSKY

Yeah, I'll be alright.

BATES

(quietly)

You know, I shot a guy once. Anytime  
you feel like talkin'.

PILSKY

Thanks.

She turns to move away, encountering Hunter --

HUNTER

(sincerely)

Clara, how are you today?

PILSKY

I'm okay, I mean, I'll be okay.

HUNTER

I understand how difficult it must be  
for you.

PILSKY

Thanks.

HUNTER

If you'd like to talk to someone,  
perhaps we could have lunch.

Bates has lingered long enough to hear this, quietly moves away --

PILSKY

(slightly numb)

I'm supposed to be on Stop 'n Cop.

HUNTER

Of course --

(not hopeful)

Oh, by the way, I've got two tickets  
to the Philharmonic tonight.

PILSKY

(brightening a little)

Mahler's Fourth, Kosakowski conducting?

X

4 CONTINUED

4

HUNTER  
(surprised)  
Right. Would you like to go?

X

PILSKY  
Yeah, I'd love to.

Hunter doesn't know if he's shocked or pleased. In the squad room, in b.g. outside Furillo's office, Hunter becomes aware of Calletano and Goldblume, in a jurisdictional dispute --

HUNTER  
(departing, to Pilsky)  
Good. Very good. We'll connect later.

And we MOVE WITH --

5 HUNTER

5

Into the squad room, under which --

GOLDBLUME  
(reasonable, over above)  
Ray, I need access to his files, I can have a duplicate made in half an hour --

CALLETANO  
If Frank had wanted a duplicate key made he would have said so --

GOLDBLUME  
(trying to keep it quiet)  
Ray, could we please not water the hydrant about this --

CALLETANO  
We are doing no such thing, I have been left in charge, Henry, and I am the boss --

HUNTER  
(as he arrives)  
No, no Raimundo, I am the boss --

CALLETANO  
I am the boss, Howard --

HUNTER  
No, I'm not arguing rank, compadre, it's inflection, you're stressing the wrong word: not I am the boss, it's I am the boss.

X

CALLETANO  
Howard, why don't you kill yourself?  
(and then realizing)  
No offense meant.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

HUNTER  
(a man about it)  
None taken.

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN

6 INT. FURILLO/DAVENPORT APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

6

As Furillo enters from the bathroom, looking like death warmed over, makes his way to the bed, ill or hungover we can't as yet determine. Davenport is packing her attache, almost ready to leave. She's under extraordinary strain; her effort to conceal it is equally strenuous. They're trying to connect; it's uphill.

DAVENPORT  
I didn't hear you come in last night.

FURILLO  
I was late.

DAVENPORT  
What'd you do?

FURILLO  
I walked. I caught the flu.

DAVENPORT  
Are you alright?  
(catching herself)  
Are you alright? You've got a hundred  
and one fever, you've been re-assigned...  
(he smiles; she holds his hand)  
I'm sorry you feel so punk.

X

FURILLO  
(a little smile)  
Thanks.

DAVENPORT  
There's a Sergeant Moriarity  
outside. My escort.

FURILLO  
Don't know him.

DAVENPORT  
He's reading retirement brochures.  
Great confidence builder.

She goes to a bedside drawer, takes out her gun, loads the clip --

FURILLO  
(quiet, alienated)  
You have a bodyguard.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

DAVENPORT  
Correction: I have two.

FURILLO  
For God's sake --

DAVENPORT  
In case he takes off for Florida.  
(she closes the gun in her purse)

FURILLO  
No good, Joyce --

DAVENPORT  
(definitively)  
Frank, I am not going to argue about it.  
(Furillo sinks back, a beat)  
Can I get you anything while I'm out?  
Some ginger ale?

FURILLO  
I'll be alright.

DAVENPORT  
(at the door)  
I hope you feel better.

FURILLO  
Yeah. Thanks.

A beat. She smiles wanly, exits. STAY WITH Furillo, his demons still very much in residence --

CUT TO:

7 INT. INTERROGATION

7

As Goldblume enters -- Belker, Washington and Garibaldi are inside, Belker nursing an attitude --

BELKER  
So what's the deal, Lieutenant?

Goldblume closes the door, moves to the table, sets a file down --

GOLDBLUME  
William Mullins. He's a sociopath. So's his brother Timothy, who Joyce Davenport testified against yesterday, in return for which William has threatened to kill her. Division's assigned a bodyguard, but we all know how much good that's gonna do if William's determined to get to her. I want your help -- I don't want this guy anywhere near Joyce Davenport.

X

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

GARIBALDI

(uneasy)

What are we talkin' about here?

GOLDBLUME

We're talking about Mullins is a junkie, when he's released you put a tail on him, when he tries to cop you roust him and his connection. We shut this guy off cold, sooner or later he makes the kind of mistake he'll go away for.

X

GARIBALDI

(half a beat)

Captain know about this?

GOLDBLUME

There is no captain right now.

GARIBALDI

I mean they've got us on Stop 'n Cop --

GOLDBLUME

(ignoring him)

Now the problem is Daniels and Ozzie Cleveland are coming down to observe Stop 'n Cop --

BELKER

What?

GOLDBLUME

They want to watch the surveillance routine, check out a few busts, it's unofficial, lowkey --

BELKER

It's p.r.

GOLDBLUME

I'll keep 'em at 121st, I'll tell 'em you're at a second post at 124th.

GARIBALDI

And if they want to go there too?

GOLDBLUME

I'll shine 'em on, we'll work it out.  
(at once impatient and understanding)

Harry, have you got problems with this? Do you want to be re-assigned?

GARIBALDI

No.

Which doesn't alter his worried look. Off which, we --

CUT TO:

8 INT. FRONT DESK

X

8

As Davenport enters, followed by Moriarity, who seems a little out of breath keeping up with her, he's beefy, mid-fifties, something of a goldbrick -- response to Davenport throughout the station is decidedly warmer than the day before, although her grim affect doesn't let her read it. She approached Leo, who is searching the area for something.

DAVENPORT

Leo?

LEO

(still searching)

Hi, Ms. Davenport.

DAVENPORT

A Mr. Walter Burke --

LEO

(barely looks up; hands her the sheet)

Interrogation A.

BATES

(approaching, as Davenport moves)  
Ms. Davenport...

DAVENPORT

Sergeant.

BATES

(quiet, sincere)  
What you did in court... that meant a lot to a lot of people.

DAVENPORT

Thank you.

Bates sees the fright the toughness is covering, nods. As she moves away behind her PICK UP --

LEO

(loudly)

Has anybody seen my catcher's mitt?

NATALIE

Catcher's mitt?

LEO

I had it all wrapped, I'm breaking it in, it's brand new and I can't find it --

NATALIE

Haven't seen it, Leo.

LEO

Damn. Damn.

9 CHIEF DANIELS

9

Just entering, his stride brisk. MOVE WITH him toward the squad room, where he meets Calletano --

DANIELS

(quietly)

Ray, how's it going? Any fires up here?

CALLETANO

Not so far --

DANIELS

Keep that up, I'm working out the transfer --  
(he's ready to move on)

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

CALLETANO

Chief, excuse me...

(Daniels hesitates; quietly)

About Frank. I'm wondering if there is any chance you will reconsider.

DANIELS

(amused, toying with him slightly)

Reconsider, Ray?

CALLETANO

(humbly)

This is our good mutual friend. I believe he deserves the greatest consideration. I believe he --

DANIELS

(patronizing)

Ray, I assure you, there are levels to Frank's situation that go far beyond what you see. Besides which, the mayor's really the man you should talk to, because, as I'm sure you'll understand, any rhythm you would have gotten from me went out the window with your political support.

(Calletano's stunned)

Now, Ozzie's not currently disposed to do Frank a favor, but with your friendship, maybe you can prevail upon him.

X

As Goldblume comes up from the corridor --

GOLDBLUME

Chief --

DANIELS

(all smiles)

Come on, Henry, let's go get 'em.

Off a furious, humiliated Calletano --

CUT TO:

10 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM A

10

A more-than-slightly-preoccupied Davenport's doing her best to meet her professional responsibilities, which are at present embodied in Walter Burke, mid-fifties, deeply aggrieved, slightly hunched. In mid-explanation:

BURKE

I shouted, and the suction was reversed, and like a shot they were sucked down into the drain.

X

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

X

10

Davenport's been only partly attentive. Looks up from the file.

DAVENPORT

Excuse me?

BURKE

(embarrassed)

You know. The family jewels.

DAVENPORT

I'm sorry, I have to ascertain you're not being literal --

BURKE

(blurts it out)

My privates, my genitals were sucked down into the whirlpool drain. This is why I hit him.

DAVENPORT

(finds refuge in the file)

Dennis Dililo.

BURKE

(nods)

A substitute therapist. I'm going there seven weeks for my back, I never saw him before today.

(outrage building again as he shifts position, winces with pain)

Not only he pushes the wrong button, he gets hysterical, I can't pry his hand off, I'm struggling, one hand up over the side of the tub, the suction's crucifying me and he's screaming and I can't pry his hand off the button.

DAVENPORT

And you struck him in the jaw?

BURKE

I'm not a violent man, but I felt as if my genitals were in a vise --

Davenport feels if she acknowledged any part of what he's saying, she'll collapse -- gathers her things, rises --

DAVENPORT

Fine. At arraignment we may find they've brought the charges simply to deflect you from a civil suit.

BURKE

(regaining his dignity)

I understand, thank you.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

X

10

DAVENPORT  
(at the door)  
Are you alright?

BURKE  
I'm in considerable discomfort.

CUT TO:

11 INT. UNIT - DAY

11

Hill driving. Renko is holding up a small ring (set with some unidentifiable stone) and explaining --

RENKO  
So I figured for fifty bucks, I couldn't afford to pass it up.

HILL  
Renko, you sure that ring's not hot?

RENKO  
I didn't see any reason to probe the guy as to it's history, Bobby. Besides, I took it to a pawn shop and got offered fifty bucks for it, so I ain't lost anything either way.

HILL  
I guess this means you've made a decision.

RENKO  
No it certainly does not. For the time bein' I bought this ring for investment purposes only.

HILL  
(impatient)  
Mm-hmm.

RENKO  
"Mm-hmm"? And what exactly is "mm-hmm"?

HILL  
You gotta decide somethin', Renko. You can't keep puttin' it off forever.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE  
Unit 2202, shots fired 98th and Utica, respond --

RENKO  
(picking up the mike)  
Unit 2202 responding.

As Hill hits the siren and accelerates --

RENKO  
Well, excuse me, good friend, if my journey through this major life crisis doesn't meet with your standards of excellence --

CUT TO:

12 EXT. DIABLO HEADQUARTERS STOREFRONT - DAY

12

As the unit pulls up; a number of Diablos are deployed outside, seeking cover, while from inside comes the sound of shots being discharged and a steady stream of screeching Spanish female invective -- as Hill and Renko pull pieces and take up positions behind the unit, Jesus Martinez sneaks up from behind the unit --

HILL

(to the other Diablos, before  
Jesus arrives)  
What's goin' on?

JESUS

(arriving)  
She's crazy, that's what, the chick is  
twisted, foobie-shoobie, she tried to  
kill me --

RENKO

Who might that be Jesus?

JESUS

This Claudia, Claudia Ramirez, normally  
she's so quiet, she comes in and starts  
shootin' up the place; I barely had time  
to escape through a window with my life --

As another unit pulls up, another shot is heard from the interior --

CLAUDIA'S VOICE

(in Spanish)  
Come out of there you little weasel!  
You're a dead man, Martinez, a dead man!

They look at him --

JESUS

She thinks I'm barricaded in my office.

HILL

You know this girl, Jesus?

JESUS

(noncommittal)  
A little.

RENKO

Claudia! Claudia! Girl, come to the  
window!

CLAUDIA'S VOICE

(closer; some in Spanish)  
He lied to me, he cheated, he's an  
insect, I'm going to kill him, he  
promised me he'd do the right thing!

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

JESUS

You see? Completely unreasonable.

RENKO

Claudia, Jesus is out here!  
(which sends Jesus and the  
Diablos scrambling for cover)  
He's safely in police custody, so why  
don't you put the gun down and come on  
out and we'll talk this over.

(a beat)

Whatever it is I'll bet'cha it's not  
anywhere near as bad as you think.

Sound of Claudia weeping.

HILL

Claudia! Put the gun down where we  
can see it. Nobody has to get hurt.

The door swings open, the gun is tossed out.

RENKO

That's right, Claudia, now you just  
come on out yourself.

A beat. Claudia waddles out, about eight and a half months pregnant  
and huge. The uniforms from the other unit move in to subdue her as  
-- Hill and Renko look at each other, then at Jesus.

RENKO (CONT'D)

You gonna be a daddy, Jesus?

JESUS

(glum, looking at Claudia)  
That's the rumor.

Staring at Claudia, in spite of himself, Renko puts a supportive  
hand on Jesus' shoulder.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

13 X

Coffey and Pilsky are parked, standing near the unit to stretch  
their legs. They're on Stop 'n Cop back-up. Pilsky's about half-  
there. X

PILSKY

(testing it)  
Lieutenant Hunter asked me out on a date.

COFFEY

You say yes?

PILSKY

(nods)  
Is that bad?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

X

13

COFFEY

(sensitive to her frame of mind)  
No. I mean, give it a shot. Who  
knows?

PILSKY

I think he's nice.  
(a beat; we see how adrift she is)  
I think I might get the name of his  
shrink.

COFFEY

Yeah?

PILSKY

Yeah. I had some nightmares last  
night. Man... they were doosies.  
(she shudders)

Coffey looks at her. He's about to say something when --

DISPATCHER

All units, Stop 'n Cop suspect fleeing  
on foot north on 1400 Dekker, request  
all back-up units...

COFFEY

That's coming right at us!

They scramble into the unit -- Coffey's driving. They go  
screeching off --

PILSKY

(grabbing mike)  
Four-oh-two -- responding.

13A INT. UNIT - MOVING

13A

As they head down the street, Pilsky spots the fleeing suspect,  
running like mad up the sidewalk.

PILSKY

There he goes!

COFFEY

I see him!

14 EXT. STREET - DAY

14

Coffey slams the unit to the curb. Pilsky is out first. The  
suspect dashes into an abandoned building. Coffey and Pilsky  
follow --

CUT TO:

15 INT. BUILDING 15

A wreck; with Pilsky and Coffey as they enter, sounds of the perp's footsteps. He's nowhere in sight. Drawing their pieces --

COFFEY  
I'll take him this way, you come around.

PILSKY  
Okay.

They split up. STAY WITH Pilsky, moving deeper in, it's dark, sounds are magnified by the hollowness of the building.

16 COFFEY 16

MOVING WITH him, looking; into his handi-talkie --

COFFEY  
(quietly)  
Perp's in the building, 122nd and Van  
Dyck, request back-ups --

17 EXT. STREET - DAY 17

As more uniforms and Deputy Chief Briscoe pull up in two units --

18 PILSKY 18

MOVING WITH her; she thinks she sees something in the corner --

19 PILSKY'S POV 19

A shadow, someone hiding behind a wrecked refrigerator --

20 PILSKY 20

Moves closer, piece raised --

PILSKY  
Put your hands up.

21 PILSKY'S POV 21

The shape rises; it's the perp. He takes a piece out of his coat, raises it --

22 PILSKY 22

Frozen by the sight of it, strongly transfixed; she can't fire --

22A BACK-UP UNIFORMS 22A X

Arriving down the hall. X

23 COFFEY 23

Just arriving, from the other direction -- X

X

24 PILSKY 24  
Can't fire ---

25 THE PERP 25  
Shoots one shot ---

26 A UNIFORM (BACK-UP) 26 X  
Empties his weapon at the guy --

27 THE PERP 27  
Is blown away, back against the wall --

28 THE DOOR 28  
As back-ups and Chief Briscoe enter --

29 COFFEY 29

MOVING WITH him to Pilsky; she's on the floor. Coffey gently turns her over; she has a head wound, it's obvious she's dead. Coffey looks up at the others, tears in his eyes.

BRISCOE  
(horrified, to the others)  
Call an ambulance.

The others scramble. Coffey takes Pilsky in his arms, holds her gently.

COFFEY  
Oh God... oh Clara.

FADE TO BLACK

END ACT ONE

X

ACT TWO

FADE IN

30 EXT. N.D. VEHICLE - MOVING

30

Washington, Belker and Garibaldi -- Garibaldi's driving. They're tailing Mullins, who's gotten off a bus and headed straight for his connection, down an alley --

WASHINGTON

Here we go, William.

BELKER

(watching Mullins)

That's it, he just copped.

WASHINGTON

(watching)

Let him hold a second, feel like he's gonna get fixed.

BELKER

(into radio)

Leader unit, we have a target corner one twenty-one and Dekker.

GOLDBLUME'S VOICE

(over radio)

Seven, that one's yours.

BELKER

(to Washington, re Garibaldi, as they prepare to exit)

Let's keep him a fresh face.

Garibaldi wheels across the street and stops short of the alley --

WASHINGTON

(to Garibaldi)

Pick up the tail when he comes out.

GARIBALDI

Right.

Washington and Belker exit, draw pieces, move in on Mullins.

WASHINGTON

Police!

BELKER

The wall! Move it!

Belker's on the dealer, Washington's got Mullins.

MULLINS

(spread; against the wall; as Washington frisks him)

Talk about a nickel bust!

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

X

30

WASHINGTON  
(a weird friendliness)  
No one's bustin' you, William.

BELKER  
(to the dealer; under  
the frisk)  
We're helping this guy kick.

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)  
We're gonna help you out. We're  
gonna rehabilitate you.

DEALER  
(terrified)  
S'at right?

BELKER  
This guy is shut off. Anyone sells to  
him -- no plea bargains, no rollovers,  
the bust goes to the head of the  
class, guarantee you go away!

DEALER  
The guy's eighty-sixed.

BELKER  
You got it -- now spread it around!

The dealer nods; Belker releases him with a little shove and he's gone. Mullins, face still pressed against the bricks, accepts abrasion to turn his face from sight of the dealer running.

MULLINS  
(contemptuous)  
'T you fools think you're doin'?

Washington spins him; still with menacing friendliness --

WASHINGTON  
I'll get mad if you jump bad with me,  
William. Much as I want to help you.  
Now we're gonna keep you clean....

BELKER  
(in his face too)  
You're gonna stay clean and we're gonna  
be inside your shirt to help you.

WASHINGTON  
Hope you didn't spend your last on this...

Under which Washington's spilled the jazz on the alley concrete, ground it with his shoe. It freaks Mullins a beat before he reclaims his attitude.

MULLINS  
Be high inside an hour! And then I've  
got some business!

WASHINGTON  
(angry; tightens his grip)  
You ain't doin' business anymore,  
Mullins! You're gettin' done to! So  
you can forget about threats! Walk!

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

X

30

Washington pushes him. Mullins catches his balance, nearly comes back at them. A beat. Washington smiles.

WASHINGTON

What can we do for you, William?

Mullins stares at them a beat. Turns away. They watch him.

BELKER

Be seein' you, Mullins! You be good now!

HOLD ON Belker and Washington -- Mullins exits the alley; Garibaldi follows in the sedan --

CUT TO:

31 INT. FURILLO/DAVENPORT APARTMENT - DAY

31

Furillo is dressed now, but still looks disheveled. He's on the phone with Calletano; enraged --

FURILLO

Why the hell wasn't she on a desk, Ray --

32 INTERCUT - SQUAD ROOM (FRONT DESK)

32

CALLETANO

It was a direct order from Deputy Chief Briscoe --

FURILLO

He ordered a blatant policy violation?!

CALLETANO

He said he couldn't spare anyone today for any reason.

Furillo can't believe it -- it's a last straw. He can't speak, takes a couple of deep breaths --

CALLETANO (CONT'D)

(reacting to the silence)

Frank?

FURILLO

(quietly)

Later, Ray.

Furillo hangs up the phone, he's shaken. Takes another deep breath and then quickly heads for --

33 INT. KITCHEN

33

Where he walks with purpose over to a cabinet, opens it, digs toward the back and takes out the bottle. He sets it down on the counter, quickly finds a glass and pours it half full -- his hands

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

are shaking. He puts the bottle down and stares at the glass. Picks up the glass with a trembling hand, holds it for a beat, then puts it down and goes quickly over to the telephone, picks up the receiver and quickly dials a number. He's breathing rapidly; someone answers --

FURILLO

(quickly)

Robert Tennell, please. Frank Furillo calling.

(beat)

Do you know where he's having lunch?

(beat; grabs a pen to write address)

Right, on 134th, thank you.

He hangs up, and without missing a beat heads back into --

34 INT. BEDROOM

34

He grabs his coat and is out the door.

CUT TO:

35 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

35

Coffey and Bates, by the coffee bar, just because it's out of the way. They're both tremendously shaken over Pilsky's death. Coffey is furious; Bates is fighting back tears.

COFFEY

It makes me so crazy I can't breathe.

BATES

I know.

COFFEY

She shouldn't have been out there! She died because of a bunch of stupid politicians playing games!

BATES

How do you think I feel, I sent her out.

COFFEY

You followed an order.

BATES

Great. Tell that to Clara.

A beat. They give each other a hug without looking at each other. There's nothing either can say to make the other feel better. Coffey starts for Interrogation, passing --

X

36 CALLETANO

36

On the phone. Angry.

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

X

36

CALLETANO

I don't want the mayor's aide, I want the mayor!... I have already left two messages... And when will that be?... I'll call back.

He slams the phone down.

37 ANGLE - NEAR INTERROGATION A

37

As the door opens and Davenport exits, closes the door behind her. Moriarity is outside the door, pacing, bored.

DAVENPORT

(quickly to Moriarity as she passes)

I'm going to make a call.

Moriarity nods and she's gone. Follow Moriarity, who has decided to rest his feet and heads for the nearest chair. He finds one beside a desk where an ashen Hunter sits, staring at two concert tickets he's holding. Moriarity takes out a pack of cigarettes and taps one into his hand, nervously.

MORIARITY

Man, what a day....

(offering the pack to Hunter)

Smoke?

(Hunter shakes his head; re-pocketing the pack)

Four months from my pension I'm standin' between the Captain's wife and some homicidal loonie...

(Hunter doesn't respond;

Moriarity lights cigarette)

Too bad 'bout that Pilsky, huh? Nice lookin' broad.

HUNTER

(standing)

Excuse me....

MOVE WITH Hunter until we PICK UP ---

37A GOLDBLUME

37A

Moving towards the front desk on his way out to Stop 'n Cop, where he meets Coffey --

GOLDBLUME

(quiet; solicitous)

IAD get your statement?

(Coffey nods)

You want to go back out, Joe? Would that be better?

CONTINUED

37A CONTINUED

X

37A

COFFEY

Yeah. Okay.

They start to move towards an exit nearby -- PICK UP and STAY WITH --

37B ANGLE - DAVENPORT AND FAY

37B

Moving from the desk, down the corridor, towards Interrogation --

FAY

So it's just a transfer, so maybe it's just temporary then?

DAVENPORT

Maybe.

FAY

He's been transferred before, I'm sure he'll be alright --

(off Davenport's silence)

-- is he alright?

DAVENPORT

I think so -- that isn't why I called, Fay. I was just about to try you again --

(they stop at the corridor to Interrogation)

FAY

What?

DAVENPORT

Do you remember a Claudia Ramirez?  
(taking out a tattered card)

FAY

(searching recollection)

Ramirez?

DAVENPORT

(handing her the card)

She gave me your card. You interviewed her for the welfare panel on unwed mothers.

FAY

I interviewed dozens.

DAVENPORT

She demanded to speak with you before she'd discuss her case.

FAY

What case?

DAVENPORT

She took a shot at Jesus Martinez.

CONTINUED

37B CONTINUED

X

37B

Off their shared secret sympathy for Claudia's target selection --

CUT TO:

38 OMIT

38

39 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

39

As Davenport and Fay enter. Claudia sits at the table -- a sufficient distance away to accommodate her bulk. She brightens at the sight of Fay.

CLAUDIA

Mrs. Furillo!

FAY

(still doesn't remember)

Hi, Claudia.

CLAUDIA

You remember me?

FAY

(squints, tries to get a fix)

Uh -- to tell you the truth --

CLAUDIA

You said I was your first case and later you came back with some groceries?

FAY

Oh, gosh, that's right. How are you?

Claudia motions to Davenport, as if to explain.

DAVENPORT

She's charged with attempted murder, illegal possession and discharge of a firearm. On the other hand, no one was hurt, property damage was minimal... you're an expectant mother.

FAY

I can't believe Jesus signed a complaint.

CLAUDIA

Because he knows I'm comin' after him! He knows he don't get no peace!

DAVENPORT

Claudia, that's exactly what the court will be concerned about. We have to be able to assure the Judge there won't be any more violence.

CLAUDIA

I don't give no promise.

CONTINUED

FAY

Claudia, do you really want to kill Jesus?

CLAUDIA

No! I want that he marries me! I want a father for my baby.

FAY

Have you and Jesus sat down and talked about it?

CLAUDIA

No. He wouldn't. So I do what you told me.

FAY

What was that?

CLAUDIA

You said if he won't talk to you, put a gun to his head.

FAY

(dismayed)

That was a figure of speech, dear.

CLAUDIA

I don't know what else to do.

DAVENPORT

Our first order of business is getting these charges dropped. I think our chances are fairly good, so long as there are no outbursts in court, no yelling at Jesus.

FAY

Do you understand what Ms. Davenport's asking you do to, Claudia?

CLAUDIA

(nodding)

I won't make no trouble.

(to Fay)

Will you come? Maybe you can talk to him.

FAY

Well, Claudia, I'm not really sure what I could say --

CLAUDIA

Say he should marry me!

(breaking down)

Say I don't want to be alone.

39 CONTINUED

X

39

She turns away and brushes a tear, hoping they won't see.

FAY

(a beat; rising)

I'm going to find a phone.

(to Davenport)

There are a few strings at Social Services I can try.

CUT TO:

40 OMIT

40

40A INT. UNMARKED VAN - DAY

40A

Parked on a city street, the command post for the imminent raid on Slim Line Radio. A detective up front is keeping an eye on the street ahead. Goldblume is in the back on a field phone, grim and angrily purposeful.

GOLDBLUME

(into phone)

I don't want you in the alley, I want you around the corner on 10th covering Bull Dog Two and Three.

(checks watch)

You've got less than two minutes, move it!

Suddenly someone is pounding on the van's rear door.

GOLDBLUME (CONT'D)

What the --

The door swings open and there stands Deputy Chief Briscoe with his driver, his unmarked police sedan parked behind the van. He climbs in like an excited schoolboy climbing into the neighborhood tree fort.

BRISCOE

How we doing? We ready?

GOLDBLUME

(highly annoyed)

That's what I'm trying to find out.

(into phone)

Bull Dog Four, give me your position... Okay, keep cool, watch the time.

(puts phone down)

We're ready.

BRISCOE

We're going to fly on this one -- I can feel it.

Briscoe looks out the van windshield, bobbing his head.

CONTINUED

40A CONTINUED

X

40A

GOLDBLUME

It's two blocks down. You can't see it from here.

BRISCOE

Too bad we can't kick the door and toss in a stick of dynamite. We'd have these places closed in no time.

GOLDBLUME

Too bad. The Chief send you down here?

BRISCOE

No. Why should he?

GOLDBLUME

Pilsky. The men are pretty hinky right now.

BRISCOE

Then this is just what they need -- a good bust. We lose a trooper, we need to get something back.

The phone buzzes. Goldblume picks it up, listens. Says to Briscoe:

GOLDBLUME

Here we go.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. STREET - DAY - SLIM LINE RADIO

41

A couple lame portables and a Motorola sign in the window. A steerer loiters, a couple buyers are exiting as, ON THE CUT, what looks to be a gypsy cab pulls up, four cops in clothes pile out -- among them Perez and Kulczycki -- and move on the place, fast. Perez puts a gun and shield in the steerer's face --

PEREZ

Police! We've got warrants!

As Perez turns the guy into the wall and other cops blast past him --

CUT TO:

42 EXT. ALLEY - DAY - TWO UNITS

42

Plow into the alley from one direction, a third unit and an n.d. sedan screech in from the other.

43 COFFEY AND UNIFORM

43

Empty out of the first unit, head for --

44 A REAR DOOR

44

Fronting the alley, out of which burst --

X

45 THREE PERPS 45

Who scatter, pursued by other uniforms as -

46 COFFEY AND UNIFORM 46

Joined now by more cops, rush past through the door.

CUT TO:

47 INT. SLIM LINE RADIO - DAY 47

Cops in clothes, including Perez, have four assorted perps up against the walls or on counters. Sirens wail. The place inside to a lesser degree suggests what the outside advertised -- low rent repair station -- but a curtain that would seem to drape an arch leading to the back storeroom has a steel door behind it.

PEREZ  
(at Coffey)  
Joe! Steel door!

As Coffey starts ramming it --

CUT TO:

48 INT. REAR ROOM 48

A factory, for the street preparation of heroin, come upon by surprise. ON THE CUT, Coffey and Perez and the others come crashing through the steel door. Three lab technicians are roused and put against the wall. Coffey is hurriedly discovering/inspecting room's cutting papaphernalia (scales, glassines, tweezers, masks) --

COFFEY  
Factory.

49 ANGLE 49

In a corner, under a table, hefting a thirty-gallon garbage bag, that looks one-quarter full, bringing it over for Coffey and the others to have a look --

PEREZ  
Look at this garbage.

KULCZYCKI  
Heroin?

Coffey peers into Perez' open sack.

COFFEY  
(impressed; hefting it as though  
to weigh it)  
Man.

Off their sobered, surprised looks --

CUT TO:

50 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

X

50

An ordinary-enough place, busy for lunch -- lot of businessmen. ON THE CUT, a pale, distressed Furillo noses through the dining room to a table for two where a greying guy in his forties in a sport jacket and unfashionable tie is having lunch with another man of similar description -- they're obviously talking business.

TENNELL

(to his lunch partner)

Bottom line is, we haven't gotten on our feet from the last recession, now --

Furillo gets his attention.

FURILLO

Bob?

Tennell looks up -- is surprised to see Furillo, stands up. His greeting has an uneasy element to it.

TENNELL

Frank Furillo! It's been ages! How are you?

FURILLO

Not good.

(to the other guy)

Could I ask you to excuse us for a moment, it's very important.

The guy stands, a bit confused.

GUY

Sure.

(to Tennell)

I'll be in the bar.

Tennell nods, the guy leaves, Furillo sits in his place.

FURILLO

I'm sorry to track you down like this, after all this time...

TENNELL

Don't be silly, Frank.

(beat)

So...

FURILLO

(hard for him; low)

So I bought a bottle last night. Half an hour ago I poured myself a couple fingers.

TENNELL

I see... Did you drink it?

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

X

50

FURILLO

No. But I'm afraid I'm going to  
before the day's over.

TENNELL

Can I ask what lead up to this?

FURILLO

(shrugs; wishes to confide, finally  
feels he can trust)

Dunno. My job... I got transferred.  
Got into a beef... I'm not sure what all  
the issues are. All I know is that for  
the first time in seven years -- since  
that time I got you out of bed at two in  
the morning -- I feel like I've got to  
have a drink.

TENNELL

Okay, Frank, then it's very simple.  
Don't do it. Not if you feel it's going  
to put you back on the skids again.

This is not the hard-nosed response Furillo was expecting -- and  
needs. He gives Tennell a look. Just then a waitress appears and  
places a drink in front of Tennell.

WAITRESS

Seven and seven.

Furillo is dumbfounded; Tennell avoids his gaze, it's very  
awkward.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Something for you, sir?

FURILLO

(low)

No, thanks.

She leaves. Tennell decides to take the bull by the horns.

TENNELL

A surprise, huh?

Furillo is too surprised (and horrified) to answer him.

TENNELL (CONT'D)

It's only every now and then. I can handle  
it. I've managed for the last ten months.

FURILLO

(disbelieving)

You told me you'd never take another drink  
as long as you lived. You said that your  
strength was my strength -- if you could do  
it, I could do it.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

X

50

TENNELL

That was in the organization, Frank.  
I'm through with them.

FURILLO

You saved my life.

TENNELL

And I got tired of it -- all the self-  
rebuke and breast beating that goes with  
being a reformed drunk. I got tired of  
hearing how weak I was, and immature and  
how I couldn't stand on my own. Well, I  
can, Frank. I feel better about myself  
now. I can handle it. I'm not an  
alcoholic.

(beat)

And maybe you aren't either.

Furillo still can't believe he's hearing this -- but it's  
beginning to sink in. He pushes his chair back.

FURILLO

Sorry, Bob. Sorry I disturbed your  
lunch.

Very distressed, one more pin knocked out from under him, Furillo  
exits.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

51 OMIT 51  
52 EXT. TENEMENT DOORWAY - DAY 52

William Mullins stands back in the doorway of a rotting tenement. With him is a small-time pusher. There is an exchange of money and drugs.

DEALER

That's gonna get you right.

MULLINS

Okay, beat it. Walk out of here.

The pusher is expelled from the doorway. Mullins lingers a beat, watching traffic on the street, readies to fix.

53 ON CAR 53

As an unmarked sedan pulls up and double parks. Washington and Garibaldi are out of the sedan in a flash. Belker appears from the street. Washington puts Mullins up against the wall.

WASHINGTON

Spread 'em!

Mullins, seething with rage, is forced into the stance. Washington starts a hard frisk with Belker backing him up.

MULLINS

Don't do this to me!

BELKER

Or what?

Washington pulls out the drugs, pockets them.

WASHINGTON

For a second time I think we can find it in our hearts to forgive you for this, William.

MULLINS

I'll kill you!

Belker takes him by the collar. Close to his ear --

BELKER

You talk like that to somebody who's concerned about you?  
(to Washington)  
No heat?

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

X

53

WASHINGTON

He's clean.

(in Mullins' other ear)

Now we're gonna pick up the bozo who dealt you, Billy, have a talk with him too. You're gonna be outta connections real soon, bro.

Belker releases Mullins, who for an instant looks as though he might do something foolish. But he holds his temper. Belker leans close --

BELKER

Get smart. Find another city,  
Hairball.

Washington and Belker retreat to sedan. Garibaldi, who has hung back from the whole affair, a silent and critical witness, climbs in after them. They drive off leaving Mullins sick, furious.

CUT TO:

54 INT. SQUAD ROOM

54

The Stop 'n Cop carnival's filtering in after the Slim Line bust. Calletano's on the horn at the front desk, turns his back to the action in a try at privacy for his conversation with Mayor Cleveland.

CALLETANO

No sir. No, I don't believe in disregarding the chain of command.  
(beat; a little angrily, voice low)

Excuse me Mayor, but it is common knowledge Chief Daniels re-assigned Captain Furillo at your...

(beat)

I understand. I understand. All right. Thank you for your attention.

He says the last with angry coldness, hangs up the receiver. Beside Calletano, Goldblume's signed in the Stop 'n Cop proceeds with a preoccupied Leo --

GOLDBLUME

Evidence.

CALLETANO

They want to play hard-ball, Henry. Calletano can play.

It's the first sign of focus Leo's shown all day --

LEO

No kidding, Lieutenant. What position?

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

X

54

But Calletano's moving toward the front door. Meanwhile Deputy Chief Briscoe works public-relations on the Slim Line hit with a clutch of reporters --

BRISCOE  
(arms a passing Coffey)  
Hey I happened to be in the neighborhood  
-- this guy was in on the bust.

A friendly, private wink for Coffey from Briscoe -- as in "get yourself some ink" -- under:

REPORTER  
(can't make out Coffey's name-  
tag)  
Statement, Officer?

COFFEY  
No comment. No comment about the  
whole lame operation.

Goldblume's moving past --

BRISCOE  
(re Coffey's bitch)  
Get your men on the team Lieutenant.

GOLDBLUME  
They're on the team.  
(hands a passing Bates a bagged  
sample of the Slim Line smack)  
Let's get lab work on the purity.

BRISCOE  
No rush.

GOLDBLUME  
(off another Briscoe wink)  
You got a tic?

BATES  
I'd like to talk to you.

REPORTER #1  
Deputy Chief Briscoe, can we get....

BRISCOE  
(to Bates; one finger)  
One minute, Sergeant.

REPORTER #2'S VOICE  
Furillo.

Behind them Furillo's come through the front door, trying to make his office --

REPORTER #1  
Second thoughts on Stop 'n Cop, Captain,  
in light of this successful bust?

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

X

54

FURILLO  
No comment, no.

REPORTER #2  
(wise-ass)  
How 'bout in light of your re-assignment?

A pissed look from Furillo as he keeps moving --

BRISCOE  
(availing himself of the moment's  
flurry, freedom from press  
attention; to Goldblume)  
Third time's a charm, eh?

GOLDBLUME  
Meaning?

BRISCOE  
Meaning he finally learned to keep his  
mouth shut. Look, what do you think  
we pull Stop 'n Cop a day or so till  
your manpower's up to speed?

GOLDBLUME  
Excuse me.

As he starts through the squad room --

CUT TO:

54A INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE

54A

He's behind his desk trying to figure a plan of attack for  
clearing out the office, Goldblume's at the door, deferential,  
plainly ready to be told Furillo wants privacy.

FURILLO  
Come in.

He does.

GOLDBLUME  
How was first day at Division?

FURILLO  
I didn't go in. Flu.

GOLDBLUME  
(nods commiseratively)  
You sound punk.

FURILLO  
(indicating front-desk  
convocation)  
What was that?

CONTINUED

54A CONTINUED

X

54A

GOLDBLUME

We got lucky on one of the Stop 'n  
Cops -- popped some weight.

FURILLO

(eyes down)  
Way to go.

GOLDBLUME

(nods; wry)  
Great. Just what you needed.

FURILLO

That ship sailed, Henry.

HUNTER'S VOICE (O.C.)

Here now! Here now!

It's an expression of concern, comes from the squad room. It's directed at what's going on at the front desk, where Bates is in Briscoe's face. As Furillo and Goldblume react --

55 THE FRONT DESK

55

BATES

You gave me the order!

BRISCOE

I don't know what you're talking  
about, Sergeant!

BATES

I said "Pilsky"! I asked specifically!

BRISCOE

The day after an officer-involved? I  
gave you no such order.

BATES

You lying S.O.B.

HUNTER

Here now!

Hunter'd arrived first, tries to intercede between the combatants, but something about Bates' gender, Briscoe's superior rank's hanging him up. Furillo and Goldblume get there a beat after, Furillo's between Bates and Briscoe the next instant --

FURILLO

Walk away, Lucy!

BATES

He's a liar!

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

X

55

FURILLO

Walk away!

GOLDBLUME

Lucy.

Goldblume's quiet, firm, has his hand on Bates' arm, steers her to one side -- simultaneously indicates to Hunter in cautionary tones --

GOLDBLUME (CONT'D)

Reporters, Howard.

Hunter jumps to it --

HUNTER

Ladies and gentlemen, I'll have to ask you to clear this area....

Over which --

BATES

(calling to Furillo, as Goldblume steers her away)

I asked him, Captain! I said "Pilsky involved in the shooting...."

GOLDBLUME

C'mere.

BRISCOE

(presuming Furillo a comrade)

Isn't that pathetic?

FURILLO

Is she telling the truth?

Briscoe realizes he's not talking to an ally.

BRISCOE

(stares at him)

Listen, Furillo. I make roster assessments with twenty-four turnout sergeants a morning. I get a fast half-hour to do it, if I can get all the calls through. If she's right she's wrong.

FURILLO

(cold)

Meaning she's right?

BRISCOE

Meaning I can't remember.

(insistent, fast)

Now Bates and I can call each other liars and screw both our careers or we

(MORE)

CONTINUED

BRISCOE (CONT'D)

can agree there was a bureaucratic mixup  
-- where I authorized a general turnout,  
she asked if Pilsky was included, and I  
said everyone active. She didn't  
identify Pilsky specifically.

It's clear Briscoe's appointed Furillo emissary in an instant  
negotiation --

FURILLO

I think you ought to get out of here.

BRISCOE

I want to know she agrees to that.

FURILLO

I'll call you.

BRISCOE

Because I could also romance her with  
open insubordination.

FURILLO

I'll call.

Briscoe studies Fruillo a moment; splits. As Furillo moves toward  
Bates, who's in the squad room with Goldblume --

HUNTER

(plainly unsettled by the recent  
outburst)

Frank, as long as you're here, I  
wonder if you'd mind helping with  
transition today, just hanging around  
till Ray gets back --

Furillo moves into the --

55A SQUAD ROOM

55A

Goldblume splits, leaves Furillo at the desk with Bates --

FURILLO

I can't tell you that. I can tell you  
it'll turn into his word against yours  
and you'll probably lose.

She sees him speaking from recent painful experience of the  
prerogatives of power. A beat.

BATES

I should've known anyway -- I mean I  
should've known it was a mistake.

55A CONTINUED

X

55A

FURILLO

You relayed the order in good conscience.

BATES

Sarge would've known....

FURILLO

You're the Sergeant, Lucy.

BATES

(almost to herself; near tears)  
Esterhaus would've known what to do.

FURILLO

Lucy. Let yourself up.

She looks at him; eyes filled with tears. A beat.

FURILLO (CONT'D)

What do you want me to tell Briscoe?

A beat. She nods --

FURILLO (CONT'D)

You told him "Pilsky"; but not....

BATES

Yeah. Yeah.

It's as if she can't bear to hear it recited again. Furillo moves away, reacts as Fay touches the back of his shoulder.

FAY

Frank?

FURILLO

(snaps)

What, Fay?

This takes her aback. He sees it, sees her solicitude.

FURILLO (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Searching his face and concerned with what she sees --

FAY

How are you doing?

FURILLO

Been better.

FAY

I know, but have you been any worse?

He locks with her gaze. A beat as her impression that he's miserable is tacitly confirmed, off which --

CUT TO:

56 OMIT X 56  
57 INT. INTERROGATION - FRANK AND FAY 57

He's already spent several minutes getting things off his chest.  
He's slightly antsy -- uncomfortable with needing this, yet --

FURILLO

I keep trying to steady myself, you know? -- but I can't. I keep feeling like I'm drowning, like I'm in the middle of the ocean and there's nothing to grab onto.

(a rueful smile)

Sound familiar?

(off her acknowledging nod)

I went for a walk last night.

FAY

A "walk"? You mean like the old days?

FURILLO

Yuh.

FAY

Oh, Frank...

FURILLO

I didn't drink it. I had it right there...

He holds an imaginary glass in his fist, bangs it down on the table.

FAY

Please, Frank -- please don't. You know that's no answer.

FURILLO

(anguished)

I just can't get the strength from anywhere now...

Impulsively -- answering his helplessness -- she moves to him, hugs him.

FAY

I'll give some to you.

A beat as he grabs onto her -- maybe she rocks him comfortingly for a moment -- but then she lets go.

FAY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry -- I know I can't.

(i.e., not her fight and not her position)

57 CONTINUED

X

57

FURILLO

Don't be, Fay. I needed that.

A beat.

FAY

Well, I'm supposed to be in court.  
(off his puzzled look; smiling)  
The right side of the law this time...  
unless you want me to stay.

FURILLO

No, go ahead. Thanks.

FAY

Okay, then, but no more of those  
"walks", mister, or I'll tie your  
shoelaces together.

Furillo smiles. She does, too, seeing she's cheered him a bit.  
Then she departs, leaving Furillo alone, staring at his  
"imaginary" glass of whiskey on the table as we --

57A INT. COURTROOM - DAY

57A

Allan Wachtel presiding, the case before him that of Walter Burke,  
who's beside Davenport (and Moriarity) at the defense table,  
standing, in pain --

BURKE

Caught my generals, Your Honor. My  
gentle parts.

Wachtel winces. Looks to Bernstein, who's got a hospital rep.  
beside him, and the complainant Dennis Dililo, whose head is  
substantially bandaged.

WACHTEL

Is that correct, Mr. Bernstein? Mr.  
Burke's parts were sucked into a  
whirlpool drain?

BERNSTEIN

My papers indicate defendant may have  
suffered some provocation, Your Honor.

BURKE

(exploding again; in pain)  
Some provocation? Some?! How'd you  
like it? Can you even imagine it?  
(at Dililo)  
You jerk! You amateur! You moron!

Wachtel raps his gavel.

CONTINUED

57A CONTINUED

X

57A

WACHTEL

Calm down! Now what we have here is a classic crime of passion...

(raising eyebrows; almost salivating)

and potentially a monstrously lucrative civil suit.

CUT TO:

57B INT. HOLDING CELLS IN BACK OF COURTROOM - DAY

57B

Fay Furillo visiting her counselee, the distressed Claudia Ramirez.

CLAUDIA

But so the judge could make him do the right thing -- is that right?

FAY

I'm not a lawyer, Claudia, I can't help you with that part. But Ms. Davenport seems to think not.

CLAUDIA

Why not? I'm not his common law or nothin'?

Fay looks at this young girl, sees the thousand things working against her, feels pity for her, tries --

FAY

Look Claudia, I just think we should be thinking as realistically as we can right now.

CLAUDIA

First time we met, I remember you told me, you could just keep your baby, right?

FAY

(sympathetic, but firm)

I did keep my baby, Claudia, without a husband. But I'm not sixteen and I'd been a mother before. And I had some job skills, and some money coming in.

CLAUDIA

(reverting)

Then he should marry me. He's got money. You think all that gang stuff, he don't have money?

A beat, Fay studying her.

FAY

There's adoption.

CONTINUED

57B CONTINUED

X

57B

CLAUDIA  
I want my baby.

FAY  
But what we don't know is whether  
Jesus wants your baby.

CUT TO:

58 INT. COURTROOM CORRIDOR - DAY - JESUS AND RENKO

58

Enjoying a nervous smoke and/or stretch before Claudia's case is called. Hours waiting around court, not to mention Renko's awareness of parallel life situations, have brought arresting officer Renko and complainant Martinez for the moment within hailing distance of camaraderie --

JESUS  
(muttering)  
Never was in no situation like this one.

RENKO  
Just hang in there, compadre. Tell you somethin', only you can say "I do". No human, no power on earth can make you say that unless you decide.

JESUS  
I mean, she shot up my place -- what kinda conduct's that for a wife?

RENKO  
No respect. Absolutely none.

JESUS  
On the other hand...  
(a beat; brightening)  
What do you think, little Jesus Martinez Junior? Put him in the Diablos breakfast program...

Off Renko's dismay, as Hill appears from the courtroom, to announce.--

HILL  
Case is called.

CUT TO:

59 OMIT

59

60 INT. COURTROOM - FAVORING HILL, RENKO, MARTINEZ

60

Striding to the front, past a couple encouraging Diablos near the aisle, Renko offering the last of his more-or-less unsolicited advice to Jesus, as Burke is led back to jail, under cheery, departing words from Wachtel.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

X

60

RENKO

(mirroring his own concerns)  
Maybe just think about it this way -- anybody else you'd rather marry?

JESUS

Nope.

RENKO

So then it's just a question of basic fundamental human freedom versus slavery.

Under which, Claudia is led out, trailed by Fay, to Davenport. Hill, Renko and Martinez join Bernstein. Wachtel quickly examines his papers; spots Fay --

WACHTEL

Mrs. Furillo?

FAY

Hello, Judge. May I -- I'm counseling Ms. Ramirez on her pregnancy.

Wachtel nods, notes Claudia's condition, reverts to his papers another beat, then regards the parties rather slyly --

WACHTEL

Hmm. I see a felonious attack. I see a thirty-eight caliber weapon.

DAVENPORT

Your Honor, there are extenuating circumstances...

WACHTEL

(sly; his eyes narrowing as he looks from Claudia to Jesus)  
And I see a bun in the oven. Which I take to be the responsibility of the complainant.

JESUS

Gotta plead the fifth amendment, Your Honor.

FAY

(muttered)  
Spineless punk.

JESUS

Hey judge, whattaya say, contempt of court!

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

X

60

FAY  
(not quite shrill; almost as much  
a plea as a complaint)  
Contempt of life, that's you.

She turns Claudia so that the hugeness of her belly is close to Jesus.

FAY (CONT'D)  
Look at this -- put your hand on it.  
You can feel it moving!

Jesus can't quite. Fay puts her own hand on Claudia's stomach.

FAY (CONT'D)  
What I don't understand is how can a  
man not love the woman who's carrying  
his child?

JESUS  
Who said I don't love her? Sure I  
love her. I feel good just bein'  
around her.

DAVENPORT  
(surprised)  
Then why won't you drop all these  
charges and marry her?

JESUS  
Who says I ain't gonna? 'Course I'm  
gonna.

FAY  
Attaboy!

She hugs Claudia to her.

WACHTEL  
Have you had a blood test, young man?

JESUS  
Couple months ago, Your Honor.  
Unrelated incident.

CLAUDIA  
(renewed feistiness)  
What?  
(Spanish)  
Filth!

JESUS  
Hey, I passed.

WACHTEL  
I'll marry you right now, in chambers!  
(a glint)  
There'll be certain fees, of course.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

X

60

DAVENPORT  
 (mostly to Bernstein)  
 If the parties marry, will the State  
 drop the gun charge?

BERNSTEIN  
 Why not -- since we're in the middle  
 of Midsummer Night's Dream.

CUT TO:

60A INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

60A

A procession of bodies headed for Wachtel's chambers, Fay holding  
 an arm around the tearful, happy Claudia and humming/singing for  
 her near-daughter's benefit a string of bars from Mendelssohn's  
 Wedding March.

CUT TO:

61 OMIT  
 THRU  
 63

61  
 THRU  
 63

64 INT. WACHTEL'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Wachtel, the Bailiff, Hill, Renko, Moriarity, Davenport, and a  
 couple supportive Diablos who'd been in the gallery. Renko's in a  
 daze. Fay quietly has tears of happiness in her eyes. Jesus and  
 Claudia are standing before Wachtel. It's a wedding and it's just  
 about over.

WACHTEL  
 Do you, Jesus Emilio Martinez, take this  
 woman to be your lawful wedded wife?

JESUS  
 Yeah, I do.

WACHTEL  
 The ring...

JESUS  
 The ring? What ring? I ain't got no  
 ring, man.

Renko steps forward, digging out his \$50 special. He offers it to  
 Jesus.

RENKO  
 Here. This'll do you just fine.

JESUS  
 Thanks, man.  
 (looking at it)  
 How much you want for it?

CONTINUED

64 CONTINUED

X

64

RENKO

(shrug)

Just what I paid for it... seventy-five.

Hill averts his eyes skyward as Jesus slips the ring onto Claudia's finger.

WACHTEL

I now pronounce you man and wife.

They kiss.

FADE OUT

65 OMIT

65

END ACT THREE

X

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

65A INT. DANIELS' OFFICE - DAY

65A

Daniels is behind his desk, wears a look of near-amused exasperation as Calletano makes his way in --

DANIELS

I guess I have to admire your loyalty, Ray. Do I have to paint "No Sale" across my forehead?

CALLETANO

(courage mustered, resolute)  
Here is a commercial transaction I think you will be interested in.

Which he accompanies by pushing a videotape case part way across Daniels' desk. Daniels goes a little white, does a good impersonation of composure as he shakes the empty case, considers the title --

DANIELS

"Big Cheese." - Empty.  
(looks to Calletano)  
Educate me.

CALLETANO

It is a tape of you and the prostitute Whitney Barnes. You are the "Big Cheese."

DANIELS

(short strokes)  
Where is this videotape?

CALLETANO

(weak-voiced, determined)  
In my possession.

Daniels studies him.

DANIELS

Guess that puts all the cards on the table.

CALLETANO

Yes.

DANIELS

Deal.

CALLETANO

I want Frank back.

CUT TO:

66 EXT STREET - DAY

66

Belker and Washington in an N.D. vehicle, make no secret of their tail of William Mullins, who's on foot, moving in the same direction on the far sidewalk. Mullins is broke, crashing, furious, periodically looks in their direction. Washington meets his eyes. As Mullins breaks down an alley

BELKER  
(unsurprised)  
There he goes.

WASHINGTON  
(into radio)  
N.D. seven, he's coming your way,  
alley between Foxon and Grant.

GARIBALDI  
Copy.

BELKER  
(nods ahead)  
Hang a ralph.

67 EXT - THE CAR - MOVING

67

Turns right.

68 RESUME

68

They hear --

GARIBALDI'S VOICE  
He's going into a liquor store.

CUT TO:

69 EXT STREET - DAY

69

Belker, Washington, Garibaldi watch from across the street William Mullins taking a liquor store: Garibaldi's sick, feels like he's in a nightmare --

GARIBALDI  
We should call it in. We should call  
it in.

BELKER  
Three cops. How many cops do you want?

It's not that Garibaldi wants reinforcements -- rather he's afraid of what's shaping. No pause from Belker's last:

BELKER (CONT'D)  
(seeing Mullins exit, a weapon  
clearly visible)  
He's coming.

They say it crossing, taking position -- as Mullins exits:

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

X

69

BELKER  
Police! Freeze!

Washington's on one flank, Garibaldi's on the other. Mullins takes a step toward Garibaldi --

GARIBALDI  
Drop it, Mullins!

Mullins spins, looks toward the store as possible refuge -- Washington's taken it away from him --

WASHINGTON  
It's over! Put it down!

MULLINS  
You want me?! You want me?!

BELKER  
Drop it!

MULLINS  
Come on.

Mullins levels the piece at Washington, fires. Washington blows him away. As Belker does. As Garibaldi does, weeping.

CUT TO:

69A INT. FURILLO'S OFFICE

69A

Furillo is putting a box of possessions he intends to take -- as Leo enters with a small cardboard box.

LEO  
More things you asked for from downstairs, Captain.

FURILLO  
Thank you.

He hands Furillo the box; Furillo puts it into the larger box, starts to put his coat on -- Leo is lingering.

LEO  
Captain, could I bother you for half a second?

FURILLO  
What Leo?

LEO  
I know you've been transferred and that, but I'm wondering if you could co-sign on a credit union loan application.  
(taking it out)

CONTINUED

69A CONTINUED

X

69A

FURILLO

How much?

LEO

Twenty-four hundred.

Leo hands it over. Furillo gets out a pen, starts to sign --

FURILLO

New car?

LEO

Baseball camp.

(Furillo looks at him)  
I got a week comin'.

FURILLO

'S a lot of money.

LEO

(a little feverish)  
Oh no, sir. They give you a room and  
three squares a day, on top of all the  
clinics.

Furillo is reading Leo's underlying state. Casually --

FURILLO

How are things at home, Leo.

LEO

Home is good, Captain -- home is over.  
(off Furillo's look)  
Mrs. Schnitz is in Vegas, I gave her  
all the money. She hopes to become a  
dealer.

FURILLO

I'm sorry.

LEO

She's happy, sir. And I don't care,  
so could you sign please, sir.

FURILLO

(gently)  
You're sure you want to do this?

LEO

Yes Captain, I do, 'cause if I don't go to  
baseball camp I think I'm gonna fall apart.  
(a bit strange)  
I was first team catcher in high school.  
And except for Mrs. Schnitz, it was the  
only time in my life when something good  
happened to me.

CONTINUED

69A CONTINUED

X

69A

Furillo sees the need in Leo's face and abruptly signs. Leo's close to tears of gratitude.

LEO (CONT'D)

Captain, if there's anything I can ever do for you --

He's interrupted by the whirlwind entrance of Fletcher Daniels --

DANIELS

Frank --

(seeing Leo)

Would you excuse us?

(efficiently ushers him out, closes the door; Daniels is flushed, odd)

We're meeting with Ozzie Cleveland downstairs in two minutes --

FURILLO

(completely in the dark)

What --

DANIELS

(over, adamant)

Now I'm going to have your word that all copies are destroyed; we put this through, as of end of business today our ledger is completely squared, a clean sheet top to bottom, are we agreed?

Off Furillo's incomprehension --

CUT TO:

70 OMIT

70

71 INT. ROLL CALL

71

Daniels, Cleveland, and Furillo.

DANIELS

Ozzie, I've given you fast and full support in this situation with Captain Furillo.

CLEVELAND

Pin a rose on you Fletcher.

DANIELS

I'm reminding you of it only because I don't want my motives confused when I ask you now to reinstate --

(as Cleveland, leaning back against a chair, shifts impatiently)

-- please hear me out. It was my plan to bring Warren Briscoe in while I arranged a replacement. Given this tragic foulup

(MORE)

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

71

DANIELS (CONT'D)

involving that woman officer, Briscoe's no longer an option. We're looking at a command-vacuum of several weeks duration in a precinct which has just lost its turn-out Sergeant and which on its best days faces the morale problems concomitant to being the city's armpit. None of which makes me call you, Ozzie, if an hour ago Frank Furillo doesn't give me a very persuasive indication of just how desperately he wants another crack at this job.

As Furillo dissembles how thoroughly this is news to him --

DANIELS (CONT'D)

Frank's asked for a probationary reinstatement -- given the circumstances I'd like your permission to consider it.

CLEVELAND

You don't need my permission.

DANIELS

Ozzie.

A beat, as Cleveland considers Furillo.

CLEVELAND

Make your case.

DANIELS

Go ahead Frank.

FURILLO

I'd like another chance very much.  
(as what begins as vamping begins to draw on conviction)  
I realize I was flat wrong to question policy -- I've said it wasn't my intention, and I believed that, but maybe I wasn't being completely honest with myself. Wherever that truth lies, I regret the embarrassment you were caused. If I'm given a chance, it'll never happen again.

Furillo ends it looking down -- surprised at the vein of feeling the apology's found.

CLEVELAND

What frosted my butt was you calling it politics. Calling it trendy. I grew up on these streets. I held my brother in my arms while he died from this poison. If I made a mistake -- and maybe I did encourage an overcommitment of resources -- it wasn't to buy popularity.

CONTINUED

71 CONTINUED

71

Cleveland says it with quiet bitterness. No answer from Furillo. A beat.

DANIELS

It'd be a probationary reinstatement, Ozzie.

Nothing prodding in Daniels' voice, just a restatement of the agenda.

CLEVELAND

I think you try to be a good cop, Furillo. Credit me with trying to be a good Mayor.

(looks to Daniels -- re Furillo's reinstatement)

All right.

He moves to the steps.

FURILLO

Thank you.

Cleveland nods; begins climbing --

DANIELS

I'm going to be a tough probation officer, Frank....

The tone's persuasive, consistent with what Daniels exhibited throughout. As Cleveland clears the steps --

DANIELS (CONT'D)

... and I want your assurance every copy's destroyed.

Which is said in a different tone -- the defeated side naming the terms of surrender. We sense Furillo's about to come to a fuller understanding of things.

CUT TO:

72 INT. - FRONT CORRIDOR

72

Davenport, returned a moment before from court, looking at the action sheet at the front desk, sees the entry for Mullins' death during arrest. Looks to Washington in conversation with Goldblume just in front of the double-doors (Washington, Belker, and Garibaldi have come back from giving statements to IAD, Belker and Garibaldi are already changing into civvies downstairs). Davenport approaches Washington as he starts for the roll call stairs -- she's shocked, grateful, confused, feels a terrified complicity and relief:

DAVENPORT

Detective...

CONTINUED

WASHINGTON

Ms. Davenport.

DAVENPORT

Part of me wants to ask what happened.

WASHINGTON

What's that?

DAVENPORT

How William Mullins died.

WASHINGTON

(straightforward)

He'd just robbed a liquor store. He was armed, resisted arrest....

DAVENPORT

He shot at you?

WASHINGTON

Uh-huh.

Washington's voice has gone a little cold and distant --

DAVENPORT

(fighting off tears; looking down)

I'm sorry for asking you that.

WASHINGTON

It's okay.

Her hand's at her forehead --

DAVENPORT

My God.

Embraces him awkwardly --

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Washington holds her with equal awkwardness; consolatory --

WASHINGTON

Take it easy. It's okay.

Washington looks up to see Furillo, just up from roll call, standing a step away --

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

(to Davenport)

Got a friend here to see you.

72 CONTINUED

72

Washington gently turns her toward Furillo, moves behind them toward the roll call steps. Furillo takes Davenport's hands. She moves into his embrace. Daniels in b.g. to Bates --

DANIELS

(handing her the scrawled  
announcement)

I think you'll find this pleasing  
information.

CUT TO:

73 INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

73

Hill and Renko are at their lockers, getting ready to leave for the day. Hill takes a box out of his locker, walks over to Renko --

HILL

Cowboy.

He opens the box and hands it to Renko. Renko stares down at a diamond ring -- looks to Hill for an explanation.

HILL (CONT'D)

I bought it for Marty. It was gonna  
be her birthday present....

RENKO

Bobby --

HILL

I want you to have it. What you do  
with it's up to you.

RENKO

Thank you, Robert.

Hill pats Renko on the back and leaves; HOLD ON Renko a beat as gratitude subsides, awe and uncertainty remain:

RENKO

(stares at the ring)  
Oh Lordy....

CUT TO:

74 BELKER AND GARIBALDI

74

At another row of lockers, changing into their civvies -- as Washington joins them --

GARIBALDI

Is that gonna be it with IAD?

WASHINGTON

They'll have follow-up questions tomorrow.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

GARIBALDI

Like what? What kind of questions?

BELKER

What's your problem, Garibaldi? You act like we've got something to hide.

WASHINGTON

The man came out with a piece, Harry. He was ordered to disarm. He shot at us.

GARIBALDI

I know.  
(beat)  
We hunted that guy.

Goldblume comes in --

GOLDBLUME

He was hunting, too.

WASHINGTON

Family.

GARIBALDI

I know he threatened Captain Furillo's wife. That doesn't give us permission to kill him.

BELKER

Understand something, kid. Maybe we stayed on that guy's case, gave him a chance to make a mistake. But he made it. His choice.

GOLDBLUME

(to Washington)  
And he could've come in, right? You gave him a chance to drop his weapon?

WASHINGTON

(nods)  
Convict yourself for what's in your heart, Harry, you're not gonna make a cop. You'll have violence in your heart a lot.

Having said all of which, Belker's, Washington's, and Goldblume's features are as haunted as Garibaldi's. A beat, then --

CUT TO:

75 INT. RESTAURANT - RENKO AND DARYL ANN

75

A nice place -- not fancy, but nice. They've got their food, but both are picking at it. Renko is a nervous wreck. So is Daryl Ann, who is afraid he is working up to dumping her.

CONTINUED

X

RENKO

Daryl Ann...

DARYL ANN

What?

RENKO

(stalling; to himself)

Daryl Ann, Daryl Ann...

DARYL ANN

(impatient)

Whatever it is, just say it.

RENKO

Okay. I know what you said before,  
but just to be sure... do you think  
you would marry me?

DARYL ANN

(thinking he's still weighing the  
options)

I already said I would.

RENKO

Okay, then....  
(shrugs; waits)

A beat. Daryl Ann realizes --

DARYL ANN

You mean, this is it? You're askin'  
me?

RENKO

(taking out the ring box)

I pretty much have to, or else what am  
I gonna do with this?

She opens the box and sees the diamond.

DARYL ANN

Oh Andy, it's beautiful! I can't  
believe it, I thought you were gonna  
give me the boot sure as anything.

RENKO

I thought about it. And I decided any  
man that'd let go of you oughta have  
his head examined.

Daryl Ann throws her arms around him; she's in tears --

DARYL ANN

I love you, Andy Renko.

75 CONTINUED

75

RENKO

And I love you, future Mrs. Andy Renko.

X

They hug for a moment, then he pulls back and looks at her.

X

RENKO (CONT'D)

Are you as scared as I am?

X

She nods. They hug again. Off which --

X

CUT TO:

76 INT. FURILLO/DAVENPORT APARTMENT - NIGHT

76

Furillo's in bed. Davenport exits the bathroom, drying her hair with a towel. You could almost touch the desire in both to bridge the unwanted distance between them --

DAVENPORT

Sure you want it back?

FURILLO

I was surprised how much.

She sits beside him, drying her hair --

DAVENPORT

I stood in that stationhouse this afternoon -- I looked at that decent, kind man, knowing what he'd done for me.

FURILLO

Everything I've heard says that went by the book -- the man shot at Washington....

DAVENPORT

We both know if Mullins didn't threaten my life those cops wouldn't have been there.... That's not what I'm talking about, Frank.

FURILLO

Sorry.

DAVENPORT

We do that a lot lately.

Which they both know is true; both know she shouldn't have said; she resumes --

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

I looked at Washington, and I felt... I thought of all the decent people having to do terrible things because they worked in a terrible world...

(eyes fill with tears)

and I hated where we were standing. I hated that stationhouse.

CONTINUED

76 CONTINUED

76

She looks away, unacknowledged tears moving down her cheeks. He rubs her back a little helplessly.

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

I need you so much, Frank -- I need us back together so much.

FURILLO

(looks down, not disputing her)  
We have been so separate. I don't know what....

DAVENPORT

Ever think it might not be our faults? It's the damn.... Too much has been happening.

He nods, holds her.

FURILLO

Shhh.

A beat.

FURILLO

I nearly took a drink today.

She looks at him, caresses his cheek --

DAVENPORT

Oh Frank.

FURILLO

Know anyone who wants a fifth of hooch?

She nods. He rises, heads for the kitchen. She struggles with the question, tries to make it sound light --

DAVENPORT

Full?

He returns, nods. She's taken her hand gun from the nightstand, gives it to him as he hands her the bottle --

DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Trade.

FURILLO

Good.

DAVENPORT

Hey -- you can always use another gun. And I could sure stand a belt.

They share a smile. Kiss. Davenport puts the bottle down as the kiss becomes a grateful embrace.

FADE OUT

THE END