

#5107

HUNTER

"THE REAL TOUGH MURDER CASE"

by

Stephen J. Cannell

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HUNTER

"THE REAL TOUGH MURDER CASE"

CAST

RICK HUNTER  
DEE DEE McCALL  
CAPTAIN CAIN

LARRY CRENSHAW  
CONNIE CRENSHAW  
LANCE LANE  
MANNY ROTH  
SGT. TONY ORTEGA  
DETECTIVE PENHALL  
SGT. SMITH  
CHIEF KEVIN LANARK  
OFFICER TREMAINE  
MARK LELAND  
MARVIN SHRIVER  
MICK  
GAIL BANNISTER

RECEPTIONIST  
WATCH COMMANDER  
OFFICER  
DISPATCH

PLEASE NOTE: Name change of Thomas Crenshaw is now Larry Crenshaw.

\*\*PLEASE NOTE: Name change of Manny Rodriguez is now Manny Roth.

\*

(X)

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HUNTER

"THE REAL TOUGH MURDER CASE"

SETS

EXTERIORS

CRENSHAW ESTATE  
/TENNIS COURT  
/DRIVEWAY  
POLICE HEADQUARTERS  
/PARKING LOT  
/UNDERGROUND GARAGE  
TACO STAND  
WILSHIRE BLVD. BUILDING  
SMALL CLAPBOARD OFFICE BUILDING  
/MANNY'S OFFICE  
CHAPEL  
SAVINGS BANK  
JUNKYARD  
WAREHOUSE  
LANCE'S CONDO

INTERIORS

CRENSHAW ESTATE  
/MASTER BEDROOM  
/LIVING ROOM  
/BILLIARD ROOM  
POLICE HEADQUARTERS  
/SQUAD ROOM  
/MEN'S ROOM  
/CORRIDOR  
/CAIN'S OFFICE  
SQUAD CAR  
WILSHIRE BLVD. BUILDING  
/LAW OFFICE LOBBY  
/RECEPTIONIST AREA  
HUNTER'S CAR  
MANNY'S OFFICE  
CRENSHAW'S CADILLAC  
WAREHOUSE

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HUNTER

"THE REAL TOUGH MURDER CASE"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CRENSHAW ESTATE - DAY

1

This is a large estate in Beverly Hills...rolling lawns, Greco-Roman architecture struggling to look ancient, but only managing nouveau. A piece of important Italian statuary stands under a fountain on the front lawn. From the back of the house, we HEAR the sound of a tennis ball being hit back and forth.

2 EXT. TENNIS COURT

2

located on the terraced hillside. Two men are having a pretty good workout. One of them is Police Commissioner Larry CRENSHAW, forty-three, lots of chin, lots of capped teeth. He spends just the right amount of time working out. He's in very good shape. Hitting against him is tennis instructor LANCE LANE, blond, handsome, twenty-eight in waist and bulging biceps.

LANCE

(re: game)

Good. Good, good...more knee bend on the backhand, Larry. That's right...to the net. That's right, no wrist. Punch those vollies. That's right. Punch, punch, punch.

As they go at it, we see that Commissioner Larry Crenshaw has a very good tennis game.

CUT TO

2A EXT. CRENSHAW MANSION - DAY

2A\*

CONNIE CRENSHAW, the Commissioner's wife, comes out a door at the side of the house near the garage. She is very pretty, with a fragile quality. MOVE IN on her as she looks off toward the tennis court with a guarded expression, then crosses toward the garage, where she sees that her husband's Ferrari is parked behind her Mercedes. She then moves off toward the tennis court, exiting the shot.

CUT TO

3  
&  
4 OMITTED

3\*  
&  
4\*

## 5 EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Lance collects some of the balls and hits them over the net to Larry Crenshaw. In the b.g., we see Connie Crenshaw moving down the walkway to the little observation platform that overlooks the court.

CONNIE

(calling)

Larry, could you move your car,  
please? \*

Larry looks at her for a beat.

CRENSHAW

Keys are in it, Connie. Just  
pull it over, will ya?

CONNIE

(a beat)

Okay. Yeah, sure.

She turns and moves away. Crenshaw and Lance look after her for a beat, then return to the lesson.

## 6 EXT. DRIVEWAY 6

Connie Crenshaw moves to her Mercedes, reaches in and puts her purse on the seat and props a slip of paper on the open ashtray.

## 6A INSERT - THE PAPER 6A

An address is written on it: 25277 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

## 6B BACK TO SCENE 6B

She moves to the red Ferrari which is parked behind the Mercedes, gets in, turns the key and it EXPLODES, GOING UP IN A BALL OF FLAME. The concussion kicks out three of the kitchen windows.

## 7 EXT. TENNIS COURT 7

At the SOUND of the explosion, Crenshaw and Lance take off, running toward the driveway.

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3  
(X)

8 EXT. DRIVEWAY 8

DEAN, their Chinese houseboy, runs out of the kitchen, approaching the flaming wreckage holding his arm up in front of his face to shield the heat. Crenshaw rushes to the car and yanks on the door handle.

CRENSHAW  
(anguished)  
No...no...oh, no...

The intense heat forces him to retreat from the wreckage.

9 LANCE LANE 9

He stands watching the blaze. MOVE IN on his oddly unemotional expression and:

CUT TO

10 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SQUAD ROOM - DAY 10

SERGEANT SMITH is moving through the squad room like Paul Revere. SGT. TONY ORTEGA and DETECTIVE PENHALL among ten or fifteen others.

SMITH  
We just gotta hot grounder.  
The officer who gets this one  
is grilled an' drilled.

ORTEGA  
C'mon, Smitty, it can't be that  
bad.

SMITH  
The police commissioner's wife  
just got exploded in the commi-  
sioner's car.

On that, the entire squad room lets out a GROAN, gets to their feet and heads to the bathrooms...women one way, men the other.

11 OMITTED 11

12 INT. POLICE STATION - MEN'S ROOM 12

as ten or twelve guys pile in.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

ORTEGA

If I get this one, I'll never make my pension. I got three official 608 complaints last year.

SMITH

You think maybe it was the Commissioner who did her in?

PENHALL

(act it out)

"Excuse me, Commissioner, don't take this personally, sir, but where were you when your wife got gonzoed?"

ORTEGA

Whoever gets this case is ruined.

13 INT. SQUAD ROOM - CLOSE ON HUNTER

He enters the squad room, whistling, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." He looks around.

14 HIS POV - SQUAD ROOM

It's empty. A secretary moves past carrying a load of papers.

HUNTER

Hey, where is everybody?

She shrugs and moves on.

HUNTER

Last time I saw it like this, the Mayor's kid sister disappeared.

The words are no sooner out of his mouth when the realization hits him and moves at a trot for the men's room.

15 INT. MEN'S ROOM

1

It's almost full of people when Hunter enters.

HUNTER

We got another career breaker?

ORTEGA

Commissioner Crenshaw killed his old lady.

SMITH

(annoyed)

We don't know that, Ortega. It could'a been somebody else. Like it could'a been...like...well, the butler, or somethin'...

HUNTER

Sixty-eight percent of all homicides involving a husband and wife, it's the spouse who committed the crime. We've got a sixty-eight percent chance the Police Commissioner whacked his old lady.

\*

ORTEGA

If I get this case, it's over. I don't think one officer should get stuck with two career breakers in one year.

\*

PENHALL

Talk about "no-win"...If the Commissioner killed her, he'll use his juice to derail the investigation and discredit whoever's in charge of it. If he didn't do it, he'll be all over us to catch the guy who did.

\*

SMITH

I wonder who Cain's gonna give it to.

\*

The door opens and CAPTAIN CAIN enters, carrying a file.

CONTINUED

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6  
(X)

15 CONTINUED

15

CAIN

Hunter, I've got a neat little case here for you. Commissioner Crenshaw's wife.

There is a beat. The whole room lets out a SIGH of relief as they push past Cain to exit the bathroom.

AD LIBS

'Scuse me, Skipper. Gotta hit the bricks. 'Nother day, 'nother dollar. Keep the ol' city clean for the citizens, sir. No crime on my time.

Until only Cain and Hunter are left.

CAIN

I know you and McCall will conduct an absolutely scrupulous investigation of this homicide. Good luck, good hunting, and goodbye.

He smiles an evil, cold smile at Hunter as he hands him the file. Cain exits the bathroom, leaving Hunter holding the file.

HUNTER

Well, at least I'm in the right room.

Off that we:

CUT TO

16 OMITTED

16

17 INT. SQUAD ROOM

17

Hunter exits the men's room, moves across the squad room to the women's room and bangs on the door.

HUNTER

McCall, we got it. Come on out, girls. It's safe.

The door opens and the lady detectives exit.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17\*

McCall is the last one to exit the room. She looks at Hunter for a beat and he hands her the file.

McCALL

Why don't you hide, Hunter?

HUNTER

I was in the can, McCall. What'd you want me to do, crawl up into the air vent?

She flips the file open and, as they head out of the squad room: \*

ORTEGA

(calling after them)

Hey, Hunter, can I have your desk and your locker?

CUT TO

18 OMITTED

18

18A EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - HUNTER AND McCALL

18A

as they exit the building and head for their car.

McCALL

There's no way to come out on this one, Hunter. Cain's finally managed to pull our plug.

HUNTER

Look on the bright side, McCall...

McCALL

This case doesn't have a bright side, buster. I've met Commissioner Crenshaw. He took me to lunch once.

\*

HUNTER

Well, that eases my mind some. Nice guy, is he? I hope?

CONTINUED

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7A.  
(X)

18A CONTINUED

18A

McCALL

It was when I made Detective Grade. The purpose of the lunch was to see how I like being a lady cop and then we moved on to the wine tasting and heavy breathing.

CONTINUED

18A CONTINUED

18

HUNTER

Oh, no. He took a shot at you?

McCALL

It's been known to happen, Hunter.

HUNTER

If he's a player, that means he might've been playing around on his wife...she found out and he decided to eliminate her. That's in your detective handbook under favorite motives.

Off her look:

CUT TO

19 EXT. CRENSHAW ESTATE - DAY

19

Hunter's car pulls up the driveway and stops. There are several neighbors standing outside the gate and there are several black and whites and an official-looking car in the driveway, alongside which is standing CHIEF OF POLICE KEVIN LANARK. He moves up to Hunter's car, looks at it disdainfully.

20 EXT. HUNTER'S CAR

20

Hunter and McCall exit, ad lib hellos to the Chief.

LANARK

I was waiting to see you before you go inside to talk to Commissioner Crenshaw. I don't want you to forget that this man is under great stress at the moment. I do not want you to add to that stress, Sergeant.

McCALL

We may have to ask him a few questions...

LANARK

Can't that wait?

McCALL

Well, sir...not really...

CONTINUED

20

CONTINUED

20

LANARK

Connie and Larry Crenshaw are...  
were two of my dearest friends.  
I don't have to tell you that  
I will be looking into every as-  
pect of this case, Sergeant.  
I'll be a shadow hanging over  
your desk.

HUNTER

I'll try not to let that inter-  
fere with the way I carry out  
my assignment, sir.

LANARK

One phone call and I can have  
you doing a straight eight on a  
foot beat on skid row, Sergeant.

\*

Lanark turns away from them. Hunter and McCall move to  
the house. Hunter is obviously pissed.

HUNTER

If he's gonna be a shadow hanging  
over my desk, somebody better tell  
Ortega.

McCALL

Calm down, Hunter. We're gonna  
be working a school crossing  
before sunset.

21

INT. CRENSHAW LIVING ROOM - HUNTER AND McCALL

21

enter the room. Commissioner Crenshaw is sitting with his  
head in his bandaged hands. OFFICER TREMAINE is nearby.

TREMAINE

He's pretty upset.

HUNTER

What happened to his hands?

TREMAINE

Scorched 'em pretty bad tryin'  
t'get the burning car door open.

(a beat)

His tennis coach is still here.  
Name's Lance Lane. I held 'im  
for you.

CONTINUED

HUNTER

Lance Lane? Sounds like he made that up himself.

TREMAINE

Wait'll you see him. He looks like a Lance Lane. He was here when the car went up. It's a mess. I don't think the crime lab is gonna get much of anything.

HUNTER

Did you see Commissioner Crenshaw's hands? Were they burned pretty bad?

TREMAINE

No. He had 'em wrapped when I got here.

Hunter and McCall look at one another.

TREMAINE

Too bad you guys got this grounder. No win, huh?

HUNTER

I was getting tired of police work, anyway. Gonna get a fishing boat, move to Florida, pick up girls.

MCCALL

Why was she driving his car?

TREMAINE

He says she was just moving it out of the way so she could get her car out. He was down taking his tennis lesson from Goldilocks.

HUNTER

Okay, McCall, who gets to dance with the gorilla? Wanna flip?

MCCALL

I'll take him. The woman's touch.

They move over to the Commissioner.

CONTINUED

HUNTER  
Commissioner Crenshaw...

Crenshaw looks up at him.

HUNTER  
I'm Sergeant Hunter. This is  
Sergeant McCall. I'm sorry about  
the death of your wife, sir...

CRENSHAW  
(dazed)  
She was...she was just moving  
it...my car. And then...Lance  
and I...we heard it...

He stops, regaining his composure.

CRENSHAW  
I mean...things...I mean they...  
you just...all the things you  
plan...like nothing was ever  
going to happen...  
(a beat)

We were going to have lunch this  
afternoon and...then go to the  
Mayor's party tonight. And...  
this morning...we sat and talked  
about Jill's graduation from  
Vassar...and...

He stops, looks at them for a beat.

CRENSHAW  
I'm sorry. I'm rambling.

HUNTER  
Sergeant McCall is going to ask  
you a few questions, sir.

CRENSHAW  
I want you to find out who killed  
my wife. I...you see...they were  
trying to get me. That was my  
car...and there were the threats  
against me.

MCCALL  
You had threats on your life?

CONTINUED

CRENSHAW

Yes.

\*

MCCALL

How many? How long ago?

CRENSHAW

Two. One Tuesday...no, Wednesday night...half an hour apart.

HUNTER

Did you report these threats on your life to anybody?

CRENSHAW

No.

HUNTER

Why not?

Crenshaw's head snaps up.

CRENSHAW

What the hell is that supposed t'mean?

HUNTER

I'm asking why, when a threat was made on your life, you didn't report it?

CRENSHAW

I didn't take it seriously.

Chief Lanark moves in on them.

LANARK

Larry, are you all right?

\*

CRENSHAW

I'm very tired.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED - 4

21

McCALL

Look, Hunter, maybe you'd like  
to talk to the tennis coach.  
I'll finish up here.

Hunter looks at Crenshaw for a beat, then nods and moves  
off toward the staircase and moves up the stairs.

22 DEE DEE McCALL

22

sits on the sofa next to Crenshaw, Chief Lanark is nearby.

\*

McCALL

Commissioner, do you remember  
me? We met once, when I became  
a detective...

CRENSHAW

Uh...uh...no. Yes. Well, I  
don't know...I meet a lot of  
police officers...

McCALL

Is there anybody who can supply  
us with a list of people who have  
access to the property? Security  
people...pool men...gardeners?

CRENSHAW

Dean, my houseboy, can give  
you that list.

Lanark moves in on them.

LANARK

Really, is this necessary right  
now?

McCALL

Just a few more questions.

CUT TO

23 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - HUNTER

23

is looking at the calendar on the desk.

- 24      POV - CALENDAR      24
- The page says, "Today". 10:30 is circled. At the bottom of the page is written: Mayor's party, eight, black tie.
- 25      HUNTER      25
- takes the calendar and sticks it in his pocket. He moves around the bedroom. He comes to the closet, opens it and paws through the commissioner's clothes. After a beat, he closes the closet, goes back to the desk, picks up the spring-operated telephone listbook, pushes the marker to "T" and punches it.
- 26      INSERT: SPRING-OPERATED TELEPHONE LISTBOOK      26
- on the page with the "T's" is a listing that says: "Tuxedos Unlimited". \*
- 27      HUNTER      27
- picks up the phone and dials the number.
- HUNTER  
(into phone)  
Yes. I'm calling to see if  
Commissioner Crenshaw's tuxedo  
is ready for tonight.  
(a beat)  
Didn't he rent one?  
(a beat)  
Thank you. No, my mistake.
- He hangs up, looks around, then exits the room.
- 28      OMITTED      28\*
- 28A      EXT. CRENSHAW HOUSE - DAY      28A\*
- Hunter comes out the side door, crosses toward the garage area, passing the forensic people who are going over the remains of the Ferrari, and the coroner's attendants who are finishing up their work. Hunter goes to the Mercedes and looks inside.

29 HUNTER'S POV - INTERIOR OF THE MERCEDES

The slip of paper with the Wilshire address is still propped up in the ashtray. The purse is on the seat where Connie left it. Hunter reaches in and takes the slip of paper, then heads back to the house.

30 OMITTED

30

30A INT. CRENSHAW'S HOUSE \_ BILLIARD ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON

30A

the pool table as a ball is skillfully blasted into a corner pocket.

30B ANOTHER ANGLE

30B

revealing Lance Lane, cue stick in hand, as he moves around the table to line up his next shot. Hunter enters the room, crosses to Lane.

HUNTER

You Mr. Lane?

LANCE

Yeah. Lance Lane. I'm Larry's tennis coach.

HUNTER

You see anything?

LANCE

I was giving Mr. Crenshaw his lesson.

HUNTER

You mean Larry.

Off Lance's look.

HUNTER

You just called him Larry.

LANCE

Yeah, Larry. I was giving him his lesson. Connie needed to move his car. The keys were in it.

CONTINUED

30B CONTINUED

30B

HUNTER

How do you know that, Lance?

LANCE

Larry told her to move it herself 'cause the keys were in it. We were taking our lesson.

\*

HUNTER

Got any idea why the Commissioner's car was parked behind his wife's when it would've been just as easy to put it in the garage?

LANCE

(indignant)

What is this?

HUNTER

It's a homicide investigation. We ask lots of real tiresome questions.

LANCE

I don't have any idea. Look, can I go? I have a lot of people I teach...

HUNTER

You're taking it pretty hard, Lance...Hang on...The grief will ease with time.

Lance looks at him for a long beat.

LANCE

I hardly knew her.

HUNTER

Okay. Leave your address and phone number with the officer at the gate. Okay?

Lance nods and starts away.

HUNTER

(calling after)

Mr. Lane...what's your real name? I mean, before you changed it?

CONTINUED

30B CONTINUED - 2

30B

Lance looks at Hunter for a beat.

LANCE

I'm sorry?

HUNTER

Well, Lance Lane sounds like it belongs in a casting directory. Who were you before you were Lance Lane?

LANCE

Uh...

HUNTER

I can print you and run it... cause me a lot of trouble...get me wondering. It's always better to just cooperate.

LANCE

I was born...Teddy Sheinberg.

\*

HUNTER

Okay. I'll see ya.  
(a beat)

Oh, Lance, did you see who wrapped the Commissioner's burned hands?

LANCE

I think he did it himself.

Hunter nods. Lance exits. Hold on Hunter as we

CUT TO

31 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - LANARK, McCALL, CRENSHAW

31

CRENSHAW

I'm...please...I need to lie down...

\*

LANARK

Okay, Sgt. McCall, that's enough for now. There's no reason why this can't be postponed 'til later.

\*

Hunter approaches them.

CONTINUED

HUNTER

Excuse me. I got some ointment from the doctor outside. Lemme get a look at those hands, Commissioner...

CRENSHAW

That's okay. My own doctor is on his way.

HUNTER

Can't hurt to put a little of this on for now.

CRENSHAW

Kenny, can you please make this end? I'm...I feel ill.

LANARK

Sgt. Hunter, Sgt. McCall. Would you please come outside with me?

Hunter ignores him.

HUNTER

(to Crenshaw)

I understand you left the keys to your car in the ignition. Is that something you usually do, Commissioner?

LANARK

Perhaps you didn't hear me, Sergeant.

Hunter looks at him hard.

HUNTER

I heard you. It's just that I'm kind've on a roll right now...

LANARK

You get out of here right now, Sergeant. Both of you! Don't make me say it again.

CUT TO

Hunter and McCall exit the house leaving Lanark standing in the doorway.

HUNTER

Kicked out of port.

McCALL

I got a chance to take his hand and squeeze it slightly. No flinch, so I don't think he burned them too badly.

HUNTER

You want my cop's hunch?

McCALL

You think he did it?

HUNTER

Why would he leave his keys in the car and the car parked where it would have to be moved when it would have been just as easy to put it in the garage?

McCALL

It's pretty thin.

HUNTER

I got one piece that's a little more solid...he had a black tie dinner tonight. No tuxedo in his closet. I called the tux shop listed in their phone book. He didn't rent one.

McCALL

He knew she was going to be dead and he wouldn't be going to a party, so he didn't bother to rent the tux.

HUNTER

Bingo!

CONTINUED

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20

32

CONTINUED

32

MCCALL

So the fun is about to start,  
right, Hunter?

Off Hunter's look:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

33

EXT. HOT DOG STAND - DAY - HUNTER AND DEE DEE

\* 33

are sitting at a table. Two MEN in construction hats are at a nearby table SNICKERING at the sight of Hunter going through Mrs. Crenshaw's purse. Dee Dee is leafing through the calendar that Hunter pocketed.

McCALL

Didn't you say the tennis coach claimed he hardly knew her?

HUNTER

Right.

McCALL

Well, you go back two months in her calendar and she was taking a tennis lesson from him every Friday.

HUNTER

Looks like Lance Lane made a little boo-boo.

Hunter looks over at the two men who are snickering at him as he rummages through the purse.

McCALL

I guess the sexual revolution hasn't made it to that table over there.

HUNTER

Anything in that checkbook?

McCALL

Mostly made out to cash and the market...stuff like that. I have three large checks made out to a Manny Roth: two for five hundred, one for a thousand. Could be worth checking.

Hunter holds up the piece of paper with the Wilshire address.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

HUNTER

She was headed to 25277  
Wilshire Boulevard. Want to  
try that first?

Hunter places the purse aside to reach for a couple of chili-dogs being passed across the counter to him:

33A A PURSE SNATCHER

33A

suddenly grabs the bag and hauls ass out of there. The strap snaps, but not before Hunter is yanked around and down, crashing into a table, his chili-dogs flying.

HUNTER

He grabbed my bag!

And Dee Dee is already after the guy, kicking off her shoes and taking up the hot pursuit.

33B EXT. STREET - DAY

33B

On the purse snatcher as he runs full out, the bag clutched in his hand. Suddenly, a barefoot Dee Dee, takes this guy down in a flying tackle. She puts a knee into his back and gets his arm up between his shoulder blades. Hunter saunters up, handing Dee Dee her shoes as he picks up Mrs. Crenshaw's purse.

HUNTER

(to the two hard-  
hats who exited  
the hot dog stand)  
Now, how'd he expect me to  
pay for my lunch?

CUT TO

34 EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD. BUILDING - DAY - CLOSE ON BRASS PLAQUE

34

Etched on the plaque: MARVIN SHRIVER  
Attorney at Law  
25277 Wilshire Boulevard

35 ANGLE - HUNTER

35

He looks at the plaque, then he and McCall move into the lobby. This small, three-story building is entirely

CONTINUED

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22A.  
(X)

Rev. 9/21/84

35

CONTINUED

35

taken up with the law office.

36

INT. LAW OFFICE LOBBY - DAY - HUNTER AND McCALL

36

CONTINUED

McCALL

Lawyers. Maybe they were going to do her taxes.

HUNTER/McCALL

Or her divorce.

They look at one another for a beat.

HUNTER

We're not going to get anything out of her attorney unless we get creative.

McCALL

(cracking gum)

Like I work at the Hancock Drug counter, see...it's like across the street from like the Commissioner's office, see...and like, well, I'm all the time seein' Mr. Crenshaw in there with like this pretty blond with the split ends and like I said to Mrs. Crenshaw, "I think Mr. C's like messin' around, y'know". An' she says would I come an' tell you so you could like take my statement or somethin'. I hope it won't take long, 'cause me an' boyfriend Claude here are like on our lunch break an' Mr. Netter goes like freak-o if we take more'n one hour.

HUNTER

I like it, but do I have to be Claude? Can't I be Boris?

McCALL

Why don't you be Don?

SMASH CUT

INT. RECEPTION AREA - HUNTER, McCALL AND RECEPTIONIST

McCall is just finishing her rap to the RECEPTIONIST. Hunter is seated on a couch with a magazine, bored as hell.

CONTINUED

McCALL

(cracking gum)

So anyway, like I said to Mrs. Crenshaw...I'd like come down here an' make my statement an' all, but like me an' Don only got an hour for lunch is all...

The receptionist looks at her for a long beat.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, um...we're not working on the Crenshaw divorce action any longer because Mrs. Crenshaw was killed earlier this morning... it was on the radio.

Dee Dee looks at her for a beat.

McCALL

You don't say.

(to Hunter)

Didja hear that, Donny? That nice Mrs. Crenshaw was killed... this morning.

HUNTER

(bored)

You gonna be much longer, Ceil?

McCALL

An' her plannin' t'get a divorce an' everything...gettin' ready t'like start a new life an' all. I mean ain't life a peach pit?

On that, a man appears in the doorway behind them. This is MARVIN SHRIVER. He is tanned, expensive and shrewd, an ideal combination.

SHRIVER

Just what the hell is going on here?

McCall turns and looks at him.

RECEPTIONIST

Mrs. Crenshaw asked this woman to come in and be deposed on  
(MORE)

37 CONTINUED - 2

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
the divorce case. I just told  
her about Mrs. Crenshaw's death.

Shriver addresses the receptionist angrily. \*

SHRIVER  
You told this woman about one  
of our cases? We're supposed  
to protect our clients!  
(to McCall)  
Who are you? What's your name?

McCALL  
Celia Kettering.

SHRIVER  
I want'ta see some I.D.

Hunter gets up from the sofa.

HUNTER  
C'mon, Ceil, let's go. These  
people don't need your help if  
this Crenshaw broad got iced  
already.

SHRIVER  
(to McCall)  
I demand to see your identifi-  
cation.

Hunter looks down at him.

HUNTER  
I'm real hungry, Ace. I'm  
sure you're gonna quit all  
this demandin', 'less you plan  
on growin' five or six inches  
in the next two or three  
seconds.

There is a beat. Shriver takes a step back.

HUNTER  
Let's go, Ceil, honey. These  
people ain't very friendly.

They exit the office.

38  
&  
39

OMITTED

3  
3

39A EXT. LAW BUILDING - DAY

Hunter and McCall come out, head for their car.

HUNTER

So, the loving couple were getting a divorce. The Commissioner sorta forgot to mention that when we were out there this morning.

McCALL

He was probably too upset.

HUNTER

Works for me.

McCALL

Wanta go see what those checks to Manny Roth were all about?

\*

HUNTER

It's either that or early retirement.

They get into their car and drive off.

40  
thru  
42

OMITTED

40  
41  
42

43 INT. BUILDING - HUNTER AND McCALL

They find an old, weathered sign that says:

MANNY ROTH - PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR  
Specializing in Divorce, Surveillance,  
Bail Skips and Repossessions

\*

Hunter looks at McCall.

McCALL

She hired private heat to follow the Commissioner

43

CONTINUED

43

Hunter opens the door and they enter a small, dingy office.

44

INT. MANNY'S OUTER OFFICE

There is a large poster-size picture of Manny Roth hanging on the wall, a little office bell is on the desk.

HUNTER

Roth...I remember this guy. He was an Accounts Receivable specialist for Bad Sam Austin.

MC CALL

The loan shark?

HUNTER

Used to ring the cash register with a Louisville slugger. He killed a guy once collecting a hundred dollar loan. He's not gonna be easy t'talk to. He lacks a cooperative spirit.

MC CALL

How 'bout a little good cop/bad cop? I'll be the bad cop.

HUNTER

Look, McCall, I've had five partners. Every time we did good cop/bad cop...I'm always the bad cop. It's sorta my thing. I do a great bad cop.

MC CALL

You mean you used t'do a great bad cop. This time you're doing the good cop.

HUNTER

The hell I am.

MC CALL

The hell you aren't.

She bangs the BELL and, after a beat, MANNY ROTH lumbers into the room and looks at them.

CONTINUED

MANNY

Don't tell me. You two are a couple a'oinkers from downtown. I ain't done nothin', so shove off.

As Hunter starts to say something, McCall slams her badge down on the desk.

MC CALL

(hard)

Let's get something straight right now, Manny. I've got no sense of humor. I live to hassle scum. You want trouble from me? I park outside your little rat hole here and I start spending your money. I'll write you up on fire regs...access codes... You name it, I'll find it.

HUNTER

Come on, Dee Dee...calm down.

MC CALL

(to Hunter)

Where does this bag a'wind get off calling me an oinker, huh? I'm gonna cut this piece a'puke down to size.

HUNTER

(to Manny)

Look, Mr. Roth...excuse my partner here. She's had a bad week. We're trying t'check on a client of yours...a Mrs. Crenshaw.

(to Dee Dee)

Dee Dee, gimme a minute here. Wait in the unit, will ya?

MANNY

This is real cute, the way you guys do this. I don't talk to pigs. Get outta my place before I call my attorney.

He turns and walks into the back room.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED - 2

44

HUNTER

(to McCall)

I don't think you scared him.  
Wanna trade?

MC CALL

I'm not through yet.

They follow Manny into the back room.

44A INT. BACK ROOM

44A

Manny is seated in an arm chair, watching a soap opera.

MANNY

I said get out!

She looks around, spots the Louisville slugger leaning against a wall, picks it up, crosses to the TV set and smashes the screen. As Manny goes for his gun, Hunter slams it out of his hand, grabs Manny up out of the chair by his shirt and sticks his face right into Manny's.

HUNTER

I'm the best friend you have in  
this room. Maybe you should  
talk to me.

There is a beat.

MANNY

Are you insane?

HUNTER

It's real possible.

(a beat)

Mrs. Crenshaw hired you to do  
something. Why don't you start  
there?

There is a long beat as Manny looks at Hunter. Dee Dee moves to the credenza and slams the bat down, shattering a vase.

HUNTER

She's had her practice swings,  
now she's gonna try it out on  
you. This was your old specialty,  
wasn't it Manny? Bustin' guys  
with this thing?

CONTINUED

44A

CONTINUED

44A

McCall moves to them with the bat in hand.

MANNY

Okay, okay. Let go, will ya?  
Just let go.

Hunter turns him loose.

HUNTER

She hired you to follow the  
Commissioner, right? To see  
if he'd been having an affair?

MANNY

She didn't want her husband  
followed, she wanted me t'follow  
his tennis coach.

HUNTER

Why?

MANNY

She told me she'd had an affair  
with him and that the tennis coach  
was in love with her and when she  
tried t'break it off, he went  
nuts an' started sayin' he was  
gonna kill her husband.

MC CALL

Go on.

MANNY

Anyway, I followed him for a few  
weeks. He seemed t'cool down, an'  
that was that.

They looks at him for a beat, then McCall throws the bat  
down on the couch and it bounces to the floor.

MC CALL

Mrs. Crenshaw was killed this  
morning, Manny. That makes this  
a homicide investigation and,  
as the two oinkers on this case,  
you leave town, and we'll do the  
ham hock polka on the top of  
your head.

CONTINUED

44A

CONTINUED

44A

MANNY

It's the truth. I swear it.

As Hunter and McCall turn to leave, Hunter turns back to Manny:

HUNTER

You get the urge t'leave town, fight it real hard. Okay?

MANNY

(a beat)

Okay.

And Hunter and McCall exit.

44B

INT. OUTER OFFICE - HUNTER AND MC CALL

44B

HUNTER

Jeeze, you trashed his TV. I don't believe it.

MC CALL

Bad cop/ bad cop. I guess it works okay too.

They exit the office. Manny comes out of the back and looks after them...a worried look on his face and we:

CUT TO

45

OMITTED

45

45A

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - RUNBY OF

45A

Hunter and McCall's car.

45B

INT. CAR - DAY

45B

HUNTER

Well, what d'ya wanna do? We've got a couple a'choices...we can stake out our beloved Commissioner Crenshaw...

MC CALL

A terrible career move, but maybe the right one.

CONTINUED

45B CONTINUED

45B

HUNTER

Or we could go sit on Lance Lane and see what he does when he's not serving those furry little white balls to people in tailored shorts.

McCALL

If we decide to let the commissioner drift and go camp out on Lance, would that make us chicken-hearted scaredy cats?

\*

HUNTER

Yeah, but let's do it anyway.

45C EXT. STREET - DAY

45C

Hunter's car whips by camera, heading away from camera down the street.

LONG DISSOLVE

45D EXT. LANCE LANE'S CONDO - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAWN

45D

46 INT. HUNTER'S CAR - HUNTER AND McCALL - DAY

With McCall behind the wheel, they're parked across the street from the elegant Hollywood condo. Perhaps they have a thermos of coffee they're drinking from. They've been staked out here all night. Hunter is looking through a long lens camera trained on a fourth floor window.

HUNTER

I tell you, McCall, this really disappoints me. Here we got this hot cheese tennis coach. Twenty pounds of blond hair... and capped teeth...guy spends his days on the courts with beautiful women...and what does he do all Saturday night? He stays at home watching Laugh-In reruns...alone.

CONTINUED

McCALL

\*

It's a styrofoam world, Hunter. Lance made himself up. He couldn't even stick with his own name. He looks like Clark Kent but he feels like Wally Cox. More and more hair is coming out on his brush everyday. It's getting slippery where he walks...so this product of twentieth century grooming and hair care goes home and sits in the dark and watches Goldie Hawn mug at the lens and wishes he were back at Woodstock where it was more mellow and everybody had the same script.

Hunter looks at her.

HUNTER

Well shut my mouth.

McCALL

\*

(smiles)

Look't us...we're not much better. We just have a rule book. Somebody wrote it down for us: give the prisoner his rights before you book him. It's neater. But we're still dancing around, wondering why the dirtballs keep walking. We both feel the Commissioner killed his wife and we've been out here hiding all night with the radio off.

Hunter reaches down and turns on the radio.

HUNTER

What got into you? We're not hiding, McCall.

\*

(a beat)

There, the radio's back on. Feel better?

RADIO VOICE

Unit L-56, please give us a ten-twenty and meet the Watch Commander on Tac Two.

CONTINUED

HUNTER/McCALL

Damn. Caught us.

A beat as he switches to Tac Two.

HUNTER

(into mike)

This is L-56. Our ten-twenty is 16203 Rodeo Drive, switching to Tac Two.

\*

He switches to Tac Two.

\*

HUNTER

(into mike)

This is L-56 on Tac Two.

WATCH COMMANDER

(filter)

Hunter, where've you been hiding? Cain wants you at Commissioner Crenshaw's office, right now.

\*

McCALL

(looking out window)

Lance is coming out.

HUNTER

What's that, Skipper? You're breaking up.

WATCH COMMANDER

(filter)

Don't pull that tired line on me, Hunter.

\*

HUNTER

Sorry, Skip. I'm not picking that up.

He takes his mike and rubs it against the whiskers on his face, making a staticky SOUND, then he snaps the radio off. Lance is now in his red Porsche, pulling out and up the street. McCall puts it in gear and pulls out after him.

CONTINUED

47 SERIES OF SHOTS 4  
 thru 4  
 47C as Dee Dee tails Lance. Every so often she pulls to 4  
 the curb or goes through a gas station. It's a good  
 tail job.

47D EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - DAY - THE PORSCHE 4  
 pulls into a junkyard and stops. Lance gets out.

47E ANGLE - HUNTER'S CAR - DAY 4  
 McCall pulls over and parks. Hunter and McCall get out  
 and move to a protected vantage point where they can observe  
 Lance. Hunter puts the telephoto lens to his eye, bringing  
 the scene optically closer.

48 OMITTED 4  
 &  
 49 4

50 HIS POV - LANCE LANE 5  
 as he goes to the trunk of his car, gets out a .45 automatic,  
 slams a clip into the handle and pulls the slide.

51 HUNTER AND DEE DEE 5

HUNTER  
 This clown is packin'.

McCALL  
 I don't think he came here  
 to hunt rabbits.

After a beat another car approaches. Hunter and McCall duck  
 as the car goes past.

52 ANGLE - DRIVER 5

It is Manny Roth. He turns into the junkyard and  
 pulls up to where Lance is parked. Manny gets out, moves  
 to Lance. There is a beat when they appear to be talking.  
 Manny hands over an envelope, Lance looks at it and puts it  
 in his pocket. He reaches for his back pocket where we know  
 the gun is. \*

52 CONTINUED

52

HUNTER

He's gonna shoot 'im.

Hunter starts scrambling through and around the piles of junk. Lance has his gun out and is about to shoot Manny who screams. Hunter draws his gun and FIRES a shot, distracting Lance momentarily as he FIRES his gun at Manny. The shot goes wild. He spins and FIRES two shots at Hunter. Hunter dives, rolls and FIRES back.

\*

53 ANGLE - McCALL

She has the car going, wheels into the junkyard and heads towards where the action is.

\*

54 ANGLE - LANCE

He's in the Porsche, gets it going and takes off, unaware that McCall is heading his way.

54

55 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE PORSCHE AND HUNTER'S CAR

as McCall throws it sideways, cutting Lance off. He flips a one-eighty and heads back at Hunter who is standing in the center of the road, gun in hand. Lance tries to run him down. Hunter fires two shots at the car, hits a tire. The car veers right, and crashes head-on into a large fork lift. The lifter-forks crash through the windshield of the Porsche and on impact the car EXPLODES and burns.

55

\*

56 ANGLE - HUNTER AND McCALL

as they run to Manny.

56

MANNY

You got nothin' on me. I don't know nothin'. I know my rights, I want my attorney.

HUNTER

It's okay. You can skip the thank-yous, Manny. It's all part of the job.

McCall pulls Hunter aside.

CONTINUED

#5107

36

56

CONTINUED

56

McCALL

Hey, Hunter -- you got any  
ideas what's going on here?

HUNTER

I'm lost. I admit it.

Off that we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

57 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

5

We HEAR Cain's voice over:

CAIN'S VOICE

You don't seem to get the point,  
Hunter. I don't care what you  
and McCall think! The case is  
closed!

58 INT. CAIN'S OFFICE - HUNTER, McCALL AND CAIN

They're glaring at each other.

CAIN

The killer is dead and all  
the pieces fit.

HUNTER

No, they don't. It just doesn't  
quite track, Skipper!

CAIN

It tracks for me. Lance Lane  
was jealous of Connie and wanted  
to get rid of her husband so he  
could marry her himself. He  
tried to kill the Commissioner  
and got Connie by mistake.

(a beat)

Manny Roth confirms it.  
He's giving his statement now.

\*

HUNTER

We think Manny's lying.

Cain comes around his desk.

CAIN

I said it tracks for me, Hunter.

McCALL

Then what was Manny doing in  
that junkyard handing an  
envelope over to Lance? It  
looked like he expected a

(MORE)

58

CONTINUED

5

McCALL (CONT'D)  
payoff, maybe blackmail. But  
Lance tried to kill him instead.  
Why? What did Manny have on Lance?

Cain looks at them, barely able to contain his rage.

CAIN  
Manny Roth says there  
was no envelope. You an' McCall  
say there is. So, where is it??

McCall  
It burned up in the fire. It  
was with Lance when he died.

CAIN  
Oh, excuse me all to hell. It  
burned up. That's great.

HUNTER  
...Leave the case open, Captain.  
Don't close it.

CAIN  
Commissioner Crenshaw wants it  
closed.

HUNTER  
So, tell him to sit on his hat.  
It's our case. Crenshaw killed  
his wife because she was...

CAIN  
(overlapping)  
Now listen here!!

HUNTER  
Because she was messin' around  
with Lance Lane. Crenshaw put  
the explosives under his own  
hood, parked his car where his  
wife would have to move it...

CAIN  
Why?

HUNTER  
She was trying to divorce him.

CONTINUED

CAIN

Says who?

HUNTER

She was seeing a divorce lawyer named Shriver. We can subpoena his files. \*

CAIN

You'll never get that paper through the system. Not a judge in town that'll sign that subpoena. Attorney-client files are privileged information.

McCALL

It's a community property state. His wife divorces him, he's gonna lose half his net worth. I ran him through Dunn an' Bradstreet. He's worth twenty million dollars or more. Ten million bucks is a pretty good motive.

CAIN

You've been a busy little beaver, McCall.

McCALL

Beavers. We've both been digging and pounding mud.

CAIN

Okay, so if Commissioner Crenshaw killed his wife, like you say, then why would Manny be blackmailing Lance who doesn't have twenty million bucks? Seems to me Manny would be blackmailing Commissioner Crenshaw. You got a way to explain that? \*

HUNTER

You're right, it doesn't seem to make sense...but Lance and Manny weren't meeting in that junkyard to play gin rummy. Trust me, there's a piece missing. \*

CONTINUED

58

CONTINUED

58

There is a beat.

CAIN

Look, it's over. This case is off the sheet. Lance did the murder. Lance Lane is dead. We move on.

\*

(he looks at them both)

You got that? You're real clear on that?

They look at Cain for a beat.

HUNTER

Yeah.

CAIN

Get outta here.

They turn and move out of the Captain's office.

59

INT. SQUAD ROOM \_ HUNTER AND McCALL

Halfway across the squad room, they run into Commissioner Crenshaw.

CRENSHAW

I hear you two have done a fine piece of police work. I can't believe that it was Lance trying to kill me...

HUNTER

Neither can we.

A beat.

CRENSHAW

Excuse me. I thought...Lance killed my wife...that the case was closed.

\*

McCALL

(overlapping)

You got the juice t'get it closed, Commissioner. But we know who killed your wife... and it wasn't Lance.

CONTINUED

The squad room quiets, phone calls are put on hold.

CRENSHAW

What are you insinuating? If you have some facts, I wanna hear 'em.

HUNTER

Facts? Tell you what we got. We got questions, lots of 'em. Like why didn't you order a tuxedo for the Mayor's party?

CRENSHAW

What?

HUNTER

You had a black tie dinner an' you didn't rent a tux. That was because you knew your wife would be dead and a man doesn't go to a black tie dinner on the night his wife is killed.

CRENSHAW

(a hiss)

Are you out of your mind, Sergeant? I deeply resent this conversation.

HUNTER

You resent it. How d'you think I feel?

MCCALL

And then there's the fact you and Connie were getting a divorce, something you've failed to mention. And there's all this heavy pressure we're getting to file the case before the investigation is complete.

(a beat)

What're you afraid of, Commissioner?

Cain has exited his office, an appalled look on his face.

CAIN

That's it! You two are up on a trial board. You're both suspended without pay. Leave your guns and badges with the Watch Commander.

59 CONTINUED

59

Hunter looks at Cain for a beat, then he peels off his gun and gives up his badge. McCall does the same.

HUNTER

You're always talkin' about the system, Cain, about how it's so impartial.

(indicating Crenshaw)

This slimeball blew his wife half way to Tarzana, but because he's the mayor's tennis partner or some damn thing, we all gotta stand back.

McCALL

Let's go, Hunter. You're wasting your breath.

Hunter looks at her for a beat, then he reaches out and grabs the Commissioner's hands which still have a light bandage around them. He pulls the bandages off.

HUNTER

(re: hands)

Well, there's a piece a' good news. They're hardly burned at all.

(a beat)

Nice workin' with ya.

He and McCall move out of the squad room and there is a burst of APPLAUSE from the other officers in the room. Off the moment:

DISSOLVE TO

60 EXT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

60

A Cadillac containing Commissioner Crenshaw pulls down the ramp to the bottom level. Hunter's car pulls up. Hunter grabs his camera and McCall wheels the car around the corner, jumps out and moves on foot into the garage entrance. Hunter runs to the staircase, opens the door and enters.

61 ANGLE - CADILLAC

61

It gets to the bottom level and parks in an empty stall.

62 OMITTED 6

63 ANOTHER ANGLE - MANNY ROTH \*

gets out of his car and quickly moves to the Commissioner's car, gets into the front seat.

64 INT. CADILLAC

The two men sit there in hostile silence: Manny Roth, the detective from Slimesville, USA and Larry Crenshaw from Harvard. \*

MANNY

I fed the cops a phony story.  
I told 'em your old lady hired  
me to follow Lance 'cause she  
was afraid he was jealous and  
was gonna kill you.

(a beat)

I took the heat off you, Mr.  
Big Shot. What do I get for  
it? You have your boy try an'  
kill me.

CRENSHAW

Look, I don't have to sit here  
and put up with this.

Manny leans over and grabs Crenshaw by the shirt.

MANNY

Hey, Magoo, there's a new game.  
It doesn't matter Lance is dead.  
You an' he killed your wife an'  
I've got the pictures that tell  
why.

(a beat)

We'll set it up in payments:  
hundred grand a month. I'll  
call you, tell you when an' how.

CRENSHAW

I'm not going to let you squeeze  
me forever. I want the negatives.

CONTINUED

MANNY

Hey, blackmail is an art, just like Chinese water painting. You squeeze too hard, you kill the patient. I'm good. I squeeze just hard enough so you always rather pay than take the heat.

CRENSHAW

I'll go to the cops. I'll confess.

MANNY

(a smile)

Wanna bet?

Manny goes out of the car. Hunter and McCall are standing ten feet off watching.

MANNY

(to Hunter & McCall)

His wife owed me for the last two weeks. He's gonna pay me later.

McCALL

You had to meet on the bottom of this garage to work it out, huh?

MANNY

Yeah. You got that part down solid, honey.

Manny moves to his car and gets in, drives out. Hunter and McCall move to the Cadillac, look in the window at Crenshaw.

HUNTER

Get used to it. We're gonna be everywhere you go. Takin' pictures, writin' it down.

McCALL

We'll send you prints if they come out.

CONTINUED

CRENSHAW  
(with rage)  
You were suspended.

HUNTER  
I know, but we love this city  
an' we hate injustice, so this  
one's on the house.

Crenshaw puts the car in gear and powers out of the garage.

McCALL  
Wanna follow him?

Hunter shakes his head "no".

HUNTER  
I think he'll go home an' try  
to figure his next move. Lance's  
funeral is today. I thought we  
should go.

McCALL  
Why?

HUNTER  
Well, you're known by the  
company you keep.  
(a beat)  
Maybe we'll learn something  
about Lance.

McCALL  
Good idea.

They exit the garage on foot as we:

CUT TO

65 EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

\* 65

Hunter and McCall are in their car, watching as the mourners  
arrive and file into the chapel. They seem to be predominantly  
men...a few women, but mostly young, good-looking men.

66 INT. HUNTER'S CAR

66

CONTINUED

HUNTER

Lotta nice haircuts.

McCALL

Isn't that Mark Leland?

She points at an older man walking with the aid of a silver cane, flanked by two great looking young studs. They pass in front of Hunter's car.

HUNTER

Well, well...The prince of the Chicken Hawks. Probably came to spit on the coffin.

\*

McCALL

Gimme a minute.

She gets out of the car and moves up to MARK LELAND.

EXT. CHAPEL - DEE DEE McCALL

McCALL

Mark?

Mark turns and looks at her for a long beat.

LELAND

Well, well, whatta we have here...Rat Woman and her drooling companion, Rat Fink.

She looks at him, then over at Hunter who waves a friendly hand at him through the window.

McCALL

I didn't know that Lance was one your boys.

Leland looks at her for a long beat.

LELAND

I don't talk to cops.

McCALL

Come on, Mark, I could arrange to have a black and white parked out in front of one of your bath

(MORE)

McCALL (CONT'D)  
houses for a couple of weeks.  
Play hell with business.

(a beat)  
Lance is dead. I don't think  
there's much more any of us  
can do to him.

Leland begins to tear up slightly.

LELAND  
I gave him his tennis lessons.  
I paid for 'em.

McCALL  
That was nice. So, he was  
one of your boys.

LELAND  
Yes. Yes, long ago...when he  
was younger.

McCALL  
Y'mean like about sixteen?

LELAND  
(pissed)  
You never understood us,  
Sergeant...You've got all your  
bourgeois, Calvinistic  
supremacy hangups.

McCALL  
Hey, Mark, let's not start a  
sermon here. You sell fifteen-  
year-old boys to wealthy old  
men for money. That doesn't make  
you a freedom fighter...just a  
pimp. So, come down off it. Okay?

Leland looks at her with contempt.

LELAND  
In God's eyes we are all equal.

McCALL  
Maybe, but don't lean too hard  
on that when you get up there.  
The Boss may see it differently.

67 CONTINUED - 2

LELAND

Are you through with me,  
Sergeant McCall?

McCALL

For a while, anyway.

She turns and gets back in the car with Hunter.

68 INT. HUNTER'S CAR

HUNTER

That's the missing piece, isn't  
it? Lance was gay.

McCALL

Yep, so maybe Commissioner  
Crenshaw is gay. He and Lance  
were having an affair. Mrs.  
Crenshaw suspected it and hired  
Manny Roth to follow the  
Commissioner and Manny and got  
some juicy shots of the two of  
them. \*

HUNTER

Mrs. Crenshaw files for divorce...  
Lance is going to be named corres-  
pondent. The Commissioner is  
going to be ruined socially and  
financially so he and Lance kill  
Mrs. Crenshaw.

McCALL

And Manny Roth in true Slime  
City fashion, makes an extra  
set of pictures and sets up a  
black mail scheme. \*

Hunter looks at her for a long beat.

HUNTER

Works for me. But it's all  
circumstantial. I'd sure like  
to get a set of those pictures.

McCALL

I feel sorry for him, Hunter.

CONTINUED

HUNTER

Which one? The Commissioner  
or Lance?

McCALL

Lance. They come to L.A.  
looking for glitter...some slug  
like Mark Leland gets his hands  
on 'em and corrupts them and  
then it's just a slippery slide  
from here to there.

HUNTER

You'll never change what's in  
people, Dee Dee.

McCALL

I just get tired sometimes of  
shoveling garbage into the  
wind and watching it blow back.

HUNTER

I got a theory on that.  
(a beat)

There's a little hole out there.  
If you shovel it just right,  
one or two pieces fall down into  
it and stay down. That's what  
we're working for...to get that  
one or two pieces to drop.

McCall

I'd like to get Mark Leland.

Hunter looks at her for a long beat.

HUNTER

It'll never happen. He's too  
smart.

McCALL

Let's throw this little spitball  
at the Commissioner an' see what  
happens.

Off her look, we:

CUT TO

69

EXT. SAVINGS BANK - DAY

6

Commissioner Crenshaw exits the bank. FOLLOW as he heads to the parking lot. He slows when he sees Hunter and McCall sitting on the fender of his car.

HUNTER

You missed Lance's funeral,  
Commissioner.

There is a beat as Commissioner Crenshaw stands a few feet from them with his arms folded defensively.

CRENSHAW

Get off my car.

HUNTER

It was a kinda nice service, if you could get past the male hustlers, the pimps an' the chicken hawkers.

CRENSHAW

I don't know what you're talking about.

Dee Dee slides off the fender.

McCALL

Come on, Commissioner, we're in the nineteen-eighties. You've gotta accept your feelings...come to terms with what you are.

(a beat)

The mores are changing and so is the law. It's nothing to be afraid of or ashamed of anymore. You should've faced it and dealt with it instead of killing your wife to hide it.

Crenshaw turns, takes two steps from them, turns back and screams at them.

CRENSHAW

You filthy, slimy people!  
Leave me alone. You leave me the hell alone! I can call people. You can't do this to me. You can't!

HUNTER

Sure we can.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

69

Crenshaw turns and runs back into the bank.

\*

HUNTER

This guy is coming unwrapped.  
I'll watch him. You take  
Manny.

She looks at him for a beat.

McCALL

I feel like an ax murderer.

HUNTER

Let's not forget about Connie  
Crenshaw. She's in the ground.  
She didn't do anything but try  
and get out of a bad marriage.

McCALL

I'll be on channel seventy.

HUNTER

Go.

She moves to her car, gets in and pulls out. Hunter goes  
to his car and gets in.

CUT TO

70 EXT. CRENSHAW HOUSE - DAY

70

His car pulls up and Commissioner Crenshaw gets out,  
moves to his house and goes inside. Hunter pulls up  
outside and parks where he can be seen.

71 INT. CRENSHAW HOUSE - CRENSHAW

71

is looking out the window. Seeing Hunter, he starts pacing.  
He's in a state of high anxiety. Finally he snatches up  
the phone and dials a number.

CRENSHAW

(into phone)

Captain Cain, please.

CUT TO

72 OMIT

72\*

73 EXT. CITY STREET

73

Black and whites running PAST CAMERA - code three.

74 EXT. CRENSHAW MANSION - HUNTER

74

He's sitting in front of the Commissioner's house as the black and whites roll in. The officers jump out and surround Hunter's car. Hunter gets out and looks at them.

HUNTER

What's up, guys?

OFFICER

You're under arrest, Hunter.  
Obstructing justice.

\*

HUNTER

Obstructing justice?

\*

OFFICER

Cain says to charge you with it  
until he comes up with something  
better.

\*

(beat)

Are you packing, Sergeant?

Hunter nods.

OFFICER

I'd like the gun, please.  
I've gotta cuff you.

Hunter reaches into his back pocket and hands the gun to the officer who puts the handcuffs on Hunter.

HUNTER

I underestimated him, I guess.

The put Hunter in the squad car and pull out. We move in on Crenshaw at the window and:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

75 EXT. CRENSHAW MANSION - DAY 7

moments later.

76 INT. CRENSHAW HOUSE - CRENSHAW 7

He is on the phone, screaming:

CRENSHAW

(into phone)

I don't care what you think! I've  
gotta see you. I've gotta talk  
to you!

77 INTERCUT: MANNY ROTH'S OFFICE - DAY 7

The soaps are on in the background. Manny reaches over and  
turns the set off.

MANNY

(into phone)

Look...cool down. Okay? Stop  
screamin' in my ear.

(a beat)

To begin with, is this a clean  
phone?

CRENSHAW

I'm the Police Commissioner.  
Nobody's gonna bug my house.  
I'm telling you...they know.  
They know everything. I've  
gotta have those pictures. I've  
gotta know they're destroyed.

Manny looks at the wall for a long beat.

MANNY

You went to the bank? You got  
the money?

CRENSHAW

I got it, but I can't just buy  
one picture at a time. I need  
to destroy 'em.

CONTINUED

MANNY

Hey, bozo, you're the one who got messed up and hadda ice his old lady, not me.

CRENSHAW

I told you, if they arrest me for this murder, you'll get nothing.

There is a beat as Crenshaw takes a deep breath.

CRENSHAW

I'll buy all the pictures now, for five hundred thousand dollars.

MANNY

That's a fire sale, pal, only you're the one who's on fire, not me.

(a beat)

I'll tell you what...you bring the money an' we'll see. Maybe I'll have a change of heart.

(a beat)

Oh, and Commissioner...I got people who love me an' who'll open an envelope an' send it to the D.A. if I don't come home for dinner...

(a beat)

You pull another stunt like the one with blondy, I'm just gonna triple the price an' sink you.

CRENSHAW

I'll come alone. Where?

MANNY

There's a warehouse on the north side of I Five two miles past Palmdale. It belongs to my cousin. You go out there an' wait.

He hangs up, leaving a DIAL TONE in the Commissioner's ear.

CUT TO

\*

\*

78 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR

78

A very attractive young woman in a business suit and carrying a briefcase is hurrying down the corridor. This is GAIL BANISTER. We TRUCK WITH HER as she breaks into a little run, enters the squad room where we hear Hunter and Cain in an argument, their VOICES coming from Cain's office. \*

CAIN'S VOICE

(shouting)

No, you shut up! I took you off the case. I suspended you!

HUNTER'S VOICE

I've got the motive. I've got all the pieces.

CAIN'S VOICE

You disobey every direct order I give you.

Gail enters Cain's office without knocking.

HUNTER

(yelling)

I'm a cop!

CAIN

What d'you think I am?

HUNTER

You're a politician!

CAIN

I'm a..... I'm a...what did you call me?

HUNTER

You heard me.

GAIL

(skidding to a stop)

I'm sorry, Rick, I was in court. I got here as soon as I could. What is it this time?

HUNTER

I was parked on a city street, listening to the radio, minding my own business and Captain Cain rolled two black and whites and had me arrested.

CONTINUED

CAIN

You were parked in front of the Commissioner's bank... later you followed him home and parked in front of his house, after I gave you a direct order to close this case. You disobeyed my direct order.

HUNTER

I'm not under your command, sir. You suspended me.

GAIL

(to Cain)

What's the charge against my client? Just for the record.

CAIN

Obstructing justice.

GAIL

Come on, Captain, if you closed this case, there's nothing to obstruct.

HUNTER

Damn straight.

CAIN

I don't like being threatened by attorneys.

GAIL

Captain, what you like or don't like interests me not in the least. If you try and lay a specious charge on my client, I will have you in court so fast, you'll think I did it with mirrors.

HUNTER

Go get 'im, Gail.

GAIL

(spinning on him)

Hey, Hunter, don't make this any worse. Just be quiet!

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED - 2

78

Gail digs into her briefcase.

GAIL  
Here are some precedents on obstructing justice cases in this state...Lyle Vs. Long Beach P.D. Samamon Vs. The San Diego District Attorney. The Krup Mitchell defense is circled in red. It's kinda heavy reading but the decision is a monster.

She plops the stuff down on Cain's desk.

GAIL  
So, here we are, Captain, the old fish-or-cut-bait moment. Pick a strategy.

There is a beat as Cain looks at her then at Hunter, then he looks down at the papers on his desk.

CAIN  
Get outta here, Hunter.

Hunter nods.

CAIN  
I've set your trial board for Tuesday. You and McCall are being heard together.

Hunter and Gail turn and leave.

79 INT. SQUAD ROOM - HUNTER AND GAIL

79

Hunter moves to his desk. Ortega is sitting at it.

GAIL  
Hunter, there's gotta be an easier way.

HUNTER  
Thanks for blowing him back for me. God bless the old Krup Mitchell decision. Never heard of it.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

7

GAIL

I made it up. He looked like he was teetering. Krup is my butcher, Mitchell runs the produce counter.

Hunter turns and looks at her and kisses the tip of her nose.

HUNTER

You're my kinda lady lawyer.

They smile at one another and we:

CUT TO

80 EXT. MANNY ROTH'S OFFICE - DAY

80

Manny exits the building, gets into his car and pulls out. PAN him past a row of empty cars. Hold on one as McCall sits up in the seat, starts the car and pulls out after him.

81 SERIES OF SHOTS - RUNBY - DAY

81

thru

81C As McCall follows Manny out of the Palmdale location.

\* t.  
8

82 INT. MCCALL'S CAR

82

MCCALL

(into mike)

Hunter, this is McCall on channel seventy...

83 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - ON HUNTER'S CAR

83

It is parked outside. The walkie-talkie is on the seat as a hand enters SHOT and picks it up. We WIDEN to see that it is Hunter.

MCCALL'S VOICE

Hunter, this is McCall, channel seventy. I've got a situation brewing...

HUNTER

(into walkie-talkie)

McCall, this is Hunter. Where are you?

CONTINUED

83 CONTINUED

8

McCALL

Get a move on, Hunter. I think  
it's going down. I'll talk you in.

HUNTER

I'm on my way.

Hunter pulls out and we:

CUT TO

83A EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

81

Manny's car pulls into the parking area in front of  
the warehouse and stops alongside the Commissioner's  
car which is already there.

\*

83B EXT. STREET - McCALL'S CAR

81

pulls over and stops a safe distance away.

83C EXT. WAREHOUSE

81

Manny gets out of his car. He is carrying a manila  
envelope. On the sound of his car door closing, we

CUT TO

83D INT. WAREHOUSE - ON CRENSHAW - DAY

83

waiting in the dim shadowy light of the warehouse,  
surrounded by crates, boxes, cargo pallets and a half  
a regiment of show-window mannequins. Reacting to  
the o.s. sound of the car door and approaching footsteps,  
he opens his coat, checks the gun he's carrying there.  
We may notice an attache case on the floor nearby.

84  
thru OMITTED  
88

84  
th  
88

89 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - RUNBY

89

Hunter has the red light on and he's goin as fast as he  
can. WHIP PAN him past as we:

CUT TO

#5107

60  
(X)

89A EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

89A

McCall slowly, quietly drives up, gets out of her car and moves quietly but silently to the warehouse door and enters.

89B INT. WAREHOUSE - ON MANNY - DAY

89B

as he threads his way through the mannequins, etc, and walks up to Crenshaw.

CRENSHAW  
(indicating the  
manila envelope)  
You have the pictures?

Manny notices the gun in Crenshaw's waistband.

MANNY  
Came prepared, I see.

Manny pulls back his coat and lets his revolver be seen.

MANNY  
See, we're both tough guys.  
(a beat)  
If I die, you fry, so don't get  
any ideas.

Manny hands the envelope to Crenshaw, who opens it, checks the contents.

CRENSHAW  
How do I know you didn't make  
copies?

MANNY  
Well, that's always a tough one  
to answer, Larry. I guess if  
I call you in a month and ask for  
more money, you'll know I made an  
extra set. If I don't call you,  
you'll know I didn't.  
(a smile)

Crenshaw has no choice. He opens the attache case and hands Manny a packet of money. Manny starts to count it quickly.

89C ON McCALL

89C

who is well concealed a safe distance from Crenshaw and Manny. She watches, silently.

89D BACK TO SCENE

89D

CRENSHAW

I don't think there's a letter.  
I think you're workin' all alone.

Crenshaw pulls his gun and aims it at Manny.

CRENSHAW

I'm gonna take a chance you're bluffing. I'm gonna finish you off. I can't go through any more of this.

\*

Manny's eyes go wide with fright and then there is a GUNSHOT and a mannequin head explodes next to Crenshaw.

89E ANGLE - TO INCLUDE McCALL

89E

Gun drawn and smoking.

McCALL

Freeze! Police!

89F CRENSHAW AND MANNY

89F

Crenshaw whirls and fires at McCall. Manny dives for cover.

89G ON McCALL

89G

as a mannequin next to her shatters. She darts quickly away for better cover.

90  
thru OMITTED  
92

90  
thru  
92

93 ANOTHER ANGLE 9

Everybody is shooting at everybody.

CUTTTO

93A EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 9

as Hunter's car brodies in and stops. Hearing the sounds of the gun battle, Hunter floors it and crashes his car through the loading door of the warehouse.

93B INT. WAREHOUSE 9

The "B" side of the above action as Hunter's car crashes through. Staying behind the cover of his car door, Hunter gets out. Dee Dee rushes over to him, takes cover beside him.

HUNTER  
(re:fight)  
Who's trying to kill who?

McCALL  
I think it's a free for all.

HUNTER  
Works for me. Jump in.

She jumps in. He throws it in gear and heads toward Crenshaw and Manny, who forget about each other and turn fire power on Hunter and McCall.

\*

94 thru 95 OMITTED 94  
95 95

96 NEW ANGLE - McCALL 96

She FIRES a stream of bullets, wounding Manny who falls to the floor.

#5107

63  
(X)

96A ANOTHER ANGLE

96A

MANNY

I give up! I'm hit! Don't shoot!

Crenshaw cuts and runs toward the warehouse door.  
Hunter gets out of the car and goes after him.  
McCall jumps out and cuffs Manny.

96B ANOTHER ANGLE - FOOT CHASE - DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE

96B

As Hunter pursues Crenshaw in and around the clutter of the warehouse, finally bringing him down with a flying tackle. The photographs are in his hands and they slide across the ground. Hunter rolls him over and slams the cuffs on him and gathers the pictures. He picks the Commissioner up and moves him back to McCall.

97 ANGLE - McCALL

97

as Hunter hands her the pictures. She looks at them, wrinkles her nose then hands them back, along with the packet of money.

CRENSHAW

Look, I'm willing to pay you money...lots of it. Nobody would ever have to know...

McCALL

This is corny, and I feel like a jerk even saying it, but I'd know, Commissioner.

HUNTER

Besides the best things in life are free.

Off his look, Hunter sticks one of the pictures in Crenshaw's shirt pocket.

HUNTER

Or are they?

And we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

98 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - ESTABLISHING 98

99 INT. CAIN'S OFFICE 99

Cain is strangely silent as Hunter and McCall pick up their guns and their badges.

CAIN  
I've cancelled the trial board  
and I've had you two reinstated,  
including back pay. \*

McCALL  
Thank you, Captain.

There is a long beat as Cain looks at them.

CAIN  
We're never gonna be eating off  
the same plate 'cause we see the  
job differently...

HUNTER  
Look Captain...

CAIN  
(hard)  
I'm talking! You wanna shut up!

There is a moment.

CAIN  
What I'm trying to say is I was  
wrong about this case, but not  
wrong about you two. You got  
lucky and you saved your butts.  
But it doesn't change anything. \*

The PHONE RINGS and Cain picks it up.

CAIN  
(into phone)  
Yeah. Yeah. He did. Fine, I'll  
be there.

He hangs up.

CAIN  
That was the big chief. I gotta  
get upstairs.

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED

99

He is off on his ass-kissing mission.

HUNTER

Shall we just clear for this watch, Captain?

CAIN

Huh? Oh year, yeah fine.

Cain exits the office. Hunter and McCall move into the squad room.

100 INT. SQUAD ROOM

100

Smith and Ortega are in a beef.

ORTEGA

Look, man, you got the call, you gotta take it. I'm not going over there. That joint's a sewer, man.

SMITH

I did not get the call, Ortega. You were sitting at Hunter's desk. It was transferred to you.

ORTEGA

(seeing Hunter)

Okay, then, Hunter got the call. You're up, Hunter. An' I don't wanna sound like I'm duckin', but everytime I worked vice and went into that place, I got the heebie-jeebies.

MCCALL

What's the trouble, Ortega?

ORTEGA

Got another grounder, Mark Leland. The guy who runs all those bath houses shot of his clients. It was a fight over one of those boys they got in there. The Blues wanna get it off their desk. They want a homicide dick out there on the double.

\*  
\*

CONTINUED

McCALL

(smiles)

This is too good to be true.  
Talk about timing. It's not  
supposed to happen like this.

HUNTER

(a smile)

It's okay, fellas, we'll take it.  
No job is to scummy and all that.  
We're here to serve this community.

ORTEGA

You want this grounder?

McCALL

(to Hunter)

We'll do it right. Make sure we  
give Leland his rights...observe  
every technicality. I'll bring  
the shovels.

ORTEGA

What're you talkin' about?

McCALL

We shovel garbage, Tony. Y'see,  
there's a little hole out there  
and if we shovel it just right,  
Mr. Leland will drop through  
that hole.

HUNTER

Works for me.

They turn and head out of the squad room.

ORTEGA

(to Smith)

They're weird, those two.

SMITH

Naw, they're just the head hunter  
and the brass cupcake and they make  
their own kinda music.

CUT TO

#5107

67

101 ANGLE - POLICE CAR

101

as it pulls INTO SHOT on its way out of the station. McCall picks up her mike.

MCCALL

This is L-56, Hunter and  
McCall, mid-watch, clear.

DISPATCH

L-56, mid-watch clear.

And the car pulls AWAY FROM SHOT as we HEAR the song, "You Gotta Make Your Own Kinda Music". As the lyrics continue, the car is lost in the mid-day traffic and we:

FADE OUT

THE END

