

PILOT

Script. No. #1

"NYPD BLUE"

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"NYPD BLUE"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS STREET - DUSK 1

JOHN FLINN, mid-thirties, fifteen years on the New York City force, approaches the apartment building he lived in with his wife for nearly nine years, and which she still occupies. He's carrying a pizza-box. The super, RAMON LOPEZ, is bringing garbage cans out to the street.

LOPEZ

Hiya Detective.

FLINN

Where'd you get the shiner, Ramon?

LOPEZ

They jumped me in the basement,
last Tuesday.

FLINN

'Dyou recognize anybody?

LOPEZ

(shakes his head no)
Punks. They got me for forty-six
dollars.

FLINN

I'll try to get a unit on drive-
bys..

Flinn's heading inside. Lopez calls after him --

LOPEZ

You should move back into the
building, is what you should do.

Off Flinn --

CUT TO:

2 INT. HALLWAY - DUSK 2

As Flinn exits the creaky jail-cell of an elevator and goes to the door of his old apartment, knocks. LAURA FLINN opens the door. She and Flinn were high school sweethearts, married in their early twenties after she graduated from City College and enrolled in night law school. She's in her early thirties, attractive, still has on the business-skirt and blouse she wore to work at the City Attorney's office, though now she's barefoot --

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

FLINN

Hey.

(holds up the pizza-
box)

I brought dinner.

LAURA

Where's the separation forms,
Johnny?

FLINN

You know what, I lost 'em.

LAURA

You lost them.

FLINN

I looked all over the station-
house. We'll both work off yours.

LAURA

We're each supposed to fill out
assets and expenses, you jerk.

FLINN

I lost the forms, Laurie. You want
me to hang myself?

She takes the pizza box from him, turns and walks into the
kitchen. He follows her --

FLINN (CONT'D)

So I'm dismissed? I don't get any
pizza?

She glances at him over her shoulder, indicates the chair at
the kitchen table. As he sits --

FLINN

How was work? You gonna let them
put up that building?

LAURA

We're still negotiating the variance. She brings him a beer,
busies herself at the stove --

FLINN

How was your work John?

LAURA

I'd ask if I wanted to know.

(CONTINUED)

FLINN

We're splitting up -- why still
hate the job?

LAURA

Just 'cause we're splitting up
Johnny doesn't mean I'm going to
stop worrying about you, or caring
what happens to you.

He meets her eyes --

FLINN

Good.

She's embarrassed by the flow of affection she feels for him.
He rises, comes behind her, takes her hand --

FLINN (CONT'D)

You're sure we're doing the right
thing?

LAURA

I'm sure.

FLINN

People stay together behind less
than we've got going, Laurie.

LAURA

That's not good enough.

She turns to him --

LAURA (CONT'D)

Look, I don't want to have this
conversation every time you get
horny -- it's not going to work out
for us.

Flinn gestures acquiescence --

FLINN

My mistake.

LAURA

I just think it would be easier on
us if we made a clean break.

FLINN

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

LAURA

I mean I still have feelings for you, and I know you still have feelings for me

FLINN

Yeah.

LAURA

So I just think it would be easier on both of us if we left each other alone.

A beat, then she grabs him --

LAURA

A lot of good this is going to do.

They're all over each other --

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. HER BEDROOM - HALF-AN-HOUR LATER

3

Gazes averted, they lie side by side, naked. After a beat --

LAURA

Go away now.

He reaches for her --

LAURA (CONT'D)

Go away, Johnny.

He climbs out of bed. Puts his pants on, buttons his shirt. Stepping into his loafers --

FLINN

I'll call in a couple days, okay?

LAURA

Don't. If I need to I'll get in touch with you.

Flinn sits on the edge of the bed, leans in, kisses her hair --

FLINN

Maybe we screwed up the marriage, but I gotta like how the divorce is starting out.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

As he splits -- off her --

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

4 INT. COURTROOM, 100 CENTER STREET - LATE MORNING

4

Flinn's seated in the back of the courtroom, watching uncomfortably as his florid-featured, booze-bellied partner, ANDY SIPOWICZ, is cross-examined by JAMES SINCLAIR, mid-forties, lawyer for the Marino crime family, who's defending Marino Lieutenant Alfonse Batista --

ANGLE - SINCLAIR AND SIPOWICZ

SINCLAIR

Detective Sipowicz, you've testified you were conducting a routine surveillance of Mr. Batista at the time his vehicle became disabled.

SIPOWICZ

That's correct.

SINCLAIR

You've testified that the cartons of untaxed cigarettes were in plain sight in Mr. Batista's trunk when he opened it to get a jack out to fix the flat.

SIPOWICZ

Right.

SINCLAIR

Now, there were seven nails in Mr. Batista's right rear radial, Detective. That wouldn't exactly produce a slow leak. Yet you say that during several hours of antecedent surveillance you saw no one damage Mr. Batista's tire.

SIPOWICZ

I was surveilling Mr. Batista, Counselor, not his car.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

SIPOWICZ (CONT'D)

He'd stopped at Niglio's Coffee House, maybe some urban youths did mischief to his vehicle during that time-frame.

SINCLAIR

Your Honor, justified or not, the reputation of the neighborhood in which Niglio's Coffee House is located is such that urban youths do not tend to congregate and do mischief in its environs --

SIPOWICZ

Maybe he drove past a construction-site after he left --

SINCLAIR

(over Sipowicz'
interjection)

On the other hand, Detective Sipowicz here is known to have a personal vendetta against Mr. Batista. I submit the true scenario is that while my client stopped in Niglio's, Detective Sipowicz hammered nails into Mr. Batista's tire and caused a flat, so when Mr. Batista stopped to get out his spare the Detective could circumvent probable-cause statutes and go fishing inside Mr. Batista's trunk. Move to suppress the evidence as tainted and dismiss the complaint --

JUDGE

(has been visibly
skeptical of
Sipowicz'
testimony)

Granted.

SINCLAIR

-- although if the day were longer I'd cross-file charges of vandalism against this Detective.

SIPOWICZ

(to the judge)

What about the construction-site theory?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

JUDGE
Pathetic. Recess.

Off Sipowicz, angrily red-pussed --

INTERCUT - FLINN

rising, reacting with a mix of affection, amusement, and wincing embarrassment --

RESUME - SIPOWICZ

irate, pursuing the A.D.A. up the middle aisle --

SIPOWICZ
Boy, you prosecuted the crap out of that one, Pal --

A.D.A.
I went with the crap I had, Detective.

5 INT. COURT CORRIDOR - DAY

5

as they exit the court --

SIPOWICZ
You calling that a hummer bust?
You saying I phoned that evidence?

A.D.A.
I'd say res ipsa locuitor if I thought you knew what it meant.

SIPOWICZ
(grabs his joint)
Ipsa this, you pissy little bastard.

As, in b.g., Alfonse Batista has exited from court with his lawyer, gloats to Sipowicz on the pass --

BATISTA
Know what I love about you, Sipowicz? Slow days, there's always a fifty-percent chance you're gonna give me a big laugh.

SIPOWICZ
You want a laugh? -- Just check yourself in the mirror, Alfonse.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

BATISTA

Yeah, now make some bad wig-jokes.
Meanwhile I'm walking out the door,
you nickel stiff.

SIPOWICZ

(red-faced)

What is that, a dead rat you got on
your head?

Flinn's got a hand on Sipowicz' arm --

FLINN

Take it easy, Andy.

BATISTA

Hey, what's your take-home
Sipowicz, about eighty-eight bucks
a day?

(holds a bill out
between his
fingers)

Buy yourself some clean socks.

SIPOWICZ

I'm going to burn you down Batista!
Count on it!

The veins on Sipowicz' neck are bulging. As Flinn steers him
to the exit stairs --

FLINN

Will you lay off him now, Andy?

To Batista's receding back, as Flinn pushes him into the
stairwell --

SIPOWICZ

No shot. That wig-wearing hump
rubs me the wrong way, and I'm
gonna make his life miserable!

6 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

6

As the two partners move down the stairs --

FLINN

And what happens if you bury your
career?

SIPOWICZ

Who are you kidding, John? They
already held that service.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Off which --

CUT TO:

7 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

7

Flinn enters, finds uniformed cop JANICE LICALSI, twenty-six, attractive, understatedly sexy --

FLINN
Hey, Officer Licalsi --

LICALSI
(likes him)
Hey, Detective.

Flinn's writing an address on a call-slip --

FLINN
My wife -- my ex-wife -- lives at
this apartment.
(hands slip over)
There was a robbery in the basement
last Tuesday, I guess the super
didn't report it --

LICALSI
We'll put the building on pass-bys.

FLINN
I'd appreciate it.

A slightly awkward half-beat -- Flinn's about to move away --

LICALSI
I didn't realize you were divorced.

FLINN
Just getting it done.

LICALSI
That's too bad ...

She looks at him in a way that tells him she doesn't think it's too bad at all.

LICALSI (CONT'D)
... Anyways. I'll tell the other
shifts about the pass-bys.

FLINN
Thanks a lot.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Flinn moves away, hopes to avoid an exchange with CAPT. ARTHUR FANCY, forty-two, black, tightly wrapped, who's turning in paperwork at the front desk. Fancy gives no indication he's seen Flinn, nevertheless asks as Flinn passes him --

FANCY
Where's Sipowicz?

FLINN
(knows Fancy knows
he's lying)
He hadda run an errand.

FANCY
Got a minute?

As Flinn follows the Captain toward his office --

FANCY (CONT'D)
I heard he flipped out in court.

CUT TO:

8 INT. FANCY'S OFFICE - DAY

8

They enter. Fancy moves behind his desk --

FANCY
I want you to think about changing partners.

FLINN
I can't do that, Captain.

FANCY
Look, I know you feel like you owe Andy --

FLINN
He broke me in. I've been with him since I got my shield.

FANCY
You paid your bill a long time ago, John. Now we both know where Andy is right now, and it's not running errands. He's on a bar-stool at Patrick's getting loaded.

FLINN
The man went through a lot of doors, Captain --

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

FANCY

Andy was a great cop. And now he's a drunk who won't help himself. Lose him, John, before he takes you down with him.

A beat, then --

FLINN

Is that all?

Fancy finally nods. As Flinn splits --

TIME CUT TO:

9 INT. PATRICK'S BAR - DAY

9

Sipowicz is staring into a drink at the bar as Flinn slides onto the stool next to him.

FLINN

We need to talk, Andy.

SIPOWICZ

So talk.

FLINN

Draft, Leon.

SIPOWICZ

... Asshole Batista ... He can wear all the thousand-dollar suits he wants, I'm not impressed. I popped him when he was rolling drunks in the park, and he knows I did ... You know where that wig-wearing, scum-bag hump's gonna be tonight?

FLINN

(knows the song)
The best table at Gianinni's.

SIPOWICZ

You're damn right. Telling some broad how his lawyer made me look like a jerk.

(finishes his drink)
Leon, hurt me twice.

FLINN

Andy, this has gotta stop.

SIPOWICZ

What's gotta stop?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

FLINN

This. You getting stiff by two in the afternoon.

SIPOWICZ

You know I don't recall requesting a career-counselling session from you.

FLINN

When's the last time you tried going on the wagon?

SIPOWICZ

When's the last time you tried growing tits?

FLINN

(trying to hold his temper)

Maybe we should talk in the morning.

SIPOWICZ

No, let's talk now.

FLINN

All right. I think we should call it quits.

SIPOWICZ

Meaning what?

FLINN

Us. Being partners.

SIPOWICZ

Sure. Ya' get a little bored at home, dump your wife. Got a few problems at work? Dump your partner.

FLINN

(angrily)

First of all I didn't dump my wife, she dumped me. And second of all, I've been carrying you. You know it, I know it, every cop in the precinct knows it, and I'm sick of it.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

SIPOWICZ

(stung)

So you wanna break up? No problem.
No problem at all.

He pushes up from his stool, almost falls. Flinn grabs to steady him.

SIPOWICZ (CONT'D)

Get your hands off me.

FLINN

C'mon, Andy, let's go somewhere,
get some food ...

SIPOWICZ

(getting his feet
under him)

I can't. I'm on Rug Patrol
tonight, it might embarrass your
career.

FLINN

Andy --

SIPOWICZ

Get away from me --

(points at his
chest)

Get away Flinn, or I'll clean your
clock.

And he turns, steadies himself, lurches toward the exit, as we

CUT TO:

10 INT. GIANINNI'S RESTAURANT, MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - NIGHT 10

Sipowicz drunkenly makes his way past a distressed Maitre 'd,
approaches the table where we see Batista and his mistress --

SIPOWICZ

You're such an easy guy to find,
Batista. Mondays at Gianinni's,
you're such a creature of habit.

BATISTA

What are you doing here, Sipowicz?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

SIPOWICZ

(to Batista's date)

Am I interrupting? -- was Al
impressing you how strong he is
with the Marino Family?

BATISTA

(flat-voiced)

I'm with a lady. You're crossing
a line. Move away from me.

SIPOWICZ

What's that, a threat? That's
supposed to intimidate me?

Sipowicz pulls his service revolver, holds it at Batista's neck
as he brings him to his feet --

SIPOWICZ (CONT'D)

Stand up.

BATISTA

Are you crazy?

SIPOWICZ

Shut your mouth!

Sipowicz' right hand holds the gun at Batista's neck, with his
left he pulls up the front of Batista's hair-piece, flapping it
like a puppet's talking --

SIPOWICZ (CONT'D)

(to Batista's date)

Mr. Wig says Al has to go outside
now.

Off her, as Sipowicz manhandles Batista toward the door --

CUT TO:

11 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE GIANINNI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT 11

Sipowicz strong-arms Batista onto the sidewalk, fast-frisks him
as he pushes him toward a nearby alley --

SIPOWICZ

Let's see, let's see, here's your
money, Al, here we go --

Sipowicz has pulled a thick fold of money from Batista's
pocket, peeled off a bill --

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

SIPOWICZ (CONT'D)

-- is this the hundred you offered me at court today?

BATISTA

You're a saucehead Sipowicz -- you need some time in the country.

SIPOWICZ

Eat it!

Sipowicz forces the currency into Batista's mouth as he presses him against the alley's brick wall --

12 EXT. FLINN'S PLAINCLOTHES VEHICLE - NIGHT

12

He's pulled up outside Gianinni's restaurant, quickly exits as he sees Sipowicz in the alley, holding a gun, muscling Batista shouts --

FLINN

Andy!

RESUME - SIPOWICZ AND BATISTA

Drunkenly oblivious to Flinn's approach, Sipowicz is hopping on one foot, kicking his other shoe off, removing his sock --

SIPOWICZ

Here, have a sock for dessert, have one of the socks I can't afford to change.

Sipowicz stuffs the sock in Batista's mouth; affects contemplation as Batista gags --

SIPOWICZ (CONT'D)

What's that need, Al? Something to spice it up? A dash of wig?

He grabs Batista's wig, tries to stuff it in his mouth as Flinn reaches them --

FLINN

Andy -- cut it out!

SIPOWICZ

How's that, tasty?

Sipowicz seems unaware of Flinn's presence, screams in Batista's ear --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

12

SIPOWICZ (CONT'D)

You think you're better than me?
Huh? Is that what you think?

He begins smashing Batista's head against the wall -- Flinn
tries to pull him off --

FLINN

Andy!

SIPOWICZ

Laugh at me now! Laugh now, you
dickhead!

FLINN

Cut it out! Andy!

Flinn wrestles Sipowicz off -- shouts at Batista --

FLINN (CONT'D)

Get out of here, go on! Get the
hell out!

Batista's pointing at Sipowicz as he spits wig hairs, sock, and
money from his mouth --

BATISTA

Breathe deep! Enjoy yourself!
'Cause you just made the worst
mistake of your life!

Batista situates the wig precariously on top of his head, then
splits, moving past a police unit as it pulls to a stop at the
head of the alley. Flinn comes beside Sipowicz, who's bent
over, trying not to puke --

FLINN

You okay Andy?

SIPOWICZ

Go away. Leave me alone.

The cop at the wheel flashes a searchlight into the alley --
Flinn holds up his shield --

UNIFORMED DRIVER

What's going on Detective?

FLINN

It's over, it's all right.

Flinn moves toward the cop car as the uniform gets out. He
looks back at Sipowicz, who leans against the alley wall --

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

FLINN (CONT'D)
(to the uniform; re
Sipowicz)
He's a cop. Make sure he gets
home.

Off Flinn --

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

13

Flinn arrives, pauses at the Front Desk to pick up his messages. To the Desk Sergeant re a Suit at the coffee machine

FLINN
(taking message
slips)
Who's the Squint?

DESK SERGEANT
I.A.D.
(a little grin)
Word is, your partner fed Batista
his wig last night.

FLINN
Word gets around.

DESK SERGEANT
The restaurant owner filed the
complaint.

FLINN
Where's Sipowicz?

DESK SERGEANT
Try the Men's room ... They're
gonna want your statement too,
Detective.

As Flinn heads for the Men's bathroom --

CUT TO:

14 INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

14

A disastrously hung-over Sipowicz is standing at the sink, trying to get tablets out of an aspirin tin. Flinn enters.

SIPOWICZ
Open this for me.

Flinn takes the tin, opens it. Sipowicz shakes six of the twelve aspirins into his palm, stuffs them into his mouth and chews, runs the tap.

FLINN
Did you get home alright?

(CONTINUED)

14

CONTINUED:

14

SIPOWICZ

(swallowing a
handful of water)

The uniform took me. Nice kid ...
(this isn't easy)
I want to apologize, John.

FLINN

(hates this)

Forget it.

SIPOWICZ

(sucks in a ragged
breath)

I know I've been holding you down.

FLINN

Come on, Andy.

SIPOWICZ

What you said yesterday ... I can't
disagree ...

Flinn looks away.

FLINN

If you'd stop drinking, get some
help for yourself ...

SIPOWICZ

John, you get to a point, the
hand's dealt and played.

(looks at him)

Still friends, though, right?

FLINN

Still friends.

Under which, Captain Fancy comes into the bathroom.

FANCY

(to Flinn)

I.A.D. prefers you and Detective
Sipowicz don't confer till we get
statements.

(to Sipowicz)

You ready, Detective?

SIPOWICZ

Yeah.

He squares his shoulders, starts from the bathroom --

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

FLINN

Even if they torture you, Andy,
nothing about the Bo Peep Outfit.

Off Sipowicz' slight grin -- as he exits --

FANCY

You okay?

FLINN

Yeah.

FANCY

You'll partner with Ramirez.
Introduce yourself, then write up
your statement for I.A.D.

And he exits, as we --

CUT TO:

15 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

15

Flinn exits the bathroom, past the Front Desk --

DESK SERGEANT

You got a visitor, Detective.

He indicates --

JOSH GOLDSTEIN

Twenty-eight maybe, bespectacled, suit and briefcase, who rises
to greet him.

GOLDSTEIN

Detective Flinn? I'm Josh
Goldstein.

Flinn considers the speaker --

FLINN

I know you from someplace.

GOLDSTEIN

I'm apartment 4B, your wife's
building.

FLINN

(sudden concern)
Was there another robbery?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

GOLDSTEIN

Not since Tuesday. Although I noticed some suspicious characters in the lobby last night.

FLINN

Come on in.

And motions him through the Squad Room toward a desk, under --

GOLDSTEIN

I'm an attorney, Detective -- Mrs. Flinn's asked if I'd provide you with additional documents -- we'll need to file them with the City Clerk.

He opens his briefcase, nervously offers the papers to Flinn, who stares at him --

FLINN

We weren't going to use lawyers.

GOLDSTEIN

I'm not being compensated. She just felt the process might go more smoothly if someone functioned as a go-between --

FLINN

Yeah. We sometimes get sidetracked ... Where do I sign?

Flinn's grabbed a pen --

GOLDSTEIN

Detective, those are important materials, please don't sign till you've examined them.

FLINN

How come you've got a gun?

GOLDSTEIN

(going red; slams the briefcase closed)

Gun?

FLINN

Gun. In your briefcase. You got a permit for that?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

GOLDSTEIN

Oh my God. Detective, it's because of everything that's happened in the building --

FLINN

So that's a no, on the permit?

GOLDSTEIN

Please don't arrest me, please don't arrest me. I could be disbarred, it'd kill my parents --

FLINN

It's okay, get your permit, shut up.

(re document)

I take these to the City Clerk?

GOLDSTEIN

(deeply relieved)

Yes. We can meet you this afternoon. Is three o'clock okay?

FLINN

Three o'clock.

GOLDSTEIN

(beat)

I just want you to know, Detective - your wife wanted me to assure you -- there is no deepening of animosities here. She just felt -- under the circumstances --

FLINN

What's she cooking for you?

GOLDSTEIN

Excuse me?

FLINN

If she's not paying you, she's feeding you.

GOLDSTEIN

(sheepish)

We agreed on three dinners, in lieu of compensation.

FLINN

You drive a hard bargain. That's on the menu?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

GOLDSTEIN
 (it's clear he's got
 a crush on her)
 Oh, believe me. I'll happily take
 pot luck ...
 (then, snapping his
 briefcase shut)
 Three o'clock. City Clerk's
 office.

And he heads for the exit. A beat, then Flinn plops down at the desk, rolls a piece of paper into the typewriter, begins to hunt and peck his I.A.D. statement. Behind him, a young, cheerful, hard-nosed kid approaches.

RAMIREZ
 (sticks out his
 hand)
 Paul Ramirez, Detective.
 (as Flinn shakes)
 I heard a lot about you. I'm
 lookin' forward to partnering up.

FLINN
 Look, kid -- I don't know what they
 told you, but don't unpack your
 bags. This is only a temporary
 assignment.

RAMIREZ
 (cocky)
 I can work with that.

Flinn just stares at him a moment then Flinn goes back to his typing, as we --

CUT TO:

16 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

16

The I.A.D. guy sits across the table from a drained, exhausted Sipowicz, sweating profusely. As I.A.D. scribbles notes --

I.A.D.
 (without looking up)
 From this point, Detective, you
 should consider yourself suspended
 from duty. Your salary will
 continue. You'll be notified of
 further action.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

I.A.D. (CONT'D)

(looks up)

Do you know where Detective Flinn
would be?

CUT TO:

17 INT. DETECTIVE AREA - DAY

17

As Sipowicz moves through, Flinn gets up from behind the desk,
starts toward him. Sipowicz holds up a hand, keeps moving.

SIPOWICZ

Don't, John. Stay away.

Sipowicz exits, looking neither right nor left, hanging on to
what little's left of his pride. In b.g., as Flinn stares
after him, the I.A.D. guy appears.

I.A.D.

Detective Flinn?

Off which --

CUT TO:

18 INT. PATRICK'S BAR - DAY

18

Sipowicz enters, walks toward the bar. He's in desperate
shape, sweat-soaked, hands shaking. He signals the bartender -

SIPOWICZ

Line 'em up Leon.

-- and bellies up to the bar next to a full-bodied, red-headed
hooker named Lois.

LOIS

Hi, Andy.

SIPOWICZ

(to Leon; voice
shaking)

Line 'em up!

Sipowicz stands with his hands gripping the raised lip of the
bar as Leon brings a bottle of rye and two shot glasses, puts
these in front of Sipowicz, begins to fill and refill them in
turn. Sipowicz downs shot after shot, after four finally feels
the shiver he's been waiting for. A beat, then he looks to
Lois, who's been watching him --

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

SIPOWICZ (CONT'D)

Let's go.

She comes to him, puts her arm around him as they move from the bar --

CUT TO:

19 INT. LOIS' APARTMENT - DAY

19

Two rooms in a residential apartment / hotel. Sipowicz is sitting on the edge of the bed, his pants around his ankles. Lois has her blouse off, still wears a brassiere and skirt, is on her knees untying his shoe laces --

SIPOWICZ

They're killing me, Lois.

LOIS

I know, Baby.

SIPOWICZ

They sit staring at you, make you explain everything They were never on the street in their lives.
(smells his armpit)
Maybe I should take a shower.

LOIS

Later. After.

SIPOWICZ

They try to make you feel like two cents.

Lois has his shoes off, stands now and unhooks her brassiere -- lies down on the bed --

LOIS

Come on Baby. Come to Mama.

Sipowicz climbs on her, still in his undershorts, starts to grope her. She reaches to push his shorts down around his knees, as --

THE BATHROOM DOOR

opens, revealing Batista, watching. He has gloves on, slowly raises a gun, training it on Sipowicz' back --

BATISTA

Hey, Fat-Ass.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

ANGLE - SIPOWICZ

on the bed, as he stops moving -- rolls off Lois, who quickly, frightenedly, scrambles off the bed --

BATISTA

Looks like you're a creature of habit too, Sipowicz. Only yours is going to make you dead.

Lois is on her feet, quickly dressing --

LOIS

I'm sorry Andy. I'm sorry.

SIPOWICZ

I hope you got a lot of money.

LOIS

(to Batista)

Wait, now, wait, let me get out of here.

BATISTA

Go ahead.

She's dressed, opens the door --

LOIS

I'm sorry Andy.

She closes the door behind her, gone. Sipowicz looks back at Batista --

SIPOWICZ

What're you gonna do with her?

BATISTA

She's got people in Orlando, she's moving down there.

SIPOWICZ

She can work Disneyworld.

BATISTA

Say something smarter than that Sipowicz. C'mon, you're going to be dead a long time.

Sipowicz gets to his feet --

SIPOWICZ

You going to kill me now?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

BATISTA

Yeah, I' IPOWICZ
I may be dead, but you still got a
lousy wig.

Batista begins to blast. Off Sipowicz, teeth gritted, standing
as long as he can --

CUT TO:

20 EXT. FRANKLIN HOTEL - DAY

20

* Police units of every stripe are arrayed outside the hotel as
Flinn parks his N.D. unit, sprints from the car, approaches
Patrolwoman Licalsi, who's among the uniforms gathered outside
the entrance --

FLINN

Is he alive?

LICALSI

I think so.

Off Flinn, hurrying up the steps --

CUT TO:

21 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

21

Flinn enters the room. A cluster of paramedics works over
Sipowicz -- one inflating a mast-suit (designed to control
internal bleeding) around his torso and legs while two others
stabilize IV needles in his arms.

FLINN

Aw, God.

Homicide detective LONNIE SHARP, early forties, watches from
the door -- Sharp addresses Flinn --

DET. SHARP

They blew him apart -- shot him six
times.

The paramedics have lifted Sipowicz from the blood- stained bed
onto a gurney, now move for the door --

PARAMEDIC

Get out of the way!

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Flinn and Sharp step aside -- Flinn staring at Sipowicz, trying not to cry.

FLINN
(to paramedic)
How bad is he?

PARAMEDIC
(shakes his head)
Forget about it.

Off Flinn, as Sipowicz is wheeled out the door --

CUT TO:

22 EXT. RAVENITE SOCIAL CLUB - AFTERNOON

22

Flinn parks his plainclothes vehicle at an angle to the curb, quickly exits and moves toward the social club door.

A Marino soldier's sitting on a stool outside, rises at Flinn's approach --

SOLDIER
Hey. Hey. Private club.

FLINN
(flashes his shield)
Kiss my ass.

As Flinn enters --

23 INT. RAVENITE SOCIAL CLUB - CONTINUOUS

23

Six card-tables scattered around the room, beaten-up armchairs for the kibitzers, a snack and espresso table in the corner. The soldier's a few steps behind the entering Flinn. gestures apologetically to his boss --

SOLDIER
He's got a badge, Mr. Marino.

Under which Flinn's approached the capo, a neatly dressed figure, late fifties, an open silk shirt --

FLINN
You know where Alfonse Batista is?

MARINO
No.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

FLINN

He works for you -- you don't know
where he is?

MARINO

(offended by Flinn's
tone)

What the hell is it to you?

FLINN

Did you know he shot a cop?

A beat. Marino stays poker-faced, staring at Flinn --

MARINO

You got a warrant?

FLINN

You didn't know, did you? He works
for you, and he didn't get your
permission.

MARINO

(going red)

Hey who raised you, walking in here
with a big mouth?

Which the Soldier takes as a cue --

SOLDIER

(hand on Flinn's
arm)

Let's go--

Flinn wheels, plants the Soldier against the side wall, nearly
crushing a thermostat. As the soldier sags --

FLINN

Tell Batista John Flinn wants to
see him.

And he stuffs a card into Marino's shirt pocket.

MARINO

Get your hands away!

FLINN

(points his finger)

John Flinn. Tell him.

And he exits to --

24 EXT. RAVENITE SOCIAL CLUB - DAY - CONTINUOUS 24

Flinn's neared his car when Marino, apoplectic, clears the social-club door.

MARINO

I heard about you, Flinn! You and that other cop with your Bozo act!

FLINN

Make sure he gets the message.

Marino tears up the card and throws it on the ground.

MARINO

Up yours! I don't deliver messages!

Flinn slams the car door. Off Marino, as the cop drives away ...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY - EST. 25

26 INT. ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY 26

Flinn comes in the back of a room where ten or so Detectives are listening to Fancy. Standing behind the Captain is a suit named LASTARZA.

FANCY

The hospital lists Sipowicz as extremely critical. He was bleeding too badly for them to finish operating. Front desk'll have word of any change.

(beat)

We want pictures at all terminals of the prostitute whose apartment he was shot at -- Lerner and Lawicki coordinate, use as many uniforms as you need. Timmons, Simpson, and Roth canvass her building and neighborhood for possible witnesses; Sager and French take Patrick's bar. I'm handling Forensics.

(indicates the suit)

This is Commander Lastarza of the Organized Crime Unit.

Lastarza comes forward --

LASTARZA

Gentlemen. First, be assured that as you investigate Detective Sipowicz' shooting you will receive whatever intelligence and logistical assistance my Strike Force can provide. By the same token, since the Organized Crime Unit's own operations are ongoing and involve individuals who'll fall within the margins of your investigation, it's imperative you provide us with notice of your activities. Unfortunately, a very regrettable incident has just resulted from an officer's failure to so notify. I urge you to avoid a repetition. Good luck.

As the meeting breaks up --

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

FANCY

Flinn, see me.

Off Flinn --

CUT TO:

27 INT. FANCY'S OFFICE - DAY

27

Fancy, Flinn and Lastarza --

FANCY

(to Flinn, re Strike
Force Commander)You knocked out their surveillance
mike.

FLINN

Where?

LASTARZA

At that social club, Detective,
when you were doing your John Wayne
act for Marino.

FLINN

(to Fancy)

I moved a guy off me.

LASTARZA

You planted him in the thermostat,
which is where we had our
surveillance mike, which has now
stopped transmitting. You know
what it took to place that thing?
You know what's at stake if they
find it?

FLINN

My partner got shot. I care about
your surveillance mike.

Lastarza eyes Flinn furiously --

LASTARZA

I'm hooked into the biggest crime
family in the city. I've got two
years and forty-thousand man-hours
on the line. I'm not going to see
that jeopardized for any one
shooting victim, cop or no cop,
partner or no partner.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

LASTARZA (CONT'D)

(to Fancy)

Your officer's emotionally involved, Captain. He's out of policy. He's got no business near this case.

Lastarza splits. Fancy looks to Flinn --

FANCY

Is he right?

FLINN

That I'm emotionally involved? Sure, aren't you?

FANCY

Is he right that you're out of control?

Flinn gestures impatiently --

FLINN

Where's this going Captain?

FANCY

I want you to sit down and make a list of possible suspects -- people Andy busted, people he pissed off
....

FLINN

That's a waste of time. So's forensics. So's looking for Lois. She's either out of town or out of air.

FANCY

Are you going to do what I asked?

Flinn stares at him angrily, pacing --

FLINN

You want a suspects-list, Captain? -- I'll write out a suspects-list. But this case doesn't make off shoe-leather, and I'm telling you that as a cop, not Andy's partner.

Flinn's gone, slamming the door. Off Fancy --

CUT TO:

28 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

28

An angry Flinn approaches his desk, where Ramirez stops him with --

RAMIREZ

Your wife's outside.

FLINN

Aw, God. I blew the three o'clock.

And he heads for --

29 INT. PRECINCT ENTRY - DAY

29

Where "4B" Goldstein and Laura wait. Licalsi happens to be by the Front Desk.

LAURA

You selfish bastard.

GOLDSTEIN

I have to say Detective, I'm surprised by your thoughtlessness. The Clerk's office is two subway rides for your former wife and me -- for you it's just a walk across the street --

FLINN

Sorry --

GOLDSTEIN

You've put both of us to considerable inconvenience, and I happen to know your wife's lost half a day's pay --

Flinn's voice flares --

FLINN

(to Goldstein)

Are you done impressing her yet? Got any plans to shut up?

LAURA

No one's impressed, Johnny, so why don't you just shove your macho crap, okay?

FLINN

Andy got shot a couple hours ago. So why don't you just back off?

She's shocked --

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

LAURA
My God. Is he going to be all
right?

FLINN
They don't think he'll make it. So
I'm sorry, but I gotta talk to you
later, all right?

And he turns, moving back into --

30 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

30

Where Licalsi, following him through the door, tracks his
movement to the COFFEE AREA and watches as he pulls a deep
breath, then pours a cup.

ANGLE - LICALSI

Approaches.

LICALSI
Hi.

FLINN
(quietly)
Hey.

LICALSI
I'm sorry about Sipowicz.

FLINN
(nods)
Yeah.

LICALSI
I don't know what your plans are
after work, if you'll be going to
the hospital or what

FLINN
He may not be alive that long.

LICALSI
If you want someone to ride with
you, or just get a beer or
something

He meets her eyes --

FLINN
Thanks for the offer. I'll let you
know.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

10

She nods, moves off. Hold on Flinn, frustrated, angry, finally going to his desk, sitting down, pulling a piece of paper from a drawer and rolling it into the typewriter. He stares at it a long time. Off which --

TIME CUT TO:

31 INT. FANCY'S OFFICE - DAY

31

The Captain's behind his desk, looks up at Flinn's knock. Flinn enters.

FLINN

Here's your list of suspects.

Fancy studies it a beat, then --

FANCY

Is this a joke? One name?

FLINN

Alfonse Batista set him up, and
Alfonse Batista shot him. There
are no other suspects.

He turns and exits to --

32 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

32

grabs his jacket, heads for the door, past Ramirez.

FLINN

You want to get into trouble?

RAMIREZ

(grins)
Hey, I'm up for that.

Off which --

SMASH CUT TO:

A BACKROOM DOOR

being driven off its hinges --

33 INT. BOOKIE JOINT - DAY

33

Flinn and Ramirez come through the broken door, guns trained --

RAMIREZ

Post time, fellas. Anyone running?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

The phone operators and numbers-collectors raise their hands --
Flinn's on the one who looks like the boss --

FLINN
Tell Marino this is 'cause he can't
control his people. Tell him it's
for Batista shooting a cop.

SMASH CUT TO:

34 INT. PORNO SHOP - DAY

34

Ramirez and Flinn coming in --

RAMIREZ
Police! Everyone zip up, wipe
their hands off and get against the
back wall!

The frightened perverts and the store manager move to comply --
Flinn stops the manager --

FLINN
Thank Angelo Marino for this. Call
him when you bail out, and thank
him for the bust.

CUT TO:

35 INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - BOOKING AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

35

It's crowded. Flinn and Ramirez are writing up the busts. One
of the detainees complains to Flinn --

TRUCK GUY
You pinch me for a lapsed permit?

FLINN
You deliver concrete for Marino.
Marino lets his people shoot cops.

Flinn delivers a file to another part of the Booking Area,
where Ramirez admonishes another detainee --

RAMIREZ
Waste your time, running like that,
man. You're never going to get
away from me.

FLINN
Thanks for the help Ramirez.
You've got moves out there.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

RAMIREZ

I escaped a lot, as a youth.

Fancy's on Flinn's other side -- furious --

FANCY

C'mere Detective.

Flinn turns, moves away with the Captain --

FANCY (CONT'D)

(barely contained)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

FLINN

I'm going to bleed Marino till he gives Batista up.

FANCY

What if he gives him up dead?

FLINN

That's okay too.

FANCY

No sir. It's not okay. That's how they do business -- it's not how we do it.

A beat, then --

FANCY (CONT'D)

(softening somewhat)

I've got four messages from Lastarza that I haven't answered. I'm not going to be able to protect you John, if it hits the fan.

FLINN

I understand.

A beat -- Fancy moves away. Flinn notes Licalsi, in civvies, apparently reading the bulletin board near the exit. He approaches her --

FLINN (CONT'D)

Officer Licalsi. You want to get that beer?

Off Licalsi --

CUT TO:

36 INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

36

Flinn and Licalsi in a booth.

LICALSI
Was Sipowicz your first partner?

FLINN
(nods)
When I got my shield.

LICALSI
He's tough, huh? Still hanging on.

Flinn finishes his beer --

FLINN
I've been afraid to go over there.
My Dad died in that hospital, when
I was a kid.

LICALSI
How did he die?

FLINN
He was a cop, went through the
wrong door.

LICALSI
My Dad was a cop too.

FLINN
Is that right? Whereabouts?

LICALSI
Uptown, the two-four. My folks
live on Staten Island now.

FLINN
They must be proud of you, huh?

LICALSI
(shrugs)
Hope so.

After a beat --

LICALSI (CONT'D)
You don't have to be at the
hospital. You were with Sipowicz
when it mattered.

He meets her eyes gratefully, looks away --

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

FLINN

We had a big beef, just before he went after Batista. I half-way feel that's why he did it.

Licalsi studies him --

FLINN (CONT'D)

I mean I know that's not why Andy got shot. It just seems like, no matter how you feel about someone, you never get things squared away -- never understand each other the way you wanted.

LICALSI

Is that how it was with your wife?

Flinn nods --

FLINN

She blamed the job, said I was in the street too much.

LICALSI

Maybe she didn't meet you half-way. Maybe she didn't know how to listen.

FLINN

Probably there was enough blame to go around.

A beat, then --

FLINN (CONT'D)

Would you like to get some dinner?

Off Licalsi --

CUT TO:

37 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

37

They're finishing their meal. We continue to note a gratified unwinding in Flinn -- After a beat --

FLINN

So what do you want to be doing in a couple years?

(CONTINUED)

LICALSI

What you're doing now. I want a shield. I want Organized Crime.

FLINN

How'd you get interested in that?

LICALSI

(grins)

Guess it's how my name's spelled.

They've finished. The owner's come to the table, clears their plates --

OWNER

How did we do, Detective? Are you full?

FLINN

It was real good, Julio.

OWNER

(to Licalsi)

How was your pasta?

LICALSI

Terrific, thanks.

OWNER

(to Flinn)

I'm glad to see you back.

The Owner moves off --

FLINN

(beat; studies her)

So what do we do now?

LICALSI

That depends on you.

He shakes his head, surprised and engaged by her candor --

FLINN

You're right out front, aren't you?

LICALSI

I don't count on second chances.

FLINN

Are you going to think I'm weird if I tell you I'm not really sure what I want to do?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

LICALSI

I don't think you're weird.

FLINN

I'm thirty-six. I was married fifteen years. I never fooled around.

LICALSI

Why don't we just play it by ear?

A beat. Their eyes hold --

FLINN

Where 'we playing?

CUT TO:

38 INT. FLINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

38

They're making love. We can see the slow giving-way of that reserve of irony and distance which is the last accommodation of Flinn's loneliness. Their love-making continues -- finally interrupted by a knock on Flinn's apartment door. A beat, then he grabs a bathrobe.

ANGLE - FLINN

in his robe, moving through his living room as the knocking repeats from the hallway outside --

FLINN

Just a second.

He opens the door -- sees his former wife --

FLINN (CONT'D)

Hi.

LAURA

You know your phone's off the hook?

FLINN

Is that right?

A beat -- she wonders why he hasn't asked her in --

LAURA

Is there any news about Andy?

FLINN

He's the same.

(CONTINUED)

Another beat --

LAURA

I wanted to apologize for this
afternoon.

FLINN

It's okay. Sorry I messed up on
the papers.

LAURA

No, that's the last thing you
should've been thinking about.

A beat. She's trying to look past him into his apartment --

LAURA (CONT'D)

Can I come in?

FLINN

Laura I've got company.

This sinks in. She stares at him, then stares past him.

LAURA

Well you're all broken up about
Andy, aren't you John? You
bastard.

She splits. Off Flinn, closing the door, turning, to see
Licalsi, naked, framed in the bedroom doorway --

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

39 EXT. FLINN'S APARTMENT HOUSE - DAWN - EST. 39
 40 INT. FLINN'S BEDROOM - DAY 40

Flinn and Licalsi asleep in bed. Flinn comes awake as the phone rings, stares at it with foreboding as it rings again. Flinn finally picks up the receiver --

FLINN

Flinn.

(listens a beat)

Sure, I'll be right there.

(hangs up; to
Licalsi)

He's hanging on. They're going to try operating again. They need more blood.

Flinn's climbed out of bed. Hold on Licalsi as he moves into the bathroom, runs the shower. As she rises, we follow her into --

41 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 41

Where Flinn's adjusting the water temperature --

LICALSI

I'll give too.

She indicates the shower --

LICALSI (CONT'D)

Want some company?

FLINN

Come on.

They get in. After a beat --

FLINN (CONT'D)

How did you sleep?

LICALSI

Great.

He nods. Squints at her through the water, shakes his head in smiling bemusement --

LICALSI (CONT'D)

What's that about?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

FLINN

Nothing. I'm glad you're here.

LICALSI

John, whatever this is going to be,
we'll keep it between us for now,
okay?

FLINN

Right. Sure.

Off Licalsi --

CUT TO:

42^b EXT. PRECINCT - DAY - EST. 42

43 INT. PRECINCT - FRONT DESK AREA - DAY 43

Flinn arrives, with Licalsi entering several calculated steps
behind. Ramirez is waiting near the Front Desk --

RAMIREZ

They finish operating?

FLINN

They said probably not till noon,
if he makes it through.

Ramirez, like Flinn, wears a bandaid on the inside of his right
arm --

RAMIREZ

I'm a baby, when they stick me with
those needles. If I look at 'em do
it -- g'bye.

(makes a gesture as
if he's fainting)

They're moving toward the Squad Room, pause on hearing --

BATISTA (O.S.)

You think you're a real clever guy,

BATISTA (CONT'D)

don't you Flinn? You think you're
a regular Einstein.

Flinn and the other Detectives look
toward the front door, where
Alfonse Batista's arrived in
company with his Lawyer Sinclair --

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

RAMIREZ

(to Flinn)

Easy, man

ANGLE - SINCLAIR AND BATISTA

approaching the Front Desk --

SINCLAIR

Al, let's just do what we came here
to do, all right?

(to Desk Sergeant)

I'm James Sinclair, of counsel to
Alfonse Batista. We understand my
client's wanted for questioning in
the shooting of Detective Sipowicz --

BATISTA

Yeah, some head-case rousts me in
the street, so I get harassed when
he's whacked.

Flinn's approached Batista and his lawyer --

FLINN

He's not dead yet Al.

BATISTA

Hey, I don't give a damn what
happens to your fat-ass buddy,
Flinn. It makes no difference to
me. I was playing cards.Fancy's come from his office, interposed himself between Flinn
and Batista, addresses Sinclair --

FANCY

(re Batista)

He's here for a statement?

SINCLAIR

That's right.

Fancy points in the proper direction --

FANCY

Interrogation One.

TIME CUT TO:

Fancy, Flinn, and Sharp on their feet, Batista and Sinclair taking their seats --

BATISTA

(showing bravado in
inverse proportion
to his fear)

See, I know what you're trying to do Flinn, with me and Angelo Marino, and you can forget it, it's not going to work.

SINCLAIR

Al --

BATISTA

See, I go back too far with him, and he has too much trust in me, so I'm under no pressure here, and you can go stick it up your ass.

SINCLAIR

Al, what I think would be useful is if you'd trace your activities, say, starting at eight yesterday morning --

BATISTA

I'm going to trace myself, but I just want to tell this douchebag that he's barking up the wrong tree, and he's making trouble for the wrong people.

(wipes his mouth)

Okay. So I was on my way to Atlantic City. I've got a condo there. I arrived, stopped at my condo, went to several casinos -- I lost money playing blackjack, I'll be on all their ceiling cameras, you can check it out. Then I returned to my condo, got a call from my wife that you're looking for me. This is nine or so last night. Drove back up this morning.

SINCLAIR

Questions gentlemen?

FANCY

What time did you get to the casino yesterday?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

BATISTA

Maybe four in the afternoon.

FANCY

That's three-and-a-half hours after
Sipowicz was shot.

BATISTA

What do you want me to say, that's
when I arrived.

(wipes his mouth)

What, he's suddenly talking now?
He's making accusations? 'Cause I
was accompanied, the whole drive,
people will testify to that.

Batista's gaze searches the room -- no one answers.

BATISTA (CONT'D)

Hey, I don't care what he says, in
his whacked out, deluded mind.
Screw him, and screw you guys --
none of this is going to work.
Angelo Marino trusts me.

After a beat --

SINCLAIR

Will that be all?

As the lawyer and Batista rise --

CUT TO:

45 INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE OF INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 45

The cops and others exit, Sinclair falling back in step with
Flinn --

SINCLAIR

I should thank you, Detective.

FLINN

For what?

SINCLAIR

This one-man crackdown of yours has
made my fiscal year -- please, take
my card, if you need to be in
touch.

FLINN

Shove it, Counselor.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Sinclair's voice now goes lower, loses its theatricality --

SINCLAIR

Take the card, Detective Flinn, and
look at the address on the back.
It's a restaurant I strongly
recommend for dinner tonight.

Under which Batista impatiently calls to his lawyer --

BATISTA

Let's go, let's go, huh?

Off Flinn, eyed by Fancy, examining the card as Sinclair moves
away --

TIME CUT TO:

46 EXT. SANTORA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT - EST. 46

47 INT. SANTORA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT 47

Flinn enters, approaches the maitre d' --

FLINN

John Flinn, is someone waiting for
me?

MAITRE D'

Follow me Mr. Flinn.

Flinn and the maitre d' move through the public dining area of
the restaurant and into a smaller private section in the
restaurant's rear --

48 INT. DINING ALCOVE - NIGHT 48

REVEALING MARINO WAITING FOR FLINN IN A BOOTH.

MAITRE D'

Your party's here Mr. Marino.

Flinn's about to take his seat, the Maitre D' addresses him --

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

'Scuse me, I got to look for a wire --

He frisks Flinn. Finds the signalling device on his belt --

FLINN

That's a pager unit.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

42

MAITRE D'

Mind if I hold it? -- that way I
won't have to take it apart.

Flinn takes the device off, hands it to him --

MAITRE D' (CONT'D)

Enjoy your meal.

The Maitre D' splits. Flinn sits across from the capo, who
stares at him a beat, taking his measure --

MARINO

You want something to drink? Eat?

FLINN

No.

MARINO

This has to stop from you, this
crap in the street --

FLINN

Give me Batista.

MARINO

We're not talking about Al Batista.
If I've got a problem in that area
I'll take care of it myself. We're
talking about you and me, and I'm
sitting here politely, and I'm
offering you a meal, and I'm
telling you either cut this out or
we've got a serious problem. You
understand? That's not going to
continue.

FLINN

Batista whacked my partner. I want
him.

Marino makes an evident effort to control himself --

MARINO

I've said to you, that problem's
mine to take care of. Sometimes
people get justice without getting
time.

FLINN

Not good enough.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

MARINO

You punk. You're going to tell me what's good enough, and how to run my business? You're going to embarrass me in public? You think you're what -- Superman?

Flinn meets his eyes --

FLINN

You know what you have to do.

Marino stares at him --

MARINO

You're going to keep this up.

FLINN

'Til he's mine.

Marino stares back --

MARINO

Get out of here.

Their eyes hold another beat, then Flinn rises. As he moves away from the table, he's approached by the Maitre d', who returns his beeper --

MAITRE D'

This thing's going off. Off Flinn --

CUT TO:

49 EXT. FLINN'S FORMER APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

49

He parks at an angle to the curb beside several other police units -- across the street, in front of his old building, we see an ambulance. Flinn crosses toward it, approaches Licalsi, who's coming down the stairs of the building --

FLINN

What happened?

LICALSI

Your ex-wife's okay, she wasn't involved, but I guess she knows the guy they got --

Under which Flinn's noted his wife moving beside a gurney as several ambulance attendants carry it from the building --

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

LICALSI (O.S.)

He was in the basement, doing his
laundry. Didn't want to give up
his wallet.

Flinn approaches the gurney on the side opposite his former
wife, recognizes Goldstein --

FLINN

4-B, are you all right?

GOLDSTEIN

I'm going to live. I guess as a
fighter I make a great lawyer.

(winces now,
touching his face;
looks to Laura)

Is my nose broken?

LAURA

I wouldn't be surprised.

GOLDSTEIN

I always wanted to get it fixed.

Which has taken them to the ambulance --

Laura touches Goldstein's hand as the attendants collapse the
gurney, deposit him inside --

LAURA

I'll see you at the Emergency Room.

GOLDSTEIN

That's really not necessary

The doors close before she can reply. Flinn and Laura watch as
the attendants climb in. The ambulance pulls away.

FLINN

Are you all right? Did you see any
of it?

LAURA

Not till he came to my door.

FLINN

He's got a big-time crush on you.

(beat)

He's a nice kid.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

LAURA

I didn't have a right to do that last night. I didn't have a right to talk to you like that when I came to your apartment.

FLINN

It's okay, Laurie --

LAURA

No it isn't. You've got a right to have company, the same way I do.

(looks away)

Just 'cause I had a hard time living with you doesn't mean I'm not having a hard time living without you.

FLINN

We'll feel our way into it.

LAURA

I'm going to go to the hospital.

FLINN

Which one?

LAURA

Roosevelt.

He nods. They linger a moment longer, then --

FLINN

See you Laurie.

LAURA

See you John.

He moves toward his car. Licalsi's near it --

LICALSI

She's okay?

FLINN

(nods)
Thanks for stopping.

LICALSI

How about us?

FLINN

We're okay too. I'll see you tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

Their eyes hold a beat before Licalsi moves away, crossing the street toward her vehicle. Flinn looks back, sees Laura staring at him -- his former wife's eyes move from Flinn to Licalsi and back to Flinn again. Off Flinn's recognizing that Laura knows he's involved with the young woman cop --

CUT TO:

50 EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - LICALSI'S VEHICLE - NIGHT 50
as the car turns into an underground parking garage.

51 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 51

Licalsi drives to a part of the garage where only a single car is parked, facing outward. She parks head-in so that she's side-by-side with the other car's driver --

ANGLE - REVEALING OTHER CAR'S DRIVER - MARINO
as he lowers his car window --

LICALSI

Mr. Marino. You wanted to see me?

MARINO

This guy won't hear reason.

LICALSI

Which guy?

MARINO

Flinn -- the one you're screwing.

She doesn't respond. After a beat --

MARINO (CONT'D)

I want you to kill him.

Licalsi's not completely successful achieving a tone of neutrality --

LICALSI

How'm I going to do that?

MARINO

You're a cop. You'll figure something out.

Off Licalsi, as Marino's electric window closes --

CUT TO:

52 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

52

It's late, the corridor's almost empty. Flinn makes his way toward a room outside which we see a uniform cop seated on a straight chair. Shows his badge. The guard nods him in --

53 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

53

Sipowicz, beset by an array of trauma appliances. The steady suck and hum of a respirator. Flinn approaches, stands beside him, awed and saddened and afraid. After a moment pulls a chair beside the bed, seats himself, tentatively takes his former partner's hand. A beat, then, searching for words --

FLINN

I'm sorry I didn't come before
Andy. I had that bad experience
... with my Dad passing away here,
and so forth.

(beat)

I don't know what you can hear, or
you can't hear, or whatever the
hell's going on

Flinn reacts with frightened surprise, running his hand through his hair as his voice catches on a sob --

FLINN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, what's happened. I feel
like I let you down. I wish things
would've been better between us, or
maybe I could've helped you more.
I'm grateful for what you did for
me, when I was coming up. You were
like a father to me.

(beat)

So if this is goodbye, thanks. But
nobody's tougher than you are Andy.
I'm not counting you out.

A beat, then Flinn rises, pats Sipowicz' hand as he moves to release his own --

CLOSE SHOT - FLINN'S HAND IN SIPOWICZ'

The bandaged hand closes again on Flinn's, faintly squeezing.
Off Flinn's surprise --

FADE OUT.

THE END