

Righteous Kill

by

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EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A funeral from a distance. We move closer. We see six adults and a PRIEST. The adults stand with their backs to us. The Priest speaks. As we approach, we begin to hear him.

PRIEST

In 1987, David joined the police force. He received numerous commendations and promotions, and was cited for bravery in 1993 when he risked his life to rescue a kidnapped five-year-old girl from her captors. Mayor Dinkins said, and I quote, "David Fisk is one of those police officers that
(a beat)
embodies the expression 'New York's Finest'."

As we move closer, we come upon a gravemarker, black felt with white plastic peg letters: "David Fisk, Detective Second Grade, NYPD, February 18, 1958 - November 5, 2003." We don't see the rest of it.

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We will now hear from David's long-time partner, Detective First Grade Thomas Cowan.

A crying MOTHER, 65, is being comforted.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

ROGERS, male, African-American, 34, and STEIN, 42, male, Jewish, Internal Affairs officers sit in chairs watching a large television monitor. Whatever comments they make as they watch, they are taking it all in stride. They're jaded.

STEIN

This is nuts.

ROGERS

Shh.

On the TV screen, the scene is the living room of an apartment in Harlem. The view is stationery, from a hidden camera. On a chair in the apartment,

TURK, 41, male, white, athletic, rugged-looking, sits in a chair.

The view shows half of the room, and we see Turk from the front, from the chest up. His face is covered in sweat, dirt, and a little blood. He's breathing a little heavy, and he's angry. You wouldn't want to mess with him.

TURK (ON MONITOR)

My name is David Fisk. Detective Second Grade. I've been a cop in the NYPD for sixteen years. In that time, I've killed fourteen people.

He shakes his head slightly, as though repeating that phrase in his head. We pull back. He holds open a small pocket notebook in his right hand.

ROGERS

Fuck me.

TURK (ON MONITOR)

Three were justifiable. What we call righteous shoots. A junkie who fired at me first; a murder suspect fleeing arrest; and a guy who was too fucking stupid to put his hands on his head when we told him to. The other eleven were just criminals and scumbags that didn't deserve to live, but they posed no immediate threat to me or anyone else. I walked right up to them and blew their brains out because I felt like it.

STEIN

Jesus.

TURK (ON MONITOR)

You don't become a cop because you want to serve and protect. Anyone who believes that horseshit's an idiot. You join the force because they let you carry a gun and a badge, and then you get to do whatever the fuck you want. That's why it's all Guineas and Micks, Niggers and Spics. Guys whose only other choice is hauling garbage or fixing toilets. Or crime. And if they choose crime, they're fighting an uphill battle against guys like me. So why not join up?

ROGERS
Maybe we should put that in the
recruitment video.

TURK (ON MONITOR)
You do it because you get respect.
Most people respect the badge.
Everyone respects the gun.

CUT TO BLACK:

CREDITS

TITLE: SEPTEMBER

INT. KAREN KREISER'S APARTMENT - DARK - NIGHT

KAREN KREISER, 31, female, white, enters her apartment. She has a cute face, an average body, but a sense of sexuality. She's a seven.

She drops her keys, purse, and coat on the kitchen table and turns on some music.

As she enters the bedroom, from inside we see that Turk is waiting behind the door in the darkness. She enters and he grabs her from behind.

He throws her onto her bed and sexually assaults her, pulling her hair a lot, but not hitting her. She resists, but he overpowers her.

When it is over, we see that it was consensual.

KAREN
Not bad.

TURK
(dumbfounded)
Not bad? What the fuck were you
looking for?

KAREN
Oh, please, Turk. You pulled my
hair. Gee. My younger sister used
to pull my hair harder than that.

A beat. Turk shakes his head in disbelief, then starts to rise and dress.

TURK
 Whatever. I'd love to stay and
 chat, but.,,

FADE TO:

We see a man's hand writing on a piece of paper.

EXT. STREET - PARKED CAR - LATE NIGHT

We see RAMBO, 37, male, white, a pimp, dressed in expensive black leather, talking on his cell phone, giving one of his girls a hard time.

RAMBO
 Oh, Christ Almighty, Linda! Just
 leave the fucking kid in front of
 the fucking TV for a few hours! Oh,
 boo-hoo. Don't give me that crap
 you little slut. Just get your ass
 over here.

He encounters an unknown man and hangs up.

RAMBO (CONT'D)
 Aw! Now what the fuck do you want?

BANG!

CUT TO:

INT. FIRING RANGE - MORNING

ECU: A nine-millimeter semi-automatic pistol fires.

Refocus to reveal ROOSTER, 39, male, white, holding the gun. He is slender and neatly groomed, but still looks strong and threatening. He and Turk are practicing and talking. With their headphones on, they must shout to hear each other.

ROOSTER
 Hitler's tailor.

BANG! Turk fires at his target.

TURK
 Hitler's tailor's wife.

Rooster ponders for a moment, then

BANG! Rooster fires.

ROOSTER
Saddam Hussein's brother's wife.

BANG! Turk fires.

Turk's cell phone sits on a shelf in his stall. It rings, lights up and vibrates. Neither of them hears it, but the vibrations cause it to move perilously close to the edge.

TURK
Saddam Hussein's brother's ex-wife.

BANG!

ROOSTER
O.J.

The phone teeters unnoticed at the edge of the shelf. A beat while Turk cuntemplates.

TURK
(eerily)
Cato.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Both shooting.

As the phone vibrates again, it falls off the edge of the shelf. Just then, Rooster's hand reaches out and catches it.

We see their paper targets, individually, returning up range on the electric pulley. ECU on each target. The detective's name is written in black marker: Cowan, T" and "Fisk, D." Both are excellent marksmen. Fisk is better.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Rambo is lying dead in the car, his clothing stained with blood from his head wound. There is police tape around the scene and several officers observing. A small crowd is held back.

TURK (O.S.)
Rooster, we gotta find whoever did this.

ROOSTER (O.S.)
Yeah. And give him a fuckin' medal.

A few laughs. We see Turk and Rooster observing the body.

TURK
(to the corpse)
Hey, Rambo. You see who did this?

ROOSTER
(to the corpse)
Not talkin', ey?
(to Turk)
His real name's Robert Francis
Brady. R.B., Rambo.

TURK
Bobby Brady? Damn shame.

ROOSTER
Yeah. Whadda ya thinkin'? Marsha?
Greg?

KAREN (O.S.)
Who's this guy?

We see Karen, dressed like a crime scene investigator - street clothes, surgical gloves and a black plastic tool case. She's with the Crime Scene Unit. She's all business with Turk and Rooster.

ROOSTER
Hey. You don't recognize Bobby
Brady?

TURK
Looks like he was shot from close
range.

KAREN
I'd say so. Stipling around the
wound. Windows down. Probably find
GSR on the seat and clothing.

She pulls Rambo's head forward to reveal the back of his car seat is clean. We see a gun on the passenger seat.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Great. Who wants to fish the slug
outta his brains?

She drops his head back and starts to chuckle.

TURK
What?

KAREN

I just got that. Marsha, Greg. Good one, Fisk.

FADE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

Rogers and Stein continue watching the video.

TURK

My first shoot was clean as a whistle. Dominican crackhead screaming his ass off and waving a twenty-two. This was years ago.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

From our narrator's POV at the store's entrance, we see the Dominican crackhead screaming, twenty-two revolver in his hand. Behind the counter, wielding a butcher's knife, is the wounded Korean proprietor. We are pointing a gun at the Dominican.

TURK (V.O.)

He'd already wounded some Korean grocer who wouldn't back down, so I put one in his head. That shut him up.

Our gun fires, striking the Dominican in the head. His knees immediately buckle and he falls to the ground, dead. Blood spurts from his head wound.

TURK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They make you take a few days off, but I was fine. I went to the firing range the next day. The Korean was back at work before me. Those fuckers are hard as nails.

FADE TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Rooster and Turk are seated at desks in the open squadroom. Both of them are going through Rambo's possessions. Turk has his wallet.

ECU on the following, on the desk: Driver's license, Blockbuster Video card, a worn business card naming an attorney, a poem written on a credit card sized paper. We can make out the words:

He trades in sin, distributes flesh.
He picks the fruit when it is fresh.
Now someone else must slap his whore.
His heart has stopped, he breathes no more.

Turk glances at the poem but pays it little mind.

TURK

Whaddaya wanna do about this?

ROOSTER

Let's make the best of it. Canvas the hookers. Maybe you'll meet one you like.

TURK

Thanks, but I'm getting all I can handle from you know who.

ROOSTER

No shit?

TURK

Please. She's keeping my sperm level so low, I have to sit down to piss.

ROOSTER

Oh, thanks for that picture.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MODERN CLOTHING STORE WINDOW - DAY

Turk and Rooster look in the window with SPITZ, 32, male, white, a street thug. He points out a salesgirl in the store.

SPITZ

That's her. The tall one. Look at those fucking legs. Will ya?

TURK

Thanks, Spitz. You can fuck off now.

SPITZ

Yeah, it's been a real pleasure.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Turk and Rooster are speaking with NATALYA, 28, female, blonde, Polish, tall, sexy.

NATALYA
(accented)
How I can help you gentlemen?

TURK
We need to talk to you about your boss.

NATALYA
He is upstairs.

TURK
Your other boss.

A quick beat. She understands he's talking about her pimp.

NATALYA
Rambo? He is asshole.

ROOSTER
Why is he asshole?

NATALYA
What the fuck do you care?

TURK
Know anyone who'd wanna kill him?

NATALYA
Me.

ROOSTER
Anyone else?

NATALYA
A lot of people. Why? He is dead?

Natalya laughs, as though he deserved it.

TURK
Ey, you wanna smarten up and start helping us out, or am I gonna call a friend of mine at INS and have you on the next plane to Kielbasa-land?

NATALYA

Go ahead. I am American citizen.

Turk's face goes blank.

TURK

Figures.

Rooster hands her his card.

ROOSTER

Lick my balls anytime.

NATALYA

What?

ROOSTER

(as though explaining)

Give-me-a-call-any-time. If you think of anything that might help us.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Turk and Rooster are summing up the case with their lieutenant, HINGIS, 54, white male. They have very little information, and besides, who cares.

TURK

Not much so far. Bunch of whores who won't miss him. But nobody knows who did this.

HINGIS

Someone out there knows.

ROOSTER

We're looking at a guy named Sam the Butcher.

HINGIS

Who?

TURK

He's kidding around. Listen, Lieutenant, how far you want us to go with this thing?

HINGIS

Oh, I don't know. I was thinking maybe you'd investigate it a bit more, figure out who did it, put him in jail. That is if you're not too busy.

TURK

It's just that we're working this dealer, Spider. We popped this lawyer with an ounce of blow and Rooster and I got her to flip on him.

ROOSTER

Yeah, you know what it took to get the brass to sign off on the source making the buy.

HINGIS

Please. By all means. Get whatever you can and kick her loose. I hate prosecuting fucking lawyers.

ROOSTER

Amen. Know what Lieutenant Blumstein used to call lawyers? Accomplices after the fact.

HINGIS

Was that before or after he had to hire one to defend him?

TURK

Ha! He was singing a different tune as a defendant.

ROOSTER

Kept him out of jail.

FADE TO:

Turk's monologue continues.

TURK (V.O.)

The second guy was a stone cold killer.

INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

We are running up a flight of stairs.

TURK (V.O.)

If I hadn't stopped him he'd have gotten away and killed again. I aimed for his ass, but somehow wound up blowing his brains out.

As we reach the top and turn a corner, we see the suspect we are pursuing, across the room, running out the door. Just as he is escaping, he is shot in the head and killed.

TURK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They investigated me on that one for all of ten minutes, before the Mayor called the Chief and put a stop to it. They waited 'til my next good bust and then promoted me.

FADE TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - PARKED IN HARLEM - AFTERNOON

Rooster and Turk are sitting in the front seat. JESSICA, 29, tall, attractive Wall Street lawyer, sits in the back. She's making the best of an unfamiliar situation. She lets out a nervous laugh.

JESSICA

I guess I'm not your average...
What do you call it?

ROOSTER

Rat?

TURK

Stoolie.

JESSICA

Thanks. But I mean I'd think that usually it's some poor African-American kid or a junkie or prostitute.

TURK

Yeah, normally four-hundred-grand-a-year lawyers are a little smarter than your African-American junkie whores.

Turk turns back to look at Jessica.

TURK (CONT'D)

Normally.

ROOSTER

Sometimes they just think they are.

Jessica has been put in her place. They've got no problem with her prejudices, but they're not going to help her feel better about her predicament.

A voice comes over the radio.

VOICE ON RADIO (O.S.)

We're all set on this end.

TURK

(into radio)

You guys are sure it's safe in there?

We see an unmarked, darkened van parked at the other end of the block.

INT. POLICE VAN - DAY

Five ESU officers in helmets and full gear with M-16s. One speaks to Turk on the radio.

OFFICER

Anyone who's entered in the last two hours has come back out. So it ain't getting any safer than it is now. Tell your girlfriend to grow a pair and let's go.

Back to the car:

TURK

So whadda ya say counselor? You ready to do this thing?

JESSICA

Yeah. Let's get it over with.

TURK

(into radio)

OK. We're going.

ROOSTER

Make small talk first. Let him ask you what you need.

(MORE)

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

And don't come back with less than four ounces. OK?

JESSICA

Won't he be suspicious about that? I've never bought that much before.

ROOSTER

Tell him you're going on vacation. You get the big bucks to be persuasive.

TURK

Say you're going skiing, and you wanna make sure you have a week of fresh powder.

ROOSTER

Good one, Turk. OK, counselor. Break a leg.

Jessica exits the car and crosses the street.

INT. DRUG DEN - AFTERNOON

SPIDER, 28, male, African-American, drug dealer, sits on a couch watching a 50-inch Plasma TV, with a DVD player and surround speakers, which cost more than the entire Harlem apartment. He and his buddy, STUBBY, male, African-American, 28, overweight, are watching Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone as Jessica enters. Robbie Coltrane's character, Hagrid, is mixing a potion on the screen.

SPIDER

He ain't nothin' mo' then a mutha fuckin' dealer.

BUZZ.

Spider sees Jessica waiting outside his door on his video monitor. He buzzes her in and meets her at the door.

SPIDER

Good afternoon, your honor.

JESSICA

(nervous)

Hey, Spider. How are you?

SPIDER

Not too bad, Baby. Not too bad. I'm checkin' out this Harry Potter movie before I let my kids watch it. You seen this shit?

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - PARKED - AFTERNOON

Rooster and Turk are listening through Jessica's wire.

SPIDER (O.S.)

This mu'fucka Hagrid's a stone dealer. I let my li'l piccaninnies watch this shit, they all turn out little junkies. Know what'um sayin'?

Rooster and Turk laugh. They speak over Jessica and Spider's conversation.

ROOSTER

He's got a point. Remember Underdog?

TURK

What about him?

ROOSTER

That fuckin' dog spawned a generation of junkies.

TURK

The fuck are you talking about?

ROOSTER

What did Underdog always do?

TURK

He was shining shoes all day, and whenever Sweet Polly Purebread called out to him, his dog ears picked it up and he went and rescued her.

ROOSTER

Yeah, but whenever he needed his super-strength, he pulled a pill out of his ring and swallowed it.

Turk contemplates this for a beat. His eyes widen.

TURK

Holy fuck. He did. Little fucking speed freak.

ROOSTER

Hang on.

We continue to hear Jessica and Spider over the wire.

SPIDER (O.S.)

The fuck you want with a Q.P.?

JESSICA (O.S.)

I'm going skiing.

Rooster and Turk wince at Jessica's screw-up.

We switch back to Spider and Jessica.

SPIDER

The fuck does that mean? Where you going skiing?

JESSICA

Aspen. Colorado.

SPIDER

Shit, I know you can score in Aspen. You ski?

JESSICA

Sure. I've been skiing my whole life.

SPIDER

Then go to Vail. Aspen's for Hollywood faggots.

JESSICA

So how much? C'mon. I don't have all day.

Spider looks her up and down suspiciously.

SPIDER

Slow down, Baby. Why don't you take off that coat and stay a while.

Switch to the car:

TURK

Shit.

ROOSTER

What do you wanna do?

Back to Jessica and Spider. He has her pinned against the wall and he's running his hands over her body. His cheek is against hers and she is frozen with fear. He whispers in her ear.

SPIDER

Every once in a while one of you upper east side bitches gets popped and tries to roll over on a guy like me. Not today, Money. What'd they tell you? That you'd be covered? Five minutes, in and out, and you're free?

INT. HALLWAY OF SPIDER'S BUILDING - DAY

Turk and Rooster are ringing the doorbell continuously.

Spider sees them on his security monitors and knows they are the cops who sent Jessica.

SPIDER

(whispering)

Look like the cavalry come to rescue you.

Spider moves, pushes a button and speaks to his guests in the voice of a black man mimicking white speech.

SPIDER (CONT'D)

Can I help you gentlemen?

TURK

Let us in, Spider.

SPIDER

I'm sorry, there's no one here by that name.

ROOSTER

Open the door. We just wanna talk.

Rooster gives Turk a calming gesture with his hand.

Spider looks at Jessica. He looks around his apartment. There is nothing incriminating in it. Stubby has gone in to the next room.

He buzzes them in. They enter cautiously.

SPIDER

So? Talk.

TURK

(to Jessica)

You all right?

Jessica nods. She's shaken but unharmed.

SPIDER

Why wouldn't she be all right? We were watching TV. How the fuck she gone get hurt watching TV?

Turk stiffens himself towards Spider.

TURK

She coulda seen or heard something that scared her.

Spider and Turk are starting to get in each others' faces.

SPIDER

Like what?

TURK

Like some big ugly asshole shooting his mouth off.

SPIDER

Whudn't nobody in here fittin' that description. 'Til a minute ago.

TURK

(clenched jaw)

You don't know what ugly is you piece of shit. I'll show you ugly.

SPIDER

Oh, you gonna bring your wife up in here?

Rooster jumps in between them and calmly cools things down.

ROOSTER

OK, boys. That's all for today. Come on.

Rooster motions Jessica and Turk towards the door.

SPIDER

You folks drive safely. Good luck skiing in September.

As Rooster turns to exit, in slow motion, out of the corner of his eye he catches a glimpse in a mirror of Stubby hiding behind a door with a gun in his hand. He shouts as he turns and draws his gun.

ROOSTER

Turk! Gun! Behind the door!

Turk turns, throws Jessica to the ground, and draws his gun. Spider hits the floor as he screams toward Stubby.

SPIDER

No!

Shots ring out in both directions There is complete chaos, glass breaking, etc.

Stubby is brought down by several shots and the gunfire ends.

Turk and Rooster rise quickly. Turk runs over to Stubby while Rooster stands over Spider with his gun pointed at Spider's head.

ROOSTER

(shouting)

Stay the fuck down!

Turk can see that the Stubby is out of commission. He kicks Stubby's gun away.

He runs back over to Spider and cuffs his hands behind his back.

TURK

What the fuck was that? Huh?

Rooster is looking at Jessica, seated cross-legged on the ground, back to the wall, and doesn't like what he sees. Turk finishes handcuffing Spider.

ROOSTER

Fuck. Turk!

Rooster quickly approaches Jessica and kneels down by her side. There is blood in her mouth. She is confused. Turk has come over and is also kneeling over Jessica.

JESSICA

What happened?

Turk feels around for a wound. When he finds it, Jessica winces. Turk pulls his hand back and it is bloody. Jessica sees the blood on his hand.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. You're bleeding.

Turk takes out his radio.

TURK

(excited, into radio)

Three-Four squad Central! Three-Four squad Central! I need EMS! Subject shot! Hundred-eighty-fourth and Saint Nicholas.

DISPATCHER ON RADIO (O.S.)

Ten-four, Three-Four. EMS en route. Hundred-eighty-first and Saint Nicholas.

TURK

Hundred-eighty-fourth! One. Eight. Four.

DISPATCHER ON RADIO (O.S.)

Roger that. One eight four.

Jessica is short of breath.

JESSICA

I tried. Really. I tried my best, but he just wouldn't go for it.

TURK

You did just fine, counselor. You did just fine. Try to relax.

JESSICA

(gasping)

So you're gonna let me go home?

She is unaware that she's dying.

TURK

Of course we are. You got nothing to worry about. Just breathe.

JESSICA

Promise?

ROOSTER

We promise, kid.

Jessica smiles. She's fading out, eyes closing.

JESSICA

You guys are all right. If you ever
need a lawyer...

She dies. Turk is checking her vital signs.

ROOSTER

Shit!

TURK

Oh, fuck me! Fuck!

Turk stands up, enraged. He sees Spider lying on the ground
in handcuffs, and decides to vent his rage on him.

TURK (CONT'D)

I'm gonna rip your fucking heart
out, you piece of shit nigger!

Turk kicks his stomach repeatedly, then he gets on his knees
and punches his face repeatedly, until Rooster pulls him
away.

ROOSTER

OK. OK. OK. OK. Calm down. You made
your point.

He gets Turk up on his feet away from Spider. Spider's face
is bruised and bloody.

SPIDER

You real tough little bitch, ain't
you? Beat a man in handcuffs.

Rooster jumps in, kicking Spider a few times.

ROOSTER

Shut the fuck up you piece of shit!

Rooster gets down in Spider's face and screams.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

You think I won't shoot you right
in the fucking head?! I won't think
twice about it! I'll go right in
there and grab the fat boy's gun
and put one right in your brain!

Rooster stops and takes a deep breath. Turk walks over to the
door across the room. We catch a brief view of Stubby, lying
motionless on the floor in the bedroom, covered in blood from
multiple gunshot wounds. Rooster comes in behind Turk. Both
look down at Stubby.

Rooster and Turk look at each other and have a silent conversation: First, Turk is stone-faced. Rooster takes a second to realize what Turk is suggesting. Rooster shows apprehension, caution.

Turk is adamant. Rooster looks around, surveying the situation. He looks back at Turk and nods his reluctant assent.

Turk speaks calmly into his radio, while he and Rooster maintain eye contact.

TURK

Three four squad Central. E-T-A on that bus? Hundred-eighty-fourth and Saint Nicholas?

DISPATCHER ON RADIO (O.S.)

Four squad. E-T-A nine minutes. Doing their best.

TURK

Roger that. Cancel the Code Three.
(a quick beat)
Subjects dead on scene.

We pan down to Stubby. He is alive, but bleeding to death. He speaks in whispers.

STUBBY

Get me a doctor, man. Come on, man, I need an ambulance.

TURK

On the way, Pal.

A beat. Turk turns away from Stubby.

TURK (CONT'D)

Soon as they get that cat outta that tree.

Turk exits back into the main room and closes the door on Rooster and the doomed Stubby.

SWAT officers burst into the room, guns drawn.

TURK (CONT'D)

It's OK. Every stand down.

INT. POLICE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Rooster, Turk, and Hingis speak with the District Attorney,
GWEN DAVIS, 29, female, African-American, in a skirt dress.

HINGIS

Forget it, Rooster.

DAVIS

This thing was a clusterfuck to end
all clusterfucks. You got nothing
on the guy.

ROOSTER

Nothing?

DAVIS

No drugs, right? So no felony, no
conspiracy. So you can't tie him to
the shooting under felony murder.

TURK

And that's it?

DAVIS

Let's hope that's it. I mean do you
guys wanna spend time on the
witness stand explaining what
happened?

She stands to leave.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Anyway, IAB's gonna interview both
of you and do a preliminary report
over the next couple of weeks. Off
the record, if you stick together
you should make it through this.

HINGIS

Let's hope so. You're also gonna
have to do some couch time with the
rubber gun squad.

TURK

And that piece of shit just walks?!

HINGIS

Take it easy.

ROOSTER

Relax, Pal. He'll get his.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOMS - DAY

Turk and Rooster are interviewed separately by Rogers and Stein, who we know from the opening scene in the conference room. Each detective has an attorney representing them.

INTERCUT

Between the two interviews, between each line of dialogue. We can never be certain which detective is being addressed, or what question he is responding to.

ROGERS

Who made the decision to enter at that time?

TURK

I did.

ROGERS

Who's decision was it to enter the apartment?

ROOSTER

Mine.

STEIN

Did you immediately identify yourselves as police officers?

ROOSTER

Yes, we did.

TURK

The informant's position was becoming untenable, and we thought that her life could be in danger.

STEIN

Turns out you were right.

TURK

Hey, fuck you, nine-to-five!

STEIN

Did you or Detective Fisk attempt to search the other rooms?

ROGERS

Did Detective Cowan ever ask the suspect whether there was anyone else on the premises?

ROOSTER

No.

TURK

No.

ROGERS

Where was the informant when you first saw the gun in Mr. Brodus's hand?

ROOSTER

We were all in the process of exiting the premises. I can't say exactly how many feet from the door she was at that very moment.

STEIN

Did Detective Cowan consult with you before the call to cancel the rush on the ambulance?

TURK

Rushing an ambulance diverts vital EMS resources from other situations, and endangers the lives of motorists and pedestrians.

Stein and Rogers are stone-faced at that bullshit answer.

ROOSTER

The moment we realized the informant and the suspect were both dead, we cancelled the rush. You don't need an ambulance running red lights and risking innocent lives to pick up two stiffs.

Stein and Rogers are alone in the interrogation room.

ROGERS

These guys are like Lennon and McCartney.

STEIN

(agreeing)

Unbelievable. Wasn't an inch of daylight between 'em.

ROGERS

What do you think?

STEIN

Nothing there. Yeah, they endangered the informant, but we can't tell if they were wrong on that. They saw a gun and reacted. They beat the fuck out of the suspect, but he's not filing charges. And I'm sure they cancelled the Code Three on the ambulance while the kid was still dying.

(a beat)

I just don't care.

ROGERS

(to no one)

Next.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. RITA BERNSTEIN, 53, white, psychiatrist, is examining Turk and Rooster, individually. We cut between sessions with both detectives.

ROOSTER

So, Doc, are we gonna find out whether I'm sane enough to carry a gun and chase bad guys?

BERNSTEIN

Do you think you are?

ROOSTER

Oh, please. Don't start off with that shrink bullshit. That'll drive anyone nuts.

BERNSTEIN

Have you been through psychoanalysis before?

ROOSTER

Are you kidding? Every time I pull out my gun I end up on one of these couches. You guys could hold your annual convention inside my head.

BERNSTEIN

Do you feel like you're being
persecuted for doing your job?

ROOSTER

Not really. I get to lay down and
shoot my mouth off on the
taxpayer's dime. Everybody needs an
outlet. Right?

BERNSTEIN

How do you feel when you fire your
weapon?

TURK

That's a tough one.
(a beat)
Nervous.

BERNSTEIN

Why is that?

TURK

I guess I'm wondering whether I'm
doing the right thing.

BERNSTEIN

Can you elaborate on that?

TURK

Well, when you get into these
situations - dangerous situations -
things can escalate very fast.
Sometimes you hear bullets whizzing
by and you're still not sure what's
going on. And when those bullets
are coming out of your gun...

(a beat)

That can be a bit unnerving. Know
what I mean?

BERNSTEIN

Do you think you're worried about
hurting innocent people or having
your performance questioned, or is
it more about violence in general?

TURK

Probably just the first one. It's
like Dirty Harry said. "There's
nothing wrong with a little
shooting, as long as the right
people get shot."

BERNSTEIN

How about when the wrong people get shot?

TURK

It sucks.

BERNSTEIN

Happen a lot?

TURK

Happens every day. Why do you think this city needs forty-thousand cops?

BERNSTEIN

How do you feel when you see innocent people hurt or killed?

ROOSTER

You mean does it affect me?

BERNSTEIN

Yes.

ROOSTER

Sure. I mean, I guess not the same way it affects you. I couldn't really do my job if it did. Could I? After a while you get kinda numb.

BERNSTEIN

Does that mean you stop caring?

ROOSTER

No, Man. I wouldn't say that. But the shock wears off. And you just start to feel like you're wasting your time.

Turk is standing, ready to leave. He speaks as though answering the question "How was it?" Bernstein has a small pocket notebook in her hand, which she is offering to Turk.

TURK

Not so bad.

BERNSTEIN

Good. I'd like you to take this. Use it to jot down thoughts, questions, anything you might notice about yourself, whatever.

(MORE)

BERNSTEIN (CONT'D)
I won't ask you for it. It's just
for you. Try it.

Bernstein has given the same book to Rooster.

ROOSTER
Sure thing. Could be fun.

We hear Turk's monologue continue as their conversation ends
and they exit his office.

TURK (V.O.)
My third kill was an accident. Six
years ago. Four white cops up on
two hundred and who-the-fuck-cares-
street at 4:00 AM looking for a
dealer, all on a hair-trigger, and
some Guatemalan made the wrong
move.

We see the scene played out; a Guatemalan man in a doorway
cut down in a hail of bullets.

TURK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All four of us capped that poor
dumb fucker. The review board never
figured out who fired the first
shot, but I knew.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PARK BASEBALL DIAMOND - DAY

Turk and Rooster are playing a game of softball with other
cops. The opposing pitcher is DETECTIVE SIMON PEREZ, 45,
male, Hispanic, straight-laced, with neat, side-parted hair.
At first base is his partner, DETECTIVE TED RILEY, 35, male,
white, athletic.

We see several shots of the game. Rooster steals second base.
Others at bat. Turk hits one way out. He rounds third base.
The ball is thrown to the catcher. Turk barrels into him at
home base. The catcher is knocked down and loses the ball.
The referee calls him safe, but the other team is angered.
There are a few random words exchanged.

After the game, both sides are standing around having
sandwiches and beers.

RILEY
Simon don't look like much, but he
can pitch a mean fuckin' softball.

PEREZ

And Teddy here.

(a beat)

Well, he just don't look like much.

Laughs all around.

FADE TO:

Same scene, but there are fewer cops, and they've sat down.
Rooster is off getting another beer.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

You or your partner ever run across
a gun runner named Phillip Trager?

TURK

Blonde guy? Thirty?

PEREZ

Yeah. Lived near the hospital.

TURK

Yeah. Real piece of shit.

PEREZ

Well, somebody gave him a taste of
his own medicine last week.

TURK

Really. Can't say I'm surprised.
Got a suspect?

PEREZ

No. Guy walked right into his
apartment and killed him with one
of his own guns. Left a calling
card. A poem.

TURK

A poem?

Perez concentrates and does his best to repeat the poem.

PEREZ

"A merchant to the thieving class.
I slit his throat and capped his
ass. I took his life and took his
gun."

Turk's expression says he realizes what this means.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

"Too bad he's not the only one."

TURK

(shouting)

Rooster!

(to Perez)

We're looking for the same guy. He knocked off a pimp named Rambo a few weeks ago. Blew his brains out. When was yours?

PEREZ

Last week.

Rooster shows up, beer in hand.

TURK

We're back in business on the Rambo case. He knocked off a gun dealer in the three-three last week.

Rooster is not surprised.

ROOSTER

No shit.

Rooster has a flash and gets excited.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

Oh. Please tell me the guy's name was Greg Brady. Please. Is it? It is, right? Someone's knocking off the Brady Bunch? It's gotta be the Partridge family.

TURK

Better. William Shakespeare's going around knocking off bad guys.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

HINGIS

You guys have any idea how much fun it is to not find a serial killer? I mean think about that for a minute.

ROOSTER

What's your point, Lieutenant?

HINGIS

I'm just saying, take a minute and think seriously about whether you wanna take point on this thing.

TURK

You don't think we're up to this?

HINGIS

Like I know? You never know who's up to it until it's over. But here's what I do know. You guys got what, thirty, thirty-five years on the job between the two of you? Couple of gold shields. But neither one of you ever handled this type of thing. Takes a bit of teamwork, finesse, patience. And a few other things you guys ain't exactly full of. I'm just saying you could wind up going out losers. You wanna take that chance?

ROOSTER

Yeah.

TURK

Fuck yeah.

HINGIS

Fine. Look, all that shit about how you have to live like them and think like them and see things like them in order to catch them. That's all crap. You're not serial killers. So you need to put all the evidence together and come up with an idea of who this guy is. Then, when he's pulled over for speeding, some alert patrolman sees a poem sitting on his passenger seat and puts two and two together, and we all get famous for fifteen minutes. And when it happens, you'll realize the motherfucker coulda been right in front of you and it woulda taken you a thousand fucking light years to nail him.

ROOSTER

Not for nothin' Lieutenant, but light years measure distance. Not time.

HINGIS
(sarcastically)
Thanks. I'll make a note of that.

As he says it, Hingis mimics writing it down.

INT. BALLISTICS LAB - DAY

Karen is explaining her evidence to Rooster and Turk.

TURK
None?

ROOSTER
No prints?

KAREN
I'm telling you. Nothing but the victims' in both cases. So he wore gloves.

TURK
What about the notes?

KAREN
We had to send them out for handwriting analysis, and tests on the paper and the ink. Looked to me like he used the same paper for both notes. We'll know more in a week or so.

TURK
A week?

KAREN
What do you want from me? Call the FBI.

TURK
Bullets.

KAREN
The bullet matched the forty-five found on the floor of Trager's apartment. That was no surprise. So I ran it through ATF. It's part of a batch of six that were stolen from a gun-shop in Virginia last month.

TURK
Probably by Trager.

KAREN
That's what ATF thinks, he matches
the description they have.

TURK
That ain't our problem.

ROOSTER
Our problem is the other five guns
he stole, that our guy might have
walked off with.

KAREN
Four. One of them turned up a few
days ago in a dope bust.

TURK
Fine. Four. Whatever.

Turk's cell phone rings.

TURK (CONT'D)
Doesn't help us find the guy. Just
helps us tie him to the victims,
which he's already doing for us
with his little poems.

Turk exits as he answers his phone.

TURK (CONT'D)
(into phone)
This is Detective...

KAREN
So, I hear he kicked the living
shit out of that dealer you guys
took down.

ROOSTER
So?

KAREN
So tell me about it.

Rooster realizes that Karen's interest is sexual in nature.
He thinks it's odd, but funny.

ROOSTER
Oh, Christ.

A beat. He whispers to her in a sexual way. She gets aroused by it.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

He had the guy down on the ground in handcuffs, then he kicked him in the gut a few times. Then he got down on the guy's chest and started smackin' his face and yelling 'I'm gonna break your fuckin' face you little bitch!' And he had this rage in his eyes. He can get really violent, you know? I mean I thought he was gonna kill the guy.

KAREN

Really?

ROOSTER

You're a bad little girl.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JONATHAN VAN LUYTENS, 40, white, male, muscular, a car dealer charged with rape, is appearing before JUDGE ANGEL RODRIGUEZ, 48, male Hispanic. His attorney, JILL WEINGOLD, 37, white, female, argues against prosecutor Davis. The courtroom is filled with other parties to other matters.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm granting defense counsel's motion to dismiss.

DAVIS

Your Honor!

RODRIGUEZ

(frustrated)

Don't 'Your Honor' me. You think I want this guy going near my daughter? You messed up.

WEINGOLD

Begging Your Honor's pardon -

RODRIGUEZ

(angrily)

You shut your yap. I'm unleashing your client on the world. I'm sure we'll all be seeing each other again soon.

DAVIS
(under her breath)
Fuck.

We catch a glimpse of a woman we assume to be his victim.

RODRIGUEZ
I beg your pardon, counselor.

DAVIS
Nothing further, Your Honor.

We see Turk and Rooster in the gallery, Turk is on his feet and angry.

TURK
What?! Are you shitting me, Judge?

Judge Rodriguez strikes his gavel.

RODRIGUEZ
Order.

TURK
Are you shitting me?!

Rooster restrains Turk.

ROOSTER
OK, partner. Come on. Not here. Not now.

Turk pulls his arm from Rooster's grip. Turk is staring at Van Luytens, who passes within a few feet as he exits.

TURK
Yeah, keep smiling you fucking pussy. You'll get yours.

VAN LUYTENS
Oh, Yeah?

ROOSTER
(to Van Luytens)
Great idea, Einstein. Just keep talking.
(to Weingold)
Why don't you get him outta here before someone passes a sentence on him that you can't appeal? Know what I mean?

WEINGOLD

Come on, John. Let's get out of here.

Van Luytens backs off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A car passes by Karen Kreiser's apartment building.

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see Karen's hand, cuffed to a bedpost, moving with each thrust. We hear random sexual dialogue between Turk and Karen. We hear a slap. Karen moans.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: OCTOBER

INT. POLICE STATION MAIN LOBBY - DAY

Rooster enters the station and passes the front desk. The duty sergeant calls out to him.

DUTY SERGEANT

I got a message for Detective Cowan.

Rooster veers toward the counter and takes the pink message.

ROOSTER

I'll make sure he gets it.

INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - DAY

The usual buzz around an open layout police squad room. Turk sits at his desk, taking a complaint from ESTHER ROSENBLATT, 54, female, Jewish. He is losing patience with her.

ESTHER

They keep coming back. Sometimes it's the same ones, and sometimes it's their friends.

Rooster enters with the pink note in his hand. He approaches Turk, but keeps the note.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
They're wearing these big ski parkas, and the moment I turn around they're stuffing sweaters under their parkas. These colored kids. Is there anything you can do?

TURK
(to Rooster)
Hey.

ROOSTER
What you got?

TURK
Nothing.

Turk nods his head towards the pink note in Rooster's hand.

ROOSTER
It's for me. It's nothing.

Rooster walks away.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)
I may have already won ten million dollars.

TURK
(to Esther)
You don't have a security guard?

ESTHER
Sure. I've seen these guys. Half the time they're working together.

She leans in closer and lowers her voice.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
I get colored kids coming in all the time asking for a job as a security guard.

ROOSTER (O.S.)
Turk.

TURK
Excuse me a moment.
(to Rooster)
Yeah.

Rooster enters, putting an arm in the sleeve of his sport coat, and taps Turk on the shoulder.

ROOSTER (O.S.)
Work to do, partner. Looks like our
boy again.

Turk stands. He speaks to an officer around a corner,
offscreen.

TURK
Sharp. Can you finish up with Mrs.
Rosenblatt for me?

SHARP (O.S.)
Sure.

DETECTIVE SHARP, 34, male, African-American, sits down behind
Turk's desk.

SHARP (CONT'D)
How can I help you, Mrs.
Rosenblatt?

ESTHER
Oh, well, I was working with
Detective -

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF A ROW OF TOWNHOUSES - MORNING

An unmarked police car pulls up to a crime scene. Riley gets
out of the car holding a half-eaten PowerBar. He approaches
the open front door to the townhouse. JONES, 29, male,
African-American, a uniform cop, stands in the doorway. Riley
keeps walking as they speak.

JONES
Morning, Detective Riley.

RILEY
Hey.

JONES
Two flights up.

RILEY
Forced entry?

JONES
Don't look like it. Detective
Perez's up there.

RILEY

Thanks, man.

INT. TOWNHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Perez stands hunched over, staring at us. He squints. There is a look of amazement on his face, and we hear it in his voice.

PEREZ

My God. I have never.

RILEY (O.S.)

Simon!

PEREZ

Teddy! You gotta see this!

Riley enters the frame next to Perez and stares at us, as the same expression comes over his face.

RILEY

Fuck me.

We switch to a view of Riley and Perez from behind, staring at an incredible home entertainment system, with a sixty-two inch plasma screen.

Right next to them, although they don't seem to notice, Karen crouches down by the body of Jon Van Luytens, lying dead on the floor in a bath robe. He's been shot twice in the chest. His cordless phone and a forty-five automatic are on the floor next to him.

KAREN

Both shots at close range. Death was instantaneous.

PEREZ

He didn't put up much of a fight, did he?

KAREN

Nothing to indicate that. In terms of struggle, forced entry, cuts, bruises.

ROOSTER (O.S.)

Nobody wants to hear about your private life, Officer Kreiser.

Rooster and Turk enter the room.

KAREN
Is that right, Detective
Needledick?

PEREZ
It's our guy again.

TURK
Who'd he get this time?

PEREZ
Jonathan Van Luytens. Owns a couple
of -

TURK
Ho-ly shit!

PEREZ
car dealerships. Was up on rape
charges. They were tossed out a
couple of weeks ago.

Riley hands Turk the poem. ECU on the poem in his hand.

TURK
(reading poem)
"A man devoid of all respect,
for beauty, charm or intellect.
He took what women would not give.
He didn't have the right to live."
That's our boy all right. Guess he
had a beef with our old buddy
Johnny.

PEREZ
So you knew him?

ROOSTER
Yup. Slippery son of a bitch.

INT. PRECINCT - A ROOM - DAY

Turk is sitting at a table, surrounded by hundreds of case
files. He has hours of work ahead of him.

His phone rings and he answers it. He's not enthusiastic when
he recognizes the voice on the other end.

TURK
(into phone)
Detective - Oh, hey. Yeah, why not.
(MORE)

TURK (CONT'D)
 I'll be over after I grab a few
 beers with the guys. Say eleven.
 Eleven.

Rooster enters with two folders, and a contemplative look on
 his face. He sits.

TURK (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Later.

He hangs up.

ROOSTER
 Karen?

TURK
 (dispassionately)
 Yeah. Why not? Whatcha got there?

ROOSTER
 What you got?

TURK
 So far? Bupkus.

ROOSTER
 I got a friggin' headache. His
 name's Charles Randall.

TURK
 Chuck Randall's in Attica for at
 least another seven, eight years.
 We both know that.

ROOSTER
 Yeah, we made sure of that.

TURK
 I made sure of it. So what's the
 headache about?

Rooster hands him the folder. Turk opens it. Inside is a
 crime scene photo of a dead body, and the name "Turner,
 Richard A." Attached to the inside cover by a paper-clip is a
 Xerox copy of a poem similar to the others. Turk lowers his
 head in despair.

TURK (CONT'D)
 (despondent)
 Shit.
 (a beat)
 That ain't a headache, partner.
 That's a fucking tumor.

ROOSTER

Tell me about it.

(a beat)

I could forget I found it. It's not individually catalogued.

TURK

Nah. We can't do that.

(reading poem)

"He stole away into the night.
Accumulating goods with flight.
A singularly petty man.
I left him in a garbage can."

Turk closes the folder and drops it on the table. He puts his hand out for the other folder. Rooster hands it to him. Turk takes it, then speaks before looking at it.

TURK (CONT'D)

How the fuck did you find that?

ROOSTER

Hey, I'm a great detective.

TURK

Yeah? Think Charles Randall would agree?

ROOSTER

Fuck Charles Randall. He's a murderer. He's right where he belongs.

TURK

Who's in here? Another one of our victories gonna fall apart?

Turk looks at the folder. He is astonished.

TURK (CONT'D)

You gotta be shitting me.

INT. PRECINCT CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Several detectives and plainclothes officers assemble, as well as Hingis, Riley, Perez and Karen, to hear Turk and Rooster lay out the case. Behind them on a blackboard are photos of the five victims, chronologically, as well as names and times, and enlargements of their poems. We see cops chatting. Turk's monologue continues.

TURK (V.O.)

On the first one I was shaky. I kept thinking that if I got caught, they'd kick me off the force. I wasn't worried about prison, but losing the gun and the shield, that scared me. I went into work the next day expecting to feel different. I thought everyone would look at me the way cops look at civilians and know which ones are dirty. But they didn't. That's when I knew I could keep on doing it forever.

HINGIS

Take your seats please. Detectives Fisk and Cowan are going to bring everyone up to speed.

Once all are seated, Rooster begins the briefing.

ROOSTER

Here's what we know. The first murder we've been able to find goes back to 1998. A guy named Ellis Lynde.

We see the photo, name and poem that Rooster points to. ECU on the poem, which reads:

So disillusioned with his life,
he put his fist upon his wife.
To shoot him dead it was no crime.
To kill this worthless piece of slime.

TURK

This guy kept using his wife as a punching bag, and no matter what anybody did, she kept coming back for more. When she finally had enough sense to go out and buy some rat poison...

(a beat)

She drank it herself. About six weeks later, he was found shot dead in his apartment. This four-line poem was found at the scene.

A uniformed officer asks a question.

OFFICER

Any suspects at the time?

TURK

A neighbor was arrested and released. We're gonna re-interview him, but we don't consider him much of a suspect. We don't see any connection to any of our other victims, or any motive.

(a beat)

The next one's a real head-scratcher. Dick Turner, a small time truck hijacker. He was found shot dead in a trash can next to a stolen truck filled with air conditioners a couple of years ago. We had evidence that another member of his crew sold him out and... Well, a jury convicted one Charles Randall for that murder. We just found this poem in the file.

He points to the poem as there are murmurs in the audience.

ROOSTER

The other three you've all seen already. No sign of any struggle. Whoever's doing this gets right up close and blows the guy's brains out without much trouble. And doesn't leave any prints. And obviously, he takes pride in his work.

OFFICER

Was the murder weapon left at the scene each time?

Rooster and Turk look at each other. This is a tough one for them. A beat. Rooster shuts it down.

ROOSTER

That seems to be his M.O. Anything else?

HINGIS

So far none of these killings have drawn any interest from the press, and we don't wanna give this guy any more reason to get excited, so we're hoping to keep these poems out of the papers for now.

(MORE)

HINGIS (CONT'D)
 So keep your mouths shut. OK? No
 pillow talk, no anonymous tips.
 Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. PENN STATION - EVENING

An edition of the New York Post lays on the ground as
 commuters walk over it. The headline reads "POET KILLER."

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

We move around the living room as we hear another sexual
 encounter. There is grunting and slapping.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

As we hear Turk's monologue, we see Turk and Rooster speak to
 a fifty-five-year-old African-American coaching basketball.

Tom Cowan's been my partner for
 nine years. He's the best cop I've
 ever seen. Even though I outrank
 him. I'm always the one following
 him through the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

An unmarked police car makes its way through Harlem.

He's been shot at four times and
 hit once. Returned fire twice. No
 kills. He gets up everyday,
 holsters his weapon, goes out there
 and tries to hold that thin blue
 line between order and chaos. He
 was my role model.

Rooster throws a fat Hispanic man against a fence.

(CONT'D)
 The day I stopped trying to be Tom
 Cowan was the greatest day of my
 life.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The unmarked car drives over a bridge, out of Manhattan.

INT. STATE PRISON - PRIVATE VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Turk and Rooster are waiting in the room as the door opens. A guard brings in CHARLES RANDALL, white male, 46, wearing a prison uniform with a name tag - RANDALL, C #073694-R. He is shocked to see them.

RANDALL

What the fuck you scumbags want
with me?

Turk and Rooster look at each other for a beat, unsure of what to say, or who should say it.

ROOSTER

You like poetry, Chuck?

Randall thinks that is a ridiculous question.

RANDALL

What?!

TURK

Do - you - like - po-e-try?

RANDALL

Yeah. Roses are red, violets are
blue. I wanna poke your fucking
eyes out with my dick, you fuck!
How's that?

ROOSTER (READING)

"He stole away into the night.
Accumulating goods with flight.
A singularly petty man.
I left him in a garbage can."

RANDALL

What the fuck are you talking
about?

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Turk and Rooster are finishing up dinner and drinks. Turk is upset. Rooster is relaxed.

TURK

Why the fuck did we even bother
going out there?

ROOSTER

How would it have looked if we
didn't?

(a beat)

Are you gonna relax?

TURK

No!

(jokingly)

I'm just gonna take it out on Karen
later.

ROOSTER

I thought you were done with her.

TURK

Done? I don't know. I fuck her once
in a while. She's so freakin'
weird. The more abuse I give her,
the more she wants. Pain in the
ass.

ROOSTER

Sounds like fun.

TURK

You want her? Go ahead.

ROOSTER

Careful there, pal. Once I've had
her, you won't want her anymore.

TURK

Be my guest. Go nuts.

ROOSTER

Whatever. Right now I think you
need it more than me.

TURK

Tell me about it. Can't believe I
had to face that piece of shit
today lookin' like an idiot.

ROOSTER
Randall? Fuck him.

A beat. Turk raises his glass. They toast.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)
Where he belongs.

TURK
(mimicking)
So, Detective Cowan, is that your signature on this evidence voucher? Yes it is, your honor. And did you state that the murder weapon was found in the home of the defendant, Charles Randall? Yes, your honor. I did.

ROOSTER
(mimicking)
Where was Detective Fisk at the time you claim you found the weapon?

TURK
(mimicking)
Why, he was choking the defendant with his gun, of course.

ROOSTER
(confidently)
Damn right he was.

TURK
I'm really sorry, partner.

ROOSTER
Stop worrying about it.

TURK
You practically begged me to leave it alone. But I had to - Whatever happens, I'm not dragging you down with me.

ROOSTER
Don't worry about me, man.

A beat.

TURK
Fuck! Stupid. What the fuck was I thinking, Rooster?

ROOSTER

You were thinking about a ten-year-old girl with her skull crushed, Turk. Sure I tried to stop you. But I admired you that day. What you did was righteous. Don't second guess yourself.

TURK

I don't know.

A beat.

ROOSTER

Guy wanted to shove his dick into your eye socket.

A couple passing by hears this and is shocked.

TURK

(to Rooster)

Shut up, Man.

Rooster gives an effeminate wave and speaks to the couple.

ROOSTER

His ex-boyfriend. He's a maniac.

INT. VAN LUYTENS' APARTMENT - DAY

Rooster, Turk, Perez and Riley are brainstorming. Rooster is closest to the door.

ROOSTER

OK. I'm the killer. I show up at your door or your car window. Right? And for some reason, you open the door or you roll that window down for me. So who am I?

RILEY

Someone I know? Or a nice set of tits?

PEREZ

Or at least someone I don't feel threatened by.

ROOSTER

Am I wearing gloves?

TURK

Not necessarily. You're just careful not to touch anything, or you wipe it down when you're done.

PEREZ

What about the poems? You had to write them ahead of time. I mean you're not just blowing some guy's brains out then sitting down to compose a sonnet.

ROOSTER

Right. And I'm certainly not leaving any prints on the poems, so I probably wore gloves when I wrote them.

TURK

You obviously know your victims. Between that and the easy access, I'm guessing they know you, too.

RILEY

But these guys are all scumbags. They don't trust anybody.

A beat.

PEREZ

Is anybody gonna say it?

(a beat)

Who can walk up to a lowlife criminal and get him to open his door?

Rooster flashes his badge. They all look at each other.

TURK

Slow down, fellas. We're getting way ahead of ourselves.

INT. KAREN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Again we hear the sounds of a rough sexual encounter. As we pan across the kitchen floor we see various items which have fallen: dried spaghetti, a broken jar of spaghetti sauce, a bowl.

We see Karen's head, on the ground, being banged against the cabinet door with each thrust. She grunts each time.

A man's hand is pulling her hair and snapping her neck back.

This goes on until Turk finishes. We see him collapse onto his back on the floor. We see a gunshot scar on his torso. He exhales. A long beat.

TURK

So what about dinner?

KAREN

Feel like going out?

TURK

Where?

KAREN

I don't care. You're the one going.

TURK

What is your fucking problem?

KAREN

No problem. You feel like hanging around, be my guest.

TURK

I don't really.

(a beat)

Just don't feel like getting up.
That's all.

KAREN

Fine. Just don't bug me. This is best part of my day and I don't need you fucking it up.

A long beat while Turk decides there's no reason to respond. Karen finds a cigarette and lights it.

TURK

So you only fuck cops?

She exhales.

KAREN

Once in a while I'll do a fireman or an ex-con.

TURK

You lump us in together.

KAREN

Well, I have some respect for
firemen.

Turk stands.

TURK

Fuck you.

KAREN

What? I mean you're all big and
dumb, but at least firemen have
that moral clarity. Me good, fire
bad. There's no confusion. You know
what you're getting.

TURK

And cops don't have moral clarity?

KAREN

Gimme a break. Most of the cops I
know, after a few years on the job,
they're so fucked up and de-
sensitized they can't tell up from
down. A civilian looks at them
cross-eyed, they're ready to beat
'em to death. You know why they
take your nightstick away when you
hang up your uniform? They don't
trust you with it.

TURK

Right now, I wouldn't trust myself
with it, either. Shit, you'd
probably love that. Wouldn't you?

KAREN

Ohh.

TURK

Too bad you didn't get to meet Van
Luytens. You and he would've hit it
off great.

KAREN

Please. He was piece of shit
rapist. That's got nothing to do
with me. At least somebody finally
brought some justice down on that
dickless little fuck. That's who
I'd like to meet.

TURK

Yeah? Well maybe you'll get what you wish for one day.

KAREN

He could be a cop.

TURK

Shut your fucking mouth.

KAREN

Why not?

TURK

Look at the victims. Guys like that buy it every day.

Turk collects his clothing.

KAREN

You're talking about occupational hazards. I'm talking about a vigilante.

TURK

We're talking about a psychopath.

KAREN

Plenty of those on the force.

TURK

Look who's talking, Officer Hurtme.

KAREN

Oh, please. I've got issues with my Daddy. So what. I've got it under control.

TURK

You know what? You're not worth all this. Don't call me again.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

We cut between sessions with both detectives.

TURK

You treat a lot of cops, Doctor. You think we lose the ability to distinguish between right and wrong?

BERNSTEIN

Do you?

TURK

(critically)

Doc.

BERNSTEIN

Sorry. I think that some cops begin to feel that they are on the side of right, and that anything they do is justified. And perhaps they sometimes start to see bad in other people too quickly.

(a beat)

Now tell me what you think.

TURK

Yeah. I mean, we're out there everyday, putting our lives on the line. So if we need to break down a door, or shove a gun barrel down some lowlife's throat in order to get the job done -

BERNSTEIN

That's a cop out, if you'll forgive the pun. What about the cops who beat Rodney King? Or the one who practiced his plumbing on a Haitian immigrant's ass? Isn't that what you were talking about?

TURK

Those guys crossed the line.

BERNSTEIN

Do you think your concept of right and wrong is the same as everyone else's?

ROOSTER

I used to. Then one day I realized that I knew what was what.

BERNSTEIN

Explain what that was like.

ROOSTER

I don't know. One night, I found myself in a situation. I had to act quickly, y'know.

(MORE)

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

And before I knew what had happened, I had broken a few of the rules. But I was okay with it. I mean, I got the result I was looking for, and everybody was happy.

BERNSTEIN

Are you ever frustrated with our justice system?

TURK

Are you fucking kidding me? Am I ever not frustrated with it?

BERNSTEIN

Why is that?

ROOSTER

Shit. Where do I start? I spend more time filling out useless reports and arguing with lawyers than I do chasing down crooks.

BERNSTEIN

Do you remember why you chose to become a police officer?

ROOSTER

I didn't have the opportunities you had, Doc. It was either a gun and a badge or a hardhat and a hammer.

BERNSTEIN

That's it? What about serving and protecting?

ROOSTER

Please.

BERNSTEIN

Do you like carrying a gun?

ROOSTER

I've been carrying it for sixteen years, Doc. I really don't remember what it felt like not to.

BERNSTEIN

It doesn't give you a sense of power? Make you feel superior?

ROOSTER

(laughs)

It's not like I've got the only gun out there. Know what I mean?

BERNSTEIN

What about the badge?

ROOSTER

The badge is nice.

(a beat)

As long as it comes with the gun.

BERNSTEIN

Are you and your partner very close?

TURK

We're like this. He's the best.

BERNSTEIN

What are your off-duty hours like?

TURK

Fine. You watch Survivor?

BERNSTEIN

I was more interested in how you feel when you're out. How do you interact with people when you're off-duty.

TURK

I'm never off-duty. It's like a doctor. I mean, he can go to a ball game or a movie or a restaurant or whatever, but he knows that at any minute somebody's gonna have a heart attack and he's gotta jump in. And after eighteen years as a cop, you're always looking for shit before it happens.

ROOSTER

You're always looking around at everyone. And cops can always tell who's who. This guy's a thief; this one's a killer; this guy's an accident waiting to happen; this guy's a prick. You been on the job as long as I have you can't help looking at everyone as a potential crime.

BERNSTEIN

Do you think your sense of right
and wrong has changed in your time
on the force?

TURK

No. Wrong is wrong and right is
right.

EXT. MORNINGSIDE PARK - DAY

Turk, Rooster, Perez and Riley confer over hot dogs.

TURK

I don't really know if I believe
this, but I'm just gonna throw it
out there. You guys think we're
looking for one of our own.
Personally, I don't know a single
cop who could do such a thing. So
what about an ex-cop? Someone with
an axe to grind.

RILEY

You got one in mind?

ROOSTER

He's thinking about Dave Blumstein.
Our old lieutenant.

PEREZ

He's got an axe to grind?

ROOSTER

He'd like to grind it into Turk's
face.

PEREZ

What's his story?

TURK

He got fired a few years ago.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The four detectives are surrounded by the evidence.

TURK

I'm not saying there's any particular motive here. But he certainly knew all these victims.

ROOSTER

Yeah, but Turk, I knew most of these guys.

TURK

So did I. I'm just throwing it out there.

ROOSTER

Maybe you killed them.

(to Riley and Perez)

We arrested Rambo when we investigated the murder of one of his girls. He didn't do it, but we thought he did for a while. We told you about Van Luytens. We came across Trager a couple of times following up on gun leads.

TURK

I don't remember Lynde or Turner.

ROOSTER

We knew Turner. From that organized crime task force stakeout we worked a few years ago. Don't you remember?

TURK

No. What about Lynde?

ROOSTER

I don't know. I remember him from somewhere.

PEREZ

What's Blumstein's story?

ROOSTER

He's an asshole.

TURK

He was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

ROOSTER

Ass-hole.

TURK

Some of the guys under him where caught taking money. Blumstein stood up for them, tried to cover it up.

RILEY

Did he do any time?

TURK

No. They pressed charges, but he plead out and resigned.

PEREZ

So what's his beef with you?

TURK

I could've lied to cover for him. I didn't.

RILEY

So if he's pissed at you, why not just kill you?

TURK

What do I know? You're the ones who think it's a cop. I'm just saying here's a cop with a chip on his shoulder. Check him out if you want. Or don't.

PEREZ

Teddy and I'll check him out.

INT. CAR - PARKED - LATE NIGHT

Perez and Riley are in their unmarked car. Perez sits behind the wheel. They are parked on a suburban street.

RILEY

This is bullshit.

(a beat)

Fucking crapshoot. Three nights down the crapper, sitting around hoping this guy goes out and kills someone. Hey, Blumstein, just go kill someone already.

FADE TO:

RILEY (CONT'D)

Huge. I swear to God it was like this.

Riley holds his hands out, fourteen inches apart.

PEREZ

Come on.

RILEY

I'm telling you. I'm standing right next to the guy in the locker room, and I see this thing and I'm like 'Huh?'

(quick beat)

I got dressed as fast as I could and got the hell outta there.

PEREZ

That's hilarious.

RILEY

I can hardly look at the guy now.

FADE TO:

Riley is asleep in the passenger seat. Perez sees BLUMSTEIN, 50, male, white, exit his front door. Perez wakes Riley.

RILEY (CONT'D)

What's up?

PEREZ

He just came out.

Riley looks at his watch as Blumstein gets into his Cadillac and pulls out of his driveway.

RILEY

2:45 in the morning.

(a beat)

Killing time? Or just killing time?

Perez waits for the Cadillac to pull away some distance, then starts their car and pulls out.

We see the detectives following the Cadillac for some distance. It pulls over in front of an apartment building. Perez pulls his car over a hundred yards back. From this distance we see Blumstein exit the Cadillac and walk up to the door of the building.

PEREZ

What's he doing?

RILEY

I don't like it.

Blumstein rings a buzzer and enters.

PEREZ

If he's gonna kill someone, I don't want us just sitting here while it happens.

RILEY

I'll go in.

Riley exits the car and runs up to the door of the building. From our car, we see him press a few buttons and eventually get inside.

PEREZ

Ad-a-boy, Teddy.

Perez sits and waits for a minute. Suddenly, his car's passenger door opens and Blumstein enters. He is pointing a forty-five caliber semi-automatic handgun at Perez. He sits in the passenger seat. Perez is calm. They contemplate each other for a long beat.

BLUMSTEIN

You're Perez, right?

PEREZ

Yeah.

Blumstein switches the gun to his left hand, and extends his right for Perez to shake.

BLUMSTEIN

Martin Blumstein.

Perez shakes his hand.

BLUMSTEIN (CONT'D)

I have a permit for this. I work security in the diamond district.

(a beat)

I noticed this car last night. So I made a couple of calls - I still have friends on the job. You two are working with Cowan and Fisk on the poetry killer.

PEREZ

Yup.

BLUMSTEIN

So you're looking at whether it's a cop knocking off all these scumbags, and somebody said "you should check out Blumstein, he thinks he got a raw deal." That's what's passing for police work these days?

PEREZ

Do you think you got a raw deal?

BLUMSTEIN

Damn right I do. I tried to help out some cops who fucked up. Tried to save the department from some embarrassment. What did I get? I wound up taking the fall for everyone.

PEREZ

So I hear.

Perez pushes in the car lighter and begins to search his pockets for a pack of cigarettes.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

You mind?

BLUMSTEIN

Your car. Your funeral.

Blumstein rolls down his window. As it reaches the bottom, a nine-millimeter pistol enters the car and is pressed against his temple.

RILEY (O.S.)

We OK, Simon?

PEREZ

(nonchalantly)

Hey, Teddy.

Riley is on the street, behind Blumstein, crouched beneath the window. Perez takes Blumstein's gun. He pops out the magazine, which falls into his lap. He ejects the cartridge from the chamber.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

Anything else you'd like us to know?

Perez pops the bullets out of the magazine. Then he replaces the magazine in the pistol and gives it back to Blumstein.

BLUMSTEIN

I got something in my pocket for you.

PEREZ

Slowly.

Blumstein pulls an envelope from his inside breast pocket. He hands it to Perez. He turns to his right and faces directly down the barrel of Riley's gun. He stares past the gun as though it isn't there, and looks into Riley's eyes as he speaks.

BLUMSTEIN

Credit card receipts, boarding passes and my passport. Six weeks ago, when that guy Brady was killed, I was escorting a client on a trip to Brazil.

Perez is looking at the papers.

BLUMSTEIN (CONT'D)

Which one of those monkeys put you two onto me, anyway? I'll bet it was Cowan. That prick.

INT. PRECINCT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Karen is in the conference room surrounded by the evidence, photos, poems and charts on the walls. She looks through some files. Rooster and Turk enter and are surprised to find her there.

KAREN

Oh, hey guys.

ROOSTER

What the fuck you think you're doing?

KAREN

What? I came over to bring you the FBI report on the paper and handwriting. You got a problem with me looking over the evidence?

ROOSTER
(to Turk)
You wanna handle this?

INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL - EVENING

We see no faces, and hear only whispers from the CONFESSOR.
The PRIEST is in his seventies.

PRIEST
He sees all of our sins.

CONFESSOR (O.S.)
He does, doesn't he?

PRIEST
Of course.

CONFESSOR (O.S.)
Lemme throw this one out there,
Father. If a guy commits a heinous
act like rape or murder, over and
over again, is it a sin to kill
him?

PRIEST
Of course it's a sin.

CONFESSOR (O.S.)
But the Bible says an eye for an
eye.

PRIEST
Read the Bible, have you?

CONFESSOR (O.S.)
Well, I kinda skimmed it.

PRIEST
Judgment is the dominion of the
Lord.

CONFESSOR (O.S.)
Yeah. And if this guy, this piece
of shit rapist or murderer, if he
repents his sins before he dies, he
gets off scott free. Right?

PRIEST
If the sinner is truly repentant,
and seeks absolution, it must be
granted to him.

(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Once he receives absolution, his soul is cleansed and he may enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

CONFESSOR (O.S.)

That's what I thought. So if there's this rapist - let's make him a child molester, and somebody wanted to make sure he didn't make it to heaven. Then he could kill the guy before he had a chance to repent, and the piece of shit would have to face divine justice with all those sins on his soul. Right?

(a beat)

How about you, Father? Your soul cleansed of all your sins? I mean if you had to go right now, would he let you into Heaven?

PRIEST

Who is this?

CONFESSOR (O.S.)

Why, Father, don't forget the sanctity of the confessional.

(a beat)

My name is David Fisk. But I don't expect you to remember me. I mean it was a long time ago, and I'm sure there've been many more since then. But I guarantee you'll remember that name for the rest of your life.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CHURCH OF SAINT SIMEON - QUEENS - MORNING

A JANITOR is mopping the floor of the chapel, smoking a cigarette and listening to a Walkman. He is moving backwards and can't see behind him. We see him from the waist up. Suddenly, he trips and falls backwards.

JANITOR

Whoa! What the fuck?

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH OF SAINT SIMEON - QUEENS - DAY

Rooster and Turk enter the chapel. Turk stops at the fountain of holy water and dips his hand in. He reaches the center aisle, kneels, crosses himself and says a silent prayer. Rooster looks at him like he's insane. Turk stands and rejoins Rooster.

The dead body of FATHER WILLIAM CONNELL, 75, lies face down on the floor. His pants are pulled down, his buttocks exposed. The forty-five automatic is next to him. The church is closed off to all but police, Karen, etc. In the background, Rooster speaks to a uniformed officer. Karen examines the body as Turk approaches. She stands and reads the note to herself. Turk is visibly shaken.

KAREN

That's fucked up.

TURK

Let's have a look.

She hands it to him and he reads it to himself.

KAREN

Never can tell, huh?

Rooster reaches them and observes the body.

TURK

What?

KAREN

Who the psychos are.

Turk looks at her like she's crazy.

ROOSTER

Do I even need to read the note?

TURK

Remember when you said this thing was getting messy?

ROOSTER

That seems like a long time ago.

TURK

Yeah, well, how would you describe it now?

Turk hands Rooster the note.

ROOSTER

You don't wanna know what I think.

ECU on the note:

The old man who the children trust.
Unable to control his lust.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
The Church can't stop him, someone must.

TURK

I'm not sure I can handle this.

ROOSTER

Quit being such a pussy, Detective
First Grade.

TURK

Father Connell gave me my first
communion.

Rooster is shocked.

ROOSTER

What?! Where?

TURK

Back in Bensonhurst.

INT. CHURCH OFFICE - DAY

Rooster and Turk stand, Gwen Davis sits. Behind the desk is
AARON ZEIGLER, ESQ, 45, male, white, attorney for the
Archdiocese.

ZEIGLER

First of all, most of what you're
asking for is privileged church
records. I could force you to get
court orders, and I could tie them
up for months or even years if I
filed objections, and that would
serve nobody's interests.

DAVIS

Least of all yours, Mr. Zeigler.
The Church would look pretty lousy
if it were withholding evidence
that could help catch a serial
killer. Especially if more victims
pile up.

ZEIGLER

I understand that. So here's what I'm offering. I'll release to you lists of all the children registered with all church programs, religious, athletic, charitable, etc. And a list of all Father Connell's appointments. But that's all. And I would require you to stipulate that you won't request anything further.

Davis turns around and looks at Turk.

TURK

What? Are you kidding me? He wants to give us a list of five thousand kids names? And we promise not to ask for anything else? Why not just give us the phone book?

ZEIGLER

I'm sorry, Detective. I really do want to help you. But the records you're asking for, if any such records do exist, could do tremendous damage to the -

TURK

If they exist? Look you fucking -

ZEIGLER

Could do tremendous damage to the reputation of this institution.

Turk holds up the poem.

TURK

So could this!

EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - DAY

Turk and Rooster exit the church.

ROOSTER

You know the Catholic Church ain't fucking around when they're hiring Jew lawyers.

TURK

Oh, Christ.

At the curb, Riley and Perez are exiting their car. The four detectives approach each other. Turk is apologetic.

TURK (CONT'D)

Hey guys. Sorry we didn't get a chance to call you. We figured you'd been notified.

PEREZ

Oh, don't worry about it. We were on another call. What's the deal?

ROOSTER

Seems like our friend settled an old score with the Priest. Left him with his pants down.

Riley is visibly upset.

RILEY

Oh, come on.

TURK

Go on in and look around, and we'll meet up later and go over our notes. OK?

PEREZ

Sounds good. Later.

Rooster and Turk walk away and Riley and Perez approach the Church entrance.

RILEY

These fucking guys stink.

PEREZ

Tell me about it. I don't trust either one of them.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Riley and Perez stand over Father Connell's body.

RILEY

Next he's gonna tell us that this Lieutenant Blumstein was an alter boy here.

PEREZ

And that Turner, the second victim. That one just doesn't hold up.

RILEY

Wanna go talk to the guy they put
away? Randall?

PEREZ

No can do. It'd tip them off.
(a beat)
I got an idea.

INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - PROSKY'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. EDWARD PROSKY, 56, male, white, psychiatrist. He reads
the six poems they've shown him.

He finishes reading them, puts them down, and takes a long
look at Perez and Riley.

PROSKY

You guys think he's a cop. Don't
you?

Perez gives a brief expression of disappointment.

PEREZ

Why do you say that?

PROSKY

I'm not saying he's a cop. But you
think he might be. Right?

PEREZ

We're looking into every
possibility. Why do you think we
think he's a cop?

PROSKY

I think you guys see it. He's
explaining his actions, justifying
them. He knows what he's doing is
against the law, but he believes
he's doing the right thing. But
more than that, it's his sense that
he's not really changing anything.

RILEY

What do you mean?

PROSKY

He's killing these people because
they deserve it and because he
enjoys it, but he's not delusional.

(MORE)

PROSKY (CONT'D)

He doesn't think he's making the world a better place. See what he says here: "Too bad he's not the only one." And here: "Now someone else must slap his whore." Cops know that no matter how many scumbags they lock up, there's always more to take their place. That's their biggest frustration. Once they learn that, some of them stop caring.

PEREZ

Great, Doc. Any tips on how we're gonna catch him?

Perez and Riley stand up to leave.

PROSKY

I wouldn't worry about that.

RILEY

Why's that?

PROSKY

He wants you to catch him.

RILEY

Why would he want that?

PROSKY

Look at the ego on this guy. After a while, getting away with it just won't be enough. He'll want everyone to know he got away with it.

Perez hands Prosky his card.

PEREZ

Call us if you think of anything else.

PROSKY

Of course. Later.

They begin to exit.

PEREZ

Doc.

(a beat)

Some of us still care.

INT. A PUB - NIGHT

Rooster and Turk finish up a meal and drinks.

TURK

How on Earth do you murder a God damned priest? Can you tell me that?

ROOSTER

What do you mean?

TURK

A man of God. In a church.

ROOSTER

With a forty-five.

TURK

You think that's funny?

ROOSTER

Just because it's not funny doesn't mean it's not funny.

TURK

I don't get you sometimes. How does shit like this not affect you?

ROOSTER

Of course it affects me.

Turk gives Rooster a skeptical look.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

What? Just because I don't go off like a firecracker whenever something or someone lights my fuse? Yeah, shit gets to me. But I take it in, and I let it out on my own terms. When and where I want. That's what you need to do. You need a hobby.

TURK

You got a hobby?

Rooster smiles.

ROOSTER

Oh, I've got a few.

TURK

Like what? Knitting? You cook?

ROOSTER

Whatever. Point is you gotta find some other outlet for all that frustration and anger. You've gotta channel it into something less destructive.

TURK

You sound like Bernstein.

ROOSTER

Oh, crap. Meanwhile, I bet you haven't written a single word in that little book she gave you. Am I right?

TURK

Of course not. Have you?

ROOSTER

You bet I did.

Rooster pulls the notebook from his pocket and leafs through some pages. We see that he has written quite a bit.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

It's great. Helps me organize my thoughts. You really should give it a try.

Turk reaches out to take the book.

TURK

Let's have a look.

Rooster pulls it back and puts it back in his pocket.

ROOSTER

Not a fucking chance.

INT. PEREZ' PRECINCT - SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

Cardboard storage boxes line the walls, and Perez and Riley work on the floor in this improvised office. They have coke and pizza, and a bunch of files and reports.

PEREZ

Six hours after the call on the killing, he says he got a tip from his C.I. about Randall carrying out a hit on Turner over some disagreement with his higher-ups.

RILEY

They get a warrant?

PEREZ

Yeah, off of the C.I.'s statement.

RILEY

Kinda stupid. I mean killing Turner and framing Randall, fine. But then tying Turner's killing to the others, after Randall's in jail. Makes no sense.

PEREZ

Unless Prosky's right, and he wants us to catch him.

RILEY

You bought that?

PEREZ

I'm starting to.

INT. PRECINCT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - EVENING

HINGIS

Turk? Are you fucking kidding me?

PEREZ

Hear us out. Most of these killings are criminals on his and Rooster's beat. Right? He pretty much threatened to kill Jon Van Luytens in front of a hundred witnesses a week before he ate it. And this Father Connell served in a church in his neighborhood for a few years in the seventies. I'd like to check further, but I don't wanna raise any alarm bells.

HINGIS

Tell me there's more. I mean so far-

PEREZ

Then he tried to send us on some wild goose chase after this Lieutenant Blumstein.

RILEY

He framed Charles Randall for the murder of Richard Turner.

HINGIS

What?

PEREZ

It's obvious, Lieutenant. The only one where the weapon was found with the perp. It doesn't add up.

HINGIS

Why would he frame one guy for a murder that he knew was part of a series, and continue the series after the guy was in jail?

PEREZ

He wants us to catch him.

Hingis gives them a suspicious look.

HINGIS

You guys got any other suspects? Anything solid? Anything more than a hunch?

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

INTERCUT

between Bernstein's session with each detective.

TURK

They all think it's a cop.

BERNSTEIN

You don't?

TURK

I have trouble believing that.

BERNSTEIN

How come?

TURK

Why would any cop do such a thing?
I mean, I know the job makes you
nuts, but you join the force to be
on the side of good. To uphold the
law. To be a part of something. How
could a cop think it was okay to go
around killing people, even in the
name of justice?

BERNSTEIN

How could someone crash a plane
into a building in the name of God?

TURK

Who's on the couch here, Doc?

BERNSTEIN

I've seen cops with just about
every personality disorder you can
imagine.

ROOSTER

Like what?

BERNSTEIN

Manic depression, post traumatic
stress, multiple personality
disorder.

ROOSTER

No shit. See any of that in me?

BERNSTEIN

Not much. Your sense of morality is
less than stellar, but you seem to
have yourself under control.

TURK

Our job is keeping ninety-nine
percent of the population safe from
the other one percent. The problem,
in a nutshell, is that to do that,
we have to spend half our lives
with that one percent. And that has
an effect on a guy. And the better
we do that job, the less the other
ninety-nine think they need us. And
they're so clueless, you eventually
end up hating them almost as much
as the scumbags.

INT. PRECINCT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - EVENING

HINGIS

What kinda help you getting from
the church?

TURK

I'd have better luck asking God for
those records.

HINGIS

There's something I've gotta ask
you. This Father Connell. He gave
you your first communion.

TURK

He did.

HINGIS

Did he ever do
anything...inappropriate? I mean...

TURK

I know what you mean. No. Never.

HINGIS

Fine. Far as I'm concerned, it's
nobody's business until you make it
their business.

(a beat)

Last question. Is there any reason
why anyone out there might think
that he had?

TURK

No.

The light bulb goes off in Turk's mind.

TURK (CONT'D)

Am I a suspect here?

HINGIS

No! Just that these bodies are
starting to smell, you know? And a
lot of it's drifting in your
direction.

TURK

What the fuck does that mean?

HINGIS

What do want me to say? You've got connections to most of these victims. And you're not exactly Mother Theresa. What would you do if you came across a character like that?

TURK

(getting upset)

I think I'd try to tell the difference between a fucking murderer and a good honest cop who I've known for four years. And anyway, I never had a problem with the Priest. I never even knew about him.

HINGIS

OK. That settles it.

TURK

Is that what you've been avoiding asking me all day?

HINGIS

You got that right.

(a beat)

I almost brought in a doll so you could... You know.

Turk laughs. Hingis laughs.

INT. SPINELLI'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Two thick-set gangsters, YEVGENY MAGULAT, 46, male, Russian, a bear of a man with a knife scar on his neck, and JOSEPH CIANCI, 40, male, Italian-American, sit alone at a table for four, holding enough food to feed six. Yevgeny, in his Russian accent, lectures Joseph on bulletproof cars.

YEVGENY

Forget about two-doors. BMW Three Series. Mercedes CLK. Too light. Bulletproof adds three hundred kilos. Seven hundred pounds. Is too much weight on smaller car. Car does not handle well anymore. Also Five Series. Must go with BMW Seven Series. Mercedes S-Class. And always biggest motor available.

(MORE)

YEVGENY (CONT'D)

Car is bulletproof, but if they
shoot at you, you still want to get
the fuck out of there.

(laughing)

No?

JOSEPH

So what about Cadillacs?

Rooster and Turk are at the bar, within earshot of the
conversation. Switch to them as they listen and comment.

YEVGENY (O.S.)

Please. Caddy is already drive like
fucking tank. You add this weight
to Cadillac, car can not turn
fucking corner. Come on.

ROOSTER

(mocking accent)

Rolls Royce very gooding too
because can fuck two prostitute in
big back seat and mount
flamethrower in trunk. Da?

TURK

Da.

ROOSTER

You recognize these Neanderthals?

TURK

The wop is Joe Cianci. Mid-level
guy from Bensonhurst.

ROOSTER

What about Ivan?

TURK

No idea.

The HOSTESS calls out from the front. Rooster faces her over
Turk's shoulder.

HOSTESS

Fisk!

Rooster responds with a hand gesture.

ROOSTER

(mock accent)

Come. Ve Eet.

Turk and Rooster are in the middle of their meal.

TURK

What do you think? Are we missing something? Something obvious.

ROOSTER

Like what?

TURK

Like why the fuck are all these guys we know turning up dead? And why am I getting funny looks?

ROOSTER

Oh, what now? You too? You're a lightening rod. Your face is out there. You attract attention. It'll blow over.

TURK

It better.

ROOSTER

You never even knew the first victim, Lynde. Right?

TURK

I swear to God. Never heard of the guy.

ROOSTER

So relax. Eventually, the clues are gonna lead straight up someone else's ass.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Yevgeny, very drunk, labors across the street towards his shiny grey Mercedes S600 sedan. He finds his keychain and pushes the button which unlocks the door.

Beep-beep.

YEVGENY

Beep-beep.

As he reaches the car, we see the reflection of a man approaching. Yevgeny sees this and turns to face the man, who we don't see. The man comes right up to Yevgeny and extends his left arm, displaying to him a badge which we only see the back of.

YEVGENY (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Detective Fisk." I see you in
restaurant. There is law against
eating fucking dinner?

BANG!

Two shots hit Yegveny in the chest and send him to the
ground.

BANG!

A third bullet is fired into his motionless body. We see the
door of his car open, and a hand drops a piece of paper on
the seat. A poem:

A problem solver for the Wops.
He thumbed his nose at all the cops.
The killer who the killers call.
If I had time I'd kill them all.

We hear the footsteps go away as we stay fixed on the poem.
Then, we hear Yevgeny cough, and struggle to move. His bloody
hand reaches the seat.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

CARL and LIZ, a young couple, in a Honda. He drives. From
behind them, we see the uncrowded city street out the
windshield.

CARL

So one night, King David is looking
out his window, and he sees
Bathsheba in her backyard.

LIZ

What was she doing?

CARL

Hanging the laundry or something.
What's the diff? Anyway, he falls
completely in love with her.

Their car approaches the intersection at 30 mph. It's all
clear. The light is green.

CARL (CONT'D)

As it turns out, Bathsheba is the wife of Uriah, David's bravest and most loyal General.

In the blink of an eye, Yevgeny's silver Mercedes enters the intersection from the right. Carl hits the brakes, but it's too late, and BANG! The Honda smacks into the driver's side of the Mercedes.

The two cars sit motionless in the intersection. The Honda's front is crumpled, steam and coolant leak from its radiator. The Mercedes, armored, sustains less damage than we'd expect. Even the driver's window is intact. As we move closer, we see Yevgeny laid out on the front seat, covered in blood.

INT. PRECINCT - MAIN ENTRANCE - MORNING

Rooster enters the precinct.

HINGIS (O.S.)

Rooster.

ROOSTER

Hey, Lieutenant. Morning.

HINGIS

How about some breakfast?

CUT TO:

INT. HINGIS' CAR - MOVING - MORNING

HINGIS

I had a talk with Riley and Perez.

ROOSTER

Good cops.

HINGIS

Don't fuck around. Listen.

The smile fades from Rooster's face.

ROOSTER

What?

A beat while Hingis finds the words.

HINGIS

They think Turk might be our guy.

Rooster gives a confused look, then breaks into laughter.

ROOSTER

Lieutenant, from where I'm sitting,
that is so fucking funny in so many
ways.

Hingis isn't laughing.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

Come on. You can't take that
seriously.

HINGIS

Everybody's pretty much accepted
that we're looking for one of our
own.

ROOSTER

Oh, I know it's a cop. We all know
that. But I can guarantee you it
ain't Turk. I mean sure as I'm
sitting here, he ain't the guy.

HINGIS

How do you know?

Rooster turns deadly serious.

ROOSTER

Because I fuckin' know. That's how.
'Cause I know it to a moral
certainty.

HINGIS

This Father Connell was his Priest
when he was a kid.

ROOSTER

Big deal.

HINGIS

Well you saw the note. This guys
had his hands where they didn't
belong.

ROOSTER

Yeah, I remember the old perv. St.
Ignatius in Queens. 1964. You wanna
lock me up? He was a piece of shit
who got what was coming to him.

HINGIS

Sorry. Did he -

ROOSTER

No. But I knew all about it.

A beat while the Lieutenant contemplates this.

HINGIS

But it is what it is. I can't just tell them to back off.

ROOSTER

Yeah, you're gonna do just that! I can't believe this fucking bullshit.

Hingis and Rooster are both speaking at the same time.

HINGIS

Ey! Believe it. And don't you forget the chain of command, pissant. Orders run down. Not up.

ROOSTER

Turk's one of the good guys, Lieutenant. He's one of the best cops you've got, and you know it!

HINGIS

You don't tell me what to do. And don't you say a god damned word to him, either. Or you're finished. That's an order.

A quick, tense beat. Rooster calms down.

ROOSTER

Fine. Can I just say one thing?

Hingis waits for him to continue.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

He cares. You know what I mean? He really cares about people. I know sometimes he runs around like a pit bull on crack, but it's because the guy really wants to protect people. And if you don't back him up, you'll regret it.

HINGIS

There's more.

ROOSTER

What else?

HINGIS

What do you think?

ROOSTER

What?

HINGIS

They wanna know why someone's been sitting in prison for the past three years for one of these murders.

ROOSTER

What did you tell them?

HINGIS

Told them that was their job, not mine.

ROOSTER

I'll explain it to them.

Hingis double parks his car in front of a cafe.

HINGIS

You wanna explain it to me?

ROOSTER

You don't need to worry about it.

HINGIS

Listen, Rooster. I like the guy. Maybe he just needs a hobby.

Hingis turns off the motor.

HINGIS (CONT'D)

He still fuckin' that nut in forensics?

ROOSTER

No. That's over.

They exit the car.

EXT. CAFE - MORNING

Rooster sees Perez and Riley seated at a table with CAPTAIN VINCENT SCORDA, 47, male, Italian-American.

He's slightly overweight, with salt and pepper hair and a moustache. Hingis is about to introduce Rooster to Scorda.

HINGIS
Captain Scorda, this...

ROOSTER
I know Captain Scorda.

They exchange a businesslike handshake.

SCORDA
How are you?

ROOSTER
(impatient)
Yeah, what the fuck's going on here?

PEREZ
We're just having a conversation.
Alright? That's all it is.

ROOSTER
Bullshit!

HINGIS
Can it, Rooster. We could've had this meeting without you, too.

ROOSTER
Why didn't you?

SCORDA
Your lieutenant insisted on you being here. So why don't you show him some respect.

ROOSTER
Sorry sir. This is such bullshit. These two tits couldn't crack this case if he was screaming poems their fucking face.

HINGIS
Are you through? You can shut up or you can leave.

Rooster looks at Hingis and nods his understanding.

SCORDA
So let's hear it.

PEREZ

Here it is. We don't know whether your partner's doing all this. But it's a possibility. And if we don't follow up on it, then we're not doing our jobs.

Perez counts out his points on the fingers of his right hand.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

One, we can tie him to most of these victims. I mean, Van Luytens? Come on. Two, he put us onto Blumstein, who he had a beef with, and Blumstein has an airtight alibi. He was out of the country. He made us look like fucking amateurs on that one. Three, this whole business about the gun he says he found on Charles Randall. And four...

Perez looks over at Hingis.

HINGIS

I had a chat, off the record, with your doctor.

ROOSTER

Oh, come on.

HINGIS

Relax. She told me to go fuck myself. But I laid some of this out for her and asked her for whatever she could do for me. She said he had a lot of anger.

ROOSTER

The fuck does that mean? Every cop I know's got a lot of anger. I got a lot of anger, especially now.

HINGIS

She said you were a cool character.

PEREZ

We can't make an arrest, obviously. But Riley and I wanna turn up the heat. And we've got a couple of ideas.

Perez continues as we pull back.

INT. AN APARTMENT - EVENING

CHERYL BROOKS, 39, white, female, haggard, sits on the couch in her dingy, poorly maintained apartment. She sips scotch from a glass. The bottle sits on the coffee table. She's watching a ridiculous reality TV show. Through her movements and her voice, we know that she is drunk.

The doorbell rings. She takes a moment to react. A fist pounds on the door. She rises.

CHERYL

All right.

She opens the door. We see Rooster standing in the doorway with a serious look on his face.

ROOSTER

Hi, Cheryl.

CHERYL

Detective - What was your name?

Rooster enters the apartment, and observes that Cheryl hasn't been living right.

ROOSTER

So, Cheryl. You dating again?

INT. TURK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Turk watches TV and is on his third beer. The phone rings. He answers.

TURK

Yeah. Hey, Karen. What is it? I don't think so. No, come on. 'Cos it's just too much work, that's why. I mean you're too much work. Get it? Yeah, fuck you too.

He hangs up.

INT. DINER - DAY

Perez and Riley sit at a booth drinking coffee. Rooster enters with Cheryl. They sit at the booth.

ROOSTER

Hey guys. Thanks for coming.

RILEY

Hey.

ROOSTER

This is Cheryl Brooks.

RILEY

Hi.

ROOSTER

Cheryl has something she needs to tell you.

A beat while Rooster looks at Cheryl. She speaks with difficulty.

CHERYL

My daughter Lynn died four years ago -

ROOSTER

She was sexually abused and murdered.

CHERYL

The guy I was living with, Charles -

ROOSTER

Charles Randall.

CHERYL

Yeah. Charles Randall. He did it.

PEREZ

Why are you telling us this?

ROOSTER

Randall was acquitted at trial.

PEREZ

Because...

A beat. Cheryl is getting emotional.

CHERYL

Because I testified for him.

RILEY

What?!

Cheryl begins sobbing.

CHERYL
I said he was with me.

ROOSTER
Cheryl here's really quite
forgiving. Not like us hard asses.
(a beat)
Charles gave her some load o' crap
about - whatever.

Cheryl is trying to speak through her sobs, but cannot.
Rooster is unimpressed.

CHERYL
(sobbing)
I was all alone.

PEREZ
Say it.

Rooster motions for them to wait. Cheryl is in her own world.

CHERYL
I didn't know what to do.

Riley hands Cheryl some napkins.

RILEY
All right. All right.

CHERYL
I didn't know what else to do. I
didn't know -

ROOSTER
OK, Cheryl.

Rooster gets up and helps Cheryl up.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)
Say goodbye to the nice officers.

He starts walking her to the door.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)
You can go back home and keep
drinking yourself to death.

Riley and Perez are shaking their heads in disgust at all of
this. Rooster sits back down.

PEREZ

Don't you think you were a little rough on her?

ROOSTER

What? Fuck her. Our job ain't hard enough already? Shit.

(a long beat)

So you can see our predicament.

PEREZ

I wanna hear you say it.

ROOSTER

We planted the gun on Randall. OK? It was Turk's idea, but I didn't hesitate for a second. If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't change a thing. That fuckin' maggot can rot away for all eternity and I'll sleep just fine.

PEREZ

So what do you want?

ROOSTER

You guys think my partner's a murderer? Think he's a fucking serial killer? You're way off.

(a beat)

But if you wanna investigate him, fine. I'll help you. But do not - do not - drag up Chuck Randall and that fucking gun. He'll walk outta jail and sue the department and the city for a million bucks. You want that?

(a beat)

No one has to know how that gun got into his apartment. Maybe he found it. If Turk turns out to be the guy, you'll get him. Hell, you can even get the credit for it. Just don't let that little girl's killer go free. That's all I'm asking. Just think about it.

Rooster thinks to himself for a moment.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

You like Turk for this, go have your fun.

(a beat)

(MORE)

ROOSTER (CONT'D)
Just forget about Randall and that
fucking gun. If he goes free, he
is dead.

PEREZ
Excuse me?

ROOSTER
I'll put two in his fucking head.

A beat.

RILEY
The jury believed her?

ROOSTER
(matter of factly)
She's a school teacher.

Riley and Perez react with disgust.

We hear more monologue as this meeting breaks up:

TURK (V.O.)
Several years back, I framed a
lowlife child-killer for one of my
own jobs. That felt great at the
time, killing two birds with one
stone.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

Rogers and Stein watch Turk onscreen.

TURK (ON MONITOR)
I should have known it would come
back to haunt me, but I couldn't
resist. The fact is, you just can't
do this job day in and day out,
knowing that a guy who raped and
murdered his girlfriend's 10-year-
old daughter is out walking the
streets.

Stein reacts to this with some surprise and turns towards a
third man in the room. We don't see the man, and until this
moment, we didn't know there was anyone else in there besides
Rogers and Stein.

STEIN
Interesting.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK BASEBALL DIAMOND - DAY

Turk coaches an inner-city baseball team. The players on both sides are nine years old. A child gets a hit and is running the bases. Turk shouts to him.

TURK
Addaboy, William. Go! Go! Go! Keep
on going! Go for second! That's
right! Go! Go! Go!

William nears second.

TURK (CONT'D)
Hold up there! Alright! Good going!

Hingis approaches Turk from behind.

HINGIS
Hey, Coach!

Turk turns and sees Hingis.

TURK
Hey. Lieutenant.

Turk shouts to his next batter.

TURK (CONT'D)
OK, Ricky. Wait for your pitch,
son.
(to Hingis)
Business or pleasure?

CUT TO:

The game is over and Turk and Hingis are off to the side.
Hingis holds an envelope.

HINGIS
This is an order placing you on
restricted duty.

TURK
What?! Why?!

HINGIS
(repeating)
Possible psychological
repercussions from a recent
shooting incident, combined with
long-term duty-related stress.

TURK
So I'm a trigger happy nut-bag.
What a crock.

HINGIS
I know. I'm sorry.

TURK
When did you get that? Not today.

HINGIS
No. Friday.

Turk gives him a suspicious look.

HINGIS (CONT'D)
I didn't want to do it in the
station house.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Rooster and Turk in the locker room.

TURK
A fucking desk!

ROOSTER
Hey, keep it down. Come on.

TURK
Fucking bullshit!

ROOSTER
I know, man. Listen, just ride it
out. I'm telling you.

Rooster's radio beeps.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)
Just cool your heels for a week or
two and this thing'll blow over.
I'm sure of it.

Rooster answers the call on his radio.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)
Yeah. Uh Huh. What?! How the
fuck?! Where? OK. I'm on my way.

TURK

What?

ROOSTER

Found another note.

TURK

Who is it this time?

ROOSTER

No D.B. Just a note.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE IMPOUND HANGAR - DAY

Rooster, Perez and Riley are lead down an endless row of cars by a SECURITY GUARD, 27, male, to Yevgeny's damaged Mercedes.

GUARD

I just noticed it an hour ago.
Nobody's touched it.

The Guard points to the poem on the front seat.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Had to send out one of the rigs
that tows city buses. This things a
fucking tank.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Perez drives very fast, siren blaring. Riley sits in the passenger seat, Rooster sits in the back, speaking to Turk on his phone and relaying info to the others in the car.

ROOSTER

Yevgeny Magalut. Ma-la-gut. Car's
registered to Eight Fifty-Five
Uniforms Corp, medical supply
company that bilked Medicare out of
three million dollars last year.
He's been in St. Luke's for almost
two weeks in intensive care. Guy's
a major-league enforcer for the
Moskowitz Brothers. Also freelances
for the Guineas. They think he's
the guy that chopped off Yaakov
Pearlstein's head.

Rooster listens to the phone for a moment.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

Hang on.

(to Riley and Perez)

You guys thinking he was a victim,
or could he be our suspect?

Riley and Perez concentrate on this. It hadn't occurred to them before.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

This is gonna be fun.

INT. HOSPITAL - SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Yevgeny Malagut is barely conscious, in a bed, hooked up to a plethora of machines. His jaw is wired shut.

Dr. SANJIT CHADRABAR, Indian, male, 40, briefs the detectives.

CHADRABAR

He's one of the toughest human
beings I've ever come across. We
took six bullets out of him.

ROOSTER

(incredulous)

Six?!

CHADRABAR

Three from his wounds that night,
and three from previous shootings.
Probably walking around with them
for fifteen years.

RILEY

Fuck me.

CHADRABAR

This man is a tank.

RILEY

You should've seen his car.

Perez tries to wake him up, shaking his shoulder.

PEREZ

Ey, Yevgeny. Wake up. Come on.
Svoboda. Svoboda.

RILEY

You speak Russian?

PEREZ

It means freedom. You pick things up here and there. Ey, tough guy.

CHADRABAR

Detective, please.

Yevgeny stirs, and his eyes open slightly.

PEREZ

Hallelujah.

Yevgeny looks around at the four of them and becomes agitated.

He starts to grunt through his clenched jaw. We hear his heart rate rise on the beeping monitor.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

This look like a poet to you guys?
I think this Russian killing machine is our first witness.

As they speak he grunts the same single syllable over and over, but it's unintelligible.

PEREZ (CONT'D)

(to Yevgeny)

Hey, Gugamuck. Hurry up and get better so you can tell us who did this.

Rooster is laughing off of Yevgeny's frantic grunting.

ROOSTER

Yeah, and then you can tell us where Yaakov Pearlstein's head is.

From behind a curtain, the occupant of the other bed cries out, frightened at learning who his roommate is.

VOICE (O.S.)

Get me out of here!

The detectives look over and their faces say "oops."

ROOSTER

He gonna survive, Doctor?

CHADRABAR

You know what a dreadnaught is?

(a beat)

This man is indestructible. I don't
know what it would take to kill
him.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Rooster, Riley and Perez have exited the hospital. Riley
speaks to Rooster semi-seriously.

RILEY

Could you tell what he was trying
to say?

ROOSTER

No. Could you?

Riley mimics Malagut with a clenched jaw.

RILEY

Sounded like "Fisk. Fisk. Fisk."

Rooster laughs, finding it genuinely funny.

PEREZ

We'll know soon enough. You or your
partner ever come across this guy
before?

ROOSTER

Never.

Perez takes his radio from a pocket and speaks into it.

PEREZ

(into radio)

Four-three. Four-three.

DISPATCHER ON RADIO (O.S.)

Go ahead four-three.

PEREZ

I need round the clock security on
a patient Malagut. M-A-L-A-G-U-T,
in ICU at St. Lukes.

DISPATCHER ON RADIO (O.S.)
Ten-four, Three-Three. I'll get
back to you.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: NOVEMBER

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Karen sits at a table doing some paperwork and sipping a latte. Her cell phone rings. She examines the incoming number but doesn't recognize it. She answers.

KAREN
Karen Kreiser. Oh, hey Fisk. What's up? Nothing really. Why? I don't quite get the question. Oh. Sure. Why not? How's Friday? Yeah, sure. Whatever you say.

She hangs up, and contemplates this for a moment.

INT. PROSKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Prosky is speaking on the phone. We hear only his end.

PROSKY
Detective Perez, Barry Prosky at Columbia - Not too bad. Listen, I wanted to let you know I'm leaning much further towards saying that it's a cop you're after. Well, I saw the newest note - No. Please, Detective, you think I wanna get involved in this? You asked me to call. So I called.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE IN SQUADROOM - DAY

Perez is on the other end of the phone.

PEREZ
I know, Doc. I appreciate it. So what about the last note?

PROSKY

The last line: "If I had time I'd
kill them all." He senses this
thing is coming to a head.

PEREZ

Like he's ready to explode, or that
we're getting close to catching
him?

PROSKY

I couldn't really say. Maybe both.
Then again, maybe he just couldn't
come up with anything else that
rhymed.

PEREZ

Well thanks, Doc.

Perez hangs up.

INT. PRECINCT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Karen sits in a room surrounded by case files.

INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Turk answers his telephone.

SPIDER (O.S.)

Is this the number to call to
report police brutality?

Turk recognizes the voice on the other end and is surprised.

SPIDER (CONT'D)

Cat got your tongue?

TURK

What? You think you can scare me
you little bitch? What do you want?

SPIDER

Careful, Detective. My taxes pay
your salary.

TURK

You don't pay any taxes, you low-
rent piece of shit.

SPIDER

Well, after I deduct mortgage payments, I do all right, but that -

TURK

Why don't you get to the fuckin' point?

SPIDER

Like I said, I'm thinking about reporting a case of police brutality.

TURK

That so?

SPIDER

Well, I got to do my part as a concerned citizen, you know, if there's a cop out there who might be a danger to the public. Couldn't live with myself if I stood by and didn't say nothing.

TURK

So how can I help?

We pull back as the sound fades out and Turk's monologue continues.

TURK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I just got sick of the whole game. Run around looking for clues, make arrests, write reports, testify in court, cut deals. It was all too much bullshit. Then it all got really simple: I hate scumbags and I like shooting people. And what was I giving up? A retirement party and a gold watch? Maybe a handshake from the Mayor and my name on some plaque that nobody would ever see? Big deal. It's better this way. Now everybody knows who I was and where I stood.

INT. BATHROOM - UNKNOWN

We hear the television. We pan across the bathroom of a single woman, past the usual items. As we do, we can hear a woman sobbing. Past the toilet, we come to rest on Karen, naked, clutching a bath towel, crying.

She is disheveled and slightly bruised. Her mascara is running. She has clearly had a sexual encounter which frightened her. From the other end of the apartment, we hear a muffled voice.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'll show myself out.

KAREN
(shouting)
Fuck you, Fisk!

We hear the muffled sound of the door slamming.

INT. HINGIS' OFFICE - DAY

Hingis is speaking to Karen on the phone.

HINGIS
Detective Fisk? Based on what?

KAREN (O.S.)
I just know.

HINGIS
Look, Kreiser, your private life is your own business, except for the fact that everyone else knows all about it, but I really don't think you're in any position to be deciding who's a psycho and who isn't. Know what I mean?

Switch to Karen in her lab.

KAREN
Sometimes, Lieutenant, I'm in exactly the right position to know which of these guys is a psycho and which one isn't.

Switch back to Hingis.

HINGIS
(cringing)
I don't even wanna picture that.

KAREN
I'm telling you, he's a very disturbed individual. You don't see it everyday 'cos he's not running around screaming.
(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

He hangs back and lets Cowan do all his ass kicking, but he's a classic sociopath.

HINGIS

I'll look into it. But you stay the hell away. Understood?

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Turk exits his building in jogging pants and a grey sweatshirt. As he stretches and ties his shoes, we catch a glimpse a bulge in his clothing - a gun holstered to the small of his back. He begins his run.

INT. SPINELLI'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

We hear the noise of the restaurant. Karen speaks to the same hostess from the night Rooster and Turk had dinner.

Close up on Karen reading the reservation book, filled with names. Her finger comes to rest on a name. 'Fisk - 2'.

INT. SPIDER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING

Rooster, Perez and Riley are seated in a bedroom that has been set up for a "stake-out" with surveillance monitors, a radio, and miscellaneous equipment and wiring. Perez and Riley monitor the equipment. The monitors show Spider in his living room. The Plasma TV and stereo are gone. Rooster sits at a bridge table. He is clearly bored and thinks this is all bullshit.

RILEY

So what? When I was twelve I was a Kiss fanatic. I ran around all over the place sticking my tongue out.

Riley mimics Gene Simmons of Kiss, flicking his tongue and doing satanic hand gestures.

PEREZ

Kiss was harmless. My kid thinks he's Eminem. Last week he called his mother a bitch.

Rooster takes his notebook and a pen from his pocket and begins to write.

INT. CAR - MOVING - EVENING

Karen is driving her car and speaking on her phone.

KAREN

I'm really sorry to bother you.
Your detectives, Perez and Riley, I
need to find them urgently. I
really can't say yet. I just need
to speak with them. Uh huh. Oh. Can
you please just give me the
location?

INT. SPIDER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING

Rooster is still writing.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Turk ends his jog in Harlem. He is sweating. He rests for a moment, then enters Spider's building. On a surveillance monitor, we see him approach the door to the apartment.

INT. SPIDER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EVENING

Rooster is still writing, Riley sees Turk approaching on the monitor.

RILEY

He's here.

INT. SPIDER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Turk rings, and is buzzed in.

SPIDER

It's the police. Thank God.

TURK

Where's the TV?

SPIDER

Oh, I had to move to a new place,
thanks to you. I'll have you over
there some other time.

INT. SPIDER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rooster is on the phone to his Lieutenant with an update. Perez is braced by the door with his gun drawn, ready to burst in if there's trouble in the next room.

ROOSTER

He's inside. So far so good. -
They're just talking. What do you
think he's gonna do? Christ,
Lieutenant, I keep telling everyone
this is a load of shit. - Please. -
He's not a civilian, he's a fucking
dealer. - He's wearing a vest, and
Starsky and Hutch here are watching
them like a couple of hawks. Gay
hawks.

Back to Spider and Turk in the next room.

TURK

A couple of blocks from here. I
used to play ball there once in a
while.

SPIDER

Get the fuck outta here.

TURK

I was a tough little kid. I wasn't
afraid of mixing it up with you
guys.

SPIDER

You still ain't.

TURK

Nowadays I bring a gun with me.
(a beat)
So now that we're done with the
pleasantries. What the fuck do you
want?

SPIDER

First off, I'm sorry about Stubby.
That wasn't supposed to happen.
Course if your trigger-happy
partner had just kept walkin' out
the door we wouldn't be here now.

TURK

So why are we here now?

SPIDER
We're here to settle up.

TURK
Settle up what?

SPIDER
Yo, I lost three fuckin' teeth that day, and I kept my mouth shut.

Spider smiles and points to three new gold teeth.

TURK
So what? You people love those stupid gold teeth. You should be thanking me.

SPIDER
So I think you owe me.

TURK
Owe you? You're lucky I don't finish the job on you.

INT. SPIDER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

They speak in whispers.

RILEY
Now we're talking.

ROOSTER
Oh, come on.

RILEY
Shut up, Man.

ROOSTER
It ain't gonna happen. Just because he's talking tough to the guy, it doesn't mean shit.

PEREZ
One question, tough guy. That gun in his belt. You think it's his service pistol? I'm betting we trace it back to Phillip Trager's apartment.

ROOSTER
How much?

RILEY
Five hundred bucks.

PEREZ
Ditto.

ROOSTER
You're both on.

Rooster goes back to his writing.

We switch back to the living room. It's getting heated.

SPIDER
Your fucking partner fired first.
You think I wanted a shoot-out? You
think I wanted the lawyer getting
killed in my living room?

TURK
I'm sure you hate losing a good
customer.

SPIDER
Ey! I liked that lady. You didn't
give a shit about her. You killed
her. Like you killed that priest
and that rapist.

TURK
(incredulous)
What? What the fuck did you say?

SPIDER
I mean you cops. You know that's a
cop doing all that.

TURK
Oh, do I? What the fuck do you know
about any of that?

Switch to the surveillance room. Perez and Riley are shaking
their heads. Rooster is grinning.

PEREZ
Fuck.

ROOSTER
That's my guy.

Back to Turk and Spider. Turk looks around the room
suspiciously.

TURK

What the fuck's going on here?

Turk draws his nine-millimeter service pistol, clearly not one of Trager's semi-automatics, points it at Spider, and moves around the room.

On the surveillance monitors, we see him approach a door.

ROOSTER (O.S.)

That service pistol look familiar to you, Inspector Clouseau? Fuckin' clown. I just made a thousand dollars.

Turk turns the knob, but it is locked. He backs up and lunges at it with his shoulder. It gives a little, but holds. He lunges again, and this time the door bursts open, both on the monitor and in the surveillance room, and Turk is face to face with Riley, Perez and Rooster. He quickly figures it out, and finds it funny.

TURK

Well, grease me up and - They actually pay you two dildos?
(to Rooster)
And you?

ROOSTER

Don't look at me, partner. I only tagged along to protect your ass. And to see the look on their faces. Shit, I had to beg them. It was worth it, though.

RILEY

Look. I was trying to do my job. I'm not gonna apologize for that.

Rooster rips a page from the back of his pocket notebook and puts the book in his breast pocket.

TURK

I don't want your fuckin apology, dipshit. But there's a killer out there carrying a God-damned badge. What're you fuckstains doing about that?

Perez approaches Turk.

PEREZ

Can I see that gun?

Turk hands him the gun dismissively, and puts his hands on his head.

TURK
Might as well frisk me, Sherlock.

Perez examines the gun, places it on a table, then frisks Turk.

TURK (CONT'D)
Nice touch there, Dorothy. You
doing anything after work?

He finds nothing.

TURK (CONT'D)
(to Riley)
Unless you two are exclusive. I
mean, I don't wanna get in the
middle of anything.

Spider is standing in the doorway. He laughs.

SPIDER
Oh, Shit.

RILEY
Careful, Simon. Lotta people pissed
this guy off ain't around to talk
about it.

TURK
The fuck are you trying to say?

RILEY
I'm saying just 'cos you didn't go
for this doesn't mean you're not
the guy we're after.

ROOSTER
Oh, for Christ's sake! You fucking
guys don't get it. Do you? You
fucked up.

PEREZ
All right. Everybody just calm
down.

Perez motions toward Spider in the doorway.

PEREZ (CONT'D)
We can finish this conversation
later.

TURK

Fine.

RILEY

We need to break down all this equipment.

ROOSTER

Why don't you two go. Turk and I need to have a few words with our host. Go ahead. I'll make sure all this stuff makes it back.

INT. HOSPITAL - SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Yevgeny lies in bed. He is more lucid than last time. His jaw is still wired shut. Karen holds up a file for him to see. Yevgeny gets agitated again and grunts in the affirmative.

KAREN

This is the man who shot you?
You're sure?

He grunts again in agreement.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Good boy. Get well soon.

She squeezes his cheeks like a baby, causing him to squeal in agony. She begins to exit.

INT. SPIDER'S HARLEM APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Riley tosses Rooster a lock and key as he speaks to him.

RILEY

Fisk.

Rooster catches it.

ROOSTER

What's this?

RILEY

This lock goes on the case for the cameras.

ROOSTER

Got it.

Riley and Perez exit.

Flashback:

INT. BALLISTICS LAB - DAY

Turk exits as he answers his phone.

TURK
(into phone)
This is Detective...

Flashback:

INT. TOWNHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

KAREN
Too late for that, Detective
Needledick.

End flashbacks:

INT. KAREN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Karen is pulling away from the hospital. On the passenger seat sits the folder she showed to Yevgeny. The top page is Rooster's file. We see his photo and the name: Fisk, David.

INT. SPIDER'S HARLEM APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Spider takes out his cell phone and speed dials. He moves back into the living room.

SPIDER (O.S.)
Good. Shit, I told those dudes he
wasn't no poet.

Flashback:

INT. DINER - DAY

ROOSTER
(lines condensed)
You like Turk for this, go have
your fun. - Just forget about
Randall and that fucking gun. - If
he goes free, then he is dead. -
I'll put two in his fucking head.

End Flashback.

Turk looks down at the table. He sees a page of paper ripped from the pocket notebook.

TURK
What the fuck?

ECU on the paper on the table:

A peddler of death and pain.
He finds himself among the slain.
If one addiction goes unfed,
the world is better with him dead.

TURK'S FACE as he realizes. He turns to the living room.

SPIDER (O.S.)
That my little dumplinghead?

As we focus on the note, we hear a flashback:

ROOSTER (V.O.)
But I can guarantee you it ain't
Turk. I mean sure as I'm sitting
here, he ain't the guy.

HINGIS (V.O.)
How do you know?

ROOSTER (V.O.)
Because I fuckin' know. That's how.
'Cause I know it to a moral
certainty.

Flashback:

INT. SPIDER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rooster gets down in Spider's face and screams.

ROOSTER
You think I won't shoot you right
in the fucking head?! I won't think
twice about it!

End flashback.

SPIDER
Daddy be home soon, Muffinhead.

ECU on Turk's face.

TURK
Rooster, what the...

Turk heads to the doorway. On one of the surveillance monitors we see that Rooster is in the living room pointing a forty-five automatic at the back of Spider's head. Spider hasn't realized this.

Turk comes upon them in the living room.

SPIDER
(jokingly)
No, you're the Pumpkinhead.

BANG!

Rooster fires. Spider's brains splatter, his knees buckle and he slumps to the floor. Turk screams.

TURK
Jesus!

Rooster turns toward Turk and points his gun at him. Turk turns back toward the bedroom and his pistol on the table, but Rooster hits him over the head with his forty-five. Turk grabs his head wound. Rooster helps Turk into a chair in the bedroom. There is a little blood on Turk's sweaty forehead now, and we come to recognize this set-up from Turk's monologue from the beginning of the film.

TURK (CONT'D)
This is a page from your notebook.

Rooster pulls out his pocket notebook and tosses it to Turk.

ROOSTER
You wanted to read it.

Turk starts to read.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)
Out loud, please.

TURK
"My name is David Fisk. Detective Second Grade. I've been a cop in the NYPD for sixteen years." David, what the fuck?

ROOSTER
Just read.

Flashback:

EXT. CAFE - MORNING

ROOSTER

These two tits couldn't crack this
case if he was screaming poems
their fucking face.

End Flashback.

Turk reads it from the beginning. From this point on it is a
repeat of the monologue throughout the film. He is looking
towards us.

TURK

My name is David Fisk. Detective
Second Grade.

Flashback:

INT. CHURCH OF SAINT SIMEON - QUEENS - DAY

ROOSTER

Quit being such a pussy, Detective
First Grade.

End Flashback.

TURK

I've been a cop in the NYPD for
sixteen years. In that time I've
killed fourteen people.

He pauses, shakes his head slightly in disbelief.

TURK (CONT'D)

Three were justifiable. What we
call righteous shoots. A junkie who
fired at me first; a murder suspect
fleeing arrest; and a guy who was
too fucking stupid to put his hands
on his head when we told him to.
The other eleven were just
criminals and scumbags that didn't
deserve to live, but they posed no
immediate threat to me or anyone
else. I walked right up to them and
blew their brains out because I
felt like it.

Flashback:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

HINGIS

And when it happens, you'll realize the motherfucker coulda been right in front of you and it woulda taken you a thousand fucking light years to nail him.

Flashback:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

ROOSTER

(mimicking)

Where was Detective Fisk at the time you claim you found the weapon?

End flashback.

TURK

You don't become a cop because you want to serve and protect. Anyone who believes that horseshit's an idiot. You join the force because they let you carry a gun and a badge, and then you get to do whatever the fuck you want.

Flashback:

INT. CAR - PARKED - LATE NIGHT

BLUMSTEIN

Which one of those monkeys put you two onto me, anyway? I'll bet it was Cowan. That prick.

Flashback:

EXT. MORNINGSIDES PARK - DAY

TURK

So what about an ex-cop? Someone with an axe to grind.

Flashback:

INT. SPINELLI'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The HOSTESS calls out from the front. Rooster faces her over Turk's shoulder.

HOSTESS

Fisk!

Rooster responds with a hand gesture.

Flashback:

INT. HOSPITAL - SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Yevgeny looks around at the four of them and becomes agitated. He starts to grunt through his clenched jaw. We hear his heart rate rise on the beeping monitor. He grunts the same unintelligible single syllable over and over.

Flashback:

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Riley mimics Malagut with a clenched jaw.

RILEY

Sounded like "Fisk. Fisk. Fisk."

Rooster laughs, finding it genuinely funny.

End flashbacks.

TURK

That's why it's all Guineas and Micks, Niggers and Spics. Their only other choice is hauling garbage or fixing toilets.

Flashback:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

ROOSTER

I didn't have the opportunities you had, Doc. It was either a hammer and a hardhat or a gun and a badge.

End flashback.

TURK
You do it because you get respect.
Most people respect the badge.
Everyone respects the gun.

Flashback:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

ROOSTER
The badge is nice.
(a beat)
As long as it comes with the gun.

Flashback:

INT. HOSPITAL - SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

CHADRABAR
We took six bullets out of him.

ROOSTER
(incredulous)
Six?!

Flashback:

INT. PRECINCT - A ROOM - DAY

TURK
How the fuck did you find that?

ROOSTER
Hey, I'm a great detective.

End flashbacks.

TURK
Tom Cowan's been my partner for
nine years. He's the best cop I've
ever seen. I'm always the one
following him through the door.
He's been shot at four times and
hit once.

Flashback to Turk lying on Karen's kitchen floor and we see
the gunshot scar on his torso.

TURK (CONT'D)

Returned fire twice. No kills. He gets up everyday, holsters his weapon, goes out there and tries to hold that thin blue line between order and chaos. He was my role model. The day I stopped trying to be Tom Cowan was the greatest day of my life.

Flashback:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

BERNSTEIN

Do you think your concept of right and wrong is the same as everyone else's?

ROOSTER

I used to. Then one day I realized that I knew what was what.

Flashback:

INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL - EVENING

CONFESSOR

My name is David Fisk. But I don't expect you to remember me. I mean it was a long time ago, and I'm sure there've been many more since then. But I guaranty you'll remember that name for the rest of your life.

Flashback:

INT. CHURCH OF SAINT SIMEON - QUEENS - DAY

ROOSTER

You don't wanna know what I think.

Flashback:

INT. HINGIS' CAR - MOVING - MORNING

ROOSTER

Yeah, I remember the old perv. St. Ignatius in Queens. 1964. You wanna lock me up. He was a piece of shit who got what was coming to him.

Flashback:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

YEVGENY

(reading)

"Detective Fisk." I see you in restaurant.

Flashback:

INT. VAN LUYTENS' APARTMENT - DAY

PEREZ

Who can walk up to a lowlife criminal and get him to open his door?

Rooster flashes his badge. They all look at each other.

End Flashbacks.

TURK

Several years back, I framed a lowlife child-killer for one of my own jobs. That was especially satisfying. I got to kill two birds with one stone. I should have known it would come back to haunt me, but I couldn't resist. The fact is, you just can't do this job day in and day out, knowing that a guy who raped and murdered his girlfriend's ten-year-old daughter is out walking the streets.

Turk pauses and stares at Rooster.

He stands slowly and in a non-threatening manner, and walks towards Rooster.

On the monitor in the next room, we see the same view that Rogers and Stein were watching in the conference room. On the screen, Turk is moving out of view.

Turk speaks to Rooster. They whisper..

TURK (CONT'D)
I planted that gun on Randall. Not you.

ROOSTER
Yeah, partner. I tried to stop you.

TURK
Shit, Rooster. You practically begged me not to do it. And I just wouldn't listen.

ROOSTER
Yeah. I really admired you for that.

TURK
So what's this about?

ROOSTER
You're the best cop I know, Turk. You're not going down because of me. I'm taking the rap for it. Read on.

Rooster motions for Turk to sit back down.

On the monitor, we see Turk re-enter the frame and sit.

TURK
(continues reading)
I just got sick of the whole game. Run around looking for clues, make arrests, write reports, testify in court, cut deals. It was all too much bullshit.

Flashback:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

ROOSTER
Shit. Where do I start? I spend more time filling out useless reports and arguing with lawyers than I do chasing down crooks.

End Flashback.

TURK

Then it all got really simple: I hate scumbags and I like shooting people. And what was I giving up? A retirement party and a gold watch? Maybe a handshake from the Mayor and my name on some plaque that nobody would ever see? Big deal. It's better this way. Now everybody knows who I was and where I stood.

Flashback:

INT. POLICE STATION MAIN LOBBY - DAY

DUTY SERGEANT

I got a message for Detective Cowan.

Rooster veers toward the counter and takes the message.

ROOSTER

I'll make sure he gets it.

Flashback:

INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Turk nods his head towards the pink note in Rooster's hand.

ROOSTER

It's for me.

Flashback:

INT. BATHROOM - UNKNOWN

From the other end of the apartment, we hear a muffled voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

I'll show myself out.

KAREN

Fuck you, Fisk!

We hear the muffled sound of the door slamming.

Flashback:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

ROOSTER
Yeah. Whadda ya thinkin'? Marsha?
Greg?

Flashback:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

KAREN
I just got that. Marsha, Greg. Good
one, Fisk.

Freeze. Rewind that. Let's see it again.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I just got that. Marsha, Greg. Good
one, Fisk.

End Flashbacks.

TURK
Why?

ROOSTER
I just told you why.

TURK
(yelling)
Fuck that! Why?!

ROOSTER
(yelling)
'Cos it's all a load of crap, Turk!
'Cos we're out there all the time,
wading around in all this human
piss and shit, and it doesn't make
a goddammed bit of difference!
What's the point?!

TURK
We stand for something!

ROOSTER
No, Turk! You stand for something!
I'm just some hump with a badge!
I'm not cut out for this hero crap!
(MORE)

ROOSTER (CONT'D)
Killing those fucks was the only
thing in my life that gave me any
satisfaction.

TURK
(despondent)
I can't fucking believe this. Eight
years. Eight fucking years we've
been out there together. I gotta be
the biggest idiot on the force.

ROOSTER
Sorry, partner.

A long beat while Turk takes this in.

TURK
Why the confession?

ROOSTER
I ain't ashamed of what I did. All
those animals deserved to die. If
we had a system that worked, they'd
have all been locked up or hung.

(a beat)
Besides. They were gonna lay it all
on you. I couldn't have that.
You're a good cop, Turk. We need
guys like you.

(a beat)
Anyway, Ivan the Terrible's gonna
wake up and ID me pretty soon.
Christ did I ever pick on the wrong
Ruskie.

TURK
So what now? What's your plan?

ROOSTER
(jokingly)
Think you can take me in?

TURK
I need you to give yourself up,
partner.

ROOSTER
Yeah, I'm not so sure about that.

TURK
Please, David. You gotta do it.

ROOSTER
Can't do that, Tom.

TURK

You've got one last chance to
surrender, partner, or you're going
down.

ROOSTER

I'll catch you later, Tom.

Turk is getting emotional.

TURK

Rooster! Please, partner. I'm
begging you. Don't do this! You try
to run you're a dead man!

ROOSTER

It's already done.

Rooster turns to leave and his face goes blank. He finds
himself staring down the barrel of Karen's nine-millimeter.
She's planted like a statue in the doorway, six feet behind
him, through most of this, gun fixed on his head. A long
beat.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)

Can't get me out of your mind, ey?

TURK

Shut up, Rooster! Karen, just take
it easy, now.

KAREN

You shut your hole, bitch!

Rooster's expression says 'I give up' and he slowly raises
his arms. Karen tilts her head slightly to one side, then
shakes it slowly, left to right, as if to say 'uh, uh. Not
this time.'

Flashback:

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

KAREN

Karen Kreiser. Oh, hey Fisk. What's
up?

INT. BATHROOM - UNKNOWN

Karen, naked, clutching a bath towel, crying.

ROOSTER (V.O.)
Careful there, pal. Once I've had
her, you won't want her anymore.

KAREN
Fuck you, Fisk.

Flashback:

INT. VAN LUYTENS' APARTMENT - DAY

ROOSTER
OK. I'm the killer.

End Flashback.

ROOSTER (CONT'D)
Who are you kidding?

KAREN
Fuck you, Fisk.

BANG! Karen fires into Rooster's neck.

TURK
No!

He falls to the ground, blood spurting from his open jugular
vein.

On the monitor, Turk bolts from his chair and exits the
frame.

Turk is over him immediately, clutching the wound with one
hand and screaming into his radio with the other.

TURK (CONT'D)
Three-four squad Central! Three-
four squad Central! Officer down!
Hundred-eighty-fourth and St. Nick!
Officer down! Hurry!

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Ten-four four squad. Hundred-eighty-
fourth and St. Nicholas. Officer
down. ETA six minutes.

Turk looks at Karen, then back at Rooster. The two stare at
each other and have another silent conversation. But this
time only they understand it.

Rooster subtly shakes his head "no" to Turk. Turk understands. Rooster reaches for Turk's radio.

After a brief hesitation, Turk keys the mike and speaks into it softly, his voice rough and shaky from the fight.

TURK
Three-four squad Central.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Central. Go ahead four squad.

TURK
That's a ten-ninety on that OIS.
Cancel the ambulance.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
You sure on that, four?

TURK
Roger that.

A beat. Turk stares up at the ceiling in bewilderment.

As we pull back, Turk drops his head in his hands.

Riley and Perez re-enter cautiously, guns drawn.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UNKNOWN

Rogers and Stein watch the screen. They see an empty chair. Riley enters the frame with his gun drawn, then exits.

ROGERS
Some piece of work, your partner.

And for the first time, we see that Turk is the third man in the room with them.

STEIN
Look Cowan, nothing on that tape
says that Kreiser's shoot wasn't
right.

TURK
Cool.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

We return to the funeral, right where we left it.

PRIEST

"David Fisk is one of those police officers that

(a beat)

embodies the expression 'New York's Finest'."

(a beat)

We will now hear a from David's long-time partner, Detective First Grade Thomas Cowan.

We see the man making his way to the center. It is TURK.

He and the Priest exchange a subdued handshake and a quiet word.

We close in on the gravemarker, but now we see it all: "David Fisk, Detective Second Grade, NYPD, February 18, 1958 - November 5, 2003. Rooster"

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS