

HOMICIDE
LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Ten: "Every Mother's Son"

Teleplay by Eugene Lee

Story by Tom Fontana & James Yoshimura

FINAL DRAFT

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EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Barry Levinson Tom Fontana

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Henry Bromell

SUPERVISING PRODUCER

Jim Finnerty

PRODUCER

Gail Mutrux

DIRECTOR

Ken Fink

Please note Episode #310, "Every Mother's Son," takes place in the Winter. All wardrobe, props, etc., should reflect the weather conditions of the Winter season in Baltimore.

Also note that due to possible changes in the network schedule, any of the following episodes, #309 through #313, could air prior to Episode #308 (the Christmas episode).

Excluding the Teaser, this episode begins in the day, continues through to the following day and ends that evening.

CAST

BEAU FELTON.....Daniel Baldwin
JOHN MUNCH.....Richard Belzer
FRANK PEMBLETON.....Andre Braugher
MEGAN RUSSERT.....Isabella Hofmann
MELDRICK LEWIS.....Clark Johnson
AL GIARDELLO.....Yaphet Kotto
KAY HOWARD.....Melissa Leo
TIM BAYLISS.....Kyle Secor
STANLEY BOLANDER.....Ned Beatty

DAVID SAYERS.....
PATRICE SAYERS.....Rhonda Stubbins White
RONNY SAYERS.....
JASON NAWLS.....
MARY NAWLS.....GAY THOMAS

THERESA COUSART.....

ALYSSA DYER.....Harlee McBride
STATE'S ATTORNEY MAGGIE CARTER.....Helen Carey

LARRY RUNYON.....
PENELOPE SMITH-HADDON.....

JUDGE.....

SHERIFF.....
WOMAN #1.....
WOMAN #2.....
WOMAN #3.....
YOUNG GIRL #1.....
YOUNG GIRL #2.....
YOUNG MALE.....

SETS

EXTERIORS

Braznell's Caribbean
Kitchen

The Daily Grind
East Baltimore
Nawls Home

Memorial Stadium
Mitchell Courthouse
Patterson Park Lanes
Entrance Way
Warehouse
The Waterfront Restaurant
West Baltimore
Sayers Home

INTERIORS

Braznell's Caribbean
Kitchen
Cavalier

Homicide Unit
"The Aquarium"
"The Box"
Giardello's Office
Squad Room
Medical Examiner's Lab
Mitchell Courthouse
Patterson Park Lanes
Police Headquarters
Hallway
Lobby
Processing Room
Sayers Home
Hallway
Kitchen
Living Room
The Waterfront Restaurant

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. MEMORIAL STADIUM - NIGHT

Packed stands. Pre-game. The BAND is PLAYING. CHEERLEADERS bounce from one end of the field to the other. The Baltimore Canadian Football League TEAM stands along one sideline. The Las Vegas POSSE of the CFL stands on the sideline across the field. A couple of huge Baltimore LINEMEN look down the

sidelines, shaking their heads at KAY HOWARD, BEAU FELTON, STANLEY BOLANDER, JOHN MUNCH, MELDRICK LEWIS, FRANK PEMBLETON, TIM BAYLISS and AL GIARDELLO. A DOZEN UNIFORMS stand nearby as well.

HOWARD

Gee, what the hell are we doing here?
We're Murder Police for crying out
loud. This is ridiculous.

GIARDELLO

Detective Howard, this is the City's
way of recognizing the hard working
men and women of the Baltimore City
Police Department. It's an honor
really.

LEWIS

It's a joke. A photo-op and a joke.

GIARDELLO

It's a chance for the taxpayers to
see their law enforcement personnel
face-to-face.

PEMBLETON

Face-to-face? With what? An eight
million power telescope? Those folks
in the nose-bleeds can't tell me
from Adam.

GIARDELLO

All right. Enough. We were ordered
here. Now go with the flow.

MUNCH walks behind the PLAYERS, tapping them on the shoulders
and handing out business cards.

MUNCH

Hey, fellas. I just wanted to invite
you and your friends to a great new
bar. The Waterfront. We don't short
pour and our wings are hotter than
the cheerleaders. Come on down.

FELTON stands next to a huge LINEMAN, smiling.

FELTON

Hi. How are you?

The LINEMAN ignores FELTON.

FELTON

You know I played a little high school
ball. Linebacker.

The LINEMAN gives FELTON a disdainful look, walks away.

BOLANDER sits on the end of the bench, elbows on knees, face in his hands, thick with sad memories. He doesn't even look up as BAYLISS sits down next to him with a water bottle. BAYLISS squirts some water in his mouth, splattering the front of his suit.

BOLANDER

Look at that grass.

BAYLISS

What? The grass?

BOLANDER

This soil is soaked with the sweat and blood of... Johnny Unitas... Alan Ameche... Tom Matte. Gino Marchetti used to flatten Elroy "Crazy Legs" Hirsch right there on the forty-yard line.

BAYLISS

Stan, these guys play for us just like all your old Baltimore Colt heroes. Same city, same stadium, same game.

BOLANDER

(looks at BAYLISS for a moment)

So young... So ignorant.

BOLANDER reaches down and pulls a few blades of grass from the hallowed field and puts them in his pocket. Suddenly, the PA Announcer's VOICE BOOMS through the Stadium.

PA ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, in the Baltimore CFL's continuing tribute to the special people who serve our city so well... We are tonight honoring those who keep Charm City safe. Would you please stand and give a big hand to the representatives of the men and women of the Baltimore City Police Department.

GIARDELLO leads his PEOPLE in a home run trot through a channel of CHEERLEADERS. BAYLISS runs, smiling at EACH YOUNG LADY. The OTHERS follow behind, waving at the CROWD. Then there's BOLANDER, who trots out last in line, his hands in pockets, unable to forget his beloved Colts. As the CROWD roars its approval,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. PATTERSON PARK LANES - DAY

TINKLING SOUNDS. Maybe wind chimes. CU on a blue sphere.

PULL BACK to REVEAL a bowling ball. PAN ACROSS to outstretched fingers, a wrist, an arm, a shoulder, onto the angelic FACE of a young thirteen year old Black male. His eyes open, surprised. An angry red pool of blood halos his head. ME ETCHES are pulling a body bag around the TORSO of the thirteen year old, watched by ALYSSA DYER, Assistant Medical Examiner. PATRONS, stunned, in shock, herded behind yellow crime scene tape. The TINKLING SOUNDS comes from automatic pin setting machines. PEMBLETON bends down to count shell casings. BAYLISS examines BODY.

PEMBLETON

Three shell casings. Twenty-two caliber.

BAYLISS

Powder burns. Close contact wound. Half-circle muzzle imprint. Someone jammed the barrel right up against this kid's head.

PEMBLETON

(beat, sighs)
Serious intentions.

DYER hands BAYLISS a wallet.

DYER

We found this on the boy.

BAYLISS opens it, pulls out YMCA card, reads.

BAYLISS

Darryl Nawls.

On PEMBLETON, gazing down at the dead BOY,

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE WAY/PATTERSON PARK LANES - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS: PEMBLETON and BAYLISS interviewing WITNESSES. PEMBLETON with YOUNG GIRL #1.

PEMBLETON

He came out nowhere?

YOUNG GIRL #1

Uh-huh.

PEMBLETON

What's "nowhere?"

YOUNG GIRL #1

He just walked in.

CUT TO:

BAYLISS with YOUNG MALE.

BAYLISS

You saw the shooter walk in?

YOUNG MALE

Just by himself. And he pulls out
this bad ass piece from his waist.

YOUNG MALE demonstrates pulling a gun from beneath his jacket
at his waistband.

BAYLISS

He say anything to this Darryl kid?

YOUNG MALE

Nope. Just strolls up, pulls his
piece out and Zip-Zip-Zip right into
the kid's head. Right in his ear.
Like an assassination or something,
y'know. He was cold.

CUT TO:

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS with YOUNG GIRL #2, who is teary-eyed.

PEMBLETON

He was cold, huh?

(beat)

But this dead kid, Darryl, didn't
have any enemies? You don't know
anyone who was out to get him?

YOUNG GIRL #2

We come here every Friday after school
'cause Darryl was teaching me how to
bowl.

PEMBLETON

Darryl didn't run with any gang?

YOUNG GIRL #2

Darryl ain't down with that stuff.
He likes being himself, y'know. In
the library with his stories. He
liked to write stories.

PEMBLETON

He wrote stories?

YOUNG GIRL #2

'Bout how he's gonna get himself out of East Baltimore.

BAYLISS

You never saw the kid who shot him before?

YOUNG GIRL #2

Oh, yeah, I seen him before. Name's Ronny Sayers.

On PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, exchanging glances, as PEMBLETON writes down the name,

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE DAILY GRIND - DAY

MUNCH and LEWIS exit, each carrying a cup of coffee. They head toward The Waterfront. LEWIS has a folder of papers tucked under his armpit. MUNCH furiously stirs his coffee.

LEWIS

You musta dumped half a pound of sugar into that cup. I thought you hated sugar.

MUNCH

I need a glucose boost.

LEWIS

You're gonna end up with the sugar blues, John.

MUNCH

I'm gonna end up with a coronary if we don't get some decent beverage servers for our bar hired today.

MUNCH pauses, drains half his cup of coffee, grimaces at the sweetness. He and LEWIS continue walking.

MUNCH

It's a watershed moment, Meldrick. We're taking on enormous responsibilities. We are on the threshold of becoming what I never imagined in my wildest dreams. We are about to become bosses.

LEWIS

We're hiring a couple of waitresses, John. What are you getting all wired out about?

They arrive at the entrance of The Waterfront.

INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - DAY

MUNCH and LEWIS walk in. A half-dozen WOMEN of various ages await them, sitting at tables just inside the door.

MUNCH

Good morning one and all.

The WOMEN remain expressionless, eyeing MUNCH and LEWIS. MUNCH and LEWIS walk down to the end of the bar.

MUNCH

Remember. Who we hire directly reflects who we are. We proceed with all due care and consideration.

LEWIS

Right.

LEWIS opens a folder, takes out copies of an employment application, walks over and hands them out to the WOMEN.

LEWIS

If you would be so kind as to fill out this paper. It concerns your previous employment history.

WOMAN #1, a willowy, long haired brunette with translucent skin, her eyes deep with pools of poetry, turns to LEWIS.

WOMAN #1

You got a pen?

LEWIS

Sure sure.

LEWIS reaches into his pockets, searches for a pen. No pen. He looks back to MUNCH, motions for a pen. MUNCH searches through his pockets. No pen.

LEWIS

Anyone here have a spare pen or pencil?

WOMAN #2, mid-twenties, raises her hand.

WOMAN #2

I need something to write with, too.

LEWIS

Anyone else?

The other remaining WOMEN all raise their hands. On MUNCH and LEWIS, as the business grinds to a halt,

CUT TO:

EXT. NAWLS HOME/EAST BALTIMORE - DAY

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON approach a tiny rowhouse, BAYLISS holding the dead boy's wallet. FOUR LITTLE GIRLS, ranging in age from seven to ten, skip double-dutch on the sidewalk. BAYLISS RINGS the doorbell. The GIRLS stop and stare at BAYLISS. BAYLISS RINGS doorbell again, turns to take in the stares from the GIRLS.

BAYLISS

Howdy.

GIRLS stand mute, staring holes into BAYLISS. PEMBLETON stands tiptoe and looks into front window of rowhouse.

HIS POV: A small, battered color TV showing cartoons.

PEMBLETON

Somebody's home.

PEMBLETON RAPS lightly on the window.

HIS POV: JASON NAWLS, small ten year old boy, leans into view, stares at PEMBLETON for a beat, leans out quickly.

BAYLISS

Someone there?

PEMBLETON

A little kid.

The door opens. JASON stands in the threshold.

PEMBLETON

Hi.

The little BOY stands mute, staring hard, puzzled at BAYLISS.

BAYLISS

Is anyone else home?

JASON

No.

PEMBLETON

Your Mom or Dad here?

JASON

No.

BAYLISS

Do you know where they are?

No response.

PEMBLETON

Where can we find your Mom? We need to talk to her about Darryl.

JASON

She's at work.

BAYLISS

How about your Dad?

No response.

PEMBLETON

What's your name?

JASON

Jason.

PEMBLETON

Mine's Frank. This is my partner Tim.

BAYLISS

Hi, Jason.

JASON stares at BAYLISS.

PEMBLETON

How can I talk to your Mom or Dad?

JASON

There ain't no Dad here.

On PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, gazing at JASON,

CUT TO:

INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - DAY

MUNCH and LEWIS sit at table in the dining area. WOMAN #2 walks up to MUNCH and LEWIS, holding her employment application. She hands it to LEWIS. He scans the form.

LEWIS

Thank you.

MUNCH

Please. Have a seat.

WOMAN #2 sits, nervously shifts around in her seat. LEWIS reads application.

LEWIS

You've had a lot of jobs.

WOMAN #2

Uh-huh.

LEWIS

You've worked Duda's, John Steven's,
Fletcher's...

WOMAN #2

Just about every restaurant and bar
in Baltimore.

MUNCH

(reading over LEWIS'
shoulder)

Is there any reason you've never
worked any job longer than three
weeks?

CUT TO:

WOMAN #3, grandmotherly-type, beehive hairdo.

WOMAN #3

One rule I don't abide by is: The
customer is always right. The customer
is never right.

MUNCH and LEWIS arch their eyebrows.

CUT TO:

WOMAN #1 has a canvas tote bag slung over her shoulder.

WOMAN #1

I'm really not a waitress.

MUNCH

Oh?

WOMAN #1 rustles through her tote bag, extracts a thick
binder, hands it to MUNCH.

WOMAN #1

I write. One-acts.

MUNCH

Hunh, one-act plays.

WOMAN #1

Read them and we'll talk about them,
okay?

LEWIS

You're a writer and you had to ask
for a pen?

WOMAN #1

My life is total irony.

MUNCH

And all in one act, huh?

CUT TO:

WOMAN #3 sits in front of LEWIS and MUNCH.

WOMAN #3

At my tables, it's a two-drink limit.
I tell 'em, you want more, there's
the door. I do not tolerate boozers,
especially those vodka drinkers.
First drink, they're so tall.

(holds hands over
head)

Second drink, they think they're
some kind of John Wayne giants. When
I hear, "Howdy, Pilgrim," I know
it's time to haul out the baseball
bat.

As MUNCH and LEWIS stare at WOMAN #3,

CUT TO:

EXT. BRAZNELLIS CARIBBEAN KITCHEN - DAY

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS exit the Cavalier. BAYLISS opens the
rear door. JASON tumbles out of the rear seat, goes running
for the entrance.

INT. BRAZNELLIS CARIBBEAN KITCHEN - DAY

A small, twenty-seat storefront establishment. Bob Marley
Posters on the wall. A tall, thin Black woman, MARY NAWLS,
late thirties, wipes down a table. She looks up at the SOUND
of the door opening, sees JASON here. She spies PEMBLETON
and BAYLISS following on JASON's footsteps.

JASON

Momma. These two guys are detectives.

NAWLS

(to PEMBLETON)

Yes?

PEMBLETON

You're Mrs. Nawls, Darryl's mother?

NAWLS

I'm his mother.

NAWLS looks to PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, reading their faces.

BAYLISS glances away.

NAWLS

Where's Darryl? Is he in trouble?
(beat, terrified)
Is he okay?

JASON comes around to NAWLS' hip.

NAWLS

Has he been in an accident or
something?

PEMBLETON

Mrs. Nawls, I'm a Homicide Detective.

NAWLS

Homicide? What, homicide?

NAWLS folds in at her waist as if her breath has been punched out of her On NAWLS as WE HEAR Muddy Waters PLAYING "Who Do You Trust",

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S LAB - DAY

SONG CONTINUES. ATTENDANTS move about, preparing for the autopsy on Darryl Nawls. His BODY lies on a steel table, covered by a sheet. PEMBLETON raises the sheet to REVEAL Darryl's FACE. NAWLS forces herself to look at Darryl's FACE. NAWLS gently touches Darryl's eyes, turns and exits the room.

PEMBLETON's POV: NAWLS walking out into the corridor, being met by JASON. JASON looks into the Examining Room. NAWLS shields his face from seeing Darryl's BODY.

ON PEMBLETON, SADDENED,

CUT TO:

EXT. SAYERS HOME/WEST BALTIMORE - MAGIC HOUR

SONG CONTINUES. PEMBLETON, BAYLISS and UNIFORMS in Kevlar vests, shotguns, sidearms drawn move quickly around the front and back of a rowhouse. Other UNIFORMS move to cordon off the area, redirect traffic, move PEDESTRIANS out of the way. NEIGHBORS stick their heads out of their windows to see what's going on. PEMBLETON crouches into a shooting position, KNOCKS on the door.

PEMBLETON's POV: A PRESENCE throws a shadow across the window of the front door. A pair of eyes peek out of the front door's window. The door opens slowly.

PEMBLETON leads the charge into the rowhouse. BAYLISS and UNIFORMS follow.

INT. LIVING ROOM/SAYERS HOME - NIGHT

SONG CONTINUES. A middle-aged woman, PATRICE SAYERS, is knocked backwards as PEMBLETON charges in, BAYLISS behind him. she SCREAMS. A UNIFORM pulls her out of the way. BAYLISS charges upstairs. UNIFORMS with shotguns burst into the bathroom.

INT. HALLWAY/SAYERS HOME - NIGHT

SONG FADES. Harshly lit, full of shadows. BAYLISS comes up the stairs. A SHADOW moves. BAYLISS instinctively jumps away, raising his drawn gun to aim at the SHADOW. A seven year old boy, DAVID SAYERS, appears.

BAYLISS
What are you doing?

DAVID
I have to get something.

Unconcerned, DAVID walks past BAYLISS.

BAYLISS
Where are you going?

DAVID
To get my spelling.

DAVID walks into the back bedroom. BAYLISS glances in, sees DAVID reach under a pile of papers on a nightstand and grab a schoolbook.

BAYLISS
You do good in spelling?

DAVID
Yes.
(re: BAYLISS' drawn
gun)
I wasn't going to hurt you.

BAYLISS
I know that.

DAVID comes out of the bedroom, pauses as he passes BAYLISS.

DAVID
No, you didn't.

On BAYLISS, holstering his gun,

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/SAYERS HOME - NIGHT

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS with SAYERS. DAVID sits at kitchen table, doing his spelling homework.

PEMBLETON

Where's your son Ronny now?

SAYERS

He's with his friends.

BAYLISS

Where's his friends?

SAYERS

(to PEMBLETON)

What did he do?

PEMBLETON

We want to talk to him about a shooting this afternoon.

SAYERS

A shooting? My Ronny?

BAYLISS

Where is he?

SAYERS

(to PEMBLETON)

Is he okay?

PEMBLETON

We need to find him.

SAYERS

He's okay, though?

BAYLISS

He may be involved in the shooting of a thirteen year old boy this morning.

PEMBLETON

He was identified by several witnesses at the bowling alley where the murder took place. Where is he?

SAYERS

He said he was going over to his friend Henry's house after school and then they were going to play some basketball. How can my Ronny be involved in any of this? He's only fourteen years old.

BAYLISS

He's how old?

SAYERS

(to PEMBLETON)

Fourteen.

PEMBLETON

When did you see him last?

SAYERS

This morning, here at the breakfast table. He had a bowl of cereal. Raisin Bran. He always has a bowl of Raisin Bran. Every morning.

PEMBLETON

Where does this friend Henry live?

SAYERS

(pausing)

I'm not sure.

PEMBLETON

How can you not-be sure?

SAYERS

Over on Eutaw Street? I think it's on Eutaw Street.

BAYLISS

What's Henry's last name?

SAYERS

Crayton? Clawson?

On PEMBLETON, frustrated, lighting a cigarette,

CUT TO:

INT. CAVALIER - NIGHT

PEMBLETON drives, intent. BAYLISS rides shotgun.

BAYLISS

I had my gun pointed at that little boy back there. But for the grace of God...

(pause)

Could you slow down, Frank?

PEMBLETON

You don't like my driving?

BAYLISS

This isn't driving. This is hurtling. You're reckless. A threat to society.

PEMBLETON

Hey, you've got something against how I drive, you can take your turn at the wheel. And then I'll do the

play-by-play critique and ride the rules of the road all over your ass.

PEMBLETON slows down, exhales.

BAYLISS

All we gotta do is find this Henry kid and then we find our shooter.

PEMBLETON stares straight ahead as he drives.

BAYLISS

Fourteen years old... When I was fourteen, jeez, I was in the ninth grade, and I don't remember much of what I was doing, but I know I was never thinking anything close to picking up a gun and shooting another kid.

PEMBLETON

How old should our shooter be?

BAYLISS

Not fourteen.

PEMBLETON

So if he's what, fifteen, -sixteen years old, it makes any more sense?

BAYLISS

No.

PEMBLETON

How old should he be then? What's the cut off age? Seventeen? Eighteen?

BAYLISS

I don't know.

PEMBLETON

When you find out, clue me in, awright? I'd like to know when any of this killing, at any age, from six to sixty, makes any sense. I love that line the papers and TV news always run about "senseless" violence. one time I want to hear about a murder that makes sense. Just one time. For any reason.

BAYLISS

I was so lucky tonight, Frank.

On PEMBLETON, looking at BAYLISS, nodding,

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

An abandoned warehouse area next to the Proctor and Gamble Company. A dozen HOMELESS are clustered around a garbage can burning wood scraps. RONNY SAYERS, a small, skinny Black kid, dressed in a Starter's Jacket, rests fitfully against a wall, out of the wind. A hand reaches down to rouse RONNY. PULL BACK to REVEAL PEMBLETON hovering over him. BAYLISS stands to the side, a couple of UNIFORMS in the background, HENRY, another young Black teenager dressed in a winter parka, in their grasp.

RONNY

What do you want?

PEMBLETON

Ronny, we're police.

RONNY sees BAYLISS blocking him in. RONNY scrambles to his feet, sees other UNIFORMS coming from all sides, encircling him. He then sees HENRY.

RONNY

Henry?

HENRY shakes his head, looks to the ground.

RONNY

Henry, you gave me up?

PEMBLETON

C'mon, Ronny, let's go.

RONNY

Go where? I'm not going anywhere.

RONNY pulls out a twenty-two caliber semi-automatic handgun from beneath his jacket. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS back away, reaching for their guns.

RONNY

What'd'ya gonna do, shoot me? Go 'head, shoot me.

BAYLISS

Easy, Ronny. No one's shooting anyone here.

RONNY waving the gun around, yells at HENRY.

RONNY

How come you did this to me, man?
You're my friend.

PEMBLETON

(his gun raised halfway)
Ronny, you have to put the gun down.

RONNY

No.

BAYLISS

Please.

RONNY

What, you think I'm gonna shoot you?
Okay, back up then.

PEMBLETON

No one's backing up.

RONNY begins to wave his gun around at the UNIFORMS.

RONNY

What'd'ya want, huh?

HOMELESS STRAGGLERS rouse themselves from their places watch transfixed for a moment, then move away as the UNIFORMS take cover.

PEMBLETON

No one needs to get hurt here, son.

RONNY

Is that right?

RONNY puts the gun to his own head.

RONNY

I ain't going with you.

PEMBLETON

Whoa, whoa, easy.

RONNY

I can't go. You can't take me.

PEMBLETON

Put the gun down.

RONNY

Why? Cause I'm gonna hurt myself?
What'd'ya care?

(to HENRY)

Henry, you turned me out, man. You
ain't my friend.

PEMBLETON
(to RONNY)
Tell us about Darryl.

RONNY
Who's Darryl?

PEMBLETON
You know.

RONNY
I don't know any Darryl.

BAYLISS
That's the kid who got hurt in the
bowling alley.

RONNY
(pausing)
His name is Basil.

PEMBLETON
Who?

RONNY
Basil. Some punk who said he was
going to get me.

PEMBLETON
The kid who got hurt, his name is
Darryl.

RONNY
I know who got hurt. Basil.

BAYLISS
(pausing)
His name wasn't Basil.

RONNY
It wasn't?

RONNY slowly lowers his gun, confused. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS
rush in and grab the gun from RONNY and wrestle him to the
ground. On RONNY, offering no resistance,

INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - DAY

LEWIS and MUNCH follow Interior Designer LARRY RUNYON,
thirties, who looks around bar, makes notes in notebook.

MUNCH
We don't want to go crazy with the
renovations.

LEWIS
The place just needs some sprucing

up... Right?

RUNYON shakes his head, not impressed, as he walks around, making notations in notebook.

MUNCH

Talk to us, Larry.

RUNYON

Well, I love the glazed headers.

LEWIS

Excuse me?

RUNYON

(indicates back wall)

The original brick work. They used glazed headers. It's fabulous.

MUNCH

Okay. Sure. Fabulous. What else?

LEWIS

You wanna know what I don't like?

MUNCH

Not really.

LEWIS

All this wood paneling. Makes the place so dark.

MUNCH

It's a bar. It's supposed to be dark.

LEWIS

It's a little depressing.

MUNCH

Didn't you just say "a little sprucing up"?

LEWIS

(re: RUNYON)

John, we have a professional present among us.

RUNYON

(looks at walls)

We could always paint the paneling. A nice eggshell semi-gloss. Elegant, yet warm... I'm gonna check out the facilities.

RUNYON exits into bathroom as MUNCH calls after him.

MUNCH

If you start talking about brass fixtures and hanging ferns, you're fired.

LEWIS

(to MUNCH)

We class up the joint, we broaden our customer base.

MUNCH

This is supposed to be a cop bar. Not some kind of cyber-singles hangout.

LEWIS

What're you saying, cops wouldn't appreciate a little class?

RUNYON emerges.

RUNYON

We definitely gotta do something about the bathroom. It's like from the Civil War or something. I think we should rip everything out and start from scratch.

The front door opens and PENELOPE SMITH-HADDON, genteel Baltimore County woman, fifties, enters.

SMITH-HADDON

Excuse me? I'm looking for the new owners.

MUNCH

You found two of them.

SMITH-HADDON

I'm from the Baltimore Landmark Preservation Society... This building is a historical landmark. I'm here to protect the integrity of the site.

LEWIS

What does that mean? The integrity of the site?

SMITH-HADDON

That means if you were planning on making any renovations, you should stop. Immediately.

ON MUNCH AND LEWIS, CONFUSED,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

CU on "The Board". "N-A-W-L-S" in RED under Pembleton's name.
PAN to PEMBLETON and BAYLISS leading RONNY into the Squad
Room. RONNY is wide-eyed with anxiety. BAYLISS intercepts
GIARDELLO as PEMBLETON continues into "The Box" with RONNY.

BAYLISS

We've got the shooter, Gee.

GIARDELLO looks into "The Box", studying RONNY.

GIARDELLO

My God, how old is he?

BAYLISS

He's supposed to be fourteen, but
jeez, he looks so small.

GIARDELLO

Notify Juvenile. If this kid is the
shooter, we have to step carefully.

BAYLISS

Right.

BAYLISS grabs phone. GIARDELLO steps closer to "The Box".

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT DAY

GIARDELLO leans in.

GIARDELLO

Frank.

PEMBLETON

This is Ronny Sayers.

GIARDELLO

Hey, Ronny.

RONNY

This room smells funny.

GIARDELLO turns to PEMBLETON.

GIARDELLO

I told Tim. By the numbers on this
one.

GIARDELLO exits.

PEMBLETON

You want anything, Ronny?

RONNY glares at PEMBLETON.

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

BAYLISS hangs up phone. GIARDELLO comes up to him.

BAYLISS

The State's Attorney office is sending
over Maggie Carter. He said held
call Juvenile for us.

SAYERS enters.

SAYERS

Someone called and said you have my
son? Where is he?

BAYLISS

Ma'am, we've placed him in custody.

SAYERS

(to GIARDELLO)

I want my son.

GIARDELLO looks over at "The Box", SAYERS heads for it.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

SAYERS rushes in, BAYLISS and GIARDELLO behind her. RONNY
and PEMBLETON look to door.

SAYERS

Ronny?

BAYLISS reaches to restrain SAYERS from entering any further.
SAYERS pushes his hand away.

SAYERS

Ronny.

RONNY

Mom?

RONNY catches himself, resumes tough-guy attitude.

RONNY

You don't have to be here.

SAYERS

Where have you been?

RONNY looks away.

SAYERS

Where have you been, dammit?

RONNY

Nowhere.

SAYERS

I've been worried sick.

RONNY

You can stop worrying, awright?

SAYERS

Your little brother's home with a fever. He didn't sleep all night.

RONNY

You should be at home with David then. I'm okay.

SAYERS

Come here, baby.

SAYERS puts her arms around RONNY, who squirms to get out of her grasp. He motions to PEMBLETON.

RONNY

Does she have to be here?

SAYERS

I'm your mother, Ronny.

RONNY bolts out of the chair, away from SAYERS.

RONNY

You can't help me. I don't want you in here, awright? I shot that kid.

SAYERS

You didn't do any such thing.

RONNY

(to PEMBLETON)

I shot the wrong kid too, didn't I?

SAYERS

He couldn't have shot anyone. This is my son here.

(to RONNY)

You didn't do anything. Tell them.

PEMBLETON

Ronny, you've made an admission and I have to read you your rights.

SAYERS

What's wrong with you? Tell them you didn't shoot anyone.

RONNY

(to BAYLISS)

Do I have the right not to have her in here?

SAYERS

He doesn't mean it. He doesn't know
what he's saying.

RONNY

(to GIARDELLO)

Do I?

GIARDELLO

You have that right.

RONNY

Then I want her outta here.

SAYERS, crushed, lets herself be lead away by BAYLISS and
GIARDELLO. PEMBLETON turns to RONNY.

PEMBLETON

Good move.

RONNY

Hey, it's my right, okay?

PEMBLETON

I'd've done the same thing.

RONNY swings his feet up onto the table.

PEMBLETON

Comfy?

RONNY

I'm tired.

PEMBLETON

God knows.

RONNY shrugs, smiles.

PEMBLETON

You must be some kind of ballbuster
to sneak up behind someone and shoot
him.

RONNY

When do I get to go home?

PEMBLETON

Two shots right in the back of his
left ear.

RONNY

I didn't sneak up on him. I walked
right up to him.

PEMBLETON

You shot him in the back of the head.

RONNY

If I had gotten who I meant to, I can see you coming down on me, but I shot the wrong kid.

PEMBLETON

You just made a mistake, huh?

RONNY

Hey, if you're driving a car and you hit someone you don't mean to, it's an accident.

PEMBLETON

(pausing)

Ronny, you shot an innocent kid.

RONNY

Car accidents kill innocent people all the time, don't they? How's this any different then?

PEMBLETON

Get your damn feet off my table.

As RONNY swings his feet from the table and lays his head down on it,

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - DAY

MUNCH and LEWIS stand with SMITH-HADDON, looking at architecture of building.

MUNCH

Let me get this straight. We own this bar. But we're not allowed to renovate.

SMITH-HADDON

Renovate, yes. Preserve, yes. What you cannot do is anything that would destroy the historical value.

LEWIS

It's old. You want to keep it old.

SMITH-HADDON

Your restaurant is a piece of Baltimore history, Mr. Munch. It's assumed to be the second brick structure built in the City. It's over two-hundred years old.

LEWIS

If these bricks could talk, huh?

SMITH-HADDON

Surely you can understand our desire to protect that history, especially in connection to George Washington.

MUNCH

George Washington?

SMITH-HADDON

George Washington... In 1793, he was traveling from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia. He stopped here.

MUNCH

He stopped here?

SMITH-HADDON

Of course, it was a residence at the time...

LEWIS

George Washington slept here?

SMITH-HADDON

Well, no...

MUNCH

He had dinner?

SMITH-HADDON

No.

LEWIS

So what did he do here?

SMITH-HADDON

Apparently the President, just coming from a dinner party where he had consumed quite a bit of wine, was in something of a bind. He had no time to seek out a public chamber pot.

MUNCH

Are you telling us the reason we can't tear down the bathroom is that it's where George Washington once took a whizz?

SMITH-HADDON, embarrassed, can only nod.

LEWIS

I guess when you gotta go, you gotta go... Even if you're the Father of our Country.

On MUNCH and LEWIS, looking at The Waterfront with new respect,

CUT TO:

INT. "THE AQUARIUM"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

NAWLS is led into "The Aquarium" by BOLANDER. She has JASON in tow. JASON is carrying a comic book.

BOLANDER

I'll find Detective Pembleton for you.

JASON

I'm thirsty, Momma.

NAWLS

Wait until I talk to the detective, Jason.

BOLANDER

I can get him something. What do you want, Jason?

JASON turns away, shy.

BOLANDER

C'mon, I'll show you where the soda machine is and you can help me find the detective for your mom. You can pick whatever soda you want. How about a Coke?

JASON

Yeah.

NAWLS

I don't like the caffeine in it for him.

BOLANDER

We have root beer and, I think, strawberry soda.

(points toward Coffee Room)

The soda machine is right over there. Your mom will watch you the whole way over. I like root beer. It's been my favorite since I was your age...

JASON looks up into his MOTHER's face. NAWLS reaches into her purse.

BOLANDER

No, no. It's on the house.

(to JASON)

I know how to get all my sodas for free. I got a secret way.

BOLANDER waves his hands "Houdini" style. JASON smiles, hands his comic book to his MOTHER, heads out of "The Aquarium" with BOLANDER.

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

BAYLISS and SAYERS pass by BOLANDER and JASON.

SAYERS

Don't let my son say he did anything.

BAYLISS

Mrs. Sayers, that's up to him, not me.

SAYERS

He's only a child.

BAYLISS

So was the other kid.

SAYERS

I have to be in there with my Ronny.

BAYLISS

I'm sorry.

SAYERS

You know he doesn't know what he's saying.

BAYLISS sees Assistant State's Attorney MAGGIE CARTER entering from the Elevator Area.

BAYLISS

You'll have to excuse me, Ma'am.

SAYERS watches BAYLISS go over and confer with CARTER. She stands, framed by "The Board", adrift. PICK UP BAYLISS and CARTER crossing the Squad Room, headed toward "The Box".

BAYLISS

The kid admits to the shooting.

CARTER

How'd you get this from him?

BAYLISS

He volunteered the information.

CARTER

You advised him of his rights before he confessed?

BAYLISS

We never got the chance. He beat us to the punch. His mother comes in there with him, he doesn't want her there, he cops to the shooting so she'll leave him alone.

CARTER

The mother's here?

BAYLISS gestures to SAYERS as they cross the Squad Room.

BAYLISS

Right there.

CARTER pauses, looks at SAYERS, continues into "The Box", BAYLISS on his heels.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

PEMBLETON sits across from RONNY as CARTER and BAYLISS enter.

CARTER

Frank.

PEMBLETON nods a silent greeting to CARTER, who approaches RONNY.

CARTER

I'm Maggie Carter, an Assistant State's Attorney.

PEMBLETON

This here is Mister Bad Boy and all of fourteen years old.

RONNY

I did the shooting, didn't I?

CARTER

Ronny, I'm going to advise you not to say another word until we have someone here to represent you.

RONNY

Whatever.

AS CARTER LOOKS AT PEMBLETON,

CUT TO:

INT. "THE AQUARIUM"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

SAYERS pushes through the swinging doors. NAWLS sits, clutching Jason's comic book tightly in her fist. SAYERS sits down, a few seats from NAWLS. SAYERS looks at NAWLS.

They exchange a polite nod of the head.

SAYERS'-POV: BAYLISS comes out of "The Box", exchanges a look with SAYERS as he passes by.

NAWLS

You okay?

SAYERS

My boy.

NAWLS

He's in trouble?

SAYERS

He was missing for a day and now...

NAWLS

But they found him alright?

SAYERS turns to NAWLS, then sees the comic book.

SAYERS

What're'ya reading?

NAWLS

This is my little boy's comic. He's with one of the detectives.

SAYERS

He's in trouble, too?

NAWLS

Oh, no. He went to get a soda.

(opens the comic book)

I don't know what he reads these days.

(reading the cover)

What's this X-Men?

SAYERS

My littlest one reads that. He's home probably going through one of those right as we speak.

NAWLS

(glancing through the pages)

Super heroes who fight Evil in the world. We could use some real X-Men in this town.

SAYERS

Don't I know it.

SAYERS scoots over next to NAWLS, offers handshake.

SAYERS

I'm Patrice.

NAWLS

Mary.

They shake hands. SAYERS motions to Squad Room.

SAYERS

This is the first time I've ever
been in this place. I imagined it to
be a lot noisier.

NAWLS

I thought it'd be bigger somehow.

On SAYERS and NAWLS, shy smiles,

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

CARTER, GIARDELLO and BAYLISS huddle outside the open door
of "The Box". THERESA COUSART, mid-thirties, Public Defender,
comes up to them.

CARTER

Theresa.

COUSART

Ed.

CARTER

Al. Tim. This is Theresa Cousart,
out of the Public Defender's office.

GIARDELLO

We've met.

COUSART

Is Juvenile here?

CARTER

Waiting on 'em. I put the call in.

COUSART

I'm on City pension before they get
here.

COUSART leans around them, peeks into "The Box".

HER POV: RONNY, asleep, his head leaned back against the back of his chair.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

COUSART enters. GIARDELLO, CARTER and BAYLISS follow.

PEMBLETON is leaning up against the mirror. RONNY slowly wakens, irritated.

RONNY

What?

COUSART

Ronny? Theresa Cousart. I'm a Public Defender here to provide you with legal representation.

RONNY

I was sleeping, y'know.

COUSART

(to GIARDELLO)

I'd like some privacy to consult with my client.

RONNY

What for? I've already told 'em what they want to know.

(to PEMBLETON)

Clue the lady in, will ya?

PEMBLETON

(to COUSART)

Ronny here has made a statement.

COUSART

Ronny, it'd be in your best interests not to say anything in front of these officers.

RONNY

My "best interests"? Ain't you too cool, lady.

(to PEMBLETON)

You tell her.

PEMBLETON

It's not for me to say, Ronny.

RONNY

Do I have to have her in here, too?

CARTER

Hey, kid, you've got a serious charge facing you.

RONNY

What, that I shot that kid?

COUSART

Ronny.

RONNY

Hey, what's the deal? I meant to shoot this other kid. I made an honest mistake. You can't blame me for that.

As COUSART leans back, her work cut out for her,

CUT TO:

INT. "THE AQUARIUM"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

NAWLS and SAYERS sit side-by-side.

SAYERS

Where are all the men these days, that's what I'd like to know.

NAWLS

Well, there's Gerald, he lives two houses down from me. He's twenty-six. And then there's Marcus. He's gotta be eighty years old. That's it in my neighborhood.

SAYERS

I think there's one guy, maybe he's in his thirties, just around the corner, but I haven't seen him in awhile so I don't know, maybe something happened to him... How many kids you got?

NAWLS

(hesitates)

Two. I had two. Darryl and Jason.

SAYERS waits.

NAWLS

Darryl was shot. He was killed.

Sympathy floods SAYERS' face.

SAYERS

I'm sorry... Was Darryl the oldest?

NAWLS

(nods)

Jason's a quiet fella, but Darryl was the one for adventures. He says to me just the other day, "Momma,

I'm gonna join up with something, the Army, the Navy, and I'm gonna see the World." He tells me he's gonna go see people in Japan and Ireland and Italy, see how they all live...

SAYERS

I'm trying to get my two boys out the city, but every place I can think of takes money. Ronny and David.

NAWLS

Excuse me?

SAYERS

That's their names. My sons.

NAWLS

Those are nice names.

SAYERS

Thank you.

(beat, sighs)

Maybe I could get Ronny and David to Canada. Get away from all this killing.

NAWLS

I've been to three funerals this year for Darryl's friends. It's almost like this is how we have our socials now.

SAYERS nods, lost in thought.

SAYERS

My Ronny... He's a country boy living in the city. He teaches me how to tell if rain is coming. The leaves on the trees, especially the sugar maples, these leaves would turn over so's to take up all the rain so that the rain wouldn't fall onto the ground and wash away the topsoil.

Pause.

NAWLS

Canada, huh?

SAYERS

I don't know a thing about it except it's supposed to have a lot of snow and cold. Maybe they don't kill each other so much up there. Maybe the cold keeps a lid on things. Do you

think?

NAWLS

Could be.

As SAYERS and NAWLS share a small smile,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS lead RONNY out of "The Box". RONNY is now handcuffed. CARTER and COUSART huddle with GIARDELLO.

CARTER

He's fourteen, so he's at the magic cutoff point. He could go juvenile, but with this kid's attitude I'm strongly inclined to get him charged as an adult.

COUSART

Ed, he doesn't realize the severity of what he's done. He thinks he's innocent because he shot the wrong guy.

CARTER

He's given a "resgesti" statement. He's waived his rights.

COUSART

He doesn't know what he's saying.

GIARDELLO

So what are we supposed to do? Let him go? Then next week, next month, next year, we haul his ass back in here for another murder?

PICK UP PEMBLETON and BAYLISS as they lead RONNY across the Squad Room. JASON passes them with BOLANDER, holding a bag of potato chips and a can of root beer.

INT. "THE AQUARIUM"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

SAYERS gets up with a startled expression as she spies RONNY being escorted by PEMBLETON and BAYLISS.

NAWLS

What's the matter, Patrice?

SAYERS hurries out.

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

SAYERS hurries toward PEMBLETON, BAYLISS and RONNY, panicked.

SAYERS

Ronny. What's going on?
(to PEMBLETON)
Where are you taking my boy?

NAWLS comes out of "The Aquarium".

PEMBLETON

(to SAYERS; without
slowing his steps)
Ronny is going to Processing. He's a
big boy now. He's confessed to murder.

NAWLS

Detective Pembleton? I came to see
you.

JASON comes up to NAWLS, holding up potato chips and the
root beer.

JASON

Momma, see what the detective got
me?

PEMBLETON

Mrs. Nawls, it'll be awhile.

BAYLISS

We have to take him down for
processing.

SAYERS

Ronny didn't shoot that boy.

NAWLS

What boy?

THEY all pass through the swinging door.

INT. LOBBY/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS lead RONNY through the swinging door
out of the Squad Room, NAWLS and SAYERS right behind them.

NAWLS

This is the bastard who killed my
Darryl?
(turn on SAYERS)
He's your boy?

Elevator doors open. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON lead RONNY into
elevator. SAYERS gets on elevator, starts to face NAWLS again,
quickly turns away. Elevator doors close.

JASON

Momma, momma, look what I got...

JASON tugs at NAWLS' blouse, trying to get her to see his soda pop and potato chips. As NAWLS stares at the elevator doors,

CUT TO:

INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

NAWLS charges in, dragging JASON behind her, confronts GIARDELLO behind his desk. Her face is a mask of pure rage.

NAWLS

You the boss?

GIARDELLO

On a good day, yes.

NAWLS

I want him dead. Now.

GIARDELLO

Who?

NAWLS

That bastard that shot my son.

GIARDELLO

You're the mother of the boy Ronny Sayers shot?

NAWLS

I want him dead. Cold as my boy.
Cold in the ground.

GIARDELLO

Ronny will have to stand trial.

NAWLS

What good are you people? You can't protect us, least you can do is make things right. I want justice. Kill him, do you hear me?

JASON gapes at NAWLS, as she takes a swing at GIARDELLO.

JASON

Momma?

NAWLS

(in a rage)
Kill him, kill him. Kill the sonofabitch--

BOLANDER, concerned, leans into the office.

BOLANDER

You alright, Gee?

GIARDELLO waves BOLANDER away.

NAWLS

My son is dead.

As JASON stares at NAWLS, clutching his soda and potato chips, tears in his eyes,

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

PEMBLETON leads RONNY toward the Processing Room as BAYLISS holds off a distraught SAYERS.

SAYERS

He didn't kill anyone. Tell 'em, Ronny. Explain things. Ronny, tell 'em. Tell 'em.

RONNY remains stone-faced. They reach the Processing Room.

PEMBLETON

Mrs. Sayers, you're gonna have to wait here.

SAYERS starts ripping at PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, claws at them to reach RONNY.

SAYERS

Give me back my boy. Give me back my boy.

BAYLISS restrains her. On PEMBLETON, leading RONNY off,

CUT TO:

INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

LEWIS and MUNCH sit around table, drinking beers.

LEWIS

George Washington. Huh.

MUNCH

So the guy who owns what used to be this house, Cumberland Dugan--

LEWIS

Cumberland Dugan? That's his name?

MUNCH

Cumberland's sitting having dinner with his wife and kids and he gets a knock on the door. Who is it? It's

George Washington. It's the President of the United States. And he wants to tap a kidney in his bathroom. That'd be kind of an honor, I guess. To have your porcelain christened by the pee of a prez.

LEWIS

Maybe we should have that printed on our napkins. "Come drink where George Washington drained."

MUNCH

(raises glass)
Here's to George.

LEWIS

To George. And his lovely wife, Dinah.

AS THEY CLINK GLASSES, DRINK,

CUT TO:

INT. PROCESSING ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - AFTERNOON

A PROCESSING OFFICER wipes RONNY's fingers free of fingerprint ink. RONNY is then walked over to two Holding Cells. one is filled with three ADULT ARRESTEES. The PROCESSING OFFICER opens the empty cell. RONNY takes a step in. The PROCESSING OFFICER stops him, unbuckles RONNY's belt, takes it from him. PEMBLETON stands at RONNY's side.

PEMBLETON

We're gonna put you here in isolation, Ronny. Away from the adults.

The ADULT ARRESTEES stir in the next cell.

RONNY

I ain't scared of them.

O.C., the ADULT ARRESTEES laugh, send up CATCALLS and THREATENING GESTURES to RONNY and PEMBLETON. RONNY poses defiant to the ADULTS. PROCESSING OFFICER kneels next to him and removes RONNY's shoelaces.

RONNY

What'd'ya doing? Leave me my laces, man.

PEMBLETON

We don't want you trying to hurt yourself again.

RONNY

I should've done it when I had the chance.

The PROCESSING OFFICER finishes removing RONNY's shoelaces, takes RONNY by the arm and sets him inside the cell, then closes the cell door.

RONNY

This is the "big time," huh?

PEMBLETON

Your life is over, Ronny.

RONNY

Naw.

PEMBLETON

Get clear, kid. This is no joke anymore. If it comes down that you're charged as an adult, you're gonna have to realize that you'll probably die in a cell just like this one.

RONNY

Better than on the street.

PEMBLETON

(pausing)

You figure you're safer in jail?

CUT TO:

RONNY

Well, ain't I?

On PEMBLETON, looking away,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - AFTERNOON

As a HAND erases "N-A-W-L-S" in RED on "The Board" and rewrites it in BLACK,

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS watch from back of courtroom. RONNY stands facing JUDGE with COUSART. CARTER also stands. SAYERS sits nearby, listening attentively.

CARTER

Your Honor, given the severity of the crime, and the fact that the defendant made a confession and shows no signs of remorse, State asks that he be denied bail.

COUSART

Your Honor, my client is only fourteen years old. We move that he be remanded to the custody of his mother. Given his age and his lack of financial resources, we do not consider him a flight risk.

JUDGE studies papers, considers.

JUDGE

Despite the defendant's youth, the crime he's accused of committing is a capital offense. Defendant is hereby denied bail and will remain incarcerated until trial.

SAYERS bows her head, defeated. PEMBLETON turns to BAYLISS.

PEMBLETON

I'll be right back.

PEMBLETON walks over to RONNY, who's being escorted away by UNIFORMS. SAYERS also approaches.

PEMBLETON

Ronny.

RONNY glances up. PEMBLETON looks at UNIFORMS, signals them to back away.

PEMBLETON

Mrs. Sayers, I'd like a moment alone with your son.

SAYERS hesitates, backs off.

RONNY

What'd'ya want?

PEMBLETON

You kept me awake last night. I resent that. I need my sleep.

RONNY

Sorry for nothing.

PEMBLETON

I didn't sleep, but I had nightmares. Kids your brother's age singing "Ring Around the Rosey." Only they didn't

have any faces.

RONNY stares at his feet.

PEMBLETON

You know now, don't you?

No response.

PEMBLETON

You got the fear, don't you?

RONNY nods.

PEMBLETON

Keep to yourself. Don't be a politician. Don't be a warrior. You understand?

RONNY nods.

PEMBLETON

You like to read?

RONNY shrugs.

PEMBLETON

Then read. Go out with your mind.

RONNY gives PEMBLETON a long look, then turns and walks to waiting UNIFORMS. SAYERS approaches.

SAYERS

Ronny?

RONNY glances at her, all boldness gone, for once a fourteen year old boy.

RONNY

Goodbye, Momma.

UNIFORMS lead him off. SAYERS gazes after him. On PEMBLETON, not sure where to put his feelings,

CUT TO:

EXT. MITCHELL COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS walk down the front stairs.

BAYLISS

We should find out when Darryl's funeral is.

PEMBLETON

You know, the wife and I were talking the other day about children. About

maybe having a kid.

BAYLISS

You, a father?

PEMBLETON

Something wrong with that?

BAYLISS

No. No, I think it'd be great.

PEMBLETON

How do I bring a child into this world when we have to charge children with first-degree murder?

BAYLISS

Ah, but it'd be different for you.

PEMBLETON

Different?

BAYLISS

Yeah. You... y'know...

PEMBLETON

What?

They head off toward the parking lot. BAYLISS shrugs.

BAYLISS

You know...

PEMBLETON

Spit it out, Tim.

BAYLISS

You know what I'm saying.

PEMBLETON

But let me hear you say it.

BAYLISS

It would just be different. You have different... circumstances.

PEMBLETON

Because I don't live in the ghetto? 'Cause I'm not living in Ronny's neighborhood?

BAYLISS

Well, don't you have the means to give a child a better chance?

PEMBLETON

My kid would be safe. That's what

everyone believed about drugs. It
won't happen in my neighborhood.
AIDS came along, same thing. It won't
happen in my neighborhood.

They pass a County Prison Bus parked by the side entrance of
the courthouse, a line of PRISONERS in County Jail jumpsuits
boarding. They're locked down in hand and leg irons and
attached to a chain. A County Jail OFFICER pushes RONNY onto
the bus. SAYERS watches from the side entrance.

PEMBLETON

That ain't a school bus Ronny's going
on.

As RONNY stares back at SAYERS,

EXT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Establishing. A crudely-lettered "Under New Ownership" sign
is posted on one of the windows.

INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Stacks of cocktail napkins, beer coasters, jars of maraschino
cherries and green olives line the bar. The bar has been
polished. The floors have been washed down. A liquor DELIVERY
MAN trucks in cases of beer and bourbon. MUNCH and LEWIS are
in casual day-off clothes. They push selection buttons on
the jukebox.

MUNCH

This place doesn't need renovation.
It needs a theme.

LEWIS

A "theme"? This is a bar, not a prom
night.

MUNCH

I've asked the fellas on the Unit
and they voted for Country 'n Western
on the jukebox. That could very well
be the determining factor on what
the theme of this bar is.

LEWIS

I ain't having my jukebox in my bar
play any cracker-assed music.

MUNCH

Hey, my sentiments exactly, but
business is business and Country 'n
Western, that's what punches up the
old cash machine in this town.

BAYLISS enters, stops, smiles, stunned by the progress of

the bar.

BAYLISS

Hey, we're almost ready for the grand opening. Everyone wants to come. I heard even the brass. Gee says to save him a seat at the bar.

MUNCH

Glad you could join us, Tim.

LEWIS

We're discussing musical selections for the jukebox.

BAYLISS

How 'bout maybe a little blues, a little Koko Taylor, maybe some Billie Holiday, Etta James or Buddy Guy?

MUNCH

We need songs which remind our customers that it's better to be in here than out there. We need someone singing ditties about a cheatin, wife. We want our customers crying into their beers.

(beat, brightens)

Whatever the music, we play it loud.

BAYLISS

I don't want our place to turn into a headknocker's bar.

MUNCH

The louder the music, the more people drink. I've done my research.

LEWIS

(beat, smiles)

Well, then we'll crank up the speakers until their ears bleed.

A Deputy City SHERIFF enters, mid-thirties, the workout king of Baltimore, fit and tanned.

SHERIFF

Evening. May I speak to the owners, please?

LEWIS

You're looking at all three of 'em.

SHERIFF walks over to the bar.

SHERIFF

You're the owners?

MUNCH

We're the new owners. Bright-eyed-
and bushy-tailed.

SHERIFF

Well, I got old news for you new
owners. I'm gonna have to shut you
down.

SHERIFF extracts an inch-thick envelop of documents.

SHERIFF

I'm the Deputy City Sheriff and I'm
here to serve papers of delinquency
on back taxes on the building.

MUNCH

Back taxes? But we complied with
every rule and regulation in the
contract.

SHERIFF

Well, I don't know what to say to
you boys, but obviously someone didn't
do a thorough enough search on the
property for you.

LEWIS

Look, we're Police officers, just
like you. Maybe there's some way you
could help us out on this...

SHERIFF

You're cops? The three of you?

MUNCH

We work Homicide.

SHERIFF

Well, then you have no excuse. You're
detectives and you should have
investigated the building more
aggressively.

BAYLISS

We have our life savings invested in
this bar.

SHERIFF gestures to framed liquor license.

SHERIFF

That'll have to come down. You'll
have to hand it over to me.

MUNCH

Have a heart.

SHERIFF

I do. This pains me to no end,
'specially knowing you guys are fellow
officers, but I got my job. You go
down, settle with the City Property
Tax Division, and you're back in
business in a month, six weeks.

MUNCH

By that time, the tourist season is
over.

SHERIFF

You have a point. You really do.
(beat, smiles)
But it's so much nicer when them
tourists ain't around. Tell me that's
not the truth.

On MUNCH, BAYLISS and LEWIS, blood pressure rising,

CUT TO:

INT. BRAZNELL'S CARIBBEAN KITCHEN - DAY

Filled with DINERS. A fresh fruit display of mangoes and
melons graces the counter. NAWLS clears a table of dirty
dishes. JASON wipes the table down, setting silverware and
paper placemats. REVEAL SAYERS walking in, her son DAVID at
her side. NAWLS looks up, sees SAYERS. NAWLS picks up dirty
dishes, busing them to the counter. Pause.

SAYERS

I asked the detectives how I could
find you.

NAWLS says nothing, keeps working. JASON and DAVID eye each
other.

SAYERS

I wanted to tell you how... "Sorry"
isn't enough of what I need to say
to you...

NAWLS

(beat)
I thought you'd be in Canada by now.

SAYERS

Oh no. I'm stuck here in Baltimore...

The moment is broken by laughter. SAYERS and NAWLS look up
to see JASON and DAVID goofing around with the fresh fruit
display. JASON holds up a mango, places it on his head, trying
to balance it. DAVID laughs, imitates JASON, picking up
another mango and holding it on his head.

NAWLS
He's a fine-looking boy.

SAYERS
Thank you.

JASON and DAVID begin to wrestle playfully. SAYERS looks at them, alarmed.

SAYERS
David what are you doing?

DAVID pauses.

SAYERS
Stop it. You tell that little boy
you're sorry.

DAVID
We're only playing, Momma.

JASON
We're not fighting, Momma.

SAYERS grabs DAVID by his collar, hauls him away from JASON.

SAYERS
You don't play rough.
(to NAWLS)
He didn't mean it.

NAWLS
No, it's okay. Kids are kids and
kids hafta play...

SAYERS lets go of DAVID. He drifts back toward JASON.

NAWLS
How's your son Ronny?

SAYERS
I don't know. They won't let me see
him 'til Sunday. I'll take him some
food.

SAYERS reaches into her jacket pocket, pulls out a wide envelope, holds it out to NAWLS.

SAYERS
I bought this Mass card for your
Darryl. NAWLS doesn't know what to
say.

SAYERS
Take it. Please.

NAWLS takes the card, gazes at it.

NAWLS

I know my son is in a good place.
It's not Canada, but still... I don't
think they shoot each other in Heaven.

The TWO WOMEN look deep into each other's eyes.

NAWLS

Thank you for the mass card.

Again, the sound of laughter. JASON and DAVID toss a melon
back and forth, pretending to shoot three-pointers with it.

NAWLS

They like-to play with each other,
don't they?

SAYERS

(pausing)
They do.

NAWLS

(calling to JASON)
Jason, we've got tables to clean.

NAWLS turns to clear another table of dirty dishes.

SAYERS

Maybe they could get to know each
other.

NAWLS

And what would they do if they did
that? What would happen if they got
to know about each other's older
brother?

NAWLS turns and walks off.

SAYERS

David, let's go. I mean it.

SAYERS walks to the door. DAVID trots after her. On JASON
and DAVID, exchanging smiles and laughs, making goofy faces
at each other as the distance grows greater between them,

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END