

**HOMICIDE**  
LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Eleven:  
"Cradle to Grave"

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FINAL DRAFT

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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

PREACHER.....Timothy Wheeler \*  
BREE WHETHERLY.....Eddie Daniels \*

TIMOTHY DRAPER.....Christopher Glenn Wilson \*  
DEPUTY COMMISSIONER JIM HARRIS.....Al Freeman, Jr. \*  
CONGRESSMAN JEREMY WADE.....Dick Stilwell \*

CAPTAIN GEORGE BARNFATHER.....Clayton LeBouef  
DR. LAUSANNE.....Herb Levinson  
SERGEANT SALLY ROGERS.....Kristin Rohde

MARIA DELGADO.....Peggy Yates \*  
HARVEY EASTON.....Edgar Allan Poe, IV \*  
LUCILLE.....Patsy Grady Abrams \*  
PETE.....Edward R. Massimiano \*  
BENNY RESTON.....Gary Wade Morton \*

ADMITTING CLERK.....Meg Kelly \*

BIKER #2.....J. D. \*  
MAITRE'D.....Jim Parisi \*  
UNIFORM #1.....Jay Spadaro \*  
UNIFORM #2.....Keith Johnson \*  
UNIFORM #3.....Jason Kravits \*

SETS

EXTERIORS

Beltway  
Druid Hill Park  
Jake's Club  
Pete's Tattoo Parlor  
Police Headquarters  
Supermarket  
Trailer Park  
Union Square Park  
St. Stanislaus Cemetery  
Washington D.C.  
    Congressional Office  
        Building  
Whetherly Home  
Wooded Area

INTERIORS

Cavalier  
Church Home Hospital  
    E.R. Admitting  
Clark Trailer  
Congressman Wade's Office  
    Anteroom  
Draper Apartment  
    Hallway  
    Living Room  
Hampton's Restaurant  
Harris' Office  
    Outer Office  
Homicide Unit  
    "The Box"  
    Coffee Room  
    Giardello's Office  
    Squad Room  
Jake's Club  
Pete's Tattoo Parlor  
    Back Room  
Police Headquarters  
    Garage  
    Lobby  
    Lobby Balcony  
Whetherly Home

\*

TEASER

FADE IN:

- 1 OMIT 1  
2 EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY 2

POLICE DOGS strain on the leash, dragging their HANDLERS through underbrush looking for evidence. The BODY of Monk Whetherly, mid-thirties, lies face down, a tree limb unceremoniously lying across his back. He's clad in a black leather Perfecto jacket, oil-stained jeans and heavy black boots. A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps pictures as several UNIFORMS go about their business. PAN to a DOZEN BIKERS, their faces hardened sorrow and anger. They wear the colors of the Deacons Motorcycle Club. STOP on BENNY RESTON, simmering, malevolent, and president of the club. Nearby stand a half dozen Harleys and a couple of pick-up trucks. In b.g., a Cavalier pulls up. MELDRICK LEWIS and JOHN MUNCH park and get out. \*

LEWIS  
You get your raise this month?

MUNCH  
Yeah.

LEWIS  
So did I, but my check's smaller.

MUNCH  
It's the first part of the year.  
Government takes a bigger piece out  
in taxes in the first quarter.

LEWIS  
Why?

MUNCH  
To help pay for how much they over  
spent last year and to get a jump  
on how much they're going to  
overspend this year. You invest at  
all?

LEWIS  
Invest? What do I have left after  
the bar?

MUNCH  
You put all of your money in the  
bar -- what are you, an idiot?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

LEWIS  
You didn't?

MUNCH  
Investment one-oh-one... diversify.  
What if the bar is struck by  
lightening? You're living on  
welfare.

LEWIS  
What should I be doing?

MUNCH  
Mutual funds, real estate, zero  
coupons. You got any savings at  
all?

LEWIS  
No. I just keep buying bigger TVs.

LEWIS and MUNCH walk past the BIKERS on their way to the  
Crime Scene. LEWIS turns to RESTON, standing next to a  
chopped Super Glide motorcycle. \*

LEWIS (cont.)  
What is it about Harleys? What's  
the attraction?

RESTON  
If I have to explain, you wouldn't  
understand. \*

LEWIS, irritated, moves with MUNCH to the Crime Scene. DR.  
LAUSANNE, Medical Examiner, stands up as LEWIS bends down  
over Monk's BODY, examining it.

LEWIS  
Any idea on the cause of death?

LAUSANNE  
Yeah, somebody killed him.

MUNCH  
(to UNIFORM #1)  
What's his name?

UNIFORM #1  
Andrew Whetherly. His nickname was  
Monk. Member of the Deacons biker  
gang.

LEWIS looks back toward the road, shares an eye-fuck with  
BIKERS watching the scene.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

2

LEWIS  
These guys are trash.

MUNCH  
No argument here.

LEWIS  
(looks at BODY)  
Guy got shot in the face?

LAUSANNE  
Yeah, then he was dragged a couple  
of miles behind a car.  
(points to neck)  
See the ligature marks and asphalt  
in his cheeks? It's a wonder the  
head didn't fall off.

LEWIS straightens, approaches RESTON and OTHER BIKERS. \*

LEWIS  
I'd ask you what you know, but you  
wouldn't tell me, right?

RESTON  
That would depend on your attitude. \*

LEWIS  
Who are you? \*

RESTON  
Benny Reston. I'm the prez of the  
Deacons. \*

LEWIS  
Then you'd know who might have  
wanted this guy over-killed? \*

RESTON  
No one wanted the Monk to die. We  
loved him. \*

LEWIS  
That implies you had some say-so  
about his living or dying.

RESTON  
That implies nothing... Officer.  
All I'm saying is this was club  
business. You're a cop. You  
should know what I mean. \*

(CONTINUED)

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4.

2 CONTINUED: 3

2

LEWIS

I don't.

RESTON

Can't help you then.

\*

The DEACONS kick-start the Harleys and fire up the pick-up trucks. Then they drive away with a loud ROAR. As LEWIS turns back to Monk Whetherly's BODY being loaded into the M.E.'s van,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

3

BEAU FELTON goes over a file with 8 x 10s of suspects. FRANK PEMBLETON and TIM BAYLISS are on phones. Suddenly there's a palpable hush to the room. Everyone looks up as Deputy Commissioner JAMES HARRIS, African-American, fifties, walks up and stands next to PEMBLETON. BAYLISS hangs up quickly and stands, throws his hand at HARRIS.

BAYLISS  
Commissioner Harris, good to see you. Good to have you down here. Cup of coffee? Tuna sandwich?

HARRIS  
No, thank you, Detective.

AL GIARDELLO opens the door to his office and watches.

BAYLISS  
Want to sit down? Take my chair.

HARRIS  
No, thank you.  
(to PEMBLETON)  
How you doing, Frank?

PEMBLETON  
Very well, all things considered.

HARRIS  
Are you free for lunch?

Glances exchanged throughout the Squad Room: What's going on?

PEMBLETON  
As a matter of fact, I am.

HARRIS  
Good. Shall we?

PEMBLETON stands, puts his coat on, enjoying the envy of his peers. He turns to BAYLISS.

PEMBLETON  
See you later, Tim.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

HARRIS and PEMBLETON head out, BAYLISS staring after them, dumbfounded. They pass KAY HOWARD, a cup in one hand and the morning paper in the other. She does a double-take when she sees HARRIS. FOLLOW HOWARD as she walks over to FELTON.

HOWARD  
What's he doing down here?

FELTON  
He asked Frank for lunch.

HOWARD  
Yeah?

FELTON reaches for the paper.

HOWARD (cont.)  
Hey, hey, hey. Get your own.

FELTON  
I just want the sports section.

HOWARD  
What for? There wasn't even a game last night.

HOWARD hands over the sports section, sits down at her desk.

FELTON  
I know, but they usually advertise airline prices in that section.

HOWARD  
If memory serves, you've used up all your vacation.

FELTON  
I'm not taking a vacation. After that jackass Gaffney down in Missing Persons screwed me, I hired a private detective to find Beth and the kids.

HOWARD  
A private detective? You're a detective. You're gonna be way better than any Sam Spade wanna-be you could hire.

FELTON  
If memory serves... I have a day job, Kay. Anyway, this guy's good.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

FELTON (cont.)  
Says he may have found some  
receipts from a motel outside  
Camden.

HOWARD  
Camden, New Jersey?

FELTON  
Makes sense. Beth's got family in  
Pennsylvania. She probably headed  
up the Jersey Turnpike to get  
there. Anyway, it's something.

HOWARD is about to explore this when the phone RINGS.  
FELTON answers it.

FELTON (cont.)  
Homicide. Detective Felton. Yup,  
I got it. Right, right. I got  
it.  
(hangs up)  
Let's go.

FELTON hangs up. As he and HOWARD head out,

CUT TO:

4 INT. HAMPTON'S RESTAURANT - DAY

4

HARRIS and PEMBLETON walk slowly through the power-lunch  
CROWD. HARRIS presses flesh along the way and says a few  
"hellos". PEMBLETON watches, impressed, but maintaining his  
diffidence. The MAITRE'D pulls out Harris' chair as they  
sit at a corner table.

MAITRE'D  
Iced tea and linguine pomodoro, Mr.  
Harris?

HARRIS  
Yes, thank you.

MAITRE'D  
(to PEMBLETON)  
And for you, sir?

PEMBLETON  
Same, please.

MAITRE'D  
Very good.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

The MAITRE'D walks away. PEMBLETON takes out his cigarettes.

PEMBLETON  
May I?

HARRIS  
You're the one wearing a gun.

PEMBLETON smiles and lights up.

HARRIS (cont.)  
You know, Frank, you really broke my heart last year.

PEMBLETON  
I did? How?

HARRIS  
When you turned down that promotion.

PEMBLETON  
For shift commander?

HARRIS  
I've been watching your career. You're a helluva police officer, an excellent detective. My plan was to eventually bring you upstairs with me.

PEMBLETON  
You were behind that?

HARRIS  
Yes, I was.

PEMBLETON  
Thank you: I just felt I was better off handling cases, not politics.

HARRIS  
I understand. I respected you for that decision. Still do. Most men care more about moving up the ladder than being good where they are.

(leans in)  
Frank, you know Congressman Jeremy Wade?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 2

4

PEMBLETON

Not personally, but, yes, I know of him. I even voted for him.

HARRIS

He's been good to Baltimore, especially to the Police Department. He's among the few of those bastards in Congress who'll support gun control. And he's a very good friend of mine.

PEMBLETON gazes at HARRIS, waits for the rest.

HARRIS (cont.)

Two nights ago Wade called me. He told me he had been kidnapped by two men who warned him to stay away from his assistant's girlfriend. He didn't want to report it officially, but he sounded pretty shook up so I had a unit respond. Now, I can't supervise the investigation. It wouldn't be appropriate. So I'm asking you, Frank, to do it for me.

PEMBLETON

Me? I'm a Homicide cop.

HARRIS

I need someone good, someone smart. I need someone tactful. You're the best. I need the best.

PEMBLETON

I'll have to talk to Giardello. We're already a man down. I want to make sure he's covered.

HARRIS

Let me make that call for you. I need you to start right away. Will you do this for me?

PEMBLETON

Of course.

HARRIS

Good. Wade's political enemies could bury him if they caught wind of some pinch-and-tickle going on.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 3

4

HARRIS (cont.)

I want you to separate fact from  
fiction and report only to me.

PEMBLETON

Right.

The food arrives. HARRIS hands PEMBLETON a small bowl of  
grated cheese.

HARRIS

Put a little parmesan on the  
pomodoro. It brings it alive.

As PEMBLETON sprinkles parmesan on his pasta,

CUT TO:

5 INT. PETE'S TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

5

LEWIS and MUNCH enter. The walls are covered with hundreds  
of designs you can have punctured into your flesh.  
Throbbing, over-bassed rock and roll BLASTS from speakers.  
BIKER #2, shirt off, is having a huge coiling cobra tattooed  
around his right bicep. PETE, the tattoo artist, applies  
the inks like a surgeon and dabs blood away. LEWIS winces.

LEWIS

Jeez...

MUNCH

Tattoos make you queasy, Meldrick?

LEWIS

I just don't get the whole  
fascination with scarring your  
body.

MUNCH

It's not a scar. It's part of an  
ancient ritual. It originated in  
Polynesia as a symbol of virility  
and manhood.

LEWIS

If you need a permanent scar to  
declare your manhood, you're not  
much of a man.

MUNCH

And tattoos are cool.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

LEWIS

You have one, they're so cool?

MUNCH smiles at LEWIS.

LEWIS (cont.)

You do have a tattoo. Where?

MUNCH addresses PETE.

MUNCH

Bree Whetherly work here?

PETE

Who wants to know?

MUNCH

We do.

PETE

And you are?

LEWIS

Representatives of a major  
sweepstakes. Bree just won a  
cruise.

PETE

(shakes his head)  
Cops. She's in the back  
practicing.

LEWIS

(to BIKER #2, getting tattooed)  
Doesn't that hurt?

BIKER #2

Trick is not to care.

LEWIS and MUNCH continue to the back.

6 INT. BACK ROOM/PETE'S TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

6

LEWIS and MUNCH walk into a small room, the walls covered  
with shelves of ink supplies, needles and gauze pads.  
Sitting on a small stool, applying a tattoo to herself, is  
BREE WHETHERLY, early twenties, black mascara tear stains  
still slightly visible. She chain-smokes, lost in thought  
as the BUZZING needle pokes into her thigh.

LEWIS

Mrs. Whetherly?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

WHETHERLY

(quietly)  
Yeah?

LEWIS

I'm Detective Lewis, this is  
Detective Munch. We're from  
Homicide.

WHETHERLY

Damn, this hurts.

LEWIS

The trick is not to care.

WHETHERLY

Oh really? You try it.

WHETHERLY jabs the tattoo machine at LEWIS who jumps back.  
WHETHERLY sets the tattoo machine down and chain-lights  
another Lucky.

MUNCH

Mrs. Whetherly, I'm sorry to have  
to tell you this, but your  
husband --

WHETHERLY

Is dead.

WHETHERLY cracks open a tallboy, drinks long and hard, and  
wipes away an errant tear.

WHETHERLY (cont.)

Last night before he left the  
house, he was sitting in my momma's  
old rocking chair, feeding the  
baby. He was crying and kissing  
Sara's cheeks. Holding her so  
tight I thought she'd break. And  
the light from outside was hitting  
him weird... Like, I don't know, a  
halo or something.

(takes another sip)

I knew then he didn't have long.

MUNCH and LEWIS share a look.

MUNCH

Why, was Monk involved in any feud  
with another club? Or another  
member of the Deacons?

\*

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 2

6

WHETHERLY

Feud? Nobody messed with Monk.  
He'd just as soon beat your ass as  
shake your hand. Except when it  
came to Sara Rose. You shoulda  
seen what a mook he made of himself  
around her...

LEWIS

Do you have any idea who wanted  
your husband dead?

WHETHERLY

Ask Preacher.

MUNCH

Preacher?

WHETHERLY

He's the Deacons' warlord. He  
keeps the club members in line.  
Disciplines the rowdies, reviews  
prospects.

LEWIS

What're prospects?

WHETHERLY

Guys who want to join the club.  
Preacher also does weddings. He's  
a Bishop in the American Fellowship  
Church. He married me and Monk.

MUNCH

Monk never let on that he was in  
any trouble or anything?

WHETHERLY

Monk wouldn't talk to me about club  
business. That just ain't done.

LEWIS

Where would we find Preacher?

WHETHERLY

The club's got a strip joint out on  
Bel Air Road. But watch yourself  
around Preacher. He's not liable  
to laugh at a joke.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 3

6

LEWIS  
Your husband's body is down at the  
Medical Examiner's. You'll  
probably be called to identify it.

WHETHERLY sits back down and fires up her needle gun. She  
polishes off the tallboy and sets her cigarette down.

WHETHERLY  
Either'a'ya interested in a cherry  
sixty-eight ElectraGlide? Monk  
bored and stroked it last spring.  
It rips.

LEWIS  
ElectraGlide?

WHETHERLY  
His Harley. Pull your head outta  
the sand. Ask your cop buddies,  
would ya? I need the money. Monk  
wasn't exactly over-insured, you  
know? Hope I get the hang of this  
soon. I need a job.

She sets the needle back into her thigh and winces. As  
LEWIS and MUNCH walk out,

CUT TO:

7 EXT. PETE'S TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

7

LEWIS and MUNCH exit as TWO BIG BIKERS pull up their  
Harleys.

LEWIS  
I would just like to say that when  
white people mess themselves up,  
they do it in such bizarre ways.  
(beat)  
So where's your tattoo, Munch?

MUNCH  
Guess.

On LEWIS, gazing at MUNCH as they approach the Cavalier,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8 EXT. DRUID HILL PARK - DAY

8

BAYLISS turns to PEMBLETON as they follow UNIFORM #2.

BAYLISS

Frank, Frank, I don't care about any alleged kidnapping -- What I want to know is what Jim Harris, grand puhbah, wunderkind of the Department, had for lunch.

PEMBLETON

We ate linguine pomodoro.

BAYLISS

Frank, you're being groomed. I mean, come on. It's like being knighted.

UNIFORM #2

Mr. Wade stated that the van was a late model Ford Windstar. Red. And that he was forced into the van through a side door on the driver's side.

PEMBLETON

Vans don't have side doors on the driver's side.

BAYLISS

(to PEMBLETON)

He really told you that he was the one who engineered the offer to promote you last year?

PEMBLETON

Yep.

BAYLISS

Man. You're golden now.

UNIFORM #2

Mr. Wade also claimed that the van slowed and that he was ejected here. However, when I examined the clothing he was wearing that night I found no evidence of grass stains, no rips or tears.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

PEMBLETON

What about the people who took him home?

UNIFORM #2

He claimed there was a Neighborhood Watch barbecue going on here.

PEMBLETON

Little chilly to be cooking outdoors.

UNIFORM #2

I checked with Parks and Recreation. No permits were issued for use of the park that day.

PEMBLETON

So, we're looking for a van that does not exist, which carried kidnappers who never lived, who did not abscond with a U.S. Congressman and then didn't dump him here?

UNIFORM #2

I guess. I dunno...

UNIFORM #2 walks back to his car and drives off.

BAYLISS

Frank, this is moldy cheese in Denmark time.

PEMBLETON

Let's keep looking.

BAYLISS

For what? None of the particulars exist.

PEMBLETON

I've been asked to exercise some of my expertise as a Homicide Detective and that's what I'm going to do.

PEMBLETON heads back toward Cavalier.

BAYLISS

Harris has something on you, right? He caught you, what? Nabbing cash from the widows and orphans' fund?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 2

8

PEMBLETON

Sometimes you're funny, Bayliss.  
Then there's now. Just get in the  
damn car.

As THEY get in Cavalier,

CUT TO:

9 EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

9

A St. Agnes Hospital Ambulance pulls away, lights flashing,  
as Cavalier stops at curb. HOWARD and FELTON get out, cross  
to UNIFORM #3, very young, who stands by a tree.

HOWARD

What've we got?

UNIFORM #3

The deceased is a white male, fifty  
to sixty years old. By all  
appearances, homeless. Single  
bullet to the head. His pants were  
down around his ankles. He was by  
a tree squatting as if about to,  
uh, well, y'know, defecate --

FELTON

And did he?

UNIFORM #3

Did he what, sir?

FELTON

Dump.

UNIFORM #3

Uh, no, sir. Not as far as I can  
tell.

FELTON

Have you looked?

UNIFORM #3

Well, I --

HOWARD

Where's this tree?

UNIFORM #3

Right here.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

FELTON  
And where is the body?

UNIFORM #3  
They took it.

HOWARD  
Who took it?

UNIFORM #3  
Those guys in the ambulance... The paramedics.

FELTON  
Hold on. That wasn't a Medical Examiner's truck?

UNIFORM #3  
No, they were from St. Agnes Hospital.

HOWARD  
I don't understand. Where are they taking the body?

UNIFORM #3  
To St. Agnes.

HOWARD  
So, the homeless man wasn't dead?

UNIFORM #3  
Oh, he was dead all right. Definitely dead. They pronounced him at --  
(checks his notes)  
Two-thirty p.m.

HOWARD  
They took a dead body to the hospital? You let them remove a dead body from a Crime Scene before Homicide arrived?

UNIFORM #3  
The paramedics seemed to know what they were doing.

HOWARD just nods. It's starting to dawn on UNIFORM #3 that he fucked up, so he tries to make up for it.

UNIFORM #3 (cont.)  
He was found like this.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

UNIFORM #3 squats by tree, closes his eyes, playing dead.

HOWARD  
Let's go.

UNIFORM #3  
Go? Go where?

HOWARD  
To find the body.

FELTON  
(to UNIFORM #3)  
A little rule of thumb, rook -- It  
ain't a homicide unless there's a  
body.

As HOWARD and FELTON cross back to Cavalier,

CUT TO:

10 INT. JAKE'S CLUB - DAY

10

Smoky, loud, flashing lights. MUSIC BLASTS. BIKERS,  
OFF-DUTY COPS watch as a narcotized STRIPPER/DANCER fucks  
the foul pole. LEWIS admires STRIPPER's body.

LEWIS  
God, she's limber.

MUNCH  
I bet she's a virgin.

LEWIS  
I see these women and all I can  
think of is trying to help them,  
you know? Take them home, talk  
some sense to them.

MUNCH  
No sex, of course.

LEWIS  
Oh, sure, I'd have lots of sex with  
them. But I'd like to help them,  
too.

LEWIS and MUNCH walk up to the BARTENDER.

MUNCH  
We're looking for Preacher.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

The BARTENDER motions them to the back of the club. LEWIS and MUNCH move toward PREACHER, late forties, thin, not particularly tall or imposing, but possessing a wiry, dangerous strength. PREACHER sits drinking a beer and picking at a plate of hamburger and fries. LEWIS and MUNCH sit.

LEWIS

You're Preacher?

PREACHER keeps eating.

LEWIS (cont.)

I'm Detective Lewis, this is Detective Munch. We're from Homicide.

PREACHER

The Monk was a good soldier. He had an awesome sense of duty and a lot of heart.

LEWIS and MUNCH, surprised, look at each other.

LEWIS

What do you mean, "the Monk?"

PREACHER

That's how we speak of the dead. When I'm gone, I'll be referred to as "the Preacher."

MUNCH

You said he had a sense of duty. Are you saying Monk died for a reason?

PREACHER

Don't we all?

LEWIS

Do you know who killed Monk?

PREACHER

If a man dies at the hands of a mob, how do you tell who took his life, exactly?

MUNCH

So there was more than one killer?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2

10

PREACHER

Not according to the Warren  
Commission.

LEWIS

Are you capable of giving a  
straight answer, or do we have you  
finish your lunch at our office?

PREACHER

You got Natty Bo on tap at your  
office, I'm in.

MUNCH

We spoke to Monk's wife. She  
seemed to think you'd have an idea  
who killed him.

PREACHER

Her yapping's the damn reason  
Monk's dead.

LEWIS

This was a vendetta?

PREACHER

Detective, you're going to have to  
abandon this seriously linear way  
of thinking you've grown to love.  
Look a little deeper, man. You're  
being lazy.

LEWIS

Don't you call me lazy, you piece  
of retro Nazi crap.

LEWIS stands.

LEWIS (cont.)

Get up.

MUNCH

Meldrick, what're you --

LEWIS

Now.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 3

10

PREACHER wipes his mouth, folds his napkin and stares-down LEWIS.

PREACHER

Make me.

On LEWIS' fury,

CUT TO:

11 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

11

LEWIS, torn suit, tie all unraveled, escorts PREACHER, in cuffs, into "The Box". MUNCH, mourning his torn shirt pocket, follows behind. PREACHER doesn't have a scratch. GIARDELLO steps out of his office, stops MUNCH.

GIARDELLO

What the hell happened to you guys?

MUNCH

Meldrick's got quite a Chuck Norris streak in him.

GIARDELLO

Who's the welter-weight?

MUNCH

A member of the Deacons biker gang. He got into a "mine's bigger than yours" with Lewis.

GIARDELLO

Looks like his was bigger.

MUNCH

Much bigger.

MUNCH walks off toward "The Box". GIARDELLO sees PEMBLETON walk past the glass door leading to the elevators and follows him.

12 INT. LOBBY/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

12

GIARDELLO walks out of the Squad Room as PEMBLETON punches the button for elevator.

GIARDELLO

Hey, Frank? What floor you working on these days? Your chair's empty, the room no longer has the energy of Baltimore's best and brightest detective. I miss you, man.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

PEMBLETON

Harris asked me to look into something. I'll just need a day. He call and tell you?

GIARDELLO

Yeah. He called, but he didn't tell me anything. You're my prized pupil, you want to give me the goods?

PEMBLETON

I'm just fixing a ticket, Gee.

GIARDELLO

You don't trust me?

PEMBLETON

It's not that.

GIARDELLO

The Calvert case still awaits your blessing.

The elevator doors open and PEMBLETON gets inside.

PEMBLETON

Just a day or two. I'll be back.

GIARDELLO

They eat their wounded upstairs, Frank. Be careful.

PEMBLETON

Gotcha, Gee, thanks.

The doors close. As GIARDELLO shakes a worried head and walks back into the Squad Room,

CUT TO:

13 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

13

PREACHER sits in the chair. LEWIS hammers him with questions as MUNCH walks in.

LEWIS

Whetherly was doing a little business on the side. He was breaking rules. You're the "Warlord". You had to make an example of him.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

PREACHER

You got no soul, Detective.

LEWIS

Don't give me anymore of your  
soul bull.

PREACHER

The whole premise of this crime is  
soul. You have decided that I'm  
just low-life scooter trash and  
that I'd take the life of a brother  
as soon as I'd take a sip of beer.

LEWIS

Where's the eloquence coming from,  
huh? You actually pass third  
grade?

MUNCH

No, he actually went to Williams  
College. For a year, anyway.

LEWIS

What?

MUNCH tosses Preacher's file onto the table.

MUNCH

He's from Connecticut.

LEWIS looks through file.

LEWIS

Connecticut?

MUNCH

His real name is Jason Calhoun.  
Prepped at Hotchkiss. Summered on  
the Cape, too, I'd imagine.

LEWIS

(to PREACHER)  
You come from dough?  
(reads file)  
Your family owns Northeastern  
Mortgage and Trust?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

PREACHER

We all have little embarrassments  
in our pasts.

MUNCH

Mr. Calhoun, do you know who killed  
Monk Whetherly?

PREACHER

I don't know who. But I know why.  
And if you two understand the  
"why", then you'll figure out the  
"who".

LEWIS

Then tell us why he was killed.

PREACHER

Because he loved his little girl.

From outside we HEAR the sudden CRESCENDO of straight-pipes.

PREACHER (cont.)

Now, I'm sorry about the scuffle  
earlier, but you asked for it. And  
you know damn well I didn't kill  
Monk. So, if you have nothing  
further, I'd like to get back to my  
life.

MUNCH

I'll have a uniform take you home.

PREACHER stands.

PREACHER

Don't bother.

PREACHER exits. MUNCH sighs, exits with LEWIS.

14 INT. LOBBY BALCONY/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

14 \*

LEWIS, MUNCH and PREACHER walk in and join OTHERS,  
including GIARDELLO, at the window looking out.

\*

15 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

15

Twenty Harleys, ridden by twenty DEACONS idle in front of  
Headquarters.

16 INT. LOBBY BALCONY/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY  
LEWIS, MUNCH and PREACHER at the window.

16 \*

PREACHER (cont.)  
My ride's here.

As PREACHER leaves, LEWIS and MUNCH gazing out,

CUT TO:

17 INT. HALLWAY/DRAPER APARTMENT - DAY

17

Classic, upwardly mobile decor. A KNOCK at the door and TIMOTHY DRAPER walks in from Living Room, his right arm in cast. He opens the door. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON stand in the doorway, badges out.

PEMBLETON  
Timothy Draper?

DRAPER  
Yes?

PEMBLETON  
Could we talk to you for a minute?

DRAPER  
Sure. Come in.

As DRAPER stands aside and PEMBLETON and BAYLISS enter,

CUT TO:

18 INT. LIVING ROOM/DRAPER APARTMENT - DAY

18

DRAPER pours another cup of tea for BAYLISS. PEMBLETON refuses his refill.

DRAPER (cont.)  
I met Jeremy Wade at the Democratic National Convention in New York. Nineteen-ninety. We were all hugging and singing, "Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow."

PEMBLETON  
How long did you work for Wade?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

DRAPER

Three and a half years. I was in my second year of law school at Columbia when Jeremy called to offer me the job as his assistant. I'm actually in the process now of moving back to New York to finish school.

PEMBLETON

Mr. Draper... Congressman Wade is alleging that last Monday night he was kidnapped and warned to stay away from your girlfriend.

DRAPER is floored.

DRAPER

What?

PEMBLETON

You want to tell us what's really going on here?

DRAPER

I came to D.C. to work for a powerful three-term U.S. Congressman. He set me up in Baltimore to be closer to his constituents. Sort of his eyes and ears. It was great at first. Helping him come up with ideas, legislation. Breaking bread at the weekly caucus with the most powerful politicians in our government... I mean, D.C. is like heroin. You get a taste of that power, that level of involvement...

BAYLISS

Then why did you quit?

DRAPER

Because Jeremy and I started a relationship. A love affair.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS are both suddenly uncomfortable.

PEMBLETON

You don't have a girlfriend?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 2

18

DRAPER

No, I'm gay. The affair was beginning to affect his work and mine. I told him I had to quit. That I was going back to school. That's when he blew up.

PEMBLETON

Blew up?

DRAPER

Yeah. He broke my arm.

BAYLISS

Why didn't you report that?

DRAPER

Because Jeremy Wade is a good Congressman. He cares and he makes a difference. People snap sometimes. Bones heal.

PEMBLETON

So this kidnapping story is...

DRAPER

Sad.

As PEMBLETON and BAYLISS absorb this information,

CUT TO:

19 INT. CAVALIER - DAY

19

PEMBLETON drives, lost in thought. BAYLISS fidgets as they sit in a traffic jam.

BAYLISS

What I don't get is why in the hell we're investigating a domestic.

PEMBLETON

What I don't get is the accordion effect of this traffic. Ten feet, stop. Ten feet, stop. And it's not a domestic... It's a kidnapping.

BAYLISS

There was no abduction, Frank. This was a lover's quarrel. Draper quit. Then Wade beat the spit out of him.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

Traffic moves a dozen yards then stops again. PEMBLETON shakes his head.

PEMBLETON

Why did Wade make the call?

BAYLISS

He probably thought Draper would report the assault. If Wade calls in first saying Draper had him kidnapped it takes all the wind outta Draper's sail. That way, Wade can keep cashing checks at the Congressional Post Office and no one knows he's a psycho, arm-breaking gay guy.

PEMBLETON

That makes no sense whatsoever.

BAYLISS

People under stress don't always make sensible decisions.

(beat)

Think about it. If the tables were turned and you had to avoid public scrutiny because you could lose your job for loving your wife.

PEMBLETON

You ever go through a phase where you thought you were gay?

BAYLISS

No.

PEMBLETON

You ever had a homosexual experience?

BAYLISS

No.

PEMBLETON

Even when you were a young kid?

BAYLISS

No.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 2

19

PEMBLETON

Come on, Tim... You've never had an awkward hug, no, little peck on the cheek? No close encounter with sodomy?...

BAYLISS

How many have you had?

PEMBLETON

(shouts out window)

Come on up there.

(leans on horn; to BAYLISS)  
You first.

BAYLISS

I... had an uncle who used to follow me to the bathroom once in a while.

PEMBLETON

Really?

BAYLISS

Yeah, really.

PEMBLETON

What did he do?

BAYLISS

I don't remember. Now you.

PEMBLETON

I got nothing to tell.

BAYLISS

But you said every guy had at least one experience.

PEMBLETON

I lied.

BAYLISS seethes at being had. PEMBLETON leans on the horn again.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

Come on, come on.

(beat)

So what in the hell am I supposed to do with this case?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 3

19

BAYLISS

Ask Harris. He's the one grooming  
you for upper management.

PEMBLETON

Okay, I'll go see Harris.

Traffic starts moving forward again.

BAYLISS

Listen, Frank. If you do go see  
Harris again, can I come with you?  
Seriously, I would love to bounce  
some ideas off of him, you know, a  
few thoughts about procedural  
changes in the Department.

PEMBLETON

Not while I'm living.

On BAYLISS, chagrined,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 INT. E.R. ADMITTING/CHURCH HOME HOSPITAL - DAY

20

CAMERA PANS past rows and rows of PATIENTS, waiting to be admitted. A SCHIZOPHRENIC, a MIDDLE-AGED MAN with heart palpitations, a KID with a broken arm. Running the show is an exhausted, overworked ADMITTING CLERK. HOWARD and FELTON enter. HOWARD addresses the ADMITTING CLERK.

HOWARD

Excuse me, I'm Detective Howard,  
Baltimore City Homicide. We're  
looking for a body.

ADMITTING CLERK

Take your pick.

FELTON

Easy on the laughs. We've been to  
the hospital morgue who sent us to  
admitting who sent us to records  
who sent us to you.

Felton's pager BEEPS. He checks the number.

FELTON (cont.)

Be right back. It's my detective.

HOWARD

(to ADMITTING CLERK)

A dead body, brought in within the  
past hour. A white male,  
fifty-some years old.

ADMITTING CLERK

Oh yeah. I know the one you mean.

HOWARD

Where is he?

ADMITTING CLERK

Detective, that man was dead. In  
order to qualify for admittance to  
this hospital, a patient has to be,  
at the very least, clinging to  
life.

HOWARD

I'm aware of that, but if you  
didn't admit the body, where is it?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

ADMITTING CLERK  
They took it back.

HOWARD  
Took it back?

ADMITTING CLERK  
To where they found it.

HOWARD  
The paramedics took it back to  
where they found it?

ADMITTING CLERK nods. FELTON returns.

FELTON  
My P.I. thinks Beth took the kids  
to Philly. \*

HOWARD  
The paramedics took the body back  
where they found it. \*

HOWARD exits. FELTON smiles at ADMITTING CLERK.

FELTON  
It's kinda like a treasure hunt.

On FELTON, following HOWARD out,

CUT TO:

21 INT. HARRIS' OUTER OFFICE - DAY

21

PEMBLETON looks closely at old photographs of Harris in his Academy days, younger, handsome, full of the same potential PEMBLETON believes he also possesses. LUCILLE, the secretary, hangs up the phone.

LUCILLE  
The Deputy Commissioner will be  
right out, Detective. He's meeting  
with the Mayor.

PEMBLETON  
In there? The Mayor's in his  
office?

LUCILLE  
Yes. He's in and outta here all  
the time.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

PEMBLETON, nods, impressed. He reads the wording on a plaque decorating Harris for some magnanimous deed. The door to Harris' office opens and HARRIS appears.

HARRIS

Frank, come in. Sorry to keep you waiting.

PEMBLETON follows HARRIS.

22 INT. HARRIS' OFFICE - DAY

22

PEMBLETON walks in, looks around.

PEMBLETON

Where's the Mayor?

HARRIS

Oh, he went out the side door.

PEMBLETON

He's got something to hide?

HARRIS

Not really. Not today, anyway. So, what's the good news on our little problem?

PEMBLETON

Sir, it's not little.

HARRIS

Call me Jim. Catch me up.

PEMBLETON

There was no kidnapping. We're in the middle of a lover's spat between Wade and Draper. This whole thing started as a smoke screen to hide the fact that Wade is homosexual. There was no woman involved. All of which would've meant no harm, no foul, except that Wade went ahead and filed a police report. Which, of course, is false. Which, as you know, is a crime.

HARRIS

How do you want to proceed?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

PEMBLETON

You tell me. All I know is Article Twenty-seven, Section One-fifty of the Annotated Code of Maryland says Wade owes the public five-hundred dollars and six months in jail for misdemeanor filing of a false report.

HARRIS

If Wade is charged, the media will pull his private life out of the closet. And we lose a very important ally in Congress. The way I see it, we lose him, we get more dead cops.

PEMBLETON

Then I put this file in a drawer and it's over. \*

HARRIS

What about the false report? \*

PEMBLETON

If Wade admits there was no crime, we could... let it lie. \*

HARRIS

Have you talked to Wade yet? \*

PEMBLETON

No. \*

HARRIS

You should. Make sure he knows how you want to proceed. \*

PEMBLETON

You'll have to be more specific than that. Do you want me to make a deal? \*

HARRIS

I want you to let Wade know there will be no further investigation. Tell him we understand this was a trivial episode of poor judgement and we'll take care of it. \*

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 2

22

PEMBLETON stands, opens office door.

PEMBLETON

Least I know now why you need a  
back door out of here.

As PEMBLETON exits,

CUT TO:

23 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

23

LEWIS, at his desk with a stack of EasyRider magazines,  
biker fiction, and a copy of Hunter S. Thompson's "Hell's  
Angels". MUNCH walks in and pulls up a chair.

MUNCH

You maybe taking your work a little  
too seriously?

LEWIS

No, I'm just trying to get into  
their heads, you know? I mean this  
is a fascinating world.

MUNCH

Fascinating? These pig-boys are a  
bunch of fat, drunken racists  
riding illegally altered  
motorcycles. They're a gang, for  
crying out loud.

LEWIS

No, they're a club, actually.  
That's what the M.C. stands for on  
the patch, Motorcycle Club.

MUNCH

Meldrick, these are stone killers.

LEWIS

No, Munch. Bikers are a living  
legacy of the Old West. Riding  
steel horses, maintaining an almost  
fanatical code of honor and  
independence.

MUNCH

They blew a man's face off. Made  
his wife a widow. Where's the  
honor in that?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

LEWIS

Did you know that the Hell's Angels was originally an Air Force fighter group in World War Two?

MUNCH

No, I did not.

LEWIS

After the war, they missed that rush of flying so they took up riding motorcycles. Then there was some kind of riot in Hollister, California, which became the basis for the Brando movie "The Wild One". That's what started the whole outlaw image.

MUNCH

(not impressed)

I interviewed a couple members of the Phoenix Motorcycle Club. None of them had any bones to pick with any Deacons.

LEWIS

This had nothing to do with an outside club.

Phone RINGS. In b.g., Sergeant SALLY ROGERS picks up.

ROGERS

Lewis, it's for you.

LEWIS answers phone.

LEWIS

This is Detective Lewis.

(beat)

Who's this?

(beat)

Okay.

LEWIS hangs up, turns to MUNCH.

LEWIS (cont.)

I'll be right back.

As LEWIS goes, watched curiously by MUNCH,

CUT TO:

24 INT. GARAGE/POLICE HEADQUARTER - DAY

24

LEWIS walks into garage area. A cruiser passes, and as it does it reveals HARVEY EASTON, thirties, linebacker build, ponytail, earrings, sport coat, no tie.

EASTON  
Lewis?

LEWIS  
Yeah.

EASTON  
Sorry about the cloak and dagger.  
I'm Special Agent Harvey Easton,  
F.B.I.

LEWIS  
(off EASTON's dress)  
Why didn't I know that?

EASTON  
I'm not the guy on the recruiting  
posters. Listen, I know you're  
investigating Monk Whetherly's  
murder.

LEWIS  
You do? How?

EASTON  
I'm doing undercover work into the  
Deacons.

A car rolls up.

EASTON (cont.)  
Mind if we stand out of the light a  
bit?

LEWIS and EASTON move behind some cars near the garage wall.

LEWIS  
You know who whacked Whetherly?

EASTON  
A guy named Gabe Clark. He's  
nothing, just a punk prospecting  
for the club. I got his address  
here, but I gotta ask you to make  
the bust as clean as possible.

EASTON hands LEWIS a slip of paper.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

LEWIS  
I'm stepping on Federal toes here?

EASTON  
We're trying to make a R.I.C.O.  
case and shut the club down.

LEWIS  
Preacher involved?

EASTON  
No, the president of the club, a  
guy named Benny Reston, has been  
working with some wise guys outta  
Miami doing some odd hits, and  
distributing coke and  
methamphetamines in Baltimore  
County. I got the two confirmed  
acts of racketeering I need to  
indict, but I gotta get my contact  
out first. She's outta time.

LEWIS  
Who's the contact?

EASTON  
Whetherly's wife. She put me in  
contact with Reston. \*

LEWIS  
(to himself)  
He loved his little girl.

EASTON  
Yeah. Whatever. Look, I get  
Reston. You take the slug who  
whacked Monk. \*

LEWIS  
Yeah, sure. Deal.

On LEWIS as EASTON walks off,

CUT TO:

25 EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

25

HOWARD and FELTON get out of Cavalier.

HOWARD  
That stupid rookie. I'm gonna get  
his name and his shield number and  
put him on report.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

FELTON

We gotta hurry. I'm supposed to call my detective in a half an hour. I may have to leave right away for Philly.

HOWARD

Beau, it's hard enough doing our jobs without rookie cops letting crazed paramedics take the bodies from the scene.

FELTON

Kay, you can't put the poor kid on report. He's just inexperienced. Remember when you were inexperienced?

HOWARD

I was never that inexperienced.

HOWARD points to the tree, where the BODY of "John Doe" has been returned. Doe has been placed exactly as he was, squatting by the tree with his pants around his ankles. UNIFORM #3 stands by Doe, smiling, admiring his handiwork.

FELTON

Okay. Put him on report.

As HOWARD and FELTON approach the scene,

CUT TO:

26 EXT. LONGWORTH HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING/WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY  
PEMBLETON walks up the steps and enters.

26 \*

CUT TO:

27 INT. ANTEROOM/CONGRESSMAN WADE'S OFFICE - DAY

27

PEMBLETON sits on a leather love seat. The ASSISTANT works quietly at her computer. PEMBLETON stands as the door opens and JEREMY WADE, white, late forties, well-groomed, handsome and gracious, walks out. WADE extends his hand to PEMBLETON.

\*

WADE

Good afternoon, Detective Pembleton. Sorry to keep you waiting. Do you need some coffee or anything?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

PEMBLETON  
Nope, I'm fine. Thanks.

WADE leads PEMBLETON into a power suite.

28 INT. CONGRESSMAN WADE'S OFFICE - DAY

28

Photos of Wade and the President, Jesse Jackson and other big-time power brokers hang on the cherry wood walls.

WADE  
How are things on the home front?

PEMBLETON  
Same as ever. Out of control.

WADE  
(laughs)  
I love Baltimore. The Northern most Southern City. Gracious and friendly like Dixie, but liberally conservative like any good WASP enclave.

PEMBLETON  
Yeah... It's... Congressman Wade, I assume you know why I'm here.

WADE  
Yes. I think so. You're here to interview me about the kidnapping.

PEMBLETON  
Congressman, I'm not sure how to put this. But... there isn't one shred of truth to your story.

WADE sits behind his desk.

PEMBLETON (cont.)  
There was no van. There was no abduction. No threats were made to your life.

WADE looks out his window.

WADE  
Jim said you were honest and honorable.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

PEMBLETON

This is where we are. You made the call to preempt Mr. Draper from filing an assault charge against you. You were afraid that charge would lead to an investigation and that that investigation would lead to the disclosing of your personal life.

WADE

Yes.

PEMBLETON

A police officer responded to your call. And a report was filed.

WADE

Yes.

PEMBLETON

Filing a false report is a crime.

WADE

I know.

PEMBLETON

Congressman Wade, it is my impression that this is a private issue between you and Mr. Draper and that you would like to keep it private.

WADE

That's correct.

PEMBLETON

Well, if a crime has been committed, then we will investigate fully.

WADE shifts in his chair.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

But if no crime was committed...

(makes the deal)

Well, then that puts an end to it.

WADE

If I tell you that no crime occurred, this investigation is over? And this admission will never be used against me?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

PEMBLETON

Not by me. And I'm the only one  
who knows.

WADE

Then... There was no abduction.  
And I would prefer the matter be  
dealt with privately.

PEMBLETON stands.

PEMBLETON

Consider this case file closed.  
And your private life private.

WADE

Thank you, very much, Detective. I  
represent, as I said, a mostly  
Southern city. This isn't  
California or Massachusetts. The  
truth is not my ally with respect  
to my private life... I wish it  
were, but...

PEMBLETON

Don't worry about it. It's over.

As PEMBLETON walks out,

CUT TO:

29 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

29

HOWARD and FELTON stand at "The Board".

HOWARD

We're never gonna solve this case,  
y'know.

FELTON

I know.

HOWARD

It's too late. Whatever chance we  
had, if we had any chance at all,  
is gone.

FELTON

I know.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

HOWARD

The Crime Scene's been violated,  
the chain of evidence broken, the  
body's been on an extended tour of  
greater Baltimore.

FELTON

It sucks, Kay. I feel bad that  
you're the primary. After not  
closing the Chilton case, you're  
average is gonna sink below the  
Mendoza Line.

FELTON picks up the phone.

HOWARD

I'm the primary? Since when am I  
the primary? You took the call.

FELTON

Yeah, but when we got in the car --  
(into phone)

Dawkins Investigations. Yeah,  
I'll hold.

(back to HOWARD)

When we got in the car, you said,  
"I'll be the primary."

HOWARD

I am going to kick you as hard as I  
possibly can somewhere below your  
Mendoza Line.

FELTON

Yeah, Doug Chambers in?  
(to HOWARD)

Hey, hey. You want me to be the  
primary, I'll be the primary.

(into phone)

Just tell him Beau Felton called.  
Thanks.

(hangs up)

Answering Service.

HOWARD

You eat this one, Beau.

HOWARD writes "D-O-E" in RED under Felton's name on "The  
Board".

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 2

29

FELTON

Even a homeless, unknown, unclaimed  
John Doe deserves my hundred  
percent effort to solve his murder.

HOWARD walks away. FELTON studies "The Board" for a moment. He notices a "D-O-E" under Bayliss' name in BLACK. He looks around, wipes the BLACK "D-O-E" off Bayliss' list, rewrites it in RED, then wipes RED "D-O-E" under his own name and rewrites it in BLACK. As FELTON looks at "The Board" again, satisfied,

CUT TO:

30 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

30

A few hours before dawn. Dark, cold. LEWIS walks into frame, bullet-proof vest on and pistol drawn. We SEE a dozen OFFICERS in Kevlars standing nearby. He addresses the OFFICERS.

LEWIS

Gabe Clark is six-foot three.  
Black hair. Consider him armed and  
way beyond dangerous. He lives  
with his girlfriend who may or may  
not be in there. Let's go.

The ARREST TEAM turns, starts moving forward. From the fringes of frame we SEE the black shapes of POLICE OFFICERS moving silently through the darkness around us. They are closing in on a trailer dead ahead. Without pause we SMASH through the front door.

31 INT. CLARK TRAILER - NIGHT

31

Flashlights whipping back and forth like a spastic strobe. We move through the cluttered trailer and SMASH through the bedroom door. A drunk GABE CLARK, muscled, thirties, falls from his bed. His GIRLFRIEND scrambles out of bed. CLARK reaches for a gun lying on the bedside table. LEWIS lunges and lands on top of CLARK, his knee holding CLARK's face to the floor. SEVERAL UNIFORMS descend and cuff CLARK. As the SIRENS descend from outside,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

32

PEMBLETON pulls into a parking spot in front. He looks up. There's a crush of media: CAMERAMEN, REPORTERS, including MARIA DELGADO, casing the front entrance. As PEMBLETON gets out of his car, BAYLISS quickly walks over to him.

BAYLISS

Hey, Frank.

PEMBLETON

Tim.

(off REPORTERS)

What's the dog and pony show?

BAYLISS

There's blood in the water, Frank.  
Your blood.

(nodding toward MEDIA)

They're waiting for you.

PEMBLETON

What the hell for?

BAYLISS

I'm not passing judgment. I'm just the messenger. Maria Delgado of Channel Eight broke a story saying there'd been a police cover-up of criminal charges against Baltimore's favorite son, United States Congressman Jeremy Wade.

PEMBLETON

You're kidding.

BAYLISS

No. As you previously indicated, I'm not good at being funny.

PEMBLETON stares at the waiting CROWD.

BAYLISS (cont.)

You want to go in the front door or the back door. I'll back you either way.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

PEMBLETON  
I'll walk in the damn front door,  
Tim, thank you.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS walk toward the steps. The MEDIA, led by DELGADO, descend upon PEMBLETON.

DELGADO  
Detective Pembleton, do you have  
any statement as to your alleged  
complicity in covering up the  
charges against Congressman Wade?

PEMBLETON  
Yeah. Go screw yourself.

As PEMBLETON and BAYLISS make it to the door and inside,

CUT TO:

33 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - MORNING

33

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS enter. MUNCH, FELTON, HOWARD and OTHERS in the room go silent and watch them. PEMBLETON is about to speak when the door to Giardello's Office opens up.

GIARDELLO  
Frank.

PEMBLETON walks over and into Giardello's Office.

34 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

34

As PEMBLETON walks in, he is greeted by a fuming Captain GEORGE BARNFATHER. HARRIS stands against the glass unable to look PEMBLETON in the eye. GIARDELLO takes his seat.

PEMBLETON  
Don't everyone say "hello" at once.

GIARDELLO  
Frank, you might want to sit down.

PEMBLETON  
Then again, I might not.

PEMBLETON remains on his feet.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

BARNFATHER

Detective Pembleton, I was making french toast for my kids this morning when I got a call from Maria Delgado of Channel Eight. She was about to go on the air with a bizarre story about how Congressman Jeremy Wade had been kidnapped and then, after a formal investigation had been undertaken, he recanted. Which implied that instead of Wade being charged with filing a false police report, you buried it. Covered it up. Which makes this department look like it plays favorites. I need you to give me your side of this story before I decide what, if any, disciplinary action will be taken.

PEMBLETON looks around the room to HARRIS.

PEMBLETON

Deputy Commisioner, feel free to jump in here at any time. \*

HARRIS

I called Detective Pembleton in to investigate Wade's allegations. I asked him to determine the veracity of the story.

BARNFATHER

And?

PEMBLETON

No crime was committed.

BARNFATHER

Then we have to notify the State's Attorney's Office that probable cause exists to charge Congressman Wade.

PEMBLETON

We can't.

BARNFATHER

Why not, Detective?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 2

34

PEMBLETON  
(stares at HARRIS)  
Because I gave Wade my word that he  
would not be charged.

BARNFATHER  
Under who's authority?

PEMBLETON waits for HARRIS to step up to the plate. HARRIS  
does not even pick up the bat.

PEMBLETON  
Under James Harris' authority. \*

GIARDELLO shakes his head and looks away. BARNFATHER turns  
to HARRIS. \*

BARNFATHER  
Jim, did you okay this deal?

HARRIS  
No. I did not. Detective  
Pembleton clearly overstepped the  
parameters of professional conduct  
and propriety. \*

PEMBLETON stares hard at his betrayer. HARRIS looks away.

BARNFATHER  
Detective Pembleton, you are, as of  
now, under administrative  
suspension with pay. You will  
limit your activities to paperwork  
and answering phones. You've done  
a great disservice to the  
reputation of this Department and  
to this City.

PEMBLETON  
(to GIARDELLO)  
Gee, help me out here.

GIARDELLO  
With what, Frank? You told me it  
was a traffic ticket. You told me  
it was under control. In point of  
fact you told me nothing. And now  
there's nothing I can do.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 3

34

PEMBLETON

Well, then there's only one thing I  
can do.

PEMBLETON unclips his badge from his belt and slides it  
across Giardello's desk and walks out. On GIARDELLO,  
looking at PEMBLETON's badge,

CUT TO:

35 EXT. JAKE'S CLUB - DAY

35

Thirty DEACONS MEMBERS are milling about outside next to  
their bikes. LEWIS drives up, parks and walks inside.

36 INT. JAKE'S CLUB - DAY

36

The bar is packed with DEACONS and other INDEPENDENTS, a  
sense of anticipation in the air. LEWIS crosses over to a  
corner table where PREACHER nurses a beer. LEWIS sits,  
flags a finger to the WAITRESS for a beer.

LEWIS

You guys riding today?

PREACHER

Nah, we got a funeral. We're  
burying our brother.

LEWIS

We busted Gabe Clark this morning.

PREACHER

Nothing righteous about that  
sonofabitch.

LEWIS

He said Reston, the president of  
the club, ordered the hit.

PREACHER

You believe him?

LEWIS

I think this was club business.

PREACHER

(playing with him)  
You're getting warmer.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

LEWIS

I know Monk's wife was giving up  
the club. I know that would never  
go unpunished.

PREACHER

In ancient Rome, if a member of  
your family sinned, the head of the  
family would be allowed to die so  
that the others could live.

LEWIS

Monk died for his wife's sins... He  
let himself be slaughtered because  
he loved his little girl so much.

PREACHER

You ever love someone that much,  
Detective?

LEWIS ponders the question as the WAITRESS puts a beer  
before him.

LEWIS

Not yet.

PREACHER

You got something to work for then.

LEWIS sips his beer.

LEWIS

I've read about your code of honor.  
I've read about the abandon with  
which you live your life. But  
murder is not honorable. If you  
don't pick up the sword you never  
have to fall on it.

PREACHER

Is it worth living without the  
sword? You picked one up, right?  
It's in that holster on your hip.

On LEWIS, wondering,

CUT TO:

37 INT. WHETHERLY HOME - DAY

37

WHETHERLY frantically throws clothes and possessions into cardboard boxes. Two F.B.I. AGENTS and EASTON are waiting for her to finish packing. SARA ROSE, two years old, sits on the floor playing with her dolls. LEWIS walks in the front door.

EASTON

Make it fast. We gotta get moving.

LEWIS

Mrs. Whetherly?

WHETHERLY

Yeah, what?

She's sealing up another box.

LEWIS

I have your husband's personal effects. You never picked them up from the Medical Examiner.

WHETHERLY

Hand me that roll of tape. Friggin' Feds get me to roll over for them and now I've got fifteen minutes to pack up twenty years of my life. I gotta get outta here.

LEWIS

They won't be coming for you.

WHETHERLY

You're a civilian. You have no idea.

EASTON walks up to them.

LEWIS

You don't know why Monk was killed, do you?

WHETHERLY whips open a suitcase and throws in armfuls of baby clothes and toys.

WHETHERLY

Yeah, yeah, because of me.

LEWIS

No. Because of her.

LEWIS points to SARA ROSE. WHETHERLY stops a moment.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

LEWIS (cont.)  
He made a deal. He'd die so your  
daughter would have a mother.  
They're not going to touch you.

WHETHERLY stops, looks at EASTON.

EASTON  
Maybe, maybe not. I can't take  
that chance.

WHETHERLY, her emotions catching up with her, gazes at her  
DAUGHTER.

WHETHERLY  
I see his face in her eyes.  
Sometimes I think I can even hear  
his heartbeat when I hold her  
close.

WHETHERLY takes a framed picture of Sara Rose and hands it  
to LEWIS.

WHETHERLY (cont.)  
They're burying him today.

LEWIS  
I know.

WHETHERLY  
See that he has this with him. I  
don't want him lying out there all  
alone. Sara Rose could always make  
him feel better... Always made him  
smile.

WHETHERLY turns to the EASTON and F.B.I. AGENTS.

WHETHERLY (cont.)  
That's it. That's all I'm taking.

F.B.I. AGENTS pick up the boxes and suitcases and walk out.

LEWIS  
Mrs. Whetherly, I'm not going out  
to his funeral. I don't have the  
time to do that.

WHETHERLY  
I just want somebody to say goodbye  
to him for us.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 2

37

EASTON

Let's get going.

EASTON walks out. WHETHERLY takes one last look at her old life, turns, and walks out the door to her new life.

38 EXT. WHETHERLY HOME - DAY

38

LEWIS stands in the doorway as WHETHERLY puts SARA ROSE into a car seat in the back of a black F.B.I. sedan. She looks up at LEWIS before she gets in. Their eyes meet. As the car pulls away,

CUT TO:

39 EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

39

PEMBLETON pushes a cart out the front door of market and across parking lot. A car horn BEEPS. PEMBLETON looks up as BAYLISS pulls his car to a stop next to PEMBLETON and gets out.

BAYLISS

Just what in the hell is going on?

PEMBLETON

I needed a few things. I'm making dinner for my wife tonight.

BAYLISS

How could you just walk out on me? \*

PEMBLETON

I didn't walk out on you, Tim.  
We're not engaged so don't act like I left you at the alter.

BAYLISS

You're my partner. You're my...  
Jeez, this is sad, but true.  
You're my best friend, Frank.

PEMBLETON

What am I supposed to say now?  
That you're my best friend too? I  
I don't have best friends, Tim.

BAYLISS

They only suspended you for a month, so why did you have to quit? \*

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

PEMBLETON

I shouldn't have been suspended at all. I was asked by a highly respected senior to fix a lumpy situation. I got screwed. I should've known better. I was so eager to please my superiors that I broke the law. Policemen cannot be allowed to do that. I'm no longer any good to myself or to my badge. Now, get outta my damn way, will'ya?

PEMBLETON pushes his cart forward. BAYLISS stands in his way. \*

BAYLISS \*

Frank, this isn't you. What happened? You're not really quitting?

PEMBLETON

Yes, I am.

BAYLISS

Come on, what else are you going to do? Run security for some corporation out on the Beltway? Teach crime detection technique at the Police Academy? You're a cop. You'll always be a cop.

PEMBLETON

Not anymore. In fact, I am already relishing that moment tomorrow when the sun goes down and I haven't seen one dead person. That moment when my wife comes back from work and she gets to say "honey, I'm home" and I get to make her a scotch and soda and ask her about her day and actually, for once, listen and care as she tells me every boring detail. My fudgsicles are melting, get outta my way.

PEMBLETON gets to his car and unloads his bags into the backseat. Then he starts the engine. He starts to pull away. \*

BAYLISS

But I don't have a partner.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 2

39

PEMBLETON

Get over it, Tim. I'm going home.

PEMBLETON drives away, leaving BAYLISS staring after him as  
WE HEAR the Pretenders SING "I'll Stand by You",

CUT TO:

40 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

40

SONG CONTINUES. FELTON, excited, runs out of Giardello's  
Office and over to his desk, grabbing his wallet, putting  
his jacket on. HOWARD looks up.

HOWARD

What did Gee say?

FELTON

He gave me the time to go hash  
things out.

HOWARD

How long?

FELTON

Couple, three days. I'll be at  
Beth's counsin's house in Upper  
Darby, outside Philly. I can't  
believe how long it's been since I  
held my kids. See ya --

He starts off.

HOWARD

Beau.

He stops. She steps to his desk, opens drawers, pulls out  
wrapped Christmas gifts.

HOWARD (cont.)

Have a Merry Christmas, Beau.

He takes them.

FELTON

Thanks, Kay.

As HOWARD watches FELTON barrel through the door on his way  
to the elevator,

CUT TO:

41 EXT. BELTWAY - DAY

41

SONG CONTINUES as, from a LOW ANGLE, a hundred Harleys, the entire MEMBERSHIP of the Deacons and a big black hearse led by slow-moving Maryland State Police cruisers convoy down Beltway 695. Led by PREACHER on his bike, they pass the St. Stanislaus Cemetery.

42 EXT. ST. STANISLAUS CEMETERY - DAY

42

SONG CONTINUES as the funeral ENTOURAGE comes down one of the long, winding roads of the cemetery, heading toward the grave site. The DEACONS stand at solemn attention around the grave. The casket containing Monk Whetherly is poised to be lowered into the cold, wet ground. PREACHER speaks to the CROWD.

PREACHER

Great warriors, like great earthquakes, are remembered for the damage they've done. But Monk's legacy also includes his heart and his sacrifice. He had soul and we can keep his soul alive by trying to equal it... Goodbye, Brother.

SONG BUILDS as the casket is lowered into the ground. PREACHER looks up and sees LEWIS walking through the CROWD. LEWIS takes the framed photograph of Sara Rose out of his pocket and lays it on top of the casket. He looks at PREACHER. SONG CONTINUES as LEWIS watches the dirt begin to fill Monk's grave,

FADE OUT.

THE END