

HOMICIDE

LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Ten:
"Full Moon"

Teleplay by
Eric Overmyer

Story by
Tom Fontana & Henry Bromell & Eric Overmyer

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS

Barry Levinson
Tom Fontana
Henry Bromell

FINAL DRAFT

October 11, 1995

CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Jim Finnerty

CONSULTING PRODUCER

Gail Mutrux

PRODUCERS

Julie Martin
James Yoshimura
Jorge Zamacona

DIRECTOR

Libman Williams

Northern Entertainment Prods., Inc., 1701 Thames Street, Baltimore, MD 21231

COPYRIGHT 1995 BY NBC PRODUCTIONS, INC.

No portion of this script may be performed or used by any means or quoted or published in any medium, without the prior written consent of NBC PRODUCTIONS, INC. 330 Bob Hope Drive, Burbank, CA 91523

Producer in Charge: Tom Fontana

Please note "Full Moon" starts the night of Day 1 and ends the night of Day 2.

Episode 10 will air before Episodes 8 and 9. The action for this episode takes place during December 1995. All wardrobe, props, etc., should reflect the weather conditions of December in Baltimore.

CAST

JOHN MUNCH.....Richard Belzer
FRANK PEMBLETON.....Andre Braugher
MIKE KELLERMAN.....Reed Diamond
MEGAN RUSSERT.....Isabella Hofmann
MELDRICK LEWIS.....Clark Johnson
AL GIARDELLO.....Yaphet Kotto
KAY HOWARD.....Melissa Leo
TIM BAYLISS.....Kyle Secor

J.H. BRODIE.....Max Perlich

UNIT #5

LONNY ASKEW.....

UNIT #6

STEVEN MUIR.....

UNIT #7

TERRY ACQUAVIVA.....

VICKI ACQUAVIVA.....

UNIT #8

RAMONA ROSTENKOWSKI.....

UNIT #10

ALLAN MARZI.....

UNIT #12

WALTER GONZALEZ.....

OPHELIA GONZALEZ.....

UNIT #13

LEMUEL GALVIN (non-speaking).....

UNIT #16

MARIE EVANS.....

MICHAEL EVANS.....

OFFICE

LYNN CHENG.....

LARRY CHAUDHARI.....

JENNIFER WELLS.....

WAITRESS.....

SETS

EXTERIORS

Baltimore
Cavalier
Lafayette Courts
New Moon Motel
 Dumpster
 Parking Lot
 Swimming Pool
 Unit #4
 Unit #5
 Unit #8
 Unit #13
 Unit #16
 Vending Machine Area
 Walkway
Police Headquarters

INTERIORS

Cavalier
Coffee Shop
Homicide Unit
 Squad Room
New Moon Motel
 Office
 Unit #4
 Unit #5
 Unit #6
 Unit #7
 Unit #8
 Unit #10
 Unit #12
 Unit #13
 Unit #16

"Full Moon"
10/11/95

1.

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BALTIMORE - NIGHT 1

As the full moon floats in the urban heavens,

TILT DOWN TO:

2 EXT. NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 2

A pale, flickering neon sign. A shabby Fifties Motel on a strip of decaying Highway. A horseshoe-shaped gravel Parking Lot. A scattering of rundown cars and pickup trucks. A Pool. Blue television light leaks out around the edges of dingy curtains from fewer than half the rooms. The rest are dark and empty. The otherwise silent night streaked only with the lonely SOUND of an occasional car cruising by on the old Highway. PAN to Unit #4.

3 EXT. UNIT #4/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 3

Parked in front a gleaming, massive Fifty-three Indian Motorcycle. Then, from inside, the quiet of the night is shattered by two gunshots: BOOM -- BOOM.

4 INT. OFFICE/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 4

The night clerk, LYNN CHENG, a pretty Chinese-American college student, looks up from her textbooks, startled by the shots. She turns down the sound on the "Weather Channel", picks up phone and dials 911. On the SOUND of the Indian, REVVING UP and ROARING away,

CUT TO:

5 INT. CAVALIER - NIGHT 5

MIKE KELLERMAN behind the wheel, MELDRICK LEWIS rides shotgun. J. H. BRODIE sits in back, camera in hand, shooting out the side window.

LEWIS

Welcome to West Boondock. The land that time forgot.

KELLERMAN

The land the Beltway bypassed. This part of town really takes me back. We used to bowl duck pins over on Boundary Avenue.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

LEWIS

Man, I hate comin' out here. We gotta be outta our jurisdiction by now.

KELLERMAN

Still Baltimore City. Barely.

LEWIS

Duck pins. I personally don't see the point. If you're gonna bowl, why would you wanna mess with them pint-sized pins? Play the game the way it was intended to be played --

BRODIE

Hey. The El Rey Drive-In movie was right up here. Before it burned down. Dolores O'Brien. My first French kiss.

LEWIS

How can a drive-in movie burn? It's a parking lot.

BRODIE

Somebody set the screen on fire.

THEY drive into the New Moon Motel's Parking Lot.

6 EXT. PARKING LOT/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

6

Cavalier stops. A Squad Car sits in front of Unit #4. Crime Scene TECHS and UNIFORMS go in and out. KELLERMAN, LEWIS and BRODIE get out of car and exit into Unit #4.

7 INT. UNIT #4/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

7

KELLERMAN, LEWIS and BRODIE enter Room. MEDICAL EXAMINER examines the CORPSE: A big man in his early fifties, white beard, long white hair pulled back in a ponytail, earring in one ear, lots of tattoos, naked from the waist up, wearing leather pants and one heavy biker boot, the other foot is bare. He's lying on his back in the middle of the floor, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, a big red blood blossom on his chest. KELLERMAN and LEWIS look around. BRODIE starts videotaping BODY. The Room is small and barely furnished. A bed, a dresser, a TV, a lamp, a hot plate, a little refrigerator. A typical end-of-the-line Motel Room. Except this one has a table covered with papers, notebooks, letters, files and stacks of used books. LEWIS pulls on a pair of latex gloves, picks up a stack of mail addressed to the dead man, flips through it.

KELLERMAN

Single gunshot to the chest.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

LEWIS
Charlie Wells. Charlie Wells.
Charlie Wells. I don't know,
should we go out on a limb here and
venture a guess on this guy's name?

BRODIE
He's only wearing one boot.

LEWIS puts mail down, looks at BODY.

LEWIS
Huh...

KELLERMAN points to stack of books.

KELLERMAN
Lotta criminal law books.

LEWIS stares at BODY of dead man.

LEWIS
Pumped, even for his age. Crude
tattoos. Cheap motel. Maybe had
long stretches of time in his life
to read, pump iron, write letters
to the editor, correspond with pen
pals, file nuisance litigation --

KELLERMAN
Ex-con.

LEWIS
Some kinda jailhouse lawyer, for
sure. Place like this, most of the
guests are gonna have sheets.

KELLERMAN
I'd say eighty percent.

LEWIS
I'd say ninety.

KELLERMAN
You're on.

LEWIS
We get a list of those registered,
call the office, ask someone to run
'em.

(CONTINUED)

"Full Moon"
10/11/95

4.

7 CONTINUED: 2

7

KELLERMAN
Munch'll do it. He owes me.

LEWIS
Munch owes you? I don't even want
to know the why or the wherefore.

BRODIE
Look at the tattoo on his belly.
Right above his belt.

LEWIS and KELLERMAN come over and lean in for a closer look.
CU on tattoo which reads:

IF FOUND RETURN TO
IDA FRANKS
723 POTOMAC STREET
WHITEFISH MONTANA

KELLERMAN (o.c.)
"If found return to Ida Franks,
seven twenty-three Potomac Street,
Whitefish Montana."

BRODIE (o.c.)
Like a piece a lost luggage.

LEWIS (o.c.)
Or some kinda baggage.

On the tattoo,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8 EXT. NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 8

The flickering, pale neon sign.

9 INT. UNIT #4/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 9

The BODY's gone. Everybody's gone except KELLERMAN and LEWIS. KELLERMAN checks out a bullet hole in the wall. LEWIS has his head in the closet.

KELLERMAN

One shot went through this wall, through number five, through the next wall, through number six, through the next wall, all the way into number seven, where it ricocheted off a hot plate, popped a light bulb and dotted both "I"s on the Gideon Bible. They dug the slug outta the sofa.

LEWIS

They just don't build cheap motels like they used to. So where's his damn boot?

(backs out of closet)

He was only wearing one boot. Where's the other one?

LEWIS moves to small refrigerator as KELLERMAN picks up a thick file of correspondence, looks through it. LEWIS opens refrigerator. Few beers, an open half-eaten can of beef stew, a desiccated half lemon, a half carton of eggs. LEWIS rattles a half empty box of cereal.

LEWIS (cont.)

Pathetic. Looks like my house.

KELLERMAN

What'd he have in his wallet?

LEWIS

Ten bucks and a video club card.

KELLERMAN

No driver's license?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

LEWIS
No driver's license, no credit
cards, no snapshots of the wife and
kids --
(opens freezer)
No boot.

LEWIS pulls out an ice tray, looks at ice cubes under the
light. KELLERMAN flips through file.

KELLERMAN
Seems like Charlie Wells had a
philosophical problem with ID.

LEWIS
How so?

KELLERMAN
He didn't want any. Sent back his
Social Security card. Told the IRS
to take a hike --

LEWIS
I hear that --

KELLERMAN
Ditto the Department of Motor
Vehicles --

LEWIS
Check out these ice cubes. This
look strange to you? Kinda weird
and cloudy?

He holds the ice tray out to KELLERMAN.

KELLERMAN
Just good old Baltimore tap water.

LEWIS
I'm gonna have the lab run 'em.

He takes out a cube, drops it in an evidence bag, secures
the bag, puts it in his pocket, slides ice tray back in
freezer, closes door. KELLERMAN skims another letter.

KELLERMAN
Basically, he was trying to resign
from the United States.

LEWIS
Can you do that?

(CONTINUED)

"Full Moon"
10/11/95

7.

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

KELLERMAN
You can try. Declare yourself a --
(reads from letter)
"Sovereign Citizen of Turtle
Island."

LEWIS
What the hell's Turtle Island?

KELLERMAN shrugs.

10 EXT. UNIT #4/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

10

LEWIS and KELLERMAN exit Room.

LEWIS (cont.)
Why steal one boot? What good
does it do you?

KELLERMAN
I'm wondering why you'd get a
tattoo like that. Who's Ida
Franks?

LEWIS
His ex-wife.

KELLERMAN
His mother.

LEWIS
You're on.

LEWIS and KELLERMAN turn to see LONNY ASKEW, a Cherokee
Indian in his mid-twenties, sullen, cradling a bag of
convenience store groceries, walking toward them. KELLERMAN
shows his badge.

KELLERMAN
How ya doin'? Baltimore City
Homicide.

ASKEW just looks at them, shrugs: Big Fucking Deal.

KELLERMAN (cont.)
Who're you?

ASKEW
Lonny Askew.

LEWIS
You staying here, Lonny?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ASKEW

Number five.

KELLERMAN

You at home this evening?

ASKEW

I don't know who did Charlie.

LEWIS

Where were you when it happened?

ASKEW

In a zone.

LEWIS

What does that mean, "In a zone?"
You were stoned?

ASKEW

I was just out of it, okay?

LEWIS

Bullet went right through your
room. Lucky it didn't make you
even more out of it.

ASKEW

Like I said, I wasn't payin' no
attention. I gotta put this stuff
away. You mind?

KELLERMAN

We'll wanna talk to you later.

ASKEW

I ain't goin' nowhere.
Unfortunately.

He moves past them, unlocks his door and goes into Unit #5.

LEWIS

He's got the Cadillac walk, don't
you think?

KELLERMAN

Definite yardbird.

LEWIS and KELLERMAN turn and start toward Office.

11 INT. UNIT #12/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

11

The GONZALEZ family. OPHELIA, HECTOR and their eight KIDS, teens to toddlers, a couple of DOGS, all crammed into the one small Room. MOM, DAD and some of the KIDS are packing. The other KIDS have their noses pressed to the window, watching LEWIS and KELLERMAN.

OPHELIA

Que estan haciendo los detectives
ahora? Estan hablando todavia con
el indio?

Ten year old WALTER answers his MOTHER in English.

WALTER

No, mama. Now they're going over
to the office.

As WALTER keeps his little eye glued to their progress.

12 INT. UNIT #5/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

12

LONNY ASKEW pulls his curtain back, sucks on a bottle of beer. HE watches KELLERMAN and LEWIS walk toward the Office.

13 INT. UNIT #6/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

13

STEVEN MUIR, mid-thirties, skinny as a rail, drags deep on a cigarette as he watches KELLERMAN and LEWIS. MUIR exhales a cloud of smoke that would do a diesel bus proud.

14 INT. OFFICE/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

14

KELLERMAN and LEWIS question LYNN CHENG, who's behind the desk with her books. LEWIS looks at a list of the guests.

CHENG

I told Charlie when he checked in,
"Four very unlucky number." That's
what my grandmother would say. In
Chinese, the word for four sounds
like the word for death. Suh --
Soo-a. See?

LEWIS

Sound the same to me.
(re: list)

He'd been here three months. I'd
call that unlucky.

KELLERMAN

Everybody stay that long?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

CHENG

It varies. Anywhere from an hour to a year. A week or two's about average.

LEWIS

So you called nine-one-one.

CHENG

I knew right away what it was. I had the TV on. The "Weather Channel". It helps me study. Even so, it was like: Boom -- Boom. And then I heard a motorcycle start up and drive away.

(apologetic)

I shoulda looked. I was kinda, you know, paralyzed. Besides, I just assumed it was Charlie.

(off their reaction)

It was Charlie's bike. I'd know it anywhere. He had a Fifty-three Indian. A really awesome machine.

KELLERMAN

I don't suppose you have a license plate number for Charlie's awesome Indian?

CHENG

He didn't believe in license plates.

LEWIS

Why am I not surprised?

CHENG

Charlie was a weird guy. Kinda schitzo. He'd get drunk and shoot up the swimming pool. Y'know, float some beer cans for target practice.

LEWIS

He had a gun? What kinda gun? A handgun?

CHENG

Uh-huh. A big one.

KELLERMAN

(to LEWIS)
No bike, no gun.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

LEWIS

No boot... I'll call Munch back,
ask him to run the gun and the
bike, too.

(re: phone)

Mind if I use this?

CHENG

It's in the line of duty, right?

LEWIS

Right.

LEWIS dials.

KELLERMAN

You only work nights?

CHENG

I go to school days. Community
college. Works out pretty good.

KELLERMAN

You don't think it's dangerous?
Here all alone --

CHENG

The owner, Mr. Chaudhari? He keeps
a gun in this drawer --

She reaches into a drawer, pulls out a big pistol.

CHENG (cont.)

See? He showed me how to hold
it --

KELLERMAN

Whoa. He got a permit for that?

CHENG

I don't know. Does he need one?
(offers gun)
You want it?

KELLERMAN

We never turn down a gun.

KELLERMAN takes handgun and bags it.

15 INT. UNIT #13/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 15

LEMUEL GALVIN, sixties, hollow, burning eyes, sits in his darkened window, an open Bible in his lap, watching LEWIS. His large, black, ferocious-looking LABRADOR RETRIEVER sits next to him. GALVIN scratches the dog behind the ears, his thousand-yard stare burning a laser in LEWIS and KELLERMAN as they exit Office.

16 INT. UNIT #10/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 16

ALLAN MARZI, overweight, balding, fifties, eats a bowl of cold cereal while he sneaks a peak as KELLERMAN and LEWIS talk. MARZI downs another heaping spoonful and milk dribbles down his chin.

17 INT. UNIT #8/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 17

RAMONA ROSTENKOWSKI, a plain but not unattractive woman in her twenties, pulls a robe around her as she watches KELLERMAN and LEWIS. A JOHN sits on the bed, lacing up his shoes.

18 INT. UNIT #12/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 18

WALTER remains on lookout, while the rest of the GONZALEZ FAMILY exits out back door.

19 EXT. PARKING LOT/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 19

KELLERMAN and LEWIS look around. No signs of life, but --

LEWIS

Feel 'em?

KELLERMAN

Definitely.

LEWIS

The night has a thousand eyes.

KELLERMAN

(re: bagged gun)

This gun's been fired recently. I can smell it.

(shrugs)

Probably got nothin' to do with Charlie Wells.

LEWIS

Never know. Maybe it's our lucky night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

"Full Moon"
10/11/95

13.

19 CONTINUED:

19

LEWIS (cont.)

(looks up at moon)

Full moon over the New Moon Motel.
Must mean somethin'. Once in a
while you get lucky. Get the good
luck you deserve. Served up to you
on a big old silver platter --

A pick-up Truck starts to move, without the headlights on.
No one can be seen driving. LEWIS nudges KELLERMAN.

LEWIS (cont.)

Detective Mikey, does that seem
suspicious to you?

CAMERA FOLLOWS the Truck around to the back of the Motel,
where the entire GONZALEZ FAMILY waits with their
belongings. The driver's side door opens, REVEALING an
eight year old BOY behind the wheel. The FAMILY rushes on
board.

KELLERMAN (o.c.)

Hold it. Police.

The FAMILY stops, sees KELLERMAN and LEWIS.

OPHELIA

Por favor dejenos en paz. Nosotros
no hemos hecho nada.

LEWIS

Wait, wait, wait. Anybody here
speak English?

WALTER

(steps forward)

Me.

LEWIS

What's your name, son?

WALTER

Walter.

LEWIS

Last name?

WALTER

Gonzalez.

LEWIS

Walter Gonzalez?

(CONTINUED)

"Full Moon"
10/11/95

14.

19 CONTINUED: 2

19

KELLERMAN
Is this your family?

WALTER
Yes. My mother --

OPHELIA nods.

WALTER (cont.)
My father --

HECTOR nods.

LEWIS
How'd you do?

OPHELIA and HECTOR smile beatifically.

KELLERMAN
It's a little late at night for a
family outing.

WALTER says nothing. KELLERMAN reaches into Truck, takes
keys out of ignition.

LEWIS
Do you know the man who lived in
Unit Four? Charlie Wells?

WALTER
Yes.

LEWIS
Ask your parents if they've spoken
to Mr. Wells recently.

WALTER
El quiere saber si hablaste con el
hombre del numero cuatro.

OPHELIA
Yo le dije a los minos que no se
acercaran a ese nombre.
Naturalmente ellos admiraban mucho
la motocicleta --

WALTER
She told us to stay away from him.
But we...

LEWIS
What?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 3

19

WALTER
We like to sit on his motorcycle.

LEWIS
She didn't really answer the
question, Walter.

WALTER
(to OPHELIA)
Pero hablaste con el hoy?

OPHELIA
No, no, no.

KELLERMAN
Where are you all headed?

WALTER says nothing.

KELLERMAN (cont.)
Come on, Walter, fess up.

WALTER
(to OPHELIA)
El quiere saber donde vamos.

OPHELIA looks at HECTOR, clutches her smallest CHILD.

KELLERMAN
Charlie Wells was murdered tonight.
You sneaking out doesn't look too
good.

WALTER
(to OPHELIA)
Qieren saber porque nos marchamos.

OPHELIA
Diles la verdad.

WALTER nods, faces KELLERMAN and LEWIS.

WALTER
We are illegal.

KELLERMAN and LEWIS exchange a glance.

KELLERMAN
Okay, look, tell your folks
everybody's gonna have to go back
inside.

As WALTER tells his FAMILY in Spanish, LEWIS faces
KELLERMAN.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 4

19

LEWIS

Kellerman, they got nothing to do with the murder.

KELLERMAN

I know.

LEWIS

Then why you making 'em go back inside?

KELLERMAN

They're illegal aliens.

LEWIS

(takes car keys from KELLERMAN)
Last time I looked at your badge,
it said Baltimore City Homicide.
(turns, calls out)
Hey, Walter.

WALTER turns to them. LEWIS lobs keys to him.

LEWIS (cont.)

Que les vaya bien.

LEWIS walks to front of Motel, KELLERMAN follows.

KELLERMAN

I'm not saying I would've reported them.

LEWIS

But you're not saying you wouldn't've.

KELLERMAN

The immigration problem in this country is staggering.

LEWIS

We're in Baltimore, that's pretty far North of the Rio Grande.

KELLERMAN

My father's factory might close down 'cause they can do the labor cheaper elsewhere.

LEWIS

Kellerman, we were all of us, at one time or another, immigrants. Some even by choice.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 5

19

KELLERMAN

Yeah...

LEWIS

Two adults, eight kids, four dogs,
all packed in one room like so many
sardines.

KELLERMAN

Have you actually ever eaten a
sardine?

LEWIS

No.

KELLERMAN

Me neither.

They stop, look around at the dingy Motel.

KELLERMAN (cont.)

Why do people live like this?

LEWIS

Not why, how...

THEY look up at the moon.

20 INT. UNIT #16/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

20

An African-American couple in their early thirties, MICHAEL and MARIE EVANS, sit smoking, lights off. MARIE at the window, pulls a corner of the curtain back, watching KELLERMAN and LEWIS. MICHAEL picks up a large caliber revolver and slowly loads it, bullet by bullet. As the bullets fall into the chambers, one by one, sliding into place,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 EXT. PARKING LOT/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

21

KELLERMAN and LEWIS watch JOHN MUNCH climb out of his car, file folder in hand.

MUNCH

M.E. says your victim was killed by a single forty-five caliber gunshot wound, fired at close range, which severed his aorta. And neither his bike nor his gun were registered.

LEWIS

The shooter probably popped Charlie with Charlie's gun and made his getaway on Charlie's bike.

MUNCH

Bound to happen. Living in a cheap motel, driving a priceless motorcycle back and forth to the convenience store. An engraved invitation to mayhem. You know it's not easy to call in a stolen bike that has no plates, no VIN, no registration, no insurance --

KELLERMAN

Can't be too many Fifty-three Indians around, with or without plates --

MUNCH

True. A real collector's item. Coulda been a special order. In which case it's already on a container ship bound for Bogota.

(hands LEWIS folder)

Oh, and better watch your wallet. Sorry to say, the clientele here at the Motel For Felons leaves something to be desired.

LEWIS

What's the percentage?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MUNCH

Of the adults currently registered -- including the victim and excluding your Gonzalez family as illegal aliens -- ninety-eight point nine percent have criminal records. Nothing serious. Just your usual types, whores, check kitters, bar room brawlers and practitioners of vehicular homicide while under the influence.

LEWIS

Hey. I called it. Over ninety.
(looks at list)
Charlie Wells. Ten years for assault and battery, served two at the Jeffrey Bagel Territorial Prison, Deer Lodge, Montana.

MUNCH

I personally would want to keep an eye on Mr. and Mrs. Evans. They seem to be singularly lacking in any sort of adversarial encounter with the criminal justice system. Which, in a setting like this one, is downright suspicious. They're probably registered pseudonymously.

KELLERMAN

Track down Ida Franks?

MUNCH

I'm inundating the greater Whitefish Montana area with telephone inquiries. I'll keep you posted.

LEWIS hands MUNCH the bagged gun and the baggie full of greenish-yellow liquid.

LEWIS

Run these by the lab, will you?

MUNCH

(re: gun)
I know what this is. But this --
(holds up baggie)
Isn't this supposed to come with a goldfish?
(looks around)
I love this place.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

21

KELLERMAN

You just got here.

MUNCH

It has a quintessentially American
existential vibe. The end of the
road. The end of the line.
Terminal Motel. I want to live
here. Here or Key West.

MUNCH gets in his car and drives off. LEWIS looks at the
list and shakes his head.

LEWIS

This place is a real lint screen.

KELLERMAN

Where do we start?

LEWIS

Evans. Michael and Marie.

THEY head across the Parking Lot for Unit #16.

22 INT. UNIT #16/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

22

MARIE holds the curtain back just enough to watch KELLERMAN
and LEWIS coming their way. MICHAEL exhales a plume of
smoke, picks up the revolver on the bed next to him.

23 EXT. WALKWAY/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

23

LEWIS and KELLERMAN approach Unit #16.

KELLERMAN

Doesn't look like anybody's home.
No car.

LEWIS

(reads note)

Checked in a week ago without one.
Think about it. Stayin' in a place
like this and dependent on public
transportation? I'm surprised
Doctor Kevorkian doesn't keep a
suite here.

They reach Unit #16. KELLERMAN KNOCKS. They wait.

KELLERMAN

I thought I saw the curtain move.

KELLERMAN shrugs, KNOCKS again. THEY wait.

24 INT. UNIT #16/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 24

MARIE and MICHAEL sit in the dark, motionless, listening to KELLERMAN KNOCK. MICHAEL quietly COCKS his revolver.

25 EXT. UNIT #16/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 25

KELLERMAN and LEWIS, just as motionless, listen for signs of life on the other side of the door.

LEWIS

You hear that?

KELLERMAN

No.

LEWIS

Thought I heard something.

(inhales)

I smell cigarettes.

KELLERMAN

Whole place reeks of cigarette smoke.

LEWIS

I guess. You wanna give it up?
Check back later?

KELLERMAN

Yeah.

THEY turn away.

26 INT. UNIT #16/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 26

MICHAEL eases the hammer back on his revolver. MARIE pulls the curtain back ever so slightly and watches KELLERMAN and LEWIS walk away.

27 EXT. UNIT #5/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 27

KELLERMAN and LEWIS stop in front of Unit #5. LEWIS pulls the guest list out of his pocket.

LEWIS

Half of these upstanding
citizens'll be outta here in the
morning.

He tears list in two, hands half to KELLERMAN.

LEWIS (cont.)

Split 'em up, we just might finish
canvassing everybody by midnight.

KELLERMAN goes down Walkway to Unit #6. As LEWIS RAPS on door of Unit #5, ASKEW opens door.

28 INT. UNIT #5/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

28

LEWIS looks at the makeshift sweat lodge ASKEW's built in the middle of his dingy Room.

LEWIS (cont.)

Sweat lodge.

(off ASKEW's shrug)

The kind they let you build in the joint. So the inmates can exercise their freedom of religion.

ASKEW

Got a problem with that?

LEWIS

No problem. So you did or didn't hear what went down earlier?

ASKEW

I heard it. But like it was far away, you know? I was doin' a sweat. I didn't really think nothin' of it.

LEWIS

Bullet whizzed right by your ear. You didn't think nothin' of it?

ASKEW looks from the bullet hole in one wall to the bullet hole in the opposite wall, shrugs.

ASKEW

Not the first time.

LEWIS

I believe that. You hang with Charlie?

ASKEW

He used to come over here, smoke a little, take a sweat. We'd talk about stuff. Charlie had lead pipe a yard long for the government, know what I mean? Sayin' the government had no, you know, jurisdiction. Over his life. He envied me 'cause I'm already hip to that, bein' Cherokee Nation and all. So I turned him on to Turtle Island. Told him to get righteous next to that.

LEWIS

Turtle Island?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

ASKEW

America.

LEWIS

America's a continent, not an island, am I wrong?

ASKEW

America's the name the white man gave Turtle Island. Turtle Island is the real name of America.

LEWIS

Interesting. You and Charlie smoked tobacco?

ASKEW

Mostly. Assorted herbs. Listen. You wanna use the sweat lodge? Might help you catch Charlie's killers.

LEWIS

How so?

ASKEW

Gives you visions. You see stuff.

LEWIS

I'll take a rain check --
(turns to go, stops)
Charlie didn't by any chance have a problem with one of his feet, did he? Y'know, overgrown toenail, athlete's foot --

ASKEW

No. Why?

LEWIS

Never mind.

LEWIS walks out door.

29 INT. UNIT #6/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

29

KELLERMAN watches STEVEN MUIR pace, chain smoke and talk non-stop.

MUIR

I didn't have anything to do with Charlie Wells. He was paranoid, man, he was touchy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MUIR (cont.)

He wasn't the only guy here who ever read a book. I mean, I have a medical degree. I used to be a doctor. Anesthesiologist. I made good money, lemme tell you. Now look at me. What am I? A janitor. In an industrial park. Which is the oxymoron of the century, you ask me. How can a park be industrial, know what I'm sayin'? Look at this dump. Almost a year now I been here. Can you believe it? I can't. I look around, I think, how the hell did I get here? I had a nice house in Annapolis, little place on the Eastern Shore. A wife, a family, a Lexus. Anyway, that's certainly neither here nor there. So I was home this evening, checking my body in the mirror for signs of melanoma. Which I do on a regular if not religious basis. I heard the shots. Hey, a bullet went right through here like a message from Mohammed, right? I figured, Charlie Wells. He had a gun. A big honkin' handgun. Said he needed it in a place like this. Which was bull. He needed it 'cause he was a flamin' lunatic. An angry, angry man. Also, maybe he dealt a little crystal on the side. Shady characters in and outta that room, all hours of the day and night.

KELLERMAN

You cop from him, too, Steve?

MUIR starts picking up garbage, putting it in a plastic grocery bag. His arms are scabbed and scarred.

MUIR

No, no, no. I'm clean these days. Anyway, street meth was never my thing. I could never go back to that cut-rate crap. Trust me, once you've had a taste a ambrosia, you can't settle for something's been sitting out on life's steam table all day. Hell, you couldn't even keep it down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 2

29

MUIR (cont.)

It woulda backed up on you like a bad batch of peyote. And even the best batch of peyote tastes like unsweetened camel dung. Why would you ever use that street stuff again when once upon a time you had a pipeline to the sweetest, purest designer drugs this side of Heaven?
(smiles)

Only reason I ever went to med school, man.

KELLERMAN

Alright, well, thanks a lot.

KELLERMAN exits. STAY with MUIR. He looks around Room, picks up one last piece of garbage, puts it in bag. MUIR exits.

30 EXT. DUMPSTER/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

30

MUIR approaches dumpster where TERRY ACQUAVIVA, forties, vomits.

MUIR

How'ya doin'?

TERRY looks at him like he's nuts. FOLLOW TERRY into Unit #7.

31 INT. UNIT #7/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

31

TERRY enters as VICKI ACQUAVIVA sits in front of TV, drinking a beer. Their two kids, a BOY, seven, and a GIRL, six, are asleep in the middle of the one double bed the whole family shares. VICKI's face is bruised, puffy. She's got a black eye and a cut over it that's held together with scotch tape. TERRY reaches over, picks up VICKI's purse, starts going through it.

VICKI

What're you doin'?

TERRY

I need some money. Gotta run to the store --

VICKI

Get the hell outta my purse. Didn't you just get a check?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

TERRY

Which you spent.

VICKI

I bought groceries. For the kids.

TERRY fishes in her purse, holds up some lottery tickets.

TERRY

Lotto tickets.

VICKI

(reaches)

Gimme that.

TERRY

Why don't you just burn our money while you're at it? Just hold it over the stove. Why do I even bother to go to work?

VICKI

You don't unless your unemployment runs out --

(grabs purse)

Gimme that. Asshole.

A brief tug of war, TERRY wrenches the purse out of her hands and slaps her with it, back and forth, one-two-three times, hard across the face. She screams.

VICKI (cont.)

Screw you --

TERRY

Stupid bitch.

He throws the purse at her, hard.

VICKI

Stop it --

A KNOCK on the door. VICKI gives TERRY a glare, opens door. KELLERMAN steps in.

KELLERMAN

I'm Detective Kellerman. Sorry about the late hour. But as I'm sure you figured out, I'm here about the murder.

VICKI

Come in. You want a beer?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 2

31

KELLERMAN

That's okay. Thanks.

TERRY

I just got home myself. Workin'
the swing shift over at American
Can --

KELLERMAN

So you missed the excitement.

VICKI

I didn't. Bullet flying in here,
shattered the lamp. Thank God the
kids were out.

KELLERMAN's been looking at the tape over her eye.

KELLERMAN

You oughta get that stitched up.
It's gonna leave a scar.

VICKI

I know. Soon as I find the time.

KELLERMAN

Where do these kids go to school?

TERRY

We just got to town.

KELLERMAN

You been at this motel two weeks.
Your kids should be in school.

TERRY

We been waiting to see if the job
works out. No sense puttin' 'em in
and yankin' 'em right out again --

KELLERMAN

Take care of it tomorrow.

TERRY

Okay. Okay.

KELLERMAN

I'm gonna send somebody from Child
Welfare out to make sure you do.

VICKI

You don't have to do that. We'll
deal with it.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 3

31

KELLERMAN gives her a long look.

VICKI (cont.)

We will.

KELLERMAN

(changes subject)

Did you know Charlie Wells?

TERRY

Not really. Just to say hello to.

VICKI

He was nice. He watched the kids one day, I had to run to the store.

TERRY

Oh, yeah? Since when?

VICKI

I told you about that.

TERRY

No, you didn't.

VICKI

I did. Anyway. He was quiet. Went to bed early. Got up early. I can't sleep. I'd look out. He'd be up with the birds. Doing his exercises out in the parking lot. Some kinda kung fu thing. Martial arts? He helped me fill out my application to the Calvert College of Cosmetology. I'm thinking about becoming a beautician...

She suddenly gets teary about Charlie. TERRY looks furious. KELLERMAN glances between them.

32 INT. UNIT #10/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

32

LEWIS sits with ALLAN MARZI, who has video cassettes everywhere and, on his refrigerator, Polaroids of Charlie Wells, held in place with novelty magnets.

MARZI

Smartest man I ever met. And to see him on the back of that motorcycle, hair streaming out behind him, bare-chested. He looked like a modern-day buccaneer.

MARZI gets a little teary about Charlie, too.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

LEWIS

Charlie didn't happen to have a
foot fetish, did he?

MARZI

Not that I know of.

LEWIS

You wouldn't happen to have his
left boot...

MARZI

No.

LEWIS nods, not surprised.

33 EXT. UNIT #8/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

33

KELLERMAN KNOCKS on door. No answer. Exhausted, he looks
at his list, glances over at the Office, where he can see
CHENG, at the desk, studying. He looks across at Unit #16.
There's an orange glow for an instant -- like someone
smoking in the dark -- then it disappears. He's about to
walk over and check it out when he hears a SPLASH from the
Pool Area. His head turns in that direction.

34 EXT. UNIT #13/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

34

LEWIS KNOCKS on door. It swings open. LEMUEL GALVIN stands
in doorway, holding a Bible. His large black LAB comes out
and sniffs LEWIS, starts GROWLING. GALVIN stares at LEWIS,
eyes burning. LEWIS stares back, thinking, "Holy Jesus".

35 EXT. SWIMMING POOL/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

35

RAMONA ROSTENKOWSKI swims. KELLERMAN strolls up, realizes
she's naked. She glides up to side of the Pool, puts her
elbows on the edge, folds her arms, rests her chin on her
hands, lets her body float out behind her on the surface of
the water, gives him a smile.

KELLERMAN

Aren't you cold?

ROSTENKOWSKI

It's heated. I'd ask you to join
me, but I know you're a cop. Hand
me my robe, will you?

KELLERMAN swallows, suddenly flustered. He doesn't know
where to look. She indicates with her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

ROSTENKOWSKI (cont.)

It's over there --

He looks away from her. Her robe is thrown across the back of a cheap plastic pool chair. KELLERMAN walks over and gets it, comes back to Pool, holds it out to her.

ROSTENKOWSKI (cont.)

Thanks.

She pulls herself out of Pool. KELLERMAN looks away. This amuses ROSTENKOWSKI, who watches his face as she stands very close to him and shrugs into the robe. She steps away, pulling the robe closed.

ROSTENKOWSKI (cont.)

You can look now.

She spins around, walks over and sits in one of the plastic chairs. KELLERMAN follows.

KELLERMAN

I never know. Where to put my eyes, I mean.

(sits down across from her)

It's confusing, you know. On the street, out in the world, you're not supposed to look, but you do, but you pretend you don't. And then sometimes, you're supposed to look, straight on, up and down, get an eyeful, drop to your knees and say hallelujah.

ROSTENKOWSKI

Brother, if I want you to drop to your knees, you'll know it. There won't be any two ways about it.

KELLERMAN

No, I don't suppose there would.

ROSTENKOWSKI smiles and gives a shake of her head.

36 EXT. DUMPSTER/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

36

LEWIS goes through the Motel dumpster, looking for that damn boot. As LEWIS sorts through the garbage,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 EXT. SWIMMING POOL/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

37

KELLERMAN and ROSTENKOWSKI sit by Pool.

ROSTENKOWSKI

You ever dream about famous people?

KELLERMAN

Do cartoon characters count?

ROSTENKOWSKI

Sure. If they're famous.

KELLERMAN

Bugs Bunny.

ROSTENKOWSKI

Dolly Parton.

KELLERMAN

Really.

ROSTENKOWSKI

On a regular basis.

KELLERMAN

Are these dreams -- uh -- sexual?

ROSTENKOWSKI

Beauty tips. Skin care. Nail polish. Cuticles. Dolly's very knowledgeable on cuticles.

KELLERMAN

You know, you remind me of someone.

ROSTENKOWSKI

I always remind men of someone.

KELLERMAN

Lemme ask you something. If you had it to do over --

ROSTENKOWSKI

Would I?

KELLERMAN

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

ROSTENKOWSKI

Sure. In a second.

KELLERMAN

What if it turned out worse?

ROSTENKOWSKI

I don't think I could be that
unlucky twice in a row.

KELLERMAN

I think about this girl I used to
know. I was in love with.

ROSTENKOWSKI

She was the one, huh? The love of
your life? If you had it to do
over --

KELLERMAN

Exactly. But maybe I only think
about her because we never really
had a chance to give it a try.

ROSTENKOWSKI

You never had a chance to screw it
up.

KELLERMAN

I still think about her. What if,
what if, what if? I toss and turn
on a bad night. Imagine a whole
other life I might have had.

ROSTENKOWSKI

So, if you had it to do over --

KELLERMAN

I dunno. I'd have to give up
everything else that's happened
since. And a lot of that's good.

KELLERMAN sighs, shakes his head.

ROSTENKOWSKI

You blue 'cause the thing you're
working on didn't pan out?

KELLERMAN

Maybe it's not even that. Maybe
it's just the moon.

ROSTENKOWSKI

I remind you of her, huh?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 2

37

KELLERMAN

A little. A lot... Tell me what
you know about Charlie Wells...

She sighs. Without looking at him, looking instead at the
moon, she holds out her hand. After a moment, he takes it.
On the two of THEM, holding hands, looking at the moon,

CUT TO:

38 INT. UNIT #5/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

38

KNOCK on door. ASKEW opens door to REVEAL LEWIS.

LEWIS

Sorry to bother you again.

(steps inside)

I need your help figuring something
out.

ASKEW

Hey, anything to aid the pursuit of
justice.

LEWIS

We're guessing whoever killed
Charlie escaped on the motorcycle.
That fact got me to considering --
How did the killer get here? If he
or she drove here in a car, let's
say, but then took off on Charlie's
bike, he or she must've left his or
her car in the parking lot. Only
we checked the cars in the lot and
they all belong to registered
guests. Which leads me back to how
did the killer get to the motel?

ASKEW

Maybe he -- or she -- was riding
sissy on Charlie's bike.

LEWIS

Or maybe he or she walked. You
don't have a car registered with
the motel.

ASKEW

No. I don't.

LEWIS

You walk. You were walking back to
the motel earlier tonight. Where
were you coming from?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

ASKEW

Buying groceries. I was carrying groceries, remember?

LEWIS

You could've killed Charlie, taken the bike, sold it and bought the groceries.

ASKEW

I didn't kill Charlie.

LEWIS

(takes out report)

Askew, Lonny, ten years, Arizona State Penitentiary. Vehicular Homicide.

ASKEW crosses to window, looks out.

ASKEW

The moon. Is it waxing or waning?

LEWIS

Waxing.

ASKEW

(turns back to LEWIS)

Why do you think I live here, Detective? In this little room? It reminds me of my cell. The judge gave me ten years punishment. But it wasn't enough. I killed my best friend. We were drunk. What a cliche, huh? Drunken Indians. I was driving. Screech. Bang. Thud. He's dead. I've lived with that every second of every day since... In my cell, here... I didn't kill Charlie Wells.

On LEWIS, exhaling,

CUT TO:

39 INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

39

KELLERMAN and LEWIS sit in a window booth. They can see the New Moon Motel across the road, its neon sign crackling in the darkness. KELLERMAN chows down on an omelette. LEWIS works on a couple of eggs over easy. They've both got sides of bacon, sausage, biscuits, grits, plus orange juice and coffee. These boys are hungry.

KELLERMAN

The long and short of it is,
everybody heard the shots, half of
'em heard Charlie's awesome chopper
take off, nobody saw nothin'.
Charlie was either God's gift or a
lunatic. Maybe a small-time
dealer, maybe not.

LEWIS

Lemuel Galvin in thirteen. Lives
with his racist dog, dog hates
African-Americans, swear to God,
reads the Bible day and night,
Lemuel - not the dog, stone Jesus
freak, says Charlie had the mark of
Satan on him. The Beast.

KELLERMAN

Because he was a tattooed,
drug-crazed biker?

LEWIS

Because he had a gap between his
two front teeth.

KELLERMAN

So maybe Galvin's the shooter.

LEWIS

Nope. "Thou shalt not kill"...

KELLERMAN

Muir in six, didn't like Charlie,
but I don't think he whacked him.

LEWIS

No balls?

KELLERMAN

He's got the shakes.

A tired middle-aged WAITRESS brings a toasted bagel to
KELLERMAN.

WAITRESS

Here ya go, hon. Toasted bagel.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

KELLERMAN lifts the top slice, examines it, frowns.

KELLERMAN

I asked for no butter.

WAITRESS

(sighs)

I told him.

(picks it up)

Bring ya another. Hate to waste
perfectly good food --

KELLERMAN

Why don't you eat it?

WAITRESS

Me? All I eat's mistakes.

She shuffles off.

KELLERMAN

As far as Mrs. Acquaviva's
concerned, Charlie Wells walked on
water. I think Charlie and Mrs.
Acquaviva had a thing.

LEWIS

Her husband know?

KELLERMAN

I got that impression.

LEWIS

Jealous hubbie?

KELLERMAN

He was at work -- American Can.
Superintendent verified it.

LEWIS

Gay guy in ten had a crush on
Charlie, too. Name of Allan Marzi.
Works in a triple-X video store.
Huge crush.

KELLERMAN

Unrequited lover?

LEWIS

Iron-clad alibi. Time of the
shooting Allan was rewinding
multiple copies of John Wayne
Bobbitt's latest cinematic endeavor.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 2

39

KELLERMAN
What about Lonny Askew?

LEWIS
He didn't do it.

KELLERMAN
Why you so sure?

LEWIS
Long story.

The WAITRESS returns with another bagel for KELLERMAN.

WAITRESS
Here ya go, hon. Dry as a bone.

KELLERMAN
Thanks.

She shuffles off.

LEWIS
How 'bout the lady in eight?
Ramona Rostenkowski?

KELLERMAN
She's a hooker. Likes to swim
naked in the motel pool.

LEWIS
Sounds refreshing.

KELLERMAN
We had a nice chat. She was, uh,
in the middle of a session when she
heard the shots. Couldn't really
stop what she was doing to go to
the window and look.

LEWIS
Least she's got a reason. So that
leaves Mr. and Mrs. Evans.

KELLERMAN
(glances at his watch)
Maybe they're home by now.

As LEWIS and KELLERMAN push back their plates,

CUT TO:

40 INT. UNIT #16/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

40

MICHAEL and MARIE. The Room is dark. MARIE, still by the window, pulls the curtain back, looks.

MARIE

Car's still there.

MICHAEL, on the bed, examines a hundred dollar bill under a flashlight, a thick envelope full of hundreds next to him.

MARIE (cont.)

Kosher?

MICHAEL

Better be.

MARIE

Or what? You'll track him down?
Make him eat it?

MICHAEL

I could find him.

MARIE

Fat chance.

He puts the bill aside, pulls another out of the envelope, scrutinizes it under the light.

MARIE (cont.)

You gonna look at each and every
one of those before we can get out
of here?

No response from MICHAEL.

MARIE (cont.)

We should be outta here by now.

MICHAEL

Quit bitchin', you're makin' me
insane.

MARIE

I'm gonna get a coke. You want
one?

MICHAEL

Don't go out there.

MARIE

It's dead, there's no one around,
I'll be back in two seconds, you
want one or not?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

MICHAEL
Yeah. Okay. Diet.

MARIE rummages in her purse for change.

41 EXT. NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

41

LEWIS and KELLERMAN cross Street.

KELLERMAN
Man, I'm tired. Can't wait to get home, crawl into my nice, warm bed.

LEWIS
Yeah, me too... You ever been to the Lafayette Court Complex?

KELLERMAN
That drug infested rat's nest? Sure. I investigated my share of arsons there.

LEWIS
They're tearing it down tomorrow.

KELLERMAN
Good riddance.

LEWIS
My entire childhood. Ba-boom'd.

KELLERMAN
Wait. You lived there?

LEWIS
Apartment eight-D. When we moved in, the building was brand new, beautiful. We were the first family in eight-D, four of us crammed into a one bedroom. Like the Gonzalez's. Then my sister came along and we hauled up to ten-K. What a view --

KELLERMAN
You could see the Harbor?

LEWIS
Nope. Maggie Dunlop. Nine-A. I watched her get undressed before she ever grew anything worth watching. Lost our innocence on her bathroom tiles.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

KELLERMAN

Fascinating.

LEWIS

Rose Kelley, seven-K. Ursala
James, eleven-D, Lotte Nelson,
two-E --

KELLERMAN

We should go watch them blow it up.

LEWIS

No way.

KELLERMAN indicates MARIE, who heads to Vending Machine
Area.

KELLERMAN

Who's that?

THEY follow MARIE.

42 EXT. VENDING MACHINE AREA/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

42

A couple of vending machines tucked in an outdoor alcove.
MARIE puts in her change, gets a soda, pops it, takes a
swig, puts in more change, hits the bar, gets another, turns
to go, runs right into KELLERMAN and LEWIS, gasps.

MARIE

Lord, you frightened me.

LEWIS

Marie Evans?

MARIE

Who are you?

LEWIS

Baltimore City Homicide. I'm
Detective Lewis, this is Detective
Kellerman. We talk to you a
minute?

MARIE

Now? It's the middle of the
night --

KELLERMAN

We apologize for the late hour.
We've been waiting for you to come
home.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

MARIE
We were out. With friends.

LEWIS
What we figured.

MARIE
This can't wait until morning?

KELLERMAN
No, actually.

MARIE
Okay. So? What'd'ya want?

LEWIS
We'd like to talk to your husband,
too.

MARIE
He's asleep.

LEWIS
(re: sodas)
You were gonna drink a diet and a
regular yourself?

MARIE
As a matter of fact.

LEWIS
Come on. Let's go wake him up.

THEY move the reluctant MARIE down the Walkway.

43 EXT. UNIT #16/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

43

KELLERMAN and LEWIS arrive with MARIE who fumbles in her
purse for her key. She speaks in a too-loud voice:

MARIE
I know it's here somewhere --
(finds it)
Here it is. I found it.
(fumbles with lock)
Doesn't seem to --

She drops the key. LEWIS picks it up, hands it to her.

MARIE (cont.)
Sorry. Butterfingers --
(tries again)
There we go --

She finally gets it in. KELLERMAN and LEWIS trade looks
about the transparency of this routine.

44 INT. UNIT #16/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT

44

MARIE pushes door open into dark Room. KELLERMAN and LEWIS hang back, guns drawn.

MARIE (cont.)

Honey?

The bedside lamp is switched on, MICHAEL blinks in the light. He's bare-chested, in bed, the sheet pulled up under him. There's no sign of the money or the gun.

MICHAEL

What the hell's goin' on?

KELLERMAN and LEWIS step in, close the door.

LEWIS

Michael Evans?

MICHAEL

Who're you?

MARIE

Cops, honey. They wanna ask some questions.

MICHAEL

About what?

LEWIS

Charlie Wells.

MICHAEL

Who's that?

LEWIS

The guy in number four. Somebody shot and killed him earlier this evening, about eight o'clock.

MICHAEL

Really? There was a murder here?

LEWIS

Yeah, really. Right here. Just a few feet away.

MICHAEL

Huh. We were out all evening. First we heard of it.

MARIE

Visiting some friends. Had dinner, went to a movie. Went back to their house, had a few drinks.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

KELLERMAN

We'll need their names, telephone number --

MARIE

Sure. Uh, I don't have their number. We just met 'em in a bar.

LEWIS

Uh-huh. Probably don't know their address either.

MARIE

I'm not sure. Maybe we could find it again --

KELLERMAN

You know Charlie Wells?

MICHAEL

Not at all.

MARIE

We just got here a few days ago.

KELLERMAN

How long you planning to stay?

MICHAEL

Lookin' for work. See how it goes.

LEWIS

Either of you got some ID?
Driver's license? Somethin' like that?

MARIE

Sorry. My purse was stolen last week. At the Washateria.

KELLERMAN

(points to her purse)
What's that?

MARIE

That's my new purse. But it doesn't have anything in it but some spare change.

LEWIS

(to MICHAEL)
What about you?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 2

44

MICHAEL
You're not gonna believe this. I
lost my wallet a month ago --

LEWIS
That's coincidental, both of you
losin' your ID at the same time.

MARIE
It's a drag. Really inconvenient.

LEWIS nods, then in one swift motion yanks the sheet off
MICHAEL, who still has on his jeans and shoes.

MICHAEL
Hey --

LEWIS
You always sleep in your shoes?
Get up --

LEWIS yanks him out of bed, to his feet and spins him
around. He shoves him up against the wall.

LEWIS (cont.)
Assume the position. And don't
even pretend you don't know what
I'm talkin' about --

LEWIS "helps" MICHAEL assume the position, forcing him to
put his arms out straight, palms against the wall and kicks
his legs apart. LEWIS gives him a quick frisk, pulls a
wallet out of MICHAEL's back pocket.

LEWIS (cont.)
Look what I found. Is there a
reward?

He tosses it to KELLERMAN, who opens it.

MICHAEL
I'm filing a complaint on you guys.

LEWIS
That would be perfect. Put a shirt
on, we'll give you a lift downtown.

KELLERMAN
(looks at license)
Pennsylvania driver's license.
Alfred Barrow.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 3

44

LEWIS
You got a record, Alfred?
(off his shrug)
Guess we'll find out, huh?
(to MARIE)
How about you, honey?

She rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

MARIE
Stupid, stupid, stupid.

MICHAEL
Shut up. You're the genius had to
go get a coke.

LEWIS notices the pillow MICHAEL had under his head. It's not resting flat on the bed. There's something bulky under it. He leans over and picks the pillow up, reveals the gun and the money. MARIE sneers at MICHAEL.

MARIE
I thought you were gonna use
that. Big man. Big talk.

MICHAEL
I was afraid I'd hit you. My
mistake --

MARIE
Right.

As LEWIS cuffs MICHAEL and KELLERMAN cuffs MARIE,

CUT TO:

45 EXT. CAVALIER - NIGHT

45

LEWIS and KELLERMAN close doors on MICHAEL and MARIE, cuffed in the back seat. LEWIS opens the driver's door.

KELLERMAN
You said it was our lucky night.

LEWIS
We still haven't found the boot.

KELLERMAN looks over, sees ROSTENKOWSKI swimming in the Pool. LEWIS and KELLERMAN get in Cavalier. As LEWIS starts car and pulls out, watched from every Room by any number of sleepless EYES,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

46 EXT. BALTIMORE - DAWN 46
Establishing.

47 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 47
LEWIS and KELLERMAN enter, looking tired but pleased. MUNCH
looks over.

MUNCH
I have something for you guys.

LEWIS
Ida Franks.

MUNCH
Still in the works.

LEWIS
You found the bike.

MUNCH
Nope. No sign of it anywhere in
the Baltimore-DC metroplex. I tell
ya, it's outta the Country by now.
This time next week, some cocaine
cartel jefe will be riding around
Cali on his spanking new
Nineteen-fifty-three Indian, making
the senioritas swoon.

KELLERMAN
Ballistics come back?

MUNCH
(nods)
As did the lab results on that
liquid substance submitted by
Detective Lewis. Screened positive
for the presence of home-made
meth-amphetamine --

LEWIS
(to KELLERMAN)
Tap water, huh?

MUNCH hands LEWIS file.

LEWIS (cont.)
What's this?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MUNCH

Ballistics report on that gun you
got off Alfred Barrow, a.k.a.
Michael Evans.

LEWIS

The gun he shot Charlie with.

MUNCH

Well --

LEWIS

Don't tell me.
(reads report)
This can't be right.
(looks at KELLERMAN)
Says there's no match.

MUNCH

Right caliber, wrong gun.

KELLERMAN

What?

MUNCH

It's not the murder weapon. They
didn't shoot Charlie Wells. Not
with that gun, anyway.

KELLERMAN

What about the money? They had,
what? More 'n ten grand in cash.

MUNCH

Maybe they saved up.

LEWIS

They're dirty for somethin', I know
it.

MUNCH

No doubt. The gun's illegal.
Maybe you can make 'em on a weapons
charge --

LEWIS

So where does that leave us?

KELLERMAN

With the owner of the motel's gun.
(to MUNCH)
Did you get the results on that one
back from Ballistics?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 2

47

MUNCH
No. You said it wasn't a priority.

KELLERMAN
I guess we gotta go out there
again.

As LEWIS just shakes his head,

CUT TO:

48 INT. OFFICE/NEW MOON MOTEL - DAY

48

CHENG looks up groggily as the door opens and the
Bangladeshi owner of Motel, LARRY CHAUDHARI, comes in.

CHENG
Morning.

She gathers up her textbooks.

CHAUDHARI
Good morning. Any problems?

CHENG
Charlie Wells was shot and killed
last night. I tried calling you,
but your machine was off. And the
police took your gun. See you
tonight --

She's out the door. CHAUDHARI, stunned, opens the drawer
where he kept his gun.

49 INT. UNIT #4/NEW MOON MOTEL - DAY

49

The blood-stained floor. The cluttered desk. Silence...

50 EXT. NEW MOON MOTEL - DAY

50

The Cavalier pulls into the driveway as the neon sign goes
off.

51 INT. OFFICE/NEW MOON MOTEL - DAY

51

KELLERMAN and LEWIS stand with CHAUDHARI.

KELLERMAN
Mr. Chaudhari, we're just wrapping
up some loose ends. If we could
ask you a few questions --

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

CHAUDHARI

I am so distraught, I cannot tell you. This is a terrible circumstance. I find it very difficult to comprehend. I have never before had a fatality in my motel. Much less a murder.

KELLERMAN

Mr. Chaudhari. We confiscated a gun from this office last night --

CHAUDHARI

The girl told me.

LEWIS

We ran the serial number. That firearm was stolen in New York City a couple years ago.

KELLERMAN

Possession of an stolen firearm is a felony.

LEWIS

You wanna tell us where you got the gun, Mr. Chaudhari? Maybe we can work something out, if you cooperate with us.

CHAUDHARI doesn't want to, but he will, reluctantly.

CHAUDHARI

Charlie Wells. He sold it to me. He needed money. He owed me rent. I needed a gun. We made a deal.

LEWIS

When was this?

CHAUDHARI

First of last month.

KELLERMAN

That gun's been fired recently.

CHAUDHARI sighs, scratches his head, mumbles in Bengali.

CHAUDHARI

I confess. I shot someone.

KELLERMAN

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 2

51

CHAUDHARI
I shot someone. With that gun.
Three nights ago. I took the gun
with me to make the night deposit.
Someone tried to hold me up. I
shot him. In the stomach.

LEWIS
You kill him?

CHAUDHARI
I don't know. He ran away.

LEWIS
Ran?

CHAUDHARI
Sort of. Like so --

He demonstrates, swaying from side to side.

LEWIS
You report this?

CHAUDHARI
No. Why should I make more trouble
for myself?

LEWIS
You know something, Mr. Chaudhari?
I can't really answer that question
for you.

CHAUDHARI
I would like to make a clean breast
of things. Clear my conscience.

LEWIS
That's a good idea, Mr. Chaudhari.
You want a lawyer?

CHAUDHARI
It is not necessary.

CHAUDHARI clears his throat.

52 EXT. UNIT #8/NEW MOON MOTEL - DAY

52

ROSTENKOWSKI opens door, a middle-aged JOHN enters. Before she closes door, she looks out, waves. PAN to KELLERMAN watching. The door closes. KELLERMAN clicks his teeth as LEWIS approaches.

LEWIS

There was a guy found gutshot over on La Salle last Tuesday morning. Jimmy Dougal. One of the biggest bandits in Baltimore. The Street Crime Task Force observed a moment of silence when they heard Dougal'd passed away.

KELLERMAN

Mr. Chaudhari. Self-defense. Dougal tried to hold him up.

LEWIS

Closed a murder we didn't mean to close, got nowhere on the one we wanted to.

KELLERMAN

So what do you want to do? Interview everyone again?

LEWIS

I don't know...

The door to Unit #4 opens. A young woman, JENNIFER WELLS, exits, carrying a box of stuff. She crosses to dumpster, tosses box inside.

LEWIS (cont.)

Hey. Police. What're you doing --

WELLS

I got a call. My father's dead, come clean out the room, they want to let it.

KELLERMAN

You're Charlie Well's daughter?

WELLS

Uh huh.

LEWIS

You got here fast from Montana --

WELLS

I live in Hagerstown. My brother called me from Bozeman.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

KELLERMAN
You Ida Franks?

WELLS
Jennifer Wells. Ida was my
grandmother. My dad's mom. She
died. Nineteen sixty-nine.

KELLERMAN
(to LEWIS)
His mother.

WELLS
How do you know about Ida?

KELLERMAN
Her name and address were, uh,
tattooed on Charlie's epidermis --

WELLS
So that's how you found us. I
always thought that was so
grotesque.
(shrugs)
I guess it worked, didn't it? I
guess he knew what he was doing.

THEY enter.

53 INT. UNIT #4/NEW MOON MOTEL - DAY

53

WELLS runs her hand over a stack of books as LEWIS and
KELLERMAN watch.

WELLS (cont.)
What am I gonna do with these?
Give 'em to some rummage sale I
suppose.
(re: Room)
What a place to end up.

LEWIS
Your father had a record.

WELLS
Yeah. After he got outta the
service, he came back to Montana
and bought a bar. Not a great
idea. He was drinking pretty
heavy. One night, he got in a
fight with a customer. Tore the
pay phone off the wall and dropped
it on him. Broke his legs.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

WELLS (cont.)

Guy was a local lawyer, made sure Charlie got his due. Not that he didn't deserve it. Anyway, after he got outta prison, he just disappeared. Once in a blue moon, we'd get a card. "I'm in the wind." That's what the card would say, "I'm in the wind..."

KELLERMAN

Apparently, he had a rather valuable motorcycle --

WELLS

Charlie?

LEWIS

Fifty-three Indian. Collector's item.

WELLS

If you say so. I haven't seen him since I was seventeen. I had no idea he was living so close.

She picks up a book, looks at it.

LEWIS

You didn't happen to find a single boot.

WELLS

No. But one of the things I remember about the man was that he liked to go around wearing one boot.

LEWIS

Why?

WELLS

He used to say, "Not every shoe has to have a mate..."

LEWIS

Huh.

WELLS

He was weird. Even back then.

KELLERMAN and LEWIS exit.

54 EXT. UNIT #5/NEW MOON MOTEL - DAY

54

ASKEW exits, a backpack on his back.

LEWIS (o.c.)

Hey.

ASKEW turns to see LEWIS and KELLERMAN approach.

LEWIS (cont.)

Checking out?

ASKEW

Yeah, I'm checking out before I check out. Charlie Wells and I had a lot in common -- both being ex-cons and all. The one thing I don't want to do, that he did, is die in a flea-bag motel. I'm gonna get a real apartment, buy some furniture, maybe even get a plant.

KELLERMAN

I'd start slow, try a fern first. They take less care.

ASKEW

So I hear.

LEWIS

You going into town?

ASKEW

No, the other way.

ASKEW takes off down Highway. KELLERMAN and LEWIS get into Cavalier. On a LONG SHOT of Motel, of Highway; ASKEW walking in one direction, the Cavalier going in the other,

CUT TO:

55 INT. CAVALIER - DAY

55

Downtown. KELLERMAN makes a left turn. LEWIS sits beside him, ticked off.

LEWIS

Turn the car around, Kellerman.

KELLERMAN

Where do you think we'd have a better angle, Forrest or Orleans?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

LEWIS

Doesn't matter 'cause we ain't going.

KELLERMAN

Whole thing'll take ten minutes.

LEWIS

'Case you forgot, we got a report to type.

KELLERMAN

Meldrick, c'mon. How often do you see a blast this size? Nine hundred ninety-five pounds of dynamite, plunge the detonator and kaboom --

LEWIS

Kellerman, please, this is my youth you're kabooming.

KELLERMAN

I know, I know, Maggie Dunlop, nine-A, Sally Keeley, seven-P.

LEWIS

Rose Kelley, seven-K.

KELLERMAN

I would've never guessed you for sentimental.

LEWIS

I've been living on my own a long time. Nice apartments, not-so-nice apartments. All rentals. Our place in Lafayette Court, my parents' house, that was the last real home I had. Since then I've been kinda rootless...

KELLERMAN

Ruthless?

LEWIS

Rootless. We are not going.

KELLERMAN

We are here.

KELLERMAN parks Cavalier, opens door. LEWIS doesn't budge.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 2

55

LEWIS

Barb Sanders, six-F.

KELLERMAN

You want to wait in the car, wait
in the car. I'm gonna watch.

KELLERMAN closes car door.

EXT. LAFAYETTE COURTS - DAY

KELLERMAN walks toward CROWD. LEWIS hesitates, then
follows.

LEWIS

It doesn't make a difference
whether it's a big Victorian with a
white picket fence or a rundown ol'
graffitied-on high rise. Still
amounts to the same thing: Murder.

KELLERMAN

You can't kill a building,
Meldrick.

LEWIS

After she's dead, they're gonna
sell her remains for two bucks a
brick.

KELLERMAN

All this moaning for mortar and
stone. You sound like Scarlett
O'Hara.

LEWIS

So, what's wrong with that? In a
few minutes, my whole past is gonna
be gone with the wind. And you --

LEWIS and KELLERMAN push through CROWD and reach railing.
Six towers rise before them. KELLERMAN lifts binoculars.
LEWIS gazes mournfully at the doomed structure.

LEWIS (cont.)

-- Want me to watch.

CROWD

Five, four, three, two, one --

The buildings IMplode. Six separate structures fold beneath
themselves and disappear in a rising cloud of dust. CROWD
CHEERS.

KELLERMAN

Wow.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 55

KELLERMAN lowers binoculars, turns to LEWIS.

LEWIS

Wow.

HEAR Temple of the Dog SING "Four Walled World". On LEWIS,
taking one last look,

CUT TO:

56 EXT. NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 56

SONG CONTINUES. The neon sign pops on.

57 INT. OFFICE/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 57

SONG CONTINUES. CHENG opens one of her books, looks at the
page a moment, but she can't concentrate. She gets up and
turns on TV. That's better. She settles in to study, the
"Weather Channel" blaring in the background.

58 INT. UNIT #5/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 58

SONG CONTINUES. MUIR, hunched over in a chair, in his
underwear, cooks up a spoonful of something -- a little eye
opener.

59 INT. UNIT #13/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 59

SONG CONTINUES. GALVIN and the big, black LAB read the
Bible.

60 INT. UNIT #7/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 60

SONG CONTINUES. The ACQUAVIVA BOY and GIRL eat dinner in
front of TV. VICKI sits behind them, alone at the table,
drinking a beer.

61 INT. UNIT #10/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 61

SONG CONTINUES. MARZI stares sadly at photos of Charlie
Wells.

62 INT. UNIT #4/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 62

SONG CONTINUES. Dark and silent. Only the bloodstain in
the now empty Room.

63 EXT. SWIMMING POOL/NEW MOON MOTEL - NIGHT 63

SONG CONTINUES. ROSTENKOWSKI swims. As the moon reflects
off her body,

CUT TO:

64 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 64

SONG CONTINUES. Establishing.

65 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 65

SONG CONTINUES. DETECTIVES on the phone, CIVILIANS and SUSPECTS in and out, the usual bustle of activity -- a parallel universe to that of the Motel. LEWIS enters, carrying a brick, crosses to Locker Area where MUNCH stands.

MUNCH

Hey, what'cha got there?

LEWIS

A brick.

MUNCH

A brick?

LEWIS

Yeah.

(opens locker)

MUNCH

Y'know, you collect enough of those, you can build a barbecue or a house.

LEWIS

Or a home.

MUNCH crosses off. LEWIS holds the brick for a moment, hefting its weight. He places the brick on the top shelf of his locker. As LEWIS SLAMS the door shut and the SONG FADES,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END