

THE RED FEATHER

Written by

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EXT. FIFTH AVENUE AND PINE STREET, SEATTLE - DAY

The streets of downtown Seattle burst with the new leaves and fresh flowers of Spring, 1962. Above are the bluest skies you've ever seen. Production MUSIC lifts the atmosphere into a mid-20th century froth.

RANDALL "RANDY" SPRING (36), - trim, sandy-haired, boyish, idealistic - an off-duty police detective, walks hand-in-hand with his wife JUDY SPRING (33), - smart, pretty, knowing.

They pass a pillar of new concrete carrying a rumble from overhead. The Century 21 Monorail slides past on its single track into an aluminum-clad building.

RANDY

We'd better get a move on, Judy.
We're going to miss it.

He picks up the pace. Judy laughs.

JUDY

(playfully)
Not so fast!

They join a queue into the terminal. A sign says "Seattle World's Fair Tickets". The polished, train-like monorail waits, like a fueling spacecraft.

A cheerful busker plays a banjo. A vendor sells ice cream.

INT. MONORAIL WESTLAKE TERMINAL - DAY

A mix of elders, families with children, and young people eagerly wait their chance to experience the future at the Century 21 Exhibition.

A female TICKET SELLER (17) welcomes Randy and Judy.

RANDY

Two Fair admissions and two
monorail tickets.

TICKET SELLER

Six dollars, please.

Randy fumbles the money. He empties his pockets onto the counter, including a leather wallet with his Seattle Police Department badge. It falls open. The Ticket Seller notices.

TICKET SELLER (CONT'D)

You're a policeman? Free admission.

RANDY

What?

TICKET SELLER

Management policy. All Seattle policemen get free tickets.

The queue gets longer.

RANDY

I'd rather pay. Six bucks, right?

TICKET SELLER

Yes, sir.

Randy and Judy head for the platform. Judy gives Randy a quizzical look.

RANDY

I don't like off-the-books perks.

JUDY

An honest cop in Seattle. How quaint.

EXT. MONORAIL PLATFORM, WESTLAKE - DAY

Randy and Judy queue up to enter the Monorail's leading car. A CONDUCTOR guides them to the front for an unobstructed view. A mature, friendly MALE VOICE comes over a speaker.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Doors closing.

A HISS as the double-doors slide shut. The Monorail begins to move. The crowd OOHS, AAHS, and GIGGLES.

Randy and Judy gaze out the glass front of the Monorail as the city speeds past. The ride is exhilarating.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Monorail and the Century 21 Exhibition. Visit the U.S. Pavilion, and learn how America is leading the world. Get ready to experience science, technology, and fun for the whole family. The future is here!

Looming ahead is the 600-foot Space Needle, looking like a flying saucer on a stick.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - DAY

Randy and Judy descend from the Monorail platform to the fairgrounds.

Hand-in-hand, they wander pavilions from dozens of countries, view a full-scale mockup of a spacecraft, and make a call with the newly invented video phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS - NIGHT

Evening arrives with neon lights and a brief shower, giving the fairgrounds a noir ambience.

The couple arrive at the cave-like entrance to "Show Street". One of the shows is called "Spaced-Out Galaxy Gals."

INT. PERFORMANCE AREA - NIGHT

Randy and Judy find a table among several filled with other couples of various ages. The lights go down and a band begins a brassy tune. Spotlights come on.

One by one, showgirls in lavish, Las Vegas-style costumes saunter forward and down steps to the floor.

A Brylcreemed, foppish CROONER sings a popular song.

One of the girls glides toward a beaming Randy.

INT. COSTUME SHOP, PERFORMANCE AREA - NIGHT

Among racks of clothes and accessories, TOM PEPPER (22) - practical, stylish, guarded - prepares costumes for the final "Galaxy Gals" performance of the day.

An ASSAILANT in a wet trench coat and a pork pie hat enters, his face in shadow. The hat has a distinctive red feather.

Tom recognizes the visitor. The Assailant removes a police nightstick from beneath his coat and begins to relentlessly beat Tom, who fights back, knocking off the Assailant's hat.

The Assailant stops, breathing hard from his work.

Tom lies still.

The Assailant, face unseen, looks into a dressing mirror, spattered with blood. He destroys the mirror with his nightstick. Eyes ablaze, he finds his hat and departs.

A buxom SHOWGIRL (19) arrives, her headgear askew.

SHOWGIRL
Tom, this headpiece won't stay
straight. Can you help?

She pushes aside a rack and sees Tom.

SHOWGIRL (CONT'D)
What the hell? Tom? Tom?

Tom's face is nothing but bloody pulp.

The Showgirl is shocked, wordless. She collects herself.

INT. BACKSTAGE, PERFORMANCE ROOM - NIGHT

The Showgirl appears at the costume room door. A few feet away, FREDDIE MUNSON (43) - overweight, chain-smoking - sits at a desk, which has a phone.

SHOWGIRL
Freddie, you've gotta come.

The Showgirl tugs at Freddie's arm.

FREDDIE
What is it, Miss?

SHOWGIRL
Please.

INT. COSTUME SHOP, PERFORMANCE AREA - NIGHT

Freddie reluctantly trails the Showgirl.

FREDDIE
I'm married, just so you know.

The Showgirl pushes him toward Tom.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
I'm old enough to... God in Heaven.

Freddie had seen bodies in Korea. He touches Tom's neck.

INT. BACKSTAGE, PERFORMANCE AREA - NIGHT

At his desk, Freddie dials a number on the telephone. The Showgirl is near. The Crooner starts another song on stage.

INT. PERFORMANCE AREA - NIGHT

Showgirls dance around the Crooner and mingle with the crowd.

Randy and Judy applaud the end of the song.

A uniformed PATROLMAN appears at an exit. Another PATROLMAN takes a spot in front of a different exit.

Randy notices both. One, then two of the dancers are distracted. Randy's curiosity is piqued.

RANDY
(over the applause)
Judy, something's going on
backstage.

An upset MASTER OF CEREMONIES comes out on stage. He's trying to hold it together.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Ladies and gentlemen, that's the
end of our show. The police are
asking everyone to stay in their
seats for just a few minutes.

RANDY
I'm going to see if I can help.

Others in the audience see the cops. Alarm grows.

Judy takes her husband's hand.

JUDY
Go if you need to.

INT. COSTUME SHOP, PERFORMANCE AREA - NIGHT

Randy finds POLICE SERGEANT LYLE SMITH (36) conferring with a Patrolman. At their feet lies the body of Tom Pepper.

LYLE
(to Randy)
Look at that. Homicide's here
already.
(Looking behind Randy)
Where's your crew?

RANDY

I was in the audience. I saw your flatfoots scaring people.

LYLE

We've closed the exits. The perp might still be here.

Randy kneels down to examine the body.

LYLE (CONT'D)

My dad was a butcher. Looks like someone took a meat hammer to the guy.

RANDY

Any ID?

LYLE

One of the showgirls found him. Says his name is Tom Pepper, one of the costumers. We haven't touched the body to look for ID.

Randy studies the surroundings and sees the broken mirror. It has a peculiar radiating pattern. Randy starts a visual search, careful to disturb things as little as possible.

LYLE (CONT'D)

What are you looking for?

RANDY

A mop. Or a broom.

LYLE

I'd leave the cleanup to the maid, if I were you.

RANDY

Give me your nightstick, Sarge.

LYLE

My what?

Randy holds out his hand. Lyle pulls out his nightstick.

Randy puts the end of the nightstick next to the center of the radiating pattern. It's a perfect fit.

LYLE (CONT'D)

You're not saying one of our guys did this?

RANDY
Not saying anything. Just thinking.

A tall, thin, intense man shows up, DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT AL KRETCHMAN (46).

AL
Randy. Didn't expect to see you here.
(to Lyle)
Smith.

RANDY
Coincidence. My wife and I are on a date.

LYLE
(to Al)
He says we're scaring people.

RANDY
Only in a friendly way.

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures. He puts down a large tackle box.

AL
See anything, Randy?

RANDY
Nothing unusual. I saw the uniforms take up positions at the exits. The M-C stopped the show.

LYLE
Maybe they'll give you a refund.

RANDY
Everyone gets a free interview with a policeman.

AL
(indicates nightstick)
Worried about a riot?

RANDY
Belongs to the Sergeant. Do you mind if I poke around a bit, Al?

AL
Be my guest. I'd say this is your case now. I'll deal with the lunkheads.

Randy hands the nightstick to Lyle. Randy examines the body and the immediate area. He sees something a few feet away, next to a white feather boa that's fallen to the floor.

CLOSE-IN: A red feather, the kind that decorates a man's hat, lays on the concrete. Pulling a pencil from his pocket, Randy flips the feather over with the eraser.

RANDY
Hey, Sarge.

LYLE
Yeah.

RANDY
Can you bring me a small evidence envelope and a pair of tweezers?

LYLE
Since when am I one of your flunkies?

RANDY
(to the photographer)
Get a picture of this, will you?

Lyle hands Randy the envelope and tweezers.

LYLE
What'd you find?

RANDY
Something that doesn't belong.

Randy makes a note on the envelope, "Item #1: Red feather". With the tweezers, he puts the feather in the bag.

LYLE
Forgot to tell you. There's a woman outside to see you. Pretty, too.

INT. BACKSTAGE, PERFORMANCE AREA - NIGHT

As Judy waits, a second SHOWGIRL comforts the first. Judy peeks over Randy's shoulder through the costume shop's door.

RANDY
Don't look in there. It's bad.

JUDY
When is it ever good?

RANDY
You should go home.

JUDY
You're going to be a while. This
was our first night out in forever.

RANDY
People have a habit of killing each
other at odd times.

JUDY
How rude and inconsiderate.

They kiss. Randy watches her leave. *Damn, I love her.*

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. WEST PRECINCT, CRIMINAL INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

DETECTIVES sit at desks in an open-plan office. Randy broods over an open file. His desk is covered with piles of thick manila folders, a Rolodex, a photo of Judy, and a phone.

CHYRON: Seattle Police Department West Precinct

CHYRON: One year later.

The open file is labeled "Pepper: Case No. 63-45698". Clipped to one corner is Tom Pepper's driver's license photo.

Randy rests his chin in his hands. His phone rings.

RANDY
Homicide. Spring.

JUDY (V.O.)
Hi, handsome.

RANDY
(relaxing)
Hi, sweetheart.

INT. SWEDISH HOSPITAL RECEPTION - DAY

Judy talks with her husband while doctors, nurses, and patients mingle around her.

JUDY
How's your day going?

RANDY (V.O.)
Like I got four flat tires.

INTERCUT BETWEEN RANDY AND JUDY

JUDY
Sorry to hear that. Any preference
on dinner?

RANDY
Pan-fried chicken. I need something
to soothe my troubles.

JUDY
George and Mel are coming over on
Saturday.

RANDY
My little brother showing off his
girlfriend.

JUDY
I think it's going somewhere.

INTERCUT ENDS

Lieutenant Kretchman stands at his open office door.

AL
Spring.

RANDY
(to Judy)
The boss is calling. I'll see you
tonight.

Randy lifts his head.

AL
My office.

The other Detectives watch Randy sympathetically.

INT. WEST PRECINCT, LIEUTENANT KRETCHMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The lieutenant's office has the look of a man who wishes he
could retire yesterday.

RANDY
Al, I want to re-interview the
principal witnesses on the Pepper
case. We've missed something.

(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)

And I want to go over the physical evidence again.

AL

No, Randy. I've got something else for you.

RANDY

That mirror thing.

AL

(dismissive)

No, I said. You need a break. You've spent too much time on the Pepper case. The guy was a fag. Nobody cares.

RANDY

Wait a minute. He had a lewd conduct arrest. But he's still a victim.

AL

Chris Stanley called.

RANDY

(surprised, but wary)

The new deputy prosecutor.

AL

He's scouting for talent. A special project. I mentioned you.

RANDY

Me? I'd rather work the Pepper case.

AL

You know Stanley?

RANDY

High school. He went to Harvard. I joined the navy.

AL

I think a change of scenery is in order. In the Vice Unit.

RANDY

Vice? I've never worked Vice.

AL

Be at his office at closing time tomorrow.

RANDY
You're not firing me, are you?

AL
(chuckles)
No, but this time next year, you
might wish I had.

INT. KING COUNTY PROSECUTING ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

His steps ECHOING on the marble-covered walls of the King County Courthouse, Randy walks into the county prosecutor's office. The name on the glass is "William Keeling".

Randy is about to introduce himself to the receptionist, RHONDA JONES (30), when CHRIS STANLEY (38) - smirking, preppy, three-piece suit - enters.

CHRIS
Randy. Right on time.

RANDY
Chris.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Great to see you again. How are
you?

Chris pulls him away from Rhonda.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(to Randy)
Cute, ain't she?

INT. CHRIS STANLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

In the cramped office, Chris finds his coat and puts it on.

Randy is distracted by a wall of photos and mementoes. A shadow box contains a pugilistic ID photo of a patrolman captioned, "Captain Robert Stanley," as well as a police .38 revolver, a captain's badge, and a billy club set on hooks.

Another photo has Chris in a three-point football stance.

RANDY
Senior year. Left tackle.

CHRIS
And you were tight end.

One of the photos is recent, in color, and shows Chris and others in a group wearing pork pie hats.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Let's go. Got a date with a cop.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Chris ushers Randy into the Pioneer Square neighborhood, a 20-square block area of bars, cardrooms, arcades, and cheap hotels. Locals refer to it as "Below the Belt".

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN ALLEY - DAY

The two men go into Tips, a small club, through the back.

INT. TIPS RESTAURANT AND BAR - DAY

Chris slinks into a table in a back corner. Randy eases in beside him.

CHRIS
Watch the bar.

RANDY
Why? You selling H or something?

CHRIS
The dance act is pretty good.

Chris indicates a uniformed patrolman at the front door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Watch.

The patrolman cum BAGMAN (42) catches the eye of the barkeeper/owner, CHARLIE MCDANIELS (51) - beer gut, balding, stressed. Charlie knows the Bagman and why he's here.

CHARLIE
Officer.

BAGMAN
Charlie.

The Bagman takes a seat at the bar away from other patrons. He takes a paper bag from his pocket and puts it on the bar.

Charlie takes the bag and goes into a back room. When he returns, he places the now-full bag in the same spot.

The Bagman pockets the bag. He gets up from his seat, glancing around him.

BAGMAN (CONT'D)
Charlie.

CHARLIE
Officer.

Chris and Randy watch the Bagman leave.

RANDY
(disgusted)
Jesus Christ.

CHRIS
Sixty dollars a week. That's how much Charlie pays.

RANDY
You wanted me to see this.

CHRIS
I didn't bring you here for the cuisine.

Randy leaves the table and exits the back door.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN ALLEY - DAY

Randy lights a cigarette. Chris comes out.

RANDY
You know, I remember you better now. In high school. You were always the guy doing something to get attention. But you were clever about it. Raising money to buy blankets for hobos. Running for class vice president because you could look good without doing anything. I didn't like you then. I don't like you now. Leave me out of whatever scheme you're running, Chris.

CHRIS
You were the guy who liked being average. C's were good enough. Graduate, get a job, get married, drift through life. Am I wrong?

RANDY

Fuck off.

CHRIS

Charlie McDaniels came to me one day saying he was sick and tired of paying off idiots. He's been doing it since before the war. There's two dozen other downtown business owners who feel the same way.

RANDY

I can't help you, Chris. It's not like I'm okay with shakedowns. Makes my skin crawl. I want to punch out that cop. But I could lose my job. Get teeth knocked out. I like my teeth.

CHRIS

Things are changing, Randy. The negroes want their rights. Men are going into space. We elected the youngest president ever. It's time for a little honesty and integrity.

RANDY

You and what army? That money gets passed up to the very top.

CHRIS

There's a few of us that want the corruption exposed and stopped. I checked out your work on the Pepper case. It's good.

RANDY

Who talked me up? Kretchman? Or you?

CHRIS

A break from homicide could give you new perspective. Kretchman's signed off on your transfer to the Vice Unit. That's where a lot of the corruption is. Tell me what you see, what you find.

RANDY

Why don't you just ask me to jump from a bridge?

CHRIS

Think about it. My wife's birthday is Saturday. We're having a party. Bring your wife.

RANDY

Sorry. I got relatives over.

CHRIS

Bring them along. I need you, Randy.

RANDY

We'll see.

CHRIS

Tell me then what you decide.

Randy walks away.

EXT. CHRIS AND SANDRA STANLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Chris and SANDRA STANLEY (32) - stylish, dissatisfied, sad - own a Craftsman-style house. A half-dozen YOUNG COUPLES gather in the roomy back yard. Most hold a beer or a glass.

Chris turns burgers and hot dogs on a grill. He and Randy are relaxed as they chat.

Randy's brother, GEORGE SPRING (24) - sandy-haired, gregarious, sweet-looking - banter with the guests.

Judy Spring sits with MELANIE "MEL" JURGENS (20) - petite, brunette, demure - at a picnic table on a patio. Sandra sets down half-eaten potato salad. She starts to collect trash.

JUDY

Let us help you clear, Sandra.

SANDRA

It's alright, Judy. You two sit and enjoy the sunshine.

JUDY

It's your birthday, for Pete's sake. Let us help.

Judy and Mel gather paper plates and cups.

INT. CHRIS AND SANDRA STANLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

In the well-appointed, modern kitchen, Sandra points to the trash bin. Judy and Mel stow the trash.

Several bottles of liquor sit on a counter. One of the glasses has the dregs of a cocktail.

JUDY

Your party is perfect, Sandra.

SANDRA

It was Chris's idea.

JUDY

I'm sorry?

SANDRA

The party. The friends. All his.

JUDY

I don't understand. It's your birthday.

SANDRA

(finishes the cocktail)

I need another drink. What are you drinking?

Sandra starts mixing a fresh cocktail.

JUDY

I'm fine.

MEL

Another soda?

Sandra gets a cola from the fridge, pops the top, and hands it to Mel.

SANDRA

Any excuse for a party, Chris says.
Any excuse to slap a few backs and
massage some egos.

Seen through a window, Chris slaps backs and makes jokes with the guests.

JUDY

That one's a city councilman. He's
a county commissioner. That man is
a state senator, I think. Randy's
circle is mostly other policemen.

SANDRA
 (hint of sarcasm)
 Chris did get me a nice present.

She runs her fingers over an electric skillet.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
 Sexy, eh?

Judy giggles. Mel grins, mildly embarrassed. They laugh together.

EXT. CHRIS AND SANDRA STANLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Chris, Randy, George, and others gather in a knot of conversation. Chris and George stand next to each other, enjoying a moment.

Chris pulls Randy aside.

CHRIS
 Have you thought it over?

RANDY
 I'm still thinking about it.

CHRIS
 You're here. You must like the idea.

RANDY
 I still don't know why me.

CHRIS
 (winking)
 You've got potential.

JACK SHARP (39) - bear-like, loud, shrewd - and his wife DOROTHY SHARP (35) - willowy, conservative, in pearls - arrive at the party.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Here's Jack. I want you to meet him. But don't mention our little project.

The other guests greet Jack and Dorothy with a cheer.

Jack comes over to Chris and Randy carrying a bottle.

JACK
 Chris Stanley. As I live and breathe. How's the wifey?
 (MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Randy)
Hello.

CHRIS
Randy Spring, Jack Sharp.

JACK
Pleasure. You're the homicide guy.
How's business?

RANDY
Steady.

CHRIS
Randy is thinking of making a
change. He feels a little stuck in
homicide. Randy, Jack here runs the
Vice Unit.

JACK
We got an opening, Randy. If you're
interested, that is, and got a
clean record.

RANDY
It's crossed my mind.

JACK
Homicide gets all the glory, but
Vice has all the fun. Where's
Sandra? I got to deliver this
present.

CHRIS
In the kitchen, I think.

JACK
Check you later, Chris. Randy.

Jack departs.

CHRIS
I've known Jack since he was in
Patrol. Met him in court. He was a
lot like you, Randy. A straight-up
guy. Something changed in him when
he moved to Vice. Money will do
that to a man.

EXT. CHRIS AND SANDRA STANLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Randy, Judy, George, and Mel leave the party, which is
winding down. They get in Randy's car.

George and Mel are a little drunk. They slide into the back.

INT. RANDY SPRING'S CAR - NIGHT

George and Mel can't keep their hands off each other.

Judy is bemused.

As he drives, Randy sees the action in his rear-view mirror.

RANDY

Jesus, guys. Can't you wait until
we get home?

GEORGE

Sorry, big brother. Mel and I have
some news.

JUDY

Oh?

GEORGE

I got that job at the bank. Six
hundred dollars a month.

RANDY

Jesus, that's a hundred bucks more
than I make. After nine years.

JUDY

Congratulations, George.

GEORGE

I've got better news. Mel and I are
getting married.

JUDY

That's wonderful! Randy, your
little brother is getting married.
Have you picked a date?

MEL

Not yet, but I want a June wedding
at the cathedral.

JUDY

It'll be amazing.

GEORGE

I want you to be my Best Man,
Randy. Will you?

RANDY
Of course, bud. Just tell me what
to do and where to stand.

INT. RANDY AND JUDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Keys JINGLING, Randy unlocks a post-war two-bedroom house.
Judy opens a closet.

JUDY
Mel, I've made up the spare bedroom
for you.

Judy hands George a pillow and blanket.

JUDY (CONT'D)
You get the couch.

GEORGE
(to Mel)
Good night, sweetheart.

MEL
Good night.

Mel closes the door to her room. Judy goes to her bedroom,
leaving the brothers alone.

RANDY
She nice, George. You did good.
(beat)
I wish mom and dad could see you.
Do you remember when I came home on
leave, and I tossed footballs at
you, while Dad watched from the
porch?

GEORGE
Yeah. He passed a few weeks later.

RANDY
He was proud of you. I'm proud of
you.

The brothers sit together for a moment.

GEORGE
Your friend, Chris. He's
interesting.

RANDY
He's not my friend.

GEORGE
What's he do?

RANDY
Deputy prosecutor. Why?

GEORGE
Just curious.

RANDY
I'm beat. Good night.

Randy goes to his room. George watches him go.

INT. RANDY AND JUDY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Randy and Judy lay in bed, but Randy's awake. Light from the living room leaks under his bedroom door.

Randy is alerted by a SQUEAK from floorboards in the hall. The door to Mel's bedroom CLOSES. George has snuck in.

After a moment, Randy hears the SOUNDS OF LOVEMAKING in Mel's bedroom.

RANDY
Good God.

JUDY
Hush. They're in love.

RANDY
Do they have to be so noisy?

JUDY
Quiet. It's 1963. Things are different than when we were dating.

RANDY
That's not what I remember.

He turns to Judy. She grins. They kiss passionately.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MARINA - DAY

In the early morning, Randy parks his car at a large marina. A fog hangs over the sailboats and power boats.

Each sound he makes, from the THUMP of his car door closing to the CLUNK of his shoes on the finger piers, is magnified by the atmosphere.

Sipping from a Styrofoam cup, Chris waits for Randy at a shack with a neon sign saying, "Coffee".

Randy takes a seat. The COUNTER MAN approaches.

RANDY

Small cup, please. Cream and sugar.

The Counter Man pours from a carafe. He moves a creamer and sugar dispenser from Chris to Randy. He adds a metal spoon.

CHRIS

Let's get to the point, Randy. Are you going to help me break the payoff racket? Because if you're not, I need to know today.

Chris eyes Randy, who mixes and sips his concoction.

RANDY

I want to be a lieutenant when this is over.

CHRIS

I work for the county, not the city.

RANDY

I saw your friends at the party. You can make it happen. And I want back into homicide. And more resources.

CHRIS

Anything else?

RANDY

There's this case. Tom Pepper. Remember? It's bugging me to no end. I want to solve it.

CHRIS

Is it really wise to be obsessed with the killing of a homosexual?

RANDY

Funny. My boss said kind of the same thing.

CHRIS
I'll see what I can do. No
promises.

RANDY
Fair enough. Okay. I'm in.

CHRIS
Just submit the paperwork. Jack
Sharp is already sold on your
transfer.

RANDY
What happens if things go to hell?

CHRIS
We'll both burn.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

On a rainy night, a box truck parks next to the door of the Blue Mink nightclub in Pioneer Square. The back of the truck is open.

Two powerful DELIVERY MEN take flipperless pinball machines that pay out into the nightclub.

INT. BLUE MINK NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Charlie McDaniels and MIKE COLACURCIO (36) - confident, clean, menacing - confer in a cramped office. The delivery men move a pinball machine.

McDaniels counts out \$500 in cash.

CHARLIE
That should cover everything I owe
you, Mike.

MIKE
You'll never cover everything you
owe me, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I've paid you every dime, every
penny.

MIKE

Without me, you'd have no business. I'm the only one licensed to give you machines that pay out. You're nothing without me.

CHARLIE

And I'm nothing without the cops looking the other way, as long as I grease their palms. A crazy way to earn a living.

MIKE

It's the way of things.

CHARLIE

Maybe not so much anymore. Maybe things will change.

Faint notes from a SWING BAND filter into the office.

MIKE

Yeah, I hear the rumors too. It's bullshit. Now go upstairs and run your business. I got more deliveries.

Charlie takes a formal jacket from a peg and departs.

INT. BLUE MINK NIGHTCLUB, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie enters a ballroom. Full tables surround an open space for dancing. A long bar runs along a wall.

The Swing Band finishes a show tune.

A MASTER OF CEREMONIES comes onto the dance floor.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the Blue Mink Club, featuring the best musical acts in the Queen City. Tonight, it's my great pleasure to introduce you to one of our most talented and brilliant performers. Direct from Las Vegas, Madame Fifi duBois.

The audience applauds. The lights dim.

A spotlight catches MADAME FIFI DUBOIS, a female impersonator, who sings, "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend."

FIFI

The French are glad to die for love
 / They delight in fighting duels /
 But I prefer a man who lives / And
 gives expensive jewels. / A kiss on
 the hand / May be quite continental
 / But diamonds are a girl's best
 friend.

While the song continues...

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE, SEATTLE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Uniformed PATROLMEN load into a van. Jack Sharp encourages each member of the vice squad, including Randy Spring.

FIFI (V.O.)

A kiss may be grand / But it won't
 pay the rental / On your humble
 flat / Or help you at the automat.
 / Men grow cold / As girls grow old
 / And we all lose our charms in the
 end. But square-cut or pear-shaped
 / These rocks don't lose their
 shape / Diamonds are a girl's best
 friend.

The van pulls out of the garage onto a wet downtown street.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The van makes its way through the streets of Seattle.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE MINK NIGHTCLUB, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

FIFI

Tiffany's! / Cartier! / Black
 Starr! / Frost Gorm! / Talk to me
 Harry Winston. / Tell me all about
 it! / There may come a time / When
 a lass needs a lawyer / But
 diamonds are a girl's best friend.

CUT TO:

INT. SEATTLE POLICE VAN - NIGHT

Randy, Jack, and the other Patrolmen and Detectives say little as they head toward the target.

FIFI (V.O.)

There may come a time / When a hard-boiled employer / Thinks you're awful nice / But get that ice or else no dice. / He's your guy / When stocks are high / But beware when they start to descend. / It's then that those louses / Go back to their spouses. / Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

INT. BLUE MINK NIGHTCLUB, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

FIFI

I've heard of affairs / That are strictly platonic / But diamonds are a girl's best friend. / And I think affairs / That you must keep liaisonic / Are better bets / If little pets get big baguettes.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The van pulls up to the discreet entrance of the Blue Mink.

FIFI (V.O.)

Time rolls on / And youth is gone / And you can't straighten up when you bend. / But stiff back / Or stiff knees / You stand straight at Tiffany's.

Another van arrives. The raiding party musters on the sidewalk. They head to the entrance.

INT. BLUE MINK NIGHTCLUB, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

FIFI

Diamonds! Diamonds! / I don't mean rhinestones! / But diamonds are a girl's best friend.

The band finishes the song with a flourish.

A frightened SCREAM.

Jack spearheads the raid. Randy follows closely, leading a dozen cops inside.

The club erupts.

Jack raises a BULLHORN.

JACK
 (through the bullhorn)
 This is the Seattle Police
 Department. This is a raid.
 Everyone line up against the wall.
 Have your identification ready.

In the pandemonium, Randy and the cops push people toward the wall. Some PATRONS resist. Other go meekly. MUSICIANS stumble over instruments. SERVERS drop trays. A few Patrons escape.

Fifi stumbles in her heels. Jack catches her and pushes her toward the others.

JACK (CONT'D)
 You're not going anywhere, pervert.

FIFI
 I'd like to fuck you in the ass,
 Sharp.

Jack punches Fifi, cutting her lip.

Charlie approaches Jack.

CHARLIE
 Hey, she's my meal ticket.

JACK
 (oily)
 Charlie! So good to see you. Hope
 you don't mind me dropping by.

Jack drapes an arm over Charlie's shoulder and guides him toward the bar.

JACK (CONT'D)
 I feel the need to remind you of
 your obligations.

Jack takes a bottle, pours himself a shot, and downs it.

JACK (CONT'D)
 The state doesn't like gambling.
 The law prohibits games of chance.
 Seattle is a progressive, tolerant
 city.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

You owe us for keeping the state
off your back. You're behind on
your dues, Charlie. That's not
something we can tolerate.

CHARLIE

How the hell am I supposed to run a
business when people like Mike
Colacurcio rob me on the front end
and you rob me on the back end.

From the crowd on the wall, Randy watches Jack and Charlie.

JACK

That's not my problem, Charlie.
This is your problem.

One by one, Jack picks up chairs and throws them against the
wall of liquor behind the bar. Bit by bit, he destroys
Charlie's main source of income.

CHARLIE

Stop! Stop!

Pushing Charlie aside, Jack continues to vandalize the bar.

JACK

Pay up, Charlie! Pay up!

Randy comes over and tries to restrain Jack, who stops his
destruction.

Jack goes to the cash register. The BARTENDER is near.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Bartender)

You. Give me the key.

The Bartender hesitates.

JACK (CONT'D)

The key, damn you.

The Bartender glances at Charlie, who nods in despair.

Jack opens the register. He empties it of cash.

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

There. Now you're paid up.

Charlie is near tears.

Jack raises his BULLHORN.

JACK (CONT'D)
This is the Seattle Police
Department. Everything here is in
order. We apologize for the
inconvenience.

Jack gestures to Randy.

JACK (CONT'D)
Gather up the men. We'll take the
vans back to the garage.

Randy ushers out the Uniforms. As he leaves, he glances at
Charlie, a broken man.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The raiders stand around the vans, waiting for the order to
climb in. Jack lights a cigarette.

RANDY
Shouldn't we leave?

JACK
When I'm good and ready.

Randy fidgets.

JACK (CONT'D)
What's your problem?

RANDY
You didn't have to wreck the place.

JACK
I had to send a message. There's
rules to follow.

Randy lights his own smoke. He's unsatisfied.

JACK (CONT'D)
You want your share? Is that it?
(pulls out cash)
Here's a hundred bucks. Now stop
feeling guilty.

Randy stares at the money. Jack takes Randy's hand and
presses the money to it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Graft ain't for sissies.

Jack tosses the cigarette into the gutter.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (to the gathered cops)
 Mount up.

Randy has the money in his hand, but he's unsure what to do with it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OLYMPIC HOTEL, LARGE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Applause greets a statement by Seattle MAYOR FRANK W. BOYER (55), who's giving a speech to a hundred tuxedoed men and gowned women. They're in the main dining room of the city's best hotel, which has hosted presidents and royalty.

At one table sits Chris Stanley, Sandra Stanley, as well as Chris's boss, COUNTY PROSECUTOR WILLIAM "BILLY" KEELING (57), a bull of a man, and Keeling's matronly WIFE.

MAYOR BOYER
 (as applause fades)
 We have just shown our country,
 indeed the world, our leadership
 with the most successful world's
 fair ever produced. We've given the
 world a new icon, the Space Needle.
 We are a safe, well-run,
 progressive city.

The audience applauds enthusiastically. All except Chris.

Sandra sips her drink.

MAYOR BOYER (CONT'D)
 Of course, there's always people
 who want to throw cold water on the
 party. They remind us that gambling
 is illegal in this state, and that
 we are tolerating too much in this
 town. I say our progressive,
 thoughtful approach to gambling has
 kept out the kinds of criminals
 that run cities like L.A., Chicago,
 and New York out of Seattle. We are
 free of them, because of our
 enlightened approach to vice.

More audience applause.

At the table, Chris sneers.

The mayor finishes his speech to applause and cheers.

CHRIS
 (just enough for the table
 to hear)
 Bullshit. All of it.

BILLY
 Didn't you like the fair, Chris?

CHRIS
 You know what I mean, Mr. Keeling.

BILLY
 No, I don't, Chris. Speak your
 mind. You're among friends.

CHRIS
 With all due respect, sir, now is
 not the time.

BILLY
 It's seems you think it is,
 uttering barnyard words in earshot
 of these fine people.

SANDRA
 I need another drink. Excuse me.

Sandra departs for the bar.

BILLY
 Any more liquor and someone's going
 to charge her with public
 intoxication.
 (sidles up to Chris)
 Do you like fishing, Chris?

CHRIS
 Fishing?

BILLY
 I've invited a friend to see if the
 salmon are biting. I'd like you to
 join us.

CHRIS
 (wary)
 I'd enjoy that.

Billy pats him on the shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARINA - DAY

In the chill of early morning, at the marina where he met Randy, Chris finds the large power boat "Legal Affairs." Its engine RUMBLES at idle, but it appears empty.

CHRIS

Hello!

Billy Keeling comes up from below.

BILLY

Chris. You made it. Hand me that bait box.

Chris hands it over, boards, and follows Billy below.

INT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY

The cruiser's wood-paneled interior is cozy. Mike Colacurcio looks up from a newspaper.

BILLY

Chris, this is Mike.

Chris is taken aback. Mike extends his hand. Chris takes it reluctantly.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Have some coffee, Chris. Just brewed it.

Chris takes the mug. Chris and Mike eye each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ON PUGET SOUND - DAY

The cruiser's engine ROARS as its skipper and two passengers head toward a remote fishing spot. The men bait their hooks and drop them in the water.

Chris catches a big, struggling fish. Billy hauls it aboard with a boat hook. Mike watches.

LATER - CONTINUOUS

The men lounge on the aft deck. Billy hands Chris and Mike glasses of whiskey.

BILLY

To the sockeye salmon.

CHRIS
To the sockeye.

MIKE
Salute.

BILLY
It's on a day like this that I understand why my dad brought us here from Nebraska. Water and trees.

CHRIS
My granddad went to Alaska for the Gold Rush. He came back broke.

BILLY
Mike's family is from New Jersey.

MIKE
Newark.

BILLY
Mike is very family oriented, Chris. Family is important to me. I try to run the prosecutor's office like a family. Mike and I both understand the importance of loyalty. To our families. To each other.

MIKE
Loyalty is everything.

BILLY
Chris, I'll be straight with you. I hear, well, things. I see things. I hired you because you're a young, smart guy. Ambitious. But for what? That I'm having trouble with.

CHRIS
It's simple. I want to serve the people of this county. To put lawbreakers in jail.

BILLY
I believe you, Chris. But it's really a cover, isn't it?

CHRIS
No, that's what I want.

BILLY

Bullshit. That's the word you used at dinner last night. I say your nobility is a sham. You want my job, maybe more. Maybe the governor's chair. Nothing wrong with that. Just don't bullshit me with high principles.

CHRIS

I know what's going on, Billy. How you and Mike work together. How the cash makes it way from the bars and amusements and the illegal liquor to your pocket. But I can't prove it. Not yet.

MIKE

If you want a cut, it can be arranged.

CHRIS

Your time has passed. I plan to see its end.

BILLY

I'm disappointed, Chris. I really am.

The men contemplate their positions.

MIKE

I feel like cleaning my fish.
(to Chris)
Lend a hand?

Mike hands Chris a fish, who holds it over the side. Wielding a filleting knife, Mike slices open the fish's belly, eyes on Chris, who watches the guts splash into the water.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE AND PINE STREET, SEATTLE - DAY

Seattle's downtown shopping district bustles with traffic and pedestrians. Women in dresses, fashionable hats, and white gloves go into the brass doors of Frederick & Nelson, a high-end department store.

A DOORMAN tips his hat to Judy Spring, Sandra Stanley, Melanie Jurgens, and Dorothy Sharp.

INT. FREDERICK & NELSON, FIRST FLOOR - DAY

The women browse with casual purpose, eyes lingering on jewelry and perfumes. They have a date.

They wait at an elevator.

INT. FREDERICK & NELSON, ELEVATOR - DAY

A young male ELEVATOR OPERATOR glances a welcome.

ELEVATOR OPERATOR
Floor, please?

JUDY
Five. We're here for the fashion
show.

Sandra is intrigued by the young man. Her friends notice.

INT. FREDERICK & NELSON, FIFTH FLOOR - DAY

The elevator door opens to an elegant, open space with decorated tables and upholstered chairs. A runway splits the room in half.

JUDY
Mel, remember we're here for you.
Don't hesitate to tell us what you
like and don't like.

A female USHER escorts the women to a table. A SERVER puts down a tea service.

Dorothy pours for each of her friends.

DOROTHY
This is so exciting. I've never
been to a fashion show before. My
mother bought all our clothes at
Sears.

As she pours, she comes to Sandra, who stops her.

SANDRA
No, thanks. I have something
better.

Sandra reaches into her purse and pulls out a flask. She pours into her tea cup.

DOROTHY

Sandra!

SANDRA

Not a shot glass, but it'll do.

A CHIME sounds. A HOSTESS (38) addresses the crowd.

HOSTESS

Welcome, ladies, to our annual
bridal trunk show. We have some
exciting and brilliant traditional
designs to show you, as well as
some amazing new ideas. We'll start
with an Oleg Cassini design...

As the Hostess describes the dress, a MODEL displays the gown
on the runway.

The Hostess introduces a design inspired by Hattie Carnegie.
The Model passes the Cassini gown.

The four women are near the runway. Judy has the intensity of
a planner. Mel is awed. Dorothy's face is blissful.

Sandra sips her whiskey as a Model swishes by.

Across the room is the Elevator Operator, who's also been
tasked to usher.

Sandra eyes him, a fantasy filling her head.

Judy notices and taps Sandra's arm to break the spell.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

And that is our collection for this
year. If you're interested in any
of our pieces, you'll find purchase
information in your programs.

The crowd applauds and breaks up.

JUDY

So, Mel, what was your favorite?

Mel opens up her program.

MEL

There's no way my dad can afford
any of these. And it's just the
dress.

JUDY

Don't worry! We're here for ideas.
We'll go down to the bridal shop to
see what's on sale.

In the elevator, Sandra bites her lip at the Operator.

INT. FREDERICK & NELSON, BRIDAL SHOP - DAY

The women work with a patient SALESWOMAN.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Mel, Judy and Dorothy chatter as Mel comes out of a dressing room in backless, strapless, floor length, and several other styles of wedding dress.

END MONTAGE

Fidgety, Sandra leaves the dressing rooms and wanders around the floor, ending at the nightwear. Going behind a mannikin, she takes a swig of whiskey.

She finds a rack of baby doll negligees.

The bored HUSBAND of a woman checking out another rack catches Sandra's eye.

She removes one of the baby dolls and drapes it over herself, making sure the Husband can see.

He gulps.

JUDY

Sandra, what are you doing?

Sandra quickly returns the baby doll to the rack.

SANDRA

I got bored.

Judy notices the Husband, who turns away.

JUDY

Were you flirting with him?

SANDRA

It's harmless.

JUDY

You're a married woman.

SANDRA
(stifles a giggle)
If only you knew.

JUDY
Knew what?

SANDRA
Chris and I haven't fucked in
months.

JUDY
(sotto voce)
Sandra, keep your voice down. Maybe
he's working hard. For you.

SANDRA
Working. Yeah, maybe.

JUDY
What are you talking about? Do you
think he's seeing someone?

SANDRA
I don't know. But if he is, it's
not your standard kind of affair.

JUDY
You're not making sense.

SANDRA
(getting upset)
A few days ago, a week ago, I can't
remember. I saw him. He was talking
with a man, a young man.

JUDY
So?

SANDRA
They way they talked. They way they
looked at each other.

JUDY
They're friends, I guess.

SANDRA
He brushed his hand across the
man's backside.

Sandra demonstrates on her own buttock.

JUDY

Oh, god. Who was the young man?
Maybe you misinterpreted what you
saw.

SANDRA

Mel is such a sweet girl. She looks
so beautiful in those dresses.

JUDY

What does Mel have to do with this?

SANDRA

(tearful)

Oh God, help me. It was George,
Mel's fiancé, your future brother-
in-law.

Judy is gobsmacked.

JUDY

It's not possible. He's engaged to
be married. He's staying at our
house. He and Mel, erm.

SANDRA

(hissing)

I saw his face, Judy. He liked it.
He encouraged it.

JUDY

It's not possible.

SANDRA

Judy, what am I going to do? It's
disgusting, but I love Chris. He's
my husband, but... I don't have any
money. A divorce is unthinkable.

Dorothy and Mel come over.

DOROTHY

We're ready for something to eat.

MEL

What's wrong, Sandra?

Judy pulls Sandra away from Mel.

JUDY

She's not feeling well. Some food
will help. And then I want to look
at maternity wear. Let's go.

Mel and Dorothy steal a glance.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS STANLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chris is working late. His phone rings.

CHRIS
Stanley.

JACK (V.O.)
It's Jack.

CHRIS
You've got a problem with Randy?

BEGIN INTERCUT CONVERSATION BETWEEN CHRIS AND JACK

Jack is in a downtown amusement palace at a pay phone.

JACK
Yeah. Well, I don't think he's cut
out for vice work.

CHRIS
Why not?

JACK
Too much heart. Too much conscience
makes you hesitate. Could get you
killed.

CHRIS
I think you should keep working
with him.

JACK
I have my doubts.

CHRIS
He'll come around.

JACK
Look, it's not working out. I'm
going to have him transferred back
to Homicide.

CHRIS

You do and you'll spend ten years
in prison. You know what happens to
cops in prison, don't you?

JACK

You might not ever make county
prosecutor.

CHRIS

Rest assured, I will.

JACK

You're so full of shit.

END INTERCUT

CHRIS

You keep an eye on Randy Spring and
I ask the judge to go easy on you,
when the time comes.

Chris hangs up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Wearing a trench coat, Randy visits several bars and
amusement parlors on a rainy night.

INT. LUCKY LADY BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

He enters the Lucky Lady Bar and Grill. He goes up to the
bar, takes a seat, and places a paper bag on the counter.

The BARTENDER takes it, disappears into a back room, returns
with the bag bulging with cash.

Randy puts the bag in his coat pocket.

INT. WHITE NIGHTS TAVERN - NIGHT

Randy finds a booth and places an empty sack on the table.

A WAITRESS sees the bag and pockets it.

Randy waits. He drums his fingers.

The Waitress returns with a bulging bag. He pockets the
money, pushes her aside, and walks out.

On his way out, he sees a BARTENDER pouring a whiskey.

Randy grabs it and downs it.

INT. JOE'S AMUSEMENTS - NIGHT

Randy goes into an amusement parlor, full of pinball machines and other illegal gambling devices.

He goes up to the counter where patrons buy tokens from a CASHIER. Randy puts a paper bag on the counter.

The Cashier takes the bag and vanishes. Randy waits a moment, then wanders around. He goes into a room with peep show machines. He puts a dime into one of the machines.

CLOSE-IN: Randy looks into the viewer. A man and woman are screwing.

Randy grins.

He goes back to the Cashier. There's nothing on the counter. Randy looks at the Cashier, a threat in his eyes. He grabs the man's shirt collar.

RANDY

The money or I pull out your teeth.

Shaken, the Cashier puts the stuffed bag on the counter.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Randy goes off in search of his next stop.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT, VICE UNIT - NIGHT

Randy enters the Vice Unit after his stroll. He goes up to Jack Sharp's desk.

JACK

What is it, Spring?

Randy empties the pockets of his coat onto Jack's desk.

Other DETECTIVES in the Vice Unit gather around. They are wide-eyed, almost drooling.

RANDY

My haul for the night, boss.

Jack looks around. He gets out of his chair.

JACK
 (to one of the Detectives)
 Stevie, take care of this, will
 you?

DETECTIVE STEVEN RICHARDS (37) - loose tie, gum-chewing -
 steps forward.

Jack pulls Randy aside.

JACK (CONT'D)
 What are you doing, Randy?

RANDY
 You said it was my turn. We all got
 to take our turn, you said.

JACK
 I did indeed. Well, you did good,
 Randy. I admit I was a little
 worried. Whether you could make it.
 But you did good.
 (to the room)
 Gentlemen, drinks are on me.
 (to Randy, quietly)
 Next time, be a little more
 discreet about your delivery, okay?

The Vice men grab their coats and pile out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CARD ROOM - NIGHT

Randy, Jack, and the rest of the Vice Unit enjoy drinks while
 watching a boxing match on a black-and-white TV. They're in
 one of a dozen illegal cardrooms downtown. The place is
 filled with policemen, uniformed and plain-clothed.

In a corner, several cops play poker. The table is piled with
 cash: tens, twenties, fifties. A player wins the entire pot.

Randy stands at a flipperless pinball machine, which pays
 out. Jack slaps him on the back.

DETECTIVE JOHN MULHOLLAND (40) - gangly, drunk - gathers beer
 bottles. He lines them up on a shelf above the bar.

Mulholland pulls out his .38 and starts shooting at the
 bottles. He hits one. Another cop joins him. The policemen
 around them scatter, but the place is full of laughter.

The BARTENDER takes the gun away from Mulholland.

Randy looks wan. Jack has him by the elbow, guiding him up the steps to the door.

JACK
Randy, you've had enough. Here's
your share.

Jack pulls out a wad of cash. He peels off four fifties and puts them in Randy's hand.

JACK (CONT'D)
Go home to the little woman. Buy
her a mink coat or something. When
I see you again, I want to talk
about a special project.

RANDY
What project?

Jack pushes Randy out the door.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Randy stands in the rain, the money wet in his hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RANDY AND JUDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A cab drops Randy in front of his house.

INT. RANDY SPRING'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Keys RATTLE behind the kitchen door. Randy stumbles in.

The light comes on. A still-drunk Randy blinks.

JUDY
It's 2:30. Where have you been?

RANDY
Jesus. I didn't know.

JUDY
Answer my question.

RANDY
I was out with the boys. It got a
little out of control.

JUDY
You could've called.

RANDY
You're not my mother.

JUDY
Take your coat off. You smell.

Randy empties his pockets: handkerchief, keys, cigarettes, matches from Tips, \$200 in fifties.

JUDY (CONT'D)
(referring to the money)
What's this?

RANDY
What does it look like?

JUDY
Did you rob a bank or something?

RANDY
It's part of my job, you see. It's like dues for a club. I collect the dues, bring it back to the unit.

JUDY
You mean it's a payoff. Jesus Christ, Randy. Was moving to Vice worth it?

RANDY
It's not what you think. I've got a job, another job.

JUDY
You're not making any sense. It's late. I can't think straight. I was hoping you'd be home on time. I have something to tell you.

RANDY
What?

JUDY
(softly)
I'm pregnant.

RANDY
(shocked)
You're what?

JUDY

I know. I'm 33 years old. Women my age don't have first babies.

RANDY

(joyful)
You're pregnant.

JUDY

We've been trying hard enough. The doctor thinks it might be twins.

RANDY

(embraces Judy)
Oh, my wife. My beautiful wife.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. VOLUNTEER PARK, LARGE GRASS FIELD - DAY

The Vice Unit enjoys the warmth of a summer's day. The men play touch football. Their women socialize on picnic tables piled with cold chicken, potato salad, and soft drinks.

Four to a side, the men line up for scrimmage. Randy is quarterback on one side. Jack is on the line, in a three-point stance, on the other side. Randy stands ready.

A nearby restroom almost hides underneath trees.

RANDY

Hike!

Randy gets the ball and drops back. Jack heads for him.

One of Randy's players goes out for a pass. Jack chases Randy, who throws. The receiver misses the catch.

Both sides huddle.

Randy gives instructions to his receiver, showing the route with a finger in his palm.

Judy, Dorothy, Mel, and Sandra watch from their table.

JUDY

I honestly do not understand the male fascination with this game.

DOROTHY
It's a test of strength and
dominance. Very primal.

The men form a scrimmage line.

RANDY
Hut! Hut!

Randy drops back. Jack chases him. Randy throws.

The receiver catches and scores. Randy's side cheers.

Jack bends over, hands on his knees.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Ready to quit?

JACK
(out of breath)
Fuck off.

The eight men get ready for a kickoff.

MEL
George says football is the only
time grown men can touch each other
anywhere without being called
faggots.

The comment gives the table pause.

SANDRA
Well, I like watching the men touch
each other roughly. Makes me warm
in the best places.

JUDY
Sandra, you are shameless.

The game continues. A player on the other side catches a
pass. He runs toward Randy's team. Both sides collide, with
hits and blocks.

The runner fumbles. All the players scramble for the ball.
Randy comes up with it.

Judy is more interested and excited. She rises in her seat to
get a better look.

Randy is running. He's going to score.

He's blind-sided by Jack. Both fall to the ground.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Randy!

Randy is stunned. Jack is up. He stands over him. Jack extends his hand. Randy takes Jack's hand. Jack helps him up.

Randy waves to the other players and the women's table.

Judy sits down, a little shaken.

SANDRA

That was exciting. Dorothy, I envy you. Jack is very good looking.

DOROTHY

Mel, where is George?

MEL

Work, I guess. The new boss is running him ragged.

JUDY

Sandra, what about Chris?

SANDRA

He wanted to come. But something last minute, he said. There's always something last minute.

Randy and Jack walk together, Jack's arm is draped over Randy.

JACK

I want you to look at that latrine over there. What do you see?

Men and women go in and out.

RANDY

It's a restroom.

JACK

It's more than that, Randy, my friend. Much more. Ever heard one of those called a "comfort station"? We're going to cause some discomfort. Are you up for it?

Randy studies the structure, puzzled as to Jack's meaning.

RANDY

Sure, Jack.

Jack slaps him on the back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT, VICE UNIT - DAY

The room is busy. Randy is at his desk. His desk phone rings.

RANDY
Vice Unit.

AL (V.O.)
Spring. Al Kretchman here.

Randy is pleased to get a call from his old boss.

RANDY
Al. Nice to hear your voice.

INTERCUT FOLLOWING PHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN RANDY AND AL

AL
The guys keeping asking about you.
I figured I should make sure you're
not doing something you'll regret.

RANDY
Not so far.

AL
Listen, Tom Pepper's sister finally
got around to sorting his things.
She came across some letters. Love
letters, to be exact. Forensics
says the handwriting is male.

RANDY
Male. No surprise.

AL
Return address is a box at the
downtown post office. Name means
nothing. Likely an alias. Already
changed owners. The letters are
signed with a single letter: C.
Mean anything?

RANDY
Nope. Sorry.

AL
 Just thought I'd run it by you.
 (beat)
 So what's Stanley like?

RANDY
 (almost whispering)
 He's okay. A little stuck-up.

AL
 I knew his father, Robert. Bent as
 a back alley dice game.
 (beat)
 I was a rookie when I had to
 deliver some paperwork to his
 house. Opened the door and saw his
 boy, Chris. He had a welt under his
 eye the size of a bowling ball. It
 wasn't from a playground fight.

END INTERCUT

RANDY
 Christ.

In the background, Jack is gathering his troops.

AL (V.O.)
 Keep in touch, okay?

RANDY
 (thoughtful)
 Yeah.

Randy hangs up.

The entire Vice Unit is mustered. Jack takes the lectern and
 sees the pained looks on Randy and a few others.

JACK
 Sore from yesterday?

Nods and smiles from all.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Well, you're lucky, because I got a
 cushy job for you this week. Thanks
 to our intrepid and completely
 depraved morals team...

Jack indicates a pair of DETECTIVES, who sheepishly wave.

JACK (CONT'D)
...we've developed an informant who has fingered a number of downtown establishments that cater to gentlemen of certain sexual proclivities.

Groans from the audience.

JACK (CONT'D)
Let me remind you newer swabs that state law prohibits serving liquor to deviants. And I have decided not to let the state liquor inspectors have all the fun.

Glum looks all around. Randy, however, knows what's coming.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fortunately, I don't have to pick one of you loafers to do the dirty work. Detective Randy Spring has kindly volunteered to act as the decoy during our little operation.

Applause, which Randy acknowledges.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SEARS STORE - DAY

Randy, Judy, George and Mel browse the sport shirts in the young men's section. Judy leads the expedition.

JUDY
Randy, let me see that list again.

Randy hands her a paper.

JUDY (CONT'D)
Fuzzy sweater, tight pants, tennis shoes. Jack gave you this list?

RANDY
He says I have to look the part.

JUDY
I hope the department's going to reimburse you because I'd never buy this outfit for you.

MEL

It sounds icky to me. Looking like
a, erm...

(whispering)

...homosexual...

(normal voice)

...to catch other, erm, deviants.
What's the point, anyway? It's none
of our business.

RANDY

It's the law, Mel. Bars can't serve
homosexuals. I'm sworn to enforce
the law.

MEL

Even if it's stupid?

Judy lifts an armful of shirts, pants, and other clothing.

JUDY

Let's find a fitting room and see
if we can't make you queer.

BEGIN MONTAGE

While Mel and George watch, Judy dresses Randy as if he were
a doll.

First a yellow shirt and dark pants.

Next a green shirt and light pants.

A blue shirt, sweater, tight pants, and white tennis shoes.

END MONTAGE

MEL

I've seen this look around town.
Homos wear this?

RANDY

You've been quiet all day, George.
What do you think?

GEORGE

It takes ten years off you, big
brother. I hope your boss is happy.

INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT, VICE UNIT - DAY

Jack and a few DETECTIVES, including Richards, Mulholland, and DETECTIVE GIL WACHOWSKI (38) - stubby, pinch-faced - stand around, waiting.

Randy appears at the door in his decoy costume. The detectives circle him, oohing and aahing.

DETECTIVE RICHARDS

Well, look at you.

DETECTIVE MULHOLLAND

(makes kissing noises)

Yummy.

DETECTIVE WACHOWSKI

I'd like to do you, handsome.

JACK

(impressed)

Judy did a great job. You'd pass as a fag anywhere.

(gets serious)

Now, looking the part is half the battle. You have to behave like a homosexual if we're going to make any arrests.

RANDY

I have no idea how to behave that way.

JACK

Don't worry. I can spot a queer a mile off. They have certain mannerisms.

Jack demonstrates with "limp wrist" hand gestures. He looks at Randy's crotch.

RANDY

Jesus, Jack.

The other Detectives laugh.

JACK

(demonstrating)

Seriously, Randy. When you get in the bar, find a wall and lean against it. Look for eye contact with another man. Don't look away. Now you try.

Randy does his best to imitate Jack. He gets frustrated.

RANDY

Jack, this is stupid. How am I going to convince people I'm something I'm not?

JACK

Like everything else, Randy. Practice.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Randy, Jack and Detectives Wachowski and Mulholland stand across the street from the Blue Mink Nightclub.

RANDY

Don't tell me. Charlie's behind on his dues.

JACK

Good man. You're catching on.

RANDY

Won't he recognize me?

JACK

He's not there tonight. Besides, I don't even recognize you. Don't worry. Me and the boys will be right here. We'll watch for you. Come out in a couple of hours if nothing happens.

INT. BLUE MINK NIGHTCLUB, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Randy enters the nightclub, rebuilt after the raid. The place is packed, primarily with men from their early twenties to middle-fifties. An all-male combo plays contemporary jazz.

Several patrons watch Randy as he approaches a BARTENDER.

RANDY

Beer, please.

Randy faces the crowd. A few pairs of eyes fall on him.

He catches the eye of a neighboring PATRON.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Nice turnout, tonight.

PATRON
It's like this every night, when
the cops leave us alone.

RANDY
Cops. What're going to do?

Another customer greets Randy's neighbor and they go away.

Randy spots a space along a wall. He takes his beer and leans
against it, showing off his athletic form. *Play the part.*

A moment later, THEO (36) eases over. He sizes up Randy.

THEO
I like your shirt. Where'd you get
it?

Randy pauses a beat. *What do I say?*

RANDY
Sears.

THEO
You have a good eye. I'm Theo.

RANDY
Randy.

THEO
Haven't seen you here before.

RANDY
New to town. Just found an
apartment.

THEO
Rents here.

RANDY
Better than the Bay Area.

Theo's eyes scan Randy's body. *I'm going to retch.*

THEO
At least I have a good view.
They're like gold here.

RANDY
You're lucky.

THEO
Even at night. Lights on the water,
and so on.

Randy sips his beer, waiting.

RANDY
Hot in here.

THEO
Cooler at my place. Maybe a
nightcap?

RANDY
I don't know.

THEO
Come on. I'm broiling.

Theo brushes Randy's hand. Randy shudders.

EXT. BLUE MINK NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Across the street, Jack Sharp, Wachowski and Mulholland spot
Randy and Theo exiting the nightclub.

JACK
Got one. Let's go.

They follow Randy and Theo at a safe distance.

INT. QUENTIN APARTMENTS, STAIRWELL AND HALL - NIGHT

Theo unlocks his apartment door with Randy standing by.

Randy spies Jack and the other Detectives watching discreetly
from the stairs. *Hurry up.*

INT. QUENTIN APARTMENTS, THEO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Just as Randy crosses the threshold behind Theo, Jack and the
Detectives rush the door. Mulholland snags Theo.

JACK
Seattle Police. You're under arrest
for solicitation and lewd behavior.

THEO
(stunned)
What the fuck? This is my home. We
were just going to have a drink.

Mulholland cuffs Theo.

JACK
Keep talking, faggot. We're taking notes.

THEO
(to Randy)
Shit. You're a cop. A decoy.

Mulholland leads Theo away.

Theo spits at Randy.

THEO (CONT'D)
You motherfucker.

JACK
(to Theo)
No, he prefers to screw his wife.
(laughs, then to Randy)
Good work.

Randy takes Jack's arm.

RANDY
Don't ever mention my wife again.

JACK
Take it easy, bud. Ready for a walk in the park?

Jack departs. Randy looks around, as if soaking in a strange environment.

EXT. VOLUNTEER PARK, LARGE GRASS FIELD - NIGHT

Randy and Jack meet up with Detectives Richards and Wachowski at the field where they played touch football. Wachowski is dressed similar to Randy.

The public bathroom waits under the trees.

RANDY
(impatient)
Let's get this over with. I'd like to keep my self-respect.

JACK
It's just a job, Randy.

Randy heads toward the bathroom. He enters the men's section.

INT. VOLUNTEER PARK, PUBLIC BATHROOM - NIGHT

The bathroom has two sinks, two urinals, and two toilet stalls with doors. Randy scopes out the empty room.

He stands before the mirror and combs his hair.

He waits. Time slows.

A MAN (52) - uptight, glasses - enters. He and Randy briefly make eye contact. The Man goes to a urinal.

He washes up. He regards Randy.

MAN 1

Pervert.

The Man departs.

A moment later, another man, CARL DANNON (59), comes into the bathroom. He and Randy exchange glances, but something...

Carl goes into a toilet stall and shuts the door.

Randy watches, waits a beat, goes into the other toilet stall, and shuts the door.

CLOSE-IN: Both men's feet are visible, as if we are sneaking a peak from outside the stalls. Randy wears tennis shoes. Carl wears loafers.

INSIDE RANDY'S STALL - CONTINUOUS

Randy sees the edge of Carl's shoe.

Randy TAPS his shoe once.

Carl does nothing.

Randy TAPS his shoe twice, slightly louder.

Carl responds with two TAPS of his own.

OUTSIDE RANDY'S STALL - CONTINUOUS

Randy waits a beat, then opens the stall door. Carl does the same. He smiles. Randy returns the grin.

CARL

I know a place, just in the woods.

RANDY

After you.

EXT. VOLUNTEER PARK, PUBLIC BATHROOM - NIGHT

Carl exits the men's room, Randy close behind.

Randy puts his hand on Carl's shoulder. Carl turns around.

Randy is holding out his badge.

RANDY

Seattle Police. You're under arrest
for solicitation and lewd conduct.

Jack appears.

JACK

They're biting tonight, eh,
detective?

(recognizes the suspect)

Carl! I'm disappointed. You'd think
you'd learn to spot a decoy by now.

Carl is crestfallen.

CARL

It crossed my mind. But he's
prettier than most. I couldn't help
but give in to my, erm, needs.

A commotion gets Jack and Randy's attention. Two men are
arguing behind the building, but moving closer.

MAN 2

...You're wrong, officer. I was
just taking a walk.

DETECTIVE MULHOLLAND

Right into Sicko Street.

The Man, Mulholland, and Wachowski come around the corner.

MAN 2

I got lost. I told you.

DETECTIVE MULHOLLAND

Until you offered to suck my
partner's dick.

MAN 2

He's lying.

The Man stops short. Randy is slack-jawed.

RANDY

George? George? What the holy fuck?

George is shocked into silence. He recovers.

GEORGE
Randy. Tell them. Tell them I go
for night walks.

RANDY
George?

DETECTIVE WACHOWSKI
(laughs)
He practically unzipped me before I
could show him my badge.

GEORGE
(panicked)
Randy, it's a lie. I was enjoying
the park. I was taking a walk.

Detective Mulholland punches George.

DETECTIVE MULHOLLAND
Shut your trap, asshole.

Randy grabs Mulholland's arm.

RANDY
Hey. Enough.

JACK
(to Randy)
You two know each other?

RANDY
He's my kid brother.

JACK
Oh, dear. Family secrets.

GEORGE
Randy. Tell them it's not true.

CARL
Calm down, son.

GEORGE
Who the hell are you? A pervert?

CARL
Calm down. You're making it worse.

GEORGE
I'm not a pervert.

JACK
Come on. This is no place for a
reunion.

Jack leads Carl away. Mulholland frog-marches George, leaving
behind a confused Randy.

INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT, HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

George and Carl wait for processing. George is agitated,
while Carl is calm. He's been through this before.

Randy sits outside the cell, keeping vigil over George.

GEORGE
Stop looking at me like that.

RANDY
I'm trying to understand.

GEORGE
You've got to get me out of here.

RANDY
I thought I knew you.

GEORGE
Oh, Christ. You don't understand.

RANDY
Should you see a shrink?

CARL
He was lonely. He wanted to feel
alive.

GEORGE
Shut up, old man. You don't know
anything about my life.

CARL
Yes, I do. You couldn't help
yourself. You needed a companion.

RANDY
But you have Mel. We heard you.

GEORGE
You can't tell her, Randy. You have
to get me out of here. You have to
pull strings, something. The
company. My job. Mel.

CARL

Your name will be in the papers.
Young, ambitious, intelligent man
arrested for being himself.

GEORGE

So help me. Make him stop, Randy.

CARL

And a life ends.

RANDY

You've lied to me, to Mel, to
everyone. How long, George?

GEORGE

For as long as I can remember.

RANDY

You never said anything.

GEORGE

How could I say anything? You were
in the army. Dad would've kicked me
out. I felt ugly. I felt dirty. I
would've been spat on, beat up.
People kill people like me.

RANDY

(angry)

So you pretended. You lied. I hate
liars. I hate people who cover
things up, who find excuses for
breaking the law, violating things
I believe in, like being honest and
up-front.

CARL

The world is not what they tell you
in church. Or in school.

RANDY

George, I'm going to tell you
something I haven't told anyone.
Judy is pregnant. I'm going to be a
father. When she told me, I
actually thought of you. I thought
about telling my kids about their
uncle, that he was the best uncle
they could ever have. Now I can't
do that. I can't do it.

GEORGE

(ashamed)

Why not? I'm still George. I'm still your kid brother who would tell you his bad dreams. Who felt better when you told me I was okay. This is a bad dream, Randy. Help me wake up.

RANDY

I can't fix your life. I don't understand it. It makes no sense. What am I supposed to do? Just ignore what you are? What you've done?

GEORGE

I'm the same. I'm just, I'm just, different.

RANDY

This is the last time I stick my neck out for you.

Randy leaves.

Carl puts a hand on George's shoulder. George shrugs it off.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

Randy waits outside the arraignment courtroom. Dawn breaks through the barred windows. He's been at the Downtown Precinct all night. He's still in his decoy costume.

LATER - CONTINUOUS

Chris Stanley appears, flanked by a female PARALEGAL (28).

CHRIS

Randy. Good to see you. Changing your look?

The Paralegal goes into the courtroom.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(to Randy)

Why are you here?

RANDY

I want to talk about George Spring.

CHRIS
Yes. Lewd conduct. Vagrancy.

RANDY
He says he was out for a walk.

CHRIS
What's your interest?

RANDY
He's my brother.

CHRIS
Your brother? Wait. He was at my party. Did you tell me?

RANDY
Can you do anything for him?

CHRIS
Does he have a lawyer?

RANDY
No.

CHRIS
He'd better get one.

RANDY
Look, I'm helping you. I'm asking a favor. He just got a job. He's engaged to be married.

CHRIS
It's probably too late to help with that.

The Paralegal pokes her head into the hallway.

PARALEGAL
We're starting, Chris.

Chris goes into the courtroom, gesturing "Don't worry".

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE, ARRAIGNMENT COURT - DAY

Deputy prosecutors, including Chris, defense attorneys, a BAILIFF (40), and a scribbling REPORTER are in the courtroom. Randy finds a seat in the gallery. The JUDGE (52) - serious, spectacled, jowly - has already started proceedings.

Chris takes a spot at the prosecutor's table. Another DEPUTY PROSECUTOR stands at the table.

Carl stands at the defense table.

JUDGE

Mister Dannon, this is the third time we've seen you in the past year.

CARL

I'm a sick man, Your Honor.

JUDGE

I'm sure. Where's your attorney?

CARL

I've no need of counsel, Your Honor. I'm pleading guilty.

JUDGE

So ordered. Thirty days, suspended.
(bangs gavel)
Take care of yourself, Mister Dannon.

A side door opens. George and a GUARD arrive.

CARL

Thank you, Your Honor.

Carl sees George and reacts sympathetically.

The Guard leads George to the defense table.

Chris stands at the prosecutor's table.

BAILIFF

State of Washington versus George Herbert Spring, docket number 63 dash 5671.

JUDGE

Mister Spring, this is your first arrest. I assume you know how serious this is. How do you plea?

GEORGE

I don't know, sir.

JUDGE

If you don't answer, I'll have to enter a plea of not guilty.

CHRIS

May it please the court.

JUDGE
Yes, Mister Stanley.

CHRIS
Your Honor, the state has reviewed the vagrancy charge against Mister Spring. Given his lack of criminal record and the evidence, we don't believe we can secure a conviction. We'd ask the court to dismiss the case at this time.

JUDGE
Very well. Case dismissed. Mister Spring, you've dodged a bullet. If I see you again, things might not go so well for you. Release him.
(bangs gavel)
Ten minute recess.

BAILIFF
All rise.

The Guard directs George to the courtroom bar, where Randy waits.

GEORGE
What happened?

RANDY
Let's get your stuff and go home.

Randy leads George out, nodding to Chris in thanks.

Chris eyes George, who returns the gaze with a note of fear.

INT. RANDY AND JUDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Randy and George arrive home to Judy and Mel. The women wait at the dinner table. A newspaper is open.

JUDY
God, finally.

MEL
(to George)
Where have you been?

George tries to ignore her.

MEL (CONT'D)
You have to tell me. I've been worried sick.

GEORGE

Downtown.

MEL

What were you doing downtown? Judy says you were at the police station with Randy.

GEORGE

Yes, I was with Randy.

MEL

Doing what? Randy was doing this decoy thing. You were supposed to go to work this morning. I was supposed to go to work, but when you didn't come home, I called in sick. Christ, I thought you were dead or something. What's going on?

The telephone rings. Judy answers.

JUDY

Hello? Yes. I'll see if he's here.
Hold on.

Judy covers the mouthpiece.

JUDY (CONT'D)

(to George)

Someone's asking for you.

George takes the phone.

GEORGE

Hello? Yes, this is George Spring.

(grows nervous)

Yes.

(looks at the open
newspaper)

Yes. I see. I understand. Goodbye.

He hands the handset to Judy. He goes to the paper. He turns to a back page.

CLOSE-IN: A newspaper column with the standing headline "Courts." A subhead reads "Arraignments." One of the items reads, "George Herbert Spring, 24, Wallingford, lewd conduct, vagrancy, solicitation."

MEL

What are you looking at? George, talk to me.

Mel takes the paper. She finds George's name. Her shock is palpable.

MEL (CONT'D)
George, what is this? Is this you?
What does "lewd conduct" mean?
Goddammit, George, talk to me.

GEORGE
It's all a lie. Nothing happened.

MEL
Randy, did you see what happened?

RANDY
I didn't see him arrested, but...

GEORGE
Nothing happened. The police made
it all up. It's a misunderstanding.

MEL
Who was that on the phone?

George shakes his head.

MEL (CONT'D)
Goddamn you. Tell me.

GEORGE
It was the personnel department. At
my job. I'm out.

MEL
They fired you? Because of this?
(beat)
What is wrong with you?

GEORGE
Mel, listen.

MEL
Listen to you? That you got caught
doing disgusting things? That a
policeman says you're a pervert?
(beat)
Jesus Christ, George. We're
engaged. We've slept together.

Mel recoils in horror. Judy reaches out, but Mel pushes her away.

GEORGE

It's all a lie, Mel. Nothing happened. Nothing has ever happened.

MEL

You got caught. How long have you been doing this? How long have you been this way?

GEORGE

I love you, Mel. You have to believe me.

Mel spits on George and leaves the room. Judy follows. George is devastated.

INT. RANDY AND JUDY'S HOUSE, SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Mel is throwing clothes into a suitcase.

JUDY

Mel, you can't leave. You and George can work this out.

Judy notices something odd.

JUDY (CONT'D)

These are George's clothes. What are you doing?

Mel slams the suitcase shut and pushes past Judy.

INT. RANDY AND JUDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mel finds George where she left him. Randy is near.

Mel throws the suitcase at George. It breaks open. Clothes are strewn about.

MEL

Get out.

GEORGE

Mel, you have to listen to me.

MEL

(screaming)

No, I don't, you filthy pervert. You make me retch. You tricked me.

(MORE)

MEL (CONT'D)

You thought you'd marry me and
trick other people into thinking
you were normal. You're not. You're
an animal. Get out.

Randy gets between Mel and George. Judy pulls Mel away.

RANDY

(to George)

Maybe you'd better leave. Just for
a few hours. Let her cool off.

George gazes at Randy, Judy and Mel. He picks up a few of the
scattered clothes, puts them in the suitcase, and departs.

Mel wails.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RANDY AND JUDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the late evening, Randy sits on an easy chair, holding a
glass with a finger of whiskey. An analog clock reads 11:50.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Randy is asleep on the chair. The whiskey glass is empty. The
clock reads 2:15.

Judy is asleep in bed.

Mel sleeps in the spare room's bed, a bottle of pills near.

Early morning. Randy startles. The clock says 7:40. He goes
to the phone and dials.

RANDY

Yeah, Jack. Bad night. Yeah, sick.
Maybe tomorrow. Thanks.

Morning turns to afternoon, then to evening. Randy, Judy, and
Mel keep watch in the kitchen. They try to eat, but no one
has an appetite.

Near midnight, Randy is wide awake in bed, Judy beside him.
He stirs.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I should go look for him.

JUDY

Where would you look?

RANDY
I don't know.

Daylight, but no news of George. The day passes into evening.
Randy tries to watch TV. The clock reads 1:15.

END MONTAGE

The telephone rings. Randy jumps and grabs the handset.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Hello?

INT. WEST PRECINCT, CRIMINAL INVESTIGATIONS - NIGHT

Lieutenant Al Kretchman is at this desk.

AL
Randy? Al Kretchman here.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION BETWEEN RANDY AND AL

RANDY
Al. Yeah, it's me. What's going on?

AL
Listen, Randy. I have some news.
Not good. I wanted you to hear it
before it gets in the papers.

RANDY
Go on.

AL
It's your brother, Randy.

Randy braces himself.

AL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. He's dead.

Randy swallows, in shock.

RANDY
Okay. How? Where?

AL
Volunteer Park. A remote part. A
couple of hours ago. Listen.

RANDY
Just tell me, Al.

AL
 I got two guys there. Likely
 homicide. Listen, Randy. He was
 beaten to death. Some kind of club.
 I'm sorry.

Randy's eyes tear up.

AL (CONT'D)
 There was note in the victim's
 breast pocket. It says, "Wednesday
 night. Same place." It's signed,
 "C"? Just the letter "C". It's now
 Thursday. Mean anything?

RANDY
 No. Nothing.

AL
 Okay. Look, Randy. I'm sorry this
 happened. He didn't deserve it.

Randy hangs up. He can barely control his tears.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SEATTLE POLICE PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Randy drives a patrol car on the rain-soaked streets of the
 red-light district. Jack sits in the passenger seat. Bits of
 police RADIO TRAFFIC salt the air.

Through the window, the neon glow of the Tips bar catches
 Randy's eye.

JACK
 Park over there.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The patrol car pulls into a "No Parking" zone.

JACK
 Come on.

Randy and Jack exit the car. Both men scan the area. No
 pedestrians. Little car traffic.

Jack goes to the storefront of Tips, which is a door and a
 large window. He peers inside. The interior is dark.

RANDY
This is one of McDaniels' places.
What are we looking for?

With Randy following, Jack goes to the patrol car.

JACK
Open her up.

Randy opens the trunk. A cardboard box holds a number of red canisters.

JACK (CONT'D)
(with enthusiasm)
Oh, yeah.

Randy holds up one of the devices. The label reads, "Incendiary Device: Handle with Extreme Care."

RANDY
You said we were going to talk to McDaniels.

JACK
I know what I said. He never pays his bills on time. But this time, I'm going to let one of these do the talking.

RANDY
That's fucking arson, Jack. There might be people in there.

JACK
There's not. I checked.

Jack puts a device in his pocket and holds another.

RANDY
Wait a second.

JACK
Shut up, Randy.

RANDY
No.

JACK
You've been a bagman, a decoy, strong-armed a couple of people. It's too late to get a conscience.

Randy pauses. Jack steps back and throws his best pitch through the window pane. The glass canister shatters, the chemicals mix, and flame shoots up inside the bar.

JACK (CONT'D)
Aah. It's a beautiful thing.

Randy runs back to the patrol car.

INT. SEATTLE POLICE PATROL CAR - NIGHT

RANDY
Delta-five-nine to base. Observing
a 10-82, Fire in Progress.

Jack dances on the sidewalk. SIRENS wail in the distance.

EXT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Randy goes into the courthouse's main entrance.

INT. KING COUNTY PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Randy strides into the reception area.

RHONDA
Can I help you, sir?

He ignores the receptionist.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
Sir, you can't go down there.

Randy looks for Chris Stanley's door, Rhonda chasing him.

INT. CHRIS STANLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Randy opens the door. Chris is at his desk. Rhonda appears.

RHONDA
Mister Stanley, he wouldn't stop
when I called out.

CHRIS
(to Rhonda)
It's alright.
(beat)
Close the door, Randy.

Chris gestures for Randy to sit.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What can I do for you?

RANDY
I want out.

CHRIS
Of what?

RANDY
I'm done. I'm done playing
informer.

CHRIS
Randy, over these past weeks,
months, you've given me enough
information to break the back of
corruption in this city. But we
need more.

RANDY
Last night, I watched Jack Sharp
commit arson.

CHRIS
I heard about that.

RANDY
I'm not going to burn down stores,
Chris. Don't ask me to do it.

CHRIS
I'm not asking you to commit
felonies. I am asking you to stay
with it. Keep feeding me
information. Once I'm elected
prosecutor-

RANDY
(interrupting)
If you're elected prosecutor.

CHRIS
(continuing)
We'll tear out the corruption like
a cancer.

Chris's phone rings.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Sorry, Randy. I have to take this.
(to the phone)
(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm just going over the brief now. Citing State versus Tudor is going to need...

Randy's eyes wander to the wall full of photos and mementoes.

There's the shadow box with the photo of Captain Robert Stanley, the gun, the badge, and... The billy club is missing.

Something else is missing.

RANDY

There was a photo here.

CHRIS

(covers the mouthpiece)
What?

RANDY

You and some other people. At a party, maybe.

CHRIS

(into the phone)
I'll have Rhonda type up the changes. Okay. Thanks.
(hangs up)
I'm sorry, Randy. Where were we?

RANDY

Corruption. Informing. I got a question.

CHRIS

Fire away.

RANDY

(indicating the blank spot)
What happened to that photo?

CHRIS

What? Oh, the frame broke.

RANDY

I don't remember ever seeing you wearing a hat. What happened to it?

CHRIS

Why are you upset about an old hat?

RANDY

What happened to that hat?

CHRIS

Randy, I've got to get this brief done. Can I help you with anything else?

RANDY

No. Thanks for the talk.

CHRIS

You're doing good, important work, Randy. I'm grateful to you.

Randy departs, but he's puzzled and distracted.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. MARINA, POWER CRUISER LEGAL AFFAIRS - DAY

Billy Keeling, Mayor Frank Boyer, and Mike Colacurcio sip whiskeys on the deck.

BILLY

It's not looking good, Mike.

MIKE

You worry too much, Billy.

FRANK

I've been in politics 38 years. I've been mayor for eight years. I know momentum when I see it. I can smell it changing. Chris Stanley's going to kick Billy's ass in the election. Six months later, we'll all be entering pleas.

MIKE

Bullshit. Stanley doesn't have anything.

BILLY

I think he does. Him and his punk friends. I'd advise you to get out of town. I don't fancy sharing a jail cell with you.

MIKE

You say he's got evidence to take us down. I got my own evidence that's going to save my ass, maybe yours, if you play along.

FRANK

What are you talking about?

MIKE

He has friends. You have friends. I have friends, friends who watch and make notes. Chris Stanley is no knight in shining armor. No, sir. Just wait.

The three men watch the sunset.

INT. RANDY AND JUDY'S HOUSE - DAY

A wake for George hosted by Judy and Randy winds down. Randy shakes hands with friends and strangers as they leave. Sandra says goodbye. Mel is alone on a sofa.

INT. RANDY AND JUDY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Randy and Judy sit on the end of the bed.

RANDY

I've thought about it and thought about it. How did I miss it? Did you know he was, erm, homosexual?

JUDY

No. It's not something you talk about with your husband's brother. Or anyone.

RANDY

Mel didn't know.

JUDY

Sandra seemed to think so.

RANDY

How would she know?

JUDY

Never mind. The gossip of an unloved wife.

(beat)

Do you think they'll catch him? The person who killed, I mean-

RANDY

Probably. I can't help. Policy. I'm a relative.

JUDY

I see.

RANDY

It's just that, I loved him, Judy.
I don't understand what he was, but
he was my only family. And now I
can't talk to him about it, to
understand. I can't tell him that I
miss him.

Randy breaks down. Judy holds him.

CUT TO:

INT. OLYMPIC HOTEL, LARGE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

With friends and supporters, Chris and Sandra Stanley
celebrate his victory over Billy Keeling for county
prosecutor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE, BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Chris and two men in suits, DETECTIVE BRIAN JOHNSON (35) -
youthful, eager - and DETECTIVE PHILIP BRAND (39) - serious,
prematurely gray - sit at a card table. A fourth chair is
empty. The room has no decoration. A single bulb gives light.

A KNOCK, and Randy enters.

Chris stands.

CHRIS

Randy. Thanks for coming. This is
Detective Johnson and Detective
Brand from the sheriff's office.

RANDY

You said this was a debriefing, not
an interrogation.

CHRIS

Johnson and Brand will take your
information and build our case
against Keeling and the others.

RANDY

(indicating the
Detectives)
I don't know them.

CHRIS

Take a seat, Randy. Let's be friends.

BEGIN MONTAGE

The four men have a conversation under a MUSIC bed. The Detectives write on notepads...

...Randy gives an explanation...

...Chris urges him on...

Newspaper bundles drop at news stands. The Seattle Times' headline: "Keeling, Boyer indicted on corruption charges".

On the steps of the courthouse, a scrum of reporters, including TV reporters, accost Keeling and Boyer.

...Johnson asks for clarification...

...Brand underlines a note...

An OLD MAN picks up his paper on his doorstep. The Seattle Post-Intelligencer headline reads, "50 cops named in corruption probe; Stanley makes good on clean-up promise".

Another scrum surrounds Jack Sharp as he leaves a car. He hides his face as flashes pop.

...Randy paces the room...

...Chris takes a bite from a sandwich...

...the Detectives have pages and pages of notes...

The debrief done, the Detectives depart.

END MONTAGE

Chris and Randy sit together.

RANDY

How much longer, Chris? I'm tired.

CHRIS

The game isn't over.

FADE OUT.

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE, JAIL VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Randy sits at a counter with a glass partition. Nearby, men, women and children wait to see their loved ones.

Jack Sharp, in jail garb, takes a seat opposite Randy. Jack has a black eye and a cut on his lip.

RANDY
How are you holding up?

JACK
What does it look like? Cops are
the life of the party here.

RANDY
Dorothy is pretty upset.

JACK
(shamed)
Yeah? Well, life is tough.

A silence falls. Jack studies Randy.

JACK (CONT'D)
You don't know, do you?

RANDY
Know what?

JACK
You don't know anything at all.

RANDY
Tell me then.

JACK
Chris Stanley.

RANDY
What about him?

JACK
He made me a promise.

RANDY
He makes a lot of promises.

JACK
He promised me that if I took you
on, he'd steer the grand jury away
from me. I'd avoid this.
(gestures to the room)

RANDY

He promised you immunity.

JACK

I didn't want you on my squad. You didn't have the nerve for Vice. You didn't have the guts to punch out a guy if he didn't play nice with us. You were too naïve, too soft. But I saw what was coming. Things were going to change.

RANDY

Chris invited me to apply.

JACK

Did he tell you why?

RANDY

To fight, erm, corruption.

JACK

Stanley doesn't care about your information. He could've got anybody to inform.

RANDY

It was for a cause.

Jack laughs so loud everyone in the room turns their heads.

JACK

You really don't know, do you?

(beat)

Stanley wanted you off the Pepper case.

RANDY

What? Why?

JACK

I've turned it over in my head a thousand times. Why recruit you? People's motivations are never what you think they are. There's always a secret. Something they want that they don't explain. I called your old boss, Kretchman. He told me about the Pepper case. It clicked.

RANDY

Clicked. How?

JACK

I've survived in this job by following my gut. The Pepper murder. Chris Stanley. You're the detective. Take a hard look at Chris Stanley. Figure it out.

The turnkey comes for Jack.

RANDY

Why are you telling me this, Jack? You don't owe me anything.

JACK

Stanley broke a promise to me. I owe him a shiv in the back. You're going to deliver it for me.

INT. CARD ROOM - NIGHT

Randy drinks a beer at the cop hangout and plays pinball. He's approached by Richards, Mulholland and Wachowski.

DETECTIVE RICHARDS

Enjoying your drink?

RANDY

Mmm-hmm.

DETECTIVE MULHOLLAND

How's Jack?

RANDY

Why don't you ask him yourself?

DETECTIVE WACHOWSKI

We've been told to avoid him. But apparently you didn't get the memo.

DETECTIVE RICHARDS

Or don't care.

RANDY

I don't know what you mean.

DETECTIVE RICHARDS

We're not idiots. Snitch.

DETECTIVE MULHOLLAND

I think we should discuss this outside.

The Detectives push Randy out a back door.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

In the alley, the Detectives throw Randy against a wall. They Detectives punch and kick him. Randy's face is bloody.

DETECTIVE RICHARDS
A cop and a snitch.

DETECTIVE MULHOLLAND
A monster.

DETECTIVE WACHOWSKI
This is for Jack.

DETECTIVE RICHARDS
And this one's for the whole
department.

Randy manages to land a couple of punches, but he's no match for three big men.

Randy slips away. They run after him.

Randy comes out onto a busy street.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

A black four-door comes near. It stops in front of Randy.

The back door opens. Mike Colacurcio beckons.

MIKE
Randy. Come on. Come on.

Randy sees the Detectives gaining on him.

INT. MIKE COLACURCIO'S CAR - NIGHT

Randy jumps in beside Mike. BOBBY (36) - silent, hulking - drives.

MIKE
Close the door.
(to the driver)
Bobby, step on it.

The car speeds off, leaving the three Detectives gawking.

Randy's a bloody mess. Mike gives him a handkerchief.

Randy shakes his head no. He pulls out his own handkerchief and wipes the blood and sweat from his face.

RANDY
Why'd you stop?

MIKE
I saw a man in trouble. No one
rescued me from a beating.

RANDY
Thanks.

MIKE
Don't mention it.
(beat)
I've been meaning to talk to you.

RANDY
We've never met before tonight.

MIKE
You know who I am, of course.

RANDY
Sure. Mike Colacurcio. What passes
in Seattle for the local don.

MIKE
You make it sound like a small
thing. Yeah, we ain't New York or
L.A. But we get the job done, don't
we, Bobby?

BOBBY
Yeah, boss.

MIKE
Mister Spring, I feel I know you
better than you know me. For
instance, you're tight with Chris
Stanley.

RANDY
Does everyone in this town know?

MIKE
Word gets around. Mister Stanley is
disrupting the status quo. That's
making my life difficult.

RANDY
Sorry to hear that.

MIKE

You ought to know something. It might be relevant to the Pepper case.

RANDY

I'm in Vice now, not Homicide.

MIKE

I think you want Pepper's killer. Let me explain. In my line of work, you get to know people who like to hide things. To behave in ways polite society prefers to ignore.

RANDY

Go on.

MIKE

Chris Stanley is one of those people. I saw him several times with Tom Pepper. They were more than friends, if you get my drift.

RANDY

They were lovers?

MIKE

I don't judge, Randy. I only observe.

(beat)

One more thing. Stanley knew your brother George.

RANDY

Keep my family out of this.

MIKE

Fair enough.

RANDY

That's not news to me. I was there when they met. At a party at Chris's house.

MIKE

Then they apparently struck up a friendship. A close friendship.

Randy takes this in.

RANDY

Let me out. Here, please.

EXT. SEATTLE DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Mike's car pulls over. Randy steps out.

RANDY

Thanks again for the rescue.

MIKE

Like I said, don't mention it.
Friends help each other out. Bobby?

The car pulls away.

LATER - CONTINUOUS

Randy walks the streets of Seattle. A drizzle falls.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT - NIGHT

Randy arrives at the downtown precinct. He pauses. He goes in via a back entrance.

INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT - NIGHT

The precinct's halls are empty, apart from distant VOICES.

MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The stalls are empty. Randy is alone. He washes his face. He ponders his reflection.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE VICE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

He approaches the vice unit office, watching and listening for activity. He doesn't want to be spotted. No one is there.

STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Randy reaches a door labeled, "Armory - Evidence".

BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Randy finds a key. He enters the "Evidence Storage" room.

EVIDENCE STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

Randy finds shelves with binders. He looks for one, locates it, and opens it.

CLOSE-IN: Randy flips pages until he lands on one. He runs his finger down the list until he finds, "Pepper, 63-45698". Across from the case number is a reference number, "H6".

He goes into the storage area. He reads labels on large shelving units, "A, B, C" and so on, until he stops at "H".

Searching along the long rows of shelves, he lands at a box. A label reads, "Homicide", followed by "Pepper, 63-45698" and his name, "Det. Randall Spring."

He moves the box to a table. He looks through the folders and envelopes, thick, thin, large and small. He finds a small envelope with his handwriting. It's labeled, "Pepper, 63-45698", as well as, "Item #1: Red feather."

There's a box of pencils on the table. Randy takes one and carefully nudges out the feather, the one he found at the Pepper murder scene.

Randy puts the feather back and pockets the envelope.

He leaves the evidence room.

STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Randy climbs the steps, watching for people coming down.

Two PATROLMEN open a door onto a landing. Randy has no place to hide. He drops his eyes and climbs slowly.

The chatting Patrolmen pass him without noticing him.

Randy hurries up the stairs.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE VICE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Randy walks briskly past the Men's Room to the back exit.

EXT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE, BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Randy enters the back door of the courthouse.

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE, BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

At a desk, a SHERIFF'S DEPUTY (51) - gray, tough, bored - reads a pulp novel.

DEPUTY

Can I help you?

Randy shows his badge.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Since when do you city guys show up here at midnight?

RANDY

Love that inter-agency cooperation.

The Deputy turns a sign-in sheet toward Randy.

DEPUTY

Next thing you know, cats and dogs
will be getting married.

Randy signs in and heads for the elevator.

INT. KING COUNTY PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Randy gets off the elevator. The hall is dark and empty. The main door to the prosecutor's office suite is locked.

He takes out lock-picking tools and opens the door..

OFFICE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He stands at Chris Stanley's door. He picks Chris's lock.

INT. CHRIS STANLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Randy turns on the desk lamp. On the wall of mementoes, the photo is absent. Nearby is the shadow box of Chris's father.

Randy searches a file cabinet and the desk drawers. One is locked. He jimmys the lock and opens it. He finds the photo. Randy holds it under the lamp.

CLOSE-IN: Chris's hat has a feather in it.

Randy finds the evidence envelope in his pocket and removes the red feather. He holds it next to the photo.

It's a match.

RANDY

Bingo, you bastard.

Randy puts the feather and envelope back in his pocket.

He scans the wall again. He sees the shadow box. Something's odd. He pulls it down and puts it under the lamp.

RANDY (CONT'D)

What the hell? Where's the club?

He starts to return the shadow box to its place, but hesitates. He tucks it under his arm. He turns off the lamp.

BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The elevator door opens. Randy has to get past the Sheriff's Deputy with the shadow box under his arm. He turns it face out and hurries past.

DEPUTY
Hey. You have to sign out.

Randy ignores him and heads outside.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)
Stupid city flatfoot.

INT. FORENSICS LAB - NIGHT

Randy opens a door labeled "Laboratory" to find JASON GREEN (25) - white-coated, bright - making notes on a report.

RANDY
(his badge out)
I'm from Homicide. Can you do a
rush job?

JASON
Depends.

RANDY
The guy's been ID'd, but I need
confirmation.

JASON
Of what?

RANDY
(indicating the shadow
box)
See these hooks? I want to know if
there's blood residue on them. From
a murder weapon.

JASON
What kind of weapon?

RANDY
A club.

JASON
You'll have to wait.

Randy hands over the box and takes a seat. The clock reads 12:30, then dissolves to 1:10, then dissolves to 1:55.

Jason comes back.

RANDY
Anything?

JASON
Yeah, there's blood alright. If your guy tried to clean the weapon, he did a crappy job. There's enough to type it. A-positive.

RANDY
(to himself)
Pepper's type.

JASON
I got a bonus for you. There was a hair fragment on one of the hooks. Likely human. Maybe the victim's?

RANDY
I've got to go.

JASON
Wait. What do you want me to do with this?

RANDY
Get started with the paperwork. Victim's name is Pepper. I'm Detective Spring.

Randy bolts out of the lab.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHRIS AND SANDRA STANLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Randy pulls up to Chris's house. He checks his police-issue revolver. Rain pours on the windshield.

He approaches the front door. Rain soaks him through. Sandra and Chris are arguing.

He quickens his pace. He presses the doorbell. He knocks.

The argument goes quiet.

CHRIS
(through the door)
Who is it? It's three in the morning.

RANDY
Chris, it's Randy Spring.

Chris opens the door. He's in his suit, minus the coat. Sandra is in bed clothes. She's disheveled and upset.

CHRIS
Now's not a good time, Randy.

Randy pushes Chris aside and goes in.

RANDY
It'll only take a minute.

INT. CHRIS AND SANDRA STANLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Randy, Chris and Sandra are in the living room. Another picture of Captain Robert Stanley hangs on the wall.

RANDY
Sandra, are you all right? Did he touch you?

CHRIS
I don't see how that's your business. Why are you here?

RANDY
Sandra.

SANDRA
I'm fine.

CHRIS
I don't like what you're implying, Randy. I don't hit women, much less my wife.

RANDY
No, you don't hit women. It's the other people that concern me.

CHRIS
What the hell?

RANDY
Sandra, call Judy. I think you'll need someone to talk to in a few minutes.

CHRIS
Go back to bed, Sandra.

Sandra hesitates, then departs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Get to the point, Randy.

RANDY
Where were you on the night Tom
Pepper was killed?

CHRIS
Is that it? I don't know. I was
probably here with Sandra.

RANDY
Can you prove it?

CHRIS
It was a year ago. Maybe two.

RANDY
I'd also like to know what happened
to your father's nightstick.

Chris reacts, then covers.

CHRIS
My father's what? Have you lost
your mind?

RANDY
Here's what I think happened,
Chris. You had a boyfriend: Tom
Pepper. Things went sour. He wanted
out. Maybe he threatened you
somehow. To expose your secret.

CHRIS
Secret? I have no secrets.

RANDY
He posed a serious problem for you.
Exposure would ruin you. He had to
go. He had to die. You knew where
he worked. At the Fair. You found
him and beat him to death with your
father's nightstick. You took it
from the shadow box and bashed Tom
Pepper's brains to pulp.

CHRIS
You've living in a fantasy world,
Randy. The World's Fair is over.

RANDY

You struggled with Tom Pepper before you killed him. He knocked off your hat. You found it, but it was missing its distinctive feather. A red feather. I found it, Chris, and it matches the red feather in a photo on your wall. Where's the hat, Chris? Is it here? Or did you get rid of it?

CHRIS

That's all you have?

RANDY

No. I borrowed your shadow box. I took it to the lab. There's blood on the hooks that held the billy club. It matches Tom Pepper's.

CHRIS

You're completely crazy.

Chris moves toward his phone.

Randy pulls his gun.

RANDY

Stay where you are.

A beat. It's a standoff.

CHRIS

This is kidnapping, Randy. You've made very serious allegations with no proof. This'll get you kicked off the force.

RANDY

Where's the nightstick, Chris? Maybe you threw that away, too. No, it's too important to you. It was your father's, a man you respected, even adored. I should've seen it sooner. I saw the shadow box the first time I visited your office. The nightstick was there. The second time I visited, it wasn't. Did you wonder if I'd put the pieces together? Maybe. So you hid it. Probably here, in this house. Where is it, Chris?

CHRIS

Even if you found it, Randy, no judge would ever accept it as evidence.

RANDY

No, but it would destroy you. Chris Stanley, crusading reformer, vicious murderer.

CHRIS

Your career is over, Randy. Unless you leave now. We can keep this quiet. We can continue our work. Times are changing.

Streams of red and blue lights play on the walls. Police cars are arriving. Randy moves to the window.

Out of Randy's view, Chris reaches into a hidden place.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(holding the nightstick)

Tom Pepper threatened to expose us. He said he'd go to the papers if I didn't leave him alone. How could I? I loved him. He loved me. But I had a future. He was just a freak who made costumes for drag queens. No one would miss him.

RANDY

You killed him.

CHRIS

Yes, I killed him. He was filth, dirty, a monster. Just like your brother.

Randy reacts.

RANDY

You killed my brother.

CHRIS

When I first saw George, I forgot all about Tom. George. What a beautiful man. So strong. He was the opposite of Tom. Beautiful. We spent one glorious night together. People like you can never understand.

(beat)

He had a flaw, though. A tiny flaw.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

He needed more love than I could give him. When he was caught at the park, I knew he had to die, too. I couldn't risk that he might talk, might expose me.

RANDY

That's why you asked the judge to let him off. So you could kill him. You murdered my brother.

CLOSE-IN: Randy squeezes the trigger. The hammer pulls back.

CHRIS

I didn't want to. I had to.

Sandra enters.

SANDRA

Chris, there's policemen outside.
(startled by Randy's gun,
sees the nightstick)
What's going on?

CHRIS

I'm not a bad person, Sandra. I'm really not. I only wanted what's best for us. I'm the county prosecutor. I'm going to clean up this town. I could run for attorney general, or governor.

RANDY

Not after tonight.

A pounding on the door distracts Randy.

AL

Open up. Police.

Chris swings the nightstick, striking Randy on the head and shoulders.

The gun goes off.

Sandra screams.

A red spot forms on Chris's chest. He falls.

SANDRA

Help! Someone!

Randy holds the gun.

Al Kretchman breaks down the door. His gun is drawn. Uniforms are behind him. Everyone freezes when they see the down man.

Sandra kneels by Chris as he bleeds from a chest wound. Chris looks at the photo of his father.

CHRIS
(to Sandra.)
I'm sorry. I never meant...

Chris dies. Sandra begins to wail.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHRIS AND SANDRA STANLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

The skies have cleared. The sun has just risen. The street is full of police cars. An ambulance stands by. Neighbors watch.

Ambulance attendants bring out a body covered in a white sheet. They load it into the ambulance.

Al Kretchman and Randy confer.

AL
Sorry I didn't get your message sooner. We could've avoided this.

RANDY
Everything would've come out sooner or later.

AL
What did Stanley promise you when you went to work for him?

RANDY
A place in homicide. Maybe a promotion.

AL
Come see me tomorrow.

Al puts his hand on Randy's shoulder and departs.

Judy and Sandra come out of the house. Mel is with them.

Judy comes up to Randy. Mel guides Sandra to a waiting car.

RANDY
How is she?

JUDY

Losing your man is hard, even if
you don't love him. What about you?

RANDY

Why do people do what they do? I
don't understand people like Chris.
He wanted to do the right thing.
But he murdered two people. He
murdered my brother.

(beat)

I feel like I failed him.

JUDY

George loved you. You were his
older brother. He looked up to you.

RANDY

He was a stranger. I wonder if I
was a stranger to him.

JUDY

He lived the best way he could,
same as you. And you know what?

RANDY

Hmm.

JUDY

You loved him. Isn't that enough?

Judy goes to her car. Mel and Sandra are in the back. Judy
drives off.

The ambulance moves away. Its siren WAILS.

The police cars shut off their flashers and drive off.

The crowd disperses.

Randy stands alone, gazing at the sunrise.

FADE TO BLACK.