

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

(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. The crowd has no Black faces and few Asian faces.

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

RANDY

Two Fair admissions and two  
monorail tickets.

TICKET SELLER

Six dollars, please.

Randy fumbles for his wallet. 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, you said?

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 it speeds forward.

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

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!

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 try an exhibit demonstrating video calls.

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 CROONER (35) 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, intent on his work - 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. The Assailant finds his hat and departs.

A 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  
I don't know about this, Miss. I'm  
married.

The Showgirl pushes him toward Tom.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
I'm old enough to be your... 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 appears at 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.

The MASTER OF CEREMONIES comes out on stage.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
Ladies and gentlemen, that's the  
end of our show. One of our staff  
has, erm, fallen ill. 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 you guys 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

Good.

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

SERGEANT

What are you looking for?

RANDY

A mop. Or a broom.

SERGEANT

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. The Sergeant 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 arrives, DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT AL  
KRETCHMAN (46).

AL  
Randy, what are you doing here?

RANDY  
Sarge, my boss. Lieutenant  
Kretchman.

LYLE  
(to Al)  
He says we were scaring people.

RANDY  
Only in a friendly way.

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER approaches the body and takes pictures.  
He puts down a large tackle box.

AL  
Did you see anything, Randy?

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

AL  
Maybe they'll give you a refund.

RANDY  
The audience will get a free  
interview with a policeman.

AL  
I've already given the order.  
(indicates nightstick)  
Worried about a riot?

RANDY  
Belongs to Lyle. 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?

Randy gets out of the way while the photographer works. 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.

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.

Randy goes into Al's office. Other Detectives watch Randy sympathetically.

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

RANDY

I want to re-interview the principal witnesses on the Pepper case. We've missed something. I want to go over the physical evidence again.

AL

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

RANDY

That mirror thing.

AL

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 the other day.

RANDY

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 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.

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.

INT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE, BACK STAIRWELL - DAY

Chris leads Randy down a flight of stairs. They exit onto the street. The weather is cloudy, but dry.

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, trying to be discreet, takes a table in a back corner. Randy eases in beside him.

CHRIS  
Watch the bar.

RANDY  
Why? You're slinking around like you're selling H or something.

CHRIS  
Sorry for the cloak and dagger, but I didn't want you to miss the show. Here he is.

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. It's just wrong. 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) own a Craftsman-style house in  
a residential neighborhood. 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 a bowl of 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 bottle of 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.

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

JUDY

I recognize a few of the men. 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 about our  
 discussion?

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?  
(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

Good. 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 get 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

That's a hundred bucks more than I make. And I've been on the force 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.

RANDY

I'm happy for you, George.

JUDY

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 modern two-bedroom house.

RANDY

Cup of coffee? Nightcap?

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 turns off the light and lays on the couch. He does not close his eyes.

Two beats.

George gets off the sofa. He pads to Mel's room.

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

Randy and Judy lay in bed. 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.

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, seems 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

Good. 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 Seattle's Pioneer Square neighborhood.  
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 in the Queen City.

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.

A small 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 it 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 (V.O.)

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's affect turns oily.

JACK  
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. 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!

Charlie's entreaties don't work. Jack continues vandalizing  
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. The Bartender gives Jack the key.

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 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.  
(MORE)



MAYOR BOYER (CONT'D)

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 runs 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

Good.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARINA - DAY

In the chill of early morning, at the marina where he met Randy, Chris finds the large power boat "Mighty Fine." 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 Mighty Fine'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 fish. Billy hauls it aboard. Mike catches a fish and cuts its throat to bleed it.

LATER - CONTINUOUS

Billy enters a small inlet and drops anchor.

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. Where are your people from, Chris?

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

No, you're wrong, Billy. I really do want to serve, to make things better. And maybe it's true that I want your office in good time.

(beat)

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

I don't want your filthy money. Your time has passed. I plan to see its end.

BILLY

I'm disappointed, Chris. I really am.

A beat.

MIKE

I feel like cleaning my fish.

BILLY

Be my guest.

A salmon in hand, Mike finds a filleting knife and slices open its belly. He and Chris stare down as the fish 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 walk with casual purpose, eyes lingering on jewelry and perfumes. They have a date.

They wait at an elevator. They board with other women.

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 brilliant 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 at the table watch. They 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

I loved them all, but there's no way my dad can afford this. 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

Sandra is fidgety. She 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

We're here to help Mel pick out a wedding dress.

Judy notices the Husband, who turns away.

JUDY (CONT'D)

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 fiance, 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. 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)

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

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 men's 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)

Are you done?

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

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 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

Good.

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 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'm going to give you a cushy job 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 is thoughtful.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

JACK  
Ready?

RANDY  
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.

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 or two later, another man, CARL DANNON (59), comes into the bathroom. He and Randy catch glances, but something is different.

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 is wearing tennis shoes. Carl is in 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

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 are waiting 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

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

At 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?

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)  
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 MIGHTY FINE - 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.  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

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.

EXT. KING COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Prisoners in cuffs escorted by sheriff's deputies go into a back entrance of the courthouse.

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  
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 acknowledges.

MIKE (CONT'D)

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

That again.

MIKE

You see, 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.  
(beat)  
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.

He 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 door to the prosecutor's office is locked.

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

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 removes the evidence envelope from 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 the door 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' house. He checks his police-issue revolver. Rain pours on the windshield.

He approaches the front door. 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 through.

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?

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.

RANDY

I don't think so. 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.

CHRIS

This is kidnapping, Randy. You've made very serious allegations with no proof. I'll see that you're 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.

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.  
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.

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

CHRIS  
I'm sorry.

Chris dies.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

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

Good thing you showed up when you did.

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.