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PILOT

IRONSIDE

"Pilot"

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TEASER

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The City by the Bay is quiet this night as fog rolls in under the Golden Gate Bridge. An aerial shot: Trocodero Plaza, PAC BELL, Lombard Street, past a cable car...the camera lands on the world-famous Transamerica building...

INT. TRANSAMERICA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a bottle of Dom Perignon as the cork explodes across a large office CELEBRATION... FREDDY BROUGHTON, 48, tall, fit, with an expensive haircut and tailored clothing, stands before the office full of smiling people holding wine, champagne, and small plates of food. His brother, BILL BROUGHTON, stands near him, less jubilant and somewhat pensive, but with a smile and a glass of champagne, nonetheless. Waiters carrying hors d'oeuvres trays wait quietly as the employees listen to Freddy's speech.

FREDDY
...we've submitted the filing, and in a few more days the Peterson merger will be complete!

Someone in the back WHOOPS loudly and there's a smattering of laughter from the crowd. Freddy smiles.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
Thank you for all your hard work these past few months, from Bill...
(he gestures toward Bill)
...and me. This is what we've all been working for since the day we started this company. Give yourselves a pat on the back, and enjoy the party!

The employees erupt into loud cheers and clapping. WE PICK UP ANNIE RYAN, beautiful, trim, 26, dressed in a pencil skirt and sequined top, her hair twisted into a fancy knot at the nape of her neck, as she hovers at the outer edge of the party. Though dressed festively, her large, dark eyes are unhappy. She grabs a glass of champagne from a passing waiter, downs it and grabs another before quickly moving into the deserted, half-lit hallway. The sounds of her coworkers partying and laughing, music, and glasses clinking filters in from the other room. She presses the elevator button many times...finally punching it with frustration. She finishes her champagne in a single gulp and sets the glass on the floor while she waits for the doors to open.

INT. PENTHOUSE FLOOR - NIGHT

Annie moves down the hallway. Swaying a little, unsteady from the champagne. A noise causes her to turn around.

ANNIE
What are you doing here?

EXT. TRANSAMERICA BUILDING - NIGHT

On the street below...a homeless woman's squeaky carriage is the only sound that emanates from the quiet streets of the Financial District..SUDDENLY, a body FLIES from the twenty-fifth floor of the office building, plummeting head-over-heels, like a rag-doll. The body floats, dream-like, until it lands on Merchant Street with an ALL-TOO-REAL-THUD. An amoeba-shaped pond of blood spreads from her torso...ANNIE RYAN'S life is over.

INT. CENTRAL STATION - SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

We find Captain ED ROLLINS, 45, grey at the temples, chastising an officer as he reads from a list of complaints.

ED
...illegal search and seizure...lack of probable cause...

He turns the page of the document.

ED (CONT'D)
...officer brutality... failure to read a suspect their rights....

The Officer being admonished is still out of sight -- up to now, we've only heard his grunts of disdain at the charges.

ED (CONT'D)
...operating undercover without authorization....breaking and entering...

OFFICER (O.S.)
...that nutcase had two people tied up in his basement....Are you finished...?

He's not. He turns the page again and continues:

ED
...*assaulting* a fellow officer... searching premises without a warrant ...

As the camera circles around, we the see the POLICE CAPTAIN is talking to a man in a wheelchair. This is DETECTIVE ROBERT IRONSIDE: MASCULINE, TOUGH, INTENSE...CRIPPLED.

ED (CONT'D)
...this has gotta stop... While we all appreciate your results -- there are rules. You know what they are, and they need to be followed.

The fact that Ironside is confined to a wheelchair has in no way diminished his intensity, and all his anger is currently focused into a smoldering glower directed at TONY CRESTIN, the ASSISTANT DA, who stands 5' 5" on a good day.

TONY
You might not want to hear this, but criminals have rights. So do your fellow officers. But you treat everyone like they're guilty.

Finally, Ironside speaks.

IRONSIDE
Everyone's guilty of something, Mr. D.A. I mean, Mister Assistant.
(Tony steams)
Some break the speed limit, some are peeping toms, and some have a love-nest in Haight-Ashbury above the Blue Parrot that no one, most notably his wife, knows about.

TONY
You prick.

IRONSIDE
In the streets, you gotta do what you gotta do...and nothing's changed since I've been sitting in here....

ED
I've been in the streets. I was in the streets with you.

IRONSIDE
(not stopping, to Tony)
...And as far as the other officers go, if they were doing their jobs correctly, I wouldn't be infringing on their "rights."

The CAPTAIN wearily sits, his face pleading.

ED
Listen, Bob, I know this hasn't been easy...
(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)
(the wheelchair, but won't say it)
...but can you, for once, gimme a break?

IRONSIDE
Who's gonna give me one?

TONY
You mean, other than your huge settlement and reinstatement?

IRONSIDE
That wasn't given to me. I took what was rightfully mine in a court of law.

TONY
You're lucky you have a good lawyer.

IRONSIDE
You're lucky I'm in this chair.

ED
Tony, will you give us a minute please?

Frustrated, Tony grabs his stuff and exits.

IRONSIDE
Why don't you tell me the real reason I'm here, Ed. Unless you're going to fire me again, I've got work to do.

ED
(a guilty smile)
You were always smarter than me...and we did not fire you.
(then)
You're here because I'm going to do <u>you</u> a favor.

IRONSIDE
This should be good.

EXT. TRANSAMERICA BUILDING - NIGHT

A section of the parking lot is cordoned off by yellow CRIME SCENE TAPE. The crowd parts like the Red Sea as MARLEY, walking next to Ironside, moves through the chaos. MARLEY, 5' 10', a statuesque beauty, is, we will come to see, all things to Ironside -- but mostly the sobering yang to his raging yin.

She and Ironside head toward the building, where they are IMMEDIATELY flanked by two DETECTIVES who seem to have appeared out of nowhere. By the way they're dressed, THEY APPEAR to have been summoned from other engagements...

TEDDY, 30, is unusually stylish for a police officer in expensive designer boots and jeans; and VIRGIL, 35, whose reputation as one of the toughest cops in the city might be hard to see at this moment, as he's wearing a black leather jacket over a pajama shirt, his sleepy face still marked with sheet lines. We walk along with them as they make their way through the CROWD, when a third member of their team parts the mass of people like a linebacker...

HOLLY (O.S.)
Outta the way! Watch it!

...but she's a petite, beautiful detective who looks like she just came from a date. Holly, 28, fresh-faced; energetic.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
(to Virgil)
Nice pajamas. I can't believe the Mrs. let you out after dark.

VIRGIL
Nice lipstick. What was his name?

HOLLY
Steve Something. He thinks I'm in the bathroom.
(winks at him)
He'll wait.

TEDDY
(looking up)
I vowed never to set foot in an investment bank again.

HOLLY
Why? Do you have your trust fund money delivered to your house?

TEDDY
Something like that.

Ironside and his team glide by the sheet-covered body, each of them taking a long look as they pass, continuing toward the building's entrance.

IRONSIDE
(looking up)
It happened a few hours ago. Her employers are big donors to the Mayor, who's the reason we're here now. That's all we know at the moment. Get moving.

And, just like that, their group splinters as quickly as they formed -- not needing to be told what to do, they move out to do their jobs. Virgil melts back into the crowd as he moves to check the perimeter;

Teddy approaches the security desk; Holly takes the stairs, and Ironside heads to the elevator. He watches his team with pride -- though he would never admit it to them.

INT. BRADLEY FINANCIAL - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Bradley Financial is abuzz with activity, everyone wearing grave expressions and fancy dress. Ironside MOVES down the hall, Marley by his side.

IRONSIDE
These are the people responsible for the financial collapse. I wish they'd all take a flying leap.

MARLEY
I thought we talked about keeping some of those opinions to ourselves.

IRONSIDE
<u>You</u> talked about it.

They continue down the hallway, passing a swarm of Blues, Security, Wealthy Executives, and COPS. They all stare at Ironside -- he's grown both accustomed to and weary of this, but he knows how to use it to put people off-balance.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you people? Haven't any of you seen a guy in a wheelchair? Dr. Strangelove? Lebowski? FDR?

ED APPROACHES.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
(looking around)
You call this a favor? I thought I graduated from suicides in first grade.

ED
A little love from the mayor's office will get that little prick DA off both our backs.

IRONSIDE
There's the Ed I know and love.

FREDDY BROUGHTON approaches. He's still put-together, smooth and articulate, calm even though everyone around him is frazzled and upset.

FREDDY
I'm Freddy Broughton, the Managing Director. Thank you for coming, Detective. The Mayor assured me you're the best man on the force.

IRONSIDE
I used to be.

ED
He still is.

FREDDY
We're all shocked. I didn't know the young lady very well, but we do like to think of ourselves as one big family.

He points to the PHOTO on the wall of the entire company at their Company Picnic.

IRONSIDE
She jumped from her office?

FREDDY
Apparently.

IRONSIDE
I'd like to see it.

FREDDY
(pointing to a door)
Of course, it's that one. My brother and I asked our Office Manager, Claire, to join us -- she knows more about this place than both of us combined. We'll be right down the hall when you're ready to speak with us.

Freddy walks off. Ironside eyes him.

ED
What?

IRONSIDE
Nothing.

ED
I know that look.

IRONSIDE
You're paranoid.

ED
I wonder how I got that way.

INT. ANNIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ironside stares at a picture of Annie with some friends on a ski trip. Radiant smiles. Checks out her desk, drawers, looks at her calendar. He picks up a few scattered notes.

He moves to the terrace that wraps around the entire top floor, and using his strong arms, props himself up and looks over the edge. A little more and he could go over. Does he want to? He closes his eyes and drifts slightly forward. A voice breaks the silence.

HOLLY (O.S.)
Hey.

He snaps out of it and finds Holly standing behind him.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
They're getting really pissed over there.

He sees Freddy and others waiting impatiently through the glass offices.

IRONSIDE
Good. That's how we want them.
(then)
Whaddya got?

HOLLY
The deceased was Annie Ryan, twenty-six. Berkeley undergrad. Stanford MBA. Grew up in Fresno. Worked here about year as an associate. Lived in the outer Sunset area.

Teddy pops into the office.

TEDDY
Even for parties and other events, you'd need a key card to access this floor. Only employees have them. No one besides her seemed to come up here.

IRONSIDE
(to Teddy)
How much would an associate make at a place like this?

TEDDY
Eighty, ninety, maybe? Long hours, money's in the long con for these guys.

Ironside eyes a few expensive boxes (Tiffany's, etc.) on her desk. Virgil enters from the terrace.

VIRGIL
She either climbed over or got pushed. No way she just fell 'less she was doing gymnastics on the rail.

OMAR - THE HEAD SECURITY OFFICER for Bradley Financial, wearing a dark suit and a discreet earpiece, approaches. He takes his well-paid job very seriously.

OMAR
(stern, deep voice)
Mr. Broughton is waiting to see you.

IRONSIDE
Who are you?

OMAR
I'm head of security...

IRONSIDE
She was the only one on the floor at this time, that correct?

OMAR
(very serious)
That's what the log says.

Ironside stares at him intently -- as if he's seeing into Omar's soul. Then smiles.

IRONSIDE
(stern, deep voice - mocking him,)
Lead the way.

INT. FREDDY BROUGHTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Ironside is facing Freddy, his brother, BILL, 45, and OFFICE MANAGER CLAIRE SESSIONS. They're unnerved -- partially due to exhaustion, but even more so because Ironside's team: VIRGIL, TEDDY, HOLLY and MARLEY are all standing behind him just staring at them while Ironside talks.

BILL
(looking stricken)
It's such a tragedy. She had a big future ahead of her here. She put in so much work toward the merger.

Ironside studies all of them with narrowed eyes, silently judging them, keeping them on-edge.

CLAIRE
They say it's the ones you least expect.

IRONSIDE
Who says that?

CLAIRE
(nervous, glancing at the cops in the back)
Um...I just heard it, I guess.

IRONSIDE
You shouldn't believe everything you hear.
(then, already knowing the answer)
So, what do you guys do here?

BILL
We're investment advisors.

IRONSIDE
You tell people where to put their money...
(they nod)
But you get paid whether they win or lose? Pensions. Life Savings.

FREDDY
(annoyed, tired)
We work mostly with institutions. Some private clients. Detective, it's late. I'd like to get home to my family...

IRONSIDE
(cutting him off)
A cop's salary wouldn't warrant an account here?

BILL
(quick to talk)
It's not like that... we work with all levels of investors.

Freddy looks at his brother with loathing...

FREDDY
(checking his watch)
As you can see, Detective, it's been a long night and this "event" has thrown our office into complete chaos, but I want to thank you again for coming out.

IRONSIDE
I just have one question for you gentleman....and lady.

FREDDY
(standing, ready to leave)
Please.

IRONSIDE
Which one of you was sleeping with her?

They look at him with expressions of shock, annoyance and a little trepidation. “What have we gotten ourselves into?”

FREDDY
That’s out of line.

IRONSIDE
I’ve never been a stay-in-the-lines kinda guy.

FREDDY
I think I can safely say neither of us. We’re both happily married men.

IRONSIDE
Ms. Sessions?

CLAIRE
I wasn’t...sleeping with anyone.

IRONSIDE
Ever? Waiting for Mr. Right? You’re not one of those...?

CLAIRE
No...I’m...
(then, realizing)
...one of what?

IRONSIDE
You were saying about sleeping with someone...

He glances inconspicuously toward the brothers.

CLAIRE
I meant here, I thought that’s what you meant.

Her eyes move to Ironside’s team, who look quite intimidating.

IRONSIDE
Okay, we have it, then. Three nos.
(to Nobody in particular)
Write that down.
(then, turning back to the Broughtons)
Thank you for your time.

Their eyes flit from Ironside to the other cops. Ironside nods, and he and his team file out of the room like a jury leaving the box.

HALLWAY - NIGHT/DAWN

Ironside's team flanks his chair like storm troopers as they move toward the elevator. Ironside winks at Omar -- standing at attention...Ed hustles to catch them as the door opens.

ED
Where are you going?

IRONSIDE
I'm closing the suicide.

Ed seems pleased.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
And opening a murder investigation.

The doors close. Ed puts his hands in his face. Curses under his breath.

END of TEASER

ACT I

OVER BLACK:

THE SOUND OF FEET POUNDING AND HARSH BREATHING, THE MUTED SOUNDS OF A BUSY CITY BECOMING LOUDER AND LOUDER IN THE BACKGROUND, UNTIL EXPLODING INTO FULL COLOR AND VOLUME...

INT. TRACEY'S CAR, STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - FLASHBACK

Close up on the face of the SWEATING, WILD-EYED DRIVER, TRACEY, -- He glances in his rearview mirror and does a double-take when he sees an ENRAGED MAN RUNNING FULL-SPEED TOWARD HIM: DETECTIVE ROBERT IRONSIDE.

A TITLE READS: TWO YEARS EARLIER

NOTE: FLASHBACKS WILL BE SHOT HAND HELD

Tracey JUMPS OUT, a CANNON-sized gun in one hand, abandons his car and sprints away through traffic.

Ironside flies down the CENTER of the street, dodging vehicles, SINGULARLY FOCUSED ON Tracey, who turns and FIRES at him, but Ironside doesn't flinch as he CHARGES ahead...car windows EXPLODE As Tracey fires again... IRONSIDE'S PARTNER, GARY, TRIES TO KEEP UP... TRACEY RUNS INTO A BUILDING -- Ironside GIVES CHASES --

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - DAY

Tracey is climbing the stairs, stopping to shoot down at Ironside -- but Ironside keeps climbing --

EXT. ROOF TOP BUILDING - DAY

Tracey barrels out of the door, but Ironside is right on his heels... and tackles him in the middle of the roof. They wrestle, snarling like wild animals... Ironside fights dirty and hard, clawing at TRACEY's face as he climbs on top of him. They roll over several times. Gary, picks up a piece of wood and slams it over Tracey's head. Tracey's done, but Ironside's not...

IRONSIDE
Come on.

Ironside drags Tracey, by the hair, to the edge of the building.

GARY
Throw him over. Make it quick.

-- and hangs him over the side--

TRACEY
Man, don't do this!

Ironside holds his leg. Tracey screams as coins, a comb, and a wallet spill from his pockets, plummet toward the street below. Ironside shakes Tracey, could drop him at any time.

IRONSIDE
We're looking for Enrico Gonzalez. Where is he?

TRACEY
I don't know, man. I swear. I never met him. No one has. I tell you everything I know.

The pants tear... Tracey drops a little more...

IRONSIDE
Gary, you think he's telling the truth?

Gary shrugs signifying he could care either way. Ironside let's him fall further. Tracey screams.

TRACEY
Okay! Okay!!

FADE TO: PRESENT DAY

INT. SF SALOON - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Ironside sits at the bar, his home-away-from home, drinking a beer: Locals REGGIE, CHARLIE, STEVIE are with him. A WAITRESS walks by and squeezes Ironside's shoulder to say "hi" ... he smiles back at her. He's obviously a regular here. The 49ers play on the television and Ironside is eyeing the action as he talks.

IRONSIDE
They're sitting there in their tailored suits with their pocket hankies looking at us like we're goddamn mailmen or something...I say, "So which one of you guys is sleeping with her"...they nearly shit themselves... looked at me like I just felt up their sister.

CHARLIE
We're watching the game. Do I spend the whole time talking about work?

IRONSIDE
Why would anyone give rat's ass about a window installer's day? Now shut up, Charlie, I'm telling a story.

The COWBOYS score a touchdown. THE WHOLE BAR GROANS.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
Goddamn it. Every time I bet on this team my stomach is in knots.
(to Charlie)
You jinxed 'em.
(Charlie hangs his head)
C'mon, you know I love you.

He grabs Charlie's head, pulls him toward him and kisses him. Charlie smiles. A Cowboys FAN at the other side of the bar cheers and claps loudly. A beer mug nearly hits him -- careening off the Bar Post. He turns. Looks at IRONSIDE - clearly the culprit. The Chair. SAYS NOTHING. Dave, the OWNER/Bartender, grabs some empties from the table.

DAVE
Hey, take it easy, Bobby.

IRONSIDE
Eh! He should know better. Tell him to go to Fudruckers or Chili's, that sonofabitch.

DAVE
(with a smile)
And don't you be wheeling home drunk in that thing again...you might get pulled over by some bastard cop.

IRONSIDE
You should have been a comedian.

DAVE
And you shoulda ducked.

That's exactly how Ironside wants his friends to talk to him. Stevie, carrying a handful of darts, moves over.

STEVIE
Hey, we're up next, get ready.

IRONSIDE
We already kicked their asses three times. They're looking for more?

STEVIE
They want to double the stakes.

A SEXY GIRL MOVES PAST.

SEXY GIRL
Hey, Ironside.

IRONSIDE
Brandy.

STEVIE
Don't tell me you...?

IRONSIDE
You know I'd never say anything to you reprobates.

STEVIE
Damn! Does she have any friends for me?

IRONSIDE
Not who want to catch syphilis.

They all laugh. Dave notices someone at the door.

DAVE
Bob, Gary's wife is here again.

Ironside's laughter ceases. He turns to sees PENNY STANTON, 36, standing by the door.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I guess he's not doing any better.

IRONSIDE
Stevie, I'm gonna sit this one out.
(waiving her over)
Pen?

She seems him waving. Relieved. She heads over.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
He's at it again?

Penny starts to talk, but chokes up and can't continue.

EXT. WHEEL HOUSE - DAY

The free-standing annex with more-than-required wheelchair access is known as the Wheel House, and is separated from the main Police Headquarters by a small green.

INT. WHEEL HOUSE - DAY

The room is laid out more like a frat house than a police room where murders are solved. Pool table. Card tables. A HOCKEY GAME. The team is gathered...but Virgil and Teddy play pool while they work.

IRONSIDE
So, what do we have here? A pretty girl goes to a party, has a few drinks...

HOLLY
Or more than a few.

IRONSIDE
Okay, more than a few, but then goes up to her top floor office and pulls a Greg Louganis from the balcony. No note. No email. People in their twenties don't take a crap without putting it on facebook.

TEDDY
Those are high-pressure jobs. Trust me, half the kids who went to Exeter with me are self-medicated.

IRONSIDE
This hard-working girl studies for six years, puts herself through college, gets a job with a top firm on the brink of a big merger and then she ends it? Not a chance.

VIRGIL
What about her personal life?

IRONSIDE
From the hours she's keeping, that type of job....Bradley Financial was her social life.

Virgil knocks in the eight ball and wins the game. Teddy takes out a roll of cash that could choke a horse and pays Virgil.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
Her roommate said she spent all her time either at work or at the Frisco Club Gym.

TEDDY
That's five hundred a month.

IRONSIDE
Someone's paying that bill and sending her roses and expensive jewelry...it's either a client or someone in that building. That was her whole world.
(then)
These two brothers who run the firm, what do we know about them?

HOLLY
Freddie Broughton. Forty-eight, Masters from Berkley, on the board of the Palace of Fine Arts, big donor to the mayoral campaign, star halfback for USC...

IRONSIDE
I hate him. Next.

HOLLY
Bill Broughton. Stanford. On the board of Bay Hospital. Married. Two kids. They both seem pretty clean. Community involvement. Five-percent of their operating income goes to charity.

IRONSIDE
In that business there's no such thing as a successful, well-liked rich guy. Those guys only exist in campaign ads and Cole Porter songs.

Holly gives him a "lame" look.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
I try.

HOLLY
The employees have nothing but good things to say. I found five ex-employees who left in the last three months. Only one of them wouldn't call me back. Kim Elliot. I'm going to see her later.

TEDDY
Somebody must have made some calls, because everyone's buttoned up tight about this merger. I asked for it twice. They keep forwarding me to their lawyer. Could tell you something.

IRONSIDE
Doesn't your brother work for their merger partner?

TEDDY
Feel free to try. He won't return my calls. Three years.

VIRGIL
Aren't these guys pals with the Mayor? Won't this piss him off?

IRONSIDE
The day I start giving two shits about the mayor and his friends is the day you can take me out back and put me out of my misery.

HOLLY
I can help with you that.

He gives her the same “lame” look she gave him.

HOLLY (CONT’D)
I try.

INT. GOLDMAN-SACHS SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Holly speaks with ex-employee KIM ELLIOT, pretty, well-dressed, educated, snotty. Virgil stands in the back.

KIM
It was time for me to leave. It was....complicated.
(looking down her nose)
Honestly, detective, you wouldn’t understand.

HOLLY
No? I’m pretty smart.

KIM
I didn’t mean to insult.

HOLLY
Why don’t you tell me something good? Clearly, you know something or you wouldn’t be acting like such a b-i-t-c-h.

KIM
(a bit shocked)
Look, I signed a confidentiality agreement. I really can’t discuss Bradley Financial or the Broughtons. I’m sorry about Annie, but I just can’t help you.

Holly digs in her bag....

HOLLY
Let me explain something to you: I work at a special division and my boss --

VIRGIL
...he’s what people in polite society refer to as incorrigible, though I’ve heard him called worse.

KIM
(looking at Virgil, unnerved)
That's...nice.

HOLLY
He's taught me -- us, really --
certain techniques...
(Virgil nods)
...mostly regarding how to cut through
b.s., so he won't be happy if I don't get
the information he needs...

...she pulls a string of CONDOMS out of her purse, slowly, like a magician's tie trick.

HOLLY (CONT'D)
There's this silly little law in
San Francisco that says anyone with
three or more condoms on their
person can be arrested and
investigated for prostitution.

She lays the condoms on the desk. Takes out her handcuffs --

KIM
Are you serious?

She is -- she immediately starts to secure Kim's wrists...

HOLLY
(to Virgil, as she cuffs her)
She must be one of those high-class whores.

VIRGIL
I'll get an office map so we make sure
we parade her past all the partners.

Kim looks at them in disbelief...they're not kidding.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE COMPLEX - DAY

Ed stands in the hallway speaking with Ironside. Police Personnel, Criminals, Lawyers, move around and past them.

ED
(anxiety percolating)
Please don't tell me you're
investigating Bradley.

IRONSIDE
We're just looking...
(Ed reacts)
...but these guys...they're dirty, Ed.
They lie for a living. I know they
donate a lot of money to the Mayor...
ever ask yourself why?

A few cops walk by. Among them are SHAUB and GREEN.

SHAUB
Hey, congrats, Ironside! I hear they got you working suicides now.

GREENE
Next they'll have you looking for the Hamburglar.

SHAUB
(imitating the Hamburglar)
Rubble rubble rubble!

They guffaw stupidly and continue on their way.

ED
You have any proof?

IRONSIDE
Only that a beautiful girl with a promising future doesn't take a dive off a building. Not in the world I live in.

ED
I was doing you a favor.

IRONSIDE
And don't think I don't appreciate it.

Ed walks off, shaking his head.

INT. GOLDMAN-SACHS SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Kim's tough facade has faded...handcuffs will have that effect.

KIM
The one client you might want to talk to is Dave McCutchen. If you can find him.

VIRGIL
Why?

KIM
They sort of took him for a ride. Guys like the Broughtons make a lot of enemies; it's part of the business...but they take it a step further. We're talking Madoff territory. The stock filing could tell you a lot...when I saw it, that's when I started asking questions...and the truth is, if you find out what they're doing, you basically have three choices...

HOLLY
OK, so you take the non-disclosure agreement, a severance bonus and just leave.

KIM
Right. Or you can play the game their way and risk losing everything for a huge payoff.

A beat of silence...

HOLLY
What's the third alternative?

KIM
Ask Annie Ryan.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. HOCKEY RINK - DAY

A brutal game of hockey is being played -- between teenage boys. It's actually not a game, but a practice...a very intense practice. You'd expect nothing less with Ironside as the coach.

IRONSIDE
Cross it. Cross it.

They miss the pass. Ironside blows his whistle.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
Stop. Over here. Right now!

They skate over to him.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
What the hell are you guys doing? I can skate better than you guys and I haven't felt my legs in two years.

ANOTHER player, NATE, enters the area. Ironside notices him. Nate stops to casually put on his skates as the team practices. Ironside bristles at him. Turns back to his team.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
Guys, listen to me. You're skating like a bunch of girls out there. Practice is just as important as the game...we worked too hard to slow down now. The championship is next week. We need to be ready.

PLAYER
Nate's here.

The Other players perk up at the mere sight of him.

IRONSIDE
(ignoring him)
Okay. Two-on-one drills.

ASSISTANT COACH
(on the ice)
Okay, guys, you heard him. Line up.

MARLEY
(watching the practice)
I heard Penny came to see you last night.

IRONSIDE
Third time this month.
(then, shouting on ice)
I need a cleaner pass, O'Neil.

Nate gets in line with the team to do the scoring drill. He is far and away the best player on the team.

MARLEY
I guess Gary's never coming back to the force.

IRONSIDE
I think she'd be happy if he even came home at night.

MARLEY
Why's he blaming himself? It's been two years. You said it wasn't his fault.

IRONSIDE
A partnership is a funny thing...when you're in the right one, you're closer than a marriage. You feel each other's pain.

MARLEY
What is he looking for?

IRONSIDE
Peace of mind. I can't say if things were reversed... I might be the one crying on the shrink's couch.

MARLEY
I highly doubt that.

IRONSIDE
You don't know me as well as you think you do.

MARLEY
I know all there is to know
(rubbing his shoulder)
...and I still work for you.

Nate scores easily on the drill, sprints, and stops on a dime in front of the coach's box with an extra flair for Ironside..

IRONSIDE
What the hell do you think you're doing?

NATE
What?

IRONSIDE
The practice is almost over. We have rules, here. You've had your last warning. You can forget about playing next week.

NATE
(major attitude)
You're the boss, man.

Nate skates by himself to the other half of the rink, away from the team, and puts on an amazing display of skill, taunting Ironside.

MARLEY
Are you really not going to play your best player in the championship?

IRONSIDE
We have rules.

MARLEY
Hockey's what keeps him out of trouble.

IRONSIDE
I'm not his father. You got me roped into this, now you're gonna tell me how to coach?

MARLEY
It was supposed to help relieve your stress.

IRONSIDE
(gritting his teeth, watching Nate)
I think it's working.

INT. PETERSEN FINANCIAL - DAY

Teddy is having conversation with his well-tailored brother, GEORGE, who clearly is uncomfortable with his brother's presence.

TEDDY
I need to see that filing. It could be evidence in a murder.

GEORGE
I can't do it. The merger's still pending. I'll lose my license.

TEDDY
You won't. You're my brother, for god's sake.

GEORGE
I didn't handle it. It was Robbin's account. You know that. You're just here to bother me.

TEDDY
You've always been a prick. That's why Mom never liked you.

GEORGE
Why don't you go arrest some bad guys. Fix whatever's broken inside you. I'm sure Dad will hire you on as a runner when you're done doing what ever it is you're doing.

Suddenly, Teddy lunges at him, grabs him by the lapels. Pushes him against the wall.

TEDDY
George, it's important. I wouldn't be here otherwise. I don't like to see you. In fact, I loathe you, to the bottom of my infected soul.

SECURITY ARRIVES...TEDDY LETS GO.

GEORGE
Get out. You'll get nothing from me.

INT. FRISCO CLUB - DAY

Teddy, Marley and Ironside move toward the club's state-of-the-art rock-climbing wall. Several CLIMBERS are struggling to pull themselves even a few feet off the ground.

TEDDY
He's the same prick he was when we were kids. Followed the rules and tattled on everyone like a bitch. I'll find another way.

Ironside nods, and wheels further into the gym.

IRONSIDE
Look at these people doing everything they can to stave off the inevitable...these fools couldn't climb a flight of stairs.

AMANDA, an ATTRACTIVE CLIMBING INSTRUCTOR, hears him.

AMANDA
Really? You think mountain climbing is easy?

IRONSIDE
This pile of polystyrene is no mountain.

AMANDA
Why don't you try it?

IRONSIDE
I'm on duty.

She starts climbing.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
(looking up staring at her ass)
We're looking for Annie Ryan's trainer.

AMANDA
What for?

IRONSIDE
We have some questions for her.

AMANDA
If you can beat me up this "pile of polystyrene" I'll tell you whatever you want to know.

IRONSIDE
(flirting)
I can arrest you.

AMANDA
(flirting back)
You have to catch me first.

Ironside looks at Marley.

MARLEY
I told you to keep your thoughts to yourself. This is what happens.

Without a hesitation, Robert pulls himself up the rope using only the strength of his arms -- quite an impressive feat. They're racing, neck-and-neck...Robert is one strong sonofabitch...it's close... WHO WILL WIN?

INT. FRISCO CLUB - JUICE BAR - DAY

Amanda sits with Ironside and Marley.

AMANDA
I feel terrible...she was one of my favorite clients. Always here on time. Did her work at home. Most people cancel last-minute and make up the craziest excuses.

MARLEY
(looking at Ironside)
I know all about crazy excuses when it comes to working out.

IRONSIDE
She exaggerates. Now, can you tell us anything about your sessions with Annie? Anything might help.

AMANDA
She was under a lot of pressure at work...she wanted to increase the intensity of her workouts to compensate, but I could tell it was taking an emotional toll on her.

IRONSIDE
Did she talk about a boyfriend or anyone who might want to harm her? Anything that upset her?

AMANDA
Not really, but I remember the one time she did cancel. Said she had to go to some big party -- needed the whole day to get ready -- supposed to be some big function, but the next day when I asked her about it, she nearly cried.

IRONSIDE
Did she say what kind of party?

AMANDA
No. I don't think...wait...she called it a "Flower Party".

TEDDY
A *flower* party? Are you sure?

AMANDA
That's what she said.

IRONSIDE
(to Teddy)
You heard of these?

TEDDY
Oh, yeah. They're something to behold... moveable sex-feasts for the very rich and very bored. Every fetish you can imagine, some crazy shit. You'd never believe who's involved - the list goes all the way to the top...

AMANDA
By the way, I have to ask...can you...?

IRONSIDE
Yes, I can.
(without missing a beat, serious)
But what would a girl like Annie be doing at one of these flower parties? Who could have possibly convinced her to go to something like that? Whoever's buying her Manolo Blahniks and Tiffany necklaces, maybe.

AMANDA
I'm pretty sure she said it was someone at work.

IRONSIDE
Which of them is the sleaziest?

INT. FREDDY BROUGHTON'S BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The family is having a gathering at their BAYSIDE beach house. Marley and Ironside are at the door, being greeted by Freddy.

FREDDY
Detective, this is a surprise.

IRONSIDE
I wanted to see how the better half lives, so here I am.

FREDDY
I don't know about better, perhaps bigger.

SHELLY BROUGHTON, 44, well-tended, appears at his elbow.

SHELLY
You must be Detective Ironside.

FREDDY
Detective, let me introduce my wife, Shelly.

IRONSIDE
You recognize my eyes?

SHELLY
Oh, he is funny. Would you like to join us for lunch? We had the tuna flown in from Japan this morning.

IRONSIDE
If I could just have a few moments of your time.

SHELLY
We can talk in the parlor.

Ironside looks around, wondering which one that is.

INT. PARLOR ROOM - DAY

Ironside sits across from FREDDY AND SHELLY - a lunch party can be seen through the window.

IRONSIDE
Mrs. Broughton I understand you're the party planner for the firm. Are they usually that lavish?

SHELLY
I planned this one. It used to be my job. Now it's just a hobby.

FREDDY
This one was bigger than most. As I'm sure you know, everyone ....

As they talk, Ironside continually rearranges the four orchid-filled vases into different formations on the parlor table.

FREDDY (CONT'D)
...at our company has been working very hard for the merger and it was sort of a perk.

SHELLY
(annoyed by the vase movement)
Detective, do you know each of those vases are worth fifty-thousand dollars?

IRONSIDE
Oh, I'm sorry, I'm just having myself a little flower party.

On that, Freddy's face goes ashen.

EXT. FREDDY BROUGHTON'S BEACH HOUSE - LATER

In the driveway, Freddy is doing all he can to control himself.

FREDDY
Do you have any idea who you're messing with?

IRONSIDE
No, but I'm slowly starting to find out. And to tell you the truth, I don't like what I'm finding.

FREDDY
Sometimes, doing one's job requires a degree of unpleasantry.

IRONSIDE
My job is find out who did this, your job is to screw people out of money and get with it.
(gesturing at the nice house)
Your nervous face against the imported tile on your porch makes me believe we're both doing something right.

FREDDY
(gesturing at the chair)
Understandably, your accident has made you bitter. I appreciate that.

IRONSIDE
Guess what, Freddy, I was like this long before a bullet shattered my spine.

FREDDY
I'm sorry...

IRONSIDE
You're not. You should be...for a lot of things, not the least of which corrupting a young girl...but I promise you...you will be.

FREDDY
OK, listen, I asked Annie to go to the Flower Party with me.

IRONSIDE
So saying you didn't know her too well was a bit of understatement, I guess....

FREDDY
It's not like that. It's part of the rules -- you have to bring a woman with you, understand?

Ironside takes out A FLOWER PARTY INVITATION --

IRONSIDE
If not, it'd be just a bunch of swinging Richards talking about pork belly futures. Big shots doing things they'd never do at home.
(MORE)

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
We found out all about it, and I'd watch your wrinkled ass next time you're there...we might just raid it.

FREDDY
She came to one, and she hated it, okay?

IRONSIDE
Did she know what kind of party you were taking her to?

FREDDY
Maybe I should have told her a little more, but her replacement had no such reservations. And that's all I'm going to say without a lawyer.

IRONSIDE
Whaddya need a lawyer for?

FREDDY
Because I have a lot of money and people with money need lawyers. I've done nothing wrong.

IRONSIDE
Maybe you didn't kill her, but you're hiding something...guys like you always are...

FREDDY
Guys like you have been gunning for guys like me since the beginning of time, but you always come up empty.

IRONSIDE
Yeah, but you ain't seen nothing like me yet.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. HOCKEY GAME - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A vicious game of hockey plays out between the Police and the Firemen. Ironside, in the middle of the madness, throws elbows, jabs his stick into someone ribs. Talks shit. Blood bruises, sweat and profanities fly in every direction...

The Goalie catches the puck, halting the action. As the team lines up for the ensuing face-off. Ironside moves to one of his teammates...

IRONSIDE
(to his teammate)
If you let that little prick, Number Four, elbow you on the boards one more time, when we get back to the bench you and I are gonna go at it...

The Teammate nods. He understands loud and clear. Ironside takes his place at the middle of the circle, ready for the face-off, but his eyes momentarily gaze up into the stands and land on MELANIE - A PRETTY BRUNETTE. He sends a small smile and wink her way. She's sitting with Gary and Penny tucked in amongst the wives and girlfriends of the Police and Firemen.

The referee drops the puck and the game starts. Melanie cheers loudly as Ironside's vicious play resumes on the ice.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

The FOURSOME walks the Streets of the Mission District on the perfect night.

GARY
Before you, Melanie, he never invited anyone to his hockey games.

PENNY
I had to go out with these two alone every game night. It's like I married Starsky and Hutch.

IRONSIDE
That's because most women don't understand the fine art of cross checking someone's face, like Mel.

MELANIE
Number six on your team is bringing you down.
(MORE)

MELANIE (CONT'D)
He skates back on defense like he's on a damn coffee break. I'd like to cross check his face.

He grabs her and kisses her.

IRONSIDE
(to Gary and Penny)
Do you see why I have to marry this girl?

MELANIE
(devious smile)
That, and the thing I do with my knuckle.

GARY
If you guys keep talking like that I'm gonna start to think he's a nice normal guy...

A blast of music floods out from a bar they pass. Melanie dances down the street singing. Ironside looks at Gary and Penny...."is she great or what?"

MELANIE
(dancing up to Ironside)
Let's go dancing at that Salsa place again. They'll love it.

IRONSIDE
(to Gary and Penny)
...you've never seen anything like this place.

MELANIE
He only listened to AC/DC before we started dating...

GARY
I tried playing Dave Matthews one day and he almost threw me out of the car.

MELANIE
I would have done the same thing.

Ironside laughs hard -- Penny does, too. Ironside grabs Melanie kisses her passionately, lovingly.

INT. IRONSIDE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING - PRESENT

Ironside's IN BED READING A DOSSIER ON BRADLEY FINANCIAL. He turns the page -- waking THE NAKED YOUNG WOMAN NEXT TO HIM -- AMANDA, the climbing instructor --

AMANDA
What are you doing?

IRONSIDE
Nothing, go back to sleep.

Amanda yawns -- and twists...

AMANDA
I don't want to go back to sleep.

IRONSIDE
(closes)
Okay, lay there and watch me read.

AMANDA
I've got a better idea.

She climbs on top of him...rubs her hands down his arms, over chest...kisses his neck...

AMANDA (CONT'D)
You lay here...
(pulling off her shirt)
...and watch me....

He opens his eyes...he's happy he did -- and smiles...she moves above him, kissing his face, his neck -- he's enjoying the moment, but it doesn't last long. His phone rings...he eyes...

IRONSIDE
It could be about my case.

He goes to reach for it. She grabs it.

AMANDA
(with a smile)
Ironside's phone....(listens)

Her smile fades.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
I think something's wrong.

She hands the phone to Robert.

EXT. PRISON CORRIDOR - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

Ed walks with Ironside down the prison corridor.

ED
He begged us not to call his family. You're the only one he wanted to talk to.

IRONSIDE
What'd he do?

ED
Attempted robbery.

IRONSIDE
Jesus Christ.

ED
Didn't even try to get away.
Wanted to be caught.

They move down to the end of corridor where GARY STANTON, his ex-partner, but looking years older than the two since we've last seen him -- lies curled in the corner, drunk, sleeping.

ED (CONT'D)
We all feel for him...and I've seen this behavior before...where partners are hurt...you know...or worse.

IRONSIDE
(they really are friends)
What do I do here, Ed?

ED
I wish there was a simple answer.

IRONSIDE
Thanks for calling.

ED
Get him home.

INT. OLYMPIC CLUB - DAY

Teddy is meeting with his friend CHAZ at the POSH COUNTRY CLUB. He's got the Bradley COMPANY PHOTO out on the table. A flower party invitation lies next to the photo.

TEDDY
You don't have to tell me anything about what you did. Your wife'll never find out. I just need to know if anyone in this picture was at any of these parties...

Chaz looks over the picture very quickly.

CHAZ
I don't recognize anyone.

TEDDY
(sighs)
Listen, I'll get you those courtside seats for Lebron. He's only in town once a year.

CHAZ
All four?

Teddy nods....Chaz points.

CHAZ (CONT'D)
This one.

INT. HAIGHT-ASHBURY COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Ironside sits with Gary, who's still groggy from his drunk nap.

IRONSIDE
Jesus. I've got your wife coming to my bar. I can't have middle-aged women sitting at my table. I've got a reputation, you know.

Gary laughs, but he's miserable. Depressed.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
So talk to me. What's going on?

GARY
I just can't...I don't know how to get it together...

IRONSIDE
You're really gonna let one bullet take out both of us?

GARY
What happened to you? I was your partner...I should have never .... I don't know...I sometimes wish it was me in that chair.

Ironside hauls off and smacks him across the face. The people in the next booth can feel it.

GARY (CONT'D)
I deserve that, and a whole lot more.

IRONSIDE
I'm a cripple and I accept my lot, but you've become an emotional cripple. And that's worse. Stop crying and get back on the goddamn horse.

GARY
I should have known. Should have had your back.

IRONSIDE
Goddamn it. I don't have time for this. I've got to get back to work. I still have a job. If you want to blame yourself, go ahead. I'm not gonna play wet nurse. If you're never coming back to the force, get your looney bird pension and move on with your life...stop dragging this out.

GARY
I've tried...I've talked to people...

IRONSIDE
Then let me live my life.

Ironside gets a text from Teddy. "Found the Flower Girl."

GARY
I didn't tell my wife to come see you...

IRONSIDE
What other choice are you giving her?

GARY
(getting crazy, loud)
Don't you just want to scream sometimes? How the hell are you handling it so well?

IRONSIDE
I have no choice.

INT. DAVE MCCUTCHEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A luxury apartment without the luxury: No signs of excess here in this barren space that's furnished with a folding table, futon mattress, and milk crate chairs...

DAVE
Before I met the Broughton Brothers I was a wealthy man, my parents left me a lot of money. A few investments later, here I am, a prisoner in a penthouse. Can't even sell it because I'm upside-down on the mortgage.

HOLLY
So, what did you do about it?

DAVE
I called a hundred times...tried to get an answer...their bulldog office manager wouldn't even let me leave a message...

HOLLY
You just left it at that? A certain ex-employee, a friend of yours...tells us there's more.

DAVE
I tried the legal route. Guys like that have the top lawyers, but out of nowhere, a few weeks ago, I got a call from someone who works there... she said they uncovered some inconsistencies and the firm was going to try to make it right. Collecting information from a lot of clients, like me, who lost a bundle. She said I might get some money back if the research was right... she asked me not to mention it to anyone... she seemed nervous... I haven't heard back yet, though....

HOLLY
Do you remember who called you?

DAVE
Sure...her name was Annie Ryan.

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire carries a bag of cat food down her hallway. She rounds the corner and jumps when she finds someone waiting there.

IRONSIDE (O.S.)
Why does it not surprise me you have a cat?

Ironside emerges from the shadows. Teddy and Marley wait down the hall.

CLAIRE
What are you doing here?

IRONSIDE
I'm trying to solve a murder.

CLAIRE
Murder?

IRONSIDE
That's right. Annie Ryan. You know as well I do she didn't jump.

CLAIRE
I don't know anything of the sort.

IRONSIDE
Listen, lady, if you think your cat is your only friend now, wait 'til I'm done with you. Tell me about the Broughton brothers.

CLAIRE
I told you what I know...I'm not a liar.

IRONSIDE
I know you're not a liar, you don't have the imagination.

CLAIRE
Listen, I didn't...

IRONSIDE
There's a point at which loyalty becomes obstruction. You're walking the line. If there's a secret you're hiding, I'll find it.

CLAIRE
I didn't do anything. And what other secrets do you know about me?

IRONSIDE
I know you went to those flower parties as a back-up option for Freddy. Maybe you enjoy being treated like an understudy?

CLAIRE
Is this what you do, harass innocent people?

IRONSIDE
Show me one.

CLAIRE
What is wrong with you?

IRONSIDE
I can understand you being upset. A new girl comes in, starts digging around in your work... but she found something. Something bad. Annie told one of your clients it was going to be announced soon.

CLAIRE
She wasn't that great.

IRONSIDE
Sure, she was. She was younger than you, prettier than you, smarter than you, and all of a sudden, the attention you were getting from the Broughtons vanishes... your self-worth takes a hit...

CLAIRE
(unable to hold in her anger)
I never saw what Bill saw in her, anyway.

IRONSIDE
Bill?
(knowing smile)
I thought we were talking about Freddy.

Her face falls.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A CUBAN restaurant -- the restaurant is packed tonight. Some tourists, but mostly nefarious-looking characters, as its MAIN BUSINESS IS THAT OF BEING A CRIMINAL HANG-OUT.

Pretty waitresses move about -- serving CUBAN delicacies. Music plays in the background. The place is filled with energy and color.

Ironside enters. A few people instantly recognize him as a cop and whisper to their companions.

IRONSIDE
(Maître d')
One please.

MAÎTRE D'
I'm sorry, sir. We're full tonight.

Ironside pushes the Maître d' out of the way and walks into the restaurant. As he passes tables, he picks food off people's plates and tastes it.

IRONSIDE
This looks good. How's the veal? Nice hat.

He moves to the center restaurant and stops. People stop eating, talking....and focus on him...

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
I'm looking for Rick Gomez....
(shouting)
Born Enrico Gonzalez in Havana. I hear he hangs out in this shithole. ...Came to the US...

The Restaurant Patrons look very nervous. A few TOUGH GUYS at the BAR tense up.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
...in 1985 on a banana boat... Enrico Gonzalez was arrested the first time in 1991 for beating a couple with a baseball bat for fourteen dollars. Deported. Returned...

A GUN is pressed to the back of IRONSIDE'S HEAD by one of the CUBAN GANGSTERS.

CUBAN GANGSTER
...I think you'd better be on your way...

But the sound of a CLICK puts the CUBAN MAN on alert and we pull back to REVEAL GARY, who was sitting among the PATRONS, who now has a GUN PRESSED TO CUBAN'S HEAD. (They're a great team.) Ironside takes the Man's weapon and then twists his arm in a way an arm should not be twisted -- the man screams in pain. He holds him in that position...

IRONSIDE
(without missing a beat)
...in 1994, Enrico was a runner for Hector Anchia - everything from uppers to heroin...

HANDS MOVE TO GUNS AROUND THE RESTAURANT...

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
...in 1998, Enrico killed Hector and took over his business...

From the BACK ENTRANCE - WE see RICO GONZALEZ (AKA RICK GOMEZ). 50. Mid-level drug dealer entering....HE SEES GARY AND IRONSIDE AND IMMEDIATELY FLEES OUT THE BACK....IRONSIDE THROWS THE CUBAN MAN TO THE GROUND AND FOLLOWS -- GARY HEADS OUT THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

IRONSIDE RACES THROUGH THE KITCHEN...HE SEES THE BACK DOOR STANDING OPEN... HE RUNS INTO ....

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

...the dark alley...he sees Enrico running past the dumpsters....SUDDENLY A SHOT LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT...ROBERT KEEPS RUNNING TO THE END OF THE ALLEY, WHERE ENRICO LIES DEAD IN POOL OF BLOOD -- GARY STANDING OVER HIM.

IRONSIDE
What the hell did you do?

Gary offers no response.

INT. IRONSIDE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Ironside is working out furiously to sound of "Dirty Deeds", rowing on his ARM BIKE machine. He pulls WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, but the reps are hard today and he's clearly in pain... he runs out of momentum... he reps are getting sloppy. He stops. He throws his headphones on the ground. He tries to start again. He hurts. He goes to get up. That hurts, too.

FRUSTRATED. HE SCREAMS TO THE HEAVENS. IN PAIN. IN REGRET. IN LOSS. THE “WHY ME” SCREAM THAT CAN ONLY BE CONTAINED FOR SO LONG...

IRONSIDE
AHHHH!!!!

INT. IRONSIDE'S WHEEL HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Ironside, in front of Tony and Ed, is upset for a different reason.

IRONSIDE
You’re not taking *my* case away from me!

TONY
It’s not your case, it’s the department’s case, and YES, I am.

IRONSIDE
I understand -- you feel the need to parade me around like your trained monkey so the mayor’s donors think you have your best men allocated for their personal safety and the money keeps flowing.

TONY
That’s got nothing to do with it.

IRONSIDE
If I want any shit from you, I’ll squeeze your head.
(to Ed)
We were getting somewhere...both the brothers had a relationship with this girl...in one form or another...that’s motive...and she had information about illegal trading practices...

TONY
There’s no concrete evidence that it was anything more than a suicide. There was no one else on the floor that night...

IRONSIDE
You don’t find it funny that as soon as we get close, they pressure you to take the case away?

TONY
No one pressured me.

IRONSIDE
Then, why?

TONY
I don't answer to you. And I'm the one who keeps cases open.

IRONSIDE
(to Ed)
I have a hunch.

TONY
Last time you had hunch you wound up in that chair.

ED
Take it easy, Tony.

IRONSIDE
How long you been waiting to use that one, Tiny?

TONY
Sorry, Ed... This guy... just...

ED
I'm sorry, Bob. It's over.

IRONSIDE
You brought me in, now you're trying to run me off... I don't think so, shorty.

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S RECEPTION AREA / OFFICE - DAY

Ironside heads into the Mayor's office, past his secretary.

MAYOR'S SECRETARY
Excuse me! You can't go in there!

But he rolls past her and into the Mayor's office.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mayor looks up to see... Ironside in front of him.

MAYOR
Detective?

INT. CITY HALL - MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Tony has to be restrained in the hallway as he tries to get to Ironside.

TONY
You lousy, no-good sonofabitch!

Several of TONY'S staff hold him back.

IRONSIDE
You know what I like most about you, Tony?

TONY
Go to hell.

IRONSIDE
I can look you directly in the eye when I talk to you.

The DA breaks free and runs to his office, returning with a chair, and puts it in Ironside 's path. He sits down in it.

TONY
Right now. Fight me, fair-and-square. No excuses.

Ironside skirts him easily, continuing down the hallway, and Tony, like some crazed lion tamer, keeps moving his chair in front of Ironside, but Ironside doesn't stop.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Marley continues to push Ironside away from the building.

MARLEY
Was that was really necessary?

IRONSIDE
No, but it was fun.

MARLEY
So what did you say to the Mayor?

IRONSIDE
I told him I had a file on him.

MARLEY
You don't have a file on him.

IRONSIDE
He doesn't know that.

MARLEY
Just when I think I know everything about you.

IRONSIDE
I warned you...
(then, his face falling into great seriousness)
They want evidence...they'll get evidence.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Omar is running down the street. He turns the corner. Starts running again. A cop car skids to a stop. Virgil pops out. Omar sees him and starts running again. Virgil runs through traffic. Dodging cars.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

We pick up OMAR -- his face scrunched up in terror -- the camera corkscrews around and we see the reason for his distress -- HE'S DANGLING JUST OVER THE EDGE OF A ROOFTOP... NOW WE SEE WHERE VIRGIL GETS HIS REPUTATION.

This scene is eerily reminiscent to Ironside hanging Tracey off the building. Virgil is holding him by the legs...

OMAR
Please, please!

VIRGIL
Who was up there with her that night?

OMAR
I don't know...help!

VIRGIL
Nobody's gonna help you.
(then, angry, gives him a little shake)
Why would you make me do this to you?

OMAR
I'm sorry! Please.

VIRGIL
What are you sorry for?
Erasing the ID file?

OMAR
Please, man.

VIRGIL
Who was it?

Virgil loosens his grip, and Omar slips down a few inches.

OMAR
Okay. I'll tell you.

EXT. HOCKEY RINK - NIGHT

A group of parents are waiting around Ironside's van to talk to him as he and Marley exit the rink from practice.

PARENT
Coach, can we talk to you?

IRONSIDE
(pissed, not in the mood)
Sure...I'm always available.

But as he says this, he starts the process of getting himself into the van...lowering the VAN lift.

PARENT 2
We appreciate you sponsoring the team when it had no money. But these kids have all worked so hard and they're so close... they're all gonna suffer if Nate doesn't play.

IRONSIDE
We established a set of rules at the beginning of the season. What would I be teaching them if I let him play? It's out of my hands.

PARENT 3
It's actually in your hands. You're the coach.

IRONSIDE
I'll take that under advisement.

The last statement is punctuated by the van doors closing behind him, perfectly timed.

INT. VAN - SAME

Marley is sitting in the front seat, waiting.

MARLEY
Don't you find it ironic...

IRONSIDE
What?!

MARLEY
You know what...? It's none of my business if you play him or not.

IRONSIDE
At least someone's learning a lesson.
(looks at his phone)
Looks like Virgil found what we're looking for.

INT. BRADLEY FINANCIAL - NIGHT

Omar sees Ironside, Marley, and Holly coming and quickly waves them through --

They move through the quiet cubicles. He and his team move down the hall to the one office that still has lights on...

CLAIRE
What can I do for you, Detective?

IRONSIDE
You can explain this to me...

Ironside holds the security camera - shot of Claire --

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
This is Annie, and this is you...following right behind her.

CLAIRE
Where did you get that?

IRONSIDE
Annie found out the Broughtons were doing a lot of bad things, but it was your name on the filings.

As he talks, she backs away from him toward the open terrace doors.

CLAIRE
She set me up...she was lying...

IRONSIDE
She never lied a day in her life. If she did, she'd still be alive.

CLAIRE
I've been here for eighteen years. ...I gave my life to this company. She was only here a year.

IRONSIDE
You knew, and you didn't have the guts to stop them... What'd they promise you? A big payout in the end? Annie was going to report the Broughtons...the problem was, she only had evidence on you, and they made sure you knew that... They used you to sign for the filings... that's why they paid for your license... but Annie knew.

He's wheeling right at her....

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
They loaded the gun, but you pulled the trigger. You were the only other one up here that night... The security guard confirmed it...

CLAIRE
It was an accident! We were arguing...I tried to tell her this company was everything to me...there was a lot of money, without it, I'd have nothing...I have no savings...everything I have is here.

IRONSIDE
You could have told her it was the Broughtons, but you wanted to be loyal...at any cost...

She is very close to the edge --

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
What did she have on them? Tell me!

CLAIRE
(crying)
I don't know.

IRONSIDE
They're just as responsible as you..

CLAIRE
I didn't mean to hurt her... I just wanted to scare her.

IRONSIDE
What's in that filing?

She looks over -- down at the street -- disoriented...

CLAIRE
After this I'll have nothing...nothing...nothing...

She leans back to throw herself over... but Ironside, quick as a cat, reaches out and grabs hold of her leg -- she goes over the rail -- she pulls him out of his seat, but he holds on tight. He ain't letting go. If she goes over -- he's going with her....

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

INT. PETERSEN INVESTMENT OFFICE - DAY

Teddy walks into the lobby of Petersen Investments, Bradley's merger partner. The RECEPTIONIST looks up.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

But instead of answering. Teddy hits an AIR HORN...

TEDDY
George Phipps, Senior Partner at Petersen... Married, two children... Stanford undergrad... Yale, Masters in Business...was cut from Little League for excessive crying....and couldn't get a date to the prom no matter how many girls he begged...

People are coming out of offices....to see what the hell is going on, filing into the hallway.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
...after college, spent four years at Merril Lynch, then two in London for AIG, before moving to San Francisco ...

More people come out of the offices...

RECEPTIONIST
(into phone)
Security... we need you now!

TEDDY
...where he has a beach home owned by a shell corporation. In 2005, he orchestrated the take-over of Coleman Foods, thanks to information he obtained by....

GEORGE (O.S.)
Enough!

Teddy turns to see George, exasperated, standing among his colleagues.

TEDDY
Oh, hi. Hold on, I'm just getting to the juicy part...

GEORGE
Are you crazy?!

TEDDY
(big smile)
No, but I'm getting there.

George looks around at his colleagues' faces...this isn't good.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - A - DAY

Freddy screams at his lawyer in an interrogation room.

FREDDY
Can he do this?! Can he hold us here!?

LAWYER
Not for much longer. Four hours is the max.

FREDDY
What does he want? I've done nothing wrong! This is harassment. He think because he's in a chair I won't sue him.

LAWYER
Let's just calm down. I don't think your shareholders would be too happy about you suing a hero cop.

FREDDY
(getting more upset)
That's exactly what he's thinking.

LAWYER
He's right. He took the city for a bundle and they don't have a yacht and four homes.

FREDDY
Whose side are you on?

He spots Ironside coming down the hallway (HE CLEARLY SURVIVED) -- but instead of coming in, he pulls the curtain on the Interrogation room across the hall...and we see through the glass wall...WHERE BILL IS SITTING -- WITH HIS LAWYER, GOING THROUGH THE SAME FRUSTRATING EXPERIENCE....PACING BACK AND FORTH --

FREDDY (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on here, Marvin?

Ironside enters Bill's interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - B

Ironside approaches Bill.

IRONSIDE
Listen, we know you were in love with her. We know you were going to leave you wife. She had feelings for you, too, but that was until she discovered the truth about you guys...and ended it... that's when you put Claire on her.

BILL
You got it wrong. I was going to change. She had that effect...I swear...I would never do anything to hurt her.

IRONSIDE
Well, here's your chance to talk. One of you will.

He exits.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Holly and Virgil make their way down the hall as Ironside exits.

HOLLY
What exactly are we doing here, boss?

IRONSIDE
Annie found something on these guys...we might not have the smoking gun yet, but one of them's gonna hand it over before we're done.

Teddy approaches with a file in his hand.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
Well?

TEDDY
(handing it to him)
It's all there. Definitely fraudulent numbers. Annie had it right. But, it'll be tough to prove who's responsible.

IRONSIDE
This is the fun part.
(to Holly)
Are they ready?

HOLLY
Yeah, they're all here. I don't understand.

IRONSIDE
That's because I haven't showed you guys all my tricks just yet. This dog can still hunt.

The teams looks at the two brothers, who are both looking at at Ironside...wondering what the fuck is going on...

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
Let's see if money or love will prevail.
(a bit crazed)
Let the games begin...first one to talk goes home.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Holly walks Kim Elliot down the hallway --

The brothers watch her go by into another room to talk. Bill is getting nervous. Freddy is pissed. Ironside wheels past ominously like a waiting executioner.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Virgil walks Omar down the hall. The brothers watch him as well. Ironside moves back and forth again...

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Teddy walks Dave McCutchen down the hallway. Bill is getting restless....He stares over at Freddy and their eyes lock. IRONSIDE moves back and forth incessantly, like the ever-lowering pendulum in Poe's tale of torture...

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Two prison Guards walk Claire, in an ORANGE JUMPSUIT, down the hallway.

Both Brothers are in their rooms BOUNCING off the walls. Freddy's yelling at his lawyer. Bill is panicking.

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IRONSIDE
(to his team)
It's showtime.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - B - BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Ironside moves in front of Bill, trying to crack him.

IRONSIDE
Freddy's never been loyal a day in his life. He's betrayed his wife, his kids, his clients, his partners, the government, and I'm betting you're next. I can feel it, I can smell it, I can taste it...

Bill gets up and moves to the other side of the room. Ironside rolls

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - A - FREDDY'S ROOM - DAY

Freddy seems much less likely to break.

IRONSIDE
I know what it's like to have an idiot brother. I have one too. Been a curse since he was born. But yours is stupid enough to go and fall in love with an employee and grow a conscience. There's no place for that in this business.

Freddy stares at Bill, trying to keep him strong as he tries to ignore Ironside.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
The truth is, I don't care which one of you I get....I'd love both, but I <u>will</u> get one...
(wheeling out)
Oh, baby, I've never been more sure of anything in my life....

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - B - BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill starts to fill with anxiety...

IRONSIDE
Freddy's never respected you, if he did, he wouldn't have tried to take the girl you loved to a pleasure party and treat her like a sex toy.

Bill sneaks a peek at Freddy who is glowering at him from across the hall Ironside talks.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - A - FREDDY'S ROOM - DAY

Fred is now out of his seat.

IRONSIDE
Sooner or later, Bill's stupidity was going to bring you down. I shook his hand; he's weak....he always has been. He's your Fredo...and you know what happened to Fredo...

FREDDY
(still very arrogant)
No, it escapes me...Detective

IRONSIDE
(as he wheels out)
He turned on his brother and set him up to be killed.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - B - BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill is starting to crack.

IRONSIDE
Do you know what they do at those flower parties? Sick, depraved things that would make even the most promiscuous adult's stomach turn...they all take turns passing the girls around, and then tossing them to the side when they're through with them...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - A - FREDDY'S ROOM - DAY

Freddy is staring at Bill trying to ascertain what he's thinking as Ironside's vitriol grows louder.

IRONSIDE
You're the oldest, the leader, the king. The best Bill could ever be was a prince. Machiavelli said it best: The aims of Princes are glory and survival — and they justify the use of immoral means to achieve those ends.

Off Freddy's look:

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
Yeah, I had a lot of time to read when I was in the hospital...

Freddy's about to blow.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - B - BILL'S ROOM - DAY

Bill stands up, in a fury.

IRONSIDE
She was good and pure, but that prick brother of yours sullied her....

Bill looks across the hall at Freddy. THE BROTHERS LOCK EYES.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
...and now she's dead! Dead!! Dead!!!

BILL
Enough!

Bill's eyes form tears in them. Freddy's face yells "Oh shit!" Ironside has a front row seat.

INT. WHEEL HOUSE - LATER

Ironside and his team are playing pool in the Wheel House.

HOLLY
So we go back to my apartment and I ask him if he's married - and he hesitates... and I don't care, I have gun...I'm not scared....so he says he is...

VIRGIL
Then what?

HOLLY
I tied him up...took his clothes off...
(pause)
...got dressed, came to work...

TEDDY
He's still there?

HOLLY
His wife probably picked him up by now. I texted her the address...

IRONSIDE
Never tell a woman anything about yourself for at least two months after you slept with them. It's a rule that has served me well.
(then, shooting)
Four ball. Center pocket.

The door opens. Tony is there. He walks down the into the pit of the Wheel House.

IRONSIDE (CONT'D)
You want to play the winner?

TONY
Bill cracked. Gave us about eighty violations. SEC is on their way down.
(to Ironside, reluctantly)
Nice job.

He turns and leaves.

IRONSIDE
He must've hated doing that as much as I loved seeing it.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Freddy is handcuffed, being led down the hallway after being processed. Ironside wheels fast to catch up.

IRONSIDE
In my experience, this is when the butt cheeks on guys like you start to pucker up.

FREDDY
You're insane...

IRONSIDE
I get that way when the lives of innocent people are needlessly taken...

As Ironside follows Freddy, he passes Shaub standing with a group of officers.

SHAUB
Heard your old partner went bat-shit.

Once again, he snickers, whispers under his breath, but Ironside, once again, moves past without a word.

FREDDY
I hope you're satisfied, you crazy sonofabitch... You got what you wanted...

IRONSIDE
It wasn't me who beat you, it was her... she left the trail and your brother provided the details. Maybe water is thicker than blood.

FREDDY
I'm gonna sue your ass.

IRONSIDE
Get in line. And if you don't know how to do that, prison will teach you.

They lead Freddy away. Ironside wheels down the hall -- heading toward Shaub and others...Shaub says something under his breath.

IRONSIDE(CONT'D)
(very casually to the others)
When Shaub, here, first joined the force, he was on a raid with me and Gary...he swept the bedroom and forgot to check behind him. Before he knew it, there was a gun at his temple...
(Shaub stops smiling)
...he wet himself so fast we named him Piss Pants...he never did it again, but I always suspected the reason was because he wore diapers during future raids, I swear you can hear him crinkle when he walked...

From the embarrassed look on Shaub's face -- it's clear the story is true. The others laugh, but this time at Shaub.

INT. SF SALOON - NIGHT

The Place is packed, but it's not the usual crowd. It's KIDS, the PARENTS, FRIENDS, mixed among the regulars. Ironside's team is celebrating the championship win.

DAVE
I can get in trouble for having all these kids in here.

IRONSIDE
Call a cop, Dave. We're champions.

Kids run through the bar. Throwing popcorn at each other. REGULARS ARE GETTING PISSED.

ANGLE ON: BOOTH. THE KIDS ARE AROUND A BIG BOOTH. Laughing. Drinking soda, but sneaking a beer between them.

PLAYER 1
(TOASTING WITH COKE)
To Coach Ironside, who told me I skated like a ballerina until I got sixty minutes in penalties.

THE KIDS THROW MORE POPCORN AT AT OTHER. THE PARENTS LAUGH. DRINK BEER. SMILE. EVERYONE'S HAVING FUN. Marley approaches Ironside.

MARLEY
So, did you play him?

IRONSIDE
Well, I'd be a hypocrite if I played him and a hypocrite if I didn't...

MARLEY
So?

IRONSIDE
Ask Freddy Broughton...I love winning.

She sees Nate partying with his friends.

PLAYER 2
(arm around Nate)
Our hero. Five goals in the final period.

MARLEY
So what lesson did you impart?

IRONSIDE
The raw truth?
(she nods, knowing she'll get it whether she wants it, or not)
If you're really good at something you can get away with a lot of shit.

He heads out.

INT. MASON'S CLUB - NIGHT

A support group is meeting. Fourteen or so people are gathered at the front of the room and assorted "friends" are mixed through the back.

MAN
I was driving. He was in the passenger seat. I dozed off for just a second...and I hit a tree...walked away without a scratch. He died on impact....I hear the crash in my sleep every night...

He finishes talking and takes his seat....next up to the front is GARY...

GARY
...this is my first time here, so bear with me...I was a cop...and, well, I guess I still am...my partner and I had been going after this big drug dealer...Enrico Gonzalez...

The back of room, Ironside appears and moves next to Penny...she sees him and smiles.

GARY (CONT'D)
...we tracked him down in this restaurant we heard he hung out in occasionally... he spotted us and ran....my partner went one way I went the other...
(starting to choke up)
(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)
...the alley was dark...um....I didn't...I mean...if I didn't pull the trigger...they wouldn't have been looking for us...

...the weight of the moment is too much for him...he puts his head in his hands...he'll have to finish another time.

Ironside leaves. His face pained. He needs a release. It's never easy being him and this moment seems particularly hard.

EXT. MASON'S CLUB - NIGHT

Ironside wheels out into the night. Heavy heart. He stops on the sidewalk, sighs, but a pair of perfect breasts move across his (perfectly positioned) sight-line and bounce down the street -- perfect ass to match. A Jack Nicholson-esque smile forms on Ironside's face.

IRONSIDE
Oh, miss?

She turns with an inviting glance. He swivels his wheelchair on a dime and follows that perfect ass down the street.

END OF ACT V *