1. EXT. HICKORY AVENUE/ROLAND PARK - EARLY EVENING

AN AVERAGE, ORDINARY MIDDLE-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD. SOLID HOMES. WELL-KEPT LAWNS. FAMILY-SIZE CARS. COMPLETELY OUT OF PLACE, A REGULATION BALTIMORE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT CAVALIER DRIVES ALONG.

THE CAVALIER PULLS OVER TO CURB. FRANK PEMBLETON GETS OUT OF DRIVER'S SIDE AS STANLEY BOLANDER EMERGES FROM THE PASSENGER'S. THEY HEAD DOWN THE SIDEWALK.

1. SFX: SOUND OF CAR, SIREN IN THE DISTANCE GROWING LOUDER.

BOLANDER (OC): Nothing is real.

PEMBLETON(OC): What do you mean, nothing is real?

BOLANDER(OC): There is no reality.

PEMBLETON(OC): Really...

SFX: NATURAL SOUND, CAR ENGINES, RANDOM CHATTER, POLICE RADIO.

BOLANDER: Take the color green. You see green, I see green. We call it "green" because as a society we have agreed that this thing, this color, is green. We think we're having the shared experience of green, but how do we know? Maybe my green is actually greener than your green.

PEMBLETON: You mean, maybe my green is red?

BOLANDER: Maybe. Take colorblind people, they carry with them a stigma --

PEMBLETON: A stigmatism.

BOLANDER: Because they don't see what the rest of us see as green. But maybe, just maybe, their perception is correct. Maybe a colorblind person is actually seeing pure green, the real green.

SFX (CONTINUED): NATURAL SOUND, CAR ENGINES, RANDOM CHATTER, POLICE RADIO.

PEMBLETON: Man, this is just my luck. I get a call. My
THEY PASS THROUGH YELLOW PLASTIC POLICE LINES. WE BECOME AWARE THAT THE CALM OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAS BEEN SHATTERED BY A CRIME. AN M.E. VAN WAITS FOR ITS LATEST PASSENGER. UNIFORMS HOLD ONLOOKERS AT BAY. OTHER POLICE PERSONNEL MOVE IN AND OUT OF A WHITE, TWO-STOREY HOME.

THEY REACH THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE. THE BODY OF A SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD, OLIVE-SKINNED MAN, HIKMET GERSEL, LIES DEAD, SHOT THROUGH THE CHEST. HIS FACE IS COVERED WITH WHITE STAGE MAKEUP. HE WEARS A LEATHER JACKET. ALYSSA DYER, ASSISTANT MEDICAL EXAMINER, TAKES NOTES. PEMBLETON TURNS TO OFFICER STEVEN PASKULY.

PARTNER'S OFF TONIGHT. SO I LOOK AROUND THE SQUAD ROOM. I SEE MUNCH. NO. I SEE HOWARD. NO. FELTON. LEWIS. NO. NO. I THINK BOLANDER. I'LL TAKE BOLANDER. HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO WON'T DRIVE ME CRAZY.

BOLANDER: I'M DRIVING YOU CRAZY?

PEMBLETON: PHILOSOPHIZING. YOU'RE NOT KNOWN AS THE PHILOSOPHICAL TYPE, STAN.

BOLANDER: YOU GET SHOT IN THE HEAD, IT MAKES YOU THINK.

PEMBLETON: HEY, PASKULY, WHAT'VE WE GOT?

PASKULY: THE DECEASED NAME IS HIKMET GERSEL, G-E-R-S-E-L. SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD, EXCHANGE STUDENT FROM TURKEY.

BOLANDER: DO TURKS WEAR WHITE MAKEUP? IS THAT SOME KIND OF RELIGIOUS THING? OR IS HE A MIME?

PASKULY: THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE THOUGHT HE WAS A BURGLAR, SHOT HIM.

PEMBLETON: WHERE'S THE HOMEOWNER?

PASKULY: INSIDE. I GOT HIM AND HIS WIFE IN SEPARATE ROOMS. PLUS A FRIEND OF THIS KID HERE. THE FRIEND SAYS THEY WERE GOING TO A PARTY AND GOT THE WRONG ADDRESS.
PEMBLETON, BOLANDER AND PASKULY ENTER HOUSE.

2. INT. LIVING ROOM/JIM BAYLISS HOME EARLY EVENING

PEMBLETON, BOLANDER AND PASKULY ENTER. COPS ALL OVER. A MAN IN HIS MID-THIRTIES SITS WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS. THE HOUSE IS TYPICAL SUBURBAN MIDDLE CLASS. FURNITURE IS NICE BUT NOT NEW. HOME HAS THE “LIVED IN LOOK.” NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES. KIDS TOYS, VIDEOS HERE AND THERE.

THE MAN LOOKS UP, LOST, CONFUSED. PEMBLETON REGISTERS SURPRISE, LEANS INTO BOLANDER.

FADE TO BLACK

2. SFX: TELEVISION ON IN KITCHEN. SOUNDS OF POLICE CRUISERS OUTSIDE. POLICE CHATTER OUTSIDE.

MUSIC: UNDERSCORE IN BACKGROUND.

PASKULY (CONT.): The guy's name is Jim Bayliss.

BOLANDER LOOKS AT PEMBLETON, THEN AT JIM IN SHOCK.

PEMBLETON (STUNNED): Stan -- Jim Bayliss, he's Tim's cousin.

MUSIC: SINGLE CHORD BUMPER.