

A TASTE OF COLD STEEL

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FADE IN:

EXT. HEGEWISCH, ILLINOIS-FALL 2005

The autumn wind rustles through the trees. Leaves drift down to the front yard of a decaying house. Five-year old SONNY GIBSON and his teenage brother, EDDIE, in sweatshirts, sit on the curb counting passing cars.

A car veers close to them. Sonny squeals with excitement.

The warped door to their house creaks open. Their mother, LOVEE, late-thirties and in a simple house dress, rushes across the lawn kicking up leaves. She snatches Eddie's hair on his neck. Eddie screams; Sonny cries.

LOVEE

(to Eddie)

Whad I tell ya? You're not watchin'
'em. Almost got smacked by that
car. Fucker. You stay here.

Lovee goes in the house. She returns with a vintage camera and a fresh personality.

LOVEE (CONT'D)

Wrap your arms around each other.
Better make happy for the camera or
you'll regret it.

Eddie rests his arm on Sonny's shoulder. Sonny clings to him. Lovee snaps a picture; pushes a button. The camera spits out a photo. She hands it to Sonny.

LOVEE (CONT'D)

(to Sonny)

Here's your brother.

(to Eddie)

Fucker.

Lovee returns inside the home and slams the door, then reopens it.

LOVEE (CONT'D)

Eddie, honey, come inside for a
minute. Sonny, you stay put.

Sonny sits on the curb with the photo in his hand.

TIME CUT TO:

SAME LOCATION-TWO WEEKS LATER

Sonny sits on the curb. A truck stops, narrowly missing Sonny's feet. Sonny looks at the side of the truck. The sign reads "Road Scholar Moving Van." The MOVER, sloppy and in a Road Scholar soiled uniform, walks to the curb.

A sleek, black Lincoln pulls in behind the truck. JULES PAVALON, thin but tall, late-forties with raven hair, wearing an exquisite Italian knit sweater and a thick gold necklace talks to the mover, then joins Sonny. The mover goes in the house.

JULES PAVALON
What's your name?

SONNY
Sonny.

JULES PAVALON
Careful on the curb.

Jules brushes his hand on his custom-tailored pants.

SONNY
Mom says that. What's your name?

JULES PAVALON
Name's not important. What is important is who I am.

SONNY
You are?

JULES PAVALON
I'm your guardian angel.

SONNY
Ya know my brother?

LOVEE (O.S.)
Sonny, come here.

Sonny looks towards the house. Lovee and the mover stand near the door. Sonny goes to his mother.

LOVEE (CONT'D)
Go inside for a minute.

Sonny closes the door behind him.

LOVEE (CONT'D)
Stay away from 'em, Jules. You're sick.

JULES PAVALON

I just-

LOVEE

Stay away from 'em. I'll do whatcha want. But I want-

Jules' predator's eyes cut a look at Lovee.

JULES PAVALON

What I tell ya? Every time you think you get yourself in trouble. I'll do the thinking for both of us.

LOVEE

I'm done packin'.

JULES PAVALON

The mover's been paid. You jus' gotta tip 'em.

LOVEE

Tip 'em?

JULES PAVALON

You got the money for moving?

LOVEE

You know I don't.

JULES PAVALON

Then tip 'em. Oh, I'm opening another club. Call it Sugar's. Alcohol's free while you work. Ya wanna chippy?

A beat.

LOVEE

We'll see. Sonny?

Sonny comes outside.

LOVEE (CONT'D)

What did this man say to you?

Sonny stares at the ground.

SONNY

Told me to be careful on the curb.

LOVEE

Okay. Go to the curb. Stay there.
Don't come inside.

SONNY

I'm hungry. Eddie always got me
snack.

LOVEE

Can't make a sandwich. Don't have
Mayo and banana.

SONNY

Eddie always-

LOVEE

Can't buy at Lemonowski's. Eddie
fucked that up by always stealin'.
Don't be a little...?

A beat.

LOVEE (CONT'D)

Don't be little...?

SONNY

Fucker?

LOVEE

Go get your flavor an' get your ass
out here.

Sonny runs inside and returns with a small box of cherry-flavored powdered Jello. He tears open the box, licks his index finger and sticks it in the powder as he walks to the curb. He puts his finger in his mouth.

LOVEE (CONT'D)

(to mover)

Go inside. Jules, stay away from
'em.

Jules waves his hand. His pinky diamond sparkles in the afternoon sun.

JULES PAVALON

(laughs)

Let's see who gets the better deal.

Lovee enters the house. Jules returns to Sonny.

JULES PAVALON (CONT'D)

Got good genes, kid. Know how to
answer a question. You like Jello?

SONNY

Only when I can't have banana and Mayo sandwich.

JULES PAVALON

You got a brother, right?

SONNY

Ya. We count cars. He's missin' and don't come home.

JULES PAVALON

I'll find 'em. Do you know where you're movin'?

SONNY

No.

JULES PAVALON

Blue Island. Not far from here.

SONNY

Island?

JULES PAVALON

No, but when you look in the distance it is so blue it looks like the ocean.

SONNY

Ya gonna find Eddie?

JULES PAVALON

I'll find 'em for you.

Jules smiles and rubs Sonny's head, goes to his car and drives away.

Two TEENAGE BOYS, one taller and bigger than the other, waiting, cross the street and go to Sonny. The smaller boy kicks Sonny's foot.

TEENAGER

Hey, get up off that curb.

Sonny stands up. The boy slaps the Jello box out of his hand.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

Haven't seen your brother. Wanna have 'em meet my friend. Let's see how tough Eddie is now.

SONNY

Not here.

TEENAGER

When your shit-ass brother comes
back give 'em this message.

The teenager slams a rock into the side of Sonny's head and cuts open his eyebrow. Sonny screams and runs to the house as the teenage boys run in the opposite direction. He tries to open the door but it's locked. He hears voices inside.

MOVER (O.S.)

That's what I'm talkin' 'bout.

LOVEE (O.S.)

Ahhh...ohhh. Ouch, ouch. No, no.
Oh, yes, yes. Don't. Stop. Don't
stop. Please.

Sonny reaches in his pocket and grabs the picture of him and Eddie. He goes around the side of the house and sits down. He holds the picture and cries.

SONNY

Eddie!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FALANGES COURIER SERVICE-MORNING-PRESENT DAY

Sonny stares at the wrinkled picture of him and Eddie. He stands behind a counter and looks around the small storefront office. It reflects him: a mess. With disheveled hair and mix-matched clothes, Sonny struggles with life.

The phone rings.

SONNY

Falanges.

BISCAINE

Who the hell taught you to answer a
phone?

SONNY

Ain't I supposed to-

BISCAINE

You're an hour late. You answer
Falanges Courier Service. Don't
fuck this up.

SONNY

I won't.

BISCAINE

Only reason I hired ya back is cuz
I had to. I won't be in 'til
tomorrow and Marie won't be in.

SONNY

I can do it.

BISCAINE

Don't fuck this up. There's three
pouches on the counter. A note is
under each pouch tellin' you when
to deliver 'em and where. Keep 'em
straight.

Sonny looks at the three pouches on the counter on top of
newspapers and magazines. He lifts one and sees the note.

SONNY

Not a problem.

BISCAINE

An' stay outta the register. I know
to the penny what's in there.

Sonny puts the phone down and knocks two pouches on the
floor. He picks them up, but mixes them with the notes. Sonny
grabs the first pouch and note and leaves the office.

EXT./INT. ALLIED TRI-STATE SERVICES-BLUE ISLAND, ILLINOIS-
LATER

Sonny opens the door, looks cautiously around the aisles and
walks reluctantly to the counter.

Suddenly, a bald, FAT MAN with a cigar stuffed in his mouth,
mid-fifties, hurries to the counter.

FAT MAN

The fuck I tell you? Ya don't come
in here. Ever. Leave what ya got
and git. An' stay away from Butch.
I catcha 'round 'em in the Bottom
an' I'll put some lead in your ass.

SONNY

I din't mean-

FAT MAN

Fuck that din't mean shit. Fuckin'
junkie. If I call in the back,
Butch's brother will tear you
apart.

Sonny drops the pouch and scrambles out of the door.

EXT. DEAD-END ALLEY-BLUE ISLAND AVE.-LATER

Sonny stops at the mouth of the alley. He looks up and down Blue Island Avenue, then hurries to the end of the long alley. Next to the ten-foot high brick wall is a metal door. The door is propped open and a teenage DRUG DEALER stands close to the door while a MAN sits on top of the wall.

DRUG DEALER
On time. What ya need?

SONNY
Old injury. Kill some pain.

DRUG DEALER
Sports?

SONNY
Nah, family. What's the flavor of the day?

DRUG DEALER
You a patriot?

SONNY
Huh?

DRUG DEALER
I got reds, whites an' blues. But ya don't want the blues.

SONNY
I don't?

DRUG DEALER
Nah. That shit so good you'll come in your pants. Then you'll be pissed at me cuz you be nuttin' all down your leg.

SONNY
Gimme four blues. I'll wear a bread bag.

The drug dealer nods to the man on the wall. The man lowers a basket. A cellophane package contains four blue capsules. Sonny takes the package, then places money in the basket. The basket and the man disappear behind the wall. The drug dealer takes two steps backwards and closes the metal door.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-COURTROOM-AFTERNOON

RICO, early-thirties, intense and focused, takes a seat in the back row of the expansive courtroom.

Jurors leave the jury box, walk past DEFENSE COUNSEL R.D. DRAPER (a man dressed as a woman), forties, and chat with Draper and DEFENDANT TOMMY BISCAINE. Biscaine, forties and weathered-looking, greased-back hair and paranoid, nervously scans the courtroom.

BISCAINE
Someone come in?

Draper turns and locks eyes with Rico.

DRAPER
Guy in the back.

BISCAINE
What's he look like?

Draper glances at Rico.

DRAPER
Trouble.

BISCAINE
Damn.

Biscaine turns slowly, sees Rico and smiles sheepishly.

DRAPER
Stay away from 'em.

BISCAINE
How, counselor?

DRAPER
C'mon, I'll walk you out.

Draper and the paralegal, late-twenties and stylishly-dressed, walk with Biscaine. As they approach Rico, Biscaine extends his hand; Rico slaps it away. Lean and street-tested, Rico's eyes burn through Biscaine.

BISCAINE
Lucky me, huh?

RICO
I gotta come here? Ya didn't touch base.

DRAPER

You are?

BISCAINE

This here's Rico.

RICO

Do it again and the next time you see me, ya won't.

DRAPER

(to Rico)

I know about you.

(to Biscaine)

You need a restraining order.

Rico stares at the paralegal until she walks behind Draper.

RICO

(to Draper)

No reason to cock-block. I know you.

DRAPER

Know me?

RICO

I'm a little salty, but let's talk Sugar's.

DRAPER

'Scuse me?

RICO

Sugar's Cross-the-Tracks Shack?

Draper scoffs at Rico and walks out of the courtroom with her paralegal. Biscaine stands in awkward silence.

RICO (CONT'D)

(yells to Draper)

Wouldn't fuck 'er with your dick.

(to Biscaine)

Where's the fuckbook? Tonight. Your car. Your ramp. Eight. Don't make me be uncivilized.

BISCAINE

I'll, I'll be there.

RICO

(mocking Biscaine)

Re, re...really? We'll see how much bitch ya got in your blood.

INT. PALACE BILLIARDS-LATER

The maze of pool tables seems to stretch forever. Bulbs peek out from the lamp shades over the tables. Overheated hustlers' and players' voices mix with the clicking of ivory balls racing around the tables searching for pockets.

POOL PLAYER #1
Kiss my narrow ass.

POOL PLAYER #1, mid-sixties, dark skin, lean and irritable, stabs a couple of fingers into his pants pocket and fishes out a crumpled twenty-dollar bill. He throws it on the table.

POOL PLAYER #2, early-fifties, wearing a beer belly and a soiled T-shirt, stuffs the bill in his pocket.

POOL PLAYER #1 (CONT'D)
Call your fuckin' shot.

POOL PLAYER #2
Cross-corner.

Pool Player #2 bends over the table, strokes the cue. The cue rubs against his belly. He shoots, then talks to the ball.

POOL PLAYER #2 (CONT'D)
Come to Daddy Rabbit.

Pool Player #1 throws another twenty on the table.

POOL PLAYER #1
Easy shot. Natural shape.

Pool player #2 lifts the twenty, slides it in his pocket and chalks up.

POOL PLAYER #2
Ya don't know fundamentals.
English. Roll-ups. Bank-shots.

POOL PLAYER #1
I play for shape.

POOL PLAYER #2
Shape's on a broad, position's on
the table.

Pool player #1 looks over at Sonny on a bench.

POOL PLAYER #1
What the fuck?

Sonny sits—legs crossed—one hand over his groin moving slowly, rhythmically, up and down. A SYRINGE sticks in the web between his thumb and forefinger. The milky crimson hits home. He pulls out the needle, wipes it on his sleeve, hangs his head and drifts away.

POOL PLAYER #1 (CONT'D)

Fuckin' wobblehead. Everyday.
Sittin' like he's waitin' for a
bus. Pin cushion got more tracks on
his arm than a train station.

A wave of commotion ripples through the pool hall. Cocky, strutting Tommy Biscaine broadcasts his acquittal. Backslaps pile on him.

Biscaine eyes Sonny sitting on a bench, head down and mouth agape. He flings a cue chalk at him. It bounces off Sonny and brings him out of his stupor. Sonny scratches his head, sees Biscaine and mumbles.

BISCAINE

(mouths words to Sonny)
Fuckin' punk.
(to players)
Back on the block an' takin'
action.

Biscaine walks over to Sonny and pushes Sonny's shoulder.

BISCAINE (CONT'D)

You fucked up. Got the pouches
delivered to the wrong people. Bets
weren't laid and payoffs weren't
made. Ya cost me money.

SONNY

Ahhh?

Biscaine leans his face close to Sonny.

BISCAINE

Thought I'd find ya here. Now I got
problems and you got problems. Me.
Count your minutes, fuckin' junkie.

SGT. ANGUS, CHICAGO PD, early-sixties, bloated and crammed into his clothes, watches Sonny and Biscaine from behind a pillar. His belly droops like a water balloon.

INT. ENDICOTT BUILDING RAMP-NIGHT-LATER

Sonny walks past cars wedged next to each other. He reaches under the front grill of a car. The driver's door unlocks. He puts a hand under the driver's seat. The glove compartment slowly descends exposing stacks of cash. A hand grips his neck and violently jerks him out of the car.

BISCAINE

You thankless piece a shit.

Biscaine drops his briefcase. Sonny struggles to break free.

BISCAINE (CONT'D)

Jus' a thievin' junkie. Ya couldn't get nobody to pass gas in your direction.

Biscaine launches a flurry of punches. One lands, knocking Sonny back on his heels. Sonny swings wildly. Biscaine delivers a punch to the gut. Sonny falls and covers up as Biscaine kicks his head. He goes limp.

RICO

Whatcha' doin', killer?

Biscaine spins around. He sees the briefcase next to Biscaine's car and blows a bubble.

RICO (CONT'D)

That my baby?

A beat.

BISCAINE

Rico-

RICO

Judges an' juries can't protect ya.

BISCAINE

Jules said-

Rico's fist SHATTERS Biscaine's EYE SOCKET with a sickening CRUNCH; he slumps next to his car. Rico grabs Biscaine's head and PLUNGES an ICE PICK deep into his EAR.

Rico bends down and places the ice pick in Sonny's hand. He wraps Sonny's fingers around the handle and wipes it on Sonny's pant leg.

Rico grabs the briefcase and leaves the ramp.

Sgt. Angus comes out from behind a column. He looks inside the car, smiles, snatches the cash and a briefcase on the passenger seat. He opens it, throws the money next to a brown leather journal and leaves the ramp.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. SGT. ANGUS' CAR(PARKED)-NORTH AVE.-TEN MINUTES LATER

Angus grabs his phone.

ANGUS

Where are you?

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Jus' leaving O'Dells.

ANGUS

Get me a meatball sandwich.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

What?

ANGUS

You drove me to the Endicott Building tonight. Hadda meet someone. I came out an' told you there were two dead in the ramp.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Don't do this.

ANGUS

Call it in and wait outside the ramp with my sandwich.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. ENDICOTT BUILDING RAMP-FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Sirens wail and squad car lights flood the ramp. Sonny and Biscaine lay motionless. Sgt. Angus is nearby. Sonny's leg twitches, Sgt. Angus blinks and LT. LUTHER, early-sixties, trim and conservatively dressed, watches Sgt. Angus.

INT. RICO'S CAR (MOVING)-STATE STREET-SAME TIME

Rico holds his phone to his ear.

INT. JULES PAVALON'S CAR (PARKED)-RUSH STREET-SAME TIME

JULES PAVALON, still thin but aged very well with unnaturally black hair, speaks to Rico.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

RICO

Done.

JULES

Anybody else there?

RICO

Some kid on the ground. Looked dead. If not, he's gonna wake up to a whole new world. Tommy tried to swell up on me. He found a Chicago toothpick.

JULES

Did you see our rent-a-cop today?

RICO

No.

JULES

Were you at the Palace?

RICO

No. But I got what you want.

JULES

You sure?

Rico pulls his car to the curb and opens the briefcase.

RICO'S POV- A banana and betting slips.

BACK TO SCENE.

Rico peels the banana and eats it.

RICO

No book. Jus' bettin' slips.

Jules grimaces.

JULES

Mistake to let 'em hold it, but he didn't have the code. Lesson learned. Focus on getting that book. And your conduct.

RICO
He'd never get the code. What
conduct?

JULES
The courthouse.

RICO
You know I can't stand those folks
in drag.

JULES
Trust me?

RICO
'Course.

JULES
They're not in our world. Get the
book. At all costs.

INT. ENDICOTT BUILDING RAMP-SAME TIME

Lt. Luther and Angus are inside the cordoned crime scene
littered with numbered cones.

LT. LUTHER
So, who are they?

SGT. ANGUS
Told ya, the guy on the ground,
Biscaine, is my snitch. The kid I
don't know.

LT. LUTHER
And the custom-made glove
compartment?

SGT. ANGUS
Found it just like that.

LT. LUTHER
How'd your snitch get killed?

SGT. ANGUS
They musta fought. Look, we keep
going over this.

LT. LUTHER
(pointing at Sonny)
We haven't kept going over him.

SGT. ANGUS
Thought he was dead.

LT. LUTHER
Check for a pulse?

SGT. ANGUS
Sorry. Back problem.

LT. LUTHER
Where's Junior?

SGT. ANGUS
Outside waiting. He dropped me off
earlier.

Lt. Luther walks away, talks to an investigator and returns
to Sgt. Angus.

LT. LUTHER
Book the kid. PC homicide.

Two officers lift Sonny to his feet; Sgt. Angus slaps cuffs
on him. He's escorted outside.

EXT./INT. JUNIOR'S UNDERCOVER CAR

The officers and Sonny stand near Junior's Crown Victoria as
Sgt. Angus opens the rear door and shoves Sonny into the
seat. Sgt. Angus squeezes in next to him.

SGT. ANGUS
Scoot over, kid.

JUNIOR, beefy, youthful and insecure, fills the driver's
seat.

Sgt. Angus looks throughout the car.

SGT. ANGUS (CONT'D)
Hell's my sandwich?

JUNIOR
No meatballs tonight.

SGT. ANGUS
They always got meatloaf.

SONNY
Where we goin'?

JUNIOR
Didn't ask for meatloaf.

SGT. ANGUS

Damn it, Junior.

SONNY

Where you goin'? I killed Tommy?

SGT. ANGUS

You're goin' to jail. I'm goin' to dinner. Kid, you're in deep fuckin' yogurt.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL-VISITOR'S ROOM-NIGHT

Bruised and battered, Sonny sits in the cramped cubicle as Lovee, whose face wears the stress from a fast life, sits on the other side of the scarred Plexiglas window.

SONNY

Ya din't have to come, ma. Gonna' be kicked loose tomorrow.

LOVEE

Whad ya do?

SONNY

Nothin'.

LOVEE

Loiterin'? Burglary again?

SONNY

No.

LOVEE

Then what?

A beat.

SONNY

Gonna find 'em.

LOVEE

Where'd ya go?

SONNY

The Palace.

LOVEE

Told ya stay outta that damn place.

SONNY

Went to Tommy's ramp and got into a fight with 'em. He's dead, but I din't do it.

LOVEE

Lordy. Ya don't know whatcha done.

SONNY

I needed money.

LOVEE

For drugs?

SONNY

Don't know what I like more, the dope or the needle. But dope kills the pain.

LOVEE

Know why I named you Sonny? Cuz you were my sunshine when I brought ya into the world. What have ya done?

SONNY

Where's my sunshine? Taken from me. I don't want school. I don't want nothin'. I want my brother. Ya know somethin' happened.

Lovee stands up, winces and grabs her back.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Now what, ya gonna leave?

LOVEE

Ya opened the Gates of Hell.

SONNY

I get 'nother broken-down lawyer. Judge'll turn his back on me. Now you. I din't do shit to nobody. Fuck is goin' on here?

LOVEE

Know what I did for you all through your life? Now this.

SONNY

Eddie took me to the park; not you. Eddie took me to the pool; not you. After he left, all I had was the curb.

LOVEE

Park? Pool? He stole money an' beat
up kids an' you couldn't go back.
Forget the scar on your eyebrow?

Sonny unconsciously touches his scarred right eyebrow. Lovee walks away shaking her head.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-ARRAIGNMENT-AFTERNOON

Loud. Organized. Chaos. Lawyers, defendants, court staff rush around in frenzied motion preparing for the judge's arrival.

Sonny, with a fading black eye and bruised cheek, bewildered and scared, stands inside the jail booth. He leans against a Plexiglas shield listening to his attorney.

TOM HARRIS, public defender, mid-forties, in an off-the-rack suit, struggles to talk to Sonny through the shield.

TOM HARRIS

I said I'm your lawyer, Mr. Gibson.
Name's Tom Harris. Got your
complaint?

SONNY

What? You say I gotta complaint?
What fuckin' complaint?

JUDGE DESIMONE, sixties and plump with a politician's smile, mounts the bench and bangs his gavel. Everybody quiets down and takes a seat. Sonny's name is called. Harris strides to the courtroom podium.

TOM HARRIS

Afternoon, Your Honor. The record
should reflect Thomas Harris
accepts appointment and will be the
attorney of record.

JUDGE DESIMONE

Nice to see you, Mr. Harris.

TOM HARRIS

Nice to be seen, your Honor.

Sonny attempts to talk to Harris, but Harris shakes his head.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)

I explained to my client his
constitutional rights.

(MORE)

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)

However, he has not yet received his copy of the complaint, but understands the charge is second-degree murder.

Sonny's PRIMAL SCREAM pierces the courtroom. He kicks the shield.

JUDGE DESIMONE

No outbursts.

Lovee, in the front row, weeps.

TOM HARRIS

Mr. Gibson, I have a copy of the complaint that I will provide to you after your appearance.

(to Judge Desimone)

Mr. Gibson waives reading of the complaint.

Sonny knocks on the shield, then motions to Harris.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Your Honor.

JUDGE DESIMONE

Go on.

Harris returns to Sonny.

SONNY

Get me outta here.

The judge nods to a courtroom deputy. The COURTROOM DEPUTY, stocky and mid-forties, wanders close to Sonny while flexing his back muscles; a smile on his lips.

Harris returns to the podium.

TOM HARRIS

Your Honor, we'll proceed.

JUDGE DESIMONE

Mr. Prosecutor, what's the recommended bail?

A youthful and energetic man in a sport coat stands at counsel table.

PROSECUTOR

The State's Attorney requests bail of two hundred thousand dollars.

Sonny punches the Plexiglas shield.

TOM HARRIS

Your Honor, Mr. Gibson means no disrespect and reserves the issue of bail.

SONNY

God damn right I do.

JUDGE DESIMONE

Bail set. Two hundred thousand dollars.

Sonny howls, BANGS his HEAD and FISTS on the Plexiglas shield.

The deputy taps his utility belt. The judge drops behind the bench. The rear door to the booth blows open. Deputies flood the booth and grab pieces of Sonny as he screams.

SONNY

What's bail for a guilty man?
Hundred dollars? Mouthful a shit.
Lemme go!
(to Lovee)
Help me! Eddie.

EXT./INT. O'DELLS CAFE-NIGHT

Rico approaches O'Dells. An elderly woman in shabby clothes holds the door open for customers. She extends her hand for tips. He presses folded bills in it.

RICO

You've paid your dues, princess.
C'mon in. I'm sportin'.

He walks to a server, hands him a folded bill and points to the princess. He joins Sgt. Angus in a booth.

SGT. ANGUS

Thought we could talk here. You know, no-man's land. Cops an' robbers eatin'. Gangsters hang out here.

RICO

Watered-down gangsters. Owner's a rat. You're a rat. Fuckin' place full of rats.

SGT. ANGUS

There ya go.

RICO

Whaddya expect? Shovel food in your mouth two-knuckles deep. Drip gravy on your coat and finger-fuck your nose.

Rico's eyes narrow, his voice cold and distant. He blows a bubble.

SGT. ANGUS

What's that?

RICO

When Jules tells me to hit the button, you're down the drain.

SGT. ANGUS

You're lucky Jules in your corner.

Angus hunches over his plate of food.

SGT. ANGUS (CONT'D)

Somebody got a hold of me and asked me to go-between for 'em and Jules.

RICO

Jules?

SGT. ANGUS

They say they got Biscaine's book and it's worth something to somebody. Gotta be Jules.

RICO

Jules?

SGT. ANGUS

C'mon, every saint's got a past, every sinner's got a future.

RICO

You're a cop with dirty eyes. You got no future.

SGT. ANGUS

I'm the inside guy. For Jules. Ain't gotta take this from you.

RICO

Jus' get me the book. Look, I'll
buy dessert. Gotta go. I'll tell
the waiter.

Rico talks to a SERVER, dirtied apron and fidgety, then
points to Sgt. Angus. The server brings a glass of water with
a toothpick floating in it and sets it on the table.

SGT. ANGUS

What the hell's this?

SERVER

Guy told me to bring a wood-in-
water float.

Sgt. Angus knocks the glass over, struggles out of the booth
and plows out the door.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL-CONFERENCE ROOM-DAY

Sonny and Harris are at a table covered with Sonny's file.

SONNY

What's that smell?

Harris looks around the room.

TOM HARRIS

Huh? Cologne?

SONNY

Hot date?

TOM HARRIS

Wakes me up.

SONNY

How many murders you try?

TOM HARRIS

More than anyone in my office.
You right or left-handed?

SONNY

Right.

TOM HARRIS

Biscaine's killer is right-handed.
Your prints are on the murder
weapon, but it's your left hand.

(MORE)

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)

If you stabbed him with your left hand, you'd be behind him and the blood spatter would be to his left and behind him, not to the front of him.

SONNY

Told ya.

TOM HARRIS

The killer was in front of Biscaine, but you have blood on your left pants leg.

SONNY

Goin' home.

TOM HARRIS

Big problem.

SONNY

Jus' told me I'm goin' home.

TOM HARRIS

There's fuckery goin' on.

SONNY

What?

TOM HARRIS

This file. People involved. Tried to talk to your mother but she got hostile with me.

SONNY

My mom?

TOM HARRIS

You got a brother.

SONNY

I know that. Why?

TOM HARRIS

Lot of questions in this file.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)

This is a circumstantial evidence case. No eyewitness. I need someone with a motive to kill Biscaine.

SONNY

How 'bout S.O.D.D.I.?

TOM HARRIS

I told you not to discuss your case
with inmates.

SONNY

Not like I got a lot to do.

TOM HARRIS

Prosecutor doesn't think some other
dude did it.

SONNY

I got somethin' none of ya got.

TOM HARRIS

What's that?

SONNY

I know what I din't do.

TOM HARRIS

What do I do with that?

SONNY

Your fuckin' job.

Sonny stomps out of the room.

INT. STATE'S ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-SECRETARIAL POOL-DAY

Lt. Luther and PROSECUTOR WAYNE TRETTER'S SECRETARY, DEBORAH,
fifty-ish and subdued, walk past secretaries. Telephones
ring, computers click and clerks carry files to offices.

WAYNE TRETTER'S OFFICE

Deborah taps on Tretter's door, opens it and leads Lt. Luther
to a side chair by the prosecutor's desk. TRETTER, behind his
desk and on his phone, stares at Lt. Luther. Mid-forties, an
athletic build with a boxer's nose and personality, Tretter
is surrounded with memorabilia from his days in Golden Gloves
and trials.

Tretter hangs up the phone and stares at Lt. Luther.

LT. LUTHER

Why am I here?

WAYNE TRETTER

I got the Gibson case.

LT. LUTHER
I don't know that.

WAYNE TRETTER
Things changed.

LT. LUTHER
Not for me.

WAYNE TRETTER
I had Biscaine's last case. Almost
flipped 'em.

LT. LUTHER
Almost-flipped-'em left the
courtroom with an acquittal.

WAYNE TRETTER
Who's the chief deputy?

LT. LUTHER
You.

WAYNE TRETTER
You have two homicide files that
have organized crime all over 'em.
I think they're connected to
Biscaine and this case.

LT. LUTHER
Those cases haven't been brought to
you.

WAYNE TRETTER
What should I do? A media release
announcing that I'm a born-again
Christian?

LT. LUTHER
I was answering defense counsel's
question. And, no, nobody would
believe you.

WAYNE TRETTER
Judge didn't believe you. He
suppressed the defendant's
confession.

LT. LUTHER
I was a Christian. Pre-Reformation.

WAYNE TRETTER

That doesn't justify bouncing the defendant's head like it was a basketball. You can worship at the alter of the Holy Pineapple. I don't give a shit. But in court, you work for me.

LT. LUTHER

Stop swearing. My captain's behind me on this one.

WAYNE TRETTER

Go to your office, brew your tea. By the time your pot whistles, you'll be off all three cases.

LT. LUTHER

Not going to work.

WAYNE TRETTER

You'll spend years with your federation lawyer fighting reassignment. After that, no law clerk will give you the time of day.

Luther walks out of Tretter's office and leaves the door open.

INT. SGT. ANGUS' CAR (MOVING)-MILWAUKEE AVE.-NIGHT

Junior's driving. The city passes by as Sgt. Angus fondles a cannister of Luv My Carpet.

SGT. ANGUS

Why ya goin' so slow? Get me to the Esquire. Hungry. Somethin's wrong.

JUNIOR

Damn right.

SGT. ANGUS

We're in the streets, Junior. Ya don't find swans in a sewer.

JUNIOR

Ya find rats, and rats survive.

SGT. ANGUS

Prick Rico gave me this present from Jules. So he says.

Sgt. Angus grabs his phone.

SGT. ANGUS (CONT'D)
 Jules? Just touchin' base. Rico
 gave me the present. Maybe I
 misunderstood. Okay, later.

He hangs up and stares out of the window.

JUNIOR
 What was that?

SGT. ANGUS
 Rico's smokin' his breakfast.

JUNIOR
 Shit about touchin' base. Talk like
 a gangster.

SGT. ANGUS
 Didn't prick my finger an' take an
 oath. Hey, does my toupee show?

JUNIOR
 Put some glue on the rug.

SGT. ANGUS
 One prick bein' groomed by a bigger
 prick. Some day...

JUNIOR
 Jules's a talent scout for killers.

SGT. ANGUS
 Damn it, Junior. Can't talk to you.
 Don't know the difference between
 chicken shit an' chicken salad.
 I'm hungry. Lemme out.

INT. ESQUIRE RESTAURANT-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

Sgt. Angus goes to the last seat at the counter. He orders,
 then looks around. DENISE, mid-thirties, smartly-dressed with
 attractive glasses, sits next to him.

SGT. ANGUS
 'Scuse me, do you share?

She puts down a file.

DENISE
 What?

SGT. ANGUS

Pepper.

DENISE

People usually get what they want
with the right words.

She slides the pepper shaker towards him.

SGT. ANGUS

Don't think right when I'm hungry.
Sorry. Friends call me Angus.

DENISE

Built like a bull?

SGT. ANGUS

Expression is hung like a bull.

DENISE

Are you?

SGT. ANGUS

(chokes)
What?

DENISE

Hungry?

SGT. ANGUS

Guess so. Get to know me an' I'll
bore your pants off you.

DENISE

Which?

SGT. ANGUS

Which what?

DENISE

Pants.

Sgt. Angus chokes again.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Gotta be careful when talking about
a woman's pants.

They look at each other and laugh.

DENISE (CONT'D)

What does Angus built-like-a-bull
do for a living?

SGT. ANGUS
Civil service. Ready to retire.

DENISE
Oh? Unions invest their members'
pension funds in stocks, bonds,
real estate trusts.

SGT. ANGUS
Yeah, but not good return.

DENISE
Fine-tuned algorithms, paradigm
shifts. We always achieve alpha.

A beat.

DENISE (CONT'D)
We beat the market.

SGT. ANGUS
Really? I'm here on Sundays. This
Sunday, for brunch.

DENISE
This a date?

SGT. ANGUS
Sort of. I got questions.

DENISE
I got answers. Very exotic
techniques. All proprietary.
Spread eagle; down and dirty; up
hard.

SGT. ANGUS
That's what you call 'em?

DENISE
Wait 'til you see the moves. You'll
want me.

SGT. ANGUS
Excuse me?

DENISE
An hour? Hour an' a half?

SGT. ANGUS
What?

DENISE
Why not. Oh, oh. Me. Monetary
evaluation. It's a date. Eleven?

Sgt. Angus wipes his forehead.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL-CONFERENCE ROOM-NIGHT

Sonny sits across from a drained Harris.

SONNY
'nother date?

TOM HARRIS
Huh?

SONNY
Cologne.

TOM HARRIS
Offer's on the table. Be
reasa...ble.

SONNY
Huh?

TOM HARRIS
Murder two. Cap ten years.

SONNY
I'm goin' home.

TOM HARRIS
It'll take wrangle...you be home.

SONNY
Wrangle?

TOM HARRIS
Joint first.

SONNY
Are you for real?

TOM HARRIS
Pool ball operator says you
threatened Biscaine.

SONNY
Pool ball? Pool ball?

TOM HARRIS
Prosecutor says you submitted
killin' Biscaine in the squad.

SONNY
Din't. What are ya talkin' 'bout?

TOM HARRIS
Dirty cops, prosecutor an'
hoodlums.

SONNY
You been drinkin? Gotta call mom.

TOM HARRIS
Tonight. Gotta call the prosecutor
tomorrow or...oops.

Harris burps.

TOM HARRIS (CONT'D)
Murder one.

SONNY
I gotta take murder two? For
lookin' for Eddie?

Sonny kicks the table.

TOM HARRIS
Do what I can.

SONNY
Ya always had me on a slow plea of
guilty.

INT. ESQUIRE RESTAURANT-MORNING

Angus, impatient, pushes the food around on his plate. He looks up. Denise is by the table, smiling, in a sheer, sleek outfit that clings to her body.

DENISE
Hello, handsome.

Denise slides gracefully next to him. Angus beams with the anticipation of a teenager.

SGT. ANGUS
You look...

DENISE
Excited, right? I am.

Denise places a finger over her lips, then reaches inside her shoulder bag and removes documents. She places them on the table.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Get a better view when everything
is spread before you.

Angus looks longingly at Denise. She winks at him.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Share your thoughts?

SGT. ANGUS
Oh, no. No, no.

DENISE
Agreed. My thoughts are wild and
free. I'm going to the buffet.

ANGUS' POV- Denise's buttocks strain against the fabric of her skirt as she walks to the buffet.

BACK TO SCENE.

She returns and sits next to Angus.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Anything get your heart pumpin'?

SGT. ANGUS
Oh, yes.

DENISE
Me, too.

SGT. ANGUS
Really?

DENISE
Alpha. If you like it, it's your's
for the taking.

SGT. ANGUS
Oh? Oh. How much?

DENISE
One million, plus two and twenty.
But, the one mill is negotiable.

Angus gags.

SGT. ANGUS

A too rich for my blood. Gotta think about it.

DENISE

Think about twenty-five percent return every three months. The two is maintenance fee; the twenty is performance fee.

Denise looks at Angus' plate of eggs and hollandaise sauce. She takes the fork from his hand, places it on the table.

DENISE (CONT'D)

We're at the moment of truth.

SGT. ANGUS

We are?

DENISE

Sometimes you gotta lick the plate to get the gravy.

INT. JUDGE SILVERMAN'S RESIDENCE-HALLWAY-NIGHT

A telephone in the darkened hallway rings softly. A small blue light on the wall above the telephone blinks. ELSIE, the uniformed HOUSEKEEPER, middle-aged, answers it. She shuffles to the library door.

LIBRARY

JUDGE SILVERMAN, mid-sixties, distinguished, sits on a sofa among a stack of law books and files. There's a slight knock on the door; it opens.

HOUSEKEEPER

There's a call for you, Judge.

JUDGE SILVERMAN

Thanks, Elsie.

The judge reaches behind the sofa and grabs a phone.

JUDGE SILVERMAN (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello?

LOVEE (V.O.)

Hi, Bill. It's Lovee.

A beat.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Lovee, my gosh, how are you?

LOVEE (V.O.)
Okay. Well, not really. I said I
wouldn't call, but...it's Sonny.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
How is that rascal?

LOVEE (V.O.)
Jail. Murder charge. Gotta plead.
Lawyer's comin' around askin' about
old files.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Old files? Me?

LOVEE (V.O.)
Not by name.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Well..I don't know.

LOVEE (V.O.)
I can't lose 'em.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
We all survive on the kindness of
others. See what I can do. Nice to
hear your voice.

Judge Silverman calls Jules.

JUDGE SILVERMAN (CONT'D)
Jules? Lovee called.

INT. JULES PAVALON'S ESTATE-LIVING ROOM-SAME TIME

Jules sits in a chair next to French doors and watches TV.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

JULES
How is she?

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Who gives a shit.

JULES
That's funny.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
She's back.

JULES
What did she want?

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Guess?

JULES
Already know.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
This is unravelling.

JULES
It's not.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
She mentioned files. Family court.
Juvenile court. Names. Dates.

JULES
A judgeship. Victorian home.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Next will be the lawyers.

JULES
Yes, your Honor. No, your Honor.
Best tables at best restaurants.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Jules-

JULES
I remember two kids. The families
looked out for each other.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Jules-

JULES
The boy's house that burned? Father
a piece of shit. Who protected your
family?

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Just be sensitive to my position.

JULES
I'll make some calls. Work your
side of the street; I'll work mine.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
We need to get together. Soon.

INT. EVERGREEN INVESTMENTS OFFICE-DAY.

Denise is at a small table pouring over documents and talking to Sgt. Angus.

DENISE

I was going to call you.

SGT. ANGUS (V.O.)

Okay, I'll hang up an' you call me.

DENISE

Cute, but this way I can fantasize you're chasing me.

SGT. ANGUS (V.O.)

You're gonna baby-sit my money.

DENISE

Money's not honey, so they say. What hurts is when you lose someone.

SGT. ANGUS (V.O.)

How about truth?

DENISE

The truth is, if I can't fill the slot I'll be transferred out of state. And I was able to get your initial investment at half a million.

SGT. ANGUS (V.O.)

Maybe I can get it.

DENISE

Angus, you put "us" in the word trust. I'll show you my appreciation.

INT. LA FAMILIA RESTAURANT-DAY

Italian opera music wafts through the room. Jules and Rico sit beneath hanging wine bottles and grape vines.

JULES PAVALON

Just a scrapper when I took you in. Reminds me of someone before you. Liked to fight, too.

RICO

Found my place.

JULES PAVALON
Cinnamon called. Got a message.

RICO
What?

JULES PAVALON
You got bedroom eyes.

RICO
You keep me busy. I wanna move up.

JULES PAVALON
More busy now. Rent-a-cop gave your name to the lawyer whose client whacked Biscaine. You said the kid was dead. Now the lawyer's tryin' to deal; says the kid saw things.

RICO
Thought he was dead, but he didn't see shit.

JULES PAVALON
That won't stop a lawyer.

Jules dips a piece of bread into a plate of olive oil and grated cheese. He plops it in his mouth.

JULES PAVALON (CONT'D)
I worked hard for perfect red sauce. Tried to get Rosebud's. Couldn't. Then DeGidio's in St. Paul. Struck out. Finally, New York's Little Italy. Honor and tradition. That holds the sauce and this family together.

Rico nods his head.

JULES PAVALON (CONT'D)
Take care of this and the arms open to you.

RICO
Color 'em gone.

EXT./INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL-DAY

Establishing numerous shots of the walls and guard towers. Guards roam the tower perimeter.

"B" HALL-SONNY'S CELL

Sonny sits on the edge of his bed and watches a bird in the cell hall flying near a window.

GUARD
Fifty on five.

A beat.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Fifty on five, damn it.
Gibson, show your face.

Sonny walks to his cell door, looks over the galley. A GUARD, wiry and mid-fifties, is on the floor seething.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Hear me fuckin' callin' you?

SONNY
That's why I'm at the door.

GUARD
Dumbass. Before I called your name.

SONNY
Din't hear nothin'.

GUARD
Hear me callin' fifty on five?
What galley you on?

SONNY
Five.

GUARD
What cell number?

SONNY
Oh.

GUARD
Think we playin' bingo? Switch out
and drag your dumbass to the
sergeant's desk. You got a kite to
the psych unit.

Sonny drags his dumbass to the sergeant's desk. The DESK SERGEANT, ROSIE, mid-sixties with a Don Knotts physique, holds a pink slip in his hand.

DESK SERGEANT
Can you read?

SONNY

'Course.

Rosie hands the pass to Sonny.

DESK SERGEANT

Follow the yellow line outside "B"
Hall.

HALLWAY

Sonny walks the yellow line.

OZZIE

Sonny.

Two inmates approach Sonny. OZZIE, youthful with a bulging waistline and a wild gaze, smiles. Sonny looks at Ozzie, then the other INMATE, albino with AFRICAN-AMERICAN features.

SONNY

Darrell?

OZZIE

Do I look like a Darrell, mother
fucker? Ozzie.

A glance of recognition spreads across Sonny's face.

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Show me your ivory.

Sonny grins, then covers his mouth.

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Damn. Ya need some store-boughts.

Sonny puts out his hand. Ozzie grabs and hugs him, then playfully punches the albino inmate.

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Didn't tell me Sonny hit town. Next
time I'm upside your head. Shoulda
known this fool on the streets.

Ozzie smiles, but the smile fades.

OZZIE (CONT'D)

You a funny motherfucker, 'til I
thought you raided my crib.

SONNY

Told ya I din't do it.

Ozzie studies Sonny's face.

OZZIE

(to albino inmate)

Fool got popped. Burglary. Cops showed 'em a photo and said they got 'em this time.

(to Sonny)

Whad ya say?

(to albino inmate)

Somebody stole my face.

(to Sonny)

Sure ya didn't bust in my crib?

SONNY

Din't.

OZZIE

What ya got there?

Ozzie takes the pink slip from Sonny's hand, gives it to the albino inmate.

OZZIE (CONT'D)

(to albino inmate)

What's it say, fool?

ALBINO INMATE

Psych unit.

OZZIE

What ya doin' here?

SONNY

Waitin' prison transfer.

Sonny hears a scraping sound. FANCY DANCER, a DISABLED INMATE, mid-thirties, drags his feet along the floor.

Ozzie watches him.

OZZIE

Sonabitch here for sanitary rape.

Boy was twelve.

(to Fancy Dancer)

What's up, Fancy Dancer?

FANCY DANCER

What's to it, T.C.?

SONNY

(to albino inmate)

T.C.?

ALBINO INMATE
Top cat. Runs "E" hall.

OZZIE
(to Fancy Dancer)
Tell your partner that Sonny, here,
stands with me. No Thorazine
shuffle, got it?

FANCY DANCER
That's cool.

OZZIE
Damn right it's cool. But if it
ain't...

Ozzie lifts his sweatshirt. Thick magazines are stuffed
around his waistband, partly covering his defined abs.

OZZIE (CONT'D)
Bust that fuckin' hooligan's head
down to the white meat.

FANCY DANCER
Lighten up, man.

Fancy Dancer pushes a leg. His body contorts as he drags his
legs as quickly as he can.

OZZIE
(to Fancy Dancer)
Fuckin' sissies wanna hear a fat
boy fart than a pretty girl
whistle.
(to Sonny)
I'm walkin' ya in.

"B" HALL

Ozzie, Sonny and the albino inmate stand inside the doors of
the cell hall. Ozzie looks at Rosie, then sneaks up on him.

OZZIE
Too lazy ta work, too scared ta
steal?

Rosie drops a magazine and twists in his chair.

ROSIE
Fuck you doin' in my cell hall?

OZZIE
Walkin' in my runnin' partner.

ROSIE
Sorry.

OZZIE
Sorry?

ROSIE
Sorry he had you for a partner.

OZZIE
When's Sonny comin' over to "E"
Hall?

ROSIE
Get outta here before you have more
than you can handle.

Ozzie walks over to Sonny.

OZZIE
You'll be in "E" Hall. I'm watchin'
you, watch me, watch you.

ROSIE
Gibson.

Ozzie and the albino inmate leave. Sonny goes to the desk sergeant.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Where's the kite?

Sonny hands Rosie the pink slip.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Not signed.

SONNY
Office closed.

Rosie opens a desk drawer and removes a rusted metal box. He sets it on the desk.

ROSIE
Open it.

Sonny's POV-Numerous chipped, broken and stained teeth.

BACK TO SCENE.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Do what you're told. Switch in.

INT. TOM HARRIS' OFFICE-DAY

Harris is behind his desk covered in files. A bottle of cologne is on top of them. He's talking to STATE PUBLIC DEFENDER STEVE HAMILTON.

TOM HARRIS
How can you not recall Gibson?

INT. STEVE HAMILTON'S OFFICE-SAME TIME

Hamilton, late-forties, thin, stands next to a bookcase with a law book in his hand

Harris is on the phone's loud speaker.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

STEVE HAMILTON
Busy. Don't remember every conversation.

TOM HARRIS
He pled to murder two.

STEVE HAMILTON
Who died?

TOM HARRIS
Bookie named Tom Biscaine.

STEVE HAMILTON
Who was his protection?

TOM HARRIS
Pavalon. Jules Pavalon.

STEVE HAMILTON
Haven't heard that name since I was a prosecutor. How'd he die?

TOM HARRIS
Ice pick in the ear.

STEVE HAMILTON
Sentence?

TOM HARRIS
Up to ten years.

STEVE HAMILTON
A weapon, but no minimum? Judge musta had sympathy for 'em.

TOM HARRIS

Could have.

STEVE HAMILTON

Maybe thought you didn't do your job?

TOM HARRIS

Only think that if I had been chased outta private practice and investigated by the lawyers board for stealing a lawyer's client. Can't tell a client his lawyer was under suspension when he wasn't.

STEVE HAMILTON

That was never-

TOM HARRIS

Or tell another client his lawyer's in rehab, but wasn't.

STEVE HAMILTON

That was never-

TOM HARRIS

This is the kind of shit you start.

STEVE HAMILTON

Told you, I'm not pulling your ass out of the fire.

TOM HARRIS

You said you wanted a case that will blow up your old office.

STEVE HAMILTON

All issues are on the table.

TOM HARRIS

What's that mean?

STEVE HAMILTON

It means all issues. I'll look at the intake file, consider all options, but-hello? Hello? Asshole.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL-VISITOR'S ROOM-DAY

Sonny and Steve Hamilton sit on inmate-built chairs separated by an inmate-built coffee table. Prison bars and inmate artwork surround them.

STEVE HAMILTON
No minimum sentence?

SONNY
You're the lawyer.

STEVE HAMILTON
You pled to murder two with a
weapon.

SONNY
Pled to not knowin' the facts.

STEVE HAMILTON
No, you didn't. If we go back to
court-

SONNY
I din't do this.

STEVE HAMILTON
That's ten.

SONNY
Ten?

STEVE HAMILTON
Heard that this month.

SONNY
Serious. I'm innocent.

STEVE HAMILTON
That's fifteen. Look, what you mean
is that you're innocent of the
charged crime, but maybe not-

SONNY
Unnerstand English?

STEVE HAMILTON
I saw the files. Family court,
juvenile court. Where's your
brother? I need to talk to your
mom.

SONNY
Don't know. If I knew, I would not
be in this situation. I never
would've done dope.

STEVE HAMILTON
Really?

SONNY

Watched out for me. Mom's in my corner. I gotta talk to her first.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. SAME VISITOR'S ROOM-ONE WEEK LATER

Sonny and Lovee sit where Sonny and Steve Hamilton sat.

SONNY

Can't handle this fuckin' jungle. Get me outta here.

LOVEE

Can only do so much.

SONNY

Can't tell the convicts from the guards. Both crazy. Got transferred to "E" Hall. Crazy Ozzie's there.

LOVEE

Kid from the hospital?

SONNY

He'll keep me alive; then I'm transferred out. Been straight since I been here. No more dope. Lawyer can help me.

LOVEE

Already talked to 'em.

SONNY

When?

LOVEE

Same old shit.

SONNY

Don't ya know a judge?

LOVEE

There's no judge.

SONNY

Whad I do? Lookin' for my brother. You been lyin' to me.

LOVEE

Forget 'em.

SONNY

Why'd I go to family court?

LOVEE

Many things goin' on at the time.
Court took 'em away cuz he wouldn't
behave. Nothin' but nice to that
boy.

SONNY

Talk to me. An' don't tell me 'bout
missin' parts like a statue make me
special.

LOVEE

Lawyer got to you.

SONNY

Nobody got to me. Damn. I'm here on
a humbug. Din't do shit.

Lovee looks around the room.

LOVEE

The truth? Your brother left.
Didn't want us.

SONNY

You know what happened to 'em.

LOVEE

Cold-blooded evil. Demon semen.

SONNY

What?

LOVEE

No good from the word go.

SONNY

He protected me. Fed me. Cared for
me.

LOVEE

Can't do somethin' I can't do.

SONNY

Can't or won't?

LOVEE

No difference.

Sonny stands up.

SONNY
 (to guard)
 Ready to go back to my box.

"E" HALL

Sonny enters the hall, sees Rosie and hesitates. He climbs the stairs and walks to Ozzie's cell.

EXT./INT. OZZIE'S CELL

Ozzie's on his bunk.

SONNY
 Still got that Care package for me?

OZZIE
 Pope catholic? What happened?

SONNY
 Life.

OZZIE
 What poison?

SONNY
 Somethin' to round off the edges.

OZZIE
 Back in the fast lane, huh?

Ozzie reaches to his bookshelf, grabs the Bible and opens it. He removes a syringe, bends down by his toilet and grabs a small package under the rim. He empties two red capsules in a metal cap with water, then sticks the needle in a cigarette filter and draws up the poison.

Sonny looks up and down the galley, then enters the cell.

OZZIE (CONT'D)
 Fuck it, I'm goin' to this party.

SONNY
 Brings me back to the streets and the Bottom. Nowhere to go but up.

Sonny pokes the needle in his arm. It cuts his skin; blood drips from the cut.

SONNY (CONT'D)
 Damn. Like scrapin' a nail on wood. It's jagged. Need a new point.

OZZIE

I'll lace up my Nikes, run out an'
get another. Give it up, fool.

Sonny hands the fit to Ozzie. He fires up, then walks to his cell door.

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Yo. Yo.

An inmate appears. Ozzie hands him the syringe and package.

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Clean it up.

Sonny leaves the cell and leans over the railing. He stares at Rosie.

SONNY

Got my baaa...ck?

OZZIE

Whaa?

SONNY

Shith. Fuck it.

Ozzie grins.

TRACKING SHOT

Sonny stumbles down the galley, then to Rosie's desk. Ozzie trails behind him.

ROSIE

(to Sonny)

What do you want?

SONNY

Ya got ivory in tha box. I got
balls, motha-

Sonny VIOLENTLY SLAPS Rosie. It echoes throughout the cell hall. He's knocked out of the chair, but not before he hits the panic button.

An ALARM BLASTS through the cell hall.

OZZIE

Oh, shit. Goon squad's comin'.

The cell hall doors burst open and three hulking, lumbering goons pile in. They overwhelm Sonny and Ozzie with boots and fists, hammering their heads and drug-soaked bodies.

INT. JULES PAVALON ESTATE-DAY

Jules and Lovee are on the phone.

LOVEE (V.O.)
Had to call.

JULES PAVALON
You did right. So what can you use
me for?

LOVEE (V.O.)
Use you? It's Sonny.

JULES PAVALON
Now what?

LOVEE (V.O.)
Ya know he's in Cook County? Guards
beat 'em from here to tomorrow.

JULES PAVALON
Didn't know he's there.

LOVEE (V.O.)
Didn't Bill call you?

JULES PAVALON
He did. Sorry.

LOVEE (V.O.)
Pled to killing Tommy Biscaine, but
he didn't do it. Had to plead out.

JULES PAVALON
Biscaine? Biscaine? Oh, yeah. Heard
he got killed. What can I do?

LOVEE (V.O.)
Do? You're askin' me? I did what
you always want.

JULES PAVALON
And you got paid. I'll make some
calls.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL-SEGREGATION HALL-DAY

A ruffled, overweight GUARD, mid-fifties, passes cell doors, then stops. The guard's keys bang on the cell bars. Sonny groans and rolls over in his bunk. His hair is matted with dried blood. Blood specks tattoo his face, underwear and bed sheets. His face is swollen and bruised.

GUARD

Rise an' shine. Case manager's waitin'. Galley hop's gonna bring ya some prison issue. Show off your beauty marks.

"E" HALL-OZZIE'S CELL-LATER

Sonny stands by Ozzie's closed cell door. Ozzie sits on his bed and rubs his swollen cheek. His forehead is bruised.

SONNY

Signed a piece of paper an' I'm back. Did a lot of thinkin' in seg. No more dope. I want outta here.

OZZIE

What paper?

Sonny hands Ozzie the document.

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Need glasses. What's it say, fool.

SONNY

Sign an' come back here or go to PCU.

OZZIE

You gotta pass?

SONNY

Case manager says Rosie copped to takin' my store order.

Sonny laughs through his pain.

OZZIE

What's so funny?

SONNY

Rosie din't take my store order.

Ozzie's face freezes.

SONNY (CONT'D)

Back in "B" Hall, Rosie said he's gonna knock out my ivory. So, tuned 'em up.

OZZIE

Know what convicts sayin'?

SONNY

Huh?

OZZIE

You're shaky.

SONNY

I din't go to protective custody unit. Din't see you in seg.

OZZIE

Fuck that mean? I was spectatin'. How much time you walkin' off?

SONNY

Zip ten.

OZZIE

No minimum? Could be out tomorrow? Jus' a taste of cold steel. You shaky. Take a fuckin' walk.

INT. WAYNE TRETTER'S OFFICE-DAY

Tretter and Lt.Luther peer out of the door at Sgt. Angus.

WAYNE TRETTER

He can't do time. Gibson's partner?

LT. LUTHER

Anybody's his partner when there's money involved. Anybody.

WAYNE TRETTER

I want Pavalon.

LT. LUTHER

Pavalon?

WAYNE TRETTER

Almost flipped Biscaine on Pavalon. Never met a safe he couldn't punch, peel, blow or burn. J-E-W-E-L-S.

LT. LUTHER

How do you know that?

WAYNE TRETTER

Make it my point to know. Get Angus. Show an' tell.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL-"E" HALL-DAY

The cell hall is eerily quiet. Inmates are on cell idle. The only sound comes from the PA system broadcasting the jail radio station.

DJ (V.O.)

(mellow)

The man of the hour with the power
to stir your soul. S-T-I-R. Inmate-
run an' hollerin' atcha outta "E"
Hall.

INT./EXT. OZZIE'S CELL

Ozzie, shirtless, opens his cell door and climbs the railing, grabs the overhang and does chin-ups. His legs, forty feet above ground, stretch over the railing. His lean stomach muscles glisten with sweat. The overhang rattles.

OZZIE

Twenty on the floor. Twenty on the
God damn floor, close the gangway
door.

Sonny leaves his cell, looks up and sees Ozzie. He walks to the rear of the cell hall.

DJ (V.O.)

This tune's dedicated to our
brother 'bout to hit the bricks.
Get up an' get down.

MUSIC UP:

Similar to Get Up and Get Down by the Dramatics. The cell hall floods with soulful, passionate music.

Sonny turns the corner and sidesteps a laundry cart. There's a FLASH of SILVER. Sonny SCREAMS, grabs his chest and falls to the brick floor.

Sonny's POV-A HAND holds an ICE PICK STICKING out of Sonny's CHEST. The hand pulls back, the HANDLE comes off and the ice pick protrudes from his chest. It QUIVERS each time he takes a breath.

BACK TO SCENE.

Rico, in prison-issue clothes, blows a bubble. He grabs Sonny by his arms and drags him into the gangway. A sergeant rounds the corner with a laundry cart.

SERGEANT

Ready?

Rico nods, pushes the laundry cart behind the sergeant as he leads Rico out of "E" Hall.

"B" HALL

The sergeant and Rico walk to the rear of the hall. Rico changes into a plumber's uniform and waits. The sergeant throws the prison clothes in the cart and takes it away.

A plumber and his assistant exit from the gangway. A guard arrives and escorts the trio to the prison security checkpoint.

EXT. PRISON WALL-SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Rico and the plumbers enter their van and drive to the sally port. Prison ID's are surrendered and the van is waved through the gate. A prison-wide ALARM sounds.

INT. TOM HARRIS' OFFICE-DAY

Harris walks around a pile of files on the floor and stares at his phone. It rings. He snaps it up.

HARRIS

Yeah?

INT. STEVE HAMILTON'S OFFICE-SAME TIME

Hamilton stands behind his desk, watching traffic out his window.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

STEVE HAMILTON

Tom?

TOM HARRIS

Been waitin'.

STEVE HAMILTON

I know, but I-

TOM HARRIS

You filed a post-conviction petition.

STEVE HAMILTON

That, too. But Gibson got shanked.
Lucky to be alive.

TOM HARRIS

He's your client, you-son-of-a-
bitch.

STEVE HAMILTON

What?

TOM HARRIS

I did my job.

STEVE HAMILTON

You filed a general motion for
favorable evidence, which is no
motion at all.

TOM HARRIS

They had no exculpatory evidence.

STEVE HAMILTON

They had two similar homicides, and
you had an alternative perpetrator
defense. You lost your nerves.
Are you back in the bottle?

TOM HARRIS

Kiss my ass. No. What lawyer
doesn't make mistakes? That's why
it's called the practice of law.

STEVE HAMILTON

Get yourself spin-dried.

TOM HARRIS

Go ahead. Put me on the stand.

STEVE HAMILTON

What does that mean?

TOM HARRIS

Gibson waived attorney-client
privilege. I'll remember more than
him.

BACK TO SCENE.

Harris slams down the receiver and collapses in his chair. He
opens a drawer, removes a half-full bottle of whiskey and
puts it on his desk. He stares at it.

INT. STATE'S ATTORNEY'S OFFICE--SECRETARIAL POOL--DAY

Tretter and Lt. Luther navigate their way through the secretarial pool to Tretter's office.

LT. LUTHER

What do kids have to do with this investigation?

Tretter stops, looks at Lt. Luther, then enters his office.

WAYNE TRETTER'S OFFICE

Tretter sits down. Lt. Luther stays by the door.

WAYNE TRETTER

Thought it was relevant

Tretter turns and grabs a Golden Gloves trophy from the window ledge.

WAYNE TRETTER (CONT'D)

Spend any time in family court records? Juvenile court records?

LT. LUTHER

You changing the subject? What's the connection between Pavalon and kids?

WAYNE TRETTER

Adopted Child Syndrome. Kids nurtured on rejection, depression, abuse. Stainless steel psychopaths. Killers in bloom.

LT. LUTHER

Is there a connection between Pavalon and Gibson?

WAYNE TRETTER

Speakin' of Gibson. He got himself stabbed. He's alive. Been transferred to Cook County Hospital.

LT. LUTHER

I'm waiting for you to tell me if there's a connection between Pavalon and Gibson?

Tretter places the trophy on his desk; admires it.

WAYNE TRETTER
Isn't that your job?

INT. SGT. ANGUS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

Angus sits at the kitchen table in his miserable apartment, TV dinner before him, paging through the brown leather journal as he speaks to Rico.

SGT. ANGUS
So, they called me.

RICO (V.O.)
And?

SGT. ANGUS
They want a million.

RICO (V.O.)
Not a problem. They take credit cards? Are you fuckin' crazy?

SGT. ANGUS
Not me. Them. They want it. Forty-eight hours. Cash.

RICO (V.O.)
Takes time. If they fuck with that book, they get nothin' but me.

Angus' phone goes dead. He tosses it on the sofa.

INT. COOK COUNTY GRAND JURY ANTEROOM-DAY

Tretter walks over to a portly prison TRANSPORT GUARD. Sonny, shackled and cuffed, sits next to him.

WAYNE TRETTER
Remove the slave bracelets.

The guard hands Tretter a document and a pen.

GUARD
Sign and he's your headache.

Tretter signs, then gives the document and pen to the guard. The guard removes the handcuffs and ankle leggings from the headache, drops them in a canvas bag and leaves the room.

WAYNE TRETTER
You're in Lt. Luther's custody, but you answer to me.

SONNY

Yes, sir.

WAYNE TRETTER

Forget that an' I'll drop you.
You'll have a serious headache that
won't quit 'til you piss bananas.

SONNY

Got it.

WAYNE TRETTER

Luther'll be here shortly to
explain the rules of the road.
When I'm not here, he speaks for
me. How ya doin'?

SONNY

Hurts when I breathe.

WAYNE TRETTER

That's life.

The anteroom door opens. Lt. Luther enters, Tretter leaves.

LT. LUTHER

Mr. Tretter transferred you to
county hospital. Work with us and
you'll never see the inside of a
prison cell again.

SONNY

That's why I'm here. I almost got
killed.

LT. LUTHER

We know who killed Biscaine.

SONNY

We do?

LT. LUTHER

Son, I know things only God's
supposed to know. You were locked
up with Ozzie Bons.

SONNY

We came up together-

LT. LUTHER

In the Bottom. He controls "E"
Hall.

SONNY
Whaddya sayin'?

LT. LUTHER
You never should've been in "E"
Hall. You were set up.

SONNY
I was set up in Tommy's ramp.
Know things God knows? Who set me
up? Can't help me? Can't help you.

LT. LUTHER
Grand jurors will be here shortly.
Before you can spell "lawyer,"
you'll be back in the joint. "E"
Hall.

SONNY
What do ya want?

LT. LUTHER
The truth.

SONNY
What's the truth?

Sonny rubs his wrists.

LT. LUTHER
With the Lord's help, I'll find
your brother.

SONNY
What? How?

LT. LUTHER
I know things only God's supposed
to know.

EXT./INT. RICO'S CAR (PARKED)-RUSH ST.-DAY

Sgt. Angus approaches Rico's car; taps on the passenger
window. Rico motions him to enter. Sgt. Angus climbs in and
hands Rico a manila envelope. He removes the journal and
pages through it.

SGT. ANGUS
They made a copy.

RICO
They?

SGT. ANGUS
Figure of speech. What about lunch?

RICO
No time.

SGT. ANGUS
You said-

RICO
What do cops call the last person
to see a victim alive?

A beat.

SGT. ANGUS
Suspect?

RICO
Reach under the seat.

Sgt. Angus pulls out a briefcase.

RICO (CONT'D)
Look familiar?

SGT. ANGUS
No. Why?

RICO
It's identical to the one Biscaine
had. But you don't know that,
right?

SGT. ANGUS
No.

RICO
Here's quarter of a million.

SGT. ANGUS
Huh?

RICO
It takes time to get the money
together. You'll get the rest when
I get the copy.

SGT. ANGUS
They said-

RICO
You told me forty-eight hours.
Are you changing now?

SGT. ANGUS

I can't. I dunno. This is a headache. Things are different for me now.

RICO

Everybody's got dreams.

Sgt. Angus' phone buzzes.

SGT. ANGUS

Yes?

DENISE (V.O.)

Been waiting for you. My partners need to know your position today. Otherwise, I'll be leaving.

SGT. ANGUS

We can't let that happen. I'll call you right back.

Sgt. Angus disconnects Denise.

SGT. ANGUS (CONT'D)

I need the money. I mean, their money. I'll get the copy.

RICO

Lemme know.

Rico stares at Sgt. Angus until he leaves.

INT. SGT. ANGUS' CAR (PARKED)-RUSH ST.-LATER

With the briefcase in his lap, Sgt. Angus grabs his phone.

SGT. ANGUS

Hello?

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Got back from internal affairs. Good news. Heard 'em arguing about the investigation.

SGT. ANGUS

What about it?

JUNIOR (V.O.)

Don't know when the money was taken from the forfeiture unit. Before or after you took over.

SGT. ANGUS

Maybe I can retire without a felony. I'll show ya how. You're not a loser.

JUNIOR (V.O.)

What the fuck.

SGT. ANGUS

Didn't mean anything by it. Gotta go.

Sgt. Angus calls Denise.

SGT. ANGUS (CONT'D)

Hello? I was finishing the details on a loan when you called.

DENISE (V.O.)

Everything okay?

SGT. ANGUS

I asked for cash. Thought it would be easier.

DENISE (V.O.)

Cash is king. We have an investment banker who handles cash on a routine basis.

SGT. ANGUS

I can give most to you right now.

DENISE

Most?

SGT. ANGUS

This is the first loan.

DENISE

I'm on my way to the Esquire for a late lunch. I got the paperwork.

SGT. ANGUS

It's a date.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-CHAMBERS-DAY

Tretter and Hamilton sit on a sofa across from the judge. JUDGE STUMP, mid-fifties, well-groomed and thin with a permanent tan, reclines in his chair, hands behind his head.

JUDGE STUMP

It's your petition. What do we have here, Mr. Hamilton?

WAYNE TRETTER

Spurious allegations of prosecutorial misconduct.

STEVE HAMILTON

And ineffective assistance of counsel.

WAYNE TRETTER

You guys eat your own?

JUDGE STUMP

Who was defense counsel?

STEVE HAMILTON

Tom Harris.

The judge looks at Tretter; Tretter looks away.

STEVE HAMILTON (CONT'D)

The State's Attorney has two homicides under similar circumstances that were not disclosed. And there was an alternative perpetrator defense.

JUDGE STUMP

Have an expert to testify the two homicides are discoverable and that defense counsel was constitutionally ineffective?

STEVE HAMILTON

Experts. Harold Price Farrington for discovery; Joseph Friedman on ineffectiveness.

WAYNE TRETTER

Jesus.

STEVE HAMILTON

Harris hasn't tried a case in ten years.

WAYNE TRETTER

Can't say that.

STEVE HAMILTON

I checked with the clerk's office.

JUDGE STUMP

When your father is connected, you
land someplace and usually make
trouble.

(to Tretter)

What's hiding under the surface?

Tretter stands, paces in chambers.

WAYNE TRETTER

It'll come out that Gibson
testified before a grand jury.

STEVE HAMILTON

When? Why the hell didn't you tell
me?

WAYNE TRETTER

Offered 'em a phone; he declined.
He was immunized and it had nothing
to do with his case.

Hamilton is red-hot mad; Tretter is smug.

STEVE HAMILTON

If his appearance had nothing to do
with him, why was he immunized?

Tretter looks out the window.

WAYNE TRETTER

I said his case. I didn't say him.

STEVE HAMILTON

His constitutional rights were
violated and he's innocent. I got a
polygraph test to prove it.

JUDGE STUMP

You know polygraph test
results are inadmissible.

WAYNE TRETTER

They don't prove someone
lied.

STEVE HAMILTON

(to Tretter)

Your office uses them.

WAYNE TRETTER

As a screening tool.

STEVE HAMILTON

That's what I used it for. And I
used your expert.

WAYNE TRETTER

What?

JUDGE STUMP

(to Hamilton)

You're telling me that an innocent man pled guilty to murder?

WAYNE TRETTER

Novel argument.

STEVE HAMILTON

It happens when defense counsel fails to vigorously investigate the facts and doesn't file the proper motion for discovery. Gibson had a cocktail of drugs in his body when arrested, including barbiturates. He couldn't have killed Biscaine. I got an expert to testify to the effects of barbiturates on the body.

JUDGE STUMP

Have you two tried to settle this case?

STEVE HAMILTON

I want Gibson's sentence and conviction vacated and dismissed. He goes home.

WAYNE TRETTER

Not going to happen.

STEVE HAMILTON

He has a civil rights lawyer drooling for this file. Your office has a lot of exposure.

Hamilton removes a bulky file from his briefcase and places it in his lap. Tretter walks over to Hamilton. Hamilton puts his hand on the folder. Tretter sits down. Hamilton opens the folder, then smiles.

WAYNE TRETTER

What's so funny?

STEVE HAMILTON

Sorry. Attorney work product. But the civil rights lawyer will share it with you, and more.

JUDGE STUMP
Hmmm...who could that be?

STEVE HAMILTON
Probably one of the best?

JUDGE STUMP
Why was Gibson before a grand jury?

A beat.

JUDGE STUMP (CONT'D)
I will sign an order scheduling a hearing. I am directing the State's Attorney's Office to deliver to my Chambers the complete two homicide files for an in-camera review. I am also requesting a certified copy of Gibson's grand jury testimony and all exculpatory evidence.

WAYNE TRETTER
With all due respect, judge, I cannot do that.

JUDGE STUMP
Duly noted. Mr. Hamilton's requested relief will be granted, subject to a five-day stay for your office to consider an appeal.

WAYNE TRETTER
If the State's Attorney doesn't comply with your order, Gibson must sign a release of liability only or there will be appeals until he collects social security.

JUDGE STUMP
Duly noted. In the interim, Gibson will be released on a signature bond.

WAYNE TRETTER
Signature bond? No bail? Do you want an apology from the State's Attorney, too?

JUDGE STUMP
Watch it. My court, my rules. Mr. Hamilton, draft the order and submit it promptly. Now, excuse yourselves.

INT. JULES PAVALON'S ESTATE-LIBRARY-DAY

Rico enters as a half-dozen somber men stand and smile affectionately at him. They hang their arms to their sides, palms facing Rico. Except for one. They leave.

Jules motions to Rico to sit.

JULES PAVALON

Almost all opened their arms to you. Need one more.

RICO

Been waitin' for this.

JULES PAVALON

If you're weak, you're a danger to us. Keep the weak outside. If you've got too much heart, might be a threat on the inside. Learn to separate the weak from the strong, and watch the strong.

Jules fishes a business card out of his pocket and hands it to Rico.

RICO

I need a lawyer?

JULES PAVALON

Not just any lawyer. That kid in the joint didn't die. Too much heart. You an' the rent-a-cop are being indicted. And he's runnin' his mouth. They havta be clipped.

RICO

Done.

JULES PAVALON

Call the lawyer, then meet 'em.

RICO

Tonight?

JULES PAVALON

You'll try to surrender, but the jail won't take you because you're not charged. When you are charged and the prosecutor asks for high bail, your lawyer will argue you are not a risk to flee; you already tried to surrender. So, low bail.

Rico nods.

RICO
Rent-a-cop is talking 'bout me?

JULES PAVALON
His time has come...and gone.

INT. O'DELLS CAFE-NIGHT

Junior slides into Sgt. Angus' booth. He picks at his thumb nail.

SGT. ANGUS
What's wrong?

JUNIOR
Nothin'.

SGT. ANGUS
You're pickin' your thumb. What's for dessert?

JUNIOR
How the hell would I know?

SGT. ANGUS
What's up your ass?

JUNIOR
All you think about is food.

SGT. ANGUS
No. I think about pussy, too. But I go with what I get.

JUNIOR
You might be indicted.

SGT. Angus spits out a stream of food and drops his fork.

SGT. ANGUS
You told me I.A. couldn't connect me to the missing money.

JUNIOR
It's not the forfeiture unit. It's a homicide. And it's Rico.

SGT. ANGUS
What the hell.

JUNIOR
My source tells me, I tell you.

SGT. ANGUS
At dinner?

Sgt. Angus waves to a SERVER.

SERVER
(mid-fifties, decaying
beauty)
Now what, honey?

SGT. ANGUS
Dessert special.

Sgt. Angus stands up and leaves.

SGT. ANGUS (CONT'D)
(to Junior)
Get my dessert. And a spork.

EXT. O'DELLS CAFE

Junior catches up to Sgt. Angus.

SGT. ANGUS
Take it to the car. Gotta take a
leak.

INT. O'DELLS CAFE-BATHROOM

Sgt. Angus locks the door, grabs his phone.

SGT. ANGUS
Fuck you drag me into? Sorry,
didn't mean that. Told me I was
protected. Call me.

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL-SECURITY WARD-DAY

Sonny lays on his side, dreaming with his eyes open. Inmates watch cartoons. The HOSPITAL GUARD'S phone rings. He looks at Sonny and holds up the phone.

GUARD
Gibson.

Sonny eases his way over to the phone.

SONNY

Better be good; ruined my nap.

STEVE HAMILTON (V.O.)

Why the hell didn't you tell me you went to the grand jury?

SONNY

Who the hell is this?

STEVE HAMILTON (V.O.)

Your lawyer.

SONNY

I tried but coun't.

STEVE HAMILTON (V.O.)

They wouldn't let you?

SONNY

Said I could, but from "E" hall.

STEVE HAMILTON (V.O.)

Who said that?

SONNY

Lt. Luther.

STEVE HAMILTON (V.O.)

Where's Tretter?

SONNY

Gone.

STEVE HAMILTON (V.O.)

What was it about?.

SONNY

I don't wanna go back.

STEVE HAMILTON (V.O.)

Forget it. You're going home. Today. When you're released, stop by my office and sign some documents.

SONNY

I'll sign anything to go home. Never goin' back.

STEVE HAMILTON (V.O.)

Go home, to your mother.

SONNY
I'm goin' home, but it's not over.

INT. LOVEE'S APARTMENT-DAY

Sonny knocks on the door. Lovee opens it and gasps.

LOVEE
Sonny? Sweet Jesus. C'mon in.

Sonny walks behind her.

LOVEE (CONT'D)
How'd you get out? How you feelin'?

SONNY
I'm okay. Judge signed an order.
Told ya I din't kill Tommy.

LOVEE
Lord moves in mysterious ways.

SONNY
Wasn't the Lord, ma, it was my
lawyer. Know what I know?

LOVEE
Huh?

SONNY
People got plastic hearts and
cellophane smiles.

LOVEE
Don't I know.

SONNY
I'm gonna find 'em.

LOVEE'S KITCHEN

Lovee sits down in the cramped kitchen, straightens her house dress.

SONNY
Talk to me 'bout Eddie, 'bout dad.
Stop lyin' to me.

LOVEE
Ya don't know what you're askin'.

INT. EVERGREEN INVESTMENTS OFFICE-DAY.

Denise is on her phone as she leaves the office.

DENISE
How are you?

SGT. ANGUS (V.O.)
I need money.

DENISE
Oh? How much?

SGT. ANGUS (V.O.)
I need a lawyer, and they don't
come cheap.

DENISE
We have a network of lawyers.

SGT. ANGUS
I need a criminal lawyer.

DENISE
Show me a successful business and
I'll show you a successful crime.
We'll still celebrate your success
getting in this club.

SGT. ANGUS
I need fifty thousand.

DENISE
I'll draft the paperwork and give
it to you at dinner.

SGT. ANGUS
When's dinner?

DENISE
Very soon. I'll call.

SGT. ANGUS
Cash is king.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-CAFE-DAY

Sonny scans the room, sees Lt. Luther and goes to him.

LT. LUTHER
Sit. You'll have to get your own
tea pot. This is mine. Not like the
others. Tin. This is ceramic.

Lt. Luther sips from his tea. A SERVER, mid-fifties, squat, approaches Lt. Luther.

SERVER
Found someone that tolerates you?

LT. LUTHER
You're too kind.

SERVER
(to Sonny)
What'll it be?

SONNY
Nothin'.

The server ambles away.

LT. LUTHER
Let's walk.

SONNY
Where?

LT. LUTHER
See the results of your hard work.

COURTROOM-CONTINUOUS

Lt. Luther and Sonny take seats in the back of an almost empty courtroom. Rico and HIS LAWYER, MR. ANDERS, seasoned and nattily dressed, and Sgt. Angus and HIS LAWYER occupy counsel table. Prosecutor Tretter sits alone.

Sonny leans forward to listen, but focuses on Rico.

SONNY
Nice to see the guy that tried to
kill me sweat.

The JUDGE'S CLERK, early-thirties, stands up. Mr. Anders and Rico rise.

CLERK
Counsel, have your client spell his
first and last names for the
record.

Mr. Anders nods his to Rico.

RICO
First name is E-D-D-I-E.

Sonny winces, squints his eyes. He looks at Lt. Luther.

RICO (CONT'D)
Last name spelled Z-A-N-E.

Sonny's hands shake uncontrollably. He turns to Lt. Luther with hate in his eyes.

LT. LUTHER
Stay strong, son. Don't give in to temptation.

Sonny jumps up.

SONNY
You motherfucker.

Lt. Luther stares straight ahead.

LT. LUTHER
Did you go to church in jail?

Sonny bangs his knee on the back of a chair as he tries to get out of the courtroom. Tretter watches. He motions to Lt. Luther to follow him.

COURTHOUSE-BATHROOM

Sonny dries his face at the sink. Lt. Luther appears in the mirror.

SONNY
Fuck you want?

LT. LUTHER
Gratitude. I saved your life.

SONNY
Gratitude? In the joint convicts call you snakehead.

Sonny throws a paper towel in the basket, pushes past Lt. Luther and leaves the bathroom.

HALLWAY

Rico, at the elevator, and Sonny, at the bathroom door, stare at each other. The elevator door opens; Rico disappears.

INT. WAYNE TRETTER'S OFFICE-DAY

Sonny sits in Tretter's office.

SONNY

I shoun't have gone off on Luther.
Jus' doin' his job.

WAYNE TRETTER

Damn right.

SONNY

I respect that. He knows I din't
kill Tommy.

WAYNE TRETTER

He said that?

SONNY

Said you din't wanna hear it. Went
with your gut, not the evidence.

WAYNE TRETTER

He said that?

SONNY

Said he can read a crime scene.

WAYNE TRETTER

I can read 'em, too.

SONNY

Understandin' the system, like
springin' Eddie on me in the
courtroom.

WAYNE TRETTER

Luther's handiwork.

SONNY

Took a little time for me to see
who is helpin' me.

WAYNE TRETTER

That's what I told Luther. You need
a little time. Coulda tied your
lawyer in knots for weeks. But,
justice was served.

SONNY

That's why I talked to the grand
jury. Luther kept sayin' tell the
truth or go back to prison.

WAYNE TRETTER
You told the truth.

SONNY
After Luther helped me with the truth. I followed the rules of the road.

WAYNE TRETTER
Good. Prison isn't pretty. If it were, it wouldn't be called prison.

SONNY
Whad they call it?

WAYNE TRETTER
Gated community? Law is confusing.

SONNY
Tell me about it.

WAYNE TRETTER
Hard for people to admit to murder.

SONNY
'Specially when they din't do it.

WAYNE TRETTER
That's why the Alford plea, to get around any issues.

SONNY
'Specially when you din't do it.

WAYNE TRETTER
Who did it?

A beat.

WAYNE TRETTER (CONT'D)
I think Rico did it and you covered for 'em.

SONNY
Nope.

WAYNE TRETTER
Why do you think you were charged?

SONNY
Squeeze me. See what I know.

WAYNE TRETTER

You're a smart young man. I told Luther you'd see the power of my office.

SONNY

Glad this is over. I'm goin' to school. Heard lawyers still go to school.

WAYNE TRETTER

Continuing legal education. Need so many credits every three years, but no attendance taken. Honor system.

SONNY

Really?

WAYNE TRETTER

They don't know lawyers. Good place to see friends, take naps.

Sonny and Tretter laugh. Sonny wiggles.

SONNY

Gotta piss like a Irish racehorse.

Tretter hands Sonny a document.

WAYNE TRETTER

Here's your grand jury transcript. Start reading it. Luther'll be here when you get back.

SONNY

Good. I can say sorry to 'em.

Sonny leaves. Tretter grabs a file.

TIME CUT TO:

SAME SCENE-FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

There's a knock on Tretter's door. Lt. Luther enters and takes a seat.

LT. LUTHER

Thought we had a meeting today?

WAYNE TRETTER

Poor White Trash is in the bathroom.

LT. LUTHER
Where? Down the block?

WAYNE TRETTER
Huh?

LT. LUTHER
I saw him crossing the street. What happened?

WAYNE TRETTER
Nothing. Small talk.

INT. PIONEER BUILDING-TANGLEFOOT CLUB-NIGHT

Denise sits in the dimly-lit, intimate bar nursing a glass of white wine. Sgt. Angus enters, goes to her. They exchange kisses on the cheek.

DENISE
You found it. Park where I told you?

SGT. ANGUS
Sure did.

Sgt. Angus scans the room, looks at the ceiling.

SGT. ANGUS (CONT'D)
Place looks familiar. Not the building, the ceiling.

DENISE
Don't think so. We totally renovated the Pioneer building.

SGT. ANGUS
Pioneer Building? I don't know...

DENISE
As a member, you'll have access to all of our clubs.

Denise politely snaps her fingers.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Keys.

Sgt. Angus obediently hands over his keys. She gives the keys to ARTHUR, tuxedo-clad, mid-fifties and balding.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Arthur, have our newest member's car washed and detailed. It's in the last stall.

She gives her shoulder bag to Arthur.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Put this in the office.

(to Sgt. Angus)

It's your's after dinner.

The bartender comes from behind the bar and motions to Denise and Angus to follow him to a curtain-draped booth. Angus glows as he waits for Denise to sit. He joins her in the booth.

SGT. ANGUS

Tanglefoot?

DENISE

Our biggest investor couldn't dance. Catchy name.

SGT. ANGUS

Warehouse district?

DENISE

Diamonds in the rough.

Denise reaches behind her and tugs on a braided cord hanging from the ceiling.

DENISE (CONT'D)

What's for dinner?

SGT. ANGUS

Menu?

DENISE

No. Chef's listening. Tell him what you like and how many courses.

SGT. ANGUS

I'm a meat-a lot a meat-and potatoes man with gravy. Big on stew for warm-up. And apple pie with ice cream.

DENISE

We'll start with champagne.

Arthur fills two fluted champagne glasses. Sgt. Angus drains his glass and holds it out for more. Arthur obliges.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Thirsty?

Denise lifts her glass, smiles at Angus.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Wait. This moment is mine.

A beat.

DENISE (CONT'D)

The days are long, but the years
are short. I never forgot my Donny.

Denise stares at him.

Sgt. Angus' POV-The room spins; he drops the champagne glass. His head tilts backwards. He stares at the vaulted brick ceiling.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. PIONEER BUILDING-SUB-BASEMENT-LATER

The room is cavernous and desolate with massive pillars. Naked wires and tubing snake across the ceiling. A low, constant electric hum fills the room and competes with a GRINDING, GNAWING SOUND warning those who enter.

Sgt. Angus grimaces and moans as he lifts his head. His eyes bulge in horror when he sees his naked torso hanging by hooks over an opening in the floor. The hole is congested with ROTATING, GNASHING METAL TEETH biting for Sgt. Angus' feet.

Rico blows a bubble.

SGT. ANGUS

What's this?

RICO

Coulda put a bullet in your head so
deep people coulda seen what you
think last week. Too good for you.

SGT. ANGUS

Where's Denise?

RICO

There's no Denise.

Sgt. Angus' clothes are strewn on the floor. Denise's shoulder bag is with his clothes.

Rico waves a remote control by Sgt. Angus' face, then hits a button. The chains under the cop's arms jerk and rattle, then lower him to the pit. The chains jerk, then stop.

RICO (CONT'D)
Whad I tell ya?

Rico's reaches out and slashes Sgt. Angus' face. He screams as his nose falls into the pit. Rico slashes again; skin and blood drip from Sgt. Angus' face as his grotesque trunk thrashes about.

SGT. ANGUS
No! Big mistake.

RICO
I make a lot of mistakes, but bein' wrong ain't one of 'em.

Rico blows a bubble, then pushes a button. The chains jerk. Sgt. Angus drops closer to the gnawing teeth. He spreads his feet in a desperate attempt to save them. It stops.

SGT. ANGUS
Jesus, how can you do this?
Don'tcha have a conscience?

RICO
'Course I do. Jus' don't use it.
Jules told me to hit the button;
you're down the drain.

SGT. ANGUS
Where's Denise?

RICO
Said there's no Denise.

Rico waves the remote in front of Sgt. Angus.

RICO (CONT'D)
You busted me an' Donny at the
Metropolitan Club.

Sgt. Angus shakes his head.

RICO (CONT'D)
I end up with Jules. Where's Donny?
What do cops call the last person
to see the victim alive?

SGT. ANGUS
No, no.

RICO

Donny's found out back of the
Pioneer Building. Dumpster. Ya know
what ya did.

SGT. ANGUS

Metropolitan? The after-hours
joint? You were youngsters. Did
what I was told. The kid's stealin'
from Jules. Come her, please.

RICO

Close enough to count your tears.
Jules told you to do this?

SGT. ANGUS

I coulda killed you many times.

RICO

(scoffs)

You couldn't kill time. Think you
can get inside my head and roll
around rent free?

SGT. ANGUS

I was in Biscaine's parking ramp
that night. Followed 'em from the
pool hall. That kid and Biscaine.

RICO

What are ya talkin' 'bout?

SGT. ANGUS

That kid. Call Jules. He knows.

RICO

Not my business. My business is
that fuckbook, an' you took it.

SGT. ANGUS

You got it back.

RICO

Someone always pays.

The chains shake; toes disappear. Sgt. Angus screams in
horror. The chains stop.

JUNIOR

What the hell's goin' on?

Sgt. Angus' head jerks up.

SGT. ANGUS
Help me, Junior. He's psycho.

Rico looks at Junior and nods his head. Junior walks away.

SGT. ANGUS (CONT'D)
Stay. Please. Help me.

Junior returns with Denise. She goes to Rico.

SGT. ANGUS (CONT'D)
Denise, tell 'em. We're together.

RICO
Told you there's no Denise.

SGT. ANGUS
Call Jules. He knows. This is a big mistake.

RICO
Don't need to call 'em. I'll be
seein' 'em.
(to Junior)
Leave.

SGT. ANGUS
Don't.

A beat.

JUNIOR
Sometimes you can't trust people.

Junior walks out of the room. Rico kicks Denise's bag; money falls out of it.

SGT. ANGUS
That's mine. Tell 'em, Denise.

Rico reaches inside the shoulder bag and removes cash. He holds it in his outstretched hand.

RICO
Your's? These serial numbers match
the bills I gave you.

SGT. ANGUS
No. Denise gave me the money.

DENISE
There's no Denise.

Sgt. Angus' eyes widen. He shakes his head.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Only Donny's sister.

Angus moans.

DENISE (CONT'D)
That'll make me cry.

SGT. ANGUS
Help me.

Angus hangs his head and weeps.

DENISE
Tears of joy. I saw the police
reports. You killed my Donny.

Denise grabs the remote from Rico and hits a button. The chains jerk. Angus drops into the pit screaming hysterically as the teeth tear and gnaw at his flesh, his bones, ripping his body apart.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-COURTROOM-DAY

The CHIEF JUDGE, mid-sixties and impatient, flowing white hair and high cheekbones, stares at SGT. ANGUS' LAWYER. Tretter looks at the wall clock. The court reporter's fingers hang over her machine.

CHIEF JUDGE
(to Sgt. Angus' lawyer)
This is more than disrespectful.
Where is he?

Sgt. Angus' lawyer, overweight and under sixty, shifts in his chair.

SGT. ANGUS' LAWYER
I haven't spoken to him since-

WAYNE TRETTER
The State's Attorney moves to
forfeit bail, strike the
defendant's case from the calendar
and issue a body-only warrant.

SGT. ANGUS' LAWYER
Your Honor, can I be discharged? I
haven't been paid.

CHIEF JUDGE
All motions are granted.

WAYNE TRETTER
Your Honor, I need to make a
record.

The Chief Judge nods.

WAYNE TRETTER (CONT'D)
When I determine that Mr. Zane
played a role in his co-defendant's
absence, the State's Attorney will
move to introduce Co-defendant
Angus' confession incriminating
this defendant.

Rico and his lawyer whisper to each other. The lawyer shakes
his head.

MR. ANDERS
Your Honor-

The Chief Judge shakes his head.

CHIEF JUDGE
You made your record, Mr. Tretter.

The rear courtroom door opens, Sonny enters and sits down.

CHIEF JUDGE (CONT'D)
Counsel, approach.

The lawyers gather near the bench.

CHIEF JUDGE (CONT'D)
Before I address Mr. Anders'
motion, does anyone know who just
entered the courtroom?

Tretter and Mr. Anders turn to see Sonny in the rear of the
courtroom. Tretter looks at Lt. Luther, tilts his head
towards the door, then to Sonny. Lt. Luther goes to Sonny.

LT. LUTHER
You have to leave.

SONNY
No.

Lt. Luther hesitates, then returns to his seat.

WAYNE TRETTER
He's a witness for the People.

MR. ANDERS

And for the defense. Apologies to the Court, but I have a motion and affidavit I haven't filed yet and counsel has not been served with.

Mr. Anders hurries to counsel table, digs through his briefcase and returns with a handful of documents. He hands copies to the judge, then Tretter. Tretter quickly scans the documents. His neck muscles tighten, his face reddens and contorts.

Tretter turns to Lt. Luther, jabs a finger at Sonny, then the courtroom door. Lt. Luther returns to Sonny.

LT. LUTHER

Go in the hallway. Mr. Tretter will talk to you.

SONNY

I'll only talk from the witness stand. No more cozy chats.

LT. LUTHER

Talking to a lawyer, huh? You're way out of Tretter's league.

Sonny walks out of the courtroom.

WAYNE TRETTER

Excuse me, Your Honor. I need a short recess to speak to my witness.

The Chief Judge smiles and nods. Tretter and Lt. Luther rush to the hallway, and right to Sonny.

COURTHOUSE-HALLWAY

WAYNE TRETTER

Record me in my office? Little cocksucker. Think you can obstruct justice and turn loose a psychopath?

SONNY

Who made 'em that way?

WAYNE TRETTER

Who gives a fuck?

SONNY

Put me on the stand an' I'll show
you who gives a fuck.

Tretter and Lt. Luther look at each other, then return to the
courtroom. Sonny wanders aimlessly through the hallway.

TIME CUT TO:

SAME COURTROOM-THIRTY MINUTES LATER

CHIEF JUDGE

I heard enough. I'm granting
defense counsel's motion for
additional discovery.

WAYNE TRETTER

Your Honor, Zane's counsel filed a
joint-defense agreement signed by
the clients and lawyers. The
agreement was a ruse to see if the
co-defendant was cooperating. If he
were, then Sgt. Angus would have to
withdraw from the agreement. Zane
would know he's cooperating. And,
unfortunately, he would disappear.

CHIEF JUDGE

(to Mr. Anders)

Was it a ruse?

MR. ANDERS

No, it wasn't, your Honor.

WAYNE TRETTER

Yes, it was.

MR. ANDERS

Prove it.

WAYNE TRETTER

I got a statement that buries your
client.

MR. ANDERS

Co-defendant's non-payment of his
lawyer and his absence are a vote
of no confidence in his lawyer and
consciousness of guilt.

Tretter groans.

MR. ANDERS (CONT'D)
We want our speedy trial. And
discovery.

WAYNE TRETTER
Wait a minute.

CHIEF JUDGE
This case is going to trial with or
without you. This IS the rocket
docket.

WAYNE TRETTER
What does that mean?

CHIEF JUDGE
It means read the affidavit.

Tretter picks up the affidavit, reads it and throws it on the
table.

CHIEF JUDGE (CONT'D)
If the affidavit is consistent with
the recording, you'll have to step
aside.

MR. ANDERS
It is, and there are some small
matters of obstruction of justice,
non-disclosure of exculpatory
evidence and perjury.

WAYNE TRETTER
Judge, he took my words out of
context.

MR. ANDERS
Isn't that for the jury to decide?

WAYNE TRETTER
We can go out into the hallway and
decide.

CHIEF JUDGE
Stop it right now.
(to Mr. Anders)
What do you want?

MR. ANDERS
Speedy trial or dismissal of the
indictment.

WAYNE TRETTER

Judge, can't you see what's going on here?

CHIEF JUDGE

Mr. Tretter, can't you see when someone's trying to help you?

MR. ANDERS

Judge, Gibson's a material witness and an unindicted co-conspirator. I want my discovery.

WAYNE TRETTER

How do you know he's an unindicted co-conspirator?

MR. ANDERS

Like you, I learned to read between the lines in law school.

CHIEF JUDGE

(to Tretter)

I'm directing your office to deliver to my Chambers the homicide files that were the subject of the recent grand jury investigation and a certified copy of Gibson's testimony.

WAYNE TRETTER

I cannot do that.

CHIEF JUDGE

(to Tretter)

You read the affidavit? Gibson states that it was Co-defendant Angus who killed the decedent. That is exculpatory evidence. You did not disclose it. And there is an allegation of subornation of perjury.

MR. ANDERS

I want my discovery.

WAYNE TRETTER

None of that is true.

CHIEF JUDGE

You can defend yourself before the lawyers board and possibly a jury. It's your choice. The defense wants a speedy trial-

MR. ANDERS
I want my discovery.

Tretter mumbles to himself. He lightly taps his fist on counsel table.

CHIEF JUDGE
-Or a dismissal of the indictment.
It appears the presentation of
evidence to the grand jury is
wanting, to be charitable.

Mr. Anders stares at the judge. A tiny smile hangs in the corners of his mouth.

CHIEF JUDGE (CONT'D)
You have until four-thirty today to
act. Then I act.

Tretter leans towards Lt. Luther. The detective walks out of the courtroom.

MR. ANDERS
I want my discovery.

CHIEF JUDGE
Court's adjourned.

Mr. Anders speaks to Rico in hushed tones. Rico nods, smiles and leaves. Tretter glares at Mr. Anders.

HALLWAY

Rico leaves the courtroom but stops. Sonny's at the elevator. Rico walks over to him.

RICO
My lawyer told me whatcha did.
That's slick.

Sonny trembles; one hand is in his pocket.

SONNY
Rico...

RICO
We've seen each other before.
You're lucky.

Rico walks away from Sonny.

SONNY

Eddie? Din't your lawyer give ya
the message?

Rico stops.

RICO

Whad ya say?

SONNY

'Bout your lawyer?

RICO

Whad ya say?

Sonny's paralyzed.

RICO (CONT'D)

Fuck you say?

SONNY

Eddie. Din't...your...lawyer...

Sonny pulls his hand out of his pocket and opens it. The wrinkled photo lays in his palm. Rico looks down at the photo and takes it, reluctantly. His eyes soften.

Rico's POV-Sonny and Eddie in sweatshirts, smiling. Eddie's arm rests on Sonny's shoulder as Sonny clings to him.

BACK TO SCENE.

RICO

Din't? Shoun't? Woun't?

Pain oozes from Sonny's face. Tears stream down his cheeks.

RICO (CONT'D)

(chokes)

I...was... told...

Rico opens his arms. Sonny goes to him.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-CAFE-DAY

Lt. Luther sits at a table reading a newspaper. He walks to the hot water urn, grabs his ceramic tea pot and opens the lid. He drops it. The pot smashes. A snake head lays on the floor.

EXT./INT. SUGAR'S CROSS-THE-TRACKS SHACK-NIGHT

Junior, with two uniformed officers, knocks on the door. The DOORMAN, mid-thirties, squat but barrel-chested, steps outside and places his hands behind his back.

DOORMAN
Don't shoot.

JUNIOR
Shoot?

DOORMAN
Don't have to beat me. I'll confess.

JUNIOR
What?

DOORMAN
I love my job.

JUNIOR
Then do it. Get Cinnamon.

The doorman snickers, goes inside. CINNAMON, forties, sultry and caramel-tone, opens the door.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Here to do a welfare check.

CINNAMON
Nobody here on welfare.

JUNIOR
Gonna look around.

CINNAMON
Search warrant.

JUNIOR
You need a better lawyer. No warrant for a welfare check. No games tonight.

CINNAMON
Games every night. Come back when your off an' I'll give you the Angus discount.

JUNIOR
You soliciting me?

CINNAMON

No sir, Junior. That's against the law.

Junior smiles, then he and the officers step inside. Cinnamon follows. They mount the stairs and stop outside a door.

JUNIOR

What's in here?

CINNAMON

Welfare check? One room?

Junior looks at the officers, nods, then enters the darkened room.

JUNIOR

What the hell! Get 'em off me!

Lights come on. Jules, disoriented and in bikini underwear, is on Junior's back. Junior spins wildly, loses his balance and falls onto the bed. They collide with a nude woman mumbling incoherently.

The officers peel Jules from Junior's back and cuff him.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Put clothes on 'em and get 'em to the squad.

(to officers)

Leave the girl. May want to party.

Junior walks around the bed. Judge Silverman, naked, is propped against the wall and leans on the bed with a strained, painful grimace etched in his face. Dried blood stains his ear and neck.

EXT. PARKING LOT-CONTINUOUS

The officers place Jules in the back seat of a squad car. Junior rolls down the window.

JUNIOR

Get ya some fresh air.

HEADLIGHTS zoom into the parking lot. The rear door flings open, Lovee jumps out of the cab. Distraught, she rushes to Cinnamon, then to Jules. Sonny and Rico block her. Junior steps forward.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(to officers)

Wait in your cars.

LOVEE

(to Sonny)

I agreed to tell you 'bout Eddie.
You agreed not to look for 'em.

SONNY

I learned to lie like you.

RICO

(to Lovee)

Look what the night shit out.

LOVEE

Mind your own fuckin' business.

RICO

Sonny's my business. Speakin' 'bout
business, who are you?

Lovee glares at Rico.

LOVEE

I'm past all that.

RICO

We ain't. How many kids you an'
Jules take from court, change their
names and make money? Couldn't do
it without the judge's courtroom.

LOVEE

Wasn't 'bout money.

RICO

Always 'bout money.

(to Sonny)

Go ahead, ask her.

LOVEE

(to Rico)

Always startin' shit.

SONNY

You adopt me?

RICO

(to Lovee)

You change Sonny's name? Couldn't
do it without the judge.

LOVEE

Speakin' of the judge, whad you do
inside Sugar's?

RICO

He paid for the shit he did. He split me an' Sonny apart.

LOVEE

By killin' 'em? Do you know who he is?

RICO

Be surprised what an investigator can find. Yeah, he's the man that turned his back on me.

LOVEE

You're poison, and you poisoned Sonny.

RICO

You did by lyin' an' callin' yourself our mother.

(pointing finger at Jules)

I know you used me to get Sonny.

Sonny scowls at Jules in the squad car.

RICO (CONT'D)

(to Lovee)

I saw the family court files. Lies. You changed his name an' adopted 'em. Jules was removed as his dad. You sent me to judge and the judge sent me to Jules.

LOVEE

Somebody had to control you.

RICO

Wasn't 'bout control. Was 'bout splittin' us. An' you got paid every month I was with Jules.

LOVEE

So, now what? You turn your back on Jules?

RICO

(to Jules)

Lovee's your sister.

SONNY

What?

JULES

Half-sister.

RICO
 (to Sonny)
 She's the aunt.
 (to Jules)
 Cinnamon's people took Lovee in and
 your other sister, our mother-

JULES
 Half-sister.

RICO
 'Til she was on her own. Then she
 went with Lovee and you got in her
 pants.

SONNY
 What?

RICO
 Passed her around like the flu. Got
 her to the good judge. You had her
 trickin' in your clubs when we were
 livin' with Lovee.

JULES
 You don't know who's weak and who's
 strong.

RICO
 Why'd Angus follow Sonny from the
 pool hall? How'd he know 'bout
 Sonny?

Jules slowly looks away. Rico blows a bubble.

RICO (CONT'D)
 (to Sonny)
 Mom was found over there. By the
 tracks. Frozen an' curled up like a
 baby.
 (points to Jules)
 She couldn't deal with 'em.

JULES
 Weak.

LOVEE
 (to Sonny)
 I didn't know all-

RICO
 (to Lovee)
 Fuckin' liar.
 (to Sonny)
 (MORE)

RICO (CONT'D)

Told ya I'd confront 'em.

(to Jules)

Gave Sonny the fuckbook an' the code.

SONNY

(to Jules)

You tried to destroy me. Took my mother, my brother.

JULES

(to Sonny)

You're weak. Who got you the job with Tommy? No minimum sentence? Outta seg?

RICO

Outta seg to getcha killed.

LOVEE

(to Jules)

You set Sonny up?

RICO

(to Jules)

What does Sonny call you? Uncle daddy? You an' Lovee the enemies.

LOVEE

No. Did the best I can.

RICO

At bein' a bitch.

(to Sonny)

What's Lovee to you?

SONNY

Liar.

A SHOCK OF LIGHT and an EXPLOSION crack the night air. Lovee stumbles, falls to the ground. Her body convulses, then relaxes.

Cinnamon whimpers.

RICO

(to Junior)

Tell 'em to stay in their cars.

They get out, you're first. You won't be a hero then.

Junior looks at the officers and shakes his head. They close their doors with their windows down.

RICO (CONT'D)

(to Junior)

I went to Biscaine's parking ramp. Snuck up on Sonny an' knocked 'em out. Waited for Biscaine, killed 'em and planted evidence on Sonny. You'll find enough of Angus in the Pioneer Building basement to fill an entire shot glass.

JUNIOR

Sonny gave a statement. Said Angus killed Biscaine.

RICO

Confused. Drugs. Hit too hard in the head.

(to Jules)

I killed for you. Willin' to do it again, but I can't get past breakin' my word to Sonny. Last thing I said to 'em on the curb is that I would protect 'em. Instead, you had me try an' kill 'em.

(to Sonny)

Jules separated us an' used me. Kept you on the south side, me on the north side.

SONNY

Jules who?

Rico blows a bubble.

JULES

Wait, wait.

Another SHOT punctures the night. Jules groans, falls over in his seat.

JUNIOR

Rico!

Rico lowers his gun. The officers slowly open their doors and wait Junior's command. Junior nods his head.

RICO

(to Sonny)

I have a conscious. Someone always pays.

JUNIOR

Drop the gun.

SONNY
I'm past that now.

RICO
(to Sonny)
Too much shit in my head. Don't
know who I am anymore.
(to Junior)
Ya know I got a gift.

Rico tries to blow a bubble.

JUNIOR
Drop it, Rico.

RICO
That's not me.

Rico smiles and points his gun at an officer. A BURST of GUNFIRE ERUPTS. The bullets push Rico backwards; he falls. Cinnamon screams and runs to him. Sonny kneels next to Rico, then touches his hand.

SONNY
Why?

A beat.

RICO
Too...much...heart.

Rico's head slowly tilts to one side as life evaporates from his eyes.

Junior barks orders to the officers.

JUNIOR
(to Sonny)
I'll take care of the
investigators.
(to Cinnamon)
You and Sonny are like family. Do
what he says.

SONNY
(to Cinnamon)
Go inside. We'll talk.

Cinnamon returns to Sugar's.

JUNIOR
What now?

SONNY
Someone always pays.

INT. WAYNE TRETTER'S OFFICE-DAY

Tretter stands in the center of his room and slaps an envelope against his knee. Lt. Luther watches.

LT. LUTHER
Well?

WAYNE TRETTER
Rico? Dead. Angus? Dead. This woman, Lovee? Dead. Judge Silverman? Naked and dead.

LT. LUTHER
The judge's connection to Pavalon?

WAYNE TRETTER
You'd know if you hadn't gone to your little cabin in the woods.

Tretter's phone rings.

WAYNE TRETTER (CONT'D)
Yes? Okay. Just a second. I'm working on something, so I gotta put you on speaker.

Tretter hits a button.

WAYNE TRETTER (CONT'D)
Why are you calling me?

MR. ANDERS (V.O.)
It isn't about Mr. Zane.

WAYNE TRETTER
No condolences? Suicide by cop?

MR. ANDERS (V.O.)
Clients come and go. Wanted you to know I'm representing Mr. Gibson.

WAYNE TRETTER
Gibson? Conflict.

MR. ANDERS (V.O.)
No conflict. I've been paid. But, might be a conflict with you.

WAYNE TRETTER

Me?

MR. ANDERS (V.O.)

And I'd ask that you not refer to my client as a little cocksucker.

WAYNE TRETTER

Never did.

MR. ANDERS (V.O.)

Lucky you. It's two-for-one day. I'm sending you a tape. You use that tasteless euphemism, along with another tape of Mr. Gibson and Lt. Luther talking.

Lt. Luther looks up.

WAYNE TRETTER

Talking?

MR. ANDERS

The detective believes Gibson is innocent of Biscaine's murder.

WAYNE TRETTER

Doesn't matter. Gibson's conviction was vacated.

MR. ANDERS

Matters if he were coerced into committing perjury. Especially in light of non-disclosure of exculpatory evidence and now the little issue of continuing legal education-

WAYNE TRETTER

Enough.

Tretter slams down the receiver.

WAYNE TRETTER (CONT'D)

You gonna tell me you didn't talk with Gibson?

LT. LUTHER

It's a lie. Don't change the subject. Where's Pavalon?

WAYNE TRETTER

Where is he?

LT. LUTHER

Jail.

WAYNE TRETTER

Wrong. Hospital. Jail. Then released to two men in dark suits with no sense of humor and a federal writ.

LT. LUTHER

Where is he?

WAYNE TRETTER

Somewhere around Langley, Virginia. Now Halverson's closing out the file.

LT. LUTHER

A defense attorney's wet dream.

WAYNE TRETTER

I'm thinking about other issues. Not trading pinstripes for prison stripes.

Tretter hands the envelope to Lt. Luther.

WAYNE TRETTER (CONT'D)

Think about this.

Luther removes a paper from the envelope.

LT. LUTHER

What's it say?

WAYNE TRETTER

Did you go to private school? It says "we know only shit God's supposed to know." They're sending you a message.

LT. LUTHER

I didn't get the letter.

WAYNE TRETTER

Reference to God is for my benefit?

LT. LUTHER

You got the letter.

Tretter grabs the envelope from Lt. Luther, turns it over and holds it so the detective can read it.

WAYNE TRETTER
Return address?

LT. LUTHER
The sacred table?

WAYNE TRETTER
God damn it. Read the rest.

LT. LUTHER
Cook County Courthouse Cafe.

Lt. Luther reaches for the envelope, but Tretter drops it on his desk. His phone rings.

WAYNE TRETTER
Can you hold my damn calls? Oh?

Tretter punches a button.

WAYNE TRETTER (CONT'D)
Wayne Tretter. Okay. When? Wayne,
please. I'll be here.

Tretter hangs up his receiver.

WAYNE TRETTER (CONT'D)
Why'd I get this fuckin' letter?

LT. LUTHER
Will you stop with the profanity?

There is a soft knock on the door and Deborah sticks her head in the room.

DEBORAH
The agents are here.

Tretter and Lt. Luther exchange glances.

WAYNE TRETTER
Send 'em in.

Deborah motions beyond the door. FBI AGENTS COLDSTONE and GARCIA, mid-thirties, aggressive and surly, enter the office.

AGENT COLDSTONE
Mr. Tretter?

Tretter walks over and shakes their hands.

WAYNE TRETTER
Wayne, please.

AGENT COLDSTONE
I'm Special Agent Coldstone; this
is Special Agent Garcia.

The agents look at each other.

AGENT COLDSTONE (CONT'D)
What a coincidence.

WAYNE TRETTER
Coincidence?

AGENT COLDSTONE
We just left Lt. Luther's office.

Agent Garcia hands Lt. Luther a subpoena.

AGENT GARCIA
You've been served.

LT. LUTHER
Served?

Lt. Luther scans the document.

AGENT GARCIA
Federal grand jury subpoena.

WAYNE TRETTER
What's this about?

AGENT COLDSTONE
Two homicide cases. For now.
Childers and Humphries.

WAYNE TRETTER
My cases?

AGENT COLDSTONE
After sentencing they were confined
to a maximum security prison, then
transferred out of state to a
minimum security prison.

WAYNE TRETTER
Minimum security?

AGENT GARCIA
Did you know they were associates
of Jules Pavalon? Hey, detective,
where's your friend?

LT. LUTHER
Pavalon? What friend?

AGENT GARCIA
Sgt. Angus.

WAYNE TRETTER
Friend?

AGENT GARCIA
Want to finish our proffer.

WAYNE TRETTER
Proffer? Childers and Humphries?

AGENT COLDSTONE
We finished with Gibson.

WAYNE TRETTER
Sonny Gibson?

Agent Garcia hands Tretter a photo.

AGENT COLDSTONE
What do you think of this?

Tretter looks at it and gives it back.

WAYNE TRETTER
Deep in the woods. Something Luther
might like. Too large for his
tastes.

AGENT COLDSTONE
He does, because it's his.

WAYNE TRETTER
What?

AGENT COLDSTONE
We took that picture the other day
when looking for 'em.

Lt. Luther squirms in his chair.

LT. LUTHER
Uh, general contractor's very good.

AGENT GARCIA
Especially when paid in cash.

WAYNE TRETTER
What?

Agent Garcia hands a card to Lt. Luther.

AGENT COLDSTONE
We'd like to discuss a recording of
you and Mr. Gibson having a chat.

WAYNE TRETTER
(to Lt. Luther)
Gibson? Lies?

AGENT COLDSTONE
(to Tretter)
If I were you, I'd think twice
about your upcoming campaign.

WAYNE TRETTER
What does that have to do with your
investigation?

AGENT COLDSTONE
Nothing, but it might be difficult
to explain where you lived when you
were training as a boxer.

WAYNE TRETTER
Here, there.

AGENT COLDSTONE
Locked up many times as a kid.
Maybe worked in an Italian
restaurant? Files are sealed, but
we'll get access to 'em.

WAYNE TRETTER
Many kids come up the hard way.

AGENT COLDSTONE
Who paid your college? Law school?
You didn't obtain loans.

Tretter stares at the agents.

AGENT GARCIA
How long have you known Jules
Pavalon?

LT. LUTHER
What?

WAYNE TRETTER
Saw 'em in the neighborhood.

LT. LUTHER
What neighborhood?

Agent Coldstone hands Lt. Luther two photos.

AGENT COLDSTONE

What do you see?

LT. LUTHER

Mr. Tretter exiting a building and what? It looks like Pavalon coming out of a building.

AGENT COLDSTONE

Any similarities in the photos?

Lt. Luther studies the photos.

LT. LUTHER

The buildings are the same. And the doors.

WAYNE TRETTER

What are you tryin' to start here?

AGENT COLDSTONE

They are. Difference is about thirty minutes between when they come out that door last week.

WAYNE TRETTER

What's goin' on here?

AGENT COLDSTONE

(to Tretter)

Isn't that the Pioneer Building?

AGENT COLDSTONE (CONT'D)

Ask your friend to ask his friend to appoint you to the bench, if you get out of this. There's an opening. Judge Silverman's dead.

LT. LUTHER

What does this have to do with me?

WAYNE TRETTER

What does this have to do with Childers and Humphries?

A beat.

AGENT GARCIA

(to Tretter)

Lawyer up.

(to Lt. Luther)

We'll be in the cafe having tea. Ten minutes. After that, all deals are off.

Agents Coldstone and Garcia leave Tretter's office. Lt. Luther walks to the door, then turns to Tretter.

LT. LUTHER
Who are you?

WAYNE TRETTER
Who the fuck are you?

STATE'S ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-SECRETARIAL POOL

Lt. Luther crosses the secretarial pool. A chair flies past Tretter's open door and crashes. Secretaries stop and listen. Mumbling, throaty sounds come from Tretter's office.

Deborah looks at the secretary next to her, who faces Tretter's office with a pacifier in her mouth. Deborah tries, really tries, not to laugh.

FADE OUT.

(CONT'D)

