

MACK

"Pilot"

by

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by Scott Turow

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TEASER

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - JURY ROOM - DAY

Twelve BORED CITIZENS sit around a mahogany table. They are led by a mean-looking, mustachioed JURY FOREMAN.

SUPERTITLE: Cook County Courthouse. Wednesday. 12:22PM.

JURY FOREMAN

...so if Bob's good, let's put 'em up again. Everybody for the family?
(every hand goes up)
Alright. So now we gotta talk about how much we want to give 'em.

Through the wall, everybody hears a muffled voice:

VOICE (O.S.)

Damn it!

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - BAILIFF'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: MACK MALLOY, early 40s, a big handsome Irish lunk. His ear is pressed to a glass against the wall, listening in:

JURY FOREMAN (O.S.)

Anyway. I'm thinking like 10 mil?

A FAT BAILIFF watches Mack wince, take the glass off the wall, and fill it with Scotch from a flask. The bailiff shakes his head, goes back to organizing a tray of hoagies.

BAILIFF

I told you, Mack. You shouldn't never put a CEO on the stand.
(Mack nods, drinking)
Or tell your own client to "just answer the question."

The bailiff laughs. Mack half smiles in spite of himself. He stands, and grabs a wrapped sandwich marked "#7."

MACK

Number seven, he's the prick with the bolo tie, right?
(takes a huge bite)
Thanks, Lar. Say hi to Darlene and the kids for me.

BAILIFF

Whoa. You forgetting something?

Mack points. The bailiff looks down at the tray: two Bulls tickets are sitting where the sandwich used to be.

Mack checks to make sure the coast is clear, and slips out into the hall with the hoagie.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - CONFERENCE ROOM - MAGIC HOUR

SUPERTITLE: Gage & Griswell, LLP. Wednesday. 5:34PM.

Mack nips at his flask, admiring a zillion dollar view of the Magnificent Mile. He looks out of place among the sleek, modern surroundings. He's a well-worn slipper, a friend. Not a shark. WE HEAR the door open behind him.

MARTIN (O.S.)

I heard McKissick came back. What's that, your sixth straight loss?

Mack smiles, toasting Martin's reflection in the darkening windows, clinging to black humor.

MACK

Five, I think. But if you grant me a stay of execution, I am scheduled to lose again on Fri--

MARTIN GOLD, 50s, waltzes in like he runs the place... which he does. The managing partner of Chicago's most powerful law firm dines on human marrow, but always uses the right fork.

MARTIN

(sits down, re: the flask)
Mack, we talked about that.

MACK

Sorry, Martin. I thought we could suspend the rules just this once. For the firing, you know?

MARTIN

Is that why you think I called you down here?

MACK

It's not?
(Martin shakes his head)
Huh. I had a whole speech ready.

MARTIN

You should try prepping like that for court sometime. Let's focus, OK? Take a seat.

Mack can't. He's frozen to his spot. Point, Martin. Mack manages to pocket the flask, tries to keep up.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Bert Kamin's gone missing.

MACK

Well, uh, you knew what you were getting with Bert when you made him a partner. He's flaky that way.

MARTIN

It's been two weeks. No calls, no e-mails, no clients. Like he dropped off the planet.

MACK

Give him another week, he'll show up with a tan and a pigmy bride or something. Last time he was running with the bulls, remember?

MARTIN

Last time he didn't steal eight point two million dollars from a client before he disappeared.

(off Mack's confusion)

Eight point two. Million dollars. Stolen from TransNational's class action settlement fund.

MACK

You're sure Bert took it?

MARTIN

Let's see... he was point on the TN settlement, and he's gone running for the hills. Yeah, Mack, I'm sure. You better shake off the rust quick. I need you on this.

MACK

What do-- You want me to find him?

MARTIN

That's the second thing I want you to do. The first is--

MACK

Keep my mouth shut.

(Martin smiles tightly)

You don't want TransNational to find out. That's why you're not going to the cops.

MARTIN

I have a quarterly review with Krysinski and half the goddamn TN board on Monday. If I can't open their books and show them nothing's missing by then we're--

MACK

Screwed?

MARTIN

Stop doing that. But, yes. TN's 35 percent of our billing, and they'll walk. Word gets out, they won't be the only ones. This place'll fold in a year. Unless you find Bert.

A beat. Mack meets Martin's eye.

MACK

Why me?

MARTIN

You're the one who's always saying you made a better cop than a lawyer. Frankly, it's not that hard to believe.

MACK

That was a long time ago.

MARTIN

This is your chance, Mack. Your chance to repay me for keeping your soggy ass employed all these years. You can be our savior here.

Mack nods, staring into space. Finally, he heads for the door, and hands the flask to Martin on his way out.

MACK

If I'm your best bet to save the firm, you need this more than I do.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - BULLPEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Mack walks through G&G's busy nerve center. ASSISTANTS and PARALEGALS bustle about, serving the ASSOCIATES and SENIOR PARTNERS who work behind closed doors. Everyone who catches Mack's eye looks away. They think he's already a ghost.

As Mack reaches his office, his assistant, GINA, 20s, looks up from her desk with an embarrassed, pitying wince.

MACK

What is it, Gina?
 (she shakes him off, still
 making the face)
 Hold my calls, alright?

Gina nods, her expression never changing. Mack heads into...

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - MACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mack is greeted by the sight of a gorgeous woman bent over at the waist, wrestling with a cardboard box she's trying to assemble. Mack cocks his head, admiring the view...

MACK

Uh, Brush...

AMELIA "BRUSHY" BRUCCIA, 30s, stands up and turns around. Unbelievably, the view gets even better. If she wasn't so beautiful, people would call her spunky. With these looks, she's a force of nature. Brilliant, wry, alpha tough, enough to intimidate most men. But not Mack. At least, not usually.

BRUSHY

They're bastards, Mack. I should punch Martin Gold in the neck.

MACK

That's sweet of you to say, but--

BRUSHY

It makes me sick. I mean, you've been on losing streaks before...
 (off his look)
 Most of them have too. Is the point. Buncha silver spoon sucking stiffs. Who am I gonna hang out with now? Who am I gonna eat lunch with? You know you're the last guy at the firm who still orders fries?

She smiles, trying to cheer him. Then goes back to her boxes.

MACK

So. You came to help me pack?

BRUSHY

When Diane Aimes got "de-equitized" last year it took her five trips. People kept saying goodbye every time she left. Total train wreck. I didn't want that to happen to you, so I brought a dolly, and--

MACK
I'm not fired, Brushy.

BRUSHY
(freezes, confused)
Really? Why not?

MACK
Thanks. Thank you.

BRUSHY
You know what I mean.

MACK
That I'm disposable to the firm,
and my days are numbered?

BRUSHY
Are you going to stand there and
pretend that you didn't think you
were getting the axe today?

MACK
No idea what you're talking about.

Brushy laughs in disbelief, whacks him with a tape gun.

BRUSHY
You're such a dick. But that's
great! You can take me to dinner.
We'll celebrate.

MACK
I can't. I got stuff to do.

BRUSHY
Like what?

MACK
I'm not supposed to tell you.
(off Brushy's look)
Bert Kamin ran off with eight
million bucks he stole from
TransNational.

BRUSHY
Get out.

Mack grabs his coat and briefcase, preparing to do just that.

MACK
It's true. And he's got a pretty
good head start.
(studies Brushy)
(MORE)

MACK (CONT'D)

You're thinking the same thing I did when Martin told me. Good for Bert, right? I mean, talk about going for the brass ring.

BRUSHY

Are you out of your mind? That boob is putting the whole firm at risk. We could *all* be out of a job.

MACK

Yeah, well.

BRUSHY

Jesus. What are you gonna do?

MACK

I don't know. Find him, I guess.
(then, walking out)
Might even finally get to have some fun around here.

EXT. BERT KAMIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A beautiful home in Oak Park... and the sound of swearing.

SUPERTITLE: Bert Kamin's House. Wednesday. 8:49 PM.

Mack jiggles his driver's license in the back door, awkwardly trying to break in. All he manages to do is slice his thumb, and drop his ID in the bushes.

MACK (CONT'D)

Ah, damnit.

Mack stoops, sucking his bleeding thumb. As he reaches for his license, he sees an obviously fake rock: a HIDE-A-KEY. Oh. Mack slides the key from the false bottom...

INT. BERT KAMIN'S HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mack creeps through the darkened house, nursing his thumb. Almost sheepish, he calls out:

MACK

Bert?

No answer. Nobody's home. Nothing's out of order.

INT. BERT KAMIN'S HOUSE - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

An answering machine blinks: 34 new messages. Mack picks up a stack of mail piling up under the slot. He sorts through

sports magazines, sees an envelope from Amex is addressed to "KAM ROBERTS". That raises an eyebrow. Mack opens it, sees it contains replacement cards and a statement. Mack pockets it.

Suddenly, headlights sweep in, casting shadows. Mack ducks, heart racing. He peeks out through the blinds: It's just the next-door neighbors arriving home. Mack breathes, relieved.

INT. BERT KAMIN'S HOUSE - STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

In the study, Mack finds a laptop open on the desk. As he reaches for it, a ringing phone startles him. Until he realizes it's his own cell. He answers.

MACK (CONT'D)

Hey, honey. Is everything OK?

Mack heads for the door with the laptop under his arm.

INT. BERT KAMIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mack wedges his cell between his chin and shoulder as he rinses his thumb in the sink, and wraps it in a dish towel.

MACK (CONT'D)

...no, I told you. I'm at work... I don't know why that's hard to believe... You sound like your mother, you know that?

Mack spots a gallon of milk, some condiments, and two refrigerator shelves stacked neatly in the corner. Odd. Curious, he opens the fridge, and his eyes go wide as he scrambles back, banging into the wall, freaked.

MACK (CONT'D)

Jesus!

(hanging up)

I'll-- I'll call you back.

Stuffed in the refrigerator, folded up like a jackknife, is a NAKED CORPSE. The chilled body has one hand bent back, the fingers twisted, broken, obscuring the face.

Tentative, Mack steels himself, and reaches out with the dish rag to push the gnarled blue hand out of the way. Mack stares into a vacant face he doesn't recognize.

MACK (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A car horn bleets. Mack sleeps, passed out on the couch with blood on his rumpled shirt and a band-aid on his thumb.

SUPERTITLE: Mack Malloy's House. Thursday. 7:40 AM.

CARRIE MALLOY, 16, looks down on her dad... not surprised. She shakes him awake, ready with a glass of water and four Advils. He smiles, groggy.

CARRIE

Dad, c'mon. Here you go.

MACK

Hi, honey. I don't need those. I'm fine. I was uh, just working late down here. I guess I fell asleep.

Carrie wants to believe this. A narrow vein of sweetness and optimism sometimes steps on her *My So Called Life* aesthetic.

CARRIE

You do look better than usual.

MACK

Really?

CARRIE

(teasing him)

It's a low bar. Get up, OK?

MACK

Want me to make you waffles?

CARRIE

With what, you go shopping? You're on my bag. Damon's waiting.

The car outside honks again. Carrie pries her bag loose.

MACK

Damon?

CARRIE

God. Yes. Listen, don't forget to clean up in here before you go in. The realtor's showing the place today. Are we still going to look at apartments after school?

MACK

(grimaces)

Ah, work's kind of a mess right now. If I take the afternoon, we might be looking for a nice alley to live in. We'll go tomorrow.

CARRIE

OK... Good luck today.

She can't hide her disappointment, but she leans down and kisses him on the top of his head.

MACK

You too. Say hi to Damon for me.

Carrie smirks on her way out: *unlikely*. When she's gone, the phone rings. Mack answers, wiping sleep out of his eye:

MACK (CONT'D)

What's up, Brush?

INTERCUT WITH: INT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - EQUINOX GYM

Brushy works out on the elliptical, ignoring *some* of the attention she's getting from the men on neighboring machines.

BRUSHY

One ring! And you sound chipper.

MACK

Gotta be on my horse today. Saw some stuff at Bert's, made me think he's probably not coming back.

BRUSHY

That sounds ominous.

MACK

Yesterday morning I was worried about losing my job. I went to bed worried my job might get me killed.

Mack pulls out his old police-issue HANDGUN from under his pillow, and gets up to put it back in it's lock box.

BRUSHY

(climbs off her machine)

What does that mean? Should you turn this over to the police?

MACK

I'd love to. But I'd probably end up in jail if I did.

(MORE)

MACK (CONT'D)

(cuts Brushy off)

Forget I said that. Anyway, I think I found an alias Bert was using. Got a credit card here in the name of "Kam Roberts."

Mack plops down at the dining room table. The Kam Roberts Amex envelope, and Bert's laptop spread out before him.

BRUSHY

Bert Kamin, Kam Roberts. Not terribly creative.

Mack scrolls through an Excel doc: digits and dollar amounts.

MACK

I also got his laptop. Last file he was working on looks like it might be in code. Spreadsheet full of numbers. Seems like something.

BRUSHY

You know who could help? Jonathan Ziven. That kid loves you, and he's a whiz with crap like that. He did his undergrad at MIT.

MACK

Ziven's a little prick.

BRUSHY

True. But that's not a good enough reason to let his talents go to waste... You know, since you're so busy, I should cancel our lunch with Toots.

MACK

No. Don't. Thanks for reminding me.

BRUSHY

Come on, Mack. It's a waste of time. That grizzled old ass-pinching crook is going to jail.

MACK

True. But that's not a good enough reason to let his talents go to waste. I'll see you there.

Brushy starts to respond, but grits her teeth when she sees Mack has already dropped the call.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - LIBRARY - DAY

CLOSE ON: JONATHAN ZIVEN, mid 20s, G&G's youngest associate. You could see where Mack got the idea that he's a little prick. But he's also got a Napoleonic charm. He enjoys himself, especially when Mack's around to liven things up.

ZIVEN

You're kidding, right? You don't know what this is?

Ziven's studying Bert's laptop. Mack's glowering at Ziven.

MACK

I could get you fired, you know.

ZIVEN

I kinda doubt that, actually.

MACK

Just tell me what it is, Ziven.

ZIVEN

What kind of lawyer would I be if I couldn't negotiate a little quid pro quo here? Tell me what's doing.

MACK

I was just saying what a prick you are this morning.

ZIVEN

You were talking about me?

Ziven's flattered. Mack takes a deep breath, exhausted.

MACK

The computer belonged to a VP at Litiplex who just turned up dead. Folks there are worried he was an FBI snitch. Now tell me what I'm looking at, or get ready to explain yourself to Martin Gold.

ZIVEN

Was that so hard? It's gambling stuff. This guy, whoever he was, had a real problem.

(points to the screen)

See: dates, amounts, types of bets. Spreads, over/unders, props. He's got plus signs on winning bets. With the right algorithm we could run a regression analysis and--

MACK

Stop. Stop. I don't care. Just tell me, was he losing a lot?

ZIVEN

Yeah. But not recently. Last couple weeks he was on fire. Scaled way back and started banging 90% winners. Pretty uncanny really.

MACK

He get out of the hole?

ZIVEN

No. Not even close. And I guess his luck turned...

MACK

When?

ZIVEN

When he died?

Mack flips the laptop shut, and heads for the door.

MACK

Oh, yeah. Right.

ZIVEN

Oh, c'mon! Who's computer was that?

Mack is already gone. Ziven smiles, impressed. He's a fan.

INT. TOOTS NUNCIO'S OFFICE - DAY

Black and white photos of Toots with politicians and sports stars chart the career of a legendary Chicago fixer.

SUPERTITLE: Paul "Toots" Nuncio's Office. Thursday. 1:07 PM.

Brushy waits alone in the wood-paneled outer office. A BOTTLE BLONDE SECRETARY, mid 30s, stops paging through US Weekly and gives her a sneering smile. Brushy checks her watch, unhappy.

Finally, TOOTS NUNCIO, late 60s, opens his door and leans out. He's a mountain of a man, a larger presence.

TOOTS

The lovely Mrs. Bruccia. Where's your partner?

BRUSHY

He should be here any minute.

INT. TOOTS NUNCIO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Toots ushers Brushy in, and waits for her to take a seat. Then sits down on the arm of the sofa next to her.

TOOTS

S'pose I could make do with the junior partner while we wait. How we looking for Friday?

BRUSHY

(teeth on edge)
Well, Mr. Nuncio--

TOOTS

Mr. Nuncio. Mr. Nuncio. Four years of this. It's Toots!

Toots puts a hand on her shoulder. It trips Brushy's trigger.

BRUSHY

OK... Toots. It's looking like you're gonna get crucified. All our motions to suppress the tape were denied. So Friday, a jury of your peers is gonna watch you stick 10,000 bucks in a judge's mailbox. And then they're gonna send you to prison for the rest of your life.

Toots nods, seemingly considering this. Then:

TOOTS

You ever been with an older man?

Brushy manages to smile back with great difficulty.

BRUSHY

Oh, quite a few. I actually *prefer* men with a little seasoning...
(lets Toots soak this in)
But I don't date felons.

MACK (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late.

Mack enters, trying to mask his amusement. He shakes Toots's hand, acts oblivious, sparing his old friend some dignity.

TOOTS

Mack. Uh, I's just trying to get a feel for what to expect on Friday.

MACK

Friday? Friday's the day Brushy wins this thing for you. Wait until you see her in front of a jury. A silver tongue, this one.

TOOTS

I can believe it, bud.

Brushy glares at Mack. He avoids her gaze.

MACK

Before we get started, quick question. Say I'm looking for a gambling man. Works downtown, lays big money on college games.

TOOTS

Your friend smart enough to stay away from the internets where they screw you with them fees?

(Mack shrugs)

If the money's heavy, could be Dmitri Kirov's handling his action. Try the Russian Bath on Division. Those boys'll never talk, but at least you get a nice schvitz.

SECRETARY (OVER INTERCOM)

Councilman Wexler's on the line. Some b.s. about Blackhawks tickets?

Toots holds up a finger and ambles over to take the call at his desk. Mack makes a note. Brushy leans over.

BRUSHY

You can't be taking him seriously. The man's a cartoon. "Scvhitz?"

Mack pulls the Kam Roberts Amex statement from his coat.

MACK

Bert's Kam Roberts card? About half the charges are at restaurants on Division Street.

(looks at Toots)

I'm really gonna miss him when he goes to jail.

INT. DIVISION STREET BATH HOUSE - DAY

A seedy old-world sauna. Tough-looking Eastern European guys lounge on tiered benches. A distinctly unfriendly vibe.

SUPERTITLE: Division St. Bath House. Thursday. 3:25pm.

Mack enters, wrapped in a towel like everyone else. He goes unnoticed by the regulars until he walks to the middle of the room, takes a breath to ready himself, and booms:

MACK

Need your attention here!

With that, Mack whips off his towel with a flourish. He's STARK NAKED. An UGLY OLD GUY in the front winces.

OLD GUY

Ah, nooo. Come on.

MACK

Hey, you're no prize yourself, pal. Everybody see? No wire, right? I'm just looking for a guy named Bert Kamin. Anybody know him?

Two beefy UFC types perk up: a big guy with a TATTOO on his neck, and an even bigger guy with a nasty RASH on his chest.

MACK (CONT'D)

Nobody? How about you two?
(rewrapping himself)
No? How about Kam Roberts?

It's the wrong thing to say. Rash barks in Russian and the room clears out quickly. Oh shit. Even Tattoo looks nervous.

RASH

We already talk to police. We already answer your questions.

MACK

What? No. I'm not a cop. I'm just looking for my friends.
(Rash stalks toward him)
Listen, I've upset you. I'll go.

He can't. Rash is blocking the door.

TATTOO

Evgeny. Not here.

MACK

This is a misunderstanding. I just--

Rash grabs Mack. Mack fights back, but the big Russian twists Mack's hand back awkwardly, growling as he chokes him.

RASH
You're friend of Bert? And Kam?

MACK
(gasps, Rash eases up)
I'm not their friend! I'm-- I'm
supposed to find them. I'm supposed
to... kill them!

Magic words. Rash loosens his grip. Mack shoves him back,
heart pounding. Rash seems almost amused.

RASH
You were sent to kill? By who?

MACK
(wild-eyed, desperate)
I, uh, I never know the real names
of the people I work for.

A flurried discussion in Russian between Tattoo and Rash.
Mack gets the sense his fate is being decided...

MACK (CONT'D)
Nyet, nyet. English. Please.

TATTOO
You can go. But you find them, you
tell us. You don't kill them. Not
until we talk to them.

MACK
Alright. Yeah. Deal. Good.
(wants to flee, but
presses his luck)
You know where I should look?

TATTOO
Nobody seen Bert in a month. And
the source, we don't know.

MACK
The source?

TATTOO
Kam. The man with the tips.

MACK
Kam. Kam Roberts is feeding Bert
gambling tips. That's good to know.

TATTOO
Bert told us Kam works out of a
club downtown. "360." All we know.

Mack nods, rubbing his sore hand, and opens the door.

MACK

You've been really helpful, guys.
But that crap on your chest. Do I
need to go to a doctor?

RASH

I was tell it's no contagious.

INT. CLUB 360 - NIGHT

A dark, sexy space. More bottle service, less dance floor.

SUPERTITLE: Club 360. Thursday. 11:25 pm.

Mack heads toward a VIP section in the back. RACHEL, late 20s, reigns over the rope. She's stunning, flanked by Tiger-bait and a beefy bouncer in a black suit.

MACK

Hey. Are you the, uh...

RACHEL

Rachel Costas, Director of VIP
Services. Can I help you?

MACK

Perfect. Rachel. We spoke on the
phone. I'm the guy looking for Kam
Roberts. Rico's friend.

RACHEL

(oh, suddenly flirty)
Right. You're pretty connected for
a guy who dresses like my dad.

MACK

That's the great thing about
defending crooks. So can I go have
a look back there?

RACHEL

Usually you have to buy a bottle.
(Mack grimaces)
But for a friend of Rico, I'll go
for you. What do you want me to
tell this Kam if I find him?

MACK

Uh... Tell him Mr. Kamin's waiting
out here with his credit card.

Suddenly, a hand comes down on his shoulder.

GINO (O.C.)

You take your husband's name, Mack?

Mack turns to face the unpleasant, familiar mug of DETECTIVE GINO DIMONTE, 40s. Gino peers over a pair of tinted prescription glasses, smiling as he flashes a badge at Rachel. Mack winces as Gino pushes him toward the exit.

MACK

Gino. Been a while.

EXT. CLUB 360/INT. POLICE SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Gino shoves Mack across the sidewalk, and into a police van. Mack flops onto a bench seat opposite Gino's partner, DEWEY, 30s, African American. Dewey seems nice. Gino doesn't. There's a video feed of the club's VIP entrance on a monitor.

GINO

Dewey, Mack Malloy. The only holier-than-thou alcoholic I ever met.

MACK

You don't look like a Dewey.

DEWEY

(to Gino)

You know this guy?

GINO

This asshole was my partner... until he testified against me. Said I beat a lady.

MACK

I had to, bud. I was under oath.

(to Dewey)

He still like to wail on suspects?

GINO

Keep talking, Mack. Maybe I'll come out of retirement.

MACK

Why don't you tell me why I'm here.

GINO

We been fishing this spot for a week, waiting for a brother named Kam to show. So far you're our only nibble. Early Christmas for Gino.

MACK
Kam's black?

GINO
Don't play dumb, Mack. It's
redundant.

Gino starts cleaning his glasses, an annoying affectation.

DEWEY
You a big gambler, Mr. Malloy? You
like to fix basketball games?

MACK
That's what this is about?

GINO
Please. What are you doing with Kam
Roberts' credit card?

MACK
Oh, I don't have it. I just said I
did. I say a lot of things.

GINO
Then why don't you say something
about Kamin.
(Mack freezes)
The name you dropped in there.
Kamin. Who's that?

MACK
Uh, a partner of mine. Bert Kamin.

DEWEY
What's he got to do with Kam?

MACK
(sees Dewey taking notes)
Do I need a lawyer here?

GINO
Thought you were a lawyer. Answer
the question. Or do you want to
finish this at the station?

MACK
I'm not going unless you're
charging me with something.
(Gino hesitates, fuming)
Open that door. I'm done here.

A game of chicken. Finally, Gino sets his glasses down.

GINO
Fine. You're under arrest.

MACK
OK. For what?

GINO
I'll think of something on the way.

Gino is hot. He starts to climb into the driver' seat. Mack has to think fast, or he's going downtown...

MACK
You haven't gotten any smarter in the last twelve years, have you? The only thing you can book me for is false personation. But it won't hold up, and I'm not gonna tell you a damn thing. Sorry, Pig Eyes.

Gino finally explodes. He turns and punches Mack in the mouth. Mack falls back, glaring. Dewey is wide eyed. A beat.

MACK (CONT'D)
I forgot you don't like that name.
(to Dewey)
Think he wants to book me now?

GINO
You were resisting.

MACK
Fifty people in that club'll say I wasn't. Hell, I'm pretty sure Dewey here would back me up.

Dewey doesn't say a word. Mack leans forward, opens the door, and wipes blood from his mouth, smiling.

MACK (CONT'D)
It's been fun, fellas.

GINO
You better watch your ass, Ma--

EXT. CLUB 360 - CONTINUOUS

Mack slams the door in Gino's face, and stumbles away, ignoring the curiosity of lined up club-goers. He looks down at Gino's tinted glasses, which he grabbed in the tussle, and chucks them in the gutter, laughing.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - MACK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mack checks his busted lip in the reflection of his dusty computer monitor, having just brought Brushy up to speed.

BRUSHY

For a guy with a busted lip, and two bandaged hands, you look awfully pleased with yourself.

MACK

Ever wonder what's more fun, a day of depositions or getting your ass kicked? Turns out it's getting your ass kicked.

BRUSHY

You got anything else to show for your time? How about this Kam Roberts character, and the club?

MACK

No, I need a new lead on Bert. As long as the cops are sitting on Kam, I can't go back. I was lucky getting out of that van once.

BRUSHY

Alright, that's the second time you've said something like that. Why are you so worried about cops?
(Mack hesitates)
You want me to put that ass kicking theory of yours to the test?

MACK

If the police get too curious about Bert, they might find some of my prints over at his house, maybe even some of my blood. And that would be bad, because... I found a dead body in Bert's fridge.

BRUSHY

What!? Who's body? Kam's?

MACK

(keep your voice down!)
I don't know. How would I know?

BRUSHY

Well, who puts a dead body in your refrigerator? What do you think, it was some kind of message?

MACK

I don't think it was a snack.

(then)

If Bert's still alive, he's probably halfway to Barbados.

He and Brushy stare at each other, feeling the weight. Then:

ASSISTANT (OVER INTERCOM)

Mack? Mr. Gold wants you in the conference room? It's urgent.

Mack instinctively reaches for the bottle in his bottom drawer, but Brushy kicks it shut. Wordlessly, she nods for him to hit the road.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mack finds Martin waiting with their client, Jake Eiger, late 40s, the razor-sharp General Counsel at TransNational. Jake looks like the next Republican nominee for Dream Crusher.

MARTIN

Mack, meet Jake Eiger. General Counsel for TransNational. He's Tad Krysinski's right hand.

(Mack nods, tense)

Jake's wondering why he hasn't been able to get a hold of Bert Kamin. I asked him to wait so you could give us both the update.

Mack looks at Martin: *meaning what?* Martin just stares back.

MACK

Ahh, you know... there is no update. I haven't seen Bert lately.

MARTIN

Ah. Disappointing.

JAKE

Hell's going on here, Martin?

MARTIN

Well. Bert's missing... And so is \$8.2 million dollars from the Flight 298 settlement fund.

Mack looks on as Martin studies Jake. Nobody says a word.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I found the discrepancy two days ago, and--

JAKE

The discrepancy.

MARTIN

And I looped Mack in yesterday. I'm not sure you're aware of Mack's history with the CPD, but he was an outstanding police officer. We're hopeful that we can find Bert, and--

JAKE

That's your plan? You've got this guy kicking over rocks?... I'm on the line here! If Krysinski finds out-- Martin, I recommended G&G. I hired you. If this--

(composes himself, icy)

How much cash does G&G have on hand? In payroll? Eight million?

Martin doesn't like threats. A long awkward beat. Finally...

MACK

I'm gonna guess less.

JAKE

You have until Monday. When Tad hears about this? He'll sue you. And keep suing you. Until you're selling your granddaughter's pony, and mowing lawns on weekends. We *will* get that money back.

Jake leaves. Martin smiles tightly. Mack does not.

MACK

What the hell happened to keeping the client in the dark!?

MARTIN

He asked.

(off Mack's look)

The financial fate of the firm is one thing. I'm not going to make myself an accessory after the fact.

MACK

Jesus.

MARTIN

(stares Mack down)

You heard the man, Mack. You better go find that sonofabitch.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - BULLPEN AREA - LATER

Mack exits the conference room, dazed. When Ziven approaches, Mack walks right past him. Ziven backs up, in step with Mack.

ZIVEN

Hey, listen, Mack. The Nuncio trial on Friday, it'd be a great chance for me to learn. You mind if I come sit third chair for you and Brushy?

MACK

It's a defense table, Ziven, not a clown car... You won't learn anything from me in court, anyway.

ZIVEN

No, I know. But Brushy...

Mack looks at him, annoyed. Then looks across the bullpen to a closed office door marked "Bert Kamin." An attractive assistant guards the door, surfing the web, bored.

MACK

I'll *think* about it. *If* you go hit on Bert Kamin's assistant.

ZIVEN

Please. I already have. Like five times. Nothing's doing.

MACK

Sixth time's the charm. Really. Go.

Ziven's skeptical, but Mack's serious. So he goes. Mack watches as Ziven wanders over, out of earshot, and leans over the pretty assistant's desk. Almost immediately she gets up and disappears down the hall.

Mack walks over, and fishes a key from her top drawer.

ZIVEN

Was that just so you could...

INT. BERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mack enters Bert's office with Ziven on his heels. The place

is a basketball shrine. Mack rifles drawers, and checks Bert's computer, as Ziven instinctively acts as lookout.

ZIVEN

What is this? What are you doing?

MACK

Uh, Bert owes me money.

ZIVEN

Is this about the gambling stuff?
Was that *Bert's* computer?

MACK

What? No.

Ziven's not buying it. Mack studies a memo he's found.

ZIVEN

What's that?

MACK

(too distracted to lie)
A memo to Glyndora Gaines in
accounting authorizing a, um, large
transfer of funds.

ZIVEN

Is that what you're looking for?

MACK

You didn't see anything here,
Ziven, understand? Attorney client.

Mack pockets the letter, walks out. Ziven calls after him:

ZIVEN

That's not how attorney client
works.

(Mack looks back sharply)
You got it.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

GLYNDORA GAINES, mid 40s, mid 200 lbs, walks into the blank space with a plastic bag full of Chinese food.

MACK (O.C.)

Hey, Glyn. What'd you clip here?

She jumps, startled. Mack is seated behind her desk, reading her newspaper. There's a hole cut from the front page.

GLYNDORA

Who let you in? Get out that chair
before you mess up the lumbar.

Mack does as he's told. He's intimidated, as anybody would
be. He hands her the memo he took from Bert's office.

MACK

Sorry. I'm here about this memo.
What can you tell me about it?

GLYNDORA

It's a money transfer Bert sent me.
I put it through. You can read.

MACK

Eight million bucks into a numbered
account off-shore. And 200 grand
into a different account. It says
"per our conversation."

GLYNDORA

See? You're doing it.
(off Mack's look)
What you want me to say?

MACK

I want you to tell me about this
conversation you had with Bert.

GLYNDORA

I don't remember.

MACK

Yes you do.

GLYNDORA

Now you're calling me a liar?

A stand off. Mack points to a graduation photo on her desk.

MACK

This's your son, right? You give me
what I need here, I can guarantee
his tuition gets paid by G&G, and--

Glyndora grabs Mack by the elbow, ushering him out.

GLYNDORA

Still sounds to me like you're
calling me a liar. So you're gonna
get the hell out of my office...

Glyndora slams the door shut behind him. Three disapproving accounting ladies look over. Mack shrugs, pissed off.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - CARRIE'S ROOM - EVENING

Mack jogs up the stairs, pokes his head in Carrie's room. She's wrapping swimming trophies in newspaper, packing stuff into boxes. Mack looks on, curious.

MACK
Carrie? Carrie.

Carrie pulls out her iPod buds. She looks pissed.

CARRIE
You forgot, didn't you?

MACK
(realizes, sorry)
We were supposed to go apartment hunting.
(Carrie is silent)
You know, hon, it could be awhile before the house sells. We don't have to move just yet.

Carrie stands and brushes past Mack on her way out.

CARRIE
Whatever. I gotta go.

MACK
Got a date with Derek?

Carrie doesn't stop walking down the stairs.

MACK (CONT'D)
Damon.

He hears the front door close, looks down defeated and disappointed in himself. But he doesn't sulk for long. His eyes go wide...

Staring up at him, on the front page of the newspaper, is a familiar face. It's the section Glyn clipped. The headline reads: "*Evanston Man Missing.*" Mack picks up the paper, and dials his cell, excited.

MACK (CONT'D)
Brush, we gotta meet. I know who was in Bert's fridge.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

CLOSE ON: A sliver of bare shoulder, past which a legal brief is materializing before our eyes. Brushy is typing away.

INT. BRUSHY'S CONDO - NIGHT

Practically a bachelor pad. Brushy's curled up on the sofa, working, but a bottle of wine is within reach. A man's oversized shirt, unbuttoned, counts as pajamas. A KNOCK.

SUPERTITLE: Brushy's Condo. Thursday Night. 9:34 PM.

Brushy buttons up, and opens up for Mack. He's holding the newspaper, about to dive right in, but then he sees her, and:

MACK

Hi... I'm sorry. I know it's late.

There's a spark, but Brushy's all business. Mack matches her.

BRUSHY

I was working anyway. Is that him?
The mystery man in Bert's Sub Zero?

MACK

Yep. Archie Koestler. An actuary from Evanston, went missing a week ago. It's not in the story, but Archie there had a 2002 arrest for promoting gambling.

(proud of himself)

Called a guy I know at the paper.

BRUSHY

Couldn't have just Googled it?

MACK

The point is, Archie used to make book. Probably still does. Did. I'm thinking he was Bert's bookie.

BRUSHY

So now what? How do you follow up?

MACK

I'm not gonna. I have a better lead. I went to visit Glyndora Gaines. She's the one who moved the money for Bert, and I saw she clipped this article out of the paper. She knows something... Who gave you that shirt?

Mack's enjoying this. But Brushy holds on to business mode.

BRUSHY

It's hard to believe Glyn would cover for Bert. Don't you remember the screaming fight they got into at the Christmas party last year...

MACK

Don't remember much of that party.
(off Brushy's look)
Hey, come on. You gotta admit, I'm on a bit of a roll here.

BRUSHY

I'm serious.

MACK

It looks more like 'pissed'.

BRUSHY

I'm worried about the firm. Same as you.

MACK

I don't give a damn about the firm.
(cuts her off)
I'm gonna solve this thing for you.

They lock eyes, a long moment. Brushy's fingers move toward her top button. She steps closer.

MACK (CONT'D)

Are you-- We've never-- Brushy, we've been circling *that* for... ten years?

BRUSHY

Yeah. I've been waiting that long for you to say the right thing.

INT. BRUSHY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mack and Brushy crash against the counter, all over each other. It's very hot... but as Mack undresses, Brushy stops, suddenly turned off. Mack freezes too, self conscious now.

MACK

What? Is there a problem?

BRUSHY

Mack, your back...

In the oven's reflection, Mack sees his back is splotchy.

MACK

Damn it! This Russian guy I met at the bath. He had this on his chest.

BRUSHY

His chest... your back?

MACK

Not-- He was trying to kill me.
(scratches)
Man, he said it was *no contagious*.

BRUSHY

(pulls her shirt closed)
It's OK. We'll just press pause. We can revisit this.

MACK

Wait. No. We can still-- Just don't touch me there.

BRUSHY

I'm going to want to. But not tonight... I'll see you in court.

She gives him a chaste kiss, looks to the door. Mack can't believe she's serious. He turns to go.

MACK

Fine.

Feeling betrayed and petulant, Mack swipes the bottle of wine on his way out. Brushy is unimpressed, but says nothing. She doesn't have to. As her door swings shut, CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK: A cell rings. Two young punks whisper.

PUNK

Yo, he's moving! Come on!

INT. MACK'S CAR/ EXT. SILVERSMITH BAR - PARKING LOT - MORNING

Mack's eyes open painfully, revealing the backseat of his car. Mack's hung-over as hell. And two teenage punks are robbing him. One of the kids has his hand in Mack's pocket, lifting his wallet. The kid looks up at Mack, and freezes when he see's Mack's awake. They stare at each other. Then:

MACK

Good morning.

The kid can only watch in horror as Mack throws up on him. The punk's partner cackles. The victim punches Mack in the stomach, pissed. Mack winces as the two run off.

Then he checks: yep, his wallet is gone. Finally, with great difficulty, Mack answers his ringing phone.

MACK (CONT'D)

What?

JAKE (OVER THE PHONE)

Mack. Jake Eiger. Can we meet?

CLOSE ON: "J.A.K.E." On a monogrammed clock. On a monogrammed paperweight. On a monogrammed shirt. We are...

SUPERTITLE: TransNational Headquarters. Friday. 9:07 AM.

INT. TRANSNATIONAL BUILDING - JAKE EIGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake's on the phone. Mack waits, takes a business card from a holder on the desk. J.A.K.E.'s on there too.

JAKE

(into phone)

No... No... Friday. I'll call you.

Jake hangs up. Mack reads the card.

MACK

John Andrew Kenneth Eiger. That's where it comes from? It doesn't come from, you know, Jake?

JAKE

You were about to tell me where we're at with Bert Kamin.

MACK

He's missing. I'm looking for him.
(off Jake's look)

I don't think you called me down here for an update I could've given you over the phone. What is it you want to tell me?

Jake studies Mack for a long beat. Mack looks like hell.

JAKE

When the Flight 298 judgement came down, there were a few insurance companies who funded the settlement. All the money went

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

into one big pot. As it turned out, there was a bit left after all the plaintiffs were paid. Only Bert and a few of our board members knew of--

MACK

Are you telling me that your plane crashed, 134 people died... and you came out eight million bucks ahead?

JAKE

No. I'm telling you we came out fifty million dollars ahead. Bert just stole eight of it.

MACK

(dumbstruck)

Why are you telling me this?

JAKE

Because I want you to understand that we actually have no interest in alerting the authorities. At any point. If you find Bert... I'm your first phone call. I'm your *only* phone call. Do you understand?

MACK

What happens to Bert?

Jake just stares at Mack. "Death" is the implication.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - ACCOUNTING OFFICE - DAY

Mack pokes his head into Glyn's office. Nobody home. A PRETTY INTERN stops wheeling a cart nearby.

PRETTY INTERN

Are you looking for Ms. Gaines? She's out sick today... I heard she hasn't missed a day in like 20 years. Can you believe that?

MACK

No. I can't.

He walks over to Glyn's desk and writes on a post-it: "*Call me. - Mack*" He sticks it right on the graduation photo.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Mack and Brushy hustle up to meet Toots and a large Nuncio family contingent milling around outside the courtroom.

SUPERTITLE: Cook County Courthouse. Friday. 9:55 AM.

Mack shakes hands with Toots, nods to a priest in a clerical collar who's with the family. FATHER JIMMY, 30s.

MACK (CONT'D)

Good idea, Toots. We could use all the luck we can get.

BRUSHY

Maybe he can perform last rites after Hershfeld plays her tape.

TOOTS

Oh ye of little faith. I prayed to St. Anthony and I found what I was looking for. Hey, Father Jimmy. Come over meet the lawyers.

The young priest comes over, shakes hands with a curious Mack, and a skeptical Brushy. His Irish accent is thick.

FATHER JIMMY

James Dolan. A pleasure. Which of you will be questioning me today?

MACK

You're a character witness?

FATHER JIMMY

I s'pose you could say. Paul Nuncio here was delivering that money to Judge Brennen to give to me. The Judge, rest his soul, was taking up a collection for a new church playground. 'Tis a shame he's not here to tell his side.

BRUSHY

We've had four years to produce witnesses. You're pulling this now?

TOOTS

Father Jimmy was doing missionary work in the Phillipines. I had to fly him in.

MACK

You're on trial for your life, Toots. You couldn't have sprung for a pro? Steppenwolf has good people.

TOOTS

He's a priest!

MACK

Really? How come nobody in your family can look me in the eye?

The priest shifts uncomfortably. Toots looks back at his family as if they were traitors. Finally, he breaks...

TOOTS

Alright. But I *had* to go with a face from the burbs. What if a jury member sees our priest in Hamlet or whatever? Use your head.

MACK

Hmmm. Fair point.

BRUSHY

Fair point!? He wants to put a false witness on the stand. We could lose our bar cards!

Mack is barely listening. He stares down the hall at the ADA, BARB HERSHFELD, 30s, as if lining up a shot.

MACK

Yeah. But we don't have to put him on the stand. We can just put Father Whoever right...

(grabs the priest roughly)
...here. The rest of you, just chat. About defrauding the justice system or whatever you like.

A smile spreads on Toot's face. He gets it...

BRUSHY

Mack, You're not-- What are you gonna say to her?

MACK

As much as I legally can. Not a word about the priest, right?

Mack grins. Brushy watches, incredulous, as Mack walks over and taps ADA Hershfeld's shoulder. Hershfeld doesn't look happy to see Mack. He breathes, ready to walk the high wire...

MACK (CONT'D)

Barb, I know we haven't always gotten along, but I need a favor. I know it's last minute, but...

Mack nods back to Toots and the priest, plainly in view. Mack plays it all on his face, can't say another word. He waits...

ADA HERSHFELD

Are you kidding me? An eleventh hour miracle witness?

(Mack looks embarrassed)

This is garbage. This is a steaming pile of Toots Nuncio garbage.

(a long beat, Mack sweats)

Even if I was stupid enough to let a priest who's not on your witness list climb up in the box without raising an objection, you really believe the bench would ever allow--

Mack shrugs: *don't be so sure*. Hershfeld is growing beet red.

MACK

All I'm saying, is Toots's open to a new plea offer. Suspended sentence. Probation. Biggest fine you can throw at him...

ADA HERSHFELD

But no jail. The man bribes a judge, and he doesn't go to prison.

Mack doesn't even nod. She stews, then, finally relents:

ADA HERSHFELD (CONT'D)

I'll go tell the clerk.

She stalks off, practically homicidal. Mack walks back to Brushy and Toots, poker faced. Then:

MACK

Suspended sentence. And a fine.

The Nuncio clan goes nuts, bear hugging Mack. He cuts a look at Brushy who's biting her tongue, but impressed.

TOOTS

(arm around Mack)

This guy. This guy is the best lawyer in Chicago!

MACK

You've never seen me in court.

TOOTS

What the hell would a guy like you need court for?

(even Brushy smiles)

I owe you one.

Off Mack, nodding at Toots: *yes you do*.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - SUBTERRANEAN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

SUPERTITLE: Gage & Griswell Parking Lot. Friday. 7:35 PM.

Mack walks to his Camry. He rounds a corner and sees the two detectives are sitting on his trunk. Gino and Dewey.

MACK

C'mon Gino. It's Friday night.
Didn't you use to have a wife?

DEWEY

He did.

GINO

(gives Dewey a look, then)
Long day for us. We were tracking activity on Kam Roberts' credit card all afternoon. Finally pulled security tape at Best Buy, and there's two 14 year olds buying a stereo... I thought of you.

MACK

You think I gave a couple of delinquents an Amex, and sent them shopping just to screw with you?

GINO

I didn't say it was an Amex.
(Mack winces)
I think you're working with Roberts. You're buying him time so he can get out of town.

MACK

I got rolled last night by a couple kids. I puked on the short one right there, actually.

DEWEY

But you did have his credit card.
You lied to the police.

MACK

You could charge me, but the filing standards for making a false oral report in Cook County are--

GINO

Shut up. I'ma give you one more chance to tell the truth. Take a look at this sketch of Roberts. I want to know if it's close.

MACK
I'm telling you, I've never seen
Kam before in my--

Gino holds up a police sketch of Kam Roberts. Mack takes it.
A black man, about 30. Very familiar. Mack freezes.

GINO
Well?

MACK
I've never seen him before. I just
realized I-- I left something
upstairs.
(off Gino's look)
Do you want the 'book me or let me
go' speech again?

GINO
You're so smart, Mack... Just
remember, even smart guys go to
jail sometimes.

Mack smiles and walks away. After he's gone...

DEWEY
Uh... he took the sketch this time.

GINO
Are you kidding me? Are you fu--

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - JEREMY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ziven has a headset on, online gaming. A 1st person shooter.

ZIVEN
Cover me, Ning. I'm going in.

Mack hustles in, hair on fire, with a framed photo under his
arm. Ziven swipes the headset off, embarrassed.

MACK
I need your help.

ZIVEN
How'd you know where my office was?

MACK
Can you hack personnel files? I
need ID on Glyndora Gaines's son.

ZIVEN
Quid pro quo. The truth this time.

Mack considers, then lays the photo of Glyn's son, and pulls out the police sketch of Kam Roberts. One and the same.

MACK

Bert Kamin disappeared with a lot of our client's money, and Glyn's kid is somehow at the center of it. You speak a word of it, you're fired. I *can* get you fired.

Ziven takes this in, then starts typing on the computer.

MACK (CONT'D)

You're doing it right now?

Mack walks behind Ziven. He's on Google. Mack hangs his head.

ZIVEN

I can't 'hack' anything. Glyn's my Facebook friend. Her son's name is Orleans, so I'm just searching...
(reads)
He's a college basketball ref. That's cool.

MACK

I thought he just graduated.

ZIVEN

You know how photos work? They don't age. Check the kid's tie, man. Picture's twelve years old.
(reads again)
Looks like he's reffing tomorrow's Northwestern game.

MACK

Can you buy me a ticket on there?

ZIVEN

I can buy two.
(off Mack's look)
I really don't think you can fire me. If you want me to be quiet...

INT. WELSH RYAN ARENA - SATURDAY

Muted cheers. The game's in progress above.

SUPERTITLE: Welsh Ryan Arena. Saturday. 5:07 PM.

Mack and Ziven stalk the concourse beneath the stands, hotdogs in hand.

ZIVEN

Why do you want to break into the ref's locker room? Why not just wait until after the--

MACK

If I can get a look at Orlean-slash-Kam's phone, there's a pretty good chance I can use it to track down Bert. Or... at least *you* can.

ZIVEN

(mouthful of hotdog)

This is fun! Hey, there's this thing I saw on TV. We'll need a can of compressed air and a hammer. We can freeze the lock and bust it! I can create a distraction if-- what?

Mack is staring at him like he's an idiot.

MACK

Just wait here.

Ziven watches as Mack walks over to a janitor. Mack points, the janitor shakes his head. Mack takes money from his pocket, and starts rolling off twenties. The janitor nods and walks down the hall. Mack motions for Ziven to follow.

INT. WELSH RYAN STADIUM - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mack and Ziven walk behind the janitor.

ZIVEN

Why're you so pissed? It's working.

MACK

It's really hard to get reimbursed for stuff like this.

The janitor opens the door and stands aside. As Mack steps to the threshold, his jaw drops. Inside the small locker room is an equally stupefied BERT KAMIN, 40s.

MACK (CONT'D)

Bert?

BERT

Uh, hi Mack.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. REFEREE'S LOCKER ROOM/HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Mack rolls off two more twenties. The janitor smiles and leaves Mack, Ziven, and Bert in privacy. Bert is a jumpy, brilliant, bearded ball of energy. He's no stranger to coke.

BERT

How the hell did you find me?

MACK

Well, first place I looked was your house. Somebody left your milk out.

Loaded. Bert ushers Mack inside, and starts to close the door on Ziven, who's wide-eyed, bummed to be left out.

BERT

Keep an eye out for... anybody.
(shuts the door, to Mack)
What happened to Archie, I, I didn't do that. These Russians guys did. They're gonna kill me, man.

MACK

Start at the beginning. Actually, no. Start with Kam Roberts.

BERT

What? There is no Kam. Bert Kamin, Kam Roberts. You didn't get that?
(off Mack's look)
Kam Roberts is just a name and a credit card. He's a smoke screen.

MACK

You're killing me, Bert. Just... tell me what's going on.

BERT

OK. Alright. I'm gay.

MACK

That's great... What's going on!?

Bert waves for Mack to keep quiet. Mack glares back.

BERT

You know Glyndora from accounting?
Her son, his name is Orleans.
We're... together. Orleans is a ref. And he knew I was in debt.

MACK

So he started pulling some Tim Donaghy crap, fixing games?

BERT

And the Russians saw I was winning. They want my source, but I can't do that to Orleans, man. I had Archie tell 'em it was 'Kam Roberts' and just for that, Arch gets shoved in my crisper. So I ran. That's it.

MACK

You left out the part where you stole eight point two million dollars from TransNational.

BERT

What? No. I only stole-- I borrowed 200 thousand. Just 200 K, Mack. And I woulda paid TN back. Trust me, if I stole eight mil I'd be on a beach--
(then, realizing)
Oh. I bet-- Yeah, I know the eight million you're talking about--

The door flies open. Ziven.

ZIVEN

Cops! There are cops out here.

Mack looks out. Down the hall, Gino and Dewey are talking to a uniform and an arena security guard. Mack turns to Ziven.

MACK

Go. Walk. Don't run. That way.

Ziven scurries off. Bert looks to Mack, jumpy.

MACK (CONT'D)

What about the eight million, Bert? Where is it?

BERT

I didn't take it, but I know where it is. I'll tell you if you help me. Please, I can't get caught here. I'm a dead man in jail--

MACK

Alright, shut up.

Mack hands Bert his cell, shoves him behind a shower curtain.

MACK (CONT'D)

Give me two minutes to get them outta here, then go. And Bert, you better answer that phone when I call. If you don't, I've got plenty of room for you in my fridge.

INT. WELSH RYAN STADIUM - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mack emerges from the locker room and looks down the hall. Gino and the others are headed his way. Mack waits for a few stadium workers to clear so Gino can see him...

GINO

Son of a bitch.

Mack bolts, leading Gino and Dewey on a chase down the hall.

INT. WELSH RYAN ARENA - STANDS - CONTINUOUS

The crowd is filing out after the game. Mack dashes up the stands against traffic, with the cops still on his trail.

GINO

Where do you think you're going!?

Mack keeps climbing. Finally, he takes a seat in the rafters. Dewey is the first to arrive. He slaps cuffs on Mack while Gino huffs up, bright red, enraged. Everyone's out of breath.

MACK

Sorry about the hike, Dewey.
I take it you followed me here?

GINO

Three strikes, asshole. You're going to jail. And you're gonna answer my questions this time.

MACK

Right. What are you booking me for?
(Gino freezes, irate)
Creating a public disturbance. I'll give you that one. That's free.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE DEPARTMENT - STATE STREET - SUNDAY

Mack rips a plastic bracelet off his wrist as he walks out of the police station. Still in the same clothes.

SUPERTITLE: CPD State Street Station. Sunday. 10:23 AM.

Mack dials Bert from a pay phone, and waits, nervous, trying to wipe off fingerprint ink. Finally, Bert answers.

INTERCUT: Bert's in a non-descript motel room. Orleans lounges on the bed, watching an NFL pregame show behind him.

BERT

Mack. Finally. What happened?

MACK

I just spent the night handcuffed to a table, ducking questions about a figment of your imagination. So tell me, right now, where are you?

INT. UNIVERSITY INN MOTEL - ROOM 237 - DAY

A shit hole. Orleans has cleared out. Bert opens up for Mack.

MACK

You steal two hundred grand, you can't afford a Ramada?

(enters, cuts Bert off)

I don't want to hear it. The eight million you *didn't* steal. Who did?

BERT

Nobody, man. It went to pay off a blackmailer. You can't tell anyone this, OK? TransNational somehow made big money off the plane crash.

MACK

Somebody threatened to take that public?

BERT

Yeah. This anonymous whistle-blower guy started e-mailing Jake Eiger. We had to pay him or he was going to give it to the Trib.

Mack takes this in, then smiles. He gets it.

MACK

Yeah, no. That didn't happen.

(off Bert)

When Martin saw there was money missing, he thought you took it. He *told* Jake you took it. And Jake never said a word about a blackmailer.

BERT

That doesn't make sense. Why would he hang me out to dry like that? Why didn't he show you the e-mails?

MACK

Because Jake wrote them, you idiot. Jake's the blackmailer.

Bert shakes his head, processing.

MACK (CONT'D)

And the penny drops in three, two--

BERT

Oh my God. I helped him steal the money, and then I ran away and gave him the perfect fall guy.

MACK

Just come in to work tomorrow. We'll straighten everything out.

BERT

I can't, man. I can't poke my head out right now. Just tell--

MACK

I need proof!

BERT

How about the wiring instructions Jake sent me? The account numbers, all the bank stuff. Will that work?

Off Mack, considering...

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SUNDAY

Empty grocery bags on the floor. Mack pours cheap vodka over his hands, scrubbing fingerprint ink off in the sink, as he talks to Brushy on the phone.

BRUSHY (OVER THE PHONE)

...you could've called me for bail.

MACK

It's OK, I posted myself. I've got 219 bucks left to my name, but...

BRUSHY (OVER THE PHONE)

Well, it sounds like you're in line for a bonus.

MACK

Somehow I doubt it. Thing I can't figure is what did Martin know, and when did he know it?

BRUSHY (OVER THE PHONE)

What are you talking about?

MACK

Nothing. Just... I need you to keep all this under your hat until tomorrow. I want all the pieces straight before I take it in.

(a knock at the door)

I gotta go.

Mack hangs up, sets the vodka down, and opens up.

MACK (CONT'D)

Finally! There you are-- Elise?

Mack is surprised to see his ex, ELISE, 40. She doesn't even feign a smile. Carrie stands behind her, eyes downcast.

ELISE

Can we come in?

MACK

Is everything alright, Carrie?

Elise pushes past him, and looks around, unimpressed.

ELISE

Carrie's going to come live with me, Mack. We're here for her stuff.

MACK

What?

CARRIE

I wanted to talk about it. You haven't been around. Mom thinks...

Mack's gutshot, confused and hurt.

ELISE

She's fifteen, Mack. She needs a responsible adult in her life.

MACK

Well, her mother left!

ELISE

You're right. It was my fault.

Elise waves the cheap vodka from the kitchen counter. Carrie stares at the bottle. Her eyes are clear and angry.

CARRIE

You told me you were going to stop.

MACK

I wasn't drinking, I-- Screw it.
Nevermind... Is this what you want?

Carrie won't meet his eye. Mack storms out, disgusted.

Elise pulls Carrie into a hug. Over her mother's shoulder, Carrie sees: a bowl of batter, a waffle iron, and two plates.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - SUNDAY NIGHT

Mack drinks alone, feeling sorry for himself. He stares out at the dimly lit bullpen. The cleaning lady shoulders her purse and waves, locking up. He's got the place to himself.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - MARTIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mack jiggles a paperclip in the lock on Martin's desk drawer. It pops. He's getting better at this. Mack flips through files until he finds what he was expecting to find: a file labeled "*Malloy/ Severance.*"

BRUSHY (O.S.)

Hands up.

Mack freezes, then sees Brushy leaning in the doorway.

MACK

Jesus. How'd you know...

BRUSHY

I know you. What the hell's going on, Mack?

MACK

Guess I'm gonna need those cardboard boxes after all.

He holds up the folder, shoulders slumping. Brushy moves in to comfort him. A hug, then...

INT. CHICAGO HIGHRISE - BRUSHY'S CONDO - NIGHT

City lights shine in on Mack and Brushy who lay in bed, a while after. Brushy still looks surprised...

BRUSHY
Good for you.

She laughs, nudging him. Mack only half smiles, distracted.

BRUSHY (CONT'D)
Oh, what is it?

MACK
Nothing... Just... I think Martin suspected Jake did it all along. Why else tell Jake, *and only Jake*, that we're looking for it? I mean, that never made any sense to me. But now? I think my investigation was just a charade to scare the guy into putting it all back.

Brushy's annoyed this is the topic, but she always play ball.

BRUSHY
Maybe. Martin's pretty crafty. Why's it bothering you?

MACK
Because Martin was gonna fire me until he needed a schmuck to go off on a wild goosechase. He thinks I'm a joke. And he's not the only one.

BRUSHY
As long as TN gets their money back before the meeting, it doesn't really matter what Martin thought.

MACK
You know, it's not TranNational's money either. They're just the crooks that pay us.
(Brushy is silent)
I'm so sick of it, Brush... If I was to quit, go start over someplace, would you come with me?

Brushy studies him for a long moment.

BRUSHY
No... But if you do quit, would you mind saving my firm first?

Brushy turns away. Mack stares at the ceiling. A beat.

MACK
Yeah. First thing.

TIGHT ON MACK - WE DON'T SEE WHERE HE IS

Mack talks on a land line to a bank manager with a French Caribbean accent. Mack reads from notes on U Inn stationary.

MACK (CONT'D)

4-3-2-6-4-8-9. Uh huh. 3-9-7. Yes.

BANK MANAGER (OVER THE PHONE)

You should see a box at the top. Go ahead and type your secure password in there to check the balance.

Mack types a code from his notes. On screen: *Account balance: \$8,000,000.00.* Mack smiles, satisfied.

MACK

Alright. Perfect. And would it be possible to move the money back to the account it came from?

BANK MANAGER (OVER THE PHONE)

You can transfer it anywhere you like sir. But if you'd like assistance wiring funds, we require you to type a secondary password in the lower box.

MACK

(scans his notes)

Uh... I don't have a secondary password here.

BANK MANAGER (OVER THE PHONE)

It's eight characters.

(suspicious)

If you don't remember it, you'd have to present identification in person to make the transfer, sir.

Mack thinks. Finally, Mack types: "J--A--K--E--" A beat. Mack blinks at the screen, making a decision...

EXT. 24 HOUR KINKOS - MOMENTS LATER

Mack walks out into the snow, looking down at a computer print out. Mack Malloy's personal checking account: "*Your available balance: \$8,000,219.45*"

Mack looks shocked by what he's just done. Until a shit-eating grin slowly breaks across his face.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

CLOSE ON: Mack's hand, scrawling furiously. "*Flight 1497 to Mexico City. 11:14. Gate 47.*" The pad rests next to the bank slip showing the \$8,000,219.45 balance.

MACK (O.C.)

Got it. No, that's it. Thank you.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - MORNING

Mack hangs up, and throws clothes into a small suitcase. He debates between shirts, finally throwing both in the trash.

SUPERTITLE: Mack Malloy's House. Monday. 8:45 AM.

Mack's phone rings: "*Jake Eiger.*" Mack presses "*Ignore.*"

The front door opens downstairs. Mack freezes. Shit.

CARRIE (O.S.)

Dad?

MACK

I'm up here.

Mack tries to wipe the shame, grief, and fear off his face while he listens to her climb the stairs.

Carrie enters, upset, eyes red. She's looks embarrassed, then hugs him like a little girl. Her shoulders shake. When she speaks, it's into his chest.

CARRIE

I'm sorry.

MACK

What's wrong?

CARRIE

I don't want to talk about it.

(then)

She's such a bitch.

MACK

Don't say that. She's your mother.

CARRIE

Fine. But I can't live with her.

Mack holds on to her, staring off. His resolve to run seems to waver. Carrie finally pulls free.

CARRIE (CONT'D)
Can we still find an apartment?

A beat. The familiar car horn beeps.

MACK
Sure. As long as you don't tell
Damon where it is.

Carrie rolls her red eyes, done crying. Mack smiles. She turns to go, but Mack grabs her, holds her for a second.

MACK (CONT'D)
Be good. Be good today.

Carrie kisses him on the cheek, and leaves. Mack stares at the empty doorway... but then he returns to the bed, zips up the suitcase, and carries it out.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - MARTIN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Martin steps off the elevator and cuts through the office. Everyone has deferential nod for him, most go unrecognized. An attractive ASSISTANT waits at his office door with coffee.

ASSISTANT
Amelia's waiting for you.
(Martin looks pissed)
I'm not getting in the middle of it
with you two.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - MARTIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Martin enters. Brushy turns away from the stunning view.

BRUSHY
Marty, you're a goddamn idiot.

MARTIN
Good morning.

BRUSHY
You can't fire Mack Malloy.

MARTIN
I can't? Brushy, you know how
valuable I think you are, but
please don't misunderstand the
nature of our... relationship. I
can't afford to keep Mack on just
because you think he's a hoot.

Brushy puts a hand on his arm, but burns a hole through him.

BRUSHY

You're only wrong about all of that. A, I understand our relationship perfectly well because I ended it. B, I'm so valuable that if it means employing my goldfish as a paralegal, you should probably do it. And C, Mack would be pulling his weight if you were using him properly. He wasn't meant to be a cog in your machine. He's a mechanic. He knows what needs grease and what needs to get whacked with a hammer. He *gets things done*. If you don't see that now, it might be time to start spending more time on your boat.

MARTIN

If I don't see what now?

BRUSHY

If you don't-- Didn't he call you?
(Martin stares, expectant)
Didn't Mack...

Martin waits, as Brushy slowly starts to go white, realizing what Mack might have done. She's saved by the intercom...

ASSISTANT OVER THE INTERCOM

Jake Eiger on 2. Says it's urgent?

As Martin takes the call, he holds up a finger for Brushy to stay. But she gets the hell out of there.

INT. TOOTS NUNCIO'S OFFICE - DAY

Over Bert's shoulder. Tight on Toots. The whole time.

TOOTS

For a friend of Mack's, the Russians won't be a problem. And the body, that's taken care of. I'd buy a new fridge though.

BERT (O.S.)

Probably buy a new house.
(laughs, relieved)
I can't thank you enough.

Toots' smile fades, and his tone grows surprisingly ominous.

TOOTS

But you will. I do this for you,
Mr. Kamin, you're gonna owe me.
More important, your black friend,
the ref, he's gonna owe me.

BERT (O.S.)

Orleans can't--

TOOTS

He works for me now. Do we
understand each other?

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Martin enters. Jake Eiger, and TAD KRYSINSKI, TN's CEO little
bulldog of a CEO are waiting for him with serious faces.

MARTIN

I thought we were going to have
half the board with us today.

JAKE

They didn't need to hear this.
(Martin glances at Tad)
I told him, Martin. Have you found
Bert Kamin? Because if you haven't,
this meeting is going to be brief.

MARTIN

(calmly sits, unflappable)
I don't know about that, Jake. I've
never been exactly certain Bert
took your money.

JAKE

Oh? Who else could have done it?

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - BRUSHY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Ziven knocks on the doorframe. Brushy looks up, a wreck.

ZIVEN

Hey. Mack get out of jail OK?

BRUSHY

Actually, I think he got out of the
country OK. Pretty sure he took
eight million dollars with him.

ZIVEN

How would he even...

BRUSHY

Bert gave him account numbers, his contact at the bank, everything...

(cuts Ziven off)

Mack hasn't returned my calls all morning. And there was something he said last night.

Brushy ignores the look "last night" provokes.

ZIVEN

Wow.... Wow. Eight million. I mean, I guess you almost have to admire the guy.

Brushy smiles, rueful. That sounds familiar. She gets up.

BRUSHY

Watch out, Ziven. You're starting to sound like Mack.

(then)

Excuse me. I have to go tell our boss that my best friend's a felon.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - BULLPEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

As Brushy heads toward the conference room, she sees two men walking down the hallway. Bert Kamin. And Mack Malloy. She stands stock still, head spinning, as they approach.

BRUSHY

I thought you were going to run.

MACK

I was. That's why I'm late.

Now is not the time for explanations. Brushy turns to Bert.

BRUSHY

Shouldn't you be under a rock?

BERT

Toots-- Toots is making it better.

MACK

Old man can't do anything about my public disturbance charge though. Doesn't seem particularly fair.

BRUSHY

Maybe doing the right thing for a change is it's own reward.

MACK
God, I hope not.

With that, Mack walks on. He pauses at the conference room's glass wall, enjoying the chaos within.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Martin are no longer so civil, standing and yelling.

JAKE (O.S.)
...that's outrageous! You have
proof of nothing! It was your
partner, Bert who--

MARTIN
There are records of phone calls...
You and Bert talked twelve times
the day before he authorized the
transfer. That's a coincidence!!--

Martin finally sees Mack. Mack enters, all eyes on him.

MACK
How's it going in here?

JAKE
(to Tad)
This is the idiot they put on the
case. One guy. A drunk who worked
for the police twenty years ago.

MACK
(shakes Tad's hand)
Mr. Krysinski? Mack Malloy. I'm not
really that old.

MARTIN
Mack, now is not--

KRYSINSKI
What is this?--

MACK (CONT'D)
Shut up everybody. Please. I'm
asking as the guy who has eight
million dollars of your money
sitting in my bank account.

MARTIN
What!?

MACK
Only since this morning. I stole it
from him.

JAKE

That's absurd. He's lying.

Mack calmly takes some banking records, and papers out of his briefcase. He slides them over to Krysinski.

MACK

I have here a sworn affidavit from Bert Kamin that lays out in detail the particular brand of garbage Mr. Eiger here was spewing about a blackmail attempt. I also have Mr. Eiger's account information at First Cayman National Bank.

(pats Jake's monogrammed shirt pocket)

You have to have the secondary password for that, *Jake*.

Krysinski looks up from the papers. Jake's out on his feet.

KRYSINSKI

Jesus. You're fired.

MACK

That's not really enough for me, Tad. I'd feel better if he retired. Jake, you're gonna forfeit your law license by the end of the week, or you're going to jail.

KRYSINSKI

(to Martin)

We owe you an apology.

MACK

You owe us more than that. You're putting us on retainer for the next three years.

(Krysinski nods)

And you're not keeping the money. Not fifty, not eight, none of it. I don't care if you give it back to the insurance companies, but you're not keeping it. Start a charity for the victims or something. Put my name on a hospital. Get creative.

KRYSINSKI

You're blackmailing us?

MACK

Ironic, isn't it? Now get out of here, OK? I gotta talk to Martin.

Krysinski slowly rises. Jake drifts out behind him, dazed. Mack gives them a small wave as the door closes.

It's just Martin and Mack again. This time it's Martin who pours a drink. Mack declines. Martin smiles, studying Mack.

MARTIN

The man I hired. Where the hell've you been for the last ten years?

MACK

(laughs)

The man you hired was a detective holding a drug charge on your brother. Lets not pretend you plucked me out of night school for my oratory skills.

MARTIN

No, no. That speech needed work. It was a little smug. I'm just saying, I always did like your style when you had some leverage to work with.

MACK

OK, good, because I'm not done.

(off Martin's look)

We both know I'm not cut out for court. But you know what? Neither are most cases that come across a lawyer's desk. Those are gonna be my cases now. The fun ones anyway.

MARTIN

So... what? You want to be our bag man, our fixer? Toots Nuncio Junior? Some kind of in-house P.I.?

MACK

Call it whatever you want. I just want to follow my gut, and see justice get done. That's it. But the briefs, and the motions, and the DNA, and the yes-your-honors. I'm done with all that. All the clutter. People pay us to make things sound more complicated than they really are... you're going to pay me to keep things simple.

MARTIN

Not everything can be boiled down, Mack. That's your problem.

MACK

(shrugs)

There are 300 other lawyers under this roof. Must be one or two who can help me out when I get stuck.

MARTIN

(takes a drink)

I guess I could use a... mechanic. That's what Brushy called you. Not exactly a compliment.

MACK

She knows me pretty well.

MARTIN

I'm going to have my eye on you. Don't take it personally, but--

Through the glass, Mack sees Detective Dimonte wander into the bullpen from the elevator, looking lost. Mack stands.

MACK

Excuse me, Martin, I made another appointment. But first, um, I need you to take care of these.

Mack digs in his pocket. He hands over a couple napkins with handwriting on them. Martin looks up, confused.

MACK (CONT'D)

Receipts. For bribes and stuff.
(off Martin's look)
Hey, get used to it, man.

INT. GAGE & GRISWELL - MACK'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Gino sits opposite Mack, feet up on Brushy's cardboard boxes.

GINO

K-O-E-S-T-L-E-R. I got that right?
Koestler?

MACK

Yeah. I got a feeling he might turn up at the dump up in McCormickville. The body will have a hand that's all mangled, like somebody twisted it.

GINO

And you got a name on this guy at the bathhouse, you think did it?

MACK

No. But he had a rash on his chest,
if that helps. You mighta met him
when you were down there.

GINO

Where are you getting this crap?

Mack rubs his own hand under the desk.

MACK

It's, uh, attorney client.

GINO

(stands, skeptical)
This don't check out, I'm not just
charging the public disturbance
thing. I'll think of some more.

MACK

Good luck with that, Pig Eyes.

Gino glares as he leaves. A second later, Brushy enters.

BRUSHY

How'd that go?

Mack shrugs as he pours two club sodas. Brushy toasts him as
they size each other up for a moment.

BRUSHY (CONT'D)

Am I ever gonna hear why you
decided to stay?

MACK

For Carrie.

BRUSHY

She the only reason?

A beat. Mack nods. Brushy rolls her eyes as she turns to go.

BRUSHY (CONT'D)

You're such a dick.
(over her shoulder)
But I'm glad you're still here.

The door shuts. Alone, Mack pulls a bottle of Blue Label out
of his bottom drawer, and pours himself a real drink.

Mack smiles to himself. Then he folds a cardboard box and
jams it in the trash. He's not going anywhere for awhile.

END OF PILOT