SUSPECT

by

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INT. OFFICE (CHICAGO) - LATE NIGHT

The cluttered office of a busy prosecutor. No one around except Cook County Assistant State’s Attorney MARTY FISHER (mid-30s, not necessarily handsome but definitely striking). He’s just walked in, and he’s looking for something.

SAWCHUCK (V.O.)
Sometimes with a homicide you get lucky.

As Marty searches, CAMERA finds: LAW DEGREE, amateur RUGBY TROPHY, Prosecutor of the Year AWARD, PHOTOS of Marty with his wife -- skiing, at a wedding, smiling, the happy couple.

RETURN to Marty as he pulls files from a work table, then moves to a security file cabinet. Twirls a combination lock, finds files he wants, tosses them into his briefcase...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

An elevator opens and Marty steps out, briefcase in hand.

SAWCHUCK (V.O.)
You find the killer weeping over the body
-- or passed out drunk in the next room.

Marty beeps his car open, tosses the briefcase in, and then looks up, surprised by SOMEONE we cannot see. Recognition on Mary’s face -- he knows this person -- then shock when Marty sees the GUN in the person’s hand. A gun that FIRES, point-blank. As Marty falls, we FREEZE FRAME on his face and hear--

SAWCHUCK (V.O.)
Or you have some other obvious suspect.

The frame UNFREEZES, and Marty resumes his fall, but as he does the turning movement MORPHS into

MARTY, ALIVE, TURNING...

...in mid-speech, vigorous, passionate...

MARTY
Henry Willis was chosen to die because he deserved it. Have I got that right, Mr. Thompson?
INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The final stage of a murder trial. JUDGE and JURY watch Marty Fisher deliver his closing argument with an accusing finger cast at the defendant, CALVIN THOMPSON (40s).

MARTY
Because when Henry Willis's father came to America for a better life, he came from Jamaica. So his skin was brown. Which meant Henry Willis deserved to die. I do have that right, Mr. Thompson?

The jury is rapt. Thompson glares at Marty --

CHYRON: MARTY FISHER/ASSISTANT STATE'S ATTORNEY (COOK COUNTY, ILLINOIS)/TWO MONTHS AGO

MARTY
Because, according to this defendant and his followers, people with brown skin are subhuman so it is acceptable to organize 'hunting parties' to shoot them down as they walk the sidewalk on their way to buy diapers and baby formula. 
(peeking)
Have I got that right, Mr. Thompson?

Finally, Thompson responds. Quietly. Chilling --

THOMPSON
You're next, Jew.

FREEZE FRAME on Thompson.

SAWCHUCK (V.O.)
So sometimes it's easy.
(beat)
But, sometimes, it's not.

The Sawchuck voiceover has been classic narration. Now we switch to a different kind of voiceover -- that of conversation overheard from a scene we are about to enter:

PANELLI (V.O.)
Okay, so the Grand Poobah of the Aryan Knights made the threat, but Fisher put him away, right? That's why he made the threat. He's locked up.

PULL BACK from the image of Thompson to reveal:
INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - ON A PHOTO OF THOMPSON

Pinned to a wall amid CRIME SCENE PHOTOS, EVIDENCE REPORTS, DIAGRAMS -- and PHOTOS OF SUSPECTS. The room belongs to the Area 4 Violent Crimes Unit of the Chicago P.D. **DET. ROBBIE PANELLI** (29, grew up in the streets, has a chip on his shoulder re: authority, which is kind of ironic for a cop) is looking at the photo of Thompson skeptically.

SAWCHUCK
He has followers who aren’t.

This from **DET. TOM SAWCHUCK** (30s, smart, a natural leader; and his suits fit better than those of the average cop).

PANELLI
Me, I like Frank Curran. Miles Stella’s new go-to guy.

He points to a PHOTO of Frank Curran (40s, tough) on the evidence wall, and we --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - ON FRANK CURRAN

Curran is sitting with **MILES STELLA** (50s, expensive suit) as Stella chews steak and complains:

**STELLA**
This guy Marty Fisher, I’m his personal crusade. The airport, hauling, construction, he’s even going after my legitimate deals. I can’t cross against a yellow light, he’s got his head up my ass. I want this guy gone.

**CURRAN**
I’ll see what I can do.

FREEZE FRAME on Curran.

**PANELLI** (V.O.)
He showed up out of Newark six months ago. Stella asked him to take Fisher out.

IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM

**SAMPSON**
And we know this how?

This from **DET. JOE SAMPSON** (40s, married, mild-looking, crosses his t’s, dots his i’s). He’s chewing A CARROT.
PANELLI
Stella’s been under surveillance by the State’s Attorney and the Feebs.

RESUME RESTAURANT

Within the still-frozen frame, CAMERA MOVES in on the table to FIND A PEPPER MILL -- then burrows INSIDE the pepper mill to FIND a TINY MICROPHONE. We RE-FREEZE on the microphone --

GROSZ (V.O.)
I've been chasing down gossip.

RESUME CONFERENCE ROOM

Where DET. MARY ELIZABETH GROSZ (the squad baby, from a cop family, believes in God and the Chicago P.D.) has entered.

GROSZ
Fisher was married nine years. The former Rachel Adams. Clinical psychologist. The perfect couple.

FLASH TO:

THE FRAMED PHOTOS OF FISHER AND HIS WIFE

that we saw in Fisher's office. Happy. Smiling.

SAWCHUCK (V.O.)
Let me take a wild guess.

GROSZ (V.O.)
Oh yeah.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marty having sex with JUSTINE LAMBROSO (early 30s, pretty). Her BRA draped over a chair. Beside a holstered GUN.

GROSZ (V.O.)

More sex. Something mutually pleasing is occurring.

PANELLI (V.O.)
Inter-agency cooperation.
RESUME CONFERENCE ROOM

GROSZ
And -- she has a husband.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF IMAGES

-- Justine, smiling, with JACK LAMBROSO (45, businessman).

GROSZ (V.O.)
Jack Lambroso....Commodities trader...Likes to fish...Likes guns.

-- Lambroso standing by himself -- Lambroso packing his car for a fishing trip -- Lambroso fishing -- Marty and Justine fucking -- Lambroso firing a pistol on a gun range.

RESUME CONFERENCE ROOM

GROSZ
He left on a fishing trip yesterday morning, an hour after Fisher’s body was found. Told his office he’d be ‘somewhere in Minnesota.’

SAMPSON
‘Land of ten thousand lakes.’
(off the others)
I took my honeymoon there.

GROSZ
And -- Agent Lambroso took some personal time. She’s not at home. The FBI’s trying to track her down for us.

PANELLI
They can’t find one of their own agents?

LT. CHIVERS (O.C.)
Makes you feel safe, doesn’t it?

Enter LT. JACQUELINE CHIVERS (late 40s, way too much experience, the boss).

LT. CHIVERS
This is a dead prosecutor we’re working, people. We don’t solve this in forty-eight hours, we’re going to have the mayor down here spell-checking our interview reports.

(MORE)
LT. CHIVERS (cont'd)
And that’s going to make me very cranky.
We have anybody else?

SAWCHUCK
Ronnie Deutsch.

CAMERA SWOOSHES to find Deutsch’s PHOTO on the evidence wall.
He’s a clean-cut 17-year-old, in prep school blazer.

PANELLI
You think a preppie Boy Scout killed him?

SAWCHUCK
He’s not a Boy Scout.

ANOTHER SERIES OF IMAGES

-- The preppie (RONNIE DEUTSCH) dealing drugs on the prep school campus -- Ronnie partying hard -- Ronnie dealing more drugs -- Ronnie being arrested.

SAWCHUCK (V.O.)
His lawyer tried to cop an easy deal.

FLASH TO:

INT. FISHER’S OFFICE – DAY

Marty sits across his desk from Ronnie and his lawyer, STONE.

FISHER
Probation? In the Lake Forest mansion?
Supervised by Mom and Dad?

STONE
It’s a first offense. We think--

FISHER
It’s a class-A felony. One of his customers OD’d. You want a deal? First-degree trafficking. Seven years.

RONNIE
(weirdly intense)
You know, you are ruining my life.

FISHER
That’s sort of the point.

RESUME CONFERENCE ROOM

PANELLI
Spoiled rich kid? Wouldn’t have the balls.
SAWCHUCK
You don’t know these people.

PANELLI
You do?

Before Sawchuck can answer --

LT. CHIVERS
Crime Scene found this on Fisher’s voicemail.

She pushes Play on a DIGITAL VOICE RECORDER and we hear:

GRAVELLY VOICE
You’re screwing with me, Fisher....

INT. FISHER’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Our opening scene. This time the CAMERA leaves Fisher and MOVES to his desk, where it FINDS his phone with a BLINKING LIGHT, then burrows inside to the ELECTRONIC CIRCUITRY.

GRAVELLY VOICE
...This is a problem. I’ve been patient but now... your time is up.

FADE OUT of Fisher’s office and FADE IN to a DYNAMIC VOICEPRINT, the bars and lines oscillating. FREEZE FRAME ON THE VOICEPRINT.

RESUME CONFERENCE ROOM

Lt. Chivers has the Voiceprint in her hand.

LT. CHIVERS
We’re running it against persons of interest. So far, no match.

Sampson looks at the board, bites his carrot, sums up:

SAMPSON
Five known suspects...one unknown...

UNIFORM (O.C.)
Lieutenant...

A UNIFORM is standing in the doorway with RACHEL FISHER (30s, pretty), Marty’s widow, whom he has escorted in.

GROSZ
Mrs. Fisher...
Grosz walks quickly to Rachel but not before Rachel catches a glimpse of a BLOODY CRIME SCENE PHOTO, gasps --

RACHEL
Is that...?

Grosz quickly steers Rachel into the adjacent Squad Room.

GROSZ
I’m Detective Grosz, ma’am. We’re very sorry for your loss.

RACHEL
Thank you. I’m...oh God...
(trying to recover)
I got a message...you needed a statement?

GROSZ
Why don’t you take a seat in here?

She leads her to an interview room. Our detectives watching.

PANELLI
She looks pretty upset.

SAMPSON
(re: the Uniform)
You believe that idiot? Bringing her in here...

LT. CHIVERS
I told him to.
(off Sampson; re: Rachel)
Alibi?

SAMPSON
(shakes his head)
Home alone.

LT. CHIVERS
(correcting Sampson)
Six suspects.

She takes a step to REVEAL, behind her, on the evidence wall, a PHOTO of Rachel Fisher, off which we --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - ON RACHEL

Rachel sits unhappily at the table, an untouched coffee in front of her. Grosz and Sampson face her, oozing sympathy.
SAMPSON
Mrs. Fisher, we’re very sorry.

GROSZ
When did you see your husband last?

RACHEL
Two days ago. At breakfast. I was expecting him home for dinner.

SAMPSON
Did you talk to him that day?

Rachel shakes her head -- no.

GROSZ
Did you know what his plans were?

RACHEL
Whatever he usually did. Put away criminals. Make us all safe.
(beat)
It was true, wasn’t it?

SAMPSON
Do you recognize this voice?

He pulls out the digital voice recorder, hits Play.

GRAVELLY VOICE
You’re screwing with me, Fisher. This is a problem....

RACHEL
(pained)
I think he called the house. He asked for Marty. I gave him the phone.

SAMPSON
So you don’t know who it was?

RACHEL
Marty was a prosecutor. He got threats. Calls. Horrible letters.

SAMPSON
Did anyone ever come around?

RACHEL
I thought there was something last week. A yellow pickup with the motor running. Two days in a row. Marty went outside. It drove away.
GROSZ
Mrs. Fisher, did you ever hear of a woman named Justine Lambroso?

Sampson shoots Grosz a look -- but Rachel doesn’t blink.

RACHEL
My husband’s...girlfriend?

GROSZ
You knew?

RACHEL
Yes. But that was over. Marty and I had problems. We were getting beyond them.

GROSZ
An affair...that’s a pretty big problem.

RACHEL
(realizes)
I’m a suspect.

GROSZ
We have to rule out every possibility. I’m sure you--

But Rachel is up and heading for the door.

RACHEL
Thanks for your sympathy.

And she’s out.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Sawchuck and Panelli look up as Rachel stomps by on her way out. Grosz and Sampson appear a moment later.

SAWCHUCK
(re: Rachel)
How’d it go?

Sampson gestures -- comme ci, comme ca. Sawchuck nods, looks at Grosz.

SAWCHUCK
The Grand Inquisitor strikes again?

GROSZ
She admitted she knew about the affair.
SAMPSON
Then ran away.

GROSZ
Points, us. I say we give her the full workup.

PANELLI
Kind of rough if she’s really a grieving widow.

GROSZ
It’s our job -- pursue justice without fear or favor.

PANELLI
Is that the recruitment brochure? (off Grosz; incredulous)
You live your life according to the recruitment brochure?

GROSZ
Why did you become a cop?

PANELLI
I like the flexible hours.

A phone RINGS. Grosz shoots Panelli a look, goes to answer.

SAWCHUCK
Panelli...how’d you get along with your fellow officers at Area Two?

PANELLI
Great. Picnics every day. We’d play shuffleboard and pull body parts out of the lake.

During which Lt. Chivers walks up with --

LT. CHIVERS
Sawchuck...you might have finally got one right. Ronnie Deutsch tried to hire a hit man.

EXT. GRANT PARK - DAY

Sawchuck and Panelli talk to RATLIFF (30s, greasy).

RATLIFF
Does this count toward my arrangement with Detective Herrin?
SAWCHUCK
He said you were under quota for the month.

RATLIFF
(protests)
You know, there’s competition out here. Not every ‘hit man’ is really working for you guys. There are some legitimate operators.

PANELLI
Just tell us about Deutsch.

RATLIFF
It was the usual deal. He talked to someone who sent him to someone who sent him to me.

INT. BAR - NIGHT (TWO WEEKS AGO) (MOS)

Ronnie Deutsch enters the dingy dive bar, finds Ratliff, takes a seat beside him. As Deutsch speaks (MOS), Ratliff's voice puts words in his mouth:

RATLIFF (V.O.)
He said he wanted to take out a State’s Attorney. I said what I always say: ‘No problem, ten grand, five up front, come back tomorrow when I’ve got the tape recorder running...’

RESUME GRANT PARK

RATLIFF
Except I don’t mention the tape recorder. The kid said fine and never came back. Changed his mind or chickened out.

SAWCHUCK
Or did it himself.

PANELLI (PRE-LAP)
Give me a break.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Sawchuck and Panelli, the former puffing on a cigar, sit in a parked car watching the nightspot across the street. A DOORMAN weeds out wannabes with too-small breasts or wallets.
PANELLI
He was too scared to even go back and seal the deal with that fake scumbag.

SAWCHUCK
You ever hear of Leopold and Loeb?

PANELLI
Infielders? Cleveland?

SAWCHUCK
(quoting Panelli)
'Spoiled rich kids' from the North Shore. Like Ronnie Deutsch. They kidnapped and killed another kid just to see what it felt like.

PANELLI
Your case?

SAWCHUCK
In nineteen twenty-four?

Panelli reacts. Then points to the band on Sawchuck’s cigar.

PANELLI
That’s got a Royal Vegas band on it.
(off Sawchuck)
But that’s not a Royal Vegas. It’s a thirty-dollar Havana with a three-dollar label.

SAWCHUCK
You going to arrest me?

PANELLI
I think they repealed the law against impersonating a peasant.
(beat)
’Sawchuck.’ You spell that like the drugstore chain? Sawchuck Drugs? What are there, eighty of them around Chicago?

SAWCHUCK
There he is.

Across the street, Ronnie Deutsch has pulled up with a posse. Doorman whisks them past the rope. Sawchuck gets out of the car to follow. Looks like he may be about to toss his cigar.

PANELLI
If you’re not gonna finish that, I’ll take it home.
INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT
The place is hopping. We TRACK with our detectives’ moving
POV, which scopes out a couple of HOT YOUNG WOMEN as it moves
across the room to a door, which it moves through into --

INT. NIGHTCLUB - UNISEX BATHROOM - NIGHT
Where we find Ronnie standing in a toilet stall with a
giggling Paris Hilton-ette. Ronnie looks up, makes the cops.
His left hand moves over the bowl -- but Sawchuck grabs his
wrist and forces the hand open. White powder.

SAWCHUCK
What’ve you got there, Ronnie? Coke?
Crank? Oxy?

RONNIE
Xanax. You’re making me anxious. Want to see my scrip?

He turns to the girl, who is edging away.

RONNIE
See you later. You are beautiful.

SAWCHUCK
You’re busy later, Ronnie. We’re going to get this analyzed. And you booked.

Sawchuck dumps the powder into a plastic baggie he’s brought along for the purpose, slaps cuffs on Ronnie.

RONNIE
Okay, let’s pretend it’s Oxy. And you’ve got me on possession of about a millionth
of an ounce, for which the penalty is, I believe...nothing.

PANELLI
So we toss in solicitation to commit murder, hotshot.

RONNIE
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

SAWCHUCK
Hit man named Ratliff. Ring a bell? You told him you wanted Marty Fisher dead.

RONNIE
Marty Fisher? Fun guy. Why would I say something like that?
SAWCHUCK
Because he was going to take you away from all this...
   (gesturing around the bathroom)
...for ten to twelve years.

RONNIE
No he wasn’t.

SAWCHUCK
He had you nailed. I’ve seen the file.

RONNIE
He dropped the case.
   (off Sawchuck)
Guess he didn’t get a chance to put that in the file. He called my lawyer the day of the murder and said he’d ‘reviewed the evidence and elected not to proceed.’
   (smiles)
My lucky day. Just not his.

INT. SQUAD ROOM – DAY

Sawchuck is on the phone at his desk. Panelli intercepts Grosz by the door to the conference room.

PANELLI
You know, my offer still stands.

GROSZ
I don’t date people I work with.

PANELLI
I’m new here. Pretend I’m a stranger.

GROSZ
If only.

PANELLI
But someone did say you and a guy in Vice Control...

During which Sampson exits the conference room and approaches. Panelli shifts tack:

PANELLI
Right. Nail that widow before she marries and kills again.

Grosz rolls her eyes, Sampson shoots her a look, and they walk away as Sawchuck hangs up his phone, calls to Panelli:
SAWCHUCK
Deutsch’s lawyer confirms what Ronnie said. Word for word.

PANELLI
Scumbag client, scumbag lawyer. Liar number one, liar number two.

But Sawchuck has more --

SAWCHUCK
There was a filing deadline three days ago. Fisher missed it.

PANELLI
He was letting the kid walk? I thought he was supposed to be such a kickass prosecutor.

SAWCHUCK
They said he said he’d ‘reviewed the evidence.’

PANELLI
(pointed)
Drug dealer evidence....

SAWCHUCK
Yeah.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM – NIGHT

Floor-to-ceiling shelves stacked with boxes. Sawchuck and Panelli, at a work table, have one box open in front of them. Sawchuck consults an inventory list. A GUARD stands by.

SAWCHUCK
‘One scale.’

Panelli pulls a scale out of the box.

PANELLI
Check.

SAWCHUCK
‘One analysis of cocaine residue on said scale.’

PANELLI
Check.

SAWCHUCK
‘Six pounds marijuana.’
EVIDENCE ROOM GUARD
That’s in there.

He opens a locked cabinet, selects a smaller box, and hands it to Panelli, who opens it and finds --

PANELLI
Six pounds marijuana.

Panelli also finds an envelope. He looks inside.

PANELLI
Cash.

Panelli starts counting as Sawchuck checks his list.

SAWCHUCK
‘Seventy-two thousand dollars seized in aftermath of drug transaction.’

A beat as Panelli finishes his count.

PANELLI
Twenty-four thousand, twenty-five thousand, twenty-six.
(off Sawchuck)
Oops.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

CAMERA POPS to the SUSPECT PHOTOS -- Thompson, Curran, Justine, Lambroso, Rachel, Voiceprint, and Ronnie Deutsch. The photo of Deutsch OVEREXPOSES until it no longer exists.

INT. SQUAD ROOM – DAY

Our squad gathers. Grosz is on the phone in the b.g.

LT. CHIVERS
They’ve officially shelved plans for a statue of Marty Fisher at Daley Plaza.

SAMPSON
Do we know he took the money?

SAWCHUCK
We know if he did he was smart enough to do it so no one could prove it. He was in the evidence room the day he got killed but signed in for a different case.

PANELLI
Which leaves us the mob enforcer, the crazed Nazi, the missing girlfriend, the jealous husband, the cheated-on wife--

(beat)
Amazing this guy lived as long as he did.

LT. CHIVERS
I have an idea. Instead of just making a list of these people, why don’t we go talk to them? We might get a clue.

(off the cops)
Go.

They start to move, but, first Sampson has a question:

SAMPSON
If Fisher stole the money, where is it?

SAWCHUCK
Not on him. The body had a wallet with a hundred and fifty-two dollars.

SAMPSON
So maybe it was a thief. Stole the forty-six thousand, left the pocket change.
A thief who knew Fisher had that money with him in a deserted garage in the middle of the night?

During which Grosz hangs up and joins the group. With news:

GROSZ
A million dollars in life insurance. Payable to the grieving widow.

EXT. FISHER HOME - DAY

Grosz and Panelli walk toward the front door.

SAMPSON
You know, it might just be a little more complicated.

GROSZ
He was cheating. She knew he was cheating. A million dollars....

SAMPSON
So she shoots him? That’s an automatic? You know how many married people would be walking around dead?
(off Grosz)
You know what I mean.

Grosz rings the doorbell, turns back to Sampson.

GROSZ
You thinking of anyone in particular, Joe?

She glances at THE WEDDING RING on Sampson’s finger as the door is opened by a HOUSEKEEPER. Grosz badges her.

GROSZ
We’d like to see Mrs. Fisher, please.

HOUSEKEEPER
She went back to work.

Grosz nods, turns to Sampson.

GROSZ
The grieving widow.

The closing door of the Fisher home MORPHS into a closing door in --
INT. RACHEL FISHER’S CLINICAL OFFICE - DAY

Diplomas and bland art. Rachel finishes closing the door.

RACHEL
I have a solo practice in adolescent psychology. I’m not going to tell a suicidal fifteen-year-old to wait to come in until I feel better.

SAMPSON
Sure. We just need to get some information about your husband.

GROSZ
There was some money missing from a police evidence room. One of your husband’s cases.

Rachel takes a breath. Then --

RACHEL
First the police told me my husband was dead, then that he was having an affair, now that he was a thief? All the while implying that I killed him because -- which is it? -- I was jealous or he had life insurance, like every husband of every woman I know--

GROSZ
A million dollars’ worth?

RACHEL
I don’t know. I’ll ask them after their husbands are shot.

Her bravado spent, she starts to break....

RACHEL
Why aren’t you just trying to find out who killed Marty? Marty.... (it’s all coming back)
We met in college, on a ski trip. A couple of years later, when other guys were telling their girlfriends ‘Hey maybe we could save some money by living together’...he gave me an engagement ring. Packed in a snowball. He drove to Colorado for the snow. (beat)
(MORE)
We’d go out to dinner and he’d make friends with the waiter and we’d end up in the kitchen with the chef making us something special. Did you ever see him in court? Juries loved him. Everybody loved him.

Rachel catches Grosz’s reaction to that last statement.

RACHEL
Yeah. That woman. It was the lying that drove me crazy. We were supposed to have dinner with my parents last Friday; he called at five and said he had to go to a conference in Milwaukee.

(beat)
When he got home the next morning I threw him out. He came back Monday morning.

INT. FISHER HOME – MONDAY MORNING (RACHEL’S MEMORY)

Marty, wearing the suit he’ll be found dead in, stands in the kitchen as Rachel packs herself a lunch. He’s pleading --

MARTY
We can fix this.

RACHEL
('fuck you')
You never told me. How was 'Milwaukee'?

MARTY
I'm sorry.

(No response; pleads)
Just talk to me.

He moves to her. She shoves him away.

RACHEL
God damn you! Why did you have to screw this up?

Marty reacts, confused.

RACHEL
I'm pregnant, you son of a bitch.

He tries to take her in his arms; she resists, then lets him.

RESUME RACHEL FISHER’S OFFICE

RACHEL
He said he’d be home for dinner. We were going to try.
Beat. Sampson and Grosz exchange a look. Then --

GROSZ
Mrs. Fisher, can we have permission to search your house?

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sawchuck and Panelli get out of their car and walk toward Miles Stella and Frank Curran, sipping coffee on the patio.

SAWCHUCK
Shoplifting, Grand Theft Auto, Assault and Battery....

PANELLI
Curran’s rap sheet?

SAWCHUCK
Yours.

PANELLI
Hey, juvie. That’s supposed to be sealed.

SAWCHUCK
How the hell did you ever get on The Job?

PANELLI
(shrugs)
It’s Chicago.

This as they reach Stella and Curran. Stella sees them first, and recognizes --

STELLA
Robbie Panelli...How’s it going?

Sawchuck shoots Panelli a look -- what doesn’t he know about his new partner?

SAWCHUCK
Mr. Curran, we’d like to ask you a few questions.

STELLA
(to Curran)
I’ll call Saperstein.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY - ON SAPERSTEIN

SAPERSTEIN, slick lawyer in an expensive suit, is behind his desk; Curran, Sawchuck, and Panelli are in chairs.
SAPERSTEIN
My client will speak to you as a courtesy. Or not. Depending on what it is you want to talk about.

SAWCHUCK
Marty Fisher, Curran. Are you feeling courteous about that?

CURRAN
I didn’t know him, I didn’t shoot him, and I don’t know who did.

SAPERSTEIN
Is there anything else?

SAWCHUCK
Yes.
(to Curran)
We’ve got a tape recording of Miles Stella asking you to murder Fisher.

SAPERSTEIN
Is that true, or are you making it up? If it is true, did you have a warrant to make the recording, or did you not? If you did, does the recording capture Mr. Curran saying he’ll do it? Or not?

The cops do not respond. Saperstein smiles.

SAPERSTEIN
I didn’t think so.

SAWCHUCK
(to Curran)
It’s in your interest to be cooperative, Mr. Curran. There might be a deal here.

Before answering, Curran glances at Saperstein.

SAWCHUCK
You know what, Curran? I think you need a new lawyer.

Off Curran, mute --

INT. STATE PRISON - DAY

Sawchuck and Panelli stand in a scary-looking cellblock waiting for warden MAXWELL, who’s talking to a subordinate.
PANELLI
Well, that was productive.

SAWCHUCK
It might shake something loose.

PANELLI
Sure. Someone rats out Miles Stella every five hundred years or so.

SAWCHUCK
You and Stella...?

PANELLI
Same parish.

SAWCHUCK
Same confessor?

MAXWELL
Okay, Thompson’s a Level Five. Which means his visits are no-contact, his phone calls monitored. He’s under video observation twenty-four/seven....

Maxwell joins the detectives and leads them into --

INT. SECURITY OFFICE – CONTINUOUS

Where one of the MONITORS shows Thompson sitting in his cell.

MAXWELL
...His mail is read, coming and going.
(pointed)
Including this letter. Two days ago.

He hands Sawchuck a letter. Sawchuck glances at it (the handwritten return address: “Calvin Thompson, Statesville Correctional Facility”), then looks up at --

THE MONITOR DISPLAYING CALVIN THOMPSON

The CAMERA moves in, until the image of Thompson fills the screen, at which point Thompson looks up and --

THOMPSON
I heard. Fisher’s dead.

REVERSE ANGLE TO:

INT. THOMPSON’S CELL – DAY

Sawchuck and Panelli stand in front of Thompson.
THOMPSON
What a tragedy. Is it too late to send latkes?

SAWCHUCK
You threatened to kill him.

Thompson gestures at the walls, the bars.

THOMPSON
Yeah. But I don’t get out much.

Panelli pulls out a sheaf of computer screen shots.

PANELLI
These are from the Aryan Knights web site, Thompson. Where you and your buddies get together online.

FEATURE ONE SCREEN SHOT, which Panelli describes --

PANELLI
‘Top Ten Enemies of White People.’

There’s a PHOTO of Marty Fisher with a target bull’s-eye drawn over his face.

PANELLI
Marty Fisher -- work address, home address. ‘All public-minded true citizens are invited to take action.’ You been in touch with any ‘true citizens’ about ‘taking action’ against Fisher, Thompson? God knows why, but they look up to you.

THOMPSON
I’m sure the warden told you. I’m not allowed to communicate much. I’ve filed a lawsuit to regain my rights.

Sawchuck holds up the envelope the warden gave them. Wearing rubber gloves now, he extracts the letter.

SAWCHUCK
A letter to your Aunt Lucille. You’re ‘doing fine.’

THOMPSON
They confiscated that?

PANELLI
I’m outraged.
Panelli pulls out a lighter, flicks it on, and holds it near the letter until HIDDEN WRITING appears in the margins.

**PANELLI**
Jailbirds’ invisible ink.
*(off Thompson)*
Is that your own piss, or did you get a boyfriend in here to piss for you?

Off Thompson --

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Sawchuck and Panelli walk into the squad room.

**PANELLI**
By the way, nice touch with the gloves.

Lt. Chivers approaches. Sawchuck reports:

**SAWCHUCK**
Thompson’s a candidate.

**PANELLI**
Murder by pee-pee.

**SAWCHUCK**
We track his pen pals, see if he ordered anyone to hit Fisher.

**LT. CHIVERS**
He’s already serving three life sentences. Hardly seems worth our while.

**PANELLI**
*(taken slightly aback)*
Well...it might solve a murder.

**LT. CHIVERS**
Don’t worry. There’ll be another one soon.

As Panelli reacts, Sampson (with carrot) and Grosz arrive.

**SAMPSON**
Rachel Fisher let us into her house. We searched Marty’s papers. Turns out he had a couple of bank accounts she didn’t know about.

**LT. CHIVERS**
Did the woman know anything about her husband?
GROSZ
She knew they were going to ‘try to make things better.’

Lt. Chivers rolls her eyes.

SAMPSON
One of the accounts had an ATM card, which Fisher used the night he died, 8 p.m., to withdraw five hundred dollars from a cash machine...in Gary, Indiana.

PANELLI
(to Sampson)
What’s with the carrots?

SAMPSON
I’m watching my weight.

LT. CHIVERS
So he left his office, drove forty miles to Gary, drove forty miles back to his office, got whacked....

PANELLI
You ever try working out?

SAMPSON
If he stole forty-six thousand dollars from the evidence room, why does he hit an ATM for five hundred a few hours later? How do you run through that kind of money in Indiana?

During which Panelli has returned.

PANELLI
You’re kidding, right?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GARY, INDIANA - ON A GAUDY CASINO - NIGHT
Sawchuck and Panelli in front of the dazzlingly lit casino.

PANELLI
Welcome to Indiana.

Off the flashing lights of the gambling palace --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT./EXT. CASINOS (MONTAGE) - NIGHT

Sawchuck and Panelli circulate with a photo of Marty Fisher. Sawchuck shows it to a pit boss. Panelli shows it to a croupier. Sawchuck shows it to a waitress. Then looks over and sees: Panelli shooting craps. Finally -- Sawchuck and Panelli, together, show the photo to casino security man ADAM PITT, who nods in recognition, and the montage RESOLVES INTO--

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Sawchuck, Panelli, and Pitt.

PITT
Yeah. The guy’s a regular.

PANELLI
Not any more.

SAWCHUCK
He came to Gary Monday night, used an ATM four blocks from here.

Pitt has moved to a computer terminal, where he’s hit some keys, and sees --

PITT
He wasn’t in here that night.

PANELLI
You want to ask around or something before you make a definitive statement?

PITT
(‘no need’)
He was a member of our Players Club. Every time he bet, he registered. To earn comps.

SAWCHUCK
Free drinks? Free meals?

PITT
Valet parking. Concert tickets. The more you bet, the more you get. He wasn’t here Monday.

SAWCHUCK
Before Monday, how’d his luck been running?
PITT
(off the computer)
In his ten previous visits...he was down...eighty thousand.

PANELLI
But he got free tickets to Gary Puckett.

SAWCHUCK
(to Pitt)
That would’ve been all cash, right?

PITT
Yes. We don’t carry notes.

SAWCHUCK
So if he showed up in town with a pile of cash, it wasn’t to pay you back.

Pitt sees where Sawchuck is going.

PITT
He might have borrowed the money elsewhere.

Panelli has the digital voice recorder out, hits Play.

PANELLI
This voice sound familiar?

GRAVELLY VOICE
You’re screwing with me, Fisher...

EXT. JIMMY’S PAYDAY LOANS (GARY, INDIANA) - NIGHT

To establish. Then CAMERA ZOOMS, FAST, through the front door, the counter area where shmucks line up to sell next week’s paychecks for ninety cents on the dollar, then through the protective glass, past the clerks, into a back room.

GRAVELLY VOICE (V.O.)
...This is a problem. I’ve been patient but now...

INT. JIMMY’S PAYDAY LOANS - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Where Sawchuck and Panelli sit with JIMMY, 70, listening to --

GRAVELLY VOICE
...Your time is up.

JIMMY
It doesn’t sound anything like me.
It sounds exactly like him.

SAWCHUCK
We can run your voice, Jimmy, get a warrant, search your books, talk to your customers -- I’m sure they’d enjoy meeting some police officers....

JIMMY
(giving it up)
What do you need to know? I didn’t kill the guy.

PANELLI
‘Your time is up’?

JIMMY
His note was due.
(off the cops)
Look...why do I want to kill someone who paid me back?

SAWCHUCK
Monday night?

Off Jimmy’s nod --

INT. JIMMY’S PAYDAY LOANS - NIGHT OF MURDER (JIMMY’S STORY)

Marty sits with Jimmy, counting out cash on a desk.

MARTY
Twenty-four principal, twenty-one interest. That’s forty-five thousand. You want to count it?

JIMMY
I already did.

Jimmy gathers up the money.

JIMMY
You finally draw that inside straight?

MARTY
Something like that. Goodbye, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Hey, we’re square now. If you fall short again....

MARTY
I’m done, Jimmy.
Jimmy shoots him a look -- *who's he kidding?* But Marty heads toward the door. As he does, the image TRANSFORMS into --

INT. JIMMY’S LOANS – NIGHT OF MURDER (SURVEILLANCE VIDEO)

As Marty walks out the door (through which part of the street is visible), we PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

INT. JIMMY’S PAYDAY LOANS – BACK OFFICE – NIGHT

The scene we started with -- Sawchuck, Panelli, and Jimmy -- now watching the surveillance video on a security monitor -- Jimmy’s proof that Marty was there, and that he left.

  JIMMY
  You see?  End of story.  He was happy.  I was hap--

  SAWCHUCK
  Wait a second.

Sawchuck has spotted something on the tape. He rewinds.

  SAWCHUCK
  You see that?

He points to A YELLOW PICKUP TRUCK parked in the background when Marty exits the store. When Marty walks left, the truck starts up and follows. Panelli sees it, too.

  PANELLI
  Fisher’s wife said a yellow pickup staked out their house.

Sawchuck hits the remote, freezes the tape.

  SAWCHUCK
  Illinois plate.

He reaches for his phone.

INT. APARTMENT (CHICAGO) – NIGHT – ON THE APARTMENT DOOR

BAM! The door flies open, bashed by a police battering ram. UNIFORMED COPS flood in under the direction of Sampson and Grosz and spread out, searching. “Clear!”  “Clear!”

  UNIFORM (O.S.)
  Got one!  Bedroom!

FOLLOW Sampson and Grosz into the bedroom, where they find CHARLES MIRVIS (30s, skinny) in bed, startled awake.
MIRVIS
Wha...what’s going on?

SAMPSON
Charles Mirvis?

MIRVIS
Yes. What?

SAMPSON
We have a warrant to search these premises. Are you the owner of a yellow Dodge pickup, tag 1-4-3-7-T-C?

MIRVIS
What do you want?

GROSZ
You ever hear of a guy named Marty Fisher?

MIRVIS
No.

But suddenly he’s out of bed, in T-shirt and briefs, sprinting for the door. Grosz steps in front of him, shoves him backward into a chair.

GROSZ
Sit down before you hurt yourself. And put on some pants.

SAMPSON
Grosz.

Sampson is at a desk, where he’s picked up a pamphlet:

SAMPSON
‘The White Race: A Call to Action.’

He hits a key to bring a desktop computer to life --

SAMPSON
And here we are...

ON THE SCREEN is something we’ve seen before.

SAMPSON
The Calvin Thompson web site. It’s one of his ‘favorite places.’

Sampson hits another key, and there’s the “Enemies” page featuring Marty Fisher, the target bull’s-eye over his face.
SAMPSON

Sure you never heard of Marty Fisher, Mirvis?

Grosz yanks Mirvis out of his chair.

GROSZ

(to nearby Uniforms)
Would somebody get this guy a pair of pants?

This as Grosz’s cell phone rings. She answers --

GROSZ

Grosz.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Lt. Chivers is at the other end of the line. Two people we recognize from the Suspect Board are visible in the b.g.

LT. CHIVERS

Justine Lambroso and her husband just emerged from the Great North Woods.

GROSZ

We’ve got a live one, too.

LT. CHIVERS

I’ll save three seats.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CAMERA POPS to the remaining SUSPECT PHOTOS on the evidence wall -- Thompson, Curran, Justine, Lambroso, Rachel, Voiceprint. The Voiceprint OVEREXPOSES to oblivion....Now there are five.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT OF MURDER

The elevator door opens and Marty Fisher steps out, briefcase in hand. He beeps his car open, tosses the briefcase in, and then looks up, surprised, as Charles Mirvis steps out of a shadow, gun in hand. And FIRES, point-blank. FREEZE FRAME.

SAMPSON (V.O.)
Is that the way it happened, Mirvis?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Sampson is leaning across the table, leaning into Mirvis.

SAMPSON
A blow against the guy who sent your leader to jail? Make the world a better place for true white citizens?

Mirvis silently shakes his head.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT OF MURDER

Marty moves toward his car, beeps it open, tosses in the briefcase, then looks up, surprised, same as before....only this time it’s Justine Lambroso who steps out of a shadow, gun in hand. And FIRES. We FREEZE FRAME.

GROSZ (V.O.)
What happened, Justine? Rough breakup?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Grosz interrogates Justine Lambroso.

GROSZ
He’d had his fun? Tossed you overboard?

JUSTINE
It was over. But not like that.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT OF MURDER

Marty...car...beep...etc. But this time the person with the gun is Jack Lambroso. Bang! FREEZE FRAME.

SAWCHUCK (V.O.)
The guy was screwing your wife.
INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 - NIGHT

Sawchuck questions Jack Lambroso.

SAWCHUCK
What are you supposed to do? I get it.

LAMBROSO
Yeah. Only I didn’t know.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Grosz and Justine.

JUSTINE
My husband didn’t know. That’s why I got out of town with him. I know how that looked, but I wanted to be the one to tell him. Before you people showed up.

SAMPSON (PRE-LAP)
‘A mud-filled cesspool.’

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Sampson reads to Mirvis from the Aryan Nation web site.

SAMPSON
‘That’s what our cities have become. Gangs of raping drug-addict vermin. Vigilante justice is the only solution.’
(looks at Mirvis)
Vigilante justice. Fisher’s wife saw your car two weeks ago. We know you followed Fisher to Indiana. So who we kidding here?

SAWCHUCK (PRE-LAP)
Who are you trying to kid?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 - NIGHT

Sawchuck and Lambroso.

SAWCHUCK
It took us about ten minutes to pick up the gossip. Everybody knew.

LAMBROSO
I didn’t.
SAWCHUCK
So you went fishing an hour after your wife’s lover was murdered because...?

LAMBROSO
It’s walleye season.

JUSTINE (PRE-LAP)
He’d never been fishing in his life.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Grosz and Justine.

JUSTINE
That might have been what attracted me to Marty. He said Jews don’t fish.

GROSZ
So what did you tell your husband when you and Marty weren’t fishing?

JUSTINE
I work for the FBI. Last Friday, I was ‘on an all-night stakeout.’

GROSZ
Last Friday? You said it was over.

JUSTINE
It ended Monday night. Before he got killed. I met him for a drink.

INT. BLUES LOUNGE - NIGHT OF MURDER (JUSTINE’S STORY)

A BLUES SINGER wails “Send Me to the ‘Lectric Chair.” Justine sits at a table with Marty.

JUSTINE
Marty...we can’t do this anymore.

MARTY
Why not?

JUSTINE
People are starting to figure it out. Plus...the ASAC called a meeting today, told us not to share intelligence with your office. An operation against Stella was compromised.

MARTY
He thinks I’ve got a leak?
JUSTINE
(nods, yes)
From some things Stella said on the tapes. If they investigate, I don’t want them turning up me and you at the No-Tell Motel.

MARTY
So we cool it for a while.

Justine stands to leave.

JUSTINE
It was fun.

MARTY
Justine....

But she walks away.

RESUME INTERROGATION ROOM #2

JUSTINE
I never saw him again. I just went home. My husband was there.

INT. LAMBROSO HOME – NIGHT OF MURDER (JUSTINE’S STORY)

Justine walks in the door, finds her husband sitting on a couch watching TV. She sits down beside him, takes his hand.

LAMBROSO (V.O.)
We watched TV for a while. Then went to bed.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 – NIGHT

Sawchuck and Lambroso.

LAMBROSO
We were both in the rest of the night.

SAWCHUCK
Anyone else see you?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 – ON JUSTINE

JUSTINE
No.
INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 - ON LAMBROSO

LAMBROSO

No.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Sawchuck and Grosz taking a break, with Panelli and Chivers.

SAWCHUCK

It’s touching. He was with her, and she was with him, and they were both very busy not murdering Marty Fisher.

During which Sampson emerges from Interrogation Room #1, puts a carrot in his mouth.

GROSZ

How about Mirvis?

SAMPSON

Finally spoke. Asked for a glass of milk.

PANELLI

White?

SAMPSON

You know, we didn’t find any cash in his apartment. There’s fifteen hundred unaccounted for.

GROSZ

He’s driving me crazy. He wants to dig up Mirvis’s yard.

PANELLI

Maybe Fisher bought a souvenir of Gary.

SAMPSON

Where? When? Fifteen hundred dollars doesn’t just get up and walk away!

Said a little too stridently. The other cops exchange a look.

LT. CHIVERS

A word, Detective?

As Sampson follows toward her office, Panelli turns to Grosz--

PANELLI

What’s up with Bugs?
INT. LT. CHIVERS’ OFFICE - DAY

Lt. Chivers enters with Sampson.

   LT. CHIVERS
   What’s going on? You have money on the brain? I put in for your merit bump--

   SAMPSON
   It’s Sarah...I think she’s going to leave me.

Without a word, Chivers takes the carrot from Sampson’s mouth, opens a drawer and pours him a shot of Scotch instead.

   SAMPSON
   Do I look fat?

   LT. CHIVERS
   Sarah’s not going to leave you, Joe.

This is a different Chivers than we’ve seen before. Not the sarcastic boss. The good friend.

   SAMPSON
   (tearing up)
   I think she’s having an affair.

   LT. CHIVERS
   I’ve known you and Sarah twenty years. I met What’s-His-Name at your wedding.

   SAMPSON
   And you got divorced.

   LT. CHIVERS
   I wasn’t Sarah. He wasn’t you.

She looks up and sees Panelli standing in the doorway -- shocked to see Sampson nearly crying, Chivers being nice.

   PANELLI
   I’ll....

   LT. CHIVERS
   Come back later.

Right.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #3 - NIGHT

Lambroso looks up, surprised to see Grosz walking in instead of Sawchuck.
GROSZ
Well, your story and your wife’s match perfectly.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Where Sawchuck has taken Grosz’s place with Justine.

SAWCHUCK
They should match. You had a full day together to make them match.

WITH GROSZ AND LAMBROSO

GROSZ
(the story)
So your wife had no motive, because she’d just broken off the relationship.

LAMBROSO
reacts, nodding. And the CAMERA CIRCLES and we suddenly find ourselves in the next room.

ON SAWCHUCK

SAWCHUCK
Your husband had no motive, because he didn’t know. And he has an alibi anyway-- you.

Off Justine -- the CAMERA CONTINUES TO CIRCLE, taking us seamlessly from one interrogation room to the other --

WITH GROSZ AND LAMBROSO

GROSZ
--you.

LAMBROSO
It’s true.

GROSZ
The thing is, while you were up in Minnesota swapping stories around the campfire...

WITH SAWCHUCK AND JUSTINE

SAWCHUCK
...we were doing a little investigating around here.

(MORE)
SAWCHUCK (cont’d)
At ten p.m., when your husband was supposedly home with you, he ran a red light at Monroe and La Salle, two blocks from where your boyfriend got shot. A red light camera nailed him.

Justine looks up, smiling, skeptical.

JUSTINE
Really? Show me the picture.
(off Sawchuck)
I know this game. I play this game.

Sawchuck nods. Then smiles back, bigger --

SAWCHUCK
But your husband doesn’t, does he?

WITH GROSZ AND LAMBROSO

LAMBROSO
(rattled)
What?

GROSZ
You heard me. A little after ten. Your wife tried to call you three times on a prepaid cell. We’ve got the record.

Grosz holds up a document.

GROSZ
So we’re wondering -- why does she call you if she’s sitting next to you on the couch?

LAMBROSO
She didn’t call me.

GROSZ
The calls didn’t go through. Maybe your phone was turned off. Maybe you were busy shooting Marty Fisher.

LAMBROSO
I didn’t shoot him. I didn’t even--

GROSZ
(overriding)
Your wife told us you knew about the affair.

Lambroso reacts, surprised.
GROSZ
She has a career to protect. She can’t be lying, shielding a murderer--

LAMBROSO
I didn’t shoot him.

GROSZ
But you knew.

LAMBROSO
Yes I knew. I’m not an idiot. I followed her that night.

INT. BLUES LOUNGE - NIGHT OF MURDER (LAMBROSO’S STORY)

The BLUES SINGER wails. Justine sits with Marty. Their facial expressions and body language differ from the scene as Justine described it. Justine is the one who’s upset, not Marty. He’s the one who’s breaking off the affair, not her.

MARTY
Justine...I can’t do this anymore.

JUSTINE
The investigation will blow over.

MARTY
It’s not about that. This was a mistake. My mistake.

He stands to leave.

MARTY
I’m sorry.

And he’s gone. The CAMERA FINDS, behind them, Lambroso looking on. Justine spots him too.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - NIGHT

Resume Grosz and Lambroso.

LAMBROSO
She saw me. I took off.

GROSZ
After Fisher?

LAMBROSO
No! I drove around. I wanted to think.
GROSZ
So you weren’t home watching TV with your wife.

INT. LAMBROSO HOME – NIGHT OF MURDER (LAMBROSO’S STORY)

Justine sits beside her husband, holding his hand, on the couch, watching TV.

LAMBROSO (V.O.)
No.

The image of Lambroso FADES AWAY. Justine is alone on the couch. Go TIGHT ON Justine, and --

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 – ON JUSTINE

Across from Sawchuck. Justine looks up as Grosz enters.

GROSZ
(re: Lambroso)
He saw them at the bar. He didn’t go home.
(off Justine)
He just told me.

Justine starts to say something. But--

SAWCHUCK
Shhhh....

Sawchuck stops her with a raised hand.

SAWCHUCK
Before you speak again, Agent Lambroso... before you open your mouth... you should think very, very carefully.

She looks at him.

SAWCHUCK
The next words you say can end your career...can get you charged with obstruction of justice. Or not. Now...
(beat)
...what do you want to say?

She takes a beat. Then:
JUSTINE
I knew how it would look, so we...said what we said.

(beat)
I did see Marty that night. But I didn’t break up with him. He broke up with me. And my husband did see us. But he didn’t kill Marty.

Sawchuck looks at her carefully, realizes --

SAWCHUCK
You don’t know that, do you? You’re afraid he did.

Justine doesn’t deny it as --

CAMERA MOVES SIDEWAYS THROUGH THE WALL INTO --

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Where Mirvis and Sampson still sit, almost forgotten.

Mirvis finishes his glass of milk. He puts the empty glass down on the table and looks at Sampson.

MIRVIS
Thank you.

SAMPSON
You’re welcome.

MIRVIS
I did it. I killed the Jew bastard.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
ACT FIVE

FADE IN

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT OF MURDER

The elevator opens and Fisher steps out, briefcase in hand.

MIRVIS (V.O.)

Marty beeps his car open, tosses his briefcase in, then looks up, surprised, as Charles Mirvis appears, gun in hand.

MIRVIS (V.O.)
You don’t see it in the papers. The papers don’t tell the truth.

Marty starts to speak but before words come the gun FIRES.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Now that Mirvis has started talking, he won’t shut up.

MIRVIS
There are hate crimes every day. Against white people.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Sawchuck, Panelli, and Lt. Chivers look on. Grosz enters with a file, hands it to Chivers. She quickly reads.

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

SAMPSON
Did Calvin Thompson tell you what to do about Marty Fisher? Did he send you a message?

MIRVIS
His message was ‘be true to your race.’ That’s all I needed to know. I took appropriate action.

During which Lt. Chivers enters.

LT. CHIVERS
That was very enterprising of you, Mr. Mirvis. Perhaps you’d like us to arrange a press conference.
MIRVIS
I’m ready.

Chivers flips open the file Grosz gave her.

LT. CHIVERS
You used to work in a warehouse, but now you’re on disability.

MIRVIS
Sixty percent.

LT. CHIVERS
So you can walk, talk, drive....

MIRVIS
I just can’t lift boxes over forty pounds.

LT. CHIVERS
...shoot.

MIRVIS
Yes.

LT. CHIVERS
Where did you drive Monday night?

MIRVIS
I followed Fisher. From his office to a bar. Then to Gary. Then--

LT. CHIVERS
Why didn’t you shoot him in Gary?

MIRVIS
There were too many people around.

LT. CHIVERS
Or outside the bar.

MIRVIS
I wanted someplace quiet.

LT. CHIVERS
What calibre gun did you use?

MIRVIS
Twenty-five.

LT. CHIVERS
That’s what the papers said. Where is it?
MIRVIS
I threw it in the river.

LT. CHIVERS
Where?

MIRVIS
Clark Street Bridge.

LT. CHIVERS
Clark Street runs south. You would’ve been driving north.

MIRVIS
I mean Dearborn Street.

LT. CHIVERS
We’ll look for it.
(off the file)
I can’t find your arrest record.

MIRVIS
I’ve never been arrested.

LT. CHIVERS
From virgin to killer. That’s a big leap. Which side of his car was he on?

MIRVIS
Which side?

LT. CHIVERS

MIRVIS
Driver’s side. He was getting in.

LT. CHIVERS
The elevator was on the passenger side.

MIRVIS
He was coming around.

LT. CHIVERS
Where did you shoot him?

MIRVIS
In the garage.

LT. CHIVERS
In the head, the neck, the chest...
MIRVIS
It was dark.

Lt. Chivers snaps the file shut, addresses Sampson --

LT. CHIVERS
This is pathetic.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT OF MURDER

The first scene of the act played in reverse. The bullet flies back into Mirvis's gun. Mirvis un-murders Fisher.

RESUME INTERROGATION ROOM

MIRVIS
I killed him!

LT. CHIVERS
I don’t even think you followed him.

MIRVIS
I want a lawyer.

LT. CHIVERS
You don’t need a lawyer. You’re free to go.

MIRVIS
I’m confessing.

LT. CHIVERS
You still want a press conference? I’ll give one, too. You haven’t answered one question right -- the gun, the street, the shooting. You want to be an Aryan hero? Even those losers won’t want you.

MIRVIS
I followed him!

LT. CHIVERS
(to Sampson)
Get him out of here.

She turns to leave.

MIRVIS
I was going to post his movements on the web site.

Mirvis is telling the truth now, desperate for some attention, any attention --
LT. CHIVERS
Prove it.

MIRVIS
He left his office at six-fifteen. Drove
to a bar on Drexel Avenue. Then went to

All accurate. The cops give no hint to Mirvis that he just
proved his bona fides.

LT. CHIVERS
Then where?

The question is casual, but this is what she wants to know.

MIRVIS
The dunes. Near the Michigan line.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN DUNES (INDIANA) - NIGHT OF MURDER

Fisher’s car drives down a lakefront road, followed by Mirvis
in his yellow pickup. Fisher pulls into a parking area, gets
out of his car, checks his watch, waiting.... The pickup
slides into the opposite end of the parking lot, turns off
its lights, idles. Mirvis watching Fisher until...

A BLACK MERCEDES pulls into the lot, and a MAN gets out (we
don’t see his face) and starts to walk toward Fisher. He
senses something (Mirvis’s idling engine?) and turns toward
the pickup. He can’t make out Mirvis in the gloom...but
reaches inside his jacket, pulls out a GUN, and...Mirvis
slams his truck into gear, jams out of there.

RESUME INTERROGATION ROOM

LT. CHIVERS
What did he look like, the man with the
gun?

MIRVIS
I don’t know...big...in his forties...

SAMPSON
Like this?

Sampson shows him a photo of Lambroso. Mirvis shakes his
head.

SAMPSON
How about this?

He lays down another photo we cannot see. And Mirvis nods.
EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN DUNES (INDIANA) – NIGHT OF MURDER

Same as before. Except now we see the face of the man with the gun -- Frank Curran.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – DAY – ON FRANK CURRAN

Saying nothing. Looking straight ahead.

SAPERSTEIN (O.C.)
My client has nothing to say.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Saperstein seated next to his client, Sawchuck and Panelli across the table.

SAPERSTEIN
If you had any actual evidence, he’d already be under arrest.

Panelli ignores Saperstein, zeroes in on Curran.

PANELLI
You know, Curran, you have the right to a lawyer. You also have the right not to have a lawyer. Especially this lawyer, who’s in Stella’s pocket so deep he’s chewing his socks....

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM – SIMULTANEOUS

Grosz is watching this.

IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM

PANELLI
If you want to make a deal here, which is the smart thing to do, you want to talk to us without this asshole piping everything you say straight back to Stella who, by the way, I know since he was selling nickel bags on the Near North Side and who I guarantee will crumble like the sack of shit he is the minute somebody rolls on him, because there is nothing there.

Silence. Nobody was expecting that. Then all eyes turn to Curran, who looks uneasy. Is he about to crack? Even Saperstein is starting to sweat -- when the moment is broken by a TAP on the door. The cops look up, annoyed... but the door is opened by Lt. Chivers, who gestures -- follow me.
INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Sawchuck and Panelli follow Chivers to her office.

SAWCHUCK
Nice speech.

PANELLI
Figured I owed you.
(off Sawchuck)
I used to shoplift from Sawchuck Drugs.

This as they enter --

INT. LT. CHIVERS’ OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lt. Chivers moves behind her desk. Sawchuck and Panelli follow her in to find a visitor -- FBI SAC P.K. KAISERMAN.

LT. CHIVERS
Detective Sawchuck, Detective Panelli, this is Special-Agent-in-Charge Kaiserman of the Chicago FBI.

Sawchuck leaps to the obvious conclusion:

SAWCHUCK
Is this about Agent Lambroso? We let her go. Our investigation’s moved on.

KAISERMAN
Yeah, and that’s the goddam problem.

PANELLI
Problem? We have a hot suspect in the murder of a State’s Attorney sitting across the hall.

KAISERMAN
What you have, gentlemen, is an undercover FBI agent sitting across the hall.

SAWCHUCK
Excuse me?

KAISERMAN
We have been trying -- Marty Fisher was trying -- to bring down Miles Stella for three years. It took a lot of work, a lot of money, and a lot of risk, but we finally infiltrated his organization.
SAWCHUCK
  (gets it)
Curran.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The same restaurant where we saw Curran and Stella in Act One. Only Stella isn’t there at the moment. Just Curran and various restaurant workers and customers in the b.g.

KAISERMAN
  That’s not his real name.

Curran moves to the table where we saw him with Stella.

KAISERMAN
  He’s one of ours.

Curran reaches for the pepper mill, puts it down quickly when he sees Stella walking his way.

KAISERMAN
  And he’s this close --

Stella is momentarily diverted by a conversation with the maitre d’. Curran scrambles to insert the microphone we saw in Act One. Just in time. Here comes Stella, unaware --

KAISERMAN
  -- to bringing down a major criminal enterprise. And now you guys are this much closer --
    (gestures)
  -- to screwing the whole thing up.

Off Sawchuck and Panelli --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE
ACT SIX

FADE IN

EXT. DALEY PLAZA - DAY

Curran walks across an open area, watching his back. Slips into a sheltered spot to meet Sawchuck and Panelli.

PANELLI
So, Curran or...what do we call you?

CURRAN
Curran.

(beat)
Look, I couldn’t exactly explain things to you with that asshole Saperstein sitting there.

SAWCHUCK
Well, he ought to be feeling good. He got you bounced ‘for lack of evidence.’

CURRAN
Yeah, he’s a fucking genius, just ask him. He’ll bill Stella ten g’s.

SAWCHUCK
So you and Fisher were working together.

CURRAN
Not at first. The Bureau put me in. Marty was doing his own investigation. The left hand wasn’t talking to the right hand -- you know how that goes -- and at one point Marty started coming after me. The Bureau told him back off. But Marty never backed off. Did you know him?

SAWCHUCK
Posthumously.

CURRAN
The Bureau finally filled him in, but Marty still wouldn’t fold his own investigation, so I started reporting to him, too.

INT. BAR - DAY

Marty and Curran meet, over a drink. The mood is as much social as business.
CURRAN (V.O.)
We met every Friday for debriefing. And Wild Turkey on the rocks. Took in a Cubs game once in a while, too. Wore dark glasses...hats...took some crazy chances.

BACK TO DALEY PLAZA

CURRAN
I liked the guy.

SAWCHUCK
So when Stella asked you to make him go away....

CURRAN
Marty’s lucky day. Stella asked the wrong person.

PANELLI
So maybe Stella sent some other asshole.

CURRAN
No. I jerked him along, told him I was working on it.

SAWCHUCK
You met Marty Fridays. But you saw him Monday night.

CURRAN
He called me, said it was urgent, and picked a spot we’d never used before.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN DUNES - NIGHT OF MURDER

Curran’s Mercedes pulls into the parking lot. Curran gets out, sees Marty -- then notices the idling yellow pickup. He pulls his gun as a precaution, turns toward it -- and the pickup jets away. Curran resumes his approach to Marty.

CURRAN
I hope you made me leave a nice warm strip club for a good reason.

MARTY
(dead serious)
I just heard Stella’s got a snitch on our side.

CURRAN
(concerned)
How do you know?
MARTY
The FBI's warning its people not to share information with my office. It's probably them. Some junior G-man who didn't get a gold star. I don't know. But if Stella finds out about you....

CURRAN
I'm dead.

MARTY
Maybe you should pull out.

CURRAN
I can't. I'm this close.

MARTY
I don't want to be nailing Stella over your body.

Curran considers. Then --

CURRAN
I'll watch my back.

MARTY
You sure?

CURRAN
Yeah.
(beat)
Thanks.

RESUME DALEY PLAZA
Curran reflects on the irony --

CURRAN
He was worried about me.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY
CAMERA POPS to the remaining SUSPECT PHOTOS on the evidence wall -- Thompson, Curran, Justine, Lambroso, Rachel. The image of Curran OVEREXPOSES to oblivion...Now there are four. Widen to reveal Sawchuck, Sampson, Grosz, and Lt. Chivers considering the photos.

LT. CHIVERS
It's okay. We've given Agent Kaiserman a sedative.
GROSZ
We never ruled out the wife.

Lt. Chivers stomps that out -- for Sampson’s sake:

LT. CHIVERS
The Lambrosos. His alibi fell apart, and his alibi was her...

SAWCHUCK
So she doesn’t have an alibi either.

During which Panelli enters carrying a box.

PANELLI
Check it out. Courtesy of the FBI.

STELLA’S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
That new guy in the warehouse at O’Hare? He’s working for the State’s Attorney. So stay away.

INT. LT. CHIVERS’ OFFICE - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Panelli’s box is open, revealing a cache of digital audiotapes. One of them is playing. The detectives listen.

PANELLI
That’s Stella. These are the tapes that convinced the Feebs there was a leak in Fisher’s office.

He pops in another tape, hits Play.

STELLA’S VOICE
Warn our friends in Milwaukee to watch their backs. That asshole Fisher’s heading up there tonight.

LT. CHIVERS
The warehouse guy?

PANELLI
Fixed by Fisher. Somehow, Stella knew.

Sawchuck’s been thinking; he speaks up.

SAWCHUCK
That one about Milwaukee...what’s the date?

PANELLI
Last Friday. Why?
Sawchuck thinks again.

SAWCHUCK
I think we should have another talk with Justine Lambroso.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Justine, nervous, is led in by Panelli and Lt. Chivers.

JUSTINE
I thought we cleared all this up. You had somebody else...

LT. CHIVERS
We’re wondering how much you knew about the activities of Marty Fisher.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Looking through a one-way mirror are Sawchuck and Curran.

CURRAN
(concerned)
You know, if the wrong person sees me walking into this building...

SAWCHUCK
I know. But this is important. Did you ever work with her?

He gestures through the glass at Justine, whose interview with Chivers and Panelli continues at low volume.

CURRAN
No. Who is she?

SAWCHUCK
An FBI agent. And, we think, Stella’s snitch.

Now Curran takes a closer look.

CURRAN
Her?

SAWCHUCK
She worked with Fisher. She could have known what moves he was making against Stella. What phones were tapped...other informants....

(MORE)
And she bought a Florida condo last month with a hundred thousand down. She can’t explain where the money came from.

CURRAN
Stella.

SAWCHUCK
Stupid, huh? She told us she’s the one who warned Marty about the snitch, before he warned you. But now we think he told her, and she realized he’d be going through his files to figure out who knew what when, to figure out who the snitch was. She couldn’t let that happen.

Curran glares at Justine.

CURRAN
God damn bitch.

SAWCHUCK
You were inside with Stella. Did he ever mention her? You ever see her with him?

CURRAN
Wish to God I had.

SAWCHUCK
Did Marty mention her to you Monday night? When he warned you about the snitch?

CURRAN
No. But he did say what you said. He was going to check his files, try to figure it out.

SAWCHUCK
The files are gone. Whoever killed Marty took them away.

CURRAN
(glaring at Justine)
Do you have enough to make the case?

SAWCHUCK
Listen.

He plays one of the FBI tapes:
STELLA’S VOICE
Warn our friends in Milwaukee to watch their backs. That asshole Fisher’s heading up there tonight.

SAWCHUCK
We think Stella got that news from his snitch last Friday. You saw Marty that afternoon?

CURRAN
Every Friday.

SAWCHUCK
(re: Justine)
Did he mention he’d seen her that day?

CURRAN
No.

SAWCHUCK
What time did you see him?

CURRAN
About five. Right before he went to Milwaukee.

SAWCHUCK
He told you he was going to Milwaukee?

CURRAN
Not me. He called his wife and told her. I was sitting there.

INT. BAR - DAY (LAST FRIDAY)
Marty, on his cell phone, sits across a table from Curran, their Wild Turkeys in front of them.

MARTY
(into phone)
Honey, it just came up. Tell your folks I’m sorry. I’ll catch them next trip.

RESUME OBSERVATION ROOM

CURRAN
It couldn’t have been that big a secret. His whole office must’ve known.
SAWCHUCK
Actually...
(beat)
No one knew.

Curran is surprised by Sawchuck’s statement -- and a dramatic change in Sawchuck’s tone -- all friendliness gone.

CURRAN
What do you mean?

SAWCHUCK
Marty didn’t go to Milwaukee. That was a lie he told his wife. To cover an affair.

INT. RACHEL’S OFFICE - DAY (LAST FRIDAY)

Rachel is at the other end of that cell phone call.

MARTY’S VOICE
I’ve got to go to Milwaukee. We’ll take your parents to Morton’s next time they’re in. I promise.

Rachel says nothing -- she is angry and shamed.

SAWCHUCK (V.O.)
His wife knew it was a lie...

RESUME OBSERVATION ROOM

SAWCHUCK
But you didn’t. Because you didn’t know he had a girlfriend on the side.

CURRAN
Okay, so he didn’t go to Milwaukee....

SAWCHUCK
But Stella thought he did.

Sawchuck hits Play, and the tape plays again:

STELLA’S VOICE
Warn our friends in Milwaukee to watch their backs. That asshole Fisher’s heading up there tonight.

Sawchuck stops the tape, looks up at Curran.

SAWCHUCK
Because you told him. You were the only one who could have.
Curran, pissed, gets up.

CURRAN
I’m risking my life working Stella and you’re accusing--

SAWCHUCK
You. You were Stella’s snitch. And after Marty warned you -- after Marty tried to save your life -- you knew he’d be figuring things out, and you couldn’t let that happen --

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT OF MURDER

The elevator opens and Marty steps out. He beeps his car open, tosses the briefcase in, and then looks up, surprised, as Curran steps out of a shadow, gun in hand.

RESUME OBSERVATION ROOM

Curran is heading for the door.

CURRAN
I’m not sitting here--

He stops when he sees SAC Kaiserman in the doorway, blocking the doorway.

CURRAN
You’ve got nothing.

SAWCHUCK
I don’t know. What do you think, Lieutenant?

In the interrogation room, Lt. Chivers turns toward the window. And Curran realizes that the sound from the observation room is being piped into the interrogation room, not (as usual) the other way around.

SAWCHUCK
Is that enough for a search warrant?

LT. CHIVERS
Plenty.

JUSTINE
I’ll take the affidavit over. Please. (to Curran) You son of a bitch.
And now Curran realizes, if he hasn’t already, that this “interrogation” of Justine was a show -- for his benefit. Sawchuck wheels him around, slaps on the cuffs.

SAWCHUCK
You’re under arrest for the murder of Marty Fisher.
(beat)
I’ll call Saperstein for you.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Rachel Fisher stands alone near a freshly-dug grave. Sampson and Grosz approach. Rachel senses their presence, turns...

RACHEL
Not now.

But there’s no more accusing, no more bad news.

SAMPSON
We’ve arrested the person who killed your husband.

GROSZ
Someone your husband thought was a friend. Someone your husband was trying to save.

Rachel shakes her head, tears up for --

RACHEL
Marty....Are you sure?

SAMPSON
We searched his apartment and found the files your husband had with him when... Also the weapon.

After a beat --

GROSZ
There’s something else. You were right... about your husband. He was trying to make things right. Even with the money...

RACHEL
That he stole?

GROSZ
There was a debt he had to clear.
SAMPSON
He had some left over. We couldn’t figure out where it went.

Sampson pulls a gift box out of his pocket.

SAMPSON
This was in his car that night. His killer took it home with him.

Puzzled, Rachel opens the box and we --

FLASH TO:

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT OF MURDER - ON THE BOX

In Marty’s hands. He’s just purchased something that he’s laying into the box with loving care. REVERSE ANGLE to see

A NECKLACE WITH A PENDANT -- GOLDEN BABY SHOES

RESUME CEMETERY

And now it is Rachel looking at the necklace. There’s a card in the box. Rachel opens it and reads:

RACHEL
‘I’m sorry for everything. I’m coming home.’

Rachel reacts. Sampson and Grosz discreetly take their exit. As they do, Sampson turns to Grove --

SAMPSON
See? Complicated.

GROSZ
Are you all right, Joe?

SAMPSON
I don’t know.

As they walk away, MUSIC UP and --

INT. LT. CHIVERS’ OFFICE - NIGHT

Chivers picks up a letter from the Safeway Corporation. It’s a job offer -- chief of corporate security. She studies it pensively....

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Panelli, off duty, heads into --
INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

He stands inside, looking around, and, sure enough, finds Grosz sitting at a table by herself. She looks up at him, her expression ambiguous....

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Sawchuck stands, alone, in front of the wall of evidence -- the reports, the diagrams, the remaining SUSPECT PHOTOS. One by one, every photo overexposes to oblivion except THE PHOTO OF SUSPECT FRANK CURRAN, which MORPHS into:

FRANK CURRAN

facing forward, eyes cold and hard, waiting for the FLASH of HIS BOOKING PHOTO, on which we FREEZE FRAME and then --

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW