

SUSPECT
by
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SUSPECT

"Pilot"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

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.

(peaking)

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.)

She's an FBI agent. Justine Lambroso. Bank robberies and organized crime. Met Fisher on a joint task force last year.

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.

PANELLI

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)

RACHEL (cont'd)
 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.)

Fisher persecuted Thompson for acting in self-defense. Defense of the race.

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
Fisher. When you shot him. Driver's
side. Passenger side.

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 Gary, Indiana. Jimmy's Payday Loans.

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 glides 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 Feeps 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)

SAWCHUCK (cont'd)

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