

A TASTE OF COLD STEEL

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. HEGEWISCH, ILLINOIS-FALL-AFTERNOON 2005

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

Sonny creeps out on the street to grab a marble. A car veers close to them and honks. Sonny squeals with excitement.

EDDIE

Told you to keep back on the curb.

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

LOVEE

(to Eddie)

Whad I tell ya? Almost got smacked by that car. Fucker. You stay here.

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

LOVEE (CONT'D)

Wrap your arms around each other.
Make happy or regret it.

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

LOVEE (CONT'D)

(to Sonny)

Here's your brother.

(to Eddie)

Fucker.

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

LOVEE (CONT'D)

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

Eddie looks at Sonny on the curb.

EDDIE

I'll always protect you, little man.

Sonny smiles and stares at the photo in his hand.

TIME CUT TO:

SAME LOCATION-TWO WEEKS LATER-AFTERNOON

Sonny sits on the curb. A truck stops. The truck sign reads "Road Scholar Moving Van." The MOVER, sloppy and in a Road Scholar wrinkled uniform, walks to the curb.

A sleek, black Lincoln pulls in behind the truck. JULES PAVALON, thin, late-forties with groomed black hair and a thick gold necklace around his neck, talks to the mover, then joins Sonny. The mover goes in the house.

JULES

What's your name?

SONNY

Sonny.

JULES

Careful on the curb.

Jules brushes his hand on his custom-tailored pants.

SONNY

Mom says that. What's your name?

JULES

Not important. What is important is who I am.

SONNY

Who are you?

JULES

I'm your guardian angel.

SONNY

Ya know my brother?

LOVEE (O.S.)

Sonny, come here.

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

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

Sonny closes the door behind him.

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

JULES
I just-

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

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

JULES
Every time you think you get yourself in trouble. I'll do the thinking for us.

LOVEE
I'm done packin'.

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

LOVEE
Tip 'em?

JULES
You got the money for moving?

LOVEE
You know I don't.

JULES
Then tip 'em. I'm opening another club. Sugar's. Alcohol's free while you work. Wanna chippy?

A beat.

LOVEE
We'll see. Sonny?

Sonny comes outside.

LOVEE (CONT'D)
What did this man say to you?

Sonny stares at the ground.

SONNY

Told me to be careful on the curb.

LOVEE

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

SONNY

I'm hungry. Eddie always got me
sandwich.

LOVEE

Don't have Mayo and banana.
Go get your flavor an' get out
here.

Sonny runs inside and returns with a small box of cherry-flavored powdered Jello. He licks his finger, sticks it in the powder and sucks his finger.

LOVEE (CONT'D)

(to mover)

Go inside. Jules, stay away from
'em.

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

JULES

(laughs)

Let's see who gets the better deal.

Lovee enters the house. Jules goes to Sonny.

JULES (CONT'D)

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

SONNY

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

JULES

You got a brother, right?

SONNY

Ya. We count cars. He's missin'.

JULES

I'll find 'em.

Jules smiles and pats Sonny's head, gets in his car and drives away.

Two TEENAGE BOYS cross the street and go to Sonny. One boy kicks Sonny's foot.

TEENAGER

Get up off that curb.

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

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

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

SONNY

Not here.

TEENAGER

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

The boy slams a rock into Sonny's head. Sonny screams and flees to the house as the teenage boys run away. He tries the door but it's locked. He hears voices inside.

MOVER (O.S.)

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

LOVEE (O.S.)

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

He reaches in his pocket and grabs the picture of him and Eddie. Sonny goes to the side of the house and sits down. He holds the picture as blood drips from his eyebrow and cries.

SONNY

Eddie!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FALANGES COURIER SERVICE-MORNING-PRESENT DAY

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

The phone rings.

SONNY

Falanges.

BISCAINE

Who the hell taught you to answer a phone?

SONNY

Ain't I supposed to-

BISCAINE

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

SONNY

I won't.

BISCAINE

I hired ya back cuz Lovee asked. I won't be in 'til tomorrow.

SONNY

I'll do it.

BISCAINE

There's three pouches on the counter. A note stuck to each pouch.

Sonny looks at the three pouches and notes on top of newspapers and magazines.

SONNY

Not a problem.

BISCAINE

Don't be stealin' outta the register. I know what I got to the penny.

Sonny puts the phone down and knocks the pouches and notes on the floor. He picks them up and leaves the office.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-HALLWAY-AFTERNOON

DEFENSE COUNSEL R.D. DRAPER, forties, with his PARALEGAL, chat with DEFENDANT TOMMY BISCAINE as they leave the courtroom. Biscaine, early-forties and weathered, greased-back hair and paranoid, stops abruptly.

RICO, early-thirties and stocky, intense and focused, leans against the elevator door.

BISCAINE

Damn.

Draper locks eyes with Rico.

DRAPER

Know 'em?

BISCAINE

Trouble.

Biscaine smiles sheepishly.

DRAPER

Stay away from 'em.

BISCAINE

How, counselor?

As they approach Rico, Biscaine extends his hand; Rico slaps it away. Agitated and street-tested, Rico's eyes burn.

BISCAINE (CONT'D)

Lucky me, huh?

RICO

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

DRAPER

(to Rico)

I know about you.

(to Biscaine)

You need a restraining order.

The paralegal walks behind Draper.

RICO

(to Draper)

No reason to cock-block. I know you.

DRAPER

Know me?

RICO

Sugar's.

DRAPER

'Scuse me?

RICO

Sugar's Cross-the-Tracks Shack?

Draper and the paralegal leave Biscaine in awkward silence.

RICO (CONT'D)
 (yells to Draper)
 Wouldn't fuck 'er with your dick.
 (to Biscaine)
 Want the journal. Tonight. Your
 car, your ramp. Eight. Don't make
 me go uncivilized.

BISCAINE
 I'll, I'll be there.

RICO
 (mocking Biscaine)
 Re, re...really? We'll see how much
 bitch ya got in your blood.

INT. PALACE BILLIARDS-LATER

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

POOL PLAYER #1
 Kiss my narrow ass.

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

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

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

POOL PLAYER #1
 I play for shape.

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

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

POOL PLAYER #1
 What the fuck?

Sonny-legs crossed-has one hand over his groin moving slowly, rhythmically, up and down.

A SYRINGE sticks in the web between his thumb and forefinger. He pulls out the needle, hangs his head and drifts away.

POOL PLAYER #1 (CONT'D)
 Fuckin' wobblehead. He's waitin'
 for a bus? Pin cushion got more
 tracks than a train station.

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

Biscaine eyes Sonny nodding on a bench. He flings a cue chalk at him. It bounces off Sonny. Sonny scratches his head, sees Biscaine and mumbles.

BISCAINE
 (to players)
 Back on the block an' takin'
 action.

Biscaine goes to Sonny and pushes his shoulder.

BISCAINE (CONT'D)
 You fucked up. Pouches delivered to
 the wrong people. Bets not laid and
 payoffs not made.

SONNY
 Ahhh?

Biscaine leans his face into Sonny's.

BISCAINE
 Thought I'd find ya here. Hired ya
 back cuz of Lovee. Now you got a
 problem. Fuckin' junkie.

Biscaine slaps Sonny on the side of his head. Walks away.

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

INT. ENDICOTT BUILDING RAMP-NIGHT-LATER

Sonny reaches under the front grill of a car. The driver's door unlocks. He puts a hand under the driver's seat. The glove compartment slowly drops exposing stacks of cash. A hand grips his neck and violently jerks him out of the car.

BISCAINE
 You thankless piece a shit.

Biscaine drops his briefcase. Sonny struggles to break free.

BISCAINE (CONT'D)
Thievin' junkie.

Biscaine throws a flurry of punches. Sonny's knocked back on his heels. Sonny swings wildly and misses. Biscaine delivers a gut punch. Sonny falls and covers up as Biscaine kicks him to sleep.

RICO
Whatcha' doin', killer?

Biscaine spins around. Rico sees the briefcase next to the car. He blows a bubble.

RICO (CONT'D)
That my baby?

A beat.

BISCAINE
Rico-

RICO
Holdin' court.

BISCAINE
Huh? Jules said-

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

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

Rico grabs the briefcase and bolts from the ramp.

Sgt. Angus watches Rico flee. He looks inside the car and smiles. He snatches the cash and throws it in a briefcase on the passenger seat.

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

Angus opens the briefcase. He pushes the money aside. A brown leather notebook reveals itself. He grabs his phone.

ANGUS
Where are you?

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Jus' leaving O'Dells.

Angus picks up the notebook.

ANGUS
Get me a meatball sandwich.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
What?

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

Angus pages through the columns of numbers.

JUNIOR (V.O.)
Don't do this.

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

Angus returns the notebook to the briefcase with a grin.

INT. ENDICOTT BUILDING RAMP-FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Sirens wail, squad car lights flood the ramp. Sgt. Angus stands nearby. He sees Sonny's leg twitch. Sgt. Angus blinks. LT. LUTHER, early-sixties, trim with a short and tight haircut, conservatively dressed, watches Sgt. Angus.

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

Rico holds his phone to his ear.

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

Jules Pavalon, thin and aged well, with unnaturally black hair, speaks into his phone.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

RICO
Done.

JULES
Anybody else there?

RICO
Some kid on the ground. Dead.
Tommy an' that kid went at it. He
tried to swell up on me and got a
Chicago toothpick.

JULES
Did you see our bought-a-cop today?

RICO
No.

JULES
Were you at the Palace?

RICO
No. But I got what you want.

JULES
You sure?

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

RICO'S POV- A banana and betting slips.

BACK TO SCENE.

Rico peels the banana and eats it.

RICO
Not here. Jus' bettin' slips.

Jules grimaces.

JULES
My mistake to leave it with 'em.
But he didn't have the code. Get
it. At all costs.

INT. ENDICOTT BUILDING RAMP-SAME TIME

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

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

LT. LUTHER
And the custom-made glove
compartment?

ANGUS
Found it just like that.

LT. LUTHER
How'd your snitch get killed?

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

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

ANGUS
Thought he was dead.

LT. LUTHER
Check for a pulse?

ANGUS
Sorry. Back problem.

LT. LUTHER
Where's Junior?

ANGUS
Outside waiting. He dropped me off
earlier.

Lt. Luther walks to an investigator. They stare at Angus.
Luther returns.

LT. LUTHER
Book the kid. PC homicide.

Officers lift Sonny to his feet; Sgt. Angus slaps cuffs on
him and escorts him outside.

EXT./INT. JUNIOR'S UNDERCOVER CAR

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

ANGUS
Scoot over, kid.

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

Sgt. Angus looks throughout the car.

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

JUNIOR
No meatballs tonight.

ANGUS
They always got meatloaf.

SONNY
Where we goin'?

JUNIOR
Didn't ask for meatloaf.

ANGUS
Damn it, Junior.

SONNY
Where we goin'? I killed Tommy?

ANGUS
You're goin' to jail. I'm goin' to
dinner. You're in deep fuckin'
yogurt.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-ARRAIGNMENT-AFTERNOON

Loud. Organized. Chaos. Lawyers, defendants, court staff move in frenzied motion and await the judge's arrival.

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

TOM HARRIS, public defender, mid-forties, rumpled suit, struggles to talk to Sonny through the shield.

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

SONNY
What? What fuckin' complaint?

JUDGE DESIMONE, sixties, plump with a politician's smile, mounts the bench and bangs his gavel. The noise dies; everybody takes a seat. Sonny's name is called. Harris strides to the courtroom podium.

HARRIS

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

JUDGE DESIMONE

Nice to see you, Mr. Harris.

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

HARRIS

I explained his constitutional rights. He does not have a copy of the complaint, but understands the charge is second-degree murder.

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

JUDGE DESIMONE

No outbursts.

Lovee, in the front row, weeps. The courtroom door opens, Sgt. Angus enters and walks to the railing. The PROSECUTOR looks at him and meets him at the railing.

PROSECUTOR

One moment, your Honor.

The judge nods. Sgt. Angus points to Sonny.

ANGUS

Keep 'em in custody.

The prosecutor nods and returns to counsel table.

HARRIS

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

(to Judge Desimone)

Mr. Gibson waives reading of the complaint.

Sonny knocks on the shield, then motions to Harris.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Your Honor.

JUDGE DESIMONE

Proceed.

Harris returns to Sonny.

SONNY
Get me outta here.

HARRIS
I'll try.

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

Harris returns to the podium.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Your Honor, we'll proceed.

JUDGE DESIMONE
Mr. Prosecutor, what's the recommended bail?

The prosecutor, a youthful and energetic man in a sport coat, stands at counsel table.

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

Sonny belts out another ANGUISHED SCREAM. Lovee groans; Sgt. Angus smiles. Judge Desimone bangs his gavel on the bench.

JUDGE DESIMONE
I said no outbursts.

SONNY
I'm innocent.

JUDGE DESIMONE
You are presumed innocent. That's your constitutional right.

SONNY
How innocent?

JUDGE DESIMONE
What?

SONNY
Innocent enough to have thousand dollar bail?

JUDGE DESIMONE
Two-hundred thousand dollar bail.

Judge-

TOM HARRIS

What?

SONNY

JUDGE DESIMONE

(to Sonny)

I consider certain factors. Flight risk, criminal history, facts of the case. And the bail evaluation, which doesn't speak well of you.

SONNY

Tells me all I need to know.

JUDGE DESIMONE

Glad we have an understanding.

SONNY

Singin' to me with a mouthful a shit.

JUDGE DESIMONE

What did you say?

TOM HARRIS

Gibson!

COURTROOM DEPUTY

You didn't.

Sonny punches the Plexiglas shield.

HARRIS

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

SONNY

God damn right I do.

JUDGE DESIMONE

Bail set. Two-hundred thousand dollars.

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

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

SONNY

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

EXT./INT. O'DELLS CAFE-NIGHT

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

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

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

ANGUS
Thought we could talk here. No-
man's land. Cops an' gangsters.

Rico scans the restaurant.

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

ANGUS
There ya go.

RICO
Whaddya expect? Shovel food in your
mouth two-knuckles deep. Drip gravy
on your coat. Fuckin' uncouth.

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

ANGUS
What's that?

RICO
When Jules tells me to hit the
button, you'll see the drain.

ANGUS
You're lucky Jules in your corner.

Angus shrugs, then hunches over his plate of food.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Somebody got a hold of me and asked
me to go-between for 'em and Jules.

RICO
Jules?

ANGUS

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

RICO

Jules?

ANGUS

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

RICO

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

ANGUS

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

RICO

Get me the book. All is forgiven.

INT. COOK COUNTY ANNEX-DAY

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

CONFERENCE ROOM:

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

SONNY

What's that smell?

Harris looks around the room.

HARRIS

Huh? Cologne?

SONNY

Hot date?

HARRIS

Wakes me up.

SONNY

How many murders you try?

HARRIS

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

SONNY

Right.

HARRIS

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

SONNY

Oh.

HARRIS

Biscaine was stabbed in his left
ear while leaning against his car.
If you stabbed him with your left
hand, you'd be behind 'em.

Sonny stares at Harris.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

You couldn't be behind 'em because
his back was against his car.

SONNY

Told ya.

HARRIS

But there's fuckery goin' on.

SONNY

What?

HARRIS

Tried to talk to your mother. Got
hostile with me.

SONNY

Mom?

HARRIS

This is a circumstantial evidence
case. I need someone with a motive.

SONNY

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

HARRIS

I told you don't discuss your case
with inmates.

SONNY

Not like I got a lot to do.

HARRIS

Prosecutor doesn't think some other
dude did it.

SONNY

I got somethin' none of ya got.

HARRIS

What's that?

SONNY

I know what I din't do.

HARRIS

What do I do with that?

SONNY

Your fuckin' job.

Sonny stomps out of the room.

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

Lt. Luther and DEBORAH, the prosecutor's secretary, fifty-ish and subdued, walk past secretaries. Telephones ring, computers click and clerks carry files to offices.

WAYNE TRETTER'S OFFICE:

Deborah taps on PROSECUTOR TRETTER'S door, opens it and leads Lt. Luther to a side chair by the prosecutor's desk.

TRETTER, on his phone, stares at Luther. Mid-forties with a boxer's nose and personality, Tretter is surrounded with memorabilia from Golden Gloves and trials.

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

LT. LUTHER

Why am I here?

TRETTER

I got the Gibson case.

LT. LUTHER

I don't know that.

TRETTER

Things changed.

LT. LUTHER

Not for me.

TRETTTER

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

LT. LUTHER

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

TRETTTER

Who's the chief deputy?

LT. LUTHER

You.

TRETTTER

You have two organized crime homicide files. I think they're connected to this case.

LT. LUTHER

Those cases haven't been brought to you.

TRETTTER

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

LT. LUTHER

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

TRETTTER

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

LT. LUTHER

I was a Christian. Pre-Reformation.

TRETTTER

That justifies bouncing his head like it was a basketball? Worship at the alter of the Holy Pineapple. I don't give a shit. In court, you do what I say.

LT. LUTHER

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

TRETTTER

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

Luther shakes his head.

TRETTTER (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

ANGUS

Why ya goin' so slow? Let's get to
the Esquire. Somethin's wrong.

JUNIOR

Damn right.

ANGUS

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

JUNIOR

Ya find rats, and rats survive.

ANGUS

Prick Rico gave me this from Jules.

Sgt. Angus grabs his phone.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Jules? Just touchin' base. Rico
gave me the present. Maybe I
misunderstood. Okay, later.

He hangs up and stares out of the window.

JUNIOR

What was that?

ANGUS

Rico's smokin' his breakfast.

JUNIOR

Shit about touchin' base. Talk like a gangster.

ANGUS

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

JUNIOR

Put some glue on the rug.

ANGUS

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

JUNIOR

Jules a talent scout for killers.

ANGUS

Can't talk to you, Junior. Don't know the difference between chicken shit an' chicken salad. Lemme out.

INT. ESQUIRE RESTAURANT-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS

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

ANGUS

'Scuse me, do you share?

She puts down a file.

DENISE

What?

ANGUS

Pepper.

DENISE

People usually get what they want with the right words.

She slides the pepper shaker towards him.

ANGUS

Sorry. Friends call me Angus.

DENISE

Built like a bull?

ANGUS
Expression is hung like a bull.

DENISE
Are you?

ANGUS
(chokes)
What?

DENISE
Hungry?

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

DENISE
Which?

ANGUS
Which what?

DENISE
Pants.

Sgt. Angus chokes again.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Gotta be careful talking about a
woman's pants.

They look at each other and laugh.

DENISE (CONT'D)
What does Angus built-like-a-bull
do for a living?

ANGUS
Civil service. Ready to retire.

DENISE
Oh? Union man. They invest in
stocks, bonds, real estate trusts.

ANGUS
Yeah, but not good return.

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

A beat.

DENISE (CONT'D)
We beat the market.

ANGUS
Really? I'm here on Sundays for
brunch.

DENISE
This a date?

ANGUS
Date? Sort of. I got questions.

DENISE
I got exotic techniques. Spread
eagle; down and dirty; up hard.

Sgt. Angus swallows hard, blinks.

ANGUS
That's what you call 'em?

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

ANGUS
Excuse me?

DENISE
An hour? Hour an' a half?

Angus wipes his forehead.

ANGUS
What?

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

INT. COOK COUNTY ANNEX-NIGHT

Sonny sits across from a defeated and deflated Harris in the
conference room. His face, like his suit, sags.

SONNY
'Nother date?

HARRIS
Huh?

SONNY

Cologne.

HARRIS

Offer on the table. Be rea...ble.

SONNY

Huh?

HARRIS

Murder two. Cap ten years.

SONNY

I'm goin' home.

HARRIS

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

SONNY

Wrangle? Are you for real?

HARRIS

Pool ball operator says you
threatened Biscaine.

SONNY

Pool ball?

HARRIS

Pool hall. Prosecutor says you
submitted killin' Biscaine on the
way to jail.

SONNY

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

HARRIS

Dirty cops, prosecutor, hoodlums.

SONNY

You been drinkin'?

HARRIS

Gotta call the prosecutor tomorrow
or murder one. Oops.

Harris burps.

SONNY

I plead to murder two for lookin'
for Eddie?

Sonny kicks the table.

HARRIS

Good judge this week. Bad judge
next six month.

SONNY

I'm goin' home?

HARRIS

Best chance. If home, you'll stay
in Annex. If joint, you transfer to
"B" Hall. Best chance with plea.

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

Quiet, clean and highly polished. The flagstone floor seems
to go on forever. Cell doors are uniformly closed.

SONNY'S CELL:

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

GUARD (O.S.)

Fifty on five. Fifty on five, damn
it.

Gibson, show your face.

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

GUARD (CONT'D)

Hear me fuckin' callin' you?

SONNY

That's why I'm at the door.

GUARD

Dumbass. Before I called your name.

SONNY

Din't hear nothin'.

GUARD

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

SONNY

Five.

GUARD

What cell number?

SONNY

Oh.

GUARD

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

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

ROSIE

Can you read?

SONNY

'Course.

Rosie hands the pass to Sonny.

ROSIE

Follow the yellow line outside "B"
Hall.

HALLWAY:

Sonny walks the yellow line.

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

SONNY

Darrell?

OZZIE

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

A glance of recognition flickers in Sonny's eyes.

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Show me your ivory.

Sonny grins, then covers his mouth.

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Damn. Ya need some store-boughts.

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

OZZIE (CONT'D)
 Didn't tell me Sonny hit "B" town.
 Next time I'm upside your head.
 Shoulda known this fool on the
 streets. Called 'em Southside
 Sonny.

Ozzie smiles, but the smile fades.

OZZIE (CONT'D)
 You a funny motherfucker, 'til you
 raided my crib.

SONNY
 Told ya I din't do it.

Ozzie studies Sonny's face.

OZZIE
 (to albino inmate)
 Fool got popped. Cops showed 'em a
 photo and said they got 'em this
 time.
 (to Sonny)
 Whad ya say?
 (to albino inmate)
 Somebody stole my face.
 (to Sonny)
 Sure ya didn't bust in my crib?

SONNY
 Din't.

OZZIE
 What ya got there?

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

OZZIE (CONT'D)
 (to albino inmate)
 What's it say, fool?

ALBINO
 Psych unit.

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

Ozzie watches him.

OZZIE
 Sonabitch here for sanitary rape.
 Boy was twelve.
 (MORE)

OZZIE (CONT'D)
 (to Fancy Dancer)
 What's up, Fancy Dancer?

FANCY DANCER
 What's to it, T.C.?

SONNY
 (to albino inmate)
 T.C.?

ALBINO
 Top cat. Runs "E" hall.

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

FANCY DANCER
 That's cool.

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

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

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

Fancy Dancer pushes a leg. His body contorts as he drags himself away as quickly as he can.

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

"B" HALL:

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

OZZIE
 Too lazy ta work, too scared ta
 steal?

Rosie drops a magazine and twists in his chair.

ROSIE
Fuck you doin' in my cell hall?

OZZIE
Walkin' in my runnin' partner.

ROSIE
Sorry.

OZZIE
Sorry?

ROSIE
Sorry he had you for a partner.

OZZIE
I want Sonny in "E" Hall.

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

Ozzie walks over to Sonny.

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

ROSIE
Gibson.

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

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

Sonny hands Rosie the pink slip.

ROSIE (CONT'D)
Not signed.

SONNY
Office closed.

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

ROSIE
Open it.

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

BACK TO SCENE.

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

INT. LOVEE'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Lovee sits in her intimate and cramped kitchen at her small picnic table. Phone in hand. She dials a number.

INT. JUDGE SILVERMAN'S HOME-NIGHT

ELSE, the HOUSEKEEPER, shuffles down the darkened hallway. The phone on a hall table hums. A small muted light flashes. She answers it, then shuffles to a door, taps softly and opens it.

LIBRARY:

JUDGE SILVERMAN, silver hair, thin and alert, sits on a sofa in the elegant and well-appointed room. The fireplace throws a inviting glow throughout the room.

ELSE
Judge, there's a call for you.

The judge nods, then places a file on the coffee table. He reaches behind the sofa and grabs the phone.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Hello?

LOVEE
Bill? This is Lovee.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Lovee. My gosh. How are you? How's that rascal?

LOVEE
That's why I'm calling. I said I wouldn't, but I really need your advice.

The judge wipes his forehead.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Anything for you, Lovee.

LOVEE

This is so bad, Bill. Sonny's in the Cook County Annex and is being transferred to prison.

JUDGE SILVERMAN

Why?

LOVEE

He was charged with murder. His lawyer told 'em he had to plead guilty to murder two or be indicted for murder one.

JUDGE SILVERMAN

He's going to prison?

LOVEE

Yes. Speakin' a him, that lawyer came around asking questions 'bout closed files.

JUDGE SILVERMAN

He mentioned my name?

LOVEE

No.

JUDGE SILVERMAN

Lovee, he wouldn't be in the Annex. He'd be transferred over to "B" Wing awaiting transfer.

LOVEE

I don't know what to do, Bill. Please help him.

JUDGE SILVERMAN

You should have called me when he was first arrested. His only recourse now is post-conviction.

LOVEE

What?

JUDGE SILVERMAN

Lawyer files a petition to go back to court.

LOVEE

What do I do? I'm scared for 'em.

Lovee scratches her neck. Shakes her head.

LOVEE (CONT'D)

How'd you know he's transferred
from the Annex?

JUDGE SILVERMAN

Standard procedure. They can't have
men awaiting trial or bail
associate with convicted inmates.

LOVEE

Are you sure?

JUDGE SILVERMAN

Of course. I'll place a couple of
calls for you. Do what I can.

LOVEE

Thank you so much, Bill. I knew we
could count on you.

JUDGE SILVERMAN

Good night, Lovee. Don't worry
about him.

Judge Silverman hangs up his phone, then dials a number.

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

Jules, naked and half-wrapped in a bedsheet with a YOUNG
WOMAN in the crease of his arm, lays in bed. The lights are
dim. Jules' phone buzzes.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

JUDGE SILVERMAN

That God-damn Lovee just called me.

JULES

Did you ask her what she wanted?

Jules snickers.

JUDGE SILVERMAN

Not funny. You told me she would
never call again.

JULES

Why is she bothering you?

JUDGE SILVERMAN

That damn kid of hers.

JULES
Nothing to worry about.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Really?

JULES
Yes. You get the best tables at the
best restaurants and-

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Jules, it's not-

JULES
-people in the courthouse will
still show extreme respect-

JUDGE SILVERMAN
Jules-

JULES
You got what you wanted. Beautiful
home, profession, respect.

JUDGE SILVERMAN
You're twisted. Let's get together.

JULES
You work your side of the street
and I'll work mine.

Jules disconnects the call, rolls over and wraps his arms
around his bed partner.

JULES (CONT'D)
I want to be in your Garden of
Eden.

The woman giggles, spreads her arms and legs.

YOUNG WOMAN
Taste the fruit.

INT. LA FAMILIA RESTAURANT-DAY

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

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

RICO
Ready to be upped.

JULES
Bought-a-cop gave your name to the
lawyer whose client charged with
killing Biscaine.
Kid's partner left the garage with
the notebook.

RICO
Didn't see shit.

Rico shrugs his shoulders.

JULES
Kid's gotta go. Whoever he is. Can
you do it?

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

JULES (CONT'D)
Honor and tradition hold our red
sauce and this family together.

Rico nods his head.

JULES (CONT'D)
Take care of this and the arms open
up.

RICO
Nothin' gonna stop me. You trained
me. Color 'em gone.

INT. ESQUIRE RESTAURANT-MORNING

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

DENISE
Hello, handsome.

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

ANGUS
You look...

DENISE
Excited, right? I am.

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

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

Angus looks longingly at Denise.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Share your thoughts?

ANGUS
Oh, no. No, no.

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

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

BACK TO SCENE.

She returns and sits next to Angus.

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

ANGUS
Oh, yes.

DENISE
Me, too.

ANGUS
Really?

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

ANGUS
Oh? Oh. How much?

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

Angus gags.

ANGUS
Too rich for my blood.

DENISE

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

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

DENISE (CONT'D)

We're at the moment of truth.

ANGUS

We are?

DENISE

Sometimes you gotta lick the plate
to get the gravy.

Sgt. Angus pulls on his collar.

INT. EVERGREEN INVESTMENTS OFFICE-DAY.

Denise sits at a small table pouring over documents as she
talks to Sgt. Angus.

DENISE

Funny, I was going to call you.

ANGUS (V.O.)

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

DENISE

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

ANGUS (V.O.)

You're gonna baby-sit my money.

DENISE

Money's not honey. What hurts is
when you lose someone.

ANGUS (V.O.)

How about truth?

DENISE

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

ANGUS (V.O.)
Maybe I can get it.

DENISE
You put "us" in trust. I'll show
you my appreciation.

INT. TOM HARRIS' OFFICE-DAY

Harris stands behind his desk covered in files. A bottle of cologne rests on the files. He's on the phone with STATE PUBLIC DEFENDER STEVE HAMILTON.

TOM HARRIS
How can you not recall Gibson?

INT. STEVE HAMILTON'S OFFICE-SAME TIME

Hamilton, late-forties, thin, stands next to a bookcase with a law book in his hand while his phone is on loud speaker.

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

STEVE
Busy. Don't remember every
conversation.

HARRIS
He pled to murder two.

STEVE
Who died?

HARRIS
Bookie named Tom Biscaine.

STEVE
Who was his protection?

HARRIS
Jules Pavalon.

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

HARRIS
Ice pick in the ear.

STEVE
Sentence?

HARRIS
Up to ten years.

STEVE
No minimum? Judge musta had
sympathy for 'em.

HARRIS
Could have.

STEVE
Maybe thought you didn't do your
job?

HARRIS
Only think that if I had been
chased outta private practice and
investigated by the lawyers board
for stealing clients.

STEVE
That was never-

HARRIS
Tell a defendant his lawyer's in
rehab, but wasn't, to steal 'em.

STEVE
That was never-

HARRIS
This is the kind of shit you start.

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

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

STEVE
All issues are on the table.

HARRIS
What's that mean?

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

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

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

STEVE

No minimum sentence?

SONNY

You're the lawyer.

STEVE

You pled to murder two with a weapon.

SONNY

Pled to not knowin' the facts.

STEVE

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

SONNY

I din't do this.

STEVE

That's ten.

SONNY

Ten?

STEVE

Heard that this month.

SONNY

I'm innocent.

STEVE

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

SONNY

Unnerstand English?

STEVE

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

SONNY

Don't know. If I knew, I would not be here.

STEVE

Really?

TIME CUT TO:

INT. SAME VISITOR'S ROOM-ONE WEEK LATER

Sonny and Lovee sit where Sonny and Steve Hamilton sat.

SONNY

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

LOVEE

Can only do so much.

SONNY

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

LOVEE

Kid from the hospital?

SONNY

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

LOVEE

Already talked to 'em.

SONNY

When?

LOVEE

Same old shit.

SONNY

Don't ya know a judge?

LOVEE

There's no judge.

SONNY

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

LOVEE
Forget 'em.

SONNY
Why'd I go to family court?

LOVEE
Court took 'em away. Wouldn't
behave. Nothin' but nice to that
boy.

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

LOVEE
Lawyer got to you.

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

Lovee looks around the room.

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

SONNY
You know what happened to 'em.

LOVEE
Cold-blooded evil. Demon semen.

SONNY
What?

LOVEE
No good from the word go.

SONNY
He protected me, cared for me.

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

SONNY
Can't or won't?

LOVEE
No difference.

Sonny stands up.

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

"E" HALL

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

EXT./INT. OZZIE'S CELL

Ozzie's on his bunk.

SONNY
 Still got that Care package for me?

OZZIE
 Pope catholic? What happened?

SONNY
 Life.

OZZIE
 What poison?

SONNY
 Somethin' to round off the edges.

OZZIE
 Back in the fast lane, huh?

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

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

OZZIE (CONT'D)
 Fuck it, I'm goin' on this ride.

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

Sonny pokes the needle in his arm. It cuts his skin; blood drips to the floor.

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

OZZIE

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

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

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Yo. Yo.

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

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Clean it up.

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

SONNY

Got my baaa...ck?

OZZIE

Whaa?

SONNY

Shith. Fuck it.

Ozzie grins.

TRACKING SHOT

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

ROSIE

(to Sonny)

What do you want?

SONNY

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

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

An ALARM BLASTS through the cell hall.

OZZIE

Oh, shit. Goon squad's comin'.

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

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL-SEGREGATION HALL-DAY

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

GUARD

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

"E" HALL-OZZIE'S CELL-LATER

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

SONNY

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

OZZIE

What paper?

Sonny hands Ozzie the document

OZZIE (CONT'D)

Need glasses. What's it say, fool.

SONNY

Sign an' come back here or go to PCU.

OZZIE

You gotta pass?

SONNY

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

Sonny laughs through his pain.

OZZIE

What's so funny?

SONNY

Rosie din't take my store order.

Ozzie's face freezes.

SONNY (CONT'D)

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

OZZIE

Know what convicts sayin'?

SONNY

Huh?

OZZIE

You're shaky.

SONNY

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

OZZIE

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

SONNY

Zip ten.

OZZIE

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

INT. WAYNE TRETTER'S OFFICE-DAY

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

TRETTER

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

LT. LUTHER

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

TRETTER

I want Pavalon.

LT. LUTHER

Pavalon?

TRETTER

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

LT. LUTHER

How do you know that?

TRETTTER

I pay attention. Get Angus. Show
an' tell.

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

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

DJ (V.O.)

(mellow)

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

INT./EXT. OZZIE'S CELL

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

OZZIE

Twenty on the flag. Twenty on the
God damn flag. Close the gangway
door.

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

DJ (V.O.)

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

MUSIC UP:

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

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

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

BACK TO SCENE.

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

SERGEANT

Ready?

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

"B" HALL:

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

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

EXT. PRISON WALL-SECURITY CHECKPOINT

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

INT. TOM HARRIS' OFFICE-DAY

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

HARRIS

Yeah?

INT. STEVE HAMILTON'S OFFICE-SAME TIME

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

INTERCUT-PHONE CONVERSATION

STEVE

Tom?

HARRIS

Been waitin'.

STEVE

I know, but I-

HARRIS
You filed a post-conviction
petition.

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

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

STEVE
What?

HARRIS
I did my job.

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

HARRIS
They had no exculpatory evidence.

STEVE
They did. Two similar homicides,
and you had an alternative
perpetrator defense.
Are you back in the bottle?

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

STEVE
Get yourself spin-dried.

HARRIS
Go ahead. Put me on the stand.

STEVE
What does that mean?

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

BACK TO SCENE.

Harris slams down the receiver and sinks into his chair. He opens a drawer, removes a half-full bottle of whiskey and puts it on his desk. He grabs a shot glass from a drawer.

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

Tretter and Lt. Luther walk to Tretter's office.

LT. LUTHER

What do kids have to do with this investigation?

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

WAYNE TRETTER'S OFFICE

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

TRETTER

Thought it was relevant

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

TRETTER (CONT'D)

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

LT. LUTHER

Changing the subject? What's the connection between Pavalon and kids?

TRETTER

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

LT. LUTHER

Is there a connection between Pavalon and Gibson?

TRETTER

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

LT. LUTHER

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

Tretter places the trophy on his desk; admires it.

TRETTER
Isn't that your job?

INT. SGT. ANGUS' APARTMENT-NIGHT

Angus sits at the kitchen table in his cramped apartment. A TV dinner before him, he pages through the brown leather journal and speaks to Rico.

ANGUS
So, they called me.

RICO (V.O.)
And?

ANGUS
They want a million.

RICO (V.O.)
Sure. They take credit cards? Are you fuckin' crazy?

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

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

Angus' phone goes dead. He walks to his sofa, removes a cushion and grabs a briefcase. He opens it, takes the stacks of money and places it in a pillow case.

INT. COOK COUNTY GRAND JURY ANTEROOM-DAY

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

TRETTER
Remove the slave bracelets.

The guard hands Tretter a document and a pen.

GUARD
Sign and he's your headache.

Tretter signs. The guard removes the handcuffs and ankle leggings from the Sonny, drops them in a bag and leaves.

TRETTTER

You're in Lt. Luther's custody, but
I own you.

SONNY

Yes, sir.

TRETTTER

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

SONNY

Got it.

TRETTTER

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

SONNY

Hurts when I breathe.

TRETTTER

That's life.

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

LT. LUTHER

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

SONNY

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

LT. LUTHER

We know who killed Biscaine.

SONNY

We do?

LT. LUTHER

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

SONNY

We came up together-

LT. LUTHER

In the Bottom. He controls "E"
Hall.

SONNY

Whaddya sayin'?

LT. LUTHER

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

SONNY

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

LT. LUTHER

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

SONNY

What do ya want?

LT. LUTHER

The truth.

SONNY

What's the truth?

Sonny rubs his wrists.

LT. LUTHER

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

SONNY

What?

LT. LUTHER

I know things only God's supposed
to know.

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

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

ANGUS

They made a copy.

RICO
They?

ANGUS
Figure of speech. What about lunch?

RICO
No time.

ANGUS
You said-

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

A beat.

ANGUS
Suspect?

RICO
Reach under the seat.

Sgt. Angus pulls out a briefcase.

RICO (CONT'D)
Look familiar?

ANGUS
No. Why?

RICO
It's identical to the one Biscaine
had.

ANGUS
I wouldn't know.

RICO
Here's quarter-million.

ANGUS
Huh?

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

ANGUS
They said-

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

ANGUS
 I dunno. This is a headache. Things
 are different for me now.

Sgt. Angus' phone buzzes.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 Yes?

DENISE (V.O.)
 Been waiting for you. My partners
 need to know your position today.
 Otherwise, I'll be moving.

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

Sgt. Angus disconnects Denise.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 I need their money. I'll get the
 copy.

RICO
 Lemme know.

Rico stares at Sgt. Angus as he leaves the car.

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

Angus transfers the stacks of cash from a pillow case to the
 briefcase. He calls Denise.

ANGUS
 Hello? Just finished the details on
 two loans from special friends.

DENISE (V.O.)
 Everything okay?

ANGUS
 I have most of it. In cash. Can
 change it to checks.

DENISE (V.O.)
 Most? We have an investment banker
 who handles cash routinely.
 (MORE)

DENISE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

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

ANGUS

It's a date.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-CHAMBERS-DAY

Wayne Tretter and Steve Hamilton sit on a sofa across from the judge. JUDGE STUMP, mid-fifties, well-groomed with a pencil mustache, permanent tan, reclines in his chair.

JUDGE STUMP

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

TRETTTER

Spurious allegations of prosecutorial misconduct.

STEVE

And ineffective assistance of counsel.

TRETTTER

You guys eat your own?

JUDGE STUMP

Who was defense counsel?

STEVE

Tom Harris.

The judge looks at Tretter; Tretter looks away.

STEVE (CONT'D)

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

JUDGE STUMP

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

STEVE

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

TRETTTER

Jesus.

STEVE

Don't have Jesus but we're close.

JUDGE STUMP

(to Tretter)

What's under the surface?

Tretter stands, paces in chambers.

TRETTTER

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

STEVE

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

TRETTTER

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

Hamilton is red-hot mad; Tretter is smug.

STEVE

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

Tretter looks out of the window.

TRETTTER

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

STEVE

His constitutional rights were violated. He's innocent.

JUDGE STUMP

(to Hamilton)

An innocent man pled guilty to murder?

TRETTTER

Novel argument.

STEVE

It happens when defense counsel fails to investigate the facts and doesn't file the proper motions.

JUDGE STUMP

Have you two tried to settle this case?

STEVE

I want Gibson's sentence and conviction vacated and dismissed.

TRETTTER

Not going to happen.

STEVE

He has a civil rights lawyer drooling for this file. Your office has the investigator's file.

JUDGE STUMP

I want in my Chambers the two homicide files for an in-camera review. Also, a certified copy of Gibson's grand jury testimony and all exculpatory evidence.

TRETTTER

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

JUDGE STUMP

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

TRETTTER

Gibson must sign a release of liability or there will be appeals until he collects social security.

JUDGE STUMP

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

TRETTTER

Signature bond? Do you want an apology from the State's Attorney, too?

JUDGE STUMP

Watch it. Mr. Hamilton, draft the order and submit it promptly. You two are excused.

INT. JULES PAVALON'S ESTATE-LIBRARY-DAY

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

Jules motions to Rico to sit.

JULES

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

RICO

Been waitin' for this.

JULES

Keep the weak outside. Learn to separate the weak from the strong, and watch the strong.

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

RICO

I need a lawyer?

JULES

That kid in the joint didn't die.

Rico sits upright.

JULES (CONT'D)

You an' the bought-a-cop are being indicted. He's runnin' his mouth. Gotta be clipped.

Rico smiles.

JULES (CONT'D)

Call the lawyer, meet 'em.

RICO

Tonight?

JULES

Surrender tonight. The jail won't take you because you're not charged yet. When charged, the prosecutor asks for bail. Your lawyer argues you're not a flight risk. You tried to surrender. So, low bail.

Rico nods.

RICO
Bought-a-cop is talking 'bout us?

JULES
His time has come...and gone.

INT. O'DELLS CAFE-NIGHT

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

ANGUS
What's wrong?

JUNIOR
Nothin'.

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

JUNIOR
How the hell would I know?

ANGUS
What's up your ass?

JUNIOR
All you think about is food.

ANGUS
No. I also think about pussy. But I go with what I know.

JUNIOR
You might be indicted.

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

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

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

ANGUS
What the hell.

JUNIOR
My source tells me, I tell you.

ANGUS
At dinner?

Sgt. Angus waves to a SERVER.

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

ANGUS
Dessert special.

Sgt. Angus stands up and leaves.

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

EXT. O'DELLS CAFE

Junior catches up to Sgt. Angus.

ANGUS
Go to the car. Gotta take a leak.

INT. O'DELLS CAFE-BATHROOM

Sgt. Angus locks the door, grabs his phone.

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

Angus sits on the toilet bowl with his pants up. There's a knock on the door.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Come back. Don't you know someone's
droppin' some business when the
damn door is locked?

Angus' phone buzzes. He looks at the number and quickly answers it.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Told me I'm protected. Said this
wouldn't happen.

Another knock on the door.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 Get out of here. What? No.
 Somebody's knocked on the bathroom
 door.
 Anyway, they'll know it's me.

Another knock on the door.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 Fuck you.
 No, not you. The door knocker.

DOOR KNOCKER (O.S.)
 Get the hell out of there. C'mon. I
 gotta use it.

ANGUS
 Go out back. Huh? I'll get some
 insurance if you don't take care of
 this. Okay.

There's a knock on the door, then a kick to the door.

DOOR KNOCKER (O.S.)
 What the hell you doin? Fall in?

Angus lumbers up from the toilet, holds his gun and badge. He
 throws open the door. DOOR KNOCKER, big and porky like Angus,
 steps back.

ANGUS
 Official police business. Next time
 knocking on a bathroom door might
 get you a couple of bullets.

INT. LOVEE'S APARTMENT-DAY

There's a knock on her door. Lovee opens it, gasps and throws
 her arms around Sonny.

LOVEE
 Sweet Jesus. C'mon in.

Sonny walks behind her.

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

SONNY
 Judge signed an order.

LOVEE
 Lord moves in mysterious ways.

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

LOVEE
Huh?

SONNY
People got plastic hearts and
cellophane smiles.

LOVEE
Don't I know.

LOVEE'S KITCHEN:

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

SONNY
Talk to me 'bout Eddie, 'bout dad.
An' stop lyin' to me.

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

SONNY
I'm asking that you stop lyin'.

INT. EVERGREEN INVESTMENTS OFFICE-DAY.

Denise is on her phone as she leaves the office.

DENISE
So what can I do for you?

ANGUS (V.O.)
I need money.

DENISE
Oh.

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

DENISE
We have a network of lawyers.

ANGUS
I need a criminal lawyer.
I need fifty thousand.

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

ANGUS
When's dinner?

DENISE
Couple days.

ANGUS
Cash is king.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-CAFE-DAY

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

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

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

SERVER
Found someone that tolerates you?

LT. LUTHER
You're too kind.

SERVER
(to Sonny)
What'll it be?

SONNY
Nothin'.

The server ambles away.

LT. LUTHER
Let's walk and talk.

SONNY
Where?

LT. LUTHER
See the results of your hard work.

COURTROOM:

Lt. Luther and Sonny sit in the back of the courtroom. Rico and HIS LAWYER, MR. SWANSON, seasoned and nattily dressed, and Sgt. Angus and HIS LAWYER occupy counsel table. Prosecutor Tretter sits alone.

Sonny leans forward to listen, but focuses on Rico. The JUDGE'S CLERK, early-thirties, stands up. Mr. SWANSON and Rico rise.

CLERK

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

Mr. SWANSON nods to Rico.

RICO

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

Sonny winces, squints his eyes and glances at Lt. Luther.

RICO (CONT'D)

Last name spelled Z-A-N-E.

Sonny shakes uncontrollably. He turns to Lt. Luther with hate in his eyes.

LT. LUTHER

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

Sonny springs to his feet.

SONNY

You motherfucker.

Lt. Luther stares straight ahead.

LT. LUTHER

Did you go to church in jail?

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

COURTHOUSE-BATHROOM:

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

SONNY
Fuck you want?

LT. LUTHER
Gratitude.

SONNY
Snakehead.

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

HALLWAY:

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

INT. WAYNE TRETTER'S OFFICE-DAY

Sonny sits in Tretter's office.

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

TRETTER
Damn right.

SONNY
He knows I din't kill Tommy.

TRETTER
He said that?

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

TRETTER
He said that?

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

TRETTER
Luther's handiwork.

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

TRETTTER

That's what I told Luther. You need a little time.

SONNY

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

TRETTTER

You told the truth.

SONNY

Luther helped me with the truth. You told me he speaks for you.

TRETTTER

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

SONNY

Whad they call it?

TRETTTER

Gated community? Law is confusing.

SONNY

Tell me about it.

TRETTTER

Hard for people to admit to murder.

SONNY

'Specially when they din't do it.

TRETTTER

That's why the Alford plea, to get around any thorny issues. Why do you think you were charged?

SONNY

Squeeze me. See what I know.

TRETTTER

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

Sonny wiggles.

SONNY

Gotta piss like a Irish racehorse.

TRETTER

Okay. Luther'll be here when you get back.

SONNY

Good. I can say sorry to 'em.

Sonny leaves. Tretter grabs a file.

SAME SCENE-FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

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

LT. LUTHER

Thought we had a meeting today?

TRETTER

Poor White Trash is in the bathroom.

LT. LUTHER

Down the block?

TRETTER

Huh?

LT. LUTHER

I saw him crossing the street. What happened?

TRETTER

I don't know.

INT. PIONEER BUILDING-TANGLEFOOT CLUB-NIGHT

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

DENISE

You found it. Park where I told you?

ANGUS

Sure did.

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

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Place looks familiar. Not the building, the ceiling.

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

ANGUS
Pioneer Building?

Denise politely snaps her fingers.

DENISE
Keys.

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

DENISE (CONT'D)
Arthur, take care of our member's
car. Last stall.

She gives her shoulder bag to Arthur.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Put this in the office.
(to Sgt. Angus)
It's your's after dinner.

Denise and Angus follow the bartender to a curtain-draped
booth. Angus glows. He joins her in the booth.

ANGUS
Warehouse district?

DENISE
Diamond in the rough.

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

DENISE (CONT'D)
Let's celebrate with champagne.

Arthur fills their fluted champagne glasses. Sgt. Angus
drains his, then holds it out for more. Arthur obliges.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Thirsty?

Denise lifts her glass, smirks at Angus.

DENISE (CONT'D)
I've waited for this moment.

A beat.

DENISE (CONT'D)

The days are long, but the years
are short. I miss Donny.

Denise stares at Angus.

ANGUS

Donny?

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

CUT TO BLACK

INT. PIONEER BUILDING-SUB-BASEMENT-CONTINUOUS

The room is cavernous and desolate. Naked wires and tubing snake on the ceiling. A low electric HUM fills the room. A GRINDING, GNAWING SOUND warns those who enter.

Sgt. Angus moans as he lifts his head. His eyes bulge as his naked torso hangs on hooks over a hole in the floor. METAL TEETH ROTATE, GNASH, GRIND below Sgt. Angus' feet.

Rico blows a bubble.

ANGUS

No.

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

RICO

Whad I tell ya?

ANGUS

It's a mistake.

RICO

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

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

ANGUS

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

RICO
'Course I do. Jus' don't use it.

ANGUS
Where's Denise?

RICO
There's no Denise.

Rico waves the remote in front of Sgt. Angus.

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

Sgt. Angus shakes his head.

ANGUS
What? That's years ago.

RICO
Not for me or Donny.

ANGUS
Don't do this.

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

ANGUS
No, no.

RICO
Donny's found out back of the
Pioneer Building. Dumpster.

ANGUS
Metropolitan Club? Did what I was
told. The kid's stealin' from
Jules. Come her, please.

RICO
Close enough to count your tears.

ANGUS
Coulda busted you many times.

RICO
(scoffs)
Couldn't bust a grape. Think you
can get inside my head and roll
around rent free?

ANGUS

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

RICO

Problem's takin' care of tonight.
You took the book.

ANGUS

You got it back.

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

JUNIOR

What the hell's goin' on?

Sgt. Angus' head jerks up.

ANGUS

My God. Help me, Junior.

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

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Help.

Junior returns with Denise. She goes to Rico.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Denise, tell 'em. We're together.

RICO

There's no Denise.

RICO (CONT'D)

(to Junior)

Leave.

ANGUS

Don't.

Angus whimpers, then cries as Junior leaves the room. Rico
kicks Denise's bag; money falls out of it.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

That's mine. Denise.

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

RICO

The serial numbers match the bills
I gave you.

ANGUS

Denise gave me the money.

DENISE

There's no Denise.

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

DENISE (CONT'D)

Only Donny's sister.

Angus moans.

ANGUS

Help me.

Angus hangs his head and screams.

DENISE

You killed my Donny.

Denise grabs the remote and hits a button. Angus drops into the pit. He yells hysterically as the teeth tear and gnaw at his flesh, his bones, and devour his body.

INT. COOK COUNTY COURTHOUSE-COURTROOM-DAY

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

CHIEF JUDGE

(to Sgt. Angus' lawyer)

Where is he?

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

ANGUS' LAWYER

I haven't spoken to him since-

TRETTER

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

ANGUS' LAWYER

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

CHIEF JUDGE

Motions are granted.

TRETTER

Your Honor, I need to make a record.

Rico and his lawyer, MR. SWANSON, mid-fifties, sharp dresser, whisper to each other.

SWANSON

Your Honor, I have a motion-

The Chief Judge shakes his head. The rear courtroom door opens, Sonny enters and sits down.

CHIEF JUDGE

Counsel, approach.

The lawyers gather at the bench.

CHIEF JUDGE (CONT'D)

Before I address Mr. Swanson's motion, does anyone know who just entered the courtroom?

Tretter and Mr. Swanson look at Sonny. Tretter looks at Lt. Luther, tilts his head towards the door. Lt. Luther goes to Sonny.

LT. LUTHER

You have to leave.

SONNY

No.

Lt. Luther hesitates, then returns to his seat.

TRETTER

He's a witness for the People.

SWANSON

And for the defense. I have another motion not filed and counsel has not been served with.

Mr. Swanson hurries to counsel table and returns with documents. He gives them to the judge, then Tretter. Tretter scans the documents. His neck tightens, his face reddens and contorts.

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

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

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

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

Sonny walks out of the courtroom.

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

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

COURTHOUSE-HALLWAY:

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

SONNY
Who made 'em that way?

TRETTER
Who gives a fuck?

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

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

TIME CUT TO:

SAME COURTROOM-THIRTY MINUTES LATER

CHIEF JUDGE
I heard enough. Defense counsel's motion for discovery is granted.

TRETTTER
(to Rico's lawyer)
I got a statement that buries your
client.

SWANSON
Co-defendant's absence is
consciousness of guilt.

Tretter groans.

SWANSON (CONT'D)
We want our speedy trial.

TRETTTER
Wait a minute.

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

TRETTTER
What does that mean?

CHIEF JUDGE
It means read the affidavit.

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

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

SWANSON
It is.

TRETTTER
Judge, he took my words out of
context.

SWANSON
Isn't that for the jury to decide?

TRETTTER
We can talk in the hallway.

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

SWANSON

Speedy trial or dismissal of the indictment.

TRETTER

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

CHIEF JUDGE

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

SWANSON

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

TRETTER

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

SWANSON

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

CHIEF JUDGE

(to Tretter)

Gibson's Affidavit states that Angus killed Biscaine. That's exculpatory evidence. Must be disclosed. And there's an allegation of perjury.

SWANSON

I want my discovery.

TRETTER

None of that is true.

CHIEF JUDGE

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

SWANSON

I want my discovery.

Tretter lightly taps his fist on counsel table.

CHIEF JUDGE

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

Mr. Swanson refuses to look at Tretter. A tiny smile hangs in the corners of his mouth.

CHIEF JUDGE (CONT'D)

You have until four-thirty today to
act. Then I act.

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

SWANSON

I want my discovery.

CHIEF JUDGE

Enough. Court's adjourned.

Mr. Swanson speaks to Rico in hushed tones. Rico nods and leaves. Tretter glares at Mr. Swanson.

HALLWAY:

Sonny's at the elevator; Rico walks over to him.

RICO

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

Sonny trembles. One hand is in his pocket.

SONNY

Rico...

RICO

We've seen each other before. Let
it go.

Rico blinks his eyes, then walks away from Sonny.

SONNY

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

Rico freezes.

RICO

Whad ya say?

SONNY
'Bout your lawyer?

RICO
Whad ya say?

Sonny's paralyzed.

RICO (CONT'D)
Fuck you say?

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

Sonny pulls his hand out of his pocket and opens it. A wrinkled photo lays in his palm. Rico takes the photo reluctantly. His eyes soften; his lips quiver.

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

BACK TO SCENE.

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

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

RICO (CONT'D)
(chokes)
I...was... told...

Rico opens his arms. Sonny clings to him.

SONNY
You said you'd protect me.

Rico's body spasms as he holds Sonny.

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

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

DOORMAN
Don't shoot.

JUNIOR
Shoot?

DOORMAN

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

JUNIOR

What?

DOORMAN

I love my job.

JUNIOR

Then do it. Get Cinnamon.

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

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Here to do a welfare check.

CINNAMON

Nobody here on welfare.

JUNIOR

Gonna look around.

CINNAMON

Search warrant.

JUNIOR

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

CINNAMON

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

JUNIOR

You soliciting me?

CINNAMON

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

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

JUNIOR

What's in here?

CINNAMON

Welfare check? One specific room?

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

JUNIOR
What the hell! Get 'em off me!

Lights flash on. Jules, wide-eyed and naked, is on Junior's back. Junior spins wildly, loses his balance and falls onto the bed. They collapse on a nude woman mumbling incoherently.

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

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Put clothes on 'em and get 'em to
the squad.
(to officers)
Leave the girl.

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

EXT. PARKING LOT-CONTINUOUS

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

JUNIOR
Fresh air.

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

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
(to officers)
Wait in your cars.

LOVEE
(to Sonny)
I agreed to tell you 'bout Eddie.
You agreed not to look for 'em.

SONNY
I lied. Like you.

RICO
(to Lovee)
Look what the night shit out.

LOVEE
Mind your own fuckin' business.

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

Lovee glares at Rico.

LOVEE
I'm past all that.

RICO
We ain't. How many kids you an'
Jules take from court, change their
names and make money?

LOVEE
Wasn't 'bout money.

RICO
Always 'bout money.
(to Sonny)
Ask her.

LOVEE
(to Rico)
Always startin' shit.

SONNY
You adopt me?

RICO
(to Lovee)
Couldn't do this without the judge.

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

RICO
He split me an' Sonny apart.

LOVEE
Do you know who he is?

RICO
The father that turned on me.

LOVEE
You're poison. You poisoned Sonny.

RICO
 But not you by lyin' an' callin'
 yourself our mother?
 (pointing finger at Jules)
 I know you used me to get Sonny.

Sonny scowls at Jules in the squad car.

RICO (CONT'D)
 (to Lovee)
 I saw the family court files. The
 judge sent me to Jules.

LOVEE
 Somebody had to control you.

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

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

RICO
 (to Jules)
 Lovee's your sister.

	SONNY	JULES
What?		Half-sister.

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

JULES
 Half-sister.

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

SONNY
 What?

RICO
 Passed her around like the flu. Had
 her trickin' in your clubs when we
 were livin' with Lovee.

Jules stares at Rico.

RICO (CONT'D)
 Who told Angus follow Sonny from
 the pool hall and go to court to
 keep Sonny in custody?

Jules slowly looks away. Rico blows a bubble.

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

JULES
 Weak.

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

RICO
 (to Lovee)
 Fuckin' liar.
 (to Jules)
 Gave Sonny the fuckbook an' the
 code.

SONNY
 (to Jules)
 You tried to destroy me. Took my
 mother, my brother.

JULES
 (to Sonny)
 Who got you the job with Tommy? No
 minimum sentence? Outta seg?

RICO
 No bail, then outta seg to getcha
 killed. I didn't protect you.

RICO (CONT'D)
 (to Jules)
 What does Sonny call you? Uncle
 daddy? You an' Lovee the enemies.

LOVEE
 Did the best I can.

RICO
 At bein' a bitch.
 (to Sonny)
 Show you how I'll protect you.

A SHOCK OF LIGHT and an EXPLOSION crack the night air. Lovee stumbles, falls to the ground. Her body convulses, then relaxes. A gun hangs by Rico's side.

Cinnamon whimpers.

RICO (CONT'D)
 (to Junior)
 Tell 'em to stay in their cars.
 They get out, you're first. You
 won't be a hero then.

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

RICO (CONT'D)
 (to Junior)
 I killed Biscaine. Planted evidence
 on Sonny.
 You'll find Angus in the Pioneer
 Building basement. There's enough
 to fill an entire shot glass.

JUNIOR
 Sonny said Angus killed Biscaine.

RICO
 Sonny was unconscious.
 (to Jules)
 Last thing I said to Sonny is that
 I'd protect 'em. Then I tried to
 kill 'em.

Rico blows a bubble.

RICO (CONT'D)
 I'll keep my word to Sonny.

JULES
 Wait, wait.

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

JUNIOR
 Rico!

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

RICO
(to Sonny)
Someone always pays.

JUNIOR
Drop the gun.

RICO
(to Sonny)
Jules killed Eddie.

Rico tries to blow a bubble.

JUNIOR
Drop it, Rico.

Rico looks to the night sky and slowly lifts his gun towards an officer. A BURST of GUNFIRE ERUPTS. The bullets jolt Rico backwards; he falls. Cinnamon screams and runs to him. Sonny kneels next to Rico.

SONNY
Why?

A beat.

RICO
Too...much...heart.

Rico's head slowly tilts to one side as life evaporates from his eyes. Junior barks orders to the officers.

JUNIOR
(to Sonny)
I'll take care of the
investigators.
(to Cinnamon)
Do what Sonny says.

Cinnamon returns to Sugar's.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
(to Sonny)
Sorry this happened. Sonny?

A beat.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)
Sonny?

SONNY
Better 'em than me.

JUNIOR
That's your brother.

SONNY
Was.

Junior steps back, blinks.

JUNIOR
Don'tcha feel anything for 'em?

SONNY
I learned comin' up Eddie wasn't reliable. Feeling emotions is a weakness in your heart.

JUNIOR
You're not the same boy Angus put in my car the night I brought you to jail.

SONNY
I am 'cept I always knew emotions might help me.

JUNIOR
Where the hell did you learn this?

SONNY
Family. You ain't seen nothin' yet.

INT. WAYNE TRETTER'S OFFICE-DAY

Tretter gazes out of the office window and slaps an envelope against his knee. Lt. Luther watches.

LT. LUTHER
Well?

TRETTER
Rico? Dead. Angus? Dead. This woman, Lovee? Dead. Judge Silverman? Dead and naked.

LT. LUTHER
The judge's connection to Pavalon?

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

LT. LUTHER
Where's Pavalon?

TRETTER
Released. Two men in dark suits
with a federal warrant and no sense
of humor have 'em.

Lt. Luther shakes his head.

TRETTER (CONT'D)
Not trading pinstripes for prison
stripes.

Tretter hands the envelope to Lt. Luther. Luther removes a
paper from the envelope.

LT. LUTHER
What's it say?

TRETTER
Can't read? Go to private school?
It says "we know only shit God's
supposed to know." A message.

LT. LUTHER
I didn't get the letter.

TRETTER
Reference to God is for my benefit?

LT. LUTHER
You got the letter.

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

TRETTER
Return address?

LT. LUTHER
The sacred table?

TRETTER
Read the rest.

LT. LUTHER
Cook County Courthouse Cafe.

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

TRETTER
Can you hold my damn calls? Oh?

Tretter punches a button.

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

Tretter hangs up his receiver.

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

LT. LUTHER
Will you stop with the profanity?

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

DEBORAH
The agents are here.

Tretter and Lt. Luther exchange glances.

TRETTER
That's fast. Send 'em in.

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

COLDSTONE
Mr. Tretter?

Tretter walks over and shakes his hand.

TRETTER
Wayne, please.

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

The agents look at each other.

COLDSTONE (CONT'D)
Gibson was right.

TRETTER
Gibson?

COLDSTONE
Said we can always find Lt. Luther
at your office if he isn't at his.

Tretter scratches his chin as Agent Garcia hands Lt. Luther a subpoena.

GARCIA
You've been served.

LT. LUTHER
Served?

Lt. Luther scans the document.

GARCIA
Federal grand jury subpoena. You
have a date.

TRETTER
What's this about?

COLDSTONE
(to Luther)
We want to talk about a taped
conversation Gibson had with you.
And the Childers and Humphries
homicide cases.

TRETTER
Gibson?

The agents stare at Tretter.

TRETTER (CONT'D)
My cases?

COLDSTONE
They were transferred from maximum
security prison to minimum security
camp out of state.

TRETTER
Minimum security? Camp?

GARCIA
Hey, detective, where's your
friend?

LT. LUTHER
Friend?

GARCIA
Sgt. Angus.

TRETTER
Friend?

GARCIA
Want to finish our proffer.

TRETTER

Proffer?

COLDSTONE

We finished with Gibson.

TRETTER

Sonny Gibson?

Agent Garcia hands Tretter a photo.

COLDSTONE

What do you think of this?

Tretter looks at it and gives it back.

TRETTER

Luther might like. Too big.

COLDSTONE

It's his. In the woods.

TRETTER

What?

Lt. Luther squirms in his chair.

LT. LUTHER

General contractor's very good.

GARCIA

Especially when paid in cash.

Tretter stares at Lt. Luther. Agent Garcia hands Lt. Luther a card.

COLDSTONE

(to Tretter)

I'd think twice about your upcoming campaign.

TRETTER

Why?

COLDSTONE

Difficult questions. Where'd you live when you were a boxer?

TRETTER

Here, there.

COLDSTONE

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

GARCIA

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

TRETTTER

Where are you getting your
information?

GARCIA

How long have you known Jules
Pavalon?

LT. LUTHER

What?

TRETTTER

Saw 'em around.

Agent Coldstone hands Lt. Luther two photos.

COLDSTONE

What do you see?

LT. LUTHER

Mr. Tretter exiting a building. The
other photo shows Pavalon coming
out of a building.

COLDSTONE

Any similarities in the photos?

Lt. Luther studies the photos.

LT. LUTHER

The buildings look the same. They
are the same.

TRETTTER

What are you tryin' to start here?

COLDSTONE

The only difference is about ten
minutes last week.

TRETTTER

What's goin' on here?

LT. LUTHER
What does this have to do
with me?

TRETTER (CONT'D)
What does this have to do
with Childers and Humphries?

A beat.

GARCIA
(to Tretter)
Lawyer up.
(to Lt. Luther)
We'll be down stairs. Cafe. Ten
minutes. After that, no deals.

Agents Coldstone and Garcia leave Tretter's office. Lt.
Luther looks at Tretter, then hurries to the door.

LT. LUTHER
Who are you?

TRETTER
Who the fuck are you?

STATE'S ATTORNEY'S OFFICE-SECRETARIAL POOL

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

FADE OUT.