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TOO MANY TONYS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PINTER STREET - NIGHT

It's around 3 a.m.

The city street is deserted, the only thing moving single man walking towards an expensive sports car parked at the curb.

There's a parking ticket under the windshield wiper.

This is MIKHAIL VOLKA (37, Russian) and he's talking on his cell phone as he takes out his car keys.

A violent thunderstorm is approaching, with frequent lightning, though it hasn't started raining yet.

Volka is wearing a huge wristwatch that flashes in the light.

VOLKA

I told you, calm down, Paulie. This is his way of asking for more money. It'll be fine. He's worth it.

INT. TAVELLA'S STUDY - NIGHT

The room is dark but cozy. PAUL TAVELLA (58) is sitting at his desk, wearing pajamas and a robe, as he talks to Volka.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

TAVELLA

I wish I had your confidence, Mik.

VOLKA

I've known him for years. Really. It's no big deal. It's just his way.

Lightning flashes and thunder crashes as Volka takes the ticket out from under the car's windshield wiper and tosses it onto the sidewalk.

He disarms the car alarm, which gives a short but intense squawk.

VOLKA (CONT'D)

Fuck, you get a lot of storms in this city! You people here don't know how to drive when it rains, either.

TAVELLA

Yeah. I'll get right on that.  
You've worked with him before? He's  
good?

VOLKA

I've worked with him before. He's  
not good. He's excellent. We need  
him for this.

TAVELLA

You're going to sweet talk him?

VOLKA

I'm on my way to see him now. He's  
partying with some girls I found  
for him. When I see him he'll be  
high, and happy, and more than  
willing to go along with my  
suggestion.

TAVELLA

And what's your suggestion?

VOLKA

We agreed on five percent. He'll  
want ten.

TAVELLA

Ten? No fucking way.

VOLKA

Remember that without him this does  
not happen. With him, though, the  
money we'll make will make a few  
percentage points seem like  
nothing. Besides, I think I can get  
him to settle for seven.

TAVELLA

Seven? You gotta --

VOLKA

Paulie? You said you'd let me set  
this up. Part of me setting this up  
is agreeing on the cuts for our  
people. Are you changing your mind?  
Because I think I can find somebody  
else who can give us what we need  
from you.

TAVELLA

Oh, no. Not at all. Do what you  
gotta do. And call me after.

VOLKA

I will.

There's another violent crash of thunder and the lights go out.

It's nearly pitch black now--only the light from his cell phone and a few flashing traffic lights, and some emergency lights from nearby buildings.

VOLKA (CONT'D)

And now the power's out. Really. I feel like I'm back in Havana.

TAVELLA

You're sure?

VOLKA

What? That the power's out?

TAVELLA

Don't be an asshole, Mik.

INT. TAVELLA'S STUDY - NIGHT

VOLKA (O.S.)

(filtered)

I was joking! Unclinch your sphincter! He'll take seven. Maybe even six. He'll -- hey! Tony! What are --

Tavella can hear four quick gunshots. It sounds like the phone clatters onto the sidewalk.

TAVELLA

Mik? Mik! What the hell?

There's one more gunshot, this one a little louder, the source closer to the phone.

EXT. PINTER STREET - NIGHT

Volka is lying on the sidewalk, face-down, a bloody hole in the back of his head, the cell phone on the sidewalk next to his hand.

The ridiculous watch is gone.

TAVELLA (O. S.)

Mik! Mik! Answer me, you fucking idiot! Mik!

More lightning and thunder and the rain finally starts. It gets heavy quickly.

TAVELLA (O. S. OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)

Mik!

INT. FRANK'S NOTORIOUS CAFE - DAY

The morning rush is just starting.

At a booth, reading the newspaper's sports section, is JAKE MOSS (43).

He's wearing a wedding band, and there's a briefcase on the seat next to him.

The headline on the front page of the newspaper, laying on the table, says, "9TH HOMICIDE OF YEAR ON PINTER STREET".

His cell phone is on the table where he can see the screen. He glances at his watch a couple of times.

The cell phone starts buzzing and he answers it.

JAKE

Hey, April! Where are you? What? He what? Threw out the case? Please tell me you're joking. Dammit. Why - never mind. Okay. Well, if you get anything else for me, give me a call, okay? Thanks. (disconnects the call) Jesus H. Christ.

Detective DANNY BELLAMY (43) enters the diner and glances around, coming over to sit across from Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)

What?

BELLAMY

Is that any way to talk to your old partner?

JAKE

We were never partners, Danny. We worked together for two years. And I thought we agreed the last time I saw you that it was going to be the last time that I saw you.

BELLAMY

I'm willing to forgive and forget if you are, Jake.

JAKE

You don't have anything to forgive me for. What do you want?

BELLAMY

I can't just come by to say hello?

JAKE

What do you want, Danny?

Bellamy takes the newspaper and turns it around so Jake can read the headline.

BELLAMY

Did you see that?

JAKE

I don't care about local news until I'm paid to care.

BELLAMY

From what I'm hearing you aren't getting too many paydays, Jake.

JAKE

Did you catch the case? Is that what this is about?

BELLAMY

Yeah. I caught it.

JAKE

So, investigate it.

BELLAMY

There's a problem.

JAKE

Yeah? Other than the fact that you've been taking money from Paul Tavella for years?

BELLAMY

The victim was Mikhail Volka. Know him?

JAKE

No.

BELLAMY

He's a big deal with the Russian mob. Like, a superstar.

JAKE

So you probably need to be talking to the Italians ... Oh, I see now.

BELLAMY

The Russians want somebody to pay for Volka's death. I don't know what's going on, exactly, but the Colombians are seriously pissed off about it, too. We're close to another war.

JAKE

Good. Let them kill each other.

BELLAMY

You know if there's a war there will be civilian casualties. It could get bloody, Jake. You want that?

JAKE

How the hell am I supposed to stop it?

BELLAMY

Since nobody trusts ... Certain members of the police department, the heads of the various groups have decided we need a neutral third party to investigate. Someone they can all trust.

JAKE

Me? Are you kidding?

BELLAMY

Yeah. And no, I'm not kidding.

JAKE

Which particular dirt bag suggested me?

BELLAMY

Victor Constantine. He vouched for you to the Colombians. Tavella vouched for you, too.

JAKE

Victor Constantine vouched for me. Really. And Tavella.

BELLAMY

Believe it or not.

JAKE

Okay, this has gone on long enough.  
Not interested. Shove off.

The waitress comes by with Jake's order and starts putting it on the table.

She smiles at Bellamy

WAITRESS

Can I get you some coffee, honey?

JAKE

He's leaving. Now.

WAITRESS

Okay. Suit yourself. Let me know if you need anything else.

Waitress leaves.

BELLAMY

Jake, you could name your fee on this. I swear.

JAKE

Yeah, I'm sure I could. And I'd never be able to look at myself in the mirror again.

BELLAMY

Why not? Look, there aren't any angels involved in this case. It'll come down to one career criminal gunning down another career criminal. You just need to figure out which one.

JAKE

You and I both know it won't be that simple.

BELLAMY

Well, when you change your mind give me a call and I'll set up a meeting. Just don't think too long.

JAKE

I've already given you my answer.

BELLAMY

Fine. I'll be waiting to hear from you.



Bellamy leaves. Jake starts to eat, then throws his fork down, disgusted.

JAKE

Dammit.

INT. HALLWAY FIFTH FLOOR, AMERICAN CREDIT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jake is standing at a door that has "REYNOLDS AND GREENE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW" on a plaque next to it. He opens the door.

INT. LOBBY OF THE OFFICE OF REYNOLDS AND GREENE - DAY

This is a small legal practice.

There is a desk just inside the door where the secretary, KATHY (22) sits, typing slowly on a computer, squinting at the screen between keystrokes.

KATHY

Hey, Jake!

JAKE

Good morning, Kathy. Is she in?

KATHY

Yeah. I think she's on the phone.  
Go on back.

He passes the desk and pauses at the first door at the beginning of a short hallway, before opening it.

INT. OFFICE OF APRIL REYNOLDS - DAY

APRIL REYNOLDS (45) is sitting behind her desk in the small office.

She is indeed on the phone. Jake settles into one of the visitor's chairs.

APRIL

Yeah, I don't think we'll object to that. Yes. I'll ask her but I think she'll be okay with a continuance, as long as it's not for longer than a week. Good. I'll give her a call and let you know. (disconnects call) Hey, Jake! What's going on?

JAKE

Well, since the judge threw out the Wilson case, I was wondering --

APRIL

If I had any more work for you, right?

JAKE

Right. I was kind of counting on that case, April.

APRIL

I'm sorry, I really am, but it's kind of your own fault that you don't have more work.

JAKE

When I went into PI work I thought I'd be investigating stuff like on this case, you know? Following paper trails. Interviewing victims of accidents and corporate cover-ups. That kind of thing. Taking pictures of cheating spouses, following them around when they go out, isn't my idea of making the world a better place.

APRIL

All you're doing is making sure that the spouse they're betraying gets full compensation. Is that so wrong?

JAKE

I see your point. It's just so ... Unseemly to me, I guess.

APRIL

Even now?

JAKE

Especially now.

APRIL

I know I shouldn't tell you this, but Joanna came to see me yesterday.

JAKE

What did you tell her?

APRIL

Same thing I told you. I'm not going to get involved in this thing.

JAKE

I appreciate that.

APRIL

She feels terrible about what happened.

JAKE

Yeah. So she says.

APRIL

Jake, climb down off of your high horse and forgive her, for Christ's sake! What's wrong with you? She made one mistake.

JAKE

Forgetting to get milk at the grocery store is a mistake.

APRIL

Yeah. Still --

JAKE

And since when did you get to be so big on forgiveness, anyway?

APRIL

Ouch.

JAKE

Yeah, that was uncalled for.

APRIL

No, you're right. I'll just say that you and Joanna are so different from me and Gene.

JAKE

Well, they're all different situations --

Jake's cell phone starts buzzing. He takes it out and looks at the screen, then declines the call.

APRIL

Is that a good idea, sending a potential client to voice mail?

JAKE  
It wasn't a potential client.

APRIL  
Jo?

JAKE  
No.

APRIL  
That only leaves a bill collector.

JAKE  
This falls under the category of things that you shouldn't worry about.

APRIL  
I shouldn't worry about my oldest friend in the world? Okay. I'll stop. I've got work for you when you get desperate enough, okay? Right now I got three divorce clients and only one PI that I can trust. Sort of.

JAKE  
I'll keep it in mind. Thanks, April. For everything.

APRIL  
No problem.

Jake gets up and leaves the office.

EXT. AMERICAN CREDIT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jake exits the building and glances around before crossing the street.

Sitting in an SUV parked on the curb is FBI AGENT LI WEN (32, female, Chinese American).

Jake goes to a street vendor and buys a hot dog, sitting down on a bench nearby to eat it. Li Wen approaches him, showing him her ID.

LI WEN  
Mr. Moss? I'm FBI Special Agent Li.  
Can we talk?

JAKE  
Do I have a choice?

Li sits next to him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

And what can I do to help the FBI today, Special Agent Li?

LI WEN

We know you had a meeting with your old partner this morning, about the Volka case.

JAKE

It wasn't a meeting, Agent Li. He sat down uninvited while I was trying to eat, and ruined my appetite. Kind of like what you're doing right now.

LI WEN

We want you to take the case.

JAKE

"We?" As in the FBI?

LI WEN

As in me, and the US Attorney.

JAKE

Why? As if I couldn't guess.

LI WEN

Why don't I let the US Attorney explain it to you? Can you come with me, please?

JAKE

Can I finish my hot dog?

LI WEN

I'll buy you another one. Come on.

She gets up. Jake shakes his head and throws the remainder of the hot dog in a trash can before following her.

INT. FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

There's a security guard sitting at the desk and a sign-in book. Jake signs it.

SECURITY GUARD

ID, please.

Jake takes out his wallet and shows the guard his driver's license.

LI WEN

You're going to like Garrett. He's a lot like you.

SECURITY GUARD

You're good.

Jake puts the license back in his wallet. Agent Li signs in, too, though she doesn't have to show ID.

JAKE

Oh? He never gets to finish a meal either?

INT. US ATTORNEY'S OFFICE SUITE - DAY

This suite of offices is larger and nicer than April's. Li leads Jake on back to a door that's open just a crack. She raps on it and then pushes it open.

INT. OFFICE OF US ATTORNEY GARRETT JONES - DAY

GARRETT JONES (52, heavy-set) is behind the desk.

JONES

Agent Li. I assume this is --

LI WEN

Jake Moss. Mr. Moss, this is Garrett Jones.

Jones extends a hand and Moss shakes it.

JONES

Please, have a seat, Mr. Moss.

Jake and Li settle into the chairs.

JONES (CONT'D)

How much has Agent Li told you?

JAKE

I gather I'm here because of the Volka situation.

JONES

Correct.

JAKE

And I gather you want me to take the case and then rat out my clients? Is that also correct?

JONES

It is.

JAKE

You do understand that as a licensed private investigator any information I get from my clients is privileged, don't you?

JONES

There are limits to that.

JAKE

I know. But none of those will apply to this case, I believe.

JONES

Who gives a shit about that anyway? These people are criminals, Mr. Moss. Do you know what Volka was up to?

JAKE

No.

JONES

Neither do we, but we know it was big, and it involved multiple criminal organizations. The Russians, the Italians, the Colombians, maybe even the Vietnamese were all in bed together.

LI WEN

I'm sure you know that those particular organizations don't like each other very much.

JAKE

Yeah. So I've heard.

JONES

For them to decide to get together on something, it has to be big. Volka has a history of doing this sort of thing.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

I was this close (holds up fingers about an inch apart) to indicting that son of a bitch three months ago, but the key witness against him disappeared before he could testify in front of the grand jury.

JAKE

So? It's academic now.

JONES

Sure, Volka's dead. Probably killed by one of the other pieces of shit he did business with.

LI WEN

We feel pretty sure that the criminal enterprise Volka was setting up is ongoing. We need to know what it is.

JONES

We don't give a rat's ass who killed the son of a bitch. We want to know what he was doing.

LI WEN

We'll protect you if you come forward with any information you can provide.

JAKE

You've got somebody on the inside already, don't you? That's how you knew Danny approached me.

LI WEN

Our person on the inside isn't close enough to get the details. Only a very broad, very high level picture.

JONES

You'll be in on the whole thing, we think. If you want to be. You can get the details. Then you come to us and tell us what you know, and we'll round them all up.



JAKE

Uh, thanks but no thanks. Not only would I lose my license, but my life wouldn't be worth a fart in an elevator. I'm not taking the case anyway.

JONES

Are you sure? Paul Tavella would pay you really well. Like he's been paying Danny Bellamy.

JAKE

Now, Danny I'd help you with.

LI WEN

He's small potatoes, and we're sure Tavella keeps him away from the really important stuff.

JAKE

Yeah. Figures.

JONES

Just keep us in mind if you should decide to take the case. Okay? We'll take care of you.

JAKE

Yeah. You'll take care of me.

JONES

Look, take the case with Tavella and charge him a king's ransom. He'll pay it. That money will be yours, no matter what happens. Come back and let us know what we want to know, and your name will never come up.

JAKE

Thanks, but no thanks. I was a cop, remember? I've seen what promises from the US Attorney are worth.

JONES

Not me, Moss. I'm not like that. You can check. I keep my word.

JAKE

Really? A US Attorney who keeps his word?

JONES  
You're a private investigator.  
Investigate me.

LI WEN  
Perhaps if we give Mr. Moss a  
little time to think it over he'll  
change his mind.

JONES  
Fine. Agent Li, why don't you see  
him out?

Jones grabs his phone and starts dialing as Jake and Li get  
up and leave.

INT. ELEVATOR BANK, FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jake pushes the "Down" button, with Li standing next to him.

JAKE  
Really, I know how to work an  
elevator, Agent Li.

LI WEN  
I thought I'd make good on my  
promise.

JAKE  
Promise?

LI WEN  
To get you another hot dog.

JAKE  
I'm not hungry anymore.

The elevator door opens and Jake gets on, Li following.

INT. ELEVATOR, FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

He pushes the button for the first floor and the doors close.

JAKE  
Going my way?

LI WEN  
Are you going to do what he asked?

JAKE  
What? Take the case? No.

LI WEN  
I mean, investigate him.

JAKE  
Why? What difference could it possibly make?

LI WEN  
He's right about what he said about himself. He'll keep his word. You can ask anybody.

JAKE  
Really?

The doors open and he steps out into the lobby, Li following.

INT. FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Jake stops by to sign himself out. Li does likewise.

LI WEN  
He was an FBI agent for almost ten years before he got shot by a suspect. He almost died. He started working in the US Attorney's office then, and he's been doing that for almost ten years.

JAKE  
So?

They exit the building.

EXT. OUTSIDE FEDERAL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

LI WEN  
Look, I'll be honest with you. Bringing you in was all my idea. He was against it.

JAKE  
Really?

LI WEN  
Yes. You've been on our radar for a long time. We've checked you out.

JAKE  
What have I done?

LI WEN

It's what you haven't done. We know you were approached, multiple times, by Tavella and others, when you were a detective. You always turned them down. I just wanted to introduce you to Garrett, just to remind him that he's not the only one.

JAKE

He's a hero to you, isn't he?

LI WEN

He's a remarkable person.

JAKE

I'm sure he is. But I can't help him. I'm sorry.

LI WEN

Very well. You know how to get in touch if you change your mind.

JAKE

In the unlikely event.

LI WEN

Yes.

JAKE

Right. See you, Agent Li.

Jake walks away. Li watches him before turning and going back into the building.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake's house is in the suburbs, in a quiet neighborhood.

Jake drives up and notices another car already parked in the driveway.

He parks next to it, gets out of his car and goes inside the house.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The inside of the house is messy.

JOANNA MOSS (41) is sitting on the couch, eating some ice cream and watching a raucous daytime talk show on TV.

Jake comes in and tosses his keys into a bowl on a shelf and puts his briefcase on the floor, loosening his tie.

Joanna mutes the TV.

JOANNA

I wasn't expecting you home. I thought you had that case --

JAKE

Yeah. The judge tossed it.

JOANNA

Damn. I'm sorry. I remembered I left some Rocky Road in the fridge and decided to let Tommy handle the store while I came over to eat it. I got the mail, too.

She holds up an envelope. It has FINAL NOTICE printed on it.

He take it from her, glances at it, and tears it up, dropping it into the trash.

JAKE

I'll handle it.

JOANNA

Let me help. Really.

Jake leaves the room and returns with a beer bottle, which he opens before settling down into his easy chair.

JAKE

I don't need any help.

JOANNA

The store's doing pretty well. I can spare a couple hundred dollars at least.

JAKE

I said I'd handle it.

JOANNA

They're going to repossess your car, Jake. I want to help. Let me.

JAKE

If you really wanted to help you wouldn't be here right now.

JOANNA

Yeah. I need to talk to you about that.

JAKE

About what? We agreed. You stay with Dee and Joey for now until you get your own place.

JOANNA

Well, that's unworkable.

JAKE

Why?

JOANNA

They broke up. Dee's going back to Detroit.

JAKE

Shit.

JOANNA

You want me to stay there with Joey?

JAKE

Oh, you'd love that. Why even tell me about it?

JOANNA

I . . . .

She puts down her ice cream, gets up, and walks out. Jake gets up and paces around the room. Finally, he picks up his cell phone and dials it.

JAKE

Danny? It's Jake. Set it up. Text me with the when and where.

He disconnects the call, throwing the phone on the couch.

EXT. FILLMORE HOTEL - DAY

The Fillmore is a high-end place, a fairly new building, nice and clean.

Bellamy is standing out front, glancing at his watch, as Jake approaches.

BELLAMY

About time.

JAKE  
I'm not late.

BELLAMY  
No? You don't know Paul. Fifteen  
minutes early is late.

JAKE  
Yeah, I'm going to structure my  
life according to that bastard.

BELLAMY  
Come on. Let's get up there.

He leads Jake in through the door.

INT. FILLMORE HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is plush, clean, and quiet. Bellamy leads Jake to  
the elevators in the back.

BELLAMY  
Everybody's here, just so you know.

JAKE  
Everybody as in ... .

Bellamy pushes the button to call the elevator. The door  
opens immediately and they step onboard.

INT. ELEVATOR, FILLMORE HOTEL - DAY

The doors close and Bellamy hits the button for the top  
floor.

BELLAMY  
Constantine. Paul, of course,  
Hector Gutierrez. Each of them  
brought a guy.

JAKE  
Great. I can't tell you how much  
I'm looking forward to this.

BELLAMY  
You're going to make some serious  
money on this one, Jake.

JAKE  
You still don't understand, do you?

The elevator stops and the door opens.

INT. FILLMORE HOTEL, TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The rooms on this floor are all suites, so there aren't many doors.

One door has a man sitting in a chair next to it. The handle of a pistol can be seen under his suit coat.

This is BENNY (30, large, well muscled).

BELLAMY

Hey, Benny.

BENNY

Hey, Danny. They're waiting.

BELLAMY

Okay.

Danny raps twice on the closed door and then opens it and leads Jake inside the suite.

INT. FILLMORE HOTEL, PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

The suite is roomy and dark, with the furnishings one would expect from a high-end hotel penthouse suite.

There are several comfortable chairs arranged in a circle in the middle of the front room.

Many of the chairs are occupied. There's VICTOR CONSTANTINE (70, Russian), Tavella, and HECTOR GUTIERREZ (48, Colombian).

There's a small bar in the back, tended by DON (28).

Constantine's man YURI (40, scarred and tattooed) sits at a table off to the side, playing Solitaire. He is armed but the gun is in a shoulder holster under his coat. Bellamy closes the door and leads Jake into the room.

BELLAMY

Jake, this is Hector Gutierrez. I believe you already know Mr. Constantine and Mr. Tavella.

JAKE

Okay, I'm here. What do you want me to do?

TAVELLA

Hey, Jake! Have a seat and we'll talk. Please?



Jake sits.

Bellamy goes over to a desk to one side to get a folder out of one of the drawers.

BELLAMY

Volka was on the phone with Paul when he was killed.

JAKE

Really?

TAVELLA

I heard the whole thing. He said, "Hey! Tony!" Then four shots. Then, a few seconds later, another shot.

JAKE

So, who's Tony?

CONSTANTINE

That's our problem, Mr. Moss.

BELLAMY

Yeah. During my investigation I found three guys named Tony with motive.

JAKE

Ah ha.

Bellamy hands Jake the folder--it's got some papers and pictures in it. Jake takes it and opens it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. This is the case file. A real, official police department case file.

BELLAMY

Actually it's a copy.

GUTIERREZ

Mr. Moss, Victor and Paul have both vouched for your integrity. Mikhail's death puts us in an awkward position. On top of that, some interested parties have difficulty trusting the unbiased nature of the investigating officer in this case.

JAKE

So, get another detective assigned.

TAVELLA

Yeah, no. That wouldn't work.

JAKE

Why ... Are you telling me that every detective in this city is on somebody's payroll?

TAVELLA

No. Just homicide. And vice. And narcotics.

CONSTANTINE

And Internal Affairs.

JAKE

So, no matter who investigates it, you'll think that there will be some sort of ulterior motive on behalf of the investigating officer when someone is implicated.

CONSTANTINE

You have succinctly and accurately summed up our dilemma, Mr. Moss.

JAKE

Damn. Okay, here are my conditions for taking this case. I want you all to make clear to your people that when I want to interview one of them they are to be available to me and that they can talk to me without fear of repercussions from any of you. Just because I talk to somebody it doesn't mean I consider that person a suspect. Remember that. I want you to encourage your people to be honest with me, as hard as that may be for them. Also, when I do identify the suspect, I want him to be arrested, arraigned, and indicted by a grand jury, and I want him to be prosecuted. I don't want him to just disappear into thin air or anything. Nobody dies. Nobody else, anyway. Got it?

TAVELLA

See, Hector? Told you. He's an arrow. The Arrow!

JAKE

And no nicknames! You understand? Don't call me Arrow or Jake the Snake or Rolling Moss or whatever the hell else you guys come up with. Is that understood? Just call me Mr. Moss.

TAVELLA

We get it, we get it.

JAKE

My fee for this case is fifty thousand. Half up front. Plus expenses.

Tavella reaches into his pocket and takes out a cashier's check.

He holds it up and Don comes over, takes it from him, and walks over to hand it to Jake.

TAVELLA

There it is. Cashier's check. Just like you told Danny.

Jake looks it over and then sticks it in his pocket.

JAKE

And when I'm done you will receive an itemized statement with my expenses, and receipts.

TAVELLA

Agreed.

JAKE

Okay. I guess I'm on the clock.

He gets up, carrying the case file.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Come on, Danny.

BELLAMY

Where are we going?

JAKE

You're going to walk me through the crime scene. After we swing by the bank.

EXT. PINTER STREET - DAY

There's a bit more traffic, several more pedestrians.

There are a couple of UNIFORMED OFFICERS there to keep the curious back as Jake and Danny look over the crime scene.

Jake is holding the case file as they walk up to the spot where Volka was gunned down.

BELLAMY

So, the coroner guesses the first few shots were from twenty to twenty-five feet away.

JAKE

Yeah. Thirty-eight caliber, probably a revolver, right?

BELLAMY

Right. No shell casings. He estimated the caliber of the murder weapon by the size of the wounds. We should recover all five slugs.

Jake's looking through the file, glancing at the reports.

JAKE

Looks like the first four shots entered in his chest. Damned good shooting, at that distance.

BELLAMY

Yeah. That doesn't eliminate any of the suspects.

JAKE

Figures. Last one, though, was up close. Okay. You be Volka.

BELLAMY

Oh, jeez, Jake . . .

JAKE

You want me to help or not? I need a visual aid. So, where was he standing?

Bellamy goes to stand where Volka was standing when he was shot.

BELLAMY

Here. He'd just unlocked his car, which was parked there.

JAKE  
In a loading zone.

BELLAMY  
Yeah. He had a ticket.

JAKE  
Okay.

Jake walks back up the sidewalk, starts walking toward Bellamy.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'm the suspect. It's late at night, no-one's around but me and Volka. I take out my gun and bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Okay. Turn and fall down.

BELLAMY  
What?

JAKE  
You heard me. Fall down. You've been shot.

The on-lookers get a good chuckle as Bellamy lies down on the sidewalk, face down.

Jake looks at the crime scene photos as he stands over Bellamy. He kneels down.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
He was face down though he was shot in the chest. I guess he turned and tried to run when he figured out he was being shot at. You need to have your hand out at your side, over your head.

Bellamy complies. Jake puts his index finger in the back of Bellamy's head.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Bang! Yeah, this was personal.

BELLAMY  
Can I get up now?

JAKE  
What? Oh, yeah.

Sarcastic applause from the on-lookers as Bellamy gets up and dusts himself off.

Jake stands up, too, looking at the crime scene photos.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Says here they found two thousand dollars cash in his pocket.

BELLAMY

Yes.

JAKE

And the tissues inside his nostrils tested positive for cocaine.

BELLAMY

Yeah. That doesn't surprise me.

JAKE

Where was he before he was shot?

BELLAMY

Pinkie's. A strip joint --

JAKE

I'm familiar with it. It's right around the corner, isn't it?

BELLAMY

Yeah.

JAKE

Phone company says the call to Tavella was at 3:02 a.m. The bar closes at 1 a.m. Assuming he stayed until closing, where was he for that two hours and two minutes?

BELLAMY

He's probably got a girl somewhere around here.

JAKE

Probably. I guess you don't know who she could be?

BELLAMY

No. Volka was pretty cagey about that kind of thing, from what I understand. He was married.

JAKE

Where's his wife?

BELLAMY

In Kiev. But she'd find out if he wasn't discreet.

JAKE

Looks like the parking ticket was written up at 10:36 p.m. I think it's a safe assumption that he was at Pinkie's by then.

BELLAMY

That's what I thought, too.

JAKE

Have you talked to anybody over there?

BELLAMY

No. Pa -- Mr. Tavella told me to suspend my investigation before I could.

JAKE

You got any pictures of Volka? Other than the ones the ME took, that is?

BELLAMY

No. He's probably got some in the house he's been renting but --

JAKE

Tavella told you to stop investigating before you could check it out.

BELLAMY

Right.

JAKE

Okay. So, let's hit Pinkie's now and see if we can figure out what he was doing. We'll swing by Volka's place after.

BELLAMY

Why don't you let me go to the house and check it out while you go to Pinkie's?

JAKE

So, there's either somebody at Pinkie's you're trying to avoid, or something at the house you don't want me to see.

BELLAMY

I just think it would be a more effective use of our time if we split up.

JAKE

Those guys who hired me don't trust you, Danny, and neither do I.

BELLAMY

It's not really necessary --

JAKE

If we're going to resolve this to anyone's satisfaction then yes, it is necessary. Come on.

INT. PINKIE'S STRIP CLUB, LATE AFTERNOON

Pinkie's is a dive, small and dark.

The only people in the bar are the BARTENDER (22, female), behind the bar, and the DEEJAY (26, male) working in his booth, sorting CDs.

Jake and Bellamy enter and sit on stools at the bar.

Jake is carrying his briefcase.

BARTENDER

I thought you were banned.

BELLAMY

I'm a detective. I can't be banned.

JAKE

You just make friends everywhere you go, don't you?

BARTENDER

What do you want, detective?

JAKE

Maybe you should let me do the talking.



BELLAMY

Go ahead.

JAKE

My name is Jake Moss, and I'm a private investigator.

Jake puts the briefcase on the bar and opens it, taking out the case file and removing a picture of Volka's face.

Jake shows it to the bartender.

BARTENDER

Wow. He's dead, right?

JAKE

Right.

BARTENDER

Is that the guy who got killed right around the corner?

JAKE

Yeah. Recognize him? He was in here last night.

BARTENDER

I wasn't working last night.

JAKE

Maybe the deejay?

BARTENDER

He wasn't working, either.

JAKE

Maybe I could ask him?

BARTENDER

Go ahead, but I can tell you, he wasn't working last night.

JAKE

How can you be so sure if you weren't here?

BARTENDER

He's my husband and we were at home together. It was our D&D night.

JAKE

D&D?

BARTENDER  
Dungeons and Dragons.

JAKE  
Right. Okay.

BELLAMY  
Wait, you guys are married?

BARTENDER  
Eight months next Tuesday. Anyway,  
we had some friends over and we  
played all night.

JAKE  
Who was working last night?

BARTENDER  
The usual crew, probably. They'll  
all be in here by nine tonight.

JAKE  
Okay. I guess we'll come back then.

BARTENDER  
You might want to think about  
coming in here without him.

JAKE  
Why is that?

BARTENDER  
I don't know. I just know that his  
picture is in our book.

JAKE  
Book?

BARTENDER  
Of banned customers.

Jake gathers up the picture and puts it back in the brief case.

JAKE  
I'll keep that in mind. Thank you.

Jake gets up and leaves, Bellamy trailing him.

EXT. PINKIE'S STRIP CLUB - DAY

Bellamy's car is parked right outside and Jake and Bellamy walk towards it, Bellamy going over to the driver's side.

JAKE  
You've just got this winning  
personality, don't you, Danny?

BELLAMY  
It was a simple misunderstanding.  
That's all.

They get into the car.

INT./EXT. BELLAMY'S CAR - DAY

Jake puts the briefcase in his lap and opens it so he can go  
through the case file.

JAKE  
Misunderstanding? Sounds to me like  
they understand pretty well.

BELLAMY  
It's nothing. I just haven't had  
time to talk to Waldo about it yet.

JAKE  
Waldo?

BELLAMY  
The manager.

JAKE  
What happened?

BELLAMY  
One of the girls thought I was  
stalking her. Candi is her stage  
name.

JAKE  
What's her real name?

BELLAMY  
I don't know.

JAKE  
You are a real piece of work. Okay,  
why would she think that?

BELLAMY  
I was working a stakeout, sitting  
parked on the street, when she came  
out of her building and saw me.

(MORE)

BELLAMY (CONT'D)

I had gotten a few lap dances from her the night before so she thought I'd followed her home or something.

JAKE

That sounds likely.

BELLAMY

It's the truth. I swear. It had nothing to do with her. I had no idea she lived in that building. I was waiting for a suspect who lived in the same building to come home.

JAKE

You know, a quick phone call to the lieutenant would straighten all that out.

BELLAMY

Sure. Maybe.

Bellamy cranks the car and pulls out into traffic.

JAKE

You weren't on a stakeout, were you? You were there because Tavella told you to find the guy you were looking for, weren't you?

BELLAMY

Where are we going now?

JAKE

Volka's house. Well?

BELLAMY

Well, what?

JAKE

Were you on the job or where you running an errand for Tavella?

BELLAMY

Paul wanted me to find the guy, okay? I don't know why.

JAKE

Because you don't ask too many questions.

BELLAMY

People who ask too many questions usually wind up not liking the answers they get. Happy now?

JAKE

Just drive and let me think.

Jake looks through the case file, finding Bellamy's notes. He reads them.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Okay. So, let's start with Tony Cazaza. Who is he?

BELLAMY

An enforcer for Tavella. Strictly street level.

JAKE

Why is he a suspect?

BELLAMY

He and Volka had some kind of personal beef. I'm not sure what but it involves a woman, I think. He has a record, for assault. Two counts.

JAKE

Okay. Tony Purdue?

BELLAMY

I'm not sure what his beef with Volka was, but I heard he was looking for him a couple of days before, and apparently he was really worked up.

JAKE

Who is he?

BELLAMY

Street level drug dealer. Penny ante.

JAKE

Record?

BELLAMY

Possession. Did a nickel.

JAKE

Interesting. How about Tony O'Malley?

BELLAMY

He owns a couple of small businesses. A bar and a laundromat.

JAKE

Record?

BELLAMY

He's clean. I've always thought he was in bed with the Irish mob but I never found any proof of it.

JAKE

Okay, what aren't you telling me? What isn't in the file?

BELLAMY

I don't know all that much about Purdue. Cazaza has pushed the button on at least two people that Tavella identified as problems. I'm sure of it, but you won't find any evidence. I've looked. O'Malley scares me spit-less.

JAKE

Why?

BELLAMY

I'm sure you'll be finding out for yourself really soon. The house is right up here.

EXT. VOLKA'S HOUSE - DAY

The house Volka was renting is huge -- two stories, with a pool and a well tended garden. There's another expensive car, a high end luxury model, parked in the paved driveway.

Bellamy pulls up and parks behind it, and he and Jake get out.

JAKE

Wow. What a dump!

BELLAMY

Yeah, it cost Mik a pretty penny.

JAKE

Good work if you can get it, I guess. You got the keys?

Bellamy holds up a key-ring with a few keys dangling from it.

BELLAMY

Coroner found them on him.

JAKE

Okay.

BELLAMY

What are we looking for, exactly? I doubt we'll find anything here.

JAKE

I'll know when I find it.

BELLAMY

If you say so.

Bellamy unlocks the door and opens it, and they go inside.

INT. VOLKA'S HOUSE - DAY

The inside is as nice as the outside.

It's roomy, with high-end and comfortable furniture, and surprisingly tasteful art on the walls.

BELLAMY

Police department! Anybody here?  
Police! Is there anybody here?

When they hear no reply they go on in.

BELLAMY (CONT'D)

So, how is Jo?

JAKE

She's fine.

BELLAMY

Well, give her my love, next time you talk to her.

JAKE

Yeah, she'd really love that.

BELLAMY

What?

JAKE

That. What you just said.

BELLAMY

I've said that a hundred times. You never took exception before.

JAKE

Right. I guess I'm touchy.

BELLAMY

Something going on?

JAKE

Yeah, like I'd tell you.

BELLAMY

Regardless of what you think of me, you can talk to me

JAKE

God, Danny. Talk to you? The Sultan of Sleaze?

BELLAMY

What happened?

JAKE

We're separated.

BELLAMY

What? You're kidding.

JAKE

No, I wish I were.

BELLAMY

What did you do?

JAKE

It's not me.

BELLAMY

I can't -- shit. She cheated on you, didn't she?

JAKE

Yeah. With some guy she met in a hotel bar when she was out of town for a convention.

BELLAMY

God. I'm so sorry. What are you going to do?



JAKE

I don't know. I can't look at her.  
I can't touch here, without  
remembering what she did with that  
... Stranger.

BELLAMY

Was she drunk?

JAKE

She said she'd had a few. Not that  
it matters.

BELLAMY

It does.

JAKE

I've had a few myself and I've  
never wound up in bed with someone  
I've just met.

BELLAMY

Never?

JAKE

Never.

BELLAMY

Okay, from you I believe it.  
Anything I can do?

JAKE

You can drop the subject.

BELLAMY

Okay. But if you need me for  
anything --

JAKE

Yeah, you'll be my first call. I'll  
just --

Jake stops talking because he heard a muffled thump coming from another room in the house.

Bellamy pulls out his pistol and stalks towards the area where the noise came from.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'll put your number on my speed  
dial, Danny. So I can just hit a  
couple of buttons and hear your  
voice in my time of need. Yes  
siree, that's a big comfort.

Bellamy is outside the closed door of a downstairs bedroom.

He pauses, reaching down and testing the knob.

The door isn't locked.

Quickly he opens it and steps inside, pistol ready.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM VOLKA'S HOUSE - DAY

The room is small but comfortable and a bit messy.

The curtains are closed tightly so it's fairly dark.

On the bed is ALBERT MARLEY (33).

There is a mirror with a rolled up hundred dollar bill and suggestive powder residue on the night-stand, and empty champagne bottles everywhere, along with empty pizza boxes and dirty champagne flutes.

Marley's not wearing many clothes.

BELLAMY

Police! Don't move!

Jake steps up to look over Bellamy's shoulder.

JAKE

Who the hell is that?

BELLAMY

Fuck if I know.

INT. VOLKA'S HOUSE - DAY

They are back in the living room.

Marley is dressed and sitting on the couch, Bellamy next to him, Jake in the chair across from him.

Marley has a bottled water.

MARLEY

I don't know what else to tell you guys. My name is Albert Marley and I'm a friend of Mikhail's. He's letting me stay here.

JAKE

You were here last night?

MARLEY

I've been here since I got in on the seven fifteen flight from Chicago.

JAKE

And you haven't left the house since?

MARLEY

No. Has something happened? What time is it? Where's Mik?

BELLAMY

I'm afraid Volka's dead, Mr. Marley.

MARLEY

What? No. You're kidding.

BELLAMY

Someone gunned him down on the sidewalk at three a.m.

MARLEY

No. I don't believe it.

Jake takes out the pictures of the crime scene and shows them to Marley.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

No. No. I don't believe it.

JAKE

Believe it, Albert.

MARLEY

No.

BELLAMY

What was your connection with Volka?

MARLEY

We were friends.

BELLAMY

I see.

MARLEY

The party last night was all on him.

BELLAMY

Party?

MARLEY

Yeah. The girls, the champagne ...

BELLAMY

The cocaine?

MARLEY

I don't know anything about any cocaine.

JAKE

So, when Detective Bellamy takes you in and we get a blood sample it'll be clean, right?

MARLEY

Uh --

BELLAMY

You don't have to talk to me now, Albert. Let me finish gathering evidence first.

MARLEY

No! I mean, what -- okay. What do you want?

BELLAMY

What was your connection with Mikhail Volka?

MARLEY

I have done some work for him. In the past.

BELLAMY

Such as?

MARLEY

I think I'd rather not say.

BELLAMY

And for the sake of our inquiry it's really not important.

MARLEY

Look, Mikhail was my friend. He took really good care of me. Last night ... Well, there were three women here until around 4 a.m.

(MORE)

MARLEY (CONT'D)  
partying with me. Lots of party favors, too.

JAKE  
You mean cocaine.

MARLEY  
It was a blast. Over the past few years I've had more sex, made more money, and done more drugs than I thought was humanly possible, and it's all because of Mikhail Volka. Trust me, I want to help you find whoever killed him. I owe him that.

JAKE  
Well, I'm glad that there are still some people in this world who have an old fashioned sense of loyalty.

MARLEY  
He earned it. Wait! His watch!

JAKE  
Watch?

BELLAMY  
He always wore this ridiculous watch.

MARLEY  
That watch was a work of art. But I didn't see it in the pictures. Did you find it? He had it on when he left last night.

Jake looks through the file until he finds the inventory of items found on Volka's body.

JAKE  
No. Looks like it wasn't on his body when it was recovered.

MARLEY  
I bet the son of a bitch who shot him took it as a trophy.

BELLAMY  
You're probably right.

Bellamy takes out his cuffs.

BELLAMY (CONT'D)

Okay, Albert, I'm going to arrest you now, for possession of a suspected controlled substance. You have the right to remain silent ...

.

INT. PINKIE'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Jake is in line behind a few other men at the door, waiting for the BOUNCER (28, a female body builder) to admit the people in front.

Music with a heavy beat is playing and there is a girl on the main stage working a pole. A few other girls sit at the bar, some with customers. All of the girls are wearing evening gowns. There is a different bartender, JIMMY (35), and a different DeeJay, ALAN (26).

BOUNCER

Cover's five bucks.

JAKE

I'm not here as a customer.

Jake shows her his ID.

BOUNCER

That's not a police ID.

JAKE

I'm a private investigator, and I'm working a case.

BOUNCER

Congratulations! Cover's five bucks.

The customers behind him begin getting unruly, especially the man right behind him, CUSTOMER1 (48, male).

CUSTOMER1

Hey! Either pay the cover or get the fuck out!

JAKE

Look, I'm not here to --

BOUNCER

Do I need to escort you out of here, sir?

JAKE  
No, I just --

BOUNCER  
Then it'll be five bucks.

A few other bouncers -- all of them large young men -- have sort of quietly drifted over to the door.

Jake notices them, takes out his wallet and hands her a five dollar bill.

JAKE  
Here. I'll need a receipt for that.

The bouncer rings him up on the tiny cash register and hands him a receipt that he puts in his shirt pocket.

BOUNCER  
Thank you. Have a fun night!

JAKE  
Yeah, yeah, I'm sure I will.

Jake steps over to the bar and sits on a stool. Jimmy the bartender comes over, putting a bar napkin in front of him.

JIMMY  
What can I get you?

JAKE  
Information.

Jake takes a photo of Volka out of his pocket and lays it on the bar, turning it so the bartender can see it right-side up.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
This guy was in here last night.  
Did you see him?

JIMMY  
Look, I don't see anything. I just  
make drinks.

JAKE  
This guy was murdered last night.  
He's not going to care what you  
tell me.

JIMMY  
That's the guy who was killed  
around the corner?

JAKE

Yes. I'm trying to find who killed him.

JIMMY

You're a cop?

JAKE

No. I'm a private investigator.

JIMMY

Okay. It's a two drink minimum. What can I get you?

JAKE

Club soda.

Jimmy makes his club soda and puts it on the bar in front of him, in a plastic cup.

JIMMY

That'll be four dollars.

JAKE

What? Jesus Christ.

Jake fishes the money out of his wallet and gives it to Jimmy.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'll need a receipt for that.

Jimmy rings him up and gives him his change. Then, Jimmy discreetly nods at a young woman, one of the dancers, sitting at the end of the bar alone.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Jake tucks the receipt in his shirt pocket and gets up, carrying his club soda, over to the girl. He sits down next to her and she gives him a professional smile. She's SYLVIA MADRONA (23). The song that was playing ends and another one starts.

ALAN (O.S.)

That's the first of two for Bell! Step right up, gentlemen, and let Bell ring your bell.

SYLVIA

Hi, honey! I don't think I've seen you in here before.



JAKE

My name's Jake Moss and I'm a private investigator.

He shows her his ID, which she inspects and grins.

SYLVIA

Okay. What are you investigating?

JAKE

Do you know this man?

He shows her the picture of Volka and she gasps when she sees it.

SYLVIA

Oh my god. Miki. Is he dead?

JAKE

Yeah, I'm afraid so.

SYLVIA

He was the guy who got shot last night?

JAKE

Yes.

SYLVIA

Damn.

JAKE

I understand he was with you last night?

SYLVIA

What do you mean, "with me"?

JAKE

I mean he was here. In the club. Sitting with you.

SYLVIA

Oh. Yeah.

JAKE

What's your name? Your real name.

SYLVIA

Sylvia. Sylvia Madrona.

JAKE

Okay, Sylvia. Tell me about last night.

SYLVIA

He tipped me fifty bucks when I was on the main stage so I came over to sit with him. I sat with him until closing.

JAKE

Closing's at one a. m., right?

SYLVIA

Right.

JAKE

What did you talk about?

SYLVIA

Just the usual chit chat. I wasn't really listening. But his accent was sexy and he was a good looking guy. He smelled nice, too.

JAKE

Nothing unusual, then?

SYLVIA

Well, there's one thing ... .

JAKE

What?

SYLVIA

I'm going to get into trouble for this.

JAKE

Not from me. What?

SYLVIA

Uh ... I took him home with me. After closing.

JAKE

Really?

SYLVIA

Yeah. I've never done that with a customer before but he was so good looking, and he said ... Well, he said he had some really good coke. I was just going to do a few lines with him and then kick him out but it didn't work out that way.

JAKE

What do you mean?

SYLVIA

Well, next thing I knew we were going at it, right there on my couch. Totally freaked my cat out. I've never done that before, either.

JAKE

Really?

SYLVIA

Yeah. In spite of what you may think of people who do what I do for a living, I'm not a whore, Mr. Moss.

JAKE

You had sex with a man who supplied you with drugs.

SYLVIA

The sex part wasn't planned. It just happened. Anyway, he left my place around three this morning. I slept until about two hours ago.

JAKE

You must live around here, then.

SYLVIA

About three blocks away. We walked there from here. I -- shit. He must have been coming back from my apartment when he was shot.

JAKE

That's what I think.

SYLVIA

My god. Oh, my god. Jimmy!

Jimmy comes over.

JIMMY

What's up?

SYLVIA

I can't go up. I'm upset.

JIMMY

Sorry, baby, you know the rules.  
Too late for you to back out.

SYLVIA

Dammit. Look, Jake, I'm up next.  
When I finish my set we can talk.

JAKE

Sure. A girl's got to make a  
living, right?

SYLVIA

I'm glad you understand.

She heads towards the stage as the song and Bell finish. Bell exits the stage and starts putting her clothes back on.

ALAN (O.S.)

That was Bell, available right now  
for a ten dollar table dance or a  
twenty dollar lap dance. Step right  
up and ask her to be your personal  
wake up call, gentlemen! And up  
next, Tawny!

The music starts playing as Sylvia steps onto the stage to begin her set.

Jake calls Jimmy over.

JAKE

Did he just say "Tawny?"

JIMMY

Yeah. It's her stage name.

JAKE

Goddammit.

Jake's cellphone starts buzzing. He glances at the screen and gets up, heading outside.

EXT. PINKIE'S STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Jake exits the club and answers the call.

JAKE

Jake Moss.

CONSTANTINE (O. S.)

Mr. Moss? This is Victor  
Constantine.

JAKE

Yeah? What can I do for you,  
Victor?

CONSTANTINE (O. S.)

Yuri located Tony Cazaza and  
brought him in.

JAKE

Uh, okay. Where?

CONSTANTINE (O. S.)

The old cotton warehouse on  
Wharton. Do you know where that is?

JAKE

Yeah. I'll be right there.

CONSTANTINE (O. S.)

I'll see you soon.

Jake disconnects the call, then dials another number.

JAKE

Danny? How is Marley?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT HOUSE, OUTSIDE OF INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Bellamy is standing outside the window through which Marley  
can be seen sitting at a table, sleeping in a chair.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

BELLAMY

As well as you'd think. I'll keep  
him here as long as I can before I  
have to send him to stir. But  
that'll only be a few more hours.

JAKE

Yeah. He won't do well in jail.

BELLAMY

No, he won't. I don't think he's  
even thought about what he's going  
to do. He hasn't even asked for a  
lawyer yet. In spite of the risk.

JAKE

Risk?

BELLAMY

You know what I mean. Think about it.

JAKE

Yeah, he probably does know things. Victor won't like that.

BELLAMY

Exactly. Like I said, I don't think he's even thought of that.

JAKE

Put him in protective custody, then.

BELLAMY

It wouldn't help. You know Constantine, Jake. He's got people everywhere. He'll find him.

JAKE

Yeah. Well, I've got another problem. Another Tony for you.

BELLAMY

Really?

JAKE

One of the dancers at Pinkie's. Her real name is Sylvia Madrona but she uses Tawny as her stage name.

BELLAMY

Damn. I never even thought about that.

JAKE

You know her?

BELLAMY

Yeah. Did she know Volka?

JAKE

Biblically.

BELLAMY

That son of a bitch.

JAKE

Got there before you did, huh?

BELLAMY

I guess I'm not her type.

JAKE

Anyway, you might want to pick her up.

BELLAMY

Do you really like her for this?

JAKE

Volka was leaving her apartment when he was killed. What do you think?

BELLAMY

I see what you mean. Okay, I'll take care of it. What are you going to do now?

JAKE

Constantine just called. He has Cazaza for me.

BELLAMY

What kind of shape is he in?

JAKE

Who? Cazaza?

BELLAMY

Yeah.

JAKE

I don't know. I haven't seen him yet. Why? Something I need to know about?

BELLAMY

Constantine's man Yuri and Cazaza aren't friends. Just so you know.

JAKE

Really?

BELLAMY

Really. You'll want to be careful. Cazaza's an asshole and once you get under Yuri's skin he stops caring about collateral damage.

JAKE

Okay. Good to know. Well, round up Sylvia Madrona for me and I'll get back to you after I talk to Cazaza.

BELLAMY)  
Okay. Look, you want--

Jake disconnects the call before Bellamy can finish his sentence.

EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

It's the same bench Jake was sitting on earlier.

He's got another hot dog from a street vendor and he's trying to eat it quickly.

There are a few other people around and light traffic.

Jones sits down next to him.

JAKE  
Am I going to get to finish eating this time?

JONES  
Sure. Eat all you want.

JAKE  
How did you find me?

JONES  
My office is over on the next block, remember? I went out to stretch my legs and saw you sitting here.

JAKE  
I'm kind of in a hurry. What can I do for you?

JONES  
Oh, you already know. I heard you took the case.

JAKE  
So? I've already told you I'm not going to betray my clients' confidence.

JONES  
You changed your mind about taking the case. Maybe you'll change your mind about that, too.

JAKE  
No. Not going to happen.



JONES

Oh, really? What if I gave you some added incentive?

JAKE

Incentive? You're going to bribe me?

JONES

No. I'm going to threaten you. Twenty-four hours from now I want you in my office, giving me details about what Volka was doing. Names, times, places. Or I'll have you arrested for obstructing justice. Then I'll let you go, without explanation. I'll let Victor Constantine draw his own conclusions.

JAKE

You wouldn't.

JONES

Try me. Constantine knows me, and he'll just know we've made deal. Try to persuade him otherwise. If he actually gives you a chance to say anything before he has his man Yuri slit your throat.

Jones gets up.

JONES (CONT'D)

You know how to reach me when you decide you want to talk. You shouldn't have any trouble finding Agent Li, either, over the next day or so.

Jones walks off. Jake looks at his mostly uneaten hot dog.

JAKE

God damn it.

He throws the dog into a nearby trash can.

EXT. OLD COTTON WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's an old brick building, about three stories tall. Many of the windows are boarded over. There are only a couple of security lights.

It's surrounded by an old, rusty fence that is down in a few places, and the gate is open.

There's a new, expensive SUV in the parking lot as Jake drives up.

Jake parks next to it and gets out.

There is a loading dock and he walks up the steps to the big open warehouse door there, and goes inside.

INT. OLD COTTON WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark.

There's trash everywhere. There is a little light coming from bare light bulbs screwed into fixtures here and there along the walls.

Yuri emerges from the darkness suddenly. He has a pistol in the waistband of his pants.

JAKE

Yuri! You shouldn't sneak up on people like that.

YURI

I'm not a troll, Mr. Moss. I just look like one. Come with me, please.

Jake follows him to the back of the warehouse.

Among the stacked crates is a clear area. In that area is a table with some chairs--occupying one chair is Victor Constantine.

Seated in another of the chairs is TONY CAZAZA (32, heavy-set).

Yuri goes over and sits at the end of the table where he can keep a close eye on Cazaza. He takes the gun out of his pants and lays it on the table.

CONSTANTINE

Hello, Mr. Moss.

CAZAZA

Hey! What the fuck?

CONSTANTINE

Mr. Cazaza, I advise you to answer Mr. Moss's questions honestly and completely.

CAZAZA

I ain't answering shit. You got no right. When Paulie hears about this --

CONSTANTINE

Mr. Tavella is already aware of your situation and would give you the same advice that I just gave you.

CAZAZA

I swear I'll --

CONSTANTINE

Before you start throwing threats around again I'd like to remind you that my friend Yuri, here, won't take kindly to any more rude references to his mother, or my mother, either. Answer Mr. Moss's questions. That's how you get out of here.

JAKE

Yeah. What he said.

CAZAZA

Who the hell are you?

JAKE

My name's Jake Moss. I'm someone who might be able to get you out of this mess. Maybe. You haven't spoken with Tavella?

CAZAZA

Not in a couple of days. I've been out of town.

JAKE

You don't watch the news? Read a newspaper?

CAZAZA

Why the hell would I do that?

JAKE

Where were you?

CAZAZA  
Out of town.

JAKE  
Where, exactly?

CAZAZA  
What is this about?

JAKE  
Where were you?

CAZAZA  
I was in DuPont. It's a little town  
about --

JAKE  
I'm familiar with it. What were you  
doing in DuPont?

CAZAZA  
Taking care of some personal  
business.

JAKE  
Which would be?

CAZAZA  
Personal.

JAKE  
Did anybody see you?

CAZAZA  
Nobody I knew.

JAKE  
Did you make any calls?

CAZAZA  
Why?

JAKE  
The phone company could see what  
cell towers your phone pinged off  
of.

CAZAZA  
Uh, my cell phone is dead. Battery  
is out of juice.

JAKE  
And you don't have a charger for  
your car?

CAZAZA

I do but it's in my wife's car.

JAKE

I see.

CAZAZA

Look, what is it I'm supposed to have done?

JAKE

Mikhail Volka was murdered last night.

CAZAZA

Whoa! Wait a minute! I didn't off Volka. I swear.

JAKE

Really? You haven't told me anything to make me think otherwise.

CAZAZA

Okay. When did this happen?

JAKE

Just after three a. m.

CAZAZA

There you go! I was waiting on this ass -- this business associate, who owes me a substantial amount of money, and has let the date we agreed upon for repayment lapse. I was parked outside his house until he got home, around two. We had a conversation that lasted about ten minutes or so, and then I hit the road. It takes an hour and a half to get back.

JAKE

Not if you drove full out.

CAZAZA

I get another speeding ticket my wife will kill me. Paulie won't help me with those. And every fucking time I go over the speed limit I get pulled over.

JAKE

Who was this person you visited?

CAZAZA

Raymond Jenson. He lives on Fort Street. It's entirely possible that, after our conversation, he felt a need to visit the ER of the nearest hospital.

JAKE

A vigorous conversation, then.

CAZAZA

Yeah. He may have been fixing a flat and had the car slip off the jack or something. He's pretty clumsy.

JAKE

Right.

Jake nods at Constantine, who is already dialing his cell phone.

CAZAZA

Who's he calling?

JAKE

Don't you concern yourself with that now.

CAZAZA

What are you going to do to me?

JAKE

Me? Nothing. If you turn out to be the one who clipped Volka, the person Mr. Constantine is calling now will arrest you, and the DA's office will prosecute you.

CONSTANTINE

Hello, Detective. It's Victor.

Constantine gets up and walks towards the front of the building, continuing his conversation.

CAZAZA

Well, that's a relief.

CONSTANTINE

Raymond Jenson. In DuPont. See if he went to the ER last night.

JAKE

A relief?

CAZAZA

Yeah. I can protect myself in the joint. I was worried you were going to throw me to that ugly motherfucker sitting at the table.

CONSTANTINE

Call me back when you get that info.

Constantine disconnects the call and walks back to where the others are gathered.

JAKE

Victor? Could we talk for a minute?

CONSTANTINE

Sure.

Jake gets up and follows Constantine towards the front of the warehouse. Yuri's hand casually comes to rest near the hilt of the pistol.

JAKE

I take it you know about Albert Marley?

CONSTANTINE

Who?

JAKE

Victor, please.

CONSTANTINE

Is Mr. Marley a suspect in Volka's murder?

JAKE

No.

CONSTANTINE

Is there a possibility that will change?

JAKE

Not likely.

CONSTANTINE

Then Mr. Marley is outside the area of your concern.

JAKE

You're going to have him killed.

CONSTANTINE

Mr. Moss, I don't know this Marley person, even though he was a business associate of Mikhail's. I can only assume that he knows things about my business, as part of the work Mik had him doing.

JAKE

Victor --

CONSTANTINE

Since he's not a suspect in your investigation I don't think Mr. Marley is relevant to the case for which we hired you. Focus on the task at hand. Clear?

JAKE

I just don't think --

CONSTANTINE

I know you think of yourself as someone --

He's interrupted by the cell phone ringing. He takes it out and answers it.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Yeah, Detective. Right. Okay. Thank you.

He disconnects the call.

CONSTANTINE (CONT'D)

Tony, you can go. And you, Jake, remember that you are wearing blinders here. If it doesn't concern the matter of who killed Mikhail, then you don't see it.

JAKE

Mr. Cazaza? Why don't let me take you home?

Cazaza gets up and stretches.

CAZAZA

Sure. That'd be great. Left my car over on Fifth Street. You could take me there.

JAKE

Come on. Let's go.



CAZAZA  
Later, assholes.

EXT. INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

Jake is driving Cazaza back to his car.

Cazaza rolls down the window and lights a cigarette.

JAKE  
Do you mind?

CAZAZA  
Hey, I rolled the window down.

JAKE  
It's my car.

CAZAZA  
I was just threatened with a  
painful and brutal death. Can't I  
have one cigarette while I get over  
it?

JAKE  
Fine. What was your beef with  
Volka, anyway?

CAZAZA  
My beef?

JAKE  
Yeah. I was told you and he didn't  
get along.

CAZAZA  
Volka was an arrogant prick.

JAKE  
But what did he do, specifically,  
that pissed you off?

CAZAZA  
He told this girl I was trying to  
bang not to give it up.

JAKE  
What?

CAZAZA  
Yeah! He told her I was stupid! Can  
you believe that?

JAKE

And you would have killed him over that?

CAZAZA

No! That's the point! I would never kill anybody over a woman. There are plenty of other girls out there, you know what I mean?

JAKE

Like your wife, maybe?

CAZAZA

Hey, she don't mind. Especially since she don't know.

JAKE

God.

CAZAZA

Thanks for helping out back there. I'm pretty sure Victor had decided he was going to ice me, regardless.

JAKE

Just doing my job.

CAZAZA

Hey! Jake Moss! I remember now! You're that guy Bellamy's always going on about, ain't you?

JAKE

I'm afraid so. What does he say about me?

CAZAZA

He's always going on about how honest you are, and yaddah yabba doo.

JAKE

Figures.

CAZAZA

How much is Paulie paying you, anyway?

JAKE

I'm getting fifty grand, total.

CAZAZA

Plus expenses, right?

JAKE

Right.

CAZAZA

You know, that's where you get some wiggle room.

JAKE

Wiggle room?

CAZAZA

Paulie's a real tight ass. You won't get a fucking nickel out of him beyond what he has to pay. But he won't pay too much attention to expenses.

JAKE

Look, I --

CAZAZA

Like, if you were to have to buy a really nice new watch while you're working this case, for example. Because your old watch got damaged during the course of your investigation. You know?

JAKE

Tony, I--

CAZAZA

I'm just saying. A case could be made.

JAKE

You just don't get it, do you? The only reason your boss hired me is because he knows he can trust me.

CAZAZA

Maybe not a watch, then. Maybe a really nice smart phone. I can hook you up.

JAKE

Jesus Christ.

CAZAZA

Hey, I owe you one, Jake. My car's right there.

Jake stops next to a new, expensive SUV, and Cazaza starts getting out.

CAZAZA (CONT'D)  
 I wasn't kidding about owing you  
 one. Anything you need, you just  
 let me know.

JAKE  
 Yeah. Like a loan at a hundred  
 twenty percent interest, right?

CAZAZA  
 For you, it's strictly prime, Jake.  
 Strictly prime.

JAKE  
 I'll keep it in mind.

Cazaza closes the door and Jake drives away.

INT. EXT. JAKE'S CAR, PARKED ON THE STREET - NIGHT

Jake is parked up the street from Jo's nursery, watching with  
 binoculars as the lights go out and Jo comes out, along with  
 TOMMY (28) and GREG (26).

They chat for a moment as Jo locks the door. They are all  
 smiling and laughing.

JAKE  
 Yeah. Laugh it up, pretty boys.  
 Just laugh it up.

Jake's cell phone rings and he answers it.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 What, Danny?

INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Walking around behind Bellamy is Sylvia Madrona.

She's pacing impatiently back and forth around the room.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

BELLAMY  
 I've got Madrona.

SYLVIA  
 This place is a dump! Who lives  
 here?

JAKE

Where did you take her?

BELLAMY

Uh, your house.

JAKE

What? My house?

BELLAMY

I couldn't very well take her down to the precinct house, could I? Not without arresting her.

SYLVIA

Really. How long am I going to have to stay here? I swear I'm going to catch something.

JAKE

You can't keep her at my house.

BELLAMY

Why not? Jo's not here, right?

JAKE

She's moved back in, Danny, you jerk!

BELLAMY

She moved back in? You guys got back together?

JAKE

No. Not yet. I -- dammit, Danny, she's going to be there soon. I'd rather she didn't get involved in this.

BELLAMY

Well, what do you want me to do? I don't have anywhere else I can put her.

JAKE

What about your place?

BELLAMY

With my wife? Are you kidding?

JAKE

God damn you, Danny. Okay. I'll be right there.

INT./EXT. JAKE'S CAR, PARKED ON THE STREET - NIGHT

Jake disconnects the call, cranks the car and pulls out of the parking place.

INT. HOUSE OF PAYNE GYM - NIGHT

It's a high-end gym, full of the local well-off pumping iron or using the machines.

Sitting at the front desk is ALEX (25, male).

Cazaza enters, walking over to the scanner at the front desk, holding a membership card.

He smiles at Cazaza as the latter scans the card and tries to go past him.

Alex is looking at his computer screen as Cazaza scans his card, though.

ALEX

Excuse me, sir? Sir?

Cazaza doesn't stop. Alex gets up and hurries after him, grabbing his arm.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sir? Excuse me, but we don't allow people to use cards that belong to other members.

CAZAZA

I didn't to that.

ALEX

I'm afraid you did, sir. I know Señor Villiens personally and you used his card to sign in.

CAZAZA

Oh, you know Richie! He's an old friend of mine.

ALEX

He's well aware of our policy.

CAZAZA

Well, he's laid up, and I mentioned when I stopped by to visit him that I was curious about this place. He's always talking about what a great gym this is.

(MORE)

CAZAZA (CONT'D)

I wanted to see for myself. So, he loaned me his card.

ALEX

May I see the card?

Cazaza hands him the card and Alex looks at it.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Is this blood?

CAZAZA

What? No! I stopped for a chocolate Sundae before I came in. Must have got some syrup on it. Here, I'll show you.

Cazaza extends his hand. There's a hundred dollar bill folded up in his palm, and Cazaza does it in such a way that Alex can see it. Alex reaches out like he's shaking Cazaza's hand, taking the money and slipping it into his pocket.

ALEX

Oh, I remember. He mentioned you the other day. Mr . . . .

CAZAZA

Moss. Jake Moss.

ALEX

Mr. Moss. Señor Villiens mentioned you might be coming by.

CAZAZA

Right! Where's the locker room?

ALEX

To your right. Enjoy your workout.

CAZAZA

Thank you!

Cazaza goes the direction indicated. He finds the men's locker room door, going inside.

INT. HOUSE OF PAYNE GYM MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

There are a couple of other men in there, changing into their workout clothes or getting dressed after showering.

Cazaza takes a wrinkled slip of paper out of his pocket. It has blood-stains on it.

He consults it, looking over the lockers until he finds number 312.

This one has a combination lock on it.

He glances around, then opens the lock using the numbers written on the sheet of paper.

He shoves the paper in his pocket and opens the locker.

The other men in the locker room finish their business and leave.

Inside the locker is a gym bag that he grabs and puts on a bench.

He glances around, seeing no-one else around, and unzips it.

Inside are several bags full of tabs of Ecstasy, several small bags with a gram of cocaine each, and a couple of bricks of cash. Cazaza takes the money out and fondles it.

CAZAZA

I guess you weren't kidding, my man. Rest in peace, you stupid fuck.

Someone else is coming into the locker room so Cazaza puts the money back in the bag and zips it up, taking it out with him.

INT. HOUSE OF PAYNE GYM - NIGHT

Cazaza goes back through the gym and exits.

EXT. HOUSE OF PAYNE GYM - NIGHT

Cazaza heads for a parking deck next to the gym, carrying the gym bag.

EXT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT

Cazaza approaches his car, carrying the gym bag, oblivious to a dark SUV parked behind him where there are three men watching him.

They are RAYMON VILLIENS (32, Colombian), THOMAS VILLIENS (34, Colombian), and JULIO DIEGO (38, Colombian).

Julio is carrying a tire iron and Raymon is carrying a large caliber pistol. Both of them are wearing gloves.



Thomas is behind the wheel.

The other two men put on ski masks and slip quietly out of the car as Cazaza approaches his car.

Cazaza unlocks the car with his remote.

He opens the back and places the bag there as Julio slips up behind him and hits him on the back of the head with the tire iron.

Cazaza falls and Julio follows him down, beating him viciously.

RAYMON

Hey! Enough. Get up. Let me finish this.

Julio hits Cazaza one more time before getting up. Raymon steps up, kneeling next to a moaning, bloody Cazaza, putting the barrel of the pistol against his head.

RAYMON (CONT'D)

This is for my brother. This is for Richie. You son of a bitch.

There are three quiet toots on the horn of the SUV from Thomas and Raymon and Julio glance around.

There's a car approaching.

Their SUV pulls up and they grab the gym bag, running over to the SUV and climbing inside, taking off, as another car drives up.

Cazaza lies in a pool of his own blood.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake parks next to Bellamy's car, gets out and runs inside.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake barges in.

Bellamy's watching TV and Sylvia is paging through one of Jake's magazines.

JAKE

Okay, Jo's not home yet so you can get her out of here.

BELLAMY  
And take her where?

JAKE  
I don't care! Anywhere but here!

BELLAMY  
I could arrest her, I suppose . . . .

SYLVIA  
Hey! No way!

BELLAMY  
It's just a suggestion.

SYLVIA  
You can't just take me down to the police station and put me in one of those rooms you got?

BELLAMY  
Not without having to explain it to my lieutenant. I don't think he'll buy it.

JAKE  
Just go! Now!

Too late.

Keys in the door, and it opens, and Jo comes in.

JOANNA  
Hello, Danny. How have you been?

BELLAMY  
Hi, Jo. Sorry about all this.

JOANNA  
What's going on?

JAKE  
It's work. Just work.

JOANNA  
I'm sorry?

Sylvia gets up and approaches Jo, hand extended.

SYLVIA  
Hi! I'm Sylvia.

Jo shakes her hand, looking at Jake.

JAKE

She's a suspect. In the case I'm working.

JOANNA

A suspect? Here? In our house?

SYLVIA

Oh, don't worry. I didn't do it.

JOANNA

That's good to know.

JAKE

Look, could you two go into the dining room for a minute while I talk with my wife? Please?

BELLAMY

Sure. Come on.

Bellamy leads Sylvia into the kitchen while Jo looks to Jake.

JOANNA

Okay. Talk.

JAKE

I'm looking for a murderer, Jo. I have to work sort of under the radar.

JOANNA

I should say so, since you aren't on the force anymore.

JAKE

Yeah. I don't have access to things like interrogation rooms and holding cells now.

JOANNA

I thought once you became a PI you wouldn't be investigating crimes anymore.

JAKE

Yeah. Me, too. But this kind of fell into my lap --

JOANNA

You'd just be investigating things like cheating spouses.

(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Parking outside of their businesses  
and watching them with binoculars,  
for example.

JAKE

You saw that?

JOANNA

Yes, I saw that. I can spot you  
from miles away, Jake.

JAKE

You aren't mad?

JOANNA

Just do what you need to do.

JAKE

Okay. Well ... .

Jo leaves, going into the kitchen.

JOANNA (O.S.)

Uh, Sylvia? Why don't you go into  
the living room and talk to Jake?

SYLVIA (O.S.)

Okay.

JOANNA (O.S.)

Danny, let's stay in here.

BELLAMY (O.S.)

Okay. You want a beer?

Sylvia enters and Jake gestures at the couch. Sylvia goes  
over and settles onto it. Jake sits in an easy chair.

JAKE

So, from our earlier conversation,  
I understand you had a one night  
stand with Mr. Volka.

SYLVIA

Yes.

JAKE

Did you know him before?

SYLVIA

No.

JAKE

As far as you know, that was his first time in Pinkie's?

SYLVIA

Yes. That's what he told me. Nobody else knew him, either. I asked.

JAKE

You left after the club closed, walked to your apartment, where you did drugs and had sex for a couple of hours.

SYLVIA

That sounds about right.

JAKE

And he left. And you didn't follow him.

SYLVIA

Yes. And no, I didn't follow him. There was a storm coming. I could hear the thunder. I didn't want to go out in it.

JAKE

So you thought about following him?

SYLVIA

No.

JAKE

Are you sure?

SYLVIA

Yes.

JAKE

You must have thought about it. You said you didn't because of the storm.

SYLVIA

I'm saying I wouldn't have gone out in a storm even if I did think about it.

JAKE

I think you're lying to me.

The ringtone to Bellamy's phone starts.

BELLAMY (O.S.)  
Bellamy. Yeah.

SYLVIA  
Why would I do something like that?  
Why would I kill him?

JAKE  
I don't know, Sylvia. Maybe you  
were mad he was leaving. Maybe he  
said something that pissed you off.  
Maybe somebody paid you to do it.

SYLVIA  
What? Paid me to kill Miki?

JAKE  
Why not?

SYLVIA  
Nobody would pay me to kill  
anybody.

JAKE  
Sure.

BELLAMY (O.S.)  
Has he said anything?

SYLVIA  
There is no way I'd kill anybody.  
And I wouldn't kill Miki. Those few  
hours we had were nice, but it  
wasn't anything I hadn't done  
before with other guys.

JAKE  
Really? I thought you said you'd  
never done anything like that  
before.

SYLVIA  
Yeah. I could get fired from the  
club for that. I can feel you  
judging me.

JAKE  
I don't care about that.

SYLVIA  
Look, I wasn't under any illusions  
about Miki.

(MORE)

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

I guessed I'd see him around the club every now and then and maybe we'd hook up again, but I knew he wasn't looking for me to be his girlfriend or anything. I didn't want that anyway.

JAKE

Interesting.

SYLVIA

Why? Because I like to keep my options open?

JAKE

Because you admit it.

Bellamy comes back into the room, Jo behind him.

BELLAMY

Uh, Jake? Something's happened.

JAKE

What?

BELLAMY

Cazaza. Somebody beat the hell out of him in a parking deck. He's in ICU, in a coma.

JAKE

Dammit. Let's find somewhere to park Sylvia for a while --

JOANNA

She can stay here.

JAKE

No.

JOANNA

We'll be fine.

JAKE

Dammit, Jo, you don't --

JOANNA

Go with Danny. We'll be fine.

Jake turns to Sylvia

JAKE

You stay here, stay quiet, and  
behave yourself until I get back.  
Do you understand?

SYLVIA

Yes, Daddy.

JAKE

Jesus Christ.

Jake and Bellamy leave.

INT. HOSPITAL ICU WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Tavella is sitting in a chair, next to Cazaza's wife, SANDRA  
(36).

In another chair is Tavella's nephew, AL TAVELLA (33).

Jake and Bellamy enter and Tavella gets up, leading them off  
to one side.

BELLAMY

How's he doing?

TAVELLA

Doc says it doesn't look good.  
Brain damage. He hasn't said a  
word. He may never wake up.

JAKE

Any ideas who did it?

TAVELLA

Maybe.

Tavella gestures towards Al, beckoning him over. Al joins  
them.

AL TAVELLA

Hey, Danny.

TAVELLA

Jake, I believe you know my nephew,  
Al.

AL TAVELLA

You pinched me a couple of times, I  
believe.

JAKE

Yeah. I remember.



TAVELLA  
Tell him what we talked about.

AL TAVELLA  
You sure?

TAVELLA  
Yeah. Tell him.

AL TAVELLA  
I heard Tony told you he went to  
DuPont to collect on a debt.

JAKE  
Yeah.

AL TAVELLA  
That was me. He wasn't there.

JAKE  
Shit. Why would he lie about that?

AL TAVELLA  
He said he found a line on this  
Colombian who was dealing on our  
turf, without cutting us in.

JAKE  
A Colombian? Really?

AL TAVELLA  
Yeah. Said he knew the guy was  
stashing some product and cash  
somewhere.

JAKE  
Any ideas who this Colombian was?

AL TAVELLA  
I think his name was Richie  
Villiens.

BELLAMY  
As in Hector Gutierrez's nephew.  
Right?

AL TAVELLA  
Yeah.

JAKE  
Dammit.

TAVELLA

See, this is the kind of shit that Volka's plan was going to put a stop to.

JAKE

How do you figure?

TAVELLA

We'd have to work together. So we'd have to find a more constructive way to work out this crap.

BELLAMY

Jake, since Tony lied about where he was, maybe he lied about his cell phone, too. I'll see if I can get the phone company to show what towers his phone pinged off of.

TAVELLA

What good would that do?

BELLAMY

He was probably still in town. Maybe we can put him in the area where Volka was killed at about the time it happened.

JAKE

Yeah. Do that, Danny.

BELLAMY

What are you going to do?

JAKE

Let me call Jo and let her know she's going to have a house guest for tonight. I'm going to sit in one of these chairs for a while in case he wakes up. Danny, see if you can track down Purdue next. Line him up for an interview in the morning.

BELLAMY

Okay.

JAKE

And if I should go to sleep, don't wake me unless Cazaza wakes up. For anything else, even the end of the world, just let me sleep. Got it?

AL TAVELLA  
Got it, Arrow.

JAKE  
And no nicknames!

INT. HOSPITAL ICU WAITING ROOM - DAY

Jake is sleeping in a chair. Bellamy enters, carrying a manila folder and a cup of coffee. He sits down next to Jake.

BELLAMY  
Coroner's report just came out.

Jake startles awake, glancing around the room. Bellamy hands him the coffee.

JAKE  
What time is it?

BELLAMY  
Around eight.

JAKE  
Shit. I've been here all night.

BELLAMY  
Yeah.

JAKE  
I left Jo at home with a murder suspect, all night. I got to get --

BELLAMY  
I checked in with her. She's fine. Sylvia hasn't caused any problems.

JAKE  
Jeez. I don't know what's wrong with me.

BELLAMY  
You're exhausted. Here.

He hands Jake the folder.

It contains photos and a print out of the coroner's findings.

The photos are of Volka prior to autopsy, showing the gunshot wounds that form a pattern on his chest, and the one that made a significant hole in the back of his skull.

Jake starts paging through the coroner's report, sipping the coffee.

BELLAMY (CONT'D)

Oh, one thing Cazaza didn't lie about. Phone company says they didn't get any pings from his phone at all the night of the murder.

JAKE

Figures. Even a dumbass like Cazaza would know to turn his phone off before committing a major felony.

BELLAMY

But which major felony did he commit? The murder of Volka, or of Villiens?

JAKE

Any word on that last one?

BELLAMY

No. Nothing. Villiens is missing but so far no body. His friends say he does that, though. Disappears for days at a time without letting anybody know.

JAKE

I bet.

Jake pages through the report, looks at the pictures.

He takes the picture of Volka showing the wounds on his chest and shows it to Bellamy.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Look at that. That's a nice, tight grouping, isn't it?

BELLAMY

Yeah.

JAKE

The slugs were from a thirty-eight?

BELLAMY

Yeah. Recovered four. The head shot was too fragmented to be useful, but we can match the others to the gun if we find it.

JAKE

And ballistics thinks the weapon was a Smith & Wesson thirty-eight Revolver?

BELLAMY

Yeah.

JAKE

Fired from about twenty to twenty-five feet away.

BELLAMY

Yeah.

JAKE

That's pretty damned good shooting.

BELLAMY

I think we've eliminated Sylvia as a suspect. I doubt she's spent much time at the pistol range.

JAKE

Yeah. Jo will be thrilled. Did you find Purdue?

BELLAMY

Yeah. He's at the precinct house. I busted him.

JAKE

For what?

BELLAMY

He had a little weed on him when I went to talk to him. He ran.

JAKE

Okay. Let's go talk to him.

BELLAMY

I think maybe you ought to swing by your house, first. For a shower and a shave.

JAKE

That bad, huh?

BELLAMY

I think there may be some confusion as to who is the interviewer and who is the suspect if you don't.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Bellamy drops Jake off and drives away. Jake goes into the house.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Sylvia is eating cereal and reading the newspaper while Jo is packing her own lunch. Jake enters.

JOANNA

I was about to call you. I've got to get to work.

SYLVIA

Hey! I need a ride home. I can go home, right?

JAKE

That depends. Have you ever in your life fired a gun?

SYLVIA

No.

JAKE

Never gone to a shooting range to fire a few rounds at a target? Anything like that?

SYLVIA

No. Nothing like that.

JAKE

Okay.

JOANNA

I'm late.

JAKE

Can you take her home?

JOANNA

I've got to get to the shop. You'll have to take her home.

JAKE

All right.

They exchange an awkward kiss before Jo exits.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm going to hit the shower. You get some clothes on and I'll run you home.

SYLVIA

Okay. Jake? Thanks for letting me stay here last night.

JAKE

You're welcome. Get dressed.

SYLVIA

Yes, sir.

INT. JAKES HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Jake is in the shower.

The whole room is steamy. The door opens and closes.

JAKE

Jo? Did you forget something?

The shower curtain slides aside and Sylvia stands there, naked.

SYLVIA

I thought we might take a shower together.

Jake averts his eyes.

JAKE

What the hell? Sylvia, put some clothes on.

Sylvia steps into the shower.

SYLVIA

Why? You don't like my naked body?

JAKE

It's not that. I'm a married man!

SYLVIA

Nobody will know.

JAKE

I'll know.

SYLVIA

Come on. I like older men.

Sylvia grabs Jake's face and starts kissing him.  
He pushes her away.

JAKE

No.

SYLVIA

Come one, Jake. You were into it.

JAKE

You aren't officially eliminated as a suspect. And, as I said, I'm married. Go get dressed and I'll take you home in a few minutes.

SYLVIA

Okay, okay. You're sure?

JAKE

I'm absolutely positive!

Sylvia gets out of the shower, grabbing a towel, leaving the bathroom.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Dammit, Danny, sometimes I envy you.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM, PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

Bellamy is waiting for Jake. There's a window showing the interview room, where TONY PURDUE (27) is sitting.

BELLAMY

I got him warmed up for you.

JAKE

Gee. Thanks.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM, PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

Jake and Bellamy enter.

PURDUE

Who the hell are you?

BELLAMY

Mr. Purdue, this is Jake Moss. He's working as a consultant on another case.



PURDUE

What kind of consultant?

Jake sits across from Purdue, Bellamy going over to stand behind him.

JAKE

Mr. Purdue, I'm a private investigator, and I've been hired by a group of individuals to identify the person who murdered Mikhail Volka the night before last.

PURDUE

Mikhail's dead?

JAKE

Doesn't anybody watch the news? Yes, he's dead. Somebody shot him.

PURDUE

I ain't shot nobody.

JAKE

Then clearing this up should be really easy. Where were you night before last, around 3 a.m.?

PURDUE

I was home. In bed. Asleep.

JAKE

Were you with anybody?

PURDUE

No. I tried but I struck out.

JAKE

So you went out and scored some weed to take your problems away?

PURDUE

Hey, that weed is nothing, man. I was entrapped.

JAKE

I don't care about that. What was your beef with Volka?

PURDUE

Who told you I had a beef with Volka?

JAKE

It came up during my investigation.

PURDUE

It was a personal dispute.

JAKE

So, not business related.

PURDUE

Exactly. That's what 'personal' means.

JAKE

Sure. I can understand that.

BELLAMY

You know, Tony, as soon as the DA's office finds out I busted you, you'll be prosecuted for the weed. You already have one strike against you. Strike two, coming up.

PURDUE

What? For a little weed? What the hell?

BELLAMY

I can forget the DA's phone number if I see you cooperating with Mr. Moss, here. The weed could mysteriously disappear.

PURDUE

Because you'll sell it. Or smoke it.

BELLAMY

That homegrown crap? Are you kidding?

PURDUE

Homegrown? I'll have you know that -

-

JAKE

Hey! We are straying off point. Now, if you actually were home at the time of the shooting, we should be able to find some evidence to support that. Right, Detective Bellamy?

BELLAMY

Right.

JAKE

If we don't, then the weed is the least of your problems.

PURDUE

Okay. What do you want to know?

JAKE

What was your beef with Volka?

PURDUE

We were involved.

JAKE

Involved?

PURDUE

Yeah.

JAKE

What kind of ... Oh.

PURDUE

Yeah.

BELLAMY

Are you kidding me?

PURDUE

No, man! Hey, I was as surprised as anybody when it happened, but ... Oh, God.

JAKE

So, your relationship with Volka was sexual?

PURDUE

Say physical. Please.

JAKE

Okay. Physical. It didn't end well?

PURDUE

I wouldn't say that. It was just a one time thing.

JAKE

Yeah.

PURDUE

I think he's done that sort of thing before but it was a first for me. It was ... .

JAKE

What?

PURDUE

Nice. Really. I was surprised.

JAKE

Then he left.

PURDUE

Yeah. He left. I didn't care. I really didn't.

BELLAMY

I got to say this is pretty creative, Tony.

PURDUE

It's true. Really. I swear.

BELLAMY

So, you wanted to off him because he awakened those homosexual urges in you, right? Right?

PURDUE

No.

BELLAMY

Bullshit, Tony! You had those feelings and you were ashamed. He was walking around after having made you feel things that made you sick. You had to punish him.

PURDUE

No. No! It's not like that! What Mik and I had was nice. And that's all it was. A nice time. It didn't mean anything. He and I both knew that. So I wanted it to happen again. Is that so bad?

BELLAMY

Bullshit, Tony. Bullshit. You followed him and saw him coming out of a woman's apartment at three o'clock in the morning and it pissed you off. You got a gun and you shot him.

PURDUE

I'd never do that, even if it did piss me off. Which it wouldn't.

JAKE

When Detective Bellamy came to talk to you, you ran from him.

PURDUE

It was because of the weed.

JAKE

You know it's not enough weight to get you into serious trouble.

PURDUE

Okey. Here's the truth. I was working this side job I have.

BELLAMY

At three a.m.?

PURDUE

Yeah.

JAKE

What's the side job?

PURDUE

I was working lookout for a friend of mine.

JAKE

A drug dealing friend of yours.

PURDUE

Yeah.

JAKE

Who?

PURDUE

Billy Creed.

JAKE  
(to Bellamy)  
You know this guy?

BELLAMY  
Yeah. I've heard the name.

JAKE  
Will he verify this?

PURDUE  
What? You're going to ask a drug  
dealer if I was working for him?

JAKE  
Pretty much.

PURDUE  
You can't do that.

JAKE  
Why not?

PURDUE  
He'll kill me.

JAKE  
Maybe. Maybe not. All of this is  
off the record, isn't it,  
Detective?

BELLAMY  
Yeah. Sure is.

JAKE  
So, you'll wait right here, while  
he rounds up Mr. Creed and asks him  
about it. Okay?

PURDUE  
Like I have a choice.

Jake gets up and leaves the room, Bellamy following.

INT. OUTSIDE INTERVIEW ROOM, PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

Jake and Bellamy gather at the window.

BELLAMY  
Do you believe him?

JAKE  
I'm inclined to, yes.

BELLAMY

But you still want me to talk to Billy Creed.

JAKE

Yep.

BELLAMY

Great. A conversation with a low life drug dealer.

JAKE

Did you find O'Malley for me?

BELLAMY

I don't have to. This afternoon he'll be where he always is, every day. The Winter Pub on Broyton.

JAKE

I'll go talk to him.

BELLAMY

You'll have to do it on your own. Me and him have a personal disagreement. Sort of.

JAKE

I see. Still making friends.

BELLAMY

I'll round up Creed. You talk to O'Malley. Hopefully we can put this thing to bed soon.

JAKE

Yeah.

BELLAMY

You know, we're still a pretty good team, Jake.

JAKE

Don't be getting any ideas. We're still broke up.

BELLAMY

I'm just saying.

JAKE

Don't say it anymore.

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - FSU

Jake emerges from the precinct house.

Parked on the street in front is a dark SUV.

As Jake approaches the passenger's side window rolls down. Garrett Jones is behind the wheel -- he leans over.

JONES

Hey, Moss!

Jake glances around, sees the SUV, and comes over to the passenger's side.

JAKE

Something I can do for you, Mr. Jones? By my watch I still got some time.

JONES

Get in.

JAKE

What?

JONES

Get in. Let's talk.

Jake gets in the car and Jones pulls out into traffic.

INT./EXT. JONES'S CAR DRIVING AROUND TOWN, LATE MORNING

Traffic is light and Jones rolls up the window again as Jake buckles himself into the passenger's seat.

JAKE

Where are we going?

JONES

Nowhere in particular. I just had some thoughts I felt like sharing with you.

JAKE

What thoughts?

JONES

Cazaza killed Volka.

JAKE

Really? How do you know that?



JONES

Let's just say that I do know that.

JAKE

I can't exactly interview him, now, can I?

JONES

He probably won't wake up.

JAKE

So, I may as well pin it on him, is that what you're saying?

JONES

Why not?

JAKE

Because he may not be the one who did it.

JONES

Who cares? If it wasn't him it was one of the other low life thugs.

JAKE

Why do you care?

JONES

We need for the dust to settle. You pin this on Cazaza, everything goes back to normal.

JAKE

I see.

JONES

And when you give me the info I need we can start making arrests.

JAKE

So, we're back in this fantasy world of yours where I roll over on my clients.

JONES

It's a beautiful thing, isn't it?

JAKE

See, there's one little snag in your scenario. Other than I won't violate privilege.

JONES

What?

JAKE

I'm not sure Cazaza did it.

JONES

So?

JAKE

It matters, Mr. Jones. I'm sorry,  
but it does.

JONES

You're a real pain in the ass,  
Moss.

JAKE

So I've heard. You can drop me off  
on Broyton.

JONES

Am I your fucking taxi service?

JAKE

You're the one who insisted on  
picking me up and driving me  
around.

EXT. CORNER OF BROYTON AND GAINES STREET, IN FRONT OF THE  
WINTER PUB - DAY

The SUV pulls up and Jake gets out.

Jones peels out.

Jake stops and stands in front of The Winter Pub.

It's a small place, with shamrocks and leprechauns on the  
front facade.

Irish folk music can be heard playing on the inside.

Jake goes in.

Another SUV parks on the street nearby, driven by Agent Li,  
who sits and watches the pub.

INT. THE WINTER PUB - DAY

It's dark and smoky inside.

There are a couple of people sitting at the bar, which is being tended by a young woman.

Sitting in a booth at the back is TONY O'MALLEY (59, Irish). Sitting across from him is Hector Gutierrez, who turns to glance at Jake before turning back to face O'Malley.

Jake pauses as O'Malley and Gutierrez have a whispered conversation.

Gutierrez downs the last of his coffee and gets up, shaking O'Malley's hand before heading for the door.

GUTIERREZ

Señor Moss.

JAKE

Señor Gutierrez.

Jake watches him leave before going on back.

He stands at the side of the booth while O'Malley looks him over.

O'Malley finally nods at the now empty seat in front of him.

Jake sits, pushing the empty coffee cup and saucer to the side.

O'MALLEY

Well, if it isn't the famous Jake Moss.

JAKE

Famous?

O'MALLEY

Yeah. Heard of you, Mr. Moss.

JAKE

What was Hector Gutierrez doing here?

O'MALLEY

That would be none of your business.

JAKE

Right. Okay. So, I guess you know why I'm here?

O'MALLEY

You want to talk to me about Volka.

JAKE

Yeah.

O'MALLEY

Let's go somewhere more private.

O'Malley gets up, gesturing that Jake should follow him, as they go towards the back of the pub.

INT. BACK OFFICE OF THE WINTER PUB - DAY

The back office is tiny.

There are a couple of beat up filing cabinets, a small safe, a few old chairs, and a cluttered desk.

Sitting behind the desk is JERRY (38) who glances at O'Malley, gets up and leaves, closing the door behind him.

O'Malley goes over to one of the file cabinets and opens a drawer, taking out a bottle of Scotch and a pair of glasses.

O'MALLEY

You want a taste, Mr. Moss? It's the good stuff. Not that crap they sell at the bar.

JAKE

No, thank you.

O'MALLEY

Suit yourself.

O'Malley pours himself a drink and takes the bottle and the glass over to the desk, settling into the chair Jerry had been occupying, leaning back in it and looking Jake over.

He downs the drink and pours another one.

JAKE

You know why I'm here, you said.

O'MALLEY

Yeah. Hector mentioned what you were doing.

JAKE

Why would you be considered a suspect in the murder of Mikhail Volka?

O'MALLEY

I don't know who decided I was a suspect but I can only assume it involved the money.

JAKE

Money?

O'MALLEY

I lost a substantial sum in an investment Mikhail talked me into making a few months ago.

JAKE

How substantial?

O'MALLEY

Very.

JAKE

So, you were pissed about that?

O'MALLEY

Not really. Mikhail was up-front with me about how risky this investment was. He never bull-shitted anybody. He lost money, too. Almost as much as me.

JAKE

Are you sure?

O'MALLEY

I'm sure. I had it looked into.

JAKE

I'm sorry, Mr. O'Malley, but that seems unlikely.

O'MALLEY

I can't help how it seems to you. We went into a business venture as partners and it wound up not paying off like we'd hoped. We lost our investment. We moved on. End of story.

JAKE

I still don't --

O'MALLEY

It would have been different if he'd lied to me, or exaggerated our chances.

(MORE)

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

If he'd done that I would have been quite upset at him. But he didn't. So, I was prepared for the event of the venture failing.

JAKE

You didn't want to take it out of his hide?

O'MALLEY

No. Mikhail was good at this sort of thing. Granted, this particular venture didn't pay off, but he's made some other calls that provided his investors substantial payouts. I was flattered that he came to me to offer me a chance to buy in. If I hurt him, I doubt he'd come back to me when something else was cooking.

JAKE

What sort of deal was it? Can you give me any clues, at least?

O'MALLEY

No. Sorry. I understand why you think I may have done it, Mr. Moss. But I didn't.

JAKE

Where were you the night it happened?

O'MALLEY

I was at home, with my wife. We are baby-sitting my granddaughter. My daughter and son-in-law are out of town for a few days.

JAKE

You could have had one of your people do it.

O'MALLEY

Sure. But I didn't.

JAKE

Maybe one of them thought they were doing you a favor.

O'MALLEY

My people don't make a move without me okaying it first.

JAKE

Are you sure about that?

O'MALLEY

I'm sure.

JAKE

Really?

O'MALLEY

That's why Hector was here. He'd already approached my people and they turned him down because he didn't clear it with me first.

JAKE

So, you were turning him down?

O'MALLEY

Yes.

JAKE

Mind telling me why?

O'MALLEY

I'll tell you this because you've been polite and haven't wasted my time. He said he's having problems getting his people here quickly. He wants soldiers.

JAKE

Soldiers? Shit.

O'MALLEY

It's about to get rough out there, I think.

JAKE

Sounds like it.

O'MALLEY

One more thing. You used to be partners with Bellamy?

JAKE

Yeah. Back when I was a detective. Which I'm not, anymore.

O'MALLEY

Don't trust that bastard. He's got nothing inside. I'm sure you know that, but maybe you need to be reminded.

JAKE

Trust me, Mr. O'Malley. If there's anybody on this earth who doesn't need to be reminded about that, it's me.

EXT. THE WINTER PUB - DAY

Jake comes out of the pub and his cell phone rings. Jake answers it.

JAKE

Jake Moss.

BELLAMY (O. S.)

Hi, Jake. It's Danny.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE SQUAD ROOM, LATE MORNING

Bellamy is at his desk.

The room is not all that busy, with a few other detectives and uniformed officers milling around, taking reports, talking on the phone, or just hanging out.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

JAKE

What's up?

BELLAMY

I rounded up Creed. He cleared Purdue.

JAKE

Damn.

BELLAMY

How did it go with O'Malley?

JAKE

I haven't verified it yet but I think he's in the clear. He's a big fan of yours, by the way.

BELLAMY

So he told me, last time we met. Where are we?

JAKE

It looks like we're all out of suspects.



BELLAMY

Are you sure? I think Cazaza's alibi is still shaky. And you haven't verified O'Malley's yet.

JAKE

I'm pretty sure. We're all out of Tonys. I need to talk to Tavella again.

BELLAMY

Why?

JAKE

I want to go over the night it happened.

BELLAMY

He's already told you everything.

JAKE

No, he told you everything.

BELLAMY

What difference does it make?

JAKE

Just set it up, Danny. The sooner the better. You understand?

BELLAMY

Understood.

JAKE

Have him go to wherever he was when he was on the phone with Volka. If he forgot to mention anything maybe it'll jog his memory.

Jake disconnects the call, and puts the phone in his pocket.

He notices Agent Li across the street, watching him.

EXT. PINTER STREET - DAY

The scene has been taped off again, with a couple of uniformed officers keeping back curious passersby. Jake and Bellamy are standing at the spot where Volka's body was found.

BELLAMY

Okay. We're here. Now what?

Jake takes out his cell phone and makes a call.

INT. TAVELLA'S STUDY - DAY

Tavella is sitting with Constantine and Gutierrez when his own cell phone rings. He answers it.

TAVELLA  
Yeah? Jake, that you?

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

JAKE  
Yeah, it's me. So, tell me exactly what happened.

TAVELLA  
Volka was telling me that this individual we were about to enter into a business relationship with wasn't as reluctant as he was making himself out to be.

JAKE  
Who was this individual?

TAVELLA  
He didn't say. Just that he was on his way to talk with him about it.

JAKE  
It was three a.m. Did he say where he was going?

TAVELLA  
No. Only that the guy was partying with some girls and he was going to talk to him.

JAKE  
Damn. Damn. Okay ... So, he was walking down the street. He unlocked his car, right?

TAVELLA  
Right. I heard the alarm squawk.

JAKE  
Anything else?

TAVELLA  
Oh, yeah. Thunder. Lots of thunder.

JAKE

Yeah, it was just before that big storm.

TAVELLA

Then the lights went out.

JAKE

Yeah. Danny, how long were the lights out that night?

BELLAMY

Uh, twelve minutes.

JAKE

Twelve minutes. I must have been as dark as a politician's soul.

BELLAMY

Yeah. So?

JAKE

So? How did he know the person coming towards him was Tony?

TAVELLA

What?

BELLAMY

What?

JAKE

Look.

Jake goes to where the shooter was standing.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Danny, you stand over there, where Voka was. Now, imagine it's really dark. Just a little bit of light from emergency lights, and from Volka's phone. And flashing lightning, too.

BELLAMY

Damn. You're right.

TAVELLA

What?

JAKE

Maybe we've been wrong about this all along. Maybe Volka just thought it was somebody named Tony.

BELLAMY  
Because he wouldn't be able to see  
them very clearly.

JAKE  
Yes.

TAVELLA  
I'll be damned.

JAKE  
He'd only be able to an outline  
silhouette. So, it'll be somebody  
who resembles one of our suspects  
in the dark.

He turns to see Agent Li, sitting in her SUV, watching.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Jesus Fucking Christ.

TAVELLA  
What? What is it? You figured it  
out?

JAKE  
I'll call you back.

TAVELLA  
What? You better --

EXT. PINTER STREET - DAY

Jake disconnects the call, and turns to Danny.

JAKE  
Wait here. Don't go anywhere until  
I call you. Okay?

BELLAMY  
What are you --

JAKE  
Don't go anywhere. Stay right here.

BELLAMY  
Okay, okay. Fine. I'll wait here.

Jake walks away from Danny towards Li's car, making another  
call.

JAKE

(on phone)

Hey, April, it's Jake. Yeah, I know you're busy but this won't wait. No, I'm okay, Jo's okay. I just need you to listen and do what I say. Please? There is a guy under arrest at the police station named Albert Marley. I want you to represent him. He's got information the Feds want really bad, and I don't think he knows it. Go talk to him then call the Justice Department and cut a deal. Oh, they will. Trust me. Just mention that he was working with Mikhail Volka. Yeah, the guy who was shot. Marley. Albert Marley. Hurry. His life is in danger. You need to go now. Now, April. Please. Thank you.

He disconnects the call and walks over to Agent Li's car. She rolls down her window.

LI WEN

Something I can do for you, Mr. Moss?

JAKE

Yeah. Take me to your leader.

She unlocks the door and he goes over to the passenger's side and gets in.

INT. GARRETT JONES'S OFFICE - DAY

The door is ajar and Jones is sitting at his desk.

Li raps on the door, and she and Jake enter.

JONES

Well, Mr. Moss. Have you reconsidered?

JAKE

No. Nothing like that.

LI WEN

Reconsidered what?

JAKE

Your boss encouraged me to frame Tony Cazaza.

LI WEN

What?

JONES

It's not a frame if he actually committed the crime.

JAKE

For someone who is such a stickler for honesty you really wanted to play fast-and-loose with this one. I was wondering why.

JONES

It's no secret I hated Volka. Son of a bitch belonged in prison.

JAKE

But he got away from you.

JONES

Because he had the prime witness against him murdered. I know it.

JAKE

He was smart, too, wasn't he?

JONES

So? He'd be bound to screw up at some point.

JAKE

Maybe. Maybe not. You're kind of built like Tony Cazaza, aren't you?

JONES

Am I? Why?

JAKE

So much so that, in the dark, someone who knew Cazaza might mistake you for him.

JONES

What are you saying?

LI WEN

Right, Jake, what are you saying?

JAKE

Where were you that night, Garrett? I'll answer that for you. You were here, until two fifty a.m.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

I checked the sign-in book while I was signing in. Burning the midnight oil, I guess, right?

LI WEN

Garrett? What --

JONES

I had to make some overseas calls. Besides, that sign-in book doesn't mean shit.

JAKE

Maybe not, but coupled with footage from the security cams in the lobby I'm sure we can establish your personal time-line. Why did you do it?

JONES

I didn't! Jesus fucking Christ, Moss! I'm a US Attorney!

JAKE

You hated him, and you knew that if something happened to him this fragile alliance all of the gangs had established would collapse. They'd all blame each other. And that's exactly what's happening now, isn't it?

JONES

It would have happened anyway. These people are violent, and dangerous, and stupid.

JAKE

Volka wasn't. Volka was smart. And charismatic. He was like a celebrity in the underworld, wasn't he?

JONES

What --

JAKE

Where's his watch, Garret? Is it here, in the office? Or is it in your house somewhere?

JONES

You can't get a search warrant for a US Attorney's office.

JAKE

So, it's in here somewhere, isn't it? Your little trophy.

JONES

Oh, for Christ's sake ... .

Jones opens his desk drawer and reaches inside. Li Wen quickly draws her pistol and points it at him.

LI WEN

Hold it, Garrett. Don't move.

JONES

What the fuck, Wen?

LI WEN

Just slowly take your hand out of the drawer, okay? Please?

Jones does as she says.

She gets up and goes over to his side of the desk and reaches into the drawer, taking out Volka's watch and dropping it on the desktop.

Then, she carefully takes out a thirty-eight snub-nose revolver and shows it to Jake.

JONES

There. Happy now?

LI WEN

Why, Garrett?

JONES

That son of a bitch was going to get diplomatic immunity. I saw the paperwork he'd submitted to the Russian diplomatic service. We'd never be able to touch him. Goddammit, Wen, he was going to be walking around out there, free as a bird, and we couldn't do a thing about it! I was here waiting to hear from our embassy in Moscow, and at two-thirty in the morning I got the call, confirming it. He'd bribed his way into the Russian diplomatic corps. I saw his car parked on the street before, so I went down there and waited. I just wanted to look at that son-of-a-bitch. I just wanted to see him.

(MORE)



JONES (CONT'D)

I wasn't planning to do anything to him. Then I saw him swaggering down the street in his fancy clothes, getting into his fancy car, that stupid watch flashing in the light ... . Then power went off. I took it as a sign from God.

LI WEN

My God. Oh, my God, Garrett.

Jake takes out his phone and makes another call.

JAKE

Danny? Come down to the US Attorney's office. We have a collar for you.

INT. FRANK'S NOTORIOUS CAFE - DAY

Jake is in a booth, sipping coffee, reading the newspaper.

The headline is US ATTORNEY ARRESTED FOR PINTER STREET MURDER but Jake's reading the sports section.

The picture on the front page is of Danny leading Jones on a perp walk.

Li Wen enters with Albert Marley, who is being trailed by two burly FEDERAL MARSHALS.

Agent Li and Marley slide into the booth across from Jake. The marshals stand nearby.

JAKE

Well. How is the new marriage going?

LI WEN

Great. Mr. Marley, here, has given us a lot of information that has proven to be extremely useful. We'll be making arrests for a long time.

MARLEY

Provided I live long enough to testify.

LI WEN

You're going into witness protection.

(MORE)

LI WEN (CONT'D)

Not even Victor Constantine will be able to find you.

MARLEY

I hope you're right. Could I have a minute, here, Agent Li?

LI WEN

Sure.

Li gets up and stands with the marshals.

MARLEY

Thanks for getting April to represent me. She's a bulldog.

JAKE

That she is.

MARLEY

Yeah. I owe you one. Speaking of that ... not that you asked, but I did a little checking last night. Your credit rating sucks.

JAKE

I know.

MARLEY

I can fix that for you.

JAKE

Really? You ... you know what, thanks, but no.

MARLEY

It's no trouble. It'll only take an hour or so, once I get on my laptop.

JAKE

Thanks for the offer, Albert, but no.

MARLEY

Okay. Well, thank you. For everything.

Marley extends a hand and Jake shakes it.

JAKE

It was my pleasure. Stick to the straight and narrow from now on, okay?

MARLEY

Oh, sure. Count on it.

Marley gets up and walks over to the Marshals, who escort him out of the diner. Li comes over to sit with Jake.

JAKE

Who was the guy you had on the inside?

LI WEN

Benny.

JAKE

The guy who was sitting outside the hotel suite when I met with the bosses?

LI WEN

Yes. Tavella's bodyguard.

JAKE

Damn.

LI WEN

He's out now. Between him and Albert we've got a lot to work with. Garrett's replacement is going to be busy getting indictments.

JAKE

Good.

LI WEN

Garrett sends his regards.

JAKE

I'm glad he's thinking of me.

LI WEN

He admires you a lot.

The waitress comes by with her coffee pot to freshen Jake's cup.

She holds up the pot to Li Wen.

JAKE

She won't be staying.

WAITRESS

Okay. Let me know if you change your mind.

The waitress leaves.

LI WEN

Heroes are so disappointing when you meet them in person, aren't they?

JAKE

That's because they're human.

LI WEN

Yeah. Well, thanks for letting me be in on the collar. I think.

JAKE

It was my pleasure. I guess.

LI WEN

This is goodbye for me. I'm being promoted. Transferring to the DC office.

JAKE

Congratulations.

LI WEN

I guess I owe you one.

JAKE

Why don't we just call it even?

LI WEN

Jake.

She reaches over and shakes Jake's hand, then gets up and leaves.

Jake picks up his paper again and reads for a moment before looking at his cell phone.

He eyes the front page, with the headline and picture of Jones with Bellamy.

Finally he puts down his paper picks up the phone and makes a call.

JAKE

Jo? Why don't you come by the diner? Let me buy you breakfast.

FADE OUT