A Cool State of Blood

An Original Screeplay by

Garner Simmons

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The HIGH-Pitched WHINE of a sports car automatically down-shifting as it races through the night.

FADE IN:

EXT. A TREE-LINED ROAD - NIGHT

Headlights cut through the darkness as the 6-speed, supercharged AJ-V8 --

SILVER JAGUAR XKR-S

Comes STRAIGHT OVER CAMERA, gearbox screaming.

EXT. CHESTNUT HILL -- GATED PRIVATE DRIVE - NIGHT

The WHIR of a remote controlled VIDEO CAMERA mounted above the stone wall as it swivels to pick up --

THE JAG

Racing up. Driver's side window gliding down. Behind the wheel, a strikingly attractive woman --

KATHRYN CROMWELL

Late 20's. Ash blonde hair in a French twist. Reaching out she enters a sequence of numbers on the keypad.

Slowly, the black wrought-iron gates electronically open.

Gunning the engine, she heads the XKR up the long drive leading to the house beyond. A glimpse of her vanity PLATE: 1HOT1

For a moment, the CAMERA lingers. Then just before the taillights disappear --

A FIGURE

DASHES OUT OF THE DARKNESS. Seems to slip through the gates before they close. So fast, we can't be sure...

EXT. CROMWELL HOUSE - NIGHT

The garage door is already rising as the Jag rolls up the drive and into its space. As the door automatically lowers --
INT. CROMWELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Area lights dramatically illuminate the interior as she enters. Moving from room to room --

KATHRYN

Kicks off her shoes, unzips her dress. Tossing her purse on a side table, she heads upstairs.

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Her dress falls to the floor. Bra-less now, in stockings, a garter belt and panties --

SUDDENLY A SOUND

Arrests her attention. Breaking glass...? She listens intently for a long beat, then grabs her robe.

At the bedroom door, she stops to listen. The SOUND of a footstep... or was it?

She hesitates, then cautiously descends the stairs. But as she reaches the bottom --

A LARGE MAN IN A STOCKING MASK

Grabs her from behind. Features distorted by nylon mesh.

KATHRYN

No...!

Grappling in the darkness, she pulls free. Up the stairs, three at a time. She makes it to --

THE MASTER BEDROOM

And tries to shut the door.

But he's already there, forcing his way inside. Roughly grabbing her, he throws her on the bed.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

Stop... Don't...

Straddling her body, he pins her to the bed as he rips open her robe exposing her.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

No...!

SMASH CUT TO:
EXT. A RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Illuminating the trees on either side --

THE SILVER JAG

Races up a lonely road. Not another car in sight. As it flashes past HOLD ON --

SIGN: "JCT 8 - 1 MILE"

ON TWO-LANE ASPHALT - UNSEEN DRIVER'S P.O.V.

Trees flying by as 100 yards ahead an opening appears off to the left. The Jaguar corners hard onto a rutted --

DIRT ROAD

Avoiding the worst, the Jag bounces along until its headlights catch a BARRIER WITH A SIGN:

"WARNING - QUARRY - NO TRESPASSING"

A rusted marker from a bygone time. Swerving right --

THE JAG

Plows through a thicket of nettles, making a passageway where none existed before returning to the road on the far side.

Suddenly the trees drop away. Headlights rake off into empty space. Braking hard the UNSEEN DRIVER skids to a stop.

HIGH ANGLE ON JAG AT QUARRY'S EDGE

Headlights on, engine still running. TWIN SHAFTS of light cut through the FALLING SNOW.

Suddenly a SHADOW slips past. Then another. An eerie cry --

BLACK CROWS

Circling like dark angels through the dust of snow.

TIGHT ON THE JAG'S GEARSHIFT

As a cotton cord loops around it.

TIGHT ON GAS PEDAL

As it's forced to the floor, held down by a metal rod. The ENGINE RACES, all 8 cylinders in perfect harmony.

THE JAG - MULTIPLE ANGLES
As the UNSEEN DRIVER pulls the cord dropping the gearshift into DRIVE, the car ROARS OFF INTO SPACE.

FALLING IN SLOW MOTION

Headlights arcing through the snow, descending into the rock strewn pit 300 feet below.

At last it hits the quarry floor, gastank EXPLODING ON IMPACT... As a fireball rises into the night sky...

EXT. A STAND OF BIRCH - NIGHT

A half moon casts just enough light on the newly fallen snow to reveal an unmarked ski trail.

TITLE OVER:  TEN MONTHS LATER

From somewhere in the darkness, the SOUND of skis cutting through the crusted snow. After a beat, a man --

DESMOND RIORDAN (45)

Emerges from the darkened woods. Cross-country skiing in the dark, his frozen breath billows like smoke.

CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM... through the forest, past a small ice-choked lake. He moves like a man on a mission.

In the distance, a neon sign. As he skis closer, the words come into focus -- "BROCKDORFF'S - COLD BEER."

EXT. BROCKDORFF'S STORE - NIGHT

Just off the interstate. An old fashioned general store, it carries everything from groceries to canned heat.

INT. BROCKDORFF'S STORE - NIGHT

Behind the counter, an older woman, TRUDY BROCKDORFF, watches the SIXERS take their lumps as Riordan enters.

TRUDY
Damn, they need a power forward...
Playin' like pansies...

Beside her, her grandson CHARLIE, 10, a Down's syndrome child, stares unblinking at the TV.

RIORDAN
Trudy... Hey there, Charlie...

Hearing Riordan's voice, Charlie turns and comes running to give him a hug.
CHARLIE
Roy-Dan...!

RIORDAN
(hugging him back)
How's it going, kiddo...?

TRUDY
Timberwolves kickin' the kapok outta 'em... Philadelphia Seventy-sissies.

Coming over, she takes Charlie by the hand as Riordan strips off his backpack, then picks up a grocery basket.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
(re: game)
Ever since they lost Littlewhyte...
Can't control the boards.
(guiding Charlie back to the TV)
Gotta call from the Cumberland Commission. Want me to bring Charlie. Come down to Philly and testify.

Prowling the store, Riordan picks up food and supplies.

RIORDAN
How's his mom?

TRUDY
Still the same. Never gonna get better. A stroke at 29. Doctors don't even know what caused it much less the cure. But I know... Toxic run-off. It's in the ground water. I told her to move back here after Charlie was born. She wouldn't listen. Liked being close to the big city. Too smart for her own damn good. Oughta change the state slogan: "Welcome to Pennsylvania, America Dumps Here." Did you know we're number one in toxic discharges...?

RIORDAN
Is that right...?

TRUDY
You bet. I've been readin' up...

She starts ringing up his purchases.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Somebody in here earlier lookin' for you. City fella...
RIORDAN
Tell him where to find me?

TRUDY
Nope...

RIORDAN
(re: groceries)
What's the damage?

TRUDY
Thirty-two, ninety-six.

Riordan counts out the bills. Trudy collects them.

RIORDAN
Thanks for the heads-up.

TRUDY
Not my pig, not my farm...

Securing his backpack, Riordan collects his change.

RIORDAN
See you, Charlie...

Charlie's gaze never wavers from the TV. Trudy joins him, punching up the sound as Riordan exits.

TRUDY
(at TV)
Don't pass the damn ball, you turkey...! Shoot...!

EXT. RIORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Skiing out of the treeline --

RIORDAN

Reaches home -- a single-story, weathered clapboard affair with a shake-shingle roof. Gliding past --

A STONE WELL

He removes his backpack and unstraps his skis. Scooping up a handful of snow, he makes a snowball as he pivots.

Then leaping skyward, he lets it fly. Arcing through the blue-black night, the snowball disappears down the well.

BRAGG (O.S.)
Nice shot...

Caught be surprise, Riordan spins to find --
DAVID BRAGG

Stepping from a midnight blue BMW parked in the shadows.

BRAGG (CONT'D)
Desmond Riordan...?

Riordan doesn't answer.

BRAGG (CONT'D)
You're a hard man to track down.

RIORDAN
According to who...?

BRAGG
Among other people, your ex-wife. We've been trying to reach you for the past three weeks...

RIORDAN
Who's "we"?

Taking a card from his overcoat, he offers it to Riordan.

BRAGG
David Bragg, District Attorney for Philadelphia...

Riordan makes no move to take the card. There's clearly something about Bragg he doesn't like.

RIORDAN
Not interested.

Bragg withdraws the card. Slips it back in his pocket.

BRAGG
Actually, it's about a case we've got pending -- a bodiless murder...

The words "bodiless murder" catch Riordan's attention. He tries not to show it. Stacks his skis beside the door.

RIORDAN
Cromwell...

BRAGG
Right. You've been following it... good. I wasn't sure if it made the news out here.

RIORDAN
Bodiless murder's tough to prove.
Almost impossible... Except you did it. Commonwealth versus Breedlaw.

Fifteen years ago... and I was wrong.

Listen, maybe we could go inside instead of freezing our balls off out here...

I think that only applies if you've got balls to begin with.

Are you always this big an asshole?

We've got nothing to talk about.

Okay. Then just listen. Marcus Littlewhyte's a basketball player. With a history of violence...

When you're a power forward in the NBA, that's what they pay you for.

Accused of date rape in college. Never prosecuted. The girl refused to pres charges. Two girlfriends and an ex-wife claim he was physically abusive. When he played for Utah, he attacked one of the assistants. To avoid another Latrell Spreewell, they handled it sub rosa and traded him to the Sixers...

Circumstantial... inadmissible.

What I'm saying is, we've already done the heavy lifting. What I need is a "closer." The case is an ironclad, slam-dunk winner...

Then you try it.
Bragg
I am. But I could use a prosecutor with experience -- your kind of experience. Everyone still talks about Breedlaw. You were brilliant.

Riordan
I was full of shit.

Bragg
A capital conviction without a body.

Riordan
And without the truth.

Bragg
What difference does that make?

Riordan
The evidence was tainted...

Bragg
Who knew? The important thing is, you convinced a jury to convict without a body. The point is, you won.

Riordan
No. The point is, I no longer practice law, I teach it. Now if you're done, I've got class in the morning.

Bragg
Listen, I've already spoken to the school. You're up for sabbatical at the end of the term.

Riordan
That's after Christmas. You go to trial in two weeks.

Bragg
We can get a postponement. I'll speak to the judge. Together we can win this.

Riordan
No "we" can't... because I won't.

Bragg
But Litlewhyte's guilty. We've got opportunity... motive... witnesses who saw them together. Forensics... everything...
RIORDAN
Except the body...

BRAGG
Fuck the body...

RIORDAN
Funny, but I don't remember "corpus delicti" translating that way.

BRAGG
Very clever... What's your problem?

RIORDAN
Guys like you. You don't give a shit about justice. All you want is a conviction. Something to impress the voters. What do you want out of this... run for Governor?

BRAGG
(finally losing it)
Hey, you know what...? Fuck you. I came here to give you a shot -- a ticket back from oblivion. Because you used to be the best. But I guess that's the operative phrase here: "used to be."

RIORDAN
As in: the law "used to be" an honorable profession... until they let pricks like you practice. Tough on crime sounds good. Especially if you're ambitious. You're such a hardcase you can probably crack walnuts with your asshole.

BRAGG
Obviously I've made a mistake. Whatever you had 15 years ago is gone.

RIORDAN
Just like Niki Breedlaw.

Turning Bragg moves his car. Climbing in, he slams the door behind him and drives off. HOLD on Riordan.

INT. RIORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A large open room heated by a Franklin stove serves as both kitchen and workspace. A bedroom door stands to one side.

No sign of a woman's touch. The room has a sense of order about it. Bookshelves line the walls. The desk is clean.
Putting away the last of the groceries, Riordan uncorks a bottle of Jameson and pours himself a stiff drink.

Taking a sip of the Irish, he crosses to the far bookshelf and takes down a filebox --

"COMMONWEALTH V. BREEDLAW"

Setting it on the table, he opens the box and stares at its contents -- a dozen file folders:

"Evidence" "Forensics" "Opening Argument" "Jury Profiles" "Witnesses" "Cross Exam" "Mitigation" "Closing" etc.

A newspaper clipping with a PHOTO OF TWO WOMEN slips out -- he picks it up.

The headline reads: "Breedlaw Pleads Innocent. Victim's Body Still Missing."

TIGHT ON PHOTO - NIKI BREEDLAW and MICHELE RYERSON

Two attractive young women pose together like lovers.

As Riordan stares at the photo --

EXT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE CENTER, PHILADELPHIA - DAY

State-of-the-art. Across the square from City Hall.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

14 JURORS along with JUDGE ANITA CRUZ listen intently as Defense Attorney --

MADELYNE ALEXANDER (30)

Makes her case. Dressed in a dark suit, hair cut short, she is questioning a bearded, 45 year-old man --

HARLEN WYKERT

An expert in digital imaging and enhancement. She hands him a photograph.

MADDY
(re: photo)
And so Mr. Wykert, will you please identify this for the court.

WYKERT
Yes. It's an enlargement of the video enhanced image I made from the surveillance camera of the robbery at the Quick-Stop Convenience Mart.
The defendant, JORGE RODRIGUEZ, a Latino in his mid-20's, twists in his seat.

MADDY
Let the record show that the witness has identified Defense exhibit number seven. And exactly what did your video enhancement reveal that we couldn't see before?

WYKERT
A skull-shaped tattoo on the back of the hand holding the gun.

Taking the photo, Maddy steps to the jury, showing them the photo a TATTOOED HAND holding a gun.

MADDY
Thank you...

She nods to Rodriguez who holds up his hands so that the jury can see the backs of both.

MADDY (CONT'D)
As you can see, my client has no such tattoo. Nor has he ever had a tattoo on either hand... No further questions.

Returning the photo to CLERK, she steps to the defense table as the assistant District Attorney, a large black man named --

CHARLES KINGMAN
Rises and approaches Wykert. Razor sharp, he gets right to the point.

KINGMAN
Mr. Wykert, this tattoo, would you say it looked like this...?

He holds out his own hand so Wykert can see --

TIGHT ON BACK OF KINGMAN'S HAND - A SKULL-SHAPED TATTOO

Surprised, Wykert nods.

WYKERT
Why yes, that's exactly what it looked like.

Reacting, Maddy glances at Rodriguez who averts his eyes.

KINGMAN
And if I were to take a little alcohol and rub it like this...
Taking an alcohol swab, Kingman vigorously rubs the back of his hand so that the tattoo... DISAPPEARS!

**KINGMAN (CONT'D)**
The tattoo would no longer be visible, would it?

**WYKERT**
No... it wouldn't.

Reaching into his pocket, Kingman takes out **APPLIQUE** containing yet **ANOTHER SKULL TATTOO** just like the first.

**KINGMAN**
If the Court pleases, the Commonwealth would like to enter exhibit eight -- a temporary tattoo identical to the one seen on the hand of the accused and captured on video during the course of the robbery. Cost: five dollars at any one of a dozen specialty shops in the greater Philadelphia area. No further questions, Your Honor.

With smug look, Kingman meets Maddy with an even stare as he strides back to the prosecution table. Stunned --

**MADDY**
Shoots her client a look as Judge Cruz clears her throat.

**JUDGE CRUZ**
Ms. Alexander...?

**MADDY**
Nothing further, Your Honor. The defense rests.

**JUDGE CRUZ**
Very well. Witness is excused. Given the lateness of the hour, court will adjourn until nine o'clock tomorrow morning. At which time, I will expect closing arguments.

Striking the gavel, she collects her papers.

**CRIER**
All rise...

Rising as the Judge heads to her chambers, Maddy speaks quietly to her client out of the corner of her mouth.
MADY
The video -- when we ran it, you said you thought there was something on the back of his hand...? You knew.

The jury is ushered out. Rodriguez looks at Maddy.

RODRIGUEZ
So I took a shot... Who cares...?

MADY
I do.

As two Sheriff's Deputies escort Rodriguez back to his cell, HOLD on Maddy.

EXT. HOUSE OF CORRECTIONS - EXERCISE YARD - DAY

It's cold. An early snow drifts down through the gathering dusk as --

MARCUS LITLEWHYTE
Stands shooting hoops. 6'10", 240. Othello with a jumpshot. His reputation precedes him.

Fifty prisoners -- BLACK, WHITE, YELLOW and BROWN -- mill around in what passes for exercise. To one side --

THREE BLACK GANGBANGERS - DEREK, JETER and RONEL
All physically imposing yet clearly no match for Littlewhyte one-on-one. They eye him.

DEREK
Hey Littlewhyte...

Littlewhyte says nothing. Shoots then rebounds the ball.

JETER
Yo... Niggah! We talkin' to you...!

RONEL
Think you still humpin' some rich bitch

The others laugh. Littlewhyte puts up another shot.

DEREK
That it...? Think your dick's some kinda magic wand...?

More laughter. At the same time, across the yard --

A DOZEN SKINHEADS
Watch with interest as —

DEREK

Grabs the ball. At six-four, he's still half-a-head shorter.

DEREK (CONT'D)
You dissin' me, boy?

As Litlewhyte reaches for the ball Derek passes it to Ronel.

DEREK (CONT'D)
This ain't the 'hood. This is the Block. Play or pay... you dig what I'm sayin'?

RONEL
Hey magic dick...! You hear da man?

Suddenly, they are on him. Big and strong with a taste for inflicting pain —

LITLEWHYTE

Gives better than he gets. Blood splatters bright red against the fallen snow. Somewhere a SIREN SOUNDS.

Across the yard, the Skinheads begin to shout and whistle as the GUARDS wade in —

INT. RIORDAN'S HOUSE — NIGHT

In the corner, an older 35 inch television is tuned to the 10 O'Clock News with JIM CARTWRIGHT as —

RIORDAN

Enters with an armload of firewood.

CARTWRIGHT
(on TV)
...And finally in tonight's news, we turn our attention to Philadelphia where a highly controversial murder trial is about to begin. The accused, former Philadelphia Seventy-Sixer Marcus Litlewhyte, is charged with the alleged rape-murder of prominent socialite, Kathryn Cromwell. Once a first round draft pick, Mr. Litlewhyte has had a troubled career...

ANGLE ON RIORDAN

Dropping the wood beside the stove, he kneels to tend the fire inside. The TV continues to play in the b.g.
CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Rumors connecting him to gambling and organized crime persist. And despite an annual salary reported to be in the high seven-figures, he surprised everyone by filing what's called a "pauper's oath" stating that he's indigent and asking for a court appointed attorney. Clearly not the Dream Team. Currently, Littlewhyte is being held without bail and in isolation following an incident that left three prisoners hospitalized. With us tonight, is the Reverend Al Sharpton...

On the TV, Cartwright's image is replaced by REVEREND AL SHARPTON JR., who is obviously speaking from another location.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)
Who comes to us from WHYY in Philadelphia. Reverend Sharpton, welcome. You've been meeting with leaders of the African-American community in an effort to head off violence before it starts. Can you give us your assessment of the situation?

Flipping the latch on the loading door, Riordan takes a poker and stirs the embers.

REV. SHARPTON
Thank you, Jim. As you know, this has been a case filled with contradictions. Despite a multimillion dollar contract to play for the Sixers, the minute Marcus Littlewhyte was arrested and charged with murder, they suspend him without pay. He leaves the state to go visit his mother, he's rearrested and his bail's revoked. I ask you: what's wrong with this picture? If the situation were reversed -- if a black woman from North Philadelphia were missing and presumed murdered, and the police had circumstantial evidence linking her with a white athlete of Marcus Littlewhyte's caliber, do you honestly believe he'd be arrested and charged with murder? Or would it just fall between the cracks as another unsolved inner city crime?
CARTWRIGHT
You're saying Marcus Littlewhyte is innocent.

Tossing several new logs on the fire, Riordan shuts the door, fiddling with the latch until it catches.

REV. SHARPTON
No, I'm saying that no matter who America elects President, we're still a racist nation. A man's supposed to be innocent until proven guilty. Marcus Littlewhyte happens to be a black man who has had the audacity to make a lot of money and who has dated white women. In other words, he has dared to act like a white man. But the truth is, he is just a man.

CARTWRIGHT
What about the charges of spousal abuse and the incident in which he allegedly assaulted an assistant coach at Utah?

REV. SHARPTON
Hearsay and completely irrelevant. We are simply asking that justice be applied equally under the law regardless of whether you're black or white, red or yellow, man or woman, old or young, Republican or Democrat, rich or poor, well-known or unknown. This must not become a trial of rumors. Unfortunately, the system has already convicted him. It's not a trial, it's a lynching. And as concerned citizens we must raise our voices against it.

CARTWRIGHT
Reverend Sharpton, as always, thank you for being with us this evening. And that's it for the News Hour...

Riordan points the remote at the television. Instantly, the image implodes. HOLD on Riordan.

INT. CORRIDOR - CRIMINAL JUSTICE CENTER - DAY

TIGHT on a plaque: "JUDGE LEO CASTELLI, COURT OF COMMON PLEAS"

JUDGE CASTELLI (V.O. PRELAP)
...I was having lunch with Judge Dalrymple. Your name came up...
INT. JUDGE CASTELLI'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

JUDGE LEO CASTELLI sits at his desk. Tall, distinguished. His once black hair, turned patrician gray.

Before him stand Maddy and an older, avuncular attorney, HOWARD CORBETT.

JUDGE CASTELLI
He said that you impressed him. And now Mr. Corbett tells me you've been acting as second chair on Littlewhyte.

MADDY
Yes, Your Honor.

CORBETT
She's very prepared, Your Honor. First rate. And as much as certain personal matters make it impossible for me to continue...

JUDGE CASTELLI
(cutting to the chase)
Mr. Corbett thinks you're qualified to take over. Are you...?

Caught off-guard, Maddy shoots a look at Corbett.

MADDY
Yes... absolutely.

JUDGE CASTELLI
How soon could you be ready to go to trial?

MADDY
Beg your pardon...?

JUDGE CASTELLI
(consults his calendar)
I had hoped to start before the holidays. Clearly that's no longer possible. But given the way the press is playing it up, we need to move on it before the jury pool's completely polluted. So... can you be ready in, say... six weeks?

MADDY
Six...? Yes... I think so.

JUDGE CASTELLI
January eighth. Mr. Corbett, I assume you will hand over the case file.
CORBETT
Not a problem.

MADDY
Excuse me, Your Honor. But given the schedule, I'll need to hire an investigator.

JUDGE CASTELLI
Because it's a capital case, I'll allow you $600. If you need more, file a motion.

Corbett rises to leave, shaking Castelli's hand.

CORBETT
Thank you, Your Honor. I'll make certain she has everything she needs.

They move to the door.

JUDGE CASTELLI
I'm setting a Status Listing for December 18th. I expect jury selection to begin right after the first of the year. Are we clear?

MADDY
Perfectly. Thank you, Your Honor.

They shake hands as well. She follows Corbett out the door --

EXT. CORRIDOR - CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The door closes behind them. Corbett smiles.

MADDY
I don't know what to say...

CORBETT
Then just listen. You can't win it. So don't even try. I also ran a credit check. Between a financial advisor who stole him blind, alimony, and the market tanking, Littlewhyte doesn't have the price of piss in the lake. The good news is he's high profile. Play it right, by the time it's over, everyone'll know your name. I'll send over the files this afternoon. Good luck.

Shaking her hand, he moves off. HOLD on Maddy, her face is flush with emotion...
EXT. PENN STATE - THE DICKINSON SCHOOL OF LAW - NIGHT

The lighted clock tower of Trickett Hall rises above the
columned portico of the oldest law school in Pennsylvania.

Crossing the street, briefcase in hand --

RIORDAN

Moves up the walkway and climbs the stairs --

INT. TRICKETT HALL - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Entering, Riordan passes MRS. CARMICHAEL, the department
secretary, middle aged, slightly overweight.

RIORDAN

Mrs. Carmichael.

MRS. CARMICHAEL

Professor Riordan... Dean Curry's
wife called about the Rose Bowl party.

RIORDAN

The what...?

MRS. CARMICHAEL

New Year's day. Penn State - USC...? She sent out invitations. They're
going out of town for Christmas and need to know who's coming before
they leave. I told her you'd let them know...

RIORDAN

Anything else?

MRS. CARMICHAEL

Just someone looking for you... not a student. I said you were in class.

RIORDAN

Thanks.

Crossing, Riordan heads up the staircase.

INT. TRICKETT HALL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Reaching the second floor, Riordan moves down the empty
corridor to his office.

He starts to unlock the door only to find it ajar. Pushing
it open, he stares at --
INT. RIORDAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - HIS P.O.V.


CLOSE ON RIORDAN

Annoyed, he moves to his desk. If someone's been here, it's hard to tell. Nothing seems amiss.

Unplugging the laptop, he slips it into his briefcase.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT (LATER)

The headlights of Riordan's 4x4 cut through the darkness. Woods line either side of the road. No houses in sight.

Up ahead on the left, a rusted mailbox with 'RIORDAN' written on the side marks the approaching drive.

EXT. RIORDAN'S DRIVE - NIGHT

As he turns the 4x4 onto the icy gravel road his headlights glimpse --

A RED FERRARI

Just pulling away from Riordan's house and coming towards him down the narrow drive.

At the same time, the DRIVER of the Ferrari hits the HIGH BEAMS and steps on the gas. Blinded by the light --

RIORDAN

Instinctively turns the wheel sending the 4x4 careening into the trees as the Ferrari races past.

Despite his seat belt, Riordan is slammed into the steering wheel.

INT. RIORDAN'S 4X4 - NIGHT

TIGHT on Riordan's face. Unconscious for some time, a thin trickle of blood descends from his hairline.

O.S. the SOUNDS of sirens rouse him. Disoriented, he starts to come around. It takes a moment... then he sees it.

EXT. RIORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - HIS P.O.V.

There through the trees, angry flames lick into the night sky.

BACK ON RIORDAN
Removing his seat belt, he climbs out and starts towards the house.

**EXT. RIORDAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

FULLY ENGULFED. Parked in the drive, a Fire Engine manned by SIX VOLUNTEERS battles the fire as --

RIORDAN

Half-runs, half-staggers up the drive. Stunned, he stares in shock as everything he owns blazes into the starless sky.

**EXT. PHILADELPHIA HOUSE OF CORRECTIONS - DAY**

It is threatening to snow as Maddy Alexander hurries through the revolving door.

**INT. BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY**

Moving in silence, Maddy follows a muscular CORRECTIONS OFFICER down the corridor. They stop at a door marked 5-C.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM 5-C - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

Opening the door, the Officer lets Maddy in then shuts the door behind her.

A square table stands bolted to the floor in the center of the room. A chair on either side.

Placing her briefcase on the table, she opens it and removes a file. O.S. the SOUND of a deadbolt snapping open.

She looks up as TWO GUARDS escort --

LITLEWHYTE

Into the room through a door on the opposite wall. Cut and bruised from the fight, his handsome face is beginning to heal.

Seeing Maddy, he stops and looks around.

LITLEWHYTE
Where's Corbett...?

MADDY
Personal problems. I thought you knew. He had to withdraw.

(reacting)
Your face...?

LITLEWHYTE
And the Judge appointed you...?

(MORE)
LITTLEWHYTE (CONT'D)
(shakes his head)
Man, is this a fuckin' set-up or what?

MADDY
Beg your pardon?

LITTLEWHYTE
They are out to nail my ass to the wall. What kind of a chance have I got? Look at you. The D.A.'s gonna run right over you. Then he's gonna fuck me.

MADDY
Is that what you think?

LITTLEWHYTE
That's what I know.

MADDY
Want to know what I think? Guilty or innocent, without my help you're going to jail. So here's the deal: You ever trash-talk me again, I walk. Got it?

Litlewhyte stares at here for a long beat, unblinking.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Tell me about Kathryn Cromwell.

LITTLEWHYTE
What's to tell? I barely knew the bitch...

(off her look)
...Woman.

MADDY
They still haven't found her body.

LITTLEWHYTE
Right. So if they don't have a body, how can it be murder?

MADDY
It's called evidence. And it's very compelling. So let's start at the beginning. How many times had you been with her?

LITTLEWHYTE
I told Corbett. A couple... strictly social.
MADDY
According to the crime lab, the DNA from the semen stains on her sheets matches yours.

LITLEWHYTE
What can I say? She dug contact... one-on-one.

MADDY
So you had sex with her.

As Litlewhyte stares at her for a long beat, then nods.

LITLEWHYTE
But not rape. Didn't have to... (beat) She raped me.

MADDY
What about the night she died?

LITLEWHYTE
I wasn't with her. Swear to God...

As Maddy takes this in --

EXT. CHARRED REMAINS OF RIORDAN'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

A burned out husk. Eddies of smoke rise from the rubble in the crisp morning air. Still stunned --

RIORDAN
Moves through the debris, searching for anything he can salvage.

Staring across at what was once a wall of books now reduced charred bindings and scorched oak, his eyes fall upon --

AN OPEN SPACE ON ONE OF THE SHELVES

Where the box containing the BREEDLAW CASE FILE used to be.

RIORDAN
(sotto)
Sonofabitch...

Crossing to it, he runs his hands across the charred wood.

EXT. CRIMINAL JUSTICE CENTER, PHILADELPHIA - DAY

Flags whipping in the December wind. The smell of snow in the air.
JUDGE CASTELLI (V.O. PRELAP)
Assuming we are still on track, I would like to begin jury selection as scheduled...

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Reporters and the curious fill the benches as Judge Castelli addresses Maddy for the Defense, Bragg for the prosecution.

JUDGE CASTELLI
As soon as the court resumes following the Christmas recess.
(to Maddy)
Counselor, I'm assuming you don't have a problem with that.

MADDY
No, Your Honor. The Defense will be ready. However, I haven't been able to find an investigator to work for the money the court has provided.

JUDGE CASTELLI
While I regret the limited resources, it is one of the realities of mounting a defense on public funds. Feel free to file a motion.

MADDY
Yes, Your Honor. Just one other question: absent the victim's body, why is this a capital crime?

JUDGE CASTELLI
Mr. Bragg, would you care to comment?

BRAGG
Yes, Your Honor. It's the Prosecution's intent to prove both rape and murder-one. As such it qualifies for the death penalty under Pennsylvania law.

MADDY
Your Honor, we're talking about a man's life here.

BRAGG
And what about the life of the woman he killed?

MADDY
The evidence is completely circumstantial.
BRAGG
What could be more chilling than a murder committed with the foreknowledge of where and how the body would be disposed. State v. Russell...

With a sharp look, Castelli cuts him off.

JUDGE CASTELLI
I am aware of the law, Mr. Bragg.

BRAGG
Yes, Your Honor. I didn't mean...

JUDGE CASTELLI
I am also aware of the gravity of the crime committed here. And assuming the Prosecution is able to prove rape as well as murder, a capital remedy is warranted...
(checking her calendar)
Case is set for trial in this court January eighth. Any further discussion...? Very good. Then we're adjourned.

Hearing this, the COURT CRIER, a distinguished black man named LINCOLN ST.JAMES stands.

ST. JAMES
All rise...

Striking the gavel, Castelli rises and moves off. At the same time, the courtroom empties as reporters scramble.

Exchanging a smug look with his co-counsel, CHARLES KINGMAN --

BRAGG
Is stowing his notes in his briefcase when he notices --

RIORDAN
Seated alone at the back of the courtroom.

BRAGG
I knew it... Couldn't keep away. Trial like this...

Rising, Riordan moves towards him.

RIORDAN
My TV's out... in fact, it's burnt to a crisp. I needed the entertainment.
Bragg

Funny. I thought you might need employment.

Riordan

Actually, that’s why I came -- to offer my services...

Bragg

Tough luck. You’re a little late. You see, I decided... I don’t need your help.

Riordan

That’s good... Because I wasn’t offering it to you.

Looking up, Maddy reacts as Riordan starts towards her.

Bragg

The Defense...? You’re shitting me.

Riordan

Have a nice day...

Clearly caught off-guard, Bragg motions to Kingman. With a look at Maddy, they head out the door.

Riordan

Approaches the defense table as Maddy finishes packing up.

Riordan (Cont’d)

Hi... I’m...

Maddy

I know who you are.

Riordan

You do...?

Maddy

Thanks for the offer, but I’d rather handle it myself.

Riordan

Really...? You’re already drowning and don’t even know it.

Maddy

Excuse me, but save your lectures for class.

Riordan

Class...?
MADDY
Dickinson. Criminal Procedure. You
gave me a "68."

RIORDAN
(trying to recall)
A "68"...?

MADDY
As you can tell, it's been
instrumental in securing my career.

RIORDAN
Wait, wait...
(remembering)
You sat in the back... near the
windows. A couple of years ago...

MADDY
Try six.

RIORDAN
I really gave you a "68"...?

MADDY
Obviously it meant more to me than
it did you. But then academic
probation tends to do that. Not to
mention the fact that it kept me
from going to Florence.

RIORDAN
Italy? The Summer Program... I
taught there last year.

MADDY
Good for you.

RIORDAN
Seriously, I was probably just trying
to give you a kick in the pants.

MADDY
Comforting. I'll try to keep it in
mind.

RIORDAN
Do that. Meanwhile, you still need
help.

MADDY
Didn't you hear what I just said? I
don't want it.
RIORDAN
Listen to me. A murder trial's like a horse race. You've got to cover a lot of ground and watch what you step in...
  (beat)
I can help you.

MADDY
And assuming I let you, when this is over who's even going to remember my name? Thanks. But there are only so many chances and I've worked hard for this one. So if it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon lose it my way as win it yours.

Closing her briefcase, she heads out the door. Riordan watches her go, then moves after her.

INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Coming out the door, Riordan catches up with Maddy. They walk and talk.

RIORDAN
Okay... Maybe you have a point.

MADDY
Thanks. Coming from you, it means a lot.

RIORDAN
Make me your investigator.

MADDY
What...?

RIORDAN
Strictly legwork. Never mention my name.

MADDY
Why are you doing this?

RIORDAN
Honestly...?
  (beat)
I'm not sure... But I figure if somebody goes to the trouble of stealing my files, then burns down my house to cover it up, there's gotta be a reason.
MADDY
(reacting)
Burns down your house...? That's a joke, right?

RIORDAN
No. But if it makes it any easier to accept, consider I owe it to you... Make up for that "68."

MADDY
Look, can we just forget about that?

RIORDAN
Have we got a deal or not?

At the same time --

JUDGE CASTELLI (O.S.)
Des...?
Reacting, Riordan turns to find --

LEO CASTELLI
Behind them, just coming out of his chamber door.

CASTELLI
I thought that was you...

Caught somewhat off-guard, Riordan manages a nod.

RIORDAN
Leo... It's been a long time.

CASTELLI
Too long... Did I just see you in court...?

MADDY
Yes, Your Honor. Mr. Riordan's volunteered to help me with my case preparation on Litlewhyte.

Reacting, Castelli looks to Riordan.

CASTELLI
Interesting... I thought you were teaching... Dickinson?

RIORDAN
Semester just ended... Actually I'm supposed to be on sabbatical. Ms. Alexander was...

(MORE)
RIORDAN (CONT'D)
(glancing at her)
...One of my most promising students. You still out in West Chester?

CASTELLI
Same place. Give me a call.

They shake hands. Castelli nods to Maddy and moves off in the other direction.

MADDY
Judge Castelli... David Bragg... You seem to know all the right people.

RIORDAN
Castelli was the D.A. when I was a prosecutor.

MADDY
(mock surprise)
Really? I didn't realize you were that old.

He looks at her. They move towards the elevators.

MADDY (CONT'D)
(realizing)
The Breedlaw case... You were the prosecutor... And the victim -- they never found the body. Just like Cromwell. No wonder you're so into this... And why aren't you backing the prosecution here?

RIORDAN
Because I was wrong.

MADDY
But you got the conviction.

RIORDAN
I made a mistake. Can we drop it...?
(changing the subject)
Let me see the case file...

She hands him a beat-up, over-stuffed accordion file filled with documents as the elevator doors open. They enter --

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Standing with half a dozen people -- lawyers and cops -- Riordan Opens the file and glances at its contents.
RIORDAN
(re: file)
I'll need a copy of this. Where's your office?

MADDY
Chinatown...
(she hands him a card)
But my copier's broken.

RIORDAN
Not a problem. I'll do it myself.

MADDY
I'll need it back by tonight.

RIORDAN
Trust me.

EXT. COPY CENTER - NIGHT
A neon sign in the window blinks: "OPEN 24/7"

INT. COPY CENTER - NIGHT
It's late. A dozen copying machines. Two college kids work behind the counter. Across the room --

RIORDAN
Stands at a large table sorting the contents of the accordion file into piles. He's the only customer.

TIGHT ON PILES OF PAPER - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.
From legal documents to hand-scrawled notes. Picking up a schematic of the crime scene -- a floor plan of the Cromwell house -- he studies it with a frown.

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT
After midnight. Turning down a rain-slick street, Riordan's 4x4 moves past darkened shops and Szechwan restaurants.

Pulling up, he parks just down the street from --

INT. MADDY'S BUILDING - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT
Checking Maddy's card against the building directory, he presses a code into the intercom. After a beat --

MADDY (V.O.)
(intercom - filtered)
Do you know what time it is...?!
RIORDAN

I saw the light. You work late. That's good.

MADDY (V.O.)

(intercom - filtered)
No, it's not. It's bullshit. Take the elevator to five. I'll buzz you in.

Bemused, Riordan waits for the elevator --

INT. MADDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The SOUND of a buzzer as Riordan comes through the door carrying a pair of NEW ACCORDION FILES.

MADDY

How can it take you till three in the morning to copy a file...?

He hands her both files.

MADDY (CONT'D)

What's this? Wait a minute...what did you do with my file...?

RIORDAN

It's all there. I just reorganized it... I've got another copy down in the car.

MADDY

Reorganized... you've got to be joking. How am I ever going to find anything?

RIORDAN

The question is: how'd you find anything before?

MADDY

Everybody has their own system.

RIORDAN

Chaos is not a system.

MADDY

Hey, neatness may count with you, but I don't need it. Besides, I inherited this case.

RIORDAN

Don't tell me Howard Corbett's your role model.
MADDY
You are so totally out of line.

RIORDAN
Howard Corbett didn't have his act together 15 years ago, much less last week. You know how many cases I tried against him when I was in the D.A.'s office? Seventeen. You know how many I lost? None. You know why?

MADDY
He's disorganized... fine.

RIORDAN
Try unprofessional. You want to defend people? Give them their day in court? You've got go in there over-prepared or Bragg'll have you for breakfast... You can start by subpoenaing Kathryn Cromwell's bills for the last six months of her life.

MADDY
Six months...?

RIORDAN
Do you want to win this, or just show up?

She stares at him for a long beat, then picks up the two files.

MADDY
Okay... you made your point. (re: files)
What am I looking at?

RIORDAN
Two cases, not one. First case...

He indicates a file with "LITLEWHYTE 1" Written in marker on the front.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Murder one. Everything to do with the Cromwell murder goes in here...

She opens the accordion file to reveal a set of hand-written file folders -- just like Riodan's Breedlaw File:

"Evidence" "Forensics" "Opening Argument" "Jury Profiles" "Witnesses" "Cross Exam" "Mitigation" "Closing" etc.
MADDY
(re: files)
How can you be so neat?

RIORDAN
Early toilet training. I owe it all to mom...
(indicates 2nd file)
Case number two: The death penalty. You can't wait until the jury comes back with "guilty" to start making a case to spare his life. You've got to start now. And you're going to need Litlewhyte's help to do it.

MADDY
I thought you said we could win.

RIORDAN
You still have to be prepared for the worst...

MADDY
Anything else?

RIORDAN
I'll need to see the crime scene.

She reacts.

MADDY
It's been almost a year. The crime lab report's in the file... What do you expect to find?

RIORDAN
Won't know till I find it.

MADDY
The house is closed. You'd have to talk to David Hildebrand. He's the executor of the estate... His number's...

RIORDAN
In the file. I know. Tell me about the video.

MADDY
Apparently Kathryn Cromwell had some sort of elaborate set up in her bedroom. Since that's where the murder took place, ironically it was recorded.
RIORDAN
You've seen it?

MADDY
(nods)
Inconclusive. The killer's big enough to be Littlewhyte. But he's wearing a stocking mask...

RIORDAN
I'll need to look at it as well.

MADDY
Let me see what I can do. With Christmas, it won't be easy.

RIORDAN
Christmas... right. I keep forgetting. You going to be around...?

She hesitates.

MADDY
My family wants me to come up to the Cape for the holidays.

RIORDAN
No problem. Leave it to me.

He starts to leave.

MADDY
In case something comes up, where can I reach you...?

RIORDAN
My cell phone's on the file folder. I'm over at The Franklin on Fourth, room 314. I'll be in touch.

She watches him go, her face filled with mixed emotions.

EXT. POLICE HQ - 8TH AND RACE - DAY

Known as "The Roundhouse," it's curvilinear concrete walls project an aura of invincibility.

INT. POLICE EVIDENCE LOCK-UP - DAY

A Christmas wreath hangs on the metal cage. Somewhere a radio plays "Jingle Bell Rock" as --

RIORDAN
Enters wearing a visitor's badge. Sitting at a desk behind the cage, an older uniformed cop --

EDDIE GRABNER

Is going over his paperwork.

     RIORDAN
     I'd like to see whoever's in charge.
     And I know it can't possibly be you...

Reacting Grabner glances up.

     GRABNER
     Sonofabitch... What happened?
     Security meltdown...? Who the hell let you in?

     RIORDAN
     How you doing, Eddie?

     GRABNER
     Fuck if I know, counselor. It's been for-fuckin'-ever since I seen ya last. Wha'cha been doin', time?

     RIORDAN
     Keeping busy. Actually, I've been brought in on the Cromwell murder.

     GRABNER
     Figures. D.A.'s no dunce. Just like old times, yeah?

Allowing Grabner to think he's working for the D.A., Riordan changes the subject.

     RIORDAN
     You still dating that redhead over in robbery?

     GRABNER
     Jesus, you got a memory. Naw, she dropped me for some dick up in homicide. What can I do ya for?

     RIORDAN
     I hear there's a video of the murder. Thought I'd have a look.

     GRABNER
     You and everybody else. I've never seen so much interest in a piece of evidence...

     (MORE)
GRABNER (CONT'D)
(grins)
Or maybe they're just interested in a piece... yeah?

RIORDAN
Pretty graphic?

GRABNER
The lady was a tramp. Who knew? Comin' from money like that.

RIORDAN
So how do I see it?

GRABNER
Hey, the D.A. wanted his own copy. You workin' with him, why don't you ask him?

RIORDAN
I'd rather see the original.

GRABNER
That's what everybody says... But ya gotta watch it here, yeah? This thing winds up on YouTube, it's my ass. Come on, I'll set you up.

Buzzing him through into the lockup, Grabner goes to get the video. Unlocking a cage, he takes out the video disc.

GRABNER (CONT'D)
Viewin' room's through there...

Grabner indicates a doorway. Riordan enters --

THE VIEWING ROOM

A couple of folding chairs before a video playback.

GRABNER (CONT'D)
Wait till you see it. This chick was the Queen-a-Kink. Had this camera set up in her bedroom. Operates off a motion sensor. Minute somebody jumps in bed the camera turns on. Pretty nifty, yeah...?

Grabner slips a micro-disc into the machine and hits "PLAY."

TIGHT ON VIDEO MONITOR - BLANK SCREEN - THEIR P.O.V.

Abruptly the frame snaps to life as a woman (Kathryn) is hurled onto a bed by an attacker, dressed in black.
In a stocking mask, the killer has his back to camera throughout.

   GRABNER (CONT'D)
   Have fun. But try not to stain the furniture.

He leaves. PUSH IN on Riordan as he stares unblinking at the screen. O.S. the SOUNDS of a struggle.

BACK ON VIDEO

Straddling her, the assailant loops a cord around her wrists and ties them to the bedpost.

   KATHRYN
   (on video)
   Stop... don't...

As he winds the loose end once around her neck --

   KATHRYN (CONT'D)
   (on video)
   Please...

CLOSE ON RIORDAN

Emotion registers in his face as he forces himself to watch.

INT. EVIDENCE LOCK UP - DAY

On Grabner as the door to the viewing room opens and --

RIORDAN

Comes out with the disc. Clearly, it's left a bad taste.

   GRABNER (O.S.)
   Weird shit... Am I right?

   RIORDAN
   Yeah... Did you say there was a motion detector on the camera?

   GRABNER
   According the boys in Mobile Crime. It's in the report.

   RIORDAN
   So what happened to the body?

   GRABNER
   What do you mean? She's dead. You can see it in her eyes. The guy splits. Camera stops. Finito.
RIORDAN
But her body's missing. If the killer came back, he would've activated the motion sensor and we'd see it.

GRABNER
Interesting point. Only that's all she wrote.

RIORDAN
There's nothing else on the disc?

GRABNER
If you mean the original, it's full.

RIORDAN
Full of what?

GRABNER
Her personal fuck-fest. You take all the guys this broad had and laid 'em end-to-end -- which is pretty much the way she did it -- they'd reach from here to Atlantic City.

RIORDAN
The original...? You mean this was taken from a master disc?

GRABNER
You got it. Lemme show you.

Taking another disc from the file, he slips it into the playback machine on his desk, he presses "PLAY."

GRABNER (CONT'D)
Here we go...

Suddenly the SCREEN fills with "snow" as Grabner reacts.

GRABNER (CONT'D)
What the...?

Pressing "STOP" then "PLAY," he tries again. Nothing but VIDEO SNOW.

GRABNER (CONT'D)
I don't fuckin' believe this...
Somebody erased it.

RIORDAN
You're sure...?

GRABNER
Yeah, I seen it myself...
Then realizing it's his ass on the line here, Grabner stops.

GRABNER (CONT'D)
Hey, know what...? I bet I was thinkin' of this other case... In fact, I know I was. Sorry. Wha'cha saw is what we got.

Off Riordan's reaction --

EXT. SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Down the block from Riordan's hotel. The day before Christmas. Not a kid in sight. Dressed in sweats --

RIORDAN

Shoots buckets by himself. Taking the ball off the boards, he dribbles back to a spot just beyond mid-court.

Stopping, he sets, squares to the basket and let's it fly. A long rainbow jumpshot -- SWISH. It rattles the steel net.

MADDY (O.S.)
You always shoot baskets in the cold?

RIORDAN
Just when I need to think.

Retrieving the ball, he puts up another. SWISH again.

MADDY
You're a regular machine.

RIORDAN
It's all about focus.

MADDY
You talked to Hildebrand...?

RIORDAN
His secretary says he won't be back until after the first. So I thought I'd drive out and have a look at the Cromwell estate this afternoon.

MADDY
This afternoon? It's Christmas Eve.

RIORDAN
Perfect time to check out a crime scene.

MADDY
Last time I checked, breaking and entering was against the law.
RIORDAN
Never stopped Santa. If I can't get in, I can't get in...

He passes her the ball. She makes no effort to catch it. It bounces off across the playground.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Guess you're not into basketball.

He moves after the ball.

MADDY
I don't play games.

RIORDAN
Neither do I...

Picking up the ball, he turns back.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
You be in the office later...?

MADDY
Did I mention it's Christmas eve?

RIORDAN
Right. You said that. I'll call you if I find anything.

Dribbling the ball, he heads back towards his hotel. Maddy watches him go.

INT. FRANKLIN HOTEL - DAY

The hotel's seen better days. Italian Christmas lights decorate the entrance. Coming out the front door --

RIORDAN

Crosses to his 4x4, unlocks it and climbs inside. CAMERA follows as Riordan puts it in gear and drives off past...

A BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE

With tinted windows idling at the curb. Allowing a car to pass, it pulls out and follows.

INT. RIORDAN'S 4X4 - DAY

Driving through the city, Riordan pulls up to a red light. Glances at --

REARVIEW MIRROR - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

Two cars back, the Black Cadillac waits.
BACK ON RIORDAN

He frowns. The light changes. He accelerates ahead.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Cadillac is still two cars back as the 4x4 approaches the next intersection just as the light turns YELLOW.

Slowing as if he's going to stop, Riordan waits until the last possible second, then accelerates through the light.

The car behind stops for the RED. But the Caddy attempts to wheel around it.

As cross traffic fills the intersection the Escalade skids to a stop.

INT. RIORDAN'S 4X4 - DAY

Pleased with himself, he quickly takes the next left and drives off.

EXT. CHESTNUT HILL - CROMWELL ESTATE - DAY

It is late afternoon. The sun is nearly down. Pulling to a stop across the street from a large walled estate --

RIORDAN

Climbs out and, avoiding the front gates, skirts the wall.

ANGLE ON LEANING CHESTNUT TREE

Leafless in the cold winter afternoon, it seems to be resting across the top of the wall. Approaching --

RIORDAN

Uses the tree to scale the wall, dropping onto --

THE GROUNDS OF THE ESTATE

A shallow, dry creek winds its way through a stand of birch. He quickly crosses the frozen lawn to the side door of --

THE MAIN HOUSE


RIORDAN

Tries the door. Locked. Moving along the side of the house, he tries every door and window without success.
But as he reaches the backside of the house he notices --

A SMALL SECOND FLOOR BALCONY

With a pair of French doors. To one side stands an ancient trellis thickly embraced by leafless vines.

Testing the trellis, he starts to climb until he is even with the balcony. Swinging over the balcony, he reaches --

THE FRENCH DOORS

Testing the door handle, he forces it once... twice... On the third try, the old lock gives. He slips inside.

INT. CROMWELL HOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

High ceilings. Marble floors. Taking out the COPY OF THE FLOOR PLAN of the house --

RIORDAN

Moves through the house, reaching the door leading to --

THE MASTER BEDROOM

Opening the door, he enters and looks around. Taking out a DIGITAL CAMERA, he starts to photograph the room including --

A DOZEN FRAMED PHOTOS

On a nightstand near the bed. Kathryn in happier times. Several with a YOUNG MAN (IAN). Leaving the bedroom --

RIORDAN

Moves down the stairs, retracing the killer's path.

He finds the window the attacker came through -- its GLASS REPLACED, but new molding still unpainted.

INSERT: STICKER ON GLASS -- It reads "VISTA GLASS CO."

He snaps a photo of it. Outside in the dusk, a pair of HEADLIGHTS loom as --

A FAMILIAR BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE

 Comes up the drive from the main gate. Pocketing the camera, Riordan heads back the way he came.

EXT. CROMWELL HOUSE - NIGHT

Coming out the French doors, he closes them quietly behind him then swings over the balcony and grabs the trellis.
Descending quickly, Riordan is still six feet above the ground when SOMEONE (QUIRT) GRABS HIM from below.

QUIRT
(shouting)
Got him...!

Kicking out, Riordan releases the trellis, catching his assailant with his full weight, knocking him to the ground.

QUIRT (CONT'D)
Fuck...!

Scrambling up, Riordan slams his knee into Quirt's face, breaking his nose. The man howls in pain.

Running now. Fast. As around the corner of the house comes --

THE ESCALADE

Catching him in its headlights, the Caddy adjusts, coming right at him. On the dead run --

RIORDAN

Heads for the trees and the wall beyond. But the Caddy keeps closing ground.

When it's nearly on top of him, Riordan hurls himself sideways. Grazing him, the Caddy races past.

Going down hard, he scrambles up as Caddy pulls a hard U. The WALL is just ahead. But the Caddy's too quick. Spotting --

THE SHALLOW CREEK BED

Riordan dives for it, lying flat as the Caddy flies OVER HIM! As soon as it passes --

RIORDAN

Is up and running. Reaching THE WALL, he scrambles up and over, landing on --

THE FAR SIDE OF THE WALL

Running to the 4x4, he discovers someone's SLASHED HIS TIRES!

RIORDAN
(under his breath)
Sonofabitch...!

In the distance, he can HEAR the Caddy on the move, coming his way. Turning, he runs off into the darkness.
INT. MADDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON ELEVATOR DOORS as they open to reveal Riordan, cut and bruised, his clothes torn and caked with mud.

MADDY
Jesus... What happened to you?

RIORDAN
Ran into a couple of Santa's elves... You wouldn't happen to have a men's room?

MADDY
Down the hall on the right...

He starts to move, but nearly falls as Maddy catches him.

MADDY (CONT'D)
You okay...?

RIORDAN
Fine... No problem.

Unsteady, he goes off in search of the men's room. HOLD on Maddy's uncertain gaze.

INT. MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Asleep on the couch beneath a blanket, Riordan awakens painfully to the SOUND of someone typing.

Sunlight is streaming through the window. He tries to move.

RIORDAN
Oooo... fuck me.

Hearing him --

MADDY

Turns from her computer to peer over the desk.

MADDY
By the look of it, I'd say somebody did...
   (off his look)
Merry Christmas.

RIORDAN
You always this cheerful...?

MADDY
You had a rough night...

She moves to the coffee machine and pours him a cup.
MADDY (CONT'D)
(re: coffee)
Hope you like it black... we're out of cream and nothing's open.

Taking the cup, he starts to rise, then realizes he isn't wearing anything.

RIORDAN
Where are my clothes?

MADDY
I sent them out to be burned...
(indicating)
Your wallet, camera and keys are over there.

RIORDAN
So who undressed me...
(realizing)
Not you.

MADDY
You passed out in the men's room. Don't worry, I had three brothers. And Santa's elves notwithstanding, all your appendages appear intact -- that's just a casual observation, of course.

(beat)
Want to tell me what happened?

RIORDAN
You mean at Cromwell's...
(interrupting himself)
Not to be a pain in the ass, but I really need my clothes.

MADDY
I figured. So while you were sleeping, I took your room key and went over to the Franklin...
(beat)
Not exactly 5-star...

RIORDAN
Personally, I prefer "Triple-C" -- cheap, close and clean... The clothes -- where'd you put them?

MADDY
In the back. You'll find a razor above the sink...

Wrapping the blanket around him, he rises stiffly.
RIORDAN  
(indicating camera)  
You want to download that camera,  
I'll show you what I got.

As he heads off to find the razor --

**INT. MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY (LATER)**

TIGHT on computer screen -- various shots of Kathryn Cromwell's bedroom.

MADDY (O.S.)
Looks pretty much the way the Crime Lab saw it...

WIDEN to reveal Maddy at her computer. Beside her, now dressed and shaved, Riordan stares at the digital images.

RIORDAN  
(re: computer)  
Go back to the photographs... the ones beside the bed.

She points/clicks the mouse, bringing up the FRAMED PHOTOS: Kathryn at various ages plus a dark-haired young man (IAN).

RIORDAN (CONT'D)  
Something about her...  
(studying photos)  
I'll need copies of everything.

MADDY  
I've already emailed the file to your computer...

Impressed, he nods then indicates the young man in the photo on the screen.

RIORDAN  
That's Kathryn. Who's the guy?

MADDY  
Her brother... Ian. She was adopted. Their parents died in a plane crash. Ian got the family compound over in Jersey. She got the estate here. I went down to interview him. Just this side of Atlantic City. Maybe they were close as kids, but he seemed pretty distant to me.

RIORDAN  
Yet she keeps half a dozen pictures of him beside her bed.
MADDY
Given her life-style, maybe she had a thing for him.

RIORDAN
Sounds like she had a thing for a lot of guys. Which reminds me, you looked at the original video of the murder. You didn't happen to see anything on the disc.

MADDY
If you mean the Kathryn Cromwell sexual Olympics, it was pretty hard to miss. Why?

RIORDAN
Somebody in the D.A.'s office erased it.

MADDY
Erased what...?! You're kidding. That's evidence tampering.

RIORDAN
Assuming you can prove it. It's your word against Bragg's. And the boys at the evidence lock-up'll back him just to save their ass.

MADDY
But why would he do that?

RIORDAN
To make sure we can't use it to establish the lady's promiscuity.

Outside the window, the sun is setting as lights come on.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Tomorrow, we need to talk to Litlewhyte.

MADDY
Wait a minute. I thought you said I'd handle the trial, you'd do the legwork. I don't need you to talk to Litlewhyte.

RIORDAN
No. You need Litlewhyte to talk to you. And to do that, you need me to talk to him. Trust me... I'm only here to help...
MADDY
You sure?

RIORDAN
Positive. Come on. It's Christmas. I'll buy you dinner and walk you home.

As they start to leave --

EXT. RITTENHOUSE SQUARE - NIGHT (LATER)

It is after dinner. There's a bite in the air as --

RIORDAN AND MADDY

Walk through the empty, tree-lined Square.

MADDY
I don't get it. You obviously have this gift for the defense... whatever made you want to be a prosecutor?

Riordan shrugs.

RIORDAN
I like winning. Prosecution holds the hammer. Last thing the jury hears is exactly what you want them to think about. Do it right, and they go into that jury room seeing the case the way you want them to.

MADDY
So that's what happened in "Breedlaw"... you manipulated the jury?

RIORDAN
It wasn't that simple.

MADDY
Then what was it...?

He hesitates, then looks away.

RIORDAN
(at last)
Everything tied together. A perfect fit. Maybe too perfect. But at the time I never saw it.

MADDY
Niki Breedlaw played tennis.
RIORDAN
Ranked on the Tour. That year she'd won the French Open, second at Wimbledon... the final four at the U.S. Open. Very aggressive. Used to throw tantrums on the court like McEnroe in a skirt. She was 24, at the top of her game. The woman she was accused of killing -- Michele Ryerson -- was a couple of years older, but didn't look it. A model who'd caught a break when the cigarette maker sponsoring the Tour made her its poster girl.

MADDY
So that's how they met.

(nods)
Both from Philly. Both attractive, single. Instant chemistry. Today, it wouldn't be as much of a deal. But back then... The Tour and the cigarette maker wanted a sexy, feminine image... not lesbian lovers.

MADDY
A cigarette company... protecting America's morality.

RIORDAN
They were doing this photo shoot. Only Michele's a no-show. Check her condo, it's been trashed. They file a missing person's report. One thing leads to another. Everything starts pointing to Niki. Cops get a search warrant. Find a bloody scarf in the trunk of Niki's car -- type "A," just like Michele.

Having reached the far end of the park, they wait for a cab to pass, then quickly cross to the other side.

MADDY
Still sounds pretty circumstantial.

RIORDAN
Castelli was D.A. I was his chief prosecutor. The case hit the headlines. He wanted a conviction. I made it a crusade. There was never a doubt...

Turning down a side street, they continue to walk.
MADDY
Murder one with aggravating circumstances. Who was her attorney?

RIORDAN
Some lawyer to the stars. She brought him in from L.A. The jury hated him. Niki Breedlaw wound up on death row. Three months later they found her dead in her cell. Coroner called it suicide.

MADDY
And you stopped practicing law... Why?

RIORDAN
Evidence... irrefutable proof she didn't do it.

MADDY
Irrefutable...?

RIORDAN
A couple of months after she died, DNA was just coming in. Forensics wanted a test case. There had been this hair they'd found when they'd gone over the scarf. It was brunette like Niki's -- Michele'd been a blonde. The hair was the clincher. I'd used it in my close as proof positive Niki'd killed her. Only when they did the DNA cross-check, nothing matched.

MADDY
So she wasn't the killer.

RIORDAN
No... she was just dead.

They reach the front steps of her Brownstone.

MADDY
This is me...

He glances up at the imposing facade.

RIORDAN
Nice. Defense must be paying better than I remember.

MADDY
I just rent the top floor. I'd invite you up for coffee but...
RIORDAN
That's okay. I'd better be heading back.

MADDY
Right...

She turns to go only to momentarily lose her footing on the icy steps. He catches her.

RIORDAN
Whoa... you okay?

Standing on the first step, she finds herself face to face with him. So close he might actually kiss her.

MADDY
Fine... Just about lost it there.

The moment passes. He steps back.

RIORDAN
See you tomorrow.

MADDY
Right... Tomorrow.

Turning, she heads up the steps. Sliding her key into the lock, she opens the front door and looks back.

But Riordan is already gone. She fights not to let the disappointment show.

JUDGE CASTELLI (V.O. PRELAP)
You want to do what...?

INT. JUDGE CASTELLI'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Standing before Castelli, Riordan makes his request again.

RIORDAN
Speak with Littlewhyte in the exercise yard...

CASTELLI
That's horseshit and you know it.

RIORDAN
They've had him in protective custody since the fight. What's the difference?

CASTELLI
The difference is there are rules. The difference is, he puts you in the hospital, the paperwork alone...
RIORDAN
Forget the paperwork. I'll sign any waiver you want... Litlewhyte puts me in the hospital, it's my ass, not yours.

Castelli stares at him for a long beat.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Just give me a chance to talk to him someplace that doesn't feel like jail. I need to look him in the eye. All I need is a court order.

CASTELLI
Okay... You sign a waiver, I'll sign the order. But understand, he puts your ass in a sling, I don't want to hear about it.

As Riordan suppresses a smile --

EXT. HOUSE OF CORRECTIONS - DAY

A bleak winter wind tears at the flag in front. Gray clouds cover the sun. Standing near the entrance --

MADDY
Watches Riordan climb out of the 4x4 and cross to meet her.

MADDY
You're late.

RIORDAN
Had some things to take care of...
(indicating 4x4)
Plus get my car out of impound. $320... not to mention new tires.

MADDY
Well, we can't see him now. It's his exercise time.

RIORDAN
I know...

Off her look, they head inside --

EXT. HOUSE OF CORRECTIONS - EXERCISE YARD - DAY

Alone in the empty yard, Marcus Litlewhyte works out with a basketball. Hearing the scrape of a metal door, he turns --

MADDY AND RIORDAN
Step out. Uncertain and uncomfortable, Maddy looks around like she expects them to be arrested.

**MADDY**
This is terrible idea. Who said you could do this...?

The door closes behind them.

**RIORDAN**
Got to know the right people. Trust me...

**MADDY**
And stop saying that. Trusting you's what got me here in the first place.

Slowly dribbling the basketball --

**MARCUS LITLEWHYTE**
Moves towards them staring at Riordan.

**LITLEWHYTE**
(to Maddy)
Who's he...?

**MADDY**
Des Riordan... my investigator.

**RIORDAN**
Got a couple of questions...

**LITLEWHYTE**
Too bad. 'Cause I'm outta answers.

**RIORDAN**
Okay. How about this...
(indicates basketball)
What are the odds I can score against you, one-on-one?

Littlewhyte stares at him, uncertain he's heard correctly.

**LITLEWHYTE**
One-on-one...? Basketball... you're gonna score against me...?
(grins)
You're full of shit.

**RIORDAN**
You might be right about that... but what are the odds.

**LITLEWHYTE**
A million-to-one...
RIORDAN
Tell you what, I'll make it easy --
ten-to-one...
    (off his look)
I score one basket before you get to
ten, and we talk.

LITLEWHYTE
Too easy. Plus there's no up-side.
I kick your ass, what do I get?

RIORDAN
A chance to show that despite being
stuck in this shithole, you're still
better than some out-of-shape white
guy.

A slow smile spreads across Litlewhyte's face.

LITLEWHYTE
Right...
    (passing him the ball)
Show me your best stuff...

Slipping off his jacket, Riordan hands it to Maddy.

MADDY
You've lost your mind... I'm calling
the guards...

RIORDAN
Are you kidding...? I've waited my
whole life for this.

Dribbling the ball, Riordan turns and moves off towards
Litlewhyte and the basket beyond.

MADDY
(under her breath)
What am I doing here...?

ON RIORDAN AND LITLEWHYTE

Feinting to his right, Riordan dribbles to his left and puts
up a jumpshot...

ON THE BALL

Arcing straight for the basket -- only to have Litlewhyte
leap out of nowhere and snatch it from mid-air.

RIORDAN
Hey...! That's goal-tending...

Ignoring him, Litlewhyte spins gracefully with the ball,
takes three quick dribbles and stuffs it.
LITLEWHYTE
Bite me... one-zip.

He passes the ball back to Riordan, who catches it and starts again.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Rough and physical, Litlewhyte not only blocks every shot while making his own, he makes Riordan pay the price.

Basket... basket... basket...

LITLEWHYTE (CONT'D)
Four-zip... your ball.

Clearly outmatched, Riordan is repeatedly knocked to the asphalt as Maddy cringes and the score mounts.

Laying in a finger-roll, Litlewhyte grabs the ball once more. Sucking air in ragged gasps --

RIORDAN

Makes his way back to where Maddy waits with his jacket.

MADDY
You are pathetic...

RIORDAN
Thanks for your support...

LITLEWHYTE
(calling)
That's nine...

He fires a bullet pass back to Riordan who catches it, trying not to show the pain.

RIORDAN
(off her look)
Got him right where I want him...

Slowly dribbling the ball in place, he makes no move towards the basket. Litlewhyte waits, impatient.

LITLEWHYTE
Hey wheezy, save us some time. Just pass me the ball... I'll stuff it, and we're done.

RIORDAN
Why don't you come take it, asshole?
LITLEWHYTE
Asshole...? You fuckin' trash-talkin' me?

Taking the bait, Litlewhyte starts towards him.

LITLEWHYTE (CONT'D)
First, I'm gonna take that ball and stuff it. Then I'm gonna take you...

But before he can get more than a couple of steps --

RIORDAN
Squares himself to the basket and fires a high rainbow jumpshot that catches Litlewhyte completely out of position.

TIGHT ON BASKET
As the ball hits the backboard, then the rim before bouncing straight up and coming back down -- right through the hoop.

Stunned, Litlewhyte stares at the basket, then looks back at Riordan as Maddy reacts.

LITLEWHYTE (CONT'D)
You sonofabitch... you set me up.

RIORDAN
You think...?

LITLEWHYTE
An old white guy...

RIORDAN
Watch who you're calling old...
(beat)
So... What really happened the night Kathryn Cromwell died?

Litlewhyte stares at him for a long beat.

LITLEWHYTE
Nothing...
(indicating Maddy)
Like I told her, I barely knew the bitch... woman.

RIORDAN
Bullshit...

Before Maddy can react, they're face-to-face as Litlewhyte grabs him and shoves him back against the pole.

LITLEWHYTE
Fuck you...
MADDY
Marcus...!

RIORDAN
So it looks like shit and smells like shit, but you're telling me what...? It's chocolate mousse?

MADDY
Will you stop provoking him...?

RIORDAN
(to Litlewhyte)
The D.A.'s got a case so tight you could beat it with a stick. Two ex-girlfriends and an ex-wife who'll testify to violence. Half a dozen witnesses who'll swear they saw you with Kathryn Cromwell on or before the night she died. Semen stains on the sheets that match your DNA. And a video that shows you tying her up, raping, and strangling her. Want to deny it? Go ahead. 'Cause I don't believe a goddamn word and neither will a jury.

Litlewhyte hesitates as Riordan's words have their effect. At last he lets him go.

LITTLEWHYTE
Okay... okay. So I was there.

MADDY
You were what...?

LITTLEWHYTE
We're talkin' one fucked up lady. I mean, with her...it was all a game.

Maddy glances at Riordan, who nods for her to continue.

MADDY
What kind of game?

Litlewhyte tries to put it into words, then shakes his head.

LITTLEWHYTE
Shit... Nobody's gonna believe it.

MADDY
Try me.
LITLEWHYTE
This whole rape thing -- she set it up. Told me what to do. What to wear. How to break in... every-fuckin'-thing.

MADDY
But the video...

LITLEWHYTE
That's the whole deal. She says just pretend -- make it look real.

RIORDAN
A rape fantasy.

LITLEWHYTE
Yeah... exactly. She was crazy. But some hot chick say fuck me... what am I supposed to say, no?

RIORDAN
Did you kill her?

LITLEWHYTE
Fuck no...!

(beat)
She wasn't supposed to die. It was an accident...

MADDY
What kind of accident?

LITLEWHYTE
She told me: Make it look real. So I that's what I did... only she... stopped breathing... her eyes... (remembering)
Minute I saw she was dead, I was F-O-T -- fuckin' outta there.

RIORDAN
Her cleaning service shows up the next day. The place is trashed. Cops who find the video. Check her cell phone... your number's the last one she called. Your DNA matches the semen stains on the bed... Open and shut.

MADDY
But if she was there when you left, who removed the body?

LITLEWHYTE
Fuck if I know.
Maddy looks at Riordan.

**INT. HOUSE OF CORRECTIONS - ENTRYWAY - DAY**

Coming out through security --

**RIORDAN**

Follows Maddy as they head for the double-doors leading outside. At the same time, a large man --

**QUIRT**

Is just coming in. *The Same Guy* he tangled with coming down the trellis at Kathryn Cromwell's!

Reacting, Riordan allows Maddy to exit.

**CLOSER ON QUIRT - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.**

He looks like he's been in a fight. A gauze bandage is taped across the bridge of his broken nose.

**QUIRT**

You looking at somethin', asshole...?

**RIORDAN**

Nice nose.

**QUIRT**

Hey, jump on it! Wanna step outside?

**RIORDAN**

As a matter of fact...

At the same time, a *SECOND MAN (HELLER)* comes through the double-doors to grab Quirt by the arm.

**HELLER**

Come on... We don't have time to screw around.

**QUIRT**

(to Riordan)

Your lucky day.

**RIORDAN**

Piss in your hat...

As Heller pulls Quirt along with him, they move through security.

**EXT. HOUSE OF CORRECTIONS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)**

Riordan comes out to find Maddy standing near a familiar BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE.
He looks it over as they move to their cars.

MADDY
(re: Quirt)
Who was that?

RIORDAN
Name's Quirt. Ex-cop.

MADDY
You knew him?

RIORDAN
Not really. But he's definitely connected here somewhere.

MADDY
What makes you think so?

RIORDAN
He was one of the elves I ran into Christmas day out at Cromwell's...

MADDY
You're kidding.

RIORDAN
Assuming Littlewhyte's telling the truth, if he wasn't the last one to see Kathryn Cromwell alive, who was?

MADDY
Her killer.

RIORDAN
Exactly. Pre-trial you're going to have to file a motion in limine [lim-in-ay] to stop Littlewhyte's girlfriends and his ex-wife from testifying. Second: Kathryn Cromwell had a taste for pain. But the minute you try to introduce evidence of aberrant sexual behavior, the D.A. is going to object. You need a witness he can't impeach.

MADDY
Any ideas...?

RIORDAN
What about her brother...?

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NEW JERSEY - DAY

Driving the 4x4 along a two-lane road through the Pine Barrens north of Atlantic City, Riordan approaches --
A TRAFFIC LIGHT - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

The light is red. Two cars stand waiting as --

A FAMILIAR RED FERRARI

Speeds through the intersection. Instantly recognizing it from the night his house burned down --

RIORDAN

Reacts. Hitting the accelerator, he attempts to pass on the left of the waiting cars only to find --

A 16-WHEELEER

Coming directly at him. Steering back to the right, Riordan drives the 4x4 onto the shoulder.

Passing to the right of the idling cars, he corners hard and takes off after --

THE FERRARI

Now 300 yards ahead and just turning off onto a side road. Racing after it --

RIORDAN

Reaches the side road and does the same. But by now the Ferrari is nowhere in sight.

DESERTED SIDE ROAD - SERIES OF SHOTS

Still driving hard, the 4x4 is the only car on the road. Frustrated, Riordan pounds his fist on the wheel.

RIORDAN

Sonofabitch...!

Ahead, he spots a sign proclaiming:

"CROMWELL - PRIVATE DRIVE."

Riordan slows and turns in --

EXT. CROMWELL COMPOUND - MAIN HOUSE - DAY

Even larger than the Chestnut Hill mansion, the main house is a rambling Tudor Revival with stables and a tennis court.

Off to one side stands --

A GREENHOUSE

Its door half open. Bringing the 4x4 to a stop --
RIORDAN

Parks and climbs out.

IAN (O.S.)

Mr. Riordan...?

Turning, he finds --

IAN CROMWELL

Seated in a wheelchair beckoning from the Greenhouse door. White-haired and gaunt, he looks much older than 28.

IAN (CONT'D)

Over here...

Turning his motorized wheelchair, he moves inside leaving the door ajar. Riordan follows.

INT. GREENHOUSE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Stepping inside, Riordan looks around as he speaks.

RIORDAN

Thanks for seeing me.

ON GREENHOUSE - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

Lush and overgrown. Flowers to vegetables. Ian Cromwell continues to motor away from him, beckoning him to follow.

IAN

Don't get many visitors... especially this time of year. Once you get sick, people stay away...

(coughs)

Think it might be catching... which it's not -- the cancer, that is.

Noticing Riordan's eyes glance at his full head of hair, Ian reaches up and removes his wig. His head is completely bald.

IAN (CONT'D)

Had it made... French wig makers are the best. White was my idea... wanted to go out like a rock star.

RIORDAN

You live alone?

IAN

Except for the housekeeper...

(MORE)
IAN (CONT'D)
(indicating)
Vegetables... One of life's little jokes. Growing up, I hated them. Now it's all the doctors will let me eat. You like beefsteak tomatoes, Mr. Riordan?

RIORDAN
(shrugs)
Yeah, they're great.

IAN
Let me give you some to take with you. Can't get good beefsteaks this time of year.

Harvesting several tomatoes with a pair of pruning shears, he drops them in a plastic bag as Riordan notices a crop of CANNABIS.

RIORDAN
(re: marijuana)
Interesting garden...

IAN
The hemp plant's very versatile. Back before nylon, it was the chief source of rope.

RIORDAN
And today...?

IAN
Today... I'm dying, Mr. Riordan. Chemotherapy makes me nauseous.

He hands him the tomatoes.

IAN (CONT'D)
Tending this garden's one of the few pleasures I have left...

Without warning, his body is racked with coughing. With great effort, he manages to control it.

RIORDAN
Can I get you something?

IAN
No, thank you... I'll manage. (beat)
You came about my sister.
RIORDAN
I know it's difficult. But there are certain questions...
(beat)
She was adopted?

IAN
Not that my parents ever told her. They thought they couldn't have children, so they adopted a little girl. Then I came along.

RIORDAN
So you're younger.

IAN
By less than a year.

RIORDAN
Like Irish twins...

IAN
Yeah. As kids, we were really pretty close. But after the accident -- when our parents died, the court appointed a guardian. We were sent to different schools...
(aside)
Do you have any idea how hard you have to work to be expelled from a school where your father once donated a building...?
(smiles at the memory)
Next time I saw her, she was twenty-one. The lawyers were settling the estate. That's when she found out.

RIORDAN
That she'd been adopted...? How'd she take it?

IAN
Badly. She became obsessed with two things: finding out who her real parents were... and fucking, though not necessarily in that order.

RIORDAN
According to the will, she got the house in Chestnut Hill along with a trust fund and you got everything else. When was the last time you heard from her?
IAN
Just before she was killed. She called. Very upset. Said she'd hired some ex-cop to track down her real mother. Discovered she'd been murdered -- long time ago. Her body dumped down some toxic well.

RIORDAN
She say where?

IAN
No. But my sister could be very dramatic. Half the time you couldn't believe her. Claimed somebody'd threatened to kill her if she didn't leave it alone.

RIORDAN
What about the men in her life?

IAN
Off the record, Kathryn'd fuck anything in pants. Maybe she was looking for love. Maybe she was just her mother's daughter. But she was attracted to power. That's the real aphrodisiac.

RIORDAN
Like Marcus Littlewhyte.

IAN
Athletes... politicians... lawyers... movers and shakers. David Bragg.

The name catches Riordan off-guard.

RIORDAN
The D.A.? Isn't he married?

IAN
With three kids. Just like all the rest. JFK, Eliot Spitzer, Tiger Woods... Wealthy, sexually promiscuous, reckless womanizers, who all believe they're above the law.

RIORDAN
And you're sure...? He was sleeping with your sister.

IAN
Sleeping...? No. Fucking like hyenas in heat would be closer.
RIORDAN
She liked it rough?

IAN
You could say that.

RIORDAN
Would you testify to it on court?

IAN
Absolutely not. My sister's dead, Mr. Riordan. The last thing I want is for her to be remembered as some sort of sexual deviant. (beat)
Now you'll have to excuse me. It's time for my medication.

He starts to cough, deep in his chest. With difficulty, he regains control as Riordan takes out a card and scribbles his name and number on the back.

RIORDAN
This is the attorney I'm working for. My number's on the back. You think of anything else, let us know.

Handing him the card, Riordan starts to turn, then stops.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
One last question. Anybody around here drive a red Ferrari?

The question catches Ian by surprise. He covers his reaction with a shake of his head.

IAN
Ferrari...? Not around here. Goodbye, Mr. Riordan. And good luck.

RIORDAN
Thanks. I'll let myself out.

Riordan takes the tomatoes. Ian watches him go.

EXT. BROAD STREET - NEW YEAR'S DAY

In full regalia, the Mummers Parade moves peripatetically up the boulevard. Standing alone --

MADDY

Laughs as TWO CLOWNS put on a pantomime for the crowd. At the same time, across the street --

RIORDAN
Slips around a barricade and dodges through a strutting string band decked out in its feathered best.

Reaching the far side, he approaches Maddy from behind.

    RIORDAN
    Happy New Year...

Turning, she reacts with surprise, clearly pleased at finding him.

    MADDY
    Oh hi... Happy New Year.

    RIORDAN
    Stopped by your office, but it was closed. I saw Ian Cromwell...

At the same time, a good looking guy in a parka named SIMON WEITZ arrives with two steaming cups of hot chocolate.

    SIMON
    Here you go...

Handing a cup to Maddy, he glances at Riordan.

    SIMON (CONT'D)
    Hi, Simon Weitz...

He holds out his hand. Riordan shakes it.

    MADDY
    (an awkward smile)
    This is Des Riordan...

    SIMON
    Riordan...? You're the guy. Maddy's been telling me. I don't know how she does it, but somehow she always gets some guy to do the shit.

    RIORDAN
    Actually, she's the one who's really working.

Simon reacts with mock astonishment.

    SIMON
    Working...? Maddy...?
    (to Maddy)
    How much you paying this guy...?

Masking her annoyance, she tries to ignore the comment by shifting the conversation back to the case.
MADDY
The copies of Kathryn Cromwell's bills we subpoenaed came in.

RIORDAN
Great... I'll swing by tomorrow.
(checks his watch)
Listen, I've gotta run.

SIMON
Come on, it's New Year's. My firm's throwing a post-parade party...

RIORDAN
Thanks, but I really can't. Still too much to do. No rest for the wicked...
(to Maddy)
Catch you tomorrow.

Backing away with a wave, he turns and disappears into the crowd. Maddy watches him go.

INT. RIORDAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Outside it's cold, dark. Silent images of a sun-drenched bowl game spill from a muted television in the corner.

Bob Dylan's "Just Like A Woman" plays on a BOSE CD player.

Pouring himself an Irish --

RIORDAN
Takes a sip as he sorts through the piles of paper. Hearing a knock on the door, he kills the music and moves to find --

MADDY
Standing at the door. In her hands are two envelopes -- one legal-sized manila, the other letter-sized and white.

MADDY
Hi...

RIORDAN
Hey...

Obviously pleased to see her, he glances down the hall.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Thought you were going to a party.

MADDY
I was...

(MORE)
MADDY (CONT'D)
(holds out envelopes)
But I thought you might want these --
Kathryn Cromwell's bills...
(re: white envelope)
And this was stuck under my door
with your name on it.

He takes them from her.

RIORDAN
Thanks...
(beat)
What happened to Simon...?

MADDY
We're just friends. I told him you
made me feel guilty. Guilt is
something he understands...

RIORDAN
What about you?

MADDY
Guess I wanted to see what the wicked
really do...
(beat)
Of course, you don't have to invite
me in...

RIORDAN
Sorry...

He steps aside. She enters.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
You want something to eat... I can...

As she moves past him, he closes the door and turns only to
find her standing directly before him. Very close...

Too close.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
...Call down...

Drawing him to her, she kisses him on the mouth. Momentarily
cought off-guard, he doesn't fight it. The moment lingers.

MADDY
(whispers)
Back in class, I always wondered
what it would be like...

Taking her in his arms, he kisses her back. A long, slow,
wet, deep, sensual kiss.
RIORDAN
This is a bad idea...

MADDY
Unprofessional...

But as their kisses continue, his cell phone RINGS. Both react like kids caught in the act.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Your phone...

RIORDAN
Yeah...

MADDY
I'd better go...

RIORDAN
No, wait... It'll only take a second.

Releasing her, he crosses to grab the phone. At the same time, he restarts the CD the player.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Hello... who? Dean Curry...? This is a terrible connection... The Rose Bowl...?
(realizing)
Your party.... I know I said I'd be there... But something's come up...

The sound of "Trav'lin' Light" -- Chet Baker's haunting trumpet begins to float out across the room...

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Listen, let me call you tomorrow...
You, too. Thanks... yeah. 'Bye.

Hanging up, he turns back to find himself alone.

INT. RIORDAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY (NEXT MORNING)

Sunlight streaming through the window. Hungover, unshaven, Riordan is pouring himself a cup of coffee when he notices --

THE TWO ENVELOPES

Lying on the table where he set them the night before. Retrieving them, he moves to the bed.

Opening the manila envelope, he removes the photocopies of Kathryn Cromwell's bills and starts to sort them on the bed.

Still focused on the bills, he tears open the SMALLER WHITE ENVELOPE and takes out a single, folded piece of paper.
Glancing down, he unfolds it to find --

A BIRTH CERTIFICATE

Reacting, he turns back to the envelope it came in for some clue who sent it.

Off his puzzled look --

EXT. MADDY'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY (TO ESTABLISH)

INT. MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY

Seated at her computer preparing for court --

MADDY

Picks up the phone on the second RING.

    MADDY
    (into phone)
    Maddy Alexander...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RIORDAN'S 4X4 - DAY

Where Riordan speaks into his cell phone as he drives.

    RIORDAN
    (into cell phone)
    Hey... it's me. How's your opening coming?

    MADDY
    Finished it...

    RIORDAN
    How long is it?

    MADDY
    Fifteen minutes, give or take.

    RIORDAN
    Cut it in half.

    MADDY
    Half...? You're kidding.

    RIORDAN
    It says in the Bible that Samson killed 10,000 Philistines with the jawbone of a ass. 10,000 cases are lost the same way every day.

She smiles despite herself.
RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Keep it simple. Like you're telling a story. Let the jury know you share the same goal - finding the truth. Explain how the D.A.'s going to be bringing up some pretty ugly stuff and you sympathize with how this is going to make them feel. But the truth is: Littlewhyte's a victim here, too. Because you're gonna show that what seems like murder is, in fact, sex between consenting adults gone terribly wrong.

MADDY
That's it?

RIORDAN
That's it. How's your close?

MADDY
What close...? I haven't finished the opening.

RIORDAN
Do 'em together. Every journey needs a destination.

MADDY
You know, you're beginning to sound like my yoga instructor.

Riordan smiles.

RIORDAN
Think opera -- whatever you sing in act one, you've got to pay off in act three...

MADDY
Anything else?

RIORDAN
Yeah... That envelope you gave me -- the small one. Any idea where it came from?

MADDY
No, it was just here when I stopped by to pick up the mail. Why...?

RIORDAN
Really weird -- a birth certificate for a "Baby Jane Doe." The father's listed as "John Doe." But the mother was -- get this -- Michele Ryerson.
MADDY
(reacting)
The victim in the Breedlaw case?

RIORDAN
Yeah... apparently she'd had a child out of wedlock... when she was 16. A dozen years before she was killed.

MADDY
Sounds like somebody wants you to reopen the case.

RIORDAN
Like I have the time... Listen, I went over Kathryn Cromwell's bills. Couple of interesting charges including a receipt from Starlight Limousine Service dated the day she died. I called. They're faxing over a copy of the trip ticket.

MADDY
What about Ian Cromwell...?

RIORDAN
Long story. I'll explain when I see you. Gotta go.

MADDY
When will I see you?

But the line is already dead. HOLD as she slowly hangs up --

EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA - DAY

JUDGE CASTELLI (V.O. PRELAP)
There are several motions before the court that I wanted to resolve...

INT. JUDGE CASTELLI'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Standing, Judge Castelli is donning his robes as he addresses Maddy and Bragg prior to entering the courtroom.

JUDGE CASTELLI
Ms. Alexander, I'm willing to grant your motion in limine regarding your client's prior history of violence towards women with the proviso that should the District Attorney show cause, I will reconsider.

MADDY
Thank you, Your Honor.
JUDGE CASTELLI
However, regarding the introduction of evidence pertaining to the deceased's sexual practices, I frankly don't see the relevance.

MADDY
Your Honor, my client has been charged with rape and murder. It is the Defense's intention to show that Ms. Cromwell repeatedly and voluntarily engaged in fantasy sexual encounters including rape as a matter of course.

Instantly, Bragg reacts.

BRAGG
Objection. The deceased is not on trial here, Your Honor. This is exactly what the rape shield law prohibits. The area being suggested by Defense is highly prejudicial and has no bearing on the case at hand.

MADDY
I disagree, Your Honor. Ms. Cromwell's actions prior to the night in question have a direct bearing on the situation which resulted in her death.

JUDGE CASTELLI
I'll take it under advisement, counselor. However, tread lightly. I have a very low tolerance for smut.

MADDY
Thank you, Your Honor.

As Maddy and Bragg exit --

INT. VISTA GLASS COMPANY - DAY

TIGHT on copies of Visa invoices. Each with entries for "Vista Glass" circled in red. All for the same price.

CLERK/ELVIS (O.S.)
Nice lady... Not bad lookin' either. Sure was sorry to lose the business when she died. Don't often get a regular account like that.

WIDEN to reveal Riordan talking with a middle-aged man in a blue work shirt with "Elvis" stitched above the pocket.
ELVIS
Used to be like clockwork. Couple-a-three times a month, she'd call to come out and fix her window. Always the same.

RIORDAN
Downstairs window to the right of the front door?

ELVIS
You got it. Top-center pane below the sash. About the fourth time it happened I tried to sell her on shatter-proof glass. But she wasn't interested.

RIORDAN
Ever ask her why?

Elvis smiles and drops his eyes.

ELVIS
Actually... Don't take this wrong. But I always felt we had a kind of thing... you know?

RIORDAN
A thing...?

ELVIS
Ms. Cromwell had money. But not many friends. I know that sounds crazy... but it's the only way it made any sense.

RIORDAN
What way was that?

ELVIS
She liked having a man around. Sometimes I'd spend the afternoon...
(off Riordan's look)
You know... fixing things. I think she was lonely...

RIORDAN
Some people wouldn't agree.

ELVIS
That's 'cause people just see what they want.

RIORDAN
Thanks for your help.
As Riordan exits, HOLD on Elvis...

ST. JAMES (V.O. PRELAP)
O yea, o yea. All rise. In the name of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, this Court of Common Pleas is now in session. The Honorable Leo Castelli presiding...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

As Judge Castelli steps from his chambers, Maddy stands at the defense table. Bragg at the prosecution.

The room is packed. Reporters. N.A.A.C.P. representatives. Court watchers. The curious. Lincoln St. James continues --

ST. JAMES
...All be seated and cease all conversation.

JUDGE CASTELLI
Thank you, Mr. St. James. Unless there are any additional items I'm unaware of, please bring in the prisoner.

The cell room door opens. Two DEPUTIES usher in a handcuffed --

MARCUS LITTLEWHYTE
Wearing a dark blue Armani suit and conservative tie, he looks at Maddy as they uncuff him.

MADDY
(a whisper)
How you feeling...?

LITTLEWHYTE
(looks around)
Like somebody's about to hand me my ass in a bag.

Catching a look from Castelli, Maddy raises a finger to her lips, silencing Littlewhyte.

JUDGE CASTELLI
Please seat the jury.

From the opposite Side of the bench, the door to the Jury Room opens and --

14 JURORS

File in. As they take their seats, we can see 8 women, 6 men. A mix of race and age.
JUDGE CASTELLI (CONT'D)
First, let me apologize for the late start this morning...

Aware the jurors are looking at Littlewhyte --

MADDY
Reaches over, placing her hand on his arm as she whispers.

MADDY
(a whisper)
Look at the jurors. You see them staring at you, never look away...

JUDGE CASTELLI
Ms. Alexander...? You have something to share with the court?

MADDY
No, Your Honor... sorry.

JUDGE CASTELLI
Very well. Having concluded my opening remarks yesterday, Mr. Bragg will open for the State.

BRAGG
Thank you, Your Honor...

Rising, Bragg steps out from behind the prosecution table and begins to address the jury.

BRAGG (CONT'D)
Some of you may know me. My name is David Bragg. I am District Attorney for the County of Philadelphia and I am here to place before you the facts. Over the next week, the State will show how...

Without losing eye-contact with the jury, he extends his left hand to point to Littlewhyte.

BRAGG (CONT'D)
That man...

Fourteen pairs of eyes follow Bragg's left index finger to look at --

MARCUS LITLEWHYTE - JURY'S P.O.V.

Clearly struggling to keep his cool, Littlewhyte stares back, his hands clasped in front of him.
As Bragg continues --

**INT. READING TERMINAL MARKET - DAY**

Making her way past the crowded stalls to the DUTCH KITCHEN --

**MADDY**

Takes a seat at the counter. As a pretty, young AMISH COUNTER GIRL in a white cap and apron approaches --

**RIORDAN**

Slides onto the stool beside Maddy and picks up a menu.

**RIORDAN**

One check... She's paying.

**AMISH COUNTER GIRL**

(reacting)

You are together then...?

**MADDY/RIORDAN**

(both at once)

No... Yes...

The Counter Girl looks at Maddy.

**MADDY**

Sorry... I'm his keeper. One check will be fine...

**RIORDAN**

(to Counter Girl)

Shoo-fly pie and a cup of coffee.

**MADDY**

And I'll take "The Special"...

Writing it down, the Counter Girl goes off to place the order.

**MADDY (CONT'D)**

Talk about empty calories. You know, your eating habits are really terrible. How have you lived so long?

**RIORDAN**

It's genetic...
MADDY
So tell me about Ian Cromwell.

RIORDAN
No proof, but he thinks his sister was making it with David Bragg.
(off her reaction)
And you gotta admit, if Bragg had made a guest appearance in a couple of Kathryn Cromwell's video fantasies, it would explain a lot.

MADDY
So she threatens to show the videos to Mrs. Bragg... and he kills her.

RIORDAN
At least it gives Bragg a motive. We know Littlewhyte panicked. What if she wasn't dead? Bragg knows the routine... including how to get into the house. After Littlewhyte splits, he finishes her off, then gets rid of the body.

MADDY
And when the disc turns up, erases the master... If he gets a conviction, he's free and clear...
(frowns)
Interesting theory. Too many "ifs."

RIORDAN
Just a possibility. Did the Limo company fax over the trip ticket?

Digging a FAX bearing the Limousine Service logo out of her briefcase, she hands it to him.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
(re: photocopy)
Point of Pick-up: Route 8 and Quarryline Road...?

MADDY
It doesn't make sense. Who takes a limo from the middle of nowhere to Atlantic City?

He stares at the fax for a long beat.

RIORDAN
Somebody who called it in ahead of time, then used Kathryn Cromwell's credit card to pay for it.
MADDY
After he killed her...

RIORDAN
So where was David Bragg the night of the murder?

MADDY
That's easy. Same place I was. The Bar Association Convention...
(realizing)
In Atlantic City.

As both react, the Counter Girl arrives with their food --

EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER - DAY
A chilly wind rolls off the Delaware as --

RIORDAN
Crosses Broad Street and enters the offices of the paper.

INT. THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER - MORGUE - DAY
Seated before a computer --

RIORDAN
Quickly scrolls through the pages of back editions. Stops.

TIGHT ON COMPUTER SCREEN - HIS P.O.V.
Some sort of society function. DAVID BRAGG talking to another man. Beside him is KATHRYN CROMWELL.

BACK ON RIORDAN
Hitting a key combination, he prints a copy...

MADDY (V.O. PRELAP)
...While Marcus Litlewhyte is an exceptional athlete, he is, like all of us, a flawed human being...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY
Where Maddy is finishing her opening statement.

MADDY
And in the course of this trial, the defense will show that he is also a victim of a rush to justice. (MORE)
MADDY (CONT'D)
For what the prosecution would have
you believe is murder committed in
the commission of rape is, in fact,
nothing more than unconventional sex
between consenting adults gone
terribly wrong. Thank you.

Like Bragg, she holds the jury's gaze for a long beat, then
turns and moves back to the defense table. Watching her --

LITLEWHYTE
Manages an uncertain nod as she sits down beside him.

INT. RIORDAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Papers and photos lie in orderly piles on the bed as --

RIORDAN
Works on his open laptop. Pouring himself two-fingers of
Jameson, he takes a sip as he studies the screen.

ON THE COMPUTER - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

On screen is a PHOTO OF NIKI BREEDLAW AND MICHELE RYERSON.

Googled from the archives of the Inquirer, it's the SAME
NEWS PHOTO that fell from Riordan's file back before his
house was torched.

BACK ON RIORDAN
Staring at it, he takes a sip of whiskey and double-clicks
on iPhoto. Clicking again, he opens a FILE.

Instantly the screen fills with the SERIES OF IMAGES -- the
PHOTOS he took at the Cromwell mansion.

Scanning the photos, he stops at --

TIGHT ON FRAMED PHOTO - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

Double-clicking on the image, it FILLS THE SCREEN.

At first it appears to be nothing more than a FRAMED PHOTO-
PORTRAIT OF KATHRYN CROMWELL, herself.

But as he CLICKS AGAIN, the copy of the NEWS PHOTO appears
side-by-side with the portrait.

CLOSE ON RIORDAN
As he reacts to --
THE 2 PHOTOS SIDE-BY-SIDE - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

Clearly the PORTRAIT OF KATHRYN is not a portrait at all. CROPPED FROM THE ORIGINAL 2-SHOT, it is really --

MICHELE RYERSON!

BACK ON RIORDAN

Staring at the 2 photos, he finishes the Irish in a single swallow then quickly retrieves --

THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE

It lists Michele Ryerson as the mother of a female child.

RIORDAN
(under his breath)
Sonofabitch...

Picking up his cell phone, he hits auto-dial.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MADDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Working late, she picks up the phone.

MADDY
(into phone)
This is Maddy Alexander...

RIORDAN
(into phone)
You aren't going to believe this... Remember the birth certificate?

MADDY
Birth certificate...?

RIORDAN
The one that said Michele Ryerson had a baby girl... I think that girl was Kathryn Cromwell.

MADDY
(stunned)
You're kidding... Kathryn Cromwell's her daughter...?! Are you sure?

RIORDAN
Positive. Kathryn even kept her mother's picture on her nightstand. Must've clipped it from a news photo taken at the time of the trial.
MADDY
We must be missing something.

EXT. A RURAL ROAD - DAY

TIGHT on road marker: ROUTE 8. Beneath it, a SIGN reads:

"QUARRYLINE RD - 1 MILE"

RIORDAN (V.O.)
Tomorrow first thing, I'm going to take a drive out Route 8 to Quarryline Road. See what I find...

WIDEN to reveal the 4x4 as it drives past. Behind the wheel --

RIORDAN
Eases off the gas as he approaches the intersection and turns onto Quarryline Road.

SERIES OF SHOTS - RIORDAN DRIVING

Barren trees line a snow-plowed, 2-lane blacktop road. Ahead on the right hand side --

3 TANKER TRUCKS WITH "DANGER/TOXIC" MARKINGS

Stand idling in a queue as a FLAGMAN steps out and holds up a sign that reads "STOP." Braking the 4x4 --

RIORDAN
Slows to a halt, watching as a 4th TANKER comes out of a side road on the left and drives off.

As soon as it's clear, the flagman waves the next truck in line to proceed up the side road.

Annoyed at the delay, Riordan looks off, noticing a MARKER:

ROCKVILLE QUARRY - CAUTION: TRUCKS

Up ahead, the flagman waves him through at last.

Starting forward, Riordan glances down the road as he passes.

RUTTED DIRT ROAD - HIS P.O.V.

It winds back into the trees. Passing the flagman, Riordan drives on.

EXT. OLDSTONE JUG - DAY

Built in the 19th Century from quarried stone, it now serves as a truck stop just off the main road.
A LARGE OAK stands before it.

A number of TANKER TRUCKS with TOXIC markings are parked in the lot as Riordan pulls in.

INT. OLD STONE JUG - DAY

Stepping into the musky darkness --

RIORDAN

Finds a half-dozen truckers seated at the bar. He moves to one end as the BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER

Afternoon...

RIORDAN

Jameson, straight-up.

BARTENDER

Ah sir, I can see you're a man of taste and breeding...

Setting a shot glass before him, the Bartender fills it with Irish Whiskey. Riordan places a $20 bill beside it.

RIORDAN

(indicating)

And one for yourself...

BARTENDER

And a scholar to boot.

Setting up a second shot glass, he fills it for himself.

RIORDAN

To The Old Stone Jug...

Raising his glass, Riordan downs the whiskey neat, savoring the taste.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

Guess this place's been around a while.

BARTENDER

Know the saying, "Dan'l Boone kilt him a bar under this tree"...? Well, out front's the tree. And as for the "bar," you're standin' in it.

The bartender and truckers share a laugh. Setting down the glass, Riordan smiles. The Bartender refills it.
RIORDAN
Guess you get a lot of business from the quarry.

BARTENDER
The quarry... you mean Rockville? Stopped cuttin' stone back in the fifties. Now it's all toxic disposal. Has been since forever.

RIORDAN
Toxic disposal...? No shit...?

Catching his joke, the others laugh.

BARTENDER
See those trucks out there...? They line up all day long. In-state, outta-state. We got shit comin' in here from all over. Truth is, nobody wants it. So if somebody's gonna make money off it, might as well be us.

RIORDAN
Since the fifties...?

BARTENDER
'Round here there's a saying -- "Your shit's our bread 'n' butter."

More laughter. Riordan raises his glass.

RIORDAN
To shit, then... may it always run down hill.

All raise their glasses and drink.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Wasn't there some sort of State commission supposed to be meeting on toxic run-off --
(beat)
Down in Philly... Senator Cumberland?

BARTENDER
(scoffing)
Cumberland couldn't find both cheeks of his ass if he was sittin' on his hands. You know how many times they tried shuttin' Rockville down in the last twenty years...? Owner's got friends in court.
RIORDAN
The owner local...?

BARTENDER
Used to be. Now it's some big fookin' corporation.

RIORDAN
So... The truck's run all night?

BARTENDER
(checking his watch)
Naw... this time of year the last truck's done by four, four-thirty...

RIORDAN
Then I guess I've got time to buy you boys a round...

As he takes out another twenty and lays it on the bar, the bartender begins refilling glasses --

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO ROCKVILLE QUARRY - DAY

LATE AFTERNOON. TIGHT on the barrier with a familiar SIGN:

"WARNING - QUARRY CLOSED - NO TRESPASSING"

Rusted and attached with wire. O.S. the SOUND of an approaching car. As it stops WIDEN to reveal --

RIORDAN'S 4x4

He shuts off the engine and climbs out. Moving to the trunk, he takes out a high-powered FLASHLIGHT.

The sun is low in the sky. The trucks are gone. No one in sight. A CROW in a nearby tree makes a CLACKING SOUND.

Stepping to the barrier, he scales it, dropping to the other side. Just ahead --

THE QUARRY

Falls off abruptly -- 300 feet straight down. A man-made arroyo dusted with snow, testament to untold buildings past.

THE CROW

Glides silently through the air, descending into the pit.

RIORDAN

 Watches the bird for a moment, then scans expanse below. There, cut into the quarry floor are --
TWO DOZEN TOXIC PERCOLATION PITS - HIS P.O.V.
Ragged scars into which liquid toxic wastes are pumped.

BACK ON RIORDAN

He is about to turn away when notices --

THE CROW - HIS P.O.V.

Drop down upon what appears to be a snow covered HUMMOCK. But as it lands, its wings sweep aside a bit of snow revealing --

A GLINT OF RUSTING METAL

Frowning, Riordan looks around for a way down.

SERIES OF ANGLES - FROM THE PIT LOOKING UP

Riordan makes his way along an ACCESS ROAD that leads to --

EXT. QUARRY FLOOR - NIGHT

Turning on his flashlight --

RIORDAN

Plays it across the ravaged ground as he makes his way past the percolation pits. Broken appliances, radial tires, mattresses, discarded furniture are scattered everywhere.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Moving through the scattered debris, he sweeps the snow from various items. Clearly frustrated and cold, he is about to pack it in when he spots the broken and charred remains of --

THE SILVER JAG

Rusting in the snow. He dusts off the plate to reveal: 1HOT1

Moving around the driver's side --

RIORDAN

Manages to pry open the door and shine the light inside --

INSIDE OF THE JAGUAR - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

In a state of decay, it holds NO VISIBLE SIGN OF A BODY. A fraying cord is still tied to the gear shift. Puzzled --

RIORDAN

Steps back from the wreck, and pans the light towards --

THE NEAREST PERCOLATION PIT
Not 20 feet away. The perfect place to "lose" a body. Taking out his cell phone, he attempts to dial out.

CLOSE ON CELL PHONE - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

The illuminated LED read-out states: "No Signal"

RIORDAN

Technology...

Looking back at the Jag one last time, he pockets the phone and heads back the way he came.

EXT. ROCKVILLE QUARRY - NIGHT

It is late by the time Riordan makes it back to the spot where he first overlooked the pit.

Taking out his cell phone, he dials it again.

CLOSE ON CELL PHONE - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

Digital read-out still states: "No Signal"

BACK ON RIORDAN

RIORDAN

Fuck me...

Turning, he starts back towards the barrier as he hears the O.S. SOUND of --

A TOW TRUCK

Hoisting a car. Scrambling back over the barrier, Riordan clears it just in time to see his 4x4 being towed away.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Hey...! No! Wait...!

Running now, he tries to catch the truck, hurling the flashlight at it in the hope of attracting attention.

Bouncing off the lift, the light goes out as it careens into the darkness. The truck drives on.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)

Sonofabitch...!

As the taillights disappear from sight, he slows to a walk.

EXT. QUARRYLINE ROAD - NIGHT

Illuminated by moonlight, he walks along the shoulder of the road. Hearing a car behind him --
RIORDAN

Turns and puts out his thumb. Momentarily silhouetted in the headlights he watches hopefully as the car approaches.

RIORDAN
(under his breath)
Com'on, com'on... gimme a break...

But the car seems to be coming at him, forcing him to jump back as it hits a half-frozen puddle.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Son-of-a-bitch...!

Brushing muddy slush from his coat, he throws the driver a one-finger salute.

ON ROAD - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

The taillights of the car suddenly glow brighter as it starts to slow down.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
(lowering his arm)
All right... I take it back.

But instead of stopping and backing up, the car pulls a U and we see for the first time it's --

THE BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE!

TIGHT on Riordan as he realizes.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Fuck me...

Turning, he starts to run back the way he came.

ON RIORDAN

Legs pumping now, he sprints down the road as behind him --

THE ESCALADE

Completes its turn and starts back after him.

ON THE ROAD AHEAD - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

Empty. No possible help in sight. 100 yards ahead, the opening to the dirt road leading back towards the quarry.

Caught in the headlights, his own shadow is cast ahead of him as he races for all he's worth.
Behind him in the darkness, the GROWL of the Escalade grows louder. Backlit, his shadow shortening --

RIORDAN

Waits to the last possible second before dodging out of the Escalade's path.

Rushing past, the SUV brakes hard, fishtailing down the pavement and into a ditch.

Reaching the dirt road, Riordan heads back towards the quarry, legs pumping as fast as he can. Ahead --

THE BARRIER - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

Still a football field away.

Somewhere in the distance the SOUND of the SUV's engine straining to free itself from the ditch.

ON RIORDAN

Breathing hard, feet like lead, he reaches the barrier at last. But instead of climbing over it, he grabs --

THE "WARNING" SIGN

In both hands and tries to tear it free. From beyond the trees, the SOUND of the Escalade again on the move.

TIGHT ON RIORDAN

With every ounce of strength left, he strains to pull the sign from the barrier. Glancing back --

THE DIRT ROAD - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.

In the distance, the lights of the Escalade cut through the trees. Coming full bore. Wrenching the sign loose at last --

RIORDAN

Hurls it to one side. An instant later the Escalade's lights catch him full-on.

Scrambling to the top of the barrier, he makes sure they see him. Then leaping down, he runs towards the quarry.

A moment later --

THE ESCALADE

Barrels through the barrier like it isn't even there. Still running with nowhere to go --
RIORDAN

Hurls himself sideways at the last instant as the Escalade screams past! Going too fast to stop --

THE ESCALADE - (OVERCRANK)

Sails right over the edge! For a long beat it seems suspended. Then Newton's 2nd Law takes its toll.

ON RIORDAN

His breath coming hard, he watches the Escalade as it falls like a stone, exploding on impact!

EXT. THE OLD STONE JUG - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cold and bruised from his ordeal, Riordan watches as a burgundy VW BEETLE approaches, slows and turns in.

Pulling to stop --

MADDY

Lowers the passenger side window and looks out at him.

    MADDY
    Do you do this all the time?

    RIORDAN
    Just lately... Thanks for coming.

She stares at him as he piles in.

    MADDY
    Look at you.

    RIORDAN
    You should've seen the other guy.

    MADDY
    What other guy?

    RIORDAN
    Drive. I'll tell you on the way.

As she pulls a tight U and heads back the way she came --

EXT. FRANKLIN HOTEL - NIGHT

As Maddy's VW pulls up and stops in front of the hotel. It is after midnight. The lobby is dark.
INT. MADDY'S VW - NIGHT

Having already told her what happened a the pit, Riordan and Maddy are attempting to sort things out.

MADDY
So you found Kathryn Cromwell's Jag but her body's not in it...?

RIORDAN
The quarry's being used as a dump.

MADDY
So Bragg -- or someone -- could've ditched the car and dropped her body down one of the pits.

RIORDAN
It's a shot. See if you can get Castelli to issue a court order. Dredge the percolation pits. Maybe we'll get lucky...

MADDY
What about you? You okay...?

RIORDAN
I've been worse...

She looks at him as he climbs out and turns back.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Listen, thanks for the lift...

MADDY
Call me.

Nodding, he shuts the door and watches her drive off.

EXT. ROCKVILLE QUARRY - DAY

TIGHT on the twisted wreck that was once a Jaguar XKR as it is hoisted out of the quarry with a winch.

PETROCINO (O.S.)
...Hate to say it, but the Jag was probably empty when it took the dive...

WIDEN to reveal Riordan standing with DETECTIVE THOMAS PETROCINO of the Mobile Crime Unit.

RIORDAN
Any chance the body was ejected...?
PETROCINO
Given the physical integrity of the passenger compartment, I'd say no.

RIORDAN
There's got to be something...

Behind them, the burned out hulk of the Cadillac Escalade rests on a flatbed, ready for transport.

PETROCINO
How the hell'd you find this place?
You got a real nose for shit.

RIORDAN
Sometimes you get lucky.

To one side --

TWO BLACK BODY BAGS

Containing the charred remains of Quirt and Heller are being loaded into a Coroner's van.

PETROCINO
You didn't happen to see how these bozos managed to make the plunge?

RIORDAN
Must've taken a wrong turn.

PETROCINO
I'll say... Quirt always was a piece of work. Ask me, he was a couple of dimes short of a dollar.

RIORDAN
You knew him?

PETROCINO
Back when I was with IA. He worked Homicide. Caught him stealing evidence. Copped a plea. Somebody pulled some strings. Last I heard he was working for Castelli...

RIORDAN
Leo Castelli...?

PETROCINO
That's the one...
   (checks his watch)
We're almost done here. Anything comes up, I'll give you a shout.
RIORDAN

Thanks...

As Riordan moves off, they begin to winch the Jag onto the flatbed as well.

BRAGG (V.O. PRELAP)

Just because we find her abandoned car doesn't mean her body's there...

INT. JUDGE CASTELLI'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Maddy and Bragg stand before Judge Castelli again as he prepares for trial.

MADDY

Your Honor, the victim's car was within a hundred feet of half a dozen toxic pits. The probability of finding her body in one of them isn't unreasonable.

BRAGG

Your Honor, this is ridiculous...

Castelli holds up his hand for silence.

JUDGE CASTELLI

Ms. Alexander. Need I remind you, we are in the middle of a murder trial?

MADDY

Please, Your Honor. If Kathryn Cromwell's body is out there, it might provide critical forensic evidence that would exonerate my client.

JUDGE CASTELLI

Or not. I cannot suspend a trial on your hope that additional evidence "might" turn up. Motion for a court order denied. The case will continue.

HOLD on Maddy's frustration.

BRAGG (V.O. PRELAP)

Indicating for the record, Your Honor, that the vehicle in question did indeed belong to the deceased...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Playing to a packed courtroom, Bragg stands before a series of mounted PHOTOS showing various angles of the wrecked Jag.
A silver Jaguar XKR bearing Pennsylvania tags 1-H-O-T-1 and registered to Kathryn Cromwell...

Turning, he moves to the far end of the jury box and turns back to face the witness --

DETECTIVE THOMAS PETROCINO.

BRAGG (CONT'D)
Detective Petrocino, please confirm for the Court that this is the same vehicle you and the Mobile Crime Detection Unit recovered from Rockville Quarry.

In order to answer Bragg, Petrocino finds himself looking directly into the eyes of the jury.

PETROCINO
That's correct.

BRAGG
Was the victim's body in the car?

PETROCINO
No.

BRAGG
Was there anything to link the car to the murder?

PETROCINO
Yes. Fibers from a cord tied to the gear shift match fibers taken from the bedpost at the crime scene.

BRAGG
The same cord allegedly used to strangle the victim?

PETROCINO
That's correct.

BRAGG
And in your experience, can you tell the court what finding this vehicle empty indicates regarding the deceased?

MADDY
Objection. Question calls for conclusion.
JUDGE CASTELLI
Sustained.

BRAGG
But the vehicle was empty?

PETROCINO
Yes, sir.

BRAGG
Please tell the court, in your expert opinion, could this vehicle have been used to transport the body of the deceased to some other location prior to its being abandoned at the quarry?

PETROCINO
Entirely possible. A car's tougher to hide -- better chance of being recovered. Obviously the killer wanted to make sure the body was never found.

MADDY
Objection...

JUDGE CASTELLI
Sustained. Jury will disregard the witness's last.

BRAGG
No further questions, Your Honor.

JUDGE CASTELLI
Ms. Alexander...?

MADDY
No questions at this time, Your Honor. Request permission to approach the bench.

JUDGE CASTELLI
Permission granted.

As Maddy approaches the bench, Bragg joins her. They speak with the Judge in hushed tones.

MADDY
Your Honor, since the vehicle in question's now impounded, Defense requests that the jury be allowed to view it first hand.

JUDGE CASTELLI
Any objection, counselor?
BRAGG
No objection. But what's the point?

MADDY
Defense further requests that the Defendant be allowed to join us.

BRAGG
Objection. Counsel is fishing.

MADDY
With the Court's permission, this vehicle bears directly on the guilt or innocence of my client. To properly understand the questions I'll have to ask, I need him there.

JUDGE CASTELLI
Request granted. Mr. St. James, please arrange an excursion for tomorrow afternoon...

ST. JAMES
Taken care of, Your Honor.

JUDGE CASTELLI
(to Maddy)
But I strongly suggest, Counselor, that this be leading us somewhere.

MADDY
Yes, Your Honor. Thank you.

As the sidebar meeting breaks up --

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Grandiose. A granite and marble wedding cake topped by Calder's groom-like statue of William Penn.

Crossing from Market Street below, Riordan enters --

INT. CITY HALL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Coming through the doors --

RIORDAN
Is headed for the County Recorder's Office when a familiar VOICE echoes down the hall.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Roy-Dan...!

Turning just in time, he catches Charlie as the boy tackles his legs in a hug.
RIORDAN
Hey, Charlie... what're you doin' here?

At the same time, Trudy joins them.

TRUDY
Talkin' to the Cumberland Commission. Or tryin' to. Except nobody's listening...

(imitating Senator)
"On behalf of the commission, I would like to extend a heart-felt 'fuck-you-very-much'..." What a crock of shit. I got a daughter who's a vegetable and a grandson...

Her eyes start to well up. She stops, takes a breath.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Goddamn politicians. Wouldn't give you a drink of water if your teeth were on fire...

RIORDAN
If there's anything I can do...

(she shakes her head)
Listen, let me buy you and Charlie lunch...

TRUDY
Can't... Got a bus to catch. See ya around... com'on, Charlie.

Taking him by the hand, she heads the opposite direction.

CHARLIE
'Bye, Roy-dan...

RIORDAN
'Bye, Charlie.

Watching them go, he turns and enters a door marked: PHILADELPHIA COUNTY RECORDER. As he disappears inside --

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND LOT - 55TH & PINE - DAY

Escorted by five SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES, the Judge, Jury, both Counsels, the Court Reporter and Marcus Littlewhyte arrive.

Shackled, hand and foot, Littlewhyte has a Deputy on either side and one behind. All are big men.

Forming a half-circle the group stares at --

THE WRECKED JAG
While it has sustained a great deal of damage, the passenger compartment remains in tact.

JUDGE CASTELLI
We are now back on the record...

As the Court Reporter begins typing --

JUDGE CASTELLI (CONT'D)
Police Impound, 55th and Pine. Let the record show that the prosecution, defendant and his counsel plus all 14 jurors are present... to view the remains of the vehicle in question...

Without missing a beat, Bragg speaks to Kingman loud enough that the jury can hear.

BRAGG
Really makes you wonder... If this is what's left of the car, imagine what he did to her...

JUDGE CASTELLI
Mr. Bragg...

BRAGG
Sorry, Your Honor...

JUDGE CASTELLI
Jury will disregard Mr. Bragg's remarks and focus your attention on the condition of the vehicle...
(to Maddy)
Counselor, have we concluded our business here?

MADDY
No, Your Honor... Before we leave, I'd like to request that the jury be allowed to see one more thing.

JUDGE CASTELLI
Which is...?

MADDY
I'd like the jury to see Mr. Litlewhyte get into the car.

As Bragg reacts, Castelli frowns, considering.

BRAGG
Objection...

JUDGE CASTELLI
Over-ruled. Mr. Litlewhyte...
JUDGE CASTELLI (CONT'D)  
(indicating the car)  
If you'd please be so kind...  

LITLEWHYTE  
You're kidding me...  

JUDGE CASTELLI  
Do I strike you as a kidder, Mr.  
Litlewhyte?  

LITLEWHYTE  
Oh man...  

Clearly reluctant, Litlewhyte moves to the driver's door which already stands open.  

JUDGE CASTELLI  
If you need help, I'm sure the deputies will assist you.  

Awkwardly gripping the door, he tries to slip behind the wheel but his legs won't fit.  

MADDY  
Perhaps Your Honor is right. If the deputies could give Mr. Litlewhyte a hand...  

As all three muscular Deputies attempt to assist Litlewhyte,  

BRAGG  
Reacts, annoyed.  

BRAGG  
This is ridiculous...  

Maddy contains a small smile.  

MADDY  
Maybe if you slide the seat back...  

DEPUTY #1  
It is back...  

MADDY  
Then there must be a way... Mr. Litlewhyte, you're not trying...  

Looking at her, Litlewhyte rolls his eyes and continues to struggle.  

LITLEWHYTE  
(under his breath)  
Fuck me...
MADDY

Sorry, Your Honor. Mr. Litlewhyte...

(meeting his glare)
I don't care how you do it, but get yourself into the car.

But it is clear that at 6'10", 240 pounds --

LITLEWHYTE

Was never meant to own a Jag. With considerable help from the Deputies, he finally manages to cram himself in.

Hunched sideways over the wheel and peering out from the passenger side... despite himself, he starts to laugh.

MADDY (CONT'D)

From the Cromwell Estate to the quarry is what...? Twenty miles...?

As Judge and Jurors all react to the absurdity of a man this large in a car this small, Maddy makes her point.

MADDY (CONT'D)

Your Honor, now that the jury has seen Mr. Litlewhyte get into the car...

She looks at Bragg.

MADDY (CONT'D)

I move that they be allowed to see him drive it from here to, say, Valley Forge...

They jurors react. Castelli looks at Bragg.

CASTELLI

You've made your point, Counselor.

MADDY

Thank you, Your Honor.

As the Deputies move to extract Litlewhyte --

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

Having spent hours, Riordan exits carrying an ENVELOPE.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Unlocking his car, Riordan gets in and starts the engine. But as he drives off --

A RED FERRARI
Pulls out from down the block and begins to follow.

**INT. RIORDAN'S 4X4 - NIGHT**

The traffic has thinned as he maneuvers through city streets. Glancing at his rearview mirror, Riordan spots --

**REARVIEW MIRROR - RED FERRARI - RIORDAN'S P.O.V.**

Following at a distance.

**ANGLE ON INTERSECTION**

As the 4x4 approaches the intersection, the Ferrari trails by half a block.

**BACK ON RIORDAN**

To the squeal of brakes and blare of horns he suddenly puts the 4x4 into a tight U. Caught by surprise --

**THE DRIVER**

Of the Ferrari abruptly takes a hard left down a narrow alley as we glimpse his WHITE HAIR.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS**

Clearly faster and more agile, the Ferrari speeds down the alley only to be delayed by CROSS traffic on the next street.

Gunning the 4x4, Riordan closes the gap, but before he can reach it, the Ferrari accelerates, cornering hard.

The 4x4 follows as the Ferrari quickly weaves in and out of traffic trying to shake loose. Turning the WRONG WAY onto --

**A ONE-WAY STREET**

The Ferrari is met by a chorus of horns and screaming brakes as it dashes between the oncoming cars. Attempting to follow --

**THE 4X4**

Takes the SIDEWALK as pedestrians scatter. Up ahead, the Ferrari reaches onto the next street, going with the flow.

Riordan does the same. Moving fast, they cat-and-mouse up the boulevard, narrowly missing a bus.

On the left, a handful of cars come down an EXIT RAMP for I-95. Without warning --

**THE FERRARI**
Turns left, racing UP THE OFF RAMP -- AGAINST TRAFFIC! Cars swerve, then collide with each other as the Ferrari dodges in and out.

Before Riordan can follow --

A POLICE CRUISER

Comes racing around the corner, stopping directly in the 4x4's path forcing him to brake. Instantly --

TWO UNIFORMED PPD OFFICERS

Roll out of the car and into shooting positions, their guns aimed at Riordan. One officer calls to him over the P.A.:

OFFICER #1
(amplified)
This is the Philadelphia Police.
Turn off your ignition, place your hands in full view and step out of the vehicle...

But Riordan is already out, hands in the air.

RIORDAN
Not me... him.

At the same time, the Ferrari goes into a power-skid at the top of the ramp causing the Cops to turn and look.

OFFICER #1
Holy shit...

As the driver fishtails then drops it in gear, the Ferrari takes off, disappearing into traffic.

Stunned, the Officers look at each, then at Riordan who can only shake his head in frustration.

EXT. CASTELLI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A large two-story Georgian. The lights are on inside as --

RIORDAN
Kills the headlights on the 4x4 as he speaks into his cell.

RIORDAN
(into cell)
...Right. Tell Petrocino. Then meet me here. Thanks.

Hanging up, he takes the envelope bearing the County Recorder's seal and moves to the door.
Ringing the bell, he waits as the SOUND of footsteps approach from within. The porch light comes on.

CASTELLI

Opens the door.

CASTELLI
Des... What are you doing here?

RIORDAN
Burying the dead...

It's an odd response. Castelli reacts with a laugh.

CASTELLI
Sounds like a man in search of a drink...? Why don't you come in and we'll bury them together...

The two men go inside, Castelli shuts the door behind them.

The CAMERA HOLDS for a beat, then --

A SECOND CAR

Pulls in behind Riordan's 4x4 -- It's the RED FERRARI.

INT. CASTELLI'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Riordan follows Castelli into the den.

CASTELLI
Been "bach-ing" it. Sent Mary and the girls up skiing. Mont Tremblant. Ever been there?

RIORDAN
No...

Stepping to his desk, Castelli opens the bottom drawer and takes out a bottle of Remy Martin and two glasses.

CASTELLI
Can I pour you a drink...?

RIORDAN
No... thanks.

CASTELLI
This must be serious. I can't remember the last time you turned one down.

Pouring one for himself, Castelli returns the unused glass to the open drawer, placing it beside --
A .38 COLT SPECIAL

He leaves the drawer open.

CASTELLI (CONT'D)
Finding Kathryn Cromwell's car...
very impressive.

Raising his glass, Castelli takes a sip.

CASTELLI (CONT'D)
Almost as impressive as what Ms. Alexander did with it today. You know, I think she might just convince the jury Littlewhyte's innocent.

RIORDAN
Could be because he is...
(off Castelli's look)
Any idea why nobody noticed the Jag down there before?

CASTELLI
A lot of things find their way to the bottom of a quarry that people never notice.

RIORDAN
Like a body?

CASTELLI
If you came here to try to persuade me to issue an order to dredge those pits, I've already ruled. The answer's no. We don't need Kathryn Cromwell's body to prove she was murdered.

RIORDAN
Actually, I was thinking Michele Ryerson.

The name catches Castelli off guard.

CASTELLI
Michele...? You serious? That's what...? 15 years ago, for Chris's sake.
(beat)
You're still not over that, are you?
What the hell's Michele Ryerson got to do with anything?

RIORDAN
To begin with, Kathryn Cromwell was her daughter... born out of wedlock and given up for adoption.
Castelli stares at him, unmoved.

CASTELLI
If this is a joke...

RIORDAN
No, it's not. I've even got the birth certificate. Want to know something else? Kathryn must have known because she kept Michele's picture beside her bed.

CASTELLI
What are you trying to say, Des?

RIORDAN
Guess who owns Rockville Quarry?

CASTELLI
As I recall, the owner of record is Bio-Safe Industries...

RIORDAN
Strange. According to the record, Bio-Safe just leases the land...
(beat)
From you.

He tosses the envelope. It lands on the desk.

CASTELLI
You have been busy. Technically you're right. The quarry's been in my family since the Civil War. Unfortunately, the demand for cut stone died off years ago...
(beat)
Leasing it was a matter of survival. Adapting to progress.

RIORDAN
You leased the land to Bio-Safe to use as a toxic dump.

CASTELLI
Try environmental disposal site.

RIORDAN
Try environmental disaster. Do you have any idea what you're doing to the ground water... to people's lives?

CASTELLI
All the permits are in order.
RIORDAN
Then why's Bio-Safe under investigation?

CASTELLI
You mean the Cumberland Commission? (he smiles)
Senator Cumberland and I have already spoken. He understands that toxic waste is an unavoidable reality. In today's world, justice is what serves the greater good.

RIORDAN
The water table's being poisoned. People are dying.

CASTELLI
We all die of something. That's life. Let's not get carried away.

RIORDAN
You sonofabitch. You know what's going on. But you want to pretend it isn't happening. The same way you knew Niki Breedlaw didn't murder Michele Ryerson.

CASTELLI
Don't push it, Des. Idle speculation can be dangerous.

RIORDAN
How about hard facts? I prosecuted Niki Breedlaw, remember? She swore Michele was murdered... by the same man who'd gotten her pregnant at 16.

CASTELLI
(scoffing)
Swore...? She was on trial for her life. She would have said anything.

RIORDAN
A guy already married. Old family. Well-to-do. Paid for everything, even arranged for the adoption. But by 29, Michele decided she wanted her daughter back. It would've ruined him. But she didn't care. So he killed her and got rid of her body...

CASTELLI
(cutting him off)
...Then framed Niki Breedlaw. It was bullshit then and bullshit now.
RIORDAN
Is it? Because Niki Breedlaw was innocent. I know because I was part of it... but so were you. You were convinced she was guilty. You said it would be a real step up for both of us. High profile. A woman. An athlete. If women's libbers wanted to be treated like men, let 'em see that it cuts both ways. I mean, I crucified her in court... only I was wrong.

CASTELLI
Still the bleeding heart...

RIORDAN
Yeah... not like you. Which is what got me thinking... After all these years of beating myself up, of trying to make amends for being the one responsible for Niki Breedlaw's death, it hit me -- it wasn't me, it was you. You were the one who really wanted her to go down. But why...? I never had an answer... till now --

Castelli is staring at him, his eyes filled with contempt.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
You wanted to convict Niki Breedlaw because you killed Michele. You were the father of her child... the father of Kathryn Cromwell. And if Kathryn had figured out who her mother was, maybe she'd figure out the rest.

CASTELLI
Ridiculous. You're joking, right?

RIORDAN
I wish. Did you kill her, too, Leo?

CASTELLI
Get out...

RIORDAN
Or were you on the video...? Is that the deal?

Castelli stares at him without speaking.

KATHRYN (O.S.)
My father...?

At the sound of her voice, both men turn to find --
KATHRYN CROMWELL

Stunned by what she's just overheard, she stands in the doorway staring at Castelli. Her once blonde hair is bleached white and cropped short like her brother's.

CASTELLI
Kathryn...?
(cold)
What a shame. You're not dead...

Castelli reaches for the telephone.

CASTELLI (CONT'D)
Perhaps we'd better call the police...

RIORDAN
They're already on their way. I asked Maddy Alexander to have Petrocino meet us here.

As the reality of the situation begins to sink in, Kathryn is clearly shaken by what she's just heard.

KATHRYN
My god... My father... and we...

A small cry strangles in her throat as she tries to block the memory. Hearing it, Riordan tries to ease her anguish.

RIORDAN
Listen to me. When the police get here, just tell them the truth...

CASTELLI
The truth...? There's no truth. When I'm finished, do you actually think anyone's going to believe her?

From the front door comes the SOUND of someone knocking.

RIORDAN
I guess we're going to find out.

KATHRYN
No, he's right... All the terrible things I've done... people I've hurt. Your house... But you were the only one who seemed to care. I kept thinking if I could just get you involved. Reopen the case. Find out who killed my mother. It would justify everything... Except... I was wrong.
Taking a .25 caliber automatic from her coat pocket, she points it at Castelli. More knocking, muffled voices.

   RIORDAN
   Whoa... bad idea...

   KATHRYN
   Go let the police in, Mr. Riordan.

   CASTELLI
   Kathryn, put down the gun... You're obviously upset.

Staring at Castelli, unable to erase the images in her mind.

   KATHRYN
   You knew, and still you... we...

A small smile insinuates itself in the corners of his mouth.

   KATHRYN (CONT'D)
   (devastated)
   You... bastard...

   RIORDAN
   Kathryn, listen to me...

Seeing her attention divided, Castelli grabs the .38 from the drawer. Seeing it, Riordan is unable to stop him as --

   CASTELLI
   Levels the gun, shooting Kathryn THREE TIMES in the chest before she can fire!

The bullets slam her backwards. Hitting the wall, she goes down. Reacting, Riordan moves to help her as --

   PETROCINO
   Bursts through the door followed by his partner, DETECTIVE KOLB and Maddy Alexander. They find --

   CASTELLI
   Standing at his desk holding the .38. Kathryn's body lies splayed in the corner, Riordan beside her.

   CASTELLI
   She tried to kill me... Riordan's my witness. She's got a gun...

Moving to Riordan, Maddy kneels beside him, reacting.

   MADDY
   Kathryn Cromwell...?
RIORDAN
She's his daughter...

CASTELLI
My daughter...?
(shakes his head)
Don't be absurd... She's completely unstable. She's been stalking me.

PETROCINO
Nobody move... Call 9-1-1. Get an ambulance down here right away.

Stunned, Riordan closes Kathryn's eyelids.

RIORDAN
Better make it the coroner... she's dead.

MADDY
He shot his own daughter...?

CASTELLI
Please. She is not my daughter. She had a gun. I had no choice...

Visibly shaken, Maddy looks like she's going to be sick.

PETROCINO
(re: Castelli's gun)
Judge... put it down.

Reluctantly, Castelli complies. Taking out a handkerchief, Petrocino collects the .38.

PETROCINO (CONT'D)
Check the body for a weapon... Everybody else stay put... Don't touch anything...

As Kolb looks for Kathryn's gun, Castelli makes his case.

CASTELLI
It was self-defense... I didn't have a choice... She broke into my house...
(to Riordan)
Tell them...

RIORDAN
Tell them what?

CASTELLI
She was deranged. She came here to shoot me...
RIORDAN
Didn't look that way to me...

KOLB
Nothing here, Lieutenant.

CASTELLI
You sonofabitch....
(looking at Riordan)
Search him... There was a gun. He
must've taken it...

Petrocino looks at Riordan, who shakes his head, then holds
out his arms to allow Kolb to pat him down.

KOLB
Nada...

PETROCINO
(turning to Castelli)
Sorry, Your Honor... but you're going
to have to come downtown... You
have the right to remain silent...

CASTELLI
Like hell! This is an outrage...!
You can't do this to me...

As Petrocino continues to Miranda Castelli, HOLD on Riordan.

EXT. HOUSE OF CORRECTIONS - DAY

Spotting Riordan's 4x4 in the parking lot, Maddy pulls up in
her VW and parks beside it. As she climbs out --

RIORDAN
Comes out, having just seen Litlewhyte. With an awkward
smile, he moves to meet her.

MADDY
Where's Litlewhyte...?

RIORDAN
Just clearing security. Should be
out any minute...

MADDY
(looking around)
Must be old news... Not a TV camera
in sight.

RIORDAN
Actually, I asked the warden to put
out a press release to say he'd be
discharged tomorrow.
MADDY
Always a step ahead... I called your hotel. They said you'd already checked out...

RIORDAN
Got to get back. My house needs a little work...

They move to his car.

MADDY
Guess we were wrong about Bragg.

RIORDAN
Can't win 'em all. Aside from sleeping with Kathryn Cromwell and erasing the video, he's been a real choir boy. About the only thing I can't figure is what happened to Kathryn's gun. But then it's like Castelli said: Sometimes justice is whatever serves the greater good...

MADDY
So you'll be coming back to testify?

RIORDAN
Against Castelli? Wouldn't miss it.

Reaching into her purse, she hands him a GIFT-WRAPPED BOX.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
What's this...?

MADDY
Just... something. Open it when you get home.

RIORDAN
Funny, I got you something, too... But I didn't think I'd see you, so I left it with Litlewhyte.

Awkwardly, they hold each other's gaze for a long beat.

RIORDAN (CONT'D)
Better hit the road...

MADDY
Take care of yourself.

RIORDAN
You, too.
Turning, he climbs into the 4x4. She manages a smile as she watches him put it in gear and drive off.

LITLEWHYTE (O.S.)
Hey Counselor...

Hearing him, she turns back to find --

MARCUS LITLEWHYTE
Coming out of jail, a free man.

LITLEWHYTE (CONT'D)
Riordan said you were coming. I wanted to say thanks.

MADDY
For what? Doing my job...?

LITLEWHYTE
No... the guy before you, he was just "doin' his job." You're the one who really believed in me...

MADDY
Nice when the system works. Justice is what it's supposed to be about.

Behind them, a LINCOLN NAVIGATOR turns into the lot.

LITLEWHYTE
Yeah, well... Not to run the system down. But from what I saw -- except for you -- justice works a whole lot better if you're rich...

MADDY
Need a ride...?

The Navigator comes to a stop beside him. Behind the wheel, a beautiful black woman --

CINDA

Throws it in park and leaps out. As she runs to Litlewhyte, he sweeps her off her feet, kissing her at the same time.

MADDY (CONT'D)
Guess not...

Glancing towards the Lincoln, she spots a beautiful black baby girl strapped in a car-seat.
LITLEWHYTE
Cinda, this is the attorney I was
telling you about, Maddy Alexander.
Cinda used to cheer for the Jazz...

CINDA
(nods towards baby)
That was before Denida...

MADDY
She's beautiful...
(looks at Litlewhyte)
Yours...? I didn't know you had a
little girl.

LITLEWHYTE
Neither did I...

CINDA
Till I told him -- his daughter needs
a dad. And that we'd wait...

LITLEWHYTE
And now the way things worked out --
it's time I made a few changes. Got
a try-out with the Mavericks. Play-
offs are comin'. Who knows? Good
power forwards are hard to find...
(catching himself)
Almost forgot... Riordan...

Taking an ENVELOPE from his pocket, he hands it to her.

LITLEWHYTE (CONT'D)
...Asked me to give you this.

MADDY
Listen, good luck...

LITLEWHYTE
You, too.

Moving to the car, he leans in to give the baby a kiss as
Cinda slips behind the wheel. Maddy watches them drive away.

INT. MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY

TIGHT on the UNOPENED ENVELOPE. As we WIDEN to reveal --

MADDY

She stares at it. At last she picks it up and tears it open
to find a note and a travel voucher. She begins to read:
RIORDAN (V.O.)
Sorry I can't give you this in person, but I've never been much for good-byes...

Glancing at the voucher she sees --

TIGHT ON VOUCHER - MADDY'S P.O.V.

Printed across the front are the words: "GOOD FOR ONE 1ST CLASS ROUND-TRIP FARE AND SEVEN NIGHTS IN FLORENCE, ITALY."

RIORDAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
...And since it's too late to change that "68" in Criminal Procedure I was hoping the enclosed might help make up for it...

CLOSE ON MADDY as she stares at the voucher --

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. RIORDAN'S BURNED OUT HOUSE - DAY

His 4x4 rolls to a stop in the drive, Climbing out, he stares at the charred ruins. Turning back, he spots --

MADDY'S PACKAGE Still on the seat.

INT. MADDY'S OFFICE - DAY

She continues to read his note:

RIORDAN (V.O.)
...I'll be in the Piazza Santa Croce on the Feast of St. Anthony. If I get there first, I'll write your name in the sand. If you get there first, rub it out...

Smiling at his lame joke, she tries to control her emotions...

EXT. RIORDAN'S BURNED OUT HOUSE - DAY

Picking up the package, he unwraps it revealing a box. Inside the box, he finds --

KATHRYN'S CHROME-PLATED .25 CALIBER PISTOL

Recognizing it, he hesitates, then takes it from the box. Weighs his options. And then he knows. Pivoting towards --

THE STONE WELL

Thirty-five feet away, he squares up, raises the pistol, basketball-like, above his head...
And with a pump-fake, he leaps skyward, firing a jumpshot. Tumbling end-over-end in a graceful arc --

THE GUN

Disappears into the darkness of the well. HOLD on Riordan --

FADE TO BLACK.

The End