

DEAD IN THE WATER

written by

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EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

RAPPY and GONZO, two Cajuns, poach alligators in the Atchafalaya Swamp. They pull their boat up to a gator slide, shine a bright spotlight.

BANG! Gonzo shoots a big gator with a human foot in its mouth.

They discover PT Tureau's remains, including an arm with a unique ring.

GONZO

Rappy, we done got us a big, fine gator. What dat in his mouth? Oh, shit...

RAPPY

Dat damn, Gon, what de fuck wrong wid you, couyon?

GONZO

Mais, lawd, dat gator got somethin' in his mout.

RAPPY

What de hell-

GONZO

An over a ways is a, a... part of an arm.

RAPPY

Jesus.

GONZO

Yeah, wit a ring on da hand. Seen it glint.

RAPPY

Well, we ain't leavin' empty-handed. Less git dis gator skinned and on ice. Den we bring de law back, show 'em dis body. Less git to it, Gon.

GONZO

Can we eat dat gator wid out bein' cannibals?

RAPPY

Shut up Gon. Damn, I keep smellin' shit, brah; you clean dis gator right, yeah?

Gonzo hangs his head.

GONZO

(mutters)

I shit my pants when I see dat foot
in da mout of dat gator.

INT. IBERIA PARRISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Rappy and Gonzo arrive.

LAVERLE EUBANKS is there to greet them.

LAVERLE

Morning, fellas. Anything I can
help you with this morning?

RAPPY

Yes ma'am cher, we found a body up
in da swamp. Well, part of a body,
anyways. We reportin' it like we
s'posed to. Da sheriff in?

LAVERLE

No, he's in New Orleans on
business. Let me call Deputy
Travis. He just left, cain't be too
far from here.

(beat)

When did you boys find this body?

RAPPY

We was up the swamp late afternoon
yesterday. Fishin' mostly, killin'
time. Anyways, we seen something.
Part of a body; a foot, an arm wit
part of de man's body...an a few
other pieces.

GONZO

Bad, real bad.

LAVERLE

You say a man. White, black...?

RAPPY

Dis a black man, cher, black as
tar. Got to be a man...no tits, big
foot, and his hand had a ring on
it. I 'member cause it glinted in
da spot, uh... sunlight.

RAPPY (CONT'D)
Funny t'ing is, he din't have de
first two joints of his ring finga
and pinkie.

INT. CONDO BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A BLACK WOMAN in her early twenties quickly packs a small suitcase. She looks distraught, and continually looks at a picture of her and an OLDER BLACK MAN on her nightstand.

She closes the suitcase, but opens it again and grabs the picture.

She blinks, fighting tears. Quickly wipes them away as puts it in the suitcase and SNAPS the latch.

INT. IBERIA PARRISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Laverle picks up the phone and dials. DECKER's voice on the other end.

DECKER (V.O.)
Detective O'Day, how may I help
you?

LAVERLE
Detective, this is Laverle in the
Iberia Parrish sheriff's office. I
have two fellas here who discovered
parts of a body in the swamp. They
say it was a black man, with a
distinctive ring. I'm thinking PT
Tureau, since ya'll been looking
for him for months.

DECKER
I'm on my way. Don't let your
deputy or those men leave until I
get there.

INT. IBERIA PARRISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Decker enters, met by Deputy Travis.

DECKER
Decker O'Day.

TRAVIS

Bill Travis. Come on, let's go talk to these two Cajuns. They found the body.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Decker sits across from Rappy and Gonzo.

DECKER

Tell me what you found in the swamp.

GONZO

We was up in de swamp po.

Rappy kicks him under the table.

RAPPY

Fishin', is what we was doin' Fount dis gator wid a foot in its mout and had to shoot it. We take you to it.

EXT. BOAT LAUNCH - DAY

Decker, Travis, Rappy and Gon drive the boat into the swamp.

RAPPY

Head ova dere. See dat slide? In dere.

Travis maneuvers the boat up close to the bank.

TRAVIS

Jesus, that smell.

DECKER

I'm gettin' out.

Decker jumps into the shallow water and wades up the muddy bank. He sees a gut pile from the dead gator. He looks left and sees a small fishing net hanging in a tree.

DECKER (CONT'D)

I see the net. I'm gonna cut it down.

Donning latex gloves, Decker cuts the cord and sets the bag down. He opens the mouth enough to see part of an arm, a hand, and Tureau's distinctive gold ring with whorls on the body and St. Thomas fighting the dragon.

Decker surreptitiously slips the ring off and looks inside the band.

ON RING: "Baby girl" WITH a small heart engraving.

He slips the ring back on the finger.

Travis retches over the side of the boat.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Travis, throw me that dry bag we brought. I'm putting the remains in there. It's Tureau. Joints missing, the ring. No doubt in my mind.

Decker gets the bag, inserts the remains and hands it to Travis who remains on the boat.

He then looks around the area for anything of evidentiary value -- nothing.

Returns to the boat, removes his gloves and stuffs them in a plastic baggie from his pocket.

TRAVIS

Can we go now? This smell is killin' me.

DECKER

Yeah, nothing more here. Somebody brought him out here so the gators would get rid of the body. Let's fish him outta there.

INT. IBERIA PARRISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Travis enters, Decker waiting for him.

TRAVIS

I've stored the remains in our cold storage.

DECKER

Good. It will be interesting to see what the state crime lab can tell us. It's Tureau. I recognize the ring.

SHERIFF BIGELOW storms in, eyes burning into Decker's.

BIGELOW

Detective, this is my Parish. Why are you here?

(MORE)

BIGELOW (CONT'D)

You're out of your jurisdiction by a couple hundred miles. Deputy Travis knows better.

DECKER

Sheriff, that's my fault. Your dispatcher said she had been unable to reach you, and we wanted to retrieve the remains before night fall. This is likely a homicide.

BIGELOW

Wait a damn minute son. This ain't no homicide. We got no cause of death. We ain't sure it is Tureau, and even if it is, who's to say he didn't take himself into that swamp. He might have died from lots of things in there. Go home. Clear?

DECKER

Clear enough. Where can I get a bite to eat before I head back?

BIGELOW

Fry Daddy's, down the block.

As Decker leaves, Bigelow turns to Laverle speaking loudly enough for Decker to hear.

SHERIFF BIGELOW

I wish New Orleans would sink into the damn Gulf. Maybe a little more concrete'll do the trick.

INT. IBERIA PARRISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Bigelow finds BULL CONNOR, his deputy and a strapping hulk of a man. He sits down close to Bull.

BIGELOW

(quiet)

You got that blackjack on ya?

CONNOR

Always. Why?

BIGELOW

Go down to Fry Daddy's. You'll find a city cop from New Orleans. Needs a reminder to stay off our turf.

INT. FRY DADDY'S CAFE - DAY

Decker sits on a stool at the counter. It turns so easily he nearly spins in a circle.

MAVIS, the server, slides over a coffee.

DECKER

Damn, this thing must have ball bearings.

MAVIS

Ya got to watch that. Ol' Sippy Boston, that fellow with the tin cup, keeps 'em nice and lubed up.

DECKER

What's with the tin cup?

MAVIS

Sippy is fond of the demon rum. Never seen him without that cup. Never seen him bad drunk, but I ain't sure he's ever been sober either.

Bull Connor enters and immediately targets Decker.

Decker notices, slipping brass knuckles oh his left hand under the counter, out of sight. He switches the fork to his right hand, and continues eating.

CONNOR

God damn, dude, you stink. What the hell is a city slicker cop doin' out here slumming with us poor boys?

Decker doesn't look up and continues eating. Connor scowls.

BULL CONNOR

I bet yo mama was a crack whore in New Orleans, and now ya cain't get that smell off.

Bull stands up, blackjack in hand, out of Decker's view.

Decker puts his feet on the counter wall and shoves off to his right, spinning rapidly on the stool.

He cocks his left fist as he spins and delivers a brutal punch to Bull's breastbone. Then a straight right to the nose and a hook to Bull's temple. Bull drops to the floor, out.

SIPPY BOSTON BANGS his tin cup on the counter in a deafening staccato of noise.

MAVIS

God damn, Sippy, stop the bangin' that fuckin' cup before we all go deaf. Jesus Christ, is he dead?

DECKER

No, just needs some TLC. Call an ambulance.

SIPPY BOSTON

That motherfucker looks dead to me. Mavis, hand me the rum.

Mavis reaches below the bar, pulls out a fifth of rum. She unscrews the cap and takes a big pull, before passing the bottle to Sippy.

The blackjack lies on the floor. Decker takes a cellphone picture of it and Bull.

DECKER

(gesturing at Mavis)
Plastic bag.

Mavis rushes out back, returning with one.

Decker uses a napkin to slip the blackjack into the bag. He finishes his eggs, Bull not moving.

Decker hands Mavis a twenty dollar bill.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Buy Sippy a pint of rum. Use the rest however you like. Sorry about the mess.

As he leaves, Decker looks back.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Tell Sheriff Bigelow I'll be back. By the way, tell the paramedics to check for a broken breastbone.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Decker drives into the night. He blinks...

CUT TO:

INT. ACADIANA JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A YOUNG DECKER (12) sits across from his MOTHER (wearing a red dress).

His mother notices Decker's shining black eye.

MOTHER

Oh, son, what happened to your eye?

DECKER

Nothing. I'm fine.

INT. ACADIANA JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER - HALL - DAY
(FLASHBACK)

Decker, now 13, walks down the hall.

Two OLDER BOYS grab him and drag him into a utility closet.

INT. ACADIANA JUVENILE DETENTION CENTER - CLOSET - CONTINUOUS
(FLASHBACK)

The boys beat Decker.

He grabs a can of Lysol and sprays one boy in the face. The other boy hits Decker in the eye, knocking him to the other side of the closet.

Decker grabs the first thing he can lay hands on -- a ball peen hammer. He lashes out and hits the older boy on the forearm, breaking it.

CUT TO:

INT. NOPD - GYM - MORNING

Decker lifts weights, face contorted.

JT, a uniformed officer, approaches him.

JT

Decker, what's up with you? You look like your dog just died.

DECKER

Hey JT. I'm fine, just a bit worn around the edges. This job...ya know?

JT

I know. It gets on top of me sometimes. I know what you need. You free tonight? It's Friday.

DECKER

Yeah, I got nothing planned. But I'm not interested in the bar scene and getting hammered.

JT

Oh, no man, no. I got just the thing. I'm taking you to see the Margarita girls.

DECKER

Margarita girls, what the hell?

JT

Trust me on this one, bro. I'll be at your place at 7 sharp. Put on your cop blues, or some boxing duds. Don't matter which.

Decker cleans up. His phone RINGS.

DECKER

Leeks?

Lt. Leeks on the other end.

LEEKES (V.O.)

Crunch wants to see you, now.

INT. NOPD - CHIEF BRIMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

CHIEF BRIMMER aka Captain Crunch extends his huge hand to Decker. Decker tentatively shakes.

BRIMMER

Have a seat, I'll get right to it. Tureau. The media is going nuts, the Mayor is on my ass, and it's not even lunchtime. Christ, we don't even have formal identification yet. It's him. Right?

DECKER

Sir, it's him.

BRIMMER

You sure?

DECKER

The ring matches. And the hand...
it's missing joints. Just like the
reports say.

BRIMMER

Damn. We got out of town agitators
coming in daily. Some sporadic
violence and the city is on edge.

EXT. STREET IN A POOR NEIGHBORHOOD- NIGH

A crowd of fifty or so black people are milling around, some
drinking from quart beer bottles and joints are being passed
around. The energy is angry, intense.

AGITATOR

Cops killed PT. You know they did.
They could not stand a black man
who stood up and challenged the
power structure.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

The Mayor is a racist motherfucker.
He don't do shit for black
neighborhoods. Ya'll hear me?

The crowd cheers and some bottles are thrown into the street
breaking. Suddenly a molotov cocktail lands and fire erupts
as the gasoline ignites, while the crowd cheers wildly.

FADE TO BLACK

BRIMMER

I want to know what happened. How
did that man, a legend of sorts to
the black community, wind up eaten
by a god damn alligator in a swamp?
The black community is outraged.

DECKER

People are mad, scared, spinning
stories to their own purposes. I
understand their feelings. I was
drifting and angry after my
father's death. Drugs, booze make
it worse.

BRIMMER

Damn right, son. I don't need riots
and blood in my streets. One other
thing.

(MORE)

BRIMMER (CONT'D)

It's not out yet, but his assistant, Nita Pitro, is nowhere to be found. My guess is she's scared, hiding. You find her, you'll likely find the answers.

Decker stands to leave and Brimmer speaks again.

BRIMMER (CONT'D)

One more thing. Street talk is that Tureau had a study done. Something about New Orleans sinking. Pitro may have the study, or know where it is. Could be important.

INT. NOPD - MOMENTS LATER

As he leaves the office, Decker spots GAIL WAITES. She runs up and lifts him off the ground in a hug.

DECKER

Damn, Gail, I'm glad to see you too.

Gail starts laughing and sets Decker down.

GAIL

Hangin' with the big dog again, huh? It is so good to see you. I missed you, white boy.

DECKER

Ha. You just want more free coffee and pastries.

GAIL

Damn right. Let me guess. PT Tureau?

DECKER

Yep. I'm headed to see Reverend Hansley over in Holy Cross. I figure it's a good place to start.

GAIL

Be careful white boy. Some of those folks don't like cops. What happened to your knuckles?

DECKER

Sheriff Bigelow in Jeanerette sicced his dog on me. I had to tame it.

GAIL
 (laughing)
 Crunch hates that redneck fucker.
 Says the man is pure KKK.

FLASHBACK INT OF A CAR, YOUNGER BLACK MAN DRIVING

A sheriff's patrol car pulls over a car driven by a young black man. A young deputy approaches the driver's window.

BIGELOW, (THEN A DEPUTY)
 License and registration.

BLACK DRIVER
 What did I do?

DEPUTY BIGELOW
 Do? This is Jeanerette, boy. You drivin' in our town.

BLACK DRIVER
 So? I'm a cop in New Orleans.

DEPUTY BIGELOW
 We don't like folks from New Orleans. 'Specially black cops.

The deputy gives the driver a ticket and the sheriff's cruiser pulls away. The black driver passes the City Limits sign and throws the ticket out the window.

FADE TO PRESENT

GAIL WAITES
 Is Bigelow's dog mobile today?

DECKER
 Unlikely.

EXT. GREATER LITTLE ZION CHURCH - DAY

Decker's Mustang parks up outside the church. He exits, walking up to the entrance.

MS. BEE, an elderly woman, greets him.

DECKER
 I'm Detective O'Day. I'd like to speak to Rev. Hansley about PT Tureau.

She nods and gestures to the door.

INT. GREATER LITTLE ZION CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Ms. Bee leads Decker to an office door. She KNOCKS and waits.

The door flings open. REVEREND HANSLEY on the threshold.

MS. BEE

Reverend Hansley, the police want
to speak to you.

HANSLEY

(to Decker)

How may I help you, sir?

DECKER

I'm Decker O'Day. Chief Brimmer has
assigned me to investigate the
death of PT Tureau. I'm hoping you
can help me. How well did you know
Tureau?

HANSLEY

P.T. was a real friend. I've never
known a man with stronger
convictions. Didn't back down from
much. Saw trouble, walked straight
into it.

DECKER

And that made him enemies?

HANSLEY

Always did. Gangs, developers, even
the Mayor.

DECKER

Anything recent?

HANSLEY

Cain't say that I know of any real
dust-ups in the last year or so.
But he was dead set against that
Pine Village project. Said it'd gut
the community.

DECKER

You think that's connected?

HANSLEY

Well, I think PT made powerful
people nervous.

He looks around, voice dropping.

HANSLEY (CONT'D)

Word is he was eaten by an alligator. I hope he wasn't alive at the time.

DECKER

We don't think so. We think he was murdered elsewhere. The swamp was just a dump site. What do you know about Nita Pitro?

HANSLEY

She's quiet. You hardly know she's around. Showed up a few years back and has been with PT ever since.

DECKER

What was she to Tureau?

HANSLEY

Good question. I've pondered that myself. Cain't say for sure. I do know he was very fond of her. She's smart. At least, PT said so. He was a man of secrets. Luck.

INT. TUREAU'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

TUREAU (11-12) sits at the kitchen table with his FATHER, who holds a butcher knife. A jug of moonshine sits on the table.

Tureau holds his left hand in his right, as if to support it.

FATHER

PT, I got to do this. Them joints on yo fingers are crushed. Otherwise, gangrene gone set in.

PT

I know, Daddy. But I'm afraid.

FATHER

Drink some more shine. You pass out, I'll do it. Quick, clean. Mama, get the iron hot. Gonna cauterize some as I cut.

The father takes a big slug of moonshine, then passes the jug to his son.

INT. JT'S SUV - NIGHT

Decker sits in the passenger seat. JT drives towards the warehouse district.

JT
Come on, man, you're gonna enjoy this.

DECKER
Who are the Margarita girls?

JT
Chill, dude. The Margarita girls are two sisters. Aussies. Dad's a billionaire. These chicks move all over the world. Money to burn, hotter than a cast iron stove. Kicker is, they love boxers and cops.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - LATER

JT and Decker approach a steel door with an intercom on the wall. JT pushes the button.

FEMININE VOICE (O.S.)
Oy, mate, who is it?

JT
JT and my friend Decker. Buzz us in.

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Easels and art in progress line the walls. Leather furniture and a designer coffee table are in the center, along with a large pitcher of margaritas.

FE and FI open the door to Decker and JT. They both kiss JT on the cheek, eyes now on Decker.

FE
I'm Fe.

FI
And I'm Fi. Introduce us to your friend, JT.

JT

This is Detective Decker O'Day.
Former light heavyweight champ of
New Orleans four years in a row.

FE

Goo' date, Mate. Have a margarita.

LATER

Margarita glasses cover the table. Fi stands up.

FI

Ok, we're going to play a game of
pig in the blanket. You two go in
those bedrooms and get comfortable.
We'll be along in a minute. Take
your margarita too. Off with ya.

Decker and JT disappear into two doorways. The girls high
five and stand smiling.

INT. LARAE HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

DUBBY LARAE, BIBBY LARAE and MARSE LARAE sit on squishy
couches. Double doors open onto a porch where EL, a black
man, cooks steaks.

DUBBY

God damn, Marse, how did they find
Tureau?

MARSE

How the fuck should I know? Why you
axing me? I ain't killed that
nigger.

BIBBY

What the fuck you sayin' Marse?
Course you killed him. Who the hell
else would it have been?

MARSE

Fuck all that. I told ya'all, I
ain't killed that Créole
motherfucker. If I had, wouldn't be
no trace of his ass. I'd a put him
through the wood chipper.

DUBBY

I don't buy it. You knew we were
gettin' desperate, and you acted.
C'mon, now, admit it.

MARSE

Fuck if I will, I ain't admittin' to no murder, especially one I did not commit. Have I asked for money?

DUBBY

Okay, son, it's fine. Bibby and I are just nervous, that's all. We got fifteen million dollars tied up in that deal over in New Orleans, and our names are on a bunch more debt. We don't aim to lose it. Ole El oughta be burnin' those steaks by now. I can damn near taste one.

LATER

Bibby and Dubby remain; Marse is gone.

DUBBY (CONT'D)

You believe that boy? He done lied all his life, and now this. What you think, Bibby?

BIBBY

Dunno. I cain't tell when that boy is lyin', he done it for so long. One thing I do know. If that study's right, it ain't just a neighborhood. If the Michoud shelf slips, the levees go and half the city's under water. Not just the Ninth Ward, but the whole goddamn bowl. We lose New Orleans.

DUBBY

Damn, You remember that sawmill accident when Tureau's hand got crushed?

BIBBY

Yeah, Daddy was some kinda pissed. Shut the mill down for the rest of the day. He hated that family.

DUBBY

He cussed that boy up a storm. I kinda felt sorry for the kid.

BIBBY

Why? Just a creole, not worth spit. Now that motherfucker may kill our legacy, damn his dead ass.

DUBBY

Yeah, who'd a thought New Orleans was built on the Michoud Fault? God damn, that's bad, but now we got this cop from New Orleans snooping around, asking about Tureau's study. If that study surfaces, our project is dead in the water.

BIBBY

Just like New Orleans if that fault breaks.

INT. TUREAU'S CONDO - DAY

Decker and the condo manager, PORTER EVANS, stand in the center of the living space. African art, neat, clean, nice but not fancy. No signs of struggle or break-in.

EVANS

Don't you need a warrant for that?

DECKER

Look, I just want to look around. Tureau's dead; it's all over the news.

EVANS

What next?

DECKER

Nita Pitro's place.

Evans doesn't look him in the eye, unsure.

DECKER (CONT'D)

I need to get inside. Call it a welfare check if you like, ok?

EVANS

Man, you need a warrant for that.

DECKER

If she's injured in there, the news will crucify you. "Condo Manager Negligent in Pitro Death."

EVANS

Ok, ok.

INT. LARAE HUNTING LODGE - DAY

Dubby talks to Marse on the phone.

DUBBY

Marse, we need you to find Tureau's lady friend. Name of Nita Pitro.

MARSE (V.O.)

How much?

DUBBY

Twenty thousand plus a case of Wild Turkey.

MARSE (V.O.)

Done.

Dubby hangs up and walks over to pour himself a drink from a glass decanter. He pours two fingers of whiskey in a tumbler and looks at an old photograph hanging on the wall. The photo depicts two boys deep in sugar cane fields, with a man sitting on a horse in the background. The man has on a fedora and is holding a sawed off shotgun, with the stock on his leg and the barrel pointed straight up. The man climbs down off the horse, walks over and with an open hand slap knocks one of the boys to the ground. He turns and gets back on the horse. Dubby slugs the whiskey down and quickly wipes a tear away with the hand holding the tumbler.

INT. NAACP OFFICE - DAY

Decker takes a seat across from MRS. IDA JOHNSON, head of the office. He flashes his badge.

DECKER

I've been assigned by Chief Brimmer to investigate the disappearance and likely murder of P.T. Tureau. I'm hopeful you can help me.

MRS. JOHNSON

Detective, I will tell you I am not terribly fond of the police. Many people of color here in the city feel the same way.

DECKER

I understand. I'm sure your feelings are based on your experiences. I have a job to do.

(MORE)

DECKER (CONT'D)

If you want to check me out, call Detective Gail Waites in SVU at downtown headquarters.

MRS. JOHNSON

Yes, now I'm placing you. You were involved in the Carnival Queen case, and nearly killed if I remember correctly.

DECKER

Correct. I really need to get moving Mrs. Johnson. Tureau had an assistant, Nita Pitro; we have concerns she could be in danger.

MRS. JOHNSON

Very well, Detective, I'll tell you what I know. Sometimes Nita was with him, other times not. He was a driven man.

DECKER

I'm only interested in Nita, or any recent clashes that may have led to his death.

MRS. JOHNSON

In the world P.T. lived in, death was always just around the corner. He was at odds with the Cut Throat City gang, the 39ers gang, and likely others.

MRS. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

As for Nita Pitro, I am not sure what to say. There were rumors years ago that he had a child out of wedlock, but he never acknowledged it.

DECKER

Thanks Mrs. Johnson that is more than I knew when I got here.

Decker leaves a card on her desk as he leaves.

FLASHBACK INT. OF AN APARTMENT- DAY

A young girl eight years old sits on the knee of a young black man in a dark suit and tie. He is smiling broadly and bounding her on his knee. She is excited, laughing.

PT TUREAU

Girl, you are the cutest thing I've ever seen.

NITA PITRO

I love you, Daddy. Why can't you stay here with us?

PT TUREAU

I wish I could. Nita, you are too young to understand. My world is dangerous. No place for you and your mother. I make too many people nervous, angry.

YOUNG BLACK WOMAN

Nita, it's hard baby. I wish he could stay, too. But Daddy is doing God's work. He is working for all black people. When you're older, you'll understand.

PT TUREAU

Look here, Nita. Inside my ring. It says, "Baby girl," with a heart. See that?

NITA PITRO

Yeah, neat. What does it mean?

PT TUREAU

It means I love you with all my heart. No matter what, I love you. Ok?

NITA PITRO

Daddy, I love you too.

The little girl hugs PT, hanging on to his neck.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. PROJECTS - APARTMENT - DAY

Marse calls FAT DADDY, head of the 39ers gang.

MARSE

Daddy, I need a favor.

FAT DADDY (V.O.)

You need more product?

MARSE

Naw. Got plenty a that shit. Need you to find a girl. Worth two grand.

FAT DADDY (V.O.)

Find her or kill her?

MARSE

Find her. She's hidin' over there somewhere. Call me soon as you do. I'll take it from there.

FAT DADDY (V.O.)

If she here, we find her. Make sure you got the quan. No IOUs.

INT. DECKER'S CAR - DAY

Decker calls JT and puts a hacker, the Byte Bandit (BB) to work locating Pitro.

JT

How's it hanging today?

DECKER

I'm still not over the Margarita girls. Don't you have a computer geek buddy?

JT

Sure, the Byte Bandit. Why, whatcha need?

DECKER

Ask this guy if he can find any relatives of a girl named Nita Pitro. This is important, understand?

JT

I can do that. It may cost you twenty bucks or so. Wait, better yet, some pizza gift certificates. Any idea where he should start?

DECKER

New Orleans. After that, it's wide open.

JT

Broheim, if it can be found, BB will find it. Gotta run, man.

INT. NEW ORLEANS PD - DAY

Decker receives a call from TOOKIE ROULET, head of the G-Strip Crew.

TOOKIE ROULET (V.O.)
Dis da po-lice asking 'round about
old man Tureau?

DECKER
Yea. Who is this?

TOOKIE ROULET (V.O.)
Tookie Roulet. I run da G-strip
crew in da Nine. I'm hearin' you
lookin' for Pitro. I got info, but
at a price.

DECKER
What kind of information do you
have?

TOOKIE ROULET (V.O.)
Whoa, dude. Not so fast. We make a
deal, if you up to it.

DECKER
Name your terms; we'll see.

TOOKIE ROULET (V.O.)
Now we talkin'. Understand you a
boxer. My boyz say you some bad
shit. I say you a damn pussy. You
come fight me tonight on my turf.
You win, I'll spill. You lose, you
tote a ass whoopin' home. Deal?

DECKER
Deal. Make it worth my time; no
bullshit.

TOOKIE ROULET (V.O.)
Oh, you want to know dis. Be at
Sankofa Park up from Florida Avenue
at 9 tonight. Come alone or its off
and you get nothing.

DECKER
Give your next man the information.
You won't be in any condition to
tell anybody anything when we're
done.

Tookie laughs into the phone and disconnects.

EXT. SANKOFA PARK - NIGHT

Decker enters the park, eyes narrowed as he scans the area.

 TOOKIE ROULET (O.C.)
Ova here, white boy. Tookie
waitin'.

Decker spins round. Tookie steps out of the shadows,
grinning. Surrounded by GANGBANGERS.

 TOOKIE ROULET (CONT'D)
Didn't think you'd show. Give ya
that, you got some stones.

 DECKER
Which one of these assholes do I
talk to when you're out?

 TOOKIE ROULET
Slim. Now, les' get to it. I got
women to do and money to make.

Tookie throws a sucker punch at Decker's left temple. Decker
turns, slips the punch, and launches a right hook to the
ribs. He follows that with a straight left to the same area
and feels bones give.

As Roulet bends, clutching his ribs, Decker uses both hands
to force his face down, bringing his knee up, smashing
Roulet's face. Roulet crumples.

Decker slips his gun from the small of his back while the
gangbangers stare at their fallen leader.

 DECKER
Ok, guys, everybody stand easy. No
need for any more unpleasantness
tonight.

Points at SLIM, one of the gangbangers.

 DECKER (CONT'D)
Slim, step over here, now.

 SLIM
Yo, yo, be cool brotha. Here it is,
word: da 39ers be huntin' this Nita
chick. Fat Daddy got da crew out
leanin' on da street crowd, know
whut I'm sayin?

 DECKER
Why?

SLIM

Don' know, man. All we know is a price on her head. They lookin'hard, pushin'.

DECKER

They looking to kill her?

SLIM

No, man, word is, jus' find her and report da location.

Decker backs away and disappears into the dark.

GANGBANGER #1 (O.C.)

Dis motherfucker hurt. Les' git him to da 'mergency room.

INT. NOPD - CHIEF BRIMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Gail enters, chewing a bite of a sandwich. Brown paper bag in hand.

BRIMMER

Gail, please sit down. I'll get right to the point. I need help.

BRIMMER (CONT'D)

You may not be aware that there have been a series of armed robberies of drug dealers and crack houses of late. If there's a woman on the premises, this asshole beats the Hell out of them, and then rapes them. He's gonna kill someone soon unless we stop him. I want you on this thing.

Gail swallows her sandwich.

GAIL

I'll get right on it. I'd like to have Dre from Narcotics work with me. He knows the drug crowd, and he'll have my back.

BRIMMER

I'll make the call. Find this guy, Gail. He's got a screw loose. We need him off the streets.

GAIL

Ok. Not much me and Ms. Boom can't handle.

FLASHBACK EXT. OPEN SPACE NEXT TO A HOUSING PROJECT

A group of black kids are kicking a soccer ball around. A black girl of about 14 approaches the ball and is blindsided by an older, bigger boy.

OLDER BOY

How you like that? No girls in this game.

The young GAIL WAITES stands up and scowls. The boy steps up in her face.

OLDER BOY (CONT'D)

What? You gon' do somethin', girlie?

GAIL WAITES headbutts him right on the nose. He falls to the ground, blood running from his nose. Gail kicks him in the balls and then turns, kicks the ball and goes on with the game.

FADE OUT

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

DB sits sipping whiskey and smoking cigarettes. He snorts some meth.

INT. DB'S CAR - LATER

He drives down St. Charles, a Popeye's Fried Chicken ahead. He sighs -- clearly hungry.

INT. POPEYE'S CHICKEN - MOMENTS LATER

DB enters, finding two young WOMEN in the process of shutting down for the night.

DB

Evenin' ladies.

GIRL #1

Sir, we're closed. Sorry.

DB
Sorry won't do. Give me some
chicken.

GIRL #1
I can't do that. Store policy.

DB brandishes a Ruger.357 and the girls cower.

DB
Lock that door. Now.

Girl #2 hurries to the door and locks it.

DB (CONT'D)
In the back. Move, god damn it.
Now!

The girls run to the back office. DB follows.

DB (CONT'D)
Kill the lights out front.

Girl #1 switches off a switch, leaving the front of the store
dark and foreboding.

INT. POPEYE'S CHICKEN - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DB sits in a chair and point the gun at Girl #1.

DB
Get your ass up and get me some
chicken. You fuck up and I'll kill
this bitch.

Girl #2 hurries out.

DB points the weapon at Girl #1, eyes manic.

Girl #2 returns with a bucket full of chicken.

DB (CONT'D)
Now, strip down to your drawers.

DB grabs a piece of chicken and starts eating.

DB (CONT'D)
God damn. This is gonna be fun.

CUT TO:

INT. POPEYE'S CHICKEN - LATER

DB robs the register and leaves.

He uses the keys from the girl's key ring to let himself out and strolls off into the night.

INT. POPEYE'S CHICKEN - EARLY MORNING

The young Asian MANAGER finds the door unlocked and enters. She finds the girls and runs out screaming hysterically.

INT. POPEYE'S CHICKEN - LATER

Cop cars outside.

Gail and Dre sit at a table deep in conversation.

GAIL

Dre, this is as bad as I've seen.
Gotta be to be the dude hitting the
dope houses. I feel that
motherfucker in my bones. Go take a
quick look.

Dre nods, heading out back.

MOMENTS LATER

Dre returns, shaken.

DRE

God damn, Gail. Those girls... so
young, doing a job and looking
forward to a full life. I mean...
shit. Shot once in the back of the
head.

GAIL

I know. Put that aside. We are gon'
catch this motherfucker. Between
you and me, won't be no trial. You
with me?

DRE

Damn right. Any ideas?

GAIL

I do. I'm thinking this dude has to
be on drugs. Too much violence.

(MORE)

GAIL (CONT'D)

I think we need to find where he's getting his dope. If we can find his source, we find him.

DRE

I'll start reaching out to my snitches, shaking the vine. Somebody knows who this asshole is.

GAIL

Dre, push hard, man. I mean, do whatever you need to do.

Gail leaves the scene and calls Decker from her car.

GAIL (CONT'D)

I need a drink. You up for one after work?

DECKER

Sure, Gail. I heard about the Popeye's. Name the time and place.

GAIL

Snake and Jake's Christmas Club Lounge on East Carrollton. 6:30.

DECKER

10-4, Gail.

INT. SNAKE AND JAKE'S CHRISTMAS CLUB LOUNGE - NIGHT

Gail and Decker drink dinner.

DECKER

What's in that big glass?

GAIL

Stoli. I can't afford the really good stuff. What'll you have? My tab.

DECKER

Wait one.

Decker gets a beer and brings Gail a glass of water.

GAIL

Don't worry about me. I drink dinner most nights. Jean's gone, Anita is dead and I work in the sewer.

DECKER

Now I know why you're half-way in the bag at 6:30. Tell me about the Popeye's.

GAIL

He will do it again. For all I know, he's doing it right now. Dre's working the drug scene. Dude's on something.

DECKER

This guy is on file somewhere. No way a newbie does this on St. Charles.

GAIL

I will find the motherfucker if I have to tear this city's underbelly out.

Gail takes a big swallow of vodka, and continues.

GAIL (CONT'D)

I know why I'm here. I got no one to go home to. What about you, Decker? Why are you sitting here with a worn out ghetto girl when you could be out having fun?

(beat)

Ever thought about settling down?

DECKER

Not really.

GAIL

Why not?

DECKER

Let's say I didn't grow up with a stable mother. Too many boots under her bed.

GAIL

That bad, huh?

DECKER

Dad died on the job. Mom fell apart. I bounced around.

GAIL

Rough.

DECKER

Yeah. Makes you wary of your roots.

GAIL

And yet you do shit that no one in their right mind would do. Fightin' Tookie Roulet in the damn park.

GAIL (CONT'D)

You ain't scared of ordinary stuff, that's for damn sure.

DECKER

Where'd you hear about that?

GAIL

Decker, come on man. You white; I'm a hood girl that got out. I got ears all over. Why are you afraid of with some woman?

DECKER

Let me tell you a story. When I was nearly done with law school, I got involved with a girl from one of the prominent families here in New Orleans. She was everything I'd ever dreamed of. One day she tells me that her parents would never accept someone like me as a husband for her. I would rather have died than admit how much it hurt me. I'm not sure I'll ever be ready for commitment.

GAIL

We are some sad-ass motherfuckers.

INT. MODEST KITCHEN - DAY

Nita Pitro paces and talks with her AUNT LOU in Pensacola.

NITA

I can't sit still. PT was never there when I was a kid. Now I'm on the run because of him. Some justice, huh?

AUNT LOU

Who you running from?

NITA

I'm not sure. Everything was normal. Then, one day PT's just gone. Nobody knows nothin'. Scared me. I packed up and came straight here.

AUNT LOU

Nita, have a cookie. I just pulled 'em out of the oven. They best not come here.

AUNT LOU (CONT'D)

I spent twenty years in the army. Still got my shotgun and .45. No one knows you're here. How would they find you? Even if they did, the kid across the street was a sniper in Afghanistan. He watches out for me. They want no part of Joey. I took him to the range with me one day. That boy can shoot the fuzz off a nat's ass with that scoped rifle.

NITA

Aunt Lou, I'm too nervous to eat. Somebody snatched P.T. Next thing I know, I see on the news his... what's left of him turns up in the Atchafalaya Swamp. P.T. made enemies of some powerful folks.

AUNT LOU

Have a cookie and some milk.

NITA

Ok. I just wish I knew more. It's hard not knowing what's after you.

INT. LARAE HUNTING LODGE - DAY

Dubby calls Marse on the phone.

DUBBY

Damn, Marse, we payin' you to find that damn girl. It's been a week now, and you don't have shit.

MARSE (V.O.)

You need to chill out. New Orleans is a big fucking place, and we're trying to find a colored girl in a city full of boogers.

(MORE)

MARSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I go in there, I stand out like a
dick in the girls' locker room. I
got Fat Daddy and his boys on it.

The call ends with Dubby silent.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

POV MARSE: He sees himself meeting with the LaRae brothers,
killing them and robbing a safe filled with cash.

Marse sits on the bed with a glass of Wild Turkey and a
cigarette. He nods.

EXT. AUDUBON PARK- DAY

Decker sits at a picnic table eating lunch. In the distance,
MAYOR JEANSONNE gives a speech to a small crowd.

LATER

Lunch eaten, Decker stands, approaching the passing Mayor,
joined by KATE, an assistant. The crowd has dispersed. Decker
switches his phone to SILENT MODE to avoid interruptions as
he talks to the Mayor.

DECKER
Mayor Jeansonne, may I have a word?

MAYOR JEANSONNE
Certainly, son, what can I do for
you today?

DECKER
Chief Brimmer has me working the
Tureau death. I need about five
minutes of your time.

Decker flashes his shield.

Kate looks unimpressed.

MAYOR JEANSONNE
Kate, don't we have another
appointment? I don't want to be
late.

DECKER
Mayor, this will take two minutes.
Surely you have two minutes.

MAYOR JEANSONNE

Be quick.

DECKER

Mayor, is it true that you and P.T. Tureau were long-standing enemies?

MAYOR JEANSONNE

Enemies? No. Rivals, maybe. Too bad about him.

DECKER

Yes, sir, but that is not consistent with what everybody else tells me. They say Tureau disliked you, and the feeling was mutual.

MAYOR JEANSONNE

I resent your insinuation, son. I had nothing to do with Tureau, whatever happened to him. Anybody says different is a damn liar. Now, excuse us, I have business to attend to.

DECKER

You can walk away today, but I'll be around.

Decker watches the Mayor reach the limo. The Mayor looks back, staring hard at Decker before getting in.

EST. NAACP OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Mrs. Johnson unlocks the front door. Is forced inside by two GANG MEMBERS.

GANG MEMBER #1

Nita Pitro. Where dat bitch is?

MRS. JOHNSON

I, I... I don't know. I don't know this girl.

GANG MEMBER #2

Bitch, you best be thinkin' hard or yo nose gone be split wide ass open.

MRS. JOHNSON

Okay, please. All I know is she was rumored to be from Pensacola. That's it, I swear.

GANG MEMBER #1

You lyin', we come back and cut you bad.

INT. PROJECTS - APARTMENT - DAY

Fat Daddy calls RED, head of Warrington Village OGs.

FAT DADDY

Red, we lookin' for a girl. Nita Pitro. She may be in Pensacola. It's worth \$500 if you locate her. Call me if you find her. Deal?

RED (V.O.)

Word.

EXT. AUNT LOU'S HOUSE - DAY

Bangers pull up at Aunt Lou's house. JOJO leads the way.

A curtain opens inside the house opposite. JOEY, a neighbor looks out.

Jojo BANGS on the door.

JOJO

We gon' come in, look aroun' a bit.

AUNT LOU

Not today. Get off my property. Nothing here for the likes of you.

JOJO

Cain't do dat. We got orders. Don' wanna spill no blood. We strapped, you hear?

AUNT LOU

Turn around and look for the red dot on your shirt. Should be about where your heart would be if you had one.

They turn to look back toward their car. A shotgun racks inside the house.

A red laser dot in the center of Jojo's chest. It slowly glides over to Trae's chest.

Joey's on the street. Marine hat on, sniper rifle pointed at them, eye to scope.

JOJO

Whoa, now, no need to draw down on us. Be cool...

AUNT LOU

Get yo sorry black asses off my porch and don't ever come back. You come back here, they'll need body bags.

JOJO

We leavin'. We wus jus funnin', see?

AUNT LOU

We see you around here again, we shoot on sight. Now get goin'!

INT. PROJECTS - APARTMENT - DAY

Fat Daddy enters, Marse flopped on the couch.

FAT DADDY

Jus heard from Pensacola. Pitro is at this address. 217 Dawn Drive.

MARSE

We'll see. I'm headin' there now.

FAT DADDY

Get my money ready. She there.

INT. AUNT LOU'S HOUSE - DAY

Aunt Lou enters the living room. Nita bites her lip, concerned.

NITA

They'll be back, I know they will. What are we gonna do?

AUNT LOU

I'm calling the police in New Orleans. That's where this is coming from.

Nita nods as Aunt Lou dials.

INT. NOPD - DAY

Decker enters the office. Leeks corners him.

LEEKs

Where the fuck you been? God damn it, we have tried for over an hour to reach you.

DECKER

Woah, cool it. My phone was on silent. I was talking to the Mayor and didn't want an interruption.

LEEKs

A woman named Louisa Terrell called from Pensacola and asked for the detective on the Tureau case.

LEEKs (CONT'D)

I've text you her number. Christ, we may both get fired.

He storms off.

Decker dials the number.

INT. AUNT LOU'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Aunt Lou answers, eyes wide. Terrified.

AUNT LOU (V.O.)

Who is calling?

INTERCUT: DECKER AND LOU

DECKER

Ma'am, this is Detective Decker O'Day with the New Orleans Police Department. I just learned that you had called headquarters looking for the detective working the Tureau case. That would be me.

AUNT LOU

You the detective on the Tureau case?

DECKER

I am. What information do you have?

AUNT LOU

Not information. Nita Pitro is my niece. She is sitting right beside me here in Pensacola. She's scared out of her mind.

(MORE)

AUNT LOU (CONT'D)
Gang kids were just at my door. We
protection. I don't trust anyone.

DECKER
I've been looking for her too. We
need to get her in custody asap for
her protection. I'll call my chief
and see if he can get Pensacola PD
to sit outside your house. Sit
tight.

AUNT LOU
We'll be fine for the time being.
But be quick, those fools will come
back.

END INTERCUT.

Decker ends the call, looking up to see Leeks looking at him.
He nods.

DECKER
She's safe, for now.

INT. NEW ORLEAN'S PD - CHIEF BRIMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Decker and Leeks sit in Leeks' office, on the phone with
Brimmer

LEEKs
O'Day is here with me. Nita Pitro
is in her Aunt's house in
Pensacola. We need to get her
scooped up and out of there. They
ran off some gang guys about an
hour ago.

LEEKs (CONT'D)
What do you want to do, Chief?

BRIMMER
We'll send the chopper. Decker can
bring her back here. I'm calling
the Pensacola PD right now. I want
them to put armed guards outside
the house until we get there.

LEEKs
I'll call the chopper guys and get
their ET for takeoff. Be on your
toes.
(to Decker)
Decker.

(MORE)

LEEKS (CONT'D)
New Orleans and the country will be
watching; we don't need a goatfuck.

DECKER
I messed up. I'll get this girl
back. They're innocent and
frightened. I've been there.

EXT. PENSACOLA - OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

The police helicopter waits.

A car pulls up, Decker gets out first, alert as he guides
Nita over to the open door.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. VACANT HOUSE - NIGHT

Marse uses night vision binoculars to stake out Aunt Lou's
house.

MONTAGE:

- Marse sneaks down and pries open the cover of the fuel port
of a car. Stuffs a rag in part way. He sprays it with lighter
fluid and sets it alight.
- He runs back to the vacant house to watch.
- The gas tank catches fire.
- The vehicle erupts in flames.
- An OLDER WOMAN comes running out in her bathrobe alone.
- Neighbors slowly trickle into the street.
- Marse sneaks off into the night.

END MONTAGE

INT. MARSE'S TRUCK- DAY

Marse has his phone to his ear. Fat Daddy on the other end.

FAT DADDY (V.O.)
Want my money.

MARSE

Daddy, you ain't found shit. Wasn't no girl in that house.

FAT DADDY (V.O.)

Marse, how da fuck dey s'posed to know da girl inside les' they push?

MARSE

Ok, you're right. I'll get you the money.

He hangs up, immediately redialing Ice.

MARSE (CONT'D)

It's me, Ice. I need a favor. Need you to call Fat Daddy. Tell him you have two large for him, from me.

MARSE (CONT'D)

Tell him to meet you in the alley down from Sally's at 10:30. I'll call you later today when I get to town. Give you his two grand, plus a couple hundred for your time. Can you do that?

ICE (V.O.)

For two bills, damn right.

MARSE

Ice, don't fuck me here. I'm giving you fifty-two hundred bucks. Make damn sure Daddy gets paid, or I'll kill you. You hear me, boy?

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - ALLEYWAY - DAY

Ice meets Marse. Slips him the money.

MARSE

I'm headed for home. Tell Daddy it was nice doin' business with him.

Marse heads out the alley. Checks Ice isn't looking, then dives behind a dumpster.

Ice waits -- so does Marse...

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Marse continues to hide. He watches Ice stand, waiting for Fat Daddy.

Fat Daddy arrives.

Marse steps out, a sawed off shotgun in hand. BANG! BANG!

Ice and Fat Daddy crumple to the ground, dead.

Marse rushes over, wresting the money from Ice.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - ALLEY - NIGHT

Police tape and blue lights.

Decker views the bodies. DOC RAY examines them.

DOC RAY

What a mess.

DECKER

It looks like a drug deal gone bad.
But the timing makes me wonder.

EXT. NOLA - DAY

Sitting on a bench, Gail and Dre are in deep discussion.

DRE

I have talked to every asshole in
New Orleans. Nobody seems to have
any idea who this maniac is, or
where he's getting his fix. You got
anything back from forensics?

GAIL

No, not yet. I'm betting on DNA.
This shitbird is in the system.
When we finish lunch, I'll call the
Chief and see if he can't find some
way to move us up at the DNA lab.

INT. UNCLE GIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nits sits on the couch. Decker passes her a cup of tea and sits beside her.

DECKER

I hope you got some rest. I need to find out how P.T. Tureau ended up in that swamp.

NITA

P.T. was my father. Absentee; really not a part of my life growing up. But he was good to me once I moved here.

DECKER

Okay, what was going on in his life recently?

NITA

Lately, he had been focused on the proposed development in Pine Village. Some outsiders been buying land quiet-like. Stadium talk, maybe retail too, big enough to swallow the Astrodome. PT hated it. Said it'd push folks outta their homes.

DECKER

Do you know who is behind this deal? Did he have any names?

NITA

Sweet Holdings. Cayman shell. Foreign money. They wash it clean right here in New Orleans. Course the gangs hated PT.

DECKER

What about the Mayor? I was told there was bad blood there.

NITA

P.T. said Jeansonne was a bigot. Mostly I'd say they were two guys who could not agree on the time of day.

DECKER

Yeah, that's about what Jeansonne told me. Doesn't sound like enough to kill somebody. What about money?

NITA

P.T. did not have a lot of money. Folks see where he lived and assume he had money.

(MORE)

NITA (CONT'D)

The truth is, the money for his condo and mine came from a lawsuit that got settled about twenty years back. In this city P.T. could not buy a meal at a black restaurant. Folks were honored to feed him, give him clothing, whatever he needed.

DECKER

Yes, but I'm no further along. Do you have any idea why the gang guys were looking for you?

NITA

The one thing that comes to my mind after all this talking is some study P.T. mentioned. I overheard him talking on the phone several months back.

DECKER

What kind of study?

NITA

I wish I knew. I did not hear details. Only heard him telling someone a study would change the game. That's what he said, this study is a game changer.

INT. WATERFRONT LOUNGE - SEEDY - NIGHT

DB sips Dickel and smokes, impatient. Short EARLE enters. DB scowls at him.

DB

Where the fuck you been, ya fuckin' half-pint?

EARLE

Sorry man, I got jammed up with another customer. I'll give you a five percent discount.

DB

God damn right you will. I got 'portant shit to do tonight. Now give me the dope.

EARLE

Naw, man, in the can. Give me a minute.

INT. WATERFRONT LOUNGE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Earle goes in and stands at a urinal.

DB pistol whips him from behind, takes his drugs and money.
Kicks Earle a couple times before leaving.

INT. NEW ORLEANS PD - DAY

Decker passes Gail, nudging her.

DECKER

You work more hours than I do. It's
Sunday morning. Want to grab
something? My nickel.

GAIL

You buyin', I'm in. Just no Mex.

DECKER

Lots of choices. Anything in
particular interest you?

GAIL

Smoke and Honey, on Bienville. Good
brunch. You hear about the Popeye's
killer? We're pretty sure he hit at
least one crack house last night.
One dead; burned it to the ground.

DECKER

No, I went to see Gil this morning.

GAIL

How's Gil? I know you're close.

DECKER

No better. Today he knew me. I read
a bit and he fell asleep.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - STREET - DAY

Decker and Gail walk down the street to a café. A black
TEENAGER fiddles with the parking meter as they pass.

A few meters down the road, Decker stops. He looks back round
at the meter.

ON METER: "Parking charges: Monday-Saturday"

He shoves Gail into a doorway.

BANG! BANG! Shots ring out, just missing them.

Decker pulls his gun and steps out.

The kid is long gone, a block away and sprinting hard. A black and white pulls up. COPS jump out screaming.

Decker and Gail to bust out laughing.

GAIL

Damn, white boy, it is dangerous to be around you. We got the Popeye's killer running around, bangers trying to whack us at brunch. Damn, I love this job.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Decker enters, approaching the elderly RECEPTIONIST at the desk.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

DECKER

Yes, I'm Detective O'Day. I'd like to see the Mayor.

RECEPTIONIST

The Mayor will not be in today. His Chief of Staff, Kate Grady, will see you. Follow me.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - KATE'S OFFICE - DAY

Kate sits at the desk, typing on a computer.

A KNOCK and the door opens. The receptionist shows Decker inside.

RECEPTIONIST

Detective O'Day to see you.

KATE

Thank you.

The receptionist leaves.

KATE (CONT'D)

What can I do for you today Detective? Please sit.

Decker does.

DECKER

I'm interested in any recent studies the City has had done... say, the last year. Something significant enough to lead to Tureau's death.

KATE

In the last twelve months we have conducted or commissioned three studies. But nothing that would lead to murder.

DECKER

So, nothing else that would ring bells and cause a five alarm fire in some quarters?

KATE

No, nothing. Candidly, this whole shtick is pretty boring.

DECKER

Thanks for your time. I'll be going now.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Decker steps out into the hallway. Notices the Mayor standing in his doorway, seeing a WELL-DRESSED MAN out.

The Mayor ducks back inside and closes his door.

Decker looks round, catching the receptionist's eye. She looks guilty.

DECKER

(to receptionist)
Out all day, huh?

EXT. UNCLE GIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Decker KNOCKS on the door. Sheer drapes cover the picture window on the front of the house.

OFFICER TILNEY's voice from inside.

TILNEY (O.C.)

Identify.

DECKER

It's Decker. Let me in. How's she doing?

The door opens, Tilney on the threshold.

TILNEY

She's fine. Tired of being cooped up here, but her spirits are good. She's getting ready. Should be out in a minute. I'll go check.

As Tilney passes in front of the window, a burst of machine gun fire cuts her down.

DECKER

Stay down, Nita, get on the floor! Don't move, stay pull! Kill the lights if you can without standing up.

Nita's voice from inside...

NITA (O.C.)

Somebody's shooting at us. They're right outside.

DECKER

Stay down, goddamnit. I'll call for backup; reach up and kill the lights. DO NOT STAND UP. They'll be on the way in force.

INT. UNCLE GIL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Decker rushes inside and crawls to Tilney -- dead.

DECKER

(into radio)

This is Decker. I need backup. Gil's place.

He looks around... silence.

EXT. UNCLE GIL'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Decker slips out the back door. No one around. The shooter is gone.

INT. MARSE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Marse speeds down the road, gun in the passenger seat. Phone between his ear and shoulder.

MARSE

Done and dusted. Job finished, get my money ready.

DUBBY (V.O.)

You god damn idiot, you've killed a cop. I just saw the news flash on my phone. How in the fuckin' hell could you be that stupid?

MARSE

Don't be callin' me stupid. I killed that girl sure as I'm breathin'. Got to be a mistake.

MARSE (CONT'D)

I bet them cops is lying to save their own ass.

EXT. DECKER'S HOUSE - DAY

Decker returns from jogging to find Gail in her car outside.

GAIL

You're getting slower.

Decker flips her off. They laugh.

DECKER

Come in. I gotta shower. Help yourself to coffee. I'm meeting Crunch this morning.

INT. DECKER'S HOUSE - DAY

Decker returns dressed and sits down at the kitchen table with Gail. She's slides a coffee mug towards him, sipping her own.

GAIL

Popeye's killer hit last night. Killed a man and a woman. They'd been at the casino gambling. We figure he picked them up leaving and followed them home. He got inside, killed the man and raped the woman for the next few hours.

(MORE)

GAIL (CONT'D)

He made sandwiches between attacks.
Eatin' cold cuts?

DECKER

That's a bad dude. He needs
killing.

GAIL

Me and Ms. Boom gon' see to that.
See you downtown.

INT. NOPD - CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

Chief Brimmer meets with Decker and others, including
SERGEANT FERRO.

BRIMMER

Mr. Warren and his staff have been
looking at the conversion of
assault rifles to full automatic
over the last year or so. We think
that may help us identify Officer
Tilney's killer.

FERRO

Guns don't kill people. It's the
lowlife fuckers that use 'em we
need to be lookin' for.

BRIMMER

Sgt., your ignorance knows no
limits. I know you're close with
the gun nuts. That's why you're
here. Not another peep from you.
One more thing. You will personally
lead the team that goes to the door
of each of these mutts.

FERRO

That ain't fair.

BRIMMER

Nonsense. We'll let you deal with
the gun nuts you're so fond of.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Dre picks up DUCKE ELROD, his snitch. Continues driving.

DRE

No bullshit, Ducke. Who's hittin'
these drug houses?

ELROD

Look man, this dude will kill me if this gets out.

DRE

Gail Waites will kill you if you don't give me something.

ELROD

Don't have a name. But the dude beat the shit out of Short Earle last week. Earle deals out of the Waterfront Lounge, in Algiers. All I know.

INT. NOPD - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Gail, Dre and an undercover officer, MIKE, plan.

GAIL

(to Mike)

Man, you stink. What is that, back alley cologne?

MIKE

Thank you. I buy from the street guys. Authentic scent. Nobody makes me for a cop.

GAIL

For sure. Ok, Dre got a lead. We'll set up outside the Waterfront Lounge tonight at 7. You'll go inside. Dre will watch the front. I'll be out back in the alley if he comes out the back door.

DRE

We'll be lookin for a big cowboy. His names DB. A real shitkicker from Oklahoma. DNA ID'd him.

GAIL

This motherfucker is mean. Likely flyin' on drugs. Everybody stay alert. Shoot first, questions later. Understood?

EXT. WATERFRONT LOUNGE - NIGHT

Dre spots a big COWBOY-TYPE GUY round a corner and go into the lounge.

DRE
(into radio)
Heads up. I think he just went
inside. Gail, you copy?

GAIL (V.O.)
Copy. Mike, be ready...

INT. WATERFRONT LOUNGE - SAME TIME

Earle enters the lounge. Spots DB.

BOOM BOOM! He shoots at DB who's ready for him.

BOOM BOOM BOOM! DB shoots Earle dead. Runs out the back door.

EXT. WATERFRONT LOUNGE - REAR EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Gail waits in shooter stance. The back door opens.

BOOM BOOM! She fires three shots into DB's chest just as he
sees her.

GAIL
Stop motherfucker. Police.

DB is dead on the scene. Dre rushes round the corner with
backup.

DRE
Gail, you ok?

GAIL
Never better. Case closed.

Mike comes out the back door with his gun drawn. He looks at
the body and approaches Gail and Dre.

MIKE
Man, that went down quick. Dude
walks in the door and Short Earle
opened up. Shot the damn jukebox
and the front window. This shitbird
shot Earle three times and ran out
the back door.

GAIL
I told him to stop. He started to
raise his gun.

DRE

It was a good shoot Gail. You had no other choice.

MIKE

I'm bettin' Earle don't make it. That's a Blackhawk .357 there.

GAIL WAITES

Yes it is. He won't be needin' it. That motherfucker is graveyard dead. Between us, I'll shed no tears.

INT. SGT. FERRO'S CAR - DAY

Ferro makes a call by the roadside.

FERRO

It's me. Listen, we got orders to start calling on anybody in the state who might convert an assault rifle to full auto.

LARAE (V.O.)

Goddamn it. I told you never to call my cell. Shit, ok, I'll pass it on.

FERRO

Tell that crazy fuckin' nephew of yours to lay low. And tell the sob not to shoot me. Fuckin' Brimmer put me out front.

INT. DUBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

LaRae hangs up, Marse watching him carefully.

LARAE

Ferro just called. New Orleans is starting a search for guys converting ARs to full auto.

MARSE

Ok, I'll be careful. Keep my money handy.

EXT. COP BAR - NIGHT

Marse waits in an alley opposite the bar entrance.

Ferro comes out -- drunk. Walks past the alley. Marse pulls him into the alley. Pulls a knife and slices his throat with minimal effort.

EXT. COP BAR - ALLEY - DAY

Decker speaks to Doc Ray who's examining Ferro's body.

DOC RAY

Brutal. Clean cut on his left carotid. He'd have bled out in a couple of minutes. He reeks of booze. Never saw it coming.

INT. NOPD - CHIEF BRIMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

A somber Brimmer stares at Decker across his desk.

BRIMMER

Give it to me. What did you see?

DECKER

Ferro's throat was cut. Nearly decapitated him.

BRIMMER

Something's hinky here. I chewed his ass out yesterday. But this should not have happened. Was his cell phone found?

DECKER

Still in his shirt pocket. Had his wallet in his pocket. Not a robbery.

BRIMMER

Maybe he called someone. Look into that.

DECKER

Will do, Chief. Lots of pieces to put together, but my sense is someone got nervous.

BRIMMER

Be careful out there.

INT. DUBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

Dubby's phone RINGS. He answers.

BIBBY (V.O.)

(panicked)

Dubby, you seen the god damn news?
They found another dead cop over in
New Orleans. Throat cut. I got a
bad feeling.

DUBBY

You gotta be shittin' me. I need to
make a call. I'll get back to you.

Dubby immediately calls Marse.

DUBBY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with your
head, you moron? You killed Ferro,
didn't you?

MARSE (V.O.)

Damn right. That weak ass
motherfucker would have sold us out
in a minute.

DUBBY

You got to be the dumbest white man
alive. That fuckin' Ferro called my
regular phone yesterday. How long
you figure it'll take the cops to
show up on my doorstep.

MARSE (V.O.)

Fuck you, you old son of a bitch. I
may come cut your fuckin' throat.

DUBBY

Ok, calm down. Come over here. I've
got your money. You need to get out
of town. Go to Canada, Mexico,
wherever. I'll wait for you. Head
over here now.

EXT. DUBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marse carefully pulls his truck up the driveway. Makes a
call.

MARSE

I'm here. Walk outside with the
money in one hand and nothing in
the other. If I see a weapon I will
shoot your ass.

DUBBY (V.O.)
Headed for my door now. Damn, son,
you're my nephew. I ain't gonna
kill you. Comin' out, so don't
shoot me.

Dubby exits the house, looking round. No one there. He
approaches Marse's car, shoving the money through the open
window.

DUBBY
Here's your money. Go lay low. I'll
call when things cool down. And
Marse, try to stay out of trouble.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Decker, Gail and Dre drive. Gail holds a piece of paper.

GAIL
There's no doubt about it. This is
Dubby LaRae. Gotta be.

DECKER
What was Ferro thinking?

DRE
Well, we'll find out.

EXT. DUBBY'S HOUSE - DAY

Dubby answers the door to the cops.

DUBBY
My, oh, my, New Orleans' finest.
What can I do for you folks? I'm
Dubby LaRae. Course you know that.

He gestures them inside.

INT. DUBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The cops stand as Dubby sits.

GAIL
I'm Detective Waites. This is
Detective O'Day, and Detective
Brown. We have a few questions. You
knew Sergeant Ferro of the NOPD.

DUBBY

Is that a question, Ms. Waites?

GAIL

No, that is not a question. He made a cell phone call to you the day before he died. We want to know why.

DUBBY

Don't get huffy with me, Missy. To answer your question, we were huntin' buddies. I invited him over to shoot skeet.

GAIL

You haven't answered my question. Why did he call you a couple of days ago?

DUBBY

I find your tone offensive. I do not have to answer any of your questions. You're in my county, and you will show me respect, Missy.

GAIL

You call me Missy one more time and I will kick your fat, white ass up around your neck. Now, either answer my question or tell us to leave.

Decker and Dre nod -- Gail doesn't need their help.

DUBBY

It's time for you to leave. Sheriff Bigelow will be calling your Chief about your rudeness.

DECKER

We'll leave. Ask Bigelow about his dog. I'm guessing that mutt is still recovering from our last encounter. We'll leave now. Have a fine day, Mr. LaRae.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

The cops talk as they drive.

DECKER

Good job Gail. You rattled him. He was pissed.

GAIL

It was not heavy lifting. That man would like to see me whipped in front of the rest of the slaves. He was not surprised to see us.

DECKER

I picked up on that, too. He knew Ferro was murdered and that we would look at phone calls. I'm wondering if Ferro called LaRae to warn him.

DECKER (CONT'D)

Let's go see if we can catch Sheriff Bigelow. See what he can tell us about LaRae.

INT. IBERIA PARRISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Decker, Gail, and Dre enter.

SHERIFF BIGELOW sees Decker straight away.

BIGELOW

I ought to arrest you for assaulting a law enforcement officer.

DECKER

Go ahead. I've had forensics run the prints on this blackjack and they belong to Deputy Dog, your man. These are illegal for cops to carry. The media would be interested to know a cop in Iberia Parish had one and was planning to use it on a New Orleans detective. I have a picture I snapped with my phone. It shows your deputy on the floor with this sap clenched in his right hand. No other prints on it, Cut the shit. We just left Dubby LaRae's house. He received a phone call from Captain Ferro in New Orleans the day before Ferro's throat was cut.

(MORE)

DECKER (CONT'D)

He's hiding something, and I'm thinking this tracks back to P.T. Tureau. You know anything about any of this?

BIGELOW

No, but I can't say I'm surprised. Rumor is Dubby and Bibby have some big project planned in New Orleans. They're richer than cream. Can't see either one of them cutting a throat, though. That sounds like their nephew Marse.

DECKER

Interesting. He sounds like someone we need to speak to. What kind of truck does he drive?

BIGELOW

A Ford F-350. One of those big fuckers. Black as coal, black-out windows, the whole bit.

DECKER

That truck sounds like the one on camera at the Tilney shooting. We need to talk to this guy. Where can we find him?

BIGELOW

Don't know I'm not jacking you around, either. I think he's in the wind.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

The cops head back to New Orleans.

DECKER

I think he was tellin' the truth.

GAIL

Yeah, my read is Bigelow is not fond of this Marse dude. I don't think he was holding back. That dude sounds like someone who'd kill two cops. Maybe Tureau too, if someone paid him.

DECKER

Exactly what I was thinking. Let's head home. Nothing more we can do here tonight.

INT. NOPD - CHIEF BRIMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Decker paces in front of Brimmer's desk.

DECKER

Ferro's phone records show a call to Dubby LaRae in New Iberia. He's in this somewhere.

BRIMMER

Yeah, that's solid. The problem is, we have nothing of substance right now. A phone call to LaRae by a dead cop who was known to be a gun freak proves nothing.

BRIMMER (CONT'D)

He could have called LaRae about shooting skeet, or anything else. The project in New Orleans sounds like the link to the Tureau murder, but it's all rumors. We need to find out what the project is, find that study.

DECKER

Tureau had no business that we can find in Iberia Parish. I'll start over. I've either missed something, or I'm not seeing something. Can you put out a BOLO on Marse LaRae? We need to bring him in, see what shakes loose. I don't have time to look for him and chase this study too.

BRIMMER

No problem. You concentrate on finding that study.

DECKER

Roger that, Chief. It's got to be the key.

INT. NOPD - DECKER'S DESK - DAY

Decker gets a FaceTime call from FE and FI.

FE AND FI
(in unison)
Hey, it's Fe, and I'm Fi.

DECKER
Ladies, good morning. How are you?

FE
Bewdy bottler, mate, top of it.

DECKER
I have no idea what that means.
English please.

FI
Simply amazing, that's how we are.
Ten outta ten, for sure.

DECKER
Alright, I get it. What may I do
for you today?

DECKER (CONT'D)
You do know I work for a living and
can't frolic all morning.

FE
No worries. We're inviting you over
for Margaritas tonight, if you're
free.

DECKER
Great. But no margaritas for me.
Those things are too good. I'm on a
big case and have to stay sharp.

FI
Aw, phooie. We'll drink the
margaritas, then, right. Be here at
9:00.

INT. FI AND FE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The sisters greet Decker wearing nothing but T-shirts. One
has a white T-shirt with black lettering that reads: "BOXING-
ANYTHING BELOW THE BELT IS DEFINITELY ALLOWED.

The other reads: FIVE ALARM FIRE, INSERT HOSE BELOW

FE
Ready to play?

FI
Ever heard of a Margarita sandwich?

DECKER
Aw Hell, got any Margaritas left?

FE AND FI
Cheers mate.

INT. NAACP OFFICE - DAY

Ms. Johnson meets Decker.

MRS. JOHNSON
Detective, thank you for coming at such short notice. I should have been forthright. Two bangers trapped me here a day or so later. They threatened me and I gave up Pensacola as a possible location for the girl.

DECKER
She's fine, but it was dicey. Holding out on the police is not a good idea, especially when gangs are involved.

MRS. JOHNSON
I know. Learned my lesson.

DECKER
Mrs. Johnson is there anything else you did not tell me. I'm looking for a study that P.T. talked about. Something written.

MRS. JOHNSON
Oh, my... It just came to me when you mentioned writing. I had forgotten; P.T. gives me an envelope to keep. It's been ten years, at least. Let me find it.

She hurries away.

MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Johnson opens the envelope. It contains PT Tureau's will.

Decker takes it, scanning the document.

ON WILL: One name -- Mr. Hebert.

INT. LAMONT HEBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Decker and LAMONT HEBERT shake hands.

HEBERT

I'm Lamont Hebert. How may I assist you today, Detective?

DECKER

Mr. Hebert, this is Tureau's will. At least I believe it is. I got it from Mrs. Johnson at the NAACP office. She had been holding it for Tureau.

HEBERT

May I see the document? Yes, I prepared this years ago. It's P.T.'s. Got his signature and mine.

HEBERT (CONT'D)

I've been waiting for someone to bring it by.

DECKER

Will you handle getting this admitted in the Chancery Court, so she gets what she's due?

HEBERT

Of course. I'll get my son Davis to handle it.

DECKER

Excellent. Now, I need to ask you something else. Do you know anything about a study? Something that might have gotten Tureau killed.

Hebert smiles, and shakes his head.

HEBERT

Damn, I told P.T. it was dangerous. I'm sorry. I'm not finding humor in P.T.'s death. It's just that there is no study.

DECKER

What? No study? That's not possible, sir.

(MORE)

DECKER (CONT'D)

Too many people have heard about it. People have died over it.

HEBERT

You're not gonna like this.

DECKER

Try me.

HEBERT

There is no study.

DECKER

What?

HEBERT

P.T. made it up. Said it was the only way to stop the developers.

DECKER

So you're telling me people died over a rumor.

HEBERT

A powerful one. He knew the fault line was real. Just didn't have the proof. So he made the city believe he did.

INT. NOPD - CHIEF BRIMMER'S OFFICE- DAY

Decker, Crunch, Dre and Gail discuss strategy.

BRIMMER

Are you sure there is no report?

DECKER

Chief, there is no report. Hebert says it was a rumor put out by Tureau to stop the development in Pine Village. The rumor is that the study shows if the development was built, the Lower Nine, Pine Village and Bywater would sink below sea level. The Michoud Fault is real. It could actually happen that way. Pretty damn clever if you think about it.

BRIMMER

Too damn clever. It got him killed. And we don't have the study to use to show motive by the developers.

(MORE)

BRIMMER (CONT'D)

We're not even certain who they are.

GAIL

Chief, we may not have proof, but I am damn certain Dubby and Bibby LaRae are the main players behind the development.

DECKER

Yeah, I forgot to mention that Sweet Holdings has been doing the buying over in the Village and that area. The LaRaes are sugar barons; sweet, sugar, get it?

DRE

Plus, their nephew Marse looks good for the cop killings.

BRIMMER

All well and good, but none of that amounts to a hill of beans in the evidence department.

DECKER

Chief's right. We can't even get a warrant with what we have. Maybe we can use what we know to our advantage.

GAIL

If it is the LaRaes, they still think there's a study out there. They don't have Hebert's information.

DECKER

If we can get the LaRaes jammed up with their bankers, they'll turn on Marse. We'll get him for P.T.'s murder and the cops.

BRIMMER

I'll hold a press conference. Try to light a fire with the lenders and see who gets burned.

EXT. COCHON BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

Decker steps out. A small car speeds by firing shots wildly.

The shooter misses, and Decker gives chase on foot.

The car crashes as it runs a red light and Tookie Roulet jumps out and runs. Decker pursues.

A black and white COP unit pulls up as Decker rounds the corner.

DECKER

(to cop in cruiser)

Tookie Roulet just tried to take me out. He's running; carrying a Mac 10 or something like it. Let's pursue, but not get too close. He'll fire a burst if we do, and we don't need any civilians shot by accident. If we don't catch him now, we'll round him up later. Got it?

COP

Roger that.

DECKER

Go. He went in the parking lot. He'll try to 'jack a car. Drop me at the corner and you go to the other side of the lot in case he comes out there.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Decker finds Tookie hiding behind a car. He's got the drop on Tookie.

DECKER

Don't move Tookie, It's over.

Tookie tries to turn and fire. Decker shoots him.

DECKER (CONT'D)

(into radio)

He's down. Holster up and call the bus.

EXT. NOPD - DAY

Brimmer holds a press conference on outside NOPD downtown HQ.

Camera lights FLASH, chatter all around.

BRIMMER

Good day folks. I am Chief Brimmer. I want to give you an update on the

Tureau murder case. We have made considerable progress. We believe that Mr. Tureau was killed because of a study he possessed. Anyone with information should call this number: 504-667-3529. Thank you. No questions today.

INT. LARAE HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

Bibby and Dubby drink beer, both beside themselves.

DUBBY

God damn, Bibby, I'm madder than a red-headed blue jay. Those fuckin' cops have ruined us, and they don't even have the study. Got any ideas?

BIBBY

We got a mess of trouble on our porch, that's for sure. I got a load of missed calls from the bank. I'm guessing you do too.

DUBBY

Sumbitch has been ringin' my phone every fifteen minutes. Just like a damn bank. I'd like to kill a passle of bankers.

BIBBY

Wouldn't do no good. They'd just send more in their place. No, we need a plan.

DUBBY

Well shit, Bibby, we got nowhere to turn. Our names are on thirty million of debt and if they call that, we're toast.

BIBBY

Let's call Marse home. Tell him we need somebody killed and we'll pay double. Then he can leave town again. We'll kill him and blame him for these murders.

DUBBY

I like it. Pour me another whiskey.

LATER

Bibby's cell phone rings and he sees Mayor Jeansonne in caller ID. He answers, slightly drunk.

BIBBY

What the hell you want?

MAYOR JEANSONNE

I want to give you peckerheads some news. Don't be so goddamn rude.

BIBBY

I hope to hell it's good news.

MAYOR JEANSONNE

I can't confirm this yet, but a birdie told me there may not be a study on the Michould Fault and your project.

BIBBY

The hell you say? How can that be?

MAYOR JEANSONNE

Settle down. I gotta run this down and be sure before I stick my neck out. If I can confirm there's no study, I'll hold a press conference of my own and blow Brimmer out of the water.

BIBBY

Get to it. We're taking care of loose ends over here. Keep me posted.

MAYOR JEANSONNE

I'm assuming there'll be no more cops killed. The heat is too fuckin' high, as is. Be nice if we had someone to blame.

INT. OF A CHEAP MOTEL ROOM- DAY

Marse is in bed with a woman. Marse is wearing a wife-beater T shirt and smoking a cigarette, lying on his side with his back to the woman. A bottle of whiskey and some pills are on the nightstand. The woman sits up and looks at Marse. She stands and heads for the bathroom

WOMAN

Marse, you better hope you never need a heart transplant.

MARSE
Why's that, hon?

WOMAN
Cause they'd need to make it out of
asshole. You're such an asshole,
your body would reject anything
else.

Marse just laughs, HAW HAW HAW, and takes a drag on his
cigarette.

EXT. DARK ROAD- NIGHT

Marse pulls his truck over and drags a female body out into
the weeds. He spits in her direction, walks to the truck and
drives off into the night.

INT. MARSE'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Marse sees Dubby's name flash on screen and answers.

MARSE
What the hell you want now?

DUBBY (V.O.)
No call to be rude. We need you
back here asap. We got somebody we
need to be done with. We'll pay
double. It's a banker; easy money.
Then you can leave town again.

MARSE
A banker. I can do that, specially
if you payin' double. I'll be there
Saturday about noon.

INT. DUBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marse lets himself in the front door.

Dubby and Bibby ambush him.

BOOM! Their matching Colt Python revolvers shoot him.

The blast tears through Marse's chest. He jerks back,
smashing into the wall. Blood sprays across the wall and
floor.

His body crumples, twitching once before going still.

BIBBY

Quick, let's drag his ass outside before he bleeds all over the damn doorway. I'll roll him up a tarp and we'll put him in his own wood chipper.

DUBBY

I got bleach. I'll wash this doorway down. Once we load him in the truck, you go on over and I'll finish the clean up. See you there in about half an hour.

EXT. MARSE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The brothers drag Marse out of the truck bed, strip him and put him through his own wood-chipper.

BOOM!

Dubby falls face down, revealing Bibby behind him, revolver aimed at his head.

Bibby hauls Dubby into the wood-chipper. Makes a phone call to HOYT.

BIBBY

Hoyt, Bibby here. I got two vehicles over here at Marse's place that I need gone. Permanently. You can do whatever you like with 'em, long as they disappear from around here for good. Can you handle it?

HOYT (V.O.)

Leave the keys on the front tire. I'll get my boy and you'll never hear tell of 'em again.

INT. NEW ORLEANS PD - DECKER'S DESK - DAY

Chief Brimmer approaches Decker's desk.

BRIMMER

Dubby LaRae seems to have disappeared. Take Gail and Dre. Head over to New Iberia. I spoke to Bigelow. He says Bibby will speak to you. With his lawyer present, of course.

INT. IBERIA PARRISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Decker and Gail meet Bigelow and Bibby.

BIGELOW

Bibby says Dubby has lit out. He's gone; no idea where. Bibby has agreed to speak with you, so ask your questions.

DECKER

We're looking at three murders. P.T. Tureau, who was found out in the swamp. Two cops in New Orleans. We think they are related. Our suspicion is they are somehow connected to your project in Pine Village. What can you tell us?

BIBBY

Am I a suspect? I know nothing about the three deaths. I do know something about the development we have been working on for several years. Unfortunately, the bank is nervous. They ceased any funding and are sitting until this nonsense about a study is cleared up. My civil lawyer tells me I should not speak of these matters. It may prejudice my case. I have to follow his instructions, unfortunately. I can tell you I do not know where my brother Dubby is. I can also tell you I do not believe there is any such study.

GAIL WAITES

How about cousin Marse? You heard from him lately?

BIBBY

No, I haven't. Marse is a troubled man, prone to violence and drugs. Not much he would do would surprise me. I am not in touch with him, and he does not work for our sugar business.

DECKER

There's way more to this story than you are letting on. The papers say you and your brother owe millions in loans.

(MORE)

DECKER (CONT'D)

More than enough to kill for.
You're in the middle of this shit.

BIBBY

That's absurd. I've never harmed
anyone in my life. You have no
proof of your baseless accusations.
On the advice of my lawyer, this
interview is over.

BIGELOW

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT DUBBY AND BIBBY, BUT I'D LAY MONEY MARSE
LARAE KILLED TUREAU AND THEM OTHER TWO. HE'S A NASTY PIECE OF
WORK. HAVE A SAFE TRIP HOME.

INT. OF SUV- NIGHT

Dre is driving, Gail is in the front passenger seat and
Decker is in the back seat.

DECKER

I have a splitting head ache. That
fuckin' Bibby is lying through his
teeth.

DRE

No doubt. Sack of shit.

GAIL WAITES

I hate this place. Slow down, man.
This is a blind curve...

Dre brakes as they go into a sharp curve over a waterway.
Just as they enter the curve, a cement truck crosses the
center line and Dre swerves to avoid the collision. The truck
hits the front drive's side of the car and knocks the SUV
through the metal guardrail and into the water. The SUV begins
filling with water and sinks. The bottom is ten to twelve
feet below the surface. As the vehicle settles on the bottom,
upside down, Decker unfastens his seat belt. It is pitch
black in the water and he fights panic. The water pours in
and he struggles to kick the window out. Realizing that will
not work, he pulls his brass knuckles from his pocket and
begins pounding the rear window.

Finally, the window cracks and he is able to use his shoes to
knock out enough glass to escape. He pops to the surface, and
looks around. He sees no one and dives again, blindly pushing
through the black water. He finds the SUV and feels the front
end. It is smashed on one side and he goes to the passenger
door by feel.

He forces the door open and the interior is now filled with water. He finds Gail, who is not responsive. He manages to cut through her seat belt with his knife, and drags her to the surface. He tows her to the bank and goes back for Dre. In the dark and disoriented, he dives several times but fails to locate the SUV. Dre is found when the vehicle is pulled out the next day, wedged into the car by the steering wheel and crushed front end.

INT. OF A HOSPITAL ROOM- DAY

Gail Waites is in bed with a neck brace and a cast on her left arm past the elbow. Decker is sitting in a chair facing Gail.

GAIL WAITES

Dre?

DECKER

He didn't make it. I tried, but couldn't find the car in the dark. He was pinned inside from the impact. They had to pry him out...later.

GAIL WAITES

You okay?

DECKER

Slight concussion. Some cuts from the glass on the window. I'm fine.

GAIL WAITES

What happened? I saw lights in my eyes...then nothing.

DECKER

I had my eyes closed. They say a big truck of some sort hit us. An accident....

GAIL WAITES

You believe that?

DECKER

Not a chance. Somebody wanted us dead.

INT. OF A HOSPITAL CAFETERIA- DAY

Chief Brimmer has a half-drunk coffee on the table. Decker is seated opposite him.

CHIEF BRIMMER
Services for Dre on Friday. They
say Gail will be released in a few
days if nothing changes

DECKER
I'll be there. Three dead cops.
That was no accident, Chief.

CHIEF BRIMMER
They're looking for the truck. At
least, that's what Bigelow says.

DECKER
Sack of shit. I wouldn't trust that
dog in a meat market with a muzzle
on.

CHIEF BRIMMER
No doubt. But right now we can't
prove anything other than the truck
has not turned up.

DECKER
I'm betting it never does.

EXT. CEMETARY IN NEW ORLEANS- DAY

Decker pushes Gail in a wheelchair to the burial site.
Twenty-one gun salute; Gail and Decker wipe away tears. The
service ends and Gail and Decker linger, watching the workmen
shovel dirt on the coffin.

GAIL WAITES
He was a good man. This ain't
right.

DECKER
It won't drop. The ledger's open.
I plan to collect from somebody.

LATER

EXT. IBERIA PARISH - COURTHOUSE - DAY

Sheriff Bigelow holds a press conference.

BIGELOW
Good day. I'm Sheriff Bigelow. We
have identified Marse LaRae as the
killer of PT Tureau.
(MORE)

BIGELOW (CONT'D)

Through his lawyer, Bibby LaRae has told us he suspects his brother Dubby hired Marse, their nephew, to kill Tureau. Dubby LaRae is now missing and we are actively looking for both him and Marse.

INT. NEW ORLEANS PD - CHIEF BRIMMER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Brimmer watches the TV, stunned. Gail and Decker with him.

BRIMMER

What the fuck is going on? Do either of you know anything about this?

DECKER

No sir.

BRIMMER

That peckerwood motherfucker. He can't find Marse, and nobody else can either. He sees a chance for glory and makes an announcement based on nothing more than suspicion.

DECKER

I'm kinda stunned, honestly.

LATER

Brimmer picks up the phone. Gail and Decker listen in.

BRIMMER

Sheriff, this is Chief Brimmer in New Orleans. I watched your press conference. I'd like to know your 'confidential source'. We are in the dark. Please elaborate.

BIGELOW (V.O.)

Well sure, Chief. Glad to help a fellow law enforcement officer. Bibby LaRae, through his lawyer, has told us that he believes his brother Dubby hired Marse to kill Tureau. He only provided the information to his lawyer. Bibby won't speak to us or anyone else these days.

(MORE)

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

The lawyer says Bibby thinks Marse killed your officers on his own, trying to carry out Dubby's orders. That's all we know, but it makes sense and I thought folks would rest easier if they knew these were not random crimes. Hope you understand.

BRIMMER

Sheriff, in all my years I have never seen anything like this. You have no facts; you have no evidence. You have not even spoken to the source.

BRIMMER (CONT'D)

Do you know who Big Al Cippo is? He's a damn mob lawyer from over here. He'd lie to the Pope.

BIGELOW (V.O.)

Hold on there, Chief. I run my jurisdiction and you run yours. You got no sway over here; I'll decide what I say and what I don't. For my money, its solved.

Bigelow hangs up.

BRIMMER

(to Gail and Decker)

He was one breath away from calling me boy. He knows the case is a New Orleans case, and he could care less about Tureau's death. Hell, he's probably happy about it. Decker, you and Gail stay on this thing.

Decker and Gail nod and exit Brimmer's office.

INT. NEW ORLEANS PD - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Decker and Gail walk down the hall. Guilt etched on their faces.

GAIL

This is personal for him. He knows Tureau disappeared on his watch, and black folks want answers. It's a good thing he and Bigelow were not in the same room.

DECKER

Yep, I could see those big mitts
strangling the life out of Bigelow.

Gail squeezes his shoulder.

DECKER (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Damn, I need a drink.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - STREET - DAY

Three BIKERS harass a WOMAN at a red light.

Decker is behind her at the light.

FLASHBACK INT. OF LAUNDRY ROOM- DAY

A woman is on top of a washing machine having sex with a man.
A boy about 13 years old steps into the small room, and sees
what is happening. He grabs an old flat iron and begins
pounding the man with it. The woman screams hysterically.

WOMAN

No, Decker, stop. Stop, he's not...
hurting me.

The boy is enraged and continues the beating after the man is
down on the floor, as the woman whails hysterically.

Two cops then lead the boy out of the house and put him in a
black and white unit. The woman continues to cry.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Please don't take him. He was
trying to protect me. Please....

COP #1

Lady, you're drunk. Get back in the
house before we arrest you too.

FADE OUT.

Decker exits his car. As he leaves, we see a half drunk pint
of vodka on the front seat.

The bikers notice.

BIKER

Ooh, it's John Law. What the fuck
you want, bitch?

(MORE)

BIKER (CONT'D)
You think you can take three of us?
We'll stomp your ass into next
week. Fuck off.

Decker pulls his brass knuckles and beats the bikers senseless.

INT. MAYOR JEANSONNE'S OFFICE- DAY

The Mayor sits behind his desk. Brimmer and Kate sit in chairs facing him.

Kate holds a laptop computer.

ON LAPTOP: A recording of Decker's fight with the bikers.

MAYOR JEANSONNE
You have to suspend him. I don't
care what those bikers said. He
lost control, nearly killed a man.

BRIMMER
I understand that. But Decker feels
responsible for the death of
Officer Tilney. He's in a rough
patch.

KATE
That's not an excuse. The press is
gonna crucify your department if
something is not done.

MAYOR JEANSONNE
Suspend him for a month. Tell him
to get his head on straight. I'm
not taking the blame for this one.

KATE
The Mayor is up for reelection.
We'll be forced to point the finger
at you for not acting. Your choice.

INT. NEW ORLEANS PD - CHIEF BRIMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Decker sits opposite Brimmer, head bowed.

BRIMMER
You nearly killed one of those men.
Reports are you are moody, drinking
too much and depressed. I support
my officers totally, but you need
to straighten up.
(MORE)

BRIMMER (CONT'D)

I have no choice but suspension.
I'm suspending you for one month.
Get right, Decker.

DECKER

I lost it that day. I'll talk to
the department shrink. Hell, maybe
it will help me make sense of my
childhood. I'm not drinking since
the fight. Sorry, Chief, I messed
up, big time.

He hands over his badge and gun, leaving the office.

EXT. BIBBY LARAE'S HOUSE- NIGHT

SUPER: Three weeks later...

Bibby exits with the bag of money in hand.,

ELROD stands next to an SUV, one hand out of sight.

BIBBY

Here, El, this is for your service
over the years.

He hands Elrod a \$100 bill. Elrod takes it with his left
hand.

As Bibby turns to open the door, Elrod bludgeons him with a
piece of pipe.

Bibby stumbles backward, hand to the back of his head. Blood
trickles between his fingers, eyes wide. He collapses.

Elrod hits him again. And again - until he's still.

ELROD

That's for treatin' me like a yard
dog.

He loads Bibby in his SUV.

EXT. IN A SWAMPY SLEW - NIGHT CONT.

Elrod hauls Bibby out of the back of the SUV. He drags Bibby
to the edge of the slew and takes a cane fishing pole from
the bed of the truck. He stands back and splashes the water a
bit, mimicking the sound of a small animal entering the
water. In the dark he can see several pairs of eyes near the
back.

He rolls Bibby's body to the water's edge and uses the thicker end of the pole to push the floating body into the water. He hears a loud splash and returns to the truck. He keeps the money after cleaning up. Makes a call.

ELROD

Cousin? Yeah I need a favor.

(looks at SUV)

Need you to dispose of something for me.

INT. NEW ORLEANS PD - DAY

Gail calls Decker at home.

GAIL

Decker, I just got a call from Crunch. Bigelow called him. Seems Bibby has now disappeared.

DECKER (V.O.)

I'm not surprised. That whole parrish is rotten to the core. I'm not waiting any longer.

GAIL

What does that mean?

DECKER

I'm going to find that truck. I've had JT's computer guru looking at property owned by the LaRae's.

GAIL

Decker, you're suspended. They catch you poking around Iberia Parrish, you'll lose your badge; if they don't kill ya.

DECKER

No choice. For Dre.

EXT. OF A WAREHOUSE AT LARAE SUGAR COMPANY- NIGHT

Decker wears dark clothing. He uses bolt cutters to cut the padlock on a warehouse and slips inside. With a penlight he cautiously moves around looking as he goes. He sweeps the building and in the rear finds a large curtain hanging from the ceiling. He lifts the curtain. The small beam illuminates an old cement truck with obvious signs of a wreck on the front end. He can see a paint smear that matches the color of the SUV that went into the water.

He opens a door and climbs up on the front seat. With the penlight he examines the cab, finding a pack of Redman tobacco on the front seat. He dons a latex glove and puts the Redman in an evidence envelope from his pocket. He closes the door, exits the building and walks off into the night.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. PETITE ROUGE CAFE- DAY

Gail and Decker sit at a table. Coffee cups sit on the table in front of them and Gail takes a bite of a pastry.

GAIL WAITES

Ok, spill. Or do I want to know?

DECKER

I found the truck that hit
us. An old cement truck.
Front end messed up,
paint streaks...

GAIL WAITES

Where?

DECKER

In a warehouse at LaRae Sugar. In
the cab was a pouch of Redman
cheweing tobacco. Guess whose
prints are on it? Bull Connor, the
deputy that Bigelow sicced on me
the first time I was over there.

GAIL WAITES

Motherfucker. He killed Dre. Nearly
killed us, too.

DECKER

Problem is, it won't hold up in
court. He'll swear he drove that
truck in the past and left the
tobacco there earlier. Not his
warehouse. Plus the search was
illegal.

GAIL WAITES

I may kill that motherfucker
myself. It's enough for me.

DECKER

No, don't do that. You'll end up in
jail. For what? Bull is the muscle.
(MORE)

DECKER (CONT'D)

No way he's the brains who set all this in motion. We want the shot callers, not a dumb flunky. Sit tight.

INT OF DECKER'S MUSTANG- DAY

Decker is driving and uses hands-free to call Gail.

DECKER

Gail, did you ever see the forensics report on Tureau?

GAIL WAITES

No, it did not cross my desk. I figured you had it.

DECKER

No, Bigelow never sent it over despite saying he would.

GAIL WAITES

What are you gonna do?

DECKER

I'm gonna call Travis and get him to send me the forensics on Tureau's remains.

GAIL

You're suspended. They catch you doing that and you may lose your job.

DECKER (V.O.)

Maybe so. But I've got to. Being away has given me time to think. Something's off.

INT. DECKER'S HOUSE - DAY

Decker calls DEPUTY TRAVIS.

DECKER

It's Decker over in New Orleans. Didn't you guys submit Tureau remains to the state crime lab for forensic workup?

TRAVIS (V.O.)

Of course. Sheriff Bigelow sent all that we gathered to the state for testing. They didn't find anything.

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

Hell, once that gator started chewing on him there was not much left. Why?

DECKER

Just finishing my reports. Can you send me the results in a PDF? Please, keep this between us. Bigelow is mad at Chief Brimmer and me. I don't want any more trouble with him. Just shoot me an email, okay? Send it to dod@gmail.com.

TRAVIS

Sure thing. I'll be back in the office later today and get it over to you by email.

INT. DECKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Decker looks over the PDF documents and photos from Travis.

He strokes his chin -- bothered about something.

DECKER

(to himself)

Son of a bitch. That's not the same ring I saw in the swamp. It had whorls on the body. I'll be damned. Somebody switched out the ring before it went to the crime lab.

INT. NEW ORLEANS PD - CHIEF BRIMMER'S OFFICE - DAY

Decker bursts in. Brimmer nearly jumps out of his seat.

DECKER

Chief, I need to see you.

BRIMMER

About what? You're still suspended.

DECKER

I know. But I have something that can't wait.

BRIMMER

This better be good. You are not supposed to be here.

DECKER

I know. But someone switched rings before Tureau's remains were sent to the state lab.

BRIMMER

What? Switched rings? What makes you think that?

DECKER

I got the forensic workup. Deputy Travis sent it to me. The ring in the photos from the state lab show a different ring than the one I saw in the swamp that day.

BRIMMER

You positive?

DECKER

I'm staking my career on it. Tureau's ring has whorls on the body. The one in the photo doesn't.

BRIMMER

Motherfucker. Somebody substituted a different ring when they sent it to the crime lab. Why? Its value?

DECKER

No, it's more than that. He had to have a reason to falsify evidence in a high profile case like this.

BRIMMER

I'm calling the Louisiana State Police. They monitor all evidence lockups with a concealed camera 24 hours a day. We'll see what the tape shows.

LATER

INT. CHIEF BRIMMER'S OFFICE- DAY

Chief Brimmer is sitting with Gail and Decker.

CHIEF BRIMMER

I heard from the Louisiana State Police this morning. Seems they had an anonymous tip about a truck parked in a warehouse at LaRae Sugar. Since a cop was killed, they got a warrent. Found a cement truck with a banged up front end. They're testing the paint on the bumper against your SUV.

GAIL

I'll be damned.

CHIEF BRIMMER

Do you two know anything about that?

GAIL

No sir.

DECKER

No sir, I'm suspended.

CHIEF BRIMMER

Yeah, right. I asked the state to send me the video of the evidence lockup in Iberia Parrish. It just came in an email. Let's see what's on camera.

Decker, Gail and Brimmer watch the tape from the State police.

ON TAPE: Bigelow goes in and comes out about a minute later. Something in his right hand.

BRIMMER

Well, well, well. Guess who's on camera visiting the evidence lock-up at 4 in the morning.

GAIL

Son of a bitch. You see his hand?

BRIMMER

I did. Clutching something. Decker, you're off suspension. Fuck the Mayor.

EXT. IBERIA PARRISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

STATE POLICE and the New Orleans cops, plus Brimmer, enter en masse.

BIGELOW

Hey, what the... ya'll cain't just come bustin' in my office. Get the fuck out of here.

BRIMMER

This is a warrant for this office, your car and your house. Sit down and stay out of the way. Where's Bull Connor?

Bull Connor comes out of the hallway and tries to draw his gun. Decker knocks him down and begins to pummel him. They pull Decker off and hold him back.

INT. IBERIA PARRISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Bull Connor sits at a table in handcuffs. Brimmer, Decker and a State Police Captain are in the room.

STATE POLICE CAPTAIN

We got you dead to rights. Found the cement truck you drove when you tried killed Dre Brown.

BULL CONNOR

I want a lawyer.

CHIEF BRIMMER

I bet you do. You're going down for Tureau too. Angola is gonna feast on your sorry ass.

BULL CONNOR

Wait a damn minute. I didn't kill Tureau. I ain't going down for that. No sir, no way.

STATE POLICE CAPTAIN

We'll see. Call this piece of shit a lawyer.

INT. IBERIA PARRISH SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

They search the office.

BRIMMER
(to state cop #1)
Check his car.

DECKER
There's nothing here, Chief.

BRIMMER
Keep looking.

MOMENTS LATER

A state cop rushes in.

STATE COP #1
Hey, I got something.

Holds up a silenced .22 caliber Colt Woodsman.

INT. BIGELOW'S HOME - DAY

The cops continue their search. Brimmer oversees.

DECKER
Chief, come see this.

Decker has a desk drawer open -- there's PT Tureau's ring, complete with the whorls on the body.

INT. NEW ORLEANS PD - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Brimmer, Decker, Gail and the DA meet with Bigelow and his LAWYER.

BIGELOW
You fucks got nothing. A ring. So, big deal. I stole a ring from a dead guy.

BRIMMER
We got a helluva lot more than that, Sheriff. We found twenty thousand dollars of cash in your closet in a shoe box.

Bigelow snorts as he laughs.

BIGELOW
Big fuckin' deal. Cash ain't illegal, least not in my Parrish.

DECKER

Yeah, but this will wipe that shit eating grin off your face. In your garage, we found this cell phone. It has some interesting texts. Dubby LaRae offering you \$20,000 to killed P.T. Tureau. Better yet, we have your text agreeing to the deal.

BIGELOW

You motherfuckers. You got no right snooping around in my Parrish. God damn you to hell.

DA

You can scream all you want. But right now you're looking at Death Row in Angola. They will love your redneck cop ass there.

Bigelow scowls.

BIGELOW

I'd like a word with my lawyer.

BRIMMER

Be my guest.

LATER

They reconvene.

BIGELOW

I want a deal. Then I'll talk.

DA

We aren't making any deal until you agree to testify against the Mayor.

BIGELOW

Done.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

Brimmer, Decker and Gail barge inside.

The receptionist looks up, shocked.

DECKER

(to the receptionist)
The Mayor will see me now

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Decker hauls the Mayor around the desk and cuffs him.

DECKER

You're under arrest for the murder of P.T. Tureau. You have the right to remain silent...

MAYOR

You impudent shit. Get out of my office this minute. I'll... I'm the Mayor of New Orleans. I'll have your badge and your balls on a platter by lunchtime. I'll...

DECKER

You're done.
(to Gail)

DECKER (CONT'D)

Take him out of here. He makes me sick.

MAYOR

This is outrageous. You're all fired, I'll sue, I'll... That nigger was going to put me out of office. Me... a three term Mayor. This is my city; I run this god damn town. Who did that black bastard think he was, telling me my days were over? You can't arrest me. I'm elected by the people. They love me. In November-

BRIMMER

You won't do squat. It's all documented and we have a full confession on tape from Sheriff Bigelow. We have bank records, phone calls. Your ass is going to jail. Not so fast. Bill, get a picture of Decker and me with his honor. Be sure you get the cuffs. I want the front page of tomorrow's paper to show P.T. Tureau's killer. Gail, you go with these officers and make sure his honor is booked properly. He is important, after all.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Gail pulls the Mayor out of his office, Decker and Brimmer behind.

The receptionist just stares, Decker catching her eye.

He stops, leaning in.

DECKER

Tell folks he's out for the day.
No, tell 'em he's out for the
count.

THE END