

IN WITH THE DEVIL

"PILOT"

Written by

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Based on IN WITH THE DEVIL
By Jimmy Keene and Hillel Levin

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1 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. GEORGETOWN, ILLINOIS - DAY (1993) 1

A gorgeous day at the end of the summer. Blue sky, white clouds. Corn fields rise on either side of the gravel road.

HOLD ON: THE ROAD. A slight breeze moves the stalks of corn. But that's the pinnacle of excitement here in the farmlands outside of Georgetown. Then--

THE SOUND OF TIRES CRUNCHING GRAVEL. It's not loud, but in this quiet, everything's loud. The sound grows louder until--

A MOUNTAIN BICYCLE enters the frame. The rider is a TEENAGE GIRL. From behind, we can't see her face, but her legs turn the pedals of her bike with a steady ease.

SUPER: GEORGETOWN, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER, 1993

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You never stop looking. A face you glimpse in a mall, a shape under some trash on the side of the road...

The Girl continues up the road on her bicycle. The sound of her tires on the gravel becomes--

PRE-LAP: THE WHIR OF A BLENDER

2 INT. JIMMY KEENE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING (1996) 2

JIMMY KEENE, 32, stands in his kitchen making a protein shake. Jimmy is religious about taking care of his body, and it shows. He has the physique of an ex-high-school football star, (which he was), who sustained his workout regimen and even improved on it. Jimmy has glamorous looks, abundant charm, and an unreflective and unshakeable confidence. His house is a MacMansion on the Gold Coast of Chicago filled with expensive furniture and top-of-the-line electronics and workout equipment. Jimmy lives large.

SUPER: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER, 1996.

THE DOORKNOB of Jimmy's front door turns.

Jimmy cocks his head. Turns off the blender. He stares at the door. Nothing happens. The doorknob is still. Jimmy continues to stare anyway as he pours his protein shake into a glass. He takes a sip, his eyes never leaving the door and then--

BOOM! The door blows off its hinges and into the house.

Jimmy jerks in place as ELEVEN FEDERAL AGENTS storm into the house. They wear black uniforms, crash helmets, and goggles. The backs of their windbreakers identify half of them as DEA, another four as FBI, and one as ATF.

One macho DEA AGENT charges Jimmy, his LAR-15 semi-automatic carbine pointed straight at the center of his throat.

DEA GOON
Hands, motherfucker!

Jimmy, regaining his composure, raises his hands, the protein shake in his left, and gives it all a sardonic smirk.

Agents kick in doors and move through the house in a tactical sweep.

DEA AGENT #1 (O.S.)
Clear!

DEA AGENT #2 (O.S.)
Clear!

The DEA agent slaps the protein shake out of Jimmy's hand.

DEA GOON
I'll knock that smile off your face
next, bitch. Knees!

Jimmy drops to his knees.

DEA GOON (CONT'D)
Stomach!

Jimmy drops flat on his kitchen floor and places his hands behind his back. Watches the puddle of the spilled protein shake snake its way toward his face. He tries to turn his head but the DEA agent is kneeling on his back now, slapping on cuffs. Jimmy watches the liquid come closer. And closer.

JIMMY
Could I get up, please?

The DEA Agent notices the liquid rolling slowly, but inexorably, toward Jimmy's face. Now it's his turn to smirk.

DEA GOON
You just lie there and take it.

The liquid hits Jimmy's nose and lips.

WILLIAMSON (O.S.)
Bring him here.

Jimmy is lifted to his feet, the shake dripping from his face. The DEA Goon leads Jimmy over to--

3 INT. JIMMY KEENE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

WILLIAMSON (the lead DEA agent) stands in the doorway, looking in at--

A NAKED WOMAN lying face down in Jimmy's bed. A male FBI AGENT kneels by her, sniffing.

FBI AGENT
(to Williamson)
Not dead. Just passed out. Smells
like peach schnapps and dick.

A FEMALE FBI AGENT, Glock 22 lowered but drawn, passes.

FEMALE AGENT
You go down on your mother with
that mouth?

Williamson takes in the state of the room--clothes on the floor, lamp knocked off the dresser, a mirror with coke and a straw on the nightstand, half-drunk bottle of wine on one nightstand, half-drunk glass of Scotch on the other.

WILLIAMSON
(to Jimmy)
Damn, Jimmy, what'd you get up to
last night?

ON Jimmy, his gaze flat, unaffected, as we HARD CUT TO:

4 EXT. KHATRI BROTHERS' MANSION - DAY 4

Jimmy pulls up in his Corvette outside an enormous Manor house in Glencoe. He gets out, pops his trunk.

Jimmy reaches behind his back, removes a 9 mm Sig Sauer, lays it in the trunk. Picks up, of all things, a SLEEPING MASK and puts that in his pocket. Removes a DUFFLE BAG. Closes the trunk. He walks up to the front of the house. Rings the doorbell. The door is immediately opened by--

ARJUN KHATRI, 34, a round teddy bear of a guy in a subdued suit and tie.

ARJUN
Jimmy! Nice surprise, man!

JIMMY

Arjun, how are you?

ARJUN

I'm great, man. You look good.

5 INT. KHATRI BROTHERS' MANSION. FOYER - CONTINUOUS 5

Jimmy steps in, raises his arms. One of ARJUN'S THUGS steps forward to pat him down, while ANOTHER THUG unzips the duffle bag and roots around the BRICKS OF MONEY inside. The frisking Thug (who has been extensive in his job) holds up the Eye Mask. Arjun cocks his head at it.

JIMMY

I brought my own this time.

Arjun turns it over in his hands. Sees what it is.

ARJUN

I thought it was panties. But, no, man, gotta wear one of ours.

They start walking through the house. It's very minimalist and modern, lots of sleek lines and blonde wood and frosted glass.

JIMMY

Last time it messed up my hair.

ARJUN

Wear less gel, dude.

Arjun pulls open pocket doors. Leads them into--

6 INT. KHATRI BROTHERS' MANSION. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS 6

Wall to wall bookcases. None of the books have ever been read. They were bought in bulk for the look. Arjun makes a circular motion with his finger so Jimmy will turn around. Jimmy obliges with a sigh and Arjun pulls out a BLINDFOLD. He drops the blindfold over Jimmy's head and then--

Lets it fall to his neck. With one quick pull, he could strangle Jimmy.

JIMMY

Stop fucking around, man.

Arjun seesaws it across Jimmy's neck and laughs. Then he covers Jimmy's eyes and knots it tight behind his head.

Arjun nods at one of the Thugs who goes over to a particular book and pulls it.

Nothing happens. Arjun frowns. The Thug hurriedly puts the book back, pulls another book and--

The Bookcase at the far end of the room opens. Arjun gives the Thug another glare then leads Jimmy through the opening.

7 INT. KHATRI BROTHERS' MANSION. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 7

They reach a staircase.

ARJUN
Stairs. Railing on your left.

They descend the staircase.

ARJUN (CONT'D)
Vinod's sorry about the last shipment.

JIMMY
It's okay. Mistakes happen.

ARJUN
Not a whole kilo, man. That's fucking embarrassing.

They reach the bottom, face a series of short corridors.

ARJUN (CONT'D)
Take a left.

They move through the corridors, taking rights and lefts.

ARJUN (CONT'D)
My brother and I, we've never been light before. Not so much as a gram. So is it us? Or is it you, Jimmy?

ON JIMMY, a blindfolded man on his way to...*What?* His execution?

JIMMY
Why would I *claim* I got shorted? For a hundred thousand dollars?

Arjun says nothing. He stops at a door. Punches in a code on a keypad. They enter.

8

INT. KHATRI BROTHERS' MANSION. BASEMENT BUNKER - CONTINUOUS 8

JIMMY'S POV--PURE BLACK. Can't see a thing.

ARJUN (O.S.)
 Sit. It's to your left.

The sound of Jimmy grappling for a chair. And then sitting.
 In the darkness, we gradually hear--THE SOUND OF WEeping.

TIGHT ON JIMMY'S BLINDFOLDED FACE as the weeping continues.

ARJUN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Why'd you come today, Jimmy?

JIMMY
 I thought it was important we
 discuss this in person.

ARJUN (O.S.)
 This shortage? On our end?

JIMMY
 (balls of steel)
 It wasn't on mine, Arjun.

A NEW VOICE weighs in:

VINOD (O.S.)
 How you know that?

JIMMY
 Vinod?

The weeping sound is steady. Neither rising nor falling.

VINOD (O.S.)
 I asked how you know that.

JIMMY
 I know because my guy told me and I
 trust my guy.

VINOD (O.S.)
 Your guy.

JIMMY
 Yeah. Nick.

ARJUN (O.S.)
 And why do you trust Nick, man?

JIMMY
 We grew up together.

No one speaks for a bit. The weeping continues. THE SOUND OF A HARD SLAP. The weeping stops. And then:

NICK (O.S.)
I'm sorry, Jimmy.

Jimmy's face tightens.

NICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry.

JIMMY
Nicky, what did you--

VINOD (O.S.)
Tell him!

NICK (O.S.)
I swiped the kilo, man. I needed to make good with Bern's people.

The blindfold is removed from Jimmy's eyes. He blinks several times until his eyes clear. He sees NICK RICHARDS, 32, tied to a chair. Nick's a bloody mess--face beaten to a pulp, probably a couple broken ribs too.

The room is a combination of Bollywood and drug dealer's "man cave." Colorful tile and gold fixtures abound. Lots of oversized throw pillows and low glass tables. Pool table, arcade video game machines, a popcorn machine, TVs on all the walls, a swimming pool, a long glass bar with gold fringes with a DJ booth at the end of it.

Arjun's brother, VINOD, 38, urbane, sits on a couch across from Jimmy. There's a black leather gym bag on the couch beside Vinod. He shoots Jimmy a friendly smile.

VINOD
We knew it wasn't us.

He tosses the gym bag to Jimmy's feet. It's unzipped, and Jimmy can see six kilo bricks of cocaine inside.

JIMMY
I had no idea.

Vinod indicates the bloody Nick.

VINOD
He told us that. So what's your choice?

Jimmy cocks his head, not sure what he's asking.

ARJUN
Gun? Knife? Razor?

Nick starts to weep again. Arjun goes to the popcorn machine. Arjun fills a bucket with popcorn.

VINOD
Or you could just throw him in the pool and toss in a TV after him.

ARJUN
(to his brother)
They shit themselves. Remember?

Vinod considers that as Arjun places the popcorn bucket down in front of Jimmy.

VINOD
So, no pool.

They look at Jimmy, waiting for him to choose.

JIMMY
I can't kill him.

They see the truth in his face. Vinod nods at Arjun, who pulls out a .38 snub nose and points it at Nick, who blubbers.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
No! Arjun, no! Vinod, come on, man!

Arjun looks at Vinod.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
He clipped a key. Okay, okay.
(reaches into the bag)
Here's a key.

Jimmy tosses a kilo onto the couch beside Vinod. Within a second, a second kilo lands beside the first.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
And a second, for your trouble.

Vinod's face remains impassive.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
And a third for our friendship.

He tosses the third kilo onto the couch. Arjun continues to point the .38 at Nick. Nick continues to weep.

VINOD
This isn't just about money.

JIMMY
Nothing's *just* about money, but
they *mostly* are.

VINOD
He stole from us.

JIMMY
No. He stole from me. I'd already
paid you. I came here today to be
compensated *if* there had been some
kind of mistake. But there wasn't.
Just this asshole stealing from me.

VINOD
But blaming us.

NICK
I never--

JIMMY
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Nick shuts up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Vinod, this guy, we've known each
other since first grade. He's
family. Be like if one of you was
asked to give up the other. No
matter what, could you do it?

Vinod looks at Arjun. Arjun looks at Vinod. Their faces are
utterly unreadable. Vinod indicates the bag at Jimmy's feet.

VINOD
You still have half the bag.

Jimmy looks at the bag. Then up at Vinod.

VINOD (CONT'D)
Wouldn't family be worth the whole
bag?

Jimmy looks at Nick, then back at Vinod.

JIMMY
I think we come from different
types of family.

VINOD

So his life is worth only three
kilos?

Arjun shoves the gun into Nick's mouth.

JIMMY

His life--don't do that, Arjun--
it's worth three times what he
claimed you shorted us. Three times
what you lost because you lost
nothing, Vinod. I can't go back to
my guys and say I stood by while--

Vinod flicks a dismissive look at all that.

VINOD

So his life is only worth three
kilos to you?

Arjun thumbs back the hammer on the .38. Nick screams with a
gun in his mouth. Jimmy looks around wildly. And then his
face hardens and grows still and his eyes grow cold.

JIMMY

Yes. Okay? Yes. His life is only
worth three kilos to me.

ON NICK, broken. Ready to die.

ON JIMMY, a bit shocked at his own bottom-line mentality.

ON VINOD, unreadable. Until...he smiles.

VINOD

All I ask from the people I do
business with is their authentic
self. If you'd given me anything
less, he'd be dead now.

Arjun removes the gun from Nick's mouth. Smiles at Jimmy.

ARJUN

Maybe you too, man.

Arjun and Vinod laugh. Jimmy laughs too, his eyes crazed.

9

INT. JIMMY'S CORVETTE - LATE AFTERNOON

9

Jimmy drives. Nick stares at him from the passenger seat.
Jimmy is apparently supposed to "feel" his look. But Jimmy
stares straight ahead. Nick opens his mouth to speak.

Jimmy looks over at him and the lethal possibilities in his eyes are unmistakable. Nick looks away from the force of it.

Jimmy turns on the radio, jacks the volume. Alanis Morissette's "Head Over Feet" fills the car as the Chicago skyline rises in the windshield.

10 INT. SIGNATURE ROOM RESTAURANT. CHICAGO - NIGHT 10

95 stories above Chicago. Jimmy sits at a table alone, the city spread out behind him. He sips a Scotch and stares into space. He's restless, still shaken from his afternoon.

A WAITRESS, 25, exceptionally pretty and giving off an air of elegance and poise, approaches. Her name tag reads: ROCHELLE.

ROCHELLE

Had a look at the menu, sir?

JIMMY

Jesus, no, I'm sorry--
 (catching her name tag)
 --Rochelle. Could I get a water please and I'll have an answer for you by the time you're back?

ROCHELLE

Of course, sir.

JIMMY

(extending his hand)
 Jimmy.

ROCHELLE

(shakes the hand)
 Of course, Jimmy.

Jimmy watches Rochelle walk off, his mood vastly improving.

11 INT. A SERIES OF MICHIGAN MILE BARS - NIGHT INTO MORNING 11

FIRST BAR. Jimmy and Rochelle share a glass of wine. Jimmy's glass is almost full. Rochelle's is almost empty. She looks a touch less elegant as the booze begins to do its work. The BARTENDER, pouring Rochelle a shot, looks at Jimmy. Jimmy shakes his head.

SECOND BAR. Jimmy listens to Rochelle talking, her hands waving wildly. She breaks long enough to down another shot. Her air of elegance has gone the way of her poise.

Jimmy slips something into Rochelle's palm. She leans forward and kisses him in thanks.

Rochelle snorts coke in a bathroom.

THIRD BAR. Jimmy and Rochelle dance on a packed dance floor.

Jimmy and Rochelle stand along the packed dance floor, spectators now. In the crowd, few can see that Jimmy has his hand slipped under Rochelle's dress and is digitally stimulating her. Rochelle, highly aroused, leans back into him, one hand reaching back to caress his neck.

12 INT. JIMMY KEENE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - 4 AM 12

Jimmy and Rochelle fuck on Jimmy's enormous bed. Jimmy is behind her, her hips in his hands, her forehead dragging back and forth off the pillow. He looks at the line of her back, the mass of her hair, the sides of her breasts.

And for one moment, his face, already detached (if determined), darkens into something grim and possibly even hateful. But before that mood can solidify, he wipes it away with a cold smile and slaps Rochelle's ass.

ROCHELLE
(muffled, drunk)
Yeah, baby. Oh, yeah.

ON JIMMY, knowing the words are rote. He slaps her ass again, but his heart isn't in it.

13 INT. JIMMY KEENE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - MORNING 13

ON JIMMY, standing in the doorway, surrounded by Feds, looking at naked, passed-out Rochelle in his bed.

WILLIAMSON
You even know her name?

JIMMY
(muted but cocky)
Rochelle.

The Female FBI Agent passes between them.

FEMALE AGENT
Her last name?

Jimmy has no fucking clue and she sees it. Walks past him.

14 INT. JIMMY KEENE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - LATER

14

Jimmy, handcuffed to a chair in his kitchen, as the Feds continue ransacking his house from top to bottom. Jimmy watches them lay out confiscated DRUGS, MONEY, an ELECTRONIC SCALE, and GUNS. Lots of guns.

FEMALE AGENT
(indicating the guns)
Planning to shoot up the local
middle school?

Jimmy looks at her, really seeing her for the first time. Her name is JANICE BUTKUS, 38. She has the ropey build of a runner or a dancer and moves with languid confidence. Everything about Janice is cool as ice--the way she moves, the way she talks, her overall energy--but her eyes are lit with an avid intelligence and rapacious curiosity. Janet loves her job. And she feels sorry for anyone who doesn't.

She holds up an AK-47.

JANICE BUTKUS
Fuck is this, Jimbo?

JIMMY
"Jimmy." It's an AK-47.

JANICE BUTKUS
It's a No Possibility of Reduced
Sentence.

Several Agents snicker.

JIMMY
I got great lawyers.

JANICE BUTKUS
(taking in all the guns)
They part water? Able to beam your
ass up to The Enterprise?

ON JIMMY, realizing this is more serious than he thought.

15 INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER. VISITING ROOM - DAY 15

Jimmy sits across from his father, BIG JIM KEENAN, 60, a retired--and dirty--cop and consistently failed entrepreneur. Big Jim is a shambles--overweight, several joints in early stages of necrosis, can't remember the last morning he didn't start with a hangover. He's big and was once handsome but time's been heartless.

Jimmy only sees the man he once was, though. Jimmy loves and admires his father. His father loves and admires him back. This is not necessarily a good thing.

Big Jim looks around at his son's surroundings.

BIG JIM
Your mother visit yet?
(off his son's silence)
You kidding me?

JIMMY
(shrugs)
Ma don't do grim.

BIG JIM
Or anything that don't serve Ma.

JIMMY
She's pissed I got Tim mixed up in
this too.

BIG JIM
But your brother's gonna walk.

Jimmy looks confused, then stricken, as the inference of his father's words sink in.

JIMMY
I'm not?

Big Jim leans in, talks low, conspiratorially.

BIG JIM
I talked to some of the guys. They
said the prosecutor, Beaumont, he's
trying to prove something with you.

JIMMY
Prove what?

BIG JIM
That he's not part of the machine.

JIMMY
I'm not part of the machine.

BIG JIM
(softly)
But I was. And my brothers, my
father, your mother's family in a
whole other way.

Jimmy is bowled over. Sickened. Terrified.

JIMMY
Tell me there's a way out of this.

BIG JIM
(broken hearted)
Not a quick one.
(beat)
They took *my* car.

JIMMY
(trying to catch up)
What?

BIG JIM
(nodding)
Threw padlocks on the semis, the
warehouse, everything. Said it was
all paid for with ill-gotten gains.
Was it, Jimmy?

Jimmy stares at him in disbelief, close to crumbling.

JIMMY
You *know* it was, Dad.

BIG JIM
(nods)
I told myself...I told myself...
Just that you were doing well.

JIMMY
The debts I paid off for you? The
trucking company I financed? The
frozen foods company I "invested"
in? You think that came from owning
a car dealership and BJ's?

BIG JIM
No, I didn't.

JIMMY
No, you didn't.

BIG JIM
Don't get mad. It eats your soul.

JIMMY
I'm not mad. I'm just...
(trying to process)
Fucked.

BIG JIM
You'll do five years.

JIMMY
(pole-axed)
Five?

BIG JIM
Four with good behavior. The low
end of the sentencing guideline, *if*
you take the plea, is two.

Jimmy looks up, suddenly hopeful.

BIG JIM (CONT'D)
But they're not gonna give you two.

JIMMY
(face dropping)
Why not?

BIG JIM
The guns.

Jimmy tilts toward despair. Big Jim tries to buck him up.

BIG JIM (CONT'D)
You're not some homey goes running
around capping grandmothers during
drive-bys. You didn't sell *crack*.
You're a good kid who strayed off
the path. They'll give you the mid-
range of the sentence guidelines.

JIMMY
How do you know?

BIG JIM
I was a cop twenty-three years. *And*
I asked around. Everyone said the
same--mid-range of the guidelines.

JIMMY
Five?

BIG JIM
Out in four.

Jimmy sits with it a bit. His father fidgets.

BIG JIM (CONT'D)
I never wanted this for you. I
wanted a totally different deal.

JIMMY
I know.

Big Jim nods, his penance served, until--

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Like what?

(searching)

What did you want for me, Dad?

BIG JIM

Like I said.

JIMMY

No, what?

BIG JIM

For you to...to have...you know.

JIMMY

No, I don't.

BIG JIM

A wife, kids, a fucking dog to throw a, a Frisbee to. A steady paycheck, pension at the end.

JIMMY

I couldn't have...

BIG JIM

What?

JIMMY

Helped you if I'd lived that life.

Well, there's that. Big Jim struggles as a lifetime of narcissism and corruption wages battle with a deep and authentic love of his son. It's all the more conflicted because he can't recognize it for what it is and never will.

BIG JIM

I still wanted it for you.

JIMMY

I know you did, Dad.

(comforting him)

I know you did.

Big Jim looks up, grateful.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You just never mentioned it before.

BIG JIM
 I guess I was embarrassed to admit
 I wanted you to make better choices
 than me. It was stupid.

For a moment, Jimmy gets a strong whiff of the self-serving in his father's *mea culpa* but, deep in his own lifetime of denial, he shakes it off and his face fills with sympathy.

JIMMY
 It's okay.

BIG JIM
 It's not. You're here because of
 it.

JIMMY
 I made my own bed, Dad.

Big Jim, let off the hook once again, nods gratefully. Then looks at Jimmy with profound fear and guilt.

BIG JIM
 Take the deal. Plead out.

ON JIMMY, chewing that over.

16

INT. COOK COUNTY FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

16

SUPER: JULY 15, 1997

On the bench, JUDGE HAROLD BAKER, 68, stern with a shock of white hair, looks out at his courtroom, where we find--

Jimmy, in suit and tie, standing beside his lawyer, JEFF STEINBACK, 50. At the prosecutor's table stands, EDMUND BEAUMONT, US Attorney, a cold, rigid warrior for law enforcement. In the seating area, Big Jim sits beside his second wife, SAMANTHA "SAMMY" KEENE, 60. Not far from them are Jimmy's mother, LYNN, 55 and looking a decade younger, and his little brother TIM, 26, with JIMMY'S TWO SISTERS. Also in attendance are assorted FRIENDS and EX-GIRLFRIENDS.

Taking note of them all is Janice Butkus, sitting in the back with one of the DEA Agents and the ATF GUY from the joint task force that nabbed Jimmy. Janice is the only person there who doesn't look either tense or bored. Her eyes are, as always, lit like a Christmas tree. She eats this shit up.

JUDGE BAKER
 Mr. Beaumont, am I to understand
 that the defendant has entered into
 a plea agreement with your office?

BEAUMONT

He has, your Honor.

JUDGE BAKER

And, Mr. Steinback, is your client fully aware what he's pleading to?

STEINBACK

He is, your Honor.

Baker turns his steely gaze on Jimmy.

JUDGE BAKER

Police officer's son, correct?

JIMMY

Yes, sir.

JUDGE BAKER

(consulting his file)

Star athlete at Kankakee High, I see you're quite generous with a few local charities...

(puts the file aside)

But what you're pleading guilty to is the sale and traffic of narcotics, the possession of paraphernalia associated with the same, and the possession of multiple illegal firearms.

JIMMY

I am, your Honor.

JUDGE BAKER

So, how plead you?

Jimmy can't get the word out at first. His eyes dart, his heart pounds. *There's got to be a way out of this.* But, no, there isn't. He looks back at his father and then the rest of his family. Looks forward again.

JIMMY

Guilty.

And now, no turning back, Jimmy awaits his fate. Judge Baker looks at his file again.

JUDGE BAKER

The sheer amount of narcotics you trafficked in, Mr. Keene, is enough to push your sentence to twenty-five years.

ON JIMMY, electrified with sudden terror.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)
Which is what you would have
gotten, minimum, if this case had
gone to trial.

ON JIMMY, slightly relieved.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)
But you did the smart thing here
and you pled. Still, there are the
weapons which, one presumes, you
were prepared to use on other human
beings to protect your narcotics.

ON JIMMY, no longer relieved.

JUDGE BAKER (CONT'D)
It's the judgment of the court that
the defendant be committed to the
custody of the attorney general of
the United States or her authorized
representative for the minimum
guideline term of one hundred
twenty months.

ON JIMMY, looking like someone just swung a bat into the back
of his head. Twice.

JIMMY
What?
(Steinback tries to quiet
him)
What?

JUDGE BAKER
Bailiff.

Two BAILIFFS approach Jimmy and cuff him.

JIMMY
Ten years?!?!?!?!?

The Bailiffs drag Jimmy out. Janice watches it happen, a
curious look on her face, as the germ of an idea forms.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: SEVEN MONTHS LATER

17 INT. FCI MILAN. CORRIDOR - DAY (1998) 17

Jimmy, flanked by two GUARDS, is led down an underground corridor. Jimmy looks thinner, a little less cocksure, but he's still Jimmy, playing the game with fear and arrogance.

JIMMY

Anyone know what this is about?

One of the Guards is stone-faced, the Other Guard shakes his head. Jimmy looks at the corridor ahead of him. Above him, he can hear the sounds of the prison. But down here, there's nobody--no Cons, no Social Workers, no Witnesses.

The Guards stop at a door. One Guard looks at a camera perched above the door and nods. The door buzzes loudly and unlocks. The Guards prod Jimmy inside.

18 INT. FCI MILAN. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS 18

Jimmy enters to find US Attorney Edmund Beaumont and FBI Agent Janice Butkus sitting at a conference table. On the table in front of Butkus is a BLACK BINDER. Jimmy is placed in a chair across from them. One Guard looks at Butkus.

GUARD

You want cuffs on him?

She grimaces at the absurdity of the question.

JANICE BUTKUS

No, we're fine, thanks.

BEAUMONT

We'll let you know when we're done.

The Guards nod and vacate the room. Jimmy finds himself looking into the playful eyes of Janice Butkus.

JANICE BUTKUS

I'm Special Agent Butkus. You can call me that or "Janice." Either's cool. I remember you don't like "Jimbo."

Jimmy covers a twitch of a smile.

JIMMY

"Jimmy," please.

JANICE BUTKUS

(nods)

And you know Mr. Beaumont.

Jimmy nods bitterly, looks into Beaumont's pitiless eyes.

JIMMY

Mr. Beaumont sandbagged me into accepting a five-year plea when he knew I'd get ten.

BEAUMONT

That how you remember it?

JIMMY

No possibility of parole? Who takes that deal?

BEAUMONT

(pointing out the obvious)

You. What do you want? Remorse for how I treated you? You're a drug dealer. You played chicken with us and you lost. Embrace that concept.

Beaumont gives Butkus a *Get to it* look. He's only halfway sold on whatever brought them here. She opens a small file.

JANICE BUTKUS

(to Jimmy)

I hear you're making a real go of prison. No major beefs, seem to get along with most of the dominant gangs and successfully avoid the ones you don't know yet. And...

(turning a page)

...you developed a sideline in here? No shit?

JIMMY

(a bit embarrassed)

That's in there?

JANICE BUTKUS

You use all your profits to buy--

(smiling)

--"fresh vegetables and lean cuts of meat?"

JIMMY

Prison food sucks.

JANICE BUTKUS

So does prison life. But you seem to have grabbed it by the balls. What is this sideline by the way?

Now Jimmy damn near blushes.

JIMMY
Just a service.

JANICE BUTKUS
(to Beaumont)
He's so *modest*.
(to Jimmy)
You rent porno mags, right?
*Hustler, Penthouse, ugh, Barely
Legal*. How's that work?

JIMMY
They pay for half-hour blocks.

JANICE BUTKUS
Must be a lot of, what do they call
it in retail, breakage?

JIMMY
I turn my inventory over a lot.

JANICE BUTKUS
That's what you called drugs too--
your "inventory." At least on the
tapes I heard.
(closing the file)
I'm not surprised you're thriving
in here, Jimmy.

JIMMY
I'm not "thriving."

JANICE BUTKUS
Because you're a charming guy.
Everyone likes you. I've heard you
talk to Mexican cartel guys,
Cabrini-Green bangers, Outfit
goombahs in their track suits at
the Elmwood Park Social Club, even
that El Salvadoran *chica* you did a
one-time deal with two years back.
What was her name?

JIMMY
(shrugs)
Don't remember.

JANICE BUTKUS
But you nailed her, right? Come on.
I heard the tapes.

Jimmy gives it a diffident shrug of confirmation.

JANICE BUTKUS (CONT'D)

I *knew* it. And she was a killer, man. You have no idea. Her name was Esmerelda Flores by the way. Took two in the back of the head last summer. But my point, Jimmy, is you get along with everyone. I noticed something else--after a certain point, they do most of the talking.

JIMMY

Sorry?

JANICE BUTKUS

You've got your patter, your funny story or two, but then you settle back and just let them run their mouths. Take me--something in those soulful eyes of yours, the way you sit so still, so at peace with yourself, it just makes me want to babble, man. Unlock myself.

Jimmy can't get a firm handle on her, (something Butkus counts on), and it rattles him.

JIMMY

You mentioned a point a while back.

Janice looks around the room.

JANICE BUTKUS

You in a rush?

Jimmy looks to Beaumont but Beaumont's eyes are dead.

JANICE BUTKUS (CONT'D)

Cuz we can let you get back to it.

JIMMY

No, I'm fine.

JANICE BUTKUS

You got porn to sell, veggies to procure, and only nine years and three months left on your sentence.

JIMMY

Just tell me what--

JANICE BUTKUS

I don't want to hold you up.

JIMMY
 (snapping)
 Just fucking tell me why I'm here.

JANICE BUTKUS
 (to Beaumont)
Temper. Not as cool as he thinks.

Beaumont indicates the black binder. Nods. Janice looks back at Jimmy and all the gaiety leaves her eyes. Her edgy-playful persona transforms before our eyes into that of a profoundly serious human being with a clear moral compass.

JANICE BUTKUS (CONT'D)
 We would like you to transfer to another prison and befriend someone to elicit a confession.

BEAUMONT
 We need the precise location of a dead body.

Jimmy stares at them, baffled.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)
 The man you'll read about in that binder has killed fourteen women. Maybe more. But we've only tied him to two. And we only have one of the bodies.

JANICE BUTKUS
 We'd like to find the other one. And maybe twelve more.

JIMMY
 Wait, *what?* Why don't you know where they are?

BEAUMONT
 Because he takes as much pleasure in hiding them as he does in killing them.

JANICE BUTKUS
 So no one, particularly their loved ones, will ever know *for sure* what happened to their daughters, their sisters, their prom date.

She pushes the binder across to Jimmy. He looks at it like it's a cake of plutonium.

JIMMY

And this prison where the guy is?

Janice and Beaumont exchange a look.

JANICE BUTKUS

It's in Springfield, Missouri.
Maximum security, specializing in
the criminally insane.

ON JIMMY, as that lands.

JIMMY

You want me to check into Hell,
cozy up to a fucking demon, and ask
him all casual, "So, where'd you
bury thirteen bodies?"

He stares at them to make sure this isn't a joke. They stare back at him, quite serious. His incredulity grows. Eventually he leans forward and gives them his definitive answer:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Not for all the fucking money in
the world.

Janice searches his face for a bit. And then:

JANICE BUTKUS

How about freedom?

Jimmy didn't see that one coming. He looks at Beaumont.

BEAUMONT

(nods)

Complete commutation of sentence.

JIMMY

If I transfer.

BEAUMONT

*If you transfer and if you get the
location of Patricia Reitler's
body.*

Butkus holds him in a level gaze.

JANICE BUTKUS

No body, no release.

Jimmy looks at the file. Looks around the room. Looks at Butkus then Beaumont. Looks at the file again.

JIMMY
No.

JANICE BUTKUS
No?

JIMMY
No.

Beaumont flicks an angry look at Butkus.

BEAUMONT
When I say something's a waste of
time? Next time, listen.

Beaumont begins to gather his things and stand. Butkus leans
across the table toward Jimmy.

JANICE BUTKUS
Both his convictions are on appeal. *
He could win. And walk. *

JIMMY
I don't give a shit.

JANICE BUTKUS
If he walks, he'll kill again and
again. Until he fucks up and gets
caught. But the last time, he
killed fourteen girls before he got
caught.

JIMMY
(shrugs)
Won't have anything to do with me.

JANICE BUTKUS
It will. You had a chance to stop
him. And you didn't take it.

JIMMY
I'm sorry about these women, but I
don't know them. If he gets out, I
won't know the next ones he kills.
I might be sad about it, but...

He trails off. Butkus looks for a crack in his armor, can't
see it.

JANICE BUTKUS
This kind of deal won't walk
through the door twice. So before
you spend the next ten years
wondering why you didn't take it?
(MORE)

JANICE BUTKUS (CONT'D)
 Driving yourself crazy with that
 question? Read the file.

Jimmy stares at the binder. Beaumont, sensing a chink in the armor, softens (as best Beaumont can soften.)

BEAUMONT
 At the very least, it's unique
 reading material.

Jimmy meets his eyes. Blinks in the affirmative. Beaumont goes to the door. Raps on it.

JANICE BUTKUS
 Your attorney has our contact info.

Jimmy watches the door open and the two of them leave.

He looks at the binder.

19 INT. FCI MILAN. JIMMY'S CELL - NIGHT 19

Jimmy's cell is a double, but the bunk below him is empty. He lies on the top bunk, unable to sleep.

Gets down off the bunk. Does a dozen push-ups. Twenty crunches. Another dozen push-ups.

Gets back on the bunk. Closes his eyes.

Opens his eyes. Climbs down. Finds the binder nestled beside his stack of porn magazine rentals. He sits at the small desk. Turns on a tiny book lamp. Opens the binder. Reads.

20 EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD. GEORGETOWN, IL - LATE MORNING 20

SUPER: GEORGETOWN, IL, NOVEMBER, 1993

BRIAN MILLER, 45, Chief Investigator for the Vermilion County Sheriff's Office, sits in the bleachers. Brian is easygoing, good natured, but he's also big and tough and used to dismantle bombs in the Marines. He sits with his wife, ANDREA, 40, watching their daughter, BROOKE, 7, play flag football with a bunch of 7-year-old BOYS. Brooke is the only girl. Only a couple of kids have even the most basic idea what they're doing, but even by those standards, Brooke is clearly out of her depth. Still, she gets an A for effort.

Brooke awkwardly takes a handoff. Runs around.

MILLER
 She hold onto it?

ANDREA
She--holy shit--she did!

They lean forward.

MILLER
She's going in the wrong direction.

ANDREA
(calling)
Honey, the other way! The *other*
way!

Miller tries to wave his daughter in the other direction. She smiles and waves back at him, still running in the wrong direction. Another KID pulls the flag from Brooke's waist. She stops running. Big smile. Spikes the ball. Wanders off.

MILLER
Where is she going?

Andrea shrugs. Looking on the bright side, she says:

ANDREA
She runs pretty fast.

MILLER
(nods)
Not bad, right?

He smiles at his wife, his face darkening a tad as he sees--

PAT HARTSHORN, 50, the county sheriff, walking toward the bleachers. Andrea sees Pat, and her face darkens a bit too.

ANDREA
(to Pat)
Will he be home for dinner?

Pat reaches the bleachers.

SHERIFF HARTSHORN
Unlikely.
(to Miller)
We might have found Jessica Roach.

Miller's face drops. So does Andrea's.

ON BROOKE MILLER, as she misses a handoff. The ball falls to her feet. She looks off toward the bleachers, sees her Father walking off with Hartshorn. She stares after him, feeling suddenly quite alone.

21 EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 21

Hartshorn and Miller walk toward Hartshorn's car, which bears the seal of the Vermilion County Sheriff's Department.

SHERIFF HARTSHORN
Fella was shearing his field, came upon the body.

MILLER
Where?

SHERIFF HARTSHORN
(head gestures)
Stone's throw into Indiana.

They get into the car, drive off.

22 EXT. INDIANA CORNFIELD - DAY 22

Super: PERRYSVILLE, INDIANA

CRIME SCENE TAPE around the cornstalks. Hartshorn's car, POLICE VEHICLES, CSU VAN, a COUNTY MEDICAL EXAMINER VAN along the roadside.

Deep in the rows of corn, we find Miller, squatting by a NAKED CORPSE in an advanced stage of decomposition.

HOLD ON MILLER. He stares into the face of Jessica Roach, 15. Miller's face is very still but there is real pain in there, He stares at her for an impossibly long time and barely twitches a muscle.

MILLER FLASHES ON: *His daughter, Brooke, waving to him with a big smile on her face.*

And WE HEAR:

SCREAMING...WEEPING...SAVAGE GUTTERAL SOUNDS, THE KIND A RABID DOG WOULD MAKE...WHIMPERING

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Please. Don't. Please.

CUT BACK.

A strand of Jessica's hair lifts in the breeze and falls forward.

Miller reaches out a single finger and lifts the hair back into place, out of the corpse's eyes.

23 EXT. INDIANA CORNFIELD - LATER

23

Miller and Hartshorn stand along the road with the FARMER.

FARMER

(sickened)

I almost ran her over with my combine.

SHERIFF HARTSHORN

But you didn't. You didn't.

FARMER

But, Lord Jesus.

His eyes go inward as something occurs to him. Both lawman see it. They wait, watching him.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Drayton Jeffries--he's a neighbor-- a few weeks back, he told me he saw someone in my cornfield. I didn't think much of it, but now...

Miller pulls a cellphone out of his pocket. Turns it on, pulls the antenna up. Looks for a service bar, pointing the antenna toward the sky.

MILLER

You know his number?

24 EXT. CORNFIELD - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

24

Drayton Jeffries, 30, stands on the road with Miller and Hartshorn and the Farmer. Jeffries is pointing into the corn, not far from where the body was found.

JEFFRIES

He stepped out right about here.

SHERIFF HARTSHORN

What'd he look like?

JEFFRIES

He was white. `Bout all I saw.

SHERIFF HARTSHORN

Tall? Short? Bald? Not bald?

JEFFRIES

I didn't get much of a look. He hopped in a van and drove off.

MILLER

What color van?

JEFFRIES

Like, gray or brown? It was night.
Could have been green too or black.

Hartshorn and Miller exchange a look: *That don't narrow it down.*

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)

But it was a Dodge. For sure.

MILLER

(hope mixed with doubt)
You don't know the color but--

JEFFRIES

I'm a mechanic. I know a Dodge when
I see one.

They all step back as the MEDICAL EXAMINER'S ASSISTANTS walk out of the corn carrying the corpse in a body bag.

25 INT. HARTSHORN'S CAR. TRAILER PARK. GEORGETOWN, IL - DUSK 25

Hartshorn and Miller drive through and pull over across from the Roach Mobile Home. They look at it with dread. On a post out front is a clear plastic box (the kind realtors use) stuffed with MISSING PERSON FLYERS FOR JESSICA ROACH. Well-wishers have left cards and messages and flowers out front.

MILLER

`Member when I gave him the poly?
Asked him if he kidnapped his own
daughter? If he did harm to her?

Hartshorn lets him vent. Watches him carefully.

MILLER (CONT'D)

How much time did we lose
investigating her family and the
boys at her school?

Miller looks over at Hartshorn. Hartshorn holds his gaze.

SHERIFF HARTSHORN

You did your job. You ruled out
every logical suspect before you
considered a stranger.

(MORE)

SHERIFF HARTSHORN (CONT'D)

So don't--listen to me--don't go
beating yourself down because
Jessica Roach crossed paths with
the kind of person no one can
prepare for.

Miller sits with that a bit. He alternately nods and shakes his head in such a way he's probably not aware he's doing it.

Abruptly, Miller opens his door.

They get out, walk up to the trailer. Knock on the door.

The door opens on a BEREFT MR. ROACH and BEREFT MRS. ROACH, both sucked to the marrow by grief. Behind them, JESSICA'S SISTER, 17, watches in horror as Miller opens his mouth.

PULL BACK HARD AND HIGH TO REVEAL:

A CORNFIELD.

PULL BACK OVER THE CORNFIELD until we reach:

The Country Road on the other side, where we first saw JESSICA ROACH riding her bike on the day she disappeared.

FADE TO BLACK

26 INT. BRIAN MILLER'S OFFICE. SHERIFF'S DEPT - DAY (1994) 26

Brian Miller at his desk. A KNOCK on his door. Through the glass we see CAROLYN BAUMBACH, 35, admin' assistant for the department. Miller waves her in.

SUPER: SEPTEMBER, 1994. ELEVEN MONTHS LATER

Carolyn enters pushing a wire cart on wheels. In the cart are dozens of files.

ANGLE - the file tabs. DANVILLE PD; TILTON PD; WESTVILLE PD; OLIVET PD; GEORGETOWN PD; WOODYARD PD.

Carolyn wheels it over to the desk.

CAROLYN
Your weekly fix.

MILLER
Thanks.

She gives him a mildly worried look and exits.

Miller places the first file on his desk, opens it.

ANGLE--DANVILLE POLICE DEPT. REPORT "Domestic Disturbance."

Miller scans it. Turns another page. And another.

27 INT. BRIAN MILLER'S OFFICE. SHERIFF'S DEPT - HOURS LATER 27

Miller, a file on his lap, turns a page. Slaps his face lightly to stay awake. And then...he stiffens slightly. Reaches for a phone even as he continues to read. Dials a number by heart. Cradles the phone between ear and shoulder.

MILLER

(on the phone)

Hey, Diane, it's Brian at the Sheriff's. Yeah, yeah. How're you?

(listens)

Good to hear. Is Detective Boyd in?

He's put on hold. He continues reading the file. And then speaks back into the phone.

MILLER (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

Hey, Len, Brian Miller. You filed a report two weeks ago on a possible six-forty-seven on Whittier?

28 INT. GEORGETOWN POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 28

INTERCUT between LEN BOYD, 40s, and Miller.

LEN BOYD

Two fourteen-year-old girls riding their bikes, said this perv' in a van kept passing them. Told them he liked their "boobies."

MILLER

He said boobies?

LEN BOYD

Yup. He also told them they were pretty and asked if they wanted to take a ride with him.

MILLER

And they said the van was gray.

ANGLE--Miller's notepad. He's written, "High school girls" and "Boobies" and "Bikes" and "Gray Van."

LEN BOYD
Yup. They got a plate.

Miller sits up straighter.

MILLER
They got a what?

LEN BOYD
Indiana plate number. Check the
notes at the end of the report.

Miller rifles through the pages. His eyes widen.

MILLER
You run it?

LEN BOYD
No. The guy drove off, they never
saw him again, and the girls struck
me as a little dramatic. You know
girls, man. But be my guest, Brian.

MILLER
Thanks, Len.

Miller hangs up, his blood starting to hum.

29

EXT. VERMILION COUNTY SHERIFF'S BUILDING - NIGHT

29

Hartshorn leans against a low wall out back, smoking a cigar,
taking in the night. Miller exits, sees him. Walks over.

SHERIFF HARTSHORN
You look pleased.

MILLER
(nods)
The van that followed the two girls
on Whittier has been called in
three other times in the last year.
Once in Indianola, once in Olivet,
once near the Duffin Preserve. Same
complaint--harassment.

Hartshorn takes a puff of his cigar, exhales.

SHERIFF HARTSHORN
And said van is registered to?

MILLER
Larry D. Hall of Wabash, Indiana.

30

INT. FCI MILAN. LIBRARY - NIGHT (1998)

30

Jimmy, reading the file, sits in a reading chair, which is back-to-back with another reading chair. In the other chair, an inmate, MALCOLM WINSLOW, 30, reads a motorcycle magazine. Winslow is a career criminal, pissed off at the world. Jimmy turns a page of the binder.

WINSLOW

Not going to tell you twice.

Jimmy looks up, realizes Winslow is talking to him.

JIMMY

What?

WINSLOW

I can hear you turning the fucking pages.

JIMMY

Uh huh.

WINSLOW

I don't want to hear you turning the fucking pages.

Jimmy considers that. Winslow reads a bit more of his magazine. Jimmy turns a page of the file with a hard snap.

Winslow immediately jumps up and comes around the chairs to Jimmy's side. But Jimmy's ready. Jimmy delivers a kick to his solar plexus. It's not a lucky kick, it's a skilled one. Delivered by someone who knows how to do it. Winslow drops to his knees. Jimmy wastes no time. His knuckles connect with Winslow's larynx, again with a smooth, practiced motion. Now Winslow can't breathe. Jimmy grabs him by the hair, puts his knee into Winslow's back and pulls his head back. He whispers in his ear. Winslow can't hear the words.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)

What?

JIMMY

I said, "Anything else?"

WINSLOW

No. No.

Jimmy lets Winslow go. Winslow eventually stands. Coughs several times. A GUARD passes the doorway, looks in. Winslow waves a hand in greeting. The Guard looks past him to see Jimmy, reading his file binder. The Guard moves on.

Winslow gives Jimmy a baleful eye and storms out of the library.

ON JIMMY, his eyes glued to the page.

31 INT. PRISON VISITING ROOM - DAY

31

Jimmy and Big Jim.

BIG JIM
(re: Winslow)
So, he won't bother you no more.

JIMMY
Winslow's one of those assholes the more you don't like him, the more he wants to hang around.

BIG JIM
Yeah, but you put it to him. He'll respect that.

JIMMY
"Respect" ain't in his vocabulary.

BIG JIM
So what're you gonna do?

JIMMY
Nothing. Wait for the next time.

BIG JIM
You'll have to hurt him.

JIMMY
I know.

BIG JIM
You don't seem so sure about it.

Jimmy looks overwhelmed for a moment.

JIMMY
Everyone thinks I got it locked down in here, but that's all a fucking bluff.

BIG JIM
You keep your mind strong. Your mind and your will.

JIMMY
 (abruptly)
 I've been thinking about that deal.

Big Jim's face immediately darkens.

BIG JIM
 You think this place is bad?
 Springfield is the kinda prison
 they send the sub-humans to, Jimmy.
 The fucking freaks with no souls.
 The lifers with *nothing to lose*.

JIMMY
 They'll commute my whole sentence.

BIG JIM
 Yeah? What if you don't get them
 what they want? What if you have to
 defend yourself in there and they
 tack ten more fucking years on your
 sentence? I've seen it--guys go
 into those places for a few years
 and they never come back out. Once
 you're in there, they own you.

Big Jim tries to control his emotions but he's choking up.

BIG JIM (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 It'd be a death sentence. We'll
 find another way.

JIMMY
 How?

Big Jim's been thinking about nothing else for almost a year.

BIG JIM
 I don't know. But we will.

ON JIMMY, not so sure.

32 INT. FCI MILAN. LIBRARY - DAY 32

Jimmy sits with the binder at a table, turns a page...

33 EXT. BRIAN MILLER'S OFFICE. SHERIFF'S DEPT - DAY (1994) 33

A gorgeous autumn day outside and Brian Miller is trying to get his window open to enjoy it. But the window is stuck.

He bangs on it a few times. Tries to shake it in the frame. Gives it another try--nothing. His SPEAKER PHONE squawks.

CAROLYN (O.S.)
I gotta call from Wabash PD.

MILLER
Thanks. You got a putty knife?

CAROLYN (O.S.)
A what?

MILLER
Never mind. Just put em through.

Miller opens his desk drawer, rummages around.

34 INT. WABASH POLICE DEPT. DETECTIVES BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS 34

WABASH DETECTIVE SERGEANT JEFF WHITMER, 35, sits behind a desk crammed in with a bunch of other desks as he talks on the phone with Miller. INTERCUT between Whitmer and Miller.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
Detective Miller? Jeff Whitmer.

Miller triumphantly finds a letter opener.

MILLER
Hey, Jeff. Got a question about a van registered to one of your residents, a Lawrence D Hall.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
Sure. Larry.

MILLER
You know him?

DETECTIVE WHITMER
Grew up with him.

Miller, about to insert the letter opener between the window and the casing, pauses.

MILLER
Know him well?

DETECTIVE WHITMER
Well enough. It's a small town.

That gives Miller further pause. He inserts the letter opener between the window and the casing, applies some pressure.

DETECTIVE WHITMER (CONT'D)
You looking at him for something?

MILLER
(continuing to pry)
We're trying to figure out why a
van registered to him has passed
through our area a few times in the
past year.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
You're in Illinois the girl said?

MILLER
Georgetown, yeah. About a hundred
thirty miles away.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
So he wasn't just picking up a
gallon of milk.

MILLER
No.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
Or doing Civil War shit.

MILLER
What's that?

DETECTIVE WHITMER
(to himself)
Did they even fight battles in
Illinois?

MILLER
I don't understand.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
Huh? Oh. Larry's into Civil War
reenactments. You know.

MILLER
I don't.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
They dress up in the uniforms--
Larry has these funky mutton chop
sideburns, swear to god--and they
play at the battles. Do it all over
the place. You should check if they
had any on those the times he was
around your town. Bet that'll
explain it.

MILLER

I'll look into it. Thanks.

DETECTIVE WHITMER

Sure enough. Take care.

He hangs up. Miller keeps working on the window. He's very careful about it. Diligent. One step at a time.

35 INT/EXT. FCI MILAN. VARIOUS - MORNING TO NIGHT 35

Jimmy jogs around the yard.

Jimmy lifts weights.

Jimmy rents a *Hustler* to a SKEEVY CON.

Jimmy plays handball with a group of CONS. He's very good at it.

The Skeezy Con hands back the *Hustler*. Jimmy tries to open it but the pages are all stuck together. Breakage.

Jimmy lies in his bunk.

Jimmy rents a *Penthouse* to a BURLY CON. They share a knowing look.

Jimmy jogs around the yard, looking at the cyclone fencing.

Jimmy lifts weight, looks at the cyclone fencing.

Jimmy catches his breath during another handball game, looks at the cyclone fencing.

36 INT. FCI MILAN. JIMMY'S CELL - EVENING 36

The Burly Con hands back the *Penthouse*. Jimmy hands him another *Penthouse*. Jimmy goes to his bunk. Opens the first *Penthouse*. Leafs through to an article on "*The Future of Digital Sound*." Jimmy considers a glossy photo of a Speaker With a CD Player Built Into the Center that takes up the center of a page. He picks at the photo and it comes away. He peels it back to reveal: a hole cut into the page and a dozen pages that follow. Imbedded in the hole is a TOOTHBRUSH WITH A RAZOR BLADE FOR A HEAD. Jimmy tears a strip off a *Penthouse* subscription insert. He wraps the strip around the razor blade. Produces a Band-Aid and wraps that around the strip. Pockets the shiv. Puts the *Penthouse* at the bottom of his stack of porno magazines. He retrieves the binder from nearby, takes it to his bunk. Opens it, reads. . .

37 INT. BRIAN MILLER'S OFFICE. SHERIFF'S DEPT - DAY (1994) 37

Miller's window is open to the day as he returns the letter opener to his desk drawer. He picks up the phone. Dials.

COUNTY PARKS WOMAN (O.S.)
(on phone)
Vermillion County Parks Department.

MILLER
(on the phone)
Hi, this is Brian Miller at the Sheriff's. Trying to ascertain if any Civil War reenactors filed for permits in the past year.
(listens)
Yes, Ma'am. You take your time.

He waits. Props his feet on his windowsill. Breathes the fresh air in. The County Parks Woman comes back on the line.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Yes, Ma'am?
(face drop)
No, huh? Well, I do appreciate your time. You have a great day.

As he goes to hang up, he can hear the Woman talking. He leans back into the phone.

MILLER (CONT'D)
What's that?

COUNTY PARKS WOMAN (O.S.)
(on the phone)
I said there was a Revolutionary War reenactment, though.

MILLER
When?

COUNTY PARKS WOMAN (O.S.)
Last fall. Forest Glen Park. Exact date was, lemme see, September Nineteenth.

Miller hangs up. Turns from the window, looks across the small office at--

A DRY ERASE BOARD perched on a small table. THREE DATES are written under the heading *JESSICA ROACH*:

Body Discovered: November 10, 1993

Date of Death: September 21, 1993

Date of Disappearance: September 20, 1993

ON MILLER, as the penny drops.

38 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. GEORGETOWN, ILLINOIS - DUSK 38

Miller stands along the road where Jessica Roach was last seen alive. Miller, in his own no-frills, Midwestern way, is spiritual. And he is communing with Jessica. He stands there for some time, taking her in, feeling her in the autumn air.

He pulls the antenna on his cell, checks for bars, dials.

MILLER

Detective Whitmer? Brian Miller
from Georgetown again.

(listens)

Yeah, the Civil War tip definitely
paid off, thank you. You said you
grew up with Larry. What's he like?

39 INT. WABASH POLICE DEPT. DETECTIVES BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS 39

INTERCUT between Whitmer and Miller.

DETECTIVE WHITMER

Harmless weirdo.

MILLER

(having cell distortion)
What's that? I got "harmless."

DETECTIVE WHITMER

I said he's a harmless weirdo.

MILLER

Why "weirdo?"

DETECTIVE WHITMER

The sideburns, like I said. He grew
up with a Mom and Dad who are...
odd. And the cemetery. You know.

MILLER

(finger to his ear)
"Cemetery?"

DETECTIVE WHITMER

His Dad's a sexton.

ON MILLER, phone to his ear.

MILLER

A what?

DETECTIVE WHITMER (O.S.)

(on phone)

A gravedigger. Larry grew up on a graveyard. But he's harmless.

Miller's still processing the graveyard info. *WTF?*

MILLER

What makes you say that?

DETECTIVE WHITMER

He just is. He's a twerpy kinda guy. Got beat up a bunch in school.

Miller pauses, looks out at the road and the cornfields.

MILLER

Thing is we'd like to talk to him about a girl went missing in--

DETECTIVE WHITMER

The college girl? He confessed to that but he didn't do it.

ON MILLER, bewildered: *What college girl?*

DETECTIVE WHITMER (CONT'D)

Marion PD cleared him. Said he was a serial confessor.

Miller is trying to decide how much he just heard, how much is cell phone drops, and *what the fuck* is going on.

MILLER

No. Uh, we, uh--*What?* He confessed in a missing persons case?

DETECTIVE WHITMER

In Marion, yeah. They ascertained he was full of shit. That's Larry-- always trying to make himself look bigger than he is.

Miller isn't sure how to respond for a moment. Niceties have to be observed here. He paces in circles on the road.

MILLER

So, um, Jeff, we're looking at him for a different issue. We got a girl went missing, turned up dead.

DETECTIVE WHITMER

And you think Larry Hall could have something to do with it?

MILLER

Well, we don't know. But we do know his van was seen near where the girl's body was found and he was creeping some other girls on other occasions in the area. So, we'd like to talk to him with your help.

There is a long, pregnant pause on the other end of the line.

ON WHITMER, choosing his words.

DETECTIVE WHITMER

Well, I mean, I have to disagree with you here.

MILLER

On which part?

DETECTIVE WHITMER

Where Larry Hall could have anything to do with a dead girl.

MILLER

Okay...

DETECTIVE WHITMER

He just likes to talk. Like, in Marion? They got the guy who did it. And it sure wasn't Larry.

MILLER

Fair enough.

SILENCE. Miller checks his phone to confirm he's still connected. Puts it back to his ear. Hears breathing. Then:

DETECTIVE WHITMER

But I'll call him in here. I'll get us a room, set it up. Ten tomorrow work for you?

MILLER
 (taken aback)
 Sure, sure. You think you can get
 him in there without a hitch?

DETECTIVE WHITMER
 If I can't, I'll call you. Else,
 see you at ten.

He hangs up. Miller stands on the road and looks around as the sky gradually darkens. The corn stalks rustle, a bird caws. The breeze finds Miller's hair and he lowers his head to it, like a supplicant in the presence of a higher power.

40 INT. FCI MILAN. LIBRARY - NIGHT (1998)

40

Jimmy, the file open on his lap, looks up to see: Malcolm Winslow standing over him. Jimmy slips a hand into his pocket, tries to appear relaxed.

WINSLOW
 I do my time quiet. Never had a
 problem with anyone before.

JIMMY
 (not buying that for a
 second)
 Okay. No problem.

WINSLOW
 For real?

JIMMY
 For real.

WINSLOW
 Hundred percent? No question?

JIMMY
 Nope.

WINSLOW
 Take it to the bank?

JIMMY
 We're good.

WINSLOW
 You look tired.

JIMMY
 What?

WINSLOW
You been sleeping okay?

JIMMY
Sleeping great.

WINSLOW
(indicating the binder)
What's in there?

Jimmy stands. Places the binder on the seat behind him.

JIMMY
What're you in for?

WINSLOW
This and that. You?

JIMMY
Same.

WINSLOW
I heard drugs. I heard you used to
be big time. I probably snorted
some of your shit, myself.

Jimmy adopts a bland smile, waits him out.

WINSLOW (CONT'D)
So we're good?

JIMMY
We're good.

Winslow nods. Walks away.

WINSLOW
(with his back to Jimmy.)
You never did tell me what you're
reading.

He walks out of the library.

ON JIMMY, knowing the problem isn't going away.

41 INT. FCI MILAN. VISITING ROOM - DAY (1996)

41

Jimmy enters, is surprised to see--

Samantha "Sammy" Keene, his stepmother. He sits across from
her, lifts the phone.

JIMMY
Where's Dad?

SAMMY KEENE
He, um, he's not well.

JIMMY
What do you mean? Where is he?

SAMMY KEENE
He come in from the yard last week
talking funny. Like he was drunk
but he wasn't. Said he had a
"headaysh." Went to sit down, but
he missed the chair and the side of
his face went all droopy? So, he--

JIMMY
He had a stroke?

SAMMY KEENE
Yeah, yeah, a stroke.

JIMMY
Is he alive?

SAMMY KEENE
Well, yeah. He was in the hospital
a few days but now he's out.

JIMMY
Is he okay?

Sammy chooses her words before answering.

SAMMY KEENE
He told me to say he was but he's
not. He can't talk all the way
right and he walks kinda to the
side? He's really weak, gets tired
easy. He's not good at all, no.

She weeps silently as Jimmy tries to wrap his arms around it.

JIMMY
When did it happen?

SAMMY KEENE
Last week. Wednesday.

JIMMY
Why didn't anybody tell me?

SAMMY KEENE
I'm telling you.

JIMMY
Before. Someone should have called me.

SAMMY KEENE
(a quiet anger brewing)
We had other things to tend to.

JIMMY
I'm his son.

SAMMY KEENE
He's like a *baby* right now. I had to have my sister drive two hours to come watch him so I could come here and tell you.

JIMMY
What do you want a parade? You should have come sooner.

SAMMY KEENE
Doctor said it was stress that did it. Where do you think his stress comes from? You. In here. All he ever fucking talks about. His poor Jimmy doing time because he was a bad father, didn't do his job. He did his job. No one put a gun to your head, made you sell that shit. And now you're here and it's killing him. For real.

Jimmy stares through the glass at her.

JIMMY
You through? Any more you want to get off your chest?

Sammy stares through her tears and the glass at him.

SAMMY KEENE
He told me you got some way you could get out of here earlier than the ten years?

Jimmy stares at her, says nothing.

SAMMY KEENE (CONT'D)

I'd get on that. Because he don't got ten years. If you stay in here, he don't got three.

42 INT. FCI MILAN. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

42

Jimmy sits across from Janice Butkus.

JIMMY

Okay.

Janice looks at him, her expression mildly curious.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I said okay.

JANICE BUTKUS

I heard the word. Why don't you elaborate?

JIMMY

I'll accept a transfer and befriend this sick fucking puppy and get what you want. So let's get to it.

JANICE BUTKUS

Jimmy, I'm glad you've made yourself available. But I never said the job was yours for the taking. I asked if you were interested in the position. Now I know you are.

JIMMY

(confused)

Wait a second.

JANICE BUTKUS

We're looking at more than one applicant for the position.

JIMMY

The fuck are you talking about?

JANICE BUTKUS

I believe I just told you. I'll let my bosses know you're amenable to a transfer and put your name in the hat for the job. And we'll go from there.

She stands. Jimmy, slack jawed, watches her rap on the door. The Guard opens it. Butkus looks back at Jimmy.

JANICE BUTKUS (CONT'D)
 Keep doing your homework. You're
 not gonna want to blow the job
 interview, believe me.

She walks out. Jimmy stares after her.

43 INT. BRIAN MILLER'S CAR. ROADWAYS - MORNING (1994) 43

Miller sets out for Wabash just after sunrise. Along the course of his drive, America's crumbling infrastructure is hard to miss. Tired farmland gives way to sickly woodlands which give way to sudden outcroppings of smokestacks and manufacturing complexes or the rusted-out remains of the same.

44 INT. FCI MILAN. JIMMY'S CELL - NIGHT (1998) 44

Jimmy reads the file.

45 INT. BRIAN MILLER'S CAR. WABASH STREETS - 9:45 AM (1994) 45

Miller drives into Wabash. And the picture of an economy fleeing for the coasts is complete. Dingy bungalows on worn-out streets give way to massive factory complexes, most of them shuttered, and empty parking lots.

The downtown appears, rising up a small hill from the river. It's a collection of drab brick buildings, none more than three stories, and a beaux arts, brick-and-limestone courthouse. Across the street is the police station.

Miller pulls up in front of the police station.

46 INT. WABASH POLICE DEPT. DETECTIVES BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER 46

Miller enters as Jeff Whitmer stands to greet him. They meet in the bullpen, shake hands.

MILLER
 Jeff? Brian Miller.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
 Good to meet you.

MILLER
 (looking around)
 He in a box?

DETECTIVE WHITMER
 Larry? He's across the street. We
 got him in a conference room with
 the Marion guys.

MILLER
 The detectives?

DETECTIVE WHITMER
 Yeah, the ones who questioned him
 on the Reitler case. They heard you
 were going to talk to him. They
 wanted to observe.

You could knock Miller over with a feather right about now.

MILLER
 I was hoping he'd be at ease, not
 think much was up.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
 (on the move)
 Well, he spent a whole day with the
 Marion guys once, driving around.
 He's pretty relaxed with them.

Miller falls in beside him as they exit the bullpen.

MILLER
 Why were they driving around?

DETECTIVE WHITMER
 He claimed he could take them to
 her body. Tricia Reitler's. But he
 didn't because, like I said--

MILLER
 (finishing the thought for
 him)
 He's full of shit.

Whitmer nods as they exit the police station.

47

EXT. WABASH PD AND COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

47

They walk up the steps of the courthouse.

48 INT. COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

48

OUTSIDE THE CONFERENCE ROOM, Whitmer and Miller approach, Marion Detective RUSS ABORN, 35, built like a fire hydrant; he gives off an air of suppressed aggression that's never too far from the surface.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
Detective Russ Aborn, Brian Miller
with the Vermillion Sheriff's.

Miller and Aborn shake hands.

ABORN
Derek's in with him now. Just shooting the shit. I know you like him for some dead girl in your town but we wasted a day with this guy on the Reitler case. He dragged us all around, one cornfield to the next. He didn't do it. So I doubt he did yours. He just likes confessing to cops.

Miller acknowledges that with a curt--

MILLER
Good to know.

He opens the door to the conference room. Aborn, blown off, stares after him, perturbed.

49 INT. COURTHOUSE. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

49

Miller enters, Whitmer and Aborn trailing. Sitting at opposite ends of a long conference table are, DETECTIVE DEREK JOHANSEN, 40, slim and bookish-looking, and--

LARRY HALL, 32, short, a little pudgy, but powerfully built. He has small, meek eyes to go with a generally meek demeanor. His hair is dark and greasy, but it's his facial hair that is unforgettable--a dark beard is fringed by bushy, mutton chop sideburns. He glances up at Miller as Miller comes down the table toward him, then shyly drops his gaze.

Miller places his briefcase on the table in front of a seat near Hall. He indicates the sideburns.

MILLER
Those are some exquisite burnsides.

Larry Hall looks up, practically blushing. Miller takes a seat.

MILLER (CONT'D)
 Named after General Ambrose
 Burnside. Civil War general from
 around these parts, right?

Larry looks down, nodding, a small smile on his face.

LARRY HALL
 People started calling them
 sideburns but the proper term *is*
 burnsides.

MILLER
 Yours are impressive no matter what
 you call them. You leave `em in
 place year round?

LARRY HALL
 (nodding)
 Easier than having to grow them
 every time I go to a reenactment.

MILLER
 You do Civil War and Revolutionary
 War reenactments, right?

Larry is suddenly confused and on alert. It's occurred to him
 that he's not even sure who Miller is. Miller realizes that.
 Holds out his hand.

MILLER (CONT'D)
 I'm Brian. I'm with the Vermillion
 County Sheriff's in Georgetown.

LARRY HALL
 (a quick handshake)
 Indiana?

MILLER
 Illinois.

LARRY HALL
 I never heard of it.

Miller opens his briefcase, rummages around.

MILLER
 No? We had a Revolutionary War
 reenactment last year, well, next
 town over. But same county.

Larry shrugs--*It's not ringing any bells.*

MILLER (CONT'D)
 You didn't attend a Revolutionary
 War reenactment in Illinois last
 fall?

Larry thinks about it.

LARRY HALL
 I mean, I dunno, maybe.

ABORN
 He did a lot of this when he was
 "leading us" to Tricia Reitler. "I
 dunno, maybe." Didn't you, Larry?

Miller looks down the table at Aborn with an icily furious glare. Aborn doubles down. Chin gestures at Larry.

ABORN (CONT'D)
 Tell him, Larry. Tell him how--

MILLER
 If you want to question Mr. Hall in
 your case, arrange a time to do so.
 But for now, I'd like to chat with
 him about mine.

Johansen puts a hand on Aborn's arm. Aborn smiles at Miller.

ABORN
 By all means, *chat*.

Miller places an open road atlas in front of Hall.

INSERT: Road Atlas Map of Illinois. Miller points to Georgetown.

MILLER
 That's Georgetown. This is Forest
 Glen Park in McKendree Township
 where the reenactment took place.

LARRY HALL
 Oh, *McKendree*. Yeah, I been there.

MILLER
 Last fall?

LARRY HALL
 I think so. Yeah. `Round then.

INSERT: Hall's stubby finger nudges Miller's on the map.

LARRY HALL (CONT'D)

Sorry!

He gives Miller an abashed, awkward smile.

MILLER

No, it's okay.

LARRY HALL

(back on the map)

They got, like, a Hardee's around here?

Miller pulls out an ILLINOIS STREET ATLAS, opens it on a MAP OF GEORGETOWN he'd previously bookmarked, shows it to Hall.

MILLER

They do, Larry. Right there.

Larry looks at the street map and nods several times.

LARRY HALL

I drove around there trying to find this guy had a Charger.

MILLER

A Dodge?

LARRY HALL

Yeah. I have an '82 Dodge Van and some of the parts are interchangeable.

MILLER

You find the guy?

Larry thinks about it.

LARRY HALL

You know, I don't think I did.

MILLER

But you drove around looking.

LARRY HALL

Yup.

ABORN

(can't help himself)

Larry loves Dodges. Heard all about them that day we drove him around.

Miller doesn't bother looking at Aborn. Larry smiles shyly.

LARRY HALL

I like Mopar parts. I find old junkers, you know, that people keep rusting under a tree or behind their houses. And maybe I know a body shop looking for a tailpipe or a filter housing. I buy it for twenty, sell it for thirty-five.

MILLER

Must take a lot of driving around.

LARRY HALL

Oh, yeah. Lotta miles. But I like to drive.

Miller nods at that.

MILLER

So when you were driving around, you remember talking to two girls?

LARRY HALL

(nods)

I asked them directions and they were rude.

MILLER

How were they rude?

LARRY HALL

Told me to, to. . .

MILLER

What?

LARRY HALL

(whispers)

Fuck myself.

MILLER

Did you exchange words with them?

LARRY HALL

I mean, I dunno. If I did, it was all in fun.

ON WHITMER, something occurring to him.

DETECTIVE WHITMER

Like that misunderstanding with the jogger, Larry?

Larry nods emphatically. Miller looks at Whitmer.

MILLER
Misunderstanding?

DETECTIVE WHITMER
Larry had some words with a jogger
in town a few times. She accused
him of stalking her.

Miller tries to keep his face still and unreadable.

LARRY HALL
I didn't *stalk* anyone. I can't help
if I drive home past where someone
runs the same time every day.

DETECTIVE WHITMER
Come on, Larry, there was a little
more to it than that.

LARRY HALL
She smiled at me!

MILLER
(trying to catch up)
She smiled at you?

LARRY HALL
The jogger. Abby.

MILLER
You know her name.

LARRY HALL
It's a small town.

Miller looks at Whitmer, then back at Larry.

MILLER
So these two girls in my town?

LARRY HALL
I was goofing around with them. It
was in fun. If they say it was more
than that, then they didn't get the
joke. I'm sorry. I wouldn't dream
of hurting two girls.

ABORN
Well, you might *dream* of it.

Larry gives that a hapless, embarrassed shrug. Miller picks
up on a subtext he's not privy to.

MILLER
What're you guys talking about?

JOHANSEN
Larry has vivid dreams.

ABORN
(eye-fucking Miller)
Tell him about your dreams, Larry.

Larry looks like he was just outed for being able to recite French poetry. He fidgets. Half proud, half embarrassed.

LARRY HALL
They're stupid.

ABORN
They're not!

LARRY HALL
They're just dreams.

ON MILLER, every pore alive and open.

MILLER
Tell me about them.

Larry looks at the other men in the room, like a child seeking to avoid adult disapproval. Then he looks at Miller.

LARRY HALL
In my dreams, I kill women. You know.

MILLER
Sure.

LARRY HALL
But they're just dreams.

Miller takes in the rest of the room in disbelief. Then turns back to Larry. Nods in encouragement.

MILLER
Tell me more.

INT. FCI MILAN. JIMMY'S CELL - NIGHT (1998)

Jimmy looks up from the file. He's all-in now. Totally engrossed. And suddenly an urge strikes him. He rifles through the file, turning pages, looking for something. Looking and looking...

At the very back of the binder he finds it--

A PHOTOGRAPH OF LARRY HALL. Greasy hair, mutton chop sideburns, a look in Larry's eyes that manages to be somehow vacant, confused, and mildly annoyed all at the same time-- like he just heard a joke he didn't understand.

THE SOUNDS OF THE PRISON die out. Until all we can hear is the sound of Jimmy breathing.

Jimmy stares hard at the photograph. *Is that the face of a serial killer?*

His breath comes in a steady rhythm. *Inhale/exhale. Inhale/exhale.*

Jimmy sits on his bunk, completely still, and stares at Larry Hall's photograph as the lights dim and fade.

Inhale/exhale. Inhale/exhale.

Until all is darkness.