

Relentless

by

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EXT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - STORAGE ROOM - MORNING

Water SPLASHING. A man GAGGING and CHOKING ...

COSMO BERTUCCI (45) opens his eyes to water cascading onto his face. Hands up to block it, he turns his face.

COSMO

What the? ... Enough already ... Stop.

The beautiful ABIGAIL WENTWORTH (40) stands over him holding an empty barroom pitcher. She's dressed to flaunt her wealth and sexuality.

ABIGAIL

(smirks, looks to the side)

He lives.

Face bruised, confused and disheveled, Cosmo turns from his cot to see an annoyed SAM MADISON (41), his ex, in the doorframe with her arms folded.

Abigail grabs Cosmo's face to get a view of his bruises.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Geez, hate to see the other guy.

Sam shakes her head and storms away.

COSMO

Like you're a fuckin' angel.

ABIGAIL

Didn't think an ex could get that worried.

COSMO

(wipes face)

You know a nudge would have sufficed.

ABIGAIL

Grand entrances have always been a weakness of mine.

(extends hand)

Abigail Wentworth.

COSMO

(reluctantly shakes)

Cosmo --

ABIGAIL

-- I know who you are, Mister Bertucci.

COSMO  
Do we know each other?

ABIGAIL  
(pulls up a chair)  
Trust me, if we'd met, you'd remember.  
(sits down)  
I've never been one to mince words, so  
let me get right down to it. I need a  
particular skill set that you possess.

Sitting down, the beam of light from the door accentuates her big blue mesmerizing eyes. She crosses and recrosses her legs, flaunting her sexuality.

Taken by her beauty, Cosmo's in a trance.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Mr. Bertucci?

COSMO  
Sorry, must've dozed off.

ABIGAIL  
(smirks)  
Hmm. Never heard it called that before.

COSMO  
Just what skills are you talking about?

ABIGAIL  
Deduction. I need you to solve my  
parents' murders.

COSMO  
Sorry to hear about your loss, but  
murders are better left to the police.

ABIGAIL  
They say it's a burglary gone wrong.

COSMO  
And you think it's not?

ABIGAIL  
I know it's not.

COSMO  
Like I said, I'm sorry about the loss,  
but I'm already booked up.

ABIGAIL  
Yeah, that's right, cheating lovers and  
missing poodles.

COSMO

Pays the bills.

Abigail notices a gambling chip next to Cosmo's wallet on a cardboard box. She picks it up and examines it closely.

ABIGAIL

Still, it must be pretty boring hiding in the bushes, spying on overweight husbands screwing their young secretaries.

COSMO

Like I said it --

ABIGAIL

(overlap)

-- It pays the bills.

(tosses the chip on his lap)

Does it cover your markers at Russo's?

Cosmo is taken aback by the statement.

Abigail gets up and takes out a business card.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Face it, Mister Bertucci, you need me just as much as I need you.

(puts the card on the box)

Think about it.

COSMO

Like I said, I --

Abigail cuts him off by putting a finger to his lips.

ABIGAIL

Think about it.

Abigail heads to the door just as Sam shows up with two mugs of coffee. Abigail takes a mug out of her hands.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Don't mind if I do.

(takes a sip, leaves)

I'll be waiting for your call.

Sam watches Abigail leave. Mouth open, Sam looks at Cosmo, who shrugs.

INT/EXT. COSMO'S STORE-FRONT OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Small barebones office in southeast Philadelphia, with two desks. Window says "Bertucci Detective Agency."

CHARLI LEE (25), Cosmo's Asian female assistant, is pleading on the phone at her front desk.

CHARLI

No, I understand, Mister Weinstein. He just went to the bank to straighten it out. You'll have the rent by tomorrow.

Exhausted, Charli listens. A car pulling up outside suddenly gets her attention. Cosmo, exits the car, pays the driver and heads inside.

CHARLI (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Yes, it's completely the bank's fault.

(holds a finger up to Cosmo)

You have my word. You'll have it by tomorrow, I promise.

(listens)

Thank you.

Charli hangs up. Cosmo walks up to her desk, carefully hiding his bruises.

COSMO

Mornin', gorgeous.

CHARLI

Really. After I just spent my whole day lying to collectors, you show up in an Uber?

Cosmo picks up a stack of mail from the desk.

COSMO

How do you expect me to get to work?

CHARLI

Subway? Bus? Maybe get your license back?

COSMO

Maybe we could bribe the judge.

INSERT - ENVELOPES IN COSMO'S HANDS

Cosmo's hands shuffle through envelopes marked "Overdue," "Final Notice," or "Immediate Action Required."

CHARLI (V.O.)

That was Weinstein.

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cosmo throws the mail in the trash and walks to his desk.

COSMO  
We've been late before.

Frustrated, Charli takes the mail out of the trash.

CHARLI  
You just can't keep putting a bandaid on it. We need work. We need a case.

Cosmo sits at his desk and puts his feet up.

COSMO  
I'll talk to him tomorrow. As soon as my disability check comes in, I'll catch up.

Not believing a word, Charli glares at Cosmo.

COSMO (CONT'D)  
Hey, you ever hear of Abigail Wentworth?

CHARLI  
Abigail Wentworth? As in Wentworth Big Box Stores?

Cosmo shrugs.

CHARLI (CONT'D)  
Uh, yeah. Her parents' murders have been all over the news this weekend. Where have you been?  
(hesitates)  
Don't answer that. Why'd you ask?

COSMO  
Just heard the name on the ride over.

INT. COSMO'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Small upstairs studio apartment. The type that would be over a storefront in southeast Philadelphia.

Cosmo wraps ice in a towel and pounds it on the counter. He places it on his face and looks around.

MONTAGE - COSMO TRIES TO FIND SOMETHING TO DO

-- Icing his face, he sits on the sofa. His fingers drum the chair arm. He grabs the remote and turns on the TV.

-- Disinterested with an animal show, he flips through the channels. Frustrated, he turns the TV off and throws the remote.

-- At the table, Cosmo plays solitaire. He turns the cards - no move. He does it again - no move. He picks up the tempo. Frustrated, he slams the cards down.

-- Cosmo looks through a number of items in the fridge. Over and over, he tosses them back in. He opens a small Tupperware. Cringing from the smell, he tosses it.

END OF MONTAGE

Cosmo moves clothes in a chest draw, revealing a small stack of hundred dollar bills. He takes out about half.

He closes the draw and turns to leave.

He turns back, opens the draw and takes out the rest of the money. He leaves.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - EVENING

Cosmo drinks at a typical neighborhood bar. The place is filled with a tough ethnic group.

BARTENDER

How's your ex's place doing?

COSMO

Okay, I guess.

A rough looking BULLY (45) leans over the end of the bar.

BULLY

Yo, Cosmo, whadda you call a bad cop that goes to hell?

Annoyed, Cosmo raises an eyebrow and waits.

BULLY (CONT'D)

A private investigator.

The bully and his group laugh hysterically. Cosmo salutes him with his glass and chugs it.

BARTENDER

(refills glass)

Why do you put up with that shit?

COSMO

Can't argue with the truth.

(guzzles shot)

One more.

A big man taps Cosmo on the shoulder. Cosmo turns.

BAR PATRON #1

Did I hear right, you're Cosmo Bertucci?

COSMO

Yeah. Do I --

The man hauls off and decks him with a roundhouse right.

BAR PATRON #1

Fuckin' scumbag. What kinda man takes pictures of me and my secretary? The woman has a family.

BARTENDER

Listen, buddy, you need to get out of here right now, before I call the police.

Looking up from the floor, Cosmo rubs his jaw.

BAR PATRON #1

Call the cops on me? Guy's a pervert.

(leans into Cosmo)

Tell me, do you get your jollies when you take the pictures or after you develop 'em. You know, home alone.

The bartender threatens the man with a bat.

BARTENDER

That's enough. I said get out.

BAR PATRON #1

Alright. Alright.

(leaving, to Cosmo)

Stay away from her.

Cosmo gets up. He moves his jaw to check it.

In the b.g., the bully's group having a laugh from it.

BARTENDER

You okay?

Cosmo nods. He puts money on the bar.

COSMO

Bag me a bottle of your cheapest.

The bartender puts a bottle in a brown bag and hands it to Cosmo, who leaves.

INT/EXT. UBER CAR - PARKED - EVENING

In the rear seat, Cosmo stares out through the pouring rain at a multi-level parking garage in Center City. He takes a swig from the bagged bottle.

In the front seat, a concerned DRIVER adjusts the rearview mirror to see Cosmo chugging as he stares out the window.

DRIVER

Hey buddy, I have to draw the line at drinking. Company policy.

Cosmo reaches in his jacket and hands the driver a hundred dollar bill.

COSMO

Is this in your policy book?

DRIVER

(takes the money, turns away)  
You know what they say about rules.

Cosmo's stare returns to the parking structure. He takes a big swig from the bottle.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - UPPER FLOOR - EVENING (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

SUPER: "Two Years Earlier"

Badges on their waists and guns out, Cosmo and MARY ADAMS (32), his partner, exit the stairs at one end.

A NOISE at the other end causes them to snap their aim.

Over the parked cars, they see nothing except a door to another stairwell in the far corner.

Cosmo signals Mary to go one way. He goes the other.

MOMENTS LATER

Cosmo carefully works around the edges of each car, checking for their suspect.

The sound of a COMMOTION. Cosmo's head snaps up.

Over the cars, he sees a flash of what appears to be somebody holding a struggling Mary.

He quickly, but cautiously, makes his way over.

MOMENTS LATER

Cosmo peers around a car to see PHILLIP (28), a scruffy drug-addicted street thug, pull Mary to the staircase while holding her gun to her head.

Cosmo steps out from between cars with his gun aimed.

COSMO

That's far enough.

Phillip turns quickly using the frightened Mary as a shield. He tightens his grip and makes threatening gestures with the gun.

PHILLIP

Wanna see her alive? Back the fuck off.

COSMO

(stops, puts free hand up)  
I'm just gonna stand right here, so we can we talk?

PHILLIP

Ain't gonna be no talkin', you need to back the fuck off, now.

COSMO

You know I can't do that.  
(to Mary)  
You alright, Mare?

MARY

(face contorted in fear)  
He's fuckin' crazy. He's gonna kill me.

COSMO

Nobody's gonna kill anybody. Isn't that right, Phillip?

An extremely nervous Phillip starts blinking rapidly.

PHILLIP

I need you to leave.

COSMO

You're a lot of things, but you're not a killer.

PHILLIP

(threatens with gun)  
Wanna test that theory?

MARY

He's higher than a kite. Take the fuckin' shot.

Phillip pulls her tighter, pushing the gun to her cheek.

PHILLIP

You need to shut up, lady.

COSMO

Whoa. Whoa. We just wanna talk.

Perspiration beads up on Phillip's forehead. It drips into his eyes, causing him to squint. He wipes his eyes.

PHILLIP

Want me to calm the fuck down, then go. I'll let her go when I'm safe.

COSMO

We all know you're just a pawn in this. Wrong man in the wrong place at the wrong time, but you need to let us help you.

Phillip is tempted, but hesitant.

MARY

(distraught, mouths words)

Please, take the shot. Please, Cosmo.

PHILLIP

(becomes defiant)

You think I'm stupid. I'm not gonna fall for one of his tricks again.

COSMO

Tricks? Who tricked you? It wasn't us.

MARY

What the fuck are you doing?

Phillip rises on toes and pushes the gun to her head.

PHILLIP

I said shut up, bitch.

(to Cosmo)

Like you don't know. He owns the police department. He owns this whole city.

COSMO

I really don't. Why don't you tell me?

MARY

I got a family. I got kids. Please,  
Cosmo, please.

COSMO

You're okay, Phillip's not a killer. We  
just need him to tell us about Baumann.

MARY

Fuck Baumann.

Unsure what to do, Phillip tightens his grip. His eyes  
dart side to side as he tries to decide.

COSMO

It's Baumann, isn't it?

PHILLIP

I don't know ... I don't know ... Too  
many people. Too many names. They're all  
running into one another. I'm so  
confused.

COSMO

Just breathe. Start at the beginning.

PHILLIP

This guy tells me if I rob this other  
guy's wife, I can keep the loot. Says the  
husband just wants to put a little fear  
in her. That there's no danger for me.  
When I saw how rich she was, I thought I  
hit the mother lode. Next thing I knew  
the woman's lying there dead.

COSMO

Did you see who killed her? Was it  
Baumann?

PHILLIP

I don't know. It's ...  
(becomes defiant)  
Get out or I swear I'll kill her.

COSMO

We're gonna help you, but you need to put  
the gun down.

Phillip's face contorts with confusion.

COSMO (CONT'D)

How 'bout we both put our guns down at  
the same time? Would that convince you?

Phillip hesitates, then nods. Mary's eyes widen.

Cosmo puts his free hand up and starts to squat.

COSMO (CONT'D)

You see, I'm gonna put my gun down and you're gonna do the same. Okay, Phillip?

Phillip nods.

MARY

What the fuck are you doing?

COSMO

Just trust me. We need his testimony.

(to Phillip)

It's your turn, Phillip.

Phillip squats slightly, keeping Mary in front.

COSMO (CONT'D)

That's it. Now, on the count of three we both put our guns on the ground. One ...  
Two ...

Just as Cosmo lowers his gun, Phillip snaps his up.

BANG. Bullet hits Cosmo in his thigh. Falling, Cosmo drops his gun and grabs his leg in pain.

PHILLIP

(drags Mary toward door)

Sorry, man. I just can't trust anybody.

Cosmo grabs his gun and aims, but all he sees is the stairwell door closing. He struggles to his feet.

BANG! Shocked, Cosmo's head snaps to the stairwell.

INT. UBER CAR - PARKED

Somber, Cosmo stares out of the car at the parking structure.

DRIVER

Hey buddy, look, I appreciate the tip, but it's been long enough.

COSMO

Yeah. Okay. You got the address.

They pull out.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

A huge parking lot surrounds two warehouses in the South Philly industrial area. The torrential rain continues.

At one warehouse door, ANTHONY and VITO, two of Russo's thugs, talk under an entrance awning.

Vito notices something and nudges Anthony. Anthony looks and shakes his head in disbelief.

ANTHONY

After the beatin' you took ...

Soaked, Cosmo approaches. In the b.g. the Uber leaves.

COSMO

And I thought stooges always came in threes.

Insulted, Anthony take a menacing step toward Cosmo, raising his fist. Cosmo flinches, taking a step back.

ANTHONY

(relents, smirks)

Pussy.

(looks up at rain)

You must have it real bad.

COSMO

(holds up the money)

Just wanna play, boys.

ANTHONY

Looks to me like just a downpayment on what you already owe.

At the edge of the awning, Anthony reaches for the money, but Cosmo steps back.

Anthony looks up at the rain and decides to stay dry.

COSMO

It's fresh cash. Still gonna owe what I owe.

(nods to door)

Wouldn't hurt to ask.

Anthony turns to Vito and signals. Vito goes inside.

Anthony looks at a drenched desolate Cosmo. He looks up at the rain and leans against a rail.

MOMENTS LATER

RUSSO (34) dressed in a mob style black suit, exits the building with Vito. He walks to the end of the awning and signals Cosmo to come closer.

RUSSO  
Got somethin' for me?

Cosmo holds out the wad. Russo swipes it.

Russo turns away to count the money.

ANTHONY  
I've always wondered, why you don't just go play at Parx or Sugarhouse?

RUSSO  
'Cause they don't give markers to derelicts like him.

ANTHONY  
They don't give beatings, either.

RUSSO  
I count twenty-two here.

Cosmo nods. Russo turns to go inside. Cosmo becomes confused.

RUSSO (CONT'D)  
Then you only get a sixteen grand beating this time.

COSMO  
(steps toward Russo)  
But that wasn't --

Anthony cuts him off.

COSMO (CONT'D)  
(to Russo)  
You used to let me play, no matter what I owed.

RUSSO  
(turns at the door)  
In my grandfather's day, both of these warehouses were busy catering to some sort of vice. With the government legalizing just about everything, I'm lucky to get two, maybe three tables going.  
(looks up, to Anthony)  
Add in a little something for me havin' to come out in this shit.

Russo goes inside. Anthony smirks.

COSMO  
(steps back)  
Come on, we went to school together.

Anthony stalks him. Cosmo turns to run, but he is face to chest with BARRY, a much bigger thug. He looks up.

COSMO (CONT'D)  
Let me guess, Curly?

Barry hauls off with a vicious right to Cosmo's jaw.

BLACK SCREEN

PRE-LAP: KNOCKING on a door.

INT/EXT. SAM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Fixing her robe, Sam looks through the peephole. Annoyed, she opens the door.

Holding his rib and looking down, Cosmo raises only his eyebrow.

Sam uses her fingers to lift his head. She sees his face is a bloody mess.

SAM  
Jesus Christ.

COSMO  
I had no place else to go.

SAM  
Just get inside.

Cosmo takes a step and winces from the pain in his ribs.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(puts arm around him)  
Here, let me help you.

BEEP! BEEP!

She looks out to see a driver waving from a parked car.

COSMO  
Um, I'm a little short.

Sam signals the driver she'll need a minute.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sam sits on the sofa, tending to Cosmo's face.

SAM

Let me guess, Russo?

Cosmo looks away. Sam opens a bandage.

SAM (CONT'D)

You know you can't keep doing this.

She wipes a wound causing Cosmo to wince.

COSMO

I'll be okay.

She looks at Cosmo incredulously.

SAM

You'll be okay? You fuckin' selfish prick. What about me? How many more times do I have get up in the middle of the night wondering if I'm gonna find your dead body on my doorstep?

COSMO

Russo can't collect from a corpse.

Sam grabs his head with two hands so he has to look.

SAM

This isn't a joke.

COSMO

Maybe I shouldn't have come.

SAM

And go where? The problem's not goin' away.

COSMO

So I like to gamble.

SAM

This isn't about gambling.

COSMO

Yeah, well ... she ain't coming back from the grave.

SAM

And you're tryin' to join her?

COSMO

It's just hard. I keep seeing her face  
... filled with fear, begging me to  
shoot.

SAM

You made a choice.

COSMO

My partner died.

SAM

Okay, you fucked up. It happens. But you  
don't have to ruin the rest of your life.  
Not to mention everybody's around you.

COSMO

I should leave.

Wincing, Cosmo starts to get up. Sam grabs his arm.

SAM

I divorced you. That doesn't mean I don't  
care about you.

(hesitates)

Now, sit back down so I can finish.

Cosmo sits down. Sam resumes tending to his face.

SAM (CONT'D)

You should've never quit the force.

COSMO

I took disability.

SAM

You've taken more damage from Russo's men  
than from that bullet.

Cosmo scoffs.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's gotten to the point I don't know if  
this is about Mary's death or you're  
trying fill the void of not being a cop.

(hesitates)

I can still remember how proud your dad  
was when he found out you were following  
in his footsteps.

COSMO

He wouldn't be so proud now.

Sam collects her supplies.

SAM  
I think he would've understood.  
(gets up)  
I'll get some sheets.

MOMENTS LATER

Sam looks at the sofa made up as a bed.

SAM (CONT'D)  
It's gonna have to do.

COSMO  
Thanks.

SAM  
Told you, I'm not going anyplace.

COSMO  
I'm gonna try. I really --

SAM  
-- Let me know when you've done it. Now  
get some sleep.

Cosmo nods. Sam takes a step toward the stairs.

COSMO  
You know I've visited her grave.

Sam turns back, surprised.

COSMO (CONT'D)  
More than once. And every time I get all  
welled-up and just wanna cry ... but  
nothing happens. Not a single tear.

SAM  
Give it time.  
(heads to the steps)  
Did you know that lady this morning?

Sam stops at the stairs and looks back. Cosmo shakes his  
head.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Guessing, it was about her parents'  
murders.

Cosmo nods.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(goes up the stairs)  
If she's looking for a good investigator,  
it might be your perfect opportunity.

Cosmo sits down. Chin in hands, he stares out in thought.

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A high-end office suite in Center City with a huge view of downtown Philadelphia. Abigail flips through architectural blueprints at her desk.

A KNOCK at the door. Cosmo sticks his head in.

COSMO  
Um, your secretary wasn't out there?

Abigail quickly folds and stuffs the papers into her desk.

ABIGAIL  
Mister Bertucci. Wasn't expecting you  
'til tomorrow. Please come in. Sit down.

Cosmo heads to a seat. Abigail heads to the wet bar.

COSMO  
Didn't know we made an appointment?

ABIGAIL  
We didn't.  
(pours a drink, offers)  
You?

Cosmo puts his hand up, declining.

Drink in hand, Abigail heads to her desk. Passing Cosmo, she leans in and looks closely at his facial bruises.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Wow. Even worse than I heard.

COSMO  
You seem to know a lot about me.

Abigail sits on the desk directly opposite Cosmo. With his view inches away and almost even to her legs, she crosses them to taunt him.

ABIGAIL  
Are you curious, Cosmo?

Cosmo is obviously taken by her legs.

COSMO  
Depends on the subject.

Smiling, she gets up and walks around the desk.

ABIGAIL  
Why, my parents' murders, of course.

COSMO  
Police seem pretty certain.

ABIGAIL  
Philly's finest. All based on the fact  
that a few trinkets were taken.

COSMO  
Trinkets worth almost a half-million.

ABIGAIL  
And the paintings and valuables they left  
behind are worth thirty times that.

COSMO  
A burglar may not know a fence who can  
handle something that big. Or they  
could've just panicked and run. They  
didn't plan on killing somebody.

ABIGAIL  
And disappeared right through the walls.  
Police have no evidence of a break-in or  
an exit point.

COSMO  
I'm sure they'll piece that together.

ABIGAIL  
No forced entry, condo locked when I  
showed up, and records show the alarm  
system was still armed when they got  
home. These so-called burglars should be  
working in Vegas, not robbing penthouses.  
(takes a sip)  
In all your days on the force, you ever  
met a crooked cop? Or maybe a lazy one  
who just didn't wanna put in the work?

COSMO  
Sure, but --

Cutting him off, Abigail tosses a large binder onto  
Cosmo's lap.

ABIGAIL

The official police report. Makes good reading, if you like fiction.

Cosmo looks up, surprised.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I have my connections.

COSMO

Your parents have a lotta enemies?

ABIGAIL

That's why I'm hiring you. You do know it wasn't their condo?

Curious, Cosmo waits for more.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

It's was a friend of the family's.

COSMO

Got a name.

ABIGAIL

I'm afraid he must be kept out of this.

COSMO

He would've had access.

ABIGAIL

Trust me, he's not involved.

COSMO

Trust takes time.

ABIGAIL

He has a very solid alibi.

COSMO

He can still give us some ideas how somebody could've pulled this off.

ABIGAIL

(guzzles her drink)

J.R. Baumann.

The mention of the name stuns Cosmo.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

That's why I didn't tell you. Is your past with him gonna be a problem?

COSMO  
(covering)  
No, uh, that's a long time ago, but I'll still need to talk to him.

ABIGAIL  
I promised I'd keep his name out of the press.

COSMO  
I work for you, not the press.

ABIGAIL  
He's not a suspect.

COSMO  
You do know his past?

ABIGAIL  
I told you, he has an alibi.

COSMO  
So does every other criminal I've known.

ABIGAIL  
His alibi's solid.

COSMO  
He's had people do his dirty work before.

ABIGAIL  
Is that what this is about? You wanna reignite some old grudge against J.R.?  
(hesitates)  
Meeting's not happening.

A silent battle of wills.

COSMO  
(gets up, turns)  
Well, if I can't do the job right ...

Unsure, Abigail watches Cosmo walk slowly toward the door.

ABIGAIL  
I'll have my secretary set it up, but his name stays out of the press.

COSMO  
(turns back)  
And this unbreakable alibi?

Abigail looks off, before relenting.

ABIGAIL

He was vacationing with me.

Stunned at first, Cosmo walks to the chair and picks up the binder. He walks toward the door.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Does this mean you're taking the case?

COSMO

(holds up report)

Gonna catch up on my reading. If there's a case, I'll get back to you.

Alone, a frustrated, Abigail swipes items off her desk. She sinks in her chair and pouts.

EXT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

A uniformed officer opens the rear door of an SUV for POLICE CHIEF SUSAN "SUE" MCGUIRE (56), in full uniform, to exit just as Cosmo exits the building.

They freeze upon seeing each other.

COSMO

Sue.

SUE

Cosmo.

COSMO

Been a long time.

SUE

Yes it has.

COSMO

See you've moved up.

SUE

Got a little lucky.

COSMO

That's what they're calling it now?

Sue scoffs. Cosmo looks back at the building.

COSMO (CONT'D)

A little below the rank for you to be personally working on this case?

SUE

You know this city, money talks. You're not getting involved, are you?

COSMO

In the murders? Should I be?

SUE

Simple burglary gone bad. Leave it to us.

COSMO

Maybe I will then.

SUE

How have you been?

COSMO

Me? Couldn't be better.

SUE

That's not what I've been hearing.

COSMO

You believe everything you hear?

SUE

Only the parts that make sense.

COSMO

Like a burglary gone wrong?

SUE

Yes, like a burglary gone wrong.

Their silence is so strong it drowns out the street.

COSMO

Guess I'll be seeing you around, then.

SUE

You be safe now, Cosmo.

Concern mounts as Sue watches Cosmo walk away.

EXT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - AFTERNOON

Report under his arm, Cosmo walks toward Sam's bar. He freezes as Anthony suddenly steps out from an alley.

ANTHONY

Missed a payment, Cosmo.

COSMO  
 (hesitates, realizes)  
 Let me guess, Twiddly Dee and Twiddly Dum  
 are behind me.

Anthony smiles. Vito and Barry appear behind Cosmo.

In the bar window, a concerned Sam notices the events.

COSMO (CONT'D)  
 I just saw a client about a big case.

ANTHONY  
 Can't bring Russo another promise.

Troubled, Sam disappears from the window.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
 You know, I told Russo you're more  
 trouble than you're worth. That he should  
 just close the account permanently.

COSMO  
 So you're a killer now?

Vito and Barry grab Cosmo. Smug look, Anthony approaches.

ANTHONY  
 (puts on gloves)  
 I didn't like you back at Saint Pat's.  
 Now? Every time I see you, my stomach  
 turns.

Anthony delivers a huge uppercut to Cosmo's gut forcing  
 him to double over. He gasps for air.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
 And if my stomach's upset ...

Another uppercut to the stomach, another gasp and moan.

The CRASH of a bat against a garbage can.

Sam stands defiantly with a bat up, ready to swing.

SAM  
 Unless you're looking to get Louisville  
 Slugger tattooed across your forehead,  
 I'd let him go.

Anthony looks at his men. They all smirk.

Vito and Barry release Cosmo, who falls to his knees,  
 doubles over holding his stomach and gasps for air.

Anthony steps cautiously toward Sam. The other two widen to circle her.

Bat up and ready, Sam takes a defiant stance.

ANTHONY

You think you can take down all three of us with that one little bat.

SAM

I can guarantee your face'll be the first.

Anthony hesitates as his eyes focus behind Sam. Trepidation appears on his face.

Unknown to Sam, a couple of bar patrons have joined her.

SAM (CONT'D)

(Crashes bat against cans)  
I said get out of here.

ANTHONY

(signals others)  
Piece of shit ain't worth it.

As they leave, Anthony leans in to Cosmo.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

All the bitch did was buy you a day.

Anthony delivers a viscous kick to Cosmo's ribs.

Sam steps forward, bat up. Anthony puts his hands up, smiles and backs away. He spits at Cosmo, turns and leaves with Vito and Barry.

Confused that they left, Sam turns and sees the others. She realizes and waves the others to go inside.

Sam drops the bat and runs up to Cosmo.

SAM

You okay?

COSMO

(nods)  
Good news is they're running out of ribs.

Sam picks up the binder and helps Cosmo to the bar.

COSMO (CONT'D)

How come you never came to my aid when we were married?

SAM

'Cause you were the one I was always fighting with.

INT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - AFTERNOON

A sparsely crowded neighborhood saloon. Cosmo drinks at the end of bar while scanning the report.

Sam comes from the back and freezes when she sees him.

COSMO

It's club soda.

Sam sits next to him. Careful not to be seen, she slips him a .45. Cosmo hides it in his waist.

SAM

It's been sittin' in the safe since you gave it to me. You might wanna test it.

(hesitates)

How much do you owe Russo?

COSMO

What ever happened to the big lunch crowds you used to get?

SAM

I never got a big lunch crowd.

Sam stares down Cosmo. He looks off and exhales.

COSMO

Seventeen, maybe eighteen with the vig.

SAM

Jesus Christ, how the fuck did you get in that much debt?

Before Cosmo can answer, Sam cuts him off.

SAM (CONT'D)

It's better if I don't hear the excuses.

(notices the report)

Is that the Wentworth case?

COSMO

Yeah, but I haven't taken it yet.

(hesitates)

It happened in Baumann's penthouse.

SAM

Yeah, his building. It was all over the news.

COSMO

Not just the building, his personal penthouse. I have a meeting with him.

SAM

You gonna be able to handle that?

COSMO

I don't know. Seemed like a good idea when I insisted on it. Then when she agreed ... Not so sure anymore.

SAM

If you want closure, you're gonna have to get to face him sooner or later.

CHARLI (O.S.)

There you are, asshole.

Cosmo and Sam look at an angry Charli standing at the door. She marches toward them.

COSMO

Which asshole you talking to?

CHARLI

You, asshole.

SAM

What's wrong?

CHARLI

(stares at Cosmo, seething)  
Everything's wrong.

(to Cosmo)  
I thought you said you'd take care of the rent today.

COSMO

Shit. I forgot.  
(looks at the wall clock)  
It's not too late, I'll --

CHARLI

-- Weinstein sold the building.

Cosmo looks to Sam who shrugs.

COSMO

We'll just get a lease from the new guy.

CHARLI

Yeah, and maybe you can be a busboy. It's gonna be a fast-food place.

(sits at bar)

We're done, Cosmo.

SAM

Cosmo was just telling me about a big case he's taking.

Charli looks at him in anticipation.

SAM (CONT'D)

(to Cosmo)

Got a better idea?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Crowded upscale coffee shop in Rittenhouse Square. Abigail sits at a table. Annoyed, she looks at her watch.

Cosmo enters, sees her and heads over.

ABIGAIL

Hope you investigate better than you tell time.

COSMO

Sorry. The car was a little late.

(sits)

I read the report and --

ABIGAIL

-- Cut the bullshit. You're broke, you need my money, so you're taking my case.

Cosmo is at a loss for words.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

(reaches in her purse)

Your reason doesn't matter to me.

(puts a check on the table)

This should cover your first two weeks.

There'll be more if it goes longer.

Cosmo examines the check. Wide-eyed, he looks at Abigail.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I did my research and that's triple your normal rate.

COSMO  
 (puts check away)  
 It's, uh, more than adequate.

ABIGAIL  
 That doesn't include the reward if you catch the killer. Same quarter million I advertised in the paper.  
 (straightens up)  
 Let's get some things straight before we begin. First of all, you work for me and me alone. Any new clues or leads you might uncover are only to be shared with me. Is that understood?

Cosmo nods

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
 And I expect a daily briefing as to your progress. I'll have my secretary send you my schedule every morning.

COSMO  
 And my meeting with Baumann?

Abigail looks off annoyed. She exhales and relents.

ABIGAIL  
 J.R. will meet with you at his estate today between two and four. You'll keep the questions to this investigation only.

COSMO  
 They'll be meaningful.

ABIGAIL  
 I take it you'll keep whatever's discussed confidential.

COSMO  
 I work for you.

ABIGAIL  
 My parents were very dear to me. As you can see from the check, I will spare no expense to hunt down their killer. Don't let me down.

INT. STYX MURDOCK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A very small minimally decorated low-income apartment in Northeast Philadelphia.

JAMES "STYX" MURDOCK (66), a heavy-set African-American, lets Cosmo in. He points to the sofa and heads to the kitchenette.

STYX

Have a seat. Don't think there's anything I can tell you that's not in the report, but feel free to ask.

Cosmo looks around the apartment. Besides the bare essentials, there's a drum set in the corner.

Styx fixes himself tea as Cosmo sits.

STYX (CONT'D)

You want some tea? Can't drink coffee anymore. Gives me the jitters.

COSMO

No, thanks.  
(nods to drums)  
You play?

Tea in hand, Styx heads to the chair opposite Cosmo.

STYX

Styx Murdock? You think the name came from my build?

(sits down)

Not much use these days for a sixty-six year-old drummer with arthritis.

(stares at the drums)

But in the days, old Styx could beat the pads pretty good. But you're not here to discuss my youth.

COSMO

How long were you at Baumann's?

STYX

Since the first tenants moved in. About four months. Paid the bills, but that would be in the past tense now.

Curious, Cosmo waits for more.

STYX (CONT'D)

They didn't tell you? Fired all of us right after the murders. Said they were upgrading the security, but we all knew it was nothing but a PR move. Acts like he cares. Guy doesn't give a shit about anybody or anything but himself.

COSMO

Baumann?

STYX

Him and his right-hand man, fuckin' Nazi racist bastard.

COSMO

Karl?

STYX

Think that's his name. Tall blonde German guy. Think he handles Baumann's personal security. Used to come around a lot.

COSMO

But not recently?

STYX

Good thing, too, cause if he called me boy one more time ...

COSMO

Sign-in book was blank for that day?

STYX

Place hasn't officially opened yet. There's only eight condos filled. Half of those were out of town for Thanksgiving. Only people who came in that night were the families of the tenants.

COSMO

And the other entrances?

STYX

You mean exits. Two of 'em, but they can only be opened from the inside. No lock or handle on the outer part.

COSMO

Somebody could've left 'em pried open.

STYX

We're supposed to check those doors every hour. Old Styx, he checked them every twenty minutes. Nope, no door was left open on my watch. It's all in the report.

COSMO

Staircase up to Mister Baumann's condo?

STYX

Same as the main one. That is until you get to the last public floor. Security door to get to the next flight and another to get into his place. Told the cops, it's like Fort Knox on steroids.

COSMO

Nothing else that stood out?

STYX

With the holiday, it was one of slowest nights since I took the job. Not that there's ever much going on. Most of those people just want to be left alone to enjoy their money.

COSMO

(Gets up)

Guess there's nothing else then.

STYX

(gets up)

Sorry I couldn't be more help.

COSMO

(stops at door)

People who live there --

STYX

(walks to door)

-- Like I said, there were only three families home. Four counting the Wentworths. Two of 'em were having dinner together. The third's an eighty year-old invalid and her nurse. Police already searched up that tree.

COSMO

(hands Styx his card)

If you think of anything.

STYX

If I do, you'll be the first to know.

Cosmo gone, Styx leans against the closed door and exhales.

EXT. BAUMANN ESTATE - AFTERNOON

An Uber pulls up to the gate of the estate located in the exclusive Villanova area. Cosmo gets out. The car leaves.

Cosmo pushes a button and looks up into the camera.

His hand begins trembling at his side. He grabs it with the other hand, trying to steady it.

The gate buzzes open. Cosmo stands in the opening for a moment, gathering his courage. He walks inside.

INT. BAUMANN ESTATE - DEN - AFTERNOON

Unending bookshelves line the dimly lit den.

J.R. BAUMANN (66), sits at the desk working on his computer. A sandwich and glass of milk sit on the desk.

Baumann exudes an arrogant calmness that comes with extreme power. He believes he is always the smartest person in the room. Underneath, he is a ruthless and cunning manipulator who loves destroying people mentally.

One of the help, Dabney, shows Cosmo in. He freezes when he sees Baumann working.

Cosmo's lips quiver. His hand begins to shake again.

SERIES OF QUICK FLASHBACKS - PARKING GARAGE

-- Mary being held by Phillip.

MARY  
He's higher than a kite.  
Take the fuckin' shot.

J.R. (V.O.)  
(in the background)  
Ah, Mister Bertucci. Please  
sit down.

-- Mary, face cringing in fear, pleads softly.

MARY  
I got a family. I got kids.  
Please, Cosmo, please.

J.R. (V.O.)  
(in the background)  
I hope you don't mind if I  
catch up on some work while  
we talk.

-- Having been shot, Cosmo strains to his feet while aiming his gun at the stairwell door.

J.R. (V.O.)  
(in the background)  
Are you okay, Mister Bertucci?

BANG!

BACK TO THE SCENE

Cosmo jerks back from the memory of the gunshot.

J.R.

Mister Bertucci, are you okay?

COSMO

Yeah, uh ...

J.R.

(nods to his shaking hand)

You sure?

Cosmo grabs his arm with the other hand.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Please, sit down.

(goes back to work)

I was saying, I hope you don't mind, I'm a little preoccupied with business today.

Cosmo shakes his head. Baumann doesn't pay any attention to Cosmo's reply as he continues to work.

J.R. (CONT'D)

My wife said that you had some questions about the building and penthouse in regard to her parents' murders?

Dumbfounded, Cosmo freezes, mouth open.

Getting no answer, Baumann looks up.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Oh, she didn't tell you. Hmm. Maybe I was supposed to keep that a secret.

(resumes work)

Oh, well, cat's out of the bag now.

COSMO

You and Abigail are, um, ..?

J.R.

Happened over the weekend in the islands. We planned to announce it when we got back, but, with the deaths of her parents, didn't think the timing was right.

(looks up)

I trust you can keep our secret.

In disbelief, Cosmo nods meekly. Baumann continues working.

J.R. (CONT'D)

She'd probably kill me if she found out.  
 (writes on a pad)  
 You're probably shocked somebody like me  
 can be married to such a beautiful woman.  
 (back to computer)  
 I wonder myself sometimes.

COSMO

The penthouse the Wentworths were --

J.R.

-- Damn industrials.  
 (clicks mouse)  
 Hold that thought for a second.  
 (types)  
 You play the market?

COSMO

No.

J.R.

You should. Great time to get in.

COSMO

Uh, about the penthouse, I was --

J.R.

-- I could hook you up with my advisor?

COSMO

No, thanks. I was asking about --

J.R.

(writes on pad)  
 -- Tragedy what happened. Total tragedy.  
 (looks up)  
 Can you imagine coming home and finding  
 your parents shot to death? Don't know  
 how she deals with it.

Baumann's cellphone rings. He looks at it.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Give me a minute.  
 (answers)  
 Yeah.  
 (listens)  
 Hold on.  
 (gets up, to Cosmo)  
 I gotta take this in private.

Cosmo's face shows his frustration. Baumann walks to the door. He waves out into the hall. Dabney appears.

J.R. (CONT'D)

I won't be long. Dabney'll keep you company while I'm gone.

(into phone, leaves)

Yeah, I'm back.

Dabney sits in a chair facing Cosmo. An awkward silence fills the room as the two stare at each other.

Cosmo looks at the clock that reads two-fifteen.

MOMENTS LATER

Clock reads two-thirty-five.

Bored, Cosmo slumps, resting his head on his hand. Dabney's eyes nervously scan the room to avoid contact.

MOMENTS LATER

Cosmo taps his hands on the armrest. Dabney reads.

The door opens and Baumann appears. Cosmo looks at the clock that's says three-ten.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Sorry about that.

(to Dabney)

Thank you, Dabney. You may leave.

(sits at the desk)

Seems like nobody can make a decision anymore.

(resumes work)

So where were we?

COSMO

The private elevator. Were you and the Wentworths the only ones with the code and a key?

J.R.

(looks at computer)

I hope Dabney didn't bore you. He's really a good person, just a little lacking in his conversational skills.

(throws hands up)

I leave for five minutes and the Dow's two hundred points down. How the ...

Frustrated, Cosmo looks off to the side.

J.R. (CONT'D)  
 (picks up his sandwich)  
 No, I didn't have the code or the key to  
 the elevator or the entrance.

Baumann eats his sandwich and drinks his milk.

COSMO  
 But you --

J.R.  
 -- Own the place? Yes. You see I believe  
 my friends should have complete privacy  
 when I let 'em stay, so I have everything  
 recoded and rekeyed prior to their  
 arrival. As soon as they leave, it's all  
 done again.  
 (looks at sandwich)  
 Now, this is a great sandwich.  
 (holds out sandwich)  
 You want some?

COSMO  
 (shakes head)  
 And none of your paintings and valuables  
 were touched?

J.R.  
 (mouth full)  
 I gotta ask Dabney where they got this  
 roast beef. It just melts in your mouth.  
 (knocks on desk)  
 Just lucky I guess.  
 (looks at Cosmo)  
 Of course, I'd trade all my valuables for  
 Abigail to have her parents back.

Baumann resumes eating. Cosmo starts to speak, but a  
 knock at the door interrupts. Dabney enters.

Baumann puts his finger up for Cosmo to hold on. Dabney  
 whispers in his ear.

J.R. (CONT'D)  
 (looks at watch)  
 Already?

Dabney nods. Baumann gets up and heads toward the door.

J.R. (CONT'D)  
 Seems my four o'clock's early. It's been  
 almost two hours, I'm sure you got  
 everything you wanted.

COSMO

Just two more quick questions?

J.R.

Make 'em quick.

COSMO

Can I possibly get into the penthouse and have a look around?

J.R.

Tomorrow before the press conference. I assume you're going?

COSMO

Yes. And I didn't see Karl around when I came in?

J.R.

Don't know what that has to do with this case. But, if you insist, he had a family emergency that required he return to Germany. Believe it happened just after you guys caught my last wife's murderer.

(thinks)

Which reminds me, I never got to pay my condolences to your partner's family. Thank them for her finding her killer. Can you do that for me?

Not answering, Cosmo clenches his hanging fist.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Dabney'll show you out.

Baumann leaves with a sly smile on his face that is blocked from Cosmo's view.

Dabney waves Cosmo to the door.

COSMO

(storms by him)

I can find my own way.

HALLWAY

Cosmo stops at an open room. Inside, Baumann stands over a table, with PETER "ZIGGY" ABRAHAMS (65), Jamaican, looking at blueprints.

Dabney comes up behind and escorts Cosmo out.

EXT. BAUMANN ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Exiting the mansion, Cosmo immediately turns and pukes into the bushes. He looks at his still shaking hand.

Turning, he sees a cringing driver, leaning against an expensive SUV.

Embarrassed, Cosmo shrugs. He wipes his face on his sleeve and walks by the SUV.

Behind the SUV, Cosmo checks to see if the driver is looking. He takes a photo of the license plate.

INT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - STORAGE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Taking inventory, Sam hears the window opening behind her. She turns, holding a bottle up as a weapon.

Leg through the window, Cosmo puts his hand up. Sam relaxes.

SAM

Anthony?

COSMO

(nods, closes the window)

Where's Charli?

SAM

In my office.

Cosmo leaves the room. Sam follows.

OFFICE

Small closet-like office.

Charli's at the computer. Cosmo enters with Sam behind.

CHARLI

You ain't gonna believe what I found out about Abigail Wentworth.

COSMO

You know?

CHARLI

It's public knowledge.

COSMO

Her marriage?

CHARLI  
Abigail's married?

SAM  
To who?

COSMO  
If you're not talking about the marriage,  
what are you talking about?  
(to Sam)  
Baumann.

CHARLI  
Wentworth Enterprises is  
practically bankrupt.

SAM  
Abigail Wentworth's married  
to Baumann?

COSMO  
Abby's bankrupt?  
(to Sam)  
Yes.

CHARLI  
Yes. Wait, she's married to  
Baumann?

SAM  
I'm totally lost.

COSMO  
Happened over the weekend. Now, what's  
this about her company being bankrupt.

CHARLI  
She still has her personal fortune, but  
the company's been going under for years.  
Stock's worth pennies on the dollar.

COSMO  
(contemplates)  
That explains a lot.

Cosmo leaves the office. He turns towards the bar.

SAM  
Cosmo ...

Cosmo looks back into the room.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(points to storage room)  
Anthony, remember?

Cosmo heads to the storage room.

Charli and Sam look at each for answers.

CHARLI  
And you were married how long?

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Abigail dines alone in the crowded upscale restaurant. She notices Cosmo talking to the host.

Cosmo spots her and heads over. Abigail resumes eating.

Cosmo pulls up a chair and joins her.

ABIGAIL

If you wanted a date you could've asked.

COSMO

I have a strict rule against dating married woman.

Abigail freezes mid-chew. She gathers herself, then resumes eating.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Were you ever gonna tell me?

ABIGAIL

My personal life is of no concern to the case.

The waiter holds the menu out. Cosmo waves him off.

COSMO

It is when the suspect is your lover.

Abigail continues eating nonchalantly as she talks.

ABIGAIL

J.R.'s never been a suspect and we're talking about marriage, not love.

COSMO

Simple merger seems a lot easier.

Abigail calmly wipes her face. She lights a cigarette and takes a drag. She leans back in her chair to listen.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Way I see it, a little boost from Baumann would do wonders for a company going under. What I can't figure out is why a woman like you would marry a man like him when you could've just signed a contract?  
(leans in)

I don't think they allow smoking in here.

Abigail takes a long drag and she gathers her words.

ABIGAIL

Family friend or not, J.R. would've picked our bones clean if he knew we were going under. So, I offered him the only thing he ever really wanted. The only thing his money couldn't buy him. Me.

(takes a puff)

Saves on the tax side, too. Family company and all.

(leans in)

I don't really give a shit what they allow.

The maitre d' comes over to the table. Abigail holds out her hand to stop him.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

(to the maitre d')

Francis, before you say something stupid, you should know we were just discussing my marriage to J.R. Baumann. The same J.R. Baumann who signs your check. Now, what did you wanna tell me?

The maitre d' bows apologetically and leaves.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

(to Cosmo)

You were saying?

COSMO

After your parents' death, he owns half the company. Sounds like a suspect to me.

ABIGAIL

Forty. Uncle Pete still owns ten.

(takes a long drag)

My parents were the best a girl could have. Unfortunately, where they shined in raising me, they failed in running a business. Took dad five years to destroy what it took a hundred to build. I did what I had to do ... for them.

(looks off, takes a drag)

You think less of me now don't you?

COSMO

Not sure what I think.

ABIGAIL

I'd do it all again for my parents. I'd do anything for them. As for J.R? He's not a problem.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Man's been infatuated with me since I was fourteen. Couldn't keep his eyes or his hands off me.

Cosmo grows concerned about the statement.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I was smart enough to get away before it got that far. And I'll be smart enough to get away this time. Age hasn't been too kind to J.R.'s manliness.

COSMO

They have pills for that.

ABIGAIL

They have pills to put a man to sleep.

COSMO

You know what happened to his other wives?

Abigail turns from the table. She flaunts her legs in her short skirt by crossing them.

ABIGAIL

Tell me, Cosmo, did they have what I have?

Cosmo doesn't answer. Abigail puts out the cigarette.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

You gonna judge me or you gonna help me find my parents' killer?

Abigail leans forward and puts her hand on Cosmo's leg.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

You want me to beg? I'll beg. Like I said, there's nothing I wouldn't do for them.

Cosmo stares down at her hand. Coming to his senses, he gets up and swings behind the chair.

COSMO

No more surprises?

Abigail makes the sign of a scout's oath.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Baumann's not off limits?

Abigail exhales and turns back to the table.

ABIGAIL

Whatever. Now if you don't mind, I'd like to finish my dinner.

Cosmo turns and leaves. Abigail resumes eating.

INT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - STOREROOM - EVENING

Cosmo climbs through the window and heads toward the bar. He becomes concerned when he hears voices.

Opening the door slightly, he peeks out and sees Barry holding Sam's head to the bar. Anthony holds a bat over her. Vito threatens the few patrons with another bat.

ANTHONY

You're not so tough when you're not the one holding the bat.

BAM! Anthony slams the bat near her face and struts around her.

Cosmo looks off and thinks.

FRONT OF BAR

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Just tell us where he is and we'll leave this place ... repairable.

SAM

(muffled by bar)

Fuck you.

ANTHONY

(leans in to listen)

What's that? What did you say?

COSMO (O.S.)

She said fuck you.

Cosmo emerges from the back with his .45 aimed.

COSMO (CONT'D)

And since you're too ugly for anybody to actually do that, just get the fuck out.

Vito and Barry look to Anthony for direction.

ANTHONY

Relax. He has a history of not being able to pull the trigger.

(to Cosmo)

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Isn't that right, Cosmo? You couldn't pull it then and you can't pull it now.

BANG! The bullet nicks the wood next to a shocked Anthony's face.

COSMO

Past is the past. Now, get the fuck out.

Anthony contemplates. He signals the other two to leave.

ANTHONY

(leaving)

It ain't over, Cosmo.

Cosmo walks toward the front window. He checks with Sam as he passes. She nods she's okay.

COSMO

(to the bar)

Afraid we're gonna have to close a little early tonight. I'm sure you understand.

The few customers leave.

SAM

I'll call the cops.

COSMO

No, no cops. Give me 'til tomorrow.

INT. BAUMANN TOWER LOBBY - AFTERNOON

PING. The elevator doors open.

Cosmo exits into a lavish lobby. A guard sits at a small desk by the glass front doors.

Sue, in dress uniform, stands on a small podium addressing the media. Abigail and Baumann are seated behind her.

A reporter turns to see Cosmo. He hands him a file.

REPORTER #1

Figured these might help you.

Cosmo flips through various pictures of John and Beverly Wentworth, dressed to the nines.

REPORTER #1 (CONT'D)

From our society page. They were taken the night they got killed.

COSMO  
 (nods to stage)  
 Anything new?

REPORTER #1  
 Not a person up there I'd believe.  
 (hesitates)  
 Strange bedfellows, though, Baumann and  
 the Wentworth girl.

Cosmo looks at the reporter for more.

REPORTER #1 (CONT'D)  
 I mean, it was only five years ago that  
 old man Wentworth beat out Baumann for  
 the final gambling license. Every  
 politician's hand got greased by one side  
 or the other in that one.

Cosmo's becomes confused.

REPORTER #1 (CONT'D)  
 What, you thought corruption stopped at  
 the city level?  
 (looks at stage)  
 Baumann made old man Wentworth pay, too.  
 Had every land owner in South Philly hold  
 out. Rumor has it he was in for over a  
 hundred mill before he finally gave up.  
 Wentworth won the battle, but Baumann  
 definitely won the war. Now, he's sitting  
 next to his daughter like they're  
 newlyweds.

Cosmo jerks back from the last statement.

REPORTER #1 (CONT'D)  
 Anyway, hope the photos help.

The reporter turns back to the briefing.

PODIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Sue addresses the crowd.

SUE  
 ... Based on the facts we have, we're  
 looking at this case as a botched  
 robbery, nothing more.

REPORTER #2  
 So you're ruling out premeditation.

SUE

We're not ruling out anything. It's just where our current evidence is leading us. If new facts develop, we'll reassess.

As the reporters raise their hands and yell questions, Sue notices Cosmo behind the crowd.

REPORTER #1

Any chance we can ask Miss Wentworth a few questions?

SUE

(preoccupied)

Um, I'll leave that up to them.

Sue turns to look at the two.

Abigail looks hesitantly to Baumann. He takes her hand and nods reassuringly. Abigail walks up to the mic.

ABIGAIL

First of all, I would like you to know who my parents really were ...

Sue hustles off the stage.

IN A SIDE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sue enters, followed by Cosmo, who closes the door. She turns to him with arms crossed.

SUE

Thought you weren't involved?

COSMO

Never said that, you did.

SUE

We can handle this.

COSMO

Like you handled Mare's murder?

SUE

(scoffs)

Just what makes you think this is something more?

COSMO

I don't work for you anymore, remember?

SUE

So you're grasping at straws, trying to get one more shot at Baumann?

COSMO

Not what I'm being paid for, but it does sound inviting.

SUE

Your client's his alibi.

COSMO

Something only Baumann could've dreamt up.

SUE

I'd like to put that asshole away as much as you, but this one's not him.

COSMO

Heard that before.

SUE

(starts to leave)

You're still the same stubborn asshole.

COSMO

What about the paintings?

SUE

(turns at door)

That's an active crime scene. I can have you arrested.

COSMO

I happen to know the owner's wife.

Sue closes the door.

SUE

The rumors are true?

COSMO

I trust you'll use that with discretion.

Sue nods.

COSMO (CONT'D)

It doesn't seem strange that the paintings or any other of his valuables weren't touched?

SUE

I don't know. Whole case is a dead-end.  
No entry. No exit. No motive.

COSMO

Baumann has all of those.

Sue waits for more.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Gonna need a small favor first.

Sue scoffs, shaking her head.

GLASS FRONT DOORS - MOMENTS LATER

The press conference has broken up. Cosmo stands by the doors watching Abigail talk to Sue.

Baumann approaches. He notices who Cosmo is staring at.

J.R.

Beautiful, isn't she?

COSMO

(continues to stare)

Just wondering if she ends up like all  
your other wives.

J.R.

You know we're on the same side?

COSMO

Are we?

J.R.

That's your problem.

COSMO

Didn't know I had one.

J.R.

You can't look at this rationally because  
your perspective is all screwed up. You  
think because you were right last time  
that the same answer applies. You're  
letting your emotions lead and that's  
never good.

(points to Cosmo's head)

This should be leading. It's why I told  
Abigail to hire you. Why you were the  
only one who figured out who the real  
killer was in my last wife's case.

Surprised by the admission, Cosmo turns to watch Baumann leaving.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Put the past away, Mister Bertucci. It will consume you.

Cosmo seethes as a smiling Baumann get in his limo.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

Should I be scared?

COSMO

Of him?

Cosmo turns to see Abigail holding out a folded note.

ABIGAIL

Found this under my office door.

Cosmo unfolds the note and reads it.

INSERT: Note: "If you keep up the investigation, you'll be next."

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Should I be scared?

COSMO

He has enough security.

ABIGAIL

He has to go to New York for the night. I was hoping to stay at my place.

COSMO

Most of the time, these things are just scare tactics. You have any protection?

ABIGAIL

J.R. bought me a 9mm right after the wedding.

Cosmo is surprised at the choice of weapon.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

It matched the one he owned.

COSMO

(leaves)

I'd keep it close.

Abigail watches as a car pulls up and Cosmo gets in.

INT. UBER CAR - MOVING - AFTERNOON

In the rear seat, Cosmo is on his phone.

COSMO

Uncle Ziggy the cookie man?

CHARLI (V.O.)

None other, but he only made his first million on cookies. Since then he's been a major commercial real-estate player up and down the east coast.

COSMO

Thanks.

Cosmo hangs up and stares out the window, contemplating.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Anthony and Russo talk casually under the awning. Barry and Vito are off to the side.

Vito's WHISTLE gets their attention. Vito points.

Russo looks in the direction, then off in disbelief. Anthony takes a step forward.

Russo puts his arm out to stop Anthony and walks out.

RUSSO

Boys tell me you've been avoiding 'em.

COSMO

(approaches)

Needed time to figure out my finances.

Barry and Vito slowly approach from the side.

RUSSO

You have my money?

Cosmo holds up a paper. Annoyed, Russo looks at Anthony.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

Do you believe the balls on this guy?

(turns, puts hands up)

Do whatever you want with him.

Russo heads to the door. Smiling, Anthony creeps forward.

COSMO

How does an extra three points sound?

Russo turns. He puts his hand out for his men to stop.

RUSSO

You're gonna give me three extra points?  
You can't even pay what you owe now.

COSMO

Guaranteed. Just hear me out.

Russo contemplates, then walks forward.

RUSSO

Okay, let's hear this master plan.

COSMO

(holds out the paper)  
Just need your help and I'll have it all  
by next Friday.

Russo snatches the paper. He looks at it.

RUSSO

The stolen item list from the Wentworth  
murders?

COSMO

There's only a couple of people who can  
fence that kinda stuff and you know every  
one of 'em. Give me a name that leads to  
the killer and I'll pay you everything  
plus three points by next Friday.

RUSSO

And if you don't find the killer?

Cosmo looks off.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

Haven't figured that part out, have you?

Russo throws the paper at Cosmo. He turns to go inside.

RUSSO (CONT'D)

(to Anthony)  
Just keep the blood away from the front.  
It scares the customers.

Anthony stares at Cosmo. Vito and Barry approach from the  
side.

As Russo opens the door, a quick WAIL of a police siren  
causes him to turn. The others freeze and look.

Sue stands next to the open rear door of her SUV. She holds her cellphone in her hand.

RUSSO (CONT'D)  
 (walks toward her)  
 You know this place is off limits.

SUE  
 For gambling, not murder.  
 (looks at phone)  
 I got five squad cars on hold.

RUSSO  
 (looks at Cosmo)  
 For this piece of shit?

SUE  
 Unfortunately, the law doesn't distinguish.

Russo contemplates as he stares at Cosmo. He picks up the paper and leans into Cosmo.

RUSSO  
 You got your time, but it's gonna be four points whether you solve the case or not.  
 (heads inside, to Sue)  
 He's all yours.

SUE  
 And tell your thugs Sam and her bar's off limits, too.

Not turning, Russo waves his hand as he goes inside. The others turn to leave.

ANTHONY  
 One day there's not gonna be a fuckin' skirt to protect you.

Sue waves for Cosmo to get into the rear seat of the SUV.

INT. SUE'S SUV - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Cosmo rides in the back with an agitated Sue.

SUE  
 (stares incredulously)  
 That's it? That's what I agreed to that whole charade back there for?

COSMO  
 Got something better?

SUE

He can take over any company he wants.

COSMO

Wentworth beat him on the gambling license. Baumann doesn't take losing easily.

SUE

And he's married to their daughter?

COSMO

That part's complicated.

SUE

You do know that license is dead as of the first of the New Year. The commission voted to issue a new one and I'm sure Baumann'll be at the top of that list.

COSMO

It's not about the license, it's his ego.

Sue looks off.

SUE

You really gotta let this Mary thing go.

COSMO

(to driver)

Pull over here.

(to Sue)

He's the devil and you know it.

SUE

Yeah, I do, but it has nothing to do with this case.

The SUV pulls over. Cosmo gets out. Sue leans over.

SUE (CONT'D)

Let it go.

Cosmo hesitates, then closes the door.

EXT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - EVENING

Cosmo's phone rings. He answers, as Sue's SUV pulls away.

COSMO

(answers)

Yeah.

(high alert)

(MORE)

COSMO (CONT'D)

What? When?

(concerned)

Close the blinds, turn out the lights and find a safe place. I'll call the police.

(hails down cab)

Okay. No cops. I'm leaving now. Don't open the door for anybody else.

Cosmo hangs up and gets in the cab. It drives off.

INT. ABIGAIL'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Living room of a high-end penthouse in Rittenhouse Square. The blinds are closed, but the lights are on.

In her scanty robe, Abigail drinks and smokes. A Glock 9mm sits on the coffee table.

A KNOCK on the door. She puts the drink down, grabs her gun and approaches the door.

The KNOCKING continues.

COSMO

It's me, Cosmo. Open up.

Abigail opens the door and Cosmo enters.

COSMO (CONT'D)

You okay?

ABIGAIL

Yeah.

(nods toward curtain)

I was standing by the window, all of a sudden, two shots came through the glass. They barely missed me.

(hugs him)

I could've died.

COSMO

(breaks hug)

It's okay. Stay here.

As he passes, he notices the gun in her hand and gives her a concerned look.

Noticing the lights are on, he becomes annoyed. He looks to Abigail, who just shrugs. He shuts them.

Cosmo peeks out from the side of the window to see the bullet holes.

Looking across the street, he sees nothing, but a lit vacant floor that's under construction.

Turning, Cosmo is surprised Abigail is right behind him.

COSMO (CONT'D)

He must've left.

ABIGAIL

(embraces him)

Thank God, I don't know what I would've done, if you didn't come. I was sure I was gonna die.

Abigail pulls back so they are face to face. They stare into each others eyes with intent. Abigail's robe has slipped off her shoulders.

Abigail kisses Cosmo passionately. He breaks away.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I've seen the way you look at me.

Head down, Cosmo looks to see Abigail's robe has opened completely exposing her sheer negligee.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

See anything you like?

Torn, Cosmo looks away.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I guess the rumors are true, you really can't take the shot.

Incensed, Cosmo pulls Abigail to him. He embraces and kisses her passionately. He runs his hands up the outside of her legs. She drops the gun and unbuttons his shirt.

BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Wrapped in the sheet, a waking Abigail reaches over to find an empty bed. Surprised, she looks up to see Cosmo dressing.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

So that's your M.O., hit and run before the girl wakes up.

COSMO

Can't find the killer from a bed.

Abigail grabs a cigarette off the nightstand.

ABIGAIL

(runs her hands up her leg)

No, but there's a lot of other things you can investigate.

COSMO

Last night was wrong. I was wrong.

ABIGAIL

(lights cigarette)

It was gonna happen sooner or later.

COSMO

Number one rule.

ABIGAIL

Never go to bed with a married woman.

COSMO

Never go to bed with a client.

ABIGAIL

You think I give a shit about your stupid rules? Now come back to bed.

Tempted, Cosmo stares at her. He continues to the door.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

What if somebody tries to kill me?

COSMO

No man in his right mind's gonna kill you looking like that.

Cosmo leaves. Abigail's pout changes to a sly smile.

INT/EXT. CHARLI'S CAR - PARKED - MORNING

Charli's parked down the street from Baumann's estate. Cosmo sits on the passenger side, staring off in thought.

CHARLI

Sam tried to reach you last night.

COSMO

I had some work to do.

CHARLI

Could've answered your phone.

COSMO

I told you I was working.

CHARLI

Don't get mad, she was just worried  
that's all.

COSMO

We're not married anymore, it's none of  
her business.

CHARLI

(cringes)

You weren't at ...

At first Cosmo is confused where she means. He realizes.

COSMO

No, I wasn't at Russo's.

CHARLI

(hesitates)

I sometimes wonder why you two aren't  
still married? I mean, it's obvious she  
still cares about you a lot.

Cosmo's look shows his annoyance. He relents.

COSMO

I wasn't a very good husband.

CHARLI

You ...

COSMO

It's better left alone.

(notices, points)

They're coming out.

The estate gate opens and an SUV exits with Baumann  
driving. Charli pulls out behind.

DOWNTOWN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Charli pulls in and parks behind Baumann's SUV.

Baumann crosses the street and enters an office building.

CHARLI

(gets out)

I'm hungry. You want anything?

COSMO

Just be quick.

Charli leaves. Cosmo's phone RINGS. He answers it.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Yeah.

INT. SUE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Sue sits at her desk in an office befitting her rank.

SUE

Ballistics just came back.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

COSMO

And?

SUE

Gun was a Glock Gen Four. One shooter for both victims at about six feet.

Cosmo contemplates, doesn't answer.

SUE (CONT'D)

You still there?

COSMO

Abigail owns that model.

SUE

And she was fifteen hundred miles away on the beach with your other suspect.

COSMO

Baumann bought one for each of 'em.

SUE

(scowls)

Just call me when you find a motive.

She hangs up.

END INTERCUT

INT/EXT. CHARLI'S CAR - PARKED

Hands full of fast food, Charli opens the door.

COSMO

(notices)

Hurry up. He's coming out.

Baumann exits the building followed by Ziggy.

To his surprise, Charli dumps the food in Cosmo's lap.

She starts the car and waits.

Baumann pulls out. She follows.

EXT. KITTY HAWK AVENUE AREA - AFTERNOON

Charli and Cosmo spy from a side street.

In the distance, Baumann and Ziggy face a huge vacant lot. Ziggy is obviously pointing out the positives.

A large wooden sign on the lot faces away from Cosmo.

CHARLI

I don't get it, if the license's dead,  
why is he buying a lot?

COSMO

Nothing's ever dead to a man like  
Baumann.

A deeply concerned stare by Charli upsets Cosmo.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Is this about last night again?

CHARLI

It's, uh, it's just, um ... You know  
you're the best investigator I ever  
worked with?

COSMO

I'm the only one you ever worked with.  
Just spit it out.

CHARLI

Well, it's just that ...  
(gathers courage, speeds up)  
... I think people are right. I think  
you're letting this thing with Baumann  
cloud your judgment.  
(cringes)  
Am I fired?

Cosmo stares out at Baumann and Ziggy.

COSMO

No, you're not fired. As a matter of  
fact, you're probably right.

CHARLI  
I'm not? I mean, I am?

COSMO  
We follow through on this tonight.  
Tomorrow, we look for a new angle.

CHARLI  
(elated, hugs him)  
I'm so glad. I thought you were gonna  
fire me.

COSMO  
(points)  
They're leaving.

In the distance, Ziggy and Baumann get in the SUV.

INT/EXT. CHARLI'S CAR - PARKED - EVENING

Old City. Charli and Cosmo observe from the parked car.

Baumann and Ziggy sit and eat next by a restaurant  
window. Baumann holds a document in his hand.

COSMO (O.S.)  
Look at him. He knows, without the gun,  
we can't do a thing to him.

Charli sits in the driver's seat as Cosmo spies the seat  
from the seat behind her.

CHARLI  
Cosmo, you promised.

COSMO  
(preoccupied)  
Yeah, tomorrow, I got it.  
(opens door)  
Go back to the bar and see if we missed  
anything in the report.

Cosmo gets out of the car.

CHARLI  
Where are you going?

COSMO  
(looks back in the car)  
Tomorrow, I promise. Now get out of here.

Deeply concerned, Charli's eyes follow Cosmo cross the  
street and into the restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Upscale restaurant. Baumann and Ziggy are startled as Cosmo suddenly pulls up a chair.

Ziggy looks to Baumann for answers. Baumann raises his hand slightly to calm him. He moves the document away from Cosmo's view.

J.R.

Didn't expect to see you.

COSMO

Walking by and saw you from the window.  
Figured, why not join my favorite killer.

Ziggy grows bothered. Before Baumann can speak, Cosmo cuts him off, speaking to Ziggy.

COSMO (CONT'D)

You're that cookie man, Uncle Ziggy?

ZIGGY

I prefer Peter socially.

COSMO

Yeah, I would too.

(to Baumann)

So, I see you guys and I wonder, what's a millionaire ... or is it a billionaire? I always forget. Anyway, what's a murderer like you doing with a commercial real estate tycoon like Uncle Ziggy here? Then it hits me. A casino needs land.

Cosmo leans over to see the document. Baumann covers it.

J.R.

(to Ziggy)

Pay him no mind, he has a vast imagination.

(to Cosmo)

Seems to me you'd be better off earning my wife's money by looking for her parents' murderer.

Cosmo picks up the bottle of wine and studies the label.

COSMO

(to Ziggy)

She didn't know she was sleeping with the killer.

Cosmo offers Baumann a refill. Baumann doesn't answer. Cosmo relents and puts the bottle down.

J.R.

You do know it was Peter's resort we were staying at when the murders happened.

(to Ziggy)

Like I said, delusional.

Ziggy is unsure. Baumann sits back confidently.

J.R. (CONT'D)

(waves Cosmo off)

Now, if you don't mind.

COSMO

How about your last two wives and my partner, was that delusional?

(to Ziggy)

Killed them, too. Practically told me so.

Ziggy becomes more troubled.

J.R.

You've had your fun, time to go.

COSMO

Why don't you tell Ziggy here what you told me? That I was right. That you were behind every one of those murders.

(to Ziggy)

Probably more.

(to Baumann)

How many is it now. Five? Ten?

An ugly silence. Finally, Ziggy gets up.

ZIGGY

I think I should leave.

J.R.

We're not finished.

ZIGGY

I need some time to reassess.

(shakes hands with Cosmo)

Nice to meet you, Mister Bertucci.

J.R.

(gets up)

Can't you see what he's doing?

Amused, Cosmo pours a glass of water and takes a sip.

J.R. (CONT'D)  
At least, let me take you home.

ZIGGY  
(walks toward the door)  
I'll take a cab.

COSMO  
Probably a lot safer.

J.R.  
(sits, to Cosmo)  
You wanna tell what this was all about?

In the b.g., Ziggy spies inconspicuously.

COSMO  
If I can't catch you, at least I can make  
your life as miserable as you made mine.

J.R.  
By driving away my friends. I can buy a  
hundred more.

Cosmo shrugs indifference.

Baumann looks at Cosmo incredulously. He lets out a small  
chuckle that causes Cosmo concern.

J.R. (CONT'D)  
Oh, Cosmo. You really think this is all  
about the license? That I killed the  
Wentworths for a useless piece of paper.

COSMO  
It's more reason than you had for killing  
your wives.

J.R.  
That license was worthless the moment he  
got it. But, Peter's resort, on the other  
hand, is full of life. So much so, it's  
Abigail's very favorite place. I was in  
the process of buying it for her birthday  
when you showed up.

COSMO  
You can't stand losing anything, even a  
worthless piece of paper.

J.R.  
Ego, huh? You're right there. Losing that  
license to Wentworth ate me up.

(MORE)

J.R. (CONT'D)

But you know the best way I could ever get back at him?

Cosmo shrugs.

J.R. (CONT'D)

By marrying his sweet little daughter. Now he had to cope with the fact that the very man he despised was fucking his precious Abigail every night. And the only way to escape that horrible reality was through death. So, tell me again, why would I kill him?

Cosmo is at a loss for words. Baumann moves closer.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Since we're telling stories, let me tell you a couple.

(leans in)

I killed my second wife. First one too.

Cosmo looks around. In the b.g., Ziggy darts behind a divider to avoid being seen. The patrons are busy eating.

J.R. (CONT'D)

It's just me and you. And who's gonna believe the word of an alcoholic washout?

Cosmo nervously fidgets with the glass of water.

J.R. (CONT'D)

You were right, Karl threw Phillip off the garage. Matter of fact, the only thing you got wrong was that it was Karl who shot your partner.

Cosmo's hand tightens around the empty glass.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Wasn't the plan, but, unfortunately, once she saw his face ... If it matters, he said she went out whimpering like a scared little baby.

Cosmo crushes the glass in his hand, causing cuts. Baumann wraps the bleeding hand in a napkin.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Look what you've done. You really should be more careful, Cosmo.

(leans in whispers)

Of course, this can't hurt as much as knowing you were right.

(MORE)

J.R. (CONT'D)

That I was behind all those heinous acts  
and there's nothing you can do about it.

(gets up)

Pathetic.

In the b.g., Ziggy hides.

Before Baumann can get two steps away, Cosmo speaks  
loudly without turning.

COSMO

You know I fucked her?

The whole room goes quiet and looks at a frozen Baumann,  
who doesn't turn. In the b.g., Ziggy leaves quickly.

COSMO (CONT'D)

(louder)

I screwed your wife last night.

At a loss for words, Baumann puts on the false smile of a  
man unconvinced and walks away.

INT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - EVENING

Bar's closed. Sam wipes the bottles. Cosmo sits, drinking  
club soda. His hand is bandaged.

COSMO

I tried everything to get him to pull his  
gun. Even told him that I screwed ...

Cosmo looks like a boy caught with his hand in the cookie  
jar.

SAM

(to self)

Only a matter of time.

(walks over to him)

And if he did pull his gun?

COSMO

Cops would've had a reason to take it.

SAM

And you'd be dead.

Cosmo waves her off. Sam takes an envelope from next to  
the cash register and hands it to Cosmo.

SAM (CONT'D)

Guy dropped this off for you.

Curious, Cosmo looks at the envelope. Sam goes back to closing up.

COSMO

Say who he was?

SAM

Nope.

COSMO

Stranger comes into the bar, hands you an unmarked envelope and you don't ask?

SAM

Asked. He didn't answer.

Sam notices Cosmo sit up as he looks at the contents. She heads over. She leans in to read.

COSMO

It's a flight plan for Baumann's jet on the day of the murders. Says it flew into Teterboro at seven-fifteen and returned to Saint Croix at three in the morning.

SAM

And Teterboro's just about a two-hour ride to Philly?

COSMO

If it's real. The pilot's name's been deleted and there's only a no-name passenger in the manifest. It's circumstantial at most.

SAM

He'd have to show somebody his passport?

COSMO

Saint Croix's a U.S. territory. It's like driving to Jersey.

Cosmo's phone rings. He looks at it.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Yeah.

INT. BAUMANN'S ESTATE - BEDROOM - EVENING

In her robe, Abigail is on her phone.

ABIGAIL

You fuckin' asshole. You just had to tell him?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

COSMO

If you wanted your parents' killer, I did.

In the b.g., Sam picks up the papers and reads them.

ABIGAIL

He just called. He's totally unhinged, Said he's on his way here to settle this. I don't know what to do. I'm scared.

COSMO

You at the estate?

ABIGAIL

Yeah.

COSMO

Who else is there?

ABIGAIL

Just Karl. He gave the rest of the help the night off.

COSMO

Karl?

ABIGAIL

J.R. flew him in yesterday.

COSMO

How long before he gets there?

ABIGAIL

I don't know. Ten ... maybe fifteen minutes.

COSMO

I'll call McGuire.

ABIGAIL

No, no cops. It'll only agitate him more.

COSMO

I'll be there in about twenty-five. Go to your bedroom. Lock yourself in. Barricade the door if you have to. But, under no circumstances let him or Karl in.

In the b.g., Sam looks up from the papers, worried.

ABIGAIL

Just get here fast, I'm scared.

END INTERCUT

INT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - EVENING

Cosmo hangs up. Concerned, Sam stares at him.

COSMO

Abigail. Seems I did get to Baumann.

SAM

I'll call the cops.

COSMO

(checks his gun)

No. No cops.

SAM

(reaches for the phone)

You can't go there alone.

Cosmo reaches over the bar and grabs her arm.

COSMO

No cops. I started this.

Cosmo heads to the door.

SAM

You're being stupid ... You're gonna get yourself killed ... Cosmo.

Cosmo gone, a worried Sam stares at the door. She picks up the phone and dials.

SAM (CONT'D)

Yeah, Chief McGuire's office.

EXT. BAUMANN ESTATE - EVENING

Cosmo jumps off the wall, landing inside the estate.

With the mansion in the distance, he takes out his .45 and strides toward the building.

FRONT ENTRANCE

Cosmo strides up the long roadway, holding his .45 at his side so it is blocked by the angle of his body.

Karl, a six-foot five, blonde, German, takes a menacing stance on the top of the steps and puts his hand out.

KARL

Mister Baumann doesn't want to see you.

Steely eyed, Cosmo doesn't break stride.

KARL (CONT'D)

I'm warning you.

Karl tries to draw a pistol from his shoulder holster.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Before Karl can draw his weapon, Cosmo unleashes three shots that fell him.

Not breaking stride, Cosmo continues into the house, only taking a quick glance at Karl as he reloads.

INT. BAUMANN ESTATE - EVENING

Gun up, Cosmo checks room by room.

He opens one door, peers in and enters the ...

DEN

Cosmo carefully snaps his aim to possible hiding places.

His eyes widen and look to the side. His hands go up.

J.R. (O.S.)

I'll take that.

9mm to Cosmo's head, Baumann appears from behind. He reaches over and takes the gun from Cosmo's hand.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Over to the chair.

Cosmo sits down.

COSMO

Abigail?

Gun aimed, Baumann sits opposite Cosmo.

J.R.

Right where you told her to hide. You wanna tell me what's going on?

COSMO

Really got to you, didn't I?

J.R.

You think this is about sleeping with her?

Cosmo smirks.

J.R. (CONT'D)

You're a smart man, Cosmo. You don't think I didn't know what kind of woman she was? Her indiscretions? You're not the first and you won't be the last.

(hesitates)

Despite all her flaws I love her. And therein lies my problem. I'm totally smitten. Putty in her hands.

COSMO

Killing her parents is not gonna get you any points.

J.R.

I confessed to you about the others, why wouldn't I confess about those?

(hesitates)

Ever wonder why she picked you? She could've afforded any investigator in the world.

Cosmo waits for more.

J.R. (CONT'D)

You should really think about that. It might give you some clarity.

Cosmo reaches for his pocket. Baumann threatens him with the gun. Cosmo shows him he's only getting papers.

COSMO

(hands Baumann the papers)

All the clarity I need.

Baumann doesn't take the papers.

J.R.

The flight plan. I was wondering when you'd get to that.

(points to wet bar)

Want one?

In disbelief that Baumann knew, Cosmo doesn't answer.

Baumann keeps an eye on Cosmo as he heads to the bar.

J.R. (CONT'D)

All you have is somebody was in  
Teterboro. Maybe I had a business  
appointment in New York. Maybe it was  
somebody else.

(pours drink)

All the answers are right there in front  
of you. They've always been right there.  
You just have to open your eyes and look.

Baumann takes a sip and returns to the chair.

COSMO

It's always a game to you.

J.R.

Not always.

(points to papers)

Ever wonder how you came into that?

As he talks, Baumann waves and points the gun. Some of  
the motions could be viewed by an outsider as  
threatening.

COSMO

That the gun you killed 'em with?

J.R.

It's the gun that killed 'em.

Baumann looks up toward the higher floors of the mansion.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Let me guess. She called you and said I  
was raging about what you said. That she  
was afraid I might even kill her.

COSMO

Something like that.

Baumann chuckles as he looks upward again.

J.R.

You gotta admit, she's --

BANG! BANG! BANG! Baumann slumps in the chair, dead.  
Cosmo jumps back.

Abigail stands frozen, her gun aimed at Baumann.

ABIGAIL

He was gonna kill you.

In shock, Abigail doesn't move a muscle.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
He was gonna kill you.

Cosmo checks that Baumann's dead.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
(becomes distraught)  
Damn it, tell me he was gonna kill you.

Abigail runs to Cosmo. She beats him on the chest.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Damn it. Tell me. Tell me. Tell me he was  
gonna kill you. Tell me.

Crying, she collapses into Cosmo's arms, dropping the gun.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
Please, Cosmo, tell me he was gonna kill  
you. I need to know.

COSMO  
It's okay. It's okay.

Comforting her, Cosmo gives a sense that all is okay. His expression tells otherwise.

EXT. BAUMANN ESTATE - AFTERNOON

Various emergency and police vehicles fill the lot. Techs, EMTs, uniformed and non-uniformed police work.

A solemn Cosmo stands on the top of the stairs staring at Abigail who is seated on the back of an ambulance.

In the b.g., Sue talks to the DA at the door. The DA nods, they shake hands and the DA leaves.

Sue approaches Cosmo from behind.

SUE  
Guess you were right all along.

Cosmo continues to stare.

SUE (CONT'D)  
DA seems satisfied it was self-defense.

COSMO  
Karl?

SUE  
Surveillance shows him drawing on you  
first. Shouldn't be a problem.

COSMO  
Thanks.

SUE  
(turns to go inside)  
Should be thanking you.

COSMO  
(without turning)  
You know, we got it wrong.

Sue turns at the door.

COSMO (CONT'D)  
He didn't kill the Wentworths.

SUE  
Guy got what he deserved.

Sue goes inside. Cosmo continues staring at Abigail.

INT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - MORNING

Cosmo drinks coffee and reads a newspaper at the bar.  
Setting up the bar, Sam notices Cosmo's glum look.

SAM  
Don't look like a man who just made a  
quarter million.

COSMO  
It just doesn't feel right.

SAM  
What doesn't feel right? The fact you  
solved the biggest case this city's had  
in years or that Mary's killer's dead?

COSMO  
What Baumann said. It doesn't make sense.

SAM  
The same Baumann who pulled the strings  
of everybody in this city for years?

Sam stops working, approaches Cosmo.

SAM (CONT'D)

Look, I get it. Something like this that's been the whole focus of your life for two years ... there's gonna be a letdown. You need to just sit back and take a breath.

Cosmo relents and nods.

SAM (CONT'D)

Good start might be using some of that money to pay back Russo.

Cosmo nods. Sue enters in dress uniform.

Obviously bothered, Cosmo turns away and sips his coffee.

SUE

Sam.

Sam acknowledges her as she passes. Cosmo doesn't.

SUE (CONT'D)

Thought you were coming to the news conference?

COSMO

Not exactly my cup of tea.

SUE

Yeah, it's not.

(slides a folder to Cosmo)

Thought you'd be interested.

Cosmo opens the folder and looks.

SUE (CONT'D)

Baumann's gun matched the one used in the Wentworth murders.

Cosmo raises an eyebrow of indifference.

SUE (CONT'D)

Not gonna say I told you so?

Cosmo doesn't answer. Sam notices the cold dynamic.

SAM

(leaves)

I got some inventory to do in the back.

SUE

What was I thinking? Every time I opened the report, that flight plan was just sitting there, staring me in the face. Guess I missed that one.

COSMO

That was in the evidence?

SUE

Yeah, isn't that where you got it?

Cosmo looks away, drinks his coffee.

Something in the newspaper gets Sue's attention.

SUE (CONT'D)

Mind?

Cosmo slides the paper to her. She glances at it.

SUE (CONT'D)

Looks like your girl's gonna be a very rich woman.

COSMO

Man like Baumann doesn't have a will?

SUE

No family. No friends. Nobody dared get close to him. Only a man like Baumann.

COSMO

It's too easy.

SUE

(gets up to leave)

Baumann's dead. We caught the killer.

COSMO

There's only one question left, then.

Curious, Sue turns back.

COSMO (CONT'D)

How long were you on his payroll?

Sue looks incredulously at Cosmo.

SUE

Is this about Mary's case? I told you, it was people higher than me.

COSMO

You signed off.

SUE

I'm a good soldier. Unlike some people, I do what my superiors tell me.

COSMO

The other night, somebody had to tip Baumann off I was coming.

SUE

(heads to the door)

I don't have to take this shit.

COSMO

How much did it cost for you to sleep well after Mare's murder?

Sue turns back and responds defiantly.

SUE

I made a stupid mistake when I was a rookie. Wasn't really that big, but I was scared. Baumann found out and used it as leverage. Started with small stuff, but after a while ... I don't know how it got to the point it did. But I never took a cent of dirty money. And as far as Mary goes, I haven't had a good night's sleep since the day it happened. That is, unless you count being passed out in a drunken stupor. So, go fuck yourself.

Disgusted, Cosmo looks off as Sue leaves. He turns to see Sam, arms crossed in the storage room doorway.

SAM

She's a good person. You know that.

Cosmo waves her off, gets up and heads to the back.

SAM (CONT'D)

She saved your life. Not to mention all the times she covered your ass when you fucked up.

COSMO

(passes her)

Only reason she's not in jail.

Cosmo heads into the ...

## STORAGE ROOM

Cosmo takes the police binder from a shelf. He scans through it. Sam stands by the door.

SAM

You gonna hold it over her head for the rest of her life?

COSMO

She's a crooked cop.  
(flips pages, to self)  
She said the flight plan's supposed to be in here.

SAM

I can't believe you. She's your friend for Christ's sake.

Cosmo looks up suddenly, realizing.

## QUICK FLASHBACK - ABIGAIL'S OFFICE

Abigail sits at her desk. Cosmo sits opposite. She tosses a large binder onto Cosmo's lap.

ABIGAIL

The official police report. Makes good reading, if you like fiction.

## BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Cosmo throws down the binder and storms out, passing Sam.

COSMO

(to self)  
Was anything fuckin' real.

SAM

What? I thought we were talking about Sue?

(follows him)

Wait, where are you going?

## EXT. WAREHOUSES - AFTERNOON

Workers are loading furniture onto trucks outside the warehouses. Drinking coffee, Russo oversees the action.

At the edge of the parking lot, a confused Cosmo watches. He approaches Russo.

RUSSO  
Figured you'd show up.

COSMO  
(nods to movers)  
What's going on?

RUSSO  
It's like I told you, there's no place  
for illegal gambling anymore. I got a  
great offer, so I sold both of 'em.  
(looks at warehouses)  
You know, these warehouses have been in  
my family for years. It's like saying  
goodbye to a part of me.  
(turns to Cosmo)  
Anyway, I hope you understand all that  
bullshit with my boys was just business.  
(extends hand)  
No hard feelings?

Cosmo reluctantly shakes.

A car horn BEEPS. Anthony pulls up.

RUSSO (CONT'D)  
Gotta go.  
(to the workers)  
Make sure you guys get everything.

COSMO  
(holds up envelop)  
I got your money.

RUSSO  
(opens car door)  
With the beatings you took, keep it.  
Besides, I'm legit now, can't be involved  
with that kinda money.

The car pulls out. Dumbfounded, Cosmo watches.

INT. STYX MURDOCK'S BUILDING - HALLWAY - AFTERNOON.

Cosmo POUNDS on the door.

The elevator PINGS and an older African-American lady  
waddles off, pulling her shopping cart.

OLDER LADY  
If you're looking for James, he moved.

COSMO

You mean Styx?

OLDER LADY

I mean James Murdock. He moved out last week.

COSMO

You know where he went?

OLDER LADY

(unlocks her door)

Really don't care. Pounding on those drums all hours of the night. You think a brother would have some sense of rhythm.

COSMO

He ever mention working as a security guard at the Baumann Towers?

OLDER LADY

Guy never worked a day in his life.

She closes her door. Cosmo becomes clearly upset.

INT. AN UBER - MOVING

The car heads down I-95. In the back, Cosmo stares out the side window.

SERIES OF QUICK FLASHBACKS

-- INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Abigail sits at the table with Cosmo.

ABIGAIL

Forty-five. Uncle Pete still owns ten.

-- INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Cosmo sits at the table with Ziggy and Baumann

COSMO

You're that cookie man, Uncle Ziggy?

ZIGGY

I prefer Peter socially.

-- INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Leaving the table, Ziggy shakes hands with Cosmo

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you, Mister Bertucci.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

Upset, Cosmo pounds the rear seat.

Concerned, the driver adjusts the rearview mirror to watch him.

COSMO

Change of plans. Stop at the liquor store up on the right.

EXT. KITTY HAWK AVENUE AREA - EVENING

Standing on the same lot that Ziggy and Baumann were, Cosmo stares at the large wooden sign as he guzzles from a brown-bagged bottle.

J.R. (V.O.)

All the answers are right there in front of you.

Cosmo smiles and chuckles, shaking his head in disbelief.

He slides his back down one of the signs legs. Seated, he guzzles and stares out at the passing traffic.

COSMO

You are quite the fool, Cosmo.

He takes another long swig from the bottle.

Insert Wooden sign: "NEW HOME OF NEWTON APPLIANCES. COMING SPRING 2022."

MORNING

Cosmo awakens from under the sign. He gets his bearings.

He picks up the bottle. He shakes it and peers into its opening to see if there's any left.

He puts the bottle to his lips, but he thinks twice and brings it down.

He stares at the bottle for what seems an eternity. Finally, he gets up and throws it as far as he can.

MOMENTS LATER

Determined look on face, Cosmo marches down the side of the road. He dials his phone.

COSMO (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I need a pickup.

INT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - MORNING

Sam is setting up for the day. A disheveled Cosmo enters in the same clothes he slept in.

Sam stops when she sees Cosmo's condition.

COSMO  
Sorry about before. You know I would never hurt Sue.

Still concerned about his dress, Sam nods it's okay.

SAM  
You gonna tell me what happened to you?

CHARLI (O.S.)  
There you are.

Sam and Cosmo turn. Charli approaches from the office.

CHARLI (CONT'D)  
Don't you answer your phone? I must've called ...  
(cringes, waves her hand)  
You sleep in a refinery?

Cosmo scoffs. Sam grows more concerned.

Charli puts two pictures on the bar.

INSERT: Two pictures. One of Beverly Wentworth from the night she was killed and one of Abigail at a news presser. In both, the women wear a large diamond brooch.

RETURN TO THE SCENE

CHARLI (CONT'D)  
She screwed up.

Not getting it, Cosmo examines the photos closer.

CHARLI (CONT'D)  
The brooch. She screwed up. She wore the brooch to the press conference yesterday.

In a eureka moment, Cosmo looks at Charli. He picks up and looks at the pictures.

CHARLI (CONT'D)

It's the same custom-made brooch she listed as stolen. I checked with the police today. None of the property has been returned.

Sam takes and studies the photos.

CHARLI (CONT'D)

She can say she made a mistake in doing the inventory. Or that it showed up later. It's not enough to convict her.

Charli becomes dejected. Cosmo contemplates.

Cosmo picks up the photos and quickly heads out the door.

Confused, Sam and Charli look at each.

SAM

And you wonder why?

INT. ABIGAIL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Abigail, Ziggy and Russo are pouring over blueprints. Anthony sits on the side.

RUSSO

I still think we need a bigger poker room.

A COMMOTION outside gets their attention.

In the same clothes, Cosmo storms in, followed by Abigail's irate secretary.

Before the secretary can talk, Abigail does.

ABIGAIL

It's okay, Jane.

The secretary leaves.

COSMO

Wow, Uncle Pete and whole gang.

ABIGAIL

My check wasn't big enough?

COSMO

It was plenty big. Just didn't like where the money came from.

ANTHONY

(to Russo)

Told you, boss, you should have let me put him down.

Russo nods as Cosmo makes his way to the table.

COSMO

(looks at blueprints)

With all that new money, guess you're bidding on the new gambling license.

ABIGAIL

I guess you haven't heard? Commission chose to undo their last vote. Granted a three-year extension on the old one.

COSMO

Must've cost you a pretty penny?

ABIGAIL

Didn't cost a cent. Dad was an awful businessman, but he --

ZIGGY

(clears throat)

-- Maybe it's not in our best interest?

ABIGAIL

Look at him. Who's gonna believe anything he says?

(to Cosmo)

Fortunately, my dad kept meticulous notes. Listed the date and amount of every politician he ever paid off.

COSMO

First murder, now extortion.

ABIGAIL

(to others)

Why don't you guys give us a minute.

The group, except Anthony, heads to a side room.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

You too, Anthony.

Leaving, Anthony glares at Cosmo with evil intentions.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

If you don't want more money, why are you here?

COSMO

Don't like being played.

ABIGAIL

(walks to her desk)

Everybody gets played sooner or later.

COSMO

(puts photos on desk)

Not me.

Abigail looks at the photos.

ABIGAIL

Hmm. Me and my mom.

COSMO

Wearing the same brooch you reported stolen the night of the murders.

ABIGAIL

They're beautiful, aren't they? I had two commissioned. One for me and one for her. Would you like to see the receipt?

(rips up photos)

Now if you don't mind, I'd like to get back to business.

She holds the shreds out for Cosmo. Not taking them, he turns to leave.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

If you come again, you best not miss.

COSMO

(turns back)

Oh, I'm gonna come at you again. And again. And again.

Just as Cosmo opens the door ...

ABIGAIL

Such a frightened little man.

Cosmo freezes, doesn't turn around.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Under all that toughness and confidence, J.R. was a paranoid scared little boy. He never let that gun out of his sight.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Slept with it under the pillow. Even showered with the door locked and it on the sink. Same gun they proved was the murder weapon. It's all there in the final police report. Complete with staff statements.

(lets it sink in)

Just in case you were thinking of taking your next punch from that direction.

Cosmo leaves. The others come out from the side room.

RUSSO

We got a problem.

ABIGAIL

Nothing I haven't handled before.

(to Anthony)

Still, maybe you should follow him.

INT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - AFTERNOON

Sam works behind the semi-crowded bar. Cosmo sits.

COSMO

She never flinched once. Didn't even deny the murders.

SAM

The perfect crime?

COSMO

There's always a slip-up. Something the criminal doesn't see coming. She's close, but not perfect.

Sam goes to serve a customer.

Soaked from the rain, a man in a high-end suit enters and looks around.

Sam notices him.

SAM

(urgency, low voice)

Cosmo ... Cosmo.

Cosmo looks. She points and mouths the words.

SAM (CONT'D)

That's the man.

Seeing Cosmo, the man walks up and hands him a thick envelope. He turns and walks out.

COSMO

Wait. Who? What?

The man leaves.

Sam looks out the window. Cosmo opens the envelope and takes out affidavits, a DVD and a handwritten letter.

SAM

He had a big limo waiting.

Sam notices Cosmo's eyes widen as he scans the documents.

SAM (CONT'D)

Anything?

COSMO

Something she could never have seen coming. We got any coffee back there?

Sam nods and heads back.

Anxious, Cosmo unfolds the handwritten note and reads.

J.R. (V.O.)

If you are reading this, I've been murdered and I'm sure you already know by whom. The first time I laid eyes on Abigail, I realized she was the woman of my dreams. I know that's hard to believe due to the fate of my other wives, but she was different. I adored her every move. Worshipped her every word. And became totally captivated by her guile.

SAM (O.S.)

You want cream? Sugar?

Cosmo shakes his head. Sam is called away.

J.R. (V.O.)

My whole life, I always made it a point to be the most powerful man in the room. Always in control. But, when it came to Abigail, I was just a poor hopeless soul. A rudderless ship.

Cosmo takes a sip of coffee.

J.R. (V.O.)

I knew she was planning to kill me, but I couldn't bring myself to even admit it, never mind stop her. Gotta admit, it was an ingenious plan. Killing her parents. Framing me.

Cosmo pauses to contemplate and take another sip.

J.R. (V.O.)

As time went on, I realized more and more how evil she really was. Her actions even made me cringe. Me. J.R. Baumann.

Cosmo's lips curl to a slight glimmer of a smile.

He looks up to see Sam reading the affidavits.

SAM

Are these real?

COSMO

They look it.

Sam is called away. Cosmo goes back to reading.

J.R. (V.O.)

There was one thing she didn't figure on, my ego. As much as I loved her, I hated to lose even more. Even from the grave. The DVD will give you all the answers you need. Did you really think I was gonna let anybody beat me? J.R.? Oh, the affidavits are confessions of my involvement in the murders of my second wife and your partner. Since everybody's dead, why not give credit where it's due.

Stunned, Cosmo looks up.

COSMO

(to Sam)

That security equipment in the back, it plays DVDs?

Sam nods, Cosmo takes the DVD and heads to the ...

BACK OFFICE

Cosmo slips the DVD in the machine, presses play.

INSERT SCREEN: A time-stamped video of a jet in a closed hangar with two men waiting by SUVs. The plane door opens. Abigail exits followed by Baumann.

BACK TO SCENE

At the bottom of the steps they kiss and head to different SUVs.

At her SUV, Abigail looks at her phone and gets Baumann's attention.

She shows him the phone. They argue. Baumann takes out his gun and hands it to a grateful Abigail.

They get in their respective SUVs. The hangar door rises. They leave. The door closes automatically behind them.

BACK TO SCENE

Cosmo stares, slack-jawed.

SAM (O.S.)  
Oscar winner?

COSMO  
(nods for her to play)  
Picture of the year.

As Sam watches the DVD, Cosmo opens the safe and takes out a .45 in an ankle holster.

He checks that the gun's loaded and straps it on.

SAM  
Fight plan said one passenger.

COSMO  
(checks his main gun)  
I forgot, he's got a pilot's license.

Cosmo ejects and takes the DVD.

SAM  
You're not gonna try to take her in yourself?

COSMO  
(passes Sam)  
Going to see Sue.

Cosmo leaves. Sam watches, deeply troubled.

EXT. SAM'S BAR AND GRILL - EVENING

Pounding rain. A car pulls up. Cosmo runs out of the door-well and gets in. They drive off.

Parked down the street, a car's lights go on. It pulls out and follows.

INT/EXT. SUE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Sue enters. She turns on the foyer light, puts her gun and keys on the table and walks to the darkened ...

LIVING ROOM

Sue goes to the wet bar. In the mirror, she sees Cosmo sitting in the darkness with the DVD on his lap.

SUE

Should have taken that key out from under the mat long ago.

(points to liquor)

You want one.

In the mirror, she sees Cosmo doesn't answer.

COSMO

Kylie and Bobby?

SUE

(takes a sip)

They're in college now. You missed a lot, Cosmo.

She sits opposite Cosmo.

COSMO

I'm gonna ask you just one time, did you put a halt on Mare's investigation?

SUE

I've already answered that a million times.

Cosmo holds up the envelope.

SUE (CONT'D)

You gonna make me guess?

COSMO

You gonna answer my question?

SUE

I told you that came from somebody with a much higher pay grade than me. I brought Mary into homicide. Loved her like a daughter.

(takes a sip)

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)

I understand you don't trust me anymore. I made a mistake and I'm paying the price. But I'm still the same person who was your partner. Your boss. And Your best friend.

Unsure, Cosmo waves the envelope as he contemplates.

COSMO

You have any suspicions besides Baumann?

SUE

You were the one who swore it was him.

COSMO

Abigail Wentworth?

SUE

The day I saw you at her office, I wasn't there to give my condolences. I was there because I had questions. She was so cool and calm. Not like somebody who just lost her parents. More like the cold-blooded killers we've both dealt with. My gut told me to pursue it, but I had nothing to go on.

Cosmo tosses the DVD on a confused Sue's lap.

COSMO

Now you do.

Unsure Sue gets up and puts the DVD in the machine.

MOMENTS LATER

Stunned, Sue clicks off the DVD and TV with the remote.

SUE

When we got there the whole system was scrubbed. Where'd you get this?

COSMO

You wouldn't believe me.

SUE

Try me.

COSMO

Seems our man, Baumann, was sending me clues all along.

Sue is dumbfounded.

A noise from the window startles them. Cosmo takes out his gun and looks out from the side of the window.

He sees Anthony running to his car in the pouring rain.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Anthony. She must have had him follow me.

SUE

Then she'll know we have it. I'll call the DA, let him know we're coming.

Cosmo nods. Sue leaves the room.

MOMENTS LATER

Cosmo is looking out the window as Sue reappears.

SUE (CONT'D)

He's gonna meet us at his office.

They leave.

INT. SUE'S SUV - MOVING - EVENING

Rain pounds the windshield as Sue drives with Cosmo as the passenger.

SUE

There's a rumor around that Baumann had a file on everybody he had his hooks into.

COSMO

Sounds like him.

SUE

You ever hear anything about that?

Cosmo shakes his head.

SUE (CONT'D)

I've been doing a lot of thinking lately.

Cosmo looks at Sue for more.

SUE (CONT'D)

I've decided I'm gonna resign. My career wasn't what I planned, but, hopefully, I did some good along the way. Once this case is over, I'm out.

Cosmo stares straight ahead, unsure of what to say.

SUE (CONT'D)

There's gonna be a big void in my life. I could sure use an old friend?

Hopeful, Sue looks to Cosmo and waits.

Cosmo's phone RINGS. He looks at it.

COSMO

(to Sue)

Charli.

(answers phone)

Yeah.

INT. ABIGAIL'S SUV - DRIVING - EVENING

On the phone, Abigail sits in the passenger seat of her SUV. Ziggy drives. In the rear seat, Russo holds a gun to a gagged, blindfolded and bound Charli.

ABIGAIL

After all we've been through, that's all I get? A yeah?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

COSMO

Where's Charli?

In the b.g., Sue becomes concerned.

ABIGAIL

She's a little too tied up to come to the phone. Heard you got a package today.

COSMO

I swear if you --

ABIGAIL

-- Oh, just shut up. You're not the one in charge here. This is how it's gonna go down. You're gonna bring the package to Russo's warehouse and I'm gonna bring your precious little miss chopsticks.

COSMO

How do I know she's not hurt?

ABIGAIL

You don't. The warehouse in an hour. You're not there, Sayonara.

Abigail hangs up, smiles sinisterly.

END INTERCUT

INT. SUE'S SUV - MOVING - EVENING

Stunned, Cosmo stares out the windshield. Sue looks on, concerned.

COSMO  
She's got Charli.

SUE  
(reaches for the radio)  
Where?

COSMO  
No, she sees a cop, she'll kill her. I  
gotta do this alone.

SUE  
You're not alone.

Cosmo hesitates and nods.

MOMENTS LATER - NEAR THE WAREHOUSE

The heavy rain and lightning continues. Sue pulls over a good distance from the abandoned-looking warehouse.

SUE (CONT'D)  
If Anthony's in there, you can bet those  
other two goons are someplace. You should  
get out here. I'll check the perimeter.

Cosmo opens the door. Sue grabs his arm.

SUE (CONT'D)  
Be careful.

Cosmo nods and leaves.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Cosmo approaches the warehouse door. He looks around.

Just as he goes to open the door, he hears a COMMOTION.

Gun out, he leans back to look around the corner.

Sue is handcuffing Vito to a pipe.

She gives Cosmo a thumbs up and disappears to the back.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Rain pelts the metal roof.

The lighting fixtures create a spotlight in the middle of the room. Lightning from outside illuminates the corners.

The door opens and Cosmo appears in silhouette. He scans the place carefully.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - REAR OF BUILDING - EVENING

Barry leans against a car, guarding the rear door.

He puts his rifle on the hood and takes out a cigarette.

As he lights it, he freezes. A 9mm pushes against his cheek and Sue appears behind him.

SUE (O.S.)

Let me see the hands.

Barry holds up his right hand. His left hand creeps toward his rifle.

SUE (CONT'D)

That left hand moves again, you're gonna be without the right side of your face.

After a moment of tension, Barry relents and puts both hands up.

SUE (CONT'D)

(puts a handcuff on one hand)  
Now handcuff yourself to the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EVENING

After checking around, Cosmo proceeds into the light.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

That's far enough. You know the drill.

Holding the DVD, Cosmo puts his hands up.

Through the flashes of lightning, Abigail, with her 9mm aimed, appears from the darkness flanked by Russo and Ziggy.

A door behind them also appears, indicating a back room.

Russo fleeces Cosmo.

COSMO  
Where's Charli?

Russo takes a gun from Cosmo's waist.

ABIGAIL  
In good time.

Russo nods to Abigail. He tries to take the DVD from Cosmo, but Cosmo pulls it away.

Abigail nods to Ziggy who heads to the back room.

COSMO  
Gotta admit, you're good. Right down to the bullet holes in your condo.

ABIGAIL  
Thank you. I take great pride in my work.

COSMO  
(waves DVD)  
Guess you didn't figure on this.

ABIGAIL  
Old bastard just wouldn't die.

COSMO  
And all that talk about finding your parents' killer?

ABIGAIL  
My parents? They never even knew they had a daughter. I was invisible to them. Then they went and ruined my inheritance.  
(gets loud and louder)  
That was my inheritance. My money. They had no right. They deserved to die.

Gagged and tied, Charli is pushed out of the darkness. She stumbles and falls. Gun aimed, Anthony follows.

Angered, Cosmo steps forward but freezes when a smirking Anthony aims at Charli head

Russo snatches the DVD and hands it to Abigail.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)  
(to Anthony)  
You can finish 'em off, now.

Anthony aims at a wide-eyed Charli.

COSMO

We had a deal?

ABIGAIL

Oh, Cosmo, you really are the good guy,  
aren't you? You think I was going to let  
you go and tell your story to the world?  
(to Anthony)  
Just get it over with.

Something gets Cosmo's attention.

COSMO

Better look behind you.

Anthony is unsure at first, then smiles.

COSMO (CONT'D)

I'd look.

Anthony and the others turn to see Sue approach with her  
gun aimed.

b.g. Ziggy returns with a thick folder.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Only problem with smart criminals, they  
get too cocky and become sloppy.

ABIGAIL

(smug smile)

Maybe.

Abigail signals Ziggy who hands Sue a large folder. Sue  
glances through it keeping her aim on Abigail.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

That's all of it. Everything he had on  
you.

Sue switches her aim to Cosmo, mouths the word "sorry."

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

I believe you know my casino's new head  
of security?

Cosmo is beside himself.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

(to Anthony)

Get a move on, Anthony, I gotta be  
someplace.

Anthony points his gun at a crying Charli's head.

ANTHONY

(to Cosmo)

You just can't win in this building, can you?

BANG! BANG! Anthony falls dead, shot by Sue.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Abigail turns and fells Sue.

Cosmo goes to the ground and pulls the .45 out of the ankle holster.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Abigail falls.

Cosmo snaps his aim to Russo and Ziggy, who are running out of the building, tail between their legs.

Cosmo runs up and takes off Charli's gag and ties.

COSMO

You okay?

Still emotional, Charli nods. A GASP gets their attention.

Cosmo hustles to a bleeding Sue. He holds and comforts her. Looking at her wounds, he becomes distressed.

Charli comes over. Cosmo's look tells her it's not good.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Just hang in there, you're gonna be okay.

SUE

(coughs, gasps)

You're not a good liar, Cosmo.

(panicked, coughs)

The file. I need the file.

Charli picks up the file and the loose papers from it.

COSMO

It's okay. We got it.

Charli hands the file to Cosmo, who hands it to Sue. She pushes it back to him.

SUE

Get rid of it for me?

Cosmo nods.

SUE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but I couldn't let my kids grow up with that out there.

COSMO

(tears flow)

It's okay. It's okay.

SUE

(coughs winces)

You never answered my question in the car.

COSMO

You already knew that answer.

The wail of SIRENS in the background gets Cosmo's attention. He looks at Sue, questioning.

SUE

(tries to smile)

I was worried how you're gonna get home.

Sue succumbs. A broken, crying Cosmo hugs her tightly. A solemn Charli looks on. The sirens get louder.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

Unsure, Cosmo stares at a tombstone ten feet away. He approaches tentatively.

COSMO

Hey, um, I was just at McGuire's service and I figured I'd stop by. You really should've seen it. Everything a hero like her deserved.

(hesitates)

Yeah, I know, she made a mistake, but don't be too hard on her up there. We all make 'em. God knows I have.

Cosmo puts his hand on the tombstone.

INSERT: Tombstone: "MARY ADAMS. Beloved mother and wife. Decorated hero. May 9, 1985 - June 16, 2017." A carving of a police badge and the department Medal of Honor.

BACK TO SCENE

Cosmo inhales, trying to hold back the tears.

COSMO (CONT'D)

We got him Mare. You were right all along  
and we got him.

He suddenly burst into a deluge of tears. He collapses to  
his knees and leans his head on the stone.

COSMO (CONT'D)

We can finally rest. It's over. It's  
really over.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD BAR - EVENING

Cosmo sits at the bar, preoccupied with the front door.

BARTENDER

And you got to keep that whole reward?

Cosmo nods.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

You get paid by the killer and then take  
down that same killer. That's crazy.

COSMO

Refill?

The bartender takes his soda gun and fills Cosmo's glass.

Cosmo's eyes widen when the Bully enters with his  
buddies. The bartender notices the reaction.

The Bully points to Cosmo and says something to his  
friends. They laugh and go to the other end of the bar.

BARTENDER

Don't pay him no mind.

COSMO

It's fine.

BULLY

(leans over the bar)

Yo, Cosmo, heard you solved a big case?

Reluctantly, Cosmo shakes his head.

BULLY (CONT'D)

Guess even a broken clock's right twice a  
day.

He and his friends get a big laugh.

BARTENDER

I can throw him out.

Cosmo waves off the bartender.

BULLY

Yo, Cosmo, you hear the one about --

Cosmo puts up a finger for the man to hold on a sec.

COSMO

Give me a bottle of your best.

Confused, the bartender does as said. Cosmo pays.

COSMO (CONT'D)

Keep the change.

Cosmo grabs the bottle by the neck like a club. He checks the weight.

Arm down his side, Cosmo works his way to the Bully.

Alerted by his friend, the Bully turns and sees Cosmo inches away.

Cosmo stares into the Bully's eyes.

BULLY

We were just tryin' to have a little fun.

Cosmo doesn't flinch as he continues his stare-down.

BULLY (CONT'D)

Come on, Cosmo, they were only jokes. We didn't mean anything by 'em.

Cosmo flips the bottle into the palm of his hand. The Bully snaps back in fear.

COSMO

No more.

Cosmo looks at the label. He puts the bottle on the bar.

COSMO (CONT'D)

On me. Enjoy.

Cosmo turns and heads out of the bar. A huge smile slowly grows on his face.