

HAVANA HOMICIDE

Written by

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Based on the novel Havana Homicide
A Carina Quintana Murder Mystery
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INT. SHABBY BAR - BROOKLYN DOCKS - NIGHT (OCTOBER 24, 1969)

Two Cuban men sit across a table, drinking. Bottles and glasses clink, salsa music wafts from a jukebox, pool balls clatter and men talk and argue and shout. ELOY QUINTANA is 50 but looks older. The other man is young and fit but not as well dressed. He holds a .22 pistol against the underside of the table, pointed at Eloy.

YOUNG MAN

You were going to tell me about the Bay of Pigs invasion. I've always wanted to hear about it from someone who was there.

Eloy waves away the request.

ELOY

Ancient history.

YOUNG MAN

It was only seven years ago.

ELOY

It seems like half a lifetime ago.

YOUNG MAN

Tell me, please, Senor Quintana.

Eloy frowns, shakes his head slowly.

ELOY

Have the girl make my next rum a double and I'll tell you about it.

The young man signals to one of the bartenders, then waits for Eloy to go on.

ELOY (CONT'D)

First of all, the invasion was doomed from the start. We had too little training, second world war planes, surplus equipment. We fought hard but we were volunteers facing a real army, and they had a good idea we would be coming. A disaster should have been foreseen.

The barmaid brings Eloy's rum, smiles at the young man, then turns back to Eloy.

BARMAID

Why don't you introduce me your new friend, popi?

ELOY

Maybe later, Allita, if you're good.

She turns up her nose and walks away.

YOUNG MAN

You were saying, a disaster should have been foreseen. But the leaders did not see it?

Eloy takes a sip of his drink, folds his arms on the table.

ELOY

Leaders? Fucking Harvard boys and politicians who couldn't plan their way out of this bar. So, we were defeated, many of us died in battle and, later, more died in front of Castro's firing squads.

YOUNG MAN

It was a big embarrassment for the United States.

ELOY

I am sure they teach you that part very well in Cuba.

Eloy pauses to light a cigarette.

ELOY (CONT'D)

Kennedy had to admit the U.S. was behind it. That strengthened Fidel and his fucking revolution, maybe even legitimized it, at least to some, perhaps to many.

YOUNG MAN

You are right about that. It did. To many.

Eloy scowls and downs more of his rum. They say nothing for a moment. Eloy drinks and smokes and the young man watches him, his finger moving on and off the trigger.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

But unlike many of the others, you made it back to tell this story.

ELOY

Those of us who survived the invasion and the executions were sentenced to 30 years in prison.

YOUNG MAN
And yet, here you are.

ELOY
Yes, here I am, not dead and not
behind rusty iron bars in Cuba.

YOUNG MAN
The prisoner exchange.

Eloy laughs, takes a drag on his cigarette.

ELOY
Some prisoner exchange. Money for
people. Money to keep Fidel's
fucking revolution alive.

YOUNG MAN
Forget about that. Tell me more
about the action, senior.

Eloy downs the rest of his drink and the young man signals
for another. Eloy shrugs.

ELOY
It was after midnight, April 17,
1962, when a landing craft dropped
us on the beach, me and one of my
platoons.

YOUNG MAN
You were an officer?

ELOY
I was in charge of a company, five
platoons, no big deal, especially
at my age. Anyway, it was deserted
on the beach. So far so good. But
then a Jeep full of Cuban militia
drove by.

YOUNG MAN
And saw you?

Eloy nods.

ELOY
I gave orders to open fire and they
took off, but I could see one of
them on a radio so I knew we
wouldn't be alone for long.
(MORE)

ELOY (CONT'D)

More landing craft were coming so and I left a few of my guys to make sure the others headed inland as soon as they hit the beach.

YOUNG MAN

When did the real fighting start?

ELOY

At sunrise. Cuban Air Force planes started attacking the landing craft that were still unloading more of our guys onto the beach. A lot of them were killed or wounded, right then and there, without ever firing a shot, and most of their equipment was lost. Our planes finally showed up to provide cover and some paratroopers were dropped in. But the fucking Cuban planes just kept coming.

The barmaid sets a fresh drink down in front of Eloy, turns on her heel and leaves. Eloy smiles.

ELOY (CONT'D)

Anyway, from then on it mostly got worse. We had a few small victories, made it pretty far inland, but that night a tank battle started and all hell broke loose. More of our guys were killed. By the next day we were all in retreat, under steady attack from the ground and from the air.

YOUNG MAN

How many Cuban soldiers did you kill?

ELOY

Personally, maybe six or seven, I don't know. They lost a lot more guys than we did but they started with more than us. And they had more heavy firepower.

Eloy takes a long swallow of his drink.

ELOY (CONT'D)

By the morning of the nineteenth they were hitting us with everything they had, artillery, tanks, infantry fire.

(MORE)

ELOY (CONT'D)

All we could do was head back to the beaches and pray someone would come for us.

YOUNG MAN

But they didn't?

ELOY

They tried. U.S. Navy ships finally showed up to get us the hell out of there, but the Cuban tank and artillery fire was too much for them. They had to turn around.

The young man moves his finger from the trigger guard back onto the trigger.

YOUNG MAN

That was the end?

Eloy grimaces, nods, swallows the rest of his drink.

ELOY

We were all captured. They pulled out a few of us and just shot them. The rest of us were carted off to Havana and thrown in jail. Like I said, it was a fucking disaster.

YOUNG MAN

Still, here many people think you are a hero. Of course, when you tell these heroic stories you leave out what it is you did in Cuba before the revolution.

Eloy stares at the young man through bleary eyes.

ELOY

What does it matter, what I did before I left Cuba?

The young man smiles.

YOUNG MAN

It matters to me, old man. You see, a few days before Christmas in 1958 you killed my father and my uncle.

Eloy's eyebrows rise and he leans forward in his chair.

ELOY

Who the fuck are you, really? Not Roberto Diaz, as you said. I knew no Diaz in Cuba.

YOUNG MAN

I am Ernesto Suarez, Jorge's son. And you are not only a traitor to the revolution but also a murderer, one who killed for money.

Ernesto steadies the gun against the bottom of the table and squeezes the trigger twice in rapid succession. The sound is muffled by the clamor around them but Eloy's face contorts as he looks down at the red mass spreading into his shirt. Ernesto stands and claps Eloy on the shoulder.

YOUNG MAN/ERNESTO SUAREZ

But luck runs out, old man.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Two women sit across a dinner table, talking. CARINA QUINTANA is forty, tall, athletic, striking, with very short, dark hair. She wears snug jeans, a silk blouse and little make-up. Her only jewelry is gold stud earrings, a crucifix necklace, a simple gold wedding band and an old Bulova watch.

ALICE MCKENZIE, her wife, is younger, smaller, pretty, with fair skin. Her chestnut hair is pulled back into a thick braid that reaches past her waist. She wears make-up, many diamond stud earrings, a tiny gold nose ring and a large diamond engagement ring beside a simple gold wedding band. A short, black dress reveals much of the tattoo that covers her back and left arm.

CARINA

The trip is coming up soon, we should talk about Havana.

ALICE

I know, I'm getting excited. A little nervous, too.

CARINA

I get it. I'm told to drink bottled water, that the police come only when you don't want them to and that our phones won't work there.

Alice wrinkles her nose.

ALICE

That's funny, about the police, but not so good about the phones. You know, it's how I do business.

CARINA

Oh, I know all right. You're on your iPhone advising every small business in America all day long.

ALICE

Not quite every one. And you'll need a phone, too. After all, the Fort Lauderdale police chief has to stay in touch with her department.

CARINA

Well, the good news is that you can rent a phone down there that should work cross-border.

ALICE

Should work?

Carina shrugs.

CARINA

We'll check it out when we get there and make sure we get good ones. And you don't have to come, you know. It's not going to be much of a vacation.

Alice reaches for Carina's hand across the table.

ALICE

I'm coming, full stop, end of story. I want to see it with you, before the developers turn it into the Bahamas, or Disney World.

Carina smiles.

CARINA

By the way, if you were wondering how it is for gay and lesbian tourists, I'm told it's usually not a problem but don't flaunt it.

ALICE

Then I don't think I want to know how it is for locals. It might make me not want to go. Not that life is great down there for anyone.

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

So, explain why the police chiefs
are having their conference there?

CARINA

The State Department encouraged it
in the spirit of normalization.
They're even picking up my expenses
for being the keynote speaker.
Famous crime writer and all that.

A server comes with a flute of champagne for Alice and a gin
and tonic for Carina. They thank him, pick up their glasses.

ALICE

To going to Cuba. Or in your case,
to visiting the old country.

Carina looks surprised.

CARINA

Hmm, I never really thought of it
as the old country. And I've never
been inclined to go before.

ALICE

I know. So why now? It's got to be
more than just wanting applause
from more of your fans, assuming
police chiefs read, of course.

CARINA

Funny. Actually, it's kind of a
long story.

ALICE

As you know, I've got all evening.

Carina sips her drink and stares at the glass for a moment
before answering.

CARINA

Going there was never an option
when I was growing up, of course,
and my grandparents were lucky to
get out when they did. It's opened
up now but I swore I'd never go
before the brothers were dead and
there was a democratic government.

ALICE

But only one of the Castros is dead
and there isn't a democratic
government yet. So, I'll ask again,
why now, sweetie?

Carina takes another sip of her drink.

CARINA

It has something to do with my paternal grandfather.

ALICE

Your grandfather? You've mentioned him once or twice but always never got to the good stuff.

CARINA

What makes you think there's good stuff?

Alice smiles.

ALICE

I kind of assumed it from the way you hinted at things about him. Now out with it, Quintana.

Carina sighs, then leans in, her arms folded on the table.

CARINA

Fine. What have I told you?

ALICE

Just that he ran some kind of club in Havana and that he got out right before Castro took over.

Carina takes a deep breath.

CARINA

It was a casino that my *abuelo*, Eloy Quintana, ran, for some Americans. Before my father died he finally told me about Eloy. He ran the casino until the day he left, when the Americans decided to bail. They got a boat and brought out a bunch of their people, including my grandparents and my father, who was twelve then. They also managed to take a million dollars in cash out with them.

ALICE

Real money back then.

Carina smiles. The server brings a wine list, she looks it over briefly.

CARINA
The Acacia Pinot Noir, please.

WAITER
I'll be right back with that.

CARINA
Anyway, it wasn't long before Eloy
had a bungalow in Miami Beach and
was managing Hialeah Park.

ALICE
Hang on, a casino in Havana and a
race track here in Florida. Just
who were those Americans?

Carina leans in closer and lowers her voice.

CARINA
The Trafficantes and Bonannos.

ALICE
Big time mafia families, right?

CARINA
Some of the biggest.

ALICE
So your grandfather was mobbed up.

Carina leans back, laughs.

CARINA
He had *organized crime connections*.
Being Cuban meant he was never in,
he was just an employee.

ALICE
Yeah, right, just an employee.

Alice finishes her champagne.

CARINA
It's true.

ALICE
If you say so, officer. But
whatever you call it, it's still
pretty cool. My grandfather sold
insurance. So, I finally know where
your bad girl streak comes from.

CARINA
Bad girl streak?

ALICE

Oh, come on, sweetie. I wasn't attracted to you because you sold insurance. You realize that, right?

CARINA

Okay but I'm a cop, not a gangster.

ALICE

Whatever. Anyway, so there he is, your grandfather, in Miami, still working for the mob. And next?

The server brings the wine, opens it for Carina to taste, pours two glasses, hands them dinner menus and leaves.

CARINA

A couple of years later he went back to Cuba to fight in the Bay of Pigs invasion.

ALICE

Wow! And God bless the History Channel or Nat Geo or whichever one had a show about it, since I only vaguely remember it from school.

CARINA

I'm sure it was a bigger deal in the schools down here than up north. So what do you remember?

Alice takes a sip of wine, then squints and rests her chin on her hands.

ALICE

Let's see, that an army of Cuban émigrés tried to get rid of Castro and failed miserably. Oh, and since your grandfather obviously wasn't killed in the invasion, he must have gone to jail and then got sent back in the prisoner exchange.

CARINA

Very good. He spent a year-and-a-half in jail before JFK put together a deal, which his people claimed at the time was made by private parties.

ALICE

I remember that. No one believed it and the whole thing was a major embarrassment for Kennedy. Plus, it opened Cuba to Soviet influence.

CARINA

Hence the Cuban missile crisis.

ALICE

Right, although that was a different show.

Carina laughs.

CARINA

Anyway, the Hialeah people kept sending money to my grandma while he was gone and gave him his job back when he got home.

ALICE

Generous of them.

CARINA

Those guys were considered heroes around here. Anyway, nothing momentous happened after that until my grandma died, in 1965. By then my father was in college up at NYU so my grandpa moved up to New York.

ALICE

Makes sense.

Carina finishes her drink.

CARINA

He wound up running numbers on the docks in Brooklyn, where a lot of Cuban émigrés worked. My dad worked in management at a chemical company in the area after he graduated. They didn't really get along so he would try to avoid his father, but one day he ran into him making his numbers rounds in the factory.

ALICE

Awkward.

CARINA

My father said they had a shouting match and Eloy took a swing at him before it was over.

ALICE

Did your father swing back?

Carina shakes her head.

CARINA

Apparently, my father wasn't the tough guy my grandfather was.

ALICE

I understand it skips a generation.

CARINA

Ha-ha-ha.

Both women sip their wine.

ALICE

Running numbers was the illegal version of the lottery, right?

CARINA

More or less. My dad told me that Eloy also did odd jobs for the Bonannos, for extra cash.

ALICE

He didn't happen to say what kind of odd jobs, did he?

CARINA

No, but I doubt my parents really knew the details anyway.

ALICE

Your grandfather died before you were born, right?

CARINA

Right, in 1969.

ALICE

How did he die?

CARINA

My father wouldn't tell me and when I pressed my mother later all she would say was that he was a hero and I should leave it at that.

ALICE

And you did what your mother asked?

Carina smiles.

CARINA

Not exactly. Why don't we order dinner and then I'll tell you all about it.

Carina beckons the server. He comes to the table, smiles.

WAITER

I'd ask if you have any questions about the menu, ladies, but you probably know it at least as well as I do by now.

Alice smiles.

ALICE

Any specials tonight, Kyle?

WAITER

Just the whole Maine lobster, done to your specs.

ALICE

Pass. I think I'll go for the grilled snapper and wild rice.

WAITER

Good choice. Ms. Quintana?

CARINA

Believe it or not, the same for me, but with a side of sauteed green beans instead of the rice, please.

WAITER

You got it. Anything else?

They both shake their heads.

ALICE

So, you were saying?

CARINA

Back when I was on the job in New York I did some looking through the NYPD archives and found a police report from 1969. It turns out he was murdered, at a bar in Red Hook in Brooklyn, down near the docks.

Alice's back stiffens.

ALICE

Oh my God!

CARINA

And it's unsolved to this day. There wasn't much in the file, just some witness statements and a coroner's report that said he was shot in the stomach and bled out. I didn't know more until today.

ALICE

You looked into it today? Why?

Carina sighs.

CARINA

I guess because we're going to Cuba it's been on my mind. Anyway, I went online to see if I could find the detective who handled the case.

ALICE

He must be dead by now.

CARINA

Eighty and very much alive, lives in Boca. Retired from the NYPD in 1995 and became a security consultant. He drove down to Fort Lauderdale and I met him for coffee at a Starbucks near work.

ALICE

And he remembered the case?

Carina nods.

CARINA

It was his first as lead detective, said it was the days of close it fast or move on and they couldn't close it fast so they moved on. But he said he had his suspicions about the killer based on interviews with people who knew where he'd worked, but they couldn't take the time to follow up.

ALICE

Follow up on what?

CARINA

Whether the killer might have come up from Cuba to do the job.

INT. CASINO - HAVANA - NIGHT (DECEMBER 20, 1958)

Finely-dressed pre-Christmas revelers fill the Art Deco interior of the Regla d'Oro casino. A tuxedo-clad Eloy Quintana walks the floor, keeping an eye on the gamblers, as well as the employees. He pauses at a high stakes blackjack table. A player, an American man, gets up and walks to the cashier cage carrying a rack of chips. Eloy follows him.

ELOY

You did quite well tonight, Mr. Stark. That makes twice this week.

STARK

When the cards are hot you have to take advantage.

ELOY

That's true, of course, but then they're always hot when your brother-in-law is dealing them from the bottom of the shoe.

STARK

How dare you insinuate--

ELOY

I'm not insinuating anything, just stating facts. Unless you're not married to the dealer's sister and it's a stranger helping you out.

Stark looks uncomfortable, tugs at his collar.

STARK

Think what you want. I'm going to cash in my chips and leave.

Stark slides the rack to the cage clerk. Eloy shakes his head at her. She takes the rack and walks away.

STARK (CONT'D)

Hey, look here you bitch, there's over seven thousand dollars there!

ELOY

Tell you what, Stark.

Stark turns to face Eloy. He is sweating.

ELOY (CONT'D)

Walk away now, never come back, and
I won't kill your brother-in-law.

Stark glances at the high stakes blackjack table. A new dealer has taken over and casino security guards are leading his brother in-law away.

STARK

He has a wife and kids, a new baby.

ELOY

And yet he helped you do this
stupid, stupid thing.

Stark's eyes lock on Eloy.

STARK

You must be Quintana.

Eloy nods. Stark is shaking.

STARK (CONT'D)

Jesus. Okay, if I walk out now you
swear you won't kill him?

ELOY

I won't kill him.

Stark leaves quickly. Eloy walks to the employees' locker room. A sign says **Steal from us and it will be the last thing you ever do.** The dealer sits, straddling a bench that divides two rows of lockers. The security guards stand over him. Eloy comes closers, speaks softly to the dealer.

ELOY (CONT'D)

I promised your brother-in-law I
would not kill you despite what it
says on that sign.

Eloy gets a large mallet out of a locker. The dealer's eyes widen in panic and he tries to get up. One of the guards holds him down and another pins his wrists to the bench.

ELOY (CONT'D)

However, stealing from us will be
the last thing you ever do with
your hands.

Eloy raises the mallet and smashes it down on the back of the man's right hand. He screams in agony. Eloy does not stop until the hand is mangled and bloody, then moves on to the other hand. When Eloy is done, the dealer tumbles to the floor, unconscious. Eloy turns to the guards.

ELOY (CONT'D)

Get this piece of shit out of here.

He leaves the bloody mallet and goes outside through a side door. Warm mist is falling. He walks down the street, stops to light a cigarette and is joined by ANTHONY CONIGLIARO. Older, taller and stockier than Eloy, with thinning hair, Conigliaro wears a gray wool suit.

CONIGLIARO

It's crappy out and Castro's up in the hills, waiting. I'm amazed anyone's here but it's fucking busy. The last hurrah, maybe?

ELOY

That's probably it, boss.

Conigliaro pauses, lights a cigarette, blows out smoke.

CONIGLIARO

Look, the fellas up in New York said to have a Christmas party for the senior staff. Tomorrow night. You're invited and bring your wife and kid. Wear your tux and tell your wife to dress up. There'll be a band, we'll have a few drinks, something to eat, then go for a boat ride, north. Bring anything important you can carry so long as it doesn't look like you're carrying anything important.

Eloy takes the last drag from his cigarette, tosses the butt, turns to Conigliaro and raises an eyebrow. Conigliaro shrugs.

CONIGLIARO (CONT'D)

Word is Castro'll finally be here by New Year's. We figure we oughta get out while the gettin's still good. Hey, all good things gotta end, right? Sorry for the short notice but, you know, the less time for word to get around the better.

Conigliaro drops his cigarette, crushes it with his shoe.

CONIGLIARO (CONT'D)

One other thing. There's a piece of last minute cleaning up needs to be done, before the party.

Conigliaro hands Eloy a note and walks away, his head down and his hands in his pockets. Eloy watches until his boss's gray suit blends into the rainy mist, then goes back inside.

INT. FT. LAUDERDALE POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Carina, in jeans and an FLPD golf shirt, enters the office of her deputy, MANUEL SOLANO. Paunchy and 50, wearing khakis and a sport shirt, Solano looks up from his desk.

CARINA

I hear you caught a strange one
this morning, Manny.

SOLANO

I thought you'd show up there.

CARINA

My meeting with the mayor ran late.
What did I miss?

SOLANO

Victim's name is Barry Chomsky,
thirty-five, single, financial
advisor at a firm over on East Las
Olas Boulevard. COD was one to the
chest and two to the head. No one
heard the shots.

CARINA

The silencer and the kill pattern
suggests pro.

SOLANO

I agree, but here's where it gets
strange. The guy sat there in the
reception area for a while before
going in to kill Chomsky.

Carina sits down in a chair facing Solano's desk.

CARINA

Okay, so the silencer and shot
pattern suggest pro but sitting and
waiting like that, not so much.

SOLANO

Receptionist didn't recognize the
guy but said he had an appointment
with Chomsky, whose calendar just
said *new client*.

CARINA
Not very helpful.

Solano puts on reading glasses, flips through a note pad.

SOLANO
Killer was Latino, thirties, trim, dark hair, well dressed, carrying a laptop case. At ten the victim comes out to get the guy and takes him to his office. A few minutes later the guy walks out alone and leaves, cool, calm and collected. Colleague goes to see if Chomsky wants coffee, finds him dead.

CARINA
Video surveillance in the building?

SOLANO
Lobby, elevators and stairways, plus the firm's reception area.

CARINA
Okay, keep me posted. Oh, and how do you feel about joining me at a police chiefs conference in Havana?

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - HAVANA - DAY (DECEMBER 21, 1958)

BENITA QUINTANA, 37, curvaceous, with a darker complexion than Eloy, Eloy and their son leave church on Sunday morning. She wears a modest shift and a hat. He wears a suit and the boy wears his school clothes. They walk to an apartment building.

ELOY
You two go upstairs. There's something I need to take care of.

Benita narrows her gaze, looks up at him.

BENITA
Now, on a Sunday?

ELOY
Sorry, *amorcito*. It's important.

BENITA
You'll be back in time for the party, though?

ELOY

Long before.

Eloy walks to a Chevy sedan parked down the street. He drives out of the city, onto narrow roads that hug the sea, and parks on the sandy shoulder near an unusual formation of pineapple palms. He removes his shoes and socks and rolls up his pants, then takes a pistol from the glove box.

Eloy walks toward the shore. Two men sit on lawn chairs, fishing. Eloy watches as JORGE and LUIS SUAREZ, fat men in their late 30s, their backs to him, drink beer and argue. As Eloy approaches, Jorge gestures to his brother. Both men turn and Eloy stops close to where they sit.

LUIS SUAREZ

From that suit you're wearing I'd
say you're not at the beach to fish
with us, Quintana.

There is a cooler next to Luis's chair and he slowly reaches for the boning knife that sits on top of it.

LUIS SUAREZ (CONT'D)

We have no cash with us so if
that's what you came for you're
going to be disappointed.

Eloy raises his gun, aims at Luis' face and fires. Luis's head jerks back, he tumbles to the sand. Eloy turns to Jorge.

ELOY

I didn't come here for cash.

Jorge sits frozen in his chair, his eyes following Eloy as he comes closer and holds the gun inches from Jorge's forehead.

ELOY (CONT'D)

Garcia rods, Ambassador reels.
Expensive, well cared for. You
should have taken better care of
your brother, not told him to stiff
the Regla d'Oro for so much money.

Eloy pulls the trigger. Jorge's head snaps backward but he remains in the chair. Eloy buries the gun in the sand, uses some to clean and dry his hands, takes a cold beer from the cooler and walks back to his car.

INT. CARINA'S OFFICE - MORNING (PRESENT DAY)

DET. CRAIG KURTZ, 40, tall and trim, and SGT. SHERRY MAYBRY, 35, doughy, with teased blond hair, enter Carina's office.

Both wear jeans and sport shirts. They set papers and coffee mugs down on the small conference table and sit. Carina, who was working at her desk, joins them.

CARINA

So, anything new on Chomsky?

KURTZ

Not much yet, but he did get a call a few days ago from a number that comes back to a burner phone.

CARINA

Which you think may be the killer?

KURTZ

Could be. Chomsky's friends swear he never used drugs so it probably wasn't a dealer. We have someone trying to trace the phone back to a point of sale.

CARINA

I'd be surprised if that gets you anywhere. No hits on the prints?

Kurtz sighs, rubs his hands together.

KURTZ

No hits on the prints and we've searched multiple databases. And we haven't been able to find the gun. Unis showed the killer's picture to everyone who works in Chomsky's building or within a couple of blocks of there. Offices, shops, restaurants. No one recognized him.

CARINA

Okay, other than that phone call, have you found out anything else about Chomsky, why someone might have wanted him dead?

MAYBRY

We haven't looked at his finances yet but he flew up to LaGuardia one or two Friday nights every month and he always took a car service straight to Atlantic City.

CARINA

So, he was a gambler. Do we know where he played, whether he lost big, whatever?

MAYBRY

He always played at a casino called the Golden Rule. Web site says it caters to a high-end crowd, with lots of high stakes tables.

CARINA

So, what, maybe he owed the Golden Rule money and he couldn't pay?

KURTZ

As Sherry said, we're going to look at his bank records and talk to the Jersey gaming people, see what they can tell us about the Golden Rule.

CARINA

Okay, but let's not put all our eggs in one basket. He was a financial advisor, right? Find out if there are funds missing from any of his clients' accounts.

INT. CARINA'S OFFICE - EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

Carina, Kurtz and Maybry are back at Carina's table.

KURTZ

It's not looking like Chomsky owed the Golden Rule money. He was loaded for a young guy. Owns his condo, his car, has big bank balances, no overdue bills. And he hasn't had to cover large losses from savings or investments.

CARINA

No other bad habits?

MAYBRY

Everyone we talked to said he could be abrasive but that's not exactly a reason to kill someone.

Carina and Kurtz smile.

CARINA

Well, he managed to piss someone off enough to kill him. Move on to his clients' accounts but let's not take our eye off that casino yet. A professional hit is more likely to lead back to a casino than a client, even if gambling losses somehow weren't the issue.

KURTZ

Speaking of which, a Jersey gaming commission guy named Tom Maggio's supposed to call me at six.

Carina glances at her old Bulova.

CARINA

Just enough time to get coffee.

They get coffee in the break room. When they return to the table, Kurtz's iPhone rings. He puts the call on speaker.

KURTZ

Thanks for calling me back, Tom. I'm here with Chief Quintana and Sergeant Sherry Maybry. Guys, this is Tom Maggio. Tom investigates applicants for gaming licenses.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Good to sorta meet all of you. What can I do for you folks?

Carina nods at Kurtz who puts his elbows on the table and leans in closer to the phone.

KURTZ

We had a murder down here a couple days ago, Tom, and our victim has a connection with a casino up there called the Golden Rule.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Really? The Golden Rule? What kind of connection?

KURTZ

Just as a regular player, as far as we know.

CARINA

What were you expecting, Tom?

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Oh, nothing specific, but with them you never know. I reviewed their original application and liaise with their execs. Best paperwork I've ever seen and they never seem to have any problems. In a way I wish they were all like that.

CARINA

In a way. Why do I feel like there's a *but* coming, Tom?

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Yeah, well, *but* we've always had our suspicions about them and I've always thought there was more going on over there than meets the eye, not that we can prove it.

CARINA

Is that why you reacted the way you did to the word *connection*?

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Yeah, it is. But before I say any more, why don't you tell me why you're so interested if your victim was just a player over there?

Carina smiles, then nods at Kurtz.

KURTZ

The killer's M.O. says it was a professional hit and pro hitter plus casino equals something worth looking into.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

He owe them money?

CARINA

We're not sure yet.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

All right. Look, the Golden Rule's one of the few recent success stories in Atlantic City. What with the recession a few years ago and all the Native American casinos, especially in New England, AC's really taken a hit. Golden Rule seems to be riding it out better than most.

(MORE)

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

Could be they're just lucky or
could be they're just as totally
friggin' smart as they make
themselves out to be, or it could
be something else.

Kurtz glances at Carina and Maybry and shrugs.

KURTZ

What is it, a bunch of Harvard
professors, Tom?

MAGGIO (V.O.)

You're not far off. It's a bunch of
rich entrepreneur types, fancy
business school grads who made
bundles selling start-up companies
with funny names or whatever the
hell those people do.

CARINA

Then why the suspicions?

There is a pause and they can hear Maggio breathing.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

One of the geniuses, the lead guy,
actually, has some old-fashioned
family connections.

CARINA

Which is why you said it could be
luck or smarts or *something else*?

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Yeah, pretty much. We vetted it
very carefully and nothing says any
bad guys are involved. It's just
that they're smarter than we are so
we're always wondering what we're
missing. But I'd hate to create a
problem for this guy just because
of who his uncles and cousins are.

CARINA

I understand and we'll be discreet.
Who is it, Tom?

Maggio hesitates.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

You'll keep this quiet, right?

CARINA

We will.

MAGGIO

You might've heard of him. Tyler Conigliaro.

Carina, Kurtz and Maybry glance at each other, looks of surprise on their faces.

CARINA

That's like asking if we've heard of Elon Musk or Mark Zuckerberg. But I've never heard about him having those kinds of connections.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Would you advertise it? Anyway, Tyler's granddad was in charge of the Bonannos' gambling operations in Cuba back in the day. They ran a casino and nightclub in Havana for years, pre-Castro. After that, he was a big man in New York.

KURTZ

But nothing more recent?

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Tyler's late father was a lawyer with a few interesting clients but we couldn't find any connection to his son's businesses.

CARINA

Okay, so the Golden Rule could turn out to be a red herring after all. Look, we've taken enough of your time already, Tom. Thanks.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

No problem. But, ah, listen, chief, can I get a minute of your time, separately?

Carina looks at the others, shrugs, and gives Maggio her cell number. Kurtz ends the call and he and Maybry leave. Seconds later Carina's iPhone rings and she answers.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

I wanted to ask you something, chief, but I didn't want to do it in front of anyone else.

CARINA

Ah, okay.

MAGGIO

Excuse me if I'm not being PC enough here but since your name's Quintana and you're there in South Florida I figure there's a decent chance your family's from Cuba.

CARINA

They are, although I was born here.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Okay. Any chance you happened to have a grandfather or maybe an uncle named Eloy Quintana?

Carina's eyes widen.

CARINA

He was my paternal grandfather.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Did you know he ran a casino in Havana back in the day?

CARINA

I know a little about it, yes.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Did you know it was called the Regla d'Oro?

The surprise grows on Carina's face.

CARINA

Which is Golden Rule in Spanish. No, I didn't know that.

MAGGIO (V.O.)

Then you probably didn't know that his boss was the guy I mentioned, Anthony Conigliaro, Tyler's grandfather.

EXT. ROWBOAT - HAVANA HARBOR - NIGHT (DECEMBER 21, 1958)

A wiry old man rows the boat. Eloy, his wife and son sit close together on the back seat. The lights of Havana recede behind them. Only darkness lies ahead. Eloy turns to Benita.

ELOY

I'm sorry I couldn't tell you about this sooner, *amorcita*.

BENITA

When I saw you put on the cummerbund with the money sewn inside, I knew. You hate that one.

Eloy smiles, gently kisses her.

ELOY

It's uncomfortable, much too stiff.

Benita pats his cummerbund.

BENITA

But still an excellent choice.

Eloy points ahead and a tail light comes into view.

ELOY

There, look, a boat!

The oarsman turns to look, continues rowing. They hear muffled voices as they approach a cabin cruiser. The rowboat pulls alongside and Anthony Conigliaro comes to the rail. He reaches out and helps Benita onto the deck. Eloy follows, then the boy scrambles out of the rowboat.

CONIGLIARO

Welcome aboard! Bar's in the cockpit. Make yourselves at home.

At a makeshift bar Eloy pours Havana Club rum into two cups and takes a bottle of Coke for the boy. The Quintanas mingle with the Americans on the aft deck. Conigliaro joins them.

CONIGLIARO (CONT'D)

We can thank one of our Miami friends for the use of his boat. He says it was built in the same yard as Hemingway's fishing boat, but who knows? Anyway, this tub's new so no carving your initials into the wood or any shit like that.

There is nervous laughter.

CONIGLIARO (CONT'D)

One more rowboat trip and we'll be on our way. Captain says it'll be seven or eight hours to Key West.

(MORE)

CONIGLIARO (CONT'D)

I figure I'll be drunk and passed out by then. You're welcome to join me.

Conigliaro goes to the cockpit. The last passengers arrive and the boat gets underway. Most people sit or lie down on the deck. Eloy watches over Benita and his son and eventually dozes off. When he wakes up the coastline of Key West is gliding past. He rouses Benita and his son.

ELOY

We're here, Key West, look.

The boat enters a marina and docks. Conigliaro invites Eloy into the cabin and hands him a thick envelope.

CONIGLIARO

That's for the Suarez brothers job yesterday, and a few other things. Get yourself up to Miami, lay low, give me a couple of months, then start checking the Western Union office downtown for messages.

Eloy nods and pockets the envelope. They shake hands. He, Benita and the boy get off the boat, walk out of the marina.

FADE OUT.

INT. WESTERN UNION OFFICE - MIAMI - DAY (FEBRUARY 9, 1959)

Eloy is second in line. When it is his turn, he asks the clerk for messages and is handed a note with a phone number. He goes to a phone booth and dials it.

CONIGLIARO (V.O.)

Yeah?

ELOY

It's me.

CONIGLIARO

You have a car?

ELOY

I bought one in Key West.

CONIGLIARO (V.O.)

Good. Drive up to Hialeah Park race track in the morning. You're the new manager.

ELOY
Of a race track? What do I know
about horses?

Conigliaro laughs.

CONIGLIARO (V.O.)
It's not the horses I'm worried
about. It's the people.

EXT. BALCONY OF CARINA AND ALICE'S OCEANFRONT CONDO - MIAMI
BEACH - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

The sun has just come up. Carina sits at a bistro table, a laptop open in front of her. She wears gym shorts and a tank top. The door opens and Alice, wearing only a skimpy tee-shirt, steps outside.

ALICE
What are you doing working so early
on a Saturday morning, sweetie?

CARINA
What are you doing up so early,
period? This could be a first.

ALICE
And probably a last. I was hoping
you'd come back to bed with me.

Carina turns around in her chair and they kiss.

CARINA
Tell you what. You go get some more
sleep and I'll join you as soon as
I finish what I'm doing.

ALICE
Tell you what. I'll sit here and
help you finish what you're doing
and then drag you back inside.

Alice sits down across from Carina, who smiles, shrugs and looks down at her computer screen.

CARINA
I've been trying to figure out who
would want to kill Barry Chomsky.
Professional hit or not, murder
always comes down to money or a
sour relationship, or both. But
so far we haven't found either.

ALICE

Look harder.

CARINA

Really? You're a management consulting guru and that's your best advice?

ALICE

Uh-huh. Stick with what you know. If it's always money or a falling out you're better off totally beating the crap out of those, even if you think you already have, before moving on.

CARINA

Okay, so what aren't I seeing?

Alice goes inside, brews a mug of coffee for Carina. When she returns, Carina looks up from her computer.

CARINA (CONT'D)

I think I found something.

ALICE

That was quick.

Carina picks up the mug, drinks some coffee.

CARINA

Not exactly. I've already looked at all this stuff three times. But I followed your advice and looked at everything again. This chart I'm looking at, again, ranks how each of the financial advisors did for their clients. Good coffee by the way.

ALICE

Da nada. You were saying. Chart, clients, ranks.

CARINA

According to this, Chomsky's overall results are about average, but I finally noticed that a few of his clients had really large variances from the average, more than any of the other advisors. I need to call the head of that firm.

ALICE

This early on a Saturday morning?

Carina shrugs, picks up her iPhone and dials a number.

CARINA

This is Chief Quintana of Fort Lauderdale PD. I'm sorry to bother you so early but I've been looking at the material you sent us and I have a question. It's important.

FIRM PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Fine, great, what is it?

CARINA

What can you tell me about the rate of return variances for some of Chomsky's clients?

FIRM PRESIDENT (V.O.)

You noticed that? Okay, so, some clients are looking for higher returns and are willing to take higher risks to get them. For those we'll develop strategies with higher upside potential and explain the risks involved. A few of Barry's clients invested in those kinds of things. All but one of them did really well, I think, but one kind of tanked.

CARINA

I need the names of the clients who had the big variances.

FIRM PRESIDENT (V.O.)

I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist on a warrant before I can give you those, Chief Quintana.

CARINA

You'll have it Monday morning.

Carina puts down her phone.

ALICE

All done?

Carina nods, Alice smiles and takes her hand.

ALICE (CONT'D)

In that case, I'm taking you back
to bed with me.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - FORT LAUDERDALE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Solano watches from the lobby as Carina parks her late-model Corvette among the police vehicles and black SUVs already there. She walks to the entrance, wearing jeans and a silk tee-shirt. Two men in suits, with earpieces, stand in the lobby. She ignores them, greets Solano.

CARINA

What's going on, Manny?

Solano leads her to the elevators, waits until they are inside one to answer.

SOLANO

Readyject Inc has offices here. You might recognize it from the news.

CARINA

I do and what I recall isn't good.

SOLANO

Which is why the board was meeting on a Saturday. Victim is Catherine Waters, thirty-two, founder, CEO and chairman. A former Secretary of State is on the board.

CARINA

Thereby explaining the security detail. Okay.

SOLANO

Anyway, a half hour into the meeting a well-dressed Latin guy comes in, puts one nine mill in Waters' chest and two in her head and walks out.

Carina turns to face Solano.

CARINA

The same guy as Chomsky?

SOLANO

Maybe, maybe not. Kurtz looked at security video but he wasn't a hundred percent sure.

CARINA

Let's show this guy's photo to the people in Chomsky's office.

Solano nods, takes out a pad and pen, makes a note. The elevator door opens and they step out into Readyject's reception area. Two cops and two more men in suits are there. Solano leads Carina to the board room. They stop outside it.

CARINA (CONT'D)

You find the gun?

SOLANO

On the stairway, couple of floors down. Glock 19. One in the chamber and eight left in the clip.

CARINA

Which holds fifteen. If he fired three here, either he didn't fill the clip or he fired three more somewhere else.

SOLANO

Let's hope he didn't fill the clip. As for how he got in, he's on video walking through the garage downstairs an hour before Waters was killed and leaving the same way right after the murder.

CARINA

Why weren't any of the security people up here?

Solano rolls his eyes.

SOLANO

Apparently they checked the room and this floor before the meeting and then went to watch all the entrances to the building.

Carina shakes her head slowly.

CARINA

Only the guy was already inside.

Solano nods, then gestures at the board room entrance, two wood-paneled doors, each with a door handle.

SOLANO

Killer tied the handles together with wire when he left.

(MORE)

SOLANO (CONT'D)

It was probably a good thing since it kept anyone from trying to play hero. Someone inside had to phone the guards to report the murder and get the doors open.

CARINA

So while the killer was getting away the security people were on their way up here. Wonderful.

SOLANO

There's one other thing. Waters' iPhone buzzed right before the killer came into the room. I'm told all the color went out of her face when she saw whatever it was.

CARINA

Have you seen it?

Solano shakes his head.

SOLANO

Phone locked itself before anyone could get to it. And it's set up so you need the Touch ID plus a code to unlock it so we can't just hold her thumb against it.

CARINA

Great. Any more good news?

Solano shakes his head and opens the door. They enter a large, well-appointed room with a view of the ocean. Catherine Waters' body, on the floor in one corner but blocked from view by chairs, is being processed by the ME.

Kurtz sits at one end a conference table interviewing the former Secretary of State. Maybry sits at the other end speaking with another board member. The others are clustered at the windows, talking quietly and drinking coffee.

CARINA (CONT'D)

Excuse me everyone. I'm Chief Quintana of the Fort Lauderdale Police Department. I realize that you've all been through a terrible experience and that you'd rather not be hanging around here. But it's very important that we speak with each of you. We'll try to keep it as brief as possible. Thank you for your cooperation.

Carina and Solano leave and walk down a hallway to an exceptionally well-equipped break room.

SOLANO

Just slightly nicer than ours.

Carina smiles.

CARINA

You mean because ours doesn't have pool tables, foosball tables, video games or this view?

SOLANO

Something like that.

Carina pours coffee for them and gets pound cake from a vending machine whose contents are free.

SOLANO (CONT'D)

Don't tell me that's lunch.

CARINA

Alice and I were starting to eat when Kurtz called me about this.

SOLANO

Ah. In case you didn't know, Readyject makes a device to replace syringes for people who have to self-inject, like diabetics. It's made on a 3D printer and has the medicine already inside. Touch it to your skin and the medicine shoots in, no pain.

Carina gives him a questioning look.

SOLANO (CONT'D)

I looked it up online.

CARINA

Very cool, but I read they can't get it to work consistently.

SOLANO

Which is why deals that Readyject had with health insurance companies and hospitals are unraveling and the FDA's on her case. The SEC's been snooping around, too, since none of that stopped Waters from playing it down and soliciting more venture capital funding.

CARINA
Which is why the board was meeting
on a Saturday?

Solano nods.

CARINA (CONT'D)
Well, if an angry investor wanted
Waters out, they got their wish.

Carina finishes her cake and coffee.

CARINA (CONT'D)
You know, I'll bet Tyler Conigliaro
gets off on this sort of thing.

SOLANO
I hadn't thought about that.

CARINA
Get a list of Readyject's investors
and let's see if any familiar names
pop up.

EXT. WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - FORT LAUDERDALE - NIGHT (PRESENT
DAY)

Alice sits at the bar drinking champagne. She wears a dress
and heels. Carina arrives wearing the clothes she wore at the
Catherine Waters murder scene. She kisses Alice, sits down.

CARINA
Sorry it took so long, babe.

ALICE
Not a problem. So, who died?

CARINA
A woman named Catherine Waters. She
was the--

ALICE
What? Holy shit! I know exactly who
she was. The high-tech girl wonder
who was supposed to be the next big
thing except they were having
trouble making her injection thing
actually work. Half my clients want
to be her. Or wanted to.

CARINA

There was a board meeting going on to discuss the problems they were having. In the middle of it a well-dressed Latin guy who didn't care who saw him or what he left behind came in and shot her. Sound at all familiar?

ALICE

Your other case, what was it, Chomsky? It was the same guy?

CARINA

Same general look, different guy.

Carina catches the bartender's eye and he comes over to them.

CARINA (CONT'D)

Hendricks and tonic, please.

The bartender leaves and Alice turns to her.

ALICE

So you're saying there's a roomful of well-dressed Latinos out there just waiting their turn?

Carina laughs.

CARINA

Maybe not a roomful but it does appear there's more than one.

The bartender brings Carina's drink. She holds it up to Alice, then takes a sip.

ALICE

You think the two of them, Chomsky and Catherine Waters, might have ticked off the same bad guys?

CARINA

It's looking like a possibility.

Alice brings a finger to her lips and ponders for a moment.

ALICE

Except the punishments don't really fit the crimes.

CARINA

What do you mean?

ALICE

Well, if he was stealing or owed someone money it had to have been a fraction of what Catherine Waters got from her investors, right?

CARINA

Right.

ALICE

But they both got the same punishment. If the same people killed Chomsky, logic would suggest they should've just broken his legs or something.

CARINA

That's an interesting way to look at it. On the other hand, it could be that these guys have a simpler approach. You cross us, we kill you. Or it could be that Chomsky and Waters actually pissed off different bad guys.

ALICE

Different bad guys who happen to share what looks like the same contract killers?

They sip their drinks. Carina's iPhone buzzes.

CARINA

It's Kurtz. Sorry, babe, I've got to take it.

ALICE

No prob.

Carina answers the call.

CARINA

What's up, Craig?

KURTZ (V.O.)

There's been another murder and you're not going to believe this. It was Catherine Waters' sister. Same M.O. I'll text the address.

CARINA

Jesus. I'll be right there.

Alice turns to Carina, looks concerned.

ALICE
What's going on, sweetie?

CARINA
Someone killed Catherine Waters'
sister. I need to go.

Alice covers her mouth with her hand.

ALICE
Oh my God, that's horrible! Go,
I'll be fine. Go!

Carina leaves and jogs to her car. She reads the text with the address, drives to a nearby university building, parks among the emergency vehicles and walks to the building's entrance. Kurtz is waiting for her.

KURTZ
Victim is Penelope Waters, thirty-four, Associate Dean of Student Affairs, whatever that is. One to the chest and two to the head, large caliber.

CARINA
So it could be the Glock we found at Readyject. It still had one in the chamber and eight in the clip.

KURTZ
Could be. Ballistics can confirm it. I've looked at security video and it looks like the same guy who killed Catherine. He came into the building at nine this morning and left about fifteen minutes later.

CARINA
Which means he killed Penelope before he killed Catherine.

KURTZ
The body's cool and she's not in rigor so that could be right.

CARINA
Why did it take all day for someone to find her body?

KURTZ
Security guard says it's unusual for anyone to come in on the weekend.

(MORE)

KURTZ (CONT'D)

It was just him in the lobby and there was no one else around until the cleaning crew showed up and found her.

They walk to the elevators, wait for one to arrive.

KURTZ (CONT'D)

You have to wonder what the hell a college administrator could have done to deserve this.

The elevator door opens and they get in.

CARINA

You know, if it's the same people as Chomsky, maybe they're making the punishment fit the crime by going after her sister, too.

Kurtz gives her a questioning look.

CARINA (CONT'D)

Think about it. We're assuming they killed Chomsky over money but, whatever he might have stolen it had to have been way less than what Catherine took from her investors. It makes me think the message Catherine got on her phone before she was killed might have been a picture of her dead sister.

KURTZ

That's cold.

CARINA

But it makes sense if the intent was to make Catherine's punishment worse by letting her know about her sister's death before she was killed. Otherwise what's the point of killing the sister, assuming she's an innocent?

EXT. CITY STREET - MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT (NOVEMBER 20, 1965)

Eloy and Benita are in their car, waiting for a traffic light to change. It does and they start off but a speeding Cadillac slams into the passenger side. Eloy is dazed but realizes that Benita is bloody and unconscious and he cradles her in his arms. Police and an ambulance arrive. Medics extract Benita, examine her, frown and slowly shake their heads.

ELOY
I'll kill you, you son-of-a-bitch!
I'll fucking kill you!

Eloy sprints to the Cadillac, pulls the dazed driver out and attacks him.

CADILLAC DRIVER
 Jesus! Get off me! Get the hell
 away! It was an accident!

Police come and separate them. They talk to witnesses and put the Cadillac driver in the back of a patrol car. One of the cops comes to Eloy.

COP
 I understand how you feel, buddy,
 but you need to let us handle this.

ELOY
 I'll let you handle it, for now.

The medics load Benita's body into the ambulance and Eloy gets in beside her.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (NOVEMBER 23, 1965)

Eloy, his son and many others, Anthony Conigliaro among them, are gathered around an open grave. A priest finishes the service, people shake Eloy and his son's hands, then Conigliaro walks with the Quintanas away from the grave.

CONIGLIARO
 Quite a turnout.

ELOY
 Neighbors, her friends, staff from
 Hialeah Park, Bay of Pigs guys.

They approach a waiting limo. Conigliaro turns to Eloy's son.

CONIGLIARO
 I need a word with your old man
 before we get in the car, kid.

The boy walks off. Eloy lights a cigarette.

CONIGLIARO (CONT'D)

I know the fucker was drunk and I know you want to take care of this yourself, but that'll only land you in jail and in jail you won't be any damn good to your boy or to me. I've already made arrangements. The bastard'll be dead by Friday, very painfully. End of story.

Eloy starts to speak but Conigliaro stops him.

CONIGLIARO (CONT'D)

Listen, you're gonna come to New York with us tonight and stay for a while. The kid'll go back to NYU, you'll stay at my house. Call that cop, the sergeant, before we leave here. Tell him where you'll be, let him have my number. Now, let's go somewhere and get stinkin' drunk.

INT. CARINA'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Carina and Kurtz are at the conference table.

CARINA

Where's Maybry?

KURTZ

Going through the file Chomsky's firm sent over in response to our warrant. She shouldn't be long.

CARINA

While we're waiting, you guys went through his bank and credit card records pretty thoroughly, right?

KURTZ

We did. The only unusual thing was a big payment to the IRS in 2015. We figured maybe he got audited.

CARINA

You find his returns anywhere?

KURTZ

No trace of them.

CARINA

How about a checkbook?

KURTZ

Sherry found one, along with a few transaction registers and paper bank statements. Looks like he didn't trust online banking.

Carina smiles.

CARINA

I don't either, but I don't use computers as much for my work as he did. Anyway, let me see the check registers.

Kurtz fishes around the pile of papers on the table, hands the registers to Carina, who begins flipping through one.

KURTZ

What it is you're looking for?

CARINA

That big payment. Some people make notes in the register.

Carina stops at a page and stares at it.

CARINA (CONT'D)

There's a check dated November 4, 2015 where the transaction description says *IRS/OVDP 13/14*. Huh. It looks like Barry Chomsky was a very bad boy.

KURTZ

And it looks like you know something I don't, chief.

Carina smiles and leans forward, arms on the table.

CARINA

OVDP is the Offshore Voluntary Disclosure Program. A few years ago the IRS decided to crack down on Americans with bank accounts in foreign tax havens who weren't declaring the interest income. If you fessed up and paid the tax, the IRS would waive the penalties.

Kurtz looks at her askance.

KURTZ

And you know this, how, chief?

CARINA

I knew someone who had the issue. Anyway, if Chomsky was skimming from his clients' accounts, maybe he was dumping the cash offshore.

KURTZ

How do you do something like that, skimming, these days when everything's computerized?

CARINA

A very good question, but Chomsky was a very clever guy. If it were me, I'd have targeted accounts that were doing exceptionally well, even better than expected, so that, even after the skim, the client would still be happy.

Kurtz nods.

KURTZ

Makes sense, but it's easier said than done. But like you said, he was a smart guy, knew computers and all. If anyone could've manipulated their systems I guess he's as good a candidate as any.

CARINA

So, Manny told me you think Chomsky's killer might have come up here from Cuba. Why is that?

Kurtz searches the material on the table, finds two pictures of Chomsky's killer and hands them to Carina.

KURTZ

I asked for video from the airports and the new ferry terminal to see if we might get lucky. These are from the ferry terminal.

Carina looks at a photo of a well-dressed Latin man in his 30s with short, dark hair, a laptop case slung over his shoulder. The time stamp says 11:47AM on the date of Chomsky's murder. She turns to the other photo, which is the same man boarding the ferry to Havana a few minutes later.

CARINA

And the people at Chomsky's firm were sure this was the guy?

KURTZ

Hundred-and-ten-percent, right down to the clothes and the bag.

Carina sits back in her chair.

CARINA

Okay, so the killer goes straight from Chomsky's office to the ferry terminal in Miami and gets on the midday ferry to Havana. The gun he used had to be in that bag when he got to Chomsky's office but not when he boarded the ferry, since you go through an airport-type security screening before boarding.

KURTZ

But we didn't find a gun and we searched a couple blocks around Chomsky's office.

CARINA

Maybe he had help. He had to have gotten the gun here--

KURTZ

Unless he managed to get it onto the ferry in Havana.

CARINA

It's possible, I suppose. But he also cut it close catching the ferry. There must have been someone with a car waiting for him outside Chomsky's building.

KURTZ

Or Uber.

Carina smiles.

CARINA

I doubt disposing of guns are part of their service. Was he on video arriving at the ferry terminal?

Kurtz shakes his head.

KURTZ

We checked arrivals going back three days. Maybe he flew in from Cuba or another country.

Carina nods. Maybry comes in and joins them and Carina turns to her.

CARINA
Something interesting, I hope?

Maybry sits down, smiles.

MAYBRY
First of all, one of the accounts with better than average returns is that casino in Atlantic City.

CARINA
Yes!

Kurtz turns to her.

KURTZ
Which would've made them happy unless they found out the account was really doing even better.

MAYBRY
Which they might have. Chomsky's firm has discovered what they're calling *irregularities* in some of his accounts.

CARINA
Irregularities?

MAYBRY
Apparently their IT people are still going through a ton of computer records but it looks like he somehow managed to divert a portion of the earnings from the highest earning accounts to somewhere else, although they're not sure yet where the money went.

CARINA
How much are we talking about?

MAYBRY
For now it looks like about a million dollars from the Golden Rule and another million from another account.

KURTZ
Not Catherine Waters territory but enough to kill for.

Carina stares off into the distance for a moment.

CARINA

Guys, when Tom Maggio from Jersey gaming called me back the other day, I thought he was telling me about a family matter, but now I'm not so sure.

Kurtz and Maybry stare at her. Carina sighs.

CARINA (CONT'D)

I knew my grandfather ran a casino in Havana in the '50s, but Maggio told me it was the Regla d'Oro and that Anthony Conigliaro, Tyler's grandfather, was his boss there.

KURTZ

And Tyler Conigliaro owns the Golden Rule, which is Regla d'Oro in English. Jesus.

CARINA

Maggio could never find anything dirty on Tyler but Anthony Conigliaro was high-up in the Bonanno crime family so he's always had his suspicions about what Tyler might be into.

KURTZ

Okay, so Tyler finds out Chomsky's been skimming from their account, he still has connections and he arranges to get payback. But with a hitter from Cuba?

Carina sighs.

CARINA

Yeah, I know. Look, it's late. Sherry, in the morning, see what else you can find on Tyler Conigliaro. Ask the FDLE for help and I'll text you an NYPD contact. Any by the way, I managed to get a meeting with the great man himself tomorrow morning. Join me, Craig.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICES - FORT LAUDERDALE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Carina and Kurtz wait in an ornately furnished reception area. Lettering on the wall says **COVE Ventures**.

CARINA

Why COVE? It's not the name of any of his other companies.

KURTZ

This is just a venture capital fund. The **C** stands for Conigliaro. O, V and E are his partners. Same guys who own the casino.

CARINA

Ah. Got it.

The receptionist, an older woman, catches Carina's eye.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Conigliaro can see you now.

She leads them to a conference room.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

He'll be with you shortly.

She leaves, closes the door behind her.

KURTZ

This is like my doctor's office. You sit in the waiting room and when you're finally taken to an exam room they say the doctor will be with you shortly. He never is.

Carina smiles.

CARINA

We'll see how long he keeps us waiting and how concerned he is with peoples' health.

TYLER CONIGLIARO and DON WALSH enter. Tyler, 40, handsome and athletic, wears black linen pants, a designer golf shirt and Gucci loafers with no socks. Walsh is shorter, softer and older, and more conservatively dressed.

TYLER

I'm Tyler and this is Don Walsh, my attorney.

Hands are shaken all around. Tyler sits down at the table, glances at his watch, crosses his legs. The others sit.

TYLER (CONT'D)

When you called, chief, you said this was about Barry Chomsky and poor Cathy Waters. How can I help?

CARINA

We're speaking with everyone who knew them, hoping to get some insights that might help explain why they were killed and by who.

TYLER

I knew them both, of course, Cathy better than Barry, but our relationships were purely business. I'm not sure I can give you any real insights.

Carina leans forward, elbows on the table, hands steepled.

CARINA

Every little bit helps. Did you know that Chomsky was siphoning substantial amounts from your casino's investment account?

TYLER

I was made aware of it when his firm called Don here yesterday to say they had uncovered some irregularities. I met Barry once. He seemed solid and trustworthy. I guess you never know.

CARINA

No, you never do. COVE Ventures is a major investor in Readyject, isn't it?

Conigliaro uncrosses his legs and leans forward. Walsh sits up straighter, his eyes locked on Carina.

TYLER

I'm beginning to feel as though you're thinking of me more as a possible suspect than as a source of information, Chief Quintana.

CARINA

I'm sorry if it seems that way.
We're aware that your casino may
not have been the only target of
Chomsky's theft and that there are
other investors in Readyject and I
can assure you that we have or will
be following up with all of them.

TYLER

Good to know, chief.

CARINA

How much has COVE invested in
Readyject?

TYLER

We've made a series of investments
over time totaling about two
hundred million dollars. The last
was four or five months ago.

CARINA

Nothing since? They're still
burning through cash.

Tyler smiles.

TYLER

No, nothing since.

CARINA

Do you expect Readyject to remain
in business and make good on its
obligations?

Conigliaro's jaw muscles tighten.

TYLER

Oh, it will.

CARINA

Now that Catherine Waters is no
longer in charge?

WALSH

Chief Quintana, if--

Tyler holds up his hand.

TYLER

It's all right, Don. That board meeting was held to discuss certain concerns and explain to Cathy why we had doubts about her ability to lead going forward.

Kurtz leans forward.

KURTZ

Was the board going to fire her?

Tyler turns to Kurtz.

TYLER

It was a real possibility, yes.

KURTZ

But it wasn't a certainty?

TYLER

It never is in circumstances such as these. COVE's rep was going to vote for it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have another appointment.

He stands and the rest follow, but there are no handshakes. As they file out of the room Tyler takes Carina aside.

TYLER (CONT'D)

You probably know that we share an ancestral affinity, chief. I hope that won't affect your objectivity.

CARINA

It's old news, Mr. Conigliaro. Why, ss there any reason it should?

Tyler smiles.

TYLER

You know, when I was a teenager and my grandfather was an old man he would tell me things he probably shouldn't have. One time he told me about your grandfather.

CARINA

Really?

TYLER

Forget running the casino, my grandfather said, Eloy's real value was the other jobs he did, whenever he was asked to. *That Eloy, he was the toughest son-of-a-bitch I've ever known, and loyal.* They say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, chief. I guess we'll see.

CARINA

Is that true of you? That the apple hasn't fallen far from the tree?

Conigliaro smiles.

TYLER

My grandfather was a very good businessman, chief. So am I.

INT - GRYPHON CHEMICAL FACTORY - BROOKLYN DOCKS - DAY
(OCTOBER 23, 1969)

Eloy Quintana sits with factory workers on their coffee break. He is the only one not wearing work clothes. Most of the men are Cuban and a steady stream of them come and go, handing Eloy a few coins and slips of paper.

ELOY

I've got payoff money today, a hundred bucks.

FACTORY WORKER

Which lucky bastard picked the right number yesterday?

ELOY

Sonny, in the paint shop.

FACTORY WORKER

Sonny's out sick today, but no problem, I can hold it for him.

The men laugh, Eloy smiles, then gazes at a slender young man who is pouring coffee. His work clothes fit better than anyone else's and he is very well groomed.

ELOY

What is this, I'm gone for a few days and there's another new face? Who's this one?

FACTORY WORKER

Somebody's nephew, I forget who.
You know the deal here. Get someone
out of Cuba, they get a job.

The young man approaches Eloy, extends his hand, they shake.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

I'm Roberto Diaz. I've heard a lot
about you, Senor Quintana.

ELOY

I've heard nothing about you, but
from the look of you I bet I will.

The men laugh.

FACTORY WORKER

He says his girlfriend's a tailor.

ELOY

He has a girlfriend already? I'm
impressed. So, Roberto Diaz, what's
your story?

ERNESTO SUAREZ

Me and some friends, we stole a
motor boat, made it to Miami.
My uncle wired money for a bus
ticket to New York, so here I am.

ELOY

Well, welcome to America, Roberto.
You want to bet on a number?

The men laugh and Eloy gets up to leave. Ernesto walks with
him to the factory exit.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

My uncle says you fought in the Bay
of Pigs invasion.

ELOY

I had that pleasure, yes.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

I get paid tomorrow. Maybe I could
buy you a drink?

Eloy shrugs.

ELOY

Why not? Five o'clock or so.
There's a bar called Frank's a few
blocks from here. Not too many of
these guys hang out there.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

I'll find it. Te veo mañana.

ELOY

Mañana.

INT. - JOSE MARTI AIRPORT - HAVANA - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Carina, Alice and Manny Solano step off a flight from Miami, each pulling a roll-aboard suitcase, and follow the crowd to immigration. The women wear jeans and tee-shirts, Solano wears khakis and a guayabera. The entry process goes smoothly.

ALICE

That wasn't bad. I was afraid it
would be worse, especially on a
Sunday. I feel like everybody's
looking at us, though.

Solano smiles as they continue walking toward the exit.

SOLANO

People are always looking at the
two of you.

CARINA

Anyone notice how thorough they
were examining our papers?

SOLANO

Which means the killers must have
good documents, or maybe some kind
of assistance.

ALICE

Or maybe they just used their real
passports to get back in.

Solano smiles.

SOLANO

Out of the mouths of babes.

They stop at shops that rent cellphones, examine some, fill out paperwork, and pay. Outside a car and driver awaits them.

CARINA
Thank you National Association of
Chiefs of Police.

The driver points out sights on the way to their hotel.

ALICE
So many crumbling buildings and
all. I think I'm getting my wish of
seeing it before the developers
turn it into Disney World.

The car stops at the Parque Central Hotel in Habana Vieja.
They go inside and gaze approvingly at the hotel's elegant,
colonial style lobby, then go to the check-in desk. The
clerk, a young woman, sizes up Carina and Alice.

DESK CLERK
It seems there is only one room
reserved for the two of you,
senoras.

CARINA
Yes, that's fine.

DESK CLERK
It is one of our finest, though,
and it does have two beds, of
course.

CARINA
Of course.

They both sign the check-in card and a bellman takes Carina
and Alice to a junior suite with two queen beds and a view of
the old city. He leaves and Carina takes Alice into her arms.

CARINA (CONT'D)
So, which bed would you prefer,
Mrs. McKenzie?

Alice smiles.

ALICE
I'm not sure, *Mrs. Quintana*. Maybe
we should give them both a try.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - HAVANA - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Carina walks briskly through the hotel's conference center
wearing the same clothes as before but her hair is wet from
the shower. She finds the NACP welcome reception where 200
people, mostly men, are gathered.

BROCK, a stocky middle aged man, is speaking at a podium. People turn to gesture or point to Carina. Solano comes up behind her.

SOLANO
Glad you could make it.

CARINA
I wouldn't have missed this part for the world.

SOLANO
Yeah, right. Good thing, though. I hear he's going to introduce you.

CARINA
Shit. I'm not dressed for that.

Brock completes his remarks. Brief applause follows.

BROCK
I now have the honor...

Carina's back stiffens.

BROCK (CONT'D)
...of introducing Ernesto Suarez, head of the Cuban National Police Force. Senor Suarez is one of the most senior law enforcement officials in the country and we're honored that he's kindly agreed to join us. Let's welcome him.

Solano turns to Carina, gets closer and speaks softly.

SOLANO
Honored? By a fricken commie? Give me a break.

There is polite applause as Suarez goes to the podium. Sixty and trim, his dark hair is longer than that of most of the men in the room and slicked back and he wears a fashionable black suit and white shirt, open at the neck.

ERNESTO SUAREZ
Thank you, Chief Brock. Welcome all of you to my beautiful country. I am happy to see so many of you here and I look forward to an interesting and informative exchange of experiences. Until tomorrow, then, my friends.

SOLANO

It was beautiful until Castro
ruined it. My God!

CARINA

Calm down, Manny. We don't want you
having a stroke. The medical care's
not so good here.

Suarez steps away and Brock returns to the podium.

BROCK

Thank you, Senor Suarez. Now, as
you know, we were able to convince
bestselling author and Fort
Lauderdale police chief Carina
Quintana to join us as our keynote
speaker. I suspect that many of
you, like me, have read all of her
books and look forward to the next
one. It's my great pleasure to
introduce Chief Carina Quintana.

The applause is louder and more sustained. Carina smiles at
Brock, who extends his hand in her direction. Solano gives
her a playful shove toward the podium.

CARINA

Thank you, Chief Brock, for that
kind introduction, as well as the
invitation, and all of you for the
warm welcome. I'm also looking
forward to spending more time with
everyone over the next two days.
See you all in the morning!

Carina waves and there is more applause as she steps away and
Brock returns to the podium.

BROCK

Okay, well, the bars in this room
will stay open for the next hour or
so. Anyone without dinner plans is
welcome to stay for the buffet. See
you all in the morning.

Carina and Solano move through the crowd toward the nearest
bar and join the line that has already formed. Brock comes up
on one side of her and Ernesto Suarez on the other. The
people waiting insist that they go to the front of the line.
Suarez turns to the bartender.

ERNESTO SUAREZ
Havana Club, neat for me. The lady
will have...

CARINA
Gin and tonic on the rocks, please.

BROCK
Beer for me.

SOLANO
Same.

Their drinks are prepared and they step away from the bar.

BROCK
If you'll excuse me, it's time for
me to mingle.

SOLANO
And I should do the same.

Brock and Solano walk away.

ERNESTO SUAREZ
I have also been looking forward to
meeting you, ever since I saw your
name in the conference brochure. I,
too, have read all of your books.

CARINA
I'm pleased to hear that, but I'm
surprised you could get them here.

Suarez smiles.

ERNESTO SUAREZ
Ah, yes, the embargo. There are
always ways.

Suarez glances at his watch.

ERNESTO SUAREZ (CONT'D)
I'm sorry but I'm afraid I have
another appointment this evening.

Suarez takes Carina's hand in his, squeezes gently, then
walks away, toward the exit. Solano comes back and joins her.

SOLANO
Looks like you have a commie
admirer. And he seems to want to do
more than admire you.

CARINA

Lucky me. Listen Manny, how hard can it be to figure out I'm a lesbian? And he sure doesn't seem to care that I'm married.

Carina shows the ring on her left hand. Solano laughs.

SOLANO

Let's see. He's Cuban, real Cuban, and he strikes me, in addition to being a God-damn commie, of course, as a little, I don't know, louche? I's say he's always on the hunt and doesn't believe there's any woman he can't win over, for whatever reason. Besides, you're gorgeous.

CARINA

Thanks, but he gives me the creeps. There's something about him.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - HAVANA - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Carina is wrapping up her keynote address. She wears a black Prada pants suit and has the full attention of the crowd.

CARINA

I've been fortunate to have had more than my share of interesting cases over the years, and to have worked with some extraordinary police officers during that time.

Someone in the crowd shouts out *When is your next book coming out?* Carina smiles.

CARINA (CONT'D)

June first. It's called *Money Side Up* and it's a heck of a story. Now, since I'm the only thing standing between you and lunch, I'll just say thanks again for having me here and that I look forward to meeting as many of you as I can later today and tomorrow.

Carina steps away from the podium to protracted applause. Brock comes to the mic.

BROCK

Thanks so much, Chief Quintana, for a terrific talk, just terrific.
(MORE)

BROCK (CONT'D)

Okay, lunch is in the room next door and our next session begins at one o'clock sharp.

Carina steps off the dais and people cluster around her. Several ask her to autograph copies of her books. As the crowd thins out, Solano hands her a cup of coffee.

CARINA

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

SOLANO

Good job, by the way. I'm headed for lunch. You coming?

CARINA

Thanks, but I think I'm going to take a walk, get some fresh air.

Solano walks away and Brock and Ernesto Suarez join Carina.

BROCK

Thanks again, chief. Your talk alone will make this a memorable conference. Will I see you at lunch?

CARINA

Maybe a bit later.

Brock nods and walks away but Suarez stays.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

Very impressive indeed. And since it appears you will be skipping the group lunch, perhaps you would be kind enough to join me instead, at one of the hotel's restaurants. I guarantee a better meal.

Carina hesitates.

CARINA

Sure, why not.

Suarez takes her arm and gently leads her to the El Paseo restaurant. He is greeted with great deference and shown to a table in the center of the dining room.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

They have the best steaks in the city, imported from Canada.

Carina studies the menu. They order, then Carina excuses herself and goes to the ladies room. When she returns their food and wine are served. Little is said while they eat but when their plates are cleared Suarez breaks the silence.

ERNESTO SUAREZ (CONT'D)

Please don't think I am coming on to you, Carina. You see, I know a great deal about you. That you are gay, for example and--

CARINA

Married to a woman, yes. So, why is it you know so much about me?

Suarez smiles.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

When I first saw your name on a book cover and learned that you live in Florida, I could not help but wonder about something. So I made a point to find out more about you. I could not believe my good fortune when I learned you would be coming here.

CARINA

Really? And why is that? And what is it you were wondering about?

Suarez pushes his chair back slightly, crosses his legs.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

We have a connection, you and I, and until now I was afraid that I would never have the opportunity to tell you about it.

CARINA

I'm hearing a lot about connections lately. And what might ours be?

A waiter pours coffee. Suarez waits until he leaves.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

Our connection is your grandfather, Eloy Quintana.

Carina sits up straighter in her chair.

CARINA

You and I have a connection because of my grandfather?

ERNESTO SUAREZ

Indeed. You probably know that he ran a casino here in Havana before he fled to the United States.

CARINA

Yes, I do. What's your point?

Suarez smiles, sips coffee. Carina ignores hers.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

There is so much more you do not know about him. For example, did you know that the casino he ran, the Regla d'Oro, was owned by an American criminal syndicate?

CARINA

I was aware of that, yes.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

Your grandfather was the right hand man of Anthony Conigliaro, a very serious mafioso. And Eloy did more for him than run the Regla d'Oro.

CARINA

Really?

Suarez smiles, leans in closer and lowers his voice.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

Eloy was an enforcer. He hurt people Conigliaro wanted hurt and he killed people Conigliaro wanted killed. Two of those he killed were my father and uncle.

Carina starts to get up to leave but Suarez grabs her wrist and prevents her from doing so.

ERNESTO SUAREZ (CONT'D)

Your grandfather was killed at Frank's bar, in Brooklyn on Friday, October 24, 1969, at five-thirty in the evening. I had just gotten paid for the only week I worked at a chemical factory in the area. A man who worked there, a Cuban spy who said he was my uncle, got me the job. Eloy would come there to collect numbers slips. I invited him for a drink, to tell me about the Bay of Pigs.

(MORE)

ERNESTO SUAREZ (CONT'D)

The gun was a twenty-two and that night at Frank's I shot him.

Carina struggles to keep her face impassive and her anger in check. Suarez again takes hold of her wrist. His words come fast and the color rises in his neck.

ERNESTO SUAREZ (CONT'D)

I had dreamed about killing him for years, but finding him was impossible until I joined the police and got access to certain files. Still, it was risky and dangerous to get there. But I still savor the memory of holding the gun under that shaky table and watching your grandfather die.

Suarez folds his napkin, gets up and leaves. Carina waits a moment, then leaves and takes an elevator to the rooftop bar. A bartender approaches her and smiles.

BARTENDER

What may I get you, senora?

CARINA

A martini, please, up, with olives. Hendrick's gin if you have it.

She texts Brock and asks for background information on Suarez. Then she texts Alice and Solano asking them to meet her at the bar. The bartender brings her martini. A reply comes from Brock and she reads it as she drinks. Alice arrives and sits down on the stool beside her.

CARINA (CONT'D)

I wasn't sure you would come. I thought you were out playing tourist today.

Alice points to the capitol dome, not far away.

ALICE

I was, but I was right over there at El Capitolio. Why are you drinking in the middle of the day? Was it your speech? I can't believe they didn't love you, sweetie.

CARINA

Oh, the police chiefs loved me. Suarez is another story altogether.

ALICE

The sleazy guy you told me about?

Carina nods. Alice looks concerned.

ALICE (CONT'D)

What did he do to you?

CARINA

It's not what he did to me, at least not how I think you mean it. It's what he told me.

Alice relaxes slightly but her expression remains quizzical. Manny Solano arrives and joins them.

SOLANO

Got your text. My session just ended. What's up?

Carina turns and points to some unoccupied tables near the railing and they go to one and sit down.

CARINA

Ernesto Suarez insisted I join him for lunch and he ended up using it as an opportunity to tell me he was the one who killed my grandfather.

ALICE

What?

SOLANO

What?

CARINA

He said it was payback, that Eloy killed his father and uncle on Anthony Conigliaro's orders.

ALICE

Oh my God!

SOLANO

And you believed him?

CARINA

That he killed my grandfather? Yes, I did. He knew every detail, Manny, way beyond what was in NYPD's file.

Alice takes Carina's hand.

SOLANO

Jesus. And you believe the other part, about his father and uncle?

Carina hesitates before answering.

CARINA

I knew that Eloy wasn't exactly a choirboy, but I never suspected anything like this. But yes, I think I do believe him. And the fact is, he might have been doing me a favor by telling me.

Solano signals the bartender, points at Carina's nearly empty glass and holds up three fingers.

ALICE

How on earth could that be doing you a favor?

CARINA

It made me think about something else. You're going to think I'm crazy, and before you ask, this was my first martini, but what Suarez told me also made me wonder whether he may be involved in the Chomsky and Waters cases.

ALICE

Seriously?

SOLANO

What's the connection?

CARINA

There is no direct connection, not that I know of, but hear me out. Suarez was able to get to the U.S. and up to New York back when it was almost impossible to do that. He managed to get close to my grandfather, do the deed and then get away clean. Dozens of people saw him but the NYPD couldn't find any trace of him. Sound familiar?

Solano arches an eyebrow. The bartender brings their drinks.

SOLANO

You're saying that his M.O. was pretty much the same as in Chomsky and Waters. Guy leaves Cuba, comes to the U.S., does a hit, then gets the hell out of the country.

(MORE)

SOLANO (CONT'D)

He's off the grid in the U.S., so he doesn't care who sees him or what evidence he leaves behind.

They all take a sip of their drinks. Carina nods.

CARINA

It worked when he killed Eloy, so maybe at some point, maybe when he got more senior and had more juice, better connections, he figured it could work again. So he set up the organization that's doing it now.

SOLANO

That's quite a jump you're making.

Carina leans in, folds her arms on the table.

CARINA

I know, but according to Brock, Suarez spent most of his career in the Cuban secret police, ran it until a year ago. His current job was kind of a pre-retirement gift, victory lap thing.

They all remain silent for a moment, sip their drinks.

SOLANO

So he's more spook than cop, which you're saying would equip him to do that sort of thing, recruit the right people, get the documentation they need, whatever.

CARINA

Exactly.

SOLANO

The only question, assuming you're right to begin with, is why?

ALICE

It's always about money. Or something else. I forget.

Carina smiles at her.

CARINA

My best guess is what Alice said, money. It may be his retirement plan. He has expensive taste in clothes, watches, food, wine.

(MORE)

CARINA (CONT'D)

Maybe the idea was to put away a lot of hard currency and then disappear. Which will happen soon, by the way, if I'm right.

Solano rests his chin on his hand.

SOLANO

Do you think Tyler Conigliaro's providing the hard currency and maybe the leads?

CARINA

That had crossed my mind.

ALICE

Wow. But how would Suarez and Tyler Conigliaro have found each other?

CARINA

It has to be Tyler's grandfather, Anthony Conigliaro. Suarez knew all about him and the Regla d'Oro. Maybe they knew each other.

Everyone sips their drink.

SOLANO

Okay, so Suarez has gotten away with murder once, maybe more than once, gets the idea for other Cubans to do hits in the U.S., contacts Anthony--

ALICE

Who might've been dead by then.

CARINA

Depending on how long ago Suarez came up with his plan. We don't really know how long this has been going on.

She turns to Solano.

CARINA (CONT'D)

Manny, have Kurtz look for murders with the same M.O. in other jurisdictions, say for the past five years to start.

ALICE

Hang on. Traveling between the U.S. and Cuba's only recently gotten easier. I mean, the ferry's brand new and until recently the only flights were charters.

Carina smiles, finishes her drink.

CARINA

True, but it's the getting out of Cuba part that's harder. There has to be a good reason for your trip. Even then, though, the U.S. is off limits.

SOLANO

But a guy in Suarez's position could probably get someone out whenever he needed to. He'd have to route them through another country but they could come directly back to Cuba afterwards.

ALICE

And before travel got easier, he could route them back the same way if necessary.

Carina nods, turns to Solano.

CARINA

And have Kurtz start digging into Tyler Conigliaro's financial affairs, too. Maybe the fees for these kinds of jobs are too big for even him to hide.

EXT. MOSCOW SUBURBS - NIGHT (APRIL 10, 1987)

Snow is falling as Ernesto Suarez strolls down a deserted country lane with BOGDAN NIKOLAEV, a large, square-headed man who wears a winter coat and hat. Suarez wears a light wool jacket and is shivering.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

This weather is a high price to pay for the privilege of attending one of your KGB training programs, comrade. Can't you hold them in the July? For now it might help me if we could walk faster.

Nikolaev laughs, maintains his slow pace.

NIKOLAEV
So, tell me Ernesto, have you ever
killed a man?

Suarez stares at Nikolaev for a moment before answering.

ERNESTO SUAREZ
I have. Five men.

NIKOLAEV
Under orders, in the line of duty,
I assume.

ERNESTO SUAREZ
Yes, of course.

Nikolaev stops, lights a cigarette. Suarez stops, faces him.

NIKOLAEV
Would you kill someone for money?

ERNESTO SUAREZ
I suppose it would depend on the
amount of money and the currency it
was paid in.

Nikolaev takes a deep drag of his cigarette, lets out a cloud
of smoke and fog, then sets off walking again.

NIKOLAEV
So, if it was hard currency you
would not care who the target was?

Suarez shrugs.

ERNESTO SUAREZ
Perhaps, if it was my mother...

Nikolaev laughs heartily.

NIKOLAEV
There is someone I would like you
to kill and I assure you it is not
your mother. Tomorrow, on your way
to the airport. I will provide a
gun with a silencer, transportation
and two thousand British pounds.
This man's death will create a bit
of a stir here, but you will
already be gone.

Suarez stops walking, folds his arms across his chest.

ERNESTO SUAREZ
Three thousand.

NIKOLAEV
Twenty-five hundred and my
willingness to negotiate is now at
a close. Besides, if it all goes
well there will be more such work
for you, next time you are here.

Suarez nods and begins walking again.

ERNESTO SUAREZ
Details would be helpful.

Nikolaev reaches into his pocket and hands Suarez a note.

NIKOLAEV
Read it when you get back to your
room, then burn it.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - HAVANA - DAY

A panel discussion at the NACP conference is ending. Brock
and Carina are among the panelists.

BROCK
Okay, let's end the Q&A there. I
want to thank my fellow panelists.
But before I let you go, Chief
Quintana has asked for a minute or
two to raise another matter.

Carina leans forward toward her mic.

CARINA
Thank you, Chief Brock. FLPD has
two active murder investigations
that we think may be related to
open cases in other cities. The
killer, who has been identified as
a well-dressed Latin male in his
thirties, uses a gun and doesn't
seem to care who sees him or how
much evidence he leaves behind,
perhaps because he's off the grid.
If this sounds at all familiar I'd
be grateful if you'd let me know.
Thanks.

Carina gets up, shakes hands with the other panelists and
joins the crowd heading out of the ballroom.

She is met outside the door by DESHAWN DAVIS, 50, a tall, black man. He wears jeans and a sweatshirt and extends his hand to Carina.

DESHAWN DAVIS

DeShawn Davis, Deputy Chief up in St. Pete. Same state, other coast. I have something that may interest you, Chief Quintana.

Manny Solano joins them. Carina introduces them.

CARINA

DeShawn Davis from St. Petersburg PD, Manny Solano from FLPD. Why don't we get some coffee and find someplace to talk?

The three get coffee, then cluster in a quiet corner.

DESHAWN DAVIS

This goes back about two years, right around Christmastime. We had a murder in one of our safest neighborhoods that was pretty much like what you described. And the file's still open.

Davis pauses to drink some coffee and Carina and Solano drink theirs and wait for him to continue.

DESHAWN DAVIS (CONT'D)

Anyway, the victim was a woman from New Jersey, fancy town outside of New York City, Short Hills. Anyway, she was out by her pool, neighbor woman lying on the chaise next to her, when a man come into the yard, pulls a gun and shoots her, one in the chest and two in the head.

SOLANO

Very professional, and familiar.

CARINA

He didn't harm the other woman?

DESHAWN DAVIS

Never even pointed the gun in her direction, just did his business and walked on out of there. Tossed the gun into the pool as he left.

SOLANO

You get a description?

Davis smiles.

DESHAWN DAVIS

Just like Chief Quintana said.
Latin guy, well dressed and so on.

CARINA

Was the victim married?

DESHAWN DAVIS

She was.

CARINA

How was the couple's relationship?

DESHAWN DAVIS

The few locals they knew thought it was okay. He made money, she spent money, he liked to show her off. She was about twenty years younger than him, his second marriage.

SOLANO

What about the people up north who knew them? Same thing?

DESHAWN DAVIS

Local PD up there didn't have the time to do anything in-depth and we didn't have the budget to send someone up there. All I can say is neither of them had filed divorce papers or restraining orders or anything like that.

CARINA

Where was he, the husband?

DESHAWN DAVIS

Up north at the time. Had a plane ticket to come down Christmas eve. We talked to him, of course. He came down right after he was notified. Seemed pretty shaken up, but who knows? Quick bank check didn't show anything out of line.

CARINA

What does the husband do?

DESHAWN DAVIS

Business owner. There was a restaurant supply company and one that ran duty-free shops at airports, maybe a few others.

CARINA

Could we get a look at the file?

DESHAWN DAVIS

Sure thing. E-mail okay?

CARINA

Perfect. And thank you.

Davis walks away. Carina turns to Solano.

CARINA (CONT'D)

St. Pete's close to Tampa and I'm pretty sure there have been flights to Havana from Tampa for years.

Carina takes out her iPhone and dials Kurtz's number.

CARINA (CONT'D)

Hey, Craig. There should be a file coming in by e-mail from St. Pete PD about a case that's similar to Chomsky and Waters.

KURTZ (V.O.)

I'll look for it. And I got in touch with your old pal Captain Bass at the NYPD. They've had similar cases up there, all still open. I was just starting to go through the files when you called. Oh, and Sherry and I realized we were in over our heads on Tyler Conigliaro's finances, so I got a forensic accountant involved.

CARINA

Good call. I'll be back in the morning. We'll sit down and go through what we've got then.

EXT. BACKYARD OF BUNGALOW - MIRAMAR CUBA - DAY

Ernesto Suarez stands beside an old barbecue grill with JAVIER ACOSTA. Acosta, 35, average height, good looking and fit, is cooking sausages.

Both men wear shorts and sport shirts and drink beer from bottles. A group of small children play nearby.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

Tyler and I have talked about the transition from me to you, Javi. He says he will be visiting Cuba soon and wants to meet with you.

JAVIER ACOSTA

He was okay with the plan?

ERNESTO SUAREZ

Yes, he was okay with it.

JAVIER ACOSTA

When is he coming?

Ernesto shrugs. An errant soccer ball comes his way and he kicks it back to the children.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

It depends on his schedule. He said something about having business here soon. He will let me know.

Acosta drinks some beer, slowly shakes his head.

JAVIER ACOSTA

I still cannot believe you are retiring, uncle.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

And I cannot believe I survived to make it to retirement.

Acosta smiles.

JAVIER ACOSTA

We'll all miss you when you leave Cuba, but especially the children.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

Many people will miss me, but with luck none of them will find me.

INT. CARINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Solano, Kurtz and Maybry are at the conference table when Carina arrives on Wednesday morning. A carafe and papers sit on the table. Several lists are written on a whiteboard.

CARINA
 Sorry I'm late.

Carina locks her handbag and gun in a desk drawer, grabs her FLPD coffee mug and joins them, pours coffee.

SOLANO
 Sherry put the cases we've looked at on the board. We're hoping the forensic accountant, who's due any minute, can kick-start this thing.

CARINA
 Something needs to.

LOGAN MCGILL comes to the door. She is 30, a redhead with bangs and a ponytail, and wears a business suit and flats, and carries a laptop bag.

LOGAN MCGILL
 Chief Quintana?

Carina stands, waves her into the office.

CARINA
 That would be me.

LOGAN MCGILL
 Logan McGill, forensic accounting.

Everyone shakes hands and McGill takes a laptop out of her bag, turns it on.

CARINA
 Thank you for taking this on, Logan. We have high hopes for what you can do to help us. I know you've looked at the files, but let's have Sherry take us through what we've got so far, make sure we're all on the same page.

Maybry gets up, stands next to the white board.

MAYBRY
 In addition to ours, NYPD found three cases like ours. Then there's the St. Pete case and two more in Houston, and that's just going back five years. The killer is always a well-dressed Latin male who shoots the victim, once in the chest and twice in the head in a public or sem-public place.
 (MORE)

MAYBRY (CONT'D)

He always leaves a ton of evidence, and each victim's death benefited someone financially, a lot.

CARINA

Hang on, I was told the St. Pete couple hadn't filed for divorce, so why would that be the case there?

MAYBRY

Captain Bass was able to find out that the wife had hired a PI to trail the husband, who, it turns out, had a girlfriend. She'd already talked to a lawyer and was getting ready to file when she was killed. It would've been a very expensive and messy divorce.

CARINA

And the husband found out. What about the other New York cases?

Maybry points to the outlines of those cases in turn.

MAYBRY

A government official who was standing in the way of construction of an office tower, an elderly man who was hanging on as chairman of a huge family company even though he was suffering from dementia, and someone who was blocking a large corporate merger.

CARINA

And Houston?

Maybry moves closer to another column of bullet points.

MAYBRY

More or less the same story. In one, the victim was holding up the merger of two oil field service companies and in the other an anti-fracking activist was killed.

CARINA

Any connections with Tyler Conigliaro?

MAYBRY

Not that we could find.

Carina stands, starts pacing.

CARINA

Okay, all the cases are related by their M.O.s but except for ours there's no apparent connection with Tyler Conigliaro and none of the cases are connected to each other.

SOLANO

Sounds about right.

Carina and Maybry sit down, pour coffee.

CARINA

We're convinced that they're all professional hits so people are making payments and someone is getting paid. Please tell us you have some way to find the payments.

McGill clears her throat.

LOGAN MCGILL

I think I do but I'm going to need your help to get there.

CARINA

We'll give you all the help we can. Just tell us what you need.

LOGAN MCGILL

Well, the fact that no one's been able to find any of the payments mads me think that the money transfer scheme is part of the deal itself. By which I mean that when someone enters into a contract with whoever's behind this, they're also agreeing to handle the money transfer in a specified way.

Carina stands again, folds her arms.

CARINA

Which would help explain why no one's found payments from the bank accounts of the suspected payors. I mean, what are the odds of all of these people getting it so right?

LOGAN MCGILL

Pretty small. I agree.

CARINA

So, what's your plan, Logan?

LOGAN MCGILL

I want to try a different approach, which is to search interbank transfers that took place at the time of each murder, rather than payments by specific individuals.

SOLANO

There must be thousands of those.

LOGAN MCGILL

Actually, it's more like millions.

Eyes widen around the table.

SOLANO

So you're talking about finding a needle in a haystack.

LOGAN MCGILL

We can cut down the size of the haystack by making assumptions about the location, timing and size of the transfers. I've taken a shot at that but I need to know whether my assumptions make sense.

Carina sits down, pours more coffee.

CARINA

Go on, please.

LOGAN MCGILL

If we can agree on a set of assumptions I can start my analysis. And you'd be surprised how helpful certain software can be in doing this sort of thing.

SOLANO

Nothing about what software can do surprises me any more.

CARINA

Okay, what assumptions have you made, Logan?

McGill smooths her skirt, opens a file on her laptop.

LOGAN MCGILL

First, that the fee was paid within a day of the murder. These kinds of people probably wouldn't tolerate waiting very long for payment and the death should be verifiable by then.

CARINA

Okay, but did you consider the possibility of advance payments?

McGill smiles.

LOGAN MCGILL

I did, but I rejected it for a purely practical reason. Since an advance payment could have been made any time between making the contract and the killing, there would be too much time to analyze.

CARINA

I understand.

LOGAN MCGILL

Then can I assume full payment was made within a day?

Carina looks at the others, who nod.

CARINA

It looks like you can.

LOGAN MCGILL

Okay, next, the amount. If these killers are based in Cuba, that alone adds value since Cubans are unlikely to be in U.S. databases and wouldn't be extradited in any case. That reduces the risk of the killer being arrested, which in turn reduces risk for the payor.

CARINA

Good point. If the shooter isn't caught, he can't plea bargain by giving up the others involved.

McGill nods and glances at her computer screen.

LOGAN MCGILL

And the apparent skill of the killers adds value, too.

(MORE)

LOGAN MCGILL (CONT'D)

There are also significant expenses. I concluded that the fee must be \$100,000 or more.

SOLANO

It wouldn't surprise me.

CARINA

It wouldn't surprise me if it was double that.

LOGAN MCGILL

The higher the better. It would reduce the number of transfers to be examined. Can I use \$200,000?

Carina thinks about it for a moment and looks around at the others before answering.

CARINA

Sure, go ahead and use \$200,000.

McGill again glances at her screen.

LOGAN MCGILL

Okay, next, there has to be an assumption about where the payments originate. We know it wasn't the payors' bank accounts but I still think it's probably a bank near where the payor lives.

CARINA

That seems as reasonable as anything, I suppose.

LOGAN MCGILL

Okay, which leaves the end point for the payments.

Solano stands, stretches and yawns.

SOLANO

You mean we're not assuming that FedEx packages of cash were sent to Tyler Conigliaro?

CARINA

You're getting worse than me, Manny. Go on, Logan.

LOGAN MCGILL

First, I think we should eliminate Cuban banks even if whoever is behind the killings lives there.

KURTZ

Why's that?

LOGAN MCGILL

Mostly because I'd have a hard time getting information about their activities, but also because large foreign currency transactions there trigger a review and I don't think whoever's behind this wants that.

Carina gets up and stands next to Solano.

CARINA

Okay, let's rule out Cuban banks.

LOGAN MCGILL

My money's on a tax haven with lots of global banks. And if you figure that Cubans may be more comfortable with familiar geography--

MAYBRY

You get the Caribbean.

LOGAN MCGILL

Exactly, and Cuba has decent relations, for travel and such, with most Caribbean countries. Barbados, Bermuda and Grand Cayman have excellent banks. Cayman and Bermuda are also tax havens with bank secrecy laws. Those make the most sense to me.

Carina folds her arms.

CARINA

I'd vote for Cayman. It's way closer to Cuba than Barbados or Bermuda and you'd think they'd want to check up on their money from time to time. Any other thoughts?

Carina looks at the others, who shake their heads.

LOGAN MCGILL

Great. So I'll look for transfers of \$200,000 or more originating within a day at or near the murder locales and going to a bank in the Cayman Islands.

CARINA

Timing?

LOGAN MCGILL

As long as it takes to enter the assumptions and run the software. Maybe the end of the day, maybe a little longer.

CARINA

And if it works, then what?

LOGAN MCGILL

I should have information about the banks to and from which the transfers were made, which should give you a basis to hone in on the suspected payors, at least.

SOLANO

But not the recipient?

McGill shrugs.

LOGAN MCGILL

If the payments are going to Cayman and he has a bank account there...

CARINA

Fine, then unless there are any more questions, I suggest we let Logan get to work.

There aren't. McGill shuts down and puts away her laptop, shakes hands with everyone and leaves.

KURTZ

You think this is gonna work?

Carina holds up her hands, index and middle fingers crossed.

EXT. JOSE MARTI AIRPORT - HAVANA - DAY

A large business jet lands and taxis to a terminal. The cabin door opens and Tyler Conigliaro steps off the plane.

Javier Acosta is there to meet him, along with an immigration official, who glances at Conigliaro's passport out there on the ramp and leaves.

JAVIER ACOSTA

A private entry screening? You've obviously done this before and have a way with our procedures.

TYLER

It always pays to know the right people.

JAVIER ACOSTA

Yes, it does. In any case, welcome to Havana, senior. There is a quiet place inside where we can get a coffee. Come.

They walk inside the terminal, sit at a coffee bar and order.

JAVIER ACOSTA (CONT'D)

So, how long are you planning to stay?

TYLER

This time I'm afraid my stay will be brief, but I plan to spend more time here once the laws are changed and casino gambling is legal again.

Acosta smiles.

JAVIER ACOSTA

That may take some time, my friend.

TYLER

We'll see. I have a meeting with the tourism minister in an hour to start the ball rolling. For now, though, let's talk about your new role in the organization.

JAVIER ACOSTA

Yes, of course.

TYLER

I was told you've been promoted to deputy director of the secret police. I imagine that will make it easier for you to arrange things.

JAVIER ACOSTA

Yes, the timing was fortuitous. And you are correct, I don't foresee any problems.

Their coffees are served, Tyler sips his and studies Acosta.

TYLER

There are many things you know, of course, and some that you don't, mostly details that have been handled by your uncle. I don't know how much he's shared with you.

JAVIER ACOSTA

Ernesto has briefed me in full.

TYLER

Good. As far as I'm concerned, nothing need change, assuming that things continue to go smoothly, of course.

JAVIER ACOSTA

Of course. So communication and fund transfers will continue to use the same systems?

TYLER

They will.

JAVIER ACOSTA

And our fee?

Tyler smiles and he puts his hand on Acosta's shoulder.

TYLER

Don't worry, I wasn't planning to reduce it because Ernesto is gone. You will get the same 125,000 U.S. dollars for each job. For now.

A look of surprise, then anger briefly flashes across Acosta's face.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

JAVIER ACOSTA

Sorry, no, not at all.

TYLER

Good.

Acosta smiles, drinks some coffee. Tyler gets up to leave.

JAVIER ACOSTA
You're going already? I thought--

TYLER
I've seen enough. I'll be in touch.

INT. CARINA'S OFFICE - DAY

Logan McGill knocks on Carina's open door. She wears the same clothes as the previous day and appears not to have slept. Carina is at her desk and waves McGill in.

LOGAN MCGILL
It took me longer than expected,
chief, but I think you'll be
pleased with the results.

McGill falls into one of the chairs facing Carina's desk.

CARINA
Wonderful, but did you get any
sleep at all last night?

LOGAN MCGILL
It's highly overrated. Should we
wait for the others?

CARINA
They're all out on other matters.
No computer today?

McGill smiles, holds up her iPhone, taps an icon, glances at the screen.

LOGAN MCGILL
Okay, within one day of six of the
eight murders, an electronic
transfer of \$250,000 was made from
the internal account of a bank
located near that killing to an
account at the Grand Cayman branch
of Unified Eire Bank, which is a
commercial bank based in Dublin.

CARINA
Did any of the suspected payors
have accounts at the banks that
made the transfers?

McGill shakes her head.

LOGAN MCGILL

Everything was done internally between the banks themselves. Someone really knows how to get all these banks to cooperate.

CARINA

Okay, but don't the actual payors for the hits have to reimburse the banks at some point?

LOGAN MCGILL

I'm sure they do but I'd never be able to find the reimbursements since we don't know how or when they were made.

Carina nods, smiles.

CARINA

No assumptions for that one, huh?

LOGAN MCGILL

Way too many variables to do the same kind of analysis. Even if they made lump-sum reimbursements, who knows the timing? And they could have been in installments, disguised as something else. Maybe they even set up lines of credit or used commercial letters of credit. I think all the suspected payors had businesses they could have run this through.

CARINA

Okay, let's leave that aside for now. You said this happened in six of the eight cases. What about the other two?

LOGAN MCGILL

Those two are your Florida cases. Everything was the same in terms of timing and amount but the payments originated from Unified Eire in Dublin, not a bank near here.

CARINA

Interesting. It means Chomsky and Waters are related by more than their M.O. The same payor must have been involved.

McGill nods.

LOGAN MCGILL

It's also interesting that on the same day as all eight \$250,000 transfers were received in Cayman, half was transferred to an account at a Bermuda bank.

CARINA

Really? And the other half?

LOGAN MCGILL

It looks like it stayed in Cayman.

CARINA

In the same account?

LOGAN MCGILL

Impossible to tell.

Carina leans back in her chair.

CARINA

Okay, so each contract was for \$250,000 and that was split between the owner of the Cayman account and the owner of the Bermuda account, which probably means whoever arranges the contracts and whoever arranges the killings.

LOGAN MCGILL

There's one more interesting thing. Tyler Conigliaro's empire includes a holding company in Dublin.

Carina smiles, stands up, leans against the wall.

CARINA

Now that's very interesting. Lots of money flows through a holding companies, which would make it the perfect vehicle for hiding the occasional non-business payment.

LOGAN MCGILL

Conigliaro's corporate empire is enormous, so I'd guess that tens of millions go through that Irish company every year.

Carina looks away for a moment, then looks at McGill.

CARINA

We're inferring that Conigliaro hired the Chomsky and Waters killers on his own behalf and didn't arrange the contracts for someone else. I still think he's the arranger, though. Logan, I don't suppose we can find out who those accounts in Cayman and Bermuda belong to?

LOGAN MCGILL

Unfortunately, no, but if you can find another kind of connection between him and Cayman or Bermuda, you'd be a step closer.

Carina goes to her desk, picks up the land line phone.

CARINA

Hey Craig. When you get this message, do me a favor, please. See if you can find out if Tyler Conigliaro owns a house or has a business in either Cayman or Bermuda. Thanks.

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - ABACO BAHAMAS - DAY

Ernesto Suarez, wearing a bathing suit, lays on a chaise beside a swimming pool, his eyes closed, ear buds in his ears, an old iPod on his chest. A half empty beer bottle sits in the grass next to him. Suarez opens his eyes and Javier Acosta stands at the foot of the chaise, a silencer-equipped, long-barreled twenty-two steady in his hand.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

What the hell, Javi? What are you doing here? How did you find me?

JAVIER ACOSTA

Perhaps I'm a better policeman than you think.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

But a gun? In my home?

JAVIER ACOSTA

You stole from us, uncle. I met with Tyler. He told me the usual \$125,000 fee would continue. You told us it was \$25,000.

(MORE)

JAVIER ACOSTA (CONT'D)

We've done twenty jobs over the years, Raul and me. That's two-and-a-half million to be split evenly, not one-half million.

Suarez shrugs, holds his palms out.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

I made the plans, paid expenses.

JAVIER ACOSTA

You bought a new identity and this house, and still have a million-five in the bank. I found the account number for that other Cayman bank account taped to the underside of your desk drawer. I've been there, I know.

ERNESTO SUAREZ

You and your brother can keep it, Javi. Just leave me enough--

JAVIER ACOSTA

Good-bye, uncle.

Acosta fires, striking Suarez in the chest, then steps closer and fires two more rounds into Suarez's head. He tosses the gun into the pool, walks to a scooter parked in front of the house and drives a short distance to Marsh Harbour Airport, where he boards a waiting small aircraft.

INT. CARINA'S OFFICE - EVENING

Carina, Kurtz and Maybry sit at the conference table.

CARINA

I'm curious about something. Do we have pictures of the killers from anywhere other than Florida?

Maybry looks through several files.

MAYBRY

Just from Houston.

CARINA

Okay, let's see that one, along with the guys who killed Chomsky and the Waters sisters.

Maybry finds the photos, sets all three out on the table.

MAYBRY

The guy on the left killed Chomsky,
the one in the middle killed the
Waters sisters and the guy on the
right is from the Houston case.

Carina points to the center and right photos.

CARINA

These two look like the same guy.

They all take a moment to examine the photos and all agree.

CARINA (CONT'D)

Okay, we already knew there was
more than one triggerman but now we
also know that the same guy has
done more than one killing. Maybe
we're dealing with a small group,
maybe even just these two. I know
I've got pictures of our guys on my
computer but have I got that photo
of the Houston killer?

MAYBRY

It's in the file I sent you.

Carina goes to her desk, searches a file on her laptop, then
starts typing.

CARINA

Okay, I'm putting their photos in a
format that PDs can use for a BOLO
and e-mailing them to Houston and
Captain Bass and strongly
suggesting they issue area wide
BOLOs. If one of these two comes
back, maybe we'll get lucky and
someone will nab him, hopefully
before he kills again but at least
before he gets away.

State Attorney GAIL RITTER, 40, tall and blonde, wearing a
St. John knit suit, comes to the office door.

CARINA (CONT'D)

Gail. I wasn't expecting you. Come
in. Just give me a minute to finish
something up.

Ritter sits down at the table, puts her Chanel handbag and a
laptop bag down on the floor.

GAIL RITTER

I got your message and figured I'd just stop by after court. You said something about Tyler Conigliaro.

Carina comes back to the table.

CARINA

We found a connection between Conigliaro and Bermuda.

GAIL RITTER

Do tell.

Carina turns to Kurtz and nods.

KURTZ

Nothing's in his name or his wife's, but there's a Panamanian corporation called KAT College 3 that owns a house in Bermuda. Conigliaro has three kids, Katherine, Anthony and Theo. I would never have put it together if I hadn't known he named his venture capital firm COVE, from the first letters of the owners' names.

GAIL RITTER

A college fund? I didn't think guys with his kind of money needed one.

Carina, Kurtz and Maybry smile.

KURTZ

Anyway, I went on Google Earth. It's a compound on a hilltop in a place called Tucker's Town. Swanky little community. Conigliaro spends a few months a year there, mostly holidays and parts of the summer.

Carina turns to Gail Ritter.

CARINA

Given what the forensic accountant found, ounselor, does this give us enough to get a subpoena for his and his companies' IRS foreign bank account reporting forms?

GAIL RITTER

We can talk to a judge.

CARINA

I thought you or your boss could sign off on subpoenas.

GAIL RITTER

In most cases, yes, but where federal agencies are involved he insists that a judge sign off.

CARINA

Timing?

GAIL RITTER

I'll get started on the paperwork in the morning. The IRS is likely to take its sweet time, though.

Carina shrugs.

CARINA

Maybe, but it'll be worth the wait if the forms show accounts in Bermuda and Unified Eire in Dublin.

GAIL RITTER

That's it?

Carina nods.

GAIL RITTER (CONT'D)

Great. Maybe I'll get home in time for dinner tonight.

Ritter leaves. The land line on her Carina's desk rings. She goes and answers on speaker.

CARINA

This is Quintana.

DESHAWN DAVIS (V.O.)

This is DeShawn Davis from up the road in St. Pete. We met at the NACP conference in Havana.

CARINA

Yes, of course, Chief Davis. What can I do for you?

DESHAWN DAVIS (V.O.)

Well, last year my wife wanted to go to the Bahamas on vacation.

(MORE)

DESHAWN DAVIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Whenever we think about going somewhere for the first time I check on the crime rate and such beforehand. I can tell you I did not like what I saw in Nassau and Freeport so we decided to go to Abaco instead. Anyway, I'm still on local PD's e-mail list and something they sent out just caught my eye.

CARINA

What is it?

DESHAWN DAVIS (V.O.)

A murder in Abaco and there aren't many there, especially where a well-dressed, thirty-some Latino shoots a guy sitting by his pool.

Carina sits down.

CARINA

Jesus.

DESHAWN DAVIS (V.O.)

There weren't many details, but I'll e-mail you the contact info.

His e-mail arrives and Carina composes a message to the detective handling the case. She, Kurtz and Maybry get coffee in the break room. When they return there is a reply. Carina brings her laptop to the table, skims the reply, opens an attachment and stares at the screen, shocked.

KURTZ

You okay, chief? You look like you've seen a ghost.

CARINA

I have, more or less. According to the Bahamas police the victim's name is Fernando Velasquez, a Venezuelan national, new arrival. He was shot outside his home, once in the chest and twice in the head.

KURTZ

Another one of our hits? In the Bahamas? Who is this Velasquez?

Carina turns her computer around so Kurtz and Maybry can see a picture of the victim. It is Ernesto Suarez.

EXT. EAST HAMPTON N.Y. AIRPORT - DAY

Javier Acosta steps off a small Cessna business jet. He wears white linen pants, a yellow golf shirt, Navy blazer and slip-on shoes and carries a laptop bag, its strap slung over his shoulder. He walks to a waiting Cadillac Escalade.

DRIVER

Mr. Perez?

JAVIER ACOSTA

Yes. I believe you already have the address, in Sagaponack.

DRIVER

Yes, I do, sir. Fairly quick drive this time of day.

They drive out of the airport, take Montauk Highway west and turn south onto Sagg Main Street, go through the town and stop at the end of the road, next to an oceanfront mansion.

JAVIER ACOSTA

I will be only a short while.

Acosta gets out, walks through an opening in a wall of tall hedges and up a drive toward the front of the mansion. He takes a .22 pistol out of it and drops the bag, then rings the doorbell. After a short wait a strikingly beautiful young woman opens the door and smiles.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Hi, sweetheart, who are you?

Acosta launches a vicious right hook to her face. Cartilage breaks and she sprawls backwards onto the foyer's tiled floor, blood streaming from her nose. Acosta walks past her, through a great room and out to a pool deck. A white-haired man, 60 and fit, in a bathing suit, reclines on a chaise.

WHITE HAired MAN

Who the fuck are you?

Acosta steps closer and fires a round into each of the man's knees. He takes a breath, then fires a round into each elbow. The man screams. Acosta tosses the gun into the pool and walks away. The young woman is still on the foyer floor and holds an iPhone.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

I called for help, please don't kill me!

Acosta smiles at her, picks up his bag and walks to the waiting Escalade.

DRIVER
Back to the airport, sir?

JAVIER ACOSTA
Yes, please.

Acosta scans the road as they drive. An ambulance heads toward the beach, lights flashing and siren blaring.

DRIVER
Don't ask me why but every time I
see one of those I think heart
attack.

Acosta smiles. At the airport, he gets out of the car and slings the laptop bag over his shoulder. The Escalade drives, away and two police cars race up the airport road toward the terminal, lights flashing. Acosta stares at them in disbelief. They screech to a halt yards from where he stands.

JAVIER ACOSTA
Impossible!

Doors fling open and an officer hustles out of each car, crouches behind his open door and aims a handgun at Acosta.

FIRST COP (Yells) Down on the ground!	SECOND COP (Yells) Drop the bag! Do it now!
---------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------

Acosta glances at the terminal entrance as he sets the bag down and begins to raise his hands.

FIRST COP
Get down on the ground now! Do it!

Acosta leaps toward the terminal door, shoves it open and sprints across the passenger lounge toward a door that leads out to the aircraft ramp. People mill about and the pursuing police hold their fire. No one is near the ramp door and as Acosta pushes it open shots ring out and plate glass windows shatter behind him. Acosta keeps running toward the low-slung Cessna jet and dives headlong through its open boarding door, into the cabin. He lunges to punch the switch that closes the cabin door, which shuts as the cops near the plane.

JAVIER ACOSTA
Volar! Volar! Fly! Go now!

The cops bang on the cabin door. The first officer tries to get up but Acosta pushes him down.

He reaches for the emergency axe mounted to the flight deck wall but Acosta beats him to it and whacks his head with the side of the blade. The man slumps forward. Acosta turns to the captain.

JAVIER ACOSTA (CONT'D)

Next time, I hit with the blade!
Now fucking get us out of here!

The cops continue banging as the captain moves a few switches and levers, says something into his microphone and advances the throttles. The plane begins moving but the cops fire several shots and the jet jerks to a stop. The captain pushes the throttles to full power. There is loud engine noise but little movement. He pulls back the throttles.

CAPTAIN

They must have shot out the tires.
I'm sorry. There's nothing I can
do. Please, don't hurt me.

Acosta sighs, drops the axe and goes to open the cabin door.

EXT. BALCONY OF CARINA AND ALICE'S CONDO - NIGHT

Carina and Alice lay together on a chaise. Used dinner plates and glasses sit on a bistro table. Carina's iPhone rings.

CARINA

You know every area code on earth,
babe, where's 6-3-1?

ALICE

Somewhere in Long Island, not that
it matters. We both know you're
going to answer it.

Carina smiles and puts the call on speaker.

CARINA

Carina Quintana.

CALLER (V.O.)

This is Detective Ralph Bayles from
Southampton Village PD out here on
Long Island. We collared a guy this
afternoon who you've been looking
for, at least according to the BOLO
the NYPD circulated.

Carina sits up, as does Alice.

CARINA

You've got one of those guys in custody, detective?

RALPH BAYLES (V.O.)

We do, although we've only got him for attempted murder. Guy says his uncle is Ernesto Suarez and he won't talk to anyone but you.

CARINA

What's the best way for me to get up there in the morning?

FADE OUT.

E/I SOUTHAMPTON POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Carina and Kurtz get out of a car and walk into the building. Bayles greets them and escorts them to a conference room.

CARINA

On the phone last night you said *attempted* murder. That's a first for these guys.

RALPH BAYLES

I could just as easily have called it mayhem.

CARINA

That's not a word you hear every day.

Bayles smiles, shrugs.

RALPH BAYLES

And it's not every day you see one shot to each knee and elbow.

KURTZ

Jeez, I think I'd rather be dead.

CARINA

So it wasn't a screw-up, that's what our guy intended. Who was the victim?

RALPH BAYLES

Some movie director, has a big place out here on the beach.

CARINA

Maybe someone thought death was too good for him.

RALPH BAYLES

These Hollywood types, who knows? Girlfriend got her face busted up pretty good, too, by the way. And she's a famous model.

A uniformed officer comes in and hands Bayles a large, white paper bag. Bayles empties its contents onto the table.

RALPH BAYLES (CONT'D)

Lunch. I kept it simple, tuna or ham and cheese on whole wheat, chips and Cokes.

CARINA

Thanks, that's great. So, where is he being held and when can I talk to him?

RALPH BAYLES

Suffolk County Correctional facility over in Yaphank but he should be here within the hour. Now, maybe you could give me an idea why this asshole wants to talk to you and only you, chief.

CARINA

Happy to, but first I'd really like to know how this went down. He's killed in multiple jurisdictions over the past few years and got away and slipped out of the country untouched every time.

Bayles smiles and hands out wrapped sandwiches and Cokes.

RALPH BAYLES

I'd call it dumb luck. One of our guys likes to go through all of what he calls the big city stuff that comes through here. He saw that BOLO and circulated the photos and a quick summary to all of us.

Bayles hands Carina and Kurtz bags of chips.

RALPH BAYLES (CONT'D)

Then, the girlfriend called 9-1-1 a minute or so before the shooter left the scene. Another one of our guys, who likes to eat his lunch right there at the beach, took the call-out just as an Escalade with a well-dressed thirty-something guy in back drive drove away. He called me as he was responding to the house, I put out a BOLO for the Escalade and sent units to a couple marinas and East Hampton Airport, which is where we got him.

KURTZ

He pull a gun, put up a fight?

RALPH BAYLES

When our guys drew on him and ordered him onto the ground he took off into the terminal and out to where the planes are parked. They chased him out there but he made it onto a plane and shut the door.

KURTZ

Then how'd you get him?

Bayles smiles, unwraps a sandwich.

RALPH BAYLES

When the plane started to taxi our guys shot out the tires. After that it was a piece of cake, he didn't even put up a fight. Turned out he wasn't armed. His gun was at the scene, in the swimming pool.

Bayles bites into his sandwich, takes a swig of Coke.

RALPH BAYLES (CONT'D)

There is one thing, though.

KURTZ

What's that?

RALPH BAYLES

You have any idea what a couple of tires for a Cessna CJ3 jet cost?

KURTZ

Don't look at me. I don't even know what a Cessna CJ3 is.

Carina gives Bayles a questioning look.

RALPH BAYLES

Almost eight hundred bucks, each,
plus installation.

Kurtz whistles. He and Carina unwrap sandwiches.

CARINA

Well, look at it this way. The
tires were probably the cheapest
things they could have shot at.
Good call getting units to the
airport, by the way.

RALPH BAYLES

Hey, you sent out the BOLO, we just
read it and connected the dots.

CARINA

Whatever you say, but it was
definitely more than dumb luck.

Bayles shrugs, takes another bite of sandwich.

RALPH BAYLES

Anyway, your turn. What the hell's
really going on here?

Carina smiles, picks up a Coke.

CARINA

You did say we have an hour before
he's brought here, right?

FADE OUT.

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Javier Acosta wears an orange prison jumpsuit and sits at a
steel table, his wrists handcuffed to a hook protruding from
the table, which is bolted to the floor. Carina enters, sits
down across from him.

CARINA

You asked for me, Mr. Perez, so why
don't you start things off.

JAVIER ACOSTA

You're Quintana?

Carina nods and Acosta stares at her for a moment.

JAVIER ACOSTA (CONT'D)

My real name is Javier Acosta. I am a citizen of Cuba and an officer in the Cuban secret police.

CARINA

Your passport says you're Ignacio Luis Perez and that you're Mexican.

Acosta smiles.

JAVIER ACOSTA

You should examine the space between the two bottom layers of the bag I was carrying. There you will find my Cuban passport.

Carina leaves, returns shortly with his Cuban passport.

CARINA

Convince me you're Acosta.

JAVIER ACOSTA

I am the nephew of Ernesto Suarez, who you met not long ago in Havana. You had lunch together, at El Paseo restaurant. He told you that your grandfather killed his father and uncle, in Cuba in 1958, and that he killed your grandfather, in Brooklyn in 1969.

Carina crosses her legs.

CARINA

Why is it you want to speak with me?

JAVIER ACOSTA

You are the only person I know in this country who might be able to help me.

CARINA

Help you how?

JAVIER ACOSTA

My superiors believe I am in Panama conducting official business. When the facts become known to them my wife and children and my brother and his family will not be safe.

CARINA

What about your uncle?

Acosta's back stiffens.

JAVIER ACOSTA

My uncle recently retired and left Cuba without, as I think you say, leaving a forwarding address.

CARINA

And you don't know where he is?

JAVIER ACOSTA

No.

Carina studies him for a moment.

JAVIER ACOSTA (CONT'D)

Because of this my superiors will be even more upset when they learn that I was in the U.S., not Panama.

CARINA

What do you think I can do for you and why do you think I would do it?

JAVIER ACOSTA

I can help you solve several unsolved murder cases.

CARINA

I don't need your help to solve my cases in Florida. We have video of you, as well as your brother, and more than enough other evidence. No matter what happens here, you'll be transferred to Florida in due course to stand trial. There may also be cases brought against you in other jurisdictions. I think we're done here.

Carina stands and walks toward the door.

JAVIER ACOSTA

I think you have misunderstood me, Chief Quintana. When I say I can help you solve these cases, I mean I can help you catch the person who is really behind them.

CARINA

Your uncle?

JAVIER ACOSTA

He was involved but he is out of the picture now. There is someone else, an American, and he is more important than my uncle was.

Carina comes back to the table but remains standing.

CARINA

I'm listening.

JAVIER ACOSTA

My brother and I merely pulled the triggers, on behalf of my uncle. I can give you the man who arranged all of the murders and who paid us. As I said, he is an American. He and Ernesto set up the whole operation and ran it.

CARINA

This American, how did he and your uncle happen to get together?

Acosta starts to make a gesture of uncertainty with his hands but the handcuffs stop him.

JAVIER ACOSTA

I only know that his family had connections to people who did business in Cuba in the old days. His grandfather ran a casino in Havana for the New York mafia.

Carina sits down, folds her arms on the table.

CARINA

What's this American's name?

JAVIER ACOSTA

Before I answer, you must promise to help me.

CARINA

Help you how?

Acosta looks down at his hands and sighs.

JAVIER ACOSTA

First, I want word to get back to my superiors in Cuba that I died in Panama, but I need to let my family know that I am alive.

CARINA

And second?

JAVIER ACOSTA

When you arrest him, this American will figure out what happened, who betrayed him, and he will make sure my superiors learn the truth. My family must be out of Cuba before then.

CARINA

How much time will that take?

JAVIER ACOSTA

My brother will realize the gravity of the situation as soon as I call him and make plans immediately. He can be gone in twenty-four hours.

CARINA

Do they have a place to go, your family? They would not be seeking asylum in the U.S.?

JAVIER ACOSTA

No asylum.

CARINA

Then I and others will be deprived of the opportunity to prosecute your brother for the triggers he pulled in this country.

Acosta shrugs.

JAVIER ACOSTA

How badly do you want this American? Or will you be happy to settle for catching only me and having the blood of my family on your hands?

Carina takes a deep breath.

CARINA

All right. What's his name?

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN STYLE MANSION - PARKLAND FLORIDA - DAY

Tyler Conigliaro swims laps in a large pool. He is alone but for his bodyguard, an enormous man dressed in a suit, who approaches with an iPhone.

BODYGUARD

Sorry boss. Guy says his name's
Raul Acosta and it's important.

Conigliaro finishes his lap, makes his way to a ladder and hauls himself out of the water. The bodyguard hands him a towel and the phone, then walks away.

TYLER

Why the fuck are you calling me?

RAUL ACOSTA (V.O.)

Javi did not return on Thursday from the Hamptons. On Friday my boss told me he had been killed in Panama, on an operation there. Of course, Javi was not in Panama. A few hours later Javi called me to say he was arrested and is in jail in New York. I just arrived in Grand Cayman with our families.

Conigliaro says nothing but begins pacing back and forth.

RAUL ACOSTA (V.O.)

Are you still there?

TYLER

Yes, I'm still fucking here! You knew this yesterday. Why the fuck did it take you so long to call me?

RAUL ACOSTA (V.O.)

I could not risk calling from Cuba. If the secret police found out he was in an American jail we would not be safe there. It took time for me to make arrangements to leave. It was not easy to get here.

Tyler stops pacing, clenches his jaw.

TYLER

You know what, Raul? If the fucking secret police think he died in Panama and he's really alive and in jail here, it can only mean your fucking brother made a deal with the cops to give you time to get out of Cuba! And I'm guessing that deal involves me! Mother fucker!

Conigliaro hurls the phone into the pool. His bodyguard watches it hit the water, then presses his hand against the earpiece in his left ear and walks toward Conigliaro.

BODYGUARD

Boss, Gino in the monitoring room says there's a whole buncha cop cars drivin' up to the front gate.

TYLER

Shit! Call for the fucking helicopter, now!

Conigliaro runs into the house, changes into blue jeans and a white shirt, runs back outside as a black helicopter descends in an arc over the house.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FRONT GATE OF CONIGLIARO MANSION - DAY

Carina, her team and a dozen Broward County Sheriff's deputies are assembled in the driveway, all wearing Kevlar vests. The property is surrounded by a twelve-foot-high steel fence. Carina presses the call button at the vehicle gate. There is no response. She look up and sees the helicopter.

CARINA

Plan B people!

She signals to the deputies standing next to an armored vehicle.

CARINA (CONT'D)

Go ahead, take it down!

There is a tremendous roar and the vehicle lunges forward, not slowing as it plows through the flattened and twisted steel gate. Carina directs two deputies to guard the front door of the house and leads the others around the side, motioning for two more deputies to guard the rear door.

CARINA (CONT'D)

Everyone else, with me! There's a helipad way out back!

They follow her past a dining terrace. Conigliaro and the bodyguard are ahead of them, walking quickly past the pool, toward cabanas. The bodyguard brandishes a handgun. Carina signals and the team crouches in place, handguns and assault rifles aimed at the two figures.

CARINA (CONT'D)
Tyler Conigliaro! Police with a
warrant! Both of you, get down on
your knees! You with the gun, drop
it and push it away!

The bodyguard stops but Conigliaro keeps walking.

CARINA (CONT'D)
Police with a warrant! Stop!

Conigliaro sprints past the cabanas, toward a helipad. His
bodyguard dives behind a palm tree and begins shooting at the
cops, who scatter to find shelter and return a fury of fire.
The bodyguard is hit. Carina and a deputy run to him, guns
raised, check for a pulse, there is none. Carina then waves
everyone else to come ahead and heads for the helipad.

CARINA (CONT'D)
Everyone, follow me!

The helicopter lands as she runs past the cabanas, a clutch
of deputies on her heels. Conigliaro reaches the craft, pulls
open the door and scampers inside.

TYLER
Get us the fuck out of here!

The whine of the engines increases as Carina reaches the pad.
She scurries under the whirling blades to the front of the
craft and points her gun at the pilot. Kurtz hesitates, then
moves toward the passenger compartment of the helicopter.

KURTZ
Let's go! It's now or never, boys!

He and two deputies lunge, open the door and pile inside. The
deputies fight Conigliaro, Kurtz holds his gun against the
pilot's back and the man lets go of the controls.

KURTZ (CONT'D)
Shut it down!

The pilot flips switches and the rotor blades slow. Kurtz
handcuffs him, then turns and aims his gun at Conigliaro.

KURTZ (CONT'D)
Give me an excuse, asshole!

Conigliaro stops struggling. He is led outside and
handcuffed. Kurtz brings the pilot out, handing him off to
one of the deputies.

Carina holsters her gun and tells Conigliaro that he is under arrest for conspiracy and murder, reads him his rights and follows as the deputies take him away.

TYLER

Fuck you people! This isn't over,
not by a long shot!

INT. CASINO BAR - ATLANTIC CITY - NIGHT

Carina and Alice sit at a cocktail table, martini glasses in front of them. Deco lettering on the wall says **The Gold Bar at the Golden Rule.**

CARINA

You have a very strange sense of humor, bringing me here when I thought we were going to New York, you know that, right?

Alice smiles, shrugs.

ALICE

I wanted to do something to celebrate you getting Tyler Conigliaro. Coming here just seemed like the perfect place to do it.

Carina takes a sip of her martini.

CARINA

I'm still surprised his lawyers couldn't get him out on bail. I really sweated out his arraignment. They made a good case, family man, high profile, philanthropist, no prior criminal record. Gail Ritter did a really good job emphasizing the odious nature of the crimes and making the flight risk case, though.

ALICE

Odious? Really?

Carina smiles and shrugs.

ALICE (CONT'D)

So having fancy lawyers doesn't always guarantee the outcome and rich guys get treated the same as everyone else, at least once in a while.

There is a flat screen TV over the bar, tuned to a news channel. Carina glances up at it.

CARINA
Shit.

ALICE
What? What is it?

CARINA
I think something's going on with Conigliaro.

Both women slide off their stools and step closer to the TV so they can see the closed captioning. Behind the news reader are pictures of a jail and of Tyler Conigliaro.

TV CRAWL
Wealthy entrepreneur Tyler Conigliaro, who is accused of running a high end murder for hire ring and who was being held in a South Florida prison without bail pending trial, was killed today by a fellow inmate.

CARINA
Jesus.

Carina's iPhone rings. **GAIL RITTER** appears on the screen.

GAIL RITTER (V.O.)
Are you sitting down?

CARINA
No, but I just saw it. So much for nailing the people who paid for the murders. Shit.

GAIL RITTER (V.O.)
You still need to be sitting down. No one has the whole story, yet.

Alice follows Carina back to the table and they sit. Carina puts the phone on speaker and they lean in close to it.

CARINA
Okay, I'm sitting, Gail.

GAIL RITTER (V.O.)
Conigliaro took a hit out on himself.

(MORE)

GAIL RITTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He got word around that he'd pay a hundred thousand dollars to the family of the inmate who killed him.

CARINA

You're kidding, right?

GAIL RITTER (V.O.)

I'm not kidding. And it gets even better. Two gang members serving life sentences for murder and kidnapping decided to take him up on his offer and one of them killed the other one to make sure he got to Conigliaro first.

CARINA

Jesus!

Carina finishes her martini.

GAIL RITTER (V.O.)

In a way, I killed him, or at least my office did.

CARINA

What do you mean?

GAIL RITTER

I told his lawyers that even if he gave up the people who hired him, taking the death penalty off the table was the best deal we were going to give him. I guess he couldn't handle the thought of life without a chance of parole.

CARINA

But your boss made that decision.

GAIL RITTER

And I agreed with it.

CARINA

It's not your fault, Gail. He's the one who decided to play big-time gangster. He had his eyes open.

GAIL RITTER

Whatever.

CARINA

So now everyone else skates?

GAIL RITTER (V.O.)

Not necessarily. Yesterday afternoon he handed his lawyer a list of the people who paid for the hits, and there are more than we knew about.

CARINA

Okay, I'm actually kind of blown away he did that, but is that going to be enough to convict them?

GAIL RITTER (V.O.)

Maybe, maybe not, but since none of them are in Florida it's not our problem. On the other hand, that list might make your next book even more interesting.

Alice turns to Carina and smiles.

CARINA

I'd rather see every one of them convicted. And I'd also like to find Raul Acosta and bring him back here. Anyway, thanks for letting me know, Gail. And try not to let it bother you too much, it's really not on you.

Carina ends the call.

ALICE

I couldn't imagine spending the rest of my life in prison either, but still, wow!

CARINA

Exactly, wow.

Carina stares off in the distance for a moment. Alice takes her hand and Carina turns back to her.

CARINA (CONT'D)

Maybe I was wrong about Conigliaro, after all.

ALICE

What do you mean?

CARINA

I can't imagine an old-time guy
like his grandfather, Anthony,
ratting out anyone like that, let
alone killing himself. Maybe the
apple didn't fall quite as close to
the tree as I thought.

THE END