

5 INT. BOYCE'S SECOND FLOOR -- NIGHT 5

Weller, Ramirez and Oslo find the entrance to the attic - a pull-down ladder that's sealed up tight. They whisper:

Start



OSLO

Single access-point. We try to breach and Boyce has more than enough time to act.

Ramirez scans the space above them with a Thermal Imager, allowing them to observe the heat signatures of the attic's occupants). It's far from clear, but they can make it out.

RAMIREZ

Four targets against the wall, looks like they're chained there...single Tango pacing in the middle, armed. Shells fired were from an AR-15.

OSLO

What's that? A cat or a dog?

Oslo points to a small heat signature in the corner.

WELLER

...that's a baby. We need to act now.

Ramirez and Oslo exchange a look, nervous.

RAMIREZ

Roof?

WELLER

Too loud, he'd hear us.

RAMIREZ

Look around, what choice do we have?

Stop



INT. ELECTRONICS STORE -- BACK ROOM -- DAY

Ramirez slams Pete into a chair and holds up his phone, displaying a picture of Cho as Oslo pokes around in the background, looking for clues.

Start



RAMIREZ

When was he in here and what did he buy.

PETE

I've never seen him before!

RAMIREZ

Yeah? That why you ran? Cuz you've never seen him before?

Oslo notices some sawdust in the cracks of the floor.

PETE

I told you, I wasn't running, I was-

RAMIREZ

This is an electronics store, right?

PETE

Yeah? So what?

RAMIREZ

So why is there sawdust on the floor?

PETE

I..do woodwork sometimes.

RAMIREZ

Woodwork. You do woodwork. So it's an electronics and woodworking store.

(beat)

Cuz I didn't see anything made of wood out front.

PETE

No, it's...it's like a hobby, I make birdhouses and stuff.

RAMIREZ

Birdhouses? So...where are all the tools?

PETE

No, I take 'em home at night, I don't-

RAMIREZ

Pete, Pete, *stop*. I'm sure you're good at something, alright? But it's not woodworking and it's not lying. *When was Cho in here and what did you sell him.*

PETE

I don't know, I swear! I don't know him, I don't know anything!

RAMIREZ

Well let me tell you what *I* know: This is an electronics shop but the back room is covered in sawdust. Which concerns me because I also smell rotten eggs. Which may have been your lunch, but was more likely the sulfur you combined with the sawdust to make the homemade explosives you sold to this guy who *we all know you know.*

PETE

I...I don't know.

Oslo swabs the work desk and runs it through their portable EDT (Explosives Trace Detector). It lights up RED.

RAMIREZ

Ooh...red. Red is not the color you wanted, Pete. Red means 23 hours a day in a windowless room for the rest of your life. Red means one letter a month from your wife until she works up the courage to tell you she's moved in with your brother. Red means it's time to start talking, Pete.

Pete looks back and forth between them, terrified.

PETE

...I want a lawyer.

Oslo and Ramirez exchange a look: *Shit.*

 Stop