

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

David Kujan is walking quickly beside SERGEANT RABIN, a dark and weathered looking man in his late thirties. They move up a staircase into the heart of police headquarters.

KUJAN

What do you mean I can't see him?

RABIN

The D.A. came down here last night ready to arraign before they even moved him to county. Kint's lawyer comes in and five minutes later, the D.A. comes out looking like he'd been bitch-slapped by the boogey man. They took his statement and cut him a deal.

KUJAN

Did they charge him with anything?

RABIN

Weapons. Misdemeanor two.

KUJAN

What the fuck is that?

Rabin motions for Kujan to lower his voice. He points out that they are walking through a bullpen filled with desks where a number of other police are working within earshot.

RABIN

I give the D.A. credit for getting that much to stick. This whole thing has turned political. The Mayor was here - the chief - the Governor called this morning, for Christ's sake. This guy is protected from up on high by the price of fucking darkness.

KUJAN

When does he post bail?

RABIN

Two hours, tops.

KUJAN

I want to see him.