

*Jimmy escorted into meeting room. Agent McCauley sat waiting.*

Lauren McCauley.  
I'm special agent Lauren McCauley. You can call me that or Lauren. I remember you don't like "Jimbo".

Jimmy.  
Jimmy, please. You sandbagged me into accepting a five year plea when you knew I'd get ten.

Lauren McCauley.  
So you remember.

Jimmy.  
No possibility of parole, who takes that deal

Lauren McCauley.  
You. You're a drug dealer. And you played chicken with us and you lost. Embrace that concept. Now, sit down. I hear you're making a real go of prison. No major beefs. Seem to get along with most the dominant gangs and successfully avoid the ones you don't know yet. And... you've developed a sideline in here? No shit.

Jimmy.  
That's in there?

Lauren McCauley.  
You use your profits to buy fresh vegetables and lean cuts of meat.

Jimmy.  
Prison food sucks.

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

Jimmy.  
Just a service

Lauren McCauley.  
Oh he's so modest. You rent porno mags right? Hustler, Penthouse, Barely legal. How's that work?

Jimmy.  
They pay for half-hour blocks.

Lauren McCauley.  
Must be a lot of, what do they call it, retail breakage?

Jimmy.  
I turn my inventory over a lot.

Lauren McCauley.  
That's what you called drugs too. Your inventory. At least on the tapes I heard. I'm not surprised you're thriving in here Jimmy.

Jimmy. I'm not thriving

Lauren McCauley.  
Because you're a charming guy. Everyone likes you. I've heard you talk to Mexican cartel guys, Cabrini-green bangers, outfit goombahs in their tracksuits at the Elmwood Park social club. You get along with everyone. I've noticed something else. After a certain point they do most of the talking.

Jimmy.  
I'm sorry?

Lauren McCauley.  
You've got your patter, your funny story or two, but then you settle back and just let them run their mouths. Take me. Something in those soulful eyes of yours. The way you sit so still, so at peace with yourself. It makes me wanna babble man. Unlock myself.

Jimmy.  
You mentioned a point a while back

Lauren McCauley.  
You in a rush cause we can let you get back to it.

Jimmy.  
No, I'm fine.

Lauren McCauley.  
You've gotta sell and veggies to procure and only nine years and three months on your sentence

Jimmy.  
Just tell me why I'm...

Lauren McCauley.  
I don't wanna hold you up

Jimmy.  
Just fucking tell me why I'm here

Lauren McCauley.  
Temper. Not as cool as he thinks. We would like you to transfer to another prison and befriend someone to elicit a confession. We need the precise location of a dead body.

Jimmy.  
You need it?

Lauren McCauley.  
We suspect that the man you'll read about in that file has killed 14 women, maybe more. But we only tied him to two. And we only have one of the bodies. We'd like to find the other one and maybe 12 more.

Jimmy.  
And this prison where this guys is?

Lauren McCauley.  
It's in Springfield Missouri, maximum security specialising in the criminally insane.

Jimmy.  
So you want me to check into hell and cozy up to a fucking demon, and ask him all casual, "Hey, so where'd you bury 13 bodies?" Is that right? Not for all the fucking money in the world

Lauren McCauley.  
How about freedom, a complete commutation of your sentence

Jimmy.  
If I transfer?

Lauren McCauley.  
If you transfer and if you get the location of Patricia Reitler's body. No body, no release.

Jimmy.  
No body, no release. No.

Lauren McCauley. No?

Jimmy.  
No

Lauren McCauley.

His conviction is on appeal, he could win and walk. If he walks, he'll kill again and again until he fucks up and gets caught. The last time, he killed 14 girls before he got caught.

Jimmy.

And it wont have anything to do with me.

Lauren McCauley.

It will! You had the chance to stop him, and you didn't take it.

Jimmy.

Look i'm sorry about these women, but I don't know them. And if he gets out, I wont know the next ones he kills. I might be sad about it...but....

Lauren McCauley.

This kind of deal wont walk through the door twice so before you spend the next ten years wondering why you didn't take it...look at the file. At the very least it'll make unique reading material. Your attorney has my contact info.