

INT. IVANHOV'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Borough magistrate BILL IVANHOV (50) is an artist of some acclaim, working in a very specialized niche. He uses wood-burning tools -- which look like soldering irons -- to create elaborate images on knotted planks of pine.

Mathers and Valerie stand near Ivanhov as he works, tiny curls of smoke rising from his canvas. Ivanhov feels no need to make eye contact.

IVANHOV

People think a magistrate is just a poor man's judge, but it's completely different. Most of the cases that come before me, there's no prosecutor, no defense attorney, just me and the perpetrator, figuring out the right thing to do.

Ivanhov finally looks over at them. He wears magnifying glasses to aid his work.

IVANHOV (cont'd)

Val will tell you. I take my responsibility to these people very seriously.

MATHERS

Good to know.

IVANHOV

Which is why I will never give you a warrant to search the Satchels'.

He hangs his iron in the rack.

VALERIE

He's got good cause, Bill.

IVANHOV

He's got nothing but an innocent boy in jail, grieving for the loss of his only brother. He hasn't got a shred of conclusive evidence, which is why he needs to turn the Satchel home upside-down looking for some nail on which to hang a flimsy argument.

Mathers doesn't rise to the provocation.