

Everything you have uncovered points to one man.
Anthony Hollywood Marco, Tony's cousin.

When you hand your findings over to the police, there is a moment of silence in the room. Then one of the officers checks something on his tablet and looks up sharply. "His phone is still on."

The signal is active. Pinged less than a minute ago. It places Anthony near a warehouse at the docks. A property owned by the Marco Family.

He has not run far.

Thirty minutes later, a convoy of police vehicles moves toward the waterfront with you in the passenger seat of the lead cruiser. No sirens. No lights. The buildings along the docks are all the same. Rusted metal siding.

The cruiser slows.

"There," the driver says.

A black sedan sits crooked beside one of the warehouses. Plates come back registered to Anthony Marco, giving you some confirmation.

The police gather just out of sight of the building. The plan is simple. Surprise him before he knows they are there. Two officers circle toward the back entrance. Another team positions near the side loading doors. You stay close behind the lead detective. Everything happens so fast, the front door is kicked open in one violent motion as police surge inside.

"Police! Drop the weapon!"

The interior is dim and smells like oil and seawater. Wooden crates line the walls. Light filters in through narrow windows high above. And then you see him.

Anthony stands near the center of the warehouse, a pistol in his hand. His usually polished appearance is gone. Shirt untucked. Hair disheveled. Eyes wide and bloodshot.

Across from him, tied to a metal chair, is Thomas. Bruised. Pale. But alive. Anthony's head snaps toward the noise. For a split second he looks stunned. Then anger floods his face.

"It was not supposed to go this way," he says, almost pleading.

"Anthony," the detective calls out firmly. "Put the gun down." Anthony lets out a bitter laugh.

"You think I wanted this? Tony was cutting me out. My own cousin. Said I was finished. Said I did not deserve a seat at the table anymore." His voice grows louder, more frantic. "He was rewriting everything. The properties. The money. All of it. I was about to lose everything. I panicked." His hand shakes slightly on the gun.

"I just wanted him to listen. Just once. But he would not. So I shot him." His eyes flick toward Thomas. "And then this idiot walked in."

Thomas says nothing. He only watches. Anthony swallows hard, fear creeping into his voice now.

"You are not taking me in. You understand that, right?" His jaw tightens. "I am not going to prison."

He raises the gun.

Officers shout commands. The warehouse erupts into chaos and once the dust settles, Anthony Marco is tackled to the floor, kicking and screaming.

Thomas is eventually reunited with his family and Anthony agrees to a plea deal to reduce his prison sentence, as a result the newspapers seem to report daily on the Marco family's entire operation as it is dismantled piece by piece.

Case closed.