

**\$HOOTING  
LESSONS\$**

**LENNY KLEINFELD**

Published by Niaux-Noir Books

Copyright © 2019 by Lenny Kleinfeld

Cover and book design by Stewart A. Williams

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication can be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, without permission in writing from the author or publisher.

ISBN: 978-0-578-41359-4

Book Cover and interior design and typesetting by Stewart A. Williams Design

FOR SHELDON PATINKIN, 1945-2014  
Writer, director, professor and loving uncle to  
four decades of Chicago theater people.  
He taught them the First Law of Chicago Esthetics:  
*“Better an asshole than a chickenshit.”*

*Everybody gonna need  
Some kind of ventilator*

—THE TAO OF MICK AND KEITH

## ONE

Ever since Bluetooth no one looks twice at a driver alone in a car who's deep in conversation with an invisible friend. Even if the friend is Shakespeare.

"*When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live til I were married. Here comes Beatrice—*' well actually here comes Mitch," Kody Wallace corrected as a man standing at the curb waved at Kody's red Rav 4, which sported the world-famous Makro insignia on its windshield.

Mitch was nobody's Beatrice—fortyish, six-four, muscular, short blond hair, three days' stubble coating his square jaw. Windbreaker, work shirt, cargo khakis and for some reason Mitch was wearing thin leather gloves even though the temp was 54. Kody didn't waste time wondering about it; a guy wearing gloves on an unusually balmy autumn day didn't budge the needle on Kody's passenger weird-ometer.

He lowered the passenger-side window as he glided to a halt. "Mitch? I'm Kody."

The passenger nodded and reached for the rear door.

"More legroom up front," Kody offered.

"S'okay," Mitch said—in a casual, authoritative rumble of a voice Kody wanted to hear more of. Kody could—would—use that voice someday. Had to get this guy talking. Kody took a peek in the rear-view. Mitch was looking out the side window. Erect posture, gloved hands resting on the tops of his thighs.

"Yeah, the gloves," Mitch rumbled. Now looking right at Kody.

"I wasn't... Fukkit, I'm busted. The gloves," Kody admitted, grinning.

“Know what never occurs to people? A dude my size, kinda hard-lookin’, could be germophobic. Or even knows the word germophobic,” Mitch added, sly.

Kody guessed, “So you get asked about the gloves like every day?”

“Not every.” Mitch studied him for a moment. “So, Kody, what kinda work you really do?”

“Yeah, well... I’m the total Makro cliché: I’m an actor.”

“You good at it?”

“I’ve got an Equity card... Tomorrow morning I’ve got a final callback—lead role, down to me and one other—and it’s a major theater, Chicago Shakes. Chicago Shakespeare Theatre, on Navy Pier?”

“Yeah, I been by there. What’s the show?”

“*Much Ado About Nothing*. Shakespeare’s best comedy. And Benedick’s a great part... If I get this gig, it could lead to... I might have to give up my career as a Makro driver.”

“Then why the hell you drivin’ around instead of home rehearsing?”

“I’m rehearsing while I drive.”

“Ain’t it better to do that with other actors?”

“Which is why after work I’m gonna run lines with some friends. Then go home and try not to lay awake all night thinking about it.”

“Good-lookin’ dude like you, you don’t have a girlfriend boyfriend whatever to help with that?”

“My girlfriend’s in Minneapolis for her kid sister’s confirmation.”

Kody sighed. “Great kid but she picked the wrong week to turn twelve.”

“Hell yeah,” Mitch agreed.

Kody glanced at the rearview. Mitch was also looking into the mirror, making eye contact with Kody and holding it. With an expression that was a strange blend of sympathetic and—hungry?

Was Mitch coming on to him? Kody returned his attention to the traffic.

Neither spoke again until Kody announced, “Here we are,” as he pulled to the curb. “Have a great day.” Kody turned to face Mitch. Said, in a carefully subdued imitation of Mitch’s voice, “Been good talking to you.”

Mitch gave him a small nod, saying, “Luck with the audition,” and

tried to hand him a twenty.

Fuck yeah he's hitting on me. "Thanks, but that's more than the fare."

"C'mon, buy yourself a coupla drinks, help ya sleep." Mitch continued to hold the twenty out, his arm rock steady. Body language a perfect fit with the voice.

"You can click on one of the tip options—how's this, rate me five stars, and if you want you can write a comment about how great I am."

Mitch promised, in that low rumble, "It'll be the best thing anybody ever said about you."



When Kody knocked off work that evening the best thing anybody ever said about him still hadn't shown up. No way to tell if Mitch had been bullshitting, or just that Mitch was old enough to lack the instant-response imperative groomed into kids who've grown up digital.



Kody got home close to midnight. As he walked up the stairs to his apartment he couldn't resist pulling out his phone to see if Mitch's—nope.

*Get a fuckin' grip*, Kody advised himself as he slowly, carefully opened the door to his apartment, *getting hung up on acting reviews is bad enough, now I'm gonna stress over driver reviews...*

"Katniss?" Their unusually affectionate, unusually dumb cat would rush right up to the door soon as she heard the key, which is why Kody always opened it gently—but she wasn't there. Kody closed the door and looked arou—

Katniss was splayed near the bedroom doorway, dead, fucking dead, Kody knew it before he knelt and touched her.

"Hey." That deep rumble—

Kody's head jerked upward—

Mitch emerged from the darkened bedroom, his gloved hand gripping a silenced gun aimed at Kody with that rock-steady arm.

"Kody Wallace died for his country," Mitch said and his gun clapped twice.

## TWO

Turns out maybe Brooklyn was right,” Doonie said, referring to Brooklyn McVay, the vic’s distraught girlfriend, “there is nobody this whole fuckin’ planet had a reason to pop Kody Wallace. Forget hire a pro shooter who charges money.”

“We haven’t interviewed the whole planet yet,” Mark pointed out.

“We interviewed the whole part knew Wallace. My money’s on Wallace was a mistake, contract shooter hit the wrong guy. An accident of God.”

“Doon, it’s been three days.”

“All I’m sayin’, if we do never clear this, I was the one predicted it was gonna be a dry hump.” Doonie waved to their waitress to bring another round of Makers.

In the eight years since Mark Bergman made Homicide and was partnered with the semi-legendary John Dunegan, they’d been drinking Jack Daniels. When Mark switched to Makers Mark, Doonie gave Mark shit about how him being a Cubs fan was bad enough, he didn’t have to go around drinking like one.

Then the JaneDoe thing happened. JaneDoe, a young artist who was the first and only woman Mark ever wanted to spend his life with, decisively informed Mark he was banned from her life, and moved to Europe.

Doonie took Mark to a blues club where they killed a bottle of Makers. Since then Doon kept ordering Makers, explaining he was only doing it because he was trying to cheer up a heartbroke friend.

Despite Doonie’s noble sacrifice, the heartbroke friend wasn’t buying Doonie’s theory of the murder. Doon was right about the



annoying lack of suspects. Nobody in Kody Wallace's family—or Brooklyn's—had motive to kill Kody, or knew anyone who might.

Neither did his friends and colleagues. The actor who'd been up against Wallace for the role of Benedick had a solid alibi for the time of the murder, and couldn't afford a skilled hit man.

Same with Wallace's day job. No problems with bosses or other Makro drivers. No known beefs with passengers—and Wallace didn't have a dashcam that might've recorded one. No accidents. No run-in with a taxi driver enraged at the ride-hail scum who were destroying his livelihood.

Kody Wallace had no rap sheet, no big debts, no significant bad habits, no insane exes. And yet he'd been given what looked like a pro sendoff.

The shooter had no trouble getting past the lock on Wallace's door. Picked a night Brooklyn was out of town. Fired two shots nobody heard; chest and head, .22 cal. Used a clean piece. Picked up his brass. Took nothing from Wallace's apartment. Left no gotcha forensics.

Which was why Mark wasn't buying Doonie's supposition: It assumed a pro this organized had an oops moment and killed the wrong guy.

Mark read every comment on Kody Wallace's driver page. Nothing but four- and five-star ratings.

Almost. Six months ago a passenger gave Kody a one-star rating and a one-word review: *Unacceptable*.

Mark and Doonie drove down to Hegewisch, Chicago's southernmost neighborhood, to knock on the door of a dilapidated clapboard cottage belonging to Wallace's one unsatisfied customer, Nancy Mittelhausen.

Mittelhausen was 82, frail, walked with a cane, and had dissed Wallace because she resented his gay hair and gay driving. They learned this from Mittelhausen's granddaughter, who was housesitting while Grandma was on a European tour with her church group.

Mark asked to see Grandma's itinerary. She'd been in Paris the night of the murder. Mark and Doonie called it a day and went to dinner.

Paris. Mark ignored the reference until now, a hot meal and multiple bourbons into being off-duty. Paris was where JaneDoe was living. But the only time she'd returned one of Mark's calls it was to make clear what she needed was for him to stay out of her life. Totally. Said she'd let him know if that ever changed, and he'd better respect that. He did. No mystery why JaneDoe needed to get far away from him and Chicago.

"Excuse me," blurted a slightly inebriated young man walking by their booth as he jolted to a halt, with That Look on his face: he recognized Mark. "Sorry to, are you that cop—police officer, police officer—Detective, um, Mark Berkowitz?"

"Almost," Mark replied.

The slightly inebriated young man looked slightly confused.

"Bergman," Doonie clarified.

"You *are* you," the slightly inebriated young man exulted.

"And you are?"

"Stig, Stig Weston, this is so dope, like, an honor Detective—*Bergman*."

"Good meeting you too, Mr. Weston."

"Stig call me Stig... So, uh, would it be okay to ask, um..." Stig struggled to work up the nerve to ask the *What's it like to kill four guys?* question. He failed, flailed and blurted, "Are you Jewish?"

"Nope."

"Oh—sorry sorry didn't mean to get personal. So, um—" Stig's eyes did a frantic dance, "—what religion are you?"

"None."

"Oh shit, sorry sorry, didn't mean—"

"Your drinks, gentlemen," the waitress announced, plunked down two fresh glasses, cleared the empties and left.

"Look, I apologize."

"Nah," Mark assured Stig, and shook his hand. "You're not gonna drive yourself home, right?"

"Sure... Uh, thanks."

Stig began to walk away, turned and started to ask—

“No selfies,” Doonie growled.

Stig took a moment to process that alien concept, gave an unconvincing no-problem shrug and hurried into the men’s room.

Doonie shot Mark a disconsolate look and waved to the waitress to bring the check.

“Relax,” Mark counseled. “Don’t gulp your dessert.”

“Right now Stig’s posting on Fuckchat while he’s standin’ there pissin’.”

“But this is the first time we’ve had to flee the scene of a bourbon in nearly two weeks.” Mark raised his glass. “A new record.”

Doonie gave Mark’s glass a sarcastic clink.

“Don’t worry, Doon, this celebrity cop shit is fading fast, soon it’ll be gone. All I’ve gotta do is not shoot anybody.”

## THREE

Stan Vanderman, known to friends as the Silver Sidewinder and to the public as the Executive Vice President of the American Gun Association, had booked the penthouse suite atop Springfield's finest approximation of a posh hotel. Vanderman was in town to lobby the Minority Leader and Deputy Minority Leader of the Illinois General Assembly. The suite had been swept for bugs, there was security on the door, and the only other person at the meeting was a tall gangly baby-faced thirty-one-year old, who was sipping the ninety-year-old cognac the three oldsters were swilling.

"So what's this week's plan to sell more guns?" Minority Leader Charles Mason asked, prairie droll.

"Charlie," Vanderman sighed, D.C. innocent, "the AGA's sole mission is to protect the Second Amendment rights of Americans."

"Next you're gonna swear monkeys shit diamonds and I should let my daughter marry one," Mason predicted.

"*Let* her? Charlie, you'd insist on it," Deputy Leader Evie Burnett teased.

Mason and Vanderman laughed. The thirty-one-year old didn't; he was playing the inscrutable card. In fact he liked Evie Burnett. She was sharp, tough and in good enough shape to qualify as fuckable at fifty.

Mason drained his snifter and let Vanderman refill it. Mason gave the luxury lubricant a swirl and repeated, "So what's this week's plan to sell more guns?"

Vanderman answered, "Out of Illinois' one-point-five million licensed handgun owners, why have only ninety-one thousand

bothered to apply for a Concealed Carry License?”

“Because that’s how many people want one,” Mason said.

“No, Charlie, every Illinois gun owner wants concealed carry. But they won’t put up with getting screwed out of a four hundred dollar CCL fee, on top of paying for the mandatory fourteen hour training.”

“Don’t even think about easing the requirements for concealed carry,” Mason warned.

“Not easing,” Vanderman said. “Eliminating.”

Mason blatted a dismissive snort.

“Stan,” Evie Burnett wondered, “has it slipped your mind the Democrats control the Assembly, and the Senate?”

“Nope.”

“Ain’t happening, Stan,” Mason insisted. “Wouldn’t even be able to flip the pliable suburban Dems. No way any of ‘em’s gonna vote to remove concealed carry requirements.”

“There’s always a way. We’re gonna commit as much time and,” Vanderman looked the politicians in the eye, “*resources* as it takes to make it happen.” He paused to sip cognac.

Nicely played, the gangly young observer thought; after you mention money to pols, give them a moment to fantasize.

Evie wasn’t in the mood. “Don’t play dumb, Stan. You know the only way we got CCL passed was by including mandatory training. Over 80% of Illinois voters want to know the drunk on the next barstool with a gun tucked in his shorts was forced to hear a safety lecture. You’re gonna change that how?”

“I unleash the Kraken,” Vanderman explained, indicating the millennial.

Trey Fister gave his audience a moment to take in the edgy haircut, slim-fit Dolce & Gabbana suit and the super-confident smirk he wore as if it were a medal he’d won in the wunderkind wars.

Trey warmed his wundersmirk into a grin and aimed it at Evie. “Four hundred bucks plus mandatory training was the *price* Dems charged to vote for concealed carry, it wasn’t the *reason*,” Trey asserted, rising to his feet and pacing as he spoke, because that’s what the unstoppable solitary genius did in every unstoppable solitary

genius movie. “The *reason* is, Dems are human. Deep down, Chicago lakeshore libs want to know if push comes to shove they’re free to pack a weapon. We’re going to make them face the fact push has already obliterated shove. Chicago’s murder epidemic is at three hundred a year and—”

“But damn near all of that’s black on black or brown,” Mason reminded the wunderkind.

“Which is why in the ‘hood there’s mad love for concealed carry,” Trey reminded the pudgy old hack.

“But sweetie,” Evie cooed, “that’s got fuck-all to do with us converting that great big pile of middleclass white folks who actually vote.”

“My point exactly,” Trey enthused. “Illinois is averaging about seven hundred murders a year and 38% of those victims are white.”

“But less than half of those whites are middleclass.”

“Right, no one gives a shit about the dead spouse in a trailer-trash divorce. But that still gives us dozens of middleclass whites killed every year, and all they get is sixty seconds on local TV and a yawn on page nine. We’re gonna fix that.” Trey picked up his snifter, took a sip and set the snifter down slowly, to inject suspense before letting them hear the payoff. “In addition to a classic balls-to-the-wall AGA lobbying push, we’re gonna post videos and TV commercials about every respectable solvent white—and a few respectable solvent ethnics—whose murders could’ve been prevented by concealed carry. We’ll move fast, while the hurt’s fresh—heard about that good-looking young actor in Chicago who got shot a few days ago? Threw this together on my laptop,” Trey said, pulling a tiny remote from his pocket. “It’ll be polished and on social media tomorrow, along with a 30-second TV commercial.”

A video flared to life on the suite’s 70-inch flatscreen.

*A close-up photo of a young man, handsome, with an expressive, charming grin. A title fades in: **KODY WALLACE**. Then another: **AGE 25**. Along with the titles is voiceover, by Trey Fister:*

“Kody Wallace... 25... Graduate of the Goodman School of Drama.”

*Graduation photo, flanked by beaming parents.*

“Engaged.”

*Photo of Kody down on one knee, proposing to Brooklyn—in the Wrigley Field bleachers, surrounded by cheering friends and strangers.*

“A talented young actor—” *montage of sexy Kody in various roles—*”who was up for the lead role in the next production at the Tony Award-winning Chicago Shakespeare Theatre.”

*Photo of Kody goofily mugging on the stairs in front of a gleaming three-story theater building on Navy Pier.*

“But Kody didn’t show up for his final audition.”

*Shot of Kody in front of the theater crossfades to news footage of a body bag on a gurney being rolled down the front walkway of Kody’s building.*

“The night before that audition, Kody Wallace walked into his apartment and confronted a burglar, who gunned Kody down.”

*EMTs load the body bag into the rear of an ambulance. Freeze on the image of the body bag half-in, half-out of the ambulance.*

“We’ll never know what might’ve happened if big-government red tape and steep fees didn’t stand between us and our right to carry a firearm.”

*The body bag shot is replaced by the photo of Kody goofing in front of the Shakespeare Theatre.*

“In a rational world, every Illinois handgun license would automatically include, with no cash penalty, the right to keep your firearm with you, everywhere you go.”

*The camera pushes in close on Kody’s face:*

“To be, or not to be.”

*The frame splits: Kody on one side, the body bag on the other.*

“That’s the question.”

*Fade up a title card:*

**EVERY LICENSE EVERYWHERE**  
**Make your voice heard. Go to [ELE.com](http://ELE.com)**

Vanderman gave the pols a triumphant, steely look. “One of these will appear every time any relatable citizen is murdered.”

“That might sell some guns,” Mason grudgingly allowed.

But Evie was intrigued. “The ‘Every License Everywhere’ thing, ELE... That works,” Evie complimented Vanderman.

“Thank you,” Trey murmured, modestly confirming that yes, I’m the one who came up with ELE. He snuck a glance at Vanderman, whose lips were just perceptibly tightening in anger. Hells yeah the Sidewinder planned to jack my credit. Never gonna happen the zombie speed you move, Sidewinder-bro.

“Trey,” Mason asked, “your ‘Everywhere.’ You mean every school and church in Illinois, or every state in the country?”

“Both,” Vanderman cut in. “Everywhere in Illinois—with a few reasonable exclusions like courtrooms and the State Assembly. It also means licenses in every state must include concealed carry. And a license issued by any state must be honored in every state.”

Evie said, “So this is the opening shot in a national push.”

Vanderman winked and—

“Exactly,” Trey confirmed, beating Sidewinder-bro to the punch line. “No surprise some Southern states hand out licenses with free concealed carry. But the day Illinois—half Midwestern heartland, half world-class destination city Chicago—adopts it, that’s the tipping point, free concealed carry goes serious mainstream. Goes inevitable. Which means the AGA’s got your back all the way... and that I am gonna be here doing whatever it takes for as long as it takes,” Trey vowed, aiming those last words at Evie, along with his subtlest intimate Tom Cruise grin. Just wide enough to flex the dimples.

Evie’s expression didn’t change... But she locked eyes and gave him a few seconds of *It’s on*.

Boo-yah! Trey shoots, Trey scores. As always, bro.



## FOUR

Five days in, the Kody Wallace investigation was showing the same amount of life as Kody Wallace. Mark could handle that; working homicide, your choice is to develop patience or ulcers. The problem with the case being stalled was that Mark couldn't use being busy as an excuse to cancel a charity date with one of the Mayor's heaviest donors, who'd bought Mark at a bachelor auction.

Four years ago Mark had been one of the Chicago PD's more visible and popular cops when he came out on the winning end of a shootout with a top-tier assassin, who'd murdered a beloved Chicago architect.

Six months ago, while hunting a serial killer nicknamed the Art Critic, Mark took down a gangster and two mercenaries who were trying to eliminate a witness. The four notches on Mark's gun, combined with Mark being single, smart and not ugly, put him on screens across America and beyond, which made him Superintendent of Police Gary Shook's favorite public relations toy. The Supe personally donated Mark to the bachelor auction, a fundraiser hosted by the wife of the Alderman who chaired the city's Budget Committee.

Mark was purchased by Bettina Dolan, whose family had been a power in Chicago's upscale real estate and politics since the 1920s.

Bettina paid top dollar for Mark because he'd make a dream escort at the Lyric Opera's toniest fundraiser. Being decades younger than Bettina was Mark's only resemblance to standard heiress arm candy. All of Bettina's friends and enemies would be panting for face time with the lethal local hero, and placing bets on whether Bettina would manage to coax Mark into her swag bag.

Mark checked his watch, sighed, “Okay,” put his computer to sleep and stood up. “Time to face the tux.”

“Poor guy,” Doonie crooned, grinning. “Maybe you won’t have to waste a whole night kissin’ up to rich fucks. Maybe an hour in, you’ll get a call, there’s emergency murder developments need Det. Bergman’s personal attention.”

“Like that’s gonna fool any woman over twelve. Let alone a woman of sixty-three who can ask the Mayor to please find out if I lied to her.”



Sitting there savoring extraordinary cuisine in an elaborately unreal setting, Mark thought, *My timing sucks.*

His fifteen minutes of fame were going to waste. Women were hitting on him almost every day, when Mark was, for the first time in his life, finding casual sex dull. A little depressing, even. At age thirty-five he’d finally managed to fall deeply in love. With a woman who promptly dumped him and moved four thousand miles away. Turned out Mark’s favorite car radio sing-along back when he was age five—he liked shouting the lyric’s funny hook—was funny because it was true. *Love stinks! Yeah, yeah.*

Still, Mark’s ego and hormones were entertained by being flirted at by women wearing two years’ worth of Mark’s salary in clothing and jewelry, while sitting next to their husbands at one of the six tables on the Lyric Opera’s stage, surrounded by the Renaissance castle splendor of a set from *Rigoletto*. Mark was the only diner who wasn’t a six-figure donor and a current, former or potential member of the Board. Folks living at the private jet level of Chicago business, politics, arts, science and shopping.

They were miles more sophisticated than Stig Weston. A good seventy minutes went by before yeah, here we go, someone asked Mark about his work. Buckle your seatbelts, the conversation’s begun its descent to its scheduled destination. *Tell us about killing four guys.*

Bettina was the reigning power at Mark’s table. But the most alpha of the table’s four male tycoons, the CEO of a global marketing strategies agency, was dominating the conversation. Mark knew it would be Most Alpha who popped the question.

Most Alpha was explaining how, when it came to dealing with corrupt megalomaniacal dictatorships, China was a piece of cake compared to FIFA. He basked in the chuckles that earned, then inquired, “So, Mark, how’s business with you—any suspects yet for who killed that actor?”

Mark regretfully informed him, “It’s an ongoing investigation, the only thing I can tell you is I can’t tell you anything.”

“Does that mean there aren’t any leads?” Most Alpha wondered, hopefully. His young wife had been glowing at Mark more warmly than the other young wives.

“It means,” Mark explained, “if I compromise a case by blabbing about it, I spend next year directing traffic at O’Hare.”

“And I,” Bettina instructed Most Alpha, “don’t want to talk about murder while I’m eating.”

“Quick before the next course arrives—have you seen that disgusting commercial the AGA put out using Kody Wallace,” Most Alpha’s young wife asked.

“Yeah,” Mark said. *So have Kody’s parents, who called, weeping, to vent about the commercial and ask if I’d made any progress.* “But I agree with Bettina: no talking murder, even between courses.”

“This isn’t about murder, it’s politics,” Mrs. Most Alpha protested with a charming pout. “Does the AGA really think exploiting a victim isn’t going to backfire?”

“Backfire!?” her husband barked. “That commercial kills. The more brazen it is the more it reinforces their brand with their inbred demo. You know that,” Most Alpha scolded. “And the more disgusting it is the better it scares normal people—who are more concerned about ending up like Kody Wallace than they are about his corpse being used as a prop.” Most Alpha aimed a predatory grin at Mark. “And the longer it takes to find the killer, the more powerful the AGA’s disgusting message will get... Shit,” Most Alpha sighed, giving Mark a sadistic parody of a sympathetic look. “I am never again gonna bitch about having to deal with FIFA.”

“Sure you will,” Mark predicted.

Bettina chuckled, then one of the Less Alphas did too.

Most Alpha's cheeks flushed hot red and the rest of him froze. He gave Mark a sour smirk that, if this were a bar, would be an invitation to step outside. Mark, amused, held Most Alpha's gaze. Most Alpha lowered his eyes.

Mrs. Most Alpha beamed at Mark. "I knew you two would get along. Mark, you absolutely have to join us for the opening night of *Rosenkavalier*."

"Too late dear, I've already invited him," Bettina lied, and under the table pressed her leg against Mark's.

His phone rang. Doonie.

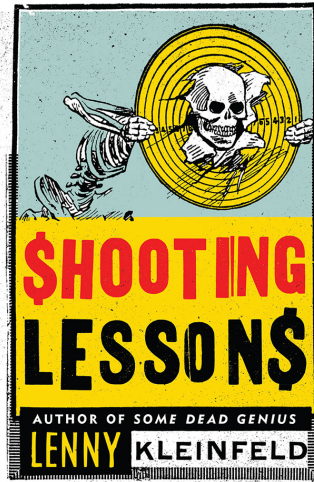
"Excuse me," Mark apologized to his dinner companions, and walked into the wings.

"Told you not to call, asshole. But thanks, I needed a breather."

"Fuck that, you're leaving."

"Fuck me, I can't."

"Kaz and Kimmie caught a case. Gunshot, two taps, no brass. And the vic drives for Makro."



# SHOOTING LESSONS

is available at [amazon.com](https://www.amazon.com)

**CLICK HERE TO PURCHASE**

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I'll thank but not identify the smart, sweet, supportive people who read early drafts and responded with annoyingly accurate notes. Notes requiring cuts and rewrites, which, I'm obliged to admit, did result in some tiny improvements.

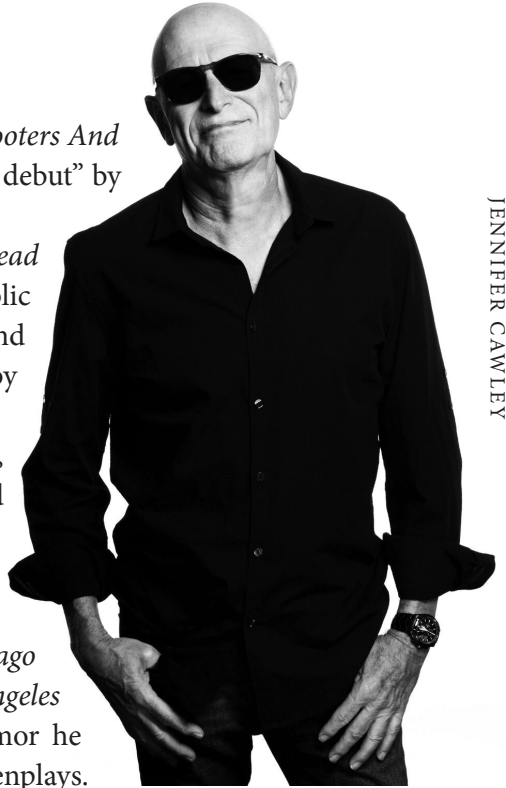
And I'll thank but not identify the friendly, generous folks who provided access to and advice about some of the locations in this story.

I acknowledge what the topic of this book entails. I acknowledge this is 2019, and none of these good people deserve to be troll fodder.

LENNY KLEINFELD's first novel, *Shooters And Chasers*, was called "A spellbinding debut" by Kirkus Reviews.

His second novel, *Some Dead Genius*, was one of National Public Radio's Best Books Of 2014, and named Thriller Of The Month by e-Thriller.com.

Back before he was spellbinding, he was a playwright in Chicago and a columnist for *Chicago* magazine. His fiction, articles, humor and reviews have appeared in *Playboy*, *Galaxy*, *Oui*, *The Reader*, the *Chicago Tribune*, *New York Times* and *Los Angeles Times*. According to a reliable rumor he also spent fifteen years writing screenplays.



JENNIFER CAWLEY

