

Mystic River
by
Brian Helgeland

Based on the novel by Dennis Lehane

Final Draft

Note to students:
This screenplay follows reading/spec
script format as outlined
Cole and Haag's
The Complete Guide to
Standard Script Formats.

Please disregard elements of the shooting script
from the original scanned screenplay
("We," camera angles, etc.)

Lex Williford

FADE IN:

We hear the HISS of BEER can pulls tabs. One, then another. A burst of hard, sudden MALE LAUGHTER.

SUPERIMPOSE: TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The heavy SNAPS of ZIPPO LIGHTERS. The BURN of CIGARETTES being dragged to life.

SEAN'S DAD (V.O.)
Tiant's pitching tonight.

JIMMY'S DAD (V.O.)
Goddamn Cuban, man. He can hurl it.

EXT. EAST BUCKINGHAM BACK YARD -- DAY

Postage stamp size. Clothes on the line. The sunlight cut by the cramped crowd of houses. We're already PULLING AWAY FROM the backs of two men. Drinking beer, smoking Luckys and sharing a laugh. An 11-year-old boy leans on a street hockey stick, watches them. JIMMY MARCUS, unspent energy coiled tight in his chest. His friend SEAN DEVINE steps over, holds up an orange street hockey ball.

YOUNG SEAN
Got it.

Jimmy's attention is fixed on his and Sean's fathers.

YOUNG SEAN (CONT'D)
Hey, Jimmy.

Sean punches him in the arm. As Jimmy looks hard over, Sean wiggles the ball, raises his eyebrows.

EXT. DEVINE HOUSE -- DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Wearing a Red Sox cap, DAVE BOYLE stands eagerly before a makeshift chicken wire goalie net as Jimmy and Sean whack away at the orange ball with their street hockey sticks. As it bounces toward Dave, he takes an arcing swing at it. Connects. The ball sails.

YOUNG DAVE
Save!

Sean and Jimmy watch as the ball bounces into the street.

YOUNG SEAN

The sewer...

They charge off after it.

GUTTER

The ball rolls, disappears down a storm drain. BOOM UP to see the boys arriving too late to stop it. Jimmy and Sean look back at Dave bringing up the rear. Looking guilty.

YOUNG DAVE

Sorry, guys.

(smiling)

Guess I don't know my own strength.

YOUNG JIMMY

Yeah, Dave, that must be it.

As Sean gets down on his hands and knees to look down into the sewer, Jimmy looks up and down the street.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)

You know what would be cool?

YOUNG DAVE

What?

YOUNG JIMMY

Driving a car.

Sean looks up from the storm drain.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)

You know. Just around the block.

YOUNG SEAN

Yeah...

YOUNG JIMMY

Anyone on this street keep their keys in their car?

Sean and Dave exchange a look. Jimmy's crazy.

YOUNG SEAN

((standing))

I steal a car, my dad'll kill me.

YOUNG JIMMY

Just around the block. Who said steal?

Sean shakes his head "no." Jimmy heaves a sigh. Jimmy walks to where sawhorses have been set up. City crews have replaced several squares of sidewalk. Yellow caution tape is tied to the sawhorses creating a barricade. Jimmy snaps the tape by walking right through it. Jimmy grabs a stick and starts to write his name. Sean and Dave step up, look over his shoulder, J-I-M-M-Y. Jimmy looks back over his shoulder.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)

Your dad kill you for writing your name, too?

Sean takes the stick, squats down. S-E-A-N. Jimmy smiles.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now it'll be there forever.

YOUNG DAVE

Me, too. Forever.

Dave takes the stick, starts his own name by the other two. D-A -- A little SQUEAL as a CAR lurches to a stop across from them. A dark, plain Plymouth. The DRIVER gets out. Crewcut, white shirt and black tie, a gold badge and cuffs clipped to his belt buckle.

There's another man in the passenger seat. Hard to make out through the watery reflection of trees in the glass. Hard to tell whether he's wearing a priest's collar or a turtleneck. The kids look at the badge. The Driver crooks a finger at them, wriggles it toward his cheat until they step over.

DRIVER

Let me ask you something.

He looks from the sidewalk to the stick in Dave's hand.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You brats think it's okay to destroy municipal property?

No answer. The Driver cups a hand behind his ear.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

What's that?

YOUNG DAVE

No, sir.

YOUNG SEAN

No, sir.

YOUNG JIMMY
No.

DRIVER
No what?

YOUNG JIMMY
Sir...

DRIVER
You're the hard case of the group, huh? A pack of punks, huh?

The Driver looks at Sean.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
You live around here?

Not intimidated, Sean points at the house behind them.

YOUNG SEAN
Right there.

The Driver's eyes flicker up toward the house. For just an instant we see the fear and doubt in them. Then, deciding, he looks hard at Dave. Dave is near tears.

DRIVER
How 'bout you? Where do you live, son?

YOUNG DAVE
Rester Street.

DRIVER
Your mother home?

Dave starts to cry. He nods.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
We're going to go have a talk with her.
Tell her what her punk kid's been up to.

The Driver opens the back door of the Plymouth.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Get in.

Dave doesn't move, looks at Jimmy. Sean leans out, notices the trash collected on the floor of the back seat. A strange, lost moment. The spell is broken as the Driver slaps his hand on the roof of the car.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Get the fuck inside!

Bawling, Dave climbs in.

The Driver points a finger at Jimmy and Sean.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Go tell your mothers what you've been up
to. And don't let me catch you shits
ruining my sidewalks again.

The street goes mute with the SLAMMING of CAR DOORS. And then the car is driving off. Dave looks back at them out the window, his head darkened by distance and shadows. And then he's gone. Leaving Sean and Jimmy behind.

In the b.g., VOICES, each more panicked than the last.

VOICE #1 (V.O.)
Weren't there three of you? Where's Dave?

VOICE #2 (V.O.)
The cops took Dave? What cops?

VOICE #3 (V.O.)
Oh my God. Oh my God. Dave.

VOICE #4 (V.O.)
Damaged goods. Even if they find him
alive, he'll never be the same.

EXT. GANNON STREET -- SIDEWALK -- DAY

Dinged and cracked with twenty years of age. There are the names: Jimmy, Sean and D-A. Forever.

SUPERIMPOSE: PRESENT DAY

COME OFF the sidewalk to allow a MAN, wearing a Red Sox cap, late 30s, walking down the sidewalk with an eight-year-old boy (MICHAEL) wearing a little league uniform.

DAVE (MAN)
You took some good swings today.

MICHAEL
Dad, I struck out.

DAVE
Good swings though. That's what counts.

MICHAEL

I'll never be a good ballplayer.

DAVE

Hey, you're my son. Me. Dave Boyle, star shortstop of Don Bosco High School 1978 to 1982. You're going to be a great ballplayer.

Michael's not so sure. Dave sees something ahead, points.

DAVE (CONT'D)

See that gutter drain? I used to play on this street when I was a kid. That drain used to swallow every ball we had.

They start walking again, Michael listening eagerly.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Baseballs, street hockey balls, pinkies. If we could get the manhole cover off, there'd be a thousand balls down there.

MICHAEL

Really? Let's try.

As they near it, Dave spots the sidewalk square with the names in it. His good mood shifts a bit.

FLASHBACK

The Driver/cop slamming his palm on the hood of the Plymouth. Young Dave blinking back tears.

Dave looks at his son, finally answers...

DAVE

Maybe tomorrow. Let's get home before Mom starts to worry.

They continue. As Dave looks back over his shoulder...

INT. MARKET -- JIMMY MARCUS -- DAY

Forty years old. Sitting at a small desk surrounded by shelved stock: cigarettes, corn flakes, soda... Going over some order sheets, Jimmy's lost in thought. Different from when he was a kid, this is a 1,000 yard stare.

Beyond, through a half-open curtain, a CASH REGISTER RINGS, a couple kids working behind the counter. One of the clerks, PETE, 21, steps into the back.

PETE
Hey, Jimmy. Jimmy.

He waves a hand in front of Jimmy's face.

PETE (CONT'D)
Earth to Mr. Marcus.

Jimmy snaps back to reality.

JIMMY
What do you want now, Pete?

PETE
Like I'm Mr. Needy all of a sudden. We're out of Marlboros and Winstons are looking grim.

JIMMY
So?

PETE
So that's lost profit. And more profits means I get a raise.

Pete grabs a carton of cigarettes and heads out.

PETE (CONT'D)
If the Surgeon General calls, you're my alibi.

As Pete exits, Jimmy tries to focus on his order forms. Then KATIE is in the door looking at him. Nineteen, beautiful, Jimmy's daughter. She smiles as she watches him. He finally feels her eyes on him.

KATIE
Going out tonight with Eve and Diane. And it's seven-thirty.

JIMMY
Don't be out late. It's your sister's first communion tomorrow. Christ, I sound like, I don't know...

KATIE
Someone's father?

JIMMY

Yeah. Not mine, but somebody's.

She leans in, kisses him on the cheek.

KATIE

Later, Daddy.

He watches her breeze out. Finally...

JIMMY

Later...

EXT. COTTAGE MARKET -- DAY

The BELL TINGLES as Katie walks out the front door. Humming to herself. In a great mood. She gets into her car.

EXT. CAR

Katie STARTS the CAR, nearly screams as someone sits up from the back seat. Then she recognizes:

KATIE

Brendan. You scared the shit out of me.

In the back seat BRENDAN HARRIS. Nineteen, he loves Katie Marcus like crazy. Brendan is an anthem for her.

BRENDAN

Sorry. But I didn't want your dad to see me waiting.

KATIE

He sees you sneaking into my car, he'll shoot you...

And they're kissing. Like nineteen-year-olds.

BRENDAN

(between breaths)
What'll he do if he sees this?

KATIE

Shoot you -- then kill you.

BRENDAN

It's been six hours. I had to see you.

As the passion increases, Katie suddenly breaks off.

KATIE

I'm going to be late for Diane and Eve.

BRENDAN

Tomorrow. Like we planned.

KATIE

Tomorrow...

They kiss again. Brendan ducks at the STORE BELL. It's a customer exiting.

BRENDAN

Drop me around the corner.

Katie laughs, drives. As the car turns the corner, we look up to the TOBIN BRIDGE. A gloomy old erector set spanning the Mystic River. THUMPING with the passing CARS.

EXT. TOBIN BRIDGE -- SUNSET

Southbound lanes swarming with state police. The sight of a road-rage killing. Absolutely senseless.

HANDCUFFED MAN

He kept cutting me off. He kept cutting me off.

SEAN DEVINE is here, now a detective with the stadies. Grown up into a good-looking adult. He looks down at the tenements of Faneuil Heights and the East Bucky Flats. He's joined by his partner, WHITEY POWERS.

WHITEY

Guy won't stop confessing. We should pull a lawyer out of one of these B.M.W.s.

Sean keeps staring down over the rail.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

What'cha looking at?

SEAN

My old neighborhood.

A FEMALE TROOPER joins them. Her uniform not drab enough to hide how sexy she is. She stares straight at Sean.

FEMALE TROOPER

We're done, Sean, but I can stick around if you need anything.

SEAN

No. We're fine.

FEMALE TROOPER

A few of us are going to the Can Tab
after.

SEAN

I don't think so, Jan. Thanks.

Disappointed, she heads off. Whitey watches her ass.

WHITEY

The wife left you, what, six months ago.

SEAN

So?

WHITEY

So, Jenny Coughlin there, Jenny with the
bod', the voice, the cuffs, the girl
makes gay guys reconsider their
orientation.

SEAN

What's your point?

WHITEY

She is trying to bed you and you don't
even blink.

SEAN

I'm married, Whitey.

WHITEY

You haven't even talked to Lauren in six
months.

SEAN

She calls all the time.

WHITEY

And doesn't speak. Weirdest fucking thing
I ever heard.

Sean looks back out at the neighborhood.

SEAN

One of these days the phone'll ring and
she'll talk. I'll pick it up and she'll
tell me why she left.

WHITEY

Maybe she's waiting for you to say something.

INT. MCGILL'S BAR -- JUKEBOX -- NIGHT

Where DIANE CESTRA drops a quarter in the slot. Pressing D-3, she looks back and smiles at her friends, EVE PIGEON and Katie Marcus. It's "Brown Eyed Girl" as VAN MORRISON starts: "Hey where did we go...?"

BAR

Diane unsteadily rejoins her friends. A girl's night out as they laugh, swig beer and sing-a-long with the music.

FURTHER DOWN BAR

Dave Boyle sits hunched over a beer with a FRIEND, watching the Red Sox game on the TV.

DAVE

Come on. Double play.

At the sound of a cheer (not for the Sox), the Friend looks back over his shoulder, nudges Dave in the ribs.

FRIEND

You believe those chicks?

As Dave turns to follow his gaze... Katie and Eve have climbed onto the bar, dance on top of it. Katie the class of the two. Some of the guys cheer, others watch with a sad yearning, know it's not for them. Dave cocks his head, watches Katie. Smiles to himself as her hair falls over her eyes like a veil.

FRIEND (CONT'D)

Ain't that Jimmy Marcus's girl?

DAVE

Yeah...

We CLOSE ON Dave as he seems suddenly lost in the moment.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I remember when she was a kid.

INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

CELESTE BOYLE, 37, in her nightgown, leans against the door frame, looking in at her sleeping son Michael. She looks sad. At the click of the front door lock, she looks up.

FRONT DOOR

Dave's closing it shut behind him when Celeste steps around the corner, concern still overriding anger.

CELESTE

Dave, it's three in the morning. Where have you been? I was --

She stops short as she sees there's blood all over him. He stands there embarrassed, like he was ten years old.

CELESTE (CONT'D)

What happened?

DAVE

I tucked up. The guy tried to mug me, right? So, so I swung on him. And he sliced me.

He clutches at his side. Celeste sees that it's crimson.

CELESTE

(stepping forward)

Jesus, Dave, you have to go to the hospital.

DAVE

No, no. It's not that deep. It just bled like hell.

INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Dave, shirt off, holds his arm up, grimaces as Celeste dabs hydrogen peroxide on a sweeping gash along his rib cage.

DAVE

I'm walking to my car and this guy comes up to me, asks for a light. I say I don't smoke. Guy says neither does he. So my heart starts clocking a buck fifty 'cause there's no one around but me and him.

CELESTE

Oh God.

DAVE

That's when I see the knife and he says,
'Your wallet or your life, bitch. I'm
leaving with one of 'em.,

CELESTE

That's what he said?

DAVE

Yeah. So, so then I try to brush past him
and that's when he slices me.
Celeste, can I tell the fucking story?

She touches his cheek.

CELESTE

I'm sorry, baby.

He kisses her hand.

DAVE

I went fucking nuts on him, babe. I went
off. I bashed his head on the parking
lot. I, I might have killed him, honey.

CELESTE

Killed him?

Dave nods. He's serious. Celeste looks at him. Eyes wide,
face pale and sweaty. His breath starts to get a little
ragged as he looks back. He's really scared.

DAVE

It makes you feel alone. Hurting someone.

CELESTE

But you had to.

Celeste embraces him. Over her shoulder:

DAVE

It makes you feel... alien.

Celeste looks at him, suddenly filling with strength.

CELESTE

Baby, you hop in the shower.

(beat)

I'll take care of your clothes.

Dave's not sure what that means. Neither are we.

DAVE

Yeah?

CELESTE

Yeah.

INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Jimmy looks tough even when he's sleeping. His wife ANNABETH snoozes beside him. The bedside clock reads: 6:02. The PHONE starts to RING. Jimmy answers, bleary.

JIMMY

Yeah?

PETE (V.O.)

(over phone)

I'm in the weeds here at the store,
Jimmy. I need some help.

Jimmy looks at the clock.

JIMMY

You and Katie can't handle six, how you
going to handle eight when the first
church crowd comes in?

PETE (V.O.)

That's the thing, Katie ain't here.

JIMMY

No? Hold on.

Jimmy rolls to his feet. MOVE WITH him as he walks
down...

HALL

PETE (V.O.)

The Sunday paper's still bundled,
doughnut guy's honking his horn.

He looks in her room. Her bed is empty and made.

JIMMY

I'll be there in ten minutes, Pete. Call
Sal and see if he can make it by eight
instead of ten.

INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Jimmy pulls on his clothes. Annabeth watches from bed.

ANNABETH

She no-shows at work, what if she no-shows at church?

JIMMY

I'm sure she'll make it.

ANNABETH

Yeah. She's going to screw up this day, too.

JIMMY

What other day has she screwed up lately?

Annabeth puts up her hands, doesn't want to fight.

ANNABETH

You got two other daughters. Don't forget it.

JIMMY

One hour. I'll still be back before anyone gets out of bed.

INT. COTTAGE MARKET -- DAY

Jimmy arrives to a morning rush. Folks coming off the night shift: Cops, nurses from St. Regina's and a few working girls, all coming off the same battlefield together. Pete looks up, smiles in relief as Jimmy takes up a position by the cash register and lottery machine. Jimmy punches out tickets, RINGS UP at the REGISTER. He also takes the phone off the wall behind him, dials.

JIMMY

(into phone)

Hey, Drew, it's Jimmy. Sorry to wake you, I'm looking for Katie.

DREW (V.O.)

I think she's here, yeah. Lemme go check. Hold on.

Jimmy's relieved. First time he even knew he was worried. As he bags a sale, smiles across at a customer.

DREW (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sorry. It was Diane Cestra slept over.
But no Katie. Eve said Katie dropped them
off at one. Didn't say where she was
going.

JIMMY

Okay, man, I'll track her down.

DREW

She seeing anyone maybe?

JIMMY

Nineteen-year-old girls, Drew? Who could
keep a tally?

DREW

That's the cold truth.

As Jimmy hangs up the phone, the BELL over the door RINGS
and the first Sunday mass crowd rolls in. A shitload of
blue hair old ladies. Pete looks over at Jimmy.

PETE

Welcome to hell...

As they surge toward the counter in a wave.

EXT. COTTAGE MARKET -- DAY

As the blue hairs exit, the CASH REGISTER DING is
replaced by CHURCH BELLS RINGING.

INT. COTTAGE MARKET -- BACK ROOM -- DAY

Jimmy pulls another pot of coffee from the brewer. Pete
appears from out front.

PETE

I'll take the hookers over the old ladies
any day. Mind if I step out back and grab
a smoke?

JIMMY

Fuck, Pete, smoke the whole pack.

INT. COTTAGE MARKET -- DAY

The BELL RINGS. Jimmy looks up as Brendan Harris and his little brother Silent Ray enter. Ray carries his street hockey stick, a blankness living in his face.

Brendan clocks Jimmy with a brief look of surprise before turning down an aisle. He talks to his brother with sign language. His brother's hands flying back answers.

JIMMY

(frowns)

Help you, Brendan?

BRENDAN

Uh, no, Mr. Marcus, just getting some of that tea my mom likes.

JIMMY

Barry's. Next aisle over.

BRENDAN

Oh thanks.

Hands fly again as Brendan and Silent Ray move an aisle over. As Pete returns from his smoke.

JIMMY

What time's Sal getting here?

PETE

Any time now.

Jimmy sighs, looks out the front window. Brendan comes to the counter with his tea. Pete steps over.

PETE (CONT'D)

That it, Brendan?

BRENDAN

And a *Globe*.

While Jimmy is preoccupied and as Pete RINGS UP the sale.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

So's, ah, I thought Katie worked on Sundays.

PETE

You sweet on my man's daughter, Brendan?

BRENDAN

(laughs)

No, no, no. I was just wondering, you know, because usually I see her here.

BRENDAN

Oh...

Not too happy to pick up Jimmy's attention, Brendan gets his change and starts out.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Nice seeing you. Come on, Ray.

Ray, his back to his brother when he spoke, turns and starts after him. Jimmy stares after them as they go.

PETE

Can I ask you something, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Shoot.

PETE

Why do you hate that kid so bad?

JIMMY

It's not hate, man. But come on, don't you find that mute little fucker a little spooky?

PETE

Not Silent Ray. Brendan.

Jimmy looks over at Pete.

PETE (CONT'D)

Nice kid. Uses sign language with his brother even if he doesn't have to. It's like, so he won't feel alone. But, Jimmy, you look at Brendan like you're two steps from slicing off his nose and feeding it to him.

JIMMY

No. Really?

PETE

Straight up.

Jimmy looks back out the window at the receding brothers, hands flying. Then old man Sal crosses the view, headed for the store. Jimmy starts untying his work apron.

JIMMY

Here comes Sal. About fucking time, too...

EXT. EAST BUCKINGHAM -- AERIAL VIEW -- DAY

The tenements, the Tobin Bridge, beat-up baseball diamonds and rusty playgrounds. OVER it all, a 911 Operator answers a call:

OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-1, police services. What is the nature of your emergency?

BOY (V.O.)

There's like this car with blood in it and, ah, the door's open -

OPERATOR (V.O.)

What's the location of the car?

BOY (V.O.)

Uh, Sydney Street in the Flats. By Pen Park. Me and my friend found it.

The AERIAL VIEW PASSES OVER Pen Channel, the abandoned drive-in screen on one side of the park and then Pen Park itself. A littered, depressing site.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Son, what's your name?

BOY (V.O.)

(to someone else)

He wants to know her name.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Your name. What's your name?

BOY (V.O.)

We're so fucking out of here. Good luck.

CLICK. We've OVER the Sydney Street entrance to the park. There's a car down there, door open, front tires against the curb. As we CONTINUE PAST it and INTO the mostly abandoned houses across the way...

PATROLMAN (V.O.)
 Dispatch, this is unit thirty-three.
 We're going to need a crime scene tech or
 two and you might want to notify
 homicide.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
 Have you found a body, thirty-three?
 Over.

PATROLMAN (V.O.)
 No, but looks of this car, we'll find one
 sooner or later.

EXT. SYDNEY STREET -- DAY

Blue sawhorses stamped "BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT" cordon
 off the scene. The crime scene services van is parked
 further down. Sean Devine pulls up in an unmarked, gets
 out. He's met by his partner Whitey.

WHITEY
 Hey, bad boy. This should be the city's
 but...
 (points)
 Park's reservation land. State
 jurisdiction, not city. If the body's in
 there, it's our case.

Police are already walking through the underbrush.

SEAN
 (wincing)
 How much evidence you think they've
 destroyed so far?

As they start toward the car, one of the cops adds local
 color as we hear him talk to his buddies.

COP
 The Parker Hill vic, right?

Walked into the E.R. at M.G.H. on his own, steak knife
 sticking out of his collarbone, asking the nurse where
 they keep the Coke machine round this bitch.

WHITEY
 She tell him?

They all laugh, but Sean. It's too goddamn early.

SEAN

What do we got on the car so far?

CSS TECH

We found the reg in the glove box. Owner is Katherine Marcus.

Sean reacts hard to the name.

SEAN

Shit.

WHITEY

You know her?

SEAN

Maybe. Might be the daughter of a guy I know.

CSS TECH

We found a wallet and license in a backpack on the floor. She was nineteen.

SEAN

Fuck. That's her.

WHITEY

Is it a problem? You close with the guy?

Sean waves it off. He's staying on the case.

SEAN

When we were kids. Now? Just a hello around the neighborhood.

WHITEY

Nineteen... Fuck, man. He's in for a world of hurt.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S CHURCH -- ON NADINE MARCUS -- DAY

Her hands pressed together, dressed in a white dress with a white veil. Walking up the aisle in a procession of twenty other children. First communion.

JIMMY AND ANNABETH

Stand with their other daughter, Sara. Look back to watch their daughter come up the aisle. As Nadine's about to pass them, Annabeth whispers:

ANNABETH

Do not make her laugh.

As Nadine passes, she chances a look over at her father. He waves from his hip, wiggles his eyebrows. Nadine smiles huge. Annabeth digs an elbow into his ribs.

JIMMY

What?

As she continues to the altar, Jimmy looks back over his shoulder. Really hoping to see Katie arrive at the last minute. But she's not going to make it.

CSS TECH (V.O.)

Door was ajar when we found it.
Headlights on. You got blood on the
driver door speaker...

EXT. ABANDONED CAR (SYDNEY STREET) -- DAY

Sean looks the car over, puts the initial crime together.

CSS TECH

More blood on top of the steering wheel
and around a bullet hole punched through
the driver's seat back at shoulder level.

As more police arrive to search, Sean looks at a fresh dent in the driver's door, past to the weeds, takes a stab.

SEAN

Perp stood outside the car. The Marcus
girl slams him with the door. Perp gets a
round off, hits her in the shoulder,
maybe the biceps? She runs for it.

(points into park)

Through those trampled weeds.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S -- DAY

As Nadine solemnly receives her first communion.

Annabeth, near tears, leans into Jimmy, whispers in his ear.

ANNABETH

Our baby. My God, Jimmy, our baby.

Jimmy puts his arm around her, kisses the side of her head. As she leans into him a little more...

FLASHBACK -- CELLAR

Young Dave curled up whimpering on a pile of rags. Looking up in terror as a DOOR BANGS open at the top of the stairs. And as feet start ominously down...

DAVE BOYLE

The man, waking up with a start in his bed.

INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY Michael sits at the table eating cereal.

Celeste is at the counter flipping through the last of three different newspapers. She looks up as Dave enters, yawning, just rolled out of bed. He goes to the refrigerator without an apparent care in the world.

CELESTE Dave...

He looks over, clocks the look on her face. He steps over.

CELESTE

(low)

There's nothing in the papers. I checked three times.

DAVE

It was late. Real late.

He kisses her forehead. She manages a smile.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Morning, Mikey. You up for hitting some whiffle ball?

INT. PEN PARK -- DAY

A nylon triangle hangs from a branch. Just under a footbridge over Pen Channel. The CSS Tech pinches it off with a pair of tweezers. It's got blood on it.

Sean and Whitey crouch by the arch. There's a woman's shoe there along with several similar footprints.

WHITEY

I'd say she might've hid here a bit.
Killer shows and she bolts to the other
side, takes off running again.

Sean looks out to where the water in the channel widens
out.

SEAN

Better call some divers while we're at
it.

EXT. ST. CECILIA'S -- DAY

The kids flow outside through the front of the church,
the adults following behind.

Nadine spots her father, makes a break for him.

NADINE

Daddy, Daddy!

Jimmy scoops her in his arms.

JIMMY

Baby!

NADINE

This dress itches.

JIMMY

It's itching me and I'm not even wearing
it.

Jimmy looks over his shoulder, smiles at Annabeth and
Sara. They beam back. A moment of perfect happiness,
until...

A state POLICE CRUISER SLAMS around the corner of
Buckingham Avenue.

Jimmy whips around, matches as it goes wide into the left
lane of Roseclair, rear TIRE SLAPPING the median strip,
SIREN SLICING the morning air.

It's followed an instant later by a black unmarked,
cutting the ninety-degree turn at forty miles an hour.

Two more cop cars zip under the overpass, take the
entrance road into Pen Park. Jimmy lowers Nadine to the
ground.

And he knows, feels it in his blood with a sudden mean certainty, a sense of things falling miserably into place.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Katie...

EXT. ROSECLAIR ENTRANCE (PEN PARK) -- DAY

Looks like a riot waiting room.

Cops, in the bushes, cops at the sawhorses, cops everywhere. K-9 German shepherds being walked out of a van. The crowd of onlookers growing.

Jimmy steps up, is spotted by ED DEVEAU who's opening a bag of M&Ms with his teeth. As a POLICE HELICOPTER BUZZES by.

ED

Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY

What's up, Ed?

ED

They got Sydney blocked off, Crescent, all the way to Dunboy. Boo Bear Durkin said he saw frogmen going into the Pen. Why you all decked out?

ED (CONT'D)

So what the hell you doing here?

JIMMY

Just curious I guess.

Jimmy spots the clot of cops around a car, moves laterally for a better view. He gets it, sees it's Katie's.

Jimmy starts forward, pushes through one end of the sawhorse, is almost there before two cops block him. As they babble official speak...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That's my daughter's cart

EXT. WOODS (PEN PARK) -- DAY

Sean looking for something, anything. Whitey steps over.

WHITEY

We got dogs sniffing something by the old drive-in screen. Want to take a walk over?

Sean nods. His WALKIE-TALKIE SURGES TO LIFE.

WALKIE (V.O.)

Trooper Devine.

SEAN

(into walkie)

Yeah, go ahead.

WALKIE (V.O.)

We got a guy out on Sydney, says he's the father of the girl.

SEAN

Shit...

(into walkie)

You got a psychologist on scene yet?

WALKIE (V.O.)

En route.

WALKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's asking for you, Devine. Says he knows you.

Sean looks to Whitey who just shrugs.

WALKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He's not taking no for an answer. And he's got some guys with him.

SEAN

What guys?

COP

Scary-looking guys.

SEAN

The Savage brothers. Christ.

(into walkie)

I'm on my way.

EXT. ROSECLAIR ENTRANCE (PEN PARK) -- DAY

Jimmy's there with three of the Savage brothers: NICK, VAL and Kevin. His brothers-in-law. Jail-yard stares and hair triggers. They shout across the barrier at the cops.

VAL

That's our niece in there, you dumb prick
pieces of shit!

COP #1

Hey. We're doing our job.

VAL

All due respect, the doughnut shop's that
way.

Jimmy standing a little alone, watching. Finally:

JIMMY

Val, ease up! Nick. Nickie. Take Kevin
and go to Drew Pigeon's. Talk to his
daughter and her friend. Katie was out
with them last night.

NICK

(nodding)

Kevin, let's go!

JIMMY

And hey, these girls are friends. Don't
get hard on them, but get answers.

As Nick and Kevin head off, Sean arrives, greeting Jimmy
with as big a smile as he can muster.

SEAN

Jimmy, hey, man.

JIMMY

Is she in there, Sean?

SEAN

We don't know. All we're doing right now
is looking.

VAL

So let us in. We can help look.

Sean doesn't even look at Val, just keeps his eyes on
Jimmy.

SEAN

Sorry. As soon as I know anything, you'll
know.

JIMMY

That's my daughter's car.

SEAN

I know. I --

JIMMY

(panic rising)

My daughter's car. It's got blood in it. They brought fucking dogs in. Why do you got dogs looking for my daughter, Sean?

SEAN

Because we're looking. Okay, Jimmy? Right now all she is is missing. Okay?

As Jimmy nods, Sean's WALKIE CRACKLES TO LIFE right.

RADIO (V.O.)

Trooper Devine, we got something.

SEAN

Say again.

RADIO (V.O.)

Sergeant Powers said you need to get in here. Uh, ASAP, like right now.

SEAN

Your location?

RADIO (V.O.)

The drive-in screen. And, man, it's a fucking mess.

Sean looks back at Jimmy who's just about coming out of his skin. Sean looks to the cops.

SEAN

Don't let him through.

As Sean hurries off, Jimmy steps back alongside Val.

JIMMY

You still got those bolt cutters in your trunk?

VAL

Guy's gotta make a living, Jim.

Jimmy goes the other way, Val following.

INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Celeste washes dishes, scrubbing away like it means something. A portable TV on the counter.

Suddenly: the TV newsroom.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)

We interrupt to bring you a breaking story. A massive search is under way for a woman missing in the Buckingham Flats.

A news chopper POV. The car and park and police below. Celeste watches transfixed, soap dripping from her hands.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All we know so far is that there are signs of foul play in a car found abandoned outside Pen Park. Police have...

As the anchor drones, Celeste goes to the window, takes a vertiginous look into the yard below.

Dave is playing ball with Michael. As they laugh and pal around, Celeste looks momentarily ill.

EXT. DRIVE-IN SCREEN -- DAY

Steps lead down to a door on the side of the screen. CSS flashbulbs pop. Whitey looks in, jots notes. An assistant MEDICAL EXAMINER is down on his knees looking at something. Plus a platoon of uniformed troopers and Boston PD blues.

A BABY-FACED COP stares away from the action, being comforted by his partner as Sean passes on his way in.

BABY-FACE

I never saw anything like it. Man, this is... this is...

Sean sees the blood, already circled, on the steps leading down. A path is made for him. As he reaches the door, Whitey looks back, meets Sean's gaze, looks ten years older.

Sean's view widens as he sees between the ME and CSS tech. A body is scrunched there, the space between the walls no more than three feet wide.

Katie Marcus sits with her back against the wall on the right, her feet pushed up hard on the wall to the left. Like a fetus in some horrific womb.

A torn sock hangs around her left ankle, a simple black shoe with a flat heel is on her right foot. Her jacket is torn, her pants mud-stained.

Blood is everywhere. Like a red rain, it's in her hair, dots her cheeks, stains her clothes in red strings.

Katie's knees are pressed to her chest, her right elbow propped on her right knee, a clenched fist up by her ear trying to keep some awful sound at bay. Her eyes are clenched shut as tight as her fist.

Stop it, just stop it, the body says. Stop it, please.

Sean steps in, crouches. Whitey fills the space behind him.

WHITEY

That her?

As gently as he can, Sean uses his forefinger to move back a heavy strand of hair. He looks at Katie a moment.

SEAN

Yeah...

WHITEY

We'll have the father do a positive at the morgue.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Blood's from a split on the crown of her head. She was beaten with some kind of stick. But that didn't kill her. She was shot a second time. Looks like a .38.

Sean hasn't really heard any of it.

SEAN

What the fuck am I going to tell him. Hey guess what, Jimmy? God said you owed another marker. He came to collect.

Sudden SHOUTS from outside, the K-9 DOGS BARK like mad. Sean springs up. As he and Whitey turn outside.

DRIVE-IN SCREEN

Eight uniforms and two plainclothes converge on Jimmy and Val as they burst from the trees. Val goes down snarling almost right away. But Jimmy's too quick.

He's almost to the screen when he stumbles. A young trooper, all head and high school tight-end, body-tackles him, lands on top of him. As he pins Jimmy's arm back...

SEAN

Hey! Hey! It's the father. Just pull him back.

As Sean turns back to the screen:

JIMMY

Sean! Look at me, Sean!

Sean looks back at him. Jimmy arches up under the young cop's weight. Another cop helps hold him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You find her? Is it her? Is it?

Sean is motionless. He holds Jimmy's eyes with his own, locking them until Jimmy's surging stare sees what Sean has just seen. And he knows it's over, his worst fear realized.

And Jimmy screams. Love and rage in equal quantities. It shreds the birds from the trees. It ECHOES into the Pen Channel. Ropes of spit shoot from his mouth. Screaming.

Sean turns away, looks back in at Katie. It's awful.

INT. MORGUE -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Jimmy sits in a straight-back wooden chair. Waiting, head back, hands folded. He looks up at FOOTSTEPS.

Annabeth is shown in by a young officer. Jimmy rises. She's still wearing her lavender dress from the communion. She steps into his arms, presses her face into his chest.

ANNABETH

No one said anything. Right?

JIMMY

What do you mean, baby?

ANNABETH

You haven't seen her yet, right? It might not be her, right?

Jimmy doesn't answer, doesn't know what to say. Annabeth looks up at him. Desperate, wretched with hope.

ANNABETH (CONT'D)

Jimmy... Jimmy, please. Please.

JIMMY

Please what, honey? What?

ANNABETH

Oh, please, Jimmy. No.No.

Sobbing, she crumbles into him.

INT. MORGUE -- DAY

PUSH IN ON Katie. She lies on a metal table. Her eyes are closed and she's missing a shoe.

Jimmy enters from the other way. Sean a step behind him. Jimmy stops short, opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out. Sean puts a hand on the small of his back.

JIMMY

Yeah, that's her. That's Katie. That's my daughter.

INT. MORGUE -- CAFETERIA -- DAY

Sean sits across from Jimmy and Annabeth. A beat of surreal silence before Whitey arrives with four coffees.

WHITEY

Fresh-brewed.

SEAN

We need to work a timeline. It's the details, the little things that can make a case. Things you forget after a day or two.

Annabeth nods that she understands. Jimmy's a little in shock. Lost a moment, then he looks to Sean.

JIMMY

You ever think how one choice can change your life?

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I heard Hitler's mother almost aborted him but bailed at the last minute. You know?

SEAN

What do you mean, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Say you or me got in that car instead of Dave Boyle.

WHITEY

What car?

SEAN

I'm losing you here, Jimmy.

JIMMY

If I'd got in that car, life would be a different thing. My first wife, Marita, Katie's mother? She was beautiful. Regal. You know the way some Latin women can be? And she knew it. You had to have balls to even go near her. And I did. Eighteen years old, the two of us, and she was carrying Katie. Here's the thing, Sean, if I had gotten in that car, I most likely would've ended up a basket case. I never would have had the juice to ask out Marita and we never would've had Katie. And Katie, then, would never have been murdered. You see what I'm saying?

SEAN

You ever see Dave around?

ANNABETH

He married my cousin. Celeste.

Sean nods again. Whitey finally gets things on track.

WHITEY

What time did Katie get home from work yesterday?

ANNABETH

Around four-thirty.

WHITEY

Anything unusual? Out of the ordinary about her?

ANNABETH

No. She sat with me and the girls while we ate. She was having dinner with her friends.

Whitey checks his pad.

WHITEY

Eve Pigeon and Diane Cestra?

ANNABETH

(nodding)

Katie talked to Nadine about her Communion, then she was on the phone in her room a bit, and then, about eight, she left.

WHITEY

Do you know who she talked to?

ANNABETH

No.

WHITEY

Would you mind if we subpoenaed the phone company records to that line?

Annabeth looks over at Jimmy.

JIMMY

No. Go ahead.

WHITEY

Mr. Marcus, you spent a good part of Saturday with your daughter at the store, correct?

JIMMY

Yes and no. I was mostly in back.

WHITEY

You remember anything odd? A confrontation with a customer?

JIMMY

No. She was herself. She was happy. She --

WHITEY

What?

JIMMY

No, nothing.

WHITEY

The littlest thing is something right now.

JIMMY

When she was little, right after her mother had died, I had just gotten out of prison and I could never leave her alone. Whether she ended up crying or not, she'd get this look. Like she was preparing to never see you again. For a few seconds on Saturday, she looked at me that way.

Whitey starts to write this down.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, it was just a look.

WHITEY

It's info. I collect it until a few pieces fit. Little things. You say you were in prison?

WHITEY (CONT'D)

I'm just asking.

JIMMY

Sixteen years ago. Two years at Deer Island for robbery. Is that going to help you catch my daughter's killer? I mean, I'm just asking.

His shock dissolving, Jimmy stares hard at Whitey.

SEAN

Okay, let's forget it and get back to the point. Okay?

JIMMY

The point.

SEAN

Outside that look Katie gave you, was there anything else?

Jimmy takes his convict-in-the-yard stare off Whitey, sips some coffee, does his genuine best to think.

JIMMY

Um, this kid... No, that was this morning.

SEAN

What? Remember, little things.

JIMMY

Neighborhood, kid, Brendan Harris, came in this morning, asked if Katie was around, like he expected to see her. But they barely knew each other.

SEAN

You're sure? Could they have been dating?

JIMMY

No.

SEAN

Why are you so sure?

JIMMY

Hey, Sean, what the fuck? You're going to grill me? A father knows.

WHITEY

Mrs. Marcus? Who was she seeing?

ANNABETH

No one right now. As far as we know. I mean... knew.

The past/present tense is all it took. As Annabeth fights back tears, Jimmy squeezes her hand.

JIMMY

I'll answer everything you got tomorrow, but we got to go. We got two girls waiting at home wondering where their sister is.

WHITEY

There'll be a trooper downstairs to drive you home. If you think of anything, give us a call.

Whitey hands Jimmy his card. Jimmy nods good-bye, helps Annabeth away. Sean and Whitey watch as they head off.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

He said you almost got in some car when you were kids. What was that about?

SEAN

We, shit, well, there was this car. Me and Jimmy and a kid named Dave Boyle were playing in front of my house. And this car came up the street and took Dave away.

WHITEY

Abduction?

SEAN

Guys pretended to be cops. Convinced Dave to get in the car. They had him for four days before he managed to get away.

WHITEY

They catch the guys?

SEAN

One died, the other got busted about a year later and went the noose route in his cell.

WHITEY

Your buddy, Marcus. Moment I laid eyes on him, I knew he'd done time. They never lose the tension, you know? It settles in their shoulders.

SEAN

He just lost his daughter, man. Maybe that's what settled in his shoulders.

WHITEY

No. That's in his stomach. Notice how he kept grimacing? Seen it a million times. The shoulders, though, that's prison.

FLASHBACK -- CELLAR BULKHEAD

As Young Dave desperately pounds. Trying to get out.

EXT. TENDERLOIN DISTRICT -- NIGHT

Along the Mystic River. Dave Boyle walks, hands thrust in his pockets. Prostitutes blend in the shadows of doorways, lean into the windows of IDLING CARS. Some take a half-step in the streetlight to show Dave what they got.

But he continues forward, not interested. Last of all, a kid, a boy, fifteen at the most. Lighting a smoke, he looks up, smiles around the cigarette.

Dave stops. The kid's eyes suddenly widen in recognition and he bolts. Dave follows a few steps, but the kid's already disappeared into the darkness.

DAVE

I just want to talk to you!

INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- KATIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Two uniformed TROOPERS search. Under the mattress, through drawers. We hear GIRLS CRYING in the next room.

They look up, embarrassed, as Jimmy looks in.

JIMMY

You guys almost done?

TROOPER #1

Almost, sir.

JIMMY

Find anything?

TROOPER #1

Her bankbook. Did you know she closed her account two days ago? Withdrew seven hundred dollars?

JIMMY

No. No I didn't.

As the troopers go back to work and Jimmy walks away...

EXT. THREE-DECKER (BUCKINGHAM AVENUE) -- NIGHT

Storefronts shut down across the street. A rumbling stillness has taken over the area.

Jimmy steps out on the porch of his three-decker. He sits on the steps. Closing his eyes, he leans back, listens, as the tears of ANNABETH AND HIS DAUGHTERS drift down.

VOICE (O.S.)

Jimmy...

Jimmy doesn't hear it at first.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, aim.

Jimmy opens his eyes. Standing at the bottom of the steps is Dave. It takes Jimmy a blink or two to recognize him.

JIMMY

Hey, Dave.

DAVE

I wasn't going to talk to you tonight, but I was out for a walk and saw you sitting here.

JIMMY

It's okay.

DAVE

So you know, me and Celeste, the whole neighborhood, if you need anything, anything, we're here.

JIMMY

Appreciate it, Dave.

A moment. Dave manages a little smile, a wave.

DAVE

I'll leave you alone.

As Dave starts away.

JIMMY

Dave...

Dave stops, looks back hopefully.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You know how it is. Irish family. Catholics. How it'll be tomorrow.

DAVE

House full of people all day.

JIMMY

Yeah. All Annabeth has are those ham-fisted brothers of hers. If Celeste could come over and give her a hand...

DAVE

Sure, Jimmy. You got it.

Dave gives another little wave, starts on his way.

INT. STATE POLICE BARRACKS -- PRECINCT ROOM -- DAY

Lieutenant Friel stands before a room of eight detectives.

FRIEL

Powers, where are we so far?

WHITEY

Time of death roughly one-fifteen to one-thirty A.M. No sign of sexual assault. Cause of death most likely the gunshot wound to the back of the head, not the trauma from the beating she took. B.P.D. officers are on a house-to-house along Sydney to see if anyone heard anything.

FRIEL

What else?

WHITEY

We're waiting on ballistics... The lack of footprints pisses me off. It rained. Still, she left some, but the perp? Nothing.

FRIEL

What else?

WHITEY

She and her friends were bar-hopping. Four places. We're interviewing everyone might've seen or talked to them.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

One other thing. Backpack in her car had pamphlets on Las Vegas and a list of Vegas hotels.

FRIEL

Doesn't sound like much.
(looking at Sean)
What do you say, Devine?

SEAN

We'll get the guy, sir.

Friel nods, heads out.

WHITEY

Four years of college and that's all you could come up with?

SEAN
It made him happy, didn't it?

INT. MARCUS HOME -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Annabeth and Celeste at the stove, cooking bacon and eggs.

Neither talks, but they're happy for each other's company. A HUBBUB of VOICES from the hallway, up which Jimmy walks.

Jimmy trades smiles with Celeste, then looks at Annabeth.

JIMMY
You need anything, baby? I can work the stove a bit.

Annabeth shakes her head, but doesn't look at him.

ANNABETH
No, I'm fine.

Jimmy looks at Celeste as if to say: Is she?

CELESTE
We got things covered, Jimmy.

Celeste watches as Jimmy looks at his wife. He reaches, wipes a bead of sweat off Annabeth's cheek with his finger.

ANNABETH
Don't.

JIMMY
Look at me.

ANNABETH
I can't. Jimmy, if I look at you I'll lose it and I can't lose it with all these people here... Okay?

JIMMY
Okay, baby, okay.

ANNABETH
I just don't want to lose it again.

Celeste wishes she could crawl off, feels like she's looking at them naked, intimate before her.

INT. MRS. PRIOR'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

An old lady, a busybody. She has one eye on the TV, the other on Sean and Whitey.

MRS. PRIOR
I heard a car hit something.

SEAN
Hit what, ma'am, another car?

MRS. PRIOR
Oh no, not loud like that.

WHITEY
Like hitting the curb?

MRS. PRIOR
Yes, maybe. And then it stalled and someone said, 'hi.'

SEAN
Someone said, 'hi'?

MRS. PRIOR
Hi. And then there was a loud crack.

SEAN
Did you ever look out the window, Mrs. Prior?

MRS. PRIOR
Yes, maybe. No. I was in my dressing gown by then. I don't stand in the window in my dressing gown.

SEAN
The voice that said, 'hi,' was it male or female?

MRS. PRIOR
Female, I think.

Sean looks at Whitey.

SEAN
Sounds like she knew the shooter.

INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

A throng already gathered. Celeste comes out to fill coffee cups. She looks across the room at Dave who's sandwiched between some of the Savage brothers. He sees her, smiles wanly. Very out of his element. And Celeste can feel his aloneness. As she smiles back...

The DOORBELL RINGS. Jimmy gets it. It's his father-in-law, THEO SAVAGE, a case of beer on each shoulder.

THEO

Jimmy.

JIMMY

Theo.

Jimmy takes one of the cases, as Theo steps inside.

THEO

How's my daughter? How's Annabeth holding up?

JIMMY

She's trying, Theo.

THEO

(re: beer)

Let's get these on ice. You got some coolers?

INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- PANTRY -- DAY

Jimmy shakes a bag of ice into a beer cooler; Theo watches.

THEO

How you handling this so far?

Jimmy looks up at Theo, not really in the mood.

JIMMY

Hasn't really sunk in, Theo.

THEO

Gonna hurt like hell when it does. When my Jane died? I was no good for six months. But my kids were all grown up. I had that luxury. You, you got domestic responsibilities?

JIMMY

Domestic responsibilities?

THEO

Yeah, you know, you gotta take care of my daughter and those little girls. They got to be your priority now.

JIMMY

You figured that might slip my mind, Theo?

THEO

Just needed to be said is all. You'll carry on. 'Cause you're a man. I said to Annabeth, your wedding day, said you got yourself a real old school man there --

JIMMY

Like they put her in a bag.

THEO

What's that?

JIMMY

That's what Katie looked like when I saw her in the morgue. Like someone put her in a bag and then had beaten the bag with pipes.

THEO

Yeah, well, I, uh --

JIMMY

Janey died in her sleep. All due respect and shit, but there you go. She went to bed and never woke up. Peaceful.

THEO

You don't need to talk about Janey --

JIMMY

My daughter though? Someone put a gun to her. She was murdered. And right about now they'll be starting the autopsy. Laying out scalpels and chest spreaders. And you want to talk to me about my domestic fucking responsibilities?

Theo looks down, shuts up finally.

INT. PIGEON HOUSE -- EVE PIGEON AND DIANE CESTRA -- DAY

Crying, holding each other. Eve's FATHER looks on, back behind Sean and Whitey.

FATHER

Eve, just tell them what they need to know.

SEAN

Who was she dating?

EVE

We already told the Savages.

SEAN

The Savage brothers?

EVE

They were here yesterday.

WHITEY

Well, try us out, who was she dating?

DIANE

No one special.

Sean plays a hunch.

SEAN

You guys had a good-bye dinner, didn't you?

EVE

(busted)

What?

SEAN

She was leaving town, wasn't she? Going to Las Vegas.

DIANE

How do you know?

SEAN

She closed her bankbook, had hotel phone numbers.

EVE

She wanted out of this dump. She wanted to start a new life.

At "life" they start crying again.

SEAN

A nineteen-year-old girl doesn't go to Vegas alone. Who was she going with? Come on, Eve, who?

EVE

Brendan.

SEAN

Brendan Harris?

EVE

Brendan Harris. Yeah.

FATHER

Just Ray's kid? The one with a mute for a bother?

Eve nods.

WHITEY

You got an address?

EXT. MARCUS HOUSE -- BACK PORCH -- DAY

Jimmy sits on the deck. Sits by himself under the clothesline stretched across the porch. Sits beneath the flapping clothes. The sounds of the WAKE drift out as he stares up at the sky.

Dave steps out. Unaware of Jimmy, he steps to the rail, lights a cigarette.

JIMMY

Hey, Dave.

DAVE

(turns; surprised)

Hey, Jimmy. Sorry. Came out for a smoke.

JIMMY

No, no, man. Sit down.

Dave sits down alongside Jimmy, backs to the siding.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I haven't had a chance to talk to you all day. How you doing?

DAVE

How you doing?

Jimmy shrugs. He sees that Dave's right hand is swollen.

JIMMY

What happened to your hand?

DAVE

This? I was helping a buddy move a couch.
Slammed it into the doorjamb.

Jimmy tilts his head, looks at the badly-scraped
knuckles, the bruised flesh between the fingers.

DAVE (CONT'D)

The ways you can manage to hurt yourself,
right?

Jimmy looks into his face, forgets his hand.

JIMMY

It's good to see you, man.

DAVE

Yeah?

JIMMY

How are our girls holding up?

DAVE

They're okay, I guess.

JIMMY

Celeste is a godsend. Thank her for me,
okay?

Dave nods. They sit there in silence a moment.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's nice. Just sitting here.

DAVE

Yeah.

Jimmy jerks a thumb over his shoulder.

JIMMY

I couldn't take it anymore. Trying to
find room in the fridge for all the food
we're going to be throwing out in a few
days.

DAVE

It's a lot of waste, huh?

JIMMY

But I can't let the things that happen the next few days get fucked up. Because then that's all anyone'll remember about her. Because, Katie, man, one thing you could say about her since she was little, that girl was neat.

Dave looks like he's going to cry out of sympathy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That first night out of the joint, after Marita died, I was more afraid of my little daughter than I ever was of being in prison. Fuck...

Dave looks pained as the tears roll down Jimmy's cheeks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I loved her the most, because when we sat in the kitchen that first night, we were the last two people on Earth. Forgotten and unwanted. And, Dave, I swear, it's starting to piss me off. I haven't cried yet for her. My own daughter and I can't even cry. Fuck...

DAVE

Jim?

JIMMY

Yeah?

DAVE

You're crying now.

JIMMY

(realizing))

Damn...

DAVE

Want me to leave you alone?

JIMMY

No, Dave. Just sit here a minute if that's cool.

DAVE

Sure, Jim. That's cool.

INT. APARTMENT -- ESTHER HARRIS

Maybe the most miserable woman alive. She chain-smokes Parliaments, watches as Sean and Whitey question her son.

WHITEY

When was the last time you saw Katie Marcus?

BRENDAN

You don't think I hurt her, do you?

SEAN

She isn't hurt, Brendan, she's dead.

BRENDAN

I didn't kill her.

WHITEY

So again, when's the last time you saw her?

BRENDAN

Friday night. About, like, eight or so?

WHITEY

About like eight, Brendan, or at eight?

If it's settled in Jimmy's stomach, it's settled in Brendan's whole body.

BRENDAN

About eight. We had a couple of slices at Hi-Fi. Then she had to go meet Eve and Diane.

Brendan looks down. Esther crushes out her cigarette in a pile in the ashtray. Something still burns, a thin stream of smoke, corkscrewing up. As she lights another.

SEAN

Brendan, Jimmy Marcus doesn't like you. Why?

BRENDAN

I don't know. But he told Katie he never wanted her seeing me or any other Harris.

ESTHER

What? That thief thinks he's better than this family?

BRENDAN

He's not a thief.

ESTHER

He was a thief. Scumbag burglar. Daughter probably had the same bad gene. Count yourself lucky, Brea.

Brendan withers under the harsh words.

WHITEY

Katie had brochures for Las Vegas. We heard she was going there. With you.

As Esther rolls her eyes at the thought, Brendan nods his head. Yes. Esther flinches.

BRENDAN

We were going to leave today. Get married when we got there.

Brendan wipes the tears before they can fall.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I mean, that was the plan, right?

ESTHER

You were going to leave me? Without a word?

BRENDAN

Ma, I --

ESTHER

Just like your father. Huh?

At that moment, the front door opens and Silent Ray and his friend JOHN O'SHEA enter, skateboards under their arms.

BRENDAN

This is my brother Ray and his friend John.

WHITEY

Hey, boys.

JOHN

Hey.

Ray doesn't respond.

ESTHER

He don't speak. Father couldn't shut up,
but his son is a mute. Oh, yeah, life's
fucking fair.

Ray's hands fly at Brendan and Brendan nods back.

BRENDAN

Yeah, they're here about Katie. Go watch
TV or something.

As the boys ramble out.

WHITEY

Where were you between twelve-thirty and
two this morning?

BRENDAN

Asleep.

SEAN

Can you confirm that, Mrs. Harris?

ESTHER

I can confirm he closed his door at ten
and showed up for breakfast at nine. I
can't confirm he didn't climb out the
window and down the fire escape.

Brendan just stares at the floor.

WHITEY

Brendan, we're going to ask you to take a
polygraph. You up for that?

BRENDAN

(nods; then)

I loved her so much. I, I won't ever feel
that again. I mean, it doesn't happen
twice, right?

He looks up, pain in his eyes you want to duck from.

SEAN

It doesn't happen once, most cases.

INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

It's quiet. Sounds like the crowd is gone. Celeste tidies
in the kitchen. Busy work really. Wiping down the
toaster, wiping down already clean counters. I'd rather
be here than home work.

Jimmy enters, is surprised to see her.

JIMMY

Celeste.

Celeste jumps, nearly shouts out.

CELESTE

Sorry, Jimmy. You surprised me.

JIMMY

What are you still doing here?

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(nodding)

I convinced her to take a pill. Girls are asleep, too.

Jimmy's in here for a reason. He pours himself a shot of whiskey. Celeste watches him. With a wry smile.

CELESTE

Could I get one of those?

JIMMY

For the road. Then home.

CELESTE

I can stay over if you want. Sit up with Annabeth if she wakes up.

JIMMY

No. You've done enough.

Jimmy hands her her shot, raises his.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

To you and Dave. For being here for us.

They knock back their shots. Celeste sets her glass down.

CELESTE

I'll come by tomorrow. First thing.

JIMMY

Good night.

As she heads out, Jimmy picks up the bottle. About to pour another shot, decides not to. As he screws the cap back on --

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Sean sits on the sofa looking through a shoe box of old photos. Mostly him and his wife, Lauren. But there's an older, thicker Polaroid: him, Jimmy and Dave when they were kids.

As he stares, BLEED IN the sound of KIDS LAUGHING, the sound of a CAR ROLLING, STOPPING. The PHONE RINGS.

SEAN

Hello?

No answer. A FLASH of a WOMAN'S HAND on the other end.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Oh Christ. Say something, Lauren.

He waits, thumbs a picture of his wife. Finally:

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'm tired of wishing things made sense. Tired of caring about one dead girl because there'll be another one after her. And sending killers to jail is just sending them home. To the place they've been heading all their dumb, pathetic lives. And the dead are still dead.

No response. Sean squeezes his eyes shut.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Jesus, I can't do this tonight. I can't do it.

He waits a few more seconds, can almost hear her breathing.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Bye, baby.

As he hangs up...

INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- MICHAEL BOYLE -- NIGHT

In bed, under the covers, trying to stay awake as his Dad tells him a bedtime story. Dave sits on the edge of the bed, speaking in a hushed tone.

DAVE

Because sometimes the man wasn't a man at all. He was the boy. The boy who'd escaped from wolves. An animal of the dusk. Invisible. Silent. Living in a world others never saw, a world of fireflies. Unseen except as a flare in the corner of your eye. Vanished by the time you turned your head toward it.'

FLASHBACK -- WOODS

Young Dave runs through the trees. Escaping. Looking like a boy, but sounding like an animal.

BACK TO SCENE

Dave looks over at Michael who's now fully asleep. Dave continues, softer now, even more to himself.

DAVE

I just need to get my head right. Catch a nice long sleep and the boy will go back to his forest. Back to his fireflies.

CELESTE

Is he asleep?

Dave looks up, sees Celeste in the doorway. Dave nods, joins Celeste in...

HALLWAY

DAVE

How's Jimmy and everybody?

CELESTE

Okay.

DAVE

It's weird, took something like this for me and him to become friends again.

CELESTE

There's still nothing in the paper, Dave.

DAVE

About what?

CELESTE

About what?

DAVE

Oh, I don't know, honey. Maybe I didn't hurt the guy as bad as I thought. And he was a mugger; he's not going to the hospital.

CELESTE

Right. Okay.

DAVE

Anyhow, it doesn't matter, does it? I mean, Katie Marcus is dead, and that seems more important right now.

Celeste nods. She starts to reach for him, stops. As she turns and disappears down the hall, Dave watches her go.

EXT. MARCUS HOUSE -- 3RD FLOOR BACK PORCH -- NIGHT

Jimmy sits under the clothesline, a pillow in his hand. As he breathes it in and out, we PAN OFF him to...

The neighborhood spread out at night. Lights twinkle. Sounds are muted. And in the distance, the Mystic River flows. And over it, we hear:

KATIE (V.O.)

Later, Daddy...

And then...

JIMMY (V.O.)

I know in my soul I contributed to your death. I can feel it. But I don't know how.

KATIE (V.O.)

You will...

And as the CAMERA CLOSES ON the river...

DISSOLVE TO:

WHITEY

Brendan Harris aced his polygraph. Four straight times.

SEAN

Good. I didn't like him for it or want him for it.

WHITEY

Yeah, poor fucking kid.

Whitey starts casting about his desk.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Ballistics should be in in a few hours. Meanwhile, we got that list of bar patrons.

He finds it, hands Sean a list of about 100 names.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

I'm sure they're all just dying to cooperate with the police.

SEAN

(scanning list)
Considering the crime, maybe.

WHITEY

(recognizes Dave Boyle)
The same guy you were friends with as a kid? The car guy?

SEAN

Could be.

WHITEY

He'd be a guy to talk to. He knows you, won't treat us like cops, clam up for no good reason.

EXT. THREE-DECKER (EAST BUCKINGHAM) -- DAY

The door opens and Dave starts down the front steps with Michael. He stops short as a black unmarked pulls up.

Sean and Whitey get out. Sean recognizes Dave.

SEAN

Dave Boyle. What's it been? Seven, eight years?

DAVE

Hey, Sean.

Stepping forward, Sean shakes his hand. Dave grimaces.

DAVE (CONT'D)

This is my son. Michael.

SEAN

Hey, Michael. I'm Sean, an old buddy of your dad.

MICHAEL

Hi.

DAVE

You still with the Staties?

SEAN

Yeah. Homicide now. Actually, this is my partner.

WHITEY

Sergeant Powers. How you doing?

Whitey sticks out his hand. Dave shakes it, again trying not to wince.

SEAN

Dave, you got a minute, we'd love to ask you a couple quick questions.

DAVE

Actually, I got to walk Michael to school, but I could be back in a few minutes.

SEAN

Tell you what, we'll walk with you.

DAVE

Uh, sure.

They start walking.

SEAN

I hear rents are rising.

SEAN (CONT'D)

They cut my dad's old house up into condos.

DAVE

Me and Michael walked by there the other day. There's got to be a way to stop them. Friend of mine said the other day, Sean, he said, what this neighborhood needs is a good fucking crime wave. That'd send property values back where they belong.

WHITEY

Girls keep getting murdered in Pen Park, Mr. Boyle; you might get your wish.

DAVE

Dave. Call me Dave.

MICHAEL

You said the 'f' word, Dad.

DAVE

Walk up on ahead, Michael. Us guys have to talk.

Michael sighs, takes a few steps ahead.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What's up, Sean?

SEAN

You heard about Katie Marcus?

DAVE

Yeah. I was at Jimmy's all day yesterday. Celeste's there now.

WHITEY

Who's Celeste?

DAVE

My wife.

SEAN

How's Jimmy doing?

Dave's getting a bit frazzled with all the little questions.

DAVE

Hard to tell. You know him.

SEAN

The reason we came by --

DAVE

I saw her. Katie. I don't know if you know that. At McGill's. The night she died.

SEAN

Well, yeah, Dave, that's why we're here. They were at a couple of bars that night. Your name showed up on a list of people who were in McGill's.

WHITEY

We hear she and her friends put on quite a show. Dancing on the bar. They were pretty drunk, huh?

DAVE

Yeah, but it was harmless. They weren't stripping or nothing. They were just, nineteen, you know?

SEAN

What time did they leave?

DAVE

I left at one. They left maybe fifteen minutes before me.

WHITEY

So we'll say twelve-forty-five?

DAVE

Sounds about right.

SEAN

You see anything unusual that night? Anyone?

DAVE

Like what?

SEAN

Guy watching the girls? Guy with black hate in his eyes? Woman hater?

DAVE

No. If they hadn't danced on the bar, it would've been business as usual, you know?

Sean nods. They've reached the school.

MICHAEL
See you later, Dad.

DAVE
Got your milk money?

MICHAEL
Uh huh.

Michael runs off to join his friends. An odd moment as Dave watches the laughing, happy kids.

SEAN
God, I hated school.

DAVE
Huh? Yeah, me, too.

WHITEY
I forgot to ask, sir. Where'd you go after you left McGill's?

DAVE
Uh, home.

WHITEY
Home by one-fifteen would you say?

DAVE
Roughly. Sure.

An almost embarrassed silence until...

SEAN
Good seeing you, Dave. Grab a beer sometime?

DAVE
Yeah, Sean, I'd like that.

Sean and Whitey start back down the sidewalk. Dave watches them go. Sean waves once over his shoulder and Dave finds himself waving back even though Sean can't see him.

EXT. STARBUCK'S -- DAY

Whitey and Sean exit with coffee.

WHITEY

Starbuck's. You believe this crap? Same as Dunkin' Donuts, except five times the price.

As they sip, something else is really bothering them.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

You take away money or love or hate as possible motives, you're not left with much.

SEAN

If this Marcus thing was random, I mean, shit...

WHITEY

Tell me about it. But the old lady, Prior, she didn't hear a scream. She heard a gunshot, and before that, a 'hi.' Which means either the Marcus girl is pretty goddamn friendly or she knew him.

SEAN

But she didn't just stop. She turns into the curb. Not too fast or she would've hopped it. Foot comes off the clutch, she stalls.

WHITEY

She says hi, guy shoots her.

SEAN

She slams her door into him, makes a run for it.

WHITEY

But what makes her swerve without hitting the brakes?

SEAN

Something in the road.

WHITEY

Maybe. Look, Marcus girl couldn't have weighed more than one-ten. How hard could she have hit the guy to get a head start into the park?

SEAN

Either he wasn't back on his heels or, he doesn't weigh so much himself.

WHITEY

Which explains the footprints. Three of hers. None of his.

SEAN

It did rain... Brendan Harris couldn't be much more than one-fifty.

WHITEY

You honestly think that kid has it in him?

SEAN

No.

WHITEY

Your pal, Dave, though. He's a slim guy.

SEAN

How'd we get to him?

WHITEY

We're getting to him now.

SEAN

Whitey, he's just a guy who was in the bar.

WHITEY

The last place she went, Sean, the last place. There's something wrong about that guy.

(beat)

Did you see his hand?

SEAN

Yeah... You seriously want to take a look at Dave Boyle?

WHITEY

Just a little one.

EXT. REED & SONS FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

Jimmy gets out of his car, walks around and pops the trunk. He pulls out a dress wrapped in plastic film. As he heads for the entrance...

INT. REED & SONS FUNERAL HOME -- OFFICE -- DAY

One of the "SONS" sits across the desk from Jimmy. The dress is draped over the chair beside him. The Son fills out a form with a gold pen. Jimmy looks far away.

SON

I'd suggest two sets of visiting hours.
From three to five and then seven to
nine.

JIMMY

Yeah, that's fine.

SON

Good. Have you thought about flowers?

JIMMY

I'll call Knopfler's this afternoon.

SON

Good. And the notice?

JIMMY

The notice?

SON

Yes. The obituary. We can take care of it
if you'll just give us the basic
information.

Jimmy reaches out, straightens a fold in the dress.

SON (CONT'D)

If you'd prefer donations in lieu of
flowers, things like that. I can --

JIMMY

(looks over)

Where is she?

SON

Who?

JIMMY

My daughter.

SON

Um, downstairs. In the basement.

JIMMY

I'd like to see her.

The Son blinks back at Jimmy, looks a little unnerved.

INT. FUNERAL HOME -- BASEMENT -- KATIE MARCUS -- DAY

lying on a stainless steel table, a sheet pulled up under her chin. Her hair clean and combed, her face dusted with makeup. Eyes closed, but no longer clenched tight.

The Son stands in the doorway, shifting nervously as Jimmy steps up, stands over his daughter.

Jimmy gets down on his haunches, his eyes even with Katie's face. He rests his chin on his forearm, looks at his daughter a long moment. Finally, softly, gently:

JIMMY

I'm going to kill him, Katie. I'm going to find him before the police do and I'm going to kill him.

SON

Did you say something, Mr. Marcus?

Jimmy answers without looking back.

JIMMY

The notice. It should read: 'Katherine Marcus, beloved daughter of James and Marita, deceased, stepdaughter of Annabeth, and sister to Sara and Nadine.

As the gold pen flies in the Son's hand...

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/BUCKINGHAM AVENUE -- DAY

Whitey and Sean get out of their car. At the same moment, Dave is exiting. He stops short, forces a smile.

DAVE

You guys again?

Whitey's smile isn't as forced.

WHITEY

We're like two bad pennies.

DAVE

You dropping in on Jimmy?

SEAN

Yeah.

DAVE

Did you have some kind of, what, break in the case?

SEAN

Just paying our respects. Where you off to?

DAVE

Annabeth got a craving for cigarettes. I'm going to get some. See you in a minute.

As Dave moves past them, Whitey does his best Columbo.

WHITEY

What happened to your hand, by the way?

Dave stops short, manages a twisted grin.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SECOND FLOOR WINDOW Celeste looking down on them, listening.

DAVE

Huh? Oh, garbage disposal. It was jammed and I stuck my hand down there. Then it started up again. Stupid, huh?

WHITEY

Painful.

PORCH

Dave nods, continues on his way. Whitey and Sean watch him.

WHITEY

Garbage disposal. Bullshit.

SEAN

Yeah, well, it doesn't mean he killed anybody either. Come on.

As they start up the stairs...

CELESTE

Her breath starts to come in heaves. She looks like a bird in a cage.

INT. MARCUS HOME -- ENTRYWAY -- DAY

As Annabeth answers the door to reveal Sean and Whitey.
Sean holds out a cigarette, smiles.

SEAN
Heard you could use one.

ANNABETH
(takes it)
Thanks.

Sean scrapes his lighter to life. As she leans in:

ANNABETH (CONT'D)
I quit ten years ago. You believe this?

SEAN
Hey, whatever you need right now.

ANNABETH
Yeah... come in, I'll get Jimmy.

As they start down the hall, Celeste is headed out the other way. In a hurry.

CELESTE
Got a couple errands I gotta run. Be back
in an hour or so.

ANNABETH
You don't have to come back, Celeste.
I'll be fine.

CELESTE
You sure?

SEAN
Celeste Boyle?

CELESTE
Uh, yeah.

SEAN
Sean Devine. I'm a friend of Dave's. From
way back.

He sticks out his hand. She shakes it reluctantly.

CELESTE
Nice to meet you. Well, I gotta go.

She squeezes past down the hall, headed for the door.

ANNABETH
Bye-bye.

CELESTE
Bye.

And she's out the door. As Annabeth continues forward.

SEAN
Damn it.

WHITEY
What?

A look passes between them.

WHITEY (CONT'D)
Better go get it.

As Sean heads off after Celeste...

EXT. MARCUS HOME -- FRONT PORCH -- DAY

As Celeste steps out, Sean is right behind her.

SEAN
Celeste...

She looks back in pure terror.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Could I ask you a quick question?

CELESTE
Me?

SEAN
What time did Dave come home on Saturday night?

CELESTE
What?

SEAN
(smiles)
It's a little thing. We need to run timelines on anything involving Katie. I'm sure Dave told you he saw her at McGill's on Saturday night.

CELESTE
You think Dave killed Katie?

SEAN
I didn't say that, Celeste. Hell, why
would I even think it?

Celeste tries to laugh it off.

CELESTE
I don't know.

SEAN
We could figure what time she was on the
road if we knew what time Dave got home.
That's all. It's five minutes from
McGill's to your place, Katie left
fifteen minutes before Dave did. See what
I mean?

CELESTE
I was asleep.

SEAN
Huh?

CELESTE
Saturday night, when Dave got home. I was
asleep.

SEAN
Oh... Well, thanks anyway.

As she hurries off...

INT. MARCUS KITCHEN -- JIMMY MARCUS -- DAY

looking as hard as we've seen him look.

JIMMY
Bullshit.

He's sitting at the kitchen table with Annabeth and
across from Sean and Whitey.

SEAN
No. He was dating Katie, Jim. They were
going to elope to Las Vegas. We found
reservations under their names with
United.

WHITEY

Brendan Harris confirmed it.

Jimmy shakes his head, trying to understand.

ANNABETH

Remember what you said? How she looked at you for a few seconds on Saturday? Like she was preparing to never see you again?

Jimmy drills Sean with a look.

JIMMY

Did Brendan Harris kill my daughter?

SEAN

No.

JIMMY

You're a hundred percent positive?

SEAN

He passed a poly with flying colors. Plus, he seemed, to me, like he really loved her.

JIMMY

Fuck...

SEAN

Jimmy, I'm just curious, man. Why are you so dead set against the kid? He said Katie told him you'd disown her if she ever dated a Harris.

JIMMY

I knew his father. They called him 'Just Ray.'

WHITEY

Why's that?

JIMMY

There were so many guys named Ray in the neighborhood. Crazy Ray Bucheck, Psycho Ray Dorian. Ray Harris got stuck with Just Ray because all the cool nicknames had been taken.

(big sigh)

Anyhow, we never got along too good. I flat-out didn't like him.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

And then he cut out on his wife when she was pregnant with that mute kid of hers so, I don't know, I figure the apple doesn't fall far from the tree and I don't want Brendan or any other Harris seeing Katie or any other daughter I got.

(laughs)

I don't believe we're talking about Just Ray Harris.

WHITEY

How about this, Mr. Marcus. We've been talking to witnesses, canvassing people who might've been in the bars and we've run into more than a few people, who were questioned before us by one or more of the Savage brothers.

JIMMY

So?

SEAN

So the Savage brothers are not policemen, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Some people won't talk to the police.

WHITEY

Just so we're clear, and with all due respect, this is our case.

JIMMY

How long?

WHITEY

How long what?

JIMMY

How long would you say till you put Katie's killer in jail? I need to know.

WHITEY

Are you bargaining with us?

JIMMY

Bargaining?

WHITEY

Are you giving us a deadline?

(off no answer)

We'll speak for Katie, Mr. Marcus. If that's okay?

JIMMY

Find her killer, Sergeant. I'm not standing in your way.

EXT./INT. STATE POLICE BARRACKS -- DAY

Sean and Whitey head in, both feeling the effects of a long day. We walk and talk them inside.

WHITEY

About the last thing we need right now are Marcus and the Savage brothers putting the fear of God into the neighborhood.

SEAN

Those brothers, man. We grew up terrified of them. Eleven months apart. Like they were running a loose cannon factory.

They're interrupted by a LAB TECH.

LAB TECH

Hey, guys, ballistics are in on the Marcus murder.

SEAN

Yeah? Got a match?

LAB TECH

Uh huh. You're gonna fucking love it.

INT. STATE POLICE BARRACKS -- LAB -- DAY

A split-screen shows the grooves cut into two bullets.

LAB TECH

It's a perfect match. Gun was a .38 Smith. Part of a lot stolen from a gun dealer in New Hampshire in 1982. The same gun that killed Katherine Marcus was used in a liquor store holdup in '84. Right in Buckingham.

SEAN

The Flats?

LAB TECH

Rome Basin. Place called Looney Liquors. I pulled the file. It was a two-man job.
(MORE)

LAB TECH (CONT'D)

They fired a warning shot into a wall.
That's where the bullet got pulled.

EXT. PEN CHANNEL -- NIGHT

Ugly even in moonlight, the sluggish current lapping toward the harbor locks.

Celeste sits in her car, parked against the rotted pilings, staring out across the channel at Pen Park beyond. East Bucky rises like a landfill beyond, but Celeste's eyes fall somewhere in-between.

On the silhouette of the derelict drive-in movie screen. Celeste's eyes are red. She's been crying. And she looks like she wants to die.

INT. HARRIS APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Celeste isn't the only one who's desolate tonight. Brendan Harris sits on the floor, his back against the wall. He stares at the bulging suitcase stowed just under his bed. He's never going to Las Vegas now. Least not with Katie.

Finally, he closes his eyes, drops his chin to his chest and rocks a bit. Something comforting in that.

The door opens as Silent Ray enters. Wearing his rollerblades, using his hockey stick as a staff. As he wobbles over and sits on the bed, Brendan stands, wipes the tears from his face. Ray "signs" something to his brother.

Ray "signs" again. Brendan gets angry.

BRENDAN

Mom said that? That I'm better off?

Ray "signs" something. Brendan gets in his brother's face.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I loved her. You know what that's like?
Huh?

Ray recoils, shakes his head. Brendan turns away, ashamed.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Sorry...

Ray taps on the bedpost so that Brendan will look back over. Then he "signs" a final time.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

No, you're wrong. I won't feel it again.
Not ever.

INT. LOONEY LIQUORS -- NIGHT

Feisty LOWELL LOONEY, about 80 years old, points up at a row of half-pint bottles behind the counter.

LOWELL

Right there. Went in through a bottle of Jack and stuck right in that wall there.

Sean and Whitey stand across from him.

SEAN

Scary, huh?

LOWELL

Scarier than a glass of milk maybe.

SEAN

(smiles)

Take me through it. So these two guys...

LOWELL

In rubber masks. Came through there.

Lowell points back at a doorway covered by a black curtain.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

That's the storeroom. There's another door back there that leads to a loading dock. I always keep it locked so they must've had a key.

WHITEY

A key? You think it was an inside job?

LOWELL

Had to be. One of them, at least, worked for me at some point. Only reason they fired that warning round was because they must've known I kept this under the counter.

Lowell pulls out a sawed-off shotgun.

SEAN

And you told the police that at the time?

LOWELL

Oh, sure. They went through my employment records. Questioned everyone who used to work for me. Never made an arrest.

SEAN

You still have those employment records?

LOWELL

Somewhere in a box in the back. But I can tell you who did it.

SEAN

Yeah?

LOWELL

Guy I fired about two weeks before. Sonuvabitch came in a few days after the robbery. Had this fucking goddamn grin on his face. And I just knew. But tell a grin to a jury, right?

SEAN

You remember his name?

LOWELL

I look senile to you? Name was Ray Harris. They used to call him Just Ray.

Sean and Whitey look at each other.

LOWELL (CONT'D)

You say the same gun was used in another crime?

INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

As the door opens and Celeste comes home. The TELEVISION THROBS from the other room as she enters...

THE LIVING ROOM

Dave's on the couch, drinking beer and watching a movie. He hears Celeste enter the room behind, but doesn't look back.

DAVE

Where you been?

CELESTE

Out... What are you watching?

DAVE

Some vampire movie. Guy just got his head torn off... Where'd you go, Celeste?

CELESTE

Was sitting in my car by the channel. I just needed to think, you know?

DAVE

So what'd you think about?

CELESTE

Oh, you know.

DAVE

Not really, baby, no.

CELESTE

Things. The day, Katie being dead, poor Jimmy and Annabeth, those things.

DAVE

Those things. Know what I was thinking about? Huh? Vampires.

Celeste wants to run screaming, but...

CELESTE

What about them?

DAVE

They're undead, but I think maybe there's something beautiful about it. Maybe one day you wake up and you forget. What it's like to be human. Maybe then it's okay.

CELESTE

What the fuck are you talking about, Dave?

Dave looks back at her, smiles a dark smile.

DAVE

Vampires, sweetie. Werewolves.

CELESTE

You're not making any sense.

DAVE

You think I killed Katie, Celeste?
That the kind of sense we're making these
days?

CELESTE

(looks away)

I don't -- Where'd you come up with that?

DAVE

You've barely looked at me since you
found out Katie was dead. In fact, you
seem like you're repulsed by me.

CELESTE

Dave...

DAVE

What?

CELESTE

I don't think anything. I'm confused.
Even your friend Sean --

DAVE

He's not my friend. Case you haven't
figured that out yet.

CELESTE

He asked me about you. What time you got
home.

DAVE

What did you tell him?

CELESTE

I said I was asleep.

DAVE

Good thinking, baby.

CELESTE

Christ, Dave! Just tell them about the
mugger! Please...

DAVE

The mugger. I see how your mind's
working. I do. I come home with blood on
me the same night Katie's murdered. I
must have killed her.

Celeste just looks at him. Horrified. And Dave starts to laugh. Laughs hysterically. Celeste is horrified. She opens her mouth to say something, but nothing comes out.

Finally, as Dave's laughter starts to trail...

DAVE (CONT'D)

Ha-ha-ha. Ha-ha... Henry.

CELESTE

What? Henry?

DAVE

Henry and George, Celeste. I never told anyone before, but those were their names. Isn't that fucking hilarious? At least that's what they called themselves. But they were wolves and Dave, Dave was the boy who escaped from wolves.

CELESTE

What are you talking about?

DAVE

I'm talking Henry and George. They took me for a four-day ride. And they buried me in this ratty old cellar with a sleeping bag, and, man, Celeste, did they have their fun. And no one came to help old Dave then. Dave had to pretend to be someone else.

CELESTE

You mean all those years ago? When you were a boy?

(touches him)

Dave...

Dave jerks away from her touch.

DAVE

Dave's dead. I don't know who came out of that cellar, but it sure as shit wasn't Dave!

(calms)

The thing is, it's like vampires, once it's in you, it stays.

CELESTE

What stays?

DAVE
Did you know there were child prostitutes
in Rome Basin?

CELESTE
What?

DAVE
I can't trust my mind anymore, Celeste.
I'm warning you. I can't trust my mind.

It's official: Celeste has never been more afraid in her
whole life.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I'm going out. I just need to get my head
around it.

CELESTE
Okay...

And then he goes. HOLD ON Celeste. As the front DOOR
CLICKS shut, it might as well be a gunshot.

EXT. POLICE BARRACKS -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

As they pull up across from Sean's car. Another long day
by the boards.

SEAN
I just think the gun sends us in a
different direction.

WHITEY
I don't see it that way.

SEAN
What does Just Ray Harris's gun have to
do with Dave Boyle?

WHITEY
You know how these things get passed
around. Just Ray Harris may have blown
town, but his gun never did.

SEAN
I say we talk to Brendan Harris again.
First thing in the morning.

WHITEY
And I say Dave Boyle. The hand story?
Huh? And the wife's definitely scared.

SEAN

They're hiding something, but Dave's about as much a killer as I guess Brendan Harris is.

WHITEY

Boyle fits the profile a fucking T. White, mid-30a, marginally employed, sexually abused as a kid. You serious? On paper the guy should be in jail already.

SEAN

No, Katie Marcus was not sexually abused. In that equation, sexual emission is part of the deal.

WHITEY

You were friends when you were kids. You're a fucking liability.

Sean takes offense.

SEAN

He's not my friend. Turns out you're right? I'll have my cuffs off my hip faster than yours.

EXT. MARCUS HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jimmy sits on the front porch, thinking. He looks up at someone walking down the sidewalk. It's Dave.

DAVE

Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY

You're out late.

DAVE

You, too.

Jimmy nods. It is what it is. Dave leans against the porch, looks about.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Nice night, huh?

JIMMY

I guess... I started sitting out here the last few years. Waiting for Katie to come home, you know? It would get to be midnight and I'd tell Annabeth 'I think I'll go sit on the porch for awhile.' Weird thing was, it always seemed to bring her home.

The words sit out there for a beat.

DAVE

I saw her, you know.

JIMMY

Hmm?

DAVE

Katie. I was at McGill's Saturday night?

JIMMY

You saw Katie Saturday night?

DAVE

(nods)

Never got around to telling you.

Jimmy's eager for some final word on his daughter.

JIMMY

You talk to her?

DAVE

No. I just nodded hello at one point. Next time I looked up she was gone.

JIMMY

(disappointed)

Oh...

DAVE

She looked...happy.

Jimmy nods, wipes an unexpected tear from his eye.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Got some more walking to do. Good night.

JIMMY

Yeah...

Dave continues on his way.

INT. STATE POLICE BARRACKS -- HOMICIDE PEN -- DAY

Incredulity as Sean stares at Whitey.

SEAN
You stole his car?

WHITEY
(smiling)
His car was officially towed.

SEAN
From the front of his house?

WHITEY
Oh no. The car was found abandoned in Rome Basin along the parkway. Lucky for us the parkway's state jurisdiction. Some kids must've jacked it, took it for a joyride.

Getting angry, Sean lowers his voice.

SEAN
Why'd you do it?

WHITEY
After I dropped you off last night, I decided to talk to Boyle myself. Put a little fear in him. When I got to the house, I looked in his car, just to see what he had in there.

Sean's shaking his head, not really listening until:

WHITEY (CONT'D)
I found blood.

SEAN
What?

SEAN (CONT'D)
How much?

WHITEY
A bit. Found more in the trunk. A lot more. Type O. Same as Katie Marcus.

SEAN

Wait a minute. Katie Marcus never got in anyone's trunk. She stalled her car, got chased through the park until she died in the park.

WHITEY

I think it's enough to ask the man a few questions.

SEAN

For what? Your search of the cars's going to get tossed out.

WHITEY

No. Stolen and abandoned in state jurisdiction. For insurance purposes and in the best interest of the owner --

SEAN

You did a physical search and filed a report.

WHITEY

Bingo. Now do you want to talk to him or should I send him home?

SEAN

Dave's here?

WHITEY

Been sitting in the box for an hour. I had two of my ugliest troopers pick him up first thing.

FLASHBACK

Hand slamming down on Plymouth roofs. Fists pounding on bulkheads. Feet on the cellar steps. BANG! BANG!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Dave sits looking hung-over, annoyed and pissed at Sean in particular. Sean leans back by the door. Whitey sits in the other chair across from Dave.

WHITEY

Look, Mr. Boyle, we know you didn't get that swollen hand sticking it down a garbage disposal.

DAVE

Yeah? How do you know that?

WHITEY

Why's your wife acting like she's afraid of you? Huh? She know what really happened to your hand?

This is a cooler, tougher Dave than we've seen before.

DAVE

How about a Sprite or something?

WHITEY

Tell us what really happened Saturday night, Mr. Boyle.

DAVE

I already did.

WHITEY

You lied.

DAVE

(shrugs)

Your opinion. Which I guess you're entitled to.

WHITEY

You think this is funny?

DAVE

No I don't. I'm tired, I'm hung-over, and not only was my car stolen, but now you're telling me you won't release it to me.

WHITEY

Tell us how the blood got in your car.

DAVE

What blood?

WHITEY

Let's start with the front seat.

Dave finally looks a little rattled. He looks to Sean.

DAVE

You think I could get that Sprite, Sean?

SEAN

Sure.

As Sean reaches for the door, Dave smiles.

DAVE

I get it. You're the good cop. How about a meatball sub while you're at it?

Any signs of being rattled are gone. Is Dave playing them? Sean lets go of the doorknob, leans back to where he was.

SEAN

Ain't your bitch, Dave. Looks like you'll have to wait.

DAVE

You're somebody's bitch, though. Aren't you, Sean?

There's a crazy leer in Dave's eyes, a preening cockiness.

SEAN

The blood on your front seat, Dave. Answer the Sergeant.

DAVE

We got a chain-link fence in our back yard. Me and my kid play Whiffle ball every afternoon after school and he's getting pretty good. Most of the balls are on the other side of the fence. So I climb it. Except I slip on the top and slice myself where the links curl in.

(pats his ribs)

Right here. Bled like hell. Ten minutes later, I had to pick up Michael. It was probably still bleeding when I got in the seat. Best I can figure.

WHITEY

And what blood type are you?

DAVE

B negative.

WHITEY (SMILES)

Hey, that's the match we got.

DAVE

Well, there you go.

WHITEY

Not quite. The blood in the trunk was not B negative.

DAVE

I don't know anything about any blood in my trunk.

WHITEY

No idea how a half pint of blood got in your trunk?

DAVE

None.

SEAN

This is not the way you want to go, Dave.

WHITEY

How's it going to look in court? You don't know how someone else's blood got in your trunk.

DAVE

Fine, I suppose. You filed the report.

WHITEY

What report?

DAVE

The stolen car report.

Whitey and Sean both get the same sinking feeling.

DAVE (CONT'D)

The car wasn't in my possession last night. Whatever the car thieves used it for, you should find out. Because it sounds like they were up to no good.

A long silence. Whitey's fucked. Sean looks at the floor, shakes his head ever so slightly.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Things looking any better on that Sprite?

INT. INTERROGATION -- SIDE ROOM -- TWO WAY MIRROR -- DAY

Sean and Whitey now on this side. Dave still sitting on the other.

SEAN
 You got too fucking smart. Car's
 inadmissible. His lawyer can say anything
 in it was put there by the car thieves.

WHITEY
 I can break him.

SEAN
 Break him? He just kicked our asses in
 there.

WHITEY
 Yeah. But you still think old buddy Dave
 wouldn't hurt a fly?

A moment as they both think.

SEAN
 It's the gun, Whitey. We bust this open
 on that gun.

WHITEY
 Maybe. Okay.

Sean looks through the two-way at Dave.

SEAN
 What about Dave?

WHITEY
 Fuck it. Kick him loose.

EXT. HEADSTONE LOT (ADJACENT TO CEMETERY) -- DAY

Jimmy walks down a row of headstones, the SALESMAN a
 respectful two steps behind.

SALESMAN
 Maybe a Celtic cross. That's a popular
 choice.

Jimmy finally stops before one that is simple and white.

JIMMY
 That one.

SALESMAN
 Very good. Nice and simple.

As the Salesman jots down some info, Val Savage arrives.

VAL

Hey, Jimmy.

Jimmy turns to see him. They step away from the Salesman.

VAL (CONT'D)

Been out asking around, like you said to.

JIMMY

Thanks, man.

Jimmy taps his fist into Val's. Val taps back.

VAL

It ain't 'cause you did two years for me, Jim. And it ain't 'cause I miss your brain running things, either. Katie was my niece, man.

JIMMY

I know.

VAL

Maybe not by birth or nothing, but I loved her.

JIMMY

I know, man. What's up?

VAL

Cops are all over this. Doing their job for once. They're smothering the bars, street trade, everything. Every hooker I've talked to, every bartender, they've already been questioned. I mean, the law has descended.

JIMMY

What about just Ray's kid? You find out anything there?

VAL

Kid's a mouse by all accounts. No trouble to anyone. Eve and Diane said he loved her, Jim. Said she loved him.

Jimmy stews on this a moment.

VAL (CONT'D)

Want me to take a run at him?

JIMMY

No, no, Val. Hold off for the time being.
Anything else?

Val hesitates, holding something back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What?

VAL

Huh?

JIMMY

You want to spit something. What is it?

VAL

I heard Sean and his fat-head partner
went by Dave Boyle's.

JIMMY

Dave was at McGill's that night. They
probably questioned him like everyone
else.

Val waits a beat. That's not it.

VAL

I heard something else. This morning.

JIMMY

Yeah?

VAL

Two Staties came by. In uniform.

JIMMY

Probably forgot to ask him something.

VAL

No. They took Dave with them when they
left. They put him in the back seat. now
what I mean?

Jimmy's eyes narrow, then he looks out at the cemetery
beyond.

INT. HOMICIDE PEN -- DAY

Sean and Whitey have a bunch of yellow, old files spread
across Sean's desk. Whitey reads from a probation report.

WHITEY

Raymond Matthew Harris. Born nine-six-1957. 1981 takes a job with the M.B.T.A. First child, Brendan Seamus born in 1983. Same year Just Ray is indicted in a scam to embezzle subway tokens. Charges dropped, but he's fired. Worked odd jobs after that, including clerk at Looney Liquors. Questioned in that robbery, questioned in another, same year; Blanchard Liquors in Middlesex County. Released on lack of evidence.

SEAN

Beginning to become known though.

WHITEY

He's getting popular. A known associate, one Edmund Reese, fingers Raymond in the 1985 heist of a rare comic book collection.

SEAN

Comic books? You go, Raymond.

WHITEY

A hundred fifty thousand dollars worth of comic books.

SEAN

Oh, excuse me.

WHITEY

Raymond returns said literature unharmed. Does a year solid inside. Comes out of prison with a wee chemical dependency problem.

SEAN

But gets honest work to support the habit, right?

WHITEY

Apparently not. Picked up by a joint Major Crime Unit/F.B.I. sting for trafficking stolen goods across state lines. Stole a truckload of cigarettes.

SEAN

Our boy's got style.

WHITEY

He's got a boatload of grief, too. Stole the truck in Rhode Island, drove it into Massachusetts.

SEAN

Hence the federal interstate rap.

WHITEY

Hence, they got him by the balls.
(flips page)
But he does no time. Not a day.

SEAN

He rolled on someone.

WHITEY

Looks that way. After that, nothing. He's clean. Until August 1989. Poof, he disappears.

They consider it all a beat.

SEAN

One, he's dead. Two, he's in Witness Protection.

WHITEY

Three, he went deep underground then just popped back in the neighborhood to kill his son's 19-year-old girlfriend. I mean, come on. We got nothing.

SEAN

We got a guy who was a prime suspect in a robbery eighteen years ago during which the murder weapon was used. Guy's son dated the victim. I'd say we got a lot.

Whitey flips through the file. Sean realizes something.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Anything in there about Just Ray's known associates?

Whitey flips, looks, finds it.

WHITEY

Known criminal associates. Reginald 'Dukie' Neil, Kevin 'Whackjob' Sirracci, Nicholas Savage, hmmm, Anthony Waxman.

Whitey suddenly looks up. And Sean knows it's here.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

And one James Marcus.

SEAN

And the hits just keep coming.

INT. FBI OFFICES (BOSTON) -- DAY

Sean and Whitey look up as 58-year-old AGENT BURDEN enters.

BURDEN

You guys looking for me?

SEAN

I'm Sean Devine, this is Whitey Powers.

They all shake hands.

BURDEN

What's up? I already got to get back.

SEAN

You worked a task force with Major Crimes in the '80s.

BURDEN

A bunch of them.

SEAN

You took down a small-timer. Ray Harris. Stole a truck full of cigarettes from a rest stop in Cranston, Rhode Island.

BURDEN

Trucker went to take a piss. The Harris guy jacked the truck. I think we pulled him over in New Bedford.

SEAN

But Harris walked.

BURDEN

He didn't walk. He rolled. Boston Police's Anti-Gang Unit stepped in to get info on another case. He rolled for them.

WHITEY

On who?

BURDEN

What the fuck was the name?

(tries to remember)

Him and three other guys knocked off the M.B.T.A. counting room. Sixty grand... Jimmy Marcus. Kid was like nineteen or twenty. Slick as hell, man. Ran a crew, never got arrested.

SEAN

Did Ray Harris testify in open court?

BURDEN

Never made it to court. Marcus dummied up on who he'd been working with. D.A. was afraid he might not be able to convict. So he cut a deal for two years inside, couple more suspended.

SEAN

So Jimmy Marcus never knew Ray Harris ratted him out?

Burden looks at the two of them a beat, smiles.

BURDEN

Ray Harris vanished from the face of the earth two months after Marcus rotated back into the free world. What does that tell you?

EXT. MARCUS HOUSE -- DAY

Celeste. Pacing the sidewalk up from Jimmy's house. She stops, watches as Val's car pulls up and he and Jimmy get out. As they near the front steps, she hurries forward.

CELESTE

Hey, Jimmy! Val!

VAL

Hey, cuz.

She looks nervous as hell. Val and Jimmy exchange a look.

CELESTE

Jimmy, could I talk to you a sec?

JIMMY

Sure.

(to Val)

Catch up with you in a minute.

Celeste manages a smile back as Val disappears inside.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Here. Step into my office.

Jimmy sits on the porch steps. She sits beside him. Jimmy watches her a moment, waiting. But she's all bottled up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Beautiful day, huh?

That's almost enough to send her over. Her lip trembles. She turns her head away to wipe a tear.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Whatever it is, Celeste. It's okay.

CELESTE
I took Michael and spent last night at a motel.

JIMMY
Okay...

CELESTE
I don't know, Jim. I may have left Dave for good.

JIMMY
(monotone)
You left Dave.

CELESTE
Yeah, well, he's been acting nuts lately. I'm, I'm almost afraid of him.

She looks at Jimmy, sees a knowledge in him.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
(trembling)
Do you know something?

JIMMY
I know he was taken by the cops this morning. I know he saw Katie the night she died, but didn't tell me till after the police had questioned him about it. I know his hand looks like he's been punching a wall with it.
(beat)
Anything else I should know?

Celeste takes a deep breath.

CELESTE

At three in the morning on Sunday, Dave came back to our apartment covered in someone's else's blood.

Those words kill the noise along the avenue, stop the breeze. Right now they're the only two people on Earth.

JIMMY

What did he say happened?

CELESTE

That he was mugged. That he bashed the mugger's head on the street. That he might've killed him. But there was nothing in the paper.

Tears start to run down her face. She presses her forehead to Jimmy's chest. Finally, gently, Jimmy pushes her back. So he can look in her eyes.

JIMMY

Celeste.

CELESTE

Yes.

JIMMY

Do you think Dave killed Katie?

Celeste looks about. Finally, unable to verbally form the damning response, she finally just nods her head. Yes.

INT. HOMICIDE PEN -- SEAN'S DESK -- DAY

Brendan sits across from Sean and Whitey. He looks confused, tired and scared.

SEAN

Tell me about your father, Brendan.

BRENDAN

What?

SEAN

Your father. Raymond Senior. You remember him.

SEAN

So you don't remember the guy?

BRENDAN

I remember little things. He smelled like Schlitz and Dentyne. He...

A small smile slides softly across Brendan's face.

SEAN

He what, Brendan?

BRENDAN

Carried a lot of change in his pockets. It jingled when he walked. You could hear him when he came home. And if I could guess how much he had, if I was even close, he'd give it to me.

SEAN

What about a gun? You remember your father having a gun?

BRENDAN

What? No.

SEAN

You seem awful sure for someone who was only six when he left.

A DETECTIVE comes in, sets a cardboard box on Sean's desk.

SEAN (CONT'D)

What's this?

DETECTIVE

What you asked for. C.S.S. reports, ballistics, fingerprint analysis, the 911 tape, a bunch of stuff.

SEAN

Thanks.

As he moves off...

WHITEY

We were talking about your father's gun.

BRENDAN

I told you, my father didn't have a gun.

SEAN

I guess we were misinformed. You talk to your father much?

BRENDAN

Never. Said he was going out for a drink and he never came back.

Brendan looks like he's in pain.

SEAN

Your mother never filed a missing persons report. How came?

BRENDAN

Because he isn't missing. He sends money every month.

Sean and Whitey exchange a surprised look.

WHITEY

He sends money?

BRENDAN

Five hundred dollars, every month. Like clockwork.

WHITEY

From where?

BRENDAN

Postmark says Brooklyn.

Whitey picks up a pad of paper, starts to scribble.

SEAN

How do you know it's him?

BRENDAN

Who else would send it? My mom says that's how he was. Do something shitty then try to make up for it.

Whitey hands Sean the pad. It's years times months times \$500. The underlined answer is \$80,000.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Why you asking me if my father had a gun?

SEAN
You know why, kid.

BRENDAN
No, I don't.

SEAN
The gun that killed your girlfriend was
the same gun your father used in a
robbery eighteen years ago.

Something dark starts working through Brendan's brain.
Some new and sudden knowledge. Sean sees it.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You want to tell me about it?

BRENDAN
My father didn't have a gun.

Sean slaps the desktop, jerking Whitey to attention.

SEAN
You are fucking lying!

But Brendan doesn't react. He's gone somewhere else.
Somewhere grim and hard.

BRENDAN
Can I go now? Or are you gonna charge me
with Katie's murder?

EXT. CRESCENT AVENUE -- DAVE BOYLE -- DAY

walking down Crescent Avenue. A car pulls alongside...

FLASHBACK -- PLYMOUTH

Pulling up across from Young Dave before he can finish
writing his name in the sidewalk.

BACK TO SCENE

Val Savage at the wheel. Dave's new best friend.

VAL
Dandy Dave Boyle, how they hanging,
brother?

Dave squats down to see Val eye-to-eye.

DAVE
Hey, Val? What're you up to?

VAL
I'm starving. Was looking for someone to grab a bite to eat with, maybe a beer?

DAVE
Yeah?

VAL
What do you say? How about a boy's night out in the middle of the day? We'll hit a place I know across town.

DAVE
I'll have to get home at some point.

VAL
Don't we all. Come on, hop in.

DAVE
(smiles)
First round's mine.

VAL
Now you're talking!

And for the second time in his life, Dave gets inside a CAR he shouldn't. As Val GUNS IT away...

INT. SEAN'S DESK -- DAY

Brendan's gone. Sean and Whitey are bleary, having huffed and puffed through the contents of the cardboard box.

SEAN
The kid was lying about the gun. Don't you think?

WHITEY
Absolutely. Told you three times already. What about the father? What do you think about him?

SEAN
I think, just possibly now, that Just Ray is still alive.

WHITEY
Eighty grand. Who's going to send that if it's not the father?

Sean sticks his head in his hands, groans in frustration.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Go home. Have a drink. Let it go for awhile.

SEAN

Yeah, right.

Sean looks into the box. All that's left is a cassette tape. He pulls it out.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Anything good on the 9-1-1 call?

WHITEY

Thought you listened to it.

Sean sighs, sticks the tape into a player on his desk.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-1, police services. What is the nature of your emergency?

BOY (V.O.)

There's like this car with blood in it and, ah, the door's open --

OPERATOR (V.O.)

What's the location of the car?

BOY (V.O.)

Uh, Sydney Street in the Flats. By Pen Park. Me and my friend found it.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Son, what's your name?

BOY (V.O.)

(to someone else)

He wants to know her name.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Your name. What's your name?

BOY (V.O.)

We're so fucking out of here. Good luck.

The connection breaks. Sean turns off the tape machine.

SEAN

Well, that breaks the case wide open.

WHITEY

Let's at least get a burger.

Sean nods. Standing, he grabs his Glock and holster out of his top drawer. They start out; Sean freezes.

SEAN

Her.

WHITEY

What?

SEAN

The kid on the tape.

Sean hits rewind, play.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Son, what's your name?

BOY (V.O.)

He wants to know her name.

SEAN

He said, 'her name.'

WHITEY

Right. Dead girl, you refer to her as a she.

SEAN

But how does the kid know that? She'd dead in the park. How does he know the blood in the car came from a woman.

WHITEY

Play it again.

INT. BAR (CHELSEA) -- SUNSET

A dive backed up against the river. A few old-timers, a few pool tables. Dave and Val sit in a booth. There are four empty shot glasses and a nearly empty pitcher of beer.

VAL

This one time back in the day, right? We take off this stamp collector. Rob him, tie him up and go. Me, my brother Nick and this kid Carson Leverett who couldn't tie his own fucking shoes if you didn't show him.

Dave laughs; this is really funny.

VAL (CONT'D)

So we're coming down the elevator and we're wearing suits so we fit in. And this old lady gets on and starts freaking out. So I turn to Nick and he's looking at Carson because the fucking bonehead's still got his Ronald Reagan mask on.

DAVE

And you guys didn't notice?

VAL

Little shit like that happened on jobs all the time. That's why Jimmy was so missed. He saw the whole field, man.

DAVE

Why do you think he went straight?

VAL

One word pure and simple... Katie.

DAVE

What about you?

VAL

I like the night too much. Day's just something you sleep through. Another shot?

DAVE

I should slow down. Till we eat.

VAL

Come on, don't go pussy on me.

Before Dave can answer, Val is on his way to the bar.

A passing headlight flashes white in Dave's face. As he blinks, a silhouette comes through the door. As the door shuts and Dave's vision clears, he realizes it's Jimmy.

Jimmy nods at Dave and then goes to Val at the bar. Says something in his ear. Val looks back at Dave and nods. The two of them head over carrying three shots and a bottle. Jimmy sits in across from Dave while Val slides next to him.

JIMMY

How's it going?

DAVE
I'm a little drunk. You gain some weight?
You look bigger.

Jimmy smiles, passes out the shots.

JIMMY
To our children.

They down the shots. Jimmy immediately pours another round.

VAL
I always liked this bar.

JIMMY
Yeah. No one bothers you.

VAL
That's important. No one bothering you in
this life. No one fucking with you or
your loved ones. Right, Dave?

DAVE
Absolutely.

It's the funniest thing Val ever heard.

VAL
This guy's a hoot. He can get you going.

Jimmy smiles at Dave, but it's pure frost.

JIMMY
Yeah?

VAL
Oh yeah. My man, Dave.

INT. HARRIS APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Seething purpose, Brendan enters, pulls a kitchen chair over to the butler's pantry. Standing on the chair, he looks up a beat at the slatted ceiling.

He reaches up and presses with his right palm. A section of slats lifts up and away revealing an opening in the ceiling. Brendan looks up a beat, reaches into the black.

INSERT -- HIDING PLACE

Brendan's hand looks like it's playing an imaginary keyboard as it bounces and gropes in the dust and wood chips for something that is not there. His father's gun.

BRENDAN

As he realizes he's not going to find it.

BRENDAN

No...

He returns the slat to its place, steps off the chair. He brings the chair back to the kitchen table and sits down on it. Sits down so he's facing the door in the center of the apartment. And as Brendan waits..

INT. BAR (CHELSEA) -- NIGHT

Dave's having trouble focusing. Jimmy and Val seem like they've forgotten he's here.

VAL

Remember we took Ray Harris here that one time?

JIMMY

Sure. Good old Ray.

VAL

He was a hoot, too. Most people called him 'Just Ray,' but I called him Ray Jingles.

As Dave tries to concentrate, Val leans into him.

VAL (CONT'D)

This guy, right? He carried like ten bucks in change in his pocket, in case he had to make a phone call to Libya or some fucking place.

Val laughs, lights a cigarette. As the smoke climbs up into Dave's face, he looks across at Jimmy who watches him with a flat, determined expression.

As Jimmy smiles, Dave swallows, takes a deep suck of air.

JIMMY

You all right?

Dave holds up a hand as it surges up inside him.

DAVE
Oh shit...

JIMMY
Dave?

DAVE
I'm going to be sick.

A flicker of a look between Val and Jimmy. Val slides out.

VAL
Use the back door. Huey don't like
cleaning it off toilet rims.

Val grips Dave's shoulders, turns him and heads him off for a door at the far end of the bar.

DOOR

As Dave pushes through...

DOOR

Bursting open. But, we're in...

INT. HARRIS APARTMENT

And Silent Ray is arriving home with John O'Shea in tow.

Brendan watches from the kitchen.

BRENDAN
Hey, Ray. Come in here a second.

Ray comes in. John stops in the doorway holding a duffel bag. Brendan pulls a second chair out with his foot.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Sit down, Ray.

Ray catches a vibe, looks a little suspicious, but he sits.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Who do you hate?

Ray stares back at him.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Come on, who?

Ray "signs" an answer.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
No one? Who do you love?

Ray looks down at his shoes, then up at Brendan. Finally, he points a finger at his brother.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
You love me?
(as Ray nods)
What about Ma?

Ray looks down again, shakes his head. "No."

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Okay. You love me so much, I want to hear you say it.

Ray looks back up, confused.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
I know you can speak. So say you love me.

Ray looks back over his shoulder at John.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Don't look at him, look at me. Now say it, say you love me.

EXT. BAR (CHELSEA) -- NIGHT

Out back. One light over the door. And we're TRACKING BACK WITH Dave as he stumbles through the weeds. Drops to his hands and knees at the edge of the Mystic River.

We're BACK BEHIND as he heaves, empties his stomach into the dirty water. Finally, he lurches to his feet, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

He takes a few deep breaths, feels better. And when Dave finally turns around, Jimmy and Val are standing there. One on either side of the door, the light bulb burning between them. Dave grins.

DAVE

Hey, guys. Come to make sure I didn't
fall in?

INT. HARRIS APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ray sitting across from Brendan, freaking out a little at
his brother's request.

BRENDAN

Come on, say you love me.

Finally Ray stands, holding his middle finger in
Brendan's face and then turns to go.

Brendan is on him in a flash. He grabs Ray by the hair
and jerks him back. Ray flies over the kitchen table,
slams into the wall and hits the floor.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

You love me so much you kill my fucking
girl friend?! Huh?

That gets John O'Shea moving. Motoring for the door. But
Brendan's all over him. Grabbing him by the scruff of the
neck, he bounces him off the door, spins him around.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

My brother never does anything without
you, O'Shea! Never!

Brendan punches him twice in the face, breaking his nose.
John hits the floor, curls into a ball spitting blood.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

I'm coming back.

He kicks John, heads back for Ray who's just standing.

Brendan slaps him so hard he reels into the sink. Brendan
grabs him by the shirt. Tears and blood stream down Ray's
face. Brendan throws him to the floor.

Spreading Ray's arms, Brendan kneels on him.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)

Speak, you fucking freak or I swear I'll
kill you! Speak!

STAIRWELL

As Sean and Whitey enter. They freeze at:

BRENDAN (O.S.)
Say her name! Katie! Say it or you die!

As they start hard up the steps.

KITCHEN

Ray shakes his head as Brendan looms. There's a LOUD COUGH behind them. Brendan looks over his shoulder to see John O'Shea on his feet, Ray Senior's gun in his hand. Aimed.

But as the front door bursts open, John wheels, finds himself pointing the .38 point blank at Sean. Sean's hand is on his Glock, but it's still holstered.

He stops short; Whitey filling the door behind him. As Sean blinks down the barrel... Whitey's eyes flicker past to Brendan and Ray.

WHITEY
Kid, you need to point that gun at the floor. Okay?

JOHN
(re: Sean's gun)
That's a Glock, right?

Sean nods as time stands still and his life flashes.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(big smile)
You wanna draw on me? Come on.

SEAN
No. I don't want to hurt a kid. And it looks like someone else beat me to it.

John remembers. Looks quite deadly.

JOHN
Brendan fucking punched me. Broke my nose.

WHITEY
We'll arrest him for it if you want. Haul his ass to jail.

JOHN

I don't want him arrested. I want him
fucking dead.

As the .38 sweeps away back toward Brendan, Sean reaches out, claps a hand over John's wrist. BOOM! The GUN DISCHARGES into the wall as Sean strips it away, knocking John to the floor.

SEAN

Motherfucker.

Whitey kneels to cuff John who's now crying like a baby.

Sean walks forward toward Brendan. Brendan slides off his brother, just sits on the floor looking up at Sean. Sean shrugs, almost apologetically.

SEAN (CONT'D)

We know.

BRENDAN

What? What do you know?

Sean looks back at John, down at Ray, then back to Brendan. Sean finally shakes his head.

SEAN

Nothing.

EXT. MYSTIC RIVER -- NIGHT

Jimmy puts his arm around Dave's shoulder, leads him along the river. Val walks a few paces behind.

JIMMY

Let me tell you about Ray Harris. He was a buddy of mine. Used to visit me in prison. Used to check up on Marita and Katie and my mother and see if they needed anything. But he also put me in prison. He ratted me off.

DAVE

Shit. That's terrible.

JIMMY

My wife had cancer.

DAVE

I remember, man. I --

JIMMY

Ray Harris robbed me of being with her. I know we all die alone, but I could have helped her with the dying. Not the death, but the dying. You see what I'm saying?

They stop. 'Dave takes a half step away, faces Jimmy.

DAVE

Why are you telling me this?

Jimmy points. Far below the Tobin Bridge, at a rotted cluster of pilings, a small boat with an outboard motor tied up.

JIMMY

I made Ray kneel down right over there and I shot him twice. Once in the chest, once in the throat. We were both crying when I did it.

DAVE

Hey, Jimmy, I don't --

JIMMY

Ray begged. Pregnant wife. Little Brendan. Said he knew me. Said I was a good man... How about you, Dave? Do you think I'm a good man?

DAVE

What is it you think I did, Jimmy?

JIMMY

As I sunk Ray in the river, I could feel God watching me. Shaking his head. Not mad, just, I guess the way you'd get when a puppy shits on your rug.

DAVE

You think I killed Katie, don't you?

JIMMY

Don't talk, Dave.

Panic rising, Dave sees Val holds a gun in his hand.

DAVE

No, no, no. I killed someone, but it wasn't Katie.

JIMMY

Is this the mugger story?

DAVE

He wasn't a mugger. He, he was a child molester. He was having sex with this kid in his car. He was a wolf; he was. a vampire.

FLASHBACK -- PARKING LOT

The child prostitute we saw Dave try to talk to. Getting into a car with a man. The kid's head disappears below the dash. And then Dave is there.

Dave hauls the man from the car, his pants down around his knees as Dave pounds his head on the pavement. The boy jumps out the passenger side, runs away.

BACK TO SCENE

JIMMY

Of course, Dave, sure. You killed a child molester.

DAVE

Yeah, well, me and the boy.

JIMMY

Oh, the molested kid helped you?

DAVE

No.

JIMMY

No what? You said you and a boy.

FLASHBACK -- WOODS

Young Dave running but sounding like an animal.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVE

No, no, forget that. My head gets fucked up sometimes. I --

JIMMY

Your wife thinks you killed Katie. And you'd rather have her believe that than, what, you killed a child molester? Most people really don't mind when a child molester dies, Dave. Why didn't you just tell Celeste the truth?

DAVE

I, I don't know. Maybe I thought I was turning into him. I didn't kill Katie!

JIMMY

And I didn't hear of any dead guys being found lately.

DAVE

I put him in the trunk of my car. Dumped his body in the woods --

VAL

Letting this bag of shit explain, Jim? You kidding me?

JIMMY

Shut up, Val...

(to Dave)

Katie was nineteen. You know? Nineteen and she never did nothing to you. Why'd you kill her?

FLASHBACK -- PLYMOUTH

The DRIVER slamming his hand on the roof.

DRIVER

Get in!

BACK TO SCENE

DAVE

Look at me, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I'm looking, Dave. I'm looking.

FLASHBACK -- YOUNG DAVE

LOOKING DOWN from a second floor window at young Jimmy who sits on the curb below. As Dave's mom pulls the blind shut from behind him.

BACK TO SCENE

JIMMY

Why'd you do it?

FLASHBACK -- CELLAR

Feet coming down. Young Dave burying his face in the rags. Young Dave pounding on the bulkhead.

FLASHBACK -- PARKING LOT

Adult Dave pounding on the molester in the parking lot.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVE

Me and my son, me and Celeste, there's so many things to make right.

JIMMY

Make them right now. Start now. Admit what you did.

DAVE

No more lies, no more secrets, I want to go home to Celeste. I want to feel Celeste.

JIMMY

Yeah. Good. Right after you do your time. I did mine. Do yours. Admit what you did.

DAVE

The boy...

JIMMY

One more time about the boy and I will open you up.

Jimmy holds a wicked-looking buck knife. Dave dry heaves. Jimmy nearly does himself. Even Val looks confused as Jimmy blinks out toward the river.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I thought I was done. I thought I had left killing people and dumping them in the river behind.

(turns to Dave)

Admit what you did and you'll live. Say it out loud and you'll breathe. You'll go to jail, but I will give you your life.

Finally, Dave decides it's a way to save his life, maybe even a way to ease Jimmy's grief.

DAVE
Yeah, yeah, I did it.

Jimmy closes his eyes, lowers the knife. Val can't believe what he's watching.

JIMMY
Why...

DAVE
That night in McGills, she reminded me of a dream I've had.

JIMMY
What dream?

DAVE
A dream of youth. I don't remember having one. And she was the dream of it, and I just snapped.

Jimmy opens his eyes again. He's trembling.

JIMMY
So it was the dream, then?

DAVE
The dream, yeah. You'd know what I mean. If you'd got in that car instead of me.

JIMMY
(hardens)
But I didn't get in the car, Dave. You did.

We're CLOSE ON them. And then Dave gets a funny look on his face. A funny face and then he looks down.

Looks down in time to see Jimmy's hand pulling the knife back from his guts. Blood gushes down onto Dave's jeans.

VAL
Yes! That's what I'm talking about.

Dave looks back at Jimmy, who turns, sends the knife sailing into the Mystic. Jimmy looks back over.

JIMMY
We bury our sins here, Dave. We wash them clean.

Dave suddenly drops, finds himself sitting in the tall weeds. Hands trying to hold his guts in. He looks up, watches as Val hands the gun to Jimmy.

VAL
He's moving his lips. See his fucking
lips moving?

JIMMY
I got eyes, Val.

Finally, Dave's words come out in a whisper.

DAVE
I wasn't ready.

JIMMY
Like I said. You do this part alone.

And Jimmy raises the GUN, places the barrel against Dave's forehead. And as Dave closes his eyes...

THE MEMORY BULKHEAD BURSTS OPEN AND... A MUZZLE FLASH
TAKES US TO:

WHITE SKY

And we PAN DOWN to find ourselves ON...

EXT. SIDEWALK (GANNON STREET) -- DAY

Where it all began.

Jimmy sits on the curb, by the sidewalk where they once wrote their names. Jimmy, Sean and half of Dave. Jimmy sips his bourbon from a pint.

A car pulls up across the street. Sean. He walks over.

SEAN
Annabeth said you might be here.
(re: bourbon)
Tough night?

Jimmy nods.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Me, too. Saw a bullet with my name on it.

Jimmy holds up the pint. Sean takes it, swallows a long pull. As he hands it back...

SEAN (CONT'D)

We got them.

JIMMY

Got who?

SEAN

Katie's killers. Got them cold.

It's trying to get in, but it hasn't sunk yet.

JIMMY

Killers? Plural?

SEAN

Kids, actually. Ray Harris's son, Ray Junior, and a kid John O'Shea. They confessed a couple hours ago.

JIMMY

No question?

SEAN

None.

JIMMY

Why?

SEAN

They don't know. They were playing with a gun. Saw a car coming so one of them lies down in the middle of the street. Car swerves, clutch kicks out. Katie. O'Shea says they meant to just scare her, but the gun went off. She hit him with the door and ran. They chased her so she wouldn't tell no one.

JIMMY

And the beating they gave her?

SEAN

Ray Junior had a hockey stick.

Jimmy looks around. It's sinking now. Sean crouches down beside him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Go easy, Jim. Take a breath.

(beat)

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

Look at me. I got a call from Celeste Boyle. She was hysterical. She said Dave's missing. Said you might know where he is.

Jimmy looks at Sean, but can't find any words.

SEAN (CONT'D)

We need to talk to him. Boston police found the body of a guy this morning. In the woods behind McGill's.

JIMMY

A guy?

SEAN

A pedophile with three priors. They want to talk to Dave about it.

Jimmy lurches up past Sean. Trying to get a grip.

SEAN (CONT'D)

When was the last time you saw Dave, Jimmy?

Finally, standing there in the middle of the street...

JIMMY

Last time I saw Dave? Dave Boyle?

SEAN

Yeah, Dave Boyle.

JIMMY

It was twenty-five years ago. Going down this street in the back of that car.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Thanks for busting Katie's killers, Sean. Really. Maybe if you'd been a little faster though?

It's so goddamn awful. They look at each other a sad beat.

SEAN

You going to send Celeste five hundred a month, too?

Eyes brimming, Jimmy looks back up the street. Sean does the same. Right where they were when Dave was driven away.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 Sometimes I think, I think all three of
 us got in that car. And all this, it's
 just a dream.

JIMMY
 A dream, sure.

SEAN
 In reality we're still eleven-year-old
 boys trapped in a cellar. Imagining what
 our lives would have been if we'd
 escaped.

JIMMY
 Maybe you're right. Who the fuck knows?

Jimmy turns and starts walking down the street. Sean just
 watches after him. Watches as Jimmy walks down the same
 street, disappears the same way Dave did.

Sean's CELL PHONE RINGS. Finally, he answers.

SEAN
 Hello?

No answer. HIGHWAY sounds from the other end. Sean knows
 who it is, finally knows what to say...

SEAN (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry... I need you to know that. I
 pushed you away.

A long pause.

LAUREN (V.O.)
 I'm sorry, too. It's been so messed up.
 Loving you, hating you.

SEAN
 Come home.

LAUREN (V.O.)
 You change the locks or anything?

Sean smiles with a sudden sense of surprise and relief.

SEAN
 Everything's just the way you left it.

LAUREN (V.O.)
 Nora.

SEAN

What's that?

LAUREN (V.O.)

Nora. That's our daughter's name, Sean.

SEAN

Nora...

And Sean starts to walk toward his car, still talking on the phone, laughing. And as the SOUND FADES OFF, we HOLD ON the sidewalk, on the names written so long ago.

DISSOLVE TO:

FOOT TRAFFIC

On the sidewalk. People lining up. And we TILT UP TO the Buckingham Day Parade. Floats, color guard, politicians in convertibles. Over it all...

JIMMY (V.O.)

I killed the wrong man. This is what I've done and I can't undo it.

ANNABETH (V.O.)

Shhh, Jimmy. Shhh.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Annabeth steps up to Jimmy, starts to unbutton his shirt.

ANNABETH (CONT'D)

I want to hear your heart.

She places an ear to his chest. Jimmy nearly can't breathe under his burden. We hear the PARADE OUTSIDE.

ANNABETH (CONT'D)

Last night, when I put the girls to bed, I told them how big your heart was.

JIMMY

Annabeth --

ANNABETH

I told them how much you loved Katie. Because you created her and sometimes your love for her was so big, your heart felt like it was going to explode from loving her.

JIMMY

Please stop.

ANNABETH

I told them their daddy loved them that much, too. That he had four hearts and they were all filled up and aching with a love that meant we would never have to worry.

Annabeth pulls off her own shirt, presses herself to him.

ANNABETH (CONT'D)

I told them their daddy would do whatever he had to for those he loved. And that is never wrong. That can never be wrong. No matter what their daddy had to do.

JIMMY

You knew?

ANNABETH

Celeste called looking for you. Told me about Dave. Told me what she told you. Said she was worried something might happen.

She kisses his throat, starts to undo his belt.

JIMMY

Why didn't you call?

ANNABETH

Because they're weak.

JIMMY

Who's weak?

ANNABETH

Everyone. Everyone but us. We will never be weak. And you. You could rule this town.

A beat as Jimmy stares at her. And then he kisses her. Hungry for this woman. His woman. Passion builds precipitously. As she returns it, between breaths:

ANNABETH (CONT'D)

And, Jim? After? Let's take the girls down to the parade. Katie would've liked that.

Jimmy lifts her up. She hooks her legs around him.

EXT. PARADE -- DAY

It streams along. Sean stands watching with his wife Lauren and his baby daughter. A float passes by filled with children who shout, laugh and wave.

All except for one who's lost, sad, haunted. The child's eyes find Sean's for just an instant and then he's gone.

Sean snaps from the sudden trance, looks across the street at Jimmy, Annabeth, their daughters and a few of the Savage brothers. Waving at the parade, happy and strong.

Suddenly aware of being watched, Jimmy's head swivels. His eyes lock on Sean's. Jimmy gives Sean the smallest smile.

And Sean points a "finger gun." Drops his thumb on the imaginary hammer.

And as Jimmy's smile widens...

FADE TO BLACK.