

mandalay Television

Showtime Drama

SOUTHIE

"Mark 8:36"

Pilot Episode

by

Blake Masters

"For what shall it profit a man to gain
the whole world and lose his soul?"

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EXT. THE BIG DIG CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Rain pisses down on The Big Dig, a 12 year, billion dollar sink hole, otherwise know as Boston's attempt at a highway project. Through the rain we see two men - one white, one black - squared off. The white guy, PAT "BUCKY" MULLIN (pinky ring, Italian loafers) is doing all the talking.

ECU ON - the black guy, JAMAL LYNCH (work boots, hard-hat). Although Mullin is in his face talking hard, all Jamal (and we) hear is the rat-a-tat of the rain.

JAMAL'S EYES - flick to Mullin's meaty finger jabbing him in the chest. To Mullin's \$900 shoes. To the guy lurking in the shadows over Mullin's shoulder, KEVIN "MOE" REILLY.

JAMAL'S FINGERS - tighten around the shovel in his hand.

Mullin spits on the ground to punctuate his point and walks away. Jamal does not move. Mullin's Italian loafers slip on the plywood walkway causing him to step in ankle deep mud. Moe Reilly sniggers. Mullin mutters to himself --

MULLIN

Goddamn-Italian-leather-dumb-ass-
nigger-make-me-come-down-here--

JAMAL

What did you call me?

Mullin looks back at Jamal. *Are you for real?*

JAMAL

Say it again. To my face.

MULLIN

Getthefuckouttahere.

Jamal just glares. Mullin bemusement calcifies into anger. Mullin steps up and looks Jamal dead in the eye.

MULLIN

Nigger. Nigger nigger nigger.

WHAM - Jamal caves Mullin's face in with the shovel. Blood sprays. Mullin goes down. WHAM-WHAM-WHAM - Jamal cracks Mullin's skull open and beats him to death.

JAMAL

That's what I thought you said.

Jamal looks up at Moe Reilly. Moe Reilly stumbles/splashes off through the mud as fast as his legs will carry him.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A black tie political dinner. Up on the dais, EILEEN CAFFEE sits next to an empty chair. The chair belongs to the guest of honor, her husband.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The door to the COAT CHECK is blockaded by ALEX BERKOWITZ, an angular welterweight with diplomas from both Harvard Law and the New England Golden Gloves. Leaning against the opposite wall the COAT CHECK GIRL makes flirty eyes at him. An OLDER COUPLE approaches.

ALEX

The coat check is currently in use.

INSIDE THE COAT CHECK ROOM -

Two men in tuxedos. BOBBY CAFFEE (Eileen's husband; a fast riser in bare-knuckles Boston politics) and DICK EMORY. Bobby is cool determination; Dick is pure flop sweat.

ECU - On BOBBY'S WRIST is a "Southie Dot" [a small homemade tattoo done with green ink and a sewing needle]. Bobby adjusts his shirt cuffs. The dot disappears into his sleeve.

BOBBY

Are you my friend? I asked you a question, Dick. When you've needed a favor -- a loan for your brother; latitude from the Staties on that DUI.

DICK EMORY

Jesus, Bob. Shit.

BOBBY

Why are you swearing at me? I'm not swearing at you.

DICK EMORY

Don't do this to me. The state needs that incinerator plant.

BOBBY

So let them put it in Weston or Concord.

DICK EMORY

You can't put it in Weston.

BOBBY

Why not? Because rich people live
in Weston?

DICK EMORY

It's not about that. Southie's not
the only poor neighborhood in
Massachusetts. There's Brockton,
there's Roxbury --

BOBBY

Ah, but Roxbury's black, and the
governor knows they'd cry racism.
And facile limousine liberal that
he is, that's not a battle he's
going to fight. No, Southie's full
of poor white people, and what
right do they have to complain?
All they do is pay their taxes and
obey the law.

BACK OUT IN THE HALL -

COAT CHECK GIRL

(a total come-on)

You know, Jack Kennedy used to have
affairs here. He'd meet a woman at
some shindig and take her right
upstairs.

ALEX

Forget it.

COAT CHECK GIRL

What are you, gay?

ALEX

If it'll make you feel better about
yourself, yeah.

Alex's cell phone RINGS. He snaps it open.

BACK INSIDE THE COAT CHECK ROOM -

DICK EMORY

Please, Bob, I know these are your
people we're talking about--

BOBBY

That's right. They are my people.
Southie first, last and always.

(beat)

(MORE)

BOBBY (cont'd)

I can't force you to kill the incinerator bill. But I can arrange for the state to open a half dozen methadone clinics in your district. You always complain Holyoke doesn't get enough public money. We'll bus every junkie in greater Boston out to your doorstep for treatment. Your constituents will love it.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Bobby and Alex stride back into the BALLROOM.

BOBBY

Dick's back on board.

ALEX

That still leaves the committee split 5-5.

BOBBY

Give me 24 hours. Once the others know Dick's caved they'll fall in line.

Bobby goes to take his seat on the dais. Alex stops him.

ALEX

I got a heads up call from the precinct captain in the North End.

BOBBY

Bill Drummey.

ALEX

He thought you'd want to know that Patrick Mullin got his face stoved in by a construction worker down at the Big Dig tonight.

BOBBY

Not "Bucky" Mullin? Oh, that's just lovely.

ALEX

They were arguing. The construction worker was black. Bucky called him a...

BOBBY

A child of God.

ALEX

The police haven't caught up with the guy yet, but TV crews are on the scene.

Bobby bites back the urge to curse. Composing himself --

BOBBY

Bucky's mother lives in Old Colony. I'll go by in the morning after the Herald interview, pay my respects.

ALEX

What do you want said if we get asked about Bucky and--

BOBBY

(icy fucking cold)
And who?

Alex lets the question drop.

EMCEE

...Here he is, man of the hour, the state senator we all wish we could call our own, Senator Bob Caffee.

Applause. Making his way to the podium, Bobby leans down and gives Eileen a kiss.

BOBBY

(sotto voce - to Eileen)
Love you.
(stepping to the MICROPHONE)
Loyalty. Take care of your own.
Dance with the gal that brung you.
Easy words. Hard to live by...

INT. SOUTH STATION - DAY

Passengers pour off an arriving train. Families, businessmen, etc. Once everyone has disembarked and the platform is again empty, a solitary figure emerges from the train. Like a returning ghost. This is MICHAEL CAFFEE.

ECU - Michael has a Southie Dot on his wrist too. But unlike Bobby, Michael wears his dot openly.

Entering the MAIN HALL, Michael checks his reflection. Everything is just how he likes it. Neat and precise.

An OLDER MAN spots Michael and does a double take. Michael throws the man a wink. Then vanishes into the swirl.

OLDER MAN
Mary, mother of God.

EXT./INT. CAFFEE HOUSE - MORNING

A modest house wedged into a narrow lot in the City Point section of Southie. The rain has not let up.

IN THE LIVING ROOM -

a REPORTER interviews, EILEEN, while a PHOTOGRAPHER takes light readings. 18-month old BABY FRANK squirms in Eileen's lap. There is a strained quality to Eileen's performance, as if she's told this story once too often.

EILEEN
Strange as it sounds, Bob was actually shy. The first time we spoke, I couldn't tell if he was asking me out or my shoe laces.

PHOTOGRAPHER
I'd like to get the whole family backed by the mantle, if that's okay with you, Mrs. Caffee?

EILEEN
Whatever you think best.

UP IN THE MASTER BEDROOM -

BOBBY expertly braids his daughter, LILA's hair. Lila's younger sister, NONIE, waits to have her hair done next. Ages 8 & 7, both girls adore their father. Lila tugs at her frilly dress.

BOBBY
Hold still. I'm almost done.

LILA
It's itchy.

BOBBY
I know. You only have to wear it for a little while.

Standing in the corner, Alex runs through his morning notes.

ALEX

There was a house fire at 1st and B last night. No injuries.

BOBBY

We'll stop by anyway.

ALEX

I'm not sure your schedule has time.

BOBBY

Someone's house burned. Push my lunch 20 minutes. The convention board will be on their second martini. They won't even notice.

(to Lila)

Pick a ribbon, green or blue.

Lila picks the green ribbon.

ALEX

Mrs. Carmichael phoned again about trash piling up on K Street.

BOBBY

Jane Whit. Sanitation. Be sure to ask about her daughter, Julina. She just turned three.

ALEX

Floor debate on Senator Scarpa's highway bill?

BOBBY

You mean Commissioner Donovan's highway bill. Scarpa's Don-Don's shill. Always has been. It's a bad bill. No way.

Bobby ties off Lila's braid and gives her a big smooch.

BOBBY

And you're done.

DOWN THE HALL -

MARY-ROSE (14) slouches on her bed, arms crossed, face that masterful teenage blend of scorn and ennui. Eileen knocks.

MARY-ROSE

Time for Dad's dog and pony show?

EILEEN

Don't call it that.

MARY-ROSE

That's what I heard you call it.

EILEEN

Never mind what you heard. Your father loves us, and we love him. So put your smile on, take Baby Frank, and go downstairs.

IN THE MASTER BATHROOM -

Bobby knots his tie. Unsatisfied with the result, he undoes it and starts over. A drop of water splats Bobby's wingtip. Bob looks up at the ceiling. Water is dripping from a brown stain. Eileen comes in.

EILEEN

How much longer? The girls are already late for school.

BOBBY

Did you know the roof in here is leaking again?

EILEEN

Yes.

BOBBY

Why didn't you tell me?

EILEEN

I did.

BOBBY

No, you didn't.

EILEEN

You weren't listening.
(knotting his tie for him)
Here let me.

BOBBY

Thanks. So how much is it going to cost?

EILEEN

I spoke to O'Malley and he says we have to redo the whole roof.

BOBBY

How much?

EILEEN

\$10,000.

BOBBY

What does he think I am, made of money?

EILEEN

Yes, he thinks you're made of money. I told him we'd have to think about.

BOBBY

What's to think? If it needs to be done, it needs to be done.

EILEEN

Have you seen our checkbook lately? Mortgage, car repair, the girls' tuition--

BOBBY

Eileen. We are not having a hole in our roof.

(beat)

Don't worry, I'll get us the money.

Eileen starts to respond. Then decides not to.

EILEEN

(finishing Bobby's tie)

There. Now you're perfect.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CAFFEE HOUSE -

Bob and Eileen pose before the mantle with their four children. "One big, happy family." FLASH!

EXT. DORCHESTER HEIGHTS MONUMENT - DAY

Michael peers out over Southie. Over the projects and the triple-deckers. Over the abandoned factories and the Fan Pier and the Pulaski Skyway. This was once his kingdom. And if he has any say, it will be again.

EXT./INT. GARAGE - DAY

A tiny garage tucked behind a rotting three decker. Michael keys open the rusty padlock. The roll door is sticky from non-use. Mike jerks it open.

INSIDE - sits a Cadillac covered with 5 years worth of dust. Michael pops the TRUNK and hoists out two gym bags. One bag contains knives, guns, sap gloves, etc. The other brims with cold hard cash. Jacksons, Grants, Franklins.

EXT. SOUTHIE - DAY

Bobby shakes hands with the OLD TIMERS who congregate at the DUNKIN' DONUTS every morning. The old timers warmly greet Bob. He is their man at the Statehouse, and they appreciate the job he's doing.

BOBBY

Sean. Jimmy. Jim. Bill. John.

EXT. OLD COLONY HOUSING PROJECT -

Children splash through the maze of courtyards past Bobby and Alex. Up ahead, TOUKIE, a stout older woman, shuffles along lugging four shopping bags crammed with designer clothes.

BOBBY

Hey, Toukie. What do you have on special today?

TOUKIE

I got all the top labels. Ralph Lauren, Hilfiger. You need a nice blouse for your girls? I got DKNY.

Bobby thumbs a security tag clamped to one of Toukie's bargains.

BOBBY

These wouldn't be 5-finger discounts from Filene's, would they?

TOUKIE

Course not. I get my stuff at Chestnut Hill Mall now. Rent-a-cops there are friggin' retarded.
(Bobby laughs)

Shame about Bucky Mullin.

(MORE)

TOUKIE (cont'd)

Good break for 3-Part Mike though.
Always liked you and Mike. Even
when you were boys in the D Street
you never tried to jew me down.

BOBBY

You keep yourself out of trouble.

Toukie waddles on. Bob looks up at Mrs. Mullin's building.

BOBBY

Stay here. I'll go up alone.

Bobby ducks inside. Across the courtyard Alex notes a Mutt & Jeff team of DRUG DEALERS. Mutt lifts his shirt flashing a SNUB-NOSE REVOLVER in his waistband. Unimpressed, Alex reaches into his coat and brandishes his own weapon, a GOLD MARK CROSS PEN, and jots down some notes on a pad.

INT. OLD COLONY HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Grimy. Half the fixtures are missing their bulbs. Bobby pauses at the top of the stairs. Checks that the corridor is empty. Then places a cell phone call.

BOBBY (INTO PHONE)

Jimmy... Yeah, no I heard. At the
Big Dig... Yeah... I'm in committee
all afternoon. 6 o'clock... No,
you tell him to make it... Right.

Hanging up, Bobby crosses to a door and knocks. A shrunken woman in a housecoat cracks the door just an inch.

BOBBY

Mrs. Mullin?

MRS. MULLIN

State Senator Bobby Caffee. Don't
you look like a comer.

BOBBY

I'm sorry to intrude. I just
wanted to stop by--

MRS. MULLIN

Barberra sent you, didn't he? You
tell him, I'm no thief. He's the
thief. Charging two bucks for a
quart of milk. Just cuz he's the
closest market and us old ladies
gotta no choice.

Bobby is caught off guard. *She doesn't know.*

BOBBY

Mrs. Mullin, have the police been
by this morning?

MRS. MULLIN

He's calling the police on me now?

BOBBY

No. No. May I come in?

MRS. MULLIN

I ain't dressed for nothing formal.

Mrs. Mullin checks that the hall is empty, then points to the
light fixture.

MRS. MULLIN

Could you?

Bobby takes out a handkerchief and unscrews the bulb.

INT. MRS. MULLIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Battered furniture and 3 cats. Bob screws the bulb into a
lamp with a cracked shade.

MRS. MULLIN

I don't got coffee, but I got milk
and some donuts.

BOBBY

No, thank you. I'm here about your
son, Patrick.

MRS. MULLIN

Bucky? What's that bastard in
dutch for this time? He shoved me
down last Christmas, you know. All
I wanted was a ride to mass and a
dollar for the collection plate. I
swear.

BACK OUTSIDE --

A BOOZER with flammable breath chats up Alex.

BOOZER

...Don't his sister have one of
those cush jobs over at UMass.

ALEX

Senator Caffee would never use his office to advance the interests of his sister.

BOOZER

Well, if the sonuvabitch won't even help his own sister, why should I vote for him?

BACK INSIDE --

Mrs. Mullin wails and cries and rents her clothes.

MRS. MULLIN

My baby. They killed my baby boy. My Bucky never did nothing to nobody.

BOBBY

I'm sorry.

MRS. MULLIN

(grabbing Bob's sleeve)
Promise they'll get the guy.
Justice for my Bucky.

BOBBY

I'll do all I can.

MRS. MULLIN

Piss on that. You see they gas the burrhead. My little saint Bucky.

EXT. OLD COLONY HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Bobby rejoins Alex outside. He takes \$100 from his wallet.

BOBBY

Take this to the market on Broadway. Tell Mr. Barberra, Mrs. Mullin wants to pay off what she owes and put the rest on account. She's old, and she knows sometimes she forgets to pay for things. Make sure you tell him the money's from her. You're just bringing it in so she can save face.

A police car pulls up. DETECTIVES SILVESTRE and WHITE climb out. White is Southie-born. Silvestre is not.

BOBBY

You finally decided to show up. Everyone south of the Fort Point Channel knows her son's dead, and you don't send anyone to tell her?

DET. SILVESTRE

That's why we have you. Besides with your brother, aren't you the last one who should be waving the Mullin flag?

BOBBY

Bucky was a voter in my district.

DET. SILVESTRE

Oh. Excuse me. Anything for a voter.

DET. WHITE

Come on, Bob. Bucky was a racist douchebag, who did nothing but give decent Southie guys like you and me a bad name. Hell, when I meet a girl, I gotta lie and say I'm from Dorchester just so she won't think I'm a pointy hat and a bed sheet short of the KKK.

DET. SILVESTRE

It doesn't help you only like black girls.

DET. WHITE

Fuck you, you fat dago fuck.

DET. SILVESTRE

Brown sugar. How come you taste so good?

BOBBY

(taking White aside)

John, I'm not asking you to weep over Bucky's grave. You're right. He was a blight. But his mother deserves the same respect and dignity you'd give the family of some Brahmin lawyer. Am I right?

DET. WHITE

Loud and clear.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE, DOWNTOWN BOSTON - DAY

FBI AGENT DECLAN GIGGS (Southie-born; got to college on a athletic scholarship; got to the FBI on brains and ambition) snaps photos of two men at a cafe across the street. The men are FREDDIE CORK and Moe Reilly. Declan's FBI partner, RALPH MOSS shells and scarfs peanuts.

RALPH MOSS

Grady doesn't get Pedro. Number three all-time.

DECLAN

Worse than Lee throws the blooper to Perez?

RALPH MOSS

Worse Pesky holds the ball. Worse than Lonborg on two days rest.

DECLAN

Not worse than Buckner.

RALPH MOSS

Only one thing's even close to Buckner.

DECLAN

Bucky Fucking Dent.

RALPH MOSS

Bucky Fucking Dent.

(beat)

Anything?

DECLAN

Freddie Cork takes his coffee black with four sugars.

RALPH MOSS

That'll get us a T3 warrant for sure.

DECLAN

Can you stay on him solo for a couple hours? I'm supposed to do lunch with the wife.

RALPH MOSS

No problem. If Freddie sticks to form, he's just gonna pick his daughter up from swim class.

(MORE)

RALPH MOSS (cont'd)
 Ugly kid. Bad swimmer too. Hey,
 you want me to keep you on the
 clock?

DECLAN
 Sure. Why not? I could use the
 extra overtime.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Declan slips out of the parking structure. Across the street Freddie Cork and Moe Reilly emerge from the cafe. Declan spins his back to them and peers at a store window.

In the reflection Declan watches Reilly cross to his double-parked Escalade. A GOATEED, ARTSY TYPE upbraids Reilly for boxing in his Honda Civic. Reilly delivers a swift, violent kick that shatters Goatee's kneecap. Goatee drops.

GOATEE'S GIRLFRIEND (SHANNON) tries to come to his aid. Reilly snatches her by the ear, hisses a few sweet nothings, then flings her to the pavement ripping out her earring.

Declan bristles. He wants to intervene, but to do so would blow their surveillance on Freddie Cork. In the reflection, he watches Moe Reilly climb into his SUV and drive off.

CLOSE ON - SHANNON trembles and sobs. Blood pours from her earlobe. A hand reaches into frame holding a handkerchief. There is a Southie dot on the wrist. It's Michael.

SHANNON
 (cowering)
 He said he'd have me raped.

BACK ACROSS THE STREET - Declan spots Michael in the reflection. Declan can't quite believe his eyes.

DECLAN
 It can't be.

Declan spins around just in time to see Mike disappear around the corner. Declan hurries after him, but Michael vanishes into the swirl of pedestrians.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

KAY DAVIES (smart, blonde, Midwestern) pores over a dense legal contract. A thermometer clamped in her mouth, she wears a hotel robe over a silk nightie. O.S. someone KNOCKS. Kay checks her hair, checks her temperature, then undoes her robe and opens the door. It's Declan.

KAY

Hey there.
 (off his expression)
 What's wrong?

DECLAN

I can't stay.

KAY

What? We've been planning this.
 My temperature's elevated. It's
 today or we wait a month.

DECLAN

You don't understand. Mike
 Caffee's back.

KAY

And that means you can't take an
 hour for lunch?

DECLAN

I have to get to the office.
 (she's not pleased)
 Kay, when I was a kid in Old
 Harbor, our role models were Bobby
 Orr, Larry Bird--

KAY

--and the Caffee Brothers. You've
 regaled me.

DECLAN

Babe. If we're gonna try, I don't
 want it to be some 15 minute grope-
 &-go. I want it to be full of all
 the love I have for you.

KAY

You know, you spew the most
 amazingly romantic bullshit.

DECLAN

So our son has an August birthday
 instead of July.

KAY

Let's wait for your sperm to hit my
 egg before we start assigning
 gender roles.

DECLAN

Consider it a declaration of faith.

Declan kisses Kay and heads for the elevator.

KAY

Jimmy wants the amended Lansdowne contract tonight, so I won't be home until late.

DECLAN

Make sure you take a cab.

KAY

I'm a grown woman.

DECLAN

And I'm your husband. And I want you to take a cab.

Declan blows her a kiss and disappears into the elevator.

EXT. STREET SOUTHIE - DAY

Workmen are renovating a block of dilapidated three deckers into up-scale condos. From across the street Michael watches the FOREMAN pass Moe Reilly a cash payoff. Mike turns to a MOON-FACED WOMAN out sweeping her stoop.

MICHAEL

Just who do they think's gonna afford a place like that?

MOON-FACED WOMAN

(with pure disgust)
Yuppies.

A beat. The woman glances back at Michael. "You're..." Michael puts a finger to his lips. "Shh."

EXT. VARIOUS SPOTS AROUND THE OLD COLONY HOUSING PROJECT -

Sticking to the shadows, Michael watches Moe Reilly confer with a series of "street soldiers" (drug dealers, loan sharks, enforcers, et cetera). Collecting "rent" from each.

INTERCUT MICHAEL'S SURVEILLANCE WITH -

INT. BOSTON OFFICE OF THE FBI -

Declan briefs Assistant-Special-Agent-in-Charge (A-SAC) NED MAYS and a host of other agents.

DECLAN

Michael James Caffee vanished 5 years ago, one step ahead of a hit, two ahead of a RICO indictment. He stepped on the T at Andrews and poof, pulled a full-on Houdini.

CUTTING BACK TO MICHAEL - Declan's briefing switches to V.O.

DECLAN (V.O.)

According to CI reports, Mike killed Bucky Mullin's bull dyke sister for molesting a 15-year old girl -- stabbed her 54 times then threw her off a building.

CUT BACK THE FBI OFFICE - The agents pass around a photo of a broken and mutilated body. Bucky's sister, post-Mike.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Bucky swore revenge and when both Freddie Cork and the North End La Cosa Nostra lined up behind Bucky, a contract was put out on Mike's life. It seems the bosses saw Mike as a threat to their long term dominance in South Boston, whereas Bucky was a decent enforcer, but otherwise a grade-one ass-clown.

A-SAC MAYS

Is that the latest technical language? Ass-clown?

DECLAN

(mischievous)

It is if you grew up in Southie.

CUTTING BACK - MICHAEL watches Moe Reilly collect from the Mutt and Jeff drug dealers.

DECLAN (V.O.)

Now there is one side note. According to legend the 15-year old girl was secretly sleeping with Mike at the time. He was 34, she was 15, you do the math. Bucky's sister obviously didn't know this when she went chicken hawking. But 3-Part Mike obviously didn't care.

Moe finishes with Mutt & Jeff and drives off. Returning to their post, Mutt & Jeff shoulder Toukie out of their way.

ASAC MAYS (V.O.)
 "3-Part" Mike?

DECLAN (V.O.)
 Judge, jury, executioner. He likes
 to play all three.

Michael marches up to Mutt and Jeff. KICKS Mutt in the balls. Then SMASHES Jeff's nose in. Blood pours down Jeff's face and over his shirt. Mutt goes for his 9mm. Mike snatches Mutt's wrist and puts an ice pick through his hand. Mutt howls. Jeff wisely decides to cower and bleed.

MICHAEL
 You two should be nicer to the old ladies. Please, thank you, hold the door, carry their groceries. Happy old ladies don't call the police on your ass.

CUTTING BACK TO THE FBI OFFICE -

ASAC MAYS
 What ever happened to the girl?

DECLAN
 The girl refused to testify. Her family moved to Dorchester.

RALPH MOSS
 The story goes that every year on her birthday she gets an anonymous Hallmark card with \$5000 in it.

ASAC MAYS
 From 3-Part Mike?

AGENT 3
 I heard it's Bob Caffee paying off the family debt.

DECLAN
 That's total supposition. Bobby Caffee may play hardball politics but he's a good man.

RALPH MOSS
 According to just about everyone, he's angling for the mayor's office in two years.

DECLAN

What's that got to do with the price of eggs?

RALPH MOSS

It's in his interest to keep 3-Part Mike's skeletons in the closet.

EXT. COMMITTEE ROOM, STATEHOUSE - DAY

The incinerator bill is up for vote.

SEN. BUCHANAN

...The governor has asked for this plant. The people of Boston need this plant--

Bobby thwacks his gavel.

BOBBY

We can do without the grand oration. A simple up-or-down vote will suffice.

SEN. BUCHANAN

My vote is in favor of the incinerator plant in South Boston. Aye.

BOBBY

So noted.

Bobby runs through three more votes, 2 "Nays," 1 "Aye."

BOBBY

Senator Emory?

DICK EMORY

While acceding to cries of "Not in my backyard," sets a dangerous precedent, I cannot endorse this bill in its current form. Nay.

Emory's vote sets off a murmur. All eyes go from Dick to Bobby and back. Bobby flashes an enigmatic smile.

CUT TO:

Bobby hammers a committee meeting to a victorious close.

BOBBY

... The vote is 7 to 3 against.
The bill on the South Boston
incinerator is indefinitely tabled
without referral. The committee is
adjourned.

INT. CORRIDORS, STATEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby strides out of the committee room. DAVE MCMANUS, a
bulb-nosed, reporter with deep Southie roots, tails him.

MCMANUS

Unexpected outcome in there. The
Governor will not be happy.

BOBBY

It's the will of the people.

MCMANUS

You have time for a few questions?

BOBBY

You know me, Dave, if there's one
thing I never answer, it's
questions.

In the ROTUNDA, GERALD WILLIAMS, a charismatic black pol, is
addressing a thicket of reporters. At Williams's side is a
dignified black woman.

BOBBY

Who's the lady with Gerald?

MCMANUS

Mrs. Lynch, mother of Jamal Lynch,
the man who flattened Bucky
Mullin's already flat nose.
They're claiming self defense.
Bucky was a racist hoodlum from a
neighborhood of racist hoodlums.

WILLIAMS

(to the assembled media)
...There is no victim here. Jamal
Lynch is no more guilty than
Bernard Goetz or any other white
man who in fear of his life lashed
out at his attackers...

MCMANUS

You've gotta handed it to Gerald. He sure knows how to put on a circus.

BOBBY

Someone should tell him Goetz was convicted.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE, STATEHOUSE - DAY

Bobby strides in. His secretary, LOUISE - 55, with an iron will to match his own - is on the phone.

BOBBY

I need to dictate a press release.

LOUISE

I'm on the telephone.

BOBBY

With who?

LOUISE

None of your business.

BOBBY

When you're done.

LOUISE

Jimmy Faraday called to make sure you were still coming by and you've got two union reps in your office.

BOBBY

Which union?

Louise gives him a "who do you think" look. Bobby darkens. Then plasters on an all-is-peachy face.

INT. BOBBY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Two paunchy men wearing black arm bands are waiting.

BOBBY

Eddie Fitz, Joey B. What's with the mourning bands?

The men offer a sheepish shrug.

BOBBY

Not Bucky Mullin?

EDDIE FITZ

Officially, he was a member of the local.

BOBBY

Bucky was barely a member of the human race. God rest. Sit, sit.

EDDIE FITZ

You know we like you. You got our guys' votes forever. So this ain't coming from us.

BOBBY

Who's it from?

EDDIE FITZ

Bobby. Michael was seen at Old Colony this morning.

BOBBY

People are always seeing my brother. He's the Southie version of Elvis.

EDDIE FITZ

He beat the piss out of two kids. Not that they were innocent kids, but... He's back. For real.

Bobby toys with the dagger shaped letter opener on his desk but says nothing.

EDDIE FITZ

I'm not saying you know what his plans are, but if he intends to keep breathing the clean air of Boston, he's gonna have to get square with certain people. You can arrange that for him.

BOBBY

Why don't you just pull out a gun and stick me up while you're at it.

EDDIE FITZ

It's nothing outrageous. A token. The franchise rights to two rest stops along the pike. Highway Commission has them up for grabs, They want you to swing them their way.

Bobby tap-tap-taps the point of the dagger-opener.

BOBBY
Tell Freddie Cork, I said, "No."

JOEY B
You can't bluff on this.

BOBBY
Who says I'm bluffing?

JOEY B
You're a family man to the core.
You're not going to let this go
down badly.

BOBBY
My wife, my kids, my mother.
That's my family.

JOEY B
And 3-Part Mike is your mother's
first born son.

EDDIE FITZ
I'm sorry, Bob. In my book, a
straight up guy like you should be
off limits. But Freddie wants what
Freddie wants.

INT. THE UP 'N INN - DAY

A hell hole where don't-give-a-fuck hopelessness spawns
regular spasms of why-the-hell-not violence. PETER "AA PETE"
SCOLARI - Irish-Italian, busted nose handsome - rolls a
plastic chip in his hand. The bartender sets a tall whiskey
in front him. Pete places the chip beside the glass. The
chip reads "18 MONTHS SOBER."

PETE
What do you think? Today the day?

BARTENDER
Whatever.

AA Pete shoots him an evil mother-fucking glare. The
bartender dutifully completes the ritual.

BARTENDER
Only you can decide whether you
take a drink.

Pete meditates on the drink. Then pushes it away.

PETE

Not today.

A half-crooked BRAWLER sidles up spoiling for his daily fix of violence.

BRAWLER

Every day with the pussy-ass drink
bit, like you're--

Pete cold-cocks the brawler. The brawler goes down. Pete stomps the brawler in the head/ribs/kidneys. The door CREEKS. Sunlight spills into the dank bar. It's MICHAEL.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE UP 'N INN - MOMENTS LATER

PETE

Jesus Freakin' Christ. Five
freakin' years. Most guys all said
you were six under.

MICHAEL

I was just at the library.
(off Pete's quizzical reaction)
Lotta good books at the library.

PETE

So are you "back" back, or am I
talking to a mirage?

Mike offers an inscrutable smile. He flips Pete a money roll.

MICHAEL

Get yourself a suit. Something
with class. Then go to your ma's
and wait by the phone.

PETE

For how long?

MICHAEL

However long it takes me to call.

Michael flashes Pete a "Southie wave" [a flip of the wrist with pinkie, thumb, and index finger extended] and walks off.

EXT. EILEEN'S CAR - AT INTERSECTION - DAY

ECU ON - Eileen's turn signal. Blinking at her. Commanding her. *Turn right. Turn right.*

The car directly across the intersection waits for Eileen to go right. Eileen does not go at all. Her hands are on the wheel. Her foot hovers over the gas. But she can't make herself turn right. The opposing car beeps.

EILEEN

Fuck it.

Eileen flips her blinker the other way and turns left instead.

EXT. EILEEN'S CAR - ON RTE. 93 - DAY

Eileen heads Southwest out of the city. Up ahead a sign announces the Canton exit 1/2 mile.

EXT. BEST WESTERN, CANTON - DAY

Eileen's car is park outside beside a U.S. Mail truck.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Eileen lays in a post-coital tangle of sheets with CARL HOBBS. Carl, a postman, is sweet and untroubled by ambition. Not like Bobby at all. Refiring the stub of a joint, Carl passes it to Eileen. Eileen draws hard on the glowing roach. Holding in the smoke until it burns.

CARL

So guess what my mother wants to get me for my birthday? A funeral plot. Right in the ground next to hers. She said I'm 37, I should know where I'm gonna be buried.

EILEEN

I should be buried at sea. My ashes tossed to the wind. Not that it's going happen. But it should.

Carl idly strokes Eileen's naked foot.

CARL

You know, I keep thinking one of these times you're not gonna come.

EILEEN

You and me both.

CARL

You ever worry that maybe I won't show up?

EILEEN

No.

(giving Carl a soft kiss)
Neither rain nor sleet nor snow shall keep a U.S. postal worker from his duly appointed rounds.

Eileen climbs out of bed gets dressed. Carl lolls over onto his back and puffs the joint.

CARL

I won't be mad, you know. The day you finally don't come. I mean, I've never understood any of this. I don't. High school was a million years ago.

Eileen catches sight of herself in the mirror.

EILEEN

A million and a half.

CARL

I like these walls. This room. I like that you come here to see me.

Eileen stares deeply at her reflection. She's drowning. She wants to drown. And she hates herself for wanting it.

Carl comes up behind her and kisses her on the neck. Eileen lifts the joint from his hand and takes another hit.

INT. RYAN, FARADAY, & METZLER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW - DAY

A large real estate firm. As Bob heads back to Jim Faraday's office, he greets all the secretaries, often asking after a sick child or an elderly parent.

Outside Faraday's door, Bobby hesitates, and in that moment we glimpse the stress hidden beneath his affability.

INT. JIMMY FARADAY'S OFFICE - SAME

JIMMY FARADAY, Bob's old law partner and life long friend, watches Bobby ON TV addressing a group of reporters.

BOBBY (ON TV)

...Mr. Lynch's advocates are playing a shell game. "Don't consider the actual murder. Instead watch as we trot out ancient boogie-men and false stereotypes about the hard-working people of South Boston."

Bobby enters. Jimmy and Bob embrace.

JIMMY

Hey, Bob, thanks for coming down.

BOBBY

Where's Mayberry?

Jimmy motions to his private bathroom.

JIMMY

Don't worry. He came up the back.

LEE MAYBERRY (black, buttoned down, all business) emerges from Faraday's private bathroom. Everyone sits.

MAYBERRY

I'm glad you could make it, Senator.

BOBBY

I'm not. In fact if "glad" is the steps of the statehouse, I'm on the moon. I should not have to be here.

(beat)

You want to tell me what Bucky Mullin was doing at your construction site?

MAYBERRY

What do you think he was doing? He was shaking down my foreman. He said my crew would start having accidents if I didn't kick back "proper-like" to the union local.

BOBBY

So your foreman took a shovel to his face?

MAYBERRY

A heat of passion mistake. You don't drop the N-word on a proud black man.

BOBBY

I told you when you came to me, you were gonna run into this situation. Boston's a closed shop town. There are costs to doing business.

MAYBERRY

I don't mind giving up one bite of the apple. But why should I have to pay off a bunch of white union boys when I've already paid you?

Bobby goes dark. Eyes killer-cold.

BOBBY

First, for the record, you have never given me any funds of any form at any time. You engaged Jim to counsel your firm in its contract bid under the state's affirmative action policy.

MAYBERRY

What, you think I'm wearing a wire?

Bobby taps his wedding ring on the arm of his chair. Slow and sharp. A ticking bomb. Then just when he seems about to lunge across the room and rip Mayberry's throat out... He simply rises and walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jim chases Bobby out into the hall.

BOBBY

You brought me in with this guy. You told me he was gonna kick back to the local, no problem.

JIMMY

He said he would.

BOBBY

If it got out I threw a contract to a black company when I've got union men in my own district out of work.

JIMMY

They were gonna give the contract to a black firm anyway under Affirmative Action.

BOBBY

That's beside the point. So stupid.

JIMMY

It was a sweet deal. With all you do for Southie, you deserve to at least have a roof that doesn't leak.

Beat.

BOBBY

Okay, time to start dancing. You tell Mayberry we need Lynch's mother and her people to stop with the press conferences. This whole story needs to drop from the media eye and fast. I'll send a check over this afternoon returning my referral fee cutting any direct financial link between Mayberry and myself.

JIMMY

It'll take a couple months before I can re-route the funds back to you.

BOBBY

Take your time. Better bury your tracks deep.

Bob heads back down the hall past Kay Davies. Each takes note of the other. Kay comes up to Jimmy.

KAY

I had a question for you on the liability clause.

JIMMY

Sure. Let me just finish up with a client.

KAY
Was that Bobby Caffee?

JIMMY
Legend in the flesh. I know,
shorter than you thought.

KAY
No. Not really.

INT. KITCHEN, CAFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary-Rose is at the table doing her homework. Eileen is at the stove cooking dinner. Eileen is still sightly fuzzy. Not stoned, just the tiniest bit loose. Bobby comes in and gives Eileen a nuzzle/hug from behind.

EILEEN
How was your day?

BOBBY
Uneventful.

EILEEN
I doubt that.

BOBBY
No, it was good. I saw the picture
the Herald is gonna run. You look
spectacular. But then you always
look spectacular.

Bobby kisses Eileen on the neck. Mary-Rose rolls her eyes at the PDA.

BOBBY
And you, Miss, you look very nice
as well.

MARY-ROSE
Like a complete loser, I'm sure.

EILEEN
I'm glad it came out the way you
wanted.

BOBBY
How was your day?

EILEEN

The usual. Take the girls to school, pick them up, take them to lessons.

BOBBY

Did you talk to O'Malley about the roof yet?

EILEEN

Why? You want to hold off?

BOBBY

No. Of course not.

INT. FANCY MEN'S CLOTHING STORE, CHESTNUT HILL MALL - DAY

Pete wanders the racks of Dolce & Gabbana and Helmut Lang, not quite sure about their "high-fashion" look. Across the floor he spots Toukie doing her thing. He stifles a smile.

AT THE COUNTER - Two SALESGIRLS dish their latest dates.

SALESGIRL 1 (LISA)

I swear, if I go out with one more wuss-boy McKinsey consultant, I'm gonna lose my mind.

SALESGIRL 2 (DIANE)

McKinsey's the worst. Still it's not as bad as my last date. An actor.

AA Pete wanders past.

LISA

Excuse me, sir. Is there anything I can help you with?

Pete looks Lisa up and down, then tosses out the money roll Michael gave him.

PETE

Yeah. Dress me.

INT. SAME -

Lisa has Pete in a high fashion suit and a very "Euro" shirt. It looks great but it's not very Southie.

PETE

This is the best stuff you got?

LISA

You look fabulous.

PETE

Not too fruity?

Pete eyes Lisa. Lisa eyes him right back.

INT. DRESSING ROOM -

Pete and Lisa fuck standing up. Her legs around his waist. His pants around his ankles.

INT. SALESFLOOR -

Pete pays for his new suit.

LISA

Will that be all?

PETE

I could use a pair of shoes.

EXT. SOUTHIE - SUNDAY MORNING

A wet, raw Sunday. Bobby and his family walk to Mass. Or more specifically, Eileen and the kids walk while Bobby lags behind and chats with everyone they pass.

LILA

Why can't we ever drive to Mass?

EILEEN

Something wrong with your legs?
It's good to walk.

MARY-ROSE

God forbid we look like we're
getting above ourselves.

10 YARDS BACK - Bob talks with an OLDER WOMAN who is also headed to Mass.

OLDER WOMAN

I want to thank you for stopping
that awful incinerator plant.

BOBBY

Just my job. How's your husband?

OLDER WOMAN

The diabetes took Sean's foot, but
he's far too ornery to die.

EXT. ST. BRIGID'S -

ROSE CAFFEE (Bobby and Michael's mother) waits on the steps
with her youngest daughter MARY-KATE and Mary-Kate's lummo
of a husband, HACK.

MARY-KATE

It's freezing, Ma.

ROSE

So go inside.

Mary-Kate rolls her eyes. Eileen and the kids arrive. Bobby
is far, far behind them.

ROSE

You decided to come after all.

EILEEN

We come to Mass every Sunday, Rose.

ROSE

Where's Bobby?

EILEEN

Ran into some voters, stop to chat.
(re: the weather)
It is raw out. Why don't we head
inside?

ROSE

You go. I'm waiting for Bobby.

EILEEN

Come on, Rose. You'll catch your
death.

ROSE

I'm fine. I wore my thick coat
this morning.

EILEEN

Mary-Kate, take Frank and the girls
inside for me, would you?

Eileen hands Baby Frank to Mary-Kate. Mary-Kate gladly heads inside with Mary-Rose, Nonie, and Lila.

ROSE
What are you doing?

EILEEN
I'm waiting for my husband.

Rose turns to Hack who is still outside too.

ROSE
What are you doing?

Hack, genius that he is, shrugs, "I dunno."

INT. ST. BRIGID'S - DAY

Flanked by Rose and his family, Bobby kneels and takes communion. Although not devout, he tries to set a good example. Rose taps him on the arm.

ROSE
Help me back up. One day you'll have knees like me. And then you'll be sorry.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sunday dinner after Mass. Bobby, Eileen, and the girls, plus Rose, Mary-Kate, and Hack. Rose bounces Frank on her lap.

ROSE
Aren't you a pretty boy, Francis?

EILEEN
His name's Franklin, Rose.

ROSE
Franklin? No. Who names a good Irish child Franklin?

EILEEN
We named him after President Roosevelt.

ROSE
Francis was a saint. Was Roosevelt a saint?

MARY-ROSE

No. But he was a Democrat.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE TABLE - Bobby and Mary-Kate argue politics while Hack shovels away food like a machine.

MARY-KATE

...It's hypocrisy. The woman's going on how "That type of crime" only happens in black neighborhoods when her own son was knifed for dealing coke outside the wrong bar.

BOBBY

Per capita, Southie still has one of the lowest reported crime rates in Boston.

MARY-KATE

That's 'cause no one reports crime in Southie. It's the whole grand code of silence.

ROSE

So move to Roxbury with the Spanish and the blacks.

MARY-KATE

That's not what I'm saying, Ma.

ROSE

Southie's always taken care of its own because we've always had to. To the Back Bay liberals, we're still shanty Irish, two steps above living in caves.

BOBBY

Ma--

ROSE

Don't hush me at my own table. They shoved busing down our throats -- May Judge Garrity burn in hell -- Then mixed housing. All we got left is our jobs and our pride, and they're eating away at our jobs. The colored fella killed Peggy Mullin's boy, he was only working the Big Dig 'cause the state gave the contract to a black company that only hires their own kind.

(MORE)

ROSE (cont'd)
 With all the Southie boys we've got
 unemployed, you tell me how that's
 fair?

EILEEN
 There are a lotta unemployed black
 kids too, Rose.

Rose dismisses Eileen with a wave. DOORBELL. Bob rises.
 Rose motions for him to sit.

ROSE
 My house. My door.

Rose shuffles down the hall to get it.

HACK
 Are there more potatoes?

Rose opens the FRONT DOOR. It's Michael.

ROSE
 Oh Lord. Oh God. Michael.

Rose hugs Michael tight, tight, tight.

ROSE
 Bobby, Mary-Kate. It's your
 brother.

Rose's announcement draws everyone to the door [including
 Hack who brings his plate with him.]

MICHAEL
 It's good to see you, Ma.

ROSE
 Where've you been? Oh, I don't
 care. Just give me a kiss.

Rose motions for Mary-Kate and Mike to hug next. They do.

MICHAEL
 I heard you got married.
 Congratulations.

Michael and Bobby look at each other for a beat. Each sizing
 up the other.

ROSE
 He's not the meter-man. Hug him
 already.

Bobby and Michael comply and embrace.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The kids are in the living room watching TV. The women are in the kitchen doing the dishes. This leaves Bob and Mike alone at the table with Hack.

MICHAEL

The girls got big.

BOBBY

Five years will do that to kids.

MICHAEL

You're pissed at me?

BOBBY

How can I be pissed? You're the prodigal son returned from the wilderness. If Ma could, she'd kill every fatted calf in New England.

MICHAEL

Oh, I see. You're wicked pissed.

BOBBY

You know what was nice? For the last five years, whenever I was asked about you, I could just make it into a joke. You were running the first Dunkin' Donuts in Thailand. You were living in San Francisco as a cross-dresser.

MICHAEL

I'll bet that one always got a big laugh.

BOBBY

Not as big as you might think.

MICHAEL

I'd tell you where I was, but if I did and you got asked under oath, you'd have to admit you know, and that could be messy for you, what with your image as an upstanding political figure.

BOBBY

You have any plans for work?

MICHAEL

I got a few things cooking. Why, you want to help me?

BOBBY

Of course, I'd like to help you.

MICHAEL

You know, there are ways I could be of help to you too. You and me. In each other's corner.

Bobby tilts back and is silent.

MICHAEL

You see that, Hack? There's the difference. When I say I wanna help him, I mean I'd like to help him achieve his goals. Mayor Caffee, Governor Caffee. When he says it, he means he'd like to help me stay out of his way.

BOBBY

That's right. You're the selfless one in the family.

MICHAEL

If my presence is a problem, if you can't be all you can be with me around, I'll go. I'll get back on a train, you won't ever see me again.

BOBBY

If you left again, it'd break Ma's heart. Only she wouldn't blame you, she'd blame me.

MICHAEL

Everything has its price.

Again Bobby is silent.

MICHAEL

Didn't I tell you he was pissed? Watch. Next he's gonna tap his ring on the arm of his chair.

Bob stills his hand. Michael has him down cold.

BOBBY

I have to get the girls home.

Bobby rises to exit.

MICHAEL

Hey, Bobby. It's impressive, all
you've done for people around here.
I know it wasn't easy.

Bobby looks at Michael. Trying to decipher how much is real
and how much is self-serving manipulation.

EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - DAY

Bobby, Eileen, and the kids are bundled up for the walk home.
Bobby kisses Rose good-bye.

BOBBY

I'll come by soon.

Rose grips Bobby's wrist. Hard.

ROSE

I want you to promise you'll look
out for Michael.

BOBBY

He can take care of himself, Ma.

ROSE

He's your blood. Nothing's
thicker.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM, ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael looks around his old room. Nothing has been changed.
His old suits still hang in a neat line in the closet. In a
box on the dresser are three pairs of cuff-links, diamond
shamrocks, Celtic knots, and a third pair made out of human
teeth. Mike likes the teeth. Rose appears in the door.

ROSE

I kept everything how it was.

MICHAEL

You didn't have to do that.

ROSE

You try having a son disappear.
See what you do.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry I had to go away. I was a wild man. No plan. No self-control. This time I'm gonna do things the right way.

ROSE

(putting a hand on his cheek)
You're my first and oldest boy.
There's only one of you.

MICHAEL

So you've always told me.
(beat)
I gotta go out someplace.

ROSE

You're not spending the night?

MICHAEL

I'll be back. I promise.

Michael hugs Rose and presses an envelope into her hand.

MICHAEL

For you. Don't blow it in one place.

Mike exits. Rose opens the envelope. Inside are one hundred \$50 bills. \$5000.

INT. PETE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

AA Pete drives. Michael watches Southie flow past his window. The shops and houses. The back alleys and scrubby yards. Pete is wearing his new suit.

PETE

You think we'll be done by 11?
There's an AA meeting at St. Augustine's. I usually try to go.
(not wanting to seem weak)
For my Ma. Makes her happy.

MICHAEL

We'll get you there.

PETE

You like the suit? Costume National.

MICHAEL

You look like a fruit.

PETE

(to himself - simmering)

I knew it. I told her.

MICHAEL

You fucked the salesgirl, didn't
you?

Pete blushes. Mike laughs. Pete turns left into PG AUTO SALVAGE, a vast scrap-metal yard.

INT. PG AUTO SALVAGE - NIGHT

The PG offices are a front for sports betting operation. TVs, phones, computers. A crew of bookies tabulate the weekend take.

BOOKIE 1

Fuckin' Pats.

BOOKIE 2

Fuckin' B's.

BOOKIE 1

Fuckin' Pats and fuckin' B's.

Michael enters with Pete looming at his side. The bookies freeze. They all know Mike and they're all afraid of him.

MICHAEL

Where's Moe?

BOOKIE 1

You mean Kevin?

MICHAEL

No, I mean Moe.

BOOKIE 2

Mike, it's good to see you, but
this is Kevin's shop, and he don't
like nobody calling him Moe.

MICHAEL

Well, I call him Moe. Because
that's what he is. A fucking Moe.

INT. BACK OFFICE, PG AUTO SALVAGE -

A skank is on her knees giving Moe Reilly a blowjob. Moe moans and grunts. WHAM - Michael kicks in the door.

MOE REILLY

What the--

Pete yanks the girl off Moe's crotch and tosses her out the door. Mike settles onto the couch.

MICHAEL

You're in my office.

MOE REILLY

(fumbling with his zipper)
Oh, that's funny. That's fuckin' hilarious. You know, I can make 40 large just for capping your ass.

MICHAEL

When Bucky was alive, sure. But now that he's dead who's gonna pay the contract.

MOE REILLY

Maybe I'll just do you for shits and grins then.

MICHAEL

Fine words from someone who ran like a bitch when Bucky got his face caved in. I hear you had to toss your drawers because of the skid marks.

Staredown. Mike v. Moe. It's not even close.

MICHAEL

I'll say it again. You're in my office. That's my desk, my chair, and those are my bookies out there counting my money.

MOE REILLY

Fuck you. This is my shop. Freddie gave it to me. It's mine.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PG AUTO SALVAGE -

Mike hangs Moe upsidetown over the crusher. The crusher's angry maw chews/snaps/mangles a load of scrap metal. Swearing to all the saints, Moe begs for Mike to pull him up.

MICHAEL

Everything I owned when I left is mine again. I don't care if Freddie or the lord Jesus himself gave it to you.

Babbling his acquiescence, Moe Reilly vomits on himself.

CUT TO:

Mike hurls Moe to the dirt. Moe tries to scramble up, but Mike boots him in the ass and sends him sprawling again.

Seizing Moe by the hair, Michael flicks open a switchblade and saws off a chunk of Moe's earlobe. Moe howls. Blood streams.

MICHAEL

Toss him in the street.

AA Pete perp walks Moe Reilly out the gate and tosses him into the street.

INT. PG AUTO SALVAGE -

Mike comes back inside. The bookies trade nervous glances as Mike cleans the blood off his knife and hands.

MICHAEL

So. Who owes us money?

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Crumpled fast food wrappers on the floor. A filthy mattress in the corner. Perched on an overturned bucket, Jamal Lynch digs through a box of KFC.

O.S. FOOTSTEPS. Jamal whirls, brandishing a pipe. Mayberry emerges from the dark and tosses Jamal a pack of Twinkies.

MAYBERRY

I heard you could use dessert.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE, STATEHOUSE - MORNING

Bobby storms in, *Globe* tucked under his arm.

BOBBY

Get Jim Faraday on the phone. Now.

Marching into his PRIVATE OFFICE, Bobby tosses the paper on his desk. Page 1: "MULLIN DEMANDED UNION KICKBACKS." Below the headline is a PHOTO of the Big Dig Murder scene and an inset a MUGSHOT of Bucky.

Louise comes in bearing a dish of vitamins and a Balance bar.

BOBBY

What's this? Where's my donut?

LOUISE

I decided you don't exercise enough to eat donuts.

BOBBY

We had a deal. I eat the damn vitamins, I get my donut.

LOUISE

Don't curse at me. Jimmy's on 3.

BOBBY

I want my glazed donut.

Louise exits and shuts the door behind her.

BOBBY (ON PHONE)

I thought you told Mayberry to have Lynch's people shut their yaps.

JIMMY (O.S. - ON PHONE)

I did.

BOBBY (ON PHONE)

Well, you did a bang up job. If they're talking to the *Globe* about kickbacks, it's only a matter of time before they start whispering about you and me. Where's Mayberry?

JIMMY (O.S. - ON PHONE)

I've been trying his numbers since the paper hit my steps.

BOBBY

You've got to find him. ASAP.

JIMMY (O.S. - ON PHONE)

Bob?

BOBBY

Yeah.

JIMMY (O.S. - ON PHONE)

I found him. Channel 4.

Bob clicks on his TV. Mayberry is addressing the media, flanked by Mrs. Lynch and Gerald Williams.

MAYBERRY (ON TV)

...I was told that kickbacks are the cost of doing business in Boston. When I refused, my workers were threatened with violence...

Louise pokes her head in. Honest concern on her face.

LOUISE

Um, Bob. Two FBI agents are here to see you.

CUT TO:

Bobby shows Declan and A-SAC Mays into his office.

BOBBY

Decco. It's been too long.

DECLAN

Thanks for making the time. This is my boss, Assistant Special-Agent-in-Charge Ned Mays.

BOBBY

This guy worked on my first campaign. I was fresh out of BC Law, and you were what, 14?

DECLAN

My job was to go around and tear down the signs of all the other candidates. If I got caught, I'd just be a kid causing mischief.

A-SAC MAYS

Plausible deniability.

BOBBY
Southie politics.

A-SAC MAYS
Senator, we're here about the death
of Bucky Mullin and the
ramifications for organized crime
in South Boston.

BOBBY
As in my brother Michael?

DECLAN
Have you seen him?

BOBBY
He came to Sunday dinner at my
mother's.

A-SAC MAYS
Just like that, after 5 years?

BOBBY
How else would you have liked him
to show up?

DECLAN
You don't need to get defensive.
We're just trying to get the lay of
the land.

BOBBY
I'll say what I've said before.
I'm saddened by certain choices my
brother's made with his life, but
he's still my brother, and I feel
an honest loyalty towards him.

A-SAC MAYS
Did he say where he's been?

BOBBY
(with an ironic half-smile)
No.

A-SAC MAYS
You didn't ask?

BOBBY
He wouldn't tell me.

Bobby's phone rings.

BOBBY
It's my direct line. Probably my
wife.

A-SAC MAYS
Go ahead. Please.

BOBBY
(picking up)
Hello?

EDDIE FITZ (O.S. - ON PHONE)
What's this crap in the papers
about my union?

Bobby's heart skips. He forces his face to give away nothing.

BOBBY
How do you mean?

EDDIE FITZ (O.S. - ON PHONE)
You think we don't know you were
the shepherd behind Mayberry's
contract? We let it slide 'cuz we
like you. But now that coon's
mouthing off about my union, and I
can't have that.

BOBBY
It's not my preference either.

EDDIE FITZ (O.S. - ON PHONE)
If you don't shut him up and get
Freddie those rest stops he wants,
so help me God, I'll make sure
every working man in Southie knows
you sold out to the darkies for 30
pieces of silver.

Click - Eddie hangs up.

BOBBY
(to the dead line)
No, yeah, sounds great... I'll see
you when I get home.
(he hangs up)
We're having pizza.

INT. BARRERRA'S MARKET - DAY

Rose places her groceries on the counter and hands a \$50 bill to the clerk, YOUNG VINCENT BARBERRA (as opposed to his father Old Vincent). Young Vincent looks at the bill. Holds it up to the light. Then hands it back.

YOUNG VINCENT

I can't take this.

ROSE

Since when am I some pauper who needs your charity?

YOUNG VINCENT

No, Mrs. Caffee, it's not... The bill, it's counterfeit.

ROSE

It is not. That's ridiculous.

YOUNG VINCENT

Look here. There's no watermark.

ROSE

So it doesn't have a watermark. That's a fifty dollar bill.

YOUNG VINCENT

It's not a real bill.

ROSE

(absolute iron)

That is fifty dollars. I'd like my change in ones and fives, please.

Caving, Vincent accepts the bill and gives Rose her change.

EXT. BARRERRA'S MARKET - DAY

Rose exits with her purchases. Rounding the corner, she digs two of Mike's fifties out of her purse and inspects them up close. Neither one has a watermark. She frowns.

INT. KITCHEN, ROSE'S HOUSE - DAY

Rose enters with her groceries. Michael is at the table sipping coffee and reading the paper.

MICHAEL

Need help, Ma?

ROSE

No, no, I got it.

Setting her bags on the counter, she kisses Michael on the top of the head.

ROSE

It's good to have you home. Now, what can I make you for lunch?

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Rose returns the counterfeit fifties to the envelope and hides the envelope in the bottom of her underwear drawer.

INT. ALEX'S CUBICLE, BOBBY'S SENATE OFFICE - DAY

Alex is at his desk. Bobby sidles up.

BOBBY

You and Scott still planning to take a house in P-Town for the summer?

ALEX

Why?

BOBBY

A friend I saw owns some rental property out there.

ALEX

We haven't decided.

BOBBY

The bloom's not off the rose?

ALEX

No. Scott's boss just has him on a couple of big cases coming up.

BOBBY

Life of a federal prosecutor. Do me a favor. If during pillow talk or whatever, he lets slip anything about my brother...

ALEX
Our FBI visitors?

BOBBY
Always protect your flanks.
(beat)
Oh, and call Commissioner Donovan's
office. Tell him I need five
minutes about the highway bill.

ALEX
You said the highway bill was a no
sale.

BOBBY
It is. Just make the call.

INT. MEN'S ROOM, STATEHOUSE - DAY

The disembodied feet of Highway Commissioner DONALD "DON-DON"
DONOVAN are visible below the stall door. Don-Don's boy,
SENATOR PAUL SCARPA (plump, cow-like) slouches by the sinks.

DON-DON (O.C. - IN STALL)
You hate the new highway bill.

BOBBY
It has flaws.

DON-DON (O.C. - IN STALL)
Which you'd be willing to overlook
if I gave your sub-committee
control of the rest stop franchise
allocation?

BOBBY
It's not *my* committee. There are 9
other senators.

DON-DON
And it's not *my* bill. Right, Paul?

Emerging from the stall Don-Don washes his hands. He is
large and dapper, a cheerful assassin.

SCARPA
That's right. It's *my* bill. If
you've got an issue, you should be
talking to me.

BOBBY

That's impressive, Don. I didn't even see your lips move when you pulled the string on the back of his neck.

Don-Don laughs. Scarpa grouses.

DON-DON

I like you, Bob. But you make me wary. "Yon Cassius with the lean and hungry look" -- You're not the only one who hiked across town to Boston Latin. Give me a towel.

(Scarpa hands him a towel)

Why do you need control of the rest stops? And it's not just that you want them. For you to come directly to me, you must need them.

BOBBY

I just thought you could use another ally in the statehouse. One with actual leverage to get things done.

DON-DON

No, you didn't.

BOBBY

Okay. If you don't want my help, that's fine. But my leverage swings both ways.

DON-DON

The hatchet job you did on the incinerator bill was impressive, if a bit parochial. The thing is the Governor is so angry at you, all I have to do is tell him you're against the highway bill, and he'll throw his full weight behind it.

BOBBY

The governor's not as heavy as you think.

Beat. The gauntlet has been thrown.

DON-DON

You're a smart, ambitious man, Bobby. And that's fine on its own.

(MORE)

DON-DON (cont'd)

You also care deeply about your people. And that's also fine. On its own. But the two together put you on a tightrope. And when you're on a tightrope, all it takes is one weakness, one slip and -- pfwwhew -- A long way down.

BOBBY

I think you underestimate my sense of balance.

DON-DON

Perhaps. But I doubt it.
(attacking Bob's Achilles heel)
How's your big brother? Paul tells me he's reemerged. It must be quite a relief to have him back.

BOBBY

It is. Primarily for my mother.

DON-DON

But you were happy to see him?

BOBBY

Absolutely. Family's family.

DON-DON

Isn't that the truth.
(departing)
My best to your lovely wife.

Don-Don and Scarpa exit leaving Bobby alone in the bathroom.

INT. FANCY MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

AA Pete slams his new suit on the counter in front of Lisa.

PETE

Your suit makes me look like a fucking fairy. I want my money back.

A beat. The corners of Lisa's mouth twitch upward. Turned on by Pete's aura of danger.

INT. DRESSING ROOM -

Pete fucks Lisa from behind. Her skirt hiked up over her hips. His pants around his ankles.

INT. PETE'S BEDROOM -

Pete carefully folds the "fruity" suit and hides it in the back of his closet.

INT. KITCHEN, SHEILA SCOLARI'S HOUSE - DAY

AA Pete's mother, SHEILA SCOLARI, has tea and biscuits with her son and Michael.

SHEILA SCOLARI

Sing it one time for your Ma. You
have such a beautiful voice.

PETE

No, I don't.

MICHAEL

Sing it anyway.

Pete reluctantly launches into a old-time Irish folk song. Despite his marginal ability to carry a tune, Sheila is in heaven. Michael excuses himself and ducks out the back door.

EXT. BACK YARD, BOBBY & EILEEN CAFFEE HOUSE -

A small square of green. Bobby is preparing the flower beds for winter. Michael appears at the fence. [Sheila Scolari's yard abuts the Caffee yard.]

MICHAEL

Senator Caffee. Digging in the
dirt.

BOBBY

It's not a big yard, but I finally
got it the way I want, and I'll be
damned if a winter storm's gonna
blow through here and destroy it.

(beat)

The FBI came to see me.

MICHAEL

And?

BOBBY

And nothing. They asked their
questions. I answered. They left.

MICHAEL

So why are you so bent?

BOBBY

Every step of my life, I've had your shadow hanging over me.

MICHAEL

You think it's easy on me? Older brother of the neighborhood saint.

BOBBY

You never had to overcome me. I've always had to overcome you. I'm Sisyphus. Every time I get the boulder near the top of the mountain, your name comes up, and suddenly I'm back at the bottom and the mountain is that much higher.

MICHAEL

So let go of the boulder.

BOBBY

I don't want to let go. I want...
(beat)
Forget it.

MICHAEL

Kiddo, if you're vulnerable, it's only 'cause you've made yourself vulnerable.

Michael flips Bobby a piece of paper. On it is a list of gambling debts.

"Rep. S. Bacco	(football)	\$15,300
Rep. T. Garcia	(horse racing)	\$12,000
Sen. P. Scarpa	(football/b-ball)	\$27,860
Rep. R. Jameson	(college football)	\$21,930"

BOBBY

What is this?

MICHAEL

Some of the fellas you work with don't know their limits. The amounts are baseline debt. With the vig they're more.

BOBBY

What exactly is it you think you're going to buy from me with this?

MICHAEL

Not everything everyone does has a mercenary quality to it. I wanna see you rise. That's all. I'll see you Sunday at Ma's.

Michael walks away leaving Bobby to consider the list.

INT. FLOOR OF THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE SENATE - DAY

An ancient senator drones on about school lunches. Seated at his desk, Bobby considers the third name on Mike's list. "Sen. P. Scarpa." Across the floor Don-Don's shill, Senator Paul Scarpa, whispers and chuckles with a group of cohorts.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked on a side street, Mike toys with a small velvet box.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON - THE FRONT DOOR. O.S. The DOORBELL rings. A woman enters frame, checks the peephole, then cracks the door.

ECU - THE VELVET BOX is balanced on the doorknob. When the door opens, the box falls. The woman stoops to pick it up.

REVEAL - the woman is SHANNON (Goatee's Girlfriend). Her torn earlobe is heavily bandaged.

GOATEE GUY

Who was at the door?

SHANNON

No idea.

Shannon cracks open the velvet box. With a gasp she drops it to the floor. Inside are a fancy pair of earrings and a chunk of MOE REILLY'S EAR.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike comes in the door. Rose is watching "Emeril Live."

MICHAEL

I'm home.

ROSE

I'm in here watching my food shows.
Bobby dropped off a letter for you.

Michael picks the letter up from the hall table. The envelope flap is loose.

MICHAEL

You didn't open this, did you?

ROSE

What sort of mother would read her son's mail?

Michael opens the envelope. The ripped-up pieces of the debt list spill out. Michael is disappointed but not surprised.

EXT. CASTLE ISLAND - LATE NIGHT

A spit of land at the eastern tip of Southie that extends out into the harbor. Bobby waits. Alone in the dark. A figure approaches. It's Gerald Williams (the black pol).

WILLIAMS

If it isn't a red nose, potato-eatin', drunk-ass, Paddy mick.

BOBBY

Steppin' Fetchit spear-chucker.

WILLIAMS

Spear-chucker? Haven't heard that one in a while.

BOBBY

Old school.

WILLIAMS

I'm hurt you didn't call me sooner.
We're friends.

BOBBY

Not if you believe what they write in the papers.

WILLIAMS

That's just how they keep us under control. Poor black versus poor Irish.

BOBBY

Two dogs fighting over gristle
while the masters watch and eat
filet.

WILLIAMS

Preach on.

Bobby and Williams circle the Castle Island fort. Waiting for them on the far side are Eddie Fitz, Joey B, Moe Reilly, and Freddie Cork.

BOBBY

Gentlemen. The accusations, the counter-threats, they end here tonight. I've got a district to look after, and I'm not torching my political capital over a bent-nose thug who liked to toss around the word nigger.

EDDIE FITZ

None of us are happy with how this played out.

(re: Gerald)

Except maybe him.

BOBBY

Comments like that won't get your union out of the paper. I've spoken to Gerald, and he assures me that Mayberry's willing to kick back to the local. But in return he wants an additional state contract.

JOEY B

Will he kick back on the additional contract?

WILLIAMS

That he will.

BOBBY

As for Jamal Lynch, I think we can all agree the best option is for him to plead self-defense, take a suspended sentence.

MOE REILLY

You mean he just walks?

BOBBY

If he doesn't walk, he'll roll.
That means, he gets on the stand
and talks about you, the union, and
all of us.

JOEY B

How you gonna swing the DA?

BOBBY

DAs like to get reelected. Gerald
controls a lot of votes. As do I.

MOE REILLY

No. Not if the baboon walks.

Freddie Cork, silent until now, quiets Moe with a touch.

FREDDIE CORK

It's a fair deal. It's not
justice, but what are you gonna do?

BOBBY

One more thing. Eddie, Joey,
because you two like me so much,
you're gonna have a couple of your
union guys come to my house and fix
my roof. For free.

EDDIE FITZ

(to Joey - reluctant)

He did straighten all this out.

Joey B agrees to Bobby's demand with a nod.

BOBBY

That's it then. Everyone shuts up,
and this whole firestorm goes away.

FREDDIE CORK

What about my rest stops?

BOBBY

I don't owe you any rest stops,
Freddie. So I'm not gonna get you
any. If that means you want to
break my brother's ankles, go
ahead. Have at it. It's got
nothing to do with me.

And with that, Bobby and Gerald depart.

BOBBY

I will have to roast you in the press when Lynch gets off.

WILLIAMS

That's a given. You want a ride or are you gonna walk?

BOBBY

I'll take the ride.

PARKED UP THE CAUSEWAY -

Declan and Ralph Moss have just observed the whole meet.

RALPH MOSS

How do you want us to write this up?

Declan isn't sure.

EXT. DECLAN & KAY'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

A townhouse in the gentrified section of Southie. Declan squeezes his car into a parking space, playing bumper tag on both ends. As he climbs out, Bobby steps from the shadows.

BOBBY

I know the Bureau is taking a hard look at my brother. Try and look out for him where you can. He's a true Southie guy at heart. Always looked out for kids like you back in the projects. You remember?

DECLAN

I remember.

BOBBY

It'd mean a lot.

Bobby turns and walks off into the night.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Reporters swarm as Jamal Lynch exits the courthouse flanked by his mother, Williams, and Mayberry. He is a free man.

INT. STATEHOUSE ROTUNDA -

Bobby holds court for his own swarm of reporters.

BOBBY

...The question is not whether Pat Mullin was a saint. It's whether the punishment fits the crime...

EXT. THE SPORTSMAN BAR & GRILL, CHARLESTOWN - DAY

Headquarters for Freddie's crew. Freddie rolls up with his driver/bodyguard LITTLE JOHN, who is very much "not little." Waiting in the parking lot is Michael. Little John's hand goes to his gun. Freddie motions to play it cool.

Michael unwraps a take-out burger and tosses the bun and cheese aside, eating just the patty and the lettuce.

MICHAEL

I try to keep down my carb intake. Atkins. If you're gonna kill me, this is probably your best chance.

(beat)

No? I assume Moe told you of his offer to return my interests in Southie.

FREDDIE CORK

He mentioned something, but I still have to approve the deal.

MICHAEL

Moe paid you 10%. I'll give you 12 to start. We'll take the average over the first six months, set it as a hard floor. After six, your end rolls back to 8% with a guarantee it never falls below the cash value of the floor.

FREDDIE CORK

I'll think about it.

MICHAEL

You'll take it.

(Freddie scoffs)

One more thing.

FREDDIE CORK

More? You're the one hat in hand.

MICHAEL

No one puts the touch on my brother but me.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

If you or our friends at the Office need something, I'll get it done. But you tell Moe and Eddie Fitz and all the other fuckheads, if they go near him again, I'll put them in the ground.

FREDDIE CORK

I talked to your brother. He told me to break your fucking ankles.

MICHAEL

Whatever Bobby says, he's still my brother. And there's nothing he can do to change it.

FREDDIE CORK

You're sure you can get him to do for you?

MICHAEL

Tell you what, in fair exchange, I'll ice the guy that whacked Bucky Mullin. I figure you're already planning to have someone do it, so why not save you the time and money.

FREDDIE CORK

You're only here 'cuz Bucky's dead. Now you wanna whack the guy that set you free? You are walking fucking irony.

MICHAEL

I live to make you laugh.

INT. THE SPORTSMAN BAR & GRILL -

Freddie and Little John come inside. Moe Reilly is at the bar watching the Bruins. Freddie flicks Moe's bandaged ear.

FREDDIE CORK

Did you know 3-Part Mike was outside?

Moe turns to charge out the door. Freddie stops him.

FREDDIE CORK

He's gone.

MOE REILLY

I'm gonna kill that ass-fuck. You just give me your blessing.

FREDDIE CORK

I can't do that. Of course, what you do on your own without my blessing is up to you.

INT. MRS. MULLIN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A wake for Bucky is underway. The neighborhood ladies have all broken out their black dresses and casserole dishes. Rose sits at Mrs. Mullin's side holding her hand and feeding her sherry. Bobby approaches to pay his respects.

BOBBY

I feel I let you down.

MRS. MULLIN

You didn't let my boy's killer walk. It was the Harvard judge living out in Brookline. You held the Southie flag high. It's just the way of things.

A pang of guilt tugs at Bob. But he holds his tongue and rejoins the other mourners.

ROSE

I want you to have something. To get you through the tough times.

Rose hands Mrs. Mullin the envelope of counterfeit that Michael gave her.

MRS. MULLIN

I can't take this.

ROSE

Please. If you won't take it, it's worthless to me.

INT. LYNCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Jamal Lynch's mother feeds her boy a heaping plate of smothered pork chops. O.S. DOORBELL.

CUT TO:

Jamal opens the door. It is Michael and AA Pete. Michael peers over Jamal's shoulder.

MICHAEL

Would that be your mother back there, Jamal?

Jamal looks into Mike and Pete's merciless faces.

INT. PETE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The car wheels roll south on Rte. 93. Pete drives. Jamal sits in back with Michael at his side. No one speaks. Jamal struggles to hide his overwhelming nerves. Michael's expression is cold and blank.

MICHAEL

Turn on the radio.

Pete does what he is told.

INT. NONIE & LILA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lila and Nonie snuggle up to Bobby as he regales them with a bedtime story.

BOBBY

St. Elizabeth was a virtuous woman who loved all God's creatures. But her husband was a selfish man, full of avarice.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEPONSET RIVER - NIGHT

A wooded area along the Quincy bank of the river. The sodium lights of the Southeast Expressway glow ghostly yellow through the trees. This is haunted ground. PETE'S CAR rolls to a stop.

CUT BACK TO:

BOBBY & THE GIRLS -

BOBBY

One day Elizabeth filled her apron with bread for the poor.

(MORE)

BOBBY (cont'd)

But her husband stopped her at the gate. "What are you carrying?" he said.

CUT BACK TO:

MICHAEL -

hoists a gym bag out of the trunk and walks Jamal off into the woods. Staying with the car, Pete rolls his AA chip over in his hand.

CUT BACK TO:

BOBBY & THE GIRLS -

BOBBY

Elizabeth was sore afraid. She knew when her husband saw the bread he'd surely beat her. So she lied and said she had been in the garden gathering roses. "Show me."

CUT TO:

BOBBY & EILEEN'S BEDROOM -

Bobby's wallet, keys, etcetera lay on the dresser. Straightening up, Eileen finds a SCRAP OF PAPER. On the scrap Bobby has copied over the debt list.

CUT BACK TO:

MICHAEL & JAMAL -

walk deeper into the woods. Jamal in front, Michael an ominous step and a half directly behind him.

Skeletal branches splinter the moonlight. Dead leaves crunch under their feet.

Jamal steals a glance back at Michael. Michael's expression is single-minded and utterly without emotion.

MICHAEL

Keep going.

CUT BACK TO:

BOBBY & THE GIRLS -

BOBBY
Elizabeth had no choice. So she offered up a prayer, and she opened her apron. And what do you think came out?

NONIE
Bread?

BOBBY
Roses. Dozens and dozens of roses. A miracle of God.

CUT BACK TO:

JAMAL & MICHAEL -

Continue onward. Into the gloom. Into the darkness.

Jamal trips and tumbles hard to the dirt.

Michael steps up and looms over Jamal. Michael's hand reaches into his coat for something. A gun? A knife?

Jamal's nerves red-line.

Beat. Beat.

Michael tosses the "something" at Jamal. Car keys.

MICHAEL
Plates and registration are clean.

REVEAL - Parked back among the trees is a minivan.

JAMAL
(recovering/covering)
Fuck a duck, man. You got the devil's eyes.

Michael hands over the gym bag.

MICHAEL
Forty thousand dollars. Payment for Bucky as agreed to in advance.

JAMAL
And my mom?

MICHAEL
She'll get 12 a year for the next 5 years provided you stay gone.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)

You get cute, you get caught, you
get seen--

JAMAL

You'll kill me, you'll kill her,
you'll kill everyone.

MICHAEL

Not everyone.

JAMAL

To tell the truth, I'd've killed
that dumb-ass cracker for free. It
was fun.

Jamal gets in the minivan and drives off. Michael watches
Jamal's tail lights disappear into the mist.