

THE MIDDLE MAN

A Pilot for Television
Written by
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TEASER/ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. A FEDERAL COURTROOM (PRESENT DAY) - DAY

...PACKED. And we WATCH as a meticulously groomed FEDERAL PROSECUTOR delivers his opening statement to the Court...

PROSECUTOR

Make no mistake about it. Mr. Flood is a career criminal. 22 homicides. Racketeering. Intimidation. Bribery.

...and the CAMERA SWINGS OVER to catch a look at a man sitting at the DEFENSE TABLE. He is in his EARLY EIGHTIES. Wears a respirator and has an oxygen tank on wheels sitting beside him. He could be your grandfather or great uncle. He looks weak and benign.

PROSECUTOR

You name it, Mickey Flood has tried it.

MICKEY FLOOD

(calmly; evenly;
calling from the
defense table)

I got something for you to try...you effing pansy.

...and as we get our first good look at the man, AN ADULT VOICE comes out of nowhere...

RUDY (V.O.)

God is a peculiar matchmaker. Most of the time it's impossible to foresee the people he chooses to entwine us with. Or what his plan might be.

Flood's lawyer reflexively grabs the old man's arm. The fifty year old FEMALE JUDGE bangs her gavel.

JUDGE

This is my last warning, Counselor. Control your client...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(rising quickly)
We apologize to the Court. This is not going to happen again...

The Judge nods to the Prosecutor to continue, even as the elderly defendant seethes.

RUDY (V.O.)
This is where it ends. In a courtroom. Today. Right now. That guy is Mickey Flood. He's eighty five. For fifty years he scared the living crap out of everybody he came in contact with. And I helped him. My name is Rudy. I worked for the FBI. But don't look for me in this courtroom. I'm dead. Died nine years ago.

PROSECUTOR
 For over half a century, Mickey Flood has terrorized New England. And how was he able to do this? By trading information for protection. By being an informant for the FBI.

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MICKEY FLOOD
 (rising now; pointing at the Prosecutor)
 A "what"? Are you calling me "an informant"? You calling me a snitch?
 (when he gets no reply)
 I'm asking you a question, faggot...

...and as the Judge once again BANGS for order and as Mickey's lawyer tries his best to pull Mickey back down into his chair...we HEAR...

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RUDY (V.O.)
But up until 1988, when I left the Bureau, our little system actually worked quite well.

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TIGHTER ON MICKEY

...as he continues to flail and gesticulate at the Prosecutor, even as the BAILIFF, a heavy set black man, steps over to the Defense table, a hand on his side arm, his presence meant to suggest a threat. But Mickey just looks at him and laughs...

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RUDY (V.O.)
It was good for me. Good for the FBI. Good for the country. But then...we all got the joke. You gotta give a little to get a little.

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ON THE PROSECUTOR

...standing behind the prosecution table, watching and waiting for the court to come to order. Turning to his co-counsel and rolling his eyes...

RUDY (V.O.)
And that's what a lot of people don't understand. Sometimes it isn't enough to do the right thing. Sometimes you have to do the wrong thing. Long as you're doing it for the "greater good".

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EXT. SOUTH BOSTON (LATE 1940'S) - DAY

...seen from a great height, moving beneath us. The projects and storefronts of South Boston.

RUDY (V.O.)

This is where the story starts. Early 1940's. The start of World War Two. In Boston. In Southie. With me. I just finished my newspaper route and today is collection day.

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ON A ROOFTOP DOOR

...as it OPENS with a BANG. And a SIX YEAR OLD RUDY comes screaming out of it, immediately followed by a group of OLDER BOYS, eight, nine and ten, who catch him, lead him over to THE ROOF'S EDGE and...

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SEEN FROM THE SIDEWALK

...hold him UPSIDE DOWN, shaking the money out of him as...

KIDS DOWN BELOW

...wait to scoop it up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and just as they are PULLING HIM back up onto the roof, WE HEAR...

VOICE (O.C.)

HEYYYYY!!! Let 'im go you guinea bastards!

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...and all the boys turn around to DISCOVER...

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A RED HEADED BOY

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...no more than TWELVE. He holds a switchblade in his hand which springs OPEN like a dare.

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MICKEY FLOOD

(brandishing the blade)
So who wants to die today?

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RUDY (V.O.)

That's Mickey Flood. That's what he looked like the day I met him. That's what he looked like the day he saved my life.

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ON THE BOYS

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...not letting Rudy go. Not just yet.

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ON MICKEY

...moving towards them...brandishing his weapon...

MICKEY FLOOD

Come into my neighborhood? Go after my
paperboy?

(and then)

One of yous step over here. I wanna
fricasee you.

We watch the boys contemplating this...trying to figure out
what to do. Mickey looks at Rudy. Gives him a small nod as if
to say "I've got you covered."

MICKEY FLOOD

(returning his gaze to
the boys)

My name is Mickey Flood.

(and then; with some
delight)

Rhymes with blood.

(lurching forward
towards them)

Now get out of here!!!

And the boys all QUICKLY MAKE THEIR ESCAPE---racing past him
and through the roof top door. All except for Rudy.

MICKEY FLOOD

(folding his knife;
making his way over
to the six year old)

So what do they call you?

SIX YEAR OLD RUDY

Rudy. Rudy MacAteer.

MICKEY FLOOD

Rudy? With a mick last name? Send that
to Ripley, he wouldn't believe it.

(and then)

Your Mama's Italian, huh? Well I'm not
going to hold that against her.

(and then)

Or you.

(and then; taking the
knife and sticking it
in the young boy's
shirt pocket)

Take this with you. If you're working
the street you're going to need it.

Rudy looks up at him with a mixture amazement and uncertainty.

RUDY

You sure?

MICKEY FLOOD

Don't worry about it. I got another one.

...and Rudy reaches up and touches the handle sticking out of his pocket...

RUDY (V.O.)

I loved that knife. Loved that he gave it to me. Loved that he thought I might actually use it. Three days later my mother found it and got rid of it. But it didn't matter. It was the idea of it. The gesture. Mickey Flood saved my life that day. And I never forgot it.

...and we...

CUT TO:

A BLACK AND WHITE HEALTH FILM

...of a single sperm implanting itself on an egg, as we HEAR a new ADULT VOICE. MICKEY FLOOD'S VOICE...

MICKEY FLOOD (V.O.)

I was born on March 11, 1933. I figured out that meant I was conceived sometime in June of '32. My best guess is it was the 22nd, since the Sox weren't playing that day, which is the only explanation I can find for why my father wasn't otherwise engaged.

ON A LITTLE BABY

...lying sideways in his paint chipped crib, staring out at...

A MAN

...sitting at A SIMPLE. THREADBARE KITCHEN TABLE. A bottle of whiskey sits in front of him as well as a half eaten plate of dinner. His hand is wrapped around a fork which sits in the middle of the plate and it is hard not to notice that he is either asleep or in a drunken coma as he sits, snoring.

MICKEY FLOOD (V.O.)

Childhood is a myth. It's a fantasy created by Walt Disney and stores that want to sell a lot of Christmas presents.

...and we watch as a YOUNG WOMAN, presumably the BABY'S MOTHER, tip toes into the kitchen and makes her way around the table and starts quietly collecting dinner dishes and shuttling them to the sink...trying desperately not to disturb the sleeping lion at the table.

ON THE BABY

...watching...

MICKEY FLOOD (V.O.)
*Speaking only for myself...I was born
 an adult. Which was probably good.
 Because I wasn't much interested in
 wasting my time with kid crap.*

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as the Mother tries to gently free the fork from her
 husband's hand, and he SNAPS AWAKE and immediately starts to
 BEAT HER, rising up from his chair and forcing her towards the
 stove...

ON THE BABY

...watching it all impassively...

MICKEY FLOOD (V.O.)
*I just remember wanting to get old
 enough to hit back.*

...and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SOUTHIE PROJECTS - DAY (AS BEFORE)

...TIGHT on YOUNG RUDY's face, seen from the SIDEWALK, hanging
 UPSIDE DOWN, his ankles being held by the older boys, money
 falling out of his pockets and tumbling past his head...

RUDY (V.O.)
*The day Mickey Flood saved my life, I
 made a decision. I was getting out of
 there. I was getting as far from
 Southie as I could.*

EXT. SOUTHIE STREET - NIGHT

...as a drunken punk shoots out a street light, just outside
 the Projects. And as his FRIENDS LAUGH and WRESTLE HIM for the
 gun, he gets off ANOTHER SHOT and SHATTERS ANOTHER
 STREETLIGHT...

INT. RUDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

...where a TWELVE YEAR OLD RUDY is laying across his bed,
 studying a school book. And at the sound of the streetlight
 being shot, he STARTLES, but then quickly goes back to
 reading...

RUDY (V.O.)
I was going to be the best student...

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

...as TWELVE YEAR OLD RUDY helps the Priest prepare the wine
 and the communion wafers in the midst of Sunday Morning mass...

RUDY (V.O.)
The best altar boy...

EXT. THE SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

...where a FIFTEEN YEAR OLD RUDY is at bat and gets a solid
 piece of a pitch and sends a ball sailing into center field...

RUDY (V.O.)
The best athlete.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Rudy runs the bases, to the cheers of onlookers...

RUDY (V.O.)
*The best everything I could be. So
 when the time came I could get as far
 away from Southie as possible and make
 myself into the man I wanted to be...*

TIGHT ON RUDY'S FACE

...as he rounds third towards home. He is all sweat and veins
 and focus. And as he crosses the plate, the people in the
 stands STAND and CHEER...

RUDY (V.O.)
*Someone people were proud of. A good
 guy. A hero.
 (and then)
 Not that I was perfect...*

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A 14KT WHITE GOLD CROSS

...hanging from a chain. Resting on the bosom of a young girl's
 cotton, button-down shirt, which is beneath a winter coat which
 is completely unzipped. And we watch as a BOY'S HAND reaches
 INTO FRAME and slowly begins unbuttoning the highest of the
 shirt's buttons...

ON SIXTEEN YEAR OLD RUDY

...trying not to forget to breathe as he performs this delicate operation. And as soon as he has one button open he immediately leans forward and kisses the girl gently on the lips. He looks in her eyes. It's clear that she's enjoying this and he reaches for another button.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL that Rudy and this girl are huddled together on THE ROOF OF THE PROJECTS, night-time Boston visible in the distance.

ON THE TWO OF THEM

...and we see that he now has all her buttons open. And he takes the cross and gently moves it aside and reaches his hand into her shirt and under her bra. And she smiles even more, bites her lip and falls forward onto him...pressing her body against his...closing her eyes with pleasure as he touches her...

GIRL

(suddenly breaking the
silence; eyes still
closed; body still
pressed against his)
Can I ask you a question?

RUDY

Sure...

GIRL

What do you think God thinks? Of this?
Of us? Of us doing this?

RUDY

What are you talking about?

GIRL

The Sisters say its a sin.

Rudy pulls back slightly. So he can look her in the eye.

RUDY

I don't think the Sisters know crap
about this. Feels good...right? Feels
good when you touch me too. A God that
would make it feel really good, but
then not want you to do it? What kind
of God is that?

She considers that for a moment.

GIRL

You're right. I never thought of it
that way.

She looks around a moment. And convinced that no one can see,
reaches into her shirt and unhooks her bra and pulls it away
from her breasts. Rudy smiles.

RUDY (V.O.)

*I, of course, had no idea what God
thought. I just knew what I thought. I
suspect that was the first time I
wrestled with the idea of the "greater
good".*

(and then)

Like I told you...I wasn't perfect.

...and from somewhere unseen we HEAR the wild and untamed
banging of GENE KRUPPA'S DRUMS, as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREET (LATE 1940'S)

...as the 12 year old Mickey, comes BURSTING out of a
WOOLWORTH'S running as though his life depended upon it,
clutching a stolen baseball, a mitt and a bat...

MICKEY FLOOD (V.O.)

*My dad left when I was ten, and me and
my Mom didn't have a lot of money, but
I never let that stop me from desiring
the finer things in life...*

...and as he RACES PAST CAMERA we HOLD, just long enough to see
the STORE MANAGER in a black suit, come running out the door
after Mickey. And as he does we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. A RECORD STORE - DAY

...and with KRUPA'S DRUMS providing a tribal metronome, Mickey
once again BOLTS out of a store, this time clutching a stack of
record albums...

MICKEY FLOOD (V.O.)

*It was around this time I met my real
family. And by that I don't mean the
people that you love. I mean the people
that you're stuck with...*

...and right behind him comes an OVERWEIGHT KID with a
pompadour, clutching a RECORD STORE STANDEE of Elvis Presley in
one hand and a handful of money in the other. He races down the
street after Mickey, suddenly stopping just long enough to grab
a kid's bicycle that is parked on the sidewalk. And as he does,
the bike's owner SCREAMS as he watches his bike being pedaled
away. And we SUDDENLY freeze on the OVERWEIGHT BOY ON THE
BIKE...

MICKEY FLOOD (V.O.)

This is Flounder. I supposed you'd call him my best friend. He's dumb as a brick, but I like him because he has no conscience.

...and as we quickly unfreeze and he PEDDLES OUT OF FRAME we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

NEELY

...a thirteen year old kid, standing at the counter of a liquor store, trying to buy a bottle of whiskey, holding out a driver's license for the dubious store owner's inspection.

MICKEY FLOOD (V.O.)

This is Neely. He's just friggin scary .

...and we watch as the store manager looks at the license. It looks nothing like Neely. And he glances back at the boy. Something in his eyes suggests he will stab you and then eat you. And the liquor store owner smiles. Puts the whiskey in a bag and waves off the boy's money. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A TEENAGER IN HIS UNDERWEAR

...flying through the air across a school locker room, smashing into a row of lockers and folding into a heap on the floor. And as he LOOKS UP at the person who threw him, his face painted with complete and utter fear, we see for the first time...

O'TOOLE

...a giant of a kid. Six foot five or six. He too is in his underwear. And as he makes his way towards his victim, we FREEZE...

MICKEY FLOOD (V.O.)

And this is O'Toole. Back then none of us knew how old he really was. Just that he'd been hanging around Junior High for years. And by the way, O'Toole was not his real name. We call him that cause in addition to being big everywhere else, he's really big in the pants.

...and we UNFREEZE, as O'Toole bends down, picks up the kids on the floor, lifts him over his head and drops him OUT OF FRAME, as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. ON A FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

...as we watch the group of them, smoking cigarettes and drinking something we assume to be liquor from a passed around brown bag...

MICKEY FLOOD (V.O.)

They made me laugh. And I remember thinking we'd be friends forever. Hoping we'd be friends forever. It's funny how your opinion of people changes change when you get older...

..and as GENE KRUPA'S DRUMS reach a percussive frenzy, we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. A BARBER SHOP - DAY

...as an 18 year old Rudy is spun into VIEW, sitting in a BARBER CHAIR and getting a haircut from a TALKATIVE BARBER...

RUDY (V.O.)

The next time I heard the name Mickey Flood was when I was getting ready to leave town for college. Word had it they he'd gone into the Loan Sharking Business...

INT. "THE CELTIC CORNER" - NIGHT

...Mickey's Bar. And as we GLIDE through it, we can't help but notice the GROWN UP FLOUNDER, intoxicated out of his mind and downing another beer. The GROWN UP NEELY, staring at a girl with his psychotic gaze, her face painted with abject terror. And the GROWN UP O'TOOLE, who is LIFTING a POOL TABLE in an effort to get his ball to bank into the pocket. And we make our way past the bar to a PRIVATE OFFICE in back, where Mickey is pulling out several stacks of hundreds from a safe, which he turns and hands to a GRATEFUL POLICE OFFICER...

RUDY (V.O.)

A little bank robbery...

INT. A SMALL LOCAL BANK - DAY

...as Mickey and his crew of three, all wearing nylon stockings over their heads, enter with guns drawn...Neely immediately disarms the guard, Flounder and O'Toole quickly moving behind the counter as Mickey takes control from the customer side of the bank

MICKEY FLOOD

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a bank robbery. Everybody on this side of the

(MORE)

MICKY FLOOD (cont'd)

counter, lay on the floor and no one will get hurt. Everybody on that side of the counter...

(he throws canvas bags over)

...start funneling your money into these. I'm only going to say it once... anyone trips an alarm and me and my guys will shoot every teller in here.

(noticing an old man with a cane who's having trouble getting down to lay on the ground)

That's alright, Sir...you can stand. (and then; to the tellers)

Keep in mind, you bank tellers...you trip that alarm...the bank gives you a hundred dollars. You don't trip that alarm but you survive this robbery... the bank gives you thirty five dollars. Use your head ladies. Thirty five, you're alive. That hundred's paying for your funeral.

...and SUDDENLY Flounder and O'Toole start to come back out from behind the counter with 2 canvas bags bulging with money...

MICKY FLOOD

Done already?

FLOUNDER

Well we only brought two bags. And they're both full.

Mickey just stares at them both in stunned disbelief.

O'TOOLE

My fault. I did my laundry last night and I borrowed the other two bags.

Mickey can't speak.

FLOUNDER

We can come back.

MICKY FLOOD

(not knowing what else to do; making his way towards the door)

Thank you for your cooperation, everybody. And if anybody asks...we were three very tall Negroes.

...and as they disappear back onto the street...

RUDY (V.O.)
*That he was in and out of jail. And
 then begin doing a little contract
 work...*

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...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. A DESERTED BOSTON STREET - NIGHT

...as a nail is being hammered into a tire. And then pulled out, leaving a small hole.

EXT. THE FRONT SEAT OF A DARK CHEVY - NIGHT

...Mickey is fast asleep in the front passenger seat, when FLOUNDER jumps into the car and behind the wheel. The SOUND of him slamming the car door behind him wakes Mickey up.

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FLOUNDER
 We're good.

MICKEY FLOOD
 (a yawn)
 What'd you give him?

FLOUNDER
 An Irish slow leak.
 (and then; seeing
 something through the
 windshield)
 Perfect timing.

...and now we SEE what he was seeing, as a SLIGHTLY INEBRIATED MAN makes his way over to a white car parked on the opposite side of the street, pulls the driver's side door open and climbs in. And Mickey turns to Flounder...

MICKEY FLOOD
 (as he watches him
 start the car; to
 Flounder)
 So what do you think? Is that the son
 of God?

FLOUNDER
 What are you talking about?

MICKEY FLOOD
 Well didn't he just eat his last
 supper?

...and FLOUNDER starts to laugh, even as through the windshield, we watch the white car pull away from the curb. And

Mickey and Flounder wait a measured moment, and then they too pull away from the curb. And we...

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - NIGHT

...seen THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD of Mickey and Flounder's moving car. A distant, tiny, white car has pulled off the deserted highway and we see the inebriated man pulling a jack out of the trunk. And as we DRAW CLOSER and the car gets bigger in the FRAME, we draw to a stop...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Flounder and Mickey hop out of the car, Mickey discreetly pulling out a handgun from his rear waistband...

MICKEY FLOOD
(calling through the
darkness)
You got a flat?

INEBRIATED MAN
Yeah. All of a sudden. Out of nowhere.
Just want to get the damn tire changed
before a cop comes by.
(and then)
I may have had one or two too many...
y'know?

MICKEY FLOOD
(making his way
towards him)
Don't worry about it.
(throwing his arm
around the inebriated
man; indicating the
tire to Flounder)
Give our friend a hand here...

...and as Flounder starts to work on the tire, Mickey starts to walk the Inebriated Man towards the woods and OUT OF FRAME. And a SECOND LATER we HEAR a GUNSHOT. And Flounder LOOKS UP from the tire and a MOMENT LATER Mickey walks back into FRAME and is standing over him.

FLOUNDER
How'd that go?

MICKEY FLOOD
Good. I achieved the desired result.
(and then; watching as
Flounder continues to
work)
Flounder...you don't actually have to
finish fixing the flat.

FLOUNDER
(he hadn't realized)
Oh...

...and as Flounder RISES, and the two of them start back towards the car...

MICKEY FLOOD
Frigging woods. Got mud on my shoes.

FLOUNDER
I hate that...

MICKEY FLOOD
They're new.

FLOUNDER
That's the worst...

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A MAP OF BOSTON

...highlighting SOUTH BOSTON.

RUDY (V.O.)
*The truth is, Mickey and his guys were small time. Southie was all about being Irish, but they weren't even the toughest Irishmen in the neighborhood. Not that it would have mattered, because the rest of Boston was controlled by Italians. In fact, the **rest of the country** was controlled by Italians. La Cosa Nostra. The Mafia.*

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EXT. AN ITALIAN SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

...a simple storefront with no windows. Beefy Mafia soldiers stand outside watching the traffic go by.

RUDY (V.O.)
These guys were serious. And professional.

INT. THE SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

...as the CAMERA moves through the club, swinging from one MAN...

RUDY (V.O.)
They had Associates.

...to another...

RUDY (V.O.)
And Soldiers.

And as their rank rises...

RUDY (V.O.)
And Captains...

...so does the quality of their wardrobe and the location of their seat in the club---the further back the better.

RUDY (V.O.)
There were Consiglieres. And Underbosses. And Bosses.
(and then)
Like this guy here. Ray Battalini.

ON BATTALINI

...in his late forties. His hair is slicked back and meticulously groomed. His shirt and tie and jacket are clearly expensive. He smokes a cigarette held with a small cigarette holder, almost as if unwilling to soil his hands by touching the cigarette itself. There is something almost elegant about him

RUDY (V.O.)
Battalini ran Boston. Ran it for this man...

...and the CAMERA swings OVER TO...

THE BOSS OF ALL BOSSES

...early seventies. He exudes wealth. And power. And at the same time there is something frail about him. He wears glasses with very strong lenses and while his clothes are expensive they look as if they were bought and fitted for a different, younger body, perhaps ten or fifteen pounds ago. Even as he sits and sips his cappuccino, men are at his ear---whispering and pointing.

RUDY (V.O.)
The Boss of all Bosses. This guy didn't even live in Boston. He did all his work from his house in Rhode Island. But no matter how far away he was, when he talked, you listened.

And as we stare at "The Boss of all Bosses" we realize we are in the very back of the club, where the light is the "inkiest" and the power the greatest...

RUDY (V.O.)
And the Italians had rules.

INT. A BOSTON OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

...as we MAKE OUR WAY towards one particular OFFICE DOOR whose SIGN announces...

"MICHAEL LOMBARDO - Certified Public Accountant"

And as hands reach into FRAME and PUSH the door open...

INT. BOSTON ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE - DAY

We watch as THREE SMILING MEN make their way into this MODEST workspace---a desk, chair, sofa, and glass coffee table with a candy dish, one of the men making certain to close the door behind them.

RUDY (V.O.)

And if you broke the rules, there were consequences.

They are all LAUGHING, having perhaps just returned from a great lunch. And as they LAUGH, the two men on either side of the man in the middle, discreetly pull small pistols from beneath their suit coats and in perfect synchronization raise them to the temple of the man between them, and without a second's hesitation, FIRE...

RUDY (V.O.)

And they were as good at the consequences as they were at crime.

FROM UNDER THE GLASS COFFEE TABLE

...as the instantly dead accountant FALLS face first onto the table. And THROUGH THE GLASS we watch as his assassins calmly holster their weapons, one of them reaching beside the dead man's head to steal a piece of candy from the candy bowl.

RUDY (V.O.)

That's where I grew up. A hell hole full of bad guys that did nothing but breed more bad guys. And the part that I grew up in was so bad...so full of drunken idiots...that for the most part, the really bad guys didn't even bother with it. They let us have our own crime. Our own criminals.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

...as a nineteen year old RUDY studies beside a pile of books...

RUDY (V.O.)

But I didn't care. I was out of there. I was gone. I got myself a scholarship

(MORE)

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RUDY (V.O.) (cont'd)
*and headed to sunny California. Studied
 Criminal Justice.*

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EXT. UNIVERSITY FIELD - DAY

...as Rudy, in a graduation gown, is presented with a diploma. And as he shakes the Dean's hand and moves his graduation tassel from the right side of his mortarboard to the left...

RUDY (V.O.)
*Graduated third in my class. And given
 where I came from...that officially
 made me someone people were proud of. A
 good guy. A hero.*

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

ROBERT KENNEDY

...in black and white, making an impassioned speech about *something*. We can't hear what. And we PULL BACK SLOWLY to REVEAL that we are seeing Kennedy on a black and white television. And as we CONTINUE PULLING BACK, we come to realize that this is an APPLIANCE STORE WINDOW full of television sets. And an onscreen title informs us we are in **"SAN FRANCISCO - 1961"**.

REVERSE ANGLE

...to REVEAL TWENTY SIX YEAR OLD RUDY and his nineteen year old girlfriend, BARBRA. Rudy just stares at the young Attorney General through the window glass. Barbra just stares at Rudy. This girl would smolder on a glacier.

BARBRA
 (a coo)
 We're going to be late.

RUDY
 (re Kennedy)
 That's my boss.

BARBRA
 J. Edgar Hoover's your boss.

RUDY
 Well that's J. Edgar's boss.

BARBRA
 What's the difference? You can't hear
 what the man is saying. And we're going
 to be late.

(MORE)

BARBRA (cont'd)
 (the worst thing in
 the world)
 Or should we just forget it and go back
 to my parent's house?
 (and then; something
 worse)
 Or better still...we can go back to
 your rooming house.
 (a feigned
 recollection)
 Oh no. Wait. We can't. Men only.

...but Rudy doesn't move. Just stares at Kennedy...convinced if
 he concentrates hard enough, he'll sense the contents of his
 speech.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Barbra sighs and gives his sleeve a tug. He just looks at
 her...realizes he has no choice but to give in. Reaches into
 his pocket and takes out a small manila envelope---the kind
 they put pills in. Takes a wedding and engagement ring out of
 the envelope and hands them to her. And as she slips them on
 her finger and smiles, we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. A SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - DAY

...as Rudy and his girlfriend tour the place, an anxious
 realtor shadowing them as they move from room to room....

BARBRA
 Did I mention my husband is with the
 F.B.I.?

REALTOR
 No you did not. That sounds like very
 exciting work.
 (and then)
 Are we thinking about starting a
 family?

Rudy and Barbra exchange a glance as they continue to move
 through the apartment.

REALTOR
 I don't mean to pry. But a two bedroom
 apartment like this...plenty of room
 for little ones. And you have the park
 across the street.

Barbra says nothing. Just smiles back at Rudy, before
 DISAPPEARING ahead of the two men and into another room. Rudy
 moves to a window and takes in the view.

REALTOR
 (lowering his voice; a
 bit uncomfortably)
 Unfortunately, as I explained on the
 phone, I have a three o'clock
 appointment.

RUDY
 (CALLING into the next
 room)
 Honey? The man has to go. He has to
 lock up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Barbra suddenly REAPPEARS.

BARBRA
 But I'm still trying to figure out
 where our furniture would go.
 (and then)
 Isn't there a way we could stay a
 little longer? I mean...it's not like
 you have anything to worry about. He's
 an F.B.I. agent.

The Realtor considers this for a moment. Looks the two of them
 over one more time.

REALTOR
 Well...you do have a point there.
 (a moment; and then;
 making his way to the
 door)
 I'll set the lock. All you have to do
 is pull this door closed behind you.
 Just...be careful. And be sure to leave
 everything the way you found it.
 (a nod)
 Mr. MacAteer. Mrs. MacAteer.

And with that, the REALTOR LEAVES, adjusting the lock and
 closing the door behind himself.

Rudy smiles. Waits a measured moment and looks at Barbra who
 has seated herself on the living room sofa.

RUDY
 It's scary how good you are at that.

BARBRA
 (as she lies back on
 the sofa)
 I'm glad you think so. Now take off
 your pants and get over here and screw
 me.

...and we...

CUT TO:

INT. AN FBI EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY

...a LARGE STORE ROOM filled with shelving that holds labeled file folders and utility boxes filled with seized evidence. And we watch as Rudy returns the engagement band and wedding ring back into their envelope and back into a BANKER'S BOX. And just as he does, ANOTHER AGENT sticks his head in the door.

AGENT #1

(to Rudy)

You've got a long distance call. From
D.C.

INT. RUDY'S SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - DAY

...a cubby-hole. A partitioned section of a much larger office filled with many more partitioned sections, each with a desk and a phone and typewriter. And we watch as Rudy stands with the phone to his ear. He looks dumbstruck by whatever is being said on the other end of the line.

RUDY

(into phone)

Of course I can meet with Mr. Hoover.

(and then)

No...I'll fly to D.C. tonight.

INT. A PRIVATE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

J. Edgar sits in an overstuffed leather chair. He is lit by firelight that dances across his face from the hearth on the side of the room. He takes in the twenty six year old who stands nervously before him.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

You believe in black and white?

RUDY

(truly uncertain)

Excuse me, Sir?

(and then)

Are we talking about racial
integration?

J. EDGAR HOOVER

We're talking about moral imperatives.
We're talking about right and wrong.
We're talking about good guys and bad
guys. Do you believe it's always clear?
Always black and white? Who the good
guys are? Who the bad guys are?

RUDY
Of course. We're the good guys.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
And do the good guys always do good things?

RUDY
(a shrug)
If they're on the side of good.

Hoover smiles.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
Tell me something...you enjoy working behind a desk?

RUDY
I'm happy to just be working for the Bureau, Sir. In any capacity.

Hoover SMILES.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
I'm sure you are.
(and then)
Do you know what our greatest crime fighting tool is? In this age of advanced criminal science?

RUDY
Fingerprints?

Hoover shakes his head.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
(a whispered confession)
Informants.
(and then)
Short of being able to read people's minds or electronically eavesdrop on their conversations---which we're working on by the way---informants are the next best thing.
(and then)
Your file says you grew up in Boston.
(and then)
Interesting place. So much good pressed up against so much bad.

RUDY
How do you mean?

J. EDGAR HOOVER
Well, on the one hand...you have Harvard. And all that it suggests. And then you have La Cosa Nostra. Which has
(MORE)

J. EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)
 that city in a vice. Attorney General
 Kennedy wants to shut them down. Made a
 speech about it yesterday.

Rudy reacts slightly. Realizes that might have been what he was
 watching through the television store window.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 I'd like you to go back home. Re-insert
 yourself in the neighborhood. See if we
 can't develop some assets that might
 yield some real intelligence about what
 the mafia is planning. Give us a leg up
 on this thing.

RUDY
 You mean...undercover work?

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 No. Nothing undercover about it. You're
 not a spy. More like...
 (a second to think)
 ...a *diplomat*. You'd be surprised how
 much good information can be obtained
 without having to pretend you're
 someone you're not.
 (and then)
 How do you feel about that?

RUDY
 I'm happy to do anything the Bureau
 requires of me.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
 (amused by his
 response)
 You an F.B.I. man, or a politician?
 (and then; when he
 gets no response)
 Do you understand the opportunity I'm
 offering you? A man can really
 distinguish himself doing the kind of
 work I'm talking about.
 (and then)
 Or maybe you prefer it behind your
 desk?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. A COMFORTABLE SUBURBAN SAN FRANCISCO HOME - NIGHT

RUDY STANDS on THE FRONT PORCH of a nice, upper middle-class San Francisco home. The FRONT DOOR is open with only the SCREEN DOOR closed between the porch and the house.

ON RUDY

...clearly waiting for someone and looking anxious. Suddenly Barbra appears on the other side of the screen door with HER MOTHER, to whom she offers a kiss good night. Her mother walks away and Barbra pulls the front door closed behind her and makes her way out to the porch, taking Rudy's hand and beginning to lead him down the porch steps. Rudy resists---pulling Barbra back up the stairs.

RUDY

We should talk.

She freezes. Looks at him. This is not a tone she is familiar with.

RUDY

(this is hard)

I've been transferred back to Boston.

BARBRA

Boston. But you told me you hate Boston.

RUDY

(with a shrug)

It's a great opportunity. Mr. Hoover himself picked me.

BARBRA

Well I mean...what is it?

(and then)

Is it...dangerous?

RUDY

I don't know. I just know...it's a big chance for me. Big step.

BARBRA

(tentatively)

Well great. That's great. So how does this work? How long before you're back?

RUDY

That's the thing. I don't know that I'm ever coming back. It's a transfer. It's

(MORE)

RUDY (cont'd)
 the FBI. You go where they tell you to
 go. You go *when* they tell you to go.

BARBRA
 Oh. Okay.
 (and then)
 And what about me?

*
 *
 *

RUDY
 Well that's why I came by tonight.
 (and then)
 To tell you.
 (and then)
 To say good bye.

Barbra says nothing for a LONG MOMENT.

BARBRA
 (finally)
 Well what if I went with you?

RUDY
 Barbra...
 (shaking his head)
 I can't afford that. I'm sorry. I wish
 I could. But I can't.

BARBRA
 Okay. Well...maybe I could get Mommy
 and Daddy to pay for it. I mean...I
 think I probably could if they knew I
 was getting married. If I could tell
 them I was engaged.

Rudy just looks at her...realizes this is going to be much
 harder than he anticipated.

RUDY
 Y'know what? Even if they said "yes"?
 I'm not ready to get engaged.

Barbra just looks at him. It takes a second...but she finally
 smiles ruefully.

BARBRA
 Wow. Okay.
 (and then)
 So now I understand.
 (and then)
 I thought you were a man of high moral
 character. I thought you were someone I
 could trust.

RUDY
 I *am* a man of high moral character. I
am someone you can trust.

BARBRA

No. You think cause I'm only nineteen
this is okay. This is not okay.

RUDY

Barbra...this all just happened. I had
no way of knowing I'd be heading back
to Boston.

(and then)

Honestly...I don't know a better way of
handling this. If you have any
suggestions...

BARBRA

I gave you a suggestion. Let's go
inside and tell my parents that we're
engaged. That we're getting married.

He stands there, motionless and mute.

RUDY

(after a long moment;
a sigh)

That's not the way to get engaged.
That's not the way I'm going to get
engaged.

(and then)

I'm sorry...

BARBRA

Right. I get it. What's that
expression? "*Why buy the cow when
you've been getting the milk for free?*"

Rudy looks pained.

RUDY

I thought we were *both* having fun,
Barbra.

BARBRA

Really? Well let me clue you in. I
wasn't having any fun. Not really. And
you know why? Cause of you, Mr. F.B.I.
You're a bore. You don't drink. You
don't smoke. You don't swear.

(and then)

Thank God, you're good in bed or we'd
never have had anything to do.

(and then; turning)

Have fun in Boston.

(going for the door;
then stopping;
turning; one last
look)

All by yourself.

(MORE)

...and with that SHE walks BACK INTO THE HOUSE, closing the front door with a BANG. And Rudy stands frozen there for a moment. And then finally starts down the steps.

EXT. "GRAYSON'S" SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

...a giant RED NEON sign screams the name "GRAYSON'S", as CARS make their way into THE PARKING LOT and patrons stream in for a night of fun...

INT. "GRAYSON'S" SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

...as a WELL DRESSED MAN enters the club with an air of authority and smug self-satisfaction. He hands his coat to the coat check girl and barely gives her a glance...

COAT CHECK GIRL
Evening Mr. Grayson...

...and as he starts towards the MAIN ROOM, lighting a cigarette as he goes, a passing WAITER offers a nod hello...

WAITER
Mr. Grayson...

...and Grayson smiles and nods back, banking towards the Maitre D's podium.

GRAYSON
Lemme see the reservation book...

...and as the Maitre D' turns it for his employer's inspection...

MAITRE D'
Couple of guys came in looking for you.
They dragged a four top over into the corner.

Grayson TURNS and gives THE CORNER a look. There is indeed a table there, though it is clearly out of place. No candle in the middle to shed light on the figures that are seated with their backs to him and waiting. Grayson stubs out his cigarette and starts over...

ON GRAYSON

...stepping up to the table. It is quite dark and both men who are seated stare down at the table top making it impossible to know who they are....

GRAYSON
(a smile)
Gentlemen. I heard you were looking for me.

VOICE (O.C.)
 (not looking up)
 Have a seat.

GRAYSON
 Actually, I'm working. But if there's
 anything I can get for you...

VOICE (O.C.)
 (cutting him off)
 You can get your knees to bend and your
 ass in that chair.

Grayson contemplates that for a moment. Given the choice of words and the tone of their delivery he reaches for the chair and seats himself.

*
 *
 *

ON THE MAN

...seated across from him, as he lifts his head and looks at Grayson.

VOICE
 Do you know who I am? Why don't you
 light up a cigarette so you can see me?

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Grayson stabs his mouth with a cigarette and flips open an expensive lighter, IGNITING A FLAME. He and we SEE that the man across the table is MICKEY. TWENTY YEARS OLDER NOW. And even more intimidating.

MICKEY FLOOD
 You borrowed thirty two thousand five
 hundred dollars from me and haven't
 paid any of it back yet. Did you think
 I was just going to forget about it?

GRAYSON
 (still smiling; trying
 to set the tone)
 Of course not. It's just...you loaned
 me that money at forty percent
 interest.
 (c'mon guys;
 pleasantly)
 That's illegal, you know.

MICKEY FLOOD
 You accepted it...didn't you?

GRAYSON
 (still smiling)
 I suppose I did.

MICKEY FLOOD

Y'know the guineas charge fifty percent. That's twenty percent more illegal than us.

GRAYSON

Well I would never borrow money from the Italians. They authentically scare me.

MICKEY FLOOD

I don't scare you?

Grayson smiles at Mickey but doesn't answer. From a distance it appears to be the most cordial of conversations.

MICKEY FLOOD

So let me see if I understand your point of view on this. Did you think because it was illegal that you wouldn't have to pay it back?

Grayson looks at him for a LONG MOMENT.

GRAYSON

(pleasantly)

Would you really like to know what I thought, Mr. Flood?

(and then)

I thought, "I'm really grateful to this man for lending me all this money. For giving me the means to fix up my club. Even if it is at a ridiculously high rate of interest. Even if I do have to put up with the way he poses like some important Italian gangster, when in fact he's just...

(his smile grows bigger)

...a little Irish punk.

(and then)

I'm even going to pay him back.

(and then)

When I'm damn good and ready."

...he starts to RISE from the table. A hand belonging to the man sitting next to Mickey reaches out and pulls Grayson back down into the chair...

MICKEY FLOOD

(calm; even)

Tell me you're ready, Mr. Grayson.

Grayson doesn't answer. But his smile is completely gone.

*

MICKEY FLOOD

I don't hear the sounds of readiness yet, so let me try and explain in my little Irish punk way how this works. I need to see ten thousand dollars of my money within the next three days or I'm going to have to ask my associate, Flounder here, to use his gifts of Irish persuasion on you. He's got all these fantastic, modern techniques.

He turns to Flounder, who is still holding Grayson's arm.

MICKEY FLOOD

What's that one you were telling me you were interested in trying? You hog-tie a man, and then you stick your weapon all the way up into the part of him that walks through the door last? And then you just keep pulling the trigger. And if you do it right, you can actually make the bullets travel from deep in his ass, right out of his mouth. Am I describing that accurately?

Flounder NODS. Mickey turns back to Grayson.

MICKEY FLOOD

Just so you know, that too is illegal. I wouldn't want you to feel anyone was trying to pull the wool over your eyes.
(and then; a sudden smile)

That's a nice suit you're wearing. Did I pay for that?

Grayson doesn't answer. Mickey reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small box of matches.

MICKEY FLOOD

What kind of wool is that? That thing is gorgeous.

...and he lights one of the wooden matchsticks, and TOSSES IT ACROSS THE TABLE at...

GRAYSON

...who flinches, as it lands neatly on his lap. And Grayson flicks the match off of himself. Steps on it. Looking for just a second that he might come across the table at Mickey, but just as quickly remembering Flounder is sitting beside him...

MICKEY FLOOD

I bet your wife loves it when you wear a nice suit like that.

(MORE)

MICKEY FLOOD (cont'd) *
 (lighting another *
 match; tossing it) *
 Anne. Her name is Anne...isn't it? *

...and Grayson can't help himself. He makes a move from his *
 chair. But Flounder is right on him. Not letting him move... *

MICKEY FLOOD *
 (calmly, coolly) *
 Pretty. Every time I see her walking up *
 and down Newbury Street I think...damn. *
 That's a good looking woman. And your *
 kids. God you've got cute kids. *
 (he lights another *
 match; tosses it) *
 They go to Saint Agnes...don't they? *

...that match lands again on Grayson. And at the mention of his *
 children, he seethes. And as Flounder continues to hold Grayson *
 in place, Mickey pushes out his chair and rises... *

MICKEY FLOOD *
 (quietly; with a smile) *
 Are you scared yet? *
 (and then) *
 Are you...*authentically* scared? *

...and with that, Flounder releases Grayson's arm and rises as *
 well... *

MICKEY FLOOD *
 (quietly) *
 You Sir, are a poor judge of who you *
 need to fear. *
 (and then) *
 Place looks great, by the way. *

...and with that they TURN. And as they both make their way out *
 of the club...we... *

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FBI BOSTON HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Rudy stands in a SMALL OFFICE, staring out the window at the city below. His head swimming with the reality that he is back in Boston. He notes the Red Sox cap sitting on the desk and can't help but smile. And SUDDENLY, from behind him, he HEARS the SOUND of the OFFICE DOOR OPENING...

DAVIS (O.C.)

So you're Hoover's new crush, huh?

...and Rudy TURNS to DISCOVER...

RICHARD DAVIS

...fifteen years Rudy's senior. This is his office. He talks really quickly.

DAVIS

(extending his hand as
he makes his way to
his desk)

My name's Davis. Richard Davis. You call me Dick and I'll kill you. What's your name boy scout?

RUDY

Rudy. Rudy MacAteer.

The two men shake even though Davis never stops moving...barely gives Rudy a look.

DAVIS

Rudy MacAteer. I'm your supervisor. Welcome to Boston. But don't get too comfortable. You are here for one reason and one reason only. To develop informants. You develop informants and you will win prestige and you will advance in the FBI. Understand?

RUDY

I understand.

DAVIS

You fail to develop informants and you will go back to where you came from--- filing files, filing your nails--- whatever it was you were doing. We on the same wavelength?

RUDY

You're coming in crystal clear, Sir.

DAVIS

Am I?

(and then)

You understand...no one is asking you to go undercover. No one is asking you to hide the fact that you work for the FBI. Your job is to go into the community as an FBI Agent and develop clandestine friendships with members of organized crime for the purpose of gathering information. People who can do that successfully for this Bureau are Rainmakers. You want to be a Rainmaker?

RUDY

Yes Sir, I do.

Davis smiles, but never stops talking. He moves to a series of cubby-holes, pulling sheets of paper out of each one...putting together a packet of information for Rudy...

DAVIS

(his back to Rudy as he snatches sorted pages from each cubby; a bit rote)

Well good. It's good to want things. Not every agent has the knack for it. It can get pretty complicated. But a man who establishes a reputation as a smart informant handler...that guy's gonna hang around.

(finally turning; handing the documents to Rudy)

You need to read and sign all those.

Rudy just looks at him.

DAVIS

You know how to read?

RUDY

Yes.

DAVIS

You know how to sign?

RUDY

Yes.

DAVIS

(starting out of the room; indicating Rudy should follow)

That Hoover sure can pick 'em.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. BOSTON BUREAU HALLWAY - DAY

...Davis leading. Rudy a step or two behind...

DAVIS

The one thing you gotta remember is, J. Edgar's obsessed with the bureau's public image. FBI agents, above all else, are never to shame the FBI. So you gotta be careful...you don't want to sponsor an informant until you are certain that the potential informant can be operated without danger of embarrassment. You got that?

RUDY

No. Say it slower...wouldya?

...and Davis SUDDENLY STOPS, and turns and looks back at his new recruit. Rudy smiles a "fuck you" grin. And without comment, Davis turns and continues walking, as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. A DARKENED BUREAU OFFICE - DAY

A MUG SHOT SLIDE SHOW in progress. One criminal's face after another hits the screen for five seconds...

DAVIS

You know any of these people?

...after five seconds Davis drops another slide into the machine and pushes it into view as the machine spits out the previous slide...

ON RUDY

...sitting silently. Studying the faces. Coming up blank.

DAVIS (O.C.)

I don't hear anything. We ringing any bells here? I'm already moving from the people we actually care about to the small timers.

*
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*

ON THE SCREEN

...as the cavalcade of faces continues. And SUDDENLY MICKEY'S FACE appears...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as RUDY suddenly lights up...

RUDY
I think I know *him*.

...and AFTER A MOMENT, Davis walks into the path of the projector's beam and turns to Mickey---

DAVIS
This guy? Mickey Flood?

RUDY
(a small smile)
Yeah. That's him. Mickey Flood. Rhymes with Blood.

DAVIS
(a shrug)
That's it? You know *him*?
(and then)
We brought you all the way back to Boston because you know Mickey Flood?

RUDY
What's the matter? Doesn't he count?

DAVIS
Maybe. Barely. He's not even Italian. Spends about as much time in jail as he does out on the streets. Almost a joke. Not someone I would have picked for you.

RUDY
Well...you showed me his picture. I didn't show it to you.
(and then)
I'm just telling you who I know.

DAVIS
You know, he's crazy.
(and then)
I mean, they're all crazy...but he's supposed to be nuttier than most.
(and then)
And he hates the Italians.

RUDY
So is that good? Is he...good? For us, I mean?

DAVIS

I don't know.
 (and then)
 I guess we'll find out.

*
 *

INT. A BOSTON DINER - DAY

...as the men sit across from each other eating sandwiches and drinking coffee...

DAVIS

Just so we're clear, the informant...
 (lowering his voice)
 ...and this is especially true with somebody like Flood...they have to understand the nature of the agreement we're making here. It is strictly tit for tat. They give us something...then we'll give them something. And the something we give them...this is where you really get to put to the test your skills as a student of human behavior.

RUDY

(what did you say?)
 I don't think I understand.

DAVIS

Well ponder it a minute. We're the FBI. We can't be doing favors for criminals. We're here to arrest criminals. He shouldn't expect us to protect him. Not from his enemies. Not from arrest. Not from prosecution. In fact, if he actually does agree to become an informant...you need to discourage him from committing any more acts of violence. Any more crimes period.

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Rudy just looks at him.

RUDY

But that doesn't make any sense. The whole reason he's of value to us is because he hears things. He's on the inside. He's a professional criminal.
 (and then)
 You want me to get information from a professional criminal and at the same time ask him to stop being a professional criminal?

DAVIS

I told you. This job is a real challenge.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

...as the two men make their way back to the Bureau and continue their conversation...

RUDY

So how do we do this?

DAVIS

We don't do this. *You* do this. You go to this punk Flood. You develop or re-develop a friendship with him and when you feel the time is right, you offer him a proposition.

*
*
*
*

RUDY

But how do I find him? I just walk around the city and hope to run into him?

Davis SIGHS and STOPS. Turns to face Rudy.

DAVIS

You just told me you knew him.

RUDY

Knew him. Like twenty years ago. We were kids.

*
*

DAVIS

Well I don't know what to tell you, Genius. You're supposed to be from the neighborhood. Where do guys like Mickey go, where you could go, where you could remake his acquaintance? That's what you've got to figure out.

...and with that, Davis TURNS and continues to WALK, leaving Rudy standing there on the sidewalk to puzzle that out, as we...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

JESUS CHRIST IN STAINED GLASS

...as ORGAN MUSIC fills the TRACK. And we TILT DOWN QUICKLY to REVEAL that we are in an INNER-CITY IRISH CATHOLIC CHURCH.

ON RUDY

...standing with the Deacons towards the back, doing his best to scan the faces of everyone making their way inside. And then...something catches his eye...

MICKEY

...making his way down the aisle, his MOTHER on his arm. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A PRIEST

...offering Communion. There are two lines, both winding down the center aisle of the Church. Rudy is in one line. Mickey is in the other. Rudy looks over and catches Mickey's eye and smiles. Smiles at Mickey's mother as well. Mickey glowers back.

EXT. A CHURCH COURTYARD - DAY

...after Church coffee and donuts on the lawn. And we watch, as Mickey leads his mother outside towards the table of treats. And SUDDENLY Rudy appears.

RUDY

Mr. Flood? Forgive me for intruding.
It's been a very long time.
(offering his hand to
shake)

My name is Rudy MacAteer. You saved my
life years and years ago.

MICKEY'S MOTHER

(beaming)
Oh my goodness. You hear that, Mickey?
This boy says you saved his life.

Mickey just stares at Rudy. He clearly has no recollection. The SILENCE sits there for a moment.

RUDY

(breaking the silence)
It was like twenty years ago. Older
kids were shaking me down. Up on your
roof. You came up and read them the
riot act. It made a huge difference.
Nobody ever laid a glove on me after
that.

Mickey still doesn't appear to remember.

RUDY

Anyway, I'm all grown up now. I'm back home. And I just wanted to thank you.

Mickey takes another measured moment to study Rudy. Then... finally...

MICKEY FLOOD

(slowly; softly)
You're welcome, Kid. You're welcome.

...and then, seeing the look of pride on his mother's face...

MICKEY FLOOD

So you doing okay? You making ends meet?

(the coup de grace)
You need a job?

RUDY

No. I'm great. I'm doing great. I...I have a job.

MICKEY'S MOTHER

Really? What do you do?

Rudy hesitates. Looks from Mickey's Mother to Mickey. Realizes there's no avoiding this...

RUDY

(to Mickey's mother;
with pride)
Actually...I'm with the FBI.

And the smile on Mickey's Mother's face disappears. And Mickey looks at Rudy like he just shit on the lawn. Reaches over. Takes his mother's arm. And walks away. And Rudy just stands there. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

LEONARD GRAYSON

...sitting at a conference table, his face is badly bruised and he is missing several teeth. He looks anxious. *

GRAYSON

He manhandled me. Threatened my life. *
He wants ten thousand dollars by the *
end of the week. And then there's the *
matter of the forty percent interest. *
That's usury...isn't it? That's against *
the law. I mean... *everything I'm* *
telling you is against the law. *

(MORE)

GRAYSON (cont'd)
 (looking across the
 table)
 What are my options here, Gentlemen?

ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL that we are in an FBI CONFERENCE ROOM. Richard Davis and ANOTHER FBI OPERATIVE are seated across from Grayson and another gentleman we will come to learn is Grayson's lawyer. Davis looks pained and doesn't answer immediately, as if weighing how to say what he's about to say. And at that exact moment....

RUDY

...COMES THROUGH the CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR and quickly moves towards the chair next to Davis...

RUDY
 Sorry I'm late...

DAVIS
 (making the
 introductions)
 This is agent MacAteer. This is Mr.
 Leonard Grayson. His attorney, Mr.
 Weisfeld.
 (and then; to Rudy)
 Mr. Grayson was just filling us in on
 an encounter he had with your boyhood
 chum, Mr. Mickey Flood. *

GRAYSON
 (to Davis)
 You were about to discuss "options". I
 do have options...don't I?

DAVIS
 (nodding)
 Three of them, the way I see it.
 (and then)
 Number one---you could pay him back.

Grayson just stares at him incredulously.

DAVIS
 Two. You could move to a foreign
 country. *

GRAYSON
 And why would I do that?

DAVIS
 Because then maybe he wouldn't kill
 you.

Grayson says nothing. Just stares at Davis. Clearly shocked to hear this said aloud.

GRAYSON

Would I still have to pay back the money?

DAVIS

(you're not serious)

Excuse me?

GRAYSON

The money almost certainly comes from ill gotten gains. I think we can all agree on that. I just don't think... given all the sacrifices you would be asking me to make...to my own safety... to my family's safety...that I should have to pay anything back. That would be a big sticking point with me.

He turns and looks back at his attorney. The attorney offers a nod of agreement.

DAVIS

...turns and looks at Rudy. They share an incredulous gaze with each other. As we...

CUT TO:

INT. BUREAU HALLWAY - DAY

...as Davis, trailed by the other FBI OPERATIVE and Rudy make their way into the hallway from the conference room. DAVIS MOVING QUICKLY and with a sense of purpose...

DAVIS

(to the associate)

Let's go pick up Mickey Flood.

RUDY

(trying to keep up)

Wait. You can't do that. I'm still working him.

DAVIS

You're not working him. You told me he walked away from you.

RUDY

Yeah. But I'm not done. I'm just getting started.

DAVIS

Oh. I think you're done.

INT. DAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY

...as Davis makes his way through the door, Rudy right on his tail...

RUDY

You have to give me more time.

DAVIS

I don't have to give you a thing.
Someone is offering up the head of a
known gangster on a plate.

*
*
*

RUDY

Yeah...but is he worth more behind
bars...or working for us?

DAVIS

Kind of a moot point, given your frosty
reception.

RUDY

Hey...that was my first attempt. I just
have to come up with a new approach.

DAVIS

A new *approach*? I don't think so. I
think you need to be a different
person, and he needs to be a different
person. And since that's not going to
happen...

RUDY

C'mon, Sir. You're cutting me off at
the knees...

DAVIS

Really? You? And what about Grayson?
Talk about cutting a guy off at the
knees. What do I do with him? I just
told him he was safe. That he had
twenty four hour protection. I just
told him and his attorney we had a
deal.

*
*
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*

RUDY

Well honor it.

(and then)

For the moment.

(and then)

Protect him. Make sure he doesn't get
killed. Just...don't bring Mickey in.

(and then)

Not yet.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

RUDY

...PULLING OPEN a HUGE WOODEN DOOR, and making his way into...

INT. THE IRISH CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Empty. It is the DEAD OF NIGHT, and the giant sanctuary has a very different feel with its stained glass dimmed and the absence of lit candles on the altar. Rudy makes his way inside tentatively, and after a moment makes out the dim outline of a lone man sitting in a pew.

ON RUDY

...as he makes his way down the aisle, focusing on the back of the man's head as it draws closer and closer. He stops just short of him.

RUDY

Mr. Flood. Thank you for agreeing to see me.

...and it takes a moment, but FINALLY Flood turns around slightly, propping his elbow up on the back of the pew and looking at Rudy with contempt.

MICKEY FLOOD

Eat me G-Man. I'm here cause you called my Mother. You ever call my Mother again, I'll kill you. Now what do you want?

Rudy slides into the pew behind Flood.

RUDY

I have a proposition for you. Kind of an insurance policy.

MICKEY FLOOD

An FBI Man who sells insurance. That makes you the lowest form of life, Kid.

RUDY

(ignoring him)

The Bureau is committed to bringing down the La Cosa Nostra. That comes from Washington. From the top. And the way they want to do it is with inside information. And I'm thinking maybe you can help us with that.

Mickey starts to smile. He is clearly amused.

MICKEY FLOOD

And why would I want to help you? With *anything*?

RUDY

(a shrug; it's obvious)
Mafia's your competition. And we're
going to do away with them. The more we
know, the better we can do that. And
that's good for both of us.

MICKEY FLOOD

(facetiously)
Cause once you're done with them,
you're not going to come after me.
(and then)
So what do I get?

RUDY

I just told you.

MICKEY FLOOD

That's it? The unlikely possibility
that you might put a dent in the Mafia?
That's my vig for becoming an FBI
snitch?

RUDY

What would you like?

He thinks for A LONG MOMENT...actually seems to be taking the
question seriously.

MICKEY FLOOD

(breaking the silence)
I'd like some protection.
(and then)
I'd like to know that in return for me
sticking my neck out for you, that you
would be willing to stick your neck out
for me.

RUDY

(he truly doesn't
understand)
In what way?

MICKEY FLOOD

Use your imagination.

Rudy hesitates a moment. He can't imagine such a thing.

RUDY

Look...I've been told specifically that
I can't promise to protect you from
arrest or prosecution. In fact, I'm
supposed to discourage you from
committing any acts of violence...
planning any crimes...pretty much
anything and everything criminal.

Mickey LAUGHS.

MICKEY FLOOD

That's a helluva deal, Kid. Why would I take that?

Rudy doesn't answer. He can't think of a reason.

MICKEY FLOOD

You went to college...didn't you?

(and then)

You know how I know? You have that stupid, satisfied, "I know everything" look on your face that people who went to college get. That "I could be anything I want to be" look.

(and then)

Well look at me. You see what I am? I've known I'm gonna be this my whole life. Only I'm not satisfied. I want more. I want to wear nice clothes. I want to have guys around me who know what they're doing and aren't just looking for their next drink. I want to *matter*.

(and then)

You gonna help me do that?

Rudy just looks at him. Doesn't say anything. Doesn't know what to say.

MICKEY FLOOD

(after a moment; a small smile)

Y'know when I was kid...I'd walk to the North End. See if I could pass for Italian. Tell people my name was Ronzoni. Like the Spaghetti. See if I could get anyone to believe it.

(and then)

You think you can help me *get* more?

RUDY

(clearly at a loss)

Like I told you...I can't protect you from...

MICKEY FLOOD

(cutting him off)

You know what your problem is? You're too clean. I don't have anything on you. I can't leverage you. Come back to me when you're dirty. Come back to me when you want something you can't have. Then maybe we'll have something to talk about.

He reaches over. Shoves a piece of paper into Rudy's breast pocket with his phone number on it.

MICKEY FLOOD
And call me directly next time.

EXT. SUBURBAN MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE - NIGHT

...as a FRONT DOOR opens and Davis, dressed in pajamas and a bathrobe looks at us through the screen door...

DAVIS
(SOFTLY; not wanting
to disturb anyone
inside)
It's after eleven o'clock at night.
What's so effing important it couldn't
hold until morning?

ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL Rudy standing on DAVIS' PORCH. He looks beaten.

RUDY
He laughed at me.
(and then; a shrug;
pulling a piece of
paper out of his
pocket)
Although he did give me his phone
number.

He shows it to Davis.

DAVIS
Well that's great. You can't turn
him...but maybe you can date him.

RUDY
You gotta help me. I can't figure out
how to make this deal work for him. He
thinks the whole proposition is
idiotic.

Davis OPENS the screen door, and makes his way outside. Sits on his front step and lights up a cigarette. Rudy sits down beside him...

DAVIS
How 'bout we do this the old fashioned
way? I'll just haul him in. Grayson
will testify against him. It's one less
criminal on the street.

RUDY
(shaking his head)
I promised Hoover I could turn guys
like Flood.

DAVIS
 You didn't promise Hoover. You promised
 me. And I'll get over it. At the end of
 the day, Mickey Flood is not that a big
 of a deal.

*
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*

...and from INSIDE THE HOUSE...

*

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
 Richard? You coming back to bed?

DAVIS
 (CALLING BACK)
*Yeah. I'll be there in a couple of
 minutes!*

RUDY
 You get Mickey Flood off the street and
 the next day eight guys scramble to
 take his place. You get Mickey Flood on
 the payroll and the next day maybe the
 whole world is different.

*
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*

Davis SMILES.

DAVIS
 You are such a boy scout. You said that
 with such conviction.

RUDY
 (a smile of his own)
 You don't understand. This boy scout
 can't work a desk again.

...and with that, Rudy reaches over and steals Davis's
 cigarette from his mouth and takes a puff, luxuriating in the
 nicotine kick. And as he hands it back to Davis...we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

...as Rudy climbs the steps to the front door...

INT. RUDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

...and makes his way up the stairs to the fourth floor,
 clutching his mail under his arm...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and as he turns the corner towards his apartment, he SEES
 something and FREEZES...

ON BARBRA

...sitting on a suitcase, waiting for him outside his door.

BARBRA
Nice neighborhood.
(she looks behind her)
Nice hallway.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and it takes a moment. At first Rudy looks nonplussed. But then...slowly...he starts to smile...

RUDY
Hi...

BARBRA
(genuinely relieved)
Oh my God. You're smiling. I'm so happy
that you're smiling.

He takes a step towards her...

RUDY
You...are the first piece of good news
I've had all day.
(and then)
You want to come in?

She looks up at him and NODS.

ON RUDY

...and as he makes his way past her towards the door, she TAKES HIS HAND. He stabs the locks with his key and opens the door. And as she RISES from her suitcase and disappears inside...

CUT TO:

INT. RUDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

...as the two of them lie naked in the half light on Rudy's bed. They have clearly just had sex, and are still in each other's embrace, each looking past the other, their heads nestled in the others shoulder.

RUDY
(staring off)
It's so much harder than I thought it
would be. It's all so much more
complicated.

BARBRA
I don't understand.

RUDY
 (pulling back; looking
 at her)
 Well basically...my job is to make
 friends with the bad guys.

...Barbra looks at him for a moment. Starts to laugh. It *sounds*
 ridiculous. Rudy laughs too.

BARBRA
 But...do you like it?

RUDY
 I do.
 (and then)
 I mean...I haven't had any success
 yet...

BARBRA
 No bad guys want to be your friend? No
 bad guys want to play with you?

RUDY
 Not yet. But other FBI agents have
 figured this out. I gotta believe I
 will too. I just...I could use a little
 luck.

Barbra reacts slightly when she hears the word "luck".

BARBRA
 Speaking of luck...
 (this is hard)
 ...I came here to tell you something.

...and before she does...we...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE "GATEWAY" - DAY

...a GIANT BANNER proclaims that this is "BOSTON'S BIGGEST AND
 NEWEST SUPERMARKET". And as we CRANE DOWN from on-high, we
 can't help but notice a familiar figure...

ON MICKEY

...making his way from the parking lot towards the GLEAMING NEW
 "ULTRA MODERN" SUPERMARKET. He is followed by three others
 including Flounder; all of them dressed in a way so as to not
 call attention to themselves. FAMILY MEN out for a night of
 shopping. And as they approach...

THE DOUBLE GLASS FRONT DOORS

...Mickey does a bit of a STUTTER STEP as he steps on a black mat and the doors OPEN by themselves with a WHOOSH. He has clearly never seen this before and it makes him smile.

MICKEY FLOOD
(almost to himself)
I love the future...

O'TOOLE
(as he makes his way
through the door)
I don't know. I worry a little about
men from outer space...

INT. THE GATEWAY - DAY

...as Mickey and his cronies make their way into the store--- Mickey's face lighting up like a kid's at Christmas as he takes in....

CASH REGISTER

...AFTER CASH REGISTER, check-out aisle after check-out aisle. Over twenty in all. All of them open. And all of them taking in bundles of cash. The store is clearly the newest and best of its kind and it is packed with customers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and we watch as Mickey and his cronies make their way deeper into the store, watching money changing hands at...

THE BAKERY COUNTER

...which is clearly a gold mine...

THE DELI COUNTER

...where people are lined up five deep...

THE BUTCHER COUNTER

...the scene of controlled bedlam, as customers hand over cash and The Butchers hand over butcher paper wrapped meats.

ON MICKEY

...taking it all in FROM A DISTANCE.

MICKEY FLOOD
This place is a mint

And SUDDENLY his expression changes as he SPOTS something. And he silently indicates that the others should turn and head out of the store. And as they do...we...

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*

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - DAY

As Mickey and his henchmen open the car doors and seat themselves in the vehicle...Flounder behind the wheel, Mickey riding shotgun. And as they pull out of the parking lot and onto the Main Road...

*
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*

MICKEY FLOOD

Nobody else noticed the four Goombas standing fifteen feet away from us casing the same store we were?

FLOUNDER

No.

NEELY

Uh-uh...

*
*

O'TOOLE

I didn't see anything.

*
*

FLOUNDER

Alright. Not the end of the world. What day you think they're planning on hitting it?

*

MICKEY FLOOD

Probably Friday. Just like us. They know Friday's the biggest day and night in the Grocery business. Friday gives you the biggest haul. They probably even have the same armored car schedule we have.

FLOUNDER

So we'll hit it on Thursday.

But Mickey just shakes his head. Something on his mind.

MICKEY FLOOD

No. I don't want to do that.

(and then)

Leave it to the Dagos. No need to be greedy. There's enough Boston for both of us.

(and then)

For the moment.

...and we...

CUT TO:

A PORTER

...with a cleaning kit on wheels is dusting off the back-most pews of the church and listening to the baseball game on a TRANSISTOR RADIO. He is completely unaware of Rudy. Completely lost in his work.

ON RUDY

...suddenly seeming to know there are no answers here tonight. And he slowly RISES from the kneeling bar, standing up straight. And the PORTER finally SEES HIM. Switches off the radio quickly.

PORTER

Sorry, Sir. I didn't know you were in here. Didn't mean to disturb you.

RUDY

It's okay.
(the sad truth)
You didn't disturb a thing...

...and with that, Rudy TURNS and make his way back up the aisle and towards the door, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RUDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

*

...the two of them in bed. And THROUGH the DARKNESS we can see that Barbra is FAST ASLEEP. Rudy lies WIDE AWAKE staring at the ceiling. And we...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. BOSTON DINER - DAY

...as once again Rudy and Davis sit across from each other. A waitress is setting down soup and a sandwich in front of Davis, who smiles up at her...

DAVIS
Thank you, Honey...

...the waitress SMILES back and puts a sandwich in front of Rudy, who says nothing. Just stares into space.

DAVIS
(after a moment)
He says "thank you" too...

...and as she smiles and moves to another table...

DAVIS
(to Rudy)
Hey. You gotta relax a little bit. I got news for you. Mickey Flood is not worth twisting yourself into a pretzel over.

RUDY
(looking up)
I wasn't even thinking about Mickey Flood.
(and then; leaning forward; lowering his voice)
I can't get married.

DAVIS
Sure you can. It's easy. Guy's do it every day. The trick is to do it quickly.
(he puts his hands on his stomach)
Before your situation gets out of hand.

RUDY
No. I can't.
(and then)
She's a kid.
(and then)
I'm still pretty much a kid.
(and then)
It would be awful.
(and then)
And I come from awful. I can't be the author of that.

DAVIS

(now he leans forward)
I'm gonna let you in on a deep, dark, secret. It's always awful. For everybody. It may not start that way. But that's where the train always stops. So make your peace with it.

RUDY

No. I'm not putting a kid through what I went through.

(and then)

I don't think we even really love each other.

*

*

DAVIS

I think that's besides the point given your current predicament.

RUDY

But it's not. It doesn't have to be. I mean, my God, it's 1961.

(and then)

They have *things* for this.

DAVIS

What are you talking about? What kind of *things*?

RUDY

I don't know. I was hoping maybe you did.

(and then; carefully)

I was hoping maybe...you could point me towards someone who could...

(how to say it?)

...take care of this for us.

Davis just looks at him.

DAVIS

(surprised)

She's willing to do that?

RUDY

I haven't asked her.

(and then)

Not yet.

(and then)

But c'mon. It's 1961.

Davis just stares at him for a moment.

DAVIS

Wow. I guess you're not quite the Boy Scout I thought you were.

(MORE)

DAVIS (cont'd)
 (and then; carefully)
 Sorry kid. Not an area where I can be
 of help. And by the way, seeing as how
 you're part of J. Edgar Hoover's FBI, I
 should remind you, that what you're
 talking about is against the law.

...and as Davis starts eating his sandwich furiously...we...

CUT TO:

INT. A BOSTON BINGO PARLOR - NIGHT

...as Mickey makes his way INSIDE, his Mother on his arm. The
 place is filled with older men and women. A pot luck display of
 snacks and drinks sit on several make-shift Bridge Tables.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Mickey sets up his mother in what appears to be her
 favorite seat, and signals to someone we cannot see that she is
 here and to keep an eye on her. He smiles and chats easily with
 some of the other older people. Once she is settled, he
 crouches down beside her...

MICKEY FLOOD
 I got a little business meeting. I'll
 come back for you in a couple of hours.

MICKEY'S MOTHER
 What kind of meeting? It's eight thirty
 at night. You work too hard.

MICKEY FLOOD
 (a kiss on the
 forehead)
 That's me. I'm your hard working baby
 boy...

...and as he RISES and TURNS to go...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. THE CELTIC CORNER - NIGHT

THREE OR FOUR MIDDLE AGED MEN sit and drink. A LONE BARTENDER
 is behind the bar.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Mickey WALKS IN and quickly SCANS the place...

MICKEY FLOOD
 Sorry folks. The round you're drinking?
 That's on me. But I need you to finish
 (MORE)

*

*

*

MICKEY FLOOD (cont'd)
up. We gotta private party coming in
here.

Mickey TURNS and looks at the Bartender...

MICKEY FLOOD
Fifteen minutes. Then you got the night
off...

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. THE CELTIC CORNER (LATER) - NIGHT

*

...the place is now EMPTY. And we watch as Mickey walks to the
front door and LOCKS IT. And a moment later he walks to...

THE BACK DOOR

...and UNLOCKS it and pulls it OPEN to REVEAL...

RUDY

...looking incredibly uncomfortable...

RUDY
We alone?

MICKEY FLOOD
Completely.
(he turns and starts
back into the bar)
You want a drink?

RUDY
(closing the back door
behind him)
No. Thank you. I don't drink.
(and then; moving into
the bar area where
Mickey is pouring
himself a whiskey)
So...can you actually help me with the
matter we discussed on the phone?

MICKEY FLOOD
Of course I can. I saved your life
once. I'm happy to do it again.

He hands Rudy a business card.

MICKEY FLOOD
You have her give this Doctor a call.
He's expecting to hear from her.

Rudy stares at the card for a long moment.

RUDY
Thank you. I appreciate this.
(and then; realizing
there's nothing more
to say)
Let me get out of your hair.

...and he starts towards the back door...

MICKEY FLOOD
(calling after him)
HEY! MCDAGO! WE'RE NOT DONE.

Rudy FREEZES.

MICKEY FLOOD
So tell me again about how we would
work together. About how I can have my
very own G-Man.
(almost gleeful)
Sell me some insurance, kid.

*
*
*
*
*

Rudy turns back to him.

RUDY
I didn't think you were interested.

MICKEY FLOOD
(a smile; clearly
enjoying this)
Well I wasn't. But now that you're
dirty...now that you're willing to
commit a mortal sin...I'm kinda
intrigued.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. BUREAU HALLWAY - DAY

...as Davis makes his way down the hall, lunch bag in one hand,
newspaper tucked under his arm.

DAVIS
(nodding to an agent
heading in the
opposite direction)
Morning...

*
*
*
*

INT. DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

...as Davis comes through the door, and STOPS DEAD in his
tracks to DISCOVER...

RUDY

...sitting in Davis' chair. He's clearly been there a little while, waiting for Davis...

RUDY

(after a moment)

I want to register Mickey Flood in the FBI informant's program.

DAVIS

(clearly shocked)

You're kidding me.

RUDY

(rising; offering
Davis his own chair)

I kid you not. Oh. And by the way? La Cosa Nostra is hitting the big, new, Gateway supermarket Friday night. I have most of the details.

DAVIS

(passing Rudy as he
makes his way to his
chair)

No you don't...

RUDY

I'm afraid I do.

(as Davis sits; Rudy
leaning across the
desk; lowering his
voice)

But before I can give you these details, I need you to do something for me. But nobody can ever know I asked. And nobody can ever know you did it.

Davis looks at him.

RUDY

I need you to take the 24 hour protection off of Grayson. Just for 15 minutes. A scheduling snafu. One shift ends at nine. The next shift gets there twenty minutes late.

Davis says nothing. Just stares at Rudy for what seems like an eternity. And as Davis ponders...we HEAR MUSIC from somewhere unseen...

JOHNNY MATHIS (O.C.)

Chances are...

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. THE GATEWAY SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

...as the last customer's car leaves the parking lot. And the
giant lights that illuminate the lot SHUT OFF ONE BY ONE...

*
*

JOHNNY MATHIS (O.C.)

Though I wear a silly grin...

EXT. RUDY'S CAR - NIGHT

...Rudy behind the wheel, Barbra seated beside him, crying. Her
face painted with fear. Her arm entwined in his as they make
their way through night-time Suburban Massachusetts...

JOHNNY MATHIS

The moment you come into view...

...and pull up in front of...

EXT. A DOCTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

...a sign identifying his practice sits in the middle of the
front lawn.

JOHNNY MATHIS

*Chances are you think that I'm in love
with you.*

And as Rudy helps Barbra out of the car...we...

SHOCK CUT TO;

EXT. THE GATEWAY SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

...we watch as through the darkness, tens of FBI agents
carrying Sub-Machine Guns assume positions on rooftops
surrounding the market...

*
*
*

JOHNNY MATHIS

*Just because...
My composure sort of slips...*

...and as they do...we...

CUT TO:

*

INT. THE CELTIC CORNER - NIGHT

*

...which is PACKED WITH PEOPLE. And Mickey Flood GLANCES AT HIS WATCH, NODS to Flounder who sits drinking in a booth across the way. And the two men RISE FROM THEIR SEATS and...

JOHNNY MATHIS

The moment that your lips meet mine.

...make their way OUT THE DOOR...

EXT. THE GATEWAY SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

...as AN ARMORED TRUCK sits and waits in the darkened parking lot. And we watch as two armed guards carry out bags of money from the GATEWAY and make their way towards the TRUCK. And just before they reach their vehicle...

JOHNNY MATHIS

Chances are you think...

...MAFIA SOLDIERS storm out of hiding with Tommy Guns of their own, charging the...

ARMORED CAR

...whose doors SUDDENLY FLY OPEN revealing G-MEN, armed to the teeth, who begin FIRING at their attackers, mowing them down in a hail of gunfire.

*
*
*

JOHNNY MATHIS

That I'm your Valentine.

...even as...

EXT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

...Rudy helps a heavily drugged Barbra back to the car.

JOHNNY MATHIS

*In the magic of moonlight.
When I sigh, "Hold me close, dear".*

...even as...

AN EBULLIENT DAVIS

...slaps handcuffs on yet another Mobster....

JOHNNY MATHIS

*Chances are...
You believe the stars...*

...and throws him into a PADDY WAGON.

JOHNNY MATHIS
*That fill the skies...
Are in my eyes.*

...even as...

RUDY

...helps Barbra through the door to his apartment...

JOHNNY MATHIS
Guess you'll feel you'll always be...

EXT. GRAYSON'S SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

...as Grayson WALKS OUT OF HIS CLUB...

JOHNNY MATHIS
The one and only one for me.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and makes his way to his car and slips into his front seat.

JOHNNY MATHIS
And, if you think you could...

...and he is just about to stab the ignition with a key...

JOHNNY MATHIS
Well chances are, your chances are...

...when MICKEY FLOOD rises from the back seat and throws a garrote over his head and around his throat...

JOHNNY MATHIS
Awfully good.

...and CHOKES HIM TO DEATH WITH ENORMOUS PLEASURE...

MICKEY FLOOD
(as he tightens the
garrote)
Are you authentically scared yet?

...and we...

*
*
*
*
*

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. RUDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...as Rudy LOWERS Barbra into bed. And just as he does THE PHONE RINGS.

RUDY
(grabbing the phone; a
whisper)
Hello?

DAVIS (O.C.)
Talk about making a splash. You are J.
Edgar's new poster boy, Boy Scout.

RUDY
(dazed)
Who is this?

DAVIS (O.C.)
It's Davis, Sleeping Beauty. And tell
your new best friend Mickey Flood, we
intend to take great care of him. Just
keep those tips coming.

*
*
*
*

RUDY
(muted; not sure how
to respond)
Oh. Okay. I will.

...and he lowers the phone. Stands there in the dark for a long
moment.

BARBRA
(woozy; BREAKING THE
SILENCE)
Who's that?

RUDY
No one. You rest. I'm going out for a
couple of minutes.

...and as he makes his way out of the bedroom...we...

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER BOSTON BAR - NIGHT

...as the door to the bar OPENS. And Rudy walks in. The place
is fairly empty. Rudy makes his way over and sits at the bar. A
moment later the barkeep walks over...

BARKEEP
Evening. What can I get you?

ON RUDY

...as he looks up. His head spinning.

RUDY
I have no idea. What would you suggest?

...and we...

CUT TO BLACK

THE END