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WATERFRONT (11 Roles)
Pilot
Warner Bros. for CBS
UNION

Executive Producer: Jack Orman
Director: Richard J. Lewis
Writer: Jack Orman
Casting Directors: Laura Schiff & Carrie Audino
Casting Associate: Josh Einsohn + TBD
NY Casting: Meg Simon
Start Date: March 6, 2006
Location: Providence, RI

SUBMIT ELECTRONICALLY
OR
HARDCOPY SUBMISSIONS TO:

LAURA SCHIFF & CARRIE AUDINO
4000 WARNER BLVD.
BLDG. 17, ROOM 104
BURBANK, CA 91522

NY SUBMISSIONS TO:

MEG SIMON
WARNER BROS. TELEVISION NY
1325 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS
32ND FLOOR
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

CAST:

JOE PANTOLIANO (JAMES "JIMMY" CENTRELLA)

To download the script, go to www.screenplayonline.com and use script key code: 217water15

[PAUL BRENNAN] As the Attorney General of Providence and Colette's boss, this attractive, 39 year old was born into wealth and privilege a la The Kennedys, but we get the feeling he would have gotten to this point of power without it because he's got strong convictions. Often on opposing sides with Jimmy, the two have an adversarial relationship that remains strangely respectful and pragmatic. Though he will never admit this on record, Brennan believes in Jimmy and is rooting for him in his own way, while remaining true to his own values and sense of justice in the process...SERIES REGULAR (14)

[MARCUS ROBINETTE] This driven, regal, intelligent 27 year old African American man who, in Chicago, almost got an independent candidate elected to Congress, is hand-picked by Jimmy to become the new deputy mayor of Providence and publicly ambushed into accepting the job. From their first clandestine meeting, Marcus is in way over his head, never quite certain whether he's working for a criminal or an effective, caring leader...SERIES REGULAR (1)

[GREG DARCY] Late 30s. This good-looking, confident, man-of-the-people Detective works with Brennan on the hit and run trial and can't help but respect Jimmy's attempted coup during the city council meeting. He and Brennan are also pals outside the job, and play on a sports team together...SERIES REGULAR (14)

[HEATHER CENTRELLA] Late 30s. Jimmy's attractive wife, she's "less of a trophy and more of a treasure." She's good for him, and he knows it; she's a solid, grounding presence in his life of political turmoil, completely unrattled by his temperament or behavior...SERIES REGULAR

[COLETTE CENTRELLA] At 28, this intelligent, pretty prosecutor at the Attorney General's office is Jimmy's oldest daughter from a previous marriage. Though stubborn, compassionate, smart, and able to hold her own just fine, her father's shadow sometimes casts an embarrassing pall over her role. Jimmy respects her job even if he's sometimes working at cross-purposes to it. There may or may not be a romantic link between her and Brennan...SERIES REGULAR (16)

[ANNABEL MARKS] Though technically Jimmy's step-daughter, 16 year old Annabel is cut from the same cloth

as Jimmy: smart, pretty, and sometimes calculating, she's got a sharp-tongue and a taste for one-upmanship. To get a rise out of Jimmy, she pastes bumper stickers with politically opposing ideas on her car, and even tricks him into accepting a subpoena. She's not malicious -- just hurting from her bio-dad's abandonment, and testing the waters to make sure Jimmy loves her...SERIES REGULAR (11)

[LIVVY CENTRELLA] This cute, smart well beyond her years 7 year old girl is Jimmy's youngest daughter, from his marriage to Heather...SERIES REGULAR (10)

[THOMAS PORTER] 45-55. This formidable, educated, WASPy power player publishes the Providence Post, the newspaper that printed the name of the hit and run trial's witness and resulted in her death. He felt the name was already public knowledge and despises Jimmy's supposed censorship of free speech. He hates everything that Jimmy stands for...RECURRING (22)

[CHUCK GRABOWSKI] 45-55. The Police Chief that Jimmy is determined to oust, he is no fool, and knows that he needs leverage to secure his position; leverage he finds in the form of Annabel's drug possession. He's got a thick body from head to toe...RECURRING (24)

[SAL TROVETTELLI] 50-65. This tough Mob boss has got a guy placed on ex-deputy mayor Vince's grand jury, but that may not be enough to continue his alliance with Jimmy, who has already given Sal's guys plenty of city jobs and won't cross any more lines than he has to...RECURRING

[VINCENT DINARDO] 40s. The charismatic, likeable, indicted deputy mayor, he is Jimmy's confident, friend and ex-colleague. He is convinced he'll beat all charges. Though their kids and wives get along well, and he was the best man at Jimmy's wedding, Vincent took one too many bribes while in office and Jimmy is ready to cut him loose for the grand jury to handle, thus ending a decades-long friendship...RECURRING (36)

STORY LINE: Providence, Rhode Island--a city founded and renewed by rogues--a 21st century New England Dodge City--and setting of this ensemble drama of interconnected characters and relationships. The eccentric and dynamic Mayor pushes his political agenda, including the ousting of the City Chief of Police, while embroiled in scandal and the cloak of corruption. One of the Mayor's three daughters works for the Attorney General, who has a gun stolen from his house which is used in the murder of a witness whose name was printed in the newspaper...

Waterfront

"Pilot"

Written By

Jack Orman

Character Guide

James "Jimmy" Centrella -- Mayor of Providence, Rhode Island.

Paul Brennan -- Attorney General, State of Rhode Island.

Marcus Robinette -- Soon-to-be Deputy Mayor.

Greg Darcy -- Detective in the State Police.

Heather Centrella -- Jimmy's wife.

Colette Centrella -- Jimmy's oldest daughter (from first marriage), Prosecutor in Attorney General's office.

Annabel Marks -- Jimmy's teenage step-daughter.

Livvy Centrella -- Jimmy's youngest daughter (from Heather).

Thomas Porter -- Owner/Editor of the Providence Post.

Chuck Grabowski -- City Chief of Police.

Sal Trovettelli -- Organized crime boss.

Vincent DiNardo -- Former Deputy Mayor, awaiting indictment.

Robert Lewis -- Prosecutor in Attorney General's Office.

Bruce -- Jimmy's driver, Police Officer. "Driver" in Teaser.

Stephanie -- Jimmy's assistant.

Nicasto -- Jimmy's Operations Manager. "Associate" in Teaser.

Freddy Mulberger -- Local bar entrepreneur.

Sonia Hernandez -- Key witness in Collins trial.

Dolores Hernandez -- Sonia's mother.

Peter Collins -- Retired Baseball All-Star with car dealerships, defendant in manslaughter trial.

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT (AERIAL)

Ocean pierces concrete, light and landscape -- a tidal inlet masquerading as a river, transversed by old world bridges and flanked by architectural hallmarks of the sweat-soaked aspiration of generations of New England immigrants.

This is the Renaissance City - majestic and resilient, the alluring face of a capital founded and renewed by rogues. PICK UP a Black Sedan turning onto a small causeway --

INT./EXT. SEDAN - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

Disconcerting silence. A young man is taken for a ride -- MARCUS ROBINETTE, 27, African-American, regal, ambitious and currently very nervous. Street lights periodically flash across the inside rear-view mirror, illuminating the forward-fixed eyes of his escort, upfront in the driver's seat.

MARCUS

He didn't say why?

DRIVER (O.S.)

(eyes in the mirror)

What?

MARCUS

Why tonight? Right now.

DRIVER (O.S.)

This is Providence, kid. Why only brings aggravation.

EXT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

An attendant pulls a cone from the curb, allowing the black sedan to roll into the reserved space.

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

Half full, weeknight. Marcus feels all eyes upon him as the Driver escorts him in, past the bar. As Marcus notes the concealed weapon bulge in the Driver's jacket --

DRIVER

Wait here.

(without looking back)

And maybe fix your collar.

Marcus flaps down his eschewed suit jacket collar as he catches an obscured view of his host, JIMMY CENTRELLA, holding court at a back table -- a gravitational force of grit, charisma and intimidation. A great friend, a terrible enemy.

BARTENDER (O.S.)
Whatcha drinking?

MARCUS
(tries to steel himself)
Uh.. Nothing. Thank you. Water.

BARTENDER
Right. Clear head. Smart.

MARCUS
If I was smart, I wouldn't be here.

Marcus sees the Driver whisper into Jimmy's ear. Jimmy glances over to Marcus.

BARTENDER
Relax, the man's the salt of the earth. That is... You haven't crossed him, have you?

The Driver waves Marcus over as Jimmy replaces his pulled-up chair from the table and steps toward a private booth.

MARCUS
I think I'm about to.

Marcus exhales, walks a gauntlet of passing food toward the booth before the Driver motions for Marcus to hold up. An ASSOCIATE has moved in with a briefing. Marcus now waits several feet away, only catching muffled pieces of the conspiratorial exchange. But he can tell that something significant is afoot. Jimmy cuts the huddle short with --

JIMMY
(the 'go ahead')
Stick some anchors in their asses.

The Associate moves off with a nod to execute the order as Jimmy turns to Marcus -- his demeanor instantly changing to that of gregarious salesman and charming friend.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Damn, he's a handsome bastard too.
You didn't say he was a freakin' matinee idol.

Marcus knows it's shtick, but endearing none-the-less. He smothers his nervousness with put-on self-assurance.

MARCUS
Marcus Robinette. It's a pleasure.

JIMMY
For you maybe. Youth and brains I can handle, but I'm accustomed to having the prettiest mug in the room.

MARCUS

So you live alone then?

Jimmy freezes. Did Marcus cross the line already?... No.
Jimmy smiles; appreciates the quick wit.

JIMMY

And some balls too. I think we've
found ourselves a stallion.

DRIVER

(dry, walking away)
Yeah, I could tell that right off.

JIMMY

Sit down, sit. Have you eaten?

MARCUS

Room service should be delivering as
we speak.

JIMMY

Right. Sorry to shanghai you, but
I've decided our business won't wait
for the morning.

Jimmy and Marcus' DIALOGUE CONTINUES OVER --

EXT. NARRAGANSETT BAY - NIGHT - **INTERCUT**

A small ferry approaches dock. A Man impatiently stands by
his car on the boat's deck, glancing at a large clock
ornamenting a waterfront building - he's clearly late.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Our business?

JIMMY (V.O.)

Any fool can take an opportunity;
leaders make their own.

Suddenly, the ferry ENGINE CUTS OUT. On the THUD, the Man
peers down to see the boat's wake disappear. He's dead in
the water, stranded fifty yards from shore. What the hell?

INT. RESTAURANT - **RESUME SCENE**

JIMMY

So what do you want out of me? From
this meeting?

MARCUS

It's not my meeting.

JIMMY

What did I just tell you about
opportunity?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR / ELEVATORS - NIGHT - **INTERCUT**

A Woman, also late, hurries out of her office. A Repairman has blocked off two elevators. She asks if the third is working as she jumps on. The Worker nods as the doors close.

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

You wouldn't have come if you didn't think there was something to gain.

MARCUS (V.O.)

You're a hard man to refuse. I was on a plane before I could think, but...

The Woman hasn't descended more than a floor when the elevator ROARS to a halt and she's plunged into DARKNESS.

INT. RESTAURANT - **RESUME SCENE**

MARCUS

I'm still not sure what this is about.

JIMMY

Your first lie to me. That took all of a minute.

As Marcus stammers in search of a response, Jimmy waves over a Waiter, who is about to serve desserts to another table.

MARCUS

Well, I uh... assume it involves the pending indictment...

JIMMY

(to waiter)
That hazelnut?

WAITER

Chocolate decadence.

JIMMY

You like decadence?

Jimmy appropriates the confections, placing one in front of Marcus, who glances over to the table of the rightful owners --

MARCUS

Not someone else's.

JIMMY

(exacting)
I'm sorry, what did you assume?

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - NIGHT - **INTERCUT**

On his cell, a Commuter races off a train; rushes down the platform. Another commuter bumps into him. He keeps pressing forward, making sure his wallet is still in his coat.

MARCUS (V.O.)
 Isn't your guy supposed to be indicted
 this week?

JIMMY (V.O.)
 I wouldn't say "supposed to be."

At the end of the platform, guard dogs start barking furiously at the Commuter. The bomb sniffing canines belong to the Transit Police, who detain the Commuter.

MARCUS (V.O.)
 Of course, but... If I had to guess,
 you're searching for a replacement.

The more the Commuter protests and attempts to push through, the more aggressively the police detain him. **END SEQUENCE.**

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - **RESUME SCENE**

Jimmy shrugs, as if it's a request he's suddenly considering.

JIMMY
 Wow, you're an ambitious son-of-a-bitch, aren't you?

MARCUS
 No, I didn't mean...

JIMMY
 Don't apologize. I like ambition. But it's a big job; you're young; now there's a mess to clean. And I gotta have someone I can trust.

MARCUS
 I wasn't saying...

JIMMY
 Tell you what, I'll think about it.

Jimmy's Associate emerges and leans into his ear as Marcus tries to dig himself out --

MARCUS
 No, I... well, appreciate the consideration, but...

Jimmy puts up a hand, commanding him to cease as the Associate whispers his news: part one is done. Now it's Jimmy's turn. In one motion, he rises, grabs his hat and strides away.

JIMMY
 Let's take a walk. I got some people I want you to meet.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE RESTAURANT/BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy and entourage, including the Driver (a bodyguard as well), exit the restaurant with purpose and swing around the back of the Sedan as Marcus steps up to the curbside door.

JIMMY

Tell me we bagged Grabowski.

ASSOCIATE

(hands him a list)

The Chief of Police just entered early retirement.

JIMMY

About twenty years too late. You respect the Grey Goose more than the job, you got it coming.

MARCUS

(opens sedan door)

Mister Centrella, I'd like to make sure there's no misunderstanding...

JIMMY

That you're really not stealing my car? Just taking it for a spin?

Reveal Jimmy now several steps into jaywalking across the street. Marcus thought he was getting in the other side.

MARCUS

I was following you.

JIMMY

Then follow me.

(to Driver, for Marcus)

Wunderkind, my ass. Doesn't even know what "take a walk" means.

MARCUS

Just to be clear, I already have something else lined up...

JIMMY

Slow down kid. I decide you're right, then we'll negotiate.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

The group ascends a neglected back stairwell.

MARCUS

That's not it.

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

It's just you wouldn't be specific over the phone and I felt I had to come out of professional courtesy, but...

JIMMY

Now you're doing me a favor?

MARCUS

Where exactly are we going?

JIMMY

Always remember: the screwin' you get ain't worth the screwin' you get; fish and guests smell after three days; and whenever you can, attack from higher ground.

What? But Jimmy reaches a heavy door, turns to Marcus --

JIMMY (CONT'D)

After you.

(off Marcus' hesitation)

Sometime now. We're on a schedule.

But Marcus is uneasy, doesn't know if he should be frightened or intrigued.

MARCUS

(re: driver bodyguard)

Shouldn't he go first?

JIMMY

Remember your Sunday school, Marcus?
The meek shall inherit the earth?
Minor detail -- when they're dead.
Until then, the meek get dick. Now
open the damn door.

Marcus considers his options -- goes with stepping through the team and pushing the door open to REVEAL --

INT. CITY HALL - ATRIUM MEZZANINE LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Follow Marcus as he is drawn into a torrent of controversy and tempers. At the bottom of a grand interior stairway is a THRONG of print and television REPORTERS surrounding an administration-friendly COUNCIL MEMBER. BUZZ and CHAOS.

COUNCIL MEMBER (DOWNSTAIRS)

...this slim but arrogant majority called the City Council Meeting to a quorum expecting three of their frequently late members to arrive momentarily. We simply took advantage when they didn't show up.

Marcus balks at the spectacle as City Council Members and staff spill out of the tumultuous chamber. But Marcus is absorbed by Jimmy and team as they make a dramatic entrance down the grand stairway.

JIMMY (UPSTAIRS)

(to Marcus)

Keep moving and look like you know something.

REPORTER (DOWNSTAIRS)

(to Council Member)

Some of your colleagues just characterized it as a hijacking.

JIMMY

And they're absolutely right. The jackers just got jacked...

ALL PRESS suddenly turn their attention to Jimmy, shouting out overlapping questions, many proceeded with "**Mayor.**" MAYOR Jimmy Centrella silences the herd as he continues his volley from his exalted position several steps above them. Marcus freezes, squints at the lights. Jimmy basks in them.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

...Jacked by the people, who don't want their lives, this city, that council held hostage by the tyranny of the inept and the bitter.

TELEVISION REPORTER

Mayor, did you have anything to do with tonight's legislative coup?

JIMMY

What kind of question is that? I had everything to do with it. Use your head. When elected Mayor, I promised vigilance. What do you think that meant? Lighting candles and singing Kumbayah? No. When our detractors sleep, I'll be working. When they falter, I'll pounce. When three members of their hostile majority don't even bother to show up after open role is called, I'll seize the floor, seize the night, seize the future.

A PRINT REPORTER cuts to the chase with a loaded question --

PRINT REPORTER

So you weren't surprised by the three opportune absences, which allowed such a seizure?

JIMMY

Habitual tardiness can escalate to full scale absence when you're not watching.

PRINT REPORTER

Councilman Phillips was detained by police officers.

JIMMY

So was Pee Wee Herman. No reason to stop the people's business. Six urban renewal initiatives, a workable budget and a long overdue change at Chief of Police. Maybe Mister Grabowski finally understands stewardship of the Providence PD isn't a lifetime appointment. Ding-dong, the gap-toothed bum is out.

Marcus realizes he's standing at ground-zero of a political coup d'etat -- two steps in front of the Mayor -- wondering how he's managed to find himself here.

PRINT REPORTER

Some people might call it an orchestrated political victory, intended to divert attention from the indictment of your Deputy Mayor on bribery charges.

JIMMY

And some people torture small animals and suck raw eggs.

PRINT REPORTER

Is that a confirmation?

JIMMY

I've accepted Vince DiNardo's resignation with regret. But that was yesterday. Are you interested in reporting on yesterday or today? 'Cause we're about tomorrow here -- more tourists, less taxes, a pizza in every pot -- a gleaming Waterfront city. So you can direct any further questions to the promise of that tomorrow, my new Deputy Mayor, Marcus Robinette.

Marcus is a deer in the headlights. What? As the mayor slaps Marcus' shoulder in a show of confidence --

SMASH CUT OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CENTRELLA HOUSE - MORNING

The front door swings open. A morning chill breezes in. Jimmy, in the process of getting dressed, calls to his dog.

JIMMY

Okay, Frank.

But the Lab isn't interested; lies under the kitchen table.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Frank, go get it.

(the dog doesn't move)

Frank. Paper. Now.

Jimmy calls out to his seven-year-old daughter, LIVVY, who watches "Dr. Phil" as she shovels in Cocoa Puffs at her kitchen counter seat. An open floorplan combines the rooms.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Livvy, go get the paper, will ya?

LIVVY

It's cold outside.

JIMMY

And I don't have shoes on. You want me to catch pneumonia?

LIVVY

A dollar.

JIMMY

A dollar? It's twenty feet. Thirty seconds. You got a job I don't know about pays 120 bucks an hour?

Livvy simply shrugs as Jimmy's wife, HEATHER enters from upstairs. More of a treasure than a trophy, Heather knows how to handle Jimmy. She's the grounding fixture in his life and completely unfazed by his instigative bravado.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Twenty-five cents.

LIVVY

I'm situated.

JIMMY

Fifty and I won't beat you.

Heather joins the morning dance -- constant motion trying to get herself and everyone else out the door -- as Jimmy moves to the kitchen.

HEATHER

It's not a union negotiation, Jimmy.

JIMMY

What's wrong with Frank?

HEATHER

You had another fight with my father?

JIMMY

No, Canine Frank.

HEATHER

There is no Canine Frank. I vetoed that six months and ten names ago.

JIMMY

He's my dog. If I want to name him after your old man...

HEATHER

Yeah? When was the last time you fed your dog? Took him to the vet?

JIMMY

I knew it. You had Frank clipped, didn't you?

HEATHER

Not yet -- but calling him Frank won't save him.

LIVVY

Save him from what?

HEATHER

Castration, honey.

JIMMY

Your mother never met a male she didn't want to fix.

HEATHER

(to Jimmy)

You're next.

Over this, their teenager, ANNABEL (16) crosses from the stairs to the front door. Pretty and smart, she's both blessed and cursed to be just like Jimmy (although technically his step-daughter). She skips breakfast, but not the attitude.

JIMMY

You're not snipping another one of my dogs, Heather.

HEATHER

(to Annabel)

No breakfast?

ANNABEL

You don't trust me to eat now?

JIMMY

You're sixteen. I don't trust you period.

(to Heather)

This about the cell phone again?

ANNABEL

You said grounded from talking on it, not text-messaging.

Jimmy doesn't bite. Instead, he both circumvents and provokes the teenage angst by ignoring Annabel, turns to Livvy --

JIMMY

You were supposed to counter at seventy-five, you know.

LIVVY

Pass.

ANNABEL

Texting is a social lifeline in high school; I could have an emergency...

JIMMY

Do these socks go with these shoes?

ANNABEL

(gives up, storms out)

You didn't have to shut it off!

JIMMY

(calls after)

Get a job, get it reconnected.

ANNABEL

Right away, Jimmy. I'll start selling blow jobs this afternoon.

On that, she's gone. This time Jimmy does bite: he chases after her in his bare feet.

HEATHER

Jimmy.

EXT. CENTRELLA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Annabel is almost to her car as Jimmy shouts after her.

JIMMY

Hey. Hey! You want to talk tough, shovel the attitude. Fine. I deal with a lot worse everyday. But do it with some class...

ANNABEL

I wasn't serious.

JIMMY

...threatening prostitution to get what you want is...

ANNABEL

I said I wasn't serious. You say stuff you don't mean all the time.

JIMMY

I'm a politician.

Jimmy notices a KEEP THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE WATERFRONT bumper sticker on her car as she unlocks the trunk; loads her bag.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

ANNABEL

They want to change the face of the Waterfront.

JIMMY

For the better.

ANNABEL

While destroying historical landmarks.

JIMMY

It's a rusted out lighthouse; we're moving it.

ANNABEL

To where no one will see it.

JIMMY

No one wants to see it. Get those wack-jobs' propaganda off your car.

ANNABEL

Free speech.

JIMMY

Speech is free. Hondas aren't.

ANNABEL

You're gonna censor me now too?

JIMMY

The city could move an outhouse, you'd care as much. You just want to piss me off.

ANNABEL

But with some class, right?

She drives off, leaving him rattled. Mission accomplished. And a gauntlet thrown. Game on. Suddenly, Frank runs out of the house, scoops up the newspaper in his mouth and chases after Annabel's car.

JIMMY

Frank, what are you doing?... Frank!
(dog keeps running)
You're as dumb as her old man too.

BRENNAN (V.O.)

Have to hand it to the Mayor..

CUT TO:

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Attorney General PAUL BRENNAN (39), a young Kennedy-type -- privileged, but principled and driven -- occupies an office meant to be a stepping stone to greater things, though he's careful not to say it. One of his zealot prosecutors, ROBERT LEWIS, paces the room like a Harvard pitbull as LIEUTENANT GREG DARCY, a handsome, confident salt-of-the-earth detective sits, ready to brief, his badge displayed on his blazer.

BRENNAN

...he's innovative. That's one way to break gridlock.

LEWIS

Anyone can break gridlock if allowed to undermine and disregard representative government.

DARCY

Is that something new?

LEWIS

This was more than the 'creative detainment' of three city council members, Detective.

BRENNAN

Slow down, Rob. Before we set City Hall on fire, let's hear some facts.

DARCY

Nothing to hear really. The ferry boat captain swears the engine trouble was real. I believe the elevator repairman when he says the same thing.

An AIDE sticks her head in briefly --

AIDE

Attorney General, they're waiting for you in the LNG meeting.

BRENNAN

Thank you, Lisa.

DARCY

...And my favorite -- the Transit Authority Canine Unit found actual trace explosives residue on Councilman Phillips' jacket. Nice detail.

BRENNAN

Maybe our Jimmy just got lucky.

DARCY

The man's lucky everyday. On this, he was just plain clever.

BRENNAN

Or Councilman Phillips is a terrorist. Can't really criticize the results. The city needs a budget.

LEWIS

So that's it? No investigation?

BRENNAN

I think that was his investigation.

Brennan stands, dons his jacket; to Darcy as he heads out --

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

But poke around a few more days, will you? So, I can at least tell people we're still looking into it. Two city councilmen accosted me about it in the Spectrum locker room.

EXT. ATTORNEY GENERAL OFFICES - OUTER BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

DARCY

You worked out already? We've got a game tonight.

BRENNAN

I have a fund-raiser in Bristol; might be a little late.

DARCY

Every time you're a little late we lose.

BRENNAN

What can I tell you? Get some skills.

LEWIS

Seems like a lot to go through to oust a Chief of Police.

(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

I know Grabowski's a blowhard...
 (to Darcy)
 No offense.

DARCY

(moving off)
 He's not my Chief. I'm State Police.
 Any grunt can work for the city.

BRENNAN

Thanks, Lieutenant.
 (back to Lewis, explains)
 The department was divided -- Jimmy
 showed he was in charge while
 conjuring a spectacle. Something to
 shift the spotlight from our Grand
 Jury investigation of his former
 deputy.

LEWIS

That's why he keeps publicly
 complaining that we won't give him a
 chance to testify on DiNardo's behalf.

BRENNAN

I'll save you the suspense,
 prosecutor. The Mayor is never going
 to testify. I don't care if the guy
 is his best friend. Send him a formal
 invite; he'll shut up.

Lewis sees another prosecutor, COLETTE (28), zero in behind
 Brennan; calls out to her as if warning his boss, before
 idling with make-busy work nearby.

LEWIS

Hey, Colette.

COLETTE

The Post printed the name of my
 eyewitness in the Peter Collins case.

BRENNAN

I saw it. Just the first name.

COLETTE

And her neighborhood. She's freaking
 out. I don't blame her. Half the
 state wants this defendant off.

BRENNAN

And you wanted the big media case.

COLETTE

Big. I didn't say anything about
 media.

BRENNAN

Like politics without the money.

COLETTE

They wouldn't even care about vehicular manslaughter if Collins wasn't some retired baseball star.

LEWIS

All-Star. I bought my car at his dealership. If you convict him, is my warranty still good?

COLETTE

He claims his brakes didn't work; why should yours?

(back to Brennan)

Seriously, we have a responsibility to protect our case...

BRENNAN

From freedom of the press?

COLETTE

...and our witness. Sonia Hernandez is an immigrant. She's already gotten three threatening phone messages.

BRENNAN

Just get her testimony. I'm on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Jimmy stops by the curbside newsstand on his way in, calls out to the vendor, WALT.

JIMMY

Morning, Walt. How's the bunion?

WALT

You were right. I need to quit the cowboy boots.

Jimmy grabs a copy of the Providence Post and throws down some change. He's already displeased with the headline.

WALT (CONT'D)

Thanks for that spare water heater. Works great. Gonna really save me...

JIMMY

(keeps moving)

Don't know anything about that, Walt.

WALT

Yes, Mayor.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Marcus paces the seating area, separated by a banister from the bullpen used by Jimmy's office staff. Marcus has made sure not to cross it, despite Jimmy's assistant, STEPHANIE.

STEPHANIE

I cleared out the office yesterday.
You can move your things in.

MARCUS

I actually don't work here.

STEPHANIE

Sure you do. I saw it on the news.

MARCUS

When does he get in?

Suddenly, Jimmy's voice emanates from down the hall --

JIMMY (V.O.)

I didn't expect praise from the snot guzzler, but he could've thrown me a bone for style.

STEPHANIE

Around now.

Marcus steels himself. Jimmy storms into his outer office like a tornado, addressing Marcus like he's worked there for months and waving the newspaper.

JIMMY

Did you see this? The fourth front-page story in a row about an indictment that hasn't even happened.

MARCUS

That was quite an ambush last night, Mayor.

JIMMY

Exactly. My high-wire political coup gets buried on page six. What do I need? Clowns and midgets?

MARCUS

I meant an ambush of me.

JIMMY

What did the pile of vomit have to say for himself?

MARCUS

Who?

JIMMY

(re: newspaper)

The owner of this rag. You didn't call and complain already? You're supposed to be one step ahead of me.

MARCUS

Mayor, I don't work for you. I can't work for you.

JIMMY

You just thought you'd use me as a stalking-horse for the Washington gig. But you haven't closed that deal, have you?

True enough that Marcus doesn't know how to respond -- doesn't have to as STEVIE NICASTRO (Associate from Teaser) interrupts --

NICASTRO

Bad news. Now the council's blocking the swearing-in of our new Chief until they perform a security check.

JIMMY

Security check? Half of them go bass-fishing with the guy.

NICASTRO

Cited a 1921 statute. Grabrowski will have to stay on until then.

(to Marcus)

Steve Nicastro. Operations.

JIMMY

How long?

NICASTRO

A week maybe.

JIMMY

(to Marcus)

Give them two days.

(to Nicastro)

This is the best they come back at me with?

NICASTRO

I don't think it's a negotiation.

JIMMY

Everything's a negotiation.

NICASTRO

And Grabowski wants a meeting.

JIMMY

I want a mop of curly brown locks.
Yesterday he's pissing up my leg;
hiding behind that tribe of idiots.
Now that he's irrelevant, he wants
to meet?

MARCUS

(more to himself)

Not irrelevant just yet.

Jimmy turns to Marcus, who immediately regrets opening his mouth. Despite himself, Marcus must explain --

MARCUS (CONT'D)

If he's on the job for another week...

JIMMY

Two days.

MARCUS

Two days ...he can cause a lot of
damage from the inside. If you talk
to him, let him think you're at least
considering...

JIMMY

(pats Marcus' cheek)

I knew I was smart hiring this kid.
Stephanie, tell the bag of pus my
door is always open.

STEPHANIE

Which bag of pus is that, Sir?

JIMMY

Grabowski.

Marcus feels like he's just stepped into another landmine laid out by Jimmy. Nicastro peels off.

MARCUS

That's just it, Mayor, you didn't
hire me. I didn't accept anyway...

JIMMY

Now you're starting to annoy me. No
one twisted your arm. You've buttered
your bread, now you gotta lie in it.

On that, Jimmy shuts the door to his office on Marcus.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A century-old building, carved wood rises to arched windows accented by stained glass and a high ornate ceiling. Colette huddles in a side bar with the JUDGE and the DEFENSE ATTORNEY.

COLETTE

Come on, your Honor, I could wrap up his cross in two questions.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Is the prosecution suggesting she try both sides of this case?

JUDGE

We have procedure for a reason, counselor. Your witnesses will have to wait.

(louder, to courtroom)

Court in recess until 1 pm.

The gavel hits. Colette heads toward the gallery, glancing briefly at the defendant, Peter Collins, before she zeros in on SONIA HERNANDEZ (19) and her mother DOLORES (40's) sitting timidly in the galley -- scared and confused.

COLETTE

I'm sorry. This mechanic might be on the stand another two hours after lunch and the judge has to recess early today. We won't get to you until tomorrow.

DOLORES

No, not tomorrow. No one wants this man in jail. People love sports heroes.

COLETTE

Believe me, Mrs. Hernandez, people love justice more.

SONIA

Mama, that man knew he hit Jose and he kept driving, dragging him.

DOLORES

This newspaper should never know your name at all.

COLETTE

I assure you that didn't come from us. In fact, right now my boss is admonishing the owner of the paper, demanding that it never happen again.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - DAY

Brennan lunches outside with THOMAS PORTER, the owner of *The Providence Post*, a WASP power broker and king maker, guardian of the last vestige of the per-immigrant establishment. Brennan's not one of them, but he knows the language.

PORTER

I thought coups d'etat were relegated to banana republics.

BRENNAN

And New England city-states, apparently.

PORTER

Rhode Island may be the smallest state in the Union -- but we're not the Vatican, and that Napoleonic Mayor sure as hell isn't the Pope.

BRENNAN

But he'd wear the funny hat if he thought it gave him an edge.

PORTER

Surely a criminal infraction must accompany that kind of stunt -- obstruction, conspiracy, kidnapping --

BRENNAN

We're looking into it.

PORTER

-- perhaps something that would surpass this petty bribery charge you have on his crony, who doesn't seem enthusiastic in getting you any closer to the little cuss.

BRENNAN

If you're fishing for a job, I can always use a good prosecutor.

Porter takes a hard beat, tired of this civil fencing, then --

PORTER

Please tell me I haven't labored under the misapprehension that this DiNardo business is but an avenue to a larger target.

BRENNAN

Mister Porter, I can't comment on an on going Grand Jury investigation.

PORTER

Of course, you can't. I'm not asking as a journalist. I simply seek your assurance that you'll be cutting off the head of the serpent.

BRENNAN

(again, hint of edge)
We're looking into it.

PORTER

Then you have my confidence.

BRENNAN

I do have something to request of you, though.

PORTER

Naturally.

BRENNAN

Sonia Hernandez. The key witness in the Peter Collins case. You printed her name this morning.

PORTER

You'd have to take that up with my managing editor.

BRENNAN

To spare you the discomfort of answering for it directly, or to allow you to ignore it completely?

PORTER

After nearly a lifetime in New England media, you can understand that I hold First Amendment rights dearly.

BRENNAN

Along with the selling of newspapers.

PORTER

General, may I suggest that someone with your gubernatorial ambition continue to foster a productive relationship with the press. With the temporary exception of that junkyard dog at City Hall, it's been historically difficult to ascend without it.

BRENNAN

'Naturally.' Although, I'm fairly certain you're not the Pope either.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

A HAND pulls a parking ticket off a windshield. Reveal Annabel and her friend, DENISE, sipping a fast food shake and looking at a temporary no-parking sign.

DENISE

That sign wasn't even there when you parked. Just tell your dad.

ANNABEL

(irked)

This is my dad.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Police Chief CHUCK GRABOWSKI waits impatiently for Jimmy. A career cop, Grabowski is a proud fireplug of a man -- thick neck, thick hands, experience on his brow and an institutionalized chip on his shoulder.

STEPHANIE

Some more coffee, Mr. Grabowski?

GRABOWSKI

Chief. And tell his Lordship I'll give him five more minutes, then I have police business.

Marcus enters behind Grabowski with some urgency; calls to Stephanie as he goes for the phone in the reception area --

MARCUS

Excuse me. Can I use the phone? My cell keeps cutting out.

STEPHANIE

Yeah, we think it's all the poltergeists in the building.

Marcus chooses to ignore the comment, dials the phone.

GRABOWSKI

The boy wonder, come to save the joint from the stench of corruption.

Marcus doesn't want to engage. He offers the Chief only a terse smile and nod.

MARCUS

(into phone)

Secretary Holt, please... Marcus Robinette.

GRABOWSKI
 (to Stephanie, for
 Marcus)
 You couldn't do better than third in
 his class at Northwestern?
 (straight at Marcus)
 But that fraternity prank with the
 goat wasn't a such good idea, was
 it?

Who is this guy? J. Edgar Hoover? Does he know Marcus's
 social security number too? Marcus turns to Stephanie.

MARCUS
 Is there someplace private I can...?

STEPHANIE
 You might try your office.

MARCUS
 (puts call on hold)
 It's not my office.

STEPHANIE
 Uh-huh.

But Marcus goes to use it anyway, just as Jimmy exits his
 office and greets the Chief.

JIMMY
 Hey Chuck. What? No flowers?

GRABOWSKI
 Why? You allergic to any?

Jimmy calls to Marcus, who's bee-lining to the phone in the
 Deputy Mayor's office adjacent to the Mayor's office.

JIMMY
 Yo, kid. Come on. You're in this.

GRABOWSKI
 No, just you and me, Mayor. I deserve
 at least that, I think.

INT. DEPUTY MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

And Marcus shuts the door on them anyway. Into phone --

MARCUS
 Yes, Secretary. Sorry about that.
 I'm on a landline now...

Marcus HEARS Jimmy's door shut and the MUFFLED VOICES of
 Jimmy and Grabowski. Diplomacy at it's finest, he's sure.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

(into phone)

This Mayor walked me straight into a news conference. I didn't know what to say, I didn't want to embarrass...

The MUFFLED VOICES GROW LOUDER behind a wall shared with the Mayor's office. An ARGUMENT has already flared, but Marcus tries to remain focused on this plea --

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Secretary, I agreed to a meeting, not a job. I assure you, I am still very much available.

The argument behind the wall escalates to a SCREAMING MATCH, distracting Marcus from the phone call of his career.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Sir, with respect, I disagree. I'm not associated with the man. I don't even know him...

Suddenly the SCREAMING MATCH AND BARRAGE OF INSULTS are replaced by several THUMPS and CRASHES. Marcus now can't help but be thrown by the SOUNDS OF A BRAWL.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Excuse me, what was that?... No, I'm here...

A picture next to Marcus nearly falls from its perch as something/someone SLAMS into the other side of the wall.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Secretary, you all but told me I was... Yes, I'm sorry too.

Marcus hangs up. His career's taken a huge spiral in the last twelve hours. After a final THUD and MORE SCREAMING from the Mayor's office, Marcus opens his door in time to catch --

INT. MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Grabowski storms out, a large red slap mark gracing his cheek. Disheveled, Jimmy hovers in his door frame with his shirt and jacket torn. Looks like it was a hell of a tussle. Jimmy's only explanation to the silenced, staring staff --

JIMMY

We agreed to disagree.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - DAY

A quaint neocolonial. Brennan pulls up with a controlled urgency, passing a pair of State Police cars lining the drive. Brennan's POV: Darcy steps out of the house. Brennan is reassured by the sight of his friend. He exits the car.

DARCY

The nanny had your son at Gymboree class. These guys were in and out within a forty-five minute window.

BRENNAN

Is Daniel inside now?

DARCY

I sent them to the neighbors. She was more upset than he was.

BRENNAN

(pulling out his cell)
I'm the number one law enforcement officer in the state; I can't keep my own house from being burglarized.

A Providence City Police black and white pulls up as Brennan turns away to update his wife, while Darcy plays the protector --

DARCY

(to city cops)
You guys need to work on your response time.

BRENNAN

(into phone)
Yeah, honey. He's with Lorena at the Middletons...

CITY POLICE OFFICER

The alarm company called us. Home invasion?

DARCY

The State Police has it, fellas.

CITY POLICE OFFICER

You okay, General?

Brennan nods and waves, still on the phone.

DARCY

He's fine. He wasn't here.

CITY POLICE OFFICER

Anything we can do?

DARCY

Sure, take in the General's trash cans. Thanks.

INT. BRENNAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Brennan and Darcy perform a quick walk-through of the house.

DARCY

Forced entry through the kitchen.
Could've been worse. They didn't
smash up the place.

BRENNAN

Very polite. I don't feel violated
at all now. They took my TiVo.

DARCY

Yeah. TiVo's a big popular item.
You ever get around to installing
that surveillance camera?

BRENNAN

You ever ask a question that isn't
rhetorical?

DARCY

A cop's bad habit. Why I'm divorced.

BRENNAN

I don't think that was it, Greg.

Brennan finds a smashed, now empty, display case in the den.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Damn. The punks stole my dad's
Walther PPK.

DARCY

I'll have CSU sweep for prints, but
they won't find any. They might be
punks but they were pros.

BRENNAN

The Prime Minister of Ireland gave
him that pistol.

DARCY

A forty-five minute window means
they cased your house for at least a
few days.

BRENNAN

It's a gated community.

DARCY

That helps. Maybe the guard shack
got around to installing a camera.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPUTY MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Marcus finds himself sitting at "his" desk, staring out the window as FREDDY MULBERGER drones on about a concept bar.

MULBERGER

We're thinking of having dancers on platforms above the bar. But cool and trendy, with some class --like Las Vegas.

MARCUS

To be honest, I'm not familiar with the Providence building code. In fact, I'm not even sure why I'm sitting here.

MULBERGER

Oh, I'm not worried about the code. But before I lease the space, I want to get on the liquor license list.

MARCUS

There's a list?

MULBERGER

Boy, they really did throw you into the deep end.

MARCUS

You have no idea.

MULBERGER

There's a set limit to the number of liquor licenses in the city. To open a new club, you have to buy one from a bar or restaurant going out of business.

MARCUS

(major red flag)

And the mayor's office manages this list?

MULBERGER

The whole deal. The one for my current bar cost around \$50 grand. I'm assuming it's around the same.

MARCUS

Excuse me.

Marcus stands abruptly and walks out --

EXT. MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE / MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus strides straight into Jimmy's office without knocking; finds Jimmy bare-chested in the process of changing his shirt.

JIMMY

We're late. Meet me on the south side of the building in five minutes.

MARCUS

I need to talk to you.

Jimmy moves into a conference room adjoining his office.

JIMMY

In the car. Five minutes. When my nipples aren't exposed.

Marcus turns around and shuts the door behind him as a PROCESS SERVER approaches Stephanie.

PROCESS SERVER

Mayor James Centrella please.

STEPHANIE

Yeah, Larry, what do you need?

PROCESS SERVER

I have a subpoena for him from the Attorney General's office of the State of Rhode Island.

STEPHANIE

(unfazed, re: Marcus)

The Mayor's not available, but you can talk to his deputy.

Marcus has no interest. In the distance, behind the process server, Marcus suddenly spots Jimmy stepping into the hall from alternative route and slipping down the back stairs.

PROCESS SERVER

No, I have to hand it to the Mayor personally.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - MOMENT LATER

Marcus busts through the unmarked side door to catch Jimmy boarding his black sedan, having just received bad news from his police driver, Bruce (known only as Driver in the Teaser).

BRUCE

I'm assigned to you, but I'm a police officer; Chief Grabowski's my superior.

MARCUS

(tries to interrupt)

You're dodging subpoenas now?

But Jimmy addresses Bruce and the crisis at hand --

JIMMY
 Just drive. The lump of dung is
 history in two days.
 (to Marcus)
 Two days, right?

MARCUS
 What?

BRUCE
 Mayor, he gave me a direct order. I
 could lose my pension.

Construction Worker HARD HATS call out to Jimmy from across
 the street like he's a celebrity. Jimmy always has time for
 his fans.

HARD HAT #1	HARD HAT #2
Hey Mayor, way to stick it to 'em!	We love ya, Jimmy!

JIMMY
 Always in the fight, fellas.

MARCUS
 Do they know you just snuck out the
 back?

JIMMY
 That's the side, Junior. I always
 go out this way when I'm late.

BRUCE
 There's another officer on his way.

JIMMY
 Grabowski's sticking it to me with
 this. You think he's rushing a man
 over? Give me the keys.

BRUCE
 Did you really bitch slap him?

JIMMY
 The psycho tried to choke me.
 (tosses keys to Marcus)
 Here, you drive.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BLACK SEDAN - DAY - TRAVELING

Marcus can't believe he's now driving this guy around.

MARCUS
 I have absolutely no interest in
 being a bag man. Or your driver for
 that matter.

JIMMY

Good. 'Cause I got plenty of bag men. What I need is a Deputy Mayor.

MARCUS

What kind of city official limits liquor licenses and then brokers deals for them at fifty grand a pop?

JIMMY

Is that what they're up to now?

MARCUS

I'm here with considerably fewer options than yesterday, so I thought maybe, but...

JIMMY

Sometimes we have to operate within the system we inherit. And you just missed the turn.

MARCUS

I don't know where I'm going!

JIMMY

Ceremonial groundbreaking. The Feds agreed to move a mile of freeway so we can develop more of the Waterfront. Grips and giggles and pigs in a blanket. But they ain't all friends. Everyone shows up for a land grab.

(re: street)

Take this right.

MARCUS

Look, I'm from Chicago. City politics, favors, a little pragmatic grease -- I get it. But fixing a parking ticket for your daughter won't land me in jail, brokering shady liquor license deals...

JIMMY

Hold on. You fixed that ticket?

MARCUS

She told me you told her I would.

JIMMY

And you believed her?

MARCUS

She's your daughter.

JIMMY

Exactly. I gave her that ticket for a reason. Stop here.

MARCUS

You issue parking tickets to discipline your kids?

JIMMY

The job comes with a few perks.
(exiting)

Handle liquor licenses however you want. But let's make a deal. You don't assume the worst of me and I'll put my trust in you.

With that, Jimmy shuts the door, leaving Marcus to consider if he should continue this interesting but hazardous journey. After a beat, Jimmy doubles back, RAPS on the window --

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Let's go. Move your ass.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROUNDBREAKING CEREMONY - DAY

Half Tavern On The Green, half construction site: Bulldozers and caterers. A microcosm of Providence. Community leaders, developers, politicians, even a mobster. Colette grills Brennan about Porter (*The Post Owner*), who holds court nearby.

COLETTE

Did he even acknowledge that it put Sonia and her mother at risk?

BRENNAN

Raising the concern served the purpose. Never pick a fight with someone who buys ink by the barrel.

Jimmy steps up with Marcus in tow...

JIMMY

Unless you split his nose open with the first punch.

Like a chemical reaction, the energy instantly changes. Colette swells with dread. And Jimmy and Brennan regard each other like two prize fighters circling the ring.

BRENNAN

Good afternoon, Mayor.

JIMMY

General. Marcus Robinette, my eager new Deputy Mayor. Paul Brennan, our eager Attorney General.

Always gregarious, Brennan extends a hand to Marcus --

BRENNAN

The man who almost got Cook County
to elect an independent to congress.

MARCUS

It's the almost that brought me here.

JIMMY

And Colette, one of his ball-busting
prosecutors, who apparently gets
afternoons off now to accompany her
boss to parties.

Marcus senses a connection. Colette explains why she's there --

COLETTE

I inherited the environmental clean-
up suit on the lighthouse relocation
site.

JIMMY

(to Brennan)

Why not just stab her in the neck?

BRENNAN

We all want this development, Mayor.
But someone has to be the watchdog.

JIMMY

You gonna dump every unpopular-
political-hot-potato-dog-of-a-case
in your office onto my daughter?

COLETTE

Dad...

Marcus clues into the dynamic here. Brennan spars back --

BRENNAN

I think you'll agree there are bigger
political hot potatoes pending.

JIMMY

So you've been promising.

BRENNAN

Colette is a highly qualified, gifted
lawyer, more capable of handling
troubled cases, not unlike her father.

JIMMY

And almost as expendable.

Brennan notes Porter eyeing the conversation. The General
is smart enough to steer clear of a public spat with Jimmy.
He nods to the eminent photo-op --

BRENNAN

Looks like they need us. The
Senator's here.

JIMMY

Yeah, better get to him while his
ass is still dry.

Brennan ignores the comment as he politely peels off. Then..

COLETTE

Wonderful, dad, thanks. It's not
already hard enough working in that
office as your daughter.

JIMMY

The guy's gunning for me, Colette.
I'm supposed to stroke his pistol?

COLETTE

He's not gunning for you.

JIMMY

Then he has terrible aim 'cause I'm
getting nicked pretty good.

(to Marcus)

His old man raised money for the IRA
before terrorism went out of style.
Now he thinks he's a Kennedy, with
some kind of birthright to power.

COLETTE

Or maybe he's just a leader.

JIMMY

You're sleeping with him, aren't
you?

COLETTE

Go take your picture, Dad.

JIMMY

You better not be sleeping with him.

Jimmy's only saying it to rile Colette, but it works. He
hands her his glass and half eaten hors d'oeuvre and moves
toward the photo-op, shouting out to Porter on the way --

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, Porter. You want to come after
me? Come after me. Don't print the
names of citizens doing their civic
duty to torpedo my daughter's case
and sell more copies of that bird
cage liner.

Porter ignores Jimmy, but is visibly irritated. Colette is further embarrassed, but appreciates Jimmy's moral courage in publicly calling Porter out. Colette turns to Marcus --

COLETTE

You heard of six degrees of separation? In Rhode Island, it's about a degree and a half.

AT THE PHOTO-OP

Men in suits with shovels awkwardly in hand, line up for the staged picture -- including Jimmy, Brennan and the Senator.

BRENNAN

If it's a demo, shouldn't we have jackhammers?

Jimmy glances to the crowd, surprised to see a familiar face. His friend and former colleague, VINCE DINARDO nods to him.

BUSINESS MAN

I'm a Jew from Boston, I don't know from this.

JIMMY

I'm an Italian from Federal Hill, I know from this.

(off their looks)

Joe Malucci used to always keep a shovel in his trunk just in case.

No one knows how to react, as Jimmy smiles and the picture is taken.

MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy walks away from the central action to DiNardo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Glad to see you're getting out, Vince. But is this really the best place?

DINARDO

Make sure that kid you hired knows he's only keeping my seat warm.

JIMMY

Think I did pretty good for working fast. The youth and race don't hurt...

DINARDO

(cuts to the chase)

I have it beat, Jimmy.

(off Jimmy's look)

I'm not gonna be indicted.

Jimmy pulls a drink off a passing tray, hands it to DiNardo.

JIMMY

Vince, I'm doing what I can to stall it out, but you gotta start thinking about a plea.

DINARDO

Trovettelli has a guy on the Grand Jury.

Dinardo nods over to Organized Crime Figure SAL TROVETTELLI talking business with one of the developers. Trovettelli catches Jimmy's look, and raises his glass with a nod.

JIMMY

I don't need to know this.

Porter notes the impromptu conference from afar. He motions for his photographer to grab a shot of "the conspirators."

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Favors from a mob boss don't come without a price.

DINARDO

Like you don't owe him a couple already.

JIMMY

Not with the number of his people on the city payroll, I don't.

DINARDO

And I'll owe him, not you.

Jimmy notes the photographer lining up. But instead of ducking away from his politically radioactive friend, Jimmy instinctually wraps an arm around DiNardo and CALLS OUT LOUDLY --

JIMMY

You want a picture? Get closer. Take our picture.

All heads turn and the photographer snaps the shot.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That's it? Come on. Take some more.

Jimmy once again becomes the FOCUS OF ATTENTION, making a public statement about loyalty through action; calling out the hypercritics in the crowd. Click, click, click.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You'll send us copies, right?

Marcus watches the spectacle in awe. The man is fearless and inspirational in his own enigmatic way which even his

adversaries have to respect. Jimmy poses for another, giving DiNardo A BIG KISS on the cheek -- not quite the shady, surreptitious-looking snapshot Porter had hoped for.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Jimmy enters with the paper and no shoes, crosses with Annabel.

JIMMY

Heard you stopped by the office for a favor yesterday.

ANNABEL

Yeah, thanks for taking care of that.

Thinking she's got the best of him, Annabel is out the door. Livvy watches QVC over her Fruit Loops. Jimmy grabs the remote; switches to Sesame Street as Heather enters, cutting open the mail. Frank lies at Jimmy's feet, licking himself.

LIVVY

Hey, it's gem week.

JIMMY

Elmo doesn't cost me anything.

LIVVY

I'm seven, dad. I'm over Elmo.

JIMMY

(to Heather, re: dog)
Now he's licking down there. You sure you didn't do anything to him?

HEATHER

You should see a shrink about this nip & stitch phobia.

JIMMY

It's not a phobia when your wife walks around the house with scissors.
(re: paper)
Son-of-a-bitch.

HEATHER

I don't know why you insist on reading that thing every morning.

JIMMY

Now he's printing the last name of Colette's witness.

Annabel storms back in from outside --

ANNABEL
My car's been booted.

JIMMY
Wonder how that could've happened.

ANNABEL
You booted my car?

JIMMY
Take the bumper sticker off, I'll see what I can do.

ANNABEL
I'd rather walk to school.

JIMMY
7:45. You'd better run.

ANNABEL
Why do you always have to be such a douche?

Annabel slams the door after her. Jimmy laughs as he takes a bite of toast -- then catches Heather's stare.

JIMMY
What?

HEATHER
Why do you have to be such a douche?

JIMMY
Hey, she started it. She put that bumper sticker on for a reaction. I gave her a reaction.

HEATHER
(drops the bomb)
Henry contacted her. Somehow got her e-mail address.

Suddenly very serious, Jimmy glances over at Livvy, who doesn't seem to be paying attention, turning the TV back to QVC.

JIMMY
When?

HEATHER
Couple days ago. He's living in Boston. Twelve-stepping, whatever. He doesn't even know what she looks like, suddenly wants to be her father.

JIMMY
I'm her father now. The scum-bag shows up here, I'll kill him.

HEATHER

She didn't respond. I don't think she will. But she's dumping her feelings on you. You'll have to suck it up.

Heather exits as Jimmy processes this news. Frank lays his head on Jimmy's lap. Jimmy looks down at the dog, then toward Heather -- he wouldn't put it past her. Jimmy reaches down for the dog's loins. Frank YELPS. Livvy looks over as Jimmy pulls back and resumes his breakfast.

JIMMY

What are you looking at?

CUT TO:

EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY

A replay of Brennan's drive up to his house. Darcy is waiting for him out front. Only this time, it's raining and it's not Brennan's house. It's another kind of crime scene. And bad news. Brennan exits his car. Darcy briefs --

DARCY

She's your witness, alright.

Brennan looks over to see a body tarp on the sidewalk, the medical examiner has just arrived. Dolores Hernandez sobs uncontrollably on the stoop of her apartment building. Rain washes the blood from under the tarp down the street.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Looks like a drive-by. No ID on the shooter. Black or dark blue sedan.

BRENNAN

For an ex-ballplayer? Gives new definition to the term sports fanatic.

DARCY

Not that simple. They made sure to drop the murder weapon.

Why? Darcy lifts up a plastic case that's protecting the pistol from the rain. Brennan recognizes it immediately.

BRENNAN

My PPK.

DARCY

Someone doesn't want you pursuing this shooting too aggressively.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY

The mayor's black sedan travels through the wet streets.

INT./EXT. MAYOR'S BLACK SEDAN - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

The rhythmic delay of intermittent windshield wipers accent a postmortum state. Marcus sits in back with the Mayor, who stares at the beads of moisture rolling slowly down his window. For the first time, Jimmy's not driving conversation.

MARCUS

This could be a mistake, you know?

(off Jimmy's look)

The newspaper printed her name. The Attorney General's office didn't protect her. It's not a city issue.

JIMMY

(to the window)

Warrington Street. Last time I checked that was in the city.

MARCUS

You show up now you could be perceived as somehow responsible, or worse, trying to exploit a tragedy for political gain.

JIMMY

Worrying about perception is a fast track to irrelevance.

MARCUS

Perception is political survival.

The Grabowski-appointed substitute Driver is paying too much attention to the conversation for Jimmy's liking.

JIMMY

You taking notes up there? Or did Grabowski give you a tape recorder?

(Driver diverts eyes)

That's right, eyes on the road, Einstein. It's raining.

(back to Marcus)

People have been force-fed so much sludge by their so-called leaders over their lifetime that they can smell it like a wad under their shoe. You can't pretend, calculate, second-guess -- temper, parse, poll.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You can only act -- from instinct,
from your heart. The second you
betray that, you betray them. And
they'll sense it -- they'll know it
in their bones.

(as the car stops)

The lady deserves a visit.

Jimmy straightens his suit jacket and opens the door --

EXT. STREET - HERNANDEZ BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The coroner has left, but police tape still lines the street.
The television and print media camp is populated by many of
the same reporters in front of whom Jimmy paraded two nights
ago at City Hall. Marcus walks through them with the Mayor.

PRINT REPORTER

Mayor, is there any evidence this
murder was incited by the victim's
role in the Peter Collins' trial?

JIMMY

I'm not here to take questions and
wouldn't know the answers if I was.

TELEVISION REPORTER

Your daughter is prosecuting that
case, have you spoken with her?

JIMMY

You look like drowned squirrels. Go
home.

REPORTER #3

Do they have a suspect?

PRINT REPORTER

Is that trial proceeding
without its key witness?

JIMMY

Seriously, go home. There's a story
to chase for sure, but it's not here.

(calls out a reporter)

Joe, when your sister died in the
emergency room, would you've wanted
this kind of mob outside your house?
Or Mike when your son had that boating
accident?

(off their looks)

The woman lost her daughter this
morning. You got your pictures,
your B-roll, your who, what and where --
let her have her grief.

That silences the throng. Marcus takes in the haunting quiet
as the speechless press corps stare back at the Mayor for a
suspended moment. Then Jimmy turns to enter the building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A cop at the door allows Jimmy and Marcus through. Neighbors and family members line the common corridor and stairs. Jimmy follows the trail of mourners -- some offer appreciative nods, others looks of contempt, but most are simply blank.

Jimmy pauses at the opened door of the Hernandez apartment. He exhales, then crosses the threshold. As he pushes inside, he peers through the sober but packed apartment to find Colette already at the kitchen table with a grieving Dolores. Both women look up at Jimmy expectantly --

CUT TO:

EXT. HERNANDEZ APARTMENT BUILDING - SOMETIME LATER

The rain has stopped; the press dispersed. A calm settles as the sun begins to peek out and Jimmy and Marcus exit the building and head to the car. Marcus dons his sunglasses --

MARCUS
Okay. I'll take it.

JIMMY
Take what?

MARCUS
The job. I'll come work for you.

JIMMY
What are you? In a time warp? You're closer to your firing than your hiring.

MARCUS
No. Seriously, I'll take it. I'm your guy.

JIMMY
Not if you keep wearing the same suit everyday.

MARCUS
I didn't think I'd be here that long.

As the new team climbs in the car --

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - SIDE ALLEY - DAY

Darcy and Brennan climb out of the car, navigate the alley to the side entrance of the courthouse.

DARCY

We control the investigation unless the Feds want in. Specifics about the gun don't need to be made public.

BRENNAN

No.

DARCY

Until we track down the killers.

The pair step around a garbage truck as it thunders in.

BRENNAN

Whoever stole my gun to kill that girl wants me to compromise myself and this office.

DARCY

(not believing this)

We don't know. They might have hawked the gun.

BRENNAN

I have to do the opposite. Full disclosure.

INT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Darcy and Brennan start moving past security.

DARCY

Hell of a story -- Witness Killed by Attorney General's Gun.

BRENNAN

Yes, it is. But you start concealing embarrassing details, people start whispering obstruction of justice.

Darcy is suddenly staring back at the the garbage truck through the glass door as it BEEPS while replacing the large now-empty dumpster. Wait a minute. Over --

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

I know you're my friend, you want to protect me, but...

DARCY

What time is your trash picked up?

BRENNAN

What?

DARCY

Yesterday, there were empty trash cans at your curb. Did they pick it up that morning?

BRENNAN

Every Wednesday.

DARCY

This was planned carefully. Someone knew you owned that gun. The nanny's usually there, but in and out. So they would need to case the house on the same day, the same time every week. Who has regular scheduled access to a gated community?

BRENNAN

You think a garbage collector stole my gun and killed that girl?

DARCY

Or he got them in. Half of public works is filled with Trovettelli associates.

Brennan looks up to see Colette standing at the end of the hall, waiting for him. Oh, shit. Darcy notes her.

DARCY (CONT'D)

Let me check it out. I'll call you.

Brennan nods. Darcy splits off as Brennan walks up to Colette with dread -- she clearly knows already.

COLETTE

You remember what you said to me my first day here?

BRENNAN

I don't know what to tell you.

COLETTE

'Every case has two realities; the lawyer who sells their reality the best -- wins.' I sold a reality to Mrs. Hernandez -- that she was paranoid...

BRENNAN

Colette, it's not your fault.

COLETTE

...that our office was handling the newspaper. That we'd protect her daughter!

Brennan tries to guide Colette to a private alcove, but passers-by still notice the revved up exchange.

BRENNAN

Let's take it down a decibel.

(MORE)

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Now her name shouldn't have been put out there...

COLETTE

(overlapping)

Again. They did it again!

BRENNAN

...but it wasn't the sort of threat that merited witness protection.

COLETTE

Are we talking about the same dead girl? The one shot to death in front of her house.

BRENNAN

You have her deposition, right?

COLETTE

I'm not talking about Collins. We should be going after Porter and The Post for reckless endangerment.

BRENNAN

Just work on salvaging the Collins case. We don't even have a suspect for the girl's murder yet.

COLETTE

We know how they got her name.

BRENNAN

Look, there might be more to it, alright? And we'd never meet the threshold for endangerment anyway.

COLETTE

Never? Or just not "against a man who buys ink by the barrel?"

Ouch. A stinging condemnation that hurts because it's partially deserved.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PROVIDENCE POST - NEWSROOM - DAY

Porter hurries through the large reporter bullpen toward his glass-encased office where inside Jimmy wanders freely, an uninvited guest, chomping on a cigar and unabashedly looking over items on Porter's desk. Porter barks at his career secretary LINDA on his --

PORTER

Why the hell did you let him in?

LINDA

He said you told him to wait, Mister Porter.

PORTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy was looking over Porter's desk for effect, but actually does see something that interests him. A press release from The Attorney General's office: 'Gun Stolen From Attorney General's Home Recovered At Shooting Crime Scene.'

Porter pushes in with a faux calm and put-on confidence; starts clearing his desk of any sensitive material.

PORTER

(re: cigar)

I don't suppose asking you politely to put that out would do much good?

JIMMY

Why don't you try and find out?

PORTER

It's a non-smoking facility.

Jimmy shrugs, extinguishing the cigar on Porter's desk.

JIMMY

Now, I gotta request for you.

PORTER

No doubt.

JIMMY

Stop killing my people.

PORTER

Your people? Become Moses now, have you?

JIMMY

I'll become Beelzebub if I need to.

PORTER

That girl's death is tragic and regrettable. But we printed her name because it was already common knowledge...

JIMMY

You printed her name because the story sold. Screwing with my daughter's case was a bonus. But who knows? Maybe Collins gave you a free Lexus from his dealership.

PORTER

That's more your style, Mayor.

JIMMY

This habit of yours ends now. No more names of witnesses.

PORTER

Shall I give you the keys to the printshop or have it opened for you each morning? No wait, they have a name for government-controlled speech. What is it? Starts with a T, I think.

JIMMY

Must be why your crossword puzzles suck too.

PORTER

Totalitarianism. That's right. I think if you study any human history, Mayor, you'll discover that freedom of the press is a society's best weapon against tyrants of all forms.

JIMMY

Well, this tyrant controls the city's eminent domain rights and it seems we need another place to park a lighthouse -- that oceanfront property of yours would work great.

PORTER

Never miss an opportunity for a shakedown, do you?

JIMMY

Good idea. I'll set up the scholarship fund in Sonia's name and you offer matching funds.

PORTER

(opens the door)

You were beyond overreaching with the first demand, Mayor.

JIMMY

I was overreaching when I ran for office.

(keeps moving)

Thanks, Linda. Tell your grandson congratulations on Georgetown.

LINDA

I will, Jimmy. Thanks.

PORTER
 (with Jimmy gone)
 I didn't know your grandson was
 accepted to Georgetown.

LINDA
 That's why you're not Mayor.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

Jimmy enters through the front, ascends the grand stairwell; discovers Annabel waiting on a bench at the top. A college kid, BRAD, is with her. She seems softer somehow or maybe Jimmy just understands her behavior better.

JIMMY
 You here for a truce or just eloped?

ANNABEL
 Depends on you.

BRAD
 You're not going to introduce me?

ANNABEL
 Sure. Daddy this is Brad.

JIMMY
 Ever heard of statutory rape, Brad?

BRAD
 (hands him envelope)
 Yes, sir. And you've been served.
 (leaving)
 Nice meeting you, Annabel.

Jimmy's not stunned very often, but he's been gotten, tries not to get angry. Annabel just seems confused.

ANNABEL
 What's that?

JIMMY
 Set-up by my own daughter. Does
 Freud have a phrase for that?

ANNABEL
 What? No. I just met him while I
 was waiting for you.

JIMMY
 (walking away)
 Guerilla warfare, huh? Attacking
 under the white flag? Bring it on,
 Brutus.

ANNABEL

You don't believe me!?

JIMMY

Enjoy public transportation.

INT. MAYOR'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy ducks in as Mulberger, the local bar entrepreneur, is shouting at Marcus and he barrels out.

MULBERGER

I don't care! I want my 50K or I'm suing. I'm suing you, him, the gum-smacking girl in the sweater - I'm suing the whole place.

(to Jimmy)

Great new help you got there, Mayor.

Jimmy's not surprised; expected this. With Mulberger gone --

MARCUS

I thought I was giving him good news.

Jimmy calls out to the room as he keeps moving to his office --

JIMMY

Anybody else want to see me in court today?

MARCUS

I checked. There's no official ordinance limiting the number of liquor licenses. If he qualifies the license is free...

JIMMY

...making the one he bought for his other bar worthless. What did I tell you? Sometimes we have to operate within the systems we inherit.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS

What systems? There are no systems here. It's completely disorganized. The dark ages actually. Three major departments don't even have computers. I had to thumb through a shoebox to cross-reference Public Works employees with garbage truck routes.

JIMMY

Why? They mooning people again?

MARCUS

Uh, no. A State Police detective needed to know the driver for a specific street.

JIMMY

What for?

MARCUS

Said he was following a hunch. I haven't been here long enough to know who to dump it on.

Jimmy grabs the clipboard, looks at the names Marcus has pulled and the route.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

They really moon people?

Marcus can tell something has greatly unsettled Jimmy, whose mind drifts, piecing something together.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

(yes, but no answer)

I know you're in a tiff with the City Chief, but we coordinate with law enforcement in general, right?

Over which, Jimmy crosses to the window, stares out. Damn.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Am I missing something here?... Did this detective come to me because I'm new?...

JIMMY

(without looking back)

I'll take care of it.

MARCUS

...Because he didn't want that clipboard to disappear?

JIMMY

(snaps at him)

You just cost a taxpayer, local employer and campaign contributor fifty grand. Fix it.

Marcus doesn't like his tone or his sudden secrecy. Is this guy bi-polar? A crook? But Marcus simply nods and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Marcus has a drink before going up to his room. He's second-guessing his decision to stay. Brennan's crossing out through the lobby, spots Marcus and approaches.

BRENNAN

City Hall has driven lesser men to drunkenness.

MARCUS

I thought just one before I headed upstairs. You living here too?

BRENNAN

Chamber of Commerce event. I'm surprised your boss didn't show.

MARCUS

Want a beer?

BRENNAN

A short one. I've got to meet the locksmith.

Brennan sits as Marcus signals the bartender for another.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

New suit?

MARCUS

The Mayor got me thirty percent off.

BRENNAN

Dominick's?

MARCUS

How did you know?

BRENNAN

They give everybody thirty percent off.

MARCUS

(nods, of course)

He's a character, that's for sure.

BRENNAN

That's why you're here, right?

(gets his drink)

Want to see what he says or does next? He's one of our biggest tourist attractions, next to the fire water.

MARCUS

I missed the bronzed statue.

BRENNAN

Don't need one. Jimmy is Providence. Grew up on the Hill, became a cop, a prosecutor. Knows just about everyone; and everyone loves Jimmy. Even the people who don't like him love him. Hell, I love him. There's never a dull moment. He's a hell of a show. But it's not a free show. And someday it will end.

MARCUS

I saw something more this morning: Something genuine, moral courage. Leadership... But then there's all the other...

Marcus stops himself, still aware of with whom he's speaking.

BRENNAN

We all have good sides and bad sides. Jimmy's are just more pronounced.
(off Marcus's nod)
I'd never say this in public -- and I have to do my job -- but, I'm rooting for the guy. I really am.

Brennan gets up, makes sure to pay for his drink.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Just watch out for yourself.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

Quiet solitude. The caged tractor collects the golf balls in the distance as Sal Trovettelli hits into the crisp night air, a late-weekday ritual for the mobster. The owner keeps the place open for him. On his backswing --

JIMMY (O.S.)

Relax your grip.

Trovettelli hooks the shot. Aggravated, he looks up to see Jimmy setting up several spaces away. Jimmy's left-handed so they can swing and still face each other.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're holding that driver like you're clubbing baby seals.

TROVETTELLI

Haven't you heard? I'm a pacifist these days.

JIMMY
 (matter-of-fact)
 Yeah? Having girls shot on the street
 doesn't count?

Jimmy takes a swing to accentuate the bomb he just dropped.
 He tracks the ball until it rolls to a stop. Not bad. As
 he turns back, Trovettelli still glares. No more smiles.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 You must have some serious business
 going with this manslaughtering
 baseball has-been. You moving hot
 cars through his lot? Money
 laundering, what?

TROVETTELLI
 (his turn to swing)
 Haven't you heard? I'm also retired.

JIMMY
 Always thought you favored simplicity.
 Don't your people have their own
 guns?

Jimmy swings again. Another bombshell. Trovettelli stops
 once more. What doesn't Jimmy know? Careful --

TROVETTELLI
 The Attorney General may be a Harvard
 Boy Scout, but he's ambitious.
 Ambition itself can be a weakness.
 And any weakness can be exploited.

JIMMY
 Unless he takes his lumps up front
 and issues a press release about his
 daddy's stolen gun being used in a
 homicide. And I think it was Yale.

TROVETTELLI
 Why would he do that?

JIMMY
 Some people don't like being
 exploited.

TROVETTELLI
 You really have your finger on the
 pulse, Mayor...

JIMMY
 I was visiting a friend at the
 newspaper; saw it on his desk...

TROVETTELLI
 ...make sure you don't get it bit
 off.

JIMMY

...right before the State Police started asking my people for names of garbage truck drivers on the Attorney General's street. You know, connecting the dots -- garbage truck to burglary to stolen gun to murder. They're pretty good at it.

Trovettelli thinks he knows where Jimmy is going.

TROVETTELLI

I see. And you know city government can be inefficient. For a taste, information like that can get lost in bureaucracy.

JIMMY

No. I just wanted to make sure I was right.

Jimmy pitches his rented club and starts walking off. Trovettelli shouts after him.

TROVETTELLI

You didn't get me in City Hall, Mister Mayor. I got you in.

JIMMY

Jobs and contracts for votes is the blood of politics. So what? This was the youth of our city -- its future slain in the street.

TROVETTELLI

And I can keep your friend out of prison.

JIMMY

I promised her mother justice.

TROVETTELLI

And I can arrange justice.
(resume his golf)
You don't want to turn DiNardo into a rat -- maybe roll on his boss.

A long, hard beat. Jimmy is at a crossroads, caught between his loyalty, friendship, self-preservation, and doing what he knows is right. He turns to leave again, kicking over the bucket of balls. As they roll onto the damp grass --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

THE PROVIDENCE CITY SKYLINE

stands sentinel over the midnight hour. PULL BACK as the image ROLLS OUT OF FOCUS while light reflections and a hint of frost appear, revealing it as the view from a window inside --

INT. CENTRELLA HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy stares out at the view from bed, restless. Slumber won't come, his mind racing over the dilemma, when... A sudden PHONE RING jolts him back to the now. He grabs the receiver by the SECOND RING, but Heather still stirs.

JIMMY

Hello?

GRABOWSKI (V.O.)

Mayor?

JIMMY

Who's this?

GRABOWSKI (V.O.)

Chief Grabowski.

JIMMY

Not for long. You crank-calling me now?

GRABOWSKI (V.O.)

We have a problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODED RESIDENTIAL ROAD - NIGHT

POV from inside the car: similar to Brennan's various drive-ups to bad news. The haunting glow of traffic flares, Providence City police car sirens, and an ambulance suggest the terrible possibilities.

Jimmy parks; forces himself to get out and move toward the overturned car -- a single vehicle accident which appears possibly fatal. Then he spots her -- Annabel sits on the back of the ambulance rig, alongside her friend, Denise. Both girls are shaken, wrapped in blankets, but seem safe, aside from a few cuts.

Annabel looks up at Jimmy for a suspended moment, until Grabowski intercepts and pulls him aside for a private briefing in the middle of the road.

GRABOWSKI

She's okay. Some bumps and bruises,
a little rattled. They were lucky.
We see a car flipped like that, we're
usually calling the coroner.

Something's not right. Grabowski is being too courteous,
professional and understanding in this circumstance.

JIMMY

I thought she was home asleep.

GRABOWSKI

All parents do.

(then)

The responding officer found a bag
of marijuana in the back seat.

Okay, here we go. Jimmy gets it. They do the dance.

JIMMY

I never liked that friend of hers.

GRABOWSKI

Neither girl will claim it. Probably
'cause it's over the limit for
possession. My guys were gonna book
both girls for intent-to-sell until
I got the call one of them was yours.

Jimmy stares back at Grabowski. Both know that the Chief
has him. It doesn't need to be said. Jimmy must decide --

JIMMY

I'm sorry to get you out of bed.

GRABOWSKI

Not a problem, Mayor. I'll make
sure the other young lady gets home
safely.

JIMMY

Thank you, Chief.

It's the calling Grabowski 'Chief' that seals it. A deal
has just been made. Grabowski has saved his job.

GRABOWSKI

I serve at your pleasure, Sir.

(adding as he goes)

They really are lucky to walk away.

Jimmy nods, looks back over to Annabel, who knows she's in
trouble.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Jimmy drives Annabel home in silence, stuffing his anger. Annabel knows that at some point she'll have to say something.

ANNABEL

It wasn't mine.

(no response, beat)

Denise scored for a party tomorrow. I wasn't going to smoke any. It was for everyone else.

JIMMY

That makes you a drug dealer.

ANNABEL

Denise. Denise bought it. I wouldn't have even needed a ride from her if you hadn't booted my car.

Jimmy swerves off the road onto an overlook with a view of both the bay and the city. He slams the car into park --

JIMMY

That's right. Blame me. Every time you do something stupid or are in a bad mood or something doesn't go your way -- blame me. I just saved you from jail, but it's still somehow my fault.

ANNABEL

You wouldn't even talk to me today.

JIMMY

Then talk. I'm listening. Tell me why I gotta pay for the sins of your dirtbag father.

Ouch. That stings. Annabel's eyes swell up. She bolts out --

ANNABEL

Doesn't mean you are.

EXT. OVERLOOK - CONTINUOUS

Annabel slams her door and starts walking. Jimmy jumps out -- headlights still on.

JIMMY

If you're pissed off, be pissed off...

ANNABEL

I didn't choose you!

JIMMY

...Just be pissed at the right person!
(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Don't dump on me 'cause he took a powder. I got enough issues myself.

ANNABEL

Right. Everything is always about you -- every single day in the city. What did Jimmy do now? What crazy thing did Jimmy say? I've got to live with it constantly!

JIMMY

No, I gotta live with me constantly. You get a break.

ANNABEL

You're a middle-aged baby! You don't listen. You don't care. Always need everything your way.

JIMMY

If things were my way, that Chief of Police would be out on his ass. Now I'll have to deal with him 'every single day.' The city gets screwed because I love you.

Annabel stares at him. There it is. Jimmy puts her ahead of the array of lights out there and people they represent.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I didn't choose you either. But I'm the one standing here in the middle of the night.

ANNABEL

Only 'cause you married mom.

JIMMY

Yeah. That's why my heart lit on fire when I saw that flipped car.

ANNABEL

If I love you back and you dump mom.... Then what?

JIMMY

First of all, your mother would dump me, not the other way around, and second, then you're really screwed, 'cause you'll still be stuck with me. You and me are together 'til the end of the ride. I'll always be your daddy, Annabel.

Annabel starts to cry. Jimmy steps up to her, pulls her in for a hug. After a beat --

JIMMY (CONT'D)

But if I catch you doing drugs, I'll
rip off your arm and beat you with
the bloody stump.

CUT TO:

THE "KEEP THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE WATERFRONT" BUMPER STICKER

still graces Annabel's Honda. Reveal that the car is being
hoisted off its front wheels while parked in front of ---

EXT. CENTRELLA'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY - CONTINUOUS

-- where a City Employee is in the process of towing it away.
Jimmy struts out, this time with his shoes on, ready to take
on all comers. He crosses to his black sedan, waiting in
the street. His driver of choice, Bruce, is back.

JIMMY

Enjoy the vacation?

BRUCE

Got to sleep in, at least.

JIMMY

Hope there was someone underneath
you.

(answer cell phone)

Jimmy.

MARCUS (V.O.)

You coming in?...

INT. CITY HALL - MARCUS' OFFICE - **INTERCUT**

Marcus places some personal items on his desk. Into phone --

MARCUS

...Apparently, we have staff meetings
on Friday mornings.

JIMMY

You run it. I got errands.

Jimmy calls out to the tow truck driver as he ducks into the
back of the black sedan.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No scratches now. Gotta save
something for round four.

INT./EXT. BLACK SEDAN - TRAVELING - **CONTINUE INTERCUT**

Jimmy shuts his door as Bruce pulls away. At City Hall,
Marcus looks out to Darcy, who stands in reception.

MARCUS

That state police detective is here
for that garbage truck route name.

JIMMY

You want a muffin or something?

MARCUS

He's kind of hovering.

JIMMY

Tell him the Mayor's on it.

MARCUS

(for himself too)

I don't think that satisfies.

JIMMY

You'll have to trust me on this one,
kid. Then rustle up some bulldozers.

MARCUS

Bulldozers?

JIMMY

As big as you can find.

(to Bruce)

Turn left here.

MARCUS

Do we own bulldozers?

JIMMY

If we owned them, I wouldn't be asking
you to find me some. Two hours max.

MARCUS

Oh, I pushed through that security
check on our Chief of Police
appointment. Two days exactly. I
had to promise to consult on zoning...

JIMMY

Yeah, forget that. Grabowski and I
worked it out. I'm sticking with
him for now.

MARCUS

That guy you had a fist fight with
in your office?

JIMMY

It wasn't a fist fight. He just
tried to choke me. Ancient history.

MARCUS

On Wednesday.

JIMMY
That's politics.

Jimmy hangs up, leaving Marcus, staring into the other end of the phone. Is this how it's going to be? Bizarre orders from a capricious boss? Yes. Pretty much. He CALLS OUT --

MARCUS
Where does someone get a bulldozer
in this town?

CUT TO:

EXT. MINI-MALL - MORNING

Chief of Police Grabowski steps out from a Java Joint with his ritual coffee and pastry as Jimmy's sedan pulls up. Jimmy rolls down the window and beckons Grabowski --

JIMMY
'Morning, Chief. Got a sec?

A subtle power-play. Jimmy might be stuck with the lug, but he'll make him do the walking. Grabowski excuses himself from the other two cops and begrudgingly complies. Jimmy stays in the car to accentuate the statement.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Just wanted to thank you again and
say that I look forward to our
continued working relationship.

GRABOWSKI
So do I, Mayor.

JIMMY
Good. You can do me a solid.

GRABOWSKI
I thought I just had.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORTER ESTATE - DAY

A palatial home on the bay. Grabowski supervises the towing of cars, the placement of barriers and the cutting of tree limbs to make room for the bulldozers and large tractors rolling in. A Mercedes pulls to an abrupt stop. Porter hops out, irate --

PORTER
Chief, what the hell is going on?

GRABOWSKI
We're clearing the street for the
bulldozers.

PORTER

I see that. What for?

GRABOWSKI

Somebody told me we're putting a lighthouse here.

Grabowski nods toward a bluff just outside Porter's property, where Jimmy is huddled with the conservancy people and a model of the lighthouse, pitching the proposed spot. When Jimmy catches Porter's glare, he coolly smiles and nods.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - BRENNAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Porter has insisted on seeing Brennan between meetings.

BRENNAN

You have legal recourse -- sixty days to negotiate fair market price; if you're not satisfied...

PORTER

He doesn't want the land, he wants to bully me.

BRENNAN

Then you can file a civil action, try for an injunction to stop...

PORTER

While the urchin keeps a construction site parked outside my lawn?

BRENNAN

Excuse me, Mister Porter, I really am late. I'll have someone look into it.

Brennan moves out into --

EXT. ATTORNEY'S GENERAL OFFICE - STAFF BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

PORTER

"You'll look into it?" What, is that your mantra? Do you have it stenciled on your johnson?

That stops Brennan. He turns abruptly and cuts into Porter --

BRENNAN

I realize you're unaccustomed to the discipline of self-censorship, Sir. But in front of my staff, I'll ask you to make an effort.

PORTER

I don't need you to tell me I can sue, I need you to step in. This is coercion.

BRENNAN

To do the right thing?!

Okay, that slipped out. Porter is reminded Brennan also asked him to cease printing witness names. Colette steps to her office doorway, witnessing the last part of the exchange.

PORTER

You're in collusion with him on this?

BRENNAN

Mister Porter, I'm neither as bold nor fearless as the Mayor.

PORTER

But you share his concern.

BRENNAN

I think I've told you as much.

PORTER

And I thought you'd demonstrate more political savvy, especially considering your recent PR issue.

BRENNAN

Perhaps you overestimate me, Sir.

PORTER

Perhaps.

BRENNAN

In fact, I have prosecutors in this office drafting reckless endangerment charges against you and your paper that I might actually let them file.

A hard beat - quite the opposite, he's underestimated Brennan. He smiles, vexed and beaten. Then --

PORTER

Tell your friend, 'Jimmy,' that he's won on this one. No more witness names. But you might consider looking into alternative real estate yourself, because the Governor's mansion just went off the market.

Porter turns to leave as the entire office hovers in hushed silence. Brennan watches him go, possibly along with his long term-career hopes. Suddenly, the meeting to which Brennan was rushing off doesn't seem so urgent.

Brennan turns to Colette, who smiles at him -- he's stood strong, on principle. But before she can comment, Lewis approaches from a side hallway, having missed the spectacle. He doesn't see Colette.

LEWIS

Unbelievable. The Mayor just got his latest subpoena squelched, claiming we got the wrong James Centrella; didn't include the suffix 'Jr.' to his name.

BRENNAN

(to Colette)

Your dad's a piece of work.

COLETTE

(a compliment)

So are you.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT/BAR - DAY

Quiet. Late lunch, early dinner crowd... if you can call it that. DiNardo enters; finds Jimmy sitting in the same booth he did in the Teaser, but not quite as boisterous as then. The old friends have decided to meet outside City Hall.

DINARDO

Hey there, handsome. I haven't been in this place for three months. I miss it.

Jimmy stands. The friends exchange a hug. As they sit --

DINARDO (CONT'D)

How many major New England cities are run out of a bar, huh?

JIMMY

All of them, I think.

DINARDO

Patrice says hello. She's gonna call Heather to get the girls together.

(off Jimmy's nod)

You look like you could use a drink.

JIMMY

I've had one.

DiNardo knows this isn't a social meeting. Gets to it --

DINARDO

One of Trovettelli's people called.

(MORE)

DINARDO (CONT'D)

Said their Grand Jury lock might have rusted over, that only you could oil it.

JIMMY

Vince, there are certain favors I can't do, not even for you.

DINARDO

(faux light-hearted)

It's misfiling some paper, Jimmy, not robbing a bank.

JIMMY

Look, I know how it all works. If you're not a little dirty -- forget about getting things done -- you'll never get through the door. Let the big shots in Washington be hypocrites. I know who I am. But I know where the line is drawn, too.

DINARDO

Really? 'Cause I see it sliding around a lot.

JIMMY

Trovattelli is asking for more than a give and take. There's no net gain for the city.

DINARDO

No net gain for the city? What about a net gain for your friends? For the guy who sat with you right over there and convinced you to run, who got you elected.

JIMMY

If I do this, I shouldn't be Mayor.

DINARDO

Then don't be Mayor. I was the Best Man at your wedding, for Christ's sake. You'd send me to prison to feel good about yourself?

JIMMY

I didn't tell you to take a bribe, Vince.

DINARDO

You didn't have to. Why do you think they're coming after me so hard over a five hundred dollar jacuzzi tub?

Boom. Okay, there it is. Cards on the table.

JIMMY
What do you think?

DINARDO
I think loyalty cuts both ways.

A threat? Jimmy doesn't know. Neither does DiNardo as he gets up and leaves. But both men are pretty certain that they've lost a friend at the very least.

CUT TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

Brennan waits on a grassy knoll overlooking the Waterfront. He's there for a clandestine meeting of sorts. Jimmy approaches, walking Frank. The dog limps tenderly and sports a cone over his neck to prevent him from yanking out stitches.

BRENNAN
What's wrong with your dog?

JIMMY
I left the house too long. Couldn't save the poor guy.

BRENNAN
From what?

JIMMY
I don't walk to talk about it.

BRENNAN
Quite a play on Porter. The wrecking ball was a nice touch.

JIMMY
Added something to it, don't you think? You had my back, thanks.

BRENNAN
I wouldn't say that exactly. We here to swap secret-decoder rings?

No. Jimmy pulls out a piece of paper; hands it to Brennan.

JIMMY
I got something for your guy. Should give him a pretty good idea of who broke into your house; murdered Sonia Hernandez.

BRENNAN
I can't offer you anything in return.

JIMMY

My civic duty.

BRENNAN

Thanks. And I'm glad you feel one.
'Cause duty calls.

Now Brennan hands him some paper -- a corrected subpoena.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

You've been served, Mayor.

Jimmy smirks, appreciates the gotcha. No good deed goes unpunished. Brennan moves off.

BRENNAN (CONT'D)

Enjoy your weekend.

JIMMY

Yeah, you too. I hope your car gets stolen.

The pair part separate ways. After a few more steps, Brennan stops; calls back to Jimmy ---

BRENNAN

Colette's going ahead with the Collins case without her key witness. I told her it was hopeless, but apparently stubbornness runs in the family.

JIMMY

Smart money says she nails him. Staying on top runs in the family too.

BRENNAN

Where do you think I placed my bet?

Jimmy nods. These two have an interesting relationship. Maybe Brennan really is rooting for him. Jimmy turns back, has to pull Frank from sliding his ass across the lawn.

JIMMY

You can do that at home, Frank. Let's go.

And as Jimmy walks into his city --

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT