

PRINCE OF THIEVES

by

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Based on the novel PRINCE OF THIEVES, by Chuck Hogan

Current Revisions by

Chuck Hogan

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FADE IN:

Close and claustrophobic on DOUG MACRAY:

Handsome and tough, 32, an ex-hockey player with a small scar splitting his left eyebrow. Doug takes a hard breath, pulling on a black balaclava and a GOALIE MASK.

He RAPS HARD on the plastic mask with the barrel of a .38 in his blue-gloved hand, ready.

INT. BANK BOSTON, KENMORE SQUARE BRANCH - MORNING

JEM COUGHLIN, 32, operates on two speeds, mirth or menace. He stands across from Doug in a matching dusty blue jumpsuit, goalie mask marked with BLACK STITCH SCARS.

Through the door glass, a purple Saturn pulls in, parks. Happy daytime VOICES approach...keys turn in reinforced locks, releasing strongbars...a spear of daylight precedes a woman's hand and a foot in a low-heeled shoe.

Doug seizes her by the arm. CLAIRE KEESEY, bank manager, 30 - her lovely eyes bright, terrorized, and full.

Jem KICKS the door shut behind asst. manager DAVID BEARNS, 33. He SMACKS a cardboard caddy of coffee out of his hand, staining the wall brown.

Doug leads Claire down the hall, taking her KEYS, handing her off to masked GLOANSY, 30, who pushes both employees to the floor behind the teller cages - YANKING OFF THEIR SHOES.

GLOANSY

Lie still. Shut your eyes.

Doug passes a 4th bandit, DEZ (28) - RADIO WIRE in ear - on way to NIGHT DEPOSIT PANEL. He matches key to lock. Deposit bags fall into his hockey duffel like salmon from a cut net.

At the ATM ACCESS DOOR, he fits another key, then looks to the teller station. Jem has Claire on her feet. She looks small without shoes, hair falling over her face.

JEM

Again, louder!

CLAIRE

(trembling)

Four. Five. Seven. Eight.

With the key and this code, Doug opens the cabinet.

He unlatches the feeder and dumps cash from the cassette into the bag, taking POSTAGE STAMPS as an afterthought. Then he returns to the teller station, drops the duffel, and opens drawers until he finds: THE CYLINDRICAL VAULT KEY.

VAULT DOOR

Doug comes upon Jem whispering in Claire's ear before the closed vault, exploring the curve of her ass with the muzzle of his .45. Jem stops when Doug steps up next to Claire.

DOUG
What's the time lock set for?

CLAIRE
...8:18.

The digital clock on the vault door reads 8:17. They watch it like three people waiting for an elevator...Claire's terrified breathing the only sound...

The clock CLICKS OVER. Doug inserts the vault key - his sudden move frightening Claire.

DOUG
No panic code. Open it clean.

Claire reaches for the big dial with a trembling hand. She rotates it once, then overshoots the next number.

JEM
Don't stall.

...not helping her nerves. She wipes her palm on her skirt - this time making it to the third number before failing.

JEM
For Christ!

CLAIRE
I'm sorry.

JEM
(gun to her cheek)
You have kids?

She shakes her head.

JEM
Husband? Boyfriend?

CLAIRE
No.

JEM

Christ! Parents then. Who the fuck
can I threaten?

Doug reaches over, eases Jem's gun away from her face.

DOUG

How many attempts before a duress
delay?

CLAIRE

Th-three.

DOUG

And how long until it can be opened
again?

CLAIRE

I think...fifteen minutes.

JEM

Write it down. I'll fucking do it
myself.

DOUG

(warning & challenge)

You don't want us here another
fifteen minutes.

Claire reaches for the dial - making a HARD FIST - then
begins working the numbers. After the third turn, a CLACK.
Jem spins the wheel. The vault door OPENS.

Claire exhales, whispering to herself.

DOUG

What?

CLAIRE

It's my birthday.

INSIDE THE VAULT

Doug alone a moment, and still. Then he BUSTS OPEN a flimsy
cabinet lock, revealing stacks of banded CASH. He rips the
color-coded bands, fanning each thick packet.

BANK - CONTINUOUS

As Doug emerges, Dez halts him in the shadows, pointing.

DEZ

Asshole, ATM.

A STUDENT in a B.C. sweatshirt inside the ATM vestibule at front. His card is rejected twice. Lifts courtesy phone.

Doug's attention turns to Claire, lying face-down behind the teller cages. Lacy white stockings, a jagged stitching betraying a thrifty mending over the heel...

The heel begins to MOVE. Claire checks distracted Gloansy, her foot searching UNDER THE COUNTER - then gliding back.

Gloansy still watching the Student, oblivious. Claire glances the other way...and sees Doug's mask STARING at her.

She's caught. She's dead.

The Student finally gives up, walking away from the ATM.

JEM

Let's bleach it up.

Gloansy pulls ZIP CUFFS from his pocket. Jem and Dez pull jugs of ULTRA CLOROX from the work bag.

Doug stares at terrified Claire - then walks off fast.

EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Doug searches the cabinets. He finds the SECURITY SYSTEM components, red "RECORD" light flashing. He yanks the recorder out of the wall, SMASHING it to the floor. He rips out the digital hard drive. Throws it in the break room microwave. Presses "Popcorn". SPARKS FLY.

BANK - CONTINUOUS

Bearns in a teller chair, wrists bound behind his back. Gloansy is doing the same to Claire as -

DEZ

Ho-ho-hold it!

(touching his ear)

Silent alarm call, this address.

The masked men look at each other. Jem pulls his .45.

JEM

Who did it?

Jem menacing. Bearns simmers, Claire looks at the floor.

JEM

We were gone. We were out the
fucking door.

DOUG
We gotta move.

Jem glaring at them - then returning his .45 to his belt.

BEARNS
Look, no one did anything--

Jem flies at him in a blur. His knuckles pound Bearns's temple, the sound like a tray of ice cracking. Bearns slumps to one side, defenseless, but Jem does not let up, HAMMERING his face. Claire is SCREAMING.

Jem rises, grabs a bottle of bleach. Moves to empty it over Bearns's face - but Doug HOOKS his arm, stopping him.

DOUG
Load the bags.

Jem's mask GLARES at Doug...but does what he says.

Quickly, Doug takes the bleach, dowsing the night drop and the ATM - then HURLING the empty jug across the bank. He returns to the teller station where Bearns is WHEEZING.

Claire's chair is EMPTY.

REAR DOOR

Jem has Claire bound and doubled over near the bags, his hand gripping the back of her neck. He strips off both his masks. Doug whips off his with a CRACKLE of static electricity.

DOUG
Fuck is this?

JEM
If they got us walled in, we need her.

Dez (29) appears, removing his masks, the wire still in his ear. He is bewildered, and worried. OPENS the outside door.

DOUG
Leave her.

But Jem is already hustling her out, past the Saturn.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Wheels SKIDDING on alley grit, Gloansy ROARS up in the WORK VAN. He slides opens the door from inside. Doug boosts Claire into the van with her head kept down.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Doug pushing her into the bench, sitting close to her.

DOUG
Eyes shut, no noise.

As the van lurches forward, Doug pulls a Leatherman tool from his belt pouch, folding out the knife. He tugs at her jacket hem, CUTTING OFF a strip of fabric - Claire flinching at the noise. He ties it over her eyes, then makes a fist and drives it - STOPPING JUST SHORT OF HER NOSE. She sees nothing.

He sits back, STUDYING her now, with impunity. He is fascinated by this woman who took such an unexpected risk.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)
Ms. Keeseey, I want to start with your abduction, then take you back through the robbery itself. Could you see anything through the blindfold?

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Just...a narrow strip of light.

CLAIRE'S POV - THE COURSE FABRIC

We hear HEAVY BREATH, RUSTLING MATERIAL, SOUNDS OF TRAFFIC.
We begin to see this NARROW STRIP OF LIGHT...

CLAIRE (V.O.)
My lap against the seat.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)
I'm assuming they warned you not to cooperate with the police.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
One of them took my driver's license and read it to me. Said he was keeping it.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)
In his words, if you can remember?

INT. BANK BREAK ROOM - CURRENT

In two chairs set next to a table, Claire facing FBI AGENT ADAM FRAWLEY, 33, talented, intense.

Claire's legs are bare, her jacket gone. Her ELIMINATION PRINTS are being taken by a MALE TECH in blue ink.

CLAIRE
 "If you tell the FBI anything, we
 will come to your house and fuck you
 and kill you."

The Print Tech looks up before resuming.

FRAWLEY
 Good, thank you.
 (recovers - a pro)
 And then what?

CLAIRE
 Then nothing. We just drove.

FRAWLEY
 This was a passenger van?

CLAIRE
 I guess so.

FRAWLEY
 You're not certain?

CLAIRE
 I went skiing in Vermont at
 Christmas, and we rented a Villager.
 I only remember because we called
 ourselves the Villager People. It
 was like that.

FRAWLEY
 And the one sitting next to you...

BACK TO VAN (EARLIER)

Doug looking at Claire. Isolated, tense.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
 The calmer one. I could tell
 somehow...he was looking at me.

BACK TO BANK BREAK ROOM

A FEMALE TECH examines the smoking, microwaved hard drive.

FRAWLEY
 And you never tried to escape?

CLAIRE
 (startled blink)
 No.
 (beat - Frawley waiting)
 (MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)

I didn't try to escape because they had guns.

FRAWLEY

Okay. Eventually the van stopped.

THE COARSE FABRIC

We hear the van's TIRES ON GRAVEL, then DOORS OPENING. Now a GUSTING of wind, overwhelmed by an approaching JETLINER.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

The one next to me. He helped me out.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)

You say, "helped you out?"

Claire moving...exiting unsteadily into the ocean breeze.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I was afraid of falling. I was afraid of everything. But...he didn't let me fall.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)

Go on.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I stepped out. It sounded like a runway. But it was a beach. He guided me onto the sand, and told me to walk until I felt the water on my toes.

We hear STRAINED BREATHING and UNCERTAIN STEPS in sand.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

It was the longest walk of my life. I kept thinking I'd step off a cliff.

We hear the OCEAN - the sound then buried by ANOTHER JET.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

And then I felt the water.

EXT. BEACH - NEAR LOGAN AIRPORT - MORNING

Claire removes her blindfold, frothy tide lapping at her stockinged feet. She faces the horizon, hair tossed by a stiff wind - as a JETLINER STREAKS OVERHEAD.

Her face isn't merely relieved - it's awestruck.

BACK TO BANK BREAK ROOM

Claire notices her hand shivering and can't control it.

FRAWLEY

That's just the adrenaline fading.

He drapes his jacket over her shoulders - wiping a smudge of fingerprint ink from her cheek before sitting down.

FRAWLEY

The one beside you - could you get a sense of his size?

CLAIRE

Yes. He was big.

FRAWLEY

Big as in strong?

CLAIRE

As in strong, tall.

FRAWLEY

And he was...friendly?

Claire picks up on his implication, looking away, uneasy.

CLAIRE

No, just - not angry.

She looks at her RUINED STOCKINGS, bunched on the table.

CLAIRE

Why did they take our shoes?

FRAWLEY

To keep you from running. Or kicking. Did you see Mr. Bearns activate the alarm?

Close on Claire reaching for a bottle of Poland Spring. She sloshes the water around inside without opening it.

CLAIRE

No.

Frawley picks up on her hesitance, misreading it.

FRAWLEY

Ms. Keeseey, are you sure you don't want to go get checked out?

She is sensitive to this, as though accused.

CLAIRE

Nothing happened. He rubbed his gun against my butt at the vault - the angry one. Told me what he wanted to do to me. That's all.

FRAWLEY

You want to tell me what he said?

CLAIRE

Not particularly.

Frawley reaches over, turns off his tape recorder.

FRAWLEY

When someone gets a gun pointed in their face - they're never quite the same again. It's going to change you. Don't think it won't.

CLAIRE

I haven't even cried.

FRAWLEY

It'll come. In my breast pocket there, you'll find my card.

She does, her finger leaving a faint ink print.

CLAIRE

What about my shoes?

FRAWLEY

Those, we'll have to hold on to for a while. Crime lab people, that's how they are. If they could wrap you up and put you on a shelf for a few weeks, they would.

CLAIRE

Might not be such a bad idea.

A faint smile. She returns his jacket to him, Frawley looking her over as she picks up her tattered stockings.

FRAWLEY

Anything at all, you call me.

She looks at the card.

CLAIRE

Thank you. Agent Frawley.

DINO (V.O.)
 (sound pre-lap)
 You took your time with her.

TELLER CAGES - TEN MINUTES LATER

Frawley and Boston Police Detective DINO DRYSLER (50s) wear paper booties and gloves, walking the crime scene, stepping over the BLOODSTAIN where Bearns fell. TECHNICIANS scan the walls with BLUE LASERS, looking for prints.

DINO
 So this one was a Morning Glory and a Jack-In-The-Box. Worked a bypass and busted in overnight. Phones are cut. Silent bell came from teller cage number two.

FRAWLEY
 Assistant Manager's at Beth Israel.

DINO
 So they beat him up, take her for a ride?

Dino's eyebrows arch suspiciously.

FRAWLEY
 Unharmed.

BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snapping shots of fallen ceiling concrete, sheared rebar, speckled gray chips. Dino and Frawley enter, an EYE CHART visible in the room above.

Coming into the hole, a FIREMAN does a pretend startle.

FIREMAN
 Thought you guys were bank robbers!

DINO
 Off your break already, Spark?

Dino's true Boston accent sounds like "Spack."

FIREMAN
 Getting my eyes checked up here.
 Hope you catch these geniuses before the cancer does. Those gray chips there, that's asbestos.

THE VAULT

The busted cabinet smeared with print dust. Frawley is reverent here - as Doug had been. Cracking open one discarded stack of cash reveals a DYE PACK nestled in the hollow. Another bill shows a thin magnetic TRACER STRIP attached.

FRAWLEY

Left all the dye packs behind. Even found the tracers.

(frustrated beat)

What's your call, Dino?

DINO

It's a good pick. Holiday, Sox in town. I'm gonna go large here. Three and a quarter.

FRAWLEY

I'm going three-five. Fuck, I want these guys.

INT. O'NEIL MEMORIAL ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

Doug enters carrying a sub sandwich and a Mountain Dew, passing DAY-CARE KIDS chop-stepping off the ice.

He climbs the bleachers to a dark corner. Jem and Gloansy sit sharing a sausage and burger pizza and drinking paper-bagged 40-oz beers. Jem's knuckles are purple around his emerald-and-gold Claddagh ring from beating up Bearn's. Fred "Gloansy" Magloan is all freckles and sauce stains.

Doug raps fists with them. Ceiling fans RUMBLE NOISILY.

JEM

The Mastermind.

Doug sets his sandwich bag over a carved racial slur.

GLOANSY

Check out Cheryl, man. Holy Christ.

They focus on a WOMAN in over-stretched stretch pants and a leopard-print scrunchy, dragging her kid off the ice.

JEM

Think about where that mouth has been. Girl could give a plastic spoon gonorrhea.

GLOANSY

(mouth full)

Let me swallow, for fuck's sake.

Dez enters wearing Buddy Holly-type glasses, a VERIZON LOGO on his shirt, his lunch sack in his phone company helmet.

DOUG
Where'd you put your truck?

DEZ
Foodmaster. There was a cruiser, so I went the long way around.
(opens lunch, smiles)
Ma made meat loaf last night.
(he bites in)
Gotta snap to, I'm due in Belmont in like forty minutes.

JEM
Why I hadda swear off work. Too many commitments.

DOUG
(opening his Dew)
So let's do this.

Jem rips a bullfrog BURRRP across the now-empty rink.

JEM
So - we're out clean. Nothing went sour until the end - when everything did. Time to settle up, and these things get counted. Gloansy - you're docked.

Gloansy chokes on his food in disbelief.

JEM
It was your watch. All you had to do was keep the citizens away from the bells.

GLOANSY
Fuck you, all I had to do. Who boosted the work van? Who torched the rides? You brought the girl - why'n't you dock yourself?

Doug motions to them to quiet down.

JEM
Plan to. Same as you.
(a long pause)
Hundred-dollar whack to each of us.

Gloansy's face relaxes suddenly. He punches Jem's arm.

GLOANSY
Fuckin' ass munch.

JEM
This close to bawling. Britney.
(holding back laughter)
So this is the magic number.

He empties salt packets onto the pizza box and traces out the number: \$76750. Smiles all around - except for Doug. He throws a pinch over his shoulder, BLOWS the rest of it away.

JEM
Minus a chunk I dropped in the kitty for the next one. And ten percent off the top for the Florist. A nice haul.

Out of his back pocket, he pulls the postage stamps.

JEM
Oh, and ATM stamps for all. I get John Wayne. Gloansy, you got Judy Garland.

Gloansy's response is a cheerful middle finger.

DOUG
What's this with the Florist?

JEM
His tribute. We don't duke Fergie, it's trouble down the road.

DOUG
What trouble? Why the fuck would we want to work for someone else?

JEM
Fergie's got some big things that would suit us nice. Marquee scores.

DOUG
Marquee scores mean marquee busts. All of us, 'cept the Monsignor, got strikes against us. We take a fall now, we're never gonna land.

GLOANSY
I ain't taking no more falls.

DOUG
The G, they don't like it when you rob banks, that's fair. Kidnapping, assault, all this Cagney shit - their fucking palms start getting sweaty.

JEM

You make a really good old woman.
Only you could be raggy about this
score.

DOUG

Fuck it. You want to duke the
Florist, duke the Florist. But I
ain't gonna be some gangster's ATM.

Jem polishes off his forty.

JEM

All right then. Duggy's share is
back at my place. You two...

Jem hands Dez and Gloansy ORANGE LOCKER KEYS.

JEM

Your pieces are out front. Remember -
it's all dirty linen, got to be
washed. And with that...

(POUNDS fist like a gavel)

...this investment club meeting is
officially adjourned.

Doug and Dez finish up, quickly heading down the risers.

JEM

Whoa, where you running off to?

DOUG

Got some stuff.

JEM

Blow it off! We got free ice. Guy
lives in my house, I never see him.

(calling after Doug)

Gloansy brought his pads, he's gonna
let us take shots at him.

GLOANSY

(mouth full)

Fuck you.

SKATING RINK LOCKER ROOM

Benches on a rubber floor, lockers lining one wall. Dez gets
his cut, the size of a phone book wrapped up in a FOODMASTER
grocery bag. He picks up on Doug's sour mood.

DEZ

Split's light, isn't it.

DOUG
Ah, fuck it.

DEZ
Why you let Jem be in charge? You know you run this. And that whole dock thing, what a fucking charade.
(closer, low)
He kidnapped a woman...

Doug doesn't want to get into this now.

DOUG
Going to drop half that in the collection box?

DEZ
(can't let it go)
You don't think that bank manager saw anything, do you?

Doug puts the Verizon helmet on Dez's head.

DOUG
You go do your job, I'll do mine.

EXT. MONUMENT SQUARE - LATER

The Bunker Hill Monument rises out of the Town. Doug, on foot, turns the corner, slowing.

The PURPLE SATURN FROM THE BANK is parked at the curb. Fingerprint dust still STREAKS the door handles, the hood. The bumper sticker reads, "Breathe!"

Doug slides something out of his pocket: Claire's driver's license. He looks at the door until a light comes on inside, and Doug walks on.

EXT. THE TAP - NIGHT

Trendy YUPPIES lined up at the velvet rope. Doug walks right past them to the Doorman, and is admitted inside with a nod.

INT. THE TAP - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

An upscale nightspot centered around a glass bar beneath nouveau lighting. Dressy, sedate, clubby.

But Doug ignores it, turning directly to a side doorway, starting downstairs into rising SMOKE and MUSIC.

INT. THE TAP - DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Downstairs is old-Town, brick-walled and low-ceilinged, a dungeon of piss and beer. Cases of empties form benches along the walls, a CD jukebox throbbing in the corner.

GLOANSY

MacRaaay!

Gloansy jumps onto the iron-pipe footrail under the bar and waves Doug in over the CROWD. Dez, hearing the name, leaves the juke, weaving through drunks to meet up.

Jem comes grinning hard, telegraphing a roundhouse right at half-speed. Doug snaps his head back in slow-motion.

JEM

The mastermind!

DOUG

The masturbator.

JEM

Not anymore. Took a vow.

Jem holds up four fingers to wet-sleeved bartender SPLASH, who spills some of every drink he serves.

Dez comes up for a fist-rap, then gets in Doug's ear.

DEZ

(a warning)

Krista's here.

Doug notices KRISTA COUGHLIN (27) in the mirror. Once the town beauty, she's smoked her 20s down to the filter. In tight, distressed jeans, she shakes the arm of her frog-faced friend, JOANIE LAWLER (26), and starts toward Doug, bourbon-and-coke in hand.

JEM

Fuckin' packed upstairs, huh? We should open a bar. *I* should. Drinking and money, combine my two loves.

DOUG

Not sure how well a gay bar would do here.

Gloansy howls. Jem smiles like he's picturing a murder.

Near them, a blowsy OLD LOCAL is toasting "The Old Town."

DOUG

Ah, the auld town is gone, gone...

JEM
Nah, these things're sickle-lickle.

DOUG
Cyclical.

JEM
Shut up.

Krista comes up behind Doug, who senses her presence.

JEM
See, it's all these Yuppie bitches
movin' into town, buyin' up condos
and shit. Driving the Townies out.
Lookit these two twats here.

A pair of "Upstairs" GIRLS come off the steps seeking shorter
bathroom lines - clutching their purses like debutantes,
picking their way through the hometown crowd.

JEM
I ask you - are we seeing any of this
action? What are we, upstairs,
drinkin' fuckin' Chablis? Jem's got
a plan.

KRISTA
Just let him go with this.

JEM
A chemical spill. Fumes. Get 'em
worried about their ovaries - they're
outta here the next day. Or - a
serial rapist...

DOUG
You gonna handle that yourself?

JEM
Fucking foolproof...

KRISTA
Do you miss it?

As Jem rambles on in the background, Krista leans into Doug,
seductively. Doug looks at the drink in her hand.

DOUG
Yeah, I miss it.

KRISTA
So why do you still come? Isn't this
like the worst place for you?

DOUG
Where else am I gonna go?

Behind them, Jem goes running up on the Upstairs Girls yelling "Booga-booga" - scaring them back upstairs - then turns back, triumphant, having field-tested his plan.

KRISTA

You know what I miss? Your sofa. The grip I used to get on that armrest. I love thinking that, every day you walk by it, you see my nail marks.

Her HAND slips inside his thigh - her fingers creeping up the inseam. Familiar and routine. In his ear:

KRISTA

How long has it been for you? It's been too long for me.

Splash finally returns with four uncapped High Lifes tangled in his fingers. Jem SLAMS one down on the bar in front of Doug, the bottle erupting with foam.

KRISTA

Jesus, Jimmy!

JEM

Fuck's your problem?

KRISTA

You. Don't be a drunk prick. Pick one, be a drunk or be a prick. Don't be both.

Jem backs her off, taking her place next to Doug.

JEM

Look, Duggy. I go dry. Days at a time. But you're on what, a year or more? That's fucking hitting pause, kid.

Doug focused on the beer, the foam spilling down the side.

JEM

It's like this. One of us takes a fall, I buy a round. I buy four. Always four. You die tomorrow, I buy four tomorrow night. In my head I been *count-culating* your share...

DOUG

Count-culating?

JEM

I - fuck you - been *calculating* your share, and you're in for a
(MORE)

JEM (cont'd)
motherfucking bitchload. When the
floodgates open, brother, you drink
long and free - on me.

As the juke music builds to a crescendo, Jem, inspired,
thumps his feet up onto the iron footrail.

JEM
*This is my sister right here - and
this is my fucking brother!*

Krista takes Doug's beer, sipping foam off the rim.

KRISTA
You're the strongest man I know.

She tips it back, drinking full, her eyes hot on him.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

A KNOCK...

Doug, barefoot in boxers, pads into the hall to listen. He
sees a shadow in the stripe of light beneath the door.

KRISTA (O.S.)
Dug-ggy.

Her voice is bar-hoarse and bourbon-rich. The knocking
becomes a cat-like NAIL-SCRATCHING.

KRISTA (O.S.)
I know you're in there...

The door moves faintly, her body against it. He puts his
hand on the opposite side, holding it still.

KRISTA (O.S.)
Tell me what you want me to do. Why
isn't wanting you enough?

He starts away, pausing to look at his sofa - where the
armrest has been SCRATCHED OPEN.

EXT. BANK BOSTON, KENMORE SQUARE BRANCH - DAY

Frawley touches the fresh wounds left in a telephone pole:
GOUGE MARKS left by a lineman's spikes. Above, two separate
Verizon Crews in cherry pickers examine the hacked junction
box above the Kenmore Square bank.

Frawley returns to Dino near an unmarked Ford Taurus.

FRAWLEY

It's got to be a lineman, Dino. We can run Verizon employee records. Anyone who lives in the Town.

As he speaks, his eye is drawn to a YOUNG MAN entering the bank wearing a baseball cap, dark glasses, and driving gloves - clutching an white empty trash bag.

DINO

That's a lot of linemen.

Dino's words pull Frawley back to the matter at hand.

FRAWLEY

What else have we got? A bleached-out crime scene, a microwaved hard drive. A torched van.

DINO

And a bank manager still not back at work.

Frawley looks back at the nearby bank.

FRAWLEY

Everything about her says squeaky-clean. Except she's hiding something.

The BEEPING noise is Dino's phone going off.

FRAWLEY

Why don't you ever answer her?

DINO

I been married twenty-two years, Frawl. There's nothing left to say.

Frawley turns back to the bank again - just as the same Young Man exits, striding quickly away. There is something in the white bag now, but not trash: C-notes line the one-ply bag.

FRAWLEY

You've got to be kidding me.
(starting after him)
Dean!

Dino missed the whole thing, still looking at his phone.

DINO

Yeah, one sec.

COMMONWEALTH AVE - CONTINUOUS

Frawley keeping pace with the Young Man weaving through the midday crowd on the boulevard sidewalk. Frawley pats his pockets - a moment of distress - then finds his badge.

FRAWLEY

Hey. You there! Hold it!

The Young Man slows, stops. Breathing hard. Frawley comes up alone at the Young Man's back. No Dino.

FRAWLEY

Turn around. Slow.

As he does, we see his sweat - a dope-sick drug addict...

...then we hear a FUSE-LIKE CRACKLING. A HISSING. Coming from the bag. The Young Man holds it up, confused, as -

He EXPLODES in a RED BURST.

Or appears to - Frawley REELING BACKWARD to the pavement, throat burning. He brings his hand up to his face - and sees RED on his fingers and his badge.

He struggles to his feet. Something FLUTTERS near and he grabs at it: a \$100 bill, red-stained and burned. Now he sees the plastic bag burst open, smoking. He realizes: a DYE PACK. Stained currency floating dream-like into the street.

Frawley sees the red-stained Man fleeing, and takes off after him. Two painted men running down the sidewalk...

Frawley follows him around the corner - and into a chorus of HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMS. An elementary school playground. His appearance sends KIDS SCREAMING toward the building.

Frawley, charging hard, TACKLES the Young Man. Kids drop down off monkey bars as Frawley pins the Man's arms. A BEAT COP comes running up, sidearm drawn, but Frawley - coughing, half-blind - thrusts out his red-stained badge.

SIDEWALK

Dino SQUEALS up in the Taurus, hops out. Frawley stands.

FRAWLEY

You okay there, Dean? I was worried.

DINO

Everything but the paint can over the head. Do me a favor? Hold out your badge and say, "Jerry Lewis, FBI."

Frawley holds out a red MIDDLE FINGER instead.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN - PEARL STREET - MORNING

Doug with a hot tea, returning to the seriously run-down COUGHLIN HOUSE: a rotting standout in this mixed area of gentrified condos and old Irish lace triple-deckers.

INT. COUGHLIN HOUSE - ENTRY WAY - CONTINUOUS

Door window RATTLES as Doug tramps up the stairs. Jem's voice calls to him from the open second-floor door.

JEM

Hey! Come in here!

SECOND FLOOR - JEM'S - CONTINUOUS

Doug finds Jem nursing a pale-lipped hangover in front of a 60-inch plasma TV, playing NHL 2008 in his shorts.

Near the sofa, SHYNE (19 mos) sits in a highchair gnawing on a cracker. She is ghostly pale and sad-eyed, not quite ticking with the rest of the world. Doug tugs on a limp Mylar balloon tied to her chair, but she barely responds.

Doug moves empty beer bottles and a full ashtray, taking a controller off a stack of porn mags and sitting down.

DOUG

Got some pretty heavy reading material there, Jem boy.

JEM

Some days, you just wake up horny. Got all this fucking energy. I already worked out, shoulders and calves, twice.

DOUG

(nodding to bathroom)
Maybe you should go deal with it.

JEM

Told you, I don't do that no more.

DOUG

You're serious?

JEM

They say weed saps your ambition? I say, yanking it does.

Jem curls his player into Doug's, a hard CHECK. They drop gloves and square off, game announcer bellowing, "FIGHT!"

JEM

Like old times, kid! Can you tell me why we don't do this every fucking day?

As punches fly, Doug hears the door glass RATTLE downstairs.

DOUG

Krista's home.

JEM

It's cool, man. She won't bug us.

Hung-over Krista enters with a bag of diapers under her arm. She crosses to Shyne, swiping some cracker mush from her daughter's mouth before lifting her out.

Krista looks at Doug a moment with Shyne on her hip. When she gets no response or reaction from him, she leaves.

DOUG

Let me get my take. Get it squared away.

JEM

You taking off already?

DOUG

I'll come back down later.

Jem stands, dejected. He yanks the molding out from the doorway between the parlor and the kitchen, revealing slot-like shelves inside, and newspaper-wrapped parcels.

DOUG

You stashing here now? You take a search warrant someday, you don't think they're gonna tap the walls?

JEM

Always so fucking panicked, DigDug.

Jem hands Doug his thick bundle, cash showing through, then hammers the molding back in place with the heel of his hand.

JEM

Know what you need? This 'all work, no play' shit, it gives me hives. We all got laundry to do, so let's go native. Right now, today. This is Doug MacRay's day off...

INT. INDIAN CASINO - LAUNDERING MONTAGE

- Roulette wheel stops on double zero. Jem exults, WASTED, doing a RAIN DANCE. Gloansy and Dez - losers again - watch as their chips are swept away forever...

- Doug, at a Blackjack table, drops a healthy stack of hundreds, which the Dealer plays out on the velvet before dunking into the slot in exchange for stacks of chips...

- Roulette wheel slows, Jem losing BIG this time. He points out a Hot Waitress to distract Gloansy and Dez - then nicks chips from their dwindling stacks...

- Doug hits on 21. He rises, done, many chips in his tray...

- At the Cashier's Window, Doug exchanges chips for clean cash. He turns and sees Jem, Gloansy, and Dez dancing in a circle like warrior braves, and can't help but smile...

INT. STEAK HOUSE - LATER

Jem, Dez, and Gloansy laughing, drinking. Doug dips his steak in KETCHUP, amused yet sober. The SERVER brings the check, and Jem puts it in his mouth and eats it.

INT. FOXY LADY - LATER

From above: the four of them sitting around the stage - three of them wasted - smiling up at a sinuous STRIPPER.

JEM

You Irish?

(she shakes her head)

How come there're no Irish strippers?

GLOANSY

'Cause they all dance like this.

He rises and attempts the "Riverdance" - knees high, arms tight at his sides - and falls, breaking up the others.

LATER

Doug sits for a private lap dance, his DANCER watching her own performance in the wall mirror. TWO BOUNCERS brush past, EJECTING drunken Jem, the angry STRIPPER following.

Doug's DANCER stops, reaching out to TOUCH THE SCAR over his eye - a moment of unusual intimacy, surprising them both.

INT. DOUG'S CAPRICE - LATER

Doug the designated driver, all three passed out in back.
CROSSING THE BRIDGE back into Charlestown...

Doug slows outside Claire Keeseey's door near Monument
Square...then pulls away, heading home.

EXT. MRS. SEAVEY'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Doug carrying a True Value bag to the unlit front door of a
postwar Cape. He KNOCKS, then begins unscrewing the glass
cap of the stoop light, brushing out dead bugs.

MRS. SEAVEY (O.S.)

Here I am, Douglas.

She unchains the door, pulling it wide of her walker. MRS.
SEAVEY is 80, frail but cheerful.

DOUG

How's that leg, Mrs. Seavey? Getting
around okay?

With a mischievous, half-dreaming grin, she releases the
walker and shuffles back and forth in her foam slippers.

MRS. SEAVEY

Da-daa-dee-da...

From the hardware bag, Doug pulls out coiled light bulbs.

DOUG

I bought you these fancy ones 'cause
they reminded me of you.

MRS. SEAVEY

Aha. Screwy?

DOUG

(reading)

Nah. "Extended life. Years of
continuous illumination."

She titters as he screws in a new bulb.

DOUG

I'll probably be out in the garage
until late tonight.

MRS. SEAVEY

As long as you want, boy. But why
aren't you out there making some nice
Catholic girl happy?

DOUG
 Can you keep a secret?
 (a pause - realizing)
 I think I might have met someone.

E/I. MRS. SEAVEY'S GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

Doug unlocks a side door, lit by a plastic blue yard-shrine VIRGIN MARY. Halogen lamps inside reveal: a CORVETTE ZR-1 with a pristine emerald green finish. His pride and joy.

He proceeds to the rear of the garage, a four-foot drop leading to a dirt-floored storage area cluttered with ancient bikes and a rusted snowblower. He crouches and pulls away a large rock, exposing a CASH-FILLED CAVITY.

Out of the True Value bag, he adds banded stacks of CASH, separating the washed from the unwashed...

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

Doug passing brightly lit cooler shelves stocked with BEER - reaching into a cramped slot alongside them for a liter bottle of MOUNTAIN DEW. Straightening, he sees...

Claire Keeseey, halfway down in Hair Care. Undercover, almost, in sweats and a ballcap, ponytail pulled through.

She chooses shampoo. Doug shadows her to the magazine racks, where she pulls down Shape. Then, deliberating, she grabs Whoppers malted-milk balls - folding her magazine over them.

Doug impulsively takes a soft Red Sox ball toy off the rack - and falls into line right behind her.

He sees the soft curve of her neck, then the key chain purse in her hands. Her driver's license window is still empty.

She pays and exits. Doug watches her through front windows painted with DOLLAR SIGNS.

EXT. MONUMENT SQUARE - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Doug in his Caprice, again watching Claire's front door. She exits, cap brim low, trundling a basket of laundry. He's thinking: *Am I going to do this?*

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

THROWING laundry into a bag.

INT. JAY'S ON THE CORNER - LAUNDROMAT - MINUTES LATER

Doug feigning interest in a newspaper, watching Claire's back as she eats malted milk balls. They are alone but for the Greek proprietor and an Old Woman watching TV.

Claire's dryer time winds down, her sneakers rumbling, *pum-pum-pum-stop*. She heads to a CHANGE DISPENSER in back, repeatedly feeding it a crumpled dollar bill...

An opening. Doug approaches her tentatively, a handful of quarters in his fist. But the dispenser accepts her bill, paying out change - leaving him stranded. She returns to her laundry, her back to him. He can't back down now.

DOUG

Excuse me?

She turns fast, startled to see him there.

DOUG

Hi, uh, I was wondering if you knew...

He's so focused on his delivery, it takes a moment to register that there are tears in her eyes. She swipes at them, fast and guilty, then covers with a smile.

DOUG

I...oh.

The tears reappear, and she tries to smile again. Then she gives up, turning away, resuming her folding.

DOUG

You okay?

Her look this time is harsh, imploring: *Please go away*. She scoops up the rest of her clothes, a tennis sock and lilac panties dropping to the floor. Head down, she rushes to the front door - another dryer load still churning behind her.

DOUG

Hey, you forgot...

She's gone. Doug picks up the sock and panties - then sees the Old Woman staring accusingly at him. When Claire's load stops, he opens his fist and feeds quarters into her dryer.

CROSS FADE TO:

Dryers still churning around him, Doug sits in a bucket seat, dozing. A figure stands above him: Claire.

CLAIRE
Excuse me, hi. Hello?

DOUG
Oh, hey - how are you?

CLAIRE
Really embarrassed. I wanted to apologize...

DOUG
No, no. I hate those machines. I was going to beat it up for you.

CLAIRE
I'm having a really bad month, and it all kind of hit me at once.

DOUG
As long as you're better.

Some of her remaining clothes sit folded on the table.

CLAIRE
Much, yes. Anyway - thanks for the quarters, and pulling my clothes out. And--

(noticing now)
Folding some of them.

DOUG
Hope that was all right. Kind of weird, I guess - folding a stranger's laundry.

CLAIRE
...Anyway, I'm sorry I ran off like that. Thank you again.

He watches her retreat to the machine, wanting to say something more. He heads back to his spot across the table - stopping halfway, steeling himself, and starting back.

DOUG
Listen, I know it's already been an emotional day - for both of us - but I wouldn't forgive myself if I didn't at least take my shot here.

CLAIRE
Your shot? Excuse me?

Her eyebrows flinch at his poor choice of words. Her expression says: *Are you kidding me?*

DOUG
Yeah, my shot. It's going to haunt
me for months.

CLAIRE
Are you really that hard on yourself?

DOUG
You don't even know.

He stands, shifting his weight, at a loss for words.

CLAIRE
Well, so, is this it now? Are you
taking your shot?

DOUG
I just...I wanted to see if a guy
like me could actually *cross this*
room and talk to a quality person
like yourself.

She squints, smiling faintly, unsure what to make of him.

CLAIRE
Quality?

DOUG
Yeah. *Quality.*

INT. BANK ROBBERY TASK FORCE BULLPEN - DAY

Frawley at his desk, scribbling, talking on the phone. The
red stain adheres to half of his face and his hand. His
DOODLING is artful, his felt pen detailing a TELEPHONE POLE,
the scarred HOCKEY MASK, jugs labeled "BLEACH"...

FRAWLEY
...No, I just thought I'd check in,
see how you were getting on.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
Good. I'm doing better, actually.
It finally happened, just as you said
it would. My breakdown. In a
Laundromat of all places...

A passing FBI AGENT can't resist.

FBI AGENT
Putting your makeup on in the dark
again, Frawley?

Frawley covers the phone, throwing a pencil at him.

FRAWLEY

Good. It gets easier now.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

There was this other customer, he sort of watched over my clothes. I know it sounds silly. He asked me out. I just said yeah, sort of in the moment. He's a furniture mover or something, I don't know. I'm not sure I'll go.

INT. THE TAP - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Doug sits at a back table, rearranging the salt and pepper shakers. He tries to appear relaxed, wearing stiff, new clothes. He scans the menu for the eighth time. Finally, he stands, starting heavy-legged past the Yuppies at the glass bar, heading for the front door.

Just then, Claire bursts in, flustered, looking past him. Doug hesitates - as yet unseen - then starts to leave.

CLAIRE

Oh my God, you're right here. Were you leaving? I'm so sorry. I didn't - you look different.

DOUG

Do I, yeah.

She sizes him up, concerned about her own clothes now - a simple blouse and distressed jeans.

CLAIRE

I was running late. I thought more ...casual.

DOUG

Doesn't matter. I think I folded those jeans.

CLAIRE

(smiles, looks down)
I think you did.

DOUG

Searched the pockets for loose change and everything.
(feeling better)
Maybe we haven't lost our table.

They return to the back, sitting. The low-watt overhead lamp sprays soft light onto her honeyed hair.

CLAIRE

I'm shocked you waited. I mean - I'm glad, and I am sorry. But I'm also amazed.

DOUG

Really only about fifteen minutes was me waiting for you. The rest was me knocking myself in the head.

CLAIRE

Oh, no! You warned me about that.

The SERVER arrives, blonde, one ear rimmed with clips.

SERVER

You made it!

CLAIRE

I made it. Did he look very worried?

SERVER

Actually, he looked pissed off.

DOUG

Thought I was hiding it.

SERVER

Anyway, my name is Drea. Our wine special tonight is a valpolicella, very light, very lively, subtle...

CLAIRE

Oh, God, yes - I want that.

SERVER

Glass or bottle?

DOUG

Bottle.

The Server nods and starts away...

DOUG

And I'll have a soda water, lime.

The Server pauses, notes that down, and leaves.

DOUG

I'm driving.
(he looks up at her)
For the rest of my life.

CLAIRE

Why did you get the whole bottle then?

DOUG

I don't even know. Um, you were saying...

CLAIRE

I was? Oh, yeah - about being late. I've been through a lot of crap lately, but I'll spare you all of that. I've never really met somebody like this.

At the table, the Server comes back, uncorking the bottle as Claire talks over the din.

CLAIRE

And I got scared. Just really--

Claire samples the wine.

CLAIRE

Nervous. That's great, thank you.

Doug, looking away, notices Splash (the downstairs bartender) upstairs here, retrieving more High Lifes from the glass bar. Doug glances away before Splash can make him.

CLAIRE

Did you see your wife?

DOUG

Huh? I'm not--

CLAIRE

I'm just kidding. You had this worried look on your face.

DOUG

Listen - how about getting out of here?

CLAIRE

I - what? Already?

DOUG

Let's go someplace with a view. Of the city. Unless - I don't know, your place, does it have a view?

CLAIRE

I--
 (double take)
 My place?

DOUG

Whoa, no, hold up. I only meant, I don't want to be showing you the city if its something you see every morning when you wake up.

She crosses her arms. He sees he's losing her, fast.

DOUG

I picked this place - I wasn't expecting you to say yes, and so I went with here 'cause it seemed like the sort of place you'd like. But I don't know you, right?

(a beat)

Do you like it?

CLAIRE

You don't even drink.

DOUG

Exactly. I lost my head. What do you say?

CLAIRE

(looks at the bottle)

But what about...?

DOUG

Bring it with you. The glass too.

CLAIRE

I can't - the glass?

Doug strips a century off his cash roll, sliding it beside the vase. He stands with the open bottle.

DOUG

You smile at the doorman, I guarantee he won't say a thing.

EXT. BUNKER HILL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Doug and Claire making their way up the steep incline, Claire with her empty wine glass in hand.

DOUG

So, what do you do?

CLAIRE

I'm in banking. Oh God - I'm not sure if that's meant to impress you or bore you to death. I'm a bank manager. You?

He returns an overturned recycling bin to the curb.

DOUG

Well, that depends. We still trying to impress each other?

CLAIRE

Of course.

DOUG

I'm a sky-maker.

CLAIRE

Wow. You win.

DOUG

Nah, I'm in demolition. Bringing down old buildings. Making sky.

CLAIRE

I like that. Do you do those big stadiums they always show collapsing on TV?

DOUG

I'm more hands-on. Just me and a sledgehammer.

Under the gas lamps, they stop near St. Frank's steeple, outside a brownstone triple with blooming flower boxes.

CLAIRE

You live here?

Doug enters, feeling along the top of the interior door.

DOUG

Friend of mine manages it.

(finding the key)

We're just going to use the stairs to get up top. What do you say?

She glances up and down the sidewalk, a momentary hesitation, then follows him inside.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

A postcard view of nighttime Boston.

CLAIRE
Wow. Is this sky one of yours?

DOUG
Yep.

From an open window nearby, the CLANK of dishes being washed, and a radio station playing 1970's "AM Gold".

CLAIRE
The Carpenters too? Your choice?

DOUG
All this has been taken care of.
(checks watch)
Fireworks are a little late though.

That rates a smile. The song ends, Barry White coming on, "Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe". Doug musters the bass for a deep, "Oh, yeah..."

DOUG
The truth is, I don't know who manages the building. I just know where the key is.

CLAIRE
Oh. Okay.

She settles back, good for a little mischief.

CLAIRE
Does your family live here?

DOUG
None of them anymore. My parents, they split up. My mother - she left my dad and me when I was about six.

CLAIRE
Oh, I'm sorry. I'm asking too many questions.

DOUG
First date. What else you gonna do?

CLAIRE
Most guys try to wear you down with questions, show how interested they are.

DOUG
Not me. I'm not interested.

She laughs, relaxed enough to pour another glass.

CLAIRE
You don't have any questions you want
to ask me?

DOUG
Maybe a couple hundred or so. But I
figure there's time. Least, I hope
there is.

The RADIO CLICKS OFF suddenly, the window dropping SHUT.

CLAIRE/DOUG
Oh, nooooo!

They smile, both having reacted at the same time.

CLAIRE
You've lived in Charlestown all your
life, right?

DOUG
Right.

CLAIRE
So what do you know about bank
robbers?

Doug clears his throat, taking a step backward.

CLAIRE
There's supposed to be a lot here. I
figured maybe you grew up with some.

DOUG
I guess - maybe.

CLAIRE
My bank was robbed. A couple of
weeks ago. They were waiting for us
inside.

Doug is amazed at how immediately he feels awful.

CLAIRE
Held us at gunpoint. Made us lie
down. Took our shoes off. Isn't
that the weirdest - our shoes.

DOUG
But you weren't hurt.

CLAIRE
David was. My assistant manager. A
silent alarm went off.

DOUG

They beat him up 'cause he set off
the alarm?

Doug is struck by how she avoids answering.

CLAIRE

They took me with them, took me
hostage. I thought I was going to
die. They let me out somewhere over
there.

(nods at jet lights)

The FBI agent, he told me this would
feel like being in mourning.

DOUG

You're working with the FBI?

CLAIRE

This one agent. He's been great.

DOUG

Yeah? Good. What's he ask you?
What they look like? What they said?

CLAIRE

At first. Not anymore.

DOUG

Now what, he, like, calls you?
Checks in?

CLAIRE

Yeah. Why?
(thinking now)
You think he suspects me?

DOUG

It's just that this other guy was
beat up, but they take you for a
ride, let you go unhurt. You never
thought about that?

CLAIRE

You're freaking me out a little.

DOUG

Hey - I should probably stick to
things I know.
(seeing her posture)
Looks like you're getting cold.

CLAIRE

I am.

He empties the rest of the wine into the roof gutter.

BUNKER HILL STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The wine spill out of the gutter spout leaves a spreading red stain on the sidewalk as he walks her home.

MONUMENT SQUARE - MINUTES LATER

Doug stops at the corner to her street - thinking.

DOUG

Okay.

She's surprised by his abruptness.

CLAIRE

Okay, so...?

DOUG

Look, I probably shouldn't even be here with you.

CLAIRE

(hurt)

Why do you say that?

DOUG

I don't even know.

She steps up, examining his face in the light of the gas lamp. She touches the scar that splits his eyebrow.

CLAIRE

I wanted to ask in the restaurant.

DOUG

You like hockey?

CLAIRE

I hate it.

He nods fast, letting it go.

DOUG

So what are you doing tomorrow night?
Probably have a busy day - right?
Back to work, you'll be tired. How
'bout the night after?

CLAIRE

I don't...

DOUG
 OK, here's the truth. Whatever it
 takes to see you again, I'll do.
 Would you want to see me again?

CLAIRE
 I...sure.

DOUG
 All right. Your turn this time - you
 pick the place. I'll pick you up,
 right here at eight.

CLAIRE
 Okay. Good night, Doug.

DOUG
 Could you say that again?

CLAIRE
 Good night, Doug.

DOUG
 Good night, Claire.

EXT. DEZ'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A tight two-story on the outskirts of the Town. Doug exits
 first, Dez locking the door behind - Doug grabbing the napkin
 still tucked under Dez's chin and tucking it into Dez's
 pocket. Dez slows at the sidewalk, stopping Doug.

DEZ
 Look, this may be stupid, but... this
 morning I was in Chestnut Hill, up on
 a pole checking a reading...and I
 noticed this red sedan, like a Chevy
 Cavalier, kept cruising past my
 truck, circling. Then, just as I'm
 thinking maybe something needs to be
 done about this, it disappears.

DOUG
 Beautiful story, Desmond.

Dez points to his own sternum, indicating the street.

DEZ
 Three houses down. Red Cavalier.

Doug looks, his eyes going DEAD.

DEZ
 We can head up this way--

Doug strides right into the street, straight toward the Cavalier. The car's engine ROARS to life as he gets there, swinging into the road. Doug doesn't budge.

The car STOPS at his knees. Doug comes around to the driver's side, glimpsing RED STAINS on the driver's hand and neck -

Then the car PEELS OUT, Doug KICKING the side as it goes. He runs hard the other way, reaching the corner in time to see the Cavalier speeding off. Dez catches up with him.

DEZ

The fuck was that? Cop?

Panting, Doug stares after the fleeing taillights.

DOUG

Cop would have gotten out, badged me.

DEZ

But if it's the G, how'd they--?

DOUG

Fuck.

DEZ

Wait. They're onto me?

DOUG

Maybe we pushed the phone stuff too hard. Motherfuck.

DEZ

You get a look at him?

DOUG

Birthmark. Some kind of rash.

In his panic, Dez can't quite recover his breath.

DEZ

What do I do? Am I made? What's it mean...?

EXT. NAVY YARD PAVILION - DAY

Passing School Groups touring the USS *Constitution*, Doug, Jem, and Gloansy walk along the waterfront, moving fast.

JEM

Fucking cunt.

DOUG

What?

GLOANSY

Whoa, whoa.

JEM

The fucking bank manager.

DOUG

What could she tell them? What?
That there were four of us? We drove
a van?

A smiling Greeter dressed as PAUL REVERE approaches them.

JEM

Fuck off, Paul Revere.

Paul Revere's face falls. He walks away.

JEM

Sniffing around the Monsignor, that I
don't like. You could handle them.
The Monsignor, I don't have that
kinda faith in.

GLOANSY

How bad you think they got us?

DOUG

Maybe not at all. Or maybe they're
watching us right now.

GLOANSY

(confidentially)
What about, like, cameras in my
bedroom, shit like that?

DOUG

I would say, kid, these guys' jobs
are tough enough.

(beat)

Bottom line is, we got to cool it for
a while. We gotta coast.

JEM

What? Fuck that.

DOUG

Gotta pull back. Week or two, tops.

(starting away)

A vacation, kid. Enjoy it.

JEM

(to Doug's back)

Vacation? I'm fucking always on
vacation.

EXT. MONUMENT SQUARE - NIGHT

Waiting in his idling emerald Corvette, Doug sees Claire in the lamplight, in a shimmering black top and turquoise skirt. He eases the ZR-1's gleaming prow along the curb at her knees and hops out, feeling good - until he sees her eyes widen.

CLAIRE

Wa-how.

Getting her door, he recognizes her look as *amusement*. He feels the sudden sting of foolishness.

I/E. CORVETTE ZR-1 - CONTINUOUS

He climbs in himself. Tries to stay positive.

DOUG

So. What do you think? Too much muscle?

CLAIRE

I can't believe how clean it is.

DOUG

I had it painted custom. I wanted it to be one-of-a-kind.

(a beat)

So...is it ridiculous?

CLAIRE

Yes.

Nodding, he pulls into the street, easing to a red light, where he melodramatically guns the engine. She giggles, crossing her legs, settling into her low seat.

CLAIRE

I feel like I'm lying down. I think my car's going to be jealous.

Doug reaches across her for her seat belt, pulling the strap slowly across her chest. She watches him click it in.

DOUG

Saturns and Corvettes. Different animals.

CLAIRE

How'd you know I drove a Saturn?

He freezes, his smile fading. A big slip-up.

CLAIRE
 (soft, flirtatious)
 Did you follow me?

Doug shrugs it off, defusing the moment.

CLAIRE
 It's green.

He GUNS ahead, facing forward again. Claire turns to him.

CLAIRE
 I need to ask you a favor.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATER

Claire leading, counting door numbers.

CLAIRE
 I promise it won't take long.

A COP sits in a chair posted outside the room. Doug slows.

DOUG
 I'll wait out here.

CLAIRE
 (taking his hand)
 No. Meet him.

HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David Bearns propped up against an avalanche of pillows, gauze and bandages masking his face, bulged over one eye.

Doug recognizes the assistant manager from the bank heist. He stays back while Claire takes David's hand.

CLAIRE
 I wish you had let me bring you
something, David.

BEARNS
 Ugh, people bring so much clutter -
 it's like, enough with the balloons
 already.

CLAIRE
 You said they're hopeful, though?

BEARNS
 Well, hopeful means I may recover
 fifty percent of my sight in this
 (MORE)

BEARNS (cont'd)
 eye. I just want to get out of here.
 Get home, get back to work.

CLAIRE
 Really? Back to work?

BEARNS
 God, yes. Something to do instead of
 large-print crossword puzzles.

CLAIRE
 I'm having trouble with work.

BEARNS
 Well, you have memories, Sweetie.
 The one inconvenience I was spared.
 They were knocked right out of me.

All Doug needs to hear. He retreats to the doorway.

DOUG
 I'm gonna leave you two alone.

BEARNS
 I won't keep her long. But we will
 talk about you.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Doug waiting near the Cop, getting antsy. Claire exits the
 room in obvious pain. Doug walks alongside her.

DOUG
 Your friend got a tough break.

CLAIRE
 No. It's worse than that.

Doug goes a few steps more before realizing she's stopped.

CLAIRE
 It's my fault.

Doug returns to her, hovering like a bodyguard.

CLAIRE
 I was the one who set off the alarm
 at the robbery. Not him. They beat
 up the wrong person.
 (despair, self-disgust)
 And I watched. I could have told them
 it was me. But I just let it happen.

DOUG
You were scared.

CLAIRE
I did this to him. The FBI agent, he assumed it was David who set off the alarm. And I let him.

A long pause. Doug waiting for two NURSES to pass by.

DOUG
I wouldn't have told the FBI anything either. If they can't catch the one who did it, they'll settle for the one who fits. And that's usually the one who talked the most.

CLAIRE
You're serious? Are you saying I should hire a lawyer?

DOUG
No, too late. You did your civic duty. You don't know anything.
(pressing)
Right?

Claire shakes her head. Relieved, Doug eases off.

DOUG
I think you got to let this go, Claire. You can get past this.

CLAIRE
I have to, I know.

She looks at him, starting to recover, moving ahead. A few steps on, she nudges into him gently with her hip.

CLAIRE
Can you tell I've been thinking about you?

DOUG
(nudging her back)
Yeah?

Claire takes his hand into hers.

CLAIRE
Yeah.

JEM (V.O.)
You got laid, motherfucker. Come clean.

I/E. JEM'S TRANS AM - LATER

Jem driving Doug, weaving hard around double-parked cars.

JEM

Something's different about you. You found Jesus? Maybe run into him upstairs at the Tap?

DOUG

What are you talking about?

JEM

Splash, bartender - he said he saw you there, *upstairs*. The other night.

DOUG

Yeah, Saturday night. All of us.

JEM

No, fuckhead. Recent.

DOUG

(shrugging)

Different Doug MacRay.

JEM

Yeah, the *old* Doug MacRay. You better not be drinking up there with the socialites. I been waiting too fucking long.

Jem HONKS and flips off another driver.

JEM

So, what, you got a date for Gloansy's wedding?

DOUG

That an offer? This is so sudden.

JEM

Some fucking inconsiderate shit, him getting married. Freckled fuck.

He reaches for the radio, turning it on. A *Sesame Street* kiddie tune BLASTS OUT OF THE SPEAKERS.

JEM

Jesus fuck.

He hits eject, tosses the tape in back like it's on fire.

JEM

That's why I don't let her use my ride. You know she wanted me to put a baby seat in back there?

(beat)

What about that bank manager now?

Doug reacts - then covers it, misunderstanding.

DOUG

What about her?

JEM

You follow up on that? Anything?

DOUG

Dead end.

Jem SWERVES hard around a slow-moving car, SWERVES back.

JEM

No need to remove her from the equation?

Doug's look is sudden and furious.

JEM

I'm just saying.

DOUG

Just saying what? You're a fucking contract killer now?

JEM

Loose ends.

DOUG

Listen, DeNiro - you need to start jerking off again. Like right now. Pull over, I'll wait.

INT. FORD TAURUS - LATE AFTERNOON

Dino and Frawley parked. Watching a VERIZON TRUCK.

FRAWLEY

Desmond Elden. Lives with his mother, steady job, never spent a minute in a jail cell. Even goes to mass three, four times a week.

Dino's phone BEEPS. He checks it, shuts it off.

FRAWLEY
What does she want now?

DINO
Fuck, if I know. She wants a new husband.

FRAWLEY
Anyway I check up just to cross him off the list. I made him with another guy outside Elden's house. ID'd from the Task Force mugs - Douglas MacRay.

DINO
MacRay? Mac MacRay's son?

Dez emerges from his work van now, carrying lunchtime trash to a barrel, lingering outside a Credit Union.

FRAWLEY
What is he doing here?

DINO
I hope he's not fucking with us.

FRAWLEY
You know this guy, MacRay?

DINO
High school hockey star, I remember. Drafted. Bruins.

FRAWLEY
Bruins Bruins?

DINO
Guy's got a temper. Got himself drummed out of the AHL. Put another prospect in the hospital.

FRAWLEY
You usually get a bonus for that.

DINO
Guy he beat up was on his own team.

INT. WARREN TAVERN - AFTERNOON

A colonial-era pub, upscale, crowded. Claire and Frawley sit by the window, him with a beer, her with iced tea. Frawley rubs his stained cheek, a new habit.

CLAIRE
Does it itch?

FRAWLEY

I feel like half-cop, half-criminal.
Should fade in another day or two.
Go ahead, touch.

She does, touching his stained hand...then pulls back.
Something wrong in their touch.

CLAIRE

You know, somebody warned me not to
talk to you without a lawyer.

FRAWLEY

Somebody from Charlestown, right?

CLAIRE

How'd you know?

FRAWLEY

Well, that's the other thing here.
Talk to the cops and you're dead.
Your entire family's dead.

CLAIRE

Am I a suspect?

FRAWLEY

Where are you getting this? Would I
ask you here if you were?

CLAIRE

I don't know. Would you?

FRAWLEY

Not if I wanted a conviction.

Their SERVER returns. Frawley starts to gesture for another
drink, but Claire shakes her head.

CLAIRE

Just the check, thanks.

She slips the bill onto the table. Frawley leans forward.

FRAWLEY

So, what do you say? You have time
to catch a movie or something?

She's perplexed, as if her therapist just asked her out.

CLAIRE

That might be okay.

FRAWLEY

Might be. Could be. Would be.

CLAIRE
I might be seeing someone already.

FRAWLEY
Okay.
(pause)
The piano mover? The guy you met in
the Laundromat?

He smiles when he sees, by her reaction, that it is.

CLAIRE
What's so funny? He's...

FRAWLEY
No, good. That's good.

CLAIRE
He's not a piano mover. And anyway,
aren't there FBI rules...?

FRAWLEY
Against dating the vic? Yeah.
(picks up the check)
Never ever do it.

EXT. FENWAY GARDENS - BACK BAY FENS

One of hundreds of small, fenced garden lots in the heart of
the city. Claire's is modest, yet thriving. On her knees,
planting purple impatiens, she STARTLES and spins around.

CLAIRE
My God, you scared me.

DOUG
I was in the area.

She brushes at the browned knees of her jeans.

CLAIRE
You spying on me, Doug?

DOUG
Maybe just a little.

CLAIRE
Well, stop it and come on in.

He opens the wire-loop gate, sitting on her stone bench. She
kneels on a foam pad, facing away, planting flowers in
overturned earth. The lilac band of her panties shows over
her belt - the panties from the Laundromat floor.

CLAIRE
Were you really in the area? Or did
you put yourself in the area?

DOUG
I put myself here, definitely. Plus
I'm a really big fan of flowers.

CLAIRE
Yeah? What's your favorite kind?

DOUG
Oh...lilac.

She pats the soil around a short stem without turning.

CLAIRE
You can see my underwear, can't you.

DOUG
It's all right. I don't mind.

She doesn't cover up - a simple, sexy thing - finishing
instead, then splashing hose water over her hands.

EXT. FENWAY GARDENS - MINUTES LATER

Claire and Doug walk along the pebbled paths past individual
gardens...a barefoot Asian woman practicing tai-chi...Old Men
playing petanque. City skyscrapers surround in background.

CLAIRE
I did a terrible thing yesterday. I
watched a soap opera. There was this
corny scene with the woman gazing off
for her big close-up, sighing, "Why
am I falling for you?" It was so over-
the-top, I was laughing when I turned
it off. But then I got to thinking.

(softly)
Why am I falling for you?

Her words hit him like booze.

CLAIRE
It's like I know you really well, but
you're not real. Like I invented
you. Are you real, Doug?

DOUG
I think so.

CLAIRE

I don't even have your phone number.
Or your address - no house to drive
past and torment myself and wonder,
"Is he home?"

DOUG

You mean you want references?

CLAIRE

Yes! I can't help feeling there's
something...

(searching)

Are you married?

DOUG

Married?

CLAIRE

See. You're making me embarrass
myself.

Doug makes a pretend move for his wallet.

DOUG

I have a driver's license and a
Blockbuster card.

CLAIRE

Just tell me, Doug.

(gripping his wrists)

Tell me if I'm making a mistake.

I'll still make the mistake. I just
want to know now.

DOUG

I'm saying there's no--

She lets out a tiny SCREAM - "AAAH!" - startling nearby ducks
and the Old Men. She pulls on him, staring into his eyes.

CLAIRE

Yes or no. Am I making a mistake?

Doug looks down at her hands manacling his wrists.

DOUG

No.

CLAIRE

(finger in his chest)

You promised.

They resume walking, trailing away down the pebble path.

CLAIRE

I think all dates should be first dates. No pasts, no history. No baggage. You and me up on that rooftop, over and over.

Doug stops. He holds out his hand.

DOUG

Hey, I'm Doug.

CLAIRE

Claire. Nice to meet you.

They shake, then he looks at his empty palm, shrugging.

DOUG

Nah. No chemistry.

She pushes him away, laughing, then grabs his hand again, hooking her arm around his.

EXT. CANESTARO'S PIZZERIA - DUSK

Claire and Doug share a half-pepperoni, half-broccoli pizza at a sidewalk cafe within earshot of Fenway Park. CROWD ROAR sounds like a tide rising and falling. In mid-conversation:

DOUG

...but no, my dad was the problem.

CLAIRE

How so?

DOUG

You know how you asked me one time about Charlestown, bank robbers?

Risky for Doug, opening up like this. Claire on edge, waiting for him to say something other than what she's thinking.

DOUG

Two years after my mother left, he drew a twenty-one month sentence. I drew twenty-one months in a foster home. I was eight.

Dizzying and freeing, him speaking these words.

DOUG

In my mind, my mother had no choice. I always assume she started up another family somewhere - and I don't blame her. But - I wouldn't

(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)
mind talking about something else
either.

CLAIRE
It helps to know that about you.
It's so strange, the way we met.

Doug gestures to the pizza, the cafe, the fading day.

DOUG
I'm having a good time. A really
good time.

She sets her napkin on the table, pushing back her chair.

CLAIRE
Good. Then you'll miss me while I'm
gone.

Claire disappears inside to the bathroom, and Doug tips his chair back, looking up at a jet trail in the sky. He pulls out his money roll, peeling off bills.

Someone pokes him in the back of the neck.

VOICE
Gimme all your money.

Doug tenses - then turns and sees it's Jem, wearing a Red Sox jersey and a white-lipped smirk. Then Doug really tenses.

JEM
I froze you, fothermucker.

Doug bolts upright, glancing hard at the pizzeria door.

JEM
What're you doing here?

Jem steps over the low fence, drops into Claire's seat.

JEM
Chicken and broccoli? Fuck is this?
Who you here with?

DOUG
No one.

Jem scoops up Claire's slice and bites in.

JEM
No one, huh?

Jem picks up Claire's lemonade glass. He puts his lips on her straw and SUCKS, his lips puckered huge.

JEM
S'up with you, man?

Doug peels off two twenties, making to stand.

DOUG
You wanna get outta here?

JEM
Naw, I'm cool. But who puts fucking
broccoli on a pizza?

The door opens and Claire steps back outside. Doug goes deaf
- the sound of the ballpark drowning all else, like a passing
jet. Without sound, Claire's lips say, "Hi."

"Hey," says Jem, chewing. He surrenders his seat with a jerk-
gentleman flourish - SOUND RETURNING to Doug's ears.

CLAIRE
I'm Claire. Claire Keesey.

JEM
Jem.

He takes her hand, grease still on his fingertips.

CLAIRE
Jim?

JEM
Jem. Just Jem.

Claire nods, turning to Doug for help.

JEM
I'm a friend of this loser. He lives
with me. Not *with me*, domestic
partners. Above me, my house.

Claire sits, as offered, staring across at silent Doug.

JEM
Yeah, I saw the Shamrock parked
around the corner. Gotta keep tabs,
always.

CLAIRE
The Shamrock?

JEM
His machine. Scoundrel, this guy is.
Never breathed a word. The secrets
he can keep.

CLAIRE
You two have been friends a long
time?

JEM
Like brothers.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry, did you say your name was
Jim or *Gem*?

JEM
Both actually. Teachers always used
to say, "Good luck with this one,
he's a real *gem*." It kind of stuck.

Doug sits rigidly. Jem glances at him, his smile wide.

JEM
So what do you do for yourself there,
Claire?

Claire takes up her lemonade. Her lips move to the straw.
She takes a long draw as Doug looks on, helpless.

CLAIRE
I work in a bank. Kenmore Square.

JEM
Hey, wait. The Bank Boston? Wasn't
that the one--?

CLAIRE
The robbery.

JEM
Don't know what made me remember
that. So how'd you two kids meet?

CLAIRE
Um...we met in a Laundromat.

JEM
Love among the bleach, huh? This guy
stealing bras again?

Doug dead-staring at Jem now. No cracks in Jem's facade.

JEM
I was gonna go buy some seats off a
scalper. You guys inna-rested?

Claire looks to Doug, watching him look at Jem.

JEM

No? That's awright. I hate being
the third wheel anyway.

Jem makes a finger gun, shoots it at Doug. Rising to leave.

JEM

Don't you trust a word he says,
Claire.

CLAIRE

You mean he's not really an
astronaut?

JEM

Oh, yeah - that one's true. We're
both in the space program. So if you
got any friends interested in -
manned exploration, preferably
redheads, on the easy side...

CLAIRE

I'll let them know.

JEM

She's awright, Duggy. A keeper. Oh,
hey--

(taps table)

--don't get too used to your life of
leisure here.

Jem's smile vanishes under his dead eyes, just for a moment -
then he walks away. Claire looks to Doug, bewildered.

CLAIRE

He seems nice.

(sarcasm - then silence)

What's wrong, Doug? You were scaring
me.

DOUG

I wasn't ready for you to meet him
yet.

CLAIRE

Is that what you were talking about -
the old you?

She reaches for her lemonade again - but this time DOUG TAKES
THE GLASS from her hand.

INT. JEM'S BASEMENT - DAY

Doug comes down into a dank stone cellar of weeping walls. Iron CLANKS amid Led Zeppelin's symphonic "Kashmir."

Jem doing presses on a overweighted machine, surrounded by thumping speakers. He sits up, fire-faced, veins swollen in his forearms. He sees Doug and boosts a curling bar.

DOUG
Last night--

JEM
Was that a fucking outrage or what?

Jem breaks off his reps, CLANKING the bar to the floor.

JEM
Motherfucking knuckleballers. Other pitchers lose their stuff in the sixth - least you can see it.

DOUG
Who you following, Jem? Me or her?

JEM
Told you, kid. I made the Shamrock on Boylston.

DOUG
You got something to say, say it now.

Jem turns the music way down, glaring at Doug.

JEM
See - I think that's my line here.

DOUG
I told you I was working on things. Making sure we were clear.

JEM
Maybe it started out that way.

He tightens the wrist straps on his lifting gloves.

JEM
Tell me you're workin' a scam here, I'll say, "Cool." 'Cause that's something I get. Anything else, I'd say we got a problem.

DOUG
That was stupid, you coming around like that. A stupid play.

JEM

You always talk about other crews and how reckless they are - then you go off chasing the one person, the one who could give us to the G. Oh, but I'm a fucking moron.

DOUG

I told you, I got from her what I wanted.

JEM

Yeah? Any good?

DOUG

If that's your fucking point, then you made it.

JEM

I'm a fucking porcupine with points. And no, I didn't tell the others yet. Because it would flip them the fuck out. And because I want them focused. On this movie theater job.

DOUG

It's not ready.

JEM

Make it fucking ready.

Jem has Doug's back against a wall here, and Doug knows it. Doug starts back up the stairs.

JEM

Seeing her on the side? That's like a move, brother. Says to me, us or her.

Doug slows, then keeps going. Jem says after him:

JEM

By the way, me and that assistant manager? We went hankie shopping last week. I didn't think it was that important to tell you...

I/E. BRAINTREE 10 CINEMA - CASING SEQUENCE - DAY

Doug sitting in Jem's Trans Am, watching a hilltop cinema across the lot. Jem, next to him, is asleep.

A Pinnacle Armored Truck pulls up. Doug takes binoculars from between the seats, where a BEARCAT 210 SCANNER CRACKLES FAINTLY next to an empty mayonnaise jar.

Through the nocks, Doug watches a MUSTACHED Courier knock twice on the rear door, opened from inside by the Driver.

Doug adds the time notation to a SKETCH OF THE LAYOUT.

Through nocks again, he sees the Courier's EAR WIRE as he drags the change order on a handcart up the steps. The glass front doors are unlocked by the cinema Manager.

Doug is distracted by a SINGING NOISE - the sound of piss against glass. He looks over. Jem, awake now, EMPTIES the mayonnaise jar outside the car window.

I/E. SUBURBAN RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATE DAY

Doug and Jem watching the Mustached Courier, still in his Pinnacle uniform, getting dropped off outside his home.

INT. DOUG'S CAPRICE - NEXT DAY

Parked in a busy Wal-Mart lot. Doug and Gloansy in front, Krista with Shyne in a car seat in back. When Gloansy jumps out, Krista slides into the front seat next to Doug.

KRISTA

I really appreciate this, Duggy.
Shyne's had this cough, and it was
the only appointment I could get.

Doug is focused on Gloansy sidling up to a Honda Odyssey, opening the driver's side door using a SLIM JIM.

INT. HONDA ODYSSEY

A CLUB lock. Gloansy slides a small SAW out of his sleeve and cuts through the steering wheel, pulling off the Club. He throws the Club out onto the pavement, then he punches the ignition barrel with a slide hammer.

DOUG'S CAPRICE

Shyne playing with the Red Sox toy Doug bought at CVS. Contrast Krista's foreground domestic chatter with Gloansy's criminal antics across the lane.

KRISTA

Gloansy's wedding's coming up, huh?

Krista turns and bends over the front seat, all ass and thigh, feeding Shyne some cough syrup.

KRISTA

Jem said you were going alone.

As Krista sits back down, Gloansy starts up the Odyssey.

KRISTA

Joanie says bridesmaids can wear whatever we want, except white.

Doug throws the Caprice into gear, pulling out after Gloansy.

KRISTA

So I bought this new dress I saw downtown. Backless, black, comes down like this...

Krista sweeps her hands down over her thighs, her nails dragging over the denim.

PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

A SHOPPER laden with purchases returns to her parking space - finding it EMPTY except for her anti-theft Club. Pre-lap MUSIC starting...

INT. VFW HALL - AFTERNOON

Late in the wedding reception, the new Mrs. Joanie Magloan works the hall with a Bud bottle in her hand. Little NICKY MAGLOAN (5) licks clumps of frosting off his freckled hands. OLD-TIMERS gather at the bar, getting blotto on Car Bombs.

Dez is the DJ. He sets his headphones on the table and crosses to Doug, hunched over a soda water and lime. Dez sits, both of them wearing monkey suits, bow ties undone.

DOUG

Where's Jem?

DEZ

Fuck knows. Lighting fires somewhere. We need to talk about tomorrow?

DOUG

Nah. Just keep cruising that bank. Keep the G off our backs.

DEZ

Here comes the happy couple.

Joanie bustles over, all red cheeks and crammed cleavage, barely able to walk in her shoes. Doug stands for a kiss and a chest press. Dez gets one too.

DEZ
(wiping his glasses)
Great dress, Joanie. Lots of fluff on there.

JOANIE
Itches like a fucking disease.

Gloansy arrives, dazed, rapping fists after she goes.

GLOANSY
Fucking shoot me now.

Dez heads back to the DJ table as the song winds down. Someone else glad-hands Gloansy, and Doug sits again.

Krista drops down beside him, wearing her new black cocktail dress - mouthing the words to the new song, U2's "Desire".

KRISTA
This seat taken?
(on Doug's shrug)
You haven't said anything about my dress. It's a cocktail dress. Which is ironic because...I'm not drinking. I quit.

DOUG
Good for you, Krista. That's great.

He toasts her, then looks back to the dance floor.

KRISTA
You know - all these years, I don't think you and me ever did it straight. Sober, I mean. I don't think we ever just...looked each other in the eye and went at it.

The music has the crowd DANCING AND SINGING along now.

KRISTA
Dance with me?

DOUG
I don't think I'm in a dancing mood.

KRISTA
I bet I can change your mind. We don't even have to dance. Just stand together.

She nestles her hand inside Doug's, mouthing the lyrics, her lips brushing his ear. Doug goes blank. Nothing. Krista straightens as Dez rolls near, bopping to the music.

KRISTA

Maybe I should ask Dez.

DOUG

Maybe you should.

She rises, grabbing Dez's arm.

KRISTA

Doug won't dance with me, I want to dance.

(on Dez's look)

Don't look at him like he's your boss.

She's about to pull him away as Jem comes up, shirttail hanging out - buzzed and burning with glee. He slaps Dez's shoulder, SINGING loud, then lifts Doug out of the chair.

DOUG

Where you been? We've got work tonight, remember?

Jem's blue-white eyes are glazed and boozy.

JEM

It's a party, man.

(one-armed neck hug)

Relax, Mastermind. I got the pieces, the vests. All set.

He darts to Gloansy, throwing his trademark slo-mo sucker punch, Gloansy snapping his head back, SPRAYING beer over Doug and the rest. As the SONG BUILDS, people CHANTING along with it, Jem grabbing a handful of ready High Lives and passing them around - pressing one into Doug's hand.

JEM

(into Doug's ear)

Gloansy's big day, don't be a fag.

The cold bottle sweats in his hand, REVELRY all around. Then - the bottle is gone, Dez grabbing it, using it as an microphone, throwing Doug a wet-eyed look of confederacy. As Doug backs out of the group, the FOOT STOMPING becomes...

I/E. TAURUS - PARKED OUTSIDE VFW HALL - SAME TIME

...HARD RAIN beating down on the roof of the Taurus. Frawley and Dino watch the VFW hall through fogged windows.

DINO

They say rain is good luck for a wedding.

FRAWLEY

You had hail, I take it.

DINO

Worst drought in fifty years.

FRAWLEY

Crank the defroster, I can't see shit.

Through fogged windows, Frawley sees someone exiting.

FRAWLEY

Dean, hit the wipers.

The windshield improves just enough to reveal: a tuxedo'd figure stepping out into the rain, walking away, fast.

FRAWLEY

That's MacRay.

Dino wipes the windshield with his sleeve.

DINO

What are we doing here, Frawl? It's not like they're gonna knock over their own wedding reception.

FRAWLEY

You take off, Dean. I'll jump out here, see where he goes. Then get home myself.

DINO

Shit. No argument from me.

EXT. FOODMASTER PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Two dark figures in the punishing rain. Doug striding with his tuxedo collar up, Frawley thirty yards behind.

EXT. MONUMENT SQUARE - MINUTES LATER

Doug mounts the stairs to Claire's front door. He rings the bell. Claire opens her door, sees him drenched.

DOUG

Wanna go for a walk?

INT. CLAIRE'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Doug takes off his shoes, walking in damp socks.

CLAIRE
Hang your jacket in the shower.

He does. Claire returns with a plush towel, making to throw it to him - then she pulls it back, holding it hostage.

CLAIRE
Why haven't you called me?

DOUG
I'm an idiot.

CLAIRE
You are.

She tosses him the towel.

CLAIRE
Are you coming from a wedding or something?

DOUG
Yeah.

CLAIRE
Yours?

Doug shakes his head, smiling.

CLAIRE
Have you been drinking?

DOUG
No. Thinking.
(beat)
Here's how messed up I am. Every time I'm about to see you, I tell myself, "She's not going to be as pretty as you remember. She's not going to be as sweet." And every time, I'm wrong.

She blows a strand of hair off her face, resisting him.

DOUG
I'm sorry for showing up like this. It's stupid. I'll leave if you want me to.

He surrenders the towel - but she throws it over his head, vigorously drying his hair with both hands.

CLAIRE

I saw your picture yesterday.

Stopping him cold. Her light smile baffles him.

CLAIRE

God, you look horrified. On the wall at the Charlestown Boys and Girls Club. Their hockey hall of fame. It wasn't that bad a picture.

DOUG

Jesus. Right.

He stares at her as, softer now, she resumes drying his hair. He gives in to her touch, putty in her hands. They both feel the intimacy of something happening. She slows, stops.

DOUG

Am I your boyfriend?

She smiles at the word's childlike quality.

CLAIRE

I haven't had a "boyfriend" since sixth grade...

DOUG

Could I be?

CLAIRE

I don't know. Could you?

The gap between them closes, and the kiss, once it comes, is at once both soft and electric.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S DOOR - SAME TIME

Frawley coming up to Claire's stoop in the rain. Looking...

INSERT

Brass name plate reads: "CLAIRE KEESEY"

BACK TO SCENE

Frawley backs out into the street. Stunned and reeling, he turns and walks off into the driving rain.

EXT. BRAINTREE 10 CINEMA - MORNING

The manager, CIDRO KOSARIO, steps out of his Cressida and ambles toward the side door, twirling his keys.

Two armed men wearing fright makeup and jumpsuits with armored vests step out from the trash bins.

DOUG
Morning, Cidro.

Cidro startles at the guns and the fucked-up faces.

JEM
We're here for the popcorn.

INT. BRAINTREE 10 CINEMA - CONTINUOUS

Doug and Jem shove Cidro through the unlocked door to an alarm keypad emitting a SHRILL TONE and a flashing light.

DOUG
Key in the disarm. Go.

Cidro punches in five digits, the *Close Encounters* tune. Jem wears Frankenstein-style ridging over his eyebrows, a clown's red mustache. Doug looks like he has a creeping skin disease.

DOUG
What's your new baby, Cidro? Boy or girl?

CIDRO
She's a...huh?

DOUG
A girl, nice. So this is a robbery. Nothing's going to happen to you or them - so long as you do as you're told.
(into walkie-talkie)
We're in.

Cidro is weak with fear as Jem takes his keys. They start him toward the lobby, Cidro breathing funny, doubling over.

DOUG
How long 'til the can comes for the money? About an hour, right?

Cidro sags, buckling into a squat.

DOUG
You're going to take a shit, aren't
you. Lucky for you, we got time.

BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug outside the open stall, Cidro with his pants down,
hugging his bare knees. Jem at the open door.

JEM
Ho! Armed robbery *enema*.

MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Doug kicks away a static floor pad, revealing a FLOOR SAFE
with twin eye-shaped locks over a grinning deposit slot.

DOUG
Safe key. So we're ready.

Cidro indicates a desk drawer. As Jem rips the phone out of
the wall, Doug finds the SAFE KEY in a cash box, along with
the weekend deposit receipts. Doug loves what he sees.

DOUG
Lie down on the carpet, on your
stomach. We're gonna chill here a
while.

LOBBY - MINUTES LATER

Jem wandering behind the candy counter, eating Sour Patch
Kids. The makeup makes him look like a sort of dog-man.

DOUG
Christ, you're ugly. Here - take my
money too.

JEM
This is too fucking easy, man.

GLOANSY (O.S.)
(walkie-talkie)
Day shift's heading your way.

Doug checks his watch, goes to the open office door.

DOUG
Cidro. You've had a lot of time to
think, and I hope it was all about
your family in unit eleven on the
fourth floor of the Livermore Arms.

Doug CUTS off Cidro's zip cuffs. Cidro goes to the glass doors, admitting THREE WORKERS. Doug and Jem grab them. An OLD PROJECTIONIST clutches his chest as they go to cuff him.

JEM

Great - now we got a fucking heart attack here. How 'bout next time we do a retirement home?

GLOANSY (O.S.)

It's on. Heading your way.

The Workers are led into the office as we hear the SQUAWK of the armored truck's heavy brakes, a fart-like SIGH.

EXT. FORBES ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Gloansy backs up a BOSTON GLOBE DELIVERY TRUCK, blocking both lanes, then hops out, pulling on a DINOSAUR MASK.

GLOANSY

(into walkie-talkie)

Road's set, good to go.

BACK TO LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Doug behind a movie standee as Cidro waits. A shadow moves outside the doors. The CLICK-CLICK of a key tap.

Cidro goes, fumbling his key into the door lock, admitting the white-mustached Courier - MORTON HARFORD (50s), pulling a handcart loaded with the change order.

MORTON

And how're you today, sir?

Cidro barely nods. Morton waits as he locks the door.

MORTON

(into clip radio)

Inside, and all clear.

(to Cidro)

Rough weekend?

(no response)

Or is it that new baby of yours keeping you up? Yep - been there, done that.

Doug steps out from the display, Beretta up. He unsnaps Morton's sidearm, then speaks INTO THE MIKE on his chest.

DOUG
 Arnold Washton. In the truck. You got
 a wife, Linda. You live at 311 Hazer
 Street, Quincy, with three small
 dogs. Do not make a distress call.

Morton watches dumbfounded as Doug hands his .38 to Jem.

DOUG
 Morton Harford, 27 Counting Lane,
 Randolph - wife also Linda. Two
 children. Tell him, Morton.

MORTON
 There's two of them. Two, I see,
 Arnie. Masks. Guns.

DOUG
 Arnold, the Lindas want you to sit
 still. A van's pulling up - the
 driver's a dinosaur.

I/E. HONDA ODYSSEY - CONTINUOUS

Masked Gloansy menacingly pulls up alongside the Pinnacle
 armored truck. Arnold STARES.

BACK TO LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Doug RIPS open Morton's uniform shirt while Jem covers him,
 removing Morton's radio and wired earphones.

DOUG
 The dinosaur's monitoring a police
 radio - he'll overhear any calls. If
 you understand, Arnold, raise both
 hands off the wheel so he can see
 them.

They wait - an agonizing few moments.

GLOANSY (V.O.)
 Hands are up.

Doug MIKES HIMSELF, placing the buds in his ears.

DOUG
 Arnold. Say something to me.

ARNOLD (V.O.)
 (over the radio)
 Look, no money's worth anybody--

DOUG
That's fine. Sit tight, Arnold. We
won't be long.

Jem getting goosy behind him, twirling Morton's gun.

OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Morton, scowling under Doug's gun, produces THE SECOND SAFE
KEY.

DOUG
Keys in, open the safe, load up the
cart.

As Cidro and Morton open the floor safe, are pulling out
deposit bags - GUNSHOTS CRACK in the lobby.

Morton and Cidro drop face-down. Doug low to the door -

LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Workers SCREAMING, gunshots CRACKING, radio YELLING.

ARNOLD (O.S.)
(in Doug's ear)
Dear God, no! Morty? Mort!

Doug keeping Morton and Cidro in sight, trying to see -

JEM
*That's a pretty fuckin' good milk
shake!*

The Travolta line from *Pulp Fiction*. Doug edging out -

JEM
Yippee-ki-yay, motherfucker!

CRACK-CRACK! Doug ducks, seeing a Bruce Willis standee take
two in the chest. He peers around the corner -

JEM
Ain't gonna be no rematch!

- a Stallone poster taking hits. He sees Jem now, dodging
phantom bullets in his own imaginary *Matrix*, then firing on a
Keanu Reeves poster. CRACK-CRACK-CLICK. Morton's gun clicks
dry, and Jem tosses it away.

Jem sees Doug crouched for cover and smiles - having fun.

DOUG
The FUCK you doing?

ARNOLD (O.S.)
(in Doug's ear)
Morty!

GLOANSY (O.S.)
(Doug's walkie-talkie)
What the fuck is that?

OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Doug in a fury, rushing back to Morton and Cidro.

DOUG
Arnold! Your partner is fine! Talk
to him, Morton. *Speak.*

MORTON
I'm not hurt.

DOUG
Tell him no one's hurt!

ARNOLD (O.S.)
I'm calling, Morty!

DOUG
(into his mike)
Do not make that call.
(to the room)
Tell him no one's hurt, Cidro. Tell
him!

CIDRO
No one is hurt!

GLOANSY (O.S.)
Fuck is going on, man?

DOUG
(into walkie-talkie)
We're cool, everything's cool. Sit
tight.

Doug shoves Morton to the loaded cart, then sees Jem at the door, eyes ablaze. Doug pushes the men past him.

LOBBY - A MOMENT LATER

Doug beside Morton, rolling the hand truck to the doors.

DOUG
You're thinking too much, Morton.

MORTON
Nobody calls me Morton.

DOUG
I do. Morton.
(into radio)
(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)
Tell me you're gonna sit tight,
Arnold.

ARNOLD (O.S.)
Lord Jesus been listening just like I
have.

DOUG
Tell me you're gonna sit tight,
Arnold!

ARNOLD (O.S.)
I will. I've done my job here, I'll
leave the rest to the Lord.

DOUG
We're coming out. Okay, Morton?

EXT. BRAINTREE 10 CINEMA - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

They come out with Morton at gunpoint, Arnold visible in the
window of the Pinnacle can.

Jem throws open the Odyssey door and tosses bags inside.
Gloansy nervously fiddles with his ring, ready to drive.
Doug loads the final bags in to Jem, then climbs in.

DOUG
(into radio)
Don't make the call until we're gone.

Doug slides the door shut on Morton's scowl. They PEEL OUT -

I/E. ODYSSEY - CONTINUOUS

Gloansy FLOORING IT, SMASHING through a gate, PLUNGING
downhill through a PRE-CUT fence into highway traffic -
throwing off hubcaps like wheeling quarters.

Gloansy HAMMERING the wheel horn - his glove bunched up over
the heel. Doug STRIPS OFF HIS FACE - YELLING at Jem, who
just GRINS AND HOWLS like a madman.

EXT. BRAINTREE 10 CINEMA - PARKING LOT - LATER

Frawley in the heat, staring at the print-dusted can.
Listening to his own inner rage. Dino unaware.

DINO
Some big movie opened this weekend.
"Huge opening," manager said.
(a beat)
(MORE)

DINO (cont'd)

What my last partner used to say
about his wife. "Huge opening."

Frawley looking at the Workers. The Old Projectionist is
okay, sitting down. Cidro Kosario is talking to police,
rocking his BABY, his WIFE's arms tight around his waist.

INT. AUTO WRECK YARD - HOURS LATER

Frawley and Dino examining the Odyssey's charred corpse.
Windows blown out, the steering wheel warped but intact.

DINO

They made some mods to the vehicle.
Also replaced the steering wheel.
Original had a Club on it and must
have got cut.

Dino's phone BEEPS on his hip.

FRAWLEY

Tell her you're working late.

Dino just silences it. Frawley leans inside the car. The
wheel has a "suicide knob" clamped on for fast steering.

FRAWLEY

So the dinosaur wore gloves...

DINO

The can driver saw him pulling one
back on.

FRAWLEY

They print the whole wheel, or just
the grips?

DINO

Good question.

FRAWLEY

He's fired up, strapped in. Hitting
his horn.

Frawley mimes it, the base of his hand striking his palm.

FRAWLEY

Tell them to print the whole wheel.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Two uniformed PATROLMEN wait at the curb as Doug exits the
corner shop carrying a glazed donut and a hot tea.

PATROLMAN
Douglas MacRay?

Doug takes it in stride, shrugging at the inconvenience.

DOUG
Let me just feed my meter here.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Doug sets his SUBPOENA down onto the duct-taped backseat vinyl. Settles in with his morning donut and his tea.

DOUG
Might want to go Prison Point instead of the C-town bridge, unless you're going to light up your roof.

INT. AREA A-1 POLICE STATION - BOOKING AREA - LATER

Doug waiting to get printed near the holding cells. When it's his turn, he licks the sugar off his fingers.

DOUG
What happened? You guys lose the prints you had?

He is made to roll the base of his hand over the print card. They SWAB the inside of his cheek for DNA.

DOUG
You want some piss too? I had a big tea on the way over.

INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Doug is handed a script. He reads it into a recorder.

DOUG
"Arnold Washton, 311 Hazer Street, Quincy."
(poker-faced)
"Ain't gonna be no rematch."

LATER

Dino enters, clipboard in hand. Puts on half-glasses.

DINO
I'm giving you one chance, MacRay.
You were brought in first, so lucky
(MORE)

DINO (cont'd)
 you gets first crack at making a
 deal.

Doug considers this solemnly, then leans forward.

DOUG
 Okay, I did it.
 (beat)
 Tell O.J. the search is over.

DINO
 Did you like prison, MacRay?

DOUG
 To that I'd have to answer no.

Dino leans back. Regards Doug.

DINO
 You know I helped put your old man
 away? You look a lot like Big Mac.
 You want to end up like him? A
 fossil? He's getting out to a world
 that's passed him by.

(on Doug's reaction)
 Oh, yeah. They're kicking him loose.
 No room for broken down bank robbers.
 Got to make space for the new
 generation. For you.

Doug stews, not wanting to show his surprise/anger.

DINO
 Yeah. Just like your old man.

After a long moment of consideration, Dino nods.

DINO
 Okay. You can go.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Doug out of the room, walking down the hallway. Stops.
 Turns back. Recognizes Frawley, jacket-less by a water
 cooler, wearing a shoulder rig. Comes up eye to eye.

DOUG
 Red Cavalier, right?

Frawley doesn't back down. He was hoping for this.

FRAWLEY
 You fucked up, MacRay. You and your
 crew. Bound to happen.

DOUG
I see the rash cleared up.

Doug smiles hot, getting to Frawley - then breaks it off, Doug's smile gone by the time he hits the doors...

INT. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES CATHEDRAL - ONE HOUR LATER

Vast, echoing. Dez sitting, hands folded, all amped up. Doug next to him, settling him down.

DEZ
Trying to make me lose my job. This is a federal grand jury.

DOUG
All they're trying to do is scare us.

DEZ
It fucking worked!

Dez catches himself cursing in church. Crosses himself.

DOUG
Take a breath, Dez. What'd you tell 'em?

DEZ
I didn't tell 'em anything. They didn't even ask me anything. Just, "Smile for the camera." They take that swab of your mouth?

DOUG
They're just shaking trees. This isn't about what they know. It's about what they can prove.

DEZ
Jem thinks it's that bank manager.

Doug's eyes go dark.

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH PLAZA - EVENING

Early evening crowd, Doug and Claire walking hand-in-hand. They come upon a LIVING STATUE, a guy painted all in gray, switching poses as they stop to watch.

DOUG
You know, on the one hand, I can appreciate the art of this guy - but
(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)
I still want to pop him one in the
mouth. Why is that?

Claire covers her laughter with her coat sleeves over her
hands. Doug studies her, swept up in the moment.

DOUG
I want to buy you something.

They watch the statue man, both as still and quiet as he.

CLAIRE
Okay. What do you want to buy me?

DOUG
What do you want?

CLAIRE
Hmmm - a new car?

DOUG
What kind?

CLAIRE
I was kidding. I don't want a car.

Doug says nothing. He's waiting.

CLAIRE
I was *joking*.
(disbelief)
I - don't - want - a - new - car.

INT. TIFFANY & CO. - A HALF-HOUR LATER

Claire gathers up her hair as a SALESWOMAN works the clasp on
a gold necklace with a sparkling DIAMOND PEBBLE.

CLAIRE
This is crazy, Doug. How can you -
you can't afford this.

DOUG
It's cheaper than a car.

She checks herself in a mirror, Doug smiling behind her.

SALESWOMAN
Will that be credit, or do you need
to finance?

DOUG
(pulls out his roll)
Cash.

INT. COPLEY MALL - LATER

An upscale mall. Claire stops before a Stoddard's display window of watches and knives, checking her reflection.

CLAIRE

I should never have let you buy me this.

(she turns to him)

I quit my job today.

Doug stops, a little heat coming into his face.

DOUG

It's sort of sudden - isn't it?

CLAIRE

I guess. Why?

He steps onto the down escalator, facing away from her.

DOUG

You still talk to that FBI guy?

CLAIRE

Not recently.

They stop at the elevators and wait. Doug thinking.

DOUG

What's he look like anyway? Just a suit?

The elevator DINGS, the doors sliding open.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

They step inside, Claire dangling the Tiffany & Co. bag.

CLAIRE

He's - I don't know. It's probably gone now, but he had this reddish sort of stain on his skin.

(elevator descending)

From this guy he was chasing, this bank robber who got a dye pack.

(beat)

Do you know what a dye pack is?

Doug can barely move. He sees his reflection in the silver doors of the elevator, before they open and split him down the middle.

EXT. COPLEY PLAZA - NIGHT

Commuters flood the street from the Back Bay train station.
Doug catches up with Claire - thinking hard.

DOUG

What are you going to do now? Now
that you're out of a job?

CLAIRE

I've got some money saved up. A
cushion. I thought about teaching,
maybe.

DOUG

What would you think if I quit my job
too?

CLAIRE

I guess I'd have company.

DOUG

I got a cushion - a whole sofa, in
fact.

(stopping)

You know how everybody's got that
place they want to go - their *if-only*
place. *If only I had the money, or*
the time? I never had a place like
that. I bet you do.

CLAIRE

Only about a dozen.

DOUG

Problem is, nobody ever goes.

CLAIRE

No. They never do.

DOUG

Well, why not? Why couldn't we be
the first?

INT. MRS. SEAVEY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Doug drops down into the rear of the garage, extracting the
stone, pulling out all his CASH.

EXT. FENWAY GARDENS - CLAIRE'S PLOT - ONE HOUR LATER

Doug HOPS the fence, finds her shovel, starts digging.

Into a three-foot hole, he buries his TREASURE packed in auto parts boxes, wrapped inside plastic sheeting.

E/I. CLAIRE'S DOOR - DAY

Frawley looks at Doug's MUG SHOT - then returns it to a MANILA ENVELOPE. He rings Claire's doorbell.

Claire opens, surprised, wearing gym shorts and a black tank, bra-less and barefoot, hair wet but combed out.

FRAWLEY

This a bad time? Were you expecting someone else?

CLAIRE

No. Come in.

He moves past her, down the hallway into the living room.

FRAWLEY

You want to blow-dry, I can wait.

CLAIRE

That's okay.

He clutches the envelope, rolling the edges.

FRAWLEY

So you quit the bank.

CLAIRE

It just...it got to be too much.

His eyes spark to a TIFFANY JEWELRY CASE on the table. He lays the envelope down next to it, opening the case like a jilted lover, then lifting out the diamond necklace.

CLAIRE

That - it was a gift.

FRAWLEY

From the piano mover?

She doesn't answer.

FRAWLEY

May I see it on you?

CLAIRE

I'm not really dressed for...

Her hand goes protectively to her neck, but he insists. She sweeps up her hair. He clasps it around her throat.

She turns, eyes low. The diamond winks. She crosses her arms over her erect nipples, guiltily.

FRAWLEY

Hear about the theater in Braintree?

She shakes her head.

FRAWLEY

Armored car. Same guys. We're pretty certain.

She opens her mouth - but holds back her words.

FRAWLEY

These Charlestown guys always find a way to screw up. Talking too much. Throwing cash around...

She glances at the manila envelope on the table.

FRAWLEY

On top of all that, we've got a partial handprint.

CLAIRE

I thought you weren't allowed to talk about things like that.

FRAWLEY

Who are you going to tell? Right?

He absorbs her discomfort, then reaches for the envelope - deciding - then tucking it safely under his arm.

FRAWLEY

Right?

She smiles miserably. He backs to the door, heading away. Claire touches the diamond at her throat.

INT. O'NEIL MEMORIAL ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

The gloomy rink is empty. The four eat lunch at center ice, skating around pizza boxes on milk crates.

JEM

(swigging a Heineken)
So...somebody fucked up somewhere.

Doug skates backward, curling effortlessly around Jem's back to pluck his Mountain Dew off the ice.

JEM

How come all of a sudden we're
earning so much heat?

(pause)

There were no obvious problems with
the job.

DOUG

No obvious problems?

JEM

A little attitude from the
mastermind. Duggy's pissed 'cause I
went and had a little fun in there.

DOUG

That was fun?

JEM

That job was nothing. Truth be told,
Douglas - it was pansy-ass. It was
pussy.

DOUG

So let me get this straight. The job
went too smooth for you?

GLOANSY

Awright, assholes - enough.

JEM

It's not just the paycheck...

Doug lets Jem drift past, close.

JEM

...it's how you bring it home.

DOUG

It's that you bring it home. Period.

JEM

So what've you got to lose all of a
sudden?

The leer in Jem's face is for Claire. Jem circling now,
speedy but measured, lifting skate over skate.

JEM

I'm a motherfucking outlaw. We're
bank robbers, kid! It's a gun in our
hands, not a fucking briefcase.

DEZ

Can we all forget this, please?

GLOANSY

Give us our number and let's call it
a day.

DOUG

(watching Jem circle)
Stealing's not enough for you? Won't
get you caught fast enough? You got
to grab a hostage. You got to beat
up the assistant manager - tuned up
that guy for no reason.

JEM

Did you *forget* he hit the bell?

DOUG

No, he didn't.

JEM

No, he didn't.
(skating faster)
Yes, he fucking--

DOUG

She did.

Jem slows, drifting past, staring. Gloansy checks Dez, then
looks at Doug.

GLOANSY

How do you know, Duggy?

Jem issues a white-eyed challenge, weaving around them.

DOUG

I know this because she told me.

Doug glaring back: *You got nothing on me now.*

JEM

He's seeing her.

DOUG

Yeah? You going to follow me some
more? Follow the G following me?
We'll do the motherfucking parade
down Bunker Hill.

Doug kicks away, rounding them in a tight, slow circle.

GLOANSY

Who's following who? The fuck's
going on?

JEM

Duggy here's been dating that cooze from the Kenmore job. Oh, wait - but I'm the one who wants to get caught.

DEZ

(stunned)

How long, Duggy?

DOUG

Not long.

DEZ

Well - you still seeing her?

JEM

How 'bout it, Douglas? When you gonna bring her around, meet your buds?

DOUG

She doesn't know anything.

GLOANSY

Christ, Duggy - she better not.

DOUG

Here's the deal, Jem. I'm not with your sister anymore. And I won't be, and I never will be. Krista and me - we're not getting married. We're not all going to live in your house, the three of us and Shyne, happily ever after. Not going to happen.

Jem's wild smile becomes a hot, dark slice in his face. Doug has wounded him badly.

JEM

What's she got on you, man?

(up in his face)

You're turning into Tapioca right in front of me. If we can't trust her, kid - how we gonna trust you?

DOUG

You don't trust me? Then find someone else to set your scores.

JEM

There's always Fergie, man.

Doug's head jerks back, as though Jem took a jab at him.

DOUG
I will never work for that psycho
piece of shit.

They're paired off now, Doug & Dez versus Jem & Gloansy.

DOUG
Always, I knew this. The movie
theater - that was our biggest score
ever. Not enough for you. Nothing
ever will be.

Jem gliding toward him in white-eyed amazement.

JEM
When's it ever been about money?
This has always been about *us*.

DOUG
All right, then. For kicks, since no
one really cares - what's our split?

JEM
One-fourteen, three-oh-two. *Per.*

DEZ
Holy shit.

GLOANSY
And that's all clean? Ready to
spend, like, right fucking now?

DEZ
Holy fucking *shit*.

GLOANSY
That's fucking genius -
aaawooo!

DOUG
(quietly)
The split is light.

Jem stops drifting. Doug digs his blades into the ice.

DOUG
Even with your ten percent ass-kiss
to the Florist, it's light. That's a
soft split.

Gloansy stops celebrating. Dez looks nervously at Jem. NO
BREATH FROM ANYONE. Fans RATTLE over their silence.

DOUG
I saw the receipts. But, hey. I
mean - it's not about the *money*.

Jem starts for Doug, Doug starts for Jem, and Gloansy and Dez wrap each of them up to prevent a full-scale brawl.

DOUG

Every split you ever did was soft.
And why did we let you handle the cash? Because we trusted you? No - because you're Jem. Because that's the cost of being fucking friends with you.

Jem lunges again, Gloansy digging in, fighting to hold him. Doug uses his skating advantage to muscle off Dez. Another swipe brings Jem closer, spit slicking his chin.

DOUG

You keep your skim, and when you're buying your next pair of fucking speakers, just remember - yeah, it did used to be all about us. Four kids from the Town.

Jem lunges - tumbling on top of Gloansy. Doug curls to scoop his Dew off the ice, skating for the gate, Jem's CURSING echoing off the rafters, the sound BLENDING to...

INT. TD BANKNORTH GARDEN - BRUINS HOCKEY GAME - NIGHT

CROWD CHEERING. Doug and Claire sit a few rows up from the nicked Plexiglas. Claire winces as a defenseman is CHECKED AGAINST THE GLASS, his face smushed.

CLAIRE

Are they allowed to do that?

Doug tries to contain his smile, nods to her seriously.

DOUG

You hate it?

CLAIRE

I'm trying, I really am.

With the action on the far side of the ice, Claire seems to sink further in her chair - her eyes losing focus. She worries the diamond at her throat.

CLAIRE

Doug - do you still see your father much?

DOUG

Once in a while. Why?

A slapshot goes wide - everyone GROANS.

CLAIRE
I guess I'm just imagining my father
in prison...

DOUG
I'm not my father, if that's what
you're asking.

She nods, liking what she hears, but wanting more.

CLAIRE
Sorry I'm so full of questions
tonight. The FBI agent came to see
me again. I guess it shook me up a
little.

Doug turns away, giving Claire only his profile.

DOUG
Yeah? How so?

CLAIRE
He said they were sure the bank
robbers are from Charlestown.

Doug steals a quick glance at her: *Does she know?*

CLAIRE
I'm worried.

DOUG
What are you worried about?

CLAIRE
Testifying, I guess. He said they're
watching someone. Getting close.

She studies him. Players tie up against the far boards.

CLAIRE
He told me there were some
developments.

Watching him closely. A precariously long beat...

DOUG
Why? What developments?

He turns back to her, and she's still looking at him -
they're looking at each other - and he *knows* from her eyes
that he has made a disastrous mistake.

Suddenly a Bruins' wing breaks free and SCORES. The crowd ROARS all around them - but Doug is frozen, and Claire looks away, gloves and helmets littering the ice.

CLAIRE
(softly)
Fingerprints.

INT. TD BANKNORTH GARDEN CONCESSION AREA - LATER

They leave the crowded arena, Doug tense next to her.

DOUG
You okay here, Claire, or...?

She turns and looks straight into his eyes.

CLAIRE
Let's go back to my place.

DOUG
Your place?

Her hand comes out of its sleeve and grips his.

CLAIRE
I want to. But on one condition.
You can't stay over.

DOUG
Okay. Why not?

CLAIRE
'Mornings after' are awkward, all
questions - and I don't want to ask
you any more questions.

INT. CORVETTE ZR-1 - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Cruising back through Town, Doug's hand leaving hers only to shift gears. Pulling up at her door. Idling. *Thinking.*

CLAIRE
You're not parking?

Doug looks at the light over her front door.

DOUG
Oh, man.

CLAIRE
What?

Her grip slackens, but he won't release her hand. He scans the nearby cars, searching for words.

DOUG

How 'bout I come back first thing in the morning instead? We'll make breakfast, we'll do the 'morning after' thing first. Get that out of the way. All those questions. All the answers.

Disbelief in her eyes, but also concern. Air from the dash vents floats the edges of her hair.

CLAIRE

If it's about not staying the night...

DOUG

Look, there's plenty of time, right? Tell me there is.

She reaches out, touches the smooth scar over his eye.

DOUG

'Cause I got a long night of second-guessing ahead of me.

She looks down at their intertwined fingers.

DOUG

Pancakes, maybe. You like bacon? Sausage or bacon?

She pulls her hand free. She opens her door, swinging one leg out into the lamp light, then looks back for him. A killer look, all allure, his for the taking.

DOUG

(a deep breath)

If I walk you up there...if I get anywhere near your door...

With the interior light on him now, he feels exposed.

CLAIRE

Is this good night or good-bye?

Doug reaches for her, pulls her back inside. The kiss is deep and all-encompassing, and she surrenders to it, not wanting him to go - maybe no matter what.

DOUG

Good night.

With his big square hand, he strokes her hair.

DOUG
Definitely good night.

EXT. TOWN FLOWERS - NIGHT

Foggy night. Jem in motion. He ducks into the Florist's shop, delivering his CUT. Through the front window, we see the thick PACKAGE change hands, Fergus (obscured) accepting his cut from Jem - then handing him a TEA BAG.

INT. COUGHLIN HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - KRISTA'S

Jem enters without knocking, finds Shyne in her high chair watching Teletubbies, COVERED with ravioli sauce. Krista, in a T-shirt and saggy panties, sees him there and turns away.

JEM
(to Shyne)
I'm gonna fix things, kid.

SECOND FLOOR - JEM'S - TEN MINUTES LATER

Jem slices the "Tea Bag" with an X-acto knife, emptying it into a shot glass with some cherry Kool-Aid powder. He works up saliva, DROOLS into the glass, then dips the end of a cigarette into the paste.

An Irish flag Zippo lighter IGNITES, lighting the bloody tip of the cigarette. Jem inhales deep...

On TV, the Red Sox game visuals SEPARATE from the audio. Jem's heartbeat THUMPS. Room WIDENS, expanding.

For a moment, Shyne is sitting next to him, staring at the TV, drenched with sauce. He glances over and she's GONE.

The play-by-play announcer on TV celebrates a HOME RUN. Ten seconds later, the ball sails over the fence. Jem rises, strips to boxers and sandals, and flaps downstairs to -

BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jem doing monster CURLS, his bare skin shiny with sweat, veins filling with blood - a TRANSFORMATION taking place.

He moves to DIPS and we see: he's naked.

He flips on a lamp over a full-length mirror, looking swollen. He grips his ass, and SUBLIMINAL IMAGES flash -

- porn stars - Teletubbies crying "Uh oh" - the Bunker Hill Monument - angry Doug at the rink - Claire being pushed down inside the vault, then looking back at him, now as Krista -

- and Jem CUMS onto the mirror. He stares at himself through it, furious and disgusted. He SPITS at himself - then with his bare palm, SMEARS it all off the mirror.

JEM

Fucked up.

He then kneels at an old steamer trunk under the stairs, working the combination. Hinges GROAN as it opens.

He lifts his grandfather's World War II uniform off a folded flag and war medals - moving aside a half-dozen grenades cling-wrapped in an oversized egg carton - pulling out a Foodmaster grocery bag.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN - LATE NIGHT

Jem dressed and moving, the bag under his arm. Streets BLUR, sound DISTORTS. VOICES WHISPER at him from corners. He pauses at Claire's door - then continues around to the back.

In the BACK ALLEY, he scales a dividing brick wall - climbing to a DIMLY-LIT WINDOW opened just a crack. Jem hangs from the wooden sill, then raises the window, crawling inside.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Claire is asleep. Jem appears, standing over her bed.

She stirs, sensing a presence. Her head turns under spilled hair and she sits up, brushing the hair from her eyes.

She sees Jem - WEARING THE SCARRED HOCKEY MASK. Claire opens her mouth to SCREAM and we hear -

E/I. CLAIRE'S DOOR - MORNING

- A CAR PASSING, as Doug arrives carrying a Foodmaster bag. He finds her door open a crack, making him pause. He knocks.

DOUG

Hey?

(moving gingerly inside)

It's me.

He moves down the hallway.

DOUG
Claire?

He finds her standing in the middle of her living room -
looking like a wreck - a cordless telephone in her hand.

DOUG
You know your door was open?

CLAIRE
Why?

Doug puts down the groceries, the bag spilling open.

CLAIRE
Is this a thing you do?

DOUG
You talking about breakfast, or--?

CLAIRE
Was I some kind of a bet?

DOUG
(not giving up)
I brought bacon, and--

CLAIRE
A contest, maybe?

DOUG
(darker now)
Who else is here?

Her eyes glaze with tears. She's still shaking.

CLAIRE
No one. Not anymore.

Doug moves quickly to her bathroom, sweeping aside the shower
curtain, *revealing the wide-open window.* He returns to the
living room, staring darkly at Claire, who hasn't moved.

DOUG
What did you tell him?

CLAIRE
I didn't tell *him* anything.

Doug reaches for her stereo, turning it up LOUD. He advances
on her, Claire's eyes going wide.

CLAIRE
 Stay away from me.
 (backing up)
 I'll call the police.

Doug grabs the phone from her, WHIPS it across the room. With MUSIC BLASTING, he pushes her against the wall and covers her mouth. His other hand feels its way down both sides of her chest, around her belly and her waist.

Her breathing is SMOTHERED, eyes wide.

He reaches beneath her shirt...sliding his fingers around her jeans waist...then up her stomach, to the satin band linking the cups of her bra...she GRABS his wrist with her free hand, but can't stop his fingers pushing underneath the strap...

He reaches around the small of her back, arching it from the wall...sliding his hand along the inside of her thighs...then way down the inseam of her crotch...

Finally, he eases off her. Her eyes accost him. He removes his hand from her mouth - knowing now that he was wrong.

DOUG
 I had to see if you were wired.

She JERKS HER KNEE UP, just missing his balls. She goes after him, slapping and whacking - and he lets her.

CLAIRE
 You go to fucking hell!

DOUG
 Whatever he told you--

CLAIRE
 I fucking hate you.

She kicks the plug out of the wall and the MUSIC DIES.

DOUG
 The robbery...whatever you know is true. But since then--

CLAIRE
 You Townie...asshole...criminal...
 fucking street trash! Did you think
 you were going to come over here and
 make me breakfast and fuck me and
 tell all your friends about it?

He shakes his head, lips closed tight.

CLAIRE
Making me feel sorry for you.

DOUG
Sorry for me?

His sudden rage shocks her. A long moment of brittle defiance - then she begins crying into her hands.

CLAIRE
Why would you do this to me?

DOUG
Last night - you knew. But you still wanted me back here.

CLAIRE
Your *friend* reminded me.

DOUG
Is that what that fucking FBI agent calls me - his *friend*?

CLAIRE
Frawley? It wasn't Frawley. It was your *friend* in the hockey mask.

DOUG
What?

Doug is slow to accept this, slow to believe - giving Claire time to retrieve the phone from the floor.

DOUG
Did he touch you?

CLAIRE
I want you out.

DOUG
Did he touch you?

CLAIRE
Out of my house, out of my life...

DOUG
Claire.

CLAIRE
Don't you ever fucking speak my name again.

She points the phone at him like a gun.

DOUG
All I ever wanted--

CLAIRE

Nine...One...

DOUG

Don't.

CLAIRE

Get out! Get out! Get out!

Doug backs down the hall, propelled by the sheer force of her emotion.

INT. COUGHLIN HOUSE - JEM'S FLOOR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Door BURSTS OPEN, wood frame flying, Doug shoulder-first into Jem's gameroom - stereo HUMMING, volume turned up on nothing.

He spots the shot glass and cut plastic tea bag empty on the coffee table - intensifying his rage.

PARLOR

Atop an old end table stands a nearly completed DOLL HOUSE, Jem's modeling tools laid out on newspaper. An EXACT SCALE CUTAWAY REPLICA of all three stories of the Coughlin house.

At once, Doug lifts his boot to crush it - then pauses, thinking of Shyne. Instead, he KICKS OVER a standing lamp - then hears the REVVING of an engine outside.

Going to the window, he sees Jem's Trans Am pull to the curb.

EXT. COUGHLIN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Doug out of the house in a flash, Jem smiling his broad, joker grin as Doug hauls off and TAGS JEM IN THE CHIN.

DOUG

Fucking motherfuck!

Jem BANGS off the trunk of the Trans Am and rolls to the gutter. A shopping bag SPILLS out of his hand: little paintbrushes and tubes of modeling paint and wood glue.

JEM

Chrissst!

He gets to his knees, touching his mouth, fingers bloody. Doug KICKS him in the ribs, bouncing him off the bumper.

JEM

Hold it, Duggy. Hold it.

Jem springs up, SUCKER PUNCHING DOUG. He buries a shoulder in Doug's midsection, SLAMMING him against the clapboard siding of the house. Jem RAINS PUNCHES, but as in a hockey brawl, Doug traps Jem's arms by pulling his shirt over his head.

DOUG

Fucking duster! I pulled a job with a fuhhh--

Jem lands a KIDNEY SHOT. In a BURST OF FURY, Doug lifts Jem off his chest, throwing him - Jem landing hard. Doug RAMS Jem headfirst into a car, setting off the ALARM - Jem's nose BURSTING with blood. He lies squirming in the road, holding his broken face with his hands.

JEM

Did it f'ew, man.

Blood hangs in snotty ribbons from his chin and a nose gash, street sand matted in the blood on his cheek.

DOUG

Get up.

JEM

Did it f'uss. Why her? All the udder chicks in the world.

DOUG

Get up, Jem. So I can knock you the fuck back down again.

JEM

Fuckin' who you better 'an? Me?

Jem to his knees. Far enough. Doug FINISHES HIM - a blow to the face - Jem sprawling. A bloody-toothed SMILE.

JEM

Di'n't even touch 'er, man. I true her back. Small fiss.

DOUG

Good for you. Then you'll live.

Jem flat on his back, grinning up at the sky. Doug grabs him by his bloody shirt and lifts him for another punch.

JEM

(eyes rolling back)
Why 'on't you hit youself. Jest fucking hit youself.

Doug stops, lets him drop. Jem lies there muttering:

JEM

'appily ever after...

As Doug backs off, he sees Krista on the sidewalk with Shyne on her hip, having witnessed it all. She moves toward him, about to speak - but Doug walks away fast up the slope.

INT. KEESEY FAMILY HOME - AFTERNOON

Nice, comfortable suburban home. MRS. KEESEY (50s), in a designer running suit, welcomes Frawley inside. There's a slightly tipsy quality to her.

MRS. KEESEY

Can I offer you some spring water?

FRAWLEY

No, thank you. I'm fine.

Claire comes downstairs in a white T-shirt and whiter sweatpants - greeting Frawley without expression.

CLAIRE'S FATHER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Claire sitting behind her father's desk, eyes puffy from recent crying. Frawley has his manila envelope in hand.

FRAWLEY

You made a mistake. A misjudgment.
And I wish we didn't have to do this
now.

From the envelope, he lays down four photographs like a winning hand. Doug's mugshot lies on top.

FRAWLEY

Okay? Know any of these?

Krista Coughlin - a photo taken years ago.

FRAWLEY

What about her?

A BLURRY surveillance photo of the Florist, Fergus Coln.

FRAWLEY

What about this man?
(nothing)
Have you ever been inside MacRay's
place?

No answer.

FRAWLEY

Ever seen him handling large amounts of cash? He ever ask you to hold anything or hide anything for him?

Silence. Frawley reaches out to her hand, reassuringly. She pulls her hand back.

CLAIRE

How long did you know?

FRAWLEY

Not long.

CLAIRE

When you came to see me that day - you were carrying that same envelope.

FRAWLEY

(intimately)

You're angry. You're feeling betrayed. I was here for you, but you chose badly. What you need now is to turn your anger where it belongs - on *them*.

From her pocket, she hands him a business card.

CLAIRE

This is my lawyer.

(a beat)

If you want to talk to me again, you do it through her.

Frawley looks at MacRay's mug before sliding it back into the envelope - his anger rising.

FRAWLEY

Here's the deal, *Ms. Keesey*. MacRay is going to come back to see you again.

CLAIRE

No, he's not.

FRAWLEY

And when he does - any contact you have with him, you will report it to me. Either yourself or through your lawyer. Because this is a federal criminal investigation, not fucking *Love Connection*.

He pockets her lawyer's card, lingering - then leaves.

EXT. COUGHLIN HOUSE - DAY

Doug enters, almost stepping on a LETTER. He looks at the postmark and, surprised, tears it open immediately.

The penmanship is so clumsy, it could be from a child - except that stamped across the letter is "CLEARED - INMATE 4232981016". Letterhead reads "MCI CEDAR JUNCTION."

MAC (V.O.)

Little partner, what a shock you just got: a letter from your old man. I know I never wrote you before.

"I no I never rote you before."

MAC (V.O.)

I'm coming home. That's what they tell me. You and me again, kid. There's things between us need clearing up. That's what this is. About your ma. First thing is - she didn't do it on purpose.

EXT. TOWN FLOWERS - AFTERNOON

The front door opens. RUSTY (50s), the Florist's tracksuit-wearing bodyguard, scans the street. FERGUS COLN, aka THE FLORIST (70), appears behind him - SPITTING onto the sidewalk of Colonial brick. His face is half-hidden under a hoodie.

MAC (V.O.)

She was experimenting, pushing boundaries. She wasn't no junkie. You were asleep in front of the TV when I came home and found her in the bathroom. And the needle. Just bad stuff.

(long beat)

The Florist sold it to her.

REVEAL Doug across the street - watching the Florist, his fists buried in his pockets.

MAC (V.O.)

When you woke up asking for her, what do you tell a six-year-old kid?

The Florist glances across at Doug - their eyes meeting for a nanosecond - before Doug heads off.

MAC (V.O.)

I said your ma went away.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN - AFTERNOON

Doug watching a street hockey pickup game. The kids become aware of him, showing off.

MAC (V.O.)

You wanted to go out looking for her,
so I took you out until you cried so
hard you couldn't walk.

A car approaches, the kids moving their goals off the street.
TWO KIDS, flushed and breathless, approach Doug.

KID

Yo, he says you was drafted by the
Broons.

Doug doesn't say no. They look him over closely, unsure what to make of him.

KID

So what happened?

DOUG

I blew it.

MAC (V.O.)

You wanted to put up posters. So we
put up posters on telephone poles.

EXT. DOUG'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Doug stands outside his childhood home, now gone condo. He's staring at a certain window with dolphin-print curtains. OWNER (30s) exits, carrying a portfolio to his red Saab.

MAC (V.O.)

You wanted the light on over the
front door for her. So I changed the
bulb every month. You wouldn't sleep
if you couldn't see the light from
your bed...

The Condo Owner sees him. Warily decides to approach.

CONDO OWNER

Can I help you?

(a beat)

I see you around here sometimes.

DOUG

I used to live here. Long time ago.

The Condo Owner nods, his question partially answered.

DOUG
It's cool, don't worry. After today
I won't be coming around anymore.

Condo Owner's Wife peeks from behind the dolphin curtains,
Strawberry Shortcake stickers pasted on the window.

DOUG
You got a little girl there, huh?

The Condo Owner is very apprehensive now.

DOUG
Those dolphin curtains - you want to
draw those every night. Headlights
on the ceiling, look like ghosts.
Scary for a kid lying there alone.

CONDO OWNER
(at a loss for words)
I will certainly do that.

INT. COUGHLIN HOUSE - KRISTA'S DOOR - EVENING

Doug's KNOCK brings Krista to the door in a tank shirt, nylon
pants, Tweety slippers. She straightens, surprised.

DOUG
I think I'm hungry.

KRISTA'S PARLOR - MINUTES LATER

Shyne confined to her sticky high chair in the dying parlor,
shredding string cheese into white threads. Doug drops into
a chair at the table, exhausted.

DOUG
I'm going away.

The microwave opens and shuts, slipper-steps resuming.

KRISTA (O.S.)
You in some kind of trouble?

DOUG
No more than usual.

She sets down a plate of Chicken a la King in front of him -
cream sauce studded with meat - with a child's knife and
fork. Doug checks the tines of the fork.

KRISTA
When are you coming back?

Doug shakes his head. She lifts a cheese strand off Shyne's tray, dangling it for her daughter like a mother bird.

KRISTA

This have to do with you and Jem?

Shyne almost makes a word - *Shennum* - surprising them.

DOUG

In a way.

KRISTA

Does he know?

DOUG

This is it for me. I'm going to do this one last thing. He wants a chance at one big score, I'm gonna give it to him. You tell him.

INT. TOWN FLOWERS - WALK-IN COOLER - DAY

The ugliest flower shop ever. Dying flowers in scummy, black-green vase water. Plastic vines in the window.

Doug, Jem, Gloansy, and Dez sit on folding chairs inside a walk-in cooler. Fergie the Florist lingers by his workbench, near spools of bereavement ribbons, before entering. He has the fucked-up face and hands of an ex-boxer.

FERGIE

He looks like me now.

Referring to Jem, all bandaged and stitched up, still sore. Rusty, his keg-chested, ex-IRA gunner bodyguard, grins.

FERGIE

This's been a long time coming.

Fergie sits, reaching for a cut daffodil, bringing the flower to his nostrils. It leaves a pollen smear. Doug is locked on Fergie, hardly a blink in his eyes.

FERGIE

You're good thieves. You put together a nice little run. But these ten percent tributes to me...

(shrugs, pained)

Ten percent is what you throw after a waiter you don't like. What is that? I'm not liked?

JEM

We think we earned a shot at something big.

FERGIE

Funny thing, fate. Because I happen to be sitting on something big, something that's got to fall soon. Got someone on the inside - who owes me.

JEM

We're interested.

FERGIE

'Course you're interested, but are you committed? You got to pay to play here. Blueprint fee just for talking. On top of my cut, and it's a big bite. Do it right, there'll be plenty left over.

JEM

What's the buy-in?

FERGIE

Normal job - between fifty and seventy-five large. This one is twice as much. Easy.

Gloansy sits up - trying to divide 150 by 4.

FERGIE

Yo-yo's looking at me like you ain't got the money. Don't forget, my ten-percent duke tells me what you been taking these years.

Gloansy glances at Jem, then at Doug - who still hasn't moved. A LONG SILENCE. Fergie holds out the daffodil.

FERGIE

This flower. Who owns it? Me, right? No. I don't own it. It's not *mine*. Somebody, somewhere, who knows who, pulled it outta the ground. Those who take. Someone tries to take this flower from me without payment, they're going to get the ultimate lesson in this. 'Cause I will take something from them instead. A hand, a foot. Your hand, your foot - you think it belongs to you, think you own it? Your life?

He waits, pinching the stem between his broken fingers.

FERGIE

Not if I can take it away. Not if
you can't hold on to it.

He tosses the flower onto the floor between them.

FERGIE

I'm a taker, that's my thing. Why
else you come to me, right? Not
'cause I'm so pretty. Are you boys
wanters or takers?

DOUG

We'll buy the job.

Surprising everyone. They react to Doug's harsh tone.

DOUG

For a hundred large. If it's as good
as you say, and you haven't thrown it
to anybody else, then you got nobody
else who can do it.

Fergie's stare says: *You are only still here because I
haven't killed you yet.* But Doug does not back down.

FERGIE

With the balls of his father. I'll
give you your price.

JEM

We won't let you down.

FERGIE

No, you won't. Till now, you been
altar boys dipping into the Sunday
collection. This ain't no parish
church, boyos. This is a fucking
Roman cathedral.

FENWAY PARK

The oldest Major League ballpark in the country.

INT. FENWAY PARK - THE TUNNELS

Dez, carrying a work order clipboard, and Doug, wearing a
Verizon shirt, follow a young SECURITY GUARD, hauling
equipment past workers loading up for the night's game.

PRESS BOX

High above the field, Doug and Dez make a show of checking plugs, thumping on walls. The bored Security Guard steps away from the door. Dez, wired to monitor the security frequencies, nods to Doug, who heads out.

TUNNELS

Doug back down under the stands. He passes Gate D inside - eyeing an open red door: THE MONEY ROOM.

Further on, a gate RISES over the ambulance bay door. A Provident Armored Truck backs inside, escorted by two Guards on foot. A Black Suburban idles by the curb - a tail car.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Hold up a minute.

Doug turns, surprised by the Blue-Shirt HEAD OF SECURITY: thin-haired, well-tanned, radio on his belt.

DOUG

My mistake - got a little lost in here.

He studies Doug, his pass, his lineman's belt, his boots.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Follow me.

Doug decides to play it out, following him down a ramp to -

EXT. FENWAY PARK - PLAYING FIELD - CONTINUOUS

- the box seats behind the Red Sox's dugout, then out onto the storied field itself.

HEAD OF SECURITY

This what you were looking for?
(knowing smile)
Unless you can throw a baseball ninety plus - this is your only chance to get out here.

Surprised, Doug crosses the first base line - hopping over the chalk - right to the pitcher's mound. Soaking in the moment. Sees Dez watching from Press Box high above, amazed.

DOUG

Hey, thanks.

Feeling affinity for the guy...until he notices his jeweled pinkie ring. His warm Florida vacation tan. His "HEAD OF SECURITY" ID. Putting it all together...

DOUG

You like to gamble?

HEAD OF SECURITY

Here and there. Ponies mostly. Why?

DOUG

How much you into the Florist for?

The guy's face crashes from easy-going to dead-eyed fear.

HEAD OF SECURITY

You're not supposed to have any contact with me.

DOUG

Don't vary your routine next Monday morning. Not one iota.

INT. COUGHLIN HOUSE - THIRD FLOOR - DOUG'S - DAY

Doug filling an army sack with clothes. He's clearing out. From a bottom drawer, he pulls his original draft letter on Boston Bruins letterhead, preserved in a plastic sleeve.

SECOND FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Doug stops at Jem's. He KNOCKS on his STILL-BUSTED door.

JEM (O.S.)

(calling from inside)

It's open.

JEM'S PARLOR

Doug finds Jem dressed in a pit-stained undershirt and smiley-face boxers, working on SHYNE'S DOLL HOUSE.

JEM

(without turning)

Heard you walking around up there.

He's furnishing it in miniature, a wooden Krista doll at the tiny dining room table. He puts down a tiny TV to dry.

JEM

Tools are set. Got our armor. What do we want for the work car?

DOUG
I got it. Built into the job.

JEM
Gloansy's got the uniforms. His
fucking wife better not shrink 'em in
the wash.

He blows faintly on the wet paint of the miniature TV.

JEM
Heard you're thinking about leaving.

DOUG
Maybe. Yeah.

JEM
Only asking 'cause I need to know
whether I should put you on the third
floor. Shyne - I don't want her
wondering who's up there, if there's
no Uncle Duggy anymore.

Doug notices the tiny high chair on Krista's floor, the
pictures on the walls, the weights in the basement.

DOUG
This job falls the way it should,
it's your time to step away, too.

Jem shrugs.

DOUG
Things change, man. Nothing wrong
with it.

JEM
No, sure.

DOUG
We had a fucking amazing run. By any
standard.

JEM
We set the standard.

DOUG
The Florist - kid, he'll keep turning
you out 'till you get bounced for
good.

Jem scowls, then contains it, focusing on the doll house.

DOUG

Other thing I have to say is this -
the weight of this take. All the
variables. You should pack a
parachute.

JEM

I don't see me running.

Doug gazes out his window at the Town, then nods and heads
for the busted door, pausing on the dim threshold.

JEM (O.S.)

Still out there?

Doug takes in a deep breath and nods.

DOUG

Still here.

A strange moment...then Doug takes up his sack and leaves.

INT. THE TAP - DOWNSTAIRS - EVENING

What it feels like, being underwater. Krista is submerged.
Life is fluid, languid. She moves to the jukebox, slow,
giving a guy at the bar the full view as she punches in The
Cranberries' "Linger".

She sits again, and we see the guy watching her: Frawley.

FRAWLEY

Seems like we were having a bit of a
staring contest over there.

He mounts the stool next to her, open-legged, aggressive.
Studying her. She hangs in, bourbon flowing through her.

FRAWLEY

(leaning closer)

One night at a bar, this guy was
going around telling ladies he was
judging a Hugging Contest, and would
they like to enter. Most of the time,
they fell for it. He would hold them
and rub their backs, all smarmy and
shit. I finally got sick of watching.
I went over and told him I was
judging a Face-Punching Contest.

KRISTA

Anyone tried that shit on me, I'd
punch him myself.

He TOASTS her his Bud, then drains it.

FRAWLEY

Oh, by the way, I'm here tonight
judging a Fucking Contest.

She smiles, feeling the undertow, licking her lips. Frawley drops a \$20 on the bar, nods to Splash. Two bourbons arrive.

KRISTA

What are you doing downstairs here?
Slumming?

FRAWLEY

Doing my job.

KRISTA

Oh, right. The Fucking Contest.

FRAWLEY

Basically correct. I work for the
FBI.

Krista throws her head back and laughs, warming to him.

KRISTA

You're awright. Doesn't mean I'm
going home with you or anything.

FRAWLEY

You and Doug MacRay used to run
around, right?

KRISTA

How you know Duggy?

FRAWLEY

We sorta work together.

KRISTA

Demolition.

FRAWLEY

Nooooo.

His quiet menace lowers Krista's water temperature a few more degrees. Frawley lays out FIVE MORE TWENTIES on the bar.

FRAWLEY

You a pretty decent judge of size?

KRISTA

Depends. Size of what?

He holds up one of the twenties.

FRAWLEY
How big would you say this is?

KRISTA
If this is a bar game, I'm--

FRAWLEY
Six inches? Over or under.

KRISTA
Under.

FRAWLEY
Wrong. Six point one four inches exactly. Now the width.

KRISTA
You're turning into kind of a weird guy.

FRAWLEY
Girth. Some claim it's more important. Give a guess.

She just looks at him. Water temperature falling...

FRAWLEY
Two point six one inches. I know everything there is to know about money. Thickness? Point oh-oh-four-three inches. Not much to excite you there. Weight? About one gram. That makes a twenty almost worth its weight in, say...dust.

She's hearing him now - eyes wide open.

FRAWLEY
So how's it work? Bartender takes a call, gives you an address? You pick up a package at Point A, deliver it to Point B, and for that the Florist pays you a C. Right? Easy as A-B-C.

The water has begun to drain, the stopper pulled.

FRAWLEY
You're thinking about walking out on me. See, it's not that simple, though. I start waving this gold badge around...
(shows her, puts it away)
So here's how we'll do. I buy you another drink--

KRISTA

I don't want another drink.

FRAWLEY

Fine. We'll do this right here, nice and intimate. Like lovers.

Frawley squeezes the cash into her hand like a wad of trash.

FRAWLEY

I'm paying you a C right now, to deliver a package to me. And that package is information.

KRISTA

I don't know--

FRAWLEY

You don't know anything, sure. I understand. Only one problem with that. I know you do know, okay? A-B-C. Simple as 1-2-3. You and me.

The water is gone.

FRAWLEY

I'm not really an asshole, all right? Lucky for you, I'm not the kind of cop who's going to come down hard, threaten you with losing your daughter, talking foster homes and all that dreadful, dreadful shit.

Krista begins to shiver.

FRAWLEY

No. I'm going to go totally positive on this.

KRISTA

I want a lawyer.

FRAWLEY

Good, get one. This is about protecting yourself. Not even yourself. Your daughter.

KRISTA

Leave her out.

FRAWLEY

Doug MacRay. How long were you with him?

Krista sagging, her nose almost touching the bar.

KRISTA

All my life.

FRAWLEY

And in all those happy years together
- how many diamond necklaces he buy
you from Tiffany?

KRISTA

The fuck you talking about, diamond
necklaces?

FRAWLEY

Answer my question, then I'll answer
yours.

EXT. FENWAY PARK - AFTERNOON

Doug and Dez strolling the stone caves beneath the stands,
casing the joint. Concession lines run ten deep, money
changing hands everywhere. Doug views all the chewing and
spending through a filter of disgust.

BLEACHERS - MINUTES LATER

Doug hunched over a bag of peanuts, shelling one after
another. Doug and Dez ignore the WAVE as it goes by.

DEZ

I don't like this, Duggy. You look
desperate. And everything you taught
me - it's the wrong way to go into
this.

DOUG

I am desperate. My life right now -
fuck it.

DEZ

Is it the girl?

DOUG

Girl's gone, man.

Behind Doug, a LOUD FAN in a brand new Red Sox cap is
hollering, sloshing his beer, his knees jostling Doug.

DEZ

Something you're not telling me about
this job?

DOUG

I'm telling you to walk. Jem's not going to stop, Gloansy neither. But you - you got your thing, your job, your ma to take care of. I want you to give me your out.

DEZ

Okay. I'll walk. When you do.

A foul ball heads toward them...the crowd RISING...the Loud Fan's beer spilling into Doug's lap, soaking him.

LOUD FAN

Shit, I'm sorry--

Doug turns on him, SHOVING HIM BACKWARD, about to pound him, until he sees: the Fan's Young Son, wearing a new ballcap like his dad, frozen with fear.

Doug stops, mortified - then pushes his way out of their row, getting away just before Security arrives.

EXT. FENWAY GARDENS - BACK BAY FENS - MINUTES LATER

Sound of a BATTER BEING ANNOUNCED in the distance as Doug heads through the nearby gardens to Claire's plot.

It's empty. He's almost relieved, and is turning away when he glimpses a flicker of movement. There she is. He gives himself no time to chicken out.

Claire turns when the gate latch CLICKS, her bare limbs glowing in the afternoon sun: pruning shears in her gloved hands, her knees smudged with dirt.

DOUG

Let me say this.

She steps back, the shears slipping from her grip.

DOUG

I am hanging by a thread here.

(long beat)

We can do this. If you want to. Do you want to?

CLAIRE

Please go.

DOUG

We met in a Laundromat, you were crying--

CLAIRE

We met in the bank you were robbing.

DOUG

We met in a Laundromat. It's true if you believe it. The rooftop, that first night - we're still the same people.

CLAIRE

No, we're not.

DOUG

I'd do it all over again, exactly the same, if it was my only chance. To know you.

She shakes her head, wanting him to stop.

CLAIRE

You have to go away, Doug.

He points to Fenway, the light towers visible behind her.

DOUG

Monday, two days from now. An armored truck picking up weekend receipts. I'm going to be there.

She's frozen, appalled.

DOUG

I don't care anymore. About anything but you. After this job, I'm done. I'm gone.

CLAIRE

Why tell me this?
(fists at her sides)
Why are you *doing* this to me?

DOUG

What I just told you - it would send me away forever. If you want me gone, it's the easiest way.

She shakes her head, hard. He can't tell what it means.

DOUG

But if you don't...then come away with me.

Claire is too shocked to speak.

DOUG

Anywhere you want to go. Your "if only."

A HORSE'S SNORT interrupts. Claire's eyes turn and widen. A MOUNTED POLICEMAN trots on the path toward them.

Doug surging with devotion. The horse's hooves CLOPPING near. Claire's eyes dampen, facing him, *seeing him again.*

CLAIRE

Doug--

He cuts her off before she can send him away.

DOUG

I'm at the Howard Johnson down the street. Room 224. Turn me in or come away with me.

He starts back toward the ballpark - and the job.

INT. ROOM 224 - HOWARD JOHNSON HOTEL - AFTERNOON/NIGHT

- Doug sweeps aside the ratty curtain, revealing a view of the southern brick face of Fenway Park.

- He checks the message light on the phone, picks up the receiver, makes sure the phone is working.

- He sits on the bed watching the game on TV with the sound off.

- He opens the MINI BAR. Selects a BEER.

- He sits on the bed, staring at the Poured beer in a hotel glass. He rises, goes to it. Grips it, holding it up for inspection, much like a suicide pondering a loaded gun.

HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He dumps the beer down the sink and steps into the shower, standing under its cleansing heat. Thinks he hears KNOCKING. He shuts off the water and, dripping, listens.

HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wearing only a towel, Doug throws opens the door, looks out. A woman three rooms down turns fast to the sound...

It's Krista, not Claire. Carrying Shyne's dead weight on her hip. She comes up, looking past him into the room.

KRISTA
 Got any juice?
 (shakes empty bottle)
 I'm out.

Doug backs away to the bathroom to pull on his pants. When he comes out, Shyne is sitting on the floor, sucking on a big, pink-handled face plug, staring at the TV.

KRISTA
 Dez told me you were here.

DOUG
 What do you want, Kris?

KRISTA
 To see you before you go.

DOUG
 (raising his arms)
 Seen.

Krista sits down on the edge of his bed.

DOUG
 You can't stay.

KRISTA
 I don't want to stay. I want to go.
 With you. I can be a different
 person, Duggy. Away from *him*.

She glances at the mayhem on TV, people running out of a burning building.

KRISTA
 I've been so fucking patient all
 these years. I took Jem's shit only
 because I always believed my time was
 coming. My whole *life* I lived in
 terms of you, Duggy. Haven't I been
 loyal?

DOUG
 Kris, you want to go - go. There's
 no chain holding us to each other.

KRISTA
 You're wrong there.

She rises, reaching for his bare stomach. He backs to the window. Her hands creep around his sides and she leans against him, holding him. He does not respond, instead watching Shyne flash blue-green in the TV light, casting a small shadow. Krista releases him, angry.

KRISTA

You can't wait for me to go, can you.

DOUG

I'm leaving. With somebody else.

KRISTA

Why isn't she here then? Such a trashy little fuck pad. After a Tiffany necklace, I'd've thought a room at the Ritz.

DOUG

What did you say? *Who told you?*

KRISTA

A little bird.

He grabs her, his anger making her smile more fiercely. He shakes her, but can't shake away that smile.

KRISTA

You always did like it rough.

DOUG

What do you know about a necklace?

KRISTA

I know you'd rather see a rope around my neck.

Doug moves past her, scooping up Shyne and her doll, the child's eyes never leaving the TV screen.

KRISTA

Take me with you. I'd go to hell for you.

He marches to the door with Shyne under his arm, turns.

DOUG

If I was going to take anybody with me, it'd be her.

Doug opens the door and sets Shyne down gently on the hall floor with her doll. He steps back inside, facing Krista.

KRISTA

We're coming with you.

DOUG

You're getting out of here.

KRISTA

Don't you say no to me. You think about this, Douglas MacRay. You think about what you're doing.

He grabs her arm. She fights him -

KRISTA

No!

- POUNDING at his chest, digging her nails into his windpipe, Doug maneuvering her toward the door. She shakes free and walks the few remaining steps out into the hallway herself.

KRISTA

You don't know what you just--

Doug SLAMS the door on her, throws the lock.

He waits. Expecting banging, screaming...but there's NOTHING. When he looks through the spyglass, she is gone.

INT. FRAWLEY'S APARTMENT - NAVY YARD - MORNING

A nice sublet looking out on the towering Tobin Bridge through ocean-driven rain. Frawley sprinkling shredded cheese over his scrambled egg whites as his PHONE RINGS. His ANSWERING MACHINE catches it, playing on the table.

SERGEANT

(on the machine)

Yeah, Agent Frawley? We got a DWI here, banged up in a one-car in the Charlestown Navy Yard.

CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD - DRY DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Cruisers surround an accident: Doug's Caprice demolished against an old anchor on the dry docks, hood steaming.

SERGEANT (V.O.)

Coughlin, Kristina. Had a kid with her. Little girl's fine, but the mother's all banged up--

Krista being led by Cops, fighting, into a cruiser.

INT. MASS GENERAL - ER - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Frawley walks in squeaking wet shoes, showing his creds - walking to one of the curtained bays.

ER BAY.

Krista sits in the padded visitor's chair, gauze wrapped around her forehead, a bright red bloom over her eye.

KRISTA
Here's handsome.

The SERGEANT pokes his head in, nods to Frawley, leaves.

KRISTA
(after him)
I take mine milk, three sugars!

She peels off her cracked, false fingernails, bobbing her crossed foot - a black shoe with a broken heel.

FRAWLEY
What happened?

KRISTA
Guess someone left an anchor in the middle of the road.

Frawley glances at the CAR SEAT in the corner, EMPTY but for crumbs and milk stains. Krista sees him looking.

KRISTA
She wasn't hurt. Not one scratch.

FRAWLEY
You could be looking at Mother of the Year.

KRISTA
What do you know what I go through? Fucking college boy. What do you know about someone like me? I'm a real person. I'm a *single mother*.

FRAWLEY
Your daughter's in the back seat of a state van, being driven by a stranger to the Department of Social Services. How long you want to talk here?

Krista stares, eyes dampening. Frawley holds his glare.

FRAWLEY
Maybe you want a lawyer, not FBI.

She looks crestfallen as he makes to leave.

KRISTA

Why is it I'm always the one who gets used? Every man I know.

FRAWLEY

Who's using who here? I'm pretty sure I'm here 'cause you want your daughter back. Because you can use me to get her.

KRISTA

I'm a person, you know.

(beat)

I want your guarantee.

FRAWLEY

I never said *guarantee*. I said I could try.

He waits. Her head droops, suffering.

FRAWLEY

You waiting for a better offer? Who else could get you out of this jam? Your brother? MacRay? Who - Fergie?

Her eyes spark to the last name.

FRAWLEY

Why should a dust dealer help you with your daughter?

Nothing in her low-eyed look is telling - *except its duration.*

FRAWLEY

Oh, Jesus.

Frawley looks at the empty car seat.

FRAWLEY

You and the Florist.

Krista's chin trembles. A hard woman crumbling is an awful thing to watch.

KRISTA

Why you have to lean on me so hard?

FRAWLEY

You called me. That means you've got something to trade.

KRISTA

Duggy's going away after. With her.

FRAWLEY

Her? What do you mean with her?

Frawley starts piecing it together.

FRAWLEY

What do you mean after? After what?
(losing it)

You need to be smart, Krista. A life
of bad decisions, this one could do
you good.

She looks away, her jaw quivering.

KRISTA

My daughter...

(breaking down)

She's retarded. She's going to need
things, special things. Special
schools. For her I'm doing this. Not
me. Not for me.

INT. THUNDERBIRD - YAWKEY AND VAN NESS - SAME TIME

Four cops sitting in a parked Thunderbird in the rain.

Gloansy at the wheel, Dez beside him - putting in CONTACT
LENSES - Doug and Jem in back. All wearing cop uniforms.

Windows are cracked open on the drumming rain. News RADIO in
hysterics over traffic tie-ups. Jem thumping his shoes on
the floorboard, marching in place.

JEM

Rain's good, rain's good, rain's
good.

GLOANSY

Can's stuck in traffic.

DOUG

(quietly)

We don't have to do this.

Dez turns, giving Doug a searching look.

DEZ

What do you mean?

JEM

Everything's cool. Here, check these
out.

Jem unclips the front of his orange cop slicker. Beside a Glock and a Semi-auto Tec-9, he wears four fat pinecone GRENADES affixed to his cop belt with duct tape.

DEZ

Are those live?

JEM

From my gramps. Guy was a fuckin' war hero.

GLOANSY

For Christ. You're going to blow us up in here.

JEM

(looking at Doug)

These are our parachutes.

Doug can't sit still a moment longer. He opens his door and stands out of the T-bird - slamming the door before the others can say anything, starting away through the rain.

INT. PACKAGE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

DOOR CHIME RINGS as Doug pushes inside, soaking wet. He goes down the long, bright aisle to the back cooler, grabs two sixes of High Life longnecks, brings them to the counter. Another cop waits there. It's Dez.

DEZ

What are you doing?

DOUG

Shut the fuck up.
(to cashier)
Put these on the police account.

STREET CORNER - YAWKEY AND BOYLSTON - MOMENTS LATER

Dez catching up with Doug on the rainy sidewalk.

DEZ

Duggy! What's happening to you?

DOUG

I fucking TOLD you not to come!

INT. THUNDERBIRD - YAWKEY AND VAN NESS - CONTINUOUS

Doug gets back in the car, wet coat crinkling.

JEM

The fuck was that?

Then he sees the two six-packs. Doug hooks the caps of two beer bottles together, opening one with a stick-snapping motion. Jem's smile grows wide and fierce.

JEM

Duggy Mac is back!

Dez silently gets into the front. Doug doesn't look at him, Jem handing beers over the seat. Everyone opens one.

JEM

To the Town.

All the bottles come together. Still, Doug hesitates...

JEM

I put you in after all. Third floor.
Shyne's doll house. I took a chance.

Doug, staring straight ahead, brings the bottle to his lips and drinks it back - emptying it in one powerful gulp.

PROVIDENT ARMORED TRUCK

Turning off Ipswich toward Fenway. A RED LIGHT SPINS over the ambulance bay door. The truck backs in with TWO GUARDS escorting on foot. Behind it, the Black Suburban pulls up, idling as the bay door CLOSES on the can.

EXT. THUNDERBIRD - YAWKEY AND VAN NESS - CONTINUOUS

Four doors open at once in the punishing rain. Doug and Jem start side by side across the street to the Gate D entrance, Gloansy and Dez going up Van Ness.

E/I. GATE D ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Jem pulls HARD on the chained gate. A RED SHIRT inside looks up from his newspaper - dropping it at the sight of two cops.

JEM

Was it you who called?

The Red Shirt (ERIC) comes hustling up, young, jittery.

JEM

911 call we got. Open up.

ERIC
I didn't...it wasn't...

JEM
Robbery call. Who else is here?

ERIC
Robbery?

JEM
There's no one else here?

ERIC
Sure, but--

JEM
Call says you're being held up.
Right now.

ERIC
Then I need to phone security.

JEM
Phone whoever you want, but we gotta
get in there, do our jobs. Then make
your call.

Eric nods, persuaded, unlocking the chain to admit them.

DOUG
Go ahead - lock it back up if you
have to.

Jem and Doug unclasp their coats, revealing holsters. With
the rain, it's as dark as twilight inside.

JEM
And what is your name, sir?

ERIC
Eric.

JEM
Eric, take us through this. Let's
make sure everybody's safe - then we
can all sit down and make our phone
calls.

TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Past the Money Room Door, they turn the corner into a low-
ceilinged connecting tunnel. Halfway down, the two Provident
Guards are operating a MOTORIZED FLATBED loaded with thick
bundles of PLASTIC-WRAPPED CASH.

Jem starts at them, his voice BOOMING inside the tunnel.

JEM
Who called 911?

The Guards turn fast, spooked. Jem's hand is on his waist.
Doug pushes Eric down to the floor.

DOUG
Lie flat.

The concerned Guards put their hands on their holsters.

JEM
We got a distress call! Who made the
call?

The Guards move between Jem and Doug and the money cart.

GUARD #1
No call from us.

JEM
(closer)
Who called it?

GUARD #1
(raising one hand)
Hold on.

JEM
ID! Let's see some ID!

GUARD #2
Hold on, hold it, now.

Guard #1 drops into a protective crouch.

JEM
Whoa, whoa!

DOUG
Don't do that!

GUARD #1
We didn't hit it!

GUARD #2
We're on the job here!

Two Fenway Park security Blue-Shirts appear at the far mouth
of the tunnel.

BLUE SHIRT
What the--?

DOUG
Get down back there!

BLUE SHIRT
It's okay! They're okay!

DOUG
Everybody on the ground now.

JEM
For our safety! I want IDs
from everybody.

DOUG
Get down!

GUARD #2
Wait, hey!

JEM
ON THE FLOOR!

Panicky Guard #1 pulls the sidearm from his holster.

DOUG
Gun! Gun!

JEM
Drop your weapon! Put it
down now!

Both Doug and Jem DRAW AND AIM.

GUARD #2
We did not call!

JEM
Stop resisting! Get down!

Cursing, Guard #1 yields, lying on his belly, arms out. Jem approaches, stepping on his wrist. Guard #2 relents.

Doug hurries past them to the Blue Shirts, quickly binding their hands with plastic ties, taking their radios. Then back to assist Jem with Guard #2.

GUARD #1
Christ. The fuck're you doing?
We're on the goddamn job here!

DOUG
We got a call.

Suddenly, Eric stands and starts FLEEING along the tunnel wall, running for his life. Doug BARKS at him to stop - just as A SHOT FIRES, the round whizzing past his ear.

Eric gallops a few more yards before collapsing, lame.

Doug turns to see Jem, his 9mm still smoking. Doug hurries to Eric, prying his hands away from the bloody hip wound.

DOUG
(binding his wrists)
Help'll be here soon. Stay down and
shut up.

Doug returns and, with a glare at Jem, yanks Guard #1 to his feet. The old Guard fights and twists, so Doug BOUNCES HIM OFF THE WALL, dazing him, then muscling him to the corner.

Around the bend, Doug gets his first view of the armored truck. He dumps the Guard and walks to the passenger side, drawing the attention of the DRIVER.

He didn't expect a WOMAN: frizzy-haired, startled. She fumbles the keys in the ignition, STARTING UP THE TRUCK.

The LOCKS RESET; the rooftop BEACON SPINS. Tailpipe COUGHS diesel smoke. But the bay door is still closed...and she's

got nowhere to go. Driver begins talking fast into the handset of a ceiling-mounted radio.

GUARD #1
Assholes fucked up. Sandy's locked in there. She's calling the law.

Jem stands menacingly over the FOUR CAPTIVES. Doug produces a walkie-talkie, pressing the call button.

DOUG
(into walkie-talkie)
Ready?

DEZ (O.S.)
(radio, breathless)
Ready. All clear out here.

Doug hits the switch on a second bay door, which crawls open like a steel curtain rising on the CRASHING RAIN. Dez, in his cop slicker, enters holding his Beretta on the bound TAIL-CAR DRIVER of the Black Suburban.

The Suburban then BACKS INSIDE the bay, trunk end first. Gloansy leaps out, engine running, taking the Tail-Car Driver from Dez and walking him over to the others.

Dez touches the radio wire looped over his ear.

DEZ
There it is. Call just went out from dispatch.

Doug nods calmly, trotting with Dez over to the idling can.

GUARD #1
I put in twenty-two years as a guard at Walpole. Got friends there who'll see to it you live out your life in rip-ass hell.

Jem points his gun at him, and the Guard shuts up. Gloansy and Dez now watch the five hostages, Doug and Jem getting the motorized flatbed, Doug steering it to the Suburban.

Jem dumps off two heavy racks of coins, nickels and dimes BURSTING to the floor. Doug pulls hockey duffel bags from his coat pockets, opening them inside the Suburban's trunk. Jem tosses cash parcels as fast as Doug can pack them.

DEZ
(skittish)
How much longer?

Jem just keeps throwing.

EXT. FENWAY PARK - GATE A - SAME TIME

Outside the "1912 Fenway Park" facade, Frawley opens his trunk and puts on his nylon FBI vest in the rain. He grabs 9mm mags for his SIG-Sauer, and fills his pockets with shotgun cartridges. As he pulls his REMINGTON 870 TWELVE-GAUGE from its sleeve, Dino's Taurus pulls up.

DINO

I looped the block. No vans around, nothing.

FRAWLEY

Maybe we're too early. Maybe too late.

A blue Police CAMPER idles outside Twins souvenir shop: Entry and Apprehension Team Mobile-Command Center. Two pairs of EAT COMMANDOS in Fritz helmets and trunk armor cross Yawkey Way - one team toward the Ticket Office, the other toward Gate D.

A silver Accord drives by, a LITTLE BOY waving in back.

DINO

We got to close off these streets.

Suddenly, the EAT Ticket Office pair go sprinting down Van Ness toward Gate D. Dino pokes his head into the open camper where two TACTICAL COPS are coordinating.

DINO

What's up?

TAC COP

Voice inside, male. Says he's been shot.

Frawley starts running that way.

INT. TUNNEL BENEATH FENWAY - DAY

Jem halfway through, Doug following. At the end of the tunnel, Eric lies on the floor, kicking his legs.

ERIC

I'm shot, I'm shot.

His Tec-9 out, Jem squints at a curious glint of light beyond Eric. Doug sees it too, realizing too late -

DOUG

Get back!

It's a small mirror on a long pole at the far end of the tunnel. Jem opens up, SHATTERING the mirror - the noise DEAFENING - the pole clattering to the floor. Doug catches up to Jem, pulling him back - the tunnel filling with ricocheting fireballs.

DOUG
Starflash rounds!

Doug FIRES as they retreat, taking cover around the corner. Jem breaks off his empty mag and reloads, cursing.

GLOANSY
(with guards)
What the fuck!

JEM
We got *dimed*!

He leaps out, SPRAYING THE TUNNEL with gunfire, then leans back in again, his Tec smoking.

JEM
Fucking *dimed*! Motherfucks!

THREE GUNSHOTS CRACK from a different direction - Gloansy SHRIEKS - twisting and falling - hit.

Doug rushes to him, dragging Gloansy up against the thick rear tire of the can. All five Hostages are YELLING.

Doug searches to see where the shots came from. Gloansy, grunting, pulls up his coat to where the slug was STOPPED BY HIS VEST. Then - MORE SHOTS, over their heads.

Jem OPENS UP against the can's hull, ricochets pelting around Doug and Gloansy. Doug HOLLERS, but then sees -

The shots are coming from the gun ports INSIDE the truck.
The Driver has them pinned down.

Ducking low, Doug sees Dez's feet on the other side of the can's wheelbase. He YELLS his name, but Dez can't hear him - so he rips off his walkie-talkie and slides it under the truck, striking Dez in the shoe.

DOUG
The door! Open the door!

Dez crawls and HITS the plunger - the bay door RISING.

JEM
(from the tunnel)
What are you *doing*?

But Doug was right: the Driver PANICS, jumping into the front seat and POWERING FORWARD, SCRAPING the car against the brick door frame - lurching out onto Van Ness. |

EXT. GATE D - CONTINUOUS

Frawley watching as the Provident truck comes out, beacon twirling, SURGING toward him. Other Cops rush up, FIRING - wasting rounds against the grille and windshield.

FRAWLEY

Get back!

The truck SKIDS on the wet road, then over-corrects, veering toward the sidewalk on Yawkey...and RAMMING THE MOBILE COMMAND UNIT HEAD ON. BUCKLING AND GRINDING on its rims, tearing up asphalt and ornamental trees. Cops tumble out of the open end, hurt, crawling away.

INT. AMBULANCE BAY - CONTINUOUS

Doug helps Gloansy to his feet.

DOUG

We bail! Now!

JEM

No fucking way! The ride is loaded and ready to go!

Hunched in pain, Gloansy makes for the Suburban - Jem emptying another magazine into the tunnel as cover.

DOUG

(over the racket)
Leave it! Bail out!

Hobbling, Gloansy SLAMS THE TRUNK SHUT, climbs inside.

GLOANSY

Meet you at the switch!

Dez is torn: stay behind, or go with Gloansy?

DEZ

Fuck!

He stays. Tires SCREECHING, Gloansy ROARS AWAY as Jem, with a REBEL YELL, fills the Tunnel with FIRE AND NOISE.

EXT. GATE D - CONTINUOUS

The Black Suburban shoots out of the second bay door.
Gloansy starts the other way, but APPROACHING CRUISERS make him cut back in a controlled skid, racing toward Frawley--

Right at him. Frawley works the pump action on his shotgun -
BLAM! - MISSING the first shot, sparks kicking off asphalt.
He pumps again - BLAM! - BLOWING the front tire, then,
stepping forward - BLAM! - BURSTS the rear.

Tires shred off their rims, Gloansy losing control. He jumps the curb, careening into the parked Thunderbird.

INT. AMBULANCE BAY - CONTINUOUS

A SICKENING PUNCH OF GLASS AND STEEL. Doug, Dez, and Jem all hear the impact.

DEZ

Oh fucking shit, they got Gloansy.

Jem turns, FIRING another angry burst into the tunnel.

JEM

Who dined us? I'll fucking kill him!

(anguished, reloading)

Gloansy, you fucking shithead...

Doug turns and runs the length of the cave, hitting buttons on every bay door - all of them rising - then comes back.

One empty duffel remains on the floor by the cart. Jem moves to it, STUFFING IT WITH CASH and even loose coins.

DOUG

The fuck are you doing? Leave it!
Come on!

Doug goes to grab him - and Jem raises the Tec-9. Doug backs off. Jem can taste his guilt.

JEM

You fucking did this.

(a beat)

Did you do this?

Jem zips the bag, holding the gun on Doug, astonished.

JEM

Why, kid?

Dez doesn't know where to aim - at Jem or at the hostages.

DEZ

Tell him you didn't, Duggy!

More SIRENS. Jem hefts the bag and backs up to the open bay - his eyes and his gun never leaving Doug.

Doug OPENS HIS ARMS, awaiting Jem's bullet.

Jem lowers his Tec. He turns and, with his black bag, starts away into the rain.

EXT. YAWKEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS AND FLASHING BLUES arrive. Inside the Suburban, Gloansy is slumped against the blood-streaked window and deployed airbag, unmoving.

Frawley is down on his haunches behind a patrol car, cradling his shotgun, his knees bobbing and jumping with adrenaline. Above him, a Tac Cop has a submachine gun braced atop the rain-popping roof.

Frawley rises, searching for Dino among the crowd of cops and umbrellas...finding him talking to a POLICE CAPTAIN.

FRAWLEY

(wild)

Where'd the patrol cars come from?

The Captain eyes the FBI initials on Frawley's vest.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Well, when a daddy patrol car and a mommy patrol car love each other very, very much...

Dino rests a hand on the Captain's chest.

DINO

My guy, Cap. Frawley, bank squad. Good guy.

POLICE CAPTAIN

We got a 911. Distress call from inside the armored.

Frawley looks at the armored truck and wrecked camper.

FRAWLEY

Dean, these guys...they go around alarms.

(realizing)

They wanted the call to go out.

He looks back up Van Ness at a crowd of orange slickers.

FRAWLEY

They wanted police here.

INT. AMBULANCE BAY - CONTINUOUS

Doug and Dez shove the two bound Guards face down on the floor near the last bay. Doug aims his gun at them - needing them cowering in fear.

DOUG

Not a fucking word or you're dead.

Dez and Doug move away to the open bay door.

DEZ

Can we do this?

DOUG

Fuck. It's life for me, I got no choice. You'll get a couple of years, max. Cut a plea. If I make it out, I'm gone from here anyway.

Dez stares, uncertain.

DOUG

It's what I would do.

DEZ

(long look)

No, it's not.

Doug leans out, seeing Cops in orange slickers coming at them from both sides. With Dez, he steps out into the rain - waving over the nearest pair.

The Cops hustle up, guns at their sides. Doug points to the two Guards lying twenty paces away. One Cop hurries toward them, the other radioing in their position.

COP

Nice catch.

DOUG

Transport those two. We're going after another.

EXT. VAN NESS - CONTINUOUS

Doug and Dez crossing the street briskly. Painful glances down at the smashed Suburban at the far end of the street.

Then, ahead, they see Jem with his duffel - being followed by a man in an FBI vest (Frawley).

DEZ
Holy fucking hell.

Doug does not hesitate, starting right after Jem.

DOUG
Take off.

IPSWICH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Frawley following Jem along a row of parked cars.

FRAWLEY
Officer! Hold up a minute there,
please.

Jem stops, motionless. When he turns, he does so firing his shoulder-harnessed Tec with a sweeping arm motion.

Two cops drop a sawhorse and run. Frawley spins away behind a Civic hatchback - just in time. Jem continues FIRING into it, backing away. BYSTANDERS scatter as Frawley catches a glimpse of Jem's wild face through the CRACKED WINDOWS.

Jem SHATTERS all the glass of the Civic - Frawley falling into a fetal crouch as ROUNDS RIP THROUGH THE CAR.

Then the GUNFIRE STOPS, leaving only the sound of RAIN...

...until there comes a sound like a stone SKITTERING across pavement. It RAPS against the curb, and Frawley looks down, watching it spin and settle.

A GRENADE.

Frawley gapes a moment - then leaps up, racing away, yelling at Cops (Doug and Dez) to get back.

The grenade EXPLODES, IGNITING the Civic's gas tank. A parking meter blows open, coins piercing cars like shrapnel.

The windows of a nearby storefront are BLOWN IN. People leap from their cars, running in all directions.

Frawley rises from the broken glass, finding a single quarter lodged in his forearm. But Jem is gone. Frawley gets to his feet and continues after him.

ON DOUG

Reaching the flaming car, smoke rising in the rain.

DEZ (O.S.)
(behind him)
Fucking crazy.

DOUG
Get out of here, Dez--

Two other Cops run past, one YELLING to them:

COP
You two! Take the left flank! We're
gonna sweep up Boylston!

Dez catches up with Doug past fleeing people.

DEZ
What do you think you can do for him?

DOUG
(furious)
Desmond. Get out. Leave me.

He sees Jem break across the street, bag in one hand, Tec-9 in the other. Heading for a crowded McDonald's, a panicked, grainy voice SCREAMING at him from the Drive-Thru speaker. He sees Frawley stalking Jem with his shotgun.

ON FRAWLEY

He FIRES WIDE, hitting a stand of Apartment Guides in front of Jem, stopping him, keeping him away from the McDonald's.

Jem cuts back the other way as people stream out of the restaurant, kids in their arms. Frawley goes to his pockets to reload, spilling shells everywhere...

FRAWLEY
(hyper-ventilating)
I'm in a *fucking* gunfight.

ON DOUG

Sees Frawley, almost childlike, trying to pick up and load dirty shells from the gutter. Doug lines up A PERFECT SHOT.

DEZ
You gonna shoot at cops?

DOUG
Fuck away from me, Dez.

Doug tenses, aiming, holding - but does not take the shot.

DEZ
All you can do is die with him.
(pulling on him)
Duggy. We gotta bail.

ON JEM

Holding the money bag as a shield, Jem crosses the intersection, to MORE COPS lying in wait. A FLURRY of rounds peck at his vest, his leg, his shooting arm.

Jem spits rounds back. He staggers up the ramp to an Osco Drug, arriving just as a Clerk inside locks the door. Jem stutters GUNFIRE, SHATTERING the glass - until his Tec runs out of ammo. He throws it to the ground.

Frawley hears this and leaps up.

FRAWLEY
On the ground, FBI. FBI!

Jem laughs and raises his extra pistol in his bloody hand.

Frawley squeezes one blast low - BLAM! - and one high.

JEM FLIES BACK, puppet strings of insanity the only thing keeping him on his feet, backpedaling until he falls off the wet curb and drops hard onto the road.

Jem drags himself ahead, trailing blood, the duffel still in his grip. Frawley comes up on him, Tac Cops alongside.

Jem rolls over, laughing blood - reaching into his coat...

WITH DOUG

Seeing Cops close in on Jem. Dez has wandered into the middle of the street, squinting through the rain.

DOUG
(hissing)
Dez - get back here -

Jem's right hand reappears, three grenade pins looped like wedding bands around his fingers.

DEZ
 (waving them away)
 Whoa! Whoa! Hey!

Like a kid calling a time-out, he yells to the Cops. No one hears. Dez draws his gun, firing it up into the rain.

It works. The Cops back away from Jem, just as -

THE GRENADES EXPLODE

- like a road mine, Jem ERUPTS into lumpy pieces. Car alarms SHRIEK. Exploded cash flutters like confetti.

In the confusion, two Cops draw on Dez. The first SHOT spins him, the second jerks him through the armpit, under his vest. Dez drops with a splash, his eyes bewildered.

Doug stares, seeing Dez lying in the road, encircled by Cops. Further down, Jem lies dead, his vest cracked open like a bloody husk, shredded cash blowing everywhere.

Something washes over Doug, with the rain. He looks at the Beretta in his hand - then holsters it, wiping water from his eyes as he walks away.

EXT. FENWAY GARDENS - BACK BAY FENS - TWO MINUTES LATER

Doug sits on Claire's stone bench, numb. He drops to his knees in the muck. Rain batters him as he thrusts his hands down wrist-deep, reaching down to the buried money.

Then he stops. Deciding something. He stands and heads down the path - nothing in his face now but vengeance.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN - MAIN STREET - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Doug walking almost in a trance, seeing nothing, kids in rubber boots staring up at the drenched beat cop.

EXT. TOWN FLOWERS - CONTINUOUS

Doug stops outside the storefront window.

INT. TOWN FLOWERS - CONTINUOUS

Bell RINGS over the door as he enters. A treacly Irish tune serenades the dying plants. Doug waits a few airless moments.

Rusty pushes through the black curtain behind the counter. He looks up from his lettuce sandwich in tin foil, eyeing the sodden cop. Then he recognizes Doug's face.

Rusty drops his sandwich and LUNGES for something under the counter, but Doug clears his holster first, FIRING TWICE, the white-haired bodyguard falling twisted against the wall and floor.

Doug pauses at the counter, looking at the gasping, dying Rusty, then pushes through the black curtain to the back.

BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Empty. A TOILET FLUSHES. Doug turns toward the bathroom door as the latch is thrown, the door opening.

Fergie wanders out in maroon suede slippers, carrying a newspaper, unaware. He pulls off his reading glasses to see the cop better, letting them fall against his chest.

FERGIE

MacRay.

Doug doesn't stop FIRING until the Florist is dead among the stem clippings, condolence ribbons UNSPOOLING over him.

Slowly, out of the DEAFNESS from the gun reports, the IRISH MUSIC RETURNS. The BELL RINGS over the front door...

TWO GUNSHOTS punch Doug high in the back of his vest. Another SHOT bites his thigh, and a fourth slashes into his neck. Doug twists and drops, FIRING from the floor, back through the jerking black curtain.

He pushes to his feet. Blood SPILLS down his shirt and badge. He grips the pulsing hole in his neck with a dirty palm.

FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Among the flower pots and scummy water lies a body on its side: A YOUNG THUG, 20s, his quaking boots thumping the tile. Doug stands over him, the terrified Kid looking up, pleading.

Doug holsters his gun. BADLY WOUNDED, he starts away.

EXT. YAWKEY AND BOYLSTON INTERSECTION - TEN MINUTES LATER

Frawley sitting on the curb in the rain, dazed, his knees and arms scuffed and bleeding. Cops, Coroners, and News Crews fill the block - the road littered with shredded currency.

Frawley pulls the quarter out of his forearm. The pain causes tremors in his legs. Dino sits down beside him, trying to light a cigarette in the rain.

FRAWLEY
I'm going to be fired.

DINO
Easy, now.

FRAWLEY
I killed a man in the street.

Dino's cell BEEPS. He checks the readout, answers.

DINO
(into phone)
Yeah, honey, I'm alive. We're all okay here.

Frawley goes on, unaware Dino is talking on the phone.

FRAWLEY
They can't clip me right away, wouldn't look good. Got to wait for the inquest to run its course. Transfer me somewhere cold in the meantime.

DINO
(into phone)
Frawl's a little shaken up, yeah.

FRAWLEY
Dean - I did some stupid things with this. I did some things I probably should have run by you first.

DINO
(into phone)
I'll call you back. Love you, too.

Dino hangs up, looking at Frawley.

FRAWLEY
Nothing illegal, but I pushed it. I put myself inside this. I got involved.

DINO
You're in shock, Frawl. Couple hours, we'll talk. Rather - you'll talk.

Frawley stares at the ambulance near the Suburban.

DINO

That's Magloan, with the entire take.
Minus whatever blew up with Coughlin.

FRAWLEY

And MacRay?

DINO

Canine Unit's still searching the
ballpark.

Then: a flurry of activity among the Cops nearby. One Cop's
police radio drones: "...repeat, all units, 529 Main Street,
Charlestown..." Frawley looks at Dino.

FRAWLEY

That's the Florist.

Dino hails a passing plainclothes DETECTIVE he knows.

DINO

Hey! Bobby!

DETECTIVE

Florist's shop in Charlestown.
Bloodbath. Looks like somebody got
Fergie.

Frawley stands, rising into the rain.

FRAWLEY

Jesus Christ. That must be MacRay.

DINO

Slow down, Frawl.

FRAWLEY

(panicking)
Claire Keesey.

INT. CLAIRE'S CONDO - ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

Doorbell RINGS. Through the door glass, Claire sees the
outline of a policeman. She cautiously opens her door...

Claire sees Doug's face - and the bloody hand at his neck.

Her hand goes to her mouth, eyes wide.

Doug's first step over the threshold is okay. He falters on
the second, and goes down hard on the third.

Claire SCREAMS.

Doug gets to a sitting position, the pressure on his neck the only thing keeping him alive. He uses his free hand to push across to a small table, slumping against a chair.

DOUG

Made it.

Claire comes toward him, eyes screaming tears. She starts to kneel, then hesitates - doesn't know what to do.

DOUG

In your garden. I wanted you...to tell me...not to. I wanted you to stop me...give me a reason...

Claire shakes her head in horror.

DOUG

Give me a reason.

CLAIRE

Nothing I could have said--

DOUG

I would have done...anything for you.

She slips to her knees, sitting on her heels beside him.

CLAIRE

Why leave that to me? Why?

His bewilderment is that of a man who's seen the truth too late. *You give someone the power to save you, you give them the power to destroy you as well.*

Frawley arrives at the open door. He draws his SIG-Sauer, following the blood trail inside - finding Claire kneeling beside a dying Doug MacRay.

Frawley comes up on the other side - tugging the Beretta out of Doug's holster. Doug just watches him take it.

CLAIRE

(seeing Frawley)

GET AN AMBULANCE!

Frawley finds and grabs a telephone.

DOUG

Don't.

Doug's voice is as bloodless as his face. Frawley hesitates a moment, then sets the phone back down.

CLAIRE
(to Frawley, crying)
Did you do this?

DOUG
(to Frawley)
She dined me?

FRAWLEY
That's right.

The feeling this gives Doug is worse than dying.

DOUG
Why let it go so far? Why not take
us...at the hotel?

Frawley looks at Doug and Claire, confused.

FRAWLEY
We're talking about Coughlin's
sister, right?

Doug's eyes fix on Frawley, so still for a moment it seems
that he is gone. Then he nods. He appears to relax.

FRAWLEY
You got the Florist.

DOUG
For the Town.

FRAWLEY
The money, MacRay. Where's your
stash?

Doug sags back - Claire grabbing him now, holding him up,
getting his blood on her clothes.

CLAIRE
Leave him alone!

She eases Doug's head into her lap and begins stroking his
hair as though comforting him to sleep. Frawley picks up the
phone and dials. Doug's lips are blue, his eyes darkening...

DOUG
You were never coming away.

Claire's expression says no. She holds his hand, tenderly,
noticing the soil under his fingernails.

She studies him - as he studied her when she was blindfolded.
Grief overwhelms her a moment...but then, as if responding to

some inner voice, she straightens, composing herself. She cradles Doug's head like a child as Cops enter the room.

CLAIRE

Shhh. Walk to the water. Until you can feel it on your toes.

Doug's eyes fix on something in the distance...then his gaze fades away. He's gone.

BLACK SCREEN

CRASH of the ocean, THUNDER from a passing jet.

FADE UP ON:

INT. BANK BOSTON, KENMORE SQUARE BRANCH - DAWN

Doug, Jem, Dez, and Gloansy sitting on the floor behind the teller counter in dusty blue jumpsuits, the bank brightening with morning. Gloansy eats the remains of a soggy steak sub.

JEM

Can't do it, I can't do it. He's turning my stomach with this.

DEZ

Never mind that it's two days old.

Jem gets to his feet, stretching.

JEM

See, this is too fucking relaxed here. This, we could do back at my place. Why going in on the prowl sucks.

DOUG

Prowl is smart.

JEM

Prowl's pussy. All night, cutting a hole in the ceiling. Like working for a living.

DOUG

(checking the clock)

You want strong, kid, we go strong in two minutes. Let's pack this shit up.

GLOANSY

(mouth full)

I ain't finished my snack.

JEM

Game faces.

Jem pulls a paper Foodmaster bag from the work duffel. He first hands out black knit balaclava masks, then the GOALIE MASKS, his own decorated with black stitch marks.

GLOANSY

Gerry Cheevers!

DOUG

We got sixty seconds here.

Dez, pulling on his wool mask, SNEEZES loudly. They all begin LAUGHING HARD.

DOUG

C'mon, sixty seconds. Concentrate.
Concentrate!

Final check - everything looks set. Dez and Gloansy take up positions at the front of the bank, Jem and Doug turning past the vault toward the rear hall.

JEM

Let's make some motherfucking bank.

Another SNEEZE from behind sets them tittering like boys in church. Doug and Jem take positions at the rear door. Doug breathes hard, then pulls both masks over his face. He RAPS on his goalie mask with the .38.

Through the door glass he sees a car pull up: a purple Saturn with the "Breathe!" bumper sticker. Doug hears her heels clicking on the concrete, and sees her approaching legs, the floral skirt, coming closer.

DOUG

Shhhh. Ten seconds!

FADE OUT.

DOUG (V.O.)

Shhhh. Shhhh.

ROLL CREDITS