

Rev. 08/25/09 (Yellow)  
Rev. 09/14/09 (Green)  
Rev. 11/23/09 (Goldenrod)  
Rev. 05/20/10 (Buff Reshoots)

THE TOWN

by

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based on the novel Prince of Thieves by Chuck Hogan

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FULL PINK

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. HARVARD SQUARE PLAZA 1

Early morning. Just after eight. The Plaza where people come up from the subway station. Some kiosks nearby.

An ARMORED TRUCK idles in front of Out of Town News. The driver sits behind the wheel, taking slightly nervous stock of the morning scene.

A CITY WORK TRUCK idles across from the bank.

The COURIER (the guy who "couries" the dolly in and out of the bank) goes around to the back of the armored truck. He opens the door and pulls out a DOLLY and a METAL BOX. We see his SIDEARM on his hip.

The Courier begins pushing the dolly across the plaza toward the bank. We TRACK WITH him. The walk winds around kiosks. He weaves through various PEDESTRIANS and LOITERERS, TRAVELERS, DRUGGIES, AND KIDS. We get the sense that something must be about to happen. It doesn't. Sees a SUSPICIOUS PERSON, passes him, nothing happens. Winds around a work truck stopped in front of the bank. Still nothing.

The Courier reaches the bank doors. Safety. He opens the door and steps in.

2 INT. CAMBRIDGE MERCHANTS BANK - CONTINUOUS ACTION 2

BOOM! With extraordinary violence, the Courier is SLAMMED in to as if by a savage HOCKEY CHECK by a MAN (DOUG) WHO is MASKED AND ARMED.

THREE MORE ARMED, MASKED MEN move past them shouting:

MASKED MEN

Empty your pockets! Take it out!

The stunned employees are PUSHED BACK while the bandits quickly rifle their pockets for cell phones.

A TOUGH THIEF (JEM) JUMPS THE COUNTER and goes after the employees in the back.

A HEAVY THIEF (GLOANSY) zip ties the door.

A LARGE THIEF (DEZ) gets cell phones from people in the front.

(CONTINUED)

2 THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots) 2.  
CONTINUED: 2

DOUG  
(to the guard)  
Gimme the keys.

A3 INT. BEHIND THE COUNTER A3  
Jem rifles through the cash drawers, each third handful of cash he DISCARDS along with the DYE PACK contained inside it.

B3 INT. SECURITY ROOM B3  
DEZ stands on a counter, pulling electronics from a rack.

C3 INT. NIGHT DROP - CONTINUOUS ACTION C3  
Doug puts the KEY in the NIGHT DEPOSIT PANEL and it opens, yielding cash.

3 INT. BEHIND THE COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER 3  
The employees are gathered on the ground. GLOANSY is standing over the employees, whose CELL PHONES and BLACKBERRIES have been placed in a container and DOUSED WITH BLEACH. Jem finishes the last drawer.  
Doug walks back, checks clock.

DOUG  
Bank manager. Come on.

Both CLAIRE KEESEY (30) and a man (her assistant manager, DAVID BEARNS) begin to rise.  
Doug points his rifle at BEARNS.

DOUG  
You're not the manager.

Jem KICKS him.

JEM  
Sit the fuck down.

BEARNS  
Jesus Christ.

Doug hoists Claire up to the VAULT DOOR.

DOUG  
What's the time lock set for?

(CONTINUED)

3 THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots)  
CONTINUED:

2A.

3

The clock on the wall reads 8:14.

CLAIRE  
... eight fifteen.

(CONTINUED)

Everything has gone very fast to this point. Now it moves agonizingly slow -- They watch it like three people waiting for an elevator. 3, 2, 1.

The timer CLACKS! Doug inserts the vault key.

DOUG

Don't enter the panic code.

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

JEM

Don't stall.

Jem has his gun pointed at Bearns' head. Claire makes a mistake and the TUMBLERS RESET.

JEM

(points gun at  
Bearns)

Are you even friends with this  
lefty or should I get someone  
else?

CLAIRE

I'm sorry.

DOUG

(calmer)

How many attempts before a duress  
delay?

CLAIRE

Th-three.

DOUG

You want us here another fifteen  
minutes?

Claire reaches fast, but Doug grabs her wrist, holding it steady: it looks fragile in his gloved hand.

DOUG

Once you start, do not stop.

Claire reaches for the dial -- begins working the numbers. After the third turn, there's a CLACK. Jem spins the wheel and the vault door OPENS. He notices her whispering to herself.

DOUG

What?

(CONTINUED)

3 THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots) 3A.  
CONTINUED: (3) 3

CLAIRE  
Nothing. It's my birthday.

4, 5 OMITTED 4, 5

A6 INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION A6

Dez walks into the break room, where a MICROWAVE and TABLE are. A WORKER is there eating, not having realized they were being robbed. Dez KICKS his chair.

DEZ  
Are you serious?

The worker, completely shocked, gets on the floor. Dez puts all the DVR SECURITY RECORDERS into a microwave in the BREAK ROOM and turns the machine on. SPARKS.

6 INT. CAMBRIDGE BANK - INSIDE THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 6

Doug alone in the vault. He takes a moment, then uses the KEY FROM THE GUARD to open a SAFE in the vault.

It reveals BUNDLES OF CASH in various colored bands, yellow, blue, purple, brown.

Doug starts fanning them and removing DYE PACKS and TRACERS, discarding them on the FLOOR.

7 OMITTED (NOW A6) 7

8 INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS ACTION 8

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

JEM

Front door.

A STUDENT is trying to open the front door, pushing against the ZIP TIE around the entry doors.

Doug's attention is pulled to Claire, lying face-down behind the teller cages.

Her heel is slowly moving. Her foot PRESSES A BUTTON UNDER THE COUNTER -- then quickly glides back.

Claire looks the other way... and sees Doug's mask STARING at her.

She's caught. She's dead.

The student finally gives up, walking away.

Doug stares at terrified Claire. After a beat:

DOUG

We gotta go.

JEM

Bleach it up.

Gloansy pulls ZIP CUFFS from his pocket. Jem throws Doug and Dez jugs of ULTRA CLOROX from the work bag and they begin DOUSING THE PLACE WITH BLEACH.

Gloansy finishes the work of zip-tying Claire, Bearns and the other FIVE EMPLOYEES on the ground.

9 INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS ACTION 9

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

DEZ

Hold it!  
(touching his ear)  
Silent alarm, this address.

JEM

Who did it?

DOUG

Doesn't matter. Let's go.

JEM

We were out the fuckin' door --

DOUG

We gotta go.

Jem looks over the suspects on the floor with contempt.

BEARNS

Look, no one did anything --

JEM

What did you say?

BEARNS

I said, 'no one did anything.'  
Just be calm.

ON Claire, watching.

JEM

You thought you were slick?

BEARNS

No.

Jem HITS HIM WITH BUTT OF THE RIFLE, then again, then again. Bearns' head is bouncing between the floor and Jem's rifle, the stock tearing open a good piece of skin above his temple. Jem keeps hitting him.

In his RAGE, the back of Jem's MASK COMES UP REVEALING A TATTOO UNDERNEATH: FIGHTING IRISH CHARACTER HOLDING A BAG OF MONEY.

Bearns slumps to one side, but Jem does not let up. He HAMMERS at Bearns' defenseless face.

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

DOUG

Let's go. Load the bags.

(CONTINUED)

9

CONTINUED: (2)

9

After hesitating, Jem rises.

Doug takes the bleach, moving into the vault to quickly DOUSE IT.

He returns to the teller station and Bears' WHEEZING.

Claire's chair is empty.

10

INT. CAMBRIDGE MERCHANTS BANK - REAR DOOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

10

Jem has Claire near the waiting bags, her hands bound.

DOUG

Fuck is this?

JEM

They get us walled in, we need her.

11

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

11

Door opens and Jem emerges to where the VAN waits. Doug boosts Claire into the van with her head kept down.

12 INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS ACTION 12

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

DOUG

Eyes shut. Don't talk. Don't  
listen.

Doug pulls out a small knife. He tugs at her jacket hem,  
CUTTING OFF a strip of fabric -- making her flinch.

As THE VAN LURCHES FORWARD, he ties it around her head as  
a blindfold. He makes a fist and drives it -- STOPPING  
JUST SHORT OF HER NOSE. Making sure she can't see.

He sits back. STUDYING her with impunity.

As he stares at her we have a NON-LINEAR SEQUENCE where  
we FLASH BACK TO Doug scouting the bank job, observing  
Claire as she came and went from work -- but we HEAR a  
conversation between Claire and an FBI agent that takes  
place AFTER the robbery.

13 FLASHBACK - EXT. CAMBRIDGE MERCHANTS BANK 13

Doug watches intently from Au Bon Pain's patio as Claire  
comes to work in the morning.

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.

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.

14 EXT. CAMBRIDGE MERCHANTS BANK 14

Claire gets off work. Doug sits in a cafe, watching.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)

Did he say anything else?

15 OMITTED 15 \*

15R INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - OPEN AREA WITH DESKS - DAY 15R \*

Claire Keesey sits taking in her surroundings: photos of bank robberies and killers adorn the walls. People come and go, no one notices her. \*

Claire looks, vulnerable -- a bit overwhelmed by what has happened to her. \*

Across from her sits an AGENT who is baby-sitting her. \*

We SLIDE PAST him, LOW, and REVEAL Agent Adam Frawley approaching down the hall. He waves the baby-sitter off. \*

Frawley opens up a file and lays it out on the table. He looks up at her. \*

FRAWLEY \*

Ms. Keesey, special agent Adam Frawley, violent crimes and robbery. I see you gave a preliminary statement. I'd like to talk about your abduction. \*

DEREK the tech arrives and begins her ELIMINATION PRINTS. He carefully rolls each finger through. \*

Frawley is unpacking, taking notes, turns on MINI RECORDER. \*

CLAIRE \*

Okay. \*

FRAWLEY \*

I understand they threatened you? \*

CLAIRE \*

One of them took my license. \*

FRAWLEY \*

Did you try to escape at any point. \*

CLAIRE \*

No. \*

FRAWLEY \*

Was there anything you could identify about the men? Anything you could testify to? \*

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

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

FRAWLEY

I understand.  
(looks her over)  
And then they just, let you go?

CLAIRE

And then they let me go.

FRAWLEY

Any of them say anything to you at  
that time?

CLAIRE

The shorter one.

FRAWLEY

What did he say?

CLAIRE

If you talk to the FBI. I will  
come to your house and fuck you  
and kill you.

FRAWLEY

Succinct.

CLAIRE

Should I have a lawyer here?

FRAWLEY

This isn't a very civil  
libertarian thing to say but  
anyone who lawyers up is guilty.  
I think you're okay.

Her HANDS SHAKE trying to make a print. Frawley smiles  
reassuringly.

FRAWLEY

That's just the adrenaline getting  
out of your system. It's normal.

The Tech finishes with the prints.

FRAWLEY

You can expect some residual  
bursts of anxiety as well.

CLAIRE

I haven't even cried.

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY

At some point, you will definitely  
cry.

(beat)

It's gonna be okay.

CLAIRE

Are you going to catch them?

FRAWLEY

Yes. This is the FBI. We're not  
completely inept.

(mock conspiratorial)

I know where to find them.

CLAIRE

Really?

He sees a woman in need of assurance.

FRAWLEY

Really. You want to see?

A15

INT. FBI HALLWAY LEADING TO BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

A15

CLOSE ON a STACK OF PAPERS. Frawley lifts them up and we  
WIDEN to reveal he is walking down the hall, she is  
following. The place is bustling with activity. The  
walls are adorned with photos of robberies, mug shots,  
etc.

FRAWLEY

Three hundred and seventy bank  
robberies in Boston last year.  
More, per capita, than anywhere in  
the world.

He chucks the papers back down.

FRAWLEY

But guys like this, the hard core  
guys, the pros -- ninety percent  
emanate from a one-square-mile  
neighborhood called Charlestown.

We have arrived in a nexus of sorts and on the WALL among  
many other maps, photos, etc. is a MAP OF THE CITY WITH  
CHARLESTOWN OUTLINED IN RED.

FRAWLEY

Familiar with it.

AN ARRAY OF MATERIAL; OLD CASE IMAGES and they have  
already compiled MATERIAL from the CAMBRIDGE ROBBERY.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

You must be kidding.

\*  
\*

Several agents are at work in the area, including DINO.

\*

FRAWLEY

Dino, what's the first thing the  
BPD does when there's an armed car  
robbery in the city?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DINO

Close the Charlestown bridge.

\*  
\*

Dino indicates a photo of the CHARLESTOWN BRIDGE with  
police swarming it, stopping traffic.

\*  
\*

FRAWLEY

And he's from Charlestown.

\*  
\*

DINO

They get back over, use each  
others' yards, houses, ditch us  
pretty quick.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAWLEY

Heisting banks is a trade in  
Charlestown. Like villages in old  
Europe that would specialize in a  
certain craft. In the Town it's  
armed robbery.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She seems taken aback by the rabbit hole she has walked  
through.

\*  
\*

FRAWLEY

I don't understand it. But it's a  
lot easier when you know what  
bridge to close.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLAIRE

So do you, like, send out teams?

\*  
\*

DINO

I'm afraid this doesn't warrant  
the resources for surveillance  
teams.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CLAIRE

It's not a priority?

\*  
\*

DINO

Guys who bomb their underpants are  
a priority.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY

Bank robbery is eighth on the  
federal level behind domestic  
terrorism, international, cyber,  
child safety...

DINO

Gotta get the goat cookers first.

FRAWLEY

Fortunately arrests are a function  
of focus not manpower.

CLAIRE

They have assault rifles and my  
driver's license.

(looking at board)

So I hope you're focusing on this.

DINO

He's been here two years. Still  
doesn't have furniture. What does  
that tell you?

FRAWLEY

(re: convicts on  
wall)

Ask them.

Frawley indicates agent QUINN.

FRAWLEY

Kathy will set up a detail for  
you.

(produces his card)

If there's anything the witness  
specialist can't do for you.

Before she turns to go.

DINO

Hey, Frawl, how come the heavysset  
teller from the Malden bank  
yesterday didn't get the backstage  
tour?

FRAWLEY

He's Boston Police. Ignore him.

B15 INT. FBI BULL PEN - DAY

B15 \*

Frawley has the attention of his crew. A more COMPLETE picture of the Cambridge robbery has been erected in the form of a mosaic -- many scraps of evidence and imagery from the robbery adorning the surroundings.

It's time to go to work.

Intermittently, as Frawley issues directives, we will see footage of the guys.

FRAWLEY

What are they doing? Right now?  
They gotta clean the money. Might  
make a big drug buy, flip it  
across town.

(to Murph and Dave)

BPD, DEA. Tips. Names.  
Anything.

(beat)

Casinos. Tracks. Buy chips, put  
'em in action, sell 'em back.

(indicates people)

Indians, AC, Vegas, anything over  
ten thousand they have to give us.

(beat)

And what's the point? You gotta  
celebrate. Some of those  
sequential bills will end up in  
the bosom of painted Jezebels.

(beat)

Start at Centerfolds and work your  
way south, Foxy Lady, Rhode  
Island. All the way to New York.  
Talk to women of easy virtue. I  
know. Just do it. And don't come  
back trying to expense any  
receipts.

(beat)

While you're doing that I'm gonna  
go catch these guys. Dino put  
together a list.

(indicates mug shots)

We're gonna knock on some doors  
and see who comes out.

(looks)

Fuck are you waiting for? Go.

16

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CAMBRIDGE MERCHANTS - DAY

16

Frawley approaches the crime scene.

FRAWLEY

I'm very thorough.

Boston Police Detective DINO CIAMPA, walks with him, grinning.

DINO

They killed these security lines the day before. When the alarm went out from the vault -- nothing.

They continue walking toward the door.

DINO

Boosted a city work truck. Which still hasn't been reported stolen.

FRAWLEY

Probably too busy working.

DINO

Used it to screen the front door. A car driver didn't know his partner had been robbed until Cambridge PD showed up and told him.

17

INT. TELLER CAGES - MOMENTS LATER

17

TECHNICIANS scan the walls with BLUE LASERS for prints. Frawley and Dino hold handkerchiefs to their noses.

DINO

Those were the Vericom lines.

Frawley takes in the exploded telephone wiring.

DINO

Bleached the entire place for DNA.

They stop over the blood stain where the assistant manager fell.

A LAB TECH is taking fiber samples near the blood stain.

(CONTINUED)

THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots)  
CONTINUED:

11.

17

17

DINO

Silent bell came from cage two.  
(beat, so)  
Assistant Manager's at Mass Eye  
and Ear.

18 THE VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

18

Dino and Frawley approach.

DINO

Our guys let the time lock expire  
and had the manager open sesame.

FRAWLEY

Under duress?

DINO

You know her better than I do.

FRAWLEY

Ten foot steel safe, only as  
strong as the guy with the key.

Frawley alone for the moment, just as Doug had been. The  
busted cabinet is smeared with fingerprint dust.

As Dino enters, Frawley crouches, examining discarded  
stacks. He cracks one open, revealing a DYE PACK nestled  
in the hollow. Holds up a bill with a thin magnetic  
TRACER STRIP attached.

FRAWLEY

Found the tracers.  
(looks at Berry)  
Got the van. Torched.

DINO

Where is it?

FRAWLEY

Where do you think?

SMASH CUT TO:

19 EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT OF CHARLESTOWN

19

SUPERIMPOSE: CHARLESTOWN

We see the water. The bridge, the projects -- all  
framing the MONUMENT at the heart of the neighborhood  
like a sundial.

(CONTINUED)

19 THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots) 12.  
CONTINUED: 19

The WORK VAN IS BEING PUT OUT BY THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WITH A HOSE.

20 EXT. CHARLESTOWN ESTABLISHING SHOTS - DAY 20

Landmark SHOTS to quickly ESTABLISH the area. Tobin bridge. The Bricks. The monument.

21 INT. HOCKEY RINK - DAY 21

Sitting on the bleachers in the darkened rink are Dez and Gloansy. Doug approaches.

DOUG  
Where's Jem?

GLOANSY  
Stopped on the way back to light some house fires.

DEZ  
Are we takin' hostages now?

DOUG  
No.

GLOANSY  
Are you gonna talk to him?

DOUG  
Make things worse.

DEZ  
You're the one he listens to.

DOUG  
You think he listens to me?

A door opens BOOM. They start. It's Jem.

JEM  
We got a problem.

Great.

DOUG  
What?

He produces CLAIRE'S DRIVER'S LICENSE and hands it to Doug, who reacts and hands it to Gloansy.

DEZ  
Did you see the address on there?

(CONTINUED)

They all express varying forms of dismay, "fuck," etc.

GLOANSY

That's four blocks away.

JEM

I know where we are, Gloans.

DOUG

She didn't see anything.

DEZ

Jesus. Are you sure?

DOUG

Takin' her for a ride didn't help.

JEM

I'm gonna handle it.

GLOANSY

How?

JEM

Stalk her like a fuckin' A Car and find out.

DEZ

Find what out?

JEM

If she needs to get scared.

DOUG

She's scared already.

JEM

Not scared enough.

GLOANSY

What does she got to tell?

JEM

We'll see.

DOUG

I'll do it.

JEM

Why are you gonna do it?

DOUG

Because you're the reason we're having this conversation.

(CONTINUED)

JEM

Yeah, but I'll get it done.

DOUG

Get what done? Pinched for  
intimidating a witness? With your  
strikes, they'll bury you under  
the jail.

DEZ

You did your little skid bid.

DOUG

And you got a job and Gloansy's  
restricted to hot boxing  
Chryslers.

JEM

You're like an old woman. I don't  
want to argue with you.

Dez gives Doug a look, "See, he does listen to you."

Doug takes the license.

GLOANSY

Fuck all this, how much in the  
sack?

JEM

Ninety a pop, minus what I had to  
shave off for the Florist.

A look flashes from Doug to Jem.

JEM

But it's all dirty linen. Me and  
Duggy are gonna wash a quick  
hundred tonight. Then it's a run  
to the reservation to do the rest.  
(beat, indicates  
Doug)  
But I know Gloansy's ready for a  
big night.

DOUG

Can't say the same for the  
assistant manager.

JEM

Yup. And next time Skeletor comes  
in his bank with an AK, he's gonna  
keep his hand off the alarm.  
(beat)  
Lucky he just got tuned up.

22

INT. CHARLESTOWN HOUSE - LATER

22

Doug and Jem enter and are greeted by an older TOWNIE WOMAN.

JEM

Good afternoon.

MARGIE (TOWNIE WOMAN)

How are you?

DOUG

Good, ma'am.

MARGIE

Michael will be out, can I get you anything?

DOUG

We're fine.

She retreats. They are left alone in the parlor. A few beats of quiet, Doug has something on his mind.

JEM

I don't know why people move to Saugus. Take us an hour to get back over the Portugee slide.

DOUG

This shit with the Florist is gettin' old, man.

JEM

Dig dug, I'm investing in a marquee score. We got to make a few payments.

DOUG

Fuck makin' payments.

JEM

Let me give you some advice, money don't care where it came from.

DOUG

Let me give you some advice, don't try to pass yourself off as a finance expert to a guy who's known you your whole life.

JEM

Were you with me nine years in Walpole?

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Did you have money in Walpole?

Jem laughs.

DOUG

This ain't Ireland. He couldn't  
ship no more AKs so he starts  
selling kids coke and oxies...

(CONTINUED)

JEM

(laughing)

You didn't mind when you were dropping two grand a week on monsters and yay.

DOUG

There's a difference between a dealer and a straight killer.

JEM

So he dumped a few Dominicans, what are you, picky?

DOUG

He shot a kid who was delivering pizza to his house for getting wise.

JEM

What, they never fucked your order up?

DOUG

(beat)

You want to duke the florist, duke the florist. But I'm not gonna be some gangster's ATM.

JEM

Okay. You want to tell Fergie to fuck off? Tell him tonight.

MICHAEL HOULIHAN enters. A silver-haired Townie (60) carrying a HOCKEY BAG. He seems like an average guy.

JEM

Mike.

He sets down the bag.

MIKE

One hundred?

Jem hands him ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND IN WRAPPED CASH.

MACHINIST (V.O.)

A hundred, right?

CUT TO:

A23

BAG

A23

being unzipped to reveal marijuana. REVEAL we are in a different location:

INT. MACHINIST'S SHOP - LATER

A perfectly nice-looking Machinist looks over the large bag of marijuana.

(CONTINUED)

A23

CONTINUED:

A23

Doug and Jem stand opposite him. They nod. He produces ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND IN LOOSE, GRUBBY BILLS.

B23

EXT. CHARLESTOWN STREET - BURNT-OUT VAN - SUNSET

B23

Dino and Frawley at the site of the abandoned van. NEIGHBORHOOD PEOPLE eye them, mostly kids.

FRAWLEY

Nice to be back home, Dino?

DINO

It's the love I get that makes the homecoming feel so warm.

He looks at the faces of people on the street. No love.

DINO

Could be fifty people eye-witnessed these guys, you'll get fifty hands on a Bible tell you they didn't see anything.

FRAWLEY

It's a pro job. All the pro guys I know are away so it must be new pro guys.

(re: witnesses)

This is the part of the job where we do something that has no point and yields no results.

(to a kid)

Excuse me -- you didn't happen to see who lit this car on fire?

23

INT. FLORIST'S SHOP - NIGHT

23

Doug and Jem enter the shop. It is a dingy little hole. Jem moves in ahead of Doug who hangs back.

We FIND RUSTY (50), a tough-looking Townie guy.

RUSTY

Fergie! Kid's here.

FERGUS COLM (THE FLORIST), a sixty-year-old former boxer, enters from the back. He is an impressive figure.

Jem approaches the counter and drops a plastic shopping bag on the counter. He reaches out and shakes Fergie's hand, deferentially.

(CONTINUED)

JEM

Fergie.

FERGIE

How are ya, son?

Doug nods to Fergie from behind Jem.

DOUG

Good.

Jem drops an envelope on the table.

JEM

(re: money)

Run that under the sink.

Fergie nods. Looks Doug over.

We're ON Fergie as the door closes.

A24 EXT. FLORIST'S SHOP - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

A24

Jem turns to Doug.

JEM

Now for the fun part.

24 MONTAGE - INT. INDIAN CASINO - NIGHT

24

-- HIGH ENERGY SEQUENCE TO MUSIC. FRUITS OF THEIR LABOR.

VARIABLE FRAME RATE PHOTOGRAPHY.

-- We see CASH being exchanged for CHIPS.

-- Roulette wheel. High stakes. Jem and Gloansy.

-- Doug at a blackjack table. Dez comes up and tries to play. Doug starts losing and makes Dez leave.

-- Roulette wheel stops, 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 21. He rises, done, many chips in his tray.

They turn in their CHIPS FOR CLEAN MONEY.

A25 INT. STEAK HOUSE AT CASINO - NIGHT

A25

The guys eat a big meal. A lot of drink.

25 INT. FOXY LADY - ANGLE FROM ABOVE - LATER 25

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

Lap dances in the back. Doug looks on.

A Dancer reaches out and touches Doug's scar.

Jem and Gloansy do cocaine with a stripper in the bathroom. One, then one more, then a bunch.

Doug looks for Dez. He is at a table with a girl "just talking."

Gloansy ends up in the shower with some girls.

26 OMITTED 26

27 EXT. BOSTON - LATE NIGHT 27

The guys make it back to Charlestown at four A.M. Doug is designated driver.

Doug and Jem walk up the steps into their house at dawn. Jem walks in the first floor doorway, Doug heads up the stairs.

A28 INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT A28

He creeps past Krista's door, so as not to be heard.

B28 INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT B28

He tries to sleep.

C28 INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - 2ND BEDROOM - WORKOUT ROOM - NIGHT C28

Doug with a hockey stick. We see on his arm is a TATTOO of SPUDS MCKENZIE HOLDING A HOCKEY STICK. The old Bud Light dog seems almost to move in unison with him when Doug flicks his forearm to launch a puck up in the air and catch it on the blade as it falls.

Doug lifts weights compulsively in his apartment as the sun rises. He goes until he can barely move. He has a TOWNIES tattoo.

D28

EXT. BRICKS - BLUE DAWN

D28

Doug walks by the projects. He sees a man standing out of the front of a vestibule. He stays across the street. We assume this man sells drugs. We get the sense this isn't the first time this stand-off has taken place. Doug keeps walking.

E28 INT. N.A./A.A. MEETING - CRACK OF DAWN

E28

Doug just makes it for a five AM meeting. He walks past the half-empty FOOD BANK and into the meeting. Hard-core guys who need to be in a meeting at five. Rough. He sits back with a cup of coffee as the RAGGED SPEAKER gets going and closes his eyes...

SPEAKER

Janice, she's my wife. You want to know what happened? I was a dead person. It's like the guy at the bar -- he sees a priest pull up a chair. The guy says to the priest, 'you're wasting your time. I know for a fact there is no God.' Priest says, 'How?' He says, 'I was an explorer at the North Pole. I got lost in a storm once, I was blinded and freezing to death and I prayed, if there's a God, save my life.' The priest looked at him confused and says, 'but you're alive... God saved you.' Guy said, 'God? No, God never showed up. That's what I'm saying! Some Eskimo came along and took me back to his camp.'

(reaction from  
audience)

That's what happened. I met Janice. She's my Eskimo.

28 EXT. CAMBRIDGE MERCHANTS BANK - DAY

28

A VERICOM CREW in a cherry picker examines the hacked junction box behind the Cambridge Savings Bank.

BELOW

Frawley, Dino and the CREW CHIEF examine fresh wounds in a telephone pole: GOUGE MARKS left by a lineman's spikes.

CREW CHIEF

They obviously knew how to work the box but there aren't a lot of guys that know how to zap the bipper to the D5 station.

FRAWLEY

How would you learn that?

(CONTINUED)

THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots) 20A.  
28 CONTINUED: 28

The Crew Chief looks down -- realizing he's set himself up for an uncomfortable admission:

CREW CHIEF  
Get a job at Vericom.

29 SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER 29

Dino and Frawley alone now, walking back to their cars.

FRAWLEY  
Let's subpoena work logs, employee records. Start with everyone who lives in the Town.

30 EXTREME CLOSEUP - CLAIRE KEESEY (321 MONUMENT AVE., BOSTON) 30

And her picture. Beautiful, even on her license.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT (MONUMENT AVE.) - MAGIC HOUR

Doug is sitting up on the Bunker Hill Monument, holding Claire's license, looking down at her place. He watches as she leaves her house.

31

INT. OLD SULLY'S - NIGHT

31

Doug enters the bar. He passes KEITH and BRENDAN, greets them, Jem is down there with Dez and Gloansy. There is a group of OLDER TOWNIE ARMED CAR GUYS in the bar.

JEM

There he is! Sober Jackson!

Fist out, a little drunk.

DEZ

(to Doug, quietly)

Krista's here.

Doug looks down the bar.

Krista, her friend JOANIE and a bunch of local girls are further up the bar.

GLOANSY

(mid-speech)

Feds will never understand how a guy who is looking at forty years with a shot to get out of it and sent to Hawaii if he gives up his friends tells them to pound sand and takes the forty piece.

DEZ

It's all heroin and coconuts now. These junkies get arrested, they think it's 'American Idol.'

JEM

When they caught your father. Cops put their finger in the bullet hole in his ribs. Going, 'who's the other guy?'

Everyone knows this story but Jem likes telling it.

JEM

He said, 'sorry, prick, pain lasts a minute.'

JEM/GLOANSY/DEZ

'Shame lasts a lifetime.'

(CONTINUED)

Gloansy indicates TWO OLDER MEN (60s) AT A TABLE.

GLOANSY

And that's why they're still out  
here drinkin'.

Jem tips his bottle to the group.

JEM

To Big Mac. Doing his time like a  
man.

GLOANSY

Duggy Mac, the mastermind.

JEM

The last crew in Charlestown.

All drink except Doug.

SAME SCENE - LATER

Doug at the bar, observing the scene without expression. KRISTA COUGHLIN (29) comes up and sits next to him. JEM is talking to two girls.

KRISTA

Juice?

Doug nods.

KRISTA

You want some snappers for that?

DOUG

No.

She smiles.

KRISTA

I'm just playing.

(beat)

This shit gets old, right? Same beat motherfuckers in here every night. Over there doin' eighties and white like no one can tell.

DOUG

No one got a gun to your head.

KRISTA

Do you miss it?

DOUG

Yeah I miss it.

KRISTA

Why are you here. Isn't this the worst place for you?

DOUG

Where am I gonna go?

KRISTA

You know what I miss? Your sofa. The fuckin' grip I used to get on your arm rest.

Doug says nothing.

(CONTINUED)

KRISTA

We smoked it to the filter, right?

(beat)

I love thinkin' how every day you  
walk by it you see my nail marks  
on that thing. I know you miss  
that.

Jem SPILLS some beer on Doug putting them on the bar.

JEM

Have one beer like a man for  
fuck's sake! Christ, it ain't  
gonna...

KRISTA

Jesus, Jimmy!

JEM

Fuck's your problem?

KRISTA

Don't be a drunk prick. Be a  
drunk or a prick. Don't be both.

Jem puts his arm around Krista and Doug.

JEM

This is my sister and this is my  
brother, right here!

Krista takes Doug's beer from her brother, tips it back.  
Holds his look.

Doug stands and squeezes through the crowd of drinkers.  
He pushes through the front door...

EXT. SULLY'S - CONTINUOUS ACTION - NIGHT

... and out of the bar. He breathes in the fresh night  
air and moves off up the street.

EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Doug passes Claire's apartment on Monument Square and  
looks up to see the lights on. He stands and looks.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Doug sits in an easy chair watching muted TV. There is a  
KNOCK. He sees a shadow in the light beneath the door.

(CONTINUED)

35 THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots)  
CONTINUED:

22B.

35

Dug-ggy. KRISTA (O.S.)

(CONTINUED)

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.

KRISTA (O.S.)  
You don't want to fuck me?

He glances over at his sofa -- where the armrest has GROOVES where Krista's NAILS have made their mark.

KRISTA (O.S.)  
(singing lightly)  
How do you want to fuck me,  
Dugggggggy?

She has a KEY to Doug's place. She takes it out and STICKS IT IN THE DOOR LOCK, opening the door.

Krista enters. Doug is sitting on the couch. She comes over to where he is sitting. We never see anything below his waist but when she gets on top of him it isn't hard to figure out what's happening.

She starts talking to him. Doug never moves. She manages to be both profane and seductive. When it's over:

KRISTA  
Goodniiiiiiiiight.

Doug walks past the MAN IN THE DOOR. He goes in to his five A.M. meeting.

A TOWNIE MAN (HENRY QUINN) and his WOMAN are asleep on a mattress. They are surrounded by the detritus of a life lived on drug benders and welfare checks.

Cigarette ash and malt liquor along with CD trays left open. Everything is grungy as hell including the two of them.

A CELL PHONE RINGS and the Woman picks it up.

WOMAN

What?

FRAWLEY (V.O.)

Is Henry there?

WOMAN

Who's this?

FRAWLEY (V.O.)

Who are you?

WOMAN

Who the fuck are you?

Henry takes the phone from her.

HENRY

That's my phone.

Henry takes the phone.

HENRY

Fuck's wrong with you?  
(into phone)  
What?

FRAWLEY (V.O.)

This is Agent Frawley with the violent crimes robbery task force.

Henry takes a beat.

HENRY

I don't know you.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)

You were in the can for nine years, Henry. Department of Justice made some moves.

HENRY

I'm good with my PO.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)

But you're at your lady's place and I need to be sure there is nothing in her apartment that would violate you.

(CONTINUED)

Henry sees drugs on the table, looks over and sees BOXES  
OF PILLS.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)  
Narcotics.

Henry sees drugs on the table.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)  
Weapons. That kind of thing.

A handgun lies on the shelf.

HENRY  
I got nothin'. I swar on my kids.  
I'm at work right now.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)  
Oh okay. Good.  
(beat)  
'Cause I'm coming through the back  
door right now.

Henry looks at the BACK DOOR, panics, grabs the GUN,  
bolts for the FRONT.

He tears open the front door and RUNS INTO FRAWLEY WHO  
HITS HIM.

HENRY GOES DOWN but not for long. Scrambling, he TAKES A  
SWING AT FRAWLEY who DUCKS.

THEN BRINGS DOWN HIS SHOTGUN ON HENRY'S BACK.

Henry turns in time to miss the brunt of the blow and  
whips an "A Man's Home is His Castle" placard off the  
wall at Frawley as he heads back through the house.

Back inside the house, Frawley catches up with him,  
grabbing his leg as he tries to jump the couch and Henry  
falls into the glass coffee table covered in trash and  
drugs.

Meanwhile, Dino comes in and is forced to reckon with the  
drug-addled WOMAN who tries to come after Frawley. Dino  
knocks her down roughly.

Henry gets up, bloody and shirtless and hits Frawley, who  
proceeds to beat Henry into a dirty, inelegant  
submission.

Dino follows, cuffing and subduing.

Frawley looks around the mess of an apartment, sees the  
gun and scattered drugs.

(CONTINUED)

A44 THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots)  
CONTINUED: (3)

23C.

A44

FRAWLEY  
Jesus Christ, Henry. Oxy, coke,  
weapon. It's Townie Christmas.

\*  
\*  
\*

41 EXT. MONUMENT SQUARE - DAY

41

Doug sits in his car outside Claire's apartment.

Her front door opens and she exits, trundling a basket of laundry.

A42 EXT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

A42

Doug sits in his car across the street. He has been there a while and his curiosity gets the better of him.

42 INT. LAUNDROMAT - DAY

42

There is a small counter selling cheap coffee and sundry items at one end run by a VIETNAMESE SHOPKEEPER. Doug buys a coffee and a *HERALD* and sits near the front, flashing a few looks toward Claire who is getting clothes out of the washer in the back. He sits down in some seats near the entrance and buries his nose in the paper.

After a few beats on Doug:

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Doug looks up, startled, to see that Claire is standing over him.

DOUG

Hmm?

CLAIRE

Are you doing laundry?

DOUG

Huh?

CLAIRE

Do you have laundry here?

DOUG

Now?

CLAIRE

Any time this week.

DOUG

No.

CLAIRE

No, you're not doing laundry?

DOUG

Just getting a coffee.

He indicates the counter where the little COFFEE POT is.

CLAIRE

You came in here to get coffee?

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Just because you don't pay four  
dollars for it... doesn't mean  
it's not coffee.

She takes a beat; this is plausible.

CLAIRE

I was just wondering if you had  
any change. The machine is out.

She indicates the change-making machine.

DOUG

Why don't you get change from him?

Indicates clerk.

CLAIRE

He's very militant.

A sign below the counter says "NO CHANGE. USE MACHINE."

She goes back to folding her clothes. Doug takes her in,  
surprised to be this close to her.

DOUG

If you want, I can run across the  
street for you.

CLAIRE

It's fine. I can hang them up at  
home.

She starts to fold some CLOTHES. We'll notice they're  
the ones she was wearing during the robbery. She  
notices, it takes her off guard.

She folds one piece, then another. Her hand shakes a  
little, involuntarily. She stops for a minute. Then  
wipes away a tear from her eye. Doug catches this.

DOUG

Are you all right?

CLAIRE

I'm fine.

DOUG

Are you sure?

CLAIRE

I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

She has stopped unloading her clothes. Doug goes to help her.

DOUG

Here, I can get this for you.

She wipes away another tear.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry. This is embarrassing.

She smiles at him.

CLAIRE

I'm just having a... bad week.

DOUG

I understand. I usually like to have a good cry at the nail salon but this is fine too --

She laughs a bit, releases some tension.

CLAIRE

I thought you had nice nails. I wasn't going to say anything.

DOUG

Why don't you let me buy you a drink. Make up for the rest of the week you've been having.

CLAIRE

I just met you five minutes ago.

DOUG

That's my best quality.

He smiles at her. She looks at him.

CLAIRE

Is this how you pick up girls, hang around Laundromats and wait for them to start crying?

DOUG

It usually doesn't work this well.

B44 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

B44 \*

Henry is cuffed. We see Dino talking to the woman in the next room. Frawley massages his leg a bit.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY

Ten ball. Minimum federal  
sentencing, eighty-five percent.  
(calculating)

Three hundred twenty months. Wow.  
You need a friend.

(indicates Woman)

And she ain't it. She's great  
though. She really loves you. I  
can tell. Good news for you is  
you have an alibi for the  
Cambridge job. Good news for me  
is, you know something about it.

Henry says nothing.

FRAWLEY

I will push you up the ring piece  
of the federal penal system for  
three thousand days and then I  
will leak it that you talked to  
me.

(beat)

It's a lot of time to do when guys  
know you're a cooperator.

HENRY

Cunt.

FRAWLEY

Is that a 'yes'?

HENRY

Everyone does trucks. But they  
beat the alarm for the vault.

FRAWLEY

Yeah?

HENRY

I heard it was a kid who got in  
the junction box.

FRAWLEY

Who? What kid?

HENRY

I don't know. They're new. I  
just know one kid can do alarms  
from the box.

B44

CONTINUED: (2)

B44

FRAWLEY

Are you serious? I didn't  
aggravate my shin splints so you  
could tell me 'one kid can do the  
fucking boxes.' Bull shit.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HENRY

That's all I have. I don't know  
the guys. They're new.  
(beat)  
It's not enough?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAWLEY

You better hope so.

\*  
\*

Throws a look at Dino.

\*

43

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT/INT. FBI BULLPEN - DAY

43

Claire is moving through her apartment, opens the blinds.  
We see the MONUMENT. She is on the phone with Frawley;  
we see him in the FBI BULLPEN.

CLAIRE

I've been doing better, actually.  
It finally happened, like you  
said. My breakdown. In a  
Laundromat of all places...

FRAWLEY

Good. It gets easier now.  
(kindly)  
What happened?

CLAIRE

There was this guy in there, he  
was really nice and he asked me  
out. I just said yes, sort of in  
the moment. He's a furniture  
mover or something, I don't know.  
I'm not sure I'll go.

FRAWLEY

Oh... good.

On his face, not the story he was looking for.

Claire and Doug at an oyster bar. She works on hers.

CLAIRE

This is nice.

DOUG

Yeah, I played hockey with a kid  
who manages here.

CLAIRE

Can I ask you something?

DOUG

Go ahead.

CLAIRE

I work at the Boys and Girls Club.  
Mostly as a kickball pitcher since  
they can't afford ice for the  
rink.

Doug smiles.

DOUG

They haven't put a nickel in that  
place since the busing thing.

CLAIRE

One of the kids called me a  
'Toonie.' They started laughing  
and I was too embarrassed to admit  
to a bunch of eleven-year-olds  
that I didn't know what it meant.

Doug suppresses a small laugh.

DOUG

It's nothing -- someone who moved  
to Charlestown, a yuppie.

CLAIRE

Where does it come from?

DOUG

It's... derogatory.

CLAIRE

I gathered that. I mean the  
etymology.

DOUG

The Toonies supplied all the  
'tunes' in Charlestown because the  
Townies stole all their car  
stereos. So the Townies moved in  
and all of a sudden everyone in  
Charlestown had a Blaupunkt. BMW  
stands for 'break my window' here.

(beat)

Date's not going well for me so  
far, is it?

CLAIRE

No, I like it. A townie and a  
toonie.

(beat)

What kind of work you do?  
Somebody asked me and I couldn't  
remember.

DOUG

(not good)

Someone asked you?

CLAIRE

Just a friend.

DOUG

Sand and gravel -- I break rocks,  
punch a card at the end of the day  
and slide down a brontosaurus like  
Barney Rubble.

(CONTINUED)

She laughs.

CLAIRE

I work for dinosaurs. We don't  
get to ride them. I manage a  
bank.

DOUG

Sounds like a good job.

CLAIRE

Some days are better than others.

Doug nods. A beat. She offers nothing else. She  
changes the subject.

CLAIRE

Do your parents still live in  
Charlestown?

His turn to dodge.

DOUG

No. My mother moved away. My  
father lives out... near where the  
Patriots play. He doesn't get out  
much though.

Doug and Claire walk across the bridge back home to  
Charlestown.

DOUG

So where'd you migrate from?

CLAIRE

I lived in Allston, then moved to  
the Fens.

DOUG

Where'd you grow up?

CLAIRE

You're going to make fun of me.

DOUG

I would never do that.

CLAIRE

Marblehead.

DOUG

Marblehead?

CLAIRE

See.

DOUG

Name speaks for itself.

CLAIRE

Well, I represent Marblehead's poor. You were defined by whether or not your family owned a boat, and our family didn't own a boat.

DOUG

No boat? How could you look yourself in the mirror? Over here, people with two toilets were fancy. We had one and it hardly flushed.

CLAIRE

I knew you were going to make fun of me.

DOUG

I have a boat.

CLAIRE

Then you would do well in Marblehead.

DOUG

It's my friend's boat.

CLAIRE

Your friend?

DOUG

Let me take you for a ride.

CLAIRE

I would love to sometime.

DOUG

How about right now?

Doug and Claire come down and approach a number of boats moored to the dock. There is one small BOSTON WHALER.

CLAIRE

Is that your friend's boat?

46

CONTINUED:

46

DOUG

Come on. That's the boat you take  
to get to my friend's boat.

He steps in and she follows. He CRANKS the motor.

47

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - MOMENTS LATER

47

Claire and Doug motor out into the open harbor. The city  
is beautiful and lit up against the night sky.

Claire sees a modest boat.

Doug seems to be meandering slightly in his route. Then  
he sees a TASTEFUL SAILBOAT ahead. He points to it.

DOUG

That's his boat.

48

EXT. DECK OF YACHT - MOMENTS LATER

48

We see a LOCK BREAKING on a REFRIGERATOR.

Doug pulls out a BOTTLE OF Champagne which he opens with  
his hands. He carries it back to her where they sit on  
some cushions with the view of the city.

CLAIRE

What does your friend do?

DOUG

Looks like he does pretty well.

He pours her a drink. They sit next to one another  
looking at the city.

CLAIRE

Is this where you take all your  
dates?

DOUG

No, this tour is for Toonies only.

Smiles.

DOUG

You can take some pride here.

Doug indicates the shore.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Your people did what the British Navy couldn't -- got Townies out of Charlestown.

CLAIRE

I wasn't trying to conquer anything except a one-bedroom, somehow I ended up in a neighborhood famous for unsolved murders and a 'code of silence.'

DOUG

You didn't know about that?

CLAIRE

Not before I signed the lease.

Doug laughs.

CLAIRE

What do you know about bank robbers?

DOUG

What's to know?

CLAIRE

You're from Charlestown. I thought maybe you grew up with some of them.

She is a little embarrassed. Did she take it too far?

Long quiet beat drifting in the water.

DOUG

When I was a kid, we used to go to Wizards ice cream across from JJ's bar -- where all the big armed car guys hung out -- they were like rock stars, the cars and pretty girls... You heard all about the jobs they ran and the houses they had up Billerica, Winthrop... There were a lot of kids with their faces to the glass, couldn't wait to grow up like that -- I just wanted to play hockey.

He turns to her.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Is it okay if I ask you now if  
you'll go out with me a second  
time?

CLAIRE

Sure.

(smiles)

I mean, you can *ask*.

INT. WARREN TAVERN - DAY

Claire and Frawley sit opposite one another at this  
Charlestown eatery. A WAITRESS, KIM, arrives with food.

KIM

(to Frawley)

Turkey club.

She sets down a hot dish in front of Claire with less  
hostility.

KIM

Veggie stir fry.

Kim moves off as Frawley lifts the bread off the top of  
his club sandwich, inspecting the insides with suspicion.

FRAWLEY

Why didn't you tell me you lived  
in Charlestown?

CLAIRE

It's on my paperwork.

FRAWLEY

Well, I hope I didn't scare you.

CLAIRE

I like it here.

Frawley is lifting up the other piece of bread.

CLAIRE

You don't like your sandwich?

FRAWLEY

It's the unfortunate, nagging  
suspicion you get as an FBI agent  
who's sent a lot of neighborhood  
people to federal prison that  
someone may have violated your  
meal.

He smiles, oddly charming and biting all at once.

CLAIRE

No one would do that.

FRAWLEY

They would throw Tom Fitz off the roof of Mishawum for cooperating then stand around, taunting him while he drowned in his own blood. So I don't know how out of bounds the lunch special is.

He bites into the sandwich.

FRAWLEY

They can rationalize everything. Rob banks, hey, it's insured by the government. Who insures the government? They lionize criminals and then complain about the crime. And they view *me* as the bad guy. By the time your mother and sister are heroin addicts, it's a little late to re-think your models for who the good guys are.

CLAIRE

The good guys?

FRAWLEY

That's right. These people have fundamentally misunderstood that paradigm and it's cost them a lot of family members. This place is one square mile. You walk in to Lewisberg, and there are a hundred Townies in there.

CLAIRE

I think I'll skip Lewisberg.

FRAWLEY

Doesn't sound like a fun second date?

Is that what this is? A date?

CLAIRE

Should I be talking to you without a lawyer.

FRAWLEY

This isn't a very civil  
libertarian thing to say but  
anyone who lawyers up is guilty.  
I think you're okay.

BLACKBERRY GOES OFF. He looks at it. Nasal exhale.

CLAIRE

What?

FRAWLEY

Stickup. Chelsea Credit Union.

He shows her his BLACKBERRY IMAGE: A STILL of the  
SECURITY CAMERA -- GUY AT A TELLER WINDOW WITH A .22.

FRAWLEY

What would we do without Chelsea?

CLAIRE

If I ask you a question will you  
give me an honest answer?

FRAWLEY

Depends on the question.

CLAIRE

Am I a suspect?

FRAWLEY

(surprised, amused)  
A suspect? Would I ask you out if  
I thought you were a suspect?

CLAIRE

I don't know. Would you?

FRAWLEY

Not if I wanted a conviction.

CLAIRE

I might be seeing someone already.

FRAWLEY

The piano mover?

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

CLAIRE

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

FRAWLEY

No, good. That's good.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

He's not a piano mover. And  
aren't there rules...?

FRAWLEY

Against dating the vic? There is  
a rule. You don't do it.

INT. FBI OFFICE - BULLPEN - DAY

Frawley sits at his desk, an array of STILL PHOTOS from  
the bank's security cameras spread out before him.

Dino stands over Frawley's desk, extending a piece of  
paper towards him. Frawley grabs it.

FRAWLEY

(reading)  
Desmond Elden.

DINO

Works at Vericom. Never seen the  
inside of a jail cell. Now, most  
of these guys get no show jobs, so  
when they hit a truck, foreman  
says, 'Guy was here yesterday,'  
and shows us a forged time card.  
But they can't play them games at  
Vericom because it's a public  
company. You don't show up, it's  
a recorded sick day. 'Dezzy' has  
some interesting sick days.

He names banks that were robbed and holds up 8X10  
surveillance stills taken from each of the robberies.

DINO

Bank Boston, Strong Armored,  
Arlington Brinks and... Cambridge  
Merchants.

FRAWLEY

Jesus Christ.

INT. SULLY'S - NIGHT

Jem comes over to Doug at the bar.

JEM

Hey, did you check on that thing?

DOUG

What?

JEM

The license.

DOUG

Yeah.

JEM

And?

DOUG

Dead end.

JEM

So, no need to remove her from the equation?

DOUG

What?

JEM

You heard me.

DOUG

What are you, a trigger man, now?

JEM

Loose ends.

DOUG

Oh, I see, you don't want to go in the jail, you want to get us buried underneath!

JEM

Always so panicked, dig dug. I'm not trying to get backdoored, that's all.

DOUG

It's *fine*.

JEM

You look at the next thing?

DOUG

I been lookin' at it.

Jem looks expectantly at him, Doug holds his hand up as if to say "have patience."

JEM

No rule that says you got to wait six months. Mark and them did three in ten days.

(CONTINUED)

A51 THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots)  
CONTINUED: (2)

37A.

A51

DOUG

Mark got shot in the head by a  
guard and has no short-term  
memory.

Doug turns to go.

JEM

Just get it going.

B51 EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

B51

Doug watches Claire come down her stairs and approach him  
as he waits for her.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

So, where we going?

CLAIRE

What do you think?

DOUG

Anything not in Charlestown. I'd even go to Southie if they had food there.

Dialogue from him gets them to the car and in the door. She gets in her side. They close their doors.

DOUG

Sorry, I should have got your door for you.

She looks out the window, or a little distracted -- something where you get a sense of her a slight disconnection from him.

CLAIRE

I don't want to do this.

DOUG

Look -- give me another chance -- I'll take the door off the truck for you.

CLAIRE

I just want to get this out there because otherwise I'll be pretending to listen to you all night and thinking about something else.

DOUG

Okay.

CLAIRE

My bank was robbed. Four men took it over and opened the safe.

(beat)

They made us take off our shoes. I don't know why I'm stuck on that, but now I'm barefoot in all my dreams. They took me as a hostage. I was blindfolded and they drove me around.

(MORE)

B51

CONTINUED: (2)

B51

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I kept thinking how my mothers tell their daughters, not to get in cars with strange men and now I was in a car with strange men who had guns and were probably looking for a place to drop my body. And no one spoke. Which made it worse. When I was sure I was going to die, I got really calm. Then they stopped and let me out. Over at the beach in South Boston -- where the planes come in.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

B51

B51

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

One of them told me to walk until  
I felt the water on my toes. It  
was the longest walk of my life.  
I kept thinking I'd step off a  
cliff.

(beat)

And then I felt the water.

DOUG

(moved)

I'm sorry.

CLAIRE

It's not your fault.

(small smile)

Anyway, that's why I was crying at  
the laundromat. That and I ruined  
my shirt.

DOUG

Are you okay?

CLAIRE

The FBI agent told me this would  
feel like I was in mourning.

DOUG

The FBI? Are you working with the  
FBI now?

CLAIRE

This one guy.

DOUG

He what, he calls you, checks in?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

DOUG

That's who asked you what my job  
was?

She smiles a little.

CLAIRE

Yes, he's been very attentive.

DOUG

Good. That's good. They don't  
have any suspects?

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Not that they've told me. He  
intimated that they were scouring  
Charlestown but I don't know...  
They were wearing masks.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Would you recognize their voices  
if you heard them again?

She thinks for a beat.

CLAIRE

Yeah. I'm sure I could.

Doug considers this.

DOUG

That might be harder than you  
think.

(beat)

At least you weren't hurt.

CLAIRE

No. But David was. My assistant  
manager. He was assaulted really  
badly when the alarm went off.

DOUG

He hit the alarm?

She doesn't immediately respond.

DOUG

Did he see anything, or know  
anything?

CLAIRE

He's been at Mass Eye and Ear for  
a week for eye surgery. I still  
haven't been able to see him and I  
feel like a terrible person.

DOUG

Then I guess that's where we're  
going.

51 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

51

A hospital hallway. Claire leading. Walk in silence.

DOUG

You all right?

CLAIRE

Yeah. I just don't like  
hospitals. My brother died in  
one.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

When was that?

CLAIRE

I was young. He was little. He  
had lymphoma.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED: (2)

51

Before Doug can come up with a response, sees a COP sitting in a chair outside a room. It gives him instinctive pause.

CLAIRE

You should come in.

DOUG

You sure?

CLAIRE

Yeah, you should meet him.

52

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

52

David Bearns propped up against an avalanche of pillows, gauze and bandaging masking his face.

Doug stays put while Claire crosses the room and kisses his cheek.

CLAIRE

I feel bad. I should have brought you something, David.

BEARNS

Uh, people bring so much clutter -- it's like, what am I supposed to do with balloons? Make animals?

CLAIRE

(pulling up chair)  
So they're hopeful?

BEARNS

Well, hopeful means I may recover fifty percent of my sight in this eye. I just want to get back to work.

CLAIRE

No you don't. I just went back today.

BEARNS

Well, you have memories. One inconvenience I was spared.

DOUG

I'm gonna leave you guys alone.

Doug does an awkward wave, as he retreats to the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

52

CONTINUED:

52

BEARNS

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

53

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

53

While Claire is inside, Doug stands awkwardly next to a  
COP who can't resist letting him in on the deal.

COP

You heard what happened? Big take-  
down robbery.

DOUG

Is that right?

COP

Took a hostage. They laid the guy  
out.

Doug looks out, waits a beat to respond.

DOUG

Good thing you're here. The guys  
could come back.

54

INT. DUNKIN' DONUTS - LATER

54

The neon loneliness of an empty urban coffee house at  
night.

DOUG

Your friend got a tough break.

Claire looks away.

CLAIRE

I lied to the FBI.

Not what Doug expected.

CLAIRE

It was my fault. I hit the alarm.  
It wasn't David.

DOUG

He thinks he's a hero. Least he  
got something out of it.

CLAIRE

He got to lose the sight in his  
right eye.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

What you did was brave.

(beat)

And there was nothin' you could do  
to help your friend.

CLAIRE

Should I tell the FBI?

DOUG

No, cops are just people like  
everyone else. They want to find  
a bad guy so they can go home and  
nuke their supper. And that's  
whoever's talking the most.

(beat)

I would just let this go.

CLAIRE

There's something else.

Doug tastes copper in the back of his throat.

DOUG

What?

CLAIRE

I saw something during the  
robbery.

DOUG

What?

CLAIRE

Something I can identify.

Doug's heart is pounding.

DOUG

Okay.

CLAIRE

When the guy attacked David, his  
shirt came up and I could see a  
tattoo on his neck.

Jesus Christ.

DOUG

Of what?

CLAIRE

One of those Fighting Irish  
tattoos.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Probably a lot of guys out there  
with those.

CLAIRE

He had a gun in one hand and I  
think a bag of money in the other.

Fucking Jem.

CLAIRE

What should I do?

A beat.

DOUG

You can tell the FBI.

She shows no reaction.

DOUG

If the guy has a record, they'll  
know the tattoo and they'll ring  
him up the next day. And they'll  
charge him with weapons and  
robbery and he'll get thirty-five  
years.

(beat)

Then they'll arrest all his known  
associates. I guess they'd want  
those guys to turn on him but if  
they don't -- someone's gonna come  
looking for the witness and the  
FBI will put you in witsec -- I'm  
just guessing, but it sounds like  
you have to move to Cleveland and  
never talk to anyone you know for  
a decade.

This sinks in.

DOUG

Or you can wait. You have a card  
right now. You can put that in  
your pocket. Play it when you  
need to, not when anyone else  
needs you to.

CLAIRE

Quite an expert.

Suspicious? A reproach? She thinks she's stung him.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Guidance through the criminal  
justice system is how we show  
affection in Charlestown.

That gets a smile.

EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They get out of the car and walk toward Claire's front  
door. Doug looks around furtively.

CLAIRE

Do we know each other well enough  
where I can tell you that this  
truck is a little much?

DOUG

I know. It's good for work but  
there are only two intersections  
in the North End wide enough for  
me to take a right -- but I can  
fit your Prius in the back if you  
need a tow.

CLAIRE

How did you know I had a Prius?

Whoops.

DOUG

I didn't. Just seemed like a  
toonie car. You really have a  
Prius?

CLAIRE

Not anymore. It was pretty  
completely vandalized. Now I have  
to walk a mile from the train to  
my apartment.

DOUG

Sully Square is right down the  
street.

CLAIRE

I know. I tried to be the  
progressive girl in the city who  
can walk through the projects but  
these guys...

DOUG

What?

CLAIRE

I don't know if they were the same ones who wrecked my car, but it started with yelling at me when I walked by -- then they got really aggressive and they seemed to be, I don't know... targeting me. Discretion being the better part of valor, once glass bottles started being thrown -- I started coming to terms with not being cool enough to walk through the projects.

DOUG

They threw *bottles* at you? (Where was this?)

CLAIRE

I'm fine. I just have to go the long way.

They are in front of her gate, time to say good night.

DOUG

Yeah. That's too bad. (You don't remember what they looked like?)

CLAIRE

You want to come in?

DOUG

I do but I can't. There's something -- I need to find a friend.

Doug walks in. Jem is watching television.

DOUG

I need you to do something with me. I can't tell you why, you can't ask me about it after and we're gonna hurt people.

JEM

Whose car we gonna take?

Jem's face, distorted.

57 THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots)  
CONTINUED:

46A.

57

JEM  
Kenny with the white nose!

58

INT. KENNY'S APARTMENT (BRICKS PROJECTS) - SEMI-CONTINUOUS ACTION

58

Jem and Doug step in to greet KENNY WITH THE WHITE NOSE. He is a black man with a skin disorder which creates patches of white skin -- one of which has discolored his nose, hence the name. He sells drugs.

JEM

What's goin' on, Ken piece?

KENNY

I hope you're here to buy something if you roll up on Nigga Kenny with the White Nose like that.

JEM

I always forget to use your full name.

DOUG

We need a bag of dope. Cheap, real shitty dope.

JEM

He don't sell no other kind.

KENNY

Let me find my box.

Kenny moves to the back bedroom. To Doug:

JEM

Charlestown worst heroin problem on the East Coast and Nigga Kenny can't find his box.

Calling.

JEM

One bedroom apartment in the projects, Nigga Ken. It didn't go far.

(to Doug)

You ever buy from this clown?

DOUG

I bought drugs from electrician Marty with the white nose.

59 EXT. BRICKS PROJECTS - NIGHT 59

Doug and Jem cruise slowly. They pass the LAUNDROMAT, turn into the projects. Turn around and we can see the BUNKER HILL MONUMENT looming over the BRICKS. They pull to a STOP outside one UNIT.

Pull out MASKS. Jem grabs a SLEDGEHAMMER from the trunk.

60 INT. ALEX COLAZZO'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 60

We are at the stairway landing. Doug and Jem arrive, don masks, and quickly step up to the door.

He raps on the metal door.

From within.

ALEX (O.S.)

What?!

The door cracks, Alex is about to look through using the chain but Jem HITS IT with the SLEDGEHAMMER -- sending ALEX SPRAWLING BACK into his apartment.

Doug and Jem seamlessly continue their momentum and rush through behind the door.

61 INT. ALEX COLAZZO'S APARTMENT - INSIDE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 61

Jem removes an EXPANDABLE METAL STICK and uses it to CRACK the FAT FRIEND of Alex's across the face as he emerges to help.

Doug is all over Alex, punching and stomping him. It is a very fast, brutal flurry of violence that is more a beating than a fight -- despite the fact that if anything, Jem and Doug are outsized.

Jem opens a bag of WHITE POWDER and THROWS some on ALEX'S FACE and SCATTERS THE REST ON THE FLOOR.

DOUG

Another deal gone 'sour' for you  
assholes.

Doug looks around the room, sees what he is looking for:  
EMPTY BEER BOTTLES.

DOUG

Oh, you guys been drinking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes one and SMASHES IT OVER ALEX'S HEAD. Then grabs another, SMASH! Then another, SMASH!

DOUG

Oh you don't like that, huh?  
Those fuckin' things hurt, right?

He takes a broken bottle and GRINDS IT INTO ALEX'S HEAD.

Doug takes Alex's arm and steps on it.

DOUG

This your throwing hand?

He HOISTS THE SLEDGEHAMMER and HAMMERS DOWN on ALEX'S HAND.

DOUG

If you're still in this unit next week we're coming back.

Jem is looking at Alex.

DOUG

We're done.

Jem isn't done. He seems curious about Alex.

JEM

(to Alex)  
What did you do?

Alex says nothing, his face is a bloody mess -- it's all he can do to keep one eye open and hope this ends soon.

JEM

This is my brother right here.  
How'd you get him so cranked up?

Jem's gun comes out.

ALEX

No! No! I didn't do nothin'.

JEM

Don't lie.

ALEX

Chill.

JEM

Don't tell me to chill.

He aims the gun at Alex's head.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Easy.

JEM

What did you do?

ALEX

Nothin'!

BOOM! Jem shoots him in the thigh. Alex HOWLS!

JEM

There goes college soccer!

BOOM! BOOM! Two shots in the other leg.

JEM

You're fucked up now.

Jem puts the gun to Alex's head.

JEM

What did you do?

DOUG

Let's go.

Jem turns to both of the thugs, thinks for a beat and takes off his mask.

JEM

Now you seen my face. Go ahead  
and tell the cops. Just remember.  
I seen yours, too.

INT. JEM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

They drive in silence. Four CRUISERS ZOOM BY the other way, lights off.

DOUG

I don't need to be up there  
killin' people.

JEM

You called *me*.

TIME LAPSE TO:

BRIGHT SUNLIGHT

63

EXT. CHARLESTOWN COMMUNITY GARDENS - DAY

63

The sun shines across the garden. We see the New Town projects behind Doug across the water and a soccer field populated by immigrants mid-game behind Claire. She digs in the dirt as Doug watches her, sitting on a wood beam.

DOUG

So how's work now, all right?

CLAIRE

It's okay. It's a routine. That's what I liked about working there. It's ordered. Or it was. My childhood was kind of chaotic.

DOUG

Really?

CLAIRE

My mother has personality disorder. Do you know what that is?

DOUG

Never heard of it.

CLAIRE

The primary clinical symptom of personality disorder is that you are irritating and crazy.

Doug laughs.

DOUG

I got some friends with that.

CLAIRE

My father wasn't very good at handling it. I wasn't very good at becoming an only child and she was... basically a lunatic -- but maybe a lot of people would say that about their mother.

We see some miles traveled in her eyes. Shrink's offices and a hard-won forgiveness of herself and her parents.

CLAIRE

What about yours?

DOUG

I couldn't tell you. She left when I was six.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

What happened?

DOUG

She left.

CLAIRE

Okay.

She goes back to her garden. Then he starts talking.

DOUG

This sound woke me up. I thought it was an animal. I'd never heard a man cry. When I saw my father in the kitchen all I remember is the ashtray. A hundred cigarettes. Ash like a little mountain. He stopped crying and he was sitting there watching TV on our little black and white with no sound. I think he just didn't know what else to do. He saw me standing in the doorway and he just goes, 'your mother left. She's not comin' back.' Just like that. Smokin' cigarettes and eatin' a TV dinner at six in the mornin'.

(beat)

We lost our dog the year before. I wanted to make these posters so if she was lost someone could call us like the guy who found our dog. To this day my father will tell you he helped me make those posters. But he didn't. He sat there and drank a case of beer and I went around by myself on School Street asking people if they seen my mother.

(beat)

Her name is Doris MacRay and her mother had a restaurant called Carrol's in Tangerine, Florida. Still there. For a long time I let myself think that was where she went. But somewhere along the line I came to terms with the fact that if she left, it was for a reason, she didn't want to be my mother and she wasn't coming back.

She has stopped gardening and been listening to him.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

And now you know about my family  
but I'm still not showing you my  
apartment.

Claire laughs. Tension release.

CLAIRE

How bad can it be?

DOUG

You have no idea.

64 EXT. COUGHLIN TRIPLE-DECKER - BACKYARD - LONG SHOT - DAY 64  
of our crew barbecuing in the backyard.

Doug and Jem sit on the steps of the back porch; Gloansy  
tends the grill; Krista and Joanie are in lawn chairs  
near SHYNE (2), Krista's daughter, who clamors around a  
playpen.

Dez pushes through the back door with an armload of  
beers. Jem snatches one of them, and as Dez descends the  
steps, we FREEZE-FRAME on him and hear:

The CLICK OF A CAMERA SHUTTER...

DINO (V.O.)

Desmond Elden.

CUT TO:

65 INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS ACTION 65  
Behind tinted windows, Dino snaps photos with a long-lens  
camera and Frawley watches through binoculars.

DINO (V.O.)

Systems tech at Vericom.

66 BACK TO BARBECUE 66  
Jem takes a swallow from his beer, then turns and says  
something to Krista.

67 INT. FBI OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 67  
The FBI's ARMED ROBBERY TASK FORCE is gathered around a  
table in a conference room. FIFTEEN OTHER GUYS,  
including AGENTS CONLAN AND QUINN listen to Frawley and  
Dino's presentation.

(CONTINUED)

Surveillance photos, mug shots, and rap sheets litter the table, wall, A VIDEO WALL, full multi-media.

Dino places a PHOTO of Gloansy up.

DINO

Albert Magloan. Only in Boston is a guy named 'Albert MacGloan.'

FRAWLEY

Never walked by a car he didn't boost -- one of these kids can start your Cherokee for you while you're lookin' for your keys.

DINO

James Coughlin. Shot Brendan Leahey by the cemetery behind Mishawum when he was eighteen. Pled it out. Judge asked why he did it, said: 'I didn't like the kid.' Served nine for manslaughter. Father killed in prison. Mother died HIV. Left him and the sister this three-banger. Townie, hijacker, killer, shithead.

FRAWLEY

These guys plan and execute with sophistication and discipline -- and we know that ain't Coughlin. We believe the architect is Coughlin's best friend -- Douglas MacRay.

DINO

Lives in the same house, dates Coughlin's sister, who likely mules for the Florist who used to employ... MacRay's father -- you need a Venn diagram for these fucking people --

Laughs in the room. Stills of executed guards on the video screen.

FRAWLEY

Mac senior got life for the Nashua job. They hijacked the bread truck to New Hampshire -- a guard saw his face, they executed both of them with their own guns.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Big Mac's legacy is that now no driver of an A car is allowed out of the cab even if they have a gun to his partner's head.

DINO

Young MacRay did a skid bid -- Eight months easy for going over the counter of a BayBank with a nailgun after he washed out from pro hockey.

BPD TASK FORCE OFFICER

(formerly Male Cop)

Pro hockey?

DINO

He was a big deal for a minute. Went to camp but -- here's a shocker, he started fightin' guys --

AGENT QUINN

(formerly Female Cop)

Don't they pay you to fight in hockey.

DINO

Not guys on your own team.

FRAWLEY

MacRay came home and joined the family business. Same song: got into oxycontin, Townie Grape Nuts -- MacRay's hockey ship sailed with the narcotics --

Frawley indicates a chart showing various MG of Oxycontin pills.

FRAWLEY

Most come in a large 80 milligram green pill and because you people here have a one-track mind, they've picked up a unique local nickname.

Pause.

DINO

Green monsters.

Laughter.

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY

I love this town.

More laughs.

FRAWLEY

We're a long way from a grand jury  
but if those aren't our guys --  
(thinks what to say)  
... I will make love with Dino.

Laughter. Dino rolls his eyes. Guys start moving.

DINO

How is that a win for me?

EXT. HARVARD SQUARE EATERY - DUSK

Claire and Doug eat pizza at outdoor tables. His is plain. Hers is Hawaiian, pineapple and sausage.

CLAIRE

So, I've been telling my friends  
all about you.

DOUG

Oh yeah? All good things, I hope.

CLAIRE

Mostly good.

DOUG

(smiles)

What do they say?

Her momentary pause tells Doug the answer. Of course.

DOUG

Overcome with jealousy. You moved to Charlestown and snagged a rock-breaking Townie.

CLAIRE

They just think it's a rebound. Rebound from what? The robbery? Anyway, I feel estranged from them now. They still have this, carelessness -- which I envy but at the same time I hardly understand anymore. It feels like I'm leaving them behind.

DOUG

I know what you mean.

CLAIRE

My brother died on a day like this. I was holding his hand.

The sun is bright through the shop.

CLAIRE

The room smelled like bedpans and plastic flowers. The sun was bright through the windows. Now on really sunny days I think about someone dying. That's wrong, isn't it?

DOUG

I'm sure he'd be glad you're thinking of him.

She smiles, the mood is melancholy but they are no less connected to one another.

DOUG

I'm having a good time. This is a good day.

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

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

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

Claire disappears inside to the bathroom. Doug sits  
back, tipping his chair, looking up at a jet trail in the  
sky.

Someone pokes him in the back of the neck.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Money, Bitch.*

Doug tenses -- but notices the rest of the diners eat  
calmly. He turns and sees that it's Jem.

JEM

What're you doing here?

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

DOUG

(watching the door)

What?

JEM

Fuck is this? Who you here with?

Jem scoops up Claire's slice and bites in.

DOUG

No one.

JEM

No one?

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

JEM

What is this?

Doug peels off two twenties, making to stand. He sees  
the pizza is "Hawaiian" pineapple and sausage.

JEM

Is this yours?

DOUG

You wanna get outta here?

JEM

Naw, naw, I'm cool. Let me get a  
beer.

(CONTINUED)

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

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

CLAIRE

I'm Claire.

JEM

Jem.

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. Third floor of my house.

Claire sits staring across the table at silent Doug.

JEM

Yeah, I saw the Avalanche parked around the corner.

(to Doug)

I told you that thing stands out.

Doug flashes to Jem, realizes he has been following him.

CLAIRE

The Avalanche?

JEM

His truck. The work truck. Duggy's quite the worker.

CLAIRE

You two have been friends a long time?

JEM

Like brothers. Since we were six. But he never breathed a word about you, the secrets with this one.

Doug sees JEM's TATTOO on his NECK: FIGHTING IRISH GUY WITH BAG OF MONEY JUST LIKE CLAIRE DESCRIBED.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

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

JEM

Both actually. Teachers always  
used to say, 'You can have this  
one, he's a real *gem*.' It kind of  
stuck.

Claire smiles.

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.

JEM

Oh yeah? Which one?

CLAIRE

Cambridge Merchants.

JEM

Wasn't that the one -- ?

CLAIRE

We were robbed, yeah.

JEM

Yeah, I read about that. So how'd  
you two meet?

CLAIRE

Um... we met in a Laundromat.

JEM

Love among the bleach. Happens  
more than you think.

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

CLAIRE

Funny, he never mentioned you  
either.

JEM

Oh, you can't believe a word he  
says, Claire.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

You mean he's not *really* an astronaut?

JEM

Well -- that one's true. We're in the space program. So if you got any friends interested in -- manned exploration, preferably redheads.

CLAIRE

I'll let them know.

JEM

Don't get too used to your life of leisure here. Duggy -- he's a real workaholic...

Jem's smile vanishes a moment under his dead eyes as he rises to leave.

JEM

... always taking his work home with him.

Jem TURNS and we see that he is ABOUT TO REVEAL HIS TATTOO TO CLAIRE. Quickly, Doug has to WRAP HIS ARM AROUND JEM'S NECK and BACK in a manufactured show of AFFECTION.

Jem looks to Doug, nods, moves off, DOUG KEEPS HIS HAND OVER THE TATTOO.

Claire watches him go. She turns to Doug.

CLAIRE

I guess you haven't been telling all *your* friends about me.

Jem is in his apartment. Doug enters.

DOUG

Who you following, Jem? Me or her.

JEM

I think that's my line, right here.

DOUG

Look, I know what I'm doin'.

(CONTINUED)

JEM

Oh, so you're *trying* to get us jammed up? Tell me you got a move here. Because the only explanation I see is... you got sprung like a bear trap on some tuned-up pussy and gave us all to the one person who can give us to the G.

DOUG

Calm down... we need to be smart right now.

JEM

Smart? Oh, let's start fuckin' all the witnesses. I'm blowin' the assistant manager. Am I smart now?

(beat)

And no -- I didn't tell the guys, only because I want them focused on the next thing.

DOUG

It's not ready.

JEM

Then fucking make it ready.

DOUG

I don't like the guards on the next thing. Driver looks like GI Joe, with the vest on the outside, tucks his pants into the boots.

JEM

The truck is waist high.

DOUG

Relax. We'll find a truck with a fat kid for a guard who don't think he's special forces.

JEM

'Relax' there's gonna be fuckin' snow on the ground.

DOUG

What are you, late on Florist payments? Oh I thought it was for a job? How much you in for? He can't wait a month?

(CONTINUED)

JEM

Duggy, I know you're happy in fuck  
city over there --

(beat)

But I waited nine years in Walpole  
for you, motherfucker. *Nine*  
years. I'm done waitin'.

This seems to affect Doug. He shakes his head, stuck.

DOUG

We need to hit pause after this.  
It's too many.

JEM

Then we need enough to hibernate.  
I got no problem gettin' in the  
back of the truck.

DOUG

(walking out)  
We end up in the can, remember  
whose idea this was.

JEM

(calling out)  
Say hi to my boyfriend for me.

DOUG

Fine. Good by Friday.

A KID is SWATTED IN THE FACE WITH AN INFLATABLE BAT. IT  
starts a small fracas. Claire breaks it up. She directs  
some KIDS into another area and idly scans the walls; we  
see a BULLETIN BOARD. See HOLDS HER LOOK.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I saw your picture yesterday.

Doug is at Claire's, on her couch. She is next to him.  
His heart rate goes up and his instinct kicks in.

DOUG

Sure it was me?

CLAIRE

Pretty sure, yeah.

He holds her look. She's giving him nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Why do you look horrified. You weren't the only hockey player in the nineties with a mullet.

DOUG

Oh, yeah. Boys and Girls.

CLAIRE

It's under a *local heroes* banner --

He is a little embarrassed.

CLAIRE

When I said I knew you, they acted like I was dating Tiger Woods. It was almost like they were intimidated of me.

DOUG

I wasn't that good.

CLAIRE

Apparently you were 'drafted.'  
I'm pretty sure they only do that to the good players.

DOUG

Yeah. I was drafted like a lot of other guys. And I didn't do what it took to make the team. And I got a second chance and I blew that, too. When it was over for me I wasn't smart enough to see it or classy enough to accept it. So I did a lot that make things worse. I look at that picture and see a kid who thinks he knows everything and is about to throw it all away.

Doug's honesty takes him by surprise and has a propulsive quality.

DOUG

Can I be your boyfriend?

She smiles, surprised.

CLAIRE

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

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

(CONTINUED)

71

71

DOUG

We should go in your room. I'm not trying to push things but my uncle the bus driver lives across the way and he can see right into this apartment.

72

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

72

Claire and Doug, in her bed. Love scene. We don't hear what they're saying. The sound of score and the DRIFT of the CAMERA creates something impressionistic.

73

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - LATER

73

Claire and Doug lie in bed.

We CUT BETWEEN her in bed and her AT THE BEACH being let off by Doug as PLANES FLY OVERHEAD and she takes her blindfold off. See Doug whisper in her ear in the WORK VAN.

CLAIRE

Robbery. They know that two hundred thousand dollars spent on a guard rail will save one life every ten years. Actuaries know one person in a thousand banks over twenty years will lose half their eyesight in a robbery and they price that in with costs like cleaning solvents and condiments. They can see the future. People will rob a bank. A boy will die of cancer. It's already accounted for and set aside and now we're just here waiting to make good on the debt. I don't mind paying what I owe. I just don't like surprises.

74

EXT. OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S DOOR - NIGHT

74

Doug exits Claire's door. The Monument. The Tobin.

75

EXT. CITY OF BOSTON - CRACK OF DAWN

75

The city as the sun peeks over the edge of the world.

76 INT. SEEDY HOTEL ON MELNEA CASS BLVD. - SERIES OF SHOTS - 76  
EARLY MORNING

We see Jem, Doug, Gloansy and Dez as they prepare.

77 INT. SEEDY HOTEL ON MELNEA CASS BLVD. - SHOWERS - MORNING 77

Scrubbing down vigorously in the shower, thick brushes over hands, trying to remove as much loose skin as possible.

78 INT. SEEDY HOTEL ON MELNEA CASS BLVD. - MORNING 78

Preparing the weapons -- Jem meticulously wipes down not just each weapon but each piece of AMMUNITION with an ALCOHOL SWAB, eliminating DNA traces.

Magazines for the AK-47s are held together, separated only by the broken end of a paintbrush and HOCKEY-TAPED together. They are then SNAPPED INTO PLACE.

79 INT. SEEDY HOTEL ON MELNEA CASS BLVD. - MORNING 79

Each man puts on a black track suit, taping it down at the ankles and wrists.

80 INT. DARK SPACE - MORNING 80

Dez, Jem, Gloansy and Doug huddled across from one another, in a dark space -- packing weapons into large duffel bags. They place masks on top of the bags, zip, etc.

CUT TO:

81 OUTSIDE THE DARK SPACE 81

We REVEAL that the four of them are inside:

EXT. DEZ'S VERICOM TRUCK - DAY

We see it in a parking lot across from an EASTERN BANK.

82 INT. FRAWLEY'S CAR - SAME TIME 82

Frawley and Dino are parked at the other end of the lot, Frawley looks through BINOCULARS at the VERICOM TRUCK. They have the guys STAKED OUT.

(CONTINUED)

82

CONTINUED:

82

A THIRD, MIDDLE-AGED SURVEILLANCE AGENT (50) is in the back seat.

FRAWLEY

When did he get here?

SURVEILLANCE AGENT

Six this morning according to GPS we have on his truck. So we alerted you.

83

INT. DARK SPACE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

83

The four guys conference, Jem checking slide on a handgun. He and Doug are OPPOSITE one another.

DOUG

No one needs to get hurt. Act like pros, we're out safe and easy.

JEM

(gives them a look)  
These guards like to test you though. They want to get hurt for ten dollars an hour, don't get in their way.

84

EXT. DEZ'S VERICOM TRUCK PARKING LOT - WIDER SHOT - SAME TIME

84

lets us see, as we MOVE THROUGH the parking lot, EVERY THIRD CAR HAS UNDERCOVER OR UNIFORMS IN IT.

85

INT. FRAWLEY'S CAR - SAME TIME

85

Frawley, Dino and the younger agent wait.

DINO

Let's go pop the door and kick their fucking nuts in.

FRAWLEY

We should wait for them to commit a crime, don't you think?

The middle-aged agent, LEVINE, tries to chime in.

LEVINE (MIDDLE-AGED AGENT)

Weapons, conspiracy...

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY

A real crime, Levine. Dino, they aren't going home in the cable van. No switch car, this is probably surveillance.

A VOICE comes over the radio.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

(on radio)

Ran a q-hot on the parking lot. That Cherokee is boosted. It's gotta be their getaway.

Frawley goes ashen.

FRAWLEY

Call SWAT, now.

INT. DARK SPACE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jem holds up a bullet and shows it to Doug.

JEM

7.62 round. Go through a car door, a vest and the ceramic chest plate, an engine block and two people.

GLOANSY

They give you a nice boost to your sentence for that.

JEM

They gonna tack twenty years to two hundred? They go after me -- I'm taking motherfuckers with me.

(to all)

And you better be ready to use yours or don't open the door.

They exchange looks.

DOUG

Let's go.

INT. FRAWLEY'S CAR - SAME TIME

They see the DOORS OPEN on the TRUCK!

FRAWLEY

(drawing his gun)

They're coming out!

(CONTINUED)

THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots) 68.  
87 CONTINUED: 87

They get out and draw their weapons.

88 EXT. WORK TRUCK - SAME TIME 88

Police move forward towards the truck. COPS SWARM.

POLICE  
DON'T MOVE!!! ON THE GROUND!

CUT TO:

89 INT. DARK SPACE - SAME TIME 89

We counter with the guys as they rise and open the door, revealing they were in a BLACKED-OUT HOTEL ROOM and NOT THE VAN, they EXIT INTO THE STREET and TOWARDS THEIR WAITING CAR.

90 INT. DEZ'S VERICOM TRUCK - SAME TIME 90

A RED-FACED LOCAL TOWNIE gets out. He is wearing civilian clothes and sleeping off a decent drunk.

This fear is matched in intensity by Frawley's frustration and anger.

FRAWLEY  
Motherfucker!

Levine tries to make sense of it.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT  
They must have had him drive the van and follow them in a car we don't have...

FRAWLEY  
Nothing gets past you... except the people you are salaried not to let get past you -- in which case you're a fucking sieve.

DINO  
Easy.

He moves Frawley away.

DINO  
You want to close the bridge?  
Just put someone there at least?

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY

That's a metaphor, Dino. Do I want to close a major traffic artery and compound our professional embarrassment for a fucking wife's tale? No.

DINO

Just asking.

INT. MINIVAN (HANOVER ST.) - MOMENTS LATER

GLOANSY drives the MINIVAN through the North End. DOUG and JEM are in the BACKSEAT. They hold their weapons and masks on their laps so they cannot be seen from outside the car.

JEM

What happened to eight forty-five?

DOUG

They're late, is what happened.

Many ITALIAN RESTAURANTS ARE LOADING IN THEIR FOOD FOR THE DAY.

Gloansy is caught off guard -- he has to STOP SHORT.

DOUG

Easy.

GLOANSY

Watch it now, I got six gallons of premium back here.

Reveal a number of JERRY CANS of gasoline that are wedged in the back of the minivan.

JEM

You're all right. That's just regular.

They turn and head down a street past a Catholic school.

DOUG

Fuck.

JEM

What?

DOUG

The Catholic school.

JEM

What about it?

DOUG

What if they have nine AM in the  
yard like St. Ansem's?

JEM

What if they're having their prom?  
It's two different schools.

They must circle the block, orbiting while they wait for  
the truck to arrive. No one says a word, until:

GLOANSY

Here we go!

The ARMORED CAR turns out onto the street in front of  
them and pulls up in front of the bank.

Our guys will time their arrival just as the Courier is  
opening the back door of the truck and loading money.

96fps on a boy on the sidewalk, looking into the minivan.

ANGLE ON THE MINIVAN

Three masked men with submachine guns ride by. One LOOKS  
RIGHT AT THE BOY.

RAMP UP to 24fps.

The Courier opens the back. The MINIVAN DOORS SPRING  
OPEN SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Doug and Jem JUMP from the car, weapons out.

Doug knocks down the courier.

DOUG

Courier, get on the ground.

The GUARD FLAILS. Doug QUICKLY SUBDUES HIM, grabs the  
COAL BAG. He stands over him, waiting for Jem.

Jem GOES THROUGH THE BACK OF THE CAR looking for loot.

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED: (2)

91

Some passersby are FROZEN IN PLACE. A few WALK RIGHT BY, NOT NOTICING THE ROBBERY.

DOUG

(to pedestrians)

It's all right. We're just getting our bailout money back.

92

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - CONTINUOUS ACTION

92

Jem is rifling through the truck's contents, packing the bags. He hears some YELLING O.S. He turns and sees: THERE IS NO DRIVER IN THE CAB!

YOUNG GUARD (O.S.)

Get on the ground, you're under arrest!

(beat)

Get out here! I got your friend.

93

EXT. HANOVER ST. - CONTINUOUS ACTION

93

Jem walks out of the back of the armored truck. The DRIVER/YOUNG GUARD HAS A HANDGUN TO DOUG'S HEAD. This guard is young and a little crazy. One of those guys who failed the test to be a cop so he became an A Car Guard. Obviously, he has been fantasizing about what he would do if he were ever robbed and his big day just arrived.

Jem has his AK aimed at the guard. The Young Driver aims his gun alternately at Doug's head and neck.

YOUNG GUARD/DRIVER

You motherfuckers are under arrest. Put that down.

He indicates Jem's gun.

YOUNG GUARD/DRIVER

(indicates his chest)

This is a bulletproof vest, motherfucker.

Jem is very calm.

JEM

I got one, too.

YOUNG GUARD/DRIVER

Do he have a neck vest?

Gun in Doug's neck.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

You're not supposed to come out of  
the truck.

YOUNG GUARD/DRIVER

I ambushed you, motherfucker!

DOUG

Put your gun down. You're gonna  
get hurt.

Jem takes stock of the Young Guard/Driver's personal  
arsenal.

JEM

Oh, you got a speed loader...

YOUNG GUARD

That's right. And a bulletproof  
vest.

A few things happen really quickly, Doug MOVES to get out  
of the way, the Guard AIMS at Jem and:

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM.

Jem shoots him four times in the chest. The rounds sail  
through the vest.

THE GUARD FALLS OVER SIDEWAYS, completely disoriented.

Jem approaches the Guard and talks down to him:

JEM

What happened to your vest?

INT. US DEPT. OF JUSTICE (1 CENTER PLAZA, 6TH FL) - SAME  
TIME

Frawley and his entire staff mill around their office.  
Frawley's BLACKBERRY goes off. Then, to Dino:

FRAWLEY

You see this? Something's in  
front of the camera.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Gloansy fires up the car and they start down the street.

GLOANSY

What the fuck happened?

(CONTINUED)

JEM

I hope that fuckin' kid don't  
live.

A SIREN goes off. They all turn back to see a POLICE  
CRUISER bearing down on them.

GLOANSY

Must have been around the fuckin'  
corner.

Jem picks the gun back up.

JEM

Stop the car.

Gloansy locks up the brakes. The CRUISER comes  
SCREECHING TO A HALT behind them.

Jem and Doug get ready to light up the cruiser with AKs.

Doug sees that behind the cruiser to one side is a  
schoolyard FILLED WITH CHILDREN.

DINO

Wait, wait WAIT!

The minivan comes CAREENING around the corner of a narrow  
street, nearly taking out a bench.

A van is parked up on a sidewalk so the minivan is forced  
to drive up on the opposing sidewalk.

The cruiser gives chase around several incredibly narrow,  
ancient turns and alleys -- built to accommodate horses  
(and even those only narrowly) in the 1700's. Driving  
though at 60 mph is harrowing.

At one point the cruiser pushes the guys' tail, the car  
spins and they SHOOT THROUGH THE FRONT WINDSHIELD. Then  
they turn the car around and continue on. Another  
CRUISER joins the pursuit at this point. Another cruiser  
comes down a perpendicular street and Doug stands up out  
the side door and FIRES at that one while Gloansy BACKS  
OUT and turns around. ONE CRUISER continues pursuit.

The chase lasts about thirty seconds until a car PULLS  
OUT in front of them AND SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES, forcing our  
guys to a halt.

96

CONTINUED:

96

The driver of the front car gets out, our guys go for their guns, we REVEAL the driver is DEZ in the "switch car."

The guys jump out of the minivan, and leave it in the middle of the street, Gloansy grabs the bags of money while Jem uses the door for cover, taking aim at the cruiser who has pulled up behind them.

Jem starts FIRING at the car, incredibly loud automatic rifle report-BANGBANGBANG -- quickly disabling it and forcing the driver out of the car.

97

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

97

The back is filled with JUGS OF GASOLINE. Doug OPENS ONE, dumping as much of it as he can over as much area of the interior as he can. He calls to Jem.

DOUG

Let's go.

He stands back, cracks a Zippo and lets it drop.

THE WHOLE THING GOES UP IN FLAMES.

98

EXT. SWITCH CAR (SALEM ST.) - CONTINUOUS ACTION

98

They pile into the switch car as the minivan burns, blocking any pursuing traffic and take off.

99

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - 6TH FLOOR - SAME TIME

99

Frawley, Dino and several agents are in the bullpen area. Frawley is staring at IMAGES FROM THE ROBBERY as they come across his BLACKBERRY.

Frawley lets the handset drop a bit.

FRAWLEY

Dino.

Dino is distracted.

FRAWLEY

Dino.

DINO

Yeah?

FRAWLEY

Close the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

99

CONTINUED:

99

DINO

What?

FRAWLEY

Close the fucking bridge!

100 EXT. CAUSEWAY ST. - SAME TIME 100

The Jeep Cherokee SCREAMS down the street, headed back to Charlestown. Gloansy drives without ever touching the brakes. We see he steers this car with a "suicide knob."

101 EXT. CHELSEA ST. FROM ABOVE - SAME TIME 101

Black and White cruisers light up their roofs. Traffic pushes back.

102 EXT. CAUSEWAY ST. FROM ABOVE - HELICOPTER 102

The Jeep flies down the wrong side of the street, headed for the bridge.

103 EXT. CHELSEA ST. - SAME TIME 103

The cruisers move the traffic aside and make better speed.

104 EXT. CHARLESTOWN BRIDGE - HELICOPTER 104

The Jeep makes the bridge, zooms across it and onto Route 99 towards Malden.

We PAN WITH the Jeep and just as it goes out of sight, the CRUISERS ARRIVE, stopping traffic -- a moment too late.

105 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - MOMENTS LATER 105

The four guys are elated.

GLOANSY

That's how you drive a fuckin' car.

Laughter and adrenaline.

106 INT. SWITCH CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 106

Gloansy turns onto School Street, approaching the intersection of Tufts St. and O'Reilly Way.

The guys grab their bags in one hand, rifles in the other, still wearing masks.

As they hit the intersection, Gloansy pulls up behind the SECOND SWITCH CAR and they JUMP OUT.

107 EXT. TUFTS ST. AND O'REILLY WAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION 107

Dez, Doug, Jem and Gloansy come out of the Jeep, carrying duffel bags in one hand and AK's in the other. They stay low and move quickly.

As they get to the second switch car, Doug looks across the street (TOWARDS CAMERA) and sees something that stops him cold. The other four guys stop immediately after.

REVEAL: A POLICE OFFICER ACROSS THE STREET -- SITTING IN HIS CAR STARING BACK AT THEM.

The cop is in his late fifties, doing lazy duty on a construction site. Now he finds himself no more than thirty feet from four guys with bags, masks and assault rifles.

ANGLE ON OUR GUYS

Not moving a muscle.

ANGLE ON THE COP

His face hasn't even had time to react to what's happening in his brain.

After a long beat, the cop simply TURNS HIS HEAD THE OTHER WAY, holding his stare in the opposite direction.

Our guys wait a beat, frozen still... Then they simply pick up where they left off, throw their stuff in the switch car, fire it up and get on their way.

108 INT. THIRD SWITCH CAR - MOMENTS LATER 108

Doug, Jem, Gloansy and Dez all tear off their masks and start stashing their weapons.

(CONTINUED)

DEZ

What the fuck was that?

JEM

He didn't want to end up on the  
wall at the VFW.

EXT. SALEM ST. - SAME TIME

Police are everywhere. The burned-out minivan is  
cordoned off. Dino and Frawley are taking stock of the  
scene.

FRAWLEY

Did you print the van?

Frawley walks closer to the minivan. The bullet-riddled  
cruiser is still behind it.

DINO

The van is a volcano.

OVER the following we see:

MONEY BANDS BURNING IN A SAFE HOUSE

CASH BEING POURED INTO A DRYER

A CRUMMY BASEMENT WHERE THEY ARE HANGING OUT AND SMOKING.

A LITTLE KID WHO HAS BEEN EVICTED FROM PLAYING VIDEO  
GAMES FOR THE GUYS TO DRINK AND CHOP MONEY AND DRUGS.

FRAWLEY

Just find something and make it  
look like something that looks  
like a print.

(circles car)

Because right now they're burning  
the money bands in a safe house --  
where someone's cousin's wife's  
sister got paid twenty thousand  
not to be home for the day. Their  
alibis were paid a week in  
advance. We won't find any DNA  
here or on the switch car. And  
that, as they say, is the end of  
that. This is the 'not fucking  
around' crew. So, get me  
something that looks like a print  
so I can shake their tree. 'Cause  
the not fucking around thing is  
about to go both ways.

110 EXT. BOSTON SAND AND GRAVEL - NEXT DAY 110

Several POLICE OFFICERS are waved over to Doug, who JOGS UP to them, carrying his hard hat. He nods at them, expecting this, and heads with them to their car.

111 OMITTED 111

112 INT. CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER 112

Doug sits handcuffed in the back, looking out over the front onto the road.

DOUG  
(to the cop driver)  
You might not want to take Storrow  
Drive unless you're gonna light up  
the roof.

113 OMITTED 113

A114 INT. PHOTO AREA - CONTINUOUS ACTION A114

ALL FOUR GUYS ARE PHOTOGRAPHED SEPARATELY.

114 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 114

Jem is seated at a table. Several police sit beside him. Frawley enters.

FRAWLEY  
Mr. Coughlin --

JEM  
Lawyer.

And that's all he'll say. Frawley looks at him, at the cops. That'll do it --

A115 INT. POLICE STATION - SMALL INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY A115

Doug sits across from officer recording his voice, by rote.

DOUG  
Courier, get on the ground.  
You're going to get hurt.

115 INT. POLICE STATION - SMALL INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 115

Same room Doug was in. Gloansy, who has been arrested for car theft eighteen times since he was eleven, is accustomed to this process.

GLOANSY

Courier, get on the ground before  
I pop your fucking teeth out.

Something garbled is said O.S.; Gloansy responds.

GLOANSY

I know, but I'm tryin' to make it  
sound authenticious. Your shit  
don't sound right?

(beat)

What's a courier? Were they  
robbin' ten speeds? I'm playin'.

116 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 116

Doug and Dino enter. Dino waves at Doug to have a seat. There is a seat and three chairs.

DINO

Have a seat, son.

DOUG

Thanks.

DINO

I knew your father.

DOUG

Me, too.

DINO

I helped put him away.

(smiles)

Got a few years left on his bid.

Doug opts not to reply, knows where this routine goes.

DINO

I hear they got to the old guy.  
Split him up the back. You'd  
think they'd go after a younger  
kid. Makin' a statement, I guess.  
Charlestown crew ain't what it  
used to be. Dorchester, Southie  
makin' a move. Maybe you can  
change that when you're up there.

(CONTINUED)

Dino smiles in his eyes, tweaks his head.

DINO

You know we pulled a print off the  
van, right?

Doug is opaque.

The DOOR OPENS and Frawley enters. He walks over to Dino  
and stands beside where he is sitting, across from Doug.

FRAWLEY

Do you know what they teach us at  
the academy, Mr. MacRay?

(off no response)

During interrogations, always  
begin treating the subject kindly  
so as to win his trust, the logic  
being that you can always turn  
ugly later but it's very difficult  
to start off unsympathetic and  
later become what we call a  
'trusted figure.'

Frawley takes a large file, conspicuously labeled  
"MacRay" and puts it on the table between them.

FRAWLEY

Even in light of that, Doug, I  
gotta tell you... you're an  
asshole.

He points to photos on the wall of the armored car that  
was robbed.

FRAWLEY

You didn't just roll a Star Market  
in Malden for a box of quarters.  
You banged it out in the North End  
with assault rifles at nine in the  
morning. You fucked yourself,  
right in the mouth. Because if  
the 7.62 rounds weren't enough to  
smear you with the scent of fetid  
meat and attract every slophound  
law enforcement from here to  
Springfield -- you fucking dummies  
shot a guard. Now you're like a  
half-off sale at Big and Tall:  
every cop is in line. However,  
this guard, who is two-thirds to a  
retard, has miraculously clung to  
life.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

If they gave me two minutes and a wet towel, I would personally asphyxiate that half-wit so we could string you up for federal M1 and end this story with a bag on your head and a paralyzing agent running through your veins. This isn't Townie hopscotch anymore. You're threatening *my job* now and you've jeopardized things like dollars appropriated to our division -- matters so far beyond your extraordinarily limited scope of understanding that I seriously question the wisdom of even bringing it up. **But** I do want to say this so we're both very, very clear: because sometimes, in these circumstances, various parties bandy about the possibility of sentence reduction in exchange for cooperation, or otherwise assisting the prosecution.

He leans over the table and looks Doug right in the eye.

FRAWLEY

Not this time. You're here today so I could tell you personally that you're going to die in federal prison. And so are all your friends. No deal. No compromise. And when that day comes, when you start trying to be my hero collaborator so hard I have to slap you to shut up -- and it will -- despite your pitiable, misguided, Irish 'Omerta' -- when your 'code of silence' gives way to the fear of trafficking in cigarettes to prevent sexual enslavement -- I just want you to know, it's gonna be me who tells you to go fuck yourself.

A moment. This sinks in.

DOUG

I thought it would be the federal prosecutor who tells me to go fuck myself.

Frawley smiles.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Am I all set?

He rises.

DOUG

Next time you want to take  
pictures of me and my friends,  
could we do a calendar shoot?  
Maybe lubed up on a tire or  
something?

This is the first time Dino and Frawley realize they were  
made on their surveillance.

DOUG

Your antennas are the flat half-  
inch matte black. Statie are pig-  
tailed and BPD half and half.  
Every peewee in the Town knows  
what a Feebie rear antennae looks  
like. So in the future, if you're  
gonna try to be slick -- be  
slicker than a ten-year-old.  
(puts on coat)  
Good luck with the print.

FRAWLEY

Surveillance is picking him up on  
his way out the door.

A look from Dino.

DINO

Should probably make sure no one  
takes their own car.

A118 EXT. CHARLESTOWN STREET - DAY

A118 \*

A FEMALE AGENT dressed up like a JOGGER and carrying an  
iPod is running down the street. She stops and leans  
over, catching her breath, next to Dez's VERICOM VAN.

\*  
\*  
\*

She surreptitiously slips the iPod under the red bumper  
where it sticks to the underside -- and jogs off.

\*  
\*

117 OMITTED

117 \*

THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots) 82-84.  
 117 CONTINUED: 117

118 EXT. MCI CEDAR JUNCTION - NO MAN'S LAND - DAY 118 \*

Guard towers. Prisoners in isolated "dog run" cages.  
 The "trap." Doug is stamped and frisked. The trap doors  
 open to reveal no man's land.

A119 INT. MCI CEDAR JUNCTION - VISITORS' AREA - DAY A119

The door to general population opens. BIG MAC (60)  
 emerges and is patted down by a C.O.  
 Doug, signing in by C.O. #2, sees his father through the  
 glass.  
 The C.O. escorts Big Mac to his seat.

119 INT. MCI CEDAR JUNCTION - VISITORS' AREA - DAY 119

They talk to one another over telephones. Doug sees his  
 father is in a different colored jumpsuit, indicated a  
 disciplinary issue.

DOUG  
 You causing problems?

BIG MAC  
 You know how it is. Can't take no  
 shit.

DOUG  
 You're too old for this nonsense.

BIG MAC  
 Southie Pricks want to run  
 everything now.

DOUG  
 Fuck's sake. Mark Reilly's in  
 here. Billy Meeghan. Let them  
 pound it out.

BIG MAC  
 Some things you have to deal with  
 yourself.

A long, quiet beat. Both men holding their phone  
 receivers to their ears.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

(beat)  
I'm thinkin' about taking off for  
a while.

BIG MAC

Takin' heat?

DOUG

Making a change.

BIG MAC

Don't tell me 'makin' a change.'  
Either you got heat or you don't.  
(on to him)  
I heard a bread truck got dropped.

DOUG

Yeah? I didn't hear about it.

C.O. #2 calls out:

C.O. #2

FIVE MINUTES!

DOUG

Let me ask you something. In case  
I don't see you again.

Doug's father looks skeptical.

DOUG

Why didn't you look for her?

BIG MAC

Look for who?

DOUG

When my mother left. You never  
called her. Tried to find her.  
She might have come back.

BIG MAC

When your mother left, you cried  
so hard that you were throwing up.  
All over the parlor. So I told  
you if you looked around you might  
find her, to give you an activity.  
I didn't think you would carry it  
like a fuckin' disease. You want  
to think she was an angel -- go  
ahead. But look out your front  
door. How many twenty-two-year-  
old girls are out there -- fucking  
around, with kids they don't want  
and no sense in their head? Your  
mother wasn't no different.  
That's the hard truth. I made my  
peace with it. Make yours. I  
didn't look for her 'cause there  
was nothin' to find.

(regards his son)

I got to die five times before I  
get out of here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED: (3)

119

BIG MAC (CONT'D)

(beat)

But I'll see you again.

(taps visitor's  
glass)

This side or the other.

A117 INT. FRAWLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A117 \*

This scene comes after Doug's visit to his father.  
Frawley is feeling stymied, burning midnight oil.

\*  
\*

We MOVE THROUGH his apartment, see that there are still  
unpacked boxes. Little furniture, an open bottle. He  
stands going through case files, computer on and looks up  
at his own WALL which, like the FBI, is COVERED WITH  
IMAGES.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He is looking at images from the NORTH END ROBBERY. He  
sets them down.

\*  
\*

He picks up a CAMBRIDGE TRUST set of pictures. Leafs  
through them.

\*  
\*

WITNESSES:

\*

We see Barnes, then Claire.

\*

He holds his look on Claire's photo.

\*

B117 INT. FBI FRAWLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

B117 \*

Frawley pacing, on the phone, looking out the window.

\*

FRAWLEY

Claire Keeseey, please.

(beat)

She's the manager.

(beat)

Since when?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

C117 INT. FBI WORKSPACE - DAY

C117 \*

Frawley and Dino.

\*

FRAWLEY

-- she may have a good reason for  
quitting, but procedure says  
follow up, and that's how you do  
this job.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DINO

Okay...

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

C117

CONTINUED:

C117

FRAWLEY

Get the warrant. Land, cell, fax,  
e-mail, Skype, the whole fucking  
thing.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

117R

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

117R

We START ON BOXES FROM CAMBRIDGE SAVINGS BANK. Claire's  
things. Pictures, etc. UP TO Doug.

\*  
\*  
\*

DOUG

Why didn't you tell me you quit  
your job?

\*  
\*  
\*

CLAIRE

Why don't you tell me what's in  
the box?

\*  
\*  
\*

We see Doug holds a JEWELRY BOX in his hands.

\*

DOUG

Did anyone get ahold of you after  
you left? Say anything to you?

\*  
\*  
\*

Doug reflexively glances out the window.

\*

CLAIRE

No.

\*  
\*

DOUG

What happened?

\*  
\*

CLAIRE

I felt like I was drowning every  
day. So yesterday I quit.

\*  
\*  
\*

DOUG

What are you gonna do?

\*  
\*

CLAIRE

I don't know, teach. Volunteer  
full time. I saved a little bit.

\*  
\*  
\*

DOUG

What if I told you I was gonna  
quit, too?

\*  
\*  
\*

CLAIRE

I guess I'd have company.

\*  
\*

He hands her the box.

\*

DOUG  
Why don't we do it together.  
(self-conscious)  
It's just a necklace.

CLAIRE  
My God, Doug.

DOUG  
Maybe we could go somewhere for a  
minute. Take a trip.

CLAIRE  
I can't -- This is too much money --

DOUG  
No it isn't.

CLAIRE  
I hope you didn't sell your truck.

He smiles.

DOUG  
People tell themselves every day  
they're gonna change their lives.  
They never do. Let's do it.

CLAIRE  
Where would we go?

DOUG  
I don't know. I found a spot in  
Tangerine Florida, check out my  
grandmother's place -- but we  
could go wherever you want. See  
when we got there.

CLAIRE  
What would we do?

DOUG  
I saved a little bit, too.

CLAIRE  
(re: necklace)  
After this?

DOUG  
Look, there some things we don't  
know about each other -- I know  
that.

CLAIRE  
What does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

You might -- Between what people  
think about me and things I'm not  
proud of -- don't leave a lot of  
room.

CLAIRE

I know who you are.

DOUG

You do?

CLAIRE

Yes... yes.

DOUG

Yes, you want to go?

CLAIRE

Yes. I want to go.

This is the happiest Doug has ever been.

DOUG

You, you won't regret that. I'll --  
just let me, let's go tomorrow.

CLAIRE

Tomorrow?

DOUG

Yeah.

CLAIRE

Soon.

DOUG

You want to wait? I want to go.  
I want to be with you. Away from  
here. I want to start now.

She smiles.

CLAIRE

Let's start now.

Heaven.

D117 INT. FBI BULLPEN AREA - DAY

D117

This scene comes immediately after the new scene with  
Doug and Claire where she agrees to go away with him.  
Frawley approaching Dino who is set up with a laptop.

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY

What is it?

DINO

Call between Claire Keeseey and a  
burner cell, one hour ago. See if  
you can recognize the voice.

Dino hits "PLAY" on the laptop and we watch the WAV  
signal start to dance on screen. The voices, of course,  
are instantly recognizable.

DOUG (V.O.)

(on computer)

Can I come by there? I want to  
talk to you.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

(on computer)

Yeah, where've you been?

DOUG (V.O.)

(on computer)

I got held up. Sorry. I'm coming  
from my place so you can come down  
the back and let me in?

Dino hits "STOP." Looks at Frawley.

FRAWLEY

Well, he fucked up.

Frawley is at his desk looking at the internet. Dino  
enters.

DINO

Hey, Frawl.

FRAWLEY

(not looking at him)

Yeah.

DINO

Just got off with surveillance --  
earlier this afternoon MacRay --  
(starts laughing)  
You're gonna hate this.

Now Frawley looks up.

121 EXT. MISHAWUM PROJECTS - PARKING LOT - DAY 121

Doug approaches, under the catwalks.

122 EXT. MISHAWUM PROJECTS - PARKING LOT/CEMETERY - DAY 122

Jem waits for Doug by the ancient cemetery that abuts the projects. Doug approaches him, irritated.

DOUG

Something wrong with the apartment?

JEM

The Florist.

DOUG

The Florist what?

JEM

Came through.

Doug rolls his head, can hardly believe this.

DOUG

Jesus.

JEM

It's large.

DOUG

We're smoked. Punt it.

JEM

Who can buy it out there?

DOUG

You should have thought about that before you kept breaking the guy off for forty dimes after every fucking job.

JEM

There's an expectation.

DOUG

I'll correct his fucking expectation.

JEM

Oh, you will?

DOUG

Look, pick someone up or go with three guys -- or boot it if you ask me.

JEM

But you're not going?

DOUG

No.

JEM

Why is that?

DOUG

'Cause there's a ton of fucking heat on us for one thing.

JEM

We put a move on, we done it before.

DOUG

It doesn't matter. Do what you want. I'm done.

JEM

You're 'done'?

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

Yeah.

JEM

Fuck does that mean?

DOUG

What it sounds like.

JEM

It sounds like bull shit.

DOUG

How's this? I'm putting this  
fuckin' place in my rear view.

(CONTINUED)

JEM

Is this your girl talking? Hard  
line of work to explain to a bank  
teller.

Jem grins.

DOUG

You're just talking to me.

JEM

Well... There are people I can't  
let you walk away from.

DOUG

What? Who?

A beat. He realizes.

DOUG

She's not my kid, Jimmy.

He holds Jem's look.

DOUG

Did she tell you it was?  
(as Jem has no reply)  
Come on. Since that kid was born  
all you cared about was coke and X  
Box. Now all of a sudden you give  
a fuck about Shyne? Please.

JEM

(building)  
Know what your problem is? You  
think you're better than people.  
But you grew up here with the same  
rules I did.

DOUG

Okay.

JEM

Who's the father?

DOUG

I don't know.

JEM

Why not?

DOUG

Because she knew it wasn't mine  
and -- still I got enough respect  
for her not to ask because I don't  
think she knows. And there aren't  
enough free clinics in Mattapan to  
find out.

Doug's anger building.

DOUG

I don't know what you think you  
can or can't 'let' me do, but  
here's a little fucking cheat  
sheet. It's never gonna be me,  
you and your sister and Shyne  
playin' house.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm finished with you and all your one-way bullshit, you want to see me again, come down to Florida for a visit.

Doug moves past Jem, who HITS Doug. Doug GRABS Jem around the waist. Jem breaks free and rains a few more BLOWS. Doug pulls Jem's SHIRT OVER HIS HEAD like a hockey fight, but Jem gets one arm loose and PISTOL-WHIPS Doug with a GUN he has produced. Blood in his mouth, Doug staggers back against the fence.

He looks up at Jem who holds the gun on him. Both are panting.

JEM

I tried to help you.

DOUG

I didn't need your fucking help.

JEM

Don't say that. Don't do that.

DOUG

I could have handled it.

JEM

You were seventeen and never held a gun. Trying to play hockey. What were you gonna do?

The truth of this settles in.

JEM

In the 302, the Feds have me dropping Brendan right here. But I got him on Tibbets first.

(beat)

Put it right in his fucking chest. He looked up at me. I don't know who was more surprised he wasn't dead, him or me. He waited for a second like something was gonna happen and then he just took off runnin'. Guy booked a hundred yards with a bullet in his heart. Fuckin' Brendan should have ran track.

Jem indicates the spot in front of him.

JEM

Fell over right here. I popped him, part of his head come off.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JEM (CONT'D)

Then I hit him four more times, I just kept thinkin', I hope he don't start runnin' again.

We FLASH to BRENDAN LEAHEY in a WHITE JUMPSUIT bleeding where Doug lies. Early nineties model sneakers coated in BLOOD.

DOUG

I didn't ask you to do that.

JEM

You didn't have to. They told me Brendan Leahey was over Mishawum about to roll up on my boy with a Glock 41. So I came down here and put him in the fuckin' ground. And I did nine years for it.

(beat)

You don't have to thank me. But you're not walking away.

DOUG

I can't give you back that time. I wish I could. If you want to shoot me, Jimmy? Go ahead. You're gonna have to shoot me in the back. And I know that's not you.

Doug turns and walks away, leaving Jem standing there.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

123 INT. CLAIRE'S DOOR - DAY

123

FRAWLEY

Thanks for seeing me.

Frawley enters, holding a MANILA ENVELOPE.

FRAWLEY

I didn't realize you'd left your  
job at the bank.

He moves past her, into the living room.

CLAIRE

Last week, yes.

His eyes spark to a TIFFANY JEWELRY CASE on the table.  
He takes out the diamond necklace like a jilted lover.

CLAIRE

That -- it was a gift.

FRAWLEY

From the piano mover?

She doesn't answer. He sets it down, exhales.

CLAIRE

He isn't a piano mover.

FRAWLEY

No, he isn't.

CLAIRE

Maybe you should leave.

FRAWLEY

We have our suspects.

Frawley holds up the envelope.

FRAWLEY

I came here to share that with you. Or I can leave if that's what you'd like.

CLAIRE

How did you find them?

FRAWLEY

In the end, these Charlestown guys always talk to the wrong people. Start throwing money around...

He starts going through the mug shots.

FRAWLEY

Albert MacGloan... Desmond Elden.

He sets those aside.

FRAWLEY

James Coughlin.

He turns the paper over, revealing JEM'S PHOTO.

FRAWLEY

A crew we tied to the bank job, the North End, and at *least* three other armed car robberies.

He holds a beat, his look on her. Turns it over, revealing an old MUG SHOT OF DOUG.

FRAWLEY

Douglas MacRay. Look familiar? You opened the safe for him, he left you unharmed, and the two of you are now carrying on a relationship about which you lied to the FBI.

(beat)

I was wrong. You do need a lawyer.

Fergie moves through the small shop spraying flowers. His bodyguard reads a newspaper on a small stool.

Doug enters and they both look up.

DOUG

Fergie.  
(to bodyguard)  
Don't get up.

Half smile.

DOUG

I wanted to tell you myself,  
whatever you got, my guys can  
handle it without me.

FERGIE

I wouldn't hire them without you  
and I wouldn't hire you without  
them.

DOUG

With respect, I didn't come here  
for a debate. I'm not doin' it.  
So work it out best you can.

He reaches in his pocket. Rusty starts to stand.

DOUG

Calm down.  
(takes out envelope)  
This goes against my better  
judgement, but --

A beat. He puts the money on the table. Fergie picks it  
up, opens it, looks inside, closes it and looks back at  
Doug.

FERGIE

Not gonna cut it.  
(beat)  
You think I'm gonna put Joe  
Flipperhead on this? You're gonna  
do what I ask.

Doug takes a beat, pent up frustration and disdain.

DOUG

Who do you think you are? The  
only guy in Charlestown with a  
gun? You run numbers and pump  
dope. You're an old man with a  
fucked up face who don't know his  
glory years are behind him. I  
ain't workin' for ya. If you have  
a problem with that I'm at one  
sixteen Pearl Street. Top floor.  
Stop by any time. You know where  
to find me.

(CONTINUED)

He grunts a little smile out, placing flowers in a jar.

FERGIE

You're gonna do this for me or I'm  
gonna clip your nuts like I  
clipped your father's.

DOUG

Don't bring up my father.

FERGIE

Son. I knew your father. He  
worked for me for years. *Years.*  
Then he wanted his own thing.

Doug holds Fergie's look.

FERGIE

You play the horses?

Fergie's accent makes it sound like "husses."

FERGIE

They either geld a horse with a  
knife or with the chemicals.

(beat)

When your father said no to me I  
did him the chemical way -- I gave  
your mother a taste. Put the hook  
in her. Then I turned her out.  
She doped up and hung herself with  
a wire down on Melnea Cass.

Fergie looks at Doug, who hasn't moved.

FERGIE

Runnin' all over the neighborhood.  
He never had the heart to tell his  
son he was lookin' for a suicide  
doper, who wasn't never comin'  
home.

(beat)

Left her in a pauper's grave. No  
service. If there's a heaven,  
son, she ain't in it.

(holds look)

You're gonna do this. 'Cause I  
hear you got a nice girlfriend.  
Lives on the park. I don't want  
to have to send her funeral  
arrangement to your house, but I  
will if I have to.

(beat)

Since I know where to find you.

125 EXT. MONUMENT SQUARE - AFTERNOON

125

Doug comes down the street in a hurry. He turns the corner and stops in front of Claire's DOOR. He is FROZEN by something O.S.

A FUNERAL ARRANGEMENT rests against Claire's door. There is no name on it, just her address, 321 MONUMENT AVE. We recognize this as a brand from the Florist's.

Doug's heart drops. He rings her buzzer. She doesn't answer. He POUNDS the door. No answer.

He takes out his gun, BREAKS THE GLASS, opens the lock and goes in.

126 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

126

The door to Claire's apartment opens. Doug enters. Holds the gun low in his right hand.

DOUG

Claire?

He moves through the apartment with stealth.

Through the front living area, to a back hall and ultimately into the bedroom.

Doug stands in the bedroom, sensing something. He moves to the bathroom, sees the door slightly AJAR and a SHADOW on the FLOOR. He PUSHES IT OPEN slowly.

We REVEAL: CLAIRE, SITTING ON THE FLOOR, she's been crying.

Doug quickly sticks the gun away and moves toward her. She PULLS away.

CLAIRE

Get out.

DOUG

Claire...

CLAIRE

I know who you are, Doug.

DOUG

Hold on a second.

She indicates her cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

I have this on 911.

Doug moves very slowly. He eases himself across from her.

DOUG

Why don't you give me a chance?

CLAIRE

You had a chance.

DOUG

Who talked to you?

CLAIRE

The *FBI*, Doug --

DOUG

Okay, just listen to me -- But I'm the same person you knew.

CLAIRE

Everything you told me was a lie.

DOUG

I didn't lie to you.

She moves into anger.

CLAIRE

You're a criminal. You tried to manipulate me and make me feel sorry for you --

DOUG

*Sorry* for me?

CLAIRE

You want to know why people think you're trash, Doug? Because you are.

DOUG

Claire.

CLAIRE

You go to **FUCKING** hell!

Anger, turned brittle, breaks and tears start.

CLAIRE

Why did you do this to me?

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

I was going to tell you. I wanted  
to tell you that night.

CLAIRE

The night you fucked me? Is that  
your thing? It's not enough to  
terrorize someone, you have to  
fuck them, too?

DOUG

Calm down.

CLAIRE

Never, never let me see you again.

DOUG

Listen, listen --

CLAIRE

Get out.

She presses SEND on HER 911 CALL.

CLAIRE

GET OUT!

Doug backs out, propelled by the sheer force of her  
energy.

A127

EXT. BOSTON STREETS (LA DOUBLE FOR BOSTON) - DAY

A127

\*

Doug walks down the street. As he turns a corner we hear  
the CHIRP of a SIREN and very quickly an UNDERCOVER SEDAN  
hops the curb.

\*

\*

\*

Doug turns to see Dino come out quick followed by  
Frawley. Dino has an expandable baton.

\*

\*

DINO

Hey, come here.

\*

\*

Dino HITS him with a BATON. Doug STUMBLES, turns back,  
Frawley HITS him with a body shot, Dino gives him another  
CRACK and he goes to the pavement.

\*

\*

\*

Frawley stands over him.

\*

FRAWLEY

If you contact her, if you are  
around her, again, ever, we're --  
gonna put you down. Got it?

\*

\*

\*

\*

Looks down at Doug.

\*

(CONTINUED)

DINO

You want to make a complaint?  
Civil right beef?

\*  
\*  
\*

Dino holds out his phone.

\*

Frawley turns to go, then turns back.

\*

FRAWLEY

You know, those gangsters you and  
Coughlin shot up in the Bricks  
were really bent out of shape.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Frawley gives Doug a look like, "you think we didn't know  
that was you?"

\*  
\*

DINO

Lot of machismo in the Dominican  
culture.

\*  
\*  
\*

FRAWLEY

Somehow they got ahold of your  
picture. Go figure.

\*  
\*  
\*

(beat)

Just my way of saying 'go fuck  
yourself.'

\*  
\*  
\*

They leave Doug on the ground, panting.

\*

DINO

Remember, Duggy, stay away from  
the white women.

\*  
\*  
\*

127 EXT. DEALER'S HOUSE (THE BRICKS) - EVENING

127

Doug looks up at the customers who come and go up the  
steps. He heads up, greets a KID in a vestibule.

128 EXT. ABANDONED TRAIN CAR UNDER FREEWAY - DUSK

128

Doug sits in his truck, DRINKS A 6 PACK. Some  
PARAPHERNALIA in his hands. 80mg Oxycontin pills being  
crushed, mixed with white powder. A SUBWAY TRAIN goes  
by. Under the din he SHOOTs at the bottles he has lined  
up at the end of the car.

A130 EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A130

Doug walks up, looks at her window. Something catches  
his eye, it's a FUNERAL ARRANGEMENT set against her gate.

\*  
\*

He walks over to it and PULLS IT DOWN.

\*

(CONTINUED)

A130

CONTINUED:

A130

He looks over to see a CAR IDLING ACROSS THE STREET. We see RUSTY in the car, his arm hanging out, emblazoned with his CHARLESTON TATTOO. The SILHOUETTE OF THE FLORIST can be made out in the other seat (photo double).

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Rusty holds his look. They pull out.

\*

129

INT. FLORIST'S - DUSK

129

Doug stands in the door facing the Florist. Eyes red.

DOUG

I'm in. But if anything happens  
to her -- if I think something  
*might* happen to her.

(MORE)

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129 CONTINUED: 129

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna come back here and kill  
both of you in your own shop.

130 INT. COUGHLIN HOUSE - KRISTA'S DOOR - EVENING 130

Doug's KNOCK brings Krista to the door in a tank shirt,  
nylon pants, and Tweety slippers. She straightens,  
surprised. Doug doesn't look great.

131 INT. KRISTA'S PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER 131

Shyne is confined to her sticky highchair, shredding  
string cheese into white threads.

KRISTA  
(indicates Shyne)  
You want me to put her away?

DOUG  
No.

She moves off into the kitchen.

DOUG  
I'm going away.

The microwave opens and shuts in the adjoining kitchen.

KRISTA (O.S.)  
Are you takin' heat?

Doug hates to hear her talk like her brother.

KRISTA (O.S.)  
When you coming back?

Doug doesn't answer.

KRISTA (O.S.)  
Jem know?

She enters, setting down a plate of Chicken a la King in  
front of him and a child's knife and fork.

DOUG  
He asked me to do one last thing  
for him. So I'm gonna do it.

A132 EXT. BOSTON STREETS - NIGHT A132 \*

Across the street from the florist, Frawley and Dino sit \*  
in their car, binoculars. \*

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY

Think they're putting together  
some hydrangeas?  
(looks out)  
I thought Fergie was strictly  
drugs and books.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DINO

In eighty-eight, a pizza kid got  
smart with Fergie. Rusty held him  
down and Fergie cut his head off  
with a buck knife in front of four  
people.  
(beat)  
What do you want to do?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAWLEY

There's always a weak spot. All  
we have to do is find it.  
(beat)  
Maybe we're looking in the wrong  
place.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Doug, Jem, Gloansy and Dez sit on folding chairs by a  
walk-in cooler. Fergie regards the guys.

FERGIE

I see your father's faces in you.  
Each of you. Reminds me I'm still  
in the ring. Still taking  
punches. Still ahead on points...

He laughs to himself.

FERGIE

I got a fella on the inside who  
likes to play the ponies. Has a  
gambling sickness. Sick he can't  
pick a horse to save his fuckin'  
life. So I have this:

(holding envelope)

Security chart, maps, tunnels.  
Cash gets brought out and packed  
fifteen minutes before the can  
does the pick-up. That's when you  
hit it.

(beat, hands out)

Monday morning after a four-game  
stand with New York. Sixty-  
thousand beers a night, food,  
merch -- total haul three and a  
half million.

(beat)

Taking down the cathedral of  
Boston? Priceless.

GLOANSY

(sotto to Doug)

He thinks he made that joke up.

133 EXT. FENWAY PARK GAME - ESTABLISHING - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT 133

Cathedral of Boston. Big sexy night Fenway stuff.

134 EXT. FENWAY PARK - NIGHT 134

A night game in progress. Doug turns to Jem.

JEM

What's the half life of the man  
inside when this is over.

DOUG

He should have picked better  
horses.

(beat)

This ain't gonna be easy. You  
know that.

(CONTINUED)

134

CONTINUED:

134

JEM

If they were easy, kid, everyone  
would do them.

135

INT. LYNN BAR - EVENING

135

Krista sits at the bar and we see Frawley is watching  
her. He comes over and sits next to her.

FRAWLEY

Seems like we were having a bit of  
a staring contest over there.

(gets her a drink)

Funny story, one night at a bar,  
this guy was going around telling  
ladies he was judging a Hugging  
Contest, most of the time, they  
fell for it. He would hold them  
and rub their backs, I finally got  
sick of it, and told him I was  
judging a Face-Punching Contest.

KRISTA

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, Frawley drops a twenty on the bar.

KRISTA

What are you doing down here?  
Slumming?

FRAWLEY

Trying to do my job.

KRISTA

Oh, right. The Fucking Contest.

FRAWLEY

Basically. I work for the FBI.

Krista throws her head back and laughs, warming to him.

KRISTA

That's the first laugh I had in a  
month.

(CONTINUED)

FRAWLEY

You and Doug MacRay used to run around, right?

KRISTA

How you know Duggy?

FRAWLEY

We sorta work together.

KRISTA

Sand and Gravel?

FRAWLEY

Nooooo.

He pulls out FIVE MORE TWENTIES.

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

Less than a fifty.

FRAWLEY

Six inches? Over or under.

KRISTA

Under.

FRAWLEY

Wrong. Six-point-one-four inches exactly. Now the width. Girth. Some claim it's more important. Take a guess.

She just looks at him.

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... Oxy.

(CONTINUED)

She's hearing him now.

FRAWLEY

So how's it work? You get a call?  
You pick up a package at Point A,  
deliver it to Point B, and for  
that the Florist pays you C.

(beat)

You're thinking about walking out  
on me. See, it's not that simple.  
I start waving this around.

(shows badge)

... bad for you.

KRISTA

I want a lawyer.

FRAWLEY

Good, get one. This is about  
protecting yourself. Not even  
yourself. Your daughter.

She gives him nothing.

FRAWLEY

How long were you with MacRay?

KRISTA

All my life.

FRAWLEY

And in all those years you were  
together -- how many diamond  
necklaces he buy you from Tiffany?

Doug approaches Claire, digging in the dirt.

She turns. Looks at him.

DOUG

I just want to talk to you for a  
minute.

CLAIRE

I thought they arrested you.

DOUG

They did. If they could have put  
me away they wouldn't have come  
trying to scare you.

CLAIRE

The FBI doesn't scare me, Doug.  
You scare me.

DOUG

I would never hurt you.

CLAIRE

I don't know what you would do.

DOUG

You know who I am. I'm the same  
person you knew then.

CLAIRE

Yeah. I knew who you were. I  
didn't know who you were. But I  
knew who you were. And I did it  
anyway. And I hate myself for it.

DOUG

Don't say that.

CLAIRE

Just so you know: I was in love  
with you. Remember that, when  
you're in Lewisberg, or wherever  
you end up.

This crushes Doug.

DOUG

Claire.

CLAIRE

You victimized me, and I got  
through it -- and then you came  
back and did it *again*...

DOUG

Listen to me --

CLAIRE

Everything you've said to me has  
been a lie.

DOUG

I lied to you because I didn't  
want you to hate me.

CLAIRE

How did that work out?

DOUG

I'll never lie to you again.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Doug...

DOUG

Ask me anything you want.

CLAIRE

I won't believe you.

DOUG

Yes you will.

CLAIRE

Why?

DOUG

Because you'll hate the answers.

She looks him over.

CLAIRE

You knew I was the manager in the bank. Were you following me?

DOUG

Yes.

CLAIRE

For how long?

DOUG

Five weeks, off and on.

CLAIRE

How many banks have you robbed?

DOUG

Six trucks and two banks.

CLAIRE

And you shot those men in the projects?

DOUG

... yes.

CLAIRE

Were you ever going to tell me who you were?

DOUG

I tried that night -- I kept telling myself I would every time I saw you. But I didn't want it to end.

(CONTINUED)

The next question takes a bit longer to ask.

CLAIRE

Have you ever killed anyone?

DOUG

No.

CLAIRE

Are you in love with me?

DOUG

Yes.

CLAIRE

What if you had met me in that  
laundromat and I told you I had  
identified four men who robbed my  
bank and that I was about to tell  
the FBI. What would you have  
done?

DOUG

... I don't know.

A long beat. That sinks in. Quietly:

CLAIRE

Are you going to do it again?

DOUG

Yes.

CLAIRE

Yes?

DOUG

Soon.

CLAIRE

Why?

He looks at her.

DOUG

I don't have a choice.

CLAIRE

That's such bullshit. You have a  
choice. It doesn't matter who you  
looked up to from an ice cream  
store. You don't have to do  
anything.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him with something between loss and disappointment.

DOUG

You have no reason to believe me. I wouldn't blame you for hating me. All I can do is tell you the truth. I'm leaving here. I have to do one last thing. That's it. No excuses. I got myself in and I have to get myself out. Even though I don't deserve it, I hope there's still a shot that I can be with you. When I'm done I'll come find you. I will never hurt you, I'll never lie to you and if I lose you I'll regret it every day for the rest of my life -- in Lewisberg or anywhere else.

INT. JEM'S BASEMENT - DAY

Jem is cleaning the weapons and ammunition on a table in a basement room. Doug comes downstairs.

Doug looks at the several assault weapons.

JEM

Tools are set. Got the armor. Uniforms?

DOUG

Gloansy got 'em.  
(nods)  
We had a good run. By any standard.

JEM

We set the standard.

DOUG

This thing goes right might be your turn to step away, too.

Jem shrugs.

DOUG

Things change, man. Nothing wrong with it.

JEM

What am I gonna do? Go down to Margaritaville, drink up half a yard falling off bar stools?

DOUG

The Florist -- kid, he'll keep turning you out till you get bounced for good.

Jem snorts.

DOUG

The weight of this, you should at least pack a parachute.

JEM

The worst thing about prison was guys *pretending they wanted to get out.*

Jem checks the action on a weapon.

JEM

You ever hear the old-timers call a guy a 'fifty pound horse'?

DOUG

No.

JEM

A guy has two horses One's got a hundred pounds. The other got fifty. Hundred-pound horse falls over dead. Guy puts the hundred pound sack on the fifty-pound horse. Now that fifty-pound horse won't move. He won't take a step with another pound on his back. That's me. Ain't doin' no more time. We get jammed up -- we're holding court on the street.

DOUG

Mule.

JEM

What?

DOUG

It's not a horse. The story the old guys tell. It's a 'fifty-pound *mule.*'

138 INT. HOWARD JOHNSON HOTEL - ROOM 224 - EVENING 138

Doug opens a curtain revealing a view of Fenway Park.

He checks the message light on the phone, picks up the receiver, makes sure the phone is working.

139 HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - LATER 139

Doug is out of the shower getting dressed. Hears a KNOCK.

140 HOTEL ROOM - DUSK 140

Doug throws open the door. A woman three doors down turns fast to the sound. It's Krista with Shyne on her hip.

Doug doesn't move. Krista comes up, looking past him.

KRISTA

Got any juice?

She holds up Shyne's empty bottle.

A141 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER A141

Krista sets Shyne down on the floor in front of the TV.

DOUG

What the fuck are doing here?

KRISTA

Dez told me you were here.

DOUG

Fuckin' Dez.

KRISTA

Don't be mad at him. I need to talk to you.

DOUG

Not a good time, Krista.

KRISTA

I know.

DOUG

What do you want?

(CONTINUED)

KRISTA

To see you before you go.

Krista sits on the edge of the bed.

DOUG

You can't stay here.

KRISTA

I don't want to stay. I want to  
go with you.

(off his look)

I want to change, too, Duggy.

DOUG

Jesus Christ.

KRISTA

Why can't I change? I could be a  
different person.

(MORE)

KRISTA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Tell me what you want me to do  
then. I'll be whoever you want me  
to be.

Doug watches Shyne flash blue-green in the TV light.

KRISTA

Motherfucker. You can't wait for  
me to go, can you.

DOUG

I'm leaving with somebody else.

She looks around the room.

KRISTA

Why isn't she *here* then, if she's  
going with you? 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 eliciting a fierce smile from  
her. He shakes her, but can't shake away that smile.

DOUG

What do you know about a necklace?

He GRABS HER BY THE NECK AND SLAMS HER INTO THE WALL.

KRISTA

I know you'd rather see a rope  
around *my* neck.

Doug sees Shyne in his periphery. He releases Krista and  
scoops up Shyne and her doll.

He marches to the door with Shyne under his arm.

Doug opens the door and sets Shyne down gently on the hall floor. He steps back into the room, facing Krista.

KRISTA

We're coming with you.

DOUG

You're getting out of here.

He starts to resolutely move her.

KRISTA

Don't say *no* to me.

He grabs her arm. She fights him --

KRISTA

No!

She shakes free of his grip and walks the few remaining steps out into the hallway herself.

KRISTA

You don't know what you --

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.

Frawley is crossing the street, listening to the cell, trying to shovel eggs in his mouth and keep the ones in the box from getting wet.

FRAWLEY

I said, 'I can hear you.'

SERGEANT (V.O.)

(on phone)

We got a DWI here, one-car --

Cruisers surround an accident: Doug's truck demolished.

142

CONTINUED:

142

SERGEANT (V.O.)

Coughlin, Kristina. Had a kid  
with her. Little girl's fine,  
tagged in the system to call you --

143

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON HOTEL - ROOM 224 - SAME TIME

143

Doug and Jem, dressed as cops, Dez in Vericom uniform and  
Gloansy dressed as EMT, all prepare for the job. They  
load WEAPONS into DUFFEL bags.

Doug checks the door and cracks the blinds slightly to  
look out.

JEM

Will you quit fuckin' doin' that.  
You're makin' me nervous. There's  
no one at HoJo's. Shit.

Doug ignores him and goes back to loading bags.

144

INT. ER BAY - DAY

144

Krista sits in the padded visitor's chair, gauze wrapped  
around her forehead. Blood spatters her shirt and jeans.  
She has been crying.

KRISTA

Here he is. Six inches.

Frawley enters.

FRAWLEY

What happened?

KRISTA

You're in the FBI. Figure it the  
fuck out.

Frawley glances at the EMPTY CAR SEAT in the corner,  
crumb-dusted and milk-stained. Krista sees him looking.

KRISTA

No, she wasn't hurt. Not a  
scratch.

FRAWLEY

You could be looking at Mother of  
the Year.

KRISTA

What the fuck do you know about my  
life? Fuckin' faggot.

(CONTINUED)

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?

FRAWLEY

Hey, no one's using you. I found  
you like this. You need to sell  
me something.

KRISTA

I'm a person, you know.

FRAWLEY

You're a person who's going to  
need a plea agreement -- if you  
want any chance to retain custody.

She looks up fast, her eyes blinking wet.

KRISTA

I want your guarantee.

FRAWLEY

I never said *guarantee*. I said I  
could try. If that's not enough,  
maybe 'Doug' can do something?

(smartass)

Fergie have social services juice?

Her eyes spark to the last name.

FRAWLEY

I'm kidding.

Nothing in her low-eyed look is telling -- except its  
duration.

FRAWLEY

I don't think old Fergus is gonna  
come charging in here on behalf  
of --

(CONTINUED)

Frawley puts it together.

FRAWLEY

Oh, Jesus. He's the father?  
(to self)  
Mercy.

Krista's chin trembles.

QUICK CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - THE FLORIST

MOUNTING KRISTA, grunting.

BACK TO SCENE (PRESENT)

KRISTA

Why do you have to lean on me so hard?

FRAWLEY

What do you have?

KRISTA

Duggy's going away after. With her.

FRAWLEY

Her? Wait, what *after*? *After* what?

Krista stares at the ground. Frawley zeroes in.

FRAWLEY

You need to be smart, Krista.  
This is a big moment for Shyne.  
This can make the difference for her.

She looks away, her jaw quivering.

KRISTA

What about my brother?

FRAWLEY

Honestly, prison is the best thing that could happen to your brother.

KRISTA

(breaking down)  
She's retarded. She's gonna need special things.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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144 CONTINUED: (3) 144  
KRISTA (CONT'D)  
Different schools... I'm not doin'  
this for me. It's for her...

145 EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON HOTEL - ROOM 224 - BALCONY - SAME 145  
TIME  
The four cops emerge with their gear. Doug looks around,  
all directions. She didn't come -- but she didn't dime.

146 INT. THUNDERBIRD (LANDSDOWNE ST.) - NOON 146  
Two cops sitting in a parked Thunderbird. Doug and Jem.  
DOUG  
Let's go.

147 EXT. THUNDERBIRD (LANDSDOWNE ST.) - CONTINUOUS ACTION 147  
The two rear doors open simultaneously as Doug and Jem  
exit. They start toward an entrance under the green  
monster.

148 EXT. LANDSDOWNE ST. - CONTINUOUS ACTION 148  
STEADICAM, Doug and Jem THROUGH the crowd, AROUND the  
ballpark, INTO the entrance.

149 EXT./INT. LANDSDOWNE ST. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 149  
Jem BANGS HARD ON A BANK OF EXIT-ONLY DOORS. We STAY  
WITH them in STEADICAM real time.  
The DOOR OPENS revealing the INSIDE MAN (55). He is the  
PARK HEAD of MAINTENANCE.  
He eyes them with deep regret, not a bad man -- just a  
guy with a sickness who couldn't get out from under.  
INSIDE MAN  
Officer.  
JEM  
Yeah, let's go.  
Doug holds his look as he passes: the face of a dead  
man.  
The Inside Man leads them through the doors and onto an  
open metal staircase. They go DOWN ONE FLIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As our CAMERA COUNTERS, we REVEAL an open MAINTENANCE door the size of a truck that opens out on to LEFT FIELD and the GREEN MONSTER SCOREBOARD. It is odd to be so close, the field almost unnaturally green.

WORKERS mill around, no one gives them a second look.

The Inside Man leads them into his office, a menagerie of lawn tools, odds and ends -- and gestures toward a small DOOR IN THE BACK.

They step through the door and find themselves in a CAVERNOUS AREA UNDERNEATH THE SEATS.

Jem and Doug continue and are able to walk, unobserved all the way around the park and into the REAR TUNNELS. Jem TAPS A CORNERSTONE that reads "1912."

CUT TO:

150 INT. ELECTRIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 150

Doug and Jem emerge from the door into the room with all the ELECTRICAL BREAKERS in it. All of the power for Fenway Park coursing through mammoth switch boxes. They move through.

151 EXT. LANDSDOWNE STREET - SAME TIME 151

Dez has his truck parked next to a GRATE which abuts the park. He opens it and climbs down.

152 INT. MACHINE ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 152

Doug and Jem emerge near some pipes and approach a FIRE DOOR. They use a SAW and CROWBAR to open it. They enter the SECURITY TUNNELS.

They SLIDE THE DOOR OPEN and step through.

153 INT. VERICOM SECURITY ROOM - SAME TIME 153

Dez starts pulling wires in a room full of electronics. He powers off a series of hard drive servers.

154 INT. SECURITY TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS ACTION 154

Jem and Doug enter the SECURITY TUNNELS, which have a slightly more modern feel than the previous environs (which were 1912-era). Doug talks into a phone/walkie:

(CONTINUED)

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154 CONTINUED: 154

DOUG  
Nothing recording?

155 INT. VERICOM SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 155

DEZ  
No camera in the park.

156 INT. SECURITY TUNNELS 156

Jem and Doug head down the hall and turn a corner to see:  
Two ARMED SECURITY PERSONNEL in CASHCOM shirts stand talking to a YOUNGER SECURITY GUARD, ERIC, in a RED SHIRT. Doug starts at them, his voice BOOMING inside the tunnel.

DOUG  
Who called 911?

The Guards peer down the long tunnel. Jem's hand is on his waist.

JEM  
Was it you who called?

The Red Shirt (ERIC) comes hustling up -- young and jittery.

JEM  
911 call we got.

ERIC  
I didn't... it wasn't...

JEM  
Robbery call. Who else is here?

ERIC  
Robbery?

DOUG  
Call says you're being held up. Right now.

ERIC  
I need to call security.

DOUG  
Who do you think let us in the security doors?

The concerned Guards put their hands on their holsters.

(CONTINUED)

JEM

We got a distress call! Who made  
the call?

The Guards step into the far end of the tunnel.

GUARD #1

No call from us.

JEM

(closer)  
Who called it?

GUARD #1

(raising one hand)  
Hold on. Where's Mike?

JEM

ID! Let's see some ID!

GUARD #2

Hold on, hold it, now.

Guard #1 drops down into a protective crouch.

JEM

Whoa, *whoa!*

DOUG

Don't do that.

Doug pushes Eric flat to the ground.

DOUG

Everybody on the ground *now*.

JEM

For our safety! I want IDs  
from everybody. Get down!

DOUG

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 hustles to Jem's side, quickly binding their hands  
with plastic ties and taking their radios.

(CONTINUED)

156

CONTINUED: (2)

156

DOUG AND JEM PULL MASKS UP FROM INSIDE THEIR COLLARS, only their eyes are exposed.

157

INT. FENWAY PARK - OUTSIDE MONEY ROOM - LATER

157

Doug approaches the money room; it has a steel door and concrete walls. There is a smoked glass window. Doug calls loudly to the security guys inside the cash room. They cannot be seen but can surely hear Doug.

DOUG

Arnold Washton! In the cash room. You got a wife, *Linda*. You live at 311 Hazer Street, Quincy -- with three small dogs. Do not make a distress call.

He takes a beat.

DOUG

Also in the cash room: Morton Harford, 27 Counting Lane, Randolph -- wife *also* Linda. Arnold, the Lindas want you to open this door.

Nothing from the cash room.

DOUG

Arnold, we have a police scanner, we have people at your home and you have five seconds to open this door. ONE!

CLACK goes the cash room door, opening.

158

INT. CASH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

158

VALHALLA -- BIG BRICKS of CASH -- counting machines.

Doug and Jem pull out all the cash.

ARNOLD and MORTON are being zip-tied.

Jem dumps off two heavy racks of coins, the rolls BURSTING nickels and dimes to the floor.

Jem tosses cash parcels at Doug who bags them.

MONEY LOADED on a DOLLY, they set to roll out.

Jem and Doug look at each other, loaded up with a HUGE BAG OF MONEY.

159 INT. FENWAY PARK - MONEY ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 159

JEM AND DOUG TAKE: A DOLLY OF MONEY.

Arnold is one of those guys who starts talking when he gets scared.

He is being zip-tied and arranged along with MORTON.

ARNOLD

Listen, no money's worth --

DOUG

-- Arnold. All be over in a minute.

Long beat as he gets gaffled up.

MORTON

You think you're gonna get out of here?

DOUG

Anyone can grab money. It's the getaway that separates the pros from the cons.

MORTON

I was a guard at Walpole for twenty years. I got friends who will make your lives rip ass hell.

DOUG

I doubt it, Morton. We'll probably do federal time for this.

JEM

(in his face)

But we'll make sure our friends find you first... just in case.

160 EXT. FENWAY PARK - GATE A - SAME TIME 160

Outside the "1912 Fenway Park" facade, Frawley opens his trunk and puts on his nylon FBI vest. 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. Too late.

(CONTINUED)

160

CONTINUED:

160

A SWAT COMMAND CAMPER idles: Two pairs of SWAT COMMANDOS emerge and approach Frawley. Frawley indicates the main pedestrian concourse.

FRAWLEY

Guys, we have to close off these streets.

An FBI SWAT officer interrupts him.

FBI SWAT #1

Sir, we've been trying to hail the security for the cash room and we're not getting a response.

Frawley starts running that way.

161

INT. FENWAY PARK - CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

161

Doug and Jem emerge from a SECURITY DOOR into the public section of the park. The game is a long way away, so there are very few people around. Stores are being cleaned and prepped. A few carts go by with kegs of beer.

Doug and Jem, dressed as police officers, wheel a DOLLY which carries a DUFFEL FULL OF FOUR MILLION IN CASH. They go under a series of large beams in the open causeway.

They enter the narrower tunnel with outlets to the seating. No one seems to take much notice of them. Almost home.

162

INT. FENWAY PARK - GATE D - MOMENTS LATER

162

They approach an IDLING AMBULANCE sitting near a HALF OPEN VEHICLE BAY which affords access out of the park.

On the other side of the bay is the idling ARMORED TRUCK, waiting for the courier (who is zip-tied in the cash room). We see the DRIVER reading the paper and watch our guys pass in his SIDE MIRROR.

As they come up to the side of the ambulance, Doug knocks on the side deliberately three times. A moment later the door OPENS A CRACK, revealing GLOANSY and DEZ and a HANDCUFFED AND GAGGED EMT. Doug nods to him.

They open the door wider and begin loading the bags into the ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doug stops for a minute. He looks around. Something isn't right. As the guys continue loading, he backs away from the ambulance and realizes the place is EERILY QUIET.

It seems like the level of activity has abated almost entirely in the park.

DOUG

Drop it. Walk away.

JEM

We're loaded.

GLOANSY

Get in --

DOUG

We're made. Walk away. Go into the park.

JEM

Fuck that, we made it. Let's go!

Doug cuts him off.

DOUG

Ssshhhh --

Did he see something behind a piling?

But Doug is drawn toward the bay, he walks up toward the front, knowing what he will see when he gets a look at the street. He looks out the bay window, we REVEAL:

HIS POV - EXT. YAWKEY WAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

SWAT TEAM EVERYWHERE. The place is swarming with cops. Includes Agent Conlan from the task force, making his way up the street.

ON DOUG

That's it. It's over. You don't get out of this. Guys are running back and forth with SHIELDS. It's SWAT Christmas. They are moving to a position up the street so they aren't looking at us -- but there are too many of them to think of getting away.

164

INT. FENWAY PARK - GATE D - CONTINUOUS ACTION

164

Doug looks to Jem. He sees it on Doug's face. Doug knows how it will go. Jem sees movement down the alley.

(CONTINUED)

It's a small mirror on a long pole poking through a crack in the wall. Jem opens up, SHATTERING the mirror.

Doug looks to the street, people are PANICKING. SWAT is SCRAMBLING. Some police begin to advance.

He FIRES over their heads to back them off.

The dock suddenly fills with ricocheting fireballs: STARFLASH ROUNDS.

Jem breaks off his empty mag and reloads, cursing.

And it begins.

Total shoot-out pandemonium.

Doug takes cover at the GATE and shots start RAINING in around him.

He FIRES out the GRATE to back off the fire, SHATTERING GLASS on nearby souvenir storefronts.

JEM

How the fuck did this happen?

Gloansy FIRES from outside the car. Dez moves up to the front of the ambulance near Doug.

SHOTS LAND NEAR DOUG. HE JUMPS, moves, can't see where they're coming from. He takes cover behind a pole and more shots hit the door of the ambulance.

GLOANSY IS HIT and falls to the ground clutching his chest.

Doug looks to see the shots are coming out of a PORTHOLE in the ARMORED TRUCK. The DRIVER is taking pot shots at them.

DOUG

It's the driver. Fuck!

Doug signals to Dez.

DOUG

Hit the plunger!

He points to a knob on the wall near the roll-up door on the bay. Dez makes a run for it. Simultaneously, Doug runs at the armored truck, STICKS HIS RIFLE IN THE PORT AND FIRES!

The Driver JUMPS, panics and gets behind the wheel, guns the engine and heads out the door.

(CONTINUED)

164 THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots)  
CONTINUED: (2)

118A.

164

The POLICE AND FBI outside, thinking this is the crew trying to escape, UNLOAD on the TRUCK with everything they have as it comes out.

(CONTINUED)

164

CONTINUED: (3)

164

The driver weaves to the left, the considerable heft and momentum of the truck crashing through several makeshift barricades until it caroms onto its side by way of an idling cruiser and lands with a crash in a parking lot, the driver knocked unconscious after CRACKING his HEAD on the wheel on impact.

Dez HITS THE PLUNGER and the roll door closes -- Doug fires out the door as it does.

A165 EXT. YAWKEY WAY (NEAR CRASHED TRUCK) - CONTINUOUS ACTION A165

Several officers surround the crashed truck. CONLAN (FBI SWAT) among them.

CONLAN

(into microphone)

It's just the driver. He must have got spooked.

B165 INT. FENWAY PARK - GATE D BAY - SAME TIME

B165

Jem TAKES FIRE from SWAT positions inside the park.

An FBI SWAT OFFICER, Agent Hanson, in a SHAKY POV barely makes out Jem.

FBI SWAT OFFICER HANSON

(into radio)

They look like EMTs.

165 EXT. YAWKEY WAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

165

An FBI SWAT/TAC COP CANES approaches Frawley in a crouch.

FBI SWAT #2 (CANES)

Sir, we have concussive grenades, their impact is roughly one decibel short of causing permanent hearing loss and a footcandle short of permanent blindness.

Well?

FRAWLEY

How many you got?

166 INT. FENWAY PARK - GATE D - CONTINUOUS ACTION

166

Jem sees TWO GRENADES skip into the bay.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG  
COVER YOUR EARS!

The guys DIVE. GRENADES EXPLODE. BOOOM. The guys manage to cover up except for Dez who is caught directly.

He comes walking out from the other side of the ambulance, looking like a six-year-old kid, completely deaf and blind.

(CONTINUED)

DEZ

Dougie?

Dez is shot cleanly through the head by an FBI SWAT officer. Blood on the ambulance.

Jem and Doug turn and FIRE toward where the shots came from.

Jem ADVANCES, FIRING on a SOURCE OF FIRE and BACKS OFF some of the SWAT guys. His 7.62 rounds BLOW OFF PIECES OF SWAT SHIELDS.

Doug looks out the WINDOW and SEES FRAWLEY. He TAKES AIM AT HIM and FIRES.

FRAWLEY DUCKS.

FRAWLEY

Hello there...

Now that the full tactical team is assembled AND they know there are armed men firing at them from inside, the firing becomes a continuous assault.

Gloansy gets their attention --

GLOANSY

Yo! Meet me at the switch!

JEM

What?

Jem and Doug move closer to Gloansy near the car door.

GLOANSY

I'm outta here. See you motherfuckers at the switch.

JEM

Are you stupid?

GLOANSY

They're not looking for cops. I roll out you'll have a minute to beat it out the side with the suits on.

DOUG

There's a hundred cops out there.

GLOANSY

You know I can take a pinch.

(off their look)

I'll only give them your first  
names.

He winks.

This self-sacrifice is acknowledged with a look before  
Gloansy turns back to the ambulance and gets in.

EXT. YAWKEY WAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The ambulance punches through the bay door, lights on.  
It takes the cops by surprise and initially they don't  
fire, thinking it might be a legit emergency vehicle.  
Looks back and forth. Frawley sees Gloansy and fires.

Frawley works the pump action on his shotgun: BLAM! --  
MISSES the first shot, sparks kicking up off the asphalt.  
He gets a TIRE with his second. He jumps the curb,  
careening into parked cars. Several other OFFICERS FIRE.

168

CONTINUED:

168

GLOANSY JERKS HARD to the RIGHT and then has to OVER-CORRECT.

Gloansy GUNS it toward Landsdowne Street but is SHOT before he gets there, crashing into several cars and the SWAT trailer.

A169 INT. FENWAY PARK - CONCOURSE GATE D ADJACENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION A169

FBI SWAT advance, calling out to one another.

FBI SWAT #1

Clear!

Another moves forward.

FBI SWAT OFFICER HANSON

Clear!

They see POLICE at the other end of the concourse.

FBI SWAT #1

Don't move!

POLICE OFFICER

Police!

FBI SWAT OFFICER HANSON

Fuck you, get on the ground.

POLICE OFFICER

Fuck you. Police.

169 INT. FENWAY PARK - GATE D - CONTINUOUS ACTION

169

Doug and Jem put police coats and hats back on.

DOUG

See you in Florida, kid.

JEM

See you when you get back.

A170 INT. FENWAY PARK - CONCOURSE GATE D ADJACENT - SAME TIME A170

The FBI SWAT come around the corner, police behind them and move forward to the Gate D bay.

They see Doug kneeling over DEZ.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT CONLAN

Get the fuck away from him.

Doug rises.

FBI SWAT OFFICER HANSON

Fucking cops. This is an FBI  
crime scene. BPD fuck off.

DOUG

Sorry.

Doug steps off. Hanson turns to Conlan.

FBI SWAT OFFICER HANSON

That's my kill...

We see Jem, silhouetted in the doorway. Doug moves down  
the hall.

SIRENS AND FLASHING BLUES arrive. In the ambulance,  
Gloansy is slumped against the blood-streaked window and  
deployed airbag, unmoving.

Frawley is looking in the window, sees there is only one  
guy. He is approached by Dino and a POLICE CAPTAIN.

POLICE CAPTAIN

I don't know if we're dealing with  
a high level of genius, but  
security's saying they got hit by  
cops.

DINO

Cops?

POLICE CAPTAIN

Yeah, two cops they said.

He looks back up Yawkey: a sea of cops.

171 INT. GATE D CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 171

Doug walks up a ramp. Cops come down the other way.

172 EXT. YAWKEY WAY - MOMENTS LATER 172

Frawley is trolling slowly and sees ONE OFFICER off in the MIDDLE DISTANCE who doesn't appear to be engaged.

FRAWLEY

Where's he going?

173 EXT. VAN NESS - CONTINUOUS ACTION 173

Doug crosses the street briskly.

Then, ahead of him, he sees Jem with his duffel -- a man in an FBI vest (Frawley) trailing him. Doug looks at freedom -- looks back and follows Jem.

174 EXT. PARKING LOT (BOYLSTON STREET) - CONTINUOUS ACTION 174

Frawley following Jem along a row of parked cars.

FRAWLEY

Officer! Hold up a minute there,  
please.

Jem stops, motionless. When he turns, he turns firing his shoulder-harnessed Tec with a sweeping arm motion.

Frawley spins away -- just in time. Jem FIRES.

ON DOUG

Jem heads for a crowded McDonald's, a panicked, grainy voice SCREAMING at him on the Drive-Thru speaker.

ON FRAWLEY

Shotgun to his shoulder. He FIRES WIDE, hitting a stand of free Apartment Guides in front of Jem, stopping him and keeping him away from the McDonald's.

Jem cuts back the other way as people stream out of McDonald's. People are running in all directions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON JEM

Holding the money bag as a shield now, he crosses the intersection, where MORE COPS lie in wait. A FLURRY of rounds peck at his vest, his leg, his shooting arm.

Cruisers scream to a halt on Boylston. Police get out. Jem stutters GUNFIRE, until he runs out of ammo. He throws it to the ground.

He produces a Beretta and CONTINUES FIRING.

Frawley returns fire, hitting JEM in the HAND.

FRAWLEY

On the ground, FBI. *FBI!*

Jem raises his extra pistol in his bloody hand. Frawley squeezes one blast low -- BLAM!

JEM FALLS BACK, backpedaling until finally he falls off the wet curb and drops hard onto the road, back against a MAILBOX.

FRAWLEY

Coughlin! Throw me your weapon.

Doug looks back at him. A sea of police officers, skulking behind cars, holding weapons. Bouncing brass, glass and distant sirens are the only sounds.

FRAWLEY

Coughlin!

JEM

All right!

Jem sees a DISCARDED SODA, dropped in the panic.

JEM

One second!

He strains to reach for it and finally grasping it, he takes a pull from the straw.

He raises his empty weapon at the police who light him up. He SLUMPS to his seat. Realizing he isn't dead, he gets back up, aiming the weapon again until a few SHOTS FIND THEIR MARK, the first at his jaw, the second snapping his head and releasing his life like a spring.

The Police approach Jem and fire into what is clearly a dead corpse. Everyone wants to get their shot.

(CONTINUED)

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174 CONTINUED: (2) 174

DOUG'S POV

Jem lying in the middle of the road, cops firing. Torn cash blowing everywhere.

175 EXT. BOYLSTON STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION 175

There are literally TWENTY POLICE CARS, all stopped at various angles in the street -- lights flashing -- doors ajar -- the officers having leapt into the action.

Doug quietly approaches a BOSTON POLICE CRUISER, gets in and DRIVES AWAY.

176 EXT. TOWN FLOWERS (MAIN STREET) - LATER 176

The CRUISER outside the Florist's shop.

177 INT. TOWN FLOWERS - MINUTES LATER 177

The bell RINGS over the door as he enters. Doug waits a few airless moments -- Another funeral arrangement lays in the shop -- like the one for Claire.

-- until Rusty pushes through the black curtain behind the counter. He looks up eyeing the cop like any customer. Then he recognizes Doug's face. Doug indicates that Rusty should come, in a hushed, secretive manner.

DOUG

Rusty...

Rusty comes to the counter and the second he turns his head, Doug puts a GUN to it and PULLS THE TRIGGER, killing him instantly.

178 INT. FLORIST'S BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 178

The back room is empty.

Doug enters, comes to the center of the room. He sees a SMALL DOOR, slightly open, lifts his gun.

DOUG  
(calling out)  
Fergie, come on out.

The door opens and Fergie comes through in his sweatpants, holding a BOSTON HERALD in one hand and a .45 in the other, he stands seven or eight feet from Doug.

(CONTINUED)

FERGIE

*Prick.*

They start SHOOTING at one another.

The feel should be of watching people shoot one another on surveillance video: wide, detached and oddly pedestrian.

Doug has the clear advantage of a VEST and after five or six shots Fergie BUCKLES and DROPS to the floor abruptly.

Doug replaces his empty clip with a new one, chambering a round. He opens his shirt and checks to see that the VEST HAS SAVED HIM FROM SEVERAL HITS -- HE IS OKAY.

He kneels next to Fergie who lies on the floor and puts his gun in the florist's CROTCH and looks him in the eye.

DOUG

Fergie, remember who it was that clipped your nuts for you.

BOOM --

EXT. YAWKEY WAY - TEN MINUTES LATER

Frawley listens to a COP give his SHOOTING STATEMENT to an INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICER, exaggerating his role.

BRAGGING COP

To reload, at which point I fired, struck the suspect. I believe at least once in the clavicle...

Frawley tunes this guy out.

Then a flurry of activity among the cops nearby. A passing cop's police radio drones:

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)

... repeat, all units, 529 Main Street, Charlestown...

Dino and Frawley look at each other.

FRAWLEY

That's the Florist.

Dino hails a passing plainclothes DETECTIVE he knows.

DINO

Hey! Bobby! What is that?

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE

Somebody got Fergie.

Frawley steps forward into the rain.

FRAWLEY

Jesus Christ, that must be MacRay.

DINO

Slow down, Frawl.

FRAWLEY

(moving)

*Claire Keesey.*

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - TIGHT ON CLAIRE - HALF HOUR  
LATER

as she sits in her apartment, looking out the window into  
a grey sky.

Her CELL PHONE goes off, she looks at it with both hope  
and dread, hesitates for a beat and answers. It's DOUG.

DOUG (V.O.)

Claire.

CLAIRE

Doug.

(beat)

Are you okay.

DOUG (V.O.)

Yeah, I'm fine.

CLAIRE

Are you sure? I saw on TV --

DOUG (V.O.)

I'm fine. I am.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. APARTMENT - CLOSE SHOT - DOUG

He is inside an apartment.

DOUG

Claire, are you coming with me?

Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG

I need to know.

CLAIRE

(hard for her)

I don't know.

REVEAL in a WIDER SHOT, FRAWLEY and a number of AGENTS and COPS standing in her apartment, quiet, listening to her talk -- Frawley is closest. Her LAWYER there as well.

CLAIRE

Can you come here?

DOUG

You want me to come to where you are now?

At Claire's: Frawley, who is now bent over and listening to the phone, makes waving motions as if to say, "yes."

DOUG

I don't think that's a good idea for me right now.

CLAIRE

Why?

REVEAL: DOUG is in the APARTMENT ACROSS FROM CLAIRE'S and, USING BINOCULARS, CAN SEE HER SURROUNDED BY COPS.

This is the apartment referenced earlier, HIS UNCLE THE "bus driver's" apartment that he said could see in.

DOUG

There could be police there.

CLAIRE

No one's here.

This breaks Doug's heart.

DOUG

Are you sure?

CLAIRE

(beat)

I don't know. If they're hiding, they'll just follow me.

DOUG

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

A silence on the phone. Frawley, nervous, fish on the wire. Doug's heart now broken, nothing else to say.

DOUG

I guess I'll come over there,  
then.

Claire closes her eyes. Frawley et al. spring into silent prep.

CLAIRE

Okay. I'll see you soon.

DOUG

Claire, I'm sorry.

(beat)

I'll be there in one hour. So be  
out back to let me in.

Frawley hears this. Checks his watch.

DOUG

(beat)

See ya, Claire.

DOUG'S BINOCULAR POV

We see Claire THROUGH Doug's binoculars, agonizing.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

Doug!

DOUG (O.S.)

Yeah?

CLAIRE (V.O.)

I want you to come. I want to see  
you.

(beat)

It will be like one of my sunny  
days.

BACK TO SCENE

Doug smiles. This recalls when she said, "Now on a really sunny day I think of someone dying." She warned him, she let him off the hook. The one bright spot in this.

DOUG

Then I'm on my way.

(CONTINUED)

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CLAIRE  
Goodbye.

DOUG  
Goodbye, Claire.

181 INT. BUS DRIVER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 181  
The closet opens to reveal a BUS DRIVER'S UNIFORM.

182 INT. BUS DRIVER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER 182  
The closet closing, uniform gone, only an empty hanger  
and Doug puts FIFTY THOUSAND IN CASH on the top shelf.

183 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME 183  
The cops, Claire, her LAWYER and Frawley wait, look at  
watches. Walkies go off as various people take positions  
outside and call to one another.

LAWYER  
(to Frawley)  
I'd say we've done our part here.

FRAWLEY  
Come on, not now.

A184 EXT. CHARLESTOWN GARDENS - SAME TIME A184  
Doug approaches Claire's plot.

184 EXT. MAIN ST. - SAME TIME 184  
A GUY IN A BUS DRIVER'S UNIFORM, wearing glasses and a  
hat, steps out from an alley and onto the street. He  
carries a large duffel. As he gets CLOSER TO CAMERA we  
see it's DOUG.

C184 EXT. TOWNIE APARTMENT - DAY C184 \*  
Doug walks out the FRONT DOOR of the same apartment,  
comes down some steps and nearly BUMPS into several \*  
UNIFORMED OFFICERS. They see a bus driver walking out \*  
his front door and simply continue on their work of \*  
looking out for a thief on the run dressed as a cop. \*

D184	EXT. CHARLESTOWN STREET - DAY	D184	*
	Doug walks down the street, sees FBI agents down the road, ducks into a side alley (this will cut into existing footage of him coming out of alley).		* * *
E184	EXT. CHARLESTOWN STREET - DAY	E184	*
	Doug sees a cop clock him from across the street. He stares straight ahead, keeps walking. Cop keeps looking straight ahead.		* * *
185	EXT. CHARLESTOWN GARDENS - FIVE MINUTES LATER	185	
	Doug on his hands and knees in Claire's plot. The hole is big enough, he deposits what looks like about THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS in the hole, pushes some dirt over it, rises.  We see he has about FIFTY grand left for himself.		
A189	INT. STAIRWELL - DAY	A189	*
	While the guys are waiting for Doug to show up, Frawley grabs a passing FBI AGENT.		* *
	FRAWLEY		*
	He doesn't show I want people at Logan, South Station, Downtown Greyhound, subways, everything, right?		* * * *
	The Agent nods.		*
	AGENT		*
	People have the whole metropolitan perimeter.		* *
	FRAWLEY		*
	Good.		*

186 EXT. SULLIVAN STATION - TEN MINUTES LATER 186

Thirty yellow PUBLIC BUSES sit parked in a lot. Drivers come and go, getting in and out. Doug climbs in one.

187 INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS ACTION 187

Doug starts the bus (you don't need a key), enters his uncle's pass key number, snips the GPS up top with pliers and pulls out.

188 EXT. 93 SOUTH ON-RAMP - FIVE MINUTES LATER 188

Doug, driving the "No Service" bus, pulls onto 93.

189 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME 189

Now Frawley is on the couch, more tense. Claire, Lawyer, Dino, etc.

CLAIRE

How long?

YOUNG AGENT

Forty minutes.

FRAWLEY

No one's on the street, right?

YOUNG AGENT

No, sir.

FRAWLEY

(to Claire)

You know he killed two people today?

CLAIRE

Who?

FRAWLEY

Two, uh, people in Charlestown. Small business owners.

We may catch Dino rolling his eyes.

CLAIRE

Really? My God. Why?

FRAWLEY

Who knows why the dog bites? You just have to put him down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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189 CONTINUED: 189  
FRAWLEY (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
What time is it, Steve?

190 EXT. BUS DEPOT (BRAINTREE) - 30 MINUTES LATER 190  
Doug parks the bus at another bus depot and gets off.

191 EXT. TRAIN STATION - TEN MINUTES LATER 191  
Doug gets on an Amtrak train -- sign indicates its  
destination is FLORIDA -- JUST AS IT IS PULLING AWAY.

192 EXT. BACK OF CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - THIRTY MINUTES LATER 192  
Claire sits on her back stairs. Several other agents lie  
in wait. Frawley stands in the inside of the foyer.  
Checks his watch.

FRAWLEY  
Maybe he didn't have as big a  
thing for you as you thought.

CLAIRE  
I guess not.

Frawley looks at the OVERCAST SKY.

FRAWLEY  
My sunny days...

He smiles. He gets it. Walks out into the yard.

FRAWLEY  
We're a *national* organization,  
Claire.

She is silent.

FRAWLEY  
And one day, it's gonna rain. It  
always does.

He gestures to the assembled task force.

FRAWLEY  
Pack it up. Let's get people to  
the subways, airport, bus stations  
-- get the description out --

SWAT TEAM GUYS rise from hiding spots as if by magic.

193 EXT. CHARLESTOWN STREET - HOUR LATER 193

Frawley, somewhat deflated, going to his car. A kid on a bicycle rides away. Moving away from two other agents. As he approaches, he sees something WEDGED into his ANTENNAE. He pulls it out, it is a PIECE OF PAPER FOLDED OVER. He opens it, small grimace. It reads, plainly: "GO FUCK YOURSELF." He smiles. Claire's Lawyer walks out. Frawley hands him the note.

FRAWLEY  
(to the lawyer)  
It's for you.

194 INT. AMTRAK TRAIN - DUSK 194

Doug is in his seat. He looks out the window of the train as the ocean passes by and day's last light breaks against New England rocks. He won't see anything like it for a long time.

195 EXT. CHARLESTOWN GARDENS - CLAIRE'S PLOT - DAYS LATER 195

Claire is digging, hits something, reaches down.

She lifts up a BAG OF MONEY, THEN A NOTE. We hear Doug's voice from the note.

DOUG (V.O.)  
I just want you to keep enough of  
this to buy a train ticket... even  
if you never use it.

She pulls out a TANGERINE which was buried in the earth.

DOUG (V.O.)  
If you decide you want to find me,  
I'll be waiting. Every day.

196 INT. BOYS AND GIRLS CLUB - HOCKEY RINK 196

SUPERIMPOSE: 10 MONTHS LATER

The newly renovated Boys and Girls Club hockey rink shines. Everything about it feels new. Even the "Local Heroes" case, where one picture is noticeably absent.

The little kids half skate around the ice, swimming in new pads and helmets.

She looks to the rail on the hockey rink. A small, rectangular gold plaque:

(CONTINUED)

THE TOWN - Rev. 5/20/10 (Buff Reshoots) 133.  
196 CONTINUED: 196

"RENOVATIONS IN MEMORY OF DORIS MACRAY."

Claire sits in the bleachers and watches the pee-wees as they shriek and clack their sticks -- remarking inwardly that from now on she would do the same with her life that she did with her garden discovery; see what she finds in the dirt and make it something good.

197 INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY 197

Claire looks at her refrigerator. A TRAIN TICKET TO FLORIDA is stuck to it, grayed and fraying.

198 EXT. TANGERINE, FLORIDA - DAY 198 \*

SERIES OF SHOTS to INTERCUT WITH ending V.O. \*

Empty road lined with live oak trees. \*

Old ramshackle cabin, tucked in the woods along a river. \*

Fishing poles and crab nets. \*

The river off the cabin, winding its way to the sunset, not a soul for miles. \*

A quiet country road, an old sign and we can make out a few letters, "CAROLS." \*

Doug's face (if we need it) looking out over the river, down the road, waiting for her, living with the choices he's made, who he's become, what got him there and what he's left behind. \*

BLACK.

THE END

ALTERNATIVE ENDING \*

199 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 199 \*

Doug turns the corner, takes off the hat and glasses, starts stuffing them in his bag. He goes for his coat as he gets to the switch car which sits waiting for him. \*

(CONTINUED)

As he gets there we REVEAL, COLAZZO and two other  
DOMINICANS (the guys we saw earlier with Rusty). Behind  
them is a beater Nissan, the car they arrived in.

Doug slows to a halt. Sees Alex holds a gun.

ALEX

Where's your boy?

DOUG

He ain't coming.

ALEX

Let me see the bag.

Doug throws the bag. Alex rifles through it. It's empty  
except for clothes.

DOUG

If Fergie told you I'd have money  
in there you'll have to take it up  
with him.

ALEX

Where is it?

DOUG

It's gone.

Alex points his gun at Doug.

DOUG

There's ten grand in my pocket.  
Take that. You'll never see me  
again. I just want to walk away.

ALEX

You should have thought about  
that.

Doug looks up, sees a plane.

DOUG

Yeah.

Dominican #1 senses weakness.

DOMINICAN #1

Do it.

DOUG

You know, I never been on an  
airplane?

Alex stares at Doug.

(CONTINUED)

DOMINICAN #1  
Do it, man, he fucked you up!

DOUG  
Go ahead.  
(alternate)  
How's your leg?

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Doug stands still then falls softly backward.

The Dominicans scramble into their car and peel out.

Doug looks up, sees THE AIRPLANE making its flight.

His eyes go black.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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