

CITY ON A HILL

• SEASON 2 •

Episode Six:
"Don't Go Sayin Last Words"

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CAST

JACKIE ROHR.....	Kevin Bacon
DECOURCY WARD.....	Aldis Hodge
JENNY ROHR.....	Jill Hennessy
SIOBHAN QUAYS.....	Lauren E. Banks
CATHY RYAN.....	Amanda Clayton
BENEDETTA ROHR.....	Lucia Ryan
GRACE CAMPBELL.....	Pernell Walker
KELVIN CAMPBELL.....	Kameron Kierce
ANTON CAMPBELL.....	Shannon Wallace
ELOISE HASTINGS.....	Gloria Reuben
TODD HASTINGS.....	Scott William Winters
KICK RYAN.....	Blake Baumgartner
GUY DAN.....	John Doman
CHRIS CAYSEN.....	Matthew Del Negro
MAEVE REGAN.....	Owen Laheen
FATHER DIARMUID DOYLE.....	Mark Ryder
JUNIOR SENEGEL.....	Curt Morlaye
JERMAINE WALKER.....	Evan Odeseye
ISAAC TURNER.....	Christian Maverick White
TONY SUFERIN.....	Kevin Interdonato
SHEIK SHEEHAN.....	Lucas Van Engen
TARA SHEEHAN.....	Kate Lyn Sheil
TREY PARKER.....	Amyrh Harris
LISA PAELLI.....	Ann Arvia
MEG KINSMAN.....	Susan Barrett
MICK DIAZ.....	Migs Govea
TERRENCE.....	Joseph Folks

ANGELO..... Jamad Mays
BOBBY..... Joseph Castillo-Midyett
FEMALE NURSE..... April Armstrong
MALE NURSE..... Ryan J. McCarthy
FEMALE RESIDENT (NON-SPEAKING)
YOUNG NURSE (NON-SPEAKING)
JULIE (NON-SPEAKING)
KENNY (NON-SPEAKING)..... Mason Bleu
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT (NON-SPEAKING)
DRUG ADDICT (NON-SPEAKING)
FEMALE PARISHIONER (NON-SPEAKING)
UNDERCOVER COP (NON-SPEAKING)
WAITRESS (NON-SPEAKING)
YOUNG MAN (NON-SPEAKING)
YOUNG WOMAN (NON-SPEAKING)
COPELAND CREW MEMBER #1 (NON-SPEAKING)
COPELAND CREW MEMBER #2 (NON-SPEAKING)
MAN (NON-SPEAKING)
WOMAN (NON-SPEAKING)
IRA THUG (NON-SPEAKING)
COP (NON-SPEAKING)

SETS

Interiors

BPD B-2 HEADQUARTERS
-OBSERVATION ROOM
-INTERROGATION ROOM
-HALLWAY

SAINT ELIGIUS HOSPITAL
-HALLWAY
-PRIVATE ROOM

BRAXTON SUMMIT
-LOADING DOCKS
-STASH HOUSE
-BUILDING
-ELEVATOR
-FIFTH FLOOR
-STAIRWELL A
-FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY
-STAIRWELL B
-BASEMENT HALLWAY
-SHOOTING GALLERY
-REC ROOM/COMMUNITY CENTER
-LIVING ROOM/CAMPBELL APARTMENT

COUNTY PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE
-ANTEROOM/GUY DAN'S OFFICE
-GUY DAN'S OFFICE

ROHR HOUSE
-SUN ROOM
-KITCHEN

BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL
-BILLING DEPARTMENT

OUR MARTYR SAINT CECILIA CHURCH
-CHOIR LOFT

21ST AMENDMENT

Exteriors

BRAXTON SUMMIT
-LOADING DOCKS
-FENCED GARDEN

ROXBURY
-STREET

OUR MARTYR SAINT CECILIA CHURCH

CHARLESTOWN
-SHEEHAN APARTMENT
-STREET

COPELAND PARK TOWERS

QUINCY
-DORIAN'S PUB
-ALLEY
-STREET

SAINT ELIGIUS HOSPITAL
-DRIVEWAY

ALLEY/COPELAND TERRITORY

HARVARD CAMPUS
-ELOISE'S OFFICE

SHEEHAN APARTMENT
-KITCHEN

JAMAICA PLAIN
-STUDIO APARTMENT

MCCORMACK HOUSING
-BATHROOM/RYAN APARTMENT

FBI HEADQUARTERS
-JACKIE'S OFFICE

TENANT MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATION
-OFFICE

DORIAN'S PUB

COPELAND PARK TOWERS
-HALLWAY
-STASH HOUSE
-BASEMENT HALLWAY

DODGE CARAVAN

DECOURCY & SIOBHAN'S APARTMENT
-LIVING ROOM

BUICK

FADE IN:

1 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/BPD B-2 HEADQUARTERS - DAY 1

JACKIE ROHR stands, smoking, watching through the window as CHRIS CAYSEN interviews GRACE CAMPBELL.

INTERCUT WITH:

2 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/BPD B-2 HEADQUARTERS - SAME 2

CAYSEN sits, listening as GRACE lies with conviction:

GRACE
We ate pizza, watched TV.

CAYSEN
What toppings?

GRACE
Pepperoni.

CAYSEN
What'd you watch?

GRACE
In Living Color. Then I went into my bedroom, tried to fall asleep to the sound of his video games.

GRACE looks up, thoughtfully, trying to "remember":

GRACE (cont.)
Mortal Kombat? Something like that.

CAYSEN makes a note in a file.

GRACE (cont.)
I yelled at Anton to turn the volume down and he snapped back, "Momma, s'only nine p.m. You ain't that old. You just mad I didn't ask you to play."

GRACE CHUCKLES at the "memory." CAYSEN is not entertained.

CAYSEN
He was with you at seven fifteen that night?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

GRACE

Yes. At the time Siobhan Quays was shot, my son Anton Campbell was at home. With me.

GRACE sits, poised.

3 INT. HALLWAY/BPD B-2 HEADQUARTERS - LATER

3

GRACE exits the Interrogation Room, lets out a SIGH just as JACKIE approaches, SLURPING a to-go coffee.

JACKIE

That's where I feel my lies, too -- in my chest, my back.

GRACE steps past JACKIE, but he blocks her way.

JACKIE (cont.)

Thing is: when the shit goes down, you'll be swirling 'round the bowl right alongside little Anton. Ain't gonna go down easy neither.

GRACE

(unflappable)

Mister Rohr, I understand why you act the way you do.

JACKIE

Oh?

GRACE

Your sense of entitlement. But you ain't foolin no one. You've got a gun where your guts should be. Your power's got nothin to do with your actual worth.

(off JACKIE's smirk)

Everything that's wrong with this town lies right there in your smug, white face.

JACKIE

I'm gettin this sinkin feeling you don't like me.

GRACE

The people you point your pistol at usually nicer to you?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

JACKIE leans into GRACE, speaks SOFTLY, yet, with malice:

JACKIE

Mortal Kombat. Nice touch. Sorta
what we're in right now.

GRACE

(stands firm)
What I said is true.

JACKIE

Let's say I wanna give you the benefit
of the doubt. I don't, but say I
did -- if what you said is true, why
is your son hiding?

GRACE

Anton's been beaten once by the BPD.
Maybe he's afraid he'll be forced to
confess to something he didn't do,
just to save his own life.

GRACE pushes past JACKIE, who doesn't follow. Facing away
from him, GRACE's nerves show. JACKIE taunts her:

JACKIE

Haven't you known Siobhan since she
was a little girl?

GRACE hears him, but doesn't turn back.

JACKIE (cont.)

You visit her in the hospital yet?

As JACKIE watches GRACE go, then exits the other way,

CUT TO:

4 INT. HALLWAY/SAINT ELIGIUS HOSPITAL - DAY

4

DECOURCY WARD walks, holding a bouquet of pink dahlias. He
sees, down the Hall, ELOISE and TODD HASTINGS emerge from
Siobhan's Room. A COP guards the door.

TODD

Did you get any rest?

DECOURCY

(shakes head)
How is she?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

ELOISE

Surgeon says Siobhan's healing nicely.
He's keeping her on the antibiotics.
Other than that, rest. Time heals.

DECOURCY

(nervous)

And?

ELOISE

There's still a heartbeat.

DECOURCY EXHALES, happy, relieved.

ELOISE (cont.)

According to Callie, all things
considered, we're lucky, hard as
that may be to feel right now.

TODD

Still... There's a VIP table in Hell
for whoever did this. I mean...

(loss for words)

Fuck this guy.

A YOUNG NURSE, walking by, turns. ELOISE puts a hand on
TODD's forearm, quieting him. She motions toward Siobhan's
Room -- SIOBHAN QUAYS is visible through the doorway, in
earshot.

ELOISE

Todd, the last thing Siobhan needs
is to get riled up. No stress.

This comment weighs on DECOURCY, given what he knows about
the shooting. In the b.g., CAYSEN approaches. DECOURCY
steps toward him.

DECOURCY

Have you found Anton's Fleetwood?
And the car I hit -- the red Honda
Civic -- did the owner ID Anton?

CAYSEN

Unfortunately, no to both.

DECOURCY

Well, doesn't matter. With my
testimony, this is pretty open/shut.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

CAYSEN
Maybe not so shut.
(off DECOURCY)
Anton's got an alibi.

DECOURCY
(trying to process)
No. Impossible.

CAYSEN
Grace Campbell claims she was with
him all evening.

DECOURCY
Bullshit. I need to talk to her.

CAYSEN
That's not going to happen.

DECOURCY
Fine...
(mind racing)
We need to search Braxton Summit,
track down Anton, confront him --

CAYSEN
Decourcy, I'll go be a cop.
(indicates flowers)
You go be a husband.

DECOURCY looks down at the bouquet, nods slightly.

5 INT. PRIVATE ROOM/SAINT ELIGIUS HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

5

SIOBHAN looks up to see DECOURCY enter with the bouquet.
She smiles. Despite his anger, DECOURCY returns the smile.

SIOBHAN
Pink dahlias. Didn't think you could
top those winter white lilies.

He places the flowers on a bedside table, kisses SIOBHAN,
then sits beside her. She touches the flower petals.

SIOBHAN (cont.)
Even prettier than our wedding day.

DECOURCY
Just like you, Siobhan.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

DECOURCY takes SIOBHAN's hand, kisses it, holds it tight.

DECOURCY (cont.)
How you feeling?

SIOBHAN
Grateful.

DECOURCY looks surprised. SIOBHAN touches her belly.

SIOBHAN (cont.)
I'm focusing on the positive. I
have to, for the baby.

DECOURCY nods, trying to get to that place with her, but
he's still too angry. She notices:

SIOBHAN (cont.)
Plus, the happier I look, the
healthier I seem, the quicker I'll
be released.

SIOBHAN rubs DECOURCY's arm, tries more positivity:

SIOBHAN (cont.)
Let's use this ugly incident as fuel
to get fired up, make a change for
our child. Can you believe we get
to say that now? Our child.

DECOURCY forces a smile, but he's miles away.

SIOBHAN (cont.)
Where are you? Back at the shooting?
(off DECOURCY)
What're you not telling me?

DECOURCY
I don't want to cause you stress.

SIOBHAN
Your silence is the stress.

DECOURCY takes a moment, then:

DECOURCY
I know who did this. I saw him.

SIOBHAN
Who?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

A burly MALE NURSE enters, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.

MALE NURSE

Me again.

SIOBHAN smiles at the MALE NURSE, who turns to DECOURCY:

MALE NURSE (cont.)

Hello, Mister Quays.

DECOURCY nods, doesn't have the energy to correct him. MALE NURSE checks levels on SIOBHAN's IV.

MALE NURSE (cont.)

Can you hear the birds chirping? I love Spring.

He hands her a dose of antibiotics.

MALE NURSE (cont.)

You know the drill.

SIOBHAN

(takes medicine)

Thank you.

MALE NURSE

Keep your sunny side up.

MALE NURSE exits. As SIOBHAN props herself up on her good elbow, DECOURCY tries to help her.

SIOBHAN

Decourcy. Who shot me?

DECOURCY

Maybe you don't need to know. All I got out of knowing is a heart full of hate.

SIOBHAN struggles to sit up taller.

SIOBHAN

Don't make decisions for me.

DECOURCY avoids eye contact, stares forward.

DECOURCY

Anton Campbell.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

SIOBHAN looks at DECOURCY, stunned.

DECOURCY (cont.)
He was aiming for me.

DECOURCY turns, looks SIOBHAN in the eye.

DECOURCY (cont.)
I could say "I'm sorry" a thousand
times, Siobhan, and that wouldn't be
sorry enough.

DECOURCY leans into SIOBHAN, puts his hand on her belly. On
SIOBHAN, sharing DECOURCY's anger,

CUT TO:

6 INT. LOADING DOCKS/BRAXTON SUMMIT - DAY

6

Strike Force COPS, including TONY SUFERIN, are led by CAYSEN,
searching. They come across a DRUG ADDICT who puts his hands
up at the sight of them. The space is otherwise empty. The
COPS pass the DRUG ADDICT, exit to:

7 EXT. LOADING DOCKS/BRAXTON SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

7

CAYSEN, SUFERIN and the Strike Force COPS emerge from the
Building. As the other COPS break off to cover different
areas, SUFERIN and CAYSEN approach a group of TEENS who smoke
nearby. CAYSEN nods to one of them.

CAYSEN
Terrence, bet you know who we're
looking for.

TERRENCE
I ain't seen Anton, Officer Caysen.
No one has.

The other TEENS look at the ground, avoid CAYSEN's gaze.
CAYSEN steps toward a sweet-looking pre-teen boy, KENNY, who
stands on the outskirts of the group. CAYSEN motions for
KENNY to come closer:

CAYSEN
Kenny. Walk with me.

KENNY almost does, but looks to a bigger, more powerful teen,
ANGELO, who shakes his head "no." CAYSEN locks eyes with
ANGELO, who gives a cold stare.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CAYSEN (cont.)
You heard what Anton did, right?

ANGELO
Maybe. How you know that DA ain't
shoot his own wife?

SUFERIN looks up, notices a FEMALE RESIDENT leaning out her
second story window.

SUFERIN
You got something you wanna tell us?

The RESIDENT disappears into her Apartment. SUFERIN rolls
his eyes, approaches a YOUNG MAN and YOUNG WOMAN sitting
together on a curb, eating burgers and fries, sipping sodas.

SUFERIN (cont.)
You live in this building?

Barely a nod from the YOUNG MAN.

SUFERIN (cont.)
Then you know the Campbell family.

They both shake their heads no.

SUFERIN (cont.)
Thanks. Y'been real helpful.

As SUFERIN takes off, he "accidentally" kicks their food. A
burger bun and fries go flying. As SUFERIN looks up to see
CAYSEN watching him,

CUT TO:

8 INT. ANTEROOM/GUY DAN'S OFFICE/COUNTY PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - 8
DAY

DECOURCY enters. Guy Dan's secretary, JULIE, twenties, stands
to stop him, but before she can speak, DECOURCY smiles.

DECOURCY
Thank you, Julie.

He breezes past her, into:

9 INT. GUY DAN'S OFFICE/COUNTY PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 9

GUY DAN is sitting at his desk across from CAYSEN, as DECOURCY enters. DAN stands.

DAN
This meeting doesn't concern you.

DECOURCY
And yet here I am.

DECOURCY sits beside CAYSEN. DAN doesn't sit.

DECOURCY (cont.)
You need me on the Campbell case.

Beat. DECOURCY looks at DAN, expectantly.

DAN
I'm trying to think of a nice-ish
way to say, we really fucking don't.

DECOURCY erupts from his chair, stands across from DAN.

DECOURCY
Grace Campbell is lying.

DAN
Her word against yours.

DECOURCY
A lie from someone who wasn't there,
who's shielding her son, versus a
firsthand account from the intended
victim.

DAN
Or -- beloved, put-upon activist
versus angry, unpopular ADA.

DECOURCY looks to CAYSEN for support, but CAYSEN shrugs:

CAYSEN
Dee, my guys can handle this.

DECOURCY
Have you found Anton Campbell yet?

CAYSEN
No.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

DECOURCY

Then, why're you sitting here?

DAN

Hey, I'm with you: if my wife'd been hurt, I'd be ranting, too. But you have to settle the fuck down.

DECOURCY

Don't you dare tell me to settle down. I saw my wife get shot.

DAN

Which is exactly why you can't be involved. You're acting like you've never seen a day of law school. I already made the mistake of letting you handle the Campbell case, even though your wife was representing them. This? This is far worse. If you don't understand the conflict of interest here, then you simply don't want to understand. I assign you this case and you screw up? I'm the laughingstock of Boston. And you? Back in Brooklyn, shining shoes.

DECOURCY INHALES, composes himself:

DECOURCY

I won't screw up.

DAN

Because you're not on the case.

(sits)

Get out of my office, Ward.

DECOURCY doesn't move, just stands over DAN's desk. DAN looks up at him, not fucking around:

DAN (cont.)

Don't. I can fire you, remember?

Hearing DAN's tone, DECOURCY turns to CAYSEN:

DECOURCY

Sergeant Caysen, I'm asking -- as a concerned citizen -- how do you plan to locate Anton Campbell?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

CAYSEN

Y'need to trust me to do my job.

DECOURCY

You both expect me to trust you.
Okay. So, I throw the boomerang.
But that fucking thing never comes
back my way.

DAN

Trust this, you are a pain in my
ass, but: I will not let you self-
destruct.

DECOURCY exits. As DAN turns to CAYSEN and SIGHS,

CUT TO:

10 EXT. STREET/ROXBURY - DAY

10

ISAAC TURNER stands on the corner, dealing drugs, as CATHY
RYAN approaches.

CATHY

Hey. I thought we were doing
business. All a-sudden, you go MIA.

ISAAC

My supply is tapped out.

CATHY

Then what're you selling now --
oregano?

ISAAC

Go back to your slice of town, lady.
Leave me be.

ISAAC turns away. CATHY grabs him, pulls him toward her.

CATHY

Not 'til I get some mud.

ISAAC

I said, fuck the fuck off.

He shoves her to the ground and takes off. On CATHY, rising,
in pain, her wrist hurt,

CUT TO:

11 INT. SUN ROOM/ROHR HOUSE - DAY

11

JENNY ROHR practices a hymn, "How Great Thou Art":

JENNY

*Then sings my soul//My Savior God,
to Thee//How great Thou art//How
great Thou art...*

She looks up to see BENEDETTA ROHR, standing in the doorway.
BENEDETTA holds an envelope at her side.

JENNY (cont.)

What'd'ya think? Am I getting better?

BENEDETTA

Ya sound perfect, but why's every
song gotta be so churchy?

JENNY

S'a church choir, Benny. We're not
gonna be singing Metallica.

BENEDETTA

Why? What if God's a metal head?

JENNY LAUGHS, looks back at her sheet music.

BENEDETTA (cont.)

Hey, can ya lend me some money?
(holds up the envelope)
I gotta get my application in the
mail before the deadline.

BENEDETTA's nervous, excited at the prospect of college.

BENEDETTA (cont.)

Just think, if I get into NYU, y'can
sing in peace. Won't have me botherin
ya no more.

JENNY

(bittersweet smile)
I like ya botherin me. How much ya
need?

BENEDETTA

Five, ten bucks? I gotta overnight
the thing.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

JENNY

(grabs her purse)

I remember when a postage stamp was
four cents.

BENEDETTA

Ma... We haven't talked about Dad.
About what he said the other night.
Burning his house down...

JENNY

What's there to say?

BENEDETTA

Well, I dunno... I've been going to
NA meetings, y'been going to Al-Anon.
Maybe Dad needs to see somebody.

JENNY

I know you're concerned, Benny, but
there's no way Jackie Rohr will sit
on a couch and talk to a shrink.

BENEDETTA

If we both suggest that he go --

JENNY

He'll ignore us. Or launch into a
story about the Angiulo brothers.

(hands BENEDETTA cash)

Do what ya need to do for you.

As BENEDETTA, resigned, nods and leaves,

CUT TO:

12 INT. BILLING DEPARTMENT/BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL - DAY

12

CATHY, her wrist bandaged, sits across from a female clerk,
MEG KINSMAN, who reviews a file, looks up:

MEG

Unfortunately, that number is correct.

CATHY

I trip over my own feet and I end up
owing four hundred fucking dollars
for some piece-a-shit stitches?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MEG

Says amount due: four hundred dollars.
(jokes)
Guess the rest is implied, huh?

CATHY does not find her funny, but fakes a smile:

CATHY

S'just, the bills keep comin.

CATHY notices framed family photos on MEG's desk.

CATHY (cont.)

Y'got kids?
(off MEG's nod)
I do, too. S'beautiful, right? The
love, the joy.

MEG nods. CATHY smiles sweetly:

CATHY (cont.)

Y'got a husband?

MEG smiles, thinking warm thoughts about her husband.

CATHY (cont.)

Mine's dead. I'm on my own, tryin
to pull three kids from the tornado
of a shitstorm he left behind.

MEG doesn't know what to say. CATHY eyes MEG's name tag.

CATHY (cont.)

Anything you can do to help me out
here, Meg? Surely with the swipe of
a pen, the push of a button, y'could
ease my pain a little.

MEG

I could re-file with your insurance --

CATHY

Y'think I'd be wastin my time sitting
here if I had insurance?

MEG

Then there's nothing I can do.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

CATHY

Maybe Doctor fuckin Do-little shoulda told me how much this garbage was gonna cost. I woulda sewed my own wrist. Must be like fifty bucks a stitch. Can I return a few? I'll take 'em out right here.

MEG

Sorry, Missus Ryan.

CATHY stares MEG down. MEG remains stoic, enduring CATHY, but unwilling to bend the rules. As CATHY rises and exits,

CUT TO:

13 INT. CHOIR LOFT/OUR MARTYR SAINT CECILIA CHURCH - DAY

13

The CHOIR holds the final NOTES of "How Great Thou Art."
The director, LISA PAELLI, motions to end the note.

LISA

Better and better every day. Thank you all. See you Sunday.

Amidst the mix and mingle of CHOIR MEMBERS leaving rehearsal, JENNY nudges MAEVE REGAN:

JENNY

What ya doin now? Wanna grab a drink?

MAEVE

A drink? No. I want about a dozen.

JENNY

Ya worried about something?

MAEVE

(LAUGHS it off)

Nah, singing makes me thirsty.

JENNY

Let's go to Dorian's. Ya know that place? Over on Hancock?

Something catches MAEVE's eye -- down below, Father DIARMUID DOYLE walks up the main aisle.

MAEVE sees him, walks in the same direction, distracted:

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MAEVE

Uh, yeah, Dorian's. But I just remembered, I can't today. How's Wednesday? Five o'clock?

JENNY

Uh... Sure.

MAEVE exits. JENNY, unsettled by MAEVE's abrupt departure, is intercepted by LISA:

LISA

Jenny, you've really been standing out among the group.

JENNY

That a good thing or ya tellin me to pipe down?

LISA

A very good thing. I want you to sing a solo next Sunday. Take a look at "By the Blood That Flowed From Thee" --

JENNY

My God -- gosh. I dunno...

LISA

I do. You'd be superb.

JENNY

I'm honored -- thrilled -- you'd ask, but sing all alone? I get nervous, people staring.

LISA

I will take no for an answer... Do some soul searching, get back to me.

JENNY

'Kay. But don't count on me, alright?

LISA steps away. On JENNY, dismissing the idea,

CUT TO:

14 EXT. OUR MARTYR SAINT CECILIA CHURCH - DAY

14

MAEVE catches up to DOYLE, who sees her in his peripheral vision and keeps walking. They walk side-by-side, silently, eyes forward, for several strides, both agitated. Without looking over at MAEVE, DOYLE speaks GRUFFLY:

DOYLE

I'm not talking to you here.

MAEVE

Then, where should we go? The rectory? The Ritz?

A FEMALE PARISHIONER passes by, smiles at DOYLE. He returns the smile, sweetly.

DOYLE

Afternoon, Missus Tobin.

MAEVE

(also smiling)
Lovely dress, Gladys.

The FEMALE PARISHIONER moves on and their smiles disappear. MAEVE hurries ahead of DOYLE a few steps, stops abruptly in front of him. He stops. She steps in close:

MAEVE (cont.)

If you think I'll just disappear, that this is all gonna go away, you've got a fecking screw loose.

DOYLE

What happened, happened. This is now. There are rules. I'm telling you: keep quiet and leave me alone.

DOYLE walks on. As MAEVE crosses her arms, defiant,

CUT TO:

15 INT. KITCHEN/ROHR HOUSE - NIGHT

15

JACKIE, finishing a beer, tie loosened, stands by the fridge, as JENNY enters. She grabs car keys off a hook. She dangles them for BENEDETTA, who enters behind her.

JENNY

Tank might need a little gas.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

BENEDETTA
I'm good, got a ride.

JENNY
With who?

BENEDETTA
A guy.

JACKIE tries to listen without looking like he's listening,
opens another beer.

JENNY
"A guy" named...?

BENEDETTA
Faust Aquino.

JACKIE
Faust. That's an asshole name.

BENEDETTA
Kinda like Jackie Rohr?

BENEDETTA smiles with sarcastic sweetness at JACKIE.

JACKIE
Where's he takin ya?

BENEDETTA
The movies.

JACKIE
Uh oh.

BENEDETTA
Relax, Dad. A group of us are goin.

BENEDETTA heads to the front door. JACKIE CALLS out:

JACKIE
Ya seein that *Ninja Turtle* movie?

The door SHUTS. JACKIE turns to JENNY:

JACKIE (cont.)
Good for you, holding back.
(off JENNY)
You're dyin to follow her. Get a
good look at this Faust kid.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

JACKIE looks anxious, guzzles some beer.

JENNY

Me? You're the one who's about to break into a sweat. But, hey: Benny sent in her college application today. She's gonna be on her own soon.

JACKIE goes for honesty:

JACKIE

I'm not so sure about this NYU thing.

JENNY

What? Suddenly, y'don't want your daughter to go to college?

JACKIE

S'what I said. Y'need an ear candling?

JENNY

How's Benny gonna understand half the shit ya say if she doesn't get an education? All of your quotin and historical shit.

JACKIE

I'm serious, Jen. We couldn't keep her safe when she lived under our roof, how we gonna make sure she's okay in fuckin Manhattan?

JENNY

We believe in her, that's how. This is a chance for Benny to be her own woman and not just our daughter. This is the next step.

JACKIE

You're thinkin of the cute part of college -- drinkin cappuccino in a turtleneck sweater. I'm talkin about the bad shit. Overgrown teenage boys lookin down, realizing they got dicks and they can point 'em wherever they want. We're talkin fuckin Neanderthals here.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

JENNY

You went to college. And law school.

JACKIE

Then I should know. My roommates used to stand outside the four a.m. bars at closing time, waiting for all the drunk girls to spill out. These guys'd call dibs, "I got the one with the big tits," and so on. Then, they offer to get 'em home, y'know, "safely." They called this extracurricular activity: "scoopin the slops."

JENNY

(grossed out)

Right -- your "roommates" did that. Bet you were in the library, readin the Bible.

JACKIE

I was in the library, seein as I like books more than I like people. I never scooped no slops and that's God's honest truth.

JENNY reaches for JACKIE's beer, takes a swig, in thought:

JENNY

Benny's strong.

JACKIE

Yeah, she takes after me.

JENNY

Then, she's capable of doin anything.

JACKIE

What's that supposed to mean?

JENNY doesn't answer, takes another swig. JACKIE's Phone RINGS. He pops the Phone open:

JACKIE (cont.)

Yeah, what's up?

As JENNY takes another swig of beer, then exits,

CUT TO:

16 INT. 21ST AMENDMENT - NIGHT

16

DECOURCY drinks at the bar, lost in thought. JACKIE, drink in hand, sidles up to DECOURCY, SLAPS him on the back.

JACKIE

Heard old man Dan's got ya warmin'
the bench.

DECOURCY

Just when I thought life couldn't
get worse, here you are.

JACKIE

Fuck Guy Dan, fuck Caysen.

DECOURCY

Oh, you and I friends all of a sudden?

JACKIE

I'm your only pal right now.

DECOURCY

Then, tell me, pal, where's Anton
Campbell?

JACKIE

I got nothin.

DECOURCY

Didn't think so.

DECOURCY drinks. JACKIE smokes.

DECOURCY (cont.)

Grace Campbell is trying to get HUD
grant money for all those families
at Braxton Summit. She's the reason
the kids have ball courts, working
fire extinguishers... self respect.

JACKIE

Why are you listin her accolades?
Last I checked, we were trying to
destroy Grace Campbell.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

DECOURCY

Guess I'm reminding you, or maybe myself: Grace is a force to be reckoned with. After all she's accomplished, she's still out there trying to get more for more people.

JACKIE

Not bad for someone like Grace.

DECOURCY takes a long look at JACKIE.

JACKIE (cont.)

What?

DECOURCY

I'm waiting for you to wiggle your way out of that one.

(off JACKIE)

"Someone like Grace?" Did you mean smart, resourceful?

JACKIE

I'm saying the woman's had every disadvantage. If I had the same deck stacked against me, I'd have gone to live in the fuckin rainforest. Paint myself, wear briefs made outta bark, dance around, learn to weave. These tribes who stay in the wilderness, they probably caught wind of what happened to black people in this country, thought, well, if that's what comes with air conditioning and *Seinfeld*, no thanks.

(beat)

Y'see? Was a compliment.

DECOURCY

You talk a lot about yourself while you give compliments. And only you would think what you just said is a compliment.

JACKIE

Then again, living in Boston has its advantages. We invented the telephone, the microwave, marshmallow fuckin fluff...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

DECOURCY

And racism.

JACKIE

There's no patent on that.

DECOURCY swirls his drink, in thought.

DECOURCY

I'm starting to wonder what exactly
I'm trying to do.

JACKIE

Fix a broken system, remember?

DECOURCY

I worked my way out from under a
machine designed to destroy me. And
how do I see myself? I'm a spoke in
the wheel that'll roll over a little
boy until he turns into Anton
Campbell. Even with a mom like Grace,
that kid got knocked down 'til all
he could feel was fear -- the kind
of fear that wants me dead. He sees
where I am and hates me -- for being
a foreigner. And, as a result,
Siobhan gets hurt.

(takes a swig)

Can I ask you something?

JACKIE

I fuckin hate that question. Ask me
and I'll answer if I fuckin want to.

DECOURCY

If you could go back, give up your
whole career, do something else,
just so what happened to your daughter
didn't happen, would you?

JACKIE

(shifts in his seat)

Can't go back. And neither can you.

DECOURCY

I'm asking you earnestly.

JACKIE takes a long drag of his cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

JACKIE

We're talkin about your wife, not
your kid. S'different.

DECOURCY

In a way, we are talking about my
kid. Siobhan's pregnant.

Beat.

JACKIE

Congratulations, Dee. Y'just got
yourself a gaping chest wound that'll
never close.

JACKIE raises his glass. DECOURCY thinks, then CLINKS glasses
with JACKIE. As they drink, each in his own world,

CUT TO:

17 INT. STASH HOUSE/BRAXTON SUMMIT - DAY

17

KELVIN CAMPBELL paces as he tries to lead the BRAXTON BOYS
in Anton's absence. TREY PARKER listens. ISAAC fidgets.
JERMAINE WALKER stands guard at the door.

KELVIN

No one leaves here 'less I say so.

ISAAC

Now you acting hard? After hidin in
your headphones while me 'n' Trey
out there hustlin?

KELVIN

Cops're roamin the streets. We make
one wrong move, they find us, they
find 'Ton.

ISAAC

So what?

(off KELVIN)

Anton's your blood, man. Not mine.

KELVIN starts toward ISAAC, but JERMAINE leaves his post by
the door to stop KELVIN. JERMAINE stares down ISAAC:

JERMAINE

Might wanna keep your mouth shut,
keep that dumb shit from spewin out.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

ISAAC

Dumb how? Only a nigga with a death
wish gone shoot at a fuckin ADA.

A BANGING on the door -- someone trying to get in. JERMAINE
makes a move for the door, but KELVIN motions for him to
stay still, puts finger to lips. They WHISPER:

KELVIN

See? Cops.

TREY

If they was cops, they'd be yellin
"police" --

KELVIN

Shit don't always happen like the
movies, T --

KELVIN steps toward the door, just as it flies open, SLAMMING
him against the wall. KELVIN stays hidden in the corner
behind the open door as JUNIOR SENEGEL and two COPELAND CREW
MEMBERS enter. JERMAINE COCKS his gun, aims, FIRES, as JUNIOR
FIRES, hits JERMAINE in the shoulder. JERMAINE runs, takes
cover in the Bathroom, closes the door. JUNIOR and COPELAND
CREW MEMBER #1 follow. Shots are FIRED from inside the
Bathroom and JUNIOR FIRES back through the door, then kicks
it in. JUNIOR FIRES into the Bathroom again, killing
JERMAINE, as COPELAND CREW MEMBER #2 shoots at ISAAC and
TREY. TREY returns FIRE, as he and ISAAC run out the front
door. JUNIOR follows them to the doorway and SHOOTS, hitting
TREY in the leg as he rounds the corner. JUNIOR turns to
his CREW.

JUNIOR

Aight, let's move.

The COPELAND CREW MEMBERS grab drugs and money off the kitchen
table. They exit and, as the door SQUEAKS closed, KELVIN's
REVEALED. As KELVIN steps toward the Bathroom, lays eyes on
the BODY of the fallen Jermaine,

CUT TO:

18 INT. ELOISE'S OFFICE/HARVARD CAMPUS - DAY

18

ELOISE sits, marking up a student paper at her desk. She
looks up to see JACKIE appear in the doorway. He steps in.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

JACKIE

Professor Hastings. I'm a friend of your daughter and son-in-law. I also just so happen to be the fella who'll stop at nothing to find justice for Siobhan --

ELOISE

(smiles, faux-pleasant)
You absolutely must be Jackie Rohr.

JACKIE nods, realizes he can cut the bullshit. He sits down across from ELOISE, makes himself at home.

JACKIE

Then ya won't be surprised I wanna talk to you about Grace Campbell.

ELOISE

Fine. You talk. I'll listen.

Not quite what JACKIE was going for, but he concedes.

JACKIE

Everywhere I go, all I hear's the good and, if y'ask me, that's mighty suspicious. If Grace is so perfect, how come no one's even jealous enough to make shit up about her? Look at what I've gotten done in this city, yet nobody's got a nice word to say about me. Grace Campbell -- no one'd change a hair on her head. Y'know who else got such glowing reviews? Jerry Angiulo. Ya had to love the guy. 'Cause if ya didn't, he had people who'd kill ya.

He pauses, looking for a reaction, but gets none.

JACKIE (cont.)

I've been reading old issues of the "Bay State Banner," the "Rebellion News" -- you've known Grace through the best and worst of times.

ELOISE

I suppose.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

JACKIE

All those years -- that's a lotta trips to the powder room. Musta swapped plenty of stories -- intimate stories, secrets.

ELOISE

Sorting through Grace's dirty linens won't help you.

JACKIE

But, you're saying there are dirty linens.

ELOISE

Grace never told me anything because she never had anything to tell. Don't bother with her past.

JACKIE

"The great force of history comes from the fact that we carry it within us, are unconsciously controlled by it in many ways and history is literally present in all that we do."

ELOISE

You brush up on Baldwin before you came to visit the black professor? That's cute.

JACKIE

Ya must be a fun teacher. Inspiring.

ELOISE

Maybe I'm trying to inspire you to be on your way.

JACKIE stands, hands up in the air.

JACKIE

Forgive me for thinking you might wanna help take down the family responsible for shooting your only daughter.

As JACKIE heads to the door, ELOISE takes in his comment.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

ELOISE

Mister Rohr, maybe you act dumb or maybe you really are. Grace has given her life to the service of others. Which means she doesn't have a dime. So ask yourself: where did Grace get the cash to bail Anton out of jail?

(off JACKIE's turn)

I'm not saying I know where she found the money, but twenty-five hundred dollars didn't fall, like manna, from the clouds.

JACKIE thinks.

ELOISE (cont.)

When I said not to bother with her past, I meant, live in the now.

JACKIE

Y'see, that's inspiring. Y'should get that put on a magnet.

JACKIE exits. As ELOISE tries to focus on her work,

CUT TO:

19 EXT. SHEEHAN APARTMENT/CHARLESTOWN - DAY

19

CATHY stands at the door, jacket on. She RINGS the DOORBELL. TARA SHEEHAN answers the door, which she holds open for CATHY.

20 INT. KITCHEN/SHEEHAN APARTMENT - LATER

20

As CATHY sits at the table with TARA and SHEIK SHEEHAN, she removes her jacket, revealing the bandage on her wrist.

TARA

Cathy, your wrist... Did you --?

CATHY

Try to kill myself? Naw. I fell. And I wasn't even bombed.

TARA

I'm sorry about the shit your family's going through... Ain't been easy for us either, since Sheik got out.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CATHY

Tara, Sheik, I'm just gonna say this.
The widows took my salon, so I got
no income --

SHEIK

Cath, tell us what we can do.
Anything.

TARA gives SHEIK side-eye:

TARA

Within reason.

CATHY

I was making money, but the source
dried up.

TARA

Making how?

CATHY

(to SHEIK)

Wherever ya used to cop, uh -- could
ya take me there? Not for the drugs.
I mean, I don't wanna do 'em. Just
buy 'em. And sell 'em.

TARA

No. We'll help, but not that way.

CATHY

Ya had no problem knockin on my door,
askin for stolen cash. Y'gonna get
all holy on me now that I'm the one
who needs a hand?

TARA

We can loan ya some money --

CATHY

I don't want your charity, your pity.

TARA

What goes around comes around, Cath.
You threw cash our way outta pity,
right?

CATHY shrugs -- in other words, yes. TARA stands.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

TARA (cont.)

Stay for dinner. I made pot pie.

CATHY

You think I'm gonna sit here, havin
a fuckin home-cooked meal with you?

TARA, confused, glances at SHEIK -- "What'd I do wrong?"

CATHY (cont.)

Tara, I got a dead husband and a
dead brother-in-law. My parents are
dead, too, and good for them, not
havin to see their daughter like
this. I got nothin and no one and
that's not the girl I set out to be.
What's left for me on this whole
goddamn planet are three kids
wondering where their next pot pie
is comin from.

CATHY stands, heads for the doorway, turns back -- not
finished yet.

CATHY (cont.)

They are my purpose in this bullshit
life. So spare me your judgment
while I find any way possible to
keep the shittiest of all fuckin
roofs over their heads. I'm spurtin
blood here and you're offerin me a
Band-Aid. Fuck your loan, fuck your
pity, fuck you both.

CATHY exits. As the door SLAMS shut, TARA and SHEIK look at
each other, speechless.

21 EXT. STREET/CHARLESTOWN - DAY

21

CATHY walks to the train, trying to pretend she isn't crying.
FOOTSTEPS behind her.

SHEIK (o.c.)

Cathy. Wait up.

SHEIK catches up.

CATHY

Oh, so ya can talk. Had me thinkin
you'd gone mute in there.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

CATHY notices SHEIK holds a foil-covered dish.

CATHY (cont.)
You, too, with the fuckin pot pie?

SHEIK
(re: dish)
Relax, s'just my ticket outta the house... Ya got mixed up with some dealers? That who killed Jimmy?

CATHY
Jimmy had a whole lotta anger pointed in his direction.
(avoids eye contact)
Doesn't matter who pulled the trigger. He killed himself.

SHEIK nods, accepts this at face value, doesn't ask questions.

SHEIK
I've been clean for a while now, Cathy. Tara likes me better this way. So do I. Neither one of us wants to fuck that up, is all.

CATHY
Good for you, Sheik. I mean that.

SHEIK nods, appreciatively. He holds out the dish.

SHEIK
If not for you, for your kids. S'the least we can do.

CATHY
Doin the least -- how noble.

SHEIK
Ya look like ya had a shit day. Ya gonna go home, cook for them, with a busted wrist?

CATHY swallows her pride, snatches the food. Humiliated, she looks at the ground.

CATHY
I'll get the dish back to ya.

CATHY starts to walk off. SHEIK sees her desperation.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

SHEIK

Hey, wait.

She turns back. He steps toward her.

SHEIK (cont.)

I can introduce ya, get ya the connect. But you gotta make sure I leave empty-handed. Okay? We never speak of this again and you don't bring back that dish. Ever. Okay?

As CATHY nods, understanding,

CUT TO:

22 EXT. FENCED GARDEN/BRAXTON SUMMIT - NIGHT

22

KELVIN walks, carefully cradling a bulge under his jacket. He steals glances beside and around him. KELVIN sees an UNDERCOVER COP get out of a Car. KELVIN quickens his pace. He glances over his shoulder, the MAN still behind him. KELVIN turns a corner, takes another glance. The MAN continues to follow. KELVIN speeds up, ready to run, then sees the UNDERCOVER COP cross to the opposite side of the Street. KELVIN is relieved. He slips into:

23 INT. BUILDING/BRAXTON SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

23

KELVIN enters, heads toward the Stairwell. He checks over his shoulder again to see the UNDERCOVER COP entering the Building. KELVIN changes course. He steps toward the Elevator and pushes the up button. The doors open and KELVIN quickly steps into:

24 INT. ELEVATOR/BRAXTON SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

24

Just as the doors slide closed, KELVIN sees the UNDERCOVER COP approaching. KELVIN pushes the button for the fifth floor, begins his agonizing ascent.

25 INT. FIFTH FLOOR/BRAXTON SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

25

KELVIN gets off the Elevator and immediately walks into:

26 INT. STAIRWELL A/BRAXTON SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS

26

KELVIN HEARS FOOTSTEPS coming upstairs from below. He jumps down one flight of stairs, emerges onto:

27 INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY/BRAXTON SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS 27

KELVIN walks down the Hallway and into:

28 INT. STAIRWELL B/BRAXTON SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS 28

KELVIN runs down and down the stairs until, at the bottom, he arrives at a door marked "Employees Only." He opens the door and walks into:

29 INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY/BRAXTON SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS 29

KELVIN walks through a long, dark Basement Hallway into:

30 INT. SHOOTING GALLERY/BRAXTON SUMMIT - CONTINUOUS 30

KELVIN enters, finds ANTON CAMPBELL, holed up, high or stir-crazy or both.

ANTON

Kel. Finally.

KELVIN reveals what's in his jacket -- a sandwich wrapped in white deli paper -- and tosses it to ANTON.

ANTON (cont.)

Thanks, brother.

ANTON opens the paper quickly, starts to eat the roast beef sandwich. He looks up to see KELVIN, on edge, pacing.

ANTON (cont.)

Okay. You gonna tell me why you handling the Copeland Crew like a pussy?

KELVIN

(serious, defensive)

'Ton, wasn't nothin I coulda done, I swear. Junior was --

ANTON

Fine, nothin you coulda done. But there's shit you could do.

(off KELVIN)

Since when do we get shot at and not shoot back?

KELVIN lets the fear show:

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

KELVIN

I don't know, man, since the cops
been after you?

This reminder of what he did quiets ANTON. Pain surfacing,
he locks eyes with his BROTHER. KELVIN returns the look.
ANTON steels himself.

ANTON

Cops always up our asses. Ain't
nothin changed.

ANTON hides in a bite of his sandwich.

KELVIN

You shot Siobhan Quays and nothin
changed?

Beat.

ANTON

Anger got the best of me...

He takes another bite.

KELVIN

You gotta leave town, man. Ain't no
other way.

ANTON

I ain't leavin shit. Boston's my
city, much as theirs.

KELVIN

Not true. You in a dank basement
with mayo on your face and they
outside in the sunshine.

ANTON rubs his face, checking for sauce.

KELVIN (cont.)

If you don't care 'bout you or me,
fine. But you gotta think what's
best for Momma.

ANTON

(thinks, then)

I'll leave. Soon as I get my money
back from those Copeland bitches.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

KELVIN

How's that gonna keep Momma safe?

ANTON

We don't take care of this now and I skip town, Junior Senegel will be coming after you and Momma. And I won't be around to stop him.

KELVIN knows ANTON isn't wrong, but ANTON sees his hesitation:

ANTON (cont.)

Kel. We hit Copeland back.

KELVIN nods quickly, as if trying to convince himself.

KELVIN

And then you leave town.

As ANTON nods in agreement,

CUT TO:

31 INT. STUDIO APARTMENT/JAMAICA PLAIN - NIGHT

31

MICK DIAZ, thirty-five, Cuban-American, in a business suit with an open shirt collar, faces CATHY and SHEIK.

MICK

Your husband was a good man. And, by good, I mean, Frankie was trustworthy. Are you trustworthy?

CATHY

Trust me and find out.

MICK

(smiles)
Alright.

MICK reaches over for a bag of heroin, which he hands to CATHY. She turns, sees SHEIK jonesing.

CATHY

Get lost, Sheik.

A beat. As SHEIK nods, goes,

CUT TO:

32 INT. BATHROOM/RYAN APARTMENT/MCCORMACK HOUSING - NIGHT

32

CATHY DUMPS a box of tampons out onto the floor. She stashes heroin in the empty cardboard box. KICK RYAN enters and CATHY reacts, clutches the box to her chest.

CATHY

Ya scared me.

CATHY BREATHES heavily among the spilled tampons. KICK looks at her like she's crazy.

KICK

Can I eat whatever's on the counter?
In the foil?

CATHY

Yeah, have as much as y'want. Marie
and Tony already ate.

KICK

Y'want some?

CATHY

I'm not hungry.

KICK

Ya wanna watch TV?

CATHY

Maybe later, sweetheart.

KICK nods. Beat.

KICK

When are we goin to see Dad again?

CATHY, caught off guard, stalls, then:

CATHY

Kick, I'm gonna be honest with you.

CATHY almost gets the truth out, then lies by omission:

CATHY (cont.)

We're not goin back there anymore.

KICK, used to disappointment, exits. On CATHY, regretful,

CUT TO:

33 INT. JACKIE'S OFFICE/FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

33

DECOURCY arrives, holding coffee cup. JACKIE looks up:

JACKIE

First day we met, I brought ya coffee,
remember? When ya gonna hit me back?

DECOURCY

I'm guessing that means you have no
news. Again.

JACKIE

Anton's still playin hide and seek.
Or maybe the kid skipped town. Or
he got disappeared. Like Jimmy Hoffa.

DECOURCY

Jackie, I've heard enough theories.
I need facts.

JACKIE

Fine. Let's take two steps back.
Anton is arrested. And good ol'
Grace... she raised a whole lotta
bail money pretty fuckin fast.
Assuming she used her sons' drug
money --

DECOURCY

No way.

JACKIE

Easy for Momma to get, tough for
Uncle to trace...

DECOURCY

Siobhan's known this woman for a
lifetime. And she honestly believes
Grace couldn't face what her sons
were up to. Until now...

JACKIE

Thought you said Grace was smart.

DECOURCY

Children are a blind spot. You've
said so yourself.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

JACKIE

"The only thing worse than being
blind? Having sight, but no vision."

DECOURCY

Maybe she used a bail bond?

JACKIE

Checked with all the neighborhood
bondsmen. She made inquiries, but
didn't go with any of them. She'd've
had no luck going outside of Roxbury
to get the cash... What other money
does she have access to?

JACKIE's eyes light up:

JACKIE (cont.)

What would I do?

DECOURCY

I don't want to know.

JACKIE

Steal. And she don't even need a
stocking cap -- just a blank check
and a pen.

JACKIE raises his eyebrows at DECOURCY, who understands his
meaning, shakes his head.

DECOURCY

Braxton Summit, that community means
everything to her. She wouldn't
steal from those people.

JACKIE

On a good day, no, 'course not.

(off DECOURCY)

Y'know how the Incredible Hulk came
about? Jack Kirby saw some mom pullin
a car off her baby. With her kid's
life on the line, the lady did what
she'd never been capable of before.

DECOURCY

Hysterical strength.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

JACKIE

Grace's firstborn son's pinned under
the proverbial Mack truck, y'better
believe she's gonna lift the fuckin
thing up. She don't care how.

DECOURCY considers.

JACKIE (cont.)

In her mind, she "borrowed."

DECOURCY

Thinking she'd get the money back
once Anton went to trial.

JACKIE

We need to subpoena the Tenant
Association's financial records.

DECOURCY

(nods)

If we can prove that Grace stole the
bail money, we can force her to
retract her statement absolving Anton.

JACKIE

And tell us where he's hiding.

A lab technician, BOBBY, appears in doorway.

BOBBY

Yo, Jackie.

JACKIE

Bobby, gimme somethin good.

BOBBY

Just finished comparing the ballistics
from the Siobhan Quays shooting to
the ballistics from the Raina Allen
homicide on Valentine's Day. Rounds
didn't come from the same gun --
they're not a match.

JACKIE

Bobby, go to Hell.

BOBBY

Great. We'll be together for
eternity.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

BOBBY exits. DECOURCY turns to JACKIE:

DECOURCY

What'd you expect? Good news? Of course Anton tossed the guns.

JACKIE

You've grown very pessimistic over the past year.

DECOURCY

Boston has that effect on people.

JACKIE

Here's the thing: you know the bullet doesn't match. I know the bullet doesn't match. But Grace only knows what we tell her. That's how we get her to admit she lied.

DECOURCY

A lie to catch a lie. That's almost biblical.

DECOURCY exits. On JACKIE, strategizing,

CUT TO:

34 INT. REC ROOM/COMMUNITY CENTER/BRAXTON SUMMIT - DAY

34

A handful of PEOPLE work, talk. JACKIE saunters through the space, finds GRACE, who's busy meeting with a LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT. Landscaping plans are laid out before them. GRACE, though unnerved to see JACKIE, plays it cool:

GRACE

Agent Rohr.

GRACE stands, steps aside, attempting to find privacy in the public space. JACKIE procures a subpoena:

JACKIE

A subpoena for the Tenant Association's financial records.

JACKIE speaks LOUDER than he needs to:

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

JACKIE (cont.)

Grace, I'm here out of respect, give you a heads up about the target letter coming your way.

(off GRACE)

You're under investigation for embezzlement, for stealing from the United States Government.

The ROOM goes QUIET. All eyes on GRACE, who faces the ARCHITECT:

GRACE

Excuse me for a moment.

GRACE, head held high, walks out calmly, wordlessly.

35 INT. OFFICE/TENANT MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATION - LATER

35

JACKIE follows GRACE inside. She sits at the desk and slowly begins "looking" for the files, strategizing as she moves.

JACKIE

On the upside, I have some sway with the U.S. Attorney's office. I could make this inquiry hit a dead end. I mean, if you tell me -- right now -- where Anton is.

GRACE

I can't do that 'cause I don't know.

JACKIE

Uh huh. But you could find him.

GRACE continues to thumb slowly through file folders. JACKIE sits across the desk from GRACE.

JACKIE (cont.)

With Anton on the lam and that bail money long gone... Sooner or later, you're gonna get caught, either by me or the IRS, and you'll have nowhere to turn. Might wanna think about cuttin your losses now.

GRACE looks up at JACKIE, deadpan, then back to the files.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

JACKIE (cont.)

You're willing to sacrifice everything you've built. Everything you've killed yourself for. Just to save an ungrateful son.

GRACE

There you go jumping to conclusions again. You don't know my son.

JACKIE

I know enough.

GRACE

I'd rather die than let my boy -- my innocent boy -- suffer.

JACKIE

Ya wanna talk about suffering? Siobhan Quays was shot. Before that, Raina Allen -- a child, for fuck's sake. Tell me, who's your innocent boy gonna hurt next?

GRACE

My son had nothing to do with any of that. We know the Allens. Anton, Kelvin and I were saddened by Raina's death. My sons visited her parents with me --

JACKIE

(lying)

Bullet that killed Raina and bullet pulled from Siobhan's shoulder came from the same gun. Anton's gun. Which we have.

GRACE tries not to react. She presents the subpoenaed financial records. JACKIE looks at them:

JACKIE (cont.)

These records end over a month ago.

GRACE

They're all I got. We work quarterly.

JACKIE stands, records in hand.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

JACKIE

Guess I'll subpoena the bank...
(turns to go, stops)
Heard you're applying for that HUD
grant. Twenty million dollars --
that'd be a nice chunk a-change for
the Braxton Summit Projects. Folks'll
celebrate the woman who secured that
grant, maybe even overlook her
wrongdoings... I got strings I could
pull and pull hard. But again, I'd
need to know where your son is.

GRACE is tempted, but holds strong:

GRACE

Again, I don't know.

JACKIE

Then, retract your statement.

GRACE

I told the truth.

JACKIE

You're not gonna be much help to
your boys when you're behind bars in
Danbury. For the next decade.

JACKIE exits. On GRACE, fuck,

CUT TO:

36 INT. DORIAN'S PUB/QUINCY - DAY

36

JENNY and MAEVE sit together at a table for two. A pair of
empties on the table show they've already been drinking.

JENNY

...So I wanna find my dad, confront
him, but Ma's no help.

MAEVE

You could hire somebody to search.
A private detective.

JENNY

With a husband in the FBI? Jackie'd
have a shit fit.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MAEVE

Get Jackie to locate him.

JENNY

Believe me: Jackie has no interest
in me finding my father.

A WAITRESS comes by, leaves two more pints of Guinness, grabs
the empty glasses. JENNY nods her thanks.

MAEVE

That was adorable, Jenny, how you
took an hour and a hundred sips to
drink a single Guinness.
But you're gonna drink this one
proper. In four giant swigs. Okay?

JENNY

Ya serious? I thought that four-sip
thing was made up by the Irish to
torture American tourists.

MAEVE

(shakes head)
I only want to see four lines of
foam on that glass when you're done.
(raises glass)
To singing a solo on Sunday.

JENNY

Oh God, I don't think I can.

MAEVE

What? C'mon, you're coddin me.

JENNY

The church'd be filled with my
neighbors. Who'll wanna see me fail.
Hell, my mother might show up. If I
say yes, I'll probably leap off the
choir loft and run out the back door.
You'll just see a flash.

MAEVE

Look at me, Rohr.
(off JENNY)
You're doing that solo. Or I'll
throw you off the choir loft.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

JENNY thinks, then smiles. They CLINK glasses. MAEVE downs her first giant sip. JENNY follows suit, with slightly more difficulty. MAEVE assesses JENNY's glass:

MAEVE (cont.)
Not bad a-tall.

JENNY
This is like drinking a loaf of bread.

JENNY downs her second gulp. As MAEVE LAUGHS, joins,

CUT TO:

038 EXT. COPELAND PARK TOWERS - NIGHT

038

ANTON and KELVIN walk toward a Residential Building.

38 INT. HALLWAY/COPELAND PARK TOWERS - LATER

38

Near the end of the Hall, an apartment door. COPELAND CREW MEMBER #1 stands guard. Suddenly, from a few doors down, a flash grenade hits the floor. He jumps back, points his gun toward the flash. With COPELAND CREW MEMBER #1 distracted, ANTON comes from his opposite side, SHOOTS and kills him. KELVIN emerges from behind the flashbang. The door to the Apartment opens as COPELAND CREW MEMBER #2 comes out to investigate. ANTON SHOOTS him and storms inside. KELVIN approaches, in the Hall, gun at the ready, as the SOUNDS of GUNFIRE come from inside the Copeland Stash House. Muzzle flash flickers on KELVIN's face as he nears the door, nervous.

ANTON (o.c.)
Kel, we good. Come on. Help me
clean 'em out.

KELVIN enters:

39 INT. STASH HOUSE/COPELAND PARK TOWERS - CONTINUOUS

39

As soon as KELVIN rounds the corner, he sees JUNIOR SENEGEL, on the floor, already shot by ANTON. JUNIOR sees KELVIN.

JUNIOR
Weak motherfucker.

JUNIOR SHOOTS at KELVIN, hits him in the lower abdomen. KELVIN falls. ANTON SHOOTS back at JUNIOR, killing him. Also lying on the floor are a MAN and WOMAN who'd been packaging dope, shot dead by ANTON.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ANTON grabs up the Copeland stash and money, stows it in pockets, as the FIRE ALARM starts going off. As ANTON frantically kneels beside a bleeding KELVIN, unsure what to do,

CUT TO:

40 EXT. DORIAN'S PUB/QUINCY - NIGHT

40

JENNY and MAEVE exit onto the sidewalk.

MAEVE
Which way are you?

JENNY points. MAEVE points in the opposite direction:

MAEVE (cont.)
I'm that way. This was great fun.
You're a delight.

JENNY
Lemme give you a ride.

MAEVE
I've got a short walk home.

JENNY
I'm safe to drive. I promise.

MAEVE
(jokes)
I saw ya downing that Guinness.
I'll stay on foot, if you please.

JENNY
If I'm tipsy, whose fault is that?

MAEVE
I'll be sure to confess my sin to
Father Doyle. 'Night.

MAEVE starts heading one way; JENNY, the other. After a few steps, JENNY hears a SOUND, glances back to see MAEVE getting pulled into an Alley, behind the Pub. JENNY rushes to:

41 EXT. ALLEY/QUINCY - CONTINUOUS

41

As JENNY rounds the corner, she sees a large IRA THUG slam MAEVE against the brick wall of the Pub.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

JENNY
Get away from her.

The IRA THUG HITS MAEVE hard in the stomach. MAEVE stands tall, glaring at the IRA THUG, who holds MAEVE by her neck against the wall as JENNY runs up on them.

JENNY (cont.)
Get the fuck off-a her.

JENNY tries to pull the IRA THUG off of MAEVE. He shoves JENNY away, causing her to fall to the ground. JENNY stands and grabs a cinderblock being used as a doorstop outside the Pub's back door. She heaves it as hard as she can at the IRA THUG, hitting him in the leg. He releases MAEVE. He glares at MAEVE, as he hobbles off.

JENNY (cont.)
'The hell was that?

MAEVE
Ex-boyfriend.

MAEVE, stoic, smooths her clothes and hair.

42 INT. DODGE CARAVAN - LATER

42

JENNY and MAEVE get into the front seats, catch their BREATH.

JENNY
What's going on? Are ya in some
kind of trouble?

MAEVE tries to keep it light:

MAEVE
Not after you came in, on fire, like
the bloody Morrigan.

JENNY
Maeve, if you really know that guy,
he might try again. We should call
the police. I could ask Jackie to
track the asshole down --

MAEVE
No, no, no, just drive me home. And
forget what you saw.
(pained)
Please?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

As JENNY EXHALES, starts ENGINE, unhappily,

CUT TO:

43 INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY/COPELAND PARK TOWERS - NIGHT

43

ANTON drags KELVIN down the long Hallway. KELVIN bleeds profusely, leaving a trail. ANTON looks at the trail, he's in a panic:

ANTON

I don't know anymore, K. I don't know where to take you, little man.

KELVIN

Momma. Call Momma.

ANTON

You the one been sayin we gotta protect Momma. How we gone do that if we call her in on this shit? I'll figure this out. I can bring you to Brockton.

KELVIN

Anton. I'll die before Brockton.

ANTON

I won't let you die...

ANTON looks down at KELVIN, at his own hands, covered in blood. As ANTON tries to stop the bleeding,

CUT TO:

44 INT. OUR MARTYR SAINT CECILIA CHURCH - DAY

44

JENNY walks up the aisle of the empty Church, finds DOYLE just as he steps into the Sacristy. She crosses to him. DOYLE looks up to see JENNY in the doorway.

DOYLE

Jenny. Hi.

JENNY

Father, d'ya have a minute?

DOYLE

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

He steps toward her, into the Church.

DOYLE (cont.)

I hear you might be singing a solo
this Sunday. That's grand.

JENNY

Oh, please, don't expect too much...

DOYLE

Are you here for a pep talk then?

JENNY

No, I could use some advice.

DOYLE

I'll do my best.

JENNY

I think a friend of mine's in trouble.
I don't want to gossip, but I do
want to help, so I feel kinda stuck.

DOYLE

I'm afraid I can't give good counsel
if you don't tell me a bit more.

JENNY

Well, by trouble, I mean, I think my
friend is in danger.

DOYLE squints quizzically at JENNY.

JENNY (cont.)

This really is about a friend, I
swear. Not me.

DOYLE

You still have to be more specific.

JENNY

She sings in the choir with me.

(QUIETLY)

The friend -- is Maeve.

DOYLE furrows his brow, listening.

JENNY (cont.)

I've seen the two of you, whispering.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

JENNY (cont.)
I gotta admit, at first, I thought
you were having an affair.

DOYLE
We're not, I can assure you.

JENNY
I know that now... Last night, some
big brute tried to hurt her. She
says he was her ex, but I'm not so
sure... Y'should've seen this -- I
mean, he was brutal. Scary. I know
I don't have the right to ask, but,
has she confided in you? Told you
what's wrong? 'Cause I want to be
ready, if she needs me.

DOYLE takes a long beat, thinking.

DOYLE
Jenny, I say this as your friend,
not as your priest. Do not get
involved. Stay away from that woman.
This is Maeve's own struggle, not
yours. You cannot take that on.

JENNY
But, as a Catholic, I should --

DOYLE
No.

JENNY
She's a good person.

DOYLE
But maybe she's not good for you.

On JENNY, put off by DOYLE's reaction,

CUT TO:

45 INT. PRIVATE ROOM/SAINT ELIGIUS HOSPITAL - DAY

45

SIOBHAN sits in a wheelchair; DECOURCY stands beside her. A
FEMALE NURSE speaks to DECOURCY:

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

FEMALE NURSE

Keep the area dry. Change the
dressing every two days with clean
hands -- no cleansers or lotions.

DECOURCY nods, but his mind is elsewhere, not listening.
The NURSE notices he isn't paying attention, directs her
instructions to SIOBHAN instead:

FEMALE NURSE (cont.)

If you experience any severe pain,
or bleeding that doesn't stop with
gentle pressure, come in immediately.

SIOBHAN nods.

46 EXT. DRIVEWAY/SAINT ELIGIUS HOSPITAL - LATER

46

DECOURCY wheels SIOBHAN to a Rental Car. The COP follows,
heads to a BPD Cruiser.

DECOURCY

Car's in the shop.

SIOBHAN

You don't have to say that. I know
the car's evidence.

SIOBHAN pauses, remembering the shooting.

DECOURCY

Do you want to sit in the back?

DECOURCY goes to help SIOBHAN, but she rises from the
wheelchair on her own.

SIOBHAN

No, Decourcy, I don't.

SIOBHAN notices the BPD Cruiser.

SIOBHAN (cont.)

Our escort?

DECOURCY nods. SIOBHAN opens the Car door, stops.

DECOURCY

You need help?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

SIOBHAN

(faces him)

The nurse was telling you how to care for the wound because she's assuming you're gonna be the one who's there for me. But you weren't even listening.

DECOURCY

Siobhan, I'm sorry if I wasn't taking notes. But you wanna question whether I'm there for you? Every moment of every day, I've been trying to bring Anton Campbell to justice.

SIOBHAN

Justice? Or is this vengeance? We have everything to lose and nothing to gain from revenge. Your family is right here. Alive.

SIOBHAN gestures in a way that hurts her shoulder, winces. Sobered by pain, SIOBHAN speaks QUIETLY, with true concern:

SIOBHAN (cont.)

You shouldn't even be leaving the apartment.

DECOURCY

Siobhan, come on --

SIOBHAN

That twisted sonofabitch wants to kill you.

This silences them both. As they get into the Car,

CUT TO:

47 EXT. STREET/QUINCY - NIGHT

47

MAEVE arrives home to find JENNY sitting outside her Apartment in her Car. MAEVE's instinct is to look for an escape, but she realizes there's no use. JENNY gets out of her Car.

MAEVE

How long ya been here?

JENNY

We need to talk.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

MAEVE relents. They start to walk.

JENNY (cont.)

Your life, your feelings are yours.
Ya don't have to share 'em with
anyone, especially not some crazy
lady waitin outside your house. But
you're safe with me, y'can tell me
anything. If you want to.

MAEVE says nothing.

JENNY (cont.)

I know the weight of holding onto
pain, holding on so tightly that
bottling it up feels like the only
option, like that secret is who you
are. Truth is -- doesn't have to
be.

MAEVE

S' nice, what you're saying. But --

MAEVE shakes her head, can't say.

MAEVE (cont.)

Not all secrets are the same.

JENNY

The first time I saw ya, y'were
crying. Ya said a cousin had been
killed by a bomb in Belfast. Which
has me wondering if... That man,
who attacked you, wasn't your ex-
boyfriend, was he?

MAEVE

No.

JENNY

Sometimes saying something out loud
feels better than ya might expect.

MAEVE

I'm IRA.

(beat)

Feels kinda like I expected.

JENNY

Why did you join?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

MAEVE

At first, everything I did was voluntary. Started hiding my mates from the RUC. That felt like the right thing to do, what a good friend does. But the favors got more involved, more specific. Errands. Deliveries. Then, they taught me how to fight, how to shoot, how to build a feckin bomb... They dressed me up as a nun, sent me out to kill.

JENNY shifts; MAEVE notices.

MAEVE (cont.)

I missed on purpose.

JENNY looks down, nods.

MAEVE (cont.)

That's why I ran away to America. But there's no escaping their anger. I live every day afraid that someone will show up, like that prick in the alley, wanting to punish me.

JENNY

(uneasy)

So, what will ya do?

MAEVE

I need to disappear.

JENNY

That's right, you should go.

MAEVE

But, I need money. Enough to travel, to buy a new identity, to start over. In peace.

On JENNY, considering,

CUT TO:

48 INT. LIVING ROOM/CAMPBELL APARTMENT/BRAXTON SUMMIT - NIGHT

48

The Phone RINGS. GRACE picks up, puts the Phone to her ear, doesn't say hello. As she listens, her face drops.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

GRACE
Where...? Why didn't you call me
sooner...? I'm coming... Anton --
(swallows emotion)
You better not be there.

GRACE hangs up. As she rushes to get out the door,

CUT TO:

49 INT. LIVING ROOM/DECOURCY & SIOBHAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

49

DECOURCY and SIOBHAN walk through the front door. She puts
a hand on the pram, looks around. SIOBHAN notices a scarf
lying on the table, picks it up.

SIOBHAN
Forgot to take this to the Mayor's
house that night. Strange.
Everything's exactly the same, but
everything feels totally different.

DECOURCY nods.

SIOBHAN (cont.)
I'm gonna go upstairs and lie down.

SIOBHAN makes her way to the stairs, starts walking up slowly.
DECOURCY joins SIOBHAN. His Phone RINGS. They pause.
DECOURCY puts an arm around SIOBHAN, offering support. As
they walk upstairs together, ignoring the RINGING Phone,

CUT TO:

50 EXT. ALLEY/COPELAND TERRITORY - NIGHT

50

GRACE arrives to find KELVIN, bloody, terrified, alone,
propped against a Building. GRACE opens the passenger door
to her Buick, reclines the seat all the way back. GRACE
lifts KELVIN.

51 INT. BUICK - LATER

51

GRACE drives. KELVIN is reclined in the passenger seat.

KELVIN
Momma?

GRACE
Yes, baby.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

KELVIN

You know I love you?

GRACE

Don't go sayin last words. You're not gonna die, Kel. I'm your momma -- you do what I tell you to do.

KELVIN

I gotta say what I need to say... Your love is special. Everyone you know, you make 'em feel like they matter. I'm proud of you, Momma. I wanted to make you proud of me.

GRACE smiles through her fear. She drives, fast but safe.

KELVIN (cont.)

I'm sorry, Momma.

GRACE

I'm sorry, baby. Sorry I can't make life better...

At a stoplight, GRACE glances at KELVIN:

GRACE (cont.)

Kelvin. Did Anton shoot Siobhan?

Staring straight forward, avoiding eye contact, KELVIN nods, then shifts his eyes back to the window.

KELVIN

Mighta killed little Raina, too.

GRACE INHALES, shakes her head, trying to will it all away.

GRACE

No, no, that can't be --

KELVIN

If he didn't, then I probably did...

GRACE

No. You better not say anything you gone wish you could take back.

KELVIN

So if we aren't to blame, then who? Boston? God?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

51

They sit still at the stoplight. GRACE stares ahead, dazed, her new reality taking its toll. KELVIN GROANS in pain. As GRACE hits the gas, driving through the red light,

FADE OUT.

THE END