

GONE BABY GONE

Ben Affleck & Aaron Stockard

Morning.

Clouds moving through the sky.

We see various shots of the city, exterior storefronts, people going about their lives and some wider shots of the city.

As they continue, the hour gets progressively later in the day until the final sequence which takes place at night.

Over this we hear our guy, PATRICK (30).

PATRICK (V.O.)

To people who grow up here, this city is like family. The thing about family, about the city, about the church, about the people you grow up with-- is that no matter how much they hurt you, no matter what the cost is, you still love them. And despite all our flaws-- what we do to each other-- what is done to us-- I've always felt proprietary about it all. Like the old commercial for dog food: 'doesn't your dog deserve to be treated like a member of the family?' I've always believed it depended on the dog. Beyond that, the most I thought about anything was what I wanted to do. Who I wanted to be. To rise where my father said I couldn't go, to succeed. To be a man.

EXT. MCCREADY THREE DECKER - NIGHT

A playground at night, completely empty. One of the swings drifts back and forth...

The back door to a home is open. A piece of light cuts across the porch from inside...

Up the back stairwell another door is open, leading into an apartment...

Down the hall, a third door opens to reveal a small, sparse bedroom. A small mattress on the floor holds a dirty-faced little girl asleep under her blanket...

Footsteps heard, quietly moving through the house...

A three foot gate hangs open. A car starts and pulls away.

We begin to hear the voice of Jack Doyle.

DOYLE

Amanda McCready was taken from her home
sometime between eight and eight thirty.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE'S CAR - DAY

JACK DOYLE (60s) speaks at a press conference on a small,
PORTABLE TELEVISION with a 3x4 inch screen resting on the
dashboard of a car and plugged into the lighter outlet.

DOYLE

She is four years old, has blond hair and
green eyes, 35 pounds and about 3 and a
half feet tall. Amanda's mother says she
put her to bed in her *Beauty and the
Beast* nightgown...

Patrick Kenzie and Angela Gennaro sit in the car watching
idly.

TV: A clip from an interview with Amanda's mother, HELENE
MCCREADY (29-39). She looks haggard and in desperate need of
sleep, if not a stint in detox. Standing beside her is her
brother LIONEL and sister-in-law BEATRICE, both of whom we
will come to know later.

HELENE (ON TV)

The thing is she just always had a smile
on her face, you know? That was her. She
was always smilin'.

(tears welling)

I mean, who would take my little girl?
What did she ever do to anyone?

PATRICK

Did you know her?

ANGIE

Vaguely.

(re: tv)

This is horrible.

PATRICK

Not if you're channel nine.

ANGIE

That's Timmy Reilly. Is he a cop now?

A press conference with JACK DOYLE (68) comes on. Beneath his image is written "JACK DOYLE, CRIMES AGAINST CHILDREN."

DOYLE (ON TV)

I know the pain of losing a daughter --We will pursue every avenue--

PATRICK

They can't be taking that many avenues.
The whole force is outside the house.

They are parked on a street in Dorchester lined with residential apartments and storefronts.

A KNOCK on the windowsill startles them both. It's A NEIGHBORHOOD GUY, BOBBY.

BOBBY

(winks, being funny)
Hey. How are you?

PATRICK

Good, Bobby. Nice to see you.

Bobby moves on down the street. She looks at Patrick.

ANGIE

This is why it's embarrassing to do surveillance three blocks from where we live.

Over Patrick and through the windshield we see A MAN AND A WOMAN emerge from a MINT GREEN 3-DECKER.

PATRICK

There they go.

They kiss before parting ways. The MAN hops into a GREEN LINCOLN while the WOMAN heads down the block, on foot.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

They're splitting up.

ANGIE

Go with him. I'll follow the mother.

Angie jumps out and starts following the woman. Patrick pulls slowly from the curb and trails the Lincoln.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S CAR, DRIVING - DAY (MOVING)

Patrick turns a corner on a residential street. Then another one, keeping about a block between himself and the Lincoln.

EXT. DORCHESTER ST. - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, A TEN YEAR OLD KID darts in front of Patrick atop a BMX bicycle. Patrick has to stop.

PATRICK
Get out of the way.

KID
Fuck your mother.

PATRICK
Move the Huffy before I slap your face.

Patrick waits for the kid to move. As he drives by he reaches out to CUFF the kid, who eludes him.

KID
Missed me, faggot.

EXT. DORCHESTER AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick pulls out onto Dot Ave. He looks around, doesn't see the Lincoln. He goes left.

EXT. DOT AVE. - CONTINUOUS

Patrick drives a few cars behind the Lincoln. He can't catch up.

EXT. DORCHESTER AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

A car STOPS in front of Patrick. He tries to go around, traffic is oncoming.

PATRICK
Fuck. Fuck.

The car moves. The Lincoln is long gone.

He pulls the car over.

He sees an ITALIAN MAN IN HIS SIXTIES looking at him from the sidewalk (GERRY SPECA). The man sits in front of a VFW. They trade looks.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Patrick dials his phone and puts it to his ear.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

Nine one one, what's your emergency?

PATRICK

I want to report a drunk driver. I saw him consuming alcohol in his front seat, and he almost swiped an old lady.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

What's the description?

PATRICK

(looking at paper)

1989 Green Lincoln Mercury LS.
Massachusetts Patriots bonus edition
license plate 357 bravo. 929.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

Thank you sir.

PATRICK

Thank you. God bless.

Patrick reaches into the glove compartment and produces a small device. He turns it on and sets it on the dash. By the SCRATCHY VOICES and STACCATO CODE we realize it's a POLICE SCANNER.

He waits. Cars roll by. Wipe. Shot outside car.

OMIT

OMIT

OMIT

CUT TO:

EXT. DORCHESTER AVE. - MINUTES LATER

Patrick is in the car. Listening.

His phone rings. He answers it.

ANGIE (ON PHONE)

Where are you?

PATRICK
Dot Ave, where are you?

ANGIE
Nguyen's nail salon.

PATRICK
That's where she went?

ANGIE
Yup. I'm getting my nails done. You still
with the father?

PATRICK
I lost him.

ANGIE
You did?

SCANNER
Lincoln Mercury Cougar, ninety eight.
Broadway and L St. Field Sobriety...

PATRICK
Whoops, there he is.

And he pulls out.

EXT. BROADWAY, SOUTH BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER

On the side of the road, several OFFICERS administer a FIELD
SOBRIETY TEST to the MAN.

The Man is upset. He gestures at the Police.

Patrick pulls up across the street, watching.

They let the man go.

Patrick eases out after him. He WAVES to the cops, who stare
back, not knowing him or why he is waving.

EXT. OLD COLONY HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

From Patrick's car, we see the Father get out of his car and
head in the door, holding his bad.

Patrick watches from across the street, in his car.

He sees all the sweet-faced little kids, all dressed up in the best clothes their parents could afford, running and shrieking and playing kick-ball in a tiny play lot inside a giant, ramshackle housing project.

The father emerges, BAGLESS.

EXT. OLD COLONY, PERKINS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

As Patrick walks past we dolly low alongside him and onto the playground. He approaches the door the father came out of and enters

INT. BUILDING B. OLD COLONY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick comes in. There are a bunch of the ubiquitous MISSING CHILDREN FLIERS on the ground. A door to a unit is ajar.

EXT. MAUREEN QUINN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick eases the door open a bit. Patrick goes to his haunches so as to stay out of sight at the opening. Through the crack we see a man and a woman arguing.

A woman MAUREEN, Irish (34) is making breakfast. She calls out to the next room.

MAUREEN
(calling out)
You want them eggs runnin'?

TOMMY MEADE rolls into frame, bitching about his condition.

TOMMY
Yah. Where'd my father leave the bag?

She indicates.

MAUREEN
By the chair.

TOMMY
You know Cheryl Martin said Donna hired missing persons investigators to find me?

MAUREEN
(feebly)
You're not missin'...

TOMMY

Fuckin' bullshit. I can't go back to my own home to get my own clothes for fear of gettin' my wages garnished to support Mike Cuddehy's fuckin' kids?

Patrick looks at the floor, the BAG the Father was carrying has CLOTHES in it.

The KID comes to the opening in the door. He looks at Patrick. Patrick holds a finger to his lips: shhh.

EXT TAFT ST. - DAY

Patrick parks and walks by various families.

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Patrick looks at a paper. It's their ad.

PATRICK

"Dorchester's best missing persons?"
That's terrible.

ANGIE

What's wrong with it?

PATRICK

It's like having world's tallest midget as your slogan.

ANGIE

It's better than the old one.

PATRICK

You're just saying that cause the new one has your name on it.

Patrick takes his gun out, wallet, puts them on the table.

ANGIE

At a certain point the person who books half the business is entitled to her name on the door.

(beat)

Speaking of which, how'd you get Tommy?

PATRICK

These people need to learn how to hide better. Staying at your girlfriend's in OC projects ain't slick.

(beat)

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

And the reason you book half the business is cause no one's trying to get in my trousers.

ANGIE

Keep telling yourself that.

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Long, intimate improvised scene in their bedroom.

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Patrick walks down the hallway toward the kitchen.

PATRICK

Yo, you want some cereal?

ANGIE (O.S.)

I'm in the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Makes cereal. Walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick walks by the door. He pushes on it. She BUMPS it shut. He stands there for a minute, thinks of an explanation.

PATRICK

I just wanted to see if you wanted some food.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick comes into the living room, the television is on. He puts the cereal down and starts eating.

JACK DOYLE (60s) speaks at a press conference.

DOYLE

She is four years old, has blond hair and green eyes, 35 pounds and about 3 and a half feet tall. Amanda's mother says she put her to bed in her *Beauty and the Beast* nightgown...

Patrick watches.

TV: A clip from an interview with Amanda's mother, HELENE MCCREARY (29-39).

HELENE (ON TV)

The thing is she just always had a smile
on her face, you know? That was her.
She was always smilin'.

Angie enters.

HELENE (ON TV) (CONT'D)

(tears welling)
I mean, who would take my little girl?
What did she ever do to anyone?

ANGIE

Did you know her?

PATRICK

Vaguely.

ANGIE

This is horrible.

PATRICK

Not if you're Channel Nine.

She sits down to watch.

A press conference with JACK DOYLE (68) comes on. Beneath
his image is written "JACK DOYLE, CRIMES AGAINST CHILDREN."

DOYLE

We will pursue every avenue.

PATRICK

They can't be taking that many avenues.
The whole force is outside the house.

TV: A STILL PHOTO OF AMANDA MCCREADY (4) occupies a corner of
the frame. She has dirty blonde hair and a shy smile.

NEWSCASTER

Her mother says Amanda may be carrying
Mirabelle, her favorite doll...

On TV the camera goes to BEA and LIONEL. Bea Speaks.

BEA (ON TV)

Whoever you are, if you have her, just
give her back. We won't charge you. If
you're out there, just let her go!

ANGIE

Poor woman.

PATRICK

Look at these guys. Standing around posing for the camera like they have a purpose. That's why cops hate us. (MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Cause they know we do the same thing as them without five years of jungle gym Police academy.

Bell rings.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Who's this?

CUT TO:

BEA MCCREADY'S FACE

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT - MORNING

Patrick is standing in the doorway, looking at Beatrice and Lionel McCready, not entirely sure what to say.

BEATRICE

My niece is missing.

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Close on a hand picking clothes up off the couch in their 'office'-- which is basically their living room.

Now we get a good look at their guests, who are standing politely.

BEA MCCREADY (mid 50s, matronly) we recognize from the TV clip. She has a kind patience that has been tried by her ordeal.

Her husband, LIONEL (mid 40s), we remember as well. Lionel is the kind of man who was once a hard drinker, a fighter and a troublemaker. Now 'recovered,' he has been a husband, provider and peacemaker for almost twenty years.

Angie is also trying to tidy the detritus of their morning which lie strewn around their office, including a bra which is behind the couch.

PATRICK

I heard about that on the news...Excuse the mess. We just finished another case...

ANGIE

I am so sorry, Mrs. McCready. I can't imagine what this time must be like for your family.

PATRICK

This is my associate, Angela Gennaro.

They all four stand there, not sure what comes next.

BEATRICE

We want to hire you to augment the police with the investigation.

No one says anything.

LIONEL

Like Jean Benet Ramsey. The family hired investigators.

PATRICK

Right. I remember that.

BEATRICE

The Police are nowhere, they're slow, they keep us in the dark. We want our own investigators.

ANGIE

I'm not sure we're who you're looking for.

BEATRICE

Isn't that what you do? The ad in the paper said 'missing persons.'

Tiniest of looks from Patrick to Angie.

PATRICK

What Angie is trying to say is: we usually get hired to find people who like, take off to New Hampshire without payin' for their jet ski--

Bea looks up at Patrick, confused.

ANGIE

Every Police officer in Boston is looking for your niece. This is something they're qualified for.

BEA

What are you saying?

ANGIE

I'm not sure how much help we can be.

PATRICK

Hear her out, Ange.

BEA

You're not gonna do any harm, are you?
 (shaking her head)
 Why is this so hard? The cops sent one man until I called the Herald and raised Cain. The cops don't want me hirin' you. Now you don't want the job?

PATRICK

It's not that we don't want the job.

BEA

Don't you know people in the neighborhood? People who don't want to talk to Police?

PATRICK

Yes. We do. Have the Police told you anything so far?

BEA

If I hear they have "no leads" one more time I'm gonna lose my marbles. I mean, Helene was watching TV next door and wasn't gone for more than a half hour.

LIONEL

She was watching "Wife Swap" downstairs.
 (beat)
 It's her favorite show.

PATRICK

Where's the father?

Beatrice snorts. Lionel shoots her a look.

LIONEL

Germany. Army base. He doesn't want nothin' to do with Helene.

BEA

Or Amanda. He doesn't think she's his.

PATRICK

Is there anyone you know? An acquaintance who could have taken her... a neighbor?

LIONEL

I don't know. You think she was definitely taken though?

PATRICK

If she were lost I think they...

Bea may be coming unglued.

BEA

Couldn't she have fallen down a well or something? Like in Texas?

PATRICK

That's not what we hope for...

Awkward moment.

ANGIE

How is Helene holding up?

LIONEL

She's trying.

BEA

Please, Lionel.

LIONEL

Look, it. I had my problems, hard bust at 22. Bea straightened me out. Helene hasn't had that.

BEA

No, she has you. You find her work-- she was our *housekeeper* for a year and a half-

(beat)

Look, come talk to Helene yourself. I don't care if you think you can help. Try. There must be something you can do.

She looks at them expectantly.

PATRICK

We'll meet you over there.

He throws Angie another small look.

BEA

We don't have a lot of money, but I saved over the years. Don't think we can't afford it.

Angie gives her a smile.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S CAR - LATER

Patrick and Angie are in their car. They pull to a stop, looking at something off-camera right.

ANGIE

If a missing child isn't found in seventy two hours they are almost never recovered.

PATRICK

Pretty quick with the facts for someone who's so unqualified.

ANGIE

I read that on the computer in two minutes while you were getting dressed.

PATRICK

See that, you're already on the case.

ANGIE

We aren't needed, we can't make a difference and we can't take their money.

PATRICK

I don't want to take their money.

ANGIE

I don't want to find a child in a dumpster.

PATRICK

Neither do I. I want to find one alive who we can bring home.

ANGIE

We have a good life, Patrick.

PATRICK

This won't change that.

ANGIE

You go out in the rain, you get wet.

PATRICK

If it's a four year-old girl out there,
you go out and bring her back. We'll be
okay.

(smiles)

It's just rain.

EXT HELENE'S APT. - DAY

We might recognize it from the nighttime abduction sequence
except that now it's swarming with:

CAMERA TRUCKS, MEDIA TYPES and LOOKEY-LOOS.

This is a big shot full of REPORTERS, LOCALS, KIDS, A GUY
WITH A GRILL, AN ICE-CREAM TRUCK.

People mill around and converse. KIDS wave behind REPORTERS
heads, trying to get on camera.

We carry Patrick and Angie through with a Steadi-Cam as they
react to the circus.

A FIELD REPORTER does a stand-up, dressed formally to the
waist in a sports coat and tie but wears shorts below. He has
heavy pancake make-up on.

PATRICK

Block party.

EXT. HELENE'S APT - DAY

They reach the front porch.

One, OFFICER REILLY (from TV) stops Patrick as he comes in.

OFFICER REILLY

Friends of the family?

Patrick rolls his eyes.

PATRICK

Timmy. It's me.

Lionel is out on the porch.

LIONEL

It's okay. Come on in.

Patrick heads down the hall toward the kitchen but turns back when he sees Angie going into the living room.

INT. HELENE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Angie enter the small two bedroom apartment. It is crowded and crawling with police.

HELENE MCCREADY (in rough shape) sits wearing a "born to shop" T-Shirt. Her best friend DOTTIE sits next to her. They are engrossed in a DAY-TIME TALK SHOW. Dottie wears a "Dot Rat" T-shirt.

LIONEL

Helene, this is Patrick Kenzie and Angela Gennaro.

The two women on the couch look over.

DOTTIE

I remember you.

Angie looks blank.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

MRM high.

Angie offers a fake smile, half-recognition, polite.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)

I see you're still conceited.

LIONEL

Could you excuse us, Dottie?

HELENE

Dottie's my best friend, Lionel. She can be in my house if she wants.

PATRICK

We just want to ask a few questions.

HELENE

She can be here for that.

PATRICK

(to Lionel)

It's fine.

DOTTIE
 (to Helene)
Now everyone wants to be part of it.

 HELENE
I know.
 (to Angie)
I already talked to the cops forty times.

 ANGIE
We're sorry to take up your time.

 PATRICK
Beatrice asked us to come here.

 HELENE
--Why don't Bea mind her business. It's
my kid--

 DOTTIE
'Cause everyone's tryin' to get their
moment now.

 LIONEL
Bea hired these people to help find
Amanda with her own money. You better
show them the God damn courtesy they
deserve!

 DOTTIE
She's in grief, prick.

 LIONEL
She can grieve how she wants, Dottie. You
don't live here.

 HELENE
Don't yell at her. You ain't her father!

 DOTTIE
Fuck you, Lionel.

Lionel marches over toward Dottie. She scoots in a hurry.

 DOTTIE (CONT'D)
Get away from me!

Dottie storms from the room. Patrick and Angie stand
uncomfortably in the hall.

 LIONEL
I'm sorry.

ANGIE
Maybe we should go.

LIONEL
I'm sorry... I understand.

BEA (O.S.)
Can I speak with you for a minute?

PATRICK
Can you excuse us, Helene?

Helene ignores her.

INT. HELENE'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bea stands at the far end of the hallway, distraught. She holds a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH in her hand.

LIONEL
Helene has emotional problems.

BEATRICE
It's not that, Lionel.

LIONEL
What is it, then?

What Bea says belies her matronly kindness.

BEATRICE
She's a cunt.

LIONEL
Beatrice! Don't say that word.

BEATRICE
God help me, it's true.

LIONEL
For God's sake, the walls are thin.

BEATRICE
I don't care anymore, Lionel. Let her hear.

Bea hands Patrick the photograph of Amanda.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
This is a child.
(beat, cracking)
And I don't know where she is.

Angie looks to Patrick.

ANGIE
(comforting smile)
Well. We can't do any harm, right?

SAME - LATER (KITCHEN)

The sink is FULL OF SHIT. Lionel tries getting out a cup for coffee.

Patrick, Lionel, and Bea sit around the kitchen.

Angie makes her way around the kitchen, looking over the environment. Shots of the mess that is Helene's apartment (and a nod to our extraordinary set decorator.)

PATRICK
What about who she hangs out with? What kind of people are around?

Bea looks to Lionel to answer this sort of thing.

LIONEL
I don't know. She's at the Fillmore all the time.

PATRICK
(knows its reputation)
The Fillmore *Lounge*?

LIONEL
She drinks every day, she's got the gene. The disease. Our parents had it, too.

PATRICK
She use drugs?

LIONEL
I think she does a little coke.

PATRICK
How much is a little?

LIONEL
I don't know... few times a week, maybe. How much is a lot?

PATRICK
Few times a week is a lot.

LIONEL

Then she does a lot. I don't know anything about that.

(to Patrick)

I put the plug in the jug, myself. I got twenty three years sobriety.

There is a short beat before:

PATRICK

(for lack of anything else)

Good for you.

ANGIE

What's Amanda like?

BEATRICE

She's quiet. Has her manners, please and thank yous. She tries her hardest to be good.

ANGIE

You mind if we look in her room?

INT AMANDA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick and Angie stand just inside the door to Amanda's drab little bedroom. The only furniture a TWIN-SIZED MATTRESS and a CHEST OF DRAWERS. It's all third hand.

PATRICK

We get a bonus for finding the furniture?

Patrick looks over the dirtied walls, faded glowing stars, stickers, a sad sight.

ANGIE

Maybe she ran away.

DOYLE (O.C.)

Solved it yet?

Patrick and Angie turn to the voice. Standing in the doorway is JACK DOYLE, the police officer from the TV report.

PATRICK

Almost.

He extends his hand.

DOYLE

Jack Doyle.

PATRICK
(reaching out)
Patrick Kenzie. Angela Gennaro.

DOYLE
Nice to meet you.

ANGIE
Good to meet you, Captain.

DOYLE
I take it Bea hired you?

PATRICK
She wants to cover as much ground as she
can.

He looks them over.

ANGIE
I take it you didn't want us hired.

DOYLE
These people aren't rich.

PATRICK
We understand that. This is about helping
in whatever way we can. Not about making
money.

DOYLE
Good. I don't care who finds her. I just
want it done.

ANGIE
We want that too, sir.

DOYLE
Fine. Keep us apprised.

PATRICK
Of course... is there any way we can see
what you're looking at so far?

DOYLE
(smiles)
I'll put my two best men on it. Where can
they find you?

EXT FILLMORE LOUNGE - DAY

The Fillmore Lounge is a dreary looking bar up an alley off Dorchester Avenue.

Degenerate drinkers are now forced to go outside and smoke under the noon day sun and the place's faux, stacked stone facade.

INT FILLMORE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

And it's no more welcoming inside. Men come here to nurse their drug habits, their alcoholism and their hate.

While you wouldn't think there were many clamoring to get into their club, they don't look kindly on potential applicants.

At one end of the bar, LENNY (mid 40's) sips a whiskey and studies the Keno results. In the rear, 4 ALCOHOLICS sit around muttering to one another. And at one of the tables a CAULIFLOWER FACED MAN drinks alone.

In addition there is a SMATTERING OF ROUGH LOOKING FACES.

The bartender BIG DAVE (hence the name) has a newspaper spread out before him on the bar.

PATRICK

I'm not asking for the combination to the safe here...

BIG DAVE

I got nothin' to say. I already talked to the cops.

PATRICK

Look, Dave, right?

BIG DAVE

Big Dave.

PATRICK

Okay, "Big Dave." "Medium Patrick." Nice to meet you.

BIG DAVE

You're a little light in the ass to be talkin' shit.

Patrick puts his hands up.

PATRICK
I apologize.

BIG DAVE
Buy a drink or screw.

ANGIE
We'll have a couple of tonics.

Dave regards them for a beat, then moves off.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Spuds McKenzie.

Patrick turns to find STEVE TSAFONIAS (30s), staring back at him -- a dim, goofy smile across his face.

STEVE
Steve... Tsafonias.
(beat)
"Gyro?"

Patrick subtly looks to Angie.

PATRICK
Zeus! How you been?

INT. FILMORE LOUNGE, BOOTH - LATER

We come off the face of a interesting man to see:

Patrick, Angie, and Steve sitting around a table sharing a pitcher of beer.

STEVE
Oh, it's a real tragedy. She used to come in here, sit up on the bar and shit... She was like our mascot.

ANGIE
Helene brought Amanda in here?

STEVE
No, mostly in the afternoons. It's not the place for a child at night.

ANGIE
Really?

STEVE
(lowers his voice)
Hot tempers. Lotta drugs.

PATRICK

How much does Helene come in?

STEVE

Like five nights a week.

(off their reaction)

She's a fuckin' coke head guys. Don't get me wrong, you don't want that for no one. But it's not a real shocker.

(pause. His voice almost a whisper now.)

I seen her on the news saying how she was at her neighbor's for a half hour? Bullshit. She was in here snappin' lines for two hours.

PATRICK

Are you sure it was the same night?

STEVE

Yeah, cause she was bumpin' rails in the shitter with Ray. I was knockin' on the door.

ANGIE

Ray Likanski?

STEVE

He was duckin' me like a faggot 'cause he owes me a dime. Then he owes everyone money, I found out. Don't lend him no money--

LENNY (O.C.)

Hey! What are you doing?!

Steve looks up. Lenny (Keno Guy) is out of his stool.

STEVE

(frightened)

Nothing... what Lenny?

Lenny starts towards their table.

LENNY

Don't talk about people you don't know.

STEVE

I know them.

PATRICK

What's your problem, guy?

LENNY

You said you ain't a cop, right? Why don't you fuck off?

PATRICK

Why don't you mind your business.

Lenny moves to them.

LENNY

What are you doing here?
(thumbs at Big Dave)
Dave can't make a martini.

PATRICK

We're trying to help Helene find her daughter.

BIG DAVE

Kids go missing all the time. They always show back up.

ANGIE

Why don't *you* mind *your* business?

Angie's comment stops Lenny.

LENNY

Oh, shit, Dave. She told you.

BIG DAVE

She wants to come in here and be a smart ass?

PATRICK

Take it easy.

BIG DAVE

Don't run your mouth like you're better than me.

PATRICK

Just cool it, all right?

LENNY

'Cool it" Listen to this douche bag.

BIG DAVE

I bet she fucks this asshole in half.

AN ALCOHOLIC calls out to Lenny.

ALCOHOLIC #1

Ask her if she sucks cock.

LENNY

Ask her yourself.

The door outside is ajar. LENNY'S PAL pushes it CLOSED.

PATRICK

What the fuck is wrong with you?

LENNY

You know, I wouldn't mind seein' some tit. Anyone else like tit?

ALCOHOLIC #3

I like tuna.

ALCOHOLIC #2

Show me your tunaaaa!

ANGIE

Shut the fuck up.

ALCOHOLIC #4

(mimes throwing his voice)

Twat steak!

ANGIE

Don't be stupid, Lenny.

ALCOHOLIC #2

He's talking to his friends.

LENNY

Must be your good looks, Dave, bringin' in all the new snatch. There's some *good lookin'* pussy in here tonight.

The alcoholic men are laughing, egging one another on.

BIG DAVE

Lenny, think she wants to see your prick, first.

Patrick reaches into his waistband and puts his hand on a SMALL HOLSTER, revealing a 9mm Kahr handgun.

PATRICK

No, Lenny. No one wants to see your prick.

BIG DAVE

I do!

Big Dave laughs. A hint of fear betrays Lenny.

LENNY

Dave.

PATRICK

Back up.

ALCOHOLIC #3

(singing)

"A little bit of Monicer in my life."

PATRICK

Open the door, Rummy.

Lenny smiles, saving face while backing down.

LENNY

Open the door, Mike.

PATRICK

Quick.

Mike sees the gun. He SNAPS open the door.

Patrick and Angie have to make their way past Lenny to get to the door.

ANGIE

Move.

LENNY

Now I really want to fuck you.

Patrick CRACKS Lenny in the face with the gun, taking him off guard. Lenny falls to the floor awkwardly. Before the rest of them make a move toward him, they see his gun out.

PATRICK

You're the one about to get fucked, Jack.

(beat, gun pointed at Lenny)

Keep talkin'. Keep talkin' shit.

Lenny opts not to keep talking. Patrick points the gun at Big Dave.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(to Dave)

You got something to say now, too? Fat
Dave? Huh?.

BIG DAVE

All right. Get out

PATRICK

Fuck you, make me a martini.

ANGIE

Patrick, let's go.

They move to the door.

EXT DORCHESTER AVE.- CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Angie emerge. They look to one another. Sounds of
laughter return inside. The guys appear to have gone right
back to their day.

Patrick tucks his gun away and looks to Angie.

PATRICK

You okay?

ANGIE

I'm fine. How's your hand.

PATRICK

It fuckin' stings.

He indicates his hand, there is some blood. He smiles. They
are a little rattled.

ANGIE

Thanks for that.

He smiles.

PATRICK

No problem.

OMIT

EXT PATRICK AND ANGIE'S 2ND STORY PORCH - SUNSET

Patrick and Angie look out over the neighborhood. Kids run
around. Adults watch them.

ANGIE

Helene was in there getting high--while
her kid was at home for two hours.
What kind of mother does that?

PATRICK

One who doesn't know better. A poor one.
An abused one. A damaged one.

ANGIE

A selfish one.

They look out over the kids running past.

PATRICK

Listen, you don't have to do this. I'm
fine. If you want to bow out-

ANGIE

Have you ever known me to bow out on
anything before?

PATRICK

No. But that was a scary thing.

Without looking at him.

ANGIE

Why? Because of those men? You think they
were gonna rape me?

She smiles at him.

PATRICK

They weren't gonna do that.

(beat)

They might 'a got shot. But they weren't
gonna do that...

She looks up

ANGIE

They're not what I'm afraid of, Patrick.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUDLEY SQUARE, ROXBURY - MORNING, ESTABLISHING

A big bus station. The place bustles with activity. Patrick
and Angie walk through.

EXT. SILVER SLIPPER RESTAURANT - MORNING

Patrick and Angie walk by a MURAL painted on the side of the restaurant, turn the corner and head into the diner.

OMIT

INT. SILVER SLIPPER DINER, ROXBURY - MORNING

Patrick and Angie enter to see TWO MEN seated in a booth. REMY BRESSANT, (55) still very tough and wound very tight. NICHOLAS POOLE (58) is chubby and affable -- the 'good cop' when they do the routine.

Patrick and Angie approach them. Poole is finishing a joke.

BRESSANT
Can I help you?

PATRICK
Detective Bressant?

BRESSANT
That's right.

Slightly confused looks exchanged.

PATRICK
Patrick Kenzie. You just called me...

Bressant smiles, a little embarrassed. They get up and introduce themselves.

BRESSANT
Oh, sorry. Detective Sgt. Remy Bressant.

POOLE
Shit.
(beat, rising to shake)
Detective Nick Raftopolous. Call me
Poole.

PATRICK
This is Angie Gennaro.

ANGIE
Is something wrong?

POOLE
(waves off concern)
No. No. I was just--

BRESSANT

We were expecting an...older couple, I guess.

ANGIE

Life's full of surprises.

Poole stifles a small, good-natured laugh.

POOLE

(indicated booth)

Have a seat.

INT. THE SILVER SLIPPER - MOMENTS LATER

THREE MUG SHOTS slide across the table:

CORWIN EARLE: 30s; 5'10" and rail thin. His eyes bulge.

POOLE

This is the lead we're working: Corwin Earle.

BRESSANT

Serial molester, recently work-released. Went AWOL around the time Amanda disappeared.

POOLE

Known associates: Leon Trett and his handsome wife Roberta. Apparently, The three of them have some kind of Addams Family thing goin' on.

LEON TRETT, 50s; mouse-faced and hostile.

ROBERTA TRETT, 50s; a frightening woman: 6', 330. She has the shoulders of a bank vault and a thin goatee.

PATRICK

Jesus.

POOLE

The Trett's were released six, and eight months ago respectively. They have drug habits. We don't know where they are-but we think Corwin's with 'em. Jailhouse snitch claims Corwin confided when he got out he was going to move in with his 'family.'

BRESSANT

He was gonna find him a kid he could keep
in the house and have sex with.

PATRICK

Sounds promising.

BRESSANT

Not for Amanda it doesn't.

PATRICK

That's not what I meant.

ANGIE

Is this who you think has Amanda?

POOLE

(frowning)

Well, they're just suspects and there's
some holes in the theory. Corwin likes
boys. And he likes 'em seven to nine.

A pause.

PATRICK

(innocently)

That's what you got? There are no other
suspects?

BRESSANT

(offended)

Yeah. That's it. A convicted finger
blaster who plans to keep a pre-teen at
the foot of his bed and just cut off his
ankle bracelet--

POOLE

Take it easy, Remy--

BRESSANT

--Who the fuck is this guy? You're here
because Jack Doyle had us extend you a
courtesy. You got something to
contribute, be my guest. Otherwise go
back to your Harry Potter book.

PATRICK

I think you misunderstood my tone,
sergeant detective.

They gauge one another.

ANGIE

Isn't it usually someone who knows the victim?

POOLE

I think Helene McCready has plenty of people in her life capable of this.

PATRICK

I'm sure you've interviewed Ray Likanski.

POOLE

Who?

PATRICK

Ray Likanski. Skinny Ray?

(beat)

No?

BRESSANT

Never heard of him.

PATRICK

Well, with all due respect, we might be able to contribute on that point--

POOLE

How's that?

PATRICK

The night Amanda went missing Ray was doing coke at the Fillmore Lounge for two hours between eight and ten.

BRESSANT

Fascinating.

PATRICK

With Helene McCready.

Poole and Bressant are genuinely surprised by this.

POOLE

She did bullshit us...

BRESSANT

(to Poole)

We need to straighten her out.

ANGIE

Why would she lie about that?

POOLE

'Cause it's fucking embarrassing.

They go for their coats. Patrick takes the MUG SHOTS.

PATRICK

I'll just grab a copy...

As they stand, getting their things, Angie turns to Remy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

What kind of name is Bressant?

BRESSANT

The kind they give you in Louisiana.

PATRICK

I thought you were from here.

BRESSANT

Depends on how you look at it. You might think you're more 'from here' than I am, for example-- but then again, I been living here longer than you been alive.

(beat)

So who's right?

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK

I'll have to mull that over.

He takes the photos.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

We'll meet you over there.

CUT TO:

TRETT PHOTOS - ROBERTA'S FACE

BUBBA (O.C.)

What the fuck makes you think I know people like this?

INT. BUBBA'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Reveal BUBBA ROGOWSKI. He is around 30 and hard. He has a calm opacity which belies his strength. His loft is spare and industrial.

PATRICK

I know you don't pay your rent doin' people's taxes.

BUBBA

I don't do it sellin' penny rocks to wall-eyed child molesters neither.

PATRICK

Just this one, Corwin Earle, is a molester. He might be staying with the other two baseheads. Just if you hear somethin'.

BUBBA

What are you two? Crime dogs now?

PATRICK

We got hired to help find that little girl.

BUBBA

Oh yeah? Good for you. What happened?

ANGIE

Turns out the mother was down the Fillmore all night when her kid was taken.

PATRICK

With Skinny Ray.

BUBBA

Fuck him.

PATRICK

I thought you were down with them.

BUBBA

With Ray? He works for the Haitian.

PATRICK

Ray works for Cheese?

BUBBA

(with a lack of regard)
Ray, Chris, Cheese, the whole trash picker crew...

ANGIE

You ever sell to Helene?

BUBBA

There's reasons why there aren't three inches of plexiglass between us right now - two of them being I don't deal with coconuts like Cheese and skeezers like Helene.

(beat, ruefully)

Because I'm the one-eyed man in the kingdom of the fucking blind.

Bubba SLAPS his hand over one eye. Angie smiles. Patrick is on his way out.

EXT. BUBBA'S LOFT - DAY

Patrick comes down the stairs with Angie behind. He is on the cell phone, walking past the auto body shop.

PATRICK

(on phone)

Detective, how well do you know Cheese Jean Baptiste?

INT. HELENE'S APARTMENT - LATER

HELENE

Who?

Bressant and Poole question Helene who sits at the kitchen table. Patrick, Angie, Bea and Lionel stand by.

POOLE

"Cheese" Jean Baptiste.

HELENE

It sounds familiar...

BRESSANT

It don't "sound familiar," Helene. He's a violent, sociopathic, Haitian criminal named "Cheese." Either you know him or you don't.

LIONEL

Who is he?

BEATRICE

He's a drug lord or something, isn't he?

LIONEL

Who is he?

HELENE

He's just a guy, Lionel...

BRESSANT

Ask his homey here.

PATRICK

(taken off guard, what?)
He ain't my homey.

BRESSANT

Hard to keep track with you people.

Bea looks to Patrick, who shakes his head at Bressant.

POOLE

He is, among other things, a drug dealer,
Mrs. McCready.

LIONEL

What other things?

HELENE

I don't know...

BEATRICE

Why don't you answer your brother's
questions, Helene?

HELENE

Why don't you go suck a nigger's dick,
Bea?

Lionel's FIST hits the table.

LIONEL

You listen to me. You don't insult my
wife! And you don't make racial remarks
in my kitchen. Who is this man?

POOLE

He's a drug dealer, a pimp, a
pornographer--

LIONEL

You associate with a pimp?

BEATRICE

A pornographer, Helene...

POOLE

And we think he rolled Pokey Jackson up
in a carpet and shot him in the head on
Castlegate.

(beat)

So there's that, too.

Bea can't fathom what she's hearing.

BRESSANT

What do you do for him?

She sighs.

HELENE

I just mule.

(impresses upon them)

Occasionally, and not making a habit out
of it.

BEATRICE

Jesus, Mary & Joseph. What is that,
Lionel?

LIONEL

It means she's a drug runner. She carries
drugs. Isn't that right, Helene?

HELENE

A few times.

BRESSANT

Where?

HELENE

Providence... Does it matter?

LIONEL

For what?

HELENE

For fuck's sake, Lionel. What do you
think? Money. A taste...

LIONEL

Of what, drugs?

HELENE

Yeas, Lionel.

BEATRICE

What kind of drugs?

HELENE
Yay, ron...

BEATRICE
What does that mean?

POOLE
Cocaine and heroin.

BEATRICE
No, we would have seen the tract marks--

BRESSANT
Not if you snort it, right sugar?

HELENE
Less addictive that way.

Helene gets up and gets a beer. It's 10:15 am.

INT. HELENE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The conversation has moved to the living room. The same participants, but the collection of EMPTY BEER CANS surrounding Helene suggest she's loosened up some.

Patrick peers out the WINDOW to see the CIRCUS below (POV)

BRESSANT
I don't know Helene. I keep thinking about this thing I heard. You know where I'm going with this?

HELENE
No.

BRESSANT
Did you know I used to work DCU?

HELENE
I give a fuck.

BRESSANT
Right. So, I still know some of those guys real well. Anyway, I heard that someone ripped Cheese off on a New Hampshire run. You didn't hear that, did you?

Angle on Patrick and Angie.

HELENE

No.

BRESSANT

Care to take a polygraph?

HELENE

(proudly)

Already passed.

BRESSANT

Different questions this time.

POOLE

How much you take, Helene?

Nothing. Angle on Patrick.

POOLE (CONT'D)

It's all right. We don't care about
hopheads beatin' each other. We care
about your daughter.

(gently)

Come on. How much?

A beat.

BRESSANT

You want Amanda back or not?

Silence in the room.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)

Do you give a fuck about your kid?

Another beat.

POOLE

We know you took the money. How much did
you take?

BRESSANT

(rising, scary)

How much?

She takes a pull on her beer. Looks around. Fuck it.

HELENE

Ninety five.

The room goes quiet.

LIONEL

Hundred?

HELENE

(rolls her eyes)

Thousand.

BEATRICE

Nintey five thousand dollars?!

HELENE

Yeas, Bea!

BRESSANT

How'd you do it.

She exhales a long thread of smoke.

HELENE

Two weeks ago me and Ray did a run up Nashua to drop four keys on some bikers. When we was walking back through the motel with the money, all these cops swooped in and went for the bikers. Amanda was with us so we pretended to be like a family and they went right past us. So we just-- got in the car and took off.

BEATRICE

You took Amanda with you?

HELENE

What am I gonna do? Leave her in the car, Bea?

BEATRICE

(shakes head, plainly)

You are an abomination. God as my witness.

HELENE

(gets 'emotional')

You know what, Bea? It's hard bein' a mother. It's hard raisin' children.

(beat, pointedly)

And if God made you barren then you can't judge me. 'Cause you wouldn't fuckin' know.

By Bea's silence, and the narrowing of her eyes, we presume this to be a low blow and that Bea can't have children.

BRESSANT

Hey.
 (snaps fingers at Helene)
 Right here. What happened?

Helene takes a pull from her beer.

HELENE

When we was driving back, Ray's like,
*'everyone's gonna think the cops got the
 money too.'*

BRESSANT

You told Cheese the cops got it?

PATRICK

But you and Ray kept the money?

HELENE

This whole fuckin' thing is Ray's fault.

Reactions to this realization.

POOLE

Where's the money now, Helene?

She looks at him.

BRESSANT

You want to find your daughter?

HELENE

Of course.

POOLE

Then you need to tell us. Where is it?

HELENE

With Ray.

BRESSANT

And where's Ray?

HELENE

Chelsea.

BEATRICE

Three days, Helene? You've known this?
 And she could be *alive*?

BRESSANT

Let's go.

(indicates Patrick)

She rides with you. I don't want her in my car.

INT PATRICK & ANGIE'S CAR, CHELSEA - DAY (MOVING)

Patrick drives. Angie rides shotgun. And Helene slumps in the backseat.

They drive without saying anything. Helene looks up at Patrick.

PATRICK

Helene, you went to St. Mark's?

HELENE

Yeah. Did you?

PATRICK

I was freshman when you were a senior. You were with Scott Flaherty?

HELENE

Oh, him? He stabbed a foreign exchange student in the chest. Got life. He's a faggot now.

Beat.

PATRICK

Seemed like he was already a faggot in high school.

She laughs.

HELENE

You're terrible.

She smiles.

PATRICK

How did the money end up with Ray in Chelsea? I thought you went home after.

HELENE

We dropped off Amanda, went back to Ray's then fuckin' retarded Ray left his rock at my place-- right then I was like 'I'm dropping this motherfucker, I don't care if he *does* have a big dick' so we went back to the apartment, he was, hollerin' and gonna wake up Amanda, who needs her sleep, so we went back to Ray's. Ray's mother's, whatever. I don't know where the mother is but she left all her fuckin' cats and it smells like cock in there--

PATRICK

Cheese never contacted you? They never left a note?

HELENE

No. We never heard nothin' from them. That's why Ray said don't say shit.

Patrick and Angie look back and forth.

ANGIE

You didn't think it was worth it, for your daughter's sake, to tell people what happened?

(beat)

Cheese has your kid right now. God fuckin' knows what he's doing to her. What do you think Amanda would give to come home?

HELENE

What am I gonna do? Call Cheese and be like-- do you have my daughter? 'Cause I ripped you off and I'm just checkin'?

Patrick says nothing.

HELENE (CONT'D)

(defensive)

Am I gonna tell the cops "I run heroin in case that's irrelevance?"

PATRICK

The cops never asked you about Cheese before?

HELENE

No.

PATRICK
What if Ray already spent the money?

A beat.

HELENE
Nigga, please. I hid it.

She rolls her eyes.

HELENE (CONT'D)
Pull over.

CUT TO:

INT RAY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

All, save Helene, stare at something just off camera. Angie's hand to her face. They register a beat of stunned silence broken by:

BRESSANT
Christ...

ANGLE ON: RAY LIKANSKI'S DEAD BODY.

He has been tied to a chair in his kitchen. Gunshots are what killed him and the condition of his corpse suggests death came as a relief.

There are FIFTEEN CATS wandering around the house, meowing.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)
They tortured him.

POOLE
Looks like he held out pretty long.

PATRICK
He didn't have it.

POOLE
Huh?

PATRICK
He couldn't tell them where it was 'cause he didn't know. Helene hid it.

Bressant chuckles.

BRESSANT
Ray made poor relationship choices.

PATRICK
 (re: Ray's body)
 Guess they didn't believe him.

POOLE
 Poor prick.

HELENE (O.S.)
 (entering)
 I'm not waitin' in the fuckin' car--

She sees Ray and holds her hand to her mouth. It's unclear whether she is about to cry or vomit. Whichever it is, she runs out into the backyard to do it.

Patrick goes after her.

EXT. RAY'S BACK YARD --MOMENTS LATER

Helene's make-up is a mess. Patrick stands next to her.

PATRICK
 It's okay...

HELENE
 I just want my daughter home with me.

PATRICK
 Did Cheese know you were on the ride with Ray?

HELENE
 I think so.

PATRICK
 Okay... Where's the money, Helene?

Poole and Bressant emerge from the house.

HELENE
 Right here.

PATRICK
 Where?

HELENE
 I buried it when Ray was passed out.

EXT. RAY'S BACK YARD - LATER

CLOSE ON: A BAG IN A FRESHLY DUG HOLE IN THE DIRT.

POOLE

What was that book about 'everything you need is in your own backyard?' It's a French book.

He pulls a DUFFEL BAG from the ground. He opens it to reveal NINETY FIVE THOUSAND IN CASH.

BRESSANT

That wasn't a book. It was a cartoon. Helene knows.

HELENE

Fuck you.

ANGIE

So, you bring in the FBI at this point?

BRESSANT

That's the worst thing we could do.

ANGIE

Why is that?

BRESSANT

'Cause I don't want Cheese to open a bag full of newspaper and kill Amanda.

ANGIE

It's kidnapping.

BRESSANT

I don't see a note.
(turns To Poole)
You see a note?

POOLE

Nope.

BRESSANT

We're investigating a missing children's case. Has nothing to do with kidnapping.

He turns to Patrick and Angie.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)

Fastest way Amanda gets home is we go to him, swap the money for her and walk away.

POOLE

So everyone keep their mouths shut.
(beat)
Helene.

HELENE

(to Patrick, looking for help)
Do you know Cheese?

PATRICK

When we were ten. He hardly spoke
English. His brother Jude was a sweet
kid.
(beat)
Cheese went another way.

HELENE

He wouldn't hurt her, right?

POOLE

(indicates house)
Ask Ray.

ANGIE

(to Helene)
You know how he got his name?

HELENE

No.

ANGIE

He moved here when I did. There was a lot
of tension between black American kids
and Haitians-and he got it the worst.He
had no running water at home. This one
girl was on him real hard 'cause he
smelled bad, calling him 'cheese.' All
of a sudden, he breaks a bottle, holds
her down, and carves the word Cheese in
her face. She lost an eye. Someone found
it on the sidewalk the next day.

PATRICK

And the name stuck.

ANGIE

But I'm sure Amanda will be fine.

BRESSANT

Just keep your mouth shut, okay? We can
get her back. It'll be fine. I have no
fear of this idiot.

HELENE
 (to Bressant)
 You're gonna talk to him?

BRESSANT
 That's the next step, yeah.

HELENE
 Tell him I'm sorry. Tell him I apologize.

POOLE
 Sorry goes a long way.

HELENE
 (sniffles, remembering fondly)
 She's a handful, that one. At least I
 know she's giving them hell.

They react to this woman's feeble grip on reality.

PATRICK
 What about Ray?

BRESSANT
 You know what percentage of murders were
 solved last year in Boston? Twenty nine.
 Less in Chelsea.

POOLE
 Take her home. We'll handle Chelsea.

They move to go.

HELENE
 I'm hungry.

PATRICK
 We'll get you some food.

HELENE
 No, her. That's the last thing she said
 to me before I put her to bed. She said,
 "I'm hungry." I mean, they fed her,
 right? She's not still hungry?

PATRICK
 I don't know.

EXT. HELENE'S APARTMENT - MAGIC HOUR

Angie waits in an idling car while Patrick walks Helene to
 the door of her apartment.

We dolly with them as they get out of the car and cross the street. As we do so we push in. When we are tight enough, we reveal Helene has started to cry.

HELENE

I know I fucked up.

(crying intensifies)

I want my daughter back. I swear to God I'll never use no drugs no more, I'll never go out, I'll be fuckin' *straight*. Cross my heart.

PATRICK

It's okay, we'll find her.

HELENE

Promise you'll get her back. Please.

PATRICK

I'll try. I will.

HELENE

You have to *promise*.

Patrick looks at her.

PATRICK

I promise.

An intrepid FIELD REPORTER realizes Helene is there and thrusts a MICROPHONE in her face.

INTREPID FIELD REPORTER

(faux concern)

Helene, with time running out on day three, do you fear the worst? Most children missing this long are killed.

PATRICK

(to Helene)

Go inside.

Helene is scrambled, she makes her way up the steps. The reporter follows. Patrick puts his hands on him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey. Fuck off.

EXT. ROXBURY MEN'S CLUB ROOF- SUN SETTING TO NIGHT

Wide angle lens establishing shot. Time lapse.

EXT. ROXBURY STREETS - NIGHT

Patrick and Angie roll through Roxbury, enjoying a few withering glances directed at two white people in a late model American car.

EXT. CHEESE'S APARTMENT, SHAWMUT AVE. ROXBURY - NIGHT

Patrick and Angie emerge from their car as Poole and Bressant do the same. Poole lights a cigarette.

BRESSANT

Where do you think you're going?

PATRICK

To talk to Cheese.

POOLE

No you're not.

BRESSANT

Get back in your car.

PATRICK

That's a mistake. He'll never talk to a badge. I know him. If there's a deal to be brokered we're the ones who can do it.

BRESSANT

No. Me and Nick are handling this. This is too important.

PATRICK

If you two go in, negotiate a ransom for a girl, then it *is* kidnapping and that's the FBI.

ANGIE

All you're gonna do is scare him and the more scared he is the worse it is for her.

The look at each other.

PATRICK

Do you want to get the kid back or not?

BRESSANT

I'm gonna take that as a rhetorical question.

PATRICK

Sit fuckin' tight. We know him, he'll talk to us and we'll be right back.

CUT TO:

A PIPE BEING SMOKED. MARIJUANA BURNS

INT. CHEESE'S HOUSE, BACK ROOM - MINUTES LATER

CHEESE

Been a long time.

CHEESE JEAN BAPTISTE sits in frame. He is a wiry, intense man who looks over Patrick and Angie suspiciously.

Along with Cheese, there are a MAN (CHRIS MULLEN, 30) and a WOMAN (Cheese's Girlfriend, 22, from Laos).

There are flat screen plasma TVs, piles of clothes and nearly sixty boxes of sneakers against one wall.

Patrick and Angie sit opposite Cheese.

Cheese exhales. He gestures to his girlfriend.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

I'm a talk some private shit.

She starts to go. Chris remains.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

But don't get too far.

GIRL

You know I'll be right here.

He looks them over. He is languid but extremely intimidating.

CHEESE

Bitches love the cheddar.

Small laugh.

PATRICK

How you been, Chris?

CHRIS MULLEN

Better than you.

PATRICK

Good to hear it.

CHEESE

(to Chris)

Be cool.

(beat)

Been too long not to see a fool. I give you an audience.

(beat)

Go.

Patrick and Angie exchange looks. He goes.

PATRICK

We found what you were lookin' for in Chelsea.

CHEESE

What makes you think I am concerned with the doings in Chelsea?

PATRICK

Cause I know one of the idiots who robbed you lives there.

CHEESE

What idiot?

PATRICK

The one you just killed.

CHEESE

I don't know about nobody gettin' killed. If someone robbed me and end up dead, you know, life a ma'fucker.

He looks at Chris, they smile. Angie leans forward.

ANGIE

Cheese, I appreciate you're seeing us. I know you're busy so we'll be quick.

(beat)

We have your money. It was buried in Ray's backyard.

(beat)

We want to give it back to you in exchange for Amanda. The two police outside are the only other people who know. They're willing to risk their careers to do this quietly and they've sent us in here to demonstrate that. They don't want to investigate you or prosecute you for anything -- they just want the girl back.

CHEESE

What you talkin' about? What girl?

ANGIE

(patience tried)

You know what girl, Cheese. Amanda McCready. Who has nothing to do with Helene stealing from you.

(beat)

Don't punish her for who her mother is.

(beat)

Tell us where to meet you, tell us what your terms are and we'll do whatever makes you comfortable. You'll get your money and you made your point. Just give us Amanda. Please.

Cheese seems confused.

PATRICK

Cheese, look at me. No one gives a fuck what you did. I never even liked Ray. You get the money. The girl goes home to her mother we'll say we found her in the bushes or whatever.

CHEESE

I don't know.

PATRICK

No. Don't do this, bro. This isn't the time for that. This is where you take the offer. It's either this real quiet or it's ten thousand fuckin' cops kickin' the door down and arresting everybody.

Cheese, very casually, takes a HANDGUN from out of his waistband. He examines it.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Yo, yo, what is this?

CHEESE

First of all, don't *never* come up in my spot like that. You got my money? You can leave that shit in the mailbox on you ass way out. Feel me? Some other motherfuckers let fools rob on 'em. I don't play scrimmage-- but I don't fuck with no kids--

Something occurs to Cheese.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

Hold up.

Cheese indicates Patrick's shirt with his pistol.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

Lift up yo shirt.

(beat)

What? You thought we was cool? I ain't
down with you. Don't *let* me see a wire...

A little taken aback, Patrick lifts his shirt up.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

(to Angie)

You, too, baby. Show me them tetons.

From behind, we see her lift her shirt, exposing her bra.
Cheese seems satisfied.

He takes another whack at the pipe.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

I know one "McCready." Kept a bitch in
my stable by that name. No titties,
fucked up shit goin' on with the face--
But you give her the right shit she get
freaky. Bounce up and down on yo shit.
Pop! Pop! Go the weasel.

He goes back for the pipe, seems to lose his concentration.
Patrick unsnaps his holster, subtly.

PATRICK

If you point a gun at her again I'm gonna
pull your fuckin' card, okay?

(beat)

You're saying you didn't do it? Okay.
What other choice do I have? We'll take
your money and go along our way.

(beat)

But If I find out you're lying, I'll
spend every nickel of your money
dedicated to fuckin' you up. I'll bribe
cops to go after you, I'll pays guys to
go after your crew, I'll tell everyone I
know that you're a C.I. and a rat -- and
I know a lot of people, Cheese. After
that, you're gonna wished you had
listened to me.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

'Cause your shitty pool-hall crime syndicate headquarters will be raided, your doped up bitches will get sent back to Laos and this dumb mutherfucker (re: Chris) will be testifying against you for a reduced sentence while you end up in a cell with a big motherfucker, his dick and your Zippo 'cause from what I heard, guys who kill kids aren't treated too good in Concord. But maybe I'm wrong. Maybe things are different these days.

CHEESE

Don't never speak to me that way.
(he smiles)
You ain't shit. Yo bitch ain't shit. Neither one of y'all motherfuckers is shit. Fuck both ya'll. If you didn't have two pig out in my meadow--I put a round in both your heads right now.

Cheese's eyes narrow, his pupils like black pinpricks in his irises.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

And if that girl only hope is you. I pray for her. She is gone, baby. Gone.

He laughs.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

Out. And if I see you on the street, I'm a get discourteous on you.

They get up.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

And get this sausage off my lawn.

He indicates Poole and Bressant who can be see through the window, smoking on a small patch of dirt outside the apartment.

EXT. CHEESE'S APARTMENT, SHAWMUT AVE. ROXBURY - MOMENTS LATER52

Patrick and Angie approach Poole and Bressant. Patrick shakes his head.

POOLE

What happened?

ANGIE

He said he didn't know anything but if we had his money we could leave it in the mailbox.

BRESSANT

Is that what he told you?

PATRICK

Yeah, that's it.

POOLE

He said nothing else?

PATRICK

He wants you off his fuckin' lawn.

POOLE

I thought you knew the guy.

BRESSANT

Half the guys he grew up with are degenerates.

PATRICK

You know what the other half are?

BRESSANT

What?

PATRICK

Cops. But don't hold it against me.

BRESSANT

Nah. You know what I hold against you? We had one chance to make this deal. You said you knew him, you said you could do it and you fucked it up. Now we have to get a warrant for a tap, start surveillance and hope to Christ we get lucky. If that costs Amanda her life, I won't have to hold it against you. You'll hold it against yourself for a good, long time.

INT PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT - NIGHT

Patrick and Angie in their bedroom. It's late and they can't sleep. A LOCAL NEWS REPEAT runs on the television woven into their dialogue. In effect, it will play like background.

ANGIE

Look, the Police taking over isn't necessarily a bad thing.

PATRICK

No?

ANGIE

They see more child exploitation in a week than we could in a career...

PATRICK

Makes you want to have kids.

This gets Angie's attention. She looks at him.

ANGIE

Does it make you not want to?

Patrick drinks his beer.

PATRICK

There's a political party in Holland that openly advocates pedophilia and won seats in parliament. In America four hundred thousand kids get abused every year. There are half a million convicted, registered sex offenders, two-thirds of them for molesting children under fourteen, there are a hundred thousand child porn web sites. They busted one in Texas had seventy thousand members-- people who gave their credit cards... There's a group, the 'Rene Guyon' society, whose motto is 'sex before eight or it's too late.' There's a rise in the victimization of 'pre-verbal' children, for the obvious reason that they can't report their accusers. One in five American girls is sexually abused or victimized before they turn eighteen. But only one third of those ever tells anyone in their lifetime that they were abused.

She gives him a look: 'oh, really?'

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I read that in two minutes on the computer while you were taking a shower.

ANGIE

And that tells you you don't want children.

PATRICK

It tells me there aren't enough gas chambers.

A beat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'd love to have a kid.

ANGIE

Yeah?

PATRICK

I'm just not sure a kid would love to be here.

She looks sympathetic.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I don't want to be the guy who fucked this up.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -MORNING

Patrick is asleep. Angie is on the far side of the bed.

The phone rings.

ANGIE

Yeah?

BRESSANT

Guess you did something right.

ANGIE

What?

BRESSANT

Cheese came around. Called in and said he wants to make a drop. Said he left something in your mailbox.

ANGIE

Really?

BRESSANT

Well, you're gonna have to check the mailbox yourself, but yeah.

ANGIE

Great.

BRESSANT

It is and it isn't. They tape calls coming into the station now.

ANGIE

What does that mean?

BRESSANT

It means Jack heard about it, he wants you down here and he's fuckin' pissed.

EXT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT - MORNING

They walk out the front door and, sure enough, there is an ENVELOPE in the mailbox. But what gets their attention is that jammed into the box, along with the letter is AMANDA'S BLANKET.

Patrick takes it out, hands it to Angie. They react.

INT. BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Patrick and Angie follow Devin down the hall.

PATRICK

What are you doing here?

DEVIN

When the boss wants you met, he only sends the best.

ANGIE

Or when he wants you brought up the back way.

Devin smiles.

DEVIN

That, too.

They walk through an area with cells in it that looks medieval. They move through another door into a small control room.

Then they walk into a lobby.

He comes to a stop at Doyle's SECRETARY'S DESK.

His SECRETARY, RENE (30, attractive) seems to know Devin.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
 (re: Doyle's office)
 He in there?

She nods.

RENE
 Yeah he said just let 'em in.

DEVIN
 That's what he said?

She doesn't answer. Devin turns to Patrick and Angie.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
 Good luck.

He starts back. They turn to the door and ENTER.

INT. DOYLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Patrick and Angie fail at entering unobtrusively. Poole and Bressant are being lectured by Captain Jack Doyle.

Doyle turns his attention (for the first time) to Patrick and Angie.

DOYLE
 (to Patrick and Angie)
 You're late.

Doyle picks up a paper TRANSCRIPT and hands it to Patrick.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 This is the transcript of a call that was recorded coming into the station this morning. Care to read the highlighted portion?

Patrick reads.

PATRICK
 Caller: Bitch you better have my money.

Patrick looks up. The room is quite. He continues:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Detective Bressant: Who is this? Caller:
You know who the fuck this is, fool
(Creole curse words)- If you want that
girl back you need to meet me up Quincy
tonight. Fuck around for a minute and I
throw that girl in the lake.

DOYLE

The "lake" he refers to is the water in
the abandoned quarry.

He refers to the transcript.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Detective Bressant goes on to make an
unauthorized ransom arrangement to
exchange Amanda McCready for a hundred
and thirty thousand dollars, tonight in
just that location.

A moment of quiet. Doyle gestures toward Bressant.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

After some discussion, Detective Bressant
was kind enough to produce this:

He indicates the bag of money on his desk.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Look familiar?

Patrick and Angie offer a guilty plea by their silence.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Seeing as you two made the initial
contact--

ANGIE

Captain, we were concerned for the safety
of--

DOYLE

I understand what your concern was. My
concern, interestingly, is also for the
well being of that child. And now that
concern has been elevated because of the
risky and ill-advised course of action
you people have taken.

(beat)

(MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)

The four of you have made me party to an illegal activity without my knowledge or consent and I don't fucking appreciate it.

BRESSANT

You don't have to be party to it, sir...

DOYLE

The hell I don't. If I delay this now, after this agreement, it would only further endanger the life of this girl. Does that sound like something you expect me to do?

PATRICK

I'll accept responsibility for--

DOYLE

You'll accept-- Don't come in here and get noble with me. Responsibility is earned. You can't take something you have no shoulder for.

He gathers his composure.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Let me see the note.

Patrick produces the note and the blanket.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Good God.

CUT TO:

INT. TACTICAL BRIEFING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Remy and Nick stand with Patrick and Angie going over the RANSOM MAP which is tacked to the wall. Next to it are a geographical survey of the quarry and a street map of the surrounding area.

BRESSANT

They want to separate us.

He points to diverging paths on the map.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)

The note instructs you two to wait here on the south side for Amanda and Nick and I to be at the clearing by the edge with the money.

(MORE)

BRESSANT (CONT'D)

(beat)

Once Amanda is turned over to you at your position, call us on the radio and we'll turn over the cash.

Doyle, having been observing, interjects.

DOYLE

This man won't come alone. Who is he likely to bring?

PATRICK

Chris Mullen was in the apartment when we made the offer.

DOYLE

What do you know about him?

PATRICK

Well, it was probably him that killed Ray for Cheese. If I had to guess.

POOLE

He didn't ask you what you guessed. He asked you what do you know.

PATRICK

I know he's a six foot, thirty year old, caucasian heroin addict. And I know it was him, not Cheese, who rolled up Pokey Jackson and shot him in the head.

(beat)

So there's that, too.

Remy is the voice of reason today.

BRESSANT

I think we're all set here, Captain.

DOYLE

No one else knows about this, correct?

Angie has a concern.

ANGIE

I just wonder...

DOYLE

(turns to ask:)

Yes?

ANGIE

Are we rationalizing this? I mean, wouldn't a hundred police up there be better for her than the four of us?

Doyle stops.

DOYLE

What does that mean?

ANGIE

I'm asking if keeping this quiet is better for Amanda, or is it better for us?

Doyle is opaque.

DOYLE

Do you have any children, Miss Gennaro?

She shakes her head.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

Then you've never lost one. My only child was murdered. She was twelve. You heard about it?

The question is rhetorical.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

What you didn't hear, what you don't know, is what that feels like.

There are articles on the wall. COP FATHER OF SLAIN CHILD VOWS: NEVER AGAIN.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

What I live with? Is knowing my daughter likely died crying out for me to protect her, to come save her.

(beat)

And that I never came.

(beat)

She died afraid and alone, in a shallow ditch bank, a few feet from the road and not ten minutes from our house.

Silence.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

I know what it is- to lose my child.

He now gets more upset than he usually does delivering this speech.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

God damn it.

(beat)

You force my hand and then question the way I handle to it? Question me?

BRESSANT

(to Angie)

No one's questioning you.

He relaxes a little.

DOYLE

I honor my daughter with this, this division, so no parent has to live what I've known...Not even a woman like Helene McCready.

(beat)

That girl--

(indicates photo of Amanda)

is all I care about. And we're going to bring her home.

EXT. AERIAL ESTABLISHING QUINCY QUARRY - SUNSET

From the sky, lit by the last slivers of light from a setting sun, we see the Quincy quarry. It has become, in essence, a huge lake, set a hundred or so feet into a rock quarry and surrounded by acres of dense pine. As we travel past the quarry, we see PATRICK'S CAR IN A PARKING LOT.

EXT. QUARRY PARKING LOT - SUN JUST SET

The car idles. Patrick and Angie sit inside.

ANGIE

Why is he bringing us all the way up here?

PATRICK

Dark, big, make sure he can get away.

ANGIE

No. Something's wrong.

PATRICK

All he wants is the money. He just doesn't want to get arrested doing it.

ANGIE

They're gonna kill her. I can feel it.

He looks out the window.

EXT QUARRY TRAIL - NIGHT

Angie, Patrick, Bressant, & Poole follow up a steep incline.
Remy has the BAG OF MONEY.

POOLE

This asshole could have picked somewhere
on level ground.

BRESSANT

Keep the lights off for now.

ANGIE

Is this where all the peak rocks have
names?

PATRICK

(listing the names of the
peaks)

Running Tierny, Leo, Dan, Gooch, Jigger,
Goreski and runnin' Mike.

POOLE

Where'd they get those fuckin' names?

PATRICK

From the kids who died tryin' to jump off
'em..

EXT. QUARRY TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

More climbing. It starts to get steep. Some stones come loose
underfoot and trickle downhill. We see that the quarry rocks
are covered in the graffiti left by previous visitors.

They walk in silence.

EXT QUARRY TOP - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

They CREST the hill. The city lights are behind them and we
move to reveal the QUARRY WATER below and the edge before
them.

The path forks in two, opposite directions.

BRESSANT
 (to Patrick & Angie)
 This is where we part ways

POOLE
 (smiles)
 Divide and conquer.

POOLE (CONT'D)
 Be careful.

ANGIE
 You be careful.

BRESSANT
 Call us on the radio when you have her.

PATRICK
 We will.

Bressant cranes his neck. A nervous tick. Finally:

BRESSANT
 Fuck it.

And with that, he and Poole turn and head into the darkness.

PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick & Angie are on a steep incline. The vast openness of the quarry looms on their right.

They climb still higher, finally arriving at 'rooftop.'

Patrick looks around. The view is breathtaking, but that isn't it. It doesn't make sense.

PATRICK
 How are they gonna get Amanda to us up here--

A SPLASH IN THE WATER breaks the silence--

GUNFIRE and TWO MUZZLES FLASH on the opposite side.

Staccato voices come across the radio punctuated by gunfire.

POOLE (WALKIE)
 Remy, Watch out!

BRESSANT (WALKIE)
 I HEARD A SPLASH!

Patrick and Angie take off running toward the gunfire.

EXT. QUARRY TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Angie come flying down the trail, skittering and falling. At one point Patrick comes perilously close to the edge but rights himself. Their flashlights come on, bobbing up and down frantically as they make their way back to Poole and Bressant at a full on sprint. They can hear Poole and Bressant out loud now, without the walkies.

POOLE (O.S.)
SOMETHING WENT IN!

BRESSANT (O.S)
NICKY WATCH OUT!
(beat)
THERE HE GOES!

More shots.

EXT. QUARRY, CLEARING CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick and Angie run down the trail and approach a clearing. POOLE AND BRESSANT are near its edge, chests heaving, and frantically looking down into the quarry.

Patrick TRIPS and goes flying, nearly LANDING on CHEESE'S BODY, shot dead.

ANGIE
Where did she fall!?

Patrick gets up and runs to the quarry edge.

POOLE
We heard it, too.

BRESSANT
First thing I saw was something went in.

ANGIE
Where is she?!

PATRICK
What happened?

BRESSANT
We got one, the other took off.

Patrick and Angie scour the water with their flashlights.

PATRICK

Right there!

SOMETHING IN THE WATER. A flash of something flesh-colored.

The minute she sees it, Angie SAILS OUT OVER THE CLIFF AND INTO THE WATER.

His flashlight finds ANGIE SWIMMING DETERMINEDLY toward something. He scans and sees what she's after: AMANDA'S DOLL FLOATING IN THE WATER.

POOLE

Jesus.

She DIVES beneath the surface...

And finally emerges near the edge of the lake. She grabs hold of an outcropping. In her other hand she holds AMANDA'S DOLL, MIRABELLE.

We move in on Angie, clutching the nightgown and the doll -- shivering in the frigid, black water.

DISSOLVE:

INT. ANGIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angie is in bed watching a news report, her leg bandaged from being slashed open on the rocks.

Before Patrick enters we move in a long lens, near macro shot along Angie, beginning on darkness, then onto her bandaged leg, across the arm with an IV in it, stained by iodine and resting on her face.

PATRICK

Is your leg alright?

ANGIE

It will be. You hear anything?

PATRICK

Cops found no one up there. Shocker. I guess as soon as they had the money, someone shot Cheese and another guy came out shootin'. They must have tossed her in.

ANGIE

Why?

PATRICK

I don't know. She saw their faces. For some people that's enough.

ANGIE

But you and me could recognize Chris.

PATRICK

Remy said the other two kids were black. So it wasn't Chris.

ANGIE

Have they found her?

PATRICK

No, but they got divers up there now, so...

ANGIE

Then she could be alive. She could be hiding. She could be stuck...

PATRICK

Yeah but, the one cop told me that two years ago some guy killed his wife and dumped her in there-- the divers found the body...but it was so dark they lost it and then they could never find it again. There's so many crags and outcroppings and old cars and shit.

(beat)

So don't get your hopes up.

He sees she is crying.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Oh, hey. It's okay. I know.

She bends over, more emotional pain than physical. She curls her knee up to her chin, holds her abdomen, in obvious pain.

Patrick climbs into bed with her, wraps her in his arms.

ANGIE

I'm sorry...I'm sorry...

PATRICK

Don't say that.

ANGIE

I'm sorry...

PATRICK

It's okay.

We creep back slowly as the news plays.

DOYLE (ON TV)

...every effort to recover her remains so the McCready family can have a proper burial. However this quarry is extremely deep and treacherous. All too often she keeps that which she takes in...

They cut back to the Anchor desk.

ANCHOR (ON TV)

Well, a sad end to that story, Susanne.

SUSANNE (ON TV)

Yes it is, Phil.

ANCHOR (ON TV)

Ron is next with Sports. The Bruins in action tonight?

RON (ON TV)

Yes, they are, Phil. The B's took a crack at the Flyers tonight and the rough stuff started in the first perio--

DISSOLVE

PATRICK (V.O.)

And like that. She was gone.

PASSAGE OF TIME SEQUENCE. MUSIC OVER.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT - NIGHT

Patrick gets a beer out of the refrigerator.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I tried to catch my balance, but the world kept turning forward.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT - NIGHT

Patrick in the living room. The only light is the television.

ON TV: A MUG SHOT OF CHRIS MULLEN.

PATRICK (V.O.)

Chris' run lasted a day and a half until, from what they could tell, he ran into someone else who wanted the money even more than he did.

NEWSCASTER # 2

A Dorchester man was gunned down today...

FIELD REPORTER #7

In the third Dorchester slaying in as many days, 29 year old Chris Mullen was gunned down in an apparent robbery. The Police Commissioner defended the rising tide of crime as a statistical aberration tied to growing unemployment and the humidity of an unusually sweltering summer month.

INT. SAME - LATER

Patrick lies on the couch, heavy. The coffee table is piled high with empty beer cans.

PATRICK (V.O.)

You couldn't turn on the television without another kid gone and feared whatever. Another horror story.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Missing for four days and Shrewsbury is gripped with fear. After Jimmy Pietro's disappearance, doors are locked and community watch patrols are being formed--

INT. BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT BUILDING, 4TH DISTRICT - DAY

Boxes are being piled and a photo of Doyle is among them.

NEWSCASTER # 3

A chief under fire. The legendary captain of a unit dedicated to children stepped down today in the aftermath of controversy.

EXT. TOWNSEND ROAD - DAY

Doyle's 'summer cottage.' He pulls up in a Suburban and gets out of the car. The first time we see him in plain-clothes he looks humbled.

INT. FATHER'S FOUR BAR - MONTAGE

Bressant and Poole drink with Patrick.

PATRICK

It's bullshit. He was trying to save her life.

POOLE

They don't see it that way.

PATRICK

Can he fight it?

BRESSANT

When you gamble, you don't put money on the table if you're gonna cry about losing it.

PATRICK

What did he get?

BRESSANT

The dignity of early retirement-- and the humiliation of half a pension.

PATRICK

What about you guys?

POOLE

You don't have to call Remy 'sergeant' detective anymore.

BRESSANT

Hey look, it's patrolman Raftopolous-

They laugh.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR BASEMENT - MONTAGE

The small room is full of people at a wake for Amanda. Helene sits up front with Lionel, Bea, and Dottie. Patrick and Angie stand near the rear.

PATRICK (V.O.)

There were others who didn't share their gifts for stoicism.

A small mounted photo of Amanda sits in an empty and impossibly small casket. Helene starts to rock back and forth, then lets it go-- a fountain of grief and a future of unending pain.

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

They called off the search and issued Helene a death certificate. She elected to have a memorial service with a child's casket there as a symbol. The guilt, shame and agony inside Helene, finally found their way out.

Helene opens her mouth with a cry, too painful for sound.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT, BATHROOM - MONTAGE

Patrick comes in, Angie is in the bathtub.

PATRICK

Hey.

Angie doesn't say anything.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

ANGIE

It's not your fault.

PATRICK

Yeah it is. I wanted to do this.

ANGIE

I did, too.

PATRICK

I'm sorry this happened to us.

(beat)

I want it back like it was.

ANGIE

It's okay.

(trying)

It's just rain.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT - NIGHT

Patrick comes home. Closes the front door. He moves down the HALLWAY.

PATRICK (V.O.)

And when she didn't think I was home, or if she thought I couldn't hear, she would cry.

The bathroom door is closed but a sliver of light and a shadow can be seen in the crack below.

NEWSCASTER # 2 (O.S.)

A missing boy, a bicycle, left roadside.
A tire left spinning. Wanda?

INT LIVE BOOTLEG - HAPPY HOUR

The news plays on a TV behind the bar.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I did the only thing that seemed to help.
I drank... And for a few hours the world
would go quiet and I could breathe.

Patrick sits at the bar with Bubba.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I don't know. It just seems a little gay
to have a couch like that

BUBBA

Who are you, fuckin' Martha Stewart?

PATRICK

Do you even know who that is?

BUBBA

I know she was in the can.

He gets up, swallows the last of his beer.

BUBBA (CONT'D)

I need you to come on a ride with me.

PATRICK

Where?

BUBBA

Everett.

Beat.

PATRICK

Why the fuck you want to go up Everett
for? No parties in Lynn?

BUBBA

Something I want you to see.

PATRICK

You already took me to the Portuguese
strip bar in Lynn. That place was tired.

BUBBA

You got your toast?

PATRICK

My what?

BUBBA

Your gun, dummy.

EXT. ROUTE 1A - SUNSET, MAGIC HOUR

Bubba's Navigator, full chrome package cruises down the
parkway.

INT. BUBBA'S NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS

Bubba and Patrick ride silently. Patrick drinks a BEER.

EXT. EVERETT STREET - DUSK

This used to be a neighborhood where families lived and
worked in factories nearby. The factories are long gone and
the families with them. All that remains are the ghosts of
their homes, derelict and near abandoned for decades.

They are ringed sparsely by the kind of industrial facilities
self-respecting neighborhoods won't permit.

The Navigator pulls up outside a particularly decrepit house.

INT. BUBBA'S NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS

Bubba takes a Beretta from beneath his seat. He checks the
clip. Patrick gives him a look.

BUBBA

Calm down. I'm doing you a favor.

PATRICK

You are?

BUBBA

You were lookin' for someone. I found 'em
for you.

PATRICK

The case is over.

BUBBA

You don't care about that Corwin Earle
dude no more?

This is a genuine question. Bubba went out of his way to help
Patrick and now feels a little hurt.

BUBBA (CONT'D)

'Cause the fat bitch and the old dude are
in there. My man didn't know about the
diddler.

(beat)

Watch my side and we'll roll up on this
fool and see if that motherfucker's in
there.

(beat)

But be ready. We might have to get down
and I don't want to see you get killed.

PATRICK

(getting out)

Let's go.

He looks at Patrick. Patrick opens the door.

EXT. EVERETT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bubba and Patrick walk up the steps. Bubba pounds his fist on
the door.

Two bolts unlock with a SHARP SNAP and the door cracks open.
Peering through the narrow opening is LEON TRETT.

LEON

Jerome Miller?

BUBBA

No, it's the coke fairy. Open up.

LEON

I got the money right here.

BUBBA

Marmaduke. You think you're gonna hand me
money on a porch? Open the fuckin' door.

A beat. The door SNAPS open. They head in.

LEON

(re: Patrick)

Who's he?

BUBBA
 He's your father
 (moving him aside)
 Look out.

LEON TRETT
 Okay, chill.

INT TRETT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bubba and Patrick step inside. It's a dirty, grim place. They follow Leon down a hallway and through several rooms. Music comes from upstairs.

BUBBA
 You guys startin' a band?

INT KITCHEN - LATER

Bubba throws Leon a small "taste bag." Leon tosses Bubba a KNOT OF MONEY. Leon promptly empties the bag and snorts it from atop his closed fist. Bubba sighs at the mess of money he's been given.

BUBBA
 Organizational skills are poor.

ROBERTA TRETT, a LARGE and UNATTRACTIVE woman appears.

ROBERTA
 I told you to call me when it got here.

LEON
 It just got here.

ROBERTA
 You already did some.

LEON
 I did *two lines*. That was the taste bag.

Leon gives Patrick a look: *Women*.

Roberta POPS Leon in the face. He holds his hand to his face

ROBERTA
 That's for gettin' wise.

LEON
 I said I'm sorry.

Roberta takes the bag and snorts some from her pinky nail.

BUBBA
(gives Patrick money)
Patrick, count this...fuckin' mess.

Bubba starts walking around.

LEON
Where's the rest?

Bubba looks into the next room.

BUBBA
(offhand)
Soon as he's finished counting.

Roberta and Leon exchange a look.

PATRICK
A hundred. One fifty...

ROBERTA
Mr. Miller. Do you mind?

BUBBA
No. I don't mind.

He walks past them and looks into the back.

ROBERTA
Excuse me.

BUBBA
I said I don't mind.

Patrick is still counting.

PATRICK
Four eighty...

Leon nervously fingers a little martial arts knife.

LEON TRETT
Please don't poke around, sir.

BUBBA
Relax.

ROBERTA
Excuse me.

Bubba keeps going, moving toward the back of the house.

LEON TRETT

Where the fuck you think you're going?

Bubba is heading toward the stairs.

ROBERTA

Excuse me!

He keeps going back.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Mister Miller, I'm warning you.

Leon and Roberta follow him back to the stairs. Bubba looks up and begins to ascend when:

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Stop!

This is a different tone. He looks up. She is holding a crappy little REVOLVER. They have a beat.

BUBBA

(deadpan)

Patrick, shoot this bitch.

She turns to see PATRICK standing behind her, holding his gun. He has dropped the money on the floor.

Bubba looks right in her face.

BUBBA (CONT'D)

You fat, busted cunt. You put a gun on me, you better fuckin' use it.

A beat.

BUBBA (CONT'D)

You don't want to shoot her, Patrick?

She runs out of options.

ROBERTA

Just give us the fuckin' wizza.

BUBBA

What the fuck is a 'wizza?'

Bubba hears something at the top of the stairs.

BUBBA (CONT'D)

Who's this?

Corwin Earle has crept into the room and is perched at the top of the stairs. He wears a SILVER CHAIN AND MEDALLION around his wrist.

ROBERTA
Corwin, go back to your room.

He slinks off. Bubba and Patrick trade looks.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Give us what we paid for.

Bubba thinks.

BUBBA
How much money was that, Patrick?

PATRICK
A thousand.

Bubba reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bag. He EMPTIES IT ON THE HALLWAY FLOOR.

BUBBA
There you go, lady.

He starts out. Patrick moves to follow.

BUBBA (CONT'D)
(to Patrick)
Where you goin'? Pick up the money.

BOOM. A TRUNK OPENS AS WE CUT TO THE NEXT SCENE

EXT. TRETT HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

POOLE and BRESSANT who rifle through their trunk, putting on vests and readying their weapons.

PATRICK
There's at least two guns in the house.
Roberta's carrying hers on her.

BRESSANT
What else?

PATRICK
They're definitely high.

BRESSANT
On what?

PATRICK
Cocaine.

BRESSANT
(winks)
That what your 'friend' told ya?

POOLE
SWAT will be here in five minutes.

PATRICK
You're not gonna wait for them?

BRESSANT
(to Patrick)
Did you or did you not tell me that you saw Corwin Earle with the medallion of St. Christopher on his fucking wrist?

PATRICK
I think it was a medallion.
(beat)
It was definitely Corwin Earle.

BRESSANT
We're not waiting.

Poole cocks the shotgun. Bressant picks up the radio in his car.

POOLE
Stay here. Don't fuck around.

BRESSANT
(rapid fire cop speak)
290, German Road. Suspect 1860 moving in now. Possible captive in danger.

Bressant throws the radio on his seat and starts for the house. As he goes, he turns back to Patrick.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)
(genuine)
Nice job.

As they reach the sidewalk out front, Bressant cuts across the yard toward the side of the house. Poole heads for the front door.

Bressant does a ONE ARM COCK of the shotgun before disappearing from Patrick's sight.

EXT. TRETT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Poole rings the buzzer and steps back...

SHOTS FIRE THROUGH THE DOOR and clip into Poole. It seems almost too clumsy to be real. He falls over, holding his neck.

A moment of STUNNED SILENCE, then:

Patrick runs from the car. Staying low, he races for the cover of the FRONT YARD OF THE HOUSE.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG

Patrick TRIPS taking cover and is splayed across the muddy grass, looks over his shoulder.

Patrick reaches Poole and lies on top of him. He messily checks for a pulse, gets smeared with blood.

Poole is torn up. Several rounds hit where the vest wasn't, including his neck. He grunts. Patrick fumbles for his cell phone.

PATRICK

There's an officer shot. Shots fired. An
officer down at
(he looks up at the door)
Two-nine-zero German St.

Patrick hears shots from inside. He leaves his phone by Poole and heads inside.

HOWLING can be heard from within.

INT TRETT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The foyer floor is spattered with blood. He cautiously moves forward.

Into a completely bare room. He moves to the hallway.

Just inside the hall a BODY lies motionless on its stomach.

Patrick inches through the door, crouches next to the body, and cranes his head. It's Leon Trett: DEAD.

Patrick momentarily pauses to examine Leon.

BOOM

A GUNSHOT explodes and a SLUG rips into the wall above Patrick's head, showering him in plaster.

Looking up, he sees Roberta Trett at the far end of the hall gripping her revolver.

BOOM BOOM, two more shots bury into the wall.

ROBERTA
(enraged)
GET AWAY FROM HIM! GET AWAY FROM LEON!

She CHARGES. Patrick whips open a door opposite the one he just came through and leaps out of the hallway...

And TRIPS up a staircase -- SMACKING HIS FACE against the wood...

Roberta FIRES UP AT HIM. He scrambles up the stairs and crashes his body against a STEEL DOOR at the top. It flies open and he tumbles through.

INT. CORWIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick spins over and kicks the door closed. He springs to his feet, throws his body against the door, and locks it with the heavy DEAD BOLT on the POLICE DOOR.

WHAM. Roberta slams into the other side of the door with everything she's got. She does it again, WHAM. And again, WHAM. But the door holds. Patrick turns to survey his surroundings.

Patrick moves to ANOTHER ROOM outfitted with a COFFEE TABLE piled high with empty beer cans, a frayed COUCH, a small TV.

The room connects to a small BEDROOM. Patrick steps toward.

A SOILED, BARE MATTRESS lies in one corner.

Patrick steps in, his gun raised...

And finds himself staring directly into the face of:

CORWIN EARLE.

Crouched on the floor, naked from the waist down and wearing a half-shirt. His stare is bug-eyed & frightened.

Corwin stares at Patrick, scared.

PATRICK

Don't move.

CORWIN EARLE

It was an accident.

He looks up at Patrick like a whipped dog, eyes shifting nervously to the door.

Patrick cautiously pushes open the door to the bathroom.

He looks in the sink. There are bloody children's underwear soaking.

Then Patrick looks in the BATHTUB.

BLACK.

And sees, curled in the fetal position, SAMUEL PIETRO, gagged, bound and suffocated. His bluish face frozen in a scream.

BLACK.

The blood rushes from Patrick's head. He retches violently.

BLACK

Close on Corwin, really scared. Really sorry.

CORWIN EARLE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to.

BLACK.

He stands over Corwin Earle and pulls back on the trigger. It takes longer and requires more strength than he thought it would to fire.

BANG

Patrick FIRES A ROUND into Corwin Earle's head.

BLACK.

INT TRETT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick stands in the threshold of the police door staring at the mammoth corpse of Roberta Trett, which lies at the bottom of the stairwell. Bressant stands over her. He looks up at Patrick.

BLACK.

EXT. TRETT HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick stands with officers who take his statement.

BLACK.

A tiny BLACK BODY BAG is wheeled past Patrick on a gurney.

BLACK.

INT HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Patrick walks a BRIGHT & SHADOW-LESS CORRIDOR.

INT. I.C.U. - NIGHT

Patrick approaches the room where Poole is buried in tubes and surrounded by family. His wife and two daughters look up at Patrick.

BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Patrick stands, looking out a window into black. We hold his face and it's reflection in the glass: a two shot.

In the reflection, we see Angie come up behind Patrick and put her arms around him. We dolly over to make them a 2-shot.

ANGIE

Hey...

She puts her hand up to his face, the side of his head.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

He looks out through the glass.

PATRICK

No.

She looks at him. Feels him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(beat)

Nick got shot.

ANGIE
I heard. How is he?

PATRICK
He's in with his family.

ANGIE
You found the boy?

PATRICK
I got wet today.

ANGIE
I know.
(beat)
I'm proud of you.

Patrick looks at her, surprised by this.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
That man killed a child. He had no right
to live.

Patrick turns around to face her.

PATRICK
You're proud of me?

ANGIE
Of course I am.
(beat)
You did what you had to do. Now let's go
home.

PATRICK
I need to stay here for a while.

ANGIE
Why?

PATRICK
Go home. I'll be back there soon.

ANGIE
Are you sure?

PATRICK
Yeah.
(beat)
I want to be here now.

He nods, looking back off in the direction of the window.

ANGIE

Okay. I'll be at home.

EXT HOSPITAL - LATER

Patrick exits the front door of the Hospital and walks toward Remy, drinking from a bottle in a paper bag, who looks up at Patrick.

BRESSANT

It's fucked up, right?

PATRICK

They tell you anything about Nick?

BRESSANT

They say he could be okay. I don't know.

Bressant hands Patrick the bottle. Patrick sits down next to him. There is a beat. He drinks.

PATRICK

How old did they say the kid was?

BRESSANT

Seven.

PATRICK

Second grade.

BRESSANT

You should be proud of yourself. Most men would have stayed outside.

PATRICK

It doesn't matter.

BRESSANT

(knowing)

Yes it does.

PATRICK

I had a priest who always said, "shame is God's voice telling us where we did wrong."

BRESSANT

Fuck him, you did good.

PATRICK

Murder is a sin.

BRESSANT

Depends on who you do it to.

PATRICK

(quiet matter-of-fact)

It don't work like that. It is what it is.

Bressant sees Patrick is struggling.

BRESSANT

I planted evidence on a guy once.

(beat)

We got a call from our pal Ray Likanski. Back in '95 we were paying a hundred an eight ball to snitches. He couldn't find enough guys to rat out. Anyway, he tells us there's a guy pumpin' out of an apartment in Colombia point. Me and Nick go in-- this was fifteen years ago; when Nicky went in, it was no joke.

(beat)

So it's a stash house, the old lady is beat to shit and the husband is mean, cracked out, tries to give us trouble. Nick takes him down. We're doin' an inventory but it looks like we missed it cause there's no dope in the house. I go in the back room, now this place was a shit-hole, mind you, rats and roaches all over the place, but the kid's room in the back is spotless. He swept it, mopped it. Immaculate. The kid is sitting there, holding on to his Playstation for dear life, no expression, tears streaming down his face. He wants to tell me how he just learned his multiplication tables.

PATRICK

Jesus.

BRESSANT

The father has the kid living in a crack den, subsisting on twinkies and ass-whippings and the kid is still asking me, "is my daddy all right?"

(beat)

You're worried about what's Christian? Kids forgive, they don't judge, they turn the other cheek.

(MORE)

BRESSANT (CONT'D)

What do they get for it?
(beat)

I went back out and put an ounce of heroin on the living room floor. Sent the father on a ride. Seven to nine.

PATRICK

Think you did the right thing?

BRESSANT

I don't give a fuck. You take a side. You beat a child, you molest a child, you hurt a child -- you ain't on my side. And hope you don't run into me because I will lay you the fuck down. Easy.

PATRICK

Doesn't feel easy.

BRESSANT

Look, was he better off without the father? Yes. But okay, the kid might be out there, pumpin' with a gun in his waistband. It's a war. Are we winning? No.

(beat, shift)

Look, I got a great wife, money saved, hit my 30 in three months, pick up that pension and hail a fucking cab. Go down to Florida--

PATRICK

'Cause a bad day in Florida--

BRESSANT

--Better than a good day anywhere else.

They share a small laugh.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)

Would you do it again? Clip Corwin Earle?

PATRICK

No.

BRESSANT

Does that make you right?

PATRICK

I don't know.

BRESSANT

Don't make you wrong though, does it?

He laughs. Takes a drink.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)

When I started here an older cop told me:
Do your best, live with your regrets and
die with your secrets.

(beat)

It's all I got.

PATRICK

Maybe that's all you need.

(rising)

I'm going home.

(serious about Nick)

I'll say a prayer for him.

Remy gives Patrick a smile.

BRESSANT

Okay.

(beat)

You get to Florida, Patrick, look me up.

Patrick moves off into the night.

PATRICK

I will. Take care, Remy.

INT PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick comes in. Angie is sitting on the couch, in the dark.
Patrick stops when he realizes she is there.

ANGIE

Hi, love.

PATRICK

(distracted)

Hi.

ANGIE

How's Remy?

Patrick takes a second.

PATRICK

He lied to me.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT, KITCHEN

Patrick is up now, mind going.

PATRICK

Ray. Before he said he never heard of him. Now he says they go back.

ANGIE

Ray Likanski?

PATRICK

Yeah. In Roxbury he tried to tell us he never heard of him, now tonight he said he been snitchin' for him for fifteen years.

ANGIE

Patrick.

PATRICK

This motherfucker lied to us about the reason Amanda disappeared--

ANGIE

--Patrick.

PATRICK

What?

ANGIE

Let it go.

PATRICK

Let what go?

ANGIE

I don't care about Remy. I don't care if he's crooked. We don't need any more of this. It's enough.

PATRICK

After what we been through? You want me to 'let it go?'

ANGIE

Yes.

PATRICK

Something has to be wrong. He lied to me. What we've been through we deserve to know the truth.

She looks at him.

ANGIE

Why? Why is it important? Amanda's dead-
fuck the rest of them. Crooked, liars, I
don't care.

PATRICK

What do you want?

ANGIE

I want this never to have happened.

PATRICK

Me, too.

She turns and goes into the bedroom.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT - DAY

Patrick slept out on the couch. Angie wakes him, whispering.

ANGIE

Babe, Nick died.

EXT. MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY - DAY

Patrick & Angie are among the crowd of MOURNERS. There are a
number of WHITE GLOVED POLICE OFFICERS-- indicating this is
Poole's funeral.

Everyone is heading UPHILL toward the grave site. An OLDER
OFFICER approaches Patrick and Angie. He extends his hand to
Patrick.

OLDER OFFICER

Mr. Kenzie.

(beat)

Nice fuckin' job on Corwin Earle.

EXT. MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, POND AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Separated by a small POND, Patrick and Bressant exchange
looks. Patrick is with Angie and Remy with his YOUNGER WIFE.

As the roads meet, Patrick comes up behind Bressant.

PATRICK

I was thinking about what we talked about
other night.

BRESSANT
 (looking away)
 I said some things I shouldn't have. Too
 much rum.

PATRICK
 (offhand)
 Like what?

BRESSANT
 We're not having this conversation.
 Forget the other night and we're okay.

A careful beat. Patrick looks him in the eyes.

PATRICK
 What if I don't?

BRESSANT
 (matter of fact)
 That's not an "if" you want to bring into
 your life.

EXT. BURIAL SITE - CONTINUOUS

POOLE'S FAMILY huddles near the casket-- their grief still
 heavy. Bressant is among them.

The BOSTON POLICE BAG PIPERS play their elegiac requiem.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER THAT DAY

The body has been interred and the mourners are heading back
 to their cars.

They see Devin breaking off from another group of cops.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick approaches Devin.

PATRICK
 Can I talk to you?

DEVIN
 Yeah.

PATRICK
 Not here.

DEVIN
 Then you're gonna have to buy me lunch.

PATRICK

All right. How about Leos?

DEVIN

No, come on now. I still work undercover. I can't be seen with you where a subject might walk in.

PATRICK

How about the Chart House? I doubt any dealers will be rollin' in there.

DEVIN

Sounds right.

Patrick rolls his eyes.

PATRICK

I'll bring my wallet.

DEVIN

Just bring your lady.

PATRICK

Not a conversation she's interested in having.

INT. CHART HOUSE RESTAURANT - DAY

Patrick and Devin are at a back table. Their food has mostly been eaten. Devin finishes a steak.

DEVIN

No cop ate this well since they had to disband vice.

PATRICK

What'd they do that for?

DEVIN

It was at the point where some guys owned yachts.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK

You worked narcotics with Remy, right?

DEVIN

They call it DCU. Yeah.

PATRICK
Why'd he leave?

DEVIN
Did shit that rubbed people the wrong way.

PATRICK
Like what?

DEVIN
Married a prostitute, for one.

PATRICK
He married a hooker?

DEVIN
You don't want to do that if you're a cop.

PATRICK
You might not want to do it if you're a plumber.

DEVIN
Said he loved her. Told Mike Snell to fuck himself, put in for a transfer.

PATRICK
To Doyle.

DEVIN
They go back.

PATRICK
Doyle and Remy?

DEVIN
Doyle brought Remy with him from Louisiana in '72. My man Doyle rolled into Boston as a black cop and then married a white woman in '74.
(beat)
He's no joke.

PATRICK
I got that impression.
(beat)
You have any reason to think Remy might be dirty

Devin looks up at him, now unsure what this is about.

DEVIN

No.

PATRICK

I know he planted evidence once--

Devin looks at him, an eyebrow raised.

DEVIN

Oh, you do?

He laughs a little.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Look. CSI is killing us. Now all these juries want to know is where the *microfibers* are. Certain people are workers. They don't want to plant nothin' but...

PATRICK

They don't mind it?

DEVIN

(smiles)

If need be? Nah, they don't mind it.

PATRICK

But other people did?

DEVIN

Some people did but Remy got shit done, made arrests.

He studies Patrick.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

What do you want to fuck with him for?

PATRICK

He lied to me. And from what I been through with him- he owes me the truth.

(beat)

And I can't think of one thing big enough to lie about that's small enough not to matter.

He looks at him. Makes a decision.

DEVIN

I only know one thing. And it's from another guy, so take it as that...

He sighs.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

Helene and Ray took Cheese's money in June. A week later, Remy came to a cop in DCU, asking if anyone knew who robbed Cheese. The story went around like: that's how good Remy was.

PATRICK

Why?

DEVIN

'Cause our informant told us- Cheese didn't even know the money was stolen until *two* weeks later.

PATRICK

How did Remy find out that quick?

Devin stands with his coffee, laughs a little.

DEVIN

If I knew that, I wouldn't be here talkin' to you. And be sure on how far you want to go with this--

(beat)

You start investigating Police it's a whole other level. You try to take food out of their mouths they will fuck you up.

He smiles.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

Thanks for the steak.

He downs his coffee and goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAFT STREET - DAY

Patrick gets out of his car. He walks down the street. On the way he passes and waves to several residents of several neighboring 3-Deckers.

He holds his look as we travel with him.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick is talking to Angie.

PATRICK

Trust me. I know I'm right. He lied to us because he didn't want us to know he knew Ray. That's the whole thing.

ANGIE

And how is it possible that he could know the money was stolen before anyone else.

PATRICK

The same way everyone in this neighborhood knows everyone else's business.

(beat)

Someone tells them.

She looks dubious.

ANGIE

This is reckless. It's one thing to get obsessed yourself because that's what you need to go through-- but this man lost, basically, his child. If you do this, you better fuckin' be right.

PATRICK

I understand that. I'm not asking you to believe I'm right. I'm asking you to believe in me.

INT. LIONEL & BEA'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS, PRESENT

Lionel sits in his easy chair. It's still. We play the conversation over him sitting there.

LIONEL

Hello.

PATRICK (ON PHONE)

Where are you. I need to see you.

LIONEL

Can it wait?

PATRICK (ON PHONE)

No.

There is a pause. Something in Patrick's tone stops Lionel.

LIONEL

Can you meet me at Murphy's Law? It's on Summer.

PATRICK

Fifteen minutes, Lionel.

LIONEL

All right. I'm coming.

EXT. DORCHESTER ST. - DUSK SETTING IN

Colin Hay's "The Water Song" plays.

The day has died. Muted yellow lights appear in windows. The coming dark promises a deepening chill. Children have disappeared from the street to wash up for dinner. Liquor stores and nail salons are half empty and listless. Horns honk sporadically and a storefront gate rattles as it drops. In the faces of people on the street you can see the weight of the morning's unfulfilled promise in the numb sag of their faces.

EXT. MURPHY'S LAW - SUNSET

From a high angle, we see the bar.

From the car we see Patrick and Angie wait in their car outside Murphy's Law. They see Lionel approach and head into the bar.

INT. MURPHY'S LAW - DUSK SETTING IN

2 TEAMSTERS share a bottle of whiskey at the bar while 3 SECRETARIES chat nearby. A BARTENDER works with a WAITRESS. Near the back door, TWO MEN throw darts.

Patrick, Angie and Lionel sit around a table in the middle of the bar. Lionel stares at his hands.

PATRICK

How long you known Remy?

LIONEL

Detective Bressant?

(liar's pause)

Just, in, met him through the investigation of Amanda.

PATRICK

That's it?

LIONEL

Yeah.

PATRICK

How long you known Remy?

LIONEL

What is this?

PATRICK

They have the internet now, Lionel.

LIONEL

(pauses -- looking from one to
the other)

You know how it is in town. Everybody
knows everybody.

PATRICK

No, Lionel. Everybody don't know
everybody.

LIONEL

What are you talkin' about?

PATRICK

Why you lyin' Lionel?

LIONEL

I'm not.

PATRICK

Do you have something to hide? Why can't
you tell me?

Beat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

When you want to get away with a crime,
Lionel it ain't bullshitting your way
past ten questions. It's nobody asking
the first one.

PATRICK ALTERNATIVE LINE:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You came to our house....fuckin' explode.

Lionel puts up his hands.

LIONEL

Fine. Fine.

(beat)

I haven't been honest with you. It's just not something I'm proud of, you know? I was in a bar fight, in the day. The other guy cracked his skull. At some point, I musta said, "I'll kill you." So they had me up for attempted. My word against the other guy's. A witness testified to my version and the jury believed him.

PATRICK

'Cause he was a cop.

LIONEL

Yeah. He testified for me.

Angie starts to believe Lionel might be lying.

ANGIE

Why didn't you mention that?

LIONEL

I was embarrassed.

PATRICK

Bullshit. You bragged about taking a hard bust the first day we met you.

LIONEL

No I didn't.

PATRICK

So you knew 'Detective Bressant.'

LIONEL

It's not like we were best friends.

ANGIE

(building suspicion)

But you lied.

PATRICK

Why did you call Remy?

LIONEL

He's a cop...

PATRICK

And?

LIONEL
 (getting flustered)
 The case is closed, Patrick. It's closed.

PATRICK
 You heard Helene and Ray talking about
 the money.

LIONEL
 Come on...

PATRICK
 It's a small place, they were loud, you
 heard them arguing.

LIONEL
 Who? Who arguin'?

PATRICK
 You and him took Amanda, to blackmail
 your sister.

LIONEL
 Why would I do that?

PATRICK
 For the money Lionel, the fuckin' money.

PATRICK ALTERNATIVE LINE:

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 After the plug in the jug...then You
 were fucked.

ANGIE
 You hate your sister.

LIONEL
 Angie...

PATRICK
 And you were fucked--

LIONEL
 (looking for waitress)
 Where's the-- why can't we get any--

ANGIE
 Lionel, tell me what happened.

LIONEL
 Hold on a second...

PATRICK
Coke dealin' Haitian would be an easy
target for a frame--

LIONEL
Excuse me, miss?

PATRICK
You took your niece and laid it off on a
black guy.

Lionel is going to break.

LIONEL
(seeing her)
Excuse me!

A WAITRESS gets there.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Can I get some service?

She stares at him.

WAITRESS
What can I get you?

Lionel takes a long beat, then asks for:

LIONEL
Three shots of Maker's, please.

These will be Lionel's first drinks in twenty three years.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
And a Bud. Tall.
(beat)
Thank you.

The waitress goes to get the drinks. Lionel simply looks at
them, thinking over his secrets, wondering about the life
he's about to let go of.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Just give me a second.

The waitress returns with the drinks and lines them up in
front of Lionel. He regards the drinks before him for a long
beat...

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Twenty three years is something, right?

Lionel downs one. He feels the liquor flame through his bloodstream.

PATRICK

Go.

LIONEL

In May I came up to check on Amanda. She was alone, as usual. I was reading her a story when Helene and Ray came home. They didn't know I was there and they started talking about how they had robbed this drug dealer. Then they talked about leaving the state. I called Remy and told him.

PATRICK

Then what?

Lionel pours another shot down his throat, gathers himself.

LIONEL

Then we took her.

(beat)

Remy laid out this plan, it seemed easy. We take her, force Helene and Ray to cough up the money, and then put her back. You know? Amanda gets a weekend in the country; My sister learns a lesson; And fuck it, we'll all get paid on top of it... I got no problem taking money from a guy like Cheese.

(pause)

They were gonna handle the cops, but Bea went nuts calling the papers and hired you. Once you found the money they had Amanda *and* the money. So they decided to set up a fake exchange for you to witness. They got Chris Mullen to set Cheese up at the quarry for 15k and a chance to be the boss. Even though it was too late, Cheese figured out what was happening and started shooting. You have to understand, I never been around that. Everyone was panickin' and she...

(a beat)

...she got scared and she ran.

(another beat)

And she just fell in.

OVER THE PREVIOUS DIALOGUE WE PLAY FLASHES:

ANGIE

She was your sister's kid, Lionel.

(beat)

Your sister's *child*.

LIONEL

You don't think I miss her? She was more my kid than Helene's.

(beat)

Last summer, Helene and Dottie took Amanda to the beach. Real hot day. Amanda fell asleep and they left her in the car to go off with some guys in the dunes. For *two hours*. Amanda literally roasted. She was *three*.

He listens skeptically.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

My sister called me up later that night because Amanda was, "*being a real bitch*."

(pause)

When I got over there I found my niece in the bathtub, schriekin' in pain and she reeked, like beer. The best my sister could come up with to ease her daughter's pain was to douse her in cold beer. But not all of it, she wanted to "save some."

Long exhale.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Later on, I was holding her, trying to help her sleep, and she was so hot she felt like something just outta the oven... Like a fuckin' *pot roast*.

(beat)

So don't feel too sorry for my sister. She never cared about anyone but herself.

108 A COMMOTION draws their attention to the front door. A MAN 108 WEARING A POPEYE MASK stands just inside the door brandishing a shotgun.

POPEYE

(to bartender)

YOU! THE SAFE... NOW!

(pointing with his gun)

Right under there.

The bartender does as he's told -- sliding open a door beneath the bar to reveal a safe.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

Everyone needs to shut up. I'll be done in two minutes.

(to the dart players)

You get down on the floor. Hands behind your head! Just relax.

A woman starts to panic.

WOMAN AT BAR

Oh, god, no.

POPEYE

This will all be over in a minute if everyone stays calm.

TEAMSTER

Do you know who's bar this is, shit-head?

Popeye CRACKS the teamster in the jaw with the butt of his shotgun.

POPEYE

Or you can get wise. It's up to you.

The bartender places a STACK OF BILLS on the bar -- 2 or 3 grand. Popeye throws a DUFFLE BAG at him and he fills it.

DART PLAYER

We got families.

POPEYE

Pipe down.

He turns to Lionel.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

What did you say?!

Nobody said anything.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

Another smart guy?

The bar is silent.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

(to Lionel)

You're a talker, huh? Keep yapping motherfucker.

WOMAN AT BAR

Stop antagonizing him! He has a gun.

POPEYE

(to Lionel)

You want to keep talking trash? Okay.

DART PLAYER

SHUT UP!

Even though Lionel has said nothing, every witness at the bar would remember it this way. That Lionel had been talking and he had been killed.

Popeye SNAPS THE ROUND INTO THE CHAMBER WITH ONE HAND.

HE CRANES HIS NECK

On Patrick, this rings a bell. From the Tretts...

Popeye is Bressant. Bressant levels the shotgun at Lionel.

POPEYE

(to Lionel)

Close your eyes, Mouth. Close 'em tight.

LIONEL

You don't have to do this.

PATRICK

REMY BRESSANT.

Bressant looks at him, then sticks the shotgun between Lionel's eyes.

LIONEL

(his eyes shut)

Wait. Jesus.

PATRICK

Amanda McCready was taken by Remy Bressant!

BRESSANT

Don't say that *fucking* name!

LIONEL

I already told him we did it for ransom.
I told him we did it for ransom!
Remy...Please.

BRESSANT

Fuck...

His heart isn't in it. He begins to lower his gun.

BANG! BANG!

TWO SHOTS HIT Bressant. He takes a beat to register this, standing stock-still.

The Bartender is standing there with a smoking gun, in shock.

Patrick leaps out of his chair and drives his head into Bressant's stomach. Wrapping his arms around his waist, he plows his spine straight back into the bar.

Bressant cracks the shotgun stock down onto the back of Patrick's neck, buckling his knees and crashing him to the floor. He SCRAMBLES OUT the front door.

Patrick gets to his feet and looks around. Angie is okay.

Patrick turns and RACES out the front door after Bressant. Angie goes to Lionel's side.

SECRETARY

Call 911! Call 911!

EXT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Patrick looks up and down the street, but Bressant is nowhere to be seen. He sees a BLOODY POPEYE MASK on the ground. A TRAIL OF BLOOD runs away from it which Patrick follows across the street.

The thickening trail leads Patrick along the side of a LARGE 3-STORY FACTORY (in the process of being converted to lofts) and to a DOOR near the back. Blood is smeared on the door and a small red puddle has formed on the ground.

INT FACTORY STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Leading with his gun, Patrick steps into a bright STAIRWELL. Blood tracks up the stairs and Patrick ascends cautiously.

He climbs one flight.

And then another -- pausing on the landing. Above him, light comes through an OPEN DOOR. He starts for it.

Patrick continues up the last few steps. He reaches the top and peers out onto:

EXT ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Patrick scans the roof for Remy. He sees nothing on his right and turns around to his left, circling the stairwell. Behind him we see a magnificent view of the neighborhood. He turns another corner to see:

Bressant sits against an aluminum vent -- his head leaned back and his eyes half closed. A ROSE OF BLOOD spreads out against Bressant's shirt. His flesh is beginning to grey.

Patrick holds his gun on him and calls out.

PATRICK

Put the fuckin' gun down! Put it down.

Remy has his gun on his lap. He lets it fall to his side.

BRESSANT

That bartender wasn't fuckin' around.

Patrick kicks away the gun.

PATRICK

Fuck you. You let this little girl die.
You want to tell me how to live?

Patrick looks at Remy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

'Do your best.' Fuck you, this is my
best.

Bressant wags his head a little

BRESSANT

I know.

PATRICK

You know? You let a girl go off a cliff.
What do you know? You don't know.

Bressant just smiles at him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

She was a child--

Remy gives him a long, strange look. Then:

BRESSANT

Yeah.

(beat)

(MORE)

BRESSANT (CONT'D)

I could never have kids. I told my wife to marry someone else. She wouldn't do it.

(beat, distant)

I love children.

Bressant is fading. Patrick stands over him. Oddly peaceful, Bressant gives Patrick a kind smile.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)

I like you, Patrick. You get to Florida, look me up.

Patrick looks at him.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)

Let me see the city.

Patrick stands there. Bressant looks out at Boston, rising steel and glass in the setting August sun. Autumn is almost at hand and the crispness of the air makes the view all the more sad.

Bressant makes a guttural sound, appreciating the last thing he'll see.

Patrick looks at him, dying. Not how he expected this to end.

CRANE starts on Remy, up to Patrick, then pulls far above both them and the city.

DISSOLVE OVER THE ROOFTOP IN THE SETTING SUN (CRANE)

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick sits in a chair. Present are the NEW CAPTAIN (57) and a BEEFY OFFICER (50) with a crew cut.

They sit around a desk, informally. Patrick is not charged with anything but rather is being questioned routinely (hence, no lawyer).

PATRICK

Why would I expose a conspiracy I was a part of?

(beat)

Did Lionel contradict anything I said?

Did the witnesses?

The Captain stands.

CAPTAIN

A Police officer was killed today. That's not looked on lightly.

PATRICK

Is corruption looked on lightly?

BEEFY OFFICER

You got a smart mouth.

PATRICK

How is getting a little girl killed looked on?

CAPTAIN

We'd like to ensure that you're telling us the truth. Is that all right with you? Hot shit?

PATRICK

It's fine, hot shit.

CAPTAIN

So, after setting up Jean Baptiste, your friend Chris Mullen was coincidentally killed? And you didn't have nothing to do with it?

PATRICK

He was probably killed by Sgt. Detective Remy Bressant or anyone else who wanted the 130K in his backpack.

(beat)

He's not my friend.

BEEFY OFFICER

You charge money as a detective. But you were at the quarry and yet you had no idea it was a set up?

PATRICK

I trust the Police when they tell me something. And I had a fake ransom note and Amanda's blanket the cops left in my mailbox. And I heard the tape from when Cheese, or I guess it was Chris pretending to be Cheese, called the station.

CAPTAIN
A 911 call?

PATRICK
No. The call into the station from Cheese
to Remy.

CAPTAIN
We don't tape calls into the station.
(beat)
And we don't do transcripts, smart guy.

Beat. This causes Patrick to register something.

BEEFY OFFICER
Did you hear a tape?

PATRICK
No.

BEEFY OFFICER
Did you see a transcript?

PATRICK
I must have remembered it wrong. Remy
read it to me.

The Police look at him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Look, I've cooperated. Unless you want me
to go out there and start calling the
papers to give 'em my Police corruption
exclusive, I'm leaving.

He gets up.

CAPTAIN
Calm down.
(beat)
You're released. But Mr. Kenize--
(winks)
I hope you don't get pulled over any time
soon.

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Patrick comes into the office/living room. Angie is there.

ANGIE
What happened?

PATRICK

They kept my shoelaces.

She smiles.

ANGIE

We'll go down to Zayre's tomorrow and get you some new ones.

PATRICK

I don't want to do that tomorrow.

ANGIE

What do you want to do?

PATRICK

Take a trip.

EXT MASS TURNPIKE - DAY

The car speeds along the empty highway, carving through thick forests of pine trees.

Inside the car it's quiet. Patrick's stare is fixed to the road -- the rhythm of the white lines that pulse by. Angie rests her head against the passenger window, the BLUR of the tree-line reflected in her eyes.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

A 2-LANE ROAD winds them through rolling hills and past a SIGN welcoming them to: 'WEST BECKETT, MA. Pop. 974' -- a Rockwell painting in the heart of the Berkshire Mountains.

EXT TOWNSEND ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The car rolls down a quiet road where small COTTAGES nestle in clumps of birch and pine trees. Patrick parks opposite a long driveway. A MAILBOX at its mouth reads: DOYLE

EXT. TOWNSEND ROAD - AFTERNOON

Patrick and Angie sit in the car. They look down a driveway.

She takes a beat.

ANGIE

You want to tell me where our trip has taken us?

PATRICK

You know where we are.

ANGIE

(beat)

He would never, ever do something to endanger a child.

PATRICK

Are you sure?

ANGIE

Yes.

PATRICK

He was a part of it. They don't tape calls. He handed us a transcript like it was evidence and he knew it was a forgery--maybe he forged it himself. He knew what they were doing, he supported it and he covered it up.

ANGIE

Why? For a third of a hundred and thirty grand? What for?

He just looks at her.

PATRICK

Had to be for something.

ANGIE

When you're talking about ruining an old man who lost his child and gave years of service..."something" isn't enough.

PATRICK

For a guy who tried to ruin us, something's plenty.

ANGIE

This is the kind of thing where if you do it, you want to be sure.

(beat)

Are you sure?

PATRICK

No.

(beat)

Are you coming?

ANGIE

No.

And he goes down the road.

EXT DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They start down the driveway towards a small, red cottage set a hundred yards or so off the road. But after only a few steps, they stop.

PATRICK & ANGIE'S POV: Through the trees, Doyle emerges from the cottage. He carries 2 FULL SUITCASES to a SUBURBAN and loads them in the back. His wife, FRANCINE, follows.

Patrick & Angie take a beat before resuming down the drive. Only to FREEZE IN THEIR TRACKS at the sight of:

AMANDA MCCREADY CHARGING ONTO THE PORCH, clutching a BACK-PACK, and wearing a look of utter determination.

AMANDA

Don't forget mine, gramma.

FRANCINE

I'd never forget yours, sweetheart.

Doyle lifts Amanda off the porch and carries her to the Suburban. He dips down, allowing Amanda to place her back-pack inside.

AMANDA

Can I have a, please a sandwich?

DOYLE

What kind do you want.

AMANDA

Grill Cheese.

DOYLE

You like the crusts on, right?

AMANDA

(thrilled with this game)

Noooo! I don't like the crusts on!

DOYLE

(fakes remembering)

That's right, that's right.

Patrick and Angie have ducked into the woods. They are both in shock.

PATRICK

Jesus.

ANGIE
She's alive.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS SHOWING WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED IN
EXTREMELY QUICK SUCCESSION.

110 EXT. TOWNSEND ROAD - AFTERNOON

Patrick walks down Doyle's driveway toward the car. Angie is sitting, leaned up against the hood, he head tilted forward. As Patrick draws near, she lifts her head up to him and we see she has been crying.

This isn't what Patrick expected and he is taken aback for a beat, long enough for Angie to say:

ANGIE
She's happy.

PATRICK
No...

ANGIE
She's happy here.
(beat)
I saw her.

PATRICK
Angie, don't do this.

ANGIE
If you call the Police they'll send her
back.

PATRICK
I need you on my side.

ANGIE
I am on your side but I can't send her
back.

PATRICK
We're not sending her anywhere. That's
her mother. She has a right to her
child.

ANGIE
He's better for her.

PATRICK
Why? Because he has money and makes
sandwiches?

ANGIE
 (simply)
 Because he loves her.

PATRICK
 Helene loves her, too.

ANGIE
 No.

PATRICK
 She might learn from this.

ANGIE
 No. People don't change.

Angie grows more impassioned.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
 Helene is arsenic. She'll kill her.
 She'll burn the life out of her.

PATRICK
 You can't take away someone's kid.

ANGIE
 I don't want to. I want to leave their
 child with them.

PATRICK
 All this time we wanted to bring her
 home. Why is that wrong now?

ANGIE
 Because I know right and wrong when I see
 it.

PATRICK
 I need you to understand me right now. I
 need you to love me and say I know this
 is a hard decision but I stand by you. I
 need you to take me home and make this
 okay.

ANGIE
 I can do that. I can take you home and I
 know how to make it okay.

(beat)

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

It will be okay because every now and again we'll talk about her and where she might be and what grade she's in and we'll be proud of her and *that* will be okay.

(beat)

Because we'll know she's in a good school and safe and has sleep overs and birthday parties and smiles every day.

(beat)

And maybe sometime we'll drive out here and watch a softball game with a teenager in it from the back bleachers and we'll see how much she's grown. And then I'll take you home and we'll *know* it's okay.

PATRICK

You can't ask me to do something I can't do.

ANGIE

You can't ask me to live with it.

She makes a plea.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Patrick, for me. Please?

(beat)

I'll hate you for doing it. I don't want to but I will.

She walks away, leaving him alone by the side of the road.

EXT. DOYLE SUMMER COTTAGE, DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We push in, approaching Doyle who turns to see Patrick.

Doyle watches Patrick. He offers a measured greeting.

DOYLE

Patrick Kenzie. To what do I owe the pleasure?

He holds Doyle's look.

PATRICK

Remy Bressant died last night.

DOYLE

I was told. It's a shame.

PATRICK

Hard to understand. He seemed like a good man.

DOYLE

He was a good man. You don't know why people do what they do. Only they see out their own windows.

With that, AMANDA walks out the door, running to Jack and clinging to his leg. Jack holds Patrick's look.

AMANDA

Papapa. Come make sandwiches *now* please.

Doyle smiles, giving away nothing of his tension with Patrick.

Francine comes to the door.

DOYLE

(to Francine)

It's all right.

(to Amanda)

Go inside, my sweet. I'll be there soon and make you a sandwich.

Francine hesitates. Doyle is gentle.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

I'm all right.

Francine takes her back inside.

A beat. Doyle smiles.

DOYLE (CONT'D)

So you know. Good for you. You uncovered the thing men died for.

PATRICK

Men killed for.

DOYLE

I'm giving that little girl a life.

PATRICK

It's not your life to give. Helene is her mother. You think she's a bad mother you should have gone to social services. Short of that, it's her mother, it's where she belongs.

DOYLE

Turn around, get back in your car and wait thirty years. You don't know what the world is made of yet.

PATRICK

I know I'm tired of being lied to and tired of being lectured by a gang of criminals. I'm calling the State Police in five minutes. They'll be here in ten.

DOYLE

No.

(beat)

You haven't made that call because you think it might be an irreparable mistake. Because part of you believes it doesn't matter what the rules say. Because you know, when the lights go out and it's just you and your conscience you ask yourself if she's better here or better there, you know the answer and you always will.

PATRICK

See you at the arraignment.

DOYLE

You can do one good pure thing here today. One right thing. Most men don't get that chance in a lifetime.

(beat)

You walk away from that, you may not regret it when you get home, or in a year but I promise you, get to where I am, you will. But I'll be dead by then, you'll be old, and she'll be trailing a ragged, tattered childhood of her own -- and you'll be the one who has to tell them you're sorry.

PATRICK

Then I guess I will. I'll tell them I'm sorry and I'll live with it. And maybe that will happen, what I'm not gonna do, is have to apologize to a grown woman who says, why did you leave me? I got kidnapped, my aunt hired you to find me, and you did. You found me with a strange family but you broke your promise and you left me there. Why? Why didn't you bring me home?

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It don't matter how many outfits and snacks and family trips we took-- they weren't my family, they stole me and I was raised as a stranger to myself and the life I would have had. You knew about it, you knew better and you did nothing. And maybe that grown woman will forgive me but I won't forgive myself.

It hangs in the air. Silence...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The only thing I care about is that little girl. And I'm gonna bring her home.

Doyle hears this. Has his reaction, something like a sagging, an emptiness, and a resolution.

DOYLE

Then you'll have to excuse me. I still have a sandwich left to make.

He turns and walks inside.

SAME - LATER

Patrick watches from down the road. Doyle is on the porch.

Jack sits in his favorite chair. Amanda is on his lap, facing him, arms around his shoulders, head tucked into his neck. He slowly rocks the chair. He holds Amanda like it's the last hug of his life. His eyes are fixed on a point somewhere far off in the distance.

Patrick takes out his phone.

In the distance sirens wail faintly, getting louder.

Just inside the door is Amanda's colorful kids back-pack, a strange and cute stuffed snake, and Francine's bag spilling over with zip-locked snacks and children's cups-- all the stuff Francine had packed to make sure Amanda would have, wherever she'd go.

Over this all, beginning faintly and growing increasingly audible, is the inanity of the television news. It's blather like a merciless blanket of idiocy over something hopelessly sad.

A swarm of West Beckett POLICE CRUISERS cram the small road.

A Deputy knocks on the door. Doyle answers. He knows the local cops, who are embarrassed to arrest him. He makes it easy for them.

Doyle nods at the deputy with quiet acceptance and the dignity of a man at peace with the choices he's made.

The DEPUTY puts a hand-cuffed Doyle into the back of his car.

Francine Doyle silently mouthing, "oh my God, oh my God."

Angie looks out from the car, past the police, past everything.

They move to Francine to put her in a police car.

Amanda, being taken from Francine, cries and reaches out to her. She screams.

Francine is handcuffed.

Patrick tries to hold his look.

Patrick stands with a GROUP OF SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES.

He looks to Angie...

She doesn't look back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT HELENE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The crush of media has descended outside the apartment for footage of the joyous reunion. Helene is made up. She waits on the curb as the POLICE CAR arrives.

Out gets a FEMALE OFFICER, holding Amanda, who is terrified by the rapacious mob of REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Amanda's fear of the throng causes her to cling to Helene, giving the photographers the shot they want.

Patrick watches from his car, parked up the block. He is alone.

ADDITIONAL STREET MONTAGE IMAGES FEATURING PATRICK

He is in the neighborhood.

EXT. CITY STRETT - SUNSET

Patrick drives. He sees the ITALIAN MAN (Gerry Speca) and they trade looks, once again, 40 fps as he drives by.

INT PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT - EVENING

Patrick comes home. Boxes are packed. The place feels less warm. More bare.

A voice from the doorway turns him around. It's Angie.

ANGIE
Sorry, I had to come back and get some stuff.

PATRICK
It's okay.

She looks at him, almost sympathetic.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Can we at least talk?

ANGIE
There's nothing to say

She smiles, maybe some water pooling at the corners of her eyes.

After a beat, looking at her, he steps aside. She moves past him and out the door.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT, KITCHEN - LATER

Patrick sits at the kitchen table.

On the TV, Helene is talking to the press. Pull back to reveal Patrick watching her at his kitchen table.

HELENE (ON TV)
I just want to say God bless. God bless.
To all the police and...the firemen... I
just feel like nine-eleven right now...

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

Watching from afar as Bressant is buried. In contrast to Mount Auburn, this is a pitiful little place. His WIFE (the former prostitute) and a few scant mourners stand by. A PRIEST delivers the eulogy. It begins to rain.

END MUSIC CUE:

DISSOLVE:

INT HELENE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

In the LIVING ROOM, Amanda is plunked on the couch staring blankly at a SITCOM, sharing none of the studio audience's enthusiasm.

Patrick stands just inside the front door watching her.

HELENE (O.S.)
I'm sorry for being rude, but I gotta be
outta here in like two minutes.

Patrick doesn't answer, his gaze fixed on Amanda. She finally looks up at him. Patrick SMILES at her.

PATRICK
Hi.

Amanda looks at him, blankly.

She returns her attention to the TV.

HELENE (O.S.)
You think he'll like me?

Patrick looks over to Helene standing in the doorway, all dolled up -- striking a pose. She wears too much makeup. Her clothes reveal too much of what she hasn't got.

PATRICK
Who?

HELENE
My date.

PATRICK
I'm sure he will.

HELENE
Aww, you're sweet. He seen me on my
American Victim and he wrote me letters
and I was like whatever, but then he saw
my Katie Couric and drove down here from
Providence so I was like, that's
romantic, right?

Patrick forces a smile.

HELENE (CONT'D)
How's your girlfriend?

PATRICK
(hesitates)
She's all right. She's up the north shore
with her sister.

HELENE
(flirty)
If she don't get smart, I'll take you
out.
(shakes her head)
Hope she got better family than I do,
right?

Patrick forces a nod. She fastens an earring to her lobe.

PATRICK
How's Bea?

HELENE
I wouldn't let her in the apartment.
(justifying)
What, I want to lose her again? Forget
it.
(beat)
She sold her unit. Moved out to fancy
pants in Melrose. Good riddance.

PATRICK
Yeah.

HELENE
Don't think she didn't hate you for
Lionel goin' to jail.

PATRICK
Probably why she never paid my bill.

HELENE
You should fuckin' sue.

Something registers on Amanda's face when Helene says "fuck."

PATRICK
How about you, Helene? You hate me?

HELENE
Fuck no. Brother or not he took my kid.
Fuck him. She could'a been hurt.

PATRICK
What about Amanda?

HELENE
What about Amanda?

PATRICK
Who's watching her?

HELENE
Dottie.

PATRICK
Dottie know that?

HELENE
She will in five minutes.
(giggles)
Shit, I'm gonna be late, too.

Patrick waits.

HELENE (CONT'D)
Unless you don't mind sittin' for her?

PATRICK
Sure.

HELENE
For real?

PATRICK
It's fine.

HELENE
She likes you.

Patrick looks to Amanda. She just sits there. Watches TV.

HELENE (CONT'D)
(leaving)
You're a godsend, Patrick.

She goes. And then calls out from the stairwell.

HELENE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
BYE!!!

Patrick sits next to Amanda on the couch... And together --
silently -- they watch TV.

Patrick sees that Amanda is holding her famous doll, the one the papers said she loved so much, the one Angie plucked from the quarry.

PATRICK
(re: doll)
Is that Mirabelle?

Amanda looks up at him.

AMANDA
(correcting)
Annabelle.

He nods. It makes sense. They turn back to the television.

PATRICK (V.O.)
I started going to Church again. I saw them bury Remy and, for the first time in years, maybe ever, I prayed for someone. I did everything I wanted to do. I proved my father wrong. I either learned my lesson or became a man, I can't tell the difference. Either way, all it's left me is the hollow, copper aftertaste in my throat, like a vague and distant regret. Remy was right, I know very little--but what I do know, I am sure of: I was wrong about that commercial. "Shouldn't your dog be treated like a member of the family?" It doesn't depend on the dog. It depends on the family.

We hold on them for an extended beat. The blather from the television washes over them, the man and the little girl.

FADE TO BLACK

The End.