

ANIMAL RESCUE

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EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A very light snow falls in front of the bar window. The snow is so light you won't even know it fell an hour from now. The bar window is typical of a working class bar--encased in brick, permanently filmed by decades of cigarette smoke and beer burps; a neon BUD LIGHT sign in the center; but also -- TINSEL, FAKE SNOW, A SNOWMAN FIGURINE.

DETECTIVE TORRES speaks. His voice is warm, Latin-tinged, and, as folksy as one can find in Brooklyn.

DETECTIVE TORRES
(Voice over)
Here's how it works. You got one borough...

EXT. BROOKLYN - WINTER - NIGHT

AN AERIAL SHOT of New York's biggest borough. Cars stream off the Manhattan and Brooklyn Bridges.

DETECTIVE TORRES (V.O.)
...with maybe fifty to a hundred bars per neighborhood.

ON a NONDESCRIPT CAR crossing the Brooklyn Bridge. The car exits the bridge into Downtown.

DETECTIVE TORRES (V.O.)
Those bars pay off cops, pay off the health department, pay for protection. They take bets or sell a little something out the back.

As he speaks, we CUT TO:

BAR FRONT after BAR FRONT after BAR FRONT--upscale, low-rent, and everything in between. So many neighborhoods--Dumbo, Fort Green, Brooklyn Heights, Clinton Hill, Vinegar Hill, Prospect Heights, Fulton Ferry, Boerum Hill, Cobble Hill, Red Hook, Bushwick, Greenpoint, Williamsburg, Flatbush, Bay Ridge, Bensonhurst, Dyker Heights, Brighton Beach, Coney Island, Marine Park--it's near impossible to name them all.

BAR INTERIORS, various CROWDS, all types of vibes.

DETECTIVE TORRES (V.O.)
Some people decided to centralize everything.

EXT. IRISH BAR - BAY RIDGE - NIGHT

The nondescript car pulls in front of the Bar. A DEATHLY THIN MAN, late 20s, gets out. His hair is close-cropped; his face sports two days of beard shadow. He walks into the bar.

INT. IRISH BAR - BAY RIDGE - NIGHT

As the Thin Man approaches the BARTENDER:

DETECTIVE TORRES (V.O.)
So a guy goes into a place every night,
picks up the take...

The Bartender slides the Thin Man A LONG BROWN ENVELOPE WITH STRING FASTENER. The Thin Man pockets it, walks back out.

DETECTIVE TORRES (V.O.)
...heads off to the next spot.

EXT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Thin Man exits his car.

DETECTIVE TORRES (V.O.)
...and the one after that...

EXT. BISTRO - NIGHT

An upscale place. The Thin Man's car sits out front.

DETECTIVE TORRES (V.O.)
And so on, and so on, and so on.

EXT. BARS - NIGHT

MONTAGE:

A FLURRY OF BARS.

BAGMEN go in and out...

And drive off in cars...

And pull up in cars...

And enter from the back...

And enter from the front...

And do the same at RESTAURANTS...

PIZZA PARLORS...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DONUT SHOPS...

CORNER STORES...

HOTELS...

MASSAGE PARLORS...

The Bagmen are all shapes and sizes; the only thing they have in common is how little attention they call to themselves.

Throughout the montage, the folksy Man has been talking:

DETECTIVE TORRES (V.O.)

Anyplace you can provide a cash service?
That's got a kickback factor of a
thousand squared. Anyplace you can dim a
light? You can accept a bet or a blowjob.
And all that money, every night, ends up
somewhere. Us cops get wires up on some
boss's house or his social club and we
wonder why we never see the money? That's
because it's never there.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - WINTER - NIGHT

WE PUSH THROUGH THE WINDOW we saw at the beginning:

Not upscale inside, but not bad. The bar itself extends from a small kitchen in back down the center of the space, stopping about six feet from the door. Booths along the walls. Tables between the booths and the bar. Widescreen TVs on the walls by the booth and above the bar. Local sports memorabilia hangs throughout.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS--wreaths, candy canes, stockings, etc--hang from, and above, the bar itself.

The Thin Man enters, places a PLASTIC SHOPPING BAG up on the bar. The bag is wrapped tight around a stack of money.

The bartender, BOB SAGINOWSKI, 37, brings the Thin Man a scotch. Bob removes the bag from the bar top. Bob is a big guy, block shoulders, large hands. He wears a plaid wool workshirt with quilted lining over a thermal undershirt and brown corduroy pants over heavy work boots. The clothes are starched and ironed, however. Bob is working class but neat.

Bob rings up the sale at the register. To his right, below the register, is a WIDE SLOT COVERED BY A METAL FLAP. He opens the flap and drops the bag in. He turns back to the bar but the Thin Man is gone, his scotch glass drained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob lifts the man's glass off the bar. He looks up at the TV above him. There's something forlorn about him, even when he's smiling. He's the type of guy who rarely meets someone's eyes; there's an odd courtliness in his bearing, though, a strong whiff of manners. Something wistful enters his face as he watches TV, where a JEWELRY COMMERCIAL runs--images of a COUPLE walking a beach hand in hand, cuddling, watching a sunset, all the clichés.

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - NIGHT

The Thin Bagman drives off as another Bagman pulls up, as our Folksy Narrator wraps up:

DETECTIVE TORRES (V.O.)

Say we *do* get a team up on this drop bar?
Move fast enough to get a warrant? The
drop bar doesn't even know it's the drop
bar until a couple of hours before it
becomes it. And then it's only the drop
bar for one night. Late that night or
sometime the next morning...

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - BACK ROOM - MORNING

Bob at the floor safe. Looks at his watch. The TIME LOCK BEEPS. Bob keys in the code, opens the safe. Reaches in for an envelope.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: A BEARDED CHECHEN in blue coveralls standing by a BEER KEG. It becomes clear this is no ordinary beer keg when the Bearded Chechen UNSCREWS THE TOP OF THE KEG. He puts the top on the floor as Bob hands him the envelope and follows it with another and another. The Bearded Chechen deposits the envelopes in the keg.

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - BACK ALLEY - MORNING

DETECTIVE TORRES (V.O.)

It all goes right out the door. And that
bar might not be the drop bar for another
year. Or it could be next week. Point is,
you'd never know.

The Bearded Chechen wheels the keg out to a BEER TRUCK. He puts the keg on the lift and the hydraulics kick in. When he and the keg are level with the truck, he pivots the keg from side to side until he's worked it in amongst a TRUCKLOAD OF KEGS. You can no longer tell which was the original keg. He hops out of the truck, and gives Bob a thumbs up.

Bob watches him drive away.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - WINTER - NIGHT

At the bar, SIX WORKING CLASS GUYS watch the Nets-Heat game. They are JIMMY, SULLY, DONNY, PAUL, STEVIE, and SEAN. They are all in their mid-to-late 30s.

ON THE TV: Dwayne Wade scores for the Heat.

JIMMY

Fucking awesome. We spent eighty-three million to drag a bunch of Jersey geriatrics across the river to wet-shit all over their Depends.

PAUL

They're not that old.

SULLY

Stackhouse just blocked LeBron with his fucking walker.

Bob delivers a round. Jimmy speaks to him.

JIMMY

You got an opinion on the Nets?

BOB

(Mildly apologetic)
I don't follow basketball.

SULLY

I don't know anything you follow, Bob.
You like to read? Watch *The Bachelorette*?
Hunt sewer rats?

Bob looks uncomfortable and apologetic.

BOB

Drinks're on the house.

He's already turning to walk away.

SULLY

Thanks.
(To guys)
Fucking Sphinx, that guy.

PAUL

I've seen chicks--hot ass--try to chat him up, they get nothing.

SULLY

Maybe he's into dudes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY
Guy ain't into *anything*.

Sully remembers his manners, raises his drink.

SULLY
Thanks, Marv.

ON COUSIN MARV, 53, behind the bar halfway down, newspaper spread before him. He smiles, raises a glass in acknowledgement, and goes back to his paper. Marv, the man the bar is named after, is the opposite of Bob--slick, well-dressed in a suit and pressed white shirt.

The rest of the Guys grab their drinks and raise them.

STEVIE
Someone going to say something for the kid?

SULLY
To Richie "Glory Days" Whelan, Fort Hamilton Class of `Ninety Two, and a funny prick. Rest in peace.

All the guys toast:

THE GUYS
To Glory Days. Cheers.

ON Bob as he passes MILLIE, 70, a homeless regular who nurses an Old Fashioned at the corner of the bar.

Cousin Marv is looking at her as well as Bob reaches him, places old glasses in the sink. Marv folds up his paper as he takes in the Guys.

COUSIN MARV
You buy them a round?

BOB
They're toasting a dead friend.

COUSIN MARV
Kid's been dead, what, ten years now?
Gotta be a point where you move on, stop scoring free drinks off the corpse.

Cousin Marv shrugs into a nice topcoat and dons gloves. He glances down the bar at Millie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)

Speaking of which, we can't keep letting her ride a stool all night then not pay for her drinks.

BOB

She doesn't drink much.

COUSIN MARV

When's the last time you charged her for one, though? And after midnight you let her smoke in here--don't think I don't know. It's not a soup kitchen, it's a bar. She pays her tab tonight or she can't come in until she does.

BOB

Her tab's like a hundred bucks.

COUSIN MARV

Hundred-forty actually.

(Starts to depart)

Oh, and, Bob? Take the Christmas shit down. It's the twenty-seventh.

BOB

What about Little Christmas?

COUSIN MARV

(Stares at him)

I don't even know what to say to that.

Cousin Marv leaves.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

1. Bob takes down some Christmas decorations.
2. Bob serves a round to THREE NURSES.
3. Bob wipes down the bartop.
4. Bob sweeps the floor; a lot of the debris is pine needles from the Christmas decorations that no longer adorn the bar.

Millie lets loose a smoker's cough of unparalleled phlegm and duration. Bob pushes the broom and Millie continues to cough. Just when it seems she might choke to death, she stops.

BOB

You alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MILLIE
(Waves it off)
Aces. I'll have one more.

Bob comes around behind the bar.

BOB
I gotta charge you. I'm sorry. And--

MILLIE
'Course, 'course. You got a business to
run. 'Course.

She carries all her belongings in a small, battered GYM BAG. She rummages through it. She places ONE DOLLAR BILL and SIXTY TWO CENTS of coins on the bar. Rummages some more, comes back with an ANTIQUE STERLING SILVER 4 X 6 PICTURE FRAME. There's no picture in it. She lays it on the bar as payment.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
That's sterling silver from Water Street
Jewelers. RFK bought a watch there, Bob.
That's worth bucks.

BOB
You don't keep a picture in there?

MILLIE
It faded.

BOB
Of you?

MILLIE
(Nods)
And him.

She looks back into her bag, rummages some more. Bob puts an ashtray in front of her. She looks up at him as he turns and makes her another drink. He brings the drink to her.

Bob takes the dollar off the bar, turns toward the register.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
No, take the--

BOB
This'll cover it.

At the register, Bob puts the dollar bill in the drawer. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a roll of bills, peels off SEVEN TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS and adds them to the drawer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

When he turns back, Millie has swept the change and the picture frame back into her gym bag.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - LATER

Millie finishes her drink. She takes a huge drag off her cigarette and exhales with relish. She coughs a few more times without the death rattle and puts out her smoke. She exits her stool and puts on a raggedy winter coat. She ambles to the door. Bob opens it to a light snowfall.

BOB
You ever hear of Little Christmas?

MILLIE
(Shrugs)
`Course. January Sixth.

BOB
Nobody remembers it anymore.

MILLIE
Meant something in my time.

BOB
My old man's too.

MILLIE
Not yours, though.

ON Bob, as the sentiment lands. Not for the first time, it occurs to him that he clings to things that are long gone.

MILLIE (CONT'D)
`Night, Bob.

She finishes buttoning her coat, pulls on gloves.

BOB
Careful out there. Watch the ice.

He shuts the door behind her, turns the lock.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - WINTER - EARLY MORNING

A few minutes later, Bob locks the door from the other side, removes the key. He wears a heavy coat and gloves.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - EARLY MORNING

Bob walks home through a gentle snow, the streets hushed and desolate. It's a working class neighborhood as opposed to a poverty-stricken one, so the overall effect of the cars and the homes is of things that are weathered but not dingy. Several empty parking spots along the curbs are "spoken for" by trash cans, plastic egg crates, even lawn chairs--all placed where a car could go. People have died--literally--over a parking spot that's been claimed in this fashion.

An OLD CAMRY passes Bob as he walks. The car turns a corner. Bob walks slowly because Bob has nothing to rush home to.

CUT TO:

INT. FITZ'S CAMRY - CONTINUOUS

Inside the car that passed Bob are two brothers, ED "FITZ" FITZGERALD, 28 and hyper, and his younger brother, BRIAN "BRI" FITZGERALD, 25, a fretful soul. Fitz, the driver, drives them past a hole-in-the-wall bar, MICKEY'S TAP.

FITZ

Could be that one. Could be another one.

BRI

You want to hit a place filled with gangsta money? You fucking crazy?

FITZ

Not right away. My guy says we got to do this in steps.

BRI

So tell me who the guy is.

FITZ

The guy says we show him something. We hit one of these bars when it ain't being used as a drop. We see how the owners respond.

BRI

They could fucking respond real fucking bad, you nut.

FITZ

So that's what we'll see.

BRI

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FITZ

No? Little brother, you got Ashley, the kids, and a fucking habit. Your car's been nursing the same tank of gas since Thanksgiving and your watch still don't fucking work. Say "no" again.

Bri can't. He ain't happy about any of this, but in the end he'll do it. He looks at his BROKEN WRISTWATCH, which he wears with the face on the inside of his wrist. The watch hands are stopped at 6:15. He looks off out the car window.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

TRACK ALONG THE HALLWAY leading into the LIVING ROOM. PHOTOGRAPHS adorn the wall in old-fashioned faux-gold frames. They are all of Young Bob and BOB'S PARENTS. Bob's Parents were much older when they had him and stare back into the camera with the uncertain, timid eyes of born victims. WE ENTER:

A tidy room with furniture from the 1970s. The couch and love seat are covered in plastic protection. Bob sits on the couch and stares at his CHRISTMAS TREE. It is meticulously decorated. The rest of the house is dark and silent.

Bob sits there like he's waiting for something to happen. But nothing does. Eventually he stands. He turns out the tree lights. He walks to the staircase and heads upstairs to bed.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. DOMINICK'S CHURCH - MORNING

An older church. Dates back to the late 1800s/early 1900s. A beautiful building--dark mahogany and off-white marble, towering stained-glass windows of sad-eyed saints.

The 7 AM mass, only a DOZEN PARISHIONERS in attendance. FATHER PETER REGAN, 45, exits the altar and stands in front of the small congregation to deliver the SACRAMENT OF HOLY COMMUNION. All the Parishioners line up to receive the host--except Bob, who remains kneeling in the section farthest to the left. There is no one around him. He's an island.

On a MALE PARISHIONER, mid-40s, Hispanic, a good-looking guy getting a bit doughy, as he receives communion.

FATHER REGAN

The body of Christ.

MALE PARISHIONER

Amen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes the host on his tongue and turns, blessing himself. He takes notice of Bob still kneeling in the pew, eyes closed. The Male Parishioner walks to his pew as Father Regan returns to the altar.

FATHER REGAN

May the Lord bless you and keep you all
the days of your lives. This mass has
ended. Go in peace to love and serve the
Lord. Amen.

Bob stops at the holy water font by the exit doors, dips his fingers in, and blesses himself. The Male Parishioner and Bob give each other a nod hello--one familiar stranger to another--then exit, go their separate ways.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - STREETFRONT - DAY

Bob shovels snow, lays down ICE MELT.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Bob shovels the alley, lays down ICE MELT. Leans on his shovel at one point, stares blankly down the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - NIGHT

BOB'S POV. He looks around the bar--Cousin Marv accepts a payoff from a BETTOR in the corner. The same Six Guys watch another basketball game. Millie sits at her corner seat, drinking her drink. Nothing ever changes...

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - LATER

2 AM. Once again, Millie's the only one left and she's smoking her cigarette and finishing her drink as Bob sweeps. She exits her stool and puts on her winter coat. She ambles to the door. Bob opens it to a light snowfall.

BOB

Careful out there. Watch the ice.

He shuts the door behind her, turns the lock.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - EARLY MORNING

TRASH CANS filled with Christmas trash line the sidewalks -- lots of upended fir trees in the barrels or lain by the curbs, lots of broken toys and TVs and empty liquor bottles.

Bob glances at the trash as he passes, maybe saddened by the level of waste--half of the broken toys could easily be repaired; the electronics could be donated to charity.

A THUMP. Bob looks around. He scans and finally settles on--

A CAR across the street, rocking slightly, engine idling, the windows steamed. The shape of a WOMAN straddles a MAN in the front seat as she kisses him. The quick BEEP OF THEIR HORN as her ass hits it, followed by muffled giggles.

ON Bob, desolate. This sort of intimacy is not in his future, nor his recent past. He's transfixed until the Woman's palm slaps the driver's window and he realizes that what he's doing is illegal in some states. He walks on and hears--

A SCRAPING SOUND. He looks across the street; it's not coming from the car. He looks back the way he came. A SECOND SCRAPING SOUND. He looks up toward where he was headed.

A METAL TRASH CAN, covered. A few houses up the sidewalk. It moves ever so slightly, as if touched by a firm breeze. Bob walks over and stares at it. Nothing happens. It doesn't move anymore. The empty parking spot beside the trash can is "protected" by TWO ORANGE CONES. Bob turns away.

A MEWLING SOUND, soft but high-pitched. Bob turns back to the trash can. The Mewling Sound reoccurs, followed by a return of the scraping.

Bob takes the top off the trash can and is faced with several editions of the YELLOW PAGES. He pulls them out--2008, 2010, 2009, a TOASTER, and one last YELLOW PAGES and then--

A PUPPY

It stares up at Bob. Scrawny body, huge eyes. It blinks at Bob and then scrunches into itself, terrified. The mewling grows louder, more pathetic. Bob reaches down gingerly because there's shit on this dog and blood too. He grasps it by the nape of the neck and lifts it out. It dangles in front of him and opens its eyes again, trembling.

BOB

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Puppy looks back at him. Bob looks at the blood on its head, the shit on its body.

BOB (CONT'D)
It's okay. It's...

The Puppy continues to tremble, continues to stare back at him, waiting for Bob to hurt it.

Bob stares into it's eyes.

BEAT

A VOICE RINGS OUT:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
What do you got there?

Bob looks up and down the sidewalk, sees nothing.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm up here and you're in my trash.

Bob looks at the houses, sees the OUTLINE OF A WOMAN standing on a first floor porch, most of her lost to shadow.

BOB
(Holds the puppy up for her
to see.)
I found a puppy. A boxer, I think.

FEMALE VOICE
Who puts a dog in a barrel?

BOB
Right? It's bleeding.

The shadow-woman vanishes. The PORCH LIGHT COMES ON. The woman reappears. Her name is NADIA, 33. She is slim, unadorned, a face that could be pretty if she'd allow it, beautiful, sad eyes. She has a red rope of scar tissue cutting a smile from the left edge of her throat to her windpipe. She is barefoot and shivers in the cold. She lights a cigarette and flips open a cell phone.

NADIA
Who do you know that I would know?

Bob has been walking toward the steps. He stops.

BOB
At two in the morning?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADIA
It's what it is.

BOB
You know the Sullivans?

Nadia shakes her head.

BOB (CONT'D)
Francie Hedges?

She shakes her head again. Bob looks at the dog shaking in his grip, the woman shaking on her porch.

NADIA
Hey. You live in this parish?

BOB
Next one over. Saint Dom's.

NADIA
So, you know Father Pete?

Bob nods.

NADIA (CONT'D)
What's your name?

BOB
Bob Saginowski.

NADIA
Let me see your license.

Bob removes the glove over his free hand with his teeth, pulls his wallet out of his back pocket, hands it to her.

Nadia takes a picture of it with her phone. She hands the wallet back. She presses a few more buttons on her phone as Bob returns the wallet to his pants, waits.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Just sent that picture to four people. We clear?

Bob nods.

NADIA (CONT'D)
I'm Nadia.
(Indicating the puppy)
Bring him up here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ON ERIC DEEDS, 30 and blonde, sitting on a stoop across the street. He wears a hoodie under a pea coat and shivers slightly. He's handsome, but there's something off about him, his eyes mildly unhinged, as he watches Bob carry the puppy to Nadia's three decker.

CUT TO:

INT. NADIA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Nadia removes dirty dishes from the sink, places them on the counter beside several empty Narragansett tall boys. She is clearly embarrassed.

NADIA

Just one more sec'. Damn it, Chief.

BOB

Chief?

NADIA

My father. People call him Chief.

BOB

Is he Indian?

NADIA

What? No. He's drunk Irish. He's in AC now. I was working. Otherwise...

(indicates the mess as not
something she abides)

You can put him in now.

Bob puts the puppy in the sink as Nadia runs the water.

NADIA (CONT'D)

Let me grab some shampoo.

She leaves the kitchen and Bob looks around. The fridge is old, the table and chairs by the window are shabby, the curtains are faded lace. The floor is clean, though. Bob takes the sink sprayer in hand. Considers the puppy.

BOB

Ready?

The puppy flinches as Bob sprays his haunches. Bob tests the spray on himself to be sure. It's not too hot. He goes back to spraying the feces off the puppy as Nadia returns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

Don't spray his head until we see how bad the cut is. Just a little water from your hand.

Bob does as instructed. Nadia peers in close at the wound.

BOB

Is it bad?

NADIA

It's not deep. But, man, someone beat the shit out of this dog. All these knots here? That's not skull, that's contusions.

BOB

You a vet?

NADIA

I'm a waitress up the Ashmont Grill. But I worked at Animal Rescue one summer as tech. Whoever beat this little guy probably figured he'd killed it, dumped it in the trash.

BOB

Why?

NADIA

Because people suck. I dunno.

They wrap the puppy in a towel and take it over to the table. Nadia brought back Neo-sporin and cotton swabs with the shampoo. They dry it off and Nadia attends to the head wound.

NADIA (CONT'D)

They're so hard, this breed. To find them a home.

BOB

Boxers?

NADIA

This isn't a boxer. It's a pit bull.

BOB

They're dangerous.

NADIA

It's not the dog's fault his owner's a dick. This guy? Look at him. He's nothing but sweet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bob looks at the puppy. The puppy looks back as Nadia finishes swabbing the wound.

NADIA (CONT'D)

You'll need a crate. Makes them feel safe. And food, all sorts of chew toys and other stuff.

BOB

I was walking by a barrel. I'm just...I'm giving him back.

NADIA

To who? The guy who beat him?

BOB

No, no. To, like, the authorities.

NADIA

That would be Animal Rescue. After they give the owner seven days to reclaim him, they'll--

BOB

He gets a second chance?

NADIA

(Nods)

If he decides not to take it, chances are this little guy will be put up for adoption. But it's hard, like I said, this breed. More often than not, they're put down.

BEAT. Bob has to live with that now.

BOB

It's just...I...

NADIA

I'm sorry?

BOB

You can take it.

NADIA

My father gets back Sunday night from AC. He finds a dog in his house? An animal he's allergic to? Puppy goes right back out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOB
(Abruptly)
Give me till Sunday morning?

The words surprise both of them. She considers him.

NADIA
I shit you not, he ain't picked up by
Sunday noon...

BOB
Sunday, definitely.

NADIA
Yeah?

BOB
Yeah. Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - DAY

About a DOZEN BLUE COLLAR GUYS, spread out throughout the bar, drinking, playing darts, watching ESPN. Bob brings a round to a few of them, goes back down the bar where Cousin Marv leans against a beer cooler, reading the *Post*.

Bob nudges him to get to some beers in the cooler and Cousin Marv takes a moment before he obliges.

BOB
Sweetest friggin' thing. Big head, big
paws, little body...

Cousin Marv turns a page of his paper.

COUSIN MARV
They're waiting.

Bob sees the Guys at the bar, waiting for their round.

BOB
'Rardy's late. Again.

COUSIN MARV
Nah.

Bob follows his chin-gesture and GERARD "`RARDY" DUGAN, early 30s, comes through the door waving.

TIME FADE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CROWD has grown to two dozen. Rardy Dugan runs back and forth.

ANGRY PATRON

Those Buds coming by fucking Clydesdale?
Come on.

On Rardy, in the weeds, wondering where Bob and Marv are.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - BACK ALLEY - EARLY EVENING

Cousin Marv smokes a cigarette by the back door as Bob shovels ICE MELT from a box onto the alley ice.

BOB

You know a Nadia Dunn? Got a father everyone calls Chief?

COUSIN MARV

No. He work for the fire department?

BOB

She's the one holding the dog.

COUSIN MARV

This dog again.

BOB

Training a dog, you know? Housebreaking?
It's a lot of responsibility.

COUSIN MARV

It's not like some long lost retard relative, shows up at your door in a wheelchair with a colostomy bag, says he's yours now. It's a dog.

BOB

Yeah, but...

Bob's at a loss to articulate something larger than himself.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The place is jammed now. `Rardy, Bob, and even Cousin Marv work the bar. The Nets play on half the TV screens, the Rangers on the others. As Marv delivers a beer to a SAD LOOKING GUY, the Guy slides him a DAMP ROLL OF BILLS. Marv looks him hard in the eyes and the Guy nods: It's all there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marv takes a \$10 bill off the much smaller stack the Sad Guy has left in front of him. Marv drops the damp roll of bills into the slot beside the register. He rings up the beer and puts the Sad Guy's \$10 in the register, returns with change.

Bob works the Guinness taps, setting aside some pints to let them settle, skimming the foam off others and putting them back under the taps.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - LATER

The crowd has thinned but it's still hopping. Bob and Rardy work the bar. Cousin Marv comes out of the back office with a MANILA ENVELOPE.

TWO CHECHENS enter--close cropped hair, faces harder than pool balls. Marv meets them at a table.

Eric Deeds sits on a stool near a coat tree. His POV as the two Chechens shrug off Marv's offer of a free drink. Marv hands one Chechen A LONG BROWN ENVELOPE WITH STRING FASTENER. One Chechen pockets it and he and his partner leave.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - LATER

The place is empty. Rardy is dragging trash out the back door into the alley. Bob is mopping up behind the bar. Marv sits at the bar, counting up the night's take. Bob looks over at the door leading to the back.

A MAN IN A SKI MASK stands in the doorway pointing a SHOTGUN.

Bob drops his mop. Marv looks up, sees Ski Mask, raises his hands. Ski Mask comes through the door followed by SKI MASK #2, who brandishes a PISTOL. Ski Mask #1 pulls a rolled-up GYM BAG from his coat and tosses it on the bar by Marv.

SKI MASK #1

Don't think about it, just fill it.

Cousin Marv's hand is right next to a 9mm. SEMI-AUTOMATIC HANDGUN, sitting on a shelf under the bar. But Cousin Marv doesn't even think about it--he's got a shotgun and a pistol pointed at him. He puts the night's take in the bag.

COUSIN MARV

I'm not making any trouble but--

SKI MASK #1

You're making trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUSIN MARV
--you know whose money you're jacking
here?

Ski Mask #2 is agitated. He gestures with his gun hand.

SKI MASK #2
The fucking bag, you goof!

Bob's POV: Ski Mask #2 wears a WRISTWATCH with the face on
the inside of his wrist and the hands stopped at 6:15.

COUSIN MARV
No worries, no worries. Here.

SKI MASK #1
(Overlapping)
"No worries." The *bag*.

Cousin Marv carefully tosses the bag over the bar. It lands
softly at Ski Mask #1's feet. Ski Mask #1 bends, picks it up.

A LOOOOOOONG BEAT as all four men face one another, everyone
wondering how this is going to end.

SKI MASK #1 (CONT'D)
(To Cousin Marv)
You fucking talk too much.

Ski Mask #2 goes through the back door and Ski Mask #1
follows. Bob and Cousin Marv don't move. They barely breathe.
They HEAR the ALLEY DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE.

BOB
Rardy.

COUSIN MARV
Ho, shit.

They both hustle through the back door, through the kitchen.

ALLEY DOOR

They find Rardy lying on his stomach by the alley door, FACE
CAKED IN BLOOD. Cousin Marv shakes him.

Rardy groans, then gasps like a beached fish. He rolls onto
his ass and sits up and then grabs his head.

RARDY
What the *fuck*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COUSIN MARV
You all right?

RARDY
I'm going to puke.

Bob and Cousin Marv back up.

RARDY (CONT'D)
Okay. No, I'm not.

Bob hands him a kitchen towel.

RARDY (CONT'D)
How bad do I look?

BOB
(Lying)
You look okay.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

TWO UNIFORMED POLICEWOMEN and TWO MALE DETECTIVES conduct their investigation. DETECTIVE EVANDRO TORRES, 45, approaches Bob. Bob has met Detective Torres before--sort of; he's the Male Parishioner who Bob saw at the holy water font. His partner, NEIL VINES, 40s, talks to Cousin Marv down the other end of the bar. The two Policewomen--GAIL FENTON and RITA BERNARDO--take Rardy's statement.

DETECTIVE TORRES
(Points with a smile)
The seven at St. Dom's.

BOB
Yeah.

DETECTIVE TORRES
Every morning we see each other, and
we've never met.
(Extends a hand)
Detective Terry Torres.

BOB
(Shaking the hand)
Bob Saginowski.

DETECTIVE TORRES
Shame about St. Dom's.

BOB
What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE TORRES

Just heard today. They're folding it into
St. Mary's. Believe that?

(Beat)

The guys with the guns sound like anyone
ever came in here before?

BOB

(Shakes his head)

Guy closest to me, his watch was stopped.

Cousin Marv hears that, shoots a sharp look Bob's way. Rardy,
an ice bag to his face, looks over too.

DETECTIVE TORRES

(Consults notes)

Officer Bernardo says you said they wore
black, head to toe, and masks.

BOB

Yeah, but I could see his wrist. He wore
the face turned in like this?

Cousin Marv cocks his head at Bob.

DETECTIVE TORRES

And it was stopped.

BOB

Yeah. Six-fifteen.

Torres makes note of this.

DETECTIVE TORRES

How much they take you for?

BOB

Whatever was in the register.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Just what was in the register?

He looks carefully at Bob. Bob looks back, eyes flat.

BOB

Whatever was in the register.

Detective Torres looks around the bar a bit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE TORRES

So if I was to ask around, I wouldn't hear anything about anyone making book here or, I dunno, moving a bag of weed every now and then. I wouldn't hear that?

Bob says nothing.

DETECTIVE TORRES (CONT'D)

And when I go through your register tapes--
-Officer, make sure you grab those--
they'll line up exactly with the amount of money got took?

Bob says nothing. Torres smiles.

DETECTIVE TORRES (CONT'D)

Okay. For your sake, I hope so.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - EARLY MORNING

An AMBULANCE parked out front, doors open, as the BPD PATROL CAR drives away.

Torres's partner, Vines, walks to their UNMARKED and gets behind the wheel as Torres walks out of the bar with Bob.

Rardy sits on a gurney at the back of the ambulance. He drinks from a tall can of Budweiser as the EMT straps him in. Cousin Marv stands by them.

COUSIN MARV

It's for the best. You want to be sure you don't have a concussion.

RARDY

Yeah.

He takes a swig of beer and the EMT notices it. The EMT takes it out of his hand, hands it to Cousin Marv.

DETECTIVE TORRES

(To Bob)

Whole thing's a travesty.

BOB

He'll be okay.

DETECTIVE TORRES

I meant St. Dom's. Beautiful church. And they did mass right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE TORRES (CONT'D)

No group hug after the Our Father, no folk singers. Time the seculars get done persecuting the Church, all we'll have left is a bunch of condos with stained glass windows.

BOB

(Hesitant)

If the Church'd come clean--

DETECTIVE TORRES

That was it, uh? You don't see *The Times* doing front page articles on abuse cases in the Muslim world.

BOB

They covered up child rape. Under Rome's instruction.

DETECTIVE TORRES

They said *sorry*.

Bob says nothing, starts looking for an exit route.

DETECTIVE TORRES (CONT'D)

Cafeteria Catholicism did this. People wanting to be *mostly* Catholic, except for, you know, the hard parts. Why don't you take communion?

BOB

What?

DETECTIVE TORRES

I seen you at mass for years. You haven't taken communion once.

BOB

That's my business.

DETECTIVE TORRES

You think so, uh?

He looks at Bob with profound disappointment and gets in the unmarked. He and his partner drive away. Bob stands there -- *What the fuck just happened?* Bob walks over to the ambulance.

COUSIN MARV

He let you wear his letter jacket, or you have to let him give your nips a twist first?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB
(Ignores him. To Rardy)
Moira meeting you?

RARDY
I called her, yeah.
(Takes the beer out of
Marv's hand, drinks.)
Fucking hurts like a bastard, my head.
Like a bastard.

Another EMT comes to the back and he and EMT #1 lift Rardy into the ambulance. Rardy downs the rest of the beer, tosses the empty to Bob. EMT #1 shuts the doors. The ambulance pulls away from the curb and up the street.

Bob and Cousin Marv stand in the middle of the empty street.

COUSIN MARV
The fuck you tell that cop about the
watch for?

BOB
I don't know.

And it dawns on him that he truly doesn't know.

COUSIN MARV
Well, let's nip that fucking impulse in
the bud for the rest of, you know, your
life.
(Beat)
We got hit for five thou' and change. But
Anwar and Makkhal picked up our envelope,
so I'm not on the hook for that.

BOB
So we're okay.

COUSIN MARV
We got clipped for five large. It's their
bar, their money. We're not too fucking
okay.

They look back up the empty street.

CUT TO:

EXT. NADIA'S FRONT PORCH - SUNDAY MORNING

The Puppy sniffs at the bases of the railings. Bob watches.
He has no idea what this puppy is doing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nadia comes through the front door with a bag, holds it up.

NADIA

I found a bowl he won't miss and a couple
cans of dog food in here.

BOB

Thanks.

He takes it from her, everything sinking in--it's his now.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S CAR - SUNDAY MORNING

The car is parked out front, just behind the empty space "protected" by TWO PLASTIC CONES. Nadia shuts the passenger door and steps back from the car. The Puppy sits on the front seat, looks over at Bob. Bob pulls the car into gear, rolls slowly forward. He looks at the Puppy. The Puppy looks back at him, like: Who the fuck are you?

Bob stops the car, puts it into reverse. He rolls back and calls to Nadia as she approaches her front steps.

BOB

I don't know what to do. I don't know
anything.

CUT TO:

INT. PET SUPERMARKET - DAY

A dozen aisles piled high with dog beds, crates, scratching posts for cats, hamster cages (some with hamsters in them), ferret cages (some with ferrets in them), a huge glass tank filled with rabbits. Dog food, cat food, rodent food, etc. An entire aisle devoted to chew toys. A wall of leashes...

Bob's eyes are saucers. Who knew such a place existed? He pushes a carriage the dog food aisle. The Puppy sits in the basket at the front of the cart. Nadia drops a bag of puppy food into the cart.

NADIA

You should probably stick with this
brand, twice a day. Change a puppy's
diet, he gets diarrhea.

They move down the aisle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA (CONT'D)

You'll need bowls, a bed, chew toys, a leash.

BOB

Chew toys?

NADIA

Unless you want to lose your couch. And from now on, keep your shoes up on a shelf.

They go down an aisle, Nadia pulling chew toys from the shelves. Bob finds a tire on a rope, dangles it in front of the Puppy. The Puppy sniffs at it. Bob adds it to the cart. Bob grabs another chew toy, drops it in the cart.

Nadia hands Bob a book, THE ART OF RAISING A PUPPY by the Monks of New Skete, which shows a hardy monk on the cover holding a German Shepherd. Bob takes it, looks at the cover.

NADIA (CONT'D)

This is the best book I know.

She stops by the boxes of DOG CRATES, points at one.

NADIA (CONT'D)

You don't want it too small, but you don't want it too big, either.

BOB

Is this like throwing him in jail?

NADIA

As long as you never put him in it to punish him, he'll think of it as his special place.

Bob loads the box under the carriage.

BOB

Why're you helping me?

BEAT. He and Nadia size one another up.

NADIA

I'm not helping you. I'm helping him. Any other questions?

BOB

Are you named after the--?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADIA

(Nods)

Gymnast, yeah. I didn't become a gymnast,
though. I did dance. Even moved to
Manhattan.

(Beat)

I moved back.

The tiniest shake of her head means the conversation is over.
They move on up the aisle.

ON the carriage as it fills up--a dog bed, a bag of food, dog
vitamins, a grooming brush, a bag of puppy treats, a leash, a
box of pooper-scooper bags, a collar.

ON a DOG TAG machine. Bob stares at the instructions. He
looks back at Nadia.

NADIA (CONT'D)

What are you going to name him?

BOB

Cassius.

(Off her look.)

I thought he was a boxer at first.

She still doesn't get it.

BOB (CONT'D)

Cassius Clay. Muhammad Ali.

She still has no idea what he's talking about.

ON the DOG TAG falling into the dispenser, the name CASSIUS
printed above BOB'S TELEPHONE NUMBER.

At the CHECKOUT COUNTER, a CASHIER rings it all up, Bob's
Adam's Apple moving as he watches the numbers spike north.

CASHIER

Three-seventy-two-ninety-seven.

Bob has been looking at CASSIUS and at Nadia and drifting.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Sir? Three hundred seventy-two dollars
and ninety-seven cents.

BOB

Huh? Oh.

He hands over his credit card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NADIA
You okay?

Bob, for the first time in years, is happy. And no one's more surprised by it than him.

BOB
I just...Yeah. I'm fine.

Bob, suddenly embarrassed, scratches behind Cassius's ears.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S CAR - DAY

Bob pulls up in front of Nadia's house behind the space that had been protected all weekend by TWO PLASTIC CONES. The cones are gone. A late-90s LINCOLN TOWN CAR sits in the space.

NADIA
(Too lightly. Singsongy)
He's back.

BOB
Why do they call him Chief?

BEAT. Nadia pets Cassius, who sleeps on her lap, snoring.

NADIA
This little guy, he's a good guy.

BOB
Do they do sleep all the time?

NADIA
Pretty much, yeah. Then they run around like psychos for half an hour. Then they sleep some more. And shit and pee like crazy. Don't get mad. They don't know any better. Read the monk book. It takes time. Be patient.

BOB
Be patient.

NADIA
(Lifting Cassius. Nods.)
Take care.

Cassius is sniffing, snorting, confused at being awakened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nadia smiles and lets herself out. She gives them both a wave and they both stare after her. Cassius puts his paws on the window sill, stares out at her as she climbs the stairs.

BOB

It's okay, buddy. We'll be fine.

Cassius looks back at him, like: *Who you kidding?* He looks back at Nadia as she disappears into her house.

Eric Deeds walks behind Bob's car and crosses the street. Bob takes no notice and pulls away from the curb.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

A cared-for house, yet a house that time forgot. Nothing has changed since Bob's parents died. He's not a tenant, he's a preservationist. Every rug, sideboard, stick of furniture, wallpaper--is from the 1960s/early 1970s. Bob's sole concession to the modern age is a small flat screen TV and cable box he's propped on top of a 1975 Zenith Cabinet TV.

Bob and Cassius pass through the Living Room. The Christmas Tree remains up. They enter the Dining Room and Bob unloads his PET STORE BAGS onto the dining room table. PICTURES OF HIS PARENTS--with and without a YOUNG BOB--adorn the room, looking at him from every angle.

Bob notices Cassius sniffing at the corner of HIS MOTHER'S RUG. Cassius walks in tight circles, sniffing, looking at Bob, and sniffing some more.

Cassius's body forms a comma as he squats.

BOB

What? No, um, wait--

Cassius SHITS ON THE RUG.

BOB (CONT'D)

No!

Cassius, embarrassed and suddenly terrified, tries to cut off the loaf as Bob runs toward him.

Cassius takes off, dribbling the shit on the floor and into the next room.

ON the PHOTOS OF BOB'S MOTHER as she stares at the scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob reaches the steaming pile of shit, and there's nothing he can do unless he wants to scoop it up with his hands. He stands over it, panicky. He looks toward the Kitchen where the puppy fled. He hovers over the shit, debating. The longer it sits there, the better the chance his mother's rug is ruined. He turns and enters

THE KITCHEN

Bob slips in a PISS PUDDLE. He almost goes down but grabs the side of the refrigerator. He sees what he slipped in.

BOB (CONT'D)
Aww, Jesus. Fucking *really*?

He's been growing progressively louder and more outraged but then he notices--

Cassius, tucked into a corner, staring back at him, SHAKING.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh, no. I'm not *mad* at you. I just...
That's shit. On my mother's rug. But you
don't know any...

Cassius shakes worse with every step Bob takes toward him. Bob realizes this. He pauses.

Bob gets down on his knees. He crawls toward Cassius.

BOB (CONT'D)
Ssshhh. It's okay. It's okay.

He reaches Cassius and Cassius is shaking violently as Bob stretches one large hand toward the puppy's face.

BOB (CONT'D)
Ssshhh. You didn't do anything wrong. You
didn't.

Bob places a gentle palm to the side of Cassius's face. Cassius eventually stops shaking, leans into the hand.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. DOMINIC'S CHURCH - MORNING

Bob and Detective Torres, once again exiting at the holy water fonts. Bob gives Torres a friendly nod. Torres gives him a nod in return, but it ain't exactly friendly.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MORNING

Bob and Cousin Marv are out front shoveling snow, though Bob's doing most of the shoveling. It's a bright, clear morning. Bob has been telling Cousin Marv about his Sunday.

COUSIN MARV

You get the spot out of the rug?

BOB

I came close. But it's a dark rug.

COUSIN MARV

It's a dark... It's your *mother's* rug. I stepped on the thing with my shoe once-- wasn't even dirty--and you tried to cut my foot off.

BOB

Listen to the drama queen.

Marv blinks. This is a new Bob. This Bob has a voice.

TWO DARK SUVS and a WHITE VAN pull to the curb. The back door of one SUV opens and one of the Chechens from the other night steps out. This is ANWAR, his eyes as cold as gin. But they're nothing compared to his boss, CHOVKA, who comes out of the SUV behind him and takes stock of the street and the day. Chovka is early 40s, prison-lean and prison-mean. Those prisons were Russian prisons, which are particularly cruel to Chechens. Chovka smiles at Bob and Cousin Marv, lights a cigarette.

CHOVKA

Who needs a snow blower when you got Bob?
Maybe you come to my house later. Yeah?

BOB

Uh, sure.

Chovka chucks him on the shoulder. A MUFFLED NOISE from the white van. Could be anything.

CHOVKA

I'm kidding. This guy.
(To Cousin Marv)
You on the welfare?

ANOTHER NOISE from the van. It rocks in place.

COUSIN MARV

I'm sorry?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHOVKA

Bob does all the work. You watch.

COUSIN MARV

No, I'm shoveling.

CHOVKA

You shoveling all right. Come.

Chovka leads Bob and Cousin Marv to the van. Chovka lights a cigarette and pulls back the side door to reveal:

THREE MEN sitting in the back. Two are CHECHEN MUSCLE. The third is a DEBTOR, 40, and gagged. He is dressed like a construction worker or dock worker but his feet are bare. His right foot has been drilled into the floor with a foot-long metal bolt. One of the Chechen Muscle is fiddling with the chuck key of a power drill. The Debtor is alert and shaking.

CHOVKA (CONT'D)

You know this guy?

Bob shakes his head.

COUSIN MARV

No.

CHOVKA

But I know this guy. Moment I know him? I know him.

(To Bob)

Somebody robbed my bar?

BOB

Yes, Mr. Umarov.

CHOVKA

Who robbed my bar?

COUSIN MARV

We don't know. They wore masks.

CHOVKA

The police report said one wore a broken watch? Why'd you tell the police this?

BOB

I answered without thinking.

Chovka looks back at the Debtor for a bit and smokes and no one says anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHOVKA

What have you done to get my money back?

COUSIN MARV

We've got the word out in the neighborhood.

CHOVKA

The word is out there. Like my money.

Chovka slides the van door closed. He flicks his cigarette off Marv's chest.

CHOVKA (CONT'D)

Find my fucking money, hey?

Chovka gets back in the car. Anwar pauses at the door and points at spot of snow Bob missed in his shoveling. He follows his boss into the SUV and the cars pull away.

Bob shovels for a bit in silence. Marv notices his coat is smoldering from the cigarette and slaps at it to put it out.

COUSIN MARV

How we supposed to find their money? If we knew where their money was that'd mean we knew who robbed us which would mean we were in on it which would mean they'd shoot us in the fucking face. So how we supposed to find their money?

Bob says nothing because there is no answer.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)

Fucking Chechneyans, man.

BOB

Chechens.

COUSIN MARV

What?

BOB

They're Chechens, not Chechneyans.

COUSIN MARV

But they're from Chechneya.

BOB

(Shrugs)

Yeah, but you don't call people from Ireland "Irelandians."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They lean on their shovels, stare up the street, both visibly shaken.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK - MORNING

The park sits along (TBD) Bay. Nadia jogs. Her movements are a little awkward, her breathing labored; this is clearly a New Year's resolution getting a first try. She sees:

Bob trying to walk Cassius on a retractable leash twenty yards ahead. Cassius yanks and bites the leash. He runs circles around Bob--literally--so much so the leash gets tangled around Bob's ankles. Bob steps out of the noose without falling but he does stumble. All the jostling spills his coffee all over his hand.

Nadia jogs up to them.

NADIA

You didn't read the monk book, did you?

BOB

I... No.

Nadia squats and Cassius trots right over to her. Nadia's face remains stony but her eyes soften as she pets him.

NADIA

Now the holidays are over, I lost a shift at the restaurant.

Bob stares at her, confused as to why she's telling him this.

NADIA (CONT'D)

If I help you train this dog, will you pay me what I made that shift?

BOB

Sure, sure.

CUT TO:

INT. MARV'S HOUSE -FOYER - EVENING

CLOSE UP on DARK FABRIC.

PULL BACK SLOWLY, revealing: lighter fabric, of the tweed or wool family. Then a THUMB rubbing against the fabric.

ON Marv standing by his COAT TREE. He is staring at the burn mark Chovka's cigarette made in his coat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the other end of the hall, Marv's sister, DOTTIE, 53, appears, a wooden spoon in her hand.

DOTTIE
You finish shoveling? Come eat.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - 1 POLICE PLAZA - DAY

MAJOR CRIMES UNIT. Detective Torres enters, looks around at the DETECTIVES at their desks until he sees DETECTIVE LISA ROMSEY, 35 or so, on the phone. He walks over and she chin-gestures him to a chair. He sits. She hangs up the phone.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY
What up, Evandro?

DETECTIVE TORRES
You remember Marvin Stipler from the day?

She shakes her head.

DETECTIVE TORRES (CONT'D)
Cousin Marv? He got pushed off his own book--what was it--nine, ten years ago by the Chechens.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY
(It's coming back to her)
They came in, told him he had little pebble testes. He spent the next decade proving them right.

DETECTIVE TORRES
His bar got held up the other night.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY
By?

DETECTIVE TORRES
Dunno. But the bar is owned by one of Chovka Umarov's shell companies.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY
Kinda retard holds up one of his bars?

DETECTIVE TORRES
You got me. You guys up on Chovka?

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We barely survived the last budget cuts,
we're not sticking our heads up to go
after a Russian John Q barely knows
exists.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Chechen.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

Blow me.

Torres points at his wedding ring.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY (CONT'D)

Oh, like that ever mattered. You want
him, Evandro, he's all yours.

DETECTIVE TORRES

I'm Robbery. I don't want anybody.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

Then why you here?

The elephant in the middle of the room--their history--grows
tusks and a tail.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Good seeing you.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

Uh, yeah. Okay.

He gives her an awkward wave that she barely returns. He
walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Cousin Marv bench presses in a corner, no one else around
him. A MAN enters, back to camera, reclines on the next bench
over. Marv glances at him. It's Fitz.

FITZ

I hear they're pissed.

COUSIN MARV

They're not supposed to like it.

FITZ

Scary-fucking-Chechen pissed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUSIN MARV

No, they're fine. You're fine. Just keep your head down. Your brother too. What's up with his watch?

FITZ

Why?

COUSIN MARV

I noticed it doesn't work.

FITZ

Never did. Our old man gave it to him for his fourteenth birthday, it stopped, like, the next day. Old man couldn't return it because he stole it. He'd tell Bri, "Don't bitch--it's right twice a day." Bri don't go anywhere without it.

COUSIN MARV

Well, he should get a new one.

FITZ

When we going to hit a real drop bar?

COUSIN MARV

Let's just assume I'm not an asshole without a plan. When an airplane crashes, what's the safest airline to fly the next day?

FITZ

The one that had the crash.

COUSIN MARV

There you go.

FITZ

I don't understand a word you're saying. It's like you're speaking Brazilian.

COUSIN MARV

Brazilians speak Portuguese.

FITZ

Yeah, well, fuck them.

Cousin Marv goes back to lifting.

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK - DAY

Bob, Nadia, and Cassius walk along a path. Cassius is to Bob's left and Nadia is teaching them both how to "heel."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

Okay, now stop and say it.

Bob stops and pulls up on the leash to get Cassius to sit by his left foot. Cassius struggles.

BOB

Heel. No, Cassius. Heel.

Cassius sort of heels.

NADIA

Okay. Walk ten steps, do it again.

Bob does as asked, and again it's maybe 25% successful.

BOB

Heel. Good boy.

They walk another ten steps. Repeat.

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK - LATER

We're much further down the river now. Cassius is off leash and running back and forth in the grass.

NADIA

He won't go far from you. You notice? He keeps his eye on you.

BOB

(Deeply pleased)

He sleeps on my leg when I watch TV.

NADIA

(Bemused)

Yeah? He still going in the house?

BOB

Oh, yeah.

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK - OUTSIDE RESTROOMS - LATER

Bob sits on a bench by the RESTROOMS. Cassius drinks from the river. Eric Deeds walks by.

ERIC

Nice looking dog.

Bob smiles awkwardly, nods thanks.

ERIC (CONT'D)

That's a nice looking dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Thanks.

ERIC

A *handsome* looking dog.

Bob looks over now but Eric Deeds is walking away, putting the hood of his hoodie up, his back to him, as Nadia exits the Ladies' Restroom and sees something in Bob's face.

NADIA

What's up?

BOB

(Chin gestures)

That guy kept saying Cassius was a nice looking dog.

NADIA

Cash *is* a nice looking dog.

BOB

Yeah.

They both look at the back of Eric Deeds. He's a good sixty yards away now, diminishing with every step.

CUT TO:

INT. ELDERCARE HOSPITAL - EVENING

Marv and Dottie sit on either side of a hospital bed. In the bed lies MARV'S & DOTTIE'S FATHER, long in a vegetative state. Marv & Dottie are watching TV.

DOTTIE

We should join that show.

COUSIN MARV

I can't fucking sing.

DOTTIE

No, the other one--people going around the world looking for the clues and stuff.

COUSIN MARV

Dottie, you're my sister and I love you, but between my smokes and your ice cream, they're, what, gonna run beside us with defibrillators and those fucking shock paddles? Every ten steps we take--*bzzt!*
Bzzt!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOTTIE
It'd be fun. We'd see things.

COUSIN MARV
What things?

DOTTIE
Other countries, other ways.

ON Marv, thinking about other countries, other ways.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)
They want their money, Marv.

COUSIN MARV
Who?

Marv looks around. Dottie eye-gestures out the door.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)
They'll get it.

DOTTIE
It's collection agencies calling now, not
the hospital. You know? Medicare cuts, me
retiring... They're gonna put him out.

COUSIN MARV
They don't give coma patients the boot,
Dot.

DOTTIE
They'll send him to that other place.
Place they rape patients?

COUSIN MARV
No fucking way.

DOTTIE
Maybe it's time.

Marv takes a long breath on that, looks at his father.

COUSIN MARV
Just kill him, you're saying. Our father.
He's inconvenient.

DOTTIE
He's dead, Marv.

COUSIN MARV
Yeah? What're those beeps? Those waves on
the screen? That's life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOTTIE
That's electricity.

Marv leans into the bed, takes his Father's hand in his, places it to the side of his face. Closes his eyes.

COUSIN MARV
I can hear his blood.

DOTTIE
(Gentle)
Then you gotta find the money. I'll get to Europe in another life.

ON Marv, eyes closed, his face pressed to his father's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

Bob shrugs into a coat. He goes into the kitchen where Cassius is chewing the hell out of a rawhide stick. Bob fills Cassius's water bowl, looks around the kitchen until he spies a YELLOW DUCK CHEW TOY. He picks it up, lays it in the corner of the crate. He snaps his fingers lightly.

BOB
Come on, boy. Crate.

Cassius trots into the crate and curls up against the Yellow Duck Chew Toy. Bob pets his face, then closes the door.

BOB (CONT'D)
See you tonight.

Bob goes to his front door, opens it on:

Eric Deeds standing on his threshold, smiling.

ERIC
Hey, how you doing?

BOB
Help you?

ERIC
(Hugging himself)
Brrrr. You mind?

Before Bob can react, the Eric Deeds steps inside the foyer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC (CONT'D)
Cold out there, Bob. Not fit for man
nor...Where is he by the way?

Eric Deeds makes to go past Bob. Bob steps in front of him.
Eric sizes Bob up, holds out his hand.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I bet he's back there. You keep him in
the kitchen? Or down the cellar?

BOB
What're you talking about?

ERIC
The dog.

BOB
Look, you liked my dog in the park this
morning, but--

ERIC
He's not your dog.

BOB
What? He's mine.

ERIC
You register him, all that? City says you
gotta register your dog, license it. How
about a chip?

BOB
What?

ERIC
A security chip. They implant them in the
dogs. Pooch goes missing, shows up at
vet, the vet scans the dog, up pops a bar
code and all the owner's info. The owner,
meanwhile, he's walking around with a
slip of paper, has the security chip
account number on it. Like this.

Eric rifles through his wallet, comes back with a small slip
of paper, as described, holds it up so Bob can see it. He
returns it to his wallet, pockets the wallet.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You got my dog, Bob.

BOB
He's my dog.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Eric meets his eyes and shakes his head slowly. He looks around the foyer and spies an UMBRELLA in the corner to the right of the front door. He picks it up, looks at Bob. He slides the runner up and down the shaft a few times.

BOB (CONT'D)
You beat him.

Eric's face is blank as he continues to slide the runner back and forth, flapping the cover a bit.

BOB (CONT'D)
What do you want?

Eric gives that a small private smile. He wraps the umbrella strap around the umbrella until it's tight. He opens the front door. He looks out at the day, then back at Bob.

ERIC
It's sunny now, but you never know.

Eric walks out. Bob follows. Eric descends the stairs. He walks up the sunny street with the umbrella under his arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER STORE - MORNING

Marv walks out of the corner store with two coffees, a bag of pastries, a *Herald* under his arm. With all that, he still manages to scratch a SCRATCH TICKET with a coin.

A CAR SLOWS alongside him.

Marv, head down, but his eyes up. He knows the car is there. With his hands as occupied as they are, though, even if he's carrying (he is), how's he going to reach the piece?

The CAR STOPS. The PASSENGER WINDOW rolls down. A GUY leans across the seat.

CAR GUY
Hey!

Marv keeps walking.

CAR GUY (CONT'D)
You tell me where the hospital is?

Marv looks over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUSIN MARV

You need to bang a U-ey, go back two-
three miles. It's on the left.

The Car Guy smiles at him. It could be an innocuous smile of thanks, but the smile could also be something else, something off-kilter and unknowable. Impossible to tell.

CAR GUY

Thanks.

His eyes still on Marv, Car Guy pins the wheel and executes a flawless U-turn.

Marv watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE ROMSEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Clothes all over the floor. A BOTTLE OF RED WINE on the nightstand. Detective Romsey reaches into frame for it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Romsey drinking from the bottle. She sits up in bed beside Torres. They just had a one-night stand that she's already regretting.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

Jesus.

She hands the bottle to Torres and he drinks from it.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Hey, it happens.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

Don't mean it should, you asshole.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Why am I the asshole?

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

Because you're married.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Not well.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

You mean not happily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE TORRES

No, I mean, we're happy mostly, but we just don't do the whole domestic-faithful thing well. It's like fucking string theory to us. Man, I got to look my priest in the eye tomorrow and confess this shit.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

You're the worst Catholic I've ever heard of.

DETECTIVE TORRES

I'm not even close. The point isn't not sinning. The point is accepting that you're born fallen and life is trying to atone for that.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

Why don't you fall your ass out of my bed and get gone?

Torres sighs and climbs out of bed, puts on his pants, searches for his shirt and socks, etc. She watches him and it's clear, in spite of her best efforts, she likes him.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY (CONT'D)

After you left the other day, I did a little surfing regards to your drop bar, Cousin Marv's.

DETECTIVE TORRES

(Can't find a sock)
Yeah?

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

It got mentioned in an unsolved from a decade ago.

Torres stops looking for the sock for a moment.

DETECTIVE TORRES

No shit?

She reaches down beside the bed, tosses his sock at him.

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

Kid named Richard "Glory Days" Whelan walked out of there one night, no one ever saw him again.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Why "Glory Days?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

Apparently he played a year of football for Fort Hamilton, couldn't shut up about it the rest of his days. If you solved a nine-year's-cold 187, Evandro? You still wouldn't get back to Homicide.

DETECTIVE TORRES

No?

DETECTIVE ROMSEY

(Shakes her head)

But you might get out of Robbery.

On Torres, liking that.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - DAY

It's empty, half the chairs still up on the tables and the bar top. Cousin Marv and Bob lean on the bar, talking low.

COUSIN MARV

It ain't like him.

BOB

He's missed days before.

COUSIN MARV

Not in a row, not without calling. I mean, I got guys after me and--

BOB

You don't have guys *after* you.

COUSIN MARV

What'd I tell you about the guy in the car?

BOB

He asked you directions.

COUSIN MARV

But it was the way he did it, the look he was giving me. And what about this guy with the umbrella?

BOB

That's about the dog.

COUSIN MARV

"The dog." How do you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob stares out at the empty bar.

BOB
Rardy's just sick. He'll turn up.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK - PLAYGROUND - DAY

Nadia and Bob sit on swings. Cassius lies in the sand at their feet, tennis ball in his mouth. Bob glances at the scar on Nadia's neck, looks away. BEAT.

NADIA
You never ask about it. Only person I ever met didn't ask about it in like the first five minutes.

BOB
Not my business. It's yours.

NADIA
Where are you *from*?

BOB
People used to use the telephone in public? They went into a booth, they closed the door. Or they talked as softly as they could. Now? People talk about their, ya know, their bowel movements while they're having them in a public restroom. I don't understand.

(Beat)
Your scar? That's yours. You'll tell me when you'll tell me or you won't. Either way, that's fine.

NADIA
I did it to myself. I was pretty high.

BOB
You did that...?

NADIA
With a boxcutter. One of those--

BOB
Oh, God. No, I know what they are.

BEAT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

I was a different person. I didn't, you know, like myself at all?

BOB

You like yourself now?

Nadia shrugs--maybe/maybe not.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. DOMINIC'S CHURCH - DAY

Bob sits in a pew, taking it all in.

FATHER PETER REGAN, 40, enters off the sacristy. He's dressed mostly in street clothes, but his trousers are black. He watches Bob sit there for a bit, curious.

FATHER REGAN

Bob?

BOB

Is it true?

Father Regan walks down the aisle toward Bob. He takes a seat in the pew across the aisle.

FATHER REGAN

The diocese feels we could better meet our pastoral commitments if we merged with St. Mary's, yeah.

BOB

But they're selling *this* church.

FATHER REGAN

This building and the school will be sold, yeah.

Bob looks up at the soaring ceilings.

BOB

St. Mary's is too new. It doesn't feel right.

FATHER REGAN

What do you want a church to feel like?

BOB

No one dresses for mass anymore. You notice that?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB (CONT'D)

My father, when he was an usher here, he came home frothing at the mouth because someone wore sneakers to mass. When I first started coming, as a kid, most men wore ties. Last Sunday? I stood behind a guy in sweatpants and a Jets jersey had a mustard stain down the front.

FATHER REGAN

And you're a Giants fan?

Bob smiles softly, shakes his head. Father Regan watches him.

BOB

When?

FATHER REGAN

Soon. We'll be gone soon.

BOB

You?

FATHER REGAN

I haven't been reassigned yet.

BOB

They protect the kid-diddlers and the douchebags who covered up for them but they haven't figured out what to do with you. That's wise.

Father Regan is not sure he's met this Bob before. He leans forward, watches Bob look around the church.

FATHER REGAN

I understand you've become friends with Nadia Dunn.

Bob looks at him.

FATHER REGAN (CONT'D)

She's had some trouble in the past. She *is*, some would say, troubled.

Bob takes in the STATUE OF AN ANGEL near the votive candle display. At some point the head was knocked off and then reattached, leaving a jagged line around the neck.

BOB

Do you have friends?

FATHER REGAN

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

I don't mean just, like, other priests. I mean, like, buddies. People you can, I dunno, be around.

FATHER REGAN

(Thinks on it)

Yeah, Bob. I do.

BOB

I don't. I mean, I didn't.

Bob looks around the church some more, at the architectural majesty of it. Father Regan watches. Bob stands, gives Father Regan a smile.

BOB (CONT'D)

God bless.

FATHER REGAN

God bless.

On the Statue, watching Bob walk out of the church.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - BACK ALLEY - MORNING

Cousin Marv stands in the doorway, smoking, as Bob gathers up the empty TRASH BARRELS from the night before. The barrels have been tossed all over the alley by the garbage truck guys and Bob has to range a bit to get them.

COUSIN MARV

It's too much for them to just put them back down where they found them. That would require courtesy.

Bob stacks two plastic barrels together, brings them over to the back wall. He notices a GREEN TRASH BAG against the wall but goes back into the alley for another barrel.

BOB

If you'd just pay for a Dumpster--

COUSIN MARV

Why should I pay for a Dumpster? I don't own the bar anymore, remember? "Pay for a Dumpster." Ain't your bar Chovka took.

BOB

That was ten years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUSIN MARV
Eight and a half.

Bob brings the last barrel to the wall. He walks over to the green bag. It's a 30-gallon bag, far from full. Whatever is in there isn't big, but the bag juts at the sides; whatever's inside is a foot to 18 inches long.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)
Dottie thinks we should visit Europe.
That's what I've become, kinda guy goes
to Europe with his sister, hops on
fucking tour buses with a camera around
my neck.

Cousin Marv notices Bob staring into the bag. He flicks his cigarette into the alley.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)
What?

Bob looks over at him, pale and speechless. Cousin Marv looks toward the bag then back at Bob. He remains in the doorway. He knows he doesn't want to see whatever's in that bag.

BOB
You need to--

COUSIN MARV
No, I don't.

BOB
What?

COUSIN MARV
I don't need to do anything.
(Lights another cigarette)
Okay? I'm standing right fucking here.
I'm standing here because--

BOB
You need to see--

COUSIN MARV
--I don't need to see Europe or fucking
what's in that bag. I'm standing right
here.

Cousin Marv wipes at his eyes, suddenly embarrassed.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)
We were a crew once. `Member that? People
were afraid of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

Yeah.

Marv takes a drag on his cigarette. He walks tentatively toward Bob and the bag. He approaches the way you'd approached a stunned rat in the corner of your basement.

He reaches Bob. He looks in the bag:

AN ARM, hacked off just below the elbow, lies in a small pile of BLOODY MONEY. The arm wears a WRISTWATCH, stopped at 6:15.

COUSIN MARV

Well that's just... I mean...

BOB

We gotta do something with it.

COUSIN MARV

The money? Or the...?

BOB

I'm betting the money adds up to whatever we lost that night.

COUSIN MARV

So, okay...

BOB

So we give it back to them. It's what they expect.

COUSIN MARV

(Gestures at the arm)

We can't just leave it here.

On Bob, no answer.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - KITCHEN - MORNING

A tiny kitchen--one four-burner grill, one deep fryer, a prep station by the refrigerator to make sandwiches. This is where Bob is standing. He's laid some wax paper on the counter. He pulls shrink wrap from a roll above the counter. He lifts the arm out of the sink and rolls it in the shrink wrap. When it's tightly wrapped, he places it in the wax paper.

Marv watches from the doorway, repulsed.

COUSIN MARV

Like you've done this a thousand times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob gives him a look. We don't know what this look means, but Cousin Marv does. He blinks and looks at the floor.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)
You wonder if you hadn't mentioned the watch, maybe--

BOB
(Sharply)
No, I don't.

COUSIN MARV
Well, I do.

Bob tapes the edges of the wax paper and the arm is now somewhat disguised. Bob puts it in a gym bag.

He and Marv exit the kitchen into

MAIN BARROOM

Eric Deeds sits at the bar, hands folded on the bar top, just a guy waiting for a drink.

Marv and Bob both start, but keep moving forward.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)
We're closed.

ERIC
You got any Zima?

Bob and Cousin Marv' stare back at him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(Stands)
Your door was unlocked, so I thought...

Marv and Bob exchange a look on that.

COUSIN MARV
Get the fuck out of here.

ERIC
Definitely no Zima?

Eric walks to the door.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Good seeing you, Bob.
(Beat)
Give Nadia my best, brutha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Eric walks out. Marv runs to the door and throws the lock.

COUSIN MARV

We're tossing the missing piece of the
One Armed Man back and forth like a
fucking pool cue, and the fucking door's
unlocked.

BOB

Well, nothing happened.

COUSIN MARV

But it could have.

(Beat)

You know that kid?

BOB

That's the guy I told you about.

COUSIN MARV

One claims the dog was his?

BOB

Yeah.

COUSIN MARV

He's fucked in the squash, that one.

BOB

You know him?

COUSIN MARV

He's from Mayhew Street. St. Mary's
parish. You're old school--somebody ain't
from your parish, they might as well be
fucking Flemish. Kid's a piece of shit.
Been to the joint a couple times, did a
thirty-day in the cuckoo house, if I
recall. The whole fucking Deeds family
shoulda been Baker Acted a generation
ago.

BOB

That's Eric Deeds? Or Paul?

COUSIN MARV

Eric. Paul OD'd years ago.

BOB

Right. Huh. Eric Deeds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

COUSIN MARV

Word around a few campfires is *he's* the
one killed Glory Days.

BOB

I heard that, yeah.

COUSIN MARV

Dispersed him from the planet Earth.
That's what they say.

BEAT. They stare at one another. Then...

Bob takes the gym bag and walks out the back door.

Marv stands over the bar sink with the soda dispensing gun.
He engages the tonic water button and fires the spray at:

THE BLOODY MONEY in the sink.

He stops, staring at all that runny blood.

He comes out from behind the bar, walks fast to the door.

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MORNING

Cousin Marv exits, locks the door behind him, looks up and
down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK - MORNING

Bob throws a stick and Cassius charges across the park for
it. He brings it back, drops it in front of Bob. Bob throws
it again. While Cassius races down the path, Bob reaches into
the gym bag and grabs the packaged arm. He turns to the
river, throws the arm high and far and it splashes into the
middle of the river. Cassius returns with the stick.

BOB

Good boy.

Bob throws the stick again. Cassius bounds across the park.

Bob turns and sees Detective Torres walking across the grass
toward him. Bob has no idea if he saw anything.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Hey, Mr. Saginowski.
(Glances at the empty bag
at Bob's feet.)
We haven't caught them yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

I assumed.

DETECTIVE TORRES

You *assumed* we didn't do our job?

BOB

No. I always heard robberies were hard to arrest on.

DETECTIVE TORRES

So what I do for a living is pointless, what you're saying.

Bob clams up. BEAT.

DETECTIVE TORRES (CONT'D)

What's with the bag?

BOB

I keep leashes and balls and poop bags in there and stuff.

DETECTIVE TORRES

It's empty.

BOB

Used my last poop bag, lost a ball.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Richie Whelan.

BOB

What about him?

DETECTIVE TORRES

You remember him?

BOB

His friends were in the bar last week toasting the anniversary.

DETECTIVE TORRES

What anniversary?

BOB

The last time anyone ever saw him.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Which was at your bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

Yeah, he left, drove off. They found the car somewhere else.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Astoria. Torched. You know an Eric Deeds? Blonde guy?

BOB

I don't know. I mean, maybe, but it's not ringing a bell.

DETECTIVE TORRES

He supposedly had some words with Whelan earlier that day.

(Beat)

"Whoever is holy, let him approach."

BOB

`Scuse me?

DETECTIVE TORRES

Church's position on who can receive communion. If you're in a state of grace, have at it. If not, repent and *then* have at it. You forget to repent for something, Mr. Saginowski?

Bob says nothing. Throws the stick for Cassius again.

DETECTIVE TORRES (CONT'D)

See, me, I fuck up most days. It's a hard path to walk. End of the day, though, I go to confession. It's better'n therapy or AA. Come clean with God, next morning, receive Him at holy communion. You, though? Not so much.

It's clear Bob's not going to say a fucking word. Cassius brings back the stick and this time it's Torres who picks it up. He cocks his arm, throws the stick. Cassius takes off.

DETECTIVE TORRES (CONT'D)

What's a meaningful apology?

BOB

Huh?

DETECTIVE TORRES

For the Church. It's, like, okay, they fucked up, then they apologized. What else are they supposed to do? Grovel?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOB

Release the names of all the priests they
know raped kids.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Is that all? Let abortionists and
spiritual midgets judge us? Why should
the Church have to kowtow to secular
society?

BOB

"We render unto Caesar..."

Torres steps back, openly appraises Bob. Cassius appears,
drops the stick in front of Bob.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Meaningful penance, Mr. Saginowski-- you
should give it some thought. Good looking
dog.

He walks off.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - MORNING

In the TRUCKING DISTRICT, the last of the old greasy spoons.
Eric Deeds eats breakfast at a booth. Cousin Marv enters,
takes off his coat as he takes the seat beside Eric.

COUSIN MARV

I still don't have any Zima.

Eric continues to eat, not sure what the play is.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)

Why don't you like my friend?

ERIC

He took my dog.

COUSIN MARV

I heard you beat it.

ERIC

Felt bad about it after. That count?

COUSIN MARV

You want the dog back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

I don't know. I don't want him walking around thinking he's the shit, though. He needs to learn.

COUSIN MARV

Learn what?

ERIC

That I'm the shit. That he shouldn't have fucked with me. I don't know. Now you're fucking with me. And I'm not going to like that.

COUSIN MARV

Relax. I come in peace.

PULL BACK from the window as they sit there, talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY

Bob pulls up with Cassius. Nadia is exiting the house. Bob and Cassius exit the car.

NADIA

I came by to give him his afternoon walk. I freaked. Your cell on?

Bob looks at his cell.

BOB

On vibrate. I didn't feel it.

NADIA

I called a bunch of times.

BOB

I see that.

NADIA

I thought you were working today.

BOB

I am. I just... Yeah. It's too long a story to go into. But I should have called you. I'm sorry.

NADIA

Oh, no, no. Don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob comes up on the porch with Cassius, who rolls over at Nadia's feet. She scratches his chest.

BOB
You know an Eric Deeds?

LONG BEAT.

NADIA
I don't *know* him know him, but I know him. You know, from around.

BOB
The way he said it, I figured you--

NADIA
Figured I what?

BOB
Nothing. No. I don't know what I--

NADIA
Why're you on my ass about it?

BOB
What? I just asked a question.

NADIA
You were insinuating.

BOB
No, I wasn't.

NADIA
Now you're just arguing with me to argue with me.

BOB
I'm not.

NADIA
(Rising)
See? I don't need this shit. Okay?

BOB
Wait. What happened here?

NADIA
You think you can just push me around, think you found a speed bag to tap-tap-tap with your big fist?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB

What? No.

She goes to walk past him. Bob starts to reach for and then thinks better of it, but it's too late.

NADIA

Don't you *fucking* touch me.

Bob takes a step back from her. She points her finger in his face and then walks down the stairs, double-time.

On the sidewalk, she looks up at him, tears in her eyes.

NADIA (CONT'D)

(Whispers)

Asshole.

She walks away.

Bob looks down at Cassius, like: *Did that just happen?*

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

A few OLD-TIMERS drinking at the bar. Cousin Marv and Bob stand behind it.

BOB

I just asked a question and everything went, like, sideways.

COUSIN MARV

They get in a mood? You could hand them the Hope Diamond, they'd complain about the weight.

OLD TIMER #1

Bob, you ain't actually talking about a girl, are you?

ON Bob, scarlet, looking for a hole to climb into.

OLD TIMER #2

Bobby's got himself a girl?

COUSIN MARV

Guy gets a dog, he's a pussy magnet. They fling it at my man.

They're all getting revved up, when--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The front door opens and Chovka enters followed by Anwar. They come down the bar and take stools by Cousin Marv and Bob. Neither says anything. They sit. They put their elbows on the bar. They seem to be waiting for something.

The two Old Timers know the score and shove off for the pool table. Cousin Marv blinks, speaks to Chovka.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)

Hi.

Chovka ignores him. He looks at Anwar. Beat. They look back at Bob and Cousin Marv. Chovka digs in his pocket. Anwar digs in his. Their hands come back out of their coats. They place cigarette packs and lighters on the bar.

Bob rummages under the bar and returns with an ashtray. He places it between them. They light their cigarettes.

BOB

Get you a drink, Mr. Umarov?

Chovka smokes. Anwar smokes.

BOB (CONT'D)

Marv.

COUSIN MARV

What?

BOB

Anwar drinks Stella.

Cousin Marv goes to the beer cooler. Bob pulls a bottle of Midleton Irish Whiskey off the top shelf. He pours a healthy glass and places it in front of Chovka. Cousin Marv returns with a Stella Artois and places it by Anwar. Bob comes up with a coaster and lifts the beer, places the coaster under it. He also drops an envelope beside the coaster.

BOB (CONT'D)

It's still a little wet, so I wrapped it in a Ziploc. But it's all there.

CHOVKA

A Ziploc.

BOB

(Nods)

I was going to, you know, toss it in a dryer, but we don't have one, but if you spread it all out on a table? It should dry come morning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHOVKA
(Considering his drink)
This is not what you gave me last time.

BOB
That was the Bowmore 18. You thought it
tasted like cognac. I think you'll like
this more.

Chovka holds the glass up to the light. He sniffs it. Looks
at Bob. He puts the glass to his lips and drinks. He looks
over at Anwar.

CHOVKA
We die. All of us, Anwar. But before you
do?
(Turns on his stool)
You gotta try this fucking whiskey, man.

He slaps Anwar on the back and hands him the glass. Anwar
takes a drink. He hands the glass back. Beat.

ANWAR
It's good.

Chovka drains the rest of the glass, eyes locked on Cousin
Marv. Then on Bob.

CHOVKA
You'll handle the drop.

COUSIN MARV
Which night?

CHOVKA
Super Bowl.

He and Anwar push off the bar. They scoop up their cigarettes
and lighters. They walk down the bar and out the door.

ON Bob and Cousin Marv, not sure what just happened.

BOB
They figure no one's going to rob the
same place twice?

COUSIN MARV
Be my guess.

BOB
What if they're wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

They stand rock still, trying to get their heads around it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - 2 AM

Bob comes up the street. Nadia stands on his front porch, smoking. Bob's face lights up like the Fourth of July.

BOB
You'll freeze out here.

NADIA
I just came out to smoke. I've been in
with Cassius.

BOB
I don't care if you knew him. I don't
care. He told me to say Hi to you, like
it meant something.

NADIA
What else he say?

BOB
He said Cassius is his.

She flicks her cigarette into the street. Bob holds the door open for her and she enters the house. He follows her inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Bob lets Cassius out of his crate and plops him on his lap as he sits at the table. Nadia takes two beers out of the fridge, slides one to Bob. They both open the cans, drink.

NADIA
So, Eric's cute, right? One night that
was enough. I mean, I knew all the
stories about him being fucked in the
head, but for a while it seemed like he
was just different. Then when the crazy
bus came to town, I was already in for a
penny.

She shrugs. Bob watches her.

BOB
That's why your barrel.

Nadia looks at Cassius and then shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NADIA

No. We haven't been...together in, like,
a year and a half.

(Beat)

So he beat Cash, thinks he's dead, and he
throws him into my trash, so I'll what?

BOB

Think on him? I dunno.

NADIA

(Gives it some thought)

That does sound like Eric. Christ, I'm
sorry.

BOB

You didn't *know*.

Nadia comes over in front of Bob and Cassius and kneels. She
takes the dog's face in her hands, kisses its head, her eyes
closed. She takes her seat again, runs a thumb along her
scar, looks across at Bob.

NADIA

You ever think some things you do are
beyond, I dunno, forgiveness?

BOB

From who?

NADIA

(Points up)

You know.

BOB

You didn't know any--

NADIA

I'm not talking about Cash.

Bob takes in her scar and is still for a long time. Then:

BOB

I get days, yeah, I think some sins you
can't come back from. No matter how much
good you do after, the devil's just
waiting for your body to quit 'cause he
already owns your soul. Or maybe there's
no devil but you die and God says,
"Sorry, you can't come in. You did an
unforgiveable; you gotta be alone now.
Forever."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NADIA
I'd take the devil.

BOB
Right?
(Beat)
Other times? I don't think God's the
problem. It's us, you know?

She shakes her head.

BOB (CONT'D)
We don't let ourselves out of our own
cages.

He wags Cassius's paw at her. She smiles, drinks her beer.

NADIA
I heard Cousin Marv doesn't own the bar.
But some hard guys do. But you're not a
hard guy. So why do you work there?

BOB
Me and Cousin Marv go way back. He's
actually my cousin. Him and his sister,
Dottie. My mother and their father were
sisters.

NADIA
(Laughs)
Did they share makeup?

BOB
What'd I say? No, I meant, you know what
I meant.
(Laughs)
Why you giving me shit?

NADIA
It's fun.

A very comfortable silence.

BOB
Marv thought he was a hard guy once. He
had a crew for a while and we made some
money, you know.

NADIA
But you don't have a crew anymore?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOB
You gotta be mean. Tough ain't enough.
These mean crews started coming around.
And we blinked.

NADIA
But you're still in the life.

BOB
(Shakes his head)
I just tend bar.

BEAT.

NADIA
You think he'll just go away?

BOB
Eric? He doesn't strike me as the type.

NADIA
He's not. He killed a kid named Glory
Days. Well that wasn't his--

BOB
Richie Whelan, yeah.

NADIA
(Nods)
Eric clipped him.

BOB
Why?

NADIA
I dunno. He's not a big fan of *why*, Eric.

Bob shrugs. Another comfortable silence. Nadia stands.

NADIA (CONT'D)
Another beer?
(Off his hesitation)
Come on, Bob, let your hair down.

BOB
(Beams)
Why not?

Nadia puts another beer in front of him. She ruffles
Cassius's head. She sits. They drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. NADIA'S HOUSE - 4 AM

Bob walks Nadia to her front stoop.

BOB

`Night.

NADIA

`Night, Bob. Thanks.

BOB

For what?

She shrugs. Gives him a wave. Goes into her house.

EXT. STREETS - EARLY MORNING

Bob walks home. The streets are silent. He has never, in his life, been happier. He sees a LONG PATCH OF ICE on the sidewalk and instead of walking around it, HE SLIDES ON IT, arms out for balance. When he reaches the end of the patch, he continues walking.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bob enters. He clears the beer cans from the table. He rinses them and places them in a plastic bag hanging from a drawer handle. He smiles at Cassius, who is curled up and sleeping in the corner of his crate. He shuts off the kitchen light.

He turns the kitchen light back on. He opens the crate. Cassius, opens his eyes, stares at him. Bob considers the new addition to Cassius's crate:

The UMBRELLA Eric Deeds took from the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BASKETBALL COURT - MORNING

A BUNCH OF NEAR-TO-MIDDLE-AGED GUYS warm up for a BASKETBALL GAME. Detective Torres stands on the edge of the court, talking to Jimmy, one of the barflies who toasted Richie Whelan in the first scene. The rest of the Guys from the bar are there as well. Donny stretches by the edge of the court.

DETECTIVE TORRES

You guys do this before work?

JIMMY

Helps with the hangovers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE TORRES
So, nothing else about the night Glory
Days vanished?

Sully runs by, whacks Donny's ass. Donny swats at him.

SULLY
Game face, bitch. Game face.

Sully runs onto the court, catches a pass, tries dunking.
Fails. Donny turns back to Torres.

JIMMY
Only thing I ever heard is that he left
the bar that night to score.

DETECTIVE TORRES
Score.

JIMMY
Weed. And the guys he was getting it from
were that shithead, Eric Deeds, and
another guy.

DETECTIVE TORRES
(Consulting notes)
Tim Brennan.

Sully hustles by, shoves Jimmy again.

JIMMY
Yeah.

DETECTIVE TORRES
But Bob Saginowski and Cousin Marv?

JIMMY
What?

DETECTIVE TORRES
I'm asking about--

JIMMY
I know what you're asking. You trying to
tie them to this?

DETECTIVE TORRES
I'm just trying to--

JIMMY
You know, you come up to me, you say
you're with Robbery. But Richie Whelan
wasn't robbed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Sully makes a third pass, Donny suddenly darts out his leg. Sully goes airborne and crashes into a bench.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(Never missing a beat)
Cousin Marv's Place? That's my bar. Don't
fuck with my bar.

He mock-salutes Torres and then walks over to a dazed Sully.

DONNY
(To Sully)
Get up, ya pussy. You're barely bleeding.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S HOUSE - MORNING

The foyer. Dottie is shrugging into her coat to go to work. Bob is removing his boots on the doormat.

BOB
I thought you took the early retirement.

DOTTIE
To what? I'll do another year or two,
hope the phlebitis don't get too bad, see
where I'm at. Get my baby brother to eat
something. I left a plate in the fridge.

BOB
Okay.

DOTTIE
He just has to microwave it a minute and
a half. Have a good day.

BOB
You too, Dottie.

DOTTIE
(Top of her lungs)
I'm off to work!

COUSIN MARV (O.S.)
Good day, Dot'.

DOTTIE
(Top of her lungs)
You too! Eat something!

Dottie exits. Bob walks down the hall, enters--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE DEN. It's dark, all the curtains drawn.

Cousin Marv sits in a Lazy Boy, staring at the TV. Bob sees he's watching *The View*.

BOB

Dottie says you need to eat.

COUSIN MARV

Dottie says a lot of things. At tip top fucking volume, too.

BOB

She might have to, get you to listen.

COUSIN MARV

And that means what exactly? Cause I'm slow.

BOB

Biggest day of the year tomorrow and I can't get you on the phone.

COUSIN MARV

I'm not coming in. Call BarTemps.

BOB

I already did. It's Super Bowl, we always use them.

COUSIN MARV

So why do you need me?

Bob sits in the other Lazy Boy.

BOB

I don't. But you're blowing off the biggest tip day of the year?

COUSIN MARV

Oh, I work for tips now. You ever see the name on the bar? It's mine. Know why? Cause I owned it once.

BOB

You nurse that loss like it's your one good lung.

COUSIN MARV

You've been getting awful fucking fresh since that dog you confuse with a kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB
You can't redo it. They pressed, you
blinked, it's over. It's *been* over.

COUSIN MARV
I'm not the one wasted my whole life
waiting for it to start.

BOB
That's what I did?

COUSIN MARV
Yeah. So fuck you and your eeney weeny
fucking dreams. I was feared once. That
fucking barstool where you let that old
biddie sit? That was my barstool. And *no*
one sat there because it was Cousin
Marv's seat. That meant something.

BOB
No. It was just a chair.
(Beat)
You doing something desperate again? You
doing something we won't be able to clean
up this time?

Cousin Marv eyes stay glued to the TV.

COUSIN MARV
Get the fuck out. Really.

Bob stands. He pauses at the doorway, looks back, leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC DEEDS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM- MORNING

Eric Deeds is looking out his second story window as the
DOORBELL RINGS.

ERIC
I said don't fucking answer it.

ON ERIC DEEDS' FATHER in a wheelchair, in the hallway,
sitting by the intercom--buttons there for "Listen," "Talk,"
and "Entry."

The DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'll throw you out this window. Throw the
chair down on top of you and your big
fucking head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON the INDEX FINGER of Eric Deeds' Father, hovering by the "Entry" button.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'm serious.

Eric Deeds' Father, possibly brain-damaged, smiles.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Don't you--

Eric Deeds' Father presses "Entry," and holds it. Eric charges across the living room and tackles his father, knocking over him and the wheelchair.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERIC DEEDS'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bob has just reached the sidewalk when he hears the DOOR BUZZER. He walks back up the stairs. He reaches for the door, just as the buzzer stops buzzing.

Bob rings the doorbell again. Waits. Rings it again. Waits. He leaves the porch, goes back down to the street, looks up.

Eric comes out on the porch, walks down the steps toward him.

ERIC
Man, anybody ever tell you it's rude not to call before showing up at people's houses and shit?

Eric reaches the sidewalk stands in front of Bob.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Give me ten thousand.

BOB
What?

ERIC
Dollars. By Sunday morning.

BOB
Who has ten thousand dollars?

ERIC
That safe in Cousin Marv's office. You're a drop bar, Bob. You don't think half the neighborhood knows?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

Can't be done. It's on a time--

ERIC

--lock. Goes off at two a.m. And you have ninety seconds to close it or it triggers two silent alarms. I don't want everything in the safe, just my ten. No greed here.

BOB

You can't just walk into someone's life and--

ERIC

That *is* life: someone like me coming along when you're not looking. I need my money Sunday morning. Ten o'clock. I'll meet you at your house. If you don't get it for me, I'll bring the police into it and take my dog back. Maybe forget to feed him for a bit. If he gets yappy about it, I'll beat his head in with a rock. You heard what I did to Richie Whelan, right?

Bob nods.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Piece of shit, that kid. Caught him trying to tap my girl's shit so...

(Beat)

Had me a partner. I still have him.

He heads back to his house.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - CELLAR - MORNING

Bob opens the door at the top of the stairs. He descends with Cassius in one arm.

The main room of the cellar is empty and spotless, the stone floor and stone walls painted white. Against the wall, opposite the base of the stairs, stands A BLACK OIL TANK. Bob stands in front of it, staring at it for a long time. The PIPES--a receiving pipe to receive oil via the outside wall, and a heating pipe to heat the house--have been removed and the holes sealed. Bob closes his eyes for a moment.

He carries Cassius to one corner of the cellar where someone installed a sink many years ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beside the sink is some shelving with old tools and boots and paint cans on it. Above the sink is a cupboard. Bob puts Cassius down in the sink.

BOB

Hang there for a sec', buddy.

Bob opens the cupboard and it's filled with spray paint cans and jars of screws and nails, some cans of paint remover, etc. Bob pulls down a COFFEE CAN, removes a plastic baggie filled with small bolts that he places aside. He then pulls out a ROLL OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS. There are other rolls in there as well. Bob puts the first roll aside and puts the plastic baggie back on top and closes the coffee can. He places it back in, then closes and locks the cupboard.

Bob counts the money with the speed only bartenders and casino dealers have. He waves the sheaf of money in front of Cassius.

BOB (CONT'D)

You worth it? I don't know.

(Chuckles)

I'm kidding. You're worth it.

He scoops Cassius up and walks by the Black Oil Tank again.

HOLD ON: the tank as Bob climbs the stairs and shuts off the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The Lower East Side. A sign out front: SANDY RELIEF JAM.

A large CROWD. TWO COPS--one working traffic, one watching the crowd.

A BATTERED HONDA idling at the curb. Ed "Fitz" Fitzgerald materializes out of the Crowd and approaches the Honda but stops a few feet short of the open passenger window.

INT. HONDA/MANHATTAN NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Cousin Marv looks out from the driver's seat. Fitz stays where he is, jumpy and wary.

COUSIN MARV

Whatta you think--I got the trunk lined with plastic?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cousin Marv pops the trunk from inside. It opens a couple inches. Crowds continue to stream past.

FITZ

I ain't getting in with you. They fucking killed my brother.

COUSIN MARV

I'm not sure the cop at the intersection heard you. Or that one behind you.

Fitz looks over and sure enough there's a COP working crowd control a few feet away, oblivious to him.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)

About a thousand witnesses, including cops have seen us talking by this car. It's fucking freezing.

Fitz takes a step toward the car, then calls:

FITZ

Hey, Officer! Officer! Offi--

The Cop turns, looks over at him. Fitz points at his own chest and then at the Honda.

FITZ (CONT'D)

You remember me. Okay?

The Cop stares at him. Fitz gives him a thumbs up.

COUSIN MARV

Shut the trunk, will ya?

Fitz shuts the trunk then climbs in the car. Cousin Marv rolls up the window and they pull away from the curb.

ON the Cop, watching a non-descript Honda with tinted windows drive up the street through thick traffic.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)

Wanna call your mom, tell her where you are?

FITZ

Last time anyone saw my brother alive, he got in a car with a guy.

COUSIN MARV

I'm no shooter. I'm just a scared-shitless bar manager. I want a do-over for this whole fucking year.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Honda heads across the Brooklyn Bridge.

INT. HONDA - NIGHT

COUSIN MARV

This is a risk-versus-reward thing now.
We already took the risk, and, yeah, it
doesn't seem to be working out well.

FITZ

(Lights a cigarette)
But?

COUSIN MARV

But I know where the Super Bowl drop's
going to be. You want to hit `em back for
your brother? Hit `em for a million.

FITZ

Fucking suicide.

COUSIN MARV

This point, we're both waiting around to
die anyway. I'd rather go on the run with
a chest of money than hit the road broke.

FITZ

I'm not doing another one, man.

COUSIN MARV

Your choice. I won't beg your help
carving up a seven-figure pay day.

FITZ

I never saw my cut of a lousy five grand
we took the first time.

COUSIN MARV

But you *had* it.

FITZ

Bri had it.

COUSIN MARV

I'll square it with you then.

FITZ

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUSIN MARV

Seriously. But I'm buying something with it--first, you don't say a fucking thing about what I told you. And second, you got a place I can hole up a couple days?

FITZ

You're on the street?

COUSIN MARV

Fucking trunk. You didn't close it.

FITZ

I closed it.

COUSIN MARV

Not well.

The trunk flaps up and down. They exit the bridge.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)

And no, I'm not on the street, but everyone knows where I live. You, on the other hand, I don't even know where you live.

The trunk continues to flap.

FITZ

I closed that thing.

COUSIN MARV

Forget about the trunk. Can I shack up with you or not? Just tonight and maybe, okay, tomorrow night?

FITZ

Not with me, but I know a place.

Marv pulls into a parking lot along the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

COUSIN MARV

It got cable?

FITZ

(Reaching for his door)
Motherfucker, what?

EXT. PARKING LOT. BROOKLYN NAVY YARD - NIGHT

Marv pulls over. Fitz hops out, runs to the back, slams down the trunk. Turns and--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARV RUNS FITZ OVER.

INT. HONDA - NIGHT

Marv jerks the car over Fitz, then slams it into "drive" and steps on the gas. The Honda lurches violently.

COUSIN MARV
Fuck, man. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He puts it in "reverse," punches the gas.

EXT. PARKING LOT. BROOKLYN NAVY YARD - NIGHT

As Marv runs back and forth over the body several times.

The door opens. Marv exits. He walks across the parking lot, uses a remote to unlock HIS OWN CAR. He gets in, drives off.

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN. LEGEND: SUPER BOWL SUNDAY.

FADE IN:

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Cassius lies on the floor, chewing on a rope chew toy. Bob has placed the ten thousand dollars in the center of the table. He arranges the chairs just so. He places his chair next to a counter drawer. He opens the drawer just a hair, looks inside. He moves the drawer back and forth, makes sure it's loose. He sits. He places his hands on the table top.

BEGIN MONTAGE

1. ON a wall clock: 9:50.
2. Bob leans back in the chair. The time is 10:30.
3. The Living Room. Bob looks out the windows.
4. Bob comes down the stairs, dressed for work.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - MORNING

Bob opens the trunk of his car. He places the dog crate, folded-up, inside. Adds a blanket, some chew toys, a bowl, and dog food. He closes the trunk.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Bob opens the cabinet under his sink. There's a pile of plastic supermarket bags there, and he opens one. He puts the ten thousand dollars in it. He wraps it up, puts it in the pocket of his coat.

BOB
Come on, boy.

Cassius trots after Bob. They leave the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BOB'S CAR - MORNING

Bob drives through the neighborhood. Cassius sits on the passenger seat, looks out at the streets.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - BACK ALLEY - MORNING

Bob parks behind the bar. He opens the trunk. He pulls out the crate and other dog stuff, carries it to the back door. He looks at Cassius watching him from the driver's seat. He hold up the car alarm remote and engages the alarm.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - BACK ROOM - MORNING

Bob sets up the crate in seconds, lays in the blanket, tosses in the chew toys. Goes back out the door.

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - BACK ALLEY - MORNING

Bob unlocks the car, opens the door. Cassius bounds out. They walk inside, shut the door.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - MORNING

Cassius runs around like a maniac. Time of his life. Bob goes behind the bar. He pulls the bag with the ten thousand dollars from his coat and places it on the shelf beside the 9mm semi-automatic Cousin Marv wisely chose not to use during the robbery. He pushes the money and the handgun back into the shadows of the shelf using a shrink-wrapped DECK OF COASTERS. He adds another deck in front of the first one.

BOB
Gonna be a long day, Cash. Please don't
piss inside.

Cassius looks over at him and then runs around some more.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - LATER

The stools are down, the coolers filled with ice. The TVs are all tuned to pre-game hype. Cassius sleeps in his crate.

The BACK DOORBELL BUZZES.

BACK ROOM. Bob has opened the door on a BARTEMPS SUPERVISOR who stands in the doorway with a clipboard, a white van behind him with the word BARTEMPS on it. It's filled with TEMP BARTENDERS and TEMP COCKTAIL SERVERS, who begin to disembark. The Supervisor enters.

BARTEMPS SUPERVISOR
They're contracted till midnight.
Anything later'n that, we gotta charge. I
gave you two barbacks. They do all the
lifting, trash removal, all the ice runs.
You ask one of the tenders to do it?
They'll start quoting you union bylaws
like the Book of Ezekiel.

He hands Bob the clipboard as the Temp Bartenders, Temp Cocktail Servers, and Temp Barbacks file past. Bob signs the paperwork.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Cousin Marv lays several GREEN PLASTIC TRASH BAGS on the kitchen table and carefully tapes them together with electrical tape.

CUT TO:

INT. RIKERS ISLAND - LATE AFTERNOON

A PRISON WAITING ROOM. Torres waits as TIM BRENNAN, emaciated, is brought into the room across from him. Dunn sits, lifts the phone. Torres lifts his.

DETECTIVE TORRES
Mr. Brennan, thanks for meeting me.

TIM BRENNAN
Game's starting soon. I don't want to
lose my seat.

DETECTIVE TORRES
No worries. I'll be in and out of here in
no time. What can you tell me about
Richie Whelan? Anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM BRENNAN

I tell my kids I got a stomach virus. Me and the wife don't know how to tell `em I got AIDS. So we go with a story until they're ready for the truth. Which do you want?

ON Torres, he never expected this.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Whichever one you're giving today.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The place is JAMMED, the Cocktail Servers working their way through the sea of DRUNKS on their way to getting drunker. The Bartenders fly back and forth behind the bar.

Bob stares at DRINK SLIP AFTER DRINK SLIP, the Cocktail Waitresses shouting more orders at him, his hands moving with the speed and grace of a pianist as he makes drinks.

In the CROWD, Bob sees Eric Deeds's head bob between two heads for a moment then vanish.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS #1

Bob! I need to--

BOB

What?

COCKTAIL WAITRESS #1

--add two more Becks to one-three.

Eric appears in the sea again, but it's clear there's someone with him now:

NADIA.

He holds her hand, leads her to a space of bar rail against one wall. Meets Bob's eyes. Nadia keeps her head down.

ON Bob, confused. Devastated.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S HOUSE. ALLEY - EARLY EVENING

Cousin Marv walks out of his house to his car. He pops the trunk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes the taped-together trash bags and lays them across the inside of the empty trunk. He uses the electrical tape to seal all the edges against the trunk.

He walks back into the house, returns immediately with a QUILT. He lays the quilt over the plastic. He studies his handiwork for a few seconds. Satisfied, he shuts the trunk.

He goes back into the house, returns with a SMALL SUITCASE. He puts the suitcase behind the driver's seat. He closes the door, walks back into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. TEREK BAKERY - EARLY EVENING

Upstairs, ROULETTE TABLES. The place is jammed with PLAYERS. TVs tuned to the Super Bowl.

Downstairs, in the back, PLAYERS at several poker tables.

A MAN puts a MANILA ENVELOPE in a CAKE BOX. He carries the box to the door. He opens it. A TALL MAN stands on the other side and takes the cake box.

The Tall Man climbs in a FORD TAURUS, the world's most forgettable car, and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. BORDELLO - EARLY EVENING

On the upscale side. HALF A DOZEN JOHNS sit in the waiting room, watching the game on TV. A PRETTY PROSTITUTE dressed like a Catholic schoolgirl enters the room.

PROSTITUTE

Which of you is Doug?

DOUG

(Seeing her)

Great God in Heaven.

As DOUG gets out of his chair, the MADAME passes through the room with a Manila envelope and heads down the back stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPE VERDEAN CRACK HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

A DEALER closes the door on the Ford Taurus in the alley. He walks back into the house--half cooking factory, half smoking gallery, ADDICTS on the couches, COOKERS by the tables.

CUT TO:

1. A BOOKIE taking payment at a Bowling Alley.
2. A BARTENDER taking bets at a bar. The place jammed.
3. A BETTOR on the phone as FAMILY & FRIENDS watch the game.
4. The Taurus rolling along the edge of a Housing Project.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - EARLY EVENING

The roof. The Tall Man pulls the Taurus into a slot beside an identical Taurus. He gets out. Anwar and ANOTHER CHECHEN get out of the second Taurus.

TALL MAN

You take the Pats or the points?

ANWAR

I only bet hockey.

The Tall Man gets in the second Taurus. Anwar and the other Chechen get in the first Taurus. Both cars drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - EARLY EVENING

Robbery Division. ALL COPS in the bullpen are watching the game. One COP has his desk drawer open and we can see it's FILLED WITH ICE AND CANS OF BUD LIGHT.

Torres, at his desk. He's got Eric Deeds' CRIMINAL AND PSYCHIATRIC RECORD on his screen and is jotting notes.

He looks at the screen, looks at his notes. He flips through his notebook, stops. Stunned by what he sees there.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - EVENING

THE SUPER BOWL IS NOW IN FULL-SWING.

Anwar and the Other Chechen enter the bar.

Eric and Nadia sit at a cocktail table. Nadia looks lost, bereft. Eric tracks Anwar as Anwar goes behind the bar. Anwar stands by the cash register, but any view of what he is doing is blocked by Bob and the Other Chechen.

ON Bob. He stares through a break in the crowd at Nadia.

FLASH ON: The Black Oil Tank in Bob's basement. The white wall behind it. The white floor.

BACK ON Bob. Nadia meets his eyes, and hers are unreadable. She lowers her eyes.

Anwar and the other Chechen come out from behind the bar.

Eric works his way through the crowd to the bar. He calls to Bob in the clamor. Bob works his way down the bar to him.

ERIC
Stoli rocks, my man. House Chard' for the lady.

Bob makes the drink.

BOB
Didn't see you this morning.

ERIC
No? Well...

BOB
So, you don't want the money.

ERIC
You bring it with you?

BOB
What?

ERIC
You did. You're that type.

BOB
What type?

ERIC
Type would bring the money with him.

Bob delivers the Stoli, pours a glass of Chardonnay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
Why's she here?

ERIC
She's my girl. Always-n-f'eva and shit.

Bob slides the wine glass in front of Eric. He leans into the bar. Eric leans in to meet him.

BOB
You give me that piece of paper and you leave with the money.

ERIC
What piece of paper?

BOB
The microchip piece. You sign over that and the license to me.

ERIC
Why would I do that?

BOB
Because I'm paying you. Isn't that the deal?

ERIC
That's a deal.

Eric's cell phone rings. He looks at it, holds up a finger to Bob. He takes the drinks and walks back into the crowd.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S HOUSE -DEN -EVENING

Marv has the game on. He talks on phone and drinks a beer.

COUSIN MARV
(On phone)
...the fuck you show up so early for then?

He finishes his beer, goes to--

The Kitchen. He places the empty beer can on the counter. He opens the refrigerator.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)
(On phone)
I know what he *seems* like, but I shit you not, do not fuck with him. Just leave him alone and don't call attention to yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Marv gets a beer.

COUSIN MARV (CONT'D)

(On phone)

You're in a bar. Don't drink too fucking much. See you at two.

Marv hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Bob comes down the bar to GROUP OF GUYS, one of them with his back to him.

BOB

What can I get you?

Rardy turns to face Bob.

RARDY

How you doing? We'll have seven beers and seven shots of Cuervo.

BOB

We thought you were dead.

RARDY

Why would I be dead? I just didn't feel like working in a place almost got me killed. Tell Marv he'll be hearing from my lawyer.

BOB

I'll tell Chovka.

Rardy tries to man up to that, but it's a weak front.

RARDY

Give us the beers and the shots.

BOB

You want a drink? Flag down a bartender who doesn't know you're a bag of shit.

He walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Cousin Marv prints PLANE TICKETS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON the printer as two plane tickets are printed:

TICKET #1: BALTIMORE, MD to LOS ANGELES, CA

TICKET #2: LOS ANGELES, CA to SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

Both Tickets are in the name of MARVIN JAMES STIPLER.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - NIGHT

Rardy and his FRIENDS leave. The Super Bowl is over. The CROWD is thinner, though the Patrons are louder, drunker.

Bob glances over at Eric and Nadia from time to time, who sit at the cocktail table, talking. Bob looks utterly destroyed.

Eric goes to the bathroom.

Nadia walks up the bar. Bob sees her. Comes down the bar.

BOB
Are you with him?

NADIA
What?

BOB
Are you? Just tell me.

NADIA
If I was?

BOB
Are you?

Nadia sees Eric exit the restroom. She looks back at Bob and shakes her head.

Eric arrives, sees two open stools where Nadia stands.

Eric takes a seat.

ERIC
(To Nadia)
Be a hot shit and grab our drinks, would ya?

Eric smiles at Bob. Bob walks off to deal with Patrons.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUSIN MARV'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marv exits with a small gym bag, tosses it in the front seat of his car. He looks back at the house where he was born.

He gets in the car, drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - NIGHT

Anwar and the Other Chechen make one final delivery and leave the bar, the crowd thinning all the more.

Bob notices Chovka himself, standing by the door, staring at Bob, his face unreadable. He lights a cigarette, his eyes locked on Bob. Then he leaves.

INT. COUSIN MARV'S CAR - NIGHT

Cousin Marv pulls over a block and a half up from the bar. He kills his lights and watches--

Chovka, Anwar, and the Other Chechen exit the bar. They drive away.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - NIGHT

1:50 AM. The place is nearly empty. Bob and Nadia face each other over the bar. Eric is in the bathroom. Millie, the old alkie, is the only other patron left in the place.

MILLIE

Can I smoke?

Bob nods and slides an ashtray down the bar without looking. It lands squarely in front of Millie.

NADIA

What's going on in there?

BOB

I can't do this alone.

NADIA

Do what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

It's too hard, you know? I've been serving this...sentence for ten years-- every fucking empty day--because I thought somehow it'd square me when I got to the other side, ya know? I'd get to see my Ma and my old man, stuff like that? But I don't think I'll be forgiven. I don't think I should be. But, but I'm supposed to be alone on the other side and on this one too?

NADIA

No one's supposed to be alone. Bob? I left my house this afternoon, he's waiting with a gun in his waistband like it's *Silverado*. Says I gotta come with him to see you.

BOB

I'm sorry I swore. It was rude.

They look at one another as Eric exits the bathroom, crosses the bar, takes his stool. He looks down the bar.

ERIC

When's the old bag pack it in?

BOB

Any minute.

ERIC

Can't believe you let her smoke. That's against the law and shit.

Millie pushes off the bar.

MILLIE

Yeah, I'm off.

Bob walks from behind the bar toward the door.

BOB

Night, Millie.

MILLIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

She leaves the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S CAR - NIGHT

Marv watches Millie exit, checks his watch.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - NIGHT

Bob walks back behind the bar. He wipes down the bartop with a towel. He eventually reaches Eric's elbows.

BOB

Excuse me.

ERIC

Go around.

BOB

(Going around)

Who's your partner?

ERIC

Wouldn't be much of a threat if you knew who he was, would he, Bob?

BOB

But he helped you kill Richie Whelan?

ERIC

That's the rumor, Bob.

BOB

More than a rumor.

Bob wipes in front of Nadia.

ERIC

Well then it's more than a rumor. So there you go. Time is it, Bob?

Bob reaches under the bar. He comes back out with the ten thousand dollars wrapped in the bag. He unwraps the bag, pulls the money out, puts it on the bar in front of Eric.

BOB

You don't have to call me by my name all the time.

ERIC

I'll see what I can do about that, Bob.

(Thumbs the bills)

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB
The ten grand you wanted.

ERIC
All the same, let's look in the safe at two.

BOB
I'm happy to buy him for ten grand.

ERIC
How much for Nadia, though?

Eric locks eyes with Bob, watches him process that info.

Bob turns, selects a bottle of Polish vodka. Pours himself a drink. He drinks it down.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Where's Cousin Marv by the way?

BOB
(Shrugs)
Haven't seen him in a while. Marv's had some problems. About ten years ago, man, did he ever have a problem with cards.

ERIC
I did not know that, Bob.

Bob fills three shot glasses with Polish vodka.

BOB
He was more of a loan shark then. There was this kid? Into him for a shitload of money. Real hopeless case when it came to the dogs and b-ball. Just degenerate. Kinda kid could never pay back all he owed.

Bob throws back his shot, pours himself another.

ERIC
One-fifty-seven, Bob.

Eric takes Nadia's shot and downs it.

BOB
The thing, though? This kid went to AC? Hit for twenty-two grand on a slot. Which is just a hair more than he owed Marv.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

And he didn't pay Marv back, and you got all hard on him and--

BOB

He paid Marv. Paid him every cent.

ERIC

The clock, Bob.

BOB

What the kid didn't know was that Marv had been skimming. Because of his own habit? And this kid's money was like manna from heaven.

(Drinks his vodka)

As long as no one knew it was from this kid. See what I'm saying?

ERIC

This kid, he had to be ripped off.

BOB

He had to be killed.

ERIC

(Looking at the clock)

Okay. Killed.

BOB

So he could never say he'd paid off Marv. So that's what we did.

ERIC

(Eyes on the clock)

You...

BOB

Killed him in my basement. Shot him then cut him up, tossed the pieces in an oil tank, filled it with lye and laundry detergent, sealed it back up.

Eric and Nadia stare at Bob. His voice has never changed.

BOB (CONT'D)

Know what his name was?

ERIC

It's two, Bob. Two.

BOB

His name. You know it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIC
I would not, Bob, no.

BOB
Sure you would. Richie Whelan. Everyone
called him Glory Days.

Bob pulls the 9mm from under the bar, points it at Eric's
face, and FIRES.

NOTHING HAPPENS.

Bob notices the SAFETY IS ON.

Eric jerks his head and pushes back from the bar rail.

Bob thumbs the safety off and pulls the trigger. The bullet
plows a tunnel through Eric Deeds' throat.

Nadia screams.

Eric Deeds falls off his stool

IN HIS CRATE, Cassius barks his head off.

Bob comes out from behind the bar and stands over Eric Deeds.
Eric's cheeks puff in and out, in and out. He gasps for life.

BOB (CONT'D)
IYou punks, you know? You go out to
dinner dressed like you're still in your
living room. You say terrible things
about women. You hurt harmless dogs. I'm
tired of you, man. You embarrass me.

Eric winces. He looks pissed-off and frustrated. The look
freezes on his face as he dies.

On Nadia, stunned, as Bob casually lifts Eric by the heels. A
.38 PISTOL falls out of Eric's pocket. Bob drags Eric across
the floor to the cooler, and ERIC'S CELL PHONE also falls
out. It's got blood on it. Bob drags the corpse into the
cooler, comes back to the bar with a mop and bucket. He picks
up the phone and the .38 and places them on the bar.

Nadia stares at the swath of blood as Bob splashes some soapy
water on it and begins mopping.

BOB (CONT'D)
He would have just kept coming. Once
someone takes something from you and you
let `em?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOB (CONT'D)
They just feel like you owe them more.
And you can never change their minds.

Nadia watches him mop up the blood.

NADIA
He...You just fucking shot him. You
just...I mean, you know?

Bob mops.

BOB
He beat my dog.

ON Nadia as it sinks in--this man has killed two people that she knows of. This is not the Bob she thought she knew.

NADIA
I can't.

BOB
What?

NADIA
Will you let me go? Can I go?

BOB
Of course.

NADIA
So I can just go?

It devastates Bob to realize that she fears him now.

BOB
No one--*no one*--will ever hurt you.

NADIA
Okay, okay. Can I go now?

ON Bob, the poster child of a broken heart.

BOB
(Nods)
Careful out there. Watch the ice.

Nadia lets herself out. Bob locks the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. COUSIN MARV'S CAR - NIGHT

Marv sees Nadia exit. Checks his watch. Watches Nadia walk in the other direction.

ON Marv, growing quietly frantic. He starts his car. He drives around the back of the bar, circles the block.

Marv pulls back into his old spot as--

Chovka, Anwar, and Several Chechens arrive.

ON Marv, as it sinks in--the plan failed.

CUT TO:

INT. COUSIN MARV'S BAR - MAIN ROOM - DAWN

Chovka sits at the bar, scrolling through the "Recent Calls" on Eric's cell phone. Bob stands behind the bar. Anwar comes out of the cooler.

CHOVKA

He fit?

Anwar is leading a ROLLING DUFFEL BAG behind him.

ANWAR

We broke his legs. He fit fine.

Anwar drops the bag full of Eric at the front door, waits.

Chovka pockets Eric's phone, pulls out one of his own.

Two CHECHENS come out of the back.

CHECHEN #1

We pack it into kegs, boss. Dakka will be by, he say, another twenty minutes with the beer truck.

Chovka places an envelope on the bar. Raises his eyebrows at Bob. Bob opens the envelope, pulls out NETS TICKETS.

CHOVKA

They're not floor seats but they are very good. They're my seats.

BOB

Oh. Wow. Thank you.

Chovka is carrying on the conversation while simultaneously texting on his phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHOVKA

I'll drop off some more next week. I don't go to all the games. There's a lot of them, you know?

BOB

Sure.

CHOVKA

Got to give yourself an hour before the game to get there, an hour after because of the traffic.

BOB

Traffic can get bad.

CHOVKA

I tell Anwar, he says it's not bad.

ANWAR

It's not like London.

CHOVKA

(Texting away)

What's like London? Let me know if you enjoy them, Bob. He just came in?

He pockets his phone, looks at Bob.

BOB

Yeah. Right through the front door after I let Millie out.

CHOVKA

Put that gun in your face but you said, "Not tonight," eh?

BOB

I didn't say anything.

CHOVKA

(Mimes pulling a trigger)

Pop.

(Beat)

Dakka will be by soon. Goodnight.

BOB

Goodnight, Mr. Umarov.

Chechen #1 opens the door and Chovka exits, lighting a cigarette. Anwar follows, pulling the roller bag of Eric.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. COUSIN MARV'S CAR - DAWN

Marv watches the Chechens leave and takes it as his cue. He starts the car, starts pulling away from the curb, as--

The Car Guy who once asked him directions casually walks by on the sidewalk and FIRES TWO SHOTS into the car.

Marv's car rolls across the street, gradually grinding to a stop against the curb. The Car Guy walks on.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. DOMINIC'S CHURCH - MORNING

The final mass.

FATHER REGAN

If anyone would like to purchase one of the pews before they are sold for consignment, please call Bridie in the rectory, which will be open for another three weeks. All rise.

The CONGREGATION, small as it is, rises.

FATHER REGAN (CONT'D)

May the Lord bless you and keep you. May He watch over you all the days...

THE SOUND FADES. Bob takes it all in.

Across the aisle, Detective Torres takes it all in.

The Scarred Angel watches.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. DOMINIC'S CHURCH - MORNING

Detective Torres and Bob stand on the sidewalk, alone.

DETECTIVE TORRES

Sorry to hear about Cousin Marv.

BOB

(Nods)

Carjacking gone bad, they said.

DETECTIVE TORRES

That was an execution. A block and a half from your bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob looks up the street for a bit, the loss clearly eating at him but still never a loss he'd chat with a cop about.

Eventually, they both look up at the church.

DETECTIVE TORRES (CONT'D)
They sold it to Milligan Development.
What'd I tell you--it's going to be
condos. With stained glass windows. Eric
Deeds. I mentioned him to you once.

BOB
I remember.

DETECTIVE TORRES
You didn't then.

BOB
I remember you mentioning him.

DETECTIVE TORRES
Ah. He was in your bar Super Bowl Sunday.
You see him?

BOB
You know how many people were in that bar
Super Bowl Sunday?

DETECTIVE TORRES
Last place he was ever seen. Then? *Poof*.
Just like Richie Whelan. Ironical, since
Deeds supposedly killed Whelan. Bodies
getting clipped or vanishing all over the
place, but you don't see anything.

BOB
He could turn up.

DETECTIVE TORRES
If he does, it'll probably be in a psych
ward. Which is where he was the night
Whelan disappeared.

Bob looks over at him.

DETECTIVE TORRES (CONT'D)
True. His partner told me Deeds always
took credit for the Whelan hit because
nobody else wanted to and he thought it
helped his street cred'. But he didn't
kill Whelan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOB
Will he be missed, though?

DETECTIVE TORRES
(Can't believe it. Smiles)
Will he be what?

BOB
Missed.

DETECTIVE TORRES
No. Maybe Whelan wasn't, either.

BOB
That's not true. I knew Glory Days. He
wasn't a bad guy. Not at all.

Torres waits, but Bob has nothing else to say. BEAT. They
consider the church.

DETECTIVE TORRES
You love your father?

BOB
A shitload.

DETECTIVE TORRES
You guys were close?

BOB
Yeah.

DETECTIVE TORRES
Me too. You don't hear that a lot.
(Beat)
It was a gorgeous church.

Bob nods.

BOB
When did you take your tree down this
year?

DETECTIVE TORRES
Day after Little Christmas. You?

BOB
Same.

They shake hands. They walk their separate ways.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK - AFTERNOON

A cold gorgeous day. Cloudless sky the color of a robin's egg, bright white snow lining the walking paths and coloring the trees. Bob walks Cassius. He throws a stick ahead of him and Cassius bounds for it, brings it back. They come around a bend and Nadia waits up ahead, leaning against the back of a bench. When Bob nears, she holds up a bag of dog treats.

NADIA

Peanut butter. With a little molasses.

Bob stands in front of her. She hands him the treats. Bob takes them, stares down at them. Nadia has forgotten her gloves and rubs her hands to keep them warm.

NADIA (CONT'D)

They really closed St. Dom's?

Bob nods, eyes still on the treats and Nadia's hands.

NADIA (CONT'D)

What're you going to do?

BOB

(Looks at her)

Find another church.

NADIA

Oh.

(Beat.)

What do we do now?

BOB

I have no idea.

Bob places the treats in his pocket. He removes one of his gloves and takes her hand. She lets him hold it, though it's a struggle for her. He slides the glove over her hand.

BOB (CONT'D)

It's a little big.

NADIA

Yeah.

Nadia doesn't take her hand back. So neither does Bob.

ON Bob's face. This is something he's been missing for so long he stopped believing it was possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But it might be.

FADE TO BLACK.