

The
Instigators
by
Chuck MacLean

"Whatever it is we got going,
whoever the hell it is we are,
doesn't matter whether we're related, not related,
bound by affection or annoyed with each other,
it's all the same thing. Get it over with, right now,
because if we don't die tomorrow,
we're still not going to be around here."

- George V. Higgins

EXT. THREE STORY, TWO FAMILY HOME - QUINCY, MA - NIGHT

Jacob "COBBY" Milne (27) - svelt, hard, boyishly handsome - stumbles down an exterior staircase, hunched over, slightly drunk, his hands stuffed inside his leather jacket. He whistles to himself as he goes--

Thunderclap Newman's "Something in the Air."

At the bottom of the steps, Cobby straddles a run-down TRIUMPH leaning against the rail. But suddenly, he remembers:

The handlebar BREATHALYZER. Fuck me.

Cobby blows into the TUBE. RED LIGHT. He turns the key anyway. No luck. He tries to kick over the engine. Nothing.

COBBY MILNE
You fuckin kiddin me tonight...

Out of options, Cobby GROANS to himself and looks out over the neighborhood--a dark, silent, snow-covered block. It looks lonely as hell. Cobby turns to the HOUSE behind him.

INSIDE, there's a WARM LIGHT burning. The HAGGERTY's (70s) watch TV with their GRAND KIDS--a BOY and GIRL (8, 6). It's a nice picture, everyone together inside like that.

CUT TO:

Cobby storms out of the house carrying a pajama-clad BOY.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
(Over his shoulder)
It's all right. I'll bring 'im
right back, Mrs. Haggerty.

Cobby gently places the Boy on the bike.

BOY
Again, Cobby?

COBBY MILNE
How many times I ever asked you for
something, Charlie?

BOY
I'm 8 years old.

COBBY MILNE
Don't bust my balls, Charl'.

Charlie sighs. He blows into the tube. GREEN LIGHT. Cobby picks him up, carries him back over to the front steps.

The Boy watches Cobby, concerned.

BOY

Cobby, are you all right?

Cobby thinks about this. He kicks starts the Triumph - the engine catches, ROARS. He gives Charlie a BRILLIANT GRIN.

COBBY MILNE

Yeah, go on. Get in outta the cold.

Charlie nods, *yeah-yeah*, and trudges up the steps. Cobby rolls the bike into the street and PEALS OFF down the block.

INT. HADRIAN'S WALL TAVERN - NIGHT

Cobby, leaning against the bar, is half-turned to a pretty YUPPY girl (25) on his right. He's shitfaced and talking with his hands like an Italian.

COBBY MILNE

...it's good you come from New Orleans, you know? You'll get this place. New Orleans, Boston--very similar cities. Two most specific cities in the country. New Orleans? You got a hurricane, you got black people, you got jazz. Boston?

THE NEXT NIGHT

A RED-HEAD in a Quincy Junior College sweatshirt is seated on the stool to Cobby's left. Despite Cobby's broke-jaw accent, which is accentuated by the booze, Red's enthralled.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

You got a bunch of half-Mick, half-Guinea goofs, a distinctive sense a' humor, and legitimate crime. Take this place for instance--

Cobby waves to the bar: an old shipyard dive of brass and wood, populated by old men, LOCALS in track suits and a few of the Middle Class that are pushing them out. Cobby and QJC are sitting at the stick - a thin horseshoe bar, lined with taps and whiskey, engulfed in a lake of tables, which itself is bordered by a row of vinyl-backed booths.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

-Hadrian's Wall? This is one of the first places Joe Kennedy ran his booze in the '20s. Usedta bring in it down the shipyards, run it up to St. Joe's as Communion wine. Now, not many people know that. But that's a true story--true story right there.

QJC smirks, sipping her beer.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
See, it's funny, right? Sense of humor's very important round here. Like when I was a kid? My family used to fuckin *torture* me, bust my balls to no end. That's sorta a right of passage around here. So what else could I do but laugh? I mean, I was fucked anyway.

Cobby raises his glass to the bartender for another round.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
My grandfather, he was the biggest perpetrator. Nicest guy you'd ever meet, but the baddest dude on the block and *funny as fuck*.

THE NIGHT AFTER THAT

Cobby, gripping the bar for balance with one hand, uses the glass in the other to punctuate.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
He used to like to stay up nights and watch old movies. PATTON, JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS, GREAT ESCAPE. He used to love this one in particular, right? BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS. Old Disney movie. S'about this witch and a bunch of war orphans fightin Nazis. This witch broad, right? She makes a bunch old knights and shit come back to life - ya know *with Magic* - and they stop a Uboat from blowin up England. Issa good movie. Anyway, the best parta the whole goddamn thing's when this SS cocksucka finds the knights for the first time. All you see is this ass open up this door and--BOOM.

(He punches his palm)
An iron fist on this suit of armor knocks him the fuck *OUT*. Now, at five years old that scene's the best thing in the whole world. And any time it'd come on, I'd have to make sure my grandfather was right there to watch it with me. So one night, he's out grabbing a smoke or something, the scene comes up, and I run out to find him...

THE NIGHT AFTER THAT

A BLONDE (30s), a smirk on her face, listens to Cobby like an aunt amusing her favorite nephew.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

And I don't get two steps out the
goddamn door before fuckin--WHACK!

Cobby faux punches himself in the face.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

I get hit right in the side of the
head. I go flying across the house,
topple right into my grandmotha's
dinette set. Now, I look up and
what do I see? My grandfather. He's
got Pall Mall in his mouth, smoke's
comin out the sides of his teeth.
And he's laughing, right? Cause his
fist--

Cobby looks around. He spots a Woman's LEFTOVERS wrapped like
a GOOSE in TINFOIL and grabs them. He dumps out the food.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

His fist is wrapped in tinfoil.
Just covered in it. You see?
(He wraps his fist in the
foil)

It was a fucking *iron fist*. The son
of a bitch made an *iron fist*.

(The Blonde laughs)

That bastard thought it was the
funniest goddamn thing inna world.

MR. KELLY, the bartender, slides Cobby another beer.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

I mean, so did I. It was too fuckin
good, right? And It was the best
thing to learn--that sense of
humor. My life woulda been
miserable I never had that. See, ya
get the humor of a place, you
become apart of. Here, ya gotta be
able to laugh when someone punches
you in the back of the...

A TOUGH GUY (30s) shoulders into Cobby and spills his drink.
As Cobby wipes the beer of his pants, something MEAN flickers
in his eyes. The Tough Guy slides between him and the Blonde.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

Oh that's no problem, pal. I'm
good.

The Tough Guy looks over his shoulder.

TOUGH GUY
What was that?

COBBY MILNE
(To blonde)
I'm sorry, hon. I didn't realize
you were taken when I was talking
your ear off right there. I'm--

The Tough Guy leans into Cobby's vision, blocking the Blonde.

TOUGH GUY
Who you callin "hon," guy? And what
the fuck did you say to me?

COBBY MILNE
(Rolling his eyes)
Aw, it was just a joke, pal. I was--

TOUGH GUY
-Fuck your joke. Repeat it.

COBBY MILNE
It was nothing. I was just--
(Sighing)
I was just trying to have a
conversation. That's all.

VOICES (O.S.)
S'going on, Shane?

Over Cobby's shoulder, FOUR of the Tough Guy's FRIENDS come out of the crowd and circle him. Cobby hangs his head.

TOUGH GUY
What's the matter? Ya ain't feelin
funny no more, you fuckin clown?

Cobby sighs and stands up, his hands out--placating.

COBBY MILNE
Look, we're all...adults here.
Let's just take a minute and--

The Tough Guy shoves Cobby. Fuck you.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
Guy, come on, don't....

The Tough Guy reaches to shove him again--

But Cobby EXPLODES. He grabs the Tough Guy by the hair, kicks out his knee and whips out a straight RAZOR. Cobby sticks the blade right up under the Tough Guy's jaw.

Chairs SCREECH. People hop off their stools. The Tough Guy's friends disappear. The entire bar is struck SILENT.

The Tough Guy looks up to Cobby, suddenly terrified.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
NOW WHAT THE FUCK DIDN'T YOU
UNDERSTAND ABOUT "JUST A JOKE?"

CHICK-CHICK.

Cobby winces. He knows the sound. Mr. Kelly (65) - hard, round; kind of guy locals would call "the Governor" or "Senator" - is pointing a shotgun at his head.

MR. KELLY
Out, Milne (pronounced: Mill-KNEE).

Cobby's shoulders slump.

COBBY MILNE
Come on, Mr. Kelly.

MR. KELLY
Out. Now.

COBBY MILNE
I didn't even start this one. He did. Didn't you? Tell him.

TOUGH GUY
I started it.

Mr. Kelly tightens the shotgun against his shoulder.

MR. KELLY
Not repeating myself here, Cobby.

Cobby lets go of the Tough Guy.

COBBY MILNE
You really gonna shoot me? How long we known each other, Mr. Kelly?

MR. KELLY
(Weary)
Not gonna tell you again, Jake.

Something FLICKERS in Cobby's eyes again. The crowd quickly backs up another yard. They've seen what that means.

COBBY MILNE
What if I won't go?

Mr. Kelly gives Cobby an exasperated LOOK. *Come on.*

VOICE (O.S.)

You'll go.

RORY CALHOUN (20s) - tall, broad and as hard as Gibraltar - walks up behind Cobby. Rory's HUGE. He's got half a foot on Jake and there's a hard, quiet kind of coldness to Rory that gives him the air of a man who has *seen* things.

COBBY MILNE

The fuck are you?

RORY

Don't worry about that. *Screw.*

Cobby's jaw clenches. His grip tightens on the razor. But Rory doesn't flinch. Now, even Mr. Kelly backs up. He knows if these two go at it, they will tear the whole place apart.

COBBY MILNE

Ya know what's going to happen
between us right here. Doncha?

Rory nods. Cobby FLINCHES, slightly. But neither fighter moves an inch. There seems to be an instant understanding between them: they know neither can back down, but they also know this will be bad. Out of the silence...

Cobby starts whistling, "Something in the Air." Rory BLINKS.

CHICK-CHICK!

MR. KELLY

All right, Cobby. Enough. Ya
embarrassin the locals. Get the
fuck out. Ya can come back tomorra.

Cobby slowly turns from Rory to Mr. Kelly, and he suddenly realizes the entire bar's staring at him, terrified. He hangs his head, as if embarrassed by his outburst, and folds his razor. Mr. Kelly gestures at the door with shotgun.

Cobby nods. Okay, I got it. He turns to the Blonde. She's looking at him like he's a crazy person, disgusted.

COBBY MILNE

I'm sorry that happened, hon. I'm
typically more of a quiet guy. You
know? Shy?

Cobby suddenly grabs and kissers her right on the mouth. She slaps him, hard and he LAUGHS. He raises a hand to the bar.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Quincy!

And skulks out. Mr. Kelly shakes his head. Unbelievable.

EXT. HADRIAN'S WALL TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Cobby stumbles out onto the sidewalk. Behind him, he can HEAR the bar come back to life without him. Ignoring this--

He HUMS to himself the opening bars of "Something in the Air" and straddles his Triumph. He rips off the BREATHALYZER and FIRES the engine. But as he puts it into gear, the Triumph FLIES out from under him, throws him on his ass and skips itself down the street.

COBBY MILNE

Oh you gotta be fuckin *kidding me!*

Cobby drags himself over to the bike. He tries to lift it, but he's SHITFACED. He yanks it, but just falls over himself.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

Oh well, fuck me tonight.

Cobby picks himself up, and stumbles off on foot, whistling "Something in the Air."

INT. HADRIAN'S WALL TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Kelly nods to Rory. Rory nods back. The Tough Guy walks over, compulsively touching a small CUT on his neck.

TOUGH GUY

Big mouth backed down fast, huh?

Rory stares him down.

RORY

Know when you're ahead.

Tough Guy nods and backs off, still testing his wound.

LATER

Rory stomps down an old, paint-flecked wooden staircase to the cellar. A BARBACK, carrying 3 cases of beer, squeezes by.

BARBACK

Good job, Roar.

Rory ignores him and turns left at the bottom of the stairs. He unlocks a solid oak door and continues down a rickety set of steps to an exposed-stone SUB BASEMENT.

SUB-BASEMENT

The exposed-stone suddenly gives way into WOOD-PANELLING and wall-to-wall carpet. It's a private CLUB.

There's a mini-bar, and Irish CRESTS and pictures of the Quincy Shipyards hang on the walls. A boarded up ARCH, like a fireplace, or something an over-sized toy train would use, is cut into the far wall.

In the middle of the room, a stained glass BUDWEISER lamp hangs over a felt card table full of HIGH ROLLERS - Old Men in ill-fitting polos or wool knit sweaters - playing poker.

Rory takes up a seat in a corner with a clean view of the room and the stairs. He's guarding the game.

HIGH ROLLER

Got rid of that guy pretty quick.

RORY

What would you have done with me in your face and a shotgun pointed at the back of your head?

The High Roller thinks, shrugs.

HIGH ROLLER

Left.

Rory nods, slowly.

RORY

If the gun wasn't there he'd've cut my *fuckin* head off.

INT. STOP AND SHOP GROCERY STORE - QUINCY, MA - NIGHT

JERRY THE GROCER (40s) - growing gut, salt-and-pepper hair - walks between the REGISTERS and up a flight of stairs to--

THE MANAGER'S OFFICE

The MANAGER (30s) stands behind a steel desk counting out the nightly CASH DROP. A leather BANK BAG's tucked under his arm.

SCALVO (O.S.)

So you get the *funnamentals*, Jerry?

INT. BAR - SONS OF ITALY (CATERING HALL) - NIGHT

ALEC SCALVO (20s) - all angles, hard and mean - sits across a booth from Jerry. The bar is empty, dark; the single light in the joint hangs between them. Alec slides him a drink.

JERRY

(Rolling his eyes)

I follow the normal routine: I meet Frank the Cop outside round 11.

EXT. STOP AND SHOP - NIGHT

Jerry walks out the front door of the now-dark Stoppie and locks it, the BANK BAG in his armpit. Frank the COP (50s), in full uniform, shuffles his feet trying to beat the cold.

JERRY (O.S.)
From there we walk down Hancock to
the Citizen's drop on the corner.

Jerry and Frank, talking low, walk down an empty city block towards a security-lit CITIZENS BANK.

JERRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're not going to tell me when--
cause you want me to look surprised-

SONS OF ITALY

Alec rocks some ice into his mouth. CHOMPS it.

SCALVO
-But we're gonna hit you no less
than four blocks from that bank.

HANCOCK STREET

Jerry counts the cross streets ahead of him: 6. He tosses an anxious look at Frank as they pass under the LIGHTS outside a FORD DEALERSHIP. But Frank, exhausted, just yawns and nearly trips off the sidewalk into the next intersection. As they cross the street, Jerry looks ahead: 5 blocks to go.

Suddenly, a BLACK VAN jumps the curb in front of them, TIRES SCREECHING.

SONS OF ITALY

Scal points a finger down and taps the table with his nail.

SCALVO (CONT'D)
Then you hit the deck. You don't
say nothing - no one expects you to
fight for the cash - and the less
you do or say, the less the fucking
cop has to remember. Cool?

JERRY
Frank's a fuckin Marine though.

Scalvo waves away the remark. Don't worry.

SCALVO
I'll take care of that--

HANCOCK STREET

Three men in Gerry Cheevers GOALIE MASKS pop out of the van's sliding door. All of them carry SAWED OFF SHOTGUNS. One Masked Men grabs the BANK BAG from Jerry, another Frank the Cop's 9MM. They immediately jump back into the van.

SONS OF ITALY

Scalvo points across the table.

SCALVO (CONT'D)

-all you gotta worry about is
kissing the bricks, and keeping
your mouth shut after we screw.
That's the *only thing* you gotta
know, only thing you gotta do.

Jerry gives him a look. He's not happy Scal had to say that.
Scalvo turns his palms up on the table

SCALVO (CONT'D)

S'all there is to it.

HANCOCK STREET

Jerry eyes the Masked Men from the ground. As one of Them pulls the sliding door shut, he suddenly STOPS.

SONS OF ITALY

Jerry slides his empty glass away from him, nodding.

JERRY

Look, I don't mind runnin down here
after work for you to have me
regurgitate a simple plan I already
know. But you don't gotta tell me
how to keep my mouth shut. I know
how it works. I been around awhile.

Scal flashes him a knowing grin.

SCALVO

Sure. See you tomorrow, Jerry.

ACROSS THE ROOM AT THE BAR

GEORGIE MUTTOON (20s) - red head, thin but built in the arms -
watches Jerry hike on his jean jacket and sulk out. Georgie
rises off a stool and walks over to the booth.

MUTTOON

That silly fuck has no idea what's
about to happen to him, huh?

Scal smiles, sticking a cigarette in his mouth.

HANCOCK STREET

The Masked Man BLASTS Frank the Cop in the KNEE. Frank goes down HOLLERING, writhing in agony, his leg sawed in half.

Jerry, HORRIFIED, looks up to the van. The Masked Man raises a finger to his lips. *SHHHH!* And the van takes off.

SONS OF ITALY

Scal takes a draw on his Marlboro.

SCALVO

Nope. Absolutely none.

MUTTOON

(Grinning)

How's Besegai's feel bout all of this? Ya cut him in yet?

Scal gives him a dismissive wave.

SCALVO

Fuck what that Old WOP. I got plans for him, too.

INT. KITCHEN - BRUTTO CANE BAKERY - NIGHT

Scalvo's head's shoved into an industrial steel SINK. A chubby, ringed hand holds him there and places a .38 SNUB NOSE against the base of his skull. The WATER is turned on, and the sound of it rushing against the steel is DEAFENING.

VOICE (O.S.)

What the fuck were you thinking?
You shoot a cop inna knee in the
fucking suburbs? In Quincy? Three
fucking blocks from the goddamn
police station? *What the fuck!*

MR. BESEGAI (50s) - jet black hair, year-round tan and lots of gold - is bent next to the sink, yelling in Scal's face.

BESEGAI

Who told you you could do that?
Huh? Where the fuck do you get off
gettin that kinda idea, you don't
check with someone first?

SCALVO

I wasn't thinking, Mr. Besegai. I'm
sorry. I wasn't thinking.

Besegai's *consigliere*, RICKY DECHICO (40s) - short, chubby yet fiercely built - cocks the .38 and puts it in Scal's ear.

BESEGAI

Oh, you weren't thinking, huh?
Well, let me inform you of
something then. You know what they
do cops start gettin shot in the
suburbs? You know what they do when
cops get shot a week before
elections? They set up a Grand
Jury. They get the Grand Jury going
and it shuts things down. No one's
doing shit. *Nothing*. I got the take
of a goddamn lifetime sitting there
like an *aching* cunt and I can't
find a fuckin soul to stick her.

The water in the sink is already up to Scal's hair.

SCALVO

Whattya want me to say? I didn't
know, Mr. Besegai! I didn't--

BESEGAI

-That water's getting *pretty* high,
Scalvo. Give me one fucking reason
besides putting a dent in my sink I
shouldn't blow a snorkel hole out
the side of your fuckin head? Huh?
Gimme a *fuckin* reason.

SCALVO

'Cause I'm not worth the cleaning
up. I can fix this, Mr. Besegai!

Besegai nods to DeChico. DeChico dunks Scal's head.

DECHICO

(Smiling)
Yeah? How you gonna fix it for me?

SCALVO

(Gasping)
My crew. My guys. We'll do it.

Besegai shoves DeChico out of the way, grabs Scalvo by the
head and THUDS his face off the lip of the sink. Besegai
holds Scal's face under the WATER, which is now turning red.

BESEGAI

Am I, a fucking asshole? I want
that retard cop-shooting sociopath
Muttoon fucking up my score, too?
You better *unfuck* your head *quick*,
brother. *Unfuck* your head *quick*!

Besegai pulls Scalvo's bleeding face out of the water.

SCALVO

(Coughing)

I'll find someone to do it. Please.
Nothing's fucked here! Nothing's
fucked! I'll find some guys.

BESEGAI

Who in their right mind is gonna
wanna do this job now?

EXT. CAUSEWAY STREET ACROSS FROM THE BOSTON GARDEN - DAY

Cobby walks out of a 7-11 unwrapping a pack of Pall Malls.
BALD MIKE THE SCALPER (40s) is hustling outside the door.

BALD MIKE

(To no one in particular)

Whatchu want? Whatchu need? You
want front row, back row, top row?
Celtics? Bruins? You got it? I'm
buying. You want it? I got it.
Whatchu want? Whatchu need?

COBBY MILNE

You got a light?

Without looking up, Mike hands him a Bic. Two Women walk by.

BALD MIKE

What's up, ladies? You like the
Boss? I got the Boss right here.
Got enough for the both of ya.

The Ladies give him a disgusted LOOK and keep walking.

COBBY MILNE

I don't think people know him as
the Boss anymore, Mike. They
probably think you meant your dick.

BALD MIKE

Used to be a problem. Used to
have hair, too though. What'd you
do, ride the T here? Where's ya
bike?

COBBY MILNE

Don't worry about it. You holdin?

Bald Mike shakes his head. He rubs his hands together and
blows in between them, covering his mouth as he speaks.

BALD MIKE

Ya heard about that cop gettin his stump sawed off down ya necka the woods? Well, the City called up the Grand Jury. Everything's quiet, no one wants the attention. Ya get called in front of the G-J, it's an automatic contempt bid ya don't talk. Or you do talk and it's *see-you-the-fuck-later*. No one works now. Why? You hurtin or something?

(Cobby nods)

Well, if I hear something, I'll let you know, ya know? All I can do.

Cobby nods his thanks, hands him back his Bic.

COBBY MILNE

Oh hey--ya ever hear of a guy, big guy, hangs down my way? Real quiet?

BALD MIKE

Yellow eyes?

COBBY MILNE

Yeah. Now that you mention it.

BALD MIKE

Rory Calhoun. Roslindale kid. Why? What'd you do?

COBBY MILNE

Nothin. Just stood off with him for a minute there.

BALD MIKE

Good thing you backed off.

COBBY MILNE

Who says I backed off?

BALD MIKE

Alls I hear about this guy, Cobby, 's he's a Marine. Recon. Bad news--PTS case. S'all I hear. Like, I heard some dude lost his balls on a Navy base over there? Guy shot up a couple of lady sailors - dykes - one of which he found *mow-ing* on his ex-girlfriend's gash. This guy Calhoun, he supposedly found that other guy, took his gun away, then snapped his neck for him. Did it all on his own. Didn't get no charges for it or nothing.

(MORE)

BALD MIKE (CONT'D)

Got like 18 other confirmed kills--
some ridiculous number like that.
Now, I hear about him standing off
with you? And who are you? And who
backed down? I mean, come on,
Cobby. Be real with me here, guy.

Cobby flicks his butt in the gutter.

COBBY MILNE

Thanks for all your help, Mike.

Mike nods. No problem. Cobby takes off across the street.

EXT. SQUANTUM YACHT CLUB - DAY

QUINCY SHORE DRIVE curves north along Wollaston Beach towards the Boston SKYLINE. Off to the right, a long, raised DOCK stretches out from the boulevard, over the beach, to a wood-shingled CLUB HOUSE sitting over the water. It's RAINING. The waves are high and rushing through the pylons.

Cobby struts down the boulevard, hunched over against the rain, and turns onto the gang way to the club.

INT. FUNCTION HALL - SQUANTUM YACHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Cobby walks onto the dance floor of an empty bar/function room. He can HEAR the waves outside. A SERVER, at a bar at the far end of the room, stuffs napkins into a dispenser.

BARTENDER

Who are you?

COBBY MILNE

Scal here?

The Bartender stops his stuffing and walks into the back.

Cobby looks around: the place is empty. So he walks over to the bar, grabs the Jack and pours it directly into his mouth. Swallowing, he puts it back and zips up his jacket to beat the cold. He starts whistling, "Something in the Air" as--

The front door OPENS. Cobby spins around. His eyes widen.

Rory strolls in and over to the bar. Cobby eyefucks him all the way from the door to his seat.

Rory sits, on the opposite end of the bar from Cobby, and keeps his eyes forward.

Both their breaths turn to STEAM.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
The fuck you doing here?

Rory turns and EYEFUCKS Cobby. Cobby gives it right back.

RORY
You just going to stare at me like
the other night? Or what?

Cobby jumps up--

Just as the front door BURSTS open.

SCALVO (O.S.)
You Milne?

Scal storms in. He's got a big gash on his forehead.

SCALVO (CONT'D)
Yeah? You know the Milnes up
Eggleston Square?

COBBY MILNE
Nah. I'm from Quincy Point.

SCALVO
Well, Bald Mike says you're a
decent enough guy. Good enough.
(to Rory)
And you? Who the fuck are you?

RORY
Mr. Kelly--

Mr. B storms in from the back door, a yellow SLICKER on.

BESEGAI
Scal, what the fuck's going on? I'm
sitting out here in this goddamn
boat like a fuckin asshole--

SCALVO
-Hey, I've just been waitin on
these two shit-heads.

Mr. B sees them and walks over, carefully removing the hood
from his well-coiffed hair. He considers Cobby and Rory.

BESEGAI
(to Cobby)
You I know.
(to Rory)
You I don't.
(to Scal)
(MORE)

BESEGAI (CONT'D)

I only told you about this a couple hundred times: people we know. And by that I mean, *me. People I know.*

SCALVO

Mr. Kelly says he's--

Besegai signals Scalvo to shut the fuck up. Rory doesn't wait to hear anymore. He just walks towards the door.

COBBY MILNE

(Clearing his throat)

The guy's solid.

Rory STOPS. Mr. B and Scalvo throw Cobby a look.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

He's a Marine. Lives down my way.

BESEGAI

Who are you, his big sister? You share a ride here or something? Jesus Christ. Fine. But he fucks up? Ima shove a gutter spike up ya piss hole. All right, big sister?

Cobby nods. Sure. He looks to Rory. Rory's staring him down.

INT. THE PEPPINO - MR. B'S YACHT - LATER

Cobby, Rory, Scal and Mr. B sit around a polished wood table clutching beers as the yacht pitches and rolls. A county assessors BLUE PRINT is laid out on the table before them.

BESEGAI

You all read the papers, you watch the news. I'm unda the assumption you all understand that in a week the City of Boston's gonna be holding its elections for Mayor...

EXT. WBZ STUDIOS - NIGHT

MAYOR MICCELLI (70s) - gray, slumped over, overweight - stands behind a podium, across a decades' old debate set, from ARTIE GIDDINGS (40s) - tall, thick, balding brown hair.

BESEGAI (V.O.)

Now, it's a *far-gone* conclusion Bumbles is gonna get re-elected...

INT. CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS - DAY

Christmas Mass. Mayor Miccelli, in a Chinchilla over-coat, has the PRIEST place the host in his mouth. But as Miccelli finishes the Sign of the Cross, he begins to CHOKE.

BESEGAI

Goof that he is. But his
counterpart there - Giddings, Artie
Giddings - is one fucking *whale*.

GIDDINGS MONTAGE:

The CHALLENGER, Artie Giddings, straddles a chair, talking to BU STUDENTS with his suit jacket thrown over his shoulder.

BESEGAI (V.O.)

Guy made his dough in computers.
He's as rich as an Arab water
tycoon and he had the pockets to
give Miccelli a run. But as loaded
Mr. Route 128 Tech Corridor is, no
one expected, in a *million fuckin*
years, for him to last *this* long.
Not him. Not no one. Not ever.

Giddings walks by JIM RICE FIELD, jacket still over his shoulder, pontificating to a group of small black children.

BESEGAI

So he looks like Yaz just for
taking Miccelli the distance. No
one's done that in 20 years. So,
long story brief here? His losers'
bash is expected to be the end all
to be all of going out affairs.
Gonna run up a tab as long as the
Tobin. Gonna look like Berlin
before the Russians came in. Now
granted the venue's paid for, but
the bar, I've learned, is gonna be
straight cash. A cash bar for the
wealthiest losing candidate in the
biggest city election in 10 years?

THE PEPPINO

Besegai turns his palms up.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)

We ain't doing bad here, gentleman.

Cobby, Rory and Scal nod. It's a good idea.

SCALVO

Where's this go down?

EXT. LOCKE-OBER RESTAURANT - DUSK

The tiny bar facade sits at the head of an old world, European style brick alley. A small wrought iron sign in the shape of a LOCK hangs over the front door. It reads...

BESEGAI (O.S.)
 Locke-Ober.

INT. LOCKE-OBER RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A plush, French bistro - all red carpets, gilded mirrors and leather seats - is packed full of drunk SUITS and their high-toned WIVES. Waiters spin through the crowd with loaded trays of fancy martinis and amber-colored Scotch.

BESEGAI (V.O.)
 Fanciest fuckin restaurant in town.
 More names gonna be on this guest
 list than Kennedy's in the ground.
 None of us have ever seen money
 like what's gonna be there next
 Tuesday night.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Piles of CASH BRICKS, covering the area of a cluttered marble desk, are loaded by Brink's GUARDS into bank bags.

BESEGAI (V.O.)
 And the beautiful thing is, it's a
 bistro. Who robs a fuckin bistro?
 There ain't gonna be a gun in
 sight. It's clean, naked as a broad
 in a clam, unguarded until the
 Brink's man shows up in the mornin.

THE ALLEY

A blue-and-white Brinks truck pulls up broadside to the brick alley, sealing it off.

THE PEPPINO

Cobby's eyes wander around the boat. Scal's impressed. Rory nods along. Besegai's happy with his explanation. Cobby spots DeChico in the corner. DeChico's eyefucking him, hard.

BESEGAI
 Now, here's how I see it working.

INT. DOWNTOWN CROSSING SUBWAY STATION - DAWN

Cobby gets off a Red line train and spots Rory and Scal waiting in the crowd.

BESEGAI (V.O.)
Ya go in through the basement.
Through an old utilities entrance
one of my guys in the train
union'll show ya.

Inside a SUBWAY TUNNEL, the crew knocks in an old, painted-over wooden door.

BESEGAI (V.O.)
That'll lead you into the kitchen.

BLUE PRINTS

Besegai traces a PASSAGE that leads from the TUNNEL to the KITCHEN.

BESEGAI
Should be 4-5 guys there opening
up. Cleaning the place. Whatever.

INT. KITCHEN - LOCKE-OBER - DAY

Three MEN, in SKI MASKS, guns drawn, rush into the kitchen. They subdue and ZIP-TIE four Brazilian COOKS.

BESEGAI (V.O.)
Right off the kitchen is the
office. In there's your safe.

The Three Men knock in a door labelled MANAGER.

The Three Men stuff piles and piles of money from a busted SAFE into a HOCKEY BAG.

BESEGAI (V.O.)
From there, all goes well? You walk
out and blend right into the rush
hour traffic at Downtown Crossin.

EXT. LOCKE-OBER RESTAURANT - DAY

Cobby, Rory and Scal - Scal holding the bag - walk out of the restaurant, peel off their masks, and stroll out of the alley. They walk right by the arriving Brink's TRUCK.

BESEGAI (V.O.)
 Scal here takes the dough. And the
 three of ya take three different
 trains out of the city. One north
 on the Red line from Park.

Rory stands on a platform. A sign behind him reads: PARK.

BESEGAI (V.O.)
 One South on the Red at Downtown.

Scal holds the bag amid the rush hour crowd at DOWNTOWN.

BESEGAI (V.O.)
 One West on the Green line.

Cobby rushes down a set of steps to a line of people crushing
 into a green-striped trolley.

BESEGAI (V.O.)
 After that you go about ya normal
 business. In a few days, you'll get
 a personal delivery from Mr.
 DeChico over here. After that, we
 never gotta see each other again.

COBBY MILNE (V.O.)
 But what if this guy Giddings wins?

THE PEPPINO

Mr. B looks up at Cobby like he could slit his throat.

BESEGAI
 What are are you, a fuckin asshole?
 How does that even matter? Shut
 your mouth.
 (to Scal)
 You got a week to do whatever the
 fuck you need to do.
 (He looks to Cobby)
 Cut deadweight. Whatever. Ya got a
 week. Next Tuesday.

Scal nods. Besegai slides out of his seat and walks off.
 DeChico trails behind him. He GLARES down at Cobby.

RORY
 (To Cobby)
 Thought you were typically quiet?

COBBY MILNE
 The fuck I say was so bad?

EXT. VAN - DOWNTOWN CROSSING - DAY

Scal's van is parked up on the sidewalk on Winter Street, unnoticed by early morning commuters. A block away is the entrance to the Lock-Ober alley--WINTER PLACE.

INT. VAN - DOWNTOWN CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

Scal and Georgie MUTTOON are seated in the front, Rory and Cobby crouching in the back. They're watching the Brink's TRUCK pull up and block off Winter Place.

SCALVO

This is the first stop on their route, which means fuck all for us. Day's new. They've just had their Dunks. They're ready to be heroes. Meaning we need to be outta that alley by 6.07 at the latest 'case one of 'em shows up decidin to be John Wayne that day. The hopper--

A Brink's GUARD pops out of the truck, hustles up the alley.

SCALVO (CONT'D)

-is carrying a 4-inch barreled .38 revolver. There's another pistol in the truck, along with a 12 gauge resting by the driver's side.

RORY

IDs on the guards?

SCALVO

Yeah. They're nobodies, really. They shouldn't get in the way unless we give them an opportunity to get their names in the papers.

Rory nods. The van's heater HUMS.

COBBY MILNE

(Smart-ass)

But what if we do?

Scal gives Cobby a look. You going to start already?

INT. TUNNEL - MBTA TRACKS - NIGHT

Cobby, Scal and Rory - dressed in orange vests and hard hats - walk down the TUNNEL behind a SAFETY INSPECTOR (50s).

The Inspector points at an old wooden DOOR next to a CIRCUIT box. The doors been painted over for decades and barred shut.

SAFETY INSPECTOR

There's your door right there. Used to lead to a city utility station in the basement of 3 Winter Place--right under the restaurant. Shouldn't take you any time to bust in that lock. Now with the trains--

The Inspector hands Scal a FOLDER.

SAFETY INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

-you typically get your weekday lines, both south and north, moving through at a good 15 minute clip. They're on time? You got a solid window of 5.50 to 6 a.m. to get down here, bust inna door, do what you gotta do.

Scal nods, looking over the folder.

COBBY MILNE

(Smart-ass)

What if they aren't on time?

The Inspector shrugs. The fuck do I know? Rory spits on the track. He's getting annoyed now, too.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Scal and Rory sit up front. Cobby in the back. They watch through the windshield as a WHITE-HAIRED MAN (50s) walks into a well-groomed, suburban A-frame at the end of a cul-de-sac.

SCALVO

Manager's named Dave Wedge. Worked his way up from a few of the Yuppy bars down Southie. 55 years old. 2 kids. A dog. A wife who left him for a dentist down Dennis-Yarmouth. He's a pushover. Lifelong pussy. Ain't gonna stand in our way.

Rory eyes Cobby in the REARVIEW. Waiting for...

COBBY MILNE

But what if he does?

Scal slowly turns in his seat. Cobby's laughing.

SCALVO

Listen, when this is through, Mouth? You better stay down your little neighborhood in Quincy, okay? You *unnastand* me?

COBBY MILNE
 Ya better aim higher than my knee
 then, you WOP faggot.

Scalvo drags his tongue along his lower gums and turns back to the house. What can he say?

SCALVO
 Why are you putting up with this
 shit for?

RORY
 I'm broke.

SCALVO
 In what way aren't we all?
 (To both of them)
 You two think you can work the
 personnel on Wednesday morning? I
 got some place I gotta be.

Rory throws another look at Cobby in the REARVIEW. Cobby's staring right at him. Rory shrugs. Why not?

EXT. LOCKE-OBER RESTAURANT - DAY

Rory and Cobby, dressed like laborers, lean against a mailbox across from Winter Place drinking Double D. RE-ELECT MICCELLI signs are plastered all over the wall behind them.

COBBY MILNE
 This guy Scalvo, he seem like an
 asshole to you?

Rory ignores him and watches a hard-looking BRAZILIAN man - wirey strong, tear drop tat on his face - walk from PARK STREET STATION down to Winter Place.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
 You think that guys the lounge act?
 Does a little Mr. Bojangles for the
 rich folk durin lunch?
 (Rory gives him a look)
 No? Ya don't thinkso?

Rory takes of the lid of his coffee, shakes off the condensation. Cobby chin points to Locke-Ober.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
 You know, I never actually ate in
 there? Lived here my whole life,
 I've never been inside.

RORY
 You wanna shut the fuck up?

COBBY MILNE

Hey, I didn't pick the company out here either, all right? But I'm tryin to make the best of it.

Rory shakes his head, sips his coffee. Cobby studies him.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

You know, I got this pair of *dykes* in my building? One looks a Williams Sister, but the other? Genuinely solid. She's got bombs like Dresden--

RORY

-Do you have a problem?

COBBY MILNE

You mean, more than any other day?

RORY

I mean, like with your mouth? Do you have a problem with your mouth? You want me to fix it for you?

COBBY MILNE

(Sarcastic)

What, you don't think I'm funny?

RORY

I don't think you're a human being.

Cobby laughs.

COBBY MILNE

How bout when this is all done, you and I walk up to Fore River Field, we find out what woulda happened that night without no shotgun?

Rory holds his eye contact. And smiles.

RORY

You just keep talking, Butch. That's what you're good at.

EXT. LOCKE-OBBER ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

As Rory and Cobby make their date, a BOSTON COP saunters down the alley unnoticed.

INT. BAR - LOCKE-OBER - CONTINUOUS

The Cop bellies up to the bar--a long, polished piece of cherry wood. The MANAGER, Wedge, ambles over.

WEDGE

The usual, Philly?

The Cop points at him and slaps the bar. You bet.

INT. MOAKLEY U.S. COURT HOUSE - DAY

Scal and Mattoon, done up in their Sunday best, sit outside the GRAND JURY ROOM facing a massive WINDOW overlooking Boston Harbor. They're waiting to be called in.

SCALVO

It's a fucking nightmare. I'll be lucky I don't wind up with the goddamn train running us over before we even get in the door.

MUTTOON

The mouth a problem?

SCALVO

He's a fucking asshole, yeah. But he's harmless enough--lotta talk. The other one. The quiet one. He's going to be the problem.

MUTTOON

Tall guy?

SCALVO

Scares the shit outta me. Something about him. He's got those yellow eyes. You see that? Like in that movie, for crissakes. Yellow eyes. He's the one you go for first.

MUTTOON

So you're set on doing that?

Scal nods, rubbing the cut on his forehead.

SCALVO

Besegai's got me carrying the cash out of there. So you meet me at Columbia Station, and have the other scumbags waiting at Alewife and Riverside for the other two. We nail them as they get off the train, and when I drop this off to Besegai? I take care of him.

MUTTOON

Besegai's a made dude, bro.

SCALVO

A good chunk of a half-million dollar score right in Angletti's lap? It's *copacetic*. Kid isn't his father. He'll let the Besegai thing slide. Believe me. These new guineas? They don't got no respect for the way it used to be.

A door OPENS. A U.S. MARSHALL walks into the hall.

MARSHALL

Scalvo. You're up.

Scal rises, walks into the room.

BAILIFF (O.S.)

How you doing today, Scal?

SCALVO

(Smart-ass)

Tom, I'd like to apply the rights afforded me under the 5th...

TV:

A REPORTER (20s) - red dress, long legs, microphone at cleavage height - stands out in front of Locke-Ober. Behind her, the HUM and RATTLE of a large PARTY can be HEARD.

REPORTER

It's 3 a.m. and the votes are still being tallied here in Boston. What was expected to be a landslide for the incumbent Miccelli is now too close to call. The recent rash of violence, and the reconvening of the special grand jury, has some wondering if the septuagenarian Miccelli can form a tough enough--

EXT. LOCKE-OBER RESTAURANT - DAWN

The ECHO of a CHEER pours into the alley, and a crowd of drunken POLITICOS stumbles out the front door. One Man, shitfaced, slips on the ice and drops a fresh printed BOSTON GLOBE. The headline reads: "IT'S GIDS!"

INT. DOWNTOWN CROSSING SUBWAY STATION - DAWN

Cobby steps off the train in a worn-in MBTA UNIFORM and follows the thin, exiting crowd towards--

THE MAIN STAIRS

Where he meets Rory, leaning against a wall. They look to--

SCALVO

Who, in full uniform, waits by the lip of the tunnel.

All three of them WATCH as a few early morning commuters work their way onto the train. But as the doors DING shut--

The crowd of POLITICOS - having grown now - surges down the Main Staircase. The subway doors DING open, and the train holds as the crowd plows its way into the car.

Cobby looks to Scalvo. Scalvo looks to his WATCH: 5.46. Fuck.

LATER

Cobby, Rory and Scal sprint down the TRACK as the train hurtles off in the opposite direction.

They reach the UTILITY DOOR and cautiously hop over the 3rd RAIL. Scal and Cobby scurry up a small ladder to the DOOR as--

Another TRAIN suddenly HURTLES towards them.

Scal throws himself against the wall. But Cobby reaches down and pulls Rory up just as the train flies by.

After it ROARS through, Cobby and Rory exchange a look. Rory nods his thanks. Cobby shrugs and kicks in the door.

INT. BASEMENT STEPS - LATER

Scal checks his watch: 6.01.

Cobby and Rory - ski-masks on, guns drawn - lead the way up the stairs. They reach the top and burst through a door into--

THE KITCHEN

Where they find the WAIT STAFF still cleaning up from the night before. The place is PACKED, full of COMMOTION--until the Staff sees the GUNS. Then, the entire kitchen goes quiet.

25 dishwashers and cooks exchange terrified looks with three armed, MASKED MEN. No one, on either side this situation, knows what to do. Someone drops a FORK. CLANG. Scal jumps.

SCALVO
All right, you--

Scalvo points to the Brazilian with the TEAR DROP TATTOO and a plate in his hand. Me?

SCALVO (CONT'D)
-Put that shit down and get the
fuck over here now. Move.

Scal grabs him by the back of the shirt and pulls it over his head. He drags him across the room by the back of the neck.

SCALVO (CONT'D)
The rest of ya get down. On ya
knees--hands under your knees.

Scal points Cobby and Rory towards the wait staff.

SCALVO (CONT'D)
Tie 'em off.

COBBY MILNE
We got zipties for like six people.

Scal stares at Cobby. He's right. Fuck.

SCALVO
Well, figure it the fuck out!

Scal shoves the Brazilian through the kitchen DOOR as--

Cobby shakes his head, and apologetically gestures the Wait Staff towards a giant WALK-IN freezer.

COBBY MILNE
Sorry, we're usually a little more
professional about this typa shit.

MANAGER'S OFFICE

Wedge and a BOUNCER (20s) - big, well-dressed, thick - are sharing a drink, laughing, when the Brazilian's shoved through the door head first. Scal follows right behind him.

SCALVO
On the ground now! Get on the
fucking ground!

The Bouncer dives onto the floor. But Wedge, drunk and gimlet-eyed, makes a grab for Scal's gun.

SCALVO (CONT'D)
Are you out of your fucking mind?

Scal pistol whips Wedge in the face and SHOOTs him in the thigh. Wedge hollers and collapses--unconscious. Cobby and Rory walk in and stare at Scal. Are you out of your mind?

But Scal could give a shit. He just stares at the desk: the safe next to it is empty and there's only four small stacks of CASH by Wedge's drinks. This is the score. Furious, Scal grabs the Bouncer and sticks the gun in his eye.

SCALVO (CONT'D)

Where's the fucking money? Where's all the cash from last night?

BOUNCER

There was too much. They took it out in shifts. Jesus Christ! They took it out this morning.

Scal throws Rory and Cobby a look. Cobby's eyes are smiling.

EXT. WINTER STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Brink's Truck pulls onto Winter Street. But an OFF DUTY AMBULANCE is parked in front of WINTER PLACE. It blocks the Brink's Truck from sealing off the alley.

INT. LOCKE-OBER RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Scal leads the way through the empty restaurant, furious, the hockey bag thrown over his shoulder.

COBBY MILNE

(Sarcastic)

Ya gonna be alright carrying that thing all the way to the T? Looks pretty heavy there, guy.

Scal rips of his mask, muttering to himself, as he enters--

THE BAR

Cobby, Scal and Rory pull up IMMEDIATELY as they enter.

The new Mayor, ARTIE GIDDINGS and his two RIGHT HANDS (40s) - overweight, barber-cut hair, brown suits; all of them LOADED - are sitting at the bar drinking with PHIL THE COP.

PHIL THE COP

Well, fucking, here's to you,
Mistah Mayor!

Phil turns to hand Giddings a SHOT and suddenly notices THE GUNS. He jumps off his stool. Scal raises his BERETTA.

SCALVO

Don't fuckin move, you fat fuck.
Don't you fuckin do it!

Rory and Cobby, on instinct, train their guns on Phil.

PHIL THE COP

Ho, kid! No one's doing anything
here, all right? Just chill out.

SCALVO

Keep talking. See what I do.

The bar goes SILENT. Cobby throws a look to the front WINDOW.
He can see right into the alley--their way out, right there.

Giddings slowly rises off his stool.

GIDDINGS

Okay, obviously none of us wants--

Scal COCKS his Beretta.

SCALVO

You wanna die like RFK with your
head on a rubber floor mat? Put
your ass back in the seat. Shut up.

Giddings sits, and looks to Phil. Phil reluctantly lowers his
hands, and sucks in his gut. He puts on his best cop act.

PHIL THE COP

All right guy, let's just take a
minute to consider the
possibilities here, okay?

Cobby groans. This is going to get bad.

PHIL THE COP (CONT'D)

You got options here. You put the
gun away, you got options, okay? We
all wanna keep on breathin, right?
That's what we all want here?

Phil moves towards Scalvo, his hands out at his sides.

COBBY MILNE

(to Scal)

Guy, let's just get outta here
before they start studyin ya face.

Phil's right hand slides towards his HOLSTER.

SCALVO

You've seen what I look like, old
man. You really wanna try that?

Phil raises his eye brows, but he keeps moving towards Scal.

PHIL THE COP

Come on. You wanna put an old timer
down? Or you wanna walk out of here
and blow some insured money? Huh?

Phil's hand slides closer to his .38.

RORY

(to Scal)

Look, you shoot him, ya fuck us
all. Just walk out the door.

Phil keeps reaching for the gun.

SCALVO

I'm tellin ya, don't you fuckin
skin that thing, old man. Don't.

Phil turns his palm up, but keeps it at waist-level.

PHIL THE COP

Skin what? We're just talking here,
okay? That's all we're doin. Just
talking.

COBBY MILNE

(to Phil)

Guy, just turn the fuck around--
we're *two steps* from the door.

Phil unbuckles the holster. Scal starts HYPERVENTILATING.

RORY

(to Scal)

I'm telling you, you shoot that
fucking cop. I shoot you.

Phil wraps his hand around the stock of his .38. Cobby keeps
his gun on Phil, but he EYES Scalvo. Rory does the same.

PHIL THE COP

Just lower the gun, kid. It's okay.

Scal lowers the gun and eyes the front door as--

BOOM. The DOOR behind them BURSTS OPEN.

WAITER (O.S.)

We're being robbed--

On instinct, Scalvo JUMPS and POPS Phil twice in the chest.
Phil, collapsing against the bar, manages to squeeze off one
last, wild round--

Which TEARS into Cobby's SHOULDER. Cobby drops to one knee, HOLLERING.

Terrified, and remembering of his threat, Scalvo turns on Rory. But Rory just tucks his 9mm under Scal's chin. BOOM.

Cobby goes down, but before he can go down all the way, Rory grabs him by the shirt and charges them out the front door.

EXT. LOCKE-OBER RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Rory and Cobby bolt into the alley only to find a Brink's GUARD aiming his revolver at them over the Truck's hood.

But without hesitation, Rory EMPTIES the clip of his 9mm. The Guard ducks down behind the wheel well, and Rory drags Cobby the rest of the way out of the alley.

COBBY MILNE

Where the fuck we gonna go?

Rory spots the--

AMBULANCE

Rory throws open the driver's side door and pulls the EMT out of the front seat. He moves to jump in, but a round of a BUCK SHOT RINGS off the open door. Rory turns and finds--

The GUARD aiming the SHOTGUN at him from behind the truck. He tries to fire his 9mm, but it CLICKS empty.

RORY

OH shit! *Gun! Gun! Gun!*

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE

Cobby, climbing into the driver's seat, tosses his gun out the door to Rory. Rory catches it, pulls the EMT in front of him, and lays down a string of covering fire at the Guard.

The Guard ducks, and Rory tosses the EMT out of the way. He grabs the AMBO's DOOR HANDLE just as...

Cobby swings the bus in a giant, swooping U towards the North side of Winter. But as they turn...

The Brink's Truck LUNGES at them broadside. Rory, hanging on the door, puts five shots in the Brink's windshield.

The Driver, blinded by the shattered glass, swerves, gliding past the ambulance's rear end and SMASHES through the front window of a WET SEAL instead.

EXT. TREMONT STREET - DOWNTOWN BOSTON - DAY

The ambo, LIGHTS and SIRENS blaring, BOMBS out of Winter Street and blows across the four lanes of TREMONT. HORNS sound, breaks SCREECH, rush hour traffic SLAMS to a HALT, as the ambulance motors right for...

AMBULANCE

Rory, crawling over Cobby's lap, SEES where they're headed.

RORY

Are you out of your fucking mind?

COBBY MILNE

I'm driving with one arm for
fucksake, gimme a break!

BOSTON COMMON

Entering the park, the ambo smashes through a row of VENDORS' CARTS outside the PARK STREET T STATION. COMMUTERS flee in all directions, and the ambulance plows into the open FIELDS.

AMBULANCE

Cobby, driving with one arm, fights to keep the wheel steady as the bus sluices through the grass and mud of a Boston park in winter. Rory looks out the open, swinging driver's door.

Six PARK POLICE OFFICERS are chasing them on HORSEBACK.

COBBY

Who the fuck do they think we are,
Indians?

THE COMMON

They blow by the STATE HOUSE on their right and jump the curb into the flow of traffic on BEACON STREET just as--

BOSTON POLICE CRUISERS enter the park and seal it off.

BEACON STREET

The ambo, turning off Beacon, with no wake of wreckage behind them, looks just like any other bus on its way to a call.

EXT. LUSITANIA PARK - LATER

The ambo calmly pulls out of traffic, goes over a sidewalk and into another PARK towards a massive POND.

SIRENS can be heard SCREAMING in the distance

Cobby parks and hops out 20 feet from the water line. He limps to the back of the bus and rips a GAS can off the bumper. He spots Rory walking away from the ambulance.

COBBY MILNE
The fuck you going?

Rory ignores him and keeps moving.

CLICK. Rory stops. He turns and sees Cobby using his good arm to draw a bead on his head.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
You ain't out of this yet.

LATER

With the Ambulance's cab BURNING, Rory and Cobby roll it into the water. The SIRENS are getting closer.

LATER

Rory runs, Cobby hobbling behind him, out onto the sidewalk. As a COP CAR flies by, Cobby dives beneath a MAXIMA.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
Get the glass.

Rory knocks out the car window. An alarm goes off. Fuck.

Cobby crawls up to the next car. A HONDA CIVIC. Rory pops the glass and opens the door. Cobby pulls himself through to the driver's side and rips apart the IGNITION.

Rory looks back to the park. The Police are converging on the burning ambulance. He looks back to Cobby. Cobby's got one wire in his mouth, the other in his good hand.

The CAR STARTS. Rory jumps inside and slams the door.

RORY
Ya banged up, why don't you let me drive?

COBBY MILNE
Fuck off. No one takes me anywhere.

Cobby pulls out and slams right into the car in front of him. Rory gives him a look.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
You fuckin talk too much.

Cobby slams the car into REVERSE, smashes the car behind him, and pulls out into traffic.

LATER

Fifteen squad cars pile into the park. Just as the first Squad Car reaches the water line--BOOM. The ambulance BLOWS.

EXT. TOLL BOOTH - TOBIN BRIDGE - DAY

Rush hour TRAFFIC is at a stand still on a sprawling, four lane toll BRIDGE heading towards DOWNTOWN BOSTON.

INT. CADILLAC DEVILLE - DAY

Besegai, a vacant wide-eyed look on his face, stares out at the ten cars STANDING in front of him at the TOLL.

A thick BODYGUARD (20s) sits in the back looking embarrassed.

BODYGUARD
You think it's really that bad?

RADIO (O.S.)
*...a cop was gunned down, leading
to a daring chase involving a
stolen city ambulance, which was
lit on fire outside--*

Traffic moves, then abruptly STOPS. Besegai SLAMS on the breaks. The car rocks back and forth. It's all he can take.

BESEGAI
Fuck. FUCK! FUCKING--

Besegai thrashes in the front seat and the Bodyguard ducks, as if for cover. Besegai whacks the wheel, honks the horn, bashes the radio until all SOUND stops.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)
Motherfucking-ah-fungool-piece-of-
shit! CUNT! CUNT! Fucking CUNT!

Besegai looks up. An OLD WOMAN (70s) is staring at him from the next car, disgusted.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)
Yeah, I meant you, you stupid
bitch. Fuck you! FUCK YOU!
(to himself)
Fuck Me! Jesus fucking--

He turns back to traffic and LEANS on the HORN.

EXT. BRUTTO CANE BAKERY - NORTH END - DAY

Besegai storms out the front, a Samsonite in hand, tucking a silver Colt '11 into his belt. DeChico calmly follows him.

DECHICO

Whattya want me to do here, Greg?
You want me to call in Cullotta?
Whattya want?

Besegai throws the suitcase in the back of a CADILLAC CTS parked with two wheels on the curb.

BESEGAI

Nah, it ain't that bad yet. Get fuck-head's friends--get them pieces of shit to clean this up. Put the fear of God in em about who's paying for this abortion. If *that* don't work? *Call the Old Man.*

Besegai walks around to the driver's side.

DECHICO

Okay, so that's ya solution? You just want to kill the other two?

BESEGAI

UNFUCK YOUR HEAD, Ricky! You even gotta ask me this shit now? Like I need this from you? Come on. *THINK.*

Besegai jumps in the Caddy and tears off down the block.

POST ROBBERY MONTAGE:

- Winter Place is cordoned off. Police TAPE stretches from a lamp post, across the street, to the bullet-riddled Brink's truck sitting in the middle of the Wet Seal.

- Phil the Cop lays dead, propped up at the foot of the bar. A CSI tech tapes off the outline of his body.

- Giddings and his two Suits are questioned by Detectives in a BOOTH. They look weary and distraught, as if they've gotten to the other side of grief already.

EXT. LOCKE-OBER RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

CHIEF OF DETECTIVES JOE DECLAN (55) - a man as short and hard as a roofer's nail - ducks under the tape and holds it for MAYOR MICCELLI and his two BODYGUARDS.

DECLAN

Seems the Cop'd been doing shots on shift with the Mayor-to-be for an hour or so before he got it. Press just got a hold of that one. S'a clusterfuck in itself right there.

The Mayor makes a face as he comes into view of the DEAD COP.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

For the visiting team: one of the suspects bought it in the bar. You got another two on the wind--one wounded. Brink's man made a try at 'em, but he thought he'd make better use of his time parking in the petite section of the Wet Seal instead.

The Mayor toes the BULLET CASINGS littering the sidewalk.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Whole goddamn thing's a living fuckin nightmare.

MAYOR MICCELLI

Christ almighty, this how I'm going out, isn't it? Losing to a faggot computer genius on the back of a dead cop. Jesus, Mary and Joseph...

DECLAN

Well, you got every dick in town here digging shit up, Mark.

The Mayor sighs, sticking his hands in his pockets.

MAYOR MICCELLI

No, fuck these people. Let the SOU loose on 'em. Let those maniacs handle it.

Jim Croce's "Big Bad Leroy Brown" begins to play.

INT. CHARLESTOWN (BOSTON) POLICE STATION - DAY

FRANCES TOOMEY (30s) - the biggest, meanest black man you've ever seen - strolls down a hallway, his shoulders nearly touching either side, towards what sounds like a **BRAWL**.

HOLDING PEN

8 UNIFORMED OFFICERS are attempting to corral a 6'5, 300lb SAMOAN PILL-POPPER into BOOKING. But eyes glazed over, dope strong and brave, the Samoan won't go easy:

He shoulder-shoves two cops through the drywall, boots a chair across the room, topples a DESK with his knees...

Four JUNKIES in the HOLDING CELL cheer him on.

JUNKIES

Fuck yeah! The Maori Warrior, baby!
The Maori Warrior!

...a Cop grabs his elbow, and the Samoan flings him through a Coke Machine. Another Cop jumps on him, and BELTS him with a baton. But the giant just spins and flings the Cop off.

PATROLMAN

Christ, go for his fuckin knees!

Four Cops dive for his legs. The Samoan's forced into a kneel. But as he's going down, he pops HIS CUFFS. FUCK.

The Samoan springs back to his feet. The Cops just move out of his way. He bounds for the door, unimpeded. Until--

TOOMEY

Rounds the corner. The Samoan rushes him. But Toomey just nonchalantly drills him in the side of the head. The Samoan trips over his feet and collapses. OUT COLD.

The Uniformed Cops, scattered along the hall, look up at Toomey in awe. How? How did you do that? Toomey grabs the Samoan by the hair and drags him all the way over to BOOKING.

A Junky in the pen BANGS on the bars.

JUNKY

Ah fuck you too, Toomey, you big
fuck! *Fuck you, too!*

Toomey laughs. He PRINTS the Samoan, and when he's done, drags him over to the Holding Cell. The Junkies JUMP away.

JUNKY (CONT'D)

Oh, what are you doing, Toomah? I
was just fuckin kidding! You can't
put that animal in here. Whattya
doing to me, Toomah!

Toomey tosses the Samoan in the cage. The Junkies back away.

JUNKY (CONT'D)

Aw man! This is fuckin cruel, man.
He gonna be mean, he ever come to!

TOOMEY

Yeah? Well, if that piece of shit ever wakes up, you tell him KONG did that dirty to him.

EXT. LOCKE-OBER RESTAURANT - DAY

The SPECIAL OPERATIONS UNIT (SOU) TRUCK - a giant, extended armored car - pulls up to the alley at Winter Place.

INT. CRIME SCENE - LOCKE-OBER - LATER

Declan walks Toomey through the front door and into the BAR. A CSI Tech is chalking out the puddle of blood next to SCALVO's head. Toomey sees this and grins.

DECLAN

Alec Scalvo. Small time piece of shit. Operates a crew outta one of the Sons of Italy down the South Shore. His usual crew's got solid alibis, so it looks like he got "promoted" for this one. The Restaurant Manager says he's the one popped him inna knee--that guy ain't feelin too hot right now, either. But our boy--

Toomey studies the OUTLINE of Phil the Cop next to the bar.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

He ain't feelin nothing. Executed. Two inna chest. Tough shit of it is, he winged one of them too and we just found out all this was done for about 50k. So I'm assumin no one, on either side'a this masterstroke, 's happy right now.

Toomey stands back up, nodding.

TOOMEY

Who we looking for for it?
(Declan shrugs)
What the hell does the Man want me for then?

DECLAN

For whatever you think'll help.
(Toomey raises an eyebrow)
That's what the Man *said*, Toomah.
Whatever you think will help.

Toomey grins and throws another look to Scalvo.

DECLAN (CONT'D)
So whattya thinking?

TOOMEY
(Shrugging)
Well, there's only one asshole in
this city dumb enough to fuck shit
up this bad.

INT. BRUTTO CANE BAKERY - NORTH END - NIGHT

An SOU COP - tactical gear, helmet, semi-automatic - storms
through the front door and button-hooks around the frame.
Three other SOUs follow in behind him and fan out.

Inside, DeChico stands behind a counter - a room-length glass
display case running along the right wall - casually paging
through the Boston Herald. Two HEAVY-SET Italian men (50s)
play cards at small table near the door to the back room.

Toomey walks in behind his SOU COPS.

DECHICO
The fuck you want?

TOOMEY
Where's the *Busy-guy*, Ricky?

DECHICO
Up ya sister's ass. The fuck should
I know? I'm just the baker.

DeChico turns back to his paper. Toomey nods his Cops towards
the two fat men. They pull the Fat Men out of the restaurant.

TOOMEY
That how you gonna play me, Ricky?
You boss steps out for two minutes,
you the chief WOP round here now?
Well, maybe you've been too busy
with your cookies to hear, but a
cop got killed this mornin. More
than that, there's a dead dago next
to him *without no fuckin head*.

DECHICO
Oh I see, is that why they let you
outta that cage up Charlestown,
Francis? I hope they got a tire in
that one like they had for ya
mother down Franklin Park. *Francis*.

Two SOU Cops behind Toomey exchange looks. Uh oh.

TOOMEY

You don't wanna make this easy on
either of us, do you Richard?

DeChico folds up his paper, stares at Toomey.

DECHICO

Make what easy? There ain't
anything here to make less
difficult. Show me a fucking
warrant, or get the fuck out.

Toomey leans all the way across the counter.

TOOMEY

Richard, you forget what city you
live in? A cop is dead. I show up
at ya door after that? There ain't
nothin holdin my chain, brotha.

DECHICO

(Shrugging)

Hey. Do whatcha gotta do, Frank.

Toomey shrugs. Okay. He hauls up the CASH REGISTER and
SMASHES it through the DISPLAY CASE. As the glass SHATTERS--

A flood of SOU Cops storms into the bakery and tear the place
to studs. They pull down shelves of bread, cookies; smash
tables, chairs; break windows; ding up the floors, etc.

DeChico, disinterested, turns from Toomey to a COFFEE URN and
pours himself a cup. He sips as he watches the destruction.

EXT. PARKING LOT - HAMPTON BEACH, NH - DUSK

A blue ACURA pulls into a deserted lot, strewn with sand and
snow, and drives up to the WATERLINE.

Rory and Cobby hop out. They lean into the doors and push the
car into the ocean. The waves ROAR as they swallow it up.

Cobby and Rory watch as the Acura gets sucked out by the
tide, its tail lights still GLOWING under the dark water.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - NIGHT

Cobby stumbles up a dark road, favoring his left side--the
side that took the bullet. Rory braces his good one.

INT. BEACH CABIN - NIGHT

The front door bursts open, letting in what little light the moon's throwing. Rory drags Cobby over the threshold.

RORY
This your place?

COBBY MILNE
Uncle's.

Cobby flips on the light - a small, yellow table lamp - and sits slowly on the couch. Rory moves the lamp to the floor, where it'll throw less light, and pulls the drapes shut.

Cobby looks pale, and his skin glistens with sweat. His eyes keep trying to shut.

RORY
You don't look so hot.

Cobby shrugs and attempts to pull off his shirt, but can't. He gets winded and stops, the shirt halfway up his body.

Rory walks into the kitchen, comes back with two BUDWEISERS. He hands one to Cobby.

COBBY MILNE
It's warm.

RORY
Ain't my fuckin house.

Cobby nods and sucks it down anyway. Rory pulls out a SWITCHBLADE and cuts off the shirt. Cobby's chest is black, blue and caked in dried blood. His arms look uneven.

RORY (CONT'D)
Clavicle looks broken.

COBBY MILNE
Feel's right. Can't really breathe.

RORY
Sure it's not your lung?

Cobby takes a deep breath, nods. He pulls on the beer.

RORY (CONT'D)
All right then. Ya not gonna die
right away. You got a little time.

Cobby nods. Thanks a lot. Rory moves towards the door.

RORY (CONT'D)
Well, been nice knowing ya.

COBBY MILNE

Wait, what--where you going?

Rory pulls the door open.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

Woah! What the fuck--you're just
gonna leave me here, you big fuck?

Rory turns from Cobby to the door. But he stops when he gets a glimpse of the night outside: it's black, empty, and cold. The sight of it seems to arrest him.

MR. KELLY (V.O.)

You know what's out there for you?

INT. HADRIAN'S WALL - DAY

Mr. Kelly leans towards Rory, his elbows on the stick.

MR. KELLY

Cause I'll vouch you to Besegai--if
that's what you want. But I'd think
hard about it...

INT. DINING ROOM - CALHOUN HOUSE - NIGHT

Rory sits in the middle of a crowded holiday DINNER, his hair still military trim. There's a flurry of activity around him - his MOTHER cutting his SISTER's (8) meat; MR. CALHOUN (50s) telling a story to his three younger SONS (teens) - but Rory CAN'T HEAR any of it. He can only HEAR his own breathing, as if he were watching these people from inside a spacesuit.

MR. KELLY (V.O.)

Ya a good kid. Ya come from good
people. And what ya asking about?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rory pops awake and looks around, panicked, as if he's just heard something. He stares out his bedroom door, waiting...

MR. KELLY (V.O.)

This is what you do when you got no
one, kid. It ain't like what you're
doing for me here, which I
appreciate. But it ain't that.

HALLWAY

Rory stalks down a staircase, NAKED, a .45 in his hands.

MR. KELLY (V.O.)
It's different. You do this? You
become something else entirely.

BATHROOM

Rory kicks in the door and flips on a light, drawing his gun.
At the end of it, he finds his SISTER sitting on the toilet,
horrificed.

TINKLE.

MR. KELLY (V.O.)
Now I know you've been through some
things recently...

A looks comes over Rory as if he can tell exactly what he
looks like standing there, naked, with a gun on his Sister.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

--Rory sits in the WAITING ROOM of a U.S. NAVY PSYCHOLOGIST.
A Marine (20s) sits across from him, visibly SHAKING.

--Rory walks out of a CVS. He considers a bottle of PILLS. He
tosses them to a BUM panhandling outside the door.

MR. KELLY
But this is not an easy life. Not
lot of 'em make it. You can't trust
anyone. And despite how you may
try, you will probably always have
to be alone if you wanna survive.

HADRIAN'S WALL

Mr. Kelly holds Rory's eye contact.

MR. KELLY (CONT'D)
And even without all that bullshit,
this is just a dark and lonely
world to be alone in, kid.

INT. BEACH CABIN - NIGHT

Rory looks back inside. Cobby's staring at him, eyes
feverish, his chest heaving shallow breaths. He's genuinely
scared--vulnerable. He won't ask for help, but the look on
his face is an honest plea.

Rory swings the door shut. Cobby winces, relieved.

INT. BACK BEDROOM - BEACH CABIN - LATER

A small candle on the floor lights up the room just enough to illuminate a case of Bud and a MATTRESS that's leaned up against the room's lone window.

Rory and Cobby are seated on the opposite wall, on either side of a SPACE HEATER, drinking. Cobby's wrapped in a series of blankets, his eyes half-closed, his head swooning.

COBBY MILNE

(Delirious)

I can't believe ya stayed--you pussy. Shoulda taken off. I mean, look at me: I'm fuckin hemorrhagin all over the place here. Ya shoulda just fuckin gone...I'da left ya.

RORY

You coulda left me to get run over.

(Cobby SHRUGS)

You coulda left me hanging with Besegai in that Yacht Club.

COBBY MILNE

(Laughing)

Yeah, some favor I did you. *Real fucking favor* I did you there. So really--why? Why'd you stay? I woulda left and you fuckin know it.

RORY

I'm not you. So shut up.

Cobby nods, but stops abruptly--WINCING. He finishes his Bud and rolls the bottle away. He holds out his hand and Rory fills it with another. They drink. Out of this silence...

TIRES CRUNCH GRAVEL. And the GLARE of HEADLIGHTS seeps into the room from around the sides of the mattress.

Rory slides carefully over to the window.

OUTSIDE, a SQUAD CAR is pulling up to the house.

Rory pulls his 9mm. He watches two Cops walk up to the window, and he quietly chambers a round. But once the Cops get there, they just start pissing against the house.

COBBY MILNE (O.S.)

They're takin a piss, right?

(Rory gives him a LOOK)

They been doin it for years. My uncle's got a reputation round here all his own.

Rory shakes his head. Thanks for warning me. Cobby grins, and Rory slides down against the heater. He opens another beer.

RORY

Can I ask you something?

Cobby waves his good hand. Ga'head.

RORY (CONT'D)

What happened that night at the Wall?

COBBY MILNE

Just some bullshit. Tough Guy didn't like the story I was telling his girlfriend.

RORY

What was the story?

COBBY MILNE

Nothing. Just how when I was a kid I used to watch BEDKNOBS AND BROOMSTICKS with my grandfather. And my grandfather punched me in the head about it once.

Rory smiles.

RORY

That your usual tact with women?

COBBY MILNE

Makes 'em think you're a nice guy ya talk about your family. Softens 'em up. Softens em right up...and ya can stick it in their ass.

RORY

(Shaking his head)

Jesus, I don't know what you are, but it ain't a human being.

Cobby laughs. Whattya gonna do? But the motion makes him clutch his collar. When the pain passes, he drinks.

RORY (CONT'D)

You still got a family?

COBBY MILNE

Nope. Dead. You?

RORY

Yeah. Big one.

It gets quiet. Cobby rolls another empty away from him.

COBBY MILNE

There any truth to that story they
tell about you?

Rory nods, slowly. Remembering.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

It hard? Living with something like
that...like with Scal?

Rory stares out into the darkness of the room.

RORY

Problem for me wasn't - *isn't* -
that I don't like it.

Cobby doesn't respond. Rory tosses him a look. Cobby's passed
out against the heater. Rory reaches over, props him up
against the wall. Alone now, Rory cracks another beer and--

Stares out into the darkness of the room.

INT. BRUTTO CANE BAKERY - NIGHT

Toomey walks in the front door, his boots crunching on broken
glass, and looks around the place. It's been levelled.

A SERGEANT, helmet in hands, walks up.

SERGEANT

All that's here's Neopolitan
cookies and a bad fucking attitude,
honch'. I don't think we're gonna
find much else either.

TOOMEY

(Shrugging)

I didn't think you would, Murph.

The Sergeant gives Toomey a look, but then he sees over
Toomey's shoulder and out the smashed-in front WINDOW: a huge
crowd has gathered on the street, a lot of them ITALIAN MEN,
and they're all talking. Toomey's just gave them message.

SERGEANT

(Smiling)

Hey, you're the boss.

TOOMEY

Yup. I'm the boss.

SERGEANT

So where to now, honcho?

TOOMEY

Blood work should be back from the
rest'rant.

(Turns for the door)

Let's go see who these
motherfuckers we chasin are.

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS - DAY

Rory watches the parking lot of a Dunkin from a bus bench
across the street. A State Trooper car is parked out front.

Two TROOPERS exit and Rory strolls over to the corner. He
reaches open a BOSTON HERALD MACHINE, pulls out a paper and
uses it to hide his face.

The Herald headline reads, "LOCKE-OBER HEIST;" the front
splash's an artist's RENDERING of two MASKED MEN.

The Troopers drive off. Rory pulls his 9MM out of his jeans,
folds the paper around it, and crosses the street.

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS - CONTINUOUS

Rory cautiously crosses the lot, paper in his armpit and--

INSIDE

--enters the shop. Rory stomps the snow off his boots and
carefully surveys the Double D. It's empty. He takes the
paper from under his arm and walks up to the counter.

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS - LATER

Rory walks out - paper tucked into the back of his jeans -
and uses his teeth to take the lid off his coffee. He's got a
spare cup, presumably for Cobby, in the other hand. He gets
the lid off, flings it into the lot, and sips as--

He passes a BLACK VAN.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ho there, tough guy.

Rory stops. He knows the voice. Georgie Mutton.

MUTTON

Where ya going, Tough Guy?

The van's sliding door SCREECHES open and two more GOONS
climb out: MOOCH (20s) and DINGER (30s).

The Modern Lover's "RoadRunner" is playing inside.

MUTTOON (CONT'D)
Come on, Tough Guy. Let's go for a
spin around the block.

Rory WINCES. He's outnumbered. His gun's tucked into his
belt, and both of his hands are full. He nods to Muttoon.

MUTTOON (CONT'D)
(Smiling)
Get in the side.

Rory walks over to Mooch and Dinger. He hands Dinger the
spare cup of coffee.

RORY
Hold this.

Dinger places it on the van's roof and with his back turned,
Rory flings his own cup in Mooch's face. Mooch SCREAMS.
Dinger whips around--

And gets Rory's boot below his belt. Rory smashes Dinger's
face off his knee and turns to Muttoon, who--

Is whipping out a SIG 9MM. But Rory grabs his wrist and
tosses him like a bag of trash into the side of the van.
Muttoon drops the gun, dazed, and Rory grabs him by the neck.
Rory forces him onto the runner of the van's sliding door.

MUTTOON
Please no--

Rory smashes Muttoon's head--over and over and over again.

When Muttoon BLACKS out, Rory takes the coffee off the top of
the van and takes a sip. He gives the crew a look over.
Dinger is HOLLERING on the ground, and Mootch is still
squirming around, trying to get the sting out of his eyes.

Rory walks over and pours his coffee onto Mooch's face.

INT. BACK BEDROOM - BEACH CABIN - LATER

Rory bursts in and finds Cobby stretched out on the ground,
as if he were reaching for the door. Cob's barely breathing.

RORY
Oh shit...

EXT. BRUTTO CANE BAKERY - NORTH END - DAY

Two GLASS WORKERS fit a giant piece of glass into the busted
window frame on the right front of the store. The left window
is still boarded up with plywood.

A sign on the wood reads: "Open during Re-Modeling."

INT. KITCHEN - BRUTTO CANE BAKERY - NORTH END - CONTINUOUS

DeChico leans on a giant PREP TABLE in the center of the BACK ROOM, dividing his attention between a flour-encrusted flat screen in the corner and the FOOTBALL CARD he's filling out.

DECHICO

(Distracted)

Look, I don't wanna hear you back talk. Just tell me: what'd your father do for a living?

Muttoon, with two black eyes and giant bandage for where the door ran him over, is sitting on a stool across the table.

MUTTOON

He was a firefighter.

DECHICO

Oh a civil servant. That actually explains a lot. But tell me something, in what fuckin *dream* of yours did someone tell you *this* was an occupation where you could hand in excuses, or call in sick?

DeChico looks up from his CARD. Muttoon hangs his head.

DECHICO (CONT'D)

No, please. Tell me. It sounds like a magical fuckin fantasy. Probably the same type-a thing convinces my brother he can still fuck Julia Roberts. Me, I'm a realist. Only thing I see my hog in is size 40 Hanes and my wife's jewelry box. So please, continue. Tell me about your problems, Red, 'cause really, I got nothin more important to do.

Muttoon holds DeChico's eyes but slowly looks away to the bakers hustling at the stoves behind him.

DECHICO (CONT'D)

What's up, story time over?

MUTTOON

Whattya want me to do? I can't--

DECHICO

I don't wanna hear what you can and can not do, buddy.

(MORE)

DECHICO (CONT'D)

Ya friend sat with his head in that fuckin sink, called in a marker. He gets his face blown off, it falls to you. That's how this type-a shit works.

MUTTOON

Look, Mr. DeChico, I'm all for helping out, but whattya want me from me? One of my guys, he can't fucking see. I got another guy down MGH, they're untwisting his balls. He's got a wire crossed in there or something--he's in excruciating pain. Not to mention my best friend just got his brains blown out all over fuckin Downtown Crossing last night. So help me out here, *for crissakes*. I'm on my own.

DECHICO

Sure. I'll help ya out. Here's some free advice for ya: unless ya want your brains blown out all over Hanover Street, FIND THE OTHER FUCKING TWO.

Muttoon half-stands to confront DeChico. But DeChico just glances over his shoulder. Muttoon turns--

The Two FAT MEN from the cafe are smoking cigarettes by the back door, watching Muttoon closely.

DECHICO (CONT'D)

Look, don't take this so hard, kid. We all take a beating from someone.

Ricky waves to the door looking out into the BUSTED UP CAFE.

DECHICO (CONT'D)

It's just a parta life. But please: go find the other fuckin two, 'kay?

EXT. SPLIT LEVEL, TWO FAMILY HOME - DAY

MRS. HAGGERTY (70s) opens her front door and peers through the screen. Toomey's on the front step. Mrs. Haggerty FROWNS.

TOOMEY

Morning Ma'am. Jake wouldn't happen to be in, would he?

Haggerty squints at Toomey.

TOOMEY (CONT'D)

I just wanted to see if the boy was all right. Just checkin in. Haven't heard from him in a few days.

(No Response)

I'm Frank.

MRS. HAGGERTY

I don't think I've ever heard any of his friends call him Jake.

Toomey smiles, undeterred.

TOOMEY

Well, truth be told, Ma'am? I'm more of a *friend of Bill's* than a friend of Jake's. But I assume Jake's maybe how he goes about stayin' *anonymous*, you know?

Mrs. Haggerty raises her eyebrows. Oh I see...

INT. COBBY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Haggerty opens the door to tiny, wood-panelled closet of a room. The place is Spartan--cot, bureau, pull-up bar. The floor under the cot is covered in EMPTIES.

MRS. HAGGERTY

(Sighing)

Haven't been in here in awhile.
Hope you would assume that.

Toomey nods, *yeah-sure*, and walks over to the dresser. There's the RAZOR; a receipt from Conaway's REPAIR SHOP; a frame of an Elderly Man holding a Young Kid during a parade. There's a SNOOPY card stuck in the mirror. Toomey opens it. The card's blank. He hands it to Mrs. Haggerty. She shrugs.

MRS. HAGGERTY (CONT'D)

Maybe he just liked the card?

Toomey fingers a huge pile of TICKETS littering the bureau.

MRS. HAGGERTY (CONT'D)

It's funny, he never had much but he never had a problem getting into those games. Usedta take my grandson a lot. Don't know how he did that. They're always sold out.

Toomey frowns, fingering through the stubs. He drops a BRUINS ticket and spots a note on the back as it lands: "The Peppino." He reads it, but discards it as nothing. He sighs. What a waste of time. But as Toomey turns for the door--

His eyes come to rest on the BOTTLES under the cot. He shakes his head, laughing at himself. How'd I not think of this?

TOOMEY

Say Ma'am, any place in particular
Cobby like to tie one on?

INT. CAUSEWAY STREET - NIGHT

Muttoon, from inside his van, watches BALD MIKE huck tickets out in front of the Garden.

BALD MIKE (O.S.)

Whatchu want? Whatchu need?

A hockey HORN SOUNDS. The Garden lets out and Causeway suddenly floods with people. Muttoon jumps out of the van.

CAUSEWAY STREET

Muttoon, walking with the foot traffic, flows right up to Bald Mike. He pulls a .38 snub nose from his pocket and jams it in Mike's back, pushing him along with the crowd.

BALD MIKE (CONT'D)

The fuck are you?

MUTTOON

Jacob Milne, if he had to bolt,
where would he run?

BALD MIKE

Guy, I got no fucking clue what
you're talking about.

Muttoon jabs him with the gun.

MUTTOON

Look at my face right now. Look at
me and tell me if you think I care
about shooting you dead right here
in the street.

Bald Mike considers Muttoon's face.

BALD MIKE

Ya forcing me to put my livelihood
in question here.

MUTTOON

I'm a little short on sympathy
right now, pal. Milne and the Quiet
Man. Where would they go?

BALD MIKE

Who?

MUTTOON

Are you busting me?

(Mike shakes his head)

Calhoun.

Bald Mike sighs and rubs a hand over his scalp.

BALD MIKE

I'm not saying shit either way. But those two fucking hate each other. Only one place in the world they're gonna show up in tandem.

Muttoon shoves Mike away from him, and sticks the .38 back in his pocket. He walks off alone, blending into the crowd.

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - NIGHT

Rory watches the EMERGENCY entrance of MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL from his driver's seat. The Hospital is on its own side road, off of a main avenue - CAMBRIDGE STREET - secluded behind an administration building and a parking lot. Rory's watching the ER from across Cambridge Street.

COBBY MILNE (O.S.)

You are out of your fucking mind coming back here in a stolen car-- in a car you took over a state line. You have gone *fucking* soft.

Cobby's laid out in the back seat. Face pale. Eyes closing.

RORY

I could've let you die, left ya in a hospital up in New Hampshire.

COBBY MILNE

What am I gonna do here? Die in the backseat of some asshole's Camry? How am I gonna go in there?

Rory watches TWO UNIFORM COPS walks out of the ER. He looks at the ARTIST'S RENDERING in the paper on the front seat.

RORY

You know, they don't know what we look like. They're just looking for the gunshot wound.

He holds up the paper.

COBBY MILNE

Or maybe they got my DNA from the bar. Either way, doesn't solve the actual fuckin gun shot, does it?

RORY

Fuck this, I'm grabbing a nurse.

Rory starts the car. Cobby laughs. *Yeah-sure.*

RORY (CONT'D)

Any kind in particular you want?

COBBY MILNE

Yeah, grab an attractive one, will ya? Italian, if they got it. Make sure she's bitchy looking, too. I like my broads all leg and mean.

Rory pulls out. Cobbys starts humming "Something in the Air."

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL - LATER

Rory walks into an alley - the PARKING STRUCTURE on his right, the ER entrance ahead of him - and lights a cigarette.

The ER doors slide open. A Father and two small children - a girl with a "Get Well Grandma" balloon and a crying BOY - walk out. They're followed by a Black Man on his cellphone. Behind him, ducks out a woman in NURSE'S SCRUBS.

Rory spots her and tosses his cigarette. As she gets closer, Rory begins to realize the nurse is...

DONNA TOMASINO (20s) - brunette, Italian, fiery - to a T the woman Cobby described.

RORY

(To himself)

Oh get the fuck out of here.

Rory cross the alley as Donna puts on her I-Pod.

RORY (CONT'D)

Excuse me?

(She looks up at him,
undeterred)

My friend's pretty banged up. Could you help me get him inside?

DONNA

Just pull around. They'll send an orderly out.

Donna blows right by him.

RORY

I, um, I just don't know how much time he's got left.

DONNA

I guess you better hurry then, huh?

She walks faster. Rory has to hustle to catch up.

RORY

Look, I can't let you go.

(She gives him a LOOK)

I've just never seen anyone look that good in nurse's scrubs before.

She fights down a smile, but keeps walking.

DONNA

You know if you weren't somewhat attractive, I'd really think you were about to try and rape me?

(Rory smiles)

Thought your friend was hurt?

RORY

No, my friend is genuinely dying. But when I told him I was gonna go gr--find a nurse he asked for "a beautiful Italian." So, how could I go back knowing I let one walk?

DONNA

(Smiling)

You already said the good-looking thing. It was a valiant effort, but have a good night.

She sticks her earbuds back in and walks ahead. Rory shrugs. He tried. As Donna rounds the corner, he grabs her at the waist and hauls her off over his shoulder.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Hey! What do you think you're doing? Put me the fuck down!

She starts to beat on his back, and just as she takes a lung full of breath to SCREAM--

POP. A car door's opened and she's shoved inside.

INT. TOYOTA CAMRY - CONTINUOUS

Once inside, Donna loses it. She SCREAMS and kicks at the door--knocking it into Rory as he tries to close it.

DONNA
RAPE! RAPE!

Cobby tries to hold her, but she reaches back and TEARS at his face. Cobby hollers and lets go. Donna spins around, sees the blood on his shirt and WALLOPS him on his wound.

COBBY MILNE
Oh my fucking Christ!

Rory hops in the front and PEGS Donna off the head with something. It makes a DULL THUD, and the lightness of the gesture stops her. She looks down: it's a BRICK OF MONEY.

RORY
Listen, we're not fucking rape
artist's, all right? My buddy here
is legitimately *dying*. We need
help, but we can't go inside.

Donna, panting, stares at Rory as if she could stab out his eyes. Rory points to Cobby.

RORY (CONT'D)
Look.

Cobby rolls onto his side and pukes in the backseat.

DONNA
(Gasping)
Where are you hurt?

She tries to roll him over to get a look at the GSW.

COBBY MILNE
Jesus, get the away from me, you
crazy cunt. Fuck me...

Donna turns towards the door.

RORY
I can pay you, all right?

DONNA
Give me one good reason I shouldn't
yell rape right now.

RORY
Well, besides the fact that no one
came running the first time? I
truly think he's going to fucking
die. He might be belligerent, but
no one deserves to die in Toyota.
There's 10k there.

Donna stares at him, considering.

DONNA
I want 40.

Rory gives her a look.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Student loans.

Rory chucks three more bricks at her.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(Shocked)
Where'd you get this?

RORY
Don't worry about it.

Rory turns around and pulls the car away from the hospital.

DONNA
Where are we going to do this?

Rory looks at her in the REARVIEW. Donna's eyes pop open.

EXT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - DOWNTOWN MELROSE, MA - NIGHT

The Camry pulls up to a set of BROWNSTONES.

LATER

Rory, holding Cobby's shoulders, and Donna, carrying Cobby's feet, awkwardly work their way down a short set of stairs towards a basement apartment.

DONNA
What do we say if my neighbors come out?

RORY
Say he's drunk.

DONNA
He's bleeding all over the place.

RORY
They moved to Boston. They'll think it's local color.

INT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rory drags Cobby in through the door. Donna drops his feet and storms towards a CLOSET. Rory drags him to a couch.

DONNA

Do not put him down there.

Rory stares at her, still holding Cobby up. Donna pulls out a painter's tarp from the closet, moves her coffee table and spreads it out on the wood floor. Rory lays Cobby down.

RORY

What can I do?

DONNA

Put him in the position where I can
bust see the wound. I need to grab
my stuff from the other room.

Rory moves to follow her.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You're gonna trust me with your
friend's life, but you won't trust
me to get the tools to do it?

Rory waves her off. Donna leaves. Rory bends down and pulls off Cobby's shirt. Cobby's barely responsive. He's trying to HUM "Something in the Air."

RORY

She's gonna fix you, all right?

Cobby's eyes roll around in his head. His humming trails off.

Donna storms back in, carrying a small BLACK BAG. She throws it down next to Cobby, roughly grabs his arm and preps a NEEDLE. She's about to JAM it in when--

Rory puts a gentle hand on her arm.

RORY (CONT'D)

If you fuck with him? When it's
over? I'm gonna fuck with you.

Donna considers this. Rory ain't joking.

DONNA

I need rubbing alcohol. There's
some in the bathroom.

Rory gets up to get it. Donna, holding the needle, stares down at Cobby's lifeless face. He looks like he's smiling at some stupid, private joke. He's not a bad looking guy.

LATER

Cobby snaps awake, terrified. He's laying on a tarp, his shoulder covered in an ace bandage. He spots Rory sitting on a couch above him, drinking from of a rock's glass.

COBBY MILNE
Jesus Christ, I saw the tarp and
thought someone was about to chop
me into pieces.

RORY
Someone still might.

COBBY MILNE
Yeah, well...what are you drinking?

Rory hands him his glass. Cobby downs it. He lays back down
with an exhausted groan. He notices the novel apartment.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
Where are we?

RORY
Donna Tomasino's apartment.

Cobby's eyes pop open.

COBBY MILNE
She was real?

RORY
Yup. Very. She patched you up. Even
after you called her a cunt. How
you get this lucky with shit, I'll
never know.

COBBY MILNE
(Sarcastic)
Whattya mean you don't know? I'm
Jacob Milne.

Rory smiles.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
Where is she?

Rory nods towards the bedroom. Cobby's face drops.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
You left her alone?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rory pops open the door. The joints CREAK, and a well-defined
beam of light breaks into the room from the hall, outlining
Donna's bed. Donna's turned away from the door, sleeping.

Rory slowly moves in and reaches for her IPHONE on the
bedside dresser. But a HAND reaches out and grabs his wrist.

DONNA
The fuck do you want?

RORY
Let me see the phone.
(She stares at him)
Why won't you let me see it?

She smiles. Rory grabs the phone, checks her MADE CALLS. 911 at 1.10. He checks his watch. 1.20.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - LATER

Donna's shoved out the front door. Rory, Cobby's arm slung over his shoulder, is right behind her.

COBBY MILNE
Is this all cause I called you the
"c-word?" Cause, you know, I was
delusional when I did that.

She gives him a look.

RORY
Which is your car?

DONNA
The blue Beamer.

RORY
Open it.

Donna fingers her keys out of her purse and pops the lock. But as Rory pours Cobby inside, Donna makes a DASH for it.

Rory bolts after her and catches her halfway down the block. He grabs her by the hair and walks her back.

DONNA
Let me go, you fuckin piece of
shit! Let go!

She lets out a SCREAM, and Rory throws her into the car. But as he tries to open the driver's door, she locks it.

Rory sighs. And punches in the glass.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Rory lights the engine and carefully scans the road ahead. He looks behind him in the REARVIEW. The street's clear. Empty. He tosses a look over his shoulder at Cobby in the back.

RORY

You still sure you want me to
drive? This is twice in one day.

Cobby gives him a look. Then, GRINS.

COBBY MILNE

Man, you just fuckin talk too much.

Rory smiles. Firmly, but without making the tires squeal, he pulls out and heads down the road. The block's quiet, calm. But as they come up to the first STOP SIGN--

The SOU TRUCK SCREECHES to a STOP on their right. Fuck.

Rory stares at the Driver. The Driver stares back at him. Rory, taking a chance, waves the Truck through. The Driver, grateful, waves thanks and turns left around them.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

Oh thank Christ.

But as the Truck passes, Donna jumps across seat and LEANS on the HORN. The Truck SLAMS to a stop. Rory shoves Donna out of the way, but she clips the RADIO as she goes.

"Downtown" by Petula Clark BLARES out of the Beamer.

PETULA CLARK

*When you're alone and life is
making you lonely...*

Rory and Cobby look out the left side of the car. The SOU Driver is staring down at them. They stare right back.

PETULA CLARK (CONT'D)

...You can always go--Downtown!

COBBY MILNE

Go!

Rory tears off in REVERSE. But behind them--

TWO CRUISERS, lights flashing, storm up the street.

The Beamer's blocked in, but Rory weaves between two parked CARS and onto the sidewalk. A meter takes off a side mirror.

DONNA (O.S.)

Oh you son of a bitch!

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Cobby's staring out the back window: they're headed right for the lamp post on corner of an intersection.

THE BEAMER

Turns hard around the corner, flies off the sidewalk, and spins a full 180. It lands pointed away from the cops.

RORY

Tosses a look in the REARVIEW. Cobby's staring out the back. The CRUISERS are flying down the street in reverse, SIRENS WAILING. Rory hits the stick into drive and FLIES.

EXT. LYNN FELLOWS PARKWAY - NIGHT

The BEAMER cuts in and out of traffic, over the double yellow line, around a series of cars and back again.

An F-150 stops short ahead of them. The Beamer swerves onto the side of the road, slaloms around a telephone pole, kicks up a plume of dirt, and slides back into traffic. When--

A CRUISER side swipes it, trying to knock the Beamer back onto the shoulder. But Rory pushes hard into the Cruiser.

INSIDE THE CRUISER

The COP sees a TRUCK coming towards him on the other side of the road. He slams on his brakes and pulls in behind Rory.

When the truck passes, the Cop pulls left and GASES IT.

THE CRUISER

Speeds around to the Beamer's outside left, picking up ramming speed, and quickly flies back to the right. Only--

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Rory sees him coming and DOWN SHIFTS, quick.

THE BEAMER

Slows and the Cruiser completely misses its front end. Rory RAMS the Cruiser hard, causing it to spin it out and off to the side of the road. But just as one Cruiser goes out--

Another CRUISER flies right up behind them.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Cobby leans forward to the front.

COBBY MILNE
Which highway you taking?

RORY

One. They'll never think we'd be
dumb enough to take Route One.

EXT. ROUTE 1 ON-RAMP - CONTINUOUS

The Beamer flies towards the ramp, but as they begin to merge-

A HORN, like the Trumpets of Jericho, ROARS. The SOU TRUCK
barrels straight at them from up the road.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Rory's eyes pop open. Donna SCREAMS.

PETULA CLARK

*The lights are much brighter there,
you can forget all your troubles,
forget all your cares and go--*

THE BEAMER

Cuts HARD left around the SOU Truck, and the Truck SMASHES
full on into the CRUISER coming up behind them.

PETULA CLARK (CONT'D)

DOWNTOWN!

The collision kills the Truck's SIRENS and forces both
vehicles off the side of the road and into a ditch.

PETULA CLARK (CONT'D)

Where everyone's waiting for you!

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Cobby and Rory and Donna stare at the WRECK, astounded.

THE BEAMER

Wheels around and takes the on-ramp onto Route 1. But as Rory
merges onto the twisting, breakneck highway, his--

REARVIEW

Fills with spinning BLUE LIGHTS--State Troopers.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Rory looks back to the road, shaking his head. Fuck. The
trailing BLUE LIGHTS begin to paint the inside of the car.

PETULA CLARK (CONT'D)

*There you may find somebody kind to
help and understand you, someone
who is just like you who needs a
gentle hand to guide them along...*

RORY

Oh please change this fucking song.

Cobby leans forward and hits the dial.

"She's a Rainbow" by the Stones comes in mid-breakdown.

Rory and Cobby exchange a look. Why not?

THE BEAMER

Cuts and weaves across four lanes of traffic as a FLEET of State Troopers tries to catch up.

The TOBIN BRIDGE looms in the distance.

The Beamer swings around the right of an 18 WHEELER and jams it up the breakdown lane. A CRUISER follows and as the Beamer passes the BIG RIG, another CRUISER tries to side swipe them. But the Beamer and Cruiser only bang off each other, and Rory pulls ahead, swinging the car across into the middle lane.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Rory looks to the DASH: 85 mph. But SIGNS begin flashing all around him - SLOW FOR TOLL, 25 mph - as he approaches--

THE TOBIN BRIDGE

Two STATE CRUISERS pull up along either side of Rory, and the three cars laterally mount the rise to the Tobin.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Rory looks to the Trooper on his left, then to the Trooper on his right. Neither can make eye contact. They keep looking to-

THE SEVEN LANE TOLL BOOTH

Laying at the top of the bridge, straight ahead. Four lanes of the booth have 10-car-lines piled behind them. But the three middle lanes are open for the EASY PASS.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Rory GUNS it ahead, the engine SCREAMING. Donna sees the booth coming up. Twenty yards to go and closing fast.

DONNA

Oh my Christ, what are you doing?

THE CRUISER TO THE LEFT

Tries to cut the Beamer off, but Rory just plows into his front quarter panel and RIDES HIM right into--

The rear end of a TOLL LANE. BOOM. Glass, steel, pieces of lamp fly everywhere. Three cars lay crippled across the road.

THE CRUISER ON THE RIGHT

Sees this and tries to force the Beamer to a stop, grinding against it. But the Beamer resists. There's only ten yards before the BOOTH and they're both splitting an open lane.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Rory stares at the Trooper to his right. The Trooper checks in front of him. 5 YARDS before he hits the WALL of the BOOTH. The Trooper looks back over. Rory's staring at him. The Trooper sees Rory could give a fuck about what happens.

THE CRUISER ON THE RIGHT

STOPS before the BOOTH. And the Beamer BLOWS right through.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Cobby watches Donna in the front seat, her hair whipping in the wind. She's afraid, but she's holding it down.

Cobby smiles. Who is this broad? Rory throws a look into--

THE REARVIEW

There's nothing there.

TOLL BOOTH

The Trooper from the SMASHED CRUISER climbs out and walks over to a CELICA he just crushed. Only to hear--

THE TRUMPETS OF JERICO

Behind him. The Trooper sees the SOU TRUCK bombing for him, unyielding. He sprints to the side of the road just as--

The SOU TRUCK smashes through his cruiser, and by the toll, its giant Detroit engine ROARING.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Donna looks to Rory, impressed but terrified.

Cobby sees her looking at Rory. He's pissed.

THE BEAMER

Flies into the reverse curve that leads to the merge lane for the ZAKIM BRIDGE. The SOU TRUCK, twenty yards behind them, tips up onto two wheels around the curve.

"Up Around the Bend" by CCR comes on the radio.

The Beamer merges onto the Zakim - the SKYLINE of Boston on the horizon, the Garden to the right - and dives with the bridge road into the Tip O'Neill tunnel.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Cobby looks behind him: the SOU Truck is rushing up to their bumper, the truck engine DEAFENING in the tunnel.

Rory sees this and cuts the wheel hard right. The Truck pulls even with them, and tries to force the Beamer over and into the tiled tunnel wall. Only Rory down shifts and slingshots around the back of the SOU Truck.

THE BEAMER

Swings left all the way across the tunnel, cutting off a Lexus and causing a Corolla in the far lane to swerve out of their way. The SOU truck, in the far right lane, tries to cut over, but is blocked-in by the traffic dodging Rory.

EXT. TIP O'NEILL TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The Beamer flies out of the mouth of the tunnel, the CITY behind them now, only to be side-SWIPEd from the right by another STATE TROOPER.

The Trooper pins the BEAMER against the JERSEY BARRIER on the left, but Rory rides it out--headlights bursting, sparks flying off the side of the car, the left-hand windows IMPLODING. The STATE TROOPER tries to grind them to a stop, but Rory punches the gas and breaks free from the barrier.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Rory watches in the rearview as the STATE TROOPER slides in behind him. Down the road, he can see a FLEET of BLUE LIGHTS merging onto the highway at the Andrew Square exit.

THE BEAMER

Pulls into the middle lane. The State Trooper behind them tries to P.I.T. them--ramming the bumper in a way to cause the car to spin out. But as he starts to spin, Rory flings the wheel left and into an ESCALADE in the next lane, stabilizing the Beamer. The State Trooper tries to PIT him again, and Rory just smashes hard left into a JEEP Cherokee.

The Trooper comes in one more time, but Rory pulls the car all the way to the right, jumps two lanes of traffic, and takes the ramp at EXIT 12, narrowly skating the guardrail.

The Beamer screams hard around the off-ramp and merges fast with traffic headed towards--

THE NEPONSET BRIDGE

Three BOSTON POLICE cruisers tail the Beamer over the bridge, and Rory leads them across three lanes of traffic, pulling onto the left-hand OFF-RAMP labelled, "QUINCY/SQUANTUM"

EXT. QUINCY SHORE DRIVE - CONTINUOUS

Rory throws a look into the back.

RORY

This is your part of town. Start talking.

COBBY MILNE

Ya sure? Ya doin so well on ya own.

Rory gives him a look. Cobby leans forward, watching as Rory angles from lane-to-lane. They're fast approaching a crowded intersection and a RED LIGHT.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

Keep going straight. You wanna look for the Beachcomber.

THE BEAMER

Cuts a quick right around the TRAFFIC at the red light, and swerves through the intersection. The BPD gives chases.

Cars HONK. Breaks SCREECH. And a QUINCY POLICE CRUISER, coming from the right, lights blaring, SMASHES headlong into a pursuing BPD SQUAD CAR.

The wreck consumes the entire intersection. But two BPD CRUISERS drive up on the sidewalk and continue the pursuit.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Rory, flying down Quincy Shore drive, spots a series of BLUE LIGHTS coming at him from head on. He looks in the REARVIEW: two CRUISERS are following right behind him. He's trapped.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

Take ya foot off the gas. Trust me.

Rory spots "THE BEACHCOMBER" sign on his right.

THE BEAMER

SLOWS and the two BPD CRUISERS quickly gain on them as--

FOUR QUINCY CRUISERS

Race towards them on the left side of the road.

THE BEAMER

gliding towards the bar, down-shifts to an almost-crawl.
They're about to be smashed-in from all directions when--

Rory SLAMS the gas, peels out, and swerves across the
boulevard into the dirt PARKING LOT of the BEACHCOMBER.

THE FOUR QUINCY CRUISERS

Pull left after the Beamer, just as the BPD CRUISERS try to
follow it right and into the PARKING LOT.

THE BEAMER

Tears through the crowded lot - dodging a Honda that's
backing out - just as the Lead Quincy Cop flies in and--

Is viciously T-BONED by a merging BPD CRUISER.

The two Cop cars plow forward, uncontrollably, and SMASH
headlong into the exiting HONDA. Another QUINCY CRUISER,
unable to stop, SLAMS into this accident from behind--further
congesting the lot and completely jamming the entrance. The
rest of the Cops manage to stop, but--

All they can do is watch the Beamer's TAILLIGHTS disappear
into the far end of the unlit lot.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Donna braces herself as the Beamer rides towards a TREELINE.

THE BEAMER

Flies between two trees and off a three foot retaining wall.
They crash land into the BACKYARD of a ranch house.

INSIDE THE BEAMER

Donna turns to Rory. Are you okay? She gives him a cold LOOK.

DONNA

You're going to make sure no one
ever finds this car, right? You're
gonna total it?

Rory squints at her. That's what you have to say right now?
Cobby leans forward.

COBBY MILNE
I can do that.

EXT. MOUND STREET BEACH - LATER

Rory, Cobby and Donna watch as the Beamer sinks.

RORY
This is a thing with you, huh?

Cobby shrugs, smiling.

COBBY MILNE
I like watching the tail lights
disappear.

The TAIL LIGHTS slowly wave goodbye underneath the waves.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - HADRIAN'S WALL TAVERN - LATER

A single BULB hangs over the back door in an otherwise dark alley. Rory and Donna stroll up - arm and arm - like any couple on a date. Cobby drags himself 20 yards behind them, standing up too straight, pretending not to be wounded.

ST. JOE'S CHURCH, like a primitive stone lighthouse, is lit up in the background, standing guard over the neighborhood.

INT. KITCHEN - HADRIAN'S WALL TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Cobby stumbles in and finds the lights off and Donna and Rory pressed up against the wall. Cobby spots the HIGH ROLLER from the card game standing by the DOOR to the bar.

The High Roller presses a single finger to his lips and points to the door. Rory and Cobby peak out.

MUTTOON, MOOTCH and DINGER are seated at the stick, alone. The locals are EYEFUCKING them from their perches. Everyone recognizes MUTTOON, or recognizes he's not their for any good reason. Muttoon's crew doesn't look pleased, either. They're edgy, coiled. The bar is still with expectation.

RORY
(Whisper, to High Roller)
Mr. Kelly.

The High Roller nods and slips out.

HIGH ROLLER (O.S.)
Phone in the office for ya.

Cobby peaks out and watches MUTTOON'S EYES as they follow Mr. Kelly through the back door. Mootch, tired of waiting, gets up, grabs his cigarettes off the bar and walks out the front.

Mr. Kelly closes the door behind him. He is not happy.

MR. KELLY
(Whispering)
So are you two just fucking
retarded, or what?

COBBY MILNE
We need some help--

MR. KELLY
-Yeah. You need your fuckin head
examined is what you need coming
back here. You don't think everyone
in the world knows where you two
get drunk?

RORY
Cops don't know who we are.

Mr. Kelly gives him a LOOK.

MR. KELLY
Where've you been? Out to lunch?
They got this one's blood at the
crime scene, fa Crissakes.
(to Cobby)
Francis Toomey's been at the
Haggarty's, tossing your shit.

Cobby's eyes light up at the name Toomey.

RORY
Toomey? Jesus Christ.

MR. KELLY
Yup, the sky's about to fall down
on your fucking heads and you ain't
even felt the rain yet.

No sooner does Mr. Kelly say that than SIRENS pop on in the distance. Donna starts backing away towards the ALLEY EXIT.

COBBY MILNE
Look, I don't know what to do, Mr.
Kelly.

The SIRENS become deafening. TIRES squeal outside.

MR. KELLY

Oh what, for the first time in your life, big mouth? Now ain't the time for humility. Take the lady, go through the basement to St. Joe's.

(Cobby gives him a look)

Well, you've been telling that story like it's fuckin true for years. Don't act so damn surprised.

(to Rory)

Go show 'em Joe Kennedy's underground railroad.

Cobby and Rory turn for the BASEMENT STAIRS, and find Donna at the back door. She gives them each a look just as--

MOOTCH kicks the door in behind her. He grabs her arm.

MOOTCH

I got the bitch!

He yanks her towards the exit, pulling a P95 from his jeans. But Donna trips into a WASH SINK, slowing Mootch up as--

Cobby runs over and SMASHES Mootch in the jaw. A LOUD POP is heard and Mootch DROPS, the gun clattering to the floor.

Cobby goes down to one knee, clutching his shoulder and biting back a holler. Rory grabs Donna and pulls her towards the BASEMENT STEPS. Cobby takes a breath and pushes himself up. He swipes Mootch's gun.

Mr. Kelly, shaking his head, walks back into...

THE BARROOM

Is ringed in BLUE LIGHTS pouring in from the stained glass windows. All the LOCALS have turned from Mutton and Dinger to the front door and to the ominous BLUE LIGHTS. Mutton and Dinger even exchange sympathetic looks with the Locals now. There's a common threat.

Mr. Kelly saddles up behind the bar, and reaches for a sawed off BASEBALL BAT under the register.

SUB-BASEMENT

A board is slid into place in the "sealed-up" ARCH.

JOE KENNEDY'S UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

Rory holds up a ZIPPO, throwing light down a dank, 4 foot high, city-block long BRICK TUNNEL. He nods for Donna to go forward. She throws a pitying look to--

Cobby, who's leaning up against the wall, gripping his shoulder. He's hurt bad.

RORY

I got him. Go ahead.

She takes the Zippo, and looks to Cob with obvious affection.

DONNA

You put that guy *down*.

Cobby's hurt too bad to look her in the eye.

COBBY MILNE

Oh ya, sure. Anythin for you, hon.

He waves her down the tunnel. Donna walks ahead, and Rory grabs Cobby under the good arm, starts dragging.

RORY

Fucking Carpetbagger.

(Cobby gives him a look)

You're a shameless opportunist.

COBBY MILNE

Leave me the cunty Italian broad.

We find some mopey-looking Colleen

who hates to talk? She's all yours.

BARROOM

TOOMEY boots in the door, EYEFUCKING everyone in the room as he strolls in. The Locals' faces drop. Mutton sits up straighter. Dinger looks away. Everyone knows Toomey and they are FRIGHTENED. Eight SOU COPS walk in behind him, all of them enormous. This is much, much worse than anyone expected.

But despite this the Locals get ready. They grip their BEER MUGS, or reach into their pockets for keys they put between their fingers; or, in one case, to pull out a BLACK JACK. In the back, two guys PLAYING POOL flip their CUES around so they're wielding the heavy-ends.

MR. KELLY

I help you with something, officer?

Toomey smiles and struts up to the bar. Mutton tries to stare him down, but Toomey just looks Georgie over, laughs.

TOOMEY

Jacob Milne and Rory Calhoun.

Mr. Kelly spots the HIGH ROLLER across the room. He's inching along the wall towards the FRONT DOOR.

MR. KELLY

Yeah, they drink in here. So what.

An IRON WORKER (30s) - Scally Cap, Union T-shirt on - sizes up one of the bigger SOU COPS.

TOOMEY

Look, I know you got an affinity
for these two here, Mr. K. I know
all about that. I know you know
'em. And I know you, above all,
know how this here thing works:

A blonde SOU COP, shorter than the rest, stares down Dinger.

TOOMEY (CONT'D)

I'm going to ask you once, and only
once, Mr. K. Then this situation is
gonna *go some place*. Okay? *Where*
are they? And where are they going?

A RED-FACED old man (60s) sways on his stool, eager to get up. Two GUYS in TRACK SUITS push off the bar. Mr. Kelly sees the High Roller edge himself right in front of the door.

Mr. Kelly looks back to Toomey. He shakes his head.

MR. KELLY

No idea. Haven't seen 'em.

TOOMEY

(Genuine)

I am *trying* here, Mr. Kelly.

MR. KELLY

I know you are, Francis.

Toomey shrugs. Oh well. He raises his hand and--

The High Roller LOCKS the door behind him. Toomey and the SOU Cops spin around, shocked.

Then, THE WALL COMES ALIVE.

The Old Man hops off his stool. Dinger launches at the Blonde Cop. Toomey levels Mutton. And Mr. Kelly leans over the bar and SMACKS Toomey upside the head with the bat.

Tables are broken, glass is SMASHED OUT. It's an all out RIOT. And the members of the Wall are putting up a stand.

RIOT MONTAGE:

A Track Suit waves his BLACKJACK at a Cop's head, misses.

A Pool Player breaks his cue over an SOU's head--only to have the SOU tackle him onto the table. Pool Player 2 sees this, and an SOU coming for him, and he makes a run for it.

Mr. Kelly rushes over to a COP beating up the RED FACED OLD MAN and smashes him the back of the knee, then in the chest with his half-a-bat--putting the Cop down.

TWO SOU Cops chase and corner the Iron Worker behind the bar. The Iron Worker, stuck, starts FLINGING cheap rack bottles of booze at their heads, trying to keep them at bay.

And suddenly, just as quickly as the brawl began, SIRENS EXPLODE and the QUINCY SWAT breaks down the front door. They pour inside--all shields, helmets, and batons.

INT. BASEMENT CHURCH - ST. JOE'S - LATER

Rory watches out a small window as the Quincy SWAT marches a procession of LOCALS out of the Wall in cuffs.

ACROSS THE CHURCH

Donna's trying to keep Cobby sitting up straight in a hard-backed PEW. She's on her knees in front of him, feeling his clavicle through his shirt.

DONNA

Try and sit up straight, you gotta
keep the bone even.

Cobby nods, sweating, breathing shallow. He's in a bad way.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I think you mighta broken it again.

Cobby hangs his head, WINCES. He spots a TEAR in her jeans.

COBBY MILNE

Ya bleeding.

Donna sees the cut. Shakes it off.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

You're not gonna be able to fix me
in here. Believe me, the Sista's
tried. Now lemme see ya stump.

Donna considers his offer, and cautiously sits down next to him. Cobby uses his good hand to spread the slit in her jeans. His hand shakes. Her cut's bleeding pretty good.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

Whattya have to do to fix it?

DONNA

Clean it up. Apply pressure.

Cobby carefully looks around. He spots the HOST WINE on a tray behind the pew. With his good hand, he grabs the WINE and the CLOTH it rests on. He neatly pours the wine on the cut, and uses part of the cloth to dab it clean. Donna smiles, amused by the gesture.

Rory WATCHES this from across the church. He's not happy.

Donna watches Cobby work.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You're not bad at this.

COBBY MILNE

My mother was a nurse. I saw her do this a million times. Just never listened to what she had to say.

(He gestures towards everything.)

Obviously.

Cobby puts the cloth in his mouth, gently tears off a piece.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

How come you became a nurse?

DONNA

All my sisters are hairdressers.

Cobby places the smaller piece of cloth over the wound.

COBBY MILNE

So what? I know plenty of happy, good-looking Eye-talian hairdressers.

DONNA

My older sister, Chrissy? She opened her own salon. Wanna know what she called it?

Cobby nods. He gently lifts Donna's thigh, slides the CLOTH under it, and deftly pulls it through from the other side.

DONNA (CONT'D)

She called it "Curl up and Dye."

(He gives her a LOOK)

I'm not kidding. That's what she called it. Guess I just wanted something a little more than that.

Cobby snorts, but bites it back--it hurts too bad to laugh. Donna holds him still.

When Cobby's done choking out his hoot, he points to the knot he can't tie with the cloth. Donna ties it herself.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Man, you got to have a pretty good sense of humor to laugh with a bullet hole in your shoulder.

Cobby gives her a wry look.

COBBY MILNE

Yeah well, It's funny you should mention that...

ACROSS THE CHURCH

Rory sees Donna smiling, sitting next to Cobby. Cobby looks pretty deep into one of his stories.

COBBY MILNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...a fucking Iron fist!

She LAUGHS. Rory shakes his head. She's buying it. This guy and his fucking stories. Rory turns back to the window.

EXT. BACK PARKING LOT - ST. JOE'S - DAY

Rory stands just inside the rear door of the Church, smoking.

A brown-and-tan STATION WAGON pulls into the back lot. Rory stabs out his cigarette and slinks back inside.

INT. STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

Cobby's laid out on PICNIC table, his shirt off, his body cleaned up, but bruised badly. Donna's standing over him, needle and fishing line in hand, re-sowing his WOUND. Cobby BITES back a scream as Donna pulls the needle through.

RORY

You can let it out. No one's gonna hear ya.

FOOTSTEPS. The Father's walking around upstairs.

Cobby throws Rory a look. Shut the fuck up. Rory laughs. He sits in the corner and starts taking apart Mootch's P95.

Donna wipes off the needle and holds it over Cobby.

DONNA

I'm really close to being done.
(He gives her a look)
Really close.

Cobby looks away and she digs in. He GROANS. Donna ties off the knot. Watching this, Rory GRINS.

COBBY MILNE
Yeah, it's real fucking funny.

Donna helps Cobby up and sits him against the wall.

DONNA
Okay. Now I gotta set it.

Rory watches, genuinely interested, as Donna feels out Cobby's collar. She lightly runs her fingers along the bone, but suddenly stops. She throws a concerned look at Cobby.

COBBY MILNE
(Terrified)
What?

DONNA
I think it set already.

Cobby gives her a terrified look.

COBBY MILNE
What does that mean?

LATER

Rory holds Cobby's arms down on the table, while Donna straddles him. She looks down at Cobby, sorrowfully.

DONNA
You ready?

COBBY MILNE
Just get it over with.
(Rory's smiling)
What are you smiling about now?
You're always fucking grinning.

RORY
Wondering how long it's gonna take
you to start crying.

COBBY MILNE
Fuck you.

Donna WHACKS him in the COLLAR. Cobby makes a sound like he's going to vomit. Rory holds him still. Donna feels the bone.

DONNA
(Sighing)
It's still not broke.

Cobby groans. Oh fuck me...

DONNA (CONT'D)
You ready?

COBBY MILNE
Just fuckin--

She WHACKS him again. Cobby COUGHS, holding a scream in.

RORY
(Sing-song)
Don't do it. Don't do it.

Donna feels the bone. She hangs her head, again.

COBBY MILNE
Oh Jesus, hon.

DONNA
One more.

Donna readies herself. Cobby closes his eyes.

DONNA (CONT'D)
One...

Cobby squeezes his RIGHT FIST. Rory looks to Donna.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Two...

She raises her hands, balled up, high. But pauses.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(to Rory)
Maybe you should do it?

Cobby looks to Rory. Rory GRINS. And as Cobby's looking away, Donna smashes him. CRACK.

DONNA (CONT'D)
That did it!

Cobby gasps, rolls his head to the side and PUKES. He's out cold. Rory tips his head so the puke all falls out.

Donna stares down at Cobby, pityingly. It's hard not to pity him: he looks just like a beat up little kid.

LATER

Cobby, barely awake, is taped to the Priest's CHAIR on the alter, so as to keep him straight. The church is dark, save for whatever street light pours in through the stained glass.

Rory walks Donna to the basement door.

RORY

You can go. No reason for you to suffer. Blame what you can on us-- the car, kidnapping. Don't matter.

Donna throws a look at the door, and stops. She spots the RAG wrapped around her thigh. She walks down the aisle to Cobby.

DONNA

Ima go now. But I just wanted to say thanks for the tourniquet.

Cobby's eyes roll around his head, he's barely conscious. Donna puts a hand on his shoulder, and gives him a grateful smile. But as she turns to go, Cobby grabs her. Donna looks back at him. Cobby's got her hand tight.

COBBY MILNE

Stay.

(She looks to the door)

Please. You just snapped my collar bone, hon. Least you can do is stay the night.

Donna grins, warming to the idea.

From across the room, Rory watches as Donna sits down on the alter next to Cobby. Rory takes out his cigarettes and walks to the door. S'out my hands, she made her choice.

The door slams behind him.

EXT. SONS OF ITALY HALL - DAY

A squat, brick LODGE - like a rural post office, or a tiny ice rink - sits on a small lot off a wooded, two lane road.

INT. CADILLAC EL DORADO - CONTINUOUS

TOOMEY, sipping on STARBUCKS, watches the hall from down the block. A VAN pulls into the lot. He dials his IPHONE.

INT. SONS OF ITALY HALL - LATER

Muttoon climbs onto a stool at the end of the bar and leans against the stick. He looks beat, exhausted. The BARTENDER tosses a coaster in front of him.

MUTTOON

Sambucca, Joe.

Joe moves off. Muttoon rubs his face in his hands.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS.

Muttoon turns slowly, his stool creaking, and finds Toomey, the Blonde SOU Cop and two others. The BLONDE pulls off his badge. Muttoon sees that no one else has a badge on either.

He sighs, and knocks on the bar.

MUTTOON (CONT'D)
I get a hurry on that 'bucca, Joe?

EXT. HUNTING CABIN - BERKSHIRES - DAY

A small, Lincoln log cabin rests hidden among a bank of pine, sitting on the shore of a wide, pristine lake.

INT. HUNTING CABIN - BERKSHIRES - CONTINUOUS

BESEGAI, wearing a BRUINS PARKA with the hood down, his gold chains hanging out the front, paces the cabin's tiny living room. A BLONDE (27) is passed out, naked, on the bed behind him. Besegai's got a phone to his head.

DECHICO (O.S.)
How's it going up there?

BESEGAI
How's it going? I've been up here three days, I'm already freezing my fuckin ass off. That's how it's going. The oil ran out. I'm outside in my goddamn chinos and alligators, splittin logs in three feet a fuckin snow. And this broad-- this thing you got me? She can't even speak two words of English. She bitches in Russian to no fuckin end. And she drank every drop a wine in the house the first night. Moreover, she can't chop wood.

DECHICO (O.S.)
How was she otherwise?

BESEGAI
I'd rather she learn to swing a fuckin axe, tell you the truth. I don't listen. My uncle used to bitch all the time--between 27 and 37 leave 'em alone. All they want is a goddamn kid so bad it drives 'em outta their fuckin skulls.

INT. BRUTTO CANE BAKERY - NORTH END - CONTINUOUS

DeChico carries the land-line, the receiver glued to his ear, down a flight of narrow wooden steps to the basement.

INTERCUT

DECHICO

Well, enjoy the relative peace
while it lasts. Toomey dragged in
Georgie Mutton this after.

Besegai pulls up short.

BESEGAI

Who the fuck is that?

DeChico walks into the CELLAR--cement floors, drywall; six banquet tables set up facing a bank of FLATSCREEN TVs, all of them turned to an ESPN. It's a home-made sportsbook.

DECHICO

Fuck-head's partner.

BESEGAI

Christ. Toomey...that fucking
nigger

Besegai's cigarette runs out. He reaches for his pack. Empty.

DECHICO

God knows what this kid knows, you
know? He talks we could all be
hanging upside like Mussolini in
the square for the Fox news at 10.
Know what I mean?

BESEGAI

Ah, fuck that. That ain't
happening. Just send the Lawyer
over there. Don't give them a
fuckin chance to do nothing.

DECHICO

You don't think that's an admission
of guilt, boss?

Besegai rolls the Blonde over on the bed, and pulls his CHINOS out from under her.

BESEGAI

Fuck that *mooley*. The Lawyer going
over there don't prove a fucking
thing. The kid singing *does*. Fuck
'em. It ain't worth the risk, Rick.

He pulls a crushed pack of Winstons from his pants' pocket.

INT. HOLDING PEN - CHARLESTOWN STATION - DUSK

THE LAWYER (45) - thinning-hair, glasses, long face - walks up to the cage. He sees Muttoon, Dinger and Mootch sitting on a bench inside. They look freshly beaten to shit.

The Lawyer turns to the SERGEANT and a Uniformed OFFICER at the BOOKING DESK.

THE LAWYER

What in the hell happened to them?

SERGEANT

Oh, didn't you hear? They walked
into a Wall.

The Cops burst out laughing. The Lawyer doesn't get it. Cop humor. He looks to Muttoon. Muttoon just shakes his head.

INT. SPORTSBOOK - BRUTTO CANE - NIGHT

Seated at one of the tables, DeChico reads down a list of NFL GAMES, highlighting the over/unders.

DECHICO

Okay boss, so here's what they're
saying:

INT. HUNTING CABIN - BERKSHIRES - CONTINUOUS

Besegai's on the front porch, smoking. There's another half-smoked snipe behind his ear.

Behind him, through the sliding glass door, the Blonde can be seen going through his CHINOS.

DECHICO (O.S.)

They'll keep their mouths shut, but
we gotta put in a call on this boob
Jerry. He's a Grocer. Guy's the
witness they left to that cop thing
a few weeks back. We do him? They
assure us they'll keep 'em zipped.

Besegai stabs out his smoke on the railing. He mutters to himself as he searches for his pack.

BEHIND him, the Blonde's found his WALLET.

DECHICO (CONT'D)

What's that, boss?

BESEGAI
Nothing. I can't find my fucking
cigarettes.

Besegai turns. The Blonde drops the wallet.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)
(Mouthing)
Where the fuck are my smokes?

She shrugs, like she doesn't understand. Besegai mimes
smoking. She holds up a pack and dumps it. It's empty.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)
(Groaning, into phone)
Fucking cunt.

She heard that.

DECHICO
Boss?

BESEGAI
Nothing, goddamn it. Tell them
we're in. Tell them to keep their
goddamn mouths shut and we'll do
it. But we're doing this on my
fucking time - when I say - which
is going to be when this nigger's
bull's run its course. Then, after
you tell 'em the good news, call
down Providence. Get Cullotta up
there. It's about time we started
cleaning some of this shit up.

END INTERCUT

Besegai takes the phone away from his ear and joyfully
discovers the snipe. He lights it as--

BEHIND him, the Blonde pulls out a length of CONDOMS from his
pants. She throws a look out the door - he's not looking -
and pulls a PIN from her hair. She pops a hole in each one.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The Priest's wagon pulls into the lot. As he opens his door--

DONNA
Good morning, Father!

ACROSS THE LOT

Just inside the basement, Cobby, strapped to his chair,
watches Donna talk to the Priest.

COBBY MILNE

Well, as good an idea as this place was, we obviously can't kick around Quincy forever. Whattya wanna do?

Cobby lights a cigarette and glances behind him to Rory.

RORY

(Shrugging)

Start running.

Cobby leans his chair back on two legs and whistles the opening to "Born to Run."

RORY (CONT'D)

Cut the shit.

COBBY MILNE

Look, it's just if we start running? Toomey? Besegai's people? They will hound us like fuckin regret until the day we die.

RORY

What do you wanna do then, Big Mouth?

COBBY MILNE

(Shrugging)

Kill 'em all.

(Rory gives him a look)

Well, not Toomey. But Besegai and his Man Friday there. I can deal with running from one half the city of Boston. I can do that fa'good.

RORY

You got one arm. If I wanted to commit suicide I'd do it in a warm bath with a couple of bottles of the Glenlivet. We wait it out.

Cobby gently puts the chair back down on all four legs.

COBBY MILNE

What, leave and come back?

RORY

Or stay and hide. Just find a better place. But I'm out of ideas.

They watch as the Father leads Donna towards the CHURCH.

COBBY MILNE

You ever hear of George's Island?

RORY
(Shrugging)
How we gonna get out there?

Cobby nods towards a WINDOW looking out onto HADRIAN'S WALL.

COBBY MILNE
Only person I know with a boat.

Donna walks up from behind them.

DONNA
Why did I just tell a Priest I
needed him to call me a battered
Woman's Shelter?

Cobby and Rory glance out into the lot. The Father's left his wagon running.

LATER

Rory and Donna, an arm on each shoulder, carry/walk Cobby towards the Priest's station wagon. Donna gives Rory a look.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Good Irish Catholic boy like you?

RORY
Yeah, I'm about as Catholic as
Christ was.

Rory pops open the back door just as--

A DOOR SLAMS. They turn around and--

The Father is standing at the top of the church steps with a mug of coffee. Rory shoots Donna a look. Don't say anything. Rory looks back to the Father, uncertain. Suddenly--

COBBY MILNE
How you doin' Father Glynn?

FATHER
I'm doing fine, Jacob. Yourself?

COBBY MILNE
Ah, not doing too hot, Father. You
mind helping a guy out?

FATHER
(Sighing)
Take the car, Cobby. Just try and
bring her back.

Cobby raises his good arm in thanks. The Father gives a curt *yeah-whatever* wave and turns back into the church.

"Street of Fire" by Bruce Springsteen begins to play.

EXT. HADRIAN'S WALL TAVERN - NIGHT

Mr. Kelly's Chevy pulls up in front of the bar, parking behind an EL DORADO. Mr. Kelly climbs out and walks...

INSIDE THE BAR

Mr. Kelly passes by a CREW of LOCALS - Red Face, Iron Worker, the Pool Shooters - and moves back behind the bar.

The High Roller, dealing a game of solitaire, is sitting next to the register. Mr. Kelly taps him on the shoulder, and he assumes his rightful place behind the stick.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
*When the nights quiet, and you
don't care anymore...*

EXT. HADRIAN'S WALL TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The SOU Truck quietly pulls up next to Mr. Kelly's Chevy.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
*...and your eyes are tired, and
someone's at your door...*

INSIDE THE BAR

Mr. Kelly flips through the channels on the TV above the bar. He finds the Celtics game, leaves it.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN (CONT'D)
And you realize, you wanna let go.

CREAK. The front door slowly creeps open.

It's TOOMEY. And EIGHT SOU COPS, all in riot gear, twirling 3-foot long riot batons. None of them are wearing BADGES.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN (CONT'D)
*And the weak lies, and cold walls
you embrace eat at your insides...*

Toomey struts into the middle of the bar.

TOOMEY
*I'm going to ask yall this once,
and only once. Then this situation
is gonna go somewhere. Where are
they? And where are they going?*

Iron Worker hangs his head. Red Face finishes his beer. The High Roller edges towards the BACK DOOR. The Crew of Locals all know what's about to happen to them.

Toomey turns to Mr. Kelly. Hey, I tried.

MR. KELLY

Good thing you got all your friends
witcha, Toomah. Ya gonna need every-
fucking-one of 'em for those two.

Toomey grins. Sure.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

*...and leave you face-to-face
with...*

An SOU flings his BATON into the TOP SHELF booze. Glass explodes. Mr. Kelly ducks. The MIRROR behind the bar falls.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN (CONT'D)

STREETS OF FI-IRE!

The Locals bolt for the doors and the SOU STORMS the bar...

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN (CONT'D)

STREETS OF FI-IRE!

And smashes it all to hell.

EXT. DOCK - TOWN RIVER YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

Cobby and Rory and Donna walks up to the back of a 30ft Boston Whaler christened, "Negative Waves."

RORY

How'd you know which one was his?

COBBY MILNE

(RE: the boat name)

It's a line from KELLY'S HEROES.

Rory shakes his head. He holds his hand out and hoists Donna on. Cobby reaches down and unties the boat's mooring.

PING! Plunk.

The fuck was that? Rory looks around. The docks - three rows of twenty yard berths, leading to a ramp, which rises to an open DECK - are silent, unlit, and empty. Then--

PING! CRACK. Cobby reluctantly turns to the front of the boat, as if he doesn't want to find the BULLET HOLE that's just splintered the windshield.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
Oh you gotta be fucking kidding me.

PING! BOOM!

The boat two slots down EXPLODES.

Donna's thrown from the Whaler and into the water. Cobby dives in after her. Rory ducks down and looks up to--

THE CLUBHOUSE above the dock. PING! PLUNK! A muzzle flash. Rory bolts and dives off the end of the dock.

UNDER THE DOCK

Cobby comes up gasping for air and grabs the underside with his good hand. Donna pops up next to him. She's flailing, splashing. Cobby grabs her with his right arm, holds her, then lets go and grabs back onto the dock. He can't do both.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
Hey, hey! Hon! Hon! Calm down.

DONNA
(Gasping)
Where's Rory?

COBBY MILNE
Why? What the hell you worried
about him for?

DONNA
I can't swim.

Cobby looks to his one arm holding the dock.

ON THE DOCK

A short, thick FIGURE walks down the darkened steps from the CLUBHOUSE, an M-1 CARBINE at the ready. As it reaches the dock, the glow from the burning boat reveals--

TOMMY CULLOTTA (60s) - stout, wide, built; an old fashioned Italian: black hair, tinted glasses at night, a constant agitated look on his face. He's got a work COAT on, and with the sleeves rolled up they reveal massive forearms, like a Mason's. One's inked with a COBRA--"USMC" written underneath.

UNDER THE DOCK

Cobby moves closer to Donna.

COBBY MILNE
Here. Grab onto my left. Hold on
until you put yourself together.

Donna wraps her arms around his neck.

DONNA
Doesn't it hurt?

COBBY MILNE
It's fucking agony.

FOOT STEPS echo on the dock above them.

DONNA
Is that him? Is that him?

Cobby winces. Fuck me. He quietly, and painfully, uses his good arm to push them away from the FOOTFALLS.

COBBY MILNE
Can you hold yourself above water
for two seconds?

She grabs the dock. And he ducks under. Popping up on the other side, Cobby spots CULLOTTA in the glow of the fire.

Strolling along the dock, Cullotta only looks like any old man, as if he were someone's grandfather doing a job he's done forever--save he carries a rifle to the office.

But Cobby's SEES the Cobra on his arm, and his eyes POP OPEN. He knows exactly who this is and he is TERRIFIED.

UNDER THE DOCK

Cobby swims back up.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
(Quietly)
Holy fucking shit. Holy fucking--

DONNA
What is it?

Cobby looks at her, terrified.

COBBY MILNE
It's the Old Man.

EXT. MOUND STREET BEACH - NIGHT

Rory slinks up from the beach to MOUND STREET. He spots the tail lights of an INFINITI up ahead.

EXT. UNDER THE DOCK - TOWN RIVER YACHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Donna clings to Cobby, her teeth quietly chattering. Cobby holds onto the dock, wincing from the pain. They listen as--

ON THE DOCK

Cullotta wracks the M-1 and carefully studies the planks below his feet. He calmly fires a round into one.

UNDER THE DOCK

Donna opens her mouth to SCREAM. Cobby lets go off the dock and claps his hand over her mouth. They both slide under.

ON THE DOCK

Cullotta walks up two more steps. Aims. Fires.

UNDER THE WATER

Cobby and Donna stare at the bullet piercing through the water. And then another two feet closer. And another. Then--

The bullets stop.

UNDER THE DOCK

Cobby propels them back up. They breach, and quietly suck in air, too afraid to GASP.

Cobby signals to Donna that he's going to look. He ducks under and pops back up outside the dock.

Cullotta's gone.

EXT. MOUND STREET - LATER

Cullotta storms up to his Infiniti, swearing at himself. He pops open the trunk and throws the M-1 inside. He walks around to the back passenger door, climbs in.

INFINITI

Cullotta hops in, still muttering, until he realizes--

Rory's sitting across from him. Cullotta looks to the front seat. The DRIVER's neck is broken and laying across the steering wheel.

Cullotta stares at Rory. He's got the same cold look in his eye that Rory does--the look of someone who's killed and will again. To Cullotta, it's like staring into the past.

EXT. UNDER THE DOCK - TOWN RIVER YACHT CLUB - LATER

A HAND pops under. Cobby and Donna stare at it.

RORY (O.S.)
Come on. Or you're going to end up
like one of your fucking cars.

Donna grabs the hand.

LATER

Rory pulls Cobby up and onto the dock. Donna's waiting for him. Cobby lays down, gasping, clutching his clavicle.

COBBY MILNE
It was Cullotta. Tommy fucking
Cullotta.
(Rory nods)
We can't fuckin win.

RORY
Well, we can't run forever. Not
from him. Only thing we can do is
cut a deal.
(Cobby stares at him)
We just have to make it worth their
while to listen.

Cobby leans back, groaning. He realizes the dock's on fire.

COBBY MILNE
Lemme ask you something...
(Rory nods)
You see Toomey out there?

Rory shakes his head.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
Good. Cause for a minute there, I
thought we were in trouble.

Suddenly, SIRENS echo in the distance. Cobby LAUGHS.

LATER

Rory, Cobby on his arm, staggers into Mr. Kelly's boat. Cobby turns to help Donna, but she's untying the last mooring.

DONNA
You need time to get out of the
bay. I'll give em a story.

Cobby gives her a look. He doesn't want to leave her here.
Rory starts the engine.

COBBY MILNE
 Would it help if I said I was sorry
 for all the "c-words" I dropped?

She shrugs, smirking. The boat starts to pull away.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
 (Calling out)
 When this is all over and if
 someone hasn't shot me in the
 face...can I come find ya?

Donna smiles, BRILLIANTLY.

DONNA
 Why don't you just fuck off and
 die, Jacob Milne?

Cobby grins. He loves this broad. He throws a look to Rory.

RORY
 Classy broad you got there. She's
 all yours.

Cobby laughs. As the boat pulls into the bay, BLUE and RED LIGHTS start to color the sky beyond the CLUBHOUSE. Cobby watches Donna as she waves them off, the dock burning behind her, the cavalry arriving behind that. Cobby grins.

And begins to sing to himself, "Something in the Air."

BLACK OUT.

EXT. BESEGAI HOUSE - NAHANT, MA - DAY

A two-story, red-brick Cape Codder sits twenty yards back from the road in a ring of snow-dusted elms. The gutters are ringed in frozen lights, and the yard is covered in powder.

INT. BESEGAI HOUSE - NAHANT, MA - CONTINUOUS

Two young Kids SCREAM as they sprint through a living room, which is centered around a massive 10ft Christmas Tree.

Besegai, a phone glued to his ear, walks by the room and towards the front DOOR. A BODYGUARD (30s) - tall, wide, hard-looking - stands by the entrance in a car coat.

DECHICO (O.S.)
 Cullotta says he's got them tracked
 to Upstate New York--Kingston, some
 place like that;
 (MORE)

DECHICO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 ne of those towns sounds like it
 could be in Mass too, you know?
 Either way, he says he's getting
 close.

Besegai stops by the door and throws on a Camel-hair.

BESEGAI
 Just so long as their gone. As long
 as their out of my fuckin hair,
 Ricky, I could give a shit. I'm
 just happy to be taking a shower
 with decent pressure again--

One of the kids lets out a piercing SCREAM.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)
 (to his wife)
 Christine. Did you not hear that,
 or what? Come on.
 (into phone)
 What were you saying?

DECHICO (O.S.)
 -Patriot's didn't cover last night.

BESEGAI
 Ho! I went to bed early.

Besegai SNAPS at the Bodyguard and points to the front door.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)
 Well, how bout that? It's 9.30 and
 my nuts been made for the week.
 Things are turnin up, Ricky, I'm
 telling ya now. They're turnin up.
 I'll see you in a few, pal.

EXT. BESEGAI HOUSE - NAHANT, MA - CONTINUOUS

Besegai hangs up and he and his Bodyguard walk, carefully,
 down a driveway slick with BLACK ICE.

BESEGAI
 I'll drive.

Besegai waves for the keys and the Bodyguard tosses them
 over. They climb inside his waiting DEVILLE.

"It's Hard to be a Saint in the City" starts to play.

THE DEVILLE

Besegai shifts the seat and sticks the keys in the ignition.
 But before he can turn them, something catches his eye--

A NOTE on the windshield: "Ya gotta ask yourself this morning: am I or am I not about to be blown to pieces?"

Besegai looks in the REARVIEW.

Two BODYGUARDS are laying dead in his driveway. He sees his hand on the keys in the ignition, about to turn it.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)
Oh fuck me in the ass...

INT. BRUTTO CANE BAKERY - NORTH END - DAY

DeChico walks into the cafe from the back. One of the Heavy set guys at the lone table looks up from his card game.

SPRINGSTEEN
*The sisters fell back and said
"Don't that man look pretty..."*

HEAVY MAN
How 'bout them Pats, Ricky? You
believe that shit? Cleaned me out
like a bastard.

Ricky climbs behind the counter, GRINNING. He pours himself a coffee.

SPRINGSTEEN
*And them gasoline boys downtown
sure talk gritty...*

DECHICO
I don't know what to tell you,
Ton'. It's a good day for business.

SPRINGSTEEN
*It's so hard to be a saint in the
city!*

BOOM!

The front of the store is blown in. DeChico dives behind the counter, and the Heavyset guys are thrown to the floor. Alarms SCREAM. Sprinklers POP ON. And--

Cobby and Rory burst through the doorway, wielding SHOTGUNS.

Cobby launches over the counter and grabs DeChico by the collar. Rory walks over to the Heavyset Guys and smashes them each in the head, knocking them unconscious.

BACK DOOR

Cobby drags DeChico into the BAKERY. The Bakers throw their hands up, but are ignored as Cobby shoves DeChico towards a SUPPLY CLOSET in the back. He throws open the door--a huge shelf full of flour is all that's inside.

COBBY MILNE

Open it.

DeChico hesitates. Cobby smacks him in the ass with the butt of the gun. DeChico slides the shelf - on a greased track - to the right and REVEALS a hatch in the floor.

Ricky opens it, and Rory runs down the hatch STEPS carrying a GAS CAN. Cobby moves to follow, but DeChico takes off.

SPORTSBOOK

Rory stomps down into the basement. The place is SILENT--the only sound the low HUM of the FLAT SCREENS. It's empty, too. Save for a one SOLDIER (20s) reading a paper at the tables.

He and Rory lock eyes. The Soldier is terrified. Rory signals for him to go. The Soldier nods, grateful, and bolts.

BAKERY

DeChico books for the front, but Cobby catches up and knocks him to the ground. DeChico crawls into to a tiny closet of a BATHROOM and slams the door. But Cobby kicks it open.

DeChico looks up at Cobby from the ground, horrified. Cobby pushes the muzzle of the shotgun right into DeChico's lips, forcing his head down onto the rim of the TOILET.

DeChico closes his eyes.

SPORTSBOOK

Rory knocks over the betting tables and douses the place in gas. When the can is empty, he tosses it through a flat screen and strikes a MATCH.

BAKERY

DeChico opens his eyes. Cobby's smiling at him. He pulls the gun away from DeChico's face.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

Tell ya buddy there we're coming
for him. *Soon.*

Cobby throws a DeChico a faux-salute and books out of the bathroom, just as Rory, fleeing from the basement, runs by.

They burst out of the cafe and into...

THE STREET

Where they hop into a '67 ROADRUNNER and fly off as--
SIRENS begin to echo in the distance.

INT. GARAGE - TEA PARTY TRUCK AND TOWING - NIGHT

Cullotta leans against the rear-end of his Infiniti and takes the top off a styrofoam cup of DUNKIN DONUTS.

BESEGAI (O.S.)

New York? NEW YORK? That's all I'm hearing this morning: New York. This afternoon? All I got is a bunch of frighan charred betting slips and guys who can't claim on the biggest fucking cover of the year. How the fuck could this have ever happened? What the fuck have you been doing all this time?

Cullotta calmly blows the steam off his coffee, sips.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)

Are you even listening to me here, Tommy? Huh? What is this? What the fuck am I paying you for?

Cullotta gives Besegai a look.

CULLOTTA

Tommy? Who the fuck you think you're talking to? Tommy?

Besegai's eyes widen. Two BODYGUARDS, leaning against a door jam, move in toward Cullotta.

DeChico, sitting behind a tool-covered desk across the way, shakes his head at Besegai. Don't let them do it. Besegai waves the Heavies off. Cullotta just sips his coffee.

BESEGAI

Look. All right. All do respect, Mr. Cullotta? I'm just a little irritated you let 'em get away in the first place, okay? I know--

Cullotta gestures at Besegai with his cup.

CULLOTTA

Hey, you want a job done, it comes down to the people you hire...

Cullotta eyes the BODYGUARDS. Neither is happy for that.

CULLOTTA (CONT'D)

Your driver got spooked. He let me get surrounded. Got his neck broke for his troubles. You're lucky that's all that happened.

BESEGAI

Look, I don't wanna argue with ya. I just wanna know what's being done. That's all I'm wondering, Mr. Cullotta. That's all I wanna know.

CULLOTTA

If they're back in town? Great. Just makes my job easier.

BESEGAI

(Nodding)

Yeah-well. All right. We'll see.

Cullotta shrugs. Besegai, frustrated, shakes his head and walks over to DeChico.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)

Whattya thinking?

DeChico turns his palms up. He looks humbled.

DECHICO

I think you should try and meet with them. Make a deal.

Besegai gives him a look.

BESEGAI

Who are these two I should make them a deal? Fuck that, Ricky. Get your shit together. This the first time you had a gun in your mug? Come on, pal. Unfuck ya head.

Besegai waves him off and walks away. Ricky shakes his head. He knows this is a mistake.

ACROSS THE GARAGE

Cullotta opens the door to his Infiniti. One of the BODYGUARDS (30s) - tall, thick, dim-looking - slides in between him and the open door.

BODYGUARD

You know, I remember when my father started slipping, too.

CULLOTTA

Funny. I bet that's what he called it in when he tripped, fell inside your mother's cunt and you popped outta her nine months later.

The Bodyguard moves for him, but Cullotta kicks him full on in the groin, and as the Bodyguard braces himself in the door jam, Cullotta slams the door shut on his hand. The Bodyguard SQUEALS, the scream echoing through out the garage.

DeChico starts, and looks up as the Infiniti tears out of the garage bay, narrowly missing the Bodyguard's head.

EXT. TEA PARTY TRUCK AND TOWING - NIGHT

The lot sits on the far end of an industrial road on the East Boston waterfront. The SKYLINE is lit up across the harbor.

As the Infiniti pulls out of the lot, a '67 ROADRUNNER can be seen two blocks down the road.

INT. ROADRUNNER - CONTINUOUS

Rory and Cobby watch as the Infiniti drives off.

EXT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Donna, still in nurses' scrubs, trudges down the steps to her basement apartment. She pulls out her keys and stops, sensing something. She turns around and--

A HUGE BLACK MAN is standing behind her. She flings her purse in his face and pops the blade out on a STILETTO.

DONNA

I'll split you like a banana sundae, you fucking ni--

The Black Man turns his palms up, and steps into the light. It's Toomey. He's holding his BADGE.

TOOMEY

Whoa, whoa, whoa, baby. I'm a cop.

DONNA

(RE: the badge)
Throw it down here.

He does. She runs her thumb over it. Feels heavy. Real. She suddenly looks embarrassed.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Whattya want?

TOOMEY
Can we talk? I didn't get a chance
to say much to ya that night in
Quincy Point.

Donna's face drops again. She turns to the door.

TOOMEY (CONT'D)
You're the nurse, right?

The door opens.

DONNA
I've said this time and again: I'd
never seen them before and I
haven't seen them since.

Toomey takes a step down towards her, his hands still up.

TOOMEY
I'm not accusing you of anything,
ma'am. I just wanna talk awhile.
Some interesting things been
happening 'round town lately--

DONNA
-I don't have anything to say. I
cooperated as much as I could then.
But it was a very *traumatic* time in
my life, officer and I'd like it
all to an end. I'm trying to put
all of this behind me. *Please*.

Toomey nods. He understands. She walks inside.

TOOMEY
I liked how you waited two months
before you paid off your loans.
Thought that was real classy.
(Donna TURNS)
It was Locke-Ober money, wasn't it?

DONNA
I shoulda cut your balls off.

She drops his badge and slams the door. Toomey laughs. He
puts his badge in his pocket and walks back up the stairs to
the sidewalk. Across the street sits a '67 ROADRUNNER.

EXT. SOLDIERS FIELD ROAD - CAMBRIDGE, MA - DAY

A TEA PARTY TRUCK AND TOWING tow TRUCK pulls over to the shoulder in front of an abandoned STATION WAGON.

INT. OFFICE - TEA PARTY TRUCK AND TOWING - LATER

A MECHANIC (20s) watches out a window as the WAGON is pulled into the lot. He quickly grabs a PHONE off the desk.

INT. BESEGAI HEADQUARTERS - NORTH END - NIGHT

DeChico is seated at private bar, which runs across the length of a brownstone living room and right up into a tiled kitchen. He's smoking, watching a CARD TABLE in the middle of the room, which is facing a CONSOLE TV with the Bruins on.

Besegai and his CREW - overly-dressed Italian men in their 50s - sit around the table.

The phone RINGS at the bar. DeChico grabs it.

DECHICO
Yeah? Wait--what?

DeChico hurriedly stabs out his cigarette. The SOUND of the ashtray rocking on the bar draws Besegai's attention.

DECHICO (CONT'D)
The wagon? The fuck was this?
(Checking his watch)
Hold it there. Don't touch anything. Call the BPD.

The Lieutenants throw Besegai a look.

DECHICO (CONT'D)
Yeah, I know. Trust me. You don't want to pop the trunk on it yaself, all right? Maybe they're in it, maybe it's a something else. Either way, don't touch the fuckin car. I'm on my way.

DeChico hangs up and jumps off his stool. Besegai's waiting for an explanation.

DECHICO (CONT'D)
They just towed in the Priest's wagon from Soldier Field Road.

Besegai flies off his seat, grabbing his jacket off the back. He waves to his two BODYGUARDS in the kitchen. One Bodyguard has his hand wrapped in guaze.

BESEGAI

Light a fire unna ya ass. Come on.
Fuckin *move*.

(to LTs)

And don't none of youse touch my
fucking chips, you goddamn Shines.
I got 'em counted. Got the exact
number right here.

He taps his head. The Lieutenants laugh. Besegai runs out.

EXT. TEA PARTY TRUCK AND TOWING - LATER

Besegai's Deville swerves into the lot. The place is already full of city vehicles--CRUISERS, fire trucks, an AMBULANCE. A large truck labelled BOMB SQUAD.

LATER

Besegai and DeChico, along with a crew of cops, watch from a safe distance as a BOMB TECH searches the station wagon's undercarriage with a MIRROR.

INT. BESEGAI HEADQUARTERS - NORTH END - CONTINUOUS

A LIEUTENANT, BONIPHILIO (55) - thin, glasses, pock-marked face - looks from his cards to the door.

BONIPHILIO

How long's he been gone? 45?

(The Table shrugs)

45's worth a 20, huh?

Boniphilio reaches towards Besegai's chips. He grabs one, throws it in the pot. The table laughs, amused.

TEA PARTY TRUCK AND TOWING

The Bomb Tech stands up and turns to the crowd. He shrugs. Nothing. He reaches for the trunk--

BESEGAI HEADQUARTERS

The Dealer tosses cards around the table. The room's quiet. The SOUND of the Bruins play-by-play can be heard.

CRACK! The front door's kicked open and Cobby and Rory storm in, shotguns ready. Rory bars the door behind them.

The Lieutenants see this and slowly put up their hands, but no one's happy about doing it. The place goes QUIET again.

BONIPHILIO eyes the T.V.

BONIPHILIO (CONT'D)

You know it's still early. The Bruins're still on. All those eyes outside that saw you come in? They're gonna remember ya faces.

COBBY MILNE

We're counting on it.

Boniphilio gives him a look. Huh? But Cobby just grins, and starts whistling, "Something in the Air." The Lieutenants look around. The fuck does that mean?

TEA PARTY TRUCK AND TOWING

Besegai and DeChico watch as the Bomb Tech POPS the trunk--

HEADQUARTERS

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The walls are doused in RED. No one's seated at the card table anymore. Cobby walks over and drops a NOTE in the pot. He knocks over Besegai's chips to keep it from blowing away.

TEA PARTY TRUCK AND TOWING

The trunk is completely empty.

HEADQUARTERS

The note reads only: George's Island.

LATER

Besegai stands in the doorway, HORRIFIED. Everyone's dead. DeChico grabs the note. He shoves it at Besegai.

DECHICO

Give them a fuckin meeting.

EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

A tiny ROWBOAT cuts across a dark expanse of ocean.

ROWBOAT

Rory, rowing, stares at Cobby keeping sight off the bow.

RORY

You got one good arm, don't ya?

Rory gestures to the oars. Cobby grins.

COBBY MILNE
You talk too fuckin much.

Behind them the SHADOW of an ISLAND begins to take shape.

EXT. DOCK'S - GEORGE'S ISLAND - NIGHT

A path has been shovelled from an "E" shaped wooden dock up to a brick VISITOR'S CENTER and beyond that to the walls of a two story, Civil War era, concrete PENTAGON. A single light burns on the front of the fort, highlighting the headstone:

FORT WARREN, 1850.

The PEPPINO, Mr. Besegai's YACHT, is pulling into the docks.

INT. FORT WARREN - NIGHT

Wrapped in his Bruins parka, Besegai and DeChico walk through a stone arch into the dank bellows of the fort, which are lit only by the glow of a cheap COLEMAN LANTERN.

They find Cobby waiting, seated in a tattered WICKER THROWN, two folding chairs set up before him.

BESEGAI
Where the fuck is the other one?

COBBY MILNE
He's around. In case you decide to get smart all of a sudden.

BESEGAI
(Nodding)
Oh, I remember you--you're the fuckin mouth, right?

EXT. PARAPETS - FORT WARREN - CONTINUOUS

Rory, laying prone in the snow, WATCHES through the scope of an M-40 as a DOZEN hired GUNS slink off the Peppino. His eyes widen. That's a lot of guys right there.

INSIDE THE FORT

Cobby gestures to the folding chairs.

COBBY MILNE
Would you like to have a seat?

Besegai just lights a cigarette, blows the smoke at Cobby.

BESEGAI

Get on with it already. Why am I
out here? The fuck do you want?

COBBY MILNE

I just wanna come in from the cold.

BESEGAI

Why should I care about that?

COBBY MILNE

Well, cause I'm just a lonely
rider. But I gotta find out how it
feels. I want to know if love is
wild--want to know if it's real.

Besegai gives him a queer look.

BESEGAI

What in the fuck is that?

DeChico sighs, sits down.

DECHICO

Bruce Springsteen. It's a song.

Mr. B flicks his cigarette, and turns for the door.

BESEGAI

Pfft. Fuck this faggot and his
faggot bullshit. Kill 'em both--

PARAPET

Rory slowly climbs out of his perch and turns around. The
parapet faces into a courtyard. And beyond the courtyard is a
well-lit arch, inside of which is a perfect sight line to
Besegai. Rory adjusts his scope, takes a bead.

INSIDE THE FORT

Cobby laughs.

COBBY MILNE

All right, all right. In all
seriousness? I'm just tired, okay?
My partner's tired. Despite what my
taste in music might suggest, we're
sick of running. We'd just like to,
you know, *get in from the cold*. Not
here in Boston, of course. But
somewhere. Eventually. Now, I know
I'll be looking in my rearview for
Toomey the rest of my life, but I
figure we all can work something
out.

Besegai stops at the entry arch.

BESEGAI

Or what? What do I get out of this?
Again: *why the fuck should I care?*

COBBY MILNE

(Shrugging)

Well, cause we'll stop killing ya.

DeChico looks to Besegai. Besegai considers Cobby. Something strikes him suddenly and he struts back up to the chair.

BESEGAI

Nah. Here's what's gonna happen...

Mr. Besegai sits down, lights another cigarette.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)

You two are fucking slick, but ya amateurs. You brought us out to a goddamn deserted island, which would seem smart, but you didn't think for a moment that I could've just killed you, and lit this whole goddamn place on fire, burned your lil butt-buddy there right out. It was gutsy move, but a *bush* move.

(Cobby smiles)

And to tell you the truth, that's what I came out here to do. I came out here for that very thing. I sat here, and I listened to your bullshit, and I thought to myself, "hey, let me humor this asshole before he dies." But now I got a potential use for ya. I need a guy taken care of. A civilian, but I don't need the heat. Irregardless? It's gotta get done. You two do that, which I'm sure - slick as you are - ya capable of? Ya can go. No bullshit. Just go. Ya safe from me.

Cobby looks to DeChico, then back to Besegai.

COBBY MILNE

Lemme see if I get this: you want me to kill some innocent goof?

BESEGAI

Who said he was innocent? He ain't. He's the same as the rest of us. And I need him gone.

(MORE)

BESEGAI (CONT'D)

And I need outliers on it--don't want any of my guys connected to it. Ya just lucky you made me think of that.

DeChico watches Cobby. Cobby takes a breath and shrugs.

COBBY MILNE

I don't know. I can't give you an answer to that. I gotta--

DECHICO

-There ain't really a choice here.

Cobby holds his arms out. Whattya want me to tell ya?

BESEGAI

No, it's fine. Let him think about it. You got 'til tomorrow night. You can even think about not doing it, maybe take the opportunity to run again. But see if I give a shit. You go? I'll get you eventually. And in the meantime? It won't be me suffering.

Besegai and DeChico move towards the arch.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)

(Turning back)

Tomorrow night. You do it, or you'll be wrapping ya *mouth* around this *velvet engine*. Got me?

Mr. B gestures towards his crotch, pleased with himself, and walks off. Cobby shakes his head, he set himself up for that. As soon as they leave, Cobby gets up and follows them out.

PARAPET

Rory follows Besegai with the M-40. He hears a WHISTLE.

FRONT OF THE FORT

It's Cobby. He's impressed, watching Besegai's dozen hired guns walk down the icy pathway back to the boat. Besegai wasn't kidding. He laughs about something to himself.

COBBY MILNE

(Seemingly to no one)

Hey, you see Toomey out there?

LAUGHTER echoes down from the PARAPET.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
Cause for a second there I thought
we were really in trouble...

EXT. STOP AND SHOP - NIGHT

A cold, dark night. It's snowing. JERRY THE GROCER, sans cash bag, walks out the front door and locks it. He pockets the keys and walks off, shoulders hunched against the cold.

EXT. QUINCY POINT - LATER

Jerry, strolling along a sidewalk, stops suddenly as if sensing something. He turns: nothing's there. A road of quiet houses and a single streetlight ringed in snow FLURRIES.

INT. ROADRUNNER - CONTINUOUS

Rory and Cobby watch Jerry start walking again. He climbs the porch of a two-family, split-level home and walks inside.

COBBY MILNE
It wouldn't even be hard. I mean, I
feel like there should be some sort
of sport in it, you know?

Rory shrugs. Whattya gonna do?

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)
How do ya wanna do this?

RORY
Just shoot him. Just walk right up
and shoot him. All there is to it.

INT. BESEGAI HEADQUARTERS - NORTH END - NIGHT

A short, squat, FAT MAN (30s) slides a bar across the front door and pops it open. Rory cautiously steps in.

Besegai and DeChico are at the card table. CULLOTTA's sitting at the bar, nursing a drink. A dozen hired GUNS - young guys in flashy clothes; old guys in leisure wear - sit around the kitchen and the bar. They all, at once, EYEFUCK Rory.

Rory looks to the BUCKSHOT in the walls beyond the table.

BESEGAI
Yeah?

RORY
We'll do it.

Besegai puts his cards down on the table.

BESEGAI

Oh really? Great. *Thanks*. What the fuck else were you gonna do?

Rory shrugs. The Guns are still staring at him.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)

Alright, I heard ya. Go. Go do it. But one last thing: don't let me ever see ya fuckin Irish cunt-eatin mug around ANY parta this town again, all right? Even *Roslindale*.

Rory nods. He gets the point. He points towards the back.

RORY

I use your bathroom before I go?

Besegai thumbs DeChico towards Rory, and turns back to his cards.

BESEGAI

Pat him down before he goes in.
(Tossing chips in the middle)
Michael Corleone, this guy.

The room CHUCKLES. DeChico finishes his pat down and nods Rory towards the back. Rory tosses Cullotta a LOOK as he walks into the bathroom.

Mr. B looks up from his cards to Cullotta. Cullotta's staring into his drink. Besegai WHISTLES for his attention.

BESEGAI (CONT'D)

Kill him and the Mouth anyways.

INT. E.R. - MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Donna storms down a tiled hallway in her nurses' scrubs to the LOCKER ROOM. She passes another NURSE coming out.

NURSE

Hey hon, ya want me to wake ya up?

DONNA

(Looking at her watch)
Please. 4 o'clock okay?

The Nurse nods, sure, and Donna ducks inside.

LOCKER ROOM

Donna sits down on a BED and puts her hair up. She uses her toes to pull off each shoe, and UNSNAPS her watch. She lays the watch down on the pillow and curls up onto the bed.

Cobby slides out from under the bed, reaches up, and grabs her thigh. Donna spins around and kicks at the hand, misses, and BANGS her foot off a nearby locker. Cobby laughs.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Are out of your fucking mind? How long have you been under there?

COBBY MILNE

A while. Last woman didn't think it was so funny.

DONNA

Fuckin asshole. What the hell're you doing here?

COBBY MILNE

Why you got a date, or something?

Donna shrugs, maybe I do. Cobby climbs to his feet and sits on a cot perpendicular to her bed.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

Well don't let me interrupt. Just wanted to tell ya: I got one more thing I gotta do with Roar, then we can come back. You know, fa good.

DONNA

You don't look happy about it.

COBBY MILNE

Well, it ain't something easy. Or good, what I gotta do, you know?

DONNA

Oh nothing good? Like kidnapping an innocent woman off the street?

Cobby smirks, but he isn't smiling.

DONNA (CONT'D)

It's just one last thing, right?

He looks up at her, stares her in the eye. Nods. Yup.

EXT. SHIPYARDS - QUINCY POINT - DUSK

Cobby and Rory lean on the hood of the RoadRunner underneath the shadow of the FORE RIVER BRIDGE.

COBBY MILNE
How you wanna figure this out?

RORY
I'm a better shot.

COBBY MILNE
It's less than a 100 yards. I can manage.

RORY
What do I care. Flip for it then.

Cobby digs out a quarter. He shows both sides to Rory.

COBBY MILNE
Call it.

RORY
Heads.

Cobby catches it. Pockets it without letting Rory see.

COBBY MILNE
Just make sure Cullotta doesn't find me.

Rory smiles, appreciating the favor. He nods. My pleasure.

EXT. SUBURBAN ROOF TOP - NIGHT

Carefully steps across a shingled roof, GUN CASE in hand. He gets to the peak - a nice little perch - unzips his case, and sets up the M-40.

EXT. STREET - QUINCY POINT - NIGHT

Rory climbs out of the RoadRunner and starts walking down the street, hands in his pockets.

A sign for CITIZENS BANK glows behind him.

EXT. STOP AND SHOP - NIGHT

Jerry walks out of the darkened store, turns, and locks up.

EXT. HADRIAN'S WALL TAVERN - NIGHT

Cullotta pulls up in his Infiniti.

QUINCY POINT

Jerry, head down, hands in pockets, walks home.

ROOF TOP

Cobby sights through the scope and adjusts his sights. His breath turns to steam in the cold.

EXT. BESEGAI HOUSE - NAHANT, MA - NIGHT

Besegai climbs out of his Deville and walks up to the house.

INT. BESEGAI HEADQUARTERS - NORTH END - CONTINUOUS

DeChico lays down two cards from his hand on the table.

QUINCY POINT

Rory watches CULLOTTA climb out of his Infiniti in front of HADRIAN'S WALL.

ROOF TOP

Cobby stretches his fingers and pulls the gun-stock tight against his shoulder. He breathes out and holds his breath. Slowly his index finger slides over the trigger guard...

BESEGAI HEADQUARTERS

DeChico, pissed, tosses his hand in the middle. Bust.

DECHICO
Fuck it. I'm out.

He gets up from the table and walks over to the BATHROOM.

QUINCY POINT

Rory follows, 20 yards behind, as Cullotta walks into the Wall. Rory adjusts the 9mm stuck in his waistband.

BATHROOM BESEGAI HEADQUARTERS

DeChico sidles up to the urinal and braces himself against the wall. He lets loose and GROANS a little. But he HEARS something. DeChico pinches off and LISTENS. TICKING.

DECHICO (CONT'D)
What the fuck is that shi--

EXT. BESEGAI HEADQUARTERS - NORTH END - CONTINUOUS

The windows on the first story of a three story BROWNSTONE are blown out into the street, fire belching from inside.

JERRY'S HOUSE

Jerry reaches for his front door--

ROOFTOP

Cobby SQUEEZES the trigger. PING!

HADRIAN'S WALL

Cullotta whips around as he opens the door to the bar. A 96 COROLLA has hit the curb across the street and blown a TIRE.

BESEGAI'S HOUSE

BESEGAI'S HEAD explodes onto his front door as he opens the storm. He collapses to a heap in the doorway.

JERRY'S HOUSE

Jerry walks in and shuts the door. His porch light goes out.

ROOFTOP

Cobby jumps up and quickly tossing the M-40 in its case. He throws a last look off the roof.

100 yards away, he can still see Besegai laying on his porch. He ain't moving. Cobby dashes across the roof.

STREET

Cobby runs out from behind a CAPE CODDER.

Through a BAY WINDOW, a family can be seen INSIDE watching TV. They've no idea what just happened upstairs.

Cobby deftly trots crosses the street to the Priest's STATION WAGON and tosses the gun in the trunk.

INT. HADRIAN'S WALL TAVERN - LATER

Rory walks in. The place is empty. Save for Cullotta sitting at the bar. Rory walks over and takes the stool next to him.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN - NIGHT

The WARREN TAVERN - a white crackerbox style building - sits on the corner of an intersection, closed down for the night.

The BUNKER HILL MONUMENT stands in the distance.

INT. WARREN TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Cobby lays a BULLET CASING down on a table in front of TOOMEY, who sits there, arms crossed, looking bullshit.

COBBY MILNE

Like you said.

Cobby looks around. The place is empty--save for an SOU cop standing at every single exit, barring Cobby's way out.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

We even then?

Toomey pockets the casing, clears his throat.

TOOMEY

Where's the money from Locke-Ober?

COBBY MILNE

Say it went to a good cause.

Toomey snorts, shaking his head.

TOOMEY

You know, it's not gonna be easy around here for you. For either of you. Ever.

Cobby nods, and holds up his hands, as if asking permission to use them. Toomey gives him a look. Cobby reaches behind him and pulls out two 9MM's and lays them on the table.

TOOMEY (CONT'D)

And?

COBBY MILNE

Check the ballistics. You'll find a bullet from one in the head of Alec Scalvo, and nothing from either in the body of the cop.

The SOU Cops at the doors exchange a look.

COBBY MILNE (CONT'D)

And if you're wandering about what happened to that cop in Quincy? Put a guy named Jerry Meo in front of the Grand Jury. He's a grocer down in the Point. Might know something.

Toomey leans back in his seat, considers Cobby.

TOOMEY

Where's the other guy? Your buddy?

COBBY MILNE
 He's out there somewhere.
 (GRINNING)
 In case you decided to get smart
 all of a sudden.

Toomey frowns. *Fucking prick.*

INT. HADRIAN'S WALL TAVERN - LATER

Rory and Cullotta are hunched over on the bar, shitfaced, their elbows the only thing keeping them up.

CULLOTTA
 ...this guy was hard as a Pope's coffin nail, right? There's a picture of him in Life Magazine, I think. Or, Time. One of them. And he's sitting on this pile of dead dinks, right? Eating a K-ration like he could give a fuck. Guy was just *hard*. And so we're in this bar. We're jawing back and forth about who's tougher. I'm 21. I'm in the prime of my life. Just made it out of the shit. So I say to him, "fuck you, I'll prove it." And I shove my hand down my throat, throw up all over the bar. Whole place runs out. It stinks like hell. But this guy? He just grins a little. He reaches into my vomit, takes out a chunk of Wop Slop meatball with two fingers, shakes off the bile and eats it. Chews it right in my fucking face--swear on my life.
 (Rory gives him a look)
 I told him, I was like, "you win, you got it." Guy was the hardest son of a bitch I ever met.

Rory laughs, and takes a drink. Cullotta studies him.

CULLOTTA (CONT'D)
 You know, I knew what you were doing in that bathroom. You carried the thing in your shoe, right?

BESEGAI HEADQUARTERS

Rory's MILITARY BOOTS walk into the bathroom. One ankle's thicker than the other. The bathroom door swings shut.

BACK TO SCENE

Rory tips his bottle at BUD at Cullotta. You got it.

RORY
Why didn't you say anything?

CULLOTTA
Hell, I knew I wasn't going to be there when it went off.

RORY
(Smiling)
What was your excuse at the Yacht Club?

CULLOTTA
I just missed. Why didn't you put me out in the car? Coulda made a nice name fah yourself right then.

RORY
(Shrugging)
It just seemed like a shame. Ya like a symbol of hope or somethin-- something like that.

Cullotta laughs. Raises his beer.

CULLOTTA
I don't know how many'd people agree with you on that, pal. But my grandson thanks ya at least.

They clink glasses and drink.

RORY
Can I ask you something?
(Cullotta shrugs)
What happened to that guy in the bar?

Cullotta turns his palms out. Who knows?

CULLOTTA
That's what happens. No one knows with guys like us. You like John Wayne? You seen *The Searchers*? You don't walk in the door at the end.

Rory nods, slowly. Yeah.

Mr. Kelly watches this from the other end of the bar. He's fascinated. It's like watching a man stare into the eyes of who he's about to become. Rory and Cullotta finish their drinks. Mr. Kelly gets up and pours them another.

EXT. ST. JOE'S - CONTINUOUS

The STATION WAGON cruises past Hadrian's Wall, and Cullotta's Infiniti, and hooks left into the St. Joe's parking lot. Cobby cuts the engine. The tail lights go out.

BLACK OUT.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Donna, covered in bloody scrubs, strolls out of the E.R. untying a tangle in her EAR BUDS. She sticks them both in her head and looks up to find--

Rory, waiting by his RoadRunner, smoking.

RORY

Can I just open the door for you
this time, or what?

Donna smiles.

"Darkness on the Edge of Town" by the Boss plays.

EXT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The RoadRunner pulls up in front of the building.

INSIDE THE ROADRUNNER

Cobby hops out of the shotgun. Donna leans over Rory's shoulder from the back.

DONNA

You coming in?

Rory throws a look in the REARVIEW. He sees the small apartment under the stairs. The light over the DOORWAY.

RORY

I'm all set. Thanks.

Cobby, leaning in from the shotgun window, smiles. Grateful. Rory sees this and nods.

DONNA

(to Cobby)

I don't know why you're smiling.
You ain't coming in either then.

Cobby's face drops.

COBBY MILNE

Whattya mean?

DONNA

You're outta your fucking mind you think you're getting inside my house again that fast. I'll let you buy me a drink, but that's all you're getting tonight.

Cobby, confused, points to Rory.

COBBY MILNE

But he's my ride?

DONNA

Well, you better figure it out then. I needa shower.

Donna slides out of the backseat and walks down to her apartment, her feet shuffling on the concrete.

Cobby watches her go, leaning against the car. She throws him a wry grin as she walks inside. She looks good even bloody. She's worth the walk home. Cobby leans back inside the car.

COBBY MILNE

I guess I'll be seein you then.

Rory nods. He knows.

RORY

I'll be around...

(Smiling)

In case you decide to get smart all of a sudden.

Cobby grins.

COBBY MILNE

Watch out, pal.

Rory nods. Cobby leans out and bangs on the trunk of the car.

INSIDE THE ROADRUNNER

Rory pulls away and tosses a look into the REARVIEW.

He can see a LIGHT pop on in Donna's window, and Cobby, standing against her building, waiting to get in.

Rory smiles. Happy one of them could get in from the cold.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

*Tonight I'll be on that hill 'cause
I can't stop. I'll be on that hill
with everything I got. Lives on the
line where dreams are found and
lost.*

(MORE)

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN (CONT'D)

*I'll be there on time and I'll pay
the cost. For wanting things that
can only be found...in the darkness
on the edge of...*

THE ROADRUNNER

Glides off down the street, around a bend and out of sight.

EXT. DONNA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cobby watches as Rory's TAIL LIGHTS disappear around the corner. He lights a cigarette and looks down at Donna's window. There's a LIGHT burning warmly inside.

Cobby grins, BRILLIANTLY, and starts humming--

"Something in the Air" plays us out as we...

SMASH TO BLACK.