

WIDOWS

Screenplay by
Gillian Flynn & Steve McQueen

1 INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, CHICAGO, 2008 1

ECU: A large red painted mouth (VERONICA) presses down hard on a pair of white lips (MARCUS). The kiss is over in seconds, leaving a red mark. A thumb tries to brush off the evidence, only to smudge it.

2 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT, CHICAGO - BEDROOM - MORNING 2

VERONICA, MID-40s, awakes in the bedroom of a smart penthouse. She lies in BED, staring at the ALARM clock. It goes off exactly at 8am. VERONICA stares at it as it rings. One second, two seconds. Three. Four. Five. She reaches out and slaps it off. She sits up robotically. She turns to look at the empty pillow beside her.

3 INT. VAN - LAWNDALE - NIGHT 3

Van doors are flung open on both sides of the screen. Men dressed all in black with SKI MASKS tumble into a van carrying DUFFEL BAGS and GUNS-- one man scrambles towards the driver's seat. A voice we will come to know...

DRIVER [HARRY]

Get in!

The van takes off just before the last of the masked men is able to jump onboard. Two men, who we will later know as MALIK and DARIUS, are in the distance running towards the van, guns blazing. Ducking MALIK and DARIUS' bullets, the last of the masked men chases after the moving van and is eventually pulled onboard, twisting his body, shooting back at the two assailants. As he does so, one of the van doors hits a pole, detaching it from its top and middle hinges. The door is now being dragged wildly along the uneven terrain, swaying like a broken tail. Screams of "Go! Go!"

MAN TWO [FLOREK]

Get us the fuck out of here.

As the van swerves left, the right hand door partially closes and a bullet round shatters its window. The trailing door scrapes angrily, spitting sparks along the concrete.

MAN THREE [CARLOS]

Shut the fucking door!

But it is impossible as the van careens into the fluorescent abstract night. The men inside are a whirl of bodies as bullets hit the side of the van-- they are ducking and yelling.

4 INT. CHICAGO APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

4

A calm, DOMESTIC moment: ALICE, 25, white, blonde and remarkably pretty, is watching her handsome husband, FLOREK, 38, wolf down his bacon. The apartment is TINY and JUNKY, packed with CHEAP STUFF - but they look GREAT. Clearly a couple who spends their money on CLOTHES and JEWELRY.

FLOREK
(Polish accent)
You never eat.

ALICE
I like to watch you eat. Makes me feel like a wife.

FLOREK points at the oversized DIAMOND on her finger.

FLOREK
That should make you feel like a wife.

ALICE holds out her hand to admire. She tucks her hair absentmindedly behind an ear - and reveals the outline of a fading BLACK EYE.

FLOREK (CONT'D)
I told you, keep that covered. Do something with make-up, no? Makes me feel...bad to look at it.

ALICE
Yeah? Makes me feel bad too.

He holds up a palm to hush her, like you'd hush a child. Stands up, wipes his mouth on his sleeve.

ALICE (CONT'D)
You'll be careful-

Another hush sign.

FLOREK
Bad luck to wish for good luck.

He gives her a lascivious KISS. Leaves her leaning toward him with her mouth still open. He pops in a piece of BACON and she bites it off.

FLOREK (CONT'D)
Good girl.

He flaps her on her forehead with a bunch of CASH. Traces it down her nose and into her MOUTH. She BITES down on that too.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

He smiles at her and she blows the cash out, flying to the floor everywhere.

ALICE

That only tasted like \$500.

He laughs a big genuine laugh. He kisses her again.

5 INT. VAN - NIGHT

5

The van accelerates. Men are flying in and out of view.

The driver's shoulder is revealed as the van lurches to the left. Two bullets pass through the windshield.

MAN TWO [FLOREK]

Fuck! I'm hit!

Camera pans back to find FLOREK - BLOOD seaking his black shirt. He pulls it up -face still covered - and we see it's BAD: right near the stomach. The VAN careens sideways-a TIRE has been hit.

One ski-masked guy gets in the face of the man who's screaming in pain.

SKI MASKED MAN [CARLOS]

You said this was handled!

Then a single CALM voice:

DRIVER (O.S.) [HARRY]

Keep cool. Just keep cool. I got it.

CAMERA finds the driver as he takes off his mask.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

And get rid of that fucking door!

6 EXT. STREET, CHICAGO - NIGHT

6

The van now accelerates across an iron bridge, almost sending the vehicle off balance. A SQUAD CAR traveling in the opposite direction witnesses this and pulls a U-turn, turning on its sirens.

INSIDE THE VAN

Harry looks in the side view mirror. The red lights of the police car disco around the interior of the van. Sparks from the collapsed door still trail. We see the result of the van blowing through an intersection as two cars skid into view, forcing the police car to take evasive action.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

One of the men repeatedly kicks the trailing door until it is free. The chasing police car swerves, running over the door.

7 INT. QUINCEANERA DRESS SHOP - DAY

7

The store is dominated by massive, bright QUINCEANERA DRESSES. A couple, LINDA, 30s, Puerto Rican, and CARLOS, 30s, Mexican-American and puppyish, are arguing.

She pursues him as he makes his way through the dresses, toward the DOOR. Out of the dresses trail two kids, 6 and 4.

LINDA

I want my money.

CARLOS

(repeating her)

"I want my money!" I thought it was our money?

LINDA

This is my store. My sweat and tears made this happen.

(she points at the store around them)

Every time I bail you out with a loan, an IOU, but this? This is a new low.

CARLOS

You're accusing me of stealing your money?

LINDA

Why are you so surprised? You do it for a living.

CARLOS

Where do you get the balls? What I do for this family, I risk my life.

LINDA

Yeah then piss it up the wall.

Carlos gives Linda a hard look. Linda meets his gaze.

He kisses the kids goodbye and leaves.

8 EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT

8

The VAN swerves across the median into the oncoming lane due to late night construction. A car narrowly avoids a collision with the van, only to t-bone the oncoming police car, sending it flying through the air.

9 INT. AMANDA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY 9

AMANDA NUNN (late 30s) is juggling a million things at once: A pan fries eggs, water runs over dishes. She puts a bottle of BABY FORMULA in a specific device to heat it.

An INFANT is in a bouncer chair at the breakfast table. He starts to WAIL just as--

JIMMY NUNN (40s, Irish American) passes through. He kisses the back of her head, looking at the baby. A tension in the air. He leaves.

10 INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS 10

MAN ONE [CARLOS]
Let me out-- just let me out-

In the half-light we see the driver's face.

DRIVER [HARRY]
No fucking way. We're sticking to the plan.

11 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 11

Veronica and Harry, in bed, engaged in a passionate kiss.

12 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - SHOWER - MORNING 12

HARRY is standing frozen beneath the water.

He shuts off the tap and grabs a towel.

VERONICA
You forgot!

VERONICA holds out a flask, her dog OLIVIA, at her feet.

He smiles. She pours WHISKEY from the FLASK into its SHOT-cap. Holds the SHOT to HARRY-cheers!--and instead of giving it to him, downs it HERSELF. Puts the top back on. This is all done with the seriousness of a RITUAL.

He cups her face, looks at her for two seconds. They kiss, him savoring the WHISKEY on her lips, breathing in her scent.

13 INT. VAN/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 13

From over the driver's shoulder, we see the garage door open on the side of a warehouse. The van limps into a lit warehouse. Harry gets out of the van, opens the back and grabs two big duffel bags.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

HARRY
Let's go. Let's go...

The other men scramble, helping their wounded colleague across the warehouse to another waiting van.

SKI MASK [CARLOS]
(off Man Two [FLOREK])
We need to get him to a doctor.

Harry drops the cash and turns around and nods.

HARRY
Get in the fucking van. Let's go home.

Harry opens the back door of the van to let them in.

14 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

14

As the garage door of the warehouse slowly opens, we hear gun shots. We see Chicago SWAT team and UNIFORMED COPS...the SWAT team opens fire without hesitation. The van is riddled with gunfire. Windshield spidering.

INSERT:

Inside the warehouse, looking at the van front-on. Bullets fired from the Police SWAT pierce the windscreen and we see HARRY'S body in the driver's seat (face partly obscured by bullet holes) jerking as he's hit multiple times.

*****NB Greenscreen Element - Just the Harry Double*****

Suddenly the van explodes, breaking into two. The front of the van is violently flung, trailed by a fireball, clipping the side of the exit, flipping end over end, landing in a roaring blaze outside of the warehouse. The back of the van is forcibly tossed backwards, bursting into flames, igniting the large metal canisters, causing an even larger hellish explosion.

15 EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

15

The warehouse appears like a blazing oven as FIREFIGHTERS arrive at the scene. They can only try to douse the blaze from a great distance- the van is a torch in the night.

A stunned young cop looks on.

PARAMEDIC
Must be a gas leak.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG COP
Can't you guys do something?

The PARAMEDICS look on, helpless.

PARAMEDIC
We can get out the body bags.

A car with a single off-duty SIREN attached to its side, blaring, speeds into the scene. Out leaps SERGEANT FULLER, 50s, white. He moves quickly throughout the crowd towards DETECTIVE McARDLE.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

FULLER
Is it Rawlings?

MCARDLE
(gesturing towards the
flaming van)
You could say that.

16 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

16

Dressed in BLACK now, VERONICA sits at a mirror, motionless, staring at herself. She is towards the end of putting on her face, finishing it off with a pair of pearl EARRINGS.

Finished, she steps in front of a full length MIRROR, brushes herself down. She looks deeply appropriate.

17 INT/EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN

17

SCORCHED WAREHOUSE

This scene is one of carnage. Charred human remains and unidentifiable objects still smoldering. Not much else. The stench is evident, as CPD forensic officers don face masks.

FULLER
Medical examiner say he can still ID
them?

MCARDLE
I think off the teeth maybe.

FULLER
Well, at least his kid didn't have to see
this-- his wife can thank the department
for that-

MCARDLE
Don't let anyone from the press hear you
saying that-

FULLER
Believe me, every cop on major case over
40 is raising a glass tonight.

FULLER pauses, stares down at the charred remains.

FULLER (CONT'D)
I always said he should burn in hell,
but, hey, Chicago works too.

MCARDLE gives a bemused smile.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

SCREEN GOES BLACK. We hear the heartbroken WAIL of VERONICA.

18 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 18

VERONICA raises her head, still in front of the mirror. She finishes her wail, trying not to fall apart. She checks herself in the mirror for the last time. She kisses Olivia the dog, gathers her purse and leaves.

19 INT. HARRY'S SUV - DAY 19

"BASH" BABIACK, 45, blue-collar, an enormous mountain of a man, drives, VERONICA sits in the back seat.

VERONICA
Everything taken care of?

BASH
Got the roses you wanted. They had three different "dove gray" caskets. You'd be really surprised how much they get for those things. You want to guess how much-

VERONICA
(dismissing)
No, no I don't. I just want to go-

BASH produces a small envelope with VERONICA's name on it.

BASH
Harry told me if anything ever happened I should give this to you.

He hands it back to her.

VERONICA
When? When did he tell you that?

BASH
Uh...uh...Honestly, I don't remember. I'm not so good at remembering and he always told me not to write things down-

She opens it up and pulls out a piece of paper-it has an address. She frowns, shakes the envelope and out falls a tiny KEY. She stares at it a moment...then puts it and the address into her handbag.

20 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - MORNING 20

The 18th ward.

(CONTINUED)

A black TOWN CAR pulls in front of a closed STOREFRONT CHURCH: New Beginnings. JACK MULLIGAN, Irish-American, late 30s/early 40s, with a good head of politician hair and a cocky GRIN gets out. A BARRIER fence bars the door. MULLIGAN turns to his aide, SIOBHAN, white, 20s...

JACK

Do I knock?

She shrugs. Jack raps on the tin barrier door. It ECHOES. On the adjacent corner, lingering YOUNG MEN with hoodies and baseball caps turn to stare. Finally, the door rolls up; under it is a regular front door, with a CAMPAIGN POSTER featuring a handsome black guy, late 30s: VOTE for MANNING! FROM YOUR WARD! FOR YOUR WARD!

JATEMME, black, late 20s, opens the door and glares.

JATEMME

We ain't open yet.

JAMAL (O.S.)

Who is it?

JATEMME disappears inside a bit. Jack and Siobhan shift uncomfortably as we hear:

JATEMME (O.S.)

Some white guy.

SIOBHAN

(loudly)
Jack Mulligan.

Jack grins at SIOBHAN.

JAMAL (O.S.)

Let him in.

21 INT. STOREFRONT CHURCH - MORNING

21

It's a room with a PULPIT pushed to one side and a dozen FOLDING CHAIRS. A DESK has been dragged to the center and behind it sits JAMAL MANNING, the man on the poster.

JAMAL

Mr. Mulligan.

JACK

Mr. Manning. My aide, Siobhan.

(CONTINUED)

Several more large men appear in addition to JATEMME, who gives Siobhan a slow appraising look. Manning takes a seat and nods toward JATEMME, catching him in the act.

JAMAL

This is my brother.

JATEMME

Jatemme.

JACK

I love you too!
(laughing at his joke)

A very uncomfortable pause. Jatemme eyes Jack, bristling. Jack surveys the room.

JACK (CONT'D)

When I was a kid I used to help out with my Dad's campaign. Putting fliers under windshield wipers, handing out buttons-- had a Mulligan for Alderman sticker on my notebook at school. Looked a lot like this--

JAMAL

Except a little whiter I imagine.

Jack laughs.

JACK

My father always thought it was a good idea to keep the lines of communication open with his opponent. That's why I'm here. Keep things honest and dignified.

JAMAL

Maybe he could be honest and open about whatever deal he made with the city council to call this special election instead of waiting til February like the law says-

JACK

My father had a heart attack. He knows how important every day is to the people of this ward so he used his connections to help them-- who does waiting serve?

JAMAL

Everyone who isn't named Mulligan.

Mulligan smiles.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

I'm 12 points up in this morning's polls. That's before rolling out a new TV spot. How's your TV buy looking? Where's your name recognition at? Mulligans have run the 18th ward for 60 years. My grandfather, my father-

JAMAL

Your Daddy can put you on some commission where people don't have no say-- let you play with some trains. But, you don't inherit a ward. You run for it.

JACK

You have much experience in government?

JAMAL

I grew up three blocks away. Now I live five blocks away. I live here.

JACK

So do I.

JAMAL

Nah. You own a house one block into the ward. German Baroque or some such bullshit. A house people might actually want to live in.

A beat: Jack looks around.

JACK

Smart idea, running headquarters from a church. Illegal- there's that whole church and state thing- but smart idea.

JAMAL

More illegal than nepotism?

A long beat.

JACK

Extending the Green Line is the best thing that can happen to the people of the 18th ward-- brings them closer to jobs-- closer to culture--

JAMAL

They don't seem to be the ones getting rich off the project. But, somebody is.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

And what about you, Jamal? What sort of business have you been running? How have you been improving the lives of the people of Chicago? I bet your reputation's a real problem for your communications team. Can you even afford a communications team?

JAMAL

Never been arrested. We'll see if you can say that, few months from now.

JATEMME

Maybe you the one needs a communications team.

Siobhan looks at the ground.

JACK

(weird bark of a laugh)

Ha! They're always poking into our family's business. It's a sign of admiration here. At least I'm on the evening news...Twelve points. Pull out now and you can save yourself some money and a ton of embarrassment.

JAMAL

Nah, I don't pull out when it feels this good.

Jack nods. Jatemme's eyes burrow into Siobhan. Jack walks away. He doesn't even look back, just raises a hand in goodbye.

JACK

Don't forget to vote August 8th.

JAMAL

The election is the 7th, Jack.

JACK

Oh, I know.

He and SIOBHAN walk out the door. Jatemme looks at Jamal.

JATEMME

Why you wanna go into politics anyway, man? Passing bills and shit-whatever the fuck they do.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL

Alderman of this ward makes \$103,000 a year.

JATEMME

Shit, we make more'n that in a week.

JAMAL

104,000 base. But then you add in the juice: He gives a friend a contract for a new building, gets a kickback. He gives his brother a contract for construction, hell, gives his mama a contract for construction. Ninety-two-year-old little old white lady with a fucking little yellow hardhat and a union card. That man has a piece of everything. And the only people coming after him have microphones and cameras-- people coming after us wanna take our lives with guns.

(pause)

I'm 37 years old, Jatemme. I don't want this life no more. I want his life.

JATEMME

He ain't just gonna give you his life.

JAMAL

No, he's not. I'm gonna take it.

A young black man NOEL (30s) enters.

NOEL

Harry Rawlings is dead.

JAMAL

And what's that got to do with us?

(pregnant pause)

What?

NOEL

It's bad. It's fucking bad.

A clean white-washed space with contemporary furniture clashes with the 19th century features. A large contemporary abstract painting hangs on the wall.

Jack eyes a decanter, debates pouring a drink, but stops: too early. TOM MULLIGAN (80s) walks in, slowly but surely, helped by a middle aged Taiwanese nurse to a seat. He dismisses her.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

(proudly, about his
re-decoration)

What do you think of my new painting? The
artist is really blowing up. I got in
early, got it for fifty thousand.

TOM

Makes me want to have a drink. Isn't that
the same amount as one of your kids'
tuition? Or is that your monthly alimony?

Jack is used to his father's dismissals. He pours him a
drink.

TOM (CONT'D)

Did you get him to concede and go back to
his normal business? Don't want to see
you become the first Mulligan to lose to
a nigger.

Jack gives a flicker of distaste.

JACK

(deep breath)

He's staying in, but that's fine.

TOM

Is it?

JACK

It's dealt with.

Tom screws up his face-- dealt with how?

TOM

I remember Governor Ryan telling me it
was 'dealt with' just before they found
him guilty on 18 counts of stupid-- maybe
you should go up to the prison in Terra
Haute and talk to him-

JACK

And maybe you shouldn't have been such a
hard-ass. If you'd just rolled over for
the Mayor on that housing development at
Marquette Park.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

TOM

I don't roll over for anyone. He had his agenda and I had mine.

JACK

And look where that's got us: the lines of the ward redrawn and we're down 7,000 votes that would have gone our way. You created this problem and now we might be left without a pot to piss in.

TOM

Says the man with the fifty thousand dollar piece of wallpaper.

23 INT. POLISH ORTHODOX CHURCH

23

A priest is leading a prayer in Polish. A photo of FLOREK with candles burning on either side stands before the congregation. Cheap plastic flowers.

ALICE, dressed inappropriately, black mini skirt, heels, with a low-plunging top revealing several gold chains, black eye now hardly visible, is crying.

ALICE

He said it was supposed to be the easy job...

All the MALE MOURNERS' eyes in unison turn coolly toward her.

ALICE'S MOTHER

(in Polish)

Hush. Not here.

ALICE

He had a temper, but he also had...joy, like no one else. He was so beautiful, wasn't he? His hands. And his eyes, he got away with so much because of those eyes.

ALICE'S MOTHER

(murmuring)

I know. Hush now. I know.

Tamping down the scene she is making.

ALICE

I couldn't even say goodbye properly. They wouldn't let me see his body.

(standing)

I want to see his body!

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

ALICE'S MOTHER

I promise you, Alitzia, you don't.

24 INT. RUNDOWN GYMNASIUM

24

The screen is completely black. We hear TWO VOICES. One is rapping, the other beat-boxing. The sound is melodic and heartfelt.

A harsh CREAKING SOUND cuts into the voices. LIGHT pierces through the blackness. A door opens to reveal two young men DARIUS and MALIK (late teens, early 20s) who are kneeling, disheveled, hands tied behind their back.

BIG GUY enters and leads DARIUS and MALIK to a rundown basketball court, where three men are playing a game. In the stands, JATEMME is reading Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee. He observes the two men entering and closing the book, he saves his page and makes his way down to the court. DARIUS and MALIK are lead to JATEMME.

DARIUS

(panicking)

It was a set up. They knew where we were gonna be. Ain't our fault.

MALIK

(stumbling over the words,
freaking out)

They were professionals or some shit.

BIG GUY

And what do you think we are? Amateurs?

MALIK

I'm not saying ...

Jatemme puts his finger to his mouth. He exhales a long shhhhhh.

JATEMME

I wanna hear what you were doing. Do it again.

(off their confusion)

Your music.

The kids are scared now.

JATEMME (CONT'D)

I'm not kidding. Do it again.

Malik begins to rap slowly then picks up speed. Darius joins in with a beat-box but he's missing the beat.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

Widows

16A.

24

JATEMME (CONT'D)
Bring the beat back damn!

Darius gets back into it. The crew approves.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

At that moment Jatemme pulls out an H&K P7 gun, shoots MALIK in the head. Blood splatters everywhere, covering DARIUS.

JATEMME (CONT'D)
(to Darius)

Run.

DARIUS, without hesitation, sprints towards the exit. JATEMME extends his arm, we hear a loud BANG, and DARIUS crumbles to the floor from a bullet wound to the head.

JATEMME (CONT'D)
(to his crew)
Take care of this.

He walks out.

25 INT. CREMATORIUM FACILITY - MORNING

25

Amanda Nunn, baby in arms, stands in front of a traditional wooden coffin. Her mother stands next to her, in what is a sparsely attended formal ceremony. We hear the Celebrant reciting "Death" by Epicurus.

Slowly, Jimmy Nunn's coffin descends out of sight.

Her mother moves to comfort her, however Amanda seems disengaged. The coffin ignites.

26 INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - DAY

26

Linda's apartment is packed with MOURNERS. Carlos's photo sits between candles and flowers. Mix of Spanish and English being spoken.

LINDA's children, XAVY, 6, and GRACIE, 4, sit motionless in their Sunday best, sandwiched in between relatives on the couch. A stern old woman, LITA, 60s, sits like an angry QUEEN in a corner with the other matriarchal women of her age.

LINDA takes a plate of FOOD to LITA.

LINDA
(in Spanish)
Something to eat?

LITA bluntly REFUSES to accept it, arms crossed.

LINDA (CONT'D)
(Spanish)
Something to drink then?

LITA stoutly shakes her head. People are starting to look.

(CONTINUED)

LITA

(Spanish)

I don't want anything from you. You're
the reason I'm here. And Carlos isn't.

People are really looking now.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA
(Spanish)
He got into the life on his own.

LITA
(Spanish)
He did it for you.
(Spanish)
Money. Before you, he was going to go to college. His blood on your hands.

LINDA gives a look.

27 INT. JAMAL HEADQUARTERS - DAY

27

Jatemme, seated, playing with a silver letter opener. Jamal walks in and sits behind his desk.

JAMAL
What did they say?

JATEMME
I don't know.

JAMAL
What do you mean you don't know? Bring them here tonight.
(Beat)

JATEMME
I had to let them go.

JAMAL
Goddamit, Jatemme! We're coming up to elections. I can't have a bunch of bodies trailing me? You got no impulse control, never had. Fucking lead-paint sniffing motherfucker. Are you too far gone to see that? Not everything can be solved by fucking killing people. Are you trying to live up to a fucking stereotype? You have a choice. Others don't.

JATEMME
Are you crazy? Did you have a choice? Because I never had a choice. Look around you.

JAMAL
You're not gonna fuck this for me, Jatemme. I can't have your business in Lawndale affecting what I'm trying to do here.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Jamal stands and turns his back on his brother, in thought. Jatemme is still fiddling with the LETTER OPENER. Using it to clean his NAILS.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
And put that goddamn thing down! You make everything a fucking toy.

Jatemme stops picking but doesn't set the OPENER down.

Decisively, Jamal walks towards the door.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
And get changed.

Jatemme looks at his brother questioningly.

JAMAL (CONT'D)
We're going to a funeral.

Jamal slams the door behind him as he leaves.

28 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - LATER

28

VERONICA stands with her MOTHER. The funeral is much more ELABORATE than the other two: an abundance of YELLOW ROSES, that DOVE GRAY CASKET that BASH ordered. VERONICA places one yellow rose on a neighboring grave.

The dove gray casket is carried by a GROUP OF UNION MEN. All wearing UNION PINS. They place the casket on a stand above the grave. The PRIEST delivers the Catholic Funeral Prayer.

We see FULLER and MCARDLE observing from a close distance.

After the casket is lowered into the grave, a burly man in a WHEELCHAIR (BOBBY WELSH) approaches.

WELSH
On behalf of the working men and women from Local 29 and Local 38 I want to express our condolences for your loss. Harry did a lot for us, and a lot for me after my accident. Set me up at Fireside--

Veronica nods-- this is all news to her. She's never seen him before.

VERONICA
I'm sorry. You are?

(CONTINUED)

WELSH

Bobby Welsh. This is for you. A token of our esteem. And if there's more we can do for you, let me know.

He gives her a Union Pin.

WELSH (CONT'D)

(to Bash)

If you want the backhoe to hold off until she's gone, I can talk to the guy.

A line of well-wishers assembles. The OTHER UNION guys file past and nod respectfully. Veronica stares past everyone.

A CHARITY WORKER, a woman in her 40s, approaches.

CHARITY WORKER

Please accept my sympathy Mrs. Rawlings. Your and Harry's generosity was always so welcome.

The tone is genuine, but also needy. Veronica nods.

Jack Mulligan and Siobhan stand a respectful distance away, SIOBHAN texting. Mulligan acknowledges FULLER. FULLER nods back.

Jack chooses this moment to walk up to Veronica.

JACK

Mrs. Rawlings, I'm Jack Mulligan, son of Alderman Tom Mulligan. My dad and Harry's dad grew up together on the South side. Maybe you met my father when you were lobbying-

VERONICA just eyes him.

JACK (CONT'D)

I had the privilege of working with your husband a couple of times. He was a wonderful man. Please accept my sympathy. If you need anything, you let me know. Anything. Siobhan here has all my information.

Siobhan smiles. The procession continues.

ON JACK

He and Siobhan walk away. As they do she clocks...

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL AND JATEMME

A respectful distance away. Watching the funeral. Jatemme blows Siobhan a kiss.

SIOBHAN

Harry Rawlings was a very popular man.

JACK

His untimely death leaves a vacuum and nature doesn't much care for that.

Jack continues on to his car.

ANGLE ON JAMAL AND JATEMME

They watch Jack leave and turn their focus back to Veronica. JATEMME takes out his GUM and jams it in the bark of the TREE he's leaning on.

JATEMME

(motioning to grave)
Want to go piss on it?

A beat while JAMAL considers.

JAMAL

Let her go home, kick off her shoes, settle in for a few days, then I can correct that notion-

JATEMME

Damn.

JAMAL

Harry Rawlings- he never messed with me and I never messed with him. We in different games. Always had respect. So, why'd he hit me now?

JATEMME

Oh, I know why. He thinks because you're setting your sights on something higher you getting sloppy-

Jamal is weary of Jatemme casting aspersions on his ambitions. Waves him off.

JAMAL

(Looking over at the funeral party)
Who's her muscle?

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON BASH AND VERONICA/JAMAL INTERCUT

JATEMME (O.S.)
That's Bash Babiak.

JAMAL
Don't you know him?

JATEMME
Yeah. Played for the Bears until 2007.
Everyone knows him - well, they used to.

Jamal prompts Jatemme with a look.

ANGLE ON THE BACKHOE

Moving in to fill in the grave. Veronica's elderly mother embraces Veronica and walk towards their car, knowing that Veronica needs to be alone.

Veronica, Bash standing behind her, is still. Lost in a moment. The roaring sound of the backhoe as it comes into view takes over the stillness.

VERONICA
Harry wouldn't have liked that. The backhoe. It's unromantic. I should have hired grave diggers.

BASH
Don't think they have grave diggers no more.

Veronica turns abruptly to leave in the face of the machine. As she reaches the car door she turns for the last time and as quick as that, the backhoe is done.

VERONICA
(wistful)
I somehow remember it taking longer last time.

BASH opens the car door for her and she gets in.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
I want you to tell me the names of the other men that died with Harry.

She shuts the door, sitting next to her mother.

29

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

29

This scene is a repeat of the morning of the heist. We see it now from Veronica's perspective.

VERONICA is getting dressed. Leggings and a sweater, simple but EXPENSIVE. OLIVIA trots through the bedroom door to greet her.

We hear the sound of a SHOWER running off-screen.

Veronica picks up a silver FLASK and carries it with her to the BATHROOM DOOR.

The shower shuts off.

VERONICA (O.S.)

You forgot!

The door opens and Harry, a towel around his waist, smiles to see Veronica.

She pours WHISKEY from the FLASK into its SHOT-cap. Holds the SHOT to HARRY-cheers!--and instead of giving it to him, downs it HERSELF. Puts the top back on.

He cups her face, looks at her for two seconds. They kiss, him savoring the WHISKEY on her lips, breathing in her scent. OLIVIA, jealous, begins to bark.

Veronica breaks the kiss first. They both peer down, smiling at Olivia.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

(gently)

I've got to go.

Veronica, a pleased look on her face, follows Olivia pacing towards the kitchen, walks purposefully down the CORRIDOR. Just passing a DOOR, she stops in mid-stride, alert, as if she's heard something.

She takes a pace back, confronting the door. Turning the door handle slowly, letting the draught of the past into the present. It chills her.

The room is empty, but lived in. We see signs of furniture removed. The BED is neatly made. A DERRICK ROSE Chicago Bulls poster on the wall. Veronica's mask now vanished, revealing the pain beneath.

She pulls the door shut, eclipsing herself from view.

30 INT. MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS 30

A young, HANDSOME, slim, light-skinned black man (late teens) drives as he talks on the phone-- having an argument. Music throbs from the stereo: Kanye West, "Love Lockdown."

HANDSOME

(on phone)

That's not true...I told you after school I was taking the car and you didn't say anything...Mom heard me...ask her...Dad, ask her...How is it my fault if you left it in the car...

He reaches over and opens the glove box on the car-- inside is a box. HANDSOME reaches in and puts it on the seat next to him-

HANDSOME (CONT'D)

Can't I just bring it home later? I'm gonna miss like half the game if I have to turn around...I'm not saying it's more important than your anniversary-- did I say that?

31 EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS 31

The Mercedes makes an illegal U-turn and heads back toward LSD. A cop clocks him and pulls his squad car out after the Mercedes.

32 INT. MERCEDES CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS 32

HANDSOME clocks the cop in the side view.

HANDSOME

Aw, man!!! Dad, I gotta go...I gotta...I got pulled over now...What's that gonna do? You gonna talk to him?

33 INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS 33

TWO WHITE COPS.

COP ONE

I got this one-- you run the plates.

34 EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS 34

COP ONE walks up on the driver's side of the Mercedes.

COP ONE POV

(CONTINUED)

Handsome still arguing with someone on the phone in a car way too nice for someone that young to be driving. Music still on.

The cop comes closer. The music still playing. Handsome still arguing with his Dad.

HANDSOME

Well, it's too late now...OK?

COP ONE

Get out of the car. Keep your hands where I can see them.

HANDSOME (CONT'D)

I gotta go...I gotta go deal with this...I'll get it back to you as soon as I sort this out-

Handsome begins to get out of the car and then looks back at the Box sitting on the passenger seat. He leans back in to throw it back in the glove box but it glances off and knocks his STAINLESS STEEL water bottle out of the cup holder spilling it on the seat-

COP ONE

Hands where I can see 'em!

All the cop can see is HANDSOME busy in the car. He draws his weapon and fires just as HANDSOME turns toward him. The side of HANDSOME's face explodes. Blood and matter scatter the interior of the car.

HARRY'S VOICE

(over the phone)

Marcus! Marcus?! Are you there?

COP ONE leans into the car.

COP

Fuck. FUCK.

He calls back to his partner who has been standing behind the Mercedes.

COP (CONT'D)

Call for back-up! Call 'em...

His voice grows shaky.

COP (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need you over here Andy. I need you to help me find a weapon.

COP TWO moves toward the scene tentatively. On the building behind them is row of OBAMA HOPE POSTERS.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

The cop's face reflected in the glass eclipses the face of the former President.

35 INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

35

CLOSE UP of a still hand.

A few beats pass before a woman's hand clenches the wrist, slipping a ribbed white cotton glove over the fingers of the lifeless limb and placing it gently on top of another already gloved hand.

Cut to MARCUS' reconstructed face in a silk-lined coffin.

VERONICA releases her son's hands and steps back revealing HARRY, at the back of the room, grappling silently with his pain. There is a wedge between them.

Off-screen an organ plays *Abide With Me*.

FATHER MCKENZIE (Catholic, white, 60s, dressed for a service) joins them in the room.

FATHER MCKENZIE

(gently)

It's time.

Veronica stoops down to kiss her son on the lips. A tear drops from her eye, cracking into Marcus' heavily powdered face. She attempts to brush her red lipstick trace from his mouth, with her thumb.

Father McKenzie pulls Veronica away.

36 INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

36

VERONICA takes off her heels, shrinking in the frame.

She picks up an LP, taking out the record and placing it on the turntable. She puts the needle on the rotating vinyl.

MUSIC fills the apartment: A SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE by Etta James. Tears start to fall. Olivia trots after her as she goes to the window. The lights of the city reflect on her face.

Suddenly we see, in the window's reflection HARRY slips up behind her and embraces her.

VERONICA clings on to HARRY's arm, leaning back onto his chest, eyes closed. A moment passes. Peaceful.

(CONTINUED)

A BANGING on the door and VERONICA is startled back to the now. The door BANGS again. She turns off the music and goes to the door. Looks through the peephole.

She frowns. She debates not answering. Then calms herself—more banging, polite but insistent—and opens the door onto: JAMAL MANNING, in a suit, hands folded.

JAMAL

Mrs. Rawlings, my name is Jamal Manning and I'm running for Alderman of the 18th ward.

VERONICA

This is not the 18th ward.

JAMAL

May I have a word with you about some urgent matters affecting our city?

VERONICA

No.

She begins to close the door but he manages to step inside without feeling overtly threatening...but also inevitable.

JAMAL shuts the door and leans against it, his face is still BENEVOLENT but the fact that he's BLOCKING the door is not. He begins wandering around the room, touching Harry's things—VERONICA just has to watch.

JAMAL

Do you know me?

Small head shake.

VERONICA

I don't, and I don't care to. Get out.

JAMAL

(almost as if he hasn't heard)

Because I didn't know your husband. Not really. Yet he stole two million dollars from me. Stole it right out of a van. Like he knew where it would be. I want to know why.

VERONICA

I was never involved in my husband's business. At all. And I don't know why you're here.

(CONTINUED)

Jamal looks out the window-- a view of the city.

JAMAL

(off the city)

Everybody out there involved in Harry Rawling's business far as the eye can see. But, you, you living here with him and you're not.

VERONICA

I can't help you.

He sizes her up: lying or not?

JAMAL

I understand. Criminals, like cops, don't bring their shit home.

VERONICA doesn't respond.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

May I take a seat?

JAMAL doesn't wait for an answer. He sits comfortably on the sofa, cross-legged. OLIVIA jumps up and joins him, sniffing his lap. JAMAL strokes her.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Please, join me. What do they say about dogs? That they are good judge of character?

VERONICA lowers herself into the adjacent lounge chair, as if a stranger in her own home.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

You see, Mrs. Rawlings, criminals stealing from criminals, that sounds like easy money. Cops don't care that much, right? They won't look so hard. Maybe even look the other way. But criminals will look. Hard.

VERONICA

Whatever was in that van was...burned-- if you know his business then you know that, too.

JAMAL

So, we both lost something.

JAMAL continues to stroke OLIVIA.

(CONTINUED)

JAMAL (CONT'D)

That money was meant to buy me a new life, help with my campaign. You understand? I have plans. Harry ruined those plans.

VERONICA

(she gets angry)

I don't have your money-- maybe you should just go make more the same way you made the money you lost-

JAMAL puts his hands around OLIVIA's neck. The gesture is ambiguous. It could be seen as threatening or play. He stands and lifts her up by the neck, hovering over VERONICA. OLIVIA struggles and kicks. He puts her down gingerly on the carpet.

JAMAL

This is about my LIFE. And because it's about my life, it now becomes about yours.

VERONICA stands to meet his gaze.

VERONICA

I just told you. I don't know anything and I don't have any money.

Glancing around the condo, JAMAL begins to walk about, as if he was a real estate broker.

JAMAL

Even if that's true. You got a nice penthouse here. How much do you think it's worth? You got a lot of nice furniture. You got a car, a closet full of clothes...None of those burnt up in the van. I'll give you one month to liquidate. Then-

VERONICA

I'll call the police.

JAMAL

Mrs. Rawlings, do you know what the police did the night Harry died? They laughed over his melted, burnt body, and then they scraped whatever they could into a bag and went to a bar to celebrate. They give zero fucks about his widow. You're nothing now. Welcome back.

(CONTINUED)

He walks to the door. Stoops down to give OLIVIA a final stroke.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (5)

36

JAMAL (CONT'D)
My money. A month.
(as he walks out, he holds
up a business card,
placing it on the table.)

He leaves. She shuts the door. Locks it. She's held it together until now, but now she shows the fear and shock.

Takes a breath.

37 INT. QUINCEANERA DRESS SHOP - MORNING

37

The kids plunge into the store, goofing around. LINDA clearly isn't in the mood. She gets inside, to find three large, unkempt men, one white LEADMAN and two Latino associates, packing up the giant, bright dresses into trash bags, denuding the mannequins.

LINDA
(in Spanish)
Hey! What are you doing? Put that down!
Who are you?

LEAD MAN
No hablo. Speak English.

LINDA
What the fuck do you think you're doing?
I'm calling the police.

Lead Man SNATCHES the phone from her.

LEAD MAN
And saying what?

LINDA
That you're in my store.

LEAD MAN
But, that wouldn't be true. It's not your store.

Xavy runs up and confronts the LEAD MAN.

XAVY
Get out of my mom's store!

LEAD MAN
Wow. Is this the little Carlos?

Linda holds back XAVY as he swings a kick towards the LEAD MAN.

(CONTINUED)

LINDA
You knew Carlos?

LEAD MAN
Yes. And he knew this is not your store.

XAVY
This is my mom's store!

LINDA
I have a lease. And I pay it every month.

LEAD MAN
You gave that money to Carlos.

LINDA clearly not tracking.

LEAD MAN (CONT'D)
And then he spent it all at Arlington--
until the money ran out and he couldn't
keep up. Then he started paying it to us.
Then he fell behind, then he gave us the
store-- or, to be fair, we took it...

LINDA is seething.

LEAD MAN (CONT'D)
(to his pals)
Either of you speak Spanish?

LINDA
I understand the words. Just not buying
them.

LEAD MAN
It's like this: Carlos doesn't own this.
You don't own it. It's a system.

LINDA
Fuck your "system."

LEAD MAN
Maybe I'm not explaining this clearly.
Ask Carlos.

He goes to the register. Starts taking out cash.

LINDA
Hey!

She goes to close the register and Lead Man roughly shoves
her off.

(CONTINUED)

GRACIE

Leave my mom alone!

Linda gathers both of her children underneath her arms.

LINDA

(starting to break down)

Carlos is dead! I gave him the rent money.

LEAD MAN

Condolences, ma'am. Just collecting a debt here; he should have loved you more, and the bookies less. Lo siento.

38 INT. ALICE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

38

The bedroom is shockingly spare: a big open, empty jewelry box. Empty closet. A TV wall mount with no TV. Cords for a stereo but no stereo. AGNIESKA is brushing ALICE's hair, putting on her LIPSTICK. Quite clear that ALICE is her mother's DOLL. ALICE glances in the desktop mirror. She looks a bit naked without all her flashy JEWELRY.

ALICE

I think I should get a job.

AGNIESKA

As what? A maid? Serve coffee? Why would you ever do that?

ALICE

What else am I gonna do? I went from your home to Florek's home.

AGNIESKA

Men are supposed to provide for you. Where did all the money go?

ALICE

I told you: We spent it! He wanted me to have a nice life! He loved me.

AGNIESKA

Yeah, when he wasn't slapping you silly. How much did you get for your things?

ALICE

\$1010.

AGNIESKA

You should have asked for twice that much. You never ask for enough!

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

Right, I should be like you and ask for everything like I deserve it?! Drive my husband into the ground? Take care of myself before my children?

Her mom slaps her. It doesn't seem unusual. ALICE takes it.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, mama. I should not have said that. I just don't know what to do...

AGNIESKA lets her twist in the wind for a minute then goes back to stroking her hair, drying her tears, she pulls ALICE's hair back to look at her.

AGNIESKA

Such a beautiful girl I made.

(pause)

I want to show you something.

AGNIESKA digs through her designer PURSE and pulls out a brand-new TABLET, all of which ALICE registers. AGNIESKA pulls up a website: Sugargirl.com

The image of a busty young blonde woman, not unlike ALICE, pops up. She's drinking champagne and in the glass is a diamond heart necklace.

ALICE

No, no, no...I'm not doing porn!

AGNIESKA

It's not porn..it's an arrangement site.

ALICE

So you want me to prostitute myself!

AGNIESKA

You don't have to go out with any man you don't want to, and you come to an agreement before anything happens. You know what will be expected and what you'll get in return.

ALICE

But I sleep with them.

AGNIESKA

Only if you want to. It's an arrangement--

ALICE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to sleep with strange men!

(CONTINUED)

AGNIESKA

You spend a whole evening with them before anything happens, they'll take you to the opera or to a society party-

ALICE does not respond.

AGNIESKA (CONT'D)

Alitzia, these girls are smart. They can go out one night a week and make what they would for a month at a 7-11. And on top of that if you're sweet, like you are? They get bonuses, they get jewelry, they get treated like a princess. They go to college! That's what I want for you, sweetheart. Is that so wrong?

ALICE

I'm not going to sleep with men I don't know.

(pointedly)

That ain't MY life!

AGNIESKA steels herself.

AGNIESKA

You forget whose roof you slept under when you were 15, 16, 17, Alitzia. Don't act like you're the Virgin Mary.

ALICE

(abashed)

Those boys didn't pay me.

39

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

39

VERONICA is going through HARRY'S CLOSET. She leans into one of his jackets, almost hugging it. She feels something in the pocket and pulls out some bar matches marked FIRESIDE. She grabs a few other pockets, finds two more FIRESIDE matches. She tucks each of them back in the pockets. Grabs a handful of TIES.

40

INT. PRIVATE GYM - LUXURY APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

40

Bash, upright, his face concentrated, begins to duck and then re-emerge into the frame. This is repeated several times as he continues his dead squats.

We are in the basement gym of Veronica's apartment building. It's surprisingly small, Bash seems to fill half of it.

(CONTINUED)

Veronica enters with a box. Bash is surprised and embarrassed.

BASH

Harry used to let me come down here and work out when I wanted. Hope that's still OK.

VERONICA

Of course.

(off the box)

Here are some of Harry's clothes. I'm sure he would have wanted you to have these.

Bash looks in the box. It's full of ties.

BASH

You and Harry have given me enough.

VERONICA

Bash, somebody named Jamal came to the apartment. Do you know him?

BASH

(uncomfortable)

Maybe. Faces are better than names.

VERONICA

He says Harry stole his money. Is that true?

BASH

Mainly Harry and I just talked about sports, Mrs. Rawlings. The other things-- I wouldn't want to make a guess--

VERONICA

He wants his money back. He threatened me.

Bash nods.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

There's only about 35 grand in our checking account, which means in a couple of months I'll have to move out.

(pause)

Bash. Is there anything else?

BASH

Just the envelope. I gave that to you, right?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

She takes it out of her purse. Shows him the key.

BASH (CONT'D)

Harry said-- if anything happened, that envelope would take care of it.

VERONICA

(considers the address)

Will you take me here?

41 INT. JEWELLERY STORE - SECRET ROOM - DAY

41

VERONICA enters a one-story glass-front building displaying cheap jewelry. She walks through a maze of glass cases and mirrored cabinets to the back of the store. We are now in a room cluttered with personal effects. A MAN slowly opens a large safe door, placing the safe deposit box on a nearby table, then pushing the door firmly shut.

VERONICA nods a dismissal and waits for him to leave. She takes out the KEY and opens the box. Sees nothing. She shakes it and down comes a NOTEBOOK. She flips through it and we see lists of money, names, phone numbers, addresses, notes, and diagrams.

She sticks it in her handbag and leaves.

42 EXT. 18TH WARD LOT - LATE DAY

42

Jack is meeting and greeting - a very small group, about 20 total. Half are PRESS, holding notepads and cameras, trying to get a quote. Some locals - women with strollers, old men and a few gangbangers - watch from the sidelines with bemusement, annoyance, or indifference.

A flimsy BANNER reads: MULLIGAN! Taking back the 18th one block at a time!

Jack is shaking hands with a reluctant group of women, all black, who've been corralled for a photo op.

JACK

What's your name?

LAQUISHA

Laquisha.

JACK

Laquisha! Jack Mulligan. Great to meet you.

(to a younger woman)

And you are?

(CONTINUED)

SIOBHAN is trailing him, aiming him toward a space in the very small crowd so he can make his statement.

SIOBHAN
(under breath)
McRoberts to your left.

JACK
On it.

McRoberts, a worn-looking journalist, 40s to 50s, is maneuvering toward Jack, dictaphone in hand. Jack begins seamlessly moving to his right, putting the group of mostly black women between the two white men. Glad handing.

Having put a safe distance between him and McRoberts, Jack plants himself.

JACK (CONT'D)
Today we are standing on a vacant lot.
Tomorrow-- thanks to the Minority Women
Owned Work Initiative my father supported--
- this will be a thriving business owned
and operated by the women of this ward!
And I want to continue the work he
started--

Uninspired scattering of applause.

JACK (CONT'D)
Let me here you say M-Wow! M-Wow!

Siobhan is the only person who really responds.

JACK (CONT'D)
This is the fourteenth business opened in
the past three years! And as long as
there's a Mulligan in office-- there will
be fourteen more in my first term.

More vague applause. McROBERTS raises a hand. Ignored.

JACK (CONT'D)
Now. Where are my "Success Stories?" Come
on up here.

A half dozen women have various stages of reaction: A few are enthusiastic, more are frowning, others look outright pissed. We'll find out why later.

MCROBERTS
Mr. Mulligan?

(CONTINUED)