

Arclight Films

THE FALLEN

By

Emilio Mauro and Michael Yebba

beverly hills

8447 Wilsire Blvd, Suite 101
Beverly Hills, CA 90211
USA
T +1 (310) 777 8855
F +1 (310) 777 8882

sydney

Suite 228 Building 61 (FSA#40)
Fox Studios Australia
Driver Avenue, Moore Park
NSW, 2021
AUSTRALIA
T +61 (2) 8353 2440
F +61 (2) 8353 2437

new york

380 Lexington Avenue, 17th Floor
New York, NY 10168
USA
T +1 (917) 338 6912

E info@arclightfilms.com
www.arclightfilms.com

EXT. COUNTRY BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A dirt parking lot. Neon, moonlight illuminate madness. Shit is hitting the fan as MIKE KELLY, 23, powerful, drunk, furious, pummels a BIKER.

PATRONS yell. His Marine buddies, dressed in civvies, try to pull him off.

MARINE #1

Kelly! Kelly!

JASON

Come on, Mike!

Mike is built like a Greek hero, but his fury is straight out of Dante's Inferno. He is unstoppable.

Nearby, LISA, 23, tries to get away from her female FRIENDS who hold her back.

MIKE

(pounding the biker)

Keep. Your. Fucking. Tweeker.
Hands. To yourself.

A townie from the bar punches Mike in the face. Mike leaps up and is on the townie. The other Marines join in the fight - and seemingly everyone else.

A shotgun blast. The female BARTENDER stands at the door with a smoking gun. Everyone stops.

JASON

Jesus, Mike, let's get back to base.

MIKE

I think I overdone it tonight.

MARINE #1

You think, you fuck?

MIKE

Lisa, baby, you okay?

LISA

(weeping)

Fuck you, Michael.

He looks at the biker, pulp, barely moving. Snapped out of a trance, he realizes what he's done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Oh, shit, man. I...

The townie pulls a knife.

LISA

Michael!

Mike turns, reacts, grabs the knife by the blade. The townie pulls it back. Lisa screams. A police siren.

People flee. Mike looks down. His thumb has been cut off, just a swathe of loose skin holding it on. With his other hand he tries to put the thumb back on. Blood everywhere. He staggers, dazed, quiet, drunk as hell. Blue lights.

COPS

Get down! Get down!

Mike swoons and drops to the ground, looks up at the sky as COPS swarm around him. Lisa wails. The other Marines try to help him. Close-up on Mike's face, his eyes slowly blinking as he's rolled over on his stomach, hand cuffed.

FADE OUT.

CREDITS:

EXT. - SOUTH BOSTON - HIGH AND WIDE - DAWN

Pan as silver light illuminates the entire neighborhood.

EXT. BROADWAY - CONTINUOUS

GAS STATIONS light up as they open.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Barely any traffic on a main street through South Boston.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

An old Irish-looking MAN walks a DOG. The dog is as old and bent as the man.

EXT. DORCHESTER STREET - WIDE - CONTINUOUS

Wide. A KID, freckles, 19, baseball cap, baggy clothes, steps out of a Buick and onto a sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From the third floor of a clapboard row house a window opens. Two ARMS drop a small, brown paper bag from the window. The kid catches it, walks back toward the Buick.

EXT. DORCHESTER STREET- WIDE - CONTINUOUS

A MAN, 40's, house paint all over his track-suit, hoses off the sidewalk and waters flowers near an old brick, slightly rundown Catholic church. A few PEOPLE gather for Mass.

INT. TINY APARTMENT BEDROOM IN THE ROW HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's dark still, a little dawn light through a tattered window shade. A MAN's hand strikes a match. Foosh! Flame. The hand is attached to a lithe forearm, tattooed with a shamrock. The flame of the match ignites the tip of a cigarette. The man's lips suck the cigarette. On the thumb of the man's hand we see a thick scar.

We see a face attached to the lips. It's Mike Kelly, a world-worn Adonis in repose, now 25, cropped light hair, a broad Irish face, clear but sad, sort of far-away eyes. He seems like someone you'd want to know as long as you were on his good side. He has a just, even kind face, but still, as we've seen, there's something dangerous, feral.

As the bells ring far off, Mike sits on the edge of his bed, exhales, snuffs the tip of the cigarette with his fingers, drops it in an ashtray on the night stand. He takes a sort of deep, melancholy breath, drops to the floor, begins doing push ups.

Bare chested, we see a storybook of scars and tattoos across his muscular torso. USMC. A few girls' names. A few pinkish scars. Some Irish quotes. Small crosses. Shamrocks on both wrists. A thick scar around his thumb.

Most striking of all is a massive Celtic cross that runs the length and breadth of his back. But the cross is incomplete - only three points of a crucifix. The fourth, or left side of the cross, has not yet been inked.

Push ups. One after the other. He does them almost out of urgency, a physical meditation, maybe even desperation.

One last push-up. He drops all the way to the floor, his cheek against the wood, takes a deep breath. CU his face.

MIKE
(to himself)
Don't fuck it up.

INT. CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Mike's hand pulls out a firefighter's uniform hanging in the closet. Next to it is a Marine's dress uniform as well as other clothes. The closet door closes.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Mike wears a firefighter's uniform, carries a duffel bag, walks quickly down a narrow staircase past a young MOTHER, 18, walking up, holding a crying BABY, 6 months.

MIKE

Hey, Donna.

DONNA

Hey, Mike.

EXT. SIDE STREET SOUTH BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER

Mike steps from a clapboard apartment building. He moves with muscularity and a gentle, almost humble grace.

He passes a tough, old Southie woman, 75, wearing a house coat, smoking a cigarette and walking a dog.

OLD WOMAN

You look handsome, Michael.

Mike heads to a '94 Crown Vic, unlocks the door.

MIKE

Thanks, Mrs. Flaherty.

MRS. FLAHERTY

Don't get too big for your Goddamn britches, though.

MIKE

I'll do my best.

He gets in the car.

INT. CROWN VIC - CONTINUOUS

Mike slides behind the wheel. He starts the car, throws it in reverse.

MIKE

(to himself)
Fuckin' bitch.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Crown Vic pulls out from the curb.

INT. CROWN VIC - MOMENTS LATER

Mike drives through old Southie neighborhoods. He drinks a soda as he drives, eats a doughnut.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

He drives down Dorchester Street, past Old Colony projects. Poor Irish-looking children play outside.

Wide as Mike drives through South Boston.

EXT. FIREHOUSE - LATER

Mike closes the trunk of his car, his duffel over his arm. He looks across the street at --

A beautiful old FIREHOUSE.

INT. FIREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mike walks into the firehouse, the main section where the equipment is kept. Quiet. No one around.

He drops his gear, takes in the scene, checking out the fire engine like a kid seeing one for the first time.

A FIREFIGHTER, 40's, appears from behind the truck.

MIKE
(jumping back)
Oh, shit, you fucking startled me!

FIREFIGHTER
You must be the Probie. Lieutenant
O'Brien.

O'Brien offers his hand, Mike accepts.

MIKE
Oh, sorry, sir. Yeah. Fire Fighter
Mike Kelly reporting for duty.
Sorry about saying fuck, you know,
you just startled me like I said.

O'BRIEN
Call me LT, kid. Little nervous?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

What makes you say that?

O'BRIEN

I'll introduce you to the guys.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

O'Brien leads Mike down a hallway.

O'BRIEN

You from the bricks, aren't you,
Kelly?

MIKE

Yeah. Yeah, I am.

O'BRIEN

Deleseo Court, right? My guy at
the Academy told me. Grew up
myself around the corner. He told
me some other stuff, too.

MIKE

I just wanna do a good job here,
LT. Just wanna do my part.

O'Brien leads the way toward the kitchen.

INT. FIRE HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mike and O'Brien enter a kitchen where some FIREFIGHTERS
eat. PAT DUVALL, GEORGE MCNULTY, PAUL DOLAN, SAMMY
RODRIGUEZ, STRETCH WASHINGTON, CAPT. JOHN BURKE are just
finishing breakfast.

BILLY NEE, 20's, stands at a sink.

O'BRIEN

Alright, everyone, listen up, this
is our new Probie, Mike Kelly.
He's fresh off the boat from the
Academy so pretend like you all
ain't a bunch or reprobates and
assholes.

NEE

Too late for that, LT.

A couple fire fighters react, keep eating, read
newspapers, text, sleep, but all ignore Mike.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BRIEN

Welcome to the Heights, kid.

NEE

Hey, Kelly, come on over and let me get you started with a quick tutorial.

Mike rushes over, stands next to Nee. Some firefighters give each other looks. O'Brien folds his arms.

NEE (CONT'D)

Okay, Kelly, this here in Fire Man talk is what we call a "sponge."

(hands Mike a sponge)

You got that? And this here is what we call a big fucking sink full of dishes. Wax on, Daniel-sahn.

Some of the guys chuckle, stand with their dishes. Nee smiles and walks off. O'Brien watches.

One by one the guys load their empty dishes into Mike's arms and leave. Mike just stands there.

O'BRIEN

That was Billy Nee. Cooks for shit but no one else wants the job... Listen, Kelly, it doesn't matter whatcha done, it's what you do here that counts. Just don't go and be hero. It'll get you killed. Or worse.

The ALARM goes off. Outside the kitchen FIREFIGHTERS race by the door. O'Brien tosses a dishrag onto the plates Mike holds.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

And there's a three alarm in the bathroom waiting for you. Catch you on the next one, kid.

O'Brien leaves. Mike looks around the empty kitchen and the sink full of dishes.

INT. FIREHOUSE BATHROOM - LATER

Mike's scrubbing the toilet with a toilet brush. By his expression he might be the first one to have done this in a very long time.

INT. CROWN VIC - DAY

Still in uniform, Mike pulls up in front of an apartment building in South Boston. A little girl AMY, 8, runs out of the building carrying a small overnight bag. Lisa, 25, the woman we saw from the fight where Mike lost his thumb leans in the doorway.

Mike waves to her. She waves back somewhat coldly. Amy gets in the car.

AMY

Hi, Daddy.

MIKE

Hey, baby.

He kisses her. She hugs him. Mike gives Lisa another look. She nods, goes back in the house. Mike drives away.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike sleeps on the floor of his studio apartment. Amy sleeps on his bed. A voice from outside the window.

MAN'S VOICE

(O.S.)

Mike! Mike!

Mike awakes, drowsily gets out of his bed, stubs his toe, limps to the window.

Below ROB O'MALLEY, 24, big South Boston Irishman and DANNY COCHRAN, skinny South Boston Irishman, 23, stand on the sidewalk below.

MIKE

(loud whisper)

You guys, it's midnight!

ROB

Dude, Joey's over at Mickey's.

MIKE

I got Amy tonight and my shift in the morning, you fucks.

DANNY

So, bring her with. There's some mom's and shit there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Yeah, I'm gonna bring an eight year old to a fucking bar. Use your head, you clown.

DANNY

Is she sleeping?

MIKE

Yeah, she's sleeping, Danny. And I was, too, 'til your ass showed up here.

DANNY

Come for an hour.

MIKE

Fuck, no.

DANNY

Mike. It's Joe Brennan. He's out on the street and you can't go see him for an hour?

Mike sighs hard, considering, hesitates.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The young woman from the stairwell walks into Mike's apartment.

MIKE

Thanks, Donna.

DONNA

I gotta shift at seven, Mike, so don't be late, okay?

He puts some money in her hand.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You don't gotta pay me, Mike.

MIKE

Everybody's gotta get paid.

He grabs a coat and leaves.

INT. MICKEY'S PUB - LATER

Mike, Danny, Rob enter the Irish bar. It's crowded. They greet a few PATRONS as they walk past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN AT BAR

Hey, hey, it's fucking Smoky the Bear!

Mike waves to the man. They walk through the crowd.

At a booth sit a few other guys and a muscular, well dressed man, 27, JOE BRENNAN. He's got a great smile but if you look close there's a streak of paranoia, a bipolar case walking the line.

He looks up from the booth, stands. He comes to Mike and hugs him. He starts to choke up - drunkenly - his arms still around Mike.

JOE

Michael, I love you. I love you.
Oh, my God, buddy. Ther eyou go.

The other guys are kind of tense, look at each other.

MIKE

Good to see you, Joe.

JOE

Turn around. Go ahead. Turn around.

Joe pulls up Mike's T-shirt exposing the Celtic cross on his back. Joe smacks him on the back. Mike turns back around, a little annoyed.

JOE (CONT'D)

You still can't get that thing finished, you fucking heathen.

MIKE

Busy, man.

JOE

Yeah, so I hear. Good for you, buddy. Proud of you. We all need more heroes and shit. Come on. Come with me. I wanna talk to you about something.

MIKE

I got Amy tonight, Joe.

JOE

Well, where is she? I don't see her here.

MIKE

With a sitter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Well, then, come the fuck on! Come
get a smoke with your old buddy,
buddy.

Mike gives Danny and Rob a nod, then follows Joe. As they
walk towards the exit they pass another booth.

A son of a bitch KEVIN KIRKPATRICK, 26, well dressed and
smooth sits there with a beautiful and somewhat distant
JILL, 24, radiant, a little sad, the girl of a lot of
people's dreams.

A few other MEN and WOMEN, 20's, including a tough and
pretty BONNIE, 24, sits with them.

Mike watches her as he passes, unable to look away.

She looks at him. It's electric. Kirkpatrick notices.

EXT. SHAMROCK PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Joe step out of the pub. Joe hands Mike a
cigarette. Some other PATRONS smoke, talk.

JOE

Good to breathe this shit air
again, I'll tell you. Familiar
faces.

MIKE

That was Jill Ryan in there.

JOE

(lighting the smokes)
Yeah, dangerous to see a girl like
that first night outta jail. See
how she looked at you? Thought she
was gonna get down on her fucking
knees right in the middle of the
bar.

MIKE

I ain't seen her since just after
Amy was born. She go away to
school or something?

JOE

Yeah, then she was living in
Somerville working as a paralegal.
Danny told me she's been dating
that guy Kevin Kirkpatrick for
about a year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Was that the dude she was sitting with?

JOE

I think he's Donny Devine's Uncle's first wife's cousin or some shit. I don't fucking know. From Southie. Piece of shit for sure but he's connected down in Jersey or something. Anyways, you had your chance with her and you blew it.

MIKE

Lisa was pregnant and I was going in the Corps. What was I gonna do?

Mike exhales, looking at Joe.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, she' hooked on pills, man. Totally smoked.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Jill Ryan? No.

JOE

You look at her eyes, dude?

MIKE

I don't believe it.

JOE

Did you ever fuck her?

MIKE

I don't know, man. She just disappeared on me. Never heard from her. But I liked her.

JOE

Yeah, well, looks like Kirkpatrick is liking her any which way he fucking pleases 'cause she's fucking hooked, dude.

MIKE

Yeah, she always said she loved my hands. That was cool. Made me feel good.

Mike takes another drag, looks around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE (CONT'D)

But, fuck it.

JOE

Come on, let's walk around the block. All these drunk fucks are making me hate myself more than I already fucking do.

Mike hesitates.

JOE (CONT'D)

Just got out tonight and you can't walk around the block with me?

Mike relents, humored.

JOE (CONT'D)

Atta boy.

Mike starts walking. Joe walks alongside.

JOE (CONT'D)

Heard it didn't turn out so good for you in the Corp. Irish temper will fuck you every time.

MIKE

You heard right. But I got an honorable anyway and it put me on the top of the list for the fire department. So that's what I'm doing, Joe. The fire department.

JOE

Fuck, yeah. You rescue some rich soccer mom with huge cans yet?

MIKE

Not yet. Soon though.

JOE

Listen, now, Mike, here's what. I went looking for a job, today.

MIKE

First time for everything.

JOE

I looked in the paper. But you know what else I did?

MIKE

Jerk off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE

After that.

MIKE

Jerk off again?

JOE

Actually, you know what? I went and fucked the shit outta Jennifer Connors. Remember her?

MIKE

Her name. Forget her face though.

JOE

Yeah, well, I didn't see too much of it today neither. But I thought about that ass for four fucking years and it was everything I remembered. Only now it's big, man. She fucking ballooned up eatin' fucking pepperoni pizza or something. But her pussy was tight, man. Tight as always. Even after a kid. Fucking miracle.

MIKE

Joe, what's up, man?

JOE

I went by to see Father Connelly afterwards.

MIKE

You fuck him too?

JOE

Yeah, he wishes. Nah, 'member I used to do work around there when I was young - when I thought I was gonna be a priest? Sweeping and watering. Whatever. I was walking by that church and I look up at the windows. Those big fucking stained glass windows. And all around them, you know that woodwork or whatever the fuck it is holding the glass in. So all that shit is totally rotted out. No paint. Just a fucking mess. I was thinking, shit, those windows are gonna fall out in no time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOE (CONT'D)

So I go in and I see Father Connelly and he shakes my hand and all that and asks how my mother is and tells me about my father may he rest in peace and all that pious bullshit. And I says, "Listen, Father, I just got out and I ain't go no job, but if you give me twenty bucks an hour I'll get a ladder and some paint and I'll paint that fancy wood up on your windows."

MIKE

What'd he say?

JOE

He says, "We're feeling a little pinched for money these days, Joey." And I say "Yeah, but I used to paint houses and, okay, I'll do it for fifteen an hour." He says, "Thank you for the offer, Joseph, but the Lord will provide."

MIKE

Yeah, well, that's what priests say, so what?

JOE

I says to him "Father, you don't need the Lord, brother, you just need me and a can of fucking Glidden."

MIKE

He kicked you out, right?

JOE

Fuck, yeah.

MIKE

So what's your point, Joe?

Joe takes a drag on his cigarette.

JOE

The point is paint is cheap, Mike.

MIKE

What, you turn into fucking Confucius in lock up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOE

It wasn't the money. That fuck
didn't want a guy like me around
his church. A guy like us.

MIKE

A guy like us.

JOE

So I got to thinking about things.

Mike shakes his head, takes another drag.

JOE (CONT'D)

You and me, we run that shit all
the way from Mexico before I got
busted.

MIKE

Joe, Joe. I joined the Marines so
I didn't have to do that shit. And
I'm a fire fighter, now. You know?
I fight fires. I gotta job. I go
to fires and I fight them. I wanna
be happy, Joe. And I'd also like
to try living to a ripe old age,
too.

JOE

Oh, yeah, running your ass into a
burning warehouse is a good career
move, then.

Mike reacts. Joe looks at him hard.

JOE (CONT'D)

Listen, I got this plan and I got
Dink working for me come next
week.

MIKE

Your little brother, man? He's
barely seventeen. Your mom's gonna
kill you.

JOE

Who else I got? Danny? Fucking
Rob? Don't take this the wrong
way, Michael, but you were great
at being a criminal. You always
knew when things was right. When
to hit a place, when to get out,
who to trust. You were like the
Einstein of doing bad things.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

JOE (CONT'D)

If you'd stuck at it you coulda been Whitey Bulger. You coulda run Southie. Everybody thought you would.

MIKE

That's a high fucking compliment.

JOE

Was a day you'd a thought so.

Mike takes a drag.

JOE (CONT'D)

You're a fire fighter. Got it. Go fight fires. But you know as well as I do, you can try to forget what you come from. But what you come from ain't gonna forget you. Confucius say, mother fucker.

He hugs Mike.

JOE (CONT'D)

I love you like a brother, Mike. But I ain't gonna fuck you no matter how much you beg.

Joe walks away, looks back.

JOE (CONT'D)

I got an angle!

MIKE

What you up to, anyway?

JOE

Giving the corporate world a run for its money... You know, Jill - she's got bigger tits than I remember. Great ass, too. That one I couldn't forget neither.

MIKE

(good natured)
Fuck you.

Joe smiles and turns, keeps walking. Mike takes a drag on his cigarette watches him walk away.

Mike smiles again, stands alone out on the street, smoking. A car drives by, music pounding. Mike drops the smoked cigarette, snuffs it with his foot.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike hands Donna the baby sitter twenty dollars.

DONNA

Thanks, Mike.

MIKE

Good night, Donna.

Mike closes the door. He goes to his bed, sits on the edge, looks at Amy. He lies down and takes her in his arms. The sound of traffic outside.

INT. FIREHOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Mike wears an apron, scrapes dishes into the trash. An alarm goes off. He barely looks up.

Firefighters rush by the door. O'Brien pops his head in.

O'BRIEN

Hey, Probie, you gonna be a
housewife the rest of your life?

Mike looks at him, not sure how to react.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Gear up, Kelly. You just caught
your first one.

Panicked, Mike drops the plate. It shatters. He runs past it, then to it, quickly tries to clean it up.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Later, Mike! Later!

Mike runs for the door.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Apron!

Mike unties the apron as he heads for the door.

INT. FIRE ENGINE - MOMENTS LATER

The truck roars through the neighborhood. Siren blaring. Mike sits in the truck in full gear, a smile he can't hide.

Other firefighters from the house sit next to and across from him. They all shout over the din of the engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WASHINGTON

Look at you, Kelly, you got the
shit eating-est grin I ever
fucking saw!

MIKE

Fucking A, Washington!

NEE

You won't be smiling for long!

MIKE

What can I say, I'm excited!

NEE

He's excited. Okay, Kelly, you're
one straight shooting shit eater,
man! We like you! But do what
you're told!

Mike smiles, looks out as the street rushes by. McNulty
watches him, too.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A CAR is fully engulfed in flames as TWO FIRE TRUCKS pull
up to the scene. The FIREMEN leap off the trucks.

Mike grabs the nuisance line from the truck's rear,
dressed in full gear, air tank and all.

The FIREMEN enjoy the show as they watch MIKE struggle.

NEE

Look at him go!

Mike desperately pulls it close to the burning car.

WASHINGTON

Make sure you do a proper search
and rescue!

RODRIGUEZ

You need the ladder truck, Kelly!?

DUVALL

Don't use up all your air!

Mike rips his oxygen mask off, positions the line, the
water suddenly bursting from the hose. Mike slips hard on
the wet ground.

The other FIREMEN double over with LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'Brien grabs the line effortlessly and SPRAYS the firemen with a blast of water -

O'BRIEN

Now get to work, you bozos.

Mike stands up. O'Brien can't help but be amused.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Mike and other firefighters celebrate. O'Brien, at the bar, raises his beer for a toast.

O'BRIEN

To Kelly, for finally catching
one, even if it was only hosing
down a Honda.

The guys add to it, raising their glasses.

NEE

And now, Daniel-sahn, it's time
for you to extinguish these...

Nee steps aside revealing three flaming shots lined up on the bar.

Mike steps to the bar, downs them all. Cheers.

O'BRIEN

Now your cherry's popped, Probie!

More LAUGHTER. Mike smiles at LT and he returns it.

O'BRIEN

To the bricks.

MIKE

The bricks.

O'BRIEN

A memory.

Mike smiles, maybe not so assured. O'Brien sips his beer, looks away.

EXT. CURB - NIGHT

Mike parks his car, gets out, walks towards his apartment building.

MAN'S VOICE

Mike. Mike!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike looks over at Danny standing near a Buick.

MIKE

What are you doing out here,
Danny?

DANNY

We're all together. We're with
Joe. In the car.

Mike hesitates.

MIKE

Well, go to bed and quit bugging
me.

Danny stands there nervously. Mike relents, walks over to the car. Rob drives. Joe sits in the passenger seat. Mike leans his head into the car.

JOE

Fuck, Mike, you stay out late.

MIKE

What are you Tony Soprano sitting
out here in front of my house?

JOE

Get in.

MIKE

Fuck you, I'm tired.

JOE

Please, get in.

Mike gets in the back. Danny gets in the back, too.

INT. BUICK - CONTINUOUS

Mike slams the door.

JOE

Where were you?

MIKE

Just caught my first fire. I was
celebrating.

JOE

Congrats, yeah. You look wicked in
that uniform.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE (CONT'D)

Bet it gets you good and laid five nights a week at least, right?

ROB

You look good, Mike.

JOE

Listen, Mike, I'm in business now and I could use your help.

DANNY

Oxycontin. Stealing 'em.

JOE

Let me present this, you bastard!

ROB

We got 500 pills, today.

JOE

I got 500 hundred pills, today.
You drove the fucking LeSabre
outta the parking lot.

ROB

Twenty bucks a pop. Dink sold half
already. Forty grand, Mike.

DANNY

Ten grand, you fuck. Do math much?

MIKE

Like I said, Joe, I just put out
my first fire today.

JOE

Yeah, thirty years and a 401k.
Love it.

MIKE

Well, fuck you, Joey, okay?

JOE

Okay, Mike. I apologize, okay?
But, listen, we can hit every
fucking pharmacy from here to
Provincetown in three months and
be done. Done. Retired. Dink sold
fifteen grand of this shit
yesterday. And it's all profit. No
middle man. We're the fucking
middle man.

MIKE

What about Danny and Rob?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

I can't trust these guys. They don't got the nerves for it.

DANNY

The fuck we don't.

JOE

The fuck you don't is, right. It's like trying to rob a bank with my faggot grandma.

ROB

Oh, nice, Joe, your grandma a faggot now?

JOE

My grandma'd eat your grandma's pussy in a fucking New York minute, so yah, she's a fucking butch dyke faggot, so shut the fuck up, Robby. But listen, the other night after I knocked off some two-bit pharmacy down in Quincy I was listening to the police scanner and I heard them talking to each other trying to figure out what got hit. They thought it was a distribution center.

MIKE

Hey, Rob, are you farting up there? Fuck, you stink?

ROB

I had a burrito for dinner.

DANNY

You ate a fucking rotting corpse. You're fucking disgusting.

ROB

It's natural.

MIKE

(laughing a little)
It's natural. Jesus.

Joe smacks Rob.

JOE

Can you yahoos grow up for five seconds and talk about something real..?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE (CONT'D)

Listen, Mike, when I was inside this dude told me about this place over in Charlestown. This very same distribution center. Turns out every six weeks a coupla vans pick up Oxy for all New England. Filled to the brim with fucking pharmaceutical heroin, dude. And get this. There's like two guys in the truck. And a coupla security guards. That's it. I did some math and even if we got Rob's Uncle's Dodge Ram and filled it up even halfway we'd have over two million dollars worth of shit. Help me. I need fucking Einstein.

MIKE

Look at me, Joe. Danny. Rob, you smelly motherfucker. Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you. Your cousin Bill. Your brother Brian. Your father. My cousin Gary. My cousin Gail. Dead. And I ain't done counting.

JOE

Don't tell me you suddenly got over the finer things in life? You used to wanna be the biggest shot around. You'd hand out twenty dollar bills like they was business cards. Two million dollars. That speaks for itself.

MIKE

Well, I ain't listening.

JOE

Alright, alright. Listen, I'm having a party Saturday. Why don't you come?

MIKE

I got Amy that night.

JOE

I invited Jill Ryan. She's coming.

DANNY

With her boyfriend.

Joe reacts to Danny. Mike opens the car door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE
Yeah?

JOE
Yeah.

Mike gets out, looks in, slams the door, walks towards his apartment. Joe watches him walk away.

DANNY
Let's get drive-thru. I'm fucking starving.

MIKE
Nah, I wanna go back to my place. I'm beat.

ROB
You ain't hungry?

JOE
Nah, tired.

Rob starts the car, pulls away.

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

From the sidewalk Mike watches Joe drive away.

EXT. STONEHAM ZOO - DAY

Mike and his daughter Amy look at an exhibit of Polar Bears. It drizzles outside. Amy eats a mint chocolate chip ice cream cone.

MIKE
(re: bear)
That dude's big.

AMY
Mmm...

MIKE
Look at the size of those paws.

AMY
They're almost extinct?

MIKE
Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMY

Yeah, there's no more ice and they have to swim miles and miles just to find an iceberg to float on. Sometimes they drown.

MIKE

You hear that in school?

AMY

No, on an internet chat room.

MIKE

Thanks for telling me. You doing good in school?

They start walking together.

AMY

I guess.

MIKE

You guess? Math and all that? That going good?

AMY

Going well, Dad. You don't say "going good." You say "going well."

MIKE

Well, is it going well then?

She shrugs again. He kneels down.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You like your teacher?

AMY

I don't know, Daddy. Can we look some more?

MIKE

Yeah, sure. You got good friends?

She shrugs again. Her lip begins to quiver a little.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What is it, honey?

AMY

Nothing. Let's keep going.

She tries to walk away. He stops her, looks in her eyes. She can't hold back tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

What is it?

She says something inaudible.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What'd you say? You can say it,
honey.

AMY

I'm ugly.

MIKE

What? Who said that? That Stavros
kid in your class? His friends?

She trying to hold back tears.

AMY

It's okay.

Mike tears up a little, too.

MIKE

That's not okay.

AMY

Don't cry, Daddy.

MIKE

I'm not crying. Look your ice
cream's melting all over the
fucking place.

AMY

Don't swear, Dad.

He takes the ice cream.

MIKE

Listen, honey, people say all
sorts of stuff that's not true.
They say it over and over and
pretty soon if you're not careful
you might believe it. Even if it
ain't true. Right? If they say
that stuff you just say "I don't
believe you." And if they say it
again you say "I don't believe
you. I don't believe you." Okay?

She shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIKE (CONT'D)
You're the nicest, prettiest girl
I know. Beautiful. Sweet. Good.

AMY
(smiling a little)
I don't believe you.

MIKE
Hey, it don't work like that, you
little sneak. Now, listen, you at
school on Monday?

She nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)
If I can I'm gonna swing by when
you're out at recess and see how
you and all your classmates are
doing, okay?

AMY
Really?

MIKE
Yeah.
(re: ice cream)
Here, now, look at this thing...
(licks it)
It's everywhere...
(licks it again)
I gotta get it under control...

AMY
Hey!

MIKE
Just let me...

She grabs it from him, licks it. He feigns a sad face.
She laughs.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Should we go meet your mom?

She nods. He stands. She takes his hand as they walk.

MIKE (CONT'D)
One more!

She gives him a lick of her ice cream.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Amy's in an older Dodge mini-van. Lisa, wearing a rain coat, pretty but tired, leans against the van, her arms folded. Mike hands her Amy's overnight bag. She takes it.

LISA

Thanks for the check. I appreciate not having to go to court to get it.

MIKE

You good to take her next Saturday? I got this thing I promised a friend I'd go to.

LISA

Yeah, okay. You doing okay at your job? Keeping busy? 'Cause I know you don't like when you gotta sit around. You get bored and do stuff you shouldn't.

MIKE

Sometimes I sit around and sometimes I don't, okay? It's good.

LISA

I'm sorta dating someone, now, Michael.

MIKE

Yeah? Okay. That's cool. But I'm still Daddy, right? He living there?

LISA

Not really.

MIKE

Either he's there or he's not. Not really? What the fuck is that?

LISA

I ain't married to you anymore, Mike.

MIKE

Yeah, but Amy's in the house with this fuck?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

You don't even know him! Jesus,
I'd start laughing except I might
fucking cry.

MIKE

I'm still Daddy, right?

She relents, kisses him on the cheek.

LISA

If I didn't hate the idea of
living with you so much, I
might've stayed in love with you.

Mike peers in the window at Amy, kisses the glass.

AMY

(from inside the van)
I love you, Daddy.

The mini-van pulls away. Mike watches it go. He waves,
turns, lights a cigarette, walks away.

INT. FIRE TRUCK - DAY

A little smoky and wet, the fire fighters ride in the
ladder truck. They're in full gear.

O'Brien drives.

O'BRIEN

Which way, Kelly!?

KELLY

Left. Left, right there! Right
there!

O'Brien turns left. Kelly sits back, smiles at his
comrades. They smile back. Nee holds an axe.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

The fire truck pulls up in front of an elementary school,
CHILDREN playing. Nee whoops the siren.

Amy plays with a friend, looks up at Mike coming out of
the truck.

AMY

Daddy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She runs towards him. He's followed close behind by the rest of the entire firehouse all in full gear.

The children and a TEACHER gather round as Amy runs up and hugs Mike.

MIKE

Hey, kids! How are you!?

SOME OF THE KIDS

Fine. Good. Okay.

RODRIGUEZ

Everyone making sure they're doing everything they can to prevent fires?

SOME OF THE KIDS

Yeah! No! Can I wear your hat?

MIKE

Hey, where's Johnny Stavros?
Little Johnny Stavros.

A little PUNK slowly raises his hand.

NEE

Come on over, kid.

MIKE

And you, too, Billy. Chris, you come, too.

Mike releases Amy. She goes back with her friend.

The three boys slowly approach the firemen. Mike kneels down in front of the kids. The firefighters backing him, Nee thumping the axe against his hand ominously.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Hey, you three, you know what?
Firefighters are magic. In every
fire truck in Boston we got little
TV screens...

RODRIGUEZ

Police cars got 'em, too...

MIKE

And we can see every bad thing
anybody does. Anything. Even if
someone's mean to someone else for
no reason. We know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEE

And we know where you live.

One of the boys starts to cry.

O'BRIEN

Hey, wait, we don't know where you live! Come on, Nee!

MIKE

Chris, Chris...we don't know where you live!

(to Stavros)

But we know other stuff. Okay? We know. Right?

With terror in his little eyes, Stavros slowly nods in agreement.

A CALL comes in over the two-ways.

O'BRIEN

'Nough playtime, Kelly. Let's roll.

NEE

(to everyone)

Okay, kids, thanks for your attention. We've got to get back out there and keep our community safe.

MIKE

And don't play with matches!

(to Stavros)

You might get burned.

Amy runs up and kisses Mike.

AMY

Thanks, Daddy.

MIKE

Love you.

They all walk quickly back to the fire truck.

NEE

(to Mike)

Smell that? Kid crapped his pants. Literally, dude.

Mike reacts. O'Brien gets in the truck, hits the siren. Mike climbs in with the other firefighters.

EXT. FIREHOUSE DAY - DAY

After a fire. Mike is recoiling the hoses. His face and arms are covered with soot. Water drips from the truck.

MCNULTY

Hey, Kelly.

MIKE

(happily)
Hey, McNulty.

MCNULTY

Looking good out there these days?
Getting good on the pump. It's an art. I'd almost want you covering my back.

Mike keeps working, a little suspicious.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

Gonna make Lieutenant before
you're through. Beats the bricks,
eh?

Mike's demeanor changes, defensive, keeps working.

MIKE

I guess it does.

MCNULTY

Listen, a couple of friends from
the Academy and me were talking
and one of 'em told me that maybe
you could hook me up.

MIKE

Yeah? Hook you up?

MCNULTY

Oh, shit, Kelly don't get
offended, bro. They were just
saying that maybe 'cause you used
to know people... The guys like
you here a lot, man. They really
do. But you're still in your
probationary period so you gotta
make nice with everyone. It sucks,
I know. Guy from the bricks making
nice, but what can I say? That's
the way the world works.

Mike stops working.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

What, you want some weed or something? Is that it?

MCNULTY

Yeah, yeah, maybe some other stuff, too. We'll see.

O'Brien walks up.

O'BRIEN

You guys having a quilting bee out here?

MCNULTY

Just telling Kelly he fits in real good, LT.

O'BRIEN

Get the rest of the hoses off engine 5, McNulty.

MCNULTY

Yes, sir.

He walks away.

O'BRIEN

You doing okay, Kelly?

MIKE

Yeah. Just working.

O'BRIEN

Why don't you take a break? You been on 20 hours straight. I'm impressed with you kid. Making D Street proud.

MIKE

Thanks, LT.

Mike walks off. O'Brien watches him go.

INT. FIREHOUSE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike sits on the toilet, toilet seat closed. He smokes a cigarette. He fumes. He looks at his wrists, examining the Shamrock tattoos.

He stands and looks in the mirror. He takes another hard drag, puts his cigarette out in the middle of one of his shamrock tatoos.

INT. GRUNGY ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

A little dressed up, Mike walks into a crowded house party. Music. PEOPLE, 19-30, drink, laugh, smoke pot.

Mike walks through. A PRETTY GIRL, 20, waves to him.

PRETTY GIRL

Hey, Mike!

MIKE

Sheila, what's up?

Another Southie GUY.

SOUTHIE GUY

Hey, Mikey! Wanna drag, dude?

MIKE

Nah, where's Joey?

SOUTHIE GUY

He's upstairs. Good to see you.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike passes one of the girls that were with JILL at the bar.

GIRL

Oh, Mike, hey.

MIKE

Christine, you seen Joe?

She points upstairs. Mike heads up.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike moves through a CROWDED, smoky hallway. He tries to open a door. It's locked. He knocks.

MIKE

(to someone in the
hallway)

Joe Brennan in there?

MAN IN HALLWAY

Yah, I saw him go in with Jill and
her boyfriend and some other
people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike knocks again. Bonnie who was at the bar with Jill answers the door.

BONNIE

Hey, Mike, how are you? Saw you the other night.

MIKE

Hey, Bonnie, Joe in there?

She looks back into the room.

JOE

(O.S.)

Is that Mike? Let him in.

She opens the door for Mike. Mike goes in.

The room is a den. A few sofas, etc. PEOPLE sit around a coffee table and on the floor.

Some snort coke, etc., off a coffee table. Others just drink. Some share a joint, laugh, talk. Drug paraphernalia lies around.

Joe sits in the middle of a couch next to Danny and Mike's kid brother, DINK, 17.

JOE (CONT'D)

You made it!

Jill's there too with her boyfriend Kevin Kirkpatrick. She looks up from snorting a line, wipes her nose. Mike notices her. Kevin notices Mike.

Joe gets up from the couch, brings Mike a beer.

JOE (CONT'D)

I told you she'd be here. Do I deliver?

MIKE

She's all fucked up.

JOE

Yeah, so come scare her straight.

MIKE

I gotta ask you something. I need a coupla eight balls.

JOE

I ain't got none on me. And what're you in high school?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

It's a favor.

JOE

Michael Kelly doing someone a favor. The world gonna end or something? You got some money, big shot?

MIKE

I ain't got any money right now, Joe. But I will. I'm good for it.

JOE

What about your big fire department job? Don't they pay you in fucking diamond tiaras or something?

MIKE

Yeah, and gold bars. Joe, I gotta give half of it to Lisa. Just don't hassle me and I'll get you the money, okay?

JOE

Well, shit, all right. Me and Dink are going out in a coupla minutes and we'll pick something up. You come, too.

MIKE

Is that the fuck Jill's with?

JOE

Come on, sit down.

MIKE

I don't feel like it no more. I shouldna even come.

JOE

Fuck. Sit down. Come on.

Mike follows Joe to the sofa. They sit down.

DINK

Hey, Mike!

MIKE

Hey, Dink. How's school?

DINK

It's okay, getting B's and A's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE
Fucking liar. He's failing out.

DINK
Fuck you.

MIKE
Hey, Dan.

DANNY
Hey, Mike. S'up?

JOE
Yo, Jill, you know Mike.

MIKE
How are you?

He holds out his hand. She shakes it.

JILL
Hey, Mike.

MIKE
Good to see you.

KEVIN
(mimicking him)
Good to see, yah!

MIKE
What's up?

JOE
Me and Kevin we been working
together all of a sudden. He's
selling for me in Providence and
Hartford. What do you think about
that, Mike?

MIKE
I think you better be careful
going that far South is what I
think?

JOE
We're not making no trouble for no
one.

KEVIN
What do you know about it anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIKE

I know you don't wanna start knocking heads with the five families is what I know. You guys looking to break an eighty year old truce go ahead and I'll give you both your eulogies. "Stupid fucks. Rest in Peace."

KEVIN

That's quite a sentiment.

DANNY

I'm gonna go get some more beers.

Danny quickly leaves.

JOE

Yeah, well, Mike, you wanna try a some of these Oxys? Just whiffed a coupla eighties.

MIKE

No, dude. Been there done that.

KEVIN

Not with this shit. This is high grade pharmaceutical.

JOE

FDA cutting in on the Afghani traffic, man. And we cutting in on the FDA. Wanna go?

MIKE

I don't wanna fucking try it!

KEVIN

(mimicking)

I don't wanna fucking try it!

JILL

Kevin.

DINK

Yo, Kev, you better step off, brother. This is Mike Kelly, man.

KEVIN

Shut the fuck up.

JOE

Why don't you all shut the fuck up!?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm trying to have a party here.
And Mike you ain't helping none of
this.

JILL

You guys we gotta go. I'll go get
the car.

MIKE

Where're you going?

JOE

Beer run. Wanna go?

MIKE

(to Jill)
You going on a beer run, too?

JILL

(defiantly)
Yeah, I'm driving. Come on, Kevin.

KEVIN

Are you suddenly my wife? I'll
fucking go when I want.

JILL

Fuck you.

He smacks her. Dink quickly pulls a gun on Kevin. Kevin
pulls a gun on Dink.

JOE

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Put that shit
away, Richard! Kevin, you fuck!

Kevin puts the gun away. Dink puts the gun away.

JOE (CONT'D)

Kevin, why don't me and Dink and
Mike go on the beer run. Jill
drives. Okay?

Kevin gets up, storms off.

JOE (CONT'D)

That guy's nuts. And you like the
fucking Buddha over here. You
before playing fireman that guy'd
be pulling his teeth out his
asshole. Come on. I'm thirsty.

INT. LATE MODEL OLDSMOBILE - NIGHT

Music plays in the car. Jill drives through a suburban neighborhood. Joe sits in the passenger seat. Mike sits in the back, Dink next to him.

JOE
Fucking look at this neighborhood.
I love this colonial style.

DINK
I hate these rich fucks.

JOE
No, no, don't hate 'em. This is
gonna be you someday, Richard.

DINK
Fuck that. What about you?

JOE
Oh, yeah, me too. Check out the
shutters on that place. Fuck. Ten
miles outta Southie and this is
what you get.

MIKE
Where we going?

JOE
Turn here, Jills.

Jill turns a corner.

INT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jill parks in a parking spot.

JOE
I'm gonna get some smokes. Dink,
you wanna come?

Dink steps out of the car.

JOE (CONT'D)
Don't you two love birds mess up
my seats.

He slams the door. Mike sits quietly.

JILL
You wanna listen to the radio?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Nah.

JILL

It's just turned spring. Sick of the cold, now.

MIKE

Flowers are pretty when they first come up.

JILL

You were out in the desert?

MIKE

Yeah, for awhile.

JILL

You doing okay?

MIKE

Yeah, what'd you hear?

JILL

I don't really use that much, Mike.

MIKE

That's what they all say.

JILL

What do you know?

MIKE

I used to fill a duffel bag of coke at seven am and by sundown I'd have sold ever last spec of dust. That's why I got the fuck out of here. You either do Southie all the way or not at all. There ain't no in between.

JILL

Joe says you used to work for Whitey Bulger.

MIKE

When I was a kid.

JILL

He liked you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Yeah, well, when you do shit
nobody else wants to do people
fucking suddenly like you.

JILL

How's your wife?

MIKE

We're separated.

JILL

That's too bad, Mike. Did you guys
have your baby?

MIKE

Yeah, we did.

JILL

A girl or a boy?

MIKE

A girl. Amy.

JILL

That's a cute name. I'll bet she's
really cute.

MIKE

Yeah, she is. You disappeared on
me, Jill.

JILL

I had to get out of the
neighborhood. Went to school. Did
okay for awhile.

He climbs over the seat next to Jill.

MIKE

You didn't never call me.

JILL

Your wife was having a baby. You
were going into the Marines!

MIKE

I know. But nobody knew where you
went.

JILL

I went to my Aunt's house in
Detroit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIKE

Why?

JILL

I had to get away.

MIKE

Jill, remember, when we went out those coupla times and I brought you back home and we'd be at your door, you always stood on top of your feet.

JILL

Yeah.

MIKE

Like one foot on the other. That always seemed kinda funny.

JILL

When I was little my mom only got me shoes from Goodwill. And they were old. And I was embarrassed. So I'd stand on my feet to hide them. And these shoes I'm wearing tonight ain't much better. I keep Payless in business.

He looks at her. Then they look at each other.

MIKE

Why'd you skip town?

JILL

It wouldna work out for nobody if I'd stayed.

He looks at her hard. She wipes away a few tears.

Suddenly, Joe and Dink run towards the car. Jill starts it quick. Joe jumps in. Dink slips and falls.

MIKE

You gotta fucking be kidding me!

JOE

Dink!

Mike hops out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mike helps Dink up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

You fuck.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Mike helps Dink into the car. Jill pulls out of the parking lot.

Joe throws big bottles of Oxycontin into the front seat. Then he throws candy bars, too.

JOE

Who wants noughat. Who fucking wants some noughat!?

Jill throws it back at him.

MIKE

Goddamn, Joe.

JOE

Like you didn't know. You guys make love while we were in there?

Joe jumps into the front seat between Mike and Jill.

MIKE

You gonna get Dink killed.

DINK

(counting)
We got at least two thousand pills!

MIKE

Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah! I love life. I love it!

Some sirens sound as they race down the street. Jill weaves through cars.

DINK

Fuck. This bitch has got skills.

JOE

Don't kill us, Jilly. I wanna have Mike's grandkids someday.

The police cars race by on the other side of the divider, towards the scene of the crime.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit, there those fuckers go.
Look at those dumb fucks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

I thought you were getting
cigarettes.

JOE

I did!

He takes out a pack, slams it on the dash.

JOE (CONT'D)

But they're menthol. Shit.

MIKE

Jill, see that street right there?
Turn up there and we can cut back
over Route 9 and up to the Pike.
Up there, baby.

JOE

See what I mean about this guy? He
knows the ways to get out of a
jam. There's nothing we can't do.

MIKE

If I get busted I lose my job,
Joey! You realize that?

JOE

We got drugs and candy! What else
would you ever need?

Joe takes a bite of candy.

MIKE

Take a right. Right here!

Jill hits it hard, turns right.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That's it.

Joe looks at Mike. Mike looks away.

JOE

I love life.

Mike grabs Joe and smacks him playfully on the head. Jill
reacts. Joe jams candy into Mike's mouth.

Dink looks out the window, smiles as wind blows through
his hair.

INT. FIREHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Mike smacks his hand against McNulty's. Two eight balls in Baggies.

MIKE
Don't ask me again.

MCNULTY
How much do I owe you?

MIKE
I ain't a dealer.

The firehouse alarm goes off. Mike gives McNulty a look, walks out the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Flashing RED and BLUE lights and a SCREAMING SIREN as a FIRE ENGINE careens through crowded Boston streets.

INT. FIRE ENGINE CAB - SAME TIME

O'Brien eyes his men, they're dead serious, testing their equipment, their ventilators. Wherever they're going, it's bad. Mike glances around at his comrades.

EXT. BURNING ROW HOUSES - MOMENTS LATER

Two three-story ROW HOUSES in the KOREAN community, fully engulfed in flames. The FIRE TRUCKS pull to the scene, the first response.

MIKE and O'Brien jump from the truck. Mike grabs the line. NEE and WASHINGTON hook the hose to the back of the truck. A SCREAMING ASIAN WOMAN runs to O'Brien rapidly YELLING KOREAN, gesturing to the fire, panicked.

O'BRIEN
(to ASIAN WOMAN)
What floor?

The woman replies in more KOREAN, gesturing.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)
(to bystanders)
Anyone here understand this woman?
Can anyone tell me what she's saying?!

The bystanders are all Asian, none come forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Shit.

(to his team)

Alright listen up. We're going in blind. Nee, Kelly. You're with me, front-entry. McNulty, Duvall, Washington, on the back. Rodriguez, Burke, hoses and ladders. Everyone's on air!

Mike straps on his helmet. His face disappears when he places the face mask over it. He takes a deep breath. It steams up the plastic.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

You do anything without me telling you, I'll fuckin' kill you myself. Got it?

Mike nods. Nervous.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Okay, start your air.

An EXPLOSION rocks the building. Mike glances at Nee.

NEE

There goes the gas -

Mike's hand shakes badly as he turns the knob on his tank. He takes a deep breath, clears his mask, then follows O'Brien towards the burning building. The heat's like a blast furnace. He pauses. So much heat.

O'BRIEN (O.S.)

Kelly!

Mike snaps back to reality as thick smoke pours out the entrance. O'Brien's stands at the threshold, sees the fear in Mike's eyes.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

(hand gesturing OK)

You okay?!

Mike nods.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

(to Nee)

Watch him.

Nee nods as he removes his axe from his belt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEE
(to MIKE)
Stay behind me - I mean RIGHT
behind me.

Mike nods. O'Brien enters first, followed by Nee and Mike, disappearing into the smoke.

INT. BURNING BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

Dante's version of a world on fire, smoke so thick they're forced to feel their way through.

O'BRIEN
(climbing staircase,
calling out)
Boston Fire! Anyone here?!

Nee hefts a FIRE AXE. CRACK! NEE splinters a door right off it's hinges. Does a visual search inside. No one.

NEE
Clear!

Mike raises his axe. CRACKS a door in half. Searches another apartment. Empty.

MIKE
Clear!

Mike CRACKS open another door. A torrent of flames shoots out, missing Mike but igniting the hallway, separating him from O'Brien and Nee.

Then a CRASH ahead as a beam SMASHES to the floor. Nee catches part of it, gets knocked to his knees, struggles to get up. Can't. O'Brien tries to help Nee. Another beam begins to fall.

Mike pushes O'Brien and Nee out of the way.

NEE
Kelly! Get your ass over here!!!

Mike freezes. The flames between him and Nee are too intense.

NEE (CONT'D)
(seeing MIKE frozen)
KELLY! Goddamnit!

O'BRIEN
Kelly!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike snaps out of his panic, searches for a way around the flames, AXE'S his way through another door. Goes to a far corner, starts CHOPPING through dry-wall - then he hears a VOICE above the mayhem. He turns, SEES -

A small ASIAN GIRL, frightened and huddled in the corner, flames approaching.

Mike unclips his WALKIE-TALKIE, moves toward her.

MIKE
(into walkie-talkie)
It's Kelly. Over.

Just STATIC. He changes the channel.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Mike Kelly! Can anyone hear me?!
(more static)
Fuck!

Mike eyes the flames chewing the ceiling. A fiery beam CRACKS like a bone, dropping in the room.

Mike drops his axe, races to the girl. He puts his oxygen mask on her face. But she's crying too hard to breathe.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Breathe - Breathe.

She doesn't understand. He demonstrates. She takes a deep, gasping breath. He grabs her up in his arms, turns.

The flames are all around them, the nearby window his only option.

He goes to it, pulls at it with one hand. Jammed. He looks for his axe. It's now on the other side of the flames.

Using his elbow, Mike SMASHES through the window -

EXT. BURNING BUILDING, FIRE TRUCK - SAME TIME

RODRIGUEZ sees MIKE hanging out the window with the little GIRL, waving furiously.

He maneuvers the TRUCK LADDER to the window and climbs -

INT. BURNING BUILDING - SAME TIME

Mike lifts the little Girl to the window, hands her to Rodriguez. Mike looks back into the room knowing Nee's still in danger, but -

Red hot debris rains over him now. The ceiling above, GROANS with weight.

RODRIGUEZ

(GIRL in arms)

Get your ass outta there! It's coming down!!!

Mike starts to climb out, stops, he can't leave Nee.

MIKE

(to RODRIGUEZ)

I'm going back for -

Mike starts back in when the ceiling CRACKS giving way, an explosive wall of flames rushes him, blowing him off the ladder as his world morphs into BLACKNESS.

INT. HOSPITAL, BURN-UNIT - NIGHT

Mike lies in a bed, sleeps, his face battered and bruised. He's hooked up to equipment.

His ex-wife Lisa sits in a chair next to him, asleep as well. Amy is there, too, lying in the bed next to Mike.

Jill inches closer to Mike, looks at his battered face, the tubes, then at Amy. Jill is affected.

Amy awakes, her eyes fluttering open. Jill puts her fingers to her lips. Shh. She smiles at Amy, then shows that she is leaving the flowers on the counter.

Jill, smiles again at Amy, then leaves the room.

EXT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jill walks away down the hallway.

INT MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A lighter lights. The lighter ignites a joint. The joint crackles and burns as Mike's lips suck it in.

Mike sits on an old couch in his apartment. He has bandages all across his chest and some on his legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some nicks and scrapes cover his face. His hair has been cropped very short and he has stitches in his scalp.

He opens a bottle of prescription pills, takes one.

A knock comes at the door. Mike stands.

MIKE

Hold on. Hold on.

Mike reaches the door, opens it. O'Brien, Rodriguez and Nee stand there with flowers and a six pack.

NEE

Ho! Piece of shit Probie down for the count!

They all hug Mike.

MIKE

Not hardly, asshole.

O'Brien hands him the flowers.

O'BRIEN

How you doing, Kelly?

MIKE

Doing great. You guy's shoulda called. I woulda cleaned up around here or something.

RODRIGUEZ

No, we like to see how the other half lives. Shit, you need a wife, man.

MIKE

Had one, Rodriguez, and that's why I'm living like this. She still takes everything I got.

Mike sits with great difficulty. The guys sit too. O'Brien gives him the once over, observing Mike's pain.

O'BRIEN

We aren't gonna stay long, Kelly. We just want you to know we're thinking about you. And I want to thank you for, for...

RODRIGUEZ

For saving your life, LT?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

I didn't save your life,
Lieutenant. You woulda got outta
there on your own.

O'BRIEN

Yeah, well, now my wife's gotta
deal with me for another twenty
years and she blames you.

MIKE

I'll be back on the job in no
time.

The guys look at each other.

NEE

Mike, you got burned pretty bad,
dude. You got your head split
open.

RODRIGUEZ

The doctors told you, right? You
died, man. For about thirty
seconds.

MIKE

Yeah, well, everybody's gonna do
it at least once. I just got a
jump on it. I feel good though.
You'll see. Gimme a coupla weeks.

O'BRIEN

I see they got you on some pain
killers.

MIKE

Yeah, it don't hurt that bad
though.

O'BRIEN

No, you look just fine.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mike closes the door of his apartment. The firefighters
are gone.

INT. MIKE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Mike unwinds his dressings across his chest. We just see
his face as he looks at his beaten body in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches into the cabinet, takes out a bottle of pills, pops a few.

INT. FIREHOUSE - DAY

Wearing his uniform, carrying his duffel, Mike goes into the firehouse. Trucks are there. But no firefighters.

Suddenly, the siren yelps. The lights go on. The firefighters spring out. Mike jumps.

MIKE

Shit, you startled me!

O'BRIEN

Welcome back, Probie. Kelly.

NEE

Everybody wants to see it, Kelly.
Come on. Strip down!

Nee and Rodriguez grab Mike.

MIKE

Hey!

The other firefighters laugh, un-tuck his shirt, pull his shirt up. They yell when they see his burn, screaming and laughing with disbelief.

WASHINGTON

Well, you took one for the team,
mother fucker. I think it almost
beats this one.

He pulls up his shirt revealing a bad burn.

NEE

That ain't nothing.

Nee reveals two severe burn scars underneath his shirt.

RODRIGUEZ

LT, let's see it.

CAPTAIN BURKE

Take it off, O'Brien. You got a
contender here!

O'Brien relents. The firefighters trumpet fanfare, drums. O'Brien lifts his shirt. A massive scar from his navel to his neck throws the firehouse into an uproar.

O'Brien drops his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BRIEN

All right, guys. All right. Get
back to sitting around like a
bunch lazy bums.

They walk away, slapping Mike on the back.

NEE

I got some more dishes for you,
Kelly.

MIKE

Yeah, we'll see, Nee. We'll see.

They're gone except O'Brien.

O'BRIEN

You had at least a year of comp.
It's all right if you need more
time, Mike.

Mike nods, looks away. O'Brien smacks his cheek lightly,
walks away. Mike sniffs, wipes his nose, uncomfortable.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mike, Nee, Washington and O'Brien stand at a door. They
hold axes.

O'BRIEN

Ma'am, you're gonna have to open
the door. Ma'am!
(to Mike and Nee)
Do it.

Mike kicks down the door. The firefighters swarm in.

INT. APARMENT - CONTINUOUS

The firefighters enter the rundown apartment. Music plays
from a bedroom.

O'BRIEN

I don't know. This feels a little
weird.

NEE

We could wait for the cops.

O'BRIEN

Mike?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
I think it's cool.

They go into the other room.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter the bedroom. An OLD WOMAN is on her hands and knees, gives mouth to mouth to an OLD MAN on the floor. They're both bare ass naked.

And her large, old ass is pointed right at the firefighters when they come in.

NEE
Whoa!

MIKE
Shit!

WASHINGTON
Hot damn!

They all look away. O'Brien comes in.

O'BRIEN
Jesus, Joseph and Mary! Ma'am.
Ma'am!

She doesn't turn around.

OLD MAN
Evelyn! Evelyn, they're here!

She stands, crying.

EVELYN
We were making love!

NEE
Here, Ma'am. Please.

Nee hands her a robe.

OLD MAN
Put some clothes on, honey! And turn your hearing aid on! She couldn't hear you come in. Evelyn, you're bare ass naked, honey.

EVELYN
(noticing)
Oh, my goodness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD MAN

I'm sorry. She's half-senile! And deaf.

O'BRIEN

I'll make sure EMS is on its way.

O'Brien leaves. Mike kneels down next to the old man.

OLD MAN

My chest. Feels like I did when I got shot in Korea.

NEE

Are you on any medication, sir?

OLD MAN

I forget what it's called. It's in the bathroom.

WASHINGTON

Wanna check it, Kelly?

Mike stands, passes the woman sitting on the bed.

EVELYN

We were making love.

MIKE

I can see that, Ma'am.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike goes into the bathroom. Prescription bottles cover the counter. He sorts through them. He looks at one. Percaset. Beat. He slips it in his pocket, looks over.

Nee stands there looking at him hard.

NEE

Medilastin. The one you're looking for?

O'Brien comes in.

O'BRIEN

EMS is here. Let's roll. Everything okay?

NEE

Peachy.

Nee leaves. O'Brien gives Mike the once over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'BRIEN
You alright, Kelly?

MIKE
Yeah. Yeah, LT.

O'BRIEN
(dubious)
I'm cutting your shift early. Go
home and get some sleep.

Mike nods, leaves. LT watches him leave.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike lies in his bed, traffic and night noises outside.

He opens his eyes. He's in pain. He looks over at the
night stand, sits up, sweat running off him.

He reaches his arm out for a prescription bottle.

He puts the bottle back. He lights a joint. He looks at
his night stand, reaches for a Baggie. There's just a
little weed in it, not enough for anything.

He picks up his cell phone, dials. It rings --

DEFAULT MESSAGE
You have reached 617-879-5670.
Please leave a message after the
tone.

Mike hangs up, stands up, slips his shirt on.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Mike steps out onto the dark street, gripped with pain.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Mike rings a door bell. Joe and Dink's mother, MAGGIE
BRENNAN, comes to the door.

MAGGIE
Mike?

MIKE
Hey, Mrs. Brennan. Is Dink around?

MAGGIE
No, Michael, he's over at Joe's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Can you ask him to call me?

MAGGIE

Yeah. How you feeling, Michael?
Joe told me you were real brave in
that house.

MIKE

I don't know, Mrs. Brennan.

MAGGIE

You hurting?

MIKE

I'm good. I'll see you, Mrs.
Brennan.

MAGGIE

Mike?

MIKE

Yeah?

MAGGIE

I love Joe, but he's rotten. And
Richard follows right along with
whatever he does.

MIKE

I'm gonna go find Joe.

MAGGIE

Yeah.

MIKE

Good night.

She closes her door. Mike walks down the steps.

EXT. ANOTHER APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Suffering even more, Mike waits outside an apartment
building. A door opens.

Jill stands there with the light from the hallway
illuminating her. Still that electricity.

JILL

Hey. Joe and Kevin aren't here.

MIKE

You guys all living together now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL
How you feeling?

MIKE
How do I look?

JILL
Like shit.

MIKE
Is Dink here?

JILL
I'm waiting for him. He's supposed
to pick some stuff up.

Mike turns to walk away.

JILL (CONT'D)
You should come in.

He turns to her, looks at her. She looks at him.

JILL (CONT'D)
Dink'll be back in an hour.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The place is a dump.

JILL
Sit down, Mike. Go ahead. Over
there.

Mike sits down on a couch. Jill goes into the other room.

Mike looks around. Oxycontin jars and pills - hundreds of
them - lie around on the coffee table. Other drug
paraphernalia lies around. Money.

Jill comes back with a glass of water, sits down.

JILL (CONT'D)
Why you wanna talk to Dink?

MIKE
I just... I ain't feeling too good
and I was hoping he had a dime
bag. Maybe something stronger. My
prescription run out and the
doctor won't give me no more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jill gets up. She goes to a bureau in the room, takes out a bag of weed. She comes back, stuffs a bowl. She puts it to Mike's lips, lights it. He takes a hit.

They look at each other for a moment.

JILL

I came to the hospital to see you,
Mike.

MIKE

Amy told me that.

JILL

When I heard about it I wanted to
stab myself in the heart. A knife
right here.

MIKE

I'm okay.

JILL

Everybody says you were a hero.

MIKE

Shit makes my skin crawl. You
woulda done it. Anybody woulda and
I'm not trying to be cute. Where's
Joe?

JILL

With Dink and Kevin. They're
coming back from New York.

MIKE

He making a deal with the Italians
down there?

JILL

He's just doing a drop in Brooklyn
or something.

MIKE

You look like shit, Jill.

JILL

Why you gotta be so fucking mean
to me?

MIKE

'Cause you were the one who was
gonna do what none of us never
did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL

Wha's that?

MIKE

Get the fuck out of here. Now look
at you. The both of us.

He takes a deep breath, sits up, sips his water. Jill
leans in to him.

JILL

Mike.

He turns away.

JILL (CONT'D)

Look at me, Mike.

She kisses him tenderly. He kisses her back.

JILL (CONT'D)

I ain't no different.

She takes his hand and lays it against her face.

JILL (CONT'D)

Your hands. I love them. Look at
them.

She kisses them.

JILL (CONT'D)

But why you gotta be so mean to
me.

She kisses him again. She straddles him, takes off her
shirt, kisses him again.

She unbuttons his shirt. He tries to stop her, but she
keeps going. She looks at his chest, stands quickly.

She's affected. He looks down, then up at her. She goes
to him, touches the healing scars from his burns.

She kneels down and kisses his stomach and a couple of
the scarring burns. She leans up and looks at him.

JILL (CONT'D)

It's okay if you're mean to me.

They look into each others eyes, kiss.

A door opens. Kevin stands in the room. Jill looks up.
Mike looks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kevin is upon them. He smacks Jill.

JILL (CONT'D)

No!

He pulls Mike off the couch Mike doesn't even fight back. Kevin starts to beat him to a pulp.

Jill leaps on Kevin, screaming. Mike lies there being beaten. Joe comes in the room with Dink.

JOE

Hey! Hey!

They try to pull Kevin off Mike. No use. Jill tries again. Kevin backhands her. She falls back, bleeding.

Click. A gun rests against Kevin's skull. He stops, turns around. Dink stands there with the gun now against Kevin's face.

DINK

Get out.

KEVIN

Joe. Get your brother off me, man.

MIKE

Put it away, Richie. I'm okay.

JOE

Dink.

Dink slides the barrel of the gun around Kevin's face.

MIKE

Dink.

Dink looks at Mike, hesitates. Joe reaches into Kevin's jacket and takes his gun. Dink lowers his gun.

JOE

I guess I sorta suggest you don't never come back.

KEVIN

You owe me twelve grand, Brennan.

JOE

Consider it a deposit on your fucking life.

KEVIN

Mike, you think you're a big tough firefighter, but you ain't shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I know everything about you, man.
And there ain't a hell of a lot to
talk about, you know what I mean?
I'll be seeing you.

Kevin leaves. Mike goes to Jill. She lies in a ball, her
nose bloody.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike lays Jill in a bed, covers her. She looks at him.

JILL

There's a lotta stuff I wanted to
tell you.

He kisses her on the cheek.

MIKE

Go to sleep, now.

He covers her up and walks out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joe's in the hallway waiting.

JOE

That fuck is gonna die, Mike.

Mike walks down the hallway.

MIKE

Listen to me. You're gunning for a
bullet in your fucking head. I
guarantee you're pissing off the
guys in New York.

JOE

Well, so what? Why do they get
everyplace but this shithole?

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They're in the living room. Dink watches TV.

MIKE

And do not, do not do nothing
about Kirkpatrick. Nothing.
Promise me your gonna keep your
three inch cock in your pants over
this, Joey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DINK
He's got a two inch cock.

MIKE
And you, too, you little shit. The
both of yous. Promise.

JOE
What am I gonna say, I promise?

MIKE
Yeah, that's a good idea.

JOE
That sounds stupid.

MIKE
I don't fucking care. Dink get
your ass over here.

Dink comes over.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hold up your hands and look at me
in the eyes.

Mike makes them hold up their hands.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I promise... Say it. Say it.

JOE
Come on.

MIKE
I promise...

DINK
I promise...

MIKE
Joe.

JOE
I promise...

MIKE
Not to fucking blow away Kevin
Kirkpatrick.

JOE
Not to fucking blow away
Kevin Kirkpatrick.

DINK
Not to fucking blow away
Kevin Kirkpatrick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE (CONT'D)

And to not piss off the guys in
New York who would just as easily
kill me as drink a fucking glass
of water. Say it!

JOE

And to not piss off the
guys in New York who would
just as easily kill me as
drink a glass of water.

DINK

And to not piss off the
guys in New York who would
just as easily kill me as
drink a glass of water.

MIKE (CONT'D)

There, doesn't that feel good?

JOE

You swear to fucking much, you
know that?

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Mike wakes up with a jolt, sucking air. He looks over at
Jill sleeping, lying on top of the sheets.

He sits on the edge of the bed, takes the bottle of Oxy
off the counter, opens it, hesitates a beat, then takes a
few, takes a few more.

He lies back down, looks back at Jill. She looks thin,
frail, but still beautiful in the morning light. She
awakes.

JILL

I had a dream I was lying next to
you. You gotta go to work?

He sits up fast.

MIKE

Amy.

INT. LISA'S HOUSE - SAME DAY

Mike walks up to Lisa's apartment door, knocks. He looks
like hell. Lisa answers.

LISA

I been calling you for a week.

MIKE

Just got off my shift.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA

Yeah, I'll bet.

MIKE

I got the money for this month.
Here, here. I'm sorry I'm a little
late.

He hands her some cash. She holds it lightly in her hand,
like it's dirty.

LISA

You can't write a check?

MIKE

I can write a check. I just
thought you would want the cash.

LISA

Fuck, Michael. I don't even wanna
know. Just don't be late again or
I'm taking you into court.

MIKE

Is she here?

LISA

No. She's not.

MIKE

Where is she?

LISA

She's out.

MIKE

With who?

LISA

With Dale.

MIKE

Dale? The guy who lives in my
house is named Dale? What's his
last name?

Beat.

LISA

Dickinson.

MIKE

Dickinson. You're dating a guy
named Dale Dickinson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LISA

It's an okay name.

MIKE

That's the name you gotta yell out during sex? What's he got like a three inch cock and a hair piece?

LISA

You'll never fucking change.

She goes inside, slams the door. Mike looks around the neighborhood, punches Lisa's door, goes to his car.

INT. FIREHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Mike sifts through his toiletries bag, pulls out a bottle of Oxy. Just a few left. He pours one in his hand, then another. He pours the last two out.

One drops down the drain in the sink. He takes three of the Oxys, then puts his finger in the drain to try to get it out.

He reaches down, kicks the sink. Kicks it again.

McNulty comes in wearing a bathrobe.

MCNULTY

Doing okay, Kelly?

MIKE

Doing great. Feel like a million bucks, McNulty.

MCNULTY

Listen, Kelly, I was talking to a couple more of my buddies. Any way you could score us an ounce?

Kelly grabs McNulty by the lapel of his robe. McNulty fights back. Mike throws him against the shower stall.

MIKE

I'm a firefighter.

MCNULTY

All right, dude. All right. Relax.

Mike goes back to the sink, begins to shave.

MCNULTY (CONT'D)

Pretty bad burn you got, Kelly.
You sure you're okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Like I said, McNulty. A fucking million bucks.

McNulty goes into the shower. Mike begins to shave too hard, nicks his cheek. Blood.

INT. FIRE HOUSE BUNK ROOM - DAY

Mike lies in a bunk, unable to sleep. He sits up.

INT. FIREHOUSE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike stumbles into the firehouse bathroom. His stomach cramps knocking him to his knees, steals his breath. He GAGS to vomit, barely makes the toilet.

INT. FIRE HOUSE - NIGHT

Nee is on watch. Mike comes down the stairs. He's clearly high, looks like shit.

NEE

Can't sleep?

MIKE

Nah. I'll do your watch if you wanna hit the rack.

NEE

You don't have to ask me twice!

Nee gets up from his chair and grabs his belongings. Mike is so high he begins to nod out while he is standing, Nee pauses.

NEE (CONT'D)

You all right, Mike?

MIKE

Yeah, yeah, think I'm coming down with the flu or something.

Nee gives him a look, heads upstairs.

Mike settles into the office. He removes an OC from his pocket, performs his ritual, crushing the tab, cutting it, snorting it.

INT. FIRE HOUSE BUNK ROOM - LATER

The lights come on. Sleeping firefighters jump out of bed, rush to get dressed.

INT. FIRE HOUSE WATCH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mike is passed out in the chair. Firefighters rush down the stairs. Mike slowly opens his eyes. O'Brien enters.

O'BRIEN

What the hell are you doing!?

Mike stumbles getting up.

MIKE

I must have dozed off.

O'BRIEN

Stay here. You're not in any condition.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Mike and Nee stand at attention in front of the COMMISSIONER seated in a big plush leather seat behind an oversized desk. Captain Burke and O'Brien are there, too.

The Commissioner slides a piece of paper across the desk.

COMMISSIONER

Thirty days without pay. There may be a further investigation as to what caused this negligence.

(to Nee)

Because F.F. Kelly owned up to his actions, you will only receive a verbal warning, Mr. Nee. Now both of you get out of my sight.

Mike and Nee turn and walk out of the office.

EXT. FIRE HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Nee exit Headquarters. Traffic goes by.

NEE

Listen, I'm all for someone fucking around when they're not on duty but you just made your business my business. All our business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

You on my shit, but not McNulty's?

NEE

Captain Burke just kicked his ass out for good. You're lucky you got O'Brien behind you or you'd be gone today. Permanently. I thought you had something, Kelly. But you shoulda stuck to what you know best. See you in thirty days. If you make it that far.

Nee walks off.

MIKE

Yeah, yeah.

Mike tries to light a cigarette. His hand shakes so much he can't get his lighter to the tip. He closes the lighter.

INT. CROWN VIC - LATER

Mike drives his car down his street, parks, gets out.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREET - LATER

Mike opens the trunk of his car, takes his gear out. He's tense, wired, furious. He closes the trunk, but smacks his head with the lid as it closes.

MIKE

Fuck.

He looks over, sees Mrs. Flaherty with her dog. She uses a plastic shopping bag to clean up dogshit. Her dog appears even older and weaker.

MRS. CICCARELLO

He's dying, Mike. Old bastard. He shits everywhere now.

He watches her wander up the street, cursing her dog.

Mike walks to his apartment building. A car horn honks. Danny pulls up in his old Chevy.

DANNY

Mike, Kevin Kirkpatrick stole all Dink's shit and him and his boys beat him to a pulp!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Where's Dink now?

DANNY

He's at the fucking hospital. But, Mike, Kirkpatrick's down at Castle Island and Joe went to go find him. He had Dink's gun.

MIKE

Jesus Christ.

Mike gets in Danny's car.

INT. DANNY'S CHEVY - MOMENTS LATER

Danny drives. Mike's in the passenger seat. The radio plays soft rock. They drive frantically onto the small island, the Atlantic beside them.

MIKE

There they are. Right there. Pull over here. Danny, here!

Danny pulls over. Mike hops out.

EXT. CASTLE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Mike races across the parking lot, onto a grassy area of the seaside park. Overhead, airplanes fly low as they land at Logan Airport nearby, the roar deafening.

MIKE

Joe! Joe! Joe!

Joe has a gun, holds it on Kevin Kirkpatrick. Three of Kirkpatrick's BUDDIES are held at bay.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Gimme it, Joe. Gimme it!

KEVIN

Give him the gun!

MIKE

You shut the fuck up!

BUDDY

You shut the fuck up!

JOE

You all shut the fuck up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Joe, the cops are gonna come.

MIKE

Gimme the fucking gun, Joe.

KEVIN

Give him the gun.

MIKE

I said shut the fuck up!

Mike punches Kevin hard. He goes down. Mike reaches in Kevin's jacket, pulls out a gun, points it at Kevin's buddies.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Who's carrying? Who the fuck's carrying!?

They take out their guns.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Danny!

Danny takes their guns.

JOE

Thats right, mother fucker. You guys are all dead!

MIKE

(to Danny)
Unload 'em.

Danny does. Mike turns the gun on Joe.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now you.

JOE

The fuck!?

MIKE

Do it. Fucking do it! Do it!

Joe drops the gun. Mike picks it up, unloads it. He grabs the magazines from Danny, puts them all in his pocket.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You do what you do, Joe. Dink fucking had it coming. All of you have it coming. Whatever the fuck you get!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mike walks away.

JOE

Fuck you, Mike. He's like a
brother to you.

MIKE

(swinging around)
He's a criminal! You're a
criminal!

(re: Kevin)

You're a criminal.

(to the buddies)

You and you and you.

DANNY

I ain't a criminal, Mike.

MIKE

No, Dan, you're just a dumb fuck.

JOE

And what are you?

MIKE

I don't fucking know. You promised
me, you wouldn't do this, Joe.
Come on. Come on!

Mike, Joe and Danny walk away.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I wish this whole fucking place
would burn to the fucking ground.
That'd be a great day in Irish
fucking history.

They keep walking.

KEVIN

Give my regards to your fucking
prostitute!

Mike keeps walking. Joe looks at him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I fucked her in the ass!

JOE

Mike!

MIKE

I said, keep walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEVIN

I fucked her in the ass and then I
blew my load on her face and she
lapped it up like a dog. I rubbed
her face in it like a bad little
puppy and she begged for more. She
fucking loved it! She loved it!!

KEVIN'S BUDDY

(to Kevin)

Dude.

Mike, Joe and Danny keep walking to the car.

INT. CHEVY - CONTINUOUS

Mike, Joe and Danny get in the car. Danny in the driver's
seat. Joe in the middle. Mike in the passenger.

They sit silently, unmoving, staring straight ahead.

MIKE

Start the car, Dan. What are you
waiting for?

Danny hesitates, slowly starts the car. The radio quietly
plays soft rock.

Mike looks straight ahead out towards the ocean. Joe
looks straight ahead. Danny looks straight ahead.

A PLANE flies low overhead.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Turn off the car.

Danny turns off the car.

Mike looks straight ahead. Joe looks straight ahead.
Danny looks straight ahead. Mike gets out of the car.

Joe looks at Danny. Danny looks at Joe. They get out.

EXT. CASTLE ISLAND - CONTINUOUS

Mike walks quickly back towards Kevin and his buddies.

They see him and start running away. Mike starts chasing
them. Behind him Joe and Danny start running.

Mike bears down on Kevin, catches him, throws him down,
beats him mercilessly. Joe and Danny catch the buddies,
beat them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another AIRPLANE flies low overhead as it lands.

CU on Mike as he pummels Kevin.

Music:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Mike and Joe walk down an alley. Mike carries a piece of long thin metal - a slim-jim. He jams it down into the window sill of an old car, pops the lock, gets in.

INT. STOLEN CAR - LATER

Mike and Joe ride in the car. They pull up alongside a curb. Jill runs down some steps from an apartment building. Joe gets out, lets Jill in the car. She slides into the middle next to Mike. Joe gets in. Jill kisses Mike. Mike pulls away.

EXT. CVS PARKING LOT - LATER

Mike and Joe get out of the stolen car, walk towards the bright lights of a CVS. Joe carries a duffel bag.

INT. CVS - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Joe step into the CVS. It's empty. Joe looks at Mike. Mike nods.

Joe walks up the center aisle towards the pharmacy, sliding on a ski mask.

Mike distracts a worker in the aisle with a list of things. He glances over at Joe at the pharmacy window.

Now wearing a ski mask, Joe slides a note to the pharmacist.

In the back room, the pharmacist takes several bottles of Oxycontin from a long, thin pharmacist's drawer.

At the counter the pharmacist slides three bottles to Joe. Joe pulls a gun. Suddenly, Mike, now wearing a ski mask, leaps over the counter, pushing the pharmacist.

In the back room, he fills Joe's duffel bag with ten, twenty, thirty bottles of Oxy.

Mike and Joe scramble out of the CVS. Joe grabs a chocolate milk along the way.

EXT. CVS PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Joe jump into the stolen car. Jill drives. Jill pulls away. Joe and Mike duck down. The pharmacist runs out of the store, watching the car drive away.

INT. STOLEN CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe sits in the back of the car, drinks chocolate milk, sorts through the bag of Oxy. He throws bottle after bottle into the front. Mike opens one, pops it. He pops one into Jill's mouth.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

Mike, Jill and Joe hop out of the stolen car on an abandoned road, Boston in the distance. Danny pulls up in his Chevy. They all hop in.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike, Joe, Jill, Dink and Danny sit around a coffee table, counting out Oxy's. Thousands. And money. Tens of thousands.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mike and Jill CRASH through the front door, passionately kissing and tearing at each other, undressing each other as they make their way towards the couch. She pins him down. They kiss.

He throws her off him, pins her down on the bed. He kisses her. She kisses him back. Still under him she unbuckles his belt buckle, unzips his pants, grabs him by the hips and slides down.

EXT. CVS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Five POLICE CARS parked in the CVS PARKING LOT turned crime scene.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE CAR pulls up along side the abandoned car.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mike and Jill lie in bed. Mike wakes up, a wreck.

He sits up, lights a cigarette, takes money off the night stand, looks at it. Thousands of dollars.

He tosses the cash back down, takes a drag on the cigarette, looks on the floor.

ANGLE ON: Jill's shoes. Worn out. Mike exhales, looks at Jill, hair in her face, ragged, but beautiful. He shakes her gently awake. She opens her eyes, looks at him.

MIKE

Let's go shopping.

EXT. NEWBURY STREET - DAY

Mike and Jill walk down the fancy street.

He walks into a store.

INT. HIGH-END WOMEN'S SHOE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Jill's eyes light up.

JILL

Mike, this is like the most expensive store in Boston.

A SALES WOMAN appears, sort of suspicious.

SALES WOMAN

May I help you?

MIKE

Anything and everything she wants.

Jill reacts. The saleswoman reacts.

INT. SHOE STORE - LATER

A beautiful high-heeled shoe is slid onto Jill's foot. Mike sits next to her. She reacts to the shoe, then looks down. She looks at Mike.

JILL

They're pretty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE
(to the sales woman)
We'll take two pairs. Three.

INT. HIGH-END WOMEN'S SHOE STORE - LATER

At the register, Mike counts out hundreds of dollars in cash. The saleswoman who checks them out watches.

MIKE
Eight thousand eighty five. There,
that should be right.

The saleswoman reacts. Jill smiles.

INT. MIKE'S CAR - DAY

Mike puts bags and bags of shoes into the back of the car. They can barely fit. With difficulty he slams the door. He gets in the driver's side.

MIKE
You ready?

She puts her face in her hands.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What? What, baby? Are you okay?

JILL
Nobody never done something so
nice for me.

MIKE
Oh, well, now you can walk a
million miles with no cares.

She wipes her eyes.

JILL
Mike, I'm gonna kick this shit,
Mike.

MIKE
Jill, let me ask you. You doing
smack, too?

JILL
No. No, baby.

MIKE
I don't think you're telling me
the truth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL
What's really the difference
anyway?

MIKE
'Cause if you do heroin there
ain't no coming back.

JILL
I ain't doing heroin!

Beat.

JILL (CONT'D)
I wanna have your baby someday,
Mike. What do you think of that?
Does it make you wanna get out of
the car and run away?

MIKE
Nah. Makes me wanna do this.

He kisses her.

JILL
You wanna get clean?

MIKE
When I get back to work
everything'll straighten out. My
review's in two weeks and
everything'll straighten out.

JILL
Okay.

He takes her face in his big hands, kisses her tenderly,
then starts the car. She lays her head on his shoulder.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF JOE'S BUILDING - LATER

Mike opens the trunk of the Crown Vic, takes a box of
Oxys out, closes the trunk, walks towards the building.

He stops for a moment, his sixth sense making him
cautious. He looks around, then continues looks into the
apartment building.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mike comes into Joe's apartment. Joe and Dink are there
counting money and sorting pills. He pours some bottles
of pills on the coffee table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Two thousand. Did you count the
shit we got in Brookline?

JOE

(emptying bottles)
In-fucking-deed.

Mike sits down, takes out a roll of money, counts. Dink
watches him.

DINK

Mike, when you going back to work?

Mike looks back at him coldly.

MIKE

Soon. Thanks for asking.

JOE

He ain't going back. You ain't
going back. Did I mention that? We
knocked over five pharmacies in
the past two weeks and we made
over two hundred grand.

DINK

You put half of it up your nose.

JOE

Shut up, before I rape you, you
piece of shit.

DINK

Fuck you.

MIKE

Knock it off, you clowns. Dink's
right, Joe. You been sniffing all
the profits.

JOE

You take plenty yourself, Mikey.
And Jill's like one of those
fucking vacuum cleaners at the car
wash.

He imitates a loud vacuum cleaner. Mike shoves him off
the couch. Joe gets back on the couch.

JOE (CONT'D)

All I am saying, Michael, is
that... we got plenty to go
around. Peace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mike looks at him, keeps counting.

DINK

Joe, can I keep the money I'm making here at your place?

JOE

I don't even keep my money here at my place. Put it in a bank or something, I don't know.

DINK

I gotta have a co-signer. Will you?

JOE

Hell, no.

DINK

Well, Ma keeps trying to clean my room and she's gonna find it.

MIKE

How much is it?

DINK

I didn't finish counting yet, but I'm up to one hundred and fifty three thousand.

Mike and Joe react.

MIKE

You're a good businessman, Dink.

JOE

Great businessman. We had a Jew grandpa and he was a fucking Jew at money. That's where he gets it.

DINK

Grandpa Horowitz.

MIKE

I thought you were all Irish.

JOE

Irish enough. But who gives a fuck 'cause after we hit that joint in Charlestown in a coupla weeks we're gonna run this fucking place. Run. It. But we need someone who's gonna be able to unload this shit beyond Southie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE (CONT'D)

Someone big. Dink, you can retire to Palm Beach.

DINK

What's in Palm Beach?

JOE

Jews.

DINK

Will you knock it off with that?

JOE

What're you, an anti-semite?

DINK

What's that?

JOE

People who hate money.

MIKE

Leave him alone.

DINK

I wanna hit that place with you.

MIKE

Leave the dirty work to the fucking reprobates, kid. You stick to sales.

DINK

Yeah, well that dude Kevin Kirkpatrick got outta the hospital about a week ago so maybe you need me more than you think.

Mike and Joe look at him questioningly.

DINK (CONT'D)

Danny was down at Tully's where Kevin and his buddies hang all the fucking time and he heard Kevin's friends in Jersey are thinking you guys are getting too big for your britches. You're cutting in on their heroin traffic. Danny said Kevin was gonna pop the both of you.

JOE

Like, our cherries? They wanna pop our cherries? Too late for that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOE (CONT'D)

Not too late for you though,
buddy.

DINK

Fuck off.

Mike gives Joe a hard look.

JOE

What?

MIKE

You dealing South of Providence?

JOE

No! I told you.

MIKE

We're a two-bit operation. We
ain't got the firepower to handle
nothing more than what we got.

JOE

You could if you wanted to.

MIKE

Well, I don't want to.

JOE

Well, why don't you want to?

MIKE

Because I ain't a gangster.

Joe and Dink look at each other, then burst out laughing.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fuck the both of yous.

DINK

Sorry, Mike.

MIKE

(to Joe)

Speak for yourself, junkie.

JOE

I ain't a junkie, I just got
emotional problems. A.D.D.

DINK

What's that stand for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JOE

Ass Deficit Disorder. I need ass
all the time or I go fucking ca-
razy!

He jumps on Dink and humps him.

DINK

(laughing)
Hey! You fuck! Knock it off!

Mike smiles, throws money at them.

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mike gets out of the Crown Vic, walks towards his
apartment building. He carries a box of doughnuts.

He looks across the street, notices something peculiar,
moves towards what he's looking at. A parked car. Lights
out. One of Kevin Kirkpatrick's buddies inside.

Mike picks up speed. The lights of the car go on. The
motor guns. The buddy quickly drives off.

Mike chases him, throws his doughnuts at the car. The car
disappears around a corner. Mike stops, picks up the box
of doughnuts, walks towards his house.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike walks in carrying the box of doughnuts, puts them on
the coffee table. Jill sleeps on the couch, naked.

MIKE

Honey, I think we gotta get outta
here. Go someplace new. Someplace
warm.

He takes out a bottle, cuts a line quickly.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I got a little present here for
you, baby.

He looks over at her. She lies in a pool of vomit, a
rubber strap on her arm, a needle still in her vein.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Jill? Jill!

He picks her up, listens to her heartbeat.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Mike rides in the ambulance. Paramedics work on Jill. His face is wrecked. He looks at her naked body, tubes coming from her nose, IV in her arm, her body just bones.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DOCTORS work to revive Jill from unconsciousness. Mike watches.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Mike helps Jill out of the hospital door. Joe helps them into the backseat of the car. Joe gets in the car and pulls away.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls out into traffic. Jill lies on his shoulder.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bonnie helps Jill up some stairs to her apartment building. Joe stands near the car. Mike helps Jill.

JILL

Who's gonna drive for you tonight?

MIKE

Dink said he'd do it.

JILL

I'll come back in the morning.
Don't forget me, baby.

He kisses her.

BONNIE

(to Jill)

Go in, honey. I'll be right in.

Jill goes in the house. Bonnie turns to Mike.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

She can't fucking stay away from you. She loves you, Mike. She'd die for you and she almost did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Why don't you do everyone a favor
and shut your fucking sandy cunt?

BONNIE

Fuck yourself, Joe Brennan. Fuck
you and Kevin Kirkpatrick all you
all's bullshit. You all are gonna
die in the streets and none to
fucking soon.

(to Mike)

You coulda made something outta
yourself, Mike.

She goes in the house. Mike is affected.

JOE

I shoulda fucked some sense into
the whore when I had the chance.

MIKE

(walking to the car)

Shut up for once.

Mike gets in the passenger seat. Joe walks to the
driver's side.

INT. JOE'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Joe drives. Mike sits in the passenger seat.

MIKE

I don't even know where she woulda
gotten that? Did Dink give her it?

JOE

No, man. Fuck.

MIKE

Do you know where she got that
shit? Did you give it to her, Joe?

JOE

It was a coupla days ago. She come
to me desperate. It was before
Brookline. I didn't have no Oxy
left. We'd gave it all to Dink and
hosed the rest.

MIKE

She almost fucking died!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Better me give it to her than
someone else.

MIKE

What does that mean!?

JOE

I'll tell you what it means. It
means she's two fucking rails away
from sucking cocks down on L
Street, okay? And you ain't far
off. Look at you!

Mike hits Joe in the face. Joe pulls over. They push and
shove. Mike pushes Joe out of the car.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They tangle on the street. Mike beats on Joe. Joe gets
away, his face a mess.

JOE

Yeah, great. Great! I do you a
favor!

MIKE

Me a favor!?

JOE

I got you money. I got you Jill. I
got you everything!

MIKE

You got me Jill? You crazy, fuck,
go fuck yourself!

JOE

I don't fucking need you, you
fuck. You junkie bitch. Suck your
dead mother's fucking tits, you
fucking fuck!

Joe gets in his car and drives off. Mike stands alone on
the sidewalk. He starts walking.

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mike enters his apartment, sits down at his couch, looks
at the rubber strap, the syringe and the cook-spoon on
the table.

EXT. BONNIE'S APARTMENT -DAY

Mike helps Jill into his car, looks up at Bonnie standing on her porch. Mike closes the car door.

INT. CROWN VIC - DAY

Mike drives. Jill leans on his shoulder. Mike is so high he can barely concentrate.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike lays Jill in bed, shaking.

JILL
I just need a little bump, Mike.

MIKE
No, baby. I'm gonna stay with you.
I'm gonna hold on to you.

JILL
Please, Mike!

Mike kisses her, goes to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike sits on the toilet, snorts a line off a mirror.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike holds a sleeping, restless Jill in his arms. He's high himself, trying to keep his eyes open. He falls asleep.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mike sweats, moans, rolls over. He sits up fast, shaking, confused. He looks over next to him. Jill's not there.

He hears a noise in the other room. He reaches in his night stand, takes out a gun.

MIKE
Jill?

Jill comes in wearing a jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL

Hey, baby, I had to get out. I brought you a cheeseburger.

MIKE

You were supposed to stay here.

She sits on the edge of the bed.

JILL

Fuck, I had to, Mike. Okay? Right? Okay? Yeah? You were fucking passed out anyway.

MIKE

You go to Joe's?

She opens the burrito for him.

JILL

I got it with everything but onions because I wanna kiss you.

MIKE

Where have you been?

JILL

I went to see Bonnie.

MIKE

Bonnie?

JILL

But she was at a party. So I went to the party.

MIKE

You went to a party?

JILL

Yeah, I went to a party. And I got a father already Mike so I don't need an extra prick I gotta avoid at fucking Christmas, okay?

MIKE

Who was at the party?

JILL

Bonnie was at the party.

MIKE

Who else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JILL
Who the fuck cares?

MIKE
Did you get your shit at the
party? Who'd you get it from?

JILL
I love you, Mike. Who cares! Who
cares!? Who cares?! I needed a
fix!

MIKE
Who was at the fucking party!!!

JILL
Kevin Kirkpatrick! Okay? He was
there! Are you fucking happy?!

He pushes her off him.

JILL (CONT'D)
Mike. Mike! It's okay.

She kisses him. He stands, paces, confused.

JILL (CONT'D)
Mike, let's go to bed. Baby.
Please, Mike! I love you! I'm
sorry!

Mike stands, grabs the gun off his night stand and heads
for the door.

JILL (CONT'D)
MIKE!

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Mike walks down the sidewalk.

EXT. TULLY'S - MOMENTS LATER

Mike walks fast, steady to the bar, people outside
smoking and laughing.

Kevin's buddy who was in the car watching him is standing
out there smoking a cigarette. A big guy. Mike throws him
to the ground, punches him repeatedly.

MIKE
You guys looking for me? Here I
am, mother fucker!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

You guys gonna pop me and Joe?
Here I am! Here I fucking am!

Kevin's buddy vomits. Mike drops him. The guy gets on his knees, vomits again. Mike kicks him in the stomach.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You tell Kevin fucking Kirkpatrick
he either backs off or he's the
one who's gonna be dead.

Mike looks around at the other people out on the street, kicks Mike's buddy again, walks away.

BUDDY

(still on the ground)
Fuck you.

Mike keeps walking.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Mike walks down the sidewalk, totally wasted.

A COP pulls up next to him. Mike looks at him, runs. The cop hits his siren.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike runs down an alley. The cop car chases him down. He ducks into a doorway.

EXT. DORCHESTER STREET - NIGHT

Mike walks down a street, looks up. An old church in front of him, lights igniting the front and the massive stained-glass windows. He sits down on the grass, lies back, closes his eyes.

EXT. CHURCH - NEXT MORNING

Mike wakes up to sprinklers soaking him. He jumps up, shakes off the water. He looks to the entrance of the church.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Mike walks into the church, nervous. A WOMAN, 48, walks by him, smiles. Mike smiles nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike looks at the CONFESSIONAL. A sign posts times for confession. By his reaction, it is not yet time for confession.

He walks into the church, walks down the aisle, kneels a little to the cross, sits down in a pew.

He looks around at all the religious paraphernalia hanging from the walls.

An OLD WOMAN prays earnestly nearby. He watches her intently. Tears stream down her face. She makes the sign of the cross, looks up at him, wipes her eyes, then leaves the church.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

Mike stands next to the confessional, looks around nonchalantly, then ducks into the confessional.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Mike settles into the confessional.

PRIEST

Good afternoon.

Mike jumps a little, surprised.

MIKE

Oh, Geez, I didn't know you'd be right there.

PRIEST

I am here. How long since your last confession?

MIKE

To tell you the truth, I never did confess to anything, Father.

PRIEST

But you are here now.

MIKE

I've done different things in my life, Father.

PRIEST

We all have, son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

You're not recording this or anything, right?

PRIEST

No, no, we're not. I never thought of that before though.

MIKE

Well, listen, father, I got this problem with - with -

PRIEST

With what?

MIKE

I got this problem with being a criminal.

PRIEST

That is a problem.

MIKE

When I was a kid I had this sorta sixth sense about doing these different crimes like stealing cars or whatever it was. This sense when things were good or not good. What I could get away with. I've never been arrested. Not once. But I've done some stuff.

PRIEST

Like what?

MIKE

I worked for some people when I was young and collected for them. I sold drugs. I liked to make money. I liked to buy things for myself and for people I liked. I took care of them.

PRIEST

With the money you stole?

MIKE

Well, I didn't steal it. I didn't steal the money. I earned the money. I just earned it doing things that were illegal.

PRIEST

Selling drugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIKE

Well, you gotta sell something.
How do you make your money?

PRIEST

We ask for donations, I suppose.

MIKE

You, like, beg, then?

PRIEST

We earn it.

MIKE

By begging.

PRIEST

No! You are confusing several
different issues. Do you pray,
son?

MIKE

Like asking for something to come
true?

PRIEST

In a way. Do you want forgiveness?

MIKE

I don't want forgiveness.

PRIEST

What do you want then, my son?

MIKE

Well, if you're asking then I
guess I wanna know why you
wouldn't let my friend paint your
windows.

PRIEST

Oh, goodness.

The door on the other side of the confessional slams.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Mike steps out of his side.

MIKE

Hey! Hey!

PEOPLE look. He watches the old priest walk away.

EXT. SIDEWALK NEAR MIKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mike walks across his street. He sees Danny's car double parked on the street. Mike begins to walk towards him. Danny gets out of the car, tense, afraid.

Mike slows, watching Danny's expression, then runs towards the building.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mike runs up the stairs of his building.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mike runs down the hallway. Jill and Bonnie step out of Mike's apartment. Bonnie carries a suitcase. They walk towards the stairs.

MIKE

(sweetly)

Hey. Jill. Jill, where you going?

BONNIE

I'm taking her.

MIKE

Taking her where?

BONNIE

She's gonna kick, Mike. I'm taking her to the clinic.

They descend the stairs.

JILL

Mike, I'm sorry.

MIKE

Jill, come back inside. I'll make you some dinner. Anything you want. Jill, baby. Jill.

Danny's at the bottom of the stairs. Mike reaches for her. She reaches for him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Let go of her, Bonnie. Let...

He tries to grab her. Bonnie pulls a gun on him.

BONNIE

Don't. Fucking don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike watches as she moves towards the door. She turns to look at him and then she is gone.

Danny gives Mike a look, then leaves.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Mike runs out onto the street. Jill at the car.

JILL

Mike!

She tries to get away.

JILL (CONT'D)

Mike. Mike!

Bonnie throws Jill in the car. Danny drives them all away. Mike runs alongside the car. Jill screams silently behind the glass. Mike runs and runs.

MIKE

Jill!

Mike slows, stops.

MIKE (CONT'D)

JILL!!

He watches her, then driven to the sidewalk, the weight of it crashing down on top of him.

EXT. PAYPHONE - LATER

Mike's talking, hunched over. He's unwinding.

MIKE

Say it, again. Say it, again,
Lisa. But why not today? I have
money for you. I'll get it.
Please. Please. Please. Please.
Please. Please. Please. Please.
Thank you. Thank you, Lisa. Two
O'clock. Thank you.

Mike hangs up the phone. He is geeking so bad, he can barely stand up.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Mike walks in. A female Russian CASHIER, 25, watches TV. Mike approaches the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Do you have any aspirin?

She looks behind her, gets up, looks for the hangover packs hanging on the wall. Mike reaches over, pops the register. It opens. He grabs money.

Suddenly, A BLACK-JACK comes down hard over Mike's back. The Russian cashier winds up again. Mike grabs the money and runs. She yells at him in Russian.

EXT. STONEHAM ZOO - SAME DAY

Wearing sunglasses, sweating, ragged, Mike walk/runs towards the parking lot. Lisa waits there by the mini-van. He's totally and completely fucked up.

MIKE

I am so sorry, Lise.

LISA

Two hours we waited. You look like fucking hell.

MIKE

Can I take her now? I could, you know, take her, maybe now.

LISA

It's too late for that.

MIKE

But I have her all day.

LISA

No, you don't. Not anymore. I'm taking it to the judge. Look at you, you're fucking strung out, Mike. I can't believe this.

She goes to get in the van.

MIKE

Can I see her?

LISA

Yeah, right.

He opens the side door, leans in.

LISA (CONT'D)

Mike!

Lisa tries to stop him.

INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Amy sits in a seat, seatbelt on. She anxiously fingers a stuffed animal.

MIKE
Hey, honey.

AMY
Hi, Daddy.

MIKE
Hey. Yeah. I was late. You wanna come with me?

AMY
I don't know.

MIKE
We could look at polar bears.

He leans in.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Come on. Come with me.

LISA
(O.S.)
Mike.

MIKE
Amy, come on, baby. Daddy's okay.

She unstraps her seat belt, slowly gets out.

EXT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Amy starts to get out.

MIKE
I'll just take her for an hour.

LISA
I said no. Look at you. Amy, get back in the van.

MIKE
(to Amy)
Honey, come with Daddy.

LISA
NO, MIKE!

Amy tears up. They're out of the van now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Come on, Amy.

Lisa slaps him.

LISA

(leaning in to him)
You turn around and walk the other
way, Michael Kelly or I will tear
you in fucking half.

AMY

(crying)
Daddy!

She runs to him.

MIKE

(tearing up)
No, honey, Mommy's right. You go.
I was late.

AMY

I wanna go with you!

MIKE

No, not today.

He peels her off him, holding back tears.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Go ahead, now.

AMY

No! NO!

LISA

Amy, honey, please get back in the
van! Get back in the van!

She relents, moves towards the van, weeping quietly.

MIKE

I'll see you soon.

AMY

(weeping)
I don't believe you.

She's back in the van. Mike looks into her wet eyes as
Lisa slams the side door. Lisa tries to hold back tears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LISA

The guy I been seeing. We're probably gonna get married. He wants to move to Pennsylvania.

MIKE

Pennsylvania?

LISA

There's a good job for him there in computers. Maybe if you weren't so fucked up right now I'd reconsider. But I'm not hanging my hopes on you no more, Michael.

MIKE

Here, Lisa. Here.

He hands her a a few ten dollar bills.

LISA

Where'd you get this?

He looks down.

LISA (CONT'D)

This ain't money, Mike. This is death. And I don't want nothing to do with it. You get yourself clean. You can't see her until then.

She gets in the van. Amy looks out the window at Mike, crying as the van pulls away.

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROO - LATER THAT DAY

Destroyed, Mike comes into the apartment, snatches the heroin paraphernalia off the coffee table.

INT. MIKE'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mike stands over his stove, cooking heroin on a serving spoon. He lays the spoon on the counter, sucks the heroin into a syringe, drops to the floor.

His back against the stove Mike ties off his arm with the ribbon from his medal (the medal is gone.) He's shaking so bad the syringe slips from his fingers. He picks it up off the floor. He slides the needle into his skin, looking for a vein again and again until he's bleeding. He can't get it. Shaking like mad, finally, he NAILS it. He injects the heroin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a couple of deep breaths, and then it HITS him. His eyes roll back. He's gone.

EXT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mike lies on his couch, asleep. It's filthy. Drug paraphernalia everywhere. TV on. Droaning.

A knock. He doesn't wake up. Another knock. The sound of a door opening. O'Brien steps in wearing Civvies, sits down in a chair across from Mike. Mike wakes up, sips some soda out of a bottle. He's wasted.

MIKE

LT! Hi! I guess I shoulda cleaned up the house. I thought... I didn't know you was... How are the guys?

O'BRIEN

The guys are good, Mike.

MIKE

Good. I'm feeling pretty good. Feeling better, yeah.

O'BRIEN

Looks like you're on the top of your game. Mike. Maybe you guessed. You ain't coming back. The Commission won't have you.

MIKE

Maybe I could call them. Do you have any numbers?

O'BRIEN

I got all kindsa numbers, Mike. Detox clinics. Churches. Funeral parlors. Morgues. Casket shops. You got a pen?

Mike looks for a pen, then doesn't. So high.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

Four ways you get outta Southie. Dealing. Dead. Jail. Government job. My brother and my father and my cousins - they weren't cut out to be civil servants. You got the curse, Mike? Is that it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

When I was a kid, maybe ten, if something good happened like I got a good grade or maybe a girl I liked talked to me, you know, I'd come home from school and go in my room and punch myself in the face.

Mike sort of laughs. O'Brien doesn't.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You know, like if I didn't do it, if I didn't do something bad like that, then the good thing that happened would go away. Like something you really wanted or really loved would get snatched.

O'BRIEN

You think you have that much power, huh?

MIKE

Makes me sound crazy or an idiot. And I guess that's what I am.

O'BRIEN

No, Mike.

MIKE

I got kicked outta the Marines. And that was the bad thing I got for having my daughter. I helped you guys out in that fire and that little girl. Hero, right? And now - I don't know.

O'BRIEN

Maybe you shoulda punched yourself in the face?

MIKE

Someone did it for me, maybe.

O'BRIEN

Who?

MIKE

Fuck if I know...You think the way someone is they ain't never gonna change, LT?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

O'BRIEN

If you mean do I think people make the same mistakes over and over again I'd say damn straight. Mike. Son. You're a poor Irish kid from the bricks. You came from nothing. You didn't have nothing. No one thought you'd amount to nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing, kid. That's the story of your life, but it don't have to kill you. And there ain't no one's gonna hold your hand. You know that.

MIKE

I'm tired. I'm sorta tired...

O'Brien comes closer to Mike.

O'BRIEN

You got two choices. Living. Not living. You wanna know what's written? Dead or alive is what's written. Pretty fucking simple. And fact is, Mike, man'll keep making wrong decisions for as long as the Universe lets him.

O'Brien sits back in the chair, takes a pen off the coffee table, writes something on a slip of paper.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

I got numbers, Mike. Here's one of them.

O'Brien lays the paper on the table, puts his hand on Mike's shoulder.

O'BRIEN (CONT'D)

I didn't ever have no sons.

O'Brien leaves. Mike picks up the paper.

INT. DETOX CENTER - DAY

Mike signs his name. WOMAN behind the counter.

WOMAN

Room is number 56 down the hall.

INT. DETOX CENTER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike looks in the room. A single bed. Barren. He goes in.

INT. DETOX CENTER ROOM - NIGHT

Mike lies in bed, shaking, his nose running. He moans, his body out of control. He stands.

INT. DETOX CLINIC HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed, Mike steps into the empty hallway, the sounds of screaming and moaning coming from other rooms.

He looks down the hallway at a beautiful, strung out GIRL, 21, a COP checking her in.

CUT BACK to Mike. He's gone.

EXT. BONNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike knocks on the door. Bonnie answers.

MIKE

Please tell me where she is.

BONNIE

No, Mike.

MIKE

I need her. I'll take care of her.
I won't let her out of my sight.
Please. Tell me.

BONNIE

You ain't no good.

MICHAEL

I don't believe you.

BONNIE

Yeah, well, this fire you can't
put out. Stick to who your are,
Kelly. Makes it a lot simpler for
everyone.

Beat. Mike takes a step back. Bonnie closes the door. Mike steps out onto the street, looks around, reaches in his pocket, takes out a cigarette, lights it, considers.

INT. JOE'S CAR - NIGHT

Joe drives his LeSabre, music loud. He hums along.

INT. APARTMENT - AT THE SAME TIME

Sitting on his couch, like an old pro, Mike loads a Glock-17. He puts the semi on the table. He picks up a Beretta 92FS, loads it like a soldier. It's as if we are seeing Mike Kelly for the first time: The Marine, the drug dealer, Whitey Bulger's supplanter. He puts the semi's in his jacket, stands to leave.

INT. JOE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Joe pulls up next to a curb outside Mike's apartment. Mike gets in the car. Joe turns down the music.

Joe throws the car in gear.

INT. SHOPPING CENTER, GARAGE - DUSK

Mike and Joe walk through a packed parking lot, nearing a late model sedan parked in the shadows. Mike pulls out a SLIM-JIM from his sleeve, slips it between the window and door frame, pulls, pops open the lock.

They climb in, start it, reverse, drop it in gear, drive.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DUSK

STOLEN SEDAN parked in the shadows of a side street.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

PISTOL on his lap, Joe programs a POLICE SCANNER.

Mike sits beside him, peers through BINOCULARS, watching the PHARMACEUTICAL DISTRIBUTION CENTER in the distance.

MIKE'S BINOCULAR POV - A WHITE CARGO VAN parked at the LOADING DOCK as TWO UNIFORMED SECURITY MEN load pharmaceutical boxes into the rear.

One SECURITY GUARD closes the rear door.

MIKE
Shit's loaded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Joe starts the car. The SECURITY GUARDS climb into the van. The van pulls away, heading toward the SECURITY GATE. GATE OPENS. The van exits onto the street.

Joe pulls out as well, following the van from a distance.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(into WALKIE-TALKIE)
On Front Street. Four minutes.
Keep breathing. Stay calm.

INT. STOLEN PICKUP TRUCK - SAME TIME

Dink, parked on another side street in a STOLEN PICKUP TRUCK, eyes a distant STREET INTERSECTION.

DINK
(into walkie-talkie)
I'm good.

Dink starts the pickup, idling.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

Joe and Mike follow the VAN, several car lengths behind. Mike loads the gun he had in his night stand.

MIKE
You sure you got someone who can
unload all this shit?

JOE
I got it under control. You just
do what you do best.

UP AHEAD - the CARGO VAN nears an intersection.

MIKE
(into WALKIE TALKIE)
We're a half a block away. Go
slow. Relax.

INT. STOLEN PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

Dink puts the pickup in gear, pulls out to the street, heading toward the INTERSECTION.

DINK
(into walkie-talkie)
Pulling out now -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly a WOMAN with TWO SMALL KIDS starts across the street. Dink SLAMS on his brakes, panicky. The woman takes forever.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Joe wait for Dink.

MIKE

We need you now. Where are you!?

INT. STOLEN TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Dink jams the truck into gear, flying around the kids.

WOMAN

Hey!

Dink keeps going, heading toward the intersection, donning his SKI-MASK.

EXT. INTERSECTION - SAME TIME

The CARGO VAN comes to a stop at the stop sign.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Joe watch as Dink peels around the corner, blocks the van.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

MIKE

Hit it.

Joe hits the gas.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The terrified DRIVER drops the VAN in reverse. Suddenly they're REAR-ENDED HARD by Joe's SEDAN. The CARGO VAN SLAMS forward and INTO DINK'S PICKUP. The CARGO VAN'S now BOXED IN. The SECOND SECURITY GUARD GRABS the RADIO.

2ND SECURITY GUARD

(into RADIO)

Two fifteen! Two fifteen! We're
being -

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Joe slip on ski masks, jump out of the car.

INT. CARGO VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The CARGO VAN'S PASSENGER WINDOW SMASHES inward. Mike reaches in, grabs the RADIO MIC, RIPS it from the dash.

MIKE
(to two GUARDS)
Hands on the dash! Fucking do it.
Do it!

Mike pulls the gun out of the security guard's holster. Joe SMASHES the DRIVERS WINDOW, SHOVES his gun into the GUARD'S face.

JOE
Open the cargo door!

MIKE
Get his gun!

JOE
And your fucking gun!

Joe pulls it from the other security guards holster.

The GUARD HITS the button. The CARGO DOOR'S LOCK releases. Joe runs around the back.

INT. STOLEN TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Dink looks around, nervous.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Joe rushes to the VAN'S rear, opens the cargo door. The bay's filled with BOXES of PHARMACEUTICALS. He RIPS open BOXES, finds one filled with Oxy. Then another. Then another. Jackpot!

JOE
Thank you, God.

AT THE FRONT OF THE VAN --

Dink appears with his gun out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Get back into the truck. You're
the driver. Get back in the TRUCK!

DINK

Mike, I think I hear sirens.

MIKE

Don't say my name!
(to GUARDS)
Hands on the fucking dash!

AT THE TRUCK --

Joe throws two boxes into the bed of the stolen truck,
returns to the van for more.

AT THE FRONT OF THE VAN --

Dink looks at the security guard.

DINK

He's looking at me. This guy's
looking at me. Quit looking at me.

MIKE

Easy.

The security guard just sits there his hands on the dash.

DINK

He's pulling a gun!

SECURITY GUARD

I don't have a gun!

DINK

Mike!

MIKE

Calm the fuck down!

Too late. Dink fires. The security guard is thrown back.

AT THE BACK OF THE VAN --

Joe hears the gunshot, drops a box of Oxy. It breaks
open.

AT THE FRONT OF THE VAN --

Mike pulls the security guard from the van, lays him on
the pavement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

(to Dink)

Take off your shirt. Take it off!

Joe comes around the front.

JOE

What the fuck happened?!

Dink takes off his shirt.

MIKE

(to the other Guard)

You. You, get your ass out here!

DINK

You fucking heard him!

JOE

Who shot him? Dink? Fuck!

Sirens get closer. Mike tears open the wounded security guard's shirt. He takes Dink's shirt.

MIKE

(to the other Guard)

Come on. It's okay. Come on.

The guard approaches, kneels.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Press here. Press here.

JOE

You crazy fuck, let's go!

He shows the guard how to press on the wounded guard's chest. Police sirens are around the corner.

DINK

I can hear 'em!

JOE

Come on, man!

MIKE

(to the other Guard)

Keep pressure on that artery or he dies.

Mike hesitates, stands. Sirens squeal. Gunshots.

Dink is FIRING. POLICE fire back. Dink gets hit in the chest. He goes down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Richie!

Joe starts firing at the cops. A bullet strikes him in the leg. He goes down, gets up.

Mike grabs Dink, throws him over his shoulder.

They hop into the stolen car, speed away.

INT. STOLEN SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

Mike drives. Joe cradles Dink.

DINK

Ma's gonna fucking kill me.

JOE

No, she's not. Lie there. Just lie there.

MIKE

Keep breathing, Dink.

DINK

I can't believe I shot someone. I fucking hope he don't die. That would be so fucking sad, man. So sad. He looked like a nice guy.

COPS chase them. Mike drives fast, turns down a side street, then another side street.

He pulls into a small garage underneath an apartment building.

The sirens slowly move away.

DINK (CONT'D)

I shoulda stayed in the truck. I'm the driver.

MIKE

We gotta take him to the hospital.

JOE

We can't take him to the hospital.

DINK

Joe.

MIKE

He's gonna die!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
He ain't gonna die. Okay?

He looks at Dink. He's dead.

JOE (CONT'D)
(almost laughing with
terror)
Oh, fuck. Dink. Dink!

Mike tries to work on him. Mike reaches behind Dink's back. He takes his hand out, covered with blood.

JOE (CONT'D)
Fuck it. Fuck it!

Joe's leg bleeds from a bullet wound.

JOE (CONT'D)
Okay, here's what we do. Here's
what we do. We got all this shit.
I gotta deliver it!

MIKE
Deliver it!? Dink's dead.

JOE
Oh, I don't know that, Mike. I
don't fucking know that! But we
got a job! We got this job! We got
this job and we're gonna carry it
through! Okay? There's six crates
of Oxy in the back of the truck
and Dink ain't gonna die in vain.
He just ain't gonna die in vain,
Mike. Help me!

MIKE
Fuck. Okay. Okay. Fuck you, Joe!
Okay, here's what. Gimme your
phone. Come on!

Joe gives Mike his cell phone.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Danny pulls up in his Chevy. He gets out with some clothes in his arm.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Mike opens the door. Danny hands him the clothes, looks inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY

Dink.

INT. DANNY'S CHEVY - MOMENTS LATER

Mike drives, moving through dark streets near the ship yards. Joe sits in the passenger side mumbling something to himself, checking his gun. He puts a silencer on it.

EXT. SHIPYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The stolen sedan moves through an area of large steel shipping containers near abandoned warehouses.

JOE

Right here. This is good.

Mike pulls over.

JOE (CONT'D)

(through windshield)

They're waiting just over there.
But, Mike, there's something I
gotta tell you. Kirkpatrick.

MIKE

What!?

JOE

He's our connection.

MIKE

Joe.

Suddenly, a bullet rips through the windshield, hits Joe in the shoulder. He drops to the seat of the sedan.

Mike looks out the windshield at Kevin Kirkpatrick and his buddies and a few other MEN as they open fire into the car, shattering the glass. Mike gets down with Joe on the floor of the car.

JOE

That mother fucker double crossed
me. I was gonna take HIM out.

MIKE

Who are those other guys?

JOE

He musta brought them up from
Jersey. I told you we were big!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bullets tear through the windshield, ping off the metal.
Mike starts the car.

Without looking through the windshield Mike hits the gas
with the flat of his hand.

EXT. SHIPYARD - CONTINUOUS

The car rips through the shipyard, knocking over some of
Kirkpatrick's buddies. The car hits a container.

INT. DANNY'S CHEVY - CONTINUOUS

Mike kicks open his door, leaps out, gun drawn, firing.

MIKE
Put them down! Down!

Kirkpatrick and two guys from Jersey put their guns down.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(to two buddies)
You, too! Down! Where's the money?
Where's the fucking money?

They put their guns down. Joe stumbles from the car, gun
drawn.

Kirkpatrick nods to his buddy. The guy carries a duffel
bag to Mike, drops it at his feet.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Your shit's in the trunk. Get it.

Joe pops the trunk.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(to Kirkpatrick)
Get it, mother fucker.

Kirkpatrick goes to the trunk, signals for one of the
guys from Jersey to help him. They get the boxes out.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Everybody fucking happy now? We
all friends? Go. Get outta here!

JOE
We should count it!

MIKE
Yeah, you wanna get the fucking
calculator, Joe?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE (CONT'D)

(to Kirkpatrick)

I said get outta here!

Kirkpatrick and his boys turn to walk away.

KEVIN

How's Jill?

BUDDY

Come on, Kevin.

MIKE

I ain't gonna kill you tonight,
but I'll hurt you real bad.

KEVIN

I remember that night she came to
me so desperate. I remember it
like it was yesterday. My cock in
her throat. Tears in her eyes. I
didn't know if she was crying over
you or just sorta - gagging. I
guess I didn't really care.

Mike walks over to Kevin, puts the gun in his face, the
rage nearly overwhelming him. Joe watches. Kevin smirks,
goes to the car. Mike lowers the gun, turns to walk away.

KABLAM! BLOOD SPRAYS. Kevin's head explodes. One of the
guy's from Jersey holds a smoking sawed off shot gun.

Mike hunkers down.

BAM. BAM. In the car, the other guy from Jersey pops
Kevin's two buddies. Blood sprays on the back window.

Joe shoot the guy holding the shot gun. The guy goes
down. Dead. The other GUY in the car shoots out the rear
window hitting Joe.

Mike scrambles back to the stolen Sedan.

MIKE

What the fuck was that!?

GUY FROM JERSEY

(O.S.)

You guy's are fucking outta
business! All you Boston fucks!

JOE

I fucking hate New Jersey.

(to Jersey Guy)

Fuck you! But thanks for killing
that fuck, you fuck!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE (CONT'D)

(to Mike)

I'm bleeding. Really fucking bad.
We gotta get that money.

MIKE

Just sit back.

JERSEY GUY

Wherever you go we'll find you.
You all are dead!

JOE

I wish Dink was here. I fucked up.
You don't need me no more, Mike. I
really fucked this up. But I'm
gonna get that money.

Joe jumps up and runs out.

MIKE

Joe!

The guy from Jersey open fires. Mike covers Joe. But Joe is hit, goes down. Mike runs out of bullets. He tries to reload. The guy from Jersey steps out from behind the car, points his gun at Joe.

Mike reloads. Click. He aims, fires. BAM! Flash. The guy from Jersey goes down. Joe stands, carrying the duffel bag, bleeding, limping towards Mike. Police SIRENS wail.

Mike sweats and shakes. Joe hands the bag to Mike, gets in the stolen sedan, starts the car.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Move over. I'll drive.

Joe holds his gun on him.

JOE

The cops're coming. And they're
gonna be coming after me alone.

Mike pushes the gun away.

MIKE

You think I fucking care if you
shoot me?

Joe puts the gun to his own head.

JOE

I'm going alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIKE

Joe, it don't gotta be this way.

Joe closes his door, pulls away. In the distance blue lights flashing. Mike watches as the police cruisers spin around and chase the stolen sedan. Then it is quiet.

EXT. WATERFRONT - MOMENTS LATER

With nearly all that's left of his strength, Mike throws the duffel bag of money into the bay. It drifts, then sinks, moonlight illuminating its demise. He turns and begins to walk, looks up into the sky.

In the near distance, the dark sky glows red. Mike watches for a beat, then begins walking towards the glow, then walking more quickly, then running.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Mike races up Dorchester Street.

EXT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Still running, Mike approaches the church he woke up in front of. He slows, then walks, in awe. POLICE CARS. LADDER TRUCKS, FIRE ENGINES and FIREFIGHTERS fight the massive blaze. BYSTANDERS watch.

Mike looks at the huge stained glass windows over the entry, the fire glowing behind them.

Mike sees Nee and Washington on the hose. Washington has difficulty, slips. O'Brien barks orders. Mike's other firehouse buddies work, too.

Mike looks at the lawn of the church. He sees the STOLEN SEDAN Joe drove off in smashed into the front of the church, in flames. It affects Mike. He moves towards O'Brien. O'Brien looks him up and down. Mike looks in his eyes.

O'Brien signals for him to go to Nee.

Mike quickly walks over to the hose, passing the massive fire engines. O'Brien yells to Washington. Summoning some inner strength, Mike takes the nozzle, backs up Nee. Nee looks at Mike, nods, then they go to work.

They aim the hose at the stained glass windows. The fire rages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CU Mike fighting the fire, the flicker of the raging flames glinting off his face.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP:

EXT. CLAPBOARD ROWHOUSE - DAY

Mike's on a ladder, shirt off. He's painting a window on an old house. Some other WORKER's paint, too.

The Celtic cross on his back is striking in the sun. It's still incomplete. Mike paints, then looks across the street to --

The freckled faced kid gets out of the Buick, walks down the sidewalk. Big Irish arms open a window on a third story of a clapboard rowhouse, drop a package down. The boy doesn't catch it, picks it up off the sidewalk, walks back to the Buick, gets in and drives away.

Mike watches, then he looks down. He sees a woman get out of a car. It's Jill. She walks across the street with Bonnie her friend, her back to him. She stops in the middle of the street, slowly turns and looks up as if drawn to looking up. He looks down at her. She says something to Bonnie. Bonnie tries to hold her back. But Jill keeps walking.

Mike slowly descends the ladder.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Mike reaches the bottom of the ladder. Jill stops right in front of him. She looks beautiful.

JILL

Hey, Mike. Bonnie told me you got out a coupla months ago.

Mike looks over at Bonnie. She looks away.

MIKE

Five years went by just like that. Maybe I'll try it again sometime just for kicks.

He looks at her feet.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I like your shoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILL
Brand new. Bought 'em myself.

They look at each other.

JILL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go back to Detroit for
awhile.

MIKE
Yeah?

JILL
Maybe you could come out and visit
me. I'd show you around, Mike.

MIKE
Yeah, okay.

She takes a pen out of her purse, looks for some paper.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Just right it on my hand. I won't
lose it.

JILL
You sure?

He looks at her. She rights her number on his hand.

JILL (CONT'D)
Okay.

His eyes reach out to her, trying to tell her something
important. But nothing comes.

She has tears in her eyes, takes a deep breath. Still the
electricity. She kisses him tenderly. She turns and walks
away. Mike nods to Bonnie. She doesn't return it. He
begins to climb the ladder.

JILL (CONT'D)
Hey, Mike!

He turns around. Beat.

JILL (CONT'D)
Be careful up there, okay?

Mike nods to her. She turns and goes. He watches her from
the ladder as she walks, then turns back to his work.

He carefully paints the woodwork around a fancy window.

FADE OUT.