

CITY ON A HILL

"The Night Flynn
Sent the Cops on the Ice"

Written by

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Based on,
An Original Idea by
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In 1990 Boston recorded the highest murder rate in the city's 360 year history.

By 1999 that rate had dropped 80%--along with all other violent crime statistics.

In law enforcement, the era has come to be known as...

"The Boston Miracle."

This is the story of those who made it happen.

"Necessity knows no law--but makes law."
--Catholic Canon

Commonwealth: "The Night Flynn Sent the Cops on the Ice"

TEASER

1991 SONY 19" TV:

Bruins v. Canadiens. Boston Garden. A WHISTLE blows. The Refs attempt to get in front of a **FIGHT**. The fight turns into... *

Bottom of the SCREEN FLASHES:

"Boston Bruins Replay: 11/20/86. **The Brawl in The Hallway.**"

"Kiss Him Goodbye" by Steam plays.

JACKIE RHODES (O.S.)
These fuckin assholes...

INT. THE LAST HURRAH - PARKER HOUSE - BOSTON - 1992 - NIGHT

JACKIE RHODES (45)--a cross between a New Frontier Ad man and a race track loanshark; a mix of grace and gutter bravado; an urbane gorilla; menacingly big with a menacing impishness--is hemmed in at the bar with SPECIAL AGENT SALVY CLASBY (55).

JACKIE RHODES
They weren't doin anythin the rest
of em weren't doin--**they just got**
caught. Now I got no love-loss, the
Boston Police Department, okay? But
this *commission*? The **ST. CLAIRE**
COMMISSION asking jail time *for*
cops? Actin like callin some *ubangi*
a faggot is a capitol offense? I
mean, *come on*. The U.S. Attorney's
losin his mind. He's turnin into my
father-in-law, end of his life. Guy
couldn't speak 10 words of English.
Just sit there in fronna the TV,
watching old Westerns cause he
didn't need to **think**, know who was
the good guy, who was the bad guy.

AGENT CLASBY
Jack, *they had the wrong guy*--they
arrest the right guy, *no one cares!*

JACKIE RHODES
Look, you been around, Salvy. *This*
is the world we are livin in.

(MORE)

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)

You do that job for a fuckin
teacher's salary and then one day,
some nigger mouths off, or there's
a paper bag with 100k in it and no
one's gonna know the difference if
you turn it in with only 75.
Doesn't mean ya a bad guy. But that
shit used to be *understood*. I mean,
I was a kid, a Boston cop shoved me
inna locker and throw me down a
fuckin flight of stairs--*and he was
right to do it*. I got no sympathy
for people that want to complain...

*
*
*
*
*
*

Salvy Clasby smiles into his G&T, shaking his head. A crowd
of SUITS passes, politely clapping Clasby on the back--but
they make sure to stop and talk to Jackie. Above the bar, a
banner's hung: "THANKS FOR 30 YEARS" flanked by FBI EMBLEMS.

*
*
*

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)

So whattya do tomorrow? What's next
now ya never have to do another
honest day's work in ya life?

AGENT CLASBY

Nothin. That's the dream: *never
having to do another honest day's
work again*. Thank God and J. Edgar
Hoover for that federal pension.

*
*
*

JACKIE RHODES

Yup. Just *8 more years*...

*

They gently CLINK glasses. Over Clasby's shoulder, Rhodes
spies YVETTE CHIANG (20s)--tall, waifish, gorgeous--slinking
in, legs glistening. She catches Rhodes eye, knowingly, and
sits next to a YOUNG FBI AGENT. The Bruins game get LOUD.

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)

Jesus--you remember *that*?

AGENT CLASBY

What's *that*?

JACKIE RHODES

(Gestures to TV)

Back in '86--the night Ray Flynn
sent the cops out onna ice.

AGENT CLASBY

He actually put them on the ice?

JACKIE RHODES

Maybe he just threatened to...

ON THE TV: the brawl pours into the stands. Jackie glances at Yvette. She coos to the Young Agent--making sure Rhodes sees. *

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)
Ya know, I got this Grassy Knoll theory that that was the night--
that game there specificall--was
when this whole town went to shit. *

AGENT CLASBY
Might be a *slight* exaggeration. *

JACKIE RHODES
'79, I watched Billy Rohr knock the teeth outta a guy in *federal custody* for sayin "fuck" in front of a woman. And *no one looked sideways*. Now. that's a work example, but it's endemic. What made this city great? It was run by "bad men who were convinced they were bad." Then some saintly Irish Mayor goes onna TV, tells the people, "*hey--can't act like this anymmore*, not even at a Bruins game." Now you can't call a guy a "faggot" even if he deserves it. God knows how I still have a job... *

AGENT CLASBY
So, you're upset this is a civil place for people to live now?

Rhodes sees Yvette lean as the Young Agent cops a feel. *

JACKIE RHODES
Basically. So many words.

AGENT CLASBY
Then what the fuck have we been working for the last 20 years? *

JACKIE RHODES
Always thought the FBI just wanted be the meanest fuck onna block.

Jackie can't help but look back at Yvette. Clasby catches it. *

AGENT CLASBY
You know her, or something?

JACKIE RHODES
In so many words. *

Jackie forces a grin. Clasby just shakes his head and looks to his drink. Twirling his ice, thoughtfully, Clasby frowns.

AGENT CLASBY

Look, I'm only gonna say this once,
Jackie, cause you're a friend of
mine...but *ya fuckin ya life up.*

*

JACKIE RHODES

Huh?

*

AGENT CLASBY

Can take that how you will.

*

*

JACKIE RHODES

No--*honest*: whattya sayin?

*

*

AGENT CLASBY

The shit you're talking about?
You're right--it ain't 1983
anymore. What we used to get away
with? You gotta knock it off, pal?

*

JACKIE RHODES

...whattsa matter with you?

*

AGENT CLASBY

Look, I got my 30--I'm safe. But
they ever find out some of the shit
we *did*? You won't be John Wayne
anymore, every asshole cop in town
comin over to buy you a Miller
draft--ya'll be in a *fuckin cell*,
making shoes with Gerry Anguilo.

*

JACKIE RHODES

Did somethin happen? Did I say--

Clasby nods toward Yvette.

*

AGENT CLASBY

Look--it happened to me. I loved my
job. But now my fuckin kids can't
stand me. And the way I thought to
live all those years? Director
might as well've buried me with
Adams, Hancock over in the Granary
Yard the day he cashiered my badge.
I got nothing left now. The same
thing's gonna happen to you.

*

*

*

JACKIE RHODES

Ya wife finally smarten up and
leave ya? That was this is about?

Clasby stares at him. Rhodes glances back at Yvette.

AGENT CLASBY
Unbelievable--*you stupid fuck*. You
are never gonna fuckin listen...

*

JACKIE RHODES
Hey--where the fuck are you goin?

*

AGENT CLASBY
Lemme tell you something, all
right: *you ain't bulletproof*.

JACKIE RHODES
Sal, come on--I'm just foolin...

AGENT CLASBY
Just remember I said it, all right?
You ain't *fucking* bulletproof.

Astounded, Rhodes watches Clasby shove off. And not knowing
what to say, he turns back to the game, finishes his beer.

1991 SONY 19" TV:

A uniformed BOSTON COP wanders through the brawl--ON THE ICE.

JACKIE RHODES
Fuck--I knew I was right...

Rhodes pushes off and pulls out a BROWN PAPER BAG from his
coat. Under the bar, Rhodes counts it, takes a bite and
pockets it. The Bartender comes by. Rhodes hands him the bag.

*

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)
Ya boss'll be lookin for that.
(Gestures at Young Agent)
Kid's drunk. Get him a cab.

BARTENDER
The bag feels *light*.

*

JACKIE RHODES
Forget what State ya in? This s'the
Commonwealth, pal--*tax is a bitch*.

"Massachusetts" by the Bee Gees plays and...

Rhodes grabs his drink, watches the Young Agent get tossed.

INSERT:

"Massachusetts" continues over BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS going
back through every epoch in Boston Law Enforcement--from
Charles Stuart to the Police Strike to the Witch Trials.

*
*
*

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The Boston Police Department's process of **OBTAINING A SEARCH WARRANT**, all set to Manfred Mann's "Blinded by the Light."

--Two COPS drag a yelling BLACK MAN into a SUB-STATION.

--The Black Man, still hollering, is hauled into a holding cell, his head bounced off EVERY CELL-BAR on the way in.

--Humbled, the Man, now seated at a Detective's desk, TALKS.

--A SEARCH WARRANT APPLICATION is loaded into a typewriter. SUSPECT: JAMES LEE JACKSON. LOCATION: **BROMLEY-HEATH**.

--A **BLUE WARRANT** is handed off to ASSISTANT D.A. NATHAN REY (40s) as he rushes into a courtroom. He barely looks at it.

--Rey carries the BLUE BOUND **WARRANT** in to the chambers of HON. ROLF HARPER (60s), who casually glances over...

--EVIDENCE: CONFIDENTIAL INFORMANT "IT." SEARCH TO OBTAIN: .44 Bulldog revolver; crack cocaine; drug paraphernalia.

--Rey, rushing out of a courtroom, tosses the **WARRANT** to...

EXT. BROMLEY-HEATH HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

STEVIE BURKE (20s)--full B.U.M. track suit, .45 tucked into his pants--hustles the **WARRANT** across a courtyard into:

BROMLEY-HEATH PROJECTS

Breathless, Burke clambers up a dark stairwell and tosses the warrant off to DICKIE MINOGUE--massive, humorless; clad in full riot gear--who tears into it and reads, LIPS MOVING.

DICKIE MINOGUE
You read it?

BURKE
Yeah. Judge saw it, D.A. saw it.

DICKIE MINOGUE
S'not what I asked.

BURKE
Yeah. I checked it out, Dickie.

Minogue glares at Burke. *You're sure?* Burke holds out his palms. Minogue looks up at his CREW: FOUR COPS in RIOT GEAR.

DICKE MINOGUE

Look--I'ma only say to you assholes
once: this is a *racially* charged
situation here. S'very delicate...
restraint is the spirit of the law.

Minogue grins, WOLFISHLY. And his crew laughs. *

CLAY ROACH (O.S.)

...who trucks it in--the Office?

APARTMENT 317

CLAY ROACH (20s)--emaciated; blue eyed; fade cut--sits across
a glass coffee table covered in drug detritus from an *
ethnically ambiguous DEALER (30s) who's weighing out a dime. *

DEALER

Nah. Office can't move that kinda
weight no more. Not round here.

CLAY ROACH

Office take a bite outta it?

DEALER

Man, this *Jamaica Plain*. Pregnant
white women gotta be shot down here
'fore anybody gonna come knockin... *

The front DOOR is SMASHED completely off its hinges and--

HALLWAY

Burke leads the RIOT SQUAD in, only-- *

APARTMENT 317

The Dealer pulls a .22. Horrified, Roach lunges for it, but-- *

HALLWAY

POP! POP! Burke's shot in the shin and falls back, screaming, *
blocking the way in. Minogue covers him, firing blindly into--

APARTMENT 317

TWO ROUNDS blow a harmless hole in the wall. Roach scurries *
behind a couch. The Dealer grabs the drugs, hits a WINDOW.

HALLWAY

Minogue waits for return fire, hears none, and bursts into--

APARTMENT 317

Empty. No guns. No drugs. No shooter. Bolting for the WINDOW, Minogue spies the DEALER sprinting through the COURTYARD--and his face drops. SOMETHING'S WRONG. Dickie books it back to...

DICKIE MINOGUE

I asked if you *read* that warrant!

BURKE

I did! *Jimmy Lee Jackson*. 317--

DICKIE MINOGUE

Yeah? That fuck just shot you twice--
-he look a nigger to you, *Stevie*?

BURKE

...he coulda been a mullatto.

Minogue shakes his head. *WHAT THE FUCK*. Then--SCREAMING. He looks back into the APARTMENT. Two NARCS are trying to get--

BEHIND THE COUCH

Roach HOLLERS. Until he HEARS a **CLICK**--Minogue's .45.

DICKIE MINOGUE

Come out--or Ima pull out the short
hairs on your neck, one by one.

CLAY ROACH

Show me ya fuckin warrant.

DICKIE MINOGUE

Oh--I got ya warrant right here.

Minogue bounds over the couch and stomps Roach's head.

INT. DUNKIN DONUTS - BOWDOIN SQUARE - DAY

Asst. DISTRICT ATTORNEY DECOURCY WARD (30s)--handsome, fit, immaculately well-dressed; confident and poised; Harry Belafonte mid-"Dayo"--takes his coffee, and turns into...

Two COPS. They check him, dumping his coffee all over his shoes. Ward doesn't even look up. He just gets back in line.

VOICE (O.S.)

...then we have the cop-shooting...

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ward is seated at the far end of a table in a wood-and-law-book-lined conference room surrounded by other A.D.A.s.

VOICE (O.S.)
Ward, you're up on that...

*

Ward looks up from his notes, concerned.

HALLWAY

Ward pushes through the throng exiting the meeting to catch up with a fleeing NATHAN REY--smooth, grey-haired, handsome.

DECOURCY WARD
Boss, I was wondering--this being my first one back in superior court--if I couldn't be put on something a lil less, uh, ya know...*delicate*.

*

NATHAN REY
What do you mean? It's a cop shooting. It's an automatic win.

DECOURCY WARD
Well, it's a cop shooting in the Bromley-Heath projects...

Rey look over, suddenly getting it.

NATHAN REY
It's "Guns and drugs," right?

*

DECOURCY WARD
There's a perception you get--a Black lawyer, guns and drugs...

NATHAN REY
Look, don't over think it. It's a *slam dunk*, Ward. Conviction'll go a long way for you with the BPD.

*

*

DECOURCY WARD
Don't know if anything'll do that.

NATHAN REY
Well...don't lose then.

Rey slaps him on the back, pulls head. Ward's not happy.

*

EXT. STOP AND SHOP - NIGHT

FRANCIS X. SHEA (31) sleeps in the driver's seat of a DODGE RAMCHARGER. There's a KNOCK at the window. He comes to and finds a Clerk (20) shuffling to stay warm, pointing to his **WATCH**. Frankie nods, yawns, and propels his seat upright.

*

*

INT. STOP AND SHOP - LATER

SHEA--squat, built; the sleepy-eyed handsome quality of a St. Bernard--lumbers down the STATIONARY aisle of an empty, half-lit supermarket. He tears open a pack of pens, pockets them.

VOICE (O.S.)
Frankie--*whattya doin?*

FRANKIE SHEA
Needa pen to do my job, Jerry. I
can take a pen or I can go home...

The Store Manager (50s) stares at him. Frankie has a point.

STORE MANAGER
...just make out a receipt.

Frankie nods. *Yeah-sure.* And keeps doing what he's doing. *

INT. '87 DODGE RAM - DAWN

Exhausted, eyes bagged, Frankie pulls into the drive of--

INT. GREEN-AND-WHITE TRIPLE DECKER - CHARLESTOWN - LATER

Frankie, coat still on, quietly unloads bags of groceries into the fridge, cupboards. He notices the **TIME** on the stove. *

BEDROOM

Frankie pulls back the covers on CATHERINE "KICK" SHEA (10) and puts a gentle hand on her ankle. Kick comes to, slowly. She sees him and LIGHTS UP. It's the ONLY TIME Franke SMILES. *

LATER

Frankie shuffles Kick and two other kids--JENNY (8) and TONY (6)--bundled up, out the door and onto a yellow school bus. *

EXT. REVERE BEACH, MA - DAY

Frank, paper, scratch ticket and coffee in hand, ducks into--

INT. THE EBB TIDE - REVERE BEACH, MA - CONTINUOUS

Frankie takes a seat at the bar and the bartender--BILL HOOK (50s)--ignores him. Doing his scratcher, Frankie subtly watches Hook rush the other REGULARS out of the bar. The bar steadily empties of drunks. Frankie gets up, locks the door. *

LATER

Hook throws open the BACK DOOR, letting in a COLD WIND along with SHEIK SHEEHAN (20s)--wirey strong; boyish, freckled face--JOE NAZZARIN (20s)--Syrian passing as Italian--and TOMMY SHIELDS (40s)--Ted-Kennedy-big head; red nosed; someone's drunk uncle. They blow in their hands and stomp off the snow.

LATER

Hook rolls a BEER KEG off of and opens a TRAP DOOR into--

A CONVERTED BASEMENT

Hook removes a FALSE FLUORESCENT LIGHT from the drop-down ceiling, and he and Frankie slide out a green, rope-handled MUNITIONS BOX. They place it before the crew and Hook pries it open, revealing two M-1 CARBINES, an M-16 and an AK-47.

SHEIK SHEEHAN

Holy shit, those look like fuckin
army guns to me...

BILL HOOK

You said he needed them quick.

JOE NAZZARIN

Yeah, but not so's to get a life
sentence, carrying a fuckin--

FRANKIE SHEA

They shoot where you point em?

BILL HOOK

I'd assume so.

*

FRANKIE SHEA

Then they're fine.

*

Shea looks over at Nazzarin. Nazzarin nods. *Okay.*

TOMMY SHIELDS

Where did you get an AK-47?

BILL HOOK

Brother brought it back from Nam.
Killed three gooks to get that.

They all nod, impressed by that.

INT. BOSTON POLICE SUB-STATION B-4 - ROXBURY - DAY

Jackie rushes in. A DUTY SERGEANT, nodding in recognition,
BUZZES Jackie passed the front desk. Rhodes pushes into...

*

*

JACKIE RHODES (O.S.)

Fuck you doin in Bromley-Heath?

CLAY ROACH (O.S.)
Fuck you think I was doin'?

THE LOCK-UP

Rhodes sits on a stool outside of ROACH's CELL.

JACKIE RHODES
I think ya were gettin high.

CLAY ROACH
Look, Jackie, this ain't my fault--

JACKIE RHODES
Don't talk to me like I'm ya
mother. I don't wanna hear it--

CLAY ROACH
Narcs kicked in the wrong door!

JACKIE RHODES
Ya shouldn't have been there.

Roach sighs, frustrated, like Jackie doesn't get it.

CLAY ROACH
Look--Salemme and the Office have
been taxing the dope in Roxbury,
J.P., and Mission Hill for *years*.
That's what I was doin down there.

JACKIE RHODES
...and?

CLAY ROACH
And what? You wanna hear more, get
me the fuck outta here...

JACKIE RHODES
You ungrateful piece of shit...

Rhodes, shaking his head, groans and gets up to leave.

CLAY ROACH
What--you gonna get me out?

JACKIE RHODES
...I'll figure something out.

CLAY ROACH
Ya know, ya a good shit, Jackie.
Don't know why they say ya a *prick*.

JACKIE RHODES
S'rumor my wife started...

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

Rhodes grabs an A.D.A. (30s) rushing out of court.

A.D.A.

Hey Jackie, what's goin on?

JACKIE RHODES

The cop shooting--Bromley-Heath.

A.D.A.

They gave it to the new guy. *Ward*.
Why--you got an interest in it? *

JACKIE RHODES

Friend asked me to take a look.

A.D.A.

Well, you're gonna love Ward... *

JACKIE RHODES

Yeah? Why's that?

A.D.A.

Affirmative Action hire.

Rhodes immediately stops.

JACKIE RHODES

Christ--how bad?

A.D.A.

S'on the St. Clair Commission.

Rhodes is STRUCK. *Fuck me*. The A.D.A. walks off, laughing. *

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Frankie Shea's NO-NAME GANG prepares for and pulls off an ARMORED CAR ROBBERY--all set to "Like a Prayer" by Madonna. *

--Frankie Shea opens the door on a small, back alley GARAGE in WINTER HILL. Inside, there's a shitbox Chevy **LUMINA** mini-wagon. Kneeling, Shea switches out its license plates. *

--Sheik Sheehan walks out of a PENSKE RENTAL TRUCK OFFICE, twirling keys, and drives a BIG YELLOW truck off the lot.

--In the Lumina, FRANKIE and SHIELDS follow the PENSKE down ROUTE 1 towards a heavily wooded area: **LYNN WOODS**.

--The PENSKE parks on the shore of **BREEDS POND**.

--Sheehan and Nazzarin get out of the PENSKE. The Lumina sweeps by the shore and the two of them climb in the back.

--The Lumina drops Sheehan and Nazzarin, both dressed like DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS MEN, off at SUFFOLK DOWNS. The two of them, hard hats in hand, get into a **DPW WORK TRUCK**. *

--The DPW Truck pulls over at an EMERGENCY CALL BOX in SAUGUS CENTER. Nazzarin gets out, pulls the switch. They drive off.

INT. '91 LUMINA WAGON - DAY

Shea and Shields, both wearing ADIDAS TRACK SUITS, park in a SIDE STREET parallel to the parking lot of a SHAWMUT BANK.

POLICE SCANNER (O.S.)
Emergency call. Saugus Center...

They watch TWO BPD CRUISERS fly by, SIRENS ROARING.

INT. DPW WORK TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Sheehan and Nazzarin are parked on an OFF-RAMP to the TOBIN BRIDGE, watching their rearview. A sign behind them reads:

"THE BIG DIG--ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY."

Sheik WATCHES a blue-and-white BRINK'S TRUCK appear in the REARVIEW. It rumbles down the ramp. They pull out behind it. *

LUMINA WAGON

Shea and Shields strip out of their TRACK SUITS revealing BRINK'S UNIFORMS underneath. They pull the M-16 and an M-1 out of hockey bag, along with GERRY CHEEVERS GOALIE masks--a white Jason-style MASK with tally marks all over the face. *

WORK TRUCK

Sheehan driving, Nazzarin pulls the guns from under the seat, wrapped in a SLEEPING BAG--an M-1 and the **AK-47**. He GROANS.

LUMINA WAGON

Shea and Shields, jump into the back--where the seat as been removed--and lay across the floor. Shea cracks the sliding door--just enough to be able to see the SHAWMUT PARKING LOT. Frankie Shea quietly starts to HUM the "G.I. JOE" theme. *

DPW WORK TRUCK

Sheehan rolls by WONDERLAND STATION and passes the Brinks, the BRINKS turning into the SHAWMUT LOT. Sheehan flips on his blinker, takes the next left off Route 1-A, and passes--

LUMINA WAGON

Shea watches the BRINKS TRUCK park. The back door opens. A Guard stumble out. He lifts a WALKIE-TALKIE and announces... *

FRANKIE SHEA
Goooo, Joe!

They crash out of the van, guns up. *

INT. BRINK'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The DRIVER (50s) looks up from his copy of the Herald and finds Nazzarin and Sheehan--Cheevers' MASKS on--stalking through the woods in back of the bank. He sees the AK-47. *

DRIVER
Christ, s'the fuckin Viet-Cong!

EXT. LOT - SHAWMUT BANK - REVERE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The Guard notices the BREAK LIGHTS POP ON and freezes, only--

FRANKIE SHEA (O.S.)
Behind ya!

The Guard turns--and is smashed in his teeth with an M-16.

BRINK'S TRUCK

The Driver jams it in reverse and--

TAP-TAP. The Driver finds Guard 1 at the window, an M-16 under his chin. A Bandit taps at the WINDOW, at the LOCK.

LUMINA WAGON

Nazzarin rushes across the street to the Chevy. Behind him: *

Sheehan, AK-47 first, enters the back of the Brinks' and pulls the door shut. The Brinks' chokes into gear, turns onto Route 1-A (N) and Nazzarin follows. Soon, the lot is SILENT.

INT. COURTROOM - SUFFOLK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - LATER

Ward sets up at the prosecutor's table. Behind him: Rhodes enters the court. Strutting up the aisle, audience members whisper his name, shake his hand like he was bringing his daughter to the altar. Jackie reaches the bar and grabs Ward by the elbow. Ward reflexively yanks away, caught off guard. *

JACKIE RHODES
DeCourcy Ward? Jackie Rhodes, FBI.
You mind if I call you "Dee?"

DECOURCY WARD
Huh? No. I have an arraignment--

JACKIE RHODES
-arraignment's what I wanted to
talk about. Ya got a kid--*Roach*--on
the docket. He's an informant of
mine. He's workin a decent case.

DECOURCY WARD
He also shot a cop.

JACKIE RHODES
Well...he *allegedly* shot a cop. *

Ward smiles, knowingly.

DECOURCY WARD
You want me to let him off. *Why me?* *

JACKIE RHODES
Call it a professional favor... *

DECOURCY WARD
No, but why me--*specifically?*

JACKIE RHODES
It's ya case, isn't it?

Ward nods slowly, eyeing Rhodes.

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)
...there a misunderstanding here?

DECOURCY WARD
No. I understand perfectly. You
walk in here, figure the new guy's
stupid enough to eat ya bullshit.

JACKIE RHODES
What are ya, some kinda asshole? *

DECOURCY WARD
I spent 5 years in the U.S.A.'s
office watchin *people* like you cut
deals for *assholes like this*. Take
it to the DA, see what he says. *

JACKIE RHODES
Excuse me, Clarence Thomas. Sorry, *

I gave you the benefit of the
doubt. Figured ya weren't Guy Dan's
Uncle Tom. Clearly I was mistaken. *

Don't worry. Next time I won't ask. *

Ward face drops. But Rhodes just turns to go. *

DECOURCY WARD
Oh, is that a threat?

JACKIE RHODES
No, it's a *fuck* you.

INT. BRINK'S TRUCK - DAY

Shea drives, the police SCANNER on the dash. It's quiet.

BACK OF THE TRUCK

The Brinks' Employees sit across from the GANG, the Brinks Driver--red-faced, sweating--staring one BANDIT (Shields) in the eye. Shields rolls his eyes--until the Driver lunges, jamming a thumb into Shields' MASK, ripping it off in the process of grabbing Shields' throat. Across the truck-- *

The Guards jump the other bandit (Sheik). But Sheik manages to smash Guard 1 with the AK and pin Guard 2 to the back door. Only, Guard 1 grabs him by the neck, drags him towards-- *

Shields, UNMASKED NOW, and held to the side of the truck by his neck, tries to break the Driver's hold. He can't. Gagging, Shields forces his M-1 under the Driver--and FIRES. *

The SHOT BOOMS, ECHOES and blows out the eardrum on Guard 1. *

FRONT OF THE TRUCK

Frank recoils from the GUNSHOT, yanking the wheel with him.

LUMINA WAGON

Nazzarin watches the Brinks' slolem across the right lane and cut a DEEP FURROW in the dirt shoulder. BREAKS SCREECH. HORNS HONK. The Brinks' goes up on two wheels--and JUST cuts back. *

BACK OF THE TRUCK

Guard 1--EAR BLEEDING--pulls Sheik off Guard 2 and to the floor. Guard 2 grabs for Shield's AK-47, and Sheik, watching him fumble for the trigger, pulls a .38--and empties it into him. Shiek then jams the .38 into Guard 2, who drops him. *

FRANKIE SHEA (O.S.)
WHAT THE FUCK! *WHAT THE FUCK!*

TOMMY SHIELDS (O.S.)
Saw my face--he saw my fuckin face! *

Shields squirms out from under the Driver, SCREAMING...

TOMMY SHIELDS (CONT'D)
He saw my fuckin face! HE SAW MY--

FRANKIE SHEA (O.S.)
ASSHOLE, SHUT THE FUCK UP...!

Sheik stares at Guard 2 holding in his guts, amazed.

EXT. BREED'S POND - DAY

The Brink's Truck is parked next to the Penske.

TOMMY SHIELDS (O.S.)
We just do 'em all. Now.

INT. BRINK'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Frankie looks over the back, slick with blood and cash spilled out of torn MONEY BAGS. The Driver's laid out--DEAD. *
Guard 2 is bleeding out on a bench and Guard 1, beat to hell, *
watches as the gears turn in the Gang's head, terrified.

FRANKIE SHEA
You ever execute anyone? *

TOMMY SHIELDS
Yeah. Real fuckin recently.

JOE NAZZARIN
Don't know, man. Let's just take
their IDs, drop em off at the E.R.

TOMMY SHIELDS
Yeah? What good's that gonna do?

JOE NAZZARIN
We'll know where their families-- *

SHEIK SHEEHAN
I ain't hurtin someone's kids.

GUARD 1
Oh Jesus, my kids--

FRANKIE SHEA
No one's gonna hurt ya goddamn
kids, we're not fucking animals--

TOMMY SHIELDS
-look, I will do this *fuckin now*.

FRANKIE SHEA
HEY--*calm down*.

Tommy ignores him, cocks his M-1. A Guard reaches out.

GUARD 1

Please, guy, my name is--

TOMMY SHIELDS

No one gives a fuck, ya name is.

FRANKIE SHEA

Not gonna say it again, put the
fucking rifle down.

*
*

GUARD 1

Pal, I got a girl at home--

TOMMY SHIELDS

Yeah? I got fuckin kids, too. What
happens to them, you rat me out?

GUARD 2

No one's gonna talk to the cops!

TOMMY SHIELDS

Fuck you. Put yourself in my place.
Put yourself in my shoes right now.

GUARD 1

I won't say nothin!

TOMMY SHIELDS

Fuck you--I don't know you!

GUARD 2

We won't saying anything.

TOMMY SHIELDS

I don't know you, either!

*

Frankie, fed up, jumps out the back of the truck.

BREED'S POND

Frankie wanders down to the pond. He just tries to *breathe*.

*

TRUCK

Frankie climbs back in.

FRANKIE SHEA

All right, what are we doing here--
(to Tommy)
No, you take a fuckin breath.

SHEIK SHEEHAN

Well, it's 20-plus in Walpole, we
let them go and get picked up.

TOMMY SHIELDS
We *killed* a guy. It's life.

SHEIK SHEEHAN
I can't do that. *I can't do that...*

JOE NAZZARIN
First thing, cops'll do is say it
was Charlestown, be about 15 min.
before these two goons pick us out.

GUARD 2
We won't say nothin!

TOMMY SHIELDS
Look, any way we break it down, we
let them go? It's our *lives*.

Frankie looks to the Guards.

FRANKIE SHEA
Ya got somethin to say, say it now.

GUARD 1
Look, I'm from D Street in Southie--

JOE NAZZARIN
No one cares where ya from.

GUARD 1
I'm just sayin--I grew up with it.
I won't rat you out--on my life.

FRANKIE SHEA
You were me, would you trust you?

The Guard takes too long to answer.

GUARD 2
We'll take money. Some of it. You
get caught, say we were in on it.

FRANKIE SHEA
...that's not a bad idea.

TOMMY SHIELDS
You wanna worry for the rest of
your life? It's on you.

JOE NAZZARIN
...it's up to you, boss.

The Guards watch Frankie. But he looks off, shaking his head.

FRANKIE SHEA
I'm sorry...I can't do it.

Guard 1 sags, accepting it. Guard 2 just weeps.

GUARD 1
...I 'least have one smoke?

FRANKIE SHEA
All I got are Pall Malls...

The Guard shrugs and takes a Pall Mall. Frankie smokes with him. Guard 2 SOBS openly. The Gang watches Guard 1, in total silence, his hands trembling, make that Pall Mall *last*.

GUARD 1
...thanks for letting me finish it.

Frankie blows his head off, then turns on Guard 2. Guard 2 lets out one last whine before--BANG. Frankie drops the gun. The Gang stares at him, stunned. No one says a thing. Frankie looks over the blood, lets out a long BREATH and climbs out.

INT. '84 CHRYSLER LEBARON - NIGHT

Rhodes drives, MILLER LITE in hand, nodding to the TUNE of--
E.L.O.'s "Do Ya."

Behind him: BLUE LIGHTS FLASH. Looking into the REARVIEW, he sees STATE TROOPER zeroing in. Rhodes laughs and pulls over.

LATER

A State TROOPER (30s) looms into the window, and--

STATE TROOPER
Oh Jesus Christ, it's you...

JACKIE RHODES
Hey, Kenny--how are ya?

STATE TROOPER
Get the fuck outta here, Jackie.

The Trooper dismisses Rhodes with a flick of his wrist. Rhodes puts his can in his teeth and pulls out, laughing.

"If You Could Read My Mind" by Gordon Lightfoot plays.

INT. BEDROOM - APARTMENT - CHINATOWN - NIGHT

YVETTE CHIANG gathers her long, black hair above her head and lets it fall seductively, twisting in garters for Rhodes, who sits across the room. Yvette grooves her way over to him and--

Rhodes lays a bead of COKE from his waist to chest. Yvette snorts it, mounts him and nearly devours his face in one graceful, panther-like motion. Rhodes pins her to the bed.

LATER

Jackie lays in bed, gasping for breath, Yvette coiled around him, tracing a USMC TAT on his arm. Pots and pans BANGING, screaming in MANDARIN ECHOES in from the other room.

JACKIE RHODES
What's she *chin-chonging* about?

YVETTE CHIANG
She's calling you "Gweilo."

JACKIE RHODES
What's that mean?

YVETTE CHIANG
Approximately? "White devil."

JACKIE RHODES
She ain't wrong about that...

Jackie grins and flips Yvette over, kisses her. She laughs.

INT. RHODES' HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - LATER

Rhodes quietly climbs the back stairs and sneaks in through a french door, gently pulling his keys from the lock. He HEARS--

PUKING. And curiously leans into a door nearby. He HEARS it again, raps gently and enters. BENEDETTA RHODES (16)--well-developed, hair-teased out like Mariah Carey--looks up from the toilet desperately, still dressed from the night before.

BENEDETTA RHODES
Daddy...I'm sorry...

JACKIE RHODES
Rough night? I got some sausage and peppers left over from lunch, you want me to heat that up for ya?

Benny hears that and WRETCHES. Laughing, Rhodes kneels down beside her and gently pulls her hair away from her face.

BENEDETTA RHODES
Why would you say that to me?

JACKIE RHODES
Be grateful I found ya and not Mom.

BENEDETTA RHODES
...what do I tell her?

*
*

JACKIE RHODES
Just tell her ya got ya period.

*
*

Benny thinks about that and nods, laying her head on the rim.

*

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The No-Name Gang returns to CHARLESTOWN under cover of night,
all set to "Under the Bridge" by the R.H.C.P.

*

--Shea drives the PENSKE TRUCK. Shields, in the shotgun,
watches as they silently pass under the BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

--Sheehan and Nazzarin, smoking Newports, walk the DOCKS of
the NAVY YARDS, kicking OIL DRUMS. They find THREE EMPTIES.

--Outside of EASON'S BODY SHOP, EASON (40), still in his
p.j.s, directs the PENSKE into his garage. Frank gets out and
hands him cash. Shields closes the garage door behind them.

--Shields and Shiek load a BODY into each DRUM.

--Shields sprays down the back of the Penske with a hose.

--Sheik kneels down beside a drum with a SCREWDRIVER and a
HAMMER, and shying his face away, punches holes in them.

--Nazzarin drives the DPW WORK TRUCK into the garage.

LATER

Nazzarin climbs into the Work Truck, Shields into the
shotgun. Frank stops Shields from slamming the door.

*
*

FRANKIE SHEA
Look--*this*? *This* was it. This was
the last fucking one. No more.

*
*

TOMMY SHIELDS
Yeah. I understand, Frankie...

Frankie grabs the door away from him again and stares Shields
down. Sheik Sheehan looks to Nazzarin, both concerned.

*
*

FRANKIE SHEA
Don't tell me ya understand, like
ya'll do it again without me. I
covered for ya. But what I did
ain't ever coming back on me.

SHEIK SHEEHAN
You think we'd trade you up?

FRANKIE SHEA
I'm not gonna think about it.

Shields nods. Okay. And Frank lets him shut the door.

*

EXT. REVERE BEACH PARKWAY - DAWN

The DPW TRUCK rumbles across the MALDEN RIVER BRIDGE, the only car on the road, and pulls over to the railing.

LATER

Shea climbs out and finds the road deserted, quiet. The only SOUND is the raw sewage pumping into the black water below.

*

*

LATER

A drum falls over the side of the bridge. SPLASH.

*

SHEIK SHEEHAN
Is that deep enough?

TOMMY SHIELDS
Ain't the first one sunk there.

They watch the black river swallow the drum.

INT. RHODES' HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - MORNING

*

Rhodes, hungover, stumbles downstairs and into the KITCHEN. MA CONGEMI (65)--black hair, housecoat, flip-flops--is using a candle, old world style, to clean the ears of JENNY RHODES (37)--beautiful; curves just starting to spill their banks.

JACKIE RHODES
The hell are you two *gypsies* up to?

MA CONGEMI
Talkin about you, asshole.

JACKIE RHODES
'else's new. Ya feelin all right?

JENNY RHODES
Ears are killin me. How's ya night?

Jackie pours a coffee. Ma rinses the CANDLE in the sink.

JACKIE RHODES
Awful. You feel better now?

JENNY RHODES
Yeah. Feels all right.

Rhodes nods at Ma. *Lemme see*. She shows him what the candle pulled out of his wife's ear. He winces. *Jesus Christ...*

JENNY RHODES (CONT'D)

What was so bad about work?

*

JACKIE RHODES

Just spent the night runnin around,
tryin to get this C.I. outta stir.

JENNY RHODES

Guy Dan give you a problem?

JACKIE RHODES

No. His Affirmative Action hire.

MA CONGEMI

Well, whattya expect from *that*.

Jackie nods. *Ya not wrong*. He sits down across from Jenny.

JENNY RHODES

S'the matter with Benny? She
wouldn't get up this mornin.

JACKIE RHODES

...I think it's a feminine issue.

*

JENNY RHODES

She all right?

*

JACKIE RHODES

How would I know about that?

*

JENNY RHODES

Well, I guess I better check...

Jenny gets up. Ma sits down. She waits for Jenny to leave.

MA CONGEMI

What--she hung over again?

*

JACKIE RHODES

What do you think?

Ma shakes her head and lights a PALL MALL, sips her coffee.

MA CONGEMI

What happened with the *ubangi*?

JACKIE RHODES

Just wouldn't let my guy off.

MA CONGEMI

What'd he do--*ya guy*?

JACKIE RHODES
They say he shot a cop.

MA CONGEMI
Did he?

JACKIE RHODES
Fuck if I know. S'a heroine addict.

Ma Congemi gives him a look over her cigarette.

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)
I know. But there was a day, you
know, I never had to explain myself
to a fuckin *Assistant* Prosecutor.

MA CONGEMI
Well, fuck him then.

JACKIE RHODES
...I thought you liked to do that. *

MA CONGEMI
What?

JACKIE RHODES
With the black guys--*fuck em*.

Ma slaps him, half-playfully. And Rhodes laughs. *

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Rhodes blows into the front office and winks at the SECRETARY
(60s). The Secretary shakes her head, smiling, and Rhodes
strides in, running right into Nathan Rey reading a file. *

JACKIE RHODES
Fuck d'ya find this kid Ward? *

Rey follows him down the hall. *

NATHAN REY
U.S. Attorney's, working white
collar--junk bonds, savings and
loan, that kind of thing. Why? *

JACKIE RHODES
What's a guy like that doing in the
fuckin Suffolk D.A.'s office? *

NATHAN REY
He's got a notion he's going to be
the next Mayor of Boston.

JACKIE RHODES
How's he figure that? He got money?

NATHAN REY
No. He's a just Co-op City porch
monkey. Wife's got money though.

JACKIE RHODES
Yeah? She good lookin, too?

Rhodes stops just short of an office door.

NATHAN REY
Honestly--how much trouble are you
about to cause me right now? *

Rhodes blows him a kiss and enters: *

THE CHIEF PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE *

GUY DAN (60s)--white hair, jowls, like an unfriendly Tip
O'Neill--peers up from his desk and sees Rhodes at the door. *

JACKIE RHODES
You throw me 30 seconds?

GUY DAN *

What do you want, troublemaker? *

JACKIE RHODES
Roach case. Cop-shootin in Bromley.
Ya suspect's a C.I. of mine.

GUY DAN
What's he working on?

JACKIE RHODES
Cadillac Frank *Salemme*.

GUY DAN
That why he was in Bromley-Heath?

JACKIE RHODES *

I's a stretch, but I'd give him the
benefit of the doubt. Ya prosecutor
doesn't agree though. "Dee" Ward. *

Guy Dan's eyebrows raise. He leans back carefully.

GUY DAN
Well, Roach is *his* case.

JACKIE RHODES
S'what I understand. But any
cooperation you could give *Uncle*
would be greatly appreciated.

GUY DAN

Well, what DeCourcy Ward does with
his cases is purely up to him...

Guy Dan winks. Jackie smiles, moves to go.

JACKIE RHODES

Like I said, Dan: any cooperation
would be greatly appreciated...

GUY DAN

Always glad to help Uncle.

LATER

Ward, suit jacket still on, has his head in a CASE. He hears
a quick KNOCK at the door, looks up and finds Nathan Rey.

NATHAN REY

Clay Roach--how's that coming?

DECOURCY WARD

He'll be goin cold turkey in
Walpole before the end of the week.

NATHAN REY

If you had to--could you drop him?

Ward instinctually, if inadvertently, throws him a cold look.

DECOURCY WARD

Boston Police already want me
dragged through the streets like
William Lloyd Garrison for the St.
Claire Commission--now you want me
to let a cop shooter walk?

NATHAN REY

Might be in ya best interest. He's
got some interest from up high...

DECOURCY WARD

Want it dropped? Take
responsibility. *Order* me to.

NATHAN REY

*Look...*there's a way you can do
this job, you can have it forever.
Watch your kids grow up in a nice
neighborhood and far from worry.
But if uou wanna be an idealist...?

DECOURCY WARD

I'm not having this conversation.

NATHAN REY
You do what you want then, Dee...

*
*

Rey holds up his hands. *I tried.* Ward watches him out.

*

INT. '87 BUICK REGAL - DUSK

Ward pulls into the shadow of the ELEVATED RAIL, the ORANGE LINE clattering over head, and parks next to a roped off--

CRIME SCENE

Ward approaches D.A. INVESTIGATOR HANK SIGNA (40s)--tall, ascetically thin, coal-black eyes--who's squatting over a shotgunned corpse laying sprawled out in a slush puddle.

DECOURCY WARD
Anyone good?

HANK SIGNA
Ya. Real tragedy. #99 on the year.

Signa stands, revealing the **DEALER from ACT I**--the man who shot Stevie Burke, the crime Roach is being charged with.

*

DECOURCY WARD
Any witnesses?

HANK SIGNA
What do you think?...

*

DECOURCY WARD
Need any help?

*

HANK SIGNA
Nah, I can handle it here.

Ward watches Signa quietly, elegantly prowl the scene.

DECOURCY WARD
Can I ask you a question: in your experience, it a rare thing, the FBI to come around asking favors?

*
*
*

HANK SIGNA
Is it rare? No. But who asked?

DECOURCY WARD
Jackie Rhodes. *What*--what's that face you're giving me right now?

HANK SIGNA
Rhodes's you want to avoid. He's like the FBI's Doug Flutie.

(MORE)

HANK SIGNA (CONT'D)

He could walk into any cop bar inna
state, never have to buy a drink.

DECOURCY WARD

Why's that?

HANK SIGNA

He was on the crew brought down the
Anguilo family about 10 years back.
First guys to do it in the country--
bring down a whole mafia family.

Signa throws a weary look back at Ward.

HANK SIGNA (CONT'D)

If it won't kill ya to do him
favor? Just do it. Thing with
Rhodes? If he comes for ya? Ya
ain't never gonna see it comin...

EXT. EBB TIDE - REVERE BEACH - NIGHT

Frankie carries Shields across the street to his '92 SUNBIRD.
He opens door and pours Shields in. Shields sighs, audibly.

TOMMY SHIELDS

I don't know how I'm gonna look my
wife in the eye, she asks me what
happened today...*you know?*

FRANKIE SHEA

Why? You didn't do nothin.

TOMMY SHIELDS

...*you know what I mean.*

Frankie nods. Shields takes a breath, sighs, takes off. Shea
watches him drift down the road, skidding across the ice.

INT. GREEN-AND-WHITE TRIPLE DECKER - CHARLESTOWN - NIGHT

Frankie walks through the back door into his kitchen and
finds the house dark, QUIET--the only SOUND the furnace
ticking on. Seeing this, Frankie pulls out a chair at the
table and sits--and for the first time today, BREATHES.

LATER

Frankie ambles down a hallway, quietly looking in on his
kids. Tony, Jenny are asleep. But at the end of the hallway,
Frankie finds a dim NIGHT LIGHT seeping under a door frame.

ROOM

Frankie pears in, sees Kick face down, seemingly asleep--only her back moves up and down. Frankie realizes she's SOBBING.

FRANKIE SHEA
Kick, honey...
(No response)
Sweetheart, what's wrong?

KICK SHEA
(Into the pillow)
I'm scared...

FRANKIE SHEA
Of what? Whattya scared of, baby?

Frankie sits on the bed and rubs her back.

KICK SHEA
I woke up and you weren't home...

FRANKIE SHEA
When have I not come home, hon?

She sobs, inaudibly. Frankie's heart breaks in his face.

FRANKIE SHEA (CONT'D)
Kick, what's the matter?

KICK SHEA
I saw Uncle Kelly...

FRANKIE SHEA
You saw him--*what*, in a dream?

Kick cries, and Frankie winces, not sure how to act. Helpless, he rubs her back, watches her cry herself to sleep.

"I Saw the Sign" by Ace of Bass plays.

INT. '90 IROC-Z - NIGHT

JIMMY SHEA (25)--blonde, blue-eyed; angelic like an ad for the Hitler Youth--sits at a RED LIGHT at the CHARLESTOWN BRIDGE, laying a line of blow across his steering wheel. Ripping it, Jimmy YELPS and out of the corner of his eye--

He watches a TOWN CAR pull up full of BLACK MEN. Jimmy tries not to look--but does, and sees they're laughing at him. One Man rolls down his window. Jimmy turns up his palms. *Can't hear ya*. They laugh at him again. So, Jimmy lowers his window. But before the Man can speak, Jimmy tosses a lit-FLARE into the Town Car. SCREAMS. Jimmy roars off, laughing.

INT. GREEN-AND-WHITE TRIPLE DECKER - CHARLESTOWN - NIGHT

CATHY SHEA (30)--redhead, freckles, a Boston 10--wakes Frankie up. He's still in Kick's bed, Kick curled into him.

CATHY SHEA
She have the dreams again?

FRANKIE SHEA
I don't know how she remembers.

Cathy just tightens her robe and offers to help him up.

CATHY SHEA
Your mothers on the phone...

FRANKIE SHEA
What is it?

CATHY SHEA
Whattya *think*?

EXT. BOSTON POLICE, DISTRICT A-15 HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Frankie strolls across the parking lot, breath steaming.

INT. BOSTON POLICE, DISTRICT A-15 HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Frankie knocks on BULLETPROOF GLASS to get the attention of a DESK SERGEANT (50s) pouring himself a coffee in the back.

LATER

DET. BERNIE HANNAHAN (40s)--bad hair, jaundiced, the ugliest man in Boston--opens a door into the LOBBY, waves Frank over.

LOCK-UP

Frankie and Hannahan watch JIMMY SHEA sleep in the cell.

BERNIE HANNAHAN
Threw a road flare into a car full of *ubangis*. Luckily, they didn't seem to want to file a claim.

FRANKIE SHEA
Yeah? How'd that happen?

Bernie flashes a row of yellow teeth. Frankie forces a smile.

BERNIE HANNAHAN
How you doin otherwise, Frankie?

FRANKIE SHEA
...you know, all right.

*

Frankie kicks the bench under Jimmy's head. Jimmy tries to peel himself up--but can't. Frustrated, Frankie picks him up under the arms, and they pass Hannahan leaving the cell.

*

JIMMY SHEA
Real sorry to waste ya time, Bern.

BERNIE HANNAHAN
You take care of yaself, Jimmy.

Jimmy tosses him a faux-salute. Hannahan smiles.

EXT. BOSTON POLICE, DISTRICT A-15 HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Jimmy leans on Frankie, stumbling across the lot.

JIMMY SHEA
You know, Frankie, I honestly--

FRANKIE SHEA
You tell me you love me, I'm gonna kick ya fuckin head in, Jimmy.

Jimmy nods. Okay, sure...

JIMMY SHEA
But Frankie?...d'you love me?

Frankie just sighs. Jimmy laughs. And they keep walking.

*

INT. BOSTON POLICE HEADQUARTERS - E. BERKELEY ST. - DAY

Ward strides into a dank, slush-streaked foyer with the sun at his back. Head up, Ward moves over to the FRONT DESK. THREE UNIFORMED COPS ignore him. Ward raps loudly on the desk. The DESK COPS still ignore him. Ward nods. *Figures.*

*

*

*

LATER

Ward walks through a door marked BUREAU OF INVESTIGATIVE SERVICES. Crossing a bullpen of unmanned desks, he spots DICKIE MINOGUE pecking at an ancient Corona typewriter.

DECOURCY WARD
Detective Minogue? I'm--

*

DICKIE MINOGUE
I know who you are.

Minogue doesn't look up. He find the letter he wants, pecks.

*

DECOURCY WARD

Might want to be polite, ask me to
at least sit down. Considering I'm
the one prosecuting your collar.

*
*
*

DICKIE MINOGUE

When you worked for the U.S.
Attorney, you recommended six cops
do jail time, trying to catch the
cocksucker, shot a pregnant woman.
You can fucking stand, my friend.

*

DECOURCY WARD

You involved in the Stuart case?
No? Then what's it matter to you?

*

DICKIE MINOGUE

Cause here's the thing *you people*
don't understand--and before you
get up in arms about that, I mean
civilians--is that early in ya
career as a cop, ya make a choice:
ya watchin guys do this job one way
and either ya do it too, or ya
gotta protect them doing it--or
some day your back up *just doesn't*
show. Then comes a day, ya breakin
ya ass, you get sick of ya swimmin
in a plastic pool, and ya take a
few hundred off the floor of a
bust. Or some guy *shoots a pregnant*
woman, and you lay a hand. Then
some asshole like you comes around--
and recommends fucking *jail time*.

*
*

*
*

DECOURCY WARD

I still resent they didn't get it.

Minogue glares. Ward doesn't flinch. Minogue respects that.

DICKIE MINOGUE

You got a donkey cock on ya, I'll
say that. Whattya want from me?

DECOURCY WARD

Gimme a reason *not* to drop Roach.

DICKIE MINOGUE

Cause he shot a cop.

DECOURCY WARD

Some people going to bat for him.

*

DICKIE MINOGUE

Yeah? Who?

*
*

DECOURCY WARD
Who do you think?

*
*

DICKIE MINOGUE
Feds? Fuckin *figures*...

*
*

DECOURCY WARD
You don't seem surprised.

DICKIE MINOGUE
You know who Whitey Bulger is?

DECOURCY WARD
Don't condescend me.

DICKIE MINOGUE
Biggest myth in the history of
Boston is Whitey Bulger "keeping
the drugs out of Southie." That's
cause he *is* the drugs in Southie.
But we--*I*--can't touch him.

DECOURCY WARD
Why?

Minogue holds out his palms. Ward nods, slowly.

DECOURCY WARD (CONT'D)
Do you think the FBI would lie
about Roach to get him off?

DICKIE MINOGUE
Depends on who's asking.

DECOURCY WARD
Jackie Rhodes.

DICKIE MINOGUE
Oh, then most definitely.

DECOURCY WARD
His people say that there was
another shooter, that you had a
warrant for the wrong place...

Minogue stares Ward down. Ward blinks first.

DECOURCY WARD (CONT'D)
Why are you so certain he'd lie?

*

DICKIE MINOGUE
Cause Rhodes is the classic Boston
cop--from a time when this city was
so crooked you were legitimate if
you just went to Mass on Sundays.
And he always gets away with it.

DECOURCY WARD

And you don't like that part--the
fact that he gets away with it?

*
*

DICKIE MINOGUE

Yeah. The cocksucker offends my
fucking sense of decency.

*
*

INT. SHEA FAMILY HOUSE - DAWN

*

Frankie, dressed in uniform, pushes through the back door
into his MOTHER'S KITCHEN--a preservation of Sears' idea of a
modern home from the day Kennedy was shot--with a tray of
coffees and a bag of donuts on the tray. Frankie finds--

*
*
*
*

MA SHEA (60s) and RICHY SHEA (60s) sitting at the table,
fully-dressed, already eating. Richy's drinking a beer.

*
*

MA SHEA

What'd you bring all that for?
There's coffee, eggs onna stove.

*
*
*

FRANKIE SHEA

You don't want it, throw it out.
Where's the prince? He up yet?

*
*
*

MA SHEA

Ya don't have to have the attitude.
He's going through something...

*
*
*

Frank and Richy exchange a look. Rich takes a coffee.

*

RICHY SHEA

You workin today?

*
*

FRANKIE SHEA

Till 4. You?

*
*

RICHY SHEA

Lotta money on Celts tonight.

*
*

From behind them, Jimmy wanders in, still in his drawers.

*

MA SHEA

There he is. *Here*--sit down.

*
*

JIMMY SHEA

Just want a coffee, Ma.

*
*

She ignores him and gets up, starts making him a plate of
bacon and eggs. Jimmy moves to the pot--until Frankie holds
out a cup of Dunkin Donuts. Jimmy takes it without a word.

*
*
*

FRANKIE SHEA

How you feelin today?

*
*

JIMMY SHEA *
How do I look? *

FRANKIE SHEA *
You look like old dog shit. *

JIMMY SHEA *
There's ya answer... *

RICHY SHEA *
What'd you do this time? *

JIMMY SHEA *
Threw a flare inna *ubangi's* car. *

Richy grins. Ma hands Jimmy a plate. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
That *all* that happened? *

JIMMY SHEA *
Yeah. Nigger laughed at me. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
Oh yeah? *

MA SHEA *
*Frankie--*just let him eat. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
Just makin sure he's okay. *

JIMMY SHEA *
Why? Whattya *think* happened? *

FRANKIE SHEA *
Nothing. I just got Ma calling me,
every night, askin me how come I
don't take better care of my
brother--when I already got three
kids, my own. So I just wanted to
know, *you know*, what's goin on. *

Jimmy keeps his eyes on his plate. Frankie takes it from him. *

MA SHEA *
Frank-- *

JIMMY SHEA *
Nothin's goin on. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
You takin ya meds? *

MA SHEA *
FRANCIS. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
You takin them? *

JIMMY SHEA *
Yeah. Frank. I take the meds. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
You lyin to me--in fronna Ma? *

MA SHEA *
Mary, Mother of God, why do you two *
do this to each other... *

FRANKIE SHEA *
Oh, don't start, Ma. *

RICHY SHEA *
Don't talk to her like that, Frank-- *

FRANKIE SHEA *
Hey--don't you start either. Ya let *
him live here and pull this shit. *

Ma, quiet but teary-eyed, has to get up. Richy follows. *

RICHY SHEA *
Nice job... *

JIMMY SHEA *
You really have to do that? *

FRANKIE SHEA *
Shut up. What's goin on with you? *

Jimmy glances up to see if his parents are in earshot. *

JIMMY SHEA *
...I keep thinkin about the girls. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
And how's what ya doin helpin them? *

JIMMY SHEA *
Nothin I'm doin's helpin them. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
So get a job. Pay their way. *

Jimmy smiles, shaking his head. Frank just doesn't get it. *

JIMMY SHEA *
I ain't like you, Frankie. Going to *
work isn't gonna solve my problems. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
So what do you want--pity? *

JIMMY SHEA
I don't want nothin from you.

FRANKIE SHEA
Then why I do keep havin to give.

Jimmy looks away. Frankie leans in, whispers...

FRANKIE SHEA (CONT'D)
Just tell me--you takin the meds?

JIMMY SHEA
Yeah. Frankie.

FRANKIE SHEA
Don't lemme find out ya not.

Jimmy nods, quietly. Frankie shoves him back his plate.

INT. COURTROOM - SUFFOLK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Rhodes dips in the back with a tray of coffees, quietly nods to a BAILIFF and hands him a cup. He takes a seat near the back and watches Ward go to work in front of the jury.

DECOURCY WARD
A New England conscience has been described as being "one that doesn't prevent you from doing anything, but prevents you from enjoying it after." Case in point--

Rhodes thinks about that, sipping his coffee. *S'good line.*

LATER

Ward closes his briefcase, holds the gate open for his assistant prosecutor, and walks up the aisle, nearing Rhodes.

JACKIE RHODES
Brought you a coffee.

DECOURCY WARD
I don't accept professional favors.

JACKIE RHODES
Why? It's *free*...

Ward just shakes his head, keeps moving.

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)
Look, okay--don't drink the coffee. It's cold anyway. But hear me out: I think there's been a misunderstandin, 'tween you and I.

DECOURCY WARD

There's no misunderstanding at all.
I think we both recognize one
another for *exactly* who we are.

*

*

Rhodes grins at that.

*

JACKIE RHODES

What is it you want, Ward?

*

*

DECOURCY WARD

I want this case put to bed. You
give me the name of your supposed
real shooter, I'll let Roach off.

JACKIE RHODES

Considering that would completely
spoil my C.I. as an informant,
let's put that question aside--what
do you want, *long term...*for you?

*

DECOURCY WARD

Honestly?

JACKIE RHODES

Yeah. Honestly.

DECOURCY WARD

...I want to rip out the fucked up
machinery in this *bullshit* city. I
want to tear it all down--*for good*.

JACKIE RHODES

You know, Steffens once had this
line about how he could clean any
city with 50 so-called "bad" men.
That "good men don't understand."

DECOURCY WARD

I don't buy that.

JACKIE RHODES

Yeah? Ya havin a lotta luck yaself?

Rhodes offers him the coffee again and Ward shove by him.
Rhodes shakes his head, whispering, "motherfucker..."

*

*

INT. EZIO'S DELI - NORTH END - NIGHT

Rhodes bursts in, waves in recognition to the BUTCHER behind
the counter, and finds DET. HANNAHAN at a table in the back.

BERNIE HANNAHAN

The fuck do you want, scumbag?

JACKIE RHODES
You know Dickie Minogue?

Rhodes sits down, steals a pickle of Bernie's plate.

BERNIE HANNAHAN
Narc? Yeah. 'nother piece of shit.

JACKIE RHODES
Whattya got on him?

BERNIE HANNAHAN
Whattya got for me?

JACKIE RHODES
Seats--opening Day.

BERNIE HANNAHAN
You can do better.

Rhodes glares at him. Hannahan grins. *Fine.* They shake on it. *

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Dickie MINOGUE and Burke are listening in on a WIRETAP when the back door is ripped open and Rhodes is there. He points to Burke and thumbs behind him. *Get the fuck out.* Burke looks to Minogue, who just nods. Burke leaves, Rhodes climbs in.

JACKIE RHODES
You really want to bust my fuckin
balls on this Roach case, huh?

DICKIE MINOGUE
Prick shot a cop.

JACKIE RHODES
Don't talk to me like I'm a fuckin
idiot--you and I both know you
weren't supposed to be there.

DICKIE MINOGUE
Warrant was in order.

JACKIE RHODES
Yeah? Okay. That's how you wanna do
this? How's ya brother Gary doin?

DICKIE MINOGUE
...fuck you.

JACKIE RHODES
You wanna try?

Minogue's nostrils flare. Rhodes doesn't flinch.

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)
All you gotta do is say ya caught
Roach fleeing the scene--leave a
little room for reasonable doubt.

DICKIE MINOGUE
I ain't lyin for you, cocksucker.

JACKIE RHODES
How long Gary last, the seminary,
'fore they washed him out, doing
what he did? Does *ya mother know?*

Minoque stares down Rhodes. Minoque blinks first.

EXT. GREEN-AND-WHITE TRIPLE DECKER - CHARLESTOWN - NIGHT

Frankie scraps the ice out of his driveway, his breath
steaming in the night air. A car door SLAMS. Glancing up,
Franke sees Shields walking out of the dark with a bag.

TOMMY SHIELDS
Laundered some of it through the
Office, some down Foxwoods.

FRANKIE SHEA
How much?

TOMMY SHIELDS
...maybe a new hot water heater

FUCK. Frank, furious, flings his shovel.

FRANKIE SHEA
Now, I gotta go get that...*Christ.*
Ya wanna come in for a minute?

Shields looks up at the house, considers it. It looks warm.

TOMMY SHIELDS
Nah. I'm all right, Frankie.

FRANKIE SHEA
...you doin okay, Tommy?

Shields eyes take a long while to find Frank's. He nods.

INT. STOP AND SHOP - DAY

Jimmy walks through plastic sheeting into the hum of the
PRODUCE prep area. He finds Frankie opening a box of ORANGES.

JIMMY SHEA
I talk to you?

Frank stares at Jimmy, considering, still working. He nods. *

EXT. LOADING DOCK - STOP AND SHOP - LATER *

Jimmy follows Frank, sparking a NEWPORT, breath steaming. *

JIMMY SHEA *

I need uh, you know...some money. *

FRANKIE SHEA *

Yeah, well, don't we all, Jimmy. *

JIMMY SHEA *

I need to get out of *here*, Frank. *

FRANKIE SHEA *

You ain't gonna be happy anywhere, *

you don't take care of yourself. *

JIMMY SHEA *

It's for *treatment*. *

FRANKIE SHEA *

Is it for treatment, or is it to *

get out of town? Which one is it? *

Jimmy looks off, scratching nervously at his eyebrows. *

JIMMY SHEA *

Treatment center's in Florida. *

FRANKIE SHEA *

Along with your kids... *

Jimmy looks off. He can't look Frank in the eye. *

FRANKIE SHEA (CONT'D) *

Well, I can get you a job... *

JIMMY SHEA *

I wanna do the *other thing*, Frank. *

Frankie stares at him. He knows exactly what Jimmy means. *

FRANKIE SHEA *

Not going to happen. *

JIMMY SHEA *

Brother, come on--I ever ask you *

for anythin before in my life? *

FRANKIE SHEA *

No. You haven't. But plenty of *

people've asked on your behalf. *

JIMMY SHEA
You know I can do it.

FRANKIE SHEA
I ain't worried about you doin it--
I know you can do it. I'm worried
about after. Ya got a fuckin mouth.

Jimmy peels off, not wanting to hear the rest.

FRANKIE SHEA (CONT'D)
Hey, look at my life. You think *it*
fixes everything--havin money?

JIMMY SHEA
No. But it helps though, right?

FRANKIE SHEA
End of the day, I still got you to
take care of. Ya gonna have the
same thing, extra dough or not.

Frankie watches Jimmy just shakes his head, keep walking.

INT. COURTROOM - SUFFOLK COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Ward sits behind the prosecutor's table, Roach and AL FARESE
(60s)--O2 tank--at the defense table to his right. Behind
him, Ward sees Rhodes duck in, take a seat in the last row.

BAILIFF (O.S.)
*Now on the docket, the Commonwealth
of Massachusetts v. Clay Roach...*

LATER

Ward paces in front of Minogue on the stand.

DECOURCY WARD
And what did the Drug Control Unit
find on the premises?

DICKIE MINOGUE
A .22 handgun matched to the bullet
taken from officer Burke's shin.
Traces of heroine. Paraphernalia...

DECOURCY WARD
And the suspect?

DICKIE MINOGUE
The suspect was apprehended...near
the vicinity of the shooting.

Ward stops on a dime.

DECOURCY WARD

It says in your report, Detective,
that the suspect Roach was taken
from inside the premises...

DICKIE MINOGUE

The premises being the Bromley-
Heath housing projects...*in toto.*

Ward glances behind him. Rhodes is BEAMING.

DECOURCY WARD

It says in YOUR REPORT--

JUDGE (O.S.)

We heard what the report said,
Counsellor. Time to move on...

Ward looks from the BENCH to Minogue, but Minogue is a WALL.
Knowing he's beat, Ward turns the other cheek, wincing. *

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - SUFFOLK SUPERIOR COURT - LATER

Ward trails THE HONORABLE ROLF HARPER (60s)--black; a big,
wide-shouldered Gibraltar of a man--into his chambers.

HON. ROLF HARPER

What the fuck did you just let
happen to you out there, boy?

DECOURCY WARD

Ya honor, the Detective *said--*

HON. ROLF HARPER

Boy, you stripped ya horns going
after cops--then took a job working
for them. *Don't hand me excuses.*

DECOURCY WARD

I don't know what else to tell you--

HON. ROLF HARPER

Did I hear something about this kid
Roach being a federal informant?

DECOURCY WARD

He was. Or *is.*

HON. ROLF HARPER

Then you should've let him walk.

Ward is incredulous. *

HON. ROLF HARPER (CONT'D) *
Oh *what*, you think I'm *base* now?
I'm a Malcolm X-type of nigger
myself--*any means necessary*.

DECOURCY WARD
Your honor, I...

HON. ROLF HARPER
You know, counsellor, Lincoln
Steffens once said, "Jesus replied
that he could only save sinners--"

Ward hears "Steffens" and his face drops.

HON. ROLF HARPER (CONT'D)
"Not the righteous." Think on that.

"Losing My Religion" by R.E.M. plays. *

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Ward, beaten, walks into the HUM of the outer office--only to
find Guy Dan and Nathan Rey waiting by his door. Ward winces,
knowing what's about to happen--and trudges off to his fate. *

EXT. GOVERNMENT PLAZA - NIGHT

Ward blows out of Bullfinch Place, and eyes down, walking
aimlessly toward BEACON HILL, tries to catch his breath--and
can't. Panicked, Ward rushes into an alley and RETCHES. *

INT. '84 CHRYSLER LEBARON - NIGHT

Rhodes, banging the wheel, Miller Lite between his thighs,
pulls a COKE VIAL from his jacket, humming along to--

"Don't Let Me Down" by E.L.O.

Eyes on the road, Rhodes rips a toot, groaning, over-joyed. *

INT. J.J. FOLEY'S - LATER *

Rhodes posts up at the bar between two off-duty DETECTIVES
(30s)--cheap sport coats, bad cigars, sleepy eyed. He
gestures at the bartender and nods to the Miller DRAFT.

JACKIE RHODES
You two just get off?

OFF-DUTY DETECTIVE
Yeah. Body #100 for the year.

OFF-DUTY DETECTIVE 2
What are you doin up here, Jackie?

JACKIE RHODES
Ah, just some broad.

The Detective just shakes his head, whistles, impressed.

OFF-DUTY DETECTIVE
Man, ya life's just turnin out
exactly how you expected, huh?

Rhodes forces a grin--but that line caught him in the ribs. *

INT. PENTHOUSE CONVERTED CHURCH - SOUTH END - NIGHT

Ward trudges into a candle-lit foyer, tosses his keys on an end table, and is immediately confronted by the sound of heels on tile. SIOBHAN QUAYS (30)--gorgeous, built, mocha skin--rushes over, dressed to the hilt, tying on a halter.

SIOBHAN QUAYS
What'd you do, walk home? We were
supposed to be at Locke-Ober in--

DECOURCY WARD
I can't--not tonight, Siobhan.

Ward walks by her into a living room, slinks onto the couch.

SIOBHAN QUAYS
And what the fuck is your problem?

DECOURCY WARD
You won't want to hear it. You said
it would happen--said it would
happen a million *fuckin* times.

SIOBHAN QUAYS
And what's that?

Ward takes a breath, as if thinking of how to say...

DECOURCY WARD
They handed me a shit case I didn't
want. A *cop shooting*. But I get it
to trial. Then they don't want me
to prosecute. Want me to let the
guy who shot the cop off. I refuse.
Then a *cop* gets up on the stand and
lies about it. Shooter gets off...
I can't win. I can't fuckin win.

SIOBHAN QUAYS
Whyn't you just do what they ask? *

DECOURCY WARD

Cause I'm not their fuckin *boy*. You grew up with everything. Everything I had, I scratched for. And I didn't do all that to *eat shit*.

She stares at him.

DECOURCY WARD (CONT'D)

See. I *knew* you'd say it.

SIOBHAN QUAYS

I didn't say *any-thing*, DeCourcy...

DECOURCY WARD

You told me not to take the job.

SIOBHAN QUAYS

You could've worked at R&G. But then money wouldn't be this thing you could throw in my face.

DECOURCY WARD

I like what my job *should* be.

SIOBHAN QUAYS

But that isn't the way things are. So why are you acting like it is?

DECOURCY WARD

Cause I'm an asshole, Siobhan.

SIOBHAN QUAYS

Quoting my own argument back to me isn't going to get you pity.

DECOURCY WARD

And logic isn't going to get me to go to Locke-Ober tonight, either.

She gives him a LOOK and storms off. The DOOR SLAMS.

DECOURCY WARD (CONT'D)

Fucking bitch...

Ward looks out a BAY WINDOW OVER DOWNTOWN, headlights trailing out of the city like fireflies. His eyes move and catch on a photo: WARD with his FATHER and JESSE JACKSON. Ward sits there in SILENCE, staring at the picture.

*

The opening of J. Geil's "Musta Got Lost" plays over...

*

INT. EBB TIDE - REVERE BEACH - NIGHT

Jimmy looks up from a shot, realizing which song is playing.
Bill Hook sees the look on his face and cringes. Oh *fuck* me.
Jimmy, unprompted, scales up onto the bar and yells out--

JIMMY SHEA

*Now hold on, this song has a little
introduction to it. And it ain't
supposed to be sad, though you
might feel it that way. It's a song
bout desperation. Every now and
then we do get desperate...*

BILL HOOK

Jimmy, get off the fuckin bar!

Hook tries to get him down, but Jimmy goes on--and continues
through the whole spoken-word intro of the song. Catching the
eye of a SKANK with a DATE (20s), Jimmy speaks only to her.

JIMMY SHEA

*...and I believe I musta! You know
I think I musta! You know baby, I
think I musta! You know I think I
musta--I MUSTA--I MUSTA GOT LOST!*

Jimmy grabs someone's BEER and SPRAYS it. The bar CHEERS.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Over J. Geil's "Musta Got Lost" Jimmy Shea...

--Does three HUGE lines of COCAINE in a STALL with two
ITALIANS, grabs the stall wall and shakes it, punches it.

--Walking back into the BAR, Jimmy's slipped a HANDFUL OF RED
DEVILS, which he promptly throws back, chews, and swallows.

--Jimmy and the Skank eat each other's faces in a booth.
Jimmy's HAND goes up her dress. Jimmy yanks out a TAMPON.

--The Skank's Date grabs Jimmy away. Jimmy uppercuts a CANDLE
HOLDER off the table into his face. A BRAWL BREAKS OUT.

--Bill Hook and a crowd of LOCALS break up the fight, and
beat the ever loving shit out of the Date's friends.

--Hook unceremoniously tosses the Date and his beat-up pals
out the back door into a rain and trash-slicked alley.

--The Two Italians corral a screaming, bloodied up Jimmy Shea
into a liquor closet. They toss him inside and lock it.

--Boston COPS arrive at the back door of the Ebb Tide. Bill Hook points to where he tossed the victims and shrugs, as if to say, "I don't know how they got there. I just found em."

INT. EBB TIDE - REVERE BEACH - LATER

Hook opens a pantry. Jimmy's inside eating pickles, beat up.

JIMMY SHEA
Hey Frank, what's goin on?

INT. '88 JEEP CHEROKEE - LATER

Frankie climbs in. Jimmy's waiting in the shotgun.

FRANKIE SHEA
What the fuck is wrong with you?

JIMMY SHEA
I should just put a sign on the ceiling above my bed: ya doin good today cause ya took your meds.

FRANKIE SHEA
What's gonna have to happen to you before you learn? Or ya just gonna let us all in for the ride till you figure that out? Just gonna let Ma watch you kill yourself by inches?

JIMMY SHEA
Oh don't gimme *that shit*, Frank--

Quick, Frankie slams Jim's head to the window, pins it there.

FRANKIE SHEA
Shut the fuck up--shut the fuck and listen, okay? This *shit* you pull?, It don't just effect you. We're not 18, tossing shit at the TPF from the roofs of the Bunker Hill projects. I got a kid--3 of them. One who cried herself to sleep the other night cause her father didn't come home, he was at the station house pickin up her scumbag uncle.

JIMMY SHEA
I'm sorry, Frankie--

FRANKIE SHEA
*Don't...*I don't wanna hear it.

JIMMY SHEA *
I am. I'm sorry. *Genuinely.* *

Frankie, still holding Jim to the window, shakes his head. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
...*just unfuck ya head, okay?* *

JIMMY SHEA *
Yeah. Okay, Frankie. *

FRANKIE SHEA *
Cause this is the best *it is ever* *
gonna get for you, you don't. *

JIMMY SHEA *
I know. I sorry... *

Sighing, Frankie slowly lets Jimmy go, but still doesn't *
start the car. He just sits there. Jimmy wipes at his eyes. *

JIMMY SHEA (CONT'D) *
Why'd she get so upset? The kid? *

FRANKIE SHEA *
She remembers Kinicki. *

Jimmy nods. *

FRANKIE SHEA (CONT'D) *
You all right now? *

JIMMY SHEA *
Yeah. I'm all right. *

Frank nods. Good. He starts the Jeep. *

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT *

Ward works, hunched over, exhausted, at his desk. The office
is otherwise empty, dimly lit. Ward's alone except for--

A.D.A. 1 (O.S.) *
Just kick it up, the U.S. Attorney. *

Ward walks out of his office and finds the two A.D.A.s at
adjoining desks, jackets off, ties undone, sharing a file.

A.D.A. 1 (CONT'D) *
Whattya still doin here? *

A.D.A. 2 *
Don't you have a wife? *

DECOURCY WARD
Unfortunately. What's going on?

A.D.A. 1
Bank robbery in Revere Beach. Three
missing guards, all presumed dead.

The A.D.A. tosses the file to Ward.

DECOURCY WARD
If this is Murder One we can grab a
piece of this. S'a capital case...

A.D.A. 2
Yeah, buy the Feds will eat it.

DECOURCY WARD
And why do we want them to do that?

A.D.A. 2
It's an armored car job in Revere.
So, you can lay odds that someone
in Charlestown's responsible. Which
means no Boston cop is going to
want to take a part in a joint
investigation, cause they know
exactly what they're going to hear
out of every single witness...

A.D.A. 1
'Fuck yaself, I ain't seen nothin.'

Ward doesn't get it.

A.D.A. 2
He's not from around here...where
are you from again, Ward?

DECOURCY WARD
Brooklyn.

A.D.A. 1
Look: Halloween, 1961. Buddy McLean
of Somerville walks down to the
Mornin Glory Bar in Charlestown.
These three brothers--*from*
Charlestown mind you--put a bomb in
his wife's car. So McLean catches
one coming out of the bar, blows
the guys head off--*broad daylight*.

A.D.A. 2
100 people see it. *No witnesses.*
The Code of Silence. Some real
mick, wop white trash bullshit.

A.D.A. 1

A case like this is the single
worst thing we have to deal with.
If the Feds'll eat it, we let 'em.
No one wants a part of *that*...

Ward stares down at the file in his hands.

INT. THE RED HAT - NIGHT

Signa, leaning on the bar, shakes his head at Ward.

HANK SIGNA

The most the Feds'd let ya do is
tag along on in the investigation.
It'll be tried in Federal court.
Maybe'll you'll get a lil press.

DECOURCY WARD

That's worth it to me.

HANK SIGNA

Yeah? How'd that press work out for
you on the St. Claire Commission?

Ward shakes his head. Sig doesn't get it.

DECOURCY WARD

It's not attention for attention's
sake. It's that every black lawyer
in an urban prosecutor's office
gets nailed as a "drugs and guns"
specialist. You get that label, it
hangs on ya neck. I need *something*.

HANK SIGNA

You lose, they'll fuckin bury you.

DECOURCY WARD

But when I *win*, I won't ever get
called a fuckin Tom again.

Signa watches him. Ward means it. Signa shrugs. *I'm in.*

EXT. BROWNSTONE - SOUTH END - NIGHT

Rey answers the door in his shirtsleeves. It's Ward, Signa.

KITCHEN

Rey leans on his KITCHEN ISLAND across from a seated Ward,
sipping a highball. Signa leans on the sink behind him.

NATHAN REY

...s'like they said in the Globe,
not too long back, "losing is a
fact of life in the Suffolk D.A.'s
office." But that doesn't mean you
have to go courting a beatin. That
investigation fails, we eat shit.
If it succeeds, the U.S. Attorney
takes over and tries the thing...

DECOURCY WARD

Ya not lookin at the P.R. of it.
Just the move itself shows we give
a shit. Shows we believe in
ourselves, the Boston Police...

NATHAN REY

Ward, you eat shit on two cases in
row, drugs and guns cases will be
the least of your worries then...

HANK SIGNA

I'll help him out.

NATHAN REY

Well...then take it. Just know that
Guy Dan is going to bury you in the
papers, this goes belly up...but
that being said...give 'em hell.

INT. GREEN AND WHITE TRIPLE-DECKER - CHARLESTOWN - NIGHT

Frankie, one eye on the living room and his kids watching
"T.M.N.T.," reaches under the kitchen table. Searching, he
finds what he was looking for and carries it into the LAUNDRY
ROOM--a brick of SARAN-WRAPPED CASH. Frank splits it open.

CATHY SHEA (O.S.)

What are you doin?

FRANKIE SHEA

...how bad do we need this?

Cathy's waiting behind him, eyes wide--panicked.

CATHY SHEA

What do you need it for?

(Silence)

Yeah, then we need it bad. Ya
didn't do anythin stupid did ya?

FRANKIE SHEA

Not yet.

She holds out her hand for the cash. He hands it over.

INT. WITCH HILL LIQUORS - NIGHT

Frankie, in his STOPPIE uniform, leans against the counter doing a SCRATCHER, the Clerk ringing up his PALL MALLS. Frankie finishes the ticket, groans and looks it over one last time--*just in case*. Outside, a BRINK'S TRUCK rolls up.

OUTSIDE

Frankie walks out, unwrapping his Pall Malls, and looks over the idling truck. The back door's been left slightly ajar.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey--how are ya?

The Guard walks by, money bag under his arm--staring right at Frankie, his hand hovering over his sidearm. Frank nods politely, but the Guard, climbing in the truck, never breaks eye contact. Frankie, smoking, watches the Brinks' roll away.

INT. THE LAST HURRAH - PARKER HOUSE - DAY

Rhodes stands at an empty bar, one OLD MAN listening to him.

JACKIE RHODES

...see, all anyone remembers is Gerry Anguilo's fuckin mouth. That's what people remember--if they remember at all. *Goddamn Globe*. Newspaper business, never changes. Just like they useda say: "papers only send their drunks to cover the cops." So, that's what people remember: Gerry being lead out of the restaurant, calling out, "Oh, I'll be back before my pork chops get cold." He hasn't been. Pork chops are still there. But that's what people remember. What they forget is that night three of the Anguilos were in the cafe when we busted 'em. But the fourth wasn't. *Donato*. Donato Anguilo. Now, he's the fuck-crazy one out of the bunch, which considering the others, is like saying he's got the conscience of a fuckin sewer rat...

Ward charges in, but he hears the story and slows.

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)

So me and this other agent, Salvy Clasby, we get sent lookin for Donato. Now, we're expectin he's gonna fight like hell.

(MORE)

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)

I think we'd all just seen SCARFACE
and that's what we're expectin--
roaming around the North End,
lookin for this goomba. But Salvy
Clasby eventually figures, *fuck it*,
let's just go knock on the prick's
door.

*
*

(Sips his Miller Lite)

So, we do that. Pull up outside his
place, Prince St. We knock onna
door. Nice old Italian lady lets us
in. And we find this terror in his
pee-jays watchin fuckin "Taxi."

OLD MAN

Jesus--what happened?

JACKIE RHODES

Didn't even change his expression.
Just knew it was over. Only asked
us to let him put on some decent
clothes. But I remember staring at
him, thinkin this guy was supposed
to fuck me up. And he sees it, and
he asks, "the fuck are you thinkin
about?" So I say, "irony abounds."

OLD MAN

S'a good line--what's that from?

JACKIE RHODES

Bremer. Guy who shot Wallace.

The Old Man laughs, appreciatively. Jackie sees Ward.

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)

See this guy, Mac? This is Decourcy
Ward--s'the next Mayor of Boston.

OLD MAN

That'll be the day...

Ward gives the Old Man a look. Rhodes sighs.

JACKIE RHODES

Thanks for the beer, Mac...

DECOURCY WARD

Who's that, your priest?

JACKIE RHODES

Yeah, really cleans up good come
Sunday. What can I do for ya, Dee?

They settle in a back booth.

DECOURCY WARD

I think you were right--we got off on the left foot. What I should've done, I realize now, is ask for a quid pro quo: *what do you want?*

JACKIE RHODES

My way. Which I got.

DECOURCY WARD

I mean, you know, *long term*.

JACKIE RHODES

Honest? I wanna sail 8 years to my pension. Take a job in private security somewhere. Never work another honest day in my life.

DECOURCY WARD

Well, there's this case--and a case like this you can coast on like you coasted on Anguilo since '83.

Rhodes smiles. He nods. Go on.

DECOURCY WARD (CONT'D)

Couple of days ago a crew knocked over an armored car in Revere. The Guards are still missing.

JACKIE RHODES

So, ya friends with the Federal Prosecutor, whattya need me for?

DECOURCY WARD

I don't want the investigation taken from me. I want to run it. And I don't wan to just bury who did it, I want to go up into Charlestown and *fuck that place up*.

JACKIE RHODES

What about ya boss?

DECOURCY WARD

Fuck him. Fuck all of them. Fuck anyone else who gets in my way.

Rhodes can barely contain his grin.

JACKIE RHODES

This is good. Means ya learning.

*

EXT. EMERGENCY PULL OUT - TOBIN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Frankie's JEEP sits on a jack, Frankie and Jimmy leaning on the rear bumper. They watch a LEFT BLINKER pop on and an Acclaim pull up behind them. The No-Name Gang gets out of it.

"Hey Jealousy" by the Gin Blossoms plays low on the radio.

FRANKIE SHEA
Anyone follow you?

JOE NAZZARIN
Went down through the Callahan,
back on 128. Didn't see nothin.

TOMMY SHIELDS
What's going on, Frankie?

Frankie watches the oncoming traffic, thinking how to say...

FRANKIE SHEA
I wanna do one more--another truck.
(Silence)
What, none of ya can use the cash?

TOMMY SHIELDS
...ya just not thinkin, Frank.

FRANKIE SHEA
Why do you say that?

TOMMY SHIELDS
Cause s'a dirty move, askin in
front of *him*. Stupid, too,
considering the last time...

Jimmy catches Frankie glancing off. Something's up...

FRANKIE SHEA
Look, we can all use the dough.

TOMMY SHIELDS
Yeah. I can. But I won't work with
him, Frankie. Not going to happen.

JIMMY SHEA
Why? What am I--dog shit?

TOMMY SHIELDS
No, you're a walkin fuck up.

JIMMY SHEA
I'm a fuck up?

TOMMY SHIELDS
Yeah, you're **the** fuck up.

JIMMY SHEA

Don't gimme none of this shit. I've
been stealin, I was 8 years old.

TOMMY SHIELDS

And ya been gettin caught, too.

Jimmy moves for Tommy. Frankie grabs him.

FRANKIE SHEA

Go get in the car. What did I Just
say? *Go get in the fuckin car.*

Jimmy looks from Frank to Sheik, to Joe, to Tommy. He's
embarrassed. But he just shakes his head--and gets in.

FRANKIE SHEA (CONT'D)

I'm goin again. You let me know if
you want in. I'd love to have ya...

TOMMY SHIELDS

Frank--you know what ya doin?

Frankie gives Shields a look, drops his Jeep off the jack.

INT. LAST HURRAH - PARKER HOUSE HOTEL - DAY

Rhodes and Ward are the only two at the bar. It's quiet.

JACKIE RHODES

...it's not that complicated, what
we're trying to do here: it's only
a matter of how far ya willin to
go, how much shit ya willin to eat.

DECOURCY WARD

I can do what I got to do.

JACKIE RHODES

Well, we know our perps are most
likely a few pieces of shit from
Charlestown. More bank robbers in
Charlestown, any other square mile
in the English speaking world. But
ya can't convict them cause they
don't talk. *So you use what we got.*
You're a D.A. You got the number
one thing that's gonna scare every
piece of shit in the city...

(Drinks)

The Grand Jury. No scumbag can work
when a Grand Jury's on. So what we
do is find a big case gone cold--
Murder One, Murder Two.

(MORE)

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)

We find every bank robbing suspect we can and you grant them immunity on the cold case. Then, when you get them in the Grand Jury? You hit 'em with questions about the robbery. S'jail time, they don't wanna talk to you.

DECOURCY WARD

How did you figure all that?

JACKIE RHODES

B.C. Law. Class of '78. It's a risky move, but given the circumstances--black D.A., Charlestown, three dead people--people'll probably give you credit.

Ward nods, genuinely impressed.

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)

All you need now is a case to thaw.

INT. BASEMENT - BPD HQ - E. BERKLEY ST. - NIGHT

Rhodes and Ward walk down a long corridor to...

JACKIE RHODES

MacArthur once said, "you want the 10 best grunts in any camp for a dangerous assignment, I know where to find them--the stockade." You want help, look to the sinners. Luckily, the only people I know...

COLD CASE

DET. TURKO (35) digs through a file, a bag of coffee grinds on his desk, which is snowed under with cases and evidence boxes. He chews the grinds. Rhodes, Ward knock at his door.

JACKIE RHODES (CONT'D)

Wanna help us ramrod a bunch of Townie scumbags? We need a capital case from the last three to five.

JOHN TURKO

What color you want ya victim?

Rhodes throws a look at Ward, grinning.

DECOURCY WARD

It's that easy, huh?

JOHN TURKO

Lot of people die in Boston...and
not a lot of people get caught.

INT. COLD CASE - BPD HQ - NIGHT

Turko plows through boxes of yellowing cases on a rusting shelving unit. He pulls a case, tosses it on the floor. The file reads: KELLY KINICKI (deceased). KNOWN ASSOCIATES: FRANCIS XAVIER **SHEA**. JAMES MICHAEL **SHEA**. THOMAS SHIELDS. *

INT. EBB TIDE - REVERE BEACH - DAWN

Jimmy and Frankie are the only two at the bar, draft beers half-drunk in front of them. The door opens. Sheehan and Nazzarin walk in. Bill Hook brings them both a round. They all drink, no one saying a word. Then--Shields walks in.

FRANKIE SHEA

Here ya go. Don't fuck it up now.

Jimmy looks over at his brother, and grins. *

SERIES OF SHOTS: *

The No Name Gang preps for another heist. *

--Jimmy Shea approaches an **ASTRO VAN** in a deserted alley. He pulls a HANGER from his pocket and tries to pick the lock. *

--INSIDE THE **ASTRO VAN**: Three BANDITS, CHEEVERS' MASKS on. *

--INSIDE THE **DPW WORK TRUCK**: Two other Bandits (Frankie Shea and Tommy Shields) exchange a look. Tommy looks away first. *

INT. LAST HURRAH - PARKER HOUSE HOTEL - DAY *

Rhodes finishes his Miller. Ward, drunk, tries to keep up. *

JACKIE RHODES *

I gotta ask--what changed ya mind? *

DECOURCY WARD *

About you? Beyond necessity? *

Rhodes nods. Ward thinks of how to put it... *

DECOURCY WARD (CONT'D) *

Well, I thought about somethin ya'd
said. Ya reminded me, when I was a
kid--my father? He worked for the
SCLC. Knew King. Was in Memphis
when King was shot. *

(MORE) *

DECOURCY WARD (CONT'D)

And when I was a kid, he'd come
back home, gettin his head kicked
in by the Bull Connors of the
world, and he'd beat the living
shit out of us. He caught me with a
thumb one night...

Ward pops a glass eye out of his head. Shows it to Rhodes.

DECOURCY WARD (CONT'D)

Ya right. *Only the bad understand.*

JACKIE RHODES

...irony abounds.

"More than a Feeling" by Boston begins to play, plays over...

EXT. JORDAN MARSH PARKING LOT - DAY

A BRINKS' TRUCK rolls the into an empty, passing right by--

THE **ASTRO VAN**. THE **DPW WORK TRUCK**.

The No-Name Gang crashes out of each, GUNS UP.

BLACK OUT.

KICKER

EXT. GOVERNMENT CENTER - DAY

Rhodes haunts an alcove outside of City Hall, hiding from the wind, smoking. Jimmy Shea walks up, his breath steaming.

JIMMY SHEA

That robbery up Revere? I know
where the bodies are...

Rhodes, Pall Mall between his lips, grins.

BLACK OUT.