

The Town  
by  
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Based on Prince of Theives

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Name (of company, if applicable)  
Address  
Phone Number

INT. KENMORE SQUARE SOVEREIGN BANK - EARLY MORNING

We are inside a bank in the morning hours, just before it opens. We hear the VOICES of people as they approach. A spear of daylight precedes a woman's hand. Keys turn in reinforced locks, releasing strongbars.

A WOMAN, CLAIRE (30) the bank manager and A MAN, DAVID, (37) the assistant manager, enter, talking casually.

The BANDITS move with JARRING SPEED AND VIOLENCE.

They wear BLACK JUMPSUITS, hold ASSAULT RIFLES and wear Halloween masks.

The FIRST BANDIT, DOUG (35) GRABS CLAIRE by the arm and leads her toward the back.

The SECOND, JEM (34) KICKS the coffee tray from David's hand, staining the wall, then knocks him to the floor with the butt of his AK-47 rifle.

Doug leads Claire down the short hall, taking her KEYS and handing her off to GLOANSEY (32) another thief, who pushes both employees to the floor behind the teller cages, and YANKS OFF THEIR SHOES.

Doug passes the FOURTH, (DEZ, 28) -- with a RADIO WIRE in his ear

GLOANSEY

Close your eyes. Don't move.

Doug aims his rifle at the David and Claire:

DOUG

Where's the vault key?

INT. BANK, VAULT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Doug stands behind Claire while Jem holds Bears in front of the closed VAULT.

DOUG

What's the time lock set for?

CLAIRE

Nine when the bank opens.

DOUG

If you're not telling the truth  
we're gonna kill you're friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The digital clock on the vault door reads 8:17.

CLAIRE  
...eight eighteen.

DOUG  
When it hits, no panic code. Open  
it clean. Understand?

Everything has gone very fast to this point. Now it moves agonizingly slow- They watch it like three people waiting for an elevator.

3

2

1

The timer CLACKS! Doug inserts the vault key.

Claire reaches for the big dial with a trembling hand. She rotates it once, then overshoots the next number.

JEM  
Now you're stalling.

Jem has his gun pointed at Bearns' head. Claire makes a mistake and the TUMBLERS RESET.

JEM (CONT'D)  
(re: Bearns)  
Do you like this lefty? 'Cause I'm  
gonna drop him like a hot rock.

DOUG  
(calmer)  
How many attempts before a duress  
delay?

CLAIRE  
Th-three.

DOUG  
You want us here another fifteen  
minutes?

Claire reaches fast, but Doug grabs her wrist, holding it steady: it looks fragile in his gloved hand.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Breathe. Once you start, do not  
stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Claire reaches for the dial -- begins working the numbers. After the third turn, there's a CLACK. Jem spins the wheel and the vault door OPENS.

INT. SOVEREIGN BANK, INSIDE THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Doug and Jem collecting CASH. They rip the color-coded bands, fanning each thick packet.

Doug deftly removes each DYE PACK from each bundle. We jump cut and watch him to the same to the TRACERS.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS ACTION

As Doug emerges, Dez halts him in the shadows, pointing.

DEZ

ATM.

A STUDENT inside the ATM vestibule at front.

Doug's attention is pulled to Claire, lying face-down behind the teller cages.

Her heel is slowly moving. Claire peeks at Gloansy, who is distracted by the student. Her foot PRESSES A BUTTON UNDER THE COUNTER -- then quickly glides back.

Claire looks the other way... and sees Doug's mask STARING at her.

She's caught. She's dead.

The Student finally gives up, walking away from the ATM.

Doug stares at terrified Claire. After a beat:

DOUG

We gotta go.

JEM

Bleach it up.

Gloansy pulls ZIP CUFFS from his pocket. Jem and Dez pull jugs of ULTRA CLOROX from the work bag.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Bearns in a teller chair, wrists bound behind his back. Gloansy is doing the same to Claire as --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEZ

Hold it!  
(touching his ear)  
Silent alarm, this address.

JEM

Who did it?

DOUG

Doesn't matter. Let's go.

BEARNS

Look, no one did anything --

Jem HITS HIM WITH THE RIFLE. Then rains down a flurry of punches. His knuckles pound Bearns' temple.

Bearns slumps to one side, but Jem does not let up. He HAMMERS at Bearns' defenseless face. Claire SCREAMING.

Jem rises, grabs a bottle of bleach. Moves to empty it over Bearns' face. But Doug HOOKS his arm, stopping him.

DOUG

Let's go. Load the bags.

After hesitating, Jem rises.

Doug takes the bleach, dowsing the teller station. He returns to the teller station and Bearns' WHEEZING.

Claire's chair is empty.

INT. KENMORE SOVEREIGN BANK, REAR DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Jem has Claire doubled over near the waiting bags, her hands bound, his hand gripping the back of her neck.

DOUG

Fuck is this?

JEM

They get us walled in, we need her.

DOUG

Leave her.

But Jem is already hustling her out, past the Prius. Doug hates the idea but won't waste time arguing.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Gloansy pulls up FAST in the WORK VAN. Doug boosts Claire into the van with her head kept down.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Doug pushing her into the bench, sitting next to her.

DOUG  
Eyes shut, no noise.

Doug pulls out a small knife. He tugs at her jacket hem, CUTTING OFF a strip of fabric -- making her flinch.

The rest of the crew REMOVE THEIR MASKS.

As THE VAN LURCHES FORWARD, he ties it around her head as a blindfold. He makes a fist and drives it -- STOPPING JUST SHORT OF HER NOSE. Making sure she can't see.

He sits back. STUDYING her with impunity.

As he stares at her we have a NON-LINEAR SEQUENCE where we FLASH BACK TO Doug scouting the bank job, observing Claire as she came and went from work--but we HEAR a conversation between Claire and an FBI agent that takes place AFTER the robbery.

EXT. KENMORE SQUARE SOVEREIGN BANK - FLASHBACK

Doug watches intently as Claire comes to work in the morning.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)  
I'm assuming they warned you not  
to cooperate with the police.

CLAIRE (V.O.)  
One of them took my driver's  
license and read it to me. Said  
he was keeping it.

EXT. KENMORE SQUARE SOVEREIGN BANK - FLASHBACK

Claire gets off, sunset. She is quite beautiful but it isn't that, there is something endearing in her dignity, her poise. Doug watches from a Cadillac STS.

FRAWLEY (V.O.)  
Did he say anything else?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - WORK ROOM - PRESENT

In two chairs set next to a table, Claire facing FBI AGENT ADAM FRAWLEY, 36, talented and intense.

Claire's legs are bare, her jacket gone. Her ELIMINATION PRINTS are being taken by a MALE TECH in blue ink.

CLAIRE

'If you tell the FBI anything, we will come to your house and fuck you and kill you.'

The Print Tech looks up before resuming.

FRAWLEY

And then what?

CLAIRE

Then nothing. We just drove.

FRAWLEY

This was a passenger van?

CLAIRE

I went skiing in Vermont at Christmas, and we rented a Villager. I only remember because we called ourselves the Villager People. It was like that.

(nothing)

Yes. It was a passenger van.

FRAWLEY

And you never tried to escape?

CLAIRE

No.

FRAWLEY

They didn't say anything else to you?

CLAIRE

No.

(pause)

I didn't try to escape because they had guns.

FRAWLEY

(smiles reassuringly)

I understand.

(beat)

Then they let you go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Then they let me go.

Claire notices her hand shivering and can't control it.

FRAWLEY

That's the adrenaline getting out  
of your system. Its normal.

He drapes his jacket over her shoulders.

CLAIRE

Why did they take our *shoes*?

FRAWLEY

To keep you from running. Or  
kicking. Did you see Mr. Bearns  
activate the alarm?

CLAIRE

(beat)  
No.

Frawley reaches over, turns off his tape recorder.

FRAWLEY

When someone feels their life is  
in jeopardy it often has some  
residual effects.

CLAIRE

I haven't even cried.

FRAWLEY

You can expect some bursts of  
anxiety--you will definitely cry.  
(he smiles)  
If there's anything you're  
victim's witness specialist can't  
help with.

He offers his card.

CLAIRE

What are the chances that you'll  
catch them?

FRAWLEY

We're going to do everything we  
can.

CLAIRE

They have assault rifles and my  
drivers license. Can you please  
not give me the Dragnet answer?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

FRAWLEY

We have some very strong profiles  
for these subjects.

CLAIRE

That's the Dragnet answer.

He has to smile. Likes her, loosens up.

FRAWLEY

When an armed robbery call comes  
into the Boston Police, the first  
thing they have done, for the last  
hundred years-- is close the  
Charlestown bridge.

(gestures around)

There are four hundred bank  
robberies a year in Boston, more  
per capita, than anywhere in the  
world. The world. And one square  
mile generates *ninety percent* of  
the perpetrators: Charlestown.  
People in the Town have been  
handing it down like a trade- like  
glassblowing- longer than you or I  
have been alive. I don't  
understand it but it does make it  
easier when you know what bridge  
to close.

(beat, smiles)

Does that help?

CLAIRE

Not really.

FRAWLEY

Why is that?

CLAIRE

I moved to Charlestown three  
months ago.

Frawley sighs. Let's his head fall forward, a bit. Brings  
it back up.

FRAWLEY

Okay. Aside from me, you are the  
last person these subjects want to  
see. They don't want to see anyone  
who could link them to this. As  
such, you are probably the safest  
woman in the the Town right now.

(holds her look)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

But I will come check up on you  
which will make you completely  
radioactive to these people.

CLAIRE

Thank you.

DINO (PRE-LAP)

You took your time with her.

INT BANK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps shots of fallen ceiling  
concrete and a GAPING HOLE in the ceiling. Frawley walks  
through.

FRAWLEY

I'm very thorough.

Boston Police Detective DINO CIAMPA (50s), follows,  
grinning. FBI agents work alongside local police officers  
from the BPD. Dino and Frawley are similarly partnered.

DINO

They ran a Jack-In-The-Box. Worked  
a bypass and busted in overnight.

INT. TELLER CAGES - MOMENTS LATER

TECHNICIANS scan the walls with BLUE LASERS for prints.  
Frawley and Dino hold handkerchiefs to their noses.

DINO

Bleached the entire place for DNA.

They stop over the blood stain where the assistant  
manager fell.

DINO (CONT'D)

Silent bell came from cage two.  
(beat, so...)  
Assistant Manager's at Beth  
Israel.

Reveal a BOX OF ELECTRONICS SAVAGELY DISMANTLED.

DINO (CONT'D)

Those were the Verizon lines

Frawley takes in the exploded telephone wiring and then  
deadpans, (like the Verizon commercial):

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAWLEY

Can you hear me now?

DINO

Our guys let the time lock expire  
and had the manager open sesame.

FRAWLEY

(ruminating)

Even a ten foot steel safe, only  
as strong as the guy with the key.

THE VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

The busted cabinet is smeared with fingerprint dust.

Frawley, examines discarded stacks of cash. Holds up a  
bill with a thin magnetic TRACER STRIP attached.

FRAWLEY

Blew the dye packs. Even found the  
tracers.

DINO

Good pick. Three and a quarter?

Frawley's Blackberry goes off.

FRAWLEY

Three and a half.

(looks at berry)

Got the van. Torched.

DINO

Where is it?

FRAWLEY

Where do you think?

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE: "CHARLESTOWN."

Helicopter shot of Charlestown. We see the water. The  
bridge, the projects --all framing the MONUMENT at the  
heart of the neighborhood like a sundial.

The WORK VAN IS INCINERATED and surrounded by COPS

EXT. O'NEIL MEMORIAL ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

Establishing. Quiet outside the hockey rink. No cars in the lot. Few pedestrians.

INT. O'NEIL MEMORIAL ICE SKATING RINK - DAY

Doug enters. The rink is dark and ghostly.

He climbs the bleachers to a dark corner. Jem's knuckles are purple around his emerald-and-gold Claddagh ring.

JEM

So -- we're out clean. Nothing went sour until the end

Awkward silence. Attention on Gloansy.

GLOANSY

Won't happen again.

DOUG

It's all right.

JEM

I tell you what won't happen again.

Jem seems serious, which makes for tension in the group.

JEM (CONT'D)

That joint gets boosted again' Happy's keepin' his hand off the fuckin' buzzer.

Jem laughs. Gloansy laughs, panders:

GLOANSY

Four guys come in: Full body armor--Ak's--Skeletor masks. He decides that's the time to hit the fuckin' alarm? You gotta be fuckin' slow.

JEM

Lucky he just got tuned up.

DOUG

What's the magic number, Drago?

JEM

7-6-7-5-0. A piece.

Whistle from Dez.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEM (CONT'D)  
Minus some consecutives I  
incinerated. Plus ten off the top  
for the Florist.

We see a look from Doug on the Florist line.

JEM (CONT'D)  
Duggy's share is back at my place.  
You two...

Jem hands Dez and Gloansy ORANGE LOCKER KEYS.

JEM (CONT'D)  
Your pieces are out front. And  
anyone who's down--I known  
Gloansy's down--it's a laundry run  
to the reservation tonight.

He looks up to Doug.

JEM (CONT'D)  
Now what?

EXT. HOCKEY RINK PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Out in back of the rink. It should be evident that these  
two are old friends.

DOUG  
This shit with the Florist is  
gettin' old.

JEM  
Dig dug, do you think I would set  
us up for some bullshit? I'm  
buyin' us a marquee score down the  
line. If we need to make payments  
to get there we make payments.

DOUG  
Fuck makin' payments. We're takin'  
risks and breakin' him off for  
nothing.

JEM  
Don't let your pride get in front  
of your money now-- that's  
somethin' I learned.

DOUG  
Now you have money expertise you  
acquired I don't know about? I  
known you your whole life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

This pisses Jem off.

JEM  
Were you with me seven years in  
Walpole?

Doug knows how to unwind him.

DOUG  
What money did you have in  
Walpole?

JEM  
(laughing)  
Shut the fuck up.

DOUG  
Let me ask you something, are we  
gonna start takin' hostages now?

JEM  
We're doin' what we need to do,  
brother.

DOUG  
We don't need to be workin' with  
that piece of shit.

JEM  
Why do you hate money, Doug E.  
Fresh? You think he's a piece of  
shit? You can tell him tonight.

INT. FLORIST'S SHOP - NIGHT

Doug and Jem enter the shop. It is a dingy little hole.  
Jem moves in ahead of Doug who hangs back.

We find RUSTY (65) and FERGUS COLM (THE FLORIST) a sixty  
year old former boxer.

Jem approaches the counter and drops a plastic shopping  
bag on the counter. He reaches out and shakes Fergie's  
hand, deferentially.

JEM  
Fergie.

FERGIE  
How are ya, son?

Doug nods to Fergie from behind Jem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG  
How are ya, Fergie?

Evidently this was not sufficiently respectful.

FERGIE  
(provocative)  
How are you?

Doug doesn't want a confrontation.

DOUG  
Good.

Jem drops an envelope on the table.

JEM  
(re: money)  
Run that under the sink.

Fergie nods.

DOUG  
(to Fergie)  
Merry Christmas.

We're on Fergie as the door closes.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - LAUNDERING MONTAGE, MUSIC- NIGHT

--HIGH ENERGY SEQUENCE TO MUSIC. FRUITS OF THEIR LABOR.

--We see STOLEN CASH being exchanged for CHIPS

-- Roulette wheel. High stakes. Jem and Gloansy.

-- Doug at a Blackjack table. Dez comes up and tries to play. Doug starts losing and makes Dez leave.

-- Roulette wheel stops, Jem losing BIG this time. He points out a Hot Waitress to distract Gloansy and Dez -- then nicks chips from their dwindling stacks.

-- Doug hits 21. He rises, done, many chips in his tray.

They turn in their CHIPS FOR CLEAN MONEY

INT. FOXY LADY - FROM ABOVE - LATER

The four of them sitting around the stage -- three of them wasted -- smiling up at a sinuous STRIPPER.

Jem and Gloansy do cocaine with a stripper.

INT. FOXY LADY - LATER

Doug sits for a private lap dance.

EXT. BOSTON - DAWN

The guys make it back to Charlestown just as the sun crests the horizon.

EXT. BANK BOSTON (KENMORE SQUARE BRANCH) - DAY

A COMCAST CREW in a cherry picker examines the hacked junction box above the Kenmore Square bank.

Below, Frawley, Dino and the CREW CHIEF examine fresh wounds in a telephone pole: GOUGE MARKS left by a lineman's spikes.

CREW CHIEF

They obviously knew how to work the box but I like how they zapped the bipper to the back-up alarm to the D-4 Station.

FRAWLEY

How would you learn that?

The crew chief looks down -- realizing he's set himself up for an uncomfortable admission:

CREW CHIEF

Get a job at Comcast.

SAME - MOMENTS LATER

Dino and Frawley alone now, walking back to their cars.

FRAWLEY

Let's subpoena work logs, employee records. Start with everyone who lives in the Town.

ECU: Claire Keesey 321 Monument Ave Boston

And her Picture. Beautiful, even on her license.

EXT. MONUMENT AVE, CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - MAGIC HOUR

Doug is sitting up on the Bunker Hill Monument, holding Claire's license, looking down at her place. He watches as she leaves her house.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

On a long lens, back lit, that time of day she looks like nothing he has known--he is transfixed...

INT. THE TAP - NIGHT

Brick-walled, low-ceilinged. A dungeon of piss and beer.

Jem sees Doug.

JEM

This is my brother right here.

Jem puts his arm around, slightly drunk. Gloansy rolls over holding some drinks.

GLOANSY

There's the man.

JEM

Are we lucky or are we just good?

DOUG

Fuckin' A, we're the best.

Doug's heart is only half in this ritual.

JEM

Let me know when you man up and start drinkin' again, I'll fuckin' buy this place.

SAME - LATER

Doug at the bar, observing the scene without expression. KRISTA COUGHLIN (29) comes up and sits next to him.

KRISTA

I'm starting to feel old.

DOUG

Still look young.

KRISTA

I think we're being replaced.

DOUG

Maybe that's not a bad thing.

KRISTA

Not if you got somewhere to go.

(a long beat)

Fuck, we smoked it to the filter, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns to him.

KRISTA (CONT'D)  
You want me to come up later?

Doug smiles, maybe a little sad.

DOUG  
I'll be right back, Kris.

Doug stands and squeezes through the crowd of drinkers.  
He pushes through the front door...

EXT. TAP - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

...and out of the bar. He breathes in the fresh night air  
and moves off up the street.

EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Doug passes Claire's apartment on Monument Square and  
looks up to see the lights on. He stands and looks.

INT. DOUG'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

A KNOCK.

Doug, barefoot, in boxers, pads into the hall to listen.  
He sees a shadow in the stripe of light beneath the door.

KRISTA (O.S.)  
Dug-ggy.

Her voice is bar-hoarse and bourbon-rich. The knocking  
becomes a cat-like NAIL-SCRATCHING.

KRISTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I know you're in there...

The door moves faintly, her body against it. He puts his  
hand on the opposite side, holding it still.

KRISTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You don't want to fuck me?

He glances over at his sofa -- where the armrest has  
GROOVES where Krista's NAILS have made their mark.

KRISTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(singing lightly)  
How do you want to fuck me  
Duggggggy?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(whispers)  
I'll let you do it.

Then, mercifully, she gives up and retreats down the stairs; her shadow slipping back...

EXT. MONUMENT SQUARE - DAY

The morning sun is brilliant in the city. Doug sits in his car outside Claire's apartment.

Her front door opens and she exits, cap brim low, trundling a basket of laundry.

Angle on Doug: thinking...

INT. JAY'S ON THE CORNER LAUNDROMAT - MINUTES LATER

The bell above the door jingles as Doug pushes through hefting a sack of laundry over his shoulder. He sneaks a glance at a bank of washers Claire is filling with clothes.

SAME - LATER

Doug feigning interest in a newspaper, watching Claire's back as she folds a load of clean whites. They are alone but for the Greek proprietor and an Old Woman watching TV.

Claire heads to a CHANGE DISPENSER in back. Over and over, she tries to feed it a crumpled dollar bill.

Tentatively, Doug approaches with a fistful of quarters. But as he nears, the dispenser accepts her dollar and rattles out four quarters -- leaving him stranded. She returns to folding her laundry.

Doug takes a deep breath -- gathering his courage.

DOUG  
(to her back)  
Excuse me?

She turns fast, startled to see him there.

There are TEARS IN HER EYES, she tries to smile again.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
You all right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

I'm fine.

With Doug hovering, she scoops the rest of a load from the dryer, dumping her clothes into the basket and beelining for the front door.

CROSS FADE TO:

DRYERS

Still churning around him, Doug sits in a bucket seat. A figure stands above him; it's Claire.

CLAIRE

Excuse me, hi. Hello?

DOUG

Oh, hey -- how are you?

CLAIRE

Really embarrassed. I wanted to apologize...

DOUG

No, no. You got nothing to apologize for.

CLAIRE

I'm having a really bad month, and it all kind of hit me at once.

DOUG

No problem at all.

Some of her remaining clothes sit folded on the table.

CLAIRE

Anyway -- thanks for the quarters, and pulling my clothes out. And --

DOUG

No problem.

(steps after her)

Maybe, maybe you can let me buy you a drink? I don't even know what that means but people say it-

She looks up at him, wasn't expecting this. Says nothing.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Not now. It's ten thirty in the morning. At a normal time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She's not saying anything.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I actually don't even drink  
myself. I don't mind if you do.  
Or we can get dinner.

CLAIRE  
Uh.

DOUG  
This is why I've never done the  
public ask out before.

CLAIRE  
No, I just wasn't expecting this.  
Dinner?

DOUG  
That's what I was going for.  
(beat)  
But I could also just put some  
more quarters in the machine and  
mind my business, too.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD, CHARLESTOWN - SUNSET

The baseball field is underneath the Tobin bridge. Jem,  
Doug, Dez and Gloansy in the empty stands.

JEM  
When somethin's your job, that's  
your job. Are you gonna not go to  
work the next day?

DEZ  
None of you ever go to work except  
me.

DOUG  
I got two things I'm looking at, a  
Newton thing and a just over here  
thing two miles away thing.

GLOANSY  
Newton's a fuckin' haul in a  
chase.

DOUG  
Bread truck is waist high in  
Newton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEM

I don't give a fuck. Let's fire  
one of 'em up.

DOUG

Have you even stashed your money  
yet?

(looks to Gloansy)  
Mailboxes etcetera don't count.

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The buzzer is ringing. She opens the door. Its Frawley

FRAWLEY

May I come in?

JUMP TO- ONE MINUTE LATER-

They are coming upstairs, she is talking fast.

CLAIRE

I've been doing better, actually.  
It finally happened, like you  
said. My breakdown. In a  
Laundromat of all places...

FRAWLEY

Good. It gets easier now.

CLAIRE

So is there any progress?

FRAWLEY

I think so, yes.

Frawley sits her down on the couch, kindly:

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Tell me about the Laundromat.

Claire lets some of her angst go.

CLAIRE

There was this guy in there, he  
was really nice and he asked me  
out. I just said yes, sort of in  
the moment. He's a furniture  
mover or something, I don't know.  
I'm not sure I'll go.

FRAWLEY

Oh... good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Not the story he was looking for.

INT. NORTH END RESTAURANT - LATER

Claire and Doug at dinner. Slightly awkward.

DOUG

So, now, where are you from?

CLAIRE

I grew up in Canton.

DOUG

Canton. Nice out there.

CLAIRE

It's okay.

Their WAITER arrives with their dinner.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What kind of work do you do?

DOUG

Demolition. Well, the owner named the company 'Sky Makers' -- like every time we knock down a building we're really 'making sky.' But the truth is I hit big cinder-blocks with little cinder-blocks and at the end of the day I punch a card and slide down the back of a brontosaurus like Barney Rubble.

(beat)

And we make more dust than sky.

CLAIRE

Don't sugarcoat it for me.

He laughs.

DOUG

What about you?

CLAIRE

I'm a manager at a bank.

DOUG

Oh, Yeah? That's a good job.

(off her grimace)

You don't like it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

I did...

DOUG

Not anymore?

Doug wishes he had that question back.

CLAIRE

We were robbed, last week. They were waiting for us inside. Made us take off our shoes. I don't know why I'm stuck on that, But now I'm barefoot in all my dreams.

DOUG

But you weren't hurt.

CLAIRE

No. David was. My assistant manager. The silent alarm went off and they...assaulted him.

DOUG

They did that because of a silent alarm?

She avoids answering. Then, softly yet plain:

CLAIRE

They took me with them. I thought I was going to die. They let me out at the beach in east Boston-- where the planes come in.

(beat)

The FBI agent told me this would feel like I was in mourning.

DOUG

So you're working with the FBI?

CLAIRE

This ne guy, he's been great.

DOUG

He what, he calls you, checks in?

CLAIRE

Yeah.

DOUG

Are you happy with the investigation? Progress? Suspects?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

I'm not sure that's the kind of thing that makes you happy.

DOUG

They haven't talked to you about that?

CLAIRE

Not beyond telling me that all robbery investigations, evidently, begin in Charlestown.

DOUG

The FBI said that?

CLAIRE

To that effect.

DOUG

They don't see you as a suspect, do they?

CLAIRE

No. Why would they?

DOUG

Just, you said they hurt this other guy and they let you go...

CLAIRE

No. I wouldn't say that's the dynamic between me and the investigator right now.

DOUG

Just be careful.

(beat)

Do you have a lawyer?

CLAIRE

No.

It becomes clear how much this is wearing on Claire by her silence.

DOUG

You know what? We can not even talk about this.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG

No- no It's my fault. I should  
keep my mouth shut. I don't even  
know the story.

A quiet beat passes between them.

CLAIRE

Anyway, that's why I was crying in  
the laundromat. And why I'm not  
loving my job so much these days.

(beat)

The health insurance sucks too.

She smiles.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Doug and Claire walk across the bridge back home to  
Charlestown.

CLAIRE

So all this time I had been  
thinking, "I found the cutest  
apartment, cheap, close to work-  
there has to be a catch" Turns out  
the neighborhood was built around  
a prison years back and the  
inmates families moved in. So here  
I am, living in a prison  
community, known for unsolved  
killings and armed robberies.

DOUG

Yeah...that's a catch. But I don't-  
-who told you all that?

CLAIRE

The FBI.

DOUG

The FBI told you that.

Did she offend him?

CLAIRE

I had asked how one small place  
had so many robbers and murders- I  
mean not everyone here's a bad  
person...

They walk in silence for a moment. Then Doug speaks  
without looking at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

When I was a kid we used to go for ice cream, at Wizards across from JJ's bar--where all the big armed car guys hung out-- they were like rock stars here. All we ever saw were the cars and pretty girls... You heard all about the jobs they ran and the houses they had up Billerica, Winthrop... There were a lot of kids in that ice cream parlor, faces pressed to the glass, couldn't wait to grow up and be like the big guys--some did, some went another way. I was scared of those guys. I just wanted to play hockey.

(that's enough)

But it's all condos here now.

CLAIRE

All us immigrants from the suburbs.

DOUG

The neighborhood's gone to pot!

CLAIRE

Easy Lou Dobbs.

EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT, MONUMENT SQUARE - LATER

Having said their good-byes, Doug watches Claire go inside the foyer and unlock the inner door, she turns back one more time and WAVES to DOUG. He WAVES back. Stands there for a beat and mutters:

DOUG

What the fuck am I doing?

INT. WARREN TAVERN - AFTERNOON

Different date, different guy.

A colonial-era pub, crowded and upscale. Claire and Frawley sit by the window.

CLAIRE

You know, somebody warned me that I shouldn't talk to you without a lawyer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAWLEY  
Somebody from Charlestown, right?

CLAIRE  
How'd you know?

He considers how to answer this, then:

FRAWLEY  
It epitomizes the character of  
this place--- suspicious,  
parochial, clannish and rude. I  
get cursed at every time I walk  
into a 7-11, like I'm the bad guy.  
This isn't a very civil  
libertarian thing to say but in my  
experience the only people who  
lawyer up are guilty. Whoever your  
friend is, he did something.

BLACKBERRY GOES OFF. He looks at it. Nasal exhale.

CLAIRE  
What?

FRAWLEY  
Stick up. Chelsea Credit Union.

He shows her his BLACKBERRY IMAGE: A JPEG STILL of the  
SECURITY CAMERA--GUY AT A TELLER WINDOW WITH A .22.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)  
(flips it off)  
What would we do without Chelsea?

CLAIRE  
So, can I ask you a professional  
question and you'll tell me the  
truth.

FRAWLEY  
Depends on the question.

CLAIRE  
Am I a suspect?

FRAWLEY  
(surprised, amused)  
A suspect? Would I ask you out if  
I thought you were a suspect?

CLAIRE  
I don't know. Would you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRAWLEY

Not if I wanted a conviction.

CLAIRE

I might be seeing someone already.

FRAWLEY

The piano mover? The guy in the  
Laundromat?

He smiles when he sees, by her reaction, that it is.

CLAIRE

What's so funny? He's...

FRAWLEY

No, good. That's good.

CLAIRE

He's not a piano mover. And  
anyway, aren't there FBI rules...?

FRAWLEY

Against dating the vic? There is  
a rule.

(forces a smile, wry)  
It's not, uh..you don't do it.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Frawley sits at his desk, an array of STILL PHOTOS from  
the bank's security cameras spread out before him.

DINO (O.C.)

Look at this.

Dino stands over Frawley's desk, extending a piece of  
paper towards him. Frawley grabs it.

FRAWLEY

(reading)  
Desmond Elden.

DINO

Works at Comcast. Never seen the  
inside of a jail cell.

FRAWLEY

Great. Should we send a gift?

DINO

These guys get no show jobs,  
right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DINO (CONT'D)

So when they rob a bank, we go to the foreman he says 'oh yeah guy was here yesterday' and shows us a forged time card. But they can't play them games at comcast because it's a public company--they have actual rules. If you don't show up to work it's a recorded sick day. And 'Dezzy' has some interesting sick days.

He names banks that were robbed, the dates of the robberies coincide with Dez's sick days. He holds up 8X10 surveillance stills taken from each of the robberies.

DINO (CONT'D)

Bank Boston, Strong Armored, Arlington Brinks and... Kenmore Sovereign.

Frawley can't quite believe it.

FRAWLEY

Jesus Christ.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - HARD TO TELL

An AA/NA meeting. A SPEAKER shares his story.

While his story goes, we push through the attendees, coming to rest on DOUG. Speaker points to woman in front.

SPEAKER

That's Janice, she's my wife. She's right there. Anyway, I was dying. But I was hardheaded and I didn't think it could change. Like the guy at the bar-- he sees a priest pull up a chair. The guy says to the Priest, "I hate to do this to you but you're wasting you're time. I know for a fact there is no God." Priest says, "How is that?" He says, "Because I was an explorer at the north pole. I got lost in a storm once, I was blinded and freezing to death and I prayed, if there is a God, save my life, but God didn't come." The Priest looks at him confused and says, "but you're alive...God saved you." Guy says, "God? God never showed up.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Some Eskimo came along and took me  
back to his camp."

(reaction)

That's what happened. I met  
Janice. She's my Eskimo.

On Doug.

EXT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Doug pulls up outside and DOUBLE PARKS. He heads toward's  
her door when she EMERGES FROM IT, surprising him.

DOUG

Hey, I was just stopping by to see  
you.

Claire is slightly taken aback, obviously this wasn't  
planned, but not completely unwelcome.

CLAIRE

Hi. Were we supposed to?

DOUG

No, I just wanted to stop by.  
Thought maybe we could go out and  
do something, spur of the moment.  
Whatever.

CLAIRE

Oh, I'm actually on my way out.

DOUG

I can come with you if you want. I  
don't know what you're doing but--  
I can give you a ride, it's a nice  
day, I got nowhere to go.

He smiles. She looks at him.

CLAIRE

Okay.

INT. DOUG'S AVALANCHE - MOMENTS LATER

They get in.

CLAIRE

Wow.

He recognizes her look as amusement. He feels the sudden  
sting of foolishness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

This is not a work truck that  
looks as though its been on the  
job site recently.

DOUG

I keep it clean for re-sale.

CLAIRE

My car is going to be jealous.

DOUG

I figured I would get the Prius  
lecture eventually.

CLAIRE

How did you know I drove a Prius.

Whoops. A few beats for him to come up with something.

DOUG

That wasn't your Prius I've seen  
by the apartment?

CLAIRE

I guess so.

(beat)

I thought maybe you'd been spying  
on me.

DOUG

Where we going?

CLAIRE

Mass General.

Doug realizes this might be bad for him.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A hospital hallway. Claire leading. Doug sees that she  
seems more nervous than he is.

DOUG

You seem worried about something.

CLAIRE

I don't like hospitals. My brother  
died in one.

DOUG

When was this?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

I was young. He was little. He had lymphoma.

Before Doug can come up with something to say in response, he sees they are coming up on a COP sitting in a chair outside a room. Doug slows.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

It won't take long. I promise.

DOUG

It's fine, I can wait out here.

CLAIRE

No, meet him.

INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David Bearns propped up against an avalanche of pillows, gauze and bandaging masking his face..

Doug stays put while Claire crosses the room and kisses his cheek.

CLAIRE

I wish you had let me bring you *something*, David.

BEARNS

Uh, people bring so much clutter -- it's like, what am I supposed to do with balloons? Make animals?

CLAIRE

(pulling up chair)  
So they're hopeful?

BEARNS

Well, hopeful means I may recover fifty percent of my sight in this eye. I just want to get back to work.

CLAIRE

Really? Back to work?

BEARNS

God, yes. Preferable to large print sudoku.

CLAIRE

That's the last place I want to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEARNS

Well, you have memories, sweetie.  
The one inconvenience I was  
spared.

DOUG

I'm gonna leave you guys alone.

Doug does an awkward wave, as he retreats to the doorway.

BEARNS

I won't keep her long. But we *will*  
talk about you.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Claire exits and Doug catches up to her. They walk.

DOUG

Your friend got a tough break.

Claire says something he doesn't catch. Doug realizes she  
has stopped, turns back to her.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What?

CLAIRE

It was me. I hit the alarm. He  
just doesn't remember.

She lets go.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

The FBI instructions are very  
clear, we're told to hit the alarm  
when the 'subjects' are *still in*  
*the bank*. That's what I did.

(emotional)

I could have told them it was me  
but I let it happen. Because I  
was scared.

DOUG

Hitting an alarm during an armed  
robbery is brave. There aren't too  
many people who do that.

(quieter)

And there was nothin' you could do  
to help your friend.

CLAIRE

Should I tell the FBI?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

No. No. Cops are just people. They just want to find a bad guy so they can go home and nuke their supper. And usually whoever's runnin' their mouth the most.

CLAIRE

I should hire a lawyer.

DOUG

I think you need to try to let this go Claire

CLAIRE

I have to, I know.

She looks at him and smiles, recovering a bit.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

DOUG

Guidance through the justice system is how we show affection in Charlestown.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They're now at dinner. A WAITER refills Doug's glass with water and Claire's with WINE.

CLAIRE

(re:wine)

Are you sure this doesn't bother you?

DOUG

No, it's fine.

CLAIRE

But you don't drink?

DOUG

Nope.

CLAIRE

Don't like to talk about it?

DOUG

Uh, not really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

If you're worried about making a bad impression-- I've seen your truck. How much worse can it get?

He laughs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Your life didn't go well with alcohol. You can say that.

He exhales a little. Okay.

DOUG

I don't mind telling you my life didn't go well with oxycontin and cocaine...but I wouldn't mind talking about something else now, either.

(beat)

And I really don't know what you have against my truck.

CLAIRE

(smiles)

Okay.

(beat, teasing)

What about your family? You can't shut it down on the family, too--

DOUG

What are you talking about? I'm an open book.

He smiles.

DOUG (CONT'D)

My mother left when I was six. My father, uh, we don't talk. He lives in the suburbs.

CLAIRE

Your mother left when you were six?

DOUG

Yeah.

CLAIRE

That's terrible. What happened?

Doug goes back to his food.

DOUG

She left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

Doug, I just want to know about something that tells me who you are. If I can't know that I don't know what I'm doing here.

Doug just looks at her. Then he starts talking.

DOUG

I just turned six. This noise woke me up in the morning. I thought it was an animal maybe. I'd never heard what a man sounded like just, you know, crying.. When I saw my father in the kitchen all I remember is the ashtray. Looked like he'd been through a hundred cigarettes. Ash like a little mountain. He had stopped crying and he was sitting there watching TV on our little black and white with no sound. I think he just didn't know what else to do. He saw me standing in the doorway and he just goes, "your mother left. She's not comin' back." Just like that. Smokin' cigarettes and eatin a tv dinner at six in the mornin'.

(beat)

We lost our dog the year before. I thought "lost" was a place people went. I wanted to make these posters so if she was lost she could call us like they did when someone found our dog. To this day my father will tell you he helped me make those posters. But he didn't. He sat there and drank a case of beer and I went around by myself on school street asking people if they seen my mother. I always assumed she went off and started another family somewhere and knowing my father-- I don't blame her.

Claire doesn't know what to say. We see she is extremely moved.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Glad I told that story... Now you're never gonna call me.

(realizes)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG (CONT'D)

Did I just say, "now you're never gonna call me?" How did I turn into Sex and the City all of a sudden?

She laughs, breaking the tension.

CLAIRE

I'll call you, believe me.

DOUG

Well, that's good.

CLAIRE

At the very least I need someone to walk me home at night.

DOUG

No...Charlestown's pretty safe in terms of street crime.

She sighs.

CLAIRE

Guess I'm just lucky-- or maybe I attract the right kind of people.

DOUG

What kind of people?

CLAIRE

I didn't even want to say anything. I didn't want you think i was some kind of crime magnet.

DOUG

If you can't tell me, I don't know what I'm doing here.

She smiles.

CLAIRE

I'm fine. I came out of store twenty-four and these guys came grabbed me and kind of shoved me and were grabbing for my purse but the store owner saw it and started yelling-- and I'm at the point where I felt like, "I've been in the big leagues, you guys are JV criminals" and they ran off and I went home and went to bed.

The look on Doug's face is as deadly serious as we've seen him. She realizes this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'm fine. It just scared me.

DOUG  
No, it's not fine.

He lifts her sleeve and sees she has a LONG SCRAPE/CUT on her arm that is ugly from where she was manhandled.

CLAIRE  
Doug, *I'm* fine. I'm just going through a lot.

DOUG  
Did you get a look at, uh, either of their faces?

INT. JEM'S APARTMENT - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Doug walks in. Jem is watching television.

DOUG  
I'm asking for your help. I can't tell you why, you can never ask me about it after and it involves hurting people.

Jem stares at him, eyes thoughtful.

JEM  
Whose car we gonna take?

EXT. MISHUAM PROJECTS - NIGHT

Doug and Jem cruise slowly through the project streets. People are out, standing around their cars.

JEM  
Like little reddish hair? Reddish brown? Puerto Rican kid?

DOUG  
Yeah.

JEM  
Yup, Agarid Colazzo, Alex they call him. Hangs with a big fat kid all the time.

The slowly cruise around another corner and pull to a STOP outside one particular UNIT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEM (CONT'D)  
Top floor, apartment B.

The pull out Baklava MASKS, jump out of the car and grab a SLEDGEHAMMER from the trunk.

INT. ALEX COLAZZO'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

We are at the stairway landing. Doug and Jem arrive, don masks, and quickly step up to the door.

DOUG  
Alex!

He raps on the metal door.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Alex!

From within.

ALEX  
What?!

The door cracks, Alex is about to look through using the chain but Jem HITS IT with the SLEDGEHAMMER-- sending ALEX SPRAWLING BACK into his apartment.

Doug and Jem seamlessly continue their momentum and rush through behind the door.

INT. ALEX COLAZZO'S APARTMENT, INSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Jem removes an EXPANDABLE METAL STICK and uses it to CRACK the FAT FRIEND of Alex's across the face as he emerges to help.

Doug is all over Alex, punching and stomping him. It is a very fast, brutal flurry of violence that is more a beating than a fight--despite the fact that if anything, Jem and Doug are outsized.

Jem and Doug let up--they stand heaving and sweating over the two thugs and their demolished apartment.

Jem opens a bag of WHITE POWDER and THROWS some on ALEX's FACE and SCATTERS THE REST ON THE FLOOR.

JEM  
Another deal gone 'sour' for yous  
two.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DOUG

Lets go.

Jem is looking at Alex.

DOUG (CONT'D)

C'mon, we're done.

Jem isn't done. He seems curious about Alex.

JEM

(to Alex)

What did you do?

Alex says nothing, his face is a bloody mess--it's all he can do to keep one eye open and hope this ends soon.

JEM (CONT'D)

You hurt my friend? This is my  
brother right here. I would die  
for this motherfucker right here.  
You hurt him?

Jem's gun comes out.

ALEX

No! No! I aint' do nothin'.

JEM

Yes you did.

ALEX

Chill.

JEM

Don't tell me to chill.

He aims the gun at Alex's head.

DOUG

Easy.

JEM

What did you do?

ALEX

Nothin!

BOOM! Jem shoots him in the thigh. Alex HOWLS!

JEM

There goes college soccer!

BOOM! BOOM! Two shots in the other leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEM (CONT'D)  
You're fucked up now.

Jem puts the gun to Alex's head.

JEM (CONT'D)  
What did you do?

DOUG  
No!

Doug grabs Jem and the gun. Looks at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Let's go. Now!

Jem turns to both of the thugs, thinks for a beat and takes off his mask.

JEM  
You know who I am? Go tell the  
cops. 'Cause I know who you are,  
too.

He shakes Doug off him.

JEM (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

INT. JEM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The drive in silence. Neither man looking at the other.  
The city rolling by at night. Four CRUISERS ZOOM BY the  
other way, lights off.

DOUG  
I don't need to be up there  
killin' people.

JEM  
You called me.

DISSOLVE TO BRIGHT SUNLIGHT

EXT. CHARLESTOWN GARDENS - DAY

Claire is gardening in her plot. Doug is watching from  
behind the fence. They have been talking there.

DOUG  
Five years since they made these  
you're the first person I know who  
uses one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Do you think that reflects more on me or on you?

DOUG

Oh, me, definitely. Embarrassing because I'm a big fan of flowers.

CLAIRE

Really, which kind?

She is kneeling in the garden and the top of her UNDERWEAR is revealed above her jeans. The underwear have LILACS on them.

DOUG

Lilacs.

She half smiles half laughs but doesn't jump up.

CLAIRE

Me, too.

(puts down tools)

I'm at the point where I've started having dreams about you.

She stands, brushing away dirt, moving to him.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I dreamt you worked at the bank. In one we were both barefoot and then you were six years old. You're a little boy in a lot of them. The thing is-- you're never a real person. You never have any context. You're just vapor. And it made me realize, I know you really well but you're not real. It's like I invented you. Are you real Doug?

DOUG

I think so.

CLAIRE

All I have is a cell number. It's like al-Qaeda. I don't have your address, no house to drive past and torment myself and wonder, 'is he home?'

DOUG

You mean you want references?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

No. I want to do what girls do:  
subtly go through your things. I  
want to rifle your medicine  
cabinet, stand for five minutes in  
your closet. Am I crazy? Are you  
married?

DOUG

(laughs)  
Am I married? No.

CLAIRE

Well? That's what I mean.  
(beat)  
Just tell me if I'm making a  
mistake, Doug. I'll still make it.  
I just want to know.

DOUG

No.

She holds his look.

CLAIRE

Okay. You promised.

DOUG

Be nice wouldn't it? No past, no  
history. Meet each other for the  
first time every day?

She smiles extends her hand.

CLAIRE

Claire.

DOUG

Doug.  
(beat)  
No chemistry.

She pushes him. He uses that as an opportunity to put his  
arms around her, swallowing her up, in a wide shot we see  
them in the garden.

EXT. COUGHLIN TRIPLE-DECKER (BACKYARD) - DAY

LONG SHOT of our crew barbecuing in the backyard.

Doug and Jem sit on the steps of the back porch; Gloansy  
tends the grill; Krista and Joanie are in lawn chairs  
near SHYNE (2) Krista's daughter, who clamors around a  
play pen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dez pushes through the back door with an arm-load of beers. Jem snatches one of them, and as Dez descends the steps, we FREEZE-FRAME on him and hear:

The CLICK OF A CAMERA SHUTTER...

DINO (O.S.)  
Desmond Elden.

CUT TO:

INT. MINI-VAN - CONTINUOUS

Behind tinted windows, Dino snaps photos with a long-lens camera and Frawley watches through binoculars.

DINO (O.S.)  
Systems tech at Comcast.

BACK TO BARBECUE

Jem takes a swallow from his beer, then turns and says something to Krista.

DINO (O.S.)  
James Coughlin. Killed a drug dealer over a girl with when he was nineteen. Served seven for manslaughter. Father killed in prison. Mother died HIV. Left him and the sister this three-banger. He's your prototype. Townie; lifer, killer, shithhead. These guys plan and execute with sophistication and discipline-- and you know that ain't Coughlin. We think the architect is his best friend- Douglas MacRay.

CLICK. FREEZE on tight shot of Doug.

INT. FBI OFFICE (CONFERENCE ROOM) - DAY

The FBI's ARMED ROBBERY TASK FORCE is gathered around a table in a conference room. FIVE OTHER GUYS listen to Frawley and Dino's presentation.

Surveillance photos, mug shots, and rap sheets litter the table, wall, A VIDEO WALL, full multi-media.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAWLEY

Mac senior got life for the Dunbar job where Steven Burke executed both guards. Young MacRay did eight months easy for going over the counter of a BayBank with a nailgun after he washed out from pro hockey.

COP

Pro hockey?

DINO

He was a big deal for a minute. Got drafted, went to camp but-- here's a shocker he started fightin' guys and gettin' high.

COPS

No!!

Cops: "Not a Boston kid!" "A Townie!"

DINO

Got booted-- came home and joined the family business.

Laughter. Dino places a PHOTO of Gloansy up.

DINO (CONT'D)

Last is: Alfred Magloan. Only in Boston is a guy named "Alfred MacGloan." Never walked by a car he didn't boost--Alfred's one of these kids can start your Cherokee for you while you're standin' there lookin' for your keys.

FRAWLEY

We're a long way from a grand jury but if those aren't our guys--  
(thinks what to say)  
...I will make love with Dino.

Laughter. Dino rolls his eyes. Guys start moving.

DINO

Is that supposed to be a win for me?

CUT TO:

EXT. COUGHLIN TRIPLE-DECKER (BACKYARD) - BACK IN TIME

Back to the barbecue. We're closer on them now.

A TEENAGER hops the back fence and walks toward them.

TEENAGER

Didn't see nothin' inside. Tint on  
the windows is black as fuck. But  
the antenna's base's quarter inch  
thick.

He makes a ring with his fingers the like a sand dollar.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

Feebie, son.

DOUG

God damn it.

GLOANSY

You sure?

DOUG

Yeah. Statie and BPD are thinner.

JEM

That *fucking* bank manager.

DOUG

What could she say? What? There  
were four of us?

JEM

You tell me, then.

DOUG

Maybe we pushed the phone stuff  
too hard.

DEZ

Now it's the phones...

DOUG

We gotta bench the other thing.

JEM

Why?

DOUG

The FBI's down the corner. Besides  
that, we're good..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEM

That's right. They think we're goin' dark now. We come over the top.

DOUG

Okay look, it's not even prepped. Let me keep working I'll tell you when. For now, let's not be seen with each other if we can help it.

EXT. PIZZERIA - DUSK

Claire and Doug share a pizza in a Boston Pizzeria. His is plain. Hers in Hawaiian, pineapple and sausage.

CLAIRE

So, I've been telling my friends all about you.

This is not Doug's favorite thing to hear.

DOUG

Oh yeah? All good things I hope.

CLAIRE

Mostly good.

DOUG

(smiles)  
What do they say?

Her momentary pause tells Doug the answer. Of course.

DOUG (CONT'D)

They can't believe your luck. You moved to Charlestown snagged a rock breaking Townie. Couldn't even snag one that owned a scratch ticket store?

CLAIRE

No...They just think it's a rebound. I'm like, rebound from what? The robbery? Anyway, I feel sort of estranged from them now. I think that's what they're picking up on. I've changed. I can feel it. They still have this, carelessness- which I sort of envy but at the same time I hardly understand anymore. It feels like I'm leaving them behind.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DOUG

I know what you mean.

People walk by. We feel the day outside.

CLAIRE

My brother died on a day like  
this. I was holding his hand.

The sun is bright through the shop.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Now on really sunny days I think  
about someone dying. That's wrong,  
isn't it?

DOUG

I'm sure he'd be glad you're  
thinking of him.

She smiles, the mood is melancholy but they are no less  
connected to one another.

Doug gestures to the pizza, the cafe, the day.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm having a good time. This is a  
good day.

She sets her napkin on the table, pushing back her chair.

CLAIRE

Good. Then you'll miss me while  
I'm gone.

Claire disappears inside to the bathroom. Doug sits  
back, tipping his chair, looking up at a jet trail in the  
sky.

Someone pokes him in the back of the neck.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Money, Bitch.*

Doug tenses -- but notices the rest of the diners eat  
calmly. He turns and sees that it's Jem.

JEM

I froze you.

Doug glances hard at the pizzeria door.

JEM (CONT'D)

What're you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jem steps over the low fence, drops into Claire's seat.

DOUG  
(watching the door)  
What?

JEM  
Fuck is this? Who you here with?

Jem scoops up Claire's slice and bites in.

DOUG  
No one.

JEM  
No one?

Jem picks up Claire's lemonade glass. He puts his lips on her straw and SUCKS.

JEM (CONT'D)  
What is this?

Doug peels off two twenties, making to stand. He sees the pizza is "Hawaiian" pineapple and sausage.

JEM (CONT'D)  
Is this yours?

DOUG  
You wanna get outta here?

JEM  
Naw, naw, I'm cool. Let me get a beer.

The door opens and Claire steps back outside. Doug goes deaf -- the sound of the ballpark drowning all else, like a passing jet. Without sound, Claire's lips say, "Hi."

"Hey," says Jem, chewing. He surrenders his seat with a flourish -- SOUND RETURNING to Doug's ears.

CLAIRE  
I'm Claire.

JEM  
Jem.

CLAIRE  
Jim?

JEM  
Jem. Just Jem.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Claire nods, turning to Doug for help.

JEM (CONT'D)  
I'm a friend of this loser. He  
lives with me. Not *with me*,  
domestic partners. Above me, my  
house. Third floor of my house.

Claire sits staring across the table at silent Doug.

JEM (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I saw the Avalanche parked  
around the corner.  
(to Doug)  
I told you that thing stands out.

Doug flashes to Jem, realizes he has been following him.

CLAIRE  
The Avalanche?

JEM  
His truck. The work truck. Duggy's  
quite the worker.

CLAIRE  
You two have been friends a long  
time?

JEM  
Like brothers. Since we were six.  
But he never breathed a word about  
you, the secrets with this one.

CLAIRE  
I'm sorry, did you say your name  
was *Jim* or *Gem*?

JEM  
Both actually. Teachers always  
used to say, 'You can have this  
one, he's a real *gem*.' It kind of  
stuck.

Claire smiles

JEM (CONT'D)  
So what do you do for yourself  
there, Claire?

Claire takes up her lemonade. Her lips move to the  
straw. She takes a long draw as Doug looks on, helpless.

CLAIRE  
I work in a bank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JEM

Oh yeah? Which one?

CLAIRE

Kenmore Square.

JEM

Wasn't that the one -- ?

CLAIRE

We were robbed, yeah

JEM

Yeah I read about that. So how'd you two meet?

CLAIRE

Um... we met in a Laundromat.

JEM

Love among the bleach. Happens more than you think.

Doug dead-staring at Jem now. No cracks in Jem's facade.

JEM (CONT'D)

Don't you trust a word he says, Claire.

CLAIRE

You mean he's not *really* an astronaut?

JEM

Well, -- that one's true. We're in the space program. So if you got any friends interested in -- manned exploration, preferably redheads.

CLAIRE

I'll let them know.

JEM

Don't get too used to your life of leisure here. Duggy -- he's a real workaholic...

Jem's smile vanishes a moment under his dead eyes as he rises to leave.

JEM (CONT'D)

... always taking his work home with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Claire watches him go. She turns to Doug.

CLAIRE

I guess you haven't been telling  
all *your* friends about me.

DOUG

Not that one, anyway.

He tried to smile it off. She reaches for her lemonade  
again, but this time DOUG TAKES THE GLASS from her hand.

INT. JEM'S BASEMENT - DAY

A dank stone cellar of weeping walls. The CLANK of iron  
on iron. The basement has been made into a weight room.

Doug comes down the stairs, seeing Jem doing presses.

Jem sits up, veins swollen in his forearms. He sees Doug  
and drops a curling bar.

DOUG

You got something to say, say it  
now.

JEM

That's my line here.

DOUG

That was a mistake coming over  
there.

JEM

Me?? You're at fuckin' Stefani's  
pizza with the witness from our  
armed robbery!

DOUG

Relax. I know what I'm doing.

JEM

Duggy, if you fuck up in this  
life, there are consequences. And  
you're fuckin' up.

Jem holds Doug's look.

JEM (CONT'D)

Is it over?

DOUG

Don't worry about me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEM

I am worried about you,  
motherfucker. You're tryin' to get  
me incarcerated and you're slow  
rollin' this other deal, too.

DOUG

I haven't been slow rollin' shit.

JEM

This pussy must be *tight*. It got  
you on a three week bender and you  
don't even drink. But don't let it  
be some five week delay pussy and  
*really* don't let it be some get-  
your-boys-in-the Lewisberg pussy  
neither!!

In the face of Jem's anger Doug gets Zen.

DOUG

We got heat on us right now and  
this shit takes time to get right.

JEM

We got heat on us, lets start  
fuckin' all the witnesses. I'm  
blowin' the assistant manager. Did  
I forget to tell you?

DOUG

Fuck you. You want to take over,  
you're welcome to start.

JEM

Douggy, no one needs to know  
you're fuckin' her and no one  
needs to know you're puttin' hits  
out on Puerto Ricans for her  
neither. So get off your ass and  
set it up.

Doug turn on Jem, gives in to anger.

DOUG

Jem. It's been set up. You got  
such a fuckin' hard on to go?  
We'll go tomorrow.

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doug enters Claire's apartment, she sees him arrive on  
the top step. He sees her and has a slightly off look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
What?

DOUG  
Nothing?

CLAIRE  
What is it?

He says this plainly and honestly.

DOUG  
It's just-- every time I see you I  
keep thinking I've exaggerated in  
my mind how beautiful you are and  
you can't really look *that* amazing  
in real life. But then I see you--  
and...you do.

CLAIRE  
That is...a great line. How girls  
are there in Charlestown whose  
hearts were broken with that line?

He laughs.

DOUG  
None.  
(beat)  
They're in Brighton and Malden and  
suburban areas.

She moves toward the back and throws the line over her  
shoulder:

CLAIRE  
I saw your picture yesterday.

This slows him. His instinct kicks in.

DOUG  
Sure it was me?

CLAIRE  
Pretty sure, yeah.

He holds her look. She's giving him nothing.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Why do you look horrified. It  
wasn't *that* bad-- as hockey  
pictures go. The hair was bad.

DOUG  
Oh. That picture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

I was volunteering at the Boys and Girls club and there you are in a hockey uniform a *local heroes* banner...awww.

She makes a sweet face.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Well, when I said I knew you, they were very intimidated. I felt like I was dating Tiger Woods.

DOUG

I wasn't that good.

Doug gets uncomfortable.

CLAIRE

Apparently you were 'drafted.' I don't know *exactly* what that means but I'm fairly sure they don't do it to the bad players.

DOUG

You'd be surprised. I got drafted by the St. Louis Blues, they aren't even a team anymore.

CLAIRE

You were pretty good. There was only one other picture up there and he was a pro football player who's on TV now. Howie something.

Doug plainly tells her the truth.

DOUG

Yeah, I was good. And I got drafted. And I didn't do what it took to make the team. I wasn't smart enough to know it or classy enough to accept it and when I got a second chance, I blew that, too. So when I look at that picture, all I see is a guy who fucked up every chance he ever got.

Doug's vulnerability takes him by surprise and has a self-propulsive quality.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

DOUG (CONT'D)

But it's a good reminder about the  
price you pay when you throw away  
the most important thing in the  
world can I be your boyfriend?

She smiles, surprised.

CLAIRE

I haven't had a 'boyfriend' since  
sixth grade...

The gap between them closes, and the kiss, once it comes,  
is at once both soft and electric.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Claire and Doug, in her bed. The camera floats over the  
bed, alternating between ECUs and slightly wider shots.  
Love scene. We don't hear what they're saying. The sound  
of score and the drift of the camera creates something  
impressionistic.

EXT. OUTSIDE CLAIRE'S DOOR - NIGHT

Doug exits Claire's door, as high as he's been in a long  
time.

EXT. CITY OF BOSTON - CRACK OF DAWN

The city as the sun peaks over the edge of the world.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ON MELNEA CASS BLVD. - EARLY MORNING

In a series of shots we see Jem, Doug, Gloansy and Dez as  
they prepare.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ON MELNEA CASS BLVD., SHOWERS - MORNING

Scrubbing down vigorously in the shower, thick brushes  
over hands, trying to remove as much loose skin as  
possible.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ON MELNEA CASS BLVD. - MORNING

Preparing the weapons- Jem meticulously wipes down not  
just each weapon but each piece of AMMUNITION with an  
ALCOHOL SWAB, eliminating DNA traces.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Magazines for the AK-47's are held together, separated only by the broken end of a paintbrush and HOCKEY TAPED together. They are then SNAPPED INTO PLACE.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL, MELNEA CASS BLVD. - MORNING

Each man puts on a black track suit, taping it down at the ankles and wrists.

INT. DARK SPACE - MORNING

Dez, Jem, Gloansy and Doug huddled across from one another, in a dark space--packing weapons into large duffel bags. They place masks on top of the bags, zip, etc.

DOUG

We don't need to get hurt and we don't need to hurt anyone else.

(he looks to all)

If its a cruiser, we have the firepower. We take the tires, the radiator--we're gone. More than a cruiser, we see how fast they are.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE DARK SPACE

We reveal that the four of them are inside:

EXT. DEZ'S COMCAST TRUCK - DAY

We see in a parking lot across from a SOVEREIGN BANK

CUT TO:

INT. FRAWLEY'S CAR - SAME

Frawley and Dino are parked at the other end of the lot, Frawley looks through BINOCULARS at the COMCAST TRUCK. They have the guys STAKED OUT.

A THIRD, YOUNGER, SURVEILLANCE AGENT (24) is in the back seat.

FRAWLEY

When did he get here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SURVEILLANCE AGENT  
Six this morning according to GPS  
we have on his truck. There's no  
reason for him to be here, so we  
alerted you.

INT. DARK SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The four guys conference, Jem checking slide on a  
handgun.

DOUG  
The messenger will come around  
back, open the doors, and load the  
coal bag--we hit him right then--  
get the bags and whatever we can  
from the back. That's when the  
call goes out.

GLOANSY  
(has stopwatch)  
How long do we have once a call  
goes to dispatch?

DOUG  
(indicates stopwatch)  
You can throw that out. Depends  
how close or far a cruiser happens  
to be.

EXT. DEZ'S COMCAST TRUCK PARKING LOT- SAME

Wider shot lets us see, as we move through the parking  
lot, EVERY THIRD CAR HAS UNDERCOVER OR UNIFORMS IN IT.

INT. FRAWLEY'S CAR - SAME

Frawley, Dino and the younger agent wait.

DINO  
Let's go pop the door and get  
these fucking numb nuts.

FRAWLEY  
We should wait for them to commit  
a crime, don't you think?

The younger agent tries to chime in.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT  
Conspiracy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAWLEY

A real crime, Henry. Dino, they aren't going home in the cable van. With no switch car this is probably surveillance.

An undercover detective comes to the car and drops a radio in the window.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

We're dark--

UNDERCOVER

This is encrypted.

FRAWLEY (INTO RADIO)

Go ahead.

CAPTAIN (ON RADIO)

Ran a q-hot on the parking lot. That Cherokee is boosted. It's gotta be their getaway.

Frawley goes ashen.

FRAWLEY

Call tactical, get 'em down here quick.

INT. DARK SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Jem holds up a bullet and shows it to Doug.

JEM

This is for our friends in law enforcement. .762 round. Go through a car door, a vest and the ceramic chest plate an engine block and two people.

GLOANSY

They give you a nice boost to your sentence for that.

JEM

They gonna add twenty years to two hundred? They go after me they need to know- I'm taking motherfuckers with me.

(to Doug)

You good?

DOUG

Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They start to rise.

INT. FRAWLEY'S CAR - SAME

They see the DOORS OPEN on the TRUCK!

FRAWLEY  
(drawing his gun)  
They're coming out!

They get out and draw their weapons.

EXT. WORK TRUCK - SAME

Police move forward towards the truck. COPS SWARM.

POLICE  
DONT MOVE!!! ON THE GROUND!

CUT TO:

INT. DARK SPACE - SAME

We counter with the guys as they rise and open the door, revealing they were in a BLACKED OUT HOTEL ROOM and NOT THE VAN, they EXIT INTO THE STREET and TOWARDS THEIR WAITING CAR.

INT. DEZ'S COMCAST TRUCK - SAME

A HOMELESS GUY is waking up, having slept off his drunk. He is TERRIFIED.

This fear is matched in intensity by Frawley's frustration and anger.

FRAWLEY  
Cooocksucker!

Younger surveillance agent tries to make sense of it.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT  
They must have had him drive the  
van and follow them in a car we  
don't have...

FRAWLEY  
Nothing gets past you...except the  
people you are salaried not to let  
get past you--in which case you're  
a fucking sieve.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DINO

Easy.

He moves Frawley away.

DINO (CONT'D)

You want to close the bridge? Just put someone there at least?

FRAWLEY

That's a metaphor, about Charlestown, Dino. You don't literally "close a bridge." Do I want to close a major traffic artery and compound our professional embarrassment for a wives tale? No.

DINO

Okay. Just asking.

FRAWLEY

You know what we should do? We should tell people to be on the general lookout for bank robbers today...

INT. MINIVAN - MOMENTS LATER

GLOANSY drives the MINIVAN through the North End. DOUG and JEM are in the BACKSEAT. They are cruising the North End. They hold their weapons and masks on their laps so they cannot be seen from outside the car.

Children trickle in to a parochial school they pass by.

They must circle the block, orbiting while they wait for the truck to arrive. No one says a word, until:

GLOANSY

Here we go!

The ARMORED CAR turns out onto the street in front of them and pulls up in front of the bank. Everyone's adrenaline level skyrockets.

Doug reaches down and pulls up his mask, pulling it over his head. Their masks have the faces on the back of their heads and a sheer black which covers their faces--this has the disconcerting effect of making one not immediately sure if they are coming toward you or walking away.

The ARMORED CAR pulls up IN FRONT OF THE BANK and TWO GUARDS (MESSENGERS) EMERGE. One holds a dolly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Our guys will time their arrival just as the messengers are opening the back door of the truck and loading money.

96fps on a boy on the side walk, looking into the minivan.

Angle on the minivan: three masked men with submachine guns ride by.

RAMP UP to 24fps.

The messenger opens the back. The MINIVAN DOORS SPRING OPEN SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Doug and Jem JUMP from the car, weapons out.

JEM CRACKS Messenger #1 with the butt of the AK.

JEM  
Stay on the ground.

Doug takes aim at messenger #2.

DOUG  
Messenger get on the ground.

The GUARD FLAILS. Doug QUICKLY SUBDUES HIM, grabs the COAL BAG. He stands over the two guards, waiting for Jem.

One GUARD appears to be making a move, DOUG gets the AK in HIS FACE.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Think about it brother. Thirteen dollars an hour.

Jem GOES THROUGH THE BACK OF THE CAR looking for loot.

Passersby are FROZEN IN PLACE, STARING AT THE ROBBERY.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
(to pedestrians)  
We're bailing out this bank. It'll be over in a minute.

Jem looks through the bulletproof glass at the DRIVER, who is terrified. Jem turns his head, revealing the MASK.

INT. MINIVAN - SAME

Gloansy has a police scanner in the car.

GLOANSY  
Call went out!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jem jumps out and Doug heads for the car. The entire armored car robbery will happen very quickly.

INT. US DEPT. OF JUSTICE. 1 CENTER PLAZA. 6TH FL - SAME

Frawley and his entire staff mill around their office. Frawley's BLACKBERRY goes off. He looks at it. Then, to Dino:

FRAWLEY

You see this BankNorth.  
Something's in front of the camera  
Can someone call down there.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

They pile into the car, throw bags. Doug checks watch.

DOUG

Two-twenty.

Gloansy fires up the car and they start down the street when a SIREN goes off. They all turn back to see a POLICE CRUISER bearing down on them.

GLOANSY

That was quick.

DOUG

Must have been down the street.

Jem picks the gun back up.

JEM

Light him up.

Gloansy locks up the brakes. The CRUISER comes SCREECHING TO A HALT behind them.

Jem and Doug get ready to light up the cruiser with AKs.

Doug sees that behind the cruiser to one side is a schoolyard FILLED WITH CHILDREN.

DOUG

Wait, wait WAIT!

Jem looks, Gloansy looks.

JEM

Fuck.



EXT. NORTH END STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The minivan comes CAREENING around the corner of a narrow street, nearly taking out a bench.

A van is parked up on a sidewalk so the minivan is forced to drive up on the opposing sidewalk.

The cruiser gives chase around several incredibly narrow, ancient turns and alleys-- built to accommodate horses (and even those only narrowly) in the 1700's. Driving though at 60 mph is harrowing.

The chase lasts about thirty seconds until a car PULLS OUT in front of them AND SLAMS ON ITS BRAKES forcing our guys to a halt.

The driver of the front car gets out, our guys go for their guns, we reveal the driver is DEZ in the 'switch car' and our guys are readying themselves to shoot it out with the pursuing policeman.

The guys jump out of the minivan, and leave it in the middle of the street, Gloansy grabs the bags of money while Jem uses the door for cover, taking aim at the cruiser who has pulled up behind them.

Jem starts FIRING at the car, incredibly loud automatic rifle report-BANGBANGBANG-quickly disabling it and forcing the driver out of the car.

Another CRUISER arrives from the street perpendicular, followed by a third. Jem, supported by Doug, begins firing at the police. The automatic weapons totally overwhelm the police officers who retreat quickly under the loud and terrifying onslaught.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

The back is filled with JUGS OF GASOLINE. Doug OPENS ONE, dumping as much of it as he can over as much area of the interior as he can. He calls to Jem.

DOUG

Let's go.

He stands back, cracks a zippo and lets it drop.

THE WHOLE THING GOES UP IN FLAMES.

EXT. SALEM ST., SWITCH CAR - CONTINUOUS

They pile into the switch car as the minivan burns, blocking any pursuing traffic and take off.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, 6TH FLOOR - SAME

Frawley, Dino and several agents are in the bullpen area. Frawley is staring at IMAGES FROM THE ROBBERY as they come across his BLACKBERRY.

Frawley lets the handset drop a bit.

FRAWLEY

Dino.

Dino is distracted.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Dino.

DINO

Yeah?

FRAWLEY

Close the bridge.

DINO

What?

FRAWLEY

Close the fucking bridge!

EXT. COOPER ST. - SAME

The Jeep Cherokee SCREAMS down the street, headed back to Charlestown. Gloansy drives without ever touching the brakes. We see he steers this car with a 'suicide knob.'

EXT. CHELSEA ST. FROM ABOVE -- SAME

Black and White cruisers light up their roofs. Traffic pushes back.

EXT. ENDICOTT ST. FROM ABOVE - MOMENTS LATER

The Jeep flies down the wrong side of the street, headed for the bridge.

EXT. CHELSEA ST. -- SAME

The cruisers move the traffic aside and make better speed.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The Jeep makes the bridge, zooms across it and onto Route 99 towards Malden.

We pan with the Jeep and just as it goes out of sight the CRUISERS ARRIVE, stopping traffic-- a moment too late.

INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - MOMENTS LATER

The four guys are elated.

GLOANSY

Ho!

DEZ

Damn!

GLOANSY

That's how you drive a fuckin' car.

Laughter and adrenaline.

INT. SWITCH CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gloansy turns onto School street, approaching the intersection of School and Main streets.

The guys grab their bags in one hand, rifles in the other, still wearing masks.

As they hit the intersection, Gloansy pulls up behind the SECOND SWITCH CAR and they JUMP OUT.

EXT. SCHOOL ST. AND MAIN - CONTINUOUS

Dez, Doug, Jem and Gloansy come out of the jeep, carrying duffel bags in one hand and AK-47's or tech-9's in the other. They stay low and move quickly.

As they get to the second switch car, Doug looks across the street (towards camera) and sees something that stops him cold. The other four guys stop immediately after.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reveal: A POLICE OFFICER ACROSS THE STREET-- SITTING IN HIS CAR STARING BACK AT THEM.

The cop is in his late fifties, doing lazy duty on a construction site. Now he finds himself no more than thirty feet from four guys with bags, masks and assault rifles.

Angle on our guys: not moving a muscle.

Angle on the cop: his face hasn't even had time to react to what's happening in his brain.

After a long beat, the cop simply TURNS HIS HEAD THE OTHER WAY, holding his stare in the opposite direction.

Our guys wait a beat, frozen still... Then they simply pick up where they left off, throw their stuff in the switch car, fire it up and get on their way.

INT. THIRD SWITCH CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Doug, Jem, Gloansy and Jem all tear off their masks and start stashing their weapons.

GLOANSY

Now why aren't there more guys  
like that in uniform?

JEM

He didn't want to go for the  
plaque at the VFW banquet this  
year.

EXT. SALEM ST. - SAME

Police are everywhere. The burned out minivan is cordoned off. Dino and Frawley are taking stock of the scene.

FRAWLEY

They missed 'em on the bridge?

DINO

Yup, they missed 'em on the  
bridge.

(beat)

Same as when you asked me thirty  
second ago.

FRAWLEY

Yeah.

(beat)

FUCK!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

(beat)  
Print the van.

Frawley walks closer to the minivan. The bullet-riddled cruiser is still behind it. Small yellow markers have been laid next to all the casings on the ground.

DINO

What do you mean 'print the van?'  
The van is a volcano.

FRAWLEY

Just find something and make it  
look like something that looks  
like a print.

(circles car)

Because right now they're burning  
the money bands in a safe house--  
someone's cousin's wife's sister  
who got paid twenty thousand not  
to be home for the day. Their  
alibis were paid a week in  
advance. We won't find any DNA  
here or on the switch car. And  
that, as they say, is the end of  
that. This is the 'not fucking  
around' gang. So, get me something  
that looks like a print so I can  
shake their tree. 'Cause the not  
fucking around thing can go both  
ways.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Several POLICE OFFICERS are waved over to Doug, who JOGS UP to them, carrying his hard hat. He nods at them, expecting this, and heads with them to their car.

INT. POLICE STATION, DIGITAL PHOTO - DAY

Jem has his photo taken, done it a million times.

INT. CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Doug sits handcuffed in the back, looking out over the front onto the road.

DOUG

(to the officer  
driving)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG (CONT'D)

You might not want to take Storrow  
Drive unless you're gonna light up  
your roof.

INT. POLICE STATION, LINE UP - DAY

Gloansy, who has been arrested for car theft since he was  
eleven, is accustomed to this process and takes the piss  
a bit.

GLOANSY

The top part again or the whole  
thing?

(beat)

Yellin' loud like I had a gun?  
MESSENGER!!! Don't FUCK AROUND!

Something garbled is said off screen, Gloansey responds.

GLOANSY (CONT'D)

I know, but I'm tryin' to put it  
in my own words so it sounds  
better. What's a messenger?

(beat)

Were they robbin' bike messengers?  
Ten speeds? I'm playin'.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Doug and Dino enter. Dino waves at Doug to have a seat.  
There is a seat and three chairs.

DINO

Have a seat, son.

DOUG

Thanks.

DINO

I knew your father.

DOUG

Me, too.

DINO

Got a few years left on his bid.

Doug opts not to reply, knows where this routine goes.

DINO (CONT'D)

I hear they got to the old guy  
last year. Split him up the back.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DINO (CONT'D)

You'd think they'd go after a younger kid. Makin' a statement I guess. Charlestown crew ain't what it used to be. Maybe you can change that when you're up there.

Dino smiles in his eyes, tweaks his head.

DINO (CONT'D)

You know we pulled a print off the van, right?

Doug is opaque.

DOUG

Let me ask you something. Let's say someone is around a group of people, just by chance. So naturally, because they associate with him, he has personal information about those people. Work, neighborhood, whatever. Now let's say that person gives that information to the police for money. What do you call him? A rat. Now lets say that person has a badge, what do you call him?

(beat points at Dino)

Dino. Dino the dego from Somerville. The cops need to know who had an abortion, who got thrown out by their aunt. Big D. But let me ask you somethin', Dino, the neighborhood expert, when your friends here decide to get serious and go on the big operations, how come they always put you in the back seat?

The DOOR OPENS and Frawley enters. He walks over to Dino and stands beside where he is sitting, across from Doug.

FRAWLEY

Do you know what they teach us at the academy, Mr. MacRay?

(no response)

During interrogations, always begin treating the subject kindly so as to win his trust, the logic being that you can always turn ugly later but its very difficult to start off unsympathetic and later become a 'trusted figure.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Frawley takes a large file, conspicuously labeled MacRay and puts it on the table between them.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)  
Even in light of that, Doug, I  
gotta tell you, I think you're a  
shithead.

He points to photos on the wall of the armored car that was robbed.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)  
And you fucked up-- look at me,  
asshole. You *fucked up*. You didn't  
roll a star market in Malden for  
boxes of quarter rolls. You hit an  
*A Car* in *The North End* with AKs  
and body armor and left .762  
rounds in the *fucking streets of*  
*Boston!*

He regains his composure a bit.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)  
400 Bank robberies a year in this  
city and guess what wanted number  
you are, toolbox?

He holds up his index finger. Number "one."

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, I bet you've  
never been number one at anything  
in your life. Well, it'll be short  
lived because now you're  
threatening *my* job and my *friend's*  
jobs and you've jeopardized things  
like dollars appropriated to our  
division-- matters so far beyond  
the extraordinarily limited scope  
of your Townie, douchebag mind  
that I seriously question the  
wisdom of even bringing it up. **But**  
I do want to say this so we're  
both very, very clear: because  
sometimes, in these circumstances,  
various parties bandy about the  
possibility of sentence reduction  
in exchange for cooperation,  
testimony or otherwise assisting  
the prosecution.

He leans over the table and looks Doug right in the eye.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Not this time. You're here today so I could tell you personally that you're going to die in federal prison. And so are all your friends. No deal. No compromise. So when you start trying to stab each other in the back--and you will--I know you have a pitiable, misguided, Irish 'Omerta' but in the end you will cry and beg--you always do--and when that day comes... I just want you to know, its gonna be me who tells you to go fuck yourself.

A moment. This sinks in.

DOUG

I thought it would be the federal prosecutor telling me to go fuck myself.

Frawley smiles.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm glad you came in here because this room smells like piss and you're wearing a *nice* cologne.

They all look at each other.

DINO

Get the fuck out of here.

DOUG

All right take it easy guys.  
(exiting)  
Good luck with that print.

And he is gone.

DINO

So, what kind of tree did we shake?

FRAWLEY

A fuckhead tree. We're gonna see if any little fuckheads fall off.

DINO

Me and my mom used to go fuckhead picking when I was a boy.

They rise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FRAWLEY

I don't know about Mrs. Ciampa but you're gonna get to relive that experience because I got surveillance picking him up when he walks out the door.

EXT. COPELY PLAZA MALL, FOOD COURT - EVENING

Early evening crowd, Doug and Claire walking hand-in-hand. They come towards the food court.

DOUG

Hey I want to show you something. I wanted to wait for the right time but I'm gonna abandon that and go with the food court.

CLAIRE

Okay, what are we abandoning and doing?

DOUG

I got you something.

Doug reaches into his pocket and produces a BOX. He opens it and reveals a DIAMOND PENDANT NECKLACE.

DOUG (CONT'D)

This is for you, because you make me happy and I don't know how to thank you except to buy you something. I know that makes me shallow but I hope you can see past that and try to forgive me.

Claire looks at the diamond, amazed and stunned and a little overwhelmed.

CLAIRE

I'll work on it.

EXT. TRINITY CHURCH PLAZA - DAY

Sitting on a bench. She is admiring her diamond.

CLAIRE

Doug, I can't take this.

DOUG

I guess you could hock it, but I'm not taking it back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE  
How can you afford this?

DOUG  
I have a job, Claire. I put away  
some money.

CLAIRE  
(looks up at him)  
I quit my job today.

DOUG  
Really, what are you going to do?

She tucks her diamond away.

CLAIRE  
Teach maybe. Volunteer more.

DOUG  
What if I told you I been thinking  
about quitting my job?

She looks up at him and smiles, thinks he is saying this  
out of misguided sympathy.

CLAIRE  
Then I guess I'll have company.

DOUG  
How many people do you know who  
have changed their lives?

CLAIRE  
Not very many.

DOUG  
I'm gonna change mine.

She recognizes that he is serious.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Why don't you do it with me. Take  
the money we have. Quit our jobs..

She looks at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Why not?

CLAIRE  
Where would we go?

DOUG  
Wherever we want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She looks away, seems bothered, distracted by something.

CLAIRE

Do you know that newspaper, the  
Town?

Doug is thrown for a second.

DOUG

The giveaway paper? Yeah?

CLAIRE

They keep putting it in the foyer  
of my building and it just piles  
up. I was recycling it the other  
day and I saw this face in it I  
recognized but I wasn't sure from  
where and then I realized, it was  
the guy who tried to mug me.

DOUG

Really?

CLAIRE

Yeah. It was an article about how  
he had been robbed and someone  
shot him.

She just holds Doug's look. She could know something. It  
could be his imagination.

DOUG

They say who did it?

CLAIRE

No. The Police said they he was  
too terrified of them-- local  
gangsters apparently.

DOUG

Shouldn't have been dealing drugs.

CLAIRE

What makes you say he was dealing  
drugs?

A beat...

DOUG

What else would he be getting  
robbed for? I grew up here,  
believe me.

(beat)

Am I right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLAIRE

Yeah, you're right.

DOUG

Okay. Trust me, they had, he got what was coming to him.

CLAIRE

He did?

DOUG

He hurt you, would have hurt you worse- if someone hadn't come out. He got what he had coming. Laws of the universe. That's karma.

CLAIRE

I don't think Karma works that way.

EXT. MCI CEDAR JUNCTION CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY

The monster maximum security facility. Guards, fences, guns, steel. The whole ominous thing. Visitors parade in and are searched.

INT. MCI CEDAR JUNCTION (WALPOLE) VISITORS AREA - DAY

Doug is opposite his FATHER (70). A shrunken man, who wears a prison jumpsuit and sits opposite Doug.

DOUG'S FATHER

I could tell there's something wrong with you, what's the fuckin' problem?

Doug ignores this.

DOUG

Just come up to say. Drop off your dirty books.

DOUG'S FATHER

Yeah. You get in here you won't be a fuckin' smart-ass about it

DOUG

(beat)  
Thinkin' about goin' dark. Takin' a trip.

DOUG'S FATHER

Takin' heat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG  
Making a change.

DOUG'S FATHER  
(contemptuous)  
Don't tell me "makin' a change."  
Either you got heat or you don't.  
(on to him)  
I heard a bread truck got dropped.

DOUG  
Yeah? I didn't hear about it.

DOUG'S FATHER  
Read the paper.

A GUARD calls out.

GUARD  
THATS IT! Wrap it up.

DOUG  
(rising)  
All right, Dad...

DOUG'S FATHER  
I got something to say.

This stops Doug as he is putting on his coat

DOUG'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Do you remember when your mother  
left?

There is a beat, Doug realizes his father is waiting for  
an answer.

DOUG  
(sardonic)  
If I think back on it.

DOUG'S FATHER  
I never seen a kid cry so hard.  
You started throwin' up. I told  
you if you looked hard enough she  
might come back. Trying to make it  
better for you. Then you turn  
around and carried that like it  
was your fault. It wasn't. There's  
nothin' wrong with you--and  
there's *nothin'* wrong with me.  
There was something wrong with  
your mother. Plenty.  
(beat)  
That's the last thing I owe you.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG'S FATHER (CONT'D)

See you next time,  
(taps visitors glass)  
This side or the other.

A con's leathery grin.

INT. FRAWLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Frawley is at his desk looking at the internet. Dino enters.

DINO

Hey Frawl.

FRAWLEY

(not looking at him)  
Yeah.

DINO

Just got off with surveillance--  
earlier this afternoon Macray--  
(starts laughing)  
You're gonna hate this.

Now Frawley looks up.

EXT. MISHUAM HOUSING PROJECTS ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Doug, Gloansy and Dez come up a stairwell and out onto a rooftop, they look around, Jem is waiting for them.

GLOANSY

Do the four of us need to be  
coming up here right now?

JEM

It came in.

DOUG

What came in?

JEM

The Florist. Came through.

DOUG

Oh Jesus. Are you fucking kidding  
me?

Doug turns away, walks toward the ledge.

JEM

This is *large*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG  
We're smoked. Punt it.

JEM  
It's time sensitive.

DOUG  
Sell it.

JEM  
Tell me who can buy it out there  
right now?

DOUG  
Should have thought about that  
before you broke the gardner off  
for twenty dimes.

Dez and Gloansy watching like a tennis match. Finally:

GLOANSY  
Duggy, they were on us before this  
one and we got by...

DOUG  
Oh, now you, too?

JEM  
We're *robbin'* motherfuckers. Do  
you understand that? Boostin'  
people. *Banks*. There's ain't no  
time out in this shit.

DOUG  
Do you want to get caught? You're  
fuckin' up. The hostage was a bad  
play.

JEM  
I been fuckin up?

DOUG  
--Tune up the assistant manager.

JEM  
He hit the bell.

DOUG  
No he didn't.

JEM  
"No he didn't." Yes he fuckin'  
did!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG

She did!

A moment of quiet. Doug looks to Jem, its all out there, now.

GLOANSY

How do you know, Duggy?

DOUG

She told me.

JEM

He's been fuckin' that cooze from the Kenmore job. Oh, wait -- but *I'm* the one who wants to get caught.

DEZ

(stunned)

How long, Duggy?

DOUG

She doesn't know anything.

GLOANSY

Christ, Duggy -- she *better* not.

DOUG

Listen, she doesn't know anything, I'm telling you straight. I'm out. Okay. I'm done. I consider us lucky to be where we are.

JEM

That's not the way Fergie sees it.

DOUG

I don't give a fuck how Fergie sees it.

JEM

You should. He set this aside for us and now that's the expectation.

DOUG

You know something Jem? This conversation's over. I'll adjust his expectation. You adjust yours.

JEM

Is that right?

DOUG

I'm gonna talk to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Doug starts to walk away.

JEM  
Get back here.

Doug continues.

JEM (CONT'D)  
Oh you're gonna walk away now,  
little a little bitch?

Doug turns back.

DOUG  
Do you need to have everything  
explained to you? It's finished.  
(was this it?)  
Did you think I was gonna be with  
your sister for the rest of my  
life?  
(deeper)  
I ain't the father, Jem, you know  
that, right?

No one says anything.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I don't know who is, but there  
ain't enough free clinics in  
Matapan to find out.

Jem SWINGS AT DOUG, who is quick enough where he only takes half the impact. He grabs Jem by the SHIRT and they go at it, TRADING PUNCHES, vicious and quick. Gloansy tries to break it up but has to back off.

Jem comes loose and trips, falling toward the edge of the roof. He lands and NEARLY FALLS OVER THE EDGE. Doug comes toward him. Jem raises his hand as if to say "enough."

JEM  
Dougie. Wait.

Doug slows. JEM SUCKER PUNCHES Doug, sending him back. He lands on top of him, throwing more punches. Doug pulls his shirt over his head, tying up Jem's hands and puts the other hand around his neck-- holding him there. Both out of breath and bloodied.

DOUG  
I'm done.

Doug gets up and heads for the stairs.

EXT./INT. CLAIRE'S DOOR - DAY

Frawley enters, holding a MANILA ENVELOPE.

FRAWLEY

Ms. Keesey, thanks for seeing me.  
May I come in?

CLAIRE

(struck by this odd  
formality)  
Yes, come in.

FRAWLEY

I didn't realize you'd left your  
job at the bank.

He moves past her, down the hallway into the living room.

CLAIRE

Last week, yes.

His eyes spark to a TIFFANY JEWELRY CASE on the table.  
He takes out the diamond necklace like a jilted lover.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

That -- it was a gift.

FRAWLEY

From the piano mover?

She doesn't answer. He sets it down, exhales.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

I need to talk to you, Claire.

CLAIRE

Agent Frawley, I tried to be clear  
about this. I'm seeing someone.

FRAWLEY

The furniture mover.

CLAIRE

He isn't a furniture mover.

FRAWLEY

No, he isn't.

CLAIRE

I'm not interested in pursuing  
this with you any further. I  
appreciate what you've done--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAWLEY

I'm not interested in pursuing anything with you, either.

CLAIRE

Maybe you should leave.

FRAWLEY

You asked me to keep you apprised of the investigation. We have our prime suspects.

Frawley holds up the envelope.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

I came here to share that with you. Or I can certainly leave if that's what you'd like.

He takes her silence as indication of consent and starts going through the mug shots.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Alfred Macgloan...Desmond Elden...lesser figures.

He sets those aside.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

James Coughlin we think assaulted the assistant manager.

He turns the paper over, revealing JEM'S PHOTO.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

The one is the architect, the bank job, the North End, and at *least* three other armed car robberies.

He holds a beat, his look on her. Turns over the MUG SHOT revealing an old MUG SHOT OF DOUG.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Douglas Sean MacRay. Look familiar?

On Claire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

I personally don't think you were anything but completely taken advantage of, Claire, but you opened the safe, he left you unharmed, and you are now carrying on a relationship with him about which you lied to the FBI.

(beat)

You can see how someone might have a less forgiving interpretation. Your friend was right. You should get a lawyer.

INT. FLORIST'S SHOP - EVENING

Fregus moves through the small shop spraying flowers. His Bodyguard reads a newspaper on a small stool.

Doug enters and they both look up.

DOUG

Fergie.  
(to Bodyguard)  
Don't get up.

Half smile.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I just wanted to come tell you myself, you're going to have to find someone else.

FERGIE

I would love to, son, believe me, but the only qualified people besides yourself are currently incarcerated.

DOUG

Whatever you got my guys can handle it without me.

FERGIE

I wouldn't hire them without you and I wouldn't hire you without them.

DOUG

With respect, I didn't come here for a debate. I'm not doin' it. So work it out best you can.

He reaches in his pocket. Rusty starts to stand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG (CONT'D)

Calm down.

(takes out envelope)

This goes against my better judgement but-.

A beat. He puts the money on the table. Fergie picks it up, opens it, looks inside, closes it and looks back at Doug.

FERGIE

Not gonna cut it.

DOUG

Beg your pardon?

FERGIE

Nothin' compared with what I lose if this doesn't get done. You're gonna do what I ask.

DOUG

Who do you think you are? The only guy in Charlestown with a gun? You run numbers and pump dope. Good for you. You're an old man with a fucked up face who don't know his glory years are behind him. I ain't workin' for ya.

(to bodyguard)

Fuck the both of you. If you have a problem with that I live at one sixteen pearl street. Stop by any time. You know where to find me.

He grunts a little smile out, placing flowers in a jar.

FERGIE

(plainly)

You're gonna do this for me or I'm gonna clip your nuts like I clipped your father's.

Doug stiffens a bit.

DOUG

Don't bring up my father.

FERGIE

Son. Son. I knew your father. He worked for me for years. Years. He started like you, wanted his own thing so I had to cut his nuts for him. Don't make me cut yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Doug holds Fergie's look.

FERGIE (CONT'D)  
You play the Horses?

Fergie's accent makes it sound like "husses."

FERGIE (CONT'D)  
Never bet a stallion. You can only  
count on a gelding. When they cut  
balls off the horses they either  
cut 'em, or they use chemicals,  
take 'em over time.

(beat)  
When your father said no to me I  
gelded him the chemical way--  
strung your mother out on dope.  
Took what he loved. But your  
mother saw it clearer than he did.  
Doped up and hung herself up with  
a wire down on Melnea Cass.

Fergie looks at Doug, who hasn't moved.

FERGIE (CONT'D)  
All them fliers you passed out  
when you were little-lookin' for  
your mother. He never had the  
heart to tell his son he was  
lookin' for a suicide dooper, who  
wasn't never comin' home. Ask him  
next time you're up there, if he  
wishes he made the smart play now.

Angle on Doug: impassive, dark.

FLORIST  
I do what I have to do. I hear you  
got a nice girlfriend. Bank  
teller. I don't want to have to  
send her funeral arrangement to  
your house, son. But I will if I  
have to.

(beat)  
Since I know where to find you.

Fergie smiles at Doug, skeletal bad teeth.

EXT. MONUMENT SQUARE - AFTERNOON

Doug comes down the street in a hurry. He turns the  
corner and stops in front of Claire's DOOR. He is FROZEN  
by something off camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A FUNERAL ARRANGEMENT rests against Claire's door. There is no name on it, just her address, 321 MONUMENT AVE. We recognize this as a brand from the Florists.

Doug's heart drops. He rings her buzzer. She doesn't answer. He POUNDS the door. No answer.

He HURLS his body into the door- SMASHING it. It comes partially loose.

DOUG

CLAIRE!!

He KICKS the door again, twice. It SMASHES OPEN. He runs up.

INT. CLAIRE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Doug comes running up the stairs, breathing heavy, slows as he reaches the top of the stairs.

He takes his HANDGUN from his waist and holds it low in his right hand.

DOUG

Claire?

(beat)

It's me.

He moves through the apartment with stealth.

Through the front living area, to a dining/kitchen, then through a 'guest/den' and ultimately into the bedroom.

Doug Stands in the bedroom, sensing something, not sure what it is. He moves to the bathroom, sees the door slightly AJAR and a SHADOW on the FLOOR. He PUSHES IT OPEN slowly.

We reveal: CLAIRE, SITTING ON THE FLOOR, she's been crying.

Doug quickly sticks the gun away and moves toward her. She PULLS away.

CLAIRE

Get out.

DOUG

Claire...

CLAIRE

I know who you are, Doug.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DOUG

Hold on a second.

She indicates her cell phone.

CLAIRE

I have this on 911.

Doug moves very slowly. He eases himself across from her.

DOUG

I don't know what they told you.  
Okay? But why don't you give me a  
chance to tell you.

CLAIRE

You had a chance.

DOUG

Who talked to you?

CLAIRE

The *FBI* Doug--

DOUG

Okay, just listen to me--The  
robbery, whatever, that's true--

She is shaking despite herself

DOUG (CONT'D)

But I'm the same person you knew.

CLAIRE

Everything you told me was a lie.

DOUG

I *never* lied to you.

CLAIRE

You hurt people.

DOUG

I don't want to hurt anybody--

She moves into anger.

CLAIRE

You're a criminal Doug. You tried  
to manipulate me and make me feel  
sorry for you--

DOUG

*Sorry* for me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

You want to know why people think  
you're trash Doug? Because you  
are.

DOUG

Claire.

CLAIRE

You go to FUCKING hell!

Anger, turned brittle, breaks and tears start.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Why did you do this to me?

DOUG

I was going to tell you. I wanted  
to tell you that night.

CLAIRE

The night you fucked me? Is that  
your thing? It's not enough to  
terrorize someone you have to fuck  
them, too?

DOUG

Claire. Calm down.

CLAIRE

Never, never let me see you again.

DOUG

Listen to me.

CLAIRE

Get out.

She presses SEND on HER 911 CALL.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

GET OUT!

Doug backs out, propelled by the sheer force of her  
energy.

EXT. UNDER TOBIN BRIDGE - SUNSET

Doug watches the cars rumble overhead, DRINKS A 6 PACK.  
He lobs beers down the hill that land crashing below.

He lines up some bottles, walks away and SHOOTS THEM.

INT. FLORISTS - EVENING

Doug stands in the door facing the Florist Rusty.

DOUG

I'm in. But if anything happens to her, by the two of you or anyone else or if I get worried something might happen to her I'm gonna come back here and kill both of you in your own shop.

(beat)

All right?

Angle on Rusty and the Florist, unmoved.

INT. COUGHLIN HOUSE - KRISTA'S DOOR - EVENING

Doug's KNOCK brings Krista to the door in a tank shirt, nylon pants, and Tweety slippers. She straightens, surprised.

DOUG

I'm hungry.

KRISTA

Come on in then.

INT. KRISTA'S PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

Shyne is confined to her sticky high chair, shredding string cheese into white threads.

KRISTA

(indicates Shyne)

You want me to put her away?

...so they can have sex in private.

DOUG

No, its okay.

She moves off into the kitchen.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm going away.

The microwave opens and shuts in the adjoining kitchen.

KRISTA (O.S.)

You in some kind of trouble?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

How it is.

KRISTA (O.S.)

When you coming back?

Doug doesn't answer.

KRISTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Jem know?

She enters, setting down a plate of Chicken a la king in front of him and a child's knife and fork.

DOUG

I told him. He didn't want to hear it. He asked me to do one last thing for him. So I'm gonna do it.

(beat)

Could you tell him that for me?

Krista looks at him for a long moment...

INT. TOWN FLOWERS - WALK-IN COOLER - DAY

Doug, Jem, Gloansy and Dez sit on folding chairs by a walk-in cooler. Fergie speaks.

FERGIE

Now, there's a fella, on the inside. He likes to play the ponies from time to time. Can't pick a fuckin' horse to save his life. Now he got a red figure with me. I got this:

(holding envelope)

Security chart, Good for one day. Diagrams when the cash gets brought out from the safe, packed, then held for ten minutes by security before the truck gets there. That's when you hit it.

(beat, hands out)

For those that were good in school: hundred ten thousand beers at seven bucks a pop. Sixty thousand dogs at five a shot. Forty thousand sausage, plus paraphanelia, plus restaurants-- three day cash take:

(beat)

One point nine million dollars.

Murmurs, reaction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FERGIE (CONT'D)

Taking down the cathedral of  
Boston? Priceless.

Rusty laughs. Fergie thinks the Mastercard joke is  
funnier than hell. Doug stares. The guys gather round the  
chart. We see a FENWAY PARK SEATING CHART.

EXT. THE FLORIST SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Doug, Jem, Gloansy and Dez come out. Doug turns to Jem.

DOUG

This is going to be a  
motherfucker, you know that.

JEM

If they were easy, kid, everyone  
would do them.

The tension between them begins to ease.

DOUG

How long 'till Rusty finds the  
inside man after the job?

JEM

He should have picked better  
horses.

INT. THE TAP - DOWNSTAIRS - EVENING

Krista sits at the bar and we see Frawley is watching  
her. He comes over and sits next to her.

FRAWLEY

Seems like we were having a bit of  
a staring contest over there.

(he gets her a drink)

Funny story, one night at a bar,  
this guy was going around telling  
ladies he was judging a Hugging  
Contest, And most of the time,  
they fell for it. He would hold  
them and rub their backs, I  
finally got sick of it, and I told  
him I was judging a Face-Punching  
Contest.

KRISTA

I'd punch him myself.

He TOASTS her his Bud, then drains it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAWLEY

Oh, by the way, I'm here tonight  
judging a Fucking Contest.

She smiles, Frawley drops another twenty on the bar. The  
drinks come quickly.

KRISTA

What are you doing down here?  
Slumming?

FRAWLEY

Trying to do my job.

KRISTA

Oh, right. The Fucking Contest.

FRAWLEY

Basically correct. I work for the  
FBI.

Krista throws her head back and laughs, warming to him.

KRISTA

That's the first laugh I had in a  
month.

FRAWLEY

You and Doug MacRay used to run  
around, right?

KRISTA

How you know Duggy?

FRAWLEY

We sorta work together.

KRISTA

Demolition.

FRAWLEY

Noooooo.

He pulls out FIVE MORE TWENTIES.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

You a pretty decent judge of size?

KRISTA

Depends. Size of what?

He holds up one of the twenties.

FRAWLEY

How big would you say this is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KRISTA

Smaller than a hundred.

FRAWLEY

Six inches? Over or under.

KRISTA

Under.

FRAWLEY

Wrong. Six point one four inches exactly. Now the width. Girth. Some claim it's more important. Give a guess.

She just looks at him.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Two point six one inches. I know everything there is to know about money. Thickness? Point oh oh four three inches. Not much to excite you there. Weight? About one gram. That makes a twenty almost worth its weight in, say... oxy.

She's hearing him now -- eyes wide open.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

So how's it work? Bartender takes a call, gives you an address? You pick up a package at Point A, deliver it to Point B, and for that the Florist pays you a C.

(beat)

You're thinking about walking out on me. See, it's not that simple. I start waving this around.

(shows badge)

... bad for you.

KRISTA

I want a lawyer.

FRAWLEY

Good, get one. This is about protecting yourself. Not even yourself. Your daughter.

KRISTA

Don't fuckin' talk about my daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRAWLEY

How long were you with MacRay?

KRISTA

All my life.

FRAWLEY

And in all those years you were together -- how many diamond necklaces he buy you from Tiffany?

EXT. CHARLESTOWN GARDENS - DAY

Doug heads through the nearby gardens to Claire's plot. There she is. Claire turns when the gate latch CLICKS, her bare limbs glowing in the afternoon sun, she sees him

DOUG

Just let me say something.

She just looks at him.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You know who I am. You always have.

CLAIRE

If I knew who you were I would have called the police as soon as I saw you in the laundromat.

DOUG

Imagine there was no robbery. Then what? We would be the same people.

She can't do this.

CLAIRE

You have to go away, Doug.

DOUG

If you want me to go away? All you need to do is call the police and tell them that we'll be set up at the Howard Johnson on Yawkey way in room 224 in two days.

CLAIRE

What?

DOUG

On Monday we're going to rob the cash room at Fenway Park.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Now he has completely exposed himself.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
So I guess I'll either end up in  
Walpole- or I'll end up with you.

CLAIRE  
Why are you telling me this?  
(angrier)  
Why are you doing this to me?

DOUG  
I'm gonna change my life, Claire.  
(beat)  
I want it to be with you.

A HORSE'S SNORT interrupts. A MOUNTED POLICEMAN trots on  
the path toward them.

Claire's eyes dampen, and she faces him.

CLAIRE  
Doug --

He cuts her off.

DOUG  
Come with me. I won't leave you, I  
won't hurt you and I will never  
lie to you again.

INT. JEM'S HOUSE - DAY

Jem is cleaning the weapons and ammunition on a table in  
a basement room. Doug comes downstairs. Jem does not  
immediately acknowledge him.

Doug looks at the several automatic and semi-automatic  
assault weapons.

DOUG  
(re: guns)  
You gotta love New Hampshire.

Jem keeps cleaning.

JEM  
Uniforms set?

DOUG  
Yup. Vests, plates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEM

Heard you're thinking about leaving.

DOUG

If this goes right, might be your time to step away, too.

JEM

What am I gonna do? Go down to Margaritaville, drink up half a yard, come back in five years?

(beat)

This is who we are.

DOUG

Things change, man. Nothing wrong with it.

JEM

Depends what kind of change.

DOUG

We had a good run, Jimmy. By any standard.

JEM

We *set* the standard.

DOUG

The Florist -- kid, he'll keep turning you out till you get bounced for good.

Jem snorts.

JEM

Just so we're clear. We get hemmed in tomorrow- you won't see my hands in the air. I expect to see no one else's either...

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON HOTEL - ROOM 224 - AFTERNOON/NIGHT

Doug opens a curtain revealing a view of Fenway Park.

He checks the message light on the phone, picks up the receiver, makes sure the phone is working.

HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - LATER

Doug's in the shower, standing under its heat. Thinks he hears KNOCKING. He shuts off the water and listens.

## HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Wearing only a towel, Doug throws open the door. A woman three doors down turns fast to the sound. It's Krista, not Claire, with Shyne's dead weight on her hip.

Doug doesn't move. Krista comes up, looking past him into the room.

KRISTA

Got any juice?

She holds up Shyne's empty bottle.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

Dez told me you were here.

DOUG

What do you want, Kris?

He throws on his pants.

KRISTA

To see you before you go.

Krista sits on the edge of the bed.

DOUG

You can't stay.

KRISTA

I don't want to stay. I want to go... With you.

Doug stiffens -- looks away.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

I want to change, too, Duggy. Why can't I change? I could be a different person.

(beat)

I've been so fucking patient all these years -- always thinkin' *my* time was coming. My whole *life*- I mean, haven't I been *loyal*?

DOUG

It's not about loyalty, Krista.

KRISTA

Tell me what it's about, then, and I'll do it. I'll do whatever you want me to do. I know you think I can't make you happy, but it's not true. I can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doug watches Shyne flash blue-green in the TV light, casting a small shadow. Krista releases him, hurt.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

You can't wait for me to go, can you.

DOUG

I'm leaving with somebody else.

She looks around the room.

KRISTA

Why isn't she *here* then, if she's going with you? Such a trashy little fuck pad. After a Tiffany necklace, I'd've thought a room at the Ritz.

DOUG

What did you say? *Who told you?*

KRISTA

A little bird.

He grabs her, his anger eliciting a fierce smile from her. He shakes her, but can't shake away that smile.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

You always did like it rough.

DOUG

What do you know about a necklace?

He GRABS HER BY THE NECK AND SLAMS HER INTO THE WALL.

KRISTA

I know you'd rather see a rope around *my* neck.

DOUG

It's not a FUCKIN' JOKE! WHO TOLD YOU?

Doug sees Shyne in his periphery. He releases Krista and scoops up Shyne and her doll, the child's eyes never leaving the TV screen.

KRISTA

Take me with you. I'll go to hell for you.

He marches to the door with Shyne under his arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Doug opens the door and sets Shyne down gently on the hall floor. He steps back into the room, facing Krista.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

We're coming with you.

DOUG

You're getting out of here.

He starts to resolutely move her.

KRISTA

Don't say no to me. You better think about what you're doin'.

He grabs her arm. She fights him --

KRISTA (CONT'D)

No!

-- POUNDING his chest, pushing her nails into his windpipe, Doug maneuvers her toward the door.

She shakes free of his grip and walks the few remaining steps out into the hallway herself.

KRISTA (CONT'D)

You don't know what you just-

Doug SLAMS the door on her, throws the lock.

He waits. Expecting banging, screaming -- but there's NOTHING. When he looks through the spyglass, she is gone.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - MORNING

Rain. Frawley is crossing the street, listening to the cell, trying to shovel eggs in his mouth and keep the ones in the box from getting wet.

FRAWLEY

Go ahead, I can hear you.

SERGEANT (PHONE)

Agent Frawley? We got a DWI here, one-car in the C-town Navy Yard.

EXT. CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD - DRY DOCKS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Cruisers surround an accident: Doug's Truck demolished against an old anchor on the dry docks, hood steaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT (V.O.)  
Coughlin, Kristina. Had a kid  
with her. Little girl's fine, but  
the mother is banged up --

INT. HOWARD JOHNSON HOTEL ROOM 224 - SAME

Doug, Jem, Dez and Gloansy all prepare for the job. They  
are DRESSED AS COPS and loading WEAPONS into DUFFEL bags.

Doug checks the door and cracks the blinds slightly to  
look out.

JEM  
Will you quit fuckin' doin' that.  
You're makin' me nervous. There's  
no one at HoJo's. Shit.

Doug ignores him and goes back to loading bags.

INT. MASS GENERAL - ER - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Frawley walks in squeaking wet shoes, showing his creds --  
then walks to one of the curtained bays.

INT. ER BAY

Krista sits in the padded visitor's chair, gauze wrapped  
around her forehead, a bright red bloom over her eye.  
Blood spatters her shirt and jeans.

KRISTA  
Here he is. Six inches.

The SERGEANT pokes his head in, nods to Frawley, leaves.

FRAWLEY  
What happened?

KRISTA  
You're in the FBI. Figure it the  
fuck out.

Frawley glances at the EMPTY CAR SEAT in the corner,  
crumb-dusted and milk-stained. Krista sees him looking.

KRISTA (CONT'D)  
No, she wasn't hurt. Not a  
scratch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAWLEY

You could be looking at Mother of the Year.

KRISTA

What do you know what I go through? Fuckin' Barney. I'm doin' my *best*. Do you know my life?

FRAWLEY

Your daughter's in the back seat of a state van, being driven by a stranger to the Department of Social Services. How long you want to talk here?

Krista stares, eyes dampening. Frawley holds his glare.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Maybe you want a lawyer, not FBI.

She looks crestfallen as he makes to leave.

KRISTA

Why is it I'm always the one who gets used?

FRAWLEY

You're going to need a plea agreement -- if you want any chance to retain custody.

She looks up fast, her eyes blinking wet.

KRISTA

I want your guarantee.

FRAWLEY

I never said *guarantee*.

KRISTA

You said --

FRAWLEY

I said I could try. If that's not enough, maybe your brother can help. Maybe 'Doug' can do something?

(smartass)

Fergie have social services juice?

Her eyes spark to the last name.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

I'm kidding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Nothing in her low-eyed look is telling -- except its duration.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus. You and the Florist?

The list of suspects just narrowed to one.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

(to self)

Mercy.

Krista's chin trembles. A hard woman crumbling is an awful thing to watch.

KRISTA

Why you have to lean on me so hard?

FRAWLEY

You called me. What do you have?

KRISTA

Duggy's going away after. With her.

Frawley is stunned. Then starts piecing it together.

FRAWLEY

Wait, what *after*? After what?

Krista stares at the ground. Frawley zeroes in.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

You need to be smart Krista. This is a big moment for Shyne. This can make the difference for her.

She looks away, her jaw quivering.

KRISTA

(breaking down)

She's retarded. She's going to need things. Special schools. For her I'm doing this. It's not me. Not for *me*.

EXT. HOWARD JOHNSON HOTEL ROOM 224, BALCONY - SAME

The four cops emerge with their gear. Doug looks around, all directions. She didn't come- but she didn't dime.



INT. THUNDERBIRD (LANDSDOWNE ST.) - NOON

Four cops sitting in a parked Thunderbird. Gloansy at the wheel, Dez beside him, Doug and Jem in back: all wearing COP UNIFORMS. On the RADIO, a reporter is in hysterics over traffic tie-ups. Nervous anticipation is thick inside the car.

WEEI RADIO

...Tie ups on the expressway, the  
pike...

Doug stares out the window. He glances at his watch.

DOUG

Let's go.

EXT. THUNDERBIRD (LANDSDOWNE ST.) - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The two rear doors open simultaneously as Doug and Jem exit. Gloansy and Dez remain in the car. Doug and Jem start toward an entrance under the green monster.

EXT. LANDSDOWNE ST. - CONTINUOUS

Steadicam, Doug and Jem through the crowd, around the ballpark, into the entrance.

EXT./INT. LANDSDOWNE ST. ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Jem BANGS HARD ON A BANK OF EXIT ONLY DOORS. We stay with them in STEADICAM real time.

The DOOR OPENS revealing the INSIDE MAN (55). He is the PARK HEAD of MAINTENANCE. His Izod shirt is tucked in over his belly. He sports a gold pinky ring and the tan from his most recent trip to bet Jai Alai in Florida has yet to fade.

He eyes them with deep regret, not a bad man--just a guy with a sickness who couldn't get out from under.

INSIDE MAN

Officer.

JEM

Yeah, let's go.

Doug holds his look as he passes: the face of a dead man.

The Inside Man leads them through the doors and onto an open metal staircase. They go DOWN ONE FLIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As our camera counters, we reveal an open MAINTENANCE door the size of a truck that opens out on to LEFT FIELD and the GREEN MONSTER SCOREBOARD. It is odd to be so close, the field almost unnaturally green.

WORKERS mill around, no one gives them a second look.

The Inside man leads them into his office, a menagerie of lawn tools, odds and ends-- and gestures toward a small DOOR IN THE BACK.

They step through the door and find themselves in a CAVERNOUS AREA UNDERNEATH THE SEATS.

The Inside man indicates that this where they'll PART WAYS.

Jem and Doug continue and are able to walk, unobserved all the way around the park and into the REAR TUNNELS. Since that would take too long to do in real time we

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERNEATH SEATS - MOMENTS LATER

Jem and Doug proceed to an UNMARKED DOOR.

They move through it. It leads into the security tunnels. They down the tunnels.

INT. TUNNEL OUTSIDE CASH ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

NOW THEY SEE THE GUARDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TUNNEL, PREVENTING THEM FROM GETTING ANY FARTHER.

Two ARMED SECURITY PERSONNEL in blue shirts stand talking to a YOUNGER SECURITY GUARD, ERIC in a RED SHIRT. Doug starts at them, his voice BOOMING inside the tunnel.

DOUG

Who called 911?

The Guards peer down the long tunnel. Jem's hand is on his waist.

JEM

Was it you who called?

The Red Shirt (ERIC) comes hustling up -- young and jittery.

JEM (CONT'D)

911 call we got.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC  
I didn't... it wasn't...

JEM  
Robbery call. Who else is here?

ERIC  
Robbery?

DOUG  
Call says you're being held up.  
Right now.

The concerned Guards put their hands on their holsters.

JEM  
We got a distress call! Who made  
the call?

The Guards step into the far end of the tunnel.

GUARD #1  
No call from us.

JEM  
(closer)  
Who called it?

GUARD #1  
(raising one hand)  
Hold on. Where's Mike?

JEM  
ID! Let's see some ID!

GUARD #2  
Hold on, hold it, now.

Guard #1 drops down into a protective crouch.

JEM  
Whoa, *whoa*!

DOUG  
Don't do that.

Doug pushes Eric flat to the ground.

DOUG  
Everybody on the ground *now*.

JEM  
For our safety! I want IDs  
from everybody.

DOUG  
Get down!

GUARD #2  
Wait, hey!

JEM  
ON THE FLOOR!

Panicky Guard #1 pulls the sidearm from his holster.

DOUG  
*Gun! Gun!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEM

*Drop your weapon! Put it down now!*

Both Doug and Jem DRAW AND AIM.

GUARD #2

*We did not call!*

JEM

*Stop resisting! Get down!*

Cursing, Guard #1 yields, lying on his belly, arms out. Jem approaches, stepping on his wrist. Guard #2 relents.

Doug hustles to Jem's side, quickly binding their hands with plastic ties and taking their radios.

DOUG AND JEM PULL MASKS UP FROM INSIDE THEIR COLLARS, only their eyes are exposed.

GUARD #1

*(look of terror)*

*I don't want no trouble.*

Doug grabs Guard #1. Checks watch, looks to Jem.

DOUG

*We got fifteen minutes until they  
bring the cash out of the safe and  
pack it up for the truck.*

Jem is staring at GUARD #1. Who is DOUBLED OVER in pain.

JEM

*(to Guard #1)*

*Christ. Are you gonna shit?*

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug is outside an open stall. Guard #1 has his trousers down and hugs his bare knees. Jem at the open door.

JEM

*Ho! Armed robbery enema.*

INT. FENWAY PARK, OUTSIDE MONEY ROOM - 15 MIN LATER

Jem watches over Guard #1 and the others while Doug approaches the money room, it has a steel door and concrete walls. There is a smoked glass window. He has Guard #1. Doug calls loudly to the security guys inside the cash room that cannot be seen but that can hear him.

DOUG

*Arnold Washton! In the cash room.  
You got a wife, Linda.*

*(MORE)*

*(CONTINUED)*

CONTINUED:

DOUG (CONT'D)

You live at 311 Hazer Street,  
Quincy -- with three small dogs.

Guard #1 looks surprised.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Also in the cash room: Morton  
Harford, 27 Counting Lane,  
Livingston Arms, Randolph -- wife  
also Linda. Arnold, the Lindas  
want you to open this door.

Nothing from the cash room.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(to Guard #1, quiet)

So much for marriage.

(to the door, loud)

Arnold, you will not always be  
behind a steel door. We know where  
you live, we will come and find  
you and when we do, you will  
fuckin' hate that.

CLACK goes the cash room door, opening.

INT. CASH ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

VALHALLA --BIG BRICKS of CASH- Counting machines.

Doug and Jem pull out all the cash.

ARNOLD and MORTON are zip tied.

Jem dumps off two heavy racks of coins, the rolls  
BURSTING nickels and dimes to the floor.

Jem tosses cash parcels at Doug who bags them.

MONEY LOADED on a DOLLY, they set to roll out.

Jem and Doug look at each other, loaded up with a HUGE  
BAG OF MONEY.

INT. FENWAY PARK, OUTSIDE MONEY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JEM AND DOUG TAKE: TWO HOSTAGES AND A DOLLY OF MONEY

They head toward the LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.

Arnold is one of those guys who starts talking when he  
gets scared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARNOLD

Listen, no money's worth-

DOUG

--That's fine, Arnold. All be over in a minute.

Long beat as they roll down the hallway.

ARNOLD

(to Doug)

That's two million dollars right there.

DOUG

There's only one smart thing my father ever told me, Arnie: anyone can grab money. It's the getaway-- separates the pros from the cons.

INT. TRUCK DELIVERY BAY - MOMENTS LATER

THE ARMORED TRUCK HAS ARRIVED.

There are THREE BAYS where trucks can pull in and off-load their goods into the warehouse like room. The armored truck is in BAY ONE.

BAYS TWO AND THREE ARE CLOSED with a metal grate.

Doug sees the driver of the armored car is a WOMAN -- frizzy-haired, startled.

SHE SEES THEM, TOO! She fumbles the keys in the ignition, STARTING UP THE TRUCK.

The LOCKS RESET; the rooftop BEACON SPINS. Tailpipe COUGHS diesel smoke. But the bay door is still closed -- she's got nowhere to go. Driver begins talking fast into the handset of a ceiling-mounted radio.

GUARD #1

Assholes fucked up. Sandy's locked in there. She's calling five-oh.

Doug produces a walkie-talkie, pressing the call button.

DOUG

(into walkie-talkie)

*Did you get the tail car?*

DEZ (ON RADIO)

Ready. All clear out here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doug hits the switch on a second bay door, which crawls open.

Dez, in his cop slicker, enters holding his Beretta on the bound TAIL-CAR DRIVER Black Suburban.

The Suburban then BACKS INSIDE the bay, trunk end first. Gloansy leaps out, engine running, taking the Tail-Car Driver from Dez and walking him over to the Guard #1. Doug makes a remark to the tail car driver.

DOUG

Sit over here, you can go right  
back to sleep.

Dez touches the radio wire looped over his ear.

DEZ

There it is. Call just went out to  
PD from dispatch.

Doug nods calmly -- trotting with Dez to the idling can.

DOUG

(indicating uniform)  
We got here just in time.

EXT. FENWAY PARK - GATE A - SAME TIME

Outside the "1912 Fenway Park" facade, Frawley opens his trunk and puts on his nylon FBI vest. He pulls his REMINGTON 870 TWELVE-GAUGE from its sleeve, Dino's Taurus pulls up.

DINO

I looped the block. No vans  
around, nothing.

FRAWLEY

Maybe we're too early. Too late.

A blue police CAMPER idles: the Entry and Apprehension Team Mobile-Command Center. Two pairs of EAT COMMANDOS emerge and approach Frawley. Frawley indicates the main pedestrian concourse.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Guys, we have to close off these  
streets.

One cop interrupts him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAC COP

Sir, there's a voice inside, says  
they've been robbed. We're setting  
up there now.

Frawley starts running that way.

INT. LOADING DOCK - DAY

Jem and Doug load the money into the follow car. Doug  
sees something shiny over Jem's shoulder.

DOUG

Look out!

It's a small mirror on a long pole poking through a crack  
in the wall. Doug opens up, SHATTERING the mirror --  
DEAFENING. The pole clatters to the floor.

The dock suddenly fills with ricocheting fireballs:  
STARFLASH ROUNDS.

Jem FIRES as they take cover. Jem breaks off his empty  
mag and reloads, cursing.

There is ANOTHER EXCHANGE OF GUNFIRE. The HOSTAGES are  
yelling and screaming. Gloansy peeks out a door.

GLOANSY

That's the fuckin' *swat* team!

JEM

(quiet)  
We got dimed.

He leaps out, SPRAYING gunfire, then leans back in again.

THREE GUNSHOTS CRACK from a different direction. Dez's  
knee explodes and he SHRIEKS in agony -- twisting and  
falling.

Doug rushes to him, dragging Dez to the rear tire of the  
can. Hostages are YELLING.

Doug searches for the source of the gunshots. Dez, white  
as a ghost -- his knee blown off -- sits in a widening  
pool of his own blood. Then -- MORE SHOTS, over their  
heads.

Jem ADVANCES, FIRING on a SOURCE OF FIRE and BACKS OFF  
some of the EAT guys. His .762 Rounds BLOW OFF PIECES OF  
EAT SHIELDS.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Doug HOLLERS, but then sees: The shots are coming from the gun ports INSIDE the truck. The Driver has them pinned down.

Ducking low, Doug sees Gloansy's feet on the other side of the can's wheelbase. He YELLS his name, but Gloansy can't hear him. He rips off his walkie-talkie and slides it under the truck, striking him in the shoe.

DOUG  
(to Gloansy)  
The door! Open the door!

Gloansy crawls and HITS the plunger -- the bay door RISING.

JEM  
What are you *doing*?

But Doug was right: the driver PANICS, jumping into the front seat and POWERING FORWARD, SCRAPING the can against the brick door frame, lurching out onto Van Ness.

EXT. GATE D - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Frawley watching as the Provident truck comes out, beacon twirling, SURGING toward him. Other cops rush up, FIRING - - wasting rounds against the grill and windshield.

The truck SKIDS on the wet road, then over-corrects, veering toward the sidewalk on Yawkey -- and RAMMING THE MOBILE COMMAND UNIT HEAD-ON.

The blow is TREMENDOUS: the camper BUCKLING AND GRINDING on its rims, tearing up asphalt and uprooting ornamental trees. Cops tumble out of the open end, hurt and crawling away.

INT. LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Now that the full tactical team is assembled AND they know there are armed men firing at them from inside, the firing becomes a continuous assault.

Jem and Doug are firing back but they recognize that ultimately they are going to be overwhelmed. There will be improvised dialogue to this effect and a lot of shooting from inside the loading dock back out to the tactical guys, with Jem's rounds being the only thing that keep them at bay.

Gloansy darts to the can and lifts Dez over his shoulder - - Jem emptying another magazine as cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gloansy throws Dez into the Suburban, SLAMS THE TRUNK SHUT, and climbs inside.

GLOANSY  
Meet you at the switch!

Gloansy gets their attention-

GLOANSY (CONT'D)  
I'm gettin' seven to ten.  
(to Doug)  
You're ten to twenty.  
(to Jem)  
And you're done.  
(beat)  
They'll be all over me, they won't  
know there's more people in here.  
You two go back out through the  
park.  
(he smiles)  
Meet me at the switch.

This self sacrifice is acknowledged by shared looks-  
broken off quickly as gunfire comes through the door.

Gloansy heads for the follow car.

Doug turns and runs the length of the cave, hitting  
buttons on every bay door -- all of them rising.

EXT. GATE D - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The Black Suburban shoots out of the second bay door. It  
starts in the opposite direction of the ARMORED CAR, but  
APPROACHING CRUISERS make it cut back in a controlled  
skid, racing toward Frawley.

Frawley works the pump action on his shotgun: BLAM! --  
MISSES the first shot, sparks kicking up off the asphalt.  
He jumps the curb, careening into the parked Thunderbird.  
Several other OFFICERS FIRE. GLOANSY JERKS HARD to the  
RIGHT and then has to OVER CORRECT.

INT. AMBULANCE BAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

SOUND OF GUNFIRE AND A CRASH FROM OUTSIDE

One empty duffel remains on the floor by the cart. Jem  
moves to it, STUFFING IT WITH CASH.

JEM  
Fuckin' Gloansy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

The *fuck* are you doing? Leave it!

JEM

How the fuck did this happen?

Jem raises the Tec-9. Doug backs off. Jem can taste his guilt.

JEM (CONT'D)

Did you do this?

Jem staring at Doug -- holding the gun on him.

JEM (CONT'D)

Why?

More SIRENS.-- His eyes and gun never leaving Doug.

Doug OPENS HIS ARMS, awaiting Jem's bullet.

Jem stares at him until...his gun comes down. Jem hefts the bag and turns and exits back into the park.

EXT. YAWKEY WAY - CONTINUOUS ACTION

SIRENS AND FLASHING BLUES arrive. In the Suburban, Gloansy is slumped against the blood-streaked window and deployed airbag, unmoving. Dez crumpled to the floor of the passenger seat.

The place is SWARMING WITH OFFICERS.

Frawley is down on his haunches behind a patrol car, his shotgun on his knees, which are bobbing and jumping with adrenaline.

Frawley rises, searching for Dino among the crowd of cops and umbrellas -- finding him talking to a POLICE CAPTAIN.

FRAWLEY

Where'd the patrol cars come from?

POLICE CAPTAIN

We got a 911. Distress call from inside the armored.

Frawley looks at the armored truck at the camper wreck.

FRAWLEY

Dean, these guys... they go around alarms.

(thinking)

They wanted the call to go out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DINO

What?

He looks back up Van Ness: a sea of cops.

FRAWLEY

They wanted police here.

INT. GRANDSTANDS CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Doug moves back through the tunnel. He opens a door the leads him onto a MAIN CONCOURSE.

He walks up some stairs and out a SIDE DOOR.

EXT. YAWKEY WAY - MOMENTS LATER

Frawley is trolling slowly and sees ONE OFFICER off in the MIDDLE DISTANCE who doesn't appear to be engaged.

FRAWLEY

Him. Follow him.

EXT. VAN NESS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Doug crosses the street briskly. Painful glances at the smashed Suburban at the far end of the street.

Then, ahead of him, he sees Jem with his duffel -- a man in an FBI vest (Frawley) trailing him. Doug looks at freedom--looks back and follows Jem.

EXT. IPSWICH STREET - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Frawley following Jem along a row of parked cars.

FRAWLEY

Officer! Hold up a minute there,  
please.

Jem stops, motionless. When he turns, he turns firing his shoulder-harnessed Tec with a sweeping arm motion.

Two cops drop a sawhorse and run. Frawley spins away-- just in time. Jem FIRES. BYSTANDERS scatter.

Jem methodically comes after Frawley, who scrambles back on his haunches. He is shooting to kill Frawley rather than escape and if he hadn't run out of ammunition-he would have.

ON DOUG

Two other Cops run past, one YELLING to Doug:

COP  
Take the left flank! We're gonna  
sweep up Boylston!

He sees Jem break across the street, bag in one hand, Tec-9 in the other. Frawley stalking Jem with a shotgun.

Jem heads for a crowded McDonald's, a panicked, grainy voice SCREAMING at him on the Drive-Thru speaker.

ON FRAWLEY

Shotgun to his shoulder. He FIRES WIDE, hitting a stand of free Apartment Guides in front of Jem, stopping him and keeping him away from the McDonald's.

Jem cuts back the other way as people stream out of McDonald's. People are running in all directions.

ON DOUG

Seeing Frawley, panicked, looking almost childlike trying to pick up and load dirty shells from the gutter. Doug lines up A PERFECT SHOT AT FRAWLEY...

Doug tenses, waiting -- but does not take the shot.

ON JEM

Holding the money bag as a shield now, he crosses the intersection, where MORE COPS lie in wait. A FLURRY of rounds peck at his vest, his leg, his shooting arm.

Jem spits rounds back. He staggers up the ramp to an Osco Drug, arriving just as a Clerk inside locks the door. Jem stutters GUNFIRE, SHATTERING the glass -- until his Tec runs out of ammo. He throws it to the ground.

He produces a Beretta and CONTINUES FIRING.

Frawley returns fire, hitting JEM in the HAND.

FRAWLEY  
On the ground, FBI. *FBI!*

Jem raises his extra pistol in his bloody hand. Frawley squeezes one blast low -- BLAM! - and one high.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEM FALLS BACK, backpedaling until finally he falls off the wet curb and drops hard onto the road, back against a MAILBOX.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Coughlin! Throw me your weapon.

Doug looks back at him. A sea of police officers, skulking behind cars, holding weapons. Bouncing brass, glass and distant sirens are the only sounds.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

Coughlin!

JEM

All right!

Jem sees a DISCARDED MCDONALDS SODA, dropped in the panic.

JEM (CONT'D)

One second!

He strains to reach for it and finally grasping it, he takes a pull from the straw, quenching some deep thirst. Closes his eyes, he puts the GUN UNDER HIS CHIN AND FIRES.

The Police now enjoy a burst of courage and begin FIRING.

DOUG'S POV: Jem lying in the middle of the road, cops firing. Torn cash blowing everywhere.

Doug stares out at his friend -- his brother -- dead in the streets.

Something washes over Doug. He looks at the Beretta in his hand -- then holsters it, as he walks away.

EXT. MAIN STREET (CHARLESTOWN) - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Doug walking almost in a trance, kids staring up at the beat cop. He sees nothing.

It starts to rain.

EXT. TOWN FLOWERS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

Doug stops, looking at the storefront window with hatred.

## INT. TOWN FLOWERS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The bell RINGS over the door as he enters. Doug waits a few airless moments -- Another funeral arrangement lies in the shop--like the one for Claire.

-- until Rusty pushes through the black curtain behind the counter. He looks up eyeing the cop like any customer. Then he recognizes Doug's face. Doug indicates that Rusty should come, in a hushed, secretive manner.

DOUG

Is Fergie here? Something happened.

Rusty comes to the counter and the second he turns his head, Doug puts a GUN to it and PULLS THE TRIGGER, killing him instantly.

## INT. FLORIST'S BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

The back room is empty.

Doug enters, comes to the center of the room. He sees a SMALL DOOR, slightly open, lifts his gun.

DOUG

(calling out)  
Fergie, come on out.

The door opens and Fergie comes through in his sweatpants, holding a BOSTON HERALD in one hand and a .45 in the other he stands seven or eight feet from Doug.

FERGIE

*Prick.*

They start SHOOTING at one another.

Rather than sexing it up-- the feel should be of watching people shoot one another on surveillance video: wide, detached and oddly pedestrian.

Doug has the clear advantage of a VEST and after five or six shots Fergie BUCKLES and DROPS to the floor abruptly.

Doug walks over to him, unsteady, now realizing he has been hit once or twice himself. He replaces his empty clip with a new one, chambering a round.

He kneels next to Fergie who lies on the floor (now we see blood coming from Doug's neck) and puts his gun in the florist's CROTCH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

Fergie, remember who clipped your  
nuts for you-

BOOM-

EXT. YAWKEY AND BOYLSTON INTERSECTION - TEN MINUTES LATER

Frawley listens to a COP give his SHOOTING STATEMENT to  
an INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICER, exaggerating his role.

COP

At that time, I believe the  
suspect was holding the weapon  
like so-

Shows a gun held in front of the chest pointing skyward.

COP (CONT'D)

To reload, at which point I fired,  
struck the suspect. I believe at  
least once in the clavicle...

Frawley tunes this guy out

Then a flurry of activity among the cops nearby. A  
passing cop's police radio drones:

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)

... repeat, all units, 529 Main  
Street, Charlestown...

Dino and Frawley look at each other.

FRAWLEY

That's the Florist.

Dino hails a passing plainclothes DETECTIVE he knows.

DINO

Hey! Bobby!

DETECTIVE

Looks like somebody got Fergie.

Frawley steps forward into the rain.

FRAWLEY

Jesus Christ, that must be MacRay.

DINO

Slow down, Frawl.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FRAWLEY  
(moving)  
*Claire Keesey.*

INT./EXT. CLAIRE'S CONDO - ENTRANCE - MINUTES LATER

Doorbell RINGS. Through the door glass, Claire sees the outline of a policeman. She cautiously opens her door.

The cop raises his head. Claire sees Doug's face -- and the dirty, bloody hand at his neck.

Her hand goes to her mouth, eyes wide.

INT. CLAIRE'S CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

Doug is LOWERED slowly onto the floor, then we see he is resting on her leg- she is holding him there, trying to be careful with him.

He is dying.

Doug looks up at Claire, consciousness starting to come and go

DOUG  
Its okay.

She is holding his hand, trying to keep pressure on his neck.

CLAIRE  
I'm gonna call an ambulance, Doug.

DOUG  
(seems distant)  
No, stay here.

Frawley arrives at the open door. Seeing the blood trail on the floor, he draws his SIG-Sauer and moves inside --

-- finding Claire kneeling beside a dying Doug MacRay.

Frawley comes up on the other side -- tugging the Beretta from Doug's holster. Doug just watches him take it.

CLAIRE  
(seeing Frawley)  
*GET AN AMBULANCE!*

Frawley finds and grabs a telephone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAWLEY

They're on their way, Claire.

CLAIRE

(at Frawley, crying)

Did you do this?

He sighs, why is he always the bad guy? Shakes his head, 'no.'

DOUG

(to Frawley)

She dined me?

FRAWLEY

That's right.

The feeling this gives Doug is worse than dying.

DOUG

Why'nt you take us at the hotel?

Frawley looks at Doug and Claire, confused.

FRAWLEY

You're talking about Coughlin's  
sister, right?

Doug's eyes fix on Frawley, then he nods. Something seems to have come free from its moorings in him.

FRAWLEY (CONT'D)

You got the Florist, huh?

(beat)

Rusty, too?

The smallest of smiles-- mostly in his eyes. His pupils start to PIN.

DOUG

(looking at Claire)

I'm sorry.

MUSIC CUE

She eases Doug's head into her lap, and begins stroking his hair as though comforting him to sleep. She sees his hands are covered in dirt, as if he'd been digging. She studies him -- as he studied her when she was blindfolded. For a passing moment, she is overwhelmed with grief. Then -- as if responding to some inner voice -- she straightens her back, composing herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLAIRE

Shhh. Walk to the water. Until  
you can feel it on your toes.

Doug's eyes fix on something in the distance -- she rocks him a little, slowly enough that we see just the smallest movement in the frame to match our

CUT TO:

MOVEMENT INSIDE A CAR. THAT SAME RHYTHMIC MOTION

We're tight on something, not clear what it is, light is flaring and something is moving. We realize now we are in CLAIRE'S P.O.V. IN HER BLINDFOLD.

INT. MINIVAN - FLASHBACK

Doug is riding next to Claire in the back of the minivan. Gloansey is driving and Jem rides shotgun. Claire's blindfold is wrapped tight around her face. She is silent. Doug is pressed close to her.

Doug looks out the window and sees the BEACH as they approach. He whispers in her ear so that no one else can hear.

DOUG

I know you're scared. It's almost  
over. You're gonna to be fine.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Claire has been released from the car but still wears her blindfold. She walks forward on the beach toward the water nervously, unable to see where she's going. Over this we hear the words Doug has just spoken to her.

DOUG (O.S.)

Don't be afraid. Just walk to the  
water. Until you can feel it on  
your toes.

Her toes touch the water. She pulls at the blindfold, yanking it loose.

Looking up she sees a giant AIRLINER FLYING OVERHEAD as it TAKES OFF.

Black.