

ONCE UPON A TIME IN HELL

by  
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*NOTE: This story takes place over two intercut time periods - present day and 15 years earlier - a line marking each transition.*

SUPER OVER BLACK: "In my part of the country, when you meet an Irishman, you find a first-rate gentleman; but these are worse than savages; they are too mean to swab Hell's kitchen."

-- Davy Crockett in New York City, 1835

The quote fades as the flare of a falling FLASHLIGHT breaks the darkness --

It clatters hard to the ground, revealing a

CONCRETE TUNNEL

And a STRUGGLE -- two uniformed legs KICK WILDLY at the edge of its beam, the only light here. GURGLING sound of choking.

One foot hits the flashlight, spinning it, the beam coming to rest on the full figure of the

UNIFORMED MAN

who flails on the ground, hands clutching at a SHOELACE wrapped tight around his neck.

Little can be seen of the MAN kneeling behind him: Two arms of ropy muscle pulling the chord tight. And above that, in the darkness -- only the glint of glacial eyes, the shine of his face, slack and passionless. He is all brutal efficiency, this is simply a thing that needs to be done.

The Uniformed Man's eyes search the darkness before him for some salvation. Those ropy arms pull harder. His gurgle and squeal reach a desperate peak.

Then fade. His legs twitch, then also go still.

The man releases the body to the floor, which sends the flashlight spinning again --

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

-- FLASH of a spotlight moving over the foggy water from a POLICE BOAT.

It putters along - and suddenly the black hulk of a stone-and-steel GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE SUPPORT COLUMN moves into frame.

As the boat passes behind it, reveal there: the dark figure of the Man treading water at the shadowy base, waiting for it to pass. Breath fogging - it's cold - but he shows no hint of pain.

EXT. ROW HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

He snags clothes off a line, into the shadows.

He pulls off his wet t-shirt, revealing a body carved with muscle and decked with PRISON TATTOOS and JAGGED SCARS.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The Man, now in jeans and a sweatshirt, moves through the seedy, run-down neighborhood, hood pulled low.

He stops, looking up at a decrepit, boarded-up pile of bricks - HOTEL MONDRAGON.

ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The Man BREAKS a side window with his elbow.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

He strides down the ghostly, empty hall.

He hears low NOISES, peers into an open room. Inside: two JUNKIES fucking on the floor. The girl looks at him glassy-eyed.

He continues to ROOM 177.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Man stands before his reflection in the filthy, streaked glass:

The first good look we've gotten of him -- maybe 40 years old, greasy, shaggy hair, thick goatee, a jagged scar across his cheek. A fire in his dark eyes.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Who are you?

CRASH - he drops the mirror unceremoniously to the floor, leaving a square patch of clean wall almost like a window amongst the decades of dust.

He lightly taps several spots with his knuckle, PUNCHES the last, his fist going through a thin layer of plaster of Paris.

He pulls his hand out holding an old edition of *The Inferno*.

BEDROOM

He sits on the bed, opens the book to reveal a hollowed cavity with a BLACK BAG inside.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

The scumbag OWNER examines a DIAMOND with a loupe.

OWNER  
Family heirloom, huh?

He looks up across the counter at the Man, who looks like little more than some skid-row drifter.

THE MAN  
That's right.  
(points)  
Throw that in.

The owner follows his gaze to a gleaming HUNTING KNIFE under the glass.

An uneasy moment, then the owner looks back at the SPARKLING DIAMOND

CUT TO:

INT. DIAMOND WHOLESALER, BACKROOM - NIGHT

A different diamond seen through a different loupe -- now in the hands of an upscale but shady DIAMOND DEALER.

He looks down at the TWO DOZEN OTHER STONES in velvet on the counter, then up at--

The Man -- now clean and razor-sharp in an immaculate black suit and overcoat.

DIAMOND DEALER  
Deal.

EXT. CORNER - NIGHT

A newspaper on the ground, the headline: "GANGSTER GIOVANNI 'THE PRIEST' FARIA DIES IN PRISON."

It blows past two skinny Korean PROSTITUTES, knees shaking, under-dressed for the weather.

A SEDAN pulls to a stop beside them and MATT KRUPASKI (45), a sharply dressed walking oil slick, leans out to them.

KRUPASKI  
Cold night, girls.

KOREAN PROSTITUTE 1  
We make you nice and warm.

KRUPASKI (CONT'D)  
You girls with Johnny Hu?

Prostitute 1 is confused -- weird question.

KRUPASKI (CONT'D)  
I'm used to having to go down to 32nd  
for Johnny Hu's girls.

He flashes a fat MONEYCLIP.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Krupaski lies on the bed with his hands laced behind his head, a depleted grin on his face.

The Prostitutes dress and go for the door.

KRUPASKI  
One more thing, ladies.

They turn to find him standing, nude, holding a DETECTIVE'S BADGE.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Close on: DECLAN COLE (50), a cold cipher of a man, drops pinches of food into an elaborate aquarium of ANGELFISH.

He watches them feed with the same quiet satisfaction a rancher might regard a thousand head of cattle: this is the closest thing he feels to love in his life.

DECLAN  
Gorgeous things, aren't they? You know anything about angelfish? One of the most intelligent species there is. You know they can recognize their owner? Look at 'em, you can tell. One of the few monogamous species too. Often when one mate dies, the partner will refuse all others after.

Reveal: he is in a WHEELCHAIR, a kneeling WOMAN giving him a blow job.

WOMAN  
Baby, there's nothing going on down here--

DECLAN  
Shut up.

He downs a glass of whiskey, staring with a kind of sadness at his beloved pets.

The phone RINGS, snapping his reverie. He picks it up.

DECLAN  
(into phone)  
Yeah?... Downstairs in ten.

Hangs up. Back to his soothing fish. But he's now suddenly gone cold and unfeeling.

DECLAN  
(to woman)  
Get the fuck outta here.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Krupaski drives, grooving to an old Snoop Dogg song on the radio.

KRUPASKI  
*Rollin' down the street smokin' endo,  
sippin' on gin and juice...*

The two Prostitutes in the backseat, hands cuffed behind their backs. Their natural dread becomes alarm as they take in their deserted, industrial surroundings -- he isn't taking them anywhere near a police station.

He makes a turn into the

DOCKS

KRUPASKI (CONT'D)  
*With my mind on my money and my money  
on my mind...*

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

He pulls up close to a small YACHT -- "MY IRISH MOLLY O" -- where Declan smokes on the dock.

Krupaski stops, gets out, and opens the passenger side door. The Prostitutes are terrified.

KRUPASKI  
Come on.

They don't move. He matter-of-factly grabs Prostitute 2 by the hair and roughly pulls her out. Looks sharply at Prostitute 1 -- she follows.

A man emerges from the boat, sipping a glass of whiskey, then tosses the glass into the water:

FINN MORGAN (40) -- boss of the Hell's Kitchen Irish mob. And though his conservative appearance speaks of control and assurance, his dark eyes reveal an unstable powder keg beneath it all.

FINN  
Detective.

Prostitute 2 BEGS in Korean.

KRUPASKI  
(gestures to Prostitute 1)  
She speaks English.

Finn regards them.

FINN  
Fuckin' Johnny Hu. Can't even  
provide his girls with proper coats.  
Disgraceful.

Declan, stonefaced, has an overcoat draped over his lap. Finn takes it and goes to Prostitute 2, now weeping.

FINN  
Shhhhhh.

He drapes the coat over her and buttons it. Jerks his head at the other. Krupaski uncuffs her.

FINN 90  
You--  
(points at ground)  
Pick up those rocks.

She trembles. Finn pulls out a gun, presses it hard against her head, and COCKS the trigger.

She falls to her knees and picks up two large STONES.

FINN (CONT'D)  
Now. Put them in her pockets.

Prostitute 1 is horrified. She yelps as Krupaski yanks her forward by the hair.

PROSTITUTE 1  
(sobbing, in Korean:)  
Forgive me.

She puts the stones in Prostitute 2's pockets. Prostitute 2 suddenly realizes, and CRIES out.

Declan calmly brakes his wheelchair and shoves her into the black river, eyes never leaving Prostitute 1.

DECLAN

Remind Johnny Hu and whoever the fuck else you run into: their merchandise is not welcome in Morgan territory.

Beat. Finn makes an imperious get-the-fuck-out-of-here gesture and she races away.

Krupaski lights a smoke and turns to Finn.

KRUPASKI

How's the wife?

INT. FREE CLINIC - DAY

A weeping, strung out TEENAGE GIRL sits at a desk across from a beautiful but heartbroken counselor who's seen too much -- MOLLY MORGAN (40).

TEENAGE GIRL

--and when I woke up they'd dropped me in this park, and I didn't know where I was and or what they did to me while I was out or what had happened to my shoes...and I didn't care. I was lucky I was alive and all I cared about was getting back to find Tre again for my next fix.

Molly listens to this lost little girl with an understanding all her own.

TEENAGE GIRL

(awash in shame)

I-- I don't even know what I'm doing here. I have nothing, no money, no clothes--

MOLLY

It's okay. That's what we're here for -- to help. I know it's scary. But you've already taken the hardest step: the first. Sometimes life can feel like this prison and there's no way out, but it's not true. The key is inside yourself. A lot of people never learn that.

Molly offers a supportive smile, but it falters, her mind seeming to linger on her final words.

## EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Molly alone in front of a HEADSTONE, the inscription of which we do not see. In her face is a pain so old and intimate it's like her last friend -- she could find her way to this place with her eyes closed, but could not be more lost.

She kneels and places a ROSE by the grave.

There is a chill wind and she cinches her coat and turns and makes her way back through the frosty graves.

## INT. POSH CONDO, LIVING ROOM - DAY

A sprawling place, well-appointed, but cold and lifeless.

Molly sits on a divan with a stack of case files, a glass of vodka beside her. At home she possesses the passive, numb quality of a person whose conception of herself 20 years ago was irreconcilably different.

She glances down the hall toward the sound of a VOICE, and drinks.

## INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - SAME

Finn stands like a pillar at the floor-to-ceiling windows, on a cell phone. He gazes past his ghostly reflection in the glass to the city outside with the air of ownership -- *his* city.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Jesus Christ, Finn...

FINN  
(into phone)  
If you and the good paddies down  
precinct 18 did your fucking job, I  
wouldn't have to.

## INT. CAR - SAME

JERRY VILLEFORT (55), a slick haircut in a power suit, sits in the back of his car service ride, on the phone. Staring down at a Daily News article: "Body Found in Hudson".

JERRY  
(into phone)  
My job?

He tosses the paper for the New York Times underneath, scans an ARTICLE: "D.A. Villefort Marks Anniversary of Anti-Crime Crusade," with a black-tie photo of himself.

JERRY  
I'm gonna kill that photographer.

FINN  
(filtered)  
What?

JERRY  
(into phone)  
How many time do we have to have this conversation? I'm the District Attorney, not Chief of fucking Police. I can't just--

Jerry pauses and raises the screen between him and the driver.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Is that phone clean? I'm telling you, you cannot be calling me on--

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - SAME

Finn, jaw clenching passes into the  
LIVING ROOM

To Molly's evident distaste.

FINN  
Excuse me? You're telling me? Hey, don't start believing your own hype, you degenerate fucking cokehead, and don't forget who you're talking to -- without me you'd be hustling slip-and-falls with your face on the back of a phone book instead of the Times.

Molly drains her glass and gets up to refill it.

INT. CAR - SAME

Jerry glances at the cars following behind him.

JERRY  
(into phone)  
I'm not fucking around. These Feds have got the scent, and there's only so much I can do to throw them off. I think I even caught a tail on me the other day. You've got to lay low.

EXT. CONDO, BALCONY - SAME

Finn steps out, lighting a cigarette.

FINN  
(into phone)  
They've been sniffing for ten fuckin'  
years, what do they got? The Feds  
couldn't catch the clap. Fuck 'em.

Finn flips-off a building a block away and -- CLICK -- freeze-frames in black-and-white, middle finger extended.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - SAME

A two-man FBI SURVEILLANCE TEAM snapping pics of Finn.

FBI SURVEILLANCE MAN  
Motherfucker.

EXT. CONDO, BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

FINN  
(into phone)  
I'm just a concerned citizen,  
reaching out to my elected official.  
Enjoy your brunch. Give my best to  
the senator.

Finn hangs up and heads back

INSIDE

Where Molly is once more on the divan. He notes her glass is full again, doesn't comment. He stands studying her for a moment -- though husband and wife in significant ways they are virtually strangers.

He reaches to her bangs and smooths a stray hair. Her face is utterly impassive.

FINN  
You want to go the movies tomorrow?

MOLLY  
I'm going to see a movie with  
Michelle on Thursday.

FINN  
There some kind of law against going  
to the movies twice in one week?

MOLLY  
Since when did the law mean anything  
around here?

FINN  
You know, we're running low on  
soda-- you want to chase the next one  
with anti-freeze?

She doesn't reply. He grabs his keys and goes for the door.

FINN  
I won't be back for dinner.

MOLLY  
What's her name?

FINN  
You know what, what if we tape this  
week's paranoid investigation and  
I'll listen to it later?  
(throws open the door)  
Have another fuckin' drink.

He leaves. Molly looks down at her case files again like a mirror, then pushes them away.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - SAME

One FBI surveillance man, AGENT RIVERA, makes a cell phone call.

AGENT RIVERA  
(into phone)  
Morgan's on the move. He's on the  
ditch phones, we got nothing. Just  
the usual Ozzy and Harriet.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

On the phone: AGENT GIRARDI (55), a portrait of cagey cool, disappointed but expecting it.

AGENT GIRARDI  
(into phone)  
Fuck it. Let him swim, we'll pick  
him up downstream.

He hangs up and tosses a thick FILE to AGENT FISK drinking coffee.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Local rackets convictions for the  
past fifteen years. How many Irish  
names you see in there?

AGENT FISK  
(flipping through)  
Tyrone O'Neill count?

He takes the man's coffee and turns to a BULLETIN BOARD of photos, notes, and other Morgan casework.

AGENT GIRARDI  
And what happened fifteen years ago?

EXT. CONDO, BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Molly leans on the railing, her eyes distant in shame and the feeling she deserves this shame when -- CLICK -- she freeze-frames in black-and-white.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - SAME

The FBI surveillance team is packing up their gear. They didn't take the picture.

CLICK -- someone takes a photo of them.

EXT. ANOTHER BUILDING ROOFTOP - SAME

The Man lowers a telephoto camera, his black overcoat flapping in the wind.

INT. THE ROSE - EVENING

A smoky neighborhood bar. Assorted THUGS hanging around watching a football game on TV.

BACK ROOM - SAME

Finn sits talking with Declan.

FINN  
Jerry says we need to start laying low. Insulating.

DECLAN  
Jerry may have been busy watching *The Little Mermaid* when they were handing out balls, but he ain't stupid. We got more coming in than ever before, there's not a crew south of 110th dumb enough to make a serious play against us -- shit, last night's the most action we've had since what? Giardina's boys got out of line?

FINN  
(smirks at the memory)  
Taught those cocksuckers some  
manners.

QUICK FLASH: a dim basement -- two bloody WISEGUYS tied to  
chairs. Finn walks toward them, wearing a rain slicker and  
holding a SAMURAI SWORD.

DECLAN  
Could be Jerry's right.  
(beat)  
It's lonely at the top, Finny.

FINN  
Is that why we did this? The money?

DECLAN  
I didn't do it to die in prison.

FINN  
(to himself)  
Why did we?

Suddenly - BOOM BOOM BOOM - out in the bar.

He gets up and goes to the

BAR

The thugs have guns drawn. RYAN, a serious bruiser and Finn's  
head enforcer, nods to the front door, where the sound came  
from.

EXT. THE ROSE - SAME

They cautiously come around the alley to

THE FRONT

And stop.

RYAN  
What the fuck?

Finn, unnerved, inspects a BOOK PAGE (unseen until specified)  
that has been nailed to the door.

He pulls it down and looks to Declan's concerned face in the  
window.

EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING

The Man kneels in the snow before the same HEADSTONE as Molly.  
He brushes the snow from it, revealing the name:

"EDWARD DONOVAN".

His eyes fall on the fresh ROSE at the foot of it.

He picks it up and stands, staring at that name, with cold determination.

The man who was once Eddie Donovan.

OLD MAN (V.O.)  
(Italian accent)  
"In the middle of the journey of our  
life I came to myself within a dark  
wood--

INT. THE ROSE, BACK OFFICE - SAME

Finn sits, darkly regarding the page.

And now we see that what he his holding is Blake's drawing of LUCIFER from Dante's Inferno, chewing on the three TRAITORS.

EXT. CEMETERY - SAME

Eddie (the Man) drops the rose, CRUSHING IT as he marches away with purpose through the snow toward the red sunset burning like hell behind the city skyline.

OLD MAN (V.O.)  
--where the straight way was lost."

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK: ONCE UPON A TIME IN HELL

The fading crunch of Eddie's footsteps becomes

CHEERING...

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EXT. DEWITT CLINTON PARK, HELL'S KITCHEN - DAY (1993)

Summer. The city.

AC/DC rocks on a radio somewhere in the small bleacher crowd around the neighborhood BASEBALL FIELD. A sunny and carefree counterpoint to the preceding chill and brutality.

UMPIRE  
Strike two!

The teams: a group of COLUMBIA LAW STUDENTS -- former frat boys, a trust fund cocaine crowd.

VS.

A motley collection of local hoods -- IRISH MOB.

On the mound is young Eddie (24) - law school - baby-faced, effortlessly charismatic all-American. It seems impossible this is the same person.

At the plate, young Finn (24), dark good looks and raging insecurity.

Eddie doesn't move, ball in glove. Finn waits.

FINN

I know you've always been more of a natural catcher than pitcher, Eddie, but broaden your fuckin' horizons already.

IN THE BLEACHERS

Molly watches her boys, in her eyes a light and kind of ballbuster gleam missing entirely in the future.

Eddie catches her eye and winks.

EDDIE

I'm visualizing.

FINN

What, my fuckin' jock strap?

EDDIE

This is what separates an artist from a fuckface. An artist visualizes and mentally performs the motion before firing a single neuron, while your common variety fuckface lacks the requisite discipline and patience.

FINN

Come again? I'm not fluent in douche-bag-ese.

EDDIE

And so while you're giving that big mouth exercise it doesn't need by every men's room wall account, I am visualizing the surgical precision and grace with which I am going to throw this ball not half an inch outside the strike zone, which you, being an inveterate and practiced fuckface as always, will swing at - and miss.

Finn goes quiet with a fierce and focused look. They have been best friends all their lives.

The whole field is now dying with anticipation. Molly leans forward.

Eddie smiles and gently, almost lazily lobs the ball.

Finn's fingers whiten around the bat. Every muscle of his body wants to swing, but he doesn't--

The ball whoomps into the catcher's mitt. Finn gives Eddie a fuck-you smirk.

UMPIRE  
Out!

The ball was thrown fractionally WITHIN the strike zone. Finn realizes how he was fooled and glares at Eddie.

Eddie taps his forehead -- all up here.

Cheers and jeers. Molly claps, laughing.

Finn notices her, face clouding with barely suppressed rage. But it passes and he drops the bat.

FINN  
(chuckles darkly)  
You piece of shit.

POST-GAME

The two teams shaking hands, the local hoods talking shit.

LAW STUDENT  
(to Eddie)  
Some fucking friends you got,  
Donovan.

Eddie and Molly stand on opposite sides of the chainlink backstop.

EDDIE  
Are you throbbing with desire over my athletic prowess?

MOLLY  
Softball's for girls.

EDDIE  
You want to stand a little closer and say that?

She leans in and they kiss through the fence.

Finn comes up from behind and roughly but playfully gets Eddie into a headlock.

FINN  
 (to Molly)  
 You know one of these days your  
 little boyfriend here is gonna get  
 too clever for his own good.

MOLLY  
 And yet the rumors persist that guys  
 don't like foreplay.

Eddie pulls free.

FINN  
 You guys headed for the Rose?

MOLLY  
 Yeah, shift starts at six.

EDDIE  
 Not me. Vinny's shorthanded tonight  
 and I could use the extra dough.

FINN  
 So when are you going to hear back  
 about--

Eddie clamps his hand over his ears and sings loudly:

EDDIE  
*Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee, God of  
 glory, Lord of love...*

MOLLY  
 Soon. Soon.

Eddie removes his hands from his ears.

EDDIE  
 Anyways, I'm gonna miss my bus.

Eddie leans back to the fence. This time Finn silently  
 watches the lingering kiss between his best friend and the  
 girl he's clearly in love with.

ON THE FIELD

A fight brewing between some of the law school boys and the  
 thugs. Cursing and shoving. Someone throws a punch.

EDDIE  
 Shit.

A BRAWL. And in a blink, Finn and Eddie are in the mix, side  
 by side, trying to break their respective sides.

Until a frat boy POPS Finn in the mouth. But before he can  
 swing back, Eddie hammers the guy.

And now it's on. Finn and Eddie tearing through guys, back to back. Brothers.

Molly shakes her head, watching the melee from the fence. This is nothing new.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

A tough neighborhood -- dumpy tenements, pawn shops, OTBs.

Finn walks with Molly -- at home -- a sheen of sweat on both of them in the heat. Finn spits blood and rubs his split lip.

FINN  
Fuckin' class ring.

MOLLY  
You two. Same since sixth grade.

FINN  
When's he gonna quit that shit job?  
Prick's gonna be driving a Lexus in a year.

MOLLY  
He's not District Attorney Donovan yet. You know Eddie, he can't put his socks on without making a spreadsheet.

FINN  
Over-thinking. Never my problem.

We intimate from his look and proximity that Molly is more comfortable around Finn with Eddie as a buffer.

They come to a stop at

THE ROSE

Finn observes

DOWN THE STREET

Krupaski - then a beat cop - flirting with a Puerto Rican girl on roller skates.

MOLLY  
Well, thanks for walking me.

FINN  
But he went for you when he had the chance. Didn't over-think that one.

She makes a joke of it.

MOLLY  
And lived to regret it every day  
since.  
(heads in)  
Stay cool, Finny.

FINN  
Yeah... Yeah.

He stands watching the door swing closed.

He turns and we track him as he strides purposefully down the street.

Approaches Krupaski. A BOOMBOX on the stoop plays Dr. Dre - "Nothin' but a G Thang."

KRUPASKI  
(sees Finn)  
Well, just the man I was looking for.  
(to girl)  
If you'll excuse me, por favor.

He and Finn step away.

FINN  
I'm no expert on the finer points of  
NY law, but that girl don't look 18  
to me.

KRUPASKI  
Justice is blind, my friend.

In a handshake, a wad of CASH is exchanged. Finn pockets it with an amiable smile.

FINN  
Now Officer, you know this was  
supposed to be in my hands yesterday?

KRUPASKI  
Yeah, my bad. I woke up this morning  
in Jersey with 300 pounds in a  
peekaboo nightie frying eggs and a  
hazy recollection of the night  
before. You know how it is.

FINN  
(laughs)  
Yeah, yeah.

Abruptly, Finn SLUGS him in the gut. Krupaski doubles over, gasping.

FINN  
Degenerate tax.

Finn turns and steps away.

As he does, he passes a pair of TATTOOED THUGS muttering in RUSSIAN. They eye him hard, one wagging a finger, the other cocking hand like a gun at him -- POW. Trouble.

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INT. PRISON KITCHEN - DAY (2008)

"Nothin' but a G Thang" playing on a beat-up old radio.

Beside it, a powerfully built inmate, JACKIE LOMBARDO (45), scrubs a mountain of pots and pans, a sweaty mess.

A PRISON GUARD steps in and bangs on the counter.

PRISON GUARD  
Hey, Jackie. You got a visitor.

Jackie pauses -- huh?

INT. PRISON VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Jackie sits at the partition glass. Across from him is a sharp-looking LAWYER with a briefcase. They pick up the phones.

LAWYER  
Mr. Lombardo.

JACKIE  
Yeah?

LAWYER  
My name's David Meyer, I'm an attorney with Meyer, Simms, and Sullivan.

JACKIE  
Who?

MEYER  
(pulls out a FILE)  
I've been looking into your file. I think your public defender got his law degree off a matchbook; I've seen stronger cases of beer than the prosecutor's here.

JACKIE  
I don't get it. Why are you here?

MEYER  
 The why isn't important, but my client is paying \$1000 an hour, so time is. How would you feel about an early release?

Jackie just stares at him, dumbfounded.

CUT TO:

A gavel SLAMS down on a judge's desk.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Meyer leads Jackie out, and points him to a waiting LIMO.

JACKIE  
 Who's that?

MEYER  
 Our employer. Mr. Mondragon.

Meyer waves to the limo, then veers off for his own car. Jackie hesitates, then steps into the

LIMO

Where Eddie waits sipping scotch. Jackie sits across from him. A quiet, stunned beat.

JACKIE  
 "That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection."

Eddie hands him a drink. The car takes off. They sip in silence.

JACKIE  
 So what's the game -- Mr. Mondragon?

EDDIE  
 You know anyone who can play?

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

Dark and smoky. Slow pan across a rogues gallery of ex-cons, hustlers, and stick-up men drinking at the bar and playing pool...

EDDIE (V.O.)  
 I'm looking for out-of-towners, men on the fringe. Guys with no affiliations and nothing to lose.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIMO - DAY

EDDIE  
And good.

Jackie takes a big drink and grins...

BRIEF MONTAGE

-- A handsome shark, MIKE MULLIN (35), smokes, watching cash counted out on a barroom table.

JACKIE (V.O.)  
Strongarm Mike Mullin. Used to run numbers for one of the Pittsburgh outfits.

Mike glances up at a sexy OLDER WOMAN smiling at him across the room. Grins.

JACKIE (V.O.)  
Until he got caught fingering the boss's wife.

-- Mike SCREAMS, three men holding him down as a buzzing CIRCULAR SAW is brought down toward his right arm.

-- Mike casually passes through airport security, his right arm now in a CAST.

JACKIE (V.O.)  
Now he runs a different racket.

-- Airport pickup. Mike slips into the back of a waiting car. He twists his cast and removes the entire FAKE FOREARM, dumping out cash, a bag of pills, and four passports.

-- Cut back to: Mike screaming as the saw approaches...

JACKIE  
His partner, Frank Terry, ol' Sand-ass... His talents lie elsewhere.

Pan up to FRANK TERRY (45), a pitbull of a man, holding the saw. Closer...

SMASH CUT BACK  
TO:

INT. POOL HALL - DAY

CRACK - pool balls scatter. Eddie and Jackie step up to Mike and Terry playing at a table in the back.

JACKIE  
Gentlemen. This is the guy I was telling you about. Mr. Mondragon.

MIKE  
So, what's the score?

Eddie drops two thick bundles of CASH on the pool table. Mike glances at Frank.

FRANK  
We're in.

A small nod from Eddie -- time to go to work.

OLD MAN (V.O.)  
It's all reducible to economics...

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT (BRIEF FLASHBACK)

Almost like a dream-place: In an inky sea of darkness a candle-flame highlights Eddie's sweaty face. He squats in a dark concavity, scraping at the wall with a screwdriver. No other sign of his location.

The old Italian man speaking -- JOE "THE PRIEST" FARIA -- sits smoking in the shadows behind him, in the middle of a kind of underworld tutorial.

FARIA  
Supply and demand, cost risk analysis. The successful criminal isn't a sociopath, but a rational profit maximizer.

INT. CARD ROOM - NIGHT

Three of FINN'S CREW oversee a smoky, five-table poker room, deep in action. Lots of cash.

A COMMOTION outside and the door FLIES OPEN. Frank and Mike, both in gloves and ski masks, charge in with guns behind the bloody LOOKOUT.

One of Finn's guys goes for a gun, and Mike promptly SHOOTS him in the calf, dropping him.

Frank racks a shell in his shotgun, aiming at the head room-runner.

FRANK  
Bag it.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

A Morgan prostitution house. Eddie, also masked, holds a revolver on the THUG running the place, while Jackie hands out CASH from the open strongbox to the PROSTITUTES there.

JACKIE  
Beat it.

The girls hesitantly take the money and leave.

THUG  
You bitches take that money and I  
swear to Christ I'm gonna--

Eddie SLAMS him against the wall and presses his gun to the man's crotch.

EDDIE  
Speak to those girls again and I make  
you one.

Jackie eyes the man's LEATHER COAT.

JACKIE  
That a 42 long?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Two IRISH HOODS stand with their hands up beside a car.

Frank, holding a gun on them, tosses bags of COCAINE from the trunk to Mike, who proceeds to cut them open and dump it down a sewer.

IRISH HOOD  
You're making a serious fucking  
mistake.

Frank gives him a wink.

INT. OFFICE SPACE - NIGHT

A bookie mill buzzing with action. Workers man phones taking bets, while two BOOKIES run cash through a money counter and update a chalkboard of games and odds.

BOOKIE  
Bump Green Bay up to minus seven--

The bolted door BURSTS open behind a sledgehammer. Jackie (with the hammer) and Eddie march in, raising hell.

Jackie hits one bookie in the gut with the sledgehammer then hurls it into one of the many TVs.

The head bookie just watches dumbfounded as Jackie begins to dump the bundles of cash on the floor.

BOOKIE

Are you fuckin' stupid? You know whose joint this is?

EDDIE

Yeah.

Jackie squirts a bottle of LIGHTER FLUID on the money and lights it.

EDDIE

Mine.

He looks beyond the nauseous bookie to the chalkboard. Pulls out the HUNTING KNIFE.

---

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1993)

Small and modest, with a general lived-in clutter. Eddie enters, exhausted, pizza dough powdering his hands as he thumbs through the mail.

He stops cold on one LETTER: "New York Board of Law Examiners".

INT. THE ROSE - LATER

Near closing. Molly behind the bar cleaning up. A handful of lingering and dedicated drunks.

Eddie enters, hair slick from a quick shower, breathing as though he ran here.

Molly suppresses a grin, surprised to see him.

MOLLY

You missed last call by five minutes.

EDDIE

Make an exception. We need a drink for this.

She turns to get a drink, and when she turns back a small RING BOX sits on the bar between them. She looks up, stunned.

INT. THE ROSE, BACK OFFICE - SAME

A bottle of Jameson on the desk. Behind it sits Finn's father, JIMMY MORGAN (60), a prematurely aged husk of the formidable man he once was. But there is fire in him yet.

Sitting across from him are Finn and Declan (35 here).

On the small TV: a news report on the "FALLOUT OF THE SOVIET UNION COLLAPSE".

JIMMY  
Fuckin' commies. They lose their  
shit and it lands in our backyard.

He shuts it off with disgust.

DECLAN  
They're not alone, Jimmy. Ryan's  
lost action to the Chinks down  
Wooster. And you know the Guineas  
are looking to put the boot on our  
neck.

JIMMY  
As goes 9th street, so goes the  
fuckin' world.  
(beat)  
So what're you proposing here?

DECLAN  
Remind 'em whose neighborhood it is.  
Take the gloves off.

Jimmy frowns, ruminating. He holds his handkerchief to his mouth for the hacking cough of a sick man.

JIMMY  
One, we need the shitstorm of heat  
that would bring down like I need a  
cock in my ass.

DECLAN  
We already discussed a way of  
deflecting attention from our  
interests.

JIMMY  
Which I told you no way. The pay off  
is no guarantee, and the risk is  
fuckin' Chernobyl.

Finn looks from one to the other with interest -- he has no idea to what they're referring.

JIMMY

And two, we got our hands full as it is without poking every barking dog from here to Brooklyn. Who's gonna go to the mat? Doyle and his knuckleheads?

Declan puts a hand on Finn's shoulder.

DECLAN

We put Finny in charge. The boys respect him. Give the kid a shot at making his bones. Some real responsibility, you know?

Unsaid: Because you're going to die soon.

FINN

I'll make you proud, Pop.

Jimmy nods, thinking.

JIMMY

That, uh, that little Pollock you lifted those sneakers with when you were kids, what was his name?

FINN

(goes ashen)

Matt Krupaski.

JIMMY

Right, right... Except these days isn't it Officer fuckin' Krupaski?

(roars)

What did that scumbag owe you? A grand? Do you know what comes outta my pocket in fucking mea culpas when you slug a cop in the middle of the sidewalk? You think this is the Wild fucking West, you fucking jerk? Now if you don't get your act together, I'm not putting you in charge of whacking it on the john until I can trust you not to fuck it up. And if I'm in the ground before that happens so be it, I won't have you destroy what Morgans came halfway across the globe to build.

Finn shrinks with every word. Declan watches him wearily: You punched a cop?

Jimmy angrily hocks and spits blood on his handkerchief.

JIMMY

We're done here.

He stands and walks out. Close on Finn.

O.S. The jukebox comes on: "Wild Horses."

INT. THE ROSE - CONTINUOUS

The place is now empty except for Molly and Eddie slow-dancing.

Jimmy steps out of the office, followed by Finn and Declan.

JIMMY  
Alright, alright, no funny business,  
this is a reputable joint here.

He shakes Eddie affectionately by the scruff of the neck.

JIMMY  
So I gotta pay by the hour to lose  
myself in your pretty eyes or what?

Eddie produces the bar exam letter. Jimmy lights as though it's his own son.

JIMMY  
This kid, I always knew it, this kid.  
Hey, why don't you cough a few times  
on that lunk (Finn), see if it  
catches.

EDDIE  
Jimmy, hey, you want to watch how you  
talk about my best man?

Jimmy stares at him, then Molly.

Molly smiles in such a fashion that in this moment we can see how a man might destroy his brother for it.

Jimmy enfolds them both in his arms like a bear.

Finn is speechless, stunned -- which Declan observes.

Finn breaks into a giddy laugh and goes to Eddie.

FINN  
C'mere you fuckin' prick.

They hug and cackle like best friends, Declan regarding them carefully.

---

INT. OFFICE SPACE - NIGHT (2008)

Declan, just as coldly analytical, watches as Krupaski takes a knee at the smoldering ashes of the money at the busted bookie mill, smoking a cigarette.

KRUPASKI  
Jesus wept.

Finn toes the busted TV glass, Ryan chomps at the bit behind him.

FINN  
(to Ryan)  
Tool up. Shakedown the neighborhood,  
see what falls out. And clean this  
shit up.

Ryan moves into action.

KRUPASKI  
You want to file a report?

DECLAN  
Get in the street. Brace your CIs.

FINN  
I want a name.

Krupaski just stares at the chalkboard (unseen). Finn snaps.

FINN  
You're a detective! Detect,  
motherfucker!

Krupaski flicks his cigarette into the ashes and beats it out the back door. Finn and Declan also both now staring at the chalkboard.

DECLAN  
They didn't take a thing. Anywhere.

Finn pulls out the Inferno page from his coat.

Reveal: the CHALKBOARD. The game odds are wiped away, replaced with a message carved into it: "ABANDON ALL HOPE, YE WHO ENTER HERE."

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Finn and Declan head out from the bookies.

AGENT GIRARDI (O.S.)  
Morning, boys.

They pause, seeing Agents Girardi and Fisk drinking coffee at a sidewalk cafe table.

FINN  
If it isn't the Unfuckables.

AGENT FISK  
You're up early.

FINN  
You too. Late night clubbing with the fellas?

DECLAN  
Early bird gets the germ.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Looks like they lost something, Bill.

AGENT FISK  
Way of the world these days.

Girardi sips his coffee and glances back at the chi-chi coffee house.

AGENT GIRARDI  
That's right. I remember when this spot used to be one of your daddy's old clip joints, back before your mother wiped her ass with that stain in the sheets and birthed you.

AGENT FISK  
Yeah, gentrification's a bitch, huh?  
Way neighborhoods change...

AGENT GIRARDI  
Sometimes overnight.

Finn sets a twenty dollar bill on their table.

FINN  
Have another latte, faggots.

Finn and Declan head on down the street toward their car. Girardi and Fisk's smiles vanish.

AGENT FISK  
(lighting a cigarette)  
Street talk is two other games got taken on 9th. What I can't figure is who'd have the sack for a move like this.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Finn's bodyguard drives, Finn and Declan in the back.

DECLAN  
What do you think? Feds coloring  
outside the lines now?

INTERCUT BETWEEN FINN/DECLAN AND GIRARDI/FISK CONVERSATIONS:

AGENT FISK  
Dominicans?

AGENT GIRARDI  
Fuck no.

Declan observes as Finn washes down a few prescription pills with whiskey.

FINN  
I don't know.

AGENT FISK  
Russians?

AGENT GIRARDI  
Maybe.

Finn and Declan drive back by the cafe, Finn and Girardi eyeing each other hard.

FINN  
Mother--

AGENT GIRARDI  
--fucker.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Molly sits with a glass of self-medication watching TV. Finn enters, radiating the stress and tension. She does not greet him.

He goes and stands over her and kneads her shoulders but still she doesn't acknowledge him. He picks up her drink and swigs it.

FINN  
Shitty, since you ask. Pretty fucking shitty.

And here is revealed a crucial piece of the tragedy: Finn, underneath it all, just wants this woman to love him. And she never has.

FINN

Because you have it so fucking bad.  
 The old tenement girl, with your  
 Bloomingdale's card and bottomless  
 mini-bar and Xanax bottle. You know  
 there are women out there who  
 wouldn't mind a husband who provides  
 them these things. You could be a  
 little more fucking grateful.

Molly's face: You're right. I could.

She takes her drink and leaves.

Linger on Finn's bitter impotence.

---

INT. THE ROSE - NIGHT (1993)

A banner: "CONGRATULATIONS EDDIE AND MOLLY!"

IRISH ROCK, a party in high gear.

Kitchen thugs, friends and family, locals young and old - the neighborhood come together for two of its own.

Eddie, drunk, is given another shot, which he stares at, green. Molly takes the drink from him, throws it back, sits on his lap. He buries his face into her neck.

Jimmy shuffles toward them towing an uptown suit with coked-out eyes -- young Jerry Villefort (40) -- pats Eddie on the shoulder.

JIMMY  
 C'mere, kid. You know Jerry  
 Villefort?

EDDIE  
 (shakes Jerry's hand)  
 Yeah, I think. Assistant D.A.?

JERRY  
 What the door says.

JIMMY  
 The old Kitchen punk went uptown on  
 us.  
 (beat, to Eddie)  
 And you got an interview Monday.

Eddie looks to Molly. It takes a second to soak in.

EDDIE  
 No shit?

JERRY  
 So decrees Jimmy Morgan on high.

Eddie leaps up, grabbing Jimmy.

JIMMY  
 Alright, don't turn into a fuckin'  
 broad on me.

Someone calls Jimmy away. Jerry downs his drink and leaves it on the bar, sycophantic grin gone.

JERRY  
 Wear a suit.

EDDIE  
 (asshole)  
 Yeah, thanks for the tip.

Jerry walks away. Eddie shrugs him off and scoops up Molly into a hug, laughing. This couldn't get any better.

CORNER BOOTH

Finn sits alone with a bottle, dangerously drunk, watching them.

Declan wheels up, holds out his glass to Finn's. Clink.

DECLAN  
 To a long and prosperous union.

Finn pounds his whole drink.

DECLAN  
 The old man... he loves you, you  
 know.

FINN  
 (pouring another)  
 Yeah.

DECLAN  
 But love can cloud a guy's better  
 judgement sometimes. Make you miss  
 the forest for the trees.

Finn is only half paying attention.

DECLAN  
 So if he comes off as a hard-ass  
 sometimes, it's just he wants to  
 protect you, you know. You're his  
 only son. He had it his way he'd be  
 around fucking forever just to make  
 sure things went just so.

Finn slouches back. He spins a quarter on the table.

DECLAN

Thing is, it doesn't work that way.  
Life comes at you, you gotta be one  
step ahead -- as my faithful steed  
and I can attest.

He smiles and pats his wheelchair.

DECLAN

Now you and I know, the old man, much  
as he refuses to let into that old  
mick skull, ain't long for this  
world, and when that happens we're  
gonna need iron around our asses to  
keep from getting fucked by the  
Italians, not to mention the fuckin'  
United Nations of shitheels north of  
110th. We need to be stronger than  
we've ever been, and that might  
require a little improvisation, which  
ain't exactly the old man's long  
suit.

Finn chuckles.

DECLAN

Something funny?

FINN

You'd probably be boss already if you  
didn't need monkey bars to take a  
shit.

DECLAN

And instead of going to officers'  
school I chose to shoot guys through  
the heart at 1200 yards. I'm good at  
my job, kid, I don't need to be  
Franklin fuckin' Roosevelt.

FINN

So it don't bug you you got the  
throne but not the crown?

Declan SLAPS him. Finn is shocked but doesn't retaliate.

DECLAN

The old man's naming Doyle as his  
successor.

Finn reacts as though to another blow.

AT ANOTHER TABLE

Doyle (50), an obese bearded man, stuffing a meatball hoagie  
into his mouth.

DECLAN

Now you want to pout like a schoolboy, or pay attention to your fucking underboss?

Finn is now listening.

Declan glances to Jerry. Jerry returns it with a quick, knowing look.

INT. THE ROSE, MEN'S ROOM - LATER

Finn splashes water on his face and stares into the dirty mirror. A SNORTING sound from the stall.

Jerry steps out of it, pocketing a vial of cocaine. Neither looks at the other.

JERRY  
You talk to Declan?

FINN  
Yeah.

Jerry looks past him to the mirror, wiping his nose and adjusting his hair.

JERRY  
"For by wise counsel thy shalt make thy war, and in multitude of counselors there is safety."

And with that he leaves Finn to himself.

INT. ROSE, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Finn exits the bathroom and runs into Molly.

MOLLY  
Hey, where you been? I haven't seen you all night.

He just shrugs, at a loss for words for a moment, as he looks down at the ring on her finger.

FINN  
So he's finally gonna make an honest woman outta you, huh?

MOLLY  
Honest as I'm gonna get.

An awkward silence. Finn looks like he wants to say more, but she quickly cuts him off.

MOLLY

C'mon, I got a girlfriend I want you to meet. Just your type -- blind on Bushmills, ready to make bad decisions.

FINN

Yeah. Yeah, I'll meet you out there.

With a wink, she heads to the main bar. As she does a laughing drunk, DONNY, stumbles and knocks her into the wall.

DONNY

Ah fuck, I'm sorry, honey.

Molly waves it off and heads in.

Donny moves down the hall for the men's room.

FINN

Hey, Donny, you don't watch where you're going?

DONNY

Huh? Gimme a fuckin' break, Finn.

FINN

I'll give you a fuckin' break--

He jerks the guy from the doorway, CRACKS his head into the drywall.

Finn slams him in the nose, the gut. The Drunk goes down. But Finn doesn't stop. Stomping. Punching. Blood on the wall.

Now the entire bar sees. Two thick hoods pull Finn back.

He looks up and now sees

THE BAR

Eddie and Molly watching horrified. Jimmy with a stone-faced scowl.

Finn jerks free of the hoods, who pick up Donny.

HOOD

(to bar, re: Donny)

He's alright, folks, he's fine, just too much to drink.

The party slowly resumes. Eddie watches with concern as Finn storms down the back hallway and SLAMS out the rear exit.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY (2008)

BOOM - side door is kicked in. Eddie, Jackie, Mike, and Terry step into the sprawling, musty place and look around.

EDDIE  
Yeah. This'll do.

MIKE  
(glances at used condom on  
the floor)  
What, give you hepatitis?

Eddie turns to them.

EDDIE  
You fellas feel like a drink?

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT (QUICK FLASHBACK)

Eddie and Faria. The digging and tutorial continues, much deeper into both.

FARIA  
First rule of politics: control the media. Same with our thing. When you do business with animals, image is power. Remember, you are only as strong as they think you are...

Faria exhales a fog of cigarette smoke.

FARIA  
So make them think hard.

CUT TO:

A FIST smashes into a bloody face--

INT. DUMPY APARTMENT - DAY

Ryan laying into a SKINNY LOWLIFE, while two of Finn's other thugs shakedown his place.

SKINNY LOWLIFE  
C'mon, man, shit!

RYAN  
Man? You're not a man, Tommy, you're a deadbeat fuckin' Knick fan who dropped two grand last week.  
(MORE)

RYAN (cont'd)  
You find a pair of balls in those  
shitty sweatpants? You making a  
move?

SKINNY LOWLIFE  
On Finn? What're you, nuts?

RYAN  
Then who?

SMACK --

QUICK FLASHBACKS TO:

INT. SMOKY BAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jackie downs a shot. He looks over at two SCUMBAGS whispering  
about the bookie rip-off.

JACKIE  
You know what I heard downtown?

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Two MEATHEADS turn to Frank down the bar.

MEATHEAD  
The fuck you say?

FRANK  
Hey, just what a cop buddy told me.  
Major new player on the scene. Out-  
of-towner.

INT. LONGSHOREMEN'S UNION HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

One of the meatheads drinks coffee with two other WORKERS.

WORKER  
No, no, ain't what I heard.

INT. ANOTHER BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Skinny Lowlife leans in conspiratorially to two friends.

LOWLIFE  
You're shitting me. Seriously?

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. DUMPY APARTMENT - DAY

Ryan pauses in his punching of the cringing Lowlife, momentarily stunned by something he just said.

RYAN  
Say that again.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Two sharply dressed black GANGSTERS in a booth with their arms around beautiful WOMEN.

GANGSTER 1  
Mondragon? You don't want to fuck with that nigga. I hear he's from Serbia or some fucked up place. Cats come through and pop him, he goes and tracks down the entire fuckin' regiment with a fire engine full of hydrochloric acid.

GANGSTER 2  
(snorts)  
You special-ed motherfucker. Nah nah nah. Way I hear it, man was black ops in Afganistan, went MIA when his chopper went down. Shows up on the Russian border six months later covered in towelhead blood with total fuckin' amnesia.

Reveal: they are addressing Krupaski. He nods bemusedly.

KRUPASKI  
The borough thanks you for your cooperation, gentlemen.

GANGSTER 2  
You know who loves you, baby.  
(prods one of the girls)  
Caramelle -- show the detective what a fine citizen you are.

Caramelle stands and leads Krupaski back toward a private room.

The Gangsters drop the kiss-ass act, eyeing Krupaski with spite -- then nod to a DARK FIGURE at the bar. Eddie.

LOUNGE HALLWAY

Krupaski follows Caramelle, now on his cell phone.

KRUPASKI  
(into phone)  
Mondragon. You ever hear that name  
before?

Eddie shadows them, eyes burning into the back of Krupaski's head.

They head into a

DARK ROOM

She flicks on the light -- revealing Frank, waiting with his shotgun.

CRACK -- he slams the butt into Krupaski's head. He and the cell phone drop to the floor. Finn's tinny voice on the phone...

FINN (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
What? Matt?

Eddie picks it up.

INT. THE ROSE - SAME

Finn pacing on the phone. He freezes.

FINN  
Matt!

Only the thumping music of the lounge and the sound of breathing on the other end -- tense beat.

FINN  
Who is this?

The line goes dead. He looks up at Declan.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

And from that darkness sounds emerge:

Soft GROANING...

CLINK of metal on metal...

A high overhead LIGHT slams on, spotlighting the kneeling lump of Krupaski.

His hands are CHAINED to the floor.

He scans about through the blood in his eyes and concussion fog: dusty floor -- broken glass -- rusty I-beams high above. He's in Eddie's

WAREHOUSE

Behind him, a soft BUZZ rings out like a shotgun in the quiet.

He turns to that darkness, where another light blinks on, revealing a table with his VIBRATING CELL PHONE and a hot SOLDERING IRON.

Buzz... Buzz...

He pulls his chain there and answers it.

KRUPASKI  
What do you want?

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Laptop computer screen: Grainy closed circuit footage of Krupaski. An open FILE on the desk next to it.

Eddie raises a cigarette to his mouth, watching.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Sound of smoke exhaling on the phone.

EDDIE  
(filtered)  
*Nothing that you can give me.*

He speaks through a DISTORTER, his speech low and gravelly.

KRUPASKI  
You're fucking with a police here,  
you know that?

EDDIE  
*You haven't been police for 15 years.*

Krupaski's spooked now. He tries to push down his nerves.

KRUPASKI  
I have money.

EDDIE  
*I have more.*

KRUPASKI  
Look, I can help you. I know  
powerful people. Tell me how I can  
help you. What can I do?

EDDIE  
*You already did it.*

INT. OFFICE

Image of Krupaski on-screen, his trembling voice on speaker.

KRUPASKI  
(filtered)  
*Then what the fuck do you want from me?*

INT. WAREHOUSE

EDDIE  
(filtered)  
*What I want from you is both simple, and considering exactly what you have at stake, not unreasonable. I am going to read you a sequence of six numbers. You are going to roll up your sleeve and burn these numbers into your arm.*

Krupaski's eyes fall on the soldering iron.

KRUPASKI  
Fuck you!

EDDIE  
(filtered)  
*In exchange for what I'm asking, you get to keep your life. Your job, your family, the little number on the night shift who likes a nice titty fuck in the evidence locker -- you can keep it all for these six numbers.*

INT. OFFICE

Krupaski unravelling on-screen.

KRUPASKI  
No.

Eddie lifts the file.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Krupaski can only stare at the smoking iron.

EDDIE  
*Six.*

KRUPASKI  
You motherfucker...

EDDIE  
*Six.*

KRUPASKI  
Why me?

EDDIE  
*Six.*

KRUPASKI  
Why are you doing this to me? Who  
the fuck are you?

EDDIE  
*Six-five-five-eight-one-seven!*  
*That's who I am! Now pick it up!*  
(beat)  
*Six.*

INT. OFFICE

Sound of Krupaski now gasping and choking sobs, pure animal  
desperation.

Eddie places the file back on the desk. One line stands out:

PRISONER NUMBER - 655817

He takes another drag of his cigarette, tight on the  
EMBERS.

KRUPASKI  
(filtered)  
Oh God... Oh God... Oh God...

He SCREAMS with the sound of searing flesh.

MOMENTS LATER

Eddie stands over Krupaski passed out on the floor, looking  
down at the lone "6" burned into his arm. Shakes his head in  
disappointment.

EDDIE  
No heart.

Reveal: he is holding the HUNTING KNIFE from the pawn shop.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Who are you?

---

INT. CENTRE STREET BUILDING - DAY (1993)

Young Eddie sits nervous in a cheap tie and blazer, waiting for his interview.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Mr. Donovan?

Eddie looks up and shakes the hand of a stately older man, D.A. BOB BARNES.

EDDIE  
Yes.

D.A. BARNES  
Bob Barnes. Let's come back to my office.

Eddie nods with a too-big smile and follows him back. The RECEPTIONIST gives him a thumbs-up and scoops up a ringing phone.

RECEPTIONIST  
(into phone)  
District Attorney's office.

EXT. CENTRE STREET BUILDING - LATER

Eddie steps out and throws up his fists in victory like a prizefighter to the crowd, then quickly becomes aware of his professional surroundings.

He hustles for the subway entrance. Jerry, heading in, watches him go with envy and spite.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Eddie walks in and stops -- there's Molly in panties and Eddie's Columbia Law t-shirt.

MOLLY  
A.D.A. Donovan, I presume?

He grins. She pounces on him with an elated hug. They stumble over the couch and against the window, laughing. Pure happiness.

EXT. STREET - SAME

A dark figure in a hoodie smokes, watching them up in the window -- Finn. Pure heartbreak.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
This is the time for strength...

Finn drops the cigarette, and crushes it out with his heel like something despised.

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT

A distant, high pan over the whole of the city, hot and alive.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
City's awash in weak fucks.  
Brainless scumbags who confuse balls  
with power.

Closer: Details come clear. Steam - neon - sirens. The night world coming to life.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
Their only strength is in numbers.  
Like rats. Fuckin' streaming in here  
for years. And we gave it up to  
them...

And even closer: On one HOODED FIGURE - Finn - moving with purpose down the street.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
But no more.

INT. THE ROSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The night of Molly and Eddie's engagement party, the festivities in full swing.

Finn in the back booth with Declan -- his is the rest of the conversation we never heard.

FINN  
This thing. You're talking about more than war. You're talking about the fuckin' apocalypse.

DECLAN  
It's already in the mail, look around. Our end is fucking nigh. Now, we can say novena and pray the Lord our souls to keep -- or we can take it back.

FINN  
And how do we do that?

DECLAN  
We replace a common enemy with a friend...

Declan raises his glass to Jerry across the bar and drinks.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, D.A.'S OFFICE - NIGHT

D.A. Barnes packs up his briefcase and bids goodnight to his receptionist.

INT. THE ROSE - NIGHT

An arsenal of shotguns and pistols and ammo on the pool table. Four THUGS load the weapons, Declan watching over it all.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
And we show these weak fucks what real power is.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eddie and Molly kissing hungrily.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Strung-out prostitutes pack bindles of heroin on the couch. A KOREAN MAN watches over them and TV, while three others play cards at a table.

BOOM - the deadbolt on the door EXPLODES with a shotgun blast, and two of the THUGS from the Rose burst in and unload on them.

The Koreans go for guns and cover, but it's too late.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Finn marching down the street in his hoodie.

EXT. BODEGA - NIGHT

Two BLACK MEN exit and head for an SUV, where another man waits in the passenger seat.

A CAR ROARS down the street, windows down. A double-barrel shotgun emerges from one, a revolver from another. They see it too late.

An eruption of GUNFIRE.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

D.A. Barnes drives, on his cell phone with his wife.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eddie and Molly fall to the bed.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Three tattooed RUSSIAN MEN stumble laughing down the street.

TWO FIGURES approach them up the block. They pass into the darkness of a downed street light.

When they come into the light on the other side, they now wear ski-masks, pistols in each hand.

The Russians reach for coats and waistbands. Useless. The men open fire -- a point-blank bloodbath.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Finn turns a corner in a ritzy neighborhood.

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT

Two MAFIA MEN in suits, one old, one young, exit a car and head toward a walk-up in a friendly argument.

The side of the old man's head EXPLODES in a cloud of atomized blood, followed by the sound of a distant RIFLE RAPPORT.

The younger man drops to a knee by his body, stunned.

CUT TO:

POV THROUGH A NIGHT-VISION RIFLE SCOPE:

In the crosshairs -- the man whips out a gun, searching the night.

CRACK - the sight bucks with the rifle shot. When it settles back on the scene, the younger man lies squirming beside the old man, shot through the heart.

EXT. BRONX ROOFTOP - SAME

Declan pulls back the rifle and begins disassembling it with practiced calm.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
We know who to hit...

INT. THE ROSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Back to the party. Declan downs his whiskey.

DECLAN  
Fuck 'em. Let the mutts fight it out  
who did it, scramble for the scraps.

FINN  
Thing is, for that to work we'd have  
to lose one of our own too.

DECLAN  
Now you're using your head.

He pours another.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Doyle shuffles out of the club to his car.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
What can I say...

He gets in, fires up the groaning engine--

DECLAN (V.O.)  
War requires sacrifice.

--it EXPLODES in a fireball and shower of glass. Car alarms go off wailing around the block.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eddie and Molly make love, wrapped up in each other, tender yet heated.

INT. THE ROSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Finn drinks, adding it all up.

FINN  
And what about our "friend?"

INT. JERRY VILLEFORT'S CONDO - NIGHT

Jerry paces with a drink, talking to himself.

JERRY  
Oh my God, that's-- Holy shit--  
Those motherfuckers.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
He'll play his part.

It's now becomes clear -- Jerry is rehearsing.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Finn stands pressed into the shadows by a building.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
So long as you can. Question is: can  
you?

HEADLIGHTS wash across the building and pass by.

INT. THE ROSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Finn downs his drink, looks Declan right in the eye - yes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Barnes exits his car and turns, just as Finn produces a PISTOL from his pocket and - BAM - shoots Barnes in the temple.

He walks on at a quick pace, never looking back.

INT. THE ROSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A small grin on Declan's face as he looks at Finn.

DECLAN  
Good boy.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark and still. Eddie and Molly in bed, his arms wrapped around her.

MOLLY  
I love you.

The moment is soon broken by the scream of a POLICE SIREN bombing down the street...

INT. JIMMY MORGAN'S HOME - NIGHT

The same SIREN whips by outside, as whiskey pours from a bottle into two glasses. Jimmy hands one to Finn.

JIMMY  
(re: the sirens)  
The animals are feeding tonight.

Finn takes a big drink. He just murdered someone.

FINN  
What did you want to see me about?

JIMMY  
Can't an old man just want to talk to  
his boy?

FINN  
Sure. If one of 'em's not us.

JIMMY  
Maybe you're right.

Finn turns away and looks over old childhood photos on the wall -- with Jimmy, with Eddie -- tears welling in his eyes. He knows what's coming.

JIMMY  
So let's just talk like men then.

FINN  
Why not me?

JIMMY  
Finn...

FINN  
Why was I never good enough? Every fucking thing I did -- was to be like you, to make you proud.

JIMMY  
Maybe I ain't someone I want you to be like.

FINN  
No. You wanted me to be him.

Finn's eyes now fall on a photo young Eddie, Finn, and Molly.

FINN  
You know what it's like to love someone - and to look in their eyes and be just not quite good enough?

The phone RINGS. Jimmy hesitates then answers it.

Finn's jaw clenches, years of frustration and anger building.

FINN  
I could be him. I could have  
everything he has if I wanted.

Jimmy listens to an excited voice on the phone. A stunned expression forms.

He looks back to Finn, who returns a cold-blooded stare.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. A KNOCK on the door O.S.

Eddie clicks on the bedside lamp, shaking sleep, and looks to Molly.

LIVING ROOM

Eddie shuffles in and opens the door. There's Finn, dark-eyed, sipping a pint bottle of whiskey.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie getting a glass of water, Molly in her robe beside him. They share a slightly annoyed look. Eddie shrugs, and they head into the

LIVING ROOM

Where Finn drops the needle on a record on the player. Springsteen's "Darkness on the Edge of Town" crackles to life.

Eddie offers the water, but Finn waves it off.

FINN  
What're you, sleeping? C'mon, it's  
time to celebrate!

He takes a slug of whiskey and breaks out singing along at her.

FINN  
Well if she wants to see me / You can  
tell her that I'm easily found...

EDDIE  
What's going on?

FINN  
I heard the good news about the job,  
man. Had to come by and say  
congratulations.

EDDIE  
Thanks.

FINN  
You guys are taking off outta here,  
huh? I'll say I knew you when.  
Mister and Misses.

Finn trails off, losing himself again in the music and dark thoughts.

FINN  
Kind of a sad song, isn't it.

He puts a hand to his belly, suddenly nauseous. He bolts for the bathroom.

Eddie gives Molly an apologetic kiss on the top of her head.

MOLLY  
Your witness, counselor.

She heads for the bedroom.

IN THE BATHROOM

Finn just puked. He spits and flushes the toilet.

He goes to the sink, splashes water on his face--

SILENT FLASH: Finn smothering Jimmy with a pillow, screaming through tears.

Finn looks up as his pale reflection in the mirror. Hardens.

LIVING ROOM

Finn walks in.

EDDIE  
You alright, man--

Finn gives him a tight hug.

FINN  
I love you, you know that?

EDDIE  
You're not gonna put on a Streisand record next are you?

FINN  
Fuck you. I mean it.

EDDIE  
Me too. And listen, all this stuff -  
the job, me and Molly - I ain't going  
anywhere. You know that.

Finn nods, then looks right at him. Silent beat.

FINN  
You deserve it all.

He pats him on the back. And with that, he leaves, his smile gone.

Eddie shakes his head. Clicks off the record, skipping at its end, and the light, and heads down the hall in the dark.

EDDIE (O.S.)  
(singing softly)  
*There's a darkness on the edge of town...*

EXT. THE CITY - DAWN

A bloody sunrise breaking over dark Manhattan. Oddly foreboding.

And then...

MUFFLED MALE VOICES (V.O.)  
You ready? Yeah. Go, go. Hit it!

SMASH CUT TO:

An NYPD battering ram SMASHES open a deadbolted door.

EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Daily News headline: "HELL NIGHT - D.A. Murdered, Gang War Erupts".

Declan buys one, just as two POLICE CRUISERS go screaming by.

JERRY (V.O.)  
You all know what's happened...

EXT. CENTRE STREET OFFICE BUILDING STEPS - DAY

A strobe of FLASHBULBS, TV cameras focusing in on Jerry at a press podium.

JERRY  
...A great man and my friend, Robert Barnes, was gunned down last night.  
(MORE)

JERRY (cont'd)  
And the bloody plague of gang violence was felt in every corner of our city. And though it is with a heavy heart that I take on the mantle of acting district attorney today, I embrace it with a pledge to my fellow citizens: swift justice will be done.

Among spectators is young Agent Girardi, listening with some suspicion.

EXT. JIMMY MORGAN'S HOME - DAY

Finn and Declan watch as EMTs wheel out Jimmy body-bagged on a gurney.

JERRY (V.O.)  
A new era is dawning today.

Declan looks up at Finn with cold respect.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A group of HOODS talking animatedly in Russian.

JERRY (V.O.)  
With the help of local law enforcement and the FBI, my first order of business will be to execute an unprecedented crackdown on organized crime in this city.

Two POLICE CRUISERS skid to a stop. The hoods run for it.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Three BLACK GANGSTERS loading guns at a table.

JERRY (V.O.)  
A gang war will not be tolerated.

BOOM -- police take the door and rush in with guns and hard-ons.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Police lead out two handcuffed and pissed ITALIAN WISEGUYS.

EXT. CENTRE STREET OFFICE BUILDING STEPS - DAY

Jerry selling it - and himself - hard.

JERRY

And with our finest detectives on the case, the cowardly murderer of Robert Barnes will not be able to hide for long.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The battering ram SMASHES open the door -- police surge in. Eddie steps out, and they pin him against the wall.

EDDIE

What the fuck?!

They fan out and to search the apartment. Molly steps out.

MOLLY

What is this?

EDDIE

Guys, you've got the wrong place--

One DETECTIVE holds up a SEARCH WARRANT to them.

DETECTIVE

Edward Donovan -- we have a warrant to search the premises.

Eddie stares with growing concern at the search warrant -- his name on it -- then looks to Molly.

An officer walks out of the hall holding a .38 REVOLVER.

EDDIE

Whoa, wait a minute, that's not mine--

DETECTIVE

(cuffing him)

Mr. Donovan, you're under arrest for suspicion of the murder of Robert Barnes. You have the right to remain silent--

EDDIE

What? You can't be serious.

MOLLY

Murder?!

EDDIE

This is bullshit!

They pull Eddie away. Molly has to be restrained. Eddie tries to keep it together.

EDDIE  
(to Molly)  
Call Finn.

EXT. CENTRE STREET OFFICE BUILDING STEPS - DAY

Jerry mugging hard for the cameras.

JERRY  
Swift justice.

INT. THE ROSE - DAY

On the bar TV: Jerry at the press conference, now taking questions.

Finn clicks it off. He turns to Declan and a half-dozen others of the gang gathered there, and begins to pour glasses of whiskey.

FINN  
Most of you've heard, my father's illness finally got the better of him last night. And Doyle got hit downtown.

(beat)  
But if you saw the mug on TV, you know -- things are already in motion to keep us...insulated.

They each take a glass, somber, but everyone knows the score.

Declan hits a button on the jukebox, and the mournful fiddle of a caoine (Irish funeral song) comes on.

Finn looks to Declan, who raises his glass to him.

DECLAN  
Shed a tear at a birth. Sing a song at a wake.

They all drink, Finn still holding Declan's gaze.

Molly bursts in.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Eddie on the phone, in deep.

EDDIE  
(into phone)  
You gotta help me, man. They planted that gun.  
(MORE)

EDDIE (cont'd)  
These fucking questions they're  
asking me -- they're out for blood--

INT. THE ROSE - DAY

Finn on the hall payphone, Molly beside him.

FINN  
(into phone)  
Easy, it's okay. Eddie, listen to  
me, I swear I'm gonna do everything I  
can to get you outta there. You hear  
me? You just hold on. Okay.

Finn hangs up. He gives Molly a long hug, Declan eyeing him  
from the bar.

FINN  
It's okay. It's gonna be okay.

INT. POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A HARD-ASS DETECTIVE rails into Eddie.

HARD-ASS DETECTIVE  
Say you didn't do it one more time,  
motherfucker!

SMACK - he slugs Eddie.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A gavel SLAMS down.

Eddie, the defendant, watches helplessly as his world  
collapses before him...

Jerry, the prosecutor, questions the officer who found the  
.38.

JERRY  
And you found the weapon where?

OFFICER  
In the bathroom of the defendant.

CUT TO:

Jerry questions Barnes' stone-faced Receptionist.

JERRY  
And did you hear the accused  
threatening the departed after the  
failure of his interview?

INT. OFFICE - DAY (QUICK FLASHBACK)

The Receptionist wracked with tears, Jerry stroking her back.

JERRY  
It's time to do something about these  
animals.

BACK TO THE COURTROOM

RECEPTIONIST  
I did.

Eddie stares in disbelief.

CUT TO:

Another "witness": Officer Krupaski. He glance to Finn in the back of the courtroom.

KRUPASKI  
Yes, I saw the defendant that night  
near the victim's home. He was  
obviously in an intoxicated and  
agitated condition, and knowing his  
lifelong association with the Morgan  
crime family, I took note of it.

Eddie quietly argues with his out-matched LAWYER, then SLAMS his fist on the table and stands.

EDDIE  
Your honor, I'd like to defend  
myself.

CUT TO:

It all spinning faster and faster out of control:

-- Jerry exhibiting the gun to the jury.

-- Eddie fervently taking notes.

-- Finn sitting beside Molly. Agent Girardi in the back of the courtroom.

-- Crime scene photos of D.A. Barnes' body.

-- Eddie's head in his hands.

-- The JURY FOREMAN stands. A breathless beat. Jerry watches Eddie with satisfaction as the word is read:

JURY FOREMAN  
Guilty.

---

INT. CATHEDRAL - MORNING (2008)

Morning sun pours through the stained glass windows over empty pews and statues of saints. Still and serene.

A PRIEST strides down the aisle with a cup of coffee toward the CONFESSINALS.

He sees the small cross-window above one lighted RED -- occupied -- checks his watch with a sigh.

PRIEST  
Bit early today aren't we, Mrs.  
Murphy--

He opens the booth -- and GASPS, his coffee mug CRASHING to the marble floor.

INT. THE ROSE, BACK OFFICE - SAME

Finn paces, popping pills and drinking, staring down at his phone. Eyes red, mind racing -- he hasn't slept a wink.

The door opens. Finn spins with a pistol, startled -- only Ryan. He calms, rubbing his face, and tosses the gun. Ryan a little shaken.

FINN  
Any word?  
RYAN  
No. But I found this at the back door.

He sets a brown paper PACKAGE on the desk -- "Finn Morgan" scrawled on the top.

Finn hesitantly picks it up. A tiny smear of BLOOD on the side.

INT. CATHEDRAL - MORNING

A POLICE TECHNICIAN snap photos of the confessional booth. Inside: the FLASHES highlight Krupaski's slumped body -- a bullet hole through his head, shirt soaked with blood.

Other NYPD investigators dust for prints and question the priest.

BEHIND IT ALL

Stand Girardi and Fisk.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Priest see anything?

AGENT FISK  
The fear of God.

AGENT GIRARDI  
You ever give confession?

AGENT FISK  
I'm a Jew, numbnuts.

Girardi glances up at the stone saints looking down on the scene.

AGENT GIRARDI  
"Bless me father, for I have sinned..."

AT THE CONFESSIONAL,

A DETECTIVE takes a knee, examining the body closer. Sees something odd.

DETECTIVE  
What the fuck?

INT. THE ROSE - DAY

Finn, unraveling, rants at Ryan and his other enforcers. Declan off to the side, watching Finn with concern.

FINN  
I want him DEAD! I want his head on a fucking pike! You get out there and you hunt, and you put it in the fucking wind: 100 grand to whoever brings me this Mondragon cocksucker.

He turns, throwing over a table, and storms back to the office.

DECLAN  
Finn...

Ryan and the others move into action, also a little disturbed. Declan holds there, watching Finn as he SLAMS the office door shut.

INT. THE ROSE, BACK OFFICE - DAY

Finn sitting at his desk. Downs a few pills with a shaky hand.

JERRY (V.O.)  
(phone filtered)  
Jesus Christ, Declan, what the fuck  
is going on?

Real fear behind the fury in Finn's eyes --

DECLAN (V.O.)  
(also phone filtered)  
He's losing it. My opinion used to  
be worth something around here. He's  
so fucked on pills and booze half the  
time... Now this.

-- which stare down at the contents of the package: Krupaski's  
HEART on butcher paper.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Declan on the phone.

JERRY (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
What do you want me to do?

DECLAN  
(into phone)  
Watch your back. And see what you  
can dig up on that name -- NYPD, FBI,  
DEA -- give me this guy.  
(beat)  
You allow a cunt into your home and  
it's no one's fault but your own when  
it bleeds on your fucking carpet.

He slaps the phone shut just as -- DING -- the elevator opens.

HALL

He rolls out down the hall toward his apartment, passing two  
MEN (unseen).

INT. CENTRE STREET OFFICE BUILDING, OFFICE - SAME

Jerry hangs up. "MONDRAGON" written on a notepad on his desk.

He jerks open a drawer and pulls out a small REVOLVER. Checks  
that it's loaded and sticks it in his jacket.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALL - SAME

Declan rolls to a stop outside his door, which he sees is AJAR. MUSIC coming from inside.

He pulls out a PISTOL stowed under his wheelchair and cautiously rolls into the

APARTMENT

On the stereo: Sinatra crooning "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea".

Declan rolls through, gun leading every move. Not a sound, except the eerie music.

But the place is empty. Begins to calm.

It's then his eyes fall on his

AQUARIUM

Full of only water -- NO FISH.

Declan's eyes rim with tears, hand squeezing the gun until he's shaking. He inhales to scream--

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING ELEVATOR - SAME

--DING. The two men from the hall step in and turn -- Mike and Frank.

Mike twists his cast and pulls off the fake forearm. Frank reaches in and pulls out a plastic bag of water and DECLAN'S FISH.

He makes a goofy fish-face at them, as the elevator doors close.

INT. CENTRE STREET OFFICE BUILDING, ELEVATORS - MOMENTS LATER

A different elevator opens. Jerry quickly slips in, jabbing the garage button.

Sweaty and nervous. He barely even notices the MAN reading the newspaper there.

INT. TUNNEL (QUICK FLASHBACK)

Eddie digging in the candlelight. Faria behind him.

FARIA  
Do guns kill people?

EDDIE  
No. People do.

ELEVATOR

DING -- garage. Jerry hustles out to his waiting car service ride.

TUNNEL

FARIA  
False. Bullets kill people. A MAC-10 in the hands of the angriest man in the world is a paperweight. Ammunition, Edward, ammunition is what counts.

ELEVATOR

The man lowers the newspaper -- Eddie -- watching him go. He pulls out a cell phone. Dials 911.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jerry in the back of his car service ride. It slows.

DRIVER  
Uh, Mr. Villefort?

Jerry looks up and sees two POLICE CARS in front of his building.

ACROSS THE STREET

A car with two KOREAN GANGSTERS pulls away.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jerry steps into the open door to find his crying WIFE staring in disgust at his COMPUTER next to two POLICE OFFICERS.

JERRY'S WIFE  
You sick piece of shit.

INT. FBI OFFICE - MORNING

Agent Girardi walks into the office, where everyone is gathered around a TV.

AGENT GIRARDI  
What's up?

AGENT FISK  
You gotta see this.

On TV: A local news station. The news banner -- "D.A. VILLEFORT ARRESTED FOR CHILD PORNOGRAPHY" -- with footage of Villefort being led out of a car in handcuffs.

NEWS ANCHOR  
...taken into custody by police early this morning, responding to an anonymous tip. A stunning shock from one of New York City's most lauded and respected public officials...

Girardi looks to Fisk like they just struck gold.

INT. CITY JAIL - DAY

A GUARD ushers Jerry, in the standard-issue orange jumpsuit, into the community room.

GUARD  
Short eyes!

That gets the attention of the other PRISONERS there. The guard leaves. Fucked.

INT. THE ROSE - DAY

The small bar TV plays more news coverage of Villefort's arrest. Finn grabs it and sends it SMASHING into the wall.

FINN  
FUCK!

Declan and Ryan behind him.

DECLAN  
It's him.

Finn looks through the window blinds to the street outside, paranoid eyes darting to every window outside, every car.

FINN  
How does he know? Who is this guy?

RYAN  
The boys got nothing. Street snitches say the Guineas and Chinks never even heard of him before. He's a fucking ghost.

Finn pounds a shot of whiskey. Pours another.

FINN  
I want you on Molly 24/7. I want eyes and triggers on this place every second of the fucking day--

DECLAN  
We'll take care of it.

FINN  
--You check cars, nobody goes anywhere without muscle--

DECLAN  
Finn!  
(gets his attention)  
Right now it might be wise to start somewhere else.

INT. CITY JAIL, VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Jerry, bruised and trembling, sits across from Girardi and Fisk, who savors every moment.

JERRY  
Get me the fuck out of here.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Wife stiffed you on the bail, huh?  
Tough beat, considering you put half of these scumbags away.

AGENT FISK  
I guess finding out your husband shops at the children's department will do that to a woman.

JERRY  
That shit wasn't mine. Someone planted it.

AGENT GIRARDI  
I give a fuck.

JERRY  
This fucking Mondragon...

AGENT FISK  
Who?

JERRY  
What do you want?

AGENT GIRARDI  
Morgan.

JERRY  
I don't know anything about him.

AGENT GIRARDI  
He almost said that with a straight face.

AGENT FISK  
Oh couple months in here, I don't  
know how straight it's gonna be.

JERRY  
I didn't do anything!

AGENT GIRARDI  
Okay, Jerry, have it your way. Enjoy  
your time. Here's a tip, though:  
don't shave. I hear the brothers  
don't like to get head from guys with  
beards.

The agents get up to leave. Jerry conflicted, then...

JERRY  
Okay.

They stop.

JERRY  
Full immunity. Get me out of here  
and I give you all of it.

INT. CITY JAIL - DAY

A loud BUZZ opens Jerry's cell door. A guard hands him his clothes.

GUARD  
You're processed.

He leads Jerry down a hall to an

OPEN SECOND FLOOR WALKWAY

Where he suddenly stops to tie his shoe. Jerry looks back just as two SKINHEADS grab him.

Before he can scream: One slips a WIRE ROPE around his neck, then clips the carabiner end to the railing -- as the second stabs him with a BOX CUTTER and RIPS IT ACROSS HIS BELLY.

SKINHEAD  
Morgan says hi.

They shove him over the railing -- the wire SNAPS TAUT --  
hanging him, GORE spilling from his open gut.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - DAY

Finn, tweaked on pills and paranoia, exits a car flanked by Ryan and another watchful bodyguard. They head in.

IN A CAR ACROSS THE STREET

Eddie watches through the passenger side-view mirror. Jackie at the wheel.

Just then Molly steps out of a cab, right into his view.

EDDIE

Locks eyes with her.

MOLLY

Stares, paralyzed. Neither breathes. She finally takes a step that way.

EDDIE

Forces himself to look away.

EDDIE

Go.

Jackie hesitates, seeing what he sees, then takes off down the street.

MOLLY

Can only stand there watching, shaken, unsure what she just saw. She puts a hand to her belly, almost nauseous.

INT. CONDO - MOMENTS LATER

Molly shuffles in, mind still swimming, as Finn's bodyguards make sure the place is clear.

FINN

You okay?

She finally notices the commotion.

MOLLY

What's going on?

FINN

Nothing. I just need you to be careful.

He wraps his arms around her from behind and rests his weary head on hers, wanting only the comfort she can't give.

FINN

Do something for me.

MOLLY

What.

FINN  
Tell me you love me.

But her mind is clearly elsewhere. Ryan steps back in from searching.

RYAN  
It's clear.

Finn sees the words are never coming and pulls away from her.

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - LATER

Molly sitting at an antique vanity. She opens a drawer and pulls out a small engagement ring -- Eddie's ring. All that old heartbreak rushing back.

INT. WAREHOUSE, OFFICE - DAY

KA-THUNK -- the hunting knife imbeds in the wall beside an AQUARIUM with Declan's fish.

Eddie strides over, pries the knife out, and walks back across the room.

There is a KNOCK on the door and Jackie enters with an uneasy expression carrying a FILE FOLDER.

KA-THUNK -- Eddie throws the knife again.

Jackie hands him the folder, clearly put off by its contents. Eddie opens it -- the PHOTO of Molly on the balcony (other photos beneath it - unseen).

Eddie glares at him.

JACKIE  
Thought it might do you better to look at that.

Eddie tosses the photo.

EDDIE  
Anything else?

JACKIE  
Nothing. Boss.

He leaves. Eddie sits with the folder, which also contains what Eddie wanted: CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of Villefort's body.

But we linger on the discarded photo of Molly, just as Eddie does.

---

INT. CITY JAIL - DAY (1993)

Just after Eddie's conviction. A tearful Molly on the phone across from Eddie, partition glass between them.

Eddie is an expressionless void. Everything blown out of him. He picks up his phone, but can barely look at her.

She wipes away tears and plays at strength and hope.

MOLLY

I talked to another lawyer, he has some ideas for appeal. I didn't really understand, they're longshots he says, but I think with a new judge and presentation of--

EDDIE

It won't.

MOLLY

Eddie, this is just... this is a travesty. Villefort, that cop--

EDDIE

Are doing exactly what it takes to bump up to the next paygrade. I know the law, Molly. I used to believe in it. But the math is simple: the machine gets hit, it hits back. Innocent, guilty -- it doesn't matter. What matters is evidence.

MOLLY

Don't do this. Don't give up on me.

EDDIE

*It gave up on me.*

(beat)

And you should too.

She breaks down. He almost does also, seeing her. He looks away, fighting tears with every word.

MOLLY

(sobbing)

No. Look at me.

EDDIE

So I have to go soon. They're going to take me away from here. And when they do, you walk out of this place--

MOLLY

Don't you fucking do this to me.

EDDIE  
--and don't ever come back.

MOLLY  
Look at me! Eddie!

Eddie pushes it all down, and looks at her cold.

EDDIE  
I'm dead. We're dead.  
(beat)  
Goodbye.

Eddie stands and walks away - gutted - Molly crying and banging the partition behind him.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

Dead winter. Recreation time. INMATES milling around, shooting hoops, playing checkers, steam rolling from their mouths.

BLEACHERS

Joe Faria sits off to himself reading the newspaper. He glances across the yard.

Reverse Angle: Eddie, also by himself, staring out the fence, eyes middle distance, consumed in his own darkness. He is gaunt and his head is shaved.

Faria looks back at his paper.

ARTICLE HEADLINE: "Law Student Turned Assassin".

A SNOWBALL thumps against Faria's shoulder. He looks O.S. and wags his finger. As he brushes himself off, a SHADOW falls over him.

Two heavily tattooed JAPANESE INMATES stand over him -- one lean and rat-looking, the other a 250 pound fire hydrant.

One sits next to Faria, while the hydrant turns away, facing the yard.

Japanese Inmate picks up the Comics, folds a bundle of money within, and replaces it next to Faria.

FARIA  
*Grazi.*

JAPANESE INMATE  
I want to bump my next order to 50.

FARIA  
No.

JAPANESE INMATE  
I know you can get it.

FARIA  
And?

He looks at the man bluntly, challenging him to argue. But the man backs off and rises, muttering in Japanese.

FARIA (CONT'D)  
Watch your language.

The two men start to head off, but find themselves in the path of a head guard AL DORLEAC (45), a paunchy, balding, fascistic sadist.

He stares them down, both whither from his gaze with no more fight than beaten animals.

He continues to Faria, who ignores him. Beat. Dorleac picks up the Comics section, opens it, raises his eyebrows.

Faria continues not to acknowledge him. Dorleac peels off several bills, folds the money back into the paper, and returns it.

DORLEAC (CONT'D)  
Any special Valentine's Day plans,  
Joe?

FARIA  
You're not skimming enough to afford  
me, Al.

Angle back on Eddie. A basketball bounces roughly off his head to O.S. laughter.

FARIA (CONT'D)  
That boy. You think he really did  
it?

DORLEAC  
The fuck you talking about? We're  
all innocent here.

He walks off, SLAMMING his baton down on a game of checkers for the fuck of it.

INT. CELL - DAY

Eddie lies on his back, the same distance in his eyes.

His cellmate - Jackie - here with a lean fighter's build, pants and grunts, doing boxing combinations in the air.

Abruptly he throws a FEINT at Eddie, who flinches.

JACKIE  
Gotta stay sharp, killer.

The MAIL CART passes and several letters as well as a Hustler are handed through. Jackie tosses the letters at Eddie and opens the Hustler.

Eddie takes the first letter - from Molly - gets up, tears it in two, and drops it in the trash.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
The fuck this cooze got to say that's so offensive to your delicate sensibility anyway?

He goes to the trash to retrieve the halves.

In a flash Eddie lunges and SLAMS Jackie into the wall and stares him down murderously.

JACKIE  
(holds up both hands)  
Hey, hey, Jesus. Peace.

Beat. Eddie lets him go, heads back to his bunk.

JACKIE  
Hey, Donovan.

Eddie turns. Jackie SLUGS him in the eye.

JACKIE  
Take a fucking joke, huh?

Eddie does not retaliate.

INT. EDDIE'S CELL - NIGHT

Eddie lies awake in bed, staring at nothing. The madhouse hoots and calls from inmates echo through the cell block. All hope lost.

LATER

Eddie writing.

INSERT: LETTER

*Molly,*

*I can neither ask you to understand or forgive this decision, but I need you to know what I do, I do out of*

BACK TO SCENE

Lying near the letter is what was once a plastic spoon, now filed into a crude BLADE.

FOOTSTEP approach his cell, hushed voices. Eddie palms the blade as an unhappy-looking Jackie enters escorted by Dorleac.

DORLEAC

...and watch out for his jaw -- cocksucker's got a chin like a china doll's cunt. But here I am telling Picasso how to paint.

(to Eddie)

Shame your celly here can't try out for the summer games, Donovan -- he could bring home the gold in taking dives.

Dorleac heads out.

JACKIE

(muttering)

Yeah, in your mother's muff.

Dorleac wheels around and SLAMS Jackie into the wall, pressing his baton into his windpipe.

DORLEAC

What was that? Say it again, you greaseball faggot.

Jackie's face goes red as he RASPS for breath.

Eddie rises.

EDDIE

What I said was, do you let the E-block ladyboys spit out your dirty panties long enough to say *heil Hitler* while they paddle your ass?

Dorleac releases Jackie and stares Eddie down with primal rage. Then, improbably, he CACKLES with mirth.

DORLEAC

Nice to see you come out of your shell, Donovan.

CRACK - he slams the nightstick into Eddie's skull.

INT. CELL (SOLITARY CONFINEMENT) - LATER

An empty, windowless dungeon with a dripping pipe. The door opens and a battered Eddie is heaved in. The door shuts.

Eddie lies on the floor.

Begin MINI-MONTAGE:

DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...

-- TIGHT on Eddie's blank eyes.

Sound of cloth tearing: SCR-I-I-I-I-I-ITCH...

FLASH: Molly shaving her legs in the shower.

-- Eddie slumped against the wall, legs splayed out.

DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...

FLASH: Molly lying on a lounge chair in sticky summer heat, dripping an ice cube on her abdomen.

SCR-I-I-I-I-I-ITCH...

-- Eddie lightly thumping his head against the wall.

DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...

FLASH: Eddie and Molly kissing fervently on a pier: their first.

SCR-I-I-I-I-I-ITCH...

-- Eddie LAUGHING like a lunatic.

DRIP... DRIP... DRIP...

FLASH: Eddie slow dancing with Molly in the Rose.

SCR-I-I-I-I-I-ITCH...

-- Eddie stands shirtless, his breathing slow and measured.

BLACK

The dripping and tearing both stop.

FOOTSTEPS...

The door opens.

GUARD  
Alright, Sunshine-- Oh fuck.

Eddie dangles from a noose woven from his shirt. He TWITCHES, still asphyxiating, the pipe dripping on his head.

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - DAY

Eddie lies on a bed, staring off into middle distance, a bandage around his neck.

A BATMAN COMIC drops into his lap. He looks at the orderly: Faria.

FARIA  
It's a good one, with the Two-Face.  
I like the Two-Face. I always  
thought the Joker was a *finocchio*.

Eddie does not - and in fact, presently, cannot - reply.

FARIA (CONT'D)  
We haven't met. I am Faria. You can  
call me Joe -- when, of course, you  
regain your powers of speech.  
(off Eddie's neck)  
Such a foolish thing, a young,  
healthy man like you.

Eddie visibly checks out -- he doesn't need this shit.

Faria SMACKS him upside the head. Eddie GLARES, but restrains himself.

FARIA (CONT'D)  
You see, fire in you yet. You think  
I'm a silly old man, you little  
*fighetta*? I have shit-streaks in my  
underwear with more sense than you.

Faria holds his glare, then pats the comic.

FARIA  
Enjoy. And maybe next time I'll  
bring you some heavier reading.

Faria leaves. Eddie picks up the comic book, unsure of what to make of the preceding exchange. Two-Face on the cover...

INT. CENTRE STREET OFFICE BUILDING, OFFICE - DAY (2008)

Girardi and Fisk search Jerry's office, royally pissed. Fisk slams a file cabinet drawer.

AGENT FISK  
Shit.

AGENT GIRARDI  
C'mon, give me something, Jerry, you  
gutless little fuck...

Fisk pauses at the desk, pushing some papers aside.

AGENT FISK  
Hey. Remember that name he said?

Fisk holds up the notepad: "MONDRAGON".

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

The Morgan task force meeting. There is a BULLETIN BOARD of photographs arranged in a hierarchy of Finn's operation.

Now Villefort's note - "MONDRAGON" - is tacked off to the side, a MOVIE STILL of Bela Lugosi above it in place of a photograph.

Girardi holds court:

AGENT GIRARDI  
What the fuck. How does a comet not have a tail? NYPD: dick. DEA: dick. NSA: dick. This doesn't happen -- a major player doesn't spontaneously generate like pimples on Rivera's mother's ass.

Rivera extends a middle finger.

AGENT GIRARDI (CONT'D)  
I do not fucking permit this to happen. From hence forth none of you assholes knows sleep, the loving touch of a woman, or a nice, leisurely shit with the Sunday Times until I know who this fuckbag is. He's taking down lowlife cocksuckers, and that is our job, gentlemen. So let's do it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Mike paces, chain smoking. Frank and Jackie play cards at a table, Jackie looking up at Eddie's silhouette in the office window.

JACKIE  
I'm worried.

MIKE  
Why, because we got every cop and mick hood in the city kicking down doors looking for us? Or maybe it's the 100-fucking-grand bounty on our heads?

FRANK  
Sit down.

JACKIE  
He's losing the handle.

MIKE  
Burning cash, flushing coke down the  
fucking toilet -- I mean, what the  
fuck is he doing?

FRANK  
He's paying. Now sit the fuck down.

MIKE  
I'm tired of sitting!

Mike tries to calm. He flicks his cigarette butt and checks the pack -- empty.

MIKE  
I need some smokes.

He peeks out the door, checking the alley, then leaves.

FRANK  
He's an asshole. But he ain't wrong.

Jackie looks back up at Eddie.

INT. FREE CLINIC - DAY

Molly at work, shuffling files and papers with forced focus.

Her eyes suddenly well with tears and she rests her head in her hands, trying to hold it back.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Molly pays for a small bottle of vodka. The owner hands her the change, observing her defeated expression.

OWNER  
Can't win 'em all.

She heads out into the

STREET

Slipping the bottle into her purse.

JACKIE (O.S.)  
Molly Morgan?

She stops and sees -- Jackie, hood up, in the shadows of an alley.

INT. WAREHOUSE, OFFICE - SAME

Eddie sits at the desk, watching Declan's fish, much like he did.

MOLLY (O.S.)  
My God.

His head snaps up. She stands in the doorway, stunned, searching for words. He gets up.

MOLLY  
It *is* you. I saw you, that day... I knew it, but... How--

EDDIE  
What do you know?

He looks away. She's taken aback by his coldness, and it begins to sink in how much he's changed.

MOLLY  
What are you doing, Eddie?

EDDIE  
You're mistaken.

MOLLY  
Don't you dare.

EDDIE  
Speaking figuratively. There is no Eddie anymore.

She can't understand this -- but moves forward.

MOLLY  
Then let me feel your heart. I'm looking at this Halloween costume but if your heart isn't beating out of your chest I'll turn my back on you and whatever sick game this is you're playing.

He looks at her. He unbuttons his shirt, revealing a torso vested in TATTOOS.

She moves toward him. Cautiously puts out a hand. His face betrays nothing. She puts her hand to his heart.

And the moment they touch it's animal: he seizes her violently and kisses her, she clutches at him, nails plunging into his flesh.

He pulls her up, she wraps her legs around him.

He backs her to the desk, knocks the computer to the floor, and lays her down. She torques up and kisses across his abdomen and unfastens his belt.

He tugs down her pants and enters her and with NO MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT they fuck in real time.

LATER

Molly lies on the floor. Eddie stands at the window. Both are COMPLETELY NUDE.

EDDIE  
Whatever you think this is -- it  
isn't.

MOLLY  
Look at me and say that.

He turns to find her right behind him, avoids her eyes.

EDDIE  
You should leave. The city. Get out  
and go.

MOLLY  
Come with me.

EDDIE  
There are things in motion now that  
don't get stopped.

MOLLY  
You can stop any time you want.

He looks at her neither agreeing or arguing. She places a hand on his naked chest, her eyes welling with tears as they take in the tattoos and scars there.

MOLLY  
I don't know what happened to you or  
whatever it is that brought you here  
and I don't care. You were dead and  
now you're standing in front of me  
and if that isn't a gift sent by God  
I don't know the meaning of the word.  
(beat)

Why are you doing this? Why can't  
you look at me?

And for a moment she sees a glimpse of that old Eddie and makes him look at her.

MOLLY  
You can fool everyone else. You can  
fool yourself. But you can't fool  
me, Eddie Donovan. I love you and I  
always have.

In his eyes -- he's about to break -- hand moving almost imperceptibly toward her...

Then it retreats into a fist as he forces himself to pull back and turn away.

And with all the strength he has in him, withdraws back into that hate that has fueled him all these years.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Bodies lie, Molly. You would know.  
And your continued unhappiness is one  
of the purest sources of satisfaction  
in my life you fucking Judas whore.

She tries to speak but can't. She dresses, completely eviscerated but doing her absolute damnedest not to show it to him.

She goes to door, stops.

MOLLY

If you think I'm going to tell him,  
don't worry -- I can't think of two  
people in the world who deserve each  
other more.

She leaves.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Molly exits, fumbling with the final buttons of her shirt, devastated.

IN A CAR ACROSS THE STREET

Ryan watches her, a grim "holy shit" look forming on his face.

RYAN

Oh kill the fuckin' messenger.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Eddie drinks from a nearby bottle, lost in thought, then sends it SMASHING against the wall.

In a piece of broken window glass, he catches his scarred reflection...

---

INT. PRISON, CELLBLOCK - DAY (1994)

Eddie, throat still scabbed and red from his suicide attempt, wanders back amongst the general population.

Dorleac hangs up the wall PHONE. He passes by Eddie and briefly they catch each other's eye.

INT. THE ROSE - SAME

Finn sits at Jimmy's desk, his face a dark mask, lighting, extinguishing, and relighting a ZIPPO.

INTERCUT WITH:

CELLBLOCK

An obscurely ominous air around Eddie -- passing glances, flashing grins. But he is oblivious.

THE ROSE

Finn fucking with the lighter. Lid flips up.

FLASH: Finn staring up at Molly's silhouette in her window.

FLAME ignites.

CELLBLOCK

Eddie walks on, passing two SKINHEADS.

THE ROSE

Finn flips the zippo lid shut. He pulls out a cigarette, sparks up the zippo one last time, and lights it.

CELLBLOCK

The two skinheads start to trail Eddie, just as he perceives something is wrong. He ducks into the PRISON LIBRARY.

THE ROSE

The phone RINGS. Finn answers it, lighter still burning.

KRUPASKI (O.S.)  
(on phone, filtered)  
It's done.

Hands shaking, Finn hangs up. And snaps the zippo shut.

PRISON LIBRARY

Eddie makes eye contact with a GUARD, who turns and walks away.

Real panic suddenly hits him just as the two Skinheads burst in and seize his arms--

They drag him into the stacks and pinion him to the wall. A MASSIVE SKINHEAD steps in, slipping on a crude, brutal BRASS KNUCKLE.

Eddie struggles, but it's no use. Massive Skinhead advances fast -- this is going to be over quick.

POW! Jackie comes flying and SLUGGS Massive Skinhead across the face, followed by a flurry of bodyblows.

Eddie takes this advantage and viciously BITES Skinhead 1's ear, tearing it free. Skinhead 1 SCREAMS, releasing him.

Eddie SLAMS his free elbow into Skinhead 2's nose.

Massive Skinhead throws several punches at Jackie, who, far quicker, dodges, jabbing at the man's face to disorient him.

Skinhead 2 punches Eddie and knees him in the stomach, Eddie brings the top of his head crashing up into the man's jaw.

Massive Skinhead throws a crushing blow at Jackie, clipping him. Jackie staggers backwards, reeling, comes back with an UPPERCUT to the guy's balls.

Skinhead 1, blood streaming from his head, rushes Eddie with a SHIV -- STABBING HIM TWICE in the gut before Eddie can react.

Eddie leaps back, the blade SLASHING his chest and face. He catches the swinging blade with his bare hand.

A brutal eye-to-eye struggle for it, blood streaking down his arm.

Eddie slams the Skinhead's ripped ear, sending him reeling back, SCREECHING in pain -- right into a wild swing from Massive Skinhead's brass knuckles. CRUNCH. He drops, dead before he hits the ground.

Skinhead 2 leaps on Eddie's back, STABBING him in the ribs with a sharpened screwdriver. Eddie kicks against the wall, falling backwards on top of the man, knocking the wind out of him.

Eddie climbs on top of him, slick with blood, running on pure adrenaline, and wraps his fingers around the man's throat.

Breath ragged, eyes barely human, Eddie squeezes... squeezes...

AUDIO goes silent, the only sound the PULSE in Eddie's ears as the Skinhead gags, eyelids fluttering.

TIGHT on Eddie's eye, the cut under it weeping blood. PULSE accelerates, going faster and faster, until--

Sound returns, and Eddie realizes he's murdering another man.

Eddie releases him and slumps back, panting and sweating.

Jackie offers his hand and helps Eddie up.

They make their way out of the stacks -- to find themselves face to face with Dorleac and a phalanx of GUARDS.

DORLEAC  
Not bad, Princess.

He KNOCKS Eddie unconscious with his baton.

BLACK

After a silent beat, a soft sound emerges. Growing clearer. A voice reading in ITALIAN...

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Eddie's swollen eyes flutter open. A little light. And the voice. All through a fog of drugs and pain...

He looks over to find Faria seated beside his bed, reading. Faria pauses, smiling at what he just read.

FARIA  
Dante Alighieri. You ever read him?  
(beat)  
That man wrote the finest work of art  
in human history.

INSERT - THE BEAT-UP OLD BOOK: *Il Inferno*.

The delicate, yellowed pages. Dark ILLUSTRATIONS of the damned and their grotesque tortures.

FARIA (V.O.)  
Five years he spent on the Inferno  
alone. The discipline, the drive.  
Hell's architect. Assigning a nice  
spot in the hot place for every poor  
sinner in this world. Gluttons,  
heretics, hypocrites, everyone. And  
the pit with Lucifer himself he saved  
for the worst sinners of all...

Linger on the final illustration: The three mouths of Satan consuming three men -- Judas, Brutus, and Cassius -- the same page Finn found nailed to the door.

BACK TO SCENE

FARIA  
The Traitors.

Faria snaps the book shut, finally looking over his glasses at Eddie.

FARIA  
First you want to die. Then when  
death comes for you, you fight.  
Which is it, hm?  
(beat)  
Give it a read. And if in it you  
should find a reason to stand in hell  
rather than lie in it--

Faria tucks the book under Eddie's hand.

FARIA  
--Well, that will be another  
conversation.

With that, Faria leaves, a polite tip of his cap to the night guard.

Eddie's weak hands pick up the book.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - NIGHT

Faria in hushed conference with Dorleac.

DORLEAC  
That's no small favor.

FARIA  
You're no small man.

He slips Dorleac a thick roll of CASH, and moves to leave.

DORLEAC  
What do you care about this kid?

FARIA  
Blessed are we who die in the Lord,  
Al, for we shall rise again.

Faria walks on with a tiny grin.

INT. PRISON MORGUE - NIGHT

The BODY of the dead skinhead, his face demolished.

With a quick glance around, Dorleac rips off the toe tag and slips on a new one.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

DORLEAC  
(into phone)  
Closed casket.

FLASH: THE NEW TOE TAG -- "Name: Edward Donovan".

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - SAME

Eddie opens the book. As he does, a small bundle of PAPERS falls from it to his lap.

Confused, he opens the bundle: newspaper clippings, notes, grainy photographs.

PRIEST (V.O.)  
Behold, I tell you a mystery...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The PRIEST reads, addressing a small crowd of mourners before a coffin. Eddie's funeral.

PRIEST  
We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed...

Molly, a statue of grief, stands beside Finn.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Eddie examines a newspaper article with a photo of Jerry. Headline: "Villefort Overwhelmingly Elected as District Attorney".

PRIEST (V.O.)  
In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye: the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise again incorruptible.  
And we shall be changed...

Other notes. Putting the pieces together...

INT. CONDO BATHROOM - DAY

Villefort leans up from snorting a line on the counter.

PRIEST (V.O.)  
O death, where is thy sting? O  
grave, where is thy victory? The  
sting of death is sin; and the  
strength of sin is the law...

He wipes his nose and adjusts his tie with a look of supreme confidence.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Eddie pours over more of the papers. Faster - a blur of connections. It all sinking in...

PRIEST (V.O.)  
And so this corruptible must put on  
incorruption, and this mortal must  
put on immortality...

FLASH: A foggy memory of the night of the party -- Declan slyly toasting Jerry as he passes.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Declan watches the mourners, fingers lightly drumming on the arm of his wheelchair.

PRIEST  
Then shall it be brought to pass the  
saying that is written, Death is  
swallowed up in victory...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Eddie, anger swelling despite his weak state, comes to on OBIT for Jimmy Morgan--

PRIEST  
Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye  
steadfast, unmovable...

--clipped to a photo of Finn hugging Molly after Jimmy's funeral.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Finn stares at the coffin.

PRIEST

Always abounding in the works of the Lord, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

He pulls his hand from his pocket and holds Molly's beside him. She doesn't resist.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The book and notes spill onto the floor, as Eddie rises through the pain, clutching that last photo of Finn and Molly.

CONTINUE INTERCUT WITH:

THE FUNERAL

The coffin lowered into the grave...

Eddie's IV rips out of his arm...

WHUMP - Molly drops a handful of dirt on the coffin...

Eddie's wounds reopening as he takes a step...

WHUMP - Declan drops a handful of dirt...

Eddie staggers another step, fuming, bleeding -- then his vision goes dark and he crumples hard to the floor--

WHUMP - Finn tosses a final handful of dirt.

INT. THE ROSE - DAY

The wake. Molly stands away from the crowd, turning Eddie's engagement ring around her finger. With a final twist it slips off.

Finn steps up. Quiet beat. Neither really looks at the other.

FINN

Whatever you need... I'm here for you, Molly. I always have been. I always will be.

(beat)

And I'll never let anything happen to you.

Finn lingers a moment, a hand delicately pressed to her back -- then downs his drink and flees back to the wake.

Molly looks back down at the ring.

She pockets it, almost breaking down. A silent decision.

INT. FARIA'S CELL - NIGHT

Eddie comes to, drugged and disoriented.

He looks around, realizes this isn't his cell -- it is, in fact, the most tastefully appointed cell in the entire prison: bookshelves, percolating coffee pot, record player.

Standing at the record player is Eddie's new cellmate, Faria, who places the needle on an Italian opera record.

EDDIE  
What am I doing here?

FARIA  
If you recall, we had an appointment.  
And I, for one, honor my agreements.

It's then Eddie sees *Il Inferno* and the notes beside him -- and it all comes flooding back to him in a FLASH.

Eddie leaps up and SLAMS Faria against the wall.

EDDIE  
Why did you do this to me? Why did  
you show me this when I'm stuck in  
this fucking place?

FARIA  
Because, Edward, it's not the average  
graduate of Columbia Law School who  
would rip off another man's ear with  
his teeth.

Eddie falters, his weak state catching up with him. He sits, clutching his side, lost in that heartache.

EDDIE  
What do you want from me?

FARIA (CONT'D)  
As you may have observed, I have a  
fairly elaborate system in place  
here. It's taken me a not-  
insignificant number of years to  
build, and has afforded me a certain  
lifestyle I've grown rather  
accustomed to.

(beat)

(MORE)

FARIA (cont'd)  
 But I am an old man, and this is a  
 young man's game. I need a partner.  
 (beat)

I offer my protection. My  
 experience. I'll teach you how to  
 run a successful black market  
 operation. I'll teach you how to  
 survive, which, at the current pace,  
 I would not give you generous odds  
 otherwise.

EDDIE  
 Why would I give a fuck about that?

Faria pulls a sheet across the bars and smiles cryptically.

FARIA  
 Because I offer something else.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A dark, musty space of no identifiable use, walled in on all sides.

FARIA (V.O.)  
 In 1916 a terrible nor'easter hit the  
 harbor, causing a flood in the piping  
 that killed several inmates.  
 However, with the war, it seemed  
 liked a waste of resources to  
 reconstruct the whole system, and so  
 that main was simply sealed off...

Sound of STONE SCRAPING...

Several CINDERBLOCKS inch outward at the bottom of one wall.

MOMENTS LATER

Eddie and Faria stand regarding another wall.

FARIA (CONT'D)  
 (knocks it)  
 With four feet of solid granite.

They drop down to a RECESS in the wall, a concave depression  
 of roughly a foot.

Lined in a ritualized row on the ground is a graveyard of  
 SCREWDRIVERS worn to nubs.

FARIA  
 Five years getting the proper cell.  
 One year getting through. And twelve  
 years making it this far. But as I  
 said, I am getting no younger.  
 (MORE)

FARIA (cont'd)  
By my calculations if I bring in a  
young, healthy partner we could be  
out by my 80th birthday -- in 2008.

He looks at Eddie in the exact moment the entire molecular  
make-up of what Eddie Donovan thought he was becomes another  
thing entirely.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON SHOWER - DAY

Massive Skinhead, bruised, guides a skinny MANBOY to his  
knees.

FARIA (V.O.)  
Hope, Edward -- hope is not a  
profitable emotion in this place.

Massive Skinhead closes his eyes, threads his hands behind his  
head.

FARIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
No, what I have to give you is  
something you can use. Something you  
can hold, to give you meaning,  
strength.

The lean Japanese Inmate from the prison yard appears behind  
Massive Skinhead.

Cut to Manboy stumbling backwards in shock, BLOOD washing from  
his hair into the drain.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Back to Faria and Eddie, who stares into that shallow  
depression in the concrete.

FARIA  
I can give you hate.

---

INT. WAREHOUSE, OFFICE - NIGHT (2008)

Eddie packs up gear -- guns, files, stuffs an envelope full of  
cash.

He flips over one sheet in the pile and pauses -- the  
discarded photo of Molly.

Jackie enters. Hands a SATCHEL to Eddie, who checks its  
contents (unseen).

JACKIE  
(re: the satchel)  
Should I ask?

EDDIE  
No.  
(beat)  
I can finish this alone.

JACKIE  
No, you can't.

Eddie hands him the envelope.

JACKIE  
You need help, Eddie.

EDDIE  
Don't-- call me that anymore. Your services are no longer required.

JACKIE  
You're free, you know that? You're fucking free and you don't even know it.

EDDIE  
Freedom is a relative term.

JACKIE  
So's cunt.

He bitterly takes the money and leaves.

EXT. THE ROSE - DAY

Two THUGS guarding the front door. CLICK-CLICK -- They freeze in black-and-white --

INT. VAN - SAME

Across the street: Agent Rivera and the FBI surveillance team snapping photos.

AGENT RIVERA  
Okay, give me "degenerate fuckhead".  
(takes picture)  
Nice, nice. Now, you, show me "sixth grade education." Oh, very good.

TEAM MEMBER  
Lot of muscle. Somebody's seen the boogeyman.

OUTSIDE AT THE ROSE:

A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA now above the door watches all...

INT. THE ROSE, BACK OFFICE - SAME

The view from the camera on a black-and-white MONITOR. Three other monitors show cameras feeds covering the bar and back alley.

Finn's bloodshot eyes dart between them, a man caged in his own place of power.

FLASH: This office, decades ago. A moment of peace: Jimmy in his prime, a bull; young Finn sitting in his lap -- they listen to a baseball game on the radio.

FINN

Sometimes I wonder...what the old man would do.

Declan taps a cigarette on the wheelchair arm, his calculating eyes study Finn.

DECLAN

(to himself)

So do I.

Finn turns with venom to confront him, but Declan now looks elsewhere. Finn follows his gaze to the monitor: a MAN approaches the front door.

INT. VAN - SAME

Rivera snaps to curious attention, watching.

AGENT RIVERA

Who the fuck is this asshole?

INT. THE ROSE, BACK OFFICE - SAME

Finn watching the monitors: the man is escorted in, through the bar, down the back hallway...

He shares a guarded look with Declan, as one of the THUGS opens the door.

THUG

Finn, this guy's got something you gotta hear--

The man steps up -- MIKE.

MIKE

You want Mondragon? I can give him to you.

INT. THE ROSE - LATER

Ryan steps in and stops, seeing three of Finn's other enforcers load GUNS on the pool table with Finn and Declan, a new energy burning in them all.

RYAN  
What's going on--

Declan tosses a SHOTGUN to him.

DECLAN  
We got a date. Get your warpaint on.

Ryan looks to Finn, unsure whether to speak now.

FINN  
What.

RYAN  
Nothing.

Finn SNAPS his loaded revolver closed.

EXT. THE ROSE - MOMENTS LATER

Finn and Ryan march out and into a car out front. Another THUG hops into a car behind them.

INT. VAN - SAME

Rivera pushes equipment out of the way, getting ready to follow.

AGENT RIVERA  
Whoa, whoa, we got some action.

He fires up the van as Finn and Ryan take off, followed by the other car.

Rivera follows, dialing his cell phone.

AGENT RIVERA  
(into phone)  
We're on the move.

INT. FBI OFFICE - SAME

Girardi on the phone, snapping his fingers at Fisk.

AGENT GIRARDI  
(into phone)  
What do you got?

INT. VAN - SAME

Rivera on their tail.

AGENT RIVERA  
(into phone)  
Morgan and the Wild Bunch with hard-ons for something. I got--

SCREECH -- Rivera slams on the brakes -- the thug following Finn has stopped cold ahead of them, blocking traffic.

AGENT RIVERA  
Son of a bitch.

In the car ahead: the thug smiles in the rearview mirror, flipping-off Rivera.

AGENT RIVERA  
You motherless Irish mutt.

He looks to throw the van into reverse, but a car is behind him, honking. He can only lean back with a sigh. Screwed.

AGENT RIVERA  
(back to the phone)  
We got a problem.

INT. CAR - SAME

Ryan drives on, Finn watching the road block in the sideview mirror.

EXT. THE ROSE, BACK ALLEY - SAME

Declan and the three other enforcers speed out in another car, armed to the teeth.

INT. FBI OFFICE - SAME

Girardi throws his phone across the room.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Goddamn it!

Fisk nods to the Bela Lugosi "MONDRAGON" picture.

AGENT FISK  
Gotta be after him.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Who the fuck is he!?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jackie watches whiskey pour into a glass.

He down the shot, slaps down a twenty from his envelope, pushes back, and ambles out to his new life.

Linger on: one FIGURE in the rear of the bar, who stands and follows.

INT. CAR - SAME

Ryan kills the headlights, and slows to a quiet stop on a deserted street. Grabs the shotgun. Finn grabs his arm hard.

FINN  
I want him alive.

INT. WAREHOUSE, OFFICE - SAME

Eddie flips open and lights a zippo, and forces himself to bring the flame to Molly's photo.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Jackie heads down the side alley, shoves his hands into the pocket of his leather jacket.

CLICK. He stops. A REVOLVER inches away from the back of his head.

We see who is holding the gun on Jackie -- the Thug from earlier at the whorehouse. Jackie is wearing his coat.

42 long. THUG

EXT. STREET - SAME

Ryan and Finn's other enforcers creep up to the warehouse corner. Ryan nods for two to go around back, and they head down the alley.

He glances up at a nearby

## ROOFTOP

Where Declan jacks the bolt action of his rifle and takes aim on the warehouse, scanning the boarded windows.

His CELL PHONE vibrates in his pocket.

INTERCUT FROM HERE:

EDDIE

Drops the burning photo into the trash bin.

THE ALLEY THUGS

Slip into the warehouse loading dock entrance, guns ready.

EDDIE

Tenses, hearing something, zippo still burning on the desk. He reaches for a gun, listening.

RYAN

Holds beside the front door, nods to the man with him. Racks a shotgun shell.

THE ALLEY THUGS

Pad down a dark rear hallway in the warehouse.

RYAN

Swings into action and KICKS the door open.

EDDIE

Turns to the office door -- where Mike steps in, Frank behind him.

RYAN AND THE ALLEY THUGS

Charge into the main room, guns searching for a target.  
NOTHING -- it's a different warehouse.

Something catches Ryan's eye, though.

RYAN  
What the hell?

On a solitary chair: a RUSSIAN NESTING DOLL sitting atop a WIRED PACKAGE.

EDDIE

Brings a cigarette to his lips--

MIKE  
It's done.

--And brings the zippo flame to it...

RYAN'S

Eyes go wide on the smiling, TICKING doll.

RYAN  
Fuck.

EDDIE'S

Cigarette IGNITES--

THE OTHER WAREHOUSE

EXPLODES, fire and debris bursting from the windows and door.  
Ryan goes flying like a rag doll to the alley asphalt.

BACK IN THE CAR

Finn ducks as chunks of brick SMASH through the windshield.  
He dives out into the gutter with his gun, shielded by the car door.

He watches the roaring flames in shock.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

The stairwell door SLAMS open and three tattooed RUSSIAN GANGSTERS march out, guns drawn--

At nothing. Declan is gone. They stop.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER  
(in Russian, subtitled)  
Where is the cripple?

INT. WAREHOUSE, OFFICE - NIGHT

Eddie blows smoke, looks up at Mike.

MIKE  
Where's Jackie?

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

SMACK -- 42-Long slams Jackie's swollen, bloody face.

Jackie, shirtless, hangs by his wrists from a chain. On a table off to the side: a bat, hammer, and hacksaw.

Declan rolls into the light.

DECLAN  
What did he give you?

42 LONG  
Dick. Got an ID.

He tosses Jackie's wallet to Declan, who reads the ID.

DECLAN  
Jackie Lombardo. Say anything else?

JACKIE  
Yeah.  
(spits blood and a molar at  
Declan's feet)  
Get fucked.

42-Long takes another big swing. Jackie lowers and leans his head into it just in time; 42's hand cracks on top of it. He YELPS in pain, rubbing his knuckles.

42 LONG  
Motherfucker!

Declan chuckles, then tosses him some cash from Jackie's wallet, eyes never leaving Jackie's.

DECLAN  
Why don't you go get us a couple of Coca-Colas.  
(to Jackie)  
You want something?

42 LONG  
You want me to get Finn?

DECLAN  
Get what I said.

42-Long hesitates, then heads for the stairs, still in pain.

42 LONG  
(to Jackie)  
You're a fucking dead man.

DECLAN  
Ain't we all?

He leaves. Declan thumbs the weapons on the table.

DECLAN  
Afraid he's right about that. But tonight, Mr. Lombardo, you get a choice few of us do. See, I have these questions, I'm sure you've heard them already. But they all really come down to that one. So tell me, Jackie...

He pulls out the REVOLVER stowed under his wheelchair and glances at the door where the man intent on torturing him to death will be returning shortly, raising his eyebrows.

DECLAN  
How do you want to give up the ghost?

Jackie hangs his head, swallows hard.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Finn, gun in hand, stumbles down the alley, dragging along Ryan -- a charred, quivering mess.

Ryan collapses in agony, slumped against the wall. Finn scans the rooftops and shadows around him for some unseen menace.

RYAN  
Don't let me go out like this.

SIRENS scream in the distance. Ryan grabs Finn's shirt, drawing him back.

RYAN  
Listen to me. I saw  
her...Molly...watching her like you  
said. She's stepping out on you.

Ryan grabs him harder, almost daring Finn to end his life. Finn stands in disbelief.

RYAN  
Do it. DO IT--

Finn shoots Ryan in the head. For a moment he just stands there. Then he UNLOADS his gun into Ryan's body.

Sirens getting closer. Finn moves with new purpose down the alley.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Eddie, Mike, and Frank, packed to leave, head down the hallway. Eddie on his cell phone.

EDDIE  
(into phone)  
Say that again.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The three Russian gangsters driving down the street.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER  
(into phone)  
We had a problem. With the man in  
the chair.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

A BEEP on Eddie's phone, takes a look -- "JACKIE calling". Worried now, he clicks over, just as they enter the

MAIN ROOM

EDDIE  
(into phone)  
Jackie.

DECLAN (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
An old friend.

A bat CRACKS across Eddie's hand and face, smashing the phone and dropping him -- 42-Long.

Another HOOD emerges from the shadows behind Mike and Frank, a gun on them, and tosses the guns from their coats across the floor--

Where Declan slaps Jackie's blood-spattered phone closed, his pistol in the other hand.

42-Long raises his bat over Eddie again--

DECLAN  
What did I say!

He stands down. Eddie spits blood on his hands and knees.

DECLAN  
Sorry about the arm. Charlie here used to be a regular Squatty Munson with the lumber down DeWitt back in the day. But look who I'm telling.

He looks at Eddie for a long beat with genuine admiration, shakes his head.

DECLAN  
Well I'll be a monkey's uncle.

Eddie looks up through the pain at Jackie's phone.

EDDIE  
Where is he?

DECLAN  
With the Father and the Son. Like those warehouse boys you just lit up. Just business.  
(beat)  
It was always just business with me.  
(MORE)

DECLAN (cont'd)  
Always something else with Finn. It still is. Which is why I'm here.

Declan stows his pistol back under his wheelchair. Eddie stares at him, unsure what to make of this.

DECLAN  
We both want something here. And we can help each other get it.

EDDIE  
What do I want.

DECLAN  
You want to knock off the king. I need someone to wear the crown. I can give you Finn -- and everything he has.

EDDIE  
Or what?

DECLAN  
Then we have a problem. But men like us don't have problems, do we, Eddie? We have solutions.

(looks off reflectively)  
I met the Priest once, you know? At a sit-down with Jimmy back during the Citroni war.

QUICK FLASH: A middle-aged Faria in an immaculately-tailored suit smoking a cigarette with a panther's cunning detachment.

DECLAN  
In a different life...we would be the ones running things, you know? Nations, you know, not the fucking neighborhood.

EDDIE  
Well sieg fucking heil, now how am I supposed to trust you in this one?

DECLAN  
Because we're alike.

QUICK FLASH: Young Declan in combat fatigues dragging himself through jungle undergrowth, shot through the spine.

DECLAN  
We are both born twice.

Eddie finally rises to his feet. Mike and Frank share a quick glance -- partners communicating.

EDDIE  
Everything?

Mike slowly twists his cast arm...

DECLAN  
Everything.

All in a flash: Mike pulls off his cast arm -- Frank reaches in, pulls out a revolver and SHOOTS the Hood twice in the forehead -- Eddie's hand darts up his sleeve, whips out the hunting knife and STABS 42-Long in the throat.

Both bodies crumple to the floor. And for a moment no one moves -- especially Declan.

EDDIE  
You're right...

Eddie walks toward him with the knife. Declan's hand creeps toward his pistol.

Eddie stops -- then sheathes the knife and extends his hand for a handshake. Declan's stunned a beat.

EDDIE  
We are alike.

Declan grins and shakes his hand.

EDDIE  
But we're not in the same business.

CLICK -- Eddie slaps a pair of handcuffs on Declan's wrist.  
The grin vanishes.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER. The murky chop of the Hudson.

SPLOOSH -- Declan's wheelchair is tossed in, followed by Declan, his wrist cuffed to it. Smaller splashes follow him in -- his ANGELFISH.

Declan struggles in vain to stop his descent. And as he sinks into the black, his terrified eyes meet the eye of one of his fish, which watches with cold, intelligent recognition.

---

INT. FARIA AND EDDIE'S CELL - DAY (2007)

The sound of panting.

Eddie rises from doing pushups. Goatee and greasy hair, collection of scars and tattoos, hard as the walls around him.

If before he embodied the American dream, he is now a thing from the darker margins our national unconscious.

He turns to the ledger, opening it to find another ANNIVERSARY CARD. Turns to find a more wizened Faria holding a cupcake packed with 13 candles.

FARIA  
Only 712 more days.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

A desperate INMATE sits across a chessboard from an impassive Eddie.

INMATE  
Please... Come on, E.--

EDDIE  
There's two kinds of people in the world, Parks: alive and dead. Pick a side.

The Inmate grimaces, then grabs his own index finger and snaps it, HOWLING.

EDDIE  
(rises)  
Never steal from me. Remember who I am.

He walks away.

Eddie bumps into a NEW INMATE -- Donny. Freezes.

FLASH: Donny bumping Molly and catching a beating from Finn the night of the engagement party.

EDDIE  
Donny.

Donny looks at him, not a hint of recognition.

DONNY  
Who the fuck are you?

Donny walks on, as this gravity of what just happened sinks into Eddie.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Eddie examines himself in the small mirror, that encounter still clearly on his mind. He is a new person.

MOMENTS LATER

Eddie on the bed, staring at an old PHOTO of him and Finn smiling at his law school graduation, Eddie in cap and gown.

He draws on a cigarette, then carefully burns a hole through his own face in the picture.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Eddie digging, the RECESS now several feet in, the collection of worn screwdrivers exponentially larger than it was. Faria studies him, his drive.

FARIA  
Who was she?

Eddie pauses, surprised by the question, which Faria has never once brought up in 15 years. He digs on, ignoring it.

FARIA  
I've taught you many things, Edward.  
But what must be kept in mind before  
making any decision: opportunity cost  
-- a thing's value versus its cost.  
This is not, however, simply a  
question of adding all costs, its  
also analyzing the next best  
alternative: a choice may appear  
profitable, but if a single  
alternative is more so, it's the  
wrong one. Remember this.

Eddie looks back at him, then returns to digging, harder now.

EDDIE  
There is no alternative.

There is a low, ominous RUMBLING NOISE.

Faria and Eddie look at each other. Abruptly, Eddie seizes Faria and pulls him free of the recess just as there is a COLLAPSE, dust billowing over them.

They lie there, PANTING. Beat.

Both scramble wildly for the debris and start clawing through it.

INT. SEWER SYSTEM - MINUTES LATER

Old and crumbling from disuse, a large DRAINAGE PIPE at one wall.

Sounds of DIGGING, as two pairs of hands emerge from the RUBBLE left of one wall. Eddie wiggles through and pulls Faria behind him.

They both see the drainage pipe and look back to each other in amazement -- they made it.

INT. DRAINAGE PIPE - MOMENTS LATER

Faria and Eddie crawling. At the end, faintly: light.

Faria starts SINGING softly in Italian -- but then he notices something and his face falls.

FARIA

No...

EDDIE

What?

FARIA

No!

He crawls more rapidly.

EDDIE

Joe, what is it? Joe!

Faria scrambles to the end of the pipe, IRON BARS grafted over it, moonlight just outside.

Faria throttles the bars with a heart-wrenching SCREAM. Eddie pulls at him.

EDDIE

Come on, Joe.

Faria ignores him, raging.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Joe, Joe, you got to calm down.

Faria is heedless -- but then GASPS and clutches his chest. He slumps. Eddie's eyes go wild with panic.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Oh fuck. Oh fuck no. I'll go get help, Joe.

FARIA

(weakly)

No.

EDDIE

You're not fucking dying here.

Faria CLAMPS a hand on Eddie's arm with alarming ferocity.

FARIA

No!

He winces at the effort. Eddie is stunned, overwhelmed.

FARIA  
(wheezing)  
If you take them here you'll rot in  
the hole -- ruin everything... You  
get out of here.

EDDIE  
(in tears)  
How?

FARIA  
Listen to me, damn it! When you do,  
you go to the old Hotel Mondragon in  
Queens. Room 177, behind the mirror.

EDDIE  
What? Joe, what're you--

FARIA  
A foolish young criminal's dream,  
something I hoped to see again. Now  
I just want to look at the moon here  
a while. Room 177. You take it and  
you rain Hell on the lives of the  
ones who sent you there.

Eddie weeps. Faria takes his hand.

FARIA (CONT'D)  
You brought hope into an old man's  
life, my son. Hope... is a *putan*.

He smiles at Eddie, goes limp. Eddie clutches his body,  
shoulders wracking.

INT. CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

A bedcheck GUARD strolls down the hall, lazily shining his  
flashlight into each cell.

He comes to Faria's cell and stops cold, his light revealing  
their beds moved and the HOLE in the cinder block wall.

GUARD  
Motherfucker.

He fumbles for his walkie.

GUARD  
We have a breach.

EXT. PRISON - SAME

SEARCH LIGHTS go on, an alarm WAILS in the night.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

THREE GUARDS emerge, radios SQUAWKING. Faria's body lies on the ground, Guard 1 takes his pulse as 2 and 3 sweep their flashlights around, seeing the rubble-strewn tunnel.

GUARD 1  
(into walkie)  
Prisoner down.

Guard 2 brandishes his gun and beckons Guard 3 to follow -- they crawl into the tunnel.

EXT. PRISON - SAME

Guards canvas with BARKING dogs, a swell of inmates' WILD CHEERS.

INT. CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER

Dorleac crouches by Faria, who lies in an open body bag.

Guards 2 and 3 emerge from the tunnel.

GUARD 2  
Donovan's not back there. Must have slipped past.

The Guards rush out.

DORLEAC  
(to himself)  
You're a dead man.

Dorleac zips up the body bag.

Behind him -- the sound of RUBBLE STIRRING.

Dorleac grabs his flashlight and turns to find Eddie right there, a phantom covered in dust, a SHOELACE wrapped around his hands.

CUT TO:

Eddie drops Dorleac's body and drags it to the rubble where he just emerged, then turns to the body bag.

INT. VAN - DAWN BREAKING

Faria's body bag lies on a collapsible gurney, bumping along with the highway.

There is movement within and the zipper comes down. Eddie sits up with a gasp.

He glances behind him at the driver's panel, then looks to the two back doors.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

A chill wind blowing over the black water.

The surface breaks, and like some undead thing, Eddie emerges and strides onto the shore, his eyes burning with one purpose, water dripping from his closed fists.

---

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

That same black, glittering water.

Eddie, Mike, and Frank stand beside an open car trunk. Eddie winces as he digs through his gear.

FRANK  
You need a doc.

Eddie produces two severance envelopes similar to the one he gave Jackie and places them on the car.

EDDIE  
Services rendered.

He pauses at the trunk, then picks up a sports bag full of CASH from his gear and also puts in on the dock.

EDDIE  
For his family.

They take the money. Mike stares at him with naked contempt.

MIKE  
Hope you've got your money's worth.

They leave and Eddie is truly as he's always been. Alone.

INT. CONDO, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Molly packs a suitcase. She pulls off her wedding ring and sets it on the dresser.

FINN (O.S.)  
Where are you going?

She spins, startled, to find Finn in the doorway. Something spooky in his eyes. She goes back to packing.

MOLLY  
I'm sorry.

FINN  
To him?

That freezes her a moment.

MOLLY  
There is no him. I thought there was.

FINN  
All I ever did was love you.

It's then she notices the gun in his hand. In her face is at the same time animal fear and a kind of hardening.

MOLLY  
You can't love, Finn, if you don't love yourself. Why do you think I've hated you since the day I married you?

Viciously, he throws her down on the bed and holds her by the fair and presses the gun to her face.

FINN  
*I'll kill you, you fucking bitch!*

She trembles but meets his eye.

MOLLY  
I died 15 years ago.

His eyes animal and crazed and red with desperation heartbreak. He sees what he is reduced to in his reflection in the dresser mirror and lifts his gun and FIRES. The mirror explodes.

Finn stands, composes himself. Molly watches, uncertain.

Finn goes to the dresser and amongst the shattered glass picks up Molly's ring.

MOLLY  
Finn, stop.

He ignores her and tries to take her hand.

MOLLY  
Finn, you're hurting me--

She winces in pain as he roughly takes her hand and forces the ring back on her finger.

FINN  
Get up.

She doesn't.

FINN  
Come on. We're going.

He seizes her and hauls her up and forces her towards the door. She claws and struggles, but he is a man with nothing left but this and she is no match.

INT. FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

Agent Girardi stares at the "Mondragon" Bela Lugosi picture tacked on the board.

AGENT FISK (O.S.)  
Quit wishing.

Girardi turns as Fisk marches up and slaps down a FILE FOLDER.

AGENT FISK  
PD just pulled this out of a Kitchen  
warehouse, responding to gunshots,  
two bodies at the scene.

Girardi scans through the file contents, smile spreading on his face.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Gotcha.

They bolt out of the office.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER - NIGHT

The water glitters black as Finn's car enters

THE DOCKS

And pulls to a stop by his YACHT.

INT./EXT. CAR

Finn gets out, but Molly doesn't move. He goes to her door and opens it.

FINN  
Get out.

She looks at him witheringly.

He puts a hand on her throat and clamps it. She tries to pry him off but can't. He squeezes harder and she chokes, eyes throbbing.

FINN  
You're. Still. My. Wife.  
(roars)  
Mine!

He pulls her out and she gasps, holding her throat.

INT. YACHT, CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Finn thrusts Molly to a couch and kneels to the wall and removes a false panel. Inside is a strongbox.

He opens it and is relieved to discover a cache of a couple of hundred grand.

A sense of command returns to his face -- he is a Morgan, he will survive.

He starts to exit, pauses. Looks at Molly, removes a FIREAXE from the wall, and takes it out with him -- LOCKING Molly in from the outside.

EXT. DOCK

Finn undoes the rigging.

INT. CABIN

Molly is on her feet, searching for some kind of weapon.

She does not notice

OUTSIDE THE Porthole

A dark figure watching her.

EXT. COCKPIT

Finn stands at the wheel. He turns the key -- click.

He tries again, and there is not even the sound of the engine failing to turn over -- it's like there's nothing there.

Alarm in Finn's face. He pulls his gun from his waistband and goes

AFT

Where he lifts up the hatch and goes white:

The engine is gone.

In its place lies a book: THE INFERN. Finn, horrified, lifts it and opens it.

FINN

No...

Inside: the PHOTO of Eddie and Finn at the graduation, a cigarette burn through Eddie's face.

Finn stares in disbelief.

FINN

What is this?

KA-CHUCK -- Finn turns to find Eddie with a gun on him.

EDDIE

It's fifteen years in hell. Fifteen years crawling out.

Finn stares.

EDDIE

Say my name.

FINN

No... It can't--

EDDIE

(raises gun)

Say it.

Finn stumbles back and sits on the hatch. He hunches over, overwhelmed.

FINN

Eddie.

EDDIE

Wrong.

Eddie SLAMS Finn in the mouth, dropping him to the deck. He pulls the gun from Finn's coat and tosses it into the water.

FINN

How?

EDDIE

Does it matter?

Finn spits blood, it all sinking in.

FINN  
It was you she was with.  
(looks up at Eddie)  
She was always with you.

Eddie presses the gun to his head, not wanting to hear it.

EDDIE  
Shut up!

Finn doesn't resist, waiting for the bullet.

FINN  
You won. You always won.  
(beat)  
Do it. Just fucking do it. What the fuck are you waiting for!?

EDDIE  
I could have put a bullet in your head with five minutes planning.

FINN  
What do you want.

EDDIE  
What do I want? What do you think I've been doing. I want to absolve you.

He KICKS Finn hard in the gut, doubling him over to his knees. Eddie looms over him, gun in hand, like God over Man.

EDDIE  
I'm hearing confession tonight. I want to hear you say it. Give me your confession. And I go.

Finn looks up, surprised at this. And that surrender begins to turn into something else. A small, bloody grin begins to form. He has this left.

FINN  
Fuck you.

Eddie is troubled now. Here he is the victor on every level -- but he can't see it. Not without this.

EDDIE  
Say it.

Eddie shoves the gun against Finn's temple, losing control. Finn takes the pain -- and spots the FIREAXE he discarded.

FINN  
Fuck. You.

EDDIE  
Say it!

Suddenly from inside the cabin: Bang! Bang! Bang!

INT. YACHT, CABIN

Molly is slamming the lockbox into the window, money fluttering into the air like confetti. The glass splinters.

EXT. YACHT, AFT

In this brief moment of distraction, Finn snatches the axe and swings--

Eddie dives back, falling hard -- his gun goes skittering across the dock.

He rolls as the axe CRUNCHES down where he was.

Finn jerks it free, clipping Eddie's head. Eddie slips in his own blood, dazed.

Finn stands tall, looking down at him, axe in hand.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Girardi and Fisk floor it, along with several other NYPD cars, wailers on. Girardi on his phone.

GIRARDI  
Where the fuck is my SWAT? I don't care. Get 'em down there now! And Port Authority! Now!

EXT. YACHT, AFT

Finn swings -- but Eddie catches it and charges, slamming him against the cabin.

They struggle for the axe, eye to eye. Finn headbutts Eddie, sends him reeling.

Eddie dodges as the axe SMASHES through the railing, kicks Finn in the knee, and rushes him, the axe still embedded in the side.

This is a bloody one, there are no traded barbs or wise-ass remarks -- these are just two bodies locked in mutual destruction. Noses CRUNCH and ribs SPLINTER and chipped teeth are spat or swallowed as the boat bucks from side to side.

And though Eddie fights with animal fury, with his injured arm, it soon becomes evident --

He is losing.

INT. YACHT, CABIN

Molly pounds away at the thick, cracking glass, listening to the struggle outside.

EXT. YACHT, AFT

Eddie swings wild, and Finn makes him pay with a crushing punch and a knee to the solar plexus. Eddie stumbles backward to the floor, landing hard against his injured arm.

Finn turns his attention to Eddie's gun. He staggers toward it onto the

DOCK

Eddie's knife flies and -- THUNK -- imbeds in Finn's hamstring. He collapses with a scream.

Eddie rises, back on the boat. He cradles his arm in his shirt and picks up the GASCAN. He steps onto the dock.

EDDIE  
We're not done.

The SLAMMING of the strongbox against the window continues.

Distant SIRENS approaching.

But Eddie hears nothing. He tips the gascan and walks slowly towards Finn, leaving a trail of fuel in his path.

He stands over Finn and empties it in a pool around him, discards the can. All the while, Finn trying in vain to crawl to the gun.

EDDIE  
You can end this, Finn. You can give me what's kept me going the fifteen years you took and you go your way, I'll go mine. Just say it. Confess what you did and ask my forgiveness.

He PUNCHES Finn. Finn's head snaps back, a dark grin spreading on his face.

Eddie slugs him again.

EDDIE  
Ask me!

Finn lets out an unhinged laugh.

Eddie punches him again and again and again. Finn's laughter increases to a maniacal pitch.

EDDIE  
WHAT'S SO FUCKING FUNNY?

Finn looks at him through the pulp that was once his face.

FINN  
I spent my whole life trying to be  
you...but you became me.

IN THE YACHT CABIN

Molly finally sends the strongbox SMASHING through the porthole glass.

DOCK

Eddie goes silent, looking down at Finn's wretched figure. Eerily calm. He stands tall -- his ZIPPO now in hand.

EDDIE  
(voice flat, this is it)  
Beg me you miserable fucking rat.

Finn looks at him with lunatic mirth. This has become a truly grotesque display.

FINN  
(sings)  
*There's a darkness on the edge of town...*

Close on Eddie: the whites of his eyes ignite with ORANGE FLAME -- he's lit his zippo.

HIS HAND -- is about to release it when--

MOLLY (O.S.)  
EDDIE!!

He freezes -- the TENDONS in the back of his hand rigid. Molly stands several feet away on the dock.

EDDIE  
Stay away.

MOLLY  
Don't do it.

EDDIE  
This has nothing to do with you.  
Stay. Away.

She steps onto the gasoline trail and slowly approaches him.

The FLAME flickers. Flashes from the past intercut through following...

-- *Young Eddie at the Rose, palming the ENGAGEMENT RING.*

MOLLY

Eddie. Listen to me. You can stop this. You can come back.

EDDIE

That isn't my name.

She comes closer.

MOLLY

Yes, it is. It always has been.

-- *Molly weeping and beating the partition as Eddie walks away from her after the conviction.*

EDDIE

You don't know anything about me.

MOLLY

I know that man is still in there somewhere. And he's the strongest man I've ever met.

-- *Eddie twitching on the end of the noose -- his suicide attempt.*

-- *Eddie savagely throttling the Skinhead on the cellblock floor.*

-- *Eddie scraping hash marks into his cell wall -- five years.*

-- *Young Eddie on the pitcher's mound, grinning and winking at Molly in the stands.*

Eddie wavers, compensates with rage.

EDDIE

He took it all, nothing is taking this! Now stay away or so fucking help me...

MOLLY

We've all lost so much. And we've all made our choices. But as long as you're alive your soul is your own. You're right -- nothing can take that.

And suddenly a thing flickers across Eddie's face for the first time in years: fear.

-- *Faria dying in Eddie's arms.*

-- *Jimmy Morgan embracing Eddie and Molly at their engagement party.*

-- *Eddie carving more hash marks in the wall -- ten years.*

-- *Eddie lurching forward in the prison hospital, torn stitches BLEEDING through his gown.*

-- *Molly and Eddie fucking in the warehouse office.*

-- *Jackie's body in a pool of spreading blood.*

-- *The decoy warehouse Mike sent Finn's crew to. Dark and silent as a mausoleum. TICK. It explodes in a massive conflagration.*

-- *With all the hate in him, Eddie scrapes a final hash mark into the wall -- 15 years.*

And Eddie is coming apart, the last particles of his humanity colliding with so many years dedicated to nothing but this hate.

EDDIE

Can't you fucking see I need this?  
Without this there's...nothing left.

She draws up to him.

MOLLY

I love you. I'll never stop loving you. But I've given nearly half my life to a monster and I can't do that again.

He looks into her eyes. She puts a hand to his face. He FLINCHES but she lays it there.

MOLLY

Who are you?

THE ZIPPO: a cold wind blows it out.

BLACK.

LATER

Finn lies there, not a friend in the world. Sounds of SIRENS. Blue lights flash in the distance.

He pushes himself up and picks up Eddie's gun.

LATER

The FBI and NYPD close in. Agents Girardi and Fisk exit their car, gun ready. The dock is empty, the yacht floating several yards away, unmanned.

They look at each other quizzically, holster their weapons. Girardi produces the file folder.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Blue pre-dawn, day creeping in the east behind the dark buildings...

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - SAME

The view from Finn's window.

Finn sits on the floor, clothes soaked through with blood. A bottle of whisky, Eddie's gun, and old pictures scattered before him.

His voice comes out slow and in barely a whisper. A song:

FINN  
*Molly, my Irish Molly, my sweet  
acushla dear...*

ON THE STREET

Tires SCREECH to a halt.

CONDO

Finn takes a big drink. Lost in all those memories.

FINN  
*I'm fairly off my trolley, my Irish  
Molly, when you are near...*

IN THE STAIRWELL

Heavy boots storm up the flights.

CONDO

Finn looks up at the door.

FINN  
*Springtime you know is ringtime, come  
dear, now don't be slow...*

HALLWAY

SWAT team bursts out of the stairwell door and down the hall...

INT. YACHT, CABIN - NIGHT (QUICK FLASHBACK)

Girardi kneels before the empty false compartment, glances at the file folder.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NOISE out in the hall. Finn raises the gun at the door --

FINN

*Change your name, go out with game,  
begorrah wouldn't I do the same...*

Then pulls it back under his chin. Finger tight on the trigger. Shaking...

INT. YACHT, CABIN - NIGHT (QUICK FLASHBACK)

Girardi removes a panel. On the floor next to him is the open file folder: a BLUEPRINT of the yacht with an X drawn over this spot.

FLASH:

Of Eddie in prison, on the phone with Molly just after his conviction.

EDDIE

*Innocent, guilty -- It doesn't matter-*

BACK TO SCENE

Girardi pulls out the SATCHEL Jackie gave Eddie, unzips it and freezes with a small grin --

EDDIE (V.O.)

*--What matters is evidence.*

Inside: bricks of uncut Afghani HEROIN.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Finn squeezes his eyes shut.

FINN

*My Irish Molly O.*

INT. PRISON, TUNNEL - NIGHT (QUICK FLASHBACK)

Eddie in the tunnel listening to Faria.

FARIA

A MAC-10 in the hands of the angriest man in the world is a paperweight. Ammunition, Edward, ammunition is what counts.

INT. CONDO, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CLICK.

Finn gasps. He lowers the gun and ejects the clip -- EMPTY.

A pathetic CHUCKLE escapes Finn. He looks back up, just as the SWAT team bursts through the front door, surging in at him.

They see him, a bloody sobbing wreck, and stop.

The SWAT LEADER looks down on him with a mixture of contempt and pity.

SWAT LEADER  
(into walkie)  
Get an ambulance.

EXT. CONDO - DAWN

Surrounded by NYPD vehicles, Finn is wheeled out on a stretcher.

Girardi and Fisk, standing by grabbing a smoke, make eye contact with him -- going out with the feeblest of whimpers.

AGENT FISK  
Fuck-- never thought I'd say this, but you almost have to feel sad for the guy.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Yeah...

As the stretcher passes Girardi sticks out his foot and trips the EMT, who stumbles forward, roughly jostling Finn.

Girardi looks at Fisk: Sue me.

The sun rises.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, BATHROOM - DAY

Eddie, shirtless, stares at his own freshly shaven reflection. Faucet running.

He splashes water on his face. Lets it drip off. Then more, rubbing it.

Harder. And harder. His body quakes with the violence of it.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

A dive motor inn on a semi-rural stretch of highway. Eddie steps out, shaved and dressed.

AGENT GIRARDI (O.S.)  
Morning.

Eddie spins to find Girardi with a coffee and newspaper on the walkway.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Sorry. Didn't mean startle you.  
Start to a hell of a day, huh?

Eddie's tense, but remains calm.

AGENT GIRARDI  
For some, at least.

BRIEF FLASH:

PRISON. Finn shuffles into his cell -- and freezes, eyes locked on something (unseen).

BACK TO SCENE

AGENT GIRARDI  
Almost enough to make you believe in  
a funny little thing called justice.

He fishes for something in his pocket.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Or whatever you want to call it.

Hands Eddie the cigarette burn photo of himself and Finn -- oh fuck.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Tell Molly Morgan buying a diet green  
tea on plastic still leaves a paper  
trail. But look who I'm talking to.

Tense beat.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Relax, cowboy. I think we've both  
seen enough misery for one lifetime.  
I'd say we've both earned...a  
vacation.

Girardi sees Molly approaching from the front desk room.

AGENT GIRARDI  
And me, I'm going fishing.  
(puts up an act for them)  
...So just up the road here and take  
a right?

EDDIE  
(beat)  
Right.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Thank you. Good to meet you, Eddie.

He heads for his car.

AGENT GIRARDI  
Yeah, a hell of a day.

MOLLY  
Who was that?

EDDIE  
Nobody. You ready to go?

MOLLY  
Yeah.

A subtle but loving touch between them. As they move to a car, Eddie drops the photo in a trash can.

BRIEF FLASH:

Back to prison -- Finn stands staring at 15 HASHMARKS carved into the wall. EDDIE'S CELL.

Five SHADOWS suddenly fall over him, but he doesn't move. Behind him loom two WISEGUYS and three other GANGSTERS he had put away 15 years ago -- SHIVS in hand.

BACK TO SCENE

LINGER ON: the photo. In the background, Eddie and Molly get in the car, start it up, and head down a long stretch of highway.

CUT TO:

POV THROUGH A CAMERA VIEWFINDER:

In and out of focus, the moments before that photo years ago -- Eddie in his graduation gown joking around with Finn among other graduates. Molly behind the camera.

FINN  
Let's go, drinks are me.

MOLLY (O.S.)  
Wait, wait, over here.

Finn rolls his eyes and sips from a flask.

FINN  
Jesus, Moll, how many you gonna take?

MOLLY (O.S.)  
What's the matter, Finny? I heard  
little Jenny Byrne said you love  
having your picture taken.

FINN  
Hey, that was her idea. One time.

They chuckle. Eddie grabs him.

EDDIE  
You sure you want this ugly mug in  
here, baby, because I can do this  
without him.

FINN  
That's not what you were crying when  
the DiMarco brothers were beating  
your ass everyday outside P.S. 134.

MOLLY (O.S.)  
C'mon, Eddie. Finn get in there.

EDDIE  
Alright, alright, let's give her one.  
You and me.

MOLLY (O.S.)  
There you go. That's my boys. Now  
smile.

They finally go still and smile, arms around their shoulders.  
Brothers.

FINN  
I'm proud of you.

MOLLY (O.S.)  
One. Two. Three.

CLICK --

Black.