

The Bridges on
the Fort Point Channel

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"If good intentions really were
the paving stones for the road to Hell,
there would not be a pothole today
in the streets of Boston."

- George V. Higgins.

EXT. BUNKER HILL - CHARLESTOWN, MASS - 1974 - NIGHT

TOP OF THE HILL

A huge, granite monolith, like a mini Washington monument, stands in rarified light on top of a manicured hill - a tribute to the day we took America back, an ever present reminder of the city's past.

BOTTOM OF THE HILL.

The city's present. Abandoned shipyards. Government housing. The Bunker Hill projects in full black out - someone's knocked out the power and smashed in all the street lights.

PROJECT COURTYARD

The place is reverentially quiet, the only sound the tinny ring of a distant T.V. and the CRACKLING of...

TWO BURNING EFFIGIES hanging from the court's lone tree. One of a JUDGE, the other a man in a cheap SUIT. Signs around their necks read, "BUS GARRITY," and "FUCK KENNEDY."

A POLICE SIREN squelches. Four MOTORCYCLE COPS ride into the courtyard. Behind them marches a line of armored RIOT POLICE, Boston's Tactical Police Force (TPF).

The Lead Motorcycle Cop SURVEYS the court. It looks empty.

REVEAL: Three teenagers laying in wait on a nearby rooftop.

LEAD COP
(Into MIC)
You got 30 seconds. Repeat: you got
30 seconds to come outta there, or
you better bet ya balls we're
coming in.

No response. He signals the TPF forward. But the SOUND of RUNNING FEET suddenly draws his attention UP.

A YOUNG KID (11) sprints to the edge of the project roof and flings a 10-SPEED BIKE over the side. It freezes mid-air.

INSERT: BOSTON, 1975.

Streisand's "The Way We Were" starts to play.

The bike comes back alive and SMASHES into the line of TPF.

THE "BUSHING" MONTAGE:

EXT. GOVERNMENT CENTER - DAY

BUSING RALLY at City Hall. Picket signs float through the crowd. "Bus Garrity," "Stop Busing," "Hell No We Won't Go."

EXT. BUNKER HILL HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT

The TPF sprints up stair wells. Chases kids down hallways, and onto the rooftops. The kids flee from roof to roof.

EXT. SOUTHIE HIGH - DAY

A YELLOW BUS full of BLACK KIDS drives up the Heights towards the old HIGH SCHOOL and a crowd of waiting WHITE PARENTS.

INT. ROXBURY HIGH - DAY

Gangs of WHITES and BLACKS fight it out in the halls. Hard. Violent. It's complete pandemonium. Teachers sit back and wait for their chance to intervene like hockey referees.

REPORTER (O.S.)
It is a scene reminiscent of
Birmingham...

EXT. GOVERNMENT CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A REPORTER stands on the fringe of the crowd.

REPORTER
...mobs of whites protesting the
busing of black children into their
neighborhood schools.

TWO WHITE TEENS in the demonstration - one waving an AMERICAN FLAG - spot a BLACK LAWYER working his way around the crowd.

REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It is a crisis which has brought
the ire of a nation on a city once
considered...

EXT. SOUTHIE HIGH - CONTINUOUS

As the buses get closer, crowds of PARENTS stationed on sidewalks pelt them with rocks, beer cans, etc.

REPORTER (O.S.)
...the "Hub of the Universe"...

EXT. BUNKER HILL HOUSING PROJECTS - CONTINUOUS

A MOTORCYCLE COP chases three KID down an alley, waving his baton like a mace.

REPORTER
...a beacon of abolitionism...

EXT. GOVERNMENT CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The Black Man turns to see the Two Teens running at him.

REPORTER (O.S.)
...a "City upon a Hill."

TEEN 1 raises the American flag like a lance and DRIVES IT into the Black Man's chest. The crowd erupts into RIOT.

CUT TO:

INT. COMEHAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - DAY

BOBBY CALLEARY (16) - a short, barrel-chested kid with a wise-ass grin - leaves the SOUNDS of a party behind him as he and his buddies - BOOTCH and COOLYAN - head outside.

COOLYAN
You ain't worried?

BOBBY
Why would I be worried?

BOOTCH
(To Coolyan)
He's right. Someone'll pull some stupid stunt, and end all this bullshit before it even begins.

INSERT: June, 1974. Six months earlier.

BOBBY
(Nodding)
I'd say you can pretty much count on someone doing something stupid.

INT. BAR - COMEHAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JOHN CALLEARY (17) - tall, hard; a man at 17 - is seated at the bar, looking over a packed-in crowd of his friends and neighbors. They're all dressed in their Sunday bests.

JIMMY MULLINS (26), and John's uncle, LUKE O'FARRELL (25) - well-built, blonde, handsome - are seated on his left. Luke's holding a baby wrapped in a CHRISTENING GOWN.

JIMMY MULLINS

...it's an easy job, brothah. Your cousin's got the fence all lined up in Eastie, we know the teamster in the truck. It's easy money, bro.

LUKE

Mull, what are you doing to me here, guy? I got a kid...

ACROSS THE BAR

John spots THERESA AMREHEIN (20) - a slender, but PERKY red-head - sitting alone at a table.

JIMMY MULLINS

Look, it's a lot of money for three hours work, bro. That's all I'm saying--

Theresa spots John, too. There's a warm smile of recognition.

LUKE

-Yeah, I got a job, Jimmy. Don't worry about it.

John guides Theresa's eyes towards a set of BACK STAIRS. She shakes her head, coyly. He mouths a pleading "come on."

JIMMY MULLINS

All right, suit yourself then. I just don't want you to think you were being forgotten, okay?

Theresa sighs dramatically, a lascivious grin on her face. She slides out of her chair.

LUKE

(Laughing)

Thank you. Believe me, I appreciate it, you stupid fuck.

John stands up to follow her. Luke shoves him back down.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Where you goin, troublemaker?

John shrugs. Nowhere now. Luke hands him the baby, and reaches over the bar. He pulls out a bottle of JACK.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Good. You can watch the kid for me
then. Be good practice for ya.

Luke glances towards Theresa and gives John a smile. He knows he's fucking up the kid's plans.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Behave now.

Luke and Jimmy walk off, laughing.

John looks over to Theresa. What can I do? She GRINS.

Suddenly JACKIE CALLEARY (14) - short, skinny, the baby of the family - runs by chasing another KID (12).

JOHN

Hey Jack--

Jackie turns around. John just about throws the baby at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Go give him to Aunty, will ya?

And John launches off his stool towards Theresa.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

The STIVETTI BROTHERS - SABATINO (30), big, fat and happy; and his brother, MARIO (31), rail-thin and mean - walk in. All of a sudden, the heretofore crowded Christening party thins before them. No one waves. No one says "hello." They just know to move out of their way.

'Cause there's a look about the brothers. It says that in a neighborhood full of half-legitimate men these are *killers*.

They stroll unimpeded over to the HEAD TABLE, where...

AUNTY JOANIE (24) - a pretty brunette, showing none of her guests' qualms - jumps up and hugs both of them. They each hand her a big, thick ENVELOPE.

She gives them both the ubiquitous, "you shouldn't have" look, and a kiss on each cheek.

SABATINO

Congratulations, gore-jess. Where's
your beautiful lil' half-breed of
yours?

IN THE CROWD

Jackie works his way through the party with the Baby, but seeing Joanie's busy, veers towards his MOTHER's table.

MA (40 going on 60) is a miserable-looking, leather-faced drunk sucking down club sodas like G&Ts. But her face lights when Jackie hands her the Kid.

MA

Oh will you look at this frighan kid? Jesus Christ, he's *beautiful*.

(Turning to Jackie)

You know, you used to look like that. You seen your brother around lately?

She pulls a pack of Marlboro 100s out of her purse.

JACKIE

Which one?

BOBBY

Sparks a JOINT in the back parking lot.

JOHN

Leads Theresa up the back steps, both of them grinning.

BACK AT MA'S TABLE

Ma lights a cigarette away from the baby's face.

MA

(Blowing smoke)

The older one.

JACKIE

(Shrugging)

No. Why would I know where he is?

Ma gives him a suspicious look, like she knows better.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(Smiling under the look)

What are you givin me the look for?

I told ya - I don't know.

She nods slowly, assuming something's been put over on her.

MA

Ga'head then. Get out of here.

INT. FRONT DOOR - COMEHAIL PUB - CONTINUOUS

Luke and Jimmy walk towards the exit. A COUPLE walks up.

MAN IN COUPLE
Congratulations, Luke.

Luke makes a grateful gesture as the couple walks in.

JIMMY MULLINS
So your father-in-law was able to
pull something off with the job?

Luke nods. He takes a pull off the bottle.

LUKE
Pipefitters local. Start next week.

JIMMY MULLINS
(Impressed)
No shit?

Luke nods. Yup. They pass by two STRANGERS (mid-30s).

STRANGER 1
(to Stranger 2)
...who's that whore with the legs
climbing all over the two goons?

Luke glances behind them. They're talking about Joanie and the Stivettis.

LUKE
(to Stranger)
The fuck you just say?

STRANGER 1
Fuck is it to you?

Jimmy grabs the guy's lapels.

JIMMY MULLINS
Ho, where you from, asshole?

The Stranger brushes them off and turns away, giving Luke his back.

Luke LOSES IT. He smashes Stranger 2 in the throat, taking him out of the fight before it even begins, and grabs Stranger 1 by the collar. He throws him out the front door.

JIMMY MULLINS (CONT'D)
(Groaning)
Aw Luke, come on it's your own
kid's Christening for fucksake!

EXT. COME-HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Stranger tries to run, but Luke chases him into the street and knocks him to the gutter.

EXT. BACK PARKING LOT - COMEHAIL PUB - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, Bootch and Coolyan sit up against a blue dumpster, sharing a joint.

BOOTCH
Where'd you get this squeaf?

BOBBY
Nigger I know down Andrew Square.

Coolyan gives him a look. A *nigger*? Bobby nods. Coolyan takes a hit. It's pretty good weed.

COOLYAN
Think you can get me some?

Bobby shrugs, "why not?"

Suddenly, SIRENS EXPLODE in the distance. Bobby's eyes POP open. Terrified, he flicks the grass into the lot, and the three of them trip over each other heading for the back door.

EXT. COMEHAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Luke straddles the Stranger in the street, pounding his face.

Two SQUAD CARS pull up. Four COPS jump out.

Jimmy Mullins and a few other GUESTS manage to pull Luke off and up onto the sidewalk.

JIMMY MULLINS
(to Luke)
Hold it in for a second, buddy, all
right? Just *calm* down for two
seconds...

He can barely hold Luke back. Something's clicked off in Luke's head - his eyes are wild and he's muttering to himself.

A UNIFORMED SERGEANT (35) walks up as the three other cops attend to the Stranger laying in the street.

SERGEANT
What'sya name, tough guy?

LUKE
Corporal O'Farrell. 3rd FORECON.
Sergeant.

The Sergeant gives Luke a curious look.

JIMMY MULLINS
He's been home awhile. I think the
Jack Daniels just brings it out of
him, you know?

The Sarge nods slowly, understanding. He points to himself.

SERGEANT
Air-Cav. I get that shit with
Kahlua. Ya believe that?

INT. COMEHAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby runs in through the back door and finds Jackie at the bar talking to FINN the Bartender (37) - a fat, balding man squeezed uncomfortably into a wool suit.

BOBBY
Where's John?

JACKIE
The fuck should I know?

BOBBY
Fuck...

JACKIE
What is it?

Bobby waves him off. Be quiet.

BOBBY
(Searching the crowd)
Where's that Amrhein broad?

EXT. COMEHAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Sergeant takes off his SUNGLASSES.

SERGEANT
(to Jimmy)
What set him off?

JIMMY MULLINS
It's his kid's Christening.
Douchebag over there said something
about the mother.

Sergeant groans, as if he understands that some unspoken ethic has been violated.

SERGEANT
Ah, well just get him inside then.
I'll walk, so long as you don't
make me come back down here. Okay?

Mullins nods. The Sergeant turns back to his car.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
(Over his shoulder)
But if you can hear me in there,
Corporal...congratulations.

The Sergeant passes the Stranger, who's leaning on a cruiser, clutching his bloody nose.

THE STRANGER
(Calling after Sergeant)
What, ya ain't even gonna take him
in?

SERGEANT
(Shrugging)
Christening's a sacrament. You
shouldn't have done what you did.

The Stranger groans, wiping blood off his face.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

John's railing Theresa up against the sink. She's moaning, digging her nails into his neck.

THERESA
Oh fuck...oh fuck me...Jesus!

John looks up at himself in the mirror. He sees MISERY LIGHTS behind him in the reflection of the bathroom window. He ignores them, and turns back to Theresa when--

The door's thrown open. Jackie. Bobby over his shoulder.

JACKIE
Holy shit!

The girl SCREAMS. Bobby LAUGHS.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Fuck me, Bobby, you see her tits?

Bobby drags Jackie out of the room as John awkwardly tries to zipper up and chase after them simultaneously.

EXT. BACK LOT - COMEHAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A growing crowd watches Jimmy Mullins and ROCCO (25) try to keep Luke from going around the side of the bar.

ROCCO
Luke, come on. Take it easy.

Rocco holds his hands out and takes a step towards Luke.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
Let's just go back inside.

He takes another cautious step forward and Luke PUNCHES HIM out. The crowd groans. Nobody wants to go near him now. Luke paces off in the other direction, muttering to himself.

John comes up in a hurry. He's bigger than every man there.

JIMMY MULLINS
(Just seeing him)
Oh, glad you could make it. Hope we
weren't interrupting.

JOHNNY CALLEARY
Oh, you were. But don't worry about
it. What's going on?

JIMMY MULLINS
Vietnam.

JOHNNY CALLEARY
(Smiling)
Thought that one was over?

JIMMY MULLINS
Ya gonna try and be funny right
now?

Luke turns back around. Bobby steps out of the crowd.

BOBBY
Uncle Luke, everything's cool, man.
Let's just go home.

Johnny shoots Bobby a look. What the fuck are you doing?

LUKE
(to Bobby)
Who the fuck are you? Huh? Where
you from?

Luke storms towards Bobby.

BOBBY
It's me - it's Bobby. Uncle Luke!

Luke keeps coming, and realizing none of the adults will step in, John reluctantly throws himself in Luke's path.

JOHN
Luke, what are you doing?

Luke pauses, stares at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Huh? You hear me in there? What the
fuck are you doing?

LUKE
Quinn, what are you doing here?

JOHN
It's not Quinn, buddy. It's John.
Your nephew. Your kid's godfather.

John puts a gentle hand on Luke's shoulder, tries to lock eyes with him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Listen: where are you right now?
Huh? Where are ya?

LUKE
Whattya mean, Quinn?

JOHN
It's not Quinn, pal. Look at me...

John gets Luke to look him the eye. He keeps talking while gently tapping Luke on the cheek.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Where are you right now, huh?
Where'd you go, pal?

ACROSS THE PARKING LOT

Bobby and Jackie watch as Luke shakes his head and squats down, taking deep, quick breaths, as if he'd just had the wind knocked out of him.

JIMMY MULLINS
The fuck does he say to him?

BOBBY
I don't know. Only ever seen my father do that.

John gently puts his arm around Luke and carefully picks him up. They walk towards the crowd together.

JIMMY MULLINS
How longs it been since your old man past?

JACKIE
Coupla years.

Luke stumbles by and into the bar. Rocco and Jimmy follow him. But John stops, and puts a hand on each of his brother's shoulders. The Calleary's walk in together. And as they do...

They pass the Stivetti Bros. standing on either side of the doorway, smoking. They've seen the whole thing, and they study John carefully as he disappears into the bar.

INT. COMEHAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Luke slumps down in a chair at Ma's table. He sees all the people at the surrounding tables turn and stare.

John pulls up a chair. Luke looks embarrassed - both by what just happened, and the attention he's getting for it now. John puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

Ma leans over to John.

MA
(Conspiratorially)
What happened?

JOHN
Nothing. Don't worry about it.

Ma gives him her LOOK, imploring for more. He ignores it.

MA

Well, ya better make sure ya uncle
gets home tonight, ya hear me?

John nods off-handedly. Yeah, whatever.

MA (CONT'D)

I'm tellin ya right now, John, you
gotta take care of this family.

He nods, not needing to be told again.

EXT. STREETS OF SOUTHIE - NIGHT

John stumbles along next to Rocco, Jimmy and Luke. They're all shit-faced now.

Rocco punches Luke in the shoulder, hard but affectionately.

ROCCO

...You're a fucking dad now.

Luke shoves him away.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

That's ya life. It's over. All you
got to look forward to is dying.
That's all you got left.

Bobby and Jackie follow behind them, laughing.

LUKE

Yeah? Well, I'll think about that
when I'm railin ya sister for Kid
#2.

Rocco jumps on Luke's back and the two of them tumble into the street. Everyone LAUGHS.

"The Joker" by Steve Miller Band starts to play.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LUKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Family pictures, Red Sox pennants, etc. line the walls. Luke - a CAN OF BUD in one hand, a PALL MALL in the other - stomps around his wood-paneled living room singing along with John.

LUKE

*You're the cutest thing I ever did
see - I really love your peaches
want to shake your tree!*

JOHN
 (Crooning into a bottle)
 Lovey-dovey-lovey-dovey all the
 time--

Rocco sings backup from the arm of a recliner.

ROCCO
 -WOO-WOO!

LUKE
*Ooey-baby, I'ma show you a sweet
 time...*

Bobby's on the couch, keeping the beat with his head.
 Jackie's passed next to him. Jimmy's KO'd on the floor.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Cause I'ma joker, I'ma--

JOANIE (O.S.)
 -Luke! What the fuck are you doing?
 I just got the baby to sleep!

Luke walks over to the stairwell, a big grin on his face.

LUKE
 (to Joanie)
*Don't worry, don't worry, Mamma,
 'cause I'm right here at home.*

Bobby falls over laughing and wakes up Jackie. His Uncle and John are dancing around, singing, laughing. He watches, smiling, as if committing it all to memory.

FADE OUT.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - CALLEARY HOUSE - DAY

John rolls over in bed, WINCING as he opens his eyes. He looks around: he's in a tiny, wood-panelled room with exposed piping and a concrete floor. The clock on the night stand says 11. He looks closer. There's a POLAROID leaning against it of his younger self (13) with QUINN (37), his father, in full Boston Police uniform.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

John folds open the Globe at the kitchen table. The headline, in big bold type, reads "BUSING."

Ma walks in, heels ringing off the tile. She's dressed up.

JOHN CALEARY
 (without looking up)
 Where you off to?

MA
 "Meeting."

Ma pours herself a cup of coffee.

MA (CONT'D)
 I heard you cartin' Jackie's dead
 ass in at 3 in the morning last
 night. Didn't I tell you to watch
 out for him before I left?

(Off his grin)
 Yeah, it's real fuckin funny, John.
 You gotta be careful - all of you.
 Or you're all gonna end up spending
 the rest of your lives in a fucking
 Church basement, too.

John nods along - he's all heard this before. Ma sits down
 and gives him a hard look he can feel through the paper.

JOHN
 I heard ya already, Ma.

MA
 No, there's something else I gotta
 talk to you about.

John looks over the Globe.

MA (CONT'D)
 I went down to the bank the other
 day. With what's left of your
 father's insurance there's uh...
 there's only enough left to send
 one of you to parochial school.

She taps the "Busing" headline.

JOHN
 So send Bobby.

MA
 I'm little more worried about the
 little one, you know?

JOHN
 (Shaking his head)
 I wouldn't be. Send Bobby.

John just turns back to the paper. Looking him over, Ma smiles. He never even thought to argue his own case.

MA

So you're not at all mad I'm not
sendin' you?

John shakes his head.

MA (CONT'D)

You know, there'll still be money
for your cop test though, right?

JOHN CALEARY

(Not looking up)

I know.

Ma smiles, a proud mother, and takes a sip of her coffee as she considers this adult in front of her.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Luke stumbles down his stairs, gripping the rail. He's hung over - BAD. He hears VOICES coming from around the corner. He peers around the stairwell and sees the Stivettis sitting at the kitchen table with his wife. He's not happy about it.

Sabatino raises a COOL HAND LUKE coffee mug.

SABATINO

(Smiling)

Morning.

INT. LUKE'S KITCHEN - LATER

Luke sits opposite both brothers, Joanie at his side.

JOANIE

I asked Teeney yesterday, and he
says he can find some kind of work
for John this summer.

Luke gives Sabatino the DEAD EYE. He's furious.

LUKE

Not a good idea.

The Brothers stare back at him, coldly. Joanie hikes the baby up on her thigh.

JOANIE

It took my father callin in a favor
to get you a job, honey. What
chance does a kid have? I mean,
your sister's already worried sick
about what the other two are--

MARIO

-Give us some credit here, Luke.
It'd be a legitimate job.

Luke's eyes swing to Mario like gun turrets.

LUKE

OH, I'm sure. It just makes me
curious why you'd go so far out of
your way to tell me this if you
didn't think you were getting
something in return.

SABATINO

It's just hauling boxes at the
docks, brothah. What could we get
from that--

LUKE

-I'm sure you'd find something.

SABATINO

Look, Joan just said the guy needed
a favor - only reason we're here.

Joanie puts a hand on Luke's arm.

JOANIE

The kid needs a job, Luke. He needs
to stay busy with all the...you
know.

Luke shakes his head. He doesn't like this at all.

LUKE

(Sighing)

Fine. I'll see what he wants.

Sabatino leans back in his chair, a small grin on his like he
just won something.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ma's at the table reading the Herald and smoking a 100.
Jackie stumbles in. He's just waking up.

Ma looks at the clock. 2 p.m.

MA
(Not looking at him)
Ya startin awful young, Jack.

He drags a chair out from the table, wincing as the wood
SCREECHES on the tile floor.

JACKIE CALLEARY
(Haggard)
Sorry, Ma.

MA
Yeah, you're *real sorry*, Ma.

She flicks him hard in the temple. He groans.

MA (CONT'D)
How's your head?

He places it flat against the table. Not good.

MA (CONT'D)
You know, I've been thinkin about
Catholic schools.

JACKIE CALLEARY
That's good. You always said you
wanted to go back to college.

MA
It's for you, ya ball-buster.

JACKIE CALLEARY
(Laughing)
The hell do I want with that?

MA
How well you think you're gonna do
at that Jungle next year?

JACKIE CALLEARY
(Shrugging)
The other two'll be there.

MA
Don't worry about the other two.
I'm talking about you right now.

JACKIE CALLEARY
I'll be *fine*.

MA

Another tough guy. Just what I
needed. Wait until some nigger's
sticking a syringe in your eye...

Ma stabs out her cigarette.

MA (CONT'D)

...then you'll wish you'd listened.

Jackie groans. He's hungover and doesn't want to hear
anymore.

MA (CONT'D)

Just think about it, huh? All I'm
saying. BC High? It's an option.

He nods. His head still pressed against the table.

EXT. LUKE'S YARD - DAY

Luke and John are sitting on the back steps, drinking a beer.
Luke rocks the baby in his car seat.

JOHN

What do you think? You think I
should take it?

LUKE

(Shrugging)

They'll pay you well. Just know
that I'm not sure about it.

JOHN

What aren't you sure about?

LUKE

The Stivettis.

JOHN

I thought they were friends of
yours?

LUKE

Doesn't mean you gotta know 'em.

(Off his look)

Look, you can take the job if you
want - your mother could use the
dough. Just be aware that ya
brothers are gonna be watchin ya -
everything you do this summer.

You're all they got - not to put
too fine a point on it.

JOHN
Yeah. I know.

He's heard this before, too.

LUKE
Hey - just don't say I didn't warn ya, okay? But I'm telling you right now - if 'Tino tries any of his shit? You come to me. Cause you may think you can handle this shit yourself. But I assure you: you can not. Not with them. Not yet.

JOHN
Look, I don't think Ima do it, either way. Money'd be nice. But if anyone finds out I did this it'll fuck me on the Civil Service test.

LUKE
Well, obviously, John, I think you can do better than being a cop. But it's not an irrational fear to have, you know?

Joanie suddenly storms out the back door.

JOANIE
(To John)
It's ya mother. Something with
Bobby. I can't make her out.

John takes the phone, sighs.

JOHN
(into phone)
What he do now?

INT. DISTRICT C-6 STATION - NIGHT

John counts out a pile of money and hands it across a desk to the waiting DESK SERGEANT.

SERGEANT
Broke some kid's jaw in the T.
(He counts the cash)
We woulda let him go with just
paying the E.R. bill, but, you know
your brother - he had to go reel
off and hit the T Cop, too.

JOHN
(Shaking his head)
I'm sorry, Mr. McCafferty.

The Sergeant nods. He's heard the apologies for Bobby before. He stacks the cash into a neat deck and walks off.

EXT. DISTRICT C-6 STATION - LATER

John and Bobby walk out the front door. Bobby rubbing his wrists.

BOBBY
Don't give me that guilt shit,
John. You know it was a bad break.
(John shakes his head)
It was a T-Cop, John.

John keeps walking, refusing to talk to him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Look, I said I was sorry. Whattya
gotta keep breakin my balls for?

JOHN
You know Ma's gotta pay to fix that
kid's jaw, right? How do you think
she's gonna do that and send you
and Jackie to Catholic school, huh?
(Bobby sighs)
Yeah, you must be real upset, ya
fucking prick. Who you thinks gonna
go and earn that money now? You?
Ma?

BOBBY
I am sorry, John. But I said that
already, okay? I'll figure
something out.

He whacks Bobby in the back of the head.

JOHN
No. Don't do shit. Just stop
fucking up, okay? That's all you
gotta do.

Bobby looks down at the ground, emasculated. John storms off.

EXT. GATE OF HEAVEN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

John walks through the parking lot of a Catholic School.

INT. GROUNDS OFFICE - GATE OF HEAVEN ELEMENTARY - CONTINUOUS

John follows Sabatino into a tiny basement office packed with a desk, a filing cabinet and a beaten-up leather armchair. John has to duck under the top of the door. Mario follows in behind him. He's impressed with John's size.

SABATINO

Your uncle couldn't talk you out of the job, huh?

John shrugs. Sabatino points to the chair. John sits.

SABATINO (CONT'D)

So you know your Uncle was hesitant about us doing you this favor?

John nods. Sabatino waits for an explanation. Doesn't get it.

SABATINO (CONT'D)

You don't say much do you, kid?

JOHN

No. Not particularly, Mr. Stivetti.

Mario and Sabatino share a knowing look. They smile. Quiet's a good thing.

EXT. T STOP - ANDREW SQUARE - DAY

Bobby climbs off the bus, drawing an EVIL stare from an old BLACK COUPLE waiting to get on. He ignores them. He looks full of purpose. The BENCH at the STOP reads ANDREW SQUARE.

OUTSIDE THE SQUARE

Bobby crosses a four-lane boulevard, walking towards COTTON CLUB LIQUORS. A brown CADILLAC slows and crawls behind him. Bobby acts as if he doesn't notice and the Caddy peels off.

EXT. COTTON CLUB LIQUORS - ANDREW SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

COUSY (23) - a short, good-looking black kid - leans against a wall, his hands in his pockets, trying to look casual.

BOBBY CALLEARY (O.S.)

Cooz, what's going on, brother?

Cousy smiles as Bobby walks up.

COUSY

Bobby C, whatchu doin' over here?

BOBBY CALLEARY

That new strange, man. You still
got any of that bud from last week?

COUSY

Oh, you know me, brother: I can
supply. *Whatchu want, whatchu need,*
Cousy got that hand that feed.

BOBBY

(Laughing)

Good. Cause Ima need a lot of it.
Got some dough I gotta make up.

Cousy smiles.

VOICE (O.S.)

Nigger, what the fuck you doin?

JO-JO (21) - wide, Haitian dark - and K.C. (24) - ugly,
crater faced - walk up to Cousy.

JO-JO

You just sell to any motherfucker
rolls up on the corner now? The
fuck, Cooz? You gotta be *ja-dicious*
'bout this shit, man.

K.C. eye-fucks Bobby, as if he's looking for a problem.

K.C.

(to Bobby)

Fuck you apin' at, Ofay-bitch?

Bobby raises his eye-brows.

COUSY

Nigger, this is Bobby C. Kid's been
wholesailing from me for years.

JO-JO

Not on this corner he ain't.

K.C. leans into Bobby's face.

K.C.

(to Bobby)

Go back to Quincy. Cunt.

Bobby spits on the sidewalk between them.

BOBBY

You forget what city you're in?

K.C. stands up real straight, as if he's all of a sudden serious. Bobby smiles.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Ga'right ahead, motherfucker.
Fuckin please. Do something.

Cousy shoves K.C. and Bobby apart.

COUSY
Nigger get outta here - this my corner. You want to talk about how I aggregate my business? That's a one thing. But right now? Just Let me do *this* thing.

K.C. backs up, arms spread.

K.C.
All right. I hear you.
(to Bobby)
Hide behind your Uncle Tom, fucking faggot.

Bobby's shoves Cousy out of the way and charges at K.C.

BOBBY
What'd you call me, you fuckin' nigger?

Cousy grabs Bobby around the ribs and slams him into a wall.

COUSY
The fuck you do, you dumb bitch?
I'm trying to calm this fucker down and you go call him a nigger? You think I need this shit?

Bobby stares at him, eyes black.

COUSY (CONT'D)
'Cause fuckin' believe me - I don't. Now, tell me one fuckin' reason I shouldn't knock you out myself?
(No Response)
Yeah, that's right. Fuck you then. Now take this shit and get the fuck out of here. Don't come back.

Cousy throws a bag of WEED in Bobby's face.

COUSY (CONT'D)
Beat feet.

Bobby swipes the weed off the ground and walks away.

COUSY (CONT'D)
(to K.C.)
The fuck's your problem, nigger?

Bobby mutters to himself as he storms off. But when he sees the BROWN CADDY coming back up the street, he slows and buries his head in his chest, just wishing he could be gone.

But the Caddy glides by, and Bobby SIGHS in relief. Then, TIRES SCREECH behind him.

Bobby he takes off RUNNING. But the Caddy catches up quick - pulling right up onto the sidewalk and cutting him off.

Four BLACK MEN jump out of the car.

BLACK MAN
Where you runnin to, motherfucker?

Bobby rips the AERIAL off the Caddy's hood and slashes the nearest Black Man in the face, drawing blood. He cocks his arm again, but they charge him - one grabs his arm, the other his shirt. They toss him to the ground.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)
You gonna pay for that shit,
mo'fuckah.

Three of them hold Bobby down while the Man-with-the-Slashed-Face reels back and kicks him in the head.

EXT. FORT POINT CHANNEL - LATER

Luke pushes a STROLLER along the channel, smoking a cigarette, drinking a cup of DUNKIN DONUTS. He admires the water, the BRIDGES, and the skyline of Boston beyond them.

As he comes to the Seaport Blvd. Bridge, a busted-up CONTINENTAL screeches to a halt in front of him. John tosses open the passenger door.

JOHN
Get in.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - BOSTON MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Luke and John storm in, and find Ma and Jackie seated. Ma's sobbing, face in hands, a burning 100 between her fingers. Luke sits down and throws his arm around her.

LUKE
What happened, honey?

Ma looks up, her face tear streaked.

MA
Kid was in the wrong fuckin
neighborhood...

John sits down next to Jackie. Both of them are shaken.

MA (CONT'D)
I don't know how I'm going to deal
with this shit, Luke, you know? It
ain't going to get any better.

John hangs his head. He feels responsible.

LUKE
It's going to be alright, hon. He's
gonna be alright. Do you want some
coffee? Anything?

She shrugs, holds her hands out as if to say, "I don't know."

LUKE (CONT'D)
Come on. I'll buy you a cup.

Luke helps her up. He looks over at John.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You're not going to do anything
stupid, are ya? At least not
without me?

John slowly shakes his head. Luke walks Ma down the hall.
Jackie looks to John for a reaction. John just stares at the
floor.

INT. JACKIE'S ROOM - CALLEARY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

John and Jackie carry Bobby over to his bed. His face is
green-and-grey-and-purple. He's got an arm in a sling.

They lay him down and pull the covers over him. Bobby curls
up and turns away from them.

JACKIE
They really touched him up, huh?

A door SLAMS down the hall. They can hear her Ma sobbing
through the walls. John's jaw tightens. They both look
ashamed that they can hear her.

MA (O.S.)
 ...I don't know what I'm gonna do,
 I don't know what I'm gonna do. Oh
 Jesus Christ, help me God...

John looks over at Jackie, who's looking up to him, waiting for some signal of how to act. He's got to say something.

JOHN
 (To Jackie)
 It's okay. I'll take care of it,
 pal. Okay?

Jackie nods, wipes at his eyes with his palms.

FADE OUT.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Jackie shoves a spoonful of RICE KRISPIES into his mouth. As he chews, he looks across the table at...

John, who's shaking his head and staring off into nowhere, as if he were disagreeing with a ghost. Jackie turns to...

Bobby, who's leaning on his elbows, looking into his cereal bowl like it was a toilet.

The RICE KRISPIES' crackle and pop are the only sounds in the room. Until...

John slams down his mug like a gavel.

JOHN
 The fuck were you doin down that
 parta town anyway?

BOBBY
 (Takes a deep breath)
 I was buying weed.

JOHN
 Fuck you then. It's your own
 fucking fault.

BOBBY
 I didn't ask for ya fuckin
 arbitration on it, John.

JOHN
 It's just like you - always askin'
 for a fucking beatin.
 (MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
(Leans into his face)
Just like you and the fuckin Baker.

BOBBY
Why you gotta go and bring that up
for?

JOHN
'Cause this shit never ends with
you.

Bobby turns away.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What was the dealer's name?

BOBBY
Fuck you, John. Forget about it.

John straightens in his chair, as if he were preparing to get up and punch Bobby out.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(Relenting)
Hi names Cousy. Or "Cooz." But he
wasn't the one laid the beatin' on
me.

John pushes back his chair to get up.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
D'you hear me?

JOHN
Yeah, I heard ya.

JACKIE
What are you going to do then?

JOHN
Oh, don't you worry about it.

John tosses his coffee in the sink and storms out of the house. Bobby stares helplessly back into his Rice Krispies.

Jackie gets up and gently places his bowl in the sink.

JACKIE
You seen Ma?

BOBBY
I think she's still in bed.

JACKIE

Why?

BOBBY

The fuck would I know, Jackie?

EXT. LUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Luke walks out his front door in a blue CARHART jacket, carrying a Dunkin Donuts thermos and a brand-new TOOL BELT.

Joanie holds the baby in front of the window, waving his hand at Luke. Luke waves back, climbs into a '68 FASTBACK.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

John parks his CONTINENTAL in the lot across the street from the Southie waterfront.

INT. CONTINENTAL - CONTINUOUS

As John grabs his coat off the shotgun he can see a crowd of men pouring into the FRONT GATE in his REARVIEW. He reaches for his door when...

It suddenly opens. Sabatino's standing there holding a tray of DUNKIN DONUTS.

SABATINO

You want one?

John climbs out and takes a cup. Sabatino puts an arm around him and they walk towards the FRONT GATE.

SABATINO (CONT'D)

How's your brother doin? Heard he got touched up this weekend, huh?

(John nods)

You know who did it?

(John shrugs)

Do you want me to look into it?

JOHN

Nah, I can take care of it myself.

Sabatino snorts, slaps John on the shoulder.

SABATINO

You're a frighan class act. You know that, Johnny?

They walk through the gate just as the FOREMAN (45) - hard hat, gut - walks out of his TRAILER.

SABATINO (CONT'D)
Ho, Vinny. Over here.

The Foreman sees Sabatino and walks over.

MARIO
Vinny, this is Johnny Calleary.
He's gonna be working for ya now.

The Foreman stares at John, giving him a look as if to say, "fucking great, another one."

FOREMAN
Nice to meet ya.

INT. COME HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

John and Luke are at the bar, smoking, a pair empties sitting between them. Finn puts down two fresh ones.

FINN
How was your first day of honest work ever?

LUKE
Ah, wasn't that bad.

FINN
Yeah? Well, pretty soon you're gonna walk into the bathroom and find a fat, balding 37 year-old staring back at ya. You won't even know what happened.

Luke musters up a laugh, and Finn walks off with the empties.

JOHN
Whattsa matter? You sound kinda tired. You getting old or something?

LUKE
(Laughing)
Jesus Christ, it was one day. The fuck are you guys bustin me for?
How's your brother?

JOHN
He'll live. Fucking asshole.

He takes a long pull off his beer.

LUKE
Ya? How you doin? You alright?

JOHN
Niggers didn't kick in my head.

Luke stares at him. John's holding something back.

LUKE
Well, you know if you need
something you just ask, right?

JOHN
Yeah. I know, Luke.

John signals Finn for another round.

EXT. DORCHESTER - NIGHT

The Continental cruises past the Andrew Square T Station.

INT. CONTINENTAL - CONTINUOUS

John searches up and down the sidewalks. He spots three BLACK KIDS standing on a corner.

CORNER

The Continental pulls up to the curb and John rolls down his window. The THREE BLACK KIDS eye-fuck him hard.

BLACK KID
The fuck you want, narc?

JOHN
You Cooz? Cousy?

BLACK KID
Nigger, you want pussy go down
Chinatown. I sell drugs, man.

JOHN
That ain't what I mean. Are you
Cousy?

BLACK KID 3
(to Black Kid 1)
Who the fuck is Cousy?

BLACK KID 2
Cousy that old white mo'fucker
played for the Celtics.

BLACK KID
Man, get the fuck out of here.

The Black Kid shoos John away, but John just gives him a set of dead eyes. The Kid stares back, but John's unrelenting. The Kid finally breaks. Satisfied they don't know anything, John peels off.

INT. HOUSE - DAWN

Jackie, in boxer shorts and a Narrangansett Beer T-shirt, walks towards Ma's BEDROOM DOOR. He knocks three times.

JACKIE
Ma, you awake?
(No answer)
Ma.

MA (O.S.)
(Muffled)
What?

JACKIE
Aunty Joanie's on the phone.

MA (O.S.)
(Inaudible)

JACKIE
What?

MA (O.S.)
Tell her I'll call her back

Jackie opens the door. Ma's still wrapped in her covers.

JACKIE
Are you all right?

MA
Yeah, just shut the door.

Jackie stares at her.

JACKIE
When was the last time you went to
one of those meetings?

MA
Just shut the door, Jack.

She curls away from him. Jackie, confused, shuts the door.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

A crew of men wearily walks out the front gate. All except John, who charges past them and out into the parking lot - determined. He throws opens the door to his Continental and flings his hard hat inside.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- NIGHT. John, heavy-eyed, cruises Dorchester, sipping from a cup of Dunkin Donuts. The clock radio reads midnight.
- John pulls into the DOCK parking lot. It's dawn. He throws back his seat and lays down.
- John cruises Dorchester, again. He yawns. The clock radio reads 2 a.m. He spots FOUR BLACK KIDS on the sidewalk and pulls over. But when he sees they're 12 or 13 - much too young to have jumped Bobby - he swings back into traffic. He rubs his eyes, as if they're playing tricks on him.
- John pulls into the lot as the sun's rising. The lot's already full. He parks, and stumbles out of his car.

EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

John - bags under his eyes the color of leeches - slips a CRANE HOOK into the netting of a CARGO PALLET. He gives the CRANE a signal to take her up.

But as the netting's pulled it slips, and the load of boxes spills all over the deck - one narrowly missing John's head.

FOREMAN (O.S.)
Calleary!

The FOREMAN storms over to John.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck is your problem
today? You sick or what?

John looks at the ground, pissed but knowing he fucked up.

JOHN
Sorry.

FOREMAN

Don't tell me your sorry. Just do
your fucking job.

John starts picking up boxes. The Foreman stands over him to make his point.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DOCKS - LATER

John storms off towards his Continental. A black CADILLAC pulls up behind him.

SABATINO (O.S.)
Hey, Calleary.

John turns. Sabatino's in the driver's seat.

SABATINO (CONT'D)
I gotta get calls from your boss in
the middle of the day? What's the
matter with you?

John snaps, fires his hard hat off the back of his Lincoln.

JOHN
I worked my fuckin ass off the rest
of the day. I told that cocksuck--

SABATINO
-Hey, calm down, alright? I asked
him to call if anything happened.

John stares at him, fuming.

SABATINO (CONT'D)
Look, if you're losin' sleep over
what happened to your brother? Let
me handle it. I ain't gonna be
asking you for anything just 'cause
I cracked some niggers' heads, you
know what I mean? You're
practically family.

John looks off, thinking.

SABATINO (CONT'D)
Nobody's asking you to be noble
here, kid. Just gimme a name.

John sighs, relenting.

JOHN
Dealer's name's Cousy.

SABATINO
Old point guard for the Celtics?

John gives him a look. You're gonna make jokes? Sabatino smiles.

SABATINO (CONT'D)
Lemme look into it.

EXT. UPHAMS CORNER - NIGHT

The Continental cruises along Dudley Street.

INT. CONTINENTAL - CONTINUOUS

John drives, Luke sits shotgun.

LUKE
You been out here every night this week and you didn't tell me? The fuck were you thinking?

JOHN
You got a kid.

Luke winces. Never going to get used to hearing that.

LUKE
You know, your brother comin out here by himself is what got his head stove-in in the first place, right?

JOHN
It's different.

Luke stares at him, waiting for John to realize the foolishness of what he just said. John doesn't.

JOHN (CONT'D)
So you ever done this before?

LUKE
Whattya mean? Cruise for a dealer?

JOHN
Yeah. Or buy from one?

LUKE
Ya bustin' my balls, right?

John smiles. He is.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Thanks for calling though. Even if
it is a couple days late. I mean
it.

John shrugs. He's not happy he had to.

JOHN

Dad woulda been able to do it
himself.

EXT. CORNER - UPHAM'S CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Cousy sits on top of a BLUE MAILBOX, watching a shit-box DATSUN pull up to the curb. He slides off, hands something to the passenger and takes something back.

COUSY

Yall take care now.

The Datsun drives off. Cousy turns around and hands a WAD OF CASH to Jo-Jo. He pulls himself back on top of his box, just as the Continental turns onto the street.

JO-JO

Here we go, here we go.

Cousy walks over to the curb again as the Continental pulls up. Luke rolls down the passenger window.

COUSY

Whatchu want, brother?

LUKE

Well, I got this buddy tells me
this cat Cousy's got the prime
squeef 'round here. You Cousy?

COUSY

(Shrugging)

Maybe. Either way though, my
product is righteous.

LUKE

Nah. Too risky. Gotta be this guy
Cousy. I'm not gonna get burned.

Cousy senses something's up. He takes a cautious step back.

COUSY

Well, who is it gave you the line
on this cat Cousy?

LUKE
Oh just this kid - Bobby Calleary.
You know him?

Cousy stares at Luke, not sure what this is all about. Luke just gives him a big, sadistic grin in return. Cousy BOLTS. But Luke and John spring out of the car, each with a bat.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

John's swollen and cut up HANDS rifle through a BOSTON GLOBE.

Jackie stares at them, wide-eyed and curious as he spoons cereal into his mouth across the table.

Bobby sits down between the them. He's carrying two pieces of toast on a paper towel.

The radio's on in the background.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
ROAR, or Restore Our Alienated Rights held another protest last night...

BOBBY CALLEARY
We're going to be hearing about this shit for years and school hasn't even fuckin started yet.

Jackie sarcastically whistles Streisand's "The Way We Were." John looks up. Jackie immediately stops.

Bobby takes a bottle of jam off the table and tries to open it with his cast-hand, but he can't get the cap off.

BOBBY CALLEARY (CONT'D)
Fuck me...

John and Jackie watch him. He pops it open, holds the jar with his cast and reaches for a knife with the other. But the jar slips and spills all over him.

BOBBY CALLEARY (CONT'D)
Oh what the fuck.

John smiles. Jackie laughs.

BOBBY CALLEARY (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking Christ.

He bends down to get the jar. The jam leaks into his cast.

BOBBY CALLEARY (CONT'D)
Oh now it's in me fucking cast. How
am 'sposed to - FUCK.

He wings the jar against the Fridge. It bounces off with a dull THUD. John and Jackie laugh.

BOBBY CALLEARY (CONT'D)
Yeah, it's real fucking funny.
Fuckin' assholes.

JOHN
Fuckin moron.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
*In breaking news...State and
Municipal Police have been
struggling all morning to restore
order at Carson Beach, as a black
protest...*

They all stop laughing.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
*...has been met with heavy
resistance from South Boston
residents...*

John and Bobby share a look. They both jump up from the table and dash for the front door.

JACKIE CALLEARY
(Shocked)
Where you guys going?

EXT. STREETS OF SOUTHIE - CONTINUOUS

John and Bobby run down the street, the shoreline in the distance. Jackie trails behind them.

JACKIE CALLEARY
Johnny, I don't think this is a
good idea.

JOHN
Then don't come.

They keep running.

EXT. CARSON BEACH - DAY

John, Bobby and Jackie find a line of POLICE CRUISERS circling the beach, and a crowd of SPECTATORS circling them.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- HORSE MOUNTED STATE TROOPERS separate an angry black crowd from an angry white crowd. Both sides talk shit at each other over the horses.
- A scrappy white kid gets carried off - an arm under each armpit - by two MOUNTED TROOPERS.
- A line of uniformed MUNICIPAL POLICE lean against their cars, arms folded, watching the circus.
- Cops stuff two black guys into the back of a BPD WAGON.

EXT. CARSON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The Calleary's start walking around the side of the crowd.

COOLYAN (O.S.)
Hey, Calleary.

Bootch and Coolyan climb out of the throng.

BOBBY
The fuck's going on?

BOOTCH
Bunch of niggers came down for like
a sit in or some shit.

BOBBY
Someone should turn on the fucking
fire house.

John keeps searching the crowd.

JACKIE
What are you looking for?

John keeps walking until he spots a BIG BLACK GUY (24) - 6'5, 225 - and FIVE of his friends breaking free from the crowd and heading across Day Boulevard towards the PARK.

John takes off at a sprint. Jackie suddenly sees why.

JACKIE CALLEARY
Oh shit.

ACROSS THE PARK

A medium-sized BLACK GUY turns as he hears John coming, and takes a running ROUNDHOUSE off the chin. Something CRACKS and the medium-build Black Guy COLLAPSES.

John takes two running steps over him and crashes full steam into the BIG GUY. John grabs him by the collar and drags him to the ground. They roll over and over on top of each other, kicking up dust and trading punches.

The rest of John's crew catches up.

Bobby smashes a BLACK KID in the face with his cast. Both of them scream. The Black Kid's NOSE sprays blood.

Jackie tackles another Black Kid to the ground. He straddles him and starts beating the Kid's face in.

John manages to pin the Big Guy down. He WAILS on him.

Coolyan trades blows with one Black Guy, as Bootch gets his shirt pulled over his head and punched in the back.

A POLICE WHISTLE BLOWS.

Jackie sees three MOUNTED TROOPERS riding towards the park. He jumps off his vic, grabs Bobby, and runs.

Most of the Black Kids pick themselves up and take off.

But John won't let go of the Big Guy. He just keeps pounding him. Jackie grabs him by the back of the shirt, pulls. John falls backwards, sees the Troopers, and jumps to his feet.

The Callearys take off running.

EXT. STREETS OF SOUTHIE - LATER

John leads his brothers through a tiny alley and down another which opens onto a wide avenue. Sirens WAIL in the distance.

Coming out onto the main street, a COP CAR flies by, but it keeps going.

They take a left onto the street and find themselves right out front of the COMEHAIL.

INT. COMEHAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Callearys stroll in, out of breath, and up to the bar. It's packed full a DAYTIME REGULARS.

FINN
What the fuck happened to all of
you?

JOHN
Troopers.

The Regulars turn around.

BARFLY
What'd you do?

BOBBY
Beat the shit outta a couple of
niggers.

The bar CHEERS.

FINN
All right, calm down. You can hide
in the back. But keep the kid out
of sight, all right? Please? I got
enough trouble with the liquor
board already.

They skulk over to a small table by the back door.

JOHN
(to Bobby)
Your hand okay?

Bobby flexes his fingers, nods.

BOBBY
Still got jam in it.

JACKIE
You all right?

JOHN
Don't worry about me.

Finn comes over and puts down three beers.

FINN
From the guys at the bar.

John nods his thanks, and Finn moves off.

JACKIE
I gotta take a piss.

Jackie gets up. John turns towards the Sox game on the TV
above the bar.

BOBBY

You beat the fuckin shit out of
that big Spade, huh?

JOHN

He wasn't no fucking joke though.

End of conversation. Bobby nods. John turns back to the game.

At the bar, a RUMMY (40), in a 1st Marine Division hat, and a FAT GUY (45) lean over their beers, watching the Sox game.

RUMMY-AT-THE-BAR

...ain't even gonna recognize this
place. Five years from now?
Completely different city.

FAT GUY

Maybe they repeal the whole thing -
take the busing thing back.

RUMMY-AT-THE-BAR

Nah, that Garrity's a federal fuck.
Stubborn as a retarded bull.
Thing's ain't ever gonna go back to
the way they were.

FAT GUY

Tell ya what I'd like to do? I'd
like to go up to that guy's place
in Winchester or wherever-the-fuck-
he's-from, and take a big shit
right on his goddamn front steps.

RUMMY-AT-THE-BAR

Probably already been done. But you
know what we *should* do? We should
blow up all the fucking bridges
into South Boston. That's what we
should do: Fort Point, Day Blvd.
All of em. That'd show them fucks
but good.

FAT GUY

There's other ways in...

RUMMY-AT-THE-BAR

'Course, there's other ways in! But
it's a political demonstration. The
Judge and the Governor'd sure as
shit get the fucking message by
then, right? You know, it's like a
Don't Tread on Me, motherfucker
kinda thing.

Bobby looks over at John, who's still staring at the game, drinking.

FAT GUY

You know...that's an idea. That is a solid fucking idea.

FINN

What are you two bullshit artists babbling about?

FAT GUY

We're going to blow up the bridges into South Boston. Me and this fucking guy over here.

John finally sees Bobby's staring at him.

FINN

Hell, that *is* an idea. I'd say it's worth at least a draft.

Bobby and John share a look. But Jackie sits back down between them and the moment's broken. Bobby downs his beer.

BOBBY

(to Jackie, RE: his beer)

You gonna finish that?

JACKIE

Yeah. Fuck off. I earned it.

Jackie grabs his beer and starts drinking. Bobby looks over at John, who's already gone back to watching the game.

INT. JACKIE'S ROOM - CALLEARY HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby and John carry Jackie in drunk.

JACKIE

No, he'll never return/no he'll never return/his fate is still--

JOHN

-Hey.

Jackie stops, looks at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You think Ma wants to see you come home reeking again? No. Shut ya mouth.

JACKIE

(Smiling)

All right, all right. Ya don't
gotta tell me twice.

They toss him into bed, and he rolls over - passed out. Bobby sits down on his own bed.

BOBBY

It's such a fuckin' shame, all of this, you know? Like, when did you ever have to run from a fucking cop after a fight in this city?

JOHN

Places change.

BOBBY

Not here, man.

The room goes silent.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I wonder who could we get to do it...

John gives him a look.

JOHN

What are you talking about?

Bobby stares at him. You know. Johns gets it, rolls his eyes.

BOBBY

It wasn't a bad idea, John.

JOHN

Oh het the fuck outta here, Bobby.
You're a fucking loon.

BOBBY

It's something we could actually do though, you know? Protest. It's like Tea party kinda shit.

Realizing Bobby's serious, John crawls into his face.

JOHN

Get it out of your fucking mind.
Right now. We're not doing it. I'm not doing it. I catch you doin it, I'm gonna beat your fuckin face in.
You got me?

John stares right into his eyes to make sure Bobby gets it. Bobby just looks away. John walks out.

Bobby falls back in his bed. He stares up at the ceiling, thinking.

JACKIE
(Drunk, half-asleep)
What are you guys even talking
about?

BOBBY
Shut up and go to bed.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Jackie walks in the front door.

JACKIE CALLEARY
Ma? You up? I just got my class
schedule, frighan...

He walks into the kitchen and finds Ma at the table. A SIX PACK of unopened BUDWEISER sitting in front of her.

JACKIE CALLEARY (CONT'D)
Ma, what the fuck are you doing?

Ma shakes her head and takes a long drag off her 100.

JACKIE CALLEARY (CONT'D)
Don't give me that, Ma. What the
fuck?

MA
I'm just scared, Jackie.

JACKIE CALLEARY
And this is gonna help? Jesus
Christ. You need to talk to
somebody, get out of the god damn
house for Crissakes.

He walks over to the phone.

INT. KITCHEN - LUKE'S HOUSE - LATER

Joanie puts the phone between her ear and shoulder as she pulls the baby's BOTTLE out of a pot on the stove.

JOANIE

I'll be right over, sweet-heart,
okay? Tell her to stay there...I
said I'd be right over, all right?
I'll see ya in a few.

She tests the bottle on her wrist and walks into the...

LIVING ROOM

She finds Luke on the couch, drinking a beer and half-heartedly playing with the baby.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

I guess your sister's dangling off
the back of the wagon. I told the
boys I'd go over and talk to her.

LUKE

You want me to come?

JOANIE

No, it'll be alright. She's not
drunk, just a little emotional.

LUKE

Okay. I guess I'll just see you
later then.

Joanie hands him the bottle and walks out. He looks down at the milk, the baby. Something seems to hit him. When did I suddenly get domesticated? He doesn't look happy.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Jackie opens a cabinet. It's empty.

JOANIE (O.S.)

Honey, you're missing work...

Jackie opens the fridge. Baking soda. Half a carton of milk.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

You're sleeping all day...

Jackie sits across from John at the table, spinning open a bag of WONDERBREAD.

JOANIE (CONT'D)

You need to start taking care of
yourself, honey.

John watches as Jackie eats the plain bread. Jackie sees him staring and offers him a slice. John looks into...

THE LIVING ROOM.

Joanie's sitting next to Ma, lovingly rubbing her back. Ma's got her face in her hands.

JOANIE (CONT'D)
If you can't take care of yourself,
honey, how are you gonna take care
of them?

Ma trembles, crying quietly.

In the KITCHEN, John clenches his jaw; he knows who's going to have to take care of them. Frustrated, he reaches across the table for a slice of bread.

JACKIE
(Chewing)
It's not bad.

INT. COME HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby sits at the bar with Jimmy Mull and Rocco. Rocco's bent over a SCRATCH TICKET with a quarter.

JIMMY MULLINS
You're just bustin' me right?

Bobby shakes his head.

JIMMY MULLINS (CONT'D)
You really want to do this?

Bobby's dead serious. Jimmy sighs.

JIMMY MULLINS (CONT'D)
Well, if you're actually
serious...yeah, we can do probably
do that.

BOBBY
How much do you think the...you
know, how much does stuff like that
usually cost?

JIMMY MULLINS
Probably around...

Jimmy Mull writes a FIGURE on a napkin. Bobby takes it in. It's big.

ROCCO

But hell, if we tell the guy what it's for? They'll probably give it to us for nothing.

JIMMY MULLINS

Lemme ask ya something though, do your brother or your uncle know what you're up to?

BOBBY

Nope.

Rocco and Jimmy Mull exchange a look.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Let's just say "not yet."

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

John rides a pallet as a CRANE carries it from SHIP DECK to DOCK. As he climbs off, the Foreman walks over.

FOREMAN

Calleary. Trailer. Now.

John looks confused.

INT. FOREMAN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

John walks in carrying his gear - hard hat, lunch pail, etc. - and finds Sabatino sitting at the Foreman's desk, Mario on his couch. They're both eating big, fat DELI sandwiches.

SABATINO

Hey, kid, how are ya?

John eyes Sabatino's sandwich like a set of tits.

MARIO

(RE: the sandwich)

You can take ya lunch if you want.

John lifts up his PAIL. It quietly rattles like it's empty, and he decides not to open it. Mario shrugs. Suit yourself.

SABATINO

So that thing went all right with your brother, huh?

JOHN

Yeah. It went all right--

MARIO

-We heard. We got dealers on the next street.

John smiles, politely. Why'd you ask then?

SABATINO

Look, we uh, we got a job we think you might be particularly good at - thought we'd ask. No pressure.

John shrugs. I'll listen.

SABATINO (CONT'D)

Well, we got this guy on our crew - older guy, right? He's got some money out on the street, but he's getting a little long in the tooth to make his rounds, know what I mean? So, uh, essentially...you'd do that.

JOHN

Loanshark?

SABATINO

No, no, no, no. You collect for the loanshark. You don't actually loan anything yourself.

JOHN

I gotta break guys up?

SABATINO

Nah. These are all old timers mostly. Guy's puttin' a little money on the Bruins. They ain't gonna give you any problems.

MARIO

It's solid pay.

JOHN

(Quickly)

Yeah, sure. I'll do it.

The Stivettis share a look. They're pleasantly shocked.

SABATINO

Yeah?

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS - DAY

Rocco climbs into his CHARGER with a tray of coffees and a bag of PASTRY. He hands a cup to Jimmy in the shotgun.

JIMMY MULLINS

Thanks.

(He takes a sip)

Fuck.

ROCCO

What?

JIMMY MULLINS

They never make this shit right.

He takes off the lid to his coffee, and just as he brings it to his lips, the car SHAKES. He spills it all over himself.

JIMMY MULLINS (CONT'D)

Oh holy fuck!

LUKE (O.S.)

Get a real job, motherfuckers.

Jimmy looks in the rearview. Luke's bouncing on the fender.

JIMMY MULLINS

You son of a bitch! My cock feels
like a fucking egg, you prick.

Luke climbs in the back seat, laughing. Rocco's crying he's cracking up so hard.

JIMMY MULLINS (CONT'D)

Keep laughing. Fucking hyena.

(to Luke)

What the fuck do you want?

LUKE

Just seeing what you two faggots
were up to.

JIMMY MULLINS

What, you bored playing dad
already?

Luke shrugs.

ROCCO

Go have another kid then.

LUKE

Yeah, 'cause that worked out for your old man, huh? Your sister's a fucking General Practitioner and her little brother steals shit off the backs of trucks.

ROCCO

And what's that? A career you want another go at?

LUKE

(Grinning)

Who knows? You got anything good going on?

Rocco looks over at Mullins. Should we tell him? Mull subtly shakes his head.

INT. JACKIE AND BOBBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A MAP of SOUTH BOSTON is spread out on Bobby's bed, Bobby drags his finger along the FORT POINT CHANNEL.

His face is healed now, and his arm's in a light cast. Bootch and Coolyan are on either side of him.

BOBBY

You got the Northern Avenue bridge at the mouth of the channel.

INSERT: A rusting wrought iron bridge.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Then you got Seaport boulevard going over the Moakley Bridge.

INSERT: A dual lane, concrete/steel bridge.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Congress and the Tea Party.

INSERT: The H.M.S. BEAVER/BOSTON TEA PARTY MUSEUM floats under a concrete bridge with a retractable iron center.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

And after that, you got both lanes of Summer Street. That's a two-fer right there.

INSERT: A four lane bridge, the date of construction (1899) cut into the wrought iron suspension arched over the roadway.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Now, you wait for the one day a
year traffic into South Boston is
non-existant...

BOOTCH

St. Patrick's Day.

BOBBY

And boom. Yastrzemski goes yard.

COOLYAN

What if they take back busing
before then?

Bobby holds out his hands at this side.

BOBBY

Hey - God willing.

His buddies nod, impressed. But suddenly...

The door's thrown open and Jackie walks in, tossing his coat
on his bed. Bobby jumps up and tries to hide the map.

Jackie sees him scurrying and looks intrigued.

JACKIE

The fuck are you guys doing?

BOBBY

Don't worry about it.

JACKIE

Ho shit! You still got those
pictures of Aunty Joanie? You know
Luke'll flip a shit he finds out.

Jackie moves towards the bed.

BOBBY

Jackie, get the fuck out of here.

JACKIE

Come on, what is it?

BOBBY

I'm not going to tell you again:
get lost.

JACKIE

Whattya gotta be a cocksucker for?

Fine. Fuck you.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Like I give a fuck -I've seen a beaver picture before, you fuckin faggot.

Jackie turns to storm off. Bobby and Bootch and Coolyan exchange looks.

BOBBY

Can you keep your mouth shut about something?

JACKIE

What do you think?

BOBBY

'Cause if I tell you, and you squawk to John? I am going to break your fucking arm, Jackie.

JACKIE

Jesus, Bobby - yeah, I heard ya.

BOBBY

We're gonna blow the bridges on the Fort Point Channel.

Jackie stares at him.

JACKIE

Either you're new or you think I'm fuckin retarded.

BOBBY

We are going to blow up the bridges across the Fort Point Channel.

Jackie walks over to Bobby and slaps him across the face. Bobby, dumbstruck for a second, quickly snaps out of it and tackles Jackie to the floor. He punches his brother in the gut, repeatedly.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You fucking asshole, the fuck is your problem? Huh?

JACKIE

My problem? My problem!

Jackie kicks Bobby off, slamming him into a dresser. A shower of loose baseball cards rains down on him.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You're the one talking like a
fucking black panther. You go soft
all of a sudden?

BOBBY

This is our town, Jackie. We're
lettin' 'em know, we ain't --

JACKIE

-Your town? And they'll stick you
in a cell for the rest of your life
for it, too. Is that worth it?

COOLYAN

Yeah, it's fucking worth it.

Jackie turns from Coolyan to Bobby.

JACKIE

For one fuckin stupid Pyrrhic
victory? That's what the rest of
your life is worth to you?

BOOTCH

(to Coolyan)

The fuck is a Pyrrhic victory?

Jackie jumps to his feet, and grabs his jacket.

BOBBY

Where you going?

JACKIE

Don't worry about it.

Bobby leaps up, slams the door shut.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to call up the FBI,
Bobby. That's where I'm going.

Bobby picks him up by the shirt front.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

I got my fucking first day of high
school tomorrow, I just wanna get
some sleep, ya fuckin bastard.

Bobby puts him down and Jackie tears out of the room,
slamming the door shut.

"Time" by the Chambers Brothers starts to play.

EXT. SOUTHIE HIGH - DAWN

A row of UNIFORMED COPS lines the front steps facing a mob of PROTESTORS twenty feet in front of them, screaming, carrying signs. "HANG NIGGERS," "THIS IS OUR TOWN," "NIGGERS GO HOME."

Three NEWS TRUCKS pull up down the street.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - DAWN

A row of YELLOW SCHOOL buses turn over their engines.

INT. CALLEARY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jackie opens the front door and stares out at the neighborhood. He can already hear SIRENS in the distance.

INT. BUS - DAY

A bus full of BLACK KIDS looks tired, worried, on edge as they watch Southie whip by out the windows.

SOUTHIE HIGH - SERIES OF SHOTS:

Jackie turns a corner in front of the school and finds...

- The crowd has grown (in size and volume) since daylight.
- Leagues of news cameras panning over the CROWD, the SIGNS, the COPS.
- The first bus pulling onto the block, and the crowd turning, eager to meet it.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

The driver puts the bus into low gear and crawls towards the school. As he reaches the first protestors, the bus is peppered with rocks, beer cans, pieces of concrete, etc. One woman SMASHES the side of the bus with a HOCKEY STICK.

The kids duck under their seats, screaming.

A ROCK is hurled through a windshield.

BUS DRIVER
Jesus fucking Christ.

He accelerates the bus through the crowd, and past the high school. A Black Kid watches as they blow by the school.

BLACK KID
Aw fuck, man, now we gotta go back!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ma sits at the table in her bathrobe, nervously chain smoking. The radio's on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
...four students already taken to the Carney hospital...

Ma lights a new cigarette off the old.

INT. CLASS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A TEACHER (50) sits on his desk and looks out over his class: four kids, including JACKIE. He reads from his ledger.

TEACHER
Allen?
(No response)
Amrhein?
(No Response)
Belluci?
(No Response)
Boone?

SHOUTS can be heard in the hallway, and the class turns towards the glass inlay in the door.

THROUGH THE WINDOW.

Two BLACK KIDS and two WHITE KIDS exchange blows. One black kid smashes a white kid's head off a locker.

A UNIFORMED COP and a Teacher run towards the fight.

BACK IN THE CLASSROOM.

The Teacher looks up from his ledger.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Welcome to South Boston High.

Jackie scribbles "fuck" onto his desk.

EXT. SOUTHIE HIGH - LATER

A band of PROTESTORS marches towards the school carrying a banner reading: ROAR.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Police drag protestors towards POLICE WAGONS.
- Buses, already banged up, pull away from the schools and are again pelted with debris.
- A reporter stands in front of a protestor/cop SCUFFLE, reporting into a Channel 7 CAMERA. As he glances over his shoulder, a 7-11 big GULP EXPLODES off the back of his head.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Rows upon rows of damaged, dented, and busted-up yellow buses line the lot, their engines ticking down and cooling off.

INT. CALLEARY HOUSE - NIGHT

Jackie walks in and finds the house empty.

JACKIE

Hey Ma.

There's no answer, just the whine of the radio.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Ma?

Jackie walks into the KITCHEN. No one there. He turns off the radio on the table.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Ma? You home?

IN THE SINK, he finds an empty bottle of SMIRNOFF stuck down the drain.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Aw Ma you didn't haveta.

He smashes the bottle against the sink, and slices his hand.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You didn't FUCKIN haveta.

INT. JACKIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jackie sits on the floor, his back against his bed. He tosses a tennis ball against the wall, catches it on the bounce, and tosses it back. His right hand's wrapped in a dirty bandage.

A window's open. SIRENS echo in the distance. He bounces the ball, catches it, bounces it back.

Bobby slowly pushes open the bedroom door. When Jackie doesn't look up, he walks in and sits down next to him.

Jackie just bounces the ball, catches it, throws it.

BOBBY

I'm sorry I knocked you around last night, Jack.

Bounces the ball, catches it, bounces it back.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You know it ain't a nigger thing, right? What I'm trying to do here? It ain't about them.

JACKIE

I don't give a fuck.

Bobby stares at him.

BOBBY

This uh...This about Ma then?

John quietly walks in, he sees Jackie and frowns.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Look, Jack, she's just gonna do this every once in awhile. She has forever. You just can't take it so personally.

JACKIE

Get the fuck away from me, Bobby.

Bobby looks to John, and off his nod, moves out of the way. John sits down next to Jackie, and just sits there next to him for awhile. Jackie keeps bouncing the ball.

JOHN

You know Dad...before he went...

Jackie holds the ball for a second.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...He fucking hated this place.
Hated the neighborhood: the
attitude, the bullshit; the people -
people like the Stivettis.

Jackie faces John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That's why he worked 60, 70 hours a week at the station - so we could get a house like this, have some place to go. We used to live down Old Colony, when you were real little - I don't know if you remember that. But Dad, even here, he'd always say he wanted to leave. Said he didn't want us to live the kinda life that comes with a place like this, you know? What he and Ma and Uncle Luke had. A place like this it's...it's a jungle. It makes you an animal. It'll make you hard, but you ain't much use for anything else after it, you know?

Jackie tosses a look at Bobby.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And since Dad's been gone, I've thought a lot about that. How come we didn't go? Why'd we stay? And I think Dad, you know, he knew better. But to be honest? He wanted to stay. He wanted to stay just as much as the rest of them. 'Cause this was home. As much as it broke his balls, this is what he knew - what was safe to him, what he knew was safe for us. That's why no one ever leaves here, Jackie. 'Cause that's a rare thing in life - to feel safe some place; like it's your own. Most people never have that - their whole lives they never have anything like it. But most people here do. Or did. And now, it's all being taken from 'em.

Jackie looks back up at Bobby again. Bobby raises his eyebrows. See what I mean?

JOHN (CONT'D)

And Ma, she's never known anything else. She's not like Dad in that she can see a way out of here, or know that things will get better. She doesn't, and she worries, and this is what happens. But what I'm saying is that we're here for you. Your uncle's here for you. Things might look like shit, but this is still Southie, Jackie. We're gonna get through it.

John puts a comforting hand on his brother's shoulder. Jackie shrugs it off, and throws the ball against the wall again. But as he catches it, he wipes his eyes on his arm.

John sees this and gets up. He walks by Bobby on his way out.

BOBBY

(to Jackie)

You see what I'm talkin about?

JACKIE

Blowin' up a part of the neighborhood ain't gonna save it, Bobby.

BOBBY

Yeah, but if busing is our sentence in life, man? It'll put a fucking exclamation point at the end of it.

Jackie looks away. He throws the ball again, and Bobby just stands there, watching him throw and catch, throw and catch.

FADE OUT.

INT. TABLE - COME HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Bobby folds a BOSTON HERALD in his lap and passes it under the table to Jimmy.

BOBBY

That enough for now?

Rocco peaks into the paper. He shows it to Mullins. Mullins eyes widen.

ROCCO

Certainly'll get things moving.

JIMMY MULLINS
The fuck did you get all of that?

BOBBY
(Grinning)
Shovelling drive ways.

INSERT: EXT. **FLASHBACK** - SOUTHIE DOCKS - DAWN

Bobby pulls a box of LOBSTERS out of an open CARGO CONTAINER, and tosses it to Coolyan. Next to him, Bootch - a pair of BOLT CUTTERS hanging around his neck - already holds a box.

BACK TO THE COMEHAIL

Mullins and Rocco smile, knowing Bobby's full of shit.

BOBBY
You find a place to put the plunger yet?

ROCCO
(Grinning)
Yeah. Ya gonna love it.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

An OLD MAN (65) in a ratty bathrobe opens his door to find John waiting for him.

OLD MAN
Oh, hey kid. Look, I'm sorry, but I, uh, took a good fall at work and-

John holds up a hand.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Honest, John, I can't pay my heat, how am I supposed to...

John turns and walks towards the EXIT sign.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Hey, where - what are you gonna do?

John pushes opens the exit door, walks out.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck? Who are you, my wife with this silent shit. Come on.
(No response)
Kid?

The SOUND of BOOTS ringing off steps echoes into the hallway.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
Alright! KID! Come back, come back!
I'll give you what I can.

John walks back into the hall.

JOHN
Told ya I wasn't gonna argue with
ya, Mr. Goldsmith.

Mr. Goldsmith digs into his WALLET.

OLD MAN
Yeah, yeah. But just tell me, for
my own edification: what were ya
gonna do?

JOHN
(Smiling)
Just be happy you didn't find out.

EXT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Sabatino rifles through a stack of dirty-looking bills at his desk. Every once-in-a-while he stops, flips a bill around, and picks up his count where he left off.

Mario hovers over the desk, nodding along with Sabatino's count. He looks over to John leaning against the door jam.

MARIO
Kid - I don't know what to say.
You're a born Shy.

SABATINO
(Peeking up at John)
You sure you're not circumcised?

Sabatino tosses him a thick ENVELOPE. John awkwardly catches it in his gut and smiles.

INT. DISTRICT C-6 - SOUTHIE POLICE STATION - DAY

The SERGEANT reads and APPLICATION FORM at an arm's length.

SERGEANT
Seems like you're all set,
Calleary. Just need ya exam fee.

John hands him the ENVELOPE. The Sergeant smiles.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Now, just behave yourself, and come
June you'll be golden.

John taps the desk, as if to knock on wood, and walks out.

INT. SOUTHIE HIGH - DAY

Jackie walks out of a class followed by six or seven of his peers. He looks tired, worn down - slugs under his eyes. He's also bigger, about two inches taller, and an inch wider.

SUPERIMPOSE: DECEMBER.

He notices down the hall three BLACKS squaring off against TWO WHITES. One of the whites smacks the books out of a Black Kid's hands.

Jackie throws himself in between them. They are all noticeably bigger than him.

JACKIE

Whoa-whoa. Ya just gonna get busted
you do this here.

BLACK KID 1

Man fuck off, nigger. This ain't
your business.

Jackie stares up at him, a knowing grin on his face.

JACKIE

Hey, I'm just trying to help you
out, soul brother. You don't want
me in this fight, believe me.

The Black Kids whistles derisively. His friends laugh.

BLACK KID 1

(to his buddies)

Oh shit! You hear that? He's--

Jackie snaps. He rabbit punches the Black Kid in the THROAT, and drops him to his knees. The two other White Kids pounce on the other two blacks.

Jackie stomps the one he hit. WHAM.

JACKIE

Laugh at me again. Ga'head!

A UNIFORMED COP runs over and tries to pull Jackie off.

UNIFORM
Calleary, cut the shit!

Jackie elbows the Cop in the gut, winds up, and kicks the Black Kid in the chest - violently. The Black Kid GASPS.

The Cop and a Teacher take Jackie to the ground, cuff him.

JACKIE
Whattya want? He fuckin' laughed at me! Fuckin' nigger laughed at me!

EXT. POLICE STATION - DUSK

Jackie walks down the front steps followed by Uncle Luke.

UNCLE LUKE
You startin in with this shit now?

JACKIE
I was trying to break it up.

UNCLE LUKE
Yeah? Well, next time don't. Do yourself the favor - don't worry about anyone but yourself. Alright?

JACKIE
Sure. Just don't tell John, okay?

Luke stares down at him. He's genuinely worried.

UNCLE LUKE
All right, but you owe me for the bail then.

Jackie laughs. Fine, but how am I ever gonna pay ya? Luke snorts, and puts his arm around Jackie's shoulders as they walk down the street.

EXT. DOCKS - DUSK

John climbs into his CONTINENTAL.

SABATINO (O.S.)
The fuck you still doin this shit for?

JOHN
Jesus Christ.

John turns around. Sabatino's in his back seat.

SABATINO

What, we don't pay you enough or something?

JOHN

I don't know. It keeps me grounded.

SABATINO

Really? You being serious? 'Cause I like that. That's good.

John gives him a small non-committal grin - maybe he's kidding, or maybe he just needs the money.

SABATINO (CONT'D)

Either way - I gotta to talk to you 'bout something.

JOHN

Well, you obviously got my attention.

SABATINO

Good, 'cause you've been doin' well for us, kid. Real good. This beat we got you on? It's a cash flow again. Money used to come in as steady as an old man's piss. Now? Hey - I had another one of you? We'd run Hanover Street like a \$2 Chink-whore, you know? Anyway, 'cause of that, we thought we'd offer you sort of a promotion.

JOHN

I'm all set, Mr. Stivetti.

SABATINO

You don't even know what I'm talking about. Whattya shakin ya head for?

(John shrugs)

You're just like your uncle with the fucking head shaking. You wanna at least hear what I was gonna say?

John stares at him, waiting.

SABATINO (CONT'D)

We need a guy on a job--

JOHN

-What kind of job?

Sabatino sighs. He was hoping he wouldn't have to get to this so quickly.

SABATINO
A bank job.

John turns around and puts the car in gear...

SABATINO (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Listen: you're not gonna have to do shit, all right? All you gotta do is hold a gun and stand around. That's all.

...and pulls the car out of his space.

SABATINO (CONT'D)
Hey look, we just need a cool hand, all right? That's all. That's it. Just a fuckin' cool hand--

John puts the car in first, but before he can drive off, Sabatino SMACKS him upside the head. HARD.

SABATINO (CONT'D)
Hey, fuck-head - you forget who the fuck you're talking to you? Check your rearview mirror. You disrespect me again, I'll slit your fucking throat and leave you for the bums.

John stops the car, and puts it into park. He takes a moment to straighten himself out, and turns around.

JOHN
You're right, Mr. Stivetti. I am sorry. You've been very generous to me. But I'm going to have to say, "no" to this one every time.

Sabatino stares at him. John just stares back. He's not changing his mind.

SABATINO
Well, that's all you had to fuckin' say, you fuckin' prick.

Sabatino jumps out of the car.

INT. COME HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Luke, Jimmy Mullins and Rocco nurse HIGHBALLS at the bar. Each one has two empties in front of him.

JIMMY MULLINS

...shipment of detonators comin' in out of Camp Edwards. We just gotta meet the guy on 495, take 'em off his hands. Small time stuff. Easy.

LUKE

Who in the fuck is buying detonators from the army?

JIMMY MULLINS

Fuck if I know. Guy's white and paying up front. I ain't askin' questions.

Rocco gets up from his stool, fishes a few bills out of his pocket and tosses them on the bar.

ROCCO

All right, I'm out of here.

Jimmy Mullins looks at his watch.

JIMMY MULLINS

Me, too.

(to Luke)

I'll see you tomorrow then.

Rocco slaps Luke on the shoulder and they walk out. Finn comes over, starts collecting the empties off the bar.

FINN

'nother one?

Off his look, Finn takes down the bottle of JACK.

FINN (CONT'D)

Guess who I had in here today?

LUKE

I'd say if you were lucky, you had one broad that didn't look like she had seafood in her draws.

FINN

Yeah, that'll be the day my old man'll be playing hockey in hell with Rocket Richard.

(MORE)

FINN (CONT'D)

Nah, I had the Federal Bureau of Investigation honor me with their good graces today. That's who I had in here. Guys got nothing better to do but come in tossing this place, chasing some drunken bullshit.

LUKE

What're you talking about?

FINN

Couple months back I had these two-shit bums in here, right? They're fuckin bombed, yacking about how they're gonna blow up all the bridges on the Fort Point Channel. Just your typical drunken bullshit, you know? But some idiot took 'em seriously, and made a federal fucking case of it. I mean, they didn't even send the Staties to look into it, Luke - the fucking Feds. Can you believe that?

Finn places a fresh one in front of Luke.

FINN (CONT'D)

Neighborhoods gone to shit.

LUKE

Yeah. How 'bout that.

Luke, concerned, throws back his drink. He takes a look over his shoulder at the door.

EXT. DORCHESTER - NIGHT

A rusting 1970 PINTO cruises down an empty boulevard, hugging close to the sidewalk.

INT. PINTO - CONTINUOUS

Bobby and his crew, dressed in MUNICIPAL POLICE UNIFORMS, search both sides of the street.

COOLYAN

Told you my uncle could get those uniforms. Fuckin legit, right?

BOBBY'S FRIEND IN THE BACK

Fuckin legit.

Bootch is searching out one of the side windows.

BOOTCH
What year was it?

BOBBY
I don't know. It was just a fuckin'
brown Cadillac.

Bobby's eyes pop open as they pass a BROWN CADDY and three BLACK GUYS standing around a barrel fire.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
There! Stop the fuckin' car.

EXT. CORNER - DORCHESTER - CONTINUOUS

The three Black Guys watch as the Pinto backs up and stops in front of them. Bobby rolls down his window.

BOBBY
Hey, Spade, this your car?

BLACK MAN
The fuck is it to you, Jethro?

Bobby points to the uniform, but it looks more like a Halloween costume on him.

BOBBY
It's more than eighteen inches off
the curb, 'chucker.

BLACK MAN 2
Fuck you, boy. Get the fuck outta
here.

BOBBY
Hey, in all seriousness, is it your
car? I'm wondering if it's for
sale? I like shit brown Caddies.

BLACK MAN
No, it ain't for sale, you ofey,
Opey lookin' cocksucker. Now, beat
it.

Bobby ducks his head back INTO the car.

BOBBY
(to his boys)
Well, I'd say that's a "yes."

Bobby, Coolyan, Bootch and three other guys fly out of the car carrying baseball bats, pipes, etc.

The Black Men immediately TAKE OFF. One guy sprints away, but the other two are no faster than the younger white kids. And they get caught.

Bobby flings a BAT at Black Man 1's legs, tripping him up. Coolyan catches Black Man 2 and drags him to the ground by the shirt front.

Then they beat the ever loving shit out of them.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Three to one's better odds than you
gave me, you fuckin' nigger!

Bobby raises his bat and smashes the Black Man's KNEE. The Man lets out a guttural SCREAM. But as Bobby raises the bat again, SIRENS CRY OUT in the distance. Bobby drops the bat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Fuck.
(to buddies)
Fuck it, let's screw.

They race back to the Pinto, and as Bobby climbs in, he sees the INTACT AERIAL on the brown Caddy. His EYES WIDEN.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

John deliberately counts a wad of CASH very slowly - almost agonizingly slow.

A SHORT GUY (30) - in a ruffled suit with no tie - stands in his doorway watching John, nervously rubbing his suspenders.

John raises his eyebrows as he nears the end of the roll. It's not going to be enough. He starts counting even slower.

Suspenders foot runs in place. He can't take much more of this slow play. John reaches the last bill, shakes it between his fingers...it's not...quite...enough....

SUSPENDERS

Okay.

He takes off his shoe. Thrusts the remaining money at John.

JOHN

Thanks.

The Short Guy slams the door. John laughs, and as he turns to leave, a RUNNER (13) walks out of the stairwell and into the hallway, out of breath.

RUNNER
Boss is lookin' for you.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Sabatino and Mario stare gravely at John in the doorway.

JOHN
What he do this time?

SABATINO
Rolled a Spade dealer in Dot. Spade
who pays Jay Santanello for
protection. You know who Jay
Santanello pays for protection?

John mouths "FUCK" to himself.

SABATINO (CONT'D)
Yup. Me. Ya boy's fucked up pretty
good here, Johnny.

MARIO
Smashed a guy's knee into a
thousand pieces. They might have to
saw the leg off. A shin at least--

SABATINO
-My brother likes to exaggerate.
But in all seriousness, the kid's
lit a fuse that leads right up his
ass hole on this one. It's a long
rope, but it's burning...

John presses his palms into his eyes.

JOHN
Well, I'm assuming there's an
"unless" in here somewhere, or you
wouldn't have even called me.

SABATINO
(Smiling)
...Unless he's got a nice brother
willing to go to bat for him.

JOHN
All right, I guess I'm in then.

MARIO

Well...then the nigger'll be taken
care of tonight.

A rare, and haunting grin slithers across Mario's face.

EXT. CORNER - SOUTHIE - DAY

Bobby and his friends stand in front of a BARREL FIRE, rubbing their hands together over the flames, when...

John's Continental FLIES around the corner onto their block. He comes right at them, jumps the curb and smashes into their barrel - sending Bobby's friends scattering like the ashes and embers.

Bobby stands there - shocked - as John hops out of the car.

BOBBY

The fuck John?

John punches him flat out in the face. Bobby falls straight back onto his ass - his eye already swelling. John climbs on top of him, back hands him across the mouth.

JOHN

You fuckin retard. You fuckin - you know what you did? Huh? You know what you did, you piece of shit?

BOBBY

The fuck you talkin' bout!

JOHN

You rolled the wrong nigger, you dumb motherfucker.

BOBBY

What?

JOHN

You didn't get the guys that beat ya up - you rolled one of the Stivettis' dealers, you fuck!

BOBBY

Oh no.

JOHN

Oh yeah, brother. What'd you think? There was one brown Cadillac in all of nigger town? You fucked me.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
You fucked me right in the ass,
Bobby. I'm in now. I'm fuckin IN!

BOBBY
I'm sorry, John--

John punches him in the head and stalks back towards the car.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - CALLEARY HOUSE - NIGHT

John lays on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. Jackie walks down the steps and cautiously peers into the room.

JACKIE
You seen Ma?

JOHN
No.

JACKIE
You know, it's been weeks now...

JOHN
Fuck you want me to do, Jackie?

Jackie shrugs, turns to walk away.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Wait.

John takes a small TRUNK out of his closet and opens it. Jackie's eyes pop open. It's full of STACKS OF \$20s.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Look, if you get a call about me
tomorrow...

He hands Jackie a WAD OF CASH.

JOHN (CONT'D)
...take this and go downtown. Get
the best kike lawyer you can find.

JACKIE
This got something to do with why
Bobby's spitting teeth?

John exhales deeply, and lies back down.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
This like one of those Rub-a-Dub
situations?

John looks at him.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
*Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub,
the butcher, the...you know, the
Baker? Ma's old boyfriend?*

John stares at him like, "What's your point?"

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Look, I don't remember much about
when Ma was bringing him around,
you know, after Dad... I just
remember him tooling on ya... you
know, before you got big. But I do
remember Bobby. Kid used to just
piss the guy off just to piss him
off. Knew exactly what would happen
every time--

JOHN
-Yeah. He's always been that way.

JACKIE CALLEARY
But how many times you gonna catch
the beating for him, John?

JOHN
(Sighing)
We're family, Jack. That's just
what we do.

Jackie lets this sink in. Makes sense. He puts the money in
his pocket, and walks up the stairs.

John continues staring at the ceiling.

EXT. CALLEARY HOUSE - NIGHT

John walks down the street to his curb-parked CONTINENTAL. As
he pulls out his keys, a CAR turns onto his road. As it
nears, it suddenly SPEEDS right at him and only screeches to
halt inches from his knees.

Luke jumps out. Livid.

LUKE
What the fuck did I tell you? Huh?

He shoves John halfway down the block.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Didn't I tell you: the minute they
push the line, you fuckin' call me?
Didn't I say that?

Luke shoves him again, gets in his face.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Didn't I say that?

JOHN
Yes. You did.

LUKE
Then what the fuck are you doing?

JOHN
I - I don't know.

Luke slaps him upside the head. A good one.

LUKE
What the fuck would ya father do if
he saw you acting like some shanty-
Irish trash from Charlestown?

Before John can respond, Luke grabs him by the shirt, and throws him up against his car. He holds him bent back over the hood.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You know exactly what he'd do. He'd
knock your fucking teeth right down
your throat, you dumb fuck.

John hangs his head. He knows it's true. Luke pulls him off the hood and shoves him towards the passenger door.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Now get in the fucking car.

JOHN
(Shocked)
What, why?

LUKE
Don't ask questions. Just get in.

John, with no other choice, climbs in. The Stang takes off.

INT. MUSTANG FASTBACK - DAWN

Luke drives, sipping from a cup of DUNKIN DONUTS. John's asleep in the shotgun, his head pressed against the glass.

Suddenly Luke slaps John on the shoulder. John stirs.

LUKE

You hear any of this shit about
someone trying to blow up the
Northern Avenue bridge?

This grabs John's attention.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Finn said he had the FBI in his bar
askin' about it. You heard
anything?

Something dawns on John. He's heard this somewhere before...

JOHN

Where'd--

LUKE

-Shut the fuck up.

Luke holds up a hand and reaches for the radio dial.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*...Three men were apprehended this
morning at the foot of Quincy's
Fore River Bridge after fleeing the
scene of a bank robbery...*

Luke deliberately looks at John and points to the radio.

JOHN

How many time you want me to tell
you, you were right, huh?

Luke shakes his head.

INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - DAY

Sabatino very matter-of-factly eats a plate of ravioli at his desk. He HEARS his DOOR OPEN, turns, and finds John standing there.

SABATINO

(Mouth full of pasta)

Oh kid, thank Christ you're all
right.

The door flies open, and Luke storms in. He grabs Sabatino by the throat and presses a .38 SPECIAL up against his head.

SABATINO (CONT'D)
Luke, what the fuck are you doing?

LUKE
I'm going to blow a hole in your forehead and stick my cock in it, you fat guinea fuck.

SABATINO
You forget who--

LUKE
-Don't pull that shit with me, you faggot. I ain't impressed. We both know where each other stands, and right now you're looking up at me.

Sabatino nods. Slowly. He swallows the food in his mouth.

SABATINO
All right. So let's talk: why do you want to stick your cock in my brain?

INT. JACKIE'S ROOM - CALLEARY HOUSE - LATER

Bobby sits on his bed, chewing a fingernail. Jackie watches him from across the room.

JACKIE CALLEARY
You don't know what happened. Calm down.

Bobby shoots him a look. Jackie shrugs. John suddenly crashes in through the door.

JOHN
It's taken care of.

BOBBY CALLEARY
(Sighing with relief)
Oh thank Christ.

CCR's "Fortunate Son" starts to play...

EXT. NICKERSON BEACH - QUINCY, MA - NIGHT

Bobby, Coolyan, Bootch and Jackie approach a half-dozen ROWBOATS lining the beach.

Bobby picks up a chain that runs through them all and Bootch slides his BOLT CUTTERS off his shoulders.

INT. YMCA - DUSK

Jackie pulls on a ROWING MACHINES, his face beaded with sweat. Across the Y is a WINDOW looking onto a group of WHITE KIDS playing in the POOL, not a care in the world.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD - I-93 - NEW HAMPSHIRE BORDER - NIGHT

Luke's in the driver's seat of his MUSTANG watching Rocco and Jimmy pull a TRUCK DRIVER out the cab of an 18 WHEELER. Rocco's got a gun to the guy's head.

Luke yawns, takes a sip of COFFEE.

INT. BOBBY/JACKIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bobby pops open an OD green wooden box labelled, "Camp Edwards," that looks as if it's been sitting in a storage room since the end of Korea. Jackie's eyes go wide.

JACKIE

Who are you, Robert McNamara? Where the fuck did you get Army shit?

Bobby pulls an relic PLUNGER-type detonator out of the box, smiling like a pig in shit.

BOBBY

Mull and Rocco had Luke get...

(Realizing what he just said)

But don't you say a FUCKING WORD to him! You hear me?

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - DAY

John pulls out his money trunk. The stack's dwindled.

EXT. FORT POINT CHANNEL - DAY

Rocco and Mull stroll along the water, studying the bridges.

ROCCO

You believe we're doing this shit for a fuckin 16 year-old kid?

JIMMY MULLINS
(Shrugging)
When he's right, he's right.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Hard and dirty snow lines the bricks along Government Center. And crude paper clovers hang on the front door of City Hall.

SUPERIMPOSE: MARCH.

Jackie walks out wearing an EAGLE SCOUT UNIFORM, a roll of PAPER - like architecture plans - tucked under his arm. He looks ridiculous. Even though he's only 14, he looks way too big, too old to be wearing that uniform.

"Fortunate Son" comes to an end.

INT. KITCHEN - CALLEARY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ma - shitfaced and haggard - stumbles around the kitchen, a carton of EGGS under one arm and a drink in the other hand.

EDDIE RIECHART (50) - cheap suit; solid-big, but with a wide gut - sits at the table, stone-faced, tired.

She reaches for a cabinet over the stove and accidentally pulls down a stack of POTS AND PANS. They CLATTER and bang all over the floor. She giggles, picks up the pan she wanted.

JACKIE (O.S.)
Ma, what are you doing?

Ma turns and finds Jackie watching her. Both of them are horrified at seeing of each other. She tries to smile it away, but her face just comes off looking like an ashtray.

MA
Oh. Hey, baby. I'm just making
Eddie and myself something to eat.

JACKIE
With what?

MA
Huh? With--
JACKIE
-With the food John bought?

Ma's lips part but nothing comes out. Eddie gives Jackie a stern look. But Jackie just stares right back at him. He could give a fuck about this guy and his looks.

MA

(Reaching)

Honey, I...Look...Alright, I'm sorry. We're just...me and - OH! Hey. Come here, I want you to meet my friend over here.

Ma throws her drink-hand around his shoulder, and ushers him over to the table. Jackie's too mad to notice she's spilled booze on his shirt.

MA (CONT'D)

Jackie, this is Eddie.

(to Eddie)

Eddie, this is my son, Jackie.

Eddie stands to shake his hand, but Jackie just sits down, blowing him off.

EDDIE

Which one are you? The baby, right?

Jackie just stares at him. Ma sits down between them, the eggs still tucked under her arm.

MA

Hon, Eddie's brother's a mechanic. He changes all the oil on the Red Sox cars, can you believe that?

JACKIE

(Deadpan)

Yeah.

Eddie frowns slightly. He's not liking this kid at all.

MA

You know, come summer, he can probably get us all tickets...

Jackie gives his mother the DEAD EYE. Shut up. She looks away, embarrassed.

EDDIE

Not the talkative type, huh?

JACKIE

Look, I'm sure you're a nice enough guy, Ed. But you're way out of your depth here.

Eddie smirks.

MA
Jackie.

Jackie gives her another look. Shut your mouth.

EDDIE
I don't know what you're gabbing
about, kid, but--

JACKIE
-The last man that set foot in my
father's house that wasn't related?
Never set foot in the neighborhood
again. That's kinda what I'm
talking about.

EDDIE
(Laughing)
Yeah, you think what you want about
that. Ain't gonna work this time.

Eddie flops out his gold DETECTIVES shield.

JACKIE
(Unphased)
I guess it's going to be pretty
hard for you to do your job, huh?

Eddies, fed up, lunges across the table - quick for a big guy - and Jackie nearly falls out of his seat dodging him.

But in that moment, the front door slams shut. John walks in.

JOHN
The fuck's going on?

Eddie sees John and backs away from Jackie.

Ma just sits there, shocked quiet and unsure of herself. The eggs slide out of from under her arm and crack on the floor.

JOHN (CONT'D)
When'd you get home?
(No response, RE: Eddie)
The hell's Popeye Doyle over here?

Eddie lets his hands fall to his side, smack off his thighs.

EDDIE
(to Ma)
You know what? You and an omelet
ain't worth the fuckin trouble.

He storms out, and the door suddenly banging shut snaps Ma out of her reverie. She wheels on Jackie and slaps him across the face.

MA
What the fuck got into you?

Jackie jumps up and takes off out of the room.

MA (CONT'D)
Don't you turn your back on me, you little piece of shit.

Ma launches out of her seat. But John grabs her.

MA (CONT'D)
John, what the... What's going--

JOHN
Calm down, where've you been?

MA
Lemme--

JOHN
-Calm down. Talk to me.

MA
Fuck you, calm down, talk to me!
Don't tell me to calm down! Who the fuck do you think you are? I'm your mother - I ask the questions.

She tries shoving away from him, but John holds her.

MA (CONT'D)
No mother should have to go through this bull.... Lemme go - let me...My own children turning their backs on me. Turning their backs on me!

JOHN
Ma. Sit. Down.

MA
Fuck y--

JOHN
-I said, "sit down!"

She looks up at John, afraid now. She sits.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Where have you been?

Ma's eyes bulge with tears.

MA
Oh I don't...I don't know. I don't
know, John.
(Off his furious look)
I need help, honey.

JOHN
I know that, Ma. But that doesn't
answer my question.

Ma shakes her head, and bursts into tears. She collapses into a seat at the table, and John, filling with pity, sighs and puts his arm around her. She WALES. He hugs her closer.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

John carries Ma, passed out, over to her perfectly made bed, and lays her down. The room is immaculate. He gently tucks her in and looking up, sees a picture of his father hanging above the bed. He turns out the light on his way out.

EXT. LUKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Luke and John sit on the front steps sharing a BUD.

LUKE
She really that bad?

JOHN
She ain't getting any better. Bobby
found her passed out on the toilet
this morning. I mean, what if that
was Jackie, you know? The kid
might not look it, but he's still
only 14.

LUKE
I don't know what to tell you.
She's always been like this, my
sister...'cept when she was with
your father. Rest his soul.

John turns his palms up. He doesn't know what to do.

JOHN
Well, I don't know - I don't know
what to do, Luke.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
If I put her up somewhere? I mean,
that's it. That's all we got.
That's what's left of the Stivetti
money and I can't support them
sorting bananas at the A&P, you
know? There's just no money left.

Luke polishes off his beer. He's going out on a limb here.

LUKE
Look, I don't have that kinda cash
right now. Otherwise...But if you
can put her somewhere, for now...
I'll make sure your brothers are
taken care of later.

JOHN
How you gonna do that on a union
salary with a wife and kid?

Luke gestures as if to say, "don't worry about it." John just
stares at him, suspicious.

LUKE
What are you giving me the look
for? Trust me, alright? I ever let
you down before? We'll find the
money.

John looks away, as if he doesn't think it's a good idea.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Look, you can't support 'em forever
anyway, John. At some point that
job's going to end, then what are
you going to do?

John turns his palms up again. He doesn't know.

INT. KITCHEN - CALLEARY HOUSE - NIGHT

Ma peals her face off the plastic lining on the table. She's
being shaken. There's a HANDLE of Vodka within her reach.

MA
Huh? Wha's goin...?

John's wrapping a Bruin's sweatshirt around her.

JOHN
Come on, Ma. Let's go for a ride.

MA
Johnny, what are you talking about?

JOHN
Come on.

John picks her up, puts her on her feet. She stumbles, but he holds her, and helps her out of the house.

EXT. REHAB - DAY

John pulls up to the front door of a rehab hospital. Ma comes around, sees where she is.

MA
A hospital? What's a hospital doing here, John? Are your brothers all right?

JOHN
They're fine, Ma.

John gets out, carrying his MONEY BOX and opens her door.

MA
(Confused)
But what did I do, John? Am I all right?

John looks away.

MA (CONT'D)
What did I do?

JOHN
Nothing, Ma. You're all right.

John unclips her belt and helps her out of her seat.

INT. REHAB WAITING ROOM - LATER

John sleeps sitting up. Two BOSTON COPS walk over to the FRONT DESK. A Nurse hands them John's MONEY BOX and points him out in the waiting room.

One of the COPS, a hard, dumb-looking man of 27, kicks John's foot. John wakes up, surprised to see a cop in his face.

COP 1
This your shit?

JOHN

Hm?

The Cop holds up the box. John nods. It's his.

COP 1

All right, you're gonna have to come with us, guy.

JOHN

(Shocked)

What? Why?

COP 1

Worry about that later. Get up.

JOHN

(Tired, confused)

I don't understand...do you...do you know who I am?

Before he even gets it out, John realizes this was a mistake. The Cop looks pleased by the comment, as if any hint of arrogance gives him the license to be a prick.

COP 1

Oh should I, Mr. Kennedy? Excuse me for disturbing your nap inside the waiting room of your local rehab.

JOHN

Look, I didn't mean...my father was just on the job for--

COP 2

-Don't give a fuck who your father was, or what your father did. These tracking numbers were reported stolen a week ago. Get your ass up.

John can't believe it.

JOHN

No. They weren't... I earned that.

COP 1

Yeah, "you earned it." You got a pay stub? Who's paying you?

COP 2

Not gonna ask you again, kid. Get off the fucking ass.

John doesn't know how to respond. Cop 2 leans into his face.

COP 2 (CONT'D)
Up.

John resignedly pushes himself out of his seat. Cop 1 grabs him and shoves him up against the wall.

INT. DISTRICT C-11 - DORCHESTER POLICE STATION - NIGHT

John walks out of the holding pen and up to the Shift Sergeant's desk. Without looking up, the Sergeant hands him his things and coldly turns back to his paper work.

SERGEANT
Show up to court Monday.

JOHN
What's the--

SERGEANT
(Deliberately)
-Show up to court Monday.

John slowly realizea he's not the Cop's son anymore - he's just another Southie punk. He swallows this, and stares blankly at the Sergeant.

JOHN
What'd ya do with my mother?

EXT. DORCHESTER POLICE STATION - LATER

John slowly walks down the front steps towards Luke's halfback. Luke's leaning against the hood.

LUKE
The Stivettis call in the serial numbers as stolen cash?

JOHN
Oh, I'm sure.

LUKE
I'm sorry, pal.

He holds his hands out at his sides.

JOHN
All I wanted to do was be a cop, you know? Now what? What do I got? A fucking criminal record. The fuck am I gonna do now? Huh? The fuck am I gonna do...

He looks exposed, lost. Luke wraps his arms around him. John lets him.

LUKE
It's a shit job anyway, John.

John holds onto him tight.

EXT. KELLY'S ROAST BEEF - REVERE BEACH - NIGHT

Jackie, Rocco and Jimmy Mullins sit on the sea wall, eating roast beef. A large, plastic KELLY'S BAG sits in between them. The TAKE OUT JOINT is lit up behind them.

Two ITALIANS walk up to the sea wall carrying their own BAG. They sit down next to Jackie.

ROCCO
That doesn't look like it can hold
a lot of explosives.

ITALIAN
You got the cash?

JACKIE
Maybe.

The Italian bends down, looks into Jackie's face.

ITALIAN
The fuck is this? You bring along
your kid brother?

JACKIE
Think of it this way: you consider
letting anyone know about tonight?
Realize you're about to sell high
explosives to a fuckin minor.

The Italians laugh.

ITALIAN
Who is this kid? I like this kid.

Rocco and Jimmy Mullins smile.

JACKIE
Your money's in the bag, pal.

ITALIAN
(Smiling)
Well, your shit's already in your
trunk.
(MORE)

ITALIAN (CONT'D)
Think about how we did that if you
wanna tell people who we sold
explosives to.

Jackie smiles like this is the best night of his life - talking shit to mobsters, eating Kelly's. The Mobster grins back at him. They all turn to their roast beef.

INT. CALLEARY HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jackie SLAPS a cheap bottle of Vodka off the table. It makes a dull thud as it hits the floor and chugs out under the stove.

JACKIE
You cheap fuck. Fuck the both of
ya.

John and Bobby watch him calmly from the table.

JOHN
Jackie, look--

JACKIE
-This is a family right? That's
what you said, "this is a family,
we're family, that's what we do?"

BOBBY
Look Jack, it wasn't in the plan to
have her sectioned to Bridgewater--

JACKIE
-Oh fuck off, Bobby. The
competition between you and Ma for
biggest pain in the ass has been
going on for fucking years.

BOBBY
I'm won't ever argue with you
there. But you never had to go
through what we did, Jack. She had
to be out of the house. She needs
help.

JACKIE
But why not put her some place -
not a fuckin state mental
institute. What happened to the
money?

John shoots a look at Bobby: don't tell him.

JOHN
It wouldn't have covered it.

Jackie makes a jerk-off gesture and storms off.

BOBBY
Jackie, you don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

JACKIE
Oh fuck you.

John and Bobby share a look. How are we gonna explain this? John rolls his eyes. He knows, but he doesn't want to do it.

JOHN
Look, you never had to find her fuckin catatonic, naked in the hallway after a binge.

Jackie pauses halfway up the stairs. Bobby takes John's lead.

BOBBY
You never had to hear her getting railed by whoever on a given night.

JOHN
You never had to search for a fuckin piss stain on a rug like you were cleaning up after a dog.

Jackie looks as if he's about to burst into tears.

BOBBY
We hid that shit from you.

JOHN
That's what family does. You just do the best you can. But sometimes you just gotta know when to stop.

Jackie stares at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Call me an asshole all you want, pal. But that's what I did: I did the best I fucking could. It wasn't my fault.

Jackie trudges up the stairs.

BOBBY
Ah fuck it, John. He doesn't know.

John ignores him, runs his hands through his hair. It's obvious he's been hurt by Jackie's reaction.

INT. MUSTANG FASTBACK - NIGHT

Luke barrels down a stretch of open highway following a MACK TRUCK. But as they come around a bend, the truck SLAMS to a stop and nearly jackknifes. Luke spins out, punching the breaks and narrowly misses the trailer's rear end.

He sees the DRIVER leap out of the truck and run off. BLUE COP LIGHTS approach from down the road.

LUKE

Oh fuck.

Luke starts the car and takes off over the GRASS MEDIAN STRIP into the North bound lane. Two CRUISERS dart off after him.

INT. KITCHEN - CALLEARY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The PHONE RINGS. John drags himself up from the table.

JOHN

Hello?

There's a long pause. Bobby looks over at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

...well, I'm sure he's all right,
Aunty...it's probably...

John's face slowly WILTS.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Well, do you want us to come over
then?...okay...well calm down. I'm
sure he's fine...yeah, I'm sure
it's just...No, Aunty don't...I'll
go look for him right now...no,
don't Joanie please...

DIAL TONE. John slams the phone down, ripping it out of the wall. He collapses back down into his seat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Luke never came home. No one knows
where he is now.

John puts his head in his hands. Everything's closing in.
It's too much.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What the fuck today? Where the fuck
could he be?

Bobby sighs.

BOBBY
Well, you know, he's been at it
with Rocco and Mull again, right?

John stares at him. Really? Bobby nods.

John BANGS his fist off the table so hard Bobby nearly jumps out of his seat. John lets out a low audible GROAN, as if holding back tears, and peals himself away from the table.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(Carefully)
You all right?

John rips the VODKA off the floor and walks down the BASEMENT stairs.

JOHN
You can't trust no one.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - LATER

John's sitting on the edge of his bed, giving the wall a thousand-yard stare. He's holding his father's old BADGE between his hands. The vodka's between his feet.

Bobby softly walks down the steps, as if not wanting to intrude, or as if he's just not sure what he'll find. He's carrying the ROLL OF PAPER Jackie took out of City Hall.

JOHN
(Without looking at him)
You know, I don't think I wanted
much, Bobby. But they still found a
way to take it from me.

He looks over the words, "BOSTON POLICE" on the badge.

BOBBY
Hell, all this city's ever done is
take from people like us.

Bobby unrolls the paper at John's feet. It's a map of Boston. John looks up at him. The fuck is that?

Bobby motions towards the HEADER: ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE ROUTE. A BOLD RED LINE runs from the Broadway Overpass through the bottom half of South Boston.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It's a city holiday. No one's gonna be driving into town anyway, but by the time the parade lets go 'round Broadway? Northern part of the neighborhood'll be deserted.

John looks closer at the map: a BLACK ARROW labelled "JACKIE" winds its way from the Southie Docks through the channel, stopping at each one of the bridges.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Coolyan's uncle lifted a bunch of Munnie cop uniforms, so we'll all look legit closing off the roadways. Jimmy Mull and Rocco work the north side of the bridges. My guys the South. I run the plunger.

John turns to him: what the fuck are you talking about?

BOBBY (CONT'D)

We're going to blow up the bridges on the Fort Point Channel.

John just stares at him blankly, as if the idea is so ludicrous he can't even feign a reaction.

JOHN

Oh, how ya gonna do that?

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Just like Holden in Kwai.

JOHN

Oh yeah? You - you're gonna get in a boat and do that?

BOBBY

Fuck no. You know, I can't swim.

John glances down at the map. It's pulling on his attention.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

But one of us can.

John waves him off.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Hey, we've taken it on the chin
long enough, brother. Let's give
them something to think about.

John shakes his head. You're fucking crazy. And turns back to the wall. But he can't stop staring at the map...studying it, checking out all the angles. He might even be considering it. The room goes SILENT.

Bobby turns back to the stairs, letting John to think about it, and as he goes, hey slowly starts to hum the tune to the Rolling Stones "Sympathy for the Devil."

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(Singing)

*Hope you guessed my name. But
what's confusing you, is just the
nature of my game...ooo! Ooo!*

John looks up at him. The fuck are you doing?

BOBBY (CONT'D)

*...just as every cop is a criminal,
and all the sinners saints...*

Bobby looks back as he's about to disappear into the kitchen, a big GRIN on his face.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

*Just call me Lucifer, 'cause I'm
in need of some restraint. OO! OO!*

John looks down at the badge in his hands. He sees a small, a strange reflection of himself in the SEAL OF BOSTON.

FADE OUT.

"Sympathy for the Devil" starts to play in earnest.

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY COURT HOUSE - DAY

John waits on the docket in an old cardigan and khakis next to SGT. MCCAFERTY in his full dress uniform.

JUDGE (O.S.)

Calleary, John Joseph.

They both rise to the bench.

INT. MA'S ROOM - DAY

Jackie walks in and sits on the edge of the bed, trying not to disturb the crisp fold of the sheets. He stares at his parents sanctuary, the photos on the wall, taking it all in.

EXT. SUFFOLK COUNTY COURT HOUSE - LATER

John and the Sergeant walk down the front steps. John looks forelorn, like the other shoe just dropped.

SERGEANT MCCAFERTY

Sorry, kid. Tough shit right there.

He puts a light hand on John's shoulders and walks away. No helping him now. John lights a cigarette and walks down the long stair case and out into GOVERNMENT CENTER.

EXT. COME-HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

The neighborhood's quiet - save for the Stones echoing from inside the pub. It's SNOWING and the flakes look fat coming down in the light outside the bar.

SUPERIMPOSE: MARCH 16th, 1975.

INT. COME-HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, Bootch and Coolyan drink at the bar, waiting. "Sympathy for the Devil" is playing on the JUKEBOX.

BOOTCH

Think he'll come?

Bobby shrugs. Who knows?

INT. CONTINENTAL/EXT. COMEHAIL PUB - CONTINUOUS

John watches the bar from the front seat of his car. He's shivering.

A COP CAR suddenly flies by - LIGHTS on, SIRENS roaring. John watches it go, an ambiguous look on his face.

He turns up the heater against the cold.

INT. COME-HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - LATER

Bobby throws back another shot. A DOOR OPENS. He turns...

Jackie walks in from the BACK. He looks uncomfortable, turned in - as if he isn't sure about what he's doing. He locks eyes with Bobby. He nods. He's in.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Bobby throws a piece of RUG over a BARBED WIRE FENCE. He motions for Jackie to go over, and hold his hands out for a five finger boost. But as Jackie steps up...

A CAR DOOR SLAMS behind them. They both turn towards the parking lot across the street. Nothing.

Jackie goes over the fence.

LATER

Jackie drops over onto the other, side followed quickly by Bobby. They wipe themselves off, and turn towards the docks when...

JOHN steps out of the darkness.

JACKIE
Oh holy shit.

Jackie takes off, but John grabs him by the collar and throws him into the fence. He holds him there by the throat and climbs right up into Bobby's face. The three of them exchange looks, the two younger ones terrified. A pregnant silence.

JOHN
One thing: I go through with this--
(He points to Bobby)
You, Shit for Brains, don't go near
anything that goes, "boom." 'kay?

Bobby holds up his hands. You got it. John takes a deep breath. Nods. He's in.

JOHN (CONT'D)
All right. The fuck are we standing
around for then?

LATER

The Callearys walk behind the FOREMAN'S TRAILER and towards a pile covered in thick canvas tarp.

BOBBY
...Jackie'll meet me at the Summer
Street bridge. We'll come to you.
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 (Off John's nod)
 That sound all right?

John looks Bobby over. He's just a fucking kid, how could he plan all this out? Jackie rips up the tarp.

There's TWO ROWBOATS.

JOHN
 What's with the two of them?
 Thought you weren't going in?

BOBBY
 (Shrugging)
 Figured you might come around.

Try as he might, John cracks a grin.

CLOSE ON: A BACKPACK full of dynamite.

John tosses a flap over it, clamps it shut. A PIN on the flap reads "Champions of the People" over a picture of John and Bobby Kennedy.

John throws the bag onto his shoulder and walks towards a launch, where Bobby's lowering Jackie into one of the boats.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 You wanna keep dry out there, all
 right? It's too fucking cold
 tonight.

He tosses Jackie the other BACKPACK. Jackie catches it, HORRIFIED. Bobby doesn't get why.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 OH shit! Right. The dynamite.

John sighs. Jesus. He drops himself into the other boat.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 All right, so we'll all meet at the
 Beaver no later than 2. You good?

John tosses his keys at Bobby. Bobby goes.

John turns and considers the harbor. It's dark and calm.

JACKIE
 You really gonna do this?

JOHN
 Yeah. You sure you wanna go through
 with it?

Jackie takes a breath. His teeth are chattering already.

JACKIE
(Nodding)
But why? Why do you want to do it?

John thinks of how to put it best. Sighs.

JOHN
(In his best Kennedy
Accent)
"Because it is there."

Jackie stares at him like he's waiting for John to drop a punch line. He doesn't. He just sits down and grabs his oars.

EXT. MOUTH OF THE CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

A HARBOR MASTER BOAT passes under the Northern Ave. Bridge, headed for the harbor.

As it's engines echo into the open water, the SOUND of oars SLAPPING can be heard, and John and Jackie row their boats in tandem out from the shadows of the channel's high walls.

EXT. SUMMER STREET - LATER

The Continental pulls over in view of the BRIDGE.

INT. CONTINENTAL - CONTINUOUS

Bobby turns off the car, his breath STEAMING as the engine ticks down.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

...John rows over to the center PYLONS of the Northern Ave. Bridge...

...Jackie floats under the Seaport Blvd. Bridge. The H.M.S. BEAVER and Congress Street lay in front of him...

...John rigs the end of a WIRE into BUNDLE of DYNAMITE....

...Jackie secures a BUNDLE of dynamite to a PYLON...

...John runs his WIRE from a bundle on one pylon to the bundle on another...

...Bobby gets out of the car and walks towards the bridge.

EXT. SUMMER STREET BRIDGE - LATER

Jackie pulls the boat up under the bridge, close to the wall. He's shivering, his teeth chattering.

Bobby walks out from under the bridge, waves to him.

JACKIE
I'm fuckin' freezin, Bobby.

BOBBY
Shut the fuck up. They can hear you all the way in Dorchester.

Jackie rows towards Bobby.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
The fuck are you doing? You still got the second bridge.

Jackie hands him the backpack.

JACKIE
Just take it.

Bobby, frustrated, takes the backpack. Jackie sits back down in the boat, cradling the last TWO BUNDLES of dynamite. He grabs his oars when...

FOOTSTEPS echo above them. They both freeze.

Bobby slowly climbs out from under the bridge and peaks onto the roadway. He drops right back down, HORROR-STRUCK.

BOBBY
It's a fucking cop.

JACKIE
Holy fuck.

Jackie stands up in the boat and hands him the dynamite.

EXT. H.M.S. BEAVER - CONTINUOUS

John climbs a ROPE LADDER up the side of the ship, as his rowboat, CAPSIZED, sinks into the black water.

EXT. SUMMER STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

A BEAT COP in a leather jacket walks across the bridge.

EXT. UNDER THE SUMMER STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jackie's standing on the exposed hull of his flipped over rowboat, pumping his legs, trying to get it to sink.

BOBBY

Come on, come on.

JACKIE

I'm fucking trying.

Jackie kicks the hull and accidentally knocks it into the WALL with a loud, metallic THUD. Bobby looks terrified.

EXT. SUMMER STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Beat Cop stops in his tracks. He pulls out a flashlight.

EXT. UNDER THE SUMMER STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The boat finally goes under just as a FLASHLIGHT BEAM appears on the water.

Bobby ducks into the shadows under the bridge. Jackie has to slip into the drink.

The FLASHLIGHT catches the ripple from the sinking boat, and lingers, as if the cop were studying it. The light suddenly clicks off.

Jackie comes up, gasping and shivering, painfully trying to be quiet. He looks up at Bobby, who looks up at the bridge.

The Cops footsteps ECHO as he crosses to the other side.

Bobby shakes his head: not safe. Jackie winces, dives back down again. The light appears on the other side - right where Jackie went under.

BOBBY

(To himself)

Oh Jesus Christ.

EXT. H.M.S. BEAVER - CONTINUOUS

John stands in the stern of the ship, squinting to see if he can make out Jackie's boat at the other end of the channel.

He looks down at his watch: 2.15 a.m. Pensive, nervous, he starts whistling "The Way We Were."

EXT. SUMMER STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Beat Cop, peering over the edge, shrugs. He turns off the light and keeps on walking.

EXT. UNDER THE SUMMER STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby listens as the steps move off. He watches the water, intensely.

BOBBY

Jackie.

(No reply)

Jackie come on.

(No reply)

Oh Christ, please...

Terrified, Bobby slowly starts to strip off his jacket. But suddenly Jackie pops up, gasping, teeth chattering. He bobs up and down in the current.

JACKIE

Help...Bobby.

BOBBY

Jackie, just swim over to me.

JACKIE

Please help me, Bobby.

BOBBY

Jackie, come on, you know I can't swim. Just swim over.

JACKIE

I can't.

Bobby looks at the water. He swallows.

BOBBY

All right then, I guess you're going to die in there.

JACKIE

No.

BOBBY CALLEARY

Yeah. You're going to die in there.
'Cause you can swim five feet, you fuckin faggot.

Jackie starts paddling over to the wall. Bobby smiles, RELIEVED.

BOBBY
That's it, you pussy. Come on.

EXT. H.M.S. BEAVER - CONTINUOUS

John climbs over the side of the ship, and jumps down on the MUSEUM DOCK. He freezes - FOOTSTEPS.

John looks up to the Congress St. Bridge. He sees the COP, and he slowly climbs back onto the ship.

EXT. SUMMER STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby pulls Jackie out of the channel, water rushing out of his clothes, and lays him down under the bridge. His face is blue and his teeth are chattering.

JACKIE
I'm going to die here, Bobby.

BOBBY
Oh you're not going to die, you pussy. You're just really cold.

JACKIE
You can die from that.

BOBBY
Shut up. Help me get you up -
you'll feel better.

Bobby pulls Jackie to his feet, but Jackie collapses. Bobby manages to catch him just before he hits the ground.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Ah, come on, kid, you're all right.

JACKIE
Help me, Bobby...my fucking hands,
they're cold.

BOBBY CALLEARY
You're alright.

Bobby, not without difficulty, throws him over his shoulder, and slowly carries him off.

EXT. SUMMER STREET BRIDGE - LATER

John sneaks under the bridge. No sign of his brothers. Just the wire to the first bridge hanging limply from a rafter.

He looks up at the roadway. Do I go find out what happened, or... He starts to climb up into the street when he spots something scrawled on the side of the bridge. It's a note written in poor kid sidewalk chalk - a rock someone scraped against the steel.

CLOSE ON: Everything's fine. Stay with the Boat. Sincerely, Shit for Brains.

Conflicted, John backs away towards the Beaver.

EXT. FORT POINT CHANNEL - DAY

Bobby walks along the channel whistling "The Joker," trailing the WIRE from the Summer Street bridge.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
*The 1975 St. Patrick's Day parade
 is set to begin at the top of the
 hour, we're coming at you live from
 South Boston...*

A COP walks towards him and Bobby takes a breath. But as the cop gets closer, he realizes it's just COOLYAN in one of his uncle's uniforms. Coolyan passes him with a wink and a grin.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - H.M.S. BEAVER - LATER

John sits on the floor, wrapped in blankets, listening to the news on a PORTABLE radio. The plunger's between his knees.

Suddenly, he hears FOOTSTEPS on the deck above him. He flips off the radio calmly.

Bobby walks in. John jumps up, throws him against the wall.

JOHN
 Where the FUCK were you?

BOBBY
 Wow, wow, wow--

John picks him of his feet by the collar.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 I had to take Jackie to the E.R. I
 couldn't make it back--

John slams him into the wall, harder.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

-A cop came over the bridge. The Kid went into the drink. It was a fuckin disaster, John!

JOHN

You couldn't have told me?

BOBBY

He was turning fuckin' blue. It was one or the other. What would you have had me do? You woulda left...

John stares him down. But Bobby doesn't flinch.

JOHN

Is he all right now?

BOBBY

Well yeah, but he might lose some fingers.

JOHN

Oh, motherfuck...

John puts his hand through the wall next to Bobby's head. And keeps on punching.

BOBBY

John--

John picks up chair and starts smashing the furniture.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

JOHN--

JOHN

-No, fuck you. Fuck this goddamn boat. Fuck this whole mess. How did I even get into this shit? You know what? Fuck this. You wanna blow the bridges on the Fort Point Channel? Do it yourself. I'm fuckin out.

John turns to leave. Bobby grabs him.

BOBBY

Look, we've come this far, you can hold your temper for five fucking minutes.

JOHN

Get ya hands off me.

BOBBY

How do you think I felt? Huh? I
couldn't even go in after him,
John. But it happened. Don't fuck
this up now.

Bobby shoves his watch in John's face. It's 12.53.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Just give me until 1 o'clock.
That's all I'm asking. 7 minutes.
Just don't do nothing until then.

John knocks Bobby's hand off him and charges off the boat.

EXT. CHANNEL - LATER

John storms away from the Beaver, and as he walks, he surveys the channel. No cars. No people. Even the water is still. There's no one, literally nothing there to stop them.

Then, a small RUMBLING in the distance...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The parade's PIPE AND DRUM CORPS can be seen warming up on a small, black-and-white TV hanging on the hospital wall.

Across the room, Jackie's asleep, his hands wrapped in pristine bandages.

EXT. COME-HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - DAY

Luke walks towards the bar, his chin tucked into his chest and his collar popped to hide his face. He's got a three-day old beard and bags under his eyes. He stops at the front door, looks over his shoulder and walks in.

INT. COME-HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The bar's three people deep, and every booth, stool, and piece of wall is occupied with someone wearing green.

Luke shoves his way to the bar. Finn, ringing on the cash register, sees him and nods towards a BACK TABLE.

Luke looks over, sees three MEN IN SUITS sitting there, EYE-FUCKING him hard: the FEDS. He turns back to Finn.

FINN
(Inaudible)
Back door. Go.

Luke turns to the rear door only to see two more SUITS now flanking it. His shoulders sag. He looks back at Finn.

FINN (CONT'D)
(Inaudible)
I'm sorry, bro.

Luke, trapped, wearily drags himself over to the Feds.

A WAITRESS turns up the DIAL on the TV above the bar.

TV ANNOUNCER
*...the parade is all set to begin
here in South Boston...*

The bar CHEERS.

EXT. SEAPORT BLVD BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy checks his watch. He pulls out a roll of POLICE TAPE and tosses it across the bridge. Rocco catches it and secures it on that side.

They each drag a pair of WOODEN HORSES onto the roadway.

EXT. CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

COOLYAN, his UNCLE and FIVE other UNIFORMS start sealing off the Southern side of the bridges.

INT. H.M.S. BEAVER - CONTINUOUS

Bobby checks the WIRES going into the plunger. He uses a JACK KNIFE to tighten the BOLTS holding them down.

EXT. CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

John walks down Summer Street, the bridges behind him.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- All the roadways are blocked off.
- The streets and sidewalks around the bridges: empty.

- All the explosives are in place, tied onto the bridges right above water line. The fuses are connected. Everything is in its place, except...

- There's nothing wired to the second Summer St. Bridge. It's bare, not wired at all. It's the one bridge Jackie didn't get to.

EXT. CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

Walking away from the boat and down the channel, John checks his watch again: 2 minutes. He tosses a look back at the Beaver. Bobby might actually get away with this.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Pipes and Drums have started MARCHING on the TV.

EXT. H.M.S. BEAVER - CONTINUOUS

Bobby checks his watch. Minute-and-a-half to go.

EXT. SUMMER STREET - SOUTHIE - CONTINUOUS

Bootch, Coolyan and his Uncle cut off their pants with SWITCHBLADES, and shove them into a waiting TRASH BARREL. Coolyan douses the barrel with butane and tosses in a match. They run off as the FLAMES erupt behind them.

EXT. ROWES WHARF - CONTINUOUS

Rocco and Mullins - followed by THREE of their GUYS - walk towards two idling LINCOLNS. They're all out of costume.

At the lead car, Rocco points his crew to the second car. Take that one.

ROCCO
We'll see you all in a few days.

They nod. Rocco and Mullins climb into the lead Lincoln.

EXT. SUMMER STREET - CONTINUOUS

John takes one last look around the channel. The bridges. The water. The Beaver. The City beyond all of that. One way or the other, it's all about to be a lot different.

He checks his watch - 1 minute to go. He pops the collar on his jacket, turns his back to the bridges, and walks off.

EXT. STREETS OF SOUTHIE - CONTINUOUS

Coolyan, his Uncle and Bootch sprint down an alley, turn off into a side street, and run smack into a CROWD fifteen deep. They're SHOCKED. Nobody was supposed to be here.

Coolyan walks up to a guy in a red PAT the PATRIOT'S HAT.

COOLYAN

What's this all about, pal?

GUY IN HAT

Didnya hear? They moved the parade route. Some last minute horeshit.

Coolyan and his Uncle are HORRIFIED.

EXT. SUMMER STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

John walks down the middle of the street, staring at his shoes. But he STOPS, suddenly, as if someone were yelling his name. Only he can't make it out - he can just barely hear something on the wind...

BAGPIPES. And they're getting closer.

He slowly turns and finds the entire ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE marching towards him and the Summer Street bridge.

JOHN

Oh Holy Christ.

John SPRINTS towards the Beaver.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - CONTINUOUS

From the back seat of the car, Mullins and Rocco look up at the CUSTOMS HOUSE CLOCK TOWER. The big hands strikes 1.

They exchange a look. Here we go.

INT. H.M.S. BEAVER - CONTINUOUS

Bobby looks down at his watch. 1 p.m. He gives himself the SIGN OF THE CROSS, and grips the plunger.

BOBBY CALLEARY
God - I'm assumin ya gonna
understand this.

EXT. CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

John runs along the channel and hurdles the gate at the Tea Party Museum.

EXT. SUMMER STREET - SOUTHIE - CONTINUOUS

The PARADE marches at a steady pace towards the bridge.

INT. H.M.S. BEAVER - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, holding the plunger, takes a deep breath, readies himself. He sighs. And as he's leans down--

-FOOTSTEPS crash down on the deck above. He flinches.

JOHN (O.S.)
BOBBY! BOBBY! BOBBY!

John appears in the doorway.

BOBBY
What?

John goes quiet, gestures out the door. The faint WHINE of the PIPES echoes in the cabin. Bobby's eyes shoot open.

BOBBY CALLEARY
Which bridge are they on, John?
Jackie didn't wire the last bridge.

JOHN
What?

BOBBY
WHAT FUCKING BRIDGE ARE THEY--

John smacks the plunger away from Bobby, but Bobby quickly scrambles for it. John jumps on top of him, but Bobby still reaches for it with his fingertips. It's only inches away.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Please, John! If they're on that
bridge, John If there's ANY chance
they're on that bridge just let me
do it - they won't get hurt.
(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Just let fuckin me do it! I worked
too hard!

JOHN
Bobby, it's too fuckin late.

The echo of the PIPES and the DRUMS rattles the ship. Bobby hears it and bangs his head off the deck, repeatedly. It's over. He blew it. He rips the wires out of the PLUNGER.

BOBBY
Let's get the fuck out of here.

EXT. H.M.S. BEAVER - CONTINUOUS

John and Bobby dump the plunger into the water and take off.

EXT. TOBIN BRIDGE - DAY

The Two Lincolns pass over the bridge - the Bunker Hill monument coming up on their lefts.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - CONTINUOUS

Rocco and Mullins each stare out a separate window, TERRIFIED. The radio's on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
*...the parade is now making its way
over the Summer Street Bridge, a
minor detour from the day's
original plan...*

EXT. CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

John and Bobby walk away from the channel, back into Southie, as the PARADE passes over the bridge behind them.

EXT. PARADE ROUTE - SOUTHIE - CONTINUOUS

As the parade marches by, Coolyan, his Uncle and Bootch are the only miserable faces in a massive crowd of smiling Irish.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jackie watches the TV, frowning as if he were about to cry. He looks down at his hands.

JACKIE CALLEARY
One fucking Pyrrhic victory.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - LATER

John shields his face from the outside glass and holds a hand over his ear - the echo of CHEERS and DRUMS can still be heard in the distance.

JOHN
...anyone heard from my uncle?

ROCCO (O.S.)
It's not looking good John. He's the one picked up the detonators. All of a sudden he goes missing? Then the thing with the parade? Fuckin Mull's besides himself...

JOHN
How could it have been him? Did you tell him? Bobby said he was just supposed to think he was buying detonators...

ROCCO (O.S.)
Either way, you think one of us would've seen the fuckin news this morning. How'd--

John slams down the phone. As he climbs out of the booth, Bobby's waiting to hear the news. John just shakes his head, and they both walk down the street to the COMEHAIL.

INT. COME-HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - DUSK

John and Bobby sit at the near empty bar, and stare blank-eyed at the TV above the top-shelf booze.

The EVENING NEWS is showing clips of the PARADE going over the BRIDGE.

BOBBY
You think they knew?

JOHN
Yeah. They knew.

BOBBY
But how? How could they've known?

John shrugs. He doesn't want to mention Luke.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
So what do we do now?

JOHN
(Shocked)
Whatty mean what do we do now?

BOBBY
You know, instead. About this. How
do we find out who ratted?

John stares at him. Unbelievable.

JOHN
Bobby, you just spent six months of
your life trying to blow up the
bridges on the Fort Point Channel.
We're not even old enough to be
drafted yet. Our mother's in the
psyche ward and our brother's laid
up in Carney with hypothermia...
'cause of us. *What the fuck can you*
do? It's done. You blew your load.
Now it's runnin down the tile in
the bathtub. It's over. And I was
foolish enough to let you do it.

Bobby plants his elbows on the bar and, heartbroken, puts his
face in his hands.

BOBBY
I just hope they don't take his
fingers, John. He'll get some
fuckin' stupid nickname - he'll be
a Southie character for life.

John slowly closes his eyes, wincing.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
It's a fine fuckin job we did.
(Read:...as brothers.)

The two brothers sit there quietly. The bar goes silent.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
...*St. Patrick's Day parade was a
success in South Boston this
afternoon, despite the constant and
heated reminders of the city's on-
going busing crisis...*

John glances up at the T.V. A small skirmish erupts in the
middle of the parade replay: an Irish TEEN raises a fist to a
PRIEST before someone steps in and hauls the Teen away.

As if it's all of sudden too much to bear, John slides off his stool and trudges towards the back door.

Bobby watches from the bar as John walks out without a word.

FADE OUT.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - WESTERN MASS. - SUMMER - NIGHT

Rocco and Mullins walk across an empty lot towards an idling 18 WHEELER. Their ITALIAN friend walks between them.

SUPERIMPOSE: SUMMER.

ITALIAN

Ya ever find out what happened with ya little demonstration there? Ya think someone turned rat?

ROCCO

What do you think? They re-routed the entire fucking parade for the hell of it?

ITALIAN

You gotta appreciate the irony there though. They got your guy Patty there and instead of leading all the snakes outta Ireland, he's leading all the niggers right back into South Boston.

Jimmy Mullins has to smile, as if to say "you're not wrong."

ROCCO

They'll learn though. Ten years from now this city'll be an unrecognizable fuckin dump.

ITALIAN

Oh yeah? You want that? Cut off your nose despite ya...

ROCCO

The fuck else can you do? Fuck 'em. Fuck 'em all.

As they reach the truck, Rocco keeps walking.

ITALIAN

Where you going?

Rocco thumbs towards a CORVETTE.

ROCCO
Riding point.

ITALIAN
Oh ya, who you got in the shotgun?

JIMMY MULLINS
Ya buddy there.
(to Truck)
Yo, Three Fingers.

Jackie sticks his head out the passenger window and waves.
His right hand is mangled - it's only got three fingers.

ITALIAN
(Recognizing Jackie)
Ho, there he is! I like that kid.
He's a funny fucking kid that one.

INT. BATHROOM - DISCO - NIGHT

Strobe lights and the disco version of "Oh What a Night" seep in to the john as a MAN IN A WHITE SUIT (25) walks in, and passes Bobby ripping a fast-line off the rim of a sink.

COOLYAN
I hear they're gonna start busin C-Town next fall.

BOBBY
Fuck Charlestown.

Coolyan does a line, passes the straw to Bootch.

BOOTCH
You gonna go back in September?

Bootch does a short line and rubs his nose.

BOBBY
Yeah probably, I got one more year.
I'll stick it out.

Bobby rips a huge line, coughs, and leans against a stall rubbing his nose. He looks like shit - blood shot eyes, sweat-drenched skin.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Yeah, one more year. That's it.
Just one more year...

INT. RECRUITER'S OFFICER - DAY

John sits across a large, oak desk from a Marine Corps RECRUITER, who's hunched over a form, pen poised.

RECRUITER
...you ever been convicted of a
felony?

John shakes his head. The Recruiter stares at him, suspicious, but John just stares back. The Recruiter smiles and turns back to the form.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)
Good. Me neither.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM - CALLEARY HOUSE - NIGHT

John lays out on his bed, his arms behind his head, staring up at the ceiling. The room's bare - cleaned out.

The RADIO on his night stand broadcasts the SOX GAME.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...and *Lynn steps into bat...*

Jackie comes down the stairs and stops at John's doorway. John doesn't even look up.

JACKIE CALLEARY
Heard you joined the Corps.
(John nods)
When d'you go in?

JOHN
Day after I graduate.

JACKIE
They got good benefits with that?

JOHN
Yeah.

JACKIE
You know, Ma's upset about it. She
won't say nothing. But she is.

John shrugs.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
You seen Bobby around at all?

JOHN
Don't see him a lot anymore.

Jackie nods, aimlessly. He's about run out of conversation.

JACKIE
Well, alright...I'll let you alone
then.

He turns to go.

JOHN
How're Mull and Rocco treatin' ya?

JACKIE
They treat me good. Not a lot of
jobs you can get with a half-a-
hand, you know?

JOHN
You tell me if they don't.

Jackie rolls his eyes. Yeah-sure. John's done a great job of
protecting him in the past.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You gonna go back to school in the
fall?

JACKIE
(Shrugging)
Don't know. Maybe. We'll see.

Jackie doesn't want to talk this time. He turns again and
gets halfway up the stairs before he stops. He's spotted the
Polaroid of John and Quinn on a dusty shelf.

JACKIE CALLEARY
(Over his shoulder)
You know, I can't help but think,
with all this shit going on...Dad
would be pretty fucking pissed.

John stares at him. He knows Jackie's right but he doesn't
want to acknowledge it. He just turns away.

Jackie slips the picture into his pocket and walks out.

INT. COME HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

John nurses a beer, watching the SOX GAME. He sips his drink
and puts it down on a LEATHER FOLDER already scarred with
condensation rings.

The folder reads: SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL, CLASS OF '75.

The bathroom door gets kicked open and Bobby walks out. He looks skinnier, paler. He wipes his nose with the palm of his hand. He's surprised to see John at the bar.

BOBBY

How long you been here?

JOHN

A while.

Bobby shrugs, knowing that John must know what he was doing. Either way, he sits down next to him at the bar. They both turn to the game.

FINN

What can I get ya, Bobby?

BOBBY CALLEARY

Whatever he's having. Bring him another one, too.

Finn pours two beers, and Bobby rips a few bills off a large WAD OF CASH. Finn places the drinks down and moves on.

JOHN

Where'd you get that?

BOBBY CALLEARY

Work.

John gives him a look. Bobby spots the DIPLOMA.

BOBBY

You graduate today?

John half-smiles.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Why didn't you say nothing?

JOHN

Don't worry about it.

Bobby shakes his head. They both turn back to the game.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You doin' alright?

BOBBY

Me? Yeah. I'm fine.

Bobby drinks. The inning comes to an end and the Sox walk off the field. Finn comes by, pours two more beers. Bobby seems lost in thought.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
We came awful fucking close, John.
Didn't we?

JOHN
Yeah. You did.

Bobby snorts out an empty laugh. Finn puts the beers down.

FINN
It's probably cold comfort, but at least you got that story to tell for the rest of your lives: you're the brothers who almost blew up the bridges on the Fort Point Channel.

He sets up three SHOT GLASSES on the bar and fills them with JACK DANIELS.

BOBBY
Yup. Almost.

Finn raises his glass.

FINN
Well, to that then: almosts.

They all drink. Bobby slams his glass down, shaking his head.

BOBBY
He had to fuckin' rat us out.

John frowns. He knows Bobby's never going to let this go.

INT. LUKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Luke throws on his jacket standing by the door, sticks his keys in his pocket.

JOANIE (O.S.)
Where you goin?

Joanie and Ma - lookin' clean and heavier - play with the Baby on the living room carpet. The Sox game is on the big FLOOR CONSOLE behind them.

LUKE
Out.

JOANIE

Where?

LUKE

I'm just going to get a drink.

MA

With that rotten son of mine?

Luke rolls his eyes, tired of hearing about it.

LUKE

You know he graduated the other day, right?

(She shrugs)

I don't know why you're still mad at him, you look great.

MA

Who turns in their own mother to a State mental ward? He's a rat. I raised a fuckin rat.

LUKE

Well, I don't know what to tell ya, hon. He's not my son. Be mad the rest of your life then if you want.

She gives him a dead stare. There's a pregnant silence. The game echoes in the background.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

...Rice, Lynn, Fisk - the youth the Red Sox have cultivated these last few years - have made all the difference with this team...

Luke just walks out.

INT. COME HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Luke and John drink at the bar. There's a noticeable distance between them now.

LUKE

So when do you leave?

JOHN

Tomorrow.

LUKE

Sucks.

Luke turns back to the game on the TV. That distance is hard to make up. Finn pours him a shot of JACK DANIELS.

JOHN

(Pressing for
conversation)

You gonna be alright with that? Not gonna flashback on me again are ya?

LUKE

Don't worry about me, all right?
Worry about yourself.

He turns to John to make his point, and sees he's upset about the way they're talking to each other. Luke relents.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You want one?

JOHN

I'll take one, yeah.

Finn pours John a Jack.

JOHN (CONT'D)

So how's work going?

LUKE

(Shrugging)

Steady.

JOHN

It was nice of Mull and Rocco to give Jackie that job.

LUKE

Glad you're happy about it. I'm not. That kid...fuckin' shame.

John turns back to the game, knocking back his drink. Jackie's probably not the best subject to bring up.

The inning comes to an end. The TV goes to commercial.

JOHN

So you, uh...wanna tell me about the FBI?

LUKE

(Defensive)

Why? You think I was the rat?

JOHN

I didn't say that.

LUKE

Why'd it take you so long to ask?
(John shrugs)

How would I have dimed? I didn't know anything. Mull never told me who the detonators were for. Kept me in the dark like Bobby told him to.

(Read:....and you let him.)

John stares into the bottom of his glass.

JOHN

You know why he didn't tell ya.

LUKE

Yeah, I've heard.

Luke pulls out his money. He's ready to go. John grabs the cash out of his hand.

JOHN

Look, I just want to know if maybe they gave you something about who told. I don't want to get through Paris Island just to get pulled back here on arraignment, you know?

Luke sighs. He doesn't want to go into it.

LUKE

They just asked me if I'd heard something about Fort Point. I said no. They left me in a room by myself until the bridges stayed up. Then they let me go. That was it.

John hands him back his money. Thank you. Luke throws back his drink.

LUKE (CONT'D)

But Tommy Halloran? Guy I went to school with down Archies. He's worked for the Feds since we got back from Vietnam. I gave him a call a few weeks ago - just wanted to know, you know? Where it came from. How they got my name. He told me a couple of soldiers down Camp Edwards got nervous, started talking about how they sold some old detonators to guys from Southie.

(MORE)

LUKE (CONT'D)

Well, the Feds pulled me in 'cause of some separate hijacking thing, but neither the Staties nor the Army could identify anyone for either case. So what happened was the Feds took the Army's confession, combined it with that rumor from December, and got lucky. That's it.

John snorts, shakes his head. Unbelievable.

LUKE (CONT'D)

But it's such a government clusterfuck - Army selling explosives to race agitators - they can't prosecute without making themselves look bad. So ya'll be fine. Don't worry about it.

Luke drains his beer and stares into the bottom of it.

LUKE (CONT'D)

I just can't believe you didn't tell me what you were doin.

JOHN

We were thinking about the kid.

Luke shakes his head, sighs.

LUKE

This fucking family.

He waves Finn over for another round.

EXT. COME HAIL PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

Luke and John walk out, and as the door shuts behind them the light above it turns off. They've closed the place.

Swaying, John sticks out his hand. Luke looks him over - his nephew with the Corps haircut and the drunk grin - as if he wished he had something more to say. But he doesn't. He just smiles sadly and slaps John gently on the cheek.

LUKE

Take care, all right? Keep your head down.

John, too drunk to speak, stares at Luke wanting more. But Luke just grabs his hand and gives it a good shake.

Luke turns and walks away. John smirks. That's just as good a goodbye as he's going to get around here.

EXT. STREETS OF SOUTHIE - NIGHT

John walks down a dark and empty sidewalk littered with garbage. He kicks a can into the street.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- He passes by Carson Beach, where they had that riot the summer before.
- He passes bordered up store fronts and brick walls with graffiti tattooed all over 'em: "Don't Tread on Me;" "Fuck Niggers," "Wallace '76."
- He passes the docks where he used to work.
- He walks by the Stivetti's elementary school.
- He passes South Boston High. All the places he's come in and out of in the last year since busing.

EXT. CHANNEL - NIGHT

John, leaning on a railing, looks out over the four BRIDGES, the water, the Beaver, and BOSTON beyond that. He takes it all in, as if it's the last time he's going to see any of it.

When he's done, he pushes himself off the railing, and walks away, hands in his pockets. He's leaving. As he goes he quietly starts whistling the tune to "The Joker."

JOHN

*...You're the cutest thing I ever
did see, really love your...*

FADE TO BLACK.