

R U N A L L N I G H T

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Draft 1/3/12

R U N A L L N I G H T

INT. BUICK LESABRE, MOVING — PHILADELPHIA — NIGHT (1995)

A Phillies baseball game broadcast is heard on the radio:

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER

...Here's the 2-1 to Dykstra. Low and away, ball 3. Dykstra's one for two on the night. He singled in the first and grounded into a fielder's choice...

JIMMY CONLON, early 30s, sits behind the wheel, a cigarette dangling from his lips as he listens to the play-by-play. His ruddy Irish face is roughened and broken, like that a heavyweight boxer who never knew when to throw in the towel.

Up ahead, red lights glow as a CADILLAC DEVILLE brakes and steers toward the curb. Jimmy follows, parking at a distance.

Two men step out of the Deville dressed in suits; SHAWN MAGUIRE, 30s, and his consigliere, PAT MULLEN, 30s.

Shawn approaches. Jimmy rolls the window down and Shawn leans in. He's handsome, tough, savagely loyal. The type of leader you'd follow anywhere. And Jimmy does.

SHAWN

We're gonna get the parents now. You all set, ace?

Jimmy nods. Shawn smiles as sharp as a new penny, playfully slaps Jimmy's cheek, then goes.

Jimmy watches as Shawn and Pat approach a duplex and knock on the front door. An ELDERLY COUPLE answers. Shawn shakes the man's hand and gentlemanly helps the woman down the steps. The four enter the Cadillac and it cruises off.

Jimmy goes to work now. Shuts off the radio. Stubs out his cigarette. Slides on leather gloves. Opens the glove compartment and removes a STAINLESS STEEL SW1911 .45 ACP PISTOL. Tucks it into his black leather coat and —

EXT. STREET — CONTINUOUS

Jimmy strides toward the home we saw the Elderly Couple exit. Down the alley between homes. Into the BACKYARD now and...

...Abruptly, he's INSIDE THE HOUSE, walking up the STAIRS with the pistol in his hand. He can hear a SHOWER RUNNING and starts down the hall in that direction and...

...into a BEDROOM. A fusty, antiquated decor. Paintings of Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, a crucifix on the wall. The Phillies game plays on the television. The sound of the shower gets LOUDER and LOUDER AND LOUDER as he moves into...

...the BATHROOM. Thick with steam. Impossible to see. The water so fucking loud now, like a WATERFALL CRASHING and –

Jimmy RIPS the shower curtain back. A gaunt, tattooed man, BILLY COUGHLIN, 30, startles, covers himself:

BILLY
What the fuck!

And now he sees Jimmy and he knows Jimmy and he knows what he's come here for and he's really fucking scared and:

BILLY (CONT'D)
Jimmy, J-Jimmy please, no –

Jimmy RAISES the pistol:

BILLY (CONT'D)
But, Jimmy, I-I've been good – I've
been so good, Jimmy – I've –

BLAM! Jimmy FIRES! Right between the eyes. Billy COLLAPSES to the floor of the tub like he doesn't have bones. But strangely he doesn't die. Instead, he feels at the hole between his eyes and the river of blood racing down his face and he begins to LAUGH.

Jimmy raises the pistol again – **BLAM! BLAM!** – two bullets RIP HOLES in Billy's chest. He FLOPS AROUND like a fish out of water, GASPING horribly for air...but it's all a big joke.

Jimmy FIRES the pistol, over and over, but it only serves to make Billy LAUGH LOUDER, MORE MANIACALLY, as if he's being tickled by the bullets and –

INT. THE ABBEY PUB – FISHTOWN, PHILADELPHIA – (**PRESENT DAY**)

Jimmy wakes with a start. Breathless and flush. He takes a moment to let his nightmare ebb away and then sits up in the booth and reaches for a box of Marlboros. Lights one and sucks in a long, soothing drag. *There, that's better.*

He's in his late forties now and the years since he worked as hitman for Shawn Maguire haven't been kind to him. Scraggly, four-day beard. Eyes stung with exhaustion and glassy from too-much booze.

The place is decorated for the holidays and Burl Ives sings 'Holly Jolly Christmas' on the jukebox. Rough and profane IRISHMEN of all ages play pool, shoot the breeze at the bar, toss darts. This is home base for Shawn's crew.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Hey Conlon.

Jimmy looks over at FRANK DORSEY, 30s, a bulky, arrogant bruiser sitting on a stool among a group of ROUGHNECKS.

FRANK
You were fartin' in your sleep again,
yunno?

JIMMY
How the fuck would I know that? I was
sleepin'.

FRANK
You oughta try them geriatric diapers.
In case ya shit yourself.

Roughnecks SNICKER.

JIMMY
(mutters under his breath)
Go fuck your mothers.

Jimmy grabs a bottle of Bud. Two gulps in he realizes it's
full of cigarette butts. He SPITS the beer out in a huge
spray, all over his sweatshirt.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Fuckin' - motherfuckin' shit...

Frank and Roughnecks LAUGH.

The rear door opens. Jimmy watches as COLIN MAGUIRE, 27,
brash and irresponsible, enters with two plainclothes
detectives; JASON SAYERS, 40s, white, boyishly handsome, and
TERRY NANCE, 40s, black, wiry.

The three duck into a back office.

REAR HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Jimmy waits outside the BACK OFFICE. Inside, Colin finishes
telling Sayers and Nance a joke:

COLIN
- But how's that gonna make my tits
any bigger? Boyfriend says, Beats me,
but it worked on your ass.

Sayers and Nance LAUGH. Colin reaches into a drawer and hands
both cops envelopes thick with cash.

SAYERS
Thanks, Colin.

NANCE
'Preciate that, Colin.

COLIN (CONT'D)
(glances at his watch)
Alright get outta here. Shit, shower,
shave time for me.

Sayers and Nance stand.

SAYERS
Got a hot date? Gonna sniff a little
pussy under the mistletoe.

COLIN

I wish. I'm introducin' my father to a new client tonight. Been tryin' to put this fuckin' deal together for nine months. Finally the old man agrees to hear me out.

SAYERS

Well he's a busy man your father.

COLIN

(with disdain)

Yeah no shit. Merry Christmas, fellas.

Sayers and Nance exit the office, tossing a glare in Jimmy's direction on their way out the back door.

Colin still hasn't noticed Jimmy. He sits behind the desk, dumps a baggy of cocaine onto a mirror. Razorblades a line and SNORTS a bump. He looks restless and edgy.

Jimmy KNOCKS. Startled, Colin looks up:

COLIN (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! Can I get one fuckin' moment to myself? Whaddayou want?

JIMMY

(stepping inside)

I talked to your dad this mornin'. The furnace blew over at my place. Told me to see you about a loan.

COLIN

A loan or a handout?

Colin shakes his head in disgust, pulls out a roll of cash.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You're like a fuckin' annuity, you know that? Why my old man keeps you around, I got no idea.

JIMMY

Maybe it's got summin' to do with us bein' friends goin' on fifty years. That type'a shit matters to some people, yunno?

COLIN

Anyone can put up with you that long oughta be canonized.

(re: cash)

How much?

JIMMY

Uh, 'bout eight hundred.

COLIN

I don't know what the fuck 'about
eight hundred' means. Gimme a number.

JIMMY

Eight hundred.

Colin offers Jimmy the cash. When Jimmy reaches for it, Colin
pulls it back... reconsidering... a smirk curling...

COLIN

Actually I'm gonna make you earn this.

He points to a SANTA CLAUS COSTUME hanging on a closet door.

COLIN (CONT'D)

McCauley's fat ass cancelled on me.

JIMMY

No. Fuck that. I gotta get home.

COLIN

(pulls the cash away)

Fair enough. Get home and freeze your
dick off.

Off Jimmy, looking at the suit, then the cash...

INT. PHILADELPHIA INT'L AIRPORT — BAGGAGE CLAIM — AFTERNOON

Large wrapped gifts circle the carousel. Arriving COLLEGE
STUDENTS are welcomed home by their PARENTS. A GIRL excitedly
jumps into the arms of her BOYFRIEND.

And watching it all is MIKE CONLON, late 20s, good-looking,
athletic. He's dressed in his chauffeur uniform and stands
among the other DRIVERS holding placards. It's like any other
day... except today Mike's placard reads: **VICK, M.**

TONY, 60s, a gruff colleague, stands beside him.

TONY

You gonna ask him about those three
interceptions last weekend?

MIKE

Yeah, Tone, cause that's exactly what
he wants to talk about...

(a moment, then:)

I stopped at Target on my way over and
bought two footballs. I'm gonna see if
he'll sign 'em for my daughters.

TONY

Bad idea, kiddo. Repko got canned for
doin' that, yunno? Asked Bette Midler
for a picture. She went batshit and
filed a report to Farina. Now he's
pushin' hot dogs outside the ballpark.

MIKE

(torn)

Anybody else I wouldn't bother, it's just... they're his biggest fans. You should see 'em on Sundays. Wake up wearin' his jersey and sit two inches from the TV screen.

And here comes MICHAEL VICK off the escalator. Fine suit under a long black overcoat. People take notice, point, stare, snap Iphone pictures. He strides towards Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Good evening, Mr. Vick. I can take that for you.

Mike grabs Vick's luggage and follows him toward the exit. He glances back at Tony, who mouths: *Don't Do It*.

INT. MIKE'S LIMOUSINE, MOVING — EARLY EVENING

SPORTS TALK on the RADIO. Mike drives, stealing glances at Vick in the rearview who is busy texting on his Blackberry. Mike's eyes shift to the passenger seat where's he placed the two just-purchased footballs alongside a Sharpie pen.

A CALLER on the RADIO becomes prominent:

CALLER (V.O.)

This is Andy from Roxborough. Michael Vick is a bum! He's a bum and —

Mike REACTS quickly and shuts the radio off. He glances embarrassedly back at Vick who is looking at him.

MIKE

Sorry about that... Lotta haters in this town.

EXT. LUXURY HIGH-RISE — RITTENHOUSE — NIGHT

The limo arrives out front. Mike opens the door for Vick and then removes his luggage. Vick hands him a generous tip.

VICK

Appreciate the ride, man.

MIKE

Sure thing. Good luck this weekend.

Vick wheels the luggage toward the lobby entrance. Mike looks at the footballs in the car... then at Vick walking away...

EXT. MAGUIRE HOME — FISHTOWN — ESTABLISHING — NIGHT

Like every other row home on the street. A bit nicer, but not much. Through the windows, we see a HOLIDAY PARTY underway.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
I'm told you're the Prince of the
City, Mr. Maguire. That you have
friends in all the places one could
hope to have friends.

INT. MAGUIRE HOME — OFFICE — NIGHT

CLOSE ON: SHAWN MAGUIRE sitting behind a large mahogany desk.
He's 50 years old now and he's aged as well as any man could
hope to. We hear the sounds of the party outside the door.

SHAWN
You shouldn't believe everything you
hear. I'm a simple man. I grew up in
this house. My father sat behind this
desk. The guests just outside that
door I've known since I was a boy.

Across from Shawn sits STEVAN KUJOVIC, 30s, an impeccably
dressed Serbian. His bodyguard GORAN, 40, hangs by the door.
Never far from Shawn's side, PAT MULLEN stands nearby.

KUJOVIC
Either way, I'd like to make an
arrangement with you.

PAT
What's in it for us?

KUJOVIC
Money, of course. A million up-front.

He sets a leather briefcase on the desk and opens it. Shawn
glances at the STACKS OF CASH inside.

KUJOVIC (CONT'D)
After that you'll receive twenty
percent of all the product you allow
to pass safely through the port.

Kujovic reaches into his jacket and removes a small baggy of
cocaine.

KUJOVIC (CONT'D)
(re: the cocaine)
My associates have a name for it.
Virgin. 99 percent pure. The very best
in the world.

Shawn mulls the cash a moment, seemingly impressed. Then:

SHAWN
The business has changed, Mr. Kujovic.
The mob's dead. Last week the Feds
arrested two members of what's left of
the Gambino Family. They were driving
sixteen year old girls to New Jersey
to have sex in short-stays while they
collected half the hourly fuck rate...
(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Twenty years ago I made a living the same way we all did. A few big scores a year, but mostly I was a grinder. You wanted to lay down on a few ball games, you came to me. You wanted to open a butcher shop and the bank said fuck-you on the loan, you came to me. Know what that butcher shop is today?
(pause for effect)
An Applebee's.

KUJOVIC

Why are you telling me this?

SHAWN

Because there's no money in that business anymore. I've had to adapt. Find other ways to make a living. But I don't deal in drugs. Know why?

KUJOVIC

Enlighten me.

SHAWN

It's a whore's business. And the pimps like you that bring that poison to the streets are worse than those two guineas peddling underage pussy at the Econo Lodge... D'you understand me?

The two men stare at each other an anxious moment, then:

KUJOVIC

I think this meeting is over.

PAT

Good observation.

Silently livid, Kujovic closes the briefcase and stands. He and Goran move to exit. Before they can:

SHAWN

One more thing...
(Kujovic turns back)
Whoever told you I had friends in this city was right. Make sure I never hear your name again.

Kujovic dismisses the threat with a smirk, then goes.

INT. FAMILY ROOM — NIGHT

The Annual Maguire Family Holiday Party. The space is crowded with FAMILY, FRIENDS, SENIOR MEMBERS OF THE GANG and their YOUNG CHILDREN. GIFTS are scattered around a CHRISTMAS TREE.

We find COLIN standing by a makeshift bar. Beside him, is KENAN BOYLE, 28, a born-bad roughneck friend tattooed toes-to-neck. Colin tosses back a shot of vodka. Probably his tenth.

COLIN
(to Bartender)
Gimme anotha one, will ya.

KENAN
(nudges Colin)
Here he comes now.

He's referring to Kujovic who is making his way towards them.

COLIN
(to Bartender)
Make it three, huh.
(sees him lift a bottle)
Not that, fuckhead, the good shit.

Kujovic arrives. Colin excitedly offers him a shot of vodka.

COLIN (CONT'D)
To a very Merry fuckin' Christmas and
many more to come.

But Kujovic doesn't accept the shot. He just stares at Colin.

KUJOVIC
You have until tomorrow night to
return my down payment, Colin.

COLIN
(nonplussed)
...What are you talkin' about?

KUJOVIC
I paid you to guarantee your father's
support -

COLIN
Yeah, yeah and -

KUJOVIC
And he just told me he'd rather deal
with a guinea pimp than me... Tomorrow
night. Or you know how this ends.

Colin sees it burning in Kujovic's eyes: the threat very
real. Kujovic and Goran leave.

Off Colin, confused, angry...

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Colin storms in and marches up to his father's desk.

COLIN
Kujovic just walked out. What'd you
say to him?

SHAWN
I heard him out like you asked me to,
and then I wished him safe travels.

COLIN
Did you even fuckin' listen to what he
had to say?

PAT
Colin, that's not our business —

COLIN
(WHIPS to Pat, sharply)
You shut your mouth! I'm talkin' to my
father.

Pat nods, backs off.

SHAWN
What's the problem, Colin?

COLIN
The problem is all I ever hear outta
your mouth is when am I gonna pull my
weight. So now I bring in a piece of
business — a *good* piece of business —

SHAWN
And you're mad I just let it walk out
the door?

COLIN
Yeah...

SHAWN
If I listened to every *good* piece of
business you brought in, I'd be livin'
in the basement of Saint Anne's
Church, stealing crumbs from the mice.

Pat stifles a laugh. Colin feels small.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
(dismissive, patronizing)
Now go have another drink.

Abruptly, Colin grabs Shawn's highball of scotch and FIRES it
against the wall behind his father's head. It SHATTERS!

Shawn doesn't so much as flinch.

Colin stares at his father a long moment. So much rage in
those eyes. Been building for years.

COLIN
When are you gonna take me seriously?

And with that Shawn realizes just how deep this goes. Colin
KICKS over a chair and storms off. As he passes Pat:

COLIN (CONT'D)
And fuck you, too!

INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM — NIGHT

It's Santa Claus...or rather Jimmy dressed in the Santa Claus suit, sitting alone in a barrel back chair. Asleep, SNORING, glass of whiskey in his lap.

A KNOCK at the door. BRENDAN, 40, a broad-shouldered member of the gang, peeks in.

BRENDAN

Jimmy.

(LOUDER now)

Jimmy

Jimmy shoots up:

JIMMY

What? Who's there?

BRENDAN

Come on. Get up, old man. The kids're waitin' for ya downstairs.

JIMMY

Okay. Right...

Jimmy labors to his feet and pours himself another glass of whiskey. He pulls down his long white beard and erases it in a single gulp.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Let's get this shit over with.

He leaves the room.

INT. MIKE'S ROW HOME — PORT RICHMOND — FRONT DOOR — NIGHT

Modest but cozy. A Christmas tree festooned with homespun ornaments. Monogrammed stockings hang from the mantel.

Mike enters, stomps the snow off his shoes. Removes his knit cap and gloves. His daughters, CATELYN, 6, and, LILY, 4, race up to him, full of excitement.

MIKE

There they are...

CATELYN

Did you get it, Dad?

LILY

Did you get it, Dad?

MIKE

Get what?

Catelyn glowers, hands on hips: *you know what*. Mike SIGHS.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, guys. I chickened out. I had it all planned — I knew exactly how I was gonna ask him and then...

But as Mike takes off his coat, we see the footballs stuffed up the back of his shirt. The girls beam and quickly wrestle them out. They've both been signed — to *Catelyn* and to *Lily* — from Michael Vick. Elated, the girls race off:

CATELYN (O.C.)

Mommy, look what Dad got me!

LILY (O.C.)

Look what Dad got me, mom.

Mike smiles, follows them into the —

KITCHEN

where his wife SARAH, late 20s, an understated beauty, eight months pregnant now, sets dinner out on the kitchen table, still dressed in her waitress uniform from an earlier shift.

CATELYN

Wow. Are those special or what? Now let's sit down for dinner, ok?

The girls sit at the table. Mike wraps his arms around Sarah.

MIKE

How was your day?

SARAH

The washing machine broke again. Tim Borzell came over to look at it.

MIKE

And?

SARAH

And I saw one on sale at Sears for \$600 dollars.

MIKE

(forces a smile)

I'll ask Vince if I can pick up some extra shifts, alright?

They kiss, then join the girls at the table. Dinner — chicken casserole, string beans, crescent rolls — is passed around.

CATELYN

Guess what happened in school today?

LILY

Guess what happened in school today?

CATELYN

Dad, tell Lily to stop copying me.

MIKE

Lily, stop copying your sister.

LILY

Lily, stop copying your sister.

Mike looks at her. She smiles mischievously, adorably.

MIKE

Oh now you're gonna copy me?

LILY

Oh now you're gonna copy me? You know what that means —

MIKE

You know what that means –

MIKE (CONT'D)

Tickle Monster!

He begins to TICKLE her. She laughs like crazy. Sarah smiles.

INT. MAGUIRE HOME - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

All the guests are congregated around the fireplace including SHAWN, his beautiful wife, ROSE, 50s, and PAT. Jimmy, falling-down drunk by now, sits in a leather chair as YOUNG CHILDREN take turns sitting on his lap, disclosing their wish lists.

JIMMY

Alright, who's up next?

An attractive YOUNG MOTHER sets her DAUGHTER on Jimmy's lap.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What's your name, sweetie?

DAUGHTER

Kirsten.

JIMMY

D'you think Mommy wants to sit on Santa's other knee, Kirsten?

Muffled LAUGHS from the Guests. FRANK isn't amused.

FRANK

That's my wife, Jimmy.

JIMMY

(SCANS the crowd)

Who's that? Frank?

(to Young Mother)

Gimme a call if you wanna add a few inches. I'm skinny but I'm long.

Frank starts like he's about to have a go at Jimmy. A MALE GUEST holds him back.

Rose whispers to Shawn:

ROSE

Whose idea was it to have Jimmy do this?

Shawn keeps quiet, but his eyes move to COLIN in the hall.. he's cornered a YOUNG WOMAN... she looks uncomfortable, scared even... he tries to kiss her... she slips away... Colin finishes his drink, mouths *fuckin' bitch*... Their eyes meet for a moment... father and son... Shawn turns away...

Jimmy takes another slug of whiskey.

JIMMY

Okay, Kirsten, let's see what Santa brought for you this year.

Jimmy stands and moves to the Christmas tree. He bends down to pick up a gift, teeters, then pitches forward, catching himself on the blazing hot fire screen. It BURNS his hand!

JIMMY (CONT'D)

OWW! SHIT! GODDAMN FUCKIN' — !

He FALLS to his knees, clutching his hand, muttering curses. The children are scared, unsure what to do.

Shawn glances at Pat, and motions for him to get in there. Pat moves to Jimmy. Brendan assists now as well and the two manage to get him to his feet.

PAT

Come on, Jimmy, let's take a break.

JIMMY

I'm fine, I'm fine —

PAT

You're not fine. You're drunk is whatcha are.

(to the kids)

Santa'll be right back, guys.

YOUNG BOY

What happened to him?

PAT

One'a the reindeer got hurt.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM — NIGHT

ON SHAWN: watching from the doorway as Pat and Brendan take the Santa suit off Jimmy, so drunk he can't stand up on his own. There's a small sadness in Shawn's eyes... it pains him to see his oldest friend this way...

The suit is off and Pat hands it over to SKINNY YOUNG HOOD who quickly puts it on. It's far too big.

SKINNY HOOD

This thing don't fit me so good, Mr. Maguire.

SHAWN

Just get your ass downstairs.

Skinny Hood nods, goes. Pat and Brendan shove Jimmy into the shower now. He resists, drunk and mumbling...

JIMMY

Getchyour fuckin' hands off'a —

...but it's futile. They shove him into the bath and turn on the shower. The cold water takes his breath. He GASPS.

Off Jimmy, tired of fighting back... so tired of it all... sinking to the floor of the tub...

INT. MIKE'S ROW HOME — GIRLS' BEDROOM — NIGHT

ON CATELYN and LILY, asleep in their bunk beds, signed footballs under their arms.

Mike shuts off the light and closes the door.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM — NIGHT

Mike climbs into bed beside Sarah who is busy cutting and arranging old photos into a collage.

MIKE

What're you workin' on?

SARAH

It's for the baby. Show him what our lives were like before he came along.

Mike looks at the collage entitled '**US BEFORE YOU**'.

HIS POV: A picture of him and Sarah at a high school prom. Another of him, Catelyn and Lily dressed up for Halloween.

And mixed in is a photo of MIKE AS A YOUNG BOY. His First Holy Communion. Standing beside him is his father, JIMMY.

Sarah follows his gaze to the photo.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I can take it out.

MIKE

No. We'll just go like this.

He fits in another picture so it covers Jimmy completely.

MIKE (CONT'D)

There. Now I won't have to see him for another five years.

INT. MAGUIRE HOME — ATTIC BEDROOM — NIGHT

Jimmy lies on one of the two single beds, staring up at the low, vaulted ceiling. His hand is bandaged and his hair is still wet from the shower and he's wearing one of Shawn's robes. JIMMY'S POV: a CRACK in the plaster. He reaches up to touch it now, running his fingers along the grooves.

SHAWN (O.C.)
You remember what that's from,
dontcha?

Jimmy looks up. Shawn enters and approaches.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Had to be what, '71? I'm in this bed
with Jenny Blake. You're over there
with — what was that redhead's name?

JIMMY
Maureen Galvin.

SHAWN
And all of a sudden I hear my dad's
voice boom from downstairs. *Who the
fuck's been drinkin' my scotch!?* Well
she jumped off'a me so fast. Smacked
her head right there and knocked
herself out.

Jimmy CHUCKLES, remembering that time. He lights a cigarette now as Shawn sits on the twin bed across from him.

JIMMY
Rosie mad at me?

SHAWN
Ah she'll get over it...
(re: the cigarettes)
Gimme one'a those, will ya? She'll
think the smoke's comin' from you.

Jimmy hands Shawn a cigarette, lights it for him. They sit there smoking for a few moments.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Wanna tell me what's going on?
(off look)
Come on, Jimmy, you look like a
fuckin' castaway. You told Frank you
wanted to dick his wife, and you're
not gonna be able to jerk-off for the
next two months.

A beat. Jimmy conceding now —

JIMMY
You 'member Billy Coughlin?

SHAWN

Sure.

JIMMY

I can't sleep no more. Keep seein' his face in my dreams... he's in the shower... got a hole in his head an' he can't stop laughin' at me. Before Coughlin it was Terry Burke and before him it was Vince Amato and —

SHAWN

Billy Coughlin was a pederast, Jimmy. He would wait outside the ball fields askin' little boys if they wanted to see his parents' basement... Remember what he did to George Martin's boy?

(Jimmy NODS)

He's never been right since. How many more would he have gotten to if we hadn't done somethin'?... He got what he deserved... They all did.

Jimmy nods perfunctorily. He believed that once, but lately it's been weighing on him... the demons...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Look at me...

Jimmy does. Shawn leans forward and puts his hand behind his friend's neck the way fathers often do to sons.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

What do I always tell you? Whereever we're going when we cross that line, we're going together... Me and you...

Off Jimmy, looking into Shawn's eyes... believing him... always believing him...

FADE OUT.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA/SCHUYLKILL RIVER — WIDE — FOLLOWING NIGHT

The skyline is seen beyond the Garden Street Bridge. A million lights shimmer on the Schuylkill River.

AND THE CITY COMES TO LIFE NOW (VARIOUS ANGLES)

...A SUBWAY arrives at 30TH STREET STATION. WORKER BEES spill out and hotfoot it to the escalator... UPENN COEDS scuttle off to the bars... PROSTITUTES prowl the streets of JUNIATA, all fishnet and faux mink, shouting promises of cheap pussy and ass... FANS funnel into the WELLS FARGO ARENA for a 76ers game... PATROL CRUISERS race down CECIL B. MOORE AVENUE, SIRENS BLARING... 'PLAYERS' deal junk in Fairhill...

INT. MIKE'S LIMOUSINE, MOVING — NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE CLOCK: 7:20 PM

Mike drives. A 76ers game broadcast on the radio:

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER
The tip's controlled by Brand and
we're underway... Igoudala over the
line... cross-court to Holiday now...

Mike GLANCES UP at the rearview mirror. KUJOVIC and GORAN are
sitting in the backseat.

MIKE
Which airline, fellas?

KUJOVIC
United. But we have a stop to make
first.

INT. MAYFAIR DINER — NIGHT

A greasy spoon for down-and-outers. Jimmy sits in a booth,
smoking, reviewing the football odds in the sports section.
His right hand heavily bandaged from the burn last night.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Look what the cat dragged in.

Jimmy looks up at DETECTIVE JOHN HARDING, 50. Hard-nosed,
seen-it-all, inured to the lonely, god-awful-shitty life of a
homicide detective; and his partner, DETECTIVE JOSE FLORES,
35, fresh-faced, just promoted. Harding motions to sit down:

JIMMY
I'm expecting someone.

HARDING
Bullshit. You don't have any friends,
Conlon.

Harding and Flores sit across from Jimmy.

HARDING (CONT'D)
Detective Flores, meet Jimmy Conlon.
Jimmy and I used to spend a lotta time
together back when he was killing
people for Shawn Maguire.

Harding says it loud enough for people to hear. PATRONS turn
and stare a moment.

FLORES
(offering his hand)
Nice to meetcha, Jimmy.

Jimmy ignores him.

HARDING
We used to have a name for him at
Homicide. Jimmy The Gravedigger.

JIMMY

What happened to the other guy? That ginzo you used to follow around?

HARDING

Tornetta?

JIMMY

Yeah, the ginzo.

HARDING

Retired. Lives down in Atlantic City now. Spends his weekends blowin' his pension at the craps tables. Got tired of working with a DA on Maguire's payroll. Tired of seeing murderers like you walk free.

JIMMY

Maybe you shoulda taken a bite outta that pie, Harding. You wouldn't still be wearing suits like that.

HARDING

You don't like the suit?

JIMMY

When's the last time you got pussy?

HARDING

Last night actually.

JIMMY

(re: Flores)

I mean other than the one between his legs.

Jimmy and Harding stare at each other a long moment. Lots of history here. All of it unresolved.

HARDING

What's the number, Jimmy? Tornetta had you at sixteen, but I always thought it was more. I made a list once. All the names. Every life you ruined.

JIMMY

How'd that work out?

HARDING

Nineteen. That's your number, right?
(Jimmy doesn't flinch. To
Flores now)
You 'member the Good Friday murders?

FLORES

Yeah. Jogger found three bodies in the woods along Pennypack Creek.

FLASH TO: WOODS IN WINTER. GREY. SKELETAL. THREE DEAD MEN
PILED ON TOP OF ONE ANOTHER LIKE GARBAGE. EACH WITH A SINGLE
GUNSHOT WOUND TO THE HEAD. WE GET A CLOSE-UP OF EACH DEAD
MAN'S FACE AS HARDING SAYS THEIR NAMES:

HARDING (V.O.)

Ernest Hayes... Ted Grady... and Glenn
Cavetto.

BACK TO HARDING

HARDING

Each had a .45 slug in his frontal
lobe. Those had to be yours, Jimmy.
It's got your signature all over it.
Single bullet. Nice and clean. Always
to the forehead so you could look 'em
in the eyes before blowing 'em to
kingdom come, right?

JIMMY

Names don't ring a bell.

HARDING

They should. You were the godfather to
Cavetto's son.

(beat)

Come on, just whisper it in my ear.
Hand to God it never leaves this
table... What's the number?

Jimmy appears to be coming to a decision. It seems as if he's
ready to relieve himself of some long-held burden. He exhales
a large stream of smoke then leans forward. Harding, too.

JIMMY

(whispers)

Your partner's got his foot in my
crotch and he's ticklin' my balls.

Harding looks at Jimmy: *some assholes never change.*

HARDING

(to Flores)

Let's go. I lost my appetite all of a
sudden.

Harding and Flores slide out of the booth. Before Harding
leaves, he sets his card in front of Jimmy.

HARDING (CONT'D)

When the nightmares get so bad you
can't stand to look at yourself no
more, gimme a call.

Harding and Flores go.

Off Jimmy, wondering if he's already reached that point...

INT. COLIN'S ROW HOME — MAYFAIR — NIGHT

Pearl Jam 'Rearviewmirror' — BLARES from a stereo. Colin and Kenan are snorting lines of blow on the couch. They've been at it a while. Amped-up and high as kites.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Colin does a final line, then tucks the mirror into a drawer. Kenan stands and answers the door on Kujovic and Goran who step inside.

COLIN
Hey, there the boys!

Goran pats Kenan down, then does the same to Colin.

COLIN (CONT'D)
Whoa whoa, easy. You're grabbin' at the real weapon there, pal. That's the pussyslayer ya got a grip on, chief!
(laughs)

GORDAN
(to Kujovic, in Serbian)
(Clean.)

COLIN
Siddown, siddown.

Kujovic sits. Goran stands by the door.

COLIN (CONT'D)
How 'bout a drink, huh? Vodka? Scotch? Whatever ya need.

KUJOVIC
We have a plane to catch. Where's my money?

COLIN
(chuckles)
You're a businessman. I like that.
(to Kenan)
You heard the man. He wants his money.

Kenan nods, leaves the room.

INT. LIMO/EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COLIN'S HOUSE — NIGHT

Mike's reading the *Daily News* when he notices a skinny black youth in a 76ers Iverson jersey, CURTIS BANKS, 12, ride by on a bike. The boy circles back, keen to get a look at the car.

Mike smiles, returns his attention back to the news.

Then — a TAP at the window. It's CURTIS, backpack over his shoulders. Mike rolls the window down.

MIKE
Can I help you?

CURTIS
This your limo?

MIKE
That's right.

CURTIS
Can I get a ride in it?

MIKE
Sorry, buddy, I'm uh... I'm with a
customer right now.

But Curtis doesn't leave. He looks around at the interior.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You out here by yourself?
(Curtis NODS)
Pretty late to be ridin' around on
your own, dontcha think?

CURTIS
I aint scared.

MIKE
Your parents know where you are?

CURTIS
My mom works nights as a nurse. My
brother, he's a'posed to be watchin'
me, but he's off with his friends...
You can't even take me around the
block?

MIKE
Wish I could, pal -

CURTIS
Can I at least get in then? Never been
inside a limo before.

A beat. Mike, taking pity on the kid:

MIKE
Where do you live?

Curtis points to an APARTMENT TOWER in the distance.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Tell ya what. I'll letcha take a look
around if you head home after. Deal?

Curtis BEAMS, sets his bike on the sidewalk and climbs in the
car. Mike watches him in the rearview as he looks around.
Awed. Touching everything. It's as if he's in a spaceship
from some other planet.

CURTIS
This ride is gangsta, yo! Kanye style!

MIKE
What's your name?

CURTIS
Curtis... but erry'one calls me Legs.

MIKE
Legs?

CURTIS
Mmm hmm.

MIKE
I'm Mike... Whadda they call ya Legs
for?

Curtis switches the radio dial, finds a HIP-HOP station.

CURTIS
Check me out, Mike!

He stands and DANCES. Legs of rubber. Damn good, too.

Mike watches, smiles, switches on the 'star' ceiling lights.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE — NIGHT

THE MUSIC SO-FUCKING LOUD NOW AND COLIN SO-FUCKING STONED as he SINGS along, bobbing his head. He's sitting on the couch, Kujovic directly across from him in an armchair. Kenan reenters the room and hands Kujovic a duffle bag. Kujovic unzips it and looks inside:

COLIN
It's all there. Count it if you want.

REVEAL that the bag is filled with a pile of MONOPOLY MONEY. Kujovic looks up at Colin. Colin starts to LAUGH.

KUJOVIC
This is funny to you?

COLIN
(tries to stop laughing
but can't)
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it's just...
Think what you could buy with all that
money! You could put up a fuckin'
luxury high-rise on Park Place!
(more LAUGHS)

KUJOVIC
Do you have any idea what my
associates are going to do to you?

COLIN
No. But I got a pretty good fuckin'
idea what I'm gonna do to you.

What happens next, happens in an instant:

COLIN reaches under the coffee table where a 9MM PISTOL has been affixed with tape. He RIPS IT OFF — AIMS THE PISTOL AT KUJOVIC and — **BLAM!** — a bullet to his forehead and —

GORAN goes wide-eyed, REACHES inside his coat but —

COLIN'S FASTER — **BLAM! BLAM!** — TWO SHOTS TEAR INTO HIS CHEST. He COLLAPSES to his knees, pitches forward, and dies.

A beat.

COLIN (CONT'D)
(to Kenan re: the music)
Turn that shit off.

Kenan, addled by the sudden violence, switches the stereo off. Stone quiet now. He looks at the bodies and the so-much blood leaking from Goran and spreading across the floor.

KENAN
Whadda we do now?

COLIN
Get 'em to the basement.

Colin and Kenan move to Goran first. Lift his arms. As they do, Colin glances outside and notices the limo: *Fuck...*

INT. LIMO — CONTINUOUS

Curtis is jamming out to the music in the back. Mike watches the house, sees the front door open and Colin step out.

MIKE
Curtis.
(no answer, louder now)
Legs.

CURTIS
(looks up)
Yeah?

MIKE
Get down for a second, huh.

Curtis CROUCHES low on the floor.

Trying to maintain a level of professionalism, Mike puts his driver's cap back on, switches the music to easy listening and raises the tinted backseat window.

As Colin makes his way towards the limo, Mike's face creases with recognition: *Is that...?* Before he can process it —

TAP-TAP-TAP — Colin raps his knuckles on the window. Motions for Mike to roll it down.

Mike lowers the window. IN A FLASH, Colin presses the 9mm against his temple. He reaches inside the car with his left hand now, turns the engine off and takes the keys.

COLIN
Get outta the car.

MIKE
What's the uh...what's the problem?

COLIN
The problem is you're still in the
fuckin' car. Now get out.

CLOSE ON CURTIS: he looks up, just enough to see the pistol
against Mike's head. He freezes, afraid to breathe.

Mike nods, opens the car door and steps outside.

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE — CONTINUOUS

Colin has the 9MM against Mike's back. They arrive at the
front door. Through the edge of the window shade, Mike
glimpses the living room: SEES Kujovic slumped in the
armchair, blood dripping from his head onto the floor.

COLIN
Open the door.

Mike freezes, hand on the door knob, mind racing. He knows
what awaits him on the other side of that door.

COLIN (CONT'D)
(losing patience, PRODS
Mike)
I said open the fuckin' door.

Mike TURNS THE KNOB and is about to step inside when —

BOOM — a CAR DOOR OPENS in the street behind them —

Colin TURNS BACK — SEES CURTIS FLEE THE LIMO — HOP ON his BMX
BIKE AND PEDAL OFF —

Mike sees his opportunity — ENTERS the home, then SLAMS THE
DOOR SHUT on COLIN'S ARM as he tries to get in —

COLIN (CONT'D)
AHHH! YOU MOTHERFUCKER!

Colin DROPS his pistol and —

Mike RACES for the back door — past GORAN'S BODY — through
the FAMILY ROOM — into the KITCHEN — almost there when —

THWOOMP! — he's DRILLED BY KENAN, who arrives from out of
nowhere with a lowered shoulder and —

Mike GOES AIRBORNE — FLIES into the kitchen table and CRASHES
to the floor — BLEEDING from a gash above his eye.

Kenan stands over him.

KENAN

The fuck do you think you're goin'?

Kenan DRAWS his pistol and trains it on Mike — waiting for instructions from Colin who is slowly making his way in from the family room, cursing under his breath, clutching his arm.

Mike NOTICES a partially cracked glass on the floor — thinks fast — GRABS it and STABS the jagged edge into Kenan's leg —

KENAN (CONT'D)

AHH! FUCK!

Mike's on his feet —

Colin RUNS in from the family room — raises his pistol and FIRES — **BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!** — each shot narrowly missing —

MIKE who is OUT THE BACK DOOR — TEARING across the snowy BACKYARD — VAULTS A CHAIN-LINK FENCE — into another backyard where a VICIOUS DOBERMAN boasts its fangs and CHASES —

MIKE

Oh fuck — oh fuck — oh fuck —

Mike HOPS a second fence — SHAKES OFF the growling Doberman which has a mouthful of his pant leg and —

Colin and Kenan — not far behind, CHASING Mike and —

Mike emerges from the backyard into a STREET — looks around — can HEAR the FOOTFALLS and VOICES of Colin and Kenan approaching. He LEAVES FRAME...

A beat.

...COLIN and KENAN emerge into the street. Look up and down. Nothing. They spread out now. Peering in car windows. Under others. Everywhere. No sign of Mike. Finally, conceding:

COLIN

Come on, let's go.

As Colin and Kenan leave, WE REVEAL MIKE, hiding under a car just feet away from where Kenan was checking... He hears them walk off... exhales..

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE — MINUTES LATER

Colin opens the limo door, looks around. WALLET and CELL PHONE in the console. Colin opens the wallet, slips out the Driver's license: **MICHAEL THOMAS CONLON.**

COLIN

Jesus Christ...

EXT. LEONARD STREET, MAYFAIR — NIGHT — ESTABLISHING

Pallid row homes as far as the eye can see.

INT. JIMMY'S ROW HOME — NIGHT

Beside a dying fire, Jimmy reclines on a tattered Lazy Boy. It's freezing in here and he's wearing a knit cap and he's covered himself with dozens of afghans and shower towels. A nearly empty pint bottle of Jim Bean sits on the end table.

A KNOCK at the door. Jimmy takes off the pile of warmth and moves that way, opening the door on a HVAC REPAIRMAN, 30.

HVAC MAN
You Jimmy?

JIMMY
Yeah. You the guy was a'posed to be here two hours ago?

HVAC MAN
(stepping inside with his equipment)
Sorry 'bout that, pal. Woman on Frankford had raccoons in her attic ducts. Nasty fuckin' critters.

JIMMY
Furnace is in the basement. Door's right there.

HVAC MAN
Y'got anything to eat, buddy? Bagel chips or pretzels or somethin' salty like that? I'm starvin'.

Jimmy looks askance at him.

JIMMY
Do you want me to put my foot up your ass?

HVAC MAN
Right.

HVAC Man heads down into the basement.

The PHONE RINGS. Jimmy crosses into the kitchen, answers.

JIMMY
Hello?... Yeah, Shawn... Michael?...
My Michael?

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET — NIGHT

Jimmy pushes aside clutter until he finds an old shoe shine kit case. Opens it revealing the SW1911 PISTOL (the very same gun we saw in the opening scene). It's old, been out of service for a while.

He lifts the pistol out of the case, tucks a few extra clips into his pockets.

EXT. JIMMY'S ROW HOME — NIGHT

As Jimmy exits in a bulky brown parka and moves to a '94 BUICK CENTURY in the street. Climbs in and starts the car.

INT. MIKE'S ROW HOME — NIGHT

As Mike bursts in. Sweating, flushed, a trickle of blood running down the side of his face from the cut above his eye. He can HEAR the GIRLS and SARAH in the kitchen. TALKING, GIGGLING. Takes a moment to compose himself. Doesn't want to alarm them. Checks his look in the mirror. Clears away the blood. Finally crosses into the —

KITCHEN

where Sarah, Catelyn and Lily are at the table decorating Christmas cookies. Sarah looks up.

SARAH
You're back early.

MIKE
Girls, go get your things packed up.
You're gonna sleep over your Uncle
Drew's house tonight.

CATELYN
(excited)
Really?!

LILY
Really!?

MIKE
Hurry up and get ready.

The girls RACE OFF excitedly. Sarah looks askance at Mike.

SARAH
What's going on?

And now she sees the cut over his eye. A rivulet of blood runs down the side of his face. She stands and moves to him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Oh my God, Mike. Are you alright?

Sarah reaches for a napkin and dabs at the cut.

SARAH (CONT'D)
What happened?

MIKE
The clients I picked up. I drove them
to a house... Colin Maguire's house...

SARAH
Colin Maguire? You mean —

MIKE
Yes. Yes. And he...

SARAH
...He what, Mike?

MIKE
...They're both dead. Murdered.

SARAH
(beat, nonplussed)
Oh my God. Oh my God — did you call
the police?
(Mike shakes his head)
Mike.

MIKE
Sarah, it's not that simple with these
people -

SARAH
What do you mean it's not that simple?

MIKE
I grew up around this stuff. Okay? I know what they're capable of. I just... I have to think about this.

SARAH
What's there to think about?

SARAH MIKE
Two people are dead — You. The girls —

MIKE
Bein' the only witness to two murders.

SARAH
(not having any of it)
I'm calling the police.

She lifts the wall phone. Mike quickly takes it from her and hangs it back up.

MIKE
Just trust me on this. Okay?

A beat. Sarah, letting it all sink in. Finally:

SARAH
Mike, I'm scared.

He tilts his head down. Their foreheads touch.

MIKE
Look at me...
(she meets his eyes)
Everything's gonna be okay. Take the
girls to your brother's house.
(MORE)

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Don't call anyone and don't go
 anywhere 'til you hear from me. Okay?

She reluctantly nods, then goes.

WE STAY WITH MIKE. He slides out a chair and collapses into it. Exhausted. Confused. Trying to wrap his head around everything. He just sits there, vacant, listening to the VOICES of his girls down the hall:

CATELYN (O.C.)
 Can I play dress-up with Maggie?

SARAH (O.C.)
 We'll see, sweetheart.

LILY (O.C.)
 I wanna play dress-up, too.

SARAH (O.C.)
 Come on, girls. Uncle Drew's waiting.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT, 2ND DISTRICT — SQUAD ROOM — NIGHT

Quiet. Slow. Everyone in holiday wind down mode.

INT. CAPTAIN DALEY'S OFFICE — NIGHT

RED WINE is poured into a plastic Solo cup. DISTRICT CAPTAIN DALEY, 60, portly, jolly, red-faced, sits behind his desk, drinking the french wine as he tells a story to POLICE OFFICERS — RICH WHALEN, 40, brawny, mustached, and TERRY EDNEY, 30s, short, rat-faced, sitting across from him.

DALEY
 — Prosecutor says to me, Can you describe what you saw when you entered the apartment? I says: Well, that gentlemen sitting there was having sex with two women. He says: Can you be more specific, please, Captain? So I say: Sure, Counselor. See that blonde there? He was hammering her from behind while the brunette over there was tickling his prostate.

Whalen and Edney LAUGH. Daley's cell phone VIBRATES atop his desk. '**Shawn calling...**' He answers:

DALEY (CONT'D)
 I'm partaking in some of your yuletide gift as we speak.

INT. MAGUIRE HOME — STUDY — NIGHT

ON SHAWN, sitting at his desk, on the phone. Not amused.

INTERCUT SHAWN AND CAPTAIN DALEY

SHAWN
We have a problem.

Daley motions with his hand for Whalen and Edney to leave.
They stand and go.

DALEY
(his mirth fading)
Don't tell me that...

SHAWN
It's Colin. He's got two bodies at his house.

DALEY
Jesus Christ. What the hell is wrong with that kid? Goddamnit, Shawn -

SHAWN
Shut your fat fuckin' mouth. Do you hear me?

DALEY
Yeah. I'm sorry, Shawn.

SHAWN
There's a witness. It's Jimmy's son.

DALEY
Conlon?

SHAWN
He's on his way over there now to talk to him. Name is Michael Thomas Conlon.
2620 East Somerset.

Daley scribbles the name and address down on a notepad.

DALEY
Whaddaya need from me?

SHAWN
Let me know if anything comes through dispatch. If it does, make sure your boys are there first.

DALEY
Alright.

INT. DALEY'S OFFICE - SAME

Daley hangs up, dispiritedly dumps the wine into the trash.
How quickly a good night can go to shit. He tears the sheet off the memo pad and calls out to the squadroom.

DALEY
Whalen, Edney.

He waves the officers back in.

INT. MAGUIRE HOME — STUDY — NIGHT

Shawn looks to Pat standing by the bookcases.

SHAWN
Make sure Colin stays put. We'll wait
to hear from Jimmy.

Pat nods.

A beat. Shawn appears lost in his thoughts.

PAT
What are you thinking about?

SHAWN
The exact moment when the boy went
wrong.

EXT. MIKE'S ROW HOME — DRIVEWAY — NIGHT

Mike and Sarah fasten Catelyn and Lily into the car seats inside her minivan. Mike KISSES Sarah, then watches the van reverse out of the drive.

INT. MIKE'S ROW HOME — KITCHEN — NIGHT

Mike removes a dusty bottle of whiskey from a cabinet, pours himself a shot. Drinks it. Cringes, COUGHS, nearly PUKES into the sink. He grabs the portable phone and sits at the kitchen table. DIALS 9-1... then stops... thinking... vacillating...

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM at the front door STARTLES HIM.

A beat.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM.

Mike stands, slips a butcher knife from a knife block. Moves charily across the LIVING ROOM to the door. Through the peephole he sees JIMMY standing there in his parka.

MIKE
(sotto)
Jesus Christ...

He guardedly opens the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What are you doin' here?

JIMMY
Can I come in?

MIKE
What for?

JIMMY
I got a call from Shawn. You talk to
the police yet?

MIKE
Talk to the police about what?

JIMMY
Look, Michael, we both know why I'm
here... Now let's get this thing
figured out so no one else gets hurt.

Mike reluctantly lets Jimmy in. Closes the door, LOCKS it.
Jimmy sits in a chair, doesn't bother taking his coat off
thinking this will only take a few minutes. Mike takes a seat
on the couch now. An awkward silence follows. Finally:

MIKE
So what, they sent you to keep me
quiet?

JIMMY
Shawn uhh, well, he'd appreciate your
support on this matter.

MIKE
You mean he'd appreciate me keepin' my
mouth shut.

SHAWN
That's right.

A beat.

MIKE
Who were they?

JIMMY
I don't know. Not Mother Theresa I can
tell ya that. Whatever Colin did, I'm
sure he had a reason for it.

MIKE
You always have a reason? Or were you
just following marching orders?

JIMMY
Let's just get through this night,
huh? After that you can go back to
hating me all you want.

INT. COLIN'S CORVETTE — NIGHT

ON A BLACKBERRY: vibrating on the dashboard. Caller ID reads:
'Pat Calling...'

Colin answers.

COLIN
 Yeah?... Alright... No, it's all
 cleaned up... Didn't I just fuckin'
 say that!?... I get it, okay? I'm not
 goin' nowhere...

Colin hangs up.

REVEAL NOW that the car is parked on MIKE'S STREET and Colin
is staring directly at Mike's home. He reaches across KENAN
 sitting in the passenger seat, takes a CLIP from the glove
 compartment and inserts in his 9MM — CLICK.

KENAN
 Y'sure you wanna do this?

COLIN
 What, you got a pussy all'a sudden?

KENAN
 No, it's just — your dad told us not
 to go nowhere.

COLIN
 Fuck my dad. I'm not takin' any
 chances on this one. Besides, I'll be
 doin' everyone a favor gettin' ridda
 the old man anyway.

Colin exits the car, Kenan follows. WE TRACK THE TWO as they
 stalk toward MIKE'S HOUSE... Kenan LIMPING with a bad leg...
 down the ALLEY between homes, ducking under a window inside
 which WE SEE MIKE and JIMMY talking... to the BACKYARD where
 Colin quietly lifts the CELLAR DOOR and they start down...

INT. MIKE'S ROW HOME — LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

ON JIMMY: as he takes out his final cigarette and lights it.

MIKE
 Don't smoke in the house.

Jimmy stubs it out, taps it back into the box for later. He
 gazes around the room.

JIMMY
 The place looks good. I haven't been
 here since —

MIKE
 Mom's funeral. It was nice of you to
 show up.

JIMMY
 Well I heard there was free booze.

MIKE
 That's funny to you?

JIMMY
Lighten up, huh? I'm just tryin' -

MIKE
Five years and it takes Shawn Maguire
to get you to come see me.

JIMMY
You never wanted me to come see you.

MIKE
I won't argue with you there.

A beat.

MIKE (CONT'D)
So what happens now? I mean you're the
expert at this thing, right?

JIMMY
I'll go see Shawn. Let him know we
talked. I'm sure he'll wanna show his
appreciation. A little money you could
set aside for the girls.

MIKE
Catelyn and Lily.

JIMMY
What's that?

MIKE
My daughters names. Catelyn Grace
Conlon, and Lily Rose Conlon.

JIMMY
I know what their names are. Do they
know mine?

MIKE
They don't have a reason to. You're
not a part'a their lives. It's bad
enough you were a part'a mine... Lucky
for mom and I you didn't stick around
too long.

Jimmy absorbs the jab a moment, then stands.

JIMMY
I'll go let Shawn know we talked.
Goodbye, Michael.

EXT. MIKE'S ROW HOME - NIGHT

As Jimmy exits the home and moves into the street. He takes
out that last cigarette again, is about to light it when he
NOTICES COLIN'S CORVETTE parked across the street.

INT. MIKE'S HOME — KITCHEN — NIGHT

Mike gulps down a glass of water. Turns on the faucet and SPLASHES some water onto his face.

INT. LIVING ROOM/HALL — SAME

The BASEMENT DOOR OPENS EERILY SLOWLY. COLIN and KENAN step out, pistols in hand. They look around, SPOT Mike in the kitchen and start that way, walking soundlessly and —

MIKE

shuts off the faucet and reaches for a towel. Dries his face, then looks at his reflection in the window. He's shocked by the sight of COLIN, just feet behind him. He turns back —

Colin RAISES the 9MM at him —

Mike shuts his eyes, bracing for what's next and —

BLAM!

BLACK.

For an uncomfortably long time. Finally:

MIKE OPENS HIS EYES. *Still alive.* Colin has his hand on his neck, face twisted into a question mark, as if he's been stung by a bee he never saw circling.

Suddenly, a RIVER OF BLOOD seeps through Colin's fingers and runs down his shirt. He's been shot in the neck.

REVEAL JIMMY NOW... standing at the end of the hall... the SW1911 in hand... unlit cigarette dangling from his lips...

Kenan looks down at his pistol... knowing he'll be dead before he raises it. He makes the smart move and RUNS for the back door... exits the home...

Colin FALLS to his knees... then TOPPLES to the floor... and dies... blood fanning out beneath him...

Jimmy steps into the kitchen now. Stares down at a Colin a moment. Slides out a chair and sits at the table.

JIMMY

Gimme a light, will ya.

Mike opens a drawer, hands him a lighter. Jimmy lights the cigarette, exhales a long cloud of smoke. He reaches up for the portable phone and then just sits there for a few moments figuring out what he'll say to his best friend.

Finally, he dials the number...

INT. MAGUIRE HOME — MASTER BEDROOM — NIGHT

Shawn's on his knees, hands clasped together as he says his nightly prayers. A painting of the Virgin Mary is prominent on the wall above him. In the background, ROSE sits at the vanity removing her make-up.

The PHONE RINGS. Shawn reaches for it on the night stand.

SHAWN

Hello...

INTERCUT SHAWN AND JIMMY

JIMMY

Yeah it's me.

Shawn rises, sits on the edge of the bed.

SHAWN

How'd it go with Michael?

A beat.

JIMMY

I just killed your boy, Shawn... I just killed Colin.

The blood leaves Shawn's face.

He forgets how to breathe for a moment.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He was gonna shoot Michael.

Another beat.

SHAWN

And you're sure he's dead?

JIMMY

Yeah, I'm sure. I'm looking at him right now.

Shawn looks into the bathroom at Rose... his poor wife... her only child... Rose turns back to him.

ROSE

Who is it, honey?

Shawn calmly shakes her off: *it's no one, not important.*

SHAWN

(turns his body, quietly
now so Rose won't hear)
You know how this has to end.

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah I know...

SHAWN
For Michael, too.

JIMMY
(looking at Michael)
Yeah...

The longest beat now.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Shawn...?

SHAWN
Mmm hmm.

JIMMY
Wherever we're going when we cross
that line, we're going together,
right?

Shawn considers that a moment, then hangs up.

INT. KITCHEN — NIGHT

Jimmy listens to the DIAL TONE a moment... knowing everything changes from this point forward... trying to process what it all means for him... and for Michael.

Finally, he sets the portable phone on the kitchen table. Mike quickly picks it up.

MIKE
I'm calling the police.

JIMMY
You don't wanna do that.

MIKE
I'm not asking for your advice. You
don't wanna be here, you're free to
walk out that door.

Jimmy looks at Mike, then slowly gets to his feet and makes his way to the front door. At his back, he HEARS:

MIKE (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Yes, this is Mike Conlon at 2620 East
Somerset... A man's been shot and
killed here... No, my father did...

Jimmy exits the home.

INT. MAGUIRE HOME — MASTER BEDROOM — NIGHT

Shawn moves into the bathroom and stands behind Rose and wraps his arms around her. He whispers in her ear, but we don't hear what he says. Rose looks back at him.

ROSE
No. Shawn... Shawn, no. No no no —

SHAWN
I'm so sorry, Rose.

ROSE
(breaking)
Not my boy, Shawn. Not my boy! No! No!
Not my boy! No!

She begins to BEAT HER FISTS against his chest. SOBBING. He pulls her close and squeezes her so tight.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Not my boy, Shawn...

SHAWN
Sshh... sshh...

Off Shawn, holding her as she falls apart...

INT. POLICE CRUISER, MOVING — PORT RICHMOND — NIGHT

OFFICERS WHALEN and EDNEY slowly prowl the streets. The radio CRACKLES to life:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Report of a shooting at 2620 East
Somerset. All units in area respond,
over.

The two cops share a look. Whalen reaches for the radio.

WHALEN
Copy that, dispatch. 157 responding.
Eastbound on Cedar.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
10-4, 157.

Edney hits the gas, switches on the SIRENS.

INT. BUICK CENTURY — LATER

ON THE CLOCK: **9:34 PM**

Jimmy observes Mike's house from halfway down the block. A POLICE CRUISER arrives out front, lights flashing. Whalen and Edney step out, approach the home.

INT. MIKE'S ROW HOME — NIGHT

As Mike answers the door on Whalen and Edney.

WHALEN
Michael Conlon?
(Mike NODS)
Officers Whalen and Edney.

MIKE
Come on in.

Whalen and Edney enter. Whalen peers into the kitchen, sees Colin's body. Pool of blood on the linoleum floor.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(rattled, searching)
I don't even know where to start with this whole thing. I uhh... I work as a limousine driver and earlier I picked up a reservation. Two gentlemen at the Rittenhouse Plaza —

WHALEN
Lift your arms for me, please.

Mike lifts his arms. Edney PATS him down.

MIKE
(continuing)
They wanted me to take 'em to the airport and —

EDNEY
Turn around.

MIKE
Excuse me...?

Whalen does it for him, SHOVING him up against the wall. Hard. Applying handcuffs now.

MIKE (CONT'D)
What the hell's goin' on here? I was trying to explain to you...

Whalen slips his Glock out and JAMS it into Mike's cheek.

WHALEN
Feel that? Say another word and I'll blow your teeth out your ear.

INT. BUICK CENTURY — NIGHT

Jimmy watches as Whalen and Edney escort Mike out of the house and prod him into the back of the police cruiser.

JIMMY
Jesus Christ...

He starts the engine.

INT. POLICE CRUISER — NIGHT

Edney at the wheel. Whalen lifts the radio:

WHALEN
157 at 2620 East Somerset. That RA Unit en route?

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
10-4, 157. Northbound on Lehigh.

An AMBULANCE SIREN can be heard in the distance.

WHALEN
Deceased white male in the kitchen
here. Neighbor saw a suspect flee the
house just before we arrived.

MIKE
(stunned, realizing Whalen
and Edney are in on it)
Hey! HEY what the fuck is this?!

WHALEN
(looking at MIKE)
White male, blue jeans, 6'1'.

MIKE
HEY! HELP! HELP!

WHALEN
(continuing)
Suspect is armed. Officer Edney and I
have secured the premises and're gonna
take a drive around to see if we can
locate him.

Mike KICKS the seats, SHOUTS —

MIKE
HELP! HELP!

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
10-4.

EXT. STREET — NIGHT

The Cruiser pulls away... followed closely by the Buick...

EXT. INTERSTATE 676/INT. POLICE CRUISER — NIGHT

Mike in the backseat, fear deepening the farther and farther
away from home they travel.

MIKE
I'll pay you. I don't make a lotta
money, but I'll empty my savings.
There's a retirement plan, too. I
don't know what's in there, but...

Whalen and Edney dismiss this with a LAUGH.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Please. I'm beggin' yous. I got two
little girls at home. Two little girls
and my wife's eight months pregnant.

WHALEN
 Sorry, kid. This one goes way over
 your head.

A beat.

EDNEY
 (turns back to Mike)
 So what's it like havin' Jimmy Conlon
 for a father?

MIKE
 (beat, then:)
 I wouldn't know.

EXT. VINE STREET EXPRESSWAY — SAME

As a CHRYSLER 300 cruises up the entrance ramp.

INT. CHRYSLER 300, MOVING — SAME

FRANK and BRENDAN inside. Frank's on his cell:

FRANK
 (re: the police cruiser)
 Yeah, Shawn, we got eyes on him now.
 We're gonna make the exchange off'a
 9th... No, it's just the kid...

INT. BUICK CENTURY, MOVING — SAME

Jimmy's just one car behind the Cruiser. An EXIT approaches.
 The Cruiser passes by. Jimmy 'knows' now what he already
 assumed: *they're not taking Mike to the precinct.*

He DRILLS the gas. The ancient engine GROWLS to life. PULLS
 UP alongside the Cruiser and —

INT. POLICE CRUISER — NIGHT

Mike glances out the window, SEES JIMMY in the neighboring
 lane... and the BUICK COMING AT HIM FAST — SO FAST — and —

BANG!

The BUICK HITS THE CRUISER! The Cruiser SHUDDERS — its side
 SCRAPES UP against the median barrier — SPARKS FLY —

EDNEY
 What the hell!

Whalen and Edney LOOK OVER and SEE that it's Jimmy. He's
 coming at them again and —

BANG!

More SHUDDERING! More SPARKS! Edney fights to straighten the
 Cruiser.

WHALEN
Motherfucker!

Whalen LOWERS the window and FIRES his Glock — **POP! POP!** —

INT. BUICK CENTURY — SAME

— **POP! POP!** — BULLETS SHATTER the driver's side window. Glass RAINS all over Jimmy who SLINGS OUT into the far lane.

INT. CHRYSLER 300, MOVING — SAME

FRANK and BRENDAN — watching the chaos unfold up ahead —

FRANK
(re: the Buick)
Jesus Christ. It's Jimmy.

EXT. VINE STREET EXPRESSWAY — WIDE — CONTINUOUS

As the Police Cruiser and the Buick FLY DOWN the interstate, SWERVING IN AND OUT of traffic — SLAMMING into one another in some insane death dance.

INT. BUICK CENTURY, MOVING — SAME

Jimmy AIMS his .45 out his window and FIRES — **POP! POP! POP!**

INT. POLICE CRUISER — SAME

EDNEY DUCKS, then looks out the windshield only to find he's about to SMASH INTO THE BACK OF FREIGHT TRUCK —

He SWERVES at the *last possible moment* — VEERS ACROSS THREE HIGHWAY LANES — CRASHES INTO THE MEDIAN BARRIER — **BOOSH!** — a CONCRETE EXPLOSION and —

ON MIKE

SLOW-MOTION NOW as the CRUISER GOES AIRBORNE — FLIPPING OVER — the cars, the city lights, the night sky — all of it UPSIDE DOWN. REAL TIME RESUMES AS — **THOOMP!** — it LANDS ON ITS ROOF —

EXT. VINE STREET EXPRESSWAY — NIGHT

and SKIDS ACROSS EASTBOUND TRAFFIC before finally coming to rest against the barrier wall.

All TRAFFIC HALTS. DRIVERS climb out of the cars to gape at the horrible wreckage.

JIMMY

bursts out of the Buick, .45 in hand as he hops over the median. A TRIO OF GOOD SAMARITANS near the cruiser to look for survivors. Jimmy FIRES the pistol into the air:

JIMMY
Get back! I said get the fuck back!

Samaritans spook and RETREAT.

Jimmy arrives at the Police Cruiser. Peers inside. EDNEY is dead, head slumped limply, unnaturally to one side. WHALEN appears to be unconscious. In the backseat, MIKE is dazed, scrapes and bruises on his face.

Jimmy tries to YANK OPEN the crinkled backseat door. Too JAMMED. So he SMASHES the butt of the pistol against the window — **CRACK!** — SHATTERING IT. He SHOUTS inside now:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Mike!

(nothing, LOUDER now)

Michael, goddmanit get up!

Mike SNAPS from his stupor, localizes the noise. SEES Jimmy leaning inside the window. It's like he's awakening from the worst nightmare of his life...only it's not a nightmare.

He glances down at the HANDCUFFS. Then sees the CARBON FIBER handcuff key on NANCE'S GUN BELT. Grabs it along with NANCE'S PISTOL and begins to removes the handcuffs as —

INT. CHRYSLER 300 — FRANK AND BRENDAN

stopped a quarter-mile back from the accident. They LEAP OUT of the Chrysler, pistols in hand and weave their way through traffic towards the scene accident.

INT. POLICE CRUISER — SAME

Mike SLIPS OFF the handcuffs.

Jimmy reaches in.

JIMMY

Gimme your hand!

Mike stares at his father's hand... the last person on Earth he wants any help from. *But what choice does he have?*

Mike GRABS it. Jimmy PULLS HIM out through the window. The two START TO RUN DOWN the expressway shoulder. Manage to get ten strides away when —

GUNFIRE FILLS THE NIGHT. JIMMY'S HIT in the shoulder and FALLS to the ground.

Mike SPINS back to find —

WHALEN staggering towards them. He's managed to climb out of the cruiser. Weakly RAISES THE PISTOL AT MIKE and —

Mike — instinct taking over — FIRES FIRST — HITTING WHALEN in the gut. Whalen clutches his stomach and FALLS... dead...

A long beat.

Mike looks around... everyone staring at him in shock... the weight of what he's just done sinking in... a killer now...

From the ground, Jimmy SEES FRANK AND BRENDAN approaching. He labors to his feet and YANKS Mike away —

JIMMY (CONT'D)
We gotta move.
(Mike's frozen)
Now goddamnit!

They RUN. In the distance, Jimmy FOCUSES ON the large white pillars of 30th STREET TRAIN STATION...

INT. 30TH STREET STATION — LOBBY — NIGHT

Packed with travelers scuttling across the concourse.

Jimmy and Mike burst in. Mike starts like he's about to take off, but Jimmy reins him in.

JIMMY
Wait...

Mike follows his eyes to the COPS PROWLING the lobby and the DETECTION K-9s making the rounds.

They adopt a casual gait, blending in and slowly make their way across the lobby floor.

FRANK AND BRENDAN

enter the station now and look around. *Nothing.*

They spread out.

CONCOURSE

Jimmy and Mike moving through a CRUSH OF PEDESTRIANS, feeling the urgency and picking up the pace.

FRANK

stalks through that same concourse. SEES JIMMY UP AHEAD stepping onto a DOWN ESCALATOR. He RUNS now, KNOCKING people out of the way — holiday shopping bags hitting the floor as he PUSHES HIS WAY ONTO THE ESCALATOR and —

MIKE

turns back, SEES Frank nearing.

MIKE
Shit!

Jimmy sights him now, too.

Mike TAKES OFF. Jimmy's not quick enough. Frank GRABS a fistful of Jimmy's parka. A STRUGGLE ENSUES.

MIKE

steps off the escalator and turns back. SEES Jimmy in a struggle, being pummeled by Frank.

He decides to leave him.

JIMMY

deflecting blows — manages to FLEE FRANK'S GRASP. He STUMBLES off the escalator and RUNS INTO the —

BATHROOM

tries to lock the door when —

BA-WOOMP! the DOOR FLIES BACKWARD as FRANK comes barreling in, KNOCKING Jimmy to the floor. Frank locks the door and stares down at Jimmy, a shit-eating grin curling on his face:

FRANK

I've been waitin' a long time for this, Conlon.

Frank KICKS Jimmy in the ribs. Jimmy MOANS, tries to CRAWL AWAY. Frank DRAGS grabs his leg and PULLS him back, KICKING him over and over. Jimmy WRITHES in pain.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm enjoying this even more than I thought.

JIMMY

Yunno your wife called me last night.

Another KICK to Jimmy's ribs. Jimmy GRIMACES.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(teeth-clenched in pain)
Goddamn it... you fuckin'...

FRANK

What'd my wife say?

JIMMY

(catches his breath, then)
She wanted to take me up on my offer.

FRANK

Is that right?

JIMMY

And I gotta tell ya, Frank. I've never seen a woman swallow twelve inches like she did.

Frank SMILES, almost appreciates the moxie of the tough old prick. He PICKS JIMMY UP by his brown parka and delivers a PALE-HORSE PUNCH to Jimmy's face. Jimmy WHEELS BACKWARDS into the trash can, collapses to the floor. Tired, bloodied, done.

Frank REMOVES an HK P30 PISTOL from the waist of his jeans and starts towards Jimmy as —

Jimmy inconspicuously SLIPS the belt off his trousers and as Frank raises the pistol and —

WHAP! Jimmy WHIPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE with the belt buckle.

Frank DROPS the pistol, doubles over, holding his eye.

FRANK

Fuck — you MOTHERFUCKER — !

Jimmy's on his feet — WRAPS the belt around Frank's neck like a garrotte — PULLING IT SO FUCKING TIGHT and —

Frank FIGHTS HIM LIKE A BULL — wheeling backwards — then forward — SLAMMING JIMMY INTO THE STALLS and AGAINST THE WALL — HIS FACE AN INFERNO and —

Jimmy's knuckles whiten — teeth clench tighter — mining every ounce of strength left in his wearied bones...

Until... finally... Frank's strength wanes... resistance flags... he COLLAPSES over the sinks, and DIES...

Jimmy lets him down. Takes a moment to find his breath. Seems on the verge of collapse and has to steady himself against the wall...

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM — MINUTES LATER

As Jimmy joins the crowd of others waiting for the subway. Keeps his head down, avoids eye contact.

A LIGHT appears in the tunnel. The SUBWAY nears.

Jimmy looks back at the stairwell. BRENDAN enters the platform and surveys the crowd.

BRENDAN

moving through the throng. SEES Jimmy's brown parka up ahead. SLIPS a pistol out.

THE SUBWAY

Brakes HISS as it arrives at the platform.

BRENDAN

grabs the brown parka and SPINS the man around. JABS the pistol into his gun and...

BRENDAN

Say goodbye, motherfucker —

...But it's not Jimmy. Just a grizzled old BUM, happy as a clam about his new winter coat.

JIMMY

head low, slips onto the SUBWAY CAR. The DOORS CLOSE. He watches Brendan frantically looking around as the train leaves the station and disappears into a tunnel.

He EXHALES, falls into a seat...

EXT. INTERSTATE 676, VINE STREET EXPRESSWAY — NIGHT

The scene of the accident. A circus. Flares, police tape, traffic backed up for miles. HORNS from impatient drivers.

For HARDING it's just another night on the job as he crouches down beside the cruiser. Gets a look at Edney inside, then turns to Whalen's lifeless body ten yards down the road.

FLORES appears behind him.

FLORES
You ready for this?

HARDING
Do me a favor and get ridda that.

FLORES
Ridda what?

HARDING
'You ready for this?' First thing
you're gonna learn is you're not ready
for any of it, but it's comin' anyway.

FLORES
(nodding, a bit
embarrassed)
Right.

HARDING
Go 'head.

FLORES
The Buick over there, one that ran the
cruiser into the median?

HARDING
Yeah...

FLORES
Registered to a James Edward Conlon.

Harding turns back to Flores. Now he's listening.

FLORES (CONT'D)
Just got off with the dispatcher. Last
contact she had with the patrol car
was at 2620 Somerset Street. Officers
responded to a report of a shooting.
Wanna guess who the homeowner is?

HARDING
Frosty the Snowman?

FLORES
Michael Conlon.

HARDING
(nonplussed)
Conlon's got a son?

FLORES
(nods)
He called it in. Said his father just
shot and killed someone. The body they
found inside was Colin Maguire.

Harding, never surprised by what he hears anymore, takes a moment with this one. He turns back to the cruiser, SEES something inside and REACHES for it. He lifts the VACANT HANDCUFFS into frame... thinking...

MOMENTS LATER — HARDING AND FLORES

heading back to their car when DETECTIVES SAYERS and NANCE (the two plainclothes detectives we met inside Colin's office) arrive and step from an unmarked Crown Victoria.

SAYERS
Looks like we've got ourselves a blue-
ribbon shitshow here, huh, Harding.

HARDING
If we didn't, we do now. What're you
two doin' here?

NANCE
Chief wants all hands on deck for this
one.

SAYERS
(patronizing)
You might finally catch your white
whale.

HARDING
Not if you have anything to do with
it, Sayers. Do me a favor and stay the
hell outta my way.

Flores, behind the curve, trying to understand the history.

SAYERS
Gladly.

NANCE
(shit-eating grin)
See you boys around.

Harding and Flores climb into a Dodge Charger and drive off.

INT. SUBWAY CAR, MOVING — NIGHT

A SMALL PUDDLE OF BLOOD.

Drips from Jimmy's sweatshirt onto the floor. The sleeve is soaked from the bullet wound.

PAN UP to Jimmy. Pallid and weak. Across the aisle, a BLACK WOMAN stares warily at him. Not wanting to arouse suspicion, Jimmy STANDS and trudges into ANOTHER CAR...

...and there, sitting alone at the opposite end, is MIKE.
Thousand-yard stare in his eyes, trying to comprehend how his life fell apart in a matter of a few hours...

Jimmy walks that way and SITS across from him.

JIMMY
Looks like we're stuck together
tonight.

Mike looks at him, eyes burning with resentment.

A moment passes, then:

MIKE
I killed that cop, didn't I?

JIMMY
Hard to tell with those things. Coulda missed the vitals, an officer in good health, EMTs quick to the scene.

MIKE
What are the chances of that?

JIMMY
Zilch. You blew up his gut. Family's makin' funeral arrangements.
(off Mike's glare)
I'm the expert at this thing, right?

A beat.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Where are the girls?

MIKE
At my brother-in-law's.

JIMMY
Get over there as soon as we're let off. Borrow a car, buy a plane ticket — do whatever you gotta do — just get outta the city.

MIKE
(chuckles, a bit delirious
at this point)
Get outta the city?

JIMMY
That's right.

MIKE
And go where? My beach house in the
Caribbean?

JIMMY
If ya got one, sure.

MIKE
(snapping, reality setting
in)
Where the hell am I gonna go?! Huh!?
This is where I live! This is where my
family lives! I don't got nowhere else
to go!

A few RIDERS take notice and stare at Mike.

JIMMY
(to an ELDERLY GAWKER)
T'fuck are you lookin' at? Turn
around.
(Gawker turns away, then)
Look, Michael, I know how these things
work...

EXT. THE ABBEY PUB — NIGHT

As the lights come up inside.

JIMMY (V.O.)
Right now Shawn's got everyone meeting
up at The Abbey.

INT. THE ABBEY PUB — NIGHT

Shawn and Pat stand before TWO DOZEN brawny GANG MEMBERS,
dressed for the cold, eagerly awaiting marching orders.

JIMMY (V.O.)
From there they're gonna start
knockin' on doors.

EXT. DUPLEX IN FISHTOWN (SARAH'S BROTHER'S HOUSE) — NIGHT

Someone's POUNDING on the door. Sarah's brother, DREW, 27,
opens it revealing TWO OF SHAWN'S MEN (1 & 2). They PUSH DREW
ASIDE and make their way into the home, searching under
tables, in closets, et al. Drew's WIFE and TWO KIDS cower on
the family room couch.

JIMMY (V.O.)
Family, friends, co-workers...

INT. BASEMENT — NIGHT

LIGHTS COME ON over the unfinished space. GANG MEMBER 1 makes his way down the stairs, looks around for signs of life and finally heads back up.

REVEAL: SARAH, CATELYN and LILY hiding in the space under the stairwell. Shaking, afraid to breathe...

JIMMY (V.O.)
...anyone that can connect them to
you.

INT. 2ND PRECINCT — MUSTER ROOM — NIGHT

Packed with POLICE OFFICERS. CLOSE-UPS OF FACES: Some sober, others boiling with impotent rage.

JIMMY (V.O.)
And the cops, they got their own
motivation.

CAPTAIN DALEY, blood on fire, enters and pins photos of Whalen and Edney on the corkboard for everyone to see.

JIMMY (V.O.)
Right now that fat fuck Daley's
tellin' em about some kid who lost his
father... some wife without a
husband...

EXT. 2ND PRECINCT — LOT — NIGHT

As DOZENS OF CROWN VICS leave the parking lot...

JIMMY (V.O.)
Yunno what they do to cop killers?
They don't like to leave it in a
jury's hands.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA — VARIOUS ANGLES (POLICE & SHAWN'S CREW)

The BLACK-AND-WHITES SPREAD OUT... SHAWN'S CREW PROWLs the streets... FLASHLIGHTS sweep across dark alleys... STREET COPS comb TRAIN STATIONS, BUS STOPS, PUBLIC RESTROOMS... SHAWN'S THUGS RANSACK JIMMY'S HOME, DESTROYING EVERYTHING.

We get the feeling that every inch of the city is being
watched.

JIMMY (V.O.)
Every cop and hood in this city is
hunting us down...

BACK TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR — ON JIMMY

JIMMY
Forget about this place. Get your
wife, get the girls, and make a life
somewhere else.

A long moment as Mike considers Jimmy's advice. Finally:

MIKE
No.

JIMMY
...No what?

MIKE
I'm not running.

JIMMY
You don't got a choice.

MIKE
I didn't do anything wrong.

JIMMY
You think that matters?

MIKE
Someone else was there... Someone else
saw what happened at Colin's house.

JIMMY
...Who?

MIKE
Curtis... but everyone calls him Legs.

INT. THE ABBEY PUB — STORAGE ROOM — NIGHT

KENAN sits in a folding chair. He's a mess. Sobbing, scared,
leg bandaged from when Mike stabbed him. TWO GANG MEMBERS
stand nearby. He looks up as Shawn and Pat enter.

KENAN
(blubbering)
I'm so sorry, Mr. Maguire — I'm so
fuckin' sorry.

Shawn calmly KNEELS DOWN in front of him.

SHAWN
It's okay. Look at me.
(Kenan meets Shawn's eyes)
Did he suffer?

BRENDAN
Colin...?

SHAWN
Did my son suffer?

KENAN
 (shakes his head)
 Uh-uh... No, no, he just kinna... went
 down... it all happened real quick...

Relieved by this, Shawn PATS Kenan's cheek.

SHAWN
 Thank you.

TIGHT ON: SHAWN'S HAND. A HUNTING KNIFE falls from his sleeve into the palm of his hand.

KENAN
 I'm really sorry, Mr. Maguire. He, he
 was my best friend and —

Before he can finish, Shawn STABS HIM IN THE GUT with the knife. Then QUICKLY, FURIOUSLY JABS IT IN AND OUT a dozen times. All his rage surging forth at once.

Kenan's eyes widen in shock and horror. His face contorts in horrible anguish.

With his palm, Shawn SINKS the knife in deeper...

Kenan's head slumps limply... dead...

INT. BATHROOM — MINUTES LATER

BLOOD SWIRLS DOWN A SINK DRAIN.

As Shawn RINSES the knife in the sink, he catches a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror. Can't help but notice how old he looks. Maybe too old for this anymore.

PAT (V.O.)
 I just got off the phone with Rourke.

In the mirror, we see Pat standing in the doorway.

SHAWN
 And...?

PAT
 He's available.

A beat. Shawn seems to be making a decision. Finally —

SHAWN
 Make the call.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET — BRYN MAWR — ESTABLISHING

A pretty Colonial home on a quiet, leafy street.

MUSIC UP: *Beethoven's 'Allegretto in C Minor'* —

INT. STUDY — NIGHT — CLOSE ON

A DIORAMA. The Battle of Antietam. MINIATURE FIGURINES, UNION and CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS, in the throes of the epic struggle. CANONS, FLAGS, HORSES. BLOOD, PAIN, ANGUISH.

TIGHT ON A MILITARY FIGURINE — a UNION SOLDIER seen under a MAGNIFYING GLASS. A tiny paintbrush ever-so-carefully grazes his bayonet blade with a streak of silver acrylic.

REVERSE — a haunting, pale mineral-blue eye staring down at us. Focused, unblinking.

WIDER REVEALS — ANDREW PRICE

40s, a tall, fit man sitting at the desk. Bespectacled, bookish, hair neatly parted. He's wearing a plaid button-down shirt and pressed Dockers as he examines the figurine, keen to analyze every angle and line.

The PHONE RINGS.

Price doesn't break focus. He carefully sets his paintbrush down, shuts off the classical music on the Bose Wave stereo and answers.

PRICE

Price residence, Andrew speaking...
Mmm hmm... Mmm hmm...

He reaches for a memo pad, pushes his glasses back against the bridge of his nose. Writes now with perfect penmanship:

2 @ \$100,000 each

PRICE (CONT'D)

And the names, please. Mmm hmm...

Michael Conlon

PRICE (CONT'D)

Jimmy did you say? Mmm hmm...

Jimmy Conlon

PRICE (CONT'D)

And where are they now?... Mmm hmm...

INT. WALK-IN CLOSET/BEDROOM — NIGHT

As Price enters and reaches for an ALUMINUM BRIEFCASE on the top shelf. Takes it down and sets it on the bed. OPENS the lid revealing two FN FIVE-SEVEN PISTOLS with laser sights.

He slips on a SHOULDER HOLSTER and slides the two pistols into place. Reaches for his LL Bean field coat now.

INT. FAMILY ROOM — NIGHT

It's like a Rockwell painting come to life. Garland, tinsel, a cozy fire. Neatly-wrapped gifts surround a tastefully adorned Douglas Fir. Price's WIFE, 40, watches a sitcom in her comfy sweats and reindeer socks. TWO YOUNG BOYS play with an elaborate CHRISTMAS TRAIN SET on the floor.

Price descends the stairs and enters the room.

WIFE

Who was that on the phone, hon?

PRICE

Just the office. One of the servers crashed.

WIFE

But, sweetie, it's eleven o'clock.

PRICE

It shouldn't take very long. Do you need anything while I'm out?

WIFE

Will you get some skim milk and eggs for the morning?

PRICE

Mmm hmm.
(smiles to the boys)
Be good for your mother.

They're too engrossed in the train set to respond.

WIFE

Love you, honey.

PRICE

Love you, too.

Price goes.

INT. GARAGE/INT. AUDI A7 — NIGHT

Price climbs into the Audi, starts the engine. Arranges a POLICE SCANNER on the dashboard. Chatter between a DISPATCHER and STREET UNITS. He reverses out of the drive and tears down the street.

INT. ROW HOME — MAYFAIR — NIGHT

DOG FOOD IS POURED INTO A BOWL.

Standing in the outmoded kitchen, EDDIE CONLON, 55, tall, hardy, broad, tilts the bag of Iams over the bowl. A small TV plays on the counter. An old, sickly Labrador nears, sniffs at the food a moment.

EDDIE
Go 'head. Eat. Come on, you like this
shit.

The Lab moseys off, disinterested.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Oh for Christ's sake.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Eddie trudges that way, hobbling
on two ruined roofer's knees. More KNOCKING. LOUDER now.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Yeah yeah, I'm comin'!
(arrives at the door)
Who is it?

JIMMY (O.C.)
It's me, Eddie, open up.

EDDIE
Who's me?

JIMMY (O.C.)
It's your brother. It's Jimmy.

EDDIE
(pauses, suspiciously now)
What do you want?

JIMMY (O.C.)
Just open the goddamn door, will ya!

Reluctantly, Eddie opens the door. SEES Jimmy...and then Mike
standing there beside him.

EDDIE
(nonplussed)
Michael? What — what're you doin'
here? What's going on?

MIKE
How ya doin', Uncle Ed?

EDDIE
Good, yeah...
(NOTICES the blood on
Jimmy's sweatshirt)
Is that blood? Jimmy —

JIMMY
We got jumped.

EDDIE
Jumped? Jesus Christ...
(yanking them inside)
Get in, get in.

Jimmy and Mike step inside. Eddie closes the door, locks it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
 (to Jimmy)
 Go in the bathroom. Hurry up.

Jimmy moves off.

WE FOLLOW EDDIE, older-brother-mode now as he moves into the KITCHEN... gathers a batch of hand towels... opens a cabinet and takes down peroxide, bandages, et al... As he does the SOUND of the TV becomes prominent:

REPORTER ON TV (O.C.)
 — That's right, Ken. Police are on the hunt tonight for two suspects identified as James Conlon and his son, Michael Conlon...

Eddie WHIRLS to the TV. *Did he hear that right?* PICTURES OF JIMMY AND MIKE appear on the screen now.

REPORTER ON TV (CONT'D)
 ...who they say took the lives of two veteran police officers during a deadly chase and shooting on the Vine Street Expressway.

FOOTAGE of the accident scene now. The hideous wreck. White sheets covering bodies.

EDDIE
 (sotto)
 Jesus Christ...

Feeling a presence, Eddie turns back to find Mike standing in the doorway. He's been watching. His head falls, unable to proffer an excuse.

A look of resignation registers on Eddie's face...

INT. BATHROOM

Jimmy takes his sweatshirt off. His flabby skin plagued with tattoos: boyhood braveries that now look faded, cartoonish. He turns the shower on, leans in and washes the flesh wound.

Eddie enters with the towels, bandages and a change of clothes for Jimmy which he sets on the counter.

JIMMY
 Thanks. Two fuckin' spics right there on Cottman Ave... Knife this long... Got my wallet, too. Whole fuckin' neighborhood's goin' to shit...

EDDIE
 (solemnly)
 What've you gotten yourself into this time, Jimmy?
 (off look)
 It's all over the news in there...

Resigned, Jimmy shuts off the water and sits on the toilet. He begins to wrap his arm with the bandages.

JIMMY
I need the keys to your cabin.

EDDIE
What for?

JIMMY
(re: Mike)
Get his wife and girls up there while we figure this out. I'm gonna need a car too. And cigarettes if ya got any.

EDDIE
It wasn't enough that you ruined your own life, now you're bringing Michael into this?

JIMMY
I'm not bringin' him into anything. I'm tryin' to get him out.

EDDIE
Two cops, Jimmy? Shawn put you up to this? He ask you to handle something for him?
(no answer)
The worst thing that ever happened to you was meetin' that sonofabitch.
(still no answer)
Goddamnit I'm talking to you!

JIMMY
(STANDS UP)
AND I'M LISTENING! WHADDAYOU WANT FROM ME, EDDIE!? HUH!?

Their faces are just inches apart. Years, decades really, of hurt, betrayal, and disappointment rising to the surface.

MIKE

in the den, listening.

BATHROOM

A tense face-off between the brothers finally dissolves. Jimmy sits back down and continues wrapping his arm.

JIMMY
(sotto)
T'fuck did I even come here for?

EDDIE
Shawn's not gonna be able to get you outta this one.

JIMMY

Yeah, well, you'll get your wish then.
What were the words you used that time
on the stand? *The animal belongs in a
cage, Judge.*

(a dark chuckle)

Helluva'n endorsement, big brother.

Eddie feels a pang of guilt.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Gimme the keys to your cabin and your
car. I swear ta Christ it'll be the
last time you ever hafta see my face.

Off Eddie, a deal he can't refuse...

EXT. EDDIE'S DUPLEX — DRIVEWAY — NIGHT

Jimmy and Mike sit inside Eddie's salt-encrusted OLDSMOBILE
ACHIEVA. Jimmy, now dressed in his brother's sweatshirt and
flannel coat, starts the engine. Eddie leans in the window
and hands Jimmy a pack of Malboro Reds.

JIMMY

Thanks.

Jimmy lights one.

EDDIE

There are two rifles in the closet
downstairs.

JIMMY

Okay...

EDDIE

Listen. Mom's in the hospital...

(off Jimmy's look)

She slipped on some ice comin' outta
Church this mornin'. Fractured her
pelvis, bruised her legs up pretty
bad. They got her overnight at
Jefferson. I just thought, before all
this... if you wanted to see her...

Jimmy NODS. Eddie looks at his little brother, then at Mike,
unsure what else to say at this point.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

God bless.

Jimmy reverses out of the drive. Eddie watches the car vanish
down the street and stays watching long after it's gone.

EXT. CROWN LIMOUSINE — FISHTOWN — NIGHT — ESTABLISHING

A small, fenced-in lot houses a fleet of limousines.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Reservation was made under the name
Stevan Kujovic...

INT. CROWN LIMO, MANAGER'S OFFICE — NIGHT

Harding and Flores sit across from VINCE FARINA, 60s, a chain-smoking workaholic with thinning hair slicked back over his scalp. His desk is choked with invoices, receipts, antacids.

FARINA
Pick-up was 7:00 at Rittenhouse Plaza.
Two passengers going to the airport.

HARDING
They make it there?

FARINA
Beats me. But the client never called.
Which makes me believe Mike picked 'em
up.

HARDING
(to Flores)
Run a check with the airlines.
(back to Farina now)
How long's Conlon worked for you?

FARINA
Almost two years now.

FLORES
Good worker?

FARINA
Best employee I got. Never missed a
pick-up. Never got a complaint. Every
driver was like him I wouldn't have
stomach ulcers the size'a silver
dollars. Instead I got fifteen
shitheads and one saint.

He tosses back two horse pills and washes them down with a
glass of Alka-Seltzer.

Harding's CELL PHONE VIBRATES. He stands, ducks out into the
HALLWAY and answers:

HARDING
Harding.

JIMMY (V.O.)
It's Jimmy Conlon.

HARDING
Very funny, Tornetta, but I don't got
time for this shit right now.

INT. OLDSMOBILE ACHIEVA — NIGHT

Jimmy's on his cell phone, looking down at Harding's card.

JIMMY
It's Saturday. Isn't that greasehead
losin' his ass at the craps table?

INTERCUT BETWEEN JIMMY AND HARDING

A beat. Harding, realizing it really is Jimmy. Then:

HARDING
I hope you're on a plane to the
Shangri-La, Conlon.

JIMMY
I tried. Flight was booked.

HARDING
Then breathe in that fresh air cause
where you're going you'll be lucky if
you get fifteen minutes of that a
week. Rest'a the time you'll be
rottin' away inside a four-by-six
concrete box.

JIMMY
What was the number you had me at?

HARDING
Sixteen.

JIMMY
Wrong again.

HARDING
No shit. Only this time I got thirty
witnesses who saw you run a cop car
off the expressway, killing one
officer while your son finished off
his partner.

JIMMY
What if I told you my son didn't have
anything to do with this?

HARDING
I'd tell ya I don't give a shit. I'm
gonna put him away just for being
related to you.

Silence on both ends. Each waiting for the other to flinch.
Finally:

HARDING (CONT'D)
It's gotta be a weird feeling for you,
Conlon.

JIMMY
What does?

HARDING
Tables turned. Being the one hunted.
Even your pal Shawn Maguire wants you
dead. You don't have a friend left in
this world.

A beat to let that sink in. Jimmy doesn't object. Can't.

HARDING (CONT'D)
Turn yourself in. Make this easy.

Jimmy considers it for a moment, then:

JIMMY
You drink coffee, Harding?

HARDING
Six cups a day for the last thirty
years. Helps me shit regularly.

JIMMY
Put in a little extra sugar. It's
gonna be a long night.

Jimmy hangs up.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY — SAME

Harding hears the DIAL TONE, tucks the phone away. He glances
back into the office where Farina is talking to Flores:

FARINA
— You ask me, none of it makes any
sense. I never even knew Mike had a
father. He told me his old man died
when he was five years old...

Off Harding, replaying Jimmy's words in his head...

INT. OLDSMOBILE ACHIEVA — NIGHT

Jimmy watches as the front door of Drew's home opens. Mike
exits with Lily in his arms; Sarah holds Catelyn.

Jimmy looks at the faces of his granddaughters peeking
through bulky winter coats and knit caps.

It's the first time he's ever seen them.

He smiles faintly.

EXT. STREET — CONTINUOUS

As Jimmy steps out of the car.

CATELYN
Is Santa coming tonight?

MIKE
Not tonight, sweetheart.

CATELYN
Soon?

MIKE
Only a few more days.

Sarah notices Jimmy first. He waves awkwardly. She ignores him. Now Catelyn sees him and hugs Mike tight, trained to be wary of strangers.

CATELYN
Who's that man, daddy?

Jimmy's about to respond, step forward to meet her. Then:

MIKE
Nobody, honey. Let's get in the car now, okay.

A little piece of Jimmy dies right then. He stalls, stands there, empty, as the girls are loaded into an SUV.

INT. OLDSMOBILE ACHIEVA, MOVING – NIGHT

Jimmy drives, smokes. Mike's in the passenger seat, staring pensively out his window. SEES a GROUP of CHRISTMAS CAROLERS, parents and young children, going house to house. Makes him think of his daughters... his wife... his life before this...

JIMMY
Is it a boy or a girl?

MIKE
(snaps from his melancholy)
Uhh... boy.

JIMMY
How far along is she?

MIKE
Almost eight months.

JIMMY
You got a name picked out?

MIKE
Yeah...

Jimmy waits for the next sentence. But Mike's not sharing.

JIMMY
Still workin' that security job?

MIKE
(shakes his head 'no')
Cutbacks. Got ridda half the staff.
Drivin' a limo now.

JIMMY
Make a decent livin' doin' that?

MIKE
What's a decent livin'? I make enough
to pay the mortgage, feed my girls and
take my wife to dinner once a month.
(meaning Jimmy)
There are worse ways to make a buck, I
guess.

JIMMY
But you like it? I mean, you're happy?

MIKE
(chuckles)
Since when do you give a shit if I'm
happy? This is for your own sake,
right? Peace of mind? I say I'm happy,
that life turned out alright, and you
don't feel so shitty for walking out
on mom and me?

JIMMY
That's right. So are you?

MIKE
Happy?

JIMMY
Yeah.

MIKE
I'd be happier if I was playing third
base for the Phillies, but something
tells me that aint gonna happen.

JIMMY
You don't got the arm for third
anyway.
(off Mike's look)
I'm just sayin'. Second maybe. Third?
No shot. Ball's'd be skipppin' into
first.

MIKE
(shakes his head)
You really are a piece of work, you
know that?

JIMMY
I'm not tryin' to bust balls, it's
just an honest assessment.

MIKE

Here's what I think about your honest assessment.

(raises his middle finger)

JIMMY

I use'ta watch your games.

MIKE

Bullshit.

JIMMY

In high school. I'd sit in the outfield, though. Couldn't stand bein' around the other parents. Every asshole tellin' you how his kid's the next Lou Gehrig.

A beat. What Jimmy says next doesn't come easily:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You were a good player, though. Good, solid ball player. Fast. Tough. Smart. You didn't tear your knee up, maybe things coulda turned out different.

Mike looks over at him. Had no idea he knew about that.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Get a tryout, make a minor league club. Who knows? But that's life, yunno? It don't offer any do-overs.

MIKE

Believe me I know.

A few silent moments pass. Only the sound of 1060 NEWSRADIO. The ANCHOR tells of plummeting temperatures. It's suggested the elderly stay inside.

MIKE (CONT'D)

She would still ask for you, yunno? That used to drive me crazy. I'd be in the hospital room with her and all of a sudden she'd say, *Oh Michael, I just wish your father was here...* And later, when she got really sick, she'd wake up in the middle of the night calling your name.

JIMMY

Your mother and I were together a long time. They weren't all bad years.

MIKE

Didn't you ever think about comin' by? I mean, just to... say hello, see how she was doin'... watch a stupid goddamn tv show for all I care. That never crossed your mind?

JIMMY

I watched my father go that way. Took him five years to die. By the end he weighed a hundred and ten pounds.

(shakes his head)

Promised myself I'd never go through that again.

MIKE

Well good for you. You kept your promise. And she died alone.

JIMMY

You thought she deserved someone better. I guess I can understand that.

MIKE

No, that's not it. I just wanted her to hate you the way I hated you.

INT. HOMIDCIDE UNIT — 750 RACE — NIGHT

TIGHT ON: an article in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* from 1995.
PICK UP WORDS: *In a stunning verdict, Jimmy 'The Gravedigger' Conlon was acquitted of the murders...*

CU (PHOTO in article): JIMMY, 30s here, in a courtroom, hugging Shawn following the not guilty verdict.

CU (b.g. of same PHOTO): HARDING, early 30s, in the rear of the courtroom, standing beside his ex-partner, TORNETTA, apoplectic with rage.

ON HARDING

At his desk, scanning the article behind reading glasses. Feeling weirdly nostalgic. The night dredging up memories.

FLORES (O.C.)

Son's cleaner than Mr. Rogers.

Pulled from his reverie, Harding tucks the article into a drawer. Spins his chair to Flores at the neighboring desk.

HARDING

No priors?

FLORES

Not even a parking ticket. I talked to one'a his co-workers. Said he enrolled in business courses up at Temple. Wanted to get outta the late-night-no-holiday hacking life.

Harding slips off his glasses, reclines, thinking.

HARDING

Young father trying to make a better life for his family suddenly goes on a cop-killing rampage with an old man he's tellin' everyone is dead.

(shakes his head: it doesn't compute)

Who called it in?

FLORES

(reading the dispatch log)

Michael. Told dispatch his father shot and killed a man in the kitchen.

HARDING

So why does he run when the cops get there?

(Flores shrugs: beats me)

Lemme see the log...

Flores hands it to Harding. Harding reads... confused, then troubled by what he doesn't see. He abruptly grabs his overcoat off his chair -

HARDING (CONT'D)

Come on.

Flores LEAPS UP, wiggles into his coat, then hurries to catch up to Harding who's already out the door.

INT. CITY HOSPITAL MORGUE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Shawn and Pat are escorted down a long, sterile hallway by an ATTENDANT. They arrive at a door. Pat waits outside as Shawn enters the room...

...COLIN'S BODY lies on a metal table. Shawn approaches and stands over him, absorbing the finality of this moment.

SHAWN

That's Colin... That's my son.

Shawn slips his hand out of his overcoat pocket and gently runs his fingers over his son's face... as if to memorize its features.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Shawn and Pat sip cups of coffee as they wait to sign papers. Shawn is quiet, contemplative.

PAT

Want some more coffee?

Shawn shakes his head 'no'.

SHAWN

When I was sixteen, Richie Conners called me over to his house.

(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

He knew I was pullin' small jobs here and there and he asked me if I wanted to come work for him. Don't make a decision now, he said. Go home. Sleep on it. Come back and see me in the morning. Here's what I want you to think about: There are two types of men in this world. The first man gets up in the morning and goes to work for someone. He works hard to make a decent living for his wife and his children. Everyone calls him a friend. When he dies, a funeral is given. The family gathers and stories are told about what a nice, simple, decent man he was. Then they go home and go on about their lives... The second man knows no boss. He lives recklessly and boldly, making enemies and hurting the ones he loves. When he dies he is blessed and cursed in equal measure. Parties are thrown to celebrate his life, others to rejoice in his death. His enemies toast that they'll never have to see him again. But those that love him wonder how they'll ever live without him... I didn't sleep that whole night. I knocked on his door at six the next morning.

Pat looks at him curiously. Off Pat's look, an explanation:

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Earlier, I was tryin' to remember the moment when the boy went wrong.

EXT. PLAZA TOWER APARTMENTS — NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. A dilapidated, graffiti-plagued fifteen-story housing authority building. Teenage riffraff outside. Smoking dope, talking shit. Mange-ridden dogs amble.

INT. PLAZA TOWER — 6TH FLOOR — NIGHT

TIGHT ON MIKE pleading with a YOUNG MOTHER, 30, who cowers behind a door chain.

MIKE

Curtis. His name's Curtis —

YOUNG MOTHER

I'm sorry, I don't know anybody by that name —

MIKE

His mom works as a nurse... probably Hahnemann, or Frankford Hospital —

YOUNG MOTHER

I'm really sorry. I have to go.

Mother shuts the door.

A FEW DOORS DOWN

Jimmy KNOCKS on another apartment.

JIMMY
Open up. We're lookin' for Legs.

GRUFF MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Me, too. Preferably spread.

INT. STAIRWELL — MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy and Mike walking up another flight of stairs. Jimmy lags behind, exhausted, his breathing labored.

Mike turns back. About to ask if he's alright, but decides against it. Keeps moving.

7TH FLOOR — POV FROM THE END OF THE HALL

Jimmy and Mike KNOCKING on apartment doors to no avail.

REVERSE NOW — AN ELDERLY WOMAN

Nervously watches the two from her slightly ajar door. She quietly shuts the door, TIPTOES into the kitchen, lifts the phone and dials 9-1-1...

INT. POLICE PRECINCT — DALEY'S OFFICE — NIGHT

Captain Daley paces. Can't sit still. Night from hell and it's still not over. He glances up to find HARDING and FLORES making their way across the squad room.

DALEY
(knows Harding, sotto)
Oh shit...

Harding and Flores enter his office. Harding has the dispatch log in hand.

HARDING
I'd like a minute of your time,
Captain.

DALEY
What for?

HARDING
I wanna know why Officers Whalen and
Edney failed to notify dispatch when
Michael Conlon was apprehended.

DALEY
(incredulous and enraged)
Jesus Christ. You're really gonna come
at me with this rulebook shit now,
Harding!?

HARDING
 (reading the log)
 9:36 PM - A neighbor sees the suspect
 Michael Colon, flee the house on foot.

HARDING (CONT'D)
 (continuing)
 Ten minutes later he's
 handcuffed in a pileup on
 676. I wanna know how the
 hell did he out there?

DALEY
 I got two officers whose
 bodies are still warm and
 you're already lookin' to
 drag their names through the
 mud?

HARDING (CONT'D)
 Where were they taking him?

DALEY
 Get the fuck outta my office!

HARDING
 Who called in the favor? Was it
 Maguire?
 (no response)
 If you had something to do with this,
 Daley, I'm gonna drag you in frunna
 the Commissioner of Investigations
 myself.

DALEY
 You'd like that, wouldn't you?

HARDING
 You bet your ass I would!

DALEY
 Cause that's your MO, right, Harding?
 Turnin' over on cops. No wonder you've
 been stranded in Homicide for the last
 fifteen years. Even your own brethren
 can't stand havin' your ass around.

That strikes a nerve in Harding. He starts like he's about to
 have a go at Daley. Flores reins him in.

FLORES
 Hey hey... easy...

An OFFICER appears in the doorway. Feels the tension in the
 room and stumbles to talk.

DALEY
 You just gonna stand there? What is
 it?!

OFFICER
 Sorry, Captain. They uhh, they got a
 positive on Jimmy Conlon at the Plaza
 Tower.

Harding shoots Daley a look: *we'll finish this later*. He and
 Flores go.

INT. PRICE'S AUDI A7, MOVING — NIGHT

STREETLIGHTS GLIDE LIKE TRACERS across the windshield as Price cruises the city streets. The SCANNER CRACKLES.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
All units respond to a Code 1. 2350
Tremont, Plaza Towers. Positive ID on
the I-676 shooting suspects. Tac Air
will assist, over.

EXT. CITY STREET — SAME

As the AUDI abruptly U-TURNS, cutting off opposing traffic. Brakes SQUEAL. Horns SHOUTS. It DARTS OFF down the road...

INT. PLAZA TOWER, APARTMENT 718 — NIGHT

THREE TEENAGE BOYS — ERIC, MARCUS and TERRELL (all 14) — bang away on Xbox controllers, eviscerating a horde of posthumans in a first-person shooter game.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Eric, all baggy jeans and attitude, drops his controller and opens the door on Mike and Jimmy.

ERIC
(curt)
Yeah?

MIKE
Hey. Hi. Do you uh, do you know a kid
named Curtis... or Legs...?

ERIC
Who are you?

JIMMY
Doesn't matter who we are. Do you know
him or not?

ERIC
How 'bout you suck a fat one, old man.

JIMMY
How 'bout I slap your ass around, you
little shithead.

ERIC
You'd prolly like slappin' my ass
around.

Eric tries to close the door. Mike blocks it with his arm.

MIKE
Please... It's really important that I
find him.

MARCUS nears.

MARCUS
Whaddayou wanna see Legs for?

MIKE
Do you know him?

MARCUS
He's my brother.

A look of relief comes over Mike. Then:

TERRELL
Check out this helicopter, yo!

Terrell's looking out the window. Mike and Jimmy move inside and SEE a POLICE HELICOPTER hovering overhead, SPOTLIGHT probing the tower. Below, a COVEY of Crown Vics arrive. COPS pour out and rush into the building.

A look passes between Mike and Jimmy...

EXT. PARKING LOT, ACROSS FROM PLAZA TOWER — NIGHT

Price steps out of the Audi and appraises the scene across the street. POLICE have surrounded the entrance. He appears to be puzzling through a code. Then:

QUICK DETAIL SHOTS — AS PRICE

OPENS the Audi trunk... PUTS ON a DRAGON SKIN BULLETPROOF VEST under his coat... slips a few extra CLIPS into his pockets... removes NIGHT VISION GOGGLES...

Finished, he STALKS towards the Plaza Tower. A HORDE OF OFFICERS keep a rowdy group of rubberneckers at bay.

Price bypasses the crowd, continues to the rear of the tower. Further down, he notices a YOUNG COP standing guard outside a second entrance. He nears.

YOUNG COP
I'm sorry, sir, you can't be back here.

PRICE
I live on the third floor.
(points to a window)
That's my apartment there. I have to take my medication.

YOUNG COP
That medication's gonna hafta wait. Two dangerous fugitives are hiding inside the building right now.

PRICE
Oh dear.

YOUNG COP
Yeah. Go around to the front —

PRICE

Well maybe you could get it for me?

YOUNG COP

No no —

PRICE

It's apartment 317.

(reaching into his jacket)

Here's my key.

Instead of a key, Price removes a KA-BAR KNIFE from his jacket. IN A FLASH OF MOTION, he STABS YOUNG COP in the neck, covers his mouth, and drags his body inside the building.

EXT. PLAZA TOWER — NIGHT

Harding's Charger arrives out front. Harding and Flores climb out and join the crowd of Officers outside the building.

VETERAN COP

Hell're you doin' here, Harding?

HARDING

I been chasin' Conlon for thirty years. You didn't think I was gonna miss this, didja?

Vet Cop smiles. Harding looks around, spots Sayers and Nance nearby. Sayers smirks, waves. Harding turns away.

INT. PLAZA TOWER — 6TH FLOOR — NIGHT

BOOM! the stairwell door FLINGS OPEN as SIX OFFICERS burst out and march down the HALLWAY, POUNDING on doors — SHOUTING at those inside to open up.

VARIOUS ANGLES/VARIOUS FLOORS

OFFICERS STORM APARTMENTS... SCOUR BEDROOMS, CLOSETS, SHOWERS looking for Jimmy and Mike... BARKING at spooked and half-asleep RESIDENTS to evacuate the building...

INSIDE ONE APARTMENT BEDROOM

COPS order a COUPLE out of bed, then flip the mattress, unknowingly KNOCKING OVER a candle on the night stand.

CLOSE ON: THE CANDLE

As it IGNITES the rug... FLAMES LICK the mattress above...

INT. PLAZA TOWER — BASEMENT — NIGHT

Price shines a MAGLITE on an ELECTRICAL PANEL. Locates the MAIN CIRCUIT BREAKER, SWITCHES it off.

INT. PLAZA TOWER — VARIOUS — AS THE BUILDING POWERS DOWN

...HARDING AND FLORES look up as all the windows go dark...

...EIGHT COPS in the ELEVATOR. It SHUDDERS, STOPS...

...JIMMY AND MIKE as the 'icicle' lights around the apartment go out. Mike tries a lamp switch... nothing...

INT. STAIRWELL — SAME

DARKNESS. Suddenly PRICE EMERGES FROM THE BLACK. Night vision goggles on as he moves deliberately up the stairs like some strange alien sent here with a single purpose.

PRICE'S POV (NIGHT VISION): Seeing all in electric green. Light amplified.

INT. APARTMENT 718 — NIGHT

ON JIMMY and MIKE at the window, watching the helicopter circle, feeling the walls closing in around them.

Mike turns back to Marcus —

MIKE

Where's your brother?

MARCUS

I don't know, man. Shit, my mom's gonna kill me.

COPS VOICES are heard just down the hall, evacuating more apartments. Getting closer.

JIMMY

Think. Where does he hang out? Does he have any friends —

MARCUS

The bowling alley.

JIMMY

Which one? Liberty?

MARCUS

(nods)

In the arcade. There's a game there he likes to play.

ERIC

glances inside Jimmy's coat and NOTICES the SW PISTOL tucked into his waist. His mind putting things together. A panic rises. He TAKES OFF into the —

HALLWAY

and CALLS OUT to TWO OFFICERS at the far end —

ERIC
Yo! Yo, them fools are in here!

TWO OFFICERS turn, RUSH that way as —

JIMMY AND MIKE

having heard ERIC'S PLEA — RACE OUT OF THE APARTMENT — into the HALL — towards the STAIRWELL as the OFFICERS chase —

OFFICER 1
FREEZE!

Jimmy and Mike ignore the command —

The OFFICERS FIRE! Bullets narrowly missing Jimmy and Mike as they burst into the —

STAIRWELL

and SPRINT UP the stairs —

PRICE

HEARS their footfalls two flights above. He BOUNDS up the stairs — glances to his left — SEES the TWO OFFICERS heading for the stairwell — waits for them to enter his trap and —

BLAM! BLAM! TWO MUZZLE FLASHES IN THE DARK. Both Officers fall, shot in the head. Brutal. Efficient.

Price continues up the stairs.

EXT. PLAZA TOWER — NIGHT

Harding and Flores among the cops and onlookers when —**BOOM!** — a WINDOW IN THE TOWER EXPLODES! Everyone DUCKS.

Harding looks up. Black smoke billows from a 10th floor APARTMENT WINDOW where a fire rages. He RACES inside building. Flores follows.

STAIRWELL — JIMMY AND MIKE

As they reach the 15th floor landing. A door out to the roof. Chain-locked. Mike KICKS it. Jimmy joins in.

JIMMY
Sonofabitch!

No luck. Then — VOICES SWELL BELOW. Frightened RESIDENTS spill into the stairwell. MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN hurry downstairs. Some carrying Christmas gifts, others treasured possessions, one man hauls a flat-screen TV.

Jimmy and Mike exchange a look, then quickly move to join the exodus. Keeping their heads down as they descend.

Suddenly SMOKE CREEPS into the stairwell. HYSTERIA RISES and the herd grows aggressive. Pushing, shoving. An ELDERLY WOMAN FALLS. Mike picks her up before she's trampled.

ELDERLY WOMAN
(breathless)
Oh thank you. Thank you...

Jimmy glares at him: *are you trying to get us noticed?*

PRICE

moving up the stairwell. Pushing against the current. He SPOTS JIMMY and MIKE one flight above — RAISES his pistols and FIRES —

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BURSTS OF ORANGE LIGHT IN THE DARK!

RESIDENTS SCREAM! PANIC! EVERYONE HITTING THE GROUND as —

MIKE AND JIMMY

spill out of the stairwell — into the 7TH FLOOR hall as —

ANOTHER FLOOR — FIND HARDING

Amid the mayhem of RESIDENTS FLEEING APARTMENTS and the DENSE SMOKE. Can't see a foot in front of him. Grabbing every RESIDENT that brushes past, pulling him or her close to get a view of their face. *Ahab desperate to find his whale.*

7TH FLOOR — MIKE AND JIMMY

SO MUCH SMOKE NOW as they try apartment doors. *Locked. Locked. Locked.* Then — Jimmy turns a knob: *Open.*

JIMMY
Over here!

The two slip inside the apartment just as —

PRICE

enters the hallway from the stairwell.

PRICE'S POV (NIGHT VISION)

The hallway empty. Filling with smoke. He starts to move now. FIRING AT DOOR HANDLES — KICKING OPEN APARTMENT DOORS — scanning the interior before moving on to the next.

INT. 7TH FLOOR APARTMENT

Jimmy's scouring the space for escape routes. Can't find any.

JIMMY
Michael!?

MIKE (O.C.)
Out here!

He follows the voice OUT TO THE BALCONY where Mike stands.
Wind carries smoke from the opposite side of the building.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(points)
There.

Through the smoke, Jimmy sees the ROOFTOP OF A WAREHOUSE
twenty feet below.

JIMMY
You're shittin' me, right?

MIKE
You got a better idea?

Jimmy can't think of one.

The HELICOPTER circles, its SPOTLIGHT gliding across the face
of the building. Jimmy and Mike retreat, allow it to pass.
Mike climbs over the railing now. Looks down at the rooftop,
gauging his direction.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Okay. One, two -

JIMMY
Wait!

MIKE
What?

JIMMY
Be careful.

MIKE
Jesus Christ. Little late to start to
bein' a father, isn't it?

Mike steels his nerve, then JUMPS. The smoke obscures Jimmy's
view. He can't see if Mike landed safely or not.

JIMMY
(nervous)
Michael? MICHAEL!?

MIKE (O.C.)
Hurry up!

Jimmy's turn now. He dawdles for a moment before climbing
over the railing as -

PRICE

KICKS OPEN the apartment door - SEES Jimmy on the balcony.
RAISES HIS PISTOLS and FIRES -

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! SHATTERING THE SLIDING GLASS DOORS as —

JIMMY

JUMPS and — WE JUMP WITH HIM — THROUGH THE SMOKE — LANDING HARD on the roof below and tumbling up to Mike. He clutches his ankle, grimaces.

Mike lifts him to his feet as —

PRICE

Stalks out to the balcony. Observes Jimmy and Mike RUNNING across the warehouse rooftop.

JIMMY

feeling Price's eyes on him, glances back at him through the veil of eddying smoke.

PRICE

Returns the stare. Eyes on eyes. Killer versus killer.

INT. HALLWAY — NIGHT — ON HARDING

SO-MUCH SMOKE NOW and he covers his face with his shirt and his eyes are burning and he reaches the end of the hall and lifts open the window. Gulping in the fresh air when he notices TWO SILHOUETTES running across the rooftop below.

He DARTS for the stairwell as —

INT. WAREHOUSE — MIKE AND JIMMY

Stumble across the abandoned warehouse floor. All naked pipes and hanging wires. Jimmy stumbles, FALLS.

MIKE

We gotta move!

JIMMY

I'm tryin' goddamnit!

Jimmy clambers to his feet. Mike spots a FREIGHT ELEVATOR. They cross to it. Mike presses the 'down' button when —

HARDING (O.C.)

CONLON!

They turn to Harding across the floor. Weaver stance. Pistol trained on them.

HARDING (CONT'D)

GET ON THE GROUND!

(Jimmy doesn't move right
away)

GET ON THE GODDAMN GROUND!

Conceding, Jimmy sinks to his knees. Mike follows.

Just as Harding starts toward them —

GUNFIRE ERUPTS from the opposite side of the floor!

IT'S SAYERS AND NANCE — FIRING at Jimmy and Mike — no interest in taking the two alive and —

The ELEVATOR ARRIVES — DOORS OPEN — Jimmy and Mike LEAP INSIDE. Mike pulls the wooden gate closed.

Harding CHARGES. Sayers and Nance, too. The elevator begins its descent just as the sides arrive.

SAYERS

Shit!

STAIRWELL — HARDING

BOUNDS down flight after flight. *A man possessed.* Flies out the stairwell — into the lobby and up to the ELEVATOR.

DING! He levels his pistol as the doors open and... IT'S EMPTY. He looks around. Nothing.

Just then, Sayers and Nance emerge from the opposite stairwell. Harding glares at them, indignant.

EXT. WAREHOUSE — SIDE EXIT — JIMMY AND MIKE

come stumbling out the stairwell into an alley. Jimmy's limping badly. Mike grabs his arm, helps him along. In the b.g., the Plaza Tower is a conflagration and —

INT. OLDSMOBILE ACHIEVA, MOVING — ON MIKE

driving away from the Plaza Tower. Fast. FIRE TRUCKS whiz past on their way to the scene, SIRENS blaring.

JIMMY

(out of breath)

Take Rowland... get away from all this
shit...

Mike hangs a right down Rowland. The sound of EMERGENCY SIRENS fading off, giving way to a rare quiet moment.

Jimmy slips off his shoe, rolls down his sock. His ankle blue-black, badly swollen.

MIKE

You alright?

JIMMY

Yeah...

Jimmy leans back and attempts to catch his breath. His belly rising and falling slowly. So slowly. Forty years of two-packs-a-day smoking taking their toll.

Mike glances over at him. Struck by how old he looks. Turns his attention back to the road now and —

SMASH! IMPACT! THE DRIVER'S WINDOW EXPLODES as —

EXT. ROWLAND AVENUE — SAME

PRICE'S AUDI BROADSIDES the Oldsmobile — SENDING IT flying onto the curb.

INT. OLDSMOBILE ACHIEVA

ON MIKE, stricken, addled, showered with glass. Looks over at Jimmy who frighteningly AIMS his pistol right at his head.

JIMMY

Geddown!

Mike — snapping to — DUCKS. Jimmy FIRES at PRICE in the Audi, cobwebbing the windshield —

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Drive!

Mike DRILLS THE GAS — TURNS the wheel — FLIES up the RAMP of a PARKING GARAGE —

INT. AUDI A7, MOVING — NIGHT

Price PURSUES. DARTS into the PARKING GARAGE. Vivaldi's 'Winter' BLARING from the stereo like a battle anthem.

INT. VACANT PARKING GARAGE — SAME

As the Audi RAMS the Oldsmobile's bumper — pulls up alongside it now. PRICE UNLOADS A CLIP into the side of the sedan.

VARIOUS ANGLES NOW

as the two cars RACE UP LEVEL AFTER LEVEL — BUMPING, SCRAPING and SMASHING into one another — the Oldsmobile FALLING APART piece by piece — bumper, side mirrors, hubcaps —

INT. OLDSMOBILE ACHIEVA, MOVING — SAME

Jimmy DUCKS as PRICE FIRES ANOTHER CLIP in his direction —

JIMMY

(tired of this shit)

Sonofa — fuckin' —

He leans out the window and FIRES BACK AT THE AUDI'S TIRES — HITTING ONE — **THWOOT!** — shredding the rubber. The AUDI shimmies, then abruptly BRAKES...

INT. OLDSMOBILE ACHIEVA, MOVING — NIGHT

Mike continues up the ramps, finally reaching the roof level. He brakes. They wait with bated breath, listening. The only sound is the WIND WHISTLING at the windows.

MIKE
Who the hell is this guy?

JIMMY
...Price.

MIKE
D'you know him?

JIMMY
(shakes his head 'no')
Just through stories.

MIKE
And...?

JIMMY
And he's a real mean motherfucker.

Jimmy loads another magazine into his pistol.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Stay here.

MIKE
Where're you goin'?

JIMMY
I'm gonna kill his ass.
(off Mike's look)
You got a better idea?

And with that Jimmy steps out of the car.

WE FOLLOW HIM as he walks down the ramp, unraveling the bandage on his burnt hand until it's off. The ROAR OF AN ENGINE is heard below and the dull notes of Vivaldi and he lights a cigarette and the ENGINE is CLOSER and the Vivaldi is LOUDER and Jimmy STOPS and faces the ramp just below where he stands. He TIGHTENS HIS GRIP — AIMS THE PISTOL as —

WHOOSH! — the AUDI TEARS UP THE RAMP — A SILVER FLASH and —

Jimmy FIRES — **BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!** —and he just keep FIRING as the AUDI makes its turn — coming right at him. He DIVES out of the way at the *last possible moment* —

The AUDI FLIES PAST — GOING SO FAST — TOO FAST — tries to turn — but FISHTAILS — TIRES SQUEALING —**ERRRRR!** SLAMMING into a CONCRETE COLUMN!

It's a hideous accident. The hood HISSES. Dark liquids LEAK. The Audi reduced to a metallic scribble.

Jimmy gets to his feet and staggers close. Sees Price through the shattered windows. Head pressed against the wheel. Glasses cracked. Face a bloody mess. But still breathing...

Jimmy reaches in and grips him by his shirt.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Look at me, you sonofabitch.

Price does. Smiles crookedly through blood-coated teeth. And then LAUGHS. Jimmy PRESSES the pistol against his temple. Price LAUGHS HARDER, LOUDER, more maniacally and —

FLASH TO: BILLY COUGHLIN. IN THE SHOWER. FEELING AT THE HOLE IN HIS HEAD. LOOKING UP AT JIMMY, LAUGHING MANIACALLY.

JIMMY

tired of the demons — so fucking tired of them — fingers the trigger. All his pent-up rage surging forth. A moment away from sending Price into permanent dark when —

MIKE (O.C.)
Dad!

Jimmy turns. It's Mike, halfway down the ramp.

Dad. That word. Paralyzes him.

Jimmy looks at Mike... then back to Price...

A long, anxious beat.

Finally, he releases his grip, lowers his pistol and slowly makes his way up the ramp toward Mike...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBERTY BOWLING LANES — FRANKFORD — NIGHT

Nearly closing time. Mostly empty lanes. CLERKS spray and put away bowling shoes. And there in the arcade, backpack over his shoulders, banging away on a machine, is CURTIS.

CLOSER, ON CURTIS

caught up in the action when he feels a presence. Turns to Mike and Jimmy at his side. He recognizes Mike and panics. Tries to RUN. Jimmy grabs his backpack, reins him in.

CURTIS
(writhing)
Let go of me, yo! Let go! Help!

JIMMY
Settle down.

MIKE

I just wanna talk to you about what you saw.

CURTIS

I didn't see nuthin'!

JIMMY

Bullshit.

Mike glares at Jimmy: *let me handle this.*

MIKE

I'm not mad at you. I just wanna talk to you about what you saw.

Curtis stops writhing.

CURTIS

I aint no snitch.
(beat, guilt getting the
better of him now)
I just... I got scared...

MIKE

You saw what happened, didn't you, Curtis?

A long beat. Finally, Curtis NODS.

INT. HOMICIDE DEPARTMENT — HARDING'S DESK — NIGHT

Harding pours himself a cup of stale coffee from the old Mr. Coffee on his desk. Stirs in some sugar. Then a little more as if recalling Jimmy's words. He rubs his tired eyes as he listens to a rebroadcast of the 76ers game on a clock radio.

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The tip's controlled by Brand and we're underway... Igoudala over the line... cross-court to Holiday now...

HARDING

Hundred bucks the Sixers don't make the playoffs this year.

He spins his chair to Flores who's fallen asleep at his desk. Harding smiles, remembers being young once.

The desk phone RINGS. He answers.

HARDING (CONT'D)

Harding.

INT. LIBERTY BOWLING LANES — SAME

Jimmy's on the pay phone —

INTERCUT JIMMY AND HARDING.

JIMMY
Still awake?

HARDING
Yeah, I'm here.

JIMMY
Meet me at Frankford Center.

HARDING
What for?

JIMMY
I told you my son didn't have anything
to do with this. Now I got the proof.

HARDING
Good for you. Turn yourselves in, tell
your story, and hope someone believes
you.

JIMMY
We both know that's not gonna happen.
That's what I'm callin you. You're the
only one I can trust.

HARDING
So what's in it for me?

JIMMY
The truth.

HARDING
Oh fuck the truth. Do you really think
that matters to anyone, Conlon? If it
did you'd'a been locked up a long
time ago. You're gonna hafta do a
helluva lot better than that.

Jimmy doesn't answer right away.

Harding glances at the clock radio: **1:45 AM.**

HARDING (CONT'D)
My shift's over. I'm gonna hafta
transfer you to one'a my colleagues.
I'm sure you'll find him very helpful.

Harding hangs up, punches a transfer into his phone. Across
the squadroom, SAYERS answers.

SAYERS
Sayers. Hello...? Hello...?

Harding's PHONE RINGS again. He answers immediately:

HARDING
What else?

Jimmy stares at Mike and Curtis sitting at a booth... a realization sinking in... what he needs to do...

JIMMY
Names. All of 'em.

Harding considers the offer. The words he's been waiting thirty years to hear.

HARDING
I'll be there in fifteen minutes.

INT. HOMIDCIDE — SAME

Harding hangs up, then nudges Flores who shoots awake like a student who's overslept for an exam.

FLORES
Yeah? What? I'm up. I'm up.

HARDING
(smiles)
Get your coat on. We're gonna go meet someone.

Flores sits up, clears his eyes, YAWNS.

INT. THE ABBEY PUB — BACK OFFICE — NIGHT

PICTURE FRAMES ON THE WALL:

-- Shawn and Rose's wedding. Jimmy, a young man here, a drunken, merry groomsman.

-- Shawn and Pat at a restaurant, arms over each others' shoulders.

-- Shawn and Colin at baseball game. Colin just a young boy here. 9 years old. Back when he idolized his father.

ON SHAWN

sitting at the desk, gazing reflectively at the photos. His whole life on the walls before him.

Pat KNOCKS on the door and steps inside.

PAT
Price missed...

Shawn NODS. Perhaps he knew it already.

PAT (CONT'D)
Brendan and Robbie are headin' down to the airport. See if maybe they can cut him off. Timmy and Drew —

SHAWN
Tell everyone to go home.

PAT
(nonplussed)
Home? But Shawn —

SHAWN
(calm but firm)
Tell them to go home.

A beat. Pat nods obediently, leaves.

INT. CITY BUS, MOVING — NIGHT

TIGHT ON JIMMY as the bus rattles down Cottman Avenue. He seems somewhere else. And he's muttering to himself. Or rather to the demons inside him.

JIMMY
Jesus Christ... Goddamn you... God-
fuckin' damn you, Jimmy, you
fuckin'... what a waste... what an
awful fuckin' waste you were...

Mike, sitting beside Curtis, glances over at him.

MIKE
Who you talkin' to over there?

JIMMY
(beat, then)
I'm sorry, Michael.

MIKE
...For what part? Walkin' out on me or
not bein' there for her?

JIMMY
(considers, then)
Not being there for her... Walkin' out
was the best thing I ever did for you.

Mike reflects on that a moment, then leans his head back against the window. It's been a long night... such a long night... all that adrenaline ebbing away now... he closes his eyes... he could sleep forever...

The BUS arrives at a stop. Riders stand and move to exit. The bus rocks into motion again.

CURTIS
Mike...?

MIKE
Mmm...

CURTIS
Your dad's gone.

Mike opens his eyes. Looks over. Jimmy's seat is empty. He leaps up and moves to the back of the bus. SEES Jimmy walking away, down the sidewalk.

MIKE
(calls to DRIVER)
Stop the bus! Hey, stop the bus!

BUS DRIVER
Siddown, pal.

Mike watches as Jimmy gets smaller and smaller...

INT. THOMAS JEFFERSON HOSPITAL — NIGHT

A quiet corridor. A few second shift NURSES milling about. The elevator arrives and Jimmy steps off. Makes his way down the hall, peering into open patient rooms, looking for his mother. All the while noticing the 'get-well' flowers and gifts surrounding the patients and feeling a bit guilty he's come here empty-handed.

He spots a poinsettia plant on the vacant check-in desk and quickly snatches it, tucking it under his arm as he continues down the hall. He scans the placards outside each room, stopping finally outside one: **MARGARET CONLON**.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — NIGHT

MARGARET CONLON, late 70s, thin, frail, is asleep on the bed. IV in her arm. Bruises on her face from the fall. The door opens and Jimmy enters the room.

Margaret stirs, squints to see him.

MARGARET
Who's there?

JIMMY
Hey, Ma. It's me. It's Jimmy.

MARGARET
Jimmy? Oh. Oh. Well, what — what're you doing here?

JIMMY
Whaddaya mean what am I doin' here? I came here to see you.
(re: the plant)
Broughtcha something.

MARGARET
Oh. It's very pretty. Put it over there so I can see it.

He sets the plant on the windowsill. An awkward beat. Jimmy's uncomfortable. He's never been very good at these things.

JIMMY
How ya feelin'? You okay?

MARGARET
Well I fell down coming out of the Church this morning, yunno?

JIMMY
Yeah. Eddie told me.

MARGARET
Who?

JIMMY
Eddie.
(off Margaret's blank
stare)
Your son, Ma.

MARGARET
Oh. Will you put my glasses on?

Jimmy takes her glasses from the table and slides them back over her ears and sets them on her nose. A bandage above her eye is peeling off. He fixes it.

JIMMY
Are ya warm enough?

MARGARET
I'm a little cold actually.

Jimmy searches a closet. Empty. Moves to the door now and calls out to the hallway.

JIMMY
Hello? Anyone workin'?
(KNOCKS HARD on the door
to stir someone)
I need a nurse in here.

A NURSE, 40s, emerges from another patient's room.

NURSE
Can I help you?

JIMMY
My mother needs a blanket.

Nurse removes a blanket from a closet and approaches.

NURSE
I'm sorry, sir, but visiting hours are over.

JIMMY
(accepting the blanket,
then ferrying her out)
Thank you.

NURSE
Sir, you can't stay here —

JIMMY
Merry Christmas.

He shuts the door on Nurse. Locks it. Crosses back to the bed now and spreads the blanket over his mother's body.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
There ya go. That better?

MARGARET
Oh yes. Thank you.

He pulls a chair close and sits down beside her.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
(shivers, pulls the
blanket tight)
I don't know why they run the air so
cold in here.

JIMMY
You gotta be careful when you're
walkin', Ma. 'Specially this time a
year with the snow and ice and... The
Church — they oughta have someone
throwin' salt on the sidewalk for
chrissakes. Them priests over there
are so goddamn cheap.

MARGARET
Did you get to see the circus?

JIMMY
The circus?

MARGARET
The one that just came through. Oh,
Jimmy, it was so much fun. There were
elephants and giraffes and zebras. And
your father came along with them.

Jimmy realizes her dementia is taking over. But his time here
is short and he plays along.

JIMMY
Dad was here?

MARGARET
Mmm hmm. Riding on a horse of all
things! Can you believe that?

JIMMY
I didn't know he could ride a horse.

MARGARET
I didn't either. Oh we had such a
wonderful time. And afterward we all
went downstairs to watch the
fireworks. And your Aunt Joan was
there. And Peggy Hastings...

WIDE: Jimmy sitting beside his mother, listening to her
imaginary stories, knowing he's lost her...

INT. FRANKFORD TRANSPORTATION CENTER — LOBBY — NIGHT

Harding and Flores amble, scanning the faces of passersby and clocking the entrance for any sign of Jimmy or Mike.

Just then, Mike enters the lobby with Curtis.

Harding nudges Flores. They proceed across the concourse toward Mike who sees them approaching.

MIKE
Are you Detective Harding?

HARDING
Get your hands behind your back.

Curtis watches as Harding handcuffs Mike. Harding and Flores have yet to notice him.

HARDING (CONT'D)
Where's your father?

MIKE
Last I saw him he was heading down
Cottman Avenue.

Off Harding, disappointed but not at all surprised.

EXT. FRANKFORD CENTER — LOT — HARDING AND FLORES

escort Mike to the Dodge Charger. Curtis follows. Flores notices him now back, looks at him curiously.

FLORES
There a reason you're following us,
kid?

CURTIS
Yeah. I'm supposed to tell you what I
saw.

Confused, Harding turns to Mike.

MIKE
He's my witness.

EXT. PHILADELPHIA — VARIOUS — NIGHT

As the CITY SHUTS DOWN FOR THE NIGHT... SUBWAY PLATFORMS empty... BARS turn off their lights... HOOKERS hang out in a diner, telling stories, counting the night's take.

EXT. THE ALLEY PUB — BACK OFFICE — NIGHT

Brendan stands outside, smoking a cigarette. Drops it to the ground and twists it out with his boot tip. Raising his eyes, HE FINDS JIMMY STANDING TWO FEET IN FRONT OF HIM.

Brendan reacts, goes for his gun. Jimmy STEPS FORWARD and jams his pistol against his chest. Brendan freezes. Jimmy takes Brendan's pistol from his jacket, empties the clip and tosses it down the alley.

BRENDAN

What're... what're you doin' here,
Jimmy?

JIMMY

You know god damn well what I'm doin'
here... And if you don't start walkin'
I'm gonna kill you, too. And then I'll
kill your whole goddamn family. You
know I'll do it, too.

(Brendan nods, believes
him)

Don't bother callin' anyone either.
It'll be over before they get here.

Brendan, bound by loyalty, doesn't leave right away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Get outta here!

Brendan startles, then reluctantly JOGS off.

INT. THE ALLEY PUB — NIGHT

Empty. Eerily quiet.

The door opens and Jimmy steps inside, pistol in hand.

TIGHT ON: JIMMY'S EYES. Back in killer mode. Alert. Darting to even the slightest movement or sound.

The Christmas lights BLINK. An ANIMATED SANTA on the bartop clicks into motion, repeating a *Ho-Ho-Ho* refrain.

Fear registers on his face. Uncertainty. *How long has it been? Is he too fucking old?* Then —

AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE SOUND — A DOOR KNOB TURNING and —

Jimmy CATCHES IT — WHIRLS to —

PAT — across the room — stepping out of the back hall. He FIRES at Jimmy and makes a fatal mistake. *He misses.* Before he has a second chance —

BLAM! BLAM! JIMMY PUTS TWO BULLETS INTO HIS STOMACH.

PAT FALLS ONTO A TABLE, THEN COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR, DEAD.

(O.C.) A DOOR SLAMS SHUT — Jimmy looks up and —

EXT. THE ALLEY PUB — BACK LOT — NIGHT

As Shawn runs for his Cadillac, fumbling at his keys, drops them now.

JIMMY

exits the rear door now. He has a clear shot of Shawn's back, but won't take it.

JIMMY

Turn around!

Shawn pauses. Raises his arms.

SHAWN

I don't have a gun.

Shawn turns around slowly, faces his friend.

The two men regard each other for a very long moment.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Been a long night, hasn't it?

JIMMY

Yeah...

SHAWN

I don't blame you, Jimmy. I would've done the same thing if it was my son... Why don't we go inside? Talk this through.

TIGHT ON SHAWN'S HAND: as the HUNTING KNIFE falls from his sleeve into his palm.

He slowly walks toward Jimmy who lowers his gun.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I wanna hear about Michael.

(moving closer)

God, it must be fifteen years since I saw the boy.

Just as Shawn's about to reach Jimmy, Jimmy RAISES HIS GUN —

BLAM! THE PISTOL'S REPORT ECHOES FOR MILES.

For a moment, Shawn doesn't react. Slowly now, blood begins to seep through his shirt. A crimson blotch. He crumples to the cold pavement.

Jimmy nears, looks down at his friend whose breaths are short and shallow. He STEPS on Shawn's hand. The knife falls from his grip. Jimmy reaches down and tosses it into the darkness.

He tucks the pistol away now and sits beside Shawn and pulls him into his arms and holds him like a child.

JIMMY

I'm sorry, Shawn... I did it for my son. I did it for Michael.

Shawn looks up at Jimmy. There's no anger evident in his eyes. Only regret. Something the two men know well.

Shawn tries to speak but the words don't come. He reaches his hand up and PATS Jimmy's cheek. *Forgiveness.*

The wind picks up.

Jimmy takes off his flannel coat, lays it over Shawn's body. As Shawn fights for his final breaths, Jimmy stills him, holds his hand.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
It's okay... it's almost over now...

Shawn's eyes narrow... then slowly close... the light goes out of him and he crosses that line...

Jimmy doesn't get up right away. He stays there for a very long while, holding his friend in his arms, keeping him warm.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOMICIDE — HALLWAY — ON HARDING

staring at Mike through the window of an interview room. Flores approaches from down the hall.

FLORES
Patrol car found the limousine at a train yard in Germantown. Two bodies in the trunk. Kujovic and his bodyguard. Bullets match the gun found on Colin Maguire.

Harding nods. Validation for what he already believed.

FLORES (CONT'D)
What're you thinkin' about?

HARDING
(staring at Mike)
How some people get dealt shittier hands in life than others... Bring him a phone. Let him call his wife.

FLORES
You think the old man'll turn up?

HARDING
Doesn't matter anymore. Even if no court ever did, I convicted him a long time ago.

WE FOLLOW HARDING as he walks down the hall. Stops at a water fountain, drinks, then dips his head into the stream in an effort to wake himself up.

HARDING (CONT'D)
I'm up, I'm up, I'm up.

He continues into the SITTING AREA where Curtis and his mother ANGELA, 40s, are waiting. Angela stands nervously, expecting the worst.

HARDING (CONT'D)
Hi. Detective Harding.

ANGELA
Angela Banks.

HARDING
Appreciate you coming down so late.

ANGELA
What exactly am I here for, Mr.
Harding? Did Curtis do something?

HARDING
He did. He showed himself to be a very
brave young man.

CURTIS
Didja hear that?

ANGELA
(relieved, then)
Very brave and very grounded.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Harding.

Harding turns to a DETECTIVE standing up at his desk.

DETECTIVE
Phone call for ya'.

HARDING
(to Detective)
Gimme a sec.

DETECTIVE
Guy's claimin' to be Jimmy Conlon.
Says he wants you to pick him up.

INT. DODGE CHARGER, MOVING — NIGHT

Jimmy sits in the back, handcuffed, watching the row homes pass. The old neighborhood where he grew up. Harding drives, Flores in the passenger seat.

JIMMY
(finally)
Can we go someplace else?

HARDING
(glances at Jimmy in the
rearview)
Someplace else?

JIMMY

I don't want my son to be around for this.

INT. STOCKTON'S DINER — NORTHEAST — NIGHT

Flores is at the counter, sipping a cup of coffee.

Harding and Jimmy sit in a booth, tucked back in the corner of the space. Harding sets out a digital recorder. Jimmy stares at the red record button. Almost laughs. *Never saw this day coming.*

Reaching into his coat pocket, Harding slips out a sheet of faded paper worn from age. He sets it on the table and slides it across to Jimmy. It's a LIST OF NAMES. Nineteen of them to be exact. Harding CLICKS a pen:

HARDING

I'm ready when you are.

Jimmy lights a cigarette, settles in and glances at the first name on Harding's list.

JIMMY

Ray Davies was a small-time hood used to pull jobs for Shawn. Bank deposit slots mostly. There was a score a'posed to go down in Newark...

FADE INTO A SERIES OF TIME CUTS AS NIGHT MOVES TO DAWN. We hear snatches of Jimmy's confessions to Harding. INTERCUT as needed with the RECORDER DISPLAY TRACKING THE HOURS, JIMMY LIGHTING AND CRUSHING OUT CIGARETTES, COFFEE MUGS REFILLED, HARDING CROSSING NAMES OFF HIS LIST, etc..

JIMMY (CONT'D)

...It's a strip mall now, but back then it was a nature preserve. Miles'a forest. That's where I dumped his body. Couldn't tell ya where, but you look hard enough back there...

DISSOLVE TO:

JIMMY (CONT'D)

...I remember he didn't die right away. He just kinna... laid there for awhile, shaking on the ground like he was havin' a seizure or somethin'. I didn't have no bullets left. So I ran back to the car and got a tire iron outta the trunk.

HARDING

Then what?

JIMMY

...I finished him off.

HARDING
With the tire iron?

JIMMY
Yeah...

HARDING
And who told you to murder him?

JIMMY
Shawn Maguire.

DISSOLVE TO:

HARDING
What about Captain Daley? How long's
he been in bed with Shawn?

JIMMY
Thirty, thirty-five years. The night
he graduated the academy we took him
out and got him laid. This hideous
lookin' redhead Shawn found walkin'
the streets in Olney. Prolly the first
and last time for that fat prick.

HARDING
He made the payroll in exchange for
what?

JIMMY
Information. Names. Someone was
gettin' ready to talk to you or the
Feds and he let us know.

A FINAL DISSOLVE now. MORNING IS AT THE WINDOW. A bright sun
rising to reclaim the sky. The ashtray brims with cigarette
butts. Empty cups of coffee and sugar packets litter the
tabletop.

HARDING
The Black Friday Murders. Ernest
Hayes, Ted Grady, and Glenn Cavetto.

Jimmy nods: *them, too.*

HARDING (CONT'D)
And those murders were ordered by
Shawn Maguire as well, correct?

JIMMY
Yeah...

Harding checks the final three names off his list.

HARDING
That all of 'em?

JIMMY

(beat)

Two more. Patrick Mullen and Shawn Maguire.

Harding absorbs that a long moment.

HARDING

One last thing...

JIMMY

Don't ask me why. Don't ask me that. Whatever reasons I had back then... they faded away a long time ago...

HARDING

I was gonna ask you to state your name. I forgot to record it when we started.

He holds the recorder up to Jimmy.

JIMMY

James Matthew Conlon.

HARDING

(into the recorder)

Detective John Harding. December 22, 2011. 6:11 AM. Stockton's Diner.

Harding shuts off the recorder. Leans back. Stretches. Eyes adjusting to the morning light.

JIMMY

You have kids, Harding?

HARDING

Two boys.

JIMMY

Close with 'em?

HARDING

I wish I was closer. But don't all fathers?

A moment.

JIMMY

Can I ask you a favor?

HARDING

(chuckles)

You can ask.

JIMMY

You got grandkids?

INT. DODGE CHARGER, MOVING — PA TURNPIKE — MORNING (DAWN)

Jimmy sits, handcuffed, in the backseat, Mike beside him. Harding drives, Flores in the passenger seat.

Jimmy stares out his window at the snowy forest of Pines. Beautiful this time of year.

Harding glances at him in the rearview, then lowers Jimmy's window, letting him breathe in the crisp, cold air.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE — MORNING

The Charger barrels past a road sign: **POCONO EXITS 10 miles.**

EXT. POCONO MOUNTAIN CABIN — MORNING

A cabin perched high in a pine forest overlooking a modest lake.

INT. CABIN — FAMILY ROOM — MORNING

On the floor, Drew plays a board game with Catelyn and Lily, doing his best to keep them busy.

KITCHEN

Sara sits at the kitchen table. Warming her hands around a mug of tea. Worried sick. Hasn't slept all night. It's a windy, cold morning outside and the wind buffets the home. Windows rattle in their frames.

(O.C.) TIRES over gravel.

Sarah rushes to the window and observes the Dodge Charger entering the drive. Mike steps out of the car. Her body slackens with relief. She could almost cry.

SARAH
(composes herself, calls
back into the den)
Girls. Girls, come over here.

EXT. CABIN, DRIVEWAY — MORNING

Jimmy arrives at the front door. He turns back to Harding and offers his hands. Harding grudgingly removes the handcuffs.

HARDING
You got twenty minutes, Conlon.

JIMMY
(sincerely)
Thank you.

Harding and Flores move back to the car.

INT. CABIN — SAME

Sarah opens the door and hugs Mike desperately. Pulling him tight. Not wanting to let go. The embrace is broken finally. Mike picks the girls up now and hugs them.

MIKE
Oh I missed you guys.

CATELYN
I missed you, daddy.

Sarah eyes Jimmy warily, like an uninvited guest.

JIMMY
Hi, Sarah.

Sarah, hesitant, looks to Mike.

MIKE
It's okay. He just wanted to meet the girls.

SARAH
(to Jimmy)
This is my brother, Drew.

DREW
Nice to meet you.

Jimmy nods, shakes his hand.

MIKE
(to the girls)
That's your Grandfather. Go over and say hi.

Mike sets the girls down. They step toward Jimmy charily, coyly. Jimmy kneels down to their level.

JIMMY
It's very nice to meet you, Catelyn.

CATELYN
Hi...

JIMMY
You're a very pretty girl, you know that?

CATELYN
My daddy said we didn't have a grandfather.

JIMMY
Well you didn't for a while, but you might have one now... Does that sound good?

CATELYN

Mmm hmm.

JIMMY

(to Lily)

And you must be Lily.

Lily hugs Mike's leg.

SARAH

Go ahead, sweetie. You can say hi.

Lily buries her face in his jeans.

MIKE

You're being shy, arentcha?

It doesn't bother Jimmy one bit. Being this close to them.
That's all he wanted.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(touching Sara's belly)

And this one here... this is Michael,
Jr.

JIMMY

(stands)

Good name. Maybe you can teach him to
play ball one day.

MIKE

We'll see. I don't got much of an arm,
but...

Jimmy smiles.

An awkward moment. The realization that years of hurt cannot
be atoned for in a few moments.

CATELYN

Can we go see the ducks now, Mommy?

LILY

Yeah! Can we see the ducks, Mommy?

SARAH

In a minute, girls.

JIMMY

No no. Go ahead.

MIKE

Why don't you come out with us?

JIMMY

Yeah. Yeah, I'll meetcha down there.
I'm just gonna get some water.
Thirsty.

MIKE

Okay. Come on, girls.

Drew and the girls exit the cabin. Before Mike leaves, he turns back to Jimmy.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm glad you got to meet them.

JIMMY

Me, too.

Mike goes.

Jimmy is alone. Physically and emotionally drained. He moves to the sink and pours himself a glass of water. Drinks it in a single gulp. Ahhhh... He runs his burnt hand under the cold water and watches the water move through his calloused fingers before finally shutting the faucet off.

He paces around when he notices the COLLAGE Sarah was making for the new baby on the kitchen table. '**US BEFORE YOU**'. It's finished now. Every inch of canvas covered.

He looks at it curiously a moment. Sits at the table now and peers down at the pictures. So many. A mosaic of moments fit together to tell a family's life.

JIMMY'S POV

The pictures. Catelyn's birth, Lily's first bath; birthdays, holidays, Halloween costumes, bike rides, etc... A lifetime of happy memories.

JIMMY

His eyes well with tears.

JIMMY'S POV

VERY TIGHT ON the faces of Sarah. Catelyn. Lily. Mike.

VERY TIGHT ON JIMMY

It hits him all at once... everything he missed... everything he wasn't... And it just breaks him... it just fucking shatters him into a million pieces...

His stomach quakes.

JIMMY

Oh God. Oh God.

Tears roll down his face.

We stay on Jimmy for a very long while, fighting like hell to hold it together...

Until...

...something strange happens. Looking at the photos again, he realizes... his son isn't him... that his sins are his own...

And a great relief washes over him.

His whole body slackens as if a great weight has been lifted.

He gathers himself and moves to the back door. Through a pane of glass, he watches his family down by the lake. Walking along the water's edge. The girls pointing at the ducks.

BOOSH! THE GLASS DOOR PANEL SHATTERS!

SIX BULLETS RIP INTO HIS CHEST!

He REELS BACK — tries to steady himself against the kitchen table — but his legs give out and he COLLAPSES to the floor.

Through the shattered panel, WE SEE PRICE OUTSIDE. A haunting visage. The left side of his face covered with crimson-tinged bandages. His glasses are cracked and askew. Like a figure from a nightmare figure come horribly to life.

AT THE LAKE'S EDGE

Mike HEARS the dull echo of gunshots. He looks upward to the cabin, but can't see anything through the dense woods.

MIKE
(to Sarah)
Take the girls.

SARAH
Mike —

MIKE
Go! Now!

Sarah grabs Catelyn and Lily and rushes off.

Mike runs back toward the cabin.

PRICE

clicks another magazine into his FIVE-SEVEN PISTOL, then coolly starts down the wooded slope towards the lake to fulfill the second half of his charge.

INT. CABIN — JIMMY

clutching his bloody chest. He drags himself across the kitchen floor, leaving a streak of blood on the linoleum.

Grunting through unbearable pain, he PICKS himself up, opens the closet door and removes a KIMBER CLASSIC HUNTING RIFLE.

INT. DODGE CHARGER — DRIVEWAY — HARDING AND FLORES

Flores notices Price walking through the woods, down towards the water.

FLORES
Who the hell is that?

Harding lifts his eyes and observes Price making his descent. He LEAPS OUT of the car and —

INT. KITCHEN — JIMMY

.308 WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES FALL TO THE FLOOR as Jimmy loads the Kimber rifle. He STAGGERS to the back door and KICKS IT OPEN. Steadies himself against the frame — tries to focus — but he's dazed — fading — so much blood lost...

He RAISES THE RIFLE — narrows an eye and —

BLAM!

Kingfisher birds flee a tree.

A CRIMSON ERUPTION FLASHES OFF PRICE'S SHOULDER.

PRICE

FALTERS, leans against a prodigious pine and calmly appraises the gaping wound and exposed tendons and bone of his shoulder. Blood runs down his right arm which hangs limply at his side like a flaccid noodle. He can't move it.

Undaunted, he reaches over with his left hand and takes the pistol and trudges forward as —

MIKE

begins to SCURRY UP THE STEEP SLOPE when he notices Price. Just ten yards away. He FREEZES.

PRICE

raises his left arm, levels the pistol at Mike when —

BLAM! BLAM!

TWO BULLETS RIP THROUGH PRICE'S CHEST.

He PITCHES FORWARD and TUMBLES HEADLONG down the rock-ribbed slope, coming to rest finally on a slab of rock, dead.

Mike scans for the source.

HARDING APPEARS AT THE CREST OF THE SLOPE, pistol still trained on Price... waiting for any movement...

Finally:

HARDING
Everyone alright down there?

Mike takes a moment to find his breath. Then it hits him.
Jimmy. He RACES UP to check on his father —

MIKE
Dad!

He SLIPS on the wet soil and slides all the way down to the bottom and gets to his feet, unfazed, and RUNS BACK UP even more desperately than before, grabbing at shrubs, grabbing at anything he can and —

MIKE (CONT'D)
DAD, ANSWER ME!

TIGHT ON JIMMY

Very near death. Slumped against the frame of the back door. The rifle on the ground beside him. His breaths get quieter and quieter until they're barely audible.

His life doesn't flash before his eyes.

There's no tunnel or white light.

He just dies.

...

...

A gust of wind tousles the dead man's hair.

The wind HOWLS.

The screams of the dead.

FADE OUT.

INT. MIKE'S ROW HOME — KITCHEN — MORNING

Frost on the windows. Snow blankets the ground outside.

Through the entryway, we see Mike come down the stairs. He plugs in the Christmas tree lights. Opens the front door and lifts the morning newspaper. Bats the snow off and crosses into the kitchen now.

He shivers from the cold, starts a pot of coffee.

Moves to the kitchen table now. It's littered with textbooks — *Business Law, Accounting, Finance* — still open from his study session last night.

He closes the texts, stacks them on the counter and takes a seat at the table.

WE SLOWLY PUSH IN ON MIKE as he opens the newspaper, leafs through absently. Then... something captures his interest.

TIGHT ON THE NEWSPAPER, AN OBITUARY (WE READ)

James Matthew Conlon, Jr., 55, of Mayfair, December 22, 2011. Decorated Vietnam War veteran. Beloved husband of the late Katherine (Howe). Devoted father of Michael Patrick (Sarah). Dear brother to Edward P. and son of Margaret (Finley) and the late James Matthew Conlon, Sr. Loving grandfather of Catelyn Grace and Lily Rose.

ON MIKE

Hard to tell what he's thinking. His face a melange of emotions: relief, anger, regret, sadness, absence.

CATELYN (O.C.)

Daddy, can I watch cartoons?

Mike looks up. Catelyn stands in the doorway with her 'blankee' in hand.

MIKE

(snaps from his
pensiveness)

Uhh, sure, sweetheart.

He folds the newspaper and sets it aside. Catelyn sits at the table. Mike stands, switches on the counter television and finds *SpongeBob SquarePants*.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Do you want some pancakes?

CATELYN

Mmm hmm. With chocolate chips.

Sarah comes down the stairs now with Lily in her arms, head against her shoulder. She looks a little under the weather.

MIKE

What's the matter?

SARAH

Sore throat.

MIKE

(to Lily)

You okay, honey?

LILY

(hoarse)

It hurts when I talk.

SARAH

I gave her some Robitussin.

LILY

Yuk!

Sarah smiles, sits down at the table.

SARAH
(to Catelyn)
What're you watching, sweetie?

CATELYN
SpongeBob.

Mike takes out the pancake mix and a bowl. The coffee maker DINGS. He fills a mug and hands it to Sarah.

SARAH
Thanks, hon. How'd the studying go
last night?

MIKE
(sighs)
Long. Nine more credits. I'll be glad
when it's all over.

SARAH
Is daddy gonna pass all his tests?

Lily nods.

Mike stirs the pancake mix. Adds in some chocolate chips.

Catelyn chuckles at something goofy on the television.

Lily, not wanting to miss out, slips out of Sarah's hold and sits beside her sister, laughing when she laughs.

Sarah sips her coffee and slides the newspaper close.

Off the family doing what families do WE SLOWLY FADE OUT...

THE END.