

BLACKFRIARS

A True Story

Written by

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TIGHT ON: The face of WALTER ROBINSON, early 40's, cold blue eyes and a kind smile, bald, handsome, not pretty.

WALTER

Look, I'm not gonna bullshit you.
I'll talk, you write what you want.
I got nothing to hide. I lost
everything. Loyalty. Code of
silence. None of these guys backed
me up when I got in the shit. None
of them cared. So I don't care.

REVEAL: INT. A FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Walter sits at a grim factory table opposite an AUTHOR. Empty rows of sewing machines stretch behind him into the dark.

WALTER

Everything I tell you is the truth.
My whole life is the truth.

AUTHOR

Your whole life is the truth?

Walter nods plainly.

AUTHOR (CONT'D)

That's a good line. I like that.

WALTER

Go ahead and use it.

AUTHOR

I will.

The Author opens his briefcase on the table, the top obscuring Walter's view of its contents.

He removes a TAPE RECORDER. As the Author closes the briefcase, we see a HAND GUN inside. Walter does not.

WALTER

What you want to hear about first?

The Author presses RECORD. A cassette begins to spin.

THE AUTHOR

I don't know. How about getting
started at the force? Chapter 1.

The Author smiles nervously. Walter eyes his listener.

CUT TO:

A CHAPTER CARD
Do Nothing, And Do It Well

Hendrix's ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER plays over...

EST. BOSTON - NIGHT - 1973

Fenway, Charlestown High Bridge - the gritty industrial predecessor to the Zakim, The Gillette Factory, Dunkin' Donuts in 1970's narrow letter font...

WALTER (V.O.)
Well I came on the job in 1973.
Assigned to District 5.

EXT. BOSTON POLICE DISTRICT 5 - CONTINUOUS

A YOUNG WALTER, 32, a fresh-faced, hulking block of a kid in BPD blue, walks up the stairs to a hulking block of concrete.

INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - PROCESSING DESK - LATER

Walter sits in a chair, waiting.

WALTER (V.O.)
Showed up with my uniform brushed,
spit shine shoes. I had been
waiting for this.

Walter nods to some passing COPS. They ignore him.

WALTER (V.O.)
I was finally part of the oldest
and most prestigious police force
on the planet.

INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - PROCESSING DESK - CONTINUOUS

WALTER (V.O.)
First night on the job. I was
assigned the morning watch. Man, I
thought we were gonna bust some
heads. 12pm to 8am shift. Great
shift. Bars empty out, brawls. I
was ready.

Walter sits, hand on the holster of his gun, fucking ready.

WALTER (V.O.)
They assigned me to Eddie Green.

Walter looks up, as...an older cop, handsome, maybe drunk,
EDDIE GREEN approaches and stares blankly.

WALTER (V.O.)
Nice guy. Good shape. Rugged guy.
40's. Probably on the job 10 to 15
years. Handsome looking guy.

EDDIE GREEN
Robinson?

Walter stands eagerly.

WALTER
That's me, sir.

EDDIE GREEN
We're takin' the paddy wagon.

INT. BPD PADDY WAGON - MOVING - LATER

Eddie drives, Walter shotgun, eyeing the shotgun locked
between them for the real shit.

WALTER (V.O.)
I get in the wagon with him. We're
ridin' around, get a cup a coffee.

Eddie sits at a red light, glances at the clock--12:20am.

EDDIE GREEN
Alright we've fucked around enough.

WALTER (V.O.)
And I'm thinkin', alright, here we
go, we're gonna get into it.

EDDIE GREEN
Gotta go to the cemetery.

EXT. GETHSEMANE CEMETERY - LATER

The Paddy turns into the gates of the GETHSEMANE CEMETERY.

WALTER (O.S.)
Where we going?

EDDIE GREEN (O.S.)
We'll see. We'll see.

EXT. GETHSEAMNE CEMETERY - HILL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The Paddy Wagon pulls in and joins 30 some-odd other BPD CRUISERS, all sitting with their lights off. Parks alongside.

INT. PADDY WAGON - PARKED - CONTINUOUS

Walter sits a beat, Eddie fiddling with his bag.

WALTER
What is this?

EDDIE GREEN
You want the front or the back?

A beat.

WALTER
The front or the back what?

EDDIE GREEN
We're gonna get a little rest.

WALTER
Rest? I just got up. I just took a fucking shower.

Eddie opens a bag, and takes out his FLANNEL PAJAMAS.

INT. PADDY WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

Eddie Green changes into his pajamas in the back of the wagon, a sheet, pillow and egg crate mattress all set up.

EDDIE GREEN
If there's a call, wake me up.

WALTER
How you gonna get dressed?

EDDIE GREEN
I'll get dressed. I'll get dressed.

WALTER
This is...we're on the job here.

EDDIE GREEN
You want to get ahead in this job, kid?

Eddie reaches for the dome light...

EDDIE GREEN (CONT'D)
Do nothing, and do it well.

He hits it, Walter left in the dark, looking out over the graves, wide awake.

WALTER (V.O.)
I was ready to kick ass. Bust heads. This was NOT...

INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Walter at the desk of the gigantic CAPTAIN MOOSE HANLEY.

WALTER
...what I signed up for.

Moose eyes his tough rookie cop.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I'd like a transfer.

MOOSE
What's the problem?

Walter says nothing.

MOOSE (CONT'D)
No one gets a transfer. Unless they got a damn good reason.
(beat)
You don't have anything to tell me?
About what's going on? On the morning watch?

Walter eyes his Captain.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

WALTER
My father, one thing he said to me, don't be a tattletale. It was in your blood growin' up in Charlestown. Just didn't snitch.

The Author narrows his eyes, sizing up Walter.

CUT TO:

INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Moose narrows his eyes, sizing up Walter.

MOOSE

Is it cause the guys are drunk?
Sleeping? Digging in? Is that it?

WALTER

I just want to see a little more
action.

Moose smiles at Walter's loyalty. Then-

MOOSE

You working out, kid?

WALTER

Yeah. Yeah, I'm working out.

MOOSE

Tell you what, you beat me in arm
wrestling, I'll find something for
you.

WALTER (V.O.)

He used to ask all the guys that,
and then have them arm wrestle him.
Moose was a monster guy.

Moose moves a bunch of papers aside on his desk.

MOOSE

Come on, let's see what you got.

Walter sits, rolls up his sleeve, an EAGLE TATTOO on his
powerful looking forearm, he locks hands with the Captain...

And beats him handily.

MOOSE (CONT'D)

(pissed, flustered)

Shit. What the fuck, Robinson?

Moose gets himself under control. He eyes Walter a beat,
thinking, and then hands Walter a file with a wry smile.

MOOSE (CONT'D)

Report to SCIP unit. They got some
action for ya. Undercover. Big
opportunity.

WALTER

Thank you, sir.

INT. SCIP UNIT - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Walter sits with a bunch of other YOUNG COPS in uniform, listening to a couple of DETECTIVES in street clothes.

DETECTIVE

We're lookin' for volunteers to go undercover in the Deer Island Prison as gods.

NON-BOSTON COP

Gods, sir?

DETECTIVE

Guards.

The room BUSTS up.

WALTER (V.O.)

Guy there, from St. Louis, thought they wanted us to go in as gods.

(beat)

Job was to go undercover as prison guards, and figure out which guards were dealing drugs to the prisoners. Totally on your own, on the island. Brass balls shit.

DETECTIVE 2

If you're not interested, you can get out of here.

Everybody gets up to leave. Every single cop. Except Walter.

INT. DEER ISLAND PRISON - VARIOUS - LATER

Walter patrolling cell blocks in GUARD CLOTHES, alert.

WALTER (V.O.)

I was under for six months.

Walter working out with INMATES, getting stronger.

WALTER (V.O.)

Which, at the time, meant that they had to make you detective.

Walter hanging out with GUARDS in the break room, one counting more CASH than a guard should have.

EXT. DEER ISLAND PRISON - SIX MONTHS LATER

Walter escorts TWO GUARDS out in cuffs with BPD BRASS, Moose, the Detectives from the SCIP Unit.

WALTER (V.O.)
I was made. Done with the uniform.
Could operate on my own.

NEWSPAPER FLASHES, REPORTERS swarming Walter at the arrests.

INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - DAY

Detective Robinson sits at his desk, in street clothes.

WALTER (V.O.)
I was on my way to being the best.

REPORTER JACK KELLY, a bright-eyed investigative reporter sits opposite Walter.

JACK KELLY
You're the youngest detective in
the history of the Boston Police.

WALTER (V.O.)
And it was right about then I met
Jack Kelly. He did a big piece on
me. Good guy. Standup guy. But
Jack's story really starts with the
Blackfriars, and that came later.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

P-P-P-Pumford

The Coasters' YAKETY-YAK plays over...

EXT. ROOFTOP - SOUTH BOSTON - DAY

WALTER (V.O.)
There's a couple things in my years
as a detective up to the
Blackfriars that's important here
to understand-

Walter glasses a DRUG DEAL in progress on the streets below with his binoculars. A DEA AGENT beside him.

WALTER

My guy's about to make the buy.

WALTER'S GUY, a bell-bottomed Latino heroin addict, approaches a long fur coated DEALER on the street.

EXT. STREET BELOW - SOUTH BOSTON CONTINUOUS

The Dealer pulls a DIME BAG from his furs.

DEALER

Show the dough, daddy-o.

Walter's Guy takes out a THICK WAD OF CASH.

WALTER'S GUY

Aquí, hombre.

And out of nowhere, SIRENS. A BLACK and WHITE rushes up.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SOUTH BOSTON

Walter and the DEA Agent share a confused look.

DEA AGENT

The hell is that? They with you?

Out of the BPD cruiser steps JOHN PUMPFORD, a large, golden-retriever of a man. Walter recognizing him...

WALTER

Pumpford?

EXT. STREET BELOW - SOUTH BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

The Dealer and Walter's Guy are cornered, nowhere to run.

PUMPFORD

Pppput yyy-your hands ag-ggainst
the w-www-wall.

The Dealer and Walter's Guy share a look.

WALTER (V.O.)

Pumpford stuttered when he talked.

PUMPFORD

Ddd-dddoo it.

Pumpford proceeds to frisk them, finds the drugs, puts them back in the pocket, keeps frisking...and finds THE WAD OF BUY MONEY.

WALTER'S GUY

That's-

PUMPFORD

K-k-keep your mm-mm-mmmouth sh-sh-sh-sh-
(melting down on the 'sh')
Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-

WALTER'S GUY

I got it.

EXT. ROOFTOP BELOW - SOUTH BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

The DEA Agent and Walter watch dumbfounded as Pumpford TAKES THE WAD OF BUY MONEY, gets in his car, pulls off.

DEA AGENT

What the fuck? Did you see that?
That fucking cop. He just stole our
buy money.

The DEA Agent goes for his radio. Walter puts a hand out.

WALTER

Let me handle it. I know the guy.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Walter talking with Pumpford on the street.

WALTER (V.O.)

And I did handle it. But that's
what you gotta understand. How
something like this Blackfriars
debacle happens.

WALTER

Pumpford, we got a problem.

PUMPFORD

What's the p-p-problem?

WALTER

You just robbed some guy.

PUMPFORD

(not hiding it at all)
Ohhh. Who's the g-g-guy?

WALTER

He's an informant for the DEA. Give me the money.

PUMPFORD

Oh-oh-oh. I was just h-h-holding it for s-s-safe k-k-k-keeping.

WALTER

Give me the money.

PUMPFORD

Th-th-th-anks, W-w-walter.

INT. A DRUG DEALER'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Walter on a RAID with other DETECTIVES, rifling through a drug dealer's super chic mid-70's pad.

WALTER (V.O.)

The opportunity to put a little cream in your coffee. It was just everywhere.

Walter notices BOSTON COPS pocketing JEWELRY, WATCHES, MAKE-UP, VCR's, rifling through a RECORD COLLECTION.

WALTER (V.O.)

Nobody took their coffee black.

INT. DRUG DEALER'S CONDOMINIUM - BEDROOM - LATER

Walter walks into the Drug Dealer's bedroom.

WALTER (V.O.)

One raid, I go into a bedroom. I'm all alone. And I see a foot locker at the bottom of the bed.

Walter sees a BIG FOOT LOCKER at the bottom of the bed.

WALTER (V.O.)

And I open up the foot locker, and went Jesus Christ.

Walter lifts the lid without revealing the contents to us.

WALTER

Jesus Christ.

WALTER (V.O.)

I opened it again, and Holy Jesus.

WALTER
Holy Jesus.

REVEAL: It is FULL OF CASH.

WALTER (V.O.)
It was full to the brim of packets
of hundred dollar bills. 10,000
packets. To the brim. I'm thinking
in my mind...My god, I don't know
how much money is here. What do I
do? Do I say there's nothing in
here, and come back later and steal
it? This could be the thing of a
lifetime.
(beat)
Nah, I can't do this. I just can't
do this. It doesn't sit right. I
thought, I could never be one of
those guys.

Walter closes the foot locker.

INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER

Moose, Walter and OTHER COPS stand around as the cash is
counted out on an AUTOMATIC BANK COUNTER.

WALTER (V.O.)
They counted it with a counter.
870,000 in cash. They counted. Back
then, that's five, six million.

DA GARRETT BYRN, late 70's, walks in in a gray double
breasted. Everyone gets serious.

WALTER (V.O.)
DA Garrett Byrn, long time DA of
Boston, he came in, wanted to know
who found the money.

MOOSE
Robinson.

GARRETT BYRN
Are you fucking nuts?

Walter looks nervously to Byrn. Everyone watching, tense.

WALTER
What do you mean?

GARRETT BYRN
Have you lost your fucking marbles?
There's almost a million dollars in
there. Cash.

WALTER
What do you want me to do?

GARRETT BYRN
I don't know. Could've called me.

Everyone LAUGHS. Walter trying to smile, nodding.

WALTER (V.O.)
Byrn was joking...I think. But you
gotta understand, it was the Wild
Wild East.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

Blackfriars

James Brown's I GOT ANTS IN MY PANTS playing over...

INT. BOSTON GUN CLUB - DAY

WALTER (V.O.)
And it was a blast!

BLAST! BLAST! Walter practices his shooting with ear muffs on. He unloads six rounds, DIRECT HITS on a SITUATION TARGET.

WALTER (V.O.)
Summer of '78, it was a great time.
I was on top of the world. I'm not
a guy who likes to brag, I'm not
about that, but I was the best.

Walter looks around the empty gun club, no one else there.

He reloads his pistol, and tucks it into the side of his pants...and draws like a cowboy, fast and precise.

WALTER (V.O.)
Wyatt Earp of the East.

INT. WALTER'S CAR - MOVING - LATER

Walter cruising on his own, in plain clothes.

WALTER (V.O.)

I was making busts, working on my own as a detective. I didn't even have to report to headquarters anymore. I don't know what happened to Eddie Green, doing nothing...

(beat)

I was doing everything, and doing it well.

Walter nodding along to the radio, the king of Bean Town.

WALTER (V.O.)

Headed right to the top. And that's when this Blackfriars thing hit.

EST. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - SUMMER STREET - LATE NIGHT

Downtown Boston. The Blackfriars Pub stuck between the Green Cigar Co. Smoke Shop and Arch Tavern Men's Bar.

A wood facade, **Blackfriars**, in black font. Windows advertising "After Work Disco" "Saturday Night Live!"

The awning missing above the door, just a skeleton of black metal bars. Summer Street is deserted at this hour.

We follow a LONE MAN in through the wooden front door.

INT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - CONTINUOUS

The Man passes through the empty upstairs, booths on his right, the old bar on his left...

And heads down the stairs to the basement.

INT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Filled with CIGAR SMOKE, so thick you can barely see, a table sits under a single light where FOUR MEN play backgammon.

JACK KELLY

How much you down, Solmonte?

The Man we've been following takes a seat at the table, and we recognize him as...

Jack Kelly, the reporter who interviewed Walter earlier.

SOLMONTE, the overweight Italian owner of the establishment, makes a move on the board.

VINCENT SOLMONTE
Keeps going like this, gonna have
to crack open the safe.

A SMALL SAFE in the corner. DELAVEGA hands Kelly the dice.

DELAVEGA
Roll for me, Jack.

Jack takes the dice.

DELAVEGA (CONT'D)
You call that number I left?

JACK KELLY
Nah. Not yet.

DELAVEGA
Guy called like five or six times.

VINCENT SOLMONTE
Bobby gets antsy, huh.

JACK KELLY
Like James fucking Brown.

Jack shakes the dice, blows on them, and is about to roll, as-
Vincent Solmonte's HEAD EXPLODES, blood and brains scattering
everywhere. The table turns to the stairs, as-

BOBBY ITALIANO and BILLY IERARDI, two wise guys with 12
gauges, walk in without a word.

Delavega SHOT point blank as he rises, he flies back into a
closet, chest spraying red.

TWO OTHER PLAYERS, MEROTH and MEGARIAN frozen in their seats.

MEROTH
Oh please god.

MEGARIAN
No. No.

Ierardi and Italiano BLOW THEM AWAY simultaneously, both
FLYING back from the backgammon table, chairs tumbling into a
growing pool of blood.

Jack Kelly sits alone, holding the dice...shaking.

BOBBY ITALIANO
Where is he, Jack?

BILLY IERARDI
(hint of a lisp)
Where'sth your friend at?

JACK KELLY
I don't know.

INT. BUICK SKYLARK - SUMMER STREET - SAME

Opposite Blackfriars, BOBBY ZACHARY, mid-30's, a handsome, dark Italian, hair slicked back, intelligent eyes staring...

AS TWO LOUD SHOTS RING OUT, finishing off Kelly. A THIRD SHOT, a horrific and gratuitous statement.

Bobby Zachary swallows, and pulls off into the night.

EXT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - DAY

The Pub is surrounded by COP CARS, REPORTERS, SPECTATORS.

WALTER (V.O.)
I was cruising, and it came on the radio, so I headed down there.

INT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Walter sees UNIFORMED COPS everywhere.

WALTER (V.O.)
Scene was a mess. Blood everywhere.

A Cop passes Walter, leaving a trail of bloody footprints.

WALTER (V.O.)
Guys leaving bloody footprints.

INT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Walter walks down the stairs, and stops, taking in the scene.

WALTER (V.O.)
I'll never forget the scene. It was a massacre. I've seen many guys shot, heads off. But nothing in mass like this. It was nauseating.

Walter sees a piece of Jack Kelly's face.

WALTER (V.O.)
And then I saw Jack.

Walter fights a gag, and goes up the stairs for air.

EXT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - MOMENTS LATER

Walter walks back out into the sunlight.

WALTER (V.O.)
To see a guy I knew, and respected
in there. We weren't close, but a
guy I'd have called a friend, like
that. It just, it got personal. But
I wasn't homicide. Wasn't my case.

INT. WALTER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Walter gets in his car, shell shocked.

WALTER (V.O.)
So I left. That was as much as I
knew. Except what I was reading
about in the Newspaper.

INSERT NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: THE BLACKFRIARS MASSACRE.

VARIOUS CLIPPINGS: FIVE SLAIN ON SUMMER STREET. KNOWN MAFIA ASSOCIATES. COCAINE DEAL GONE SOUR?

WALTER (V.O.)
There was a lot of buzz, but the
truth was, no one knew anything.

INSERT BOSTON CHANNEL 7:

CHANNEL 7 ANCHOR
There are still no leads on the
murders at The Blackfriars Pub,
coming to be known as The
Blackfriars Massacre, which took
the life of one of Channel 7's own,
Jack A. Kelly.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Garrett Byrn, the DA we met earlier, SHOUTING at his ADA's.

WALTER (V.O.)
It was an election year, and the
DA, Byrn, needed arrests.

INT. BOSTON POLICE STATIONS - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Those same ADA's shouting at various POLICE CHIEFS in their
offices. One ADA shouting at our very own Moose.

WALTER (V.O.)
They were turning up the pressure.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS BOSTON SEEDY CLUBS - LATE NIGHT

BOSTON COPS shouting at their STREET CONNECTIONS...in bars,
in bathrooms, basements, backrooms...

WALTER (V.O.)
They hit all their connections. The
spots where there was talk. The
Pussy Cat Lounge. German Club. Good
Time Charlie's. Charlie's Bar. The
Pink Squirrel. Looking for rats.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAWN

Garrett Byrn sits at his desk, he hasn't slept.

WALTER (V.O.)
But nothing was stirring. Not a
mouse. Much less a rat. Nobody knew
anything.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Reminiscing a beat, Walter grins.

WALTER
And then he came forward.

The Author sits forward, perking up.

AUTHOR
Bobby Zachary?

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

Bobby Zachary

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Bobby Zachary, the Italian we saw outside Blackfriars on the
night of the shooting, sits alone at a steel table. He's
sweating heavily, leg shaking, looking at the 2-way mirror,
head POUNDING, we hear it, BOOM-BOOM, BOOM-BOOM, BOOM-

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (PRE-LAP)

Boom.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the mirror, TWO HOMICIDE DETECTIVES stand with DA Garret Byrn and some other SUITS.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

Just got the call out of the blue.
Guy was in the Charles Street Jail.

GARRETT BYRN

What was he held on?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 2

BPD picked him up on a B&E, trying
to crack a safe in Back Bay.

Byrn eyes Bobby Zachary, he looks twitchy, sweating.

GARRETT BYRN

He looks like an addict.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

Oh, he's definitely a user.

GARRETT BYRN

Says he knows who did the murders?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 2

(prideful)

He says he can get 'em on tape.

Byrn looks to Detective 2, notices he's posturing for approval...and not giving the slightest.

GARRETT BYRN

What's he want?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE

Don't know, probably drop the B&E.
Look the other way on the narcotics-

GARRETT BYRN

Find out and get the tape.

Byrn walks out. The Detectives left feeling less than heroes, nodding at each other, they turn back and eye Bobby Zachary.

INT. BOSTON POLICE HEADQUARTERS - HOMICIDE - LATER

Zachary stands with his shirt off as Detectives 1 and 2 TAPE a MASSIVELY CONSPICUOUS RECORDER to his chest.

WALTER (V.O.)
Way I heard it, they taped him up
with a Kel-Set.

Zachary puts back on his silk shirt, the bulge still obvious.

He puts on a fancy scarf, his leather jacket. Zachary turns to the side, back to front. The Detectives nod, satisfied.

INT. UNMARKED DETECTIVE CAR - LATER

Zachary in the back, Homicide Detectives 1 and 2 up front, all staring at a CROWD filing into Fenway.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 1
Come on, let's go.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Let's? Oh no. I go alone or I ain't
going.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 2
Like hell. It's against procedure.

BOBBY ZACHARY
(shaking his head, sweaty)
Ass and his Shadow, man. Ass and
his Shadow.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE
What'd you call me?

Zachary twitches, and eyes them a beat. Then leans forward to the front seats, getting familiar...

BOBBY ZACHARY
A guy wants to cross a desert. So
he takes an Ass, a donkey, cause he
can't walk that far, you know.

The Detectives share looks, confused.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
But the guy he gets hot. I mean
it's a desert, dig? There's no
shade and he's real hot so he
dismounts his Ass and cools off in
its shadow. Ahh nice. Smart right?

Zachary wipes his nose, eyes watering.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
No. Not smart. Ass fell over dead.
Heat stroke. The guy had to walk
now. And he dies too, dig?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 2
What's this junkie talking?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Get your donkey killed, you ain't
gettin' what you need anyway. So
fuck your procedure.

Zachary eyes them, and then abruptly gets out of the car.

The Homicide Detectives share a look, and stay put,
reluctantly watching Zachary disappear into the crowd.

WALTER (V.O.)
Zachary claimed he was friends with
Billy Ierardi from growing up.
Could get him talking.

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - LATER

Byrn and his ADA's stand with Zachary and the Detectives.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 1
He got him talking alright.

A hand places a TAPE into a TAPE PLAYER on the desk, plays:

BOBBY ZACHARY (ON TAPE)
It was you?

VOICE (ON TAPE)
(with a weird lisp)
...yeah, me and Italiano. Went in
there. We thot him. Thot 'em all.

Byrn stops the tape, looks to Bobby Zachary.

GARRETT BYRN
That's William Ierardi on there?

BOBBY ZACHARY
None other brother.

The Homicide Detectives posture for praise. Garrett nods, bestows it this time.

GARRETT BYRN
You boys know what to do.

The Homicide Detectives grin.

T. Rex's BANG A GONG playing over...

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEXT - EVERETT, MA - NIGHT

BOSTON SWAT bang down the door.

WALTER (V.O.)
Arrest warrants were made out.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEXT - EVERETT, MA - CONTINUOUS

Officers race in with shotguns.

WALTER (V.O.)
For Italiano.

They surprise Italiano in bed, cuff him, slamming him into a pile of cocaine on a mirrored coffee table.

EXT. SINGLE FAMILY HOME - EAST BOSTON - SAME

Another SWAT TEAM, Walter in the crowd, BATTERY RAM a door.

WALTER (V.O.)
And Ierardi. I made sure I went on that one.

INT. SINGLE FAMILY HOME - EAST BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

Walter runs into the bedroom upstairs, a PALE TOPLESS WOMAN screaming, as Billy Ierardi climbs out the window, and leaps, Walter aims, and BANG!

EXT. SINGLE FAMILY HOME - EAST BOSTON - CONTINUOUS

Billy Ierardi GRUNTS and contorts as he falls to the yard, holding his ass, GROANING.

WALTER (V.O.)
Shot him in the air. Right in the ass. Kaboom. The guys loved that.

SWAT Officers wave in PARAMEDICS, all LAUGHING.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Garrett Byrn toasts his ADA's, the GLOBE HEADLINE on his desk-
ARRESTS MADE IN BLACKFRIARS MURDERS. BYRN FAVORED TO WIN.

WALTER (V.O.)
Byrn had his arrests. He was a lock
for re-election. He was gonna
defeat Newman Flanagan no problem.

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON - DAY

A COUPLE OF BPD COPS in uniform walking confidently.

WALTER (V.O.)
BPD prestige and honor were
restored.

LOCALS not really paying any attention to their bravado.

INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER

Garrett Byrn and Moose meet with other BRASS.

WALTER (V.O.)
Now everything hung on keeping
their key witness, Zachary, alive
for trial to back up that tape.

GARRETT BYRN
They've gotten to guys before. We
need someone incorruptible.

MOOSE
Yes, sir.

GARRETT BYRN
This is the BPD at stake for
chrissakes. The prosecutor's
office. All our heads will roll.
Now who can we trust?

WALTER (V.O.)
And that's when they called me.

Walter just walks right into the scene, and sits down.

GARRETT BYRN
You understand the situation here,
Robinson?

WALTER
I think so, sir.

GARRETT BYRN
I don't think you do. They're gonna
come after the snitch. Try to kill
him. They will. This is for real.

Byrn eyes Walter. Walter takes the stakes stoically, unafraid-

GARRETT BYRN (CONT'D)
This guy Zachary, he means
everything to this department. He
doesn't testify to back up that
tape, case falls apart. They walk.
We keep him safe, we keep him
happy. No matter what.

WALTER
Of course.

GARRETT BYRN
I'm counting on you, son. This
whole city is.

Walter nods, solemn.

WALTER
I'll protect him.

GARRETT BYRN
Good.

MOOSE
This guy's a tough guy, don't
worry. You been working out,
Walter? Want to do a rematch?

WALTER
In front of the DA?

Moose clears his desk. Other COPS coming in, placing bets in
the bg. Walter sits opposite Moose, and goes over the top.

MOOSE
DAMNIT!

GARRETT BYRN
You got a big future, kid.

INT. WALTER'S CAR - MOVING - LATER

Walter drives, as Bobby Zachary sits shotgun, high, and singing along to Fleetwood's *Dreams*, he's pretty good...

BOBBY ZACHARY
(singing)
*Now here you go again. You say, you
want your freedom. Oooo oooo oooo.
Well, who am I to keep you down?*

Walter glances at him, annoyed. Zachary seemingly oblivious.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
*It's only right that you should
play the way you feel it. But-*

Walter turns off the radio.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
Hey, this is my time.

WALTER
This is *our* time, buddy.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Thought I did a nice Stevie Nicks.

WALTER
You some kind of impersonator?

Bobby wipes his nose, watery eyes taking Walter in.

EXT. A CHARMING BRICK HOUSE - QUINCY - LATER

Walter pulls up to a charming little row house in Quincy.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I'll be right back.

WALTER
Take your time.

Zachary heads into the house.

WALTER (V.O.)
I was told I was taking him to say
goodbye to somebody, before we got
out a town for a while to lay low.

INT. WALTER'S CAR - PARKED - LATER

Walter reading the paper, he looks up, as Zachary staggers from the house, high out of his mind, waves casually, stumbles over to the car, and gets in.

WALTER

Are you fucking kidding me?

Zachary eyes him a long beat, craning his neck forward to see Walter, and then collapses back, looking out the window as he whirls a finger--*let's go*.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me? I work narcotics, pal.

Zachary doesn't look at Walter, just whirls his finger again.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You don't whirl me *let's go*.

Zachary whirls his finger again, closing his eyes, asleep.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Zachary asleep in the back, Walter on the phone.

WALTER

He went and got high.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - SAME

Moose is lifting a weight at his desk, on the phone.

MOOSE

Relax, I know.

WALTER

You know?

MOOSE

Yeah, we gotta keep this guy happy.
The drugs are part of it.

WALTER

I'm not laying down my life for a junkie, Moose.

Moose annoyed, drops the weight. It's very loud.

WALTER (CONT'D)
What was that?

MOOSE
Nothing. Look, this comes from on high. You know that.

WALTER
It's my job to put these guys away.

MOOSE
Your job's to protect him. Think of it as a leash, way to control the guy. We control his high, we control him.

Walter looks back to Zachary sleeping in the back of his car.

MOOSE (CONT'D)
Just get him back here, you got a flight to catch.

EST. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Back in the day. Red and white tail fins of Trans World Airlines all over the tarmac.

INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DEPARTURES TERMINAL - LATER

Walter and Zachary walk through the Departures Terminal, up to Moose, who is holding THREE TICKETS...and standing with a GIANT OFFICER--BUTCHY O'NEAL.

MOOSE
You're going to Sacramento.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Sacramento? Byrn said-

MOOSE
Sacramento.

WALTER
Why Sacramento?

MOOSE
Furthest place from Boston.

WALTER
This is a real CIA operation. How long we going for?

MOOSE

Not really sure right now. Butchy O'Neal here's going with you. Help you out watching him and stuff.

BOBBY ZACHARY

What the hell? This-this is not what me and Byrn talked about.

Walter looks to Zachary confused. Moose interrupts the moment-

MOOSE

We're flying ya first class, pal. Relax. You're in good hands here.

INT. TRANS WORLD AIRLINES - IN FLIGHT - LATER

A BUMPY FLIGHT. Walter and Zachary seated together in First Class. Walter looks out the window. Zachary beside him. Butchy across the aisle, holding a vomit bag.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

Welcome to Sacramento!

EXT. SACRAMENTO - DAY

Walter, Zachary and Butchy drive into the city.

WALTER (V.O.)

They told me when I got there, I'd go see the Assistant DA, and I'd get my marching orders.

INT. SACRAMENTO MOTOR INN - LATER

Butchy collapses on the bed, exhausted from the flight, so big, his feet hang off by half a foot. Zachary pacing.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I don't like this. I don't.
(parts the hanging blinds)
This is not what I agreed to.

WALTER

Just relax. Anything you want to eat, drink, don't worry about it.

Walter leaves. And Zachary picks up the HOTEL PHONE.

EXT. SACRAMENTO SUPERIOR COURT - LATER

Walter walks up the steps of the courthouse.

WALTER (V.O.)
So I go to get my marching orders.
See this ADA, Tommy...Can't
remember his last name.

INT. SUPERIOR COURT - DA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Walter walks into see ADA TOMMY -- the NAMEPLATE on his desk only says "TOMMY."

WALTER
How are you, sir? Nice to meet you.

TOMMY THE SACRAMENTO DA
I'm gonna be up front with you. Get
the fuck out of my city by tonight.
I want you gone by tomorrow.

WALTER
What?

TOMMY THE SACRAMENTO DA
Didn't you talk to your DA? We
don't want you here. I got enough
problems, I don't want wise guys
coming from Boston to kill someone.

WALTER
Sorry, are you serious?

SACRAMENTO DA
Yeah, I'm serious. Get out of my
town by dawn.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

Get the Fuck Out of Sacramento!

INT. SACRAMENTO MOTOR INN - LATER

Walter on the phone with Moose.

WALTER (V.O.)
I get back to the room, call up
Moose. This was before portable
phones remember.

WALTER

He wants me outta the state. Off
the West coast.

MOOSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

Really?

WALTER

Yeah really. What do I do now?

MOOSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

I'll call you back.

Walter hangs up. Walter takes in Butchy, snoring...Zachary
getting fidgety. The PHONE a moment later. Walter picks up.

MOOSE (O.S.) (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

You're on a flight tonight. We'll
meet you at Logan.

Walter hangs up. Zachary smiles, satisfied.

EXT. TRANS WORLD AIRLINES - IN FLIGHT - BLUE SKY

TWA flies back East towards Boston over the Rockies.

INT. TRANS WORLD AIRLINES - IN FLIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Walter sits on the plane, annoyed. Zachary's knee shaking, he
waves over the FLIGHT ATTENDANT for another coffee.

WALTER

You just had a coffee? What's the
matter with you?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I'm hurtin', man.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir? Can I bring you something?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Coffee. Black. Four sugars.

WALTER

You don't look much like a junkie.

BOBBY ZACHARY

What does that mean?

WALTER
You know, skinny, scrawny. I work
with a lot of addicts. You
got...good color. You look fit.

The Attendant brings the coffee. Walter watches, disgusted as
Zachary opens FOUR SUGAR PACKETS, putting them one by one
into his tiny little airplane coffee.

BOBBY ZACHARY
What are you saying, Walter?

WALTER
(not amused)
What are you saying I'm saying?
Don't smile. Don't smile at me.

INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - LATER

Walter, Butchy, Zachary, Moose and a COUPLE DETECTIVES stand
around in a circle in their coats in the baggage claim.
RANDOM TRAVELERS collecting their bags behind them.

MOOSE
Give me your guns.

WALTER
Guns? What for?

MOOSE
Well, cause you're going to Bermuda-

WALTER
The hell am I going to Bermuda for?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Alriiight, man. Going to Bermudaaa.

BUTCHY O'NEAL
I can't go to Bermuda.

MOOSE
Well, we can't make you go. That's
fine, Butchy.

BOBBY ZACHARY
What? I was supposed to go with the
other guy. This wasn't part of the
thing. I want the other guy.

WALTER
What thing?

Moose notably responds to Zachary instead of Walter.

MOOSE

Robinson here would lay down his life for you, there's no one who's gonna protect you better.

WALTER

Why no guns?

MOOSE

Bermuda doesn't allow 'em. Police don't even carry guns. Nobody gets a gun through their customs, you just can't do it.

WALTER

I don't have any clothes. I don't have any shaving gear.

Moose hands Walter an ENVELOPE OF CASH.

MOOSE

Buy whatever you need. Now every Friday-

WALTER

Every Friday? How long am I gonna be there for?

MOOSE

We don't know. But every Friday we're gonna send you 500 dollars for you, and 500 dollars for Zachary. Spending money. Come on. You gonna miss your plane.

Walter looks to Zachary, to Moose, and takes out his GUN. Moose wraps up the gun, hands Walter THE TICKETS TO HAMILTON.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

Not-So-Wise-Guys

INT. THE MONTE CARLO RESTAURANT - BOSTON - LATER

THE BOSS sits obscured in the chiaroscuro light plan of this old school haunt, lit much like the painting hanging on a wall beside--a reproduction of Caravaggio's ominous, almost gratuitous masterpiece: JUDITH BEHEADING HOLOFERNES.

Only The Boss's HAIRY HANDS extend from dark into the light as they pick at a plate of ZITI.

TIGHT: As one hand STABS a tube with a fork, marinara oozes.

BOSS (O.S.)
Should have been the sixth body.

TWO COSA NOSTRA SOLDIERS in orange FILA 70's track suits, CARMINE MCCLANE and NICO WINTER sit opposite, not eating.

CARMINE MCCLANE
He was supposed to be.

NICO WINTER
We'll get him, boss.

They gaze into the unreadable dark. It's unsettling.

BOSS
Yeah? Where?

NICO WINTER
We're working on it.

The Boss's hand stabs another piece of ziti, takes it back into his darkness, presumably chewing.

BOSS
He talks. We all go down. That happens. We don't protect you inside.

Winter and McClane unsure, then realize the meeting is over.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

The Author pauses the recorder.

AUTHOR
The boss? What was his name?

WALTER
(eyes the Author a beat)
...truth is, I never knew.

AUTHOR
(just a flash of relief)
Right. Okay. Sorry. Go on.

The Author starts the recorder again, cassette spinning on.

CHAPTER CARD

Bermuda High

Electric Light Orchestra's DON'T BRING ME DOWN plays over...

EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HAMILTON, BERMUDA - DAY

A TWA plane glides in low over turquoise waters, and touches down on the runway to paradise.

EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER

Walter and Zachary step onto the disembarking stairs in sweaters, holding heavy coats...squinting as the sun hits.

BOBBY ZACHARY

...I dig.

INT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - LATER

Walter and Zachary watch as BERMUDA CUSTOMS open their bags, unrolling shirts, checking shoes, under the foot pads, incredibly thorough...and incredibly slow. The guys sweating.

EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HAMILTON, BERMUDA

Walter and Zachary exit CUSTOMS into a portico area to be greeted by THE BERMUDA POLICE.

Walter eyes them in their custodian British police hats, navy Bermuda shorts, and knee socks, very tan, walking up.

CARL ROSE

Welcome!

CARL ROSE, their Bermuda Police Liaison extends a cheery hand-

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)

(proper British accent)

Carl Rose. Bermuda Police. I'll be your local liaison.

WALTER

Hey, how you doing?

Zachary just nods.

EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Carl Rose leads them to his POLICE VEHICLE, very excited.

CARL ROSE
They didn't tell us what's going
on. It's all been quite hush hush
on our end.

Walter and Zachary follow him through the sunny car park.

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)
I suppose it would be inappropriate
for me to ask, wouldn't it?

WALTER
Yeah.

CARL ROSE
Right. I won't ask then.
(beat)
It's still very cool. Gives us a
chance to feel like regular double
O sevens. The boys and I, we don't
see a lot of action.

Zachary eyes a SEXY WOMAN walking past in a wrap.

ZACHARY
Looks to be plenty of action.

Rose grins a mouthful of poorly cared for British teeth.

CARL ROSE
That's hound chow, chap. Wait til
you see the beach.

WALTER
We're laying low.

Rose opens the POLICE VAN DOOR for them.

CARL ROSE
Everywhere is low. It's Bermuda.

EST. THE CASTLE HARBOR HOTEL - BERMUDA - LATER

Red tile roof, 10 floors of shining white luxury, Bermuda's
finest, looking out over the blue green harbor, yachts afloat-

CARL ROSE (O.S.)
Welcome to the Castle Harbor.

INT. THE CASTLE HARBOR HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Carl Rose escorts Walter and Zachary in through the grand lobby. Walter looking around, in awe. Zachary more collected.

Carl Rose hits the elevator button.

CARL ROSE
Booked you the Humperdinck.

WALTER
The what?

E. Humperdinck's CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF OF YOU plays over...

INT. THE ENGELBERT HUMPERDINK SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

A door being opened by Rose, we STEADY CAM into the most ridiculous hotel room you can imagine...

A portrait of ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK, mustache and fake tan, in a weird red suit hangs opposite the entrance.

CARL ROSE
Two balconies. Sunrise and sunset.

STATIC SHOTS OF: TWO BALCONIES.

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)
Three bedrooms.

STATIC SHOTS OF: THREE BEDROOMS.

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)
Kitchen and full bar.

STATIC SHOT OF: WALTER POURING HIMSELF A RUM.

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)
Top of the line sound system.
(beat)
They call it surround sound. Brand new turn table.

HUMPERDINCK'S RECORD is actually spinning...Zachary pulls the needle up, and the music cuts.

WALTER (O.S.)
The bed's messed up.

INT. THE ENGELBERT HUMPERDINK SUITE - MASTER BEDROOM

Rose and Zachary step in to see Walter kick the bed, and watch it ripple and jostle.

CARL ROSE

Water bed. What do they say? Two things are better on a water bed. One of them is sex.

(beat)

Wait. I messed up the line. One of them is sleep.

Walter and Zachary just staring.

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)

Alright, well, I'll let you get settled. If you need anything at all, don't hesitate to ring.

WALTER

Thanks a lot.

Carl Rose shows himself out. Leaving Walter and Zachary.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What room you want?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Guess I dig this one.

WALTER

All yours. Hungry?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Not really.

WALTER

Fine. I'm gonna go get something.

Zachary looks around, runs his hand through his hair. A beat.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Look, man. I know you don't like it, but I gotta get a fix here. Boston talked to Bermuda PD on this. They got a lot of dealers here. It was part of my deal.

WALTER

You make your deals with me.

Walter walks out of the bedroom. Zachary follows.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I'm hurting, man. You dig? I can't
just...One of Rose's guys told me
there's guys down on Front Street.

WALTER
No way am I taking you to buy.

BOBBY ZACHARY
It's Bermuda, man. Chill. Alright,
just be chill. Bermuda High, baby.

Walter ignores him, opening the ROOM SERVICE MENU.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
You want to take me to the hospital
then? Cause that's where I'm at
right now, man, I-

Zachary sits. Stands. Sits. Stands. Sniffs... Sits. Stands.

WALTER
Christ. Alright. Get out of here.

Zachary wipes his watering eyes, nods, and goes.

WALTER (V.O.)
Honestly, I wanted some time free
from the prick. I figured it was
safe. It was...at that time.

EST. FRONT STREET - HAMILTON - DAY

The center of night life and seedy activity on the island --
it's still picturesque, full of TOURISTS, but you can pick
out a few JUNKIES and LADIES OF THE NIGHT in the hoi polloi.

EXT. FRONT STREET - SAME

Bobby Zachary steps out of a store in a NEW WHITE PEAK-LAPEL
SUIT, and GREEN FERRAGAMO DRIVING LOAFERS, BELT to match.

He starts down the street, confident, strutting.

Zachary looks around, his intelligent eyes flashing, finds...

A MAN IN A PANAMA HAT with a small mustache leaning against a
PINK BUILDING.

The Man in the Panama Hat holds eye contact, and then turns,
and goes into the pink building. Zachary heads over to the
building, and disappears inside.

INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - VARIOUS - SAME

Walter inspects the bar, restless. Sits on one balcony. Then the other balcony.

Walter lies on Zachary's water bed, wiggles briefly, the bed starts to roll, he stops, letting it roll him.

Walter checks his watch, picks up the phone, dials ROSE.

WALTER

Rose?

CARL ROSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

Walter. How are you settling in?

WALTER

He's been down on Front Street for an hour. You know about the drugs?

A SILENCE over the phone.

CARL ROSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

Boston said to look the other way.

WALTER

I'm not so comfortable with that.

CARL ROSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

It's nothing to worry about. Long as he doesn't overdose.

(LAUGHS)

It's mostly middlemen here, moving product through. Not a rough scene at all. Really. You should go out, enjoy yourself.

(beat)

Do you golf?

WALTER

It's my job to look after him.

CARL ROSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

Mate, thousand miles of ocean on every side'll take care of that.

Walter stares out at the ocean, torn.

EXT. CASTLE HARBOR GOLF COURSE - LATER

Walter walks up to the first hole with his rental clubs and red Bermuda shorts bought from the pro shop. His muscular thighs very pale.

VOICE (O.S.)
Mind if I join?

Walter turns, takes in an icon in the flesh--FRANKIE AVALON.
Walter looks over his shoulder. Avalon is talking to him?

WALTER (V.O.)
Frankie Avalon. It was Frankie
Avalon!

EXT. THE FIRST TEE - MOMENTS LATER

Walter and Frankie walk up to the tee...Walter keeps eyeing
Frankie out of the corner of his eye, not saying anything.

FRANKIE AVALON
You wanna go ahead?

WALTER
You're Frankie Avalon, aren't you?

FRANKIE AVALON
Yeah.

WALTER
I knew it. I am a HUGE fan.

FRANKIE AVALON
No kidding.

WALTER
Frankie Avalon, just out on the
links. Wait til they hear.

FRANKIE AVALON
So I'll go first then?

WALTER
Oh please. Absolutely, Mr. Avalon.

Frankie tees up his ball, and hits a mediocre drive.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Hoah! Better golfer than a singer!

Walter tees up, stretches a bit with his club, and SLICES the
shit out of the ball. Avalon clears his throat.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Feel like I'm golfin' for the queen
here. Mind if I take a mulligan?

FRANKIE AVALON
I'd prefer you not.

WALTER
Oh...I can't tell if you're joking.

FRANKIE AVALON
No mulligans in life. Why should
there be in golf?

WALTER
Good point. I respect that.

EXT. CASTLE HARBOR GOLF COURSE - HOLE 3 - LATER

Walter hits from a trap, SPRAYS sand. The wind sends it right
in Avalon's face. Walter turns back, unaware.

WALTER
On the green, baby.

TIME CUT TO:

Avalon holds the flag for Walter on a putt. Walter makes it,
high-fives Frankie Avalon.

WALTER (CONT'D)
YES!

WALTER (V.O.)
I was just high-fiving him and
everything. Like old buddies. I
started to realize what kind of
place I was in. A magical one.
Where anything could happen.

WALTER
You playing any shows down here or
anything?

FRANKIE AVALON
Just one at The Empire Room. Not
really a big deal.

WALTER (V.O.)
Guy was offering me a table,
tickets, the whole thing.

WALTER
Think you could you get me a table?

FRANKIE AVALON
...sure.

INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - LATER

Walter walks into the suite, amped.

WALTER

You'll never believe who I just-

Walter looks around. Zachary is still gone.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What the...?

Walter grabs the phone, dials...Moose.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Moose, this is craziness.

MOOSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

It's Bermuda. He'll be fine. Just let him do his thing. This was the deal. You stay out of Zachary's face. It's how he wants it. He's not going anywhere. Just enjoy.

The line goes dead.

INT. THE EMPIRE CLUB - NIGHT

Walter at his table--sitting on a plush, ocean blue bench with a massive SEASHELL back...he sips a Dark N'Stormy.

The MAITRE'D approaches with a SULTRY RED HEAD in a onesy split neck to navel in a wide V of tan flesh.

MAITRE'D

Captain Rose wanted me to introduce you to a dinner companion.

She sits beside Walter, and the Maitre'd steps back to reveal a sight line to Carl Rose, in a jacket, shorts and knee socks (Bermuda Formal). He toasts Walter from the bar, grinning.

SULTRY RED HEAD

So Captain Rose tells me you're a private detective on vacation?

WALTER (V.O.)

So I go to this broad-

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

The Author, getting impatient, interrupts his subject.

AUTHOR
Let's move things along.

WALTER
Oh. I thought you wanted color and stuff? You said details.

AUTHOR
The details are great, but Zachary, let's stay with him. Zachary.

Walter considers the Author, checks his watch.

WALTER
Okay. Well what happened next with him was so weird. Should have been a sign to me now, looking back.

CUT TO:

INT. THE EMPIRE CLUB - NIGHT

WALTER (V.O.)
My pal Frankie Avalon, he came on stage.

Frankie Avalon at the mic...Walter leans to his Red Head.

WALTER
I golfed with him today.

The Red Head smiles, impressed.

FRANKIE AVALON
Ladies and gentlemen. There are a couple people I want to acknowledge in the audience tonight. First of all, I want to introduce, a special guest, very special guest, the lead guitar player from the group Boston-

The crowd BUZZES. Even Walter cranes his neck, looking around-

FRANKIE AVALON (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, Bobby Zachary!

A SPOTLIGHT lights up Bobby Zachary, who stands, waving.

WALTER
What the fuck?

Walter takes in Zachary, in a gaudy white panama suit.

WALTER (CONT'D)
You gotta be shitting me.

SULTRY RED HEAD
What's the matter?

WALTER
(covering)
Nothing. Nothing. Just shocked to
see a Boston band member here.

SULTRY RED HEAD
I know, it's so cool right.

WALTER (V.O.)
Everyone knows the band, but no one
knows the guitarist's name. They
all believed it. I mean, who's
gonna look that up?

FRANKIE AVALON
Can we get you to come up and play
a number with us?

Bobby Zachary politely demurs, sitting at his own SHELL TABLE
between TWO GORGEOUS WOMEN.

WALTER (V.O.)
And Zachary was sitting with two
broad. One was pretty. Tan, with a
long white dress. But the other. Oh
man. The other was a knockout.
Classy. Dressed to the nines. White
halter, the whole thing. Hoah.

Walter stares at this BLONDE as Avalon starts his VENUS...

WALTER
With a fucking junkie.

SULTRY RED HEAD
What?

Walter eyes narrow, he looks back over at Zachary, furious.

INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - LATE NIGHT

Walter sits in the dark, nursing a glass of Rum, the better part of his way through a bottle of Gosling's.

And the door opens...Bobby Zachary walks in with the women, LAUGHING. They don't see Walter in the dark.

BOBBY ZACHARY
It's a water bed.

WOMAN 1
Oooo. You know they say there are two things that are better on a water bed.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Think I heard that somewhere.

A lascivious giggle, Zachary starts making out with the Brunette as the Blonde Walter had his eye on goes for the bar-

And Walter leaps out, grabbing Zachary off the Brunette.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
AHHHH!

WOMEN
Oh my god!/Bobby?!

Walter SLAMS him into the wall.

BOBBY ZACHARY
(relieved)
It's you?!

WALTER
Yeah, it's me. Who you expect? I got a mind to break your fucking head. You're supposed to be laying low. The lead guitar player from Boston?

Zachary pushes Walter off.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Don't push me, man.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You're drunk.

WALTER
Drunk? You're high.

Zachary just looks at Walter. And Walter pushes Zachary, who is surprisingly quick, and gets Walter in a headlock, Walter drives his legs...they slam into a TABLE, knock over a VASE.

And hit the floor as it SHATTERS, start rolling, GRUNTING.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Get...someone.

The Women run out.

WALTER

You think you can just prance around? While you got guys putting their lives on the line? You think this is a joke!? You junky piece of shit. People are dead! I'm not dying for you!

BOBBY ZACHARY

Get off a' me!

Carl Rose runs in with a couple of his Bermuda PD guys, all in jackets and shorts and knee socks. They take in the scrum, and start LAUGHING.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Get him off me.

Carl grabs Walter, a couple of his guys have to help, and they drag the two apart. Somebody finds the LIGHTS.

REVEAL: The living room is wrecked. Zachary pacing, his suit jacket torn. Walter is red, a mess, his head bleeding.

CARL ROSE

You two are a couple of wild chaps then, aren't you?

WALTER

(spits blood)

Fuck.

Rose tosses Walter a chunk of ICE from the bar. Walter holds it to his mouth.

WALTER (CONT'D)

He blew our goddamn cover. *Boston?!*

CARL ROSE

(fixing himself a G&T)

Just band troubles. Nothing the Castle Harbor hasn't seen before.

(MORE)

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)
 Humperdinck once tried to castrate
 Manilow on that very couch.

BERMUDA POLICE GUY
 Really?

CARL ROSE
 No, Clive.

BOBBY ZACHARY
 Manilow was castrated at birth.

A beat. Carl Rose starts GIGGLING. They all start CHUCKLING.

CARL ROSE
 This guy's a laugh. Can't you just
 enjoy him?

WALTER
 While he's blowing our cover?!

CARL ROSE
 Cover's in tact. I told the girls
 you were the drummer.

WALTER
 You think this is funny?

CARL ROSE
 No. No, come on, boys. Let's go.

They exit, stifling LAUGHS. Leaving Walter and Zachary alone.
 A long, tense beat, the two men eyeing each other.

BOBBY ZACHARY
 Why you care so much about me, man?

WALTER
 I care about Jack Kelly. I care
 about this trial.

Walter spits more blood, dabs his cut lip with the ice again.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 You? I hope they find you in an
 alley soon as this shit blows over.
 But until then, you're the asshole
 who can put the bastards who blew a
 good man away. We're going back to
 Boston to start deposing you, and I
 swear to god, I'm bringing you back
 here over my dead body.

OFF Zachary's look.

EXT. ISLAND OF BERMUDA - SUNRISE

Dawn's rosy fingers reach up from the watery horizon as a TWA flight jets back West for New England.

INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - LATER

Walter passes through CUSTOMS AGENTS, Zachary, following with a SMALL DUFFLE, sweating. Moose waiting on the other side.

MOOSE

You're late. Grand Jury's waiting.

EXT. SUFFOLK COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT - BOSTON - DAY

The large gray blocks of the house of justice stand quietly.

INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRAND JURY - DEPOSITION ROOM 3 - DAY

Zachary gives testimony before DA Garrett Byrn, STAFF, and THE GRAND JURY, its 23 serving members listening intently.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I knew Ierardi from growing up. Our fathers managed some books together-

GARRETT BYRN

Can you lay out again why Ierardi was willing to speak with you?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I told 'em I was hearing things. Rumors, that Solmonte's boys were looking to get even. I made it out that I was warning him.

A GRAND JUROR, Cambridge-type in tweed, raises their hand.

GARRETT BYRN

You can just ask the question, you don't need to raise your hand.

GRAND JUROR

Okay sorry. So that's when Ierardi confirmed he did the killings, when you were warning him?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I mean we were just chatting. I said, you know, shit Billy, there's people out there, looking to do you harm. You know what about, right?

Byrn interrupts.

GARRETT BYRN

And that's when we got this.

Byrn's Assistant plays the TAPE AGAIN:

VOICE (ON TAPE)

(with a weird lisp)

...yeah, me and Italiano. Went in there. We thot him. Thot 'em all. We can handle Solmonte's people.

Byrn stops the tape.

GRAND JUROR

People?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Yeah, Solmonte's got a couple sons. Rough fellas.

A SECOND GRAND JUROR raises his hand.

SECOND GRAND JUROR

Mr. Zachary, we understand you're an addict?

Byrn looks to his Staff, shifting uncomfortably.

BOBBY ZACHARY

That's correct. I have an addiction I am currently managing.

SECOND GRAND JUROR

I respect that. God be with you on your journey. But is there a reliability issue there?

A long, tense beat.

THIRD GRAND JUROR

Were you on drugs when you met with Ierardi?

BOBBY ZACHARY

No, ma'am.

(winks)

Neither was the tape.

The Jury CHUCKLES, charmed. Byrn relieved, smiles at Zachary.

INT. SUFFOLK SUPERIOR COURT - OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER - SAME

Walter in a heated conversation with Moose.

WALTER

I didn't sign up for this, alright.
This guy's a true piece a' shit.
Put him in Bermuda jail, he can sit
on his ass until we go to trial, or
get someone else, you hear me-

MOOSE

No you hear *ME*.

A COUPLE OF PASSERSBY look over, Moose lowers his voice.

MOOSE (CONT'D)

This guy means everything now. He
talked to Byrn. You keep
antagonizing him, we are gonna
bring you back here, and put you on
traffic for the rest of your
miserable fucking career! Clear?!

Walter speechless, looks up as Zachary exits with Byrn, who
is patting him on the back. Zachary sees Walter, and smiles.

EXT. SUFFOLK COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT - BOSTON - LATER

Walter, silent and pissed, loads Zachary into Moose's car.
They pull off. And a MAROON OLDS' pulls out after them.

REVEAL: Nico Winter and Carmine McClane at the wheel.

EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DROP-OFF AREA - LATER

Moose fighting through the drop-off traffic, it's a mess.

INT. MAROON OLDMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

McClane trying to follow, the airport is insane.

NICO WINTER
Stay closer.

CARMINE MCCLANE
You wanna fuckin' drive?

NICO WINTER
I hate the airport.
(sees them pull over)
There. Get me closer.

Carmine is cut off by a GIANT BUS.

CARMINE MCCLANE
Fuck.

Nico just jumps out, starts walking, HORNS blaring.

CARMINE MCCLANE (CONT'D)
Draw enough attention?

INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - MOMENTS LATER

Nico spots Zachary and Walter in the SECURITY LINE.

He gets in line himself...unseen, 20 bodies back. And notices...a GUY sent back through the metal detector.

Nico looks down at a HAND GUN he has stuffed into his belt.

Walter and Zachary disappear through security. Nico watches.

EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - LATER

Nico gets back in the car with McClane.

NICO WINTER
I lost 'em.
(off McClane's look)
Piece. Couldn't get through the
detector.

CARMINE MCCLANE
Why'd you take your fucking gun?

NICO WINTER
I don't know. I wasn't thinking.

CARMINE MCCLANE
Throw it away, it's a gun. You can
get another. Jesus.

NICO WINTER
Just throw away my gun?

CARMINE MCCLANE
Well, yeah. You fucking lost 'em.

Nico and McClane stare out their windshield a beat as it starts to sleet. McClane pulls into the awful traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. TRANS WORLD AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - LATER

Zachary and Walter sitting in the first row, tense, quiet. Zachary looks to Walter, looks away. Looks at him again.

BOBBY ZACHARY
What's the eagle for?

Walter looks down at the EAGLE TATTOO on his forearm.

WALTER
United States of America. What's wrong with you?

BOBBY ZACHARY
I don't know. Maybe you just like eagles?

WALTER
Just like eagles?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Yeah, maybe you're a fucking ornithologist. I don't know what.

WALTER
I'm a patriot.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Hey I love this country too, man.

WALTER
I'm sure you do.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Serious. I was in Nam.

Walter puts down his drink, turns to Bobby.

WALTER
Bullshit.

BOBBY ZACHARY
42nd Airborne. Two tours.

WALTER
You bulling me right now?

BOBBY ZACHARY
I would not lie to you, Walter.

Walter studies Zachary.

WALTER
Navy. '68 to '72.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You got the seaman's look.
(off Walter's stare)
What?

WALTER
Nothing...Airborne was hardcore.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Yeah. It put things in perspective.

Walter sips his drink, looks back to Zachary, taking in this surprising info about his ward.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Walter stares off into the factory, reflecting a beat.

WALTER
I took my job serious. Got stabbed once. I got shot. Run over. Had my nose broken twice. Lost teeth in fist fights. I was a good cop.

The Author listens to Walter wax on with his head in his hands, watching the cassette spin.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I really was. That's why they chose me, out of 4,000 cops on the job, they picked me.
(beat)
I didn't care what Moose said.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT STREET - BERMUDA - DAY

WALTER (V.O.)

I followed him next time he went to
go get a fix. Thinking if shit hit
or he tries any more of his antics,
I'd be there to nip it in the bud.

Walter keeps his eye on Zachary as he reaches that Pink
Building, following the Man With the Panama Hat inside.

AUTHOR (V.O.)

This's when Carmine and Nico come
in?

WALTER (V.O.)

Not yet, this was before. This was
the business thing.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD**The Business Thing****EXT. SIDE OF THE PINK BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter creeps up a narrow alley beside the building, stepping
over stray chickens picking at mango rinds.

He looks up to a window, well above his head. He puts his
feet on either side of the walls of the alley, and starts
using opposing pressure to shimmy his way up to a view.

Walter braces himself, between the walls, up about six feet.

WALTER (V.O.)

I'm expecting to see this guy
sticking himself, I don't know
what, junkie shit...but I look in.

Walter flexes his legs tighter, bracing as he leans into look-

WALTER (V.O.)

And Zachary's in there with a bunch
of black chicks.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

AUTHOR
What?

WALTER
A bunch of Bermuda girls.

AUTHOR
Orgy?

WALTER
Shorts.

AUTHOR
Sorry?

CUT TO:

INT. PINK BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Zachary and the Bermudan Women are folding and loading STACKS OF COLORFUL SHORTS into big duffels.

WALTER
(from the window)
What the...

Walter's shoes lose grip on the walls.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Shit!

He crashes down, SMASHING into a TIN TRASH BIN with a BOOM.
Zachary and the Women look over at the sound. Zachary rises.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Zachary steps into the alley to find Walter limping off.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Walter?

Walter freezes, slowly turns. Zachary looks tense, nervous.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
What are you doing out here?

WALTER
...think the question's what the
hell are you doing in there?

BOBBY ZACHARY

What?

WALTER

Don't diddle me. I saw. You're loading a bunch of shorts into bags with those black chicks.

Zachary smiles, relaxing, raises his hands all innocent.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You got me. Come on, I'll show you.

WALTER

(surprised, then)

Yes you will.

Walter starts limping over.

INT. PINK BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Walter and Zachary stand in the space, rows of garment bags, boxes of various apparel. The women folding the shorts. Walter starts sorting through the pastel cottons, confused.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Bermuda Shorts. The real deal, from Bermuda. Feel the breeze on your legs like you're on the island. I got a guy here, charges me two dollars a pair!

WALTER

...so?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I got a guy in Boston pays 12.

Off Walter's non-reaction.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

That's a 600% mark-up. Easy money.

WALTER

They're giving us money.

BOBBY ZACHARY

They give us a nice allowance. This is daddy money.

WALTER

You need money?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Who doesn't?

WALTER
I'm serious.

A beat. Zachary considers opening up, sniffs, wipes his eyes.

BOBBY ZACHARY
We're gonna go to trial eventually,
man. Then what?

WALTER
I don't know. You go back to doing
whatever the bum fuck you did.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I can't do the same old. Not after
the trial. Not in Boston. Never.
This's my getaway grubstake.

WALTER
You can't be operating a business
in witness protection. The band
thing was some bullshit they put up
with, but this, you can't do this.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I don't mean to offend you, Walter,
but you don't tell me what to do.

Walter looks from the shorts to Zachary.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
We been beating around it, cause I
didn't want to hurt your feelings,
but cards on the table: The table
turned a while back.

Walter eyes him, angry, humiliated. A tense silence.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
Why don't you girls take a break? I
can finish here.

The women rise, heading out. Zachary sits at the table,
covered in a bunch of half-eaten Chinese take-out.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
Stop looking all angry. Sit down.
Try some moo shoo. It's better cold-

Walter just stares at Zachary.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
How's your ankle? You need ice?

WALTER
I don't need any ice.

Walter limps to the seat, pulls it back, and drops into it.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Don't be upset, man. This is all good. Second you get your hand out of my ass, I'll stop bein' a pain in yours. You dig?

Walter reaches for an egg roll, soy sauces it, chewing.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
You're too uptight. Live a little, you know. You know how many cops in Boston'd trade their left nut to be in your thongs?

Walter says nothing, just chewing.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
You can do whatever you feel like. I'm not gonna tell nobody.

WALTER
I don't need your permission to do anything down here, alright. I may not control you, pal, but you sure as shit don't control me.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Okay. I'm just tellin' you how things work. You're by the book, I get it. But you're missin' out.

Zachary bites into his own egg roll.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
You could help. Getting through customs. We could be partners.

WALTER
I don't make partners of snitches.

Zachary smiles.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You know what a confidence game is?

Zachary chewing, mouth full.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
It's where we get the phrase con
man. Thing is, it's not just a
game, it's the way life works.

WALTER
Not the way my life works.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Why not?

WALTER
I like the truth.

Zachary LAUGHS, lights a cigarette, inhales, exhales.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I prefer the untruth. It gets a bad
rap. Funny. You'd think lies could
tell better fibs about themselves.

WALTER
What?

BOBBY ZACHARY
A lot of people, they think
deception, it can only be bad.

WALTER
Awful philosophical for a junkie.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Mmm. Drugs open the mother wit,
daddy-o. Take The Mechanical Turk.

WALTER
The what?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Little over 200 years ago, guy
makes this machine--Mechanical
Turk, claimed that this Turkish
robot could beat anyone in chess.
And he did. Robot was undefeated.
Everyone, they all went mad.
Couldn't figure it out. It was
just...too good to be true. Light
years ahead of where mechanics and
that shit was.
(beat)
And they were right.

Zachary ashes his cigarette.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
There was a little midget inside
The Mechanical Turk, who was really
good at chess. You dig?

WALTER
Not really.

BOBBY ZACHARY
That's not even the interesting
part. See, everyone believed it at
the time. They believed this guy
had invented this amazing machine.
And a guy name Cartwright heard
about this Turkish chess robot.

Zachary takes a final drag, stubbing out his cigarette.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
And he thought...well if someone
can make a robot smart enough to
play chess, I can make a mechanical
loom. And he did. He went out and
did it. A lie, a hoax, it motivated
someone to build something that
changed the world.
(beat)
Sometimes a little untruth...can do
a lot a good.

Zachary opens his fortune cookie, and tosses one to Walter.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
So get your head out of your ass
and open your eyes to the
possibilities down here, huh?

Walter looks down, opens his cookie...reads his FORTUNE.

WALTER (V.O.)
Wish I could tell you I got some
fortune that really summed all that
up. I remember at the time thinking
it'd be cool if I got something,
you know, to do with all the stuff
he was saying, inspirational.

TIGHT ON THE FORTUNE: A GOOD WAY TO KEEP HEALTHY IS TO EAT
MORE CHINESE FOOD.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Come on, got some people I want you
to meet.

EXT. A.S. COOPER AND SONS LIMITED - LATER

Walter follows Zachary between mahogany columns accenting grand white windows, into the jewel of Bermuda's Menswear.

WALTER (V.O.)
I didn't realize, but he had me. He
was reeling me in like a Rock Fish.

INT. A.S. COOPER AND SONS LIMITED - CONTINUOUS

The jingle of the door bell announces their entrance, and a WOMAN looks up from the register.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Allow me to introduce Penelope.

She shakes Walter's hand.

PENNY
Call me Penny.

WALTER (V.O.)
And Gwen.

BOBBY ZACHARY
And Gwen.

Gwen steps out from a row of men's seersucker jackets. She and Walter lock eyes.

WALTER (V.O.)
This Gwen...there was a lot of
temptation over the years. Even in
Boston. Women throwing themselves
at you, in uniform. I've had my
share of playing around with the
girls. But she was different. She
was the bait.

Gwen offers her hand.

WALTER (V.O.)
And I took it.

Walter takes it.

WALTER (V.O.)
Hook, line and sinker.

WALTER
Have we met?

GWEN

Well, not formally. The night you two had your...disagreement.

WALTER

Oh. Oh right. Of course. You were wearing that halter?

GWEN

...I'm not sure, maybe?

BOBBY ZACHARY

See? The man's got an eye for fashion. I'm bringing Walter into the Bermudas.

WALTER

We didn't agree to anything.

GWEN

You think you can help?

Zachary and Penny share a look.

WALTER

Sorry, you two, you're in on this shorts thing?

GWEN

Penny introduced Bobby to the supplier at the store here.

WALTER

You don't sound like you're from Bermuda.

GWEN

I'm from Boston actually. I didn't want to be lame, cause of the band thing, and mention it, but-

WALTER

No. That's not lame. That's awesome. What part?

GWEN

Quincy.

WALTER

No kidding! I'm from Charlestown.

GWEN

Half my family's from Charlestown. What block?

WALTER
Like Warren and Pleasant.

GWEN
My uncle lived on Warren and
Cordis.

WALTER
That's two blocks. That's crazy.

GWEN
Nuts.

Their eye contact lingers.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I explained we wanted to make a
little easy cash. All the music
guys are diversifying right now.

PENNY
Bobby was saying if you're not the
front man, they just screw you.

Walter eyes Zachary, then Gwen looking at him.

WALTER
Yeah. They really fuck ya.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I thought our drummer here, he
could help us move more shorts
through customs. What do you say?

Walter eyes Zachary, looks to Gwen.

WALTER
I'll think it over.

An awkward beat.

PENNY
Hey, you guys busy this afternoon?

GWEN
Oh yeah, we rented a boat. We're
going water skiing. Do you water
ski?!

WALTER
Not really, but-

Zachary looks to Penny, Gwen...and Walter.

WALTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I don't know about this!

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Zachary at the wheel of a SPEED BOAT in the harbor. Penelope smoking a cigarette and drinking a cocktail.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You'll be fine.

REVEAL: In the water behind the boat, TWO BIG FAT SKI TIPS protrude from the water, attached to Walter's feet.

WALTER
(tipping and bobbing)
Hard to stay up right here.

GWEN
I'll hold you steady.

Gwen treading water beside Walter, she steadies him.

WALTER
So how long you down here for?

GWEN
Guess until Penny gets sick of me.

WALTER
I don't see anyone getting sick of you.

Gwen blushes. Walter eyes her. She giggles.

WALTER (CONT'D)
What?

GWEN
Nothing.

WALTER
No, what is it?

GWEN
I bet being in a band, girls just throw themselves at you all the time?

Walter fights a shit-eating grin hard as he can...loses.

WALTER (V.O.)
I fell like a log.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Here we go, ready?

Zachary floors the boat, Walter pulls up, and over with a SPLASH, gets dragged brutally as he refuses to let go. Zachary stops. Walter comes up sputtering. Gwen LAUGHING.

WALTER
What are you laughing at?

GWEN
If you fall, just let it go.

TIME CUT TO:

Walter floating again before the triangle grip.

GWEN (CONT'D)
You got to just let it pull you along. Just lean into it. Don't fight it. Let it guide you.

Walter eyes Gwen, taking in those poignant words.

WALTER
Just let it pull me along?

GWEN
Yeah. Just let it pull you along. It's an amazing feeling when you let go, and just feel it.

Walter smiles, nods.

GWEN (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get back in the boat. You steady?

Walter shakes his hips, turns his ski tips to right and left.

WALTER
Yeah, I'm under control.

GWEN
Good. But don't be too under control. You gotta let it take you.

WALTER
Let it take me. Got it.

Gwen swims to the boat, and Penny helps her aboard.

BOBBY ZACHARY
He doing okay?

GWEN

Yeah. He's actually really sweet.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I agree. Surprisingly cool.

PENNY

Think he's okay?

Zachary looks to Walter, gives him an A-OKAY signal.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You good?

WALTER

A-okay.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Think he's A-okay.

Zachary gases the engines, and the wake kicks up. Walter holds tight, his skis making their own wakes as he holds. And lifts from the water, he's bent over...gonna lose it.

GWEN

Ohhh, he's going over.

But Walter saves it, leaning back, leaning into it.

TIGHT ON: Walter's face, grinning ear to ear, as he walks on water for the first time, shooting across the harbor.

WALTER

WOOOOO!

Johann Strauss' *ON THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE* rises gently...

As Zachary begins to make a turn, Walter follows, letting his skis cut diamond drops off the ocean as they spray and turn.

Gwen gives him a thumbs up. Walter grinning, following the boat back across the harbor beneath the golden sun.

SHOTS OF: Walter's ski tips moving in parallel time, Walter looking around at the world passing him by gently, Walter figure-eighting, out of the wake, in, across, out, in...

GWEN

He's a natural.

Back on Walter's smiling face.

WALTER

I'm a natural.

WALTER (V.O.)
I was a natural.

We ZOOM OUT as the boat continues, Walter following its every move just behind in time, like a watery, cosmic dance.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - LATER

Zachary and Walter packing their suitcases.

BOBBY ZACHARY
She's a sweet girl, huh?

WALTER
My god. Classy too. Can't believe they called us back to Boston again, I mean the timing. Kazoo.

BOBBY ZACHARY
She's not goin' anywhere.

WALTER
Grand Jury can wait for a piece a tail like that.

Zachary LAUGHS.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Look, you got any cash?

WALTER
What?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Cash. Whatever you got. I'm bringing in more shorts this trip.

Walter hesitates.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
I know Gwen and Penny would appreciate the extra business. I give 'em a cut.

Walter takes out his wad of cash, counts it.

WALTER
That's a thousand. I want that back. And you tell Penny to say good things about me to Gwen.

BOBBY ZACHARY
No need. She already likes you.

WALTER
Did Penny say something?

BOBBY ZACHARY
No.

WALTER
Then how you know?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Look at you. Course she does.

Walter smiles, flattered.

WALTER
Thanks.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You're welcome, buddy. I'm gonna
need you to carry this.

Zachary grabs a GIANT DUFFEL from under his bed, full of
Bermuda Shorts, a rainbow of colors. He zips it up.

EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Zachary, carrying a big duffel, and Walter, with his own
giant case, are whisked through customs as Walter FLASHES HIS
BADGE, and greeted by Moose on the other side.

MOOSE
You got some sun.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Guy's been in Bermuda, what do you
want him to do?

Walter smiles to Zachary, nods, appreciating the support.

MOOSE
You guys have chummed up, huh?

EXT. SUFFOLK COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT - LATER

Zachary exits the deposition. Walter waiting, smoking.

BOBBY ZACHARY
It's fucking freezin' out here.

WALTER
Gonna get a lot colder.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Not for us.

Zachary takes out a THICK WAD OF CASH.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
That's for you.

Walter pockets it fast, looks around, up at the courthouse.

WALTER
What are you giving it to me here
for? You crazy?
(beat)
How much money is in my pocket?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Ten grand.

WALTER
Ten grand!? Jesus.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Guy went up to 20 a pair for the
cornflower blue. Loved it.

WALTER
I didn't even...how'd you move 'em?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Got a friend here, a clerk. He
handles the back and forth.

WALTER
That easy?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Could be 50 grand in your pocket if
you help me out. With you signing,
we can start shipping too.

A beat. Walter processing that.

WALTER
That's more than I see in a year.

Walter looking down, a little ashamed.

WALTER (CONT'D)

They don't pay you so good putting
your life on the line and what not.
Doesn't make any sense.

Zachary smiles, puts a hand on Walters shoulder.

BOBBY ZACHARY

My dad, he used to say, the world's
not fair. You figure out why, I'll
make a buck how I can.

Walter looks up at Zachary, really hearing that.

EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - LATER

Zachary and Walter get out, and hand back their coats.

REVEAL: INT. MAROON OLDMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Nico and McClane watching, Nico ready to get out. Nico takes
out his gun, and puts it in the glove compartment.

CARMINE MCCLANE

Hold on.

They spot...Walter, wearing a "Bermuda Yacht Club" tank top
as he heads into the airport.

CUT TO:

EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HAMILTON, BERMUDA

Zachary and Walter's TWA flight landing again.

WALTER

I want to meet the shorts guy.

BOBBY ZACHARY

So you're in?

WALTER

I didn't say that. I just want to
meet him.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Sebald's having a yacht party
tonight. I'll introduce you.

WALTER

A yacht party?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Yeah, you got something to wear?

INT. A.S. COOPER AND SONS LIMITED - HAMILTON - LATER

Walter stands in the mirror as Zachary oversees him trying on a Mint Green Leisure Suit...CLAPS.

BOBBY ZACHARY
That's what I'm talking about.
Mint, baby, mint!

WALTER
Sebald thinks we're in Boston too?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Yeah. Rock stars are trend setters.
He liked that. Why he's parting
with the shorts so cheap.

WALTER
Could be cheaper I was thinking.

BOBBY ZACHARY
These are quality shorts.

WALTER
I'm a quality negotiator.

BOBBY ZACHARY
If you think-

WALTER
Trust me.

Zachary puts an arm around Walter in the mirror.

ZACHARY
Alright, Handsome. I trust you.

WALTER
Gwen likes mint, huh?

PENNY
She adores it.

Zachary hands Penny some cash. She goes off to the register.

WALTER
I can pay for it.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You're protecting me down here and
all. It's the least I can do.

WALTER
...thanks.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You're welcome, daddy-o. She's
gonna eat you up like mint
chocolate chip.
(massaging his shoulders)
Nummy num num.

Walter looks back in the mirror, smoothing his lapels.

CUT TO:

EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HAMILTON, BERMUDA

Another FLIGHT touching down, rolling to its gate. Carmine
McClane and Nico Winter emerge into the sun.

INT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CUSTOMS

Carmine and Nico are flagged in customs, and a CUSTOMS AGENT
takes their bags over to a table.

CUSTOMS AGENT
How long will you be on the island?

CARMINE MCCLANE
About a week.

CUSTOMS AGENT
(unzipping a bag)
Wonderful. Vacation?

NICO WINTER
Business vacation.

The Customs Agent starts unrolling shirts, feeling around,
finds a toiletries bag, opens it, pulls out...A REVOLVER.

NICO WINTER (CONT'D)
Protection. I have a permit here.

CUSTOMS AGENT
Yes, sir. Unfortunately, we do not
allow firearms on the island. You
can check it with our office, and
pick it up on your way out.

Nico eyes Carmine. As the Customs Agent opens McClane's bag, starts to search, and finds ANOTHER REVOLVER.

CARMINE MCCLANE

Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SURETY - A 100 FOOT SCHOONER - HARBOR - NIGHT

Walter and Zachary hit the raging party on the deck, dressed to the nines...Walter in his mint suit and PLATFORM SHOES.

WALTER

So where's this guy?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Relax. This is social, let's ease into the business.

WALTER

Right.

Walter nodding to the music, looking around.

WALTER (CONT'D)

So Gwen, what's she into? You know? Other than water skiing?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I don't know. Animals. Astrology.

WALTER

Like stars and shit?

BOBBY ZACHARY

No, no. Like the birth signs. Scorpio, Aires, that kinda shit.

WALTER

She's into that weird stuff?

BOBBY ZACHARY

All the ladies are. That planet poetry's like pussy nip.

WALTER

I don't know anything about it.

Zachary grabs two champagnes off a passing tray.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Make it up. Everybody else does.
When were you born?

WALTER
January 8th.

BOBBY ZACHARY
So you're a Capricorn. Sensitive.
Faithful. Tender.

WALTER
Yeah, like hell.

BOBBY ZACHARY
No. That's good. They love that.

WALTER
What are you?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Gemini.

WALTER
So what is that snitchy...junky?

Zachary LAUGHS. Then sniffs, wipes his watery eyes.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Gemini. We're two. Talkative cats,
airy, creative, like moving around.

WALTER
What's Gwen?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Why don't you ask her, Capricorn?

Walter turns, crowd parting, and sees Gwen in a pink body
suit...giant white platforms...Walter swallows.

TIME CUT TO:

Gwen and Walter dancing...not talking. Gwen shouts over music-

GWEN
I like your suit.

WALTER
Thanks. Got it today. It's *mint*.
(off her non-reaction)
...You look good too.

GWEN

Thanks.

WALTER

So when were you born?

Gwen a little weirded out.

GWEN

It's not nice to ask a woman that.

WALTER

Oh no. I just. I mean what date?
Like what's your birth sign?

GWEN

Oh. Pices. Are you into the Zodiac?

WALTER

The what?

GWEN

The Zodiac.

WALTER

No, no. I'm a Capricorn. Do I look
like a Zodiac?

Gwen LAUGHS.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What?

Gwen LAUGHS again.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Capricorns. We're sensitive guys.
You can't just laugh at us.

(beat)

So I hear Pices and Capricorns,
they go good together.

GWEN

Not as good as Pices and Zodiacs.

WALTER

(dismayed)

Oh. Okay then.

Gwen smiles, charmed at Walter's cuteness, dances up closer to him. Walter pleasantly surprised. Walter gets his shoulders involved in his moves, starting to loosen up.

TIME CUT TO:

Walter and Gwen by the bar, a COUPLE moves away, leaving them with Penelope, Bobby Zachary and the Man in the Panama Hat.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Hey there! Great party!

Bobby Zachary nervous a moment, just a flash.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Uh, Walter, this is my friend
Sebald I was telling you about.

Sebald, in the Panama Hat, extends his hand. Walter grabs it.

SEBALD
Pleased to meet you.

WALTER
Great party. This is your boat?

SEBALD
Yes.

WALTER
Gorgeous. Really.

SEBALD
Thank you.

Zachary watching Walter butter Sebald up, looks to Penny.

WALTER
No, I mean, wow. Must be expensive.

SEBALD
Uh, well, I-

WALTER
I'm kidding. I'm kidding.
(beat)
You ever feel like you overpaid?

Sebald looks to Zachary--wtf? Gwen and Penny trading looks.

BOBBY ZACHARY
He's kidding. He means no offense.

WALTER
No of course. No offense. I just, I
would hate if you felt that way,
that you're overpaying. That would
be crummy. Feels crummy to overpay
for something. Even if it is nice.

SEBALD

...true.

Walter fixes a weird stare on Sebald.

WALTER

I feel like me and Bobby, we feel
like we're overpaying a little.

Sebald looks away from Walter's weird stare to Zachary.

WALTER (CONT'D)

We're music stars here, leaders of
taste. We're not just selling.
We're marketing.

SEBALD

Well-

WALTER

They're shorts. It's half a pants.
Let's call it half.

SEBALD

The shorts?

WALTER

We'll give you a dollar a pair, and
double our next order.

SEBALD

...sure.

Walter blinks, trying not to advertise his own shock at the
easy victory, playing it cool...

WALTER

Good. Great. Look forward to being
in business with you, Seb.

CUT TO:

The bar area, Walter passing shots, elated.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Was that incredible or what?!

GWEN

It was incredible!

BOBBY ZACHARY

He just folded.

PENNY
Half a pants. I mean.

GWEN
Where'd you learn to negotiate?

BOBBY ZACHARY
The balls on this guy.

WALTER
Not in the balls. It's in the eyes.

Walter repeats his weird negotiating stare.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Save my balls for other things.

Gwen giggles. Everyone LAUGHS, raising their glasses.

PENNY
To a dollar a pair!

A MONTAGE OF THE BOAT PARTY...

WALTER (V.O.)
I was on cloud nine.

*Walter dancing, wildly, weird, but awesome.

WALTER (V.O.)
And I'm not one to brag. But boy
was I a dancer. Boy.

*Walter dancing more, doing Travolta's knee up-and-downs, a Russian-Disco blend. Gwen loving it, LAUGHING.

*Shots, more shots, more shots at the bar on the deck.

*Zachary talking with the Guy in the Panama Hat.

*Walter drinking more with Gwen, LAUGHING.

*Dancing more, the CROWD loving him, Walter showboating.

WALTER (V.O.)
Felt like the world was mine.
Totally in control.

Walter motions for Gwen to duck, and he runs, and leaps, and DOES THE SPLITS as he leaps over her, lands it...

PARTIERS
RIGHT ON! BEAUTIFUL, MAN! LOOK OUT!

And hits the railing, ENDO'ing, and NAILS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE HULL with a THUMP as he falls into the SEA.

GWEN

Oh my god!

EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Walter lies floating face down in the water. All the GUESTS LAUGH, think he's joking. Gwen LAUGHING.

A DRUNK GUY grabs a life-saver, and CHUCKS it, like 50 feet past Walter, nowhere close. Walter goes under.

EXT. UNDER WATER - CONTINUOUS

Walter starts to sink into the black water, his body rolls, his bleary eyes open, looking up at the lights of the boat.

WALTER (V.O.)

I knocked myself good. But I remember, looking up, through the water, and seeing 'em all laughing. They thought I was fooling around. I remember thinking, that was it. That was how I was gonna die. And all I was thinking about was...I felt happy, happier than I can remember feeling in a long time.

A LEISURE SUIT pierces the surface like a knife, Bobby Zachary diving down for Walter, he swims two strokes, and grabs his drunk, drowning protector.

He brings him to the surface as Walter's PLATFORM SHOES continue to sink...we hold on the shoes drowning a moment.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - MOMENTS LATER

Zachary emerges with Walter, who COUGHS, spits water.

VARIOUS GUESTS

Oh shit./That was for real./He saved him./Guitar guy saved him.

Zachary powerfully swims Walter to shore.

EXT. PINK SANDS BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Both lie in the sand beneath the shining stars. Walter COUGHING. Zachary exhausted.

WALTER
You saved my life.
(LAUGHS)
I'm the one supposed to save your
ass.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Well, now you really owe me.

WALTER
God, I thought that was it.

Walter lies back into the soft, warm sand...wasted. A long,
pregnant silence.

WALTER (CONT'D)
You know I was in a biker gang
after the army. I wasn't always on
the do good.

Zachary looks over at Walter.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You kidding?

WALTER
Ruby Emeralds Motor Club. I was
fucking President and everything.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You're just full of surprises.

WALTER
Shit. Says the secret war hero.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Nah, serious, I figured you were
one of those generational guys,
cops back to the Mayflower shit.

Walter stares up at the twinkling stars, eyes hazy.

WALTER
My Uncle was a cop.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Yeah. Big hero type?

WALTER
Fucking idiot type.

Zachary LAUGHS. Walter LAUGHS too.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Drunk. Said I couldn't do it. Said
I didn't have what it takes.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You showed him.

Walter belches soft and low.

WALTER
Not sure working for Boston shows
anyone much anything. Father served
the commonwealth 30 years for shit.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Thought he wasn't a cop?

WALTER
Animal control. My father, he was a
gentle kinda guy.

A quiet beat.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Hard being a soft man in C-town.

WALTER
I didn't say soft. Who said soft?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Gentle. Whatever. Sorry. Shit look,
my father, he was like that. Old
man always said you gotta be tough
or smart. Problem was...he wasn't
either. Streets chewed him up. Got
shot in a sour deal in sixty-one.
Had to raise my sister, look after
my mother. She got sick.

WALTER
Jesus.

BOBBY ZACHARY
My pops had it a little wrong. I
had to get smart, and it was tough.

WALTER
Man, I get it. Gotta pick a side to
survive. Next thing, you so wrapped
up in it...you're not even living.

BOBBY ZACHARY
What I been trying to tell you.

Walter looks to Zachary, smiles.

WALTER

I dig.

The guys look back up to the stars.

WALTER (V.O.)

It's a lonely thing, a life of
service, undercover and what not.

(beat)

Not sure how it happened with Bobby
and me... but there was a true
friendship that happened there.

A SHOOTING STAR passes in a slightly over-the-top fashion.

CUT TO:

INT. SNOOKER HALL - FRONT STREET - LATER

McClane and Winter step into the dark, smoke-filled SNOOKER HALL. They spot a BARTENDER in a bow-tie, and approach.

CARMINE MCCLANE

We're looking for Bermuda Ted.

THE BARTENDER

I'm Ted.

(off their looks)

I guess some people call me Bermuda
Ted. It's really just Ted though.

NICO WINTER

Two G&T's, Ted.

Winter takes out a WAD OF CASH...way too much for the drinks.
Ted the Bartender eyes the cash a long beat.

TED

Freddie, the door, mate, please.

A GUY looks up from his SNOOKER TABLE, puts his cue aside,
and goes to lock the entrance. Ted opens the bar top.

INT. SNOOKER HALL - KITCHEN - LATER

Ted leads McClane and Winter into his kitchen.

TED

So what you looking for?

NICO WINTER
Twenty-two's. Something automatic.

Ted eyes them...LAUGHS.

NICO WINTER (CONT'D)
Did I make a fucking joke?

TED
Sorry. I think someone's given you
the wrong information.

Carmine looks to Nico...and grabs Ted by the NUTS, squeezes.

TED (CONT'D)
Christ!

CARMINE MCCLANE
How'bout the right information then-

TED
Ah, Christ man, ahhh.

Carmine lets him go, Ted doubled over, COUGHING.

NICO WINTER
They said you did weapons.

TED
Bludgeons, blades...the bobbies
don't even carry firearms.

McClane looks to Winter, dumbfounded.

NICO WINTER
For fuck's sake.

CARMINE MCCLANE
What the hell is this place?

WALTER (V.O.)
It was heaven.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD
Died and Gone To Heaven

Electric Light Orchestra's MR. BLUE SKY plays over...

INT. PINK BUILDING - DAY

Walter loading more Bermuda shorts into duffels, Walter tosses a pair at Zachary, Zachary tosses one back, LAUGHING.

WALTER (V.O.)
Government paying while Bobby and I
were making.

INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - EVENING

Walter pointing to an ORANGE COUCH in the suite, Zachary, Gwen and Penny looking on.

WALTER (V.O.)
I was coming up with new colors all
the time.

WALTER
It's sherbert. Orange sherbert.

GWEN
(shrugs)
I like it.

PENNY
I can talk to Sebald.

INT. A.S. COOPER AND SONS LIMITED - DRESSING ROOM

Walter modeling some PINK SAND COLORED BERMUDAS for Zachary, Gwen and Penny, strutting.

WALTER (V.O.)
I got 'em to do Pink Sands, custom,
like after the beaches.

Walter turns on his imaginary cat-walk.

EXT. PINK SANDS BEACH - SUNSET -

QUICK SHOTS: Of Walter and Zachary side by side, as a kaleidoscope of colored Bermudas flash across their thighs.

WALTER (V.O.)
Cranberry Cocktail. Eggplant.
Caribbean Breeze. Sahara Gold.
Leprechaun Green.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I feel like that's Kelly.

WALTER
It's Leprechaun green. Irish green.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Kelly says Irish too.

WALTER
Not like Leprechaun green.

GWEN
Clover Green?

Walter CLAPS, loving it, kisses Gwen.

INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - LATER

WALTER (V.O.)
We kept making trips back to Boston
to hone Zachary's testimony.

Walter and Zachary arriving in Boston, Zachary carrying
SEVERAL GIANT DUFFELS, Walter flashing his badge to customs.

INT. BOSTON DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER

WALTER (V.O.)
I got some local menswear guy there
I used to work for to add our
shorts to their racks.

Walter negotiating again, in a Boston Department Store.

INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT - BOSTON - DAY

WALTER (V.O.)
The case...it just felt...far away.

Walter looking out a window as Byrn deposes Zachary.

EXT. PINK SANDS BEACH - EVENING

Two pairs of empty bermuda shorts on the sand.

WALTER (V.O.)
Bermuda...ended up being the best
thing that ever happened to me.

Walter and Gwen lying naked beside them, making love.

FADE TO:

EXT. BERMUDA BEACH - EVENING

Walter, Gwen, Zachary and Penny at a PIG ROAST on the beach, bon fire raging. LOCALS cooking tender pieces of swine.

SOME ISLANDERS playing steel drums...Gwen and Penny dancing around the fire, bodies grooving in the firelight.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Tough to beat this, huh?

WALTER
Sometimes I think the wise guys
actually found us, killed us. That
we've just died and gone to heaven.

Zachary LAUGHS, raises his Dark N'Stormy to Walter.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Hear, hear.

They drink, and stare into the flames.

WALTER (V.O.)
And then that storm of hell came
crashing.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD
The Blizzard of 1978

EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

A plane landing in a SNOW STORM, practically white out.

INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - LATER

Moose flashes a badge, bringing Walter and Zachary through customs, Zachary holding another LARGE DUFFEL.

MOOSE
Things have gotten fucked.

EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - PARKING LOT

Walter and Zachary step out into the flurries in flowery short sleeves and Bermuda shorts, and FOUR GIANT DUFFELS.

WALTER
Shit it's cold.

MOOSE
Yeah. It's Boston.

BPD Detectives meet them with coats, take them to the car.

INT. MOOSE'S CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Moose drives through the thick snow.

MOOSE
Byrn lost the election.

WALTER
What?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Who are we dealing with now?

MOOSE
Flanagan's the new DA. He wants a
sit down with you two. Today.

Moose FISH TAILS as he takes a turn, a STREET SIGN BLOWING in
the gale force winds and snow.

MOOSE (CONT'D)
They're saying 30 inches.

INT. DA'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATER

Walter and Zachary sitting in the waiting room, flowery
shirts under their giant coats. Off the snow on his shoes-

WALTER
What about...snow flake white?

BOBBY ZACHARY
What?

WALTER
As a color. For the Bermudas.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I feel like that says cold. They're
shorts. Hot weather apparel.

WALTER

Yeah, reminds you you're lucky to be wearing 'em. You know, enjoy the moment at hand. It's multi-layered.

Zachary nods, looking exhausted.

WALTER (CONT'D)

How you doing?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I'm alright. I'm alright.

WALTER

You haven't had a fix in a while.

Bobby Zachary pauses a moment, and then starts shaking his knee, wipes his nose.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I'm starting to hurt. For sure.

Walter eyes Zachary...*he wasn't hurting a moment before.*

WALTER

You want me to talk to someone?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Nah, nah. I don't know this Flanagan guy. I wanna be straight.

WALTER

I know him.

BOBBY ZACHARY

What's he like?

WALTER

An asshole.

Zachary LAUGHS.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN (PRE-LAP)

100,000 fucking dollars!

INT. NEWMAN FLANAGAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Zachary, Walter and Moose sit tightly packed on a couch.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN, tall and blonde, the new DA, stands behind Garrett Byrn's old desk, irate.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

I'm looking at a bill, this office
is looking at a bill for 100 g's.

(reading off a bill)

10 grand at the Empire Club? 30
grand at Sebald Apparel & Co?

WALTER

We're entertaining our hosts,
trying to keep the relationship up.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

Two grand in water skiing rentals?
What kind of circus was Byrn
running here?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I stuck my neck out for you. He was
taking care of me.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

You stuck your neck out for *him*. I
just inherited this mess. Trial's
at least three months away. Al
Hutton's representing Ierardi. Got
all kinds of motions up my ass. I
could have gotten an extra three
acres on the Cape for this kind of
dough.

WALTER

Mr. Flanagan-

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

No, you shut up, Robinson. They say
you're some kind of golden boy.
They talking about your tan? Let me
be clear, and this goes for you
too, Moose.

Moose looks up, been trying to be invisible the entire time.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

If we don't get our conviction,
after all this shit. If I have to
sit in that mess, and answer those
questions...you're done in this
town, forever.

(beat, to Zachary)

And I'll hand you right over to the
men we're trying to stop from x'ing
your ass.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

Dark N' Stormy**EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HAMILTON, BERMUDA**

A TWA plane landing in the middle of a THUNDER STORM.

WALTER (V.O.)

Weather was bad when we got back to
Bermuda. Lightning. Thunder.

Lightning FLASHES. A thunder CLAP.

EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TARMAC

WALTER (V.O.)

Storm had finally caught up with us-

Carmine McClane and Nico Winter sit in their car, eyeing
Walter and Zachary being picked up by Clive from Bermuda PD.

INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - LATER

Walter and Zachary stand over a pile of shorts on the bed.

WALTER

I'm pulling the plug.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You can't pull the plug.

WALTER

Flanagan's not fucking around.
We're inviting a shit storm here.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I need this, man. It's not a game-

WALTER

Listen to me, I'm your friend, I'm
not gonna let 'em sell you down the
river. You can trust me.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I do trust you. But you're not
gonna be able to stop 'em.

CARMINE MCCLANE (O.S.)

No, you're not.

They turn to see Carmine and Nico stepping into the room with Steak Knives flashing in the light.

WALTER (V.O.)
They caught us unaware.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Oh god.

WALTER
Run, Bobby!

Nico swipes.

WALTER (V.O.)
I grabbed Nico's knife hand, like
they taught me at the Academy.

Walter grabs his arm.

WALTER (V.O.)
And tackled him onto the water bed.

Walter TACKLES HIM ONTO THE WATER BED. The knife hits.

WALTER (V.O.)
And Pop! The thing just blew.

Water EXPLODES everywhere, in a massive surge, rushing Nico off, and taking out Carmine in a roaring wall of water...

WALTER (V.O.)
It was a miracle.

They're thrown into the glass, SMASH THROUGH with the water.

EXT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

And are driven right up and over the balcony, in a human waterfall to the sand. Carmine and Nico disoriented a beat, then get to their feet...

NICO WINTER
Shit.

Nico looks up at Walter and Zachary on the balcony above, and helps Carmine to his feet.

NICO WINTER (CONT'D)
Let's go, let's go.

Walter climbs up on the balcony.

BOBBY ZACHARY
What are you doing?

Nico and Carmine start running off down the beach, into the dark, Walter about to leap, and Zachary grabs him.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
They're gone. You gotta stay with
me, there could be more. Others.

Zachary is genuinely terrified for his life. Walter nods.

INT. CASTLE HARBOR - LOBBY - LATER

Carl Rose and a bunch of his Bermuda Bobbies stand around as Walter explains the situation, re-enacting the water bed pop, and explosion of water that saved them.

WALTER (V.O.)
I put Rose and his boys on alert.
Our cover was blown.

EXT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Zachary looks out at the sea. Walter beside him.

WALTER (V.O.)
Zachary was shaken up bad.

WALTER
I'm taking you back to Boston. I
can't protect you here anymore.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I gotta stash more first.

WALTER
Bobby. The shorts thing is done.

BOBBY ZACHARY
But I'm gonna need to get away.
Forever. I don't want to die, man.

Zachary starts tearing up.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
I'm scared, Walter. I'm so scared.

WALTER
Come here. Come here.

Walter embraces Zachary, as Bobby breaks down in sobs.

BOBBY ZACHARY
I can't die. I don't want to die.

WALTER
I'm not gonna let that happen. It's
okay, pal. You're gonna be fine.

Zachary releases Walter from the hug, pulls himself together.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You promise me, man?

WALTER
Yeah. I promise. I'm your friend.

Zachary eyes Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I got your back. Whatever happens
with this case. You can trust me.

Zachary looks to Walter, and nods, wiping his face.

INT. THE ENGELBERT HUMPERDINK SUITE - NIGHT

Walter's BAGS are packed at the foot of his bed.

WALTER (V.O.)
I said goodbye to Gwen that night.

He's naked, making love slowly to Gwen in the moonlight.

GWEN
You have to go?

WALTER
Yeah, baby. And listen, I haven't
been honest with you.

GWEN
What are you talking about?

WALTER
I want to tell you the truth.

GWEN
While you're making love to me?

WALTER
Well...I thought.

Walter rolls off, looks at Gwen in the moonlight.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Truth is I'm not in the band Boston-

Gwen's face is unreadable.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I'm a detective.

GWEN
It was all a lie?

WALTER
Not all. All the other stuff is
true. I am from Boston.
Charlestown. Like I said.
(beat)
You taught me how to ski...

WALTER (V.O.)
I told her...

WALTER
We taught each other how to love. I
had a job to do. I still do. I
wouldn't be telling you any of this
if I didn't care.

Gwen eyes Walter, and rolls away.

WALTER (CONT'D)
I really do. I love you, Gwen.

Gwen is silent. Walter looking at her unresponsive back, sad.

WALTER (V.O.)
It wasn't the way I wanted to leave
things. I felt like an asshole. I
really thought I was the bad guy.

FADE TO:

EXT. DOCKS - LATER

Carmine smokes. And the BOOM LIGHT on a Yacht comes on.

NICO WINTER
Boss said these guys were legit.

CARMINE MCCLANE
How legit?

NICO WINTER
Cuban legit.

They approach the yacht, a CIGARETTE EMBER glowing in the dark moves to the dock, puts some HEAVY SHAPE down, and disappears again below deck. The BOOM LIGHT goes off again.

Nico and Carmine approach, and see the CUBAN FLAG hanging from the back of this dark vessel, nod. And then see...

A LARGE CRATE LABELED RAT POISON.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

Bermuda Low

Aerosmith's DREAM ON plays over...

EXT. THE CAUSEWAY - DAY

Walter drives a moped, Zachary behind him, arms around him. Bermuda PD escorting them at front and back.

WALTER (V.O.)
That was it.

They start across the causeway, a narrow road with ocean on either side that connects Hamilton and the big Bermuda island to St. David's island and the airport.

WALTER (V.O.)
We were on our way outta paradise.

EXT. THE CAUSEWAY - SAME

McClane and Winter wait at a scenic turnout on the causeway, and get out of their vehicle with the heavy RAT POISON CRATE.

They pop it open, and remove TWO AK-47's, clips of ammo.

NICO WINTER
He doesn't leave this island.

Winter slaps his clip in, loads a round -- CLICK-CLICK.

EXT. THE CAUSEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clive, at the lead of the miniature motorcade, wind blowing through the hair sticking out the sides of his bobby helmet.

WALTER (V.O.)

We were on our way out, crossing
the Causeway, on the way to LF Wade-

And A RIP OF GUNFIRE HITS CLIVE!

He flies off his moped, rolls on the pavement.

The Moped crashes into a guard rail, and EXPLODES in a tiny
little POP. Walter hits the brakes on his Moped, turns sharp.

He TACKLES Zachary off the back as a WAVE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE
sprays across the top of the bike.

Carl Rose and Two Other Mopeds COLLIDE as they swerve, go
sparking as they skid, the coppers running for cover.

WALTER

I thought there were no guns on
this island?!

Carl Rose holds his helmet tight, as they crouch behind the
overturned mopeds.

CARL ROSE

This is a first.

ANOTHER RIP of machine gun fire.

WALTER

You guys really couldn't carry
guns? Really?

Walter glances up, THROWS A ROCK at Nico, who ducks.

WALTER (V.O.)

We were ambushed, pinned down.

CARMINE MCCLANE

It's over, you fucking rat.

NICO WINTER

Been on borrowed time since they
missed you at Blackfriars.

Another RIP of gun fire. Walter looks to Zachary.

WALTER

What's he talking about? Missed you
at Blackfriars? You were supposed
to be at Blackfriars?

WALTER (V.O.)
 Wheels started to turn for me.
 Right in the middle of all the
 action, things got real clear. How
 you hear about sometimes. I heard
 about guys having things like this
 in Nam. The clarity.

Another RIP of gun fire. Winter and McClane closing in.

WALTER
 Ierardi was gonna kill you at
 Blackfriars?

Zachary terrified, just pinned down with the rest of the
 officers...and Walter grabs Zachary, starts to CHOKE him.

WALTER (CONT'D)
 He didn't *talk* to you on a tape. He
 was gonna *kill* you.

CARL ROSE
 Hey Walt? What are you doing there?

Zachary, eyes wide, his hands on Walter's wrists.

WALTER (V.O.)
 I realized, here, see, that if
 Zachary was supposed to be killed
 at Blackfriars, then Ierardi was
 supposed to kill Zachary.

FLASH TO:

BLACKFRIARS:

Ierardi holding a shotgun in Jack Kelly's face.

BILLY IERARDI
(hint of a lisp)
Where'sth your friend at?

WALTER (V.O.)
 And that meant, he sure as hell
 didn't talk to him.

BPD HQ:

Zachary stands with his shirt off as Detectives 1 and 2 TAPE
 a MASSIVELY CONSPICUOUS RECORDER to his chest.

WALTER (V.O.)
The son of a bitch faked that tape.

THE CAUSEWAY AGAIN:

Walter's eyes wide, strangling Zachary.

WALTER
You faked that tape?!

Nico and Carmine come around the mopeds, and see Walter on top of Zachary, choking him. They share a confused look.

WALTER (V.O.)
They came around, saw me choking
Zachary, trying to kill him myself.

Carmine looks to Rose and the guys, hands up, they shrug.

NICO WINTER
Hey!

But Walter is locked on Zachary, who's going red.

WALTER (V.O.)
It was Zachary's voice on the tape.

OUTSIDE FENWAY:

Zachary gets out of the back of the car alone, Homicide Detectives 1 and 2 watching him disappear into the crowd.

WALTER (V.O.)
No one had watched him meet with
Ierardi...

THE CAUSEWAY AGAIN:

WALTER (V.O.)
He faked the tape.

WALTER
This whole thing, it's all your
fucking con. We got no case! It's
your voice on that tape.

Zachary's eyes bulging. And a BARREL OF AN AK pokes Walter in the shoulder. He looks up, Nico and Carmine standing there.

WALTER (V.O.)
I didn't even see 'em I was so mad.
I was seeing red. And they poke me
with their AK, and I look up...

CARMINE MCCLANE
(smiles)
We'll take care of the rat.

Walter eyes them, and in a flash, grabs the barrel, and pulls
it forward, from Carmine's hand, spins it, and FIRES...

WALTER (V.O.)
Thinking back on it, it was like I
was in slow motion...

AND WE GO *SLOW MOTION*: Three shots rip through Carmine's
CHEST, he falls. Nico starts firing as Walter stands.

WALTER (V.O.)
I took rounds in the arm, the
chest, the leg...

Walter taking a round in the arm, the chest, the leg.

WALTER (V.O.)
Started to go down.

*Walter starts to go down, but draws up Carmine's Weapon like
a cowboy drawing his shooter.*

WALTER (V.O.)
But I was too fast. I drew. Fired.

*SIX ROUNDS shaking Nico's body as he dances like a rag doll.
He falls off the causeway into the ocean.*

*Walter drops. Carl Rose and Bermuda PD standing, getting
their wits back slowly. SIRENS heard in the distance.*

WALTER (V.O.)
I saved his life, but it was all...

WALTER
...for shit.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You saved my life.

WALTER
(a finger to his lips)
Shhhh.

Walter closes his eyes as the SIRENS close in.

CUT TO BLACK.

CHAPTER CARD

Spilling The Beans in Bean Town

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Walter lies in a hospital gown, hooked up to an IV, his arm in a sling, leg elevated, gun shot wounds wrapped.

And Moose and Newman Flanagan enter, CLAPPING.

WALTER (V.O.)

They thought I was this big hero.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

Is there a hero in this room?

WALTER (V.O.)

And in many ways, they were right.
I was. I really was.

Walter smiles weakly. Moose approaches, rolls up his sleeve, offers his arm for arm wrestling.

MOOSE

Rematch?

(bursts out LAUGHING)

Hell of a job, kid. Hell of a job.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

You don't look so good.

MOOSE

Guy took three rounds.

WALTER (V.O.)

They didn't want to hear it. But I was still a cop. I still cared about the truth. After all that bullshit, it was all I cared about-

WALTER

It's about Zachary.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

What about him?

WALTER

The tape. You ever have the tape he got of Ierardi analyzed?

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

For what?

WALTER

It's not his voice on the tape.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

What are you talking about?

MOOSE

You been playing with the morphine button, buddy?

WALTER

No, look, Zachary...he was the target with Kelly that night. At Blackfriars. Him and Kelly. They thought they were selling secrets.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

Okay. Just get some rest.

WALTER

If Ierardi was supposed to kill him that night, that sure is hell ain't his voice tellin' his old buddy all about it.

MOOSE

Then whose is it?

WALTER

Zachary's. He did the lisp, the whole thing. He's a confidence man.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

Shut up, alright.

WALTER

Ierardi woulda killed Zachary if he'd been anywhere near him. Zachary made all this shit up. He faked the tape. He did it to save his ass, he knew they were already out to get him. Cracked that safe in Back Bay looking to skip town in a hurry with cash. It was all to save his own ass.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN
I said shut up, Walter.

WALTER
It's the truth.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN
The truth? We got too much riding on this to give a damn about the truth. We're gonna put these bastards away. Wash our hands.

WALTER
They're gonna find out. Probably already know. The trial's gonna blow apart on you.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN
Your career's gonna blow apart on you if you keep going on like this. You're a hero. You want to ruin that with the truth?

Flanagan stares at Walter.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN (CONT'D)
Then keep your mouth shut.

Flanagan walks out, swatting a GET WELL BALLOON in his way aside. Moose eyes Walter, and follows Flanagan off.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON DISTRICT COURT - STEPS - LATER

Ierardi and Italiano led down the steps of the courthouse by their lawyer, AL HUTTON, swarmed by REPORTERS.

WALTER (V.O.)
Al Hutton. Ierardi and Italiano's lawyer figured out the tape was fake. On his own. Ierardi knew he didn't talk to anyone. They got a voice expert in, identified the voice as Zachary's. It was declared a mistrial on the spot.

Newman Flanagan and Moose also on the steps, being swarmed.

WALTER (V.O.)
It was a humiliation for the new DA. For BPD. The level of incompetence at a new high.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

Walter, unemployed, sits on a bench, crutches beside him.

WALTER (V.O.)
 Flanagan took my badge. Held me
 responsible. Thought I leaked that
 the tape was fake. It was bullshit.

INT. CHARLES STREET JAIL - NIGHT

Bobby Zachary alone in a jail cell, scared.

WALTER (V.O.)
 He charged Zachary with perjury.

EXT. CHARLES STREET JAIL - DAY

Zachary leaves the jail, looks around, nervous, and gets in the passenger side of a Skylark idling for him at the curb.

WALTER (V.O.)
 But he got off on a technicality.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEXT - EVERETT, MA - EVENING

Italiano watches FAMILY FEUD on television, drinking a beer.

WALTER (V.O.)
 Guys who actually did the murders
 got off. Walking free.

INT. SIGNLE FAMILY HOME - EAST BOSTON - NIGHT

Ierardi makes unromantic love to that Pale Woman we saw in his house during the raids.

WALTER (V.O.)
 Couldn't be charged again for the
 same crime. Even though by then
 everyone knew they were the ones
 that did it.

EXT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - DAY

Spring rain falls in front of the boarded up old Blackfriars Pub. PEDESTRIANS passing.

WALTER (V.O.)
 Nobody got anything on anyone. Not
 a cent of justice. Not a cent. It
 was all one big fugazi. No sense in
 it.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

Walter stares blankly as he watches various PARK-GOERS pass
 in BERMUDA SHORTS IN BRIGHT COLORS.

WALTER (V.O.)
 And I was just sitting on my ass,
 wondering how Bobby Zachary pulled
 one over on me. All of us.

Walter spots a GUY passing in CLOVER GREEN BERMUDAS.

WALTER (V.O.)
 And thinking about Gwen.

CUT TO:

EXT. A CHARMING BRICK HOUSE - QUINCY - DAY

Walter pulls up to a familiar looking little house in Quincy.

WALTER (V.O.)
 I got her address from an old
 contact I had in the county office-

Walter gets out with a BOUQUET OF MUMS.

WALTER (V.O.)
 Thing is, I pulled up to the house.
 And I recognized it.

EXT. CHARMING BRICK HOUSE - QUINCY - FLASHBACK

Zachary staggers from the house, high out of his mind, waves.

WALTER (V.O.)
 It's where I'd brought Zachary,
 before we left for the island.

INT. A.S. COOPER AND SONS LIMITED - FLASHBACK

GWEN
 Quincy.

WALTER
No kidding. I'm from Charlestown.

EXT. CHARMING BRICK HOUSE - QUINCY - CONTINUOUS

Walter stares at the house. He starts up the walk, knocks on the door. It opens, and he stares at Penelope.

PENNY
Walter?

WALTER
Is he here?

PENNY
Who?

WALTER
Zachary? He's here, isn't he?

Walter pushes past her.

PENNY
Walter, wait-

INT. PENNY AND GWEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Walter walks into the living room where he sees...

Gwen and Bobby Zachary. They're loading familiar DUFFLES full of CASH, a MASSIVE PILE OF TORN BERMUDA SHORTS on the floor.

WALTER
Leaving town?

Zachary and Gwen stand, Penny following from behind.

PENNY
Sorry. I didn't-

WALTER
I brought you flowers.

Walter looks at Gwen, at the flowers. A beat, and he starts WHIPPING THEM into the wall, petals flying.

GWEN
Walter.

He throws them down.

WALTER
You were playing me? You were part
of it?

GWEN
You were playing me too.

WALTER
It was all a lie?

Beat.

GWEN
Not all of it. I taught you how to
ski. You taught me how to...

WALTER
Just stop.

Walter staring at the money, he takes in a load of their
Bermuda Shorts, all torn up...

And SEVERAL BRICKS OF HEROIN BESIDE THEM.

WALTER (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

BOBBY ZACHARY
(voice way different)
Look nobody wanted to hurt anybody.

WALTER
Is that your real voice? Jesus.

BOBBY ZACHARY
(smiles kindly)
What did Pushkin say--a deception
that elevates us is better than a
host of low truths?

Walter, just in shock, he lets himself fall back into a plush
orange armchair...

PENNY
I'll get him some iced tea.

WALTER
That'd be nice...

Penny goes into the kitchen. Zachary and Gwen looking at
Walter, unsure what his next move will be.

WALTER (CONT'D)
We were moving drugs in the shorts?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Did you really believe a guy paid
20,000 dollars for a duffel of
Cornflower Blue Bermuda Shorts?

Penny returns, puts the iced tea down for Walter. He looks at
it, takes a sip.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

You knew I had to get away. Bermuda
Shorts don't pay *don't look back*
money.

WALTER

So you turned witness protection
into a drug import business?
(smiles, shakes his head)
I was the stooge.

GWEN

You were more than that.

WALTER

Was I?

Gwen can't hold Walter's eye contact.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Why the band? Why Boston?

Zachary eyes Walter.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You use an informant as a mule?

FLASH TO:

EXT. FRONT STREET - HAMILTON - NIGHT

Sebald watching Zachary go off with his packages...confident
in his "celebrity" pony.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. PENNY AND GWEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Walter nods, getting it.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Needed another reason to believe I
could get through customs clean.
(MORE)

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
They sure as hell weren't gonna
involve a cop and snitch.

WALTER
Are you even a fucking user?

BOBBY ZACHARY
Needed a reason to get some freedom-

WALTER
Guess I'm not much of a detective.

BOBBY ZACHARY
You're a fine detective. You just
believed what you wanted to
believe. What made you happy.

A quiet beat.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)
It wasn't personal. You were a good
friend, Walter, god's honest.

WALTER
You were too.

Walters face grows dour.

WALTER (CONT'D)
But there's always a midget in the
Turk.

GWEN
What?

WALTER
Nothing.

GWEN
Please, Walter. Bobby's my brother.
He's a good man. He doesn't deserve
to go to prison. He was trying to
help Jack. To help the Bureau with
the Italians. He had to help
himself too. He had to lie. We did.
It doesn't mean I didn't care.

WALTER
No, I get it. I really do.
(beat)
But you fucked me. I'm fucked.

BOBBY ZACHARY
Nobody knows anything. Nobody's
gonna find out.

WALTER
I'm going down, you're going down.

Walter stands, and his world begins to spin, he looks at the
iced tea, Penny and Zachary sharing looks.

WALTER (CONT'D)
You...

Walter's VISION DOUBLES, he tries to turn, and COLLAPSES on
the crushed Mums...unconscious.

WALTER (V.O.)
They put drugs in the iced-tea.

INT. PENNY AND GWEN'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Walter wakes up on the mums, the sunset streaming in through
the shutters...

WALTER (V.O.)
When I woke up they were gone. I
looked for 'em, but no trace...
(beat)
I never saw them again.

CUT TO BLACK.

CHAPTER CARD

The end.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - EVENING

The low sun streams in through the small factory windows. The
Author sits there, studying Walter.

AUTHOR
That's it? That's the end of it?

WALTER
I have trouble believing it too
sometimes. I guess it's like
Zachary said. I wanted to believe.

AUTHOR
That ending holds water like
Zachary's fucking water bed.

WALTER

Uh, well...sorry to disappoint you.

The Author stops the tape, opens his briefcase, putting the recorder away, he takes a breath, trying to keep his cool.

AUTHOR

Off the record. Please.

Walter sees the guy is pushing, checks his watch, looks out at the fading sunlight a beat.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHARMING BRICK HOUSE - QUINCY - LATER

Walter sits in a car outside Zachary's house.

WALTER (V.O.)

Off the record. Truth is...I saw Zachary one more time. The day he died.

Walter holds a PRIMITIVE DETONATOR in his hand...As Zachary, Penelope and Gwen pile into Zachary's car.

INT. ZACHARY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Zachary, Gwen and Penny all start climbing out of the bottom of the car, which has been CUT OUT.

INT. WALTER'S CAR - PARKED - SAME

Walter checks his watch, and hits the detonator switch. The CAR EXPLODES IN FLAMES!

CAMERA PANS DOWN: To see below the car, Zachary, Gwen, and Penny climbing into a man-hole cover below the car.

AUTHOR (O.S.)

Really? Who got him?

CUT TO:

INT. THE MONTE CARLO RESTAURANT - BOSTON - NIGHT

The Boss, face again obscured in the happenstance chiaroscuro of the restaurant's lighting.

WALTER (V.O.)
Italiano. Ierardi.

Bobby Italiano and Billy Ierardi eye Caravaggio's ominous painting.

BOBBY ITALIANO
We were very sorry to hear about Carmine and Nico.

BOSS
Kids got what they deserved.

BILLY IERARDI
(weird lisp)
Well finith off the job.

BOSS
You were beaten to it.

BOBBY ITALIANO
By who?

BILLY IERARDI
You think it'th for real?

BOSS
Unclear. Everything's unclear.

WALTER (V.O.)
They put the bomb in the car, but then weren't sure they got 'em. That happens sometimes.

EXT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WALTER (V.O.)
There was a rumor that they'd ID'd the bodies from the teeth.

John Pumpford, the stutterer who owed Walter a favor, takes a MANILA FOLDER from Walter in the parking lot outside.

WALTER
There's three sets. Three offices.

PUMPFORD
No p-p-problem.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pumpford switching A FILE OF DENTAL X-RAYS for ANOTHER.

CUT TO:

INT. THE MONTE CARLO RESTAURANT - BOSTON - NIGHT

The Boss eyes his men, whites gleaming from the dark face...

BOSS

I want eyes on his body. I'm not
going upstate on a dentist
appointment. Capeesh?

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - LATER

Walter opposite the Author.

AUTHOR

Capeesh? Nobody actually says
capeesh.

WALTER

I wasn't there for the conversation
obviously. These are my words. But
trust me, these wise guys, they're
thorough. Very thorough.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Italiano and Ierardi break the rear door of the morgue open
with a CROW BAR.

WALTER (V.O.)

They had to confirm the kill.
Couldn't afford to let Zachary slip
back into protection. Let the DA
try to build a new case.

Italiano and Ierardi sneak through the morgue with a
FLASHLIGHT, past desks and the front office.

INT. MORGUE - FRIDGE - LATER

Into the fridge...

WALTER (V.O.)
But Ierardi and Italiano ran into
the wrong guard. Guy had been in
Vietnam. Trigger finger. PTSD and
all that shit.

Ierardi and Italiano drop their flashlights...as they behold:
VINCENT SOLMONTE'S SONS...holding shotguns.

VINCENT SOLMONTE JR.
For our dad, you fucks.

And they start letting the blasts RIP, avenging their dad.

WALTER (V.O.)
Guard snapped.

Ierardi and Italiano falling in an awful WAVE OF SHOT!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - FLASHBACK

Delavega SHOT point blank as he rises, he flies back into a
closet, chest spraying red.

TWO OTHER PLAYERS, MEROTH and MEGARIAN BLOWN AWAY
simultaneously, both FLYING back from the backgammon table,
chairs tumbling into a growing pool of blood...

Jack Kelly sitting alone, holding the dice...shaking.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Ierardi shaking on the ground as life leaves him...lying on
top of Italiano...the murderers dead.

WALTER (V.O.)
Anyway, he got the bastards. Was a
real mess.
(beat)
Justice? I don't know. You tell me.
Maybe that's for another story.

The Solmonte Brothers stepping over the bodies...leaving
BLOODY FOOTPRINTS on the cold white tile as they exit.

WALTER (V.O.)
This...this was just blood and
incompetence.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

The Author nods, frustrated.

AUTHOR
Blood and incompetence? That's a
good line too.

WALTER
Eh, you're the writer.

AUTHOR
But you the story teller aren't ya?

The Author REMOVES THE GUN from his briefcase, training it on
Walter. Walter raises his hands, not necessarily surprised or
intimidated... or at least not showing it.

WALTER
You didn't like the story?

AUTHOR
(cocking the gun)
I prefer the truth too.

Walter grins.

WALTER
Thought you might have sorta picked
up the whole truth's a relevant
proposition thing by now, but-

AUTHOR
Shut up, Walter. I know that rat's
alive. Where is he?

WALTER
Wish I knew.

Beat.

AUTHOR
He wasn't your friend. There's no
reason to protect him.

WALTER
Bobby. Yeah, he was my friend.

AUTHOR

He betrayed you. He made you a
fucking stooge. That's no friend.

A tense beat. Walter takes a breath.

WALTER

You ever heard the story of the
Scorpion and the Frog?

The Author getting exasperated.

AUTHOR

No, I did not hear that fucking
story, and I do not want to fucking
hear it.

WALTER

I'd like to tell it to you. Bobby,
he told it to me one time.

(takes a sip of water)

See there was a Scorpion and a
Frog. And the Scorpion needed a
ride 'cross a river cause his
little burrow was flooding, so he
asked the Frog for help. But the
Frog, he was afraid Scorpion was
gonna sting him. Mr. Scorpion
says..."Mr. Frog, pally, that's
crazy. I sting you in the river,
we're both gonna fucking drown."

The Author moves the gun right into Walter's face, but he
keeps on telling...

WALTER (CONT'D)

But sure enough, half-way across,
Scorpion stings the Frog. And just
before they drown, Mr. Scorpion
asks..."aren't you gonna ask my why
I did that?" And Mr. Frog goes...

(finishing confidently)

"I know why you did it."

The Author truly confused.

AUTHOR

Christ. I don't...why did he do it?

WALTER

Cause a Scorpion's a Scorpion and
that's how they do. Don't matter
what kinda story they're tellin' ya-

Walter smiles confidently.

AUTHOR

For fuck's sake, just tell me wh-

A Sewing Machine SMASHES over the Author/Hit-man's head. He drops, loses his gun.

BOBBY ZACHARY stands over him, shaking his head.

WALTER

Jesus!

BOBBY ZACHARY

What?

WALTER

Took long enough. I was running out of shit to say.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I was negotiating a new dye.
Primrose Pink. It's amazing.

Zachary presents a pair of PRIMROSE PINK BERMUDA SHORTS.

WALTER

Primrose? That's Cherry Blossom.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Primrose sounds nicer. British.
They're buying a British fantasy,
via Bermuda. It's a whole thing.

WALTER

But the Japanese like Cherry
Blossom. It should be Cherry
Blossom. Cherry blossom season.
Tokyo's banana for our Bermudas.

BOBBY ZACHARY

We'll ask the girls.

WALTER

We don't need to ask the girls.

BOBBY ZACHARY

We're asking the girls.

Walter gets up, glances at the unconscious Author/hit-man, picks up his gun.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

What we doing with him?

WALTER

Pack his ass with dope, drop him in the gutter outside the police?

BOBBY ZACHARY

In Malaysia, are you crazy? This isn't Bermuda, Walt. Not like the old days.

WALTER

I know a guy. I won't touch the drugs.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Think Boston'll track him down?

WALTER

If he survives his caning, and 80 years in jail.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I sorta feel bad.

WALTER

What for? He was gonna shoot your ass. And mine.

EXT. FACTORY - MALAYSIA - MOMENTS LATER

Walter steps outside their shorts factory, locking the door, puts the Author/hit-man's gun in his own Bermuda shorts.

He and Zachary start down a sandy stretch of Malaysian paradise, some LOCAL MALAYSIANS sparsely populate the beach.

WALTER

Gwen's gonna be with me on Cherry Blossom.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Well Penny likes Primrose.

WALTER

So it's two on two.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I just saved your life.

WALTER

After I saved yours.

BOBBY ZACHARY

But I saved yours before. I saved you first.

WALTER

In that ocean drowning bullshit? We been telling that story so long you're starting to believe it.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Bullshit. You were drowning.

WALTER

I was not. I'm a fantastic swimmer.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You were sputtering. You know. Don't you diddle me.

WALTER

Sputtering? I was laughing.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Laughing my ass. I saved you.

Their conversation fades as we start to PULL OUT.

WALTER (V.O.)

We all got a story. Some are worth telling. Some need a little extra.

We PULL OUT FURTHER from our storytellers.

WALTER (V.O.)

Good cop? Bad cop?

(beat)

Criminal? Friend? Truth?

And FURTHER.

WALTER (V.O.)

That's about perception. Justice too for that matter.

FURTHER still.

WALTER (V.O.)

So tell your story well. Your life might depend on it.

Walter and Bobby walk off into the sunset, arguing on, and we-

FADE TO BLACK.