

# **DYERSVILLE**

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Inspired by True Events

**INT. BARN. MADISON, INDIANA. SPRING TIME. PRE-DAWN**

A **FARMER** removes an old rusty TILLING BLADE from his tractor. Wrenches. Screws. Replaces it with a new, *much bigger*, blade.

**EXT. WHEAT FIELD. MADISON, INDIANA. DAWN**

Alone for miles, the Farmer rumbles atop the tractor. The new blade turns deep soil. Then -- the tractor *chugs*, snagged --

Breaks free, juts forward. The Farmer looks back. *Huh*. Climbs down to see what he's turned up: a stark white root.

He slowly pulls it from the dirt, revealing bunched up FABRIC wrapped around it. He pulls a few inches further, wrenches --

It's not a root. It's a **bone**. A human ULNA, attached to a gnarled SKELETAL HAND. In the coffee black dirt around it:

More bones. The components of a decomposing, disembodied skeleton. Sheathed in rotted clothing.

**EXT. WHEAT FIELD. INDIANA. LATER THAT DAY**

MEDICAL EXAMINERS extract the skeleton from the soil. POLICE all over, working and watching. The Farmer talks to a **COP**.

FARMER

I said "If it's a root, where's the tree?" So I look. Wasn't a root.

(then)

How do you think he got there?

COP

That's the work, but it seems like somebody must've put him there.

Maybe even forgot all about him.

The Cop shrugs. Nearby, an EXAMINER exhumes rib bones and spine, brushing away dirt like a paleontologist.

FARMER

I know that's the way. You're just clipping along, and then one day, here it is. The past come up to get you. Nothing stays buried forever.

We See two small pieces of oxidized METAL lodged in grey vertebrae, like hammered in nails. They're bullets.

**TITLE: DYERSVILLE**

**I/E. JOHN'S LAVANDERIA. PILSEN. CHICAGO, IL. DAY. RAINING**

300 miles and a world away, **NICOLE POTTS**, (20's-30s) jaywalks busy Ashland Ave. She's skittish, like a jonesing junkie.

She subdues a deep breath as she ENTERS the laundromat, scans the clientele, sees a counter in back. As she goes to it...

The briefest beat of incidental eye contact with a man at a dryer, **CHARLES**, 35. Nicole passes him, not breaking stride.

But a few steps past him, her adrenaline surges. Dry swallowing, she whispers to herself, barely audibly --

NICOLE  
*Geronimo. He's in here.*

WAYNE (V.O.)  
Fuck yeah. Cowboy up.

**INT. TINTED SUV. PARKED DOWN THE BLOCK. SAME**

**WAYNE** (40), in US MARSHAL hat and TACTICAL VEST, holding Charles's FUGITIVE MUGSHOT. He keys his radio --

WAYNE  
Stay put, Nicole, we'll hook 'em  
and book 'em when he leaves, Team.

Wayne looks down the block --

**INT. SECOND SUV. PARKED DOWN THE BLOCK. INTERCUT**

Two more MARSHALS there. This is a fugitive takedown.

INSIDE, Nicole, hearing all of this from the *radio hidden in her ear*, approaches a CLERK who's watching her. As a cover --

NICOLE  
I need change for a \$20?

The Clerk says something, but Nicole isn't listening. In a SECURITY MIRROR, she sees Charles looking at her.

WAYNE (V.O.)  
How much time does he have left?

Nicole, feigning exasperation, turns from the Clerk and heads past Charles -- his hackles now up, but staying calm --

She sees: 27 minutes. Doubles back towards the Clerk, as though to make another stand. Instead, she quickly whispers --

NICOLE

*27 minutes.*

*(then, overly loud)*

C'mon, Man. Just gimme change!

WAYNE

What's a half hour? Fucker's been  
running a year. C'mon out, Nicole.

Nicole takes another look at Charles -- a mistake. Now he's staring right at her. Their eyes meet. She looks away first. She tries to play it cool, but Charles is staring daggers.

NICOLE

*Fuck. He might've just made me.*

AT HIS CAR Wayne throws open his door, moving out onto the street and towards the laundromat, keying his radio --

WAYNE

Get out of there Nicole! Now! Let's  
go, we're moving. Potts, get out!

DOWN THE BLOCK The other Marshals hustle towards the door from the opposite direction, triangulating. 40 ft away. 30...

INSIDE Nicole, heart pounding, looks out the front window. Charles, on edge, notices. Looks out the window himself --

OUTSIDE 20 ft from the door, the other three Marshals pull their guns. People on the street startle and scramble.

INSIDE Charles sees the commotion on the street. Sensing immediate danger, he *runs* right at Nicole, slams into her --

*Thunk.* Her head hits the ground, *earpiece radio skitters* away. She scrambles up, sees Charles running out the back door. Moving on instinct, she sprints after him --

OUTSIDE Into an alley, drawing a Glock 19, screaming --

NICOLE

US Marshal! Freeze!

Charles looks back, then runs even faster, turning a corner.

OUT FRONT Nicole's team bursts INSIDE. No Charles or Nicole. Then -- Wayne sees Nicole's earpiece radio on the floor.

**EXT. ALLEY BETWEEN STREETS. SAME**

Nicole sprints after Charles. Huffing and puffing --

NICOLE  
I'm pursuing north on Fox.

She taps her ear. No radio. *Fuck*. Now would be the time to turn back. Instead, she speeds up, chases Charles into --

EXT. CENTER COURTYARD. APARTMENT COMPLEX. MOMENTS LATER

Where Charles is looking for a way out. She levels her Glock.

NICOLE  
Charles! Show me your hands!

He freezes. Slowly raises his hands without turning.  
Residents emerge onto balconies overlooking the courtyard.

From a balcony someone shouts. She steels herself. Closes the distance -- 15 ft from his back. His hand starts to lower --

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
No. Hands up! Don't reach for it.

But his hand keeps slowly moving towards a weapon. He stops.  
Hand hovers near waist level. Rain pours. Moment of truth --

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
*Charles, turn the fuck arou--*

*In a flash -- Charles grabs towards his waist, whips around --*  
**Bang.Bang.Bang.Bang.** She hits him with four shots. He drops.

As she approaches Charles, heaving but alive, she sees: His hands are empty. No gun. Nicole knows how bad this is.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
Call 911!

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE HEARING. CONFERENCE ROOM. WEEKS LATER

Nicole sits at a flimsy table. Spare makeup. Cheap suit.  
Trying to project calm, but her eyes flash more fear than they did on the street. She folds and unfold her hands.

Her **UNION REP** addresses a tired PANEL.

UNION REP  
... The Marshals are our nation's oldest law enforcement agency, founded by George Washington, and Deputy Marshal Potts is one of the many brave deputies who carry out the work assigned by Marshal Baker.

He points to nearby **LAMONT BAKER**, 50's, a shiny politician.

UNION REP (CONT'D)

But unlike Marshal Baker, who was appointed by the President, Deputy Potts was hired after brave service in the Army. She only just joined the Fugitive Investigation Strike Team -- FIST -- prior to the, um... events of last month.

**LATER** -- A **VICTIM'S ADVOCATE**, the opposition, grills Wayne.

VICTIM'S ADVOCATE

And after you ordered Marshal Potts out, did she indeed come out?

WAYNE

...No. She didn't.

This rates with the panel. At the desk, The Rep slides Nicole a note: "2030?" She mouths "No"; tears the note in two.

**LATER** -- The Rep is making another run at the PANEL.

UNION REP

When these guys know they're caught, they bluff, try to get shot, then they sue us. That's what happened. This is about a lawsuit!

**LATER** -- The Advocate is spitting fire and brimstone.

VICTIM'S ADVOCATE

Her job was to bring in a fugitive, not to shoot an unarmed man!

At the desk, The Rep whispers to Nicole --

UNION REP

*I'm gonna have to say it.*

NICOLE

*I said no. Don't do it.*

**LATER** -- The Rep gives his lackluster closing remarks.

UNION REP

Nicole Potts has worked her way up from securing courts, as I said...

The Panel is unimpressed. The Rep glances at Nicole, imploring. She shakes her head No... but he ignores her --

UNION REP (CONT'D)

And I should add that Nicole was recruited to the Marshals under the "30 by 30" initiative, towards the goal of having a workforce of 30% women by 2030. We're desperately far from that goal, but she's one of the very few important women leading the way.

And *this* rates with the Panel. Nicole hangs her head.

**INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. FEDERAL BUILDING. LATER THAT DAY**

Shiny veneer gone, Marshal Lamont Baker screams at Nicole.

LAMONT

*...Got it? I don't need Chiefs, I need Indians and if you can't...*

And on like that. Nicole takes it. Knows it's all she'll get.

**EXT. PLAZA. FEDERAL BUILDING. MOMENTS LATER**

Nicole exits, eyes downcast. Wayne is waiting. "Well?"

NICOLE

I'm not fired. But he sent me back to guarding courts indefinitely.

She's maybe expecting sympathy. Instead, Wayne shrugs --

WAYNE

Courts might be good for you.

NICOLE

Hold on, you're saying I fucked up?

WAYNE

You ignored a direct order. Most of us wouldn't get a second chance at all after that. But, hey, you did.

NICOLE

Wait, I didn't ask for this! I told him not to even bring it up!

WAYNE

Sucks when people don't listen.

He leaves. Nicole stands in the crowded plaza, alone.

**INT. BEDROOM. NICOLE'S APARTMENT. CHICAGO. NIGHT**

Blue TV light refracts in Nicole's empty eyes. She picks up her phone. She's clenched, about to call TINA. Then --

She tosses her phone aside. On a nearby table, a MARSHAL RECRUITING PAMPHLET with her picture on it. Like a mascot.

**EXT. PARKING LOT. HIGHSCHOOL GYM. CHICAGO. NIGHT**

US Marshal **KEVIN COGAN**, (40's) exits his SUV. Ramrod posture, calm like an airline pilot. Feet from the gym, he stops --

Stuffs his Marshal hat in his pocket. Zips his jacket over a TACTICAL VEST and BADGE. In a beat, he's a suburban dad.

Last look at his work phone before he enters, stopping to hold the door for a late arriving FAMILY behind him.

**INT. HIGHSCHOOL BASKETBALL GYM. CHICAGO. MOMENTS LATER**

Varsity game in progress. Kevin watches the action for a beat, scanning. Players old enough to be his kid.

Another look at the phone. Back to the court, scans the room, sees someone he knows: **HECTOR**, 40's, leaning on a wall.

Eyes on the court, watching the game, Kevin makes his way to Hector. Posts up behind him. Last look at the phone. Then --

KEVIN

Hey. What'd I miss?

Hector turns. It's clear he doesn't know Kevin. Hector just shrugs and points to the scoreboard. Kevin smiles.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Which kid is yours?

HECTOR

Do I know you, Bro?

Kevin shakes his head no, shows Hector his phone: Hector's mugshot and warrant on it. As this sets in on Hector --

KEVIN

You don't. My name is Kevin. I'm a US Marshal, here to bring you in on your warrant for grand theft.

Hector tightens. Holding eye contact, Kevin unzips his coat a bit; shows his badge. Puts a firm hand on Hector's shoulder.



KEVIN (CONT'D)

You must be tired of running. You wanna feel better, you gotta take your medicine. Come with me, and in two weeks you'll be glad you did.

Kevin watches Hector close, senses he might be about to do something dumb. Kevin calmly takes his phone back.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Hector? Your son is here. I'm giving you a chance to be a good dad and set an example.

HECTOR

What if I don't come?

KEVIN

I'll just leave, and they'll send someone else with... more to prove.

**INT. LOCKUP. DIRKSEN FEDERAL BUILDING. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Kevin enters... followed by cuffed Hector. They're chatting amiably. Other Marshals watch Kevin, in awe of his control.

**EXT./ESTAB. ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE PREP. CHICAGO. DAY**

A massive Second Empire edifice built in 1869. Expensive.

**INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE. ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE PREP. SAME**

Kevin, powerful arms folded tight, sits next to **JENNY** (40's), his even ex-wife, across from a Jesuit **PRIEST**.

PRIEST

Peter signed the honor code, he knows marijuana is forbidden. But punishment aside, I'm concerned. Does addiction run in your family?

Kevin considers this. Jenny scoffs at the brazenness.

JENNY

Father, it's Chicago. You shake any family tree, bottles'll fall out.

PRIEST

It's not a joke, Ma'am. What's your view of your son's drug use, Kevin?

Just then -- **CHRIS** (40's), Jenny's shiny husband, enters, mumbling apologies. Kisses Jenny. Kevin tightens noticeably.

JENNY

He's worried Pete is a *drug addict*.

CHRIS

Drug addict? Father, he's 15. He smoked pot. C'mon. Kevin?

KEVIN

...Peter broke the honor code.  
He'll take his punishment, Father.

Jenny rolls her eyes, but Kevin is resolute.

**EXT. PARKING LOT. ST. IGNATIUS. LATER THAT DAY**

Kevin, Jenny and Chris walk with embarrassed **PETER** (15).

PETER

Chris, am I getting expelled?

CHRIS

Not unless they give my money back.

KEVIN

I want to take Pete home with me.

JENNY

No. He'll come with us.

KEVIN

Well, Peter, you oughta thank your lucky stars a priest caught you and not the cops. I see kids get shot out here over drugs every day!

JENNY

Whoa!?! Ok. Peter. Get in the car.

Peter and Chris get in a Lexus. Once they're alone --

JENNY (CONT'D)

*Get shot?* What are you doing?

Kevin rubs a smudge on his SUV real hard. Then --

KEVIN

I'm trying to... This is not  
Chris's place. I'm Pete's father!

Jenny shakes her head, climbs in. Kevin watches them go.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. FBI HEADQUARTERS. CHICAGO. DAY**

FBI Special Agent **BRUCE BOZICH**, 40's, shirt sleeves hiked to expose big forearms, addresses a table of people in suits. A MUGSHOT of smirking DANIEL BORSELINO on a wall screen.

BOZICH

"Big Dan" Borselino. Boss of the Chicago outfit in the 70's and 80's. Missing, presumed dead, since May of '92. *He just turned up...*

On Screen: the BONES exhumed in the Indiana cornfield.

BOZICH (CONT'D)

Big Dan's seat was filled by four men known as the Cicero Crew.

On Screen: Pictures of the Cicero Crew. First, GEORGE HEIDKAMP, a glassy eyed brute with a huge forehead.

**Quick Flash:** A CAR DEALERSHIP on Ogden Avenue... EXPLODES.

BOZICH (CONT'D)

George Heidkamp. The German. Blew up a car dealership on Ogden. Died in a psych prison. Anecdotally, a day before 9/11.

On Screen: A mugshot of PAUL MAZZONE, a large sweaty man.

**Quick Flash:** Paul Mazzone dragged out of an office in cuffs.

BOZICH (CONT'D)

Paul Mazzone. Skated on drug, weapon, and intimidation charges. SEC got him on a pump and dump. Currently a guest of the state.

On Screen: Surveillance photos of STEW VINCENT, rail thin.

**Quick Flash:** Vincent eyeballs a dope corner as he drives by.

BOZICH (CONT'D)

Stewart Vincent. Helped bring heroin to the West Side. Lives in Burr Ridge. And, the boss --

On Screen: A photo of JOHN DECARLO, handsome, perfect teeth.

**Quick Flash:** John Decarlo's mugshots. He's making weird, distorted faces in each. Never a clear picture.

BOZICH (CONT'D)  
 John Decarlo. Johnny the Clown.  
 He's skated on bribery, extortion,  
 and attempted murder. Did eight  
 years for skimming an OTB.

State's Attorney **EMMA WILSON** (40's), cynical, pipes up.

EMMA  
 Agent Bozich? Is the *mafia* really  
 the big issue in Chicago right now?

BOZICH  
 No, State's Attorney Wilson,  
 they're not. They were. For years.  
 But the city changed. Vertical  
 beats, Cabrini Green, Daley torched  
 the South Side -- these evil pricks  
 laughed their way out to the burbs,  
 counting their money. And they left  
 a lot of bodies behind. Murders we  
 knew, but couldn't pin them for.

On Screen: 16 FACES pop up. Victims. Bozich bows up.

BOZICH (CONT'D)  
 As of today? Joke's over.

EMMA  
 Finding one body just isn't enough.

Bozich flashes a shit eating grin. On Screen: atop a metal  
 table -- old, rotten, clothes; including leather GLOVES.

BOZICH  
 The clothes were Borsellino's. The  
 gloves are a DNA match for Decarlo.  
 But John was locked up when Big Dan  
 went missing, so...

EMMA  
 I'll bite. Who's gloves are they?

**EXT. BUTLER NATIONAL GOLF COURSE. OAK BROOK, IL. DAY**

**THWACK.** **FRANK DECARLO** (50 - 60's), formidable, impish smile  
 offset by searching eyes, watches his ball sail, turns to --

FRANK  
 Cough it up, Johnny Boy.

-- His brother, **JOHN DECARLO** (60's). They're playing in a  
 foursome with a CEO and a retired CHICAGO BLACKHAWK.

JOHN  
You shanked the last two but now  
you're fucking Lee Trevino? *I see.*

FRANK  
Don't be a sore loser. Cough.

John groans theatrically, offers a \$50 bill --

JOHN  
You really need another 50 bucks?

Frank reaches for it -- John snatches it away, teasing.  
Frank's eyes flash violence. John laughs. Old dynamics.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
How about we do it again but this  
time it's a Dickout? I bet you,  
Frank, that your next drive won't  
make it past the Ladies' Tees. And  
if it doesn't, you gotta play the  
rest of the hole with your dick  
out. How about it?

FRANK  
...C'mon, John, just pay me.

JOHN  
Double or nothing. What part aren't  
you confident in, Frankster?

**LATER** -- Frank is at the tee. He swings, *slices* the ball to  
the right. Far short of the Ladies' Tee. *Shit.*

He turns around: John has his *pinky finger* stuck out through  
his zipper. The others laugh at Frank, who's seething.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I'm screwing around. You won. You  
wanna come get your stupid money?

John holds out \$50, as in "Come get it." On Frank, deciding.

**INT. AUDI SEDAN (DRIVING). OAK BROOK, IL. LATER THAT DAY**

Frank drives. \$50 in the cupholder. He'll always take the  
money. He turns into his long gated DRIVEWAY. Just before the  
gate closes behind him --

Several BLACK SEDANS screech through it. Lights and sirens.  
Screaming FBI AGENTS pour out, guns drawn at stunned Frank.

**INT. CRAMPED INTERVIEW ROOM. FEDERAL BUILDING. THAT NIGHT**

Frank sits, with his slick lawyer **RICK** (50's), across from Emma and Bozich. Bozich holds up Dan Borsellino's picture.

BOZICH  
Recognize him, Mr. Decarlo?

RICK  
I told you. He's not gonna speak.

BOZICH  
What about these? You know these?

Bozich holds a photo of the GLOVES. Frank subdues a wince.

BOZICH (CONT'D)  
They're yours. You're gonna die in prison for this. Mark my words.

Rick catches Emma's eye. Points outside. Emma nods.

**EXT. HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER**

Rick meets with Emma. Others watch, out of earshot --

RICK  
All the theatrics for a 30 year old crime against a dead gangster?

EMMA  
We'll be satisfied prosecuting Frank for murder. Unless...

Rick savvies, bites his lip. A tall order approaching.

**INT. CRAMPED INTERVIEW ROOM. MOMENTS LATER**

Frank, alone, nervously plays with a coffee cup. Rick enters.

RICK  
They're not recording.

FRANK  
*Mark my words.* Fucking dildo, that FBI guy. So what do we do now? Do we post a bond or what do we do?

RICK  
Look, Frank, the State's Attorney isn't fucking around here. You're in real trouble.

FRANK

Nah, they can't prove shit. They've been woofing at me for years.

RICK

They don't chase you for years then give up! Hello? They have your DNA!

Frank stares at the cup. Begins to slowly tear the rim off.

FRANK

Alright, so. Let's make a plan. How do I walk out of here tonight?

RICK

You don't walk out of here tonight. Not unless everything is for sale.

FRANK

There's guys I know who'd kill your daughter for even bringing that up.

RICK

Yeah? You might have to mention some of those guys to the FBI.

Frank winces. The slightest fissure in his resolve.

RICK (CONT'D)

Ok. How about this? Do you know anything they'd want to know?

**Quick Flash:** Frank behind the wheel. John jumps in, covered in someone's blood. Frank floors it. Clearly, this is recent.

The cup now merely styrofoam strips, Frank looks up --

FRANK

I won't give 'em my brother. Not a word about John. Never.

RICK

*They're not mind readers.* They only have to know what you tell them.

**INT. CRAMPED INTERVIEW ROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Frank and Rick across from Emma and Bozich.

RICK

Stipulate this as off the record?

Emma nods. Rick whispers something to Frank. Quite casually --

FRANK  
You know about Andy Scollatto?

BOZICH  
I know he was murdered in '99.

**EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT. 1999. NON LINEAR**

**Bang.** *ANDY SCOLLATTO (an old man) is shot through the head.*

FRANK (V.O.)  
You know who did him?

*"The German" George Heidkamp, recognizable from a mugshot, shoots him twice more -- **BangBang** -- and keeps on walking.*

**INT. CRAMPED INTERVIEW ROOM. SAME**

Emma discreetly steadies Bozich's bouncing knee. Then --

EMMA  
Well. We'll need more than that.

RICK  
Oh? No shit. So will we.

**EXT. RETIREMENT PARTY. SMALL BACKYARD. JOLIET, IL. DAY**

Nicole, in a pressed golf shirt, indulges her sturdy, potbellied **DAD**, 70, who's bragging to an **UNCLE**.

NICOLE'S DAD  
She's got a government job being superman. And a couple three decades from now, when she's in my shoes? She'll be on easy street. Pension, benefits, the works. What more could you want?

UNCLE  
I bet you're loving it, aren't you?

She looks over the small crowd. 50 year olds who look 70. Young PARENTS with young KIDS. Men who've done time wear no sleeves and jorts. For her beaming dad's benefit --

NICOLE  
What more could I want?

**LATER** -- Nicole, pensive, sits with her sister **TINA** (35).



TINA  
Why do you kinda look like shit?

NICOLE  
I fucked up at work. Pretty bad.

TINA  
You're new. I fuck up all the time.  
My manager hates me. Who cares?

NICOLE  
I care, Tina. I want to fit in.

TINA  
(vaping)  
That's your problem. You care too  
much. You can always quit.

NICOLE  
I don't want to quit. And Dad would  
hang himself if I quit.

TINA  
Probably, yeah. Ok, so you're not  
the best at something, right away,  
for once? Don't you have plenty of  
time to show 'em what you can do?

***Quick Flash:** Quiet court room. Bullshit traffic case. Nicole  
there, frustrated. Not yet accepting that this is her future.*

NICOLE  
I think I missed my chance.

TINA  
It's just a job, Nicole.

Nicole snorts. *If only.*

**INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT. CHICAGO. DAY. DAYS LATER**

Half ass furnished. On a shelf, We See SIX collected FUNERAL  
MASS CARDS, a stark ofrenda. Kevin's phone rings.

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)  
Morning, Archie. What's up?

ARCHIE (V.O.)  
Bad news, Kev. Eddie made the Irish  
Sports Pages. Gimme a ride?

Kevin flips through the newspaper to the obituaries. A death  
notice there: Eddie Menendez 1953-2024. Kevin knows him.

**INT. SUV (DRIVING). OAK LAWN, IL. THAT EVENING**

Kevin drives. Next to him, **ARCHIE** (70's) an elderly but still capable brick shithouse. They're both in suits.

**INT. FUNERAL HOME. OAK LAWN, IL. LATER**

Small wake in progress. Kevin and Archie kneel before a casket. A framed photo atop it: young Eddie Menezes in Dress Blues. He was a cop. Kevin notices something, whispers --

KEVIN

*Archie? They wouldn't even let him  
get buried with a fucking flag?*

Archie looks -- no American Flag in Eddie's coffin.

ARCHIE

Course not. Buncha pricks.

Kevin glowers at the indignity.

**INT. PORTILLO'S RESTAURANT. LATER**

Kevin and Archie eat burgers. Out the window, a CRAZY GUY is screaming. To two COPS a booth over, eating and watching --

ARCHIE

Heaven forbid you two do something.

The Cops wave Archie off. He gives them the finger.

KEVIN

Want me to get involved, Archie?

ARCHIE

You? Quiet Earp? Wanna give him a speech about how good his life'd be if you took him to jail?

(Kevin laughs)

You laugh. Some day one of these animals is gonna call your bluff.

KEVIN

I'm really not bluffing. If I had my way I wouldn't even carry a gun.

ARCHIE

Keep it up and one day your boy'll be driving me to your wake. How's he doing? Peter?

Kevin shakes his head. A painful subject.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. FANCY HOUSE. EVENING. NON LINEAR**

Kevin trembles, reading a pamphlet for Fork Union Academy. Jenny, Chris and Pete are together on the couch.

KEVIN

A school in fucking Virginia?

JENNY

We threatened an injunction to stop the suspension, it got ugly, and it's... time for a fresh start. Military academies build character.

KEVIN

I see. So if he's just a good little soldier, everything's OK?

PETER

*Works for you, Dad.*

Kevin lights up with wounded rage.

**INT. PORTILLO'S RESTAURANT. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Kevin's looking for something from Archie, who just sighs.

KEVIN

I'd've killed to have my dad around when I was Pete's age. Killed. If he ever saw me as a father? He'd be so disappointed.

ARCHIE

You're wrong about that. He'd be proud. He'd be smoking his Winston, coughing, but he'd be smiling.

KEVIN

I feel like everything in my life went wrong the day I lost him. Like I never got back from... there.

Maybe unexpectedly, Archie nods in agreement. Then -- Archie offers Kevin a FUNERAL MASS CARD from Eddie's service.

ARCHIE

Here. Another for your collection.

Archie winks. Kevin takes it. Gives Archie a sad smile.

**INT. LOBBY. COURTHOUSE. DAY**

Nicole, bored, posted in the lobby. A commotion. She looks up to see FBI Agent Bozich, State's Attorney Emma Wilson, and Marshal Lamont Baker breeze past security, heading to --

**INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS. MOMENTS LATER**

Emma, Bozich, and Lamont meet with **JUDGE LONG** (60's).

EMMA

He and his brother are very close. He was around for everything. Given what he knows, Frank Decarlo could be the most important cooperating witness in state's history.

JUDGE

You wanna give a deal to a killer?

BOZICH

The only way Frank pulls a trigger is with his brother's say so. Give me a month with this putz? I'll put his brother John on death row. Just need the Marshals to babysit.

Lamont smiles. He's above engaging in professional rivalry.

LAMONT

We've guarded 19,000 people and nobody who follows the rules has ever been compromised. This'd be a small operation. Just a couple of my deputies guarding a safe house while the FBI makes their case.

JUDGE

You'd better make a case, Agent Bozich. This'll be front page news, sink or swim. You have a month.

Judge Long signs the order on her desk. Bozich pumps his fist. Yes! Emma discreetly cringes at him. Lamont clocks it.

**INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE. FEDERAL BUILDING. LATER THAT DAY**

Lamont and Emma drink scotch. Orange sunset out the window.

LAMONT

I'll be honest. I wish I was more confident. Can we trust Bozich?

EMMA

I certainly don't think he's dirty.  
But. I think he's very confident.  
And I do wonder if he tends to...

LAMONT

Turn everything into a dick  
measuring contest? And you know  
Frank didn't survive this long by  
being a putz, don't you?

She knows he's setting something up, but she's intrigued.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

(sipping scotch, sly)

I shouldn't worry. Bozich won't  
just let Frank feed 'em shit and  
tell 'em it's apple butter. A month  
from now, when the judge says *basta*  
the FBI will have enough. *Right?*

EMMA

I guess. What choice do we have?  
(then, permissive)  
We're just talking. You and me.

LAMONT

Frank's with my guys for a month.  
Then trial. Then lock up. Gone. But  
for a month? *He is with my guys.*

Emma savvies. Sips her scotch, enlisted. Muting her reaction.

EMMA

I think a backstop could be very  
helpful. Front page news and all.

LAMONT

You lock up John Decarlo? It's more  
than a front page. It's a seat on  
the bench, Emma.

EMMA

Or the Illinois Senate, Lamont.

Lamont finishes his drink. The sun is down. Shadows cast.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Do you have someone you can trust?

LAMONT

Trust is a function of leverage.

**INT. PANERA BREAD. FOOD COURT. FEDERAL BUILDING. DAY**

Nicole sits across from Lamont, all smiles, and Emma, stoic. Throughout, Nicole stirs her soup without eating any.

EMMA

How do you like working courts?

NICOLE

I'm honored to serve as needed.

LAMONT

Good answer, but I think you can do more. We're running a sleepaway camp for a big witness. One month. Two deputies. Won't know where you're going until you're on the way. Won't be able to tell a soul where you are. Would you want to --

NICOLE

Yes. Yes! *Please*. Thank you.

EMMA

Well, hold up. It's not a standard WITSEC. This guy? He owes us a lot and... we worry he may withhold information. We can't have that. So as you get close to him there, we'd want you to get more of the truth.

NICOLE

Isn't that the FBI's job?

Lamont wasn't expecting questions. Big, defensive smile.

LAMONT

We have full confidence in the FBI, we're just being careful. This would be none of their business.

Nicole is suspicious. She tries, but can't ignore it.

NICOLE

Is this... um. Is this SOP?

LAMONT

No. It's not. Do you want it?

NICOLE

I'm flattered, truly. But you must have other people in mind? What made you think of me?

Lamont, still smiling, puts down his sandwich. With an edge.

LAMONT

The other people we have in mind  
don't have a God sized debt to pay  
off, and they aren't scared to  
death of wasting their whole career  
babysitting courts. So they can say  
no. But you can't. And you asked us  
twice so I think you already knew  
that. What's the problem?

NICOLE

It's just, if you said "We want you  
for this because you're good --"

EMMA

You are good aren't you?

Nicole glares at Emma. Emma doesn't blink.

NICOLE

I just want to be treated like  
anyone else.

EMMA

But you're not like them! Why do  
you think they sent you in first?

**EXT. JOHN'S LAVANDERIA. PILSEN. CHICAGO, IL. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Nicole exits Wayne's SUV, moments before we met her. After a  
few steps, she stops. This feels wrong. *In her ear --*

WAYNE (V.O.)

C'mon, Potts. You going or not?

She looks back. Wayne is staring. She turns away. Then -- she  
steels herself, and crosses Ashland Ave. alone.

**INT. PANERA BREAD. FOOD COURT. FEDERAL BUILDING. DAY**

Nicole shudders. Stirs her soup, approaching a precipice.

NICOLE

Who else knows about this?

Lamont shakes his head. *Nobody.*

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE. DAY**

Kevin stands across from Lamont's big oak desk.

KEVIN  
Just a standard WITSEC, Sir?

LAMONT  
(capably lying)  
Yup. Big witness but nothing  
special. Can you manage being away  
for a month?

Kevin glances past Lamont, to the city out his window.

**EXT. PARTY. BACKYARD. FANCY HOUSE. NIGHT. NON LINEAR**

Kevin, with a *WRAPPED GIFT*, enters, sees dozens of TEENAGERS partying in the yard, Peter among them. Chris offers a beer --

JENNY  
Good news! Chris got Fork Union to  
give Pete legacy status, which they  
never do for stepchildren.

Jenny heads inside, taking empty bottles as she goes. Then --

CHRIS  
Yeah. The dean is a buddy and I  
explained me and Pete's situation --

KEVIN  
What the fuck is your *situation*?

Chris backs up.

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE. DAY**

Kevin looks from the window back to Lamont.

LAMONT  
I hate to pull you out, but I need  
someone steady I can count on.

KEVIN  
When would it start, Sir?

**EXT. PARTY. BACKYARD. FANCY HOUSE. NIGHT. NON LINEAR**

Peter, stoned, is showing Kevin his brand new watch.



PETER

Going away present. It's a birth year Rolex. Chris said birth year kinda means a lot.

KEVIN

Shit. I remember your birthday. They had me take my shirt off and hold you on my chest.

PETER

But I bet you worked the rest of the year straight after that?

KEVIN

I had to, Peter. That's my job.  
(then)  
Why don't I bring you to school?  
I'll move some money, get a ticket?  
We've never done a boys trip.

PETER

Chris is taking me. It's next week. Tickets would be a grip, you know?

Kevin nods, cheerily, but even Peter can see that he's hurt.

PETER (CONT'D)

Would you want to drive us to the airport, though?

KEVIN

Of course I will, Pal.

**INT. KEVIN'S SUV. LATER. NON LINEAR**

Kevin angrily tosses Peter's still wrapped gift on the seat.

**INT. BULLPEN. US MARSHAL OFFICE. DAY**

Kevin exits Lamont's office. A few DEPUTY MARSHALS reverently stop bullshitting as he passes. Once he's alone -- Kevin takes out his phone.

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)

Jenny? I can't take Pete to the airport... Because I have to work.

We can hear Jenny yelling, but Kevin has already decided.

**INT. PANERA BREAD. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Nicole is still on the fence.

LAMONT

This isn't the kinda thing we can broadcast, for obvious reasons. You'll get unique information, you'll report it to us -- not the FBI, not even Deputy Cogan.

NICOLE

(piqued)

It'd be me and Kevin Cogan?

EMMA

Do you know him?

NICOLE

Just by reputation.

EMMA

You think bumping up against his reputation could help yours?

LAMONT

Deputy Cogan isn't in on this. But if you are, I think it would prove to me and everyone else that you're ready to get back on a FIST Squad. And if not, I don't know if you ever will be.

Nicole realizes the offer just became an ultimatum. Still, nobody's fool, she takes a slow confident spoonful. Then --

NICOLE

Sir, the last time we spoke you said you needed Indians not Chiefs?

LAMONT

Well. Now I need an Apache.

**INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT. CHICAGO. NIGHT.**

Nicole throws the recruiting pamphlet away. She's in.

**INT. DARKENED CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY. DAYS LATER**

Nicole sits among a TASK FORCE in a cramped room. Kevin there, across the room, taking notes as Bozich presides. Frank Decarlo's picture on a screen.

BOZICH

This is Frank Decarlo. In exchange for a reduced sentence, courtesy of our friend, the State's Attorney, Mr. Decarlo has agreed to become a cooperating witness to our FBI.

**INT. KITCHEN. FRANK'S HOUSE. EARLY MORNING. NON LINEAR**

Frank and lawyer Rick drink coffee at the kitchen island.

RICK

Give 'em a few things. When it's over you'll do no more than ten.

FRANK

*Ten years?* That's too long.

RICK

Actually, that's a miracle.

**INT. DARKENED CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY**

Bozich smacks his gum. Power stance. Cheap charisma.

BOZICH

We don't know how much he knows. Assume that it's more than we can safely get with him in Chicago. We'll sharpen our focus here, so that when we meet with Frank, we're ready to capitalize. And every one of you knows who I mean when I say *capitalize*. The goal is the Clown.

As the screen shows the slightest pop of John Decarlo --

**INT. BEDROOM. FRANK'S HOUSE. EARLY MORNING. NON LINEAR**

Frank and Rick fill suitcases with clothes and toiletries.

RICK

What if John's name comes up?

FRANK

I told you. I'm not giving 'em shit on him. Part of me thinks I should tell him I'm going. So he knows.

RICK

I would *really* advise against that.

**INT. DARKENED CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY**

Bozich gestures towards Lamont, seated up front.

BOZICH

In the meantime, this shit bag will  
be placed in the custody and care  
of our colleagues: the US Marshals.

With mock deference, Bozich cedes the floor to Lamont.

LAMONT

Frank Decarlo is a wealthy retiree.  
Divorced. No kids. While he's in  
our custody, the FBI will interview  
him remotely on a daily basis to  
inform their investigation.

**INT. COLONIAL HOUSE. LOCATION UNKNOWN. NON LINEAR**

A CLEANING CREW works. DEPUTIES stock groceries and  
toiletries, make beds, install SECURITY BEEPERS on doors.

They set up a COMPUTER and RING LIGHT in the living ROOM. Out  
the back windows, past a yard, We See a head-high corn field.

**INT. DARKENED CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY**

Bozich chirps up from the side of the room.

BOZICH

Be a lot easier if you told us  
where you were taking him.

Bozich, winks at Lamont. *Just kidding.* Lamont is unimpressed.

LAMONT

That stays with us. Though we do  
anticipate bringing him back to  
Chicago once, for a coordinated,  
supervised visit, as needed.  
Otherwise, Mr. Decarlo will be in  
the hands of two of our very best.  
Deputy Marshal Potts and Deputy  
Marshal Cogan. Given the small  
scale of the operation, these two  
are doing the whole month.

Nicole steals a look at Kevin across the room. He's un-  
conflicted. Nicole casually mimics him, projecting calm.

**INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Kevin gives YELLOW TAGGED KEYS to Archie, who confirms --

ARCHIE  
Mailbox. Door. I got it. So who do  
they got you guarding?

KEVIN  
You know I can't say.

ARCHIE  
It's somebody big, isn't it?

KEVIN  
Yeah, Arch. It's Al Capone.

**LATER** -- Kevin, packing a bag, sees the wrapped gift for Peter. Tosses it in. Then -- He packs the funeral mass cards.

**INT. EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM. COURTHOUSE. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Nicole removes her few personal effects. Wayne enters.

NICOLE  
Good to see you, Wayne.

He doesn't even look at her. Starts putting away his stuff.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
No. Are you my replacement?

WAYNE  
What the hell does it look like?  
They've got a big witness, they  
pick Kevin Cogan. I get that.  
Dude's a legend. But who do they  
pick to go with him? Me? Nope. One  
of the veteran guys? Nope. No. Of  
all people, they pick you. Make  
that make sense.

Nicole stews. It's all she can do.

**INT. PANERA BREAD. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Lamont slides a CELLPHONE across the table to Nicole.

LAMONT  
The Batphone. Call anytime with  
tips, leads, questions, all of it.  
This will not ring.  
(MORE)

LAMONT (CONT'D)

I won't call you. Nobody else sees it, nobody else knows it exists.

Nicole slips the phone in her pocket.

**INT. DARKENED CONFERENCE ROOM. SAME**

Bozich's big finish. He's practiced this line in a mirror. Lamont and Emma trade looks, convinced of their judgement.

BOZICH

Strap 'em up tight, boys and girls.  
Tomorrow is game day. This is where  
we make it right.

**EXT. COURTYARD. DIRKSEN FEDERAL BUILDING. TWILIGHT**

Nicole sees Kevin exit. She excitedly catches him in stride.

NICOLE

Marshal Cogan? Nicole Potts.

KEVIN

Oh, of course. Nice to meet you.

NICOLE

We've met. I actually took your seminar on de-escalation at FLETCO when I was training.

KEVIN

Right. Good to see you again.

NICOLE

I just want to say I'm a big admirer of your whole approach. I'm really excited to learn from you.

Kevin nods inscrutably. Nicole was expecting more.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Do you wanna get a beer? Get to know each other before tomorrow?

KEVIN

I kinda gotta catch the Brown Line here, but we'll have plenty of time, won't we?

NICOLE

...Yeah, of course.

KEVIN

Great. Pick you up in the morning?

Kevin leaves Nicole wanting. After a few steps, he stops --

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Deputy? I heard about the shooting.  
Sorry you went through that.

He turns and goes. Promise of a fresh start on the horizon,  
Nicole allows herself the slightest smile. First we've seen.

**EXT. BACKYARD. JOHN DECARLO'S HOUSE. DUSK**

Close on: Frank. Ghost white. Staring at a Citronella torch.  
Reveal: John Decarlo and STEW VINCENT, seen in his Cicero  
Crew mugsot, have been talking to Frank amid a small party.

STEW

Frank? Hello? You alright?

JOHN

You look like hell, Frankster. You  
hot or dehydrated? Or what?

John gently puts his sweaty beer to the nape of Frank's neck.  
Frank sees John's genuine concern. Forces a weak smile.

FRANK

Sorry, Fellas. I'd better take off.

STEW

You look like yesterday's lunch,  
Frankie. Are you sure you're okay  
to go?

Moment of truth. Frank croaks out --

FRANK

Yeah, Stew. I'm fine.

**I/E. FRANK'S AUDI./JOHN'S DRIVEWAY. MOMENTS LATER**

Frank gets in his car. Last looks at John and Stew, who've  
walked him out. Frank waves goodbye and drives away.

**INT. BEDROOM. FRANK'S HOUSE. THAT NIGHT**

Frank, tamping an anxiety attack, stares at his packed bags.

**EXT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT. PRE-DAWN**

Nicole waits with two coffees and luggage. Kevin pulls up.

NICOLE  
Morning! Got you a Dunkin.

KEVIN  
Need a hand with your bags?

As he loads her bags -- Nicole sees a large GUN CRATE in the trunk. This is a surprise.

NICOLE  
Better to have 'em and not need 'em  
than to need 'em and not have 'em?

KEVIN  
Best to not need them at all,  
but... orders are orders.

**INT. KEVIN'S SUV (DRIVING ON THE HIGHWAY). MORNING**

Kevin and Nicole haven't been speaking. *Sports talk plays on the radio.* It's awkward. Finally, she turns down the radio --

NICOLE  
So have you run WITSEC before?

KEVIN  
Yup.

After she realizes there's no more information coming --

NICOLE  
Cool. Yeah. I figured, with 20  
years on the job... I just got two.

KEVIN  
Do you know why you joined up?

NICOLE  
I'd always seen that photo of  
Marshals escorting Ruby Bridges  
into her school to integrate it. I  
know they we're slave catchers  
before that, but *rear view's always  
clearer than the windshield*, right?  
Why'd you join up?

KEVIN  
Law enforcement family.



And that's that. Nicole waits in the awkward pause. Then --

NICOLE  
So were you ever on FIST?

KEVIN  
I never applied. Too much action.

NICOLE  
What? Why join up at all if you  
don't want action?

KEVIN  
Kinda like why join FIST if you  
want to walk kids into school?

Nicole looks at him. *Is he fucking with her?*

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I'm used to working alone.

He merges from I-90 to I-94. A sign: SOUTH BEND 100 MILES.

**I/E. KNUTE ROCKNE TRAVEL PLAZA. SOUTH BEND, IN. MORNING**

Kevin and Nicole enter a Notre Dame themed truck stop. Packed with TRAVELERS. They spot Agent Bozich, Lamont Baker, and Emma Wilson waiting, all in street clothes. After hellos --

EMMA  
Just spoke to Frank's lawyer, he  
says they're 45 minutes out.

BOZICH  
You two have it running, he's gonna  
jump right in with you. I got guys  
all over, if he gets cold feet.  
They'd be happy to come with you,  
just tell us where you're going.

Bozich nods and Nicole sees: plainclothes FBI AGENTS all over the truck stop, reading the paper, drinking coffee. Watching.

NICOLE  
We don't even know yet.

But she sees a look between Kevin and Lamont. *Kevin knows.*

BOZICH  
Ok. Smoke 'em if you got 'em.

As the crew breaks up, Emma sidles up to Nicole --

EMMA

We all good, Marshal Potts?

Nicole discreetly pats the phone in her pocket. *All set.*

**INT. KEVIN'S SUV (IDLING IN THE PARKING LOT). LATER**

Kevin and Nicole wait. Nicole is restless. Kevin notices.

KEVIN

Look, I was raised by a single mom  
and I have two older sisters, so...  
I know how to respect privacy. Just  
saying, because you seem stressed.

NICOLE

I just didn't know you and Marshal  
Baker were talking separately.

Kevin nods. From the console, he gives her an ITINERARY  
PACKET. Security. Protocols. Maps. Contacts. All of it.

KEVIN

There's a protocol, until you cross  
the need to know threshold. Here we  
are. *No more secrets, Ok?*

Lamont's Batphone is heavy in Nicole's pocket. But --

NICOLE

Deal. No more secrets.

Suddenly -- Kevin goes on point as Bozich, Lamont and Emma  
exit the plaza. A few covert FBI AGENTS take positions.

Bozich, on the phone, hangs up as a silver SEDAN pulls in. He  
directs the Sedan to a spot near the SUV, but --

The Sedan parks right in front of the travel plaza. Bozich,  
pissed, argues with the driver -- Frank's lawyer Rick. Frank  
staggers out of the car. Lamont escorts him inside.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Fuck's he doing?

KEVIN

I think he has to take a leak.

NICOLE

So we just wait while he pisses?  
What if he makes a run for it?

KEVIN

Where would he go? His people would kill him just for coming here today. He can't go back. Least we can do is give the poor guy the dignity of a taking a piss without us watching.

NICOLE

You're talking about him like he's a POW. This guy is a murderer.

KEVIN

And the cops already arrested him and the judge already sentenced him. Got nothing to do with me.

Frank and Lamont approach from the building, Bozich and others in tow. Lamont opens a rear door for Frank.

LAMONT

These are Marshals Cogan and Potts. They're gonna take care of you.

Frank loads in placid and awkwardly. Slumps against the door. Nicole grimaces to Kevin, mimes drinking. Frank is drunk.

KEVIN

*Can you blame him?*

FBI Agents load in Frank's luggage. Lamont taps the car.

LAMONT

We'll be in touch.

BOZICH

We're gonna be all over you, Frank.

Windows up, *Emma subtly mimes a phone to Nicole*. To Frank --

KEVIN

Want something to lean on, Sir?

Frank waves him off, closes his eyes. Kevin gives Nicole his phone, Waze cued up. Destination: DYERSVILLE, IOWA. *Go Now?*

Kevin pulls onto the road. Nicole looks out the window as the assembled group gets smaller until it disappears entirely.

**EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE. DAY**

Close On: a thumb ringing a doorbell. *DingDong*. Reveal: John Decarlo, ringing Frank's bell, while calling his phone.

JOHN (INTO PHONE)  
 Frank? You alright? I'm worried  
 about you, man. Call me, alright?

John peers in the GARAGE WINDOW, sees the Audi inside. *Huh.*

**EXT./ESTAB. DYERSVILLE, IOWA. LATER THAT DAY**

Classic Midwestern main street. Past it, miles of brown-green farmland in every direction. Beetling down a *thin service road*, We See Kevin's SUV...

**INT. KEVIN'S SUV (DRIVING ON A SERVICE ROAD). SAME**

Nicole watches the GPS displayed on Kevin's phone. His phone rings: Jenny. Kevin quickly declines her call. Nicole sees this but politely ignores it. Points up the service road --

NICOLE  
 I think you turn left up here.

At the end of a very long dirt driveway, a two story Modern Colonial. Oval yard ensconced in cornfield. *The Safehouse.*

They park. Climb out. Nicole takes in the house. Behind her --

KEVIN  
 Mr. Decarlo? Welcome to Dyersville,  
 where they shot Field of Dreams.  
 I'm Kevin Cogan. I'm not a hardass  
 or a dick, so I look forward to  
 being the least of your problems.

FRANK  
 Thank you, Pal. Call me Frank.

NICOLE  
 And I'm Nicole.

FRANK  
 No speech for me, Darling?

He's fucking with her. She bristles. Kevin just smiles.

**INT. SAFEHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

Nicole disarms the alarm. Frank looks around, sags.

KEVIN  
 You'll feel better once you take  
 your medicine.

**INT. VARIOUS ROOMS. SAFEHOUSE. DAY**

In a BEDROOM, Frank unpacks, hungover. Robotic.

In the BEDROOM NEXT DOOR, Kevin unpacks. Places his Funeral Mass Cards in the dresser. The GUN CASE in a locked closet.

Nicole's BEDROOM is downstairs. She locks the door, texts Lamont: *Testing*. He writes back: *Confirmed. Go to work.*

**INT. KITCHEN. SAFEHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Nicole, Kevin and Frank eat burgers. Frank is ravenous.

FRANK

Make us go to Indiana then back track all the way to Iowa. There's the federal government for you. My tax dollars at work.

Kevin laughs, sees Frank has finished his burger.

KEVIN

Want me to make you another one?

FRANK

Would you do that for me, Buddy?

Kevin obliges, puts a patty on the stove -- *Tsssss*.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Delicious. You're an angel, Kevin. Your parents raised you right. Are they proud of you?

KEVIN

They're passed.

FRANK

Aw. God bless. What'd your dad do?

KEVIN

He was a Chicago Cop.

FRANK

Eh. Nobody's perfect.  
(winks at Nicole)  
How'd he die?

KEVIN

On the job.

Frank winces, genuflects sincerely. Then --

NICOLE

So why'd you pick the Marshals? Why not be a cop like your dad?

FRANK

He just said his fucking dad died on the job! Why would he want that?

Kevin bursts out laughing. Nicole sneers at Frank.

NICOLE

Alright, do you plan to do this the whole time? The little snarky jokes at my expense and two against one?

FRANK

Sister, there's two of you here and only one of you's making my burger.

Kevin stifles a laugh. Nicole pushes her plate forward.

**INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

Frank reads Undaunted Courage by lamplight in bed.

**INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

Nicole inspects the secret phone. Slips it under her pillow.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Kevin lays in bed, talking to Jenny on speakerphone.

JENNY (O.S.)

I called because your son was leaving this morning and I thought you might want to say goodbye.

KEVIN

I just hate that I missed it, Jen.

He's convincing. But his eyes are dull. A million miles away. Like two different people at once.

**INT. CAR (STOPPED AT A RED LIGHT). CHICAGO. DAY. UNKNOWN**

*KEN (a huge guy) behind the wheel. A VAN pulls up. A spray of bullets shred Ken. We recognize the shooter: Paul Mazzone.*

**INT. WAR ROOM. FBI OFFICE. DAY**

Bozich talks to Frank via Zoom. An entire wall is filled with PHOTOS: victims, crime scenes. AGENTS there, taking notes.

BOZICH  
So why'd Mazzone ace Ken Davis?

**INT. LIVING ROOM. SAFEHOUSE. SAME. INTERCUT**

Nicole and Kevin watching, Frank laughs derisively at Bozich.

FRANK  
*Ace him?* Is that a term of art?

BOZICH  
Who told Mazzone to shoot him?

*Quick Flash: Mazzone in the van. The driver is John.*

With great pain, Frank feigns coming clean. Instead --

FRANK  
Nobody. John was furious. Cuz Ken was just small potatoes, why kill him, you know?

In the back of the room, Emma and Lamont stare at Bozich. *Don't buy it.* But -- Bozich snaps to an Agent by the board...

Who pins Mazzone's mugshot under Ken's photo. Murder solved.

**EXT. BATHROOM. SAFEHOUSE. LATER**

Door locked. Faucet running. Nicole is on the Batphone.

LAMONT (V.O.)  
John Decarlo had no idea his crew was murdering people? Bullshit.

EMMA (V.O.)  
Heroin. Ask about heroin. It's eating the city, these guys brought it here and the FBI isn't gonna ask. That's what you're after.

Nicole looks in the mirror, assuring herself.

**I/E. BACKYARD / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. SAFEHOUSE. DAY**

Out back, Kevin and Frank play horseshoes. Fast friends.

Upstairs, Nicole spies them through a window, screws up her courage, slips into **FRANK'S BEDROOM** --

Low, ducking under the window. She opens his closet. Gently goes through his suitcase. Nothing. The nightstand. Nothing.

She looks under the bed. Nothing. This is frustrating. Likely useless. Nothing to find. She cranes, peers out the window --

If Kevin's pretending to like Frank, he's doing a convincing job. Real affection there. It bothers her. Off this --

**EXT. BACKYARD. SAFEHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.**

Nicole steps out into the backyard.

NICOLE  
Can I have a turn?

KEVIN  
Yeah. Play for me. I'll be back.

Kevin hands over the horseshoes and trots inside. Nicole takes position next to Frank. Dripping with condescension --

FRANK  
The goal is to hit the peg. You might have to throw pretty hard.

She throws. Misses quite short. Frank rolls his eyes.

NICOLE  
Want to make it interesting? One toss, whoever's closer?

FRANK  
Yeah and when I win, you gotta hit me over the head with one of these things until I'm out of my misery.

NICOLE  
Seriously. What do you want?

FRANK  
How about... You let me make a phone call? They took my phone.

NICOLE  
... Ok. But if I win, you have to answer a question. Bet?

FRANK  
Charge that phone, Honey.



Frank aims. Throws. A near miss. Nicole gulps. Aims. Throws. Ringer. Frank scoffs. Nicole smiles. Hustle successful.

NICOLE

My ex boyfriend had horseshoes.

FRANK

Ex boyfriend? No shit. I had you for a bagel bumper. So what is it? What's your question?

NICOLE

The Cicero Crew didn't get rich by killing. So I want to know how they made millions in drugs with the FBI watching. How'd they never get caught?

FRANK

(after considering this)

Who do you mean when you say *they*. Someone always gets caught, Dear.

Just then -- Kevin comes back. Frank takes her horseshoes and gives them to Kevin. She just smiles. On to something.

**INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM / LAMONT'S OFFICE. NIGHT. INTERCUT**

Nicole whispers into the Batphone.

NICOLE

They gave up one of their own. Find the patsy, you'll find everything.

LAMONT (V.O.)

Ok. So who's the patsy and why hasn't he already flipped?

NICOLE

Maybe he didn't like his odds.

**I/E. VARIOUS. CHICAGO. DAY. UNKNOWN**

*A car explodes. Stew Vincent shoots a MAN. Frank and John bury a man we'll meet as ANDY near Comiskey Park, dropping their gloves in the hole. The contents of Frank's interviews.*

**INT. LIVING ROOM. SAFEHOUSE. MORNING. DAYS LATER**

Frank, feigning struggle, Zooms with Bozich. Nicole sips coffee, watching closely. Kevin does a crossword puzzle.

**INT. WAR ROOM. FBI OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER**

An AGENT pins Paul Mazzone's mugshot to a labeled picture of ANDY, the buried man. Bozich chomps his gum.

No murders are pinned to John Decarlo or Stew Vincent. Bozich stares at John's mugshots. From John's distorted face --

**INT. KITCHEN. HOUSE. NIGHT**

Close on: John Decarlo. Reveal: *He's in Frank's ransacked house.* Stew Vincent and a BALDING THUG there. Near tears --

JOHN

Frank's gone, isn't he? That dumb motherfucker. You think he flipped?

John turns to Stew, desperate. Stew shrugs carefully.

STEW

I hate to say it...

JOHN

He flipped. My own brother.

The Thug mumbles something like "Rat fuck." John nods. Then --

With incredible violence, John SMASHES a jar of olive across the Thug's face. Again and Again. Until the jar is shattered and John is panting. The Thug gurgles. His face is mashed.

Then -- John stretches deep over the kitchen island. When he comes up, his emotion is gone. Replaced by an empty smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ok. Let's see where he went.

**I/E. MONTAGE OF INVESTIGATION. CHICAGO**

CORNER CRIMINALS lean into Stew's car. He talks to a CROOKED COP. SNITCHES run across streets to report to him. Cash passed. The search for Frank is on. Part of this --

**INT. DARK DIVE BAR. WEST SIDE OF CHICAGO. DAYS LATER**

Stew enters, looks around, sits at the bar next to... Archie. Heavy history between them. Plain that they hate each other.

STEW

Can I get your next round, Archie?

ARCHIE

Why would I want a drink from you,  
Stew?

STEW

Because you need one and I don't  
think you can afford your own.

ARCHIE

I'll have you know I'm doing just  
fine working security at the OTB.

STEW

That's like saying you've got a  
nice place in Berwyn.

Archie fake laughs, gives Stew an *I could kill you* look.

ARCHIE

(then, to the Bartender)  
Hey, Matt? Open up that Johnny  
Walker Blue and gimme a double?

BARTENDER

That's 90 bucks, Archie?

Archie shrugs. Stew gives an *I could kill you* look back.

STEW

I wanted to come in peace, Arch.  
One of our guys flipped. If you or  
anyone you know knows anything --

ARCHIE

Why the fuck would I help you?

STEW

Because it's Frank Decarlo.

Archie subtly starts at Frank's name. Stew knew he would.

STEW (CONT'D)

Maybe keep your ears open is all.

Archie gives the slightest nod. Stew chuckles, drops a lot of  
money on the bar -- a parting shot -- and leaves. Then --

Archie looks down at his waist. Kevin's YELLOW TAGGED KEYS  
there. Pieces slam into place behind Archie's eyes.

After double checking to make sure Stew is gone, Archie takes  
out his old cellphone and calls KEVIN.

**INT. SUPERMARKET. DYERSVILLE, IOWA. MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin's phone rings: Archie. He declines it. Frank, hat pulled low, looks at POSTCARDS and CANDY nearby.

KEVIN

You want to get a candy bar?

FRANK

*Oh, can I Dad?*

**INT. KEVIN'S SUV (DRIVING). LATER**

Kevin drives Frank back to the Safehouse. *Rosanna by Toto* plays quietly under on the radio. Cornfields roll by.

FRANK

You got kids, Kevin?

KEVIN

Yeah. A high schooler. Peter.

FRANK

*Aw, jeez buddy, and you're missing out on him to be here with me? Ugh.*

KEVIN

Well... just doing my job.

FRANK

*And you're glad to do it. Aw, Kevin, I can't lie to you.*

Frank, feigning contrition, takes something out of his coat: a POSTCARD. *Living the dream in Dyersville, Iowa!*

KEVIN

You stole this?

FRANK

I did! And the FBI was already so mad about the murder!

Frank giggles until Kevin laughs, takes the postcard. Then --

KEVIN

Can I ask you about that? Why did you kill Borsellino? Like, why you?

There's no judgement in the question. Just genuine curiosity. Frank weighs his options for a beat. Then --

FRANK

I had made some people mad. And there's a cost associated with their anger. You know? They'd kill me. But John's looking out for me. And there's this thing, you know, *You make your bones.*

KEVIN

John had you kill Borsellino so you'd be a Made Man. Because then nobody could touch you. Genius.

Seeing Kevin awed by John's chess moves makes Frank proud.

FRANK

My dad, Red, used to drink and smack my mom around. One day, we hear him coming, John belts me til I'm crying. Now? Red's coming after John instead of mom. And John's making funny faces as he runs. He always looked out for me. Me and him against the world.

Frank is quiet for a long beat. Maybe regretful. Then --

FRANK (CONT'D)

You ever punch somebody's ticket?

KEVIN

Shit. Never even pulled my gun.

FRANK

You're lucky for that.

Kevin knows he means it.

**INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. DAY**

Nicole talks to Lamont on speakerphone.

LAMONT (V.O.)

I was counting on more from you.

*Quick Flash: Kevin and Frank at dinner. Playing cards. Laughing. Nicole always the third wheel. Weeks of being subtly left out are getting to her.*

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE. SAME. INTERCUT**

Lamont studies a file on his computer screen.

NICOLE  
I'm doing my best, Sir, but --

LAMONT  
Step on the gas, Potts. The FBI is  
focusing their case. They're ready  
for their field trip.

**INT. KITCHEN. SAFEHOUSE. LATER**

Nicole stands with Kevin and Frank, who's very nervous.

FRANK  
The fuck is a field trip?

KEVIN  
Just going back to the city, drive  
around, point some shit out, and  
come back. Just fixing a specific  
place to some of your testimony.  
Probably not even a full day.

FRANK  
This does not seem safe.

KEVIN  
It is safe. We will keep you safe.

Kevin fixes Frank with steady eye contact. Then --

NICOLE  
And if there's someone in  
particular you're afraid of, you  
can let us know.

Her question catches Kevin sideways. Frank doesn't notice.

FRANK  
Like who?

NICOLE  
I dunno. The guy you traded in.

Frank looks at her, baffled. Kevin's getting antsy.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
The patsy? From the drug case?

Frank realizes what she means. Before he can respond --

KEVIN  
(not asking)  
Nicole, help me grab some steaks?

**INT. UNFINISHED BASEMENT. SAFEHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin and Nicole descend the stairs towards a freezer.

KEVIN

What's with the drug questions?

NICOLE

I'm just curious.

KEVIN

It's not our job to be curious.  
We're not investigators, we're just  
the babysitters.

NICOLE

Kevin, respectfully, you have your  
way of working and I have mine.

KEVIN

I see that. And right now, let's  
just do it my way. Alright?

NICOLE

Why? Cuz he's your buddy? I know  
you're used to working alone, but  
normally, your partner is the one  
you look out for, not the murderer.

Kevin looks back. This is new. Nicole holds her ground.

KEVIN

Well, *Partner*. If my *buddy* gets  
scared, don't you think it'll be a  
lot harder for two people, one of  
whom has never done this, to  
protect him and ourselves?

Nicole, invalidated, is about to tell Kevin everything --

NICOLE

Ok. Look. The FBI isn't asking --

KEVIN

*I don't give a fuck about the FBI.  
Just do your God damn job.*

His sudden anger startles them both. Embarrassed, Kevin grabs  
steaks from the freezer, stomps upstairs.

**INT. KITCHEN. SAFEHOUSE. EVENING**

They eat in tense silence. Silverware scrapes plates.

**INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Nicole, in bed, on speakerphone with Lamont. Whispers --

LAMONT (V.O.)  
You've got a long car ride to get  
something out of him, don't you?

NICOLE (INTO PHONE)  
I'm trying but Marshal Cogan  
explicitly told me to drop it.

LAMONT (V.O.)  
You don't work for him. You need --

*KnockKnock.* Nicole hangs up, puts the phone under the pillow.

NICOLE  
Yes?

KEVIN  
(entering)  
Hey. I just wanted to say I'm  
sorry. I was way out of line.

She nods, but it's still awkward. He decides to open up --

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Look. The FBI can really only ask  
about murder, because they didn't  
kill anyone. So they won't catch  
dirt on themselves. But if they  
start asking about drugs? Then  
they're talking about dirty cops  
and agents and *who knew what when?*  
They're part of that and who wants  
to look in the mirror? So they need  
Frank's skeletons, cuz if they look  
in their own closet? They're gonna  
find a fucking cemetery's worth of  
skeletons in there, the FBI will.

NICOLE  
How do you know all of this?

KEVIN  
I've been around. I've seen it.  
(then)  
Anyway, you're doing a good job and  
I'm sorry. I was wrong. G'night.

Kevin closes her door behind him as he goes. On Nicole:  
caught between poles. Emotional vertigo setting in.



**INT. KEVIN'S SUV (DRIVING ON THE HIGHWAY). PRE DAWN**

Nicole drives, Kevin in shotgun. Frank squirms, leaning on a window in back. Nicole, seeing this, tries something new.

NICOLE

Do you want something to lean on  
for a pillow, Frank?

Kevin privately notes her courtesy with pride.

FRANK

I'm alright, thank you, Sweetie.

NICOLE

You know you can call me, Nicole.  
(sees Frank roll his eyes)  
No, don't do that. Just... enough  
with the pet names.

FRANK

Oh, get over yourself already.

NICOLE

I'm asking for basic courtesy --

KEVIN

Guys? It's gonna be a long day.

A stifled beat passes. Frank leans forward, contrite.

FRANK

You're right, Nicole. You're a law  
enforcement officer, you deserve  
respect, and I want to say: you're  
a great driver for a woman, Dear.

NICOLE

Yeah? Take your seatbelt off and  
get comfortable, Sweetie.

Kevin laughs. Maybe unexpectedly, Frank does, too.

FRANK

So she can throw a punch! Not bad!

NICOLE

Hey, thanks, Darling.

Kevin turns on the radio. *Do You Wanna Dance?* by Bobby Freeman ends the argument. In the rearview, Nicole sees Frank smiling to himself. Then -- she smirks at her own reflection.

**INT. MULTI LEVEL PARKING GARAGE. CHICAGO. MORNING**

Nicole drives up the corkscrew to find a CONVOY of five unmarked SEDANS and SUVS. Bozich, Emma and Lamont waiting.

Greetings. Then -- Bozich holds a MAP, stars and marks on it.

BOZICH

Welcome home, Frank. Come with us.

**I/E. CONVOY. CHICAGO. DAY. INTERCUT BETWEEN CARS**

The CONVOY emerges from the garage. A UTILITY TRUCK -- FBI AGENTS dressed as workers inside -- falls in behind.

In an **SUV**, Kevin rides with vigilant DEPUTY MARSHALS. His DRIVER and OTHER DRIVERS in ambient communication throughout.

In another **SUV**, Nicole is with Emma and FBI AGENTS. Emma gives Nicole a discreet wink. Nicole registers it.

In a **SEDAN**, Bozich has the map spread out, showing Lamont and tense Frank a circled PARK near Guaranteed Rate Field.

BOZICH

First, you're gonna point out where Andy Weldon is buried.

FRANK

I already told you: near Sox Park.

BOZICH

No. Exactly where.

**LATER** -- The CONVOY stops at a PARK.

BOZICH (CONT'D)

Ok. Where'd Mazzone bury him?

***Quick Flash:** John and Frank bury Weldon, dropping their gloves in the hole and covering it.*

FRANK

(making this up)

I think there was construction?

Mazzone buried him in that.

Bozich signals the DRIVER, who mumbles something. Then -- AGENTS dressed as utility workers climb out of their truck.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's going on?

BOZICH

We're gonna dig him up. Seems to be  
how we catch you guys.

The Analyst directing via radio, the AGENTS move to a designated spot, spray an orange X on the ground.

Out the window, Frank makes taut eye contact with a JUNKIE. Looks away, hiding his face. His car starts to move.

**I/E. VARIOUS. CHICAGO. DAY. INTERCUT BETWEEN CARS**

The CONVOY moves and stops -- by a CHURCH, an ALLEY, along the RIVER BANK -- undercover AGENTS marking a spot at each.

Kevin, Nicole and the Marshals are vigilant, eyeballing bystanders. Frank leans deep in the car, growing warier.

Finally, the CONVOY rolls into underground parking at the Dirksen Federal Building, posted COPS securing the entry.

**INT. SMALL OFFICE. FEDERAL BUILDING. LATER THAT DAY**

Kevin and Nicole drink coffee. Lamont pops his head in.

LAMONT

The FBI wants to take a run at him  
while here's here. His lawyer is  
coming, so it could be a minute.  
I'll call you when we're done.

He leaves. Looks between Nicole and Kevin. *What now?*

**INT. BULLPEN. FEDERAL BUILDING. MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin and Nicole enter. 10 or so MARSHALS there waiting.

MARSHAL IN CARPENTER JEANS

Can you tell us about it, Kev?

KEVIN

I have other plans. She's the one  
you wanna talk to anyway.

Nicole looks at Kevin, half expecting another shoe to drop. Maybe a wink. But he's being sincere.

MARSHAL IN CARPENTER JEANS

No shit, Potts? Alright. Let's go  
get an Appletini or whatever the  
fuck you drink.

**INT. BOSTON BLACKIES BAR. CHICAGO. DAY**

Empty except for the Marshals, a raucous crowd of meatheads. Nicole is at the head of the table. Kevin isn't there.

MARSHAL IN CARPENTER JEANS  
How do you like this? Our little  
bird is watching the guy who's  
gonna bring down the mob.

She swells. Then -- down the table, she sees Wayne snort derisively. She tries to ignore it. But she can't.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. KEVIN'S APARTMENT. SAME**

Kevin sorts through mail. Reveal: Archie, twirling Kevin's keys. Throughout, Kevin doesn't notice Archie's nerves.

ARCHIE  
What do you hear from Peter?

KEVIN  
...I've been really busy.

ARCHIE  
Guarding this witness, right?  
Speaking of... I heard that mobster  
Frank Decarlo is missing?

KEVIN  
I dunno. Check behind the fridge.

ARCHIE  
Don't be a smartass with me. I'm  
concerned about you here.

KEVIN  
Why are you concerned about me?

Archie ticks through options. Then --

ARCHIE  
Because you're all the family I've  
got, Kevin.

Kevin looks up at Archie. Sees a worried, genuine old man.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)  
Will you at least check in with me?

KEVIN  
(deciding right then)  
Okay, yeah. I'll check in.

**INT. FBI CONFERENCE ROOM. FEDERAL BUILDING. LATER**

Frank eats a hot dog, exhausted but unbothered. Bozich admires the case wall like a conquering Napoleon.

Mugshots -- not John -- have been added to expanded victim files on the wall. Maps of the city are noted and starred.

**INT. KEVIN'S SUV (DRIVING). LATER THAT NIGHT**

Kevin driving, the SUV exits the parking lot into the glowing city, slipping anonymously among traffic towards the highway.

FRANK

They said *what do you want to eat?*  
*I said I want a hot dog. From*  
*Parky's.* You like that? A fucking  
pud from Cicero and I got the FBI  
driving to Elmwood Park to get me a  
dog. Only in America, kids.

(then)

Nicole, don't you want to offer me  
something to lean on?

NICOLE

I got something you can choke on.

Frank laughs. To Kevin, who's watching the road --

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You need me to navigate?

KEVIN

Nah. You're fine. That seat goes  
back if you want.

Nicole leans her seat back. Gets comfortable.

**INT. VISITING ROOM. MARIONVILLE PRISON. DAY**

Close on: John Decarlo, across glass from **PAUL MAZZONE**, of the CICERO CREW, who's in a jumpsuit. They talk on phones.

JOHN

You remember Pagliacci? He was  
worried about Fratello? Fratello  
went on vacation and didn't write?

PAUL MAZZONE

Fratello didn't have enough work to  
afford a nice vacation, did he?

JOHN

He had the one job. Big job. Anyway  
Fratello went on vacation. But I  
guess he came back around.

PAUL MAZZONE

Did he? Where'd he stop?

JOHN

Over East, over by the palace. Fat  
Ass heard from one of those guys  
with the Austin hate? Point is...

John cradles the phone closely, lips scraping the receiver.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He. Was. Back.

**EXT. CHURCH. CHICAGO. DAY**

The church Frank marked. A backhoe has dug a hole in the  
grass. AGENTS search the hole -- unearth a SNUB NOSE .38.

**INT. WAR ROOM. FBI OFFICE. NON LINEAR**

Bozich watches as a photo of the .38 is added to a murder  
attributed to George Heidkamp. The missing piece of evidence.

**EXT. MAIN BRANCH. CHICAGO RIVER. DAY**

A couple CHICAGO POLICE BOATS bob. A DIVER surfaces, holding  
a rusty KNIFE. Just where Frank said it would be.

**INT. WAR ROOM. FBI OFFICE. NON LINEAR**

The KNIFE is added to the board -- damning evidence against  
Mazzone. Bozich looks on, like a smug peacock.

**EXT. PARK. CHICAGO. DAY**

A CONSTRUCTION CREW digs into the spot Frank marked. AGENTS  
dressed as construction workers supervise. Over the din --

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

We've got something here.

The Agents look down into the hole: **bones** revealed in dirt.

**INT. BOZICH'S OFFICE. DAY**

A high angle recording of John Decarlo's prison conversation. The synced audio is clear: "He was back."

Reveal: Two ANALYSTS are showing this to Bozich on a laptop.

ANALYST

He visited Mazzone at Marionville yesterday and said all that.

BOZICH

Who are Pagliacci and Fratello?

ANALYST

They know these conversations are recorded, so they speak in code.

BOZICH

Ok. Well. Get crackin'.

He dismisses them with a cocky wink as an AGENT steps in --

AGENT

The bones are back from the lab.

Bozich jumps up excitedly, pulls on his jacket.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. FBI HEADQUARTERS. CHICAGO. DAY**

Bozich, now *furious*, presents to Emma, Lamont and others.

BOZICH

He lied to me.

EMMA

What are you talking about?

BOZICH

Frank testified that he knew where Paul Mazzone buried a loan shark named Andy Weldon.

**INT. LAB. FBI HEADQUARTERS. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Bozich across from a LAB TECH -- bones laid out on the table between them. Bozich is incredulous.

SCIENTIST

This is Canis Lupus Familiaris.

BOZICH  
This is supposed to be Andy Weldon!

SCIENTIST  
Was Andy Weldon a German Shepard?  
Because these are dog bones.

**EXT. BACKYARD. SAFEHOUSE. DAY. NON LINEAR**

A horseshoe swings around a peg. Dead ringer. Frank --  
playing horseshoes -- smiles broad.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. FBI HEADQUARTERS. DAY**

Emma emits a stunned laugh. Bozich is fuming, humiliated.

EMMA  
How does that even happen?

BOZICH  
Who gives a shit? The question is:  
How do I know Frank hasn't been  
selling me wolf tickets the whole  
time? I don't. I've been on him two  
weeks and -- did you notice -- he  
hasn't mentioned John or Stew  
Vincent once! He's playing me.

Emma glances at Lamont. Subtle validation.

BOZICH (CONT'D)  
But who cares? I don't fucking  
care. He can fuck with me all he  
wants. But I need him to come back.

LAMONT  
He was just here a week ago.

BOZICH  
And he needs to come the fuck back.

**EXT. BACKYARD. SAFEHOUSE. DAY**

Frank, Nicole and Kevin play horseshoes.

FRANK  
You want some action?

NICOLE  
Beating you is all the action I  
need, thanks.



Her work phone buzzes -- not the Batphone. Marshal Baker calling. Nicole hurries a toss, then answers --

NICOLE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Hello?

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE. SAME. INTERCUT**

Lamont is alone in his office.

LAMONT  
What are you doing?

NICOLE  
Just... working.

Nicole takes a few steps away for privacy. Frank huffs.

FRANK  
You wanna throw for her?

KEVIN  
We can wait.

FRANK  
Why not? What else is there to do  
in Iowa but fucking wait?

Kevin laughs. Frank drinks some water. Nicole returns.

NICOLE  
They need us to come back.

Frank nearly backfires his water.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. FBI HEADQUARTERS. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Bozich, in a ballistic vest, addresses a TASK FORCE. As he speaks We See his team strap on vests. Checking weapons.

BOZICH  
No more fucking around.

**INT. VARIOUS ROOMS. SAFEHOUSE. DAY**

Kevin, Nicole, and Frank pack small bags. Frank and Nicole load the car. Kevin, alone in his room, on the phone --

KEVIN (INTO PHONE)  
Just checking in like you asked.  
I'm gonna be in the city tonight.

**INT. ARCHIE'S APARTMENT. SAME**

Archie cradles the phone to his ear, listening intently.

ARCHIE

Great, Kev. Will I see you?

**INT. KEVIN'S SUV (DRIVING ON THE HIGHWAY). DAY**

The mood is tense. Kevin drives. Frank in back. Nicole chews her lip. A sign: CHICAGO 120 miles.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. FBI HEADQUARTERS. NON LINEAR**

Bozich references a route MAP behind him.

BOZICH

Last time was a ghost tour. Now, he gets the fucking exorcism.

**LATER** -- As the Task Force exits, an ANALYST hurries to Bozich, Emma and Lamont.

ANALYST

Sir! The conversation between John Decarlo and Mazzone in jail? John mentioned Pagliacci and Fratello?

BOZICH

Yeah. Who are they?

ANALYST

Pagliacci. Italian for Clown, as in Johnny The Clown. He was talking about himself and Fratello is Italian for brother. *Frank went missing, Frank came back:* Somebody knew he was here.

EMMA

Who knew?

The Analyst shrugs. No idea. Looks between Bozich, Lamont, and Emma. Bozich can see that Emma is nervous.

BOZICH

Who cares? Before they knew he was here he was already gone again. This changes nothing.

Lamont thinks it over. Nods assurance to Emma.

EMMA  
Ok. Let's roll.

**INT. KEVIN'S SUV (DRIVING ON THE HIGHWAY). LATER**

In the far distance, the Chicago Skyline comes into view.  
Everyone in the car tenses up a degree.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO. SUNSET**

Kevin parks and they climb out. Bozich and TEAM are waiting.  
All business. More vehicles and people than last time.

Nicole sees Wayne, her replacement at courts there.  
Glowing. Kevin, Frank and Nicole are offered vests.

FRANK  
(re: the vest)  
What? Are you planning to shoot me?

A Marshal offers Nicole and Kevin rifles. Nicole takes one,  
Kevin begs off.

MARSHAL WITH GUN  
You might want to take it.

KEVIN  
No thanks. What's with all this?

LAMONT  
We're increasing security. You may  
have been spotted last time.

FRANK  
Are you fucking kidding me?

BOZICH  
You're fine. Get in the truck.

Frank laughs, bravado covering nerves --

FRANK  
You better at least buy me a hot  
dog for this.

Frank climbs into an SUV with Bozich. Nicole and Kevin share  
a concerned look before climbing into different SUVs.

As the doors slam *SHUT* --

**EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO. MOMENTS LATER**

We See from overhead as the CONVOY of 7 SUVs folds out into traffic. The city is busier and darker than last time.

Nearly bumper to bumper, the SUVs head South, out of the Loop and along the Lake Front as the sun goes down.

**INT. SUV (DRIVING IN THE CONVOY). MOMENTS LATER**

Nicole rides next to Wayne. A private moment between them.

NICOLE  
No courts today?

WAYNE  
It's Saturday.

NICOLE  
Right. I've lost all track of time.

WAYNE  
That can happen on vacation.

NICOLE  
Wayne, what's your problem with me?

Wayne shrugs. But Nicole wants an answer. Then --

WAYNE  
I think you get favoritism. Behind the "30 by 30" bullshit. And I don't like it. That's my problem.

NICOLE  
Are you kidding me? We work for an agency who's goal is to *only* be 70% men by the end of the *decade*, but I'm the problem? What was I supposed to do? Turn this detail down?

Wayne doesn't respond. Nicole looks him over. His wrap around Oakleys at night. His off brand Under Armour. Then --

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
You know what? Courts might be good for you.

Nicole doesn't look to see Wayne stunned by her new self assuredness. She just smirks.

**INT. SUV (DRIVING IN THE CONVOY). MOMENTS LATER**

Second SUV from front. Frank is between Bozich and Lamont.

BOZICH  
You shoulda been straight with me.

FRANK  
It was 30 years ago. Gimme a break.

Bozich shakes his head. No.

**EXT. PARK. CHICAGO. MOMENTS LATER**

The CONVOY pulls up to the park. Some DRUNKS and JUNKIES there. TEENS play a pickup basketball game on the court.

**INT. SUV (IDLING). SAME. INTERCUT BETWEEN CARS**

Kevin looks out the window. PEOPLE in the park are staring.

KEVIN  
Couldn't be more conspicuous here.

Frank's nerves are showing. Bozich is staring expectantly.

FRANK  
Maybe he's buried by the entrance?

BOZICH  
Don't guess. Remember.

In the REAR SUV, **MARSHAL GRADY** sees a CONVERSION VAN with BLACKED OUT WINDOWS slow as it nears then passes. Ominous.

GRADY (INTO RADIO)  
Who the fuck is this?

Kevin, then Nicole, clock the van, behind them, then passing, mere feet away, at a mile an hour. Watching them.

BOZICH  
Where's the body, Frank?

FRANK  
I don't think I remember.

Bozich takes out his phone, and starts to dial.

BOZICH

Ok. Then I'll call the warden at Marionville to tell him you got us close, but not all the way, and I'm gonna have him ask Paul Mazzone.

Frank stares Bozich down, cocky. Bozich isn't bluffing. The first ringback tone. The second. Third. Frank blinks --

FRANK

They were digging a new driveway. He's under the driveway. *There.*

BOZICH

If we dig this up and you fucked me again, I swear to God I'm giving you up to all comers. Try me.

FRANK

He's under the driveway.

Frank puts up his hands. Then -- Bozich hangs up, nods to the Driver, who whispers into his radio. Agents run out, spray paint an X. Frank catches his breath.

As the lead SUV's driver, **MARSHAL LEE**, puts it in drive, he sees the VAN making a slow U-turn back towards the CONVOY.

LEE (INTO RADIO)

Wait, hold on a second. This fuckin' van is coming back around.

100 feet away. The van turns at an intersection and speeds off, but the nerves are up as the CONVOY starts to move...

**LATER** -- They've picked up speed heading to McKinley Park. Traffic stops them. People on busy corners point and yell. Kevin sees faces inspecting their tinted windows.

KEVIN (INTO RADIO)

If we were smart we would've sent one guy with him in a cab.

GRADY (INTO RADIO)

Don't worry. Nobody's gonna mess.

KEVIN

(to himself)

*Sure.* Nothing prevents a gunfight like a bunch of loaded guns.

Nicole sees: a VAN at the intersection turn in behind them.

NICOLE (INTO RADIO)  
Is that the same van behind us?

Kevin looks back. All he can see are headlights. The CONVOY turns: a stopped TRUCK blocks the intersection ahead.

The CONVOY stops. The Van stops. Everyone goes on point. Nicole sees a SEDAN stop on the OVERPASS above them. *Fuck.*

NICOLE (INTO RADIO) (CONT'D)  
On the overpass.

Kevin sees it. *Is this an ambush?* In the lead SUV, Lee is breathing heavy, his rifle gripped tight in his lap.

We See the CONVOY stuck. VAN behind it. CAR stopped on the overpass ahead. If it's gonna happen, now would be the time.

FRANK  
(genuine)  
Should I have a gun?

BOZICH  
No.

Radio CHATTER crackles, splitting tense silence. Everyone clutches door handles, ready to spill out and open fire --

Kevin sighs. Then -- for the first time in his career, he draws his Glock. Safety off. *Tick. Tick. Tick.* Then --

The Van starts moving. Merges into the right lane and as it passes the CONVOY We See it's not the same van from earlier.

It turns right and is gone, just as the car on the overpass starts moving. So much for an ambush. Everyone exhales.

Nicole blows a deep sigh. Kevin holsters his gun. Frank turns to Bozich, breaking the ice --

FRANK  
I'm still gonna want that hot dog.

**EXT./ESTAB. PARKY'S HOT DOG STAND. ELMWOOD PARK, IL. NIGHT**

A hot dog stand with graffitied glass walls. Half the team is outside, waiting in/near their SUVs. The rest of them are...

**INT. PARKY'S HOT DOG STAND. ELMWOOD PARK, IL. SAME**

*The Breakup Song* by the Greg Kihn Band plays from a stereo. Frank, Bozich and others are at the counter, more relaxed.

FRANK  
(to the Cashier)  
Two dogs, a bag of fries, and a  
strawberry malt, please. His treat.

He points to Bozich then crosses and sits with Kevin.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
The fries here are so greasy you  
can see 'em through the bag.

Nicole sits with the other Marshals, bullshitting. Then --

NICOLE  
Do I dare use the bathroom?

GRADY  
Just don't sit down.

Leaving her radio and jacket behind, she fake laughs her way  
to the bathroom KEY, heads for the door. Kevin notices --

KEVIN  
You alright, Potts?

She turns, sees Kevin and Frank looking. Shows them the  
bathroom key, heads OUTSIDE. *DING*. Order up.

Bozich brings Frank a tray of food. Frank shows Kevin the  
grease blotched bag of fries.

FRANK  
See how it's see through?

KEVIN  
Those'll give you a heart attack.

FRANK  
Agent Bozich? Have these fries.

In the background -- visible through the glass but unseen by  
the group -- a VAN with BLACK WINDOWS rolls into the lot.

**INT. BATHROOM. PARKY'S HOT DOG STAND. MOMENTS LATER**

Nicole looks in the mirror. Head high. Steps out into the  
PARKING LOT. Towards the stand. 30 ft away. Then --

She stops. Notices the VAN in the lot. Probably nothing.  
Unless it isn't. She reaches for her radio --

Which is sitting inside. *Shit*. She waves from the dark --



The group inside doesn't notice. The outside group is on the other side of the restaurant. She's all alone.

The van is idling. Headlights glowing. Nicole instinctively reaches for her gun. But --

**Quick Flash:** Nicole shoots Charles. Sees empty hands. No gun.

Trembling, she hurries towards the door. The van starts moving towards the stand, arcing, parallel with the glass walls. Nicole speeds up --

#### **INT. PARKY'S HOT DOG STAND. SAME**

Frank carrying on to a rapt audience. Doesn't see the van's panel doors start to open. On Kevin: looking past Frank...

Sees Nicole hurrying up. Sees the van -- realizes that *this* is the ambush -- snatches Frank, yanks him down, just as --

**Crack** -- a shot spiders the glass where Frank was sitting. In the split seconds that follow: Nicole draws her gun. The stunned FBI reach for theirs, but they're too late --

The GUNMEN in the VAN open massive rapid fire.

Muzzles flash in the dark. Automatic rifles spray wildly. Thunderous, horrifying, rifle report echoes fill the air --

Glass and bullets rain down on the FBI and Marshals inside. Getting hit. Scrambling in vain for cover, drawing weapons --

Kevin is on top of Frank, a human shield, awkwardly crabbing them both away from the window towards the counter --

Bozich, from a knee, ignoring incoming, squeezes shots. Takes a round center mass of his vest, whiplashes violently --

OUTSIDE: the other Agents still in their cars, scramble out, draw guns and open a torrent of return fire on the van --

INSIDE: Kevin and Frank are on the ground, butted up to the counter, bullets piercing the wood just above them --

Nicole is on her belly, sighting in on the van. She breaks off a shot at a standing GUNMAN, hitting and staggering him --

OUTSIDE: The other Agents are unloading into the van, a kind of triangle of gunfire formed. Another GUNMAN is killed --

The tide is turning. Return fire explodes windows. Bullets puncture panels, until the van starts racing out of the lot --

INSIDE: Nicole explodes up to her feet, bursts through the destroyed glass wall into the PARKING LOT, aims, squeezes --

**Pop.Pop.Pop.Pop.Pop.Pop.Pop.** A diamond of shots into the van's door and window, killing the DRIVER.

The van impotently ghost rides into the street --

A lone remaining GUNMAN in it still firing, aiming at Nicole. Getting closer. Closer. She hits the ground --

Aims -- bullets skip high speed off the pavement around her -- breaks off a round -- POP -- hits the Gunman center mass --

And he drops inside the van.

Agents rush the van, guns trained as it gently impacts a light post. The shooting is over. Now it's all screaming.

Nicole looks at the van for a beat, furious. No fear, just plain white hot rage. Then, she looks back INSIDE --

FBI agents are shot. Groaning. The Cashier and Staff, unharmed, are exploding in panic. She runs inside.

Kevin stands over huddled Frank -- a bloody scrape on his head. Looks between Kevin and Nicole, both unharmed. Sirens.

#### **INT. VARIOUS ROOMS. HOSPITAL. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Marshals and Cops posted all over. In VARIOUS ROOMS and HALLWAYS: AGENTS are treated and rushed on gurneys.

In a GUARDED ROOM: Frank gets his head stitched. The DOCTOR is a man his age. Frank watches him. A road not taken.

In a DIFFERENT ROOM: Emma and Lamont watch as Bozich is inspected. Scratched but okay. Glass eyed. Then --

EMMA

Do you know what all of this means?

Bozich looks at her. Stoic. He knows, but he doesn't say.

EMMA (CONT'D)

It means we've got a mole.

#### **INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA. MOMENTS LATER**

Close on: Kevin getting coffees from a machine. He brings one to Nicole. She is deeply shaken, in a fugue state. Then --

KEVIN

Potts, you had to shoot that guy.  
You know that, right?

NICOLE

It's not that. I fucked up bad.

KEVIN

No, you didn't. We never should've  
come back in the first place.

NICOLE

I knew that van was all wrong, but  
I was screwing around and... I  
don't know if I can do this job.

KEVIN

Bullshit. Why do you think they  
picked you to guard their biggest  
witness? You're as good as anyone.

Nicole lilts, guilty. Kevin misreads this as self doubt.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You are. But you've got to stop  
letting the people upstairs --  
Baker, that State's Attorney, the  
FBI -- you've got to stop letting  
them control you.

Nicole suddenly goes on edge. *Does he know?*

NICOLE

Nobody's controlling me.

KEVIN

Sure they are.

(Nicole squirms)

They've mind fucked you into  
thinking you gotta be something  
you're not.

NICOLE

I'm not in the mood for a lecture.

KEVIN

I'm just saying you have to know  
who you are. Like, I don't know why  
you joined the Marshals, but I know  
it's got nothing to do with walking  
kids into schools.

Dissected, Nicole reacts with sudden, defensive venom.

NICOLE

*Oh, and you think you know who you are? Bull. Shit. Kevin.*

KEVIN

Alright, just forget it.

Kevin is serious, but Nicole's venting impels itself.

NICOLE

You say you don't like action but you're a federal agent and we just got shot at but you don't seem too bothered. So what? Do you *leave work at work*, or does nothing actually matter to you?

KEVIN

You're getting way too familiar.

NICOLE

Frank is a murderer but you treat him like an uncle, or some kind of fucked up father figure --

*Father figure* is the red line. Kevin erupts.

KEVIN

You know why you don't know me?  
Because I'm a fucking grown up!  
(collecting himself)  
I just do my job. I'm not a cop or a judge or the jury. My job is just to make people face the music. Give 'em a chance to make it right.  
(then, icy)  
Let's just keep it professional from now on, Deputy Marshal.

They sit there. Muzak and the hum of fluorescent lights.

**EXT. PARKY'S HOT DOG STAND. NIGHT**

A live news hit. Police on scene. Gawkers and caution tape.

REPORTER

...none of the FBI were killed, though several were taken to a hospital. There were members of another agency here, part of what we're told is a joint task force...

**INT. BOZICH'S OFFICE. FBI. THE NEXT MORNING**

Emma finishes watching that report on her phone, looks up to Bozich and Lamont. The mood is somber.

EMMA

I spent all morning convincing  
Judge Long not to shut us down.  
This doesn't help. So. What now?

BOZICH

Keep him here in the hospital?

LAMONT

No way. We've had no problems doing  
it our way. With just our guys.

BOZICH

And what does that mean, Lamont?

EMMA

Hey. Let's just think. How close  
are we really to John?

BOZICH

We're close. I'm building a trap.

But she was really asking Lamont. He nods. *Close*. Then --

EMMA

Where are your guys?

**INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT. SAME**

Nicole, who hasn't slept, is on the phone with Lamont.

LAMONT (V.O.)

We're still on, but we need to make  
some changes.

**INT. CAR (PARKED). SERVICE ROAD. IOWA. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Two MARSHALS (LANDSMAN and TUCK) park at the edge of the safehouse's driveway. Cornfield still between them and house.

LAMONT (V.O.)

We're gonna add some extra muscle  
from Northern Iowa. Extra eyes for  
the perimeter. Just in case.

At a fence, a distant neighbor's BORDER COLLIE barks at them.

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE / NICOLE'S APARTMENT. INTERCUT**

Lamont is still all business.

LAMONT

We're not sure how much further  
Judge Long is gonna let us go. So  
if there's something to be gotten --

On Nicole: alone in her solitary apartment.

NICOLE

I'll get it. I promise. I have to.

**INT. KITCHEN. KEVIN'S APARTMENT. LATER**

Kevin drinks coffee with Archie at the table.

KEVIN

Sorry I didn't call. Last night was  
a late one.

Kevin maintains an air of stoic calm for Archie's benefit.

ARCHIE

What do you hear from Private Pyle?

KEVIN

Peter? Nothing.

ARCHIE

Have you called him?

KEVIN

He doesn't want to talk to me.

ARCHIE

Christ, Kevin. That's no excuse. He  
needs his father.

KEVIN

He's got Chris, and they're --

ARCHIE

How about you need to be a father?

An uncomfortable air hangs. Archie mumbles something like  
"Take a piss." Goes to the bathroom -- steps inside. Then --

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

What the fuck is all this?

Kevin winces, realizing what Archie just saw.

**INT. BATHROOM. KEVIN'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin looks over Archie's shoulder into the hamper: last night's torn and bloody clothes there. Jeans. Shirt. Coat.

ARCHIE

You were in that? On the news? And you don't say boo about it?

KEVIN

It really looks worse than it is.

In one beat, Archie goes from angry to quietly introspective. Awash in concern. And deep guilt. He looks old. Then --

ARCHIE

You're out there with nothing covering your ass but your jeans. This is fucked. This is a disgrace.

(then)

This is on me, Kev.

KEVIN

How on earth is it on you?

Archie looks at Kevin. Maybe about to confess. Then --

ARCHIE

Because I stood at your dad's grave and promised to look out for you. And you end up like this? I failed him and I'm failing you.

He gives Kevin a St. Michael MEDAL from his ruddy neck.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

I want you to take this. Michael the Archangel. Patron Saint of Protection. Best I can do, until I figure something else out.

Simply to let Archie off the hook, Kevin takes the medal.

**INT. BULLPEN. US MARSHAL OFFICE. DAY**

Lamont addresses a team, Kevin and Nicole among them. They're on opposite sides of the room --

LAMONT

It's time to move the witness, but we suspect we may be watched.

**EXT. DIRKSEN FEDERAL BUILDING. CHICAGO. NON LINEAR**

A phalanx of SUVs emerges from the underground garage. Lights and sirens. We barely notice a Prius way behind it.

**INT. SUV (DRIVING). CHICAGO. DAY**

Marshals Grady and Lee glare out the windows, on point. Studying faces that stare back through the tinted glass.

Grady glares out the back window at a car behind him. *Is that an enemy?* His gun is ready.

LAMONT (V.O.)

So we're using strip club rules.  
They can look, but don't touch.  
Because just like in the strip  
club, it's not real.

**EXT. ROAD. CHICAGO. DAY**

At an intersection: the SUVs fan out in different directions. The phalanx was a diversion. We counter with --

**INT. PRIUS (DRIVING). DOWNTOWN CHICAGO. SAME**

Kevin drives up a corkscrew parking garage to his SUV. Nicole next to him, Frank laid across the back seat.

**INT. KEVIN'S SUV (DRIVING ON THE HIGHWAY). LATER**

They cross the Iowa state line. Frank exhales.

FRANK

Whoever shot on us better hope your  
guys catch 'em before John does.

He notices the iciness in the car. Nicole rolls her eyes.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY. SAFEHOUSE. LATER THAT DAY**

Climbing out of the SUV -- they hear the collie barking.

FRANK

What's with the dog?

KEVIN

Probably sees our backup. I'm gonna  
go introduce myself.



NICOLE  
Should I come with?

KEVIN  
No, thank you, Deputy Potts.

Curt enough to be punishing, but keep plausible deniability.  
He walks down the driveway. Once he's out of earshot --

FRANK  
What'd you guys have a fight?

NICOLE  
Just worry about yourself.

FRANK  
Back to this, huh? Great. Great.

Nicole grabs a bag and heads towards the house.

**INT. A/V ROOM. FBI OFFICES. CHICAGO. DAY**

Monitors. Editing machines. Speakers. ANALYSTS decoding  
Frank's prison conversation with Mazzone.

They play it again on half speed. On a WHITEBOARD: Their  
progress. A handwritten transcription. The Analyst reads:

ANALYST  
(reading the transcript)  
*John was worried about Frank. Frank  
went away. Frank did enough to earn  
a deal with the Feds. A big job.  
Frank came back.*

They've made progress (*palace = Sox Park*), but two questions  
are written in red: *Who is Fat Ass? What is the Austin Hate?*

**INT. CITRUS DINER. WESTMONT, IL. DAY**

Archie enters, scans the room, hefts himself into a booth  
across from Stew Vincent. Stew doesn't look up from his eggs.

STEW  
Hang loose a minute, Archie. I'm  
eating my breakfast.

ARCHIE  
You rotten son of a bitch.

Stew looks up. Sees Archie is red hot. Stew doesn't blink.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

The only reason I tipped you off was because you promised me my guy would be safe! Your fucking goon squad almost killed him last night!

STEW

Tell me who your guy is and I can keep an eye out for him.

ARCHIE

I should've locked you up years ago, you low rent prick.

STEW

Yeah, but you didn't. And I was much more inclined to take shit from you and your cocksucking posse when you had a badge to --

Archie deftly pulls a snub nosed .38 from his jacket. Stew freezes. The restaurant around them goes on, unaware.

ARCHIE

I'm done. You want to catch Frank, you're gonna do it without me. And if anything happens to my guy, I promise I'll kill you. Am I clear?

STEW

Yeah. Crystal clear, Archie.

Smirking, Archie puts the gun away, then -- he jams his finger knuckle deep *into* Stew's eggs. Stew winces. *Gross.*

ARCHIE

Sorry. Were you gonna eat that?

Archie swaggers out. Then -- in the booth behind Stew...  
Reveal: John Decarlo. He heard it all. Turns to Stew.

JOHN

You're gonna wanna keep an eye on him, don't you think?

**INT. LIVING ROOM. SAFEHOUSE. INTERCUT**

Frank zooms with Bozich. Kevin and Nicole in the kitchen.

BOZICH (ON SCREEN)

We're gonna talk about John today Frank. And I'm gonna want answers.

FRANK

There's a dog going off here on my end. Can you hear him? He's loud?

As they settle into questioning, Kevin turns to Nicole.

KEVIN

I'm gonna make a quick phone call.

Nicole nods. Kevin puts on his shoes, exits to the backyard. Through the glass door, she can see Kevin dialing.

**EXT. BACKYARD. SAFEHOUSE. SAME**

Kevin, nervous, has the phone to his ear. Ring. Ring.

PETER (V.O.)

Hello?

KEVIN

Hey, Petey. It's Dad.

**INT. DORM ROOM. MILITARY SCHOOL. SAME. INTERCUT**

Pete plays X-Box, the phone on speaker nearby.

PETER

Hey, Dad. How's it going?

Kevin smiles, proceeds clumsily.

KEVIN

It's... going. Good to hear you.  
Sorry it's been so long.

**INT. KITCHEN. SAFEHOUSE. SAME. INTERCUT**

Nicole watches Kevin: Moving over the lawn to the cornfield. She stares. Who is he talking to? *Who is he?* She gets up.

**KEVIN** vacantly bats a tall cornstalk.

KEVIN

How's school going? You like it?

**PETER** is deep in his game, barely listening.

PETER

It's good.

**INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. SAFEHOUSE. SAME**

Nicole is upstairs. Out the window: She can see Kevin on the phone. Propelled by curiosity, she enters...

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. SAME**

Knows she shouldn't be there. Opens his closet. Shirts on hangers. The gun case. Under his bed.

**PETER** clicks buttons rapidly.

PETER

Yeah. School's fine. How's work?

*Quick Flash: Gunfight at Parky's. Kevin hunched. Bullets fly.*  
KEVIN winces. Struggles to be vulnerable. Can't do it.

KEVIN

Work is fine. You know. Same old.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. SAME**

Nicole doesn't know what she's looking for. Opens a drawer: a pile of six Funeral Mass Cards there. Leafs through them.

The newest Eddie Menendez. Oldest Peter Sullivan, 1948-1992. *Weird*. Next to them: a WRAPPED GIFT and a handwritten note.

She reads the note: *Peter, I'm sorry I haven't been the best...* We See key phrases: "did my best," "proud of you."

At the bottom, it's signed: *Love, Dad*. From Kevin to his son. Never given. Not meant to be seen. She gently puts it back.

**KEVIN** is looking at his shoes.

KEVIN

Anyway I'm sure you're busy. I don't want to keep you.

**PETER** is barely paying attention.

PETER

Yeah. Thanks for calling though.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. SAFEHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

Nicole enters. Frank still on zoom. Kevin still out back, off the phone. Now just staring at the horizon, melancholy.

Nicole takes an educated guess as to why. She might be wrong, but it doesn't matter. Suddenly, she's deeply ashamed.

In the **LIVING ROOM** -- Frank is still on with Bozich.

BOZICH (ON SCREEN)  
Did John tell you to kill Big Dan Borsellino?

Frank sticks to his guns. Shakes his head no.

FRANK  
You can keep asking, but I'll keep telling you. No. John is clean.

Bozich deflates. Then --

FRANK (CONT'D)  
John and the Fat Ass are both clean.

**INT. WAR ROOM. FBI OFFICE. SAME. INTERCUT**

Bozich plays it cool, but the Analysts listening perk up.

BOZICH  
Who's, uh, who's the Fat Ass again?

FRANK  
Fat Ass? Fat Stew. Stew Vincent?

**INT. WAR ROOM. FBI OFFICE. LATER**

For the first time, Stew Vincent is added to the board. Bozich and Emma stand proud before it.

BOZICH  
This is big. Now, we get everything Frank knows about Stew Vincent.

EMMA  
You oughta be excited.

BOZICH  
Oh, I'm fucking edging right now.  
(she frowns)  
Sorry. But this is how we get John.  
This is the key to the whole --

Suddenly, Judge Long enters, Lamont behind her, eyeballing Emma: *I tried to stop her.* The Judge approaches the board.

EMMA

Your Honor, what brings you in?

JUDGE

Let me see what you've got.

BOZICH

Ok. *Voilà!* Each of these faces represents a crime. What we've been doing, is assigning responsibility to each crime, indicated by --

JUDGE

-- by the mugshot, right. But where is John Decarlo in all of this?

He's not. All of the crimes are pinned to someone else.

BOZICH

We're trying to establish that, and maybe second order we can --

JUDGE

No! This is not what you told me and now people are getting shot.

BOZICH

Your Honor, I think we all agree...

LAMONT

Agent Bozich is building a trap --

EMMA

And our guy is working on him, too.

LAMONT

-- I'd be happy to explain it.

JUDGE

You have one more week. And Lamont? You need to explain this trap.

They exit together. Emma nods, making the best of it.

EMMA

Ok. Well. A week is a week.

Emma doesn't notice Bozich studying her as she goes.

**INT. KITCHEN. EVENING**

Kevin, Nicole and Frank on speaker with Lamont.

FRANK  
So what the hell happens in a week?

LAMONT (V.O.)  
You'll likely begin your sentence.

For the first time in a while, the gravity of what he's really been doing sets in on Frank. He is ashen and panicked.

LAMONT (V.O.)  
Hello?

KEVIN  
We're here.

LAMONT (V.O.)  
Look, you've got plenty of time between now and then. You could still get a lot of good information, couldn't you?

Meant for Nicole. *A little flagrant.* The others don't notice.

FRANK  
Wait. Hold on. Doesn't the state need time to build the case and stuff? You can't rush this shit. You don't wanna rush --

LAMONT  
Frank.

FRANK  
I'm saying we can stay here until you're really ready.

LAMONT  
Hey man, what the hell did you think this was?

Frank hangs his head. Lamont's disembodied voice hangs.

LAMONT (CONT'D)  
The Marshals need to get back to their families, too.

Nicole sees Kevin's face betray the slightest pain.

**INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. LATER**

Frank stares out the window. *KnockKnock.* Kevin enters. Frank doesn't care to turn around. Kevin watches him for a beat.

KEVIN

You ok?

FRANK

I've been better.

Kevin stares at Frank's hunched shoulders. Genuine concern.

KEVIN

You're doing the right thing. Let me know if you need any help.

As Kevin goes to exit, suddenly Frank turns to him.

FRANK

Can you do me a favor, Kev? Can I borrow your phone for a second? I want to call my lawyer.

Kevin considers this. Frank fixes him with pathetic eyes.

KEVIN

Two minutes. I'll be right outside.

Kevin hands over his phone and exits. Frank dials.

**INT. FANCY LAW OFFICE. MOMENTS LATER. INTERCUT**

Frank's lawyer Rick answers, seated in an overstuffed chair.

RICK

Hello?

FRANK

They're cutting it short, Rick.

RICK

Frank?

FRANK

They're cutting it short. Does that get us out of our deal?

RICK

No, Frank. That's not how it works. You serve at their pleasure.

FRANK

How can I extend it? Is there a way I can extend this?

RICK

You made a deal and you don't --



FRANK

*I don't want to go to fucking jail.*

Then -- Rick proceeds delicately.

RICK

Maybe. Maybe if you had something more... valuable to them that you were willing to cash in?

FRANK

I would give them Stew Vincent.

RICK

That's not gonna be enough. You know who I mean.

Frank digs his palm into his eyes for a long beat.

FRANK

I can't do it.

(then)

John knows I'd never do it, right?

RICK

I couldn't answer that.

FRANK

Why don't you call him? Call him and just make sure he knows.

RICK

I don't think that's a good idea.

FRANK

Just call him and make sure --

RICK

I can't do that and I won't.

Frank whips Undaunted Courage at the wall. Then --

FRANK

Ok. You're right.

(convincing himself)

Anyway, he's gotta know he can trust me, Right?

**INT. KITCHEN. SAFEHOUSE. EARLY EVENING**

A quiet, tense dinner. Frank is despondent. Not eating.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY/SERVICE ROAD. SUNSET**

Nicole plods up the long driveway to the service road with a covered plate. She waves to the Marshal sedan there.

NICOLE

I've got extra burgers. You hungry?

Tuck, the driver, rolls down the window, takes the plate.

TUCK

Yes, yes! Thank you very much.

NICOLE

Don't you guys get bored out here?

LANDSMAN

Actually, we were wondering who has it worse. We both think it's you.

NICOLE

Really? Why's that?

LANDSMAN

Other than the dog --

The collie is woofing loud somewhere past a fence.

LANDSMAN (CONT'D)

-- We just hang out. But you're in there with a killer. And your partner seems like a hard-on.

This catches her sideways. Protective instincts triggered.

NICOLE

Well. You don't know him.

TUCK

Met him yesterday. Kind of a dick.

LANDSMAN

We were trying to be polite, ask him about himself, all he could talk about is work.

Tuck gives a sarcastic salute. Unimpressed. Then --

NICOLE

Maybe because he's a professional and not your fucking buddy.

Nicole turns on her heel, doesn't look back to see the two Marshals, stunned, shaking their heads.

**INT. KITCHEN. SAFEHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

Nicole enters with the empty plate. Kevin is doing dishes.

NICOLE  
Is Frank...?

KEVIN  
I don't think he's feeling good.

NICOLE  
Do you want help with those?

KEVIN  
No, thank you.

She goes to exit. Stops. Takes a gamble --

NICOLE  
I love action. I always have. When I was in basic at Fort Sill, I dominated. Water PT, Army issue maxi pad swole up like a diaper? I didn't care at all.

Caught off guard, Kevin turns off the faucet and listens.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
I deployed, I loved it. They sent me to Germany, all I dodged was dysentery but I would've gone anywhere, and I would've dominated. I know who the fuck I am. But when the Marshals recruited me, if I said I just want to put in a year on courts and spend the rest of my career hunting fugitives, all gas no brakes, they would've thought I was crazy and they never would've hired me. And you know it.  
(then)  
Figure since we're almost done you should probably get to know me.

KEVIN  
What does your family think?

NICOLE  
My dad floats around the VFW telling everyone what a hero I am. I never told him I was banished to courts for shooting a guy.

After a long beat, Kevin nods. He sees her.

KEVIN

My dad used to say you've gotta run  
your own race.

NICOLE

How old were you when he died?

Kevin is surprised by her directness.

KEVIN

I was 14. Just turned 14. I had  
talked to him a couple days before,  
and then, um, he had a heart attack  
called a STEMI. "The Widowmaker."  
He loved his Winstons, you know?  
Two packs a day. Cruiser reeked  
like an ash tray. Even today if I  
smell one I just... He gave 'em up,  
but... too late.

They're both caught off guard by his vulnerability.

NICOLE

I can tell you were close.

KEVIN

He was a good guy. You would've  
liked him. Everybody liked him. And  
I had a bunch of uncles so I was  
real lucky, but, he was a good guy.  
Anyway...

Before he gets sentimental, Kevin turns back to the dishes.

NICOLE

Didn't... Didn't you say he died on  
the job?

Kevin sniffs. Scrubs a dish real hard.

KEVIN

He did. He was doing his job.

Nicole pats his shoulder. Their first display of affection.

#### **INT. TECH OFFICE. FBI. NIGHT**

The Analysts have made progress, their WHITEBOARD transcript  
almost complete. Nearby -- a murder board: The Austin Hate.

Suspects. Leads. Dead-ends. They stare, deeply frustrated.

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE. SAME**

Lamont and Emma, reviewing testimony. *KnockKnock.*

LAMONT

C'mon in.

Bozich enters. Unexpected but not unwelcome.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

Have a seat. We're game planning  
the time we have left.

But he just stands there, studying Emma. Predatory.

EMMA

What's up, Agent Bozich?

BOZICH

Earlier with the judge. You said  
"Our guy is working on him, too."  
What did that mean?

Emma steals a guilty look at Lamont. Bozich sees it.

BOZICH (CONT'D)

Emma. What did that mean?

**INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM. SAFEHOUSE. NIGHT**

Nicole, in pajamas, washes her face. On the sink's counter:  
her secret cellphone. The one that will never ring...

It's ringing. On silent. Lamont. Nicole doesn't notice. She  
dries her face. Sees four missed calls. She steps into...

The **BEDROOM**, a button away from calling Lamont -- *GASPS* --

NICOLE

Jesus! Scared the shit out of --

KEVIN

Is that the phone you call them on?

Kevin is standing in her bedroom. His eyes are hard and dark.  
Nicole, caught, instinctively puts the phone behind her back.

NICOLE

What are you talking about?

KEVIN

That guy Bozich from the FBI called screaming about me running a covert little side hustle. He said Baker and that State's Attorney -- *those children* -- admitted it.

They both know she's caught. She hangs her head.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Leave it to the FBI to get the wrong guy, am I right?

He goes to exit. Just before he does --

NICOLE

I didn't want this!

KEVIN

*I give a fuck what you want.*

Hand on the door, he Turns back --

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I bet you anything that stupid little secrets like this are how we got found out in Chicago.

Nicole bows up, propelled by an unexpected surge of pride.

NICOLE

You think I can't keep my mouth shut? Not telling anybody shit about what I'm doing is my whole life. *Nobody*. That one person you can trust with everything? I don't have one. Do you? Who have you told? Because I have nobody.

(then)

This was the only way I could get back. They needed to me to prove --

KEVIN

They needed you to prove yourself? Grow the fuck up!

NICOLE

Me? You do the same thing every day, like you're playing a video game you've already beaten --

KEVIN

That's what I'm ordered to do! And if we ignore orders, people can get killed. Who would know that better than you?

Nicole stops. Her biggest vulnerability used against her. And so easily, like he always ready to do it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Congratulations, you've proved yourself. I know who you are now.

He storms out, slamming the door behind him.

**INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Frank is asleep, clutching a rosary.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Kevin, wide awake, fondles the St. Michael medal on his neck.

**INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Lamont calls again. Nicole stuffs her phone in the drawer.

**EXT./ESTAB. SAFEHOUSE. SUNRISE**

The Marshal car on the service road. A moment of peace. Then -  
- the dog wakes up. Starts barking incessantly.

**INT. KITCHEN. SAFEHOUSE. MORNING**

Nicole is at the table drinking coffee. Frank enters. Nods good morning, still stretching awake.

FRANK

Kevin isn't up yet?

As he pours himself a cup --

NICOLE

Guess not.

FRANK

Were you guys arguing down here last night?

Nicole shrugs. Frank can sense a sore subject.

**INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM. SAFEHOUSE. SAME**

The St. Michael Medal bounces on Kevin's bare chest as he brushes his teeth. He focuses on it in the mirror.

**EXT. STREET. WICKER PARK. SAME**

Archie sips a styrofoam coffee, plodding down the street. Reveal: Someone is watching Archie from a car.

**INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM. SAFEHOUSE. SAME**

Kevin stops brushing and just looks at the medal. Suspicion gnawing. A private war going on inside him.

**INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER**

Archie drops off the mail. As he's about to exit... *Lakeshore Drive* by Aliotta Haynes Jeremiah plays. Archie's ringtone.

ARCHIE (INTO PHONE)  
Hey Kev! How are you, Pal?

**INT. BATHROOM. SAFEHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER. INTERCUT**

Kevin is troubled, working up his courage.

KEVIN  
I'm good. Um. This a good time?

ARCHIE  
Oh, please, I'm Mr. Busy. Let me pencil you in. What's going on?

KEVIN  
Archie. I've got a question for you. And I'm sorry to even ask.

ARCHIE  
Anything.

KEVIN  
This thing I'm doing...

ARCHIE  
The WITSEC?



KEVIN

Yeah. Have you told anybody?

Archie stifles a gasp. Kevin begins reeling.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Archie? You swear on my father's  
grave that you didn't tell anybody.

Archie sniffs. Doesn't speak. Kevin realizes Archie is  
guilty. But it won't be true unless Archie says it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Swear on his grave, Archie.

Archie swallows. Looks down. Plants his feet.

ARCHIE

They knew Frank was missing. I  
figured he was with you. And I told  
'em when you were coming back.

Kevin's neck is burning. His blood is moving slow.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

I didn't mean for you to get hurt,  
but I told them he was here.

KEVIN

Why?

ARCHIE

Because you told me that you blamed  
everything on losing your dad. And  
Frank Decarlo is the guy that took  
him from you. He's the guy that  
burned us. The guy that put us  
away. The guy responsible for  
killing your father. I think he  
should die for that.

KEVIN

... How can I believe you?

ARCHIE

You live with the guy. Ask him  
yourself.

Kevin hangs up. Stares in the mirror for a beat, trembling.  
Then -- he throws open the toilet lid. Vomits.

**INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER**

Archie marinates in regret. Suddenly -- *Four* THUGS burst through the door, violently rip Archie to the ground --

Stomp him. Put a boot on his neck. Pour the bullets out of his revolver -- they bounce in front of him. Then --

Stew Vincent enters, carrying a *two liter bottle full of packing peanuts*. Archie strains and seethes but it's no use.

STEW

This your man's place? It's a dump.  
(crouching)  
Where is he?

ARCHIE

*In your mother's --*

One of the Thugs tapes Archie's mouth shut. Stew holds the gun on him as other Thugs ransack Kevin's place --

Throw open drawers. Rip through his things. Rifle through his mail. Looking for clues. In the **BATHROOM** --

A Thug finds Kevin's bloody clothes. Checks the pockets of the jeans. Nothing. Then -- *his jacket*.

THUG

Yo, I've got something here.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. KEVIN'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER**

The Thug comes running out, shows Stew what he found. We don't see it yet, but it rates with Stew. Then --

He puts the bottle to his gun's muzzle -- a crude suppressor. Archie stops struggling. Knows it's over. **Bang**.

**EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF KEVIN'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER**

Stew and his CREW hurry across the street to a waiting car.

**INT. CAR (IDLING ON THE STREET). MOMENTS LATER**

Stew gets in the backseat. John Decarlo there. Stew shows John what they found in the bathroom: A POSTCARD.

*Living the dream in Dyersville, Iowa!*

**INT. LIVING ROOM. SAFEHOUSE. LATER**

Close on: Frank's worn out face. He's zooming with Bozich.

BOZICH

Look, Man. You've given me 100 cases on a dead guy and an inmate.

**INT. WAR ROOM. FBI OFFICE. SAME. INTERCUT**

Bozich is playing his last card.

BOZICH

But nothing on your brother. And I really think you should.

FRANK

Why's that?

BOZICH

He tried to kill you in Chicago. He won't give up. Last chance. Give me anything, I'll lock him up now.

Frank appears to take this to heart. Then --

FRANK

Alright. There is something I've been wanting to tell you.

(Bozich leans in)

Suck my dick, you fucking wannabe.

Bozich shakes his head and logs off. Frank beams.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. LATER**

Kevin is despondent. Looking at the funeral mass cards. A hand on Archie's St. Michael Medal. A plan forming.

**INT. KITCHEN. SAFEHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

Frank and Nicole hear Kevin coming down the stairs --

FRANK

There he is! You alright? Did I hear you getting sick earlier?

Kevin enters, looking eerily well composed.

KEVIN

All good. Let's eat.

**INT. KITCHEN. SAFEHOUSE. LATER**

They eat. Nicole is tense and Kevin is withdrawn. *TB Sheets* by Van Morrison plays softly from a radio.

FRANK

Gonna miss this cooking, I'll tell you that. When you wise up and quit this job you've got a future as a chef. Aren't you gonna miss this, Nicole?

NICOLE

I don't know. I think we have a few more days, don't we?

FRANK

You gotta be where you are, Nicole. You'll miss this won't you, Kevin?

Kevin, struggling to keep it together, looks up --

KEVIN

Yeah. I am.

FRANK

This coulda been worse. Thank you both. I owe ya and I'm good for it.

(toasting)

*Here's to you and here's to me, may we never disagree, but if we do... then fuck you and here's to me!*

Frank laughs. But it stings close to the bone for Kevin. He studies Frank. Swallows. Overwhelmed. Then --

KEVIN

Can I ask you a question?

FRANK

You can ask me anything you want.

KEVIN

Remember... when we were driving? You told me about some guys got mad at you? They were gonna kill you?

FRANK

That was kind of between us, Kev.

KEVIN

You can trust Nicole.

On Nicole: Mouth open. Half gaslit.

NICOLE  
Sure you can.

KEVIN  
What were they so mad at you about?

FRANK  
I don't remember.

KEVIN  
Was it drugs?

FRANK  
Is this guy OK, Nicole?

He's smiling but genuine. Nicole is enlisted despite herself.

NICOLE  
I think so. What happened?

KEVIN  
It was drugs, wasn't it?

After a long impassive beat, Frank decides to be honest.

FRANK  
Yeah. There was an operation going.

KEVIN  
West Side? South Side? Cicero?

Throughout, Frank is deliberate, evaluating their reactions.

FRANK  
West. Stew's thing. But I made it big, and then it got a little too big and we got some bad attention.

KEVIN  
What happened?

FRANK  
What happens happened. The FBI showed me some pictures of me doing some things I shouldn't be doing, threatened me, what have you.

NICOLE  
How'd you get out of it?

FRANK  
We had some partners in the upstanding police department. Neighborhood guys.  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Guys I'd duke a little to just keep driving, you know? *Don't look over here.* When push came to shove, the FBI was more interested in them.

Archie was telling the truth. Nicole is too mindblown to see Kevin struggling not to reveal his sudden rage.

NICOLE

It wasn't a guy. You gave up the cops. The cops were the patsy.

FRANK

Those fucking guys were savages. They knew what they were doing. So, they all got locked up, but they knew people. John figured if I was *made* those people couldn't touch me, and he wanted Borsellino gone...

Nicole's stomach is in her throat. Doesn't notice Kevin squeezing his knife. With a dry mouth --

KEVIN

How many dirty cops were in on it?

FRANK

Like 10.

(then, happier subject)

But, you know, if I didn't do that, we never would've met.

Frank gently slaps Kevin's back. Leaves his hand on Kevin's shoulder. At pace, Kevin forces a pained smile.

**LATER** -- Frank gone, Kevin washes dishes. Nicole sidles up.

NICOLE

I thought we didn't ask about drugs?

KEVIN

Feel free to call that in.

Nicole huffs as she leaves. Kevin scrubs the dish fiercely.

**INT. TECH OFFICE. FBI. LATER THAT NIGHT**

The Analysts replay John's prison video for the millionth time. Suddenly, one of them startles. *Hits rewind.*

Plays it again. Something massive occurs to him.

**INT. EN SUITE BATHROOM / NICOLE'S BEDROOM. SAME. INTERCUT**

Nicole on her phone. About to call Lamont. Instead --

She locks the door behind her. Googles "Cops arrested Chicago." A million results. She narrows her search.

**IN THE TECH OFFICE**

The Analyst listens close: "the Austin Hate."

LISTENING ANALYST

Wait. He's not saying *Austin Hate*!

OTHER ANALYST

What have you got?

LISTENING ANALYST

Listen to this...

**IN THE BATHROOM**

Nicole reads an old article: "COPS SNARED IN DRUG STING." There are mugshots and names. *Is this the one?*

**IN THE TECH OFFICE**

The office is empty. A coffee cup has been knocked over, still pouring.

**IN THE FBI HALLWAY**

The Analysts are running down the hall. Dress slacks and tight oxfords stretching...

**IN THE BATHROOM**

A name in the article catches Nicole's eye. Eddie Menendez.

***Quick Flash:*** Eddie's funeral card in Kevin's drawer.

She counts the mugshots. 1.2.3.4.5 --

**IN BOZICH'S OFFICE**

The breathless Analysts brief Bozich. He is rapt.

ANALYST  
Decarlo was saying Austin *Eight*.

#### IN THE BATHROOM

Nicole clicks rapidly, investigating names. Searches another.  
No leads. Searches Archie. Keeps going.

#### IN BOZICH'S OFFICE

Bozich listens intently to the Analysts.

LISTENING ANALYST  
The Austin Eight! Eight cops from  
the Austin precinct. They were  
convicted of taking bribes --

OTHER ANALYST  
They basically ran security for a  
heroin ring. Turned their heads --

LISTENING ANALYST  
And John said -- in code -- one of  
them told Stew Vincent that Frank  
was here --

OTHER ANALYST  
One of theses guys is the mole!

BOZICH  
Why? What's the connection?

#### IN THE BATHROOM

Nicole recognizes the name *Peter Sullivan*. The oldest mass  
card in the drawer. She searches him. Finds his obituary...

#### INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. SAME

Close on Kevin, stoic. Reveal: he's loading a gun. He pockets  
it, takes *something* from his dresser.

#### INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. SAME

*KnockKnock*. Frank sits up in bed.

FRANK  
Yeah?



As Kevin enters, We See he's holding the wrapped gift meant for Peter. He sits on the edge of Frank's bed.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
What's this? A going away present?

KEVIN  
There weren't ten.

FRANK  
What're you talking about?

KEVIN  
Those cops you burned. There were eight of them. Eight innocent men.

FRANK  
Pal, those guys were not innocent.

KEVIN  
Open this up.

Frank, now disturbed, takes the gift. Begins unwrapping it --

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Know what happened to those guys?

FRANK  
They each did like four years.

KEVIN  
Most of them did.

Kevin stands. Working himself up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
But one of them, Peter Sullivan, had a heart attack two weeks into his bid. Died alone on a prison floor. Right there. Because of you.

Frank has opened the gift, revealing a CHICAGO POLICE BADGE. On the small golden nameplate, inscribed: Peter Sullivan.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
And that was my dad.

Frank goes ashen. Stares at Kevin. Swallows. Kevin doesn't blink. Then -- he takes the gun from his pocket.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
I didn't even get to keep his fucking name because you ruined it.

FRANK

You're fucking kidding me? Just wait a minute, alright?

KEVIN

I have waited. My whole life.

Kevin levels the gun at Frank. Aims from 10 feet. Just then --

NICOLE (O.S.)

Kevin, don't do it.

Nicole is in the doorway, gun pointed at Kevin. Kevin registers her presence, but doesn't take his eyes off Frank.

KEVIN

Go back downstairs. This has nothing to do with you.

FRANK

Shoot him.

NICOLE

Shut the fuck up!

(to Kevin)

Kevin, please. You don't want this.

KEVIN

I taught you de-escalation, Potts, I'm not interested. Walk away.

Deep breath -- Nicole slowly moves closer, gun on Kevin --

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You said it yourself, he's a murderer.

-- But she keeps going, evenly arcing inwards, until --

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Let me just end this shit now.

-- With one last side step, she's between Frank and Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?

NICOLE

I'm doing my job.

(then)

Think about your son. You named Peter after his grandpa, didn't you? Don't you think he deserves more than this?

KEVIN  
So did my dad!

FRANK  
Aw, he didn't complain when I put cash in his hand! He knew what it was. Riding me around, watching him smoke 100 cigarettes with his big gorilla partner!

In this moment, Kevin knows that his Dad was guilty. Nicole might know this as well. She stays calm.

NICOLE  
Kevin. You never wanted to be the judge or the executioner. Don't start now. You know who you are.

Kevin softens some. Gun still aimed but his shoulders sag.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
You're never gonna make it right with your dad, but I know you want to make it right with Peter. You have to choose.

On Kevin: Gun on Frank. Trembling.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
He's gonna die in prison. That's balance. So put the gun down, okay?  
(he doesn't)  
I'm gonna call Tuck and Landsman, they can bring him in tonight.

She carefully takes out her phone. Dials. No signal. Again. No signal. She tries again. No signal. *What the fuck?*

**EXT. SERVICE ROAD. DYSERSVILLE, IOWA. SAME**

CLOSE ON: a huge BACKPACK SIGNAL JAMMER. Next to it, Tuck and Landsman are shot dead in their SUV. Another car nearby --

Four GUNMAN with weapons ready beside it. Military vibes. A formidable assault squad. One of them clicks a 2-way radio --

Two more cars approach. Eight more shooters climb out. 12 total, guns at low ready. From the last car: Stew Vincent.

*This* is the assault squad. The border collie goes ape shit. A GUNMAN with a suppressed rifle turns towards it...

**INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. SAME**

Nicole tries again. Nothing. Kevin stares right through her, gun hand trained. Frank looks up.

FRANK

That dog stopped barking.

Nicole notices the same thing. Nothing but crickets and wind. She backs up towards the window. Glances out -- Freezes.

In the dark, she can see 12 *flashlights* ambling through the field towards the house. A light sweeps --

Briefly revealing a GUNMAN in its' beam. They're still on the other side of the cornfield, but they're coming.

NICOLE

Someone's coming.

KEVIN

Who?

NICOLE

Kevin, a fucking army is coming!

KEVIN

What're you talking about?

NICOLE

Look!

Pensive, gun never off Frank, he circles to the window. Peeks out -- sees the SHOOTERS moving through the corn.

KEVIN

What are we gonna do?

NICOLE

I don't know.

Frank, with trepidation, dares to get up -- Kevin following with the barrel -- and look out the window. *Bad to worse.*

FRANK

What the hell is this?

KEVIN

It's your brother.

FRANK

No way.

Kevin jabs at Frank with the gun.

KEVIN  
Do you *really* believe that?

NICOLE  
Kevin? Listen to me.

Nicole reaches out, steadily lowers the barrel of Kevin's gun, taking all of his focus.

NICOLE (CONT'D)  
We're gonna have to fight. And you know our odds are better with him.

Kevin looks out the window: the lights are moving slowly but getting closer. He knows Nicole is right.

**INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin opens the GUN CASE: Two M4 CARBINE RIFLES. Two more GLOCK 17s. Two rifles, four pistols total among them.

Kevin and Nicole strap on the Glocks, now with two guns each. Kevin takes one of the rifles. Powerful, but still long odds.

FRANK  
Should I have a gun?

NICOLE  
Yes.

Frank takes the second carbine. Looks at Kevin.

FRANK  
Can I trust you?

Kevin just stares. No answer. Nicole peeks out a window. The lights are closer. Armed, all three hurry out of the room, in different directions.

**EXT./ESTAB. CORNFIELD. MOMENTS LATER**

At the front edge of the cornfield, the Assault Squad holds a conical perimeter, their beams covering 270° of the house.

They wait, eerily washed by the ambient glow of exterior security lights. After 10 real time seconds --

The house goes entirely dark. Power is off. Stew Vincent laughs. From behind the Assault Squad, he calls out --

STEW  
So you in there, Frank?

**I/E. VARIOUS ROOMS. SAFEHOUSE / CORNFIELD. SAME. INTERCUT**

DOWNSTAIRS Frank peers from the corner of a window, lit by moonlight. His face is hard. Stew is out there somewhere.

STEW

Just c'mon out and we'll skip it.

UPSTAIRS Nicole is pressed near a different window.

STEW (CONT'D)

Your man in there doesn't have to die. Like his fat cop friend did.

KEVIN is flat on his belly, looking down sight of his rifle.

STEW (CONT'D)

We're not gonna wait for an invitation.

(then, to the squad)

Ok. Do your thing.

As the Assault Squad takes their first step --

**CRACK.**

A rifle shot from the house hits one of them, sending his beam skyward and down.

The hunt is over. The battle is on.

The Assault Squad immediately opens concentrated fire in the direction of the shot, an upstairs window --

Inside, Kevin is barrel rolling away from that window, glass and automatic gunfire exploding above him.

From their vantage points, Frank and Nicole start shooting -- Without pausing, the Assault Squad pans returns fire --

Now indiscriminately spraying the house. Blasting windows. Gouging walls. Decimating furniture. Raining destruction --

Down on Frank, Kevin and Nicole, all pinned to the ground in different rooms, shrapnel coming all around them. Then --

A break in the action. The house is smoking. The Gunmen pan down sights. Off hand signals -- the whole group steps --

Forward en masse. Shrinking the perimeter. Narrowing angles.

Inside, Frank is on the ground, rifle clutched, unharmed. Realizing what's happening, he convinces himself. Then --

He springs to his feet, running for some needed cover. The Gunmen hear him moving, turn, take aim and open fire.

As Frank lunges low behind a wall, Kevin pops up at his own window, drops a GUNMAN from distance -- light tumbling --

Nicole does the same, squeezing four rounds -- **PopPopPopPop** -- killing another GUNMAN. The NINE remaining shooters savvy --

Fan their return fire -- sending Kevin and Nicole diving away from the windows, pushing them deeper inside the house.

The Shooters start to advance rapidly, guns trained, some reloading, in a smooth militant stalk. 30 feet away. Then 20.

Upstairs, Kevin sees Nicole. Both unharmed. They can hear the Shooters talking outside. They're *close*. Downstairs --

Frank can hear the same. He's in the kitchen. A view of the stairway, but a lot of ground to cover to get there.

The Shooters bark orders and confer with hand signals in the dark driveway. They start moving closer --

Frank's breath is heaving. Now or never. He bolts toward the stairs, to the wall fusebox. He throws it open --

The outside lights go on, momentarily stunning the Shooters --

Kevin and Nicole seize this, sprinting downstairs, firing as they go -- **BlamBlamBlam** -- sending rounds out of the house --

Into the line of Shooters, staggering one to a knee. The other EIGHT Shooters nix the precision routine, go native --

And unleash fucking bedlam.

Deafening report. Too much distance for accuracy, but the damage is immediate and catastrophic --

Gunfire incoming and outgoing -- Frank, back in the kitchen, tips the fridge, screaming as he fires from behind it --

Kevin and Nicole, crouched shoulder to shoulder on the stairs firing, bullets whizzing past their faces, muzzles flashing --

Nicole, breaks off from Kevin, moves down the HALL, firing backwards until her gun is empty, into...

#### **INT. NICOLE'S BEDROOM. SAFEHOUSE. SAME**

Catches her breath. Almost instantly -- **SMASH** -- a gun butt through the window. A Gunman there, taking aim --

She dives into the BATHROOM, closes the door, hurrying to change clips --

The GUNMAN fires a few rounds into the door, starts climbing into her room, drops inside, aims towards the door --

Nicole abandons reloading, draws the second gun from her holster -- **BlamBlamBlam** -- into the door. Then --

The door flies open -- the Gunmen's dead body flops to the ground inches from her feet --

His distinct Sig Sauer P226 skitters towards her.

#### **INT. KITCHEN. SAFEHOUSE. MOMENTS LATER**

The battle is raging.

Frank, aware of Kevin on the stairs providing incidental cover fire, bursts from behind the fridge, runs --

To the BASEMENT STAIRS, throws open the door, three steps down, mounts his rifle on the now chest-high first floor --

Fires a BURST as a GUNMAN climbs through the window. Kevin sees another incoming, aims, **PopPop** -- **CLICK**. His gun jams.

He crouches, wrenches hard on the bolt. Frank sees this. In the kitchen -- **SMASH** -- another Gunman is climbing in.

FRANK  
(to Kevin)  
Come here! I got you!

Kevin can barely hear under thundering rounds, sees Frank screaming while he aims. Screaming something like "Now!"

Kevin runs -- the wall exploding behind him -- towards Frank -- covered by his rifle blasts -- **BlamBlamBlam** --

Hurries behind Frank. Just down the basement stairway, Kevin gasps a breath, momentarily safe, just as --

The kitchen Gunman lands inside. Aims at Frank. Frank swivels **Blam** -- and drops him. But the front door flies open --

Two Shooters pivot in. Frank -- dead to rights --

Dives *backwards*, crashing into Kevin, sending them both tumbling down the stairs to the concrete basement floor.

The Gunman at the door fires into the space that Frank just left, bullets eating into the wall above Frank and Kevin --



Kevin wrenches hard on his rifle's bolt --

A Gunman advances towards the basement stairs --

Kevin wrenches -- *squeezing* -- trying to unjam his gun --

The Gunman peeks down the stairs --

Kevin's jammed shell ejects -- **PopPopPop** --

He fires three rounds into the Gunman, whiplashing him,  
sending wild tremor shots through the upstairs --

As Kevin and Frank scramble to their feet --

Another GUNMAN fires down the stairwell -- **Blam** --

Shoots Kevin in the shoulder.

Sticking him to the wall --

Frank returns fire -- **PopPopPop** -- sending the GUNMAN back --  
**PopPop** -- and more as Kevin limps out of the firing line --

Gunfire comes down through the door at the top of the  
basement stairs -- **Blam** -- and back up -- **Pop** --

But neither side can see the other, or risk crossing the  
line. A momentary standoff is established. From an angle --

Frank has his gun trained on the top basement step. Then --

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You alright?

KEVIN  
(dumb question)  
No.

Frank sneaks a glance at badly bleeding Kevin.

FRANK  
Alright. Just relax. There's no  
getting in here. We're okay for  
now.

Kevin -- growling in pain -- reloads his rifle with his only  
extra clip. Frank sees this, realizes he's almost empty.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Should you give me that? You're  
hurt and I'm almost out.

Kevin stares at him. Frank explodes --

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 Oh, c'mon, God damnit! I just saved  
 your life.

Kevin grits his teeth, braces his back against the wall.  
 Squats up to his feet. Bleeding, but back in the fight.

Then --

KEVIN  
 Where is Nicole?

**I/E. NICOLE'S BEDROOM. / CORNFIELD. SAME**

Nicole is tentatively climbing out the bedroom window,  
 wincing as broken glass bites into her leg. She lands --

In the grass. Looks around. She can't see anyone between  
 herself and the service road. She could make a break for it.

Instead -- she draws the dead Gunman's Sig Sauer -- her lone  
 remaining Glock in her waistband --

She creeps around, low, towards the front of the house. Heart  
 pounding. Ears ringing. Through windows, she sees:

Gunmen moving around. Their lights hovering and darting.  
 Impossible to tell how many are left. Seven? Half a dozen?

Three Gunmen are posted at the top of the basement stairs.  
 The others are searching the house. Oblivious to --

Nicole creeping closer and closer to the gutted living room  
 window, taking an angle on two unsuspecting GUNMEN inside --

On Nicole: Deep breath. Then --

She springs her own ambush -- **PopPopPop** -- at close range  
 into the Gunmen inside the house --

Dropping and winging them -- blood spattering -- until the  
 others return deafening fire, as --

Nicole takes cover against the corner of the house. Then --

**BangBangBangBang** -- Muzzle flashes spark. Someone is shooting  
 at Nicole from the front yard cornfield. A *crossfire*.

It's Stew Vincent, squinting from distance down iron sights.  
 He fires two more rounds -- **BangBang** -- at Nicole.

She points the Sig Sauer towards the muzzle flashes, squeezes  
 -- **PopPop** -- **CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.** She's empty. Instantly --

Nicole *sprints -- bullets ripping past in the dark --* away from the side of the house --

Full speed into the cornfield, surrounded by head high corn in all directions, until the shooting stops.

She tosses the empty Sig. Sweating. Mind racing. She draws her Glock. Force ejects the clip --

Counts her remaining rounds. Five shots left.

**INT. UNFINISHED BASEMENT. MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin and Frank -- their rifles trained on the doorway at the top of the stairs -- hear all of this.

FRANK  
Is she...?

Kevin knows he means dead. He doesn't answer. They can hear the Gunmen yelling and stomping at the mouth of the stairs.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
This is not gonna last, Man. We've gotta get the fuck out of here.

Kevin doubles over, sees: wooden STORM CELLAR DOORS at the edge of the basement. Access to the backyard and escape.

With great strain, he levels his gun, replacing Frank.

KEVIN  
The door.

Frank sees the doors, but Kevin can barely heft his rifle.

FRANK  
Can you --

KEVIN  
Do it.

At the top of the stairs, there's a rumble. Something coming? Kevin fires a warning shot -- **Pop** --

The recoil against his injured shoulder makes him wince. Eyes fixed on the top of the stairs. Behind him --

Frank presses the storm doors. They're stuck. He pushes with everything he has. The door barely moves an inch.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Hurry up.

FRANK  
(straining)  
I'm trying.

Just then, an AUTOMATIC RIFLE appears at the top of the stairs. A Gunman pans the room, spraying blindly --

**Brrrrrrapppppp.**

Kevin and Frank drop as bullets ricochet wildly overhead. Kevin returns fire, winging the shooter, just as --

Frank, with panicked strength, shoulders the cellar door --

FRANK (CONT'D)  
*Hey!*

Kevin turns, sees Frank holding the door slightly open.

**EXT. SERVICE ROAD. MOMENTS LATER**

Nicole emerges from the cornfield onto the service road undetected. She sees -- the Gunman's cars. Hurries over --

A backpack there, dials and switches on it. The cellphone jammer. She tries to turn it off. Nothing. Stomps it --

The jammer breaks. She checks her phone. A signal. She dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
911. What's your emergency?

NICOLE (INTO PHONE)  
I'm Deputy Marshal Nicole Potts,  
I'm in an active shooter situation  
on 416 Industrial Road, Dyersville.  
Multiple shooters. I need a lot of  
backup.

OPERATOR  
Okay, I've got your location --

NICOLE  
I'm a US Marshal, I need everyone  
you have.

OPERATOR  
I'm sending units, but are you  
currently in danger?

NICOLE  
Not me, I'm not --

OPERATOR

Then I need you to stay away, Ok?

Nicole scoffs. *Now would be the time to stay away.*

**I/E. UNFINISHED BASEMENT / BACKYARD. MOMENTS LATER**

Kevin covering the stairs, Frank pushes the storm door a little further. They check in with eyes. 1. 2. 3. --

Frank throws the storm door open, Kevin climbs out into the BACKYARD. Looks around --

A Shooter, winged earlier, has him sighted -- **Bang.**

Kevin is hit in the gut, falls back into the BASEMENT. Frank breaks his fall, swings his rifle back to the stairs.

They're now trapped from both sides. Kevin bleeding bad.

**IN THE BACKYARD**

The Gunman and Stew advance slowly towards the storm door.

**AT THE TOP OF THE BASEMENT STAIRS**

The remaining three GUNMEN count down with hand signals, seconds away from assaulting the basement.

**IN THE BASEMENT**

Frank and Kevin, clutch their rifles. Prepared to go down fighting. Then --

A rumble is heard. Faint, but quickly growing louder. Closer.

**AT THE TOP OF THE BASEMENT STAIRS**

The Gunmen at the top of the stairs turn and see HEADLIGHTS racing through the cornfield.

**INT. MARSHAL SUV (DRIVING). SAME. INTERCUT**

Nicole floors it, mowing down corn, towards the house --

Windshield spidered by oncoming fire from inside --

Yanks the wheel, now on the grass, goes around the house --

**IN THE BASEMENT**

Frank, peering up through the open storm door, hears the SUV coming, sees the aura of headlights --

**EXT. BACKYARD. SAFEHOUSE / MARSHAL SUV. SAME. INTERCUT**

The backyard Gunman and Stew open fire -- **BlamBlamBlam** --

Nicole crouches, keeps the wheel aimed right for them --

At the last second -- they dive out of the way --

Frank sees the diversion, screams to Kevin --

FRANK  
C'mon! Let's go.

Nicole rips the wheel, recklessly circling the house --

The downed Gunman recovers his senses, turns --

Frank is out of the cellar, in the backyard, aiming -- **Bang.**  
Drops him. He pans the gun to terrified Stew. Aims. **CLICK.**

Empty. Frank takes off running, slips -- *twisting an ankle* --  
bounds up and limps -- into the CORNFIELD, unarmed.

Stew recovers composure and chases him.

**I/E. SUV (DRIVING) / FRONT YARD. SAME**

Nicole slows the SUV, jumps out at 10 mph -- *rolling* --  
Sending the SUV ghost riding across the front yard --

The Gunmen light it up from inside the house -- **Brrrappppppp.**

The final THREE Gunmen come out from the house, triangulating  
the decimated SUV. Unaware of Nicole --

Feet planted. 20 yards away. Sighting them in --

**EXT. BACKYARD / CORNFIELD. SAME**

As Kevin crosses the backyard -- **PopPopPopPopPop** -- Nicole's  
last five shots in rapid succession. He doesn't flinch --

Just plods, badly hurt, on autopilot, into the CORNFIELD.  
Parting through massive stalks, Glock in his good hand.

He listens -- subtle movement in the near distance -- he goes towards it. Distracted by pain. Shakes it off. Movement.

FRANK scrambles, limping bad. Trying to find direction, but there's nothing but corn and a million stars.

STEW Has his gun out, scanning rapidly for Frank.

KEVIN shuffles, following the distant movement he hears.

From OVERHEAD, We See Frank out front limping, Stew behind, gaining rapidly, Kevin coming along from the right rear.

FRANK reaches a wide trench. Considers it. Steps out into it. Hitches. Doubles back, limping the way he came.

Seconds later -- Stew steps out into the trench. Mere yards away from where Frank was. He's very close. Pauses --

Doubles back into the field, a bead on Frank.

**EXT. BACKYARD. SAFEHOUSE. SAME**

Nicole, gun leveled, cautiously clears the perimeter. No Shooters left. Looks through the open STORM DOOR.

No sign of Kevin and Frank.

**EXT. CORNFIELD. SAME**

KEVIN is in real bad shape, gritting through pain, losing blood rapidly as he moves. He doubles over. Then --

He sees someone in the near distance ahead. Squints. Focuses. The person is obscured by the corn. He wills himself faster.

The person turns, briefly in view: Frank.

Limping. 20 yards away. On Kevin: maybe about to call out. Then --

Stew Vincent steps into Kevin's path. His back is turned. Tracking Frank -- unaware of Kevin -- but right between them.

FRANK stumbles and falls. Cries out. Swallows it. Too late...

STEW goes on point. Pushes towards the sound until, he comes upon Frank, writhing on matted corn stalks. Eye contact.

STEW

Hello, Frankster. Last time I saw you, you were sick. You feeling any better?

Frank flashes pure hatred at Stew, who's enjoying this.

FRANK

What're you doing here, Fat Ass? You could've just called.

Stew catches his breath for a beat. Frank sneers.

FRANK (CONT'D)

People talk, Stew.

STEW

No shit, look at you.

FRANK

I'm saying, you better save one of those for yourself. When my brother gets wind of this bullshit you're fucking dead.

Stew starts laughing.

STEW

Who do you think you're talking to, you dumb bastard?

FRANK

Yeah, keep laughing. Just wait and see. John'll kill ya.

Stew pistol whips Frank, then stands over him, incredulous.

STEW

You think he doesn't know I'm here? You think John didn't send me? Are you out of your fucking mind?

FRANK

No way. He wouldn't do that to --

STEW

To you? Cause you're special, his little brother, and he's so fucking dumb he bet it all on your word? Of all people?

Frank is crestfallen. He knows Stew is telling the truth. Even still --



FRANK

I didn't give them John. I didn't  
give 'em anything. I'm on my sword.

KEVIN pushes through the stalks, unseen. 10 feet away. Sees  
Stew standing over Frank. Slowly takes aim at Stew's back --

STEW

Then I guess he sent me on behalf  
of everyone else.

Kevin, vitality dimming, about to shoot Stew, hears this --

STEW (CONT'D)

Because he knows you've always been  
a rat.

*It's true.* Kevin takes his bloody finger off the trigger.

FRANK

I didn't give 'em John.

STEW

Did you give me up? Frank? Did you  
give me up? For what?

Kevin realizes he could shoot Stew and save Frank right now.  
*But -- he doesn't have to. And nobody would ever know.*

FRANK

Just do it if you're gonna do it.

On Kevin, rapidly bleeding out. Gun aimed at Stew.

STEW

I know who you are, you rat.

Decision time. Kevin hears Stew's last words to Frank.

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

Everybody knows who you are.

Stew aims at Frank. Pulls back the hammer. Point blank.

Behind him, Kevin's vacant face. He's made his choice.

**EXT. BACKYARD / CORNFIELD. MOMENTS LATER**

Nicole is in the backyard. From the cornfield: **Bang.** A  
gunshot rings out. She runs towards it --

Quickly lost and swallowed in stalks. Thrashing until --

NICOLE  
Hey? Hey! Where are you?

From the distance --

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Here. Over here.

She runs toward the voice, to a clearing of matted corn. Sees Frank there hobbled and bleeding, but safe. Saved.

Nearby, Stew Vincent is shot dead. Behind him, she sees Kevin. Gently slumped on matted corn. Dead.

She gets close to him. Checks his pulse. Sees the St. Michael Medal around his neck.

**EXT. SAFEHOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT**

Aftermath. Cops and Ambulances everywhere. Caution tape and Evidence tents. Covered bodies carried out from the house.

Nicole is examined, a flashlight in her eyes. Frank gets his ankle splinted by EMTs.

**LATER** -- Nicole sees Frank being led by a posse of Iowa Marshals to a waiting SUV. Then -- Frank stops.

Nicole sees him explaining something to the Marshals, begging off from them and coming to her.

NICOLE  
What is it?

FRANK  
You oughta keep this.

He offers something from his pocket: Kevin's Dad's Badge. She nods thanks, taking it. Frank gives her a last impish grin.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
No speech for me, Darling?

NICOLE  
See you around... Sweetie.

Frank snorts to himself, rejoins the Marshals and loads into the car. From Nicole looking up to the sky...

FADE TO:

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE. DAY. WEEKS LATER**

Nicole across from Emma and Lamont. Lamont slides a jewelry box over his desk to her. She opens it, revealing --

A small ribbon and pendant. *The Presidential Rank Award*. Nicole is calm and resolute, which reads as pride.

LAMONT

Presidential Rank Award. Normally, we would do this in public, but... It's the highest honor I can give.

EMMA

Congratulations, Deputy.

NICOLE

Thank you very much.

EMMA

No. Thank you. I'd say you were a big part of a hell of a thing.

**EXT./ESTAB. FEDERAL BUILDING. CHICAGO. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Victim's FAMILIES hold pictures of the dead. Sycophants cheer. A big swarm of PRESS photograph --

John Decarlo entering court, flanked by an entourage of ATTORNEYS. John is stoic. Legitimately scared.

EMMA (PRELAP)

And the man who ordered you to murder Daniel Borsellino?

**INT. COURT ROOM. FEDERAL BUILDING. SAME. NON LINEAR**

A PACKED courtroom. Wayne and Lamont sit together. Bozich is in the gallery staring intently at the witness stand --

Where Frank is testifying.

EMMA

Is that man in this court today?

Frank leans into the witness mic.

FRANK

Yes, he sure is.

EMMA

And would you point him out?

Frank points to the defendant -- John.

FRANK

It was my brother John.

The court clamors. Emma swells with pride. Lamont looks over at Bozich. Bozich does not look back.

John stares, insouciant. Frank shrugs. *You know what this is.* The two brothers stare at each other across court.

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE. DAY**

Lamont slides a Chicago Tribune across the desk: "Brotherly Love Downs the Clown!" John Decarlo's mugshot on the cover.

Below it: A picture of Emma cross-examining Frank.

NICOLE

It's a nice picture.

EMMA

Well, we both think you deserve a cover photo of your own.

LAMONT

Christ, I would love to have you telling your story. But we have to be a little careful, considering...

EMMA

The Marshal Cogan of it all.

**INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Archie's covered body is taken out of Kevin's apartment. FBI and Cops on scene. Lamont there. Distraught. This is bad.

Framed photo: Kevin holding newborn Peter on his bare chest.

**EXT. GUTTER. STREET. NON LINEAR**

The POSTCARD sits in the gutter. Filthy. *Living the dream...*

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE. DAY. MOMENTS LATER**

Nicole nods as though she agrees. Then --

NICOLE

And what do you intend to do about  
Marshal Cogan?

EMMA

It's a live ball.

LAMONT

Obviously, he wasn't the guy we  
thought we knew, but we don't want  
one bad apple to undo all the good  
work we've done here.

EMMA

So, ideally, we would love to be  
able to just forget about him and  
kind of move on.

LAMONT

Right? I think time and distance  
have a way of solving these kinds  
of issues. Especially in Chicago.  
The best way to handle Kevin is  
to... distance ourselves for a very  
long time.

Lamont chuckles, implicitly testing Nicole's loyalty. She  
savvies. Laughs politely. Lamont relaxes. Smiles.

LAMONT (CONT'D)

But! More importantly. I think we  
have a deal in place don't we?

EMMA

You always have to make sure to get  
yours, Nicole.

NICOLE

Noted.

LAMONT

I didn't forget. Whenever you're  
ready, your spot on FIST is waiting  
for you. And I want you to listen  
to me when I say: you've earned  
this. That's why you're getting it.  
Because you deserve it.

Nicole smiles.

NICOLE

I appreciate it, Sir.

Lamont offers his hand. Nicole takes it. Holds it. Then --

NICOLE (CONT'D)

It's funny. I think I actually might love to talk about all of this. But like you said, we have to be careful about me telling my story. Or it could cause big problems. *For some of us.*

She lets go. Lamont and Emma tense. Nicole doesn't flinch.

EMMA

Is this some kind of blackmail?

NICOLE

I don't have to prove myself at keeping secrets. Especially not to you two.

LAMONT

So what do you want?

NICOLE

About the *Marshal Cogan of it all?*

**EXT. CEMETERY. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Close on: Kevin's framed photo graveside. In the front row --

PRIEST

...and to dust you will return...

Peter in his military school formals. Chris and Jenny behind.

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE. SAME**

Lamont and Emma are on the hook. Nicole is confident.

EMMA

I think the less said and done for him the better.

LAMONT

Like we said, we really think time and distance --

NICOLE

Yeah, but I don't agree. Nothing stays buried, you know? If you guys intend to forget about him, then you're at least gonna do right by the people who won't.

**EXT. CEMETERY. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Reveal: Kevin's funeral is packed. Dignitaries. Marshals. Cops. Public. An Honor Guard. A hero's send off.

Lamont Baker and Emma Wilson are together, appropriately solemn. But -- Emma steals a private, rueful glance at --

Nicole, standing at a deliberate remove from the crowd.

**INT. LAMONT BAKER'S OFFICE - SAME**

This is a different Nicole than Emma and Lamont first met.

EMMA

You're trying to blackmail us?

NICOLE

You asked twice so I think you know.

Emma's reaction is incredulous, though slightly impressed.

LAMONT

This is insubordination, Deputy Marshal Potts.

Nicole thinks about it for a beat. Then -- she smiles.

NICOLE

You wanted an Apache, Sir.

**EXT. CEMETERY. DAY. NON LINEAR**

Lamont Baker convincingly eulogizes Kevin from graveside.

LAMONT

Leaving a legacy of which the Marshals will ever be proud.

**LATER** -- Nicole watches as Uniformed Marshals present Peter with something Kevin never got when it was his turn:

A precisely folded American Flag.

As Peter takes it, proud through his tears, Nicole begins the long, solitary walk away from the group to her car.

And as she goes, we PULL OUT from the graveside, past the cemetery, to reveal the looming Chicago skyline beyond.

**END.**