Mystic River

by

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Based on the novel by Dennis Lehane

Final Draft

Note to students:
This screenplay follows reading/spec script format as outlined
Cole and Haag's
The Complete Guide to
Standard Script Formats.

Please disregard elements of the shooting script from the original scanned screenplay
("We," camera angles, etc.)

Lex Williford
FADE IN:

We hear the HISS of BEER can pulls tabs. One, then another. A burst of hard, sudden MALE LAUGHTER.

SUPERIMPOSE: TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The heavy SNAPS of ZIPPO LIGHTERS. The BURN of CIGARETTES being dragged to life.

SEAN'S DAD (V.O.)
Tiant's pitching tonight.

JIMMY'S DAD (V.O.)
Goddamn Cuban, man. He can hurl it.

EXT. EAST BUCKINGHAM BACK YARD -- DAY

Postage stamp size. Clothes on the line. The sunlight cut by the cramped crowd of houses. We're already PULLING AWAY FROM the backs of two men. Drinking beer, smoking Luckys and sharing a laugh. An 11-year-old boy leans on a street hockey stick, watches them. JIMMY MARCUS, unspent energy coiled tight in his chest. His friend SEAN DEVINE steps over, holds up an orange street hockey ball.

YOUNG SEAN
Got it.

Jimmy's attention is fixed on his and Sean's fathers.

YOUNG SEAN (CONT'D)
Hey, Jimmy.

Sean punches him in the arm. As Jimmy looks hard over, Sean wiggles the ball, raises his eyebrows.

EXT. DEVINE HOUSE -- DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Wearing a Red Sox cap, DAVE BOYLE stands eagerly before a makeshift chicken wire goalie net as Jimmy and Sean whack away at the orange ball with their street hockey sticks. As it bounces toward Dave, he takes an arcing swing at it. Connects. The ball sails.

YOUNG DAVE
Save!

Sean and Jimmy watch as the ball bounces into the street.
YOUNG SEAN
The sewer...
They charge off after it.

GUTTER
The ball rolls, disappears down a storm drain. BOOM UP to see the boys arriving too late to stop it. Jimmy and Sean look back at Dave bringing up the rear. Looking guilty.

YOUNG DAVE
Sorry, guys.
(smiling)
Guess I don't know my own strength.

YOUNG JIMMY
Yeah, Dave, that must be it.

As Sean gets down on his hands and knees to look down into the sewer, Jimmy looks up and down the street.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)
You know what would be cool?

YOUNG DAVE
What?

YOUNG JIMMY
Driving a car.

Sean looks up from the storm drain.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)
You know. Just around the block.

YOUNG SEAN
Yeah...

YOUNG JIMMY
Anyone on this street keep their keys in their car?

Sean and Dave exchange a look. Jimmy's crazy.

YOUNG SEAN
((standing)
I steal a car, my dad'll kill me.

YOUNG JIMMY
Just around the block. Who said steal?
Sean shakes his head "no." Jimmy heaves a sigh. Jimmy walks to where sawhorses have been set up. City crews have replaced several squares of sidewalk. Yellow caution tape is tied to the sawhorses creating a barricade. Jimmy snaps the tape by walking right through it. Jimmy grabs a stick and starts to write his name. Sean and Dave step up, look over his shoulder, J-I-M-M-Y. Jimmy looks back over his shoulder.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)
Your dad kill you for writing your name, too?

Sean takes the stick, squats down. S-E-A-N. Jimmy smiles.

YOUNG JIMMY (CONT'D)
Now it'll be there forever.

YOUNG DAVE
Me, too. Forever.

Dave takes the stick, starts his own name by the other two. D-A -- A little SQUEAL as a CAR lurches to a stop across from them. A dark, plain Plymouth. The DRIVER gets out. Crewcut, white shirt and black tie, a gold badge and cuffs clipped to his belt buckle.

There's another man in the passenger seat. Hard to make out through the watery reflection of trees in the glass. Hard to tell whether he's wearing a priest's collar or a turtleneck. The kids look at the badge. The Driver crooks a finger at them, wriggles it toward his cheat until they step over.

DRIVER
Let me ask you something.

He looks from the sidewalk to the stick in Dave's hand.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
You brats think it's okay to destroy municipal property?

No answer. The Driver cups a hand behind his ear.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
What's that?

YOUNG DAVE
No, sir.

YOUNG SEAN
No, sir.
YOUNG JIMMY
No.

DRIVER
No what?

YOUNG JIMMY
Sir...

DRIVER
You're the hard case of the group, huh? A pack of punks, huh?

The Driver looks at Sean.

DRIVER (CONT’D)
You live around here?

Not intimidated, Sean points at the house behind them.

YOUNG SEAN
Right there.

The Driver's eyes flicker up toward the house. For just an instant we see the fear and doubt in them. Then, deciding, he looks hard at Dave. Dave is near tears.

DRIVER
How 'bout you? Where do you live, son?

YOUNG DAVE
Rester Street.

DRIVER
Your mother home?

Dave starts to cry. He nods.

DRIVER (CONT’D)
We're going to go have a talk with her. Tell her what her punk kid's been up to.

The Driver opens the back door of the Plymouth.

DRIVER (CONT’D)
Get in.

Dave doesn't move, looks at Jimmy. Sean leans out, notices the trash collected on the floor of the back seat. A strange, lost moment. The spell is broken as the Driver slaps his hand on the roof of the car.
Get the fuck inside!

Bawling, Dave climbs in.

The Driver points a finger at Jimmy and Sean.

Go tell your mothers what you've been up to. And don't let me catch you shits ruining my sidewalks again.

The street goes mute with the SLAMMING of CAR DOORS. And then the car is driving off. Dave looks back at them out the window, his head darkened by distance and shadows. And then he's gone. Leaving Sean and Jimmy behind.

In the b.g., VOICES, each more panicked than the last.

Weren't there three of you? Where's Dave?

The cops took Dave? What cops?

Oh my God. Oh my God. Dave.

Damaged goods. Even if they find him alive, he'll never be the same.

Dinged and cracked with twenty years of age. There are the names: Jimmy, Sean and D-A. Forever.

COME OFF the sidewalk to allow a MAN, wearing a Red Sox cap, late 30s, walking down the sidewalk with an eight-year-old boy (MICHAEL) wearing a little league uniform.

You took some good swings today.

Dad, I struck out.

Good swings though. That's what counts.
MICHAEL
I'll never be a good ballplayer.

DAVE
Hey, you're my son. Me. Dave Boyle, star shortstop of Don Bosco High School 1978 to 1982. You're going to be a great ballplayer.

Michael's not so sure. Dave sees something ahead, points.

DAVE (CONT'D)
See that gutter drain? I used to play on this street when I was a kid. That drain used to swallow every ball we had.

They start walking again, Michael listening eagerly.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Baseballs, street hockey balls, pinkies. If we could get the manhole cover off, there'd be a thousand balls down there.

MICHAEL
Really? Let's try.

As they near it, Dave spots the sidewalk square with the names in it. His good mood shifts a bit.

FLASHBACK
The Driver/cop slamming his palm on the hood of the Plymouth. Young Dave blinking back tears.

Dave looks at his son, finally answers...

DAVE
Maybe tomorrow. Let's get home before Mom starts to worry.

They continue. As Dave looks back over his shoulder...

INT. MARKET -- JIMMY MARCUS -- DAY

Forty years old. Sitting at a small desk surrounded by shelved stock: cigarettes, corn flakes, soda... Going over some order sheets, Jimmy's lost in thought. Different from when he was a kid, this is a 1,000 yard stare.
Beyond, through a half-open curtain, a CASH REGISTER RINGS, a couple kids working behind the counter. One of the clerks, PETE, 21, steps into the back.

PETE
Hey, Jimmy. Jimmy.

He waves a hand in front of Jimmy's face.

PETE (CONT'D)
Earth to Mr. Marcus.

Jimmy snaps back to reality.

JIMMY
What do you want now, Pete?

PETE
Like I'm Mr. Needy all of a sudden. We're out of Marlboros and Winstons are looking grim.

JIMMY
So?

PETE
So that's lost profit. And more profits means I get a raise.

Pete grabs a carton of cigarettes and heads out.

PETE (CONT'D)
If the Surgeon General calls, you're my alibi.

As Pete exits, Jimmy tries to focus on his order forms. Then KATIE is in the door looking at him. Nineteen, beautiful, Jimmy's daughter. She smiles as she watches him. He finally feels her eyes on him.

KATIE
Going out tonight with Eve and Diane. And it's seven-thirty.

JIMMY
Don't be out late. It's your sister's first communion tomorrow. Christ, I sound like, I don't know...

KATIE
Someone's father?
JIMMY
Yeah. Not mine, but somebody's.

She leans in, kisses him on the cheek.

KATIE
Later, Daddy.

He watches her breeze out. Finally...

JIMMY
Later...

EXT. COTTAGE MARKET -- DAY

The BELL TINGLES as Katie walks out the front door. Humming to herself. In a great mood. She gets into her car.

EXT. CAR

Katie STARTS the CAR, nearly screams as someone sits up from the back seat. Then she recognizes:

KATIE
Brendan. You scared the shit out of me.

In the back seat BRENDAN HARRIS. Nineteen, he loves Katie Marcus like crazy. Brendan is an anthem for her.

BRENDAN
Sorry. But I didn't want your dad to see me waiting.

KATIE
He sees you sneaking into my car, he'll shoot you...

And they're kissing. Like nineteen-year-olds.

BRENDAN
(between breaths)
What'll he do if he sees this?

KATIE
Shoot you -- then kill you.

BRENDAN
It's been six hours. I had to see you.

As the passion increases, Katie suddenly breaks off.
KATIE
I'm going to be late for Diane and Eve.

BRENDAN
Tomorrow. Like we planned.

KATIE
Tomorrow...

They kiss again. Brendan ducks at the STORE BELL. It's a customer exiting.

BRENDAN
Drop me around the corner.

Katie laughs, drives. As the car turns the corner, we look up to the TOBIN BRIDGE. A gloomy old erector set spanning the Mystic River. THUMPING with the passing CARS.

EXT. TOBIN BRIDGE -- SUNSET


HANDCUFFED MAN
He kept cutting me off. He kept cutting me off.

SEAN DEVINE is here, now a detective with the staties. Grown up into a good-looking adult. He looks down at the tenements of Faneuil Heights and the East Bucky Flats. He's joined by his partner, WHITEY POWERS.

WHITEY
Guy won't stop confessing. We should pull a lawyer out of one of these B.M.W.s.

Sean keeps staring down over the rail.

WHITEY (CONT'D)
What'cha looking at?

SEAN
My old neighborhood.

A FEMALE TROOPER joins them. Her uniform not drab enough to hide how sexy she is. She stares straight at Sean.

FEMALE TROOPER
We're done, Sean, but I can stick around if you need anything.
SEAN
No. We're fine.

FEMALE TROOPER
A few of us are going to the Can Tab after.

SEAN
I don't think so, Jan. Thanks.

Disappointed, she heads off. Whitey watches her ass.

WHITEY
The wife left you, what, six months ago.

SEAN
So?

WHITEY
So, Jenny Coughlin there, Jenny with the bod', the voice, the cuffs, the girl makes gay guys reconsider their orientation.

SEAN
What's your point?

WHITEY
She is trying to bed you and you don't even blink.

SEAN
I'm married, Whitey.

WHITEY
You haven't even talked to Lauren in six months.

SEAN
She calls all the time.

WHITEY
And doesn't speak. Weirdest fucking thing I ever heard.

Sean looks back out at the neighborhood.

SEAN
One of these days the phone'll ring and she'll talk. I'll pick it up and she'll tell me why she left.
WHITEY
   Maybe she's waiting for you to say
   something.

INT. McGILL'S BAR -- JUKEBOX -- NIGHT

Where DIANE CESTRA drops a quarter in the slot. Pressing
D-3, she looks back and smiles at her friends, EVE PIGEON
and Katie Marcus. It's "Brown Eyed Girl" as VAN MORRISON
starts: "Hey where did we go...?"

BAR

Diane unsteadily rejoins her friends. A girl's night out
as they laugh, swig beer and sing-a-long with the music.

FURTHER DOWN BAR

Dave Boyle sits hunched over a beer with a FRIEND,
watching the Red Sox game on the TV.

   DAVE
   Come on. Double play.

At the sound of a cheer (not for the Sox), the Friend
looks back over his shoulder, nudges Dave in the ribs.

   FRIEND
   You believe those chicks?

As Dave turns to follow his gaze... Katie and Eve have
climbed onto the bar, dance on top of it. Katie the class
of the two. Some of the guys cheer, others watch with a
sad yearning, know it's not for them. Dave cocks his
head, watches Katie. Smiles to himself as her hair falls
over her eyes like a veil.

   FRIEND (CONT'D)
   Ain't that Jimmy Marcus's girl?

   DAVE
   Yeah...

We CLOSE ON Dave as he seems suddenly lost in the moment.

   DAVE (CONT'D)
   I remember when she was a kid.
INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- HALLWAY -- NIGHT

CELESTE BOYLE, 37, in her nightgown, leans against the door frame, looking in at her sleeping son Michael. She looks sad. At the click of the front door lock, she looks up.

FRONT DOOR
Dave's closing it shut behind him when Celeste steps around the corner, concern still overriding anger.

CELESTE
Dave, it's three in the morning. Where have you been? I was --

She stops short as she sees there's blood all over him. He stands there embarrassed, like he was ten years old.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
What happened?

DAVE
I tucked up. The guy tried to mug me, right? So, so I swung on him. And he sliced me.

He clutches at his side. Celeste sees that it's crimson.

CELESTE
(stepping forward)
Jesus, Dave, you have to go to the hospital.

DAVE
No, no. It's not that deep. It just bled like hell.

INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Dave, shirt off, holds his arm up, grimaces as Celeste dabs hydrogen peroxide on a sweeping gash along his rib cage.

DAVE
I'm walking to my car and this guy comes up to me, asks for a light. I say I don't smoke. Guy says neither does he. So my heart starts clocking a buck fifty 'cause there's no one around but me and him.
CELESTE
Oh God.

DAVE
That's when I see the knife and he says, 'Your wallet or your life, bitch. I'm leaving with one of 'em.'

CELESTE
That's what he said?

DAVE
Yeah. So, so then I try to brush past him and that's when he slices me. Celeste, can I tell the fucking story?

She touches his cheek.

CELESTE
I'm sorry, baby.

He kisses her hand.

DAVE
I went fucking nuts on him, babe. I went off. I bashed his head on the parking lot. I, I might have killed him, honey.

CELESTE
Killed him?

Dave nods. He's serious. Celeste looks at him. Eyes wide, face pale and sweaty. His breath starts to get a little ragged as he looks back. He's really scared.

DAVE
It makes you feel alone. Hurting someone.

CELESTE
But you had to.

Celeste embraces him. Over her shoulder:

DAVE
It makes you feel... alien.

Celeste looks at him, suddenly filling with strength.

CELESTE
Baby, you hop in the shower. (beat) I'll take care of your clothes.
Dave's not sure what that means. Neither are we.

DAVE
Yeah?

CELESTE
Yeah.

INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Jimmy looks tough even when he's sleeping. His wife ANNABETH snoozes beside him. The bedside clock reads: 6:02. The PHONE starts to RING. Jimmy answers, bleary.

JIMMY
Yeah?

PETE (V.O.)
(over phone)
I'm in the weeds here at the store, Jimmy. I need some help.

Jimmy looks at the clock.

JIMMY
You and Katie can't handle six, how you going to handle eight when the first church crowd comes in?

PETE (V.O.)
That's the thing, Katie ain't here.

JIMMY
No? Hold on.

Jimmy rolls to his feet. MOVE WITH him as he walks down...

HALL

PETE (V.O.)
The Sunday paper's still bundled, doughnut guy's honking his horn.

He looks in her room. Her bed is empty and made.

JIMMY
I'll be there in ten minutes, Pete. Call Sal and see if he can make it by eight instead of ten.
INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Jimmy pulls on his clothes. Annabeth watches from bed.

ANNABETH
She no-shows at work, what if she no-shows at church?

JIMMY
I'm sure she'll make it.

ANNABETH
Yeah. She's going to screw up this day, too.

JIMMY
What other day has she screwed up lately?

Annabeth puts up her hands, doesn't want to fight.

ANNABETH
You got two other daughters. Don't forget it.

JIMMY
One hour. I'll still be back before anyone gets out of bed.

INT. COTTAGE MARKET -- DAY

Jimmy arrives to a morning rush. Folks coming off the night shift: Cops, nurses from St. Regina's and a few working girls, all coming off the same battlefield together. Pete looks up, smiles in relief as Jimmy takes up a position by the cash register and lottery machine. Jimmy punches out tickets, RINGS UP at the REGISTER. He also takes the phone off the wall behind him, dials.

JIMMY
(into phone)
Hey, Drew, it's Jimmy. Sorry to wake you, I'm looking for Katie.

DREW (V.O.)
I think she's here, yeah. Lemme go check. Hold on.

Jimmy's relieved. First time he even knew he was worried. As he bags a sale, smiles across at a customer.
DREW (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sorry. It was Diane Cestra slept over.
But no Katie. Eve said Katie dropped them
off at one. Didn't say where she was
going.

JIMMY
Okay, man, I'll track her down.

DREW
She seeing anyone maybe?

JIMMY
Nineteen-year-old girls, Drew? Who could
keep a tally?

DREW
That's the cold truth.

As Jimmy hangs up the phone, the BELL over the door RINGS
and the first Sunday mass crowd rolls in. A shitload of
blue hair old ladies. Pete looks over at Jimmy.

PETE
Welcome to hell...

As they surge toward the counter in a wave.

EXT. COTTAGE MARKET -- DAY

As the blue hairs exit, the CASH REGISTER DING is
replaced by CHURCH BELLS RINGING.

INT. COTTAGE MARKET -- BACK ROOM -- DAY

Jimmy pulls another pot of coffee from the brewer. Pete
appears from out front.

PETE
I'll take the hookers over the old ladies
any day. Mind if I step out back and grab
a smoke?

JIMMY
Fuck, Pete, smoke the whole pack.
INT. COTTAGE MARKET -- DAY

The BELL RINGS. Jimmy looks up as Brendan Harris and his little brother Silent Ray enter. Ray carries his street hockey stick, a blankness living in his face.

Brendan clocks Jimmy with a brief look of surprise before turning down an aisle. He talks to his brother with sign language. His brother's hands flying back answers.

JIMMY
(frowns)
Help you, Brendan?

BRENDAN
Uh, no, Mr. Marcus, just getting some of that tea my mom likes.

JIMMY
Barry's. Next aisle over.

BRENDAN
Oh thanks.

Hands fly again as Brendan and Silent Ray move an aisle over. As Pete returns from his smoke.

JIMMY
What time's Sal getting here?

PETE
Any time now.

Jimmy sighs, looks out the front window. Brendan comes to the counter with his tea. Pete steps over.

PETE (CONT'D)
That it, Brendan?

BRENDAN
And a Globe.

While Jimmy is preoccupied and as Pete RINGS UP the sale.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
So's, ah, I thought Katie worked on Sundays.

PETE
You sweet on my man's daughter, Brendan?
BRENDAN
(laughs)
No, no, no. I was just wondering, you know, because usually I see her here.

BRENDAN
Oh...

Not too happy to pick up Jimmy's attention, Brendan gets his change and starts out.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Nice seeing you. Come on, Ray.

Ray, his back to his brother when he spoke, turns and starts after him. Jimmy stares after them as they go.

PETE
Can I ask you something, Jimmy?

JIMMY
Shoot.

PETE
Why do you hate that kid so bad?

JIMMY
It's not hate, man. But come on, don't you find that mute little fucker a little spooky?

PETE
Not Silent Ray. Brendan.

Jimmy looks over at Pete.

PETE (CONT'D)
Nice kid. Uses sign language with his brother even if he doesn't have to. It's like, so he won't feel alone. But, Jimmy, you look at Brendan like you're two steps from slicing off his nose and feeding it to him.

JIMMY
No. Really?

PETE
Straight up.
Jimmy looks back out the window at the receding brothers, hands flying. Then old man Sal crosses the view, headed for the store. Jimmy starts untying his work apron.

JIMMY
Here comes Sal. About fucking time, too...

EXT. EAST BUCKINGHAM -- AERIAL VIEW -- DAY

The tenements, the Tobin Bridge, beat-up baseball diamonds and rusty playgrounds. OVER it all, a 911 Operator answers a call:

OPERATOR (V.O.)
9-1-1, police services. What is the nature of your emergency?

BOY (V.O.)
There's like this car with blood in it and, ah, the door's open -

OPERATOR (V.O.)
What's the location of the car?

BOY (V.O.)
Uh, Sydney Street in the Flats. By Pen Park. Me and my friend found it.

The AERIAL VIEW PASSES OVER Pen Channel, the abandoned drive-in screen on one side of the park and then Pen Park itself. A littered, depressing site.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Son, what's your name?

BOY (V.O.)
(to someone else)
He wants to know her name.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Your name. What's your name?

BOY (V.O.)
We're so fucking out of here. Good luck.

CLICK. We've OVER the Sydney Street entrance to the park. There's a car down there, door open, front tires against the curb. As we CONTINUE PAST it and INTO the mostly abandoned houses across the way...
PATROLMAN (V.O.)
Dispatch, this is unit thirty-three.
We're going to need a crime scene tech or
two and you might want to notify
homicide.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Have you found a body, thirty-three?
Over.

PATROLMAN (V.O.)
No, but looks of this car, we'll find one
sooner or later.

EXT. SYDNEY STREET -- DAY

Blue sawhorses stamped °BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT° cordon
off the scene. The crime scene services van is parked
further down. Sean Devine pulls up in an unmarked, gets
out. He's met by his partner Whitey.

WHITEY
Hey, bad boy. This should be the city's
but...

(points)
Park's reservation land. State
jurisdiction, not city. If the body's in
there, it's our case.

Police are already walking through the underbrush.

SEAN
(wincing)
How much evidence you think they've
destroyed so far?

As they start toward the car, one of the cops adds local
color as we hear him talk to his buddies.

COP
The Parker Hill vic, right?

Walked into the E.R. at M.G.H. on his own, steak knife
sticking out of his collarbone, asking the nurse where
they keep the Coke machine round this bitch.

WHITEY
She tell him?

They all laugh, but Sean. It's too goddamn early.
SEAN
What do we got on the car so far?

CSS TECH
We found the reg in the glove box. Owner is Katherine Marcus.

Sean reacts hard to the name.

SEAN
Shit.

WHITEY
You know her?

SEAN
Maybe. Might be the daughter of a guy I know.

CSS TECH
We found a wallet and license in a backpack on the floor. She was nineteen.

SEAN
Fuck. That's her.

WHITEY
Is it a problem? You close with the guy?

Sean waves it off. He's staying on the case.

SEAN
When we were kids. Now? Just a hello around the neighborhood.

WHITEY
Nineteen... Fuck, man. He's in for a world of hurt.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S CHURCH -- ON NADINE MARCUS -- DAY

Her hands pressed together, dressed in a white dress with a white veil. Walking up the aisle in a procession of twenty other children. First communion.

JIMMY AND ANNABETH

Stand with their other daughter, Sara. Look back to watch their daughter come up the aisle. As Nadine's about to pass them, Annabeth whispers:
ANNABETH
Do not make her laugh.

As Nadine passes, she chances a look over at her father. He waves from his hip, wiggles his eyebrows. Nadine smiles huge. Annabeth digs an elbow into his ribs.

JIMMY
What?

As she continues to the altar, Jimmy looks back over his shoulder. Really hoping to see Katie arrive at the last minute. But she's not going to make it.

CSS TECH (V.O.)
Door was ajar when we found it. Headlights on. You got blood on the driver door speaker...

EXT. ABANDONED CAR (SYDNEY STREET) -- DAY

Sean looks the car over, puts the initial crime together.

CSS TECH
More blood on top of the steering wheel and around a bullet hole punched through the driver's seat back at shoulder level.

As more police arrive to search, Sean looks at a fresh dent in the driver's door, past to the weeds, takes a stab.

SEAN
Perp stood outside the car. The Marcus girl slams him with the door. Perp gets a round off, hits her in the shoulder, maybe the biceps? She runs for it. (points into park) Through those trampled weeds.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S -- DAY

As Nadine solemnly receives her first communion.

Annabeth, near tears, leans into Jimmy, whispers in his ear.

ANNABETH
Our baby. My God, Jimmy, our baby.
Jimmy puts his arm around her, kisses the side of her head. As she leans into him a little more...

FLASHBACK -- CELLAR

Young Dave curled up whimpering on a pile of rags. Looking up in terror as a DOOR BANGS open at the top of the stairs. And as feet start ominously down...

DAVE BOYLE

The man, waking up with a start in his bed.

INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY Michael sits at the table eating cereal.

Celeste is at the counter flipping through the last of three different newspapers. She looks up as Dave enters, yawning, just rolled out of bed. He goes to the refrigerator without an apparent care in the world.

CELESTE Dave...

He looks over, clocks the look on her face. He steps over.

CELESTE

(low)
There's nothing in the papers. I checked three times.

DAVE

It was late. Real late.

He kisses her forehead. She manages a smile.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Morning, Mikey. You up for hitting some whiffle ball?

INT. PEN PARK -- DAY

A nylon triangle hangs from a branch. Just under a footbridge over Pen Channel. The CSS Tech pinches it off with a pair of tweezers. It's got blood on it.

Sean and Whitey crouch by the arch. There's a woman's shoe there along with several similar footprints.
WHITEY
I'd say she might've hid here a bit.
Killer shows and she bolts to the other side, takes off running again.

Sean looks out to where the water in the channel widens out.

SEAN
Better call some divers while we're at it.

EXT. ST. CECILIA'S -- DAY

The kids flow outside through the front of the church, the adults following behind.

Nadine spots her father, makes a break for him.

NADINE
Daddy, Daddy!

Jimmy scoops her in his arms.

JIMMY
Baby!

NADINE
This dress itches.

JIMMY
It's itching me and I'm not even wearing it.

Jimmy looks over his shoulder, smiles at Annabeth and Sara. They beam back. A moment of perfect happiness, until...

A state POLICE CRUISER SLAMS around the corner of Buckingham Avenue.

Jimmy whips around, matches as it goes wide into the left lane of Roseclair, rear TIRE SLAPPING the median strip, SIREN SLICING the morning air.

It's followed an instant later by a black unmarked, cutting the ninety-degree turn at forty miles an hour.

Two more cop cars zip under the overpass, take the entrance road into Pen Park. Jimmy lowers Nadine to the ground.
And he knows, feels it in his blood with a sudden mean certainty, a sense of things falling miserably into place.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Katie...

EXT. ROSECLAIR ENTRANCE (PEN PARK) -- DAY

Looks like a riot waiting room.

Cops, in the bushes, cops at the sawhorses, cops everywhere. K-9 German shepherds being walked out of a van. The crowd of onlookers growing.

Jimmy steps up, is spotted by ED DEVEAU who's opening a bag of M&Ms with his teeth. As a POLICE HELICOPTER BUZZES by.

ED

Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY

What's up, Ed?

ED

They got Sydney blocked off, Crescent, all the way to Dunboy. Boo Bear Durkin said he saw frogmen going into the Pen. Why you all decked out?

ED (CONT'D)

So what the hell you doing here?

JIMMY

Just curious I guess.

Jimmy spots the clot of cops around a car, moves laterally for a better view. He gets it, sees it's Katie's.

Jimmy starts forward, pushes through one end of the sawhorse, is almost there before two cops block him. As they babble official speak...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That's my daughter's cart

EXT. WOODS (PEN PARK) -- DAY

Sean looking for something, anything. Whitey steps over.
WHITEY
We got dogs sniffing something by the old drive-in screen. Want to take a walk over?

Sean nods. His WALKIE-TALKIE SURGES TO LIFE.

WALKIE (V.O.)
Trooper Devine.

SEAN
(into walkie)
Yeah, go ahead.

WALKIE (V.O.)
We got a guy out on Sydney, says he's the father of the girl.

SEAN
Shit...
(into walkie)
You got a psychologist on scene yet?

WALKIE (V.O.)
En route.

WALKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He's asking for you, Devine. Says he knows you.

Sean looks to Whitey who just shrugs.

WALKIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He's not taking no for an answer. And he's got some guys with him.

SEAN
What guys?

COP
Scary-looking guys.

SEAN
The Savage brothers. Christ.
(into walkie)
I'm on my way.

EXT. ROSECLAIR ENTRANCE (PEN PARK) -- DAY

Jimmy's there with three of the Savage brothers: NICK, VAL and Kevin. His brothers-in-law. Jail-yard stares and hair triggers. They shout across the barrier at the cops.
VAL
That's our niece in there, you dumb prick pieces of shit!

COP #1
Hey. We're doing our job.

VAL
All due respect, the doughnut shop's that way.

Jimmy standing a little alone, watching. Finally:

JIMMY
Val, ease up! Nick. Nickie. Take Kevin and go to Drew Pigeon's. Talk to his daughter and her friend. Katie was out with them last night.

NICK
(nodding)
Kevin, let's go!

JIMMY
And hey, these girls are friends. Don't get hard on them, but get answers.

As Nick and Kevin head off, Sean arrives, greeting Jimmy with as big a smile as he can muster.

SEAN
Jimmy, hey, man.

JIMMY
Is she in there, Sean?

SEAN
We don't know. All we're doing right now is looking.

VAL
So let us in. We can help look.

Sean doesn't even look at Val, just keeps his eyes on Jimmy.

SEAN
Sorry. As soon as I know anything, you'll know.

JIMMY
That's my daughter's car.
SEAN
I know. I --

JIMMY
(panic rising)
My daughter's car. It's got blood in it. They brought fucking dogs in. Why do you got dogs looking for my daughter, Sean?

SEAN
Because we're looking. Okay, Jimmy? Right now all she is is missing. Okay?

As Jimmy nods, Sean's WALKIE CRACKLES TO LIFE right.

RADIO (V.O.)
Trooper Devine, we got something.

SEAN
Say again.

RADIO (V.O.)
Sergeant Powers said you need to get in here. Uh, ASAP, like right now.

SEAN
Your location?

RADIO (V.O.)
The drive-in screen. And, man, it's a fucking mess.

Sean looks back at Jimmy who's just about coming out of his skin. Sean looks to the cops.

SEAN
Don't let him through.

As Sean hurries off, Jimmy steps back alongside Val.

JIMMY
You still got those bolt cutters in your trunk?

VAL
Guy's gotta make a living, Jim.

Jimmy goes the other way, Val following.
INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Celeste washes dishes, scrubbing away like it means something. A portable TV on the counter.

Suddenly: the TV newsroom.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
We interrupt to bring you a breaking story. A massive search is under way for a woman missing in the Buckingham Flats.

A news chopper POV. The car and park and police below. Celeste watches transfixed, soap dripping from her hands.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All we know so far is that there are signs of foul play in a car found abandoned outside Pen Park. Police have...

As the anchor drones, Celeste goes to the window, takes a vertiginous look into the yard below.

Dave is playing ball with Michael. As they laugh and pal around, Celeste looks momentarily ill.

EXT. DRIVE-IN SCREEN -- DAY

Steps lead down to a door on the side of the screen. CSS flashbulbs pop. Whitey looks in, jots notes. An assistant MEDICAL EXAMINER is down on his knees looking at something. Plus a platoon of uniformed troopers and Boston PD blues.

A BABY-FACED COP stares away from the action, being comforted by his partner as Sean passes on his way in.

BABY-FACE
I never saw anything like it. Man, this is... this is...

Sean sees the blood, already circled, on the steps leading down. A path is made for him. As he reaches the door, Whitey looks back, meets Sean's gaze, looks ten years older.

Sean's view widens as he sees between the ME and CSS tech. A body is scrunched there, the space between the walls no more than three feet wide.
Katie Marcus sits with her back against the wall on the right, her feet pushed up hard on the wall to the left. Like a fetus in some horrific womb.

A torn sock hangs around her left ankle, a simple black shoe with a flat heel is on her right foot. Her jacket is torn, her pants mud-stained.

Blood is everywhere. Like a red rain, it's in her hair, dots her cheeks, stains her clothes in red strings.

Katie's knees are pressed to her chest, her right elbow propped on her right knee, a clenched fist up by her ear trying to keep some awful sound at bay. Her eyes are clenched shut as tight as her fist.

Stop it, just stop it, the body says. Stop it, please.

Sean steps in, crouches. Whitey fills the space behind him.

WHITEY
That her?

As gently as he can, Sean uses his forefinger to move back a heavy strand of hair. He looks at Katie a moment.

SEAN
Yeah...

WHITEY
We'll have the father do a positive at the morgue.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Blood's from a split on the crown of her head. She was beaten with some kind of stick. But that didn't kill her. She was shot a second time. Looks like a .38.

Sean hasn't really heard any of it.

SEAN
What the fuck am I going to tell him. Hey guess what, Jimmy? God said you owed another marker. He came to collect.

Sudden SHOUTS from outside, the K-9 DOGS BARK like mad. Sean springs up. As he and Whitey turn outside.
DRIVE-IN SCREEN

Eight uniforms and two plainclothes converge on Jimmy and Val as they burst from the trees. Val goes down snarling almost right away. But Jimmy's too quick.

He's almost to the screen when he stumbles. A young trooper, all head and high school tight-end, body-tackles him, lands on top of him. As he pins Jimmy's arm back...

SEAN
Hey! Hey! It's the father. Just pull him back.

As Sean turns back to the screen:

JIMMY
Sean! Look at me, Sean!

Sean looks back at him. Jimmy arches up under the young cop's weight. Another cop helps hold him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You find her? Is it her? Is it?

Sean is motionless. He holds Jimmy's eyes with his own, locking them until Jimmy's surging stare sees what Sean has just seen. And he knows it's over, his worst fear realized.

And Jimmy screams. Love and rage in equal quantities. It shreds the birds from the trees. It ECHOES into the Pen Channel. Ropes of spit shoot from his mouth. Screaming.

Sean turns away, looks back in at Katie. It's awful.

INT. MORGUE -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Jimmy sits in a straight-back wooden chair. Waiting, head back, hands folded. He looks up at FOOTSTEPS.

Annabeth is shown in by a young officer. Jimmy rises. She's still wearing her lavender dress from the communion. She steps into his arms, presses her face into his chest.

ANNABETH
No one said anything. Right?

JIMMY
What do you mean, baby?
ANNABETH
You haven't seen her yet, right? It might not be her, right?

Jimmy doesn't answer, doesn't know what to say. Annabeth looks up at him. Desperate, wretched with hope.

ANNABETH (CONT'D)
Jimmy... Jimmy, please. Please.

JIMMY
Please what, honey? What?

ANNABETH
Oh, please, Jimmy. No. No.

Sobbing, she crumbles into him.

INT. MORGUE -- DAY

PUSH IN ON Katie. She lies on a metal table. Her eyes are closed and she's missing a shoe.

Jimmy enters from the other way. Sean a step behind him. Jimmy stops short, opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out. Sean puts a hand on the small of his back.

JIMMY
Yeah, that's her. That's Katie. That's my daughter.

INT. MORGUE -- CAFETERIA -- DAY

Sean sits across from Jimmy and Annabeth. A beat of surreal silence before Whitey arrives with four coffees.

WHITEY
Fresh-brewed.

SEAN
We need to work a timeline. It's the details, the little things that can make a case. Things you forget after a day or two.

Annabeth nods that she understands. Jimmy's a little in shock. Lost a moment, then he looks to Sean.

JIMMY
You ever think how one choice can change your life?

(MORE)
JIMMY (CONT'D)
I heard Hitler's mother almost aborted him but bailed at the last minute. You know?

SEAN
What do you mean, Jimmy?

JIMMY
Say you or me got in that car instead of Dave Boyle.

WHITEY
What car?

SEAN
I'm losing you here, Jimmy.

JIMMY
If I'd got in that car, life would be a different thing. My first wife, Marita, Katie's mother? She was beautiful. Regal. You know the way some Latin women can be? And she knew it. You had to have balls to even go near her. And I did. Eighteen years old, the two of us, and she was carrying Katie. Here's the thing, Sean, if I had gotten in that car, I most likely would've ended up a basket case. I never would have had the juice to ask out Marita and we never would've had Katie. And Katie, then, would never have been murdered. You see what I'm saying?

SEAN
You ever see Dave around?

ANNABETH
He married my cousin. Celeste.

Sean nods again. Whitey finally gets things on track.

WHITEY
What time did Katie get home from work yesterday?

ANNABETH
Around four-thirty.

WHITEY
Anything unusual? Out of the ordinary about her?
ANNABETH
No. She sat with me and the girls while we ate. She was having dinner with her friends.

Whitey checks his pad.

WHITEY
Eve Pigeon and Diane Cestra?

ANNABETH
(nodding)
Katie talked to Nadine about her Communion, then she was on the phone in her room a bit, and then, about eight, she left.

WHITEY
Do you know who she talked to?

ANNABETH
No.

WHITEY
Would you mind if we subpoenaed the phone company records to that line?

Annabeth looks over at Jimmy.

JIMMY
No. Go ahead.

WHITEY
Mr. Marcus, you spent a good part of Saturday with your daughter at the store, correct?

JIMMY
Yes and no. I was mostly in back.

WHITEY
You remember anything odd? A confrontation with a customer?

JIMMY
No. She was herself. She was happy. She --

WHITEY
What?

JIMMY
No, nothing.
WHITEY
The littlest thing is something right now.

JIMMY
When she was little, right after her mother had died, I had just gotten out of prison and I could never leave her alone. Whether she ended up crying or not, she'd get this look. Like she was preparing to never see you again. For a few seconds on Saturday, she looked at me that way.

Whitey starts to write this down.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Hey, it was just a look.

WHITEY
It's info. I collect it until a few pieces fit. Little things. You say you were in prison?

WHITEY (CONT'D)
I'm just asking.

JIMMY
Sixteen years ago. Two years at Deer Island for robbery. Is that going to help you catch my daughter's killer? I mean, I'm just asking.

His shock dissolving, Jimmy stares hard at Whitey.

SEAN
Okay, let's forget it and get back to the point. Okay?

JIMMY
The point.

SEAN
Outside that look Katie gave you, was there anything else?

Jimmy takes his convict-in-the-yard stare off Whitey, sips some coffee, does his genuine best to think.

JIMMY
Um, this kid... No, that was this morning.
SEAN
What? Remember, little things.

JIMMY
Neighborhood, kid, Brendan Harris, came in this morning, asked if Katie was around, like he expected to see her. But they barely knew each other.

SEAN
You're sure? Could they have been dating?

JIMMY
No.

SEAN
Why are you so sure?

JIMMY
Hey, Sean, what the fuck? You're going to grill me? A father knows.

WHITEY
Mrs. Marcus? Who was she seeing?

ANNABETH
No one right now. As far as we know. I mean... knew.

The past/present tense is all it took. As Annabeth fights back tears, Jimmy squeezes her hand.

JIMMY
I'll answer everything you got tomorrow, but we got to go. We got two girls waiting at home wondering where their sister is.

WHITEY
There'll be a trooper downstairs to drive you home. If you think of anything, give us a call.

Whitey hands Jimmy his card. Jimmy nods good-bye, helps Annabeth away. Sean and Whitey watch as they head off.

WHITEY (CONT'D)
He said you almost got in some car when you were kids. What was that about?
SEAN
We, shit, well, there was this car. Me
and Jimmy and a kid named Dave Boyle were
playing in front of my house. And this
car came up the street and took Dave
away.

WHITEY
Abduction?

SEAN
Guys pretended to be cops. Convinced
Dave to get in the car. They had him for
four days before he managed to get away.

WHITEY
They catch the guys?

SEAN
One died, the other got busted about a
year later and went the noose route in
his cell.

WHITEY
Your buddy, Marcus. Moment I laid eyes on
him, I knew he'd done time. They never
lose the tension, you know? It settles in
their shoulders.

SEAN
He just lost his daughter, man. Maybe
that's what settled in his shoulders.

WHITEY
No. That's in his stomach. Notice how he
kept grimacing? Seen it a million times.
The shoulders, though, that's prison.

FLASHBACK -- CELLAR BULKHEAD
As Young Dave desperately pounds. Trying to get out.

EXT. TENDERLOIN DISTRICT -- NIGHT
Along the Mystic River. Dave Boyle walks, hands thrust in
his pockets. Prostitutes blend in the shadows of
doorways, lean into the windows of IDLING CARS. Some take
a half-step in the streetlight to show Dave what they
got.
But he continues forward, not interested. Last of all, a kid, a boy, fifteen at the most. Lighting a smoke, he looks up, smiles around the cigarette.

Dave stops. The kid’s eyes suddenly widen in recognition and he bolts. Dave follows a few steps, but the kid’s already disappeared into the darkness.

DAVE
I just want to talk to you!

INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- KATIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Two uniformed TROOPERS search. Under the mattress, through drawers. We hear GIRLS CRYING in the next room.

They look up, embarrassed, as Jimmy looks in.

JIMMY
You guys almost done?

TROOPER #1
Almost, sir.

JIMMY
Find anything?

TROOPER #1
Her bankbook. Did you know she closed her account two days ago? Withdrew seven hundred dollars?

JIMMY
No. No I didn’t.

As the troopers go back to work and Jimmy walks away...

EXT. THREE-DECKER (BUCKINGHAM AVENUE) -- NIGHT

Storefronts shut down across the street. A rumbling stillness has taken over the area.

Jimmy steps out on the porch of his three-decker. He sits on the steps. Closing his eyes, he leans back, listens, as the tears of ANNABETH AND HIS DAUGHTERS drift down.

VOICE (O.S.)
Jimmy...

Jimmy doesn’t hear it at first.
VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, aim.

Jimmy opens his eyes. Standing at the bottom of the steps is Dave. It takes Jimmy a blink or two to recognize him.

JIMMY

Hey, Dave.

DAVE

I wasn't going to talk to you tonight, but I was out for a walk and saw you sitting here.

JIMMY

It's okay.

DAVE

So you know, me and Celeste, the whole neighborhood, if you need anything, anything, we're here.

JIMMY

Appreciate it, Dave.

A moment. Dave manages a little smile, a wave.

DAVE

I'll leave you alone.

As Dave starts away.

JIMMY

Dave...

Dave stops, looks back hopefully.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You know how it is. Irish family. Catholics. How it'll be tomorrow.

DAVE

House full of people all day.

JIMMY

Yeah. All Annabeth has are those ham-fisted brothers of hers. If Celeste could come over and give her a hand...

DAVE

Sure, Jimmy. You got it.

Dave gives another little wave, starts on his way.
INT. STATE POLICE BARRACKS -- PRECINCT ROOM -- DAY

Lieutenant Friel stands before a room of eight detectives.

FRIEL
Powers, where are we so far?

WHITEY
Time of death roughly one-fifteen to one-thirty A.M. No sign of sexual assault. Cause of death most likely the gunshot wound to the back of the head, not the trauma from the beating she took. B.P.D. officers are on a house-to-house along Sydney to see if anyone heard anything.

FRIEL
What else?

WHITEY
We're waiting on ballistics... The lack of footprints pisses me off. It rained. Still, she left some, but the perp? Nothing.

FRIEL
What else?

WHITEY
She and her friends were bar-hopping. Four places. We're interviewing everyone might've seen or talked to them.

WHITEY (CONT'D)
One other thing. Backpack in her car had pamphlets on Las Vegas and a list of Vegas hotels.

FRIEL
Doesn't sound like much.
(looking at Sean)
What do you say, Devine?

SEAN
We'll get the guy, sir.

Friel nods, heads out.

WHITEY
Four years of college and that's all you could come up with?
SEAN
It made him happy, didn't it?

INT. MARCUS HOME -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Annabeth and Celeste at the stove, cooking bacon and eggs.

Neither talks, but they're happy for each other's company. A HUBBUB of VOICES from the hallway, up which Jimmy walks.

Jimmy trades smiles with Celeste, then looks at Annabeth.

JIMMY
You need anything, baby? I can work the stove a bit.

Annabeth shakes her head, but doesn't look at him.

ANNABETH
No, I'm fine.

Jimmy looks at Celeste as if to say: Is she?

CELESTE
We got things covered, Jimmy.

Celeste watches as Jimmy looks at his wife. He reaches, wipes a bead of sweat off Annabeth's cheek with his finger.

ANNABETH
Don't.

JIMMY
Look at me.

ANNABETH
I can't. Jimmy, if I look at you I'll lose it and I can't lose it with all these people here... Okay?

JIMMY
Okay, baby, okay.

ANNABETH
I just don't want to lose it again.

Celeste wishes she could crawl off, feels like she's looking at them naked, intimate before her.
INT. MRS. PRIOR'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

An old lady, a busybody. She has one eye on the TV, the other on Sean and Whitey.

MRS. PRIOR
I heard a car hit something.

SEAN
Hit what, ma'am, another car?

MRS. PRIOR
Oh no, not loud like that.

WHITEY
Like hitting the curb?

MRS. PRIOR
Yes, maybe. And then it stalled and someone said, 'hi.'

SEAN
Someone said, 'hi'?

MRS. PRIOR
Hi. And then there was a loud crack.

SEAN
Did you ever look out the window, Mrs. Prior?

MRS. PRIOR
Yes, maybe. No. I was in my dressing gown by then. I don't stand in the window in my dressing gown.

SEAN
The voice that said, 'hi,' was it male or female?

MRS. PRIOR
Female, I think.

Sean looks at Whitey.

SEAN
Sounds like she knew the shooter.
INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

A throng already gathered. Celeste comes out to fill coffee cups. She looks across the room at Dave who's sandwiched between some of the Savage brothers. He sees her, smiles wanly. Very out of his element. And Celeste can feel his aloneness. As she smiles back...

The DOORBELL RINGS. Jimmy gets it. It's his father-in-law, THEO SAVAGE, a case of beer on each shoulder.

THEO
Jimmy.

JIMMY
Theo.

Jimmy takes one of the cases, as Theo steps inside.

THEO
How's my daughter? How's Annabeth holding up?

JIMMY
She's trying, Theo.

THEO
(re: beer)
Let's get these on ice. You got some coolers?

INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- PANTRY -- DAY

Jimmy shakes a bag of ice into a beer cooler; Theo watches.

THEO
How you handling this so far?

Jimmy looks up at Theo, not really in the mood.

JIMMY
Hasn't really sunk in, Theo.

THEO
Gonna hurt like hell when it does. When my Jane died? I was no good for six months. But my kids were all grown up. I had that luxury. You, you got domestic responsibilities?
JIMMY
Domestic responsibilities?

THEO
Yeah, you know, you gotta take care of my daughter and those little girls. They got to be your priority now.

JIMMY
You figured that might slip my mind, Theo?

THEO
Just needed to be said is all. You'll carry on. 'Cause you're a man. I said to Annabeth, your wedding day, said you got yourself a real old school man there --

JIMMY
Like they put her in a bag.

THEO
What's that?

JIMMY
That's what Katie looked like when I saw her in the morgue. Like someone put her in a bag and then had beaten the bag with pipes.

THEO
Yeah, well, I, uh --

JIMMY
Janey died in her sleep. All due respect and shit, but there you go. She went to bed and never woke up. Peaceful.

THEO
You don't need to talk about Janey --

JIMMY
My daughter though? Someone put a gun to her. She was murdered. And right about now they'll be starting the autopsy. Laying out scalpels and chest spreaders. And you want to talk to me about my domestic fucking responsibilities?

Theo looks down, shuts up finally.
INT. PIGEON HOUSE -- EVE PIGEON AND DIANE CESTRA -- DAY

Crying, holding each other. Eve's FATHER looks on, back behind Sean and Whitey.

FATHER
Eve, just tell them what they need to know.

SEAN
Who was she dating?

EVE
We already told the Savages.

SEAN
The Savage brothers?

EVE
They were here yesterday.

WHITEY
Well, try us out, who was she dating?

DIANE
No one special.

Sean plays a hunch.

SEAN
You guys had a good-bye dinner, didn't you?

EVE
(busted)
What?

SEAN
She was leaving town, wasn't she? Going to Las Vegas.

DIANE
How do you know?

SEAN
She closed her bankbook, had hotel phone numbers.

EVE
She wanted out of this dump. She wanted to start a new life.
At "life" they start crying again.

SEAN
A nineteen-year-old girl doesn't go to Vegas alone. Who was she going with? Come on, Eve, who?

EVE
Brendan.

SEAN
Brendan Harris?

EVE
Brendan Harris. Yeah.

FATHER
Just Ray's kid? The one with a mute for a bother?

Eve nods.

WHITEY
You got an address?

EXT. MARCUS HOUSE -- BACK PORCH -- DAY

Jimmy sits on the deck. Sits by himself under the clothesline stretched across the porch. Sits beneath the flapping clothes. The sounds of the WAKE drift out as he stares up at the sky.

Dave steps out. Unaware of Jimmy, he steps to the rail, lights a cigarette.

JIMMY
Hey, Dave.

DAVE
(turns; surprised)
Hey, Jimmy. Sorry. Came out for a smoke.

JIMMY
No, no, man. Sit down.

Dave sits down alongside Jimmy, backs to the siding.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I haven't had a chance to talk to you all day. How you doing?
DAVE
How you doing?

Jimmy shrugs. He sees that Dave's right hand is swollen.

JIMMY
What happened to your hand?

DAVE
This? I was helping a buddy move a couch. Slammed it into the doorjamb.

Jimmy tilts his head, looks at the badly-scraped knuckles, the bruised flesh between the fingers.

DAVE (CONT'D)
The ways you can manage to hurt yourself, right?

Jimmy looks into his face, forgets his hand.

JIMMY
It's good to see you, man.

Yeah?

DAVE

JIMMY
How are our girls holding up?

Dave nods. They sit there in silence a moment.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
It's nice. Just sitting here.

Yeah.

Jimmy jerks a thumb over his shoulder.

JIMMY
I couldn't take it anymore. Trying to find room in the fridge for all the food we're going to be throwing out in a few days.
DAVE
It's a lot of waste, huh?

JIMMY
But I can't let the things that happen
the next few days get fucked up. Because
then that's all anyone'll remember about
her. Because, Katie, man, one thing you
could say about her since she was little,
that girl was neat.

Dave looks like he's going to cry out of sympathy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
That first night out of the joint, after
Marita died, I was more afraid of my
little daughter than I ever was of being
in prison. Fuck...

Dave looks pained as the tears roll down Jimmy's cheeks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I loved her the most, because when we sat
in the kitchen that first night, we were
the last two people on Earth. Forgotten
and unwanted. And, Dave, I swear, it's
starting to piss me off. I haven't cried
yet for her. My own daughter and I can't
even cry. Fuck...

DAVE
Jim?

JIMMY
Yeah?

DAVE
You're crying now.

JIMMY
(realizing)
Damn...

DAVE
Want me to leave you alone?

JIMMY
No, Dave. Just sit here a minute if
that's cool.

DAVE
Sure, Jim. That's cool.
INT. APARTMENT -- ESTHER HARRIS

Maybe the most miserable woman alive. She chain-smokes Parliaments, watches as Sean and Whitey question her son.

WHITEY
When was the last time you saw Katie Marcus?

BRENDAN
You don't think I hurt her, do you?

SEAN
She isn't hurt, Brendan, she's dead.

BRENDAN
I didn't kill her.

WHITEY
So again, when's the last time you saw her?

BRENDAN
Friday night. About, like, eight or so?

WHITEY
About like eight, Brendan, or at eight?

If it's settled in Jimmy's stomach, it's settled in Brendan's whole body.

BRENDAN
About eight. We had a couple of slices at Hi-Fi. Then she had to go meet Eve and Diane.

Brendan looks down. Esther crushes out her cigarette in a pile in the ashtray. Something still burns, a thin stream of smoke, corkscrewing up. As she lights another.

SEAN
Brendan, Jimmy Marcus doesn't like you. Why?

BRENDAN
I don't know. But he told Katie he never wanted her seeing me or any other Harris.

ESTHER
What? That thief thinks he's better than this family?
BRENDAN
He's not a thief.

ESTHER
He was a thief. Scumbag burglar. Daughter probably had the same bad gene. Count yourself lucky, Brea.

Brendan withers under the harsh words.

WHITEY
Katie had brochures for Las Vegas. We heard she was going there. With you.

As Esther rolls her eyes at the thought, Brendan nods his head. Yes. Esther flinches.

BRENDAN
We were going to leave today. Get married when we got there.

Brendan wipes the tears before they can fall.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
I mean, that was the plan, right?

ESTHER
You were going to leave me? Without a word?

BRENDAN
Ma, I --

ESTHER
Just like your father. Huh?

At that moment, the front door opens and Silent Ray and his friend JOHN O'SHEA enter, skateboards under their arms.

BRENDAN
This is my brother Ray and his friend John.

WHITEY
Hey, boys.

JOHN
Hey.

Ray doesn't respond.
ESTHER
He don't speak. Father couldn't shut up, but his son is a mute. Oh, yeah, life's fucking fair.

Ray's hands fly at Brendan and Brendan nods back.

BRENDAN
Yeah, they're here about Katie. Go watch TV or something.

As the boys ramble out.

WHITEY
Where were you between twelve-thirty and two this morning?

BRENDAN
Asleep.

SEAN
Can you confirm that, Mrs. Harris?

ESTHER
I can confirm he closed his door at ten and showed up for breakfast at nine. I can't confirm he didn't climb out the window and down the fire escape.

Brendan just stares at the floor.

WHITEY
Brendan, we're going to ask you to take a polygraph. You up for that?

BRENDAN
(nods; then)
I loved her so much. I, I won't ever feel that again. I mean, it doesn't happen twice, right?

He looks up, pain in his eyes you want to duck from.

SEAN
It doesn't happen once, most cases.

INT. MARCUS HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

It's quiet. Sounds like the crowd is gone. Celeste tidies in the kitchen. Busy work really. Wiping down the toaster, wiping down already clean counters. I'd rather be here than home work.
Jimmy enters, is surprised to see her.

    JIMMY
    Celeste.

Celeste jumps, nearly shouts out.

    CELESTE
    Sorry, Jimmy. You surprised me.

    JIMMY
    What are you still doing here?

    JIMMY (CONT'D)
    (nodding)
    I convinced her to take a pill. Girls are asleep, too.


    CELESTE
    Could I get one of those?

    JIMMY
    For the road. Then home.

    CELESTE
    I can stay over if you want. Sit up with Annabeth if she wakes up.

    JIMMY
    No. You've done enough.

Jimmy hands her her shot, raises his.

    JIMMY (CONT'D)
    To you and Dave. For being here for us.

They knock back their shots. Celeste sets her glass down.

    CELESTE
    I'll come by tomorrow. First thing.

    JIMMY
    Good night.

As she heads out, Jimmy picks up the bottle. About to pour another shot, decides not to. As he screws the cap back on --
INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Sean sits on the sofa looking through a shoe box of old photos. Mostly him and his wife, Lauren. But there's an older, thicker Polaroid: him, Jimmy and Dave when they were kids.

As he stares, BLEED IN the sound of KIDS LAUGHING, the sound of a CAR ROLLING, STOPPING. The PHONE RINGS.

SEAN
Hello?

No answer. A FLASH of a WOMAN'S HAND on the other end.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Oh Christ. Say something, Lauren.

He waits, thumbs a picture of his wife. Finally:

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'm tired of wishing things made sense. Tired of caring about one dead girl because there'll be another one after her. And sending killers to jail is just sending them home. To the place they've been heading all their dumb, pathetic lives. And the dead are still dead.

No response. Sean squeezes his eyes shut.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Jesus, I can't do this tonight. I can't do it.

He waits a few more seconds, can almost hear her breathing.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Bye, baby.

As he hangs up...

INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- MICHAEL BOYLE -- NIGHT

In bed, under the covers, trying to stay awake as his Dad tells him a bedtime story. Dave sits on the edge of the bed, speaking in a hushed tone.
DAVE
Because sometimes the man wasn't a man at all. He was the boy. The boy who'd escaped from wolves. An animal of the dusk. Invisible. Silent. Living in a world others never saw, a world of fireflies. Unseen except as a flare in the corner of your eye. Vanished by the time you turned your head toward it.'

FLASHBACK -- WOODS

Young Dave runs through the trees. Escaping. Looking like a boy, but sounding like an animal.

BACK TO SCENE

Dave looks over at Michael who's now fully asleep. Dave continues, softer now, even more to himself.

DAVE
I just need to get my head right. Catch a nice long sleep and the boy will go back to his forest. Back to his fireflies.

CELESTE
Is he asleep?

Dave looks up, sees Celeste in the doorway. Dave nods, joins Celeste in...

HALLWAY

DAVE
How's Jimmy and everybody?

CELESTE
Okay.

DAVE
It's weird, took something like this for me and him to become friends again.

CELESTE
There's still nothing in the paper, Dave.

DAVE
About what?
CELESTE

About what?

DAVE
Oh, I don't know, honey. Maybe I didn't hurt the guy as bad as I thought. And he was a mugger; he's not going to the hospital.

CELESTE
Right. Okay.

DAVE
Anyhow, it doesn't matter, does it? I mean, Katie Marcus is dead, and that seems more important right now.

Celeste nods. She starts to reach for him, stops. As she turns and disappears down the hall, Dave watches her go.

EXT. MARCUS HOUSE -- 3RD FLOOR BACK PORCH -- NIGHT

Jimmy sits under the clothesline, a pillow in his hand. As he breathes it in and out, we PAN OFF him to...

The neighborhood spread out at night. Lights twinkle. Sounds are muted. And in the distance, the Mystic River flows. And over it, we hear:

KATIE (V.O.)
Later, Daddy...

And then...

JIMMY (V.O.)
I know in my soul I contributed to your death. I can feel it. But I don't know how.

KATIE (V.O.)
You will...

And as the CAMERA CLOSES ON the river...

DISSOLVE TO:
WHITEY
Brendan Harris aced his polygraph. Four straight times.

SEAN
Good. I didn't like him for it or want him for it.

WHITEY
Yeah, poor fucking kid.

Whitey starts casting about his desk.

WHITEY (CONT'D)
Ballistics should be in in a few hours. Meanwhile, we got that list of bar patrons.

He finds it, hands Sean a list of about 100 names.

WHITEY (CONT'D)
I'm sure they're all just dying to cooperate with the police.

SEAN
(scanning list)
Considering the crime, maybe.

WHITEY
(recognizes Dave Boyle)
The same guy you were friends with as a kid? The car guy?

SEAN
Could be.

WHITEY
He'd be a guy to talk to. He knows you, won't treat us like cops, clam up for no good reason.

EXT. THREE-DECKER (EAST BUCKINGHAM) -- DAY

The door opens and Dave starts down the front steps with Michael. He stops short as a black unmarked pulls up.

Sean and Whitey get out. Sean recognizes Dave.

SEAN
Dave Boyle. What's it been? Seven, eight years?
DAVE
Hey, Sean.

Stepping forward, Sean shakes his hand. Dave grimaces.

DAVE (CONT'D)
This is my son. Michael.

SEAN
Hey, Michael. I'm Sean, an old buddy of your dad.

MICHAEL
Hi.

DAVE
You still with the Staties?

SEAN
Yeah. Homicide now. Actually, this is my partner.

WHITEY
Sergeant Powers. How you doing?

Whitey sticks out his hand. Dave shakes it, again trying not to wince.

SEAN
Dave, you got a minute, we'd love to ask you a couple quick questions.

DAVE
Actually, I got to walk Michael to school, but I could be back in a few minutes.

SEAN
Tell you what, we'll walk with you.

DAVE
Uh, sure.

They start walking.

SEAN
I hear rents are rising.

SEAN (CONT'D)
They cut my dad's old house up into condos.
DAVE
Me and Michael walked by there the other day. There’s got to be a way to stop them. Friend of mine said the other day, Sean, he said, what this neighborhood needs is a good fucking crime wave. That’d send property values back where they belong.

WHITEY
Girls keep getting murdered in Pen Park, Mr. Boyle; you might get your wish.

DAVE
Dave. Call me Dave.

MICHAEL
You said the 'f' word, Dad.

DAVE
Walk up on ahead, Michael. Us guys have to talk.

Michael sighs, takes a few steps ahead.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What's up, Sean?

SEAN
You heard about Katie Marcus?

DAVE
Yeah. I was at Jimmy's all day yesterday. Celeste's there now.

WHITEY
Who's Celeste?

DAVE
My wife.

SEAN
How's Jimmy doing?

Dave's getting a bit frazzled with all the little questions.

DAVE
Hard to tell. You know him.

SEAN
The reason we came by --
DAVE
I saw her. Katie. I don't know if you know that. At McGill's. The night she died.

SEAN
Well, yeah, Dave, that's why we're here. They were at a couple of bars that night. Your name showed up on a list of people who were in McGill's.

WHITEY
We hear she and her friends put on quite a show. Dancing on the bar. They were pretty drunk, huh?

DAVE
Yeah, but it was harmless. They weren't stripping or nothing. They were just, nineteen, you know?

SEAN
What time did they leave?

DAVE
I left at one. They left maybe fifteen minutes before me.

WHITEY
So we'll say twelve-forty-five?

DAVE
Sounds about right.

SEAN
You see anything unusual that night? Anyone?

DAVE
Like what?

SEAN
Guy watching the girls? Guy with black hate in his eyes? Woman hater?

DAVE
No. If they hadn't danced on the bar, it would've been business as usual, you know?

Sean nods. They've reached the school.
MICHAEL
See you later, Dad.

DAVE
Got your milk money?

MICHAEL
Uh huh.

Michael runs off to join his friends. An odd moment as Dave watches the laughing, happy kids.

SEAN
God, I hated school.

DAVE
Huh? Yeah, me, too.

WHITEY
I forgot to ask, sir. Where'd you go after you left McGill's?

DAVE
Uh, home.

WHITEY
Home by one-fifteen would you say?

DAVE
Roughly. Sure.

An almost embarrassed silence until...

SEAN
Good seeing you, Dave. Grab a beer sometime?

DAVE
Yeah, Sean, I'd like that.

Sean and Whitey start back down the sidewalk. Dave watches them go. Sean waves once over his shoulder and Dave finds himself waving back even though Sean can't see him.

EXT. STARBUCK'S -- DAY

Whitey and Sean exit with coffee.
WHITEY
Starbuck's. You believe this crap? Same as Dunkin' Donuts, except five times the price.

As they sip, something else is really bothering them.

WHITEY (CONT'D)
You take away money or love or hate as possible motives, you're not left with much.

SEAN
If this Marcus thing was random, I mean, shit...

WHITEY
Tell me about it. But the old lady, Prior, she didn't hear a scream. She heard a gunshot, and before that, a 'hi.' Which means either the Marcus girl is pretty goddamn friendly or she knew him.

SEAN
But she didn't just stop. She turns into the curb. Not too fast or she would've hopped it. Foot comes off the clutch, she stalls.

WHITEY
She says hi, guy shoots her.

SEAN
She slams her door into him, makes a run for it.

WHITEY
But what makes her swerve without hitting the brakes?

SEAN
Something in the road.

WHITEY
Maybe. Look, Marcus girl couldn't have weighed more than one-ten. How hard could she have hit the guy to get a head start into the park?

SEAN
Either he wasn't back on his heels or, he doesn't weigh so much himself.
WHITEY
Which explains the footprints. Three of hers. None of his.

SEAN
It did rain... Brendan Harris couldn't be much more than one-fifty.

WHITEY
You honestly think that kid has it in him?

SEAN
No.

WHITEY
Your pal, Dave, though. He's a slim guy.

SEAN
How'd we get to him?

WHITEY
We're getting to him now.

SEAN
Whitey, he's just a guy who was in the bar.

WHITEY
The last place she went, Sean, the last place. There's something wrong about that guy.

(beat)
Did you see his hand?

SEAN
Yeah... You seriously want to take a look at Dave Boyle?

WHITEY
Just a little one.

EXT. REED & SONS FUNERAL HOME -- DAY

Jimmy gets out of his car, walks around and pops the trunk. He pulls out a dress wrapped in plastic film. As he heads for the entrance...
INT. REED & SONS FUNERAL HOME -- OFFICE -- DAY

One of the "SONS" sits across the desk from Jimmy. The dress is draped over the chair beside him. The Son fills out a form with a gold pen. Jimmy looks far away.

SON
I'd suggest two sets of visiting hours. From three to five and then seven to nine.

JIMMY
Yeah, that's fine.

SON
Good. Have you thought about flowers?

JIMMY
I'll call Knopfler's this afternoon.

SON
Good. And the notice?

JIMMY
The notice?

SON
Yes. The obituary. We can take care of it if you'll just give us the basic information.

Jimmy reaches out, straightens a fold in the dress.

SON (CONT'D)
If you'd prefer donations in lieu of flowers, things like that. I can --

JIMMY
(looks over)
Where is she?

SON
Who?

JIMMY
My daughter.

SON
Um, downstairs. In the basement.

JIMMY
I'd like to see her.
The Son blinks back at Jimmy, looks a little unnerved.

INT. FUNERAL HOME -- BASEMENT -- KATIE MARCUS -- DAY

lying on a stainless steel table, a sheet pulled up under her chin. Her hair clean and combed, her face dusted with makeup. Eyes closed, but no longer clenched tight.

The Son stands in the doorway, shifting nervously as Jimmy steps up, stands over his daughter.

Jimmy gets down on his haunches, his eyes even with Katie's face. He rests his chin on his forearm, looks at his daughter a long moment. Finally, softly, gently:

JIMMY
I'm going to kill him, Katie. I'm going to find him before the police do and I'm going to kill him.

SON
Did you say something, Mr. Marcus?

Jimmy answers without looking back.

JIMMY
The notice. It should read: 'Katherine Marcus, beloved daughter of James and Marita, deceased, stepdaughter of Annabeth, and sister to Sara and Nadine.

As the gold pen flies in the Son's hand...

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE/BUCKINGHAM AVENUE -- DAY

Whitey and Sean get out of their car. At the same moment, Dave is exiting. He stops short, forces a smile.

DAVE
You guys again?

Whitey's smile isn't as forced.

WHITEY
We're like two bad pennies.

DAVE
You dropping in on Jimmy?

SEAN
Yeah.
DAVE
Did you have some kind of, what, break in the case?

SEAN
Just paying our respects. Where you off to?

DAVE
Annabeth got a craving for cigarettes. I'm going to get some. See you in a minute.

As Dave moves past them, Whitey does his best Columbo.

WHITEY
What happened to your hand, by the way?

Dave stops short, manages a twisted grin.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SECOND FLOOR WINDOW Celeste looking down on them, listening.

DAVE
Huh? Oh, garbage disposal. It was jammed and I stuck my hand down there. Then it started up again. Stupid, huh?

WHITEY
Painful.

PORCH
Dave nods, continues on his way. Whitey and Sean watch him.

WHITEY
Garbage disposal. Bullshit.

SEAN
Yeah, well, it doesn't mean he killed anybody either. Come on.

As they start up the stairs...

CELESTE
Her breath starts to come in heaves. She looks like a bird in a cage.
INT. MARCUS HOME -- ENTRYWAY -- DAY

As Annabeth answers the door to reveal Sean and Whitey. Sean holds out a cigarette, smiles.

SEAN
Heard you could use one.

ANNABETH
(takes it)
Thanks.

Sean scrapes his lighter to life. As she leans in:

ANNABETH (CONT'D)
I quit ten years ago. You believe this?

SEAN
Hey, whatever you need right now.

ANNABETH
Yeah... come in, I'll get Jimmy.

As they start down the hall, Celeste is headed out the other way. In a hurry.

CELESTE
Got a couple errands I gotta run. Be back in an hour or so.

ANNABETH
You don't have to come back, Celeste. I'll be fine.

CELESTE
You sure?

SEAN
Celeste Boyle?

CELESTE
Uh, yeah.

SEAN
Sean Devine. I'm a friend of Dave's. From way back.

He sticks out his hand. She shakes it reluctantly.

CELESTE
Nice to meet you. Well, I gotta go.
She squeezes past down the hall, headed for the door.

ANNABETH
Bye-bye.

CELESTE
Bye.

And she's out the door. As Annabeth continues forward.

SEAN
Damnit.

WHITEY
What?

A look passes between them.

WHITEY (CONT'D)
Better go get it.

As Sean heads off after Celeste...

EXT. MARCUS HOME -- FRONT PORCH -- DAY

As Celeste steps out, Sean is right behind her.

SEAN
Celeste...

She looks back in pure terror.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Could I ask you a quick question?

CELESTE
Me?

SEAN
What time did Dave come home on Saturday night?

CELESTE
What?

SEAN
(smiles)
It's a little thing. We need to run timelines on anything involving Katie. I'm sure Dave told you he saw her at McGill's on Saturday night.
CELESTE
You think Dave killed Katie?

SEAN
I didn't say that, Celeste. Hell, why would I even think it?

Celeste tries to laugh it off.

CELESTE
I don't know.

SEAN
We could figure what time she was on the road if we knew what time Dave got home. That's all. It's five minutes from McGill's to your place, Katie left fifteen minutes before Dave did. See what I mean?

CELESTE
I was asleep.

SEAN
Huh?

CELESTE
Saturday night, when Dave got home. I was asleep.

SEAN
Oh... Well, thanks anyway.

As she hurries off...

INT. MARCUS KITCHEN -- JIMMY MARCUS -- DAY

looking as hard as we've seen him look.

JIMMY
Bullshit.

He's sitting at the kitchen table with Annabeth and across from Sean and Whitey.

SEAN
No. He was dating Katie, Jim. They were going to elope to Las Vegas. We found reservations under their names with United.
WHITEY
Brendan Harris confirmed it.

Jimmy shakes his head, trying to understand.

ANNABETH
Remember what you said? How she looked at you for a few seconds on Saturday? Like she was preparing to never see you again?

Jimmy drills Sean with a look.

JIMMY
Did Brendan Harris kill my daughter?

SEAN
No.

JIMMY
You're a hundred percent positive?

SEAN
He passed a poly with flying colors. Plus, he seemed, to me, like he really loved her.

JIMMY
Fuck...

SEAN
Jimmy, I'm just curious, man. Why are you so dead set against the kid? He said Katie told him you'd disown her if she ever dated a Harris.

JIMMY
I knew his father. They called him 'Just Ray.'

WHITEY
Why's that?

JIMMY
There were so many guys named Ray in the neighborhood. Crazy Ray Bucheck, Psycho Ray Dorian. Ray Harris got stuck with Just Ray because all the cool nicknames had been taken.

(big sigh)
Anyhow, we never got along too good. I flat-out didn't like him.

(MORE)
JIMMY (CONT'D)
And then he cut out on his wife when she was pregnant with that mute kid of hers so, I don't know, I figure the apple doesn't fall far from the tree and I don't want Brendan or any other Harris seeing Katie or any other daughter I got.

(laughs)
I don't believe we're talking about Just Ray Harris.

WHITEY
How about this, Mr. Marcus. We've been talking to witnesses, canvassing people who might've been in the bars and we've run into more than a few people, who were questioned before us by one or more of the Savage brothers.

JIMMY
So?

SEAN
So the Savage brothers are not policemen, Jimmy.

JIMMY
Some people won't talk to the police.

WHITEY
Just so we're clear, and with all due respect, this is our case.

JIMMY
How long?

WHITEY
How long what?

JIMMY
How long would you say till you put Katie's killer in jail? I need to know.

WHITEY
Are you bargaining with us?

JIMMY
Bargaining?

WHITEY
Are you giving us a deadline?

(off no answer)
We'll speak for Katie, Mr. Marcus. If that's okay?
JIMMY
Find her killer, Sergeant. I'm not standing in your way.

EXT./INT. STATE POLICE BARRACKS -- DAY

Sean and Whitey head in, both feeling the effects of a long day. We walk and talk them inside.

WHITEY
About the last thing we need right now are Marcus and the Savage brothers putting the fear of God into the neighborhood.

SEAN
Those brothers, man. We grew up terrified of them. Eleven months apart. Like they were running a loose cannon factory.

They're interrupted by a LAB TECH.

LAB TECH
Hey, guys, ballistics are in on the Marcus murder.

SEAN
Yeah? Got a match?

LAB TECH
Uh huh. You're gonna fucking love it.

INT. STATE POLICE BARRACKS -- LAB -- DAY

A split-screen shows the grooves cut into two bullets.

LAB TECH
It's a perfect match. Gun was a .38 Smith. Part of a lot stolen from a gun dealer in New Hampshire in 1982. The same gun that killed Katherine Marcus was used in a liquor store holdup in '84. Right in Buckingham.

SEAN
The Flats?

LAB TECH
Rome Basin. Place called Looney Liquors. I pulled the file. It was a two-man job. (MORE)
LAB TECH (CONT'D)
They fired a warning shot into a wall.
That’s where the bullet got pulled.

EXT. PEN CHANNEL -- NIGHT

Ugly even in moonlight, the sluggish current lapping toward the harbor locks.

Celeste sits in her car, parked against the rotted pilings, staring out across the channel at Pen Park beyond. East Bucky rises like a landfill beyond, but Celeste's eyes fall somewhere in-between.

On the silhouette of the derelict drive-in movie screen. Celeste's eyes are red. She's been crying. And she looks like she wants to die.

INT. HARRIS APARTMENT -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Celeste isn't the only one who's desolate tonight. Brendan Harris sits on the floor, his back against the wall. He stares at the bulging suitcase stowed just under his bed. He's never going to Las Vegas now. Least not with Katie.

Finally, he closes his eyes, drops his chin to his chest and rocks a bit. Something comforting in that.

The door opens as Silent Ray enters. Wearing his rollerblades, using his hockey stick as a staff. As he wobbles over and sits on the bed, Brendan stands, wipes the tears from his face. Ray "signs" something to his brother.

Ray "signs" again. Brendan gets angry.

BRENDAN
Mom said that? That I'm better off?

Ray "signs" something. Brendan gets in his brother's face.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
I loved her. You know what that's like?
Huh?

Ray recoils, shakes his head. Brendan turns away, ashamed.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Sorry...
Ray taps on the bedpost so that Brendan will look back over. Then he "signs" a final time.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
No, you're wrong. I won't feel it again. Not ever.

INT. LOONEY LIQUORS -- NIGHT

Feisty LOWELL LOONEY, about 80 years old, points up at a row of half-pint bottles behind the counter.

LOWELL
Right there. Went in through a bottle of Jack and stuck right in that wall there.

Sean and Whitey stand across from him.

SEAN
Scary, huh?

LOWELL
Scarier than a glass of milk maybe.

SEAN
(smiles)
Take me through it. So these two guys...

LOWELL
In rubber masks. Came through there.

Lowell points back at a doorway covered by a black curtain.

LOWELL (CONT'D)
That's the storeroom. There's another door back there that leads to a loading dock. I always keep it locked so they must've had a key.

WHITEY
A key? You think it was an inside job?

LOWELL
Had to be. One of them, at least, worked for me at some point. Only reason they fired that warning round was because they must've known I kept this under the counter.

Lowell pulls out a sawed-off shotgun.
SEAN
And you told the police that at the time?

LOWELL
Oh, sure. They went through my employment
records. Questioned everyone who used to
work for me. Never made an arrest.

SEAN
You still have those employment records?

LOWELL
Somewhere in a box in the back. But I can
tell you who did it.

SEAN
Yeah?

LOWELL
Guy I fired about two weeks before.
Sonuvabitch came in a few days after the
robbery. Had this fucking goddamn grin on
his face. And I just knew. But tell a
grin to a jury, right?

SEAN
You remember his name?

LOWELL
I look senile to you? Name was Ray
Harris. They used to call him Just Ray.

Sean and Whitey look at each other.

LOWELL (CONT'D)
You say the same gun was used in another
crime?

INT. BOYLE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

As the door opens and Celeste comes home. The TELEVISION
THROBS from the other room as she enters...

THE LIVING ROOM

Dave's on the couch, drinking beer and watching a movie.
He hears Celeste enter the room behind, but doesn't look
back.

DAVE
Where you been?
CELESTE
Out... What are you watching?

DAVE
Some vampire movie. Guy just got his head torn off... Where'd you go, Celeste?

CELESTE
Was sitting in my car by the channel. I just needed to think, you know?

DAVE
So what'd you think about?

CELESTE
Oh, you know.

DAVE
Not really, baby, no.

CELESTE
Things. The day, Katie being dead, poor Jimmy and Annabeth, those things.

DAVE
Those things. Know what I was thinking about? Huh? Vampires.

Celeste wants to run screaming, but...

CELESTE
What about them?

DAVE
They're undead, but I think maybe there's something beautiful about it. Maybe one day you wake up and you forget. What it's like to be human. Maybe then it's okay.

CELESTE
What the fuck are you talking about, Dave?

Dave looks back at her, smiles a dark smile.

DAVE
Vampires, sweetie. Werewolves.

CELESTE
You're not making any sense.
DAVE
You think I killed Katie, Celeste?
That the kind of sense we're making these
days?

CELESTE
(looks away)
I don't -- Where'd you come up with that?

DAVE
You've barely looked at me since you
found out Katie was dead. In fact, you
seem like you're repulsed by me.

CELESTE
Dave...

DAVE
What?

CELESTE
I don't think anything. I'm confused.
Even your friend Sean --

DAVE
He's not my friend. Case you haven't
figured that out yet.

CELESTE
He asked me about you. What time you got
home.

DAVE
What did you tell him?

CELESTE
I said I was asleep.

DAVE
Good thinking, baby.

CELESTE
Christ, Dave! Just tell them about the
mugger! Please...

DAVE
The mugger. I see how your mind's
working. I do. I come home with blood on
me the same night Katie's murdered. I
must have killed her.
Celeste just looks at him. Horrified. And Dave starts to laugh. Laughs hysterically. Celeste is horrified. She opens her mouth to say something, but nothing comes out.

Finally, as Dave's laughter starts to trail...

**DAVE (CONT'D)**

Ha-ha-ha. Ha-ha... Henry.

**CELESTE**

What? Henry?

**DAVE**

Henry and George, Celeste. I never told anyone before, but those were their names. Isn't that fucking hilarious? At least that's what they called themselves. But they were wolves and Dave, Dave was the boy who escaped from wolves.

**CELESTE**

What are you talking about?

**DAVE**

I'm talking Henry and George. They took me for a four-day ride. And they buried me in this ratty old cellar with a sleeping bag, and, man, Celeste, did they have their fun. And no one came to help old Dave then. Dave had to pretend to be someone else.

**CELESTE**

You mean all those years ago? When you were a boy?

(touches him)

Dave...

Dave jerks away from her touch.

**DAVE**

Dave's dead. I don't know who came out of that cellar, but it sure as shit wasn't Dave!

(calms)

The thing is, it's like vampires, once it's in you, it stays.

**CELESTE**

What stays?
DAVE
Did you know there were child prostitutes in Rome Basin?

CELESTE
What?

DAVE
I can't trust my mind anymore, Celeste. I'm warning you. I can't trust my mind.

It's official: Celeste has never been more afraid in her whole life.

DAVE (CONT'D)
I'm going out. I just need to get my head around it.

CELESTE
Okay...

And then he goes. HOLD ON Celeste. As the front DOOR CLICKS shut, it might as well be a gunshot.

EXT. POLICE BARRACKS -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

As they pull up across from Sean's car. Another long day by the boards.

SEAN
I just think the gun sends us in a different direction.

WHITEY
I don't see it that way.

SEAN
What does Just Ray Harris's gun have to do with Dave Boyle?

WHITEY
You know how these things get passed around. Just Ray Harris may have blown town, but his gun never did.

SEAN
I say we talk to Brendan Harris again. First thing in the morning.

WHITEY
And I say Dave Boyle. The hand story? Huh? And the wife's definitely scared.
SEAN
They're hiding something, but Dave's about as much a killer as I guess Brendan Harris is.

WHITEY
Boyle fits the profile a fucking T. White, mid-30a, marginally employed, sexually abused as a kid. You serious? On paper the guy should be in jail already.

SEAN
No, Katie Marcus was not sexually abused. In that equation, sexual emission is part of the deal.

WHITEY
You were friends when you were kids. You're a fucking liability.

Sean takes offense.

SEAN
He's not my friend. Turns out you're right? I'll have my cuffs off my hip faster than yours.

EXT. MARCUS HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jimmy sits on the front porch, thinking. He looks up at someone walking down the sidewalk. It's Dave.

DAVE
Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY
You're out late.

DAVE
You, too.

Jimmy nods. It is what it is. Dave leans against the porch, looks about.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Nice night, huh?
JIMMY
I guess... I started sitting out here the last few years. Waiting for Katie to come home, you know? It would get to be midnight and I'd tell Annabeth 'I think I'll go sit on the porch for awhile.' Weird thing was, it always seemed to bring her home.

The words sit out there for a beat.

DAVE
I saw her, you know.

JIMMY
Hmm?

DAVE
Katie. I was at McGill's Saturday night?

JIMMY
You saw Katie Saturday night?

DAVE
(nods)
Never got around to telling you.

Jimmy's eager for some final word on his daughter.

JIMMY
You talk to her?

DAVE
No. I just nodded hello at one point. Next time I looked up she was gone.

JIMMY
(disappointed)
Oh...

DAVE
She looked...happy.

Jimmy nods, wipes an unexpected tear from his eye.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Got some more walking to do. Good night.

JIMMY
Yeah...
Dave continues on his way.

INT. STATE POLICE BARRACKS -- HOMICIDE PEN -- DAY

Incredulity as Sean stares at Whitey.

SEAN
You stole his car?

WHITEY
(smiling)
His car was officially towed.

SEAN
From the front of his house?

WHITEY
Oh no. The car was found abandoned in Rome Basin along the parkway. Lucky for us the parkway's state jurisdiction. Some kids must've jacked it, took it for a joyride.

Getting angry, Sean lowers his voice.

SEAN
Why'd you do it?

WHITEY
After I dropped you off last night, I decided to talk to Boyle myself. Put a little fear in him. When I got to the house, I looked in his car, just to see what he had in there.

Sean's shaking his head, not really listening until:

WHITEY (CONT'D)
I found blood.

SEAN
What?

SEAN (CONT'D)
How much?

WHITEY
A bit. Found more in the trunk. A lot more. Type O. Same as Katie Marcus.
SEAN
Wait a minute. Katie Marcus never got in anyone's trunk. She stalled her car, got chased through the park until she died in the park.

WHITEY
I think it's enough to ask the man a few questions.

SEAN
For what? Your search of the cars's going to get tossed out.

WHITEY
No. Stolen and abandoned in state jurisdiction. For insurance purposes and in the best interest of the owner --

SEAN
You did a physical search and filed a report.

WHITEY
Bingo. Now do you want to talk to him or should I send him home?

SEAN
Dave's here?

WHITEY
Been sitting in the box for an hour. I had two of my ugliest troopers pick him up first thing.

FLASHBACK
Hand slamming down on Plymouth roofs. Fists pounding on bulkheads. Feet on the cellar steps. BANG! BANG!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Dave sits looking hung-over, annoyed and pissed at Sean in particular. Sean leans back by the door. Whitey sits in the other chair across from Dave.

WHITEY
Look, Mr. Boyle, we know you didn't get that swollen hand sticking it down a garbage disposal.
DAVE
Yeah? How do you know that?

WHITEY
Why's your wife acting like she's afraid of you? Huh? She know what really happened to your hand?

This is a cooler, tougher Dave than we've seen before.

DAVE
How about a Sprite or something?

WHITEY
Tell us what really happened Saturday night, Mr. Boyle.

DAVE
I already did.

WHITEY
You lied.

DAVE
(shrugs)
Your opinion. Which I guess you're entitled to.

WHITEY
You think this is funny?

DAVE
No I don't. I'm tired, I'm hung-over, and not only was my car stolen, but now you're telling me you won't release it to me.

WHITEY
Tell us how the blood got in your car.

DAVE
What blood?

WHITEY
Let's start with the front seat.

Dave finally looks a little rattled. He looks to Sean.

DAVE
You think I could get that Sprite, Sean?

SEAN
Sure.
As Sean reaches for the door, Dave smiles.

DAVE
I get it. You're the good cop. How about a meatball sub while you're at it?

Any signs of being rattled are gone. Is Dave playing them? Sean lets go of the doorknob, leans back to where he was.

SEAN
Ain't your bitch, Dave. Looks like you'll have to wait.

DAVE
You're somebody's bitch, though. Aren't you, Sean?

There's a crazy leer in Dave's eyes, a preening cockiness.

SEAN
The blood on your front seat, Dave. Answer the Sergeant.

DAVE
We got a chain-link fence in our back yard. Me and my kid play Whiffle ball every afternoon after school and he's getting pretty good. Most of the balls are on the other side of the fence. So I climb it. Except I slip on the top and slice myself where the links curl in.
(pats his ribs)
Right here. Bled like hell. Ten minutes later, I had to pick up Michael. It was probably still bleeding when I got in the seat. Best I can figure.

WHITEY
And what blood type are you?

DAVE
B negative.

WHITEY (SMILES)
Hey, that's the match we got.

DAVE
Well, there you go.
WHITEY
Not quite. The blood in the trunk was not B negative.

DAVE
I don't know anything about any blood in my trunk.

WHITEY
No idea how a half pint of blood got in your trunk?

DAVE
None.

SEAN
This is not the way you want to go, Dave.

WHITEY
How's it going to look in court? You don't know how someone else's blood got in your trunk.

DAVE
Fine, I suppose. You filed the report.

WHITEY
What report?

DAVE
The stolen car report.

Whitey and Sean both get the same sinking feeling.

DAVE (CONT'D)
The car wasn't in my possession last night. Whatever the car thieves used it for, you should find out. Because it sounds like they were up to no good.

A long silence. Whitey's fucked. Sean looks at the floor, shakes his head ever so slightly.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Things looking any better on that Sprite?

INT. INTERROGATION -- SIDE ROOM -- TWO WAY MIRROR -- DAY

Sean and Whitey now on this side. Dave still sitting on the other.
SEAN
You got too fucking smart. Car's inadmissible. His lawyer can say anything in it was put there by the car thieves.

WHITEY
I can break him.

SEAN
Break him? He just kicked our asses in there.

WHITEY
Yeah. But you still think old buddy Dave wouldn't hurt a fly?

A moment as they both think.

SEAN
It's the gun, Whitey. We bust this open on that gun.

WHITEY
Maybe. Okay.

Sean looks through the two-way at Dave.

SEAN
What about Dave?

WHITEY
Fuck it. Kick him loose.

EXT. HEADSTONE LOT (ADJACENT TO CEMETERY) -- DAY

Jimmy walks down a row of headstones, the SALESMAN a respectful two steps behind.

SALESMAN
Maybe a Celtic cross. That's a popular choice.

Jimmy finally stops before one that is simple and white.

JIMMY
That one.

SALESMAN
Very good. Nice and simple.

As the Salesman jots down some info, Val Savage arrives.
VAL
Hey, Jimmy.

Jimmy turns to see him. They step away from the Salesman.

VAL (CONT'D)
Been out asking around, like you said to.

JIMMY
Thanks, man.

Jimmy taps his fist into Val's. Val taps back.

VAL
It ain't 'cause you did two years for me, Jim. And it ain't 'cause I miss your brain running things, either. Katie was my niece, man.

JIMMY
I know.

VAL
Maybe not by birth or nothing, but I loved her.

JIMMY
I know, man. What's up?

VAL
Cops are all over this. Doing their job for once. They're smothering the bars, street trade, everything. Every hooker I've talked to, every bartender, they've already been questioned. I mean, the law has descended.

JIMMY
What about just Ray's kid? You find out anything there?

VAL
Kid's a mouse by all accounts. No trouble to anyone. Eve and Diane said he loved her, Jim. Said she loved him.

Jimmy stewed on this a moment.

VAL (CONT'D)
Want me to take a run at him?
JIMMY
No, no, Val. Hold off for the time being. Anything else?

Val hesitates, holding something back.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What?

VAL
Huh?

JIMMY
You want to spit something. What is it?

VAL
I heard Sean and his fat-head partner went by Dave Boyle's.

JIMMY
Dave was at McGill's that night. They probably questioned him like everyone else.

Val waits a beat. That's not it.

VAL
I heard something else. This morning.

JIMMY
Yeah?

VAL
Two Staties came by. In uniform.

JIMMY
Probably forgot to ask him something.

VAL
No. They took Dave with them when they left. They put him in the back seat. now what I mean?

Jimmy's eyes narrow, then he looks out at the cemetery beyond.

INT. HOMICIDE PEN -- DAY

Sean and Whitey have a bunch of yellow, old files spread across Sean's desk. Whitey reads from a probation report.
WHITEY
Raymond Matthew Harris. Born nine-sixteen (1957). 1981 takes a job with the M.B.T.A. First child, Brendan Seamus born in 1983. Same year Just Ray is indicted in a scam to embezzle subway tokens. Charges dropped, but he's fired. Worked odd jobs after that, including clerk at Looney Liquors. Questioned in that robbery, questioned in another, same year; Blanchard Liquors in Middlesex County. Released on lack of evidence.

SEAN
Beginning to become known though.

WHITEY
He's getting popular. A known associate, one Edmund Reese, fingers Raymond in the 1985 heist of a rare comic book collection.

SEAN
Comic books? You go, Raymond.

WHITEY
A hundred fifty thousand dollars worth of comic books.

SEAN
Oh, excuse me.

WHITEY
Raymond returns said literature unharmed. Does a year solid inside. Comes out of prison with a wee chemical dependency problem.

SEAN
But gets honest work to support the habit, right?

WHITEY

SEAN
Our boy's got style.
WHITEY
He's got a boatload of grief, too. Stole the truck in Rhode Island, drove it into Massachusetts.

SEAN
Hence the federal interstate rap.

WHITEY
Hence, they got him by the balls.
(flips page)
But he does no time. Not a day.

SEAN
He rolled on someone.

WHITEY

They consider it all a beat.

SEAN
One, he's dead. Two, he's in Witness Protection.

WHITEY
Three, he went deep underground then just popped back in the neighborhood to kill his son's 19-year-old girlfriend. I mean, come on. We got nothing.

SEAN
We got a guy who was a prime suspect in a robbery eighteen years ago during which the murder weapon was used. Guy's son dated the victim. I'd say we got a lot.

Whitey flips through the file. Sean realizes something.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Anything in there about Just Ray's known associates?

Whitey flips, looks, finds it.

WHITEY
Known criminal associates. Reginald 'Dukie' Neil, Kevin 'Whackjob' Sirraci, Nicholas Savage, hmmm, Anthony Waxman.

Whitey suddenly looks up. And Sean knows it's here.
WHITEY (CONT'D)
And one James Marcus.

SEAN
And the hits just keep coming.

INT. FBI OFFICES (BOSTON) -- DAY
Sean and Whitey look up as 58-year-old AGENT BURDEN enters.

BURDEN
You guys looking for me?

SEAN
I'm Sean Devine, this is Whitey Powers.

They all shake hands.

BURDEN
What's up? I already got to get back.

SEAN
You worked a task force with Major Crimes in the '80s.

BURDEN
A bunch of them.

SEAN
You took down a small-timer. Ray Harris. Stole a truck full of cigarettes from a rest stop in Cranston, Rhode Island.

BURDEN
Trucker went to take a piss. The Harris guy jacked the truck. I think we pulled him over in New Bedford.

SEAN
But Harris walked.

BURDEN
He didn't walk. He rolled. Boston Police's Anti-Gang Unit stepped in to get info on another case. He rolled for them.

WHITEY
On who?
BURDEN
What the fuck was the name?
(tries to remember)
Him and three other guys knocked off the
M.B.T.A. counting room. Sixty grand...
Jimmy Marcus. Kid was like nineteen or
twenty. Slick as hell, man. Ran a crew,
ever got arrested.

SEAN
Did Ray Harris testify in open court?

BURDEN
Never made it to court. Marcus dummied up
on who he'd been working with. D.A. was
afraid he might not be able to convict.
So he cut a deal for two years inside,
couple more suspended.

SEAN
So Jimmy Marcus never knew Ray Harris
ratted him out?

Burden looks at the two of them a beat, smiles.

BURDEN
Ray Harris vanished from the face of the
earth two months after Marcus rotated
back into the free world. What does that
tell you?

EXT. MARCUS HOUSE -- DAY

Celeste. Pacing the sidewalk up from Jimmy's house. She
stops, watches as Val's car pulls up and he and Jimmy get
out. As they near the front steps, she hurries forward.

CELESTE
Hey, Jimmy! Val!

VAL
Hey, cuz.

She looks nervous as hell. Val and Jimmy exchange a look.

CELESTE
Jimmy, could I talk to you a sec?

JIMMY
Sure.
(to Val)
Catch up with you in a minute.
Celeste manages a smile back as Val disappears inside.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Here. Step into my office.

Jimmy sits on the porch steps. She sits beside him. Jimmy watches her a moment, waiting. But she's all bottled up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Beautiful day, huh?

That's almost enough to send her over. Her lip trembles. She turns her head away to wipe a tear.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Whatever it is, Celeste. It's okay.

CELESTE
I took Michael and spent last night at a motel.

JIMMY
Okay...

CELESTE
I don't know, Jim. I may have left Dave for good.

JIMMY
(monotone)
You left Dave.

CELESTE
Yeah, well, he's been acting nuts lately. I'm, I'm almost afraid of him.

She looks at Jimmy, sees a knowledge in him.

CELESTE (CONT'D)
(trembling)
Do you know something?

JIMMY
I know he was taken by the cops this morning. I know he saw Katie the night she died, but didn't tell me till after the police had questioned him about it. I know his hand looks like he's been punching a wall with it.

(beat)
Anything else I should know?
Celeste takes a deep breath.

**CELESTE**
At three in the morning on Sunday, Dave came back to our apartment covered in someone's else's blood.

Those words kill the noise along the avenue, stop the breeze. Right now they're the only two people on Earth.

**JIMMY**
What did he say happened?

**CELESTE**
That he was mugged. That he bashed the mugger's head on the street. That he might've killed him. But there was nothing in the paper.

Tears start to run down her face. She presses her forehead to Jimmy's chest. Finally, gently, Jimmy pushes her back. So he can look in her eyes.

**JIMMY**
Celeste.

**CELESTE**
Yes.

**JIMMY**
Do you think Dave killed Katie?

Celeste looks about. Finally, unable to verbally form the damning response, she finally just nods her head. Yes.

**INT. HOMICIDE PEN -- SEAN'S DESK -- DAY**

Brendan sits across from Sean and Whitey. He looks confused, tired and scared.

**SEAN**
Tell me about your father, Brendan.

**BRENDAHAN**
What?

**SEAN**
Your father. Raymond Senior. You remember him.
SEAN
So you don't remember the guy?

BRENDAN
I remember little things. He smelled like Schlitz and Dentyne. He...

A small smile slides softly across Brendan's face.

SEAN
He what, Brendan?

BRENDAN
Carried a lot of change in his pockets. It jingled when he walked. You could hear him when he came home. And if I could guess how much he had, if I was even close, he'd give it to me.

SEAN
What about a gun? You remember your father having a gun?

BRENDAN
What? No.

SEAN
You seem awful sure for someone who was only six when he left.

A DETECTIVE comes in, sets a cardboard box on Sean's desk.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What's this?

DETECTIVE
What you asked for. C.S.S. reports, ballistics, fingerprint analysis, the 911 tape, a bunch of stuff.

SEAN
Thanks.

As he moves off...

WHITEY
We were talking about your father’s gun.
BRENDAN
I told you, my father didn't have a gun.

SEAN
I guess we were misinformed. You talk to your father much?

BRENDAN
Never. Said he was going out for a drink and he never came back.

Brendan looks like he's in pain.

SEAN
Your mother never filed a missing persons report. How came?

BRENDAN
Because he isn't missing. He sends money every month.

Sean and Whitey exchange a surprised look.

WHITEY
He sends money?

BRENDAN
Five hundred dollars, every month. Like clockwork.

WHITEY
From where?

BRENDAN
Postmark says Brooklyn.

Whitey picks up a pad of paper, starts to scribble.

SEAN
How do you know it's him?

BRENDAN
Who else would send it? My mom says that's how he was. Do something shitty then try to make up for it.

Whitey hands Sean the pad. It’s years times months times $500. The underlined answer is $80,000.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Why you asking me if my father had a gun?
SEAN
You know why, kid.

BRENDAN
No, I don't.

SEAN
The gun that killed your girlfriend was the same gun your father used in a robbery eighteen years ago.

Something dark starts working through Brendan's brain. Some new and sudden knowledge. Sean sees it.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You want to tell me about it?

BRENDAN
My father didn't have a gun.

Sean slaps the desktop, jerking Whitey to attention.

SEAN
You are fucking lying!

But Brendan doesn't react. He's gone somewhere else. Somewhere grim and hard.

BRENDAN
Can I go now? Or are you gonna charge me with Katie's murder?

EXT. CRESCENT AVENUE -- DAVE BOYLE -- DAY

walking down Crescent Avenue. A car pulls alongside...

FLASHBACK -- PLYMOUTH

Pulling up across from Young Dave before he can finish writing his name in the sidewalk.

BACK TO SCENE

Val Savage at the wheel. Dave's new best friend.

VAL
Dandy Dave Boyle, how they hanging, brother?

Dave squats down to see Val eye-to-eye.
DAVE
Hey, Val? What're you up to?

VAL
I'm starving. Was looking for someone to grab a bite to eat with, maybe a beer?

DAVE
Yeah?

VAL
What do you say? How about a boy's night out in the middle of the day? We'll hit a place I know across town.

DAVE
I'll have to get home at some point.

VAL
Don't we all. Come on, hop in.

DAVE
(smiles)
First round's mine.

VAL
Now you're talking!

And for the second time in his life, Dave gets inside a CAR he shouldn't. As Val GUNS IT away...

INT. SEAN'S DESK -- DAY

Brendan's gone. Sean and Whitey are bleary, having huffed and puffed through the contents of the cardboard box.

SEAN
The kid was lying about the gun. Don't you think?

WHITEY
Absolutely. Told you three times already. What about the father? What do you think about him?

SEAN
I think, just possibly now, that Just Ray is still alive.

WHITEY
Eighty grand. Who's going to send that if it's not the father?
Sean sticks his head in his hands, groans in frustration.

WHITEY (CONT'D)
Go home. Have a drink. Let it go for awhile.

SEAN
Yeah, right.

Sean looks into the box. All that's left is a cassette tape. He pulls it out.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Anything good on the 9-1-1 call?

WHITEY
Thought you listened to it.

Sean sighs, sticks the tape into a player on his desk.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
9-1-1, police services. What is the nature of your emergency?

BOY (V.O.)
There's like this car with blood in it and, ah, the door's open --

OPERATOR (V.O.)
What's the location of the car?

BOY (V.O.)
Uh, Sydney Street in the Flats. By Pen Park. Me and my friend found it.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Son, what's your name?

BOY (V.O.)
(to someone else)
He wants to know her name.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Your name. What's your name?

BOY (V.O.)
We're so fucking out of here. Good luck.

The connection breaks. Sean turns off the tape machine.

SEAN
Well, that breaks the case wide open.
WHITEY
Let's at least get a burger.

Sean nods. Standing, he grabs his Glock and holster out of his top drawer. They start out; Sean freezes.

SEAN
Her.

WHITEY
What?

SEAN
The kid on the tape.

Sean hits rewind, play.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Son, what's your name?

BOY (V.O.)
He wants to know her name.

SEAN
He said, 'her name.'

WHITEY
Right. Dead girl, you refer to her as a she.

SEAN
But how does the kid know that? She'd dead in the park. How does he know the blood in the car came from a woman.

WHITEY
Play it again.

INT. BAR (CHELSEA) -- SUNSET

A dive backed up against the river. A few old-timers, a few pool tables. Dave and Val sit in a booth. There are four empty shot glasses and a nearly empty pitcher of beer.

VAL
This one time back in the day, right? We take off this stamp collector. Rob him, tie him up and go. Me, my brother Nick and this kid Carson Leverett who couldn't tie his own fucking shoes if you didn't show him.
Dave laughs; this is really funny.

VAL (CONT'D)
So we're coming down the elevator and we're wearing suits so we fit in. And this old lady gets on and starts freaking out. So I turn to Nick and he's looking at Carson because the fucking bonehead's still got his Ronald Reagan mask on.

DAVE
And you guys didn't notice?

VAL
Little shit like that happened on jobs all the time. That's why Jimmy was so missed. He saw the whole field, man.

DAVE
Why do you think he went straight?

VAL
One word pure and simple... Katie.

DAVE
What about you?

VAL
I like the night too much. Day's just something you sleep through. Another shot?

DAVE
I should slow down. Till we eat.

VAL
Come on, don't go pussy on me.

Before Dave can answer, Val is on his way to the bar.

A passing headlight flashes white in Dave's face. As he blinks, a silhouette comes through the door. As the door shuts and Dave's vision clears, he realizes it's Jimmy.

Jimmy nods at Dave and then goes to Val at the bar. Says something in his ear. Val looks back at Dave and nods. The two of them head over carrying three shots and a bottle. Jimmy sits in across from Dave while Val slides next to him.

JIMMY
How's it going?
DAVE
I'm a little drunk. You gain some weight?
You look bigger.

Jimmy smiles, passes out the shots.

JIMMY
To our children.

They down the shots. Jimmy immediately pours another round.

VAL
I always liked this bar.

JIMMY
Yeah. No one bothers you.

VAL
That's important. No one bothering you in this life. No one fucking with you or your loved ones. Right, Dave?

DAVE
Absolutely.

It's the funniest thing Val ever heard.

VAL
This guy's a hoot. He can get you going.

Jimmy smiles at Dave, but it's pure frost.

JIMMY
Yeah?

VAL
Oh yeah. My man, Dave.

INT. HARRIS APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Seething purpose, Brendan enters, pulls a kitchen chair over to the butler's pantry. Standing on the chair, he looks up a beat at the slatted ceiling.

He reaches up and presses with his right palm. A section of slats lifts up and away revealing an opening in the ceiling. Brendan looks up a beat, reaches into the black.
INSERT -- HIDING PLACE

Brendan's hand looks like it's playing an imaginary keyboard as it bounces and gropes in the dust and wood chips for something that is not there. His father's gun.

BRENDAN

As he realizes he's not going to find it.

BRENDAN

No...

He returns the slat to its place, steps off the chair. He brings the chair back to the kitchen table and sit down on it. Sits down so he's facing the door in the center of the apartment. And as Brendan waits..

INT. BAR (CHELSEA) -- NIGHT

Dave's having trouble focusing. Jimmy and Val seem like they've forgotten he's here.

VAL

Remember we took Ray Harris here that one time?

JIMMY

Sure. Good old Ray.

VAL

He was a hoot, too. Most people called him 'Just Ray,' but I called him Ray Jingles.

As Dave tries to concentrate, Val leans into him.

VAL (CONT'D)

This guy, right? He carried like ten bucks in change in his pocket, in case he had to make a phone call to Libya or some fucking place.

Val laughs, lights a cigarette. As the smoke climbs up into Dave's face, he looks across at Jimmy who watches him with a flat, determined expression.

As Jimmy smiles, Dave swallows, takes a deep suck of air.

JIMMY

You all right?
Dave holds up a hand as it surges up inside him.

    DAVE
    Oh shit...

    JIMMY
    Dave?

    DAVE
    I'm going to be sick.

A flicker of a look between Val and Jimmy. Val slides out.

    VAL
    Use the back door. Huey don't like cleaning it off toilet rims.

Val grips Dave's shoulders, turns him and heads him off for a door at the far end of the bar.

DOOR

As Dave pushes through...

DOOR

Bursting open. But, we're in...

INT. HARRIS APARTMENT

And Silent Ray is arriving home with John O'Shea in tow. Brendan watches from the kitchen.

    BRENDAN
    Hey, Ray. Come in here a second.

Ray comes in. John stops in the doorway holding a duffel bag. Brendan pulls a second chair out with his foot.

    BRENDAN (CONT'D)
    Sit down, Ray.

Ray catches a vibe, looks a little suspicious, but he sits.

    BRENDAN (CONT'D)
    Who do you hate?
Ray stares back at him.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Come on, who?

Ray "signs" an answer.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
No one? Who do you love?

Ray looks down at his shoes, then up at Brendan. Finally, he points a finger at his brother.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
You love me?
(as Ray nods)
What about Ma?

Ray looks down again, shakes his head. "No."

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Okay. You love me so much, I want to hear you say it.

Ray looks back up, confused.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
I know you can speak. So say you love me.

Ray looks back over his shoulder at John.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Don't look at him, look at me. Now say it, say you love me.

EXT. BAR (CHELSEA) -- NIGHT

Out back. One light over the door. And we're TRACKING BACK WITH Dave as he stumbles through the weeds. Drops to his hands and knees at the edge of the Mystic River.

We're BACK BEHIND as he heaves, empties his stomach into the dirty water. Finally, he lurches to his feet, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

He takes a few deep breaths, feels better. And when Dave finally turns around, Jimmy and Val are standing there. One on either side of the door, the light bulb burning between them. Dave grins.
DAVE
Hey, guys. Come to make sure I didn't fall in?

INT. HARRIS APARTMENT -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ray sitting across from Brendan, freaking out a little at his brother's request.

BRENDAN
Come on, say you love me.

Finally Ray stands, holding his middle finger in Brendan's face and then turns to go.

Brendan is on him in a flash. He grabs Ray by the hair and jerks him back. Ray flies over the kitchen table, slams into the wall and hits the floor.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
You love me so much you kill my fucking girl friend?! Huh?

That gets John O'Shea moving. Motoring for the door. But Brendan's all over him. Grabbing him by the scruff of the neck, he bounces him off the door, spins him around.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
My brother never does anything without you, O'Shea! Never!

Brendan punches him twice in the face, breaking his nose. John hits the floor, curls into a ball spitting blood.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
I'm coming back.

He kicks John, heads back for Ray who's just standing.

Brendan slaps him so hard he reels into the sink. Brendan grabs him by the shirt. Tears and blood stream down Ray's face. Brendan throws him to the floor.

Spreading Ray's arms, Brendan kneels on him.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
Speak, you fucking freak or I swear I'll kill you! Speak!
STAIRWELL

As Sean and Whitey enter. They freeze at:

BRENDAN (O.S.)
Say her name! Katie! Say it or you die!

As they start hard up the steps.

KITCHEN

Ray shakes his head as Brendan looms. There's a LOUD COUGH behind them. Brendan looks over his shoulder to see John O'Shea on his feet, Ray Senior's gun in his hand. Aimed.

But as the front door bursts open, John wheels, finds himself pointing the .38 point blank at Sean. Sean's hand is on his Glock, but it's still holstered.

He stops short; Whitey filling the door behind him. As Sean blinks down the barrel... Whitey's eyes flicker past to Brendan and Ray.

WHITEY
Kid, you need to point that gun at the floor. Okay?

JOHN
(re: Sean's gun)
That's a Glock, right?

Sean nods as time stands still and his life flashes.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(big smile)
You wanna draw on me? Come on.

SEAN
No. I don't want to hurt a kid. And it looks like someone else beat me to it.

John remembers. Looks quite deadly.

JOHN
Brendan fucking punched me. Broke my nose.

WHITEY
We'll arrest him for it if you want. Haul his ass to jail.
JOHN

I don't want him arrested. I want him fucking dead.

As the .38 sweeps away back toward Brendan, Sean reaches out, claps a hand over John's wrist. BOOM! The GUN DISCHARGES into the wall as Sean strips it away, knocking John to the floor.

SEAN

Motherfucker.

Whitey kneels to cuff John who's now crying like a baby.

Sean walks forward toward Brendan. Brendan slides off his brother, just sits on the floor looking up at Sean. Sean shrugs, almost apologetically.

SEAN (CONT'D)

We know.

BRENDAN

What? What do you know?

Sean looks back at John, down at Ray, then back to Brendan. Sean finally shakes his head.

SEAN

Nothing.

EXT. MYSTIC RIVER -- NIGHT

Jimmy puts his arm around Dave's shoulder, leads him along the river. Val walks a few paces behind.

JIMMY

Let me tell you about Ray Harris. He was a buddy of mine. Used to visit me in prison. Used to check up on Marita and Katie and my mother and see if they needed anything. But he also put me in prison. He ratted me off.

DAVE

Shit. That's terrible.

JIMMY

My wife had cancer.

DAVE

I remember, man. I --
JIMMY
Ray Harris robbed me of being with her. I know we all die alone, but I could have helped her with the dying. Not the death, but the dying. You see what I'm saying?

They stop. 'Dave takes a half step away, faces Jimmy.

DAVE
Why are you telling me this?

Jimmy points. Far below the Tobin Bridge, at a rotted cluster of pilings, a small boat with an outboard motor tied up.

JIMMY
I made Ray kneel down right over there and I shot him twice. Once in the chest, once in the throat. We were both crying when I did it.

DAVE
Hey, Jimmy, I don't --

JIMMY
Ray begged. Pregnant wife. Little Brendan. Said he knew me. Said I was a good man... How about you, Dave? Do you think I'm a good man?

DAVE
What is it you think I did, Jimmy?

JIMMY
As I sunk Ray in the river, I could feel God watching me. Shaking his head. Not mad, just, I guess the way you'd get when a puppy shits on your rug.

DAVE
You think I killed Katie, don't you?

JIMMY
Don't talk, Dave.

Panic rising, Dave sees Val holds a gun in his hand.

DAVE
No, no, no. I killed someone, but it wasn't Katie.

JIMMY
Is this the mugger story?
DAVE
He wasn't a mugger. He, he was a child molester. He was having sex with this kid in his car. He was a wolf; he was a vampire.

FLASHBACK -- PARKING LOT

The child prostitute we saw Dave try to talk to. Getting into a car with a man. The kid's head disappears below the dash. And then Dave is there.

Dave hauls the man from the car, his pants down around his knees as Dave pounds his head on the pavement. The boy jumps out the passenger side, runs away.

BACK TO SCENE

JIMMY
Of course, Dave, sure. You killed a child molester.

DAVE
Yeah, well, me and the boy.

JIMMY
Oh, the molested kid helped you?

DAVE
No.

JIMMY
No what? You said you and a boy.

FLASHBACK -- WOODS

Young Dave running but sounding like an animal.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVE
No, no, forget that. My head gets fucked up sometimes. I --

JIMMY
Your wife thinks you killed Katie. And you'd rather have her believe that than, what, you killed a child molester? Most people really don't mind when a child molester dies, Dave. Why didn't you just tell Celeste the truth?
DAVE
I, I don't know. Maybe I thought I was turning into him. I didn't kill Katie!

JIMMY
And I didn't hear of any dead guys being found lately.

DAVE
I put him in the trunk of my car. Dumped his body in the woods --

VAL
Letting this bag of shit explain, Jim? You kidding me?

JIMMY
Shut up, Val...
(to Dave)
Katie was nineteen. You know? Nineteen and she never did nothing to you. Why'd you kill her?

FLASHBACK -- PLYMOUTH
The DRIVER slamming his hand on the roof.

DRIVER
Get in!

BACK TO SCENE

DAVE
Look at me, Jimmy.

JIMMY
I'm looking, Dave. I'm looking.

FLASHBACK -- YOUNG DAVE
LOOKING DOWN from a second floor window at young Jimmy who sit on the curb below. As Dave's mom pulls the blind shut from behind him.

BACK TO SCENE

JIMMY
Why'd you do it?
FLASHBACK -- CELLAR

Feet coming down. Young Dave burying his face in the rags. Young Dave pounding on the bulkhead.

FLASHBACK -- PARKING LOT

Adult Dave pounding on the molester in the parking lot.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVE
Me and my son, me and Celeste, there's so many things to make right.

JIMMY
Make them right now. Start now. Admit what you did.

DAVE
No more lies, no more secrets, I want to go home to Celeste. I want to feel Celeste.

JIMMY

DAVE
The boy...

JIMMY
One more time about the boy and I will open you up.


JIMMY (CONT'D)
I thought I was done. I thought I had left killing people and dumping them in the river behind. (turns to Dave) Admit what you did and you'll live. Say it out loud and you'll breathe. You'll go to jail, but I will give you your life.

Finally, Dave decides it's a way to save his life, maybe even a way to ease Jimmy's grief.
DAVE
Yeah, yeah, I did it.

Jimmy closes his eyes, lowers the knife. Val can't believe what he's watching.

JIMMY
Why...

DAVE
That night in McGills, she reminded me of a dream I've had.

JIMMY
What dream?

DAVE
A dream of youth. I don't remember having one. And she was the dream of it, and I just snapped.

Jimmy opens his eyes again. He's trembling.

JIMMY
So it was the dream, then?

DAVE
The dream, yeah. You'd know what I mean. If you'd got in that car instead of me.

JIMMY
(hardens)
But I didn't get in the car, Dave. You did.

We're CLOSE ON them. And then Dave gets a funny look on his face. A funny face and then he looks down.

Looks down in time to see Jimmy's hand pulling the knife back from his guts. Blood gushes down onto Dave's jeans.

VAL
Yes! That's what I'm talking about.

Dave looks back at Jimmy, who turns, sends the knife sailing into the Mystic. Jimmy looks back over.

JIMMY
We bury our sins here, Dave. We wash them clean.
Dave suddenly drops, finds himself sitting in the tall weeds. Hands trying to hold his guts in. He looks up, watches as Val hands the gun to Jimmy.

VAL
He's moving his lips. See his fucking lips moving?

JIMMY
I got eyes, Val.

Finally, Dave's words come out in a whisper.

DAVE
I wasn't ready.

JIMMY
Like I said. You do this part alone.

And Jimmy raises the GUN, places the barrel against Dave's forehead. And as Dave closes his eyes...

THE MEMORY BULKHEAD BURSTS OPEN AND... A MUZZLE FLASH TAKES US TO:

WHITE SKY
And we PAN DOWN to find ourselves ON...

EXT. SIDEWALK (GANNON STREET) -- DAY

Where it all began.

Jimmy sits on the curb, by the sidewalk where they once wrote their names. Jimmy, Sean and half of Dave. Jimmy sips his bourbon from a pint.

A car pulls up across the street. Sean. He walks over.

SEAN
Annabeth said you might be here. (re: bourbon)
Tough night?

Jimmy nods.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Me, too. Saw a bullet with my name on it.
Jimmy holds up the pint. Sean takes it, swallows a long pull. As he hands it back...

SEAN (CONT'D)
We got them.

JIMMY
Got who?

SEAN
Katie's killers. Got them cold.

It's trying to get in, but it hasn't sunk yet.

JIMMY
Killers? Plural?

SEAN
Kids, actually. Ray Harris's son, Ray Junior, and a kid John O'Shea. They confessed a couple hours ago.

JIMMY
No question?

SEAN
None.

JIMMY
Why?

SEAN
They don't know. They were playing with a gun. Saw a car coming so one of them lies down in the middle of the street. Car swerves, clutch kicks out. Katie. O'Shea says they meant to just scare her, but the gun went off. She hit him with the door and ran. They chased her so she wouldn't tell no one.

JIMMY
And the beating they gave her?

SEAN
Ray Junior had a hockey stick.

Jimmy looks around. It's sinking now. Sean crouches down beside him.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Go easy, Jim. Take a breath.
(beat)
(MORE)
Look at me. I got a call from Celeste Boyle. She was hysterical. She said Dave's missing. Said you might know where he is.

Jimmy looks at Sean, but can't find any words.

SEAN (CONT'D)
We need to talk to him. Boston police found the body of a guy this morning. In the woods behind McGill's.

JIMMY
A guy?

SEAN
A pedophile with three priors. They want to talk to Dave about it.

Jimmy lurches up past Sean. Trying to get a grip.

SEAN (CONT'D)
When was the last time you saw Dave, Jimmy?

Finally, standing there in the middle of the street...

JIMMY
Last time I saw Dave? Dave Boyle?

SEAN
Yeah, Dave Boyle.

JIMMY
It was twenty-five years ago. Going down this street in the back of that car.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Thanks for busting Katie's killers, Sean. Really. Maybe if you'd been a little faster though?

It's so goddamn awful. They look at each other a sad beat.

SEAN
You going to send Celeste five hundred a month, too?

Eyes brimming, Jimmy looks back up the street. Sean does the same. Right where they were when Dave was driven away.
SEAN (CONT'D)
Sometimes I think, I think all three of us got in that car. And all this, it's just a dream.

JIMMY
A dream, sure.

SEAN
In reality we're still eleven-year-old boys trapped in a cellar. Imagining what our lives would have been if we'd escaped.

JIMMY
Maybe you're right. Who the fuck knows?

Jimmy turns and starts walking down the street. Sean just watches after him. Watches as Jimmy walks down the same street, disappears the same way Dave did.

Sean's CELL PHONE RINGS. Finally, he answers.

SEAN
Hello?

No answer. HIGHWAY sounds from the other end. Sean knows who it is, finally knows what to say...

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry... I need you to know that. I pushed you away.

A long pause.

LAUREN (V.O.)
I'm sorry, too. It's been so messed up. Loving you, hating you.

SEAN
Come home.

LAUREN (V.O.)
You change the locks or anything?

Sean smiles with a sudden sense of surprise and relief.

SEAN
Everything's just the way you left it.

LAUREN (V.O.)
Nora.
SEAN
What's that?

LAUREN (V.O.)
Nora. That's our daughter's name, Sean.

SEAN
Nora...

And Sean starts to walk toward his car, still talking on the phone, laughing. And as the SOUND FADES OFF, we HOLD ON the sidewalk, on the names written so long ago.

DISSOLVE TO:

FOOT TRAFFIC

On the sidewalk. People lining up. And we TILT UP TO the Buckingham Day Parade. Floats, color guard, politicians in convertibles. Over it all...

JIMMY (V.O.)
I killed the wrong man. This is what I've done and I can't undo it.

ANNABETH (V.O.)
Shhh, Jimmy. Shhh.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- DAY

Annabeth steps up to Jimmy, starts to unbutton his shirt.

ANNABETH (CONT'D)
I want to hear your heart.

She places an ear to his chest. Jimmy nearly can't breathe under his burden. We hear the PARADE OUTSIDE.

ANNABETH (CONT'D)
Last night, when I put the girls to bed, I told them how big your heart was.

JIMMY
Annabeth --

ANNABETH
I told them how much you loved Katie. Because you created her and sometimes your love for her was so big, your heart felt like it was going to explode from loving her.
JIMMY
Please stop.

ANNABETH
I told them their daddy loved them that much, too. That he had four hearts and they were all filled up and aching with a love that meant we would never have to worry.

Annabeth pulls off her own shirt, presses herself to him.

ANNABETH (CONT'D)
I told them their daddy would do whatever he had to for those he loved. And that is never wrong. That can never be wrong. No matter what their daddy had to do.

JIMMY
You knew?

ANNABETH
Celeste called looking for you. Told me about Dave. Told me what she told you. Said she was worried something might happen.

She kisses his throat, starts to undo his belt.

JIMMY
Why didn't you call?

ANNABETH
Because they're weak.

JIMMY
Who's weak?

ANNABETH
Everyone. Everyone but us. We will never be weak. And you. You could rule this town.

A beat as Jimmy stares at her. And then he kisses her. Hungry for this woman. His woman. Passion builds precipitously. As she returns it, between breaths:

ANNABETH (CONT'D)
And, Jim? After? Let's take the girls down to the parade. Katie would've liked that.
Jimmy lifts her up. She hooks her legs around him.

EXT. PARADE -- DAY

It streams along. Sean stands watching with his wife Lauren and his baby daughter. A float passes by filled with children who shout, laugh and wave.

All except for one who's lost, sad, haunted. The child's eyes find Sean's for just an instant and then he's gone.

Sean snaps from the sudden trance, looks across the street at Jimmy, Annabeth, their daughters and a few of the Savage brothers. Waving at the parade, happy and strong.

Suddenly aware of being watched, Jimmy's head swivels. His eyes lock on Sean's. Jimmy gives Sean the smallest smile.

And Sean points a "finger gun." Drops his thumb on the imaginary hammer.

And as Jimmy's smile widens...

FADE TO BLACK.