

# "THE BOONDOCK SAINTS"

An original motion picture screenplay by

TROY DUFFY

Shooting Script: White August 28, 1997

Pages Blue July 9, 1998

Pages Pink July 13, 1998

Pages Yellow July 27, 1998

Pages Green August 12, 1998

(5\_5A,6,7,26,40,42,52\_2A,55,68,72,73,74,76,77,89,93,102,103,  
104,104A,111,114,117,118)

Registered WGAw  
TROY DUFFY

INT. GOTHIC CHURCH 10:00 A.M. ST. PATRICK'S DAY

DOWNTOWN BOSTON

As we open we see the inside of an enormous church. A young looking PRIEST in his mid-thirties is finishing the delivery of the Lord's Prayer. In the back of the church, in the last

pew, there are two who kneel on the cold, stone floor.

They do not stand to sing, nor do they offer signs of peace when told, but they pray. They grip and rub their rosaries. They mutter their words in Latin.

CONNOR and MURPHY MacMANUS (mid-twenties) are shrouded in thick waist length navy P-coats, worn leather boots and the hungry clothes of the poor. The boys heads are shaved and they have facial hair.

MONSIGNOR

(dismissing young priest)

Thank you Father Macklepenny, for coming all the way across town to be our guest speaker today. I hope you found our little parish to your liking.

Macklepenny takes his seat on the alter along side the regular priests of the church. The MacManus brothers suddenly stand, as all others remain seated. Each church goer between them and the aisle shifts his/her position to allow the boys passage, as if on command. The two turn and begin to stride for the alter, eyes down, determined.

ANNABELLE MACMANUS (V.O.)

(thick Irish accent)

They've never been like anyone else. From the moment they were born, of the same womb, on the same day, they just had their own way, my boys did. And I always knew that one day they would do something of true greatness. I just never expected they would bring about such a... such a reckoning.

The MacManus brothers are fraternal twins. As Annabelle MacManus speaks, Macklepenny is taken aback as he scans the congregation amazed to find that he is the only one who thinks this out of the ordinary.

The monsignor begins his sermon. Macklepenny rises to stop the boys from this disgraceful disturbance.

The elder clergyman finds Macklepenny's arm, keeping him seated while shaking his head. Macklepenny's confusion gives way to awe as he watches the brothers step onto the altar, brush by the six seated priests, and approach the enormous crucifix.

They both fall to their knees and kiss the feet of Christ. They rise and as abruptly as they came, they turn and head back down the aisle for the front door. They stop at the rear of the church, turning to listen to the sermon.

MONSIGNOR

(loud, authoritative)

...and I am reminded of this holy day of the sad story of Kitty Geneviese. This poor soul cried out time and time again for help but no person answered her calls. Though many saw, not one so much as called. Her assailant wiped the bloody knife off on her lifeless little body. They watched as he simply walked away. Nobody wanted to get involved. Nobody wanted to take a stand... We must fear evil men and deal with them accordingly but what we must truly guard against, what we must fear most

(beat)

Is the indifference of good men.

The MacManuses turn and walk out the door.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS SUNNY MORNING

The boys put on their dark glasses and pause at the top of the steps to light up their cigarettes. They both roll their cigarette butts along their tongues and screw them into their lips. In this unique way they light up, seemingly oblivious to their synchronicity and mimic.

CONNOR

(Irish accent)

I do believe the Monsignor finally got a point.

MURPHY

(Irish accent)  
Aye.

They leave.

INT. NOLAND'S MEAT PACKING PLANT 4:00 P.M. SAME DAY

Murphy, wearing a white blood soaked smock and apron stands around the corner of the entrance to the loading dock. He grips a gigantic, bloody slab of meat and smirks. Connor flips his cigarette out the loading dock and passes his brother's hiding place. He notices the workers have stopped, and are looking at him.

CONNOR  
What?

Murphy slaps Connor square in the face with the bloody slab.

Connor's face is caked with blood as he stands stunned. He then leaps on Murphy, sending him into a pile of nearby hamburger. He grabs a large cow tongue from a nearby heap and begins slapping Murphy in the face with it as they both laugh and the workers cheer.

Their boss, McGERKIN approaches with a very large woman.

Her head is clean-shaven. The two are still laughing, out of breath, they turn.

MCGERKIN  
Boys this is Rose, Baum, Gurtle...  
Gurtle.

ROZ  
Rozengurtle Baumgartner.

MCGERKIN  
You'll be training her today, and do  
a good job.

BOTH BOYS  
Aye.

CONNOR  
(wipes hand and extends  
it)

Pleased ta meet ya Rozie.

She points to a tattoo on her neck that reads untouched by man.

ROZ

I prefer to be called Rozengurtle by men.

CONNOR

(taken aback)

Okay then... let's get ya started.

Connor exits with Roz.

MURPHY

Christ, that's the largest woman I've ever seen.

MCGERKIN

It's self-imposed affirmative action. If we hire big, fat, angry lesbians, then the leftist groups representing big, fat angry lesbians, won't think we're violating their rights.

MURPHY

Well, how politically correct you are. That's good stuff.

MCGERKIN

Hey, those people can shut ya down. They'll sue you into the ground claiming they were put under mental duress, inner pain. and sufferin'.

MURPHY

Well, as long as we're hirin' fat lesbians, give your ma a call.

Murphy laughs as he jogs away.

MCGERKIN

Fuck you Murphy.

INT. NOLAND'S MEAT PACKING PLANT CUT STATION SAME DAY

Rozengurtle and Connor stand in front of a bunch of co-workers who are cutting meat as it goes by on assembly.

CONNOR

Okay, just cut off as much fat as you can as it goes by and the rule of thumb here is...

ROZ

Rule of thumb?

CONNOR

(questioningly)

Yeah?

ROZ

Do you know where that term comes from? In the early 1900's it was legal for men to beat their wives as long as they used a stick no wider than their thumb.

Connor holds up his thumb and stares at it.

CONNOR

Can't do much damage with that. Perhaps, it shoulda been the rule of wrist. Ha!

(he elbows her)

Rule of wrist.

She returns an icy stare. He hands her the knife. The co-workers all seem wary of Roz.

Murphy stands on one side of Roz, Connor on the other, surrounded by a tight group of workers. Everyone is within ear shot of one another, cutting meat as it goes by. Knowing glances are shared by everyone. It is an uncomfortable mood.

CONNOR

Hey Murphy?

MURPHY

Aye.

CONNOR

(slight smirk)

How many feminists does it take to  
screw in a light bulb?

MURPHY  
How many?

CONNOR  
Two. One ta screw it in and one ta  
suck my cock.

Everyone burst out laughing. Rozengurtle jabs a knife in a  
piece of meat and turns to Connor. She pushes him and starts  
walking toward him. He starts backing up, laughing.

ROZ  
(angry)  
I knew you two pricks would give me  
problems. Give me shit cause I'm a  
woman. I'm not gonna take your male  
dominance bullshit!

CONNOR  
(trying to calm her,  
but still chuckling)  
Oh, come on now Rozengurtle. I was  
just tryin' ta get a rise outta ya.

MURPHY  
Yeah. Just tryin' ta break the ice  
is all.

ROZ  
(to Murphy)  
Fuck you...  
(to Connor)  
...and fuck you!

MURPHY  
Oh, come on its St. Patty's Day.  
It's all in good fun.

Employees gather around all the excitement.

ROZ (V.O.)  
Baumgartner sound Irish to you, fuck  
face?

CONNOR

Now look Rozengurtle, we're sorry.  
Just relax.

She reaches back and punches Connor full force in the face.

He takes the hit very well. He stops backing up.

CONNOR

Why don't you save all your aggression  
for protests and marches and what  
not.

She suddenly drives her boot into his crotch, sending him to  
the floor reeling with pain. Two female co-workers leap to  
his aid.

ROZ

You fuckin' slaves. Kowtowing to the  
needs of men! Get up! Get the fuck  
up! Leave him there.

Rozengurtle begins to turn, raising her fist to Murphy.

Murphy winds up and punches her square in the face. She lands  
on her back. The on-lookers are stunned as he walks over and  
stands above her.

MURPHY

Guess you'll have ta change that  
tattoo now, won't ya Rozie!?

INT. HALLWAY MACMANUS' TENEMENT APT BUILDING DAY

The brothers get to the top of the stairs. Connor is hunched  
over and moving slowly. Murphy giggles.

CONNOR

Fuck you.

Connor flicks his cigarette butt out the large open loading  
doors at the end of the hall. The red brick buildings stretch  
down the alley both ways. The glowing butt falls to a filthy  
resting place, directly next to a dented green dumpster with  
half the paint job scraped off.

INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APARTMENT EARLY EVENING



This is a decrepit, illegal loft. The boys enter, hang their rosaries by the door and begin taking off their clothes.

Connor sits naked on the couch and gently places a bag of ice on his crotch. Murphy stands naked in the open quantity shower. Murphy turns on the water and sticks his hand in the stream.

INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT EARLY EVENING

Connor, still seated, cracks open a Guinness and sips it lovingly. The phone rings.

CONNOR

Hello.

MOM (V.O.)

Connor, is that you?

Something is obviously wrong in her voice.

CONNOR

(interested)

Mother, is that you?

MOM (V.O.)

Is that worthless brother of your there? I want you both ta hear this.

CONNOR

Ma, what's wrong?

Murphy shuts off the water.

MURPHY

No fuckin' hot water man. That...

CONNOR

Shut it. It's Ma.

Murphy sees the concern in Connor's eyes and takes a step closer.

MOM (V.O.)

It's all your fault. Both you little bastards. I was a fool to believe

you would bring me any peace. The day your Da left us when you were almost too young to remember, he said the two of you would do me right and make me proud, but he was wrong and I got nothin' ta live for.

CONNOR

Mother, what are you sayin'? You're talkin' crazy here.

Murphy is drawing closer with concern.

MURPHY

What's the matter with her?

INT. ANNABELLE MACMANUS' HOUSE IRELAND NIGHT

A wrinkly female hand grabs a large revolver resting next to a half empty bottle of Hennessy.

MOM

I finally found your Da's army revolver, Connor.

INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT EARLY EVENING

CONNOR

What the hell are you doin' with Da's gun!?

MURPHY

(widening eyes)

What the...?

MOM (V.O.)

I got it ta my head now.  
I got it ta my head now.

CONNOR

What?! What are you doin'?

MOM (V.O.)

I want ta tell ya one last thing before I pull the trigger.

CONNOR

(screaming)  
Pull the trigger?! Have ya lost it  
woman?! Now just calm down here.

MURPHY  
(eyes widen)  
Oh my god!

MOM (V.O.)  
I...

CONNOR  
No ma! No!

MOM (V.O.)  
BLAME...

CONNOR & MURPHY  
Oh Jesus, No! No! Oh God! No Ma!

MOM (V.O.)  
YOU...!

Connor and Murphy are both screaming in panic.

EXT. ANNABELLE MACMANUS' BACK STOOP NIGHT

Mom stands on the back stoop holding the door ajar with her hip. She holds the phone receiver up in her left hand and the gun directly next to it, in her right. She squeezes off a loud shot toward the heavens.

INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT EARLY EVENING

As soon as the deafening sound pierces through the receiver, Connor instinctively jumps up to a standing position. The bag of ice bursts as it hits the floor and spreads across it. He throws the receiver and covers his ears with both hands.

The phone then falls to the ground, skipping through the cubes as the boys dive for it screaming. The two naked, hysterical boys fumble for the phone, flailing on their stomachs in the field of ice. They finally catch it and both put their ears to the receiver in panic. As they scream MA intermittently, the pauses get longer and longer.

INT. ANNABELLE MACMANUS' APARTMENT NIGHT

Mom's got her hand covering her mouth, face red from holding back laughter, as she walks back into the house. She can take it no longer and she bursts out with hearty guffaws.

INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APARTMENT EARLY EVENING

The boys are relieved, but angry.

CONNOR  
(grabs his balls,  
rolls over)  
Aaaww, shit!... evil woman!

MURPHY  
Lord have mercy. That was a good one  
ma.

MOM (V.O.)  
Oh, Jesus! No ma! Christ ma! No!

Murphy holds the receiver in the air. Mom's still laughing.

MURPHY  
(to Connor)  
Oh, she's quite proud of herself.

MOM  
Okay, seriously, both you listen ta  
me now.

They both put an ear to the phone.

CONNOR  
All right, we're both here.

Mom pauses and cackles endlessly once again.

MOM  
(finally)  
It's only 11:00 here boys so I got  
lot's more drinkin' ta do with your  
worthless relatives down at the Anvil.

MURPHY  
Just called ta torture us did ya?

CONNOR  
How's Uncle Sibeal?

MOM  
Well, you know how it is with him.  
Always complainin' he's never turnin'  
a profit on St. Patty's. Whole damn  
family goes down there with no money,  
cause we know he can't bear ta charge  
us.

They all laugh.

MOM  
But he's been havin' himself a nip  
or two as well... Been up the  
waitress' skirt all night, poor girl.

MURPHY  
Well you tell him ta take it easy  
with that. He's gotta learn ta respect  
women the way Connor does.

CONNOR  
Oh, Jesus.

MURPHY  
I gave him his first lesson in  
sensitivity toward the fairer sex  
just today.

CONNOR  
Don't even do it, ya bastard.

MURPHY  
(laughs)  
He got beat up by a girl.

CONNOR  
If that was a girl I want ta see  
some papers. She had ta be just  
preoperative for Christ sakes.

MOM  
(dogmatically)  
Lord's name.

BOTH  
(genuflecting,  
impassionate)  
Mother Mary, full of grace.

MOM  
What did you do, Connor?

CONNOR  
Well, we tried ta make friends and  
she gave me a shot ta the nuts.

MOM  
(aghast)  
What... the dirty bitch! I hope ya  
trounced her a good one!

CONNOR  
Well, I didn't but...

MURPHY  
(shaking his fist)  
Don't worry, I respected the hell  
out of her for ya, Ma.

Mom laughs.

MOM  
Well listen, I know how my boys take  
ta scrappin' when they take ta  
drinkin'.

BOTH  
(semi-condescending)  
Yes mother.

MOM  
(light-hearted anger)  
I mean it now. I carried the two of  
you little bastards around in my  
belly at the same time you ungrateful  
pissants. Ya ruined my girlish figure  
in one fell swoop, and then ya sucked  
me dry.  
(grabbing her breast)  
My tits are saggin' down ta my ankles.

I trip over em for Christ sakes, now  
ya listen ta me, NO FIGHTEN!

The boys laugh.

MOM  
Promise me boys.

MURPHY  
We promise.

CONNOR  
Yeah, we promise.

MOM  
Well, there's my boys.  
(pulls back curtain,  
looks out window)  
Shit. I gotta go. Looks like I caused  
a ruckus with that shot. Half the  
damn neighborhood is comin'.

MURPHY  
All right, love ya ma. Listen, before  
ya go just give us the goods, eh?

CONNOR  
Yeah. It's been twenty-seven years.

MOM  
Still bickerin' over that, huh?

CONNOR  
Come on, ma. Out with it. Who came  
out first?

MOM  
All right, I suppose you have the  
right ta know.

The boys stand shoulder to shoulder, naked. They peer into  
the distance, ears to the phone, awaiting this most important  
information.

MOM  
Are ya ready?

BOTH  
Aye.

Slight pause as mom slams a shot of Hennessy.

MOM  
(yells)  
The one with the biggest cock!

Mom slams down the phone and lets out a throaty laugh. The boys sign angrily. Connor walks over and hangs up the phone.

CONNOR  
Crazy woman.

When he turns, he notices Murphy is fixated on his brother's crotch. A triumphant smile spreads across his face.

CONNOR  
Don't start. I've had ice on mine.

EXT. AN ALLEY MORNING

PAUL SMECKER, F.B.I. agent, is lead by the Boston Chief of Police through a jungle of ravenous reporters, police lines and uniformed officers. He is impeccably dressed in a deep red suit. He is smiling, confident as he walks. He is a very good-looking, slender man.

He looks intently, for a moment, at four uniformed officers.

They approach two dead bodies, laying next to a dented green dumpster with half the paint job scraped off.

One man, IVAN CHECKOV, lays on his stomach, closer to the dumpster than the other. The ass of his pants has been burnt out and a large cotton bandage is in its place.

The other, VLADDY, has a blood soaked bandage around his head and is on his stomach as well. There are hundreds of pieces of porcelain of various sizes everywhere. Three plain-clothed homicide detectives, DUFFY, DOLLY and GREENLY hover close to the bodies. Dolly and Duffy listen to GREENLY, an obvious rookie, give his over-confident theory of what took place.

The chief is about to interrupt them, but Smecker holds him



back with a smile. The two wait and watch in a position, where the unsuspecting detectives have their backs to them.

GREENLY

(thick Boston accent)

...so these guys are just kickin' the shit out of each other. This guy

(points to Vladdy)

Picks up an old kitchen sink that some one threw out and crushes this guy

(Checkov)

With it. All right, so it makes a big bang and alerts their friend, who's standin' look out around the corner. So he comes over and gets into it with this guy,

(Vladdy)

He's angry at him, right? They get into an altercation in which the look out guy crushes this guy by jumpin on him. And look at the damage here.

(Vladdy)

I mean this guy's fuckin' hamburger man. His spine is crushed. He's all twisted and shit. That guy had to be one big mother fucker. Huge, 3-400 pounds, fuckin huge.

Smecker listens.

The Chief is embarrassed.

GREELY

Or, okay. Check this out. Say these two don't even know the huge guy. They're just staggerin' home from a bar this morning, still all fucked up from St. Patty's last night. So they figure they'll take a short cut down the alley and this big mother fucker, he's just waitin'. And what could be more perfect for strong arm robbery? Two drunk guys all bandaged up. They're already injured for Christ sakes. He takes a blunt object and

whacks the guy with the bandage on his head, right? Cause he's smart. He knows the guy with the bandage on his ass, he ain't going nowhere. Matter of fact, this guy's probably helping his friend with the rectal problem along. They're limping around like a couple of decrepit old broads. So once this guy's out of the picture  
(denotes Vladdy)  
this poor asshole, he tries to run. But look how far he gets fore the huge bastard catches up with him. Only a few yards. And what does he do? He gets creative. He picks up a sink and crushes the poor mother-fucker. Then, he ain't done yet. He comes over here, jumps on this guy's back and crushes him to death.  
(Vladdy)  
He steals their shit and beats it!  
Thanks for comin' out!  
(beat)  
And look at this print...

Greenly points out a large foot print on Vladdy's back.

Some detectives nod in agreement. Smecker chuckles as he shakes his head.

GREENLY

That's one big fuckin' shoe!... and think about it. Of all the ways to kill a guy, crushin' him to death. That's very particular. You don't get many of those. I dunno. I feel something big here. I wouldn't be surprised if we see more of these turning up.

SMECKER

(stepping into the open)

Brilliant. So now we got a Huge guy theory and Serial crusher theory. Top fucking notch.  
(to Greenly)

What's your name?

GREENLY

Detective Greenly. Who the fuck are you?

Smecker saunters up to Greely and pulls his I.D. out of the breast pocket of his sport coat and lets it hang. The large, light blue letters, F.B.I. can be easily seen.

SMECKER

That's who the fuck I am.

All the detectives seem disgruntled and look to the Chief for an explanation.

CHIEF

Listen, I gotta go by the numbers on this one. I.D. just came back on these guys. They've got connections to the Russian mob. That makes it a federal matter and Agent Smecker, here, is heading up the investigation with our full cooperation.

SMECKER

(transfixed on Greely)

Why don't you get me a cup of coffee.

GREENLY

What the fuck?

SMECKER

Caf, latte.

GREENLY

Who the...

SMECKER

Twist of lemon!

GREENLY

(to Chief)

Chief, what the fuck is this?

SMECKER

Sweet-n-low!

Greenly looks helplessly to the Chief, who simply nods. He storms off the scene, upset. Smecker turns his back on everyone and puts earphones in. He reaches down and hits play. The choir song "Agnus dei" overtakes. He begins to investigate. He kneels at the bodies for a moment then stares at the opposite brick wall. He picks up a piece of porcelain and scrapes it with his thumb.

He quickly cocks his head toward the sky and begins to chuckle as he says Jesus Christ, under his breath. He brushes some paraffin on each of the dead men's hands. Duffy and Dolly watch defiantly. They start to smile at one another as they collectively realize his homosexuality. He is slightly effeminate but not overly fey.

SMECKER  
(loudly)  
Mitchell, Langley!

Two uniformed officers approach.

MITCHELL  
Yes sir.

SMECKER  
Find the manager of this building.  
See if he has had any complaints of  
water coming down in any apartments,  
starting just this morning. If he's  
not there, knock on every door  
starting from the third floor up.  
Langley, you take this building,  
same thing.

Mitchell and Langley exit.

SMECKER  
Chaffey, Newman.

Two more uniforms approach.

CHAFFEY  
Yes sir.

SMECKER  
(to Chaffey)

Look in the trash around their hands.  
See if you can find me two bullet  
casings. 45's, if my eye serves me  
right. Don't disturb them. Mark them  
as they lay. Newman, root through  
this shit.

(points to the mountain  
of garbage)

If this was a sink find me some metal  
parts. Gimme a faucet or a drain  
cover or something.

The two begin their tasks. Chaffey finds a casing near  
Checkov's hand, hidden under the edge of the pile.

CHAFFEY

Got it. It's a 45.

The homicide detectives are surprised as Chaffey looks for  
the second shell. Smecker lights up a smoke.

SMECKER

Chief, could you get ballistics down  
here and tell them they have to dig  
a 45 slug out of a brick wall.

He points to a bullet hole in the opposing and tattered wall.

SMECKER

...and locate another that's been  
fired through a dumpster.

He points to another bullet hole at the dumpster's base.

CHIEF

I got the best ballistics guy in the  
world. He's mobile. Got all his stuff  
right in the van. Can have him down  
here in 10 minutes.

DOLLY

How did you know that?

SMECKER

Paraffin came up positive. And bullet  
holes are usually a big clue.

CHAFFEY

I can't find the second one, sir.

SMECKER

Look under the body.

CHAFFEY

(obeys)

Got it.

Smecker turns to detectives with a smirk.

SMECKER

You guy's ready for this?

They both nod.

SMECKER

This was no gangland assassination. Though creative, it was way too sloppy. Something went wrong here. This has personal written all over it. Now, these men were crushed and the first natural reaction the body has to such trauma is to tense up. So now the two shots fired here were reflex rounds. These guys weren't shooting at anything, but they were just about to.

Mitchell returns.

MITCHELL

Agent Smecker,  
(pointing to MacManus  
building)

This is all illegal loft housing so there's no manager on the premises but I found a lady on the fourth floor said she's had water dripping down on her whole place. Started just this morning.

SMECKER

Fourth floor huh? Then we're heading to the fifth. Let's go up and see just how right I am.

INT. MACMANUS' APT. BUILDING FIRST FLOOR MORNING

The detectives pile into the elevator, Smecker last. Greenly has rejoined them. Smecker sips his latte.

DUFFY

So what are you thinkin' here?

SMECKER

Really want to know?

All the detectives chant the affirmative. The doors close.

INT. MACMANUS' APT. BUILDING ELEVATOR FIFTH FLOOR MORNING

As the doors open, all the detectives chorus their disbelief.

GREENLY

No way. You know how big a guy's gotta be to do that? Fuckin' huge.

Smecker turns to Greenly in disbelief.

SMECKER

(beat)

Oooo. I might be wanting a bagel with my coffee.

Smecker exits the elevator leaving the three silent detectives with that thought.

GREENLY

(to Dolly)

I ain't getting him no fuckin' bagel.

The detectives exit the elevator.

INT. MACMANUS' DOORWAY INSIDE APT LOOKING OUT TO HALL MORNING

Smecker appears first, glancing in momentarily. The detectives pile in behind him. They survey the situation in total awe.

SMECKER

(to Greenly)

We'll start the ass kissing with

you.

EXT. MACMANUS' APT. BUILDING FRONT STEPS MORNING

Smecker saunters out, detectives on his heels.

MITCHELL

(approaches Smecker)

Agent Smecker. I know this neighborhood pretty good. There's a bar called McGinty's down the block. It's a good bet they were there last night.

SMECKER

(turns to detectives)

Good work, Mitchell. I'll check that out myself.

Duffy starts walking down the street. A REPORTER is hot on his heels.

REPORTER

Hey, Duffy. What the fuck happened here? You owe me. This is the one I want.

DUFFY

Let's go get a cup of coffee. You ain't gonna fuckin' believe this one.

Smecker is standing on the front steps in front of uniformed officers and homicide detectives.

SMECKER

I want A.P.B.'s put out. I want more uniforms on the streets. One thing's for sure, wherever these guys are they're hurting.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM DAY

A potent song takes our ears as The MacManus brothers sit in the E.R. They have already received care. Their faces are beaten and there are bandages and dried blood in various spots. Connor's injuries exceed Murphy's. They are both clad



in only their leather boots, boxer shorts and worn out old bathrobes.

Young kids wait for medical attention, as their knife wounds bleed. Two nuns in the corner console a third, whose robes are ripped and face is beaten. A woman toward the end of the hall is so badly beaten she is unrecognizable.

As the song builds to a more harrowing chorus, a man enters.

His clothes suggest he's a pimp. He is not injured. He looks around as he stands, perturbed, at the end of the hall.

He reaches over and grabs the beat up woman by the hair and begins to drag her out. She is kicking and screaming from the floor, grabbing at his wrists as he hauls her away.

(Slo-mo) The boys, instantly furious, stand and begin to go toward the action, but Connor's legs give out on him and he falls to the floor. Connor, still trying to go after the pimp, crawls towards him. Murphy helps his brother to his chair and hold him tight.

MURPHY

Okay. Just calm down. Take it easy.

He'll have his day. He'll have his

(turns)

FUCKIN' DAY!

Music fades.

INT EMERGENCY ROOM DAY FEW MINUTES LATER

An old Irishman enters the E.R. DOC (70 yrs.) has a serious facial twitch and is prone to blinking uncontrollably. He has a mild stutter. He also has Tourette's Syndrome and is apt to yell his two chosen swear words every now and then, first fuck! and after a slight pause, ass! He rushes up as they stand to greet him. Murphy holds Connor up.

MURPHY

Thanks for comin', Doc.

DOC

(Irish accent, squeaky voice)

J-Jesus. What the fuck happened? Are

ya b-boys all right?

CONNOR

We're alive.

DOC

An F.B.I. agent came by the bar. He  
left me his c-c, he left me his c-c,  
he left me this.

He hands them a card with Smecker's name on it. They survey  
it with interest.

DOC

(extremely loud)

Fuck!.....Ass!

Everyone in the E.R. looks at Doc in shock. Connor and Murphy  
don't even avert their eyes from the card.

DOC

What are you going to do?

CONNOR

We're going to turn ourselves in. It  
was self defense.

DOC

y-y-yeah that's what he said.

MURPHY

How the fuck's he know that? We  
haven't spoken to anyone yet.

DOC

Don't know. He didn't say.

The boys look puzzled. Murphy helps Connor down to his seat.

MURPHY

Listen Doc, we need a favor.

DOC

A-anything.

Murphy hands Doc a partially filled garbage bag.

CONNOR

Hold this shit for us, Doc. We'll be  
comin back for it when we get out.

DOC

Right.

Doc exits, say one more "Fuck,...Ass", on the way out.

INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION PRECINCT OFFICE DAY

The station is abuzz with the story. Connor and Murphy's names are on all tongues. A legend starts. Every available officer is in the room along with the homicide detectives.

Smecker walks right down the middle.

SMECKER

First of all, I'd like to thank  
whichever one of you donut munching,  
barrel-assed dip-shits leaked this  
to the press. That's just what we  
need now, some sensational story in  
the papers making these guys out to  
be super heroes, triumphing over  
evil. And let me squash the rumors  
now. These two aren't heroes.

(rolls his eyes)

They are two ordinary men who were  
put in an extraordinary situation  
and they just happened to come out  
on top. Yes, nothing from our far  
reaching computer system has turned  
up jack shit on these two. All we  
know is what we found out from their  
neighbors. And the general consensus  
is that they're... angels.

(pause)

But angels don't kill and we got two  
bodies in the morgue that look like  
they've been...

Smecker looks to Greenly. Dripping with sarcasm.

SMECKER

...serial crushed by a huge fuckin'  
guy.

Some of the cops and homicide detectives laugh and chide Greenly.

CHAFFEY

Are these me considered armed and dangerous?

SMECKER

Well, not armed. If they had guns, they'd have used them. But dangerous? Oh yeah.

MITCHELL

What makes you think they're dangerous? They were just protecting each other.

EXT. BOSTON POLICE STATION STEPS DAY

The two are limping up the precinct stairs. Connor is draped over Murphy who helps his brother along, they are still attired as in the E.R.

INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION PRECINCT OFFICE DAY

SMECKER

Look, look! I'm not saying one way or the other. Just be careful and go by the protocol on this one.

CHAFFEY

Any tips on where these guys may be?

SMECKER

(to Officer Mitchell)

Any word back from the E.R.s?

MITCHELL

No help at all. Swamped from St. Patty's. Packed with drunk, bloody Irish.

SMECKER

Just hit the bricks nice and hard.

Grunt police work is going to bring this one in.

GREENLY  
(talking loudly)  
These guys are miles away by now.

The brothers quietly enter in the back of the room. All the officers are seated with their backs to them. Smecker and the brothers make eye contact. He knows who they are. They don't interrupt Greenly.

GREENLY  
But if you want to beat your head against a wall, then here's what you look for. These guys are scared like two little bunny rabbits. Anything in a uniform or flashing blue lights will spook them. So the only thing we can do is put a potato on a string and drag it through South Boston.

There is light chuckling from the police at this crack.

MURPHY  
(loud)  
You'd probably have better luck with a beer.

Everyone turns and looks.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM BOSTON POLICE STATION LATER

The boys sit in two chairs at a plain table with a recording device on it. They are very serious and alert. Mitchell enters with coffee for them. He shakes their hands and says he really respects what they did. Surprised, they thank him. Chaffey enters with donuts and a repeat performance of respect. Slowly officers start to gather around the interrogation room door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM BOSTON POLICE STATION DAY LATER

There are at least 20 officers and detectives packed in the tiny room. The MacManus' visit with the excited cops. All are in high spirits.

The room is loud as Smecker walks in.

SMECKER

What the fuck is this!? This isn't a fuckin' tea party. Get out! Only thing I want in here is them.

They all file out. Smecker and the boys look each other over.

SMECKER

This conversation is going to be recorded. Just answer to the best of your knowledge.

Smecker reaches for the record button. Murphy puts out his hand to stop him.

MURPHY

(politely)

Excuse me, sir.

Murphy turns to his brother and speaks in Latin, in hushed tones. It is subtitled in English.

MURPHY

"What do we tell him about the guns and money?"

CONNOR

"We just got up and left. Bum musta rolled them before the police got there."

MURPHY

(to Smecker)

Okay. We're ready.

Smecker is intrigued with this tiny display. He hits the record button.

SMECKER

You guys are not under oath, here. I am assuming you knew these two guys from before, huh?

CONNOR

We... met them last night.

SMECKER

They had some pretty interesting

bandages. Know anything about that?

They look at each other.

FLASHBACK. INT MCGINTY'S PUB NIGHT ST. PATRICK'S DAY

McGinty's's is packed to the walls with drunken Irish. A lot of faces are recognizable from Noland's Meat. Connor is in front of the bar. He and Doc are staring at each other as if waiting for one man to give in. Connor has his arms across the chests of Murphy and some friends, holding them in place. They are interested in the competition.

PRESENTLY...

CONNOR

(presently, imitating  
Doc's voice)

Would someone please come over here  
and...

DOC

Fuck!

CONNOR

me up the...

DOC

Ass!

Everyone falls down laughing. Doc is angry and starts throwing ice at them. DAVID DELLA ROCCO makes his way through the crowd. Rocco is thirty-two years old. He has shoulder-length, dark hair and a full beard and mustache that wrap around his big smile. He charges up to the bar and yells to Doc.

ROCCO

Hey! Fuck! Ass! Get me a beer!

This sends everyone even further into laughter. Doc throws two huge fists full of ice at him. He backs away laughing.

The boys get up off the floor and have a huge group hug with Rocco as they all scream each others names.

They all laugh and commence drinking.

## INT. MCGINTY'S PUB NIGHT

The bar is trashed. It's mostly empty now except for the brothers, Rocco, Doc and four friends. Everyone is very drunk, including Doc.

ROCCO

(trying to connect  
with Connor)

...It's not that I'm homophobic. I'm  
just afraid of faggots.

Connor pauses then bursts out laughing. Doc calls everyone to gather round.

DOC

I got some bad news. Looks like I'm  
gonna have ta close d-down the bar.  
The Russians have been buying up  
buildings all over town, including  
this one... Fuck!... Ass! And they're  
not letting me renew my lease. I got  
'til the end of the week to come up  
with 26,000 dollars, or they take  
the place. I left them a note telling  
them not to show their faces t-  
tonight. They been pressuring me ta  
close and take the last few days ta  
get all my shit outta here but it's  
my right to stay open ta the last.

Long pause as everyone absorbs. They are upset.

ROCCO

Let me talk to my boss, may I can...

He is cut off by everyone who obviously opposes Mafia involvement.

DOC

L-Listen I don't want anyone ta  
know until the last possible moment.  
So you guys keep your traps shut. ya  
know what they say; People in glass  
houses sink ships.

Everyone has quizzical looks on their faces.



ROCCO

Y'know Doc, I gotta get you a, a,  
like a proverb book or something.  
This mix and match shit's gotta go.

DOC

What?

Everyone chuckles.

CONNOR

(imitating Doc)

A p-penny saved is worth two in the  
bush.

MURPHY

(imitating Doc)

Don't c-cross the road if ya can't  
get out of the kitchen.

Everyone laughs heartily. Just then, three large Russians in suits enter. The obvious leader, CHECKOV, stands in front with VLADDY behind one of Checkov's shoulders, with another guy behind the other shoulder. They mean business. The laughter fades.

CHECKOV

(thick Russian accent)

I am Ivan Checkov. You will be closing  
now.

MURPHY

(after a long pause)

This is McCoy... we find Spock and  
we got enough for an away team.

Everyone laughs. Ivan is angry.

CHECKOV

Oh, how extraordinary. A bunch of  
Irishmen... and they are being drunken  
idiots. You are killing the  
stereotype. I'm in no mood for  
discussion.

(points to Doc)

You! You stay. The rest of you go

now.

DOC

Why don't you make like a tree and get the fuck outta here!

The locals roll their eyes at Doc's blunder.

CONNOR

Calm down, Doc. I'm sure they're reasonable fellows.

He and Murphy each grab a Guinness and a shot of Hennessy and they approach the Russians with the peace offering.

CONNOR

Listen fellas, Y'know he's got 'til this week's end. Ya don't have ta be hard asses, do ya?

MURPHY

Yeah, it's St. Patty's day. Everyone's Irish tonight. Now, why don't ya pull up a stool and have a drink with us?

CHECKOV

You insult me. I would never drink that sewage. Especially with you people. You are fools.

Checkov slaps the beer to the floor.

CHECKOV

This is no game! If you won't go, we will make you go!

The boys look at each other, remembering what Mom said.

They still hold the shots.

CONNOR

If ya want a fight, you can see you're outnumbered. We're trying ta be civil here, so I suggest you take our offer.

CHECKOV

I make the offers, ass-hole.

Rocco pushes off the bar. He's had enough.

ROCCO

(standing between the  
two brothers)

Hey, there Boris. What would you say  
if I told you that your pinko, commie  
mother sucked so much dick...

Wham! Ivan punches him in the face. He is quickly down and out. Connor and Murphy's faces turn to stone as they speak the next few lines in flawless fluent Russian with English subtitles.

CONNOR

"Now, that wasn't too polite, was  
it?"

MURPHY

"I'm afraid we can't let that one  
go, Ivan."

Checkov is completely taken aback. All the Irish are fairly impressed as well.

CONNOR

I don't think Ma would mind.

They clink the glasses together, throw back the Hennessey, ball up the thick glasses in their fists, drop to one knee and both deliver a devastating blow to each of Checkov's quads. Murphy on the left, Connor on the right. He's down for the count, writhing on the floor.

The boys each take a Russian guy and start fighting as the others start kicking and spitting on Checkov. This is a bar brawl, lots of punches don't connect. Connor dismantles his man quickly. Murphy is still fighting as all the Irish try to jump in and help Murphy but Connor goes into psycho mode, pushing them all back.

CONNOR

Let the boy go. He knows what the  
fuck he's doing!

They all back off and start to cheer him on. Murphy and Vladdy are ripping each other apart. Vladdy backs him against a wall and pulls back, exhausted, for one good punch. Murphy reaches up behind his head with both hands and pulls two bottles of wine from a wall rack. He swings them toward each other with Vladdy's head as the mid-point. The bottles haphazardly connect, one on each side of his head. He crumples to the ground in an explosion of glass and wine.

There is shock and silence.

CONNOR  
Nicely done, boy!

INT. MCGINTY'S PUB NIGHT A FEW MINUTES LATER

They have Ivan Checkov tied down to the bar on his stomach.

Connor stands with an unlit cigarette dangling from his lips next to Ivan. He pours Hennessey all over Checkov's buttocks.

They all cheer. Ivan's face is battered as Rocco wakes and approaches. He punches Checkov in the face in complete rage.

Two friends subdue him as all chuckle.

CONNOR  
Now, like my fine brother says, on  
St. Patty's everyone's Irish. And  
this piece of shit is about to be  
initiated.

As they cheer, Connor lights up his smoke and tosses the match on Ivan's butt.

The Hennessey is instantly ablaze and Checkov is screaming and wiggling in horror. Some just stand there stunned, but most of the remaining onlookers leap to Ivan's aid. They furiously pat him out and turn on Connor.

FRIEND #1  
Are ya tryin' ta kill him, ya fuck?

INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT EARLY NEXT MORNING

Connor and Murphy, fairly beat up, sit up on their beds.

They wear tattered bathrobes and boxer shorts. They put their feet down into their leather boots. The boys examine the extent of one another's injuries and reflect on their hangovers. They both laugh and grab their heads in pain.

Boom! The door breaks open and in hobbles Checkov and Vladdy, guns drawn. Checkov is all beat up and the ass of his pants is burnt out. A bulky bandage covers his buttocks. Vladdy has a large bandage around his head. The boys stand in surprise.

Ivan smashes Connor in the forehead with his gun, sending blood gushing down his face as he falls to the floor. Murphy helplessly yells his brother's name as he is brought to his knees by Vladdy. Ivan positions Connor on his knees before the toilet, which is open to the room. Checkov puts his foot on Connor's head and proceeds, as he struggles, to hand cuff him to the old toilet. So now Connor is bleeding and hugging the commode with his hands cuffed behind the bowl base.

CHECKOV

(almost whispering)

I was going to kill you. But I'm not... I'm going to kill your brother. I'm going to take him down to the dumpster and I'm going to shoot him in the head. Then I'm going to throw his dead body in the garbage.

(looks at this watch)

Trash guys are coming in 10 minutes, gotta go.

Checkov walks towards the door and says "let's go" to Vladdy.

MURPHY

It was just a bar fight. You guys are fuckin' pussies!

Vladdy pulls him to his feet and leads him away following Checkov.

Connor, blood running from his face, listens to absolute silence for just a moment. Suddenly his face reads the gravity of the situation. In a split second he turns into an animal. He's yelling, pulling, tugging and growling.

His body is a whirlwind of motion. The skin on his wrists

bleeds profusely.

EXT. ALLEY MORNING

Vladdy and Checkov lead Murphy out back into the alley.

Murphy is on his knees next to the dumpster. Checkov has his gun to the boy's head. He acts like he's going to pull the trigger, but he stops. Vladdy is standing twenty feet away with his back to them keeping a look out, gun in hand.

INT. CONNOR AND MURPHY'S APT. MORNING

Connor becomes so venomous, that he pulls the entire toilet right out of the floor.

INT. TO EXT. MACMANUS' TENEMENT LOADING DOORS MORNING

(slo-mo) Connor steps out onto the sill of the huge, open loading doors. He is five stories up. His muscles ripple with the weight of the toilet. His face is barbaric.

EXT. ALLEY MORNING

From his kneeling position, Murphy can see his brother perched 50 feet overhead. He does not let his face betray him.

CHECKOV

I hope your conscience is clear,  
Irishman.

EXT. MACMANUS' TENEMENT LOADING DOORS MORNING

(slo-mo) Connor bends his knees and heaves the toilet upward and swings one arm directly beneath it. He is no longer tethered around the basin. He holds it at a cocked angle.

The heavy porcelain tank cover slips off the toilet.

He tosses the toilet in a left and outwardly trajectory, then he jumps off the sill to the right. He is sailing through the air about twenty feet behind, and to the right of the toilet, cuffed hands above his head, robe up like a cape behind him. Murphy screams

EXT. ALLEY MORNING

(slo-mo) Checkov begins to laugh heartily. The tank top lands pristinely on a garbage bag just behind Murphy. Ivan's look turns to one of terror. Bam! He is crushed by the toilet. Boom! His gun goes off, punching a hole in the dumpster near the bottom. Vladdy hears the bang and crouches as he turns to see a wave of tiny porcelain bits.

Connor lands squarely on Vladdy's back. His gun discharges firing a hole in the brick of the opposing wall. He is savagely crushed against the ground. Connor bounces off and hits the wall, landing in the garbage completely unconscious.

Murphy takes his hands from his head. There is dead silence.

He runs to his brother, pulls him from the trash and checks his vital signs. He seems okay. Vladdy, still alive, slowly crawls for his gun, inadvertently covering his own bullet casing. Murphy goes over, picks up the tank cover and clubs the man to death with two hard and fast blows, then throws it up and behind him. It lands in the dumpster with a resonating boom.

Murphy quickly takes everything from the scene; guns, money, wallets, watches and a pager. He shoves it in a garbage bag and throws Connor over his shoulder and runs out of the alley.

BACK TO PRESENT. INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM AFTERNOON

Smecker stares astounded at Connor and Murphy. The boys examine Smecker for a reaction. He slowly builds to a chuckle. The brothers join in.

SMECKER

(gathering himself)

So, how is it that you guys are fluent in Russian?

CONNOR

We paid attention in school.

SMECKER

Know any other languages?

MURPHY

Aye. Our mother insisted on it. French.

Murphy speaks flawless French with subtitles.

MURPHY

(subtitled)

How do you think he figured all this out without talking to us?

CONNOR

Italian.

Connor speaks flawless Italian with subtitles.

CONNOR

(subtitled)

I have no idea. Maybe someone saw and talked.

MURPHY

German.

(subtitled)

Not in our neighborhood, man. A hundred percent Irish. No one talks to cops. Period.

CONNOR

Spanish.

(subtitled)

Then I guess he's just real... real good.

SMECKER

What are you guys doing working at a fucking meat packing plant?

The brothers laugh. Chaffey enters.

CHAFFEY

Ah, Agent Smecker, we have a problem.

SMECKER

What?

CHAFFEY

The press is everywhere outside. They're going nuts for these guys. What do you want to do?



SMECKER

You're not being charged. It's up to you. Do you want to talk to them?

CONNOR

Absolutely not.

MURPHY

No pictures, either.

SMECKER

Well, we could try the bag over the head thing. Walk you right out the front.

CONNOR

Our mother can see through bags.

MURPHY

Aye, she can.

(beat)

Any way we can stay here?

CHAFFEY

Sure, we have an empty holding cell, They can... can they stay?

SMECKER

Well, we'll have to check with your mother, but it's ok with me if your friends sleep over.

They all chuckle. Chaffey is embarrassed. Smecker stands.

SMECKER

Time to feed the dogs.

Smecker leaves.

CONNOR

He's a nice guy.

Murphy speaks with the characteristic gay man's lingering "S".

MURPHY

Yes... he is.

They laugh.

EXT. BOSTON POLICE STATION FRONT STEPS EARLY EVENING

The police chief is standing on the front steps of the police station making a statement to the ravenous press: cameras and pushy reporters. Agent Smecker stands slightly behind him.

Rocco stands amidst the sea of reporters as the chief begins.

CHIEF

This is our official statement. The MacManus brothers are not being charged with a crime. It was a clean-cut case of self defense. We have thanked them for their cooperation and we thank you, the media, for your tireless pursuit of the truth.

The press is ablaze with questions. Smecker turns and walks down the precinct steps, passing Rocco, who carries a bunch of folded clothes, and heads for the police station. Smecker glances in Rocco's direction, barely noticing the man who has already passed him.

INT. MACMANUS' CELLS EARLY EVENING

Rocco approaches the wide open cell as Chaffey and Mitchell play cards with the brothers. Happy to see each other the boys and Rocco embrace. He hands them their clothes.

INT. MACMANUS' CELL NIGHT

The boys are in a tight cell with a bed on each side. They are in their own clothes now. The brothers are fast asleep.

Suddenly, they lurch forward, throwing their chests out, lips tight, still asleep.

INT. POLICE STATION BATHROOM NIGHT.

An officer turns on the faucet of a sink and begins to wash his hands. We go down to the pipes beneath the porcelain basin. An old leak seeps water through a crack in the floor.

## INT. MACMANUS' CELL NIGHT

A water leak starts on the ceiling. It drips faster and faster. The water begins to follow a water damaged crack along the ceiling. It slowly spreads in two directions.

The brothers struggle for air in their sleep. Then slowly, and at the same time, they each reach up one arm apiece and simultaneously curl their hands as if grabbing something.

Their straining faces are brought from darkness to light as they sit up quickly, face to the ceiling.

Their eyes open wide and they each draw their first breath as drops of the creeping water land on their foreheads.

They look at each other across the room in shock as the drips of water still fall between them.

CONNOR

Destroy all that which is evil...

MURPHY

...so that which is good may flourish

## INT. MANMANUS' CELL NEXT MORNING

Murphy and Connor sleep. Murphy awakes to a beep, beep, beep.

He removes Checkov's pager from the pocket of his bathrobe.

## INT. PRECINCT OFFICE MORNING

Connor and Murphy enter as Greenly, Dolly, Duffy, Chaffey and Mitchell are having coffee and donuts. They greet each other warmly. Connor grabs a pen and walks to the hallway.

CONNOR

Be right back...

DUFFY

We would be honored, sir, if you would join us peasants, in a donut.

Duffy hands Murphy a jelly donut and a cup of coffee as Dolly spreads a copy of the Boston Globe in front of Murphy. The

headlines read "The Saints of South Boston." All the detectives chuckle as Murphy is momentarily absorbed. He takes the paper.

MURPHY

Saints?

(beat)

I will not accept this pizzle until my feet have been properly anointed.

They laugh.

INT. PRECINCT OFFICE MORNING

Connor cradles the receiver of a pay phone between his cheek and shoulder. He pockets the pager. As the phone rings, he readies his pen. The other end of the line picks up and a thick Russian accent instantly begins speaking. Connor responds by speaking a few words in Russian before he realizes it's a recorded message. He begins writing. He hangs up the phone and smiles as he lights up a cigarette.

INT. POPPA JOE YAKAVETTA'S OFFICE DAY. A.K.A. THE JOKE.

Rocco, still sporting a shiner, enters an office. There are papers everywhere and it is a cluttered mess of telephones, filing cabinets, lamps and chairs. Rocco clutches a brown paper bag as if it is made of gold. POPPA JOE YAKAVETTA, Rocco's boss, is on the phone. He is in his late forties.

He's always comfortably dressed; sleeves rolled up, collar unbuttoned.

VINCENZO LIPAZZI swaggers across the office to Rocco. He is in his late thirties. He goes out of his way to look like Elvis; open shirt, gold chains and medallions. He is overweight and has a bouffant hairdo, accompanied by Elvis shades. Vincenzo flips a half dollar in his hand constantly.

Rocco and Vincenzo hate each other. Yakavetta talks on the phone.

VINCENZO

(hushed)

Well, it's the funny man. Give it here, package boy.

ROCCO  
(a bit defiant)  
Joey Bevo said it was important.  
Said I had to give it to him myself.

VINCENZO  
(snatching the package)  
Gimme the fuckin' thing. Now sit the  
fuck down!

Rocco obeys like an angry child. Vincenzo puts it in front of Yakavetta. He sits on a filing cabinet and flips his coin. Vincenzo giggles and whispers as he pokes fun at Rocco.

The two of them resemble kids behind the teacher's back.

VINCENZO  
(hushed)  
I'm Rocco. I'm the funny man. Heee  
Hee. I'm so fuckin' funny. Hee Hee.

ROCCO  
Fuck you Vincenzo.

VINCENZO  
(hushed)  
Tell me a joke funny man. Hee Hee.

ROCCO  
I caught your show down at the velvet  
room at the Holiday Inn, loved it  
when you busted into Viva Las Vegas.

Vincenzo's face drops he gets up and starts walking toward Rocco. Roc points at him from a seated position. He's scared.

ROCCO  
Hey, hey, hey...

Suddenly Yakavetta jumps to a standing position. He yells.

YAKAVETTA  
Fuck you! I could snap my fingers  
and have you dead in four hours,  
rotting in a truck off of Boyleston!  
You insignificant little fuck! I  
always get my fuckin' money!

He slams the phone down. Rocco and Vincenzo are shocked but try to look composed.

YAKAVETTA

Fuckin' 90's are killin' me. I shouldn't a done that. You're not supposed to tell a guy you're gonna kill him anymore. I gotta tip-toe through the tulips with these assholes. I prance. I'm a prancer. It's what I do... sucked all the fun right out of this job.

As he speaks he unwraps the wax paper in the bag. Rocco looks over his shoulder. It's a sandwich. He's embarrassed.

Vincenzo smirks at him.

ROCCO

Poppa Joe, you want me to go now?

YAKAVETTA

Yeah. Thanks, Rocco. See ya.

Rocco starts for the door. Vincenzo begins whispering in Yakavetta's ear.

YAKAVETTA

Hey, Rocco, wait. Come back here.

ROCCO

Yeah boss?

Vincenzo continues whispering for a few more seconds, long enough for Rocco to see. Vincenzo's lips are tight. His teeth grind.

YAKAVETTA

I always see you talking to the boys and making them laugh. They always come around telling me what a crack up you are. What is it they call you?

ROCCO

(totally intimidated)

The... The funny man.

YAKAVETTA

The funny man. Well, I got a new job for you, just for now. Roc, I'm having a real shitty day. I'm depressed. Tell me a funny story or a joke.

ROCCO

(terrified)

Uh. Okay... um... you hear the one about the, no fuck that one... uh... oh! oh! Well... shit. Okay, there's a white guy. He's walkin' along the beach and he finds a, a pot, y'know and ah, he rubs it and this genie pops out. But this genie, he's a ni... he's a black guy.

YAKAVETTA

He's a nigger.

ROCCO

Yeah. And uh, he's pissed off. He says, "Why you crackers always gotta find my mother fuckin' pot? And he tells him he's gonna grant all his three wishes but he's gonna give all the black guys..."

VINCENZO AND YAKAVETTA

Niggers!

ROCCO

Sorry! Sorry! All the niggers on the planet get double what he wishes for. "I'll take a million dollars," he says. Genie give it to him and says every nigger on earth just got two million. "I don't care gimme a yacht." Poof there it is.

(intimidated, losing steam)

E-every bl... every nigger just got two yachts. Genie goes...

(gives up)

I'm sorry Poppa Joe. I can't. This

joke sucks.

Yakavetta takes a long pause.

YAKAVETTA

Continue the joke.

ROCCO

(deflated)

He says, "What's your third wish?"  
And the guys says, "I want you to  
beat me half to death."

There's a long tense pause. Suddenly, Yakavetta throws his head back and roars with laughter. Vincenzo joins in. Rocco lets out a semi-audible sign of relief and gradually starts laughing himself.

YAKAVETTA

(still in guffaw)

Very good stuff, Rocco. Very good  
stuff. Tell me another one.

Rocco returns to terror. Yakavetta erupts again pointing at Rocco.

INT COMMON BOSTON HOME ANTEROOM TWILIGHT

Connor and Murphy give a huge Irishman guns, money and gold watches. He hands them two big black duffle bags and motions for them to help themselves as he counts the money. They enter a well equipped arsenal. They are giddy as they go on their first shopping spree. They toss in masks and gloves.

They toss in four identical black finished 9mm handguns with silencers.

CONNOR

Know what we need, man?... some rope.

MURPHY

For what?

CONNOR

Charlie Bronson's always got rope.

MURPHY



What?

CONNOR

Yeah, these guys always got a lot of rope strapped around em in the movies and they always end up using it.

MURPHY

Oh, you've lost it, haven't ya?

CONNOR

I'm serious.

MURPHY

Me too. That's stupid. Name one thing we're gonna need it for.

CONNOR

I don't know they just always need it.

MURPHY

What is all this "they" shit? This ain't a movie.

Connor pulls a large hunting knife from Murphy's bag.

CONNOR

Is that right, Rambo?

MURPHY

All right, get the stupid fuckin' rope.

INT. SMECKER'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Paul Smecker lies in bed with his young lover, Reuben (mid-twenties). He has an innocent, feminine look and a GQ air about him. The two have just had sex and Reuben is far more excited about it than Smecker.

Reuben pants and gestures that it was a wonderful experience.

Smecker watches TV.

Reuben reaches over and affectionately places a hand on Smecker's chest. Paul tosses it off with indifference.

Reuben has a pouty look. The phone rings.

SMECKER

Uh, huh.

(pause)

Room number.

Reuben throws an arm over Smecker's abdomen and places his head on Paul's bare chest as if to now force affection.

SMECKER

We got a time of death?

He is visibly miffed with Reuben's sudden display. He tries to pull the arm away but Reuben holds tight.

SMECKER

(sighs)

What's the body count?

Smecker is annoyed. He slaps Reuben semi-gently once on his exposed cheek. Reuben closes his eyes and holds even tighter.

SMECKER

Uh, huh.

He bites his lower lip in anger and smack Reuben again on the same cheek, hard. Reuben jumps to a sitting position holding his cheek. He is shocked and hurt.

SMECKER

I'll be down there in a bit. Keep the press out.

He hangs up. Immediately to Reuben, semi-angry.

SMECKER

What are you doing?

REUBEN

(beat)

I was just trying to cuddle.

SMECKER

Cuddle?...

(yelling)

What a fag!

INT. PLAZA HOTEL HALLWAY NIGHT 12:30 A.M.

Smecker saunters down the hall, his usual confident smile.

He is impeccably dressed in a brightly colored suit. Greenly stands directly outside an open door at the hall's end. A steady flow of detectives and forensics filter in and out.

Smecker halts before Greenly and looks straight into his eyes.

SMECKER

(intrigued)

He's struck again, hasn't he, Greenly?

GREENLY

Why do you always disrespect me like that?

SMECKER

Respect is earned, Greenly, never given. Guys like you should have to follow me around squabbling for the scraps from my table.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Smecker and Greenly walk into a large sunken living room with high ceilings. There is a huge white shaped pit couch in the center with seven dead bodies draped across it. All the bodies have been turned so they are either seated or on their backs and bright new pennies have been placed in their eyes. There is one corpse directly in the middle of the living room, making eight. This victim (THE FAT MAN) is overweight and is lying in debris made up of sheet rock and broken wood which spreads thinly for a five foot radius around him.

The victims' body positions are in a circle with the fat man as the hub. Smecker is instantly engulfed. The regular homicide detectives are on hand with their I.D.s hanging out of their breast pockets. They see Smecker and back off.

Duffy wears an especially loud tie. Smecker lights up a smoke. He circles around and sees another body behind the couch, which makes nine. The victim is on his back, with pennies

stuck in his eyes.

SMECKER  
How many bodies, Greenly?

GREENLY  
(still Dejected)  
Eight.

Smecker's eyes widen as he turns to Greenly.

GREENLY  
(catching himself)  
No! Shit! I didn't see that one.  
Nine! Nine!

Smecker takes a beat. He addresses the detectives.

SMECKER  
While Greenly's getting coffee,  
anybody else want anything?

GREENLY  
(as he walks to the  
door)  
Shit! Shit!

Smecker surveys the scene.

SMECKER  
So Duffy, got any theories to go  
with that... tie.

DUFFY  
(looks down)  
These guys were pros. I think they  
were coming for one target, the fag  
man, he was the...

SMECKER  
The what man?

DUFFY  
(surprised)  
The fat man.

SMECKER

Well, Freud was right. So you think they came for the fag man, huh? And what do you base this upon?

DUFFY

He was the only one done right. Two in the back of the head.

SMECKER

And the pennies?

DUFFY

New hitman wants to leave his mark

SMECKER

That's a possibility. Y'know you Boston cops are perking up. That's two sound theories in one day, neither of which deal with abnormally sized men.

(pause)

Another possibility is that they were placed there with religious intent.

DUFFY

Yeah. Some cultures still put pennies in the eyes of the dead, or silver.

SMECKER

The Greeks. The Italians.

DUFFY

The Sicilians.

DOLLY

What's the symbology there?

Smecker tosses the Idiot glance to Dolly.

SMECKER

Symbology? Well, now that Duffy has relinquished his King Bone Head crown I see we have an heir to the throne. I'm sure the word you were looking for was symbolism. What's the symbolism there? Let me explain it

to you. In Greek and Roman mythology when you died you would have to pay the toll to Charon, the boatman who ferried you across to the gates of judgment. This made sure the dead came to atone for what they did during their lives, Detective...

Smecker looks at his I.D.

SMECKER  
Dollapoppaskalious.

The detectives are impressed.

DOLLY (DOLLAPOPPASKALIOUS)  
Holy shit. You're the first one that's ever got that.

SMECKER  
(aside)  
Yeah, well... I'm an expert in name-ology.

The detectives chuckle.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Smecker is chain smoking. His clothes appear unkempt. His eyes show emotion at every new found clue. The detectives watch closely. He is hunched over the body of the fat man probing his wounds with his gloved fingers. Greenly has re-entered. He defiantly holds a cup of coffee but is too intimidated to interrupt Smecker. He sets it down and folds his arms.

SMECKER  
I've seen burns like these before. They used silencers. Look at these entry and exit wounds. They're identical.

He stands up and gives a lesson to the now eager detectives.

He points his two index fingers to the back of his own skull.

SMECKER

The two bullets went in here, through the top of the skull, criss-crossed and exited through the eyeballs. This one clue tells us three distinct facts. Number one... Duffy.

DUFFY

They shot him at a downward angle.  
(makes connection)  
They put him on his knees.

SMECKER

Excellent! Number two. Greenly.

GREENLY

Uh.  
(thinking hard)  
Shit, I, uh...

SMECKER

It tells us that he was the last to die. All these men  
(fans across the  
corpses with his  
hand)  
Were carrying. They came in, dropped all in seconds and then took their time with fag man. Didn't they, Duffy?!  
(psychotic laugh)  
They sure as fuck did!

A wide-eyed Duffy joins with Smecker, by nodding his head.

Smecker is seducing all of them.

SMECKER

And number three, Dolly.

DOLLY

Uh... two shooters!

SMECKER

Fan-fuckin-tastic!

Greenly and Duffy want to know how.

SMECKER

Now stay with me, boys. What did they do to make two such identical wounds? Did one guy put him on his knees, pop a cap in, sit him back up and shoot him again the same way? No. Two men of similar height dropped this guy down, each put some iron to his head and boom! That's all she fuckin' wrote!

DUFFY

What about one guy with two guns?

SMECKER

Possible, but unlikely. The angles are too extreme. A guy holding two guns to the back of your head is gonna shoot straight ahead. He wouldn't cock out his elbows, makes no sense. Besides, you telling me one guy came in here and killed eight men with eight extremely well aimed shots in just a few seconds? No way. Had to be at least two.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE LIVING ROOM NIGHT LATER

Smecker is now a complete mess. His hair is totally frazzled.

He is sucking on cigarettes long and hard. His clothes are completely disheveled.

SMECKER

Television,... television is the explanation for this.

Smecker points toward the ceiling revealing a huge gaping hole in it just above the living room.

SMECKER

You see this is bad television.

(again pointing out  
the hole in the  
ceiling)

The little assault guys creeping in  
through the vents and coming in



through the ceilings. That James Bond shit never happens in real life. Professionals don't do that. So we've got this up here, which has novice written all over it. And all this down here that's simply a perfect textbook assassination. So here's our two possibilities. We either have rank amateurs that got lucky or consummate professionals that fucked up.

The detectives nod in agreement. They are now completely taken in by Smecker's spell.

SMECKER

Join me in a drink, gentlemen.

They go over and grab seats at the bar. Smecker mixes himself a gin and tonic on the other side. He is calming down now and going back into cool mode. He starts to tuck his clothes back in and fix his hair. He leans over the bar and sips his drink. The three detectives lean in.

SMECKER

With the exception of my coffee boy, you Boston detectives are starting to show signs of intelligence. So, I am going to make you privy to some information that you would not normally be. These men are all Russian mob. Not like those two peons in the alley the other day. These guys are all syndicate bosses and underbosses. I have a dossier on every man in this room. Since the Iron Curtain has gone down, the Russian syndicates have started to come here. And in the spirit of Glasnost the Soviets have opened their borders to the mafia. But the Italians, they're not convinced that the grounds in mother Russia are fertile enough for organized crime yet. So they ain't ready to commit. The Russians are coming here anyway. They are unwelcome. What we have here,

gentlemen, is possibly the beginning  
of the first international mob war...  
unless I've totally missed something.

All their faces read the gravity of the situation.

SMECKER

Now, what is this going to look like  
to those who do not know what I just  
told you?

DUFFY

It's gonna look like the bad guys  
are killing each other.

SMECKER

And is there an American, shit is  
there a man seated among us that  
hasn't thought about it many times,  
let's just put them all on an island,  
give them guns and let them kill  
each other. This is our wet dream  
come true. You can expect federal  
and local law enforcement to go only  
deep enough to satisfy the law, then  
bury it from here on out.

DOLLY

So, what do we do now?

SMECKER

That depends. You either do your job  
or get ethical.

INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Rocco comes out of the bathroom. He storms out to his small,  
round, living room table at which the boys are seated. He is  
wearing a white, polyester shirt with gold trim that is a  
uniform of some kind for perhaps a chain of restaurants. It  
is unbuttoned all the way down and his white t-shirt is  
hanging out. He is wearing a name tag that reads "Jaffar".

He is upset. He slams down a chair across from the brothers  
who are sitting there cleaning guns and silencers. All the  
accouterments of death are sprawled before them. They are  
smoking as they carefully disassemble their firearms.

ROCCO

This better be good.  
(viciously ties his  
hair back)  
Talk!

The boys look at each other.

FLASHBACK EXT. SIDEWALK DOWNTOWN BOSTON NIGHT

The boys are walking across Copley Square. Connor looks at the note he wrote at the police station. They stand on the sidewalk and light smokes. They are in their regular garb; thick naval P-coats, jeans and leather boots. They each carry a mid-sized, black, duffle bag. They are serious and business-like. They scan the Plaza Hotel from across the street. The elite exit and enter the hotel. Connor glances at his pocket watch. It's 8:45.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL ELEVATOR NIGHT

They enter. They look ahead, stone-faced, as the elevator climbs.

MURPHY

Nervous?

CONNOR

A bit.

MURPHY

Me, too.

The elevator stops at the lobby level. Nine, well-dressed men enter. Their faces are not shown. The boys move to the back wall.

One guy says something quickly to another in Russian. The other gives a one word Russian response. The boys look at each other. As the elevator climbs, their eyes focus.

The door opens. As the men exit the elevator, each face is seen individually, all are victims from Smecker's crime scene.

The elevator goes up half a floor. They hit the stop button and rummage in their bags. They suit up; black gloves and

black masks. They strap on four 9mm. pistols with silencers, in shoulder holsters, one under each arm. Connor takes a large coil of black rope and drapes it around himself. He looks at Murphy and at the rope in his bag. Murphy is too excited to argue.

MURPHY

You and your fucking rope.

He puts it on. They drop to their knees, making the sign of the cross. Then, up through the ceiling they go.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL ELEVATOR SHAFT NIGHT

They stand on top of the elevator before a long air shaft.

CONNOR

(smiling)

See. I told you there'd be a shaft.

MURPHY

(smiling)

Just like on TV.

They jump into the air shaft.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL AIR SHAFT NIGHT

They start crawling with Connor in front and Murphy behind.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE NIGHT

The plump boss is standing in the middle of the sunken living room.

His eight Russian comrades are around him seated on the U-shaped pit couch. They speak Russian, but no subtitles are seen. The fat man yells. He's mad about something.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL AIR SHAFT NIGHT

Connor is taking lots of random turns, left and right. He is starting to look a bit confused.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE NIGHT

The fat man is really yelling at them now. He is screaming

and pointing at each man.

They seem to be taking it seriously.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL AIR SHAFT NIGHT

Their brows are drenched with sweat. Murphy crawls up next to Connor. There is only enough room for the two to lie on their sides facing each other.

MURPHY

Where the fuck are you going?

CONNOR

We'll find it. Just calm down.

MURPHY

No, fuck you. This rope is bullshit. I'm sweatin' my ass off draggin' this stupid thing around. Must weigh 30 pounds.

Murphy takes off the rope.

CONNOR

We're doing some serious shit here. Now, get a hold of yourself, asshole.

MURPHY

Asshole!? I'm not the rope-totin' Charlie Bronson wanna-be that's getting' us lost!

CONNOR

Sh, sh! Fuck you!

Connor grabs Murphy's shirt.

MURPHY

No, fuck you!

The boys get into a close quarters battle. An occasional insult is thrown as feet kick and fists fly. They begin to get tangled in their own rope. The seam of the duct breaks and a tangled mess of rope and MacManuses pour out.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL SUITE NIGHT

They crash through the ceiling right above the fat man's head. The rope gets caught and slams the boys to a halt, hanging them upside down, back to back about six feet above the floor. They are turning in circles. The boss is balled up in the fetal position on the floor. The shocked Russians say only a word or two in panic before the MacManus brothers react, reaching for their guns. The Russians start to reach for their guns. It's too late. The boys draw and fire as they spin. Taking four shots apiece.

There are eight dead Russians. Chests explode as they fall back on the couch in a loose circle. One victims is blasted over the couch.

They notice the fat man directly beneath them. Murphy grabs his Rambo knife, reaches up and cuts the rope. They land in

a heap, scramble over to the doomed man and place him on his knees. They each put a gun to the back of his head and recite this prayer in perfect unison.

BOTH

And shepherds we shall be. For thee,  
my Lord, for thee. Power hath  
descended forth from thy hand that  
our feet may swiftly carry out thy  
command. So we shall flow a river  
forth to thee and teeming with souls  
shall it ever be. E nomini patri, et  
Fili e spiritu sancti.

With the silenced pop from their guns we cut the sound and go to black and white. (Slo-mo) Choral music starts with Latin script being read in the background. They take their rosaries out. They slowly walk around, mumbling prayers as they care for the dead. They gently turn over the bodies that were on their stomachs. They brush the hair back from the victims faces. They place pennies in the eyes of all the corpses. When they finish their ritual, they pull off their masks and look at each other. They start to grin and look around. They work each other into a healthy chuckle.

CONNOR

(looks up)

That was some good fuckin' rope.

They both laugh.

MURPHY

That was way easier than I thought.

CONNOR

Aye.

MURPHY

On TV ya always get that asshole  
that jumps behind the couch.

CONNOR

Yeah, and ya gotta shoot at him for  
ten minutes.

MURPHY

Oh, we're good man.

CONNOR

Yes, we are.

They are already striding for a suitcase full of money.

Murphy picks up a wad of bills.

MURPHY

I love our new job.

Just then, there's a knock at the door. They snap into action. They stand at each side of the double doors, looking through the peepholes. They see Rocco on the other side dressed as a hotel employee. He wears a polyester shirt with gold trim and a name tag that reads Jaffar. He has a good cart in front of him.

They look at each other and grin. Murphy nods. As they open the door, Murphy grabs the food cart and pulls it in.

Connor seizes the mortified Rocco and pulls him in, slamming the door shut behind him. They run, dragging him and then throw him in the midst of the bodies. They put their guns right in his face.

ROCCO

Oh, God! Don't kill me! We're on the  
same side! The boss musta sent you

in as back up, huh? Oh, shit, please!  
I'm Rocco. I'm the funny man.  
(almost crying)  
They call me the funny fuckin' man!

CONNOR  
(attempting to hide  
accent)  
Where's your gun?

ROCCO  
Chest pocket.  
(they take it)  
Shit!

CONNOR  
This is a six-shooter.

MURPHY  
(hiding accent)  
Nine bodies.

CONNOR  
Oh, you're good. What were you gonna  
do? Laugh the last three to death,  
funny man?

ROCCO  
Poppa Joe said there was only two.  
In and out.  
(trying to make friends)  
Boy, you guys sure did a good job.  
You're good, huh? Cool masks. Where'd  
you get them?

CONNOR  
Let's do him right here.

MURPHY  
Right now.

ROCCO  
(screaming like a  
baby)  
Don't kill me. Oh shit, please no.  
I'm Rocco. I'm the funny man!... the  
funny man... the funny.



The boys put their faces close to his and demask. They start laughing but Rocco just lays there, wide-eyed, in shock.

They boys saunter to the bar. Rocco takes a long beat.

ROCCO

What did you do?! Fuckin'... what the fuckin' fuck! Who the fuck, fucked this fuckin'? fuck. How did you two fuckin', fucks?..... FUCK!!!

CONNOR

Certainly illustrates the diversity of the word.

The brothers laugh.

ROCCO

What the fuck are you doing here? What, huh!? WHAT? WHAT? WHAT? ANSWERS! I WANT FUCKIN' ANSWERS!

CONNOR

(slaps his face)

Get a hold of yourself, man.

Rocco is silent and surprised. Murphy, also surprised, looks at Rocco. All is quiet.

MURPHY

Yeah, get a hold of yourself.

Murphy jokingly slaps Rocco a second time. Rocco instantly jumps on Murphy, cursing and punching. The brothers burst into laughter as they subdue Rocco. As he calms down, they release him.

CONNOR

Listen, we gotta get outta here now. We'll take separate exits and meet at Rocco's.

Murphy puts the two suitcases in his duffle bag and the two brush by Rocco who is still unsatisfied with his explanation.

ROCCO

Fuck!

BACK TO PRESENT INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Rocco has removed his hotel jacket.

ROCCO

Anybody you think is evil?

CONNOR

Yes.

ROCCO

Don't you think that's a little psycho? A little weird?

CONNOR

Weird, huh?... Know what I think is weird? Decent men with loving families go home every day after work. They turn on the news and see rapists, murderers, and child molesters all getting out of prison.

MURPHY

Mafiosos getting caught with 20 kilos and walkin' on bail the same day.

CONNOR

Little girls catchin' stray bullets in their heads, playin' hopscotch in their front yards. And everyone thinks the same thing... Someone should just go kill those motherfuckers.

MURPHY

Kill em all. Admit it, even you've thought about it.

Rocco ponders this as the boys continue to clean their weapons.

ROCCO

You guys should be in every major city.

The boys chuckle. Rocco steadily works himself into a humorous

frenzy.

ROCCO

This is some heavy shit. This is like Lone Ranger-heavy man. Fuck it! There's so much shit that pisses me off. You guys should recruit 'cause I am sick and fuckin' tired of walkin' down the street waitin' for one of these assholes to get me, y'know?

MURPHY

(chuckling)

Hallelujah, Jaffar.

ROCCO

So you're not just talkin' mob guys. You're talkin' anyone, right? Even like pimps and drug dealers and all that shit?

The boys look at each other and nod.

ROCCO

Well fuck, you guys could do this every day.

MURPHY

We're like 7-Eleven. We ain't always doing business, but we're always open.

CONNOR

Nicely put.

INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT NIGHT ONE HOUR LATER

The three are partying hard. There's a pizza surrounded by Guinness cans as they whoop it up, sitting at the round table.

Rocco wears one of the masks. They're all drunk. The house cat is lounging on the table comfortably.

ROCCO

You fuckin' guys. You ruined me. I'm fuckin' done. Permanent package boy.

MURPHY

Who says that? You could take credit on it.

ROCCO

What are you serious?

MURPHY

Yeah, fuck it. If you think about it, it's all you can do really. You can't tell him it was us. Go in braggin' and shit.

CONNOR

Climb the corporate ladder, boy. Don Rocco.

ROCCO

Fuck it! I'm doing it. I deserve it. I've been working for those fat bastards since I was in high school and look at this place.

The boys nod in agreement.

ROCCO

(working into a frenzy)

They're fuckin' me man! Hey, they can suck my pathetic little dick. And I'll dip my nuts in marinara just so the fat fucks can get a taste of home while they're at it. That's it, it's done, I'm doing it.

Rocco slams his fist down on the table next to Murphy's gun.

The gun goes off with a bang! and blows the lounging cat right off the table. A softball-sized hole is blasted in the wall as a large splatter of blood sprays the area surrounding the hole. Everyone is in shock for a second.

MURPHY

I can't fuckin' believe that just happened!

INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT NEXT MORNING 11:30 A.M.

The three are passed out all over the apartment. Rocco awakens. He stumbles past the wall with the large, round, pink stain on it. There is a crooked picture hanging in the middle of it.

Rocco staggers to the kitchen and throws water in his face over a sinkful of dirty dishes. Connor awakens, grabs his jacket and follows Rocco out.

EXT. ROCCO'S FRONT STEPS CONTINUOUS

CONNOR

(hung over)

Donna's gonna be angry about her cat.

ROCCO

Shit. She's on every drug know to man. She'd have sold that thing for a dime bag. Screw her.

(beat)

But I do kinda feel like an ass-hole.

CONNOR

(chuckles)

You sound real remorseful.

Connor lights up two smokes and hands one to Rocco.

ROCCO

She ain't been around in weeks anyhow.

CONNOR

(beat)

Listen. Something's been bothering me about last night.

ROCCO

What?

CONNOR

Well... what if your boss knew how many guys were supposed to be there... in that room?

ROCCO

What are you saying?

CONNOR

Think about it man. Nine men, six bullets.

ROCCO

You think they sold me out? No way.

CONNOR

He probably knew you'd end up nailing the fat guy, maybe one or two more, but he had to know you weren't walking out of there. Figure it out. Shooter's dead on the scene. No in-depth investigation. It'd slide right off his back. 'Cause as much as I love ya, you're not exactly Don Corleone. What would he be losing? A thirty-five year old delivery boy?

ROCCO

No, no. That's just not the way things are done. Besides, how's he know I don't just get in there see there's too many and just serve em their fuckin' food and beat it?

CONNOR

He knows you, man. He knows all you want is to move up. That's all. A smooth hitter woulda gone in there, seen it was a wash and slipped out. But a guy like you? Knowin' this is your only chance? Waitin' eighteen years?

ROCCO

No. No man. That's... that's... you don't know what you're talking about. That's bullshit. I know these guys. I mean, thanks for your concern, but that just ain't the thing of it.

CONNOR

Do me a favor and roll it around for a bit on your way in.

ROCCO

No, look. No rolling. Nothing needs to be rolled.

Murphy stumbles enters scene with Rocco and Connor.

MURPHY

(to Rocco)

Where are you goin'?

(to Connor)

Did you tell him?

CONNOR

Yes.

MURPHY

(to Rocco)

Then what the fuck?

ROCCO

Hey. You don't know that shit for sure.

MURPHY

Oh, Jesus. You're such a fuckin' retard!

ROCCO

Fuck you!

MURPHY

Use your brain for once. Is it so unbelievable they don't care about you? You are fuckin' dead, you go in there today. Dead!

ROCCO

Oh yeah. You two fuckin' Micks know what's going on, huh?

(flips them off)

Fuck you!

CONNOR

(trying to calm him)

Hey, this ain't a thing you should gamble on, Roc.

A girl rides by on a bicycle, they pause as she rides between them.

MURPHY

Fuck it! What kind of flowers ya want at your funeral? Ya dumb Wop. This is the last time I'll see you. Bye-bye ya stupid son of a bitch.

ROCCO

(walking away)  
I'll be back at 9:00.

CONNOR

Hey. You get in there and start getting a bad vibe, get the fuck out quick.

INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT LATE AFTERNOON

Connor picks up the place as Murphy watches t.v. The phone rings.

MURPHY

Hello?

ROCCO (V.O.)

Hey Murph.

MURPHY

Roc. You okay?

ROCCO (V.O.)

Yeah. Anybody call for me?

MURPHY

No. You sure you're okay?

ROCCO (V.O.)

I'm fuckin' fine.

(beat)

Catch you on the flip side.

Rocco hangs up. Just then DONNA and her friend RAYVIE enter the apartment. They are consummate junky sluts who are very doped up and giddy.



DONNA  
(trying hard)  
Here kitty, kitty..... kitty.

INT. SIN BIN SMALL ROOM NIGHT

Smecker ascends the three, small steps up to the round room.

A NUDE DANCER sits there on the couch in a robe. She is crying as she is being consoled by Detective Duffy. This small room is where men watch girls through a large glass window.

In this room a dancer performs on a floor a few feet above the three private booths where each man watches from his own booth. She appears as if on stage. All three windows are shattered and there is blood on the wall of all three booths.

We see assorted body parts in each booth, but no faces.

DOLLY  
(approaches Smecker)  
She was in here when it went down.

SMECKER  
Can she I.D. them?

DOLLY  
They were wearing masks.

SMECKER  
Of course they were. How many?

DOLLY  
Three.

Smecker looks at Dolly surprised.

DOLLY  
Only two did the shooting.  
(beat)  
So what are you thinking, Russian retaliation?

SMECKER  
Nah, too quick half their infrastructure got taken out at the Copley plaza. Besides, if you're a

hitter, you're either working for the Russians or the Italians. There's no riding the fence. Our little theory from last night just got blown to shit. Something... new is going on here.

Smecker sits next to the girl. He has Compassion. She Cries.

SMECKER

Probably shouldn't work another shift for awhile.

DANCER

Fuck this job. I'm getting out of the porno business and I don't care who I gotta blow to do it.

INT. SIN BIN SMALL ROOM NIGHT

The bodies have been removed and chalk outlines replace them.

The bullet holes in the walls have been marked either A or B. The detectives watch Smecker. He is a mess. His clothes are disheveled and his hair is frazzled.

SMECKER

After talking to the dancer we know that their mark was the guy in the middle booth. After she watches them whack him, she passes out.

(pause)

Why the two extra victims?

GREENLY

Witness?

SMECKER

No way they could have seen it.

Smecker hits an orange button on the wall and a black steel door with a money slot comes slamming down in front of the first booth. He does the same thing to the last booth, leaving the middle one open. Both doors possess peep holes.

SMECKER

(sarcastic)

Allow me to enlighten you gentlemen to the protocol of the porno industry, as I'm sure you've never been in one of these places before. A man goes into the booth, puts the money in the slot. The dancer gets it on the other side. She hits the button, door goes up, now there is only glass between you and it's  
(makes a masturbatory gesture with hand)  
little fireman time.

DUFFY

No way they could have seen it?

SMECKER

Those doors were down... which means this. They looked down in through the peep hole, saw these guys and opened the doors from the inside. Pop, pop, pop, right through the glass. Why?

DOLLY

Maybe the three of them had something in common.

SMECKER

No. This guy is big time.  
(points to middle booth)  
These two are street-walking scum.

GREENLY

(kidding)  
Then that's what they had in common. They were all bad guys... now they're all dead bad guys.

Smecker seems side-tracked and ponderous at Greenly's observation. He hits the orange buttons and raises the doors.

SMECKER

We got another thing to think about here. We got us a genuine Kennedy assassination style bullet theory.

Two guns were used here, guns A and B. The guy in the middle was done with both. But this guy...

(denotes right booth)

...he was killed with bullets from gun A only. And this guy...

(denotes left booth)

...gun B only. But ballistics dug two slugs out of the wall from over here where the victim was done with A.

Smecker points to two bullet holes in the wall of the booth on the left. Each is marked "B". He walks over to the right booth where in the exact location are two identical holes marked "A".

SMECKER

And it's the same story over here. Why the crossover?

(beat)

Theories.

DOLLY

That's just fucking weird. I have no idea.

DUFFY

Jesus. I just can't think anymore. That scene over at the coffee shop today tapped me out.

SMECKER

What?

DUFFY

A guy went nuts over off of Commonwealth today. Shot three guys to death in a coffee shop in broad daylight. Fled the scene. Don't have much on him.

SMECKER

(angry)

Why was I not informed of this?

GREENLY

They weren't related. The guy used a 38. No pennies. Totally amateur.

SMECKER

Who were the victims?

GREENLY

A couple of peons for the mob and...

SMECKER

(livid)

Oh that's just BEAUTIFUL! All the scumbags in the quiet city of Boston start dropping dead and you think it's unrelated?! Greenly, the day I want the Boston Police doing my thinking for me, I will have a fucking tag on my toe! Now, get me a squad car and get me over there. I want the crime scene photos and any witness statements. NOW!

Smecker storms from the room. The detectives begin to follow.

Smecker comes barreling back in, shoving them out of the way. He looks at the bullet holes in the walls marked "A and B" again. Something has clicked.

SMECKER

(wide-eyed)

Oh... it looks like we got us a cowboy.

INT. LAKEVIEW LUNCH NIGHT

Smecker surveys photos and papers, as he smokes profusely.

He stands next to a table in the back where chairs are knocked over. Body chalk and blood stains are everywhere. The detectives seem like they don't want to be there, again.

SMECKER

The shooter knew these guys, huh?

DOLLY

How do you figure?

SMECKER

Friends, Gentlemen. They were friends.

Smecker flashes them a photo of a dead body. The victim is shot in the head and face down in his plate of food. His hands are on the table in front of him.

SMECKER

These guys were packing. Not one hand near a gun. It's simple human behavior. Someone you don't know approaches you, you put your hand on it. This guy's got his hands on the table. He's eating his food, for Christ sakes. They were friends.

Smecker looks over the bar.

SMECKER

These two fucking scenes are related. Too many coincidences. Same day? Five hours apart? Dead mobsters on both scenes. Now, why did he kill the bartender?

DUFFY

Crime of passion. He just went nuts. He would have shot everyone in here. He just ran out of bullets.

SMECKER

Duffy. This look like a fucking post office to you? This guy came in here with intent. Maybe he didn't know exactly what he was gonna do but he had a pretty good idea. The bartender wasn't a fucking accident.

DUFFY

Well, we didn't get any help on that. A lot of people saw it. Nobody's talking.

SMECKER

Fucking figures. Look, are you guys seeing the pattern here? We got big questions at both of these crime

scenes, with no answers. WHY did they kill the guys in the other two booths? WHY did he do the bartender? It would seem unnecessary, even stupid.

(angry)

God, I hate cold crime scenes! I'm fucking leaving now. And do me a favor, tell me when the next guy dies, cause these guys are not done yet.

He storms to the entry way.

INT. LAKEVIEW LUNCH ENTRY WAY NIGHT

Smecker walks across the street, still angry, and goes to a payphone. There's an extreme close-up on his hand as he puts in a quarter. As the quarter jingles in...

FLASHBACK EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF LAKEVIEW LUNCH DAY

...there is a close-up on a hand pulling back from the coin slot. The hand moves up to pull a cigarette from its possessor's mouth. It is Rocco. He dials the phone.

MURPHY (V.O.)

Hello?

ROCCO

Hey, Murph.

MURPHY (V.O.)

Roc. You okay?

ROCCO

Yeah. Anybody call for me?

MURPHY (V.O.)

No. You sure you're okay?

ROCCO

I'm fuckin' fine.

(beat)

Catch you on the flip side.

He goes across the street and enters Salamone's.

INT. ROCCO'S APARTMENT DAY

Donna and Rayvie are laying on the couch. Connor is spit-shining his boots by the window. Murphy lights his cigarette on the gas stove and pours some salt in a pot of water with a handful of pennies boiling to a shine in it. Rocco bursts through the door, hysterical. Tears are streaming down his face.

ROCCO

Pack your shit! We gotta get outta here! We gotta get out!

CONNOR

(hopping into his boots)

What happened?

ROCCO

I killed em! Oh, Jesus! I killed em all!!

DONNA

Rocco?

MURPHY

Hey, hey. Just calm down. Tell us what happened!

ROCCO

No! Fuck you! You start getting excited! We gotta fucking go!

DONNA

Rocco!

CONNOR

(packing up gear)

Who did you kill?

MURPHY

(packing up gear)

Holy shit. Who? How many?

ROCCO

(rummaging through



his drawers)  
Hurry the fuck up!

MURPHY  
This is some crazy shit, man!

ROCCO  
Those cocksuckers sold me out!

CONNOR  
Did I fuckin' tell ya, Rocco? They  
pull on you first?

DONNA  
ROCCO!

ROCCO  
What did I fuckin' do?... in the  
middle of the Lakeview.

CONNOR  
Lakeview the deli? Oh, shit!

MURPHY  
Ha! Ha! Roc, you got a jumbo set of  
coconut balls man!

DONNA/RAYVIE  
ROCCO!

ROCCO  
(turns in rage)  
What?

DONNA  
(softly)  
Where's my cat?

ROCCO  
(slight pause)  
I killed your fuckin' cat, you druggie  
bitch!

DONNA  
(shocked, hurt)  
You... oh god, why?

ROCCO

I felt it would bring closure to our relationship!

DONNA

(crying)

You killed my... my...

She stops, unsure of the cat's name.

ROCCO

(screaming)

Your what?! Your fuckin' what?!

DONNA

My, my...

ROCCO

(puts his gun to his own head)

Your what, bitch? I'll shoot myself in the head, you can tell me that cats name! Go ahead... Your what? Your precious little...

(waiting for her response)

DONNA

(flustered, crying)

Pee...Per...Man.

ROCCO

Peeperman? WRONG? What color was it?!!!

DONNA

It was... It was...

ROCCO

Male or female, bitch?!!

RAYVIE

Don't you yell at her you fuckin' prick!

ROCCO

Shut your fat ass, Rayvie! I can't

buy a pack of smokes without running  
into nine guys you fucked.

DONNA  
Don't you yell at her!

Rocco rummages through her purse and finds her car keys.

ROCCO  
All right, let's get the fuck outta  
here!

They exit. Rayvie and Donna are hugging each other, crying.

RAYVIE  
Is my... I mean it's not really...?

DONNA  
No. No. It's not fat.

INT. CAR EARLY EVENING

Rocco is in the back. Connor is driving.

ROCCO  
Those rat fucks! All of them were  
all laughing at me man!

MURPHY  
You sure you killed them?

INT. FLASHBACK SALAMONE'S DAY

Rocco is standing at the back table while his cohorts remain  
seated. They are OLY, and VINNIE.

ROCCO (V.O.)  
Fuckin-A-right I did. I had a goddam  
turkey shoot over there.

VINNIE  
I'll bet it was a test. Vincenzo  
came in here shooting his mouth off.  
He was makin' sure we knew. But we  
did what we were supposed to, eh? We  
kept our mouths shut. You did your  
part. They know we're goodfellas

now. We'll get taken care of.

ROCCO

What? Did everyone know? Next thing you'll tell me Sal was in on it.

Rocco looks at Sal the bartender who reaches for the phone.

OLY

Fuck. Vincenzo told Sal first. That fat fuck knew before we did.

They all start laughing together.

OLY

At least we got our funny man back.

They all laugh as Rocco pulls his gun and shoots Oly in the head. He lands face down in his plate of food. He shoots Vinnie in the chest then turns on Sal. He yells "Funny, funny, funny" as he pumps the remaining rounds into him.

INT. BACK TO PRESENT DONNA'S CAR

CONNOR

Anybody see ya?

ROCCO

Fuck, man! I may as well have posted flyers. Right out in public, man.

MURPHY

Liberating isn't it?

ROCCO

(smiles at last)  
Y'know it is, a bit.

The boys laugh.

ROCCO

Stop the car!

Connor pulls over directly in front of a pink neon sign that says The Sin Bin.

ROCCO

Vincenzo, that fat motherfucker, Yakavetta's right hand. He's the one who set me up. Then he went around shooting his mouth off, telling everyone I was as good as dead. He goes in there every Wednesday night around 10:00, he jerks off in the same booth to the same titty dancer. Never misses.

MURPHY

So?

ROCCO

So let's kill the motherfucker. I mean, what are you guys... like that's your new thing right?

CONNOR

(looks at Murphy)

Yeah, well...

ROCCO

Oh, what the fuck? How do you guys decide who you're... I mean, who makes the cut? Is there a raffle or something?

MURPHY

Well, truth be known, those first ones just kinda fell into our laps.

ROCCO

Well, what'ya do?

CONNOR

I guess we really don't have a system of deciding who.

ROCCO

(excited, yelling)

MEEEE! ME! I'm the guy! I know everyone, their habits, where they hang out, who they talk to. I know where they fuckin' live. We could kill everyone!

MURPHY  
(to Connor)  
So what do you think?

CONNOR  
I'm strangely comfortable with it.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND SIN BIN NIGHT

Rocco, Connor and Murphy are looking very serious as they smoke outside the rear door, in the alley. A drug dealer in a hooded Boston Bruins jacket emerges from the opposing alley.

He stops a 13 year-old kid. The kid is scared as the drug dealer slaps him. The kid give him money and the drug dealer stuffs a small baggie in the boy's shirt. He lets him go and withdraws into the alley.

As the boys and Rocco watch this from the opposing alley, they begin to head for them, but Vincenzo's car pulls up across the street. Rocco stops the boys and denotes Vincenzo.

The boys head in the front door. Rocco moves back into the alley.

INT. SIN BIN NIGHT

Vincenzo enters and shuffles past the bar where the brothers stand. He walks through a bead curtain at the back of the busy porno house. The boys follow him.

INT. SIN BIN HALLWAY NIGHT

They go to the back, open the exit door and let Rocco in.

The three wind down long dark hallways with Rocco leading the way until they reach a green door. The boys stand, side by side, directly in front of it. Rocco is just behind them.

The three pull identical 9mm.'s and the boys pull on their masks. Rocco puts on a mask that he made from a dock worker's cotton hat. He looks ridiculous.

MURPHY  
Okay Roc, this is...

He turns and is instantly taken with laughter at Rocco's

appearance. Connor turns, and has the same reaction.

ROCCO

What? You guys got masks.

They are now pointing and laughing.

MURPHY

(through laughter)

You look like Mush Mouth from Fat Albert.

ROCCO

(takes off mask)

Fine! Fuck it! When we're done she can I.D. me. I don't care. Just tryin' to be professional, but no...

CONNOR

(still laughing)

No. No. It looks good. C'mon, put it back on. It's good.

He begrudgingly puts it back on. They reassume their position.

CONNOR

(imitating mush mouth)

Okay Roc. You sure you're O-B-kay-B?

INT. SIN BIN SMALL ROOM NIGHT

They burst into the room, climb up a few steps and are in a small round room with a couch in it. A topless dancer sits, smoking and drinking coffee, on the couch in front of three big black steel doors with money slots in them. Rocco seizes her, puts a hand over her mouth and a gun to her head.

ROCCO

Which one is he in?

She points to the middle door.

ROCCO

(takes his hand off her mouth)

What's his routine?

DANCER

H... h... he jerks off in there.  
Th... then he puts money through the  
slot and I raise the door.

MURPHY

How?

She points to an orange button. Each door has a button to  
the left of it.

ROCCO

Then what?

DANCER

He watches me do my thing and f-  
finishes himself off.

INT. SIN BIN CENTER BOOTH NIGHT

We see the fuzzy reflection of a cheap porno movie being  
reflected in Vincenzo's Elvis style sunglasses. He is shaking  
as he masturbates.

VINCENZO

(grunting, muttering)

Don't you talk to me like that, you  
dirty little... give it to daddy...  
give it ta da King... garbage mouth,  
garbage mouth.

INT. SIN BIN SMALL ROOM NIGHT

Rocco is looking through the peep hole down on Vincenzo. He  
still holds the terrified, crying dancer.

ROCCO

Oh man. He is some sicko.

They back up and focus on the money slot. A hundred dollar  
bill comes through. Connor gives it to the dancer.

CONNOR

You've earned this.

The boys begin to recite their prayer. Rocco is smiling and  
excited, he still hangs on to the now hyperventilating dancer.



They press the button. The door goes straight up. Vincenzo has one moment of shock before the MacManuses decimate him through the glass with silenced bullets. The glass silently spiders and begins to fall in spots. His chest explodes, sputtering medallions and bits of gold chain inside the booth.

The dancer faints and Rocco lays her down gently.

The boys step down in the booth and begin their ritual.

Rocco watches intently, intrigued. They finish and turn around to see Rocco is immersed in grabbing one of the unconscious dancer's breasts. They pull up their masks.

CONNOR

What the fuck are you doing?

ROCCO

I'll tip her.

MURPHY

We've teamed up with a sex offender.

CONNOR

So, when are you getting a plastic fuck doll?

ROCCO

All right. I'm sorry. I'm pathetic.

He gets up and starts tossing money on her as the boys giggle.

Just then two more bills come through the slots of the other two doors, which have remained closed. Murphy looks through left peep hole, Connor the right. Smiles spread across their faces and they look at each other. They switch and each looks through the other guy's peep hole.

ROCCO

What? What is it?

CONNOR

This place is like a scumbag yard sale.

MURPHY

We gotta come down here once a week  
and clean house.

Rocco looks in one. He says "Oh, wow" as he crosses and checks  
out the other one.

ROCCO  
You sure about this guy?

The boys look at each other affirmatively.

ROCCO  
Oh man. You gotta let me do these  
guys. I'm such a moron. I gotta make  
up for the tit thing.

CONNOR  
No way. I've been waitin' for this  
asshole.

ROCCO  
Aw, c'mon. I gotta clear my family  
name here. I've brought shame to the  
house of Della Rocco.

MURPHY  
Give the guy a shot.

CONNOR  
(thinks it over)  
Rocco, this is the real deal. We  
must kill without hesitation, without  
guilt or remorse. Evil man, dead  
man.

Rocco gets serious and nods his head. Connor replaces the  
clip in his gun and hands it to Rocco. Murphy does the same.

He stands with one in each hand, aiming one gun at each door.

The boys both place a finger on the appropriate orange  
buttons, as Rocco slowly cocks his head back. With wide eyes  
he thrusts his head forward. The doors fly up. Rocco fires  
both guns yelling "Yeah, take it, take it!" Both the drug  
dealer from outside and the pimp from the emergency room are  
destroyed. Rocco then crosses his arms and fires two more  
shots from each gun. On the opposing walls of each booth two

identical bullet holes appear.

ROCCO  
Wyatt-fuckin'-Earp, man!

INT. SIN BIN JUST OUTSIDE THE PRIVATE BOOTH MINUTES LATER

Rocco shuts the door.

ROCCO  
You guys gotta teach me that prayer,  
man. That's some good shit.

CONNOR  
Forget it. It's a family prayer. My  
father, his father before him that  
sort of shit.

ROCCO  
C'mon!

INT. RITZY RESTAURANT BATHROOM NIGHT

An old man appears to look at himself in the mirror of an empty but very upper class bathroom. His eyes are very glazed over. He puts a large leather case on the counter near the sinks. A red and white blind stick hangs off his right forearm.

Yakavetta enters, crosses behind him and stands next to him.

AUGUSTUS (72 years) sniffs the air. A look of angry realization overtakes his face.

AUGUSTUS  
Fuck you.

YAKAVETTA  
Hey, Augustus, I need your help, I  
got a serious problem here. I'm not  
screwing around.

AUGUSTUS  
I bounced you on my knee at family  
reunions, for Christ sakes. Your dad  
and me ran the whole east coast  
syndicate you snot-nosed little prick.

And when you took the wheel, who was beside you?

Augustus begins to remove items from his suitcase. First a plate. He sets it down next to the sink. Then assorted colognes, cigarettes and chewing gum. He begins arranging them in neat rows, always feeling with his guiding hands.

YAKAVETTA

Hey, I just...

AUGUSTUS

Don't start with your shit. Don't you talk to me. Oh, hey Uncle Gussy, thanks for years of service. Here's a gold watch and a job sniffing other guys' shit eight hours a day. What am I, a retired bus driver?

YAKAVETTA

I need Il Duce.

AUGUSTUS

The Duke?  
(beat)  
What did you do?

YAKAVETTA

This kid, this package boy could bring down the whole east coast. If he decides to turn states he could dismantle us... totally. But it looks like for now, he's content with just killing us one by one. And even worse the kid is good at it. I mean I had a prodigy on my hands the whole time and didn't even know it.

Yakovetta puts an envelope of money in the plate.

AUGUSTUS

Listen kid, I think you better understand who you're dealing with here.

YAKAVETTA

Yeah. I was only twelve or thirteen

when you guys used to talk about him, like he was a ghost or something.

AUGUSTUS

Your dad and I used him three times over twenty years, only when everything went totally fucked. Believe me kid, you don't want this guy unless you are 100% sure you need him. He is... a fuckin' monster.

INT. PRISON PROCESSING ROOM DAY

This is a gigantic three tiered room with guards on all tiers.

They all cock their shotguns.

A PRISONER is shackled barefoot to a small metal cart on wheels. His hands are cuffed before him with a chain linking his hands and feet. A guard is pulling the cart through the prison to the parole board room by a long chain. The cons have their mirrors out to get a better look. His face is in shadow as he bows his head.

A metal cage is lowered around him from the ceiling. The parole board looks him over. A stenographer sits poised

MR. COBB

(English accent)

Do you feel you have been rehabilitated?

No response is given by the prisoner. The stenographer looks at MR. COBB who gives her the nod. She begins typing though no words are spoken.

INT. RITZY RESTAURANT BATHROOM DAY

AUGUSTUS

I've had this guy in front of me, and I couldn't tell you what he looks like, sounds like. He is the Picasso of assassins, kid. He plants hair samples, blood. Puts skin under fingernails. He is a fucking genius. Only one problem. He's been rotting in prison for twenty-five or thirty

years. Don't even know if he's still  
alive. Or if he's even up to it.

Augustus hands him a piece of paper he scribbled on.

YAKAVETTA

There's ways around that.

AUGUSTUS

Go find one.

INT. PAROLE PROCESSING ROOM DAY

A large piece of paper is placed on the table and stamped  
with the words parole granted across it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM BOSTON DAY

The prisoner, Il Duce enters. He is clad in a long dark trench  
coat with the collar pulled up, dark round glasses and a  
dark hat. He puts a suitcase on the bed.

He walks over to the window. He slowly puts his hand outside  
and watches the sun bounce off it. Tears begin to flow from  
beneath his glasses as he breaks down. He begins to take off  
his clothes as he weeps, casting them aside.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM FIRE ESCAPE BACK ALLEY DUSK

The Duke is fully naked, except for a hotel blanket which is  
wrapped around his waist, sitting on the fire escape. He  
smiles and is still misty-eyed as he beholds the sun setting.

Scattered around him are all the furnishings of freedom;  
Snickers bars, all kinds of empty candy wrappers, Coke cans,  
and many assorted magazines.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE NIGHT 2:00 A.M.

Rocco and the brothers sit in an old Boston coffee house.

ROCCO

Let's talk some business here. I  
know a sick fuck... makes the ones  
we been doing look like altar boys.  
Worst night of my life when I met  
this guy.

FLASHBACK EXT. SUBURBAN BEAVER CLEAVER-  
TYPE HOUSE DUSK

Rocco waits in a late model Chevelle in front of a white house. A man exits the house and walks across the sprawling front lawn. Rocco leans over and says How ya doin', man?

The man doesn't respond and sits in the passenger seat.

During the following scenes we FLASHCUT between bits of Rocco's experience that night to the coffee house and catch bits of dialogue as he explains.

ROCCO

The guy never says a fuckin' word to me. We're driving for 25 minutes. Never a sigh, no throat clearing, nothing. And his face, blank man. Just nothing there.

EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE NIGHT CONTINUED

FLASHCUT: They pull up to a house in a scummy, Boston Logan Airport neighborhood. Rocco gets out and sits on the hood smoking as the man makes his way up the walk.

INT. DECREPIT HOUSE CONTINUED

Two tough looking wiseguys walk across a hallway cocking shotguns. They disappear into a room.

FLASHCUT : He quietly enters the house and pulls a large bright-blue plastic tarp from his coat and spreads it across the floor in the hallway. We hear the sound of Sega video games being played. He pulls out two pistols with silencers and walk.

He disappears into the living room. Two white flashes and the sounds of silencers. A hookerish looking mom enters frame in the B.G. in the kitchen. She is talking on the phone. She disappears from view. The man reappears and walks to the kitchen. A white flash and the sounds of silencer.

He walks right down the hall and halts right in front of us and listens. He goes into the room the wiseguys had entered.

We hear a second of male voices in protest. Two flashes of light and the sounds of silencers. A dog is heard barking.

The man reappears in the hall and walks to its end, through the kitchen. He opens a pair of sliding doors and steps out of our view. A flash of white light and the sound of a silencer.

EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE NIGHT CONTINUED

Rocco is out front listening as the barks abruptly cease.

INT. DECREPIT HOUSE NIGHT CONTINUED

FLASHCUT : The man drags a dead dog across the kitchen floor, leaving a streak of blood. FLASHCUT : He drags the bodies of two kids, two men and the woman down the hall toward us leaving the hall carpet streaked with blood.

ROCCO

I didn't see what he was doing while  
he was in there.

FLASHCUT : The man pulls out a large hunting knife and disappears into each room. The sounds of hacking are heard.

He reappears holding different pieces of bloody debris. A telephone, a piece of carpet, pieces of drywall. He takes a mop and cleans off the blood on the linoleum of the kitchen floor.

He walks toward us and stabs the mop in right before camera.

It stays standing.

FLASHCUT : We see from his p.o.v. a pile of broken bodies, bloody debris and a dead dog with a mop sticking out the top.

EXT. DECREPIT HOUSE NIGHT CONTINUED

FLASHCUT : The man steps outside and motions Rocco in.

FLASHBACK EXT. BACK FACTORY LOT NIGHT

Rocco's face is now expressionless as the two load the last body in the furnace and toss the dog in, unloading from



Rocco's trunk. They shut the furnace door and there is just the low hum of a furnace and the light wind blowing.

THE MAN

I have a poker game at the house every Saturday with a couple of guys you know. Why don't you come down? Wife makes a hell of a bar-g-que.

ROCCO

(pause)

Yeah... yeah, I'd like that. Tell me something. What did they do?

THE MAN

I don't know.

BACK TO PRESENT INT. COFFEE HOUSE NIGHT

Rocco is looking down in silence.

ROCCO

Worst day of my life, man.

MURPHY

(pause)

Well, I'm sold.

CONNOR

Don't worry, Roc. We'll do this guy right and you'll feel a lot better.

INT. ROCCO'S MOM'S KITCHEN NEXT DAY 1:00 P.M.

The three burst in, all yelling at each other. They are all bleeding profusely from gun shot wounds. Connor turns on the gas stove and slams a new clothing iron down on the burner. He has wrapped the cord around the handle so it won't burn. They have all ripped their clothes haphazardly and have made tourniquets to nurse their wounds.

CONNOR

Who the fuck was he, Rocco? I know you fuckin' know!

ROCCO

Fuck you! I told you I never saw him

before!

MURPHY

Well he sure as fuck knew you!

ROCCO

Fuck you both! Ya ask me, he was aiming at you!

The scene fades into total silence as they viciously argue.

They then take turns hold each other down as they cauterize their wounds with the hot iron. Two guys will hold a third down and force a wadded up pillow case in his mouth, as they burn him

EXT. BOSTON SUBURBAN BEAVER-CLEAVER TYPE HOUSE SAME DAY  
5:00 P.M.

Smecker sits on the balls of his fee on a sprawling front lawn. He looks out to the street and sees a forensics technician kneeling before a new, gray Ford Taurus riddled with bullet holes. The man marks a sea of different-sized bullet casings that stretch for thirty-five feet down the sidewalk. He circles two blood stains on the side walk with orange chalk.

Smecker turns and looks at the front of the house. It is peppered with bullet holes, all seemingly concentrated on the front stoop area. Men try to lift blood samples off the white paint around the door. He stands and Dolly, Duffy and Greenly are ready with pens and notebooks behind him.

SMECKER

Okay. Here's what happened.

FLASHBACK INT. PARKED FAMILY VAN SAME DAY NOON

Connor, Murphy and Rocco sit in a parked van, down the street from the Beaver Cleaver house. The three are sitting next to each other in the longer back seat. They have a counter in front of them with all their guns and accessories on it.

The clicking of bullets into clips, and smacking of clips into guns are heard. Smecker sits in the captain's chair directly across from them, calmly smoking a cigarette. They

finish their preparation. Rocco holds up his guns.

SMECKER

They waited in a parked car down the street for the kid to leave.

Murphy spies a young boy peddling his bike out of the driveway. He goes to the front of the van.

MURPHY

There he goes.

(turns back to them,  
pulls his guns)

Okay, gentlemen. Are we ready to bring this man into the light? Are we ready to truly do the work of the Lord?

CONNOR

(cocks his pistol)  
A-fuckin'-men!

ROCCO

This is so fuckin' cool!

EXT. SUBURBAN BEAVER CLEAVER TYPE HOUSE DAY

Connor, Murphy, and Rocco make a frenzied exit from the van and walk across the front lawn, each carrying a black duffle bag and clutching a mask. The garage is opened a crack.

They pull it up all the way. The sun shines in on Smecker who stands there smoking.

INT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE GARAGE DAY

They enter and close the door behind them

SMECKER

They went in through the garage. The kid says he leaves it open when he takes his bike out.

They dive into their bags and suit up with leather gloves, masks, navy P-coats and their guns.

INT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE DAY

The three open the door and enter the house and walk deliberately down the hallway.

SMECKER (V.O.)

Now, they know the wife is the gate keeper. She knows the code.

EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE BACKYARD DAY

They walk with the terrified woman around the pool to a steel door pool house entrance. There is a number pad next to the door. Rocco positions her in front of it.

ROCCO

Don't fuck with me lady. I'll kill you.

She slowly punches in the numbers. Smecker is standing there smoking.

SMECKER

The wife says she doesn't know what happened after she hit the code. She just remembers going down. But, judging by the burn mark on her back, I think what they did...

Rocco pulls a stun gun and zaps her with it. She goes down.

SMECKER

...was use a stun gun on her.

Connor reaches for the knob but Rocco stops him. They wait, guns drawn and focus on the door knob.

SMECKER

Now the guy knows a friend is coming to the game. And they know that this door can only be opened from the inside. So they wait... and when that door opens, man...

The knob turns and they kick it in.

INT. POOLHOUSE - DAY

They burst in and line up shoulder to shoulder, guns aimed.

Smecker stands beside Rocco with his thumb and forefinger extended to mimic guns. Five mafiosos sit around a poker table in front of time. Two men are playing pool to their left. Rocco quickly scans the room.

ROCCO

All of them.

They begin firing. Men are dying, their chests exploding.

Smecker moves his hands like firing guns and yells over the noise.

SMECKER

Nobody was ready for it. Devastation,  
panic! This was like shooting fish  
in a fuckin' barrel!

Smecker points to the pool table as the two players dive under it.

SMECKER

Now these guys dove under the table.  
The trajectory on the bullets show  
they came from straight across. So  
this means one of our shooters...  
dropped to his knees...

Smecker drops to his knees in perfect synchronicity with Rocco. They are side by side and leaning back.

Rocco fires and the men under the table skip around as they are riddled with bullets. Smecker's mimicking hands follow him perfectly with each shot. The boys and Rocco demask.

Rocco goes around to all the bodies and looks earnestly at each one, as Connor and Murphy pick up bullet casings.

ROCCO

Shit!... Shit! He ain't here.

MURPHY

What the fuck do you mean?

ROCCO

I mean he ain't here.

CONNOR

Look again for fuck sake!

ROCCO

I know what the fuck he looks like!

SMECKER

Something went wrong. Right here.

INT. POOLHOUSE BATHROOM DAY

The man they came for gets off the toilet and pulls up his pants. He is expressionless. He pulls a towel rack from the wall.

INT. POOLHOUSE DAY

The door behind Rocco begins to open outward. As the door swings open, Rocco tries to angle a gun around to shoot the man who is opening it. But as soon as the man sees his hand, bam! he comes down on it with the towel rack. Rocco pulls back in pain dropping his other gun but the gun fires, as the man's blow connects. The shot pierces his stomach and sends him against the wall. He holds his abdomen in pain.

There is a moment of recognition between the man and Rocco.

Rocco is terrified as the man dives on him and they begin fighting. Murphy jumps to help, but Connor pulls him back.

They both stand in front of the pool table about thirty feet from Rocco.

CONNOR

Let the boy go!

He is now being choked, as he glares at them in disbelief.

MURPHY

C'mon Roc!

SMECKER

Now, one of these guys is a real sicko. He knew this man. He wanted him to suffer, to feel every second

of a painful death.

As Rocco is wrestling and punching on the floor. He looks up.

ROCCO

Help me you assholes!

(they continue to cheer)

He's gonna fuckin' kill me!

(he fights harder)

SMECKER

This guy is one bad motherfucker.

ROCCO

I don't wanna die!!!!

Murphy is aching to help but Connor is more steady. A man who has been shot starts to regain consciousness. Connor turns his back to shoot him (slo-mo). Murphy sees his opportunity, pulls the cue ball from the table, and rolls it silently across the carpet toward Rocco.

Connor fires with his left hand and as the casing ejects from the gun he catches it in mid air and makes the sign of the cross. Rocco is on his back, the man is straddling him.

They both have each others throats and are trying to strangle one another. When the ball is within arms reach, Rocco slams his hand down on it and knocks his assailant in the skull.

He straddles him and begins to mercilessly beat his face in with the cue ball, yelling "You sick fuck!"

He finally stops, gets up, runs toward the boys, and throws an exhausted punch at Connor who just lays Roc down on the pool table and says, "Nicely done, boy". Murphy tends to Roc. Connor checks out the man and seems surprised.

Murphy takes the bloody cue ball from Rocco's hand and polishes it off on his jacket, making sure Connor cannot see. He replaces it perfectly on the table. Smecker now stands in front of the table with the cue shining in the background.

SMECKER

I've never seen wounds like these

before, but whatever he used on this guy, it was a blunt object and they took it with them.

Smecker exits to the left as Greenly enters from the right, following Smecker out. He walks by the table furiously scribbling in his notebook. Connor, Murphy and Rocco exit the room, pennies in the eyes of all the corpses in the background. Rocco holds two duffle bags full of poker money.

Greenly stops, picks up the cue ball and looks at the dead man. He shakes his head and says, "Nah".

EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE FRONT LAWN DAY

Smecker stands in the middle of the front lawn. His hair is a mess. He's chain-smoking. His clothes are disheveled.

His eyes are psychotic. He points to the parked Taurus as six men in dark suits appear in a fuzzy, out-of-focus shot.

They line up shoulder to shoulder on the sidewalk.

SMECKER

They exited out the front door. And they had no fucking idea what they were in for.

EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE FRONT LAWN DAY

Rocco, Connor and Murphy walk toward the front door.

EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE SIDEWALK DAY

(Slo-mo) Two black leather boots slowly walk up the sidewalk and stop in front of the new, gray Ford Taurus then turn toward the house. Il Duce removes a white balloon filled with a few ounces of fluid from the pocket of his black trench coat. He throws it on the walk, the blood splatters. He picks up the remnants of the balloon and puts them back in his pocket and stands there waiting, looking at the house.

EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE FRONT STOOP DAY

The boys come out, Rocco in the middle and slightly ahead of them. They look out to the walk, stunned.



SMECKER

Now they are staring at six guys  
with guns drawn. It was a fucking  
ambush.

Our three heroes stand, their jaws dropping as their point  
of view reveals the Il Duce, standing alone, his hands folded  
in front of him.

Suddenly, he throws open his trench coat to reveal a special  
leather vest beneath. Six guns, all different, are holstered  
on the front of it: three on each side extend from just below  
his collar bones to his abdomen. Connor and Murphy don't  
hesitate. They each draw one of their now unsilenced guns  
from their shoulder holsters and aim, one arm over each of  
Rocco's shoulders. The Duke draws his top two weapons and  
aims.

SMECKER

And this was a fucking bomb dropping  
in Beaver Cleaverville! For a few  
seconds this place was Armageddon!  
There was a fire fight!

They all start shooting at once. The noise is deafening.

The Taurus is being pierced and the front of the house is  
splintering as it is riddled with bullets. Smecker is still  
in the middle, hands raised to the heavens, turning circles.

Rocco's pinky finger gets shot off, sending blood splattering  
against the house. He dives in the bushes reeling. He pulls  
a gun and starts firing.

Murphy catches a bullet in the arm and dives for the bushes  
as well. Il Duce with lightening speed, drops the guns and  
pulls the next two down as he walks to his right about ten  
feet. He commences firing and the casings hit the sidewalk,  
all different calibers and sizes are dropping down the walk.

It's him and Connor and nobody is backing down. They both  
grind their teeth as they fire rapidly at each other. At the  
same moment, The Duke gets hit in the arm and Connor takes a  
bullet in the leg. The firing ceases for a moment.

Connor remains steady and Il Duce looks down at his arm and  
his own blood splattered on the sidewalk.

IL DUCE  
No!... No! No!...

He drops the guns and pulls the last two as he moves to the right. He fires with wrath as he screams the word No over and over. Rocco and Murphy return fire from the bushes yelling and swearing, as Connor does the same from his position on the stoop.

The Duke turns and runs, leaving a sea of casings, and guns that extend for 35 feet down the walk. There are also two blood stains.

In a frenzy the boys and Rocco get up and withdraw some spray bottles from their bags. They begin spraying all their own blood stains on the stoop and the front of the white house.

They then pick up their things and run off.

EXT. SUBURBAN "BEAVER CLEAVER" TYPE HOUSE FRONT LAWN DAY

Smecker comes back to reality and lights a cigarette in front of Dolly, Duffy, and Greenly.

GREENLY  
What if it was just one guy with six guns?

SMECKER  
Why don't you let me do the thinking, huh, genius?

He turns to the forensics guys at the front of the house and begins to walk over to him.

SMECKER  
What is taking so long with those blood samples?

FORENSICS WOMAN #1  
I can't get a good sample. There is variable here I'm not seeing.

Smecker puts his finger through a big blood stain on the door and smells it.

SMECKER

(in shock, and rage)

They used ammonia... none of this shit is any good... Fuck... You know what this means?! Even if we get suspects in this case, we got nothing... Nothing!

He starts kicking the bushes and trying to tear them with his hands as he rages. The police and forensics all back off.

SMECKER

(screaming)

Who the fuck are they?! I've never seen any-fucking-thing like this in my whole fucking life. Who the fuck are they?!!

He backs against the building and slides down to a sitting position in the bushes as if he has given up. He raises his head and there he sees Rocco's pinky finger lying undiscovered in the bushes. He pulls a small plastic bag from his pocket and scoops it up. He shoves it back into his pocket and races off.

DUFFY

What? That's it?!

INT. ROCCO'S MOM'S KITCHEN NIGHT

Rocco, Connor, and Murphy are sitting around the table.

They are numb with pain and silently sipping beers. Suddenly, Smecker comes on the news making an announcement that he is heading up the investigation to find the three of them.

Rocco shuts it off.

CONNOR

Shit.

ROCCO

What?

(points to TV)

What, that guy?

MURPHY

That's the guy that got us off the hook with the "Checkov" thing.

CONNOR

And he is one smart man.

ROCCO

They got nothing.

CONNOR

This guy is very sharp. If he hasn't figured us out yet, he will.

MURPHY

You bet your ass he will.

ROCCO

Well, I'd say that makes him a lia-fuckin-bility.

The boys look at each other.

CONNOR

He isn't to be touched.

MURPHY

He's a good man.

ROCCO

Okay... whatever.

(looking at the bloody mess)

My Mom's gonna kill me.

INT. SMECKER'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Smecker is sitting at a computer terminal. He has just hooked into the F.B.I.'s computer network with his authorization code. He is disgusted as he puts on surgical gloves and finger prints the severed finger onto a scanner. He waits for a moment. Rocco's face and rap sheet come up on his screen. He is in disbelief.

SMECKER

No. This is all wrong. David Della Rocco?

FLASHBACK EXT. POLICE STATION FRONT STEPS

Rocco on the steps of the police station when Rocco brought the boys their clothes.

BACK TO PRESENT INT. SMECKER'S BEDROOM NIGHT

He picks up the phone.

MARIA (V.O.)  
Boston Police Department.

SMECKER  
Yeah. Maria, this is Smecker. Could you find me the visitor's list for the day the MacManus brothers were in and read me all the names?

She reads a few names then hits David Della Rocco.

SMECKER  
Okay, thank you.

He hangs up, puts in a smoke, and knocks his head back in deep thought.

INT. GAY BAR NIGHT

Smecker is drinking like a fiend. He is disturbed and rowdy.

He's a bad drunk. He downs a shot and motions for another one. The BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER  
You've had quite a bit, Paul. Are you sure you...

SMECKER  
Pour the drink, faggot-ass!

He obeys. A good looking gay man comes up and whispers in Smecker's ear and points to the back room.

SMECKER  
Okay... But I don't cuddle.

They proceed to the back. Smecker is stumbling.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CHURCH EARLY MORNING

Rocco pulls Vincenzo's car to the curb and the MacManus' exit.

ROCCO

Hey! We gotta talk about this early morning church shit.

MURPHY

We have to go now.  
(giggles)  
We're on the lamb.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE GAY BAR EARLY MORNING

Smecker staggers out of the bar. He is an absolute wreck.

Rocco exits a package store just down the street. He is opening a new pack of cigarettes. He is surprised when he sees Smecker at the other end of the block. He follows the stumbling agent, fumbling for his gun.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CHURCH EARLY MORNING

Paul sees a church and reflects for a moment before crossing the street and going in, Rocco a safe distance behind.

INT. CHURCH EARLY MORNING

Connor and Murphy are at prayer in the back of the church.

It is mostly empty because of the early hour.

Connor looks up and sees Smecker and Rocco way up in the front. His eyes are ablaze. He is up and walking and does not bother Murphy, who remains penitent. There are two confessional booths with a priest booth in the middle.

Smecker goes in the booth on the far left. Rocco tries the door, it's locked. A middle-aged PRIEST slips a key in the priests booth and opens the door. Rocco shoves him in and goes in behind him. Connor has quickened his pace. He tries both doors. They're locked. He goes into the confessional on the right.

INT. CHURCH PRIEST'S BOOTH EARLY MORNING

Rocco puts his gun to the priest's head.

ROCCO

You gonna do what I say, got it?

PRIEST

Yes.

ROCCO

I'm sorry you're gonna hafta see this. Don't look at me!

PRIEST

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I didn't see.

ROCCO

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

INT. CHURCH CONNOR'S CONFESSIONAL EARLY MORNING

Connor is furiously working his fingers through the lattice work to open the slider to the priest's booth from his side.

INT. CHURCH PRIEST'S BOOTH EARLY MORNING

Rocco takes the priest and puts his face in front of the slider to Smecker's booth, gun to the back of his head.

PRIEST

Don't do this my son.

ROCCO

Open it!

PRIEST

Have you no fear of God?

ROCCO

That's who I'm doing this for, now open the fuckin' thing.

Connor gets the slider open. Rocco's long hair hangs just inches from Connor's face. Connor puts his thumb and forefinger through, desperately reaching for a lock of Rocco's

hair. Rocco jostles the priest and puts the gun hard to his head.

ROCCO  
Father, I'll do you right here.

PRIEST  
(slowly obey,  
whispering)  
God have mercy on my soul.

Rocco starts to move the priest aside and put his gun to Smecker's now open slider.

Just then Connor snags a piece of Rocco's hair and pulls him back hard and fast by it, until his head slams into the lattice work. Rocco grabs the priest back into position.

Connor grabs a nice wad of Rocco's hair with his left hand, so that the side of Rocco's face is now pressed to the lattice. Connor then puts a gun to Rocco's head.

CONNOR  
(hard whisper)  
You little fuck. Let him go. I'll drop you right here.

ROCCO  
Okay, just calm down. He could hurt us, brother. He could ruin the whole thing.

CONNOR  
Let him go or I will deliver you, right now.  
(pulls hammer back)

ROCCO  
You won't do it Connor, you won't. You love me man.

INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL BOOTHS EARLY MORNING

Smecker wakes up from a drunken stupor. He looks through the slider window at the barely discernible face of the now crying priest.



SMECKER  
(slurred, loud)  
Hello? You there?

PRIEST  
Y-Yes my son.

ROCCO  
(whispers)  
Do your thing Father. Don't fuck  
this up.

PRIEST  
(whispering to Rocco)  
What do you want me to say?

ROCCO  
Just be natural, goddamit.

PRIEST  
How long since your last confession,  
my son?

SMECKER  
Oh, Christ, uh, I've never confessed.

The priest can hear Connor and Rocco whisper, but Smecker cannot.

SMECKER  
According to the dogma of the Catholic  
church, I should probably burst into  
flames right here in this booth. But  
I've come here for advice, not  
salvation.

Connor and Rocco stop and listen now.

PRIEST  
Why have you come to a church for  
council if you're not religious?

SMECKER  
(ponderous)  
Why have I come to a church? I never  
have before. I guess I just... felt  
I should.

PRIEST

What is it my son?

SMECKER

It's ethics. I put evil men behind bars, but the law has miles of red tape and loopholes for these... cocksuckers to slip through. I've found out there are these two young men who fix the situation with an iron fist. As if they have God's permission. But what they do is wrong and I should arrest them... technically.

PRIEST

God's permission? God doesn't...

Rocco shakes the priest.

SMECKER

But in this day and age I believe what they do is... necessary. I feel it is... correct.

PRIEST

You believe?

SMECKER

Yes.

PRIEST

You feel?

SMECKER

Yes.

PRIEST

You feel? A soul is what gives you feelings. Happiness, guilt, right or wrong. It is a conduit through which the Lord speaks to us. You felt that your answers would be here in the house of God today. You feel these men are necessary. The Lord has spoken to you twice this day.

Rocco and Connor show their individual looks of surprise.

SMECKER  
(sarcastically)  
Has he now?

PRIEST  
You have entered the house of the  
Lord of your own free will speaking  
of beliefs and feelings. Is it so  
much to believe that God has brought  
you here?

SMECKER  
I guess not.

PRIEST  
It is easy to be sarcastic about  
religion. It is harder to take small  
hints from God, your feelings and  
listen to them... to take a stand.

The look of surprise on Rocco and Connor's faces show that  
the priest is doing a hell of a job.

SMECKER  
You're right.

PRIEST  
Those who do not act are in a constant  
state of ethical indecision.

SMECKER  
I want to stand for what I believe  
in, father.

PRIEST  
Then you must find out what your  
beliefs are.

SMECKER  
I believe these young men are right.

PRIEST  
You know them personally?

SMECKER

Yes.

PRIEST

Do you think they would harm an innocent man, for any reason?

SMECKER

No. They would never do that.

The priest starts to show signs of anger as he starts turning to Rocco.

SMECKER

Well, the two Irish guys wouldn't. But the Italian guy, he might. He's kind of an idiot.

Fear returns to the priest's face. Rocco presses the gun hard to the priest's head and jostles him.

ROCCO

(whispers to priest)

Goddam right, I am.

SMECKER

I'm beginning to see. I've been doing my job... well for fifteen years and it's just not enough. All the things I wish I could do, these guys are doing. Millions of dollars in tax payers' money wasted on shit like wire taps and surveillance. These boys go in and take care of it for the price of a bullet.

(looks up)

Ww-what do you think I should do? Because I'm a law man.

Rocco jostles the priest again.

PRIEST

The laws of God are higher than the laws of man.

SMECKER

(the clouds have lifted)

Yes! Yes! I was thinking that, too.  
No. I was feeling it. All I needed  
was to hear you say it! Amen! I'll  
help them.

PRIEST  
(whispers)  
Forgive me father.

SMECKER  
Thank you, Father, thank you.  
(he attempts the sign  
of the cross but  
screws it up)  
Whatever. Goodbye, amen.

Smecker exits and they all let go after a brief pause. Rocco  
turns and starts fixing up the priest's ruffled suit.

ROCCO  
I wouldn't have, uh, killed you,  
Father.  
(signs cross)  
Dominus Ominus. Remember, you're  
bound. You can't talk about this...  
to anyone.

PRIEST  
Just go!

INT. CHURCH EARLY MORNING

Rocco exits the booth and shuts the door behind him. Connor  
is standing outside, hands on his hips. Rocco smiles at him  
as Connor fumes.

ROCCO  
(giggling)  
The Lord works in mysterious ways.

Connor slaps him in the back of the head and kicks him in  
the ass. Rocco's still giggling as they exit.

INT. PHONE BOOTH UPTOWN LATER

SMECKER  
That's all you can give me?

INT. PHONE BOOTH DOWNTOWN CONTINUOUS

We shoot alternating coverage between the two locations.

CONNOR

Well, the light caught the side of his face for a second. And it looked like he had a gray beard, maybe... late fifties, early sixties.

SMECKER

So you're telling me it was one guy with six guns? A-and he was a senior fucking citizen?

CONNOR

I think it's better if we find this man before he finds us again.

SMECKER

I'll see what I can do. How do I get in touch with you?

CONNOR

We're going to hit Poppa Joe tonight, right in the comfort of his own home. Then we move on to New York. It's getting a bit hot for us here.

SMECKER

Be careful.

CONNOR

I'll call you tonight, afterwards.  
(hangs up)

INT. RITZY RESTAURANT BATHROOM NIGHT

Smecker stands beside Augustus, just the way Yakavetta did.

AUGUSTUS

I don't know who he is. Nobody does.

Smecker tosses an envelope of cash in his plate, just as Yakavetta did.

SMECKER

What did he bring him in for?

AUGUSTUS

Needed an outsider. The package boy knows everyone. He'd spot our hitters a mile away.

SMECKER

Just for him?

AUGUSTUS

Well he's the one shooting up all his guys, right? He's scared of the kid. Says he's real good, got every available gun in the city up there.

SMECKER

Up where?

AUGUSTUS

Up his house. I don't know what's going on but I know it's gotta have something to do with this kid.

SMECKER

Oh fuck!

(runs out)

INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE BASEMENT HALL NIGHT

There are several bodies in the hall, some with pennies in their eyes, some without. Down the dark basement halls there is more gore. The boys and Rocco can be heard screaming from a room in the basement. Yakavetta's voice is heard yelling and in command.

INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE BASEMENT ROOM NIGHT

Connor, Murphy, and Rocco are all hand cuffed to chairs in the seated position. Their clothes are ripped and they have been beaten severely. Blood covers them. Rocco has been uncuffed and two men hold his open hand up as Yakavetta puts a pistol at the base of his remaining pinky finger. Several other hold him down as he and the boys scream in tough protest.

YAKAVETTA

(yelling)

You gonna tell me what's going on here?! Huh! You little fuck! Gimme some answers!

They all yell for him to fuck off. Although Rocco is terrified, he is holding out. Yakavetta fires and Rocco's finger is gone. The blood splatters on Connor's face. Rocco screams in pain saying fuck you through his sobs. After re-cuffing Rocco, Yakavetta and his goons exit.

INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE BASEMENT HALL NIGHT

Yakavetta is in the hall with four men. GENO (35 yrs.) very big. CHAPPY (22 yrs.) wears sunglasses even in the dark, trying to look cool. HOJO (28 yrs.) is slick and good-looking.

Another Mafioso cohort is with them as well.

YAKAVETTA

What do you guys think?

GENO

They're tough. No way they're gonna talk.

HOJO

I know Rocco. He ain't smart enough for this shit. These other guys are the brains. He's just a player.

YAKAVETTA

There's only one way to get them to talk.

INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE BASEMENT ROOM NIGHT

He walks back into the room. He saunters up to Rocco very nonchalantly and shoots him in the chest. His chair is blown back to the floor. The boys are screaming and crying as Yakavetta walks out.

ROCCO

(struggles to talk)

You guys?



CONNOR  
(crying)  
We're here brother.

ROCCO  
You gotta keep going.

MURPHY  
(sobbing)  
We'll keep going, Roc.

ROCCO  
You'll make it outta here. You can't  
ever stop, not ever.

As Rocco dies, they fall into prayer.

INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE FRONT FOYER NIGHT

Yakovetta lights up a cigar and talks to his men.

CHAPPY  
Once you set him in motion, you can't  
call him off. He thinks it's still  
on.

Yakovetta stops as if terrified with a thought.

YAKAVETTA  
Oh Jesus Christ!

HOJO  
What? I...

YAKAVETTA  
Hey, I don't have my name spray  
painted on the front of this house.  
There are no big pictures of me  
anywhere. If this guy thinks the job  
is still a go then I got green money  
says the mother fucker's out in the  
bushes already. I'm fucking gone!  
I'm leaving you guys to deal with  
this.

The four guys are left alone. They all look far from confident  
except for Geno.

GENO

One fucking guy, so what.

HOJO

Why don't you take the front.

(points)

You guys cover those other exits and if you see him, don't flag him down, just kill the mother fucker. I'm going back down to work on these pricks.

#### INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE BASEMENT ROOM NIGHT

Murphy has scootched his chair in front of Connor's. He has his back to Connor.

He stretches his neck over and bites at the collar of his p-coat. He gathers as much of the material in his mouth as he can. He starts to yell, "Do it!" but it is muffled.

Connor, still sobbing, begins to kick his brother's left hand repeatedly. He turns it into a bloody piece of broken meat as Murphy screams through the shirt. Finally, it is broken enough and Murphy pulls it through the cuff.

He stands and breaks the chair into pieces and grabs the sharpest piece. Hojo enters and Murphy shoves the sharp stick up through the bottom of his chin into his head. He drags him around the room yelling mumbo jumbo into his face as Connor jumps up and down in his chair in rage, wanting a piece of the action.

Murphy throws the man down and Connor proceeds to viciously kick his dead body. The two have turned into barbarians.

Murphy removes the man's two guns, shiny nickel-plated 45s.

#### INT. YAKAVETTA'S FRONT FOYER NIGHT

There is a knock at the door. Geno jumps with fright and then looks out the peep hole. He sees a well-formed pair of woman's breasts in a cheap dress. He opens the door. A stunning blonde stands before him. She looks like a hooker.

She wears a short, hot pink dress and a white scarf around

her neck, as well as six inch platform heels.

SMECKER AS WOMAN

Joey Bevo sent me over. As  
entertainment.

The woman speaks and it is apparent that this is actually  
Smecker in drag.

GENO

Listen baby. Tonight ain't the night  
for this shit.

(beat)

Bevo's so great. Always sending us  
hot girls.

SMECKER

You look like you could use a quickie.

Smecker kisses him full on the lips and rubs up against him.

Geno is convinced. He brings her inside.

GENO

Hey, Chappy!

CHAPPY

(Chappy, emerges way  
down the hall)

What the fuck?

GENO

I ain't been laid in a week. Take  
five minutes.

CHAPPY

If I die cause you're getting a piece  
of ass, I'll come back and beat you  
to death with a big rubber dick.

GENO

Don't worry about it.

INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE NIGHT

He takes Smecker into a small bathroom adjoining the foyer.

They are instantly in the throws of passion. They grope each other and Smecker cleverly avoids any contact with his crotch. Smecker lies down on the floor and starts to wiggle and seductively touch himself. Geno stands over him, straddling Smecker's hips as he undoes his pants. Suddenly, Smecker grabs both of Geno's ankles and has him locked in position. He repeatedly kicks Geno in the balls from his lying position on the floor. The guy falls on his back unconscious. Smecker uses a silencer, shoots him in the head.

#### INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE HALL NIGHT

He starts to whisper, "It's on now. It's on now. Too far." as he walks down the hall, striding in his high heels, wig back in place. He thoughtlessly blows Chappy away as he passes his position and runs down a long hallway. He turns a corner and points his gun at the Mafioso cohort but pauses.

He is already sitting with his throat cut. Smecker looks puzzled as Il Duce withdraws from the shadows behind him.

The Duke pistol whips Smecker. He's out.

#### INT. YAKAVETTA'S HOUSE BASEMENT ROOM NIGHT

Connor and Murphy are on their knees in front of Rocco, whom they have sat back up in the chair. They are gently placing pennies in his eye and sobbing as they begin to recite the prayer. As they speak, Il Duce watches. He then begins to whisper the prayer right along with them. Their words match up perfectly. He leans against the wall, holsters his guns, and withdraws a cigarette.

He rolls it along his tongue and twists it into his lips.

The boys are still reciting as he strikes a match. They react instantly. Still kneeling they each point a nickel-plated 45 toward The Duke. They turn in time to see the light from the match illuminate his face. Il Duce pauses then he strides into the room and proceeds to recite the last half of the prayer.

He stops between the kneeling boys and finishes off the prayer. The boys are stunned as they realize this is their father. He makes the sign of the cross over Rocco. Then he looks down to the upturned faces of his sons. He places a hand on each of their cheeks.

INT. CHEAP BOSTON HOTEL ROOM NIGHT 3 MONTHS LATER

Both sleeping boys throw their arms out, mimicking a crucified Christ. Their father turns, sees this, turns back.

The boys wake with a start. Connor looks to his father, who is already staring at him.

CONNOR

How far are we going with this, Da?

FATHER

The questions is not, "how far?" The question is, "Do you possess the constitution, the depth of faith to go as far as is needed?"

INT. COURTHOUSE BACK FOYER AREA MORNING

Smecker opens the door from the inside and lets the MacManus father and sons in. He walks one way they walk the other through the grand courthouse halls.

INT. COURTROOM MORNING

The media, with their cameras and notebooks, are at the back of the courtroom. Yakavetta is testifying on the stand. He is cocky. The judge warns Yakavetta that he will have no more of this behavior in his courtroom.

MEDIA MAN 1

(whispering to #2)

Look at his charisma. He's the next John Gotti.

MEDIA MAN 2

He'll walk. Even with all this evidence.

MEDIA MAN 1

Look.

(points to the left and right sections of courtroom seating)

All Yakavetta's people are on the right. All the families of the men

he has killed are on the left.  
Everyone wants some justice.

MEDIA MAN 2

Look at him. He doesn't have a care  
in the world. He's gonna walk.

INT. FOYER TO COURTROOM DAY

The MacManus stand in the foyer. There are a pair of doors that go to the outside hallway and a pair that go to the inside courtroom. There is an armed guard directly inside the courtroom, in front of the doors.

The door opens a crack and Connor waves the guard into the foyer and starts talking to him. Then dad zaps him with a stun gun. The guard is on the floor, incapacitated and drooling as the boys handcuff him.

Connor pulls out a length of chain and drapes it through the door handles that lead from the hall into the foyer. He locks them in with a padlock.

FATHER

How long do these put a man down  
for?

MURPHY

Ten minutes.

The father zaps the incapacitated man a second time as he lay.

FATHER

Twenty is a bit better.

They suit up, Connor and Murphy in their usual masks and gloves, Dad is already in his usual dark hat and glasses.

The boys start for the courtroom door but dad gently holds them back. He takes a moment, then slowly removes his hat and glasses. His sons look at one another and then remove their masks. The three look into each others eyes for a moment.

INT. COURTROOM DAY

JUDGE

Due to the lack of hard evidence.....

The three burst in, guns drawn, and are walking down the aisle.

FATHER

All media to the back! Drop the cameras! Drop 'em!

Terrified, they all obey. Connor and Murphy pull Yakavetta from the witness booth by his hair and place him on his knees just before the judge's bench. They face him toward the occupants of the courtroom. The father walks up and motions for the judge, who is now banging his gavel and shouting in protest, to come off the stand.

As soon as he is within arms reach, dad takes him by the collar and drags him down the aisle all the way to where the media stands in horror. He turns and walks back down the aisle.

FATHER

(loudly)

You people have been chosen to reveal our existence to the world. You will witness what happens here today and you will tell of it afterwards.

All eyes to the front.

YAKAVETTA

(looking to his comrades)

Fuckin' do something!

The father keeps them covered. He passes the front, he looks and sees a VIRGINAL-LOOKING WOMAN with her head down crying into her hands. She is on the left side. He gently tilts her chin forward, her eyes fixated on a faded blue butterfly on the back of his hand.

FATHER (WHISPERS)

(whispers)

You must watch dear. It'll all be over soon.

(she obeys)

The father takes out a flask. He pours the booze on the judges bench and set it ablaze. Fire alarms start to sound.

Connor and Murphy jump up on the lawyers' tables. Murphy on the prosecution side, Connor on the defense. The father has his sawed-off to the back of Yakavetta's head.

CONNOR

(yelling over the alarm)

Now, you will receive us.

MURPHY

(yelling over the alarm)

We do not ask for your poor or your hungry.

CONNOR

We do not want your tired and sick.

MURPHY

It is your corrupt we claim.

CONNOR

It is your evil, who will be sought by us.

MURPHY

With every breath we shall hunt them down.

CONNOR

Each day we will spill their blood till it rains down from the skies.

MURPHY

Do not kill, do not rape, do not steal. These are principles which every man of every faith can embrace.

CONNOR

These are not polite suggestions. They are codes of behavior and those that ignore them will pay the dearest cost.



(points to Yakavetta)

MURPHY

There are varying degrees of evil.  
We urge you lesser forms of filth  
(pointing to  
Yakavetta's people)  
Not to push the bounds and cross  
over into true corruption... into  
our domain.

CONNOR

For if you do, there will come the  
day when you look behind you and see  
we three. And on that day you will  
reap it.

MURPHY

And we will send you to whatever God  
you wish.

Connor and Murphy jump off the table. They approach Yakavetta and stand on either side of their father. All three men hold guns to his head and recite the prayer. As they speak, the right side of the courtroom screams in protest. The left watches in wide-eyed terror, although some men encourage them to do it. The MacManus' read the prayer. They do not falter as the flames rage behind them.

Yakavetta, accepting his fate, closing his eyes. Peacefully, he does the sign of the cross. The all fire at once. The room explodes in confusion. The three exit the back.

INT. LONG CEMENT HALLWAY SUBLEVEL OF COURTHOUSE

The MacManuses are all shackled and in blue jumpsuits of the Boston lock-up facility with bags over their heads. Duffy is in full uniform with a shotgun behind them. Smecker is leading the prisoners down the hall. He flashes his F.B.I. identification to every cop he encounters.

INT. COURTHOUSE INSIDE GRANDE FOYER STEPS DAY

The media is in a frenzy. Little bits of the story are known.

The people from the left and right sides of the courtroom are yelling and pushing each other as cameras and microphones

try to pick up the news. Finally all the focus comes to the virginal woman who had been sitting in the front row. All lights, cameras and microphones are on her.

REPORTER 2 (V.O.)

Yes! Were you in the courtroom miss?  
Did you see?

WOMAN (FRAIL)

(frail)

Yes. I was there.

REPORTER (V.O.)

How do you feel about what they did?

(Slo-mo) She sees at the grande hall's end Smecker leading the three out, bags still over their heads. She sees Dad's butterfly tattoo. She knows.

WOMAN

I guess we all know what is right  
and wrong. We all know. Nobody needs  
to be convinced of what he was...  
I'm going home now to have my first  
real full night's sleep.

The people who had been on Yakavetta's side of the courtroom threaten her and force their way through the crowd toward her, thus causing the two sides to fight. Everyone, even reporters are in it. The camera tilts up ending on the statue of the Blind Lady of Justice.

FADE OUT:

THE END