

GET THE ITALIAN

Written by

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INT. HOTEL SUITE - MAIN ROOM -EVENING

Guns and badges visible, four FBI agents play cards. Agent #1's eyes dart nervously from the clock to the front door.

AGENT #2

Relax. Nobody knows they're here.

A KNOCK at the door gets their attention.

AGENT #2 (CONT'D)

Must be room service.

AGENT#1

(throws in cards, gets up)  
I got it.

Agent #1 looks through the keyhole, nods and opens the door.

Faces covered with ski-masks, four armed thugs burst in. The agents reach for their guns but decide better.

THUG LEADER

Now, that's bein' smart. Just do as  
I say and nobody'll get hurt.

The agents put their hands up. Agent #1's eyes point the leader to a closed bedroom door. The leader sends two thugs.

THUG LEADER (CONT'D)

Okay, let's start gettin' those  
clothes off.

The agents look at each other sheepishly as the third thug collects their guns.

THUG LEADER (CONT'D)

Not the time to become modest.

As the agents start to undress, a thug pushes MICKEY D'ANGELO (49), tall, fat and balding, out of the bedroom.

The second thug drags Mickey's wife, JOAN (46) and his daughter, MICHELLE (16) into the room. Joan hugs Michelle to comfort her. An agent starts to take off his underwear.

THUG LEADER (CONT'D)

That won't be necessary. Everybody  
on the floor, back-to-back. Let's  
go. Hustle it up.

MOMENTS LATER

BAM! BAM! The sound of two shotgun blasts.

Two men, wearing Richard Nixon masks, burst through the shot-riddled door with shotguns aimed. They look at each other and lower their weapons. They look back at the doorway.

LUIGI DINAPOLI (49), impeccably dressed in a thousand dollar suit, casually walks in behind them. He wears the same mask and holds a silenced Beretta.

He sees the agents are duct-taped and gagged in the middle of the room. He leans back to look into the bedroom. He turns and storms out into the hallway.

HALLWAY

Luigi rips off his mask exposing a permanent scowl that seems chiseled into his rock-hardened face. It gives him a stare that would cause steel to shatter.

He exhales and dials his phone.

DONATELLA (V.O.)  
 (in Italian, subtitled)  
 Luigi, my love. Is Whitey's package  
 delivered?

(NOTE: Throughout the script, Luigi speaks only in Italian and is subtitled. When in conversation with Luigi, Donatella will speak in Italian and be subtitled.)

LUIGI  
 It's not here.

DONATELLA (V.O.)  
 What?

LUIGI  
 You heard me. It's gone.

DONATELLA (V.O.)  
 It's okay, just get out of there.  
 We'll find the package.

Hanging up, Luigi walks past the doorway. He nods to his two men. Continuing to walk away, the sound of four GUNSHOTS doesn't get even a flinch from Luigi.

EXT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT - EVENING

A beat-up older van pulls up in front of a terminal.

INT. OLD VAN - EVENING

The leader sits in the driver's seat with Mickey as the passenger. Mickey's family sits in back with the three thugs.

The leader pulls an attache case from the back and opens it. It is full of cash. He takes a large envelope from it.

THUG LEADER  
Tickets and contact information.

Mickey reaches for the envelope. The leader snaps it back.

THUG LEADER (CONT'D)  
You forgettin' something?

MICKEY  
(hands him a locker key)  
Grand Central. East end. Locker  
three-sixty-seven.

Mickey takes the attaché and the envelope and exits. A thug opens the rear door. Mickey's family hustles out.

THUG LEADER  
(grabs Mickey's arm)  
You realize what happens if those  
ledgers aren't there?

Mickey nods and closes the door. The rear door is closed.

The leader watches Mickey lead his family inside.

THUG #1  
You want us to take care of 'em?

THUG LEADER  
(starts van)  
There's people in Chicago for that.

INT. LA GUARDIA AIRPORT TERMINAL - EVENING

Mickey's eyes search as he walks through the terminal. Joan and Michelle follow. Joan stops to look at the flight board.

JOAN  
Mick, we need to hurry.

Mickey smiles as SHELLY DUNCAN (50), his lifelong friend and confidant, appears from behind a column.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
Shelly, what are you doin' here?

SHELLY  
Everything go okay?

MICKEY  
So far. You got everything?

JOAN  
Mick, our plane's boardin'.

SHELLY  
(hands Mickey an envelope)  
It's better for Michelle's  
schoolin' to use their real names.

Unsure, Mickey takes the envelope. Shelly takes out a second.

SHELLY (CONT'D)  
Trust me, they'll be safe.  
(gives Mick the envelope)  
Your ID and our friend's address.

JOAN  
ID? What's goin' on, Mick?

Mickey reassures Joan with both hands on her shoulders.

MICKEY  
You really think a man like Liam  
was gonna keep his word?

Joan's jaw drops. She looks to Shelly. He nods assuringly.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
The man just set up his brother.  
Chicago was never an option. You  
and Michelle are goin' to Seattle.  
Shelly's mother lives up there.  
(hands her the envelope)  
Everything you need for a new life.

JOAN  
Me and Michelle? I don't  
understand. What about ...

Mickey looks down. Joan looks to Shelly, who looks away.

MICKEY  
I'm too hot right now. 'Til I  
figure this out, it's not safe.

JOAN  
I'm not goin' anyplace without you.

MICKEY  
(hugs her, whispers)  
Think of Michelle. She has her  
whole life. I'll meet you as soon  
as I can. I promise.

Joan pulls her head back and stares into his eyes. She looks at an upset Michelle. She looks back at Mickey. He nods confidently and hands her the attaché.

JOAN  
You'll need that.

MICKEY  
Trust me, I have more than enough.

Joan relents and takes the attaché. Mickey looks at Michelle with her head down. He walks over and comforts her.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
I gotta go, kid. You take care of  
mom 'til I get there, okay?

Head still down, a sobbing Michelle nods.

MICHELLE  
You're gonna be there for my prom,  
right? You always told me that  
would be the first time I get to  
see you cry. You gotta be there.

Mickey smiles. He lifts her face and wipes her tears.

MICKEY  
Are you kiddin? I got a whole list  
of rules to read that boy.

He kisses Michelle on the forehead. The three hug.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
I love you two so much. Don't ever  
forget that.

SHELLY  
We need to get going.

Mickey nods.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Shelly'll keep us in touch.  
(to Shelly)  
You'll take 'em to their fight?

Shelly nods. He leads Joan and Michelle away. They look back at a sullen dejected Mickey standing alone in the crowded terminal.

INT/EXT. MICKEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

SUPER: OURAY, COLORADO, TWO YEARS LATER

In his pajamas, a trim and fit Mickey, now known as MICKEY O'BRIEN, looks out at the woods across from his house. They border on a twenty-foot embankment to a moonlit lake.

(NOTE: Mickey O'Brien is the same person as Mickey D'Angelo. He has a full head of greying hair and matching full beard. His eyes are blue by lenses. When in public, he wears very large coke-bottle glasses that distort his face.)

WOODS IN FRONT ON THE HOUSE

MARGARET GAVIN (30) and, DAN RUZINSKI (29), argue.

Margaret points adamantly to the house. Dan puts his hands on his hips and shakes his head defiantly. She points again.

Surrendering, Dan picks up an expanding metal ladder and creeps across the street.

After crossing the road, Dan turns to Margaret. The trailing ladder bangs into garbage cans, causing a loud crash.

Margaret cringes. She urges him on with her hands.

BEDROOM

A KNOCK on the door. Mickey turns.

ILGA (O.S.)  
Mister O'Brien, I have your dinner.

MICKEY  
Just a minute, Ilga.

Mickey hustles into the bed. He puts on Coke-bottle glasses.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Okay, you can come in.

ILGA SWENSON (23), a beautiful Swedish servant enters with a food tray. She has a strong accent.

ILGA  
I made your favorite stew.

Ilga starts to put the tray on his lap. Mickey's attention is split between her and the window. He waves her off.

MICKEY

Um, not really hungry right now.  
Just put it on the desk.

Ilga puts the tray on the bed. She takes a spoonful.

ILGA

But I made it special for you.

Attention still split, Mickey pushes the food away.

MICKEY

I'm sure it's great, but just not  
now. It's just that ...  
(nods to bathroom)  
I have to ...

Ilga is confused. Mickey nods toward the bathroom, again.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You know, I have to ...

Ilga realizes. She puts the tray on the desk and heads out.

ILGA

Okay, but when I come back I expect  
to see an empty bowl.  
(stops at the door)  
Oh, and Doctor Stewart called. He  
can't make it tonight. A Doctor  
Martin will be fillin' in.

Ilga gone, Mickey takes the glasses off. He hustles to the side of the window and carefully peers out.

MICKEY

Where did you go, you little prick?

The THUD of the ladder on the sill causes Mickey to jump. He looks down and sees Dan climbing up.

Mickey leans back to hide. The CLUNK of Dan's boot on the ladder gets louder and louder.

When the noise seems right outside, Mickey pushes the ladder.

Dan's SCREAM is followed by a loud THUD.

A sly smile comes to Mickey's face. He looks out to see Dan rolling in pain. Margaret runs to Dan.

DAN  
I think I broke my fuckin' leg.

Acting as a crutch, Margaret helps Dan to his feet. They head toward the woods. She looks back at the window.

MARGARET  
You think he saw you?

DAN  
No, I was careful.

BEDROOM

SLURPING sounds get Mickey's attention. He turns to see his pet bulldog, Petie, on the desk, gobbling up the stew.

MICKEY  
Bad boy, Petie. Get off there.

Petie goes to side of the bed, lays down and belches.

Something catches Mickey's attention out the window.

He looks out to see a car pull up. It stops at the tree line. Its lights go dark.

INT/EXT. JESSIE'S CAR - PARKED - EVENING

Margaret's younger sister JESSIE GAVIN GILLESPIE (27), is the driver. MUCHIE GILLESPIE (31), her husband, is the passenger.

TOMMY CORBIN (23), obviously high as a kite, sits in the back. He wears a doctor's smock and tries to snatch imaginary floating objects out of the air.

JESSIE  
You sure he can handle this?

MUCHIE  
We got a choice?

TOMMY  
Whoa. You see that one?

Jessie looks at Muchie for reassurance.

MUCHIE  
Look around you. We're in fuckin' Shangri-La. Not a lot of calls for hitmen around here.

Jessie looks at Tommy flailing at the air.

JESSIE  
We still got Ilga.

MUCHIE  
She doesn't have the heart.

JESSIE  
(looks in the rearview)  
You ever kill anybody before?

Tommy is oblivious. Jessie folds her arms, leans back and stares at Muchie.

MUCHIE  
Tommy. TOMMY!

TOMMY  
Hey dude, I'm right here.

JESSIE  
You ever kill before?

TOMMY  
Yeah, sure. I killed, uh, ...  
(grabs at air)  
Wow, that's a fast booger.

JESSIE  
That's it. I'm callin' it off.

MUCHIE  
(grabs Jessie's arm)  
And do what? Wait for somebody else  
to collect our money?

Frustrated, Jessie stares out the window. Muchie leans in.

MUCHIE (CONT'D)  
What if Mickey does catch him? Last  
thing he wants is his picture on  
the front of a newspaper.

Jessica hesitates. She relents and opens the glove compartment. She pulls out a syringe and hands it to Tommy.

JESSIE  
He gets a B-twelve booster every  
Monday. You're just fillin' in for  
Doc Stewart. That's it. In and out.

Tommy takes the syringe and puts it in his chest pocket. He puts on a bad blonde wig that contrasts with his day-old facial hair. Muchie hands him a pocket flashlight.

MUCHIE  
Signal us when it's done.

TOMMY  
I got this, dude.

Jessie becomes startled as she sees Margaret helping Dan.  
Margaret freezes. The sisters stare at each other, seething.

INT. MICKEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Mickey looks around. He grabs a small pillow and checks it for firmness. He notices Petie laying motionless.

MICKEY  
Petie? Petie, you okay? Petie, boy?

Mickey nudges the dog with his foot. Not a stir. He tries a second time much harder. The dog remains motionless.

Mickey looks at the bowl, at the door and then at Petie.

Pre-lap: the sound of a toilet FLUSHING.

MOMENTS LATER

Mickey exits the bathroom with the now empty bowl. A KNOCK on the door.

ILGA (O.S.)  
Mister O'Brien. Doctor Martin is here.

Mickey quickly puts the bowl on the tray, kicks Petie under the bed and jumps into it.

Louder more rapid KNOCKING.

ILGA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Mister O'Brien, Doctor Martin is here to fill in for Doc Stewart.

Mickey secures the pillow next to his left arm and pulls the covers to his chin.

He realizes he forgot his glasses and grabs for them. He is able to put them on just as the door swings open.

ILGA (CONT'D)  
Mister O'Brien are you --

Ilga freezes. She turns and stares at the empty bowl.

MICKEY

Sorry. Must've dozed off. Stew was great. You add something new?

Ilga stares at the bowl in disbelief and shakes her head.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You okay? You don't look well.

ILGA

Yeah, um, I'm okay. This is Doctor Martin. I told you he'd be fillin' in for Doc Stewart.

Seeing Tommy's crooked mismatched wig, Mickey tries to contain his amusement.

MICKEY

Can't thank you enough for comin' on such short notice, Doc.

ILGA

I'll just take this downstairs.

Dumbfounded, Ilga leaves with the tray. Tommy takes out the syringe and approaches Mickey, who holds out his right hand.

MICKEY

Just give it here.

Confused, Tommy freezes.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Doc Stewart didn't tell you? I have this thing about needles. I insist on injecting myself. Hope you don't mind.

Tommy hesitates, then smiles and hands the needle to Mickey.

TOMMY

It's your life, dude.

Mickey injects the pillow and hands the syringe to Tommy.

MICKEY

Again, thanks for fillin' in, doc.

Tommy doesn't move. He stares at Mickey and waits.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Uh, we're finished here, right?

TOMMY

Just makin' sure the shot works.

Mickey shrugs. Tommy walks over and looks out the window.

MICKEY

I seem to be gettin' awful sleepy.  
This doesn't usually happen. I'm  
just so ... I don't know what's  
wrong. My eyes are so heavy. Maybe  
I'll just ...

(closes eyes)

I, um ...

Tommy turns to see that Mickey appears out. He smiles and fumbles through his pockets. He turns to the window.

Over Tommy's shoulder, Mickey opens an eye. Tommy turns and Mickey quickly closes it.

Tommy signals out the window. Behind him, Mickey quietly picks up a lamp off the night table.

Satisfied, Tommy turns just as Mickey brings the lamp down on his head. Tommy hits the ground with a loud THUD.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Moonlight through the window illuminates the numerous open and closed moving boxes. A crib sits in the room.

Eyes wide open, CAROL NOWITZKI (32), a former NYPD homicide cop, lies in the bed with her back to her husband, GEORGE (33). Her dead stare accentuates her dismay.

A baby CRYING gets her attention. George moves slightly.

CAROL

(gets up)

I got it, I was already awake.

GEORGE

(doesn't flinch)

If you insist.

MOMENTS LATER

With ANDREW (1) in her arms, Carol walks toward the window. A spotlight from Mickey's yard gets her attention. She looks at the alarm clock that reads: 4:18.

EXT. MICKEY'S BACKYARD - EVENING

Large spotlight illuminating his magnificently turfed yard, Mickey rakes an out-of-place dirt plot.

CAROL (O.S.)  
Kind of late to be gardenin'?

Startled, Mickey turns to see Carol on her deck.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Or should I say early?

MICKEY  
Couldn't sleep. Figured it was as good a time as ever.  
(approaches the deck)  
You must be Carol. Met your husband, George, earlier today.  
(extends hand)  
Mickey. Mickey O'Brien.

Carol reaches down and shakes his hand.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
(nods to the lake)  
It's just so peaceful out here. Sometimes when I can't sleep, I make up an excuse to come out.

CAROL  
All this quiet just makes me nervous.

MICKEY  
You'll get use to it. So, what do you do?

CAROL  
I used to be --

MICKEY  
-- I meant when you can't sleep. What's your ritual?

CAROL  
Hmm. Actually, have two. First is a late night visit from my friend, Johnny Walker.

MICKEY  
And if that doesn't work?

CAROL  
Back in the city, I'd usually go  
out and bust some two-bit punk.

MICKEY  
Works for me.

Carol's stare make Mickey noticeably uncomfortable.

CAROL  
I'm sorry. You just look familiar.

MICKEY  
I doubt it, but maybe. City's a big  
place.

CAROL  
So what's your plan?

The question confuses Mickey.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
The garden? What're you gonna grow?

MICKEY  
Oh, haven't even thought about it.  
The idea just kinda struck me like  
a blow to the head.

CAROL  
(leaves)  
Well, good luck with it. Think it's  
about time for that visit with  
Mister Walker.

George works on the plot. Carol stops by her door.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
You sure we haven't met?

He keeps his head down to hide his concern.

MICKEY  
If we did, I can't remember it.

Once Carol is inside, Mickey looks at her door and exhales.

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Mickey exits his house. George drags boxes down his driveway.

MICKEY  
Need a hand?

GEORGE  
No, that's the last of 'em for now.

George joins Mickey by his car.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Heard you met Carol last night.

MICKEY  
Yeah, and you definitely made out  
the better on that deal.

GEORGE  
Agreed. Thanks for spendin' some  
time with her. She really needs it.  
You know, the whole new friends in  
the new city thing.

MICKEY  
It's a big change. Give her time.  
She'll grow into it.

b.g. An SUV pulls into Mickey's driveway. BOBBY THOMPSON  
(36), a very big man and the police chief of Ouray, exits.  
Out of uniform, he saunters up the driveway.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
(notices him)  
Hey Bobby. This is George Nowitzki,  
my new neighbor. George moved in --

George holds his hand out. Standing with his hands on his  
hips as if to pose for an action figure, Bobby ignores him.

BOBBY  
-- Kinda in a hurry. Just stopped  
by to tell you I'm not gonna be  
able to fix that leak today.

MICKEY  
Ah, I was hopin'.

b.g. Carol exits the house and walks toward the group.

BOBBY  
Fuckin' Mayor's up my ass.

George notices his wife next to him and gives her a kiss.

GEORGE  
Bobby, this is my --

BOBBY  
 -- Really don't have time.  
 (leaves, to Mick)  
 I'll let you know when I'm  
 available.

Bobby struts to his car. Carol and George look to Mickey.

MICKEY  
 Bad day?

BOBBY  
 (at the SUV)  
 Where'd you say you two were from?

GEORGE  
 New York. Queens.

BOBBY  
 (loud, gets in his SUV)  
 More fuckin' big city know-it-alls.  
 Just what this town doesn't need.

Bobby leaves. There is an awkward silent moment.

CAROL  
 Well, I, for one, can't wait to  
 meet the welcome wagon.  
 (to George)  
 I really need you to watch Andrew.  
 I've got some work to do before my  
 meetin'.  
 (to Mickey)  
 Nice to see you again, Mick.

Carol leaves.

GEORGE  
 Guess I should be goin'.

Mickey nods. George heads inside. Mickey gets in his car.

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Mickey slows as he sees VESPI GARANO (83) walking in his cul-de-sac. Vespi uses oxygen and a walker. SALLY, his nurse, drags the tank behind him.

Mickey's eyes follow Vespi as he passes. The BLARE of a car horn snaps Mickey's attention to the road. He swerves out of the way of an oncoming car.

Stop he looks back at Vespi entering a house.

EXT. OURAY EATERY - MORNING

Mickey opens the door to a small eatery just as Jessie, on her phone, is leaving.

MICKEY  
Jessie, how are you?

Jessie looks up. Shocked, she drops her phone.

Mickey picks up the phone and hands it to her. She remains frozen as he kisses her on the cheek.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
You okay? You look like you've seen a ghost.

JESSIE  
No, it's just, uh, I ... You just surprised me. It's good to see you, Mick. You look great.

MICKEY  
Think it's those B-twelve shots.  
(flexes both arms)  
Had one last night. Never felt better. You really should try 'em.

JESSIE  
Uh, I will. Listen, I hate to cut this short, but Muchie's waitin' in the car.

Mickey turns and sees a wide-eyed Muchie staring at him from the driver's seat of a parked car. They exchange waves.

MICKEY  
You take care now.

Dumbfounded, Jessie nods and walks to the car.

INT. JESSIE'S CAR - PARKED - MORNING

Jessie gets it. She stares out the front windshield.

JESSIE  
How the fuck isn't he dead?

MUCHIE  
You think he knows?

JESSIE

Nah, he hasn't seen me or my sister since we were knee-high. Thinks we're just some New Yorkers who got tired of the city.

Jesse takes her phone out and starts to dial.

MUCHIE

Who you callin'?

JESSIE

My dad. I swear, if he told my sister about Mickey, I'll --

OTISVILLE OPERATOR (V.O.)

-- Otisville Federal Prison. How may I direct your call?

JESSIE

Yes, I'd like contact an inmate.

INT. MARGARET'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Margaret sits on her bed.

MARGARET

My dad must have told her. Asshole's always playin' us against each other. We need to step up our game. We need a professional.

Dan emerges from the bathroom in his boxers and with a cast on his foot. Toothbrush frozen in mouth, he stares at her.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

What?

DAN

We do that and we've crossed some serious lines.

MARGARET

Uh, we just tried to kill somebody.

DAN

Right now we're just dealin' with that idiot boyfriend of yours. Bring a killer across state lines and we got the Feds involved.

MARGARET

So, we stay local.

DAN

Oh, I'm sorry. Must have missed the  
hitman section down at Walmart.

The sound of a door SLAMMING.

BOBBY (O.S.)

Honey Bucket, I'm home.

Shocked, Margaret and Dan look at each other.

MARGARET

Give me a minute. Wouldn't want to  
disappoint you.

She scrambles to pick up Dan's clothes and piles them on his  
arms. She opens the window, stands next to it.

Frozen, Dan looks down at the cast on his foot.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

(whispers to Dan)

You've done it plenty of times.

DAN

With two good legs.

BOBBY (O.S.)

You could never disappoint me,  
Snuggie Woogems.

DAN

Snuggie Woogems?

MARGARET

Just get the fuck out of here.

Unsteady due to the cast, Dan climbs out the window.

Just as Dan disappears, Bobby enters. Margaret stands next to  
the open window.

BOBBY

Ain't got much time, so let's get  
right down to business.

He stalks her, but stops when he see the window open.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Honey, how many times I have to  
tell you, you're wastin'  
electricity with the AC on.

Bobby's attention on the window, Margaret quickly grabs Dan's t-shirt off the bed and hides it behind her back. She cuts him off from the window.

MARGARET

I got so hot waitin' for my big teddy bear, I swear I was gonna pass out.

She dumps the shirt and closes the window behind her. She embraces Bobby in a passionate kiss and pulls him on the bed.

Dan's muffled SCREAM is followed by a loud THUD.

Bobby's head snaps back.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

Just some kids playin'. Now, didn't you say you don't have much time?

Bobby smiles and kisses Margaret passionately.

INT. OURAY EATERY - MORNING

A semi-crowded eatery in Ouray. The usual resort town fare. Mickey eats at a table with an obviously amused Shelly.

SHELLY

Ilga? No way? So, what'd you do?

MICKEY

What could I do? I put her on a plane back to Sweden. She's got family there.

SHELLY

We are talkin' about the same woman who tried to poison you?

Mickey scoffs.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

We both know the Gavin girls can't pour a glass of water by themselves. Gotta be Jimmy callin' the shots from prison.

Mickey nods in agreement.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You think they know you know that they know?

Mickey shakes his head. He grabs his back in pain.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You okay?

MICKEY

Yeah. Just I forgot how much work diggin' up the backyard was.

SHELLY

Right, the doctor. I forgot.

MICKEY

What? No. You're a sick fuck.

SHELLY

I'm not judging you. After all, it was self-defense.

MICKEY

He had a needle.

SHELLY

He tried to kill you.

MICKEY

He had a fuckin' needle.

SHELLY

Nobody's gonna blame you for anything --

MICKEY

-- I handled the Donovans without becomin' one of them, I can handle the Gavins.

SHELLY

It's not them I'm worried about, it's what comes next.

MICKEY

Those girls may be stupid, but they're not about to share their lottery ticket.

SHELLY

Just consider your options. Their dad always had a big mouth and they are idiots.

Mickey waves him off.

MICKEY

Hey, you'll never guess who I saw?

Shelly shrugs.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Vespi.

SHELLY

He's gotta be a hundred years old?

MICKEY

And looked every day of it. Must've just moved into my development.

SHELLY

Witness protection, maybe?

(contemplates)

You think he knows?

MICKEY

Vespi?

SHELLY

No, Whitey. You think he knows his brother set him up?

MICKEY

Considerin' the way Liam struts around New York while Whitey freezes his ass off up in Canada, he's not an idiot.

(gets up)

And with that, I gotta get going. You think the hardware store sells tomato seeds?

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

George feeds ANDREW. Carol enters in a business suit.

GEORGE

Wow, Mommy looks like a million.

CAROL

Wished mommy felt like a million.

George gets up, walks over and comforts Carol.

GEORGE

How you gonna wow 'em with that attitude?

CAROL  
Maybe they should be wowing me.

GEORGE  
We both agreed that this move was the best thing for us. For our family.

CAROL  
You decided. I'm just along for the ride.

GEORGE  
We talked about it. We both decided. You really want him goin' to those public schools with all the violence. You know we'd never be able to afford the private ones.

CAROL  
We'd figure it out.

GEORGE  
Like Andrew tries to figure out if his mom's not home yet because she got killed tryin' to do a thankless job?

CAROL  
That's an exaggeration.

GEORGE  
You got shot three times.

CAROL  
Technically twice. The other was an unlucky ricochet.

GEORGE  
And the stabbin'?  
(hesitates)  
It's not like when we got married. It was only us back then. There's another person to think about.

Carol looks at Andrew, relents and nods.

CAROL  
It's not even the move that scares me. All I've ever done ... All I've ever wanted to do was be a New York cop. I don't know anything else.

GEORGE

So use your skills here. A good  
cop's a good cop, right?

CAROL

(leaves)

Yeah, maybe somebody's ski poles'll  
go mysteriously missin'.

Pre-lap: The TIC of a wall clock.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOBBY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The second hand jumps on the wall clock.

Door closed, Bobby sits with his feet up on his desk.  
CHARLEY, Bobby's deputy, sits opposite.

BOBBY

Fuck! That was supposed to be your  
promotion, Charley.

CHARLEY

The guy may end up bein' okay.

BOBBY

Aah. Give these big-city types a  
handout and before you know it,  
they're sittin' in your seat.

CHARLEY

(looks at clock)

Gettin' late, maybe he changed his  
mind.

A KNOCK on the door erases their glimmer of hope.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)

You want me to stay?

Bobby waves him off.

Charley opens the door. He looks back at Bobby and leaves.

Carol enters. Bobby is relieved. Carol freezes.

BOBBY

If you're lookin' for an apology  
for this mornin, ain't gonna  
happen.

CAROL

Actually, I'm --

BOBBY

-- Look, I'd love to talk, but I  
happen to be --

CAROL

(puts NYC badge on desk)  
-- Waitin' for your new assistant.

Pre-lap: Irish music.

INT. IRISH PUB, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - EVENING

Typical small Irish pub in New York.

SUPER: BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

DONATELLA (38), sits at the bar. She speaks with an accent.  
IAN GAVIN (40), bartends. LIAM DONOVAN (32) flashy, brash and  
arrogant, drinks in a booth with two of his thugs.

Ian notices Donatella staring at Liam. He leans in.

IAN

Word of advice. That's Liam  
Donovan. If you know what's good  
for you, you'd stay away.

DONATELLA

How about you just concentrate on  
makin' my burger.

Ian's gives her a look. His phone RINGS. He looks at the ID.  
b.g. Liam's group gets up and start to leave.

IAN

(walks away)  
Don't say you weren't warned.  
(into phone)  
Jesus Christ, are you fuckin' out  
of your mind? Hold on a sec.

Liam stops at the door. He signals to put it on his bill.

IAN (CONT'D)

(nods, to self)  
Fuckin' cheap bastard.  
(to phone)  
What? No. I was talkin' about  
somebody else.  
(listens)  
No, he just left.

Trying not to be noticed, Donatella listens.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Phone to ear, Jessie sits at the kitchen table.

JESSIE

Good, then we can talk.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

IAN

Told you after the last mess, I want no part of anything you or my other sister are into.

JESSIE

You wanna be servin' drinks at Liam's bar the rest of your life?

IAN

It's my bar.

JESSIE

Yeah, keep tellin' yourself that. Remember Mickey D'Angelo?

IAN

The rat.

JESSIE

Whiskers and all. Seems Whitey's just put a two million dollar bull's eye on the rodent's head.

IAN

Bullshit. Whitey's in Canada, Liam's callin' the shots.

JESSIE

Not this one. Whitey's got a bug up his ass, it was his brother who set him up. Sent Mickey to the Feds.

IAN

This is what happens when you live in a state that legalizes pot.

JESSIE

Got it straight from our dad's mouth. Along with where Mick is and the fact he goes by O'Brien now.

IAN

And I fit in how?

JESSIE

You're in the contract capital of the world. I'd do it myself, but there's been some complications.

IAN

The way our dad talks, there's probably at least a dozen people out there with the same information.

JESSIE

Then why you still standin' around, holdin' your dick?

END INTERCUT

INT. IRISH PUB, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - AFTERNOON

Ian notices Donatella watching as he listens on his phone.

IAN

Twenty thousand won't get a boy scout with a pocket knife. Gotta be fifty at least.

(listens)

Okay, I'll do my best for thirty, but I'm not promising anything.

(grabs pad)

Go ahead.

(writes on pad)

Got it.

(listens)

How the hell should I know? Just look for somebody new with a vowel at the end of his name.

(eyes Donatella)

Gotta go.

Ian hangs up. He stares suspiciously at Donatella.

DONATELLA

My burger?

IAN

Yeah, of course.

Ian rips the page off the pad and heads to the back.

Alone, Donatella leans over the bar and picks up the pad and a pencil. She shades the pad, smiles and rips off a sheet.

She takes out the phone, checks the back and dials.

DONATELLA  
 (in Italian, subtitled)  
 Luigi, my love. I've been able to  
 locate Whitey's package.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

George cooks on the stove. Andrew sits in his highchair.

The sound of the front door OPENING and CLOSING.

GEORGE  
 In the kitchen, hon.

Carol appears in the doorway. She slumps against the frame, obviously dejected. George tries to perk her up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 I made your favorite to celebrate.

CAROL  
 (trudges to the table)  
 That's so sweet, honey, but I'm  
 afraid I'm not too hungry.

GEORGE  
 You're turnin' down ...

CAROL  
 (plops down in a chair)  
 Remember that asshole in Mick's  
 driveway this mornin'?

GEORGE  
 Can't be worse.  
 (realizes)  
 It is ...

Carol smiles sarcastically. George is speechless.

Carol gets up and gives George and Andrew a kiss.

CAROL  
 What you did here ... A woman can't  
 ask for a better husband ...  
 (exhales, turns to leave)  
 ... But right now, I just need a  
 long hot bath. Then slit my wrists.

GEORGE  
 (covers Andrew's ears)  
 Mommy's only kiddin'  
 (MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
(to Carol)  
He may just be havin' a bad day.

Carol looks in the refrigerator.

CAROL  
And Genghis Khan was just a  
misunderstood teenager.  
(searches the fridge)  
We got any beer?

GEORGE  
Damn I forgot. I can go --

CAROL  
(closes the fridge)  
-- No. It's okay.

Carol starts to leave. Something out the back window gets her attention. She heads to the back door.

GEORGE  
Where you goin'?

CAROL  
Not where I planned, that's for  
sure.

EXT. MICKEY'S BACKYARD - EVENING

Sticks for tomato vines line the dirt plot. Mickey and Carol sit, drinking beers. Carol stares at the lake.

MICKEY  
Told you, it has that effect.

CAROL  
Think it's more the beer.  
(looks at plot)  
You really are growin' tomatoes?

MICKEY  
Think I was buryin' a body or  
somethin'?

CAROL  
A girl can dream.

Mickey smiles. They look out at the lake.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Look, I hear what you're sayin' and it's not that I don't get where George is comin' from. It's just who I am. God forgive me, but I crave the action.

MICKEY

You're a mother and wife too. Besides, there's a fair share of crime to deal with in this town.

CAROL

Let's hope for some serious cattle rustlin'. Yeehaw.

MICKEY

Give it time.

CAROL

Maybe. After all, I already surprised myself, spillin' my guts to a man I just met yesterday.

MICKEY

Guess I just have a trustin' face.

CAROL

And free beer.

(takes a swig)

You sure we haven't met before? There's somethin' about you. Can't put my finger on it.

MICKEY

It's also a pretty common face.

(takes a swig of beer)

Take it for what it's worth, but in my opinion, family trumps anything. If it comes down to it, you sacrifice everything for them. Everything. And you never ever look back.

CAROL

(looks at his house)

Says the man with no family?

Mickey turns away.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Guess that's for another day.

(gets up)

(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Looks like I have dinner with a  
special guy to get to. Thanks, I  
really needed this.

Mickey smiles. Carol finishes her beer and heads to her  
house. Mickey stares out to the lake.

INT. STOREFRONT OFFICE - BROOKLYN - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: BROOKLYN, TWO YEARS EARLIER

A backroom office of a small storefront business. Mickey sits  
at the desk looking through some ledgers.

ANTHONY D'ANGELO (70) enters the room. He closes the door,  
looks up and is startled to see Mickey.

MICKEY  
Really, pops? The Donovans?

Anthony puts his coat and hat on the rack.

ANTHONY  
I did what I had to do.

MICKEY  
You call the books for the mob  
doin' what you have to do?

ANTHONY  
You think it was easy for my father  
to get work when he came to this  
country? Italians were looked at as  
bottom-dwellers. Gangsters and  
killers that hid in the shadows.

MICKEY  
So, he went and fit the stereotype.

ANTHONY  
He had six mouths to feed.

MICKEY  
Would've rather starved.

ANTHONY  
Only skill he had was his ability  
with numbers and the Irish offered  
him an honest day's work. He was  
just off the boat, he didn't know  
better.

MICKEY

But you knew better.

Anthony hesitates. He sits opposite Mickey.

ANTHONY

By the time dad died, the mob had their hooks so deep ... I tried to get out, but they used you and your mom as pawns. What was I to do?

Mickey doesn't know what to make of the story.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

But it doesn't have to be this way for you. It ends with me. That's why I kept you from all this. So, you would be free of it. You must forget what you saw tonight. You --

The ring of the front-door bell gets their attention.

LIAM (O.S.)

You back there, Anthony.

ANTHONY

(rushes to office door)  
Quick, out the back. I'll keep him busy.

MICKEY

What's goin' on, dad?

ANTHONY

(leaves)  
Just remember to take care of your mother. Now, get out.

Mickey hesitates then starts to go after his father. He freezes as he hears a GUNSHOT.

Eyes tearing up, he gathers himself and turns to leave out the back. He is startled to see two of Liam's thugs at an open door.

LIAM (O.S.)

Goin' someplace, Mick?

Mickey turns to the front to see Liam, immaculately dressed.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(looks over his shoulder)  
Shame about your dad. Stubborn man.

Angered, Mickey makes a move for him, but is restrained by Liam's thugs. They force him into a chair.

Liam pulls up a chair and casually sits down. He slowly takes off his leather gloves.

LIAM (CONT'D)

It doesn't have to end that way for  
you and the rest of your family.  
All I need is one small favor.

INT. ROADSIDE BAR - EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

A hole-in-the-wall biker bar, filled with the usual suspects.

SUPER: SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE DENVER

Margaret and Dan, his foot and arm in casts, enter. They stop and look around nervously. She nudges Dan and points.

CARLOS (48), in a suit, sits in a booth, reading a book.

Margaret and Dan stand next to the booth and wait. Carlos reads. Dan clears his throat. Carlos doesn't look up.

CARLOS

Are both of you fuckin' idiots?  
Next booth. Backs to me.

Margaret and Dan slide in the next booth. Dan leans back.

DAN

Um, we're the ones lookin' for the  
plumber.

CARLOS

Holy shit, you really are fuckin'  
idiots. It's a painter and we don't  
use code words here. And look  
straight ahead when you talk.

Facing ahead, Dan reaches back over the booth to shake hands.

DAN

Sorry, I'm kinda new to this,  
Mister ..?

CARLOS

What the fuck are you doin'? Take  
that fuckin' hand back. Jesus  
Christ, no fuckin' names.

Dan snaps his hand back, sits rigidly and nods rapidly.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Lady, you sure your idiot boyfriend  
can handle this?

Margaret looks at Dan with his back pinned to the booth. She passes an envelope over her shoulder without looking.

Carlos takes the envelope and glances inside at a picture of Mickey. He puts it in his jacket.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

And the money?

MARGARET

Uh, there's a little problem. You asked for the whole twenty thousand upfront, how do we know you're not gonna rip us off?

DAN

Yeah, how do we know you're not gonna take our money and run?

CARLOS

Lady, if you don't wanna play by my rules, that's your choice. And tell your fuckin' parakeet to close his beak before I shove my book up it.

Margaret takes out a very thick envelope, holds it over her shoulder and waits. Confused, she looks at Carlos.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Before I take that, I'm gonna ask you to take a second and make sure you know what you're doin'. Once that's in my hand, there's no goin' back. A life will be taken.

Margaret pushes the envelope further towards him. Carlos takes it and puts it in another jacket pocket.

DAN

Aren't you gonna count it?

CARLOS

You'll know if it's short.

Carlos gets up.

MARGARET

So you're gonna do it?

CARLOS

It'll be taken care of.

As Carlos walks by their booth, Dan grabs his arm. Infuriated, Carlos stares down his arm at Dan.

DAN

A name's the least we should get for all that money.

CARLOS

(pulls arm away)

I told you no names, but how many Dagos can there be in that town?

Carlos leaves. Dan and Margaret exhale, slump down in booth.

INT. BEAUMONT HOTEL AND SPA - MORNING

SUPER: TWO DAYS LATER

A taxi pulls up to the elegant Beaumont Hotel and Spa.

A pair of very fine Italian loafers step into a puddle as they exit. They are followed by an exquisitely dressed Luigi complete with his signature scowl.

Luigi scans the area. Looking over his shoulder, he sees the bellhop take a long case from the rear seat.

Luigi rushes over and snatches the case. Face to face, he leans into the cringing bellhop and wags a finger.

INT. DAN'S GARAGE OFFICE - MORNING

Dan, casts still on, sits and reads a comic-book. In the window, Dan's helper, BILLYBOB, sweeps up the shop.

BEVERLY MATTEO (21) walks up with GIO PASQUALI (28). They talk to BillyBob, who points inside.

Beverly enters the office. Gio and Billybob talk outside.

Waiting, Beverly clears her throat to get Dan's attention.

DAN

(face buried in the book)

Didn't you see the sign, lady?  
We're closed. If you want gas, two blocks up on the right.

BEVERLY

They don't do repairs.

DAN

Unless you're blind, I'm disabled.  
We're not takin' any --

(looks up)

-- Well, well ... Maybe we could  
make an exception. I couldn't  
guarantee how long it would take,  
given my current state, but I'd be  
glad to show you around town during  
the inconvenience.

BEVERLY

I really need to get my car fixed.

Dan enthusiasm is dulled as he sees Gio outside.

DAN

You didn't tell me you had baggage.

BEVERLY

What? Huh?

(looks at Gio)

Oh no, that's Gio. He was on his  
way here from Denver when he saw me  
on the side of the road.

The conversation perks Dan's interest. He gets up, walks to  
the window and stares at Gio.

DAN

You said he was on his way here  
from Denver and his name's Gio?  
Giovanni? That's Italian right?

BEVERLY

I guess. Really haven't asked him.

Dan knocks on the glass and waves the two in.

DAN

(to BillyBob)

Go get the lady's car.

Dan walks around and eyeballs Gio up and down.

BILLYBOB

I thought we weren't --

DAN  
 -- Just do what I say.  
 (to Gio)  
 Ever do any paintin', Gio?

GIO  
 (uncomfortable)  
 Uh, a little, here and there.

DAN  
 That's what I thought. It's good to see you. We were a little worried given the amount of money upfront.

BEVERLY  
 So, you're gonna fix my car?

DAN  
 (to BillyBob)  
 What are you waitin' for? Take them and get the lady's car.

BEVERLY  
 Can't thank you enough.

DAN  
 We're all on the same team.

BillyBob nods for Gio and Beverly to come with him. Smiling confidently, Dan leans back to watch Beverly's ass as she leaves.

INT. BEAUMONT HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Luigi registers at the desk. The long case is at his side.

ALFREDO and DOMINIC, two low-level mob wannabes, enter and look around in awe. They speak in a thick Brooklyn accents.

ALFREDO  
 Will you look at this place?

DOMINIC  
 I don't know, maybe we should've done the job first?

ALFREDO  
 Relax. How hard can it be to whack an accountant?

Their amazement continues as they approach the desk

DOMINIC

Bet they even have those little  
water jets in the tubs.

Alfredo's head follows a good-looking woman walking by.

ALFREDO

I know what I want in my tub.

Alfredo turns just as Luigi turns from the front desk. They collide. Luigi's keycard goes flying.

Luigi picks up his keycard and his case. He glares at a fearful Dominic. He turns to Alfredo. He relents and leaves.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

What's his problem?

Dominic shrugs.

About ten feet away, Luigi turns and slaps his hand to the elbow joint of the other arm in an obscene gesture.

LUIGI

Vaffanculo.  
(leaves, waves hands)  
Imbecille.

Alfredo gives him the horns in an exaggerated dancing manner.

ALFREDO

Oh, yeah. Take that to your mother,  
you no good son of a ...

Alfredo turns to the desk clerk and calms instantly.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

Reservation for Alfredo Gianno.

INT. OURAY EATERY - MORNING

Shelly eats at a table. Carol eats at the counter. Mickey enters and joins Shelly.

MICKEY

So what's so important?

SHELLY

(nods toward Carol)  
Our girl's clean as a baby's butt  
after a bath. Decorated numerous  
times. Don't think you have to  
worry about her bein' on the take.

MICKEY

Could have told me that on the phone.

SHELLY

And not get a free breakfast? You gonna order?

(eats)

Better watch out though. She's relentless as a pitbull. Gets a whiff, you're gonna feel her nose up your ass for a long time.

Mickey holds up his cup to order from the passing waitress.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You think about what I said yesterday?

MICKEY

(stares at Carol)

Not gonna happen.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - MORNING

Luigi slowly opens an office door with "O'Brien Insurance. M. O'Brien, proprietor" painted on it. (Inside, name reversed)

Luigi sees JAKE (26) on his knees at the filing cabinet.

Luigi looks at the nameplate on the desk that says, "M. O'Brien." Entering quietly, he takes out his Beretta.

Luigi creeps up behind the unsuspecting Jake and aims.

Suddenly, MCKENZIE O'BRIEN (38) enters with her head down.

MCKENZIE

You wouldn't believe the --

McKenzie looks up, startled. Luigi snaps his aim to her. Jake turns and freezes. He puts his hands up meekly, cringing.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

Jake, what's this about?

Jake is too frightened to answer. Luigi becomes confused.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

Look, if this concerns my office, you need to talk to me. Let my secretary go.

Luigi picks up the nameplate and shows it to McKenzie.

LUIGI

Tu?

MCKENZIE

(points at self)

That's me. I'm McKenzie O'Brien.

Realizing, Luigi puts the name plate down. He tries to hide his face as he hastily exits.

Pre-lap: Fingers drumming on the a desk.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOBBY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Feet up, Bobby drums his fingers and stares at Carol, who sits opposite him, looking away. She turns to talk.

BOBBY

-- Ain't happenin'.

They resume their previous postures. Charley enters.

CHARLEY

Chief, we got a ...

(notices the tension)

... Sorry Chief, I didn't know you were in --

BOBBY

-- It's okay. We were just outlining Nowitzki's duties. What is it?

CHARLEY

McKenzie O'Brien called. Said a man was wavin' a gun in her office.

BOBBY

Say who it was?

CHARLEY

Never saw him before. You want me to go down and talk to her.

BOBBY

Nah, probably just another cowboy wannabe.

(to Carol)

We get 'em all the time. Not like your big city where everybody with a gun is a danger to humanity.

Carol is startled at the nonchalance.

CHARLEY

I don't know, Chief, we got a couple of calls that sounded like the same guy.

BOBBY

Guess we should make an appearance.

CHARLEY

I'm on it.

BOBBY

No, not you. This is the perfect case for our new super sleuth.

CHARLEY

I got it, chief.

Carol gets up.

CAROL

It's okay, Charley. It'll be good to get out and get some fresh air. You really should do something about that stale stink in here.

She leaves. Charley sniffs the air. Bobby seethes.

INT. DEERHEAD BAR AND GRILL - EVENING

A fairly crowded bar surrounded by booths and tables.

Mickey sits in a booth by himself. Carol and George sit in a booth on the other side. Beverly and Gio are in another.

CAROL

(stares at Mickey)  
Kind of sad, Mick sittin' all by himself.

GEORGE

Looks pretty happy to me. So what's this new case about?

CAROL

I wouldn't really call it a case. Think we should invite him over?

GEORGE

I'm sure he's gonna get tired of us soon enough. And stop starin'.

Carol starts framing Mickey with her fingers.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You finally get a case and you just gonna blow it off?

CAROL

Apparently, it's something that happens here all the time. Not gonna lose sleep over it. You're sure you've never seen him before?

George rolls his eyes and passes Carol a menu.

BEVERLY AND GIO'S TABLE

BEVERLY

Just don't know how I'm gonna pay for the repairs and now a room. If you didn't offer, I'd probably be dining on potato chips and water.

GIO

It's my pleasure. Usually when I come down here all I have to talk to are the fish at the lake. And I'm sure you'll figure it out.

MICKEY'S TABLE

PEGGY FERRARI (42), a very attractive woman in a business suit, notices Mickey from the bar. She walks over.

PEGGY

An attractive man sittin' by himself, doesn't seem right.

Mickey looks up awkwardly.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Hmm. Pretty bad, huh? Guess I'm a little out of practice.

(extends hand)

Hi, Peggy Ferrari. I'm new in town, saw you sittin' by yourself and thought you might be up for a little companionship.

Eyebrows raised at the comment, he shakes hands hesitantly.

MICKEY

Mickey O'Brien.

PEGGY

That came out wrong. Geez, I'm so bad at this.

Mickey points for her to have a seat. Peggy sits.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Well, that was embarrassing.

SHELLY

Guess we're both a little out of practice.

FRONT OF BAR

Alfredo and Dominic enter and look around. They walk up to the bar. Alfredo gets the bartender's attention.

ALFREDO

Two drafts.  
(to Dominic)  
Okay, give me the paper.

Confused, Dominic stares at him.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

The paper Ian gave us with the information. Give it to me.

DOMINIC

I thought you had it?

ALFREDO

I specifically said before we left to remember to get the paper.

DOMINIC

I did, I got you the Post.

Alfredo scoffs. Dominic realizes.

ALFREDO

Aah. Doesn't matter. How many paisanos can there be in this town.

The bartender serves them. Dominic notices Mickey and nudges Alfredo. Alfredo taps the Bartender.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

Excuse me. What's the name of that gentleman over there? He looks kinda familiar.

BARTENDER  
Him? That's Mickey O'Brien.

The Bartender goes back to work.

ALFREDO  
Just our luck, a fuckin' potato  
farmer.  
(to Bartender)  
Excuse me.

Alfredo slides a bill in front of the annoyed Bartender.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)  
I need some information.

The bartender picks up and examines the five-dollar bill.

BARTENDER  
(sarcastically)  
Must be somethin' really important.

ALFREDO  
I'm lookin' for an older man.

BARTENDER  
(slides money back)  
We're not that type of place.

The bartender walks away. Alfredo realizes.

ALFREDO  
What? No.

DOMINIC (O.S.)  
Psst. Psst.

Alfredo turns to see Dominic hiding behind his menu.

Dominic nods toward Carol's table. Alfredo looks over and snaps a menu up to hide his face.

ALFREDO  
What the fuck is she doin' here?

MICKEY'S TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Mickey and Peggy are laughing out loud.

PEGGY  
I kid you not.

MICKEY  
Welcome to Colorado.

PEGGY

(gets up)

Gotta get goin'. Meetin' with the realtor in the mornin'. Gotta be on my A-game or they'll rake me over the coals on the price.

(takes out money)

I really enjoyed this, Mick.

b.g. Beverly walks up to the bartender.

MICKEY

(puts hand up)

Haven't had this much fun in a long time. I got it. I insist.

Peggy nods and turns to leave. She hesitates and turns back.

PEGGY

Steak?

Mickey looks at her, quizzically.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Now that I'm in Colorado, there's nothin' I want more than a really big juicy steak.

MICKEY

Four Forks out on eighty-six.

PEGGY

Not talkin' about goin' by myself.

MICKEY

Aaah, I don't know.

PEGGY

Look, I'm not lookin' for a relationship, just some good conversation and laughs. You gotta admit, we have a lot in common.

(puts card on table)

You can reach me at that number.

Peggy turns and leaves. Mickey stares at the cards, smiles.

FRONT OF BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Money and bill in hand, Mickey approaches the Bartender, who is talking to Beverly. He looks quizzically at Alfredo and Dominic with their heads down behind the menus.

BARTENDER

I'm sure you'd be great, but I  
already have too many waitresses.  
(to Mickey)  
Everything okay, Mr. O'Brien?

MICKEY

Best meal I had in a long time.

The Bartender takes Mickey's money and heads to the register.

BARTENDER

(to Beverly)  
I'm really sorry.

Alfredo notices that Mickey blocks Carol's view.

ALFREDO

Can you just stand there a minute?

Confused, Mickey nods. Alfredo and Dominic slip out, using Mickey as a blocker. Once clear, they run for the doors.

MICKEY

What was that about?

Dejected, Beverly does look up as she shrugs.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You okay?

BEVERLY

Yeah, uh, no. I don't know.

MICKEY

You're from New York?

BEVERLY

You can tell?

MICKEY

After forty years of livin' there,  
can't miss the accent, or lack of  
one. So, what's the big puss for?

BEVERLY

Ah, I was drivin' cross-country to  
see my dad when my car broke down.  
With the cost of the repairs and  
now the stay-over, I was hopin'  
they could use another waitress.

MICKEY

Dad, huh?

BEVERLY  
He's not doin' too well.

Mickey looks sympathetically at Beverly. The Bartender gives him the change.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Shouldn't be botherin' you.

MICKEY  
Can you cook?

Confused, Beverly looks at Mickey.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
Just happens, I lost my cook. If you don't mind puttin' up with a grumpy old man, I have an openin' and it just happens to come with a free room.

Dumbfounded, Beverly doesn't respond.

Mickey writes on a pad from the bar. He rips off the page and hands it to a very confused Beverly.

MICKEY (CONT'D)  
(holds out hand)  
So I'll see you tomorrow, Miss ..?

BEVERLY  
You're serious about this.  
(shakes hands)  
Beverly. Beverly Matteo.

MICKEY  
Mickey. Mickey O'Brien. I'll see you about two then.

Mickey leaves.

BEVERLY  
But I didn't answer if I can cook?

MICKEY  
(doesn't look back)  
That's okay. I don't eat much.

Beverly turns to Gio. She gives him two thumbs up.

## INT. VESPI'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

On the phone, Vespi looks through the blinds to see Mickey pull into his driveway. His eyes widen as he listens.

VESPI  
(loud, excited)  
Did you say two million?

SALLY (O.S.)  
Every okay, Vespi?

VESPI  
(covers the phone)  
Yeah, just had the TV too loud.  
(softly, into phone)  
I'm in.

Vespi hangs up. He leans back to check Sally in the kitchen.

On his walker, he goes to the credenza. He opens a drawer and feels around. He pulls out a .45 and checks that it's loaded.

Attention split with Sally in the kitchen, he puts the gun in the waist of his pajamas. CLUNK! It falls straight to the floor. He tries again, but it does the same.

SALLY (O.S.)  
Everything okay in there?

VESPI  
Just takin' off my shoes.

## MOMENTS LATER

Twine through the trigger, Vespi puts the gun-necklace on and tucks it in his shirt.

Careful not to be noticed, he takes his walker to the door.

No matter how he tries, he can't handle the walker and the oxygen. He leaves without the oxygen.

## INT. MARGARET'S CAR - PARKED - EVENING

In a parked car across the street, Dan and Margaret watch Gio pull into a motel parking lot with Beverly.

MARGARET  
And you're sure this is our guy?

DAN

Gio? Giovanni? Doesn't get any more Italian than that. And he just happens to come from Denver?

MARGARET

I don't know. He looks awful young.

Gio and Beverly talk in the car.

DAN

Probably one of them international assassin types. You know, beautiful woman in every town. She definitely fits that description.

Margaret gives Dan a hardened stare.

DAN (CONT'D)

I'm just fillin' in the plot.

Beverly gets out and enters a unit. Gio pulls away.

Margaret sits back, crosses her arms, and looks for answers.

DAN (CONT'D)

You know how hard it must be for him to keep a low profile when there's a ...

(lusts)

... steamin' hot, luscious, blonde goddess just waitin' to be ...

Pre-lap: the sound of HARD BREATHING.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - EVENING

Breathing hard, Vespi looks back to see he's at the end of his walkup. He glares at Mickey's house and starts to move very slowly.

Determined gaze and gritted teeth, Vespi inches forward.

MOMENTS LATER

Totally out of breathe, Vespi stops and looks back to see he has only gone about twenty feet. He does a double take.

Frustrated, he turns around and heads back to his house.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S DEN - EVENING

Carol works on her laptop. George enters.

GEORGE  
Andrew's asleep. You comin' to bed?

CAROL  
(pre-occupied)  
Yeah, sure, in a little.

Curious, George looks over Carol's shoulder.

GEORGE  
Really? You're googling our  
neighbor?

CAROL  
That's nice, honey.

George shakes his head and leaves.

GEORGE  
You know you're totally obsessed?

CAROL  
(totally oblivious)  
Love you, too.

INT. MICKEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

In pajamas, Mickey takes a photo of Joan and Michelle out of the dresser. He rubs his fingers fondly over it.

He takes out a flip-phone, plops in the bed and dials.

JOAN (V.O.)  
Mickey?

MICKEY  
Yeah. Everything okay?

JOAN (V.O.)  
Yeah, everything's fine. Why?

MICKEY  
You sure? You got everything you  
need? Michelle too?

JOAN (V.O.)  
Yeah, we're good.

MICKEY

You're voice doesn't sound fine.

JOAN (V.O.)

What do you want me to say? You know what day today is?

MICKEY

Oh my God, did I --

JOAN (V.O.)

-- It's been two years since we we've been separated.

MICKEY

Guess I shudda known that.

JOAN (V.O.)

Did you hear me? Two years. Two years that we haven't seen each other. Two years Michelle hasn't had her father. Two long years.

MICKEY

You don't think it's been hard on me, too? You don't think I miss you guys? That I think about you all day long?

JOAN (V.O.)

It's not that, Mick. It's just ... I don't know anymore. We're not the criminals here. Yet, we're on the run, while the person who killed your father flaunts his freedom.

MICKEY

You just gotta let it play out.

JOAN (V.O.)

Oh, yeah, I almost forgot. Your precious plan. Well, bad news. Whatever the plan is, it isn't workin'.

MICKEY

It's just takin' a little longer than I thought.

JOAN (V.O.)

Look, it's not me. I can wait forever. It's Michelle. She needs her father. She needs you.

MICKEY

Did something happen? Put her on.

JOAN (V.O.)

Relax. Only thing that happened is she's growin' up.

Mickey looks at the clock on his night table.

MICKEY

We can't stay on too much longer.  
Let me talk to her.

JOAN (V.O.)

She's not here. She's on a date.

MICKEY

A date? At her age?

JOAN (V.O.)

She's eighteen.  
(waits, no answer)  
That's what I'm talkin' about.

MICKEY

(looks at clock)  
Gotta go. We've reached the limit.

JOAN (V.O.)

Yeah, we have.

MICKEY

I love you two so much.

JOAN (V.O.)

I know, Mick. We love you, too.

Tears down his checks, Mick lowers the phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAROL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Carol writes notes on a pad while she works at her computer.  
Charley knocks on the open door.

CAROL

Charley, come on in.

Carol rips off the paper and hands it to Charley.

CAROL (CONT'D)

I need you to find me everything  
you can on these cases? Not just  
the official stuff, everything.

CHARLEY

(looks at the list)

Most of these are two and three years old and they all happened in New York. You think they're related to our gun-waver?

CAROL

Maybe. Or maybe it's just a bug up my ass. Can I count on you?

Charley nods. He leaves as Bobby enters. Ever suspicious, Bobby watches Charley walk away. He stares at Carol.

BOBBY

(approaches Carol)

Shouldn't overload him. He's really kinda simple.

CAROL

If you're comin' to ask about our gunman, I'm workin' on it.

BOBBY

So I've been told. Seems a lot of our town folks are a little upset over your eagerness.

CAROL

You wanna find this guy or not?

BOBBY

Small peace-lovin' community like this, people aren't too worried about their safety. Do you know we haven't had a major crime here in ... guess it's thirty years now. What they are worried about is the upcomin' tourist season. Word gets out we got some psycho runnin' around wavin' a gun ... Well, you can imagine the impact. So don't go makin' a big fuss about nothin'

(throws folder on desk)

Figured since you had so much energy, I'd put you in charge of our Police Athletic League.

(turns to leave, smiles)

Now, don't go gettin' any soccer moms upset.

INT/EXT. ALFREDO'S CAR - PARKED - AFTERNOON

Alfredo and Dominic are parked a block from the Beaumont.

DOMINIC

You sure this is our guy? He  
doesn't even speak English.

ALFREDO

Seen anybody else that matches the  
description? Only guy who even came  
close was that fuckin' shillelagh  
hugger in the bar.

INT. BOBBY'S SUV - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Phone wedged to his ear, an elated Bobby drives.

BOBBY

Should've seen her face when I  
threw that folder down. Just  
thinkin' about it is makin' me  
hard.

(looks down at crotch)

Really? You know what that negligee  
does to me.

(Eyes widen)

Oh, baby. I'm on my way.

INT/EXT. ALFREDO'S CAR - PARKED - AFTERNOON

Through the windshield, Luigi exits the hotel.

ALFREDO

Give me the gun.

Dominic withdraws into his seat.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

Tell me you didn't take the gun?  
How are we supposed to kill this  
guy without a fuckin' gun?

Luigi flags a taxi across the street. Alfredo starts the car.

DOMINIC

What are you doin'?

ALFREDO

Just buckle your seat belt.

INT. BOBBY'S SUV - MOVING - AFTERNOON

Phone wedged to his ear, Bobby unbuckles his pants.

BOBBY

I'm goin' as fast as I can.

(reaches behind him)

Okay, okay. Five minutes.

Bobby hangs up. He takes out an emergency light, puts it on the roof and floors the gas pedal.

EXT. BEAUMONT HOTEL AND SPA - AFTERNOON

Sound of tires SCREECHING causes Luigi to freeze in the street. He turns to see Alfredo speeding towards him.

As Alfredo hits the intersection, the wail of a SIREN starts. BAM! Bobby's SUV plows into the front of Alfredo's car.

Luigi looks at the two mangled cars and straightens up. He gathers himself and gets in the taxi.

INT. ALFREDO'S CAR - STOPPED - AFTERNOON

A dazed Alfredo, looks at an equally dazed Dominic.

ALFREDO

You okay?

Dominic nods.

The sound of bent metal CREAKING gets their attention.

The two look out the front window to see Bobby pushing his crinkled door open.

Dazed and disorientated, Bobby staggers out. His unbuckled pants fall, leaving him covered only by his shirttails.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

(sly smile)

Quick, give me your phone.

Alfredo's attention goes to the taxi passing them. In the rear window, Luigi's stare follows him.

Pre-lap: RING of doorbell.

INT. VESPI'S FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

Sally answers the door and sees a delivery man.

DELIVERY MAN  
Delivery for Mister Vespi Gianni.

SALLY  
(holds hand out)  
I'm his nurse. I'll take it.

The delivery man turns to reveal a electronic cart that sits behind his truck. It has an oxygen tank hooked up.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
(confused, to the inside)  
Vespi, you order somethin'?

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - AFTERNOON

Wearing neck braces, Alfredo and Dominic sit outside Bobby's office. Charley works at the front counter.

Something gets Alfredo's attention. He elbows Dominic, who looks up. Dominic's eyes widen. They try to hide their faces.

Having just entered, Carol puts bags of food on the counter.

CAROL  
No sweet and sour, I had to get --  
(sees Dominic and Alfredo)  
What the fuck are they doin' here?

Charley turns to see Carol is looking at Alfredo and Dominic.

CHARLEY  
Them? Seems they had a little run  
in with the Chief. You know 'em?

CAROL  
Intimately.

Charley leans in and whispers in Carol's ear. Her eyes widen. A smile appears. She let's out a soft chuckle.

Carol stares at Charley in disbelief as he pulls back.

CHARLEY  
Claim it's for their ...  
(air quotes)  
... emotional pain and sufferin'.

Carol contemplates. She heads toward's Bobby's office.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)  
Where you goin'?

CAROL  
Oh, I'm not missin' this chance.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Dominic and Alfredo sit. Dominic looks around nervously.

ALFREDO  
Relax. Think he wants pictures of  
his fat ass all over the papers?

The two are taken aback as Carol enters. She walks to the camera and turns it and the mic off.

CAROL  
There we go, just me and my two  
favorite scumbags. Come all this  
way to rob the parkin' meters?

ALFREDO  
We're just like all the other  
tourist. See the sights. Get in a  
little skiing.

CAROL  
Skiing, huh? It's fuckin' June.

ALFREDO  
You ever see the prices in the  
winter? Now, where's our money?

DOMINIC  
Yeah, my neck's hurtin' more and  
more by the minute.

ALFREDO  
I can feel the pain creepin' down  
my legs as we speak. Gonna be a  
long and expensive rehab.

CAROL  
(sits, leans back)  
Guess you're just gonna have to  
learn to live with the pain, 'cause  
there ain't gonna be any money.

ALFREDO  
(starts to get up)  
Guess we go to the papers then.

CAROL

They'll probably run those pictures right next to your rap sheets. You know, the ones that include ... What is it now? Four or five insurance scams?

Dominic signals four. Alfredo quickly covers his fingers.

CAROL (CONT'D)

State agency that investigates these types of fraud'll be down here in no time. But then again, you're severely injured. You got nothin' to worry about, right?

They slowly sit back down.

CAROL (CONT'D)

So here's how it's gonna go down. You're gonna give me the phone. As soon as the Chief gets your car fixed, you are gonna leave my town.

ALFREDO

You know this is blackmail?

CAROL

Sure is.

HALLWAY

Bobby leans on the wall and waits. Amused, Carol exits the room. She looks at the phone as she scrolls through it.

BOBBY

Havin' fun?

Carol puts the phone in Bobby's shirt pocket.

CAROL

You bet.  
(pats the pocket)  
Next time you're at the gym, I'd work on the glutes.

Smiling, Carol leaves. Bobby steams.

INT. CABIN RESTAURANT - EVENING

Mickey and Peggy eat in the back of a cabin-style restaurant. It has two large swinging kitchen doors on the side wall.

PEGGY

Now I know what they mean when they say you haven't had a steak 'til you had it in the Midwest.

(takes a drink)

So what made you decide to call?

MICKEY

I really enjoyed your company. Uh, don't read into that.

PEGGY

Don't worry. You made the groundrules perfectly clear.

(plays with glass)

So who's the lucky girl?

Mickey looks away.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Oooh, the one that got away.

Mickey scoffs, annoyed.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

Okay, that was a mistake.

(gets up, looks around)

Ladies' room?

MICKEY

It's okay. To the left of the bar.

As Peggy passes a table in the front, the menu lowers, exposing Luigi's glare. He picks up a large steak knife.

MOMENTS LATER

Luigi makes his way down the side towards an unsuspecting Mickey. He slides the knife down his sleeve, into his hand.

Suddenly, BAM! The large kitchen door swings open, sends Luigi on his ass. The knife flies under a table.

The waiter quickly puts down his tray and helps Luigi sit up.

WAITER

Sir, I'm sorry. Are you --

The waiter cringes seeing Luigi's battered and bleeding nose.

Gathering his senses, Luigi notices the attention he has drawn. He pushes the waiter aside, gets up and storms away.

WAITER (CONT'D)

Sir, you're bleedin'. You need to stay seated 'til we can get you help. Sir, please ...

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - EVENING

Vespi's garage door opens. Sinister smile on his face, Vespi sits on the cart and revs it up. He tucks the gun-necklace in his shirt and puts on the oxygen mask.

He leans forward in a racing posture and putters out at a snail's pace.

SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

A determined Vespi leans forward urging the creeping cart on. Suddenly, the motor dies. He tries to restart it. Nothing.

Dumbfounded, he takes out the manual out. A paper falls from the manual into his lap.

INSERT: PAPER

Instructions that read: "Important! Charge before using."

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S DEN - EVENING

Carol works on her computer. A large pile of files sit next to her. George enters with Andrew. He walks up behind and flips through the folders.

GEORGE

Find our gun-toter, yet?

Carol slams the folder close. She goes back to work.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

These aren't about him, are they?  
They're about your crazy obsession  
with our neighbor.

CAROL

Somethin's goin' on. I can feel it.  
And you know my instincts are  
rarely wrong.

Something on the screen gets Carol's attention. She looks into a folder and back at the screen. She turns the screen.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Who does that look like?

GEORGE  
A tall Danny DeVito?

Frustrated, Carol picks up a marker and shades the screen. She turns the screen to George and waits.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
A tall Danny DeVito with black  
marker on his face?  
(walks to window)  
You do realize, you want a big case  
so bad, you're startin' to see  
things.

Carol scoffs. Something outside gets George's attention.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Hey, you know the old man down the  
street? The one with the walker?

Carol nods. She looks at George quizzically.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
He's just sittin' on a stopped cart  
on the sidewalk. Think he's okay?

Carol shrugs. George hands her Andrew and leaves.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna go see.  
(leaves)  
You do know that was a permanent  
marker?

Realizing, Carol tries to clean the screen with her free hand. She stops, tilts her head and admires her work.

INT. OURAY EATERY - MORNING

Mickey and Shelly eat at a table. Carol's at the counter.

SHELLY  
This ain't the Gavins we're talkin  
about. These are pros. Trained  
killers.

MICKEY  
You really gonna go there again?

SHELLY  
I put out some feelers --

MICKEY

-- You put out feelers? You just put my whole family at risk.

SHELLY

You know me better than that.

Mickey waves Shelly off, looks away.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Once Liam gets the ledgers, he'll protect you. You need an ally.

MICKEY

Like he was gonna protect me and my family in Chicago?

SHELLY

It's different, now. He knows his brother's on to him. And the trumped up charge the Feds have on Whitey ... ain't gonna hold with those books.

Mickey looks away, contemplates.

EXT. SIDEWALK ACROSS FROM THE EATERY - MORNING

Bobby sets his coffee on a bench. He sits with his back to the eatery and reads his newspaper.

Annoyed by the constant squawk on his radio, he turns it off.

STORE ROOF ABOVE BOBBY

Nose taped and two black-eyes, Luigi kneels behind the roof's parapet. He swats off a swarm of bees as he opens his case.

Annoyed, he spots an old, leaking bag that is attracting the bees. He carries it with two fingers and drops it at a far corner.

As he heads back to the case, he tries in vain to clean some liquid that spilled on his suit. It attracts the bees to him.

INT. OURAY EATERY - MORNING

Shelly is quite upset. Mickey stares at Carol.

MICKEY

It's not that. My nosey neighbor's got me on edge.

SHELLY

You think she's found out anything?

MICKEY

Just the same hunch.

SHELLY

If it was me, I'd be lookin' at anything that had a chance to end this. It's been too long, Mick.

Micky raises an eyebrow and makes a face indicating Shelly may be right.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

At least you're thinkin' about it.  
(hands Mick a flip-phone)  
Almost forgot. New number's set up.

EXT. ROOF ABOVE BOBBY - MORNING

Mickey appears in Luigi's crosshairs.

Continually swatting bees, Luigi tenses his trigger finger on the silenced rifle.

As he fires, he suddenly jerks back from a sting to his face.

INT/EXT. OURAY EATERY - MORNING

The stray shot goes through the window and shatters an egg. Stunned, the waiter and the people at the table look at each.

Carol's eyes dart from the egg to the hole in the window.

DINER #1

(yells)

There's a gunman outside.

Pandemonium breaks out. People run to the back, others hit the floor. Some hide behind tables. Cell phones are dialed.

Gun out, Carol looks out the glass door to see Bobby eating nonchalantly. She sees a rifle barrel taken in from the roof.

CAROL

(into her mic)

Chief Thompson, come in. Chief, this is Nowitzki. Chief, please acknowledge. Bobby, this is an emergency. Come in, Bobby. Answer your God-damned fuckin' radio.

Not a care in the world, Bobby continues to eat and read.

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
Nowitzki, this is Charley. Did you say an emergency?

CAROL  
Charley, there's a shooter on the roof across from the eatery.

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
Did you say shooter?

CAROL  
Yes. On the roof across from the eatery. You need to get everybody down here immediately.

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
Gonna have to call the Chief first. He doesn't like anybody, but him, makin' those types of decisions.

CAROL  
I've been tryin' to reach the Chief, but he won't answer. Now, get everybody the fuck down here.

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
Yes, ma'am, as soon as I talk to the Chief.

CAROL  
I'm looking at the fuckin' Chief as we speak. Just do it.

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
Oh, good, then you can ask him.

CAROL  
(to self)  
Fuck.  
(into radio)  
Charley, I'm the assistant police chief. Just get it done. NOW.

CHARLEY  
Gotcha. I'll call the chief.

Frustrated, Carol gets off the mic. She scopes the area.

BEHIND TABLE

Shelly and Mickey hide behind a table and talk nonchalantly.

SHELLY  
Deal lookin' any better, now?

Mickey scoffs. Shelly just shake his head in disbelief.

SHELLY (CONT'D)  
Anyone ever tell you, you're one  
stubborn fuckin' wop.

EXT. SIDEWALK ACROSS FROM THE EATERY - MORNING

Bobby's phone BUZZES. Annoyed, he looks at it and answers.

BOBBY  
Charley, this better be --

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
-- Chief, I've been tryin' to reach  
you on the radio. We got multiple  
reports of a shootin'.

BOBBY  
Probably that same nut. Send Carol.

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
Carol's the one callin' it in.

BOBBY  
(annoyed, to self)  
Should've known.  
(to phone)  
Okay, where's this shootin'  
supposedly at?

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
The eatery on main.

BOBBY  
(does 360 turn)  
That's impossible, I'm sittin' --

Bobby's jaw drops as he sees the panic inside the eatery. Carol is by the door. She points her thumb upwards.

Bobby points to the phone and returns Carol's thumb's up.

Bobby hangs up. He draws his gun and scopes the area.

Not seeing anything he looks to a frustrated Carol. Who points to the roof with her index finger.

Realizing, Bobby snaps his aim to the roof and runs to the building for cover.

Bobby leans out, tries to see up on the roof. He contemplates, then heads around the side of the building.

ROOF ABOVE BOBBY

Still swatting bees, Luigi closes the case and heads out.

EXT. STREET BEHIND BUILDING - MORNING

A nervous Bobby peers around the corner into the very narrow back street.

At the far end, BillyBob, in full red-jacket hunting gear, puts his hunting rifle into the back of his pickup truck.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
Freeze, scumbag. Put your hands up  
where I can see 'em.

BillyBob puts his hands up and turns slowly. He sees Bobby approaching him with his gun aimed. He starts to relax.

BILLYBOB  
Oh, it's you, Bobby. Darn near --

BOBBY  
-- I said keep those hands up where  
I can see 'em, asshole.

Confused, BillyBob puts his hands up. Bobby recognizes him.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
BillyBob? I would've never thought  
you capable.

BILLYBOB  
I was gonna get my license, but the  
office is closed for the holiday. I  
figured one extra hunt wouldn't  
hurt anybody.

Bobby spins BillyBob around and viscously slams his head on the truck hood. He pats him down.

BOBBY  
Is that what you call this? One  
extra hunt? You sick fuck.

As Bobby handcuffs BillyBob, Luigi climbs down a fire escape behind them. He escapes across the street.

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - PARKED - AFTERNOON

Phone in hand, Mickey sits in his driveway. He contemplates, then dials a number from a piece of paper.

MICKEY

Yeah, Lucky. It's Mickey.

(listens)

Just calm the fuck down. Is he there?

(listens)

Then there's no reason to panic. It's time to call in that favor.

(listens)

Don't give me that shit. Your body parts would be scattered across the five boroughs if my father didn't cover your ass. Of course, Whitey still might be interested to hear you've been skimmin'.

(listens)

Figured you'd see the light. Now here's what you're gonna do for me.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION BACKROOM - AFTERNOON

Carol and Bobby look through the two-way glass at BillyBob.

CAROL

Do we have a forensic's lab?

BOBBY

Have to send the bullet up to Denver, but don't let looks fool you, it's him. Even confessed he was out for a hunt.

Unconvinced, Carol looks at the hunting rifle on the table near them. She heads to the door to leave.

CAROL

Yeah, well, there's no way that bullet came from this gun.

BOBBY

(to self)

Fuckin' know-it-all.

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Mickey is still on the phone.

MICKEY

How much further in the crosshairs  
can I get? I need you to lay it on  
real thick. Gotta be big and it's  
gotta be believable.

(listens)

Let's wait to see how good you do  
before we decide to wipe the slate.

INT. MICKEY'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Carol sits opposite Mickey.

MICKEY

I really can't think of anybody who  
would wanna hurt me. Probably just  
a coincidence.

CAROL

Maybe, but 'til we find the  
shooter, I'd be careful. You're the  
only M O'Brien in this town that  
hasn't been confronted and you were  
in the eatery.

MICKEY

At least the guy's a terrible shot.

CAROL

Wouldn't be jokin', if I was you.  
(gets up)  
Should be headin' back.

They turn and are startled by Beverly watching them from the  
other side of the dining room table.

BEVERLY

Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.

Blocked by the table, Beverly rolls a large butcher knife  
nervously in her hand.

MICKEY

Beverly, my neighbor, Carol. Carol  
this is Beverly, my new cook.

The two women exchange nods.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You need something?

BEVERLY

It can wait.

Beverly leaves, keeping the knife hidden from their view.

CAROL  
Seems nice enough.

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - AFTERNOON

Typical fast food burger place. Gio eats in a booth.

Dan and Margaret enter. They look around and spot Gio.

Dan goes to the counter. Margaret sits in a booth with her back toward Gio. She leans back.

MARGARET  
Gettin' a little concerned our package hasn't been delivered yet.

Startled at first, Gio becomes confused. He turns toward her.

GIO  
Lady, I think you made --

MARGARET  
-- Jesus Christ. What the fuck, are you an idiot? I thought we were hirin' a pro? Turn the fuck around.

Dumbfounded, Gio snaps his head forward. Dan brings two coffees and slides in next to Margaret.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
(to Dan)  
Guy sent us a fuckin' amateur.

GIO  
Lady, I have no idea what you're talkin' about?

MARGARET  
(to Dan)  
He turned and looked at me. Remember what the guy said?

GIO  
You talked to me first. I'm just tryin' to have a nice peaceful lunch.

MARGARET  
(to Dan)  
You think the guy would really send us an amateur?

Dan shrugs. Gio gets louder.

GIO  
 Would somebody like to explain what  
 the fuck is goin' on?

People in adjacent booths look at Gio.

MARGARET  
 (to Gio)  
 Will you calm down.  
 (to Dan)  
 Definitely an amateur.

DAN  
 (to Gio)  
 We just need to know what's goin'  
 on with our package?

GIO  
 How do I know? Maybe you should  
 check the service you used.

MARGARET  
 You mean Denver?

GIO  
 Denver. Los Angeles. New York. I  
 don't know. Wherever the fuck you  
 bought it.

DAN  
 (to Margaret)  
 He's right. I mean, he's only  
 followin' orders.

EXT. JESSIE'S CAR - PARKED - AFTERNOON

In a parked car across the street, Jessie leans over Muchie.  
 She peers through binoculars into the fast food place.

MUCHIE  
 Ever think you might be overdoin'  
 this just a little bit?

JESSIE  
 She's up to somethin', I know it.  
 I'll be damned if she's gonna beat  
 me to the money.  
 (lowers the glasses)  
 Time to pare down the competition.

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - AFTERNOON

Oblivious to an arguing Dan and Margaret, Gio leaves quietly.

MARGARET

I got his name off a chat-room. How the hell was I supposed to know we'd have to contact him again?

DAN

So we just gave an unnamed stranger all our money?

Margaret looks away. Dan scoffs. He snaps his finger in a eureka moment and points his thumb over his shoulder.

DAN (CONT'D)

He must have the guy's number.

Margaret nods enthusiastically. Their elation quickly turns to despair when they turn and see the empty booth.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - EVENING

On her way out, Carol approaches Charley at the counter.

CHARLEY

Goin' home?

CAROL

Yeah. Um, listen, I was wondering, you have any connections with the bureau up in Denver?

CHARLEY

Yeah, a guy who went to school with me works there.

Carol puts a folder on the counter.

CAROL

You think you can run this case by him? Nothin' formal. Just tryin' to find out some particulars.

Charley opens the folder.

CHARLEY

This is from the list you gave me.

CAROL

And, if you can, I need it on the quiet. The Chief can't know.

CHARLEY

I don't know ... I mean, keepin'  
secrets from the Chief.

CAROL

(reaches for the file)  
It's okay. Forget I --

CHARLEY

(grabs file)  
-- Chief'll tell you he's done a  
lot for me, but most of the time,  
he's just a total fuckin' prick.  
What exactly do you need?

INT. DAN'S GARAGE OFFICE - EVENING

Dan is on the computer. Margaret watches over his shoulder.

MARGARET

Try dot net.

DAN

(types)  
I can't believe you didn't write  
down the address.

MARGARET

And if Bobby found it?

DAN

That's not it either.

Dan thinks for a moment. He spins around on his chair.

DAN (CONT'D)

What if Gio is tellin' the truth?

MARGARET

You mean the guy in Denver didn't  
tell him why he's here?

DAN

No, what if we had the wrong  
Italian? What if it was the girl?

Margaret looks at Dan skeptically.

DAN (CONT'D)

Think about it. I heard she's  
workin' as Mick's cook. Who would  
even suspect her? It's brilliant.

Smiling, Margaret pulls Dan's chair to her.

MARGARET  
You're brilliant.

Lust in her eyes, she smothers Dan with kisses.

EXT. DAN'S GARAGE - EVENING

Through the window, Jessie snaps pictures of Margaret and Dan in the throws of passion. A sinister smile appears.

INT. MICKEY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Mickey sits on the bed with the flip-phone to his ear.

JOAN (V.O.)  
Didn't expect your call 'til  
tomorrow.

MICKEY  
Something came up. Listen, I need  
you to take Michelle and go away  
for a few days. Don't tell anybody.

JOAN (V.O.)  
What's going on? Are we in danger?

MICKEY  
Probably nothing. Shelly's just  
been actin' strange lately.

JOAN (V.O.)  
Shelly? He the only reason we're  
safe right now.

MICKEY  
Can't hurt to be extra cautious.

JOAN (V.O.)  
That's all we ever are is cautious.  
I'm tired of it. I wanna live  
again. I want our daughter to live  
like a normal teenager again.

MICKEY  
You knew it wasn't gonna be normal  
for a while. Just a little longer.  
We'll be together soon. I promise.

JOAN (V.O.)  
 Okay, but I'm not leavin' 'til  
 after next weekend. I'm not gonna  
 deny Michelle her prom.

MICKEY  
 Her prom?

JOAN (V.O.)  
 Yeah, that prom. She's already torn  
 up over your broken promise, I'm  
 not gonna take the whole day away.

Choked up, Mickey doesn't speak.

JOAN (V.O.)  
 You still there, Mick.

MICKEY  
 Yeah, uh, I don't know what to say.

JOAN (V.O.)  
 Nothin' you can say. It is who we  
 are. Who we've become. I'll take  
 care of it at this end.

MICKEY  
 (looks at clock)  
 Time's runnin' out. I gotta go.  
 Love you.

JOAN (V.O.)  
 Yeah, it is. Love you, too.

Mickey hangs up. He flings the phone against the wall. In one swoop, he swipes everything off the nightstand in a rage.

INT/EXT. GEORGE'S SUV - PARKED - MORNING

On his phone, George finishes securing Andrew in his baby seat. He heads around to the driver's side as he talks.

GEORGE  
 Yes, I made sure the milk was the  
 proper temperature.

b.g. Vespi drives the cart of his driveway.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 I'm just leavin' now.  
 (gets in, listens)  
 Stop worryin'.  
 (MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 It's only a regular checkup and the  
 pediatrician comes highly  
 recommended.

George starts the car. He turns and plays with Andrew in the  
 back seat as he listens. Out the window, Vespi creeps closer.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Yes, I have him all secured in the  
 new seat. A tractor-trailer  
 wouldn't budge him.  
 (listens, cringes)  
 Okay, that was a bad analogy.  
 (listens)  
 Yes, I promise. I'll check him one  
 more time before I pull out.  
 (listens)  
 Love you too.

George hangs up. He reaches to check the baby's security.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Okay, kid, first piece of advice,  
 don't ever marry a cop.

In the side mirror, Vespi slowly disappears behind the SUV.

George turns forward. He puts the car in reverse. He flashes  
 a glimpse at the empty side mirror and backs out.

CRASH!

INT. BARBER SHOP - AFTERNOON

Small two-seat barber shop. Mickey sits in a chair. The  
 Barber grabs a hot towel.

BARBER  
 Told you to bet the Rockies.

MICKEY  
 In that park?

The RING of the bell over the door. Luigi enters with tape  
 across his disfigured nose, two blackened eyes and a huge  
 swollen cheek. He stops and stares at Mickey.

BARBER  
 (puts towel on Mickey)  
 Be with you in a minute.

Luigi scans the place. He sticks his head in the back room.

BARBER (CONT'D)  
 (to Mickey)  
 Still it's the Mets.  
 (turns to the other chair)  
 You're up, buddy.

Back to Joe, Luigi slowly pulls out his Beretta. He freezes with the RING of the door bell.

BARBER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Hey Chief. Didn't expect you today?

Luigi holsters the gun, but keeps his hand on it.

BOBBY (O.S.)  
 Aah, Margaret's been on my ass.

BARBER (O.S.)  
 Let's go, buddy. You're up.

Luigi turns quickly. Keeping his face turned to hide, Luigi hustles out. He bumps a uniformed Bobby on the way.

Bobby and the Barber look at each other confused. They turn to watch Luigi leave. Just as Luigi exits ...

THUD! Luigi is blindsided by a kid racing on a bicycle.

INT. VESPI'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Vespi is in bed. Sally and George stand near the door.

SALLY  
 That's two days in a row you had to bring him home. What was he thinkin' buyin' that cart?

GEORGE  
 Just glad I could help.

SALLY  
 Sounds pretty lucky considerin' how you described it just toppin' over like that. You think the steerin' might be defected?

Vespi scoffs at the comment. He stares at George and seethes.

GEORGE  
 Maybe. I'd have it checked out.

VESPI  
 That's a God-damn --

SALLY

-- Shut your mouth.

(to George)

The language he uses. And after you  
went out of your way to help him.

George turns his back to Vespi, exposing the twine from  
Vespi's gun hanging from under his shirt. He runs his fingers  
up and down it for emphasis. Vespi relents.

GEORGE

We should let him rest.

Sally nods and leaves. George follows. He slips the .45 from  
under his shirt and puts it on the dresser.

Vespi picks up his phone and dials.

VESPI

Yeah, I'm out.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - AFTERNOON

Arms crossed, Bobby leans against the doorway to his office.  
He watches BillyBob check out with Charley at the front.

As Bobby and BillyBob exchange glares, Carol exits her office  
and notices the dynamic.

As BillyBob walks to the door, Bobby signals with his fingers  
that he is watching BillyBob.

BillyBob stops at the door. He points two finger to Bobby's  
eyes grabs his crotch.

BILLYBOB

(mouths words, leaves)

Watch this.

Upset, Bobby turns to go in his office. He freezes when he  
sees an amused Carol. He goes into his office.

BOBBY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Feet up on desk, an upset Bobby stares off to the side.

A KNOCK on the doorframe. Carol enters.

BOBBY

Here to gloat?

CAROL

That would be just way too easy.  
 (approaches Bobby)  
 Look, I know we got off on the  
 wrong foot, but I really think my  
 expertise could help in this case.

BOBBY

Only expertise you should be  
 practicin' is at home with that  
 baby of yours.

CAROL

Those two petty cons, the gunman,  
 the shooting? I really think this  
 is a lot bigger than you realize.

BOBBY

(feet down, leans in)  
 Let me tell you somethin'. They  
 don't pay you to think. They pay me  
 to think. So, until you find a way  
 to sit in this chair, just go on  
 home and do whatever it is mothers  
 do.

Bobby puts his feet back up, leans back and stares off to the  
 side.

CAROL

Is that it? You think I want your  
 job? That's been it the whole time?

Without turning to her, Bobby waves her off.

INT. DEERHEAD BAR AND GRILL - AFTERNOON

Mickey drinks at the bar. Shelly enters and joins him. Mickey  
 signals to the bartender for two beers.

MICKEY

That was quick.

SHELLY

Heard the two magic words, free  
 beer.

The bartender serves them. Mickey stares ahead.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

So, this is where I read minds?

MICKEY

Were you serious about reachin' out  
to Liam?

SHELLY

If you're still worried --

MICKEY

-- No, nothin' like that. It's  
about a promise I made.

SHELLY

Now I'm totally confused.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - AFTERNOON

Carol reads a report at the counter. Charley is next to her.  
Behind them, Bobby watches intently from his office.

CHARLEY

I know it isn't what you wanted.

CAROL

No, you did great. This agent,  
Maria Rossotti, the one that signed  
off the case as closed, your friend  
know her?

CHARLEY

Said he met her once in New York.  
She left the agency about a year  
ago. He heard she's married now.

CAROL

Hmm. Leaves right after signin' off  
on this? Little too coincidental,  
if you ask me.

CHARLEY

I, um, guess.

Carol looks back at Bobby who quickly makes himself look  
busy. She hands the paper to Charlie. Bobby resumes spying.

CAROL

First lesson of good detective  
work, there's no guessin'. Look  
into why she left and anything else  
you can find out about her.

Charley nods. Carol leaves. Charley looks at the chief who  
quickly makes himself appear busy again.

Charley puts the folder in a desk drawer and walks away.  
Bobby looks out to make sure he's gone, then gets up.

INT. DEERHEAD BAR AND GRILL - EVENING

Shelly and Mickey continue to talk and drink at the bar.

MICKEY  
Just tryin' to keep all the  
channels open.

SHELLY  
I'll do whatever you say.

MICKEY  
Nothing definite, just feelers.  
(hesitates)  
And keep your mouth shut.

Shelly gestures that's a given. Mikey gets up.

SHELLY  
Not gonna eat?

MICKEY  
Neighbor's havin' a barbecue.  
(to Bartender)  
Anything he wants, on my bill.

EXT. CAROL'S AND GEORGE'S DECK - EVENING

George works over the grill. Carol sits with Andrew. Mickey  
sits and drinks a beer.

Carol notices Gio fishing from Mickey's yard.

CAROL  
You know you have a visitor?

MICKEY  
That's Gio. Been comin' here to  
fish since before I bought the  
place.

CAROL  
Just how long have you been livin'  
here?

GEORGE  
(annoyed face at Carol)  
How do you like your burger, Mick?

MICKEY  
 Medium rare's fine.  
 (to Carol)  
 A little over two years.

CAROL  
 You never told me, why did you  
 leave New York?

GEORGE  
 (serves Mick)  
 Now you have an excuse not to talk.  
 (to Carol)  
 Will you stop?

BOBBY (O.S.)  
 Havin' a barbecue and you didn't  
 invite your good ol' buddy? Not too  
 good for team morale.

Bobby appears between the two house. He steps up on the deck.

CAROL  
 Sorry, only invited people I like.

GEORGE  
 Can I get you a burger, Bobby?

CAROL  
 We're not wastin' food on him.

GEORGE  
 Carol, he's your superior.

CAROL  
 No. No, he's not.

BOBBY  
 That's okay. Seems, I already got a  
 full stomach devourin' this dandy.

Bobby holds up a folder. Stunned, Carol recognizes it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
 Warned you he was feeble-minded.

GEORGE  
 What's goin' on?

CAROL  
 It's nothin'.  
 (looks at Bobby)  
 Just doin' my job.

BOBBY

With a two-year old cold case. Knew you were good, but didn't know you could resurrect the dead.

GEORGE

Is this about tryin' to find somethin' on Mickey's past?

Mickey looks up shocked. Surprised, Bobby turns to him.

BOBBY

(to Mickey)

Guess you got caught up in her madness too.

(to Carol)

Adds a whole new layer to the cake. I mean, unapproved use of department assets for a rogue investigation is one thing, but unwarranted searches into private citizens? That's a whole different level of abuse of power.

CAROL

Bullshit. You've been after me since the day I got here.

BOBBY

And I just got you. Consider yourself suspended.

CAROL

You can't do that. I'll fight it.

BOBBY

Figured you would. Called up my brother and uncles. Told 'em to get the rest of the town board ready for your call. You want their numbers?

(takes out phone)

Hmm. Guess not.

Bobby turns to leave. He stops and looks at Mickey's burger.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You gonna eat that?

Dumbfounded, Mickey shakes his head. Bobby picks up the burger and eats it on the way out.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Now, that's the best taste I had in  
a long time.

Bobby gone, there is an awkward moment of silence.

GEORGE

I don't know what to say, Mick.

MICKEY

(gets up, leaves)  
No need to say anything.

George watches Mickey leave. Carol stares off in thought.

George takes Andrew from Carol's lap and heads inside. Leaves  
Carol as a solitary solemn figure sitting on the deck.

INT. MICKEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

On his cellphone, Mickey sits on the bed.

MICKEY

And he bought into everything?  
(listens)  
Figured he couldn't let it go.  
(listens)  
You're almost there. There's just  
one more thing I need floated by  
him.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Drying her hair, Carol enters the bedroom.

CAROL

Do you believe that --

Carol looks up and freezes. The room is empty, the bed is  
still made and the crib is gone.

GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carol opens the door and sees George asleep. She sees Andrew  
sleeping in the crib. Her eyes well up. She leaves.

INT. MICKEY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Mickey is still on the phone.

MICKEY

Yeah, you too. And stay safe when  
this goes down.

Mickey hangs up. He hesitates and dials.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Toes, can you talk?

(listens)

Got somethin' I need passed on.

(listens)

Don't give me that shit. You owe me  
for what my father did.

(listens)

Don't worry, he's definitely gonna  
wanna hear this.

INT. DAN'S GARAGE OFFICE - MORNING

Beverly enters and approaches Dan at his desk, startling him.

DAN

Am I glad to see you. We misplaced  
your boss's number.

BEVERLY

Mr. O'Brien?

DAN

No, the guy in Denver.

BEVERLY

What? Is my car done?

DAN

You're ready to leave?

BEVERLY

If my car's fixed, hopefully right  
after Mr. O'Brien's dinner tonight.

DAN

So that means you're gonna finish  
up your work with Mr. O'Brien?

BEVERLY

Can't take him with me.

DAN

Yeah, guess that would be a little  
messy ... But you are gonna dispose  
of --

BEVERLY  
-- Is my car ready?

DAN  
Yeah, it's on the side.

BEVERLY  
How much do I owe you?

DAN  
Just happy to get it over with.

Beverly waits. Dan looks at her quizzically.

BEVERLY  
Keys?

Dan takes the keys from the desk. He holds them up.

DAN  
Can I watch?

Beverly snatches the keys from Dan and leaves.

INT. IRISH PUB, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - EVENING

Donatella sits at the bar. She stares at Liam and his thugs in their booth.

Liam catches her look. He smiles and offers her a toast. She returns the smile. A FEMALE BARTENDER serves her a drink.

Donatella drinks with her left hand. Her right hand remains under a napkin on her lap.

DONATELLA  
What happened to Ian?

b.g. Liam walks toward Donatella with his drink in hand.

FEMALE BARTENDER  
(shrugs)  
First day. Don't know any Ian.

LIAM (O.S.)  
You believe it? Bastard was keepin'  
secrets from me. Had to fire him.

Donatella looks over her shoulder, sees Liam right behind.

DONATELLA  
Guess he wasn't very good at it.

LIAM

Didn't have a chance. I make it a point to know what everybody in my bar's doin'. Thinkin'. Plannin'.

DONATELLA

So you can read minds?

LIAM

Have enough ears to the ground. Anything I want to know, just snap my fingers.

(fondly rubs her cheek)

Like why a beautiful woman, like you, would be sittin' all alone at my bar for weeks.

DONATELLA

And I thought it was Whitey's bar.

LIAM

My brother. Your boss. Shame what happened to him.

Donatella freezes.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Oh, that's right, you don't know. How could you? After all, it won't be 'til tomorrow that somebody finds him in that roadside ditch.

Donatella continues to stare straight ahead.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(to the bartender)

Back us up.

(leans in)

Dumb bastard thought he could send you to take me out. Sneak back into the country and reclaim his power. My brother was an idiot.

Donatella's hand moves slightly under the napkin.

DONATELLA

So now what? I get a bullet in the back of the head?

LIAM

Doesn't have to be that way. After all, you're just a soldier in a war. A mercenary. And mercenaries on the losin' side ...

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

They usually do one of two things.  
They change sides or they die.

Aware of the dynamic, the bartender serves them, steps away.

DONATELLA

You want me to go to Ouray and take  
out the accountant, don't you?

LIAM

Nah, that's bein' taken care of as  
we speak. Got somebody so close, he  
won't ever see it comin'.

(guzzles his drink)

I got bigger plans for your ...

(leans back, looks at her  
ass)

... unique talents.

(slaps her ass, leaves)

Think about it. It sure beats the  
alternative.

As Liam walks away, Donatella gets up. The napkin falls,  
exposing a 9mm in her hand that is blocked from his thugs.

DONATELLA

There's only one problem.

Liam freezes. He moves his hand toward his waisted gun.

LIAM

God, I hate fuckin' loyalty.

Donatella snaps up her 9mm. Liam and his thugs draw. The  
bartender ducks behind the bar.

UNDER THE BAR

Numerous GUNSHOTS wail as the bartender cowers in a well.

Suddenly, there is total SILENCE.

INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - EVENING

Bobby enters. He picks up a stack of mail from a side table.

BOBBY

You home, babe?

MARGARET (O.S.)

I'll be down in a minute.

A large plain brown envelope gets Bobby's attention. He rips it open. Numerous photos fall on the floor. Looking down, his eyes widen.

MOMENTS LATER

Margaret enters, drying her hair.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
Thought we'd go out for Chinese --

She freezes as she sees Bobby sitting in a chair and guzzling from a liquor bottle.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
What's wrong, Honey Bear?

Bobby nods to the pictures on the floor. Margaret looks and recognizes the photos. She picks one up.

INSERT - PHOTO

Margaret and Dan in the throws of passion.

BACK TO ROOM

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
It's ... It's not what you think.

Bobby chugs the last of the bottle. He smashes it against the wall. Margaret cringes.

MARGARET (CONT'D)  
You're scarin' me, Honey Bear.

Bobby gets up and storms out, stopping to pick up another bottle from the cabinet.

Margaret stares at the photo. She plops down in a chair. Suddenly, she realizes.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

George plays with Andrew in his high chair. Carol enters, exhausted from her run.

CAROL  
Woo. Didn't think a ski resort  
could get this hot.

George gives Carol a look. He picks up Andrew and leaves.

GEORGE  
Dinner's on the stove.

CAROL  
How long you gonna hold this  
against me?

Frustrated, she plops down at the table. Her phone RINGS. She looks at the ID and answers.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Didn't expect you to call.

INT. CHARLEY'S SQUAD CAR - PARKED - EVENING

On his phone, Charley sits in his patrol car.

CHARLEY  
Yeah, sorry about what happened. I  
didn't see it comin'.

INTERCUT CAROL'S KITCHEN AND CHARLEY'S SQUAD CAR

CAROL  
If you called to apologize, there's  
no need.

CHARLEY  
Actually, no. I mean, yes, I wanted  
to apologize, but that's not why I  
called.

CAROL  
Just get to it, Charley.

CHARLEY  
Got a call from my friend at the  
bureau. Seems Whitey Donovan just  
had his brother whacked.

CAROL  
And that affects me how?

CHARLEY  
A bartender saw the whole thing.  
According to her, there's a  
contract on an accountant in Ouray  
as we speak. Seems you were right.  
Feds want us to protect Mick 'til  
they get down here.

Carol looks through the blinds at Mickey's. She sees Shelly, Mickey and Peggy in the dining room, Beverly in the kitchen.

CAROL  
You should tell the Chief.

CHARLEY  
Can't reach him, and, if I did, he  
wouldn't know what to do. This is  
way above any of our pay grades.  
You're the only who can handle it.

CAROL  
Charley, I'm suspended.

CHARLEY  
Doesn't matter. You're a cop. The  
best cop I know. And right now, we  
need you. I need you.

CAROL  
(hesitates)  
Okay. Who's on duty and who can we  
get in here fast.

CHARLEY  
Just me and the Chief, wherever he  
is. All the others are out of town.

CAROL  
I'll handle Mick's. You stay close  
to the radio. Let me know when you  
hear back from the Feds.

CHARLEY  
There's one more thing. According  
to the bartender, the triggerman's  
somebody real close to Mick.

Carol's eyes snap back to the blinds. She contemplates.

EXT. MICKEY'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

Shelly, Mickey and Peggy sit at the table. Beverly enters  
with cake and coffee on a tray.

BEVERLY  
Wait 'til you taste this. It's my  
mom's recipe.

She serves. Everybody digs in.

PEGGY  
Oh my God. That's sooo good.

BEVERLY

(to Mickey)

If you don't mind, I'd like to go finish packin'. Dad's not doin' too well and I want every minute I can get with him.

Mickey nods. Concerned, he watches Beverly leave.

EXT. WOODS OPPOSITE MICKEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Sniper rifle slung over his shoulder, Luigi walks through the woods. His nose is bandaged. He has two black eyes and a swollen check. He wears a large cervical collar.

He sets down the rifle across from Mickey's. He winces and he rubs the collar. He takes out a medicine bottle and swallows a couple of pills.

He lays down to get in position, but the collar prevents him.

Gathering his courage, he snaps the collar off. It causes him great pain. He takes out the bottle and swallows more pills.

He carefully gets into position and looks through the scope.

Shelly is in the crosshairs, blocking Mickey.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Carol enters, pulling a shirt over her Kevlar vest. She looks through the blinds sees Peggy, Shelly and Mickey in the dining room. The kitchen is empty.

Carol looks up to see Beverly in her bedroom window. Beverly smiles as she checks the blade on a large butcher knife.

Pre-lap: The sound of a door CLOSING.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Sitting by the window, Jessie turns off the floor light. It leaves her partially lit by the street. She covers the shotgun in her lap with a blanket.

Margaret enters the room with a shotgun hidden behind her.

They glare at each. Suddenly, they snap their guns up. Tensions rise as the two stare at each other, ready to fire.

JESSIE  
Seems we're at a stalemate.

MARGARET  
Seems we are.

Jessie's eyes lead Margaret to the liquor cabinet.

JESSIE  
Doesn't have to be this way.

MARGARET  
No, it doesn't.

EXT. MICKEY'S FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Carol KNOCKS. Mickey answers. Annoyed, Mickey looks away.

CAROL  
I know you're Mickey D'Angelo.

MICKEY  
We gonna go through this again?

CAROL  
Guess you wouldn't be interested  
then that Whitey just had his  
brother killed?

Mickey looks stunned, quickly covers.

MICKEY  
Doesn't mean anything to --

CAROL  
(pushes past Mickey)  
-- Give it a rest.

EXT. WOODS OPPOSITE MICKEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Snoring, Luigi sleeps face down next to his gun.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - ENTRY - EVENING

Just inside, Carol looks around. Mickey follows her in.

MICKEY  
Just what do you think you're  
doin'?

CAROL  
Feds just called. There's a hit out  
on you as we speak.

MICKEY  
Okay, let's assume you're right. I  
can assure you it's nobody here.

Carol looks up the staircase and draws her gun.

CAROL  
That cook of yours still upstairs?

MICKEY  
What? She only a kid. You don't  
really think ...

Carol ignores him, carefully heading up the stairs.

Concerned, Shelly and Peggy come out of the dining room.

SHELLY  
What the fuck's goin' on?

Mickey puts his hand out for Shelly to hold off a minute. He  
follows Carol up the stairs.

BEVERLY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Beverly stuffs two knives into a box.

CAROL (O.S.)  
Hands up where I can see 'em.

Startled, Beverley turns and sees Carol with her gun aimed.  
Mickey appears behind Carol.

MICKEY  
Come on, this is stupid.

CAROL  
Get 'em up.

Shelly and Peggy make their way to the room's doorway.

BEVERLY  
(puts hands up)  
Mr. O'Brien, what's goin on?

MICKEY  
It's okay, Beverly.  
(to Carol)  
Look, this is --

CAROL

-- Why don't you check what's in  
the box, Mick?

Confused, Mickey makes his way to the desk. He opens the box  
and takes out two large butcher knives.

BEVERLY

You were so nice to me. I wanted to  
get you a gift. I didn't have much  
money and your set was in such bad  
shape.

SHELLY

Gotta admit, carvin' that roast was  
pretty rough.

Carol's phone RINGS. She answers while keeping aim.

CAROL

(into phone)  
Go ahead, Charlie.

Mickey examines the paper under the box. He pulls it out.

CAROL (CONT'D)

You're sure.  
(listens, lowers her gun)  
No, you did good. Check the others.

Carol hangs up. Mickey holds up gift wrapping paper.

MICKEY

Maybe she was gonna gift wrap the  
body for Liam, too.

CAROL

Her story checks out. She can go.

Beverly grabs her suitcase and heads toward the door. She  
stops and hugs Mickey on the way.

BEVERLY

Thank you so much, Mr. O'Brien. I  
could never repay you.

MICKEY

I was my pleasure. Please let me  
know how your dad's doin'.

Beverly nods. She glares at Carol as she passes her.

PEGGY

Okay, what just happened?

MICKEY

(to Carol)

Look, I'll come down to the station on my own later, but, right now, I think it's better if you just leave. I guarantee you, nobody here's gonna kill me.

PEGGY

Kill you? Can somebody explain?

MICKEY

It's a long story.

(to Carol)

Couple of hours, then I'm all yours. I promise.

Carol stares suspiciously at Shelly and Peggy. She relents.

CAROL

I'll be right outside.

MICKEY

Wouldn't expect any less.

Carol leaves. Peggy looks to Shelly for answers. He shrugs.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

Jessie and Margaret drink at the kitchen table that is covered with half empty liquor bottles. Their shotguns are on the side.

Their laughter indicates they are drunk and the atmosphere has changed greatly.

MARGARET

You really called our idiot brother?

JESSIE

Not like I know a lotta hitman.

MARGARET

Bet that lazy-ass husband of yours didn't help?

JESSIE

Totally useless. Hey, what's with you and that guy Dan?

MARGARET

He's a moron, but, God, he's good.

JESSIE  
Barney Fife just wasn't cuttin' it?

Margaret puts thumb and index finger millimeters apart.

JESSIE (CONT'D)  
Look how men have messed up our  
lives. And it all starts with our  
asshole father always playin' us  
against each other.

MARGARET  
Fuckin' men.

JESSIE  
Yeah, who the fuck needs 'em.

MARGARET  
(eureka moment)  
You're right. We don't need any  
men.

JESSIE  
That's what I just said.

MARGARET  
No, I mean Mickey. We can do it  
ourselves. Split the two million.

Jessie smiles and nods. They both reach for their shotguns.  
They freeze in a moment of distrust and stare at each other.  
They burst out in laughter, grab the guns and head out.

EXT. MICKEY'S FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Carol sits on the front steps. Mickey exits. Carol looks back  
at him. She turns away and stares out towards the woods.

MICKEY  
Look, I really do appreciate you  
tryin' to protect me.

CAROL  
Just doin' my job.

MICKEY  
Somehow, I think it's more than  
that with you.  
(sits next to her)  
There's a lot you don't know about  
me.

CAROL

Like leavin' the DA without his  
star witness. I'm curious, how much  
Liam pay you?

Peggy exits the house, phone in hand. The talk stops.

PEGGY

Oh, sorry. Reception's crappy  
inside. I'll just go around back.

Peggy heads around the side of the house. Carol watches her.

MICKEY

She's not the type. Anyway, money  
had nothin' to do with it. Knowin'  
the Donovans, my family would've  
been killed before I even stepped  
foot in court. Like I told you,  
family first and never look back.

CAROL

That simple, huh?

MICKEY

No, it's not that simple, but --

CAROL

-- But what? Let two killers go.  
How about the families of all their  
victims? They don't get saved?

MICKEY

(gets up)  
Wish the world was as black and  
white as you make it.  
(heads inside)  
If it comes down to your family one  
day, though, I hope you can see the  
grey too.

Carol scoffs. Mickey leaves. Once he's gone, She looks back  
at the door and contemplates.

EXT. WOODS OPPOSITE MICKEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Luigi snaps out of his sleep. The sudden movement causes him  
a lot of pain.

He finishes the medicine and tosses the empty bottle.

He tries to focus through the scope. His eyelids constantly  
closing, he succumbs and dozes off.

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Gun out, Carol carefully walks down the side of the house.

PEGGY (O.S.)  
Doesn't matter if you haven't heard  
from him. This is over tonight.

Carol peeks around the corner. She sees Peggy with her phone wedged between ear and shoulder. In one hand Peggy holds a 9mm. In the other is an ammo clip that she checks.

PEGGY (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I tried to reach him, too.  
Same result. So, I'm just gonna  
finish it. It gets done tonight.

CAROL (V.O.)  
Put the gun and the clip on the  
ground. Keep the hands where I can  
see 'em. Nice and slow, now.

Peggy tries to glance over her shoulder to see Carol.

PEGGY  
(into phone)  
Got a problem. Gotta go.  
(hangs up, does as told)  
You got it all wrong. I'm a former  
FBI agent. Mickey was my last case.  
Somethin' just didn't add up. I'm  
here to protect him, just like you.

Approaching from behind, Carol pulls down and cuffs Peggy's hands. Carol stares at her, obviously disbelieving her.

INT. BEAUMONT HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Alfredo reads "Entrepreneur" magazine. Dominic snoozes in the next chair. Dominic's movement exposes his waisted revolver.

Alredo notices and quickly nudges him. Dominic is startled.

DOMINIC  
What? Did he come back?

Alfredo nods toward the gun. Dominic quickly covers up.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
You think he's even comin' back?

ALFREDO

(Shrugs)

Says here that you can buy a coffee franchise for as little as twenty-five grand up in Montana.

DOMINIC

What does that have to do with us?

ALFREDO

We ain't exactly doin' too good in this line of work. And we do have the money from Ian.

DOMINIC

Once we complete the job.

ALFREDO

You really think Ian's gonna chase us all the way up there?

DOMINIC

You wanna go legit? We ain't never done anything that's legal.

ALFREDO

How hard can it be? Been puttin' that little doohickey in the top of the machine every mornin' for years. A cup underneath and Presto.

DOMINIC

Legit, huh? No more cops?

ALFREDO

Hundred percent on the up and up.  
(taps Dominic)  
Come on, let's go back to the room.

They head towards the elevator.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

(puts arm around Dominic)

Who knows, we may even pay taxes.

INT. BOBBY'S SQUAD CAR - PARKED - EVENING

Uniform in disarray, Bobby guzzles from the bottle. Margaret's car races by. Bobby squints trying to make it out.

BOBBY

You picked the wrong day, buddy.

Bobby puts on the lights and siren. He clips the car parked in front of him as he pulls out.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Sitting on the floor, Peggy, mouth duct-taped, is cuffed to the fridge. Carol puts the keys on the table that already has Peggy's gun, clip and two phones on it.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Heard voices down here, we have a --

George enters and freezes. He carries Andrew in a chest harness, facing out.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
What the --

CAROL  
-- Everything's okay. Just take Andrew back upstairs.

GEORGE  
Have you completely lost your mind?  
Who is this lady?

CAROL  
Just go upstairs. I have it under control.

George doesn't move. His eyes dart from Carol to Peggy.

Looking through the blinds, Carol see Mickey over the kitchen sink. Shelly approaches from the dining room with what seems to be a very large knife in his only exposed hand.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
Shit.  
(leaves)  
I need you to watch her. Whatever you do, don't let her go.

Dumbfounded, George stares at a mumbling Peggy.

INT. MICKEY'S ENTRY - EVENING

Gun up, Carol enters cautiously.

MICKEY (O.S.)  
Just finish it. You know you're gonna do it. Just get it over with.

SHELLY (O.S.)  
I'm givin' you a chance, if you  
want your piece say it now.

Carol makes her way into the ...

DINING ROOM

She carefully maneuvers around the table.

MICKEY  
Will you finish it?

She peeks out into the ...

KITCHEN

Mickey is at the sink with Shelly behind him. Both have their backs to her.

SHELLY  
Okay, don't say I didn't offer --

Carol pops out and aims at Shelly from behind.

CAROL  
Drop it, Shelly.

The CLUNK of steel and the CRASH of a dish breaking.

Carol looks down to see a shattered cake dish, a big piece of cake and a large cake server. She lowers her gun.

Mickey turns exposing the dishwashing gloves he's wearing.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

George sits with Andrew at the table. He stares nervously at Peggy. Carol's phone RINGS. George looks at it, realizes it's Carol's, and answers.

GEORGE  
Charley, what is goin' on?

CHARLEY (V.O.)  
Just put on Carol.

GEORGE  
She just stepped out.

INT. CHARLEY'S SQUAD CAR - PARKED - EVENING

Charley sits in the car, talks on the phone.

CHARLEY

(into phone)

Do me a favor and tell her that  
lady is the former FBI agent.  
Ferarri's her married name.

GEORGE (V.O.)

You, um, sure about that?

CHARLEY

Yeah, but there's more --

Margaret's car speeds past, gets Charley's attention.

GEORGE (V.O.)

You still there, Charley?

CHARLEY

Yeah, I was, uh --

Siren wailing and lights flashing, Bobby's squad car speeds  
by Charley. He ricochets off a number of parked vehicles.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Is somethin' wrong, Charley?

CHARLEY

(starts car)

Look, I gotta go. Tell Carol to  
call me very first chance she gets.

Charley hangs up. He puts on the siren and flashing lights  
and pulls out after the two cars.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S KITCHEN - EVENING

George looks at Peggy, indecisively. He grabs the key off the  
table. He uncuffs Peggy.

GEORGE

(rips off duct tape)

Deputy just vouched for you.

PEGGY

That's one fuckin' crazy bitch you  
married.

She loads her gun and leaves. George is totally dumbfounded.

EXT. WOODS OPPOSITE MICKEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Luigi wakes up. Groggy, he looks throughs the scope. He opens and closes his eyes trying to focus. He gives up.

He manages to stumble to his feet. He reaches down for the rifle, but loses his balance and stumbles forward over it.

LUIGI  
(kicks the rifle)  
Vaffanculo!

Mumbling in Italian, he staggers into the woods.

INT. MICKEY'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Mickey and Shelly lean against the sink counter with their arms crossed. Embarrassed, Carol faces them, her gun waisted.

MICKEY  
You do realize, the only person you  
haven't accused is --

CAROL  
(realizes, looks at  
window)  
-- Shit.

Carol hustles out the backdoor, leaving it open.

SHELLY  
That woman has serious problems.

The conversation is interrupted as Carol backs through the doorway with her hands up.

Peggy appears in the doorway with her gun aimed at Carol.

PEGGY  
(takes Carol's gun)  
Happy to see me, Mick?

CAROL  
What did you do with my son and  
husband? If you --

PEGGY  
(pistol whips Carol)  
-- Just chill. Now, let's all go  
into the dinin' room, sit down and  
have a nice talk.

DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mickey, Shelly and Carol, her face bruised, sit at the table. Peggy, back to the kitchen, stands with the drop on them.

CAROL  
I swear if you harmed either of  
them, I'll --

PEGGY  
-- You really do talk too much.

BANG! A gunshot sends Carol flying backwards off her chair. Mickey and Shelly jerk. They stare incredulously at Peggy.

In pain, Carol coughs and holds her chest.

PEGGY (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, she's wearin' Kevlar.  
She's fine just like her husband  
and son.  
(to Carol)  
And if you want to see them again,  
I suggest you shut your mouth.  
(to Mickey)  
I'd like those ledgers, now.

MICKEY  
Can't do that.

SHELLY  
Mick, this isn't the time to  
be a hero.

CAROL  
Ledgers? I thought the Feds  
had the ledger?

PEGGY  
Mick didn't tell you? One the Feds  
have is useless without someone to  
read it. But the two that Mick's  
father kept on the side ... They  
could bury either of the Donovans.  
(aims at Shelly)  
So, like your friend said, it's not  
the time for heroes.

MICKEY  
I can't give you the ledgers.

Peggy raises her aim up to Shelly's head.

PEGGY  
Well, let's see if your friend  
wants to be the hero?

SHELLY  
Will you just give her the fuckin'  
ledgers?

MICKEY

(exhales)

I can't because there are no ledgers.

(hesitates)

I made the whole story up. Figured just the threat of the Feds gettin' 'em would keep Liam and Whitey at bay.

Peggy contemplates as she looks around at the house.

PEGGY

You're tryin to tell me Whitey's money didn't pay for all this?

MICKEY

My father's ... Everybody skimmed off Whitey. He's an idiot.

PEGGY

Doubt Liam would buy that story. No ledgers, only one thing left to do.  
(aims at Mickey)  
Sorry, Mickey.

CAROL

Wait. You're workin' for Liam?

Peggy nods.

CAROL (CONT'D)

He's dead. Whitey killed him.

Peggy wonders. She starts to doubt.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Why do you think you friend on the phone hadn't heard from him? And why couldn't you reach him?  
(points to living room)  
It should be on the news soon. We could all watch together.

Just as Peggy's doubt becomes obvious, she gathers her strength. She aims again at Mickey.

PEGGY

Gotta say, you guys are good, but not that good.

CLUNK. Peggy goes down like a sack of potatoes. Behind her stands George with an iron skillet in his hand.

In the harness, a laughing Andrew flails his arms as if to celebrate.

INT. MARGARET'S CAR - MOVING - EVENING

Lights out, Margaret drives on a dirt road through the woods. Jessie looks out the back.

JESSIE

I think we lost 'em. You can turn  
the lights back on.

As Margaret makes a sharp turn, she turns on the lights.

Through the windshield, a dazed Luigi freezes in their path. Margaret slams on the brakes, knocks Luigi off the embankment.

Margaret and Jessie look at each other. They both rise up to look over the hood. There is no road. Only a drop.

A light appears behind them.

INT. BOBBY'S SQUAD CAR - MOVING - EVENING

Bobby takes a swig from the bottle as he makes a sharp turn.

Seeing the back of Margaret's car in front of him, he slams on the brakes and swerves off the road into the woods.

INT. CHARLEY'S SQUAD CAR - MOVING - EVENING

Charley races around the same bend. He cringes as he sees the Chief's car crash into a tree.

CHARLEY

That's gotta hurt.

Turning to the front, Charley panics and slams on the brakes. He rear-ends Margaret's car.

Through the windshield, the back of Margaret's car teeters in the air. It disappears over the edge.

EXT. DIRT ROAD EMBANKMENT - EVENING

Charley looks over the embankment to see Margaret's car sinking in the lake. Luigi flails in the water, nearby.

Charley looks at a disorientated Bobby staggering around the woods.

He looks over the cliff and sees the Gavin's car completely disappears under the water. A moment later they both surface.

CHARLEY

(into mic)

That's right, dispatch. I'm gonna need an ambulance, a tow truck, a crane and a shitload of towels.

INT. MICKEY'S DINING ROOM

Carol walks a handcuffed Peggy to the door.

CAROL

I'll meet you two at the station?

Mickey nods. Once Carol's gone, Shelly grabs Mickey's arm.

SHELLY

I'll give you a hand out back.

Dumbfounded, Mickey stares at Shelly.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You heard her. Feds are gonna tear this place up before they believe you about the ledgers.

Confused, Mickey shrugs.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

(nods to the back)

What about the, uh, doctor?

MICKEY

You think I ... You got a problem.

SHELLY

You didn't bury him back there?

MICKEY

Put him on a bus to Denver with the address of a rehab house. Told you I wasn't gonna become one of them.

Pre-lap: Phone RINGS.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - MORNING

Carol puts a box of office belongings on the counter and answers her phone. A painter works on Bobby's door behind.

CAROL  
You there yet?

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

On his bluetooth, Mickey drives down a highway.

MICKEY  
Long ride still. Wanted to thank  
you for goin' to bat with the Feds.

INTERCUT BETWEEN'S MICKEY'S CAR AND THE POLICE STATION

CAROL  
With both Donovans dead, don't  
think they were too interested in  
just an everyday accountant.

MICKEY  
Still, it's appreciated. Ever find  
out about the contracts the Gavins  
put out on me.

CAROL  
Seems Margaret and Dan were taken  
by a high-end conman named Luis  
Cortez. Troopers picked him up in a  
routine traffic stop last week.  
Jessie's? I have my suspicions, but  
I wouldn't lose any sleep over it.

MICKEY  
If I do, I can always start a new  
garden. In your new office yet?

Carol turns to reveal Charley sitting at Bobby's desk. He wears a chief's uniform. The man paints his name on the door.

Carol looks at George and Andrew waiting by the door.

CAROL  
Been thinkin' a lot about what you  
said. What could've happened to  
George and Andrew. I'm takin' a job  
with a security firm back in New  
York. It's a win-win. Raise'll even  
pay for Andrew's private schoolin'.

MICKEY

Sounds like the right choice to me.  
You take care now.

CAROL

(hesitates)  
Mick?

MICKEY

Yeah.

CAROL

There's still somethin' that's  
botherin' me.

MICKEY

And here I was hopin'.

CAROL

The story about the ledgers, the  
Donovan's killin' each other and  
everything else just fallin' into  
place. It's all just a little too  
perfect to be coincidental.

MICKEY

And you think I planned it?

CAROL

The Irish mob did control your  
family for a long time and your  
statement to the Feds said it was  
Liam who killed your father.

MICKEY

(smirks)  
Revenge, huh? You know what I  
think? I think you're not a cop any  
more. Besides I was with you, two  
thousand miles away, when those  
murders happened. Time to put those  
instincts away.

CAROL

(realizes she's right)  
Yeah, guess it is.

END INTERCUT

EXT. SHELLY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Dressed appropriately, Michelle and her prom date stand on  
the steps of the house. Joan aims her camera from the lawn.

JOAN

Okay, just one more. Big smile now.

Michelle's smile becomes a look of confusion, then contorts.

Joan lowers the camera, as Michelle suddenly makes a mad dash past her. Joan turns. Her face becomes overcome with emotion.

Behind Joan, a crying Michelle runs up to and hugs Mickey next to his car.

MICHELLE

You made it. You really made it.

MICKEY

(tears flow)

I love you so much.

In disbelief, Joan approaches them slowly.

MICHELLE

(pulls back)

You're cryin'. You're really cryin'.

Mickey smiles and nods. He holds an arm out and Joan joins them in a three way hug.

MICKEY

You'll never know how much I miss you two. How happy I am to see you.

Mickey tries to gather himself. He pulls back while staying in the hug.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Now, where's this boy I have to read my list of rules to?

Michelle and Joan laugh as all three continue to hug.