

GET THE ITALIAN

Written by

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INT. HOTEL SUITE - MAIN ROOM -EVENING

Nondescript hotel suite. Door to the bedroom is closed.

Guns and badges visible, four FBI agents play cards. Sweating, Agent #1's eyes nervously dart back and forth from the front door and his watch. He loosens his tie.

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 cards in, 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 gets 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. The third thug collects their guns.

THUG LEADER (CONT'D)

Not the time to start being modest.

As the agents start to undress, a thug pushes MICKEY D'ANGELO (54), tall, fat and balding, out of the bedroom.

The second thug drags Mickey's wife, JOAN (49) and his daughter, MICHELLE (16) into the room. Joan hugs Michelle, comforts 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.

(waits)

Let's go. Hustle it up.

MOMENTS LATER

By the door, The Leader does a final check. He takes out his phone and sets up for a photo of the embarrassed agents.

THUG LEADER (CONT'D)
(takes picture)
Everybody say cheese.
(looks at picture)
The bureau's not gonna want this
one to get out.

He leaves, closing the door.

SOME TIME LATER

BAM! BAM! Shotgun blasts.

Shotguns aimed, two men, wearing Richard Nixon masks, burst through the shot-riddled door. Seeing the agents tied up, they lower their weapons and look at each other.

LUIGI DINAPOLI (49), impeccably dressed in a thousand-dollar suit, casually walks in, wearing the same mask.

Seeing the agents duct-taped and gagged, he leans to look into the bedroom. He storms into the ...

HALLWAY

Luigi rips off his mask exposing a permanent scowl that seems chiseled into his rock-hardened face. He has a stare that would cause steel to melt. 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.

DONATELLA (V.O.)
Get out of there now.

Luigi hangs up. Walking past the door, he nods to his men.

As he continues down the hall, there isn't even a flinch as four shotgun BLASTS ring out from behind.

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - EVENING

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

INT/EXT. OLD VAN - EVENING

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

The leader pulls a case from the back and opens it, exposing cash and a large envelope. He holds the envelope out.

THUG LEADER
Tickets and contact information.

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

THUG LEADER (CONT'D)
You forgetting something?

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

Mickey takes the envelope and the attaché and opens the door. 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 hesitates, then exits. 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.

The van pulls out.

INT. LAGUARDIA 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 (51), his lifelong friend and confidant, appears from behind a column. The two men embrace.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Shelly, what are you doin' here?

SHELLY

(to Mickey)

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 schooling if they use their real names.

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

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 puts both hands on her shoulders to reassure her.

MICKEY

You really think Liam was gonna keep his word?

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

MICKEY (CONT'D)

The man set up own his brother.

(lets it sink in)

You and Michelle are goin' to live with Shelly's mom in Seattle.

JOAN
Me and Michelle ... I don't
understand.

MICKEY
(hands her the envelope)
Everything you need for a new life.

Confused, Joan looks to Shelly, who looks away.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
'Til I figure this out, it's not
safe with me around.

JOAN
I'm not goin' anyplace without you.

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

Tears running down her face, Joan stares into his eyes. She looks at an upset Michelle with her head down. Mickey nods confidently and hands her the attaché.

JOAN
You'll need that?

MICKEY
I have more than enough.

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

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

Head still down, a sobbing Michelle nods.

MICHELLE
You gotta be there for my prom. You
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.

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 flight?

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

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC - AFTERNOON

A cul-de-sac next to a picturesque lake in majestic
mountains. On one side of the cul-de-sac are houses. To the
other are woods that border a twenty-foot drop to the water.

SUPER: OURAY, COLORADO, THREE YEARS LATER

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

A fit and trim Mickey, now known as MICKEY O'BRIEN, notices a
moving van in one of the early driveways as he drives into
the cul-de-sac. Another van is parked next to his house.

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

MOMENTS LATER

Parked in the last driveway before the lake, Mickey exits his
car. Curious, he sees the van in front of the next house and
then the one down the street.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Hi, neighbor.

Mickey turns to see GEORGE NOWITZKI (33) approaching him from
the van.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(extends hand)
George Nowitzki, your new neighbor.

MICKEY
(shakes hand)
Mickey O'Brien. Call me Mick.
(looks around)
Anything I can do to help.

GEORGE
Movers have it under control.

MICKEY
You sure?

George nods.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
How about, I put some burgers on
the grill for you and your, um ...?

GEORGE
Wife. She's inside with our
newborn.

MICKEY
Two burgers then ... And
congratulations.

George looks back at his house and becoming uneasy.

GEORGE
Ah, she and the baby, uh ...
They're both exhausted from the
trip, but maybe another day. Thank
you, though.

MICKEY
(heads to the house)
If you change your mind, just knock
on the door.

Uncomfortable, George watches Charlie leave. He looks at his
house and exhales.

INT/EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

In his pajamas and without his glasses, Mickey walks around
the room while talking on a flip-phone.

MICKEY
Soon, I promise.
(listens)
I just don't feel it's safe yet.

Mickey looks out the blinds of a half open window.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
I don't know.

WOODS IN FRONT ON THE HOUSE

MARGARET GAVIN (30), daughter of Irish mob hitman, Jimmy Gavin, and DAN RUZINSKI (29), her boyfriend, argue.

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

MICKEY (O.S.)(CONT'D)
I know, Michelle needs her father,
but it's still too dangerous.

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

MICKEY (O.S.)(CONT'D)
I have a plan, don't worry.

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

Mickey turns from the window, amused.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Idiots.
(into phone)
No, not you.
(listens)
I just need the right opportunity.
(looks at clock on table)
Our time's almost up. Tell Michelle
how much I love her and miss her.
I'll call you same time on Friday.
(listens)
Love you, too.

Mickey hangs up. He peers out the blinds.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Where did you go, you little prick?

THUD! Mickey jerks back as the ladder lands on the sill. Hiding, he looks down and sees Dan climbing up.

Mickey leans out of view. The CLUNK of Dan's boots on the ladder get louder and louder.

CLUNK! CLUNK! The boots are right outside the window.

Mickey pushes the ladder.

Dan's SCREAM. A LOUD CRASH. A sly smile comes to Mickey's face. He leans over to see.

On the front lawn, Dan rolls in pain. Margaret runs to him.

DAN
I think I broke my fuckin' leg.

Acting as a crutch, Margaret helps Dan to his feet. They head toward the woods.

MARGARET
You think he saw you?

DAN
No, I was careful.

Mickey's attention is changed when a car pulls up and stops at the tree line. Its lights go dark.

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

Margaret's younger sister JESSIE GAVIN (27), looks in her rearview mirror and sees hands flailing at air. Unsure, she crosses her arms and slumps in her seat.

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

JESSIE
You sure you can handle this?

TOMMY
(oblivious)
Whoa. You see that one?

Jessie leans back in thought. She gathers herself

JESSIE
Tommy.

Tommy remains fixated on the imaginary objects.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

TOMMY!

TOMMY

No need to yell, I'm right here.

JESSIE

You ever kill anybody before?

TOMMY

Yeah, sure. I killed, uh, ...

(grabs at air)

Whoa, that's a fast little booger.

Frustrated, Jessie stares out the side window. She relents and opens the glove compartment, taking out a syringe.

JESSIE

(holds out syringe)

He gets a B-12 booster every
Monday. You're just fillin' in for
Doc Stewart. In and out. That's it.

Tommy puts the syringe in his chest pocket. He puts on a bad blonde wig that contrasts with his day-old facial hair.

Jessie takes a small flashlight from the glove compartment and hands it to Tommy.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Signal me when it's done.

TOMMY

(getting out)

I got this.

(snatches at air)

You see that one?

He closes the door and walks off.

Unsure, Jessie stares out. She is startled by Margaret helping Dan through the woods.

Seeing Jessie, Margaret freezes. The sisters stare at each other, seething.

PRE-LAP: Doorbell rings.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - FOYER - EVENING

Mickey comes down the stairs tying his robe. The doorbell rings again and again.

MICKEY
(looking around)
Be right there.

Mickey picks up a small pillow and checks it for firmness. He stuffs it inside the robe by the left shoulder.

Mickey opens the door to see Tommy.

TOMMY
Yeah, um, Doctor Stewart couldn't
make it.

Seeing Tommy's wig, Mickey tries to hide his amusement.

MICKEY
Come on in, Doc, uh ..?

TOMMY
Oh, uh, Doc Martin. Yeah, that's
it, Doctor Martin.

MICKEY
We can do it in the den.

DEN

Mickey enters. Tommy follows.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Can't thank you enough for fillin'
in on such short notice.

Mickey sits in the recliner and reaches out his right hand.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Just give it here.

Confused, Tommy freezes.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Doc Stewart didn't tell you?
(waits)
I have this thing about needles. I
insist on injecting myself. I hope
you don't mind?

Tommy hesitates, smiles and hands the needle to Mickey.

TOMMY
Hey, it's your life, dude.

Mickey injects the pillow in his robe and hands the syringe to Tommy.

MICKEY
Again, thanks for fillin' in.

Tommy stares at Mickey and waits.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
You can find your own way out?

TOMMY
Just makin' sure it works.

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

MICKEY
I seem to be gettin' awful sleepy.
I don't know what's wrong ... My
eyes are so heavy. I'm just so ...
(closes eyes)
I, um ...

Mickey appears out. Tommy fumbles through his pockets as he turns to the window.

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

Tommy signals out the window with the flashlight repeatedly. Behind him, Mickey quietly picks up a lamp off the end-table.

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

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Moonlight illuminates the numerous open and unopened moving boxes. A crib with a bay sits by the window.

Eyes wide open, CAROL (32), George's wife and a former NYPD homicide cop, lies with her back to George. Her dead stare accentuates her dismay.

BABY CRYING gets her attention. George rustles.

CAROL
(gets up)
I got it.

GEORGE
(gets comfortable)
If you insist.

MOMENTS LATER

Carol comforts 4 Andrew (4 months) in her arms.

A spotlight from Mickey's yard gets her attention. She looks at the alarm clock that reads: 4:18.

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

Darkness still. A large spotlight lights the 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 kinda early?

MICKEY
Couldn't sleep.
(approaches the deck)
You must be Carol. I met George,
earlier today.
(extends hand)
Mickey. Mickey O'Brien.

Carol reaches down and shakes.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(nods to the lake)
It's just so peaceful that I find
excuses to come out.

CAROL
All this quiet just makes me
nervous.

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

CAROL
I used to be a detective.

MICKEY
Okay, but I meant when you can't
sleep. I come out here. What's your
ritual?

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

MICKEY
Seems we have mutual acquaintances.

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

MICKEY
If it works ...

Carol's stare make Mickey noticeably uncomfortable.

CAROL
I'm sorry, you just look familiar.

MICKEY
I doubt we met.

CAROL
(nods to plot)
So what's your plan?

The question confuses Mickey.

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

MICKEY
Haven't really thought about it.
The idea just kinda struck me like
a blow to the head.

CAROL
(leaves)
Well, good luck with it. I think
it's about time to visit 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
I doubt it.

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

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

Mickey exits his house as George drags boxes to the street.

MICKEY
Need a hand?

GEORGE
Nah, that's the last of 'em.

George joins Mickey by his car.

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

MICKEY
(obviously joking)
And I don't mind saying, you made
out the better on that deal.

GEORGE
(amused)
I agree. Thanks for spendin' some
time with her.

MICKEY
It's a big change.
(starts to get into car)
I'm sure she'll grow into it.

Mickey stops and gets out as an SUV pulls into Mickey's driveway.

BOBBY THOMPSON (36), a very big man and the police chief,
exits. Out of uniform, he saunters up the driveway.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Hey Bobby. This is George Nowitzki,
my new neighbor.

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

BOBBY
Just stopped by to tell you I'm not
gonna be able to fix that leak.

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, Mick.

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

MICKY
He's an acquired taste.

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

GEORGE
New York. Queens.

BOBBY
(gets in his SUV, loud)
More fuckin' big city know-it-alls.

Bobby leaves. There is an awkward silent moment.

CAROL
O 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. MICKY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

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

Fixated, Mickey's head follows Vespi as he passes him.

The BLARE of a car horn. Mickey's eyes snap to the road. He swerves out of the way of an oncoming car.

Stopped, Mickey looks back at Vespi entering the house that had the other van in front the day before.

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 look like you've seen a ghost.

JESSIE
No, uh, it's good to see you, Mick.
(hesitates)
You look great.

MICKEY
I think it's those B-12 shots.
(flexes both arms)
Just had one last night.
(lowers arms)
You really should try 'em.

JESSIE
(confused)
Listen, I hate to cut this short,
but I really have to run.

MICKEY
You take care now.

Dumbfounded, Jessie nods. Sly smile, Mickey watches her.

INT. JESSIE'S CAR - PARKED - MORNING

Jessie gets in on the driver's side. She contemplates and takes out her phone.

JESSIE
(to self)
How the fuck is he alive?
(MORE)

JESSIE (CONT'D)
(dials, to self)
I swear, if that asshole dad of
mine 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 to contact an inmate.

INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Margaret sits on her bed.

MARGARET
Must've been my asshole dad who
told her. He's been playin' us
against each other for years.

DAN (O.S.)
(brushes teeth, mumbled)
You think?

MARGARET
We need to step up our game. We
need a professional.

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

MARGARET (CONT'D)
I'm not lettin' her get our money.

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
I'm sorry, I must've 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
(to the door)
Give me a minute, hon.

She scrambles to pile Dan's clothes on his arms. She opens
the window, stands next to it.

Dan looks down at the cast on his foot.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
(whispers)
You've done it plenty of times.

DAN
With two good legs.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Here I come, Snuggie Woogems.

DAN
Snuggie Woogems?

MARGARET
Just get the fuck out.

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 lustfully stalks her, but stops when he sees the window.

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.

Behind her back, she dumps the shirt and closes the window.

She jumps in Bobby arms. Kissing him, they fall 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

Both sisters in one night?

Mickey shrugs.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Gotta be their father callin' the
shots from prison.

Mickey gestures agreement.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You think they know you know that
they know?

MICKEY

Nah. Haven't seen them since they
were knee-high. They think I'm
clueless.

SHELLY

Might agree with 'em there.

Mickey chuckles. He grabs his back.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

You okay?

MICKEY

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

SHELLY

Right, the doctor. I forgot.

MICKEY

What? No. You're a sick fuck.

SHELLY

I'm not judging. It was self-defense.

MICKEY

He had a needle.

SHELLY

He tried to kill you.

MICKEY

He had a fuckin' needle.

SHELLY

Nobody's blaming 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.

MICKEY

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

SHELLY

Their dad always had a big mouth.

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. Just moved in down the street.

SHELLY

Witness protection?

MICKEY

That or retirement.

SHELLY

Didn't know hitmen could do that.

(contemplates)

You think he knows?

MICKEY

Vespi?

SHELLY

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

MICKEY

Considering the way Liam struts around New York while Whitey freezes his ass off the Canadian wilderness, he's not an idiot.

(gets up)

And with that, I gotta get going.

(hesitates)

You think the hardware store sells tomato seeds?

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S HOUSE - 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 walks over and comforts Carol.

GEORGE

How you gonna wow 'em with that attitude?

CAROL

Maybe I don't wanna wow them.

GEORGE

We both agreed that this move was the best thing for us.

CAROL

You talked, I listened.

GEORGE

You really want him goin' to those public schools? We'd never be able to afford the private ones on a detective's salary.

Carol goes to her bag on the counter.

CAROL

We'd figure it out.

GEORGE

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

CAROL

(checks her bag)

That's an exaggeration.

GEORGE

You got shot three times.

CAROL

(turns to George)

Technically twice. The other was an unlucky ricochet.

GEORGE

And the stabbin'?

(hesitates)

There's another person to think about now.

Carol looks at Andrew, relents and agrees.

CAROL

It's not even the move here. All I've ever wanted to do was be a New York cop.

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 missing.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOBBY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

TIC. TIC. TIC. The second hand jumps on the wall clock.

Door closed, Bobby sits with his feet 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
(leans forward)
Let me tell you something, you give
these big-city types a job and
before you know it, they're sittin'
in your seat.

CHARLEY
(looks at clock)
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, it 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.

Charlie looks up stunned.

PRE-LAP: Irish music.

INT. IRISH PUB, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - EVENING

Typical Irish pub in Brooklyn.

SUPER: BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

IAN GAVIN (35), bartends. The beautiful DONATELLA (38), sits at the bar and stares LIAM DONOVAN (32) flashy, brash and arrogant, who sits in a booth, drinking with two thugs.

Ian notices Donatella staring at Liam. He leans in.

IAN
If you know what's good for you,
you'll stay away.

DONATELLA
(Italian accent)
How about you just concentrate on
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
(to Donatella, walks away)
Don't say you weren't warned.
(into phone, whispers)
Jesus Christ, are you fuckin' out
of your mind calling me here?
(sees Liam leaving)
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)
He just left.

Inconspicuously, Donatella carefully leans in to listen.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Phone to ear, Jessie sits at the kitchen table.

JESSIE

Good, we can talk.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

IAN

Told you after the last fuckin' mess, I want no part of anything you or Margaret are into.

JESSIE

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

IAN

It's my bar.

JESSIE

Keep tellin' yourself that. Mickey D'Angelo.

IAN

The rat.

JESSIE

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

IAN

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

JESSIE

Whitey's got a bug up his ass, it was his brother who sent Mickey to the Feds.

IAN

You see, 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 this 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 pros 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

Listening on the phone, Ian becomes suspicious of Donatella.

IAN

Twenty thousand won't get a boy scout with a pocket knife. Gotta be a hundred, 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.

Staring at Donatella, Ian hangs up.

DONATELLA

My burger?

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 her phone, checks the back for Ian and dials.

DONATELLA (CONT'D)
(in Italian, subtitled)
Luigi, my love, we've located
Whitey's package.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

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

The sound of the front door OPENING and CLOSING.

GEORGE
In the kitchen, hon.

Carol appears and slumps against the doorframe.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I made your favorite, Penne ala
Vodka.

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

GEORGE
You're turnin' down ...

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

GEORGE
(realizes)
He's not the ...

Carol smiles sarcastically. George is speechless.

Carol gets up and gives George and Andrew a kiss.

CAROL
(looks at table setup)
I couldn't ask for a better
husband, ...
(turns to leave)
... But right now, I just need a
long hot bath and 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
Aah, I forgot.

CAROL
(closes the fridge)
Fits my day.

As Carol starts to leave, something out the back gets her attention. She heads to the back door.

GEORGE
Where you goin'?

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

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - 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 the beer.
(looks at plot)
You really are growin' tomatoes?

MICKEY
You think I was buryin' a body or
somethin'?

CAROL
A girl can dream.

Mickey smiles. They look out at the lake.

CAROL (CONT'D)

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

MICKEY

There's a fair amount of crime in this town.

CAROL

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

MICKEY

It might surprise you.

CAROL

I already surprised myself, spillin' my guts out 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?

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.

(leans in)

You sacrifice everything for them ... never ever look back.

CAROL

(looks at his house)

Says the man who lives alone?

MICKEY

Lake sure is peaceful this, time of day.

CAROL

(gets up)

Guess that's for another day.

(walks away)

Thanks.

Carol heads to her house. Mike stares out at the lake.

INT. STOREFRONT OFFICE - BROOKLYN - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: BROOKLYN, SIX YEARS EARLIER

A backroom office of a small storefront business. Astonished, Mickey sits at the desk, examining ledgers.

The bell over the front door RINGS. Mickey looks up.

ANTHONY D'ANGELO (73) enters. He stops, surprised 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 doin' the books for the mob doin' what you had to do?

ANTHONY

You think it was easy for my grand father when he came here? Italians were looked at as gangsters. Low-lives who hid in the shadows.

MICKEY

So, he decided it was a good idea to fit the stereotype.

ANTHONY

He had six mouths to feed.

MICKEY

Would've rather starved.

ANTHONY

Easy to say.

(sits opposite Mickey)

Only skill he had was his ability with numbers and the Irish offered him, what seemed like, an honest day's work.

MICKEY

Maybe he should've checked it out?

ANTHONY

He was just off the boat.

MICKEY

But granddad knew better?

ANTHONY

(looks off, exhales)

By the time my grandfather died,
the mob had their hooks in so deep
... My father tried to get out, but
they used his family as leverage.

MICKEY

And all this leads to you.

ANTHONY

They gave me a choice, do the book
or ...

MICKEY

They would have killed us.

ANTHONY

That's why I kept you from all
this. Why I hid the books. But it
ends with me, tonight.
(takes and closes ledgers)
You must forget everything you saw.

The ring of the front doorbell opening gets their attention.

LIAM (O.S.)

Anthony. You back there?

ANTHONY

Quick, out the back.

Anthony gets up and heads towards the front.

MICKEY

What's goin' on, dad?

ANTHONY

(leaves)

Take care of your mother.

Confused, Mickey starts to follow his father. A GUNSHOT. He
freezes. Realizing, his eyes well up.

He turns and opens the back door. Two of Liam's thugs are
waiting.

LIAM (O.S.)

Goin' someplace, Mick?

Mickey turns to see the immaculately dressed Liam enter from the storefront.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(looks over his shoulder)
Shame about your dad.
(walks up to the desk)
He was a good man, but way too stubborn.

Angered, Mickey makes a move for Liam. They thugs restrain him and force him to sit at the desk.

Confidently staring at Mickey, Liam sits opposite him.

LIAM (CONT'D)
It doesn't have to end that way for you or the rest of your family.
(takes off gloves)
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), slick looking in his suit, sits in a booth, reading a book.

Margaret and Dan stand next to the booth and wait. Carlos reads, not looking up. Dan clears his throat.

CARLOS
(reads)
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 a plumber.

NOTE: Carlos feigns reading the whole conversation, never looking back.

CARLOS

You really are fuckin' idiots. It's a painter and we don't use code words. 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

(eyes peek at hand)

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?

Unsure, Margaret looks at Dan with his back pinned to the booth. She passes an envelope over her shoulder.

Inconspicuous, 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 to 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 towards him. Carlos takes it and puts it in a different 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 slump down in the 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 hit the pavement. They are attached to an exquisitely dressed permanently scowling Luigi.

He scans the area. Looking over his shoulder, he notices 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/EXT. DAN'S GARAGE - OFFICE - MORNING

Casts on, Dan sits and reads a comic-book. Through the windows, Dan's helper, BILLYBOB, sweeps the bays.

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 comic)
 Didn't you see the sign, lady?
 We're closed.
 (waits)
 Look, 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, interested)
 -- 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.

Seeing Gio, Dan enthusiasm is dulled.

DAN
 You didn't tell me you had baggage.

BEVERLY
 What?
 (looks at Gio)
 Oh, no. That's Gio. He was on his
 way here from Denver when he saw me
 stranded 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.

Dan knocks on the glass and waves the two in.

Dan eyeballs Gio up and down as he enters.

DAN
(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.

BILLYBOB
But I thought we --

DAN
-- Just do what I say.

BEVERLY
Can't thank you enough.

DAN
(sits at desk)
We're all on the same team.

BillyBob, Gio and Beverly leave. Smiling confidently, Dan
leans back to get a view of Beverly's ass as she leaves.

INT. BEAUMONT HOTEL AND SPA - LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Luigi registers at the desk, the long case at his side.

ALFREDO and DOMINIC, dressed like two low-level mob wannabes, enter. They look around in awe.

ALFREDO
(thick Brooklyn accent)
Will you look at this place?

DOMINIC
(thick brooklyn accent)
Maybe we should've done the job
before we spent the money?

ALFREDO
How hard can it be to whack a sixty
year old accountant?

Taking in the place, Dominic follows Alfredo to 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 puts down the case. He turns and slaps his hand to the elbow joint of the other arm in an obscene gesture.

LUIGI
Vaffanculo.
(picks up case, leaves)
Imbecille.

Once he is out of sight, 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 heads to Shelly.

MICKEY
So what's so important?

SHELLY
(nods toward Carol)
Your girl's clean. No reason to
think she's on the take.

MICKEY
Could have told me that on the
phone.

SHELLY
And not get a free breakfast?
(eats)
Word is, tough, she's a relentless
pitbull. She gets one whiff and
you're gonna feel her nose up your
ass for a long time.

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

MOMENTS LATER

Mickey and Shelly are having their differences.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
I'm just saying, keep all your
options open.

Mickey waves him off.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Mick, it's time to end this.

MICKEY
Not gonna happen.

SHELLY
You are fuckin' stubborn.

MICKEY
Why bring it up now?

SHELLY
Cause I'm tired. You're wife's
tired. Everybody's tired.

MICKEY
(scoffs)
It'll be over soon.

SHELLY
You keep saying that, but nothing
happens.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - MORNING

Luigi slowly opens a glass office door with "O'Brien
Insurance. M. O'Brien, proprietor" painted on it.

He sees Jake, the secretary, on his knees, filing papers.

A nameplate on the desk reads: "M. O'Brien."

He takes out his Beretta and quietly approaches Jake.

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

MCKENZIE
You wouldn't believe the --

Shocked, McKenzie looks up. Luigi snaps his aim to her. Jake
turns and put his hands up.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)
Jake, what's this about?

Shaking, Jake is too frightened to talk. Luigi is confused.

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)
Look, if this concerns my office,
you need to talk to me. Let him 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 and exits hastily,
trying to hide his face.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOBBY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Feet up, Bobby drums his fingers and stares, annoyed, at Carol, who sits opposite him. Carol looks away, frustrated.

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 --

BOBBY

-- It's okay. We were just outlining Nowitzki's duties.

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. Tell her to come in and fill out a report.

(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, 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 some fresh air.

(passing Charley)

You really should do something
about that stale stench in here.

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 eat 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 get your first case here and
you're just gonna blow it off?

CAROL

Apparently, it's something that
happens all the time. You're sure
you've never seen him before?

George rolls his eyes and looks at his menu.

BEVERLY AND GIO'S TABLE

BEVERLY

No idea how I'm gonna pay for the repairs, not to mention my room.

GIO

Things like this always seem to work out.

BEVERLY

If you didn't offer tonight, I'd be sitting in my room, dining on potato chips and water.

GIO

It's my pleasure. Usually when I come here all I have to talk to are the fish.

BAR

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

MICKEY'S TABLE

PEGGY

An attractive man sittin' by himself?

Mickey looks up awkwardly.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

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

(extends hand)

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

(catches herself)

That came out wrong.

MICKEY

(shakes)

Mickey O'Brien.

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

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 with the guy's
information.

DOMINIC
I thought you had it?

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

DOMINIC
Yeah, I got you the Post.

Alfredo scoffs. Dominic realizes.

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

The Bartender serves them. Dominic notices Mickey and nudges Alfredo, who quickly taps the Bartender.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
Would you happen to know the name
of the gentleman over there?

BARTENDER
That's Mickey O'Brien.

The Bartender goes back to work.

ALFREDO
(disappointed)
A fuckin' potato farmer.
(to Bartender)
Excuse me.

Alfredo slides a ten dollar bill in front of the Bartender.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
I need some information.

The Bartender examines the 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's eyes lead Alfredo to Carol's table. Alfredo quickly 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)
Hate to spoil this, but I got an
early meeting with the realtor.
(takes out money)
I really enjoyed this, Mick.

b.g. Beverly walks up to the Bartender.

MICKEY
It's on me.

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, midwestern steak.

MICKEY

Can't go wrong with Four Forks out on eighty-six.

PEGGY

Not talkin' about goin' by myself.

MICKEY

Ah, I don't know.

PEGGY

Look, I'm not lookin' for a relationship, just some conversation and laughs. Gotta admit, we have a lot in common.
(puts card on table)
You can reach me at that number.

Peggy turns and leaves. Smiling, Mickey looks at the card.

Looking up to watch her leave, Mickey's smile turns to a look of concern.

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 hidden behind the menus.

BARTENDER

(to Beverly)

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
(to Beverly)
What was that about?

Dejected, Beverly doesn't 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. What's the big puss for?

BEVERLY
I was drivin' cross-country to see
my dad and my car broke down. With
the cost of the repairs and the
room, 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 his change.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
I shouldn't be botherin' you.

MICKEY
Can you cook?

Beverly looks at Mickey, confused.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Just happens, I've been lookin' for
a good cook. If you don't mind
puttin' up with a grumpy old man, I
have an openin' and it just happens
to comes with a free room.

Unsure, Beverly doesn't respond.

Mickey writes on a pad from the bar. He rips off the page and
hands it to a dumbfounded 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 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)
It's okay, I don't eat much.

Elated, Beverly turns to Gio and gives him two thumbs up.

INT/EXT. VESPI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

On the phone, Vespi looks through the blinds ...

Mickey pulls down the street and into his driveway.

Vespi's eyes widen as he listens.

VESPI
(loud, excited)
Two million?

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

VESPI
(covers the phone)
Just watching a game show.

Vespi leans out to make sure Sally is working in the kitchen.

VESPI (CONT'D)
(softly, into phone)
Tell him, I'm in.

Vespi hangs and leans back to check Sally.

On his walker, he goes to the dining room.

MOMENTS LATER

Credenza draw open, Vespi, on his walker, feels around deep inside. 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. It does the same.

SALLY (O.S.)
Vespi?

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 the oxygen and exits.

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

Parked across the street, Dan and Margaret watch as Gio pulls into a motel parking lot with Beverly.

MARGARET
You're sure this is our guy?

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

Gio and Beverly exit the car and talk.

MARGARET

I don't know, he looks awful young.

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 heads to her unit. Gio gets in the car.

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

DAN (CONT'D)

You know how hard it must be for him to stay disciplined like that when there's a ...

(growing lustful)

... 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 only at the end of his walkup. He glares at Mickey's house down the road and starts to move very slowly.

Determined gaze and gritted teeth, Vespi inches forward.

MOMENTS LATER

Out of breath, Vespi looks back to see he has gone about twenty feet. Frustrated, he turns around and heads back.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S HOUSE - 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
You're googling our neighbor?

CAROL
(not listening)
That's nice, honey.

George shakes his head and leaves.

GEORGE
You know you're obsessed?

CAROL
(oblivious)
Love you, too.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAROL'S OFFICE - MORNING

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

CAROL
Come in, Charley.

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 three and four
years old and happened in New York?

CAROL
We need to check every angle on
this gunman.

Charley nods. He leaves bumping into Bobby entering with a folder. Ever suspicious, Bobby watches Charley walk away.

BOBBY
(approaches Carol)
Shouldn't overload him. He's really
kinda simple.

CAROL
If you're comin' to ask about our
gun-waver, I'm workin' on it.

BOBBY

So I've been told.

(sits down)

Seems some townsfolk are a little upset over your eagerness.

CAROL

You wanna find this guy?

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. 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 the Police Athletic League.

(gets up, leaves)

Don't go gettin' those soccer moms upset, now.

Bobby sports a big smile as he leaves. Carol scoffs.

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

Alfredo and Dominic are parked a block from the Beaumont.

DOMINIC

This guy doesn't even speak English.

ALFREDO

Seen anybody else that matches the description?

INT. BOBBY'S SUV - 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 makes me hard.

(looks down at crotch)

(MORE)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You know what that negligee does to
me.
(Eyes widen)
Oh, baby, I'm on my way.

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

Alfredo and Dominic watch Luigi exit the hotel.

ALFREDO
(hand out)
Give me the gun.

Dominic withdraws into his seat.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)
Tell me you didn't take the gun?
(shakes head)
How are we supposed to kill this
fuckin' guy without a 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)
Five minutes, babe. Five minutes.
Be ready.

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

EXT. BEAUMONT HOTEL AND SPA - AFTERNOON

Sound of tires SCREECHING, Luigi freezes in the middle of
street. He turns to see Alfredo speeding towards him.

Just as Alfredo crosses the intersection ...

BAM! Bobby's SUV plows into the front fender of Alfredo's
car.

Crouched for protection, Luigi looks at the two mangled cars. He straightens up, dusts himself off and gets in the taxi.

INT. ALFREDO'S CAR - CRASHED - AFTERNOON

A dazed Alfredo, looks at an equally stunned Dominic.

ALFREDO

You okay?

Dominic nods.

The sound of bent metal CREAKING gets their attention. The look out at the smashed SUV.

The crinkled door opens. Two boots and bare legs hit the pavement. A dazed and disoriented Bobby stumbles out, his pants down at his ankles.

ALFREDO (CONT'D)

Quick, give me your phone.

Hand out for the phone, Alfredo's attention goes to the passing taxi. Luigi scowls at them from the rear seat.

INT. VESPI'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

The RING of the doorbell.

Opening the door, Sally is greeted by a delivery man.

DELIVERY MAN

Delivery for Mister Vespi Martucci.

SALLY

(holds hand out)

I'll take it.

The delivery man turns to reveal a electronic cart sitting behind his truck, complete with an oxygen tank.

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. Carol enters with bags of food.

Something gets Alfredo's attention. He elbows Dominic, whose eyes widen. They hide their faces behind magazines.

Carol puts the bags on the counter in front of Charley.

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
They had a little run-in with the
Chief. You know 'em?

CAROL
Intimately.

Charley leans in and whispers in Carol's ear. A smile appears and she let's out a soft chuckle. She stares at Charley in disbelief.

CHARLEY
Claim it's for their ...
(smiles)
... emotional pain and suffering.

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

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
Where you goin'?

CAROL
I'm not missin' this opportunity.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Dominic and Alfredo sit. Dominic looks around nervously.

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

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

CAROL
So what are my two favorite
scumbags doing two thousand miles
away from their breeding ground?

ALFREDO

We're just here like all the other tourists. See the sights, get in a little skiing.

CAROL

Skiing, huh? It's 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

Gonna be a long expensive rehab.

CAROL

You're just gonna have to learn to live with the pain, 'cause there ain't gonna be any money.

ALFREDO

Guess we go to the papers then.

CAROL

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 Dominics fingers.

CAROL (CONT'D)

State agency for fraud'll be down here in no time. But you can always show them your injuries.

(leans in)

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

ALFREDO

You know this is blackmail?

CAROL

Aha.

HALLWAY

Bobby leans on the wall and waits. Amused, Carol exits the room, scrolling through photos on the phone.

BOBBY
Havin' fun?

Carol puts the phone in Bobby's shirt pocket.

CAROL
Next time you're at the gym, work
on the glutes.

INT. CABIN RESTAURANT - EVENING

Mickey and Peggy eat in a side room of a cabin-style restaurant. Two large swinging kitchen doors are on a side.

PEGGY
Now I know what they mean when they
say you haven't had a steak 'til
you've had it in the Midwest.
(takes a drink)
So what made you decide to call?

MICKEY
I don't know. I enjoyed your
company. Don't read into that.

PEGGY
You made the groundrules clear.
(plays with glass)
So who's the lucky girl?

Mickey looks away.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
Oh, the one that got away.

Mickey doesn't answer.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
Seems puttin' a foot in my mouth is
getting to be the norm.
(gets up, looks around)
Ladies' room?

MICKEY
To the left of the bar.

As Peggy passes a table in the front, a menu lowers and Luigi's glare is exposed. Staring at Mickey, he picks up a large steak knife and slides it up his sleeve.

MOMENTS LATER

Approaching an unsuspecting Mickey, Luigi slides the knife from his sleeve into his hand.

BAM!

The large kitchen door swings open, sending Luigi on his ass. The knife flies under a table.

WAITER
(sits Luigi up)
Sir, I'm sorry. Are you --

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

WAITER (CONT'D)
Just sit still. I'll get some help.

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'. Sir, please,
you need help.

Luigi disappears out of the restaurant.

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Mickey pulls up his driveway, exits his car and goes inside.

INT/EXT. VESPI'S HOUSE - EVENING

Vespi's garage door opens. Vespi sits on the cart, revving it up. He tucks the gun-necklace in and puts on the oxygen mask.

Leaning forward in a racing position, he pulls down his goggles and putters out at a snail's pace.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC -EVENING

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

Dumbfounded, he takes out the manual out of the basket in the back. A paper falls from into his lap.

INSERT: Paper that reads: "Important! Charge before using."

BACK TO THE SCENE

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S HOUSE - DEN - EVENING

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

GEORGE
Find the gun-toter?

Carol slams the folders closed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
These aren't about him, are they?

Carol continues to work.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
They're about your crazy obsession
with our neighbor.

CAROL
You know my instincts are usually
right.

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?

Carol scoffs. She stares at the computer. George walks to the window.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
You do realize, you want a big case
so bad, you're startin' to see.

CAROL
There's something here, I know it.

Something outside gets George's attention.

GEORGE
You know the old man down the
street? The one with the walker?

Carol nods and waits for more.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
He's just sittin' in his cart on
the sidewalk. You think he's okay.

Carol shrugs. George hands her Andrew walks to the door.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go check.
(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 isn't the Gavins we're talkin'
about.

Mickey scoffs.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
We're talkin' the fuckin Italian.
The guy's a legend

MICKEY
(waves him off)
Guy's a myth.

SHELLY
Myth or not, you should really
start considerin' your choices.

MICKEY
There aren't any.

The waitress serves the two their breakfast.

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 looks away.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Once Liam gets the ledgers, he'll
protect you.

MICKEY

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

SHELLY

Liam knows the charge the Feds have
on Whitey isn't gonna hold up. It's
only a matter of time 'til Whitey
comes to reclaim the throne.

MICKEY

(eats)

Wouldn't be the worse thing that
happened.

EXT. SIDEWALK ACROSS FROM THE EATERY - MORNING

On a bench, Bobby sits with his back to the eatery. He reads
his paper and drinks his coffee.

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.

Looking around, he spots an old, leaky bag that is attracting
the bees. He carries it with two fingers and drops it in the
farthest corner.

Heading back, 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 upset. Mickey stares at Carol.

MICKEY

It's not you. Going to dinner with
Peggy made me realize how much I
miss Carol and Michelle.

SHELLY

Then end this.

MICKEY

I can't, not now.

SHELLY

What am I missing?

MICKEY

Just something I gotta finish.

SHELLY

It's not only you who you're
putting in danger.

MICKEY

We made it this far. Just a little
while longer.

Relenting, Shelly takes out a flip-phone and hands it to
Mickey.

SHELLY

New number's set up.

EXT. ROOF ABOVE BOBBY - MORNING

Mickey appears in Luigi's crosshairs.

Luigi's concentration is broken as he swats off bees.

Regaining his focus, his trigger finger tenses and pulls just
as Luigi jerks back from a sting to his cheek.

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

(panicked, yells)

There's a guy with a gun outside
shooting at us.

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. The rifle barrel hanging over the roof.

CAROL
(into her mic)
Chief Thompson, come in. Chief,
this is Nowitzki. Chief, please
acknowledge. Bobby, this is an
emergency. Answer your 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
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. 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 Chief as we
speak.

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.

CHARLEY
 Gotcha. As soon as I call the
 Chief.

Frustrated, lets go of her mic and scopes the area.

BEHIND TABLE

Shelly and Mickey hide behind a table and talk nonchalantly.

SHELLY
 Guys a myth?

MICKEY
 (scoffs)
 He missed.

Shelly shake his head in disbelief.

SHELLY
 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
 This better be important.

CHARLEY (V.O.)
 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
(turns)
That's impossible, I'm sittin' --

Bobby's jaw drops as he sees the panic inside the eatery.
Carol is by the door, pointing up with her thumb.

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 at 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, trying to see up to the roof.

He hustles around the side of the building.

ROOF ABOVE BOBBY

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
(appears with gun aimed)
Freeze, asshole.
(approaches carefully)
Put your hands up where I can see
'em.

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

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

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

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 weekend. I
figured one extra hunt wouldn't
hurt anybody.

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

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

In the background, Luigi climbs down a fire escape and runs
across the street.

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - PARKED - AFTERNOON

Phone in hand, Mickey sits in his driveway. He dials.

MICKEY
Yeah, Shawn. It's Mickey.
(listens)
Just calm the fuck down.
(listens)
Then there's no reason to panic.
(listens)
It's time to call in that favor.
(listens)
Your body parts would be scattered
across the five boroughs if my
father didn't cover your ass. Of
course, Whitey might still be
interested to hear about your
skimming.
(listens)
Good. 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 forensics 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.
She heads to the door.

CAROL

There's no way that bullet came
from this gun.

Carol slams the door.

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - PARKED - AFTERNOON

Mickey is still on the phone.

MICKEY

How much further in the crosshairs
can I get? Besides, I'm already
pretty sure who's pulling the
trigger.

(listens)

Lay it on real thick. It's gotta be
big and it's gotta be believable.

(listens)

Let's wait to see how he reacts
before we decide to wipe the slate.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Carol sits while Mickey stands.

MICKEY

I really can't think of anybody who
would wanna hurt me.

CAROL

Might be a coincidence, but, 'til
we find the shooter, I'd be
careful.

MICKEY

There were a lot of other people in
the diner. Maybe you should look at
them.

CAROL

You're the only O'Brien in this
town that hasn't been confronted.

MICKEY

If it's true, at least, the guy's a terrible shot.

CAROL

(gets up)

I wouldn't be joking, if I was you.

Turning to head to the door, they are startled by Beverly watching them from the other side of the dining room table.

BEVERLY

Sorry, I 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.

(to 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

(heads to the door)

She seems nice enough. You let me know if you hear anything.

She leaves. Mickey leans against the door and exhales.

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.

MARGARET

(leans back)

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

Startled at first, Gio turns to her, confused.

GIO
Lady, I think you made --

MARGARET
-- Jesus Christ. I thought we were
hirin' a pro? Turn the fuck around.

Dumbfounded, Gio turns forward. Dan brings two coffees and
slides in next to Margaret.

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

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

MARGARET
(to Dan)
He turned and looked at me.

GIO
I'm just tryin' to enjoy my lunch.

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

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

People in the other 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
call the service you used.

MARGARET
You mean Denver?

GIO
Denver. Los Angeles. New York.
Wherever the fuck you bought it.

DAN
(to Margaret)
He's is only followin' orders.

EXT. JESSIE'S CAR - PARKED - AFTERNOON

From across the street, Jessie watches the fast food place through binoculars.

JESSIE
What are you up to?

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - AFTERNOON

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

MARGARET
I got his name off a chat-room.

DAN
We gave all our money to an unnamed stranger?

MARGARET
Didn't see you arguing.

Dan scoffs, looks off. He snaps his fingers in a eureka moment and points his thumb over his shoulder.

DAN
He must have the guy's number.

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

INT. MICKEY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Mickey sits on his bed looking at PHOTOS of JOAN, MICHELLE AND HIM. The nightstand draw is open.

His cell phone BUZZES.

He looks at it, puts the pictures in the draw and answers.

MICKEY

Peggy.

INT. PEGGY'S HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

On the phone, Peggy sits at the table in her hotel room.

PEGGY

Just called to thank you for the
wonderful time the other night.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

MICKEY

It was my pleasure. Although I
can't say I planned for the
entertainment.

PEGGY

That was strange. I really hope the
guys okay.

(hesitates)

You've been so nice to me, I was
thinking, why don't I cook you a
diner?

MICKEY

It's not really necessary.

PEGGY

No, I insist. But, the only catch
is I don't have a kitchen in my
hotel room, so ... I was hoping I
could come over your place and cook
it.

Hesitating, Mickey becomes concerned.

PEGGY (CONT'D)

And I promise, it'll be one hundred
percent east coast Italian.

(hesitates)

I'm not taking no for an answer.

MICKEY

Tell you what, I'll have my new
cook, Sue cook up a feast for both
of us.

PEGGY

Ah, Mick, I was hoping ...

MICKEY

Nonsense. Why should you have to work? I'll even invite Shelly. You haven't met him yet.

PEGGY

But --

MICKEY

No. It's set. My house, my meal.
(doesn't look at clock)
Will you look at the time. I'll text you with the day and time.

Troubled, Mickey hangs up, looks off.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - EVENING

On her way out, Carol stops when she sees Charley and approaches him.

CHARLEY

Goin' home early?

CAROL

Yeah. Um, listen, I was wondering if 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. Whatever he can give you.

Charley opens the folder.

CHARLEY

This is from the list?

CAROL

I need it to be done on the quiet.

CHARLEY

I don't know. Keepin' secrets from the Chief.

CAROL
(reaches for the file)
It's okay.

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.
(leans over the counter)
What exactly it is you need?

INT. DAN'S GARAGE - OFFICE - EVENING

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

MARGARET
Try dot net.

DAN
(types)
Can't believe you didn't write his
name down.

MARGARET
And if Bobby found it?

DAN
That's not it either.

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

DAN (CONT'D)
What if we had the wrong Italian?

Margaret looks at Dan, dumbfounded.

DAN (CONT'D)
What if it was the girl?
(hesitates)
Think about it. Who would even
suspect her?

Margaret is unsure.

DAN (CONT'D)
She's even working at Mick's place.

Smiling, Margaret pulls Dan's chair to her.

MARGARET
You know smart men make me hot.

Lust in her eyes, she smothers Dan with kisses.

EXT. DAN'S GARAGE - EVENING

From the window, Jessie snaps pictures of Margaret and Dan in the throws of passion.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - DEN - EVENING

Mickey sits at his desk with the flip-phone to his ear.

JOAN (V.O.)
Didn't expect your call 'til
tomorrow. Michelle's not here.

MICKEY
Listen, I need you to take Michelle
and go away for a few days.

JOAN (V.O.)
Are we in danger?

MICKEY
It's probably nothing.

JOAN (V.O.)
You wouldn't be telling us to leave
if it was nothing.

MICKEY
I don't know ... Shell's just been
actin' strange lately.

JOAN (V.O.)
He the only reason we're safe.

MICKEY
Can't hurt to be cautious.

JOAN (V.O.)
What is it that's got your all
worked up? I know it's not Shelly.

MICKEY
Just do what I say. Please.

JOAN (V.O.)
I'm tired of just doing what you
say, I need a reason. I need a
reason why our daughter's life
needs to be thrown into chaos.

MICKEY

You knew it was gonna be like this.

JOAN (V.O.)

Yeah, for a short time. It's been three years.

MICKEY

I just need a little longer, I promise.

JOAN (V.O.)

Oh, yeah, your precious plan.

MICKEY

You know it's the only way we'll be truly safe.

JOAN (V.O.)

(relents)

I'm not leaving '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?

MICKEY

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

JOAN (V.O.)

There's nothing to say.

MICKEY

(looks at clock on desk)

Our time's runnin' out.

JOAN (V.O.)

Yeah, it is.

MICKEY

I love --

Mickey realizes, she's hung up. Enraged, He flings the phone

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

On the phone, George secures Andrew in his baby seat.

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

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

He closes the door and goes to the driver's side.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
I'm just leavin' now.
(gets in, listens)
Relax. 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)
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,
never marry a cop.

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

George turns forward. He puts the car in reverse, 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 while 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 as the barber puts the towel on Mickey's face.

BARBER
Be with you in a minute.

Luigi stares at Mickey, then walks around scanning the place. He sticks his head in the back room.

Towel secure, the Barber points to the other chair.

BARBER (CONT'D)
(to Luigi)
You're up, buddy.

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

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

Luigi puts the gun away. Behind Luigi, a uniformed Bobby approaches the barber.

BOBBY
Margaret's been on my ass.

BARBER
Let's go, buddy. You're up.

Keeping his face hidden to hide, Luigi hustles out, bumping Bobby on his way.

He hustles out the door and ...

THUD! Luigi is blindsided by a speeding bicycle.

INT. VESPI'S HOUSE BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Vespi lies in bed, scowling at George, who stand near the door talking to Sally.

SALLY
What was he thinkin' when he bought that contraption.

GEORGE
Just glad I could help.

SALLY
He sounds pretty lucky considering
the way you said it just toppled
over. You think it's defective?

Vespi scoffs at the comment, looks away.

GEORGE
I'd have it checked out.

VESPI
(turns, angry)
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 changes his angle, revealing the twine from Vespi's gun hanging from his pocket. He runs his fingers up and down it for emphasis. Vespi relents and turns away.

GEORGE
We should let him rest.

Sally nods and leaves. George follows, slipping the .45 from his back pocket to the dresser.

Vespi picks up the phone and dials.

VESPI
Yeah, I'm out.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - AFTERNOON

Arms crossed, Bobby leans against the doorway to his office, glaring at BillyBob checking out at the front with Charley.

BillyBob returns the stare. Carol exits her office and notices the dynamic.

Keeping his eyes on Bobby, BillyBob walks to the door.

Bobby signals with two fingers that he is watching BillyBob.

BillyBob stops at the door. He points two finger to Bobby and grabs his crotch, mouthing the words ...

BILLYBOB

Watch this.

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

BOBBY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Feet on desk, Bobby stares off, upset.

Carol appears and KNOCKS on the doorframe.

BOBBY

Here to gloat?

CAROL

That would be way too easy.

(approaches Bobby)

I know we got off on the wrong foot, but I think my expertise could really help this case.

BOBBY

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

CAROL

Those two petty cons, the gun-waver, the shooting? I 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 home and do whatever it is mothers do.

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

CAROL

Is that it? You think I want your job?

Without turning, Bobby waves her off. She leaves.

INT. DEERHEAD BAR AND GRILL - AFTERNOON

Mickey drinks at the bar as Shelly joins him. Mickey signals to the Bartender for two beers.

MICKEY
That was quick.

SHELLY
Heard the magic words, free beer.

The bartender serves them. Mickey stares ahead.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
This is where I read minds?

MICKEY
Were you serious about reachin' out
to Liam?

SHELLY
If you're still worried about me --

MICKEY
-- No. It's about a promise I made.

SHELLY
Now I'm totally confused.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - AFTERNOON

Standing next to Charley, Carol reads a report at his desk.
In the b.g., Bobby watches suspiciously from his office.

CHARLEY
Sorry it isn't what you wanted.

CAROL
No, you did great.
(points to report)
This agent, the one that closed the
case, your friend know her?

CHARLEY
Said he met her once in New York.
She left the agency about a year
ago.

CAROL
Left right after signin' off on
this case? Little coincidental.

Carol looks at Bobby who quickly makes himself look busy.

CAROL (CONT'D)
First lesson of detective work, if
it seem coincidental, it's probably
not.

(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)
(hands file to Charley)
See if your friend can find out why
she left.

B.g. Bobby spies on them.

Charley nods. Carol exits the office. Charley looks back at Bobby who quickly makes himself appear busy again.

Charley puts the folder in a desk drawer and walks away.

Bobby leans over his desk to make sure Charley's gone. He gets up and heads to the desk.

INT. DEERHEAD BAR AND GRILL - EVENING

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

SHELLY
I'll do whatever you say, but I
know you. There's some grand plan
rolling around in that brain.

MICKEY
Just trying to make sure Michelle
and Joan are safe. That they can
get back to living a normal life.

SHELLY
Okay. I'll make the calls.

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

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Not gonna eat?

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

Mickey starts to leave, turns back.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Oh, I almost forgot. I'm having a
small dinner party tomorrow night
at seven. You need to be there.

Mickey turns and leaves before Shelly can answer.

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

George works the grill. Carol sits with Andrew. Mickey sits, drinking a beer.

Carol notices Gio fishing from Mickey's yard.

CAROL

You know you have a visitor?

MICKY

Gio? He's been comin' here to fish since before I bought the place.

CAROL

How long have you been livin' here?

GEORGE

(annoyed face at Carol)

How do you like your burger, Mick?

MICKY

Medium rare's fine.

(to Carol)

A little over three years.

CAROL

I forgot, why did you leave New York again?

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, Bobby?

Carol scoffs. Bobby appears between the two houses.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

(to Carol)

Not good for team morale.

Bobby climbs up to the deck.

GEORGE

Can I get you a burger, Bobby?

CAROL

He's fat enough.

GEORGE
Carol, he's your superior.

CAROL
No, he's definite not.

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

Bobby holds up the folder. Carol recognizes it.

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

GEORGE
What's goin' on?

CAROL
Nothing.
(glares at Bobby)
I'm just doing my job.

BOBBY
With a three-year old cold case?
(throws file on her lap)
Knew you were good, but I didn't
know you could resurrect the dead.

GEORGE
Is this about tryin' to find out
about Mickey's past?

George realizes he's let the cat out of the bag.

BOBBY
(to Mickey)
Guess you got caught up in her
madness too.
(to Carol)
Adds a whole new layer. Unapproved
use of department assets for a
rogue investigation is one thing,
but unwarranted searches into our
private citizens? That's a whole
different animal.

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

BOBBY

And I got you. Consider yourself suspended.

CAROL

I'll fight it.

BOBBY

Figured you would. Called up my uncles and told 'em to expect you at their next town council meeting.

(takes out phone)

You want their numbers?

(puts phone away)

Guess not.

Bobby turns to leave.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You failed to realize who runs this town.

He 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)

That's the best taste I had in my mouth in a long time.

Bobby gone, there's an awkward moment of silence.

GEORGE

I don't know what to say, Mick.

MICKY

(gets up)

No need to say anything.

George watches Mickey leave. Carol stares off, incensed.

George takes Andrew from Carol's lap and heads inside.

Left alone, Carol stares out at the lake.

INT. MICKY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

On his cellphone, Mickey sits on the bed.

MICKEY

And he bought everything?

(listens)

Yeah, I know what he's gonna do.

(listens)

You're almost there. There's just one more thing.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

In her robe, Carol enters the bedroom.

CAROL

Do you believe that --

Carol 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 HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING

Mickey is still on the phone.

MICKEY

You stay safe.

Mickey hangs up. He hesitates and dials.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Mac, can you talk?

(listens)

Yeah, it's Mick. Listen, I got some info I need you to pass on.

(listens)

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

(listens)

Oh, he's gonna wanna hear this.

INT. DAN'S GARAGE - OFFICE - MORNING

Beverly enters and approaches Dan at his desk. He looks up.

DAN

Am I glad to see you.

(picks up a pencil)

We misplaced your boss's number.

BEVERLY
Mr. O'Brien's?

DAN
No, the guy in Denver.

BEVERLY
Is my car done?

DAN
You're ready to leave?

BEVERLY
If my car's fixed, yeah, 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
Guess that would be a little messy
... But you are gonna dispose of --

BEVERLY
-- Is my car ready?

DAN
Yeah, it's out on the side.

BEVERLY
How much do I owe you?

DAN
Just happy to get this 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 storms out.

INT. IRISH PUB, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - EVENING

Listening on her phone, Donatella sits at the bar. She stares at Liam and his two thugs in a booth by the door.

Liam notices her look. He smiles and offers her a toast. She returns the smile. Donatella toasts Liam with her left hand. Her right hand remains under a napkin on her lap.

DONATELLA
(into phone)
That's all I need to know.

Donatella hangs up. She signals the female bartender she'll take another. The bartender pours.

DONATELLA (CONT'D)
Expected to see Ian.

Behind Donatella, Liam nods the bartender off. She leaves.

LIAM
Had to fire him.

DONATELLA
Thought it was his bar?

LIAM
Guy was keepin' secrets from me.
You believe that.

Donatella eyes start to search over her shoulder.

LIAM (CONT'D)
He knew I have eyes everywhere.
That I know everything that's going
on in my establishment.

DONATELLA
Everything? That's a lot.

LIAM
Just snap my fingers.
(hesitates)
Like why a beautiful woman like you
would be sittin' all alone at my
bar for weeks.

Donatella's right hand moves under the napkin.

DONATELLA
I thought this was Whitey's bar.

LIAM

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

Donatella freezes.

LIAM (CONT'D)

That's right, you don't know.
Nobody does.

(moves up next to her)

Tomorrow they'll find him in a
roadside ditch near the border.

Donatella continues to stare straight ahead. Liam signals the bartender to back them up.

LIAM (CONT'D)

(leans in)

Dumb bastard thought he could sneak
in and reclaim the territory.

Bartender serves them. Liam pushes the drink to her.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Only bright thing he ever did was
hiring you to kill me.

Donatella's hand moves slightly under the napkin.

DONATELLA

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

LIAM

You're just a soldier. A mercenary.
And soldiers on the losin' side
usually do one of two things. They
defect or they die.

Aware of the dynamic, the bartender listens from afar.

DONATELLA

You want me to take out the
accountant in Ouray?

LIAM

That's bein' taken care of.

(leans in)

I got somebody so close, he'll
never see it comin'.

(guzzles his drink)

I got bigger plans for you.

He slaps her ass and walks away.

LIAM (CONT'D)
You're not gonna get a better
offer.

Blocked by Liam from his thugs, Donatella gets up. The napkin
falls, exposing a 9mm in her hand.

DONATELLA
There's only one problem.

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

LIAM
God, I hate fuckin' loyalty.

Seeing the dynamic, The bartender ducks quickly.

BEHIND THE BAR

The bartender cowers in the well as multiple shots WAIL.

She is surprised by suddenly, eerie SILENCE.

INT. MARGARET'S HOUSE - EVENING

Bobby enters.

BOBBY
I'm home, babe?

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

MARGARET (O.S.)
I'll be down in a minute.

Curious, Bobby rips open a large plain brown envelope. Photos
fall out and onto the floor. Looking down, his eyes widen.

KITCHEN, MOMENTS LATER

Margaret enters, fixing her clothes.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Thought we'd do Chinese --

She freezes when she sees Bobby at the table, guzzling from a
liquor bottle. Bobby slams the bottle down, seething.

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

Bobby nods to the pictures on the floor in the living room. Margaret hesitantly approaches and looks down at the photos. Shock engulfs her.

INSERT: Photos of Margaret and Dan in the throws of passion in his garage scattered on the floor.

BACK TO THE SCENE

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

Bobby chugs the last of the bottle. He throws and smashes it against the wall near Margaret. She cringes.

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

Glaring at Margaret, Bobby gets up and storms out to the door, stopping on the way to pick up another bottle.

Margaret picks up and stares at a photo. She plops down in a chair, then realizes. Anger paints her face.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

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

CAROL
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 it 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
I'm sorry about what happened.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

CAROL
If you called to apologize --

CHARLEY
-- No ... I mean, yes, I want 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 Liam Donovan just got whacked in his pub in Brooklyn.

CAROL
And that affects me how?

CHARLEY
The bartender overheard there's a contract on an accountant in Ouray as we speak. You were right.

Carol stares off.

CHARLEY (CONT'D)
The Feds want us to protect Mick 'til they get here from Denver.

Carol looks through the blinds at Mickey's. Shelly, Mickey and Peggy sit in the dining room, Beverly is in the kitchen.

CAROL
There is no us, Charley. Call the Chief.

CHARLEY
Can't reach him, and, if I did, he wouldn't know what to do.
(hesitates)
This is way above any of our pay grades.

CAROL
You know I'm suspended.

CHARLEY

I know you're a cop. The best cop
I've ever been around.

CAROL

(hesitates)

Who's on duty and who can we get in
fast.

CHARLEY

Just me and the Chief, wherever he
is. I checked, all the rest are out
of town for the night.

CAROL

I'll handle Mick's place. You stay
close to the radio.

CHARLEY

There's one more thing. According
to the bartender, she thought she
heard the triggerman's somebody
real close to Mick.

Carol's eyes snap back to the blinds. She contemplates.

END INTERCUT

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - 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.

She serves. Everybody digs in.

PEGGY

Oh my God. That's sooo good.

BEVERLY

It's my mother's recipe.

(to Mickey)

If you don't mind, I'd like to go
finish packin'.

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 cheek. 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 takes a pill. He hesitates, then takes a handful 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 HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Carol enters, pulling a shirt over her Kevlar vest. She looks through the blinds and sees Peggy, Shelly and Mickey in the dining room. The kitchen is empty.

Carol looks to see Beverly in her second floor bedroom window, smiling as she examines a large butcher knife.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - ENTRANCE - EVENING

Margaret carefully enters Jessie's house with her shotgun hidden behind her.

MARGARET
Jessie. You home?

She cautiously makes her way to the only lit room.

SIDE ROOM

Sitting by the window, Jessie turns off the floor light. It leaves her partially lit by the street. She covers a shotgun on her lap with a blanket.

MARGARET (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jessie?

Margaret enters. A tense stare. Suddenly, they raise their shotguns in a standoff.

Tensions rise as the two glare at each other.

JESSIE
Seems we're at a stalemate.

MARGARET
Seems like 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 HOUSE - 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 Liam just got whacked?

Surprised, Mickey covers quickly.

MICKEY
(starts to close door)
Doesn't mean anything to --

CAROL
(pushes past Mickey)
-- Give it a rest.

EXT. WOODS OPPOSITE MICKEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Groggy, Luigi tries to look through the scope, only to have his head drop as he falls asleep. He snaps up, tries again, but his head drops. He surrenders and puts his head down.

Across from him, Mickey stands in the doors entrance.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - FOYER - EVENING

Carol looks around. Mickey stands behind her at the door.

MICKEY

What do you think you're doin'?

CAROL

There's a hit out on you.

MICKEY

I can assure you it's nobody here.

CAROL

Who's inside.

MICKEY

Shelly and Peggy. You know you're nuts.

Carol looks up the staircase and draws her gun.

CAROL

That cook of yours still upstairs?

MICKEY

She only a kid.

Carol ignores him, carefully heads up the stairs.

Concerned, Shelly and Peggy come out of the dining room.

SHELLY

What's goin' on?

Mickey puts his hand out for Shelly to hold off. He follows Carol up the stairs.

BEVERLY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Beverly puts two huge butcher 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.

BEVERLY

(puts hands up)

Mr. O'Brien, what's goin on?

Shelly and Peggy make their way to the room's doorway.

MICKEY
It's okay, Beverly.
(to Carol)
Look, this is --

CAROL
-- Why don't you check what's in
the box?

Curious, 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 that I
wanted to get you a gift. I didn't
have any money and your set was in
such bad shape. They were my
mother's.

SHELLY
Gotta admit, carvin' that roast was
pretty rough.

Carol's phone RINGS. She answers while keeping her aim.

CAROL
(into phone)
Go ahead.

Mickey examines the wrapping paper that was under the box.

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 me
for Liam.

CAROL
Her story checks out.

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
can never repay you.

MICKEY

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 later, but, right now, I think it's better if you just leave.

Before Carol can answer, Mickey cuts her off.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

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.

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 leaves.

INT. JESSIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

Jessie and Margaret sit drinking in the kitchen. The table's covered with half-empty liquor bottles. They laugh out loud. Shotguns sit next to them.

MARGARET

You really called our idiot brother?

JESSIE

Not like I know a lotta hitman.

MARGARET

I wasted mine and Dan's whole life
savings tryin' to find one.

JESSIE

What's with you two?

MARGARET

He's a moron, but, God, he's good
in bed.

JESSIE

Barney Fife just wasn't cuttin' it?

Margaret puts thumb and index finger millimeters apart.

JESSIE (CONT'D)

Why has it always been men that
have always messed up our lives.

MARGARET

It all starts with asshole dad.

JESSIE

Men. Wish I never met one.

MARGARET

Fuckin' men.

JESSIE

Who the fuck needs 'em.

MARGARET

Yeah, who --
(eureka moment)
We don't need them.

JESSIE

That's what I just said.

MARGARET

No, I mean Mickey. We can do it
ourselves, split the two million.

Jessie realizes and smiles. They both reach for their
shotguns, but freeze in a moment of distrust.

They burst out in laughter, grab the guns and head out.

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - 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

I really do appreciate you tryin'
to protect me.

CAROL

Just doin' my job.

MICKEY

I think it's more than that with
you.

(sits next to her)

There's a lot you don't know.

CAROL

Like you leavin' the DA without his
star witness? I'm curious, what's
the going rate for being a coward?

Phone in hand, Peggy exits the house. The talk stops.

PEGGY

Oh, I'm sorry. Reception's crappy
inside. I'll just go around back.

Peggy heads around the side of the house. Carol watches her.
Mickey notices the dynamic between the two,

MICKEY

You think it's her?

CAROL

She fits.

Troubled, Mickey contemplates.

MICKEY

Nah, she doesn't.

CAROL

Keep asking myself, why your not
the least bit worried. Only answer
I can come up with is, you know
something I don't.

MICKEY

(concerned, deflection)

You know my family would've never
made the courthouse.

Carol looks at Mickey quizzically.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You asked, why I ran.

Carol scoffs

MICKEY (CONT'D)
Whitey would have had them killed.

CAROL
You had protection.

MICKEY
Not enough. And the price? How
about my wife giving up her life.
My daughter never even having one.

CAROL
Family, huh? It's that simple?

MICKEY
No, it's complicated, but it was
the only choice I had.

CAROL
(waves him off)
Did the families of all their
victims have a choice?

MICKEY
(gets up)
If you have a decision that
concerns your family, I only hope
you see the grey area like I did.

Mickey goes inside. Carol contemplates. She looks at the side
of the house, becomes curious and heads there,

EXT. WOODS OPPOSITE MICKEY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Luigi snaps out of his sleep. The sudden movement causes him
a lot of pain. He guzzles down the last of the pills and
tosses the empty bottle.

Mickey appears in the scope.

Luigi tries to focus, His eyelids constantly close. He dozes.

EXT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - SIDE OF HOUSE - EVENING

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 to see Peggy, facing away, with her phone wedged between ear and shoulder. In one hand Peggy holds a 9mm. In the other is the ammo clip.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
Yeah, I tried to reach him, too.
Either way, it's over tonight.

CAROL (O.S.)
Put the gun and the clip on the ground. Keep the hands where I can see 'em. Nice and slow, now.

Peggy glances over her shoulder. Carol stands behind her.

CAROL (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna wait.

PEGGY
(into phone)
Got a problem, gotta go.
(hangs up, does as told)
You got it all wrong. I'm an FBI agent here to protect Mickey.

Approaching from behind, Carol pulls down Peggy's arms and cuffs them.

CAROL
Didn't sound like any law enforcement call I ever heard.

Carol searches her.

PEGGY
You know this is gonna cost you your badge?

CAROL
Already lost that.

INT. BEAUMONT HOTEL AND SPA - LOBBY - EVENING

Alfredo reads "Entrepreneur" magazine. Dominic snoozes in the next chair. Dominic's movement exposes his waisted revolver.

Alfredo 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 Seattle.

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
Yeah, after we finish the job.

ALFREDO
You really think Ian's gonna chase us all the way out there?

DOMINIC
We ain't never done anything legal.

ALFREDO
How hard can it be? Been puttin' that little doohickey in the top of the machine every mornin'. You put a cup underneath and presto.

DOMINIC
Legit, huh?

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 HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Sitting on the floor, Peggy is cuffed to the fridge with her mouth duct-taped.

Carol puts the cuff keys on the table with Peggy's gun, ammo clip and two phones.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Heard voices, we have a --

George enters and freezes. He carries Andrew in a chest harness, facing out. Stunned he looks at Carol for answers.

CAROL

Just take Andrew back upstairs.

GEORGE

Have you completely lost your mind?

CAROL

I have it under control.

George doesn't move. His eyes dart from Carol to Peggy.

GEORGE

Who is this lady?

Looking through the blinds, Carol sees Mickey over the kitchen sink. Shelly approaches from behind with what seems to be a very large knife in his only exposed hand.

CAROL

Shit.

(leaves)

Whatever you do, don't let her go.

Dumbfounded, George stares at a mumbling Peggy.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - FOYER - EVENING

Gun up, Carol enters cautiously.

MICKEY (O.S.)

Just finish it.

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 hurriedly maneuvers around the table.

KITCHEN

Carol peeks out at Shelly's back as he approaches Mickey, who stands over the sink.

MICKEY
I'm waiting.

SHELLY
Okay, don't say I didn't --.

CAROL
(aims at Shelly)
Drop it, Shelly.

The CLUNK of steel hitting the floor and the CRASH of a dish breaking.

Carol looks down to see a shattered dish, a big piece of cake and a cake server on the floor. She lowers her gun as Shelly and Mickey look at her in disbelief.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Staring at Peggy, an uncertain George sits nervously with Andrew.

Carol's phone RINGS. George looks and answers.

GEORGE
Charley, what is goin' on?

CHARLEY (V.O.)
Just put on Carol on.

GEORGE
She just stepped out.

INT. CHARLEY'S SQUAD CAR - PARKED - EVENING

On his phone, Charley sits in his squad car.

CHARLEY
Do me a favor and tell her that
lady is the former FBI agent. Her
name's Ferrari.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

GEORGE
(looks at Peggy, stunned)
She's with the bureau?

CHARLEY
Was, but there's --

Margaret's car speeds past, getting Charley's attention.

GEORGE
You still there, Charley?

CHARLEY
Yeah, um, listen --

Siren wailing and lights flashing, Bobby's squad car speeds
by Charley, ricocheting off a number of parked vehicles.

GEORGE
(picks up keys)
Is somethin' wrong, Charley?

CHARLEY
(starts car)
Look, I gotta go. Tell Carol to
call me first chance she gets.

ENDS INTERCUT

Charley hangs up. He puts on the siren and flashing lights
and races after the two cars.

INT. CAROL AND GEORGE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Unsure, George looks at Peggy, then the keys in his hand. He
heads to here, pulls off the tape and uncuffs her.

PEGGY
That's one crazy bitch you married.

She loads her gun and heads to the door.

GEORGE
Can you tell me what's going on.

PEGGY

You need to stay her with the baby.

Peggy gone, George is totally dumbfounded.

GEORGE

(to Andrew)

Don't ever forget that advice I
gave you.

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 curses in Italian, he staggers into the woods.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Mickey leans against the sink. Embarrassed, Carol sits at the table. Shelly hangs up his phone.

SHELLY

You ain't gonna believe this. They
found Whitey in a ditch near the
Canadian border.

Trying to hide it, Mickey's lip curls slightly in a smile. He looks at Carol, who looks away, embarrassed.

MICKEY

I think your first guess might've
been right.

Carol looks to Mickey for more.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Your suspicions ... When we were
out on the steps.

CAROL

(realizes)

Peggy? ... Shit.

Carol hustles out the backdoor, leaving it open.

SHELLY
That woman has serious anger
problems.

Mickey nods. They start to clean up the cake.

Suddenly, Carol backs through the doorway with her hands up.

Mickey and Shelly are confused until Peggy appears with her
gun aimed.

PEGGY
(takes Carol's gun)
Happy to see me, Mick?

CAROL
What did you do with my son and
husband?

PEGGY
Let's all go into the dinin' room
and have a nice talk.

DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mickey, Shelly and Carol sit at the table. Back to the
kitchen, Peggy stands with the drop on them.

CAROL
I swear if you harmed either of
them, I'll --

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
Kevlar.
(to Carol)
And if you want to see your husband
and son again, I suggest you shut
your fuckin' 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
I thought the Feds had the
ledger?

PEGGY

The one the Feds have is useless,
but the two that Mick's father kept
on the side ... They could bury
both of the Donovans.

(aims at Shelly)

Like your friend said, it's not the
time for heroes, Mick.

MICKEY

I can't give you the case.

CAROL

The Donovans are dead.

Peggy puts out a hand for Mickey to hold. She looks to Carol.

PEGGY

What are you spoutin'?

CAROL

Both the Donovan's are dead.

Shocked, Peggy looks off.

CAROL (CONT'D)

They probably had each other
killed.

In thought, Peggy quickly snaps her aim to Carol.

PEGGY

I swear bitch, I'll --

SHELLY

It's true. I just got a phone call.

MICKEY

Besides, there are no ledgers.

Peggy, Carol and Shelly look at Mickey incredulously.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I made the 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

Everybody skimmed off Whitey. My
father was no different.

PEGGY
 (contemplates)
 Well, if that's the case ...
 (aims at Shelly)
 ... only one thing left to do.

MICKEY
 You don't have to do this.

PEGGY
 You know what they do to FBI agents
 in prison. Can't go there.

Peggy aims at Mickey.

PEGGY (CONT'D)
 Sorry Mick. I really enjoyed our
 time together.

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/EXT. MARGARET'S CAR - MOVING - EVENING

Lights out, Margaret drives on a dirt road through the woods.
 Jessie looks out the back.

JESSIE
 We lost him, you can turn the
 lights back on.

Margaret makes a sharp turn. She turns on the lights.

Suddenly ...

In the windshield, a dazed Luigi freezes.

Margaret slams on the brakes.

To avoid being hit, Luigi jumps 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

Taking a swig from the bottle, Bobby makes the turn.

The back of Margaret's car appears in front of him.

He slams on the brakes and swerves off into the woods, crashing into a tree.

INT. CHARLEY'S SQUAD CAR - MOVING - EVENING

Charley races around the same bend. He cringes when he sees Bobby's car crinkled 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.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - EVENING

Charley exits his car.

Margaret's car teeters over the edge. Slowly, it disappears over the embankment.

A loud SPLASH.

Charley runs up and looks over the embankment to see Margaret's car sinks. Luigi flails, mumbling Italian curses.

The SOUND of METAL BENDING.

Charlie turns. A disorientated Bobby stagger out of his SUV.

Grabbing his collar mic, Charlie looks back at the water.

Margaret's car completely under the water, the sisters surface next to Luigi.

CHARLEY
Uh, dispatch, I'm gonna need an ambulance, a tow truck, a crane and a shitload of towels.

INT. MICKEY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING

George and Andrew with her, Carol walks a handcuffed Peggy to the door.

CAROL
I'll meet you at the station?

Mickey nods. She leaves. Shelly heads to the kitchen.

SHELLY
I'll give you a hand out back.

Dumbfounded, Mickey stares at Shelly.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
The Feds are gonna tear this place
up before they believe you about
the ledgers.

Mickey is indifferent.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
(nods to the back)
What about the, uh, doctor?

MICKEY
You think I ... You're a sick fuck.

SHELLY
He's not buried back there?

MICKEY
I put him on a bus to Denver with
the address of a rehab house.
(heads to the door)
Told you I would beat the Donovan's
without becoming one of the.

Shelly contemplates, then realizes.

SHELLY
You planned this whole thing?

Glimmer of a smile hidden from Shelly. Mickey leaves.

PRE-LAP: A phone RINGS.

INT. POLICE STATION - FRONT COUNTER - MORNING

Carol puts a box of office belongings on the counter and
answers her phone. b.g., a painter works on Bobby's door.

CAROL
You there yet?

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - MOVING - MORNING

On his bluetooth, a clean shaven Mickey drives down a
highway. He is without the colored lenses and the glasses.

MICKEY

Wanted to thank you for goin' to
bat with the Feds.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

CAROL

With both Donovans dead and no
ledgers, don't think they were too
interested in an accountant.

MICKEY

And the Gavins?

CAROL

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
hitmen? I have my suspicions, but I
wouldn't lose any sleep over it.

MICKEY

If I do, I can always start a new
garden. You in your new office yet?

Carol turns to reveal Charley, wearing a chief's uniform,
sitting at Bobby's desk. The man paints his name on the door.

She looks at George and Andrew waiting by the door.

CAROL

Been thinkin' a lot about what you
said about family. Decided to take
a job with a security firm back in
New York.

MICKEY

Sounds like a good choice.

CAROL

(hesitates)

Mick?

MICKEY

Yeah.

CAROL

Something's still botherin' me.

MICKEY

And here I was hopin'.

CAROL
You knew about Peggy the whole
time?

MICKEY
Had my suspicions. It's all in my
statement.

CAROL
Yeah, the statement ... Then the
Donovan's kill each other and
everything else just falls into
place. It's all a little too
coincidental.

MICKEY
You know you're not a cop any more.

CAROL
Somebody had to pour the gas on the
fire for the both brothers to
suddenly flame up like that.

MICKEY
(smirks)
I was a thousand miles away, having
a beer with my new neighbor.

CAROL
(smiles)
About what I figured you'd say

MICKEY
You know, you really are a bulldog.

CAROL
Been called worse. You take care,
now, Mick.

MICKEY
You too.

END INTERCUT

EXT. SHELLY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - FRONT STEPS - AFTERNOON

Dressed appropriately, Michelle and her prom date stand on
the steps of the house. Joan aims her camera from the lawn.

Mickey pulls up in front of the house and gets out.

Seeing him, a shocked Michele runs to him. Joan turns. The
three embrace.