

Mystic River

screenplay by  
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based on the novel by  
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OVER A BLACK SCREEN

We hear the hiss of beer can pull tabs. One, then another.  
A burst of hard, sudden male laughter.

SUPER: Twenty-five years ago.

The heavy snaps of Zippo lighters. The burn of cigarettes  
being dragged to life.

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

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

FADE IN:

EXT. EAST BUCKINGHAM BACKYARD - DAY

Postage stamp size. Clothes on the line. The sunlight cut  
by the cramped crowd of houses. We're already pulling away  
from the backs of TWO MEN. Drinking beer, smoking Luckys  
and sharing a laugh.

An 11-year old boy leans on a street hockey stick, watches  
them. JIMMY MARCUS, unspent energy coiled tight in his  
chest. His friend SEAN DEVINE steps over, holds up an  
orange street hockey ball

SEAN  
Got it.

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

SEAN  
Hey, Jimmy.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DEVINE HOUSE - DAY

Wearing a Red Sox cap, DAVE BOYLE stands eagerly before a  
makeshift chicken wire goalie net as Jimmy and Sean whack  
away at the orange ball with their street hockey sticks.

As it bounces toward Dave, he takes an arcing swing at it.  
Connects. The ball sails.

DAVE

Save!

Sean and Jimmy watch as the ball bounces into the street.

SEAN

The sewer...

They charge off after it.

---

GUTTER

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

DAVE

Sorry, guys.

(smiles)

Guess I don't know my own strength.

JIMMY

Yeah, Dave, that must be it.

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

JIMMY

You know what would be cool?

DAVE

What?

JIMMY

Driving a car.

Sean looks up from the storm drain.

JIMMY

You know. Just around the block.

SEAN

Yeah...

JIMMY

Does anyone on this street who keep their keys in their car?

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

SEAN

(standing)

I steal a car, my dad'll kill me.

JIMMY  
Just around the block. Who said  
steal?

Sean shakes his head 'no'. Jimmy heaves a sigh.

Jimmy walks to where sawhorses have been set up. City crews have replaced several squares of sidewalk. Yellow caution tape is tied to the sawhorses creating a barricade. Jimmy snaps the tape by walking right through it.

Jimmy grabs a stick and starts to write his name. Sean and Dave step up, look over his shoulder, J-I-M-M-Y. Jimmy looks back over his shoulder.

JIMMY  
Your Dad kill you for writing  
your name, too?

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

JIMMY  
Now it'll be there forever.

DAVE  
Me, too. Forever.

Dave takes the stick, starts his own name by the other two.  
D-A --

A little squeal as a car lurches to a stop across from them. A dark, plain PLYMOUTH.

The DRIVER gets out. Crew cut, white shirt and black tie, a GOLD BADGE and CUFFS clipped to his belt buckle. There's another MAN in the passenger seat but he's hard to make out through the watery reflection of trees in the glass.

All the kids are really looking at is the badge. The Driver crooks a finger at them, wriggles it toward his chest until they step over.

DRIVER  
Let me ask you something.

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

DRIVER  
You brats think it's okay to  
destroy municipal property?

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

DRIVER  
What's that?

DAVE  
No, sir.

SEAN  
No, sir.

JIMMY  
No.

DRIVER  
No what?

JIMMY  
Sir...

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

The driver looks at Sean.

DRIVER  
You live around here?

Not intimidated, Sean points at the house behind them.

SEAN  
Right there.

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

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

DAVE  
Rester Street.

DRIVER  
Your mother home?

Dave starts to cry. He nods.

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

The Driver opens the back door of the Plymouth.

DRIVER  
Get in.

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

DRIVER

Get the fuck inside!

Bawling, Dave climbs in. The driver points a finger at Jimmy and Sean.

DRIVER

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

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

FADE TO BLACK

VOICES each more panicked than the last.

VOICE

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

VOICE TWO

The cops took Dave? What cops?

VOICE THREE

Oh my god. Oh my god. Dave.

VOICE FOUR

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

FADE IN:

EXT. SIDEWALK - GANNON STREET - DAY

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

SUPER: Present day.

Come off the sidewalk to show a man, wearing a Red Sox cap, late 30's, walking down the sidewalk with an eight-year-old boy (MICHAEL) wearing a little league uniform.

DAVE

You took some good swings today.

MICHAEL

Dad, I struck out.

DAVE

Good swings though. That's what counts.

MICHAEL

I'll never be a good ball player.

DAVE

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

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

DAVE

See that gutter drain? I used to play on this street when I was a kid. That drain used to swallow every ball we had.

They start walking again, Michael listening eagerly.

DAVE

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

MICHAEL

Really? Let's try.

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

DAVE

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

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

CUT TO:

JIMMY MARCUS

Forty years old. Sitting at a small desk surrounded by shelved stock: cigarettes, corn flakes, soda... Going over some order sheets, Jimmy's lost in thought. Different from when he was a kid, this is a 1,000 yard stare.

Beyond, through a half-open curtain, a cash register rings, a couple kids working behind the counter. One of the clerks, PETE, 21, steps into the back.

PETE  
Hey, Jimmy. Jimmy.

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

PETE  
Earth to Mr. Marcus.

---

Jimmy snaps back to reality.

JIMMY  
What do you want now, Pete?

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

JIMMY  
So?

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

JIMMY  
I mean, so why don't you order some more?

Pete grabs a carton of cigarettes and heads out.

PETE  
If the Surgeon General calls, you're my alibi.

As Pete exits, Jimmy tries to focus on his order forms.

Then KATIE is in the door looking at him. Nineteen, beautiful, Jimmy's daughter. She smiles as she watches him. He finally feels her eyes on him.

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

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



KATIE  
Someone's father?

JIMMY  
Yeah. Not mine, but somebody's.

She leans in, kisses him on the cheek.

KATIE  
Later, Daddy.

He watches her breeze out. Finally....

JIMMY  
Later...

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTAGE MARKET - DAY

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

CAR

Katie starts the car, nearly screams as someone sits up from the backseat. Then she recognizes:

KATIE  
Brendan. You scared the shit  
out of me.

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

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

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

And they're kissing. Like nineteen year olds.

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

KATIE  
Shoot you -- then kill you.

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

As the passion increases, Katie suddenly breaks off.

KATIE

I'm going to be late for Diane and Eve.

BRENDAN

Tomorrow. Like we planned.

KATIE

Tomorrow...

They kiss again. Brendan ducks at the store bell. It's a CUSTOMER exiting.

BRENDAN

Drop me around the corner.

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

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - TOBIN BRIDGE - SUNSET

SEAN DEVINE stuck in traffic. Grown-up into a good looking adult. As he sits, he looks down at the tenements of Faneuil Heights and the East Bucky Flats. Finally, he takes out his cell phone, dials a long number.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hello? Hello?

SEAN

Hey, it's me. How are you?

WOMAN'S VOICE

I'm fine. It's been an interesting week.

SEAN

Me, too. Been on suspension.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Again? How long this time?

SEAN

I'm back on the beat tomorrow.

Both voices are pained. Whoever she is, there's a history between them. The cell phone beeps. It annoys Sean.

SEAN

When did everything start to  
beep? Huh? When did the pace  
pick up and leave me staring at  
everyone's back?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Self-pity's my cue to go, Sean.  
I don't need the competition.  
Hope you have a quiet day  
tomorrow. Bye.

Click. Sean sighs, looks across at a blood red sky.

SEAN

Quiet day needs a quiet night.

As the sun dips below the horizon and Sean sighs...

CUT TO:

INT. JUKE BOX - MCGILLS BAR - NIGHT

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

BAR

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

FURTHER DOWN THE BAR

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

DAVE

Come on. Double play.

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

FRIEND

You believe those chicks?

As Dave turns to follow his gaze....

Katie and Eve have climbed onto the bar, dance on top of  
it. Katie the class of the two. Some of the guys cheer,  
others watch with a sad yearning, know it's not for them.

Dave cocks his head, watches Katie. Smiles to himself as  
her hair falls over her eyes like a veil.

FRIEND  
Ain't that Jimmy Marcus's girl?

DAVE  
Yeah...

We close on Dave as he seems suddenly lost in the moment.

DAVE  
I remember when she was a kid.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BOYLE APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

FRONT DOOR

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

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

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

CELESTE  
What happened?

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - BOYLE APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

DAVE

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

CELESTE

Oh God.

DAVE

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

CELESTE

That's what he said?

DAVE

Yeah. So, so then I try to brush past him and that's when he slices me.

CELESTE

I thought you said you swung on him first.

DAVE

Celeste, can I tell the fucking story?

She touches his cheek.

CELESTE

I'm sorry, baby.

He kisses her hand.

DAVE

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

CELESTE

Killed him?

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

DAVE

It makes you feel alone.  
Hurting someone.

CELESTE

But you had to.

Celeste embraces him. Over her shoulder:

DAVE

It makes you feel... alien.

Celeste looks at him, suddenly filling with strength.

CELESTE

Baby, you hop in the shower.  
(beat)

I'll take care of your clothes

Dave's not sure what that means. Neither are we.

DAVE

Yeah?

CELESTE

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MARCUS HOUSE - DAY

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

JIMMY

Yeah?

PETE'S VOICE

(over phone)

I'm in the weeds here at the  
store, Jimmy. I need some help.

Jimmy looks at the clock.

JIMMY

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

PETE'S VOICE

That's the thing, Katie ain't here.

JIMMY

No? Hold on.

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

THE HALL

PETE'S VOICE

The Sunday papers still bundled,  
doughnut guy's honking his horn.

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

JIMMY

I'll be there in ten minutes,  
Pete. Call Sal and see if he can  
make it by eight instead of ten.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MARCUS HOUSE . DAY

Jimmy pulls on his clothes. Annabeth watches from bed.

ANNABETH

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

JIMMY

I'm sure she'll make it.

ANNABETH

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

JIMMY

What other day has she screwed  
up lately?

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

ANNABETH

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

JIMMY

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

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE MARKET - DAY

Jimmy arrives to a morning rush. Folks coming off the night shift: COPS, NURSES from St. Regina's and a few WORKING GIRLS, all coming off the same battlefield together.

Pete looks up, smiles in relief as Jimmy takes up a position by the cash register and Lottery Machine. Jimmy punches out tickets, rings up at the register. He also takes the phone off the wall behind him, dials.

JIMMY

(into phone)

Hey, Drew, it's Jimmy. Sorry to wake you, I'm looking for Katie.

DREW'S VOICE

I think she's here, yeah. Lemme go check. Hold on.

Jimmy's relieved. First time he even knew he was worried. As he bags a sale, smiles across at a customer.

DREW'S VOICE

Sorry. It was Diane Cestra slept over. But no Katie. Eve said Katie dropped them off at one. Didn't say where she was going.

JIMMY

Okay, man, I'll track her down.

Jimmy's nervous again.

DREW

She seeing anyone maybe?

JIMMY

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

DREW

That's the cold truth.

As Jimmy hangs up the phone, the bell over the door rings and the first Sunday Mass crowd rolls in. A shitload of blue hair OLD LADIES. Pete looks over at Jimmy.

PETE

Welcome to Hell....

As they surge toward the counter in a wave.

CUT TO:



EXT. COTTAGE MARKET - DAY

As the blue hairs exit, the cash register ding is replaced by church bells ringing.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - COTTAGE MARKET - DAY

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

PETE

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

JIMMY

Fuck, Pete, smoke the whole pack.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE MARKET - DAY

The bell rings. Jimmy looks up as Brendan Harris and his little brother SILENT RAY enter. Ray carries his street hockey stick, a blankness living in his face.

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

JIMMY

(frowns)

Help you, Brendan?

BRENDAN

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

JIMMY

Barry's. Next aisle over.

BRENDAN

Oh thanks.

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

JIMMY

What time's Sal getting here?

PETE

Any time now.

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

PETE

That it, Brendan?

BRENDAN

And a Globe.

While Jimmy is preoccupied and as Pete rings up the sale.

BRENDAN

So's, ah, I thought Katie worked on Sundays.

PETE

You sweet on my man's daughter, Brendan?

BRENDAN

(laughs)

No, no, no. I was just wondering, you know, because usually I see her here.

JIMMY

Her little sister's having her first communion today.

BRENDAN

Oh...

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

BRENDAN

Nice seeing you. Come on, Ray.

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

PETE

Can I ask you something, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Shoot.

PETE

Why do you hate that kid so bad?

JIMMY

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

PETE  
Not Silent Ray. Brendan.

Jimmy looks over at Pete.

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

JIMMY  
No. Really?

PETE  
Straight up.

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST BUCKINGHAM - DAY

AERIAL VIEW. The tenements, the Tobin Bridge, beat-up baseball diamonds and rusty playgrounds. Over it all, a 911 OPERATOR answers a call.

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
9-1-1, police services. What is the nature of your emergency?

BOY'S VOICE  
There's like this car with blood in it and, ah, the door's open --

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
What's the location of the car?

BOY'S VOICE  
Uh, Sydney Street in the Flats. By Pen Park. Me and my friend found it.

The aerial view passes over Pen Channel, the abandoned drive-in screen on one side of the park and then PEN PARK itself. A littered, depressing site.

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
Son, what's your name?

BOY'S VOICE  
(to someone else)  
He wants to know her name.

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
Your name. What's your name?

BOY'S VOICE  
We're so fucking out of here.  
Good luck.

CLICK. We're over the Sydney Street entrance to the park. There's a car down there, door open, front tires against the curb. As we continue past it and into the mostly abandoned houses across the way...

PATROLMAN'S VOICE  
Dispatch, this is unit thirty-three. We're going to need a crime scene tech or two and you might want to notify homicide.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE  
Have you found a body, thirty-three? Over.

PATROLMAN'S VOICE  
No, but looks of this car, we'll find one sooner or later.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYDNEY STREET - DAY

Blue sawhorses stamped Boston Police Department cordon off the scene. The Crime Scene Services van is parked further down. Sean Devine pulls up in an unmarked, gets out

He's met by his partner Sergeant WHITEY POWERS. Powers is in sweats and a Bruins jersey, his ID hangs from his neck.

WHITEY  
Hey, bad boy. So much for a quiet first day back. This should be the city's but...  
(points)  
Park's reservation land. State jurisdiction, not city. If the body's in there, it's our case.

Police are already walking through the underbrush.

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

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

COP  
The Parker Hill vic, right?  
Walked into the ER at MGH on his  
own, steak knife sticking out of  
his collarbone, asking the nurse  
where they keep the coke machine  
round this bitch.

WHITEY  
She tell him?

They all laugh, but Sean. It's too goddamn early.

SEAN  
What do we got on the car so far?

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

Sean reacts hard to the name.

SEAN  
Shit.

WHITEY  
You know her?

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

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

SEAN  
Fuck. That's her.

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

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

SEAN

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

WHITEY

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

CUT TO:

INT. ST. CECILIA'S CHURCH - DAY

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

JIMMY &amp; ANNABETH

Stand with their other daughter SARA. Look back to watch their daughter come up the aisle. As Nadine's about to pass them, Annabeth whispers:

ANNABETH

Do not make her laugh.

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

JIMMY

What?

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

CSS TECH (V.O.)

Door was ajar when we found it.  
Headlights on. You got blood on  
the driver door speaker...

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CAR - SYDNEY STREET - DAY

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

CSS TECH (cont'd)

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

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

SEAN

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

CUT TO:

INT. ST. CECILIA'S - DAY

As Nadine solemnly receives her first communion.

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

ANNABETH

Our baby. My God, Jimmy, our baby.

Jimmy puts his arm around her, kisses the side of her head. As she leans into him a little more...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - BOYLE APARTMENT - DAY

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

CELESTE

Dave...

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

CELESTE

(low)

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

DAVE

It was late. Real late.

He kisses her forehead. She manages a smile.

DAVE

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

CUT TO:

INT. PEN PARK - DAY

A NYLON TRIANGLE

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

Sean and Whitey crouch by the arch. There's a woman's shoe there along with several similar footprints.

WHITEY

I'd say she might've hid here a bit. Killer shows and she bolts to the other side, takes off running again.

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

SEAN

Better call some divers while we're at it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. CECILIA'S - DAY

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

Nadine spots her father, makes a break for him.

NADINE

Daddy, Daddy:

Jimmy scoops her in his arms.

JIMMY

Baby!

NADINE

This dress itches.

JIMMY

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

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

A STATE POLICE CRUISER

Slams around the corner of Buckingham Avenue.



JIMMY

Whips around, watches as it goes wide into the left lane of Roseclair, rear tire slapping the median strip, siren slicing the morning air.

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

Two more COP CARS zip under the overpass, take the entrance road into Pen Park. Jimmy lowers Nadine to the ground.

And he knows, feels it in his blood with a sudden mean certainty, a sense of things falling miserably into place.

JIMMY

Katie...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSECLAIR ENTRANCE - PEN PARK - DAY

Looks like a riot waiting room. Cops, in the bushes, cops at the sawhorses, cops everywhere. K-9 German Shepherds being walked out of a van. The crowd of onlookers growing.

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

ED

Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY

What's up, Ed?

ED

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

JIMMY

Nadine's First Communion.

ED

So what the hell you doing here?

JIMMY

Just curious I guess.

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

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

JIMMY  
That's my daughter's car!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - PEN PARK - DAY

Sean looking for something, anything. Whitey steps over

WHITEY  
We got dogs sniffing something  
by the old drive-in screen.  
Want to take a walk over?

Sean nods. His walkie-talkie surges to life.

WALKIE VOICE  
Trooper Devine.

SEAN  
(into walkie)  
Yeah, go ahead.

WALKIE VOICE  
We got a guy out on Sydney, says  
he's the father of the girl.

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

WALKIE VOICE  
En route.

SEAN  
Keep him calm til the shrink  
gets here. You know the drill.

WALKIE VOICE  
He's asking for you, Devine.  
Says he knows you.

Sean looks to Whitey who just shrugs.

WALKIE VOICE  
He's not taking no for an answer.  
And he's got some guys with him.

SEAN  
What guys?

COP  
Scary looking guys.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSECLAIR ENTRANCE - PEN PARK - DAY

Jimmy's there with three of the Savage Brothers: NICK, VAL and KEVIN. His brother-in-laws. Jail yard stares and hair triggers. They shout across the barrier at the cops.

VAL  
That's our niece in there, you  
dumb prick pieces of shit!

COP ONE  
Hey. We're doing our job.

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

Jimmy standing a little alone, watching. Finally:

JIMMY  
Val! Val, ease up. Nick.

Nick steps over.

JIMMY  
Take Kevin and go to Drew  
Pigeon's. Talk to his daughter  
and her friend. Katie was out  
with them last night.

NICK  
(nodding)  
Kevin, let's go!

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

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

SEAN  
Jimmy, hey, man.

JIMMY  
Is she in there, Sean?

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

VAL  
So let us in. We can help look.

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

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

JIMMY  
That's my daughter's car.

SEAN  
I know. I --

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

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

As Jimmy nods, Sean's walkie crackles to life right.

RADIO  
Trooper Devine, we got something.

SEAN  
Say again.

RADIO  
Sgt. Powers said you need to get  
in here. Uh, ASAP, like right now.

SEAN  
Your location?

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

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

SEAN  
Don't let him through.

As Sean hurries off, Jimmy steps back alongside Val.

JIMMY  
You still got those bolt cutters  
in your trunk?

VAL  
Guy's gotta make a living, Jim.

Jimmy goes the other way, Val following.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - BOYLE APARTMENT - DAY

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

Suddenly: a cut to the TV newsroom.

TV ANCHOR  
We interrupt to bring you a  
breaking story. A massive  
search is underway for a woman  
missing in the Buckingham Flats.

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

TV ANCHOR  
All we know so far is that there  
are signs of foul play in a car  
found abandoned outside Pen  
Park. Police have...

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVE-IN SCREEN - DAY

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

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

BABY-FACE

I never saw anything like it.  
I mean this is... this is...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHITEY

That her?

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

SEAN

Yeah...

WHITEY

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

MEDICAL EXAMINER

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

Sean hasn't really heard any of it.

SEAN

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

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

DRIVE-IN SCREEN

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

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

SEAN

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

As Sean turns back to the screen:

JIMMY

Sean! Look at me, Sean!

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

JIMMY

You find her? Is it her? Is it?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MORGUE - DAY

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

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

ANNABETH  
No one said anything. Right?

JIMMY  
What do you mean, baby?

ANNABETH  
You haven't seen her yet, right?  
It might not be her, right?

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

ANNABETH  
Jimmy... Jimmy, please. Please.

JIMMY  
Please what, honey? What?

ANNABETH  
Oh, please, Jimmy. No. No.

Sobbing, she crumbles into him.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - MORGUE - DAY

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

WHITEY  
Fresh brewed.

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



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

JIMMY

You ever think how one choice can change your life? I heard Hitler's mother almost aborted him but bailed at the last minute. You know?

SEAN

What do you mean, Jimmy?

JIMMY

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

WHITEY

What car?

SEAN

I'm losing you here, Jimmy.

JIMMY

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

Sean meets Jimmy's plaintive gaze. Annabeth looks worried, unused to seeing her husband in any state other than in charge. Finally, Sean squeezes Jimmy's forearm, nods.

SEAN

You ever see Dave around?

ANNABETH

He married my cousin. Celeste.

Sean nods again. Whitey finally gets things on track.

WHITEY

What time did Katie get home  
from work yesterday?

ANNABETH

Around four-thirty.

WHITEY

Anything unusual? Out of the  
ordinary about her?

ANNABETH

No. She sat with me and the  
girls while we ate. She was  
having dinner with her friends.

Whitey checks his pad.

WHITEY

Eve Pigeon and Diane Cestra?

ANNABETH

(nodding)

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

WHITEY

Do you know who she talked to?

ANNABETH

No.

WHITEY

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

Annabeth looks over at Jimmy.

JIMMY

No. Go ahead.

WHITEY

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

JIMMY

Yes and no. I was mostly in back.

WHITEY

You remember anything odd? A  
confrontation with a customer?

JIMMY

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

WHITEY

What?

JIMMY

No, nothing.

WHITEY

The littlest thing is something right now.

JIMMY

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

Whitey starts to write this down.

JIMMY

Hey, it was just a look.

WHITEY

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

ANNABETH

Jesus...

JIMMY

Here we go.

SEAN

Whitey...

WHITEY

I'm just asking.

JIMMY

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

His shock dissolving, Jimmy stares hard at Whitey.

SEAN

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

JIMMY

The point.

SEAN

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

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

JIMMY

Um, this kid... No, that was this morning.

SEAN

What? Remember, little things.

JIMMY

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

SEAN

You're sure? Could they have been dating?

JIMMY

No.

SEAN

Why are you so sure?

JIMMY

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

WHITEY

Mrs. Marcus? Who was she seeing?

ANNABETH

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

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

JIMMY

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

WHITEY

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

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

WHITEY

He said you almost got in some car when you were kids. What was that about?

SEAN

We, shit, well, there was this car. Me and Jimmy and a kid named Dave Boyle were playing in front of my house. And this car came up the street and took Dave away.

WHITEY

Abduction?

SEAN

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

WHITEY

They catch the guys?

SEAN

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

WHITEY

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

SEAN

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

WHITEY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. TENDERLOIN DISTRICT - NIGHT

Along the Mystic River. Dave Boyle walks, hands thrust in his pockets. PROSTITUTES blend in the shadows of doorways, lean into the windows of idling cars. Some take a half step into the streetlight to show Dave what they got.

But he continues forward, not interested. Last of all, a KID, a boy, fifteen at the most. Lighting a smoke, he looks up, smiles around the cigarette.

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

DAVE

I just want to talk to you!

CUT TO:

INT. KATIE'S ROOM - MARCUS HOUSE - NIGHT

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

They look up, embarrassed, as Jimmy looks in.

JIMMY

You guys almost done?

TROOPER ONE

Almost, sir.

JIMMY

Find anything?

TROOPER ONE

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

JIMMY

No. No I didn't.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. THREE DECKER - BUCKINGHAM AVENUE - NIGHT

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

Jimmy steps out on the porch of his three decker. He sits on the steps. Closing his eyes, he leans back listens as the tears of Annabeth and his daughters drift down.

VOICE

Jimmy...

Jimmy doesn't hear it at first.

VOICE

Hey, Jim.

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

JIMMY

Hey, Dave.

DAVE

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

JIMMY

It's okay.

DAVE

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

JIMMY

Appreciate it, Dave.

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

DAVE

I'll leave you alone.

As Dave starts away.

JIMMY

Dave...

Dave stops, looks back hopefully.

JIMMY

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

DAVE

House full of people all day.

JIMMY

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

DAVE

Sure, Jimmy. You got it.

Dave gives another little wave, starts on his way.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT ROOM - STATE POLICE BARRACKS --DAY

Lieutenant FRIEL stands before a room of eight DETECTIVES.

FRIEL

Powers, where are we so far?

POWERS

Time of death roughly one-fifteen to one-thirty AM. No sign of sexual assault. Cause of death most likely the gun shot wound to the back of the head, not the trauma from the beating she took. BPD officers are on a house-to-house along Sydney to see if anyone heard anything.

FRIEL

What else?

POWERS

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

FRIEL

What else?

WHITEY

She and her friends were bar hopping. Four places. We're interviewing everyone might've seen or talked to them. One other thing. Backpack in her car had pamphlets on Las Vegas and a list of Vegas hotels.



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

SEAN  
We'll get the guy, sir.

Friel nods, heads out.

WHITEY  
~~Four years of college and that's~~  
all you could come up with?

SEAN  
It made him happy, didn't it?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MARCUS HOUSE - DAY

Annabeth and Celeste at the stove, cooking bacon and eggs. Neither talks, but they're happy for each other's company. A hubbub of voices from the hallway up which Jimmy walks.

Jimmy trades smiles with Celeste, then looks at Annabeth.

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

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

ANNABETH  
No, I'm fine.

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

CELESTE  
We got things covered, Jimmy.

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

ANNABETH  
Don't.

JIMMY  
Look at me.

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

JIMMY  
Okay, baby, okay.

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

Celeste wishes she could crawl off, feels like she's  
looking at them naked, intimate before her.

CUT TO:

INT. MRS. PRIOR - HER LIVING ROOM - DAY

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

MRS. PRIOR  
I heard a car hit something.

SEAN  
Hit what, Ma'am, another car?

MRS. PRIOR  
Oh no, not loud like that.

WHITEY  
Like hitting the curb?

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

SEAN  
Someone said, 'Hi.'?

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

WHITEY  
Could it have been a gunshot?

MRS. PRIOR  
Yes, maybe.

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

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

SEAN  
The voice that said, "Hi," was  
it male or female.

MRS. PRIOR  
Female I think.

Sean looks at Whitey.

SEAN  
Sounds like she knew the shooter.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MARCUS HOUSE - DAY

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

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

THEO  
Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Theo.

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

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

JIMMY  
She's trying, Theo.

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

CUT TO:

INT. PANTRY - MARCUS HOUSE - DAY

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

THEO  
How you handling this so far?

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

JIMMY  
Hasn't really sunk in, Theo.

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

JIMMY  
Domestic responsibilities?

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

JIMMY  
You figured that might slip my mind, Theo?

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

JIMMY  
Like they put her in a bag.

THEO  
What's that?

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

THEO  
Yeah, well, I, uh --

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

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

JIMMY

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

Theo looks down, shuts up finally.

CUT TO:

EVE PIGEON & DIANE CESTRA

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

FATHER

Eve, just tell them what they need to know.

SEAN

Who was she dating?

EVE

We already told the Savages.

SEAN

The Savage Brothers?

EVE

They were here yesterday.

WHITEY

Well try us out, who was she dating?

DIANE

No one special.

Sean plays a hunch.

SEAN

You guys had a goodbye dinner, didn't you?

EVE

(busted)

What?

SEAN

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

DIANE  
How do you know?

SEAN  
She closed her bank book, had  
hotel phone numbers.

EVE  
She wanted out of this dump.  
She wanted to start a new life.

At 'life' they start crying again.

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

EVE  
Brendan.

SEAN  
Brendan Harris?

EVE  
Brendan Harris. Yeah.

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

Eve nods.

WHITEY  
You got an address?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK PORCH - MARCUS HOUSE - DAY

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

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

JIMMY  
Hey, Dave.

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

JIMMY

No, no, man. Sit down.

Dave sits down alongside Jimmy, backs to the siding.

JIMMY

I haven't had a chance to talk  
to you all day. How you doing?

DAVE

How you doing?

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

JIMMY

What happened to your hand?

DAVE

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

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

DAVE

The ways you can manage to hurt  
yourself, right?

Jimmy looks into his face, forgets his hand.

JIMMY

It's good to see you, man.

DAVE

Yeah?

JIMMY

How are our girls holding up?

DAVE

They're okay, I guess.

JIMMY

Celeste is a godsend. Thank her  
for me, okay?

Dave nods. They sit there in silence a moment.

JIMMY

It's nice. Just sitting here.

DAVE

Yeah.

Jimmy jerks a thumb over his shoulder.

JIMMY

I couldn't take it anymore.  
Trying to find room in the fridge  
for all the food we're going to  
be throwing out in a few days.

DAVE

It's a lot of waste, huh?

JIMMY

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

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

JIMMY

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

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

JIMMY

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

DAVE

Jim?

JIMMY

Yeah?

DAVE

You're crying now.

JIMMY

(realizing)

Damn...



DAVE  
Want me to leave you alone?

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

DAVE  
Sure, Jim. That's cool.

CUT TO:

---

ESTHER HARRIS - HER APARTMENT

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

WHITEY  
When was the last time you saw Katie Marcus?

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

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

BRENDAN  
I didn't kill her.

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

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

WHITEY  
About like eight, Brendan, or at eight?

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

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

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

SEAN

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

BRENDAN

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

ESTHER

What? That thief thinks he's better than this family?

BRENDAN

He's not a thief.

ESTHER

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

Brendan withers under the harsh words.

WHITEY

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

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

BRENDAN

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

Brendan wipes the tears before they can fall.

BRENDAN

I mean, that was the plan, right?

ESTHER

You were going to leave me? Without a word?

BRENDAN

Ma, I --

ESTHER

Just like your father. Huh?!

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

BRENDAN

This is my brother Ray and his friend John.

WHITEY

Hey, boys.

JOHN

Hey.

Ray doesn't respond.

MOTHER

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

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

BRENDAN

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

As the boys ramble out.

WHITEY

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

BRENDAN

Asleep.

SEAN

Can you confirm that, Mrs. Harris?

ESTHER

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

Brendan just stares at the floor.

WHITEY

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

BRENDAN

(nods; then...)

I loved her so much. I, I won't ever feel that again. I mean, it doesn't happen twice, right?

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

SEAN

It doesn't happen once, most cases.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MARCUS HOUSE - NIGHT

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

Jimmy enters, is surprised to see her.

JIMMY

Celeste.

Celeste jumps, nearly shouts out.

CELESTE

Sorry, Jimmy. You surprised me.

JIMMY

What are you still doing here?

CELESTE

I don't know, I just, did Annabeth get to sleep?

JIMMY

(nodding)

I convinced her to take a pill. Girls are asleep, too.

Jimmy's in here for a reason. He pours himself a shot of whiskey. Celeste watches him. With a wry smile:

CELESTE

Could I get one of those?

JIMMY

For the road. Then home.

CELESTE

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

JIMMY

No. You've done enough.

Jimmy hands her her shot, raises his.

JIMMY  
To you and Dave. For being here  
for us.

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

CELESTE  
I'll come by tomorrow. First  
thing.

JIMMY  
Good night.

As she heads out, Jimmy picks up the bottle. About to pour  
another shot, decides not to. As he screws the cap back on:

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sean sits on the sofa looking at the coffee table. On it  
are three empty beer cans and the framed photo of a woman.  
He picks up the phone, dials a number.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(waking up)  
Hello?

Sean doesn't say anything.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Hello...? Sean, is that you?  
Say something or I'll hang up.

SEAN  
I'm tired of wishing things made  
sense.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Yeah?

SEAN  
Tired of caring about one dead  
girl because there'll be another  
one after her.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
But what about the bad guys?

SEAN  
Sending killers to jail is just  
sending them home. To the place  
they'd been heading all their  
dumb, pathetic lives. And the  
dead are still dead.

WOMAN'S VOICE

So quit.

SEAN

Everything's so easy for you.  
Quit. Go. Leave your husband.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Leaving you wasn't easy... But  
I'm glad I did it.

---

A big sigh from Sean.

WOMAN'S VOICE

What would you miss?

SEAN

What?

WOMAN'S VOICE

If you were dead, what would you  
miss?

SEAN

(beat)

I think I'd miss the colors, the  
way they can come out of nowhere  
and surprise you.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I thought you would've said me.

SEAN

Great, trick question.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Not really.

She sounds sad. Finally...

WOMAN'S VOICE

I've got to go to sleep. It's  
three in the morning here. Good  
night, Sean.

SEAN

Good night.

CUT TO:

MICHAEL BOYLE

In bed under the covers, trying to stay awake as his dad  
tells him a bedtime story. Dave sits on the edge of the  
bed, speaking in a hushed tone.

DAVE

Because sometimes the man wasn't a man at all. He was the Boy. The Boy Who'd Escaped From Wolves. An animal of the dusk. Invisible. Silent. Living in a world others never saw, a world of fireflies. Unseen except as a flare in the corner of your eye. Vanished by the time you turned your head toward it.

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

DAVE

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

CELESTE

Is he asleep?

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

THE HALLWAY

DAVE

How's Jimmy and everybody?

CELESTE

Okay.

DAVE

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

CELESTE

There's still nothing in the paper, Dave.

DAVE

About what?

CELESTE

About what?

DAVE

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

CELESTE  
Right. Okay.

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

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

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

And then...

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

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

And as the camera closes on the river...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WHITEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Whitey looks across at Sean, delivers the news.

WHITEY  
Brendan Harris aced his polygraph. Four straight times.

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

WHITEY  
Yeah, poor fucking kid.



Whitey starts casting about his desk.

WHITEY  
Ballistics should be in in a few  
hours. Meanwhile, we got that  
list of bar patrons.

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

WHITEY  
I'm sure they're all just dying  
~~to cooperate with the police.~~

SEAN  
(scanning list)  
Considering the crime, maybe.  
(recognizes)  
Dave Boyle.

WHITEY  
The same guy you were friends  
with as a kid? The car guy?

SEAN  
Could be.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST BUCKINGHAM THREE-DECKER - DAY

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

Sean and Whitey get out. Sean recognizes Dave.

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

DAVE  
Hey, Sean.

Stepping forward, Sean shakes his hand. Dave grimaces.

DAVE  
This is my son. Michael.

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

MICHAEL

Hi.

DAVE

You still with the Staties?

SEAN

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

WHITEY

Sergeant Powers. How you doing?

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

SEAN

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

DAVE

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

SEAN

Tell you what, we'll walk with you.

DAVE

Uh, sure.

They start walking.

SEAN

I hear rents are rising.

DAVE

Yeah, the Yuppies are coming.

SEAN

They cut my dad's old house up into condos.

DAVE

Me and Michael walked by there the other day. There's got to be a way to stop them. Friend of mine said the other day, Sean, he said what this neighborhood needs is a good fucking crime wave. That'd send property values back where they belong.

WHITEY

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

DAVE

Dave. Call me Dave.

MICHAEL

You said the f-word, dad.

DAVE

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

Michael sighs, takes a few steps ahead.

DAVE

What's up, Sean?

SEAN

You heard about Katie Marcus?

DAVE

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

WHITEY

Who's Celeste?

DAVE

My wife.

SEAN

How's Jimmy doing?

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

DAVE

Hard to tell. You know how him.

SEAN

The reason we came by --

DAVE

I saw her. Katie. I don't know if you know that. At McGills. The night she died.

SEAN

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

WHITEY

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

DAVE

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

SEAN

What time did they leave?

DAVE

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

WHITEY

So we'll say twelve-forty-five?

DAVE

Sounds about right.

SEAN

You see anything unusual that night? Anyone?

DAVE

Like what?

SEAN

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

DAVE

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

Sean nods. They've reached the school.

MICHAEL

See you later, Dad.

DAVE

Got your milk money?

MICHAEL

Uh huh.

They watch as Michael runs off to join his friends.

SEAN  
God, I hated school.

DAVE  
(grins)  
Me, too.

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

DAVE  
Uh, home.

WHITEY  
Home by one-fifteen would you  
say?

DAVE  
Roughly. Sure.

An almost embarrassed silence until...

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

DAVE  
Yeah, Sean, I'd like that.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STARBUCK'S - DAY

Whitey and Sean exit with coffee.

WHITEY  
Starbuck's. You believe this  
crap? Same as Dunkin' Donuts,  
except five times the price.

As they sip, something else is really bothering them.

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

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

WHITEY

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

SEAN

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

WHITEY

She says hi, guy shoots her.

SEAN

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

WHITEY

But what makes her swerve without hitting the brakes?

SEAN

Something in the road.

WHITEY

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

SEAN

Either he was back on his heels or, he doesn't weigh so much himself.

WHITEY

Which explains the footprints. Three of hers. None of his.

SEAN

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

WHITEY

You honestly think that kid has it in him?

SEAN

No.

WHITEY

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

SEAN

How'd we get to him?

WHITEY

We're getting to him now.

SEAN

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

WHITEY

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

(a beat)

Did you see his hand?

SEAN

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

WHITEY

Just a little one.

CUT TO:

EXT. REED & SON'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Jimmy gets out of his car, walks around and pops the trunk. He pulls out a DRESS wrapped in plastic film. As he heads for the entrance...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - REED & SON'S FUNERAL HOME - DAY

One of the 'sons' sits across the desk from Jimmy. The dress is draped over the chair beside him. The son fills out a form with a GOLD PEN. Jimmy looks far away.

SON

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

JIMMY

Yeah, that's fine.

SON

Good. Have you thought about flowers?

JIMMY  
I'll call Knopfler's this  
afternoon.

SON  
Good. And the notice?

JIMMY  
The notice?

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

Jimmy reaches out, straightens a fold in the dress.

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

JIMMY  
(looks over)  
Where is she?

KID  
Who?

JIMMY  
My daughter.

KID  
Um, downstairs. In the basement.

JIMMY  
I'd like to see her.

The son blinks back at Jimmy, looks a little unnerved.

CUT TO:

KATIE MARCUS

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

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

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



JIMMY

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

SON

Did you say something, Mr. Marcus?

Jimmy answers without looking back.

JIMMY

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - BUCKINGHAM AVENUE - DAY

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

DAVE

You guys again?

Whitey's smile isn't as forced.

WHITEY

We're like two bad pennies.

DAVE

You dropping in on Jimmy?

SEAN

Yeah.

DAVE

Did you have some kind of, what,  
break in the case?

SEAN

Just paying our respects. Where  
you off to?

DAVE

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

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

WHITEY

What happened to your hand by  
the way?

Dave stops short, manages a twisted grin.

2ND FLOOR WINDOW

Celeste looking down on them, listening.

DAVE

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

WHITEY

Painful.

PORCH

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

WHITEY

Garbage disposal. Bullshit.

SEAN

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

As they start up the stairs...

CELESTE

Her breath starts to come in heaves. She looks like a bird  
in a cage.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRYWAY - MARCUS HOUSE - DAY

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

SEAN

Heard you could use one.

ANNABETH

(takes it)

Thanks.

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

ANNABETH

I quit ten years ago. You believe this?

SEAN

Hey, whatever you need right now.

ANNABETH

Yeah... Come in, I'll get Jimmy.

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

CELESTE

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

ANNABETH

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

CELESTE

You sure?

SEAN

Celeste Boyle?

CELESTE

Uh, yeah.

SEAN

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

He sticks out his hand. She shakes it reluctantly.

CELESTE

Nice to meet you. Well, I gotta go.

She squeezes past down the hall, headed for the door.

ANNABETH

Bye-bye.

CELESTE

Bye.

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

SEAN

Damnit.

WHITEY

What?

SEAN

I left my report pad in the  
cruiser.

A look passes between them.

WHITEY

Better go get it.

As Sean heads off after Celeste...

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - MARCUS HOUSE - DAY

As Celeste steps out, Sean is right behind her.

SEAN

Celeste...

She looks back in pure terror.

SEAN

Could I ask you a quick question?

CELESTE

Me?

SEAN

What time did Dave come home on  
Saturday night?

CELESTE

What?

SEAN

(smiles)

It's a little thing. We need to  
run timelines on anything  
involving Katie. I'm sure Dave  
told you he saw her at McGills  
on Saturday night.

CELESTE

You think Dave killed Katie?

SEAN

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

Celeste tries to laugh it off.

CELESTE

I don't know.

SEAN

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

CELESTE

I was asleep.

SEAN

Huh?

CELESTE

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

SEAN

Oh... Well thanks anyway.

As she hurries off...

CUT TO:

JIMMY MARCUS

Looking as hard as we've seen him look.

JIMMY

Bullshit.

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

SEAN

No. He was dating Katie, Jim. They were going to elope to Las Vegas. We found reservations under their names with United.

WHITEY

Brendan Harris confirmed it.

Jimmy shakes his head, trying to understand.

ANNABETH

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

Jimmy drills Sean with a look.

JIMMY

Did Brendan Harris kill my daughter?

SEAN

No.

JIMMY

You're a hundred percent positive?

SEAN

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

JIMMY

Fuck...

SEAN

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

JIMMY

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

WHITEY

Why's that?

JIMMY

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

(big sigh)

Anyhow, we never got along too good. I flat out didn't like him. And then he cut out on his wife when she was pregnant with that mute kid of hers so, I don't know, I figure the apple don't fall far from the tree and I don't want Brendan or any other Harris seeing Katie or any other daughter I got.

(laughs)

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

WHITEY

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

JIMMY

So?

SEAN

So the Savage brothers are not  
policemen, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Some people won't talk to the  
police.

WHITEY

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

JIMMY

How long?

WHITEY

How long what?

JIMMY

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

WHITEY

Are you bargaining with us?

JIMMY

Bargaining?

WHITEY

Are you giving us a deadline?

(no answer)

We'll speak for Katie, Mr.  
Marcus. If that's okay?

JIMMY

Find her killer, Sergeant. I'm  
not standing in your way.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. STATE POLICE BARRACKS - DAY

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

WHITEY

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

SEAN

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

They're interrupted by a LAB TECH.

LAB TECH

Hey guys, ballistics are in on the Marcus murder.

SEAN

Yeah? Got a match?

LAB TECH

Uh huh. You're gonna fucking love it.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - STATE POLICE BARRACKS - DAY

A split screen shows the grooves cut into two bullets.

LAB TECH

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

SEAN

The Flats?

LAB TECH

Rome Basin. Place called Looney Liquors. I pulled the file.

He hands it to Sean.



## LAB TECH

Two man job. They fired a warning shot into a wall. That's where the bullet got pulled.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEN CHANNEL - NIGHT

Silver in the moonlight, the sluggish current lapping toward the harbor locks.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - HARRIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

BRENDAN

It's alright, Ray. Don't worry about it.

Ray 'signs' again. Brendan gets angry.

BRENDAN

Mom said that? That I'm better off?

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

BRENDAN

I loved her. You know what that's like?! Huh?!

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

BRENDAN

Sorry...

Ray taps on the bedpost so that Brendan will look back over. Then he 'signs' a final time.

BRENDAN

No, you're wrong. I won't feel it again. Not ever.

CUT TO:

INT. LOONEY LIQUORS - NIGHT

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

LOWELL

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

Sean and Whitey stand across from him.

SEAN

Scary, huh?

LOWELL

Scarier than a glass of milk maybe.

SEAN

(smiles)

Take me through it. So these two guys...

LOWELL

In rubber masks. Came through there.

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

LOWELL

That's the store room. There's another door back there that leads to a loading dock. I always keep it locked so they must've had a key.

WHITEY

A key? You think it was an inside job?

LOWELL

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

Lowell pulls out a sawed-off shotgun.

SEAN

And you told the police that at the time?

LOWELL

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

SEAN

You still have those employment records?

LOWELL

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

SEAN

Yeah?

LOWELL

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

SEAN

You remember his name?

LOWELL

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

Sean and Whitey look at each other.

LOWELL

You say the same gun was used in another crime?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BOYLE APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

LIVING ROOM

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

DAVE

Where you been?

CELESTE

Out... What are you watching?

DAVE

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

CELESTE

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

DAVE

So what'd you think about?

CELESTE

Oh, you know.

DAVE

Not really, baby, no.

CELESTE

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

DAVE

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

Celeste wants to run screaming, but...

CELESTE

What about them?

DAVE

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

CELESTE

What the fuck are you talking about, Dave?

Dave looks back at her, smiles a dark smile.

DAVE

Vampires, sweetie. Werewolves.

CELESTE

You're not making any sense.

---

DAVE

You think I killed Katie, Celeste? That the kind of sense we're making these days?

CELESTE

(looks away)

I don't -- Where'd you come up with that?

DAVE

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

CELESTE

Dave...

DAVE

What?

CELESTE

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

DAVE

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

CELESTE

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

DAVE

What did you tell him?

CELESTE

I said I was asleep.

DAVE

Good thinking, baby.

CELESTE

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

DAVE

The mugger. I see how your mind's working. I do. I come home with blood on me the same night Katie's murdered. I must have killed her.

Celeste just looks at him. Horrified. And Dave starts to laugh. Laughs hysterically. Celeste is horrified. She opens her mouth to say something, but nothing comes out.

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

DAVE

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

CELESTE

What? Henry?

DAVE

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

CELESTE

What are you talking about?

DAVE

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

And for a moment, the repulsion is replaced with pity and maybe some understanding.

CELESTE

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

(touches him)

Dave...

Dave jerks away from her touch.

DAVE

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

(calms)

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

CELESTE

What stays?

DAVE

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

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

DAVE

I'm going out. I just need to get my head around it.

CELESTE

Okay..

And then he goes. Hold on Celeste. As the front door clicks shut, it might as well be a gunshot.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING LOT - POLICE BARRACKS - NIGHT

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

SEAN

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

WHITEY

I don't see it that way.

SEAN

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

WHITEY

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

SEAN

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

WHITEY

And I say Dave Boyle. The hand story? Huh? And the wife's definitely scared.

SEAN

They're hiding something, but Dave's about as much a killer as I guess Brendan Harris is.

WHITEY

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

SEAN

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

WHITEY

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

Sean takes offense.

SEAN

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCUS HOUSE - NIGHT

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

DAVE

Hey, Jimmy.

JIMMY

You're out late.

DAVE

You, too.



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

DAVE  
Nice night, huh?

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

The words sit out there a beat.

DAVE  
I saw her you know.

JIMMY  
Hmm?

DAVE  
Katie. I was at McGills Saturday night.

JIMMY  
You saw Katie Saturday night?

DAVE  
(nods)  
Never got around to telling you.

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

JIMMY  
You talk to her?

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

JIMMY  
(disappointed)  
Oh...

DAVE  
But Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Yeah?

DAVE  
She looked... happy.

Jimmy nods, wipes an unexpected tear from his eye.

DAVE  
Got some more walking to do.  
Good night.

JIMMY  
Yeah...

---

As Dave continues on his way.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE PEN - STATE POLICE BARRACKS - DAY

Incredulity as Sean stares at Whitey.

SEAN  
You stole his car?

WHITEY  
(smiling)  
His car was officially towed.

SEAN  
From the front of his house?

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

Getting angry, Sean lowers his voice.

SEAN  
Why'd you do it?

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

Sean's shaking his head, not really listening. Until:

WHITEY  
I found blood.

SEAN

What?

WHITEY

Front seat of your friend Dave's car. B negative.

SEAN

How much?

WHITEY

A bit. Found more in the trunk.

A lot more. Type O. Same as Katie Marcus.

SEAN

Wait a minute. Katie Marcus never got in anyone's trunk. She stalled her car, got chased through the park until she died in the park.

WHITEY

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

SEAN

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

WHITEY

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

SEAN

You did a physical search and filed a report.

WHITEY

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

SEAN

Dave's here?

WHITEY

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

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

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

WHITEY

Look, Mr. Boyle, we know you didn't get that swollen hand sticking it down a garbage disposal.

DAVE

Yeah? How do you know that?

WHITEY

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

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

DAVE

How about a Sprite or something?

WHITEY

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

DAVE

I already did.

WHITEY

You lied.

DAVE

(shrugs)

Your opinion. Which I guess you're entitled to.

WHITEY

You think this is funny?

DAVE

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

As Whitey leans across the table.

WHITEY

Tell us how the blood got in your car.

DAVE  
What blood?

WHITEY  
Let's start with the front seat.

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

DAVE  
You think I could get that  
Sprite, Sean?

SEAN  
Sure.

As Sean reaches for the door, Dave smiles.

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

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

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

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

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

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

DAVE  
We got a chain link fence in our  
backyard. Me and my kid play  
whiffle ball every afternoon  
after school and he's getting  
pretty good. Most of the balls  
are on the other side of the  
fence. So I climb it. Except I  
slip on the top and slice myself  
where the links curl in.

(pats his ribs)  
Right here. Bled like hell. Ten  
minutes later, I had to pick up  
Michael. It was probably still  
bleeding when I got in the seat.  
Best I can figure.

WHITEY  
And what blood type are you?

DAVE  
B negative.

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

DAVE  
Well there you go.

WHITEY  
Not quite. The blood in the trunk was not B negative.

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

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

DAVE  
None.

WHITEY  
This is not the avenue you want to take, Mr. Boyle. How's it going to look in court? You don't know how someone else's blood got in your trunk.

DAVE  
Fine, I suppose. You filed the report.

WHITEY  
What report?

DAVE  
The stolen car report.

Whitey and Sean both get the same sinking feeling.

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

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

DAVE

Things looking any better on that Sprite?

CUT TO:

TWO WAY MIRROR

Sean and Whitey now on this side. Dave still sitting on the other.

SEAN

You got too fucking smart. Car's inadmissible. His lawyer can say anything in it was put there by the car thieves.

WHITEY

I can break him.

SEAN

Break him? He just kicked our asses in there.

WHITEY

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

A moment as they both think.

SEAN

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

WHITEY

Maybe. Okay.

Sean looks through the two-way at Dave.

SEAN

What about Dave?

WHITEY

Fuck it. Kick him loose.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEADSTONE LOT - ADJACENT TO CEMETERY - DAY

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

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

Jimmy finally stops before one that is simple and white.

JIMMY  
That one.

SALESMAN  
Very good. Nice and simple.

---

As the salesman jots down some info, Val Savage arrives.

VAL  
Hey, Jimmy.

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

VAL  
Been out asking around, like you said to.

JIMMY  
Thanks, man.

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

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

JIMMY  
I know.

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

JIMMY  
I know, man. What's up?

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



JIMMY

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

VAL

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

Jimmy stews on this a moment.

VAL

Want me to take a run at him?

JIMMY

No, no, Val. Hold off for the time being. Anything else?

Val hesitates, holding something back.

JIMMY

What?

VAL

Huh?

JIMMY

You want to spit something. What is it?

VAL

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

JIMMY

Dave was at McGills that night. They probably questioned him like everyone else.

Val waits a beat. That's not it.

VAL

I heard something else. This morning.

JIMMY

Yeah?

VAL

Two Staties came by. In uniform.

JIMMY

Probably forgot to ask him something.

VAL

No. They took Dave with them when they left. They put him in the backseat. Know what I mean?

Jimmy's eyes narrow, then he looks out at the cemetery beyond. You could here a pin drop.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE PEN - DAY

Sean and Whitey have a bunch of yellow, old files spread across Sean's desk. Whitey reads from a probation report.

WHITEY

Raymond Matthew Harris. Born 9-6--1957. 1981 takes a job with the MBTA. First child, Brendan Seamus born in 1983. Same year Just Ray is indicted in a scam to embezzle subway tokens. Charges dropped, but he's fired. Worked odd jobs after that including clerk at Looney Liquors. Questioned in that robbery, questioned in another, same year, Blanchard Liquors in Middlesex County. Released on lack of evidence.

SEAN

Beginning to become known though.

WHITEY

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

SEAN

Comic books? You go, Raymond.

WHITEY

A hundred fifty thousand dollars worth of comic books.

SEAN

Oh, excuse me.

WHITEY

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

SEAN

But gets honest work to support the habit, right?

WHITEY

Apparently not. Picked up by a joint Major Crime Unit/FBI sting for trafficking stolen goods across state lines. Stole a truckload of cigarettes.

SEAN

Our boy's got style.

WHITEY

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

SEAN

Hence the federal interstate rap.

WHITEY

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

SEAN

He rolled on someone.

WHITEY

Looks that way. After that, nothing. He's clean. Until August 1989. Poof, he disappears.

They consider it all a beat.

SEAN

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

WHITEY

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

SEAN

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

Whitey flips through the file. Sean realizes something.

SEAN  
Anything in there about Just  
Ray's known associates?

Whitey flips, looks, finds it.

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

Whitey suddenly looks up. And Sean knows it's there.

WHITEY  
And one James Marcus.

SEAN  
And the hits just keep coming.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICES - BOSTON - DAY

Sean and Whitey look up as 58-year-old AGENT BURDEN enters.

BURDEN  
You guys looking for me?

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

They all shake hands.

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

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

BURDEN  
A bunch of them.

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

BURDEN

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

SEAN

But Harris walked.

BURDEN

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

WHITEY

On who?

BURDEN

What the fuck was the name?  
(tries to remember)  
Him and three other guys knocked  
off the MBTA counting room.  
Sixty grand... Jimmy Marcus.  
Kid was like nineteen or twenty.  
Slick as hell, man. Ran a crew,  
never got arrested.

SEAN

Did Ray Harris testify in open  
court?

BURDEN

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

SEAN

So Jimmy Marcus never knew Ray  
Harris ratted him out?

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

BURDEN

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MARCUS HOUSE - DAY

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

CELESTE  
Hey, Jimmy! Val!

VAL  
Hey, cuz.

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

CELESTE  
Jimmy, could I talk to you a sec?

JIMMY  
Sure.  
(to Val)  
Catch up with you in a minute.

Celeste manages a smile back as Val disappears inside.

JIMMY  
Here. Step into my office.

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

JIMMY  
Beautiful day, huh?

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

JIMMY  
Whatever it is, Celeste. It's okay.

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

JIMMY  
Okay...

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

JIMMY  
(monotone)  
You left Dave.

CELESTE

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

She looks at Jimmy, sees a knowledge in him.

CELESTE

(trembling)

Do you know something?

JIMMY

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

(a beat)

Anything else I should know?

Celeste takes a deep breath.

CELESTE

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

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

JIMMY

What did he say happened?

CELESTE

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

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

JIMMY

Celeste:

CELESTE

Yes.

JIMMY

Do you think Dave killed Katie?

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

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S DESK - HOMICIDE PEN - DAY

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

SEAN

Tell me about your father,  
Brendan.

BRENDAN

What?

SEAN

Your father. Raymond Senior.  
You remember him.

BRENDAN

I was six when he bailed on us.

SEAN

So you don't remember the guy?

BRENDAN

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

A small smile slides softly across Brendan's face.

SEAN

He what, Brendan?

BRENDAN

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

SEAN

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

BRENDAN

What? No.

SEAN

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



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

SEAN

What's this?

DETECTIVE

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

SEAN

Thanks.

---

As he moves off...

WHITEY

We were talking about your father's gun.

BRENDAN

I told you, my father didn't have a gun.

SEAN

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

BRENDAN

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

Brendan looks like he's in pain.

SEAN

Your mother never filed a missing persons report. How come?

BRENDAN

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

Sean and Whitey exchange a surprised look.

WHITEY

He sends money?

BRENDAN

Five hundred dollars, every month. Like clockwork.

WHITEY

From where?

BRENDAN

Postmark says Brooklyn.

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

SEAN

How do you know it's him?

BRENDAN

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

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

BRENDAN

Why you asking me if my father had a gun?

SEAN

You know why, kid.

BRENDAN

No, I don't.

SEAN

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

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

SEAN

You want to tell me about it?

BRENDAN

My father didn't have a gun.

Sean slaps the desktop, jerking Whitey to attention.

SEAN

You are fucking lying!

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

BRENDAN

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

CUT TO:

DAVE BOYLE

Walking down Crescent Avenue. A car pulls alongside, Val Savage at the wheel. Dave's new best friend.

VAL

Dandy Dave Boyle, how they hanging brother?

Dave squats down to see Val eye-to-eye.

DAVE

Hey, Val? What're you up to?

VAL

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

DAVE

Yeah?

VAL

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

DAVE

I'll have to get home at some point.

VAL

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

DAVE

(smiles)

First round's mine.

VAL

Now you're talking!

And for the second time in his life, Dave gets inside a car he shouldn't. As Val guns it away...

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S DESK - DAY

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

SEAN

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

WHITEY

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

SEAN

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

WHITEY

Eighty grand. Who's going to send that if it's not the father?

Sean sticks his head in his hands, groans in frustration.

WHITEY

Go home. Have a drink. Let it go for awhile.

SEAN

Yeah, right.

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

SEAN

Anything good on the 9-1-1 call?

WHITEY

Thought you listened to it.

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

OPERATOR'S VOICE

9-1-1, police services. What is the nature of your emergency?

BOY'S VOICE

There's like this car with blood in it and, ah, the door's open --

OPERATOR'S VOICE

What's the location of the car?

BOY'S VOICE

Uh, Sydney Street in the Flats. By Pen Park. Me and my friend found it.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Son, what's your name?

BOY'S VOICE

(to someone else)  
He wants to know her name.

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
Your name. What's your name?

BOY'S VOICE  
We're so fucking out of here.  
Good luck.

The connection breaks. Sean turns off the tape machine.

SEAN  
Well, that breaks the case wide open.

WHITEY  
Let's at least get a burger.

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

SEAN  
Her.

WHITEY  
What?

SEAN  
The kid on the tape.

Sean hits rewind, play.

OPERATOR'S VOICE  
Son, what's your name?

BOY'S VOICE  
(to someone else)  
He wants to know her name.

SEAN  
He said 'her name.

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

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

WHITEY  
Play it again.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CHELSEA - SUNSET .

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

VAL

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

Dave laughs; this is really funny.

VAL

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

DAVE

And you guys didn't notice?

VAL

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

DAVE

Why do you think he went straight?

VAL

One word pure and simple... Katie.

DAVE

What about you?

VAL

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

DAVE

I should slow down. Til we eat.

VAL

Come on, don't go pussy on me.

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

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

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

JIMMY

How's it going?

DAVE

I'm a little drunk. You gain some weight? You look bigger.

Jimmy smiles, passes out the shots.

JIMMY

To our children.

They down the shots. Jimmy immediately pours another round.

VAL

I always liked this bar.

JIMMY

Yeah. No one bothers you.

VAL

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

DAVE

Absolutely.

It's the funniest thing Val ever heard.

VAL

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

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

JIMMY

Yeah?

VAL

Oh yeah. My man, Dave.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - HARRIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

INSERT: HIDING PLACE

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

BRENDAN

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

BRENDAN

No...

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

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - CHELSEA - NIGHT

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

VAL

Remember we took Ray Harris here that one time?

JIMMY

Sure. Good old Ray.

VAL

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

As Dave tries to concentrate, Val leans into him.

VAL

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



Val laughs, lights a cigarette. As the smoke climbs up into Dave's face, he looks across at Jimmy who watches him with a flat, determined expression.

As Jimmy smiles, Dave swallows, takes a deep suck of air.

JIMMY  
You all right?

Dave holds up a hand as it surges up inside him.

DAVE  
Oh shit...

JIMMY  
Dave?

DAVE  
I'm going to be sick.

A flicker of a look between Val and Jimmy. Val slides out.

VAL  
Use the back door. Huey don't like cleaning it off toilet rims.

Val grips Dave's shoulders, turns him and heads him off for a DOOR at the far end of the bar.

DOOR

As Dave pushes through...

CUT TO:

A DOOR

Bursting open. But we're in...

THE HARRIS APARTMENT

And Silent Ray is arriving home with John O'Shea in tow.

Brendan watches from the kitchen.

BRENDAN  
Hey, Ray. Come in here a second.

Ray comes in. John stops in the doorway holding a duffel bag. Brendan pulls a second chair out with his foot.

BRENDAN  
Sit down, Ray.

Ray catches a vibe, looks a little suspicious, but he sits.

BRENDAN  
Who do you hate?

Ray stares back at him.

BRENDAN  
Come on, who?

Ray 'signs' an answer.

BRENDAN  
No one? Who do you love?

Ray looks down at his shoes, then up at Brendan. Finally, he points a finger at his brother.

BRENDAN  
You love me?  
(Ray nods)  
What about Ma?

Ray looks down again, shakes his head. No.

BRENDAN  
Okay. You love me so much, I want to hear you say it.

Ray looks back up, confused.

BRENDAN  
I know you can speak. So say you love me.

Brendan looks back over his shoulder at John.

BRENDAN  
Don't look at him, look at me.  
Now say it, say you love me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - CHELSEA - NIGHT

Out back. One light over the door. And we're tracking back with Dave as he stumbles through the weeds. Drops to his hands and knees at the edge of the MYSTIC RIVER.

We're back behind as he heaves, empties his stomach into the dirty water. Finally, he lurches to his feet, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

He takes a few deep breaths, feels better. And when Dave finally turns around, Jimmy and Val are standing there. One on either side of the door, the lightbulb burning between them. Dave grins.

DAVE  
Hey, guys. Come to make sure I  
didn't fall in?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - HARRIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray sitting across from Brendan, freaking out a little at his brother's request.

BRENDAN  
Come on, say you love me...

Finally Ray stands, holds his middle finger in Brendan's face and then turns to go.

Brendan is on him in a flash. He grabs Ray by the hair and jerks him back. Ray flies over the kitchen table, slams into the wall and hits the floor.

BRENDAN  
You love me so much you kill my  
fucking girlfriend?! Huh?!

That gets John O'Shea moving. Motoring for the door. But Brendan's all over him. Grabbing him by the scruff of the neck, he bounces him off the door, spins him around.

BRENDAN  
My brother never does anything  
without you, O'Shea! Never!

As John sees the fist cocking...

JOHN  
No, Bren! Don't!

Brendan punches him twice in the face breaking his nose. John hits the floor, curls into a ball spitting blood.

BRENDAN  
I'm coming back.

He kicks John, heads back for Ray who's just standing.

Brendan slaps him so hard he reels into the sink. Brendan grabs him by the shirt. Tears and blood stream down Brendan's face. Brendan throws him to the floor.

Spreading Ray's arms, Brendan kneels on him.

BRENDAN  
Speak, you fucking freak or I  
swear I'll kill you! Speak!

## STAIRWELL

As Sean and Whitey enter, They freeze at:

## BRENDAN'S VOICE

Say her name! Katie! Say it or  
you die!

As they start hard up the steps.

## KITCHEN

Ray shakes his head as Brendan looms. There's a loud cough behind them. Brendan looks over his shoulder to see John O'Shea on his feet, Ray senior's gun in his hand. Aimed.

But as the front door bursts open, John wheels, finds himself pointing the .38 point blank at Sean. Sean's hand is on his Glock, but it's still holstered.

He stops short, Whitey filling the door behind him.

As Sean blinks down the barrel...

Whitey's eyes flicker past to Brendan and Ray.

## WHITEY

Kid, you need to point that gun  
at the floor. Okay?

## JOHN

(re: Sean's gun)  
That's a Glock, right?

Sean nods as time stands still and his life flashes.

## JOHN

(big smile)  
You wanna draw on me? Come on.

## SEAN

No. I don't want to hurt a kid.  
And it looks like someone else  
beat me to it.

John remembers. Looks quite deadly.

## JOHN

Brendan fucking punched me. Broke  
my nose.

## WHITEY

We'll arrest him for it if you  
want. Haul his ass to jail.

JOHN  
I don't want him arrested. I  
want him fucking dead.

As the .38 sweeps away back toward Brendan, Sean reaches out, claps a hand over John's wrist. BOOM! The gun discharges into the wall as Sean strips it away, knocking John to the floor.

SEAN  
Motherfucker.

Whitey kneels to cuff John who's now crying like a baby.

Sean walks forward toward Brendan. Brendan slides off his brother, just sits on the floor looking up at Sean. Sean shrugs, almost apologetically.

SEAN  
We know.

BRENDAN  
What? What do you know?

Sean looks back at John, down at Ray, then back to Brendan. Sean finally shakes his head.

SEAN  
Nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. MYSTIC RIVER - NIGHT

Jimmy puts his arm around Dave's shoulder, leads him along the river. Val walks a few paces behind.

JIMMY  
Let me tell you about Ray Harris.  
He was a buddy of mine. Used to  
visit me in prison. Used to  
check up on Marita and Katie and  
my mother and see if they needed  
anything. But he also put me in  
prison. He ratted me off.

DAVE  
Shit. That's terrible.

JIMMY  
My wife had cancer.

DAVE  
I remember, man. I --

JIMMY

Ray Harris robbed me of being with her. I know we all die alone, but I could have helped her with the dying. Not the death, but the dying. You see what I'm saying?

They stop. Dave takes a half step away, faces Jimmy.

DAVE

Why are you telling me this?

Jimmy points. Far below the Tobin Bridge, at a rotted cluster of pilings, a small boat with an outboard tied up.

JIMMY

I made Ray kneel down right over there and I shot him twice. Once in the chest, once in the throat. We were both crying when I did it.

DAVE

Hey, Jimmy, I don't --

JIMMY

Ray begged. Pregnant wife. Little Brendan. Said he knew me. Said I was a good man... How about you, Dave? Do you think I'm a good man?

DAVE

What is it you think I did, Jimmy?

JIMMY

As I sunk Ray in the river, I could feel God watching me. Shaking his head. Not mad, just, I guess the way you'd get when a puppy shits on your rug.

DAVE

You think I killed Katie, don't you?

JIMMY

Don't talk, Dave.

Panic rising, Dave sees Val holds a gun in his hand.

DAVE

No, no, no. I killed someone, but it wasn't Katie.

JIMMY

Is this the mugger story?

DAVE

He wasn't a mugger. He, he was a child molester. He was having sex with this kid in his car. He was a vampire.

JIMMY

Of course, Dave, sure. You killed a child molester.

DAVE

Yeah, well, me and the Boy.

JIMMY

Oh, the molested kid helped you?

DAVE

No.

JIMMY

No what? You said you and a boy.

DAVE

No, no, forget that. My head gets fucked up sometimes. I --

JIMMY

Your wife thinks you killed Katie. And you'd rather have her believe that than, what, you killed a child molester? Why didn't you just tell Celeste the truth?

DAVE

I, I don't know. Maybe I thought I was turning into him. I didn't kill Katie!

JIMMY

And I didn't hear of any dead guys being found lately.

DAVE

I put him in the trunk of my car. Dumped his body in the woods --

VAL

Letting this bag of shit explain, Jim? You kidding me?

JIMMY

Shut up, Val...

(to Dave)  
Katie was nineteen. You know?  
Nineteen and she never did  
nothing to you. Why'd you kill  
her? Because beauty hurts you?  
Because you got in that car  
instead of me? Why?

The moment of truth is here and Dave knows it.

DAVE

Look at me, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I'm looking, Dave. I'm looking.

DAVE

I mean look at me.

We're CLOSE ON the them. Jimmy looking coolly at Dave;  
Dave looking hopefully back. And then Dave gets a funny  
look on his face. A funny face and then he looks down.

Looks down in time to see Jimmy's hand pulling the KNIFE  
back from his guts. Blood gushes down onto Dave's jeans.

VAL

Fucking finally...

Dave looks back at Jimmy, who turns, sends the knife  
sailing into the Mystic. Jimmy looks back over.

JIMMY

We bury our sins here, Dave. We  
wash them clean.

Dave suddenly drops, finds himself sitting in the tall  
weeds. Hands trying to hold his guts in. He looks up,  
watches as Val hands the gun to Jimmy.

VAL

He's moving his lips. See his  
fucking lips moving?

JIMMY

I got eyes, Val.

Finally, Dave's words come out in a whisper.

DAVE

I wasn't ready.

JIMMY

Like I said. You do this part  
alone.



And Jimmy raises the gun, places the barrel against Dave's forehead. And as Dave closes his eyes...

A MUZZLE FLASH takes us to:

WHITE SKY

And we PAN DOWN to find ourselves on...

GANNON STREET

Where it all began. Jimmy sits on the curb, by the sidewalk where they once wrote their names. Jimmy, Sean and half of Dave. Jimmy sips bourbon from a pint.

A car pulls up across the street. Sean. He walks over.

SEAN

Annabeth said you might be here.

(re: bourbon)

Tough night?

Jimmy nods.

SEAN

Me, too. Saw a bullet with my name on it.

Jimmy holds up the pint. Sean takes it, swallows a long pull. As he hands it back...

SEAN

We got them.

JIMMY

Got who?

SEAN

Katie's killers. Got them cold.

It's trying to get in, but it hasn't sunk yet.

JIMMY

Killers? Plural?

SEAN

Kids actually. Ray Harris's son Ray junior and a kid John O'Shea. They confessed a couple hours ago.

JIMMY

No question?

SEAN

None.

JIMMY

Why?

SEAN

They don't know. They were playing with a gun. Saw a car coming so one of them lies down in the middle of the street. Car swerves, clutch kicks out. Katie. O'Shea says they meant to just scare her, but the gun went off. She hit him with the door and ran. They chased her so she wouldn't tell no one.

JIMMY

And the beating they gave her?

SEAN

Ray junior had a hockey stick.

Jimmy looks around. It's sinking now. Sean crouches down beside him.

SEAN

Go easy, Jim. Take a breath.  
(a beat)

Look at me. I got a call from Celeste Boyle. She was hysterical. She said Dave's missing. Said you might know where he is.

Jimmy looks at Sean, but can't find any words.

SEAN

We need to talk to him. Boston Police found the body of a guy this morning. In the woods behind McGills.

JIMMY

A guy?

SEAN

A pedophile with three priors. They want to talk to Dave about it.

Jimmy lurches up past Sean. Trying to get a grip.

SEAN

When was the last time you saw  
Dave, Jimmy?

Finally, standing there in the middle of the street...

JIMMY

Last time I saw Dave? Dave Boyle?

SEAN

Yeah, Dave Boyle.

JIMMY

It was twenty-five years ago.  
Going down this street in the  
back of that car.

Jimmy looks back at Sean, both of them raw.

SEAN

Fuck, Jimmy, what did you do?

JIMMY

Thanks for busting Katie's  
killers, Sean. Really. Maybe if  
you'd been a little faster though?

It's so goddamn awful. They look at each other a sad beat.

SEAN

You going to send Celeste five  
hundred a month, too?

Eyes brimming, Jimmy looks back up the street. Sean does  
the same. Right where they were when Dave was driven away.

SEAN

Sometimes I think, I think all  
three of got in that car. And  
all this, it's just a dream.

JIMMY

A dream, sure.

SEAN

In reality we're still eleven  
year old boys trapped in a  
cellar. Imagining what our lives  
would have been if we'd escaped.

JIMMY

Maybe you're right. Who the  
fuck knows?

Jimmy turns and starts walking down the street. Sean just watches after him. Watches as Jimmy walks down the same street, disappears the same way Dave did.

Finally, Sean takes out his cell phone, dials a number.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hello?

Sean doesn't say anything.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Sean?

SEAN

I just quit.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Quit what?

SEAN

My miserable fucking job. And the colors I miss are the colors of you. Can I come see you?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Get on a plane, baby. I miss you, too.

And Sean starts to walk away. We hold on the sidewalk as he passes, continues on his way.

FADE TO BLACK

The End