

mandalay Television

Showtime Drama

SOUTHIE

"Mark 8:36"

Pilot Episode

by

Blake Masters

"For what shall it profit a man to gain
the whole world and lose his soul?"

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EXT. THE BIG DIG CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Rain pisses down on The Big Dig, a 12 year, billion dollar sink hole, otherwise know as Boston's attempt at a highway project. Through the rain we see two men - one white, one black - squared off. The white guy, PAT "BUCKY" MULLIN (pinky ring, Italian loafers) is doing all the talking.

ECU ON - the black guy, JAMAL LYNCH (work boots, hard-hat). Although Mullin is in his face talking hard, all Jamal (and we) hear is the rat-a-tat of the rain.

JAMAL'S EYES - flick to Mullin's meaty finger jabbing him in the chest. To Mullin's \$900 shoes. To the guy lurking in the shadows over Mullin's shoulder, KEVIN "MOE" REILLY.

JAMAL'S FINGERS - tighten around the shovel in his hand.

Mullin spits on the ground to punctuate his point and walks away. Jamal does not move. Mullin's Italian loafers slip on the plywood walkway causing him to step in ankle deep mud. Moe Reilly sniggers. Mullin mutters to himself --

MULLIN

Goddamn-Italian-leather-dumb-ass-
nigger-make-me-come-down-here--

JAMAL

What did you call me?

Mullin looks back at Jamal. *Are you for real?*

JAMAL

Say it again. To my face.

MULLIN

Getthefuckouttahere.

Jamal just glares. Mullin bemusement calcifies into anger. Mullin steps up and looks Jamal dead in the eye.

MULLIN

Nigger. Nigger nigger nigger.

WHAM - Jamal caves Mullin's face in with the shovel. Blood sprays. Mullin goes down. WHAM-WHAM-WHAM - Jamal cracks Mullin's skull open and beats him to death.

JAMAL

That's what I thought you said.

Jamal looks up at Moe Reilly. Moe Reilly stumbles/splashes off through the mud as fast as his legs will carry him.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A black tie political dinner. Up on the dais, EILEEN CAFFEE sits next to an empty chair. The chair belongs to the guest of honor, her husband.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

The door to the COAT CHECK is blockaded by ALEX BERKOWITZ, an angular welterweight with diplomas from both Harvard Law and the New England Golden Gloves. Leaning against the opposite wall the COAT CHECK GIRL makes flirty eyes at him. An OLDER COUPLE approaches.

ALEX

The coat check is currently in use.

INSIDE THE COAT CHECK ROOM -

Two men in tuxedos. BOBBY CAFFEE (Eileen's husband; a fast riser in bare-knuckles Boston politics) and DICK EMORY. Bobby is cool determination; Dick is pure flop sweat.

ECU - On BOBBY'S WRIST is a "Southie Dot" [a small homemade tattoo done with green ink and a sewing needle]. Bobby adjusts his shirt cuffs. The dot disappears into his sleeve.

BOBBY

Are you my friend? I asked you a question, Dick. When you've needed a favor -- a loan for your brother; latitude from the Staties on that DUI.

DICK EMORY

Jesus, Bob. Shit.

BOBBY

Why are you swearing at me? I'm not swearing at you.

DICK EMORY

Don't do this to me. The state needs that incinerator plant.

BOBBY

So let them put it in Weston or Concord.

DICK EMORY

You can't put it in Weston.

BOBBY

Why not? Because rich people live
in Weston?

DICK EMORY

It's not about that. Southie's not
the only poor neighborhood in
Massachusetts. There's Brockton,
there's Roxbury --

BOBBY

Ah, but Roxbury's black, and the
governor knows they'd cry racism.
And facile limousine liberal that
he is, that's not a battle he's
going to fight. No, Southie's full
of poor white people, and what
right do they have to complain?
All they do is pay their taxes and
obey the law.

BACK OUT IN THE HALL -

COAT CHECK GIRL

(a total come-on)

You know, Jack Kennedy used to have
affairs here. He'd meet a woman at
some shindig and take her right
upstairs.

ALEX

Forget it.

COAT CHECK GIRL

What are you, gay?

ALEX

If it'll make you feel better about
yourself, yeah.

Alex's cell phone RINGS. He snaps it open.

BACK INSIDE THE COAT CHECK ROOM -

DICK EMORY

Please, Bob, I know these are your
people we're talking about--

BOBBY

That's right. They are my people.
Southie first, last and always.

(beat)

(MORE)

BOBBY (cont'd)

I can't force you to kill the incinerator bill. But I can arrange for the state to open a half dozen methadone clinics in your district. You always complain Holyoke doesn't get enough public money. We'll bus every junkie in greater Boston out to your doorstep for treatment. Your constituents will love it.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Bobby and Alex stride back into the BALLROOM.

BOBBY

Dick's back on board.

ALEX

That still leaves the committee split 5-5.

BOBBY

Give me 24 hours. Once the others know Dick's caved they'll fall in line.

Bobby goes to take his seat on the dais. Alex stops him.

ALEX

I got a heads up call from the precinct captain in the North End.

BOBBY

Bill Drummey.

ALEX

He thought you'd want to know that Patrick Mullin got his face stoved in by a construction worker down at the Big Dig tonight.

BOBBY

Not "Bucky" Mullin? Oh, that's just lovely.

ALEX

They were arguing. The construction worker was black. Bucky called him a...

BOBBY

A child of God.

ALEX

The police haven't caught up with the guy yet, but TV crews are on the scene.

Bobby bites back the urge to curse. Composing himself --

BOBBY

Bucky's mother lives in Old Colony. I'll go by in the morning after the Herald interview, pay my respects.

ALEX

What do you want said if we get asked about Bucky and--

BOBBY

(icy fucking cold)
And who?

Alex lets the question drop.

EMCEE

...Here he is, man of the hour, the state senator we all wish we could call our own, Senator Bob Caffee.

Applause. Making his way to the podium, Bobby leans down and gives Eileen a kiss.

BOBBY

(sotto voce - to Eileen)
Love you.
(stepping to the MICROPHONE)
Loyalty. Take care of your own.
Dance with the gal that brung you.
Easy words. Hard to live by...

INT. SOUTH STATION - DAY

Passengers pour off an arriving train. Families, businessmen, etc. Once everyone has disembarked and the platform is again empty, a solitary figure emerges from the train. Like a returning ghost. This is MICHAEL CAFFEE.

ECU - Michael has a Southie Dot on his wrist too. But unlike Bobby, Michael wears his dot openly.

Entering the MAIN HALL, Michael checks his reflection. Everything is just how he likes it. Neat and precise.

An OLDER MAN spots Michael and does a double take. Michael throws the man a wink. Then vanishes into the swirl.

OLDER MAN
Mary, mother of God.

EXT./INT. CAFFEE HOUSE - MORNING

A modest house wedged into a narrow lot in the City Point section of Southie. The rain has not let up.

IN THE LIVING ROOM -

a REPORTER interviews, EILEEN, while a PHOTOGRAPHER takes light readings. 18-month old BABY FRANK squirms in Eileen's lap. There is a strained quality to Eileen's performance, as if she's told this story once too often.

EILEEN
Strange as it sounds, Bob was actually shy. The first time we spoke, I couldn't tell if he was asking me out or my shoe laces.

PHOTOGRAPHER
I'd like to get the whole family backed by the mantle, if that's okay with you, Mrs. Caffee?

EILEEN
Whatever you think best.

UP IN THE MASTER BEDROOM -

BOBBY expertly braids his daughter, LILA's hair. Lila's younger sister, NONIE, waits to have her hair done next. Ages 8 & 7, both girls adore their father. Lila tugs at her frilly dress.

BOBBY
Hold still. I'm almost done.

LILA
It's itchy.

BOBBY
I know. You only have to wear it for a little while.

Standing in the corner, Alex runs through his morning notes.

ALEX

There was a house fire at 1st and B last night. No injuries.

BOBBY

We'll stop by anyway.

ALEX

I'm not sure your schedule has time.

BOBBY

Someone's house burned. Push my lunch 20 minutes. The convention board will be on their second martini. They won't even notice.

(to Lila)

Pick a ribbon, green or blue.

Lila picks the green ribbon.

ALEX

Mrs. Carmichael phoned again about trash piling up on K Street.

BOBBY

Jane Whit. Sanitation. Be sure to ask about her daughter, Julina. She just turned three.

ALEX

Floor debate on Senator Scarpa's highway bill?

BOBBY

You mean Commissioner Donovan's highway bill. Scarpa's Don-Don's shill. Always has been. It's a bad bill. No way.

Bobby ties off Lila's braid and gives her a big smooch.

BOBBY

And you're done.

DOWN THE HALL -

MARY-ROSE (14) slouches on her bed, arms crossed, face that masterful teenage blend of scorn and ennui. Eileen knocks.

MARY-ROSE

Time for Dad's dog and pony show?

EILEEN

Don't call it that.

MARY-ROSE

That's what I heard you call it.

EILEEN

Never mind what you heard. Your father loves us, and we love him. So put your smile on, take Baby Frank, and go downstairs.

IN THE MASTER BATHROOM -

Bobby knots his tie. Unsatisfied with the result, he undoes it and starts over. A drop of water splats Bobby's wingtip. Bob looks up at the ceiling. Water is dripping from a brown stain. Eileen comes in.

EILEEN

How much longer? The girls are already late for school.

BOBBY

Did you know the roof in here is leaking again?

EILEEN

Yes.

BOBBY

Why didn't you tell me?

EILEEN

I did.

BOBBY

No, you didn't.

EILEEN

You weren't listening.
(knotting his tie for him)
Here let me.

BOBBY

Thanks. So how much is it going to cost?

EILEEN

I spoke to O'Malley and he says we have to redo the whole roof.

BOBBY

How much?

EILEEN

\$10,000.

BOBBY

What does he think I am, made of money?

EILEEN

Yes, he thinks you're made of money. I told him we'd have to think about.

BOBBY

What's to think? If it needs to be done, it needs to be done.

EILEEN

Have you seen our checkbook lately? Mortgage, car repair, the girls' tuition--

BOBBY

Eileen. We are not having a hole in our roof.

(beat)

Don't worry, I'll get us the money.

Eileen starts to respond. Then decides not to.

EILEEN

(finishing Bobby's tie)

There. Now you're perfect.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CAFFEE HOUSE -

Bob and Eileen pose before the mantle with their four children. "One big, happy family." FLASH!

EXT. DORCHESTER HEIGHTS MONUMENT - DAY

Michael peers out over Southie. Over the projects and the triple-deckers. Over the abandoned factories and the Fan Pier and the Pulaski Skyway. This was once his kingdom. And if he has any say, it will be again.

EXT./INT. GARAGE - DAY

A tiny garage tucked behind a rotting three decker. Michael keys open the rusty padlock. The roll door is sticky from non-use. Mike jerks it open.

INSIDE - sits a Cadillac covered with 5 years worth of dust. Michael pops the TRUNK and hoists out two gym bags. One bag contains knives, guns, sap gloves, etc. The other brims with cold hard cash. Jacksons, Grants, Franklins.

EXT. SOUTHIE - DAY

Bobby shakes hands with the OLD TIMERS who congregate at the DUNKIN' DONUTS every morning. The old timers warmly greet Bob. He is their man at the Statehouse, and they appreciate the job he's doing.

BOBBY

Sean. Jimmy. Jim. Bill. John.

EXT. OLD COLONY HOUSING PROJECT -

Children splash through the maze of courtyards past Bobby and Alex. Up ahead, TOUKIE, a stout older woman, shuffles along lugging four shopping bags crammed with designer clothes.

BOBBY

Hey, Toukie. What do you have on special today?

TOUKIE

I got all the top labels. Ralph Lauren, Hilfiger. You need a nice blouse for your girls? I got DKNY.

Bobby thumbs a security tag clamped to one of Toukie's bargains.

BOBBY

These wouldn't be 5-finger discounts from Filene's, would they?

TOUKIE

Course not. I get my stuff at Chestnut Hill Mall now. Rent-a-cops there are friggin' retarded.

(Bobby laughs)

Shame about Bucky Mullin.

(MORE)

TOUKIE (cont'd)

Good break for 3-Part Mike though.
Always liked you and Mike. Even
when you were boys in the D Street
you never tried to jew me down.

BOBBY

You keep yourself out of trouble.

Toukie waddles on. Bob looks up at Mrs. Mullin's building.

BOBBY

Stay here. I'll go up alone.

Bobby ducks inside. Across the courtyard Alex notes a Mutt & Jeff team of DRUG DEALERS. Mutt lifts his shirt flashing a SNUB-NOSE REVOLVER in his waistband. Unimpressed, Alex reaches into his coat and brandishes his own weapon, a GOLD MARK CROSS PEN, and jots down some notes on a pad.

INT. OLD COLONY HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Grimy. Half the fixtures are missing their bulbs. Bobby pauses at the top of the stairs. Checks that the corridor is empty. Then places a cell phone call.

BOBBY (INTO PHONE)

Jimmy... Yeah, no I heard. At the
Big Dig... Yeah... I'm in committee
all afternoon. 6 o'clock... No,
you tell him to make it... Right.

Hanging up, Bobby crosses to a door and knocks. A shrunken woman in a housecoat cracks the door just an inch.

BOBBY

Mrs. Mullin?

MRS. MULLIN

State Senator Bobby Caffee. Don't
you look like a comer.

BOBBY

I'm sorry to intrude. I just
wanted to stop by--

MRS. MULLIN

Barberra sent you, didn't he? You
tell him, I'm no thief. He's the
thief. Charging two bucks for a
quart of milk. Just cuz he's the
closest market and us old ladies
gotta no choice.

Bobby is caught off guard. *She doesn't know.*

BOBBY

Mrs. Mullin, have the police been by this morning?

MRS. MULLIN

He's calling the police on me now?

BOBBY

No. No. May I come in?

MRS. MULLIN

I ain't dressed for nothing formal.

Mrs. Mullin checks that the hall is empty, then points to the light fixture.

MRS. MULLIN

Could you?

Bobby takes out a handkerchief and unscrews the bulb.

INT. MRS. MULLIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Battered furniture and 3 cats. Bob screws the bulb into a lamp with a cracked shade.

MRS. MULLIN

I don't got coffee, but I got milk and some donuts.

BOBBY

No, thank you. I'm here about your son, Patrick.

MRS. MULLIN

Bucky? What's that bastard in dutch for this time? He shoved me down last Christmas, you know. All I wanted was a ride to mass and a dollar for the collection plate. I swear.

BACK OUTSIDE --

A BOOZER with flammable breath chats up Alex.

BOOZER

...Don't his sister have one of those cush jobs over at UMass.

ALEX

Senator Caffee would never use his office to advance the interests of his sister.

BOOZER

Well, if the sonuvabitch won't even help his own sister, why should I vote for him?

BACK INSIDE --

Mrs. Mullin wails and cries and rents her clothes.

MRS. MULLIN

My baby. They killed my baby boy. My Bucky never did nothing to nobody.

BOBBY

I'm sorry.

MRS. MULLIN

(grabbing Bob's sleeve)
Promise they'll get the guy.
Justice for my Bucky.

BOBBY

I'll do all I can.

MRS. MULLIN

Piss on that. You see they gas the burrhead. My little saint Bucky.

EXT. OLD COLONY HOUSING PROJECT - DAY

Bobby rejoins Alex outside. He takes \$100 from his wallet.

BOBBY

Take this to the market on Broadway. Tell Mr. Barberra, Mrs. Mullin wants to pay off what she owes and put the rest on account. She's old, and she knows sometimes she forgets to pay for things. Make sure you tell him the money's from her. You're just bringing it in so she can save face.

A police car pulls up. DETECTIVES SILVESTRE and WHITE climb out. White is Southie-born. Silvestre is not.

BOBBY

You finally decided to show up. Everyone south of the Fort Point Channel knows her son's dead, and you don't send anyone to tell her?

DET. SILVESTRE

That's why we have you. Besides with your brother, aren't you the last one who should be waving the Mullin flag?

BOBBY

Bucky was a voter in my district.

DET. SILVESTRE

Oh. Excuse me. Anything for a voter.

DET. WHITE

Come on, Bob. Bucky was a racist douchebag, who did nothing but give decent Southie guys like you and me a bad name. Hell, when I meet a girl, I gotta lie and say I'm from Dorchester just so she won't think I'm a pointy hat and a bed sheet short of the KKK.

DET. SILVESTRE

It doesn't help you only like black girls.

DET. WHITE

Fuck you, you fat dago fuck.

DET. SILVESTRE

Brown sugar. How come you taste so good?

BOBBY

(taking White aside)

John, I'm not asking you to weep over Bucky's grave. You're right. He was a blight. But his mother deserves the same respect and dignity you'd give the family of some Brahmin lawyer. Am I right?

DET. WHITE

Loud and clear.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE, DOWNTOWN BOSTON - DAY

FBI AGENT DECLAN GIGGS (Southie-born; got to college on a athletic scholarship; got to the FBI on brains and ambition) snaps photos of two men at a cafe across the street. The men are FREDDIE CORK and Moe Reilly. Declan's FBI partner, RALPH MOSS shells and scarfs peanuts.

RALPH MOSS

Grady doesn't get Pedro. Number three all-time.

DECLAN

Worse than Lee throws the blooper to Perez?

RALPH MOSS

Worse Pesky holds the ball. Worse than Lonborg on two days rest.

DECLAN

Not worse than Buckner.

RALPH MOSS

Only one thing's even close to Buckner.

DECLAN

Bucky Fucking Dent.

RALPH MOSS

Bucky Fucking Dent.

(beat)

Anything?

DECLAN

Freddie Cork takes his coffee black with four sugars.

RALPH MOSS

That'll get us a T3 warrant for sure.

DECLAN

Can you stay on him solo for a couple hours? I'm supposed to do lunch with the wife.

RALPH MOSS

No problem. If Freddie sticks to form, he's just gonna pick his daughter up from swim class.

(MORE)

RALPH MOSS (cont'd)
 Ugly kid. Bad swimmer too. Hey,
 you want me to keep you on the
 clock?

DECLAN
 Sure. Why not? I could use the
 extra overtime.

EXT. STREET - MINUTES LATER

Declan slips out of the parking structure. Across the street Freddie Cork and Moe Reilly emerge from the cafe. Declan spins his back to them and peers at a store window.

In the reflection Declan watches Reilly cross to his double-parked Escalade. A GOATEED, ARTSY TYPE upbraids Reilly for boxing in his Honda Civic. Reilly delivers a swift, violent kick that shatters Goatee's kneecap. Goatee drops.

GOATEE'S GIRLFRIEND (SHANNON) tries to come to his aid. Reilly snatches her by the ear, hisses a few sweet nothings, then flings her to the pavement ripping out her earring.

Declan bristles. He wants to intervene, but to do so would blow their surveillance on Freddie Cork. In the reflection, he watches Moe Reilly climb into his SUV and drive off.

CLOSE ON - SHANNON trembles and sobs. Blood pours from her earlobe. A hand reaches into frame holding a handkerchief. There is a Southie dot on the wrist. It's Michael.

SHANNON
 (cowering)
 He said he'd have me raped.

BACK ACROSS THE STREET - Declan spots Michael in the reflection. Declan can't quite believe his eyes.

DECLAN
 It can't be.

Declan spins around just in time to see Mike disappear around the corner. Declan hurries after him, but Michael vanishes into the swirl of pedestrians.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

KAY DAVIES (smart, blonde, Midwestern) pores over a dense legal contract. A thermometer clamped in her mouth, she wears a hotel robe over a silk nightie. O.S. someone KNOCKS. Kay checks her hair, checks her temperature, then undoes her robe and opens the door. It's Declan.

KAY

Hey there.
(off his expression)
What's wrong?

DECLAN

I can't stay.

KAY

What? We've been planning this.
My temperature's elevated. It's
today or we wait a month.

DECLAN

You don't understand. Mike
Caffee's back.

KAY

And that means you can't take an
hour for lunch?

DECLAN

I have to get to the office.
(she's not pleased)
Kay, when I was a kid in Old
Harbor, our role models were Bobby
Orr, Larry Bird--

KAY

--and the Caffee Brothers. You've
regaled me.

DECLAN

Babe. If we're gonna try, I don't
want it to be some 15 minute grope-
&-go. I want it to be full of all
the love I have for you.

KAY

You know, you spew the most
amazingly romantic bullshit.

DECLAN

So our son has an August birthday
instead of July.

KAY

Let's wait for your sperm to hit my
egg before we start assigning
gender roles.

DECLAN

Consider it a declaration of faith.

Declan kisses Kay and heads for the elevator.

KAY

Jimmy wants the amended Lansdowne contract tonight, so I won't be home until late.

DECLAN

Make sure you take a cab.

KAY

I'm a grown woman.

DECLAN

And I'm your husband. And I want you to take a cab.

Declan blows her a kiss and disappears into the elevator.

EXT. STREET SOUTHIE - DAY

Workmen are renovating a block of dilapidated three deckers into up-scale condos. From across the street Michael watches the FOREMAN pass Moe Reilly a cash payoff. Mike turns to a MOON-FACED WOMAN out sweeping her stoop.

MICHAEL

Just who do they think's gonna afford a place like that?

MOON-FACED WOMAN

(with pure disgust)
Yuppies.

A beat. The woman glances back at Michael. "You're..."
Michael puts a finger to his lips. "Shh."

EXT. VARIOUS SPOTS AROUND THE OLD COLONY HOUSING PROJECT -

Sticking to the shadows, Michael watches Moe Reilly confer with a series of "street soldiers" (drug dealers, loan sharks, enforcers, et cetera). Collecting "rent" from each.

INTERCUT MICHAEL'S SURVEILLANCE WITH -

INT. BOSTON OFFICE OF THE FBI -

Declan briefs Assistant-Special-Agent-in-Charge (A-SAC) NED MAYS and a host of other agents.

DECLAN

Michael James Caffee vanished 5 years ago, one step ahead of a hit, two ahead of a RICO indictment. He stepped on the T at Andrews and poof, pulled a full-on Houdini.

CUTTING BACK TO MICHAEL - Declan's briefing switches to V.O.

DECLAN (V.O.)

According to CI reports, Mike killed Bucky Mullin's bull dyke sister for molesting a 15-year old girl -- stabbed her 54 times then threw her off a building.

CUT BACK THE FBI OFFICE - The agents pass around a photo of a broken and mutilated body. Bucky's sister, post-Mike.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Bucky swore revenge and when both Freddie Cork and the North End La Cosa Nostra lined up behind Bucky, a contract was put out on Mike's life. It seems the bosses saw Mike as a threat to their long term dominance in South Boston, whereas Bucky was a decent enforcer, but otherwise a grade-one ass-clown.

A-SAC MAYS

Is that the latest technical language? Ass-clown?

DECLAN

(mischievous)

It is if you grew up in Southie.

CUTTING BACK - MICHAEL watches Moe Reilly collect from the Mutt and Jeff drug dealers.

DECLAN (V.O.)

Now there is one side note. According to legend the 15-year old girl was secretly sleeping with Mike at the time. He was 34, she was 15, you do the math. Bucky's sister obviously didn't know this when she went chicken hawking. But 3-Part Mike obviously didn't care.

Moe finishes with Mutt & Jeff and drives off. Returning to their post, Mutt & Jeff shoulder Toukie out of their way.

ASAC MAYS (V.O.)
 "3-Part" Mike?

DECLAN (V.O.)
 Judge, jury, executioner. He likes
 to play all three.

Michael marches up to Mutt and Jeff. KICKS Mutt in the balls. Then SMASHES Jeff's nose in. Blood pours down Jeff's face and over his shirt. Mutt goes for his 9mm. Mike snatches Mutt's wrist and puts an ice pick through his hand. Mutt howls. Jeff wisely decides to cower and bleed.

MICHAEL
 You two should be nicer to the old ladies. Please, thank you, hold the door, carry their groceries. Happy old ladies don't call the police on your ass.

CUTTING BACK TO THE FBI OFFICE -

ASAC MAYS
 What ever happened to the girl?

DECLAN
 The girl refused to testify. Her family moved to Dorchester.

RALPH MOSS
 The story goes that every year on her birthday she gets an anonymous Hallmark card with \$5000 in it.

ASAC MAYS
 From 3-Part Mike?

AGENT 3
 I heard it's Bob Caffee paying off the family debt.

DECLAN
 That's total supposition. Bobby Caffee may play hardball politics but he's a good man.

RALPH MOSS
 According to just about everyone, he's angling for the mayor's office in two years.

DECLAN

What's that got to do with the price of eggs?

RALPH MOSS

It's in his interest to keep 3-Part Mike's skeletons in the closet.

EXT. COMMITTEE ROOM, STATEHOUSE - DAY

The incinerator bill is up for vote.

SEN. BUCHANAN

...The governor has asked for this plant. The people of Boston need this plant--

Bobby thwacks his gavel.

BOBBY

We can do without the grand oration. A simple up-or-down vote will suffice.

SEN. BUCHANAN

My vote is in favor of the incinerator plant in South Boston. Aye.

BOBBY

So noted.

Bobby runs through three more votes, 2 "Nays," 1 "Aye."

BOBBY

Senator Emory?

DICK EMORY

While acceding to cries of "Not in my backyard," sets a dangerous precedent, I cannot endorse this bill in its current form. Nay.

Emory's vote sets off a murmur. All eyes go from Dick to Bobby and back. Bobby flashes an enigmatic smile.

CUT TO:

Bobby hammers a committee meeting to a victorious close.

BOBBY

... The vote is 7 to 3 against.
The bill on the South Boston
incinerator is indefinitely tabled
without referral. The committee is
adjourned.

INT. CORRIDORS, STATEHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby strides out of the committee room. DAVE MCMANUS, a
bulb-nosed, reporter with deep Southie roots, tails him.

MCMANUS

Unexpected outcome in there. The
Governor will not be happy.

BOBBY

It's the will of the people.

MCMANUS

You have time for a few questions?

BOBBY

You know me, Dave, if there's one
thing I never answer, it's
questions.

In the ROTUNDA, GERALD WILLIAMS, a charismatic black pol, is
addressing a thicket of reporters. At Williams's side is a
dignified black woman.

BOBBY

Who's the lady with Gerald?

MCMANUS

Mrs. Lynch, mother of Jamal Lynch,
the man who flattened Bucky
Mullin's already flat nose.
They're claiming self defense.
Bucky was a racist hoodlum from a
neighborhood of racist hoodlums.

WILLIAMS

(to the assembled media)
...There is no victim here. Jamal
Lynch is no more guilty than
Bernard Goetz or any other white
man who in fear of his life lashed
out at his attackers...

MCMANUS

You've gotta handed it to Gerald. He sure knows how to put on a circus.

BOBBY

Someone should tell him Goetz was convicted.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE, STATEHOUSE - DAY

Bobby strides in. His secretary, LOUISE - 55, with an iron will to match his own - is on the phone.

BOBBY

I need to dictate a press release.

LOUISE

I'm on the telephone.

BOBBY

With who?

LOUISE

None of your business.

BOBBY

When you're done.

LOUISE

Jimmy Faraday called to make sure you were still coming by and you've got two union reps in your office.

BOBBY

Which union?

Louise gives him a "who do you think" look. Bobby darkens. Then plasters on an all-is-peachy face.

INT. BOBBY'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Two paunchy men wearing black arm bands are waiting.

BOBBY

Eddie Fitz, Joey B. What's with the mourning bands?

The men offer a sheepish shrug.

BOBBY

Not Bucky Mullin?

EDDIE FITZ

Officially, he was a member of the local.

BOBBY

Bucky was barely a member of the human race. God rest. Sit, sit.

EDDIE FITZ

You know we like you. You got our guys' votes forever. So this ain't coming from us.

BOBBY

Who's it from?

EDDIE FITZ

Bobby. Michael was seen at Old Colony this morning.

BOBBY

People are always seeing my brother. He's the Southie version of Elvis.

EDDIE FITZ

He beat the piss out of two kids. Not that they were innocent kids, but... He's back. For real.

Bobby toys with the dagger shaped letter opener on his desk but says nothing.

EDDIE FITZ

I'm not saying you know what his plans are, but if he intends to keep breathing the clean air of Boston, he's gonna have to get square with certain people. You can arrange that for him.

BOBBY

Why don't you just pull out a gun and stick me up while you're at it.

EDDIE FITZ

It's nothing outrageous. A token. The franchise rights to two rest stops along the pike. Highway Commission has them up for grabs, They want you to swing them their way.

Bobby tap-tap-taps the point of the dagger-opener.

BOBBY
Tell Freddie Cork, I said, "No."

JOEY B
You can't bluff on this.

BOBBY
Who says I'm bluffing?

JOEY B
You're a family man to the core.
You're not going to let this go
down badly.

BOBBY
My wife, my kids, my mother.
That's my family.

JOEY B
And 3-Part Mike is your mother's
first born son.

EDDIE FITZ
I'm sorry, Bob. In my book, a
straight up guy like you should be
off limits. But Freddie wants what
Freddie wants.

INT. THE UP 'N INN - DAY

A hell hole where don't-give-a-fuck hopelessness spawns regular spasms of why-the-hell-not violence. PETER "AA PETE" SCOLARI - Irish-Italian, busted nose handsome - rolls a plastic chip in his hand. The bartender sets a tall whiskey in front him. Pete places the chip beside the glass. The chip reads "18 MONTHS SOBER."

PETE
What do you think? Today the day?

BARTENDER
Whatever.

AA Pete shoots him an evil mother-fucking glare. The bartender dutifully completes the ritual.

BARTENDER
Only you can decide whether you
take a drink.

Pete meditates on the drink. Then pushes it away.

PETE

Not today.

A half-crooked BRAWLER sidles up spoiling for his daily fix of violence.

BRAWLER

Every day with the pussy-ass drink
bit, like you're--

Pete cold-cocks the brawler. The brawler goes down. Pete stomps the brawler in the head/ribs/kidneys. The door CREEKS. Sunlight spills into the dank bar. It's MICHAEL.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE UP 'N INN - MOMENTS LATER

PETE

Jesus Freakin' Christ. Five
freakin' years. Most guys all said
you were six under.

MICHAEL

I was just at the library.
(off Pete's quizzical reaction)
Lotta good books at the library.

PETE

So are you "back" back, or am I
talking to a mirage?

Mike offers an inscrutable smile. He flips Pete a money roll.

MICHAEL

Get yourself a suit. Something
with class. Then go to your ma's
and wait by the phone.

PETE

For how long?

MICHAEL

However long it takes me to call.

Michael flashes Pete a "Southie wave" [a flip of the wrist with pinkie, thumb, and index finger extended] and walks off.

EXT. EILEEN'S CAR - AT INTERSECTION - DAY

ECU ON - Eileen's turn signal. Blinking at her. Commanding her. *Turn right. Turn right.*

The car directly across the intersection waits for Eileen to go right. Eileen does not go at all. Her hands are on the wheel. Her foot hovers over the gas. But she can't make herself turn right. The opposing car beeps.

EILEEN

Fuck it.

Eileen flips her blinker the other way and turns left instead.

EXT. EILEEN'S CAR - ON RTE. 93 - DAY

Eileen heads Southwest out of the city. Up ahead a sign announces the Canton exit 1/2 mile.

EXT. BEST WESTERN, CANTON - DAY

Eileen's car is park outside beside a U.S. Mail truck.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Eileen lays in a post-coital tangle of sheets with CARL HOBBS. Carl, a postman, is sweet and untroubled by ambition. Not like Bobby at all. Refiring the stub of a joint, Carl passes it to Eileen. Eileen draws hard on the glowing roach. Holding in the smoke until it burns.

CARL

So guess what my mother wants to get me for my birthday? A funeral plot. Right in the ground next to hers. She said I'm 37, I should know where I'm gonna be buried.

EILEEN

I should be buried at sea. My ashes tossed to the wind. Not that it's going happen. But it should.

Carl idly strokes Eileen's naked foot.

CARL

You know, I keep thinking one of these times you're not gonna come.

EILEEN

You and me both.

CARL

You ever worry that maybe I won't show up?

EILEEN

No.

(giving Carl a soft kiss)
Neither rain nor sleet nor snow shall keep a U.S. postal worker from his duly appointed rounds.

Eileen climbs out of bed gets dressed. Carl lolls over onto his back and puffs the joint.

CARL

I won't be mad, you know. The day you finally don't come. I mean, I've never understood any of this. I don't. High school was a million years ago.

Eileen catches sight of herself in the mirror.

EILEEN

A million and a half.

CARL

I like these walls. This room. I like that you come here to see me.

Eileen stares deeply at her reflection. She's drowning. She wants to drown. And she hates herself for wanting it.

Carl comes up behind her and kisses her on the neck. Eileen lifts the joint from his hand and takes another hit.

INT. RYAN, FARADAY, & METZLER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW - DAY

A large real estate firm. As Bob heads back to Jim Faraday's office, he greets all the secretaries, often asking after a sick child or an elderly parent.

Outside Faraday's door, Bobby hesitates, and in that moment we glimpse the stress hidden beneath his affability.

INT. JIMMY FARADAY'S OFFICE - SAME

JIMMY FARADAY, Bob's old law partner and life long friend, watches Bobby ON TV addressing a group of reporters.

BOBBY (ON TV)

...Mr. Lynch's advocates are playing a shell game. "Don't consider the actual murder. Instead watch as we trot out ancient boogie-men and false stereotypes about the hard-working people of South Boston."

Bobby enters. Jimmy and Bob embrace.

JIMMY

Hey, Bob, thanks for coming down.

BOBBY

Where's Mayberry?

Jimmy motions to his private bathroom.

JIMMY

Don't worry. He came up the back.

LEE MAYBERRY (black, buttoned down, all business) emerges from Faraday's private bathroom. Everyone sits.

MAYBERRY

I'm glad you could make it, Senator.

BOBBY

I'm not. In fact if "glad" is the steps of the statehouse, I'm on the moon. I should not have to be here.

(beat)

You want to tell me what Bucky Mullin was doing at your construction site?

MAYBERRY

What do you think he was doing? He was shaking down my foreman. He said my crew would start having accidents if I didn't kick back "proper-like" to the union local.

BOBBY

So your foreman took a shovel to his face?

MAYBERRY

A heat of passion mistake. You don't drop the N-word on a proud black man.

BOBBY

I told you when you came to me, you were gonna run into this situation. Boston's a closed shop town. There are costs to doing business.

MAYBERRY

I don't mind giving up one bite of the apple. But why should I have to pay off a bunch of white union boys when I've already paid you?

Bobby goes dark. Eyes killer-cold.

BOBBY

First, for the record, you have never given me any funds of any form at any time. You engaged Jim to counsel your firm in its contract bid under the state's affirmative action policy.

MAYBERRY

What, you think I'm wearing a wire?

Bobby taps his wedding ring on the arm of his chair. Slow and sharp. A ticking bomb. Then just when he seems about to lunge across the room and rip Mayberry's throat out... He simply rises and walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jim chases Bobby out into the hall.

BOBBY

You brought me in with this guy. You told me he was gonna kick back to the local, no problem.

JIMMY

He said he would.

BOBBY

If it got out I threw a contract to a black company when I've got union men in my own district out of work.

JIMMY

They were gonna give the contract to a black firm anyway under Affirmative Action.

BOBBY

That's beside the point. So stupid.

JIMMY

It was a sweet deal. With all you do for Southie, you deserve to at least have a roof that doesn't leak.

Beat.

BOBBY

Okay, time to start dancing. You tell Mayberry we need Lynch's mother and her people to stop with the press conferences. This whole story needs to drop from the media eye and fast. I'll send a check over this afternoon returning my referral fee cutting any direct financial link between Mayberry and myself.

JIMMY

It'll take a couple months before I can re-route the funds back to you.

BOBBY

Take your time. Better bury your tracks deep.

Bob heads back down the hall past Kay Davies. Each takes note of the other. Kay comes up to Jimmy.

KAY

I had a question for you on the liability clause.

JIMMY

Sure. Let me just finish up with a client.

KAY
Was that Bobby Caffee?

JIMMY
Legend in the flesh. I know,
shorter than you thought.

KAY
No. Not really.

INT. KITCHEN, CAFFEE HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary-Rose is at the table doing her homework. Eileen is at the stove cooking dinner. Eileen is still sightly fuzzy. Not stoned, just the tiniest bit loose. Bobby comes in and gives Eileen a nuzzle/hug from behind.

EILEEN
How was your day?

BOBBY
Uneventful.

EILEEN
I doubt that.

BOBBY
No, it was good. I saw the picture
the Herald is gonna run. You look
spectacular. But then you always
look spectacular.

Bobby kisses Eileen on the neck. Mary-Rose rolls her eyes at the PDA.

BOBBY
And you, Miss, you look very nice
as well.

MARY-ROSE
Like a complete loser, I'm sure.

EILEEN
I'm glad it came out the way you
wanted.

BOBBY
How was your day?

EILEEN

The usual. Take the girls to school, pick them up, take them to lessons.

BOBBY

Did you talk to O'Malley about the roof yet?

EILEEN

Why? You want to hold off?

BOBBY

No. Of course not.

INT. FANCY MEN'S CLOTHING STORE, CHESTNUT HILL MALL - DAY

Pete wanders the racks of Dolce & Gabbana and Helmut Lang, not quite sure about their "high-fashion" look. Across the floor he spots Toukie doing her thing. He stifles a smile.

AT THE COUNTER - Two SALESGIRLS dish their latest dates.

SALESGIRL 1 (LISA)

I swear, if I go out with one more wuss-boy McKinsey consultant, I'm gonna lose my mind.

SALESGIRL 2 (DIANE)

McKinsey's the worst. Still it's not as bad as my last date. An actor.

AA Pete wanders past.

LISA

Excuse me, sir. Is there anything I can help you with?

Pete looks Lisa up and down, then tosses out the money roll Michael gave him.

PETE

Yeah. Dress me.

INT. SAME -

Lisa has Pete in a high fashion suit and a very "Euro" shirt. It looks great but it's not very Southie.

PETE

This is the best stuff you got?

LISA

You look fabulous.

PETE

Not too fruity?

Pete eyes Lisa. Lisa eyes him right back.

INT. DRESSING ROOM -

Pete and Lisa fuck standing up. Her legs around his waist. His pants around his ankles.

INT. SALESFLOOR -

Pete pays for his new suit.

LISA

Will that be all?

PETE

I could use a pair of shoes.

EXT. SOUTHIE - SUNDAY MORNING

A wet, raw Sunday. Bobby and his family walk to Mass. Or more specifically, Eileen and the kids walk while Bobby lags behind and chats with everyone they pass.

LILA

Why can't we ever drive to Mass?

EILEEN

Something wrong with your legs?
It's good to walk.

MARY-ROSE

God forbid we look like we're
getting above ourselves.

10 YARDS BACK - Bob talks with an OLDER WOMAN who is also headed to Mass.

OLDER WOMAN

I want to thank you for stopping
that awful incinerator plant.

