CREDIT SEQUENCE

Morning.

Clouds moving through the sky.

We see various shots of the city, exterior storefronts, people going about their lives and some wider shots of the city.

As they continue, the hour gets progressively later in the day until the final sequence which takes place at night.

Over this we hear our guy, PATRICK (30).

PATRICK (V.O.)
To people who grow up here, this city is like family. The thing about family, about the city, about the church, about the people you grow up with-- is that no matter how much they hurt you, no matter what the cost is, you still love them. And despite all our flaws-- what we do to each other-- what is done to us-- I’ve always felt proprietary about it all.

Like the old commercial for dog food: ‘doesn’t your dog deserve to be treated like a member of the family?’ I’ve always believed it depended on the dog. Beyond that, the most I thought about anything was what I wanted to do. Who I wanted to be. To rise where my father said I couldn’t go, to succeed. To be a man.

EXT. MCCREADY THREE DECKER - NIGHT

A playground at night, completely empty. One of the swings drifts back and forth...

The back door to a home is open. A piece of light cuts across the porch from inside...

Up the back stairwell another door is open, leading into an apartment...

Down the hall, a third door opens to reveal a small, sparse bedroom. A small mattress on the floor holds a dirty-faced little girl asleep under her blanket...

Footsteps heard, quietly moving through the house...

A three foot gate hangs open. A car starts and pulls away.
We begin to hear the voice of Jack Doyle.

**DOYLE**

Amanda McCready was taken from her home sometime between eight and eight thirty.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE'S CAR - DAY**

JACK DOYLE (60s) speaks at a press conference on a small, PORTABLE TELEVISION with a 3x4 inch screen resting on the dashboard of a car and plugged into the lighter outlet.

**DOYLE**

She is four years old, has blond hair and green eyes, 35 pounds and about 3 and a half feet tall. Amanda's mother says she put her to bed in her *Beauty and the Beast* nightgown...

Patrick Kenzie and Angela Gennaro sit in the car watching idly.

TV: A clip from an interview with Amanda's mother, HELENE MCCREADY (29-39). She looks haggard and in desperate need of sleep, if not a stint in detox. Standing beside her is her brother LIONEL and sister-in-law BEATRICE, both of whom we will come to know later.

**HELENE (ON TV)**

The thing is she just always had a smile on her face, you know? That was her. She was always smilin'.

(tears welling)

I mean, who would take my little girl? What did she ever do to anyone?

**PATRICK**

Did you know her?

**ANGIE**

Vaguely.

(re: tv)

This is horrible.

**PATRICK**

Not if you're channel nine.

**ANGIE**

That's Timmy Reilly. Is he a cop now?
A press conference with JACK DOYLE (68) comes on. Beneath his image is written “JACK DOYLE, CRIMES AGAINST CHILDREN.”

DOYLE (ON TV)
I know the pain of losing a daughter -- We will pursue every avenue --

PATRICK
They can’t be taking that many avenues. The whole force is outside the house.

They are parked on a street in Dorchester lined with residential apartments and storefronts.

A KNOCK on the windowsill startles them both. It’s A NEIGHBORHOOD GUY, BOBBY.

BOBBY
(winks, being funny)
Hey. How are you?

PATRICK
Good, Bobby. Nice to see you.

Bobby moves on down the street. She looks at Patrick.

ANGIE
This is why it’s embarrassing to do surveillance three blocks from where we live.

Over Patrick and through the windshield we see A MAN AND A WOMAN emerge from a MINT GREEN 3-DECKER.

PATRICK
There they go.

They kiss before parting ways. The MAN hops into a GREEN LINCOLN while the WOMAN heads down the block, on foot.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
They’re splitting up.

ANGIE
Go with him. I’ll follow the mother.

Angie jumps out and starts following the woman. Patrick pulls slowly from the curb and trails the Lincoln.
INT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S CAR, DRIVING - DAY (MOVING)

Patrick turns a corner on a residential street. Then another one, keeping about a block between himself and the Lincoln.

EXT. DORCHESTER ST. - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly, A TEN YEAR OLD KID darts in front of Patrick atop a BMX bicycle. Patrick has to stop.

PATRICK
Get out of the way.

KID
Fuck your mother.

PATRICK
Move the Huffy before I slap your face.

Patrick waits for the kid to move. As he drives by he reaches out to CUFF the kid, who eludes him.

KID
Missed me, faggot.

EXT. DORCHESTER AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick pulls out onto Dot Ave. He looks around, doesn’t see the Lincoln. He goes left.

EXT. DOT AVE. - CONTINUOUS

Patrick drives a few cars behind the Lincoln. He can’t catch up.

EXT. DORCHESTER AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

A car STOPS in front of Patrick. He tries to go around, traffic is oncoming.

PATRICK
Fuck. Fuck.

The car moves. The Lincoln is long gone.

He pulls the car over.

He sees an ITALIAN MAN IN HIS SIXTIES looking at him from the sidewalk (GERRY SPECA). The man sits in front of a VFW. They trade looks.
PATRICK (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Patrick dials his phone and puts it to his ear.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Nine one one, what's your emergency?

PATRICK
I want to report a drunk driver. I saw him consuming alcohol in his front seat, and he almost swiped an old lady.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
What's the description?

PATRICK
(looking at paper)
1989 Green Lincoln Mercury LS.
Massachusetts Patriots bonus edition license plate 357 bravo. 929.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Thank you sir.

PATRICK
Thank you. God bless.

Patrick reaches into the glove compartment and produces a small device. He turns it on and sets it on the dash. By the SCRATCHY VOICES and STACCATO CODE we realize it's a POLICE SCANNER.

He waits. Cars roll by. Wipe. Shot outside car.

OMIT

OMIT

OMIT

CUT TO:

EXT. DORCHESTER AVE. - MINUTES LATER

Patrick is in the car. Listening.

His phone rings. He answers it.

ANGIE (ON PHONE)

Where are you?
PATRICK
Dot Ave, where are you?

ANGIE
Nguyen’s nail salon.

PATRICK
That’s where she went?

ANGIE
Yup. I’m getting my nails done. You still with the father?

PATRICK
I lost him.

ANGIE
You did?

SCANNER
Lincoln Mercury Cougar, ninety eight. Broadway and L St. Field Sobriety...

PATRICK
Whoops, there he is.

And he pulls out.

EXT. BROADWAY, SOUTH BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER

On the side of the road, several OFFICERS administer a FIELD SOBRIETY TEST to the MAN.

The Man is upset. He gestures at the Police.

Patrick pulls up across the street, watching.

They let the man go.

Patrick eases out after him. He WAVES to the cops, who stare back, not knowing him or why he is waving.

EXT. OLD COLONY HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAY

From Patrick’s car, we see the Father get out of his car and head in the door, holding his bad.

Patrick watches from across the street, in his car.
He sees all the sweet-faced little kids, all dressed up in the best clothes their parents could afford, running and shrieking and playing kick-ball in a tiny play lot inside a giant, ramshackle housing project.

The father emerges, BAGLESS.

EXT. OLD COLONY, PERKINS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

As Patrick walks past we dolly low alongside him and onto the playground. He approaches the door the father came out of and enters

INT. BUILDING B. OLD COLONY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick comes in. There are a bunch of the ubiquitous MISSING CHILDREN FLIERS on the ground. A door to a unit is ajar.

EXT. MAUREEN QUINN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Patrick eases the door open a bit. Patrick goes to his haunches so as to stay out of sight at the opening. Through the crack we see a man and a woman arguing.

A woman MAUREEN, Irish (34) is making breakfast. She calls out to the next room.

    MAUREEN
    (calling out)
    You want them eggs runnin’?

TOMMY MEADE rolls into frame, bitching about his condition.

    TOMMY
    Yah. Where’d my father leave the bag?

She indicates.

    MAUREEN
    By the chair.

    TOMMY
    You know Cheryl Martin said Donna hired missing persons investigators to find me?

    MAUREEN
    (feebley)
    You’re not missin’...
TOMMY

Fuckin’ bullshit. I can’t go back to my own home to get my own clothes for fear of gettin’ my wages garnished to support Mike Cuddehy’s fuckin’ kids?

Patrick looks at the floor, the BAG the Father was carrying has CLOTHES in it.

The KID comes to the opening in the door. He looks at Patrick. Patrick holds a finger to his lips: shhh.

EXT TAFT ST. - DAY

Patrick parks and walks by various families.

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE’S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Patrick looks at a paper. It’s their ad.

PATRICK

“Dorchester’s best missing persons?” That’s terrible.

ANGIE

What’s wrong with it?

PATRICK

It’s like having world’s tallest midget as your slogan.

ANGIE

It’s better than the old one.

PATRICK

You’re just saying that cause the new one has your name on it.

Patrick takes his gun out, wallet, puts them on the table.

ANGIE

At a certain point the person who books half the business is entitled to her name on the door.

(beat)

Speaking of which, how’d you get Tommy?

PATRICK

These people need to learn how to hide better. Staying at your girlfriend’s in OC projects ain’t slick.

(beat)

(MORE)
PATRICK (CONT'D)
And the reason you book half the business
is cause no one's trying to get in my
trousers.

ANGIE
Keep telling yourself that.

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT
Long, intimate improvised scene in their bedroom.

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MORNING
Patrick walks down the hallway toward the kitchen.

PATRICK
Yo, you want some cereal?

ANGIE (O.S.)
I'm in the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS
Makes cereal. Walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS
Patrick walks by the door. He pushes on it. She BUMPS it
shut. He stands there for a minute, thinks of an
explanation.

PATRICK
I just wanted to see if you wanted some
food.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS
Patrick comes into the living room, the television is on. He
puts the cereal down and starts eating.

JACK DOYLE (60s) speaks at a press conference.

DOYLE
She is four years old, has blond hair and
green eyes, 35 pounds and about 3 and a
half feet tall. Amanda's mother says she
put her to bed in her Beauty and the
Beast nightgown...

Patrick watches.

TV: A clip from an interview with Amanda's mother, HELENE
MCCREADY (29-39).
HELENE (ON TV)
The thing is she just always had a smile on her face, you know? That was her. She was always smilin’.

Angie enters.

HELENE (ON TV) (CONT’D)
(tears welling)
I mean, who would take my little girl? What did she ever do to anyone?

ANGIE
Did you know her?

PATRICK
Vaguely.

ANGIE
This is horrible.

PATRICK
Not if you’re Channel Nine.

She sits down to watch.

A press conference with JACK DOYLE (68) comes on. Beneath his image is written “JACK DOYLE, CRIMES AGAINST CHILDREN.”

DOYLE
We will pursue every avenue.

PATRICK
They can’t be taking that many avenues. The whole force is outside the house.

TV: A STILL PHOTO OF AMANDA MccREADY (4) occupies a corner of the frame. She has dirty blonde hair and a shy smile.

NEWSCASTER
Her mother says Amanda may be carrying Mirabelle, her favorite doll...

On TV the camera goes to BEA and LIONEL. Bea Speaks.

BEA (ON TV)
Whoever you are, if you have her, just give her back. We won’t charge you. If you’re out there, just let her go!
ANGIE
Poor woman.

PATRICK
Look at these guys. Standing around posing for the camera like they have a purpose. That’s why cops hate us. (MORE)

PATRICK (CONT’D)
Cause they know we do the same thing as them without five years of jungle gym Police academy.

Bell rings.

PATRICK (CONT’D)
Who’s this?

CUT TO:

BEA MCCREADY’S FACE

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S APT - MORNING

Patrick is standing in the doorway, looking at Beatrice and Lionel McCready, not entirely sure what to say.

BEATRICE
My niece is missing.

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE’S OFFICE - DAY

Close on a hand picking clothes up off the couch in their ‘office’ -- which is basically their living room.

Now we get a good look at their guests, who are standing politely.

BEA MCCREADY (mid 50s, matronly) we recognize from the TV clip. She has a kind patience that has been tried by her ordeal.

Her husband, LIONEL (mid 40s), we remember as well. Lionel is the kind of man who was once a hard drinker, a fighter and a troublemaker. Now ‘recovered,’ he has been a husband, provider and peacemaker for almost twenty years.

Angie is also trying to tidy the detritus of their morning which lie strewn around their office, including a bra which is behind the couch.
PATRICK
I heard about that on the news... Excuse the mess. We just finished another case...

ANGIE
I am so sorry, Mrs. McCready. I can’t imagine what this time must be like for your family.

PATRICK
This is my associate, Angela Gennaro.

They all four stand there, not sure what comes next.

BEATRICE
We want to hire you to augment the police with the investigation.

No one says anything.

LIONEL
Like Jean Benet Ramsey. The family hired investigators.

PATRICK
Right. I remember that.

BEATRICE
The Police are nowhere, they’re slow, they keep us in the dark. We want our own investigators.

ANGIE
I’m not sure we’re who you’re looking for.

BEATRICE
Isn’t that what you do? The ad in the paper said ‘missing persons.’

Tiniest of looks from Patrick to Angie.

PATRICK
What Angie is trying to say is: we usually get hired to find people who like, take off to New Hampshire without payin’ for their jet ski--

Bea looks up at Patrick, confused.
ANGIE
Every Police officer in Boston is looking for your niece. This is something they’re qualified for.

BEA
What are you saying?

ANGIE
I’m not sure how much help we can be.

PATRICK
Hear her out, Ange.

BEA
You’re not gonna do any harm, are you? (shaking her head)
Why is this so hard? The cops sent one man until I called the Herald and raised Cain. The cops don’t want me hirin’ you. Now you don’t want the job?

PATRICK
It’s not that we don’t want the job.

BEA
Don’t you know people in the neighborhood? People who don’t want to talk to Police?

PATRICK
Yes. We do. Have the Police told you anything so far?

BEA
If I hear they have “no leads” one more time I’m gonna lose my marbles. I mean, Helene was watching TV next door and wasn’t gone for more than a half hour.

LIONEL
She was watching “Wife Swap” downstairs. (beat) It’s her favorite show.

PATRICK
Where’s the father?

Beatrice snorts. Lionel shoots her a look.
LIONEL
Germany. Army base. He doesn’t want nothin’ to do with Helene.

BEA
Or Amanda. He doesn’t think she’s his.

PATRICK
Is there anyone you know? An acquaintance who could have taken her... a neighbor?

LIONEL
I don’t know. You think she was definitely taken though?

PATRICK
If she were lost I think they...

Bea may be coming unglued.

BEA
Couldn’t she have fallen down a well or something? Like in Texas?

PATRICK
That’s not what we hope for...

Awkward moment.

ANGIE
How is Helene holding up?

LIONEL
She’s trying.

BEA
Please, Lionel.

LIONEL
Look, it. I had my problems, hard bust at 22. Bea straightened me out. Helene hasn’t had that.

BEA
No, she has you. You find her work— she was our housekeeper for a year and a half—

(beat)

Look, come talk to Helene yourself. I don’t care if you think you can help. Try. There must be something you can do.

She looks at them expectantly.
PATRICK
We’ll meet you over there.

He throws Angie another small look.

BEA
We don’t have a lot of money, but I saved over the years. Don’t think we can’t afford it.

Angie gives her a smile.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S CAR - LATER

Patrick and Angie are in their car. They pull to a stop, looking at something off-camera right.

ANGIE
If a missing child isn’t found in seventy two hours they are almost never recovered.

PATRICK
Pretty quick with the facts for someone who’s so unqualified.

ANGIE
I read that on the computer in two minutes while you were getting dressed.

PATRICK
See that, you’re already on the case.

ANGIE
We aren’t needed, we can’t make a difference and we can’t take their money.

PATRICK
I don’t want to take their money.

ANGIE
I don’t want to find a child in a dumpster.

PATRICK
Neither do I. I want to find one alive who we can bring home.

ANGIE
We have a good life, Patrick.
PATRICK
This won’t change that.

ANGIE
You go out in the rain, you get wet.

PATRICK
If it’s a four year-old girl out there, you go out and bring her back. We’ll be okay.
(smiles)
It’s just rain.

EXT HELENE’S APT. - DAY

We might recognize it from the nighttime abduction sequence except that now it’s swarming with:

CAMERA TRUCKS, MEDIA TYPES and LOOKEY-LOOS.

This is a big shot full of REPORTERS, LOCALS, KIDS, A GUY WITH A GRILL, AN ICE-CREAM TRUCK.

People mill around and converse. KIDS wave behind REPORTERS heads, trying to get on camera.

We carry Patrick and Angie through with a Steadi-Cam as they react to the circus.

A FIELD REPORTER does a stand-up, dressed formally to the waist in a sports coat and tie but wears shorts below. He has heavy pancake make-up on.

PATRICK
Block party.

EXT. HELENE’S APT - DAY

They reach the front porch.

One, OFFICER REILLY (from TV) stops Patrick as he comes in.

OFFICER REILLY
Friends of the family?

Patrick rolls his eyes.

PATRICK
Timmy. It’s me.

Lionel is out on the porch.
LIONEL
It’s okay. Come on in.

Patrick heads down the hall toward the kitchen but turns back when he sees Angie going into the living room.

INT. HELENE’S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Angie enter the small two bedroom apartment. It is crowded and crawling with police.

HELENE MCCREADY (in rough shape) sits wearing a “born to shop” T-Shirt. Her best friend DOTTIE sits next to her. They are engrossed in a DAY-TIME TALK SHOW. Dottie wears a “Dot Rat” T-shirt.

LIONEL
Helene, this is Patrick Kenzie and Angela Gennaro.

The two women on the couch look over.

DOTTIE
I remember you.

Angie looks blank.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)
MRM high.

Angie offers a fake smile, half-recognition, polite.

DOTTIE (CONT'D)
I see you’re still conceited.

LIONEL
Could you excuse us, Dottie?

HELENE
Dottie’s my best friend, Lionel. She can be in my house if she wants.

PATRICK
We just want to ask a few questions.

HELENE
She can be here for that.

PATRICK
(to Lionel)
It’s fine.
DOTTIE
(to Helene)
Now everyone wants to be part of it.

HELENE
I know.
(to Angie)
I already talked to the cops forty times.

ANGIE
We’re sorry to take up your time.

PATRICK
Beatrice asked us to come here.

HELENE
--Why don’t Bea mind her business. It’s my kid--

DOTTIE
’Cause everyone’s tryin’ to get their moment now.

LIONEL
Bea hired these people to help find Amanda with her own money. You better show them the God damn courtesy they deserve!

DOTTIE
She’s in grief, prick.

LIONEL
She can grieve how she wants, Dottie. You don’t live here.

HELENE
Don’t yell at her. You ain’t her father!

DOTTIE
Fuck you, Lionel.

Lionel marches over toward Dottie. She scoots in a hurry.

DOTTIE (CONT’D)
Get away from me!

Dottie storms from the room. Patrick and Angie stand uncomfortably in the hall.

LIONEL
I’m sorry.
ANGIE
Maybe we should go.

LIONEL
I’m sorry... I understand.

BEA (O.S.)
Can I speak with you for a minute?

PATRICK
Can you excuse us, Helene?

Helene ignores her.

INT. HELENE’S APARTMENT, HALLWAY/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bea stands at the far end of the hallway, distraught. She holds a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH in her hand.

LIONEL
Helene has emotional problems.

BEATRICE
It’s not that, Lionel.

LIONEL
What is it, then?

What Bea says belies her matronly kindness.

BEATRICE
She’s a cunt.

LIONEL
Beatrice! Don’t say that word.

BEATRICE
God help me, it’s true.

LIONEL
For God’s sake, the walls are thin.

BEATRICE
I don’t care anymore, Lionel. Let her hear.

Bea hands Patrick the photograph of Amanda.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)
This is a child.
(beat, cracking)
And I don’t know where she is.
Angie looks to Patrick.

ANGIE
(comforting smile)
Well. We can’t do any harm, right?

SAME - LATER (KITCHEN)

The sink is FULL OF SHIT. Lionel tries getting out a cup for coffee.

Patrick, Lionel, and Bea sit around the kitchen.

Angie makes her way around the kitchen, looking over the environment. Shots of the mess that is Helene’s apartment (and a nod to our extraordinary set decorator.)

PATRICK
What about who she hangs out with? What kind of people are around?

Bea looks to Lionel to answer this sort of thing.

LIONEL
I don’t know. She’s at the Fillmore all the time.

PATRICK
(knows its reputation)
The Fillmore Lounge?

LIONEL
She drinks every day, she’s got the gene. The disease. Our parents had it, too.

PATRICK
She use drugs?

LIONEL
I think she does a little coke.

PATRICK
How much is a little?

LIONEL
I don’t know... few times a week, maybe. How much is a lot?

PATRICK
Few times a week is a lot.
LIONEL
Then she does a lot. I don’t know anything about that.
(to Patrick)
I put the plug in the jug, myself. I got twenty three years sobriety.

There is a short beat before:

PATRICK
(for lack of anything else)
Good for you.

ANGIE
What’s Amanda like?

BEATRICE
She’s quiet. Has her manners, please and thank yous. She tries her hardest to be good.

ANGIE
You mind if we look in her room?

INT AMANDA’S BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick and Angie stand just inside the door to Amanda’s drab little bedroom. The only furniture a TWIN-SIZED MATTRESS and a CHEST OF DRAWERS. It’s all third hand.

PATRICK
We get a bonus for finding the furniture?

Patrick looks over the dirtied walls, faded glowing stars, stickers, a sad sight.

ANGIE
Maybe she ran away.

DOYLE (O.C.)
Solved it yet?

Patrick and Angie turn to the voice. Standing in the doorway is JACK DOYLE, the police officer from the TV report.

PATRICK
Almost.

He extends his hand.

DOYLE
Jack Doyle.
PATRICK
(reaching out)
Patrick Kenzie. Angela Gennaro.

DOYLE
Nice to meet you.

ANGIE
Good to meet you, Captain.

DOYLE
I take it Bea hired you?

PATRICK
She wants to cover as much ground as she can.

He looks them over.

ANGIE
I take it you didn’t want us hired.

DOYLE
These people aren’t rich.

PATRICK
We understand that. This is about helping in whatever way we can. Not about making money.

DOYLE
Good. I don’t care who finds her. I just want it done.

ANGIE
We want that too, sir.

DOYLE
Fine. Keep us apprised.

PATRICK
Of course... is there any way we can see what you’re looking at so far?

DOYLE
(smiles)
I’ll put my two best men on it. Where can they find you?
EXT FILLMORE LOUNGE - DAY

The Fillmore Lounge is a dreary looking bar up an alley off Dorchester Avenue.
Degenerate drinkers are now forced to go outside and smoke under the noon day sun and the place’s faux, stacked stone facade.

INT FILLMORE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

And it’s no more welcoming inside. Men come here to nurse their drug habits, their alcoholism and their hate.

While you wouldn’t think there were many clamoring to get into their club, they don’t look kindly on potential applicants.

At one end of the bar, LENNY (mid 40’s) sips a whiskey and studies the Keno results. In the rear, 4 ALCOHOLICS sit around muttering to one another. And at one of the tables a CAULIFLOWER FACED MAN drinks alone.

In addition there is a SMATTERING OF ROUGH LOOKING FACES.

The bartender BIG DAVE (hence the name) has a newspaper spread out before him on the bar.

          PATRICK
          I’m not asking for the combination to the safe here...
          
          BIG DAVE
          I got nothin’ to say. I already talked to the cops.

          PATRICK
          Look, Dave, right?
          
          BIG DAVE
          Big Dave.

          PATRICK
          
          BIG DAVE
          You’re a little light in the ass to be talkin’ shit.

Patrick puts his hands up.
PATRICK
I apologize.

BIG DAVE
Buy a drink or screw.

ANGIE
We'll have a couple of tonics.

Dave regards them for a beat, then moves off.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Spuds McKenzie.

Patrick turns to find STEVE TSAFONIAS (30s), staring back at him -- a dim, goofy smile across his face.

STEVE
Steve... Tsafonias.

(beat)
“Gyro?”

Patrick subtly looks to Angie.

PATRICK
Zeus! How you been?

INT. FILMORE LOUNGE, BOOTH - LATER

We come off the face of a interesting man to see:

Patrick, Angie, and Steve sitting around a table sharing a pitcher of beer.

STEVE
Oh, it’s a real tragedy. She used to come in here, sit up on the bar and shit...
She was like our mascot.

ANGIE
Helene brought Amanda in here?

STEVE
No, mostly in the afternoons. It’s not the place for a child at night.

ANGIE
Really?

STEVE
(lowers his voice)
Hot tempers. Lotta drugs.
PATRICK
How much does Helene come in?

STEVE
Like five nights a week.

(off their reaction)
She’s a fuckin’ coke head guys. Don’t get me wrong, you don’t want that for no one. But it’s not a real shocker.

(pause. His voice almost a whisper now.)
I seen her on the news saying how she was at her neighbor’s for a half hour? Bullshit. She was in here snappin’ lines for two hours.

PATRICK
Are you sure it was the same night?

STEVE
Yeah, cause she was bumpin’ rails in the shitter with Ray. I was knockin’ on the door.

ANGIE
Ray Likanski?

STEVE
He was duckin’ me like a faggot ‘cause he owes me a dime. Then he owes everyone money, I found out. Don’t lend him no money--

LENNY (O.C.)
Hey! What are you doing?!

Steve looks up. Lenny (Keno Guy) is out of his stool.

STEVE
(frightened)
Nothing... what Lenny?

Lenny starts towards their table.

LENNY
Don’t talk about people you don’t know.

STEVE
I know them.

PATRICK
What’s your problem, guy?
LENNY
You said you ain’t a cop, right? Why don’t you fuck off?

PATRICK
Why don’t you mind your business.

Lenny moves to them.

LENNY
What are you doing here?
(thumbs at Big Dave)
Dave can’t make a martini.

PATRICK
We’re trying to help Helene find her daughter.

BIG DAVE
Kids go missing all the time. They always show back up.

ANGIE
Why don’t you mind your business?

Angie’s comment stops Lenny.

LENNY
Oh, shit, Dave. She told you.

BIG DAVE
She wants to come in here and be a smart ass?

PATRICK
Take it easy.

BIG DAVE
Don’t run your mouth like you’re better than me.

PATRICK
Just cool it, all right?

LENNY
‘Cool it” Listen to this douche bag.

BIG DAVE
I bet she fucks this asshole in half.

AN ALCOHOLIC calls out to Lenny.
ALCOHOLIC #1
Ask her if she sucks cock.

LENNY
Ask her yourself.

The door outside is ajar. LENNY’S PAL pushes it CLOSED.

PATRICK
What the fuck is wrong with you?

LENNY
You know, I wouldn’t mind seein’ some tit. Anyone else like tit?

ALCOHOLIC #3
I like tuna.

ALCOHOLIC #2
Show me your tunaaaa!

ANGIE
Shut the fuck up.

ALCOHOLIC #4
(mimes throwing his voice)
Twat steak!

ANGIE
Don’t be stupid, Lenny.

ALCOHOLIC #2
He’s talking to his friends.

LENNY
Must be your good looks, Dave, bringin’ in all the new snatch. There’s some good lookin’ pussy in here tonight.

The alcoholic men are laughing, egging one another on.

BIG DAVE
Lenny, think she wants to see your prick, first.

Patrick reaches into his waistband and puts his hand on a SMALL HOLSTER, revealing a 9mm Kahr handgun.

PATRICK
No, Lenny. No one wants to see your prick.
BIG DAVE

I do!

Big Dave laughs. A hint of fear betrays Lenny.

LENNY

Dave.

PATRICK

Back up.

ALCOHOLIC #3

(singing)

“A little bit of Monicer in my life.”

PATRICK

Open the door, Rummy.

Lenny smiles, saving face while backing down.

LENNY

Open the door, Mike.

PATRICK

Quick.

Mike sees the gun. He SNAPS open the door.

Patrick and Angie have to make their way past Lenny to get to the door.

ANGIE

Move.

LENNY

Now I really want to fuck you.

Patrick CRACKS Lenny in the face with the gun, taking him off guard. Lenny falls to the floor awkwardly. Before the rest of them make a move toward him, they see his gun out.

PATRICK

You’re the one about to get fucked, Jack.

(beat, gun pointed at Lenny)

Keep talkin’. Keep talkin’ shit.

Lenny opts not to keep talking. Patrick points the gun at Big Dave.
PATRICK (CONT'D)
(to Dave)
You got something to say now, too? Fat Dave? Huh?.

BIG DAVE
All right. Get out

PATRICK
Fuck you, make me a martini.

ANGIE
Patrick, let's go.

They move to the door.

EXT DORCHESTER AVE.- CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Angie emerge. They look to one another. Sounds of laughter return inside. The guys appear to have gone right back to their day.

Patrick tucks his gun away and looks to Angie.

PATRICK
You okay?

ANGIE
I'm fine. How's your hand.

PATRICK
It fuckin' stings.

He indicates his hand, there is some blood. He smiles. They are a little rattled.

ANGIE
Thanks for that.

He smiles.

PATRICK
No problem.

OMIT

EXT PATRICK AND ANGIE'S 2ND STORY PORCH - SUNSET

Patrick and Angie look out over the neighborhood. Kids run around. Adults watch them.
ANGIE
Helene was in there getting high--while her kid was at home for two hours. What kind of mother does that?

PATRICK
One who doesn’t know better. A poor one. An abused one. A damaged one.

ANGIE
A selfish one.

They look out over the kids running past.

PATRICK
Listen, you don’t have to do this. I’m fine. If you want to bow out--

ANGIE
Have you ever known me to bow out on anything before?

PATRICK
No. But that was a scary thing.

Without looking at him.

ANGIE
Why? Because of those men? You think they were gonna rape me?

She smiles at him.

PATRICK
They weren’t gonna do that.
(beat)
They might ‘a got shot. But they weren’t gonna do that...

She looks up

ANGIE
They’re not what I’m afraid of, Patrick.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUDLEY SQUARE, ROXBURY - MORNING, ESTABLISHING

A big bus station. The place bustles with activity. Patrick and Angie walk through.
EXT. SILVER SLIPPER RESTAURANT - MORNING

Patrick and Angie walk by a MURAL painted on the side of the restaurant, turn the corner and head into the diner.

OMIT

INT. SILVER SLIPPER DINER, ROXBURY - MORNING

Patrick and Angie enter to see TWO MEN seated in a booth. REMY BRESSANT, (55) still very tough and wound very tight. NICHOLAS POOLE (58) is chubby and affable -- the 'good cop' when they do the routine.

Patrick and Angie approach them. Poole is finishing a joke.

BRESSANT
Can I help you?

PATRICK
Detective Bressant?

BRESSANT
That's right.

Slightly confused looks exchanged.

PATRICK
Patrick Kenzie. You just called me...

Bressant smiles, a little embarrassed. They get up and introduce themselves.

BRESSANT

POOLE
Shit.

(beat, rising to shake)

Detective Nick Raftopolous. Call me Poole.

PATRICK
This is Angie Gennaro.

ANGIE
Is something wrong?

POOLE
(waves off concern)

No. No. I was just--
BRESSANT
We were expecting an...older couple, I guess.

ANGIE
Life’s full of surprises.

Poole stifles a small, good-natured laugh.

POOLE
(indicated booth)
Have a seat.

INT. THE SILVER SLIPPER - MOMENTS LATER

THREE MUG SHOTS slide across the table:

CORWIN EARLE: 30s; 5'10" and rail thin. His eyes bulge.

POOLE
This is the lead we’re working: Corwin Earle.

BRESSANT
Serial molester, recently work-released. Went AWOL around the time Amanda disappeared.

POOLE
Known associates: Leon Trett and his handsome wife Roberta. Apparently, The three of them have some kind of Addams Family thing goin’ on.

LEON TRET'T, 50s; mouse-faced and hostile.

ROBERTA TRET'T, 50s; a frightening woman: 6’, 330. She has the shoulders of a bank vault and a thin goatee.

PATRICK
Jesus.

POOLE
The Trett’s were released six, and eight months ago respectively. They have drug habits. We don’t know where they are—but we think Corwin’s with ‘em. Jailhouse snitch claims Corwin confided when he got out he was going to move in with his ‘family.’
BRESSANT
He was gonna find him a kid he could keep in the house and have sex with.

PATRICK
Sounds promising.

BRESSANT
Not for Amanda it doesn’t.

PATRICK
That’s not what I meant.

ANGIE
Is this who you think has Amanda?

POOLE
(frowning)
Well, they’re just suspects and there’s some holes in the theory. Corwin likes boys. And he likes ‘em seven to nine.

A pause.

PATRICK
(innocently)
That’s what you got? There are no other suspects?

BRESSANT
(offended)
Yeah. That’s it. A convicted finger blaster who plans to keep a pre-teen at the foot of his bed and just cut off his ankle bracelet--

POOLE
Take it easy, Remy--

BRESSANT
--Who the fuck is this guy? You’re here because Jack Doyle had us extend you a courtesy. You got something to contribute, be my guest. Otherwise go back to your Harry Potter book.

PATRICK
I think you misunderstood my tone, sergeant detective.

They gauge one another.
ANGIE  
Isn’t it usually someone who knows the victim?  

POOLE  
I think Helene McCready has plenty of people in her life capable of this.  

PATRICK  
I’m sure you’ve interviewed Ray Likanski.  

Who?  

PATRICK  
Ray Likanski. Skinny Ray?  
(beat)  
No?  

BRESSANT  
Never heard of him.  

PATRICK  
Well, with all due respect, we might be able to contribute on that point--  

POOLE  
How’s that?  

PATRICK  
The night Amanda went missing Ray was doing coke at the Fillmore Lounge for two hours between eight and ten.  

BRESSANT  
Fascinating.  

PATRICK  
With Helene McCready.  

Poole and Bressant are genuinely surprised by this.  

POOLE  
She did bullshit us…  

BRESSANT  
(to Poole)  
We need to straighten her out.  

ANGIE  
Why would she lie about that?
POOLE
’Cause it’s fucking embarrassing.

They go for their coats. Patrick takes the MUG SHOTS.

PATRICK
I’ll just grab a copy...

As they stand, getting their things, Angie turns to Remy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What kind of name is Bressant?

BRESSANT
The kind they give you in Louisiana.

PATRICK
I thought you were from here.

BRESSANT
Depends on how you look at it. You might think you’re more ‘from here’ than I am, for example-- but then again, I been living here longer than you been alive.

(beat)
So who’s right?

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK
I’ll have to mull that over.

He takes the photos.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
We’ll meet you over there.

CUT TO:

TRETT PHOTOS - ROBERTA’S FACE

BUBBA (O.C.)
What the fuck makes you think I know people like this?

INT. BUBBA’S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Reveal BUBBA ROGOWSKI. He is around 30 and hard. He has a calm opacity which belies his strength. His loft is spare and industrial.
PATRICK
I know you don’t pay your rent doin’ people’s taxes.

BUBBA
I don’t do it sellin’ penny rocks to wall-eyed child molesters neither.

PATRICK
Just this one, Corwin Earle, is a molester. He might be staying with the other two baseheads. Just if you hear somethin’.

BUBBA
What are you two? Crime dogs now?

PATRICK
We got hired to help find that little girl.

BUBBA
Oh yeah? Good for you. What happened?

ANGIE
Turns out the mother was down the Fillmore all night when her kid was taken.

PATRICK
With Skinny Ray.

BUBBA
Fuck him.

PATRICK
I thought you were down with them.

BUBBA
With Ray? He works for the Haitian.

PATRICK
Ray works for Cheese?

BUBBA
(with a lack of regard)
Ray, Chris, Cheese, the whole trash picker crew...

ANGIE
You ever sell to Helene?
There’s reasons why there aren’t three inches of plexiglass between us right now—two of them being I don’t deal with coconuts like Cheese and skeezers like Helene. (beat, ruefully) Because I’m the one-eyed man in the kingdom of the fucking blind.

Bubba SLAPS his hand over one eye. Angie smiles. Patrick is on his way out.

EXT. BUBBA’S LOFT - DAY

Patrick comes down the stairs with Angie behind. He is on the cell phone, walking past the auto body shop.

PATRICK
(on phone)
Detective, how well do you know Cheese Jean Baptiste?

INT. HELENE’S APARTMENT - LATER

HELENE
Who?

Bressant and Poole question Helene who sits at the kitchen table. Patrick, Angie, Bea and Lionel stand by.

POOLE
“Cheese” Jean Baptiste.

HELENE
It sounds familiar...

BRESSANT
It don’t “sound familiar,” Helene. He’s a violent, sociopathic, Haitian criminal named “Cheese.” Either you know him or you don’t.

LIONEL
Who is he?

BEATRICE
He’s a drug lord or something, isn’t he?

LIONEL
Who is he?
HELENE
He’s just a guy, Lionel...

BRESSANT
Ask his homey here.

PATRICK
(taken off guard, what?)
He ain’t my homey.

BRESSANT
Hard to keep track with you people.

Bea looks to Patrick, who shakes his head at Bressant.

POOLE
He is, among other things, a drug dealer,
Mrs. McCready.

LIONEL
What other things?

HELENE
I don’t know...

BEATRICE
Why don’t you answer your brother’s
questions, Helene?

HELENE
Why don’t you go suck a nigger’s dick,
Bea?

Lionel’s FIST hits the table.

LIONEL
You listen to me. You don’t insult my
wife! And you don’t make racial remarks
in my kitchen. Who is this man?

POOLE
He’s a drug dealer, a pimp, a
pornographer--

LIONEL
You associate with a pimp?

BEATRICE
A pornographer, Helene...
And we think he rolled Pokey Jackson up in a carpet and shot him in the head on Castlegate.

(beat)

So there’s that, too.

Bea can’t fathom what she’s hearing.

BRESSANT

What do you do for him?

He sighs.

HELENE

I just mule.

(impresses upon them)

Occasionally, and not making a habit out of it.

BEATRICE

Jesus, Mary & Joseph. What is that, Lionel?

LIONEL

It means she’s a drug runner. She carries drugs. Isn’t that right, Helene?

HELENE

A few times.

BRESSANT

Where?

HELENE

Providence... Does it matter?

LIONEL

For what?

HELENE

For fuck’s sake, Lionel. What do you think? Money. A taste...

LIONEL

Of what, drugs?

HELENE

Yea, Lionel.

BEATRICE

What kind of drugs?
HELENE
Yay, ron...

BEATRICE
What does that mean?

POOLE
Cocaine and heroin.

BEATRICE
No, we would have seen the tract marks--

BRESSANT
Not if you snort it, right sugar?

HELENE
Less addictive that way.

Helene gets up and gets a beer. It’s 10:15 am.

INT. HELENE’S LIVING ROOM – LATER

The conversation has moved to the living room. The same participants, but the collection of EMPTY BEER CANS surrounding Helene suggest she’s loosened up some.

Patrick peers out the WINDOW to see the CIRCUS below (POV)

BRESSANT
I don’t know Helene. I keep thinking about this thing I heard. You know where I’m going with this?

HELENE
No.

BRESSANT
Did you know I used to work DCU?

HELENE
I give a fuck.

BRESSANT
Right. So, I still know some of those guys real well. Anyway, I heard that someone ripped Cheese off on a New Hampshire run. You didn’t hear that, did you?

Angle on Patrick and Angie.
HELENE
No.

BRESSANT
Care to take a polygraph?

HELENE
(proudly)
Already passed.

BRESSANT
Different questions this time.

POOLE
How much you take, Helene?

Nothing. Angle on Patrick.

POOLE (CONT'D)
It’s all right. We don’t care about hopheads beatin’ each other. We care about your daughter.
(gently)
Come on. How much?

A beat.

BRESSANT
You want Amanda back or not?

Silence in the room.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)
Do you give a fuck about your kid?

Another beat.

POOLE
We know you took the money. How much did you take?

BRESSANT
(rising, scary)
How much?

She takes a pull on her beer. Looks around. Fuck it.

HELENE
Ninety five.

The room goes quiet.
LIONEL
Hundred?

HELENE
rolls her eyes)
Thousand.

BEATRICE
Nintey five thousand dollars?!

HELENE
Yeas, Bea!

BRESSANT
How’d you do it.

She exhales a long thread of smoke.

HELENE
Two weeks ago me and Ray did a run up
Nashua to drop four keys on some bikers.
When we was walking back through the
motel with the money, all these cops
swooped in and went for the bikers.
Amanda was with us so we pretended to be
like a family and they went right past
us. So we just-- got in the car and took
off.

BEATRICE
You took Amanda with you?

HELENE
What am I gonna do? Leave her in the car,
Bea?

BEATRICE
(-shakes head, plainly)
You are an abomination. God as my
witness.

HELENE
(gets ‘emotional’)
You know what, Bea? It’s hard bein’ a
mother. It’s hard raisin’ children.

(beat, pointedly)
And if God made you barren then you
can’t judge me. ‘Cause you wouldn’t
fuckin’ know.

By Bea’s silence, and the narrowing of her eyes, we presume
this to be a low blow and that Bea can’t have children.
BRESSANT
Hey.
(snaps fingers at Helene)
Right here. What happened?

Helene takes a pull from her beer.

HELENE
When we was driving back, Ray’s like, ‘everyone’s gonna think the cops got the money too.’

BRESSANT
You told Cheese the cops got it?

PATRICK
But you and Ray kept the money?

HELENE
This whole fuckin’ thing is Ray’s fault.

Reactions to this realization.

POOLE
Where’s the money now, Helene?

She looks at him.

BRESSANT
You want to find your daughter?

HELENE
Of course.

POOLE
Then you need to tell us. Where is it?

HELENE
With Ray.

BRESSANT
And where’s Ray?

HELENE
Chelsea.

BEATRICE
Three days, Helene? You’ve known this? And she could be alive?
BRESSANT

Let’s go.
(indicates Patrick)
She rides with you. I don’t want her in my car.

INT PATRICK & ANGIE’S CAR, CHELSEA - DAY (MOVING)

Patrick drives. Angie rides shotgun. And Helene slumps in the backseat.

They drive without saying anything. Helene looks up at Patrick.

PATRICK
Helene, you went to St. Mark’s?

HELENE
Yeah. Did you?

PATRICK
I was freshman when you were a senior. You were with Scott Flaherty?

HELENE
Oh, him? He stabbed a foreign exchange student in the chest. Got life. He’s a faggot now.

Beat.

PATRICK
Seemed like he was already a faggot in high school.

She laughs.

HELENE
You’re terrible.

She smiles.

PATRICK
How did the money end up with Ray in Chelsea? I thought you went home after.
HELENE
We dropped off Amanda, went back to Ray’s then fuckin’ retarded Ray left his rock at my place-- right then I was like ‘I’m dropping this motherfucker, I don’t care if he does have a big dick’ so we went back to the apartment, he was, hollerin’ and gonna wake up Amanda, who needs her sleep, so we went back to Ray’s. Ray’s mother’s, whatever. I don’t know where the mother is but she left all her fuckin’ cats and it smells like cock in there--

PATRICK
Cheese never contacted you? They never left a note?

HELENE
No. We never heard nothin’ from them. That’s why Ray said don’t say shit.

Patrick and Angie look back and forth.

ANGIE
You didn’t think it was worth it, for your daughter’s sake, to tell people what happened?
(beat)
Cheese has your kid right now. God fuckin’ knows what he’s doing to her. What do you think Amanda would give to come home?

HELENE
What am I gonna do? Call Cheese and be like-- do you have my daughter? ‘Cause I ripped you off and I’m just checkin’?

Patrick says nothing.

HELENE (CONT’D)
(defensive)
Am I gonna tell the cops “I run heroin in case that’s irrelevance?”

PATRICK
The cops never asked you about Cheese before?

HELENE
No.
PATRICK
What if Ray already spent the money?

A beat.

HELENE
Nigga, please. I hid it.

She rolls her eyes.

HELENE (CONT'D)
Pull over.

CUT TO:

INT RAY’S HOUSE – MOMENTS LATER

All, save Helene, stare at something just off camera. Angie’s hand to her face. They register a beat of stunned silence broken by:

BRESSANT
Christ...

ANGLE ON: RAY LIKANSKI’S DEAD BODY.

He has been tied to a chair in his kitchen. Gunshots are what killed him and the condition of his corpse suggests death came as a relief.

There are FIFTEEN CATS wandering around the house, meowing.

BRESSANT (CONT’D)
They tortured him.

POOLE
Looks like he held out pretty long.

PATRICK
He didn’t have it.

POOLE
Huh?

PATRICK
He couldn’t tell them where it was ‘cause he didn’t know. Helene hid it.

Bressant chuckles.

BRESSANT
Ray made poor relationship choices.
PATRICK
(re: Ray’s body)
Guess they didn’t believe him.

POOLE
Poor prick.

HELENE (O.S.)
(entering)
I’m not waitin’ in the fuckin’ car—

She sees Ray and holds her hand to her mouth. It’s unclear whether she is about to cry or vomit. Whichever it is, she runs out into the backyard to do it.

Patrick goes after her.

EXT. RAY’S BACK YARD --MOMENTS LATER

Helene’s make-up is a mess. Patrick stands next to her.

PATRICK
It’s okay...

HELENE
I just want my daughter home with me.

PATRICK
Did Cheese know you were on the ride with Ray?

HELENE
I think so.

PATRICK
Okay... Where’s the money, Helene?

Poole and Bressant emerge from the house.

HELENE
Right here.

PATRICK
Where?

HELENE
I buried it when Ray was passed out.

EXT. RAY’S BACK YARD - LATER

CLOSE ON: A BAG IN A FRESHLY DUG HOLE IN THE DIRT.
POOLE
What was that book about ‘everything you need is in your own backyard?’ It’s a French book.

He pulls a DUFFEL BAG from the ground. He opens it to reveal NINETY FIVE THOUSAND IN CASH.

BRESSANT
That wasn’t a book. It was a cartoon. Helene knows.

HELENE
Fuck you.

ANGIE
So, you bring in the FBI at this point?

BRESSANT
That’s the worst thing we could do.

ANGIE
Why is that?

BRESSANT
‘Cause I don’t want Cheese to open a bag full of newspaper and kill Amanda.

ANGIE
It’s kidnapping.

BRESSANT
I don’t see a note. (turns To Poole) You see a note?

POOLE
Nope.

BRESSANT
We’re investigating a missing children’s case. Has nothing to do with kidnapping.

He turns to Patrick and Angie.

BRESSANT (CONT’D)
Fastest way Amanda gets home is we go to him, swap the money for her and walk away.
POOLE
So everyone keep their mouths shut.
(beat)
Helene.

HELENE
(to Patrick, looking for help)
Do you know Cheese?

PATRICK
When we were ten. He hardly spoke
English. His brother Jude was a sweet kid.
(beat)
Cheese went another way.

HELENE
He wouldn’t hurt her, right?

POOLE
(indicates house)
Ask Ray.

ANGIE
(to Helene)
You know how he got his name?

HELENE
No.

ANGIE
He moved here when I did. There was a lot of tension between black American kids and Haitians—and he got it the worst. He had no running water at home. This one girl was on him real hard ‘cause he smelled bad, calling him ‘cheese.’ All of a sudden, he breaks a bottle, holds her down, and carves the word Cheese in her face. She lost an eye. Someone found it on the sidewalk the next day.

PATRICK
And the name stuck.

ANGIE
But I’m sure Amanda will be fine.

BRESSANT
Just keep your mouth shut, okay? We can get her back. It’ll be fine. I have no fear of this idiot.
HELENE
(to Bressant)
You’re gonna talk to him?

BRESSANT
That’s the next step, yeah.

HELENE
Tell him I’m sorry. Tell him I apologize.

POOLE
Sorry goes a long way.

HELENE
(sniffles, remembering fondly)
She’s a handful, that one. At least I
know she’s giving them hell.

They react to this woman’s feeble grip on reality.

PATRICK
What about Ray?

BRESSANT
You know what percentage of murders were
solved last year in Boston? Twenty nine.
Less in Chelsea.

POOLE
Take her home. We’ll handle Chelsea.

They move to go.

HELENE
I’m hungry.

PATRICK
We’ll get you some food.

HELENE
No, her. That’s the last thing she said
to me before I put her to bed. She said,
"I’m hungry." I mean, they fed her,
right? She’s not still hungry?

PATRICK
I don’t know.

EXT. HELENE’S APARTMENT – MAGIC HOUR

Angie waits in an idling car while Patrick walks Helene to
the door of her apartment.
We dolly with them as they get out of the car and cross the street. As we do so we push in. When we are tight enough, we reveal Helene has started to cry.

HELENE
I know I fucked up.
(crying intensifies)
I want my daughter back. I swear to God
I’ll never use no drugs no more, I’ll never go out, I’ll be fuckin’ straight.
Cross my heart.

PATRICK
It’s okay, we’ll find her.

HELENE
Promise you’ll get her back. Please.

PATRICK
I’ll try. I will.

HELENE
You have to promise.

Patrick looks at her.

PATRICK
I promise.

An intrepid FIELD REPORTER realizes Helene is there and thrusts a MICROPHONE in her face.

INTREPID FIELD REPORTER
(faux concern)
Helene, with time running out on day three, do you fear the worst? Most children missing this long are killed.

PATRICK
(to Helene)
Go inside.

Helene is scrambled, she makes her way up the steps. The reporter follows. Patrick puts his hands on him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey. Fuck off.

EXT. ROXBURY MEN’S CLUB ROOF- SUN SETTING TO NIGHT
Wide angle lens establishing shot. Time lapse.
EXT. ROXBURY STREETS - NIGHT

Patrick and Angie roll through Roxbury, enjoying a few withering glances directed at two white people in a late model American car.

EXT. CHEESE’S APARTMENT, SHAWMUT AVE. ROXBURY - NIGHT

Patrick and Angie emerge from their car as Poole and Bressant do the same. Poole lights a cigarette.

BRESSANT
Where do you think you’re going?

PATRICK
To talk to Cheese.

POOLE
No you’re not.

BRESSANT
Get back in your car.

PATRICK
That’s a mistake. He’ll never talk to a badge. I know him. If there’s a deal to be brokered we’re the ones who can do it.

BRESSANT
No. Me and Nick are handling this. This is too important.

PATRICK
If you two go in, negotiate a ransom for a girl, then it is kidnapping and that’s the FBI.

ANGIE
All you’re gonna do is scare him and the more scared he is the worse it is for her.

The look at each other.

PATRICK
Do you want to get the kid back or not?

BRESSANT
I’m gonna take that as a rhetorical question.
PATRICK
Sit fuckin' tight. We know him, he'll talk to us and we'll be right back.

CUT TO:

A PIPE BEING SMOKED. MARIJUANA BURNS

INT. CHEESE'S HOUSE, BACK ROOM - MINUTES LATER

CHEESE
Been a long time.

CHEESE JEAN BAPTISTE sits in frame. He is a wiry, intense man who looks over Patrick and Angie suspiciously.

Along with Cheese, there are a MAN (CHRIS MULLEN, 30) and a WOMAN (Cheese’s Girlfriend, 22, from Laos).

There are flat screen plasma TVs, piles of clothes and nearly sixty boxes of sneakers against one wall.

Patrick and Angie sit opposite Cheese.

Cheese exhales. He gestures to his girlfriend.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
I'm a talk some private shit.

She starts to go. Chris remains.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
But don’t get too far.

GIRL
You know I’ll be right here.

He looks them over. He is languid but extremely intimidating.

CHEESE
Bitches love the cheddar.

Small laugh.

PATRICK
How you been, Chris?

CHRIS MULLEN
Better than you.

PATRICK
Good to hear it.
CHEESE
(to Chris)
Be cool.
(beat)
Been too long not to see a fool. I give you an audience.
(beat)
Go.

Patrick and Angie exchange looks. He goes.

PATRICK
We found what you were lookin' for in Chelsea.

CHEESE
What makes you think I am concerned with the doings in Chelsea?

PATRICK
Cause I know one of the idiots who robbed you lives there.

CHEESE
What idiot?

PATRICK
The one you just killed.

CHEESE
I don't know about nobody gettin' killed. If someone robbed me and end up dead, you know, life a ma'fucker.

He looks at Chris, they smile. Angie leans forward.

ANGIE
Cheese, I appreciate you're seeing us. I know you're busy so we'll be quick.
(beat)
We have your money. It was buried in Ray's backyard.
(beat)
We want to give it back to you in exchange for Amanda. The two police outside are the only other people who know. They're willing to risk their careers to do this quietly and they've sent us in here to demonstrate that. They don't want to investigate you or prosecute you for anything -- they just want the girl back.
CHEESE
What you talkin’ about? What girl?

ANGIE
(patience tried)
You know what girl, Cheese. Amanda McCready. Who has nothing to do with Helene stealing from you.
(beat)
Don’t punish her for who her mother is.
(beat)
Tell us where to meet you, tell us what your terms are and we’ll do whatever makes you comfortable. You’ll get your money and you made your point. Just give us Amanda. Please.

Cheese seems confused.

PATRICK
Cheese, look at me. No one gives a fuck what you did. I never even liked Ray. You get the money. The girl goes home to her mother we’ll say we found her in the bushes or whatever.

CHEESE
I don’t know.

PATRICK
No. Don’t do this, bro. This isn’t the time for that. This is where you take the offer. It’s either this real quiet or it’s ten thousand fuckin’ cops kickin’ the door down and arresting everybody.

Cheese, very casually, takes a HANDGUN from out of his waistband. He examines it.

PATRICK (CONT’D)
Yo, yo, what is this?

CHEESE
First of all, don’t never come up in my spot like that. You got my money? You can leave that shit in the mailbox on you ass way out. Feel me? Some other motherfuckers let fools rob on ’em. I don’t play scrimmage-- but I don’t fuck with no kids--

Something occurs to Cheese.
CHEESE (CONT'D)

Hold up.

Cheese indicates Patrick’s shirt with his pistol.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

Lift up yo shirt.

(beat)
What? You thought we was cool? I ain’t down with you. Don’t let me see a wire...

A little taken aback, Patrick lifts his shirt up.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

(to Angie)
You, too, baby. Show me them tetons.

From behind, we see her lift her shirt, exposing her bra.
Cheese seems satisfied.

He takes another whack at the pipe.

CHEESE (CONT'D)

I know one “McCready.” Kept a bitch in my stable by that name. No titties, fucked up shit goin’ on with the face-- But you give her the right shit she get freaky. Bounce up and down on yo shit.

Pop! Pop! Go the weasel.

He goes back for the pipe, seems to lose his concentration.
Patrick unsnaps his holster, subtly.

PATRICK
If you point a gun at her again I’m gonna pull your fuckin’ card, okay?

(beat)
You’re saying you didn’t do it? Okay. What other choice do I have? We’ll take your money and go along our way.

(beat)
But If I find out you’re lying, I’ll spend every nickel of your money dedicated to fuckin’ you up. I’ll bribe cops to go after you, I’ll pays guys to go after your crew, I’ll tell everyone I know that you’re a C.I. and a rat -- and I know a lot of people, Cheese. After that, you’re gonna wished you had listened to me.

(MORE)
PATRICK (CONT'D)
'Cause your shitty pool-hall crime syndicate headquarters will be raided, your doped up bitches will get sent back to Laos and this dumb motherfucker (re: Chris) will be testifying against you for a reduced sentence while you end up in a cell with a big motherfucker, his dick and your zippo 'cause from what I heard, guys who kill kids aren’t treated too good in Concord. But maybe I’m wrong. Maybe things are different these days.

CHEESE
Don’t never speak to me that way. (he smiles)
You ain’t shit. Yo bitch ain’t shit. Neither one of y’all motherfuckers is shit. Fuck both ya’ll. If you didn’t have two pig out in my meadow--I put a round in both your heads right now.

Cheese’s eyes narrow, his pupils like black pinpricks in his irises.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
And if that girl only hope is you. I pray for her. She is gone, baby. Gone.

He laughs.

CHEESE (CONT'D)
Out. And if I see you on the street, I’m a get discourteous on you.

They get up.

CHEESE (CONT’D)
And get this sausage off my lawn.

He indicates Poole and Bressant who can be see through the window, smoking on a small patch of dirt outside the apartment.

EXT. CHEESE’S APARTMENT, SHAWMUT AVE. ROXBURY - MOMENTS LATER52

Patrick and Angie approach Poole and Bressant. Patrick shakes his head.

POOLE
What happened?
ANGIE
He said he didn’t know anything but if we had his money we could leave it in the mailbox.

BRESSANT
Is that what he told you?

PATRICK
Yeah, that’s it.

POOLE
He said nothing else?

PATRICK
He wants you off his fuckin’ lawn.

POOLE
I thought you knew the guy.

BRESSANT
Half the guys he grew up with are degenerates.

PATRICK
You know what the other half are?

BRESSANT
What?

PATRICK
Cops. But don’t hold it against me.

BRESSANT
Nah. You know what I hold against you? We had one chance to make this deal. You said you knew him, you said you could do it and you fucked it up. Now we have to get a warrant for a tap, start surveillance and hope to Christ we get lucky. If that costs Amanda her life, I won’t have to hold it against you. You’ll hold it against yourself for a good, long time.

INT PATRICK & ANGIE’S APT - NIGHT

Patrick and Angie in their bedroom. It’s late and they can’t sleep. A LOCAL NEWS REPEAT runs on the television woven into their dialogue. In effect, it will play like background.
ANGIE
Look, the Police taking over isn’t necessarily a bad thing.

PATRICK
No?

ANGIE
They see more child exploitation in a week than we could in a career...

PATRICK
Makes you want to have kids.

This gets Angie’s attention. She looks at him.

ANGIE
Does it make you not want to?

Patrick drinks his beer.

PATRICK
There’s a political party in Holland that openly advocates pedophilia and won seats in parliament. In America four hundred thousand kids get abused every year. There are half a million convicted, registered sex offenders, two-thirds of them for molesting children under fourteen, there are a hundred thousand child porn web sites. They busted one in Texas had seventy thousand members—people who gave their credit cards... There’s a group, the 'Rene Guyon' society, whose motto is 'sex before eight or it’s too late.' There’s a rise in the victimization of ‘pre-verbal’ children, for the obvious reason that they can’t report their accusers. One in five American girls is sexually abused or victimized before they turn eighteen. But only one third of those every tells anyone in their lifetime that they were abused.

She gives him a look: ‘oh, really?’

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I read that in two minutes on the computer while you were taking a shower.
ANGIE
And that tells you you don’t want children.

PATRICK
It tells me there aren’t enough gas chambers.

A beat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I’d love to have a kid.

ANGIE
Yeah?

PATRICK
I’m just not sure a kid would love to be here.
She looks sympathetic.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I don’t want to be the guy who fucked this up.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING
Patrick is asleep. Angie is on the far side of the bed. The phone rings.

ANGIE
Yeah?

BRESSANT
Guess you did something right.

ANGIE
What?

BRESSANT
Cheese came around. Called in and said he wants to make a drop. Said he left something in your mailbox.

ANGIE
Really?
BRESSANT
Well, you’re gonna have to check the mailbox yourself, but yeah.

ANGIE
Great.

BRESSANT
It is and it isn’t. They tape calls coming into the station now.

ANGIE
What does that mean?

BRESSANT
It means Jack heard about it, he wants you down here and he’s fuckin’ pissed.

EXT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S APT - MORNING

They walk out the front door and, sure enough, there is an ENVELOPE in the mailbox. But what gets their attention is that jammed into the box, along with the letter is AMANDA’S BLANKET.

Patrick takes it out, hands it to Angie. They react.

INT. BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Patrick and Angie follow Devin down the hall.

PATRICK
What are you doing here?

DEVIN
When the boss wants you met, he only sends the best.

ANGIE
Or when he wants you brought up the back way.

Devin smiles.

DEVIN
That, too.

They walk through an area with cells in it that looks medieval. They move through another door into a small control room.

Then they walk into a lobby.
He comes to a stop at Doyle’s SECRETARY’S DESK.

His SECRETARY, RENE (30, attractive) seems to know Devin.

    DEVIN (CONT’D)
    (re: Doyle’s office)
    He in there?

She nods.

    RENE
    Yeah he said just let ‘em in.

    DEVIN
    That’s what he said?

She doesn’t answer. Devin turns to Patrick and Angie.

    DEVIN (CONT’D)
    Good luck.

He starts back. They turn to the door and ENTER.

INT. DOYLE’S OFFICE - DAY

Patrick and Angie fail at entering unobtrusively. Poole and Bressant are being lectured by Captain Jack Doyle.

Doyle turns his attention (for the first time) to Patrick and Angie.

    DOYLE
    (to Patrick and Angie)
    You’re late.

Doyle picks up a paper TRANSCRIPT and hands it to Patrick.

    DOYLE (CONT'D)
    This is the transcript of a call that was recorded coming into the station this morning. Care to read the highlighted portion?

Patrick reads.

    PATRICK
    Caller: Bitch you better have my money.

Patrick looks up. The room is quite. He continues:
PATRICK (CONT'D)
Detective Bressant: Who is this? Caller: You know who the fuck this is, fool
(Creole curse words)- If you want that girl back you need to meet me up Quincy tonight. Fuck around for a minute and I throw that girl in the lake.

DOYLE
The “lake” he refers to is the water in the abandoned quarry.

He refers to the transcript.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Detective Bressant goes on to make an unauthorized ransom arrangement to exchange Amanda McCready for a hundred and thirty thousand dollars, tonight in just that location.

A moment of quiet. Doyle gestures toward Bressant.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
After some discussion, Detective Bressant was kind enough to produce this:

He indicates the bag of money on his desk.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Look familiar?

Patrick and Angie offer a guilty plea by their silence.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Seeing as you two made the initial contact--

ANGIE
Captain, we were concerned for the safety of--

DOYLE
I understand what your concern was. My concern, interestingly, is also for the well being of that child. And now that concern has been elevated because of the risky and ill-advised course of action you people have taken.

(beat)

(MORE)
DOYLE (CONT'D)
The four of you have made me party to an illegal activity without my knowledge or consent and I don’t fucking appreciate it.

BRESSANT
You don't have to be party to it, sir...

DOYLE
The hell I don't. If I delay this now, after this agreement, it would only further endanger the life of this girl. Does that sound like something you expect me to do?

PATRICK
I'll accept responsibility for--

DOYLE
You'll accept-- Don't come in here and get noble with me. Responsibility is earned. You can't take something you have no shoulder for.

He gathers his composure.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Let me see the note.

Patrick produces the note and the blanket.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Good God.

CUT TO:

INT. TACTICAL BRIEFING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Remy and Nick stand with Patrick and Angie going over the RANSOM MAP which is tacked to the wall. Next to it are a geographical survey of the quarry and a street map of the surrounding area.

BRESSANT
They want to separate us.

He points to diverging paths on the map.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)
The note instructs you two to wait here on the south side for Amanda and Nick and I to be at the clearing by the edge with the money.

(MORE)
BRESSANT (CONT’D)

(beat)
Once Amanda is turned over to you at your position, call us on the radio and we’ll turn over the cash.

Doyle, having been observing, interjects.

DOYLE
This man won’t come alone. Who is he likely to bring?

PATRICK
Chris Mullen was in the apartment when we made the offer.

DOYLE
What do you know about him?

PATRICK
Well, it was probably him that killed Ray for Cheese. If I had to guess.

POOLE
He didn’t ask you what you guessed. He asked you what do you know.

PATRICK
I know he’s a six foot, thirty year old, caucasian heroin addict. And I know it was him, not Cheese, who rolled up Pokey Jackson and shot him in the head.

(beat)
So there’s that, too.

Remy is the voice of reason today.

BRESSANT
I think we’re all set here, Captain.

DOYLE
No one else knows about this, correct?

Angie has a concern.

ANGIE
I just wonder...

DOYLE
(turns to ask:)
Yes?
ANGIE
Are we rationalizing this? I mean, wouldn’t a hundred police up there be better for her than the four of us?

Doyle stops.

DOYLE
What does that mean?

ANGIE
I’m asking if keeping this quiet is better for Amanda, or is it better for us?

Doyle is opaque.

DOYLE
Do you have any children, Miss Gennaro?

She shakes her head.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
Then you’ve never lost one. My only child was murdered. She was twelve. You heard about it?

The question is rhetorical.

DOYLE (CONT'D)
What you didn’t hear, what you don’t know, is what that feels like.

There are articles on the wall. COP FATHER OF SLAIN CHILD VOWS: NEVER AGAIN.

DOYLE (CONT’D)
What I live with? Is knowing my daughter likely died crying out for me to protect her, to come save her.

(beat)
And that I never came.

(beat)
She died afraid and alone, in a shallow ditch bank, a few feet from the road and not ten minutes from our house.

Silence.

DOYLE (CONT’D)
I know what it is- to lose my child.
He now gets more upset than he usually does delivering this speech.

DOYLE (CONT’D)
God damn it.
(beat)
You force my hand and then question the way I handle to it? Question me?

BRESSANT
(to Angie)
No one’s questioning you.

He relaxes a little.

DOYLE
I honor my daughter with this, this division, so no parent has to live what I’ve known...Not even a woman like Helene McCready.
(beat)
That girl--
(indicates photo of Amanda)
is all I care about. And we’re going to bring her home.

EXT. AERIAL ESTABLISHING QUINCY QUARRY - SUNSET

From the sky, lit by the last slivers of light from a setting sun, we see the Quincy quarry. It has become, in essence, a huge lake, set a hundred or so feet into a rock quarry and surrounded by acres of dense pine. As we travel past the quarry, we see PATRICK’S CAR IN A PARKING LOT.

EXT. QUARRY PARKING LOT - SUN JUST SET

The car idles. Patrick and Angie sit inside.

ANGIE
Why is he bringing us all the way up here?

PATRICK
Dark, big, make sure he can get away.

ANGIE
No. Something’s wrong.

PATRICK
All he wants is the money. He just doesn’t want to get arrested doing it.
ANGIE
They’re gonna kill her. I can feel it.

He looks out the window.

EXT QUARRY TRAIL - NIGHT

Angie, Patrick, Bressant, & Poole follow up a steep incline. Remy has the BAG OF MONEY.

POOLE
This asshole could have picked somewhere on level ground.

BRESSANT
Keep the lights off for now.

ANGIE
Is this where all the peak rocks have names?

PATRICK
(listing the names of the peaks)
Running Tierny, Leo, Dan, Gooch, Jigger, Goreski and runnin’ Mike.

POOLE
Where’d they get those fuckin’ names?

PATRICK
From the kids who died tryin’ to jump off ‘em..

EXT. QUARRY TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

More climbing. It starts to get steep. Some stones come loose underfoot and trickle downhill. We see that the quarry rocks are covered in the graffiti left by previous visitors.

They walk in silence.

EXT QUARRY TOP - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

They CREST the hill. The city lights are behind them and we move to reveal the QUARRY WATER below and the edge before them.

The path forks in two, opposite directions.
BRESSANT
(to Patrick & Angie)
This is where we part ways

POOLE
(smiles)
Divide and conquer.

POOLE (CONT'D)
Be careful.

ANGIE
You be careful.

BRESSANT
Call us on the radio when you have her.

PATRICK
We will.

Bressant cranes his neck. A nervous tick. Finally:

BRESSANT
Fuck it.

And with that, he and Poole turn and head into the darkness.

PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick & Angie are on a steep incline. The vast openness of the quarry looms on their right.

They climb still higher, finally arriving at 'rooftop.'

Patrick looks around. The view is breathtaking, but that isn’t it. It doesn’t make sense.

PATRICK
How are they gonna get Amanda to us up here--

A SPLASH IN THE WATER breaks the silence--

GUNFIRE and TWO MUZZLES FLASH on the opposite side.

Staccato voices come across the radio punctuated by gunfire.

POOLE (WALKIE)
Remy, Watch out!

BRESSANT (WALKIE)
I HEARD A SPLASH!
Patrick and Angie take off running toward the gunfire.

EXT. QUARRY TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Patrick and Angie come flying down the trail, skittering and falling. At one point Patrick comes perilously close to the edge but rights himself. Their flashlights come on, bobbing up and down frantically as they make their way back to Poole and Bressant at a full on sprint. They can hear Poole and Bressant out loud now, without the walkies.

    POOLE (O.S.)
    SOMETHING WENT IN!

    BRESSANT (O.S)
    NICKY WATCH OUT!
    (beat)
    THERE HE GOES!

More shots.

EXT. QUARRY, CLEARING CLIFF - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick and Angie run down the trail and approach a clearing. Poole and Bressant are near its edge, chests heaving, and frantically looking down into the quarry.

Patrick trips and goes flying, nearly landing on Cheese's body, shot dead.

    ANGIE
    Where did she fall?!

Patrick gets up and runs to the quarry edge.

    POOLE
    We heard it, too.

    BRESSANT
    First thing I saw was something went in.

    ANGIE
    Where is she?!

    PATRICK
    What happened?

    BRESSANT
    We got one, the other took off.

Patrick and Angie scour the water with their flashlights.
PATRICK
Right there!

SOMETHING IN THE WATER. A flash of something flesh-colored.

The minute she sees it, Angie SAILS OUT OVER THE CLIFF AND INTO THE WATER.

His flashlight finds ANGIE SWIMMING DETERMINEDLY toward something. He scans and sees what she’s after: AMANDA’S DOLL FLOATING IN THE WATER.

POOLE
Jesus.

She DIVES beneath the surface...

And finally emerges near the edge of the lake. She grabs hold of an outcropping. In her other hand she holds AMANDA’S DOLL, MIRABELLE.

We move in on Angie, clutching the nightgown and the doll -- shivering in the frigid, black water.

DISSOLVE:

INT. ANGIE’S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angie is in bed watching a news report, her leg bandaged from being slashed open on the rocks.

Before Patrick enters we move in a long lens, near macro shot along Angie, beginning on darkness, then onto her bandaged leg, across the arm with an IV in it, stained by iodine and resting on her face.

PATRICK
Is your leg alright?

ANGIE
It will be. You hear anything?

PATRICK
Cops found no one up there. Shocker. I guess as soon as they had the money, someone shot Cheese and another guy came out shootin’. They must have tossed her in.

ANGIE
Why?
PATRICK
I don't know. She saw their faces. For some people that's enough.

ANGIE
But you and me could recognize Chris.

PATRICK
Remy said the other two kids were black. So it wasn't Chris.

ANGIE
Have they found her?

PATRICK
No, but they got divers up there now, so...

ANGIE
Then she could be alive. She could be hiding. She could be stuck...

PATRICK
Yeah but, the one cop told me that two years ago some guy killed his wife and dumped her in there-- the divers found the body...but it was so dark they lost it and then they could never find it again. There's so many crags and outcroppings and old cars and shit. (beat)
So don't get your hopes up.

He sees she is crying.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Oh, hey. It's okay. I know.

She bends over, more emotional pain than physical. She curls her knee up to her chin, holds her abdomen, in obvious pain.

Patrick climbs into bed with her, wraps her in his arms.

ANGIE
I'm sorry...I'm sorry...

PATRICK
Don't say that.

ANGIE
I'm sorry...
PATRICK
It’s okay.

We creep back slowly as the news plays.

DOYLE (ON TV)
...every effort to recover her remains so
the McCready family can have a proper
burial. However this quarry is extremely
deep and treacherous. All too often she
keeps that which she takes in...

They cut back to the Anchor desk.

ANCHOR (ON TV)
Well, a sad end to that story, Susanne.

SUSANNE (ON TV)
Yes it is, Phil.

ANCHOR (ON TV)
Ron is next with Sports. The Bruins in
action tonight?

RON (ON TV)
Yes, they are, Phil. The B’s took a crack
at the Flyers tonight and the rough stuff
started in the first perio--

DISSOLVE

PATRICK (V.O.)
And like that. She was gone.

PASSAGE OF TIME SEQUENCE. MUSIC OVER.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S APT - NIGHT

Patrick gets a beer out of the refrigerator.

PATRICK (V.O.)
I tried to catch my balance, but the
world kept turning forward.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S APT - NIGHT

Patrick in the living room. The only light is the television.

ON TV: A MUG SHOT OF CHRIS MULLEN.
PATRICK (V.O.)
Chris' run lasted a day and a half until, from what they could tell, he ran into someone else who wanted the money even more than he did.

NEWSCASTER # 2
A Dorchester man was gunned down today...

FIELD REPORTER #7
In the third Dorchester slaying in as many days, 29 year old Chris Mullen was gunned down in an apparent robbery. The Police Commissioner defended the rising tide of crime as a statistical aberration tied to growing unemployment and the humidity of an unusually sweltering summer month.

INT. SAME - LATER
Patrick lies on the couch, heavy. The coffee table is piled high with empty beer cans.

PATRICK (V.O.)
You couldn't turn on the television without another kid gone and feared whatever. Another horror story.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)
Missing for four days and Shrewsbury is gripped with fear. After Jimmy Pietro's disappearance, doors are locked and community watch patrols are being formed--

INT. BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT BUILDING, 4TH DISTRICT - DAY
Boxes are being piled and a photo of Doyle is among them.

NEWSCASTER # 3
A chief under fire. The legendary captain of a unit dedicated to children stepped down today in the aftermath of controversy.

EXT. TOWNSEND ROAD - DAY
Doyle's 'summer cottage.' He pulls up in a Suburban and gets out of the car. The first time we see him in plain-clothes he looks humbled.
INT. FATHER’S FOUR BAR - MONTAGE

Bressant and Poole drink with Patrick.

PATRICK
It’s bullshit. He was trying to save her life.

POOLE
They don’t see it that way.

PATRICK
Can he fight it?

BRESSANT
When you gamble, you don’t put money on the table if you’re gonna cry about losing it.

PATRICK
What did he get?

BRESSANT
The dignity of early retirement-- and the humiliation of half a pension.

PATRICK
What about you guys?

POOLE
You don’t have to call Remy ‘sergeant’ detective anymore.

BRESSANT
Hey look, it’s patrolman Raftopolous-

They laugh.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR BASEMENT - MONTAGE

The small room is full of people at a wake for Amanda. Helene sits up front with Lionel, Bea, and Dottie. Patrick and Angie stand near the rear.

PATRICK (V.O.)
There were others who didn’t share their gifts for stoicism.

A small mounted photo of Amanda sits in an empty and impossibly small casket. Helene starts to rock back and forth, then lets it go-- a fountain of grief and a future of unending pain.
They called off the search and issued Helene a death certificate. She elected to have a memorial service with a child's casket there as a symbol. The guilt, shame and agony inside Helene, finally found their way out.

Helene opens her mouth with a cry, too painful for sound.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT, BATHROOM - MONTAGE

Patrick comes in, Angie is in the bathtub.

   PATRICK
   Hey.

Angie doesn't say anything.

   PATRICK (CONT'D)
   I'm sorry.

   ANGIE
   It's not your fault.

   PATRICK
   Yeah it is. I wanted to do this.

   ANGIE
   I did, too.

   PATRICK
   I'm sorry this happened to us.
   (beat)
   I want it back like it was.

   ANGIE
   It's okay.
   (trying)
   It's just rain.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT - NIGHT

Patrick comes home. Closes the front door. He moves down the HALLWAY.

   PATRICK (V.O.)
   And when she didn't think I was home, or if she thought I couldn't hear, she would cry.
The bathroom door is closed but a sliver of light and a shadow can be seen in the crack below.

NEWSCASTER # 2 (O.S.)
A missing boy, a bicycle, left roadside. 
A tire left spinning. Wanda?

INT LIVE BOOTLEG - HAPPY HOUR
The news plays on a TV behind the bar.

PATRICK (V.O.)
I did the only thing that seemed to help. 
I drank... And for a few hours the world 
would go quiet and I could breathe.

Patrick sits at the bar with Bubba.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I don’t know. It just seems a little gay 
to have a couch like that

BUBBA
Who are you, fuckin’ Martha Stewart?

PATRICK
Do you even know who that is?

BUBBA
I know she was in the can.

He gets up, swallows the last og his beer.

BUBBA (CONT'D)
I need you to come on a ride with me.

PATRICK
Where?

BUBBA
Everett.

Beat.

PATRICK
Why the fuck you want to go up Everett 
for? No parties in Lynn?

BUBBA
Something I want you to see.
PATRICK
You already took me to the Portuguese strip bar in Lynn. That place was tired.

BUBBA
You got your toast?

PATRICK
My what?

BUBBA
Your gun, dummy.

EXT. ROUTE 1A - SUNSET, MAGIC HOUR

Bubba’s Navigator, full chrome package cruises down the parkway.

INT. BUBBA’S NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS

Bubba and Patrick ride silently. Patrick drinks a BEER.

EXT. EVERETT STREET - DUSK

This used to be a neighborhood where families lived and worked in factories nearby. The factories are long gone and the families with them. All that remains are the ghosts of their homes, derelict and near abandoned for decades.

They are ringed sparsely by the kind of industrial facilities self-respecting neighborhoods won’t permit.

The Navigator pulls up outside a particularly decrepit house.

INT. BUBBA’S NAVIGATOR - CONTINUOUS

Bubba takes a Beretta from beneath his seat. He checks the clip. Patrick gives him a look.

BUBBA
Calm down. I’m doing you a favor.

PATRICK
You are?

BUBBA
You were lookin’ for someone. I found ‘em for you.

PATRICK
The case is over.
BUBBA
You don’t care about that Corwin Earle
dude no more?

This is a genuine question. Bubba went out of his way to help
Patrick and now feels a little hurt.

BUBBA (CONT'D)
'Cause the fat bitch and the old dude are
in there. My man didn’t know about the
diddler.

(beat)
Watch my side and we’ll roll up on this
fool and see if that motherfucker’s in
there.

(beat)
But be ready. We might have to get down
and I don’t want to see you get killed.

PATRICK
(getting out)
Let’s go.

He looks at Patrick. Patrick opens the door.

EXT. EVERETT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Bubba and Patrick walk up the steps. Bubba pounds his fist on
the door.

Two bolts unlock with a SHARP SNAP and the door cracks open.
Peering through the narrow opening is LEON TRETT.

LEON
Jerome Miller?

BUBBA
No, it’s the coke fairy. Open up.

LEON
I got the money right here.

BUBBA
Marmaduke. You think you’re gonna hand me
money on a porch? Open the fuckin’ door.

A beat. The door SNAPS open. They head in.

LEON
(re: Patrick)
Who’s he?
BUBBA
He’s your father
(moving him aside)
Look out.

LEON TRETTE
Okay, chill.

INT TRETTE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bubba and Patrick step inside. It’s a dirty, grim place. They follow Leon down a hallway and through several rooms. Music comes from upstairs.

BUBBA
You guys startin’ a band?

INT KITCHEN - LATER

Bubba throws Leon a small “taste bag.” Leon tosses Bubba a KNOT OF MONEY. Leon promptly empties the bag and snorts it from atop his closed fist. Bubba sighs at the mess of money he’s been given.

BUBBA
Organizational skills are poor.

ROBERTA TRETTE, a LARGE and UNATTRACTIVE woman appears.

ROBERTA
I told you to call me when it got here.

LEON
It just got here.

ROBERTA
You already did some.

LEON
I did two lines. That was the taste bag.

Leon gives Patrick a look: Women.

Roberta POPS Leon in the face. He holds his hand to his face

ROBERTA
That’s for gettin’ wise.

LEON
I said I’m sorry.

Roberta takes the bag and snorts some from her pinky nail.
BUBBA
(gives Patrick money)
Patrick, count this...fuckin’ mess.

Bubba starts walking around.

LEON
Where’s the rest?

Bubba looks into the next room.

BUBBA
(offhand)
Soon as he’s finished counting.

Roberta and Leon exchange a look.

PATRICK
A hundred. One fifty...

ROBERTA
Mr. Miller. Do you mind?

BUBBA
No. I don’t mind.

He walks past them and looks into the back.

ROBERTA
Excuse me.

BUBBA
I said I don’t mind.

Patrick is still counting.

PATRICK
Four eighty...

Leon nervously fingers a little martial arts knife.

LEON TRET
Please don’t poke around, sir.

BUBBA
Relax.

ROBERTA
Excuse me.

Bubba keeps going, moving toward the back of the house.
LEON TRETT
Where the fuck you think you’re going?

Bubba is heading toward the stairs.

ROBERTA
Excuse me!

He keeps going back.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Mister Miller, I’m warning you.

Leon and Roberta follow him back to the stairs. Bubba looks up and begins to ascend when:

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Stop!

This is a different tone. He looks up. She is holding a crappy little REVOLVER. They have a beat.

BUBBA
(deadpan)
Patrick, shoot this bitch.

She turns to see PATRICK standing behind her, holding his gun. He has dropped the money on the floor.

Bubba looks right in her face.

BUBBA (CONT'D)
You fat, busted cunt. You put a gun on me, you better fuckin’ use it.

A beat.

BUBBA (CONT'D)
You don’t want to shoot her, Patrick?

She runs out of options.

ROBERTA
Just give us the fuckin’ wizza.

BUBBA
What the fuck is a ‘wizza?’

Bubba hears something at the top of the stairs.

BUBBA (CONT'D)
Who’s this?
Corwin Earle has crept into the room and is perched at the top of the stairs. He wears a SILVER CHAIN AND MEDALLION around his wrist.

ROBERTA
Corwin, go back to your room.

He slinks off. Bubba and Patrick trade looks.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Give us what we paid for.

Bubba thinks.

BUBBA
How much money was that, Patrick?

PATRICK
A thousand.

Bubba reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bag. He EMPTIES IT ON THE HALLWAY FLOOR.

BUBBA
There you go, lady.

He starts out. Patrick moves to follow.

BUBBA (CONT'D)
(to Patrick)
Where you goin'? Pick up the money.

BOOM. A TRUNK OPENS AS WE CUT TO THE NEXT SCENE

EXT. TRET'T HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

POOLE and BRESSANT who rifle through their trunk, putting on vests and readying their weapons.

PATRICK
There’s at least two guns in the house. Roberta’s carrying hers on her.

BRESSANT
What else?

PATRICK
They’re definitely high.

BRESSANT
On what?
PATRICK
Cocaine.

BRESSANT
(winks)
That what your ‘friend’ told ya?

POOLE
SWAT will be here in five minutes.

PATRICK
You’re not gonna wait for them?

BRESSANT
(to Patrick)
Did you or did you not tell me that you
saw Corwin Earle with the medallion of
St. Christopher on his fucking wrist?

PATRICK
I think it was a medallion.
(beat)
It was definitely Corwin Earle.

BRESSANT
We’re not waiting.

Poole cocks the shotgun. Bressant picks up the radio in his car.

POOLE
Stay here. Don’t fuck around.

BRESSANT
(rapid fire cop speak)
290, German Road. Suspect 1860 moving in
now. Possible captive in danger.

Bressant throws the radio on his seat and starts for the house. As he goes, he turns back to Patrick.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)
(genuine)
Nice job.

As they reach the sidewalk out front, Bressant cuts across the yard toward the side of the house. Poole heads for the front door.

Bressant does a ONE ARM COCK of the shotgun before disappearing from Patrick’s sight.
EXT. TRETTE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Poole rings the buzzer and steps back...

SHOTS FIRE THROUGH THE DOOR and clip into Poole. It seems almost too clumsy to be real. He falls over, holding his neck.

A moment of STUNNED SILENCE, then:

Patrick runs from the car. Staying low, he races for the cover of the FRONT YARD OF THE HOUSE.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG

Patrick TRIPS taking cover and is splayed across the muddy grass, looks over his shoulder.

Patrick reaches Poole and lies on top of him. He messily checks for a pulse, gets smeared with blood.

Poole is torn up. Several rounds hit where the vest wasn’t, including his neck. He grunts. Patrick fumbles for his cell phone.

Patrick hears shots from inside. He leaves his phone by Poole and heads inside.

HOWLING can be heard from within.

INT TRETTE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The foyer floor is spattered with blood. He cautiously moves forward.

Into a completely bare room. He moves to the hallway.

Just inside the hall a BODY lies motionless on its stomach.

Patrick inches through the door, crouches next to the body, and cranes his head. It’s Leon Trett: DEAD.

Patrick momentarily pauses to examine Leon.

BOOM
A GUNSHOT explodes and a SLUG rips into the wall above Patrick’s head, showering him in plaster.

Looking up, he sees Roberta Trett at the far end of the hall gripping her revolver.

BOOM BOOM, two more shots bury into the wall.

ROBERTA (enraged)
GET AWAY FROM HIM! GET AWAY FROM LEON!

She CHARGES. Patrick whips open a door opposite the one he just came through and leaps out of the hallway...

And TRIPS up a staircase -- SMACKING HIS FACE against the wood...

Roberta FIRES UP AT HIM. He scrambles up the stairs and crashes his body against a STEEL DOOR at the top. It flies open and he tumbles through.

INT. CORWIN’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick spins over and kicks the door closed. He springs to his feet, throws his body against the door, and locks it with the heavy DEAD BOLT on the POLICE DOOR.

WHAM. Roberta slams into the other side of the door with everything she’s got. She does it again, WHAM. And again, WHAM. But the door holds. Patrick turns to survey his surroundings.

Patrick moves to ANOTHER ROOM outfitted with a COFFEE TABLE piled high with empty beer cans, a frayed COUCH, a small TV.

The room connects to a small BEDROOM. Patrick steps toward.

A SOILED, BARE MATTRESS lies in one corner.

Patrick steps in, his gun raised...

And finds himself staring directly into the face of:

CORWIN EARLE.

Crouched on the floor, naked from the waist down and wearing a half-shirt. His stare is bug-eyed & frightened.

Corwin stares at Patrick, scared.
PATRICK
Don’t move.

CORWIN EARLE
It was an accident.

He looks up at Patrick like a whipped dog, eyes shifting nervously to the door.

Patrick cautiously pushes open the door to the bathroom.
He looks in the sink. There are bloody children’s underwear soaking.
Then Patrick looks in the BATHTUB.

BLACK.
And sees, curled in the fetal position, SAMUEL PIETRO, gagged, bound and suffocated. His bluish face frozen in a scream.

BLACK.
The blood rushes from Patrick’s head. He retches violently.

BLACK
Close on Corwin, really scared. Really sorry.

CORWIN EARLE (CONT'D)
I didn’t mean to.

BLACK.
He stands over Corwin Earle and pulls back on the trigger. It takes longer and requires more strength than he thought it would to fire.

BANG
Patrick FIRES A ROUND into Corwin Earle’s head.

BLACK.

INT TRETTHouse - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick stands in the threshold of the police door staring at the mammoth corpse of Roberta Trett, which lies at the bottom of the stairwell. Bressant stands over her. He looks up at Patrick.
BLACK.

EXT. TRET'T HOUSE - NIGHT

Patrick stands with officers who take his statement.

BLACK.

A tiny BLACK BODY BAG is wheeled past Patrick on a gurney.

BLACK.

INT HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Patrick walks a BRIGHT & SHADOW-LESS CORRIDOR.

INT. I.C.U. - NIGHT

Patrick approaches the room where Poole is buried in tubes and surrounded by family. His wife and two daughters look up at Patrick.

BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Patrick stands, looking out a window into black. We hold his face and it’s reflection in the glass: a two shot.

In the reflection, we see Angie come up behind Patrick and put her arms around him. We dolly over to make them a 2-shot.

    ANGIE
    Hey...

She puts her hand up to his face, the side of his head.

    ANGIE (CONT'D)
    Are you okay?

He looks out through the glass.

    PATRICK
    No.

She looks at him. Feels him.

    PATRICK (CONT'D)
    (beat)
    Nick got shot.
ANGIE
I heard. How is he?

PATRICK
He’s in with his family.

ANGIE
You found the boy?

PATRICK
I got wet today.

ANGIE
I know.
   (beat)
I’m proud of you.

Patrick looks at her, surprised by this.

ANGIE (CONT’D)
That man killed a child. He had no right to live.

Patrick turns around to face her.

PATRICK
You’re proud of me?

ANGIE
Of course I am.
   (beat)
You did what you had to do. Now let’s go home.

   PATRICK
I need to stay here for a while.

   ANGIE
Why?

   PATRICK
Go home. I’ll be back there soon.

   ANGIE
Are you sure?

   PATRICK
Yeah.
   (beat)
I want to be here now.

He nods, looking back off in the direction of the window.
ANGIE
Okay. I’ll be at home.

EXT HOSPITAL - LATER

Patrick exits the front door of the Hospital and walks toward Remy, drinking from a bottle in a paper bag, who looks up at Patrick.

BRESSANT
It’s fucked up, right?

PATRICK
They tell you anything about Nick?

BRESSANT
They say he could be okay. I don’t know.

Bressant hands Patrick the bottle. Patrick sits down next to him. There is a beat. He drinks.

PATRICK
How old did they say the kid was?

BRESSANT
Seven.

PATRICK
Second grade.

BRESSANT
You should be proud of yourself. Most men would have stayed outside.

PATRICK
It doesn’t matter.

BRESSANT
(knowing)
Yes it does.

PATRICK
I had a priest who always said, “shame is God’s voice telling us where we did wrong.”

BRESSANT
Fuck him, you did good.

PATRICK
Murder is a sin.
BRESSANT
Depends on who you do it to.

PATRICK
(quiet matter-of-fact)
It don’t work like that. It is what it is.

Bressant sees Patrick is struggling.

BRESSANT
I planted evidence on a guy once.
(beat)
We got a call from our pal Ray Likanski. Back in '95 we were paying a hundred an eight ball to snitches. He couldn’t find enough guys to rat out. Anyway, he tells us there’s a guy pumpin’ out of an apartment in Colombia point. Me and Nick go in-- this was fifteen years ago; when Nicky went in, it was no joke.
(beat)
So it’s a stash house, the old lady is beat to shit and the husband is mean, cracked out, tries to give us trouble. Nick takes him down. We’re doin’ an inventory but it looks like we missed it cause there’s no dope in the house. I go in the back room, now this place was a shit-hole, mind you, rats and roaches all over the place, but the kid’s room in the back is spotless. He swept it, mopped it. Immaculate. The kid is sitting there, holding on to his Playstation for dear life, no expression, tears streaming down his face. He wants to tell me how he just learned his multiplication tables.

PATRICK
Jesus.

BRESSANT
The father has the kid living in a crack den, subsisting on twinkies and ass-whippings and the kid is still asking me, “is my daddy all right?”
(beat)
You’re worried about what’s Christian?
Kids forgive, they don’t judge, they turn the other cheek.
(MORE)
BRESSANT (CONT'D)
What do they get for it?
(beat)

I went back out and put an ounce of heroin on the living room floor. Sent the father on a ride. Seven to nine.

PATRICK
Think you did the right thing?

BRESSANT
I don’t give a fuck. You take a side. You beat a child, you molest a child, you hurt a child -- you ain’t on my side. And hope you don’t run into me because I will lay you the fuck down. Easy.

PATRICK
Doesn’t feel easy.

BRESSANT
Look, was he better off without the father? Yes. But okay, the kid might be out there, pumpin’ with a gun in his waistband. It’s a war. Are we winning? No.
(beat, shift)
Look, I got a great wife, money saved, hit my 30 in three months, pick up that pension and hail a fucking cab. Go down to Florida--

PATRICK
‘Cause a bad day in Florida--

BRESSANT
--Better than a good day anywhere else.

They share a small laugh.

BRESSANT (CONT’D)
Would you do it again? Clip Corwin Earle?

PATRICK
No.

BRESSANT
Does that make you right?

PATRICK
I don’t know.
BRESSANT
Don't make you wrong though, does it?

He laughs. Takes a drink.

BRESSANT (CONT'D)
When I started here an older cop told me:
Do your best, live with your regrets and
die with your secrets.
(beat)
It's all I got.

PATRICK
Maybe that's all you need.
(rising)
I'm going home.
(serious about Nick)
I'll say a prayer for him.

Remy gives Patrick a smile.

BRESSANT
Okay.
(beat)
You get to Florida, Patrick, look me up.

Patrick moves off into the night.

PATRICK
I will. Take care, Remy.

INT PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick comes in. Angie is sitting on the couch, in the dark.
Patrick stops when he realizes she is there.

ANGIE
Hi, love.

PATRICK
(distracted)
Hi.

ANGIE
How's Remy?

Patrick takes a second.

PATRICK
He lied to me.
INT. PATRICK & ANGIE'S APT, KITCHEN

Patrick is up now, mind going.

PATRICK
Ray. Before he said he never heard of him. Now he says they go back.

ANGIE
Ray Likanski?

PATRICK
Yeah. In Roxbury he tried to tell us he never heard of him, now tonight he said he been snitchin' for him for fifteen years.

ANGIE
Patrick.

PATRICK
This motherfucker lied to us about the reason Amanda disappeared--

ANGIE
--Patrick.

PATRICK
What?

ANGIE
Let it go.

PATRICK
Let what go?

ANGIE
I don't care about Remy. I don't care if he's crooked. We don't need any more of this. It's enough.

PATRICK
After what we been through? You want me to 'let it go'?

ANGIE
Yes.

PATRICK
Something has to be wrong. He lied to me. What we've been through we deserve to know the truth.
She looks at him.

ANGIE
Why? Why is it important? Amanda’s dead—fuck the rest of them. Crooked, liars, I don’t care.

PATRICK
What do you want?

ANGIE
I want this never to have happened.

PATRICK
Me, too.

She turns and goes into the bedroom.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S APT - DAY

Patrick slept out on the couch. Angie wakes him, whispering.

ANGIE
Babe, Nick died.

EXT. MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY - DAY

Patrick & Angie are among the crowd of MOURNERS. There are a number of WHITE GLOVED POLICE OFFICERS—indicating this is Poole’s funeral.

Everyone is heading UPHILL toward the grave site. An OLDER OFFICER approaches Patrick and Angie. He extends his hand to Patrick.

OLDER OFFICER
Mr. Kenzie.
(beat)
Nice fuckin’ job on Corwin Earle.

EXT. MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, POND AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Separated by a small POND, Patrick and Bressant exchange looks. Patrick is with Angie and Remy with his YOUNGER WIFE.

As the roads meet, Patrick comes up behind Bressant.

PATRICK
I was thinking about what we talked about other night.
BRESSANT
(looking away)
I said some things I shouldn’t have. Too much rum.

PATRICK
(offhand)
Like what?

BRESSANT
We’re not having this conversation.
Forget the other night and we’re okay.

A careful beat. Patrick looks him in the eyes.

PATRICK
What if I don’t?

BRESSANT
(matter of fact)
That’s not an “if” you want to bring into your life.

EXT. BURIAL SITE - CONTINUOUS

POOLE’S FAMILY huddles near the casket-- their grief still heavy. Bressant is among them.

The BOSTON POLICE BAG PIPERS play their elegiac requiem.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER THAT DAY

The body has been interred and the mourners are heading back to their cars.

They see Devin breaking off from another group of cops.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick approaches Devin.

PATRICK
Can I talk to you?

DEVIN
Yeah.

PATRICK
Not here.

DEVIN
Then you’re gonna have to buy me lunch.
PATRICK
All right. How about Leos?

DEVIN
No, come on now. I still work undercover. I can’t be seen with you where a subject might walk in.

PATRICK
How about the Chart House? I doubt any dealers will be rollin’ in there.

DEVIN
Sounds right.

Patrick rolls his eyes.

PATRICK
I’ll bring my wallet.

DEVIN
Just bring your lady.

PATRICK
Not a conversation she’s interested in having.

INT. CHART HOUSE RESTAURANT - DAY

Patrick and Devin are at a back table. Their food has mostly been eaten. Devin finishes a steak.

DEVIN
No cop ate this well since they had to disband vice.

PATRICK
What’d they do that for?

DEVIN
It was at the point where some guys owned yachts.

Patrick smiles.

PATRICK
You worked narcotics with Remy, right?

DEVIN
They call it DCU. Yeah.
PATRICK
Why'd he leave?

DEVIN
Did shit that rubbed people the wrong way.

PATRICK
Like what?

DEVIN
Married a prostitute, for one.

PATRICK
He married a hooker?

DEVIN
You don't want to do that if you're a cop.

PATRICK
You might not want to do it if you're a plumber.

DEVIN
Said he loved her. Told Mike Snell to fuck himself, put in for a transfer.

PATRICK
To Doyle.

DEVIN
They go back.

PATRICK
Doyle and Remy?

DEVIN
Doyle brought Remy with him from Louisiana in '72. My man Doyle rolled into Boston as a black cop and then married a white woman in '74.

(beat)
He's no joke.

PATRICK
I got that impression.

(beat)
You have any reason to think Remy might be dirty

Devin looks up at him, now unsure what this is about.
DEVIN
No.

PATRICK
I know he planted evidence once--

Devin looks at him, an eyebrow raised.

DEVIN
Oh, you do?

He laughs a little.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
(smiles)
Look. CSI is killing us. Now all these juries want to know is where the microfibers are. Certain people are workers. They don't want to plant nothin' but...

PATRICK
They don't mind it?

DEVIN
(smiles)
If need be? Nah, they don't mind it.

PATRICK
But other people did?

DEVIN
Some people did but Remy got shit done, made arrests.

He studies Patrick.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
What do you want to fuck with him for?

PATRICK
He lied to me. And from what I been through with him- he owes me the truth.

(beat)
And I can't think of one thing big enough to lie about that's small enough not to matter.

He looks at him. Makes a decision.
DEVIN
I only know one thing. And it’s from another guy, so take it as that...

He sighs.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
Helene and Ray took Cheese’s money in June. A week later, Remy came to a cop in DCU, asking if anyone knew who robbed Cheese. The story went around like: that’s how good Remy was.

PATRICK
Why?

DEVIN
‘Cause our informant told us—Cheese didn’t even know the money was stolen until two weeks later.

PATRICK
How did Remy find out that quick?

Devlin stands with his coffee, laughs a little.

DEVIN
If I knew that, I wouldn’t be here talkin’ to you. And be sure on how far you want to go with this—

(beat)
You start investigating Police it’s a whole other level. You try to take food out of their mouths they will fuck you up.

He smiles.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
Thanks for the steak.

He downs his coffee and goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAFT STREET - DAY

Patrick gets out of his car. He walks down the street. On the way he passes and waves to several residents of several neighboring 3-Deckers.

He holds his look as we travel with him.
INT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S APT - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick is talking to Angie.

PATRICK
Trust me. I know I’m right. He lied to us because he didn’t want us to know he knew Ray. That’s the whole thing.

ANGIE
And how is it possible that he could know the money was stolen before anyone else.

PATRICK
The same way everyone in this neighborhood knows everyone else’s business.

(beat)
Someone tells them.

She looks dubious.

ANGIE
This is reckless. It’s one thing to get obsessed yourself because that’s what you need to go through-- but this man lost, basically, his child. If you do this, you better fuckin’ be right.

PATRICK
I understand that. I’m not asking you to believe I’m right. I’m asking you to believe in me.

INT. LIONEL & BEA’S HOME, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS, PRESENT

Lionel sits in his easy chair. It’s still. We play the conversation over him sitting there.

LIONEL
Hello.

PATRICK (ON PHONE)
Where are you. I need to see you.

LIONEL
Can it wait?

PATRICK (ON PHONE)
No.

There is a pause. Something in Patrick’s tone stops Lionel.
LIONEL
Can you meet me at Murphy’s Law? It’s on Summer.

PATRICK
Fifteen minutes, Lionel.

LIONEL
All right. I’m coming.

EXT. DORCHESTER ST. - DUSK SETTING IN

Colin Hay’s “The Water Song” plays.

The day has died. Muted yellow lights appear in windows. The coming dark promises a deepening chill. Children have disappeared from the street to wash up for dinner. Liquor stores and nail salons are half empty and listless. Horns honk sporadically and a storefront gate rattles as it drops. In the faces of people on the street you can see the weight of the morning’s unfulfilled promise in the numb sag of their faces.

EXT. MURPHY’S LAW - SUNSET

From a high angle, we see the bar.

From the car we see Patrick and Angie wait in their car outside Murphy’s Law. They see Lionel approach and head into the bar.

INT. MURPHY’S LAW - DUSK SETTING IN

2 TEAMSTERS share a bottle of whiskey at the bar while 3 SECRETARIES chat nearby. A BARTENDER works with a WAITRESS. Near the back door, TWO MEN throw darts.

Patrick, Angie and Lionel sit around a table in the middle of the bar. Lionel stares at his hands.

PATRICK
How long you known Remy?

LIONEL
Detective Bressant?
(liar’s pause)
Just, in, met him through the investigation of Amanda.

PATRICK
That’s it?
LIONEL
Yeah.

PATRICK
How long you known Remy?

LIONEL
What is this?

PATRICK
They have the internet now, Lionel.

LIONEL
(pauses -- looking from one to the other)
You know how it is in town. Everybody knows everybody.

PATRICK
No, Lionel. Everybody don’t know everybody.

LIONEL
What are you talkin’ about?

PATRICK
Why you lyin’ Lionel?

LIONEL
I’m not.

PATRICK
Do you have something to hide? Why can’t you tell me?

Beat.

PATRICK (CONT’D)
When you want to get away with a crime, Lionel it ain’t bullshitting your way past ten questions. It’s nobody asking the first one.

PATRICK ALTERNATIVE LINE:

PATRICK (CONT’D)
You came to our house....fuckin’ explode.

Lionel puts up his hands.
LIONEL
Fine. Fine.
(beat)
I haven’t been honest with you. It’s just not something I’m proud of, you know? I was in a bar fight, in the day. The other guy cracked his skull. At some point, I musta said, “I’ll kill you.” So they had me up for attempted. My word against the other guy’s. A witness testified to my version and the jury believed him.

PATRICK
’Cause he was a cop.

LIONEL
Yeah. He testified for me.

Angie starts to believe Lionel might be lying.

ANGIE
Why didn’t you mention that?

LIONEL
I was embarrassed.

PATRICK
Bullshit. You bragged about taking a hard bust the first day we met you.

LIONEL
No I didn’t.

PATRICK
So you knew ‘Detective Bressant.’

LIONEL
It’s not like we were best friends.

ANGIE
(building suspicion)
But you lied.

PATRICK
Why did you call Remy?

LIONEL
He’s a cop...

PATRICK
And?
LIONEL
(getting flustered)
The case is closed, Patrick. It’s closed.

PATRICK
You heard Helene and Ray talking about the money.

LIONEL
Come on...

PATRICK
It’s a small place, they were loud, you heard them arguing.

LIONEL
Who? Who arguin’?

PATRICK
You and him took Amanda, to blackmail your sister.

LIONEL
Why would I do that?

PATRICK
For the money Lionel, the fuckin’ money.

PATRICK ALTERNATIVE LINE:

PATRICK (CONT’D)
After the plug in the jug....then You were fucked.

ANGIE
You hate your sister.

LIONEL
Angie...

PATRICK
And you were fucked--

LIONEL
(looking for waitress)
Where’s the-- why can’t we get any--

ANGIE
Lionel, tell me what happened.

LIONEL
Hold on a second...
PATRICK
Coke dealin' Haitian would be an easy
target for a frame--

LIONEL
Excuse me, miss?

PATRICK
You took your niece and laid it off on a
black guy.

Lionel is going to break.

LIONEL
(seeing her)
Excuse me!

A WAITRESS gets there.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Can I get some service?

She stares at him.

WAITRESS
What can I get you?

Lionel takes a long beat, then asks for:

LIONEL
Three shots of Maker's, please.

These will be Lionel's first drinks in twenty three years.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
And a Bud. Tall.
(beat)
Thank you.

The waitress goes to get the drinks. Lionel simply looks at
them, thinking over his secrets, wondering about the life
he's about to let go of.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Just give me a second.

The waitress returns with the drinks and lines them up in
front of Lionel. He regards the drinks before him for a long
beat...

LIONEL (CONT'D)
Twenty three years is something, right?
Lionel downs one. He feels the liquor flame through his bloodstream.

PATRICK
Go.

LIONEL
In May I came up to check on Amanda. She was alone, as usual. I was reading her a story when Helene and Ray came home. They didn’t know I was there and they started talking about how they had robbed this drug dealer. Then they talked about leaving the state. I called Remy and told him.

PATRICK
Then what?

Lionel pours another shot down his throat, gathers himself.

LIONEL
Then we took her.

(beat)
Remy laid out this plan, it seemed easy. We take her, force Helene and Ray to cough up the money, and then put her back. You know? Amanda gets a weekend in the country; My sister learns a lesson; And fuck it, we’ll all get paid on top of it... I got no problem taking money from a guy like Cheese.

(pause)
They were gonna handle the cops, but Bea went nuts calling the papers and hired you. Once you found the money they had Amanda and the money. So they decided to set up a fake exchange for you to witness. They got Chris Mullen to set Cheese up at the quarry for 15k and a chance to be the boss. Even though it was too late, Cheese figured out what was happening and started shooting. You have to understand, I never been around that. Everyone was panickin’ and she...

(a beat)
...she got scared and she ran.

(another beat)
And she just fell in.

OVER THE PREVIOUS DIALOGUE WE PLAY FLASHES:
ANGIE
She was your sister’s kid, Lionel.
(beat)
Your sister’s child.

LIONEL
You don’t think I miss her? She was more my kid than Helene’s.
(beat)
Last summer, Helene and Dottie took Amanda to the beach. Real hot day. Amanda fell asleep and they left her in the car to go off with some guys in the dunes. For two hours. Amanda literally roasted. She was three.

He listens skeptically.

LIONEL (CONT’D)
My sister called me up later that night because Amanda was, “being a real bitch.”
(pause)
When I got over there I found my niece in the bathtub, schrekin’ in pain and she reeked, like beer. The best my sister could come up with to ease her daughter’s pain was to douse her in cold beer. But not all of it, she wanted to “save some.”

Long exhale.

LIONEL (CONT’D)
Later on, I was holding her, trying to help her sleep, and she was so hot she felt like something just outta the oven... Like a fuckin’ pot roast.
(beat)
So don’t feel too sorry for my sister. She never cared about anyone but herself.

108 A COMMOTION draws their attention to the front door. A MAN 108 WEARING A POPEYE MASK stands just inside the door brandishing a shotgun.

POPEYE
(to bartender)
YOU! THE SAFE... NOW!
(pointing with his gun)
Right under there.

The bartender does as he’s told -- sliding open a door beneath the bar to reveal a safe.
POPEYE (CONT'D)
Everyone needs to shut up. I’ll be done in two minutes.
(to the dart players)
You get down on the floor. Hands behind your head! Just relax.

A woman starts to panic.

WOMAN AT BAR
Oh, god, no.

POPEYE
This will all be over in a minute if everyone stays calm.

TEAMSTER
Do you know who’s bar this is, shit-head?

Popeye CRACKS the teamster in the jaw with the butt of his shotgun.

POPEYE
Or you can get wise. It’s up to you.

The bartender places a STACK OF BILLS on the bar -- 2 or 3 grand. Popeye throws a DUFFLE BAG at him and he fills it.

DART PLAYER
We got families.

POPEYE
Pipe down.

He turns to Lionel.

POPEYE (CONT’D)
What did you say?!

Nobody said anything.

POPEYE (CONT’D)
Another smart guy?

The bar is silent.

POPEYE (CONT’D)
(to Lionel)
You’re a talker, huh? Keep yapping motherfucker.
WOMAN AT BAR
Stop antagonizing him! He has a gun.

POPEYE
(to Lionel)
You want to keep talking trash? Okay.

DART PLAYER
SHUT UP!

Even though Lionel has said nothing, every witness at the bar would remember it this way. That Lionel had been talking and he had been killed.

Popeye SNAPS THE ROUND INTO THE CHAMBER WITH ONE HAND.
HE CRANES HIS NECK

On Patrick, this rings a bell. From the Tretts...

Popeye is Bressant. Bressant levels the shotgun at Lionel.

POPEYE
(to Lionel)
Close your eyes, Mouth. Close 'em tight.

LIONEL
You don't have to do this.

PATRICK
REMY BRESSANT.

Bressant looks at him, then sticks the shotgun between Lionel’s eyes.

LIONEL
(his eyes shut)
Wait. Jesus.

PATRICK
Amanda McCready was taken by Remy Bressant!

BRESSANT
Don’t say that fucking name!

LIONEL
I already told him we did it for ransom.
I told him we did it for ransom!
Remy... Please.
BRESSANT

Fuck...

His heart isn’t in it. He begins to lower his gun.

BANG! BANG!

TWO SHOTS HIT Bressant. He takes a beat to register this, standing stock-still.

The Bartender is standing there with a smoking gun, in shock.

Patrick leaps out of his chair and drives his head into Bressant’s stomach. Wrapping his arms around his waist, he plows his spine straight back into the bar.

Bressant cracks the shotgun stock down onto the back of Patrick’s neck, buckling his knees and crashing him to the floor. He SCRAMBLES OUT the front door.

Patrick gets to his feet and looks around. Angie is okay.

Patrick turns and RACES out the front door after Bressant. Angie goes to Lionel’s side.

SECRETARY

Call 911! Call 911!

EXT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Patrick looks up and down the street, but Bressant is nowhere to be seen. He sees a BLOODY POPEYE MASK on the ground. A TRAIL OF BLOOD runs away from it which Patrick follows across the street.

The thickening trail leads Patrick along the side of a LARGE 3-STORY FACTORY (in the process of being converted to lofts) and to a DOOR near the back. Blood is smeared on the door and a small red puddle has formed on the ground.

INT FACTORY STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Leading with his gun, Patrick steps into a bright STAIRWELL. Blood tracks up the stairs and Patrick ascends cautiously.

He climbs one flight.

And then another -- pausing on the landing. Above him, light comes through an OPEN DOOR. He starts for it.

Patrick continues up the last few steps. He reaches the top and peers out onto:
EXT ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Patrick scans the roof for Remy. He sees nothing on his right and turns around to his left, circling the stairwell. Behind him we see a magnificent view of the neighborhood. He turns another corner to see:

Bressant sits against an aluminum vent -- his head leaned back and his eyes half closed. A ROSE OF BLOOD spreads out against Bressant's shirt. His flesh is beginning to grey.

Patrick holds his gun on him and calls out.

PATRICK
Put the fuckin' gun down! Put it down.

Remy has his gun on his lap. He lets it fall to his side.

BRESSANT
That bartender wasn't fuckin' around.

Patrick kicks away the gun.

PATRICK
Fuck you. You let this little girl die. You want to tell me how to live?

Patrick looks at Remy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
'Do your best.' Fuck you, this is my best.

Bressant wags his head a little

BRESSANT
I know.

PATRICK
You know? You let a girl go off a cliff. What do you know? You don't know.

Bressant just smiles at him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
She was a child--

Remy gives him a long, strange look. Then:

BRESSANT
Yeah.
(beat)
(MORE)
I could never have kids. I told my wife to marry someone else. She wouldn’t do it.

(beat, distant)
I love children.

Bressant is fading. Patrick stands over him. Oddly peaceful, Bressant gives Patrick a kind smile.

BRESSANT (CONT’D)
I like you, Patrick. You get to Florida, look me up.

Patrick looks at him.

BRESSANT (CONT’D)
Let me see the city.

Patrick stands there. Bressant looks out at Boston, rising steel and glass in the setting August sun. Autumn is almost at hand and the crispness of the air makes the view all the more sad.

Bressant makes a guttural sound, appreciating the last thing he’ll see.

Patrick looks at him, dying. Not how he expected this to end.

CRANE starts on Remy, up to Patrick, then pulls far above both them and the city.

DISSOLVE OVER THE ROOFTOP IN THE SETTING SUN (CRANE)

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick sits in a chair. Present are the NEW CAPTAIN (57) and a BEEFY OFFICER (50) with a crew cut.

They sit around a desk, informally. Patrick is not charged with anything but rather is being questioned routinely (hence, no lawyer).

PATRICK
Why would I expose a conspiracy I was a part of?

(beat)
Did Lionel contradict anything I said?
Did the witnesses?

The Captain stands.
CAPTAIN
A Police officer was killed today. That’s not looked on lightly.

PATRICK
Is corruption looked on lightly?

BEEFY OFFICER
You got a smart mouth.

PATRICK
How is getting a little girl killed looked on?

CAPTAIN
We’d like to ensure that you’re telling us the truth. Is that all right with you? Hot shit?

PATRICK
It’s fine, hot shit.

CAPTAIN
So, after setting up Jean Baptiste, your friend Chris Mullen was coincidentally killed? And you didn’t have nothing to do with it?

PATRICK
He was probably killed by Sgt. Detective Remy Bressant or anyone else who wanted the 130K in his backpack.

(beat)
He’s not my friend.

BEEFY OFFICER
You charge money as a detective. But you were at the quarry and yet you had no idea it was a set up?

PATRICK
I trust the Police when they tell me something. And I had a fake ransom note and Amanda’s blanket the cops left in my mailbox. And I heard the tape from when Cheese, or I guess it was Chris pretending to be Cheese, called the station.
CAPTAIN
A 911 call?

PATRICK
No. The call into the station from Cheese to Remy.

CAPTAIN
We don’t tape calls into the station. (beat)
And we don’t do transcripts, smart guy.

Beat. This causes Patrick to register something.

BEEFY OFFICER
Did you hear a tape?

PATRICK
No.

BEEFY OFFICER
Did you see a transcript?

PATRICK
I must have remembered it wrong. Remy read it to me.

The Police look at him.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Look, I’ve cooperated. Unless you want me to go out there and start calling the papers to give ‘em my Police corruption exclusive, I’m leaving.

He gets up.

CAPTAIN
Calm down. (beat)
You’re released. But Mr. Kenize-- (winks)
I hope you don’t get pulled over any time soon.

INT. PATRICK AND ANGIE’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Patrick comes into the office/living room. Angie is there.

ANGIE
What happened?
PATRICK
They kept my shoelaces.

She smiles.

ANGIE
We’ll go down to Zayre’s tomorrow and get you some new ones.

PATRICK
I don’t want to do that tomorrow.

ANGIE
What do you want to do?

PATRICK
Take a trip.

EXT MASS TURNPIKE - DAY

The car speeds along the empty highway, carving through thick forests of pine trees.

Inside the car it’s quiet. Patrick’s stare is fixed to the road -- the rhythm of the white lines that pulse by. Angie rests her head against the passenger window, the BLUR of the tree-line reflected in her eyes.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

A 2-LANE ROAD winds them through rolling hills and past a SIGN welcoming them to: ‘WEST BECKETT, MA. Pop. 974’ -- a Rockwell painting in the heart of the Berkshire Mountains.

EXT TOWNSEND ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The car rolls down a quiet road where small COTTAGES nestle in clumps of birch and pine trees. Patrick parks opposite a long driveway. A MAILBOX at its mouth reads: DOYLE

EXT. TOWNSEND ROAD - AFTERNOON

Patrick and Angie sit in the car. They look down a driveway.

She takes a beat.

ANGIE
You want to tell me where our trip has taken us?

PATRICK
You know where we are.
ANGIE
   (beat)
   He would never, ever do something to
   endanger a child.

PATRICK
Are you sure?

ANGIE
Yes.

PATRICK
He was a part of it. They don’t tape
calls. He handed us a transcript like it
was evidence and he knew it was a forgery—
maybe he forged it himself. He knew
what they were doing, he supported it and
he covered it up.

ANGIE
Why? For a third of a hundred and thirty
grand? What for?

He just looks at her.

PATRICK
Had to be for something.

ANGIE
When you’re talking about ruining an old
man who lost his child and gave years of
service...“something” isn’t enough.

PATRICK
For a guy who tried to ruin us,
something’s plenty.

ANGIE
This is the kind of thing where if you do
it, you want to be sure.
   (beat)
Are you sure?

PATRICK
No.
   (beat)
Are you coming?

ANGIE
No.

And he goes down the road.
EXT DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They start down the driveway towards a small, red cottage set a hundred yards or so off the road. But after only a few steps, they stop.

PATRICK & ANGIE’S POV: Through the trees, Doyle emerges from the cottage. He carries 2 FULL SUITCASES to a SUBURBAN and loads them in the back. His wife, FRANCINE, follows.

Patrick & Angie take a beat before resuming down the drive. Only to FREEZE IN THEIR TRACKS at the sight of:

AMANDA MCCREADY CHARGING ONTO THE PORCH, clutching a BACKPACK, and wearing a look of utter determination.

AMANDA
Don’t forget mine, gramma.
FRANCINE
I’d never forget yours, sweetheart.

Doyle lifts Amanda off the porch and carries her to the Suburban. He dips down, allowing Amanda to place her back-pack inside.

AMANDA
Can I have a, please a sandwich?
DOYLE
What kind do you want.
AMANDA
Grill Cheese.
DOYLE
You like the crusts on, right?
AMANDA
(thrilled with this game)
Noooo! I don’t like the crusts on!
DOYLE
(fakes remembering)
That’s right, that’s right.

Patrick and Angie have ducked into the woods. They are both in shock.

PATRICK
Jesus.
ANGIE
She’s alive.

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS SHOWING WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED IN EXTREMELY QUICK SUCCESSION.

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EXT. TOWNSEND ROAD - AFTERNOON

Patrick walks down Doyle’s driveway toward the car. Angie is sitting, leaned up against the hood, her head tilted forward. As Patrick draws near, she lifts her head up to him and we see she has been crying.

This isn’t what Patrick expected and he is taken aback for a beat, long enough for Angie to say:

ANGIE
She’s happy.

PATRICK
No...

ANGIE
She’s happy here.
(beat)
I saw her.

PATRICK
Angie, don’t do this.

ANGIE
If you call the Police they’ll send her back.

PATRICK
I need you on my side.

ANGIE
I am on your side but I can’t send her back.

PATRICK
We’re not sending her anywhere. That’s her mother. She has a right to her child.

ANGIE
He’s better for her.

PATRICK
Why? Because he has money and makes sandwiches?
ANGIE  
(simply)  
Because he loves her.

PATRICK  
Helene loves her, too.

ANGIE  
No.

PATRICK  
She might learn from this.

ANGIE  
No. People don’t change.

Angie grows more impassioned.

ANGIE (CONT’D)  
Helene is arsenic. She’ll kill her. She’ll burn the life out of her.

PATRICK  
You can’t take away someone’s kid.

ANGIE  
I don’t want to. I want to leave their child with them.

PATRICK  
All this time we wanted to bring her home. Why is that wrong now?

ANGIE  
Because I know right and wrong when I see it.

PATRICK  
I need you to understand me right now. I need you to love me and say I know this is a hard decision but I stand by you. I need you to take me home and make this okay.

ANGIE  
I can do that. I can take you home and I know how to make it okay.

(beat)  
(MORE)
ANGIE (CONT'D)
It will be okay because every now and again we’ll talk about her and where she might be and what grade she’s in and we’ll be proud of her and that will be okay.

(beat)
Because we’ll know she’s in a good school and safe and has sleepovers and birthday parties and smiles every day.

(beat)
And maybe sometime we’ll drive out here and watch a softball game with a teenager in it from the back bleachers and we’ll see how much she’s grown. And then I’ll take you home and we’ll know it’s okay.

PATRICK
You can’t ask me to do something I can’t do.

ANGIE
You can’t ask me to live with it.

She makes a plea.

ANGIE (CONT’D)
Patrick, for me. Please?

(beat)
I’ll hate you for doing it. I don’t want to but I will.

She walks away, leaving him alone by the side of the road.

EXT. DOYLE SUMMER COTTAGE, DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER
We push in, approaching Doyle who turns to see Patrick.

Doyle watches Patrick. He offers a measured greeting.

DOYLE
Patrick Kenzie. To what do I owe the pleasure?

He holds Doyle’s look.

PATRICK
Remy Bressant died last night.

DOYLE
I was told. It’s a shame.
PATRICK
Hard to understand. He seemed like a good man.

DOYLE
He was a good man. You don’t know why people do what they do. Only they see out their own windows.

With that, AMANDA walks out the door, running to Jack and clinging to his leg. Jack holds Patrick’s look.

AMANDA
Papapa. Come make sandwiches now please.

Doyle smiles, giving away nothing of his tension with Patrick.

Francine comes to the door.

DOYLE (to Francine)
It’s all right.
(to Amanda)
Go inside, my sweet. I’ll be there soon and make you a sandwich.

Francine hesitates. Doyle is gentle.

DOYLE (CONT’D)
I’m all right.

Francine takes her back inside.

A beat. Doyle smiles.

DOYLE (CONT’D)
So you know. Good for you. You uncovered the thing men died for.

PATRICK
Men killed for.

DOYLE
I’m giving that little girl a life.

PATRICK
It’s not your life to give. Helene is her mother. You think she’s a bad mother you should have gone to social services. Short of that, it’s her mother, it’s where she belongs.
DOYLE

Turn around, get back in your car and wait thirty years. You don’t know what the world is made of yet.

PATRICK

I know I’m tired of being lied to and tired of being lectured by a gang of criminals. I’m calling the State Police in five minutes. They’ll be here in ten.

DOYLE

No.

(beat)

You haven’t made that call because you think it might be an irreparable mistake. Because part of you believes it doesn’t matter what the rules say. Because you know, when the lights go out and it’s just you and your conscience you ask yourself if she’s better here or better there, you know the answer and you always will.

PATRICK

See you at the arraignment.

DOYLE

You can do one good pure thing here today. One right thing. Most men don’t get that chance in a lifetime.

(beat)

You walk away from that, you may not regret it when you get home, or in a year but I promise you, get to where I am, you will. But I’ll be dead by then, you’ll be old, and she’ll be trailing a ragged, tattered childhood of her own -- and you’ll be the one who has to tell them you’re sorry.

PATRICK

Then I guess I will. I’ll tell them I’m sorry and I’ll live with it. And maybe that will happen, what I’m not gonna do, is have to apologize to a grown woman who says, why did you leave me? I got kidnapped, my aunt hired you to find me, and you did. You found me with a strange family but you broke your promise and you left me there. Why? Why didn’t you bring me home?

(MORE)
PATRICK (CONT'D)
It don’t matter how many outfits and
snacks and family trips we took-- they
weren’t my family, they stole me and I
was raised as a stranger to myself and
the life I would have had. You knew
about it, you knew better and you did
nothing. And maybe that grown woman will
forgive me but I won’t forgive myself.

It hangs in the air. Silence...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
The only thing I care about is that
little girl. And I’m gonna bring her
home.

Doyle hears this. Has his reaction, something like a
sagging, an emptiness, and a resolution.

DOYLE
Then you’ll have to excuse me. I still
have a sandwich left to make.

He turns and walks inside.

SAME - LATER

Patrick watches from down the road. Doyle is on the porch.

Jack sits in his favorite chair. Amanda is on his lap,
facing him, arms around his shoulders, head tucked into his
neck. He slowly rocks the chair. He holds Amanda like its
the last hug of his life. His eyes are fixed on a point
somewhere far off in the distance.

Patrick takes out his phone.

In the distance sirens wail faintly, getting louder.

Just inside the door is Amanda’s colorful kids back-pack, a
strange and cute stuffed snake, and Francine’s bag spilling
over with zip-locked snacks and children’s cups-- all the
stuff Francine had packed to make sure Amanda would have,
wherever she’d go.

Over this all, beginning faintly and growing increasingly
audible, is the inanity of the television news. It’s blather
like a merciless blanket of idiocy over something hopelessly
sad.

A swarm of West Beckett POLICE CRUISERS cram the small road.
A Deputy knocks on the door. Doyle answers. He knows the local cops, who are embarrassed to arrest him. He makes it easy for them.

Doyle nods at the deputy with quiet acceptance and the dignity of a man at peace with the choices he's made.

The DEPUTY puts a hand-cuffed Doyle into the back of his car.

Francine Doyle silently mouthing, "oh my God, oh my God."

Angie looks out from the car, past the police, past everything.

They move to Francine to put her in a police car.

Amanda, being taken from Francine, cries and reaches out to her. She screams.

Francine is handcuffed.

Patrick tries to hold his look.

Patrick stands with a GROUP OF SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES.

He looks to Angie...

She doesn't look back.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT HELENE’S APARTMENT - EVENING

The crush of media has descended outside the apartment for footage of the joyous reunion. Helene is made up. She waits on the curb as the POLICE CAR arrives.

Out gets a FEMALE OFFICER, holding Amanda, who is terrified by the rapacious mob of REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Amanda’s fear of the throng causes her to cling to Helene, giving the photographers the shot they want.

Patrick watches from his car, parked up the block. He is alone.

ADDITIONAL STREET MONTAGE IMAGES FEATURING PATRICK

He is in the neighborhood.
EXT. CITY STREET - SUNSET

Patrick drives. He sees the ITALIAN MAN (Gerry Speca) and they trade looks, once again, 40 fps as he drives by.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S APARTMENT - EVENING

Patrick comes home. Boxes are packed. The place feels less warm. More bare.

A voice from the doorway turns him around. It’s Angie.

ANGIE

Sorry, I had to come back and get some stuff.

PATRICK

It’s okay.

She looks at him, almost sympathetic.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Can we at least talk?

ANGIE

There’s nothing to say.

She smiles, maybe some water pooling at the corners of her eyes.

After a beat, looking at her, he steps aside. She moves past him and out the door.

INT. PATRICK & ANGIE’S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - LATER

Patrick sits at the kitchen table.

On the TV, Helene is talking to the press. Pull back to reveal Patrick watching her at his kitchen table.

HELENE (ON TV)

I just want to say God bless. God bless.
To all the police and...the firemen... I just feel like nine-eleven right now...

EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK

Watching from afar as Bressant is buried. In contrast to Mount Auburn, this is a pitiful little place. His WIFE (the former prostitute) and a few scant mourners stand by. A PRIEST delivers the eulogy. It begins to rain.
END MUSIC CUE:

DISSOLVE:

INT HELENE’S APARTMENT - EVENING

In the LIVING ROOM, Amanda is plunked on the couch staring blankly at a SITCOM, sharing none of the studio audience’s enthusiasm.

Patrick stands just inside the front door watching her.

    HELENE (O.S.)
    I’m sorry for being rude, but I gotta be outta here in like two minutes.

Patrick doesn’t answer, his gaze fixed on Amanda. She finally looks up at him. Patrick SMILES at her.

    PATRICK
    Hi.

Amanda looks at him, blankly.

She returns her attention to the TV.

    HELENE (O.S.)
    You think he’ll like me?

Patrick looks over to Helene standing in the doorway, all dolled up -- striking a pose. She wears too much makeup. Her clothes reveal too much of what she hasn’t got.

    PATRICK
    Who?

    HELENE
    My date.

    PATRICK
    I’m sure he will.

    HELENE
    Aww, you’re sweet. He seen me on my American Victim and he wrote me letters and I was like whatever, but then he saw my Katie Couric and drove down here from Providence so I was like, that’s romantic, right?

Patrick forces a smile.
HELENE (CONT’D)
How’s your girlfriend?

PATRICK
(hesitates)
She’s all right. She’s up the north shore with her sister.

HELENE
(flirty)
If she don’t get smart, I’ll take you out.
(shakes her head)
Hope she got better family than I do, right?

Patrick forces a nod. She fastens an earring to her lobe.

PATRICK
How’s Bea?

HELENE
I wouldn’t let her in the apartment.
(justifying)
What, I want to lose her again? Forget it.
(beat)
She sold her unit. Moved out to fancy pants in Melrose. Good riddance.

PATRICK
Yeah.

HELENE
Don’t think she didn’t hate you for Lionel goin’ to jail.

PATRICK
Probably why she never paid my bill.

HELENE
You should fuckin’ sue.

Something registers on Amanda’s face when Helene says “fuck.”

PATRICK
How about you, Helene? You hate me?

HELENE
Fuck no. Brother or not he took my kid. Fuck him. She could’a been hurt.
PATRICK
What about Amanda?

HELENE
What about Amanda?

PATRICK
Who’s watching her?

HELENE
Dottie.

PATRICK
Dottie know that?

HELENE
She will in five minutes.
(giggles)
Shit, I’m gonna be late, too.

Patrick waits.

HELENE (CONT’D)
Unless you don’t mind sittin’ for her?

PATRICK
Sure.

HELENE
For real?

PATRICK
It’s fine.

HELENE
She likes you.

Patrick looks to Amanda. She just sits there. Watches TV.

HELENE (CONT’D)
(leaving)
You’re a godsend, Patrick.

She goes. And then calls out from the stairwell.

HELENE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
BYE!!!

Patrick sits next to Amanda on the couch... And together --
silently -- they watch TV.
Patrick sees that Amanda is holding her famous doll, the one the papers said she loved so much, the one Angie plucked from the quarry.

PATRICK
(re: doll)
Is that Mirabelle?

Amanda looks up at him.

AMANDA
(correcting)
Annabelle.

He nods. It makes sense. They turn back to the television.

PATRICK (V.O.)
I started going to Church again. I saw them bury Remy and, for the first time in years, maybe ever, I prayed for someone. I did everything I wanted to do. I proved my father wrong. I either learned my lesson or became a man, I can’t tell the difference. Either way, all it’s left me is the hollow, copper aftertaste in my throat, like a vague and distant regret. Remy was right, I know very little--but what I do know, I am sure of: I was wrong about that commercial. “Shouldn’t your dog be treated like a member of the family?” It doesn’t depend on the dog. It depends on the family.

We hold on them for an extended beat. The blather from the television washes over them, the man and the little girl.

FADE TO BLACK

The End.