

Rev. 05/18/05 (Blue)  
Rev. 05/20/05 (Pink)  
Rev. 05/23/05 (Yellow)  
Rev. 06/21/05 (Green)  
Rev. 06/27/05 (Gold)  
Rev. 06/30/05 (Buff)  
Rev. 07/19/05 (Salmon)  
Rev. 08/02/05 (Cherry)  
Rev. 07/07/06 (Tan)

THE DEPARTED

by

William Monahan

Based on the screenplay Infernal Affairs

(fka "I Want to Be You")

written by Alan Mak and Felix Chong

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NEW WHITE DRAFT

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FADE UP ON:

1 THE SOUTH BOSTON HOUSING PROJECTS 1

A MAZE OF BUILDINGS AGAINST THE HARBOR.

COSTELLO (V.O.)

I don't want to be a product of my environment. I want my environment to be a product... of me.

2 YELLOW 2

RIPPLES PAST THE CAMERA AND WHEN IT CLEARS WE SEE THROUGH DIESEL SMOKE: A BUSING PROTEST IN PROGRESS. THE SCHOOL BUS, FULL OF BLACK KIDS, IS HIT WITH BRICKS, ROCKS. (NOTE: THIS IS NOT SETTING THE LIVE ACTION IN 1974; IT IS A HISTORICAL MONTAGE, THE BACKGROUND FOR COSTELLO'S V.O.)

3 INT. THE AUTO-BODY SHOP - DAY 3

COSTELLO's profile passes in a dark room.

COSTELLO (V.O.)

Years ago, we had the Church. That was only a way to say we had each other. The Knights of Columbus were head-breakers. True guineas. They took over their piece of the city.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

4 EXT. SOUTHIE - VARIOUS SHOTS 4

The neighborhood. 1980s. We won't be here long. This isn't where Costello ends up. It's where he began. Liquor stores with shamrocked signs. MEN FISHING near Castle Island. Catholic SCHOOL KIDS playing in an asphalted schoolyard.

COSTELLO (V.O.)

Twenty years after an Irishman couldn't get a job, we had the presidency. That's what the niggers don't realize. If I got one thing against the black chaps it's this. No one gives it to you. You have to take it.

5 INT. LUNCH COUNTER - DAY

5

COSTELLO comes in. The shop is one that sells papers, sundries, fountain drinks... and fronts a bookie operation.

YOUNG COSTELLO  
(leaning over  
cluttered counter)

Hi.

The frightened proprietor hands over money. Fifty bucks, a hundred, doesn't matter. COSTELLO is never the threatener. His demeanor is gentle, philosophical. Almost a shrink's probing bedside manner. He has great interest in the world as he moves through it. As if he originally came from a different world and his survival in this one depends on close continual observation and analysis.

YOUNG COLIN looks up.

CLOSE ON HIS EYES

He is fourteen or fifteen, but small for his age. Bookish.

BACK TO SCENE

COSTELLO eyes the proprietor's TEENAGE DAUGHTER, working behind the counter. He takes a propane lighter, and, strangely, pays for it (the proprietor startled) and waits for change. He lights a MORE cigarette with the lighter.

YOUNG COSTELLO  
Carmen's developing into a fine  
young lady. You should be proud. \*

The PROPRIETOR is uneasy. COSTELLO turns to YOUNG COLIN (about 14) staring at the local hero.

YOUNG COSTELLO  
You Johnny Sullivan's kid?

COLIN nods.

YOUNG COSTELLO  
You live with your grandmother? \*

COLIN nods.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

COSTELLO takes three loaves of bread and some soup off the shelves and puts them in Colin's bag. He reaches up above and behind the counter and takes down some cigarettes. He goes over to the fridge and puts two half gallons of milk in the bag. He adds a couple of comic books.

When the PROPRIETOR looks at him, he takes out the money he put in his pocket and gives half back.

YOUNG COSTELLO

You do good in school?

YOUNG COLIN nods, holding the big bag of loot.

YOUNG COSTELLO

That's good. I did good in school.  
That call that a paradox.

Looks intently at COLIN to see if he gets it. COLIN does.

YOUNG COSTELLO

You ever want to earn a little  
extra money, you come by L Street.  
You know where I am on L Street.

COLIN nods: everybody does. He pushes out with the bags of groceries.

The PROPRIETOR can do shit about it.

YOUNG COSTELLO watches YOUNG COLIN go off down a slummy street.

5A EXT. NEW LOCATION

5A

We see a sad, elegant, working man, BILLY COSTIGAN SR., the way you can get them in Boston. IQ of 200 and still working for the phone company.

YOUNG COSTELLO

Still on the straight and narrow?

BILLY COSTIGAN SR.

The straight isn't narrow.

YOUNG COSTELLO

Still up the airport?

BILLY COSTIGAN SR.

What do you think?

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

5A CONTINUED:

5A

YOUNG COSTELLO  
How's young Bill?

\*

BILLY COSTIGAN SR.  
Mostly with his mother. Up the  
North Shore.

\*

YOUNG COSTELLO  
You see him?

\*

BILLY COSTIGAN SR.  
It's not like that. I see him.

\*

YOUNG COSTELLO  
You puttin' up with that  
arrangement?

\*

\*

BILLY COSTIGAN SR.  
It's easier to put up than  
anything else you might have to  
put up with.

\*

YOUNG COSTELLO  
Wake up and smell the coffin.  
Irish.

\*

\*

BILLY COSTIGAN SR.  
You're right about that.

YOUNG COSTELLO  
A real mick. Bullshit and  
shamrocks.

\*

\*

6 INT. A CHURCH - MORNING (1985-ISH)

6

YOUNG COLIN, the good boy, the very good boy, is serving  
at a funeral Mass. VARIOUS VIEWS of the church.  
Stained-glass light. The altar is still wreathed in the  
smoke of incense.

PRIEST (V.O.)  
O God, to whom mercy and  
forgiveness belong, hear our  
prayers on behalf of your servant  
Alphonsus, whom you have called  
out of this world; and because he  
put his hope and trust in you,  
command that he be carried safely  
home to heaven and come to enjoy  
your eternal reward.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CLOSE ON COLIN'S FACE

PRIEST (V.O.)

We ask this through our Lord Jesus  
Christ, your Son, who lives and  
reigns with you and the Holy  
Spirit, one God, for ever and  
ever.

A liturgical BELL TINGS.

7 INT. THE AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

7

COSTELLO is talking informally (we realize that this is a  
continuation of the philosophical talk, the shadowy  
pacing). YOUNG KIDS. Useful young men. YOUNG COLIN,  
three years older, is among them.

YOUNG COSTELLO

Church wants you in your place.  
What sort of man wants to be kept  
in his place?

YOUNG MISTER FRENCH is drinking a Coke. MISTER FRENCH  
young and old will always be drinking Coke. MISTER  
FRENCH is Costello's highly-intelligent contemporary and  
muscle.

YOUNG COSTELLO

Do this don't do that, kneel,  
stand, kneel, stand... I mean if  
you go for that sort of thing...

YOUNG COLIN, the recent altar boy, visibly doesn't go for  
that sort of thing.

YOUNG COSTELLO

I don't know what to do for you.  
A man has to make his own way. No  
one gives it to you. You have to  
take it.

\*  
\*  
\*

(a beat)

*Non serviam.*

\*

YOUNG COLIN

James Joyce.

YOUNG COSTELLO

Another Irish devil.  
(to the room)  
Guineas from the North End and  
down Providence, tried to tell me  
what to do... And something maybe  
happened to them. Maybe...  
like... that.

\*

\*  
\*

8 EXT. A REMOTE BEACH - DAWN 8

Rose-colored dawn. YOUNG COSTELLO, with a PISTOL, executes a WOMAN kneeling in the surf next to a trunk. \*

YOUNG COSTELLO  
Jeez, she fell funny. \*

FRENCH moves forward with an axe in his hand. \*

YOUNG COSTELLO  
I want to fuck her again. \*

FRENCH looks at him like he's insane. COSTELLO laughs. \*

FRENCH  
Frank, you gotta see somebody. \*

They go about their business. \*

9 OMITTED 9 \*

10 INT. THE AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY 10

YOUNG COSTELLO walking, talking... Not continuous with the above. We see that only YOUNG COLIN is present.

YOUNG COSTELLO  
If you got problems, you deal with it. Right now. You decide to be something, you can be it. That's what they don't tell you, the Church.

MISTER FRENCH is doing books off behind a window of dirty glass.

YOUNG COSTELLO  
Back in the day, they would say, we become cops or criminals. What I say to you... is...

VERY CLOSE ON COSTELLO

Holding COLIN's shoulder.

YOUNG COSTELLO  
What's the difference?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

EXTREME CLOSEUP - COLIN'S EYES

SWERVE UP. We are now ON (MATURE) COLIN'S EYES. This is how the character transits the "age leap"... on the unchanging eyes.

11 THE SAME EYES

11

PULL BACK to reveal:

POLICE TRAINEES. (INCLUDING BARRIGAN, who is included in all Colin's trainee scenes.) COLIN is in the class, wearing a trainee's uniform. He has a notebook, a pen. He has glasses on. Writing.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED: 11

INSTRUCTOR

The slug enters the skull by forming a small entrance hole. Blood and brain matter is ejected backwards from this hole. The bullet, which may expand, fragment or tumble, then passes through the brain...

COLIN, light in his spectacles, writes.

12 INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY 12

POLICE TRAINEES ON A FIRING RANGE. As we GO ALONG the line we see COLIN, firing dry and then speed-changing a clip in a BERETTA 92F. He is a perfect trainee.

13 EXT. A TRAINING FIELD - DAY 13

STATE POLICE TRAINEES standing in a pissing RAIN, a DI yelling at them O.S. COLIN is staring forward. RAIN streaming down his face. His opinion on the experience is not decipherable.

14 EXT. THE BOSTON COMMON - DAY 14

Guys we recognize from the previous shots at the State Police Academy (wearing Statie T-shirts), including COLIN and BARRIGAN, are playing rugby against some FIREFIGHTERS. Very rough game. The game breaks up. FIREFIGHTERS are moving away triumphantly. \*

COLIN

Fucking firemen. Since 9/11 all they get is wins and pussy. \*

BARRIGAN

You left out funerals. \*

COLIN sits on the ground looking at THE GOLD DOME OF BEACON HILL. The terraces of fine townhouses. Aqueous golden light behind. Misty golden beauty.

COLIN

Onwards and downwards. \*

BARRIGAN

Your father was a janitor, and his son's only a cop.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

COLIN

You're in trouble if you're 'only'  
anything.

BARRIGAN

Don't tell me I'm looking at the  
first poor Irish-American  
president of the United States.

COLIN doesn't have a great sense of humor but he knows  
how to pretend that he does. He smiles.

15 EXT. STATE POLICE GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

15

Bagpipes and bullshit. Flags cracking. Line after line  
of paramilitary-looking graduates, among them COLIN.

GOVERNOR (V.O.)

The Massachusetts State Police has  
a long tradition of excellence.  
Your graduation today solidifies  
your acceptance into one of the  
finest law enforcement agencies in  
our nation. As the Governor of  
the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,  
I am confident each and every one  
of you will serve with  
distinction, honor and integrity.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CAMERA SWIRLS AROUND COLIN as he moves, a lone person,  
through the breaking up crowd. Other graduates are  
hugged by family. COLIN, alone, comes to the gates of  
the yard.

COLIN'S POV

AN OLDSMOBILE. COSTELLO and MISTER FRENCH standing by  
the car.

COSTELLO

(to French)

Congratulations to us.

MISTER FRENCH

Depends.

COLIN walks over to the car. COSTELLO gives COLON a BOX.  
COLIN flips open the top and then quickly closes it.  
(NOTE: The box could contain an eyeball, money, drugs, a  
picture of Colin fucking his schoolteacher... we will  
never know.)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

COSTELLO  
School's out.

\*  
\*

COLIN  
Yeah, no more teachers, no more  
books.

\*  
\*  
\*

16 INT. AN EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 16

SUPERIMPOSE: FOUR YEARS LATER

A test is reversed on a desk lit with fluorescents.  
BILLY takes up a Number Two pencil. He is in a room full  
of trainees, far enough along in their traineeship that  
their hair has grown in.

A CLOCK TICKS, sweep hand coming around.

BILLY'S EYES on it.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)  
Begin.

BILLY takes the test, marking multiple-choice answers  
swiftly, while all around him trainees are sweating and  
still trying to read the questions.

17 EXT. A TRACK - DAY 17

BILLY, wearing a State Police sweatshirt, is running  
alongside BROWN, a black trainee with specs.

BROWN  
(puff puff)  
She says you finish the police  
course, you get taken care of  
again, baby.  
(puff puff)  
So after graduation.  
(puff puff)  
I get a blowjob.

BILLY  
That's great. Your mom must be a  
wonderful woman.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

BROWN  
Fuck yourself.

BILLY  
I don't need any advice from you  
to get fucked.

\*  
\*  
\*

18 EXT. TRAINING FIELD - DAY 18

BILLY with other trainees is being braced by a DI.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR  
This is not the regular police.  
This is the State Police. Your  
training will illustrate the  
difference.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ANOTHER ANGLE

\*

BILLY  
(sotto voce to Brown)  
Rage issues, paramilitary  
fantasies, and higher median IQ.

\*

ANGLE - DRILL INSTRUCTOR

\*

DRILL INSTRUCTOR  
You say something?

BILLY  
Sir, I was agreeing with you about  
our obvious superiority to other  
forms of police, sir.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR  
Nobody said superior.

\*  
\*

19 INT. FIRING RANGE - DAY 19

BILLY, in glasses and ear-protectors, waiting for the  
target. GO FROM the GUN TO --

19A INT. A CRACKHOUSE - DAY 19A

COLIN, four years a veteran of the gang unit, is on the  
job, on a raid, clearing rooms, part of a team working  
with massive aggression.

(CONTINUED)

19A CONTINUED:

19A

He moves through a door. A SAD SACK OF SHIT is throwing drugs out a window.

COLIN  
(calling to  
other cops)  
Douche bag!

COPS enter past Colin and pig-pile the man. COLIN is chewing gum, all testosterone and aggression, glad to be a cop. The smartest guy in the room.

19B EXT. FIRING RANGE - DAY

19B

BILLY FIRES, and changes clips.

20 EXT. A STREET IN BOSTON - DAY

20

A BLACK-WINDOWED, MODERN POLICE BUILDING beetling over a plaza. Older Boston reflected in the featureless glass. The Boston of this film is almost futuristic. COLIN looks up at the building with great intensity. He puts on his sunglasses and walks towards the door.

21 INT. QUEENAN'S OFFICE - DAY

21

COLIN, in civvies (a very good suit), stands at suave attention before CAPTAIN QUEENAN, a mild and scholarly man who might as well be a Jesuit history teacher.

QUEENAN  
Congratulations on passing the  
detective examination, and welcome  
to the Special Investigation Unit.

DIGNAM  
(tonelessly)  
Hurrah.

QUEENAN  
We won't be working directly  
together, you'll be working for  
Captain Ellerby, but I like to see  
everybody.  
(contemplating him)  
You're a worker. You rise fast.

DIGNAM  
Like a fifteen-year-old's cock.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

COLIN  
 Thank you, Sergeant.  
                   (to Queenan)  
 Thank you, sir.

22 INT. QUEENAN'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY 22

As COLIN leaves the office, looking very satisfied and not a little saturnine (it's not as if he isn't pleased by recognition and it's not as if he won't get revenge on Dignam), he barely glances -- and does not actually see -- the TRAINEE sitting off to one side. He sees polished brogues, a hat on the lap, and walks on.

QUEENAN'S SECRETARY  
 (whispering, joyful,  
   in love with COLIN)  
*Congratulations.*

As COLIN leaves, she moderates her expression and:

QUEENAN'S SECRETARY  
 (coldly)  
 You can go in now.

BILLY looks up. He has not seen COLIN, and COLIN has not seen him. He has his interview on his mind.

23 INT. QUEENAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 23

BILLY, in uniform, stands at attention, hat under his arm. The picture of a spit-and-polish trainee.

QUEENAN  
 You can sit.

BILLY does.

QUEENAN  
 So.

BILLY has no idea why he is in this room with the brass. Sgt. Dignam is staring at him aggressively, with contempt, stirring his coffee. DIGNAM is more intelligent than he seems.

QUEENAN  
 Do you know what I do? My  
 section?

BILLY doesn't want to answer unless he can answer correctly.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

I have an idea...

DIGNAM

Let's say you have no idea and  
leave it there. No idea. Zip,  
none. If you had an idea about  
what we do we would not be good at  
what we do. We would be cunts.  
Are you calling us cunts?

BILLY wouldn't normally take crap from this guy; but he  
does. He's openly intrigued by the situation. Dignam is  
staring at him. BILLY looks evenly at QUEENAN.

QUEENAN

(not looking up  
from papers)

Staff Sergeant Dignam has a style  
of his own. I'm afraid we all  
have to deal with it.

DIGNAM

(getting to  
business, hard)

You have family connections down  
in Southie. Through your father.  
Tell me about your Uncle Jacky.

BILLY

He was a carpet layer for Jordan  
Marsh.

DIGNAM

He was a small-time bookie who  
tended bar at the Vets in  
Somerville. He got popped by  
Nicastro in 1995. They found him  
out by the airport.

BILLY says slowly:

BILLY

That's right.  
(tightly)  
I remember his funeral.

DIGNAM

(cruelly)  
Closed casket?

BILLY

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

DIGNAM  
 Were you proud when you  
 told them up at Deerfield  
 -- you got an Uncle like  
 that?

DIGNAM  
 [ALT: You tell anybody at  
 Deerfield -- that is,  
 before you got kicked out  
 for whaling on a gym  
 teacher with a folding  
 chair -- you had an uncle  
 met his demise like that?]

BILLY says nothing. Eyes luminous.

DIGNAM  
 I got a question. How fucked up  
 are you?

24 INT. POLICE BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

24

COLIN, in his good suit, moves along the hall. He owns the building. He looks into offices. He is looking at his future. From one room BARRIGAN (still working in uniform) gives him the thumbs-up. COLIN gets a coffee. He looks at a secretary's ass. Caught at it, he smiles beautifully. She smiles back.

BARRIGAN  
 What you got?  
 (with admiration  
 and envy)  
 'Sergeant.' In four years you're  
 a sergeant.

COLIN  
 Special Investigation Unit.

BARRIGAN  
 (after a beat)  
 Perfect.

Meaning to some extent "Perfect for a dick like you."  
 This is how friends come apart. BARRIGAN is unable to  
 continue his pose of congratulation.

CLOSE ON COLIN

COLIN is on to him.

COLIN  
 I don't mind going it alone. If  
 you could go it alone you might  
 get somewhere yourself.

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED:

24

BARRIGAN

We're cops. This isn't  
'somewhere.'

COLIN

If you're not a dick, I might be  
able to do something for you. You  
got any suits at home or you like  
looking like you're gonna invade  
Poland.

25 INT. QUEENAN'S OFFICE - DAY

25

BILLY is still at attention. DIGNAM going with wet thumb  
through papers.

DIGNAM

Your uncle Jackie Costigan got  
busted selling guns to federal  
officers. Among many, many, *many*  
other departures from, ah,  
'normative behavior.'

QUEENAN is inspecting Billy, watching his reactions.  
Specs catching light.

BILLY

What's this got to do with me?

DIGNAM

So, what's with this cop  
song and dance?

DIGNAM

[ALT: Why are you  
pretending to be a cop?]

26 INT. SIU CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

26

COLIN is eyeing a woman COP across the table. She smiles  
at him and lowers her eyes. At the end of the table:

ELLERBY

This unit is new, and you are the  
newest members of it. You have  
been selected for it not on the  
basis of performance, because a  
lot of A-plus trainees and  
officers, frankly, have strong  
backs and weak minds...

Everyone smiles.

(CONTINUED)

ELLERBY

... but on the basis of intelligence and aptitude. This is an elite unit. Our job is to smash -- or at least marginally disrupt --

(as he gets the laugh he expected)

-- organized crime in this city by our own efforts and by enhanced cooperation with the FBI, represented here by Agent Frank Lazio --

(show the deeply unreliable dandy LAZIO)

-- and we will do it. And by organized crime in this city... you know who we mean.

SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS come up. COSTELLO in sunglasses standing in front of the Auto body shop. COSTELLO standing with UNCLE JACKIE COSTIGAN.

ELLERBY

(clicking the button)

That's Jackie Costigan... that's an old picture. Jackie met his demise.

PHOTO OF JACKIE'S DEMISE: A FIGURE STUFFED IN A CAR TRUNK. COPS WITH MASKS ON STARING AT HIM. MORE RECENT PHOTOS. FITZY, DELAHUNT, MISTER FRENCH, all photographed with COSTELLO. Coming out of buildings, talking on the street, getting into cars.

ELLERBY

Costello uses three key guys and cycles other hired help in and out. There's Fitzzy... off-the-boat psycho... lives in Brockton with his mother who looks like she's straight out of Going My Way... There's Delahunt, muscle, and there of course is French... the number one. But of course the rock star is...

A picture of COSTELLO comes up. COLIN looks at it. In the MUG SHOT Costello is serene, untouchable legally, untouchable at the heart. He's like a hilarious devil.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

ELLERBY

We've done a briefing book. You all have a copy. Read up. I want to have any and all ideas, so I can pass them off as my own.

(laughter, a  
long beat)

You're in the best spot in the Force. You do the work, you'll rise. Go to work.

The recruits disperse into a glittering modern office. COLIN, in his flash suit, gets a cup of coffee. He looks at the BRIEFING BOOK. He opens to a picture of COSTELLO.

27 INT. QUEENAN'S OFFICE - DAY

27

DIGNAM still working Billy.

DIGNAM

Your old man was a hump from Southie. Baggage-handler at the airport. Family's all criminals except your old man.

BILLY

And one priest. Since you seem to know everything.

DIGNAM

I ain't sure about him, either. Family's dug into the Southie projects like ticks. Lifers down there. Three-decker men at best. You grew up, however, up the North shore. La di da.

Dignam leans over Billy.

DIGNAM

You were kind of a double kid, I bet, right? One kid with your old man. One with your mother. Upper middle class in the week, and then dropping your 'r's and hanging with your dad the donkey on the weekends. I got that right?

BILLY, opened up expertly and crudely, stares with contained hatred.

(CONTINUED)

DIGNAM

But mostly... la di da. You have different accents? You did, didn't you? You were different *people*.

BILLY

You a psychiatrist?

DIGNAM

If I was I'd ask you why you're a statie making thirty grand a year. And I think if I were Sigmund fucking Freud I wouldn't get an answer. Why's a lace-curtain motherfucker like you in the States.

BILLY

Well. Families are always rising or falling in America. Right?

QUEENAN

(appreciative, kindly,  
looking up from his  
papers)

Who said that?

BILLY

Hawthorne.

SGT. DIGNAM (although he knows perfectly well who Hawthorne is) makes a fart-noise with his mouth. BILLY looks at him with an "I'm going to kill you" expression which is not without wit and which Dignam seems to admire.

QUEENAN

We have an honest question. You want to be a cop, or do you want to appear to be a cop. It's an honest question. Lot of guys want to *appear* to be cops. Gun. Badge. Pretend they're on TV.

DIGNAM

A lot of 'em just want to slam a nigger's head through a plate glass window.

BILLY

I'm all set without your own personal job application, Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

DIGNAM

(looks to BILLY  
and smiles)Okay, Kid... well, at least you're  
Irish.

QUEENAN

We play with appearances here. In  
this department, deception is a  
tool. Let me ask you again, do  
you want to be a cop, or do you  
want to just seem to be a cop?\*  
\*  
\*

BILLY

What do you want from me?

QUEENAN

What we don't deal with here is  
self-deception. In five years you  
might be anything else in the  
world. But you will not be a  
Massachusetts State policeman.

BILLY

You sure of that?

\*

QUEENAN

I'm sure of that.  
(looking up from  
his papers)  
You don't have much family.

CLOSE ON BILLY

The death of his mother in his face.

BILLY

(deciding this  
on the spot)

I don't have any family.

28 INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

28

BILLY'S MOTHER lies as if floating in her bed. Tubes,  
lights. A bald head on a barely-dented pillow. She is a  
cancer patient in a coma, weighing possibly 80 lbs.  
Gaspng for air. Her airways are cleared with a suction  
tube. BILLY sits watching as the tube goes in. BILLY  
sits looking at her.

29 EXT. HUNTINGTON AVENUE - DAY (LATE) 29 \*

A TROLLEY goes past. HOSPITAL HILL, above the trolley line, is sinister, quiet. SAINT BRIDGID HOSPITAL at the top like a malign fortress, above rows of endlessly repeated condominiums. BILLY CROSSES from the Trolley stop, desperately, an angry young man at his life's turning point. \*

29A OMITTED 29A \*

& & \*

30 30 \*

31 INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER 31 \*

A PRIEST is giving last rites. The DOCTOR holds the vacuum tube. \*

BILLY

No, don't.

DOCTOR

(putting the tube away)

It's the right thing to do. \*

BILLY

How do you know?

The DOCTOR doesn't know. \*

31A EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 31A \*

Priest's cassock whipping in the WIND. A few mourners (shabby genteel ladies, contemporaries of his mother), but Billy seems to have no real connection with any of them. \*

31B SAME SCENE - LATER 31B \*

BILLY is alone at the grave. He looks at the tags on wind-blown wreaths. One gives him pause. Under a picture of The Virgin it reads: "Heaven holds the Faithful Departed" and is signed: "F. Costello." \*

31C INT. QUEENAN'S OFFICE - DAY 31C \*

Continuation of the interview. \*

BILLY

What do I do. \*

(CONTINUED)

31C CONTINUED:

31C

QUEENAN

In the war, Churchill had river  
mines. He'd float them down the  
rivers into Germany. They'd  
either hit something, or not.  
That's what we'll use you for.  
I'll float you down the river.  
The rest will happen. Or it  
won't...

(a beat)

This isn't police work for  
peanuts. There's money behind  
this operation. There's a bonus  
involved. You won't be paid as a  
cop, but there's this.

QUEENAN writes on a slip of paper and hands it to BILLY.  
BILLY looks up from the paper, impressed.

DIGNAM

All that and you're still young  
enough to fuck undergraduates.

QUEENAN

We can't conceal that you've been  
a trainee. You'll be convicted of  
a crime. We're thinking that a  
guilty plea to assault and battery  
would make sense.

DIGNAM

Given your nature.

QUEENAN

You'll serve enough jail time to  
convince anyone that it's no set-  
up. You'll be on probation. The  
real thing.

DIGNAM

You've already pretended to be a  
Costigan from South Boston.

BILLY looks up with a glazed insolence. In one beat he  
is not a scared trainee but a smart criminal.

BILLY

Every weekend... Staff Sergeant.

QUEENAN

Do it again. For me.

32 OMITTED

32

33 EXT. BOSTON - AERIAL - NIGHT 33

FLY FROM the HOSPITAL TO:  
THE GOLD DOME ON BEACON HILL.

34 INT. AN APARTMENT ON BEACON HILL - TWILIGHT 34

A REALTOR switches on lights. An empty, flash apartment above the Parisian rooftops of Beacon Hill. A view of the Dome. More than you'd think a cop could afford. We see, as COLIN does, beyond his reflection in the glass, the STATE HOUSE DOME.

REALTOR  
(uneasy)  
You're a policeman?

COLIN  
(like something he is  
used to reciting)  
I'm a State Police detective.

REALTOR  
(wondering where he  
gets his money from)  
Married?

COLIN  
(coming out of his  
reverie and coldly)  
... No.

REALTOR  
Oh, cuz it's big and I wondered if  
a cop...

COLIN  
I have a co-signer.

REALTOR  
You intend to have a *housemate*?

COLIN  
Give me the papers.

35 EXT. HOSPITAL HILL OVERLOOK - NIGHT 35

BILLY sits on a bench looking out over the whole city.  
(It is the best view of Boston, never seen in a film.)

36 OMITTED 36 \*  
thru thru  
39 39 \*



40 INT. JAIL HOLDING TANK - DAY 40

A CELL DOOR CLOSES. On Billy. Looking like a real criminal. Not a pretend one. Frightened and resolute at once. BILLY is in a holding tank.

41 EXT. THE BALCONY OF COLIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING 41

COLIN, in a bathrobe, leans on the rail and looks at Boston. THE GOLD DOME visible. Colin drinks coffee. Not satisfied: worried.

42 INT. A PROCESSING FACILITY - DAY 42

BILLY, naked, holds his clothes in a bundle. Being processed out of jail. Beside him another guy, furtive, gruff, trying to be friendly. \*

OTHER PRISONER \*

You're Bill Costigan? \*

BILLY

Who wants to know?

OTHER PRISONER

Nothin'. I know a Sean Costigan. \*

L Street. \*

BILLY

My cousin.

OTHER PRISONER

Connected. But not too bright -- \*

BILLY looks at him with an only-I-can-insult-my-cousin look.

OTHER PRISONER

No offense. \*

43 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 43

On the wall is a rogues gallery of COSTELLO and all his primary guys... MISTER FRENCH, DELAHUNT, FITZY. COLIN and others sitting listening. COLIN, reading a paper (Boston Herald) which may or may not have the headline, "CASE DROPPED AGAINST DRUGS CADET" (featuring a picture of Billy), looks up as SGT. DIGNAM comes in.

DIGNAM

Sorry I'm late.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

## ELLERBY

Staff Sergeant Dignam is our liaison with the undercover section. Their undercover work is extensive.

## DIGNAM

They're out there, our people. They're like the fuckin' Indians. You won't see them. You won't hear about them except through me or Captain Queenan. You will not, ever, know the identity of undercover people. This place has more leaks than the Iraqi navy.

(CONTINUED)

ELLERBY

Fuck yourself.

DIGNAM

I'm tired from fucking your wife.

ELLERBY

How's your mother.

DIGNAM

Good. She's a little tired from  
fucking my father.

(opens a FILE)

Okay, today, girls, what I got for  
you is microprocessors.

LAZIO, the Fed, comes in and sits down. With folders,  
pencil.

DIGNAM

Somebody, as you may already know,  
stole one hundred microprocessors  
from the Mass Processor company  
out Route 128. They're the kind  
of processors they put into  
computers that can put a cruise  
missile up the ass of a camel at  
quite considerable distances.  
That's what they do out there on  
'America's Technology Highway.'  
Worth a hundred grand apiece. Guy  
worked for the company two months,  
walked out the door with a box of  
processors on Tuesday, had a  
ticket booked for Florida on  
Wednesday, but on Thursday he got  
found in a dumpster. You know  
where that guy started his life?  
Southie projects.

COLIN

What was his name? The, ah,  
departed.

DIGNAM

Myles Kennefick. He got the job  
with a forged UMass transcript.  
UMass Boston, which incidentally  
happens to be in...

LAZIO

South Boston?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

DIGNAM

You're a fucking genius. Who forged your transcript?

COLIN

His old man runs the Hibernian Liquor Mart. Kennefick's.

ELLERBY

We are not here to solve the 'Case of the Dead Scumbag.' We are here to get Costello.

COLIN stands down, embarrassed.

DIGNAM

We have a guy saying that he hears Costello is moving the processors to China... that he set up the whole fuckin' job and popped Kennefick.

(LAZIO is writing, lawyerish)

You don't want to miss it if Costello takes a dump.

ELLERBY

We don't miss anything that Costello does, Staff Sergeant. We'd miss less if your informants were available to us, and of course to the Bureau...

LAZIO

Do you have anyone in with Costello presently? Without asking for details.

DIGNAM

Maybe. Maybe not. Maybe fuck yourself. My theory on Feds is they're like mushrooms. Feed 'em shit and keep in the dark.

44 EXT. A STREET OF TENEMENTS IN SOUTHIE - DAY

44

BILLY, his hair long, as if a month has been spent in preparation, steps off a bus at a corner. He goes up to a house, and knocks on the door. SEAN COSTIGAN answers the door.

\*  
\*

SEAN

Bill. Wow...

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

BILLY nods and crosses to his AUNT MAY, a Southie hag breathing oxygen, smoking.

BILLY

Good to see you, Aunt May.

AUNT MAY

Billy, Saints preserve us.

45 INT. BILLY'S AUNT'S KITCHEN - DAY

45

BILLY is eating soup.

SEAN

I read in the papers you was kicked out of the Staties and put in the slammer about four months ago.

\*  
\*

BILLY

Well. So you know.

SEAN

And why are we graced with your presence?

BILLY

I brought your mother some pictures of my father and mother.

It's true. They are on the table.

SEAN

(reflexively)

I'm sorry for your loss.

Sean opens the fridge, opens a beer, and hands it to BILLY. He opens one for himself.

BILLY

They're dead and gone.

SEAN

I just came from a funeral myself. Myles Kennefick, you knew him in school.

BILLY

Yeah.

SEAN

You beat the fuck out of him seven or eight times as a matter of fact. You remember?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

BILLY  
Once. And it was necessary.

\*  
\*  
\*

46 EXT. THE PORCH OF A THREE-DECKER - LATER

46

Sean and BILLY are still drinking beer.

SEAN  
You workin'?

\*  
\*

BILLY  
Let's quit the reminiscing. Talk  
about now.

\*  
\*  
\*

SEAN  
You sound hard, Bill.

\*  
\*

BILLY  
Are you soft, Sean?

\*  
\*  
\*

Sean looks deflated.

BILLY  
I got thirty thousand dollars when  
my mother died. Insurance.

SEAN  
Yeah?

BILLY  
If I put 20G's in your dope  
business, what could you give me  
back?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SEAN  
I'm not in that line of work just  
presently because I don't have  
twenty thousand dollars. As a  
matter of fact I have never had  
twenty thousand dollars.

BILLY  
I know. That's what *I'm* saying.

\*

Sean nods, and nods.

SEAN  
You know what you usually say at  
these moments.

BILLY  
I'm not a cop. I'm your cousin.

47 INT. BILLY'S CAR - NIGHT

47

BILLY is waiting. Sean comes out of a squalid-looking house and gets into a car. Fast. Billy puts the car in gear.

SEAN

Fuckin' Ricans think they know everything. If they knew shit they wouldn't be Puerto Ricans.

He has a paper bag full of money. He opens a beer.

SEAN

(high as a kite)

Double the money, double the fun.

(confusing his

TV jingles)

Cinnamon toasty apple bun... 'R'

is for Ricans... 'P' is for pigs...

They drive past a BPD cruiser. Sean hides his beer.

SEAN

I can't stop drinkin'.

BILLY laughs.

BILLY

Why would you even think of stopping drinking?

SEAN

He don't like it. He don't like drinkin'... he don't like fightin'...

(looks sad)

... he says stay out of the bars... You know, we're not even supposed to do this on this side of fuckin' Worcester.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

BILLY

Who says?

SEAN

He says. Costello says. God says, as far as you're concerned.

48 INT. A HORRIBLE BAR IN SOUTHIE - NIGHT

48

Sean, beyond wasted, is talking to some people, including MISTER FRENCH. A table wet with spilled beer.

SEAN

He talks like his shit don't stink but he's good people.

MISTER FRENCH

I knew his father. His father was all right. I liked his uncle Jackie better.

SEAN

Uncle Jackie was excellent.

AN IRISH VILLAIN

Fucking guineas.

They solemnly toast uncle Jackie and his fate among the fucking guineas. Across the crowded room, BILLY is ordering at the bar.

BILLY

A cranberry juice.

WELL-DRESSED SCUMBAG AT BAR

It's a natural diuretic. My girlfriend drinks it when she got her period.

(to BILLY)

You got your period?

BILLY glances over at the table where MISTER FRENCH sits with SEAN, and then SMASHES his GLASS into the face of the WELL-DRESSED SCUMBAG. He stands waiting for the SCUMBAG to get up. He is grabbed and shoved against the wall by MISTER FRENCH. Popped into a payphone hard. The payphone comes off the hook.

MISTER FRENCH

Do you know who I am?

BILLY shakes his head no.

(CONTINUED)



MISTER FRENCH

I'm the guy who tells you there are guys you hit and there are guys you don't. That's not *quite* a guy you can't hit, but it's *almost* a guy you can't hit, so I'm fucking ruling on it right now that you don't hit him.

BILLY

Excellent. Fine.

MISTER FRENCH

I know who you are. I know your family. Also I know you do another drug deal with your idiot fucking Cro-Magnon cop-magnet cousin I'll forget your grandmother was very nice to me and cut your fucking nuts off.

(a beat: they stare  
at each other)

What are you drinking?

BILLY

*Cranberry juice.*

A beat.

MISTER FRENCH

What is it, your period?

BILLY laughs.

MISTER FRENCH

Get him a cranberry juice.

The WELL-DRESSED SCUMBAG is bleeding, incredulous. MISTER FRENCH takes him by the shoulder.

MISTER FRENCH

(sotto voce to WELL-  
DRESSED SCUMBAG)

That's Jackie's nephew.

WELL-DRESSED SCUMBAG

*Oh...*

COLIN and BARRIGAN (who Colin has moved to plain clothes) stand at the door, talking, or trying to talk, with a fearful MRS. KENNEFICK. MRS. KENNEFICK looks like she starts drinking whiskey at 9 in the morning.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

COLIN

Myles was behind me in school but I knew him, so naturally I'm interested in identifying his associates. Don't you want to see us catch who did this thing to him? Who used him to do a robbery and then killed him?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MRS. KENNEFICK

Allegedly.

COLIN

(grimaces)

'Allegedly.'

MRS. KENNEFICK

If he was killed he probably did something wrong.

\*  
\*  
\*

COLIN

You don't mean robbery, do you, Mrs. Kennefick? That's not what you think he did wrong.

\*  
\*  
\*

MRS. KENNEFICK notices COSTELLO driving by.

49A INT. COSTELLO'S CAR - DAY

49A

Costello and Gwen are in the car. Gwen is dressed like Jackie O.

\*  
\*  
\*

COSTELLO

Wave to your girlfriend.

\*  
\*

49B EXT. A HOUSING PROJECT IN SOUTHIE - DAY

49B

MRS. KENNEFICK

I mean fuck yourself.

\*  
\*

She slams the door. As COLIN walks away from the door he notices the TAIL: a maroon sedan and a damaged white delivery van.

\*  
\*  
\*

COLIN

Welcome to the neighborhood.

\*  
\*

50 OMITTED

50

51

EXT. AN INTERSECTION - MOMENTS LATER

51

COSTELLO blows a red light and leaves the tail (including the Surveillance Van which we will see again) behind him in a snarl of traffic.

52 INT. THE ELEVATOR AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

52

COLIN boards with a bunch of other cops and workers. On board, directly beside him, is MADOLYN. COLIN's age, beautiful, wearing a business suit. She has a thick stack of medical-looking files. She's a psychiatrist on contract to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. She does probation counseling work with "violent offenders" and also sees policemen.

COLIN  
Making a house call?

MADOLYN  
Have I seen you professionally?

COLIN  
No, I've seen you. I know what you do.

MADOLYN nods, and then because this is a (relatively) sensitive subject, ignores COLIN, but she is visibly attracted by him.

COLIN  
Guys have to 'use their service weapons' in the 'course of duty' and then you have to talk to them about their 'feelings' and so forth and so on.

MADOLYN laughs.

COLIN  
Oh, I know how it goes. You're a mental health professional.

The door opens.

MADOLYN  
(laughing)  
I have an appointment on this floor.

COLIN  
That's good. They're all fuckin' crazy on that floor.  
(points up)  
Mine's the next one.

MADOLYN  
Fancy policeman.

COLIN  
That's right. Fancy.

(CONTINUED)

After she steps out he prevents the door from closing.

COLIN

I'm also getting my law degree.

MADOLYN

Suffolk, nights?

COLIN

They don't run Harvard Law at night, last time I checked.

MADOLYN

When was the last time you checked?

COLIN

Before I went to Suffolk.

MADOLYN

I went to U Mass. I wasn't insulting you.

COLIN

Well I thought you were, and for that you have to take me to dinner.

MADOLYN

Maybe you could shoot someone and I'd have to see you professionally.

COLIN

Whatever it takes. I'll shoot fifty people by supper and bring you the heads.

MADOLYN hands him a card.

COLIN

I don't need a card, I'm a detective.

She hesitates.

COLIN

I'm only kidding.

COLIN takes the card. The doors close. The elevator takes him up. He takes out his CELL PHONE as if he's forgotten something. As the doors open, the signal bars light up and the PHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

COLIN

(walking, voice low)

I didn't know about your tail  
 until I saw it. I couldn't call,  
 I had the other guy with me.  
 Maroon sedan and a white delivery  
 van, fucked up with graffiti on  
 it.

\*

53 INT. A COFFEE SHOP IN SOUTHIE - MORNING

53

The same shop in which YOUNG COSTELLO talked to YOUNG COLIN, all those years ago. Two ITALIANS are in the shop, talking hard to the (new, Pakistani) owner. These are hard guys but they're not being threatening, just persistent: the guy DOES owe them money. BILLY is finishing his breakfast. Watching. He goes over. The two GUINEAS are amazed.

BILLY

You guys smell like you come from  
 Providence.

The GUINEAS look at him. The younger one moves to intervene. BILLY smiles and destroys them both. Maniacal violence. The biggest beat-down in gangster movie history -- and obviously that's saying something. In the course of the beat-down Billy breaks his right hand -- a "boxer's fracture." BILLY stands over his victims, breathing hard, holding his broken hand.

PROPRIETOR

Get out of here.

Stuffs money in the surprised BILLY's coat.

54 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

54

BILLY, unlit cigarette in his mouth, is having his hand wrapped in plaster by a lady doctor.

55 INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

55

A romantic restaurant. The best Boston has (which isn't saying much, but whatever). COLIN, looking great, a man on the rise. MADOLYN in pearls, also looking great. But maybe the conversation has lapsed and the date gone south.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

COLIN

You also do probation work, right?

\*

MADOLYN

That's right. I see 'violent offenders.'

Colin wonders if she's breaking his balls. A DESSERT arrives: some towering Japanesey concoction with a fan of sugar candy spines, a fragment of armor from an intergalactic samurai, sitting in a pool of plutonium. MADOLYN looks at it. He looks up at her.

\*

\*

\*

\*

COLIN

They have *this* and they don't have duck l'orange?

\*

\*

MADOLYN smiles: she likes him. Even with the dinner-long bitterness over the duck l'orange. They look at the dessert.

\*

\*

\*

MADOLYN

I'm waiting for you to make your move.

\*

\*

\*

COLIN

I don't know what *you're* gonna do, but if it moves I'm going to arrest it.

\*

\*

\*

\*

MADOLYN laughs. Colin sees his shot: he's got her laughing. She takes some dessert.

\*

\*

COLIN

What's it like, having people 'find themselves' all day long? All day long, people 'finding themselves.'

\*

\*

MADOLYN

Does it make you uncomfortable?

\*

\*

COLIN stares at her. Water glass nearly goes over.

\*

\*

MADOLYN

You know what Freud said about the Irish?

COLIN

Yes I do.

\*

MADOLYN

If you *actually* do I'll see you again.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED: (2)

55

COLIN

Who says I want to see *you* again?

MADOLYN

(perhaps unexpectedly)

Don't you? \*

COLIN

Yes.

(a beat)

What Freud said about the Irish is we're the only people impervious to psychoanalysis.

MADOLYN is impressed. \*

COLIN

Tough luck for you with a primary client list of mick cops, isn't it? 'Opening up'? Good luck to you. \*

MADOLYN

The Latinos open up. \*

COLIN

You got that right. Usually with a machete. \*

(a beat) \*

Why do you do it? \*

MADOLYN

Some people do get better. \*

COLIN takes this seriously; admires it. \*

COLIN

Fair enough. \*

MADOLYN

Sometimes, though, I just want people to forget about their personal bullshit and do their jobs. \*

Unsaid: Like I do. \*

COLIN

Including the criminals?

MADOLYN

If they don't do their jobs you don't have one.

(CONTINUED)



55 CONTINUED: (3)

55

COLIN

Me? I'd just arrest innocent  
people.

MADOLYN laughs.

\*

COLIN

I'd like to be a fly on the wall  
when you're telling street  
officers they're not on TV.  
'Freeze, police.'

\*

\*

\*

MADOLYN

'Keep your hands where I can see  
them.'

COLIN

'You're going down.'

MADOLYN

'Listen, prick, the party's over.'

COLIN

I don't think it is.

\*

MADOLYN

You're trouble.

\*

COLIN

You don't know the half of it.

56 INT. A HORRIBLE BAR IN SOUTHIE - NIGHT

56

A slow night. BILLY IS AT THE BAR bent over a glass of  
cranberry juice. The women available are two CRONES.  
Stark contrast to COLIN'S EVENING. A BOOKMAKER on the  
phone. BILLY, by the glances of people looking at him,  
has made his bones. He's treated with respect. His hand  
and wrist in a cast. Out of nowhere (though Billy is  
aware conversation has stopped he does not look  
around)...

COSTELLO sits down beside him AT THE BAR.

BILLY observes:

MISTER FRENCH sitting down at a far table. Watching.  
Covering the room.

COSTELLO is brought a glass of whiskey by the silent  
bartender. No sound whatsoever in the bar.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED:

56

They say nothing, look at each other. BILLY notices DELAHUNT and FITZY, entering. They stand by MISTER FRENCH.

\*

BILLY sits motionless.

COSTELLO

Do you know who I am?

BILLY does: but shakes his head.

BILLY

No.

COSTELLO

You met my friend Mister French the other night.

\*

BILLY

Is his *real* name Mister French?

COSTELLO

No.

(a beat)

Come with me.

(as Billy hesitates)

I'm not the cops. I'm not *askin'* you.

\*

BILLY stands up. MISTER FRENCH stands up. BILLY, COSTELLO, and MISTER FRENCH move towards the back room. As they walk to the back room of the bar, we hear COSTELLO:

\*

\*

COSTELLO

You know something, they just do not stop having the Mafia in Providence, and this can cause problems.

\*

\*

57

INT. BACK ROOM OF THE BAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION

57

COSTELLO

Those guys you tuned up are connected down Providence. What they're going to do is come back up with some guys and kill you. Which, sure as you're born, they will do unless I stop them. Do you want me to stop them?

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

BILLY

Is it something I can't do  
personally?

COSTELLO appreciates the balls of this. He looks at Mister French who gives him a sign that he has some lipstick on his face. COSTELLO wipes it off then looks at Billy, smiling.

\*  
\*  
\*

COSTELLO

I'm going to have my associate  
search you.

BILLY tenses. Exactly as he might if he were wearing a wire.

BILLY

Search me for what?

MISTER FRENCH and COSTELLO look at each other.

COSTELLO

Take your fuckin' shoes off.  
Contraband.

\*  
\*

BILLY slips out of them. MISTER FRENCH inspects the shoes. COSTELLO'S cold eyes are on BILLY. MISTER FRENCH searches BILLY. Looks into his wallet. The wallet is emptied onto a table.

COSTELLO

Knew your father. He's dead. (?)

\*

BILLY

He didn't complain.

COSTELLO

That was his problem.

BILLY

Who said he had a fuckin' problem?

COSTELLO

I just said he had a fuckin'  
problem. There's a man could have  
been anything.

\*

BILLY

Are you saying he was nothing?

COSTELLO

I'm saying he worked at the  
airport.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

COSTELLO turns to MISTER FRENCH.

COSTELLO

Arm. \*

With amazing violence MISTER FRENCH smashes the cast on the corner of a table. Billy drops to his knees in tears of pain. MISTER FRENCH sorts through the pieces of the cast.

COSTELLO

(holding Billy by  
the collar)

I don't like to see you in this  
environment. Regressing. It  
makes me sad. It makes me  
curious. If I can slander my own.  
And, I don't know what's beyond  
some cop prick son of a bitch like  
fucking Queenan to pull you out of  
the States, and send you after  
me. I just can't know. I don't  
know what they do in... that  
particular department, anyway. \*

He grabs Billy's broken right hand.

COSTELLO

Are you still a cop?

BILLY

No.

COSTELLO twists Billy's broken hand.

COSTELLO

Swear on your mother's grave that  
you're not a cop. \*

BILLY

I am not a cop.

COSTELLO

You gonna stop doing coke deals  
with your moron cousin? \*

BILLY

Yes!

COSTELLO lets go of Billy's hand. Billy is on the floor.  
COSTELLO straightens his suit. \*

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

COSTELLO  
 (hands Billy some  
 money?)  
 Get your hand taken care of. I'm  
 sorry. It was necessary. As for  
 our problem with Providence... let's  
 not cry over spilled guineas.

58 INT. THE MAIN PART OF THE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

58

COSTELLO, the visiting king, points at a group of  
 drinkers, including GWEN. \*

COSTELLO  
 What's this IRA motherfucker doing  
 in my bar?

The IRA MOTHERFUCKER is terrified.

COSTELLO  
 (slapping him on  
 the back)  
 Only kidding. How's your mother?

JIMMY  
 Ah, she's on her way out.

COSTELLO  
 We're all on our way out.  
 (straightens suit  
 and tie)  
 Act accordingly.

As he leaves, GWEN leaves with him. \*

COSTELLO  
 (to Gwen)  
 Fix your makeup! \*

59 INT. COSTELLO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

59

GWEN is sleeping on the couch. MISTER FRENCH is  
 methodically shelling and eating peanuts. \*

COSTELLO  
 Do you trust him? \*

MISTER FRENCH  
 These days, who's reliable? \*

COSTELLO  
 His uncle Jackie was. \*

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

MISTER FRENCH

The Costigans are talented in  
general.

\*

COSTELLO

You don't trust a guy behaves like  
he's got nothin' to lose.

\*

\*

MISTER FRENCH

I'm reliable.

And he is.

COSTELLO

What about your wife?

\*

\*

MISTER FRENCH

I thought she was.

COSTELLO

She wasn't.

\*

SILENT FLASH of MISTER FRENCH strangling his wife with a  
wire in a 70s bathroom.

MISTER FRENCH

She got reliable.

\*

GWEN looks up:

\*

GWEN

Don't you people ever shut the  
fuck up?

\*

COSTELLO

'Another country heard from.'

MISTER FRENCH

One too many.

\*

\*

60

EXT. LYNN MARSHLAND - DAWN

60

SEAGULLS SQUABBLE over unusual food. POWER PLANT IN THE  
DISTANCE, the MTA-train going by. TWO BODIES lie in a  
tidal ditch in the salt marsh. They are the Italians who  
Billy fought in the restaurant. Hands taped together  
behind their backs. Two in the head each. COLIN is with  
the LYNN POLICE and the State Police forensics people.  
COLIN gets down and lifts a soaking lapel. Revealed is  
the tag of a men's shop in Providence.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

COLIN

The principles of detection tell me that these men came from Providence.

LYNN DETECTIVE

I'd appreciate it if you got out of my crime scene.

COLIN

This is my crime scene too, but enjoy yourself.

COLIN gets up. He walks back across the marsh. At a PAY PHONE he dials a number. \*

\*

COLIN

(walking)

I saw a dead guy. I think I have post traumatic stress. You available for lunch? See you then.

At a PAY PHONE he dials another number.

61 INT. COSTELLO'S CONDOMINIUM ON THE HARBOR - MORNING

61

One of Costello's homes.

COSTELLO

Who's the lead detective?... Good, he's an idiot.

BILLY cannot hear what COSTELLO is saying. He has an aluminum brace taped on his wrist and hand.

COSTELLO

Get the cops to look at Jimmy Pappas for the hit. Of course he had nothing to do with it and he'll say so. You look in his car... you find... the gun that did it. Registered. Official Providence. \*

\*  
\*  
\*

62 EXT. LYNN MARSHLAND - CONTINUOUS ACTION

62

COLIN deadpan, appreciative, hangs up the phone. BARRIGAN walks in the middle distance, flipping a seashell, giving the man his privacy.

63 OMITTED

63

64 INT. COSTELLO'S CONDOMINIUM ON THE HARBOR - MORNING 64

COSTELLO sits down to a lobster breakfast. \*

COSTELLO

Have a seat.

(he looks up)

You know John Lennon?

BILLY sits. MISTER FRENCH is nearby. \*

BILLY

Yeah, he was President before  
Lincoln.

COSTELLO

(smiles)

Lennon said, 'I'm an artist. You  
give me a fuckin' tuba and I'll  
get you something out of it.'

BILLY

Money?

COSTELLO and MISTER FRENCH look at each other.

BILLY

'Diamonds are a girl's best  
friend.'

COSTELLO

Smart mouth. Too bad. \*

FITZY laughs. COSTELLO lifts a piece of plastic on the  
table revealing a severed human hand. BILLY tries to  
conceal his shock.

65 INT. SURVEILLANCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 65

QUEENAN and STAFF SGT. DIGNAM are listening to the live  
broadcast. QUEENAN is benign. Lights of equipment in  
his specs.

66 INT. A CONDOMINIUM ON THE HARBOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 66

COSTELLO takes the ring off the finger of the severed hand.  
BILLY watches. \*

COSTELLO \*

If you'll indulge me... \*

Interrupting Costello, GWEN enters the room and heads for  
the door. Costello gestures to Gwen with the severed  
hand. \*

(CONTINUED)



66

CONTINUED:

66

GWEN

Choir practice.

\*  
\*

COSTELLO

The point with John Lennon, is a man can look at anything and make something out of it. For instance, I look at you and I think what could I use you for?

\*  
\*

(giving the hand  
to Mister French)

Get rid of this.

(back to Billy)

\*

Maybe we can work something out.

\*

(handing the ring  
to French)

\*

\*

And send this to his wife.

\*

MISTER FRENCH

It was sweet when you asked Leo which hand he jerked off with. I hope this doesn't shake her up.

\*

COSTELLO

As I remember, Rita ain't that sentimental. She's so fuckin' stupid she'll probably sell it.

\*

\*

\*

COSTELLO &amp; MISTER FRENCH

\*

(in unison)

\*

On the other hand she could suck a tennis ball through a trailer hitch.

\*

\*

\*

\*

COSTELLO

\*

Let me get dressed.

\*

67

INT. COSTELLO'S BATHROOM - DAY

67

BILLY runs the water in the sink. He starts to leave the bathroom and then impulsively takes off his wire and chucks it out the window as far as he can.

68

EXT. THE BUILDING - DAY

68

The wire falls into the water.

68A

INT. SURVEILLANCE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

68A

Queenan reacts mildly to the loss of the signal. He removes his headphones.

(CONTINUED)

68A CONTINUED: 68A

DIGNAM

That was quick. He dead already?

68B EXT. "ACROPOLIS RESTAURANT" - DAY 68B

A GREEK GUY (JIMMY PAPPAS) in chef's whites is cuffed and stuffed by TACTICAL OFFICERS. He has no idea what is going on. COLIN and BARRIGAN follow.

BARRIGAN

Big Collar. \*

COLIN

I think we'll let Ellerby do the press. \*

BARRIGAN

No wonder you get ahead.

69 EXT. A STREET BY THE HARBOR - DAY 69

BILLY walking and talking on the phone.

BILLY

No more wires. These people pat me down so often they must think I'm Marilyn Monroe. \*

(listens) \*

Micro what? \*

(a beat) \*

No. But, if you need a third hand for pinochle I know where to find one. \*

69A EXT. POLICE BUILDING - TELEVISION IMAGE - DAY 69A

ELLERBY is before a thicket of microphones.

REPORTER

Did you have a tip from an informant?

ELLERBY

No, it was tireless police activity that effected ah the arrest of the ah alleged perpetrator.

70 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #1 - DAY

70

COLIN is rolling a quarter across the backs of his fingers. BROWN (last seen as Billy's friend) and BARRIGAN, new plainclothes recruits to Colin's special squad, sit across from him.

COLIN

I've been put in charge of this small section. It is a small surveillance squad but it is mine. I didn't take this job in order to fuck it up, or to let anyone else fuck it up. Whosoever they may be.

THROUGH glass we see ELLERBY, preening. ELLERBY gives the thumbs-up.

COLIN

And our job, our exclusive job, is to follow Costello. We don't communicate with the rest of the shop. Queenan is compartmentalizing every section in SIU. You'd almost think he didn't trust people. We think Costello has an informer here.

BROWN

Really?

COLIN

Yeah. Really.

BROWN

Do we have direct access to Queenan's informants?

COLIN

(not happy about this)  
Ah... not presently. Not presently.  
But I'm hoping to get things...  
reorganized. That's all.

BROWN and BARRIGAN leave.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

BARRIGAN

(to Brown)

I know why I'm here. I made him  
feel guilty. Why are you here.

BROWN

Intelligence and aptitude.

BARRIGAN

*That's new.*

COLIN opens his cell phone.

COLIN

Hello, Dad. I have a new job.

71 INT. A BOOKIE SHOP - DAY

71

MISTER FRENCH backhands a guy into a table of betting  
slips.

MISTER FRENCH

Where's your fucking license? I  
don't see no fucking license.

BOOKIE

What license?

BILLY, who is not wearing a cast anymore, watches.

MISTER FRENCH

There's no such thing as a  
license, of course, but you  
definitely have to have one.

(grabs the Bookie  
by the ear)

If you are not being run by us  
you will be run by someone else,  
which means you will have let  
undesirable elements into  
Mr. Costello's area.

A HARD GUY sitting reaches inside his coat. BILLY in a  
flash breaks his jaw with a pistol barrel and then covers  
the sprawled HARD GUY with the gun.

HARD GUY

(spitting teeth)

I was going for my fucking  
cigarettes...

He was. They fall from his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

BILLY looks alarmed.

BOOKIE

There's no profit if I pay him two grand a week. I'm in the hole if I pay him two grand a week.

MISTER FRENCH

Then make more money or go out of business. This is America. If you don't make money you're a fucking douchebag. What are you going to do?

BOOKIE

Make more money.

MISTER FRENCH

That's the spirit.

72 EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE BOOKIE SHOP - LATER

72

BILLY and MISTER FRENCH emerge.

MISTER FRENCH

Very interesting.

BILLY

Yeah, well. Fuck.

MISTER FRENCH

Don't worry about it. Guy didn't need a cigarette anyway.

\*

They get into COSTELLO'S CAR. Billy in the front seat. Mister French in the back.

MISTER FRENCH

He knocked Jimmy Bags' teeth out.

COSTELLO does an Edgar Kennedy.

COSTELLO

So?

\*

BILLY

He was...

MISTER FRENCH

Reaching for his cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

BILLY

Okay! You gonna give me shit, it  
wasn't for no reason -- he put his  
hand in his coat! I don't know if  
he's a bookie or what the fuck  
he's doing...

\*

COSTELLO

(interrupting)

Well, you do know what the fuck a  
bookie *does*, don't you?

\*

BILLY

(to Costello)

Pays you.

COSTELLO

Anyway, happens I like a guy who  
goes around knocking guy's teeth  
out for no reason. Plus his  
brother's a dentist.

\*

\*

\*

\*

He takes out a cell phone and hands it to BILLY.

COSTELLO

Here. From now on call the bar  
and ask for Mikey. Just Mikey.  
You ask for Mikey because there's  
no Mikey. Wait. We'll call.

\*

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

MISTER FRENCH  
 Forty-eight hours from the time this phone first rings, you take the fucking chip out -- like so -- and you fucking destroy it. After three days a phone ain't clean. If you use a phone which is not clean, you will have an accident. You never call us. We call you. You got that?

MISTER FRENCH  
 [ALT: Forty-eight hours after the phone rings, the chip --  
 (shows it)  
 -- is dirty. You take it out and you dispose of it. You don't put it in your fuckin' garbage. You burn it. Got that? Because there was a guy who didn't get it, and there was a problem -- mainly his.]

73 OMITTED

73

74 INT. A HARBOR RESTAURANT (BOSTON) - DAY

74

A lobster-bib kind of place. DAYTIME DRINKERS, MICK'S in bad boat shoes, hyper-aware of... COSTELLO and BILLY in a back table. COSTELLO, having finished his lunch, is drawing. Billy is unused to being the subject of so many stares. He has sort of a coked-out nervousness, dirty hair. COSTELLO looks over his half-glasses at Billy's untouched food. COSTELLO is sizing Billy up: has been thinking about him.

\*  
\*

COSTELLO

People looking at you make you feel self-conscious?

\*

BILLY shrugs. Indicating: Yeah, well, who the fuck wouldn't be.

COSTELLO

Don't worry, they're minuses. They can't tell the difference between a rock star and a career criminal.

BILLY

Anyone not a criminal is a minus?

COSTELLO

(WHY?)

What are you soft? That's not what I said. Eat something, Jesus Christ, we got a nice day by the water. Sun's shining, gulls are up... Nice smell of ozone... although, real ozone will kill ya.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

74

CONTINUED:

74

BILLY

I know it's a nice day and I don't want to interfere with your enjoyment of it but did you notice there's a white van across the parking lot.

\*

WE see it THROUGH the smeared glass: the WHITE VAN we always see. This time with a different magnetic business sign.

COSTELLO

(lifting and looking  
at his sketch)

\*

\*

They don't have directional microphones.

BILLY

What, do you got x-ray vision?

COSTELLO

(not taking his eyes  
off his sketch)

\*

They don't have directional microphones.

BILLY registers what seems to be inside information. TWO PRIESTS and a NUN are sitting two tables over. An older priest and a younger one. COSTELLO notices. THE NUN gets up and leaves.

\*

\*

\*

COSTELLO

If Bill, Sr. were alive and saw you, sitting here with me, let's say he would have a word with me about this, in fact, he'd kill seven guys just to cut my throat. And he could do it, which is something you may not know about your father.

\*

\*

\*

BILLY

He never, ah, I mean *never*?

COSTELLO

Your father kept his own counsel. He never wanted money. You can't do a thing with a man like that. Your uncle Jackie needed a lot of money. But even though he got his money from me, he also would kill my entire fucking family if he saw me here with you.

\*

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



74

CONTINUED: (2)

74

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

And I think about this. That's what we're talking about here. Fact is you're not a guy fresh from the zoo who wants to run a spring water distributor and I don't see you up the dog track as a general manager.

BILLY

And, I don't want to learn to play the fucking tuba, I can tell you that.

COSTELLO smiles at this, then looks at his sketch.

COSTELLO

You ever think of going back to school?

BILLY

With all due respect, Mr. Costello, school's out. \*

COSTELLO

Well that's your problem. Maybe someday you'll wake the fuck up. \*

He gets up and leaves the table, leaving BILLY sitting there. COSTELLO stops to speak to the priests. \*

COSTELLO

Good morning, Fathers.

PRIESTS

(terrified and simultaneously)

Good morning, Francis, good morning.

The OLDER PRIEST is very nervous, looking around. The YOUNGER PRIEST concerned for his elder but personally not implicated. COSTELLO leans over the OLDER PRIEST, a pathetic man.

COSTELLO

Remember our talk? Little boys, etc...

(as the Older Priest nods, terrified)

'I am as God made me,' is that what you say?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (3)

74

YOUNG PRIEST

May I remind you, Mr. Costello,  
that pride comes before the fall.

COSTELLO

Remember, God doesn't run the  
bingo in this archdiocese.

COSTELLO notices that THE NUN is heading back to the  
table.

COSTELLO

How is Sister Mary Theresa doing?  
We got along before she took her  
vows. A tasty relationship...  
Enjoy your clams.

\*

He leaves the sketch on the table.

75 OMITTED  
&  
76

75  
&  
76

77 INT. ELLERBY'S OFFICE - MORNING

77

OFFICE decorated with golf implements. ELLERBY has a hangover. Sunglasses. Eating baby aspirin by the small fistful.

COLIN

I'm not making enough progress with Costello?

ELLERBY

'Progress' is hard to define. I make progress every day. There are guys in this department make excellent progress for twenty years without really having anything you could definitively call a result. It's like any American industry. Nobody minds if you don't succeed as long as you don't fuck up.

He sticks his nose into a "personal vaporizer" steaming on his desk.

ELLERBY

Objectives get lost sight of: fair enough. Most of a man's job is looking busy when the boss walks by. Who did the guys from Providence?

COLIN

Jimmy Pappas.

ELLERBY

And what happened to Jimmy Pappas?

COLIN

He had a heart attack in jail and got knifed in his bed at Boston City Hospital. I believe it's been in the papers.

ELLERBY stares at COLIN.

ELLERBY

Are you happy with this result?

COLIN

It's a result.

ELLERBY

Yeah, but cui bono? Who benefits?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

COLIN

Cui gives a shit. It's got a bow  
on it.

ELLERBY

(with true  
appreciation)

I think you are a cop, my son.

78 INT. BILLY'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

78

A stripped HOSPITAL BED stands in a fall of light. This is the apartment where his mother became ill. Billy has packed half of his mother's things into boxes -- and then stopped. Billy doesn't use the bedroom. He sleeps on the couch among boxes of pictures, papers, teacups wrapped in newspaper. BILLY is sitting on the couch. He reaches into a box and lays out photographs like cards. Scenes from his life. His former life. His family life, his life as a child, his romantic life. He sits and stares at the pictures. He arranges the photographs in different ways.

79 EXT. A BEACH NEAR A POWER PLANT - DAY

79

BILLY leans against the wall of a concession stand. His knuckles are cut. A cut over his eye. He is agitated. Smoking. A car pulls up and Queenan and Dignam get out of it. In appearance, if anybody's watching, they're bracing Billy.

DIGNAM

The guy whose jaw you broke was  
undercover for the Boston Police  
Department.

BILLY

I'm going fuckin' nuts. I can't  
be someone else every day.

\*  
\*

DIGNAM

Most of the people in the world do  
it every day.

\*  
\*  
\*

BILLY

I'm not them.

\*  
\*

DIGNAM

You're nobody. You signed the  
paper.

\*  
\*  
\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

DIGNAM (CONT'D)

We're the only people in the world  
 who know that you're a cop. Maybe  
 we'll just erase your file and  
 zip, you're a soldier for  
 Costello, open to arrest for how  
 many felonies? Maybe we'll do  
 that.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BILLY

Maybe I'll fucking kill you.

\*  
\*

Dignam laughs. Billy backhands Dignam. This is Billy's  
 deepest fear.

\*

QUEENAN

Easy now. That was a joke, Billy.

DIGNAM

Just because you play a fucking  
 tough guy doesn't mean you are  
 one, you lace-curtain Irish pussy.

BILLY hits Dignam again. QUEENAN grabs Billy and holds  
 him against the wall.

\*

QUEENAN

(gently, like a man  
 calming a wild  
 animal)

Be smart. If someone was watching  
 how are we supposed to not arrest  
 you?

\*  
\*  
\*

BILLY looks desperately inland.

REVERE BEACH condominium buildings. A thousand empty  
 terraces, five thousand empty windows. BILLY is  
 desperate.

QUEENAN

Keep your act together. It's just  
 a little while longer.

BILLY nods. DIGNAM is looking at blood on his hands in  
 disbelief.

\*  
\*

QUEENAN

Get in the car.

They do.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED: (2)

79

BILLY

When are you going to take Costello? What's wrong with taking 'em on any one of the million fucking felonies you've seen him do. He murders somebody and you don't take him. Get him for pissing in the street. What, are you waiting for him to chop me up and feed me to the poor?

DIGNAM

Well. That would stick...

QUEENAN

Shut up. We're building a case. It takes time. You know that.

BILLY

Something's wrong.

QUEENAN

Mabye... maybe... I want you to listen for any chatter about a spy in the Special Investigation Unit. You hear anything like that?

\*  
\*  
\*

BILLY shakes his head.

QUEENAN

Hang tight for me just a little longer. We're this close.

\*  
\*

BILLY nods reluctantly.

\*

80 OMITTED 80  
& &  
81 81  
82 INT. OBSERVATION OFFICE - DAY 82

COLIN walks into the office. BROWN and other team members are watching a closed-circuit monitor. The MONITOR shows FITZY sitting in an interrogation room. COLIN is spooked.

BROWN

Uniform clipped him on the Pike for a suspended license. However, as he's the subject of an open investigation --

COLIN

At least. What's your point?

BROWN

-- we're getting a warrant for his house.

COLIN

His house? He doesn't have a house. He lives with his mother.

BROWN

This is the thing. He fucked up and gave the trooper a new address.

COLIN is terrified. Fingers trembling. He knows very well what's going on at Fitzzy's house.

BROWN

He won't talk without his attorney. He paged his lawyer but the lawyer hasn't called back yet.

COLIN

Who's the lawyer?

BROWN

He didn't know the name. He just had the number on a card. Beeper number.

COLIN

Really.

COLIN glances around and sees: a briefcase lying on a desk. He picks it up. He takes off his ID badge and tosses it on a desk.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

COLIN

Give me your cell phone.

He takes Brown's cell phone out of Brown's pocket, goes into the interrogation room.

BROWN

He can't do that.

BARRIGAN touches two buttons and switches off the sound recorder and video feed. BROWN accepts it wryly.

83 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

83

FITZY looks up at COLIN hopefully. COLIN says nothing. He sits down, opens his case, takes out a yellow pad.

FITZY

You my attorney?

COLIN

You don't need to know who I am, you just need to know to keep your mouth shut.

ON FITZY

He looks up at the (dead) CCTV camera.

COLIN

There's nothing being recorded. I think you have to make a call.

FITZY

A call?

COLIN

The cops in there are suiting up for a raid. I don't know where they are going, but they do. And you do.

FITZY gets it. COLIN puts a cell phone on the table. FITZY takes up the phone and punches in a number. It is answered.

FITZY

Get out of there.

84 OMITTED

84

&amp;

&amp;

85

85



86 INT. A HOUSE WHERE DRUGS ARE BEING HANDLED - CONTINUOUS ACTION 86

BILLY looks up at MISTER FRENCH, who is on the phone.  
Other men are frozen, holding bags of Ex.

87 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 87

FITZY

Get the fuck out of there now and  
don't go back.

FITZY closes the cell phone. He puts it into COLIN'S  
hand.

88 INT. A HOUSE WHERE DRUGS ARE BEING HANDLED - CONTINUOUS ACTION 88

MISTER FRENCH

Out.

The DRUGS are swept up instantly, in sheets laid over the  
tables. MISTER FRENCH lights a cigarette with his ZIPPO,  
and then reaches out and lights the curtains on fire as  
BILLY watches.

89 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 89

COLIN takes the cell phone and puts it in his pocket.

FITZY

Who are you?

COLIN

Apparently you want another  
attorney. He'll be here shortly.

90 INT. OBSERVATION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 90

COLIN comes out and hands BROWN the CELL PHONE.

COLIN

Run the last number called.  
That'll be his house. Whatever  
the location is I'll swear I  
surveilled him at it.  
Abracafuckindabra.

BROWN

Why'd you use my phone?

COLIN

Because you didn't go in there.

90A INT. MADOLYN'S OFFICE - DAY

90A

A clock ticking. Madolyn is looking across at Billy. He leans forward in his chair and looks at her.

BILLY

People on probation make things up. You know that?

MADOLYN

Yes.

BILLY

They want to be stars of their own little movies.

MADOLYN

That's interesting.

BILLY

Do you lie?

MADOLYN

Do you?

BILLY

No, I'm asking if *you* lie.

MADOLYN

Honesty isn't synonymous with truth.

BILLY

You lie.

MADOLYN

Let's talk about what you do.

BILLY

You ask someone about their 'feelings' and half the time you're listening to shit art. They say what they hear on TV.

MADOLYN

You're different?

BILLY

If I wasn't, I couldn't make the observation.

MADOLYN

Do you have difficulty trusting?

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED:

90A

\*

BILLY  
(abruptly)  
There was a cop leaving when I  
came in.

MADOLYN  
How do you know he was a cop?

BILLY  
Bad haircut, no dress sense and a  
slight air of scumbag entitlement.  
You see cops?

MADOLYN  
And criminals.

BILLY  
You should get a better job.

MADOLYN  
My job is fine.

BILLY  
Am I violating any clinical  
boundaries?

MADOLYN  
No.

BILLY  
Do they all come in and cry?

MADOLYN  
Sometimes they cry. If they have  
trouble at home. If they've had  
to... use their weapons.

BILLY  
Let me tell you, the cops signed  
up to use their fuckin' weapons.  
Most of them. But they watch  
enough TV so they know they have  
to go 'boo hoo hoo a good fuckin'  
shoot.' No one's more full of  
shit than a cop. Except a cop on  
TV.

MADOLYN  
Can we talk about your jail time.

BILLY  
You want to hear about the showers?

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED: (2)

90A

MADOLYN

If you like. \*

BILLY

No. I don't like. \*

(a beat)

I'll tell you about me in jail. I  
 sit there with thieves, rapists,  
 cross-dressing pyromaniacs...  
 murderers...

(getting to  
 the truth)

I sit there with a mass murderer,  
 my heart-rate jacked, I look at my  
 hand... steady. That's what I  
 found out about myself in jail.  
 My hand don't shake, ever. \*

MADOLYN

Why are you here? \*

BILLY

I have to come here.

MADOLYN

I know it's not elective... on  
 your part.

BILLY

You want the truth?

(a beat)

*I want Valium. Xanax. Whatever.* \*

MADOLYN

I think we better have a few more  
 meetings before we talk about  
 prescriptions.

BILLY

I'm having panic attacks. Last  
 night I thought I was having a  
 heart attack. I puked in a trash  
 barrel on the way in here, I  
 haven't slept for weeks. \*

MADOLYN

Is this true? \*

BILLY

I said something true. I want  
 some fuckin' pills and you want to  
 close my file. \*

(CONTINUED)

90A CONTINUED: (3)

90A

MADOLYN

Yes, sorry. Go on.

\*  
\*

BILLY

(giving in to  
stress)Guy comes in against every  
instinct of... privacy, of, of,  
*self-reliance*... that he has, in  
pain and you don't help him? You  
push him to go score drugs on the  
street?\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*MADOLYN stares at him, then lowers her eyes, takes out a  
prescription pad and scribbles. She hands it over to  
him. BILLY looks at it.

BILLY

Five pills.

She nods. BILLY reaches out and deliberately places the  
prescription on the desk.

BILLY

Why don't you just give me a  
bottle of Scotch and a handgun to  
blow my fucking head off. Are we  
done?

He leaves.

\*  
\*

MADOLYN

Fuck...

She grabs her bag and coat.

90B EXT. PLAZA OUTSIDE THE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

90B

Very windy. Papers blowing. Billy is walking. Madolyn  
catches up to him.

MADOLYN

The last patient of the day is  
always the hardest.\*  
\*

BILLY

Oh, that would be because you're  
bored and tired and don't give a  
shit.

\*

(CONTINUED)

90B CONTINUED:

90B

MADOLYN

I'm not supposed to be someone you have to see or they put you in jail. If you make an effort I can help you.

Madolyn holds out a paper and a business card.

BILLY

What's this?

MADOLYN

My card. And a prescription for twenty Lorazepam.

BILLY stands holding the prescription.

BILLY

Is it enough to kill myself?

MADOLYN

(fixes him with a stare)

Maybe it is. All right? Have I done my job up to your fucking standards? Because by my standards you fit the model of drug-seeking behavior, and fuck you if you don't like my initial clinical reaction.

BILLY

You want to get some coffee?

MADOLYN

What I want is to transfer you to a regular counselor.

BILLY

Good. Then you could come out with me. Want a coffee?

MADOLYN

Yes, God forgive me. Yes, I think I do.

X90 INT. COLIN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

X90 \*

Colin, hung over, not shaved, lies back on the couch in a fall of light. Madolyn looks at him. \*

MADOLYN \*

You want to talk about last night? \*

(CONTINUED)

X90 CONTINUED:

X90

COLIN  
Which part of it?

\*  
\*

MADOLYN  
The part you maybe can't remmeber.

\*  
\*

Colin simply gets up from the couch and walks away.

\*

91 INT. COMMAND CENTER (UPSTAIRS) - NIGHT (A WEEK LATER)

91

It's an otherwise disused floor of a new luxury office building. Cables and monitors and computers everywhere. It's crawling with State Cops as well as FBI (LAZIO is present, very nattily dressed). COLIN comes in with BROWN and BARRIGAN. This operation is all new to Colin.

(CONTINUED)

ELLERBY

(on a chair, addressing room)

Our target is a major transaction of microprocessors. Yes, those. Cash will be handed over in a building which we have under AV surveillance. Staff Sergeant Sullivan's team...

(nods at Colin)

Will ID the bad guys and listen in on the phones. Our unit will not take action until a man Captain Queenan has inside the operation has verified the transaction. This is who we're after.

COLIN

How long have we been tapped on this building?

ELLERBY pulls a sheet off a board, revealing mug shots of many people we've seen. But the one we GO IN ON is... COSTELLO.

ON COLIN

As he reflexively touches his cell phone and thinks about the best way out of this.

ELLERBY

We've been after this son of a bitch for a long time, and we're getting him tonight. Get to work.

COLIN

(to team)

Go find out what we're doing and get on it.

COLIN wanders off in the mill of officers. He is taking out his cell phone when ELLERBY comes up to him.

ELLERBY

Sorry to get you at the last minute. But things leak. This lead came from Queenan's undercover guy.

ELLERBY walks on to a COFFEE STATION, a yard away.

(CONTINUED)



91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

COLIN  
(into cell)  
Dad?

COSTELLO (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
Yes?

COLIN is completely normal on the phone.

COLIN  
I'm not going to make dinner.  
Something big has come up.

92 INT. COSTELLO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

92

COSTELLO is on the phone.

COSTELLO  
Too bad. Your mother worked all  
goddamned day. We'll just have to  
sit down without you and your  
friends.

93 INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

93

COLIN turns away from the activity.

COLIN  
Oh, my *friends* are still *coming*.

COLIN ends the call. QUEENAN is there.

94 INT. COSTELLO'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

94

As COSTELLO hangs up the phone he calls out:

COSTELLO  
You ready?

GWEN  
Is his majesty going to drop me at  
confession or fuck me before work?

COSTELLO  
What have you got to confess to  
that anointed pederast. The seal  
of confession seems leaky to me  
these days.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

94

CONTINUED:

94

GWEN

Okay, Frank, let's fuck. We can  
burn in hell together.

\*  
\*  
\*

COSTELLO

One thing always follows the  
other.

95 INT. COMMAND CENTER - LATER

95

COLIN joins his team (BROWN AND BARRIGAN), who are seated in a U-shaped work area. COLIN, still stunned by the fact of this operations center, swallows as he notices on video three angles of a building he seems to know very well. He sits down and puts a headset on. A GEEK COP leans over and shakes his hand.

GEEK COP

Piece of cake. I'll operate the cameras. You ID the guys and log them.

COLIN nods. QUEENAN comes up.

QUEENAN

All cell phone signals are under surveillance through the courtesy of our Federal friends over there...

COLIN looks: sees LAZIO and two others.

ELLERBY

(as if on coke and  
he probably is)

'Patriot Act.' Love it. Love it.

COLIN, using his left hand, not looking, opens his cell phone, autodials, and then taps an instant message into it.

INSERT - DETAIL OF HIM

"No Phones."

BACK TO SCENE

ONSCREEN, CARS PULL UP IN FRONT OF THE TARGET BUILDING.

COLIN

That's Costello right there.  
Costello, Mister French, Jumbo,  
Joe Black, Billy Costigan the new  
guy... Time is 7:46.

BROWN

Who are they meeting?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

ELLERBY  
(leaning over  
screens)

I don't know. Some Chinamen from  
points unknown. They're already  
inside.

INSERT - DETAIL OF COLIN'S PHONE

COLIN hits "send," sending the message "No phones." THE  
SCREEN then reads "Erasing Sent Message."

96 EXT. TARGET BUILDING - NIGHT

96

COSTELLO and the boys go into the building, moving past  
TWO IDLING CARS. We see Costello look casually at his  
phone.

97 INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

97

Watching images. COSTELLO'S GUYS move through pillars  
and disappear.

GEEK COP  
We have a blind spot.

ELLERBY  
Why do you have a blind spot?

TECH COP IN DOWN VEST  
We had two hour's notice. Two  
hours. What the fuck you think  
this is, NASA?

ELLERBY  
It never crossed my mind. You get  
a camera in the back?

TECH COP IN DOWN VEST  
What back?

Ellerby blows his nose. He is on coke.

98 INT. TARGET BUILDING - CONTINUOUS ACTION

98

COSTELLO looks at his IM screen and turns to his guys.

COSTELLO  
All your cells off?

\*

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

Everyone turns off their phones, including BILLY (but we know Billy has TWO phones).

BILLY looks around at the pillared distances. He sees:

A GROUP OF THREE MEN waiting and FIVE OTHER MEN spreading out through the pillars. Armed.

COSTELLO

Check your weapons. They might  
get inscrutable.

99

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

99

WORK IN PROGRESS.

(CONTINUED)

TECH COP  
(to no one,  
and maybe O.S.)  
Maybe if we had some Homeland  
security money like some other  
fucking douche bags I could  
mention...

Both Brown and Colin have their headsets on.

QUEENAN  
Any calls?

GEEK COP  
They turned off their phones.

COLIN looks utterly innocent.

ELLERBY  
Search randomly for calls made  
from the area.

GEEK COP  
Eight hundred seven phones are  
live in this area.

ELLERBY  
Narrow the area.

LAZIO  
What you see for coverage is what  
you get.

DIGNAM  
(like Queenan, an  
observer of Ellerby's  
operation)  
Why the fuck did they turn off  
their phones?

GEEK COP  
Wait, there's still one phone up.

A single light on the screen. QUEENAN looks at an IM  
(from Billy) on his phone.

INSERT - DETAIL

"buyers here."

(CONTINUED)

99

CONTINUED: (2)

99

BACK TO SCENE

QUEENAN

The buyers are there.

COLIN wonders how Queenan knew this. The single light winks out on the screen. ELLERBY looks at Queenan, impressed.

ELLERBY

You know, direct access to your fucking guys would have certain fuckin' advantages.

QUEENAN

(mildly)

Not to my guy.

ELLERBY stares at him.

DIGNAM

(looking at screens)

Fuck it, who put the cameras in the fucking place?

TECH COP

Who the fuck are you?

DIGNAM

I'm the guy who does his job. You must be the other guy.

100

INT. AN OPEN AREA IN THE RUINED BUILDING - NIGHT

100

COSTELLO'S BOYS spread out. Across the open, lumber-strewn area, CHINESE GANG MEMBERS are waiting.

A LOCAL CHINESE-AMERICAN MAN acting as the interpreter and fixer stands waiting near a SUITCASE on the floor. With the CHINESE GANGSTERS is a more official-looking MAN IN A BAD SUIT -- terrified.

COSTELLO

(to Translator)

How you doing, Robert? \*

CHINESE TRANSLATOR

Better than these guys. At least two of them have machine guns.

COSTELLO takes it all in. The CHINESE GANGSTER looks like a Malay pirate. COSTELLO lights a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

CHINESE GANGSTER

(in Cantonese, not subtitled)

Waiting, waiting. We almost departed! This man is from the Embassy. He will have to blow his brains out if he is captured. His entire family will be killed.

CHINESE TRANSLATOR

He's a little upset.

COSTELLO

Tell him low and to the left.

[ALT: Tell him to hold the starch.]

[ALT: Tell him to get some Metamucil.]

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BILLY is watching carefully.

INSERT - ON SCREEN

In the OPERATIONS ROOM the last lights wink off...

BACK TO SCENE

He removes his hand from his pocket, having just switched off his phone.

COSTELLO

What we generally do in this country is one guy shows up with the items, and the other guy pays him. No tickee... no shirtee.

\*

CHINESE GANGSTER

Who does he think we are that we can wait?

CHINESE TRANSLATOR

(roughly translating)

He's from the Chinese government and he's scared shitless.

COSTELLO

I'm concerned about Chinamen who think it's smart to bring automatic weapons to a business transaction. These chinks want to nuke Taiwan any time in this century, they better shape up fast and show me three million dollars.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



100 CONTINUED: (2)

100

The CHINESE TRANSLATOR translates.

A PINHEAD, hearing "automatic weapon," stupidly produces a MACHINE GUN from under his coat. He doesn't aim it. FITZY stops moving forward with a BOX.

COSTELLO

For his own good, tell Charlie  
Chan none of us are armed here,  
because here, in this country, it  
don't add inches to your dick  
carrying an automatic. You get  
life for it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

We (but no one else) hear a DOUBLE CLICK as MISTER FRENCH COCKS a PISTOL in his coat pocket.

CHINESE GANGSTER

(in Cantonese)

Put away that machine gun, idiot.

The MACHINE GUN is put away. COSTELLO gestures and a BOX of PROCESSORS is put on the floor. Opened. The CHINESE GANGSTER gestures and a case of money is put on the floor. Opened. FITZY looks at it, nods.

COSTELLO

(If the count's wrong, my son, the  
attorney will contact you.

(a beat)

Just kidding. Pleasure doing  
business with you.)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The deal is done.

COSTELLO

Out.

To Billy's surprise both Costello's men and the Chinese head out through the back industrial windows onto a canal-side pier.

101 INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

101

The CARS of the CHINESE GUYS are driven away, passing a van full of...

Startled TACTICAL COPS. TWO TACTICAL UNITS are hidden outside.

102 INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS ACTION

102

ELLERBY is staring at the screens.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

ELLERBY

Don't tell me those cars were empty. Please don't tell me those Chinamen's cars were empty.  
 (to Geek Cop)  
 Do you have a camera in the back?

An IMAGE comes up. Nothing.

ELLERBY

The other back.

103 EXT. BEHIND THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS ACTION

103

Tied to the pier there are two boats, a NOVI LOBSTER BOAT and a BOSTON WHALER with guys we've never seen at the wheel (random getaway hires). The TRIAD members get into the NOVI, and CHUG away. The SUITCASE OF MONEY and all the guns are handed to a guy in a BOSTON WHALER and it takes off. COSTELLO turns to Billy.

COSTELLO

Always figure an exit for the people you're doing business with. With Staties out front. You can't trust an Oriental to find the Mass Pike what with everything all dug up, and frankly I don't want chinks driving to begin with.

BILLY

What do we do?

COSTELLO

Leave. We didn't commit a crime.

BILLY is stunned. Admiring.

MISTER FRENCH

Except sell Ho Chi Fuckin' Wang a bunch of fuckin' plastic.

Everyone laughs. Billy is amazed. The CHINESE GUYS, staring back, CHUG away down the canal in the lobster boat. BILLY watches COSTELLO go, admiringly, and then follows him.

104 INT. COLIN'S APARTMENT - DAY

104

Colin is asleep on the couch, in a bachelor disaster of Chinese food boxes. (Something on AMC: discuss. Jekyll and Hyde too much?)

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

A key in the door: He wakes as MADOLYN comes in carrying a bag of coffees and a BOX OF EFFECTS. \*

COLIN \*

Good morning. \*

MADOLYN smiles at him, also shy. \*

MADOLYN \*

Good morning. I beat the movers. \*

COLIN \*

How was the last night in the, ah, old establishment? \*

MADOLYN \*

(putting the box  
on the kitchen  
counter) \*

Lonely. \*

COLIN \*

I'm glad to hear that. It sucked here, too. \*

They kiss. MADOLYN takes in the apartment. \*

MADOLYN \*

I'm gonna thank your Uncle Alphonsus for the square footage. \*

COLIN \*

Uncle Alphonsus is in heaven. \*

MADOLYN unpacks food. Coffee. Croissants. \*

MADOLYN \*

French donut? \*

COLIN \*

We call real donuts Trooper steaks. \*

After a "may I" glance he sorts through the box. It's all Madolyn's key stuff -- a mug, a few critical books... framed family pictures, breakables... and comes up with: A PHOTOGRAPH of a young Madolyn standing in front of a North East rust belt slum. \*

COLIN \*

Well, we're not having this out. \*

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

104

MADOLYN isn't prepared to be at cross purposes. But she is taken aback. She puts the photo quietly away. Contaminated.

COLIN

You don't see any pictures of where I came from. Look, I respect who you are, but not in the living room. We might have company.

She laughs. COLIN looks at a diploma. Veritas.

COLIN

Why work for the state?

MADOLYN

Why not? You do.

COLIN

Not forever, and you don't have to. I mean, what you do, why make as much as a guidance counselor? Uncle Alphonsus can only die once. We might run out of French donuts and square footage.

MADOLYN

(deadpan, over her coffee cup)

I believe in public service.

COLIN stares at her.

COLIN

Now you're just being ridiculous.

MADOLYN

(kissing him, and intently)

You like me living here?

COLIN

(hands down her shorts)

Yes I do.

THE PHONE (landline with mobile handset) RINGS.

COLIN

Answer it. You live here.

MADOLYN, not 100 percent confused by his seizing on the interruption, gets the phone.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (3)

104

MADOLYN  
Mayor Sullivan's office. \*

After a moment she holds the receiver out to COLIN. \*

MADOLYN  
(whispering) \*  
I'm sorry! \*

COLIN  
Who is it?

MADOLYN  
I think it's a guy with a, ah --  
(touches her throat,  
and whispers)  
A cancer guy.

COLIN reaches in his pocket and looks at his cell phone:  
dead. A bad mistake in his situation. He crams the  
phone into a table charger beside the landline and takes  
the handset.

COLIN  
Hello?

COSTELLO (V.O.)  
(on voice-altering  
phone)  
What the fuck is it with you and  
your phone?

COLIN exits the kitchen.

COLIN  
(to Madolyn) \*  
Something for work. \*

MADOLYN looks after him. She doesn't start eating again,  
she watches Colin. She is seen staring at him through  
the following scene.

COLIN \*  
Nothin', nothin'. It was off, \*  
that's all. It just happened \*  
once.

COSTELLO (V.O.) \*  
Was that the shrink cunt answered \*  
the phone? \*

COLIN \*  
Yes. Yes. As I told you, we just \*  
moved in. \*

105

EXT. THE CHELSEA YACHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS ACTION

105

COSTELLO is walking along the floats. A CELEBRATION can be heard in the distance.

INTERCUT WITH:

106 TERRACE OF COLIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

106

COLIN hunches, closing the glass door, and glancing in at Madolyn.

COSTELLO

You better get organized, quick.

COLIN

Hey, I tipped you off and you're not in jail.

COSTELLO

Are you listening to me?

COLIN

Yes.

COSTELLO

Are you listening to me, son? Do you like Little Miss Thing sucking your cock?

COLIN looks in at MADOLYN.

COLIN

Yes. Yes I do.

COLIN is frustrated.

COSTELLO

So earn it.

(beat)

I'm starting to feel we got a cop in my crew.

COLIN

I been gettin' that same feeling.

COSTELLO

He's one of yours. Inside. Have you seen anything?

\*

COLIN

Look, I have no access to undercover files in Queenan's department. It's locked up. Queenan and Dignam run the snitches. They don't give anybody a peep. I'm doing the best...

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

COSTELLO

(interrupting)

Your best? What do you think  
we're in, the fuckin' haberdashery  
business?

\*  
\*

COLIN takes a breath, tries to reason and mind his place.

COLIN

Please, Frank, if you don't relax  
I can't relax. Let's start with  
this... get me all the information  
on the people around you last  
night. Everyone that works for  
you. Get me real first names.  
Get me...

\*  
\*  
\*

COSTELLO

(interrupting Colin)

Get you? Give you? Who the fuck  
do you work for?

COLIN

Okay... I'm sorry. Look, look...  
could you get me social security  
numbers, ah, I need drivers  
license numbers, dates of birth,  
anything like that. Bank account  
numbers, I mean, I mean,  
everything that you know won't  
show up in a, in a record, a  
criminal record or, or a rap sheet  
or a...

\*

COSTELLO

(relenting a little)

Collie, calm down or you'll shoot  
in your pants. I'll get you the  
records and whatnot. You'll have  
'em but listen to me, son, don't  
disappoint me on this, or some  
other guy will be putting their  
fat cock up Little Miss Freud's  
ass.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

COLIN

I hear ya.

\*  
\*

Costello hangs up and walks along and sees QUEENAN and  
two others, LAZIO and DIGNAM, step out.

QUEENAN

How are you, Francis?

(CONTINUED)



106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

COSTELLO

My mother called me Francis.

QUEENAN

I know she did. And your father called you the tumor.

COSTELLO, not liking that:

COSTELLO

Oh, what did your father call you, Charlie? Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, you don't have a father.

QUEENAN

Where are the real microprocessors, Frank?

COSTELLO

Microprocessors... oh yeah, I heard about that, Charlie. You arrested some Chinese government guy at the border carrying some light sockets or somethin'.

DIGNAM

I'm gonna wipe that smile off your face.

COSTELLO

(to Dignam)

Wouldn't you rather wipe my ass for me?

(back to Queenan)

Bet the Chinese government was happy they were fake.

QUEENAN

I'm gonna get you.

COSTELLO

If you could've you would've but I guess you like to go at your own pace.

From O.S. we hear a young, angelic GIRLS' CHOIR begin to SING.

COSTELLO

Excuse me, I've got a date with some angels.

As Costello walks away:

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

QUEENAN

Sooner than you think.

COSTELLO leaves with GWEN who is standing back in the distance. He walks past LAZIO, now French-cuffed, fatter than we've seen him before, adjusting a cuff.

107 INT. COLIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

107

COLIN, looking worried, folding his phone away, comes into the apartment. MADOLYN is staring at him.

COLIN

What?

MADOLYN

You have a boss that has a laryngectomy?

COLIN

No, no, no. That was a guy who works for me.

MADOLYN

(pushing at him  
with her foot)

You're lying to me.

He sits down.

COLIN

(the charming Colin:)

There are certain things I will not be able to talk to you about. *I cannot allow you to endanger an ongoing investigation.* Or your own life.

(more seriously,  
after a long beat)

There really are things connected to my job that you can't ask about. That you don't want to know about.

MADOLYN

(after a beat)

Then say that.

COLIN looks at her steadily: if she's serious, she's pure gold.

COLIN

I will. Thank you.

He kisses her. The DOORBELL RINGS.

COLIN

That would be the movers. You still wanna stay?

MADOLYN

I do.

108 INT. QUEENAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

108

DIGNAM is alone. We see Queenan's empty desk in a fall of light. We see Dignam's arm, wrist, phone, an expensive heavy watch.

DIGNAM

Queenan had a funeral to go to.  
This is my shift. Calm down.

INTERCUT WITH:

109 INT. IM PEI TYPE FOOTBRIDGE WITH A PEDESTRIAN CONVEYOR  
- DAY

109

BILLY is talking on the phone, in a fury.

BILLY

Meet up? Meet up? You want me  
dead? You got a rat. That's a  
fact, and you don't know it.  
Where's Queenan?

DIGNAM

Not here.

BILLY

They knew you had cameras in the  
building two minutes after you had  
Fitzy in custody. You have an  
informer inside.

DIGNAM

Okay, I hear you, Mr... fucking  
genius who was a police trainee  
eight months ago? What do you  
want us to do?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED:

109

BILLY

Smoke him out. Disinform. First let it slip to SIU that you're getting a sealed wiretap warrant for Costello's apartment. Don't tell anyone in our department but you *tell* SIU. Flush it and see what shit comes out of the pipe on my end. That's what we try first.

DIGNAM

I'll run it by Queenan.

BILLY is in a full-on panic attack. He leans back against a wall, closes his eyes. The second PHONE RINGS. He stares at it: opens it.

BILLY

It's me.

109A INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

109A \*

Madolyn and Billy sit at a table. Talking like friends now, emphatically non-clinical. Billy is zoned out, preoccupied, nervous.

MADOLYN

I'm assuming you want to change things, you know, change the people you know, change the people you meet, change everything, anything. So you do... if you want to... something radical. Sometimes it's just a matter of picking a thing and doing it.

BILLY

(I know all about it.) So how long you been with this, ah --

MADOLYN

Oh, four months. About four months.

BILLY

You love this guy?

MADOLYN

It's pretty serious, yeah, it is.

BILLY

A head case or anything? I'm just curious...

(CONTINUED)

109A CONTINUED:

109A

MADOLYN

No more than I am.

BILLY

Then you're lucky. Considering  
the odds.

He lifts his cup to drink.

BILLY

Good, give him a shot.

This may not be exactly what Madolyn wants to hear. But  
she nods.

MADOLYN

Doctors aren't supposed to have  
illusions.

BILLY

Yeah, that's because of vastly  
superior intelligence. Godlike,  
really.

Smiles, called on her shit.

MADOLYN

Okay, I'm in a serious, newly  
serious, relationship... there  
are... ups and downs... everybody  
has doubts, problems -- I mean  
doubts.She realizes she may have glazed and gone a little too  
far on "problems."

BILLY

What would you say if he was  
standing right there and saw us.

MADOLYN

I'd lie. (To keep things on an  
even keel. You know all about  
it.)

110 EXT. BANK ROBBER'S APARTMENT (CHARLESTOWN) - DAY

110

MISTER FRENCH has lit a cherry-bomb. He throws it and  
hands out fireworks to KIDS.

(AS FIREWORKS EXPLOSIONS BECOME GENERAL):

CUT TO:

110A INT. BANK ROBBER'S APARTMENT (CHARLESTOWN) - DAY

110A

BILLY goes through the door. The BANK ROBBER is surprised in a living room straight from 1952, lampshades plasticked, clear slipcovers on the furniture, including the pillbox hassock. The sacred heart on the wall, a crucifix.

BANK ROBBER

What?

BILLY, crazy, steps forward.

BILLY

This.

He FIRES a .45, blowing off the BANK ROBBER'S left kneecap. BLOOD sprays all over the slip-covered furniture. BILLY takes the Sacred Heart off the wall and smashes the glass and the frame over the guy's head.

(CONTINUED)

110A CONTINUED:

110A

BILLY

You think you take off an armored  
car at the Dedham Mall and you pay  
guys in Providence?

\*  
\*

BANK ROBBER

Oh, goddamn. Fucking now I do!

\*

BILLY

The fuck do you do?

\*

BANK ROBBER

What, I pay Costello and wait for  
him to trade me to the Feds? 'Cause  
that's how he operates. Things get hot  
he trades us to the Feds.

\*

This is news to Billy.

BILLY

Feds. Bullshit.

\*  
\*

BANK ROBBER

(covered with blood,  
losing blood)

Why the fuck do you think he's not  
arrested?

\*

BILLY

What the fuck are you puking out?

\*

BANK ROBBER

Costello's a protected fucking  
informant. He'll give you up too,  
believe you me. Oh my God it  
hurts!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BILLY gets out of the house. MISTER FRENCH is benignly  
watching kids light cherry bombs.

BILLY

Let's go. I hope the Kingpin  
appreciates our performance.

\*  
\*

ON SOUND: Sextet from LUCIA di LAMMAMOOR.

111 INT. A THEATER - NIGHT

111

From behind COSTELLO'S HEAD, which ALMOST FILLS the  
FRAME, we see a blur of beautiful color.

(CONTINUED)



111 CONTINUED:

111

ON STAGE

An opera is in progress -- LUCIA di LAMMAMOOR done with masks.

CUT TO:

COSTELLO

Revealing Costello's rapt face and PAN to reveal on his left a beautiful WHITE PROSTITUTE. PAN BACK OVER COSTELLO'S face to reveal a beautiful BLACK PROSTITUTE. PERFORMERS with MASKS sing on stage. As the music soars, COSTELLO moves crinolines up the women's legs.

111A INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

111A

COSTELLO fucks... and fucks weird.

112 EXT. QUEENAN'S HOUSE IN WEST ROXBURY - NIGHT

112

A street of three-deckers. QUEENAN gets out of his unmarked cruiser. As he does: BILLY steps out into the light. The two men stare at each other, each lit by their own streetlight.

QUEENAN

What's it, Billy?

\*

BILLY

Costello is giving people up to the FBI.

\*

\*

QUEENAN

How do you know this?

\*

\*

QUEENAN stares.

BILLY

He gives information to the FBI. He's a protected informant. Aren't they trying to make it a Federal case? And it never gets made?

\*

QUEENAN

(realizing he has to be very careful)

Come in.

113 INT. QUEENAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

113

BILLY sits on a bench in a hallway, exhausted, staring. THE SACRED HEART and JFK are on the walls. QUEENAN comes along the hall.

QUEENAN

My wife's asleep. She left supper out. Come and have something to eat.

BILLY shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

BILLY

No, I...

QUEENAN

Come and have something to eat.

BILLY follows him towards the lighted kitchen door.

114 EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY (WINDY)

114

COLIN is watching ELLERBY hit golf balls. Well.

ELLERBY

Congratulations. Haven't seen a  
guy like you since me. You'll be  
transferred to Internal Affairs  
but you will continue to work  
right where you are in the Special  
Investigation Unit.

COLIN

I don't understand.

ELLERBY

We are all convinced that Costello  
has at least one mole in the  
Special Investigation Unit.  
You'll investigate. Everybody.  
Anybody.

COLIN

Why me?

ELLERBY

We have looked at all possible  
candidates. You have an  
immaculate record. Some people  
never trust a guy with an  
immaculate record. I do.

(a beat)

I have an immaculate record.

ELLERBY hits a drive.

ELLERBY

Play golf?

COLIN

No.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

ELLERBY

Ought to. Pretty much sucks as a game but you get to form relationships. Have a try.

COLIN takes the club. Hits one.

ELLERBY

How's the wedding coming along?

COLIN

On schedule.

ELLERBY

That's good. Marriage is all part of getting ahead. You don't want anyone thinking you're a homo. Married guy seems stable. People look at a wedding ring and think: *someone* can stand the son of a bitch. Ladies see the wedding ring and know immediately that you must have *some* money and that your cock works.

(takes the club back)

Reality's important. Appearances are more important.

Hits a drive.

115 EXT. CONSTRUCTION AREA - DAY

115

HEAVY EQUIPMENT stands on the thrashed earth. Hoardings. BILLY crosses the road under what remains of the Expressway, and after hiding in an angle of the building and cocking the gun in his pocket, bangs on the door of a dead bar. The door is unlocked by: DELAHUNT.

116 INT. THE DEAD BAR - DAY

116

It's another of COSTELLO'S "locations." BILLY looks around. Every man from the previous night is there -- but no COSTELLO. DELAHUNT closes the door behind him and bars it. Men are oddly enough filling out forms. These are not men used to pencil and paper. Billy is nodded at.

MISTER FRENCH

Boss wants your real name, your social, your license number, all your bank account numbers.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED:

116

BILLY

I don't have a bank account.

MISTER FRENCH

I'm a cash business myself.

BILLY

What's he doing, setting up IRAs?

MISTER FRENCH

You fill in the papers, real name,  
all your numbers, no fucking  
around, and then we all wait here.

\*

BILLY

You're shittin' me?

\*

\*

\*

BILLY takes a paper and, sitting at the bar beside FITZY,  
writes down his information. The other men are mostly  
finished and DELAHUNT is collecting the papers. DELAHUNT  
tosses the brown envelope on the bar.

DELAHUNT

Put the forms in there.

FITZY

I don't know if this is how you  
spell 'Citizens.'

BILLY glances at what FITZY is scrawling: "CITTIZINS  
TRUST."

BILLY

No, no, no. Jesus Christ.

He takes the brown envelope, and writes on it "CITIZENS."

FITZY

What are you, retarded? That  
ain't right.

BILLY gives up. Both of their forms are stuffed in an  
envelope. BILLY gets up.

DELAHUNT

He said to stay here.

BILLY

Well, I'm not staying. You can  
tell him I said so.

\*

\*

\*

117 EXT. THE WATERFRONT - DAY 117

BILLY is holding his bottle of tranqs. He traces with his finger the doctor's name... MADOLYN MADDEN. His "police" PHONE VIBRATES and he takes it out.

ON SCREEN: "Follow the envelope."

BILLY deletes the IM and dials Queenan directly.

BILLY

Why can't Ellerby's guys? SIU.

118 INT. QUEENAN'S OFFICE - DAY 118

QUEENAN closes his door.

QUEENAN

They are compromised.

119 EXT. COSTELLO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 119

Costello emerges, in an overcoat. Carrying the envelope. He gets into his Oldsmobile. BILLY STARTS his CAR and follows.

120 INT. CINEMA - NIGHT 120

Dark theater, movie in progress. Wobbly porno MUSIC. A thin audience of raincoat artists. The door opens and COSTELLO enters. He moves slowly down the aisle and sees: COLIN sitting alone. He sits down behind COLIN.

COSTELLO

See anything you like?

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

COLIN unnerved, recognizing COSTELLO now.

COLIN

Jesus Christ, Frank. What are you doing?

COSTELLO

Why you so jumpy? You're not indulging in self-abuse are you? What are you doing here?

\*  
\*

COLIN

Frank, please, we got problems. You're not listening to me. Try to understand.

COSTELLO

What are you... I hope you're not turning into one of those sob sisters, who wants to get caught when you pick a place like this where any cop could see you. You're not crackin' up are you?

\*  
\*  
\*

COLIN

I don't crack up. If it's so dumb, why did you come here?

COSTELLO

I own the place.

COLIN

Look, before this goes... let me tell you... I'm getting reassigned.

COSTELLO

They moved you out of organized crime? Where'd they put you?

COLIN

I have to find myself.

COSTELLO chuckles, truly enjoying this.

COSTELLO

You're telling me.

COLIN

I have to find the guy you have in the department.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED: (2)

120

COSTELLO

With you looking for yourself, I  
put my money on nobody finding  
nothing looking up their own ass.

\*  
\*

COLIN

No! I need you to hear this,  
Frank. You got to lay low.

COSTELLO

Lay low is not what I do.

\*

COLIN

Look it, Frank, what good am I to  
you if you don't listen to me.  
I'm pretty Goddamn good at what  
I'm doing. Cut me some slack  
here. You know Queenan's not that  
easy. He's splitting it up...  
compartmentalizing. I will find  
this rat if you let me do it my  
way. If you let me do my job.

COSTELLO

Okay.

\*

(gives him  
the envelope)

I hope I don't have to remind you,  
that if you don't find that cheese  
eating rat bastard in your  
department, most likely it won't  
be me who pays for it.

COLIN nods, sweat on his lip.

COLIN

(something to  
this effect)

Trust me... I'm very good at what  
I do... Queenan's just gonna take  
some finessing.

We see in Colin's face hurt and hatred for Costello. His  
idol doesn't like him.

COSTELLO

(breaking the  
tension)

Maybe it's because it's so easy  
for me to get cunt, but I never  
understood jerking off in a  
theatre. Maybe it was always  
easy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



120 CONTINUED: (3)

120

The door opens again at the back of the theater and we see: BILLY. He slips into a dark back seat. COSTELLO, after hesitating as Colin sweats, shoves the brown envelope to COLIN, and goes. COLIN remains, like a man in a confessional.

BILLY slumps in his seat as Costello marches up the aisle and out of the theater. He has barely recovered from this when:

The dark shape of COLIN is moving rapidly towards and through the emergency exit beside the screen.

Billy follows.

121 INT. CINEMA BACK STAIRCASE AND ALLEY - NIGHT

121

It's open, and gives on to what Boston keeps trying to call the Theater District and what keeps being The Combat Zone. COLIN vanishes around a corner. BILLY follows, looks left and right, then goes after...

122 EXT. A STREET OF CHINESE SHOPS - CONTINUOUS ACTION

122

COLIN is walking along, putting the envelope into his topcoat.

BILLY is speeding up, moving through pedestrians, desperate to see Colin's face.

COLIN will be caught up to within minutes. He puts the envelope into his coat and turns down another street. BILLY starts into a half-run. He turns the corner.

ANOTHER STREET painted with neon light (quiet).

BILLY'S POV

COLIN is halfway down the street.

BACK TO SCENE

BILLY follows.

BILLY is nearly up to COLIN on this quieter street...

(And COLIN is aware of the tail)...

... When...

(CONTINUED)

- 122 CONTINUED: 122
- BILLY'S CELL PHONE RINGS. Instead of turning around, COLIN accelerates. The only thing on his agenda is to not have his face seen.
- BILLY spins into a door-opening and silences the ringer.
- INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE DETAIL
- "Identify yourself as a police officer. Arrest him."
- BACK TO SCENE
- COLIN takes a right at the end of the street, into an alley.
- 123 EXT. AROUND THE NEXT CORNER - MOMENTS LATER 123
- COLIN is waiting, in a doorway of his own. He has a knife open in his hand. He waits, listening to (faltering) FOOTSTEPS: a MAN, face invisible in shadow, turns the corner. COLIN pulls him into the doorway and rips upwards with a knife.
- As the body falls we see: it isn't Billy. It's a CHINESE MAN. COLIN backs away in horror, and hurries off down the street.
- 124 OMITTED 124
- 125 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - MOMENTS LATER 125
- COLIN, sweating, staggering, hurries along. No sign of Billy, no sign of a follower. But he does notice: CCTV cameras at the intersection. He spins and gets out of there, heading off through CHINATOWN. Colin, holding his envelope, walks, sweating, fast, then faster, past repeated ideograms in neon (the ideograms say -- flash -- "Departed").
- 126 EXT. CHINATOWN - MOMENTS LATER 126
- BILLY has lost Colin. He hears a hubbub from the corner where a small crowd of Chinese speakers is gathering and pushes through the crowd to see: blood running on the pavement. BILLY backs away, gets out of there.

127 INT. CCTV ROOM - NIGHT 127

COLIN is looking at CCTV tapes. We see COLIN, unrecognizable on cheap video. Then we see a blurred image of BILLY. Crossing the street in beats. No more use as ID than the Shroud of Turin.

128 EXT. MADOLYN'S CELLAR APARTMENT - NIGHT (RAINING) 128

THROUGH grated windows we can see Madolyn finishing up her packing. BILLY KNOCKS on the door, which leads only into Madolyn's basement apartment. A long beat and she opens the door. The chain on.

BILLY

Your name's on the pill label. I thought you weren't supposed to be in the book.

(a beat)

If this is inappropriate...

Billy gets soaked. After a moment she undoes the chain.

129 INT. MADOLYN'S CELLAR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 129

BILLY looks around and sees: boxes, transition. The furniture already gone. An air mattress on the floor. There are still tea things on the counter. A basic life is still possible here. Madolyn has been making tea here, sleeping here, reading in bed.

Billy, soaked, a drowned rat, is looking vulnerable and honest.

MADOLYN

Would you like a cup of tea? \*

BILLY

Tea? Yeah, I would. Thank you.

MADOLYN

Do you...

BILLY

No...

She hands him the cup of tea.

MADOLYN

I'm moving.

BILLY

I can tell.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

Billy raises an eyebrow. Madolyn looks over at the bed, the book, the lamp.

MADOLYN  
It's a bit of a mess.

\*  
\*  
\*

BILLY  
Moving in with your boyfriend?

\*

MADOLYN takes a moment to react.

\*

MADOLYN  
You're making me nervous.

\*  
\*

BILLY  
You want a pill.

\*  
\*

MADOLYN  
You just don't stop.

\*  
\*

BILLY  
Change is always nerve-wracking.  
At least you don't have cats.

\*  
\*  
\*

MADOLYN  
Why are you here, Bill?

\*  
\*

BILLY  
Well, Doc, I know you understand  
what compulsion is...

\*  
\*  
\*

MADOLYN  
It occurs to me, I'm not very good  
at my job.

\*  
\*  
\*

130 INT. CCTV ROOM - NIGHT

130

Colin is still studying the blurry image of Billy.

131 INT. MADOLYN'S BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

131

In the tiny kitchen BILLY is kissing MADOLYN and unbuttoning her shirt. Her hands start to move to push him away. He continues.

MADOLYN  
This is wrong...

\*  
\*

BILLY  
Does it feel wrong?

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

MADOLYN

It does.

\*

BILLY

That's why you like it.

\*

\*

132 INT. CCTV ROOM - NIGHT 132

Still studying the blurry image of Billy, COLIN tenses as someone comes into the office and switches off the tape. He glances at his coat. The envelope is visible folded into the breast pocket. He takes his coat and goes.

133 EXT. CHARLES STREET - NIGHT 133

Wet empty streets. The "gaslights" are on. About midnight.

134 INT. CHARLES STREET BRASSERIE - NIGHT

134

A Costello business. The restaurant is closed for the night. One bartender is sweeping up and the other is counting the takings. In a darker alcove of the bar COSTELLO sits alone at a broad table, drinking brandy. On sound, CLASSICAL MUSIC. As a KNOCKING is heard Costello looks up. A BARTENDER lets Billy in. COSTELLO watches Billy approach. We hear him sit down.

COSTELLO

You know what restaurants are good for?

BILLY

(bored, agitated)

Food. Fucking waitresses. Money laundering.

COSTELLO

Behavior.

A long pause. Costello is measuring Billy with his hard stare.

COSTELLO

You learn a lot about people, watching them eat.

(a beat... possibly longer, "I have notes")

There's an informer in my organization. Cop. Whether it's Staties or Boston Police department, I'm not sure.

He pours Billy some brandy. Then starts to draw a sketch (or puts an iPod in his ear).

BILLY

Maybe it's the FBI.

COSTELLO

It ain't. Trust me. When you get taken down in business it's always from the inside. The ex-wife, an old friend or stupid -- never your mother... Way back in the day, case like this.

\*

\*

\*

BILLY looks at him.

COSTELLO

I killed everybody who worked for me.

\*

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Better safe than sorry. Then on the other hand it was only five... or six... and French.

But COSTELLO, maybe, is sorry. Maybe laughs.

BILLY

Yeah... I look around here... at these other guys, they're all murderers right? I think, 'Could I do murder' and all I can answer myself is, 'What's the difference?'

COSTELLO

Give 'em up to the Almighty.

BILLY

That's my point. You accuse me once, I put up with it. You accuse me twice, I quit. You pressure me to fear for my life, I put a fucking bullet in your head as if you were anybody else.

\*  
\*

COSTELLO looks up. This is new: but he's impassive. And impressed.

COSTELLO

(to Billy)

You got something you want to say to me, William?

BILLY

You're seventy fucking years old. One of these guys is going to pop you. As for running drugs, what the fuck. You don't need the money or the pain in the ass, and they're going to *catch* you.

COSTELLO smiles, and continues with the sketch.

COSTELLO

I haven't needed 'the money' since 1979. Don't *need* pussy anymore, to tell the truth, but I still *like* it. Point I'm making... You see... I got this rat... gnawing, cheese-eating rat... questions come up... questions... see, Bill, you're the new guy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (2)

134

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Why don't you stay in the bar?  
That day I get the numbers. Your  
numbers. Everybody's social  
security numbers and so forth.

BILLY

Is there something you want to ask  
me?

COSTELLO

Start with, you agree there is a  
rat?

BILLY

You said there is one. I base  
most of what I do on the idea that  
you're pretty fucking good at what  
you do.

COSTELLO

Sure, sure, that aside... but you,  
Bill, what would you do? \*

COSTELLO sketching.

BILLY

The question is, who thinks that  
they could do what you do better  
than you do? How many of these  
guys been with you long enough to  
be disgruntled? Who needs more  
money than you pay them? You  
don't pay much, you know. It's  
almost a feudal enterprise.

Costello nods, accepting this.

COSTELLO

Only one can do what I do is me.  
A lot of people had to die for me  
to be me. You want to be me?

BILLY stares over a precipice: he knows this as well.

BILLY

I probably could be you. I know  
that much. But I don't want to be  
you.

COSTELLO

Heavy lies the crown... what do  
you want to be?

(CONTINUED)



134 CONTINUED: (2A)

134

BARTENDER

We're out of here. You'll have to  
set the alarm, Mister Costello.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (3)

134

COSTELLO  
 (eyes on Billy)  
 Thank you, Jimmy. See you  
 tomorrow.

ON SOUND the DOOR CLOSES and LOCKS.

COSTELLO  
 There's a boat coming in, up in  
 Gloucester. French will give you  
 all the details.

135 OMITTED

135

136 INT. COSTELLO'S CONDOMINIUM - DAY

136 \*

COSTELLO is on the phone. MISTER FRENCH is sitting. \*

COSTELLO  
 You heard nothing about drugs. \*  
 Nothing about new guys, nothing \*  
 about Gloucester? \*

COLIN (V.O.) \*  
 Not a thing. And I would have. \*

COSTELLO \*  
 You're sure. No other \*  
 departments, codes... \*

COLIN (V.O.) \*  
 No doubt, Frank. You can relax on \*  
 this one. \*

COSTELLO \*  
 Okay, Collie. I will. \*

COSTELLO hangs up and turns to MISTER FRENCH. \*

COSTELLO \*  
 It ain't Bill. No way he says. \*

MISTER FRENCH \*  
 Good for him, I didn't think it \*  
 was him, Frank... too \*  
 obvious...new guy. \*

COSTELLO \*  
 Sure, but you know, French. Rats \*  
 and that, is a usual thing in our \*  
 business but this one feels \*  
 different.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

136

COSTELLO (CONT'D)  
I hear him, feel him like he's  
already gnawing my fuckin' guts  
out.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MISTER FRENCH  
You taking your pills, Frank?

\*  
\*

137 OMITTED

137

138 INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

138

Everybody is busy in the office. It's COLIN'S first day of Internal Investigations. COLIN'S moving through the bullpen. COPS stare at him with resentment. He comes up to Queenan's door just as Dignam comes out. DIGNAM faces COLIN down.

COLIN

A problem?

DIGNAM

I run squealers. I don't like them.

COLIN

The day you wouldn't take a promotion, you let me know. And if you'd handled this problem I wouldn't be here.

DIGNAM

Fuck yourself.

COLIN

I need to know the identity of your informants.

DIGNAM

Not a chance.

139 INT. QUEENAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

139

QUEENAN puts the cig into a cup of water, and throws it into the trash.

COLIN

Seems like I'm a marked man today. They don't want me here. Neither does Staff Sergeant Dignam. Especially.

QUEENAN

Everybody knows you're assigned here to find Costello's informer. They want to find the informer as much as you do. What they do not want is to be accused of being the informer. They do not want their personal business raked through.

COLIN sits uneasily.

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

Well one of them has to be the informer. Right?

QUEENAN

Two days ago, my informer in Costello's organization --

COLIN

Who is that?

QUEENAN

Not a chance. You can go over my head, high as you like. You still won't get an answer.

COLIN

Fair enough.

QUEENAN

As I said, two days ago, my informer nearly found out who Costello's informant is. He lost him in the street.

COLIN

Did he get a look at him?

QUEENAN

... No.

COLIN

(swallows)

Any advice? Generally?

QUEENAN

Costello can't do business without coordinating with his informer...

(gestures out window)

Who is here. In SIU. Follow Costello and you'll find his informer.

COLIN realizes: Just follow Queenan and you'll find his informer.

COLIN

Sounds simple enough...

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED: (2)

139

QUEENAN

(staring at Colin  
too intensely for  
Colin's liking, as  
if he's on to him)

I'm a simple man.

(turns away)

You're going to be looking at my  
people. Going through their bank  
statements. Don't expect them to  
get you a coffee or invite you to  
their houses.

(sinks a piece of  
paper into the  
wastebasket)

Two.

COLIN looks at the wastebasket. At stacks of files.

QUEENAN

Let me get you a coffee.

140 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - DAY

140

COLIN is sitting in his office alone, remembering what  
Queenan has just told him:

QUEENAN (V.O.)

Follow Costello and you'll find  
his informer.

In the fishbowl of his glass office, COLIN is being  
stared at by pissed-off cops (one of whom gives him the  
finger), and the more amused BROWN and BARRIGAN. COLIN  
calms down. He opens the brown envelope. He takes out  
the forms that he was given by Costello, opens up POLICE  
PERSONNEL DATABASE and starts searching. He types in SS  
numbers. One, then another, then another. The result is  
always: "Person not found." He types in Costigan,  
William M, hits return. It comes up: "Person not  
found." COLIN keeps working.

141 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - DAY

141

MUGSHOTS of all of Costello's guys. He looks at them  
desperately... no one squares up with the blurred,  
impossible images he saw on the CCTV screen (which he has  
printed out). COLIN closes the curtains on his fishbowl  
office (not fast enough to avoid seeing Dignam give him  
the finger), locks his door. He picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

141

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)  
Internal Investigations.

COLIN  
This is Sullivan. I need an  
outside surveillance team,  
tomorrow. I need Queenan  
followed.

142 OMITTED

142

143 INT. COLIN AND MADOLYN'S NEW BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

143

COLIN is lying in bed. He bolts upright and sits on the  
side of the bed, his back to Madolyn.

MADOLYN  
What's wrong?

COLIN  
I got the shakes... my hands are  
shaking.

MADOLYN  
Tell me about it, Colin.

COLIN  
What do you think about moving?

\*

MADOLYN  
We just moved in.

COLIN  
Yeah. Some other city. Clean  
slate maybe.

MADOLYN  
Why did that come to your mind?

COLIN is in hell. He looks at her intensely.

COLIN  
I feel like I don't know what I'm  
doing or why I'm doing it.

MADOLYN  
Colin, we all find ourselves in  
situations where things are not  
clean cut... where we're torn  
between impossible alternatives.

\*

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

COLIN

I want you to know you don't have  
to stay. \*

MADOLYN

Honey, I know sometimes I'm not  
very... \*

COLIN

If we're not gonna make it, it's  
got to be you that gets out,  
because I'm not capable. I'm  
fuckin' Irish, I'll deal with  
something being wrong for the rest  
of my life. \*

MADOLYN

Baby, don't worry. I'm Irish,  
too. \*

144 EXT. THE CHARLES STREET BRASSERIE - DAY

144

FITZY and DELAHUNT are smoking on the sidewalk outside  
the restaurant.

DELAHUNT

Of course I know how to spot a  
cop.

FITZY

How's that?

DELAHUNT

If he's not paying attention to  
us, he's a cop.

THEIR POV

A MAN across the street is looking into the window of an  
antique shop.

DELAHUNT (O.S.)

He's not paying attention to us.  
He's a cop.

BACK TO SCENE

A WOMAN walks by definitely ignoring both men, dragging a  
lapdog.

(CONTINUED)



144 CONTINUED:

144

FITZY

She ignored us.

DELAHUNT

She's probably the fucking Police  
Commissioner.

145 INT. CHARLES STREET BRASSERIE - CONTINUOUS ACTION

145

Too early to be opened for business. COSTELLO and NEW GUYS, six hard customers, come in through the fire door. At the BAR, BILLY is drinking coffee and reading the Boston Herald. He notices the NEW GUYS. Off the boat Dublin toughs. COSTELLO comes out into the bar to get a club soda from the siphon and he drinks it all down. He looks at BILLY. COSTELLO has blood on his sleeves and looks transported in some way, from some exertion in violence. He looks at BILLY. COSTELLO heads to the back of the restaurant. MISTER FRENCH grabs the BAR KNIFE from behind the bar. BILLY looks up at him.

MISTER FRENCH

Some people get the questions  
right. Some don't.

MISTER FRENCH goes towards the back of the restaurant, holding the big knife. BILLY closes his paper.

146 EXT. THE CHARLES STREET BRASSERIE - MOMENTS LATER

146

BILLY steps out, ignoring DELAHUNT and FITZY.

DELAHUNT

You're a cop.

BILLY

Huh?

DELAHUNT

You're ignoring us. You're a cop.  
We're guessing who cops are. Most  
good-looking women are cops.

BILLY

Right. I'm going home. He's  
playing with his new boys.

DELAHUNT

See you later.

BILLY

Later.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED: (A1)

146

BILLY walks down the street and heads into an ATM kiosk.  
Inside, he opens his phone.

BILLY

He's moving something with all new  
guys. A whole new crew. He's  
getting spooky. First I'm in,  
then I'm out.

\*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

146

BILLY (CONT'D)

I don't want to tell you what or  
 where. It's probably  
 disinformation. Just follow him.  
 I need to see you today.

(a beat, reacting to  
 Queenan, Billy  
 continues)

No. Today.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

147 EXT. POLICE STATION/COLIN'S OFFICE - DAY

147

A DETECTIVE (DETECTIVE #1) is leading the team to trail  
 after Queenan. On foot. A plug in his ear. Two other  
 DETECTIVES sit in a sedan nearby. (These three  
 detectives are new guys, never seen before, the I.I.  
 surveillance team working for Colin.)

DETECTIVE #1 (V.O.)

Can I ask a question, Sergeant?

COLIN (V.O.)

Yes.

DETECTIVE #2 (V.O.)

Why the fuck are we following  
 Captain Queenan? To find out  
 about the good Catholic life?

COLIN

(angrily)

I have to follow every lead,  
 however unlikely, however painful  
 it might be to your delicate  
 fucking sensibilities.

DETECTIVE #1 (V.O.)

Who says I have delicate  
 sensibilities?

COLIN

I have reason to believe that  
 Queenan is Costello's informer.  
 Follow him, and don't get made.

The Detectives in the car get alert and START their CAR  
 as QUEENAN comes out of the building.

148 OMITTED

148

149 EXT. TREMONT STREET/FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY 149

DETECTIVE #1 trails Captain Queenan through the crowds of people heading towards work.

150 INT. PARK ST. SUBWAY STATION - MORNING 150

QUEENAN begins to light a cigarette and then gives it up. A TRAIN comes in, and Queenan boards. DETECTIVE #1 boards the next car.

151 INT. DETECTIVE #1'S SUBWAY CAR - MOMENTS LATER 151

Looking THROUGH smeared glass into the next car as the train begins to move, DETECTIVE #1 sees QUEENAN answer a cell call.

152 INT. QUEENAN'S SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 152

QUEENAN is on his cell.

QUEENAN

Where are you now?

BILLY

Look down the car.

QUEENAN looks up mildly as the car rocks.

BILLY

Got me?

QUEENAN'S POV

BILLY is slumped in a seat at the far end, not looking towards QUEENAN.

BACK TO SCENE

BILLY

Any reason you'd have a tail.

QUEENAN

No... Of course not.

BILLY

(on the verge of  
hyperventilating)

I'm watching a guy...

(CONTINUED)

152 CONTINUED: 152

QUEENAN

I don't have a tail, Billy.

THROUGH the glass we see DETECTIVE #1 watching Queenan.

BILLY

Okay. Get off at South Station.  
You wait there for ten minutes.  
After I leave I'll text message  
you the address where'll we'll  
meet. I'll make sure you don't  
have a tail.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

QUEENAN

Fine. If you insist.

\*  
\*

As the train stops, BILLY vaults off of it. On the  
platform, he walks along, texting.

\*

153 EXT. SOUTH STATION SUBWAY EXIT - LATE MORNING 153

QUEENAN, mild in his specs, chewing gum with his  
dentures, comes out of the station, and looks at the TEXT  
MESSAGE on his phone.

154 EXT. A STREET SOUTH OF FT. POINT CHANNEL - MOMENTS  
LATER 154

A building under rehab, covered with scaffolding, but  
still functioning as a corporate building. QUEENAN goes  
along to the entrance, and in.

DETECTIVE #1 comes along after him. We see the Internal  
Investigations car up the street. DETECTIVE #1 dials his  
cell phone.

DETECTIVE #1

He went into a building on the  
waterfront. Address is...

155 INT. THE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER 155

DETECTIVE #1 looks at the elevator-indicator, and the  
building directory.

DETECTIVE #1

He went to the top floor. No  
tenants.

156 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - CONTINUOUS ACTION 156

COLIN, listening, playing with a COIN.

157 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 157

DETECTIVE #1 emerges from the building and joins other detectives in the car.

158 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2/BRASSERIE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 158

COLIN, after fumbling between cell phones, dials the correct one.

COLIN  
(to Costello)

I think we've got this fucking rat trapped. Queenan is on his way to meet him.

159 EXT. CHARLES STREET BRASSERIE - MOMENTS LATER 159

FITZY and DELAHUNT'S PHONES RING simultaneously.

DELAHUNT

Get the van. We're moving. Heavy work.

160 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS ACTION 160

BILLY is waiting on the roof as Queenan finally arrives.

QUEENAN

I assume these premises do not have an anti-smoking ordinance. Any news?

BILLY

I told you, he's got dope coming in, I don't know where. He's acting like an Irish fucking Macbeth, spooky... not including his regular guys... I can't get any more information for you. I couldn't trust it. And he will find me.

QUEENAN

Right. You're right. We'll get you out of there. We can bust him for what we have. You're out of it now. It's official.

BILLY nods, and nods.

BILLY

What about the FBI?

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: 160

QUEENAN  
They're fucked.

BILLY'S PHONE RINGS.

161 INT. FITZY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS ACTION 161

DELAHUNT is calling Billy from a van crowded with Costello's usual bad guys as it scorches through traffic.

DELAHUNT  
Billy, where the fuck are you? We  
found the rat. Top man says we're  
gonna take care of him. The  
address is...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

162 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS ACTION 162

BILLY listens in horror, staring at the oblivious QUEENAN.

QUEENAN  
What?

BILLY  
You were fucking followed.

\*

QUEENAN  
By who?

\*

BILLY  
Costello's people.

\*

QUEENAN  
Impossible.

\*

BILLY  
No. One of the cops he's got  
inside tipped him.

\*

\*

QUEENAN realizes that his enemy might be...

163 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - CONTINUOUS ACTION 163

COLIN raises his eyes. Diabolical.

164 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 164

FITZY'S VAN stops outside the building. COSTELLO'S MEN get out of the van, and head into the lobby.

165 INT. INTERNAL INVESTIGATIONS CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 165

The DETECTIVES are watching.

DETECTIVE #2

Holy fucking shit. Looks like Queenan's meeting with all of them.

166 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - CONTINUOUS ACTION 166

COLIN listens.

COLIN

Yes.

167 INT. STAIRCASE - DAY 167

Billy and Queenan are running downstairs when they hear FOOTSTEPS coming up from below. They immediately go back up to the elevator lobby. Pushing through plastic sheeting.

168 INT. LOBBY ON THE TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 168

Billy is slamming elevator buttons. The indicator shows both elevators coming up.

BILLY

They're in the elevators.

QUEENAN

Take the back fire escape.

BILLY

What'll you do?

QUEENAN

I'll be fine. It's you they're after. I told you, officially you're out of this. Go down the fire escape. Now. That's an order. I'll be fine.

BILLY goes. Queenan waits. Watching the elevator indicator. QUEENAN, in his specs, very mild, takes out his gun and breaks the cylinder, checking that it is loaded, and putting a shell into the empty sixth chamber.

\*

\*

\*

\*



169 EXT. THE ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

169

BILLY runs across the roof, and climbs out onto the fire escape at the back of the building and starts dropping down, fast.

170 INT. THE TOP FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

170

The elevator door opens, revealing DELAHUNT and BOYS. QUEENAN looks right as the door to the staircase opens revealing FITZY and boys.

QUEENAN

And what brings this hideous  
stench to my door?

\*  
\*

FITZY

We've had enough of this shit.  
Where's your boy?

\*

QUEENAN doesn't answer, and never will. He draws his gun and is tackled.

- 171 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - BACK ALLEY - DAY 171  
 BILLY drops off the fire escape, runs down the alley.
- 172 EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER 172  
 BILLY towards the front doors just as --  
 QUEENAN'S BODY bounces off the scaffolding, smashes into the pavement and explodes. BLOOD splashes all over BILLY.
- 173 INT. INTERNAL INVESTIGATIONS CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 173  
 DETECTIVE #1 screams into his headset.  
 DETECTIVE #1  
 Fuck! Something came off the roof. \*
- COLIN (V.O.) \*
- What* came off the roof? What do you mean something came off the roof? Go again with that information. \*
- 174 EXT. THE COMMERCIAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS ACTION 174  
 FITZY, DELAHUNT and boys come out. All wearing ski masks for the escape. The crew has seen the UNMARKED COP CAR. BILLY covers his face with his coat. FITZY grabs BILLY.  
 FITZY  
 You're fuckin' late.  
 They start piling into a van.
- 175 INT. THE INTERNAL INVESTIGATIONS CAR - CONTINUOUS ACTION 175  
 DETECTIVE #2 is yelling both at his partner and into the mic.  
 DETECTIVE #2  
 Stay in the fucking car. Stay in the fucking car. This is a surveillance unit.  
 (into mic to Colin)  
 Do I pursue?

176 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - CONTINUOUS ACTION

176

COLIN is sitting very calmly.

COLIN

No. Stay where you are. I need  
some fucking information here.  
*What came off the building?*

\*  
\*  
\*

DETECTIVE #1 (V.O.)

I'm not sure.

\*  
\*

177 INT./EXT. INTERNAL INVESTIGATIONS CAR/THE STREET - 177  
CONTINUOUS ACTION

DETECTIVE #2

No pursuit.

DETECTIVE #3

Fuck that.

DETECTIVE #3 gets out of the car and runs towards the fleeing men, gun drawn.

FITZY turns on DETECTIVE #3 with a pistol drawn. DETECTIVE #3 FIRES and DELAHUNT is hit in the chest. FITZY SHOOTS the detective (he is wounded in the hand, not killed). The VAN takes off.

178 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - CONTINUOUS ACTION 178

ON RADIO. "Officer down," etc. COLIN has never felt more guilty in his life. He switches off the light and sits in the dark as the afternoon gathers.

179 INT. THE DEAD BAR - NIGHT 179

FITZY, BILLY, and the BOYS are drinking. Dirty, paranoid, guilty, frightened, smoking. DELAHUNT has been shot, is dying, on a dirty couch.

FITZY

Just hold on. You'll be alright.  
The vet's sober but the traffic's  
bad.

DELAHUNT nods. FITZY sits down and looks at Billy.

FITZY

And where were you?

BILLY

He told me to go home. \*

FITZY

Maybe he did and maybe he didn't.  
At any rate you weren't home. \*

BILLY

I was in a fucking grocery store  
with no signal. When I got a  
signal I got the call. I was  
late, what the fuck do you want? \*

Was I there or was I not? \*

FITZY walks away. \*

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

DELAHUNT (O.S.)

Billy.

(as Billy goes  
over to him)

Two days ago the Boss says you've  
been with me ten years, and you've  
never done me wrong. He asked me,  
if one of the other guys is a rat,  
would I take him out. I told him  
I would but I don't know if I  
would.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BILLY realizes that DELAHUNT is dying. He gives him a  
cigarette.

DELAHUNT

I don't want no one to put me in a  
dumpster. Just don't put me in a  
dumpster.

BILLY

When you're dead, it don't make  
any difference where they put you.

\*  
\*  
\*

DELAHUNT

You know what I thought today?  
Who didn't show up today is the  
rat.

\*

BILLY

Yeah, so.

\*

DELAHUNT

You never been late in your life.  
And when I called you I made a  
mistake. I gave you the wrong  
address. But you showed up at the  
right one.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DELAHUNT grips his arm. BILLY is terrified. He waits  
for DELAHUNT to continue. But DELAHUNT, after an odd  
smile of complicity, finally dies. BILLY, the only one  
who knows that DELAHUNT is dead, stares down at him.

FITZY

(drinking)

That cop was tough. We were  
excessive with the cop.

BILLY walks past the table.

BILLY

He's dead. I'm going home. You  
gotta a problem with that?

\*  
\*

BILLY leaves by the front door.

180 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

180

All hands present. Dignam is in a black silent rage.

ELLERBY

Do you know why Queenan went to that building?

COLIN

No.

DIGNAM

A better question is why your fuckers were following him.

COLIN

I told Internal Investigations to follow him.

DIGNAM

Why?

COLIN

That's Internal Investigations' business.

DIGNAM grabs COLIN by the neck and runs him into a wall. COLIN gets a palm under Dignam's chin and comes close to breaking his neck. The men at length are separated. COLIN straightens his good clothes.

COLIN

I have to investigate everybody and anybody. I don't have to justify anything. Nor does anyone have to like it. I now have information... from a very good source... that Queenan may have been killed by his own informer.

COLIN is trying this on.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

DIGNAM

That's a fucking lie.

COLIN

Captain Queenan and Sergeant Dignam here have information on this informant, and other informants, in a locked file. I need those files unlocked.

DIGNAM

I don't have the password.

COLIN

That's a lie.

DIGNAM hits COLIN in the face. COLIN goes down hard, into the crook of a file cabinet and the wall. Blood from his mouth.

DIGNAM

No one calls me a liar. Especially when I'm lying.

ELLERBY

(to BROWN)

Work with the tech guys to unlock the files. Dignam. You take a leave of absence.

DIGNAM

Leave of fucking *what*?

ELLERBY

Queenan's dead. I'm your boss.

DIGNAM

I'll hand in my papers first.

ELLERBY

World needs plenty of bartenders. Two weeks with pay.

COLIN

I need those codes.

ELLERBY

No, you want those codes.

R181 EXT. MADOLYN'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

R181

(CONTINUED)

\*

R181 CONTINUED:

R181

BILLY

I just wanted to... talk to you  
again.

MADOLYN

It was... we can't... I was  
insecure, it was an error...

BILLY

A mistake...

MADOLYN

I was afraid of... It shouldn't  
have... I acted out of fear. I  
was --

Billy puts his hands up.

BILLY

Okay, okay, I get it.

He moves away, then comes back towards her.

BILLY

I just want to... You know ME, but  
you don't know... what's out  
there... (under all this  
bullshit)... Do you have any idea  
how fucked up this system is?

MADOLYN

Think it's different someplace  
else? I don't know what you...

He moves towards her.

BILLY

I need to talk to you.

She touches his face.

MADOLYN

I can't be a friend to you. I  
can't.

They embrace and then they part. She leaves, perhaps  
repeating "I can't." STAY ON Billy, who remains there.



182 INTERCUT COLIN'S OFFICE #2/COSTELLO'S CONDOMINIUM - 182  
NIGHT

COLIN needs a shower and is gun-shy as people move past the glass windows. He is still rinsing blood out of his mouth.

COSTELLO is listening to LUCIA di LAMMAMOOR. GWEN sits nearby in attractive lingerie, reading a book.

COSTELLO

Now, when I hear *Lucia*, I can't stop thinking about the cocaine curtsy you did on that nigger broad's face.

(the PHONE RINGS. Costello answers)

What?

COLIN

(into phone)

You shouldn't have killed Queenan.

COSTELLO

One of us was going to have to die. With me it tends to be the other guy.

COLIN

(agitated)

You're crazy, Frank. You killed the guy who has all the information. And Dignam's not in the office, he's gone.

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED:

182

COSTELLO

I don't give a fuck about Dignam. \*

COLIN

He's *fucking* gone. They took his  
papers in. I got no access. \*  
We're blind. \*

COSTELLO

Don't get your balls in an uproar, \*  
Collie. That Irish piss-ant won't \*  
be a problem. He's so hot for me, \*  
we give him a whiff of my ass, \*  
he'll crawl right in it. Let's  
give him a whiff.

COLIN

I hope he's in whiffin' range. \*

COSTELLO

Don't worry. I'll take care of \*  
it. \*

COSTELLO turns to GWEN. \*

COSTELLO

Sweetheart, you're giving me a \*  
hard-on. \*

He starts to dial the phone. \*

GWEN

Are you sure it's me or all that \*  
talk about whiffin' and crawlin' \*  
up asses? \*

COSTELLO

Hey, watch your fucking mouth.

GWEN

You watch it. \*

She rises and as she crosses: \*

GWEN

Let me straighten you out. \*

(a beat) \*

Go ahead, make your phone calls. \*

COLIN looks out into the bullpen. People working. On a  
table he sees PLASTIC BAGS which contain Queenan's  
bloodstained effects -- broken glasses, smashed  
wristwatch, and CELL PHONE. He glances around, and picks  
up the CELL PHONE. Blood gets on his fingers. \*

(CONTINUED)

182 CONTINUED: (2)

182

He moves into the office, and seen THROUGH the glass, he seizes the phone and with trembling fingers punches up the last incoming number.

183 INT. BILLY'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

183

BILLY is looking at a chipped SANTA MUG from his childhood and is eating something -- sheer maintenance, and drinking wine from the bottle. His PHONE RINGS. He looks at the ID and is stunned. Queenan's number! He picks up the call but remains silent. The caller is also doing the same.

184 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - CONTINUOUS ACTION 184

COLIN hears that the other side has hung up the phone.  
He sees: ELLERBY looking at him THROUGH the glass. But  
Ellerby hasn't seen the phone.

185 INTERCUT BILLY'S MOTHER'S APARTMENT/COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - 185  
CONTINUOUS ACTION

BILLY is agitated.

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

185

Exhausted. Frightened. He paces, and looks at the phone. He begins to pack, assembling clothes, money. Finally, like a man committing suicide -- it's that intense -- he dials the number. INTERCUT.

BILLY

You called this number on a dead guy's phone. \*

COLIN

So you're the one.

BILLY

Who are you?

COLIN

Colin Sullivan. I assume you know that Quennan's dead. I'm taking over the department. \*

BILLY

What? What? Let me talk to Dignam to confirm it. \*

COLIN

Dignam has... taken a leave of absence. He's very upset about the Captain's death. We all are. Things are out of control. You have to come in so I can help you. \*

BILLY listens to Colin go on. Then shuts off the phone. His other PHONE RINGS.

186 INT. THE CHARLES STREET BRASSERIE - DAY

186

COSTELLO is eating something rather nice. Fish. And drinking Loire wine. A TV station PLAYS above the zinc bar. BILLY is drinking, hitting it heavily.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

State Police have confirmed that the body of the man found dead in the Fenway marshes yesterday afternoon is that of Timothy Delahunt, an undercover policeman for the City of Boston.

The TV shows DELAHUNT'S BODY being loaded into an ambulance. A crime scene. COSTELLO's eyes have widened slightly. But he continues eating. Strangely undisturbed.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED: (A1)

186

FITZY  
I can't fucking believe it.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

MISTER FRENCH

Him. I don't buy it.

COSTELLO

What, do you believe reality TV?  
 You born yesterday? The cops are  
 saying he's a cop so I won't look  
 for the cop.

(to FITZY)

And the next time I tell you to  
 dump a body in the marshes, put it  
*in* the fuckin' marshes, not where  
 some guy from John Hancock goes  
 every Thursday to get a blowjob.

(to FRENCH)

Rats. Fuckin' rats. French, this  
 is really getting me down. We're  
 becoming a nation of rats.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

187 EXT. SOUTHEAST EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT

187

Two cars carrying Costello and his men are speeding down  
 the highway. Behind them, two SIU CARS are trailing.

188 EXT. A STREET IN CHARLESTOWN - NIGHT

188

(NOTE: SCENE STILL IN QUESTION (IS DIGNAM NEEDED?))

Dignam comes out of a BAR, three sheets to the wind. Two  
 men fall in behind him. He walks along towards a  
 cemetery, becoming aware of the guys following him. As a  
 CAR tears up to the curb... and ARMED FIGURES emerge...  
 DIGNAM leaps a fence and runs off through a cemetery.  
 The guys run after him.

189 INTERCUT - INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2/COSTELLO'S CAR -  
CONTINUOUS ACTION

189

COLIN closes his door and punches in a number.

COLIN

You've got a tail. Two cars. Not  
 very subtle. They won't *be* subtle  
 anymore. That's what I've been  
 trying to tell you.

COSTELLO

Get rid of them.

(CONTINUED)

189 CONTINUED: (A1)

189

COLIN

There's no need to go yourself.

COSTELLO

Just get rid of the tail!

(CONTINUED)



189 CONTINUED:

189

CLOSE ON COLIN

as what he has to do crystallizes.

COLIN

All right then. All right.

189A INT. SURVEILLANCE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

189A

BROWN is there. BARRIGAN. ELLERBY. Others.

COLIN

Tell your team to stop following Costello.

COLIN stands in the door like a gunfighter. Everyone looks at him.

ELLERBY

What the fuck are you talking about?

COLIN

I have it from an informant: Costello knows he's being followed. Let our informant take him in.

ELLERBY

*What informant?*

COLIN

Queenan's man. He called me when he found out Queenan was dead. I'm running him.

Everyone is impressed.

ELLERBY

You give him to me.

COLIN

No. But I can give you Costello's destination.

ELLERBY

You know where he's going?

COLIN

Yes. And what he's doing. Call off the tail, and get Tactical. We meet him where he's going. Suit up.

Everyone moves at once.

190 EXT. SOUTHEAST EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 190

COSTELLO is checking the rearview mirror. He sees: The TWO SIU CARS exit the highway onto Atlantic Avenue. COSTELLO smiles.

The cars exit the highway. The cars pass through a maze of industrial streets. BILLY, riding in the back seat, is trying desperately to see where they are. He sees a STREET SIGN and taps out a text message on his phone.

191 INT. COMMAND VAN - MOVING - NIGHT 191

COLIN, in vest, observed by Brown, reads the message.

COLIN

It's the heavy equipment garage Costello owns on Sheffield. He must have a container or a truck in there.

(his big moment  
of decision)

Go.

192 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 192

It is an unfinished structure, the lower parts used, the upper parts accessible but still under construction. It is built on a pier, the harbor lights beyond it. The COMMAND VAN and POLICE CARS pull up with lights off. A TACTICAL VAN disgorges TACTICAL OFFICERS who spread out through the dark.

193 INT. COMMAND VAN - CONTINUOUS ACTION 193

COLIN

(into mic)

There's an exit on the other side. Cover it. We'll take him when he comes out.

COLIN checks the load on his pistol.

194 INT. AN UPPER FLOOR OF THE PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS ACTION 194

COSTELLO unlocks a CONTAINER with a construction company logo on it, opens the doors, and steps back. BILLY looks into the container. It's cocaine or heroin in kilo bricks. Men stand around with MP5s under their coats.

(CONTINUED)

194

CONTINUED:

194

COSTELLO

Load it.  
                   (as boys hesitate)  
 We don't have a tail.

\*

BILLY, trying to save Costello...

BILLY

How do you *know* you don't have a  
 tail?

COSTELLO looks at him.

\*

COSTELLO

They took it off.

\*

\*

BILLY

What if they took one off and put  
 another one on?

COSTELLO

Load.

\*

The drugs having been loaded fast by the crew, including  
 FNGs, the container is hosed out. BILLY turns from  
 FITZY'S CAR as everyone gets it. Instead of getting into  
 COSTELLO'S CAR on the other side of the container, he  
 steps back into shadows as both cars leave.

195

INT. COSTELLO'S CAR - NIGHT

195

FOUR CARS with no headlights bracket the vehicles as soon  
 as they come out of the garage. COSTELLO realizes that  
 something has gone wrong.

COSTELLO

Cocksucker.

\*

LIGHTS come on, and Policemen are everywhere, guns in  
 their hands. COLIN is not visible among them. POLICE  
 OPEN FIRE at Costello's car. THE CAR reverses back into  
 the garage. MISTER FRENCH (the driver) is shot in the  
 head, and the CAR CRASHES into a WALL. A GUNFIGHT OPENS  
 UP. FNGs exchange FIRE with brutally efficient tactical  
 cops and are SHOT down expertly. COSTELLO, limping, gets  
 out of the action, fast. He runs into the parking  
 garage.

196

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

196

COSTELLO, shot through the pelvis, is moving through the  
 dark.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED: (A1)

196

All that's stored in this garage is heavy equipment for the big dig. Plenty of places to hide. We hear GUNFIRE IN the DISTANCE. COSTELLO hides between two pieces of heavy equipment and dials his telephone.

(CONTINUED)

196 CONTINUED:

196

To his surprise the PHONE RINGS quite nearby. And KEEPS RINGING. COSTELLO moves out into the open, and sees, at a near distance, COLIN, his shadow long on the concrete. He has a gun in his hand. Costello moves out to face him.

COSTELLO

How did this happen? \*

COLIN

I've been hearing you're an FBI informant. Is it true? \*

COSTELLO comes out of the shadows.

COSTELLO \*

I told you from the beginning. \*  
Information is power. Jesus, \*  
Colin, grow up. \*

COLIN

*Do they know who I am?*

COSTELLO says nothing for a moment.

COSTELLO

I never gave up anybody who wasn't \*  
goin' down anyway. \*

COLIN instantly raises the pistol to shoot him.

COLIN \*

Did you give me up? \*

COLIN'S PISTOL wavers.

COSTELLO \*

Nobody knows nuthin'. \*

COLIN shakes his head and cocks the gun.

COLIN \*

Do they know about me? \*

COSTELLO \*

I know you, Colin. You know I'd \*  
never give you up. You're like... \*

COLIN \*

A son... to you? Is that what it \*  
is, Big Daddy, all that murderin' \*  
and fuckin' and no sons? Your gun \*  
loaded with blanks? \*

(CONTINUED)

196

CONTINUED: (2)

196

COSTELLO tries to raise his gun which is inside his sleeve. He's sitting on his coat so that the SHOT GOES OFF sideways as COLIN SHOOTS him.

\*  
\*  
\*

COSTELLO topples backward into the construction scoop, his feet remain out and twitching in death.

\*  
\*

Z

ANGLE ON COLIN

\*

Then from the construction scoop, a post-death tremor sets off one last SHOT from COSTELLO'S GUN. RICOCHET. COLIN panicked, FIRES into the dead body again and again. Silence. Then we HEAR Costello's cell PHONE RING. COLIN answers it:

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

COLIN

\*

Hello... Gwen?

\*

196A

INT. COSTELLO'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

196A

GWEN faints, holding the phone.

\*

197 INT. BULLPEN AREA - DAY

197

COLIN enters, tired from a debriefing. Applause from everyone in the office -- the full crew. COLIN is embarrassed by the attention. BROWN is leading the whole team to a standing ovation. COLIN looks past the heads of the crowd and sees: Dignam, staring at him evenly.

COLIN

(to crowd)

A guy's dead. It's not any reason for, ah...

He takes a glass of wine. Then guiltily, almost in tears, he drinks. BROWN jerks a thumb towards Colin's office #2.

BROWN

He's waited a long time for you.

(as COLIN looks up  
and sees BILLY)

How'd you get him without the files?

COLIN

Caller ID. On Queenan's phone.  
You know this guy?

BROWN

We were trainees together.

COLIN goes off.

198 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - NIGHT

198

In Colin's office BILLY sits with his ankle on his knee. He looks very tired, dirty. Wearing a VISITOR badge.

COLIN

Good to see you, Trooper.

BILLY

Yeah. 'Trooper.'

COLIN

How long have you been undercover?

BILLY

A year.

COLIN

Well you deserve something for that. My admiration... a drink.

BILLY

I just want my identity back.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

198

COLIN

You want to be a cop again?

BILLY

Being a cop's not an identity.

COLIN takes it.

BILLY

I've had no contact with anybody.  
Except a police shrink.

COLIN

(throat clicks)  
A police shrink.  
(instead of asking  
the obvious)  
Was it... helpful?

BILLY

The only thing undone is finding  
Costello's rat in this building.  
And that's it for me as a 'cop.'  
I want my money. I want to go.

COLIN

Costello's dead. His... who  
his... informant... was, or is, is  
immaterial. I'd open your  
personnel file but I don't have  
the password.

BILLY

It's my name. They gave it to me  
in case something happened to them  
and I had to explain myself to the  
cops.

He writes it. Colin hides his astonishment.

COLIN

I have to use another computer.  
This one's... fucked.

BILLY nods. COLIN goes off.

199 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

199

COLIN accesses the personal database, enters the  
password. Billy's confidential file opens up. Every  
fact about the man. Photos.



200 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - CONTINUOUS ACTION 200

Billy takes a drink from the bottle COLIN has put on the desk. As he puts the bottle down he sees, sticking out of a box, a BROWN ENVELOPE. On it is written "CITIZEN." BILLY picks up the envelope... and knows everything.

201 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS ACTION 201

COLIN is reviewing Billy's file. Outside the glass wall we see BILLY, staring at COLIN's back... and then moving on.

202 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE #2 - LATER 202

COLIN enters, holding a printout of Billy's personnel file. He looks around the empty room. He sees the BROWN ENVELOPE lying on the desk, and understands everything. He sits down at his own computer -- which does in fact work, and opens the personnel file.

COLIN clicks DELETE. "Do You Really Want to Delete?" COLIN clicks "Yes" and Billy's picture, file, life, disappear.

203 EXT. POLICE BUILDING - NIGHT 203

BILLY exits the police building and moves across the plaza.

204 INT. STAIRWELL OF MADOLYN'S OFFICE - NIGHT 204

MADOLYN turns a landing of the stair and sees BILLY sitting waiting for her.

MADOLYN

This is a mistake. \*

BILLY

I'm an undercover policeman. \*

ANGLE ON MADOLYN \*

Dumbstruck. \*

BILLY \*

Let's go inside. \*

204A INT. MADOLYN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

204A

MADOLYN

I can't believe this.

BILLY

Everybody who knew my status is dead. I need you to know.

MADOLYN

Why me?

BILLY

(holds out an envelope)

Only you. You open it if I'm dead or if I tell you to open it.

She takes it.

MADOLYN

Then what do I do?

BILLY

You'll know. I did this because one thing isn't as good as another. You understand what I'm saying? You can't just say fuck it and take what comes. You know what I'm talking about?

MADOLYN does. She nods, very slightly.

MADOLYN

Yes. I have something to tell you.

A long pause... and she doesn't say it. Billy smiles. He gets up.

BILLY

Whatever you have to say, think about it really hard, and if you still want to tell me, tell me in two weeks.

BILLY exits. MADOLYN puts the envelope on the desk. Then with a marker she slowly writes on it: "BILLY COSTIGAN."

We DISSOLVE to a sonogram.

205 INT. COLIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING (VERSION 1)

205 \*

COLIN, lying in bed like a dead man, wakes.

\*

(CONTINUED)

205

CONTINUED:

205

There is an envelope on his chest. He grabs it and looks at MADOLYN who is propped on an elbow looking at him.

MADOLYN

Happy birthday.

COLIN

I was dreaming I was dead.

MADOLYN

Death is hard. Life's much easier.

COLIN

(smiles)

That's what you tell your clients?  
You give a guarantee?

MADOLYN

I can guarantee that I love you.

Kisses him. After his usual display of "passion" he falters, his head slumps. Madolyn looks martyred past his head.

MADOLYN

It's all right. It is. It's all right.

205

INT. COLIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING (VERSION 2)

205

COLIN, lying in bed like a dead man, wakes. There is an envelope on his chest. He grabs it and looks at MADOLYN who is propped on an elbow looking at him.

MADOLYN

Happy birthday.

COLIN

I was dreaming I was dead.

MADOLYN

Death is hard. Life's much easier.

She puts an envelope on his chest.

MADOLYN

Open it.

He opens it and sees:

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED:

205

A SONOGRAM picture of a fetus. It looks to him at first like a CCTV picture blown up, and before Colin begins to realize what it is he stares at it like something from a horror film.

COLIN

What is this?

MADOLYN

It's a human being.

He looks at her -- wonderment.

COLIN

You're joking.

MADOLYN

A human being isn't a joke.

**(ALTERNATE: replacing the above exchange.)**

COLIN

You're joking...

MADOLYN

**That's not a joke. It's a human being.**

COLIN stares at the picture as if trying to solve it, as with the CCTV images.

MADOLYN

At this age only a sonogram expert can guess at the sex. So I saw one. She thinks it's a boy.

Colin knows he hasn't been fucking Madolyn all that much... but stranger things have happened.

MADOLYN

What do you think? Of your son and heir?

COLIN

I think... it's great. It's great.

He belatedly thinks of what a human being might do in these circumstances and kisses her.

Colin really wants to make it, but he falters, his head slumps. Madolyn looks martyred past his head.

MADOLYN

It's all right. It is. It's all right.

205A INT. COLIN'S APARTMENT - LATER

205A

COLIN is in the shower. \*

MADOLYN moves into the kitchen and puts the kettle on. \*  
Then she checks the mail, lying there on the counter. \*  
It's tied with a string. She undoes the string and sorts \*  
through the mail. Suddenly she freezes, looking at: \*

AN OVERSIZED ENVELOPE addressed to Colin (COLIN SULLIVAN, \*  
20 Pickering Street, Apt TK, Boston, MA, zip TK), with a \*  
return address of Wm. Costigan, 13 Conant St., Boston, \*  
etc etc). \*

MADOLYN stares at the envelope, listening to the SHOWER \*  
going. Billy has written to her fiance. She starts to \*  
put the envelope down, and then realizes... she has to \*  
hide it... she has to open it. \*

Inside the envelope is a CD, and a card with a phone \*  
number on it. Madolyn puts the envelope and card into \*  
her pocket and goes to the stereo and grapples the \*  
headphones on (or holds one earpiece to her head). She \*  
listens... listens... \*

COLIN comes out of the bathroom, dressed in jeans and T- \*  
shirt, barefoot, his hair wet. He looks at Madolyn, \*  
realizing that something is wrong. \*

COLIN \*

What? \*

MADOLYN pulls the headphone jack out of the stereo and \*  
roughly the following booms out of the speakers. \*

COLIN (V.O.)

*Your guys shouldn't have done  
that.*

COSTELLO (V.O.)

*One of us was going to have to  
die. It tends to be the other  
guy.*

COLIN stares at her, and we ought to think that murder is \*  
a possibility. \*

COLIN (V.O.)

*I'm now in charge of everything  
here. Including Queenan's  
informers. Theoretically. I  
can't unlock the files until after  
the brass squeezes Dignam. If the  
brass squeezes Dignam.*

(CONTINUED)

205A CONTINUED:

205A

COSTELLO (V.O.)

*So Dignam's the only one with the keys to the kingdom.*

COLIN (V.O.)

*He's fucking resigning. He put his papers in. He's not talking.*

COSTELLO (V.O.)

*Give me his location. Tonight.*

COLIN and MADOLYN stare at each other. Colin reaches out and bashes the STEREO OFF. \*

MADOLYN

I thought I was the liar. \*

COLIN

I can explain. \*

She hands him the crumpled envelope, the card with the phone number on it and goes into the other room. COLIN picks the card off the floor, takes up his phone, dials. \*

COLIN

It's... \*

(in hell) \*

... the guy you sent the envelope to. \*

INTERCUT:

206 EXT. WATERFRONT - DAY

206

BILLY is walking, on the phone, wearing sunglasses. \*

BILLY

Good morning, asshole. \*

COLIN says nothing. Billy has no idea the extent of "asshole." \*

BILLY

The first thing I want to tell you is that Costello recorded everything. He put all the tapes in a little box and kept them with a lawyer. That was his insurance. The lawyer came to me. Costello trusted me. \*

COLIN

What do you want? You want to be a cop again, I can help you. \*

(CONTINUED)

206

CONTINUED:

206

BILLY

Three o'clock. Where Queenan  
died. Come alone.

\*  
\*  
\*

COLIN goes to the bedroom door and tries it. Locked. He  
knocks. No answer. It's over. COLIN backs away from  
the door. He snaps the CD in half and throws the pieces  
across the room. He stuffs some shoes on, belts on his  
gun, and slams out of the apartment, grabbing up a  
sweatshirt on the way.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

207

INT. MADOLYN AND COLIN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS ACTION

207

COLIN closes a door to speak privately.

COLIN

What do you want?

BILLY

I want my identity.

COLIN

You want to be a cop again.

BILLY

Three o'clock. Where Queenan  
died. Keep your cell on.

COLIN goes to the bedroom door and tries it. Locked. He  
knocks. No answer. It's over. He starts to punch the  
door, and then does not.

208

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING - DAY

208

COLIN comes along and walks into the lobby. He is not  
looking for a tail...

209

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING ROOFTOP - DAY

209

COLIN looks out through the door, no gun drawn, but very  
much a cop clearing his corners. He steps out and --  
BILLY takes him from behind the door, his only blind  
side, and grabs the back of his collar and crams a pistol  
into the bottom of his skull.

COLIN

No no no. Don't tell me that's a  
fuckin' firearm.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

209

BILLY turns Colin around and puts the pistol to Colin's forehead, hard enough to break the skin. He takes out Colin's belt gun and puts it in his pocket. (Billy screams "hands!" at Colin every time he makes a move.)

COLIN

I came here to talk some fucking sense to you. You get a hold of yourself and put down the fuckin' firearm and act professional and I can get you your money.

BILLY

(turning him around)  
What did you say?

COLIN

I can get you your...

BILLY cracks him across the jaw with the gun. COLIN goes down. COLIN is drooling blood, his bell rung, one eye open. Billy throws away Colin's ankle gun.

COLIN

(spitting teeth)  
Fuck, shit...

BILLY

(going for Colin's cuffs)  
You didn't come here to talk, you fuckin' maggot, you came here to get arrested.

COLIN

Arrested? Arrested for what.  
(as BILLY cuffs him)  
So you got tapes of what?  
Costello was my informant. I was his rat? Fuck you. Prove it. I say he was my informant.

BILLY

Get up and shut your fuckin' mouth.

COLIN

What is this, a citizen's arrest?  
Blow me, prick. Only one of us is a cop, here. Nobody knows who you are. *Nobody knows who you are, Bill.*

(CONTINUED)



209 CONTINUED: (2)

209

BILLY

Would you shut the fuck up.

COLIN

I'm a sergeant in the Mass. State  
Police. Who the fuck are you?  
Nobody. I ERASED YOU.

BILLY puts the gun to Colin's head.

BILLY

You erased me?

COLIN

Go ahead. Shoot a cop, Einstein.  
See what happens.

BILLY

What would happen is the bullet  
would go right through your  
fuckin' head. What, you think I'm  
gonna give you the pipes and  
drums? The bagpipes and bullshit?  
Fuck you.

(safeties the gun)

I'm arresting you.

COLIN

That's the stupidest thing you  
could do.

BILLY

You think I don't know that? You  
think...

COLIN

Look --

BILLY

Shut up, shut up, shut the fuck  
up. I know you 'erased' me, you  
cocksucker.

(hits him)

I know this might never stick.

(hits him)

I know I'm ruining the rest of my  
fucking life.

(whaling him in  
the beats)

But I'm still arresting you.

COLIN is hammered to his knees. Head down, blood in his  
hair, drooling blood, thinking (impossibly) about his  
next move. He seems to realize he's fucked.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED: (3)

209

BILLY

You are what you do. Get up.

COLIN doesn't move.

BILLY

I said get the fuck up.

BILLY grabs the back of Colin's collar and puts the gun to Colin's head. A CRUNCH of GRAVEL, O.S. BILLY and COLIN both hear it.

BROWN

Put down the weapon and step away from Sergeant Sullivan.

BILLY drags COLIN to his feet and using Colin as a shield aims the pistol at: BROWN.

BILLY

I called you. You specifically. You know who I am. I told you to meet me downstairs.

Billy realizes he's in a truly shitty situation: appearances are everything.

BROWN

Put the weapon on the deck and step away from Sergeant Sullivan.

COLIN

(a mess, bloody-mouthed)

Shoot the fuckin' prick.

BILLY

I told you to bring Dignam!

BROWN

Put the weapon on the ground and we'll discuss it.

BILLY

He was Costello's rat. I got evidence. Tapes. Other documents.

BROWN

Maybe you do, but I need you to drop the weapon now.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED: (4)

209

BILLY

I told you I've got the evidence  
cold linking this prick to  
Costello...

\*  
\*  
\*

BROWN wavers.

\*

BILLY

You fuckin' know me. I'm taking  
him downstairs now.

\*  
\*

BROWN, weapon ready, follows into the elevator lobby.

210 INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY/ELEVATOR - DAY

210

BILLY moves COLIN into the elevator and as the doors  
close, looks back at BROWN, still in a Mexican standoff.  
COLIN goes to his knees, nose broken, blood masking his  
face.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

COLIN

Just fucking kill me.

BILLY

I am killing you.

The doors open and for a frozen moment BILLY, holding the gun on COLIN, stares out of the car. A LOUD BANG. BILLY is SHOT through the head. BLOOD sprays the walls, and COLIN is hit by flying blood and matter. BILLY falls, crumpled, on his face, half in and half out of the elevator.

The doors try to close... open... COLIN, covered with blood, looks up. BARRIGAN lowers his PISTOL.

COLIN slumps, covered with blood. BARRIGAN uncuffs him. COLIN feels his wrists. BARRIGAN picks up BILLY'S gun. The other elevator doors open and BROWN emerges. He looks into the bloody elevator and down at the dead man. BARRIGAN raises BILLY'S GUN and SHOOTS BROWN in the head. COLIN stares at him.

BARRIGAN

Did you think you were the only one he had inside?

COLIN

There's a lot I didn't know.

BARRIGAN

He was going to sell us to the FBI. Now you and I have to cover each other.

\*

COLIN

I know. You and me.

BARRIGAN casually hands COLIN BILLY'S GUN. COLIN presses the GUN against BARRIGAN's forehead and FIRES.

211 EXT. THE COMMERCIAL BUILDING - DAY

211

POLICE TAPE, plenty of cars. Three corpses being loaded onto ambulances. COLIN, hands free, is drinking coffee from a paper cup, being checked out by a doctor.

ON SOUND of BAGPIPES (Something like "Cross of Fire"), we...

DISSOLVE TO:

211A INT. COSTELLO'S CONDOMINIUM - DAY 211A

An empty drink on the floor. CAMERA MOVES TO Gwen's hand holding a rosary and CONTINUES UP TO Gwen, head back, unconscious. MISTER FRENCH steps INTO the FRAME and puts the garrote around her neck. \*

MISTER FRENCH

I warned him... now you gotta pay the price.

MISTER FRENCH strangles GWEN as the BAGPIPES continue to PLAY. \*

212 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY 212

BILLY'S GRAVESITE. UNIFORMED POLICEMEN (not only State, but MDC, the way they do it, for "brother officers") saluting. MADOLYN is standing alone at the gravesite. She turns to leave and sees COLIN. She moves away from him. COLIN watches her walk out of his life forever. The cross of fire abruptly ends with a TWENTY-ONE GUN SALUTE. \*

213 INT. THE STAIRWAY OF COLIN'S APARTMENT - EVENING 213

COLIN has a bag of expensive groceries and wine. Living the Beacon Hill dream. He climbs the steps slowly. He nods to a neighbor, an old lady coming down with her dog (who incidentally will never accept him as a neighbor, and COLIN briefly seems aware of this). (NOTE: Don't be afraid to get a bit French here.) He gets to his door, and starts to cry, and nearly crumples. But he gets the door open. He looks up and sees a GUN. Behind it, stepping fast out of the shadows, DIGNAM. Avenging a guy he didn't even like, because it's the right thing to do. COLIN looks down and sees that Dignam has plastic hospital boots on his feet.

COLIN

(accepting it, sort of, but only in a Colin way)

Okay.

DIGNAM FIRES. Flash groceries fall all over the floor. DIGNAM'S FEET step over COLIN's body, crushing one of a half dozen croissants, and DIGNAM goes down the expensive staircase, leaving the door to the apartment open. The strangest thing happens: a rat emerges and begins to eat the dead man's croissants. The rat hears something and runs so it's not in the shot when it --

FREEZES.

FADE OUT.

THE END