THE MIDDLE MAN

A Pilot for Television
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THIRD DRAFT
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TEASER/ACT ONE *
*
FADE IN: *

INT. A FEDERAL COURTROOM (PRESENT DAY) - DAY

...PACKED. And we WATCH as a meticulously groomed FEDERAL PROSECUTOR delivers his opening statement to the Court...

PROSECUTOR
Make no mistake about it. Mr. Flood is a career criminal. 22 homicides. Racketeering. Intimidation. Bribery.

...and the CAMERA SWINGS OVER to catch a look at a man sitting at the DEFENSE TABLE. He is in his early eighties. Wears a respirator and has an oxygen tank on wheels sitting beside him. He could be your grandfather or great uncle. He looks weak and benign...

PROSECUTOR
You name it, Mickey Flood has tried it.

...right up until the moment he opens his mouth.

MICKEY FLOOD
(calmly; evenly)
I got something for you to try...you effing pansy.

Flood's lawyer reflexively grabs the old man's arm. The fifty year old FEMALE JUDGE bangs her gavel.

JUDGE
This is my last warning, Counselor. Control your client...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
(rising quickly)
We apologize to the Court. This is not going to happen again...

The Judge nods to the Prosecutor to continue, even as the elderly defendant seethes.

PROSECUTOR
For over half a century, Mickey Flood has terrorized New England. And how was he able to do this? By trading information for protection. By being an informant for the FBI.

MICKEY FLOOD
(rising now; pointing at the Prosecutor)
A "what"? Are you calling me "an informant"? You calling me a snitch?
(MORE)

MICKEY FLOOD (cont'd)
(when he gets no reply)
I'm asking you a question, faggot...

...and as the Judge once again BANGS for order and as Mickey's lawyer tries his best to pull Mickey back down into his chair...we HEAR...

RUDY (V.O.)
This is where it ends. In a courtroom. Today. Right now. That guy is Mickey Flood. He's eighty five. For fifty years he scared the living crap out of everybody he came in contact with. And I helped him. My name is Rudy. I worked for the FBI. But don't look for me in this courtroom. I'm dead. Died nine years ago.

TIGHTER ON MICKEY

...as he continues to flail and gesticulate at the Prosecutor, even as the BAILIFF, a heavy set black man, steps over to the Defense table, a hand on his side arm, his presence meant to suggest a threat. But Mickey just looks at him and laughs...

RUDY (V.O.)
But up until 1988, when I left the Bureau, our little system actually worked quite well. It was good for me. Good for the FBI. Good for the country. But then...we all got the joke. You gotta give a little to get a little.

ON THE PROSECUTOR

...standing behind the prosecution table, watching and waiting for the court to come to order. Turning to his co-counsel and rolling his eyes...

RUDY (V.O.)
And that's what a lot of people don't understand. Sometimes it isn't enough to do the right thing. Sometimes you have to do the wrong thing. You just have to do it for the "greater good".

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON (LATE 1940'S) - DAY

...seen from a great height, moving beneath us. The projects and storefronts of South Boston.

RUDY (V.O.)
This is where it really begins. Early 1940's. The start of World War Two. In Boston. In Southie. With me. I just finished my newspaper route and today is collection day.

ON A ROOFTOP DOOR

...as it OPENS with a BANG. And a SIX YEAR OLD RUDY comes screaming out of it, immediately followed by a group of OLDER BOYS, who catch him, lead him over to THE ROOF'S EDGE and...

SEEN FROM THE SIDEWALK

...hold him UPSIDE DOWN, shaking the money out of him as...

KIDS DOWN BELOW

...wait to scoop it up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and just as they are PULLING HIM back up onto the roof, we hear the CLICK of a gun's clip being engaged, and all the boys turn around to DISCOVER...

A RED HEADED MAN

...early twenties. A gun in his hand. Pointed at them. *

MICKEY FLOOD
(clearly amused)
Who wants to die today?

RUDY (V.O.)
That's Mickey. That's what he looked like the day I met him. That's what he looked like the day he saved my life.

KID 1
(re the gun) *
Is that thing real?

KID 2
Is it loaded?

MICKEY FLOOD
(straight arming it)
You want to find out?
(and then; fanning it across the whole group)
My Mama and I like having our paper delivered. Any of you give my paper boy a problem...I'll shoot you dead.

We watch the twelve and thirteen year old boys contemplating this. Mickey looks at Young Rudy. Gives him a small nod as if to say "I've got you covered."

MICKEY FLOOD
(returning his gaze to the boys)
My name is Mickey Flood. Be sure and tell your Mommies and Daddies that...assuming you know who they are.
(and then)
Now get out of here.

And the boys all QUICKLY MAKE THEIR ESCAPE---racing past him and through the roof top door. All except for Rudy.

MICKEY FLOOD
(lowering his gun; making his way over to the six year old)
What's your name, Squirt?

SIX YEAR OLD RUDY
Rudy. Rudy MacAteer.

MICKEY FLOOD
Rudy? With a mick last name? Whatever you say.
(and then)
Your Mama's Italian, huh? Well tell her she don't have to worry about her little boy anymore. Mickey Flood's made it safe for him to work the streets of Southie.

Rudy looks up at him and smiles...

RUDY (V.O.)
Mickey owed me a dime for that week's paper. But I didn't ask him for it. I never asked him to pay for his paper again. Truth is, I didn't see Mickey for another twenty years. Not up close. But I'd hear stories.
(and then)
Loan sharking...

INT. A BOSTON BAR - NIGHT

...as we GLIDE through it. Filled with Irish characters---drinking and talking. And we make our way past the bar to a PRIVATE OFFICE in back, where Mickey is pulling out several stacks of hundreds from a safe, which he turns and hands to a GRATEFUL POLICE OFFICER...

RUDY (V.O.)
A little bank robbery...

INT. A SMALL LOCAL BANK - DAY

...as Mickey and three others, all wearing nylon stockings over their heads, enter with guns drawn...one of Mickey's guys immediately disarming the guard, the others quickly moving behind the counter as Mickey takes control from the customer side of the bank

MICKEY FLOOD
Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a bank robbery. Everybody on this side of the counter, lay on the floor and no one will get hurt. Everybody on that side of the counter...
(he throws canvas bags over)
...start funneling your money into these. I'm only going to say it once...anyone trips an alarm and I *will* shoot *every* teller in here.
(noticing an old man with a cane who's having trouble getting down to lay on the ground)
That's alright, Sir...you can stand.
(and then; to the tellers)
Keep in mind, you bank tellers...you trip that alarm...the bank gives you a hundred dollars. You don't trip that alarm but you survive this robbery...the bank gives you thirty five dollars. Use your head ladies. Thirty five, you're alive. That hundred's paying for your funeral.

...and as his men start to come back out from behind the counter with canvas bags bulging with money...

MICKEY FLOOD
(making his way towards the door)
Thank you for your cooperation, everybody. And if anybody asks...we were three very tall Negros.

...and as they disappear back onto the street...

RUDY (V.O.)
A little contract work...

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. A DESERTED BOSTON STREET - NIGHT *

...as a nail is being hammered into a tire. And then pulled out, leaving a small hole. *

EXT. THE FRONT SEAT OF A DARK CHEVY - NIGHT *

...Mickey is fast asleep in the front passenger seat, when another hood---FLOUNDER---jumps into the car and behind the wheel. The SOUND of him slamming the car door behind him wakes Mickey up. *

FLOUNDER *
We're good. *

MICKEY FLOOD *
(a yawn) *
What'd you give him? *

FLOUNDER *
A slow Irish leak. *
(and then; seeing something through the windshield) *
Perfect timing. *

...and now we SEE what he was seeing, as a SLIGHTLY INEBRIATED MAN makes his way over to a white car parked on the opposite side of the street, pulls the driver's side door open and climbs in. And Mickey turns to Flounder... *

MICKEY FLOOD *
(as he watches him start the car; to Flounder) *
So what do you think? Is that the son of God? *

FLOUNDER *
What are you talking about? *

MICKEY FLOOD *
Well didn't he just eat his last supper? *

...and FLOUNDER starts to laugh, even as through the windshield, we watch the white car pull away from the curb. And Mickey and Flounder wait a measured moment, and then they too pull away from the curb. And we... *

CUT TO: *

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - NIGHT *

...seen THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD of Mickey and Flounder's moving car. A distant, tiny, white car has pulled off the deserted *

highway and we see the inebriated man pulling a jack out of the trunk. And as we DRAW CLOSER and the car gets bigger in the FRAME, we draw to a stop...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Flounder and Mickey hop out of the car, Mickey discreetly pulling out a handgun from his rear waistband...

MICKEY FLOOD
(calling through the darkness)
You got a flat?

INEBRIATED MAN
Yeah. All of a sudden. Out of nowhere. Just want to get the damn tire changed before a cop comes by.
(and then)
I may have had one or two too many...y'know?

MICKEY FLOOD
(making his way towards him)
Don't worry about it.
(throwing his arm around the inebriated man; indicating the tire to Flounder)
Give our friend a hand here...

...and as Flounder starts to work on the tire, Mickey starts to walk the Inebriated Man towards the woods and OUT OF FRAME. And a SECOND LATER we HEAR a GUNSHOT. And Flounder STOPS working on the tire and a MOMENT LATER Mickey walks back into FRAME and is standing over him.

FLOUNDER
(standing up)
How'd that go?

MICKEY FLOOD
Good. I think it went good.
(a shrug)
I got a little mud on my shoes though.

FLOUNDER
I hate that...

The two of them start back towards the car...

MICKEY FLOOD
They're new.

FLOUNDER
That's the worst...

...and we... *

SHOCK CUT TO: *

A MAP OF BOSTON *

...highlighting SOUTH BOSTON.

RUDY (V.O.)
*Now if Mickey and his guys controlled South Boston...the rest of Boston was controlled by the Italians. In fact, the **rest of the country** was controlled by the Italians. La Cosa Nostra. The Mafia.*

EXT. AN ITALIAN SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

...a simple storefront with no windows. Beefy Mafia soldiers stand outside watching the traffic go by.

RUDY (V.O.)
These guys were serious. And professional.

INT. THE SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

...as the CAMERA moves through the club, swinging from one MAN...

RUDY (V.O.)
They had Associates.

...to another...

RUDY (V.O.)
And Soldiers.

And as their rank rises...

RUDY (V.O.)
And Captains...

...so does the quality of their wardrobe and the location of their seat in the club---the further back the better.

RUDY (V.O.)
There were Consiglieres. And Underbosses. And Bosses. And the Boss of all Bosses.

And as we stare at "The Boss of all Bosses" we realize we are in the very back of the club, where the light is the "inkiest" and the power the greatest...

RUDY (V.O.)
And they had rules.

INT. A BOSTON OFFICE BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY

...as we MAKE OUR WAY towards one particular OFFICE DOOR whose SIGN announces...

"MICHAEL LOMBARDO - Certified Public Accountant"

And as hands reach into FRAME and PUSH the door open...

INT. BOSTON ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE - DAY

We watch as THREE SMILING MEN make their way into this MODEST workspace---a desk, chair, sofa, and glass coffee table with a candy dish, one of the men making certain to close the door behind them.

RUDY (V.O.)
And if you broke the rules, there were consequences.

They are all LAUGHING, having perhaps just returned from a great lunch. And as they LAUGH, the two men on either side of the man in the middle, discreetly pull small pistols from beneath their suit coats and in perfect synchronization raise them to the temple of the man between them, and without a second's hesitation, FIRE...

RUDY (V.O.)
And they were as good at the consequences as they were at crime.

FROM UNDER THE GLASS COFFEE TABLE *

...as the instantly dead accountant FALLS face first onto the table. And THROUGH THE GLASS we watch as his assassins calmly holster their weapons, one of them reaching beside the dead man's head to steal a piece of candy from the candy bowl.

RUDY (V.O.)
That's where I grew up. A hell hole full of bad guys that did nothing but breed more bad guys. And the part that I grew up in was so bad...so full of drunken idiots...that for the most part, the really bad guys didn't even bother with it. They let us have our own crime. Our own criminals.

EXT. THE SOUTHIE PROJECTS - DAY (AS BEFORE)

...TIGHT on YOUNG RUDY's face, seen from the SIDEWALK, hanging UPSIDE DOWN, his ankles being held by the older boys, money falling out of his pockets and tumbling past his head...

RUDY (V.O.)
And that's why I made my mind up young. I was getting out of there. I was getting as far from Southie as I could.

EXT. SOUTHIE STREET - NIGHT

...as a drunken punk shoots out a street light, just outside the Projects. And as his FRIENDS LAUGH and WRESTLE HIM for the gun, he gets off ANOTHER SHOT and SHATTERS ANOTHER STREETLIGHT...

INT. RUDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

...where a TWELVE YEAR OLD RUDY is laying across his bed, studying a school book. And at the sound of the streetlight being shot, he STARTLES, but then quickly goes back to reading...

RUDY (V.O.)
I was going to be the best student...

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

...as TWELVE YEAR OLD RUDY helps the Priest prepare the wine and the communion wafers in the midst of Sunday Morning mass...

RUDY (V.O.)
The best altar boy...

EXT. THE SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

...where a FIFTEEN YEAR OLD RUDY is at bat and gets a solid piece of a pitch and sends a ball sailing into center field...

RUDY (V.O.)
The best athlete.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Rudy runs the bases, to the cheers of onlookers...

RUDY (V.O.)
The best everything I could be. So when the time came I could get as far away from Southie as possible and make myself into the man I wanted to be...

TIGHT ON RUDY'S FACE

...as he rounds third towards home. He is all sweat and veins and focus. And as he crosses the plate, the people in the stands STAND and CHEER...

RUDY (V.O.)
Someone people were proud of. A good guy. A hero.
(and then)
Not that I was perfect...

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A 14KT WHITE GOLD CROSS

...hanging from a chain. Resting on the bosom of a young girl's cotton, button-down shirt, which is beneath a winter coat which is completely unzipped. And we watch as a BOY'S HAND reaches INTO FRAME and slowly begins unbuttoning the highest of the shirt's buttons...

ON SIXTEEN YEAR OLD RUDY

...trying not to forget to breathe as he performs this delicate operation. And as soon as he has one button open he immediately leans forward and kisses the girl gently on the lips. He looks in her eyes. It's clear that she's enjoying this and he reaches for another button.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL that Rudy and this girl are huddled together on THE ROOF OF THE PROJECTS, night-time Boston visible in the distance.

ON THE TWO OF THEM

...and we see that he now has several buttons open. And he takes the cross and gently moves it aside and reaches his hand into her shirt and under her bra. And she smiles even more, bites her lip and falls forward onto him...pressing her body against his...closing her eyes with pleasure as he touches her... *

GIRL
(suddenly breaking the silence; eyes still closed; body still pressed against his)
Can I ask you a question?

RUDY
Sure...

GIRL
What do you think God thinks? Of this? Of us? Of us doing this?

RUDY
What are you talking about?

GIRL
The Sisters say its a sin.

Rudy pulls back slightly. So he can look her in the eye.

RUDY
I don't think the Sisters know crap about this. Feels good...right? Feels good when you touch me too. A God that would make it feel really good, but then not want you to do it? What kind of God is that?

She considers that for a moment.

GIRL
You're right. I never thought of it that way.

She looks around a moment. And convinced that no one can see, reaches into her shirt and unhooks her bra and pulls it away from her breasts. Rudy smiles.

RUDY (V.O.)
I, of course, had no idea what God thought. I just knew what I thought. I suspect that was the first time I wrestled with the idea of the "greater good".
(*and then*)
Like I told you...I wasn't perfect.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

...as a nineteen year old RUDY studies beside a pile of books...

RUDY (V.O.)
But it worked. And I got a scholarship. And I went far away to school and studied Criminal Justice.

EXT. UNIVERSITY FIELD - DAY

...as Rudy, in a graduation gown, is presented with a diploma. And as he shakes the Dean's hand and moves his graduation tassel from the right side of his mortarboard to the left...

RUDY (V.O.)
Graduated third in my class. And given where I came from...I was officially someone people were proud of. A good guy. A hero.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

ROBERT KENNEDY

...in black and white, making an impassioned speech about *something*. We can't hear what. And we PULL BACK SLOWLY to REVEAL that we are seeing Kennedy on a black and white television. And as we CONTINUE PULLING BACK, we come to realize that this is an APPLIANCE STORE WINDOW full of television sets. And an onscreen title informs us we are in **"SAN FRANCISCO - 1961".**

REVERSE ANGLE

...to REVEAL TWENTY SIX YEAR OLD RUDY and his nineteen year old girlfriend, BARBRA. Rudy just stares at the young Attorney General through the window glass. Barbra just stares at Rudy. This girl would smolder on a glacier.

BARBRA
(a coo)
We're going to be late.

RUDY
(re Kennedy)
That's my boss.

BARBRA
J. Edgar Hoover's your boss.

RUDY
Well that's J. Edgar's boss.

BARBRA
What's the difference? You can't hear what the man is saying. And we're going to be late.
(the worst thing in the world)
Or should we just forget it and go back to my parent's house?
(MORE)

BARBRA (cont'd)
(and then; something worse)
Or better still...we can go back to your rooming house.
(a feigned recollection)
Oh no. Wait. We can't. Men only.

...but Rudy doesn't move. Just stares at Kennedy...convinced if he concentrates hard enough, he'll sense the contents of his speech.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Barbra sighs and gives his sleeve a tug. He just looks at her...realizes he has no choice but to give in. Reaches into his pocket and takes out a small manila envelope---the kind they put pills in. Takes a wedding and engagement ring out of the envelope and hands them to her. And as she slips them on her finger and smiles, we…

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. A SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - DAY

...as Rudy and his girlfriend tour the place, an anxious realtor shadowing them as they move from room to room....

BARBRA
Did I mention my husband is with the F.B.I.?

REALTOR
No you did not. That sounds like very exciting work.
(and then)
Are we thinking about starting a family?

Rudy and Barbra exchange a glance as they continue to move through the apartment.

REALTOR
I don't mean to pry. But a two bedroom apartment like this...plenty of room for little ones. And you have the park across the street.

Barbra says nothing. Just smiles back at Rudy, before DISAPPEARING ahead of the two men and into another room. Rudy moves to a window and takes in the view.

REALTOR
(lowering his voice; a bit uncomfortably)
Unfortunately, as I explained on the phone, I have a three o'clock appointment.

RUDY
(CALLING into the next room)
Honey? The man has to go. He has to lock up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Barbra suddenly REAPPEARS.

BARBRA
But I'm still trying to figure out where our furniture would go.
(and then)
Isn't there a way we could stay a little longer? I mean...it's not like you have anything to worry about. He's an F.B.I. agent.

The Realtor considers this for a moment. Looks the two of them over one more time.

REALTOR
Well...you do have a point there.
(a moment; and then; making his way to the door)
I'll set the lock. All you have to do is pull this door closed behind you. Just...be careful. And be sure to leave everything the way you found it.
(a nod)
Mr. MacAteer. Mrs. MacAteer.

And with that, the REALTOR LEAVES, adjusting the lock and closing the door behind himself.

Rudy smiles. Waits a measured moment and looks at Barbra who has seated herself on the living room sofa. *

RUDY
It's scary how good you are at that.

BARBRA
(as she lies back on the sofa) *
I'm glad you think so. Now take off your pants, come over here and screw me. *

...and we... *

CUT TO: *

INT. AN FBI EVIDENCE LOCKER - DAY *

...a LARGE STORE ROOM filled with shelving that holds labeled file folders and utility boxes filled with seized evidence. And we watch as Rudy returns the engagement band and wedding ring back into their envelope and back into a BANKER'S BOX. And just as he does, ANOTHER AGENT sticks his head in the door.

AGENT #1
(to Rudy)
You've got a long distance call. From D.C.

INT. RUDY'S SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - DAY

...a cubby-hole. A partitioned section of a much larger office filled with many more partitioned sections, each with a desk and a phone and typewriter. And we watch as Rudy stands with the phone to his ear. He looks dumbstruck by whatever is being said on the other end of the line.

RUDY
(into phone)
Of course I can meet with Mr. Hoover.
(and then)
No...I'll fly to D.C. tonight.

INT. A PRIVATE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

J. Edgar sits in an overstuffed leather chair. He is lit by firelight that dances across his face from the hearth on the side of the room. He takes in the twenty six year old who stands nervously before him. *

J. EDGAR HOOVER *
You believe in black and white? *

RUDY *
(truly uncertain) *
Excuse me, Sir? *
(and then) *
Are we talking about racial *
integration? *

J. EDGAR HOOVER *
We're talking about moral imperatives. *
We're talking about right and wrong. *
We're talking about good guys and bad *
guys. Do you believe it's always clear? *
Always black and white? Who the good *
guys are? Who the bad guys are? *

RUDY
Of course. We're the good guys.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
And do the good guys always do good things?

RUDY
(a shrug)
If they're on the side of good.

Hoover smiles.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
Tell me something...you enjoy working behind a desk?

RUDY
I'm happy to just be working for the Bureau, Sir. In any capacity.

Hoover SMILES.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
I'm sure you are.
(and then)
Do you know what our greatest crime fighting tool is? In this age of advanced criminal science?

RUDY
Fingerprints?

Hoover shakes his head.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
(a whispered confession)
Informants.
(and then)
Short of being able to read people's minds or electronically eavesdrop on their conversations---which we're working on by the way---informants are the next best thing.
(and then)
Your file says you grew up in South Boston.
(and then)
Interesting place. So much good pressed up against so much bad.

RUDY
How do you mean?

J. EDGAR HOOVER
Well, on the one hand...you have Harvard. And all that it suggests. And
(MORE)

J. EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)
then you have La Cosa Nostra. Which has that city in a vice. Attorney General Kennedy wants to shut them down. Made a speech about it yesterday.

Rudy reacts slightly. Realizes that might have been what he was watching through the television store window.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
I'd like you to go back home. Re-insert yourself in the neighborhood. See if we can't develop some assets that might yield some real intelligence about what the mafia is planning. Give us a leg up on this thing.
(and then)
How do you feel about that?

RUDY
I'm happy to do anything the Bureau requires of me.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
(amused by his response)
You an F.B.I. man, or a politician?
(and then; when he gets no response)
Do you understand the opportunity I'm offering you? A man can really distinguish himself doing the kind of work I'm talking about.
(and then)
Or maybe you prefer it behind your desk?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO *

INT. SOUTH BOSTON LAUNDRY - NIGHT *

...and we watch through a GLASS DOORWAY, as a middle aged man named O'DOUL holds a bank bag full of money under his arm and starts to turn the key to close his business, when there is a knock on the glass door. And he looks up to DISCOVER...

TWO ITALIAN MEN

...in suits waiting on the other side of the door. They indicate he should let them in and O'Doul points to the hours posted on the door glass. One of the men adjusts his wristwatch to make it five minutes earlier and holds it up to the window. The combination of the time on his watch and the look on his face makes it clear he is not to be trifled with.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as reluctantly O'Doul OPENS THE DOOR

ITALIAN MAN #1
(as he makes his way inside; without much feeling)
Thank you, Mr. O'Doul. You are Mr. O'Doul...right? I mean the sign says O'Doul's Laundry.

O'Doul NODS.

O'DOUL
What can I help you with?

The men ignore the question and look around a moment...moving behind the counter, acting as if they are about to buy the place...

ITALIAN MAN #2
This is very nice. You've built a very nice business for yourself here, Mr. O'Doul. This is definitely an investment you're going to want to protect.

ITALIAN MAN #1
Which is why we're here. We work for a local business protection service. Up until now, we haven't serviced your neighborhood--but we've recently decided to expand and yours is one of the lucky businesses we've chosen to work with.

ITALIAN MAN #2
For forty five dollars a month, my friend and I here, we will make certain that nothing happens to your lovely establishment.

O'DOUL
Thank you...but this is a quiet little neighborhood. Cops are always walking up and down the street. I feel very safe.

ITALIAN MAN #1
Really? You do?
(he looks around)
So wait a second...what if...somebody comes along...
(he shrugs)
...breaks your front window? You think the cops are going to protect you from that? You think if someone breaks it, that they're going to find the guy and make sure he never does it again? We will.

ITALIAN MAN #2
Or one night, you're closing up and about to make your bank run with the day's receipts and someone hits you over the head and takes your money? That happens? I'm going to find who did that and get you your money back.

O'DOUL
Y'know what? Truth is...I already have protection. I pay thirty five a month to Mickey Flood.

The Italians look at each other.

ITALIAN MAN #1
Mickey Flood? Mickey effing Flood? Who the hell is Mickey effing Flood?

*

*

ON O'DOUL *

...who doesn't speak. Just stands there in the dark and quakes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as the Italians move deeper into the store...

ITALIAN MAN #1
Vinnie...I think this man needs a little demonstration of the kind of perils we're talking about.

The 2nd Italian Man turns toward the window. Calmly picks up a floor-stand ashtray and THROWS IT THROUGH THE GLASS.

ITALIAN MAN #1
Okay. There you go. You just had a calamity. Now where is this Drunken Irish Nigger you say you pay to protect you? I don't see him. Do you see him?

He reaches over and pulls the money sack out from under O'Doul's arm and tosses it to his friend.

ITALIAN MAN #1
Uh-oh. More trouble. This is turning into a dangerous neighborhood. Now forty five a month may seem like a lot. But when you balance it against what it's going to cost you in the event of any of these travesties...and we ain't even touched on acts of God.

O'Doul just looks at him. He clearly doesn't understand.

ITALIAN MAN #2
Acts of God. Wind. Rain. Fire.

And the 2nd Italian Man moves behind the counter, takes a match and drops it into a trashcan filled with paper.

ITALIAN MAN #1
Yup. You think about it Mr. O'Doul...and I think you'll come to realize that what we're offering is the buy of a lifetime.

...and with that, the two Italian Men turn and make their way out of the store, bank bag in hand. And as O'Doul tries frantically to put out the fire...we...

CUT TO:

EXT. A COMFORTABLE SUBURBAN SAN FRANCISCO HOME - NIGHT

RUDY STANDS on THE FRONT PORCH of a nice, upper middle-class San Francisco home. The FRONT DOOR is open with only the SCREEN DOOR closed between the porch and the house.

ON RUDY

...clearly waiting for someone and looking anxious. Suddenly Barbra appears on the other side of the screen door with her mother, to whom she offers a kiss good night. Her mother walks

away and Barbra pulls the front door closed behind her and makes her way out to the porch, taking Rudy's hand and beginning to lead him down the porch steps. Rudy resists---pulling Barbra back up the stairs.

RUDY
We should talk.

She freezes. Looks at him. This is not a tone she is familiar with.

RUDY
(this is hard)
I've been transferred back to Boston.

BARBRA
Boston. But you told me you hate Boston.

RUDY
(with a shrug)
It's a great opportunity. Mr. Hoover himself picked me.

BARBRA
Well I mean...what is it?
(and then)
Is it...dangerous?

RUDY
I don't know. I just know...it's a big chance for me. Big step.

BARBRA
(tentatively)
Well great. That's great. So how does this work? How long before you're back?

RUDY
That's the thing. I don't know that I'm ever coming back. It's a transfer. It's the FBI. You go where they tell you to go. You go *when* they tell you to go.

BARBRA
Oh. Okay. And what about me?

RUDY
Well that's why I came by tonight.
(and then)
To tell you.
(and then)
To say good bye.

Barbra says nothing for a LONG MOMENT.

BARBRA
(finally)
Well what if I went with you?

RUDY
Barbra...
(shaking his head)
I can't afford that. I'm sorry. I wish I could. But I can't.

BARBRA
Okay. Well...maybe I could get Mommy and Daddy to pay for it. I mean...I think I probably could if they knew I was getting married. If I could tell them I was engaged.

Rudy just looks at her...realizes this is going to be much harder than he anticipated.

RUDY
Y'know what? Even if they said "yes"? I'm not ready to get engaged.

Barbra just looks at him. It takes a second...but she finally smiles ruefully.

BARBRA
Wow. Okay.
(and then)
So now I understand.
(and then)
I thought you were a man of high moral character. I thought you were someone I could trust.

RUDY
I *am* a man of high moral character. I *am* someone you can trust.

BARBRA
No. You think cause I'm only nineteen this is okay. This is not okay.

RUDY
Barbra...this all just happened. I had no way of knowing I'd be heading back to Boston.
(and then)
Honestly...I don't know a better way of handling this. If you have any suggestions...

BARBRA
I gave you a suggestion. Let's go inside and tell my parents that we're engaged. That we're getting married.

He stands there, motionless and mute.

RUDY
(after a long moment; a sigh)
That's not the way to get engaged. That's not the way I'm going to get engaged.
(and then)
I'm sorry...

BARBRA
Right. I get it. What's that expression? *"Why buy the cow when you've been getting the milk for free?"*

Rudy looks pained.

RUDY
I thought we were *both* having fun, Barbra.

BARBRA
Really? Well let me clue you in. I wasn't having any fun. Not really. And you know why? Cause of you, Mr. F.B.I. You're a bore. You don't drink. You don't smoke. You don't swear.
(and then)
Thank God, you're good in bed or we'd never have had anything to do.
(and then; turning)
Have fun in Boston.
(going for the door; then stopping; turning; one last look)
All by yourself.

...and with that SHE walks BACK INTO THE HOUSE, closing the front door with a BANG. And Rudy stands frozen there for a moment. And then finally starts down the steps.

EXT. "GRAYSON'S" SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

...a giant RED NEON sign screams the name "GRAYSON'S", as CARS make their way into THE PARKING LOT and patrons stream in for a night of fun...

INT. "GRAYSON'S" SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

...as a WELL DRESSED MAN enters the club with an air of authority and smug self-satisfaction. He hands his coat to the coat check girl and barely gives her a glance...

COAT CHECK GIRL
Evening Mr. Grayson...

...and as he starts towards the MAIN ROOM, lighting a cigarette as he goes, a passing WAITER offers a nod hello...

WAITER
Mr. Grayson...

...and Grayson smiles and nods back, banking towards the Maitre D's podium.

GRAYSON
Lemme see the reservation book...

...and as the Maitre D' turns it for his employer's inspection...

MAITRE D'
Couple of guys came in looking for you. They dragged a four top over into the corner.

Grayson TURNS and gives THE CORNER a look. There is indeed a table there, though it is clearly out of place. No candle in the middle to shed light on the figures that are seated with their backs to him and waiting. Grayson stubs out his cigarette and starts over...

ON GRAYSON

...stepping up to the table. It is quite dark and both men who are seated stare down at the table top making it impossible to know who they are....

GRAYSON
(a smile)
Gentlemen. I heard you were looking for me.

VOICE (O.C.)
(not looking up)
Have a seat.

GRAYSON
Actually, I'm working. But if there's anything I can get for you...

VOICE (O.C.)
(cutting him off)
You can get your knees to bend and your ass in that chair.

Grayson contemplates that for a moment. Given the choice of words and the tone of their delivery he reaches for the chair and seats himself.

ON THE MAN

...seated across from him, as he lifts his head and looks at Grayson.

VOICE
Do you know who I am? Why don't you light up a cigarette so you can see me?

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Grayson stabs his mouth with a cigarette and flips open an expensive lighter, IGNITING A FLAME. He and we SEE that the man across the table is MICKEY. TWENTY YEARS OLDER NOW. And even more intimidating.

MICKEY FLOOD
You borrowed thirty two thousand five hundred dollars from me and haven't paid any of it back yet. Did you think I was just going to forget about it?

GRAYSON
(still smiling; trying to set the tone)
Of course not. It's just...you loaned me that money at forty percent interest.
(*c'mon guys;* pleasantly)
That's illegal, you know.

MICKEY FLOOD
You accepted it...didn't you?

GRAYSON
(still smiling)
I suppose I did.

MICKEY FLOOD
Y'know the guineas charge fifty percent. That's twenty percent more illegal than us.

GRAYSON
Well I would never borrow money from the Italians. They authentically scare me.

MICKEY FLOOD
I don't scare you?

Grayson smiles at Mickey but doesn't answer. From a distance it appears to be the most cordial of conversations.

MICKEY FLOOD
So let me see if I understand your point of view on this. Did you think because it was illegal that you wouldn't have to pay it back?

Grayson looks at him for a LONG MOMENT.

GRAYSON
(pleasantly)
Would you really like to know what I thought, Mr. Flood?
(and then)
I thought, "I'm really grateful to this man for lending me all this money. For giving me the means to fix up my club. Even if it is at a ridiculously high rate of interest. Even if I do have to put up with the way he poses like some important Italian gangster, when in fact he's just...
(his smile grows bigger)
...a little Irish punk.
(and then)
I'm even going to pay him back.
(and then)
When I'm damn good and ready." *

...he starts to RISE from the table. A hand belonging to the man sitting next to Mickey reaches out and pulls Grayson back down into the chair...

MICKEY FLOOD
(calm; even)
Tell me you're ready, Mr. Grayson.

Grayson doesn't answer. But his smile is completely gone.

MICKEY FLOOD
I don't hear the sounds of readiness yet, so let me try and explain in my little Irish punk way how this works. I need to see ten thousand dollars of my money within the next three days or I'm going to have to ask my associate, Flounder here, to use his gifts of Irish persuasion on you. He's got all these fantastic, modern techniques.

He turns to Flounder, who is still holding Grayson's arm.

MICKEY FLOOD
What's that one you were telling me you were interested in trying? You hog-tie a man, and then you stick your weapon all the way up into the part of him that walks through the door last? And then you just keep pulling the trigger until he does what you want him to do? Am I describing that accurately?

Flounder NODS. Mickey turns back to Grayson.

MICKEY FLOOD
Just so you know, that too is illegal. I wouldn't want you to feel anyone was trying to pull the wool over your eyes.
(and then; with a smile)
That's a beautiful manicure you have, by the way. You pay for that with my money?

...and before Grayson can answer, Mickey picks up a STEAK KNIFE from the table setting and STABS it into the back of Grayson's hand. And as Grayson SCREAMS with pain...

MICKEY FLOOD
(RISING; without raising his voice)
You Sir, are a poor judge of who you need to fear.

...and with that, Flounder rises as well...

MICKEY FLOOD
Place looks great, by the way.

...and with that they TURN. And as they both make their way out of the club...we...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE *

EXT. FBI BOSTON HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Rudy stands in a SMALL OFFICE, staring out the window at the city below. His head swimming with the reality that he is back in Boston. He notes the Red Sox cap sitting on the desk and can't help but smile. And SUDDENLY, from behind him, he HEARS the SOUND of the OFFICE DOOR OPENING...

DAVIS (O.C.)
So you're Hoover's new crush, huh?

...and Rudy TURNS to DISCOVER...

RICHARD DAVIS

...fifteen years Rudy's senior. This is his office. He talks really quickly.

DAVIS
(extending his hand as he makes his way to his desk)
My name's Davis. Richard Davis. You call me Dick and I'll kill you. What's your name boy scout?

RUDY
Rudy. Rudy MacAteer.

The two men shake even though Davis never stops moving...barely gives Rudy a look.

DAVIS
Rudy MacAteer. I'm your supervisor. Welcome to Boston. But don't get too comfortable. You are here for one reason and one reason only. To develop informants. You develop informants and you will win prestige and you will advance in the FBI. Understand?

RUDY
I understand.

DAVIS
You fail to develop informants and you will go back to where you came from--- filing files, filing your nails--- whatever it was you were doing. We on the same wavelength?

RUDY
You're coming in crystal clear, Sir. *

DAVIS
Am I?
(and then)
You understand...no one is asking you to go undercover. No one is asking you to hide that you work for the FBI. Your job is to go into the community as an FBI Agent and develop clandestine friendships with members of organized crime for the purpose of gathering information. People who can do that successfully for this Bureau are Rainmakers. You want to be a Rainmaker?

RUDY
Yes Sir, I do.

Davis smiles, but never stops talking. He moves to a series of cubby-holes, pulling sheets of paper out of each one...putting together a packet of information for Rudy...

DAVIS
(his back to Rudy as he snatches sorted pages from each cubby; a bit rote)
Well good. It's good to want things. Not every agent has the knack for it. It can get pretty complicated. But a man who establishes a reputation as a smart informant handler...that guy's gonna hang around.
(finally turning; handing the documents to Rudy)
You need to read and sign all those.

Rudy just looks at him.

DAVIS
You know how to read?

RUDY
Yes.

DAVIS
You know how to sign?

RUDY
Yes.

DAVIS
(starting out of the room; indicating Rudy should follow)
That Hoover sure can pick 'em.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. BOSTON BUREAU HALLWAY - DAY

...Davis leading. Rudy a step or two behind...

DAVIS
The one thing you gotta remember is, J. Edgar's obsessed with the bureau's public image. FBI agents, above all else, are never to shame the FBI. So you gotta be careful...you don't want to sponsor an informant until you are certain that the potential informant can be operated without danger of embarrassment. You got that?

RUDY
No. Say it slower...wouldya?

...and Davis SUDDENLY STOPS, and turns and looks back at his new recruit. Rudy smiles a "fuck you" grin. And without comment, Davis turns and continues walking, as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. A DARKENED BUREAU OFFICE - DAY

A MUG SHOT SLIDE SHOW in progress. One criminal's face after another hits the screen for five seconds...

DAVIS
You know any of these people?

...after five seconds Davis drops another slide into the machine and pushes it into view as the machine spits out the previous slide...

ON RUDY

...sitting silently. Studying the faces. Coming up blank.

DAVIS (O.C.)
I don't hear anything. We ringing any bells here?

ON THE SCREEN

...as the cavalcade of faces continues. And SUDDENLY MICKEY'S FACE appears...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as RUDY suddenly lights up...

RUDY
I know *him*.

...and AFTER A MOMENT, the FLUORESCENT LIGHTS in the ROOM tumble on. Davis stands by the light switch---an incredulous look on his face.

DAVIS
You know *him?*
(and then)
You know Mickey Flood?

Rudy NODS.

DAVIS
Really? You sure?

RUDY
Absolutely.

DAVIS
Y'know, he's not really in the mob. Not the Italian mob anyway.

RUDY
Yeah? So?
(and then)
You showed me his picture. I didn't show it to you.
(and then)
I'm just telling you who I know.

DAVIS
You know, he's crazy.
(and then)
I mean, they're all crazy...but he's supposed to be nuttier than most.

RUDY
What do you mean?

DAVIS
(a shrug)
Bout a year ago, the Italians starting moving in on South Boston. They'd never done that before. Always left it to the Irish to terrorize their own. Anyway, they put their toes in. Protection. Loan sharking.
All of a sudden...we got a series of stick ups at big Boston Parking Lots. Y'know...the kind around sports arenas...by the train stations...near the theaters. Everybody knows those lots are mob controlled. Only a crazy person pulls those kinds of jobs.
(MORE)

DAVIS (cont'd)
(and then)
Our intel is it was Mickey and a couple of his Irish friends.
(warming to the idea)
He's a punk but he wants to be a big deal. And he's got a real hard-on for the Italians.
(and then)
Yeah. I like it. I think he might be worth cozying up to.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. A BOSTON DINER - DAY

...as the men sit across from each other eating sandwiches and drinking coffee...

DAVIS
Just so we're clear, the informant...
(lowering his voice)
...and this is especially important with somebody like Flood...they have to understand the nature of the agreement we're making here. It is strictly tit for tat. They give us something....then we'll give them something. And the something we give them...this is where you really get to put to the test your skills as a student of human behavior.

RUDY
(what did you say?)
I don't think I understand.

DAVIS
Well ponder it a minute. We're the FBI. We can't be doing favors for criminals. We're here to arrest criminals. He shouldn't expect us to protect him. Not from his enemies. Not from arrest. Not from prosecution. In fact, if he actually does agree to become an informant...you need to discourage him from committing any more acts of violence. Any more crimes.

Rudy just looks at him.

RUDY
But that doesn't make any sense. The whole reason he's of value to us is because he hears things. He's on the inside. He's a professional criminal.
(MORE)

RUDY (cont'd)
(and then)
You want me to get information from a professional criminal and at the same time ask him to stop being a professional criminal?

DAVIS
I told you. This job is a real challenge.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

...as the two men make their way back to the Bureau and continue their conversation...

RUDY
So how do we do this?

DAVIS
We don't do this. *You* do this. You go to Mr. Flood. You develop or re-develop a friendship with him and when you feel the time is right, you offer him a proposition.

RUDY
But how do I find him? I just walk around the city and hope to run into him?

Davis SIGHS and STOPS. Turns to face Rudy.

DAVIS
You just told me you knew him.

RUDY
Knew him. Like twenty years ago.

DAVIS
Well I don't know what to tell you, Genius. You're supposed to be from the neighborhood. Where do guys like Mickey go, where you could go, where you could remake his acquaintance? That's what you've got to figure out.

...and with that, Davis TURNS and continues to WALK, leaving Rudy standing there on the sidewalk to puzzle that out, as we...

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR *

JESUS CHRIST IN STAINED GLASS

...as ORGAN MUSIC fills the TRACK. And we TILT DOWN QUICKLY to REVEAL that we are in an INNER-CITY IRISH CATHOLIC CHURCH.

ON RUDY

...standing with the Deacons towards the back, doing his best to scan the faces of everyone making their way inside. And then...something catches his eye...

MICKEY

...making his way down the aisle, his MOTHER on his arm. And we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

A PRIEST

...offering Communion. There are two lines, both winding down the center aisle of the Church. Rudy is in one line. Mickey is in the other. Rudy looks over and catches Mickey's eye and smiles. Smiles at Mickey's mother as well. Mickey glowers back.

EXT. A CHURCH COURTYARD - DAY

...after Church coffee and donuts on the lawn. And we watch, as Mickey leads his mother outside towards the table of treats. And SUDDENLY Rudy appears.

RUDY
Mr. Flood? Forgive me for intruding. It's been a very long time.
(offering his hand to shake)
My name is Rudy MacAteer. You saved my life years and years ago.

MICKEY'S MOTHER
(beaming)
Oh my goodness. You hear that, Mickey? This boy says you saved his life.

Mickey just stares at Rudy. He clearly has no recollection. The SILENCE sits there for a moment.

RUDY
(breaking the silence)
It was like twenty years ago. Older kids were shaking me down. Up on your roof. You came up and read them the riot act. It made a huge difference. Nobody ever laid a glove on me after that.

Mickey still doesn't appear to remember.

RUDY
Anyway, I'm all grown up now. I'm back home. And I just wanted to thank you.

Mickey takes another measured moment to study Rudy. Then...finally...

MICKEY FLOOD
(slowly; softly)
You're welcome, Kid. You're welcome.

...and then, seeing the look of pride on his mother's face...

MICKEY FLOOD
So you doing okay? You making ends meet?
(the coup de grace)
You need a job?

RUDY
No. I'm great. I'm doing great. I...I have a job.

MICKEY'S MOTHER
Really? What do you do?

Rudy hesitates. Looks from Mickey's Mother to Mickey. Realizes there's no avoiding this...

RUDY
(to Mickey's mother; with pride)
Actually...I'm with the FBI.

And the smile on Mickey's Mother's face disappears. And Mickey looks at Rudy like he just shit on the lawn. Reaches over. Takes his mother's arm. And walks away. And Rudy just stands there. And we... *

SHOCK CUT TO: *

LEONARD GRAYSON *

...sitting at a conference table, his bandaged hand still soaked with blood. He looks anxious. *

GRAYSON
The man threatened my life. He wants ten thousand dollars by the end of the week. And then there's the matter of the forty percent interest. That's usury...isn't it? That's against the law. I mean...*everything I'm telling you* is against the law.
(MORE)

GRAYSON (cont'd)
(looking across the table)
What are my options here, Gentlemen?

ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL that we are in an FBI CONFERENCE ROOM. Richard Davis and ANOTHER FBI OPERATIVE are seated across from Grayson and another gentleman we will come to learn is Grayson's lawyer. Davis looks pained and doesn't answer immediately, as if weighing how to say what he's about to say. And at that exact moment....

RUDY

...COMES THROUGH the CONFERENCE ROOM DOOR and quickly moves towards the chair next to Davis...

RUDY
Sorry I'm late...

DAVIS
(making the introductions)
This is agent MacAteer. This is Mr. Leonard Grayson. His attorney, Mr. Weisfeld.
(and then; to Rudy)
Mr. Grayson was just filling us in on an encounter he had with your friend, Mr. Mickey Flood.

GRAYSON
(to Davis)
You were about to discuss "options". I do have options...don't I?

DAVIS
(nodding)
Three of them, the way I see it.
(and then)
Number one---you could pay him back. *

Grayson just stares at him incredulously. *

DAVIS
I'm just saying... *

GRAYSON *
That's ridiculous... *

DAVIS
Well...two. You could move to a foreign country.

GRAYSON
And why would I do that?

DAVIS
Because then maybe he wouldn't kill you.

Grayson says nothing. Just stares at Davis. Clearly shocked to hear this said aloud.

DAVIS
(after a moment)
The third option is the one that in many ways is the most difficult. But it's also probably the most effective. You give us your word that you're willing to testify in a court of law against Mickey Flood, and we'll arrest him. At the same time we'll provide you with twenty four hour protection.

GRAYSON
As simple as that?

DAVIS
As simple as that. You tell me you're prepared to testify and I'll marshal the resources of the United States Government to bring him to trial and hopefully put him away forever. You want to think about that?

GRAYSON
What do you mean? What is there to think about?

DAVIS
Well there is some risk involved. The protection we offer is the best there is...but it's not foolproof. Additionally, the government will put together a case, but it's going to take time. And that means you're going to be inconvenienced. And even though we're the good guys, once you get in front of a judge, anything can happen. Guys like Mr. Flood usually find some pretty terrific lawyers. But let's say everything goes our way. We put Flood away for the rest of his life. There might still be people who work with him or feel loyalty to him, who will feel it's their duty to kill you. You might not feel truly safe for a very long time. Even if we relocate you. Even if we give you a new identity.

He lets that sink in a moment.

GRAYSON
Let me ask you a question...

DAVIS
Of course...

GRAYSON
Would I still have to pay back the money?

DAVIS
(you're not serious)
Excuse me?

GRAYSON
The money almost certainly comes from ill gotten gains. I think we can all agree on that. I just don't think...given all the sacrifices you would be asking me to make...to my own safety...to my family's safety...that I should have to pay anything back. That would be a big sticking point with me.

He turns and looks back at his attorney. The attorney offers a nod of agreement.

DAVIS

...turns and looks at Rudy. They share an incredulous gaze with each other. As we...

CUT TO:

INT. BUREAU HALLWAY - DAY

...as Davis, trailed by the other FBI OPERATIVE and Rudy make their way into the hallway from the conference room. DAVIS MOVING QUICKLY and with a sense of purpose...

DAVIS
(to the associate)
Let's go pick up Mickey Flood.

RUDY
(trying to keep up)
Wait. You can't do that. I'm still working him.

DAVIS
You're not working him. You told me he walked away from you.

RUDY
Yeah. But I'm not done. I'm just getting started.

DAVIS
Oh. I think you're done.

INT. DAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY

...as Davis makes his way through the door, Rudy right on his tail...

RUDY
You have to give me more time.

DAVIS
I don't have to give you a thing. Someone is serving up the head of a notorious gangster on a plate.

RUDY
Yeah...but is he worth more behind bars...or working for us?

DAVIS
Kind of a moot point, given your frosty reception.

RUDY
Hey...that was my first attempt. I just have to come up with a new approach.

DAVIS
A new *approach?* I don't think so. I think you need to be a different person, and he needs to be a different person. And since that's not going to happen...

RUDY
C'mon, Sir. You're cutting me off at the knees...

DAVIS
Really? You? And what about Grayson? Talk about cutting a guy off at the knees. What do I do with him? I just told him nobody was going to try and kill him. That he had twenty four hour protection. I just told him and his attorney we had a deal.

RUDY
Well honor it.
(and then)
For the moment.
(and then)
Protect him. Make sure he doesn't get killed. Just...don't bring Mickey in.
(and then)
Not yet.

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

RUDY

...PULLING OPEN a HUGE WOODEN DOOR, and making his way into...

INT. THE IRISH CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Empty. It is the DEAD OF NIGHT, and the giant sanctuary has a very different feel with its stained glass dimmed and the absence of lit candles on the altar. Rudy makes his way inside tentatively, and after a moment makes out the dim outline of a lone man sitting in a pew.

ON RUDY

...as he makes his way down the aisle, focusing on the back of the man's head as it draws closer and closer. He stops just short of him.

RUDY
Mr. Flood. Thank you for agreeing to see me.

...and it takes a moment, but FINALLY Flood turns around slightly, propping his elbow up on the back of the pew and looking at Rudy with contempt.

MICKEY FLOOD
Blow me G-Man. I'm here cause you called my Mother. You *ever* call my Mother again, I'll kill you. Now what do you want?

He slides into the pew behind Flood.

RUDY
I have a proposition for you. Kind of an insurance policy.

MICKEY FLOOD
An FBI Man who sells insurance. That makes you the lowest form of life, Kid.

RUDY
(ignoring him)
The FBI is committed to bringing down the La Cosa Nostra. That comes from Washington. From the top. And the way they want to do it is with inside information. And I'm thinking maybe you can help us with that.

Mickey starts to smile. He is clearly amused.

MICKEY FLOOD
And why would I want to help you? With *anything?*

RUDY
(a shrug; it's obvious)
Mafia's your competition. And we're going to do away with them. The more we know, the better we can do that. And that's good for both of us.

MICKEY FLOOD
(facetiously)
Cause once you're done with them, you're not going to come after me.
(and then)
So what do I get?

RUDY
I just told you.

MICKEY FLOOD
That's it? The unlikely possibility that you might put a dent in the Mafia? That's my vig for becoming an FBI snitch?

RUDY
What would you like?

He thinks for A LONG MOMENT...actually seems to be taking the question seriously.

MICKEY FLOOD
(breaking the silence)
I'd like some protection.
(and then)
I'd like to know that in return for me sticking my neck out for you, that you would be willing to stick your neck out for me.

RUDY
(he truly doesn't understand)
In what way?

MICKEY FLOOD
Use your imagination.

Rudy hesitates a moment. He can't imagine such a thing.

RUDY
Look...I've been told specifically that I can't promise to protect you from arrest or prosecution. In fact, I'm supposed to discourage you from committing any acts of violence...planning any crimes...pretty much anything and everything criminal.

Mickey LAUGHS.

MICKEY FLOOD
That's a helluva deal, G-man. Why would I take that?

Rudy doesn't answer. He can't think of a reason.

MICKEY FLOOD
You know what your problem is? You're too clean. I don't have anything on you. I can't leverage this. Come back to me when you're dirty. Come back to me when you want something you can't have. Then maybe we'll have something to talk about.

He reaches over. Shoves a piece of paper into Rudy's breast pocket with his phone number on it.

MICKEY FLOOD
And call me directly next time.

EXT. SUBURBAN MASSACHUSETTS HOUSE - NIGHT

...as a FRONT DOOR opens and Davis, dressed in pajamas and a bathrobe looks at us through the screen door...

DAVIS
(SOFTLY; not wanting to disturb anyone inside)
It's after eleven o'clock at night. What's so effing important it couldn't hold until morning?

ANOTHER ANGLE

...to REVEAL Rudy standing on DAVIS' PORCH. He looks beaten.

RUDY
He laughed at me.
(and then; a shrug; pulling a piece of paper out of his pocket)
Although he did give me his phone number.

He shows it to Davis.

DAVIS
Well that's great. You can't turn him...but maybe you can date him.

RUDY
You gotta help me. I can't figure out how to make this deal work for him. He
(MORE)

RUDY (cont'd)
thinks the whole proposition is idiotic.

Davis OPENS the screen door, and makes his way outside. Sits on his front step and lights up a cigarette. Rudy sits down beside him...

DAVIS
How 'bout we do this the old fashioned way? I'll just haul him in. Grayson will testify against him. It's one less criminal on the street.

RUDY
(shaking his head)
I promised Hoover I could turn guys like Flood.

DAVIS
You didn't promise Hoover. You promised me. And I'll get over it.

...and from inside the house...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)
Richard? You coming back to bed?

DAVIS
(CALLING BACK)
Yeah. I'll be there in a couple of minutes!

RUDY
You get Mickey Flood off the street and the next day eight guys scramble to take his place. You get Mickey Flood on the payroll and the next day the whole world is different.

Davis SMILES.

DAVIS
You are such a boy scout. You said that with such conviction.

RUDY
(a smile of his own)
You don't understand. This boy scout can't work a desk again.

...and with that, Rudy reaches over and steals Davis's cigarette from his mouth and takes a puff, luxuriating in the nicotine kick. And as he hands it back to Davis...we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

...as Rudy climbs the steps to the front door...

INT. RUDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

...and makes his way up the stairs to the fourth floor, clutching his mail under his arm...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and as he turns the corner towards his apartment, he SEES something and FREEZES...

ON BARBRA

...sitting on a suitcase, waiting for him outside his door.

BARBRA
Nice neighborhood.
(she looks behind her)
Nice hallway.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and it takes a moment. At first Rudy looks nonplussed. But then...slowly...he starts to smile...

RUDY
Hi...

BARBRA
(genuinely relived)
Oh my God. You're smiling. I'm so happy that you're smiling.

He takes a step towards her...

RUDY
You...are the first piece of good news I've had all day.
(and then)
You want to come in?

She looks up at him and NODS.

ON RUDY

...and as he makes his way past her towards the door, she TAKES HIS HAND. He stabs the locks with his key and opens the door. And as she RISES from her suitcase and disappears inside...

CUT TO:

INT. RUDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

...as the two of them lie naked in the half light on Rudy's bed. They have clearly just had sex, and are still in each

other's embrace, each looking past the other, their heads nestled in the others shoulder.

RUDY
(staring off)
It's so much harder than I thought it would be. It's all so much more complicated.

BARBRA
I don't understand.

RUDY
(pulling back; looking at her)
Well basically...my job is to make friends with the bad guys.

...Barbra looks at him for a moment. Starts to laugh. It *sounds* ridiculous. Rudy laughs too.

BARBRA
But...do you like it?

RUDY
I do.
(and then)
I mean...I haven't had any success yet...

BARBRA
No bad guys want to be your friend? No bad guys want to play with you?

RUDY
Not yet. But other FBI agents have figured this out. I gotta believe I will too. I just...I could use a little luck.

Barbra reacts slightly when she hears the word "luck".

BARBRA
Speaking of luck...
(this is hard)
...I came here to tell you something.

...and before she does...we...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE "GATEWAY" - DAY

...a GIANT BANNER proclaims that this is "BOSTON'S BIGGEST AND NEWEST SUPERMARKET". And as we CRANE DOWN from on-high, we can't help but notice a familiar figure...

ON MICKEY

...making his way from the parking lot towards the GLEAMING NEW "ULTRA MODERN" SUPERMARKET. He is followed by three others including Flounder; all of them dressed in a way so as to not call attention to themselves. FAMILY MEN out for a night of shopping. And as they approach...

THE DOUBLE GLASS FRONT DOORS

...Mickey does a bit of a STUTTER STEP as he steps on a black mat and the doors OPEN by themselves with a WHOOSH. He has clearly never seen this before and it makes him smile.

INT. THE GATEWAY - DAY

...as Mickey and his cronies make their way into the store--- Mickey's face lighting up like a kid's at Christmas as he takes in....

CASH REGISTER

...AFTER CASH REGISTER, check-out aisle after check-out aisle. Over twenty in all. All of them open. And all of them taking in bundles of cash. The store is clearly the newest and best of its kind and it is packed with customers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and we watch as Mickey and his cronies make their way deeper into the store, watching money changing hands at...

THE BAKERY COUNTER

...which is clearly a gold mine...

THE DELI COUNTER

...where people are lined up five deep...

THE BUTCHER COUNTER

...the scene of controlled bedlam, as customers hand over cash and The Butchers hand over butcher paper wrapped meats.

ON MICKEY

...taking it all in FROM A DISTANCE. And SUDDENLY his expression changes as he SPOTS something. And he silently indicates that the others should turn and head out of the store. And as they do...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - NIGHT

As Mickey and his henchmen open the car doors and seat themselves in the vehicle...Flounder behind the wheel, Mickey riding shotgun.

MICKEY FLOOD
(his head spinning)
Drive.

...and Flounder does, pulling out of the parking lot and onto the Main Road...

MICKEY FLOOD
Nobody else noticed the four Goombas standing fifteen feet away from us casing the same store we were?

FLOUNDER
No.
(and then)
Alright. Not the end of the world. What day you think they're planning on hitting it?

MICKEY FLOOD
Probably Friday. Just like us. They know Friday's the biggest day and night in the Grocery business. Friday gives you the biggest haul. They probably even have the same armored car schedule we have.

FLOUNDER
So we'll hit it on Thursday.

But Mickey just shakes his head. Something on his mind.

MICKEY FLOOD
No. I don't want to do that.
(and then)
Leave it to the Degos. No need to be greedy. There's enough Boston for both of us.
(and then)
For the moment. *

...and we... *

CUT TO: *

INT. DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY *

Rudy stands across Davis' desk. Davis shakes his head in disbelief.

DAVIS
Pregnant?

Rudy says nothing. His face says it all.

DAVIS
Congratulations. When's the wedding?

RUDY
(falling into a chair)
Don't say that. For God's sake, don't say that.

DAVIS
What else is there to say? It's not like you have a lot of other choices.

...and at that EXACT MOMENT Davis' PHONE BUZZES. He picks it up...

DAVIS
(into the phone)
I'll be right in.

...and he wordlessly moves past Rudy and out the door, leaving the younger man to sit and contemplate the future...as we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. THE IRISH CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

...as Rudy makes his way inside. The place is empty.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as he MOVES slowly down the aisle and CROSSES HIMSELF and SLIDES INTO A PEW.

TIGHT ON RUDY

...as he closes his eyes and clasps his hands and pleads for guidance.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as we STUDY Rudy's silhouette. Locked in a private reverie. And SUDDENLY he HEARS something. Faint at first. *A distant crowd?* And INCANDESCENT LIGHTS suddenly TURN ON around him, the Sanctuary FLOODED WITH ILLUMINATION...and with it, all the magic and solemnity of the moment disappears. And a baffled Rudy TURNS TOWARDS the SOUND to DISCOVER...

A PORTER

...with a cleaning kit on wheels is dusting off the back-most pews of the church and listening to the baseball game on a TRANSISTOR RADIO. He is completely unaware of Rudy. Completely lost in his work.

ON RUDY

...suddenly seeming to know there are no answers here tonight. And he slowly RISES from the kneeling bar, standing up straight. And the PORTER finally SEES HIM. Switches off the radio quickly.

PORTER
Sorry, Sir. I didn't know you were in here. Didn't mean to disturb you.

RUDY
It's okay.
(the sad truth)
You didn't disturb a thing...

...and with that, Rudy TURNS and make his way back up the aisle and towards the door, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RUDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...the two of them in bed. And THROUGH the DARKNESS we can see that Barbra is FAST ASLEEP. Rudy lies WIDE AWAKE staring at the ceiling. And we...

CUT TO BLACK *

END OF ACT FOUR *

ACT FIVE *

INT. BOSTON DINER - DAY *

...as once again Rudy and Davis sit across from each other. A waitress is setting down soup and a sandwich in front of Davis, who smiles up at her...

DAVIS
Thank you, Honey...

...the waitress SMILES back and puts a sandwich in front of Rudy, who says nothing. Just stares into space.

DAVIS
(after a moment)
He says "thank you" too...

...and as she smiles and moves to another table...

DAVIS
(to Rudy)
Hey. You gotta relax a little bit. I got news for you. Mickey Flood is not worth twisting yourself into a pretzel over.

RUDY
(looking up)
I wasn't even thinking about Mickey Flood.
(and then; leaning forward; lowering his voice)
I can't get married.

DAVIS
Sure you can. It's easy. Guy's do it every day. The trick is to do it quickly.
(he puts his hands on his stomach)
Before your situation gets out of hand.

RUDY
No. I can't.
(and then)
She's a kid.
(and then)
I'm still pretty much a kid.
(and then)
It would be awful.
(and then)
And I come from awful. I can't be the author of that.

DAVIS
(now he leans forward)
I'm gonna let you in on a deep, dark, secret. It's *always* awful. For everybody. It may not start that way. But that's where the train always stops. So make your peace with it.

RUDY
No. I'm not putting a kid through what I went through.
(and then)
We don't even love each other.

DAVIS
I think that's besides the point given your current predicament.

RUDY
But it's not. It doesn't have to be. I mean, my God, it's 1961.
(and then)
They have *things* for this.

DAVIS
What are you talking about? What kind of *things?*

RUDY
I don't know. I was hoping maybe you did.
(and then; carefully)
I was hoping maybe...you could point me towards someone who could...
(how to say it?)
...take care of this for us.

Davis just looks at him.

DAVIS
(surprised)
She's willing to do that?

RUDY
I haven't asked her.
(and then)
Not yet.
(and then)
But c'mon. It's 1961.

Davis just stares at him for a moment.

DAVIS
Wow. I guess you're not quite the Boy Scout I thought you were.
(and then; carefully)
Sorry kid. Not an area where I can be of help. And by the way, seeing as how
(MORE)

DAVIS (cont'd)
you're part of J. Edgar Hoover's FBI, I should remind you, that what you're talking about is against the law.

...and as Davis starts eating his sandwich furiously...we...

CUT TO:

INT. A BOSTON BINGO PARLOR - NIGHT

...as Mickey makes his way INSIDE, his Mother on his arm. The place is filled with older men and women. A pot luck display of snacks and drinks sit on several make-shift Bridge Tables.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Mickey sets up his mother in what appears to be her favorite seat, and signals to someone we cannot see that she is here and to keep an eye on her. He smiles and chats easily with some of the other older people. Once she is settled, he crouches down beside her...

MICKEY FLOOD
I got a little business meeting. I'll come back for you in a couple of hours.

MICKEY'S MOTHER
What kind of meeting? It's eight thirty at night. You work too hard.

MICKEY FLOOD
(a kiss on the forehead)
That's me. I'm your hard working baby boy...

...and as he RISES and TURNS to go...we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY'S BAR - NIGHT

It is a small Boston Bar that looks like it hasn't been touched since the 1930's---virtually a private club. THREE OR FOUR MIDDLE AGED MEN sit and drink. A LONE BARTENDER is behind the bar.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Mickey WALKS IN and quickly SCANS the place...

MICKEY FLOOD
Sorry folks. The round you're drinking? That's on me. But I need you to finish up. We gotta private party coming in here.

Mickey TURNS and looks at the Bartender...

MICKEY FLOOD
Fifteen minutes. Then you got the night off...

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY'S BAR (LATER) - NIGHT

...the place is now EMPTY. And we watch as Mickey walks to the front door and LOCKS IT. And a moment later he walks to...

THE BACK DOOR

...and UNLOCKS it and pulls it OPEN to REVEAL...

RUDY

...looking incredibly uncomfortable...

RUDY
We alone?

MICKEY FLOOD
Completely.
(he turns and starts back into the bar)
You want a drink?

RUDY
(closing the back door behind him)
No. Thank you. I don't drink.
(and then; moving into the bar area where Mickey is pouring himself a whiskey)
So...can you actually help me with the matter we discussed on the phone?

MICKEY FLOOD
Of course I can. I saved your life once. I'm happy to do it again.

He hands Rudy a business card.

MICKEY FLOOD
You have her give this Doctor a call. He's expecting to hear from her.

Rudy stares at the card for a long moment.

RUDY
Thank you. I appreciate this.
(MORE)

RUDY (cont'd)
(and then; realizing there's nothing more to say)
Let me get out of your hair.

...and he starts towards the back door...

MICKEY FLOOD
(calling after him)
HEY! MCDEGO! WE'RE NOT DONE.

Rudy FREEZES.

MICKEY FLOOD
So tell me again about how we would work together.

Rudy turns back to him.

RUDY
I didn't think you were interested.

MICKEY FLOOD
(a smile; clearly enjoying this)
Well I wasn't. But now that you're dirty...now that you're willing to commit a mortal sin...I'm kinda intrigued. *
...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. BUREAU HALLWAY - DAY

...as Davis makes his way down the hall, lunch bag in one hand, newspaper tucked under his arm.

AGENT #2
(moving down the hallway in the opposite direction)
Morning...

DAVIS
Morning...

INT. DAVIS' OFFICE - DAY

...as Davis comes through the door, and STOPS DEAD in his tracks to DISCOVER...

RUDY

...sitting in Davis' chair. He's clearly been there a little while, waiting for Davis...

RUDY
(after a moment)
I want to register Mickey Flood in the FBI informant's program.

DAVIS
(clearly shocked)
You're kidding me.

RUDY
(rising; offering Davis his own chair)
I kid you not. Oh. And by the way? La Cosa Nostra is hitting the big, new, Gateway supermarket Friday night. I have most of the details.

DAVIS
(passing Rudy as he makes his way to his chair)
No you don't... *

RUDY
I'm afraid I do. *
(as Davis sits; Rudy leaning across the desk; lowering his voice)
But before I can give you these *
details, I need you to do something for *
me. But nobody can ever know I asked. *
And nobody can ever know you did it. *

Davis looks at him.

RUDY
I need you to take the 24 hour protection off of Grayson. Just for 15 minutes. A scheduling snafu. One shift ends at nine. The next shift gets there twenty minutes late.

Davis says nothing. Just stares at Rudy.

RUDY
Or don't. And let...I don't know...8 to 10 Mafia soldiers slip through your fingers this Friday night.

...and as Davis ponders that...we HEAR MUSIC from somewhere unseen...

JOHNNY MATHIS (O.C.)
Chances are...

...and we...

SHOCK CUT TO: *

EXT. THE GATEWAY SUPERMARKET - NIGHT *

...as the last customer's car leaves the parking lot. And the * giant lights that illuminate the lot shut off one by one... *

JOHNNY MATHIS (O.C.) *
Though I wear a silly grin... *
*

EXT. RUDY'S CAR - NIGHT *

...Rudy behind the wheel, Barbra seated beside him, crying. Her face painted with fear. Her arm entwined in his as they make their way through night-time Suburban Massachusetts...

JOHNNY MATHIS
The moment you come into view...

...and pull up in front of...

EXT. A DOCTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

...a sign identifying his practice sits in the middle of the front lawn.

JOHNNY MATHIS
Chances are you think that I'm in love with you.

And as Rudy helps Barbra out of the car...we...

SHOCK CUT TO;

EXT. THE GATEWAY SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

...we watch as through the darkness, tens of FBI agents * carrying Sub-Machine Guns assume positions on rooftops around * the Gateway Supermarket... *

JOHNNY MATHIS
Just because...
My composure sort of slips...

...and as they do...we...

CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY FLOOD'S BAR - NIGHT

...which is PACKED WITH PEOPLE. And Mickey Flood GLANCES AT HIS WATCH, NODS to Flounder who sits in a booth across the way. And the two men RISE FROM THEIR SEATS and...

JOHNNY MATHIS
The moment that your lips meet mine.

...make their way OUT THE DOOR...

EXT. THE GATEWAY SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - NIGHT

...as AN ARMORED TRUCK sits and waits in the darkened parking lot. And we watch as two armed guards carry out bags of money from the GATEWAY and make their way towards the TRUCK. And just before they reach their vehicle... *

JOHNNY MATHIS
Chances are you think...

...MAFIA SOLDIERS storm out of hiding with Tommy Guns of their own, charging the...

ARMORED CAR

...whose doors SUDDENLY FLY OPEN revealing G-MEN, armed to the teeth, who begin firing at their attackers, mowing them down in a hail of gunfire.

JOHNNY MATHIS
That I'm your Valentine.

...even as...

EXT. DOCTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

...Rudy helps a heavily drugged Barbra back to the car.

JOHNNY MATHIS
In the magic of moonlight.
When I sigh, "Hold me close, dear".

...even as...

AN EBULLIENT DAVIS

...slaps handcuffs on yet another Mobster....

JOHNNY MATHIS
Chances are...
You believe the stars...

...and throws him into a PADDY WAGON.

JOHNNY MATHIS
That fill the skies...
Are in my eyes.

...even as…

RUDY

...helps Barbra through the door to his apartment...

JOHNNY MATHIS
Guess you'll feel you'll always be...

EXT. GRAYSON'S SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT

...as Grayson WALKS OUT OF HIS CLUB...

JOHNNY MATHIS
The one and only one for me.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...and makes his way to his car and slips into his front seat.

JOHNNY MATHIS
And, if you think you could...

...and he is just about to stab the ignition with a key...

JOHNNY MATHIS
Well chances are, your chances are...

...when MICKEY FLOOD rises from the back seat and throws a garrote over his head and around his throat...

JOHNNY MATHIS
Awfully good.

...and CHOKES HIM TO DEATH WITH ENORMOUS PLEASURE. And we... *

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. RUDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...as Rudy LOWERS Barbra into bed. And just as he does THE PHONE RINGS.

RUDY
(grabbing the phone; a whisper)
Hello?

DAVIS (O.C.)
Talk about making a splash. You are J. Edgar's new poster boy, Boy Scout.

RUDY
(dazed)
Who is this?

DAVIS (O.C.)
It's Davis, you dumbass. And tell your * new best friend Mickey Flood, we intend * to take great care of him. Just keep * those tips coming. *

RUDY
(muted; not sure how to respond)
Oh. Okay. I will.

...and he lowers the phone. Stands there in the dark for a long moment.

BARBRA
(woozy; BREAKING THE SILENCE)
Who's that?

RUDY
No one. You rest. I'm going out for a couple of minutes.

...and as he makes his way out of the bedroom...we...

CUT TO:

INT. ANOTHER BOSTON BAR - NIGHT

...as the door to the bar OPENS. And Rudy walks in. The place is fairly empty. Rudy makes his way over and sits at the bar. A moment later the barkeep walks over...

BARKEEP
Evening. What can I get you?

ON RUDY

...as he looks up. His head spinning.

RUDY
I have no idea. What would you suggest?

...and we...

CUT TO BLACK

THE END *