THE HATFIELDS & MCCOYS

'pilot'

written by

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SOME FEUDS NEVER DIE

4th network draft 1 10 13

ACT I

MUSIC: The Angels of Light's, "*All Souls Rising.*"

FADE IN:

EXT. THREE RIVERS - PITTSBURGH - NIGHT (AERIAL)

Music rises as we FLY ABOVE the Three Rivers, majestic, silent, they wind onward like three black snakes.

We MOVE IN on an area beside the Monongahela and an electric blue Shelby Mustang heading down the road. It's RAINING.

EXT. SHELBY MUSTANG - NIGHT

Vibrant CITY LIGHTS strobe off the wet windshield at a rhythmic clip. THROUGH the GLASS we FIND a FACE behind the wheel: PATRICK McCOY (26), rugged, handsome, eyes that reveal a strong mind.

WGBB RADIO HOST (V.O.)
No way it's random. Multiple folks connected to two families, the "Hatfields and McCoys", have been arrested or killed in the past year and it's supposed to be a coincidence? Come on!

INT. SHELBY MUSTANG - SAME

We GET A BETTER LOOK at Patrick: bloody lip, torn jacket, intense eyes. Patrick uses his teeth to tie off a piece of cloth on his hand, which bleeds profusely.

WGBB RADIO HOST (V.O.)
It's this simple: some feuds never die and this is one of those. It's back on and we're talking about it tonight on WGBB 970 Pittsburgh --

Click. Patrick TURNS OFF the RADIO. With one hand, he EMPTIES the chamber of a REVOLVER. He reaches into his pocket for ammunition: ONE bullet left. His face: "Damn." He loads the single bullet. Chamber closed.

WHAM! A car REAR ENDS him. Patrick maintains control, doesn't panic. In the REAR VIEW he SEES TWO CARS. *CRACKCRACK!!* BULLETS THROUGH his WINDSHIELD. He's running out of options.

AHEAD: Patrick SEES a wide alley beside a FACTORY. He notes a 20-foot-tall WHITE TANK sitting on its grounds.

Patrick turns into the alley, steers halfway up, then inexplicably STOPS.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Patrick steps OUT. The FACTORY on one side. A beautiful brick BUILDING on the other. BEHIND Patrick is a DEAD END.

The cars DRIVE in slowly, side by side, blocking any escape. Patrick watches, “What is he doing?” Finally, he raises his GUN. The cars BRAKE. Exactly where he wanted them to stop.

A beat. Four doors on each car OPEN. Out step MANY MEN, young, well-dressed. They remain in shadow.

PATRICK
I don’t want to hurt anyone. Get back in your cars, you won’t die.

LEADER
(off Patrick's revolver)
Six bullets against eight Glocks? Guess someone flunked math.

PATRICK
Truth is I only have one bullet.

LEADER
Appreciate the honesty.

A pregnant pause. Immense tension.

PATRICK
Last chance.

Leader laughs, “Screw this.” All RAISE WEAPONS and that’s the last thing they’ll ever do because --

Patrick FIRES his bullet 15 feet to the left of their cars -- right into the WHITE PROPANE TANK. BOOOOOOOOOM!!! A ball of FLAME and SMOKE. And the men are gone.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS coming. Patrick exits the alley, SMASHES the window of a parked truck, quickly hot-wires it, calmly drives off.

INT. ELEVATOR CAR - RESIDENTIAL TOWER - NIGHT

Patrick rides up, still bloody, beat to shit. Razor focused. Elevator STOPS. Door OPENS. Patrick steps into --

INT. A MASSIVE PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A few million dollars of modern art adorn this ultra modern, white-walled oasis. Out of place is JACK McCOY (24), Patrick’s brother. Jack is shrewd, tough, more street than Patrick. Jack sits at a table with --

MARY HATFIELD (50), sophisticated, intelligent, dominant, even though HANDCUFFED to her chair.

JACK
You're behind. Shoulda called.

PATRICK
You don't need my cell on your phone records.

Patrick motions to the door. Jack rises and leaves.

MARY
(without fear)
It's too late. You lost.

PATRICK
I warned you. McCoys have a code. A year ago, not sure I believed in it. Now, I don't know what else there is.

NOISE O.S. SOUND of MEN coming, fast.

MARY
Hatfields have a code too, Patrick. You won't leave here alive.

PATRICK
I guess we're both in some trouble.

MARY
We could have settled it. You didn't have to take it this far.

PATRICK
You didn't have to start a war.

Patrick draws his GUN, raises his weapon toward her and we --

SMASH TO:

WE'RE BENEATH CRYSTAL BLUE OCEAN - SPLASH!

Patrick DIVES IN -- no shirt, just shorts, tan, ripped, shorter hair. Patrick swims past us, down 40 feet to the bottom of the ocean. It seems effortless for him.

CHYRON: ***"One Year Earlier"***

At the bottom, Patrick feels around volcanic rock and quickly PULLS OUT a LOBSTER. He swims up to the surface.

EXT. REPUBLIC OF PANAMA - ISOLATED BEACH - DAY

On the beach wait a COUPLE (30s), FRENCH TOURISTS, a deserted island to themselves. A table set up. A small grill.

A bottle of wine. Anchored about 20 yards off the beach is a CHARTER BOAT. The FRENCH WOMAN absorbs Patrick's form as he walks from the surf holding a bag of lobsters.

PATRICK
Lobster sound good for lunch?

INT. CHARTER BOAT - SAME

MARISELA MORENO (25) is a Panamanian goddess in short-shorts and a bikini top. She owns the charter. She watches Patrick on shore, cooking for the couple. Her eyes never leave him.

EXT. ISLA MONTUOSA - PANAMA - PATRICK'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Patrick, showered, sits on his second story balcony drinking a Corona. Notice a tattoo on his upper rib cage: a FALCON clutching a TRIDENT (some might recognize it as the mark of a Navy Seal). Below him: Marisela's charter is moored to a dock, the crystal blue ocean, and a small beach town. Music from a couple of cafes and bars drifts upward.

Patrick's iPhone PINGS. He looks at it: "*You have 3 days. Get on a plane now. J.*" Patrick exhales. Sips his beer.

Marisela enters through the doorway behind him, shorts, bikini top. She is stunning. Truly. She SEES a half-packed duffel. Patrick enters, putting on a shirt.

MARISELA
Guess we're not going out?

PATRICK
I have to leave for a few days.

MARISELA
For her?

PATRICK
For my Dad.

Marisela nods. She steps close to him, buttons his shirt.

MARISELA
You and I, we could be something.
You know that, right?
(off his silence)
But there's still your 'unfinished business'.

Marisela and Patrick hold a stare.

PATRICK
I have to go.

Patrick slings his duffel over his shoulder, walks off.

MARISELA
Patrick.
(as he looks back)
I'll save you a place on my boat.

Patrick turns and he's out the door.

SMASH TO:

EXT. PITTSBURGH - DAY (AERIAL)

MUCIC: Woven Hand's "*Long Horn*" PLAYS OVER an aerial of a beautiful, REVITALIZED Pittsburgh. It's a new city these days, clean, modern, bright, energetic and alive.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - MORNING

Mary Hatfield strides down a luxurious hall, perfectly done up, secure, in her element, unlike the last time we SAW her.

Beside her is CARA QUO (24), Asian, sexy, clearly works for Mary. Cara keeps her mouth shut while Mary is harangued by a powerful-looking man JOE (52) in a $4,000 suit.

JOE
You dragged me down here to talk about unions? Why don't we talk about dinosaurs, Mary? The unions can go to hell. My answer is "no".

MARY
Then your casino is never rising above your ankles.

JOE
You're really going there?

MARY
You're really making me. There's nothing complicated about this, Joe.

JOE
And nothing legal.

Mary stops, a glance to Cara, who steps out of earshot.

MARY
You've been developing the Riverlife Project for years and now you want to take on the unions? They'll shut you down. And considering how leveraged you are at this point, it wouldn't shock me if the whole deal comes crashing down and you end up broke. That's what's behind curtain #1.
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
(beat)
Or, you could use the exact number of union workers I tell you to use and no one bitches and no one moans and spending 12 million on them is more palpable than losing 250 million *because* of them.
(bottom line)
That's what's behind curtain #2: *you* with a life *not* in shambles, *not* broke, and *me* happy. And that's all I'm really looking for, Joe: a man who'll make me happy.

JOE
(beat)
You are a complete bitch, Mary.

MARY
You should have thought of that before you married me.

Joe fumes, he knows his *wife* has him by the balls. A barely perceptible nod from Joe: "deal."

CARA (O.S.)
You're five behind now.

Mary's attention is drawn to Cara, at a door. She walks over. We HEAR VOICES O.S., a CROWD. Cara offers a look, "You ready?" Mary breathes in, nods "yes."

JOE
Mary?
(as she turns)
Don't forget. I brought you into the family. I can take you out.

DOLLY IN on Mary, a fortress of intellect and guts.

MARY
I am the family now, Joe.

Joe has no retort. It's true. He moves off. Cara opens the door. Mary finds a smile and steps into a --

INT. FOUR SEASONS - OPULENT BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- CROWD. CAMERAS. AN LCD MONITOR behind a podium, "REELECT MARY HATFIELD AS MAYOR!" Mary waves as she steps to a mic.

INT. A BEAUTIFUL BRICK BUILDING - MORNING

A warehouse converted into an modern loft. Cool, tasteful "found" furniture, guitar on the couch, VIEW of the water, 'Buffalo Clover' coming from the iPhone dock.

Jack McCoy steps INTO FRAME. We remember him from the prologue: quintessentially American, dangerous edge, but we like him. Jack peeks down a hall, spies a young African American woman, beautiful, barefoot, jeggings with a white tank-top. She places towels into a closet.

Jack steps closer, rushes her. She SCREAMS and HITS at Jack as he lifts her into the bedroom, tackles her onto the bed --

WOMAN
Get off of me, idiot!

-- pins her arms down, but she's smiling, a playfulness in her eyes. This is Jack's young wife, TREENA McCOY (25).

JACK
Idiot? Do idiots kiss like this?

Jack smashes his open mouth into her cheek, goof-kissing her. She's giggling, still smacking him --

TREENA
Oh my God, you are disgusting!

LEE (O.S.)
Let Mom go!

In runs LEE McCOY (3). He jumps onto his dad. Jack grabs Lee and tosses him onto the bed as Treena leaps up. They wrestle. Lee hits a night stand. Lamp wobbles.

TREENA
You guys better not break anything!
I swear, Jack! Knock it off!

Jack fake-punches Lee and Lee punches back. Jack pretends to take the "knockout" blow.

JACK
I give up, tough guy. I can't
fight you and the boss at once.

Jack jumps up, hoists Lee by the arm and hugs him.

JACK
See you after work. Be a good boy.

Lee runs out. Jack leans into Treena as she retrieves towels.

JACK
I didn't break anything. Do I get
a reward?

TREENA
Why don't you take my clothes off
later tonight and find out?

Jack grins, kisses her. She kisses him.

EXT. JACK & TREENA'S LOFT / INT. 2013 CHALLENGER - DAY

Black leather. Gun-metal grey paint, 19 inch rims. Jack slips a GUN into an ankle holster, then STARTS his CAR.

INT. HEINZ LOFTS - PITTSBURGH - MORNING

SHANNON (25) returns to her apartment from the gym. She's not runway hot, more a natural beauty, the kind of girl you ached for in high school.

INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Shannon freezes. There's a man sitting in the corner. It's Patrick.

PATRICK
Remind me to give your key back before I leave.

SHANNON
I did, last time you left.

PATRICK
Sorry. My bad.

SHANNON
I can't believe you're home.

Patrick stands.

PATRICK
For three days.

SHANNON
And then?

PATRICK
And then I leave. I'm buying the boat in Panama.

Shannon absorbs that. Patrick walks closer.

PATRICK
I want you to come with me.

SHANNON
Come on. I can't just take off. I have a job.

PATRICK
Get a new one.

SHANNON
I have this place.

PATRICK
Sell it.

SHANNON
I have a boyfriend.

PATRICK
No, you don't.

Patrick looks deep into her eyes.

PATRICK
I love you. Always have. But it's time... to be together or not.

Something in the way he said that. This is it.

SHANNON
I love you, too.

PATRICK
Then don't make me leave without you.

Patrick kisses her deeply, then exits.

INT. ELOISE MCCOY'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

ELOISE McCOY (50) is a self-educated woman from a tough background who remains uncertain about the power of her brain. That will change.

Eloise stands in front of a full-length mirror in a slip. She examines her body, not bad at all, just not 20. She puts on a modest necklace, perfume, turns toward a dress on the bed. Clearly, she is preparing herself for a man.

EXT. THE RIVERWALK AREA - DAY

On the water, right where the rivers meet. Where there were once steel mills, factories, now there are hotels, clubs, bars, restaurants.

INT. THE CAROM ROOM - SAME

An upscale, hip, modern SPORTS BAR. RED VELVET POOL TABLES -- FLATSCREENS -- chrome hanging lights -- a STAGE for BANDS -- large WINDOWS that OVERLOOK the river. Jack is cleaning.

Jack's close friend, OWEN RODNEY (25), suit, but no tie, a clean cut Lenny Kravitz type, enters from the back with a cash drawer. He hands the drawer to ANGIE (22), a young Hispanic girl. She starts counting out the money.

OWEN
We got janitors for that, bro.

ANGIE
I already told him.

JACK
Janitors don't come until 3. I want the place perfect for Dad.

OWEN
He's gonna want you doing your job, booking "bands", getting people in here making sure we're making money. You're being stupid. Your Dad won't even recognize the place.

JACK
Don't care. Seventeen years ago, day before he left, know how he and us kids spent it? Cleaning this place. Talking. We scrubbed every inch 'cause we knew when we were done, my dad was gone. He left it clean, he comes home to it clean.

Owen smiles, something endearing about Jack's impulse. Jack grabs a bag of trash, opens the club's door to FIND --

RANDALL HATFIELD (25), wearing designer everything, acts like he owns the world, but he has a lot left to prove, especially to his family. Owen, Angie just stare, quiet.

JACK
My oh my, a Hatfield, out amongst the people. What's wrong, Randall? Lose your Daddy's Amex?

RANDALL
Funny, Jack. Actually, I came to talk business.

JACK
That conversation's still dead. Place ain't for sale.

Jack heads out with the trash.

EXT. THE CAROM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now we SEE it sits on a huge piece of land on the water, right BETWEEN two enormous CONSTRUCTIONS. A large sign drapes each: "THE RIVERLIFE PROJECT / HATFIELD DEVELOPMENT."

RANDALL
We'll pay well, Jack.

JACK
It ain't about money.

RANDALL
(out of Owen's earshot)
Even if I set aside a sizeable chunk for you.

JACK
Well, ain't you the sweetest piece in the box. But I'll pass.

Jack opens the trash bin, tosses the bag.

JACK
Truth is, we're expanding, Randall. I got a grand plan.

RANDALL
(he tightens)
Expand? You don't have the money.

JACK
We'll get the money.

RANDALL
But not the permits.

That's a threat. Jack controls his temper.

RANDALL
City issues those. And *we're* the city. Hard to get past that.

JACK
Not with my dad coming home. And not with the IOUs he'll cash in.

That hangs in the air. Randall knows what those IOUs are. Jack steps closer, darkens noticeably. It scares US.

JACK
And any other roadblocks we hit, we'll go right through them. No one's stopping us.
(a glance down)
Your fly is down, Randall.

Randall checks. His fly is not down. He looks at Jack.

JACK
Made you look.

Control. Jack grins. Randall is frustrated.

RANDALL
You're making a mistake, Jack.

A staring contest. Neither man willing to look away. Then, Randall strolls to a $100,000 BMW, leaves. Jack to Owen:

JACK
Think they'll try something?

OWEN
Not if they're smart.

Jack considers, he isn't as sure. *PING!* A text for Jack: "Pick me up, 6:30? James & Knoll." Jack looks up to Owen --

JACK
He actually showed.

Owen is pleased, we're not sure Jack is as happy.

INT. ALLEGHENY GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Sleek, modern, a new wing. A female resident named EMMA (29), piercing eyes and golden hair, exits an office.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Excuse me, Doctor?

Emma turns. Sees Patrick.

EMMA
We're closed.

Emma turns and walks off. Patrick follows.

PATRICK
Hospitals close?

EMMA
This one does.

PATRICK
But the lights are still on?

A JANITOR turns a light off in a supply closet. They notice. Emma shrugs, "See."

PATRICK
Seriously, there really might be something wrong with me.

EMMA
Maybe it's psychosomatic, related to the guilt you feel for not seeing your sister in five years?

Patrick spins in front of her. She stops.

PATRICK
I know. I'm sorry. And I want to make it up to you.

Patrick pulls a petite, DAZZLING, SHINY STUFFED PONY from behind his back.

PATRICK
Sparkle Pony. Your favorite as a kid. I found it on eBay. I remember how upset you were when you lost yours.

EMMA
I didn't lose it, Patrick. You set it on fire.

PATRICK
(beat)
That's right. I did.
(holds pony in the light)
Look. It sparkles.

Emma tries not to react, but she can't control herself. She lunges, hugs Patrick tight.

EXT. ALLEGHENY GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Patrick and Emma walk.

EMMA
Christ, you look like an actual man now. Five years, Patrick. I haven't seen you in five years.

PATRICK
You could have come to see me.

EMMA
People who live in places that take four planes to get to don't want visitors. And I also had this thing called med school. Don't get me angry again.
(she pauses)
Seriously, why'd you stay away?

PATRICK
Cause I was in the Navy, all over the damn world. It was hard coming home, and with Dad being gone, Mom making me feel guilty for leaving in the first place --

EMMA
And then there's *her*.

PATRICK
(a place we don't go)
There are a lot of things.
(moving on)
Let's talk about you. What about work? Save any lives today?

EMMA
I'm too busy trying to salvage my own.

They start moving again.

PATRICK
This a guy story?

EMMA
Surprise, huh? Another reason you need to be in Pitts, I could run 'em by you first. You can "read" anyone. Why do I suck at men?

PATRICK
We all have a blind spot. Don't overthink it. You're a catch.

EMMA
I'm not sure that helps, but I feel better.

PATRICK
Then it helped.

Emma grins. Her iPhone PINGS. She looks at it.

EMMA
I gotta go. Patient.

Patrick focuses on her name tag, white coat.

PATRICK
Doctor Emma McCoy. Nice job.

He's proud of her. She of him. Blue-collar kids made good.

EMMA
Mom's picking Dad up now. This is a big day. For all of us. He'll be so happy you're home.

Emma kisses his cheek, leaves.

Patrick opens his wallet to a picture of his father, Gable.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING - DAY

TIGHT SHOT: GABLE McCOY (50), figurehead, natural-born leader. A MAN (44) before him holds an old cell phone.

GABLE
Not mine. I've never owned one.

MAN
Been a while, huh?

GABLE
Seventeen years.

The Man tosses a WALLET into an envelope, hands it to Gable. PULL BACK and SEE we're at --

INT. PENNSYLVANIA STATE PRISON - DAY

Gable's an inmate. This is his release day. A GATE BUZZES. Gable throws on his jeans jacket, exits to find --

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA STATE PRISON - CONTINUOUS

-- Eloise. Gable approaches, pauses, drinks her in.

ELOISE
You look handsome.

Gable steps into her arms, holds her, loves her. No matter how long apart, these two have never been alone.

INT. 2013 ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary Hatfield in the back, alone. Eyes forward, thinking.

EXT. HATFIELD'S MANSION - BRADFORD WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

Mansions all around. Manicured, perfectly green lawns. Mary exits the Rolls and walks up marble steps belonging to the biggest mansion, a modern-day palace.

INT. HATFIELD'S MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary passes an Edward Hopper on the wall, one of the best, filled with a formidable sense of being on your own. She hears YELLING from the DEN.

INT. DEN

Randall watching the STEELERS game on a $10,000 FLATSCREEN in a sprawling den. Jets just scored. Mary enters.

MARY
How much did you lose?

RANDALL
Too much. We gotta get Big Ben back.
(as he kisses her)
Thought we'd have dinner together.

MARY
You're sweet. My the perfect son.

RANDALL
Where's Dad?

MARY
Long story, but here's the take-away: marry someone who has an overpowering desire to take care of you. You'll have a better life.

RANDALL
Come on, Mom. You love Dad.

MARY
I do. Just not sure he loves me.

A SERVANT breaks the moment, handing Mary her nightly scotch.

MARY
Let's talk about something else.

RANDALL
I saw Jack McCoy. Nothing.
(off her displeasure)
No surprise. It has to come down to you and Gable. No McCoy will make a move without him and I can't see him talking to anyone but you.

Mary turns for the patio.

EXT. PATIO - LATE AFTERNOON

A VIEW of Pittsburgh's dramatic skyline. Mary surveys the city like Alexander might have taken in his domain.

MARY
Thanatos.
(off Randall's squint)
The "death drive". Freud's last theory. He believed there was something in all of us that drove us toward self-destruction.
(beat)
Gable's a fool for hanging on this long.

RANDALL
He was released today at 3:00. I worry he'll come out fighting. Do you have a plan?

Mary sips her scotch. It's good.

MARY
I always have a plan.

INT. JACK'S CHALLENGER - SAME

Jack wheels up to a corner. Passenger door opens and in steps Patrick. Jack stares at him askance.

JACK
Jesus. You're so tan? What's wrong with you?

PATRICK
This is my "hello"? It's called healthy.

JACK
I get it, I just feel like I should be rubbing sunblock all over you.

Jack smiles. Patrick, too. They hug.

PATRICK
Good to see you, man.

JACK
Same.

Patrick notes two cardboard boxes in the back seat.

PATRICK
Do I want to know what's in those?

JACK
Probably not.

Jack grins, sly, pulls away.

INT. JACK'S CHALLENGER - PITTSBURGH STREETS - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack drives through downtown; we get a better look at street-level Pittsburgh: cafes, shops, bars -- PEOPLE out and about.

JACK
How can you not miss this? Best food. Best girls. Best football. Killer music scene. Best city in the country, man.

PATRICK
You should write a blog or something.

JACK
I should. It's all good here.

They pass a Mary Hatfield reelection BILLBOARD.

JACK
Except for that. Can't escape them. Emma tell you a Hatfield's now on the hospital board?

PATRICK
No.

JACK
Maybe she forgot.

PATRICK
Maybe she's not obsessed?

JACK
You forget why Dad went to jail?

PATRICK
It's ancient history, Jack.

JACK
Nothing's ancient history, big brother.

EXT. MCCOY'S PUB - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

A more old-school bar, which is why the hipsters love it. Tonight it's closed to the public. Jack and Patrick exit the Challenger. Emma arrives in her Fiat 100, steps out.

JACK
Why don't you buy an American car?

EMMA
Christ, one foot out and it's like I'm being interrogated.

JACK
One day I'm gonna be gone and you're going to miss me.

EMMA
One day you're gonna be gone and it's going to be quiet. And I can't wait. Can we go in now?

Jack throws his arm around his sister. They head out back.

INT. MCCOY'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

O.S. LAUGHTER and TALK. We're PANNING ALONG THE WALL, concentrating on clues of deep roots: dartboards, Scottish flags, kilts with crests. And PHOTOS of McCoys, going back 150 years. The walls are like SHRINES to kin, clan. We DRIFT to an OPEN BACK DOOR and TO --

EXT. MCCOY'S PUB - PATIO DECK - CONTINUOUS

Gable and Eloise wait at the railing. Gable tears when he sees Patrick, Emma, Jack approach from the side. Patrick is the prodigal son, Emma a shining star, Jack's his baby.

Patrick suppresses emotion. Emma embraces her father, crying. Jack, too. Patrick stares, immobile, having trouble processing the moment.

GABLE
Hey, son.

PATRICK
Hi, Dad.

Patrick's eyes water. He hugs his father tight.

INT. MCCOY'S PUB - MOMENTS LATER

The core family enters. A BANNER over the bar: "WELCOME HOME GABLE!" 60 or 70 other McCoys are gathered, a modern, diverse group of working-class types. KIDS, COUSINS, BOYFRIENDS, GIRLFRIENDS. Being a McCoy these days is as much about a state of mind as blood. Treena sees Jack, kisses him.

TREENA
Baby, what took so long?

JACK
Patrick talks too much.
(to Patrick)
You remember my wife, I mean, you've only met her once, so...

TREENA
Leave him alone, for Christsake.

Treena hugs Patrick. Jack grabs a beer. CLANG! CLANG! Eloise rings a bell above the bar. Room quiets.

ELOISE
This day is what I saw when I closed my eyes at night for the last 17 years. Gable is home.

Cheers! Patrick, Jack, Emma sit with Gable at the table. Gable beams, emotional overload in the best sense.

ELOISE
All of us know how important he is.

Gable's expression: "Come on, Eloise. Don't embarrass me."

ELOISE
It's true, Gable. You are so many things to so many: father, brother, uncle, mentor, friend, leader.
(chokes back tears)
Husband... I knew I was in love with that man when I saw the world in his eyes. And I see his eyes everywhere in the world... still.

A couple of women cry. The men listen. Gable tries to keep it together. Emma moves to hug him.

ELOISE
I want to offer a toast to my husband. You are everything and I am so excited to begin spending the rest of my life with you.

Eloise raises her Budweiser. The entire place follows suit.

EXT. McCOY'S PUB - BACK PATIO - LATER

Jack and his son Lee shoot bottle rockets off the deck with a couple of Lee's COUSINS. Gable and Patrick lean on the rail.

GABLE
Ten years ago your mom visits me and she says, "Patrick's going to the Naval Academy." I couldn't believe it. And you made Lieutenant, seen the world, what a life and you got more ahead of you.
(beat)
You got a girl? One that's marriage material?

PATRICK
I got a girl, I think. And yes. But she'd have to give up a lot for me. She's deciding.

GABLE
If you love her, and she knows it, she will. Women are miraculous that way.
(beat)
Listen, Patrick...

PATRICK
It's fine, Dad.

GABLE
I need to say this. I practiced the words, now I don't remember... I know what I feel. I went to jail for something I didn't do, but I was into things that mighta got me there anyway. And you had to take on a lot, handle things I should have been handling. Hell, business would've gone away if not for you and Jack. We woulda lost our land. All that responsibility, so young... it made you angry, and I understand. I failed you. I'm sorry.

Patrick absorbs his father's heartfelt words.

PATRICK
What I had to do for the family never bothered me, I'd do anything for the family. It was you being gone, Dad. But you're home now. And that's all I care about.

GABLE
I'm gonna make up for it. Be here for you 100%. I love you, Patrick.

Patrick faces his dad. He hugs him. That's it. Simple, real. It means everything to Gable.

INT. HATFIELD'S MANSION - MARY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mary looks sexy in a $1,200 nightgown. She sits at a zebra-wood lacquered desk, signing papers, stalling sleep. Mary looks at her wedding PICTURE: Joe holds her in his arms. She is beautiful, still is. Joe is handsome. They are in love. Now, Joe's place in the bed is empty. Mary steps to her bed, gets in. She rolls over, leaving the light on.

INT. GABLE AND ELOISE'S HOME ON THE ALLEGHENY - NIGHT

Gable enters the family home with Eloise. Wood beams, folk art, a cross on one wall, much of it crafted by Gable.

GABLE
Seventeen years...

Gable's hand rubs across a familiar chair. He examines PICTURES of him and his family back in the day. Gable faces a wall above the fireplace's mantle. He pushes in a wood peg. A board FALLS AWAY to REVEAL a false OPENING. He removes a box and LIFTS a GUN from inside.

GABLE
Know what this is?

ELOISE
A parole violation?

GABLE
My father's gun. His before him. It's how we used to settle our debts.
(reflective)
Mary always said she'd get even...

Eloise feels his need for revenge.

ELOISE
What happened doesn't matter. The best revenge is to live well.

Gable nods, returns the gun to the box.

ELOISE
Jack wanted you to see something.

EXT. ACROSS FROM THE CAROM ROOM - NIGHT

A SOUND. TIRES ON GRAVEL. A car rolls INTO VIEW. The ENGINE and headlights TURNED OFF. It stops. Silence.

EXT. THE RIVERWALK - NIGHT

Gable and Eloise walking along the river, holding hands.

GABLE
Jack been out of trouble?

ELOISE
He runs with Danny and Paul's boys. They play the edges. He wants to be like his father.

GABLE
His father went to prison. I want him on the up and up from here out. I'm calling in my markers. Everything goes legit.

EXT. THE CAROM ROOM - NIGHT

Gable and Eloise walk onto the grounds of the pool hall. Gable takes in the NEW CO-OPS around them, MORE under construction, the open businesses.

GABLE
It's a different city.
(then off the pool hall)
And that's not the place I left.

ELOISE
Wait until you see the inside.

INT. THE CAROM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gable walks in. Music playing. The upscale look, FLATSCREENS, red velvet pool tables, chrome hanging lights, lit bar. To him, it's amazing.

GABLE
Jack did this?

ELOISE
He, Owen, other McCoys.

Gable walks to a spot in the middle of the floor. Stops.

GABLE
You remember when we first met?

ELOISE
You were standing right about there. You had just taken over this place. One room, 2 pool tables, a beer cooler behind a pine bar, card tables in the back.

GABLE
From that, this. And we can build more.
(beat)
We made it, Eloise. Through all that. And I got you and these great kids that don't hate me.

ELOISE
They love you.

GABLE
Don't know if I believed that until tonight. "Inside", it was hard to see clear. All I saw were walls.

ELOISE
No more walls, Gable.

As he steps closer to her -- *BAM!* A window SHATTERS -- a GUNSHOT from a distance. And Gable crumples to the floor. OFF Eloise's SCREAM, we --

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT 1

ACT II

EXT. THE CAROM ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Emma looks across the rivers, crying. Jack beside her, face filled with rage.

EMMA
You reach Patrick?

JACK
Keeps going to voicemail.

We PULL BACK: COPS, COP CARS, YELLOW tape.

CUT TO:

INT. HEINZ LOFTS - SHANNON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Sex. Hot sex between Patrick and Shannon. But it's more than sex, it's easy to tell they're very much in love.

TIME JUMP:

SHANNON'S BALCONY - LATER

Shannon, barefoot, in panties and a white muscle T, sits beside Patrick on the balcony. They drink coffee.

SHANNON
How'd it go last night?

PATRICK
It was great... really was. I mean, I didn't know how I'd feel at first, but when I saw him, having him back was all that mattered.

SHANNON
He's a big part of you. You think it's a coincidence he goes to jail for bending the rules and you make a career inside a world of rules.

PATRICK
Wait, you think there's a connection, like maybe I'm somehow compensating? I better write this down.

She kicks him playfully.

SHANNON
Jerk.

Patrick, FROM HER POV, a wonderfully handsome man.
Shannon, FROM HIS POV. A glorious, vibrant young woman.

PATRICK
I gotta get going. I'm hanging with the whole family today.

SHANNON
Wait, I almost forgot.

She pulls out her iPhone, scrolls down, hands it to him.

SHANNON
It's a love letter. From me.

Patrick reads off the screen. A PDF. Official letterhead.

PATRICK
"Dear Matt, Jim, and Stacey..."

Patrick squints: "What?" Her face: "Read on."

PATRICK
"I count it as a privilege to have worked at Arthur, Rases, and Giessen over the past few years. So it is with great regret that I submit my formal resignation..."
(he looks up)
You're leaving your job?

SHANNON
Yes. I'm moving to Panama. I'm getting married.

PATRICK
To who?

SHANNON
This guy. He hasn't asked me yet, but the way he stares at me when he thinks I'm not looking... way he kisses me... when he hugs me, he lingers to smell my perfume... I can tell I'm the one. He loves me.

PATRICK
He a nice guy?

SHANNON
Yes. A bit demanding, Type A --

PATRICK
But those types turn you on.

SHANNON
Oh, they do, Patrick, very much so. And this one, I can't get him out of my mind, since we were kids.
(MORE)

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Every time I think of him I cry for days and hate myself for weeks for not being with him. I love him.

Patrick holds her eyes for a long time.

PATRICK
Sounds like fate.

SHANNON
It is. So no more letting anything get in the way.

Patrick's eyes bore into her soul. He pulls a rubber band off the morning newspaper, loops it in a tight circle, takes her hand and puts it onto her ring finger.

PATRICK
Will you marry me?

SHANNON
Of course I will.

Patrick leans in and kisses her, aggressively. She tears up, pure joy. She looks to the rubber band --

SHANNON
It's perfect. How many carats?

Patrick laughs, kisses her again when his CELL RINGS. He answers. Expression turns cold.

SHANNON
What's wrong?

Patrick's too numb to speak.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MCCOY'S PUB - DAY

The McCoys are assembled. Patrick, Emma, Jack at the long wooden table. NO ONE SITS AT THE HEAD.

There are many MEN here that Patrick doesn't recognize, "associates", long-time friends of his father's. A couple of WOMEN lay out food. Eloise ties off a trash bag. Jack stands.

JACK
Let me take that, Mom.

Eloise gently waves him off, heads outside with it. Jack sits. Everyone's in shock.

JACK
I haven't seen Lee yet. I don't know how to tell him his granddad is gone. That someone shot him for no good reason.
(beat)
How do you tell a kid that and not make him hate people?

Patrick feels his brother's pain. Jack moves to the bar looking for a beer.

EMMA
Whoever did this, I want them to hurt. I want Jack to find them before the cops.

PATRICK
You don't want that.

No, she doesn't. The front door OPENS. Owen enters. Jack shadows him to Patrick and Emma's table.

EMMA
Do they know anything?

OWEN
Cops think they walked up on a robbery.

JACK
A robbery? Nothing was stolen.
(beat)
No. Dad was a target.

PATRICK
What are you talking about?

JACK
You forget who's been after that land for almost 20 years?

PATRICK
Hatfields? Come on, Jack. It's 2013, not 1913.

EMMA
Mary's the Mayor. They own the city's largest development firm. Why would they risk all that for money?

JACK
Who says it's about money? They get our land, they get to build a casino on the riverfront.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
That's about power. And those bastards can never get enough of that.

PATRICK
You're talking yourself into something here, Jack.

JACK
Maybe. Or maybe you've been gone too long? Maybe you forgot how they feel about us?
(for his benefit)
And how we're *supposed* to feel about them. Nothing's changed.

Jack grabs his jacket, leaves, devastated.

INT. CHATHAM SOCIAL HOUSE - DAY

Cutting edge opulence. Joe Hatfield eats at a table. Mary approaches, dressed to the nines.

MARY
You didn't come home last night?

JOE
I was afraid you might castrate me in my sleep.

Mary sits, warm.

MARY
Is it that big of a deal? We both benefit from the outcome.
(off his silence)
Come on, Joe. You gave me no choice.

JOE
You had a choice. Perhaps you need to make better ones?

MARY
"Better ones?" I don't run a nail salon, I run a city that you develop. There's gray involved in our careers.

JOE
And it's bleeding into our marriage.

Mary gauges him, perhaps worried about...

MARY
Is there another woman?

JOE
You're in no position to be jealous.

MARY
Who says I'm jealous?

JOE
I do.
(as he rises)
There's no other woman. Only you.

He pauses, stares at her, a mixture of love and loss.

JOE
You're so beautiful, Mary.
(a sadness inside)
But you've changed.

Joe leaves. For a millisecond, Mary's eyes tear. This woman is an animal, but even animals have hearts.

EXT. CHATHAM SOCIAL HOUSE - VALET - DAY

Mary exits just as Randall pulls up in his BMW. He steps out. She reads his face: concern.

RANDALL
Gable McCoy's dead. Shot last night.

We CATCH a trace of genuine melancholy in her eyes.

MARY
That is not what I expected to hear. It's terrible.
(beat)
Send flowers and our condolences.

Randall nods, walks off. Mary considers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH - DOWNTOWN - DAY

PATRICK'S POV of the funeral. SLO-MO. WORDS WARBLE. FACES BLUR. He's barely present. Jack sits next to him, holding Lee's hand. Lee's confused, whispers to his father.

LEE
Is Grandpa gonna be gone forever?

A tear runs down Jack's cheek.

JACK
No one's gone forever.

Treena hears, about to cave. Emma holds Eloise's hand. Eloise remains stoic.

EXT. HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Eloise hugs FOLKS, gracefully accepts sympathies.

Patrick watches from a distance before he walks off.

INT. THE CAROM ROOM - DAY

Patrick sits in a chair that faces the windows. He watches the rivers outside, sips PATRON, a bottle on a side table. The Lonely Wild's cover of "*Personal Jesus*" plays in the b.g. Patrick hears footsteps. It's Emma. She sits beside him.

EMMA
It won't pour itself.

Patrick pours her a shot, slides the glass to her.

PATRICK
I haven't even cried yet.

EMMA
You will.

EMMA
Dad used to write me twice a week, always made me feel like he was there...
(fighting emotion)
Sounds crazy, but I used to see him... at my college graduation, my med school graduation, when I made the residency program...
(beat)
Sometimes I'd go on a date and feel his eyes on me, like he was checking out the guy, shaking his head 'cause he never thought anyone was good enough... It's crazy, but I knew he was there for me.
(cries)
What happens now?

Patrick wants to say something deep, can't summon the words.

PATRICK
It'll be okay.

EMMA
What if it isn't? And what about this place? Jack's right. Hatfields will come for it.
(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)
Dad could've handled this, kept the peace. But Jack...

PATRICK
What are you saying?

EMMA
I guess just that some men are better soldiers...
(she looks him in the eye)
... some better generals.

Patrick's conflicted; does his family need him home?

EXT. CONSOL ENERGY ARENA - HOCKEY GAME - AFTERNOON

PENGUINS FANS walk into the arena. Jack enters FRAME, eyes SCAN the area until he SPOTS a YOUNG SCALPER, ERNIE RIVAS (23), a good friend from high school, a hustler with a brain. Jack approaches as Ernie sells off his last two tickets.

JACK
What do you have?

ERNIE
Heard it from my brother, not sure it's official or anything --

JACK
-- So it's unofficial, what?

ERNIE
Danny says they found a pen inside.

JACK
So what? Could be anybody's.

ERNIE
This one was a Mont Blanc. Those have serial numbers. It belonged to Randall Hatfield.

CLICK. Jack's face: rage builds.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. RANDALL'S HOME - MORNING

Sleek. Bauhaus inspired design. Randall uses an iPad to remotely OPEN the curtains and raise the lights. The light REVEALS a naked woman in his bed, Mary's assistant --

CARA
I hate myself for asking... but what are we doing here?

RANDALL
What do you mean?

CARA
I mean I'm naked, in your bed, a lot.

RANDALL
Why can't it just be that?

CARA
I feel like a slut all of a sudden. I didn't when I didn't care about you. That's messed up, right?

RANDALL
I don't know. I'm not a psychologist. All I know is I like us *like* this. Why complicate it?

Cara shrugs "sure", but she was hoping for more. Randall's CELL RINGS, breaking the tension. He answers --

MARY (V.O.)
Get rid of her and get to my office, now.

Randall hangs up: "How'd she know I was with a woman?"

INT. STATE HOUSE - MORNING

Shannon enters, briefcase in hand, dressed in a sharp suit. She makes it to an elevator -- steps inside.

INT. TOP FLOOR - MORNING

Shannon turns down an ornate hall. From an INTERSECTING HALLWAY comes -- Mary Hatfield, unhappy, and surprisingly falling in stride next to Shannon.

MARY
What took you so long?

SHANNON
It took me *less* than an hour, Mom.

"Mom." We let that sink in -- Shannon is a Hatfield.

SHANNON
I didn't expect a "family 911".
What's going on?

MARY
Gable McCoy.

SHANNON
I know. It's terrible.

MARY
It's worse. Your brother's been implicated in his murder.

Mary keeps walking. Shannon stops, floored. So many repercussions on so many levels.

INT. STATE HOUSE - MARY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

5,000 s.f. overlooking the city. Urban Mount Olympus. No dartboards or Scottish flags. Instead, trophies of the material world: degrees and million-dollar art. Randall, Mary, Shannon are here.

SHANNON
You want to tell me how a pen belonging to you ends up at a murder scene?

RANDALL
(nothing shows)
Had a late inspection at the Riverlife Project. I saw Gable and Eloise as I was leaving. Thought I'd talk to Gable about selling. Walked over, didn't see them, figured they went inside. Was at the door and that's when I heard a shot. I ran. I hit the rail as I turned... must have lost the pen there.

Mary and Shannon exchange looks.

SHANNON
Why didn't you call the police?

RANDALL
I did. Anonymously. My cell records will show that.

SHANNON
That may end up being the smartest thing you've ever done. Argues against complicity.

MARY
It may help with the law, but not with the McCoys. They'll want to believe Randall killed Gable. And they'll come at you.

RANDALL
So let them. The cops will figure out who did this and it'll be over.
(beat)
Look, Gable's death is a terrible thing, but we have an opportunity. Jack won't be able to expand the business on his own. Even if he could, he's half-gangster, he'd blow it all up sooner or later. We can push Eloise to sell.

SHANNON
A man was killed and you're thinking it's a buyer's market?

RANDALL
I'm thinking of our family. What are you thinking about, Shannon?

It's clear Randall knows about Patrick.

RANDALL
I need to get to work.

Randall leaves. Shannon turns to her mother.

SHANNON
You want to tell me the real reason you called me here?

MARY
This comes to a trial, I want you to defend Randall.

SHANNON
This is probably not great timing, but I'm moving. Out of state.

MARY
You're joking? This is a bad joke, right? Why would you leave?

SHANNON
Honestly, I'm not sure I can be who I really want to be here.

MARY
Shannon, is this about being adopted? You're 100% a part of this family and this is your brother's life we're talking about.

SHANNON
It's not about that, at all. It's just that I have a life, too. Sometimes it seems you're so focused on Randall, you forget that.

Shannon exits. Mary digests.

INT. ELOISE AND GABLE'S HOME - NIGHT

Patrick, Jack, Emma, Eloise.

PATRICK
Mom, it's important that you think real hard about this.

ELOISE
Don't condescend to me.
(beat)
I didn't see anyone. No cars. No boats. I heard nothing.

All Jack wants is a sliver of daylight, but it won't come.

JACK
I don't need more than we know.

PATRICK
We don't know anything.

JACK
How'd his $2,000 pen end up there?

PATRICK
He was there earlier. You said so.

JACK
Not inside he wasn't.

ELOISE
Jack, I don't want anyone else hurt. Let the police handle this. If you love me, do that.

PATRICK
Mom's right. Don't do anything you can't undo because Dad died.

Jack SLAMS the table. His volatile, dangerous side is here.

JACK
He didn't die! He was murdered!

Jack leaves.

ELOISE
Patrick, watch him. Don't let him hurt me more than I already hurt.

Eloise moves to the kitchen. Emma follows. Patrick takes out his iPhone, sends a text: "*Where are you?*"

EXT. MELLON CENTER - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Women in $10,000 gowns. Men in $10,000 Brioni tuxedos. A competitive display of wealth disguised as a charity event. Mary drinks champagne, center of attention.

Patrick sneaks in, keeping his head down, looking for Shannon. She motions him TO A CORNER. She hugs him, makes sure no one sees.

SHANNON
I wanted to come to the wake. I didn't think I should.

PATRICK
You did the right thing.
(beat)
Listen, I need honesty here, okay?

SHANNON
What do you mean?

PATRICK
Was Randall involved in this?

SHANNON
If I knew he killed someone, you think I'd protect him?

PATRICK
I think we're all capable of anything when it comes to family.

SHANNON
Patrick, stop. You're breaking our deal. The history, the feud, the blood, it doesn't exist between us.

PATRICK
We made that deal before my father was killed.

Shannon takes a beat, takes a breath.

SHANNON
I know you hurt, and you know I care. But neither of us knows a damn thing about what happened.

PATRICK
I know this: if Randall was involved, he's not safe. My family will get to the bottom of it. And anyone in the way'll get run over.

Patrick walks away, leaving Shannon, worried. Mary Hatfield spots Patrick. She SEES her daughter in the corner.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HATFIELD DEVELOPMENT CORP. - RANDALL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Paintings. Eames furniture. Mies van der Rohe lounge. And a prominent ARCHITECTURAL MODEL of the Riverlife Project. Randall, at his desk, looks up when he hears Shannon enter.

RANDALL
No muffins? I guess you're not surprising me with breakfast?

SHANNON
Do you know anything about Gable's death?

Randall pauses.

RANDALL
You think I killed Gable?

SHANNON
I simply asked you if you *knew* anything about his murder.

JOE (O.S.)
Who's putting that into your head?

Shannon turns to find her father entering, dressed to the T.

SHANNON
No one, Daddy. I'm a lawyer. There's motive. So I wonder.

Joe moves to prepare a coffee. He's exact in his method.

JOE
Motive?

SHANNON
The McCoy's land.

Joe hands the coffee to Shannon. He knows precisely how his daughter likes it.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Without it, no casino on the water. Gable would have never sold. And Gable's dead.

Shannon steps closer to the MODEL of the "The Riverlife Project". She places a finger on top of a GLORIOUS CASINO right on the water that aims to rival The Wynn.

SHANNON
Strange. Isn't this where the The Carom Room is?

RANDALL
That's just a model, Shannon.

A glare between them. Joe moves beside Shannon.

JOE
The other night I couldn't sleep, I was watching this show about JFK, on all these conspiracy theories about who shot him: from Castro to the Mob, KGB to space aliens. You know why all these theories exist? Because no one can accept that such a simple-minded, insignificant man like Lee Harvey Oswald could kill such an important figure like JFK, and for no good reason.
(the lesson)
But that's what happened. No grandiose conspiracy behind it. Sometimes life is that uncomplicated and unfair.

The point lands. Joe lets it sit, then he kisses her cheek.

JOE
I have a call. I love you.
(to Randall)
In my office in an hour.

Randall nods. Joe exits. Shannon turns to her brother.

SHANNON
For what it's worth, I believe you. Just be careful until this gets sorted out.

She leaves. A *look* in Randall's eyes, hard to read.

INT. GABLE AND ELOISE'S HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Eloise cooks sausage. She stares at old PHOTOS on the wall, sepia images of McCoys from decades ago. One of Gable, in his late 20s, standing with his BROTHER and COUSINS. Patrick enters. Sees his mother.

PATRICK
What are you doing?

ELOISE
Making you breakfast.

PATRICK
Mom, I'll make breakfast. Take you to breakfast. Build you a goddamn restaurant if that's what you --

ELOISE
What's wrong with you?

PATRICK
The stoic thing. You're not dealing with this.

ELOISE
"Dealing?" What am I supposed to do? Sit around and cry?

PATRICK
Yes. That's exactly what you're supposed to do. Cry. Talk about how you feel. Cry some more.

She THROWS the spatula at the wall.

ELOISE
You want to know how I feel!? Like we're going to lose everything. Your father was the glue. Even in jail he held the clan together. Who does that now?

PATRICK
Jack.

ELOISE
Jack's not your father.

PATRICK
No one is, Mom.

Eloise calms. She lifts the photo of Gable as a young man off the wall.

ELOISE
You're the most like him. You have his brain. His instincts. People follow you like they followed him.
(pointed)
The family needs you.

PATRICK
Mom, I can't stay if that's what --

ELOISE
That is what I'm asking. You've been escaping down in Panama, running from the past, from your Dad, your name --

PATRICK
It's not about any of that, Mom. It's about a woman.

ELOISE
So bring her here and marry her. Nothing would make me happier.

Before Patrick can respond, door opens. Owen interrupts --

OWEN
They made an arrest.

ELOISE
Randall Hatfield?

OWEN
No. It's looking like the Hatfields weren't involved.

SMASH TO:

EXT. THREE RIVERS PARK - DAY

Eloise, Jack, Patrick talk to two detectives, MATT BLANKENSHIP (34), a third cousin, and NESTOR EMMANUEL (36).

MATT
The guy's name is Bret Griswald. A petty thief, record since high school. Cops found the gun in his car after a high-speed chase. He was injured, but he'll live.

PATRICK
Did he admit to it?

NESTOR
Claims he has no idea where the gun came from and knows nothing about your dad's murder.

JACK
What else would he say?

Matt exchanges a look with Nestor: Jack won't like this.

MATT
D.A.'s filing murder charges against him. Taking a "case-closed" posture.

ELOISE
That's it? No more investigation?

MATT
They found the gun on him, Eloise.

JACK
So what? He could be a patsy set up to save Randall's ass.

PATRICK
Or he could be the guy that killed Dad.

Tension. Jack isn't biting -- that worm is bad.

MATT
Look, we gotta take off. Keep our names out of this.

Matt and Nestor turn and leave.

JACK
This thing stinks. A punk-ass who robs liquor stores shoots Dad from a distance, for no reason? No. This was a hit.

PATRICK
Christ, it's like you want a war.

JACK
Look, Patrick, you left home to stay out of the family business. So stay out of it!

PATRICK
Relax. I'm just saying --

Jack pokes Patrick hard in the chest.

JACK
You don't get a say! You moved away and gave it up!

PATRICK
(he slaps his hand away)
Touch me with that hand again, I give it back broken!

ELOISE
Stop it! Both of you!

Patrick and Jack ease, exhale.

JACK
I know what I know.
(pointed)
Randall Hatfield is a dead man.

ELOISE
Watch your mouth, Jack. The old days are over. We don't solve it that way anymore.

JACK
They do. And so will I.

Jack walks off, decided upon a course of action.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

EXT. PITTSBURGH - NIGHT (AERIAL)

The rivers. The city. The lights. Peaceful. Cliff Martinez's '*Solaris*' sets a moody tone.

INT. HEINZ LOFTS - SHANNON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shannon enters. High above the city. Safe. She takes off her jacket, notices a man in a chair on her balcony.

EXT. SHANNON'S BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Shannon walks out with two beers, hands one to --

PATRICK
You forgot to ask for your key back.

SHANNON
I didn't forget.

She sits.

SHANNON
I don't know anything about it. There are lines I would never cross. I'd never hurt you.

PATRICK
I'm sorry. I'm mixed up.

A moment. Patrick wrestling with something.

PATRICK
I always told myself I wasn't like my family. That if I just got away, made another life, I'd be another person. But I think I was wrong. Since my dad died, I feel my blood, my name, in a way I never have. I feel different.

SHANNON
What do you mean?

PATRICK
I'm a McCoy. You're a Hatfield. If it ends up being anyone in your family, how do <u>*we*</u> survive that?

SHANNON
We leave. Like we planned.

PATRICK
What if I can't?

She moves closer to him, kisses his hand, his lips.

SHANNON
I stepped up for you. I'm ready to leave it all for you. You have to be willing to do the same for me. We can't exist here.

Patrick takes her face in his hands, kisses her.

PATRICK
I love you.

But his fear of losing her in all of this is palpable.

SHANNON
Stay with me tonight.

Patrick nods "yes." She kisses him again.

INT. JACK AND TREENA'S LOFT - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Treena makes dinner. Jack's CELL RINGS. "Private Caller."

JACK
(into phone)
Yeah?

MALE (V.O.)
He's at his home now.

CLICK. He remains in a conflicted, pensive thought, then makes a decision. Jack pockets his cell.

JACK
Gonna run an errand.

TREENA
What errand?

Jack doesn't answer. He kisses her, exits.

EXT. JACK AND TREENA'S LOFT - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Treena on Jack's heels.

TREENA
Where you going? Come inside.

He keeps going. She grabs his arm, hard, spins him.

TREENA
You're gonna do something stupid, aren't you?

JACK
He was my father.

Jack holds her eyes... then steps into his Challenger.

TREENA
Jack! Get out of the car!

Jack PEELS OFF.

TREENA
Jack!? Jack!?

Treena frantically dials her cell.

EXT. RANDALL HATFIELD'S HOME - NIGHT

Jack in his car across the street. Jack pulls his gun from his ankle. The passenger door opens and in slides --

PATRICK
What the hell are you doing?

JACK
Goddamn, Treena... she called you?

PATRICK
Because she loves you, Idiot. Look, you're making a mistake.

JACK
Get out, Patrick.

PATRICK
This isn't the way to handle it.

JACK
<u>This</u> is the only way left. Time to resurrect the code.

PATRICK
Don't give me this "code" crap! Everything you ever learned from the history, from the stories, that won't get you anything but dead! Let me tell you a new story, Jack! It starts with you not listening to me and ends with me dragging you into the ER and standing there crying while you bleed all over the floor!

WHAM! Jack PUNCHES the REAR VIEW! It SHATTERS.

JACK
He was our father! <u>His life mattered</u>! Someone decided it didn't and they gotta pay!

Jack regains control, eases, speaks softly.

JACK
I can't turn my back. I'd do the same for you. It's who I am. Won't ever change. Right or wrong.

Patrick speaks quietly now, just above a whisper.

PATRICK
I'm asking you not to rush in. It'll get you killed.
(off Randall's home)
How do you even know he's home?

JACK
I got people.

PATRICK
They the ones setting you up?

Jack squints: "What are you talking about?"

PATRICK
Down the street, the dark blue van, doesn't fit this neighborhood.

JACK
You're paranoid.

PATRICK
The car behind on your left. Pigtail antenna on the right panel.

Jack looks at his side-view mirror: "Fuck me." There is a car: pigtail antenna, windows too dark, paint too dark, in a "too-dark" part of the street. Oddly, Jack smiles.

JACK
I was right. They're involved.
(bottom line)
They control the city, they'll bury this. You know that. Dad deserves justice. Are you in or not?

Patrick, something stirring inside.

PATRICK
I want ground rules, which start with "proof".

JACK
What's proof for you?

PATRICK
We get to Bret Griswald. Connect the Hatfields to him.

JACK
Dude's in the hospital's secure wing. We can't reach him.

PATRICK
We can. Make a list of every McCoy in town and where they work. We meet at the Carom Room tomorrow.
(off Jack's hesitation)
My way doesn't work, do what you want, but without me.

Jack tucks the gun away. STARTS the CAR. They drive off.

INT. HEINZ LOFTS - SHANNON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Shannon rises, looks a bit pale. She goes into the bathroom, checks her throat. It's fine. She swallows some aspirin. A beat. Then she VOMITS into the sink.

INT. THE CAROM ROOM - MORNING

Closed for business. Jack, Patrick, Owen stand before a CITY MAP on a wall. Pins mark locations where core McCoys (say 50) work, their exact places of business written on a master list beside the map, every blue-collar job imaginable.

PATRICK
(off the map)
This is how we get to Bret Griswald. Who works Water & Power?

JACK
Cade and Ryan.

PATRICK
Who does security tech? Janitorial?

JACK
Ethan works 'alarms.' Jimmy for Argo. His son, too.

OWEN
Spell it out, Patrick.

PATRICK
Look at the map.

We DO. The PINS are VISIBLE in every nook of a city.

PATRICK
McCoys make this city run. We clean the streets, the buildings, keep the lights on, phones working, water flowing, boats moving. They can guard Griswald all they want, but McCoys are everywhere.

JACK
You're right. We're a bigger part of the machine than the Hatfields. And we're invisible.

PATRICK
That's our advantage.

JACK
We go tonight, then?

PATRICK
Yes. No guns.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mary dials a phone. RINGS. Someone answers:

MARY
(into phone)
I need to see you.

SMASH TO:

MUSIC: motoring guitar from Wolfmother's, "*Joker & the Thief.*"

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT *(THIS SEQUENCE MOVES FAST)*

A COMCAST van stops in the street -- TWO MEN jump out and set orange cones around a manhole.

INT. SEWER - CONTINUOUS

Patrick, Jack, and Owen drop through the manhole. They're joined by cousin ETHAN McCOY (21). Flashlights illuminate a sewer map Jack's holding.

FURTHER DOWN

They reach metal door. Ethan pulls out a set of high-tech "picks" and makes short work of the lock, opens the door.

INT. ELECTRICAL CONDUIT TUNNEL

They step into a large tunnel. It leads them into --

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Waiting are two McCoys: CEECEE SPIRES (30) and JESSE McCOY (35) wearing janitorial uniforms. They hand Patrick and Jack uniforms that read "ARGO JANITORIAL SERVICE."

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

An African American JAIL GUARD (28) guards Griswald's room. Owen approaches.

JAIL GUARD
You owe me, Owen.

Owen nods "I know." They step around a corner as Patrick and Jack appear pushing a janitor's cart.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Patrick walk in. BRET GRISWALD (26) sits watching some shitty show with some shitty actor. He looks at the men, smart enough to realize they're not janitors.

GRISWALD
--the hell are you guys?

Jack grabs Griswald's neck -- crushing his throat --

JACK
What's wrong, Bret? You look like you just got pushed into the deep end without your "floaties".

Griswald is choking now.

PATRICK
Jack.

Jack releases him. Griswald sucks oxygen.

PATRICK
My brother, he's a bit physical. Has anger issues. We have some questions, and I wouldn't lie.
(off Bret's nod)
The murder at the Carom Room?

GRISWALD
I had nothing to do with it!

JACK
You had the gun.

GRISWALD
Wrong! Cops found it <u>in</u> my car, not <u>on</u> me! That's a big difference.

PATRICK
How'd it get there?

Griswald hesitates, then sees the ire in Jack's eyes.

GRISWALD
Guy I room with had my car last. He was talking about how he got into something, over his head...

Patrick and Jack exchange a look, they believe him.

PATRICK
Your roommate, where is he?

GRISWALD
Probably home. Bigelow and 5th.

EXT. BRET GRISWALD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack and Patrick at the door.

PATRICK
No gun, right?

JACK
Search me.

Patrick does. No gun.

JACK
All about trust, right?

Patrick knocks. No answer. Patrick knocks again, nothing.

JACK
Screw this.

BOOM! Jack KICKS IN THE DOOR!

INT. GRISWALD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They step in, ready for a fight. Jack pulls a gun from his ankle strap -- sly grin thrown his brother's way --

JACK
Always check the ankle, dumbass.

Patrick shakes his head. They slowly move towards SOUNDS EMANATING FROM a TV. Jack swings INSIDE to find --

Bret Griswald's roommate, TATE JACKSON (28). And he's not going to put up a fight because he's DEAD on the floor.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT IV

ACT V

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - INNER COURTYARD - MORNING

Mary waits on a bench. A FIGURE in shadow approaches.

MARY
You're late.

SWING AROUND TO REVEAL --

TREENA
I couldn't find the place.

Yes. Treena McCoy. Treena's agitated, edgy. Mary stands.

MARY
So where are they at with all this?

TREENA
They're *at* Randall killed Gable.

Not what Mary wanted to hear.

MARY
They'll come at us then.

TREENA
(nerves)
They already did... it's the only reason I'm here... I don't want anything to happen to Jack... he gets "hot-headed" and he... he went to Randall's to settle it. I called Patrick to stop him.

Mary's demeanor darkens, then she breathes out.

MARY
You did good.

TREENA
I'm <u>not</u> trying to "do good". I stopped Jack for Jack. <u>Not</u> for Randall. <u>Not</u> for you.

MARY
What's wrong with you?

TREENA
I'm his wife! Mother of his child!

MARY
You weren't supposed to fall in love! That's your mistake!

TREENA
It wasn't a mistake! It's the best thing that ever happened to me! I love him. His family. So I'm done... with you, with all this.

Mary steps closer, her energy dominates.

MARY
It doesn't work like that. I've invested a lot of time and money in you.

TREENA
I want you to let me go.

MARY
What I want is for you to consider what happens if Jack finds out about us. My guess is the McCoys push you out of his and your son's life and you end up back where I found you.
(menace)
You do remember where I found you, right, Treena?

Treena remembers. It wasn't a nice place.

TREENA
I won't do anything to hurt Jack.

MARY
But you'll do everything to keep him from hurting Randall. Do that and then we'll talk about what it will take for you to be "done".

Mary leaves. Treena cries, scared, trapped.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CAROM ROOM - NIGHT

Place is bustling. A local Pitts band, "*City Dwelling Nature Seekers*" PLAYS an acoustic set on the bar's stage. A CROWD plays pool, drinks, listens to the band.

Patrick and Jack sit at a private table near one of the big windows. The city and river LIT UP outside. The dead man's LAPTOP on the table. A bottle of Patron between them.

PATRICK
Find someone who “gets” computers. Have this thing gone through.

JACK
Nothing’ll be on it. These people clean up their messes. What do you think that dead guy’s all about?

PATRICK
You can’t clean it all anymore. There’s going to be something. Until then, we back off.

JACK
Why?

PATRICK
We’re playing chess, not checkers. We need to be patient --

JACK
-- draw them out... figure out who it is we’re up against.
(off Patrick's look)
I play chess, dumbass. This place didn’t build itself, bro.

PATRICK
All I’m saying is if we go slow, smart, then we’re in control. There’s a body connected to Dad’s murder. We know his name. We have his laptop. We make it known, people’ll get nervous --

JACK
Doesn’t mean they’ll make a mistake.

PATRICK
They don’t need to. They just need to make a move. They do, they expose themselves.

JACK
... Alright. But you leave in a few days. If this isn’t handled by then, I do it my way.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JACK AND TREENA’S LOFT - NIGHT

Jack and Treena put Lee to sleep. Treena’s nervous, off.

JACK
You look tired.

TREENA
Yeah... it's been hard...

Jack holds her, kisses her. Treena's guilt is tangible. Then an unusual NOISE out front. Treena's scared.

TREENA
Jack?

Jack opens a hall closet. TAKES OUT a GUN when BOOM! -- the FRONT door is SMASHED OFF its hinges. COPS STORM IN and SLAM Jack to the ground. LEE CRIES in the background.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALLEGHENY COUNTY JAIL - INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

Patrick and Eloise talk to Jack through Plexiglas.

JACK
Eight ounces of dope. They can charge me with "intent to distribute".
(quiet rage)
Randall did this. Set me up 'cause he knows I'm coming for him.

PATRICK
Randall couldn't do this alone.

JACK
Then who?

PATRICK
Someone looking for leverage. And they have it.

EXT. ALLEGHENY COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Patrick with Eloise, who is emotional, but she won't cry.

ELOISE
I told you to watch after him... Losing your father... all I have left is you boys and Emma.

Eloise shakes off emotion, regains her composure.

ELOISE
Figure out Jack's bail. I need to talk to someone.

Eloise turns and heads deeper INTO the building.

Patrick watches, wonders where she's going.

INT. ALLEGHENY COUNTY JAIL - OFFICE - LATER

TAYLOR FORD (47), African American, offers Eloise a seat. His office is neat, orderly, a DOOR on each side of the room.

TAYLOR
I'm sorry about Gable. You know that he and I... we go back.

Taylor sits at his desk. Eloise nods, her silence powerful.

TAYLOR
I heard about Jack. Drugs, huh?

ELOISE
Jack isn't involved in drugs.
(then)
Taylor, until we get him out, I want you to place him into protective custody.

TAYLOR
I can't just order that, Eloise.

ELOISE
Why? You're the Deputy Warden.

Taylor hesitates.

TAYLOR
Listen, I can't get involved. This isn't the old days. I have a life to protect now. You understand, don't you Eloise?

Eloise, resigned, a nod as if to say, "I understand." She stands. Taylor rises, places a hand on her shoulder.

TAYLOR
Do you mind going out the back?

Eloise smiles, "Of course. Taylor OPENS the DOOR to the back hall. When he does -- *WHAM!* Eloise KICKS IT CLOSED -- *SMASHING* Taylor's hand between the DOOR and FRAME --

TAYLOR
Ahh!

-- while she simultaneously THROWS ALL of her weight against the door -- TRAPPING his now BLOODY hand there -- Taylor drops to his knees -- we may HEAR a finger CRACK.

ELOISE
Just because Gable's dead doesn't mean the debt's paid! I know what happened 17 years ago! If anything happens to Jack, your life is going to implode!
(mocking him)
You understand, don't you, Taylor?

Taylor nods, "Yes." Eloise RELEASES the door. Taylor pulls his hand free, clutching it tightly, on his knees, in pain.

ELOISE
You owe Gable, you owe me.

Eloise walks out the FRONT DOOR, leaving Taylor stunned.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Eloise walking the vibrant city street, deep in thought. Depleted by exhaustion. Her CELL RINGS. She answers it.

ELOISE
Yes?
(a strange beat)
Who?

EXT. THREE RIVERS PARK - DAY

As magnificent as Central Park. Eloise waits on a bench overseeing the rivers. A figure CROSSES FRAME, sits, it's --

MARY
There's a chill. Winter is coming.

ELOISE
You set up my son.

MARY
Yours tried to kill mine.
(off Eloise's "look")
It's true. Ask Patrick. If not for him, Randall might be dead.

Eloise believes Mary.

ELOISE
What are we here for, Mary?

Mary takes a seat beside Eloise.

MARY
The case against Jack can go away. In exchange, your family leaves Randall alone. A simple trade.

ELOISE
Have you considered the possibility that Randall may have killed Gable?

MARY
I've considered everything and decided that ending this right now is the conclusion I want.

Eloise studies Mary.

ELOISE
You're so cold. What happened to you?

MARY
(offended)
"What happened to me?"
(beat)
Well, I'll tell you, Eloise. When I was a teenager, my sister and I ran away and made our way here. We were just kids, but we had to escape an abusive situation. What we did to escape... it was bad.
(emotional)
We had $47 to our name. It was hard... hard to find food, a place to stay. My sister would cry herself to sleep at night and I'd pretend to be strong so she'd never learn how afraid I actually was.

Mary pauses, the memory genuinely difficult to share.

MARY
A few times I did things... to make money. I never told my sister because I wanted to protect her. Then one day, my life changed. It got better. I found a job by the wharf and I met the man of my dreams there. He was strong. Ambitious. Good. We fell in love and everything was perfect.
(beat)
But he betrayed me. He had an affair with my sister. Can you imagine what that felt like? They destroyed everything I ever had.

Eloise absorbs, affected.

MARY
I decided then that if I couldn't trust love, I'd trust power.
(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)
So I devoted my life to obtaining it. And you know what found, Eloise? Power feels better than love. It can't hold you or kiss you or tell you life will be okay, but it never betrays you.

Eloise holds Mary's gaze... for a long, long time.

ELOISE
I didn't betray you. I fell in love.

MARY
With my fiancé. With my Gable.

Deep emotion. Melancholy. Then steel:

MARY
I'm sorry about Gable. We've all lost loved ones.

ELOISE
You don't lose loved ones, Mary, you drive them away.

Mary takes that in, spits it back up:

MARY
Eloise, be sensible. Do you really want to drag our kids into this? A feud can spin out of control.
(pointed)
But if you try me, I'll come at you with every resource in this city. And I won't stop until I destroy everything and everyone in your world.

Mary is done. She rises, about to leave.

ELOISE
Mary?

Mary turns.

ELOISE
Who says you'd win?

A tiny grin from Eloise. Before Mary can answer, Eloise walks away. The WIND BLOWS across Mary's face. It is cold. Winter is on the way and it's going to be a brutal one.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT V

ACT VI

INT. HEINZ LOFTS - SHANNON'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Shannon's hair a mess, barely out of bed and it's past 9:00. She's in the bathroom, on her knees in front of the toilet. Sick again. She PULLS INTO FRAME a "Home Pregnancy Stick". Checks it. "Shit", then a mask of emotions...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALLEGHENY COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

Patrick starts up the steps of the jail house.

RANDALL (O.S.)
What a good big brother. Coming to Jack's rescue once again.

Patrick turns to see Randall. A smug look on his face.

PATRICK
What is this, Randall? You just happen by to talk 'family values' with me?

RANDALL
Jack's out. An hour ago.

This surprises Patrick. Randall likes that.

RANDALL
I heard charges were dropped. He got lucky for once. Or maybe there's something bigger behind it - someone bigger, someone smarter.

Patrick takes a step closer. A COUPLE of BEAT COPS notice.

PATRICK
Guess that rules you out. All you are is a criminal in an Armani.

That touches something inside Randall. It bothers him.

RANDALL
Criminal? Every empire is built the same way. You think your father was an angel? Do you even know how he got that land?

PATRICK
Don't make me angry, Randall.

RANDALL
Or what, Patrick?

A staring contest. One of the Cops steps forward.

COP #1
There a problem here?

RANDALL
No. Just talking to an old friend.

Randall turns to walk away, but stops:

RANDALL
Sorry about your father. It's too bad he didn't sell when he had the chance.

Patrick LUNGES at him. The two Cops JUMP IN, STOPPING HIM --

PATRICK
I swear I'll rip your head off! You hear me, Randall!

COP #1
Knock it off! Cool it!

As the Cops pull Patrick away, we RISE ABOVE the scene. Randall walks off. Patrick held back by the cops, an anger inside that's quickly growing.

SMASH TO:

INT. ELOISE'S HOME - DAY

Patrick is packing a bag, a small one, fuming. Eloise enters. He ignores her for a moment. Zips the bag.

PATRICK
You made a deal with her.
(off her silence)
What was it?

ELOISE
Jack's freedom for Randall's life.

Patrick is relieved for his brother, angry at all else.

PATRICK
And whoever killed Dad gets away with it?

ELOISE
Jack has a wife, a son, my grandson. What was I supposed to do?

PATRICK
Not make a deal with a devil! Talk to me! Ask for my help!

ELOISE
(loud, strong)
I did ask for your help and you said no! I did what I did!
(calming)
... I put family first. That's what we do. Sometimes it's not easy, but it's always right.
(beat)
Let it go. It's best if this all just goes away.

Patrick, a storm brewing inside.

PATRICK
I'm not letting anything go.

Patrick leaves with the bag. In Eloise's eyes, a hint of satisfaction, was this the result she intended?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A lavish FUND-RAISER dinner-dance for Mary Hatfield. An ORCHESTRA playing. Mary shines in a PEARL-COLORED gown. She's at the edge of the dance floor, chatting up a COUPLE.

PATRICK (O.S.)
You're a vision this evening, Mrs. Mayor.

Mary turns to find Patrick in a killer suit. The orchestra begins to play.

PATRICK
May I have this dance?

MARY
It'd be my pleasure.

Patrick takes her hand, moves onto the dance floor. Everyone watches, the handsome young man with the most powerful woman in this city.

MARY
What is this, Patrick?

PATRICK
I wanted to thank you.

Mary raises a brow: "Me?"

PATRICK
For Jack.

They do a perfect dip, we DISCOVER both are fine dancers.

MARY
Then I suppose I should thank you. For Randall.

PATRICK
You love him?

MARY
Of course. I'm his mother.

PATRICK
That's why I thought you set up Jack, to help Randall. But truth is, you didn't need to. Evidence against him is flimsy.

MARY
So what's the problem? Two innocent men set free.

They spin and glide, their movements become more grand.

PATRICK
Problem is you made a move when you didn't have to. And that makes me think you have something to hide.

MARY
Patrick, just what is it that you want from me?

Patrick bends her back, pulls her up, another spin. The CROWD admires the wonderful dancing.

PATRICK
I wanted you to know that I love my father. Just like you love your son. But there's a code. Whoever killed my father will pay.

Mary gives him nothing, merely stares, strong.

PATRICK
I know you made a deal with my mother to keep the peace. I understand why she agreed to it. But there's one thing you missed.

MARY
What's that, Patrick?

PATRICK
Me.

MUSIC building to a CLIMAX now.

PATRICK
You didn't make a deal with me.
And we won't be making one because
I'm going to be too busy
dismantling your entire life.

Patrick and Mary close, spinning in a circle until --

PATRICK
Your position, your reputation,
your money - I'm coming for it,
every piece of it, every bit of it,
until I find out what happened to
my father and make it right.

-- they intuitively STOP with the music.

PATRICK
(fair warning)
I'm coming home, Mayor. The truce.
It's broken.

The crowd applauds. Off Patrick and Mary, slowly PULLING AWAY from them as new MUSIC BUILDS, the driving BEAT of Muse's, "*Supermassive Black Hole*". And then the --

CAMERA RAPIDLY SOARS THROUGH 30-foot TALL WINDOWS and out ACROSS --

EXT. PITTSBURGH - NIGHT (AERIAL)

-- the brooding Pittsburgh skyline.

The city looks calm and peaceful... at least for now....

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END *