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The Greatest Ears in Town: The Arif Mardin Story

By Unknown

MAN:

Driver's name is Arthur Shea.
former Medford police officer,
Soon as his partner leaves with
the coal bag...
...Artie cracks The Herald,
and he don't look up till the guy gets back.
Marty MacGuire,
Cummins Armored courier.
Picks up every Wednesday and friday

at exactly 8:

Makes \$110 a day. Carries a SIG 9.
And he's about to get robbed.
We're fucked if we see a helicopter,
we're fucked if we see SWAT.
We see a cruiser, stop, take out
the engine blocks, keep moving.
No one needs to get hurt.
Now, these guards
like to test you, though.
They want to get hurt for \$10 an hour,
don't get in the way.
Let's go.

GLOANS:

Move!

JEM:

from the counter!
Go! Go! Go! Everybody away!
Back against the wall.

GLOANS:

You! Away from the computer!

DOUG:

JEM:

DOUG:

JEM:

DE1:

Get on the ground!

-Get down on the ground.

JEM:

DE1:

Move! Go, go, go, go!

JEM:

GLOANS:

-Everybody on the floor.

DE1:

JEM:

Take off your fucking shoes!

GLOANS:

Slide your fucking phones up.

DE1:

GLOANS:

DOUG:

Get the cash drawers. Let's go.

DE1:

GLOANS:

DOUG:

Get up. Let's go.

Get up, come on, get up. Let's go.

Not you. You. Get up. Let's go.

Come on.

JEM:

BEARNS:

DOUG:

-9:

Don't lie to us, it's 8:15.
Listen, it's not your money.
You understand? Don't lie to us again.

GLOANS:

Get in the corner. You too, brother-man.

DOUG:

Go. Go.
No distress call. Open it clean.
-I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

JEM:

This guy a fucking friend of yours?
Let's go!
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

DOUG:

Take your time, okay?
Breathe. Go.

JEM:

Okay, get back. Get out of the way.
[KNOCKING]

JEM:

Front door.

MAN:

JEM:

MAN:

Hey, you guys open?
[KNOCKING CONTINUES]

DOUG:

We gotta go.

JEM:

Let's go. Let's bleach it up.

DOUG:

JEM:

DOUG:

DEL:

JEM:

-Look, nobody did anything.

JEM:

BEARNS:

JEM:

-No. No.

JEM:

BEARNS:

JEM:

you motherfucker! You fuck!

DOUG:

Easy, easy. That's enough.

-All right? Easy.

JEM:

You fucker. We were out the door,
you fuck.

DOUG:

Let's go.

JEM:

Where's your purse?

DOUG:

What the fuck is this?

JEM:

we're gonna need her.
Sit down. Go.

DOUG:

Head for the boulevard.
You're gonna be okay.
All right? No one's gonna hurt you.
What's up?
Boosted a city work van.
Which still hasn't been reported stolen.

FRAWLEY:

Probably too busy working.
Used the van to screen the door.
Bleached the entire place for DNA.
Kills all the clothing fiber,
so we can't get a match.
Silent bell
came from cage number two.
Assistant manager's at Beth Israel.
Our guys waited for the time lock
to expire...
...then they had the manager
open sesame.
Under duress?

DINO:

I don't know.

FRAWLEY:

Ten foot steel safe.
Only as strong
as the guy with the key.
Found the dye packs and the tracers.
[PHONE RINGS]
Found the van. Torched.
-Where is it?
-Where do you think?

DE1:

Is that where we are now?
Where's Jem?
Stopped on the way
to light a couple house fires...

...stick up a liquor store, maybe,
I don't know.

-Are we taking hostages now?

-No, we're not taking hostages now.

-You gonna talk to this fucking asshole?

-For one thing

GLOANS:

Hey.

Speak of the fucking devil.

DOUG:

You made it.

-Take the scenic route?

-We got a problem.

-What?

-Well, look.

DOUG:

So what?

DE1:

Let me see that.

JEM:

GLOANS:

DE1:

-Bitch lives four blocks away.

JEM:

where we are, Gloans. Fuck.

GLOANS:

on the street every day?

She didn't see anything.

DE1:

Jesus, are you sure?

-Taking her for a ride didn't help.

-Yeah.

Oh, fuck.

All right. I'm gonna handle it.

How you gonna handle this?
I'm gonna stalk her
like a fucking A car, we'll find out.
-Find out what?
-If she needs to get scared.
-She's already scared.
-Well, maybe not scared enough.
Thanks, Kathy.
Ms. Keeseey. Special Agent Adam Frawley,
Violent Crimes and Robbery.
Derek here is gonna take some
elimination prints.
I see you've given
a preliminary statement.
I want to talk to you
about your abduction.
Okay.
-I understand they threatened you.
-Mm-hm.
One of them took my license.
And did you try to escape
at any point?
No.
Is there anything you can identify
about the men? Anything you'd testify to?
I didn't try to escape
because they had guns.
I understand.
Then they just let you go?
-Yeah. They just let me go.

FRAWLEY:

Should I have a lawyer here?
This isn't a very civil libertarian thing of me
to say, but anyone who lawyers up is guilty.
-I think you're all right.
-Okay.

FRAWLEY:

an experience like this...
...there are very often
residual effects.
It's gonna be okay.
Did they say anything?

' 'lf you talk to the FBI, we'll come
to your house and fuck you and kill you.' '

GLOANS:

Are you gonna take care of it?

-I'll do it.

-Why are you gonna do it?

You're the reason

we're having conversation.

-I'm gonna get it done.

-What are you gonna get done? Huh?

You get picked up

for intimidating a witness.

You walk within 100 feet of her,

that's 10 years. Okay?

You got two strikes against you already.

They're gonna bury you under the jail.

How much money's in the sack?

All right, we got 90 a pop.

Minus what I had to shave off

for the Florist.

Hey, Jem, what happened

with the assistant manager?

Yeah. Well, next time Skeletor comes

in the bank with an AK...

...I think he's gonna think twice

about hitting that alarm, isn't he?

He's lucky he just got tuned up.

-Hey, Rusty. How you doing?

-Hey, Jem. What's up? How are you?

Fergie. Kid's here.

JEM:

Hey, Fergie.

-Here you go.

-How's it going, son?

All right. You run that under the sink,

all right?

Trust me.

All right. Good to see you.

Take it easy, man. Good to see you.

FRAWLEY:

What are they doing right now?

They got the money,
now they have to clean it. Casinos. Tracks.
Maybe they make a big drug buy,
flip it across town.
They want to go celebrate, right?
B.P.D., DEA, I want tips,
names, witnesses, anything.
We're gonna knock on some doors,
see who wants to help us out.
Any questions? No? Great. Let's go.
[SLAINE'S ''99 BOTTLES''
PLAVINC OVER SPEAKERS]
[PEOPLE CHATTERING]
What's going on, pal?
What up?
Hey, there he is.

DOUG:

JEM:

DOUG:

-Hey, hey. Krista's here.

JEM:

Go on, tell the story.

GLOANS:

these motherfuckers about your father.
The feds will never understand
the guy who's facing 40 years.
Gonna give him the opportunity
to walk scot-free if he gives up his friends.
He tells them,
''Suck a dick. Give me the 40.''

JEM:

''Fucking suck a dick.''
Yeah, well, here's to Big Mac.
Doing his time like a man.

JEM:

GLOANS:

DOUG:

I'm gonna get a tonic, I guess.
All right.
Get me an umbrella for my beer.
Let me get a Shirley Temple
with an extra cherry, please.
Poor fucking sober bastard.
-Thanks.

BARTENDER:

Juice?
Yeah. Juice.
Do you want some snappers
to go with that?
-What are you doing?
-I was just playing.
Fuck.
My drink.
Heard you got in a fight, Kris.
Do I look like I got in a fight?
I don't know. Let me see.
They pull your hoop out?
That's right.
Fucking Somalian started talking shit
when I was with my daughter.
-You were with Shyne?
-All they see are yuppies down here.
They think there's no more serious
white people in Charlestown.
So they can fucking talk shit?
No.
Well, do you miss it?
Fucking coke and Oxy
and all that shit? Yeah, I miss it.
We smoked it to the filter, right?
You know what I miss?
[BREATHING HEAVILY]
There you go.
There you go.
That's what you want, right?
-Yeah.
-Is that what you want?
[MOANING]

-Say you love it.

-Oh, fuck.

Good night.

WOMAN:

I'm grateful to be here today.
Growing up in Charlestown in,
you know, a small-knit community...
...we took care of each other,
were protected.

MAN 1:

like my family.

MAN 2:

when I'm out there.
I don't know
where I learned these things.

WOMAN:

and I'd watch Christmas, birthdays
I didn't know what my son looked like.

MAN 1 :

Make a fast buck if we had to...
...that progressed
into getting arrested, and....
The struggle that you have within yourself,
the loss, you know what I mean?
The disappointment in yourself. The anger
that turns into disappointment. The despair.
It's like the guy sitting in the bar,
and a priest walks in.
The guy says, 'Hey, wait a minute.
I hate to tell you this, don't waste your
time, but I happen to know there's no God.'
The priest says, 'Yeah, how's that?'
The guy says,
'I was an explorer in the North Pole.
I got caught in a blinding storm once.
Freezing. I was blinded.
Freezing to death. And I prayed,
'If there's a God, save me now.'
Now, God didn't come.'

And the priest says, you know, ''How's that? You're alive. He must've saved you.''
He says, ''God never showed up.
An Eskimo came along.
Took me back to his camp and saved me.''
That's Janice. She's my wife
and she's sitting right there.
She's my Eskimo.
-How you doing?

MAN:

CLAIRE:

Excuse me?
Are you doing laundry?
Huh?
I just wondered if you had any change.
The machine is out.
-Can't help you. Sorry.
-Okay.
I can just hang them up
when I get home.
You all right?
I'm fine. I'm just
Are you sure?
You okay?
Yeah, I'm fine. I'm fine, thank you.
I'm fine, yeah.
Well, this is embarrassing.
No, you got nothing
to be embarrassed for.
Do you need help?
I'm just having a bad week.
I understand.
I like to have a good cry
at the nail salon.
[CLAIRE LAUGHS]
Just open right up to the ladies.
They're very understanding.
But, you know,
you like the Laundromat, so that's fine.
Hey, why don't you let me
buy you a drink.
Make up for letting you down

with the quarters.
You know, see if we can turn
your week around.
What's the worst that could happen?

DINO:

FBI! Open the door!
Open the door!

HENRY:

Fuck.
[GRUNTING AND GROANING]
Fuck.
Fucking cocksucker. Get off him.
Jesus Christ, Henry.
Oxy, guns?
It's like townie Christmas.
Minimum federal sentencing,
[FRAWLEY WHISTLES]
You're gonna need a friend.
And she ain't it.
Great girl, though.
She really loves you, I can tell.
Good news for you is you have an alibi
for the Cambridge job.
The good news for me
is I bet you know something about it.
Everyone does trucks.
These guys beat the alarm
for the vault.
-Yeah?

HENRY:

A kid, he gets into the junction box.

DOUG:

-Hey.

DOUG:

-Yes.
I should have come
get your door for you, huh?
What kind of a guy lets you open
your own door like that?

What?

I have to get something out there...
...otherwise I'll be pretending
to listen to you all night...
...when really I'm thinking about
something else.

Okay.

A few days ago my bank was robbed.

Four men took it over
and opened the safe.

They took me as a hostage.

They blindfolded me
and drove me around.

And then they stopped and let me out
over at the beach and....

And one of the guys told me...

...to walk until I felt the water
on my toes.

It was the longest walk of my life.

I kept thinking I'd step off a cliff.

And then I felt the water.

I'm sorry.

It's not your fault.

Anyway, the FBI guy told me
it would feel like I was in mourning.

FBI? You're working with the FBI?

Mm-hm.

What does that mean?

Guy comes by, checks in on you,
gives you a call? That kind of thing?

Pretty much.

They don't have any suspects?

Any clues? Any leads? Anything like that?

I don't know.

Not that they've told me.

He intimated that they were
scouring Charlestown...

...but they were wearing masks, so....

-Shit.

-Mm.

I'm sure I'd recognize their voices
if I heard them again.

I don't know,

might be harder than you think.

So, what do you do for work?

Boston Sand and Gravel.

I break rocks.

Punch a ticket at the end of the day...

...slide down the back of a brontosaurus
like Fred Flintstone.

Call it a night.

[CLAIRE LAUGHS]

-Can I ask you something?

-You sure can.

I volunteer at the Boys & Girls Club
in Charlestown

-Oh, yeah?

-Yeah.

As a kickball pitcher since they haven't
been able to afford any ice for the rink.

Embarrassing. City won't put
any money into that place.

Yeah, I know. Yeah, well, some of the kids
were calling me a toonie.

It just means a yuppie. Someone who's
not from Charlestown, that's all.

-Of course it does.

-They're just being punks.

BARTENDER:

JEM:

DOUG:

-What up?

-How you doing?

-All right. Sox got rocked.

What's going on?

You, uh, check on that thing?

What?

The license.

-Yeah.

-And?

Nothing. It's a dead end. We're all set.

So no need to remove her
from the equation?

-What?

-You heard me.

What are you, a triggerman now?
Just loose ends, kid.
You're gonna get the fucking electric
chair brought back over to Charlestown.
Don't be so goddamned panicked,
all right, Dig Dug?
Just, you know, I don't wanna get
backdoored, that's all.
-We're fine. All right?
-All right. We're fine.
-Okay.
-We're fine.

MAN:

how to work the box.
But I like the way they zapped the BP to the D-5 station.
How does one learn how to do that?
Get a job at Vericom.
-Okay.
-Thank you.
All right, let's subpoena work logs,
employee records.
Start with everybody
who lives in the town.
Got it.

CLAIRE:

I lied to the FBI.

DOUG:

What?

CLAIRE:

When the guy attacked David...
...I could see the back of his neck
and he had a tattoo.
Of what?
It was one of those
Fighting Irish tattoos.
I'm afraid if I report it
they'll make me testify.
What do you think I should do?
Tell the FBI.
If the guy's got a record,

and I'm sure he does...
...they'll have his tattoos on file.
They'll ring him up the next day.
Robbery, weapons. He'll get 30 years.
Course, they'll worry someone's
gonna come looking for the witness.
The FBI will probably want to put you in
WITSEC, you know, Witness Security.
You know, they'll probably put you
somewhere, like, you know, in Cleveland...
...or Arizona, you know,
somewhere safe.
Or...
...you could wait.
You have a card.
There's nothing says you gotta play it
right away.
You're the one who's vulnerable
in this situation right now.
The FBI are just people
like anyone else.
They wanna find the bad guy so they
can go home and nuke their supper.
You have to look out
for yourself, Claire.
Quite an expert.
Not really.
Just watch a lot of TV.
I watch a lot of CSI.
So I'm a really big expert
on all this. I know.
And Miami CSI and New York CSI.
All of them, I watch.
You'll be well-prepared.
And Bones.
Do we know each other well enough for
me to say that this truck is a little much?
It's my work truck.
If you have problems with your Prius
I can throw it in the back.
How did you know I had a Prius?
Took a guess.
I mean, it just seemed like a toonie car.
-Why, do you really have a Prius?

-Yeah.

-Really?

-I had a Prius.

-It got vandalized, of course.

-What happened?

Doesn't matter. Now I'm forced to walk
a mile through the projects.

-There were these guys and they started....

-What?

I'm not sure if it was the same guys
who trashed my car, but
They started getting, you know
It started with yelling when I walked by...
...and then it got
really aggressive and....

What were they doing?

Once glass bottles
started getting thrown...

...I started coming to terms with not being
cool enough to walk through the projects.

They threw bottles at you?

I'm fine. I just have to, you know,
go the long way.

That's all. It doesn't matter.

No. You just have to live with it,
I guess.

You remember what they look like?

I need your help.

I can't tell you what it is...

...you can never ask me about it later,
and we're gonna hurt some people.

Whose car are we gonna take?

Townie credit card.

[RHAPHAEL TARPLEY'S 'GET PAID'
PLAYING IN DISTANCE]

[COCKS GUN]

[KNOCKING]

ALEX:

DOUG:

MAN:

What the?

[GRUNTING]

DOUG:

Is that your throwing hand?
If you're still here in a week,
we're coming back.
Let's go, we're done.

JEM:

Hey.
-What'd you do?
-I don't know what you're talking about.

JEM:

What'd you do to him?

ALEX:

I don't know what you're talking about.

JEM:

ALEX:

Hey, chill, chill, chill, man. Chill.
Chill, man.

JEM:

Don't tell me to chill.

DOUG:

JEM:

-I don't know what you're talking about.

JEM:

[GUNSHOTS, THEN ALEX YELLS]
There goes college soccer.
Hey, look at me.
See my face?
Go tell the cops, all right?
But just remember, I seen yours too.

ALEX:

Fuck.
I can't be up there

killing people, man.
Hey, you brought me.

FRAWLEY:

Desmond Elden?
Yeah, works for Vericom.
Never seen the inside of a jail cell.
Most of these guys got no-show jobs.
Take down a truck...
...foreman goes, ''Yeah, guy was here
yesterday.'' He shows us a forged timecard.
Can't play them games at Vericom
because it's a public company.
You don't show up,
it's a recorded sick day.
And Dezzy here,
he's got some interesting sick days.
BankBoston, Cummins Armored,
Arlington Brinks, Cambridge Merchants.
Jesus Christ.

CLAIRE:

still live in Charlestown?

DOUG:

made it out to the suburbs.

CLAIRE:

What about your mother?
I couldn't tell you.
She left when I was 6.
What happened?
She left.
Okay.
[SIGHS]
This sound woke me up.
At first I didn't know what it was.
Sounded like an animal
that got trapped.
I never heard a man cry before.
I came downstairs in my underwear.
I see my father in the kitchen.
First thing I remember was the ashtray.
Must have been a hundred cigarettes

in there.
Ash like a little mountain.
He stopped crying...
...was just sitting there watching TV
on a little black-and-white.
No sound.
I think he just didn't know
what else to do.
He looked at me standing there
in the doorway in my Underoos.
He said, ''Your mother left.
She's not coming back.''
Just like that.
Smoking cigarettes and eating
a TV dinner at 6 in the morning.
We lost our dog the year before...
...and I wanted to make these posters...
...in case my mother was lost...
...someone could call us...
...like the guy who found our dog.
To this day my father will tell you he helped
me make them posters, but he didn't.
Sat in the kitchen, drank a case of beer
while I went out on School Street...
...asking people
if they'd seen my mother.
Her name was Doris.
My grandmother had a place
that's a restaurant in Tangerine, Florida.
So I used to imagine
maybe that's where she went.
Then I came to terms with the fact
that doesn't really matter, you know?
Wherever she went,
she had a good reason to leave here.
She didn't wanna be
my mother anymore...
...and she wasn't coming back.
And now you know a little bit
about my family...
...but I'm still not showing you
my apartment.
How bad can it be?
[SLAINE & STATIK SELEKTAH'S ''RUN IT''

PLAVING OVER SPEAKERS]

Oh, yeah.

[CHATTERING]

DINO:

Desmond Elden.
Systems tech at Vericom,
Albert Magloan. Only in Boston
is a guy named Albert Magloan.

FRAWLEY:

he couldn't boost.
The kind of talented individual...
...that can start your Cherokee for you
while you're still looking for your keys.

DINO:

in prison, mother died of HIV.
Shot Brendan Leahey by the cemetery
behind Mishawum when he was 18.
Pled it out. When the judge asked him why
he did it, he said, 'I didn't like the kid.'
Served nine years for manslaughter.

FRAWLEY:

with sophistication and discipline.
And that is not our boy Coughlin.
We think the architect is this guy,
Coughlin's best friend, Doug MacRay.
Lives in the same house,
dated Coughlin's sister...
...who most likely mules for the Florist,
who used to employ MacRay's father.
You need a fucking Venn diagram
for these people.
Mac Sr. got life for the Nashua job,
which most of you should remember.
Hijacked a bread truck
up to New Hampshire...
...one of the guards saw his face...
...so they executed both of them
with their own weapons.
Big Mac's legacy is now no A car driver
is allowed to leave the cab...

...even if there's a gun
to his partner's head.

DINO:

for going over the counter at a BayBank...
...with a nail gun
after he washed out from pro hockey.
-Pro hockey?

DINO:

Got drafted, went to camp,
and here's the shocker:
Started making trouble,
fighting with guys.
-Don't they pay you to fight in hockey?
-No, not the guys on your own team.
[CHUCKLING]
MacRay came home,
got into the family business.
Same song, got into OxyContin.
Hockey ship sailed with the narcotics.
Now, we are a long way away
from a grand jury here.
We'll never get 24-hour surveillance...
...unless one of these idiots converts
to Islam.
So we build the case.
All right, let's get to work.

CLAIRE:

about you.
-Oh, yeah? All good, I hope.
-Yeah.
Eh.
Oh, yeah.
They say they're overcome with jealousy.
They can't believe your luck.
You moved to Charlestown,
hooked up with a rock-breaking townie.
No.
They just think it's a rebound.
A rebound from what, the robbery?
I don't know.
I feel estranged from them somehow.

What? Why do you look like that?
-My brother died on a day like this.
-When was this?
He was little. He had lymphoma.
So now on really sunny days
I always think of someone dying.
That's wrong, isn't it?
No.
I'm sure he'd be glad
you're thinking about him.
This is a good day.
I'm having a good time.
Good.
Then you'll miss me while I'm gone.

JEM:

Money, bitch.
Pop.
What the fuck you doing here? Huh?

DOUG:

-Nothing? What's this?
-Who're you here with, huh?
-No one.
-Let's get out of here.

JEM:

-Yeah.
-Yeah? Fucking Hawaiian pizza?
-Sit down.
-Let's hit the road.
-I gotta go.
-Sit the fuck down. Just sit down.
[MUTED SOUND]
-Hi.
-Hi.
-Hey.
-Claire.
-I'm Jem.
-Jim?
Jem. Jem. It's just Jem, yeah.
I'm friend of this loser right here.
-Nice to meet you.
-Sit down, sit down, relax. All right?

So I saw your fucking Avalanche
parked around the corner, so....

The Avalanche?

-A truck.

-Fucking truck. His work truck right there.

-Doug's quite the worker.

-Yeah.

Have you two known each other
a long time or...?

JEM:

We're like brothers. Right?

But he's never mentioned a word
about you.

The secrets with this one, you know, huh?

[JEM LAUGHS]

Did you say your name was Jim
or Jem?

It's Ji - Je

Well, it's both, actually.

Teachers, when we were growing up,
used to always say:

'Hey, you can have this one.

He's a real gem.'

So I guess it kind of stuck.

Whatever. I don't know.

So, what do you do

for yourself there, Claire?

Oh, I work at a bank.

I'm a bank manager.

You're a bank manager?

Sounds fun. What bank?

Cambridge Merchants. Just over there.

Cambridge Merchants. Wait, that's the one
that just got robbed, isn't it?

It got robbed, yeah. It did, yeah.

JEM:

I read about that. It's crazy.

So then how is it that you two met?

CLAIRE:

Um....

We met at a Laundromat.

Okay.

Love among the bleach, right?

Hey, it happens more than you think.

Hey, Claire, don't get too used
to your life of leisure here.

Dougy here, he's a real workaholic,
you know.

He's always taking his work home
with him.

Aren't you?

-All right.

DOUG:

Take care of yourself, all right?

Be good.

I'll see you at home.

It was nice to meet you.

You too.

Well, I guess you haven't been telling
all your friends about me.

Who you following, Jem?

Me or her?

I told you, I made the Avalanche.

Nothing to worry about.

It's all under control.

Oh, so you're trying to get us
jammed up?

-Is that it?

-I'm trying to get you jammed up.

Tell me you got a move here, Dougy.

Because the only way I see it is you
got sprung like a goddamn bear trap...

...on some toonie pussy who happens
to be the one goddamn person - Fuck!

The one person that can give us
to the fucking feds.

Calm down, all right?

Don't you think we need to be smart
right now?

-Smart?

-Yeah.

Let's start fucking all the witnesses.

All right?

Yeah, I'm blowing the assistant manager.

Am I smart now? Huh?
And no, I didn't tell the other guys,
only because they'd flip the fuck out.
And I want them fucking ready
for the next thing.
I told you, the next fucking thing's
not ready.
Then make it ready.
I don't like the guards
on the next thing, all right?
One kid is like fucking G.I. Joe.
He wears the vest on the outside, tucks
his pants into his fucking combat boots.
The truck's fucking waist-high.
We'll find another truck
with a driver...
...who's a fucking fat kid
with his fucking shit untucked...
-...who don't think he's Special Forces.
-Yeah?
All right, look, I know you're
happy in Fuck City over there...
...but I waited nine years in Walpole
for you, motherfucker.
Just nine years, that's all.
I'm done waiting.
This is the last one.
We're hitting pause after this.
We get pinched,
remember whose idea this was, okay?
Be ready on Friday.
MAN [OVER SPEAKER]:
Visitors, straight ahead.
-Who you seeing?
-Stephen MacRay.
[DOOR BULLES]

LENNY:

Twelve.
-Right down there.
-Thanks, Lenny.
You all right? Every time I come up
here now it's the red pajamas.
You still getting in trouble, Dad?

Hey, you know how it is.
I can't take no shit.
You're getting a little old
for that bullshit, aren't you?
Fucking Southie kids.
They wanna run everything.
Listen, you put a year together of
good behavior and get your points down...
...you get classed out
over to Norfolk, Dad.
No one's gonna bother you there.
Nobody fights, you know?
They got fucking Ben & Jerry's
ice cream and shit.
Well, some things you gotta deal with
yourself, you know?
All right.
I'm thinking about taking a trip.
-Going dark for a minute.
-Taking heat?
Nah, just making a change.
Yeah, don't tell me.
'Making a change.'
Either you got heat or you don't.
I heard a bread truck got dropped.
Oh, yeah? I didn't hear about it.
Okay.

MAN:

You got five minutes. Five minutes.

DOUG:

Let me ask you something.
In case I don't see you again.
[BOTH CHUCKLE]
How come you never...?
How come you never looked for her?
Uh....
Looked for who?
For Ma.
For my mother.
How come you never looked for her?
How come you never tried to call nobody
or look for her, or ask around?

Look, when your mother left...
...you cried so hard you were throwing up.
All over the parlor.
So I told you if you looked around
you might find her.
Just to give you an activity.
I didn't think you'd carry it
like a fucking disease.
What, you wanna think
she was an angel?
Go ahead.
But look out your front door.
How many 22-year-old girls
are out there...
...they're fucking around
with kids they don't want...
...and, you know,
no sense in their heads.
And your mother wasn't no different.
That's the hard truth.
I made my peace with it.
You make yours.
I didn't look for her
because there was nothing to find.
Look, I gotta die five times
before I get out of here...
...but I'll see you again.
This side or the other.

CLAIRE:

So I saw your picture yesterday.
-Are you sure it was me?
-Yeah, I'm pretty sure.
-Oh, the Boys & Girls Club?
-Yeah.
It was under a ''local heroes'' banner.
Yeah. They got a real low standard
for who qualifies on that.
Apparently you were drafted.
Yeah. I was slow.
And I couldn't skate backwards.
You're supposed to be able to skate
backwards in pro hockey.
But I could shoot, you know?

I could hit anything with a hockey puck.
But I got drafted and I just didn't do
what it took to make the team.
And when I got a second chance,
I blew that too.
They sent me home and that was it.
I look at that picture
and I see a 20-year-old kid...
...who thinks he's, you know,
got it all figured out.
Right before he's about
to throw it all away.
Hey, I don't wanna rush anything,
but can we go into your room?
Because my uncle the bus driver
lives right across the way...
...and he can see
right into this apartment.
-Yes.
-Okay.
[PLANE ENGINE DRONING]

MAN [ON RADIO]:

in overtime. Then you flip it over.
Then you go back to Fenway Park.
Then you get another great ending
to another....

MAN [OVER RADIO]:

Nothing appears disturbed.
In this apartment anyway.

JEM:

Where the fuck's the truck?

MAN [OVER RADIO]:

We shut and locked the door, but....

-What happened to 8:45?

-Late is what happened.

JEM:

Fucking douche bag.

[MEN CHATTERING OVER POLICE RADIO]

Say your prayers. Here we go.

DOUG:

Here we go.

JEM:

Gun!

Don't move!

MAN 1:

MAN 2:

MAN 1 :

Get out of the way!

WOMAN [OVER RADIO]:

Any units in the area, 10-61 in progress.

GLOANS:

The call went out!

JEM:

Fuck.

GUARD:

I got your friend.

DOUG:

all right? You're gonna get hurt.

Put that fucking gun down now.

I got you, motherfucker.

[WOMAN SCREAMS]

DOUG:

Jesus!

JEM:

You should have stayed in the truck, cunt.

Let's go!

GLOANS:

What the fuck just happened?

DOUG:

JEM:

DOUG:

JEM:

DOUG:

right? Take it easy. Drive slow. Drive normal.
-Shit.

JEM:

[SIREN WAILING]

GLOANS:

They must have been around the corner.

OFFICER:

Driver, turn your engine off.
Hands where I can see them.
Fuck.

OFFICER:

Put your hands in the a
[PEOPLE SCREAMING]
[SIREN CHIRPING]

JEM:

Hit the engine block!

DOUG:

Go, go, go, go, go!

JEM:

Go to the fucking switch!
Fuck!

GLOANS:

How do you like that, motherfucker?
Let's go, let's go!

JEM:

GLOANS:

Drop it!

DOUG:

Let's go!

[PHONE RINGS]

Dino.

What?

Close the bridge.

-What?

-Close the fucking bridge.

[SIREN WAILING]

[CAR HORNS HONKING]

WOMAN [OVER RADIO]:

Alpha 101, Alpha 412, Alpha 407...

...en route to the north end
of the bridge.

JEM:

They're going for the bridge.

[CAR HORNS HONKING]

GLOANS:

a fucking car.

[SIRENS WAILING]

DE1:

All the DNA in Charlestown.

[CHATTERING OVER POLICE RADIO]

[ENGINE STARTS]

FRAWLEY:

You print the inside of the van?

DINO:

is a volcano.

Just find something and make it look
like something that looks like a print.

We don't have enough

for a conviction. Fine.

But I need to get them in a room.

Right now, they are burning the money
bands at some bullshit safe house.

All their alibis were paid for
a week in advance.

We're not gonna pull any DNA
off of this or off the switch car.

And that, as they say, is that.

This is the 'not fucking around' crew.
Find me something that looks like a print...
...so I can grab one of these assholes
and shake their tree.
This 'not fucking around' thing
is about to go both ways.
Turn around for me, will you?
Go ahead,
just read what's on that paper.
'Come here, get on the ground,
before I pop your fucking teeth out!'
Come on, read it. Read it all.
There's about five things there.
Uh....
What is it with you guys
in Charlestown?
Don't they teach you how to read?
There's things here. Read them.
I don't wanna read that.
This doesn't sound right.
I'm not asking you, I'm telling you.
Read the pages, please.
I'm trying to make this
sound authenticious.
-You got it all fucked up.
-Authen-what?

DOUG:

Thanks.
-Hey, Dougy. How are you?

DOUG:

How you doing?
Local crime fighter.
What's happening, Dino?
I know your father.
Yeah. Me too.
Got a few years left on his bid.
Yeah, one or two.
I hear they got to the old guy.
Split him up the back.
Fucking animals.
You'd think they'd go after
a younger kid.

I don't know.
Making a statement, I guess.
Townie crews ain't
what they used to be.
Dorchester...
...Southie...
...looking to make a move.
Maybe you can change all that
when you get up there.
Let me ask you a question.
What do you call a guy...
...who grows up with a group of people,
gets to know their secrets...
...because they trust him,
and then turns around...
...and use those secrets against them,
put those people in prison?
You'd call him a rat, right?
You know what I call him?
Dino the dago.
Those people made you
a part of that community.
What did they get for it?
Inside of the fucking can.
You know we lifted a print
off the van? Right?
Special Agent Frawley...
...Douglas MacRay.

FRAWLEY:

You and your boys didn't just...
[IN TOWNIE ACCENT] ...roll a Star Market
over in Malden for a box of quarters.
[IN NORMAL VOICE]
No, you decided to bang it out...
...in the North End at 9:00 in the morning.
With assault rifles.
You fucking dummies shot a guard.
Now you're like a half-off sale
at Big and Tall. Every cop is in line.
Fortunately, though, for you...
...this guard,
who is two-thirds to a retard...
...has miraculously clung to life.

Now, if it were up to me...
...and they gave me two minutes
and a wet towel...
...I would personally asphyxiate
this half-wit...
...so we could string you up
on a federal M1...
...and end this story
with a bag on your head...
...and a paralyzing agent
running through your veins.
This isn't fucking townie hopscotch
anymore, Doug.
But I did want to say one thing.
You're here today
so I could personally tell you...
...that you are going to die
in federal prison.
And so are all your friends.
No deal.
No compromise.
And when that day comes...
...when you start trying to be
my hero collaborator so hard...
...that I have to slap you to shut up
And it will come...
...despite your pitiable,
misguided, Irish omerta.
-when your code of silence
finally gives way...
...to fear of trafficking in cigarettes
to prevent sexual enslavement...
...I just want you to know that it's gonna
be me who tells you to go fuck yourself.
Hey, next time you guys
wanna take pictures of me, just call ahead.
You know, we can do better
than a barbeque.
A calendar shoot. You know?
Maybe topless, lubed up.
Whatever you guys are into.
FBI car antennas
are half-inch matte black...
...about three-quarters the way down

the rear windshield.
Statie are pigtailed...
...B.P.D., half and half.
Every peewee in the town knows
what an FBI rear antenna looks like.
So, in the future, if you guys
are gonna try to be slick...
...be slicker than a 6-year-old.
I gotta get back to work.
Can I go?
Good luck with that print.
[LINE RINGING]
WOMAN [OVER PHONE]:
Good morning, Cambridge Savings.
Claire Keesey, please.
She's the manager.
Oh, she's no longer working here.
-Since when?
-friday.
Just get the warrant. Land, cell, e-mail,
fax, Skype. The whole fucking thing.

DOUG:

you quit your job?

CLAIRE:

I don't know.
Why don't you tell me
what's in the box?
-What, this?
-Mm-hm.
Anybody call you or say anything to you
or anything like that? After?

CLAIRE:

Mm. Nope.
No? Well, what are you gonna do?
You know what? I don't know.
I can teach, volunteer full-time.
I have a little saved.
So....
What if I told you
I was gonna quit my job too?
Well, then I guess I'd have company.

We'd do it together. Here.
It's just a necklace, that's all.
Why don't we go away together.
Take a trip for a minute, you know?
Something like that.
You know, just fun.
Doug.
Is it right?
Took me forever trying to pick it.
-Arguing with the lady, and
-It's beautiful, but it
Well, as long as you didn't,
you know, sell your truck.
Someone took over the payments.
You know, people get up every day...
...tell themselves
they're gonna change their lives.
They never do.
I'm gonna change mine.
Why don't you do it with me.
Okay, well, where would we go?
Come with me, I don't care.
We could go wherever you want.
I mean, you know, there's things....
There's a few things
you still don't know about me.
What do you mean?
Nothing. I just understand if you have
some reservations, you know?
Between the kind of things people say
about me and the things I'm not proud of...
...don't leave a lot of room.
I know who you are.
You do?
Yeah, I do. Yeah.
Does that mean you want to go with me?
Yeah.
Let's start now.
Okay.

DINO:

Frawl.
What is it?
Phone conversation between Claire Keeseey

and a burner cell about an hour ago.
See if you can recognize the voice.
I want to talk to you.

CLAIRE:

Yeah. Where have you been?

DOUG:

Sorry, I got held up.
I'm coming over from my place.
Will you come down the back
and let me in?

FRAWLEY:

your job at the bank.

CLAIRE:

Uh... Oh, yeah. Yeah. Last week.
I'm sorry,
was I supposed to notify someone?
Fancy.

Yeah. It was a gift.

We have our suspects.

I came by to share this with you.

James Coughlin.

Albert Magloan.

Desmond Elden.

Part of a crew that we tied
into the bank job at North End...

...and at least three other
armored car robberies.

Look familiar?

You opened the safe for him.

He left you unharmed...

...and now the two of you are carrying on a
relationship about which you lied to the FBI.

I was wrong.

You do need a lawyer.

DOUG:

Something wrong with the apartment?

JEM:

No. Florist.

Florist? What?
Came through.
-Oh, Jesus Christ.
-It's large, Dougy.
-It's large.
-We're smoked. Punt it.
Look, pick up an extra guy. All right?
Or go with three guys.
Or fucking be smart and boot it.
Oh, so you're not going?
No.
And why's that?
Because we got a ton of heat on us,
for one thing.
We'll put a move on.
We've done it a hundred times.
You know what? Forget it.
Do what you want to do. I'm done.
-What? What?
-I'm done.
-You're done?
-What does it sound like?
-I don't know. What's that mean?
-What you think it means?
What does that mean?
Sounds like a bunch of bullshit.
Let me put it to you this way: I'm putting
this whole fucking town in my rear-view.
There's people I can't let you
walk away from.
What?
Who?
Come on.
Are you serious, Jimmy?
She's not my kid.
Did she tell you it was?
I mean, come the f - Cut it out.
All you give a fuck about
is coke and Xbox...
...now you're trying to play it off
like you care about Shyne?
Know what your problem is?
You think you're better than people.
Mr. Fucking-Clean.

Mr. Fucking-Goddamn-High-and-Mighty.
I'm better than all these people.
I'm better than everybody.
But you grew up right here.
Same rules that I did.
Who the fuck you think you are?
You aren't letting me
or not letting me do shit, all right?
Here's a little cheat sheet for you.
It's never gonna be me and you
and your sister and Shyne...
...fucking playing house up there.
All right? You got it?
Get that in your fucking head!
I'm tired of your one-way
fucking bullshit.
If you wanna see me again,
come down and visit me in Florida.

JEM:

Cunt.
In the 302...
...feds have me dropping Brendan
right here.
I got him back on Tibbetts.
Fucking guy ran 100 yards
with a bullet in his heart, Dougy.
I mean, the fucking guy should've ran track.
You know what I'm saying?
I didn't ask you to do that.
Yeah, well, you didn't have to, Dougy.
Come on.
They told me Brendan was coming down
here to roll up on you with a Glock 21.
So I came over here,
and I put him in the fucking ground.
Did nine years for it.
Now, you don't gotta thank me...
...but you're not walking away.
I'm grateful for everything you done
for me.
Your family took me in
when my father went away.
You're like a brother to me.

But I'm leaving.

Gonna shoot me?

Go ahead.

But you're gonna have to shoot me
in the back.

-Don't get up.

-All right.

How you doing, Fergie?

Listen, just wanted to stop by
and tell you myself...

...whatever this thing is you got
going on...

...I think my guys can handle it
without me. You know what I mean?

I wouldn't hire them without you.

And I wouldn't hire you without them.

You're a unit.

Look, with all due respect,
I didn't come here for a debate.

I'm not doing it.

So, you know, work it out
however you can. I....

Calm down. Okay?

It goes against
my better judgment...

...but just out of respect,
smooth things over...

...just take this for it, all right?

Not gonna cut it.

Do you think I'm gonna put
Joe Flipperhead on this?

You're gonna do what I ask.

DOUG:

Not gonna cut it, huh?

Okay.

Let me ask you something.

Who the fuck do you think you are?

The only guy in Charlestown
with a gun?

You guys run numbers and pump dope.

You're an old guy who don't know
his glory years are behind him.

I ain't fucking working for you.

Got it?
You got a problem with that, I live at
You know where to find me.
You're gonna do this for me...
...or I'm gonna clip your nuts...
...like I clipped your daddy's.
Don't talk about my father.
Son, I knew your daddy.
He worked for me for years. Years.
Then he wanted his own thing.
You play the horses?
You know, they either geld a horse
with a knife...
...or with the chemicals.
When your daddy said no to me...
...I did him the chemical way.
Gave your mother a taste.
Put the hook into her.
She doped up good and proper.
Hung herself with a wire
on Melnea Cass.
And you? Running around
the neighborhood, looking for her.
Your daddy didn't have the heart
to tell his son...
...that he was looking for a suicide doper
who was never coming home.
If there's a heaven, son,
she ain't in it.
Oh.
I hear you got a nice,
sweet new girlfriend.
Lives on the park.
I don't want to send her
funeral arrangement to your house...
...but I will if I have to.
Now I know where to find you.

DOUG:

Claire.
Claire?
-Hey.
-Get out.
You okay?

-Get out.
-Hold on one second.
I have this on 911.
All right, you need to give me a chance
to explain myself first. Okay?
No. You had a chance.
Who talked to you?
The FBI, Doug.
You have to listen to me.
You have to let me explain this.
You understand?
-There's a lot going on here, Claire
-No, you go to fucking hell!
-Fucking hell.
-All right, all right.

DOUG:

All right. All right.
Easy, now.
Why did you do this to me?
Claire, I'm sorry. Okay?
I was gonna tell you.
I came over here that night to tell you.
What, the night you fucked me?
Is that your thing?
It's not enough to terrorize someone,
you have to fuck them too?
-Listen to me. Calm down, okay?
-No. No. Get out. Get out!
You don't ever let me see you again.
Never, never.
[SOBBING]

DOUG:

All right.
I'm in.
But if anything happens to her...
...if I think anything
might happen to her...
...I'm coming back here.
And I'm gonna kill both of you
in your own shop.

DOUG:

Hey, Claire?
I just wanna talk to you,
just for two minutes. Okay?
Come on.
Claire, I would never hurt you.
I don't know what you would
Don't fucking touch me.
All right.
I'm sorry.
Just listen to me for a second,
all right?
I will never lie to you again.
-Really?
-Yes, I promise you.
Ask me anything you want.
I'll tell you the truth.
-Why? I won't believe you.
-Yes, you will.
Why?
Because you'll fucking hate
the answers.
-You knew I was the manager in the bank?
-Yup.
-Were you following me?
-Yes.
How many banks have you robbed?
Six trucks, two banks.
Have you ever killed anyone?
No.
Think about it.
All right?
I will never lie to you,
I will never hurt you...
...and if I lose you, I will
regret that for the rest of my life.
Just wait for me.

FERGIE:

I can see your daddies' faces in you.
All of youse.
Reminds me I'm still in the ring.
Still taking the punches.
Still ahead on points.
Now, I have a fellow

on the inside there.
He likes to play the ponies.
Has a gambling sickness.
He couldn't pick a horse
to save his fucking life.
But courtesy of this sick man...
...I have this. Hm?

FRAWLEY:

Well, the gang's all here.
There's always a weak spot.
We just need to find it.

FERGIE:

That is when you hit.
And Monday morning,
after a four-game stand with New York...
...60,000 beers, food, merchandise,

total haul:

Three and a half million.
Taking down the cathedral of Boston.
Priceless.
[CROWD CHEERING]
How long you think it's gonna take Rusty
to dump the inside man...
...when this thing's over?

JEM:

better horses.
This is gonna be a motherfucker.
You know that, right?
Well, if they were easy, kid,
everybody would do them.

MAN 1 [ON TV]:

A base hit. Youkilis is headed for third base.

MAN 2:

Hey, Bobby. Yeah, three Buds.
Seem to be having a bit
of a staring contest over there.

KRISTA:

What can I say?
Boys like me.
I bet they do.
[KRISTA CHUCKLES]
What are you doing down here?
Slumming?
I work for the FBI.
Me too.
[KRISTA LAUGHS]
Well, you must be new.
You're all right.
It doesn't mean
you're getting fucked, though.
You gotta chase the rabbit
if you want the tail.
My mom taught me that.
You used to hang around
with Doug MacRay a little bit, huh?
How do you know Dougy?
We sort of work together.
Sand and Gravel?
No. No, no.
You a pretty decent judge of size?
Depends.
Size of what?

FRAWLEY:

How big would you say that is?
Six inches?
Over or under?
Under.
Wrong.
I know everything there is to know
about money.

Thickness:

Weight:

Which is interesting...
...because that means that this \$20 bill
isn't even worth its own weight...
...in Oxy.
So how does it work?
Bartender gets a call...

...you pick up a package at point A,
deliver it to point B...
...the Florist gives you C?
You're thinking of running out on me.
It's not that simple.
Because, you see...
...I start waving this around
in here...
...bad for you.
I want a lawyer.
Good. Get one.
I mean, it's all about protecting
yourself, right?
Not even yourself. Your daughter.
Don't talk about my daughter.
How long were you with MacRay?
All my life.
In all those years
that you were together...
...how many diamond necklaces
did he give you?

JEM:

All right, the tools are set.
Got our body armor.

DOUG:

You know, this thing goes right...
...could be your turn
to step away too.
Yeah. Sure.
What am I gonna do, Dougy, huh?
Go down to Margaritaville, drink me
half a yard and fall off fucking bar stools?
Do me a favor.
The weight of this thing...
...pack a parachute at least.
You know the funniest thing
about being in prison?
Guys pretending
that they wanna get out.
I can't do any more time, Dougy.
So if we get jammed up...
...we're holding court on the street.

[KNOCKING]

DOUG:

Fuck are you doing here, Kris?

KRISTA:

I need to talk to you.

Not a great time, hon.

-I know.

-You know?

Okay. Well, what do you want?

KRISTA:

Here you go.

Dez told me you were here.

I wanna see you before you go.

Kris, you could do 30 years
for walking in the door.

Okay? Do you understand that?

For being here.

You can't be bringing your kid
in here, you got it? You can't stay.

I don't wanna stay,

I wanna go with you.

-I wanna change too, Dougy.

-Christ.

Why the fuck can't I change?

I could be a different person.

Jesus Christ.

You tell me what you want me to do.

I'll be whoever you want me to be.

I'm leaving with somebody else.

Oh, yeah?

DOUG:

Yeah.

Why isn't she here then?

Come on.

What do you want me to tell you?

She's going away with you,

why isn't she here?

Where is she? She's not here.

-Such a trashy little fuck pad.

-Take it easy.

After a Tiffany necklace,
I thought a room at the Ritz.
Huh?
What'd you say?
Where did you hear that?
Where'd you hear about a necklace?
A little bird.
Fucking smartass. Who told you that?
Who told you about a necklace?
[SHYNE CRYING]
I know you'd rather see a rope
around my neck!
You're getting the fuck out of here.
Let's go.
Come here, honey.
I know, it's gonna be okay. It's all right.

KRISTA:

-You're getting out of here.

KRISTA:

Dougy, we're fucking coming with you.

DOUG:

It's time to go. Okay? Here we go.
Time to go, sweetheart. Okay?
-I'm not leaving here.
-Let's go.
-I'm not fucking leaving.
-Take the kid home.

KRISTA:

Get the fuck off me!
I can walk myself.
Don't you say no to me!
Take this.

JEM:

Hey.
Will you quit fucking doing that?
You're making me nervous.

MAN:

Yeah, we got a DWI over here, one car.

Coughlin, Kristina.
She had a kid with her.
The mother's at Mass General.
She wanted me to call you.
All right, yeah. I'll be right there.
Officer.
Yeah. Let's go.
Down here.
There's the door.
And remember,
you never fucking saw me.
Okay.

WOMAN [OVER PA]:

Dr. forrest, dial 112, please.
Dr. forrest, please dial 112.

KRISTA:

Here he is, Mr. Six-Inches.
What happened?
You're a crimestopper,
figure it the fuck out.
Sweetheart.
I know you have oxycodone,
cocaine and alcohol in your system.
I know that you have five cars
registered in your name.
And I know right now, your daughter
is sitting in the back of a state van...
...driven to
the Department of Social Services.
So how long you wanna do this?
I'm a person, you know?
A person
who's gonna need a plea agreement...
...if you ever want to see your kid again.
Why is it always I'm the one
who's getting used?
What do you have?
Knowing just that...
...Douggy's going away after.
Wait, what after? After what?
Krista, I need you to be smart here.
This could be a big moment for Shyne.

Make a huge difference in her life.

[KRISTA SOBBING]

We can help you, sweetheart.

DOUG:

DEL [OVER RADIO]: I'm here.

-All set.

DOUG:

All set.

DOUG:

Who called 911?

JEM:

You the guys who called 911?

MAN 1 :

No one from here called.

Nah, we didn't - It wasn't us.

DOUG:

We got a 911 call.

JEM:

Robbery, guys. Come on.

MAN 2:

DOUG:

A call saying you're being held up.

-Let me call Mike.

DOUG:

He let us in.

Hey, look, guys. We got a distress call.

All right?

-So who made the call?

-Nobody called from here.

No one called? What are we doing here?

-Hold on. Where's Mike?

-I just told you where Mike was.

You boys see all right?

-Huh? You fucking smartass.

-Listen. Listen.

For our safety, for everyone's safety,
we need to see your IDs.

Guys, hold up.

We been here all morning. Take it easy.

My partner asked for your ID.

All right? We don't know you.

Till we identify all the parties involved here,
we're gonna need some IDs...

...we need to see

everyone on the ground. Right now.

MAN 3:

Whoa, whoa.

-Get your hand off your weapon.

JEM:

[SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY]

JEM:

DOUG:

JEM:

Hands behind your back.

Face down.

Behind your back. Come on.

Get your hands behind your back.

Hands behind your back. Let's go.

MAN 1:

-Fuck.

DOUG:

In the cash room.

Arnold Washton.

You live at 311 Hazer Street in Quincy...

...with a wife named Linda

and three small dogs.

Do not make a distress call.

Also in the cash room:

Morton Previtt.

You live at 27 Counting Lane, Randolph.

Wife, also Linda.

Morton, the Lindas
want you to open this door.
We have men outside your homes.
[DOOR BULLES]
Back up. Back up.

MORTON:

You think you're gonna get out of here?
I got friends that are guards at Walpole.
They'll make your lives hell.

JEM:

old-timer.
No one's going to prison.

MAN 1 :

Ten more.

MAN 2:

Right away.

MAN 3:

Picking up.

MAN [ON RADIO]:

when the Red Sox win.
When the Red Sox win in extra innings
and everybody can go home happy...
...and they're singing 'Dirty Water'

DOUG:

GLOANS:

JEM:

Come on.

GLOANS:

the Red Sox like this was Jack Clark.
Looked around the block.
There's no cars, no vans around. Nothing.

FRAWLEY:

Maybe we're too early. Or too late.

Let's go. I want this street clear. Come on,
get these people out of here. Let's go.
We've been trying to hail security for the
cash room. We're not getting a response.
Okay, let's go.

Let's get the fuck out of here.

Come on.

Come on.

[AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE IN DISTANCE]

Shit.

-Fuck!

DEL:

That's us inside.

JEM:

Go! Go!

Fuckers!

[GLOANS YELLS]

Gloans! Gloans. Fuck.

-He all right?

DOUG:

Yo, Dez, get the plunger!

Shut it!

Dez?

Come on, come on.

They look like EMTs.

I count four. Maybe one down.

FRAWLEY:

Go.

Let's get the fuck out of here.

There's a million fucking cops
out there.

Cover your ears!

[MUTED SOUND]

No!

MAN 1:

MAN 2:

Fuck you!

MAN 3:

Get them the fuck out of here.
Meet me at the fucking switch!
They ain't looking for fucking cops.
I'm gonna roll out the front...
...the two of youse beat it out
the side in the fucking cop uniforms.
The whole fucking force
is out there, kid.
You know I can take a pinch.
Don't worry about it.
I'll only give them your first name.
[SIREN WAILING]

MAN 1 :

Clear.

MAN 2:

Okay, go.
Move, move.
Hey, don't move. Don't move.
-Put your weapons down.

MAN 2:

MAN 3:

Stand down. Stand down.
See you in Florida, kid.
See you when you get back.
All right. Go.

MAN 4:

Feds got this.

MAN 5:

Hey. Hey.
You B.P.D. need to fuck off.
What are you doing?
It's an FBI crime scene.
Don't put your hand up to me. Go.

MAN 6:

Jurisdiction, guys. Walk away.
That's my kill.

MAN:

I don't know if we're dealing with...
...some high level of genius here
with security...
...but security's saying
they got hit by cops.
Cops?
Yeah. Two cops, they said.

FRAWLEY:

Hold up.
Where you going?
Pull up here.
Officer, can you hold up a minute?
Visual on Coughlin,
heading south toward Boylston.
Hotel parking lot on Van Ness.
He's dressed as B.P.D.
MAN [OVER RADIO]:
Copy.

FRAWLEY:

Officer.
Coughlin.
[AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE]

MAN:

Drop your weapon!

WOMAN:

No!
Move! Move!
[JEM YELLS]
Coughlin, throw down your weapon.

JEM:

Fuck you.

FRAWLEY:

Let me see those hands, right now.

JEM:

Fuck you!

MAN:

Move, move.

You got 30 seconds, asshole.

Okay.

I surrender.

I surrender.

Rusty, something went wrong.

Come here.

Fergie.

Prick.

Fergie...

...remember who clipped your nuts
for you.

[GUNSHOT]

I came in hot, saw the suspect run
across the street with a Tec-9.

I lit up the tires, I jumped out of the cruiser,
engaged the suspect in gunfire.

MAN 1 :

So that's when...

...you get out of your cruiser.

MAN 2:

At that point, I fired, struck the suspect
at least once or twice.

Hey.

WOMAN [OVER RADIO]:

Multiple victims down.

Location, 529 Main Street, Charlestown.

-Uniformed officers on the scene.

-That's the Florist.

Hey, Bobby, Bobby, what happened?

Somebody got Fergie.

-Jesus Christ, that's gotta be MacRay.

-Fuck.

[PHONE CHIMES]

DOUG:

Claire, it's me.

CLAIRE:

Are you okay?

I'll be fine. I know.
But I'm okay. I'm all right.
Claire, I wanna meet you.
It's gotta be soon.
I don't have a lot of time.
Can you meet me?
Claire, please.
I need to know. I gotta go.
Can you come here?
You want me
to come where you are now?
Mm-hm.
I don't think
that's a good idea for me.
Why?
What if there are police there?
There's no one here.
All right, well, if you think I should
probably come by there...
...then I guess that's what I'll do. Yeah.
Okay.
Claire, listen, I'm
Listen. Listen to me.
I'm sorry, okay?
I'm sorry for what I did to you.
Remember that.
Come down in the back
and let me in in about an hour.
All right?
I'll see you.
Wait, Doug? Doug?
-Yeah.
-I want you to come.
I really wanna see you.
It'll be just like one of my sunny days.
Well...
...I'm on my way then.
Bye.
Goodbye, Claire.
All right,
I'd say we've done our part here.
You know what? Not now.
He says he's coming, I want people
at Logan, South Station...

...downtown, Greyhound,
subway, everything. Now.

DINO:

FRAWLEY:

We're secure, and everything's ready.
-Sir, we need you to stay off the street.
-Just going to work. No problem.
-How long?
-Forty minutes.
-Alleyway clear?
-Yes, sir.

MAN [OVER RADIO]: We got nothing.
Still no movement in the alley. Over.

'My sunny days.'

You know, Claire,
we are a national organization.
All right, boys, let's pack it up.
He ain't coming.
Let's get the description out.
Let's go.
We know what he looks like.
Let's go find him.
All right. You good?
Hey, best possible outcome, you know.
Well done, well done.

WOMAN [OVER PA]:

Amtrak number 93. All points south.
It's for you.

DOUG:

Claire, take this.
You'll do better with it than I can.
I'll be long gone.
Not the way I planned it...
...but for the first time in my life,
I'm leaving this city.
Maybe if I go...
...I can stop looking.
No matter how much you change...
...you still have to pay the price
for the things you've done.

So I got a long road.
But I know I'll see you again.
This side or the other.