

The Devil's Pocket

by

Kyle Colton

EXT. LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY - 170 MILES WEST OF  
PHILADELPHIA - SOME TIME AGO - NIGHT

A cold wind blows outside of the prison. An owl HOOTS out  
in the woods.

INT. LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE

A PRISON GUARD watches TELEVISION in a CONTROL ROOM. A  
riot breaks out in the dining hall. All the guards try to  
break up the fight.

There are 10 major EXPLOSIONS in a row. They leave  
massive holes in the walls of the prison.

Hundreds of inmates make a break for it, and many are  
shot on sight by the guards.

Bigger explosions ensue and the entire prison explodes.

END MONTAGE

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. A CEMETERY IN PHILADELPHIA - "RECENTLY" - NIGHT

It is a cold windy night. Willows sway in the wind.

A figure walks through a graveyard, their face hidden.

The figure puts flowers on a grave. A card is attached to  
the flowers. The card reads "I'll make everything right  
again . . . I promise."

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - 6 MONTHS EARLIER - MORNING

A taxi pulls up to a huge SKYSCRAPER.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

An ARAB CAB DRIVER with a thick beard, slowly turns  
around to ask his passenger for the cab fare.

CAB DRIVER  
All right. That'll be 17.50, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A TALL, WHITE, RICH EXECUTIVE rudely ignores the cab driver. He is about thirty, very handsome, and arrogant. He is on his CELL PHONE.

RICH EXECUTIVE  
Huh? Hold on a sec. OK, Faruuq.  
Here's a twenty. Keep the change.

Rich executive exits the car.

CAB DRIVER  
Thank you, sir.

The car door SLAMS.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)  
My name is not Faruuq, you fucking-

Cab drives away.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

RICH EXECUTIVE  
Yeah, some camel jocky cabbie was driving like a fuckin' granny down the highway. I know I'm late, but we're gonna nail these assholes with this deal, Smith. Don't you worry about a thing.

WHISTLING sound from above. The rich executive looks up.

RICH EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit . . .

The rich executive is SLAMMED with a body that falls from the roof. BYSTANDERS scream.

A POOL OF BLOOD expands toward the crowd.

DISSOLVE

INT. NEWS CONFERENCE AT CITY HALL - NIGHT

CASEY JESSUP, Captain of the Philadelphia Police Department speaks to news reporters. Jessup is fifty years-old. He looks exhausted. He's medium build, stocky.

NEWS REPORTER  
Captain Jessup. This is the fourth death involving a member of the Philadelphia Police Department in the last six months.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

What can you tell us about these mysterious suicides?

JESSUP

These are NOT suicides. I can assure you of that. The Philadelphia Police Department and myself are working diligently to make sure no more of our fine officers are in jeopardy.

NEWS REPORTER

So, if these are not suicides, as you claim, are you saying there's a serial killer on the loose?

JESSUP

Let's not jump to conclusions. I doubt there's a serial cop killer out there.

NEWS REPORTER

Why not?

JESSUP

No one is that stupid.

The television shuts off to leave a black screen.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - "TODAY" - "4:20 PM"

The beautiful Philadelphia skyline is visible. Cars WHIZ by. People walk the streets.

INT. HOTEL IN DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

A man and a woman lie in bed.

JACK CONLON is a cop in his mid to late twenties. He has a dark/rugged look to him, but a faint sense of kindness. An attractive woman lies next to him.

JANET DENEHEE is an older cop in her mid thirties. She is short, skinny, and blonde. The stress from her job has aged her quite a bit, yet she is still gorgeous.

Denehee takes a drag on a JOINT and passes it to JACK.

DENEHEE

Well, that was pretty good, kid, I have to admit.

JACK

Please. I'm good EVERY time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Denehee laughs at Jack's cockiness.

DENEHEE

Well, aren't you the arrogant little shit?

Denehee gets out of bed and puts her UNDERWEAR back on.

JACK

Hey, where are you going?

DENEHEE

I have to get to work, Jack.

JACK

Bullshit. It's your day off. You getting bored of me?

DENEHEE

I'm not bored with you, honey. I need to get on with my life. I'm old enough to be your baby-sitter.

JACK

That's what turns me on.

Denehee playfully throws Jack's PANTS at his face.

DENEHEE

Isn't there someone your own age you should be spending your time with? Like Stacey?

Jack puts his pants on.

JACK

What's the point? She's still in law school for Christ's sake, probably until the end of the next decade. Not to mention, she's boring. She's pretentious. AND she's ugly.

(beat)

Plus, I have Jessup breathing down my neck as it is about case loads, so I'm not looking to marry his daughter anytime soon.

DENEHEE

Sounds like you're not looking to do anything anytime soon, huh?

Jack gets up and puts his arms around Denehee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Well, I wouldn't mind fucking on  
another stake-out sometime soon.

Jack gently kisses Denehee's neck.

JACK (CONT'D)

I wouldn't mind doin' blow in San  
Pedro again either.

DENEHEE

Please, Jack.

Denehee buttons up her BLOUSE.

JACK

I don't get why you want to break  
this off so bad.

DENEHEE

I just can't be around you  
anymore, okay? I'm leaving town  
for a while.

Denehee looks at her WATCH.

DENEHEE (CONT'D)

I really have to go.

Denehee passionately kisses Jack for the last time.

DENEHEE (CONT'D)

It's been fun though, kid.

Denehee puts on her LEATHER JACKET.

Door SLAMS.

Jack lets out a loud SIGH, and smiles. He falls back down  
on the bed.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Denehee runs into the police station.

Denehee grabs a LETTER out of her JACKET pocket and  
tosses it on Jessup's desk. She takes her GUN off her hip  
and tosses it on Jessup's desk as well.

Denehee walks toward the front door of the station, but  
is startled by a young man. JOEL THOMAS, a rookie cop of  
about twenty-five. He is cute, in a nerdy sort of way. He  
is smitten with Denehee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEL

See you later, Janet.

Denehee is a little startled and a little paranoid.

DENEHEE

Yeah . . . see you, Joel.

Denehee exits.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

SKYSCRAPERS, SUBWAYS, TUNNELS, and RIVERS in the downtown area are visible. A very fun, familiar song is played on Denehee's car radio; a song like "Thunder Island," "Sister Golden Hair" by America, or some happy classic rock along those lines.

INT./EXT. DENEHEE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Denehee drives around downtown and gets a CHEESEBURGER. She comes to a stoplight. She looks in a BROWN PAPER BAG.

Denehee WHISTLES along to the song and turns it up. She is in a great mood. She puts on her favorite LEATHER GLOVES.

EXT. UPSTATE PENNSYLVANIA - CONTINUOUS

Denehee drives to a cabin in upstate Pennsylvania. She pulls into the cabin's GARAGE, hits the garage door clicker from inside the car, but stays in the car and continues to jam along with the song.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The garage door closes and the music BLASTS.

Suddenly, a figure wearing all black, with black gloves, comes from the back seat. He puts a PLASTIC BAG over Denehee's head and suffocates her. Without her gun, she has no weapon. Her gloves hinder her from tearing the bag.

The song continues to play and the killer almost HUMS or dances along with the song.

Denehee stops struggling and falls limp.

The killer sees something on the front seat and grabs it.

EXT. UPSTATE PENNSYLVANIA - CONTINUOUS

The killer closes the garage door with enough time to dance his way out. He eats the CHEESEBURGER as the garage door comes to a close.

EXT. CEMETERY- ONE WEEK LATER - AFTERNOON

A ceremonial police burial, complete with BAGPIPES, UNIFORMS, POLICE OFFICERS, and a GUN SALUTE.

Jack leaves the grave site. He walks next to an older gentleman. JAKE SPIRIGLIO is in his mid-forties, a veteran, old school type of cop.

JAKE

That's the fifth cop this year.  
Seems like none of us are safe.

JACK

Who would've thought Denehee would be the next to go? She was one of the best partners I've ever had.

JAKE

In bed?

JACK

We're leaving her funeral. Have some respect.

JAKE

Have some respect? What about you?

JACK

What ABOUT me?

JAKE

You never respected anyone in your whole life, Jack.

JACK

Bite me, Jake.

JAKE

See, that's what I'm talking about.

Jack relents. He knows Jake is right.

JACK

Excuse me, Jacob. You're one of a kind, and I guess I should've given you more respect.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

You were really the best partner I've ever had though. You never forget your first, right?

JAKE

Well, thanks, kid. You're one of a kind, too. And I'm sorry about Denehee. I know you really cared about her.

JACK

She broke up with me last week.

Walking behind them, Joel Thomas eavesdrops on their conversation.

JAKE

Tough break, kid.

JACK

She told me I need to hang around with someone my own age.

JAKE

Well, you've always got me, Jack.

JACK

(laughs)

I think I'm too high maintenance for an old guy like you, Jake.

JAKE

Hey, you only act like a tough guy. I've seen a lot crazier guys than you, Jack.

JACK

Like this fuckin' cop killer?

CUT TO:

EXT. UPSTATE PENNSYLVANIA - ONE WEEK AGO - EVENING

The killer slowly walks to his car.

INT. KILLER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The killer gets into his black 1970's Dodge Charger. He looks at the ROSARY hanging from his rear view mirror. The rosary has the letters "PT" connected to them.

FLASHBACK

INT. A DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

A figure enters the apartment. He sets his keys down and walks towards the light switch. The switch does not work.

The figure takes off his jacket and heads over to the closet. The figure opens the closet door. He jumps back in shock. A dead priest hangs in the closet.

END FLASHBACK

INT. KILLER'S CAR - EVENING

The killer sighs and changes gears. He drives away.

INT. EMPTY BAR - PRESENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack and another young man sit alone at a table. KEITH MURPHY is a young twenty-something cop.

A slow, faint familiar song is heard in the background. Jack's RADIO, a SHOT GLASS and a BOTTLE of Jack Daniels all rest on the table.

VOICE ON RADIO (O.S.)

Calling all units! We need backup.  
Officers down! Officers down!

Jack lazily leans over the table and mutes his police radio. Murphy gets up ready to provide back-up.

JACK

Sit down.

MURPHY

What do you mean sit down? Didn't you just hear . . .

JACK

Not today! Sit down.

Murphy sits down, disappointed.

MURPHY

It's our job. We have to help.

Jack pours himself a shot of Jack Daniels.

Murphy anxiously glances toward the door.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

Look, sometimes we all feel like  
shit, but we gotta stick it out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURPHY (CONT'D)

If we don't, who will? Isn't that why you became a cop?

Jack drinks the shot and slams SHOT GLASS on the table.

JACK

You wanna know why I became a cop?

MURPHY

Of course.

JACK

You ever stop and think of all those who've fucked with you? Your entire life?

(beat)

JACK (CONT'D)

I thought it was time to return the favor. And this badge gives me the power to do whatever the fuck I want.

JACK takes another shot.

MURPHY

Don't you care about the people you're supposed to protect?

JACK

The only people I care about are dead! Nobody knows how long we have left, Murphy. Certainly not enough time to "serve and protect" those who don't give a shit about you. You ever kill a man, Murphy?

Murphy is speechless and shocked.

CUT TO BLACK.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

EXT. THE STREETS OF DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Murphy speed in the car.

INT. JACK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MURPHY

I heard you were a pain in the ass to work with, but I had no idea you were a fuckin' psychopath! Take me back to the station, right now! I didn't sign up for this.

JACK

Listen, you little shit. You have no idea what the real world is like. You're on the force six months, and you think you've got everything figured out. I know how fucked up this shit can get. So, just drop the whole Dudley-do-Right crap, all right?!

Jack turns the wheel hard to the sharp right.

JACK (CONT'D)

Do you know how many partners I've had in the last five years? Fifteen. Shit, I don't even KNOW you, but you're my new favorite sidekick. I've checked your background. You're top in your class at the academy, an Eagle scout, a fuckin' idealist, but most of all, you're a guy who can understand where I'm comin' from. Your family's had to take shit from some of the biggest lowlifes in this town, right?

MURPHY

You don't even wanna know.

JACK

Well, mine has too. You know Mickey Rockwell? He had a son. That was my old man.

MURPHY

That would make you the heir to the throne. What's bad about that?

JACK

You ever feel like you and your family just don't connect?

MURPHY

Of course. Who doesn't?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Well, let's just say I had more than a slight hunch that I was in the wrong family.

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

INT. APARTMENT IN UPTOWN PHILADELPHIA - 1999 - AFTERNOON

FRANKIE ROCKWELL, a tall, muscular, extremely intimidating man in his late thirties, punches a young man in the face, and knocks him to the ground.

Jack (young), now a short, teenage, slightly frail version of Jack Conlon looks up at his father with a black eye, a fat lip, and perpetual anger.

Frankie leaves the room. He shakes his head.

JACK (V.O.)

By the time I was sixteen, I just steered clear of Frankie, if I could. I got used to the abuse.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JACK (V.O.)

But I just couldn't stand him treating my mom like trash.

Frankie slaps Maggie and pushes her onto the ground.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Enough was enough.

INT. APARTMENT - LATE EVENING

Frankie is drunk, coked up, and angrier than ever.

Jack (young) drunkenly walks through the front door.

Frankie continually beats Maggie on the ground . . . until she stops moving.

Jack (young) opens a kitchen drawer. He pulls out a very large KNIFE.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All at once, everything I had ever hated about my old man came roaring to the surface.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack (young) thrusts the knife into Frankie's spine.  
Frankie stumbles around. He is completely shell-shocked.

Frankie falls through the fifth-story window and plummets  
down to the alley below.

Jack (young) slowly backs into the wall and slides down  
to the floor. Maggie lies dead on the floor at his feet.

JACK (V.O. (CONT'D))  
I was scared shitless, but I had  
finally beaten that disgraceful  
piece of shit.

Jack (young) smiles sadistically.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPT. - CONTINUOUS

Jack (young) is photographed and booked by the police.  
They take his fingerprints.

INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

Jack (young) stands at his lawyer's side, apathetic to  
what the verdict might be.

JACK (V.O.)  
My lawyer pleaded self-defense,  
even though everyone in there knew  
better.

The judge SLAMS the gavel.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I was acquitted. I could hardly  
believe it. Every cop in that  
courtroom was proud of me. I had  
done what they wanted to do, but  
couldn't . . . legally anyway.

Young Jack is escorted into custody. Every cop that  
passes Young Jack in the courtroom nods in appreciation  
and praise.

INT. JUVENILE HOME FOR BOYS - AFTERNOON

Young Jack sits at a table.

Captain Jessup speaks inaudibly to young Jack on the  
other side of the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

With my mom gone, Jessup became  
the only one close to me. He  
looked out for me.

EXT. JESSUP'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Young Jack is led into his new home by Captain Jessup.  
The door closes.

JACK (V.O.)

He took me in. He treated me like  
the son he never had. I grew up,  
he offered me a job. That was it.

END FLASHBACK

INT. JACK'S CAR - PRESENT DAY - CONTINUOUS

JACK

So, here I am today, risen from  
the ashes, ready to take down the  
people who took away the best part  
of me. The only pure thing I ever  
had in my life. You still  
interested in why I became a cop?

MURPHY

Well, I-

JACK

No time. We're here.

MURPHY

We're where?

JACK

Just get out of the car.

Jack jumps out. Murphy hesitates.

MURPHY

Where are we goin'?

JACK

Haven't you been listening,  
Murphy? You asked why I became a  
cop. Well, here it is.

Murphy looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

Look, this is exactly what you  
signed up for. Trust me. Let's go!

EXT. ALLEY IN DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Murphy sneak around an abandoned alley, with  
PISTOLS in their hands.

MURPHY

Jack, I don't know about this.  
This is out of our jurisdiction.

JACK

Actually, this is right IN our  
jurisdiction, my friend.

MURPHY

How do you know you're not gonna  
get us both killed down here?

JACK

I don't.

Jack quickly rushes down the alley, gun drawn.

Murphy quickly falls behind Jack. Murphy gets hit in the  
back with a baseball bat. Jack is oblivious.

From a distance, two gang members smoke cigarettes and  
inaudibly chat underneath a fire escape. Jack cocks his  
gun and aims at the two gang members. A gun is drawn on  
Jack. Jack freezes.

JIMMY ROCKWELL, is around thirty years old. He is tall,  
lanky, and looks like a rat.

JIMMY

Jackie! You know better than to be  
creeping around down here. We  
don't allow piggies in this part  
of town. Now, drop it. What? You  
don't think I'll waste you just  
because you're my cousin? I said  
drop your fuckin' piece!

Jack drops his GUN on the ground.

Jimmy aims his gun at the back of Jack's head. Jimmy  
leads Jack back to the front of the alley.

JACK

It's been a while, Jimmy. How long  
you've been out of prison?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

Long enough to like pussy again, I hope.

Jimmy ignores Jack's remarks.

JACK (CONT'D)

No . . . you probably still like takin' it up the ass.

Jimmy pistol-whips Jack in the face. Jack falls to the ground. He laughs hysterically with a mouth full of blood.

Jimmy drags Jack over to the middle of the alley. Other gang members maliciously beat Murphy to a pulp.

JACK (CONT'D)

Motherfuckers!!

Jack fights the gang. Murphy is unconscious. A gunshot RINGS in the alley.

MICKEY ROCKWELL, the "godfather" of the Rockwell crime family, is an older psychotic gentleman with long white hair and a beard. He is very intimidating. Mickey slowly steps toward the group, smoking GUN in-hand.

MICKEY

Well, look at this. What's a cop doin' in my part of town?

Mickey sadistically smiles.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

We've been waiting for you to pay us a visit, Jackie boy.

Mickey points the gun at Jack's head.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I should do you right now for what you've done to this family.

Jack looks up at Mickey, and angrily spits blood in his face.

JACK

I don't give a shit if you kill me or not. I did the world a favor by offing your piece of shit son.

MICKEY

Really?

Mickey cocks his gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Well, wish I could say it's been  
nice knowin' you. Say hello to  
your mother for me.

Jack angrily grabs Mickey's throat. The rest of the gang  
pulls Jack off of Mickey.

Someone from the rooftops shoots at Mickey. The  
mysterious stranger's bullet grazes Mickey's shoulder.

In a panic, Mickey and the rest of the gang shoot at the  
rooftops in search of the sniper.

Police sirens BLOW, and the gang scatters.

Jimmy kicks Jack in the face. Jack is unconscious.

BLACK OUT

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Jack wakes up in the hospital. Jessup sleeps in a chair  
next to Jack's bed.

JACK

What happened?

Jessup slowly wakes up from his slumber.

JESSUP

You were banged up pretty bad,  
kid.

JACK

How bad?

JESSUP

Well, not as bad as-

JACK

Where's Murphy?

JESSUP

He's in intensive care down the  
hall.

Jack hops out of the hospital bed and quickly limps down  
the hall towards the Intensive Care Unit.

JESSUP (CONT'D)

Jack.

EXT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - CONTINUOUS

Jack peers through the viewing window. Murphy is in a coma.

JACK  
Fuck. This is all my fault.

JESSUP  
Jack.

JACK  
I'm gonna fix this.

JESSUP  
Jack!

JACK  
What?

JESSUP  
You're out, Jack.

JACK  
What are you talkin' about?

JESSUP  
You're off this case, son.

JACK  
Get the fuck outta here, man!

JESSUP  
Excuse me?! This isn't the first time you've almost gotten someone killed while searching for retribution you know is never coming to you!

JACK  
You don't know what you're talking about.

JESSUP  
This kid's been on the force no longer than six months, and you almost got him killed today. Enough is enough. You're out, Jackie.

JACK  
You're unbelievable. You know how many fuckin' arrests I've gotten for you? How many convictions?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

How many psychopaths I've put  
behind bars for you?

JESSUP

Do you know how many of those were  
NOT on the case I assigned you to?

JACK

Have a nice life, cap.

Jack storms off in the opposite direction.

JESSUP

Hey! I said you're off the  
Rockwell case. You're not done.  
There's a nice grand theft auto  
case waiting on your desk back at  
the station.

JACK

(sarcastically)

Yippee.

JESSUP

Hey, Jack. I almost forgot.  
There's something else waiting on  
your desk for you.

JACK

What is it?

JESSUP

A birthday present.

JACK

My birthday was yesterday.

JESSUP

Well, better late than never,  
right?

Jessup exits down hall.

JACK

(curious/confused)

*Yeah, sure.*

Jack looks back through the window at Murphy. Jack lets  
out a sigh and exits the hospital.

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Mickey is on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKY

So, what have you got for me?

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPT. CONF. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JESSUP

We all know this asshole, right?

Jessup displays Mickey Rockwell's mugshot on a SCREEN.

JESSUP (CONT'D)

His idiot grandson, Jimmy.

Jessup displays Jimmy Rockwell's mugshot on a SCREEN.

JESSUP (CONT'D)

But this is the real cowboy we're after.

Jessup displays a black silhouette with a question mark over the face. Under the silhouette reads, "El Muerte Negro."

JESSUP (CONT'D)

Anyone in here speak Spanish?

All the officers in the room have blank stares.

JESSUP (CONT'D)

El Muerte Negro. "The Black Death." Cute, huh? Well, this asshole is the real deal. Rockwell's been a pain in our ass for a long time now, but we have reason to believe that the Rockwell family has been doing business with Mr. M for quite some time now.

Jessup displays a world map on a SCREEN. Various cities light up on the map.

JESSUP (CONT'D)

The DEA has informed us that he does business in New York, Boston, LA, Miami, Atlanta, Houston, London, Paris, Madrid, Budapest, Cairo, Tel-Aviv, Hong Kong, and various parts of Russia.

JOEL

Um . . . Captain Jessup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSUP

What is it, Thompson?

JOEL

It's actually Thomas, sir. Joel Thomas.

JESSUP

Who gives a shit? What do you wanna know?

Everyone in the room softly chuckles except for Joel and Jessup.

JOEL

What does El Muerte Negro look like?

An annoyed police officer lounges in the back of the room.

COP #1

Well, if we knew what he looked like, don't you think we'd have his fuckin' picture up on the wall, Einstein?!

Surrounding police officers laugh. Joel looks down in embarrassment.

JESSUP (CONT'D)

As I was saying . . . this guy's been on the scene for the past three decades! No one can even touch him. And now he's setting up shop in our backyard. So, what are we gonna do about it? Anyone?

EXT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPT. CONF. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks along a hallway, passing the conference room. He looks pissed. He walks into his office.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE AT THE POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

A grand theft auto file rests on his desk. A box labeled "Rockwell Homicide-1999" also lies on his desk.

Jack looks through the box. He frowns initially.

The box contains pictures of Jack's dead mother and Frank lying in an alley with a white sheet over his body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack holds his mother's personal belongings: jewelry, pictures with Jack, and letters. He reads one letter.

JACK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is Paul Turner? "I hope you are laying low. Stay out of trouble."

Jack notices the address on the letter.

JAKE

Yo, Jack! Let's go. We gotta interrogate this guy.

JACK

Give me a minute, will ya?

JAKE

Sorry. Captain's orders, kid.

JACK

(sighs)

Fuck.

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cops file out of the conference room. Jack and Jake walk down a long hall to the interrogation room. Joel Thomas bumps into Jack.

JACK

Watch where you're goin, huh?

Joel blankly stares at Jack like a deer caught in the headlights, then quickly walks in the opposite direction.

JACK (CONT'D)

Retard. So what do we got? Junky spic trying to prove his worth to the homies? Hopped up kid looking for a new ride?

JAKE

No. Something YOU would love, actually. Guess what crew this kid's with.

Jack thinks a moment.

JACK

No way. You're serious?

Jake nods his head. Jack smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

This is gonna be fun.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack opens the door. SEAN MERCER sits at the table. He wears a large HOODED SWEATSHIRT. He is a short, lanky brunette, with a young face. His head is down, and he has the hood on over his head.

Jack looks at a FILE on the table.

JACK

Sean Mercer. Tell me, shithead. How does it feel to get maced by an old lady before you could even COMMIT the fuckin' felony?

JAKE

That's just pathetic.

JACK

What? You got nothing to say, tough guy? I'll be surprised if Mickey even holds onto your ass after an embarrassing debacle like this. Look at me when I'm fuckin' talking to you, you worthless piece of shit!

Sean looks up to face Jack. Jack is shocked.

JACK (CONT'D)

Wow. You're fucked now, man.

SEAN

How?

JACK

Last night. Downtown. You really don't remember, huh?

Sean now realizes who it is.

SEAN

Oh, shit!

JACK

Now, you're fucked! I got you for attempted grand theft auto, possession of an unlicensed weapon, assault and battery of a police officer, and attempted murder.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SEAN

Hey, I didn't try to murder anybody!

JACK

Look, you little shit! You're gonna give us everything we need to know. No! I have a better idea. You're gonna snitch for us, undercover. Oh, I like that a lot!

SEAN

Fuck that, man.

JAKE

Jack! Outside. Now!

Jack and Jake hurry outside.

SEAN

Hey man, I wanna talk to my lawy-

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JACK

What?

JAKE

What do you mean, what? You can't do this, Jackie. You can't.

JACK

Why not?

JAKE

Jessup said you can't, Jack. Respect that, all right?

JACK

Jake! Tell me something. Back when we were partners, did you ever wonder why Mickey ALWAYS knew when we were coming in for a hit? How he was always one step ahead?

JAKE

Well, I always assumed he had good sources, rats on the inside.

JACK

I'm glad I'm not the only one who thinks so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Jack. All you can do in this job is look out for yourself. Whether you're suspicious of others or not, just keep it to yourself. As soon as you go pointing fingers at the guys that are supposed to be watching your back, everything goes to shit. Believe me, I know.

JACK

Look, no one will know about it, except you and me, Jake. This kid ain't gonna squeal on us. I can read him. He's not like my family. He's part of the crew, but he's not as bad as them. Plus, I know he'd rather help us out than go to prison and be someone's bitch.

JAKE

I don't know, Jack.

JACK

He couldn't even steal a car from a little old granny. You think he has the balls to go to prison for those lowlifes?

Jake sighs and leans against the wall.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jake, I've been trying to conquer my demons for a long time. I wanna get past them. I think this kid is the key. You with me on this one?

JAKE

Nobody will know about this?

JACK

No one! Except you and me.

JAKE

All right, fine. But don't fuck this up!

Jack and Jake go back into the interrogation room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SEAN

Yo, man. I'm gonna need some time to think about this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I'll give you five seconds! Be a prison bitch or be an asset to society.

SEAN

Jesus, man! Do you have any idea what you're asking me to do?

JACK

I'm asking you to do what's right!

SEAN

You're asking me to go against everything I've known for the last twenty years! Mickey was there for me when no one else was, when my dad and my uncle skipped town. I'm sorry we roughed you and your friend up. I was just following orders. You got family issues? Talk to Mickey yourself.

JACK

I don't need to talk to Mickey.

Jack snatches Sean's file off the table and reads it.

JACK (CONT'D)

It says here in your file that you have assault, two prior weapons charges, and a DUI in the last three years. Add on ANOTHER assault charge and attempted murder of a police officer and what judge in the world would take your word over mine?

Sean looks shocked, speechless.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDER A BRIDGE IN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

JACK

Look, will this be difficult? Yes. Will it be dangerous? Of course. Will it be worth it? You better believe it. I'm not stupid, kid. No wires. Ever. We're going colonial on this one. Letters. It's a sure-fire way that no one will catch on to what we're doing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

All we're asking you to do is tip us off on any big shipments, drug deals, or arms deals. I'm gonna need Mickey's Social Security number, every password, code, and combination that keeps his money safe.

SEAN

Don't you need something you can arrest him with?

JACK

I'm not gonna arrest Mickey. I'm gonna take his fuckin' nest egg. I'm gonna debilitate that snake until he has nothing left. You're my inside guy, Sean.

SEAN

Wait a minute. I can't do all that to him, man. It's bad enough I'm helping you out, but I can't do all that.

JACK

How much money has Mickey got locked away, Sean?

SEAN

I don't know. About forty million.

JACK

How about if I make you a partner? You get a third of what we steal.

JAKE

We?! Whoa, Jack. I got no part of this. I'm just helping you facilitate and keep it under wraps so you don't get yourselves killed.

Jake looks at his watch.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I gotta go see a guy upstate. I'll call you later.

Jake exits.

JACK

All right. We split it fifty-fifty, then. How's that? And you won't serve any time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK (CONT'D)

We got a deal? Or are you still feeling sentimental?

SEAN

Now that you mention it, I may be of some service to you. Maybe you have some Rockwell in you after all, huh?

Jack grabs Sean's collar and shoves him against a wall.

JACK

I'm gonna say this once, and only once. Don't ever compare me to those conniving degenerate fucks! You follow?

SEAN

Yeah, man. Sorry. No problem.

JACK

Good. You better get some sleep. You start tomorrow. Write down everything and anything you think is important. Put it in an unmarked envelope, and drop it every Friday by 5 o'clock at the mailbox near this address.

Jack hands Sean a SLIP OF PAPER with his address on it.

SEAN

Oh, this is great. My girlfriend lives right around there.

JACK

Fan-fucking-tastic. Just get it there, tanto. Then maybe, if you're lucky, you can get some pussy afterwards.

SEAN

Fuck you, Jack.

Jack walks down the street.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Wait. What if I need to find you?

JACK

You won't. If it's necessary, I'll find you.

SEAN

*Great.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sean slyly examines Jack's police identification card that he just stole from him during their scuffle. Sean smiles like a kid in a candy store.

INT. THE LOCAL CHURCH - LATE EVENING

Jack walks down the aisle of the church. FATHER SIMON, a short, balding, kind-hearted priest, performs a wedding rehearsal with a soon-to-be bride and groom.

Jack sits in one of the middle pews. After the ceremony is completed and the couple leaves, the priest approaches Jack and sits down next to him.

FATHER SIMON

Excuse me. Is there something I can help you with?

JACK

Hi, father. My name's Jack Conlon.

Jack shows his badge.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm wondering if you have any information on a man who might reside here. A Paul Turner?

Father Simon carefully chooses his words.

FATHER SIMON

Father Paul was a kind, smart man who would often stay in the church with his nephew. Paul said it was his brother's son.

JACK

So, where is he now?

FATHER SIMON

We . . . lost contact with him. One day, I came back to his room to discuss the sermon for that night's service, but he wasn't there. After a day or two, I started getting worried. I filed a missing person report with the police, but they never got back to me with any information. People would always tell me about Paul. I never wanted to believe them.

JACK

What would they say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER SIMON

That he wasn't exactly associating himself with desirable characters, if you know what I mean. I thought I could help. I thought I'd take him in as a member of the clergy. I could work with him and try to get him back on the right track. I never got the opportunity.

JACK

What do you think happened to him?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. ROOF OF THE CHURCH - 1987

PAUL TURNER, a disheveled, handsome young priest, is shoved into a wall on the roof of the church. Rain pours.

MICKEY'S GOON

Where is he?

PAUL

I don't know.

Another one of Mickey's goons puts a GUN to Paul's head.

2ND GOON

Where the fuck is he?

PAUL

Jesus Christ! I don't know! He just left. He didn't tell me anything.

Mickey Rockwell is off in the shadows. He smokes a cigar.

MICKEY

What about the kid?

PAUL

No.

MICKEY

No, what?

PAUL

I won't let you. You'll have to kill me first.

Mickey and his goons all laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY

Don't tempt me, kid.

PAUL

Are you really gonna kill a priest, Mickey? You're always going on about the Lord judging all of us. Despite all that you do, I always took you for a religious man.

MICKEY

You know, you're right about me being religious, Paul. But my guys here . . . not so much. They might let somethin' happen to you. Let you slip and fall off the roof or somethin'.

Mickey laughs and turns away from Paul.

Both of the goons laugh as well. The two goons throw Paul off the roof to his death.

Mickey calmly walks over to one of goons. He punches him in the face.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I didn't actually want you to throw him over, you fuckin' idiot.

2ND GOON

But you said . . .

MICKEY

I was joking, you moron! Great. YOU'RE gonna scrape his ass off the sidewalk, you useless sack of shit!

Mickey storms back inside the church.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHURCH - PRESENT DAY - LATE EVENING

FATHER SIMON

I don't know. I'll tell you this, though. Paul was never the kind of person that would just leave without telling anyone . . . especially leaving his nephew to fend for himself. It never sat well with me.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACK

What happened to Paul's brother?

FATHER SIMON

Paul always told me he traveled for business. I never met him.

JACK

And the boy?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. CHURCH - 1987 - MORNING

Mickey walks up to a young boy in the church.

FATHER SIMON (V.O.)

When Paul vanished, the boy was never the same. He moped around the church for days, hoping Paul would come back. He didn't show up for choir practice one day, so I went to find him. The church secretary told me someone from his family came to pick him up.

MICKEY

Hi, Sean.

SEAN

How do you know my name?

MICKEY

I'm a good friend of your Uncle Paulie's. He told me to take care of you for a while until he comes back. Come on, I'll buy you an ice cream.

Sean goes with Mickey out the door.

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHURCH - PRESENT - LATE EVENING

SEAN (V.O.)

Mickey was there for me when no one else was, when my dad and my uncle skipped town.

JACK

Wait, what was the kid's name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER SIMON

Sean. Sean Mercer, I think. What's this all about, anyway?

JACK

Thanks, father. No time to explain. We'll be in touch.

Jack jumps up from the pew and heads back to the station.

EXT. BODY SHOP - 1 MONTH LATER - AFTERNOON

An absolutely gorgeous girl leans over the hood of a sports car. JESSICA REIGNS is in her mid-twenties, has a breathtaking body, blue eyes, and long black hair. She wears blue-jean overalls as she fixes the car.

Sean sneaks up behind her and grabs her ass. Jimmy Rockwell jealously stares from across the body shop.

JESSICA

Jesus! Sean, you scared the hell out of me!

Jessica slams the hood of the car.

SEAN

Baby, come on.

Sean playfully chases Jessica across the body shop.

JESSICA

You, come on!

SEAN

Why are you always so mad at me?

JESSICA

If you don't know by now, there's no hope for you.

SEAN

Baby, we talked about this. If it weren't for all this, I never would've met you.

JESSICA

Yeah, and if it weren't for all this, you would probably have a degree in computer engineering or something by now. Damn it, Sean. You could've done such great things with your life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

Oh yeah? And what about you?

JESSICA

At least I'm in school, trying to make something of myself so I can get the hell out of here.

SEAN

You work for Mickey too, you know?

JESSICA

It's not my fault that he owns my father's garage. And chopping up cars is not the same as running guns, buying drug shipments by the boatload, and stealing cars.

SEAN

You know I only stick around because I owe it to Mickey.

JESSICA

You don't owe him shit!

SEAN

Baby! Not so loud. Jimmy's right over there.

Jimmy smiles at Jessica. He waves awkwardly.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Come on. What is this really about?

JESSICA

Sean, even toddlers realize that cops and robbers is just a game. It's really pathetic that you chose to make it a lifestyle.

SEAN

I'm doing the best I can, Jess! I've been working with this guy-

JESSICA

I don't care what scheme you've got going now, Sean. I can't keep doing this forever!

SEAN

You mean chopping up cars?

Sean reaches out and grabs her hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSICA

No. I mean wasting my time with you.

She throws Sean's hand away.

Jimmy stands in the opposite corner of the garage and watches Jessica take off her overalls, and storm off.

Sean throws down a towel sitting on the ledge.

JIMMY

Tough break, kid. Hey, Jess. Wait up!

Jimmy runs after Jessica.

SEAN

(bitterly)

*Thanks.*

Sean SLAMS the light switch as he leaves the body shop.

BLACK OUT

INT. POLICE STATION FILE ROOM - DAY

Jack skims through FILES in the upper shelf of the cabinet labeled "Missing Persons: Unsolved." Jack mumbles through some names before he finally grabs the file entitled "Paul Turner." He also has the "Rockwell" file in his hand.

Suddenly, Jessup walks in.

JESSUP

How's that grand theft auto case coming?

JACK

(startled)

Uh, got the kid's file right here.

Jack covers the missing person report with Sean's file.

JACK (CONT'D)

The kid didn't ACTUALLY steal the car, so we let him go. He got maced by the lady he was trying to steal it from. We thought the embarrassment was punishment enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSUP  
(laughing)  
Right, right.

JACK  
Hey, thanks for the gift by the way.

JESSUP  
No problem, Jack.

Jessup glances at the file in Jack's hand.

JESSUP (CONT'D)  
So, what's that file?

Jessup grabs the "Rockwell" file from under Sean's file.

JACK  
That case? That's just something I found. It's not really anything. It's just a uh-

JESSUP  
The Rockwell case?

Jack doesn't answer.

JESSUP (CONT'D)  
Jack, I'm not kidding anymore. If I see you snooping around this case one more time, I'll send your ass back to the academy so fast, your head will spin.

Jessup slams the file cabinet closed and mumbles obscenities as he leaves the room.

Jack leans back against the wall in the room and lets out a big exhausting sigh.

INT. A DARK OFFICE - EVENING

Mickey sits at his desk. Sean sits across from him.

MICKEY  
So, what have you got for me?

SEAN  
Um . . . Last night, we sold out all of our drink specials. The club was packed til three.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (CONT'D)

There was a problem last week with Murdock getting his Monday night wages from his guys, but Johnny took care of that. Otherwise, we're doing fine. Shipments are coming in Friday and Saturday.

MICKEY

Nice.

Sean nods his head and swallows very hard.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You feeling alright, Sean?

SEAN

Yeah, I'm fine. It's just a little warm in here, that's all.

MICKEY

It's snowing outside.

SEAN

I must be coming down with something.

MICKEY

Well, take better care of yourself. You know we're bringing in a few new people, right? No big changes are being made yet, but our current guys downtown can only do some much.

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Jack walks around the police station. As Mickey mentions each crooked cop, they pass by Jack.

MICKEY (V.O.)

Allen tipped me off last week when the guys were coming hard for our bookies. Brodie gave me a nice cut of some seized evidence that we turned for a nice profit. Dempsey convinced the district attorney to plead down on Hagen's case, so we'll get him back soon.

Jack looks around cautiously. He is paranoid.

INT. DARK OFFICE - PRESENT - EVENING

MICKEY

And as for Denehee, well, we'll get someone to replace her soon enough.

Sean nods in agreement.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be honest with you, Sean. The cops are getting close. Too close. Is there a way you can get rid of any information they've got on us?

Sean nods as he holds up Jack's police identification card. Mickey slaps him lovingly on the cheek.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Good boy. That's why I love you, Sean! You can take a seemingly bad situation, and turn it into a positive.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sean vigorously types on his laptop. He navigates to the Philadelphia Police Department information database web site. He uses Jack's ID card to gain access.

INT. A DARK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mickey is on the phone.

MICKEY

Yeah. I'm expecting that big shipment from you any day now.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sean browses through Mickey's file. At the bottom of the screen, Sean sees a delete button and a save button. Sean clicks save.

INT. A DARK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MICKEY

But I'm already paying you extra for the protection.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sean types in his full name and deletes his file.

INT. DARK WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MICKEY

All right. Fine. I'll get you the money as soon as possible.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sean closes his laptop and types on his personal computer. He types in the username, "Mickey R," and vigorously types in the password bar. The screen shows "Logged in to Your Personal Settings. Welcome."

Sean sighs in relief. He writes down all of Mickey's private bank codes, passwords, and information. Mickey comes into Sean's office.

MICKEY

By the way. I forgot, Sean.

Sean quickly covers up the screen with a screensaver and hides the information he just stole.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I just wanted to tell you that I'm proud of you for not saying nothing when those cops pinched you. It takes a man to know who really cares about you, son. Always remember who your friends are, Sean.

SEAN

Of course, Mickey. I know.

Mickey leaves Sean's office. Sean sighs in relief.

BEGIN MONTAGE

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - NEXT DAY

Upbeat music plays. Sean walks towards a mailbox. He drops an unmarked envelope into the mailbox.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - TEN MINUTES LATER

Jack opens the mailbox.



INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack reads the notes from Sean. He smokes a cigarette in a dark room, illuminated by a single light over his desk.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - MORNING

Jack walks down the street in a suit and tie. He wears sunglasses.

INT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks into the bank. He hands the bank manager a thin stack of papers.

BANK TELLER

All right, Mr. Rockwell. Where would you like your money transferred to?

Jack cracks a wicked smile.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Sean paces back and forth. He takes out his CELL PHONE and calls Jessica.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jessica sees Sean's name on her caller ID. She ignores the call.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sean falls back in his chair, frustrated.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits sullen next to a hospital bed. Murphy is still in a coma.

END MONTAGE

INT. A LOCAL DINER - LATE NIGHT

Jack and Jake sit at a booth. They drink coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Are you being careful?

JACK

It's been about six months, and I'm still in the clear. I don't move too much cash at once, anyway. I do it in small doses.

JAKE

You know that you'll go to prison for a LONG time if you get caught doin' it, don't you?

JACK

You think I don't know that, Jake? It's almost more dangerous for me than it is for Sean.

JAKE

Then, why the hell are you doin' it?!

JACK

Someone's gotta do something, Jake. The guy thinks he's untouchable, for Christ's sake!

JAKE

It's not your fight, and you know it.

JACK

The hell it isn't. I finally have the power to do what no one else can. And I'm gonna do what no one else WILL.

JAKE

You're abusing your power as a police officer. And I won't go down for you if you get caught. I love you, you're my friend, but I WILL NOT GO DOWN for this.

JACK

I'm not a kid anymore, Jake. You don't have to clean up my messes.

JAKE

Yeah, like with Mendoza, right?

JACK

Why do you wanna bring that up again? I'm already stressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

Sorry. So, what's your next move?

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - PREVIOUS NIGHT

Jack examines a CARD that Sean wrote on the back of. On the front, the card reads "Mickey's Place."

JACK (V.O.)

I don't know. I may do some closer investigation.

EXT. MICKEY'S NIGHT CLUB - LATE NIGHT

Jack walks up to the front of the massive nightclub. A very long line waits to get in the front door.

A young couple drunkenly BURSTS out of a side door. The couple aggressively makes out in the alley. Before the door closes, Jack slips in.

JACK

(to the young couple)

Thanks.

INT. MICKEY'S NIGHT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The club is a madhouse. Jack looks around the main room in amazement.

JACK

Whoa.

Jack walks into the center of the crowd.

Joel Thomas stares at Jack from the bar. He sips a SEVEN and SEVEN.

People snort lines of COCAINE. Two girls make out while two guys watch and high five each other. Go-go dancers pole dance and girls dance on the bar.

SEAN

Hey, baby. Can I buy you a drink?

Sean grabs Jessica's hand.

JESSICA

Um . . . no, Sean

She pushes his hands away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

C'mon, babe. I love you.

JESSICA

Sean, I can't do this anymore.  
We're over.

SEAN

What?

JESSICA

I said, WE'RE DONE!

Everyone around them in the direct vicinity awkwardly stares at Jessica.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Sean, just stay away from me, all right?

Jessica walks away toward the other side of the club.

Sean just stands there stunned.

A DRINK GIRL passes by Jack. He takes a shot of tequila from her tray. He tilts his head back to drink the shot, but stops as he sees Mickey and Jimmy talk on the upper level of the club. Jack quickly darts out into the crowd so that he will not be noticed.

Jimmy and Mickey look out over the club. Mickey smokes a cigar with an angry look on his face.

JIMMY

What's the matter? The club is really jumpin' tonight! Why the long face?

MICKEY

I'm losing money, Jimmy! And I don't know HOW!

JIMMY

Well, I'm sure however much you lost, you're making back ten-fold tonight, right?

MICKEY

Don't be an idiot, Jimmy! The club can only make us so much. The shipments seem to be getting lighter too. Something isn't right. I think you-know-who is back in town. I don't know how he's doing it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIMMY

Come on, Mick. I think what happened downtown six months ago just shook you up. It was a fluke. A random prick with a grudge, or another crew trying to take you out or something. It wasn't HIM.

MICKEY

It's gotta be. Jimmy, be of some use for a change! Find out anything you can for me on this. Find out who's stealing my money.

JIMMY

You got it, Gramps! You're the boss.

MICKEY

Don't call me Gramps, you jackass!

Mickey exits the club. Jimmy looks out over the club, and scans the crowd.

Jack walks through the crowd. He sees Jessica pass him by almost in slow motion. Their eyes meet, and instantaneously, there is an initial attraction, but they each continue on their paths.

JACK

Damn. I need another drink.

Sean sits alone sullenly at the bar. He aggressively pounds back a JAGER BOMB at the bar.

SEAN

Get me another one of those, Phil.

BARTENDER

You got it, Sean.

Jack walks up to the bar to order a drink.

JACK

(to the bartender)  
I'll have what he's having.

(to Sean)

Hey, slick.

SEAN

What the hell are you doing here?!  
Are you crazy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

I thought it was necessary.

SEAN

What you think is "necessary" is gonna get you killed in here.

JACK

You know what else can get you killed?

SEAN

(sarcastically)

I don't know, Jack. What?

JACK

Having an uncle who associates himself with criminals.

SEAN

Good thing I don't have an uncle like that then, huh?

JACK

So, where is your uncle Paulie, Sean? You ever talk to him?

SEAN

Did you REALLY just come here to fuck with me, asshole?! He's dead to me, all right?

JACK

Jeez. No need to get your panties in a bunch, buddy. I only ask because the guy knew my mother. That's all. I just wanted to know if you knew anything about it.

SEAN

Well, I don't, all right?! I already told you he split when I was a kid. I haven't seen him in over twenty years.

JACK

I know. Father Simon told me all about it.

Jimmy looks out over the club and scans the crowd. He sees Sean and Jack at the bar.

JIMMY

No fuckin' way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Jimmy walks over to some goons, and points to Jack.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, bring me the cop.

CUT BACK TO THE CONVERSATION AT THE BAR

SEAN

You talked to the priest? What did he say?

JACK

He said your uncle was a good man that would never leave his nephew to fend for himself. He seems like he doesn't buy it. I don't either. I think there's more to what happened than you give credit.

SEAN

Hey, you weren't there, man.

JACK

I know.

Jack finishes his drink.

JACK (CONT'D)

So, where's that girlfriend of yours?

SEAN

Fuck off!

JACK

Easy bro. What did I say wrong?

SEAN

She dumped me. Satisfied?

JACK

Tough break, kid.

SEAN

Yeah, that's exactly what your cousin said to me.

Jack looks past Sean.

JACK

Oh, shit.

SEAN

Oh yeah, I forgot. You don't like to be compared to your relatives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JACK

No. Sean . . . get of here, man.  
Get lost.

The goons walk towards Jack and Sean.

SEAN

What about you?

JACK

Don't worry about ME.

Jack pushes Sean.

JACK (CONT'D)

Just go!

Sean walks into the crowd, but bumps into Jimmy.

JIMMY

I wanna talk to you later.

SEAN

Uh . . . sure, Jimmy.

JIMMY

I never thought it would be you,  
kid.

SEAN

Huh?

Jimmy vanishes into the crowd.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

Sean walks into the crowd.

CUT BACK TO JACK AT THE BAR

JACK

Well, Jackie-boy. It's showtime.

Jack pounds back another JAGER BOMB. He looks to the right. He sees Joel Thomas at the end of the bar.

A huge group of people come up to the bar. They order drinks. When the people leave, Joel is gone.

JACK (CONT'D)

Weird.

GOON #1

Excuse me, sir.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (6)

JACK  
How you fellas doin' tonight?

GOON #2  
Would you come with us, Mr.  
Conlon?

JACK  
Would you go fuck your mother?

Goon #1 unveils his gun to Jack from under his jacket.

GOON #1  
I think you wanna come with us,  
Jack.

Jack sighs and slowly gets up. Goon #2 grabs his arm.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I got it, Tiny. Thanks.

All three walk upstairs. Jack is between the two goons.

EXT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Goon #1 BANGS on Jimmy's door. He yells over the music.

GOON #1  
Hey, Jimmy!

JACK  
(sarcastically)  
Christ, you brought me to Jimmy?  
Just shoot me now.

Jimmy opens the door.

JIMMY  
Bring him in.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The goons force Jack into Jimmy's office.

JIMMY  
Search him.

The goons pat Jack down for weapons.

JACK  
I cannot BELIEVE he gave you your  
own office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIMMY

I can't believe you decided to show your face here tonight.

JACK

Well, I was curious. Decided I should check out the shady night life Philly had to offer.

JIMMY

I'll bet.

Goon #2 finds Jack's GUN in his boot.

GOON

Bingo.

Goon #2 tosses the gun to Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Very nice, Jackie. Sleek, slender, small, and light.

Jimmy points the gun at Jack. Jimmy looks at the goons.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Leave.

GOON #1

You sure about that, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Who's got the fuckin' gun, Einstein? Leave.

The two goons leave the room.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Now, what the hell are you doing with a gun in my club? I thought you were just "checkin' out the night life Philly had to offer."

JACK

Wow, James. You're just as dumb as when we were kids.

JIMMY

How do you figure, hotshot? I've got the gun, shithead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Not for long. And even if you knew how to use it, you should've never told those stiffs to leave you alone with me.

JIMMY

What? You think you're a big man now or somethin'? I see right through you. I know what you're doin' to Mickey.

JACK

I just came out for a nice night on the town.

JIMMY

Yeah, bullshit. I know what you're up to. The old man's become senile in his old age. He's losin' it. He thinks ghosts from the past have come back to haunt him, but he's full of shit. You're using Sean to play the poor bastard.

JACK

What are you talkin' about, Jimmy? I think YOU'RE losin' it, pal. I didn't even know that guy at the bar. I was making small talk with him. He just lost his girlfriend and I wanted to cheer him up.

JIMMY

(interested)

Really?

JACK

Yeah. I really came to talk to you. I wanted to ask you about a guy named Paul Turner.

JIMMY

Who the fuck is Paul Turner?

JACK

(facetiously)

That's what I wanna know!

JIMMY

Even if I knew him, why would I tell YOU anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

Well, I just thought we could let bygones be bygones.

JIMMY

Oh, shut the fuck up, Jack! I'm not stupid, you know?! I wasn't fuckin' born yesterday!

Jack laughs hysterically at Jimmy's frustration.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

The only way for that money to be moved is with the help of someone on the inside. You're unbelievable! You kill your old man. You turn your back on the family business. And now, you're stealing from your grandfather. How heartless are you?! You are one sadistic FUCK!

JACK

Oh, I'M a sadistic fuck. That is priceless!

Jack laughs harder.

JIMMY

All right, I'm sick of this shit. I'm gonna call Mickey and tell him it was YOU who's fuckin' him over. I'm gonna do you with your own gun. And I'm gonna kill that rat, Sean, and make it look like YOU did it. After all, you've been known to take out various members of this family. Not to mention, you've killed one of your own before. What was that cop's name? Martinez? Sanchez? Some spick, right?

Jimmy dials an ANTIQUE LANDLINE TELEPHONE. He still points the gun at Jack.

JACK

Mendoza. And that was an accident. THIS won't be.

JIMMY

(preoccupied with the phone)  
What won't be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JACK

This.

Jack picks up a BEER MUG off the shelf and chucks it at Jimmy's face. Jimmy drops the phone and Jack's gun. Jimmy screams in pain.

EXT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Party-goers dance below.

The DJ pulls out a new RECORD. He spins it around, and sets the record on the turntable.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Both Jack and Jimmy reach for the GUN.

EXT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The DJ puts the needle on the new record.

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Jimmy fight for the gun. The gun discharges.

CUT TO:

EXT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Simultaneously, a gun shot sound effect BLASTS on the rap record. The two gun blasts are indistinguishable.

The goons obliviously wait outside Jimmy's office.

A figure in all black gazes across the upper level of the club. The silhouette of Jack and Jimmy's fight is visible through the pane glass windows. The figure takes a puff of his CIGAR and laughs. He strolls toward a DOOR, which bears the sign, "ROOF ACCESS."

INT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy and Jack throw each other across the room. Glass SHATTERS, and furniture is RIPPED.

EXT. JIMMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Party-goers dance below to "American Boy" by Kanye West.

EXT. MICKEY'S NIGHT CLUB - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

During a break in the song, Jack throws Jimmy through the window. Jimmy lands on the fire escape with a THUD.

Jimmy drops Jack's GUN through the grates in the fire escape. The gun falls to the alley below.

Jack and Jimmy fight their way down to the alley below.

EXT. MICKEY'S NIGHT CLUB - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Rain POURS. Jimmy kicks Jack in the face. Jimmy pulls out a COLT .45 PISTOL and aims it at Jack. He pulls the trigger, but it locks up.

JIMMY

Piece. Of. Shit!

Jimmy throws his pistol in a trash can.

Jimmy picks up a 2" x 4" PIECE OF WOOD on the ground, and smacks Jack in the face with it.

Jimmy finds Jack's gun further down the alley. He picks it up and walks over to Jack.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I can finally end this bullshit  
once and for all.

Jack hangs his head in defeat. Jimmy cocks the gun.

A gunshot RINGS out. Jack slowly looks up, confused.

Jimmy bleeds out of his right temple, and falls to the ground beside Jack . . . who is slow to react.

Jack looks up toward the rooftops. Lightning flashes, and the dark figure in all black stands on top of the club.

JACK

Hey!

The dark figure runs and hops from rooftop to rooftop. Jack runs after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, get the fuck back here! I need to talk to you.

Jack stops running and loses the figure in the distance.

JACK (CONT'D)

Who the hell is that guy?

Lightning flashes and thunder RUMBLES. Behind Jack, Jimmy's dead body is visible in the distance . . . for a split second.

The lightening flashes again. Jack turns around. Jimmy's body is gone.

JACK (CONT'D)

What the fuck is going on around here?

Jack picks up his gun. He walks towards the front of the club, and bumps into Jessica.

JESSICA

Hey, watch where you're going, asshole! Hey. It's you.

JACK

I'm terribly sorry. I didn't see you there.

JESSICA

You're that guy from the club.

JACK

Yeah, sure. I was at the club, but I really should be going.

JESSICA

Jesus. What the fuck happened to you?

JACK

You should see the other guy.

JESSICA

Hey, I have bandages in my purse.

JACK

No, thank you. I really should be getting the fuck out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESSICA

Hey, I'll come with you. This club sucks anyway. I know this really great bar uptown.

JACK

I don't know.

JESSICA

Come on. I'll help you with your battle scars. I'll even buy you a drink to numb the pain.

JACK

OK. I guess that would be nice.

Jessica and Jack walk away from the club.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

Jessica and Jack walk down the street.

JACK

So, what is such a helpful and stunning young woman such as yourself doing at a dangerous club like that, Miss . . .

JESSICA

Jessica, but everyone calls me Jess. It's not so dangerous. I know the guys that own the place.

Jack looks nervous.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What were you doin' there, tough guy?

JACK

I was meeting a friend of mine, but we . . . got separated.

JESSICA

And then, you got caught up in a scuff with one of the local bar flies?

JACK

You could say that.



INT. A BAR IN UPTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

Jessica sips a BUD LIGHT.

JESSICA

So, what do you do for a living,  
Cinderella man?

Jack slams a shot of JACK DANIELS.

JACK

Can't tell you.

JESSICA

Why not?

JACK

It's a secret.

JESSICA

Oh, come on.

She puts her hand on his inner thigh.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You won't tell ME?

JACK

I'm part of the Strategic  
Intervention Tactical Enforcement  
unit of the Philadelphia Police  
Department.

JESSICA

A copper, huh?

JACK

Does that make you nervous?

JESSICA

Not at all. I've always wondered  
what it would be like to be with a  
man who's not afraid to take  
charge, and fire his weapon.

JACK

What makes you think I take  
charge? I could have a desk job  
for all you know. Maybe I've never  
fired my gun.

JESSICA

You just have that look. You look  
like you could shoot a man and not  
think twice about it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK  
(sarcastically)  
That has to be the best compliment  
I've ever gotten. I look like a  
killer, hunh?

Jessica raises her eyebrow playfully.

JESSICA  
I meant that you seem like a guy  
who would kill for what he  
believes in. Am I wrong?

Jack shakes his head and laughs.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
You seem determined, driven . . .  
and extremely cute.

JACK  
I think you're putting yourself in  
a dangerous spot here.

Jessica looks confused.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Won't your friends come lookin'  
for you?

JESSICA  
I don't care what my "friends"  
think. They're all degenerates. I  
can handle myself.

She leans over and starts making out with Jack.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Where's your place?

INT. MICKEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sean sits down in a chair across from Mickey. Mickey  
smokes a cigar.

SEAN  
What's up, Mick?

MICKEY  
Finances, Sean. Do you know  
anything about finances?

SEAN  
Nothing but what they taught me in  
grade school.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (CONT'D)

I can't balance a checkbook, if  
that's what you're asking.

Sean laughs. Mickey doesn't.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Jessica have sex. Soft, subtle music plays.

MICKEY (V.O.)

Missing things, Sean. It's like a  
grade school playground out there.  
If you've got the right toys,  
you're the most popular kid in  
school. But once you lose your  
toys, Sean, no one wants to . . .

Jessica moans and screams. Music cuts off.

CUT TO:

INT. MICKEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SEAN

You think I know where your money  
is?! Cause I don't, Mick!

MICKEY

All I'm saying is that where large  
sums of money are concerned, it is  
advisable to trust nobody.

SEAN

Well, I'm different than nobody.

Mickey stares directly at Sean, and does not respond to  
his statement.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Fine. That's what you want, then?  
You know that a person who trusts  
no one can't be trusted either,  
Mickey.

MICKEY

Don't get smart, wise ass. Don't  
think that you're . . .

SEAN

No. You're right. There are always  
those who are out to get you. But  
THINK.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (CONT'D)

I've been by your side for more time than you or I care to remember, and I've been nothing but loyal to you. You think you've got money problems? Then, take it up with the bottom feeders you've got working for you. Those lowly sons of bitches would do anything to make a name for themselves. But don't come at me with your lies.

MICKEY

You're right, Sean, I . . .

SEAN

Are we done here?

Mickey looks shocked at Sean's outburst, but impressed.

MICKEY

Yeah, kid, we're done!

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sean goes into his office. He locks the door behind him. He takes a BAG of Famous Amos chocolate chip cookies out of his desk. He eats them.

FLASHBACK ENSUES.

EXT. LOCAL CHURCH - MIDDLE OF THE DAY, 1987

Paul sits on the playground with Sean at age five.

PAUL

You really like those cookies, huh, pal?

SEAN (YOUNG)

Yeah.

PAUL

I'm not surprised. Your dad really liked those cookies too. He would always say "Life is just a mirror, and what you see out there, you must first see inside of you." I can't believe he actually got that from a guy who made a living selling cookies.

Sean is not amused. He sadly eats his cookies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL (CONT'D)

You must really miss him, huh?

SEAN (YOUNG)

Yeah.

PAUL

Well, don't worry, buddy. I promise he'll come back one day. He told me so himself.

SEAN (YOUNG)

You promise?

PAUL

Hey, I'd never lie to you, pal. I'm your uncle Paulie. You trust me, don't you?

SEAN (YOUNG)

Yeah.

PAUL

That's my boy. Now, go play on the monkey bars. I'll watch you, okay? Hey, I love you, buddy. I'll always be here, Sean.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE - PRESENT DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean begins to cry a little. He grabs a piece of stationary from a box under his desk. He writes a letter.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jack and Jessica lie in bed. Jack is asleep. Jessica anxiously lies awake. She gets up and heads toward the bathroom.

Jessica sees Jack's kitchen table with all of Sean's notes on it. She notices the name "Sean Mercer" over all the documents. She now realizes that Jack is Sean's "guy he's been working with."

Jessica swallows hard in disappointment with herself.

JACK

You're not trying to run, are you?

JESSICA

Just didn't want to wake you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She begins to gather her things to leave.

Jack gets out of bed. He approaches Jessica from behind. He rubs her shoulders. She brushes him off.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I gotta run. Busy day at the office. I've got your number, though. I'll call you.

She quickly gathers her items and opens the front door.

JACK

Wait, not so fast . . .

EXT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Jessica inaudibly talk in the doorway.

Sean walks toward Jack's apartment complex. He sees Jessica and Jack talking.

Jack and Jessica kiss. Jessica leaves. Jack shuts his front door.

Out of confusion and anger, Sean drops the LETTER and runs away.

Jack comes outside to get the morning paper. When he bends down to pick it up, he sees an unmarked envelope on the ground as well. He looks around, picks up the paper and the letter, and goes back inside.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack shuts the door behind him. He throws the paper on the counter, and tears open the envelope. Jack reads the letter.

SEAN (V.O.)

J. I hope this letter finds you well. I don't even know if you're still alive after Jimmy got to you. I'm sorry for how I acted at the club. I could have put us both in a lot of danger. I know it's no excuse for my actions, but I hope you understand. Sadly, there is nothing for me to report this month. Mickey's getting paranoid. We might need to cool it for a while.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Remember to watch your back. And  
thanks for saving mine. S.

INT. LOCAL PUB - NOON

Mickey sits at a table with four other men.

Sean runs into the restaurant. He looks around, sees  
Mickey's table, and rushes over to him.

SEAN  
I need to talk to you.

MICKEY  
I'm in the middle of a meeting.

SEAN  
It's about our conversation we had  
last night. The grade school  
playground?

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack gets in the shower.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Joel Thomas snoops through Jack's personal file.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack steps out of the shower. He gets dressed.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Joel grabs his coat and heads out the door.

EXT. ALLEY BY JACK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack heads out the door of his apartment building.

He starts his MOTORCYCLE up in the alley.

A car engine REVS down at the other end of the alley. A  
black Cadillac REVS the engine again.

Jack straps his HELMET on.

More Cadillacs arrive in the alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack wearily mounts his bike.

JACK  
What the hell?

The Cadillacs all shine their brights on Jack and chase after him.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck me!

Jack quickly burns out on his motorcycle and a chase ensues.

EXT. ALLEYS IN DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

The chase weaves in and out of the underbelly of Philadelphia. Mobsters shoot at Jack during the chase.

Sean points a HANDGUN out of the window of Mickey's car. Sean shoots at Jack. He misses terribly.

Out of nowhere, a SEMI-TRUCK backs into the alley.

Jack slides under the semi and a few of the Cadillacs are totalled as they smash into the side of the semi.

Mickey is at the back of the lineup of cars. He storms out of the last Cadillac, and looks furious at the wreckage in front of him.

Jack gets up off the ground and runs to another alley.

EXT. DIFFERENT ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Jack hides behind a dumpster. He peeks around to see Mickey's goons running past the alley in pursuit. Jack takes a breath and turns back towards the alley . . .

Joel Thomas points a GUN at Jack.

JOEL  
I knew you were in on this. I KNEW it!

JACK  
Joel . . . what the hell are you talking about?

JOEL  
I had a hunch you were behind the murders, but I had NO idea you were working with the Rockwells.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACK

Joel, you don't know what you're talking about. I did NOT murder anyone. And I'm not working with the Rockwells. They were chasing me-

JOEL

Shut the fuck up! I heard you at Denehee's funeral. You just couldn't take it that she dumped you.

JACK

Oh, please! That's horseshit!

JOEL

Then, she sold your coke to the highest bidder. So you took her out.

JACK

Wait, WHAT?!

JOEL

She came down to the station about six months ago . . . the day she was killed.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. PHILADELPHIA POLICE DEPT. - 6 MONTHS AGO - EVENING

Denehee enters the police station. She drops the resignation letter and her gun on Jessup's desk.

Denehee heads to the evidence room.

JOEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She took two bricks of coke, put them in her jacket, and left.

She looks around, and opens a box labeled "Rockwell Case." She puts two large bricks of cocaine into her jacket, puts the lid back on the evidence box, and calmly walks out of the police station.

JOEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I followed her. She met up with a guy in an alley on the south side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Denehee drives into an abandoned alley where a shady-looking figure in a hooded sweatshirt comes up to the side of her car to talk to her. Their conversation is inaudible.

Denehee gives the shady figure the two bricks of cocaine. The shady figure gives Denehee a big BROWN PAPER BAG.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. ALLEY - PRESENT DAY - AFTERNOON

JOEL

You couldn't handle it, so you killed her!

JACK

Denehee was dealing back to Mickey?

JOEL

Yeah, like you didn't know!

JACK

I have to tell Jake.

JOEL

You're not going anywhere, Jack. I'm taking you in.

JACK

Joel, back the fuck off before I beat your ass. Get out of my way.

JOEL

I've got the gun, smart guy. What are you going to do? Hit me?

JACK

(smiling)

No.

Joel is knocked unconscious with a crowbar.

JACK (CONT'D)

But HE might. Thanks a lot, pal. I-

The stranger pulls a GUN on Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, I don't want any trouble.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

You're the guy from the club last night, aren't you?

MICHAEL MERCER is in his late forties or early fifties, but he could still kick your ass. He is tall, muscular, scruffy, and weathered from drugs, alcohol, and smoking. He wears dark Aviator sunglasses.

MICHAEL

Shut the fuck up, and get your ass in the car.

Michael leads Jack across the street into a car. His gun is still fixed on Jack.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Michael holsters his gun as they drive off.

JACK

You've been following me.

MICHAEL

You have a habit of getting yourself into bad situations.

JACK

Why the hell do YOU care?

MICHAEL

Someone has to maintain balance. Someone has to put the devil in his place. Someone has to keep dirty cops off the street.

JACK

What does THAT mean?

Long beat.

JACK (CONT'D)

It was you. You killed Denehee.

Jack quickly takes Michael's gun from his holster and aims it at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Stop the car right now!

MICHAEL

Take it easy, kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Shut the fuck up! You're the serial cop killer. You're the asshole that's been killing all my partners. Those were my friends, you psycho! The department has been pinning this shit on ME.

Suddenly, Michael jolts the car into a side street. The movement distracts Jack momentarily as Michael punches Jack in the face and takes his gun back. The car comes to an abrupt stop.

MICHAEL

Hey! I'm sorry you're taking a little heat for this, but you would thank me if you knew what I've been saving you from.

JACK

Saving me from what?

MICHAEL

Your little girlfriend upstate sold evidence back to the mob.

JACK

Tell me something I don't know.

MICHAEL

Your pal, Pickett, told Mickey every time there was a sting.

JACK

Bullshit.

MICHAEL

Carlisle put a tracking device on you.

JACK

I don't believe that.

MICHAEL

Finnegan recorded every conversation you had in private. Right back to Mickey.

JACK

I don't want to hear anymore.

MICHAEL

And my favorite . . . Dugan . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Shut up!

MICHAEL

He sold Philadelphia PD regulation guns to Mickey for double their street value.

Jack sits quiet, deeply crushed by the news.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You thought these people were your friends, Jack. You should be thanking me.

JACK

How do you know my name?

MICHAEL

I know a LOT about you.

JACK

Why me? You don't owe me anything. So why help me?

MICHAEL

You're right. I don't owe YOU anything. I owe it to your mother.

JACK

My mother?

MICHAEL

She was a good friend of mine.

JACK

She asked you to look out for me?

MICHAEL

She never got the chance. Man, if only I killed Frank when I had the chance. You took care of that for me though, didn't ya?

Michael smirks.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Better late than never, I suppose.

Jack becomes enraged.

JACK

Who the FUCK do you think you are?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK (CONT'D)

You think it's fucking amusing that I killed my father and buried my mother in the same fucking night?

MICHAEL

Calm down, son.

JACK

Calm down?! Who the fuck are you?!

MICHAEL

I loved your mother with everything I had.

JACK

Oh yeah? Then where the hell were you when she was being beat to a pulp every night by my fucking piece of shit father? Hunh?!

MICHAEL

Frankie wasn't your father.

JACK

I should waste you right now!

MICHAEL

Listen to me for a second, son.

JACK

Stop calling me son! Look, I appreciate you saving me ass, but that ends now. If I see you around ever again, I won't wait for Mickey to find you. I'll kill you myself.

Jack steps out of the car.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Jack walks into the alley. Michael yells from the car.

MICHAEL

Jack, wait a second! Frankie wasn't your father.

JACK

Didn't you hear what just I said?! I don't want to hear anymore of your family counseling session bullshit! Yeah, I killed my father.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

He was a horrible man who deserved to die. But he was still my father.

Jack turns away to walk down the alley.

MICHAEL

No, he wasn't . . .

JACK

Then who wa-

MICHAEL

I was!

Jack stands dumbfounded, looking away from Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I wouldn't have even heard what happened to your mother if it weren't for Father Paulie.

Jack slowly turns back towards Michael.

JACK

Paul Turner?

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

The only way your mother could reach me was through notes to your uncle Paul, who, at the time, was residing at the church. She left me messages in his notes. She thought no one would suspect her of shacking up with a clergyman.

Michael parks his car in a hidden garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But as you know, Frank was always the jealous type, no matter who your mother was friends with.

Both Michael and Jack walk into an elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

JACK  
So, what's your name?

MICHAEL  
You mean besides Dad?

Jack is not amused.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I'm Michael. Let's just leave it  
at that.

Michael pushes a button and the elevator goes up.

JACK  
All this time, why did you let me  
think that psychotic freak was my  
real father?

MICHAEL  
Rockwell thought you were his. And  
THAT home is one you just don't  
wreck. Hell, you saw what happened  
to your mother when he found out.  
Lucky for me, only one guy knew  
where I was. That guy was not so  
lucky.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. A DARK APARTMENT - NIGHT

Michael takes off his jacket and heads over to the closet  
to hang it up.

A trail of blood leads to the closet.

JACK (V.O.)  
So, you found him, then?

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
No. He found me.

Michael opens the closet door. He jumps back in shock.  
Paul is hanging, dead in his closet.

A note is attached to Paul's chest that reads "Welcome  
back, Michael." There is a picture of Mickey's gang  
symbol at the bottom of the card.

BACK TO PRESENT



INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - PRESENT - AFTERNOON

MICHAEL

I was the only family that poor kid had.

JACK

Well . . . at least he's not "missing" anymore.

Michael is not amused.

JACK (CONT'D)

So, where were you . . . when I was growing up?

MICHAEL

You're STILL growing up.

JACK

When I was kid.

MICHAEL

I lived up in Lewisburg for a while.

JACK

So, you were in prison.

MICHAEL

Some would say that, yes.

JACK

Lewisburg burned down about twenty years ago, didn't it?

MICHAEL

Some say it burned down. Others say it was blown up.

The phone RINGS. Michael runs to answer it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hold on a second, son.

Jack looks at one of Michael's old scrapbooks. Something in the scrapbook disturbs him.

Jack sneaks out the window onto the fire escape.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

Jack takes out his CELL PHONE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (O.S.)

Yeah?

JACK

Jake! It's me. Where are you?

INT. PENN STATE FOOTBALL STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

JAKE

I'm with my grandkids at the Penn State game. Can I call you later?

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

JACK

This is urgent, man. I need to talk to you. Something big just happened.

JAKE (O.S.)

How big? What the hell are you talking about?

JACK

I think they trapped me, man. I think Sean, the whole deal, everything was just a set-up.

JAKE (O.S.)

What?!

JACK

I don't know for sure. I don't know what to believe anymore. But I can't stay at my place. They know where I live! Can I stay at your place tonight?

INT. PENN STATE FOOTBALL STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

JAKE

I'm sorry, kid. I wish I could help you out. I'm out of town for the weekend. You got a girl you can stay with?

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

JACK

Not a steady one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (O.S.)  
What about Jessup?

JACK  
Come on.

JAKE (O.S.)  
What other option do you have?

JACK  
Fuck! All right. Thanks anyway,  
Jake. Call me ASAP.

INT. PENN STATE FOOTBALL STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

JAKE  
I'll be back Sunday night. I'll  
give you a call when I'm on my way  
home. Be careful, kid.

Jake hangs up the phone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS

Jack hangs up his phone.

JACK  
Fuck!

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Michael hangs up the phone. He looks around the den.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Jack?

Michael looks at the open page of one of his scrapbooks.

A friendly picture of Michael and Mickey together is in  
the scrapbook. Michael abruptly closes the scrapbook.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
God damn it!

EXT. CAPTAIN CASEY JESSUP'S HOME - EVENING

Jack firmly knocks on the door.

JACK  
Jessup! It's me, Jack. Open up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jessup opens the door.

JESSUP

Jack. How you doin, son? I feel like I haven't seen you in months. Come in, come in.

INT. CAPTAIN CASEY JESSUP'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JESSUP

What can I do for you?

JACK

Um . . . I've got roaches at my place. And . . . it's being fumigated. Is it cool if I stay here tonight?

JESSUP

Well, sure. You know you're more than welcome here, Jack.

JACK

Thank you so much, Captain. I promise I won't be a bother.

JESSUP

Oh, don't be silly. I'm honored you asked me for a place to stay. I can't believe it's been five years since you moved out. You doing all right? You look pale.

JACK

Just a little nippy outside. Nothing to worry about.

JESSUP

Yeah, it's gettin' to be that time of year again.

After an uncomfortable silence . . .

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, do you have a computer? I just need to check my e-mail.

JESSUP

Sure. Go right ahead. The computer is still in my office like always. Take as long as you need.

Jack heads to Jessup's office. Jessup heads to the kitchen.

INT. JESSUP'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack searches for information on the Web about the Lewisburg explosion. One article reads "Lewisburg Penitentiary Explosion. No Survivors."

INT. JESSUP'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jessup is on the phone. The TV is glaring in the den.

JESSUP

No, no, no. Everything is fine.  
Don't worry . . . he's HERE.

INT. JESSUP'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack logs into the police records. He views the picture of every "Michael" in the system.

JACK

Where the fuck are you? You have  
to be here somewhere.

INT. JESSUP'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JESSUP

I don't see why you need to do  
that tonight. He's not going  
anywhere. Fine, I'll leave the  
door open for you.

INT. JESSUP'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack searches "Sean Mercer," but he cannot find the file.

JACK

You sneaky son of a bitch.

INT. JESSUP'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

Jessup watches The Shawshank Redemption on the couch. As Jack enters the room, the warden says "He just up and vanished like a fart in the wind." Jessup laughs.

JACK

Hey, Cap, I think I'm just gonna  
hit the hay. I'm pretty exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSUP

All right. Sleep well, son. I'll see you in the morning.

JACK

Good night, Cap.

Jack heads upstairs. Jessup lets out a SIGH.

INT. JACK'S OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack sleeps.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - 2005 - DAY

Among the rest of the Philadelphia Police Department, a rookie 21-year-old Jack stands downtown. Officers talk down a police officer who seems to have gone crazy.

Officer EMANUEL MENDOZA is a well-built, handsome Latino. He holds a hostage at gunpoint.

MENDOZA

(to his hostage)

Tell me where the fuckin' bomb is!

HOSTAGE

I don't know what you're talking about, man. Ow! Take it easy.

JESSUP

Mendoza, stand down! Now!

MENDOZA

Cap, this motherfucker is going to blow up half of Philadelphia if we don't do something.

HOSTAGE

What? You got the wrong guy!

Mendoza cocks his GUN.

MENDOZA

I'm not gonna say it again. Tell me where the bomb-

A gunshot RINGS out. Mendoza falls to the ground. Jessup and some troopers rush to his aid. The hostage frantically runs away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All the other rookies look at Jack. His gun is still smoking from the gunshot.

Jessup checks Mendoza's pulse.

JESSUP

He's dead.

Jessup checks Mendoza's gun.

JESSUP (CONT'D)

Christ. It wasn't even loaded.

All the cops look at Jack with disappointment and some with anger.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. JACK'S OLD BEDROOM - PRESENT - 3 AM

Jack snaps out of his nightmare. It is dark in his room. Jack controls his breathing. As he tries to close his eyes again, a black bag is yanked over his head.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - JESSICA'S OFFICE (SECOND FLOOR)- 4 AM

Jessica is balancing the books for the garage and studying with a single lamp in her office. Hurried footsteps from downstairs distract her.

INT. GARAGE - BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Two of Mickey's goons carry Jack around the body shop. They carry him down the stairs to the basement. Jessica watches from the window of her office. She sees Jack.

INT. GARAGE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jack is tied up in a chair. He is beaten, bloody and half-asleep in the chair. He is doused with water.

JACK

What the fuck? Where am I?

MICKEY

You're in the Devil's Pocket.

JACK

Where?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY

I guess you don't know Philly that well, do you?

JACK

Who gives a shit? Let me go!

MICKEY

No one's coming for you, Jack.

JACK

Where's Jessup?

MICKEY

He's around. But we want to talk to you first.

Goons dunk Jack's head in a water tank.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Where is my money, Jack?

JACK

(gasping for air)  
What money?

MICKEY

Where. Is. My. Fucking. Money?!

Goons dunk Jack's head in the water again.

JACK

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

MICKEY

Okay. String him up.

The two goons string Jack up to a rope by his hands. They bring out some electricity rods.

Mickey nods to a goon. He shocks Jack in his ribs. Jack screams in pain.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Well?

Another shock. Jack screams again.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

It can hurt a LOT more.

Goon sparks electric rods together close to Jack's groin.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

JACK

Okay! I'll tell you where it is!

Sean walks in to enjoy his revenge as the gang interrogates Jack. The goon lets Jack down and throws him in a chair sitting in front of a table.

MICKEY

Who helped you?

Sean looks nervous. Jack says nothing.

Goon hits Jack's palm with a HAMMER. Jack screams in pain.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I'll ask again. Who helped you steal my money?

Jack looks disdainfully at Sean for a moment, then back at Mickey.

JACK

No one.

Goon swings a BASEBALL BAT at one of Jack's legs.

JACK (CONT'D)

No one helped me! Jesus Christ.

MICKEY

Sorry, Jackie. Not good enough.

Goon winds up to take a swing at Jack's other leg.

JACK

Wait, wait! Fine. It was Jimmy.

Goon punches Jack in the face.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's the fucking truth! Why do you think no one's seen him? He told me that you don't give him credit for all the work he does around here. So, I convinced him to give me all the information that protects your money. We split it fifty-fifty.

Shocked by Jack's loyalty, Sean walks out in disgust.

MICKEY

That's quite a story. So, where is my money?

EXT. GARAGE - BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Sean walks toward the door. Jessica stops him.

JESSICA  
 (to Sean)  
 I need to talk to you!

Jessica drags Sean outside to the back of the garage.

INT. GARAGE - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

JACK  
 (to Mickey)  
 An ATM machine on 27th and  
 Lombard. The pin is 6699.

MICKEY  
 The day you killed my son. How  
 sentimental of you. Well, while we  
 get the money, I'm gonna put you  
 in the hands of my associate, Mr.  
 Falucchi.

MR. FALUCCHI casually strolls into the center of the room  
 from the shadows. He is a huge angry Italian man.  
 Falucchi picks up Jack and throws him into a different  
 room. He SLAMS the door, and beats the crap out of Jack.

EXT. BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

SEAN  
 (sarcastic)  
 What do you want to talk to me  
 for? I thought we were "OVER."

JESSICA  
 Grow up! This is serious. Why did  
 Mickey's guys drag that guy into  
 the basement?

SEAN  
 Oh, are you concerned about your  
 new fuck buddy?

JESSICA  
 Christ . . . you saw us?

SEAN  
 Is that all you have to say? Yeah,  
 I saw you with that asshole. He's  
 the cop that's been fucking this  
 crew out of a lot of money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESSICA

Oh, cut the shit, Sean. I know everything.

SEAN

What are you talking about?

JESSICA

Yeah. I saw your name on his notes, so don't feed me your bullshit. Let him go, now!

SEAN

What are you gonna do? Blackmail me? Mickey would kill you too if he knew that you were involved with any of this.

JESSICA

I don't have to blackmail you.

SEAN

Why not?

JESSICA

Because I know you're still crazy about me.

Sean scoffs off her remark and turns away.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Don't punish Jack because YOU can't get your shit together. He didn't know we used to be together.

SEAN

Who gives a shit? He's just using me to get to Mickey.

JESSICA

Who cares about Mickey?! You need to get away from this life, Sean!

Sean starts tearing up.

SEAN

I don't know. I want to get out of this life, Jess. I DO. But I need you with me.

JESSICA

You really want me back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SEAN

Of course.

JESSICA

Fix this.

SEAN

Are you insane?

JESSICA

Fix this, or I'll never speak to you again, Sean. You got him into this mess. You get him out of it.

Jessica storms off.

SEAN

Jess. Jess! *How the fuck am I gonna pull this off?*

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Michael sits in a confessional.

MICHAEL

Forgive me, father. For I have sinned.

PRIEST

How long has it been since your last confession?

MICHAEL

It's been 25 years, father.

PRIEST

Jesus.

MICHAEL

Exactly.

PRIEST

So, what are your sins, my son?

MICHAEL

Let's see. I've killed eighteen people. I've had thousands of impure thoughts, lots of premarital sex, and to top it off, I've forsaken my son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIEST

My god. Get the hell out of here.

MICHAEL

Hey, aren't you at least going to tell me to say a few "Hail Mary's" or something?

PRIEST

Say twelve "Our Father's," ten "Hail Mary's," and get the hell out of my confessional, please!

MICHAEL

You can't blame a guy for trying.

Michael exits the confessional and sits down near the front of the church.

Sean enters the church and sits down in one of the rows. He buries his face in his hands. He looks up at the statue of Jesus on the cross.

SEAN

What would you do? That's what everyone says to ask themselves. Bet you've never been in a situation like this before.

MICHAEL

I think his situation was a bit thornier than yours.

SEAN

Why don't you mind your own business, pal?

MICHAEL

Sorry. Just thought you should be better informed before you make an obnoxious statement like that.

SEAN

Hey, fuck you, man.

MICHAEL

Hey, no need to take out your frustrations on me just because you're lost. Maybe HE can help you.

SEAN

No, he can't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

Then, why did you come here?

SEAN

Old habit, I guess.

MICHAEL

Old habit?

SEAN

I used to live here when I was a kid.

MICHAEL

No shit.

SEAN

Whenever I had a problem, I would always talk to my uncle. But when he wasn't around, I would ask HIM for help.

MICHAEL

Ever get the answers you were looking for?

SEAN

No. The answers were always different than what I expected.

MICHAEL

But this time, you're at a loss?

SEAN

I've done something terrible. Something that I have no idea how to take back. I never thought my life would've ended up like this.

MICHAEL

Well, life is just a mirror, you know? And what you see out there, you must first see inside of you.

SEAN

Who are you?

EXT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Sean BURSTS out the front doors of the church. Michael follows shortly behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Sean, will you just wait a second?  
Sean, just listen to me.

SEAN

Where the fuck do you come off? I  
haven't seen you in over twenty  
years, and NOW you come back? Like  
THIS?

MICHAEL

Son, I didn't want it to be this  
way.

SEAN

Don't give me any of this son  
crap. You were never a real father  
to me . . . never.

MICHAEL

God damn it, Sean! I'm trying to  
make things right here. I'm here  
to help you get your life back on  
track.

SEAN

Well, you picked a hell of a time  
to come back, pops. I'm a  
criminal, the love of my life just  
tore my heart out, and to top it  
all off, I've fucked over the only  
real friend I have. How the fuck  
can you make my life any worse?

MICHAEL

Oh grow up, Sean. Take some God  
damn responsibility for your  
actions. Whether I was around  
still working for Mickey or you  
were an orphan living on the  
street, you're always accountable  
for your own actions.

SEAN

Wait, what?

MICHAEL

All that stuff about being the  
product of your environment is all  
bullshit! The choices you make are  
made by you and you alone.

SEAN

Stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

That's probably why your girlfriend dumped you. Because you won't be a fuckin' man and own up to your mistakes!

SEAN

Hold on a fucking second! You used to work for Mickey?

MICHAEL

Yeah. So what?

SEAN

So what?

MICHAEL

Yeah. So what? I got out of business with that low life as soon as I could. But I guess I couldn't keep him from getting a hold of you. I'm sorry for that.

SEAN

How did you even get involved in all this shit? How did you get ME involved in all of this shit?

MICHAEL

A fuckin' basketball game.

SEAN

What?

MICHAEL

It was a God damn basketball game. I was so sure they were gonna win. But hey, what did I know? I was just a kid back then.

FLASHBACK BEGINS

INT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA BAR - JUNE 8, 1982 - NIGHT

MICHAEL MERCER, a now attractive, young twenty-something, sits at the bar and watches Game 6 of the 1982 NBA Finals.

Michael yells at the TV screen. The 76ers lose by ten points.

Michael is devastated. Shortly after the game, Mickey walks over to Michael.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MICKEY

Tough break, kid.

MICHAEL

Mickey. Come on. I'll do anything to pay you back. Please, man, don't break my legs.

MICKEY

I'm not gonna break your legs, kid. I might know of a way for you to pay off your debt to me, though.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - MID DAY - 1982

A man in a suit and tie walks down the street. Five seconds later, he is shot in the head. Blood spurts everywhere on the street.

Michael lets out a sigh of relief and disappointment.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILADELPHIA - AFTERNOON - 1982

Michael walks down the street with Paul Turner.

PAUL

So, you kill people for a living now?

MICHAEL

Jesus, man. Not so loud! You want the whole neighborhood to hear?

PAUL

Sorry, man. It just sounds . . .

MICHAEL

Wrong, disgusting, inhumane . . .

PAUL

Awesome!

MICHAEL

What?!

PAUL

Think about it. You're a hit man, Mike. That's awesome!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

You know, I figured a guy who just became a priest would be a little turned off by murderous behavior!

PAUL

Hey, I only did it because the priest there doesn't make me pay rent. He thinks he's "saving me from damnation." I only went there for AA, for god's sake!

MICHAEL

Dude, you're fucked up in the head. You need to get professional help, get laid, something.

PAUL

Wow. My best friend's a real live killer.

MICHAEL

Only til I pay off Mickey's debt.

PAUL

Yeah, whatever.

MICHAEL

Come on. I got a kid now. And Maggie . . . what the fuck am I gonna tell her?

PAUL

Tell her your boss thought you had such good business sense, that he offered you a managerial position . . . in Baltimore.

MICHAEL

Right. I gotta go meet Mickey.

PAUL

Hey Mike, take me with you sometime, huh?

MICHAEL

What, on a hit? Are you fuckin' nuts?! Come meet me at his club tomorrow night. We're all meetin' for drinks.

PAUL

So, now you're all buddies? Jeez, this guy is something else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

Yeah, he seems to like me for some reason. I gotta get goin'.

PAUL

Aight, killa.

MICHAEL

Shut the fuck up.

The two friends part ways.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. MICKEY'S NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Fun 80's music plays. Paul and Michael sit at Mickey's table. They dance, drink, and joke with the mob.

INTERCUT WITH:

Michael kills people in different ways.

The weather changes in the background throughout each snippet, to show time pass.

END MONTAGE

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - 1983

Michael walks into the apartment.

MICHAEL

Maggie! You in here? Maggie!

Michael finds a note on the table. He reads it. He picks up the phone and dials.

INT. MAGGIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE CONLON, a twenty-something petite brunette, answers the phone. She looks exhausted, but has a natural beauty that no one can deny. She has piercing green eyes, and a smile that can really light up a room.

MAGGIE

Hello?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Maggie, what the hell is this note?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Well, it's pretty self-explanatory, Michael.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

INT. MAGGIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE

You're never around. And when you ARE, you're either drunk or stoned.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

I'm sorry, babe. I really am. I've been doing a lot of work lately and the boss keeps me late.

MAGGIE

That's bullshit, Michael!

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

Baby, please come back home so we can talk about this rationally. Is Sean with you?

INT. MAGGIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE

Of course Sean is with me! I'm not a neglectful parent, like YOU, Michael.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

I'm sorry that I don't spend every waking moment with the kid.

INT. MAGGIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE

Every waking moment? Try ONE moment with him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You're NEVER home. You're out doing god knows what with god knows WHO. We hardly ever see you anymore.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

I'm doing the best I can. I'm making enough money so we can have a good life.

INT. MAGGIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE

God damn it, Michael. It's NEVER been about the money.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

Baby, if it makes you happy, I'm going to quit my job in Baltimore tomorrow and go back to working at the garage in town.

INT. MAGGIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE

Is that truly what you want to do?

MICHAEL

Absolutely.

MAGGIE

Really?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Baby, if I'm lying, I'm dying.

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE

Okay, Michael. I'll come home tomorrow. I love you.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And for awhile, I kept that  
promise. I tried to be a better  
father to you, Sean. And a better  
husband.

Michael plays with baby Sean. He passionately kisses  
Maggie.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But skeletons have a way of coming  
out of the closet and following  
you, no matter where you go.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - EVENING - 1984

There is a KNOCK at the door. Michael opens the door.

MICHAEL

What the fuck are you doing here?  
I'm with my family.

Frankie stands smiling in the doorway.

FRANKIE

I just want to chat with you.

MICHAEL

I told you guys that I'm done  
working for you. I've more than  
paid back your dad's debt.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Who's at the door, Michael?

MICHAEL

No one, Maggie.

FRANKIE

Wow. Hot Maggie's home, huh? Can I  
meet her?

MICHAEL

Get the fuck out of here, Frank.

FRANKIE

Either you come out and talk to  
me, or I'm going to come in there,  
and break the news of your real  
profession to your pretty little  
wife. And maybe break something  
else. You get me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Yeah, I fuckin' get you. Hold on a sec. I'm going out for a bit, babe. I'll be back around ten, okay?

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Where are you going?

MICHAEL

Out for a drink with my old boss. He wants to talk to me privately about something. Don't worry.

MAGGIE

Can I at least meet him?

MICHAEL

I don't think that's such a good-

Frank BARRELS through the door.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

-idea.

Frank outstretches his hand to Maggie.

FRANKIE

Frankie Rockwell. Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Mercer. Mike's told me so much about you.

MAGGIE

Actually, it's Ms. Conlon. Michael hasn't proposed . . . yet. But you can call me Maggie.

FRANKIE

Maggie. I love that name.

MAGGIE

Well, thank you, Mr. Rockwell.

FRANKIE

Frankie, please. Everyone calls me Frankie.

MAGGIE

Okay. Rockwell. Why does that name sound so familiar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

Okay. I don't want to waste any more of Frank's time, so we better get going. I'll see you later, Mags.

FRANKIE

It was a pleasure meeting you, Maggie.

MAGGIE

It was nice meeting you, Mr. Rockwell. Have fun, boys.

Frank and Michael both leave.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

FRANKIE

Your girl is smokin' hot, man. How'd a little punk like you grab a fine piece of ass like that?

MICHAEL

Cut the shit, Frank! What do you want? I don't owe your family any more money. So what is this about?

FRANKIE

Well, first off, Mike. The family totally respects your decision to get out and spend time with your girl and your kid.

MICHAEL

But?

FRANKIE

But, we have a bit of a problem. We need someone to facilitate.

MICHAEL

No. Fuck no! I'm done doing this shit for you guys.

FRANKIE

But you're the best, Mike. And we need the best on this one.

MICHAEL

You know how hard it is to sleep at night? I have nightmares about the shit I've done for you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I can't do it anymore. I've gone legit.

FRANKIE

You'll never be legit, Mike. You're one of us. You just can't admit it.

MICHAEL

That part of my life is over, Frank. So, can you and your boys, and your dad, especially, just leave me and my family the fuck alone? Please.

FRANKIE

Let me ask you something, Mike. How's your kid gonna go to college? How are you going to care for your lady? I know working at a crappy garage downtown must make you a millionaire, but come on. We both know that you and your family can't survive the rest of your life doing what you're doing.

Michael hesitates, considering his options.

MICHAEL

What are you proposing?

FRANKIE

One last hit. That's all we're asking of you, Mike.

MICHAEL

Who's the target?

FRANKIE

Willie Wilson Goode.

MICHAEL

You're joking, right?

Frankie doesn't respond.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You want me to assassinate the Mayor of Philadelphia?! You're insane!

FRANKIE

We really need this, Mike. He's been watching my father a little too closely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

No. This is bigger than anything  
I've ever-

FRANKIE

There's a million dollars in it  
for you.

MICHAEL

You're kidding.

FRANKIE

I kid you not, pal. One million  
dollars. Just a quick sniper job,  
and we'll never bother you or your  
family again. Your kid's college  
will be paid for. You can even get  
your girl the nicest rock in the  
world . . . because god knows a  
woman that fine deserves it. What  
do you say?

EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

So, how am I doing this?

FRANKIE

Goode is giving a speech tomorrow  
outside City Hall. Can you handle  
that?

MICHAEL

Of course. How am I getting paid?

FRANKIE

The usual way. Just come to the  
club tomorrow night, huh?

MICHAEL

Fine.

FRANKIE

It's crazy, man. This is the last  
time we'll ever be doing business  
together.

MICHAEL

After tomorrow night, I NEVER want  
to see you or anyone connected to  
your family ever again. Got it?

FRANKIE

Sure, Mike. Get some sleep, hunh?

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - MID DAY - 1984

Michael sets up a sniper rifle.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Frankie dials the phone.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Philadelphia Police Department.  
What is your emergency?

FRANKIE  
Yes, I'd like to report that an  
assassination attempt on Mayor  
Goode is currently in progress.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Where is this attempt being made?

FRANKIE  
The Courtyard Marriott in Downtown  
Philadelphia. 21 North Juniper  
Street. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
19107. He's on the roof.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
And what is your name, sir?

Frankie hangs up the phone and exits the phone booth.

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

A SWAT team armed with AK47's and other AUTOMATIC WEAPONS  
surrounds Michael.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER  
Get your hands off the rifle! Now!

Michael freezes in disbelief.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER (CONT'D)  
I said get your fucking hands up!

Michael complies. The cops arrest him.

INT. COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON - 1984

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
Since it was my first offense, I  
only got ten years at Lewisburg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN (V.O.)

Why didn't you testify against Frank and the Rockwells?

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Well, Sean. I could plead not guilty, testify against the family, and get pinned for the fifteen to twenty other murders I HAD committed. Or, I could plead guilty and only get sentenced for ONE attempted murder. It seemed like a smarter move at the time.

SEAN (V.O.)

But you knew Frankie had set you up.

INT. LEWISBURG US PENITENTIARY - 1985

MICHAEL (V.O.)

That's why it was so hard for me to lie on the stand, and take the heat for those pricks. And to see your mother while I was locked away.

Maggie sits behind the glass visitation windows. She wearily looks at Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

How's Sean?

MAGGIE

He's talking now. And he's wondering where his daddy is. Thank god he's not old enough to read the newspaper yet.

MICHAEL

Don't be so overdramatic, Maggie. I'll be out of here in ten years. Probably less for good behavior.

MAGGIE

Is that all you have to say for yourself? I'll be out in ten years? Michael. Why didn't you tell me that THIS is what you were doing all that time? That THIS was your "great job" that was making us so much money?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I was in debt. I didn't want you to worry. It's not something I'm proud of. It was a way to make a better life for you. I didn't want to expose you to it. Maggie, I'm sorry. What else do you want me to say?

MAGGIE

You don't have to say anything. You've let me down for the last time. I only came here today to say goodbye. I love you, Michael. But, I can't wait for you anymore. Goodbye.

MICHAEL

What about Sean?

MAGGIE

Sean will be living with Paul for a while. Just until I figure things out.

MICHAEL

He's my son too. Don't I have any say in what happens to him?

MAGGIE

Not anymore.

Maggie holds her stomach, which is a bit bigger than normal. She exits.

MICHAEL

Maggie. Maggie!

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CHURCH - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

SEAN

She never came back for me. She never even came to visit.

MICHAEL

She wanted to, Sean. Once she started seeing Frankie, he kept her on a short leash. She was scared. She didn't know what Frank might do. She eventually had to resort to writing Paul just to find out how you were doing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEAN

Paul told me that my mother died in a car crash when I was four. And you were away on business. And that you'd be back some day.

MICHAEL

He probably figured it was safer for you to forget about us. He thought you'd have a more normal life, free of the crime we had both surrounded ourselves with.

SEAN

But you've been out of jail for ten years now. You didn't feel the need to find me?

MICHAEL

Well, that's not entirely accurate. I've been out of prison for about twenty-five years. I got out in 1987.

SEAN

You've been out since I was five? What the fuck were you doing?

MICHAEL

I was on the run, Sean!

SEAN

On the run? Didn't they let you out for good behavior?

MICHAEL

When you're in for attempted murder, they don't let you out seven years early for good behavior.

SEAN

Then, how'd you get out?

MICHAEL

You ever hear about the Lewisberg Pen explosion in '87?

SEAN

Yeah.

MICHAEL

That was me . . . and a buddy of mine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But what's important now is helping your friend out of this trouble he's in.

INT. MICKEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mickey is on the phone.

MICKEY

Hello, sir. Mickey Rockwell calling again. Just wanted to let you know that we are currently in the process of retrieving your money as we speak. No, no . . . I can assure you it will be there at the correct time. Yes, I understand, sir. Again, I apologize for the delay. I just-

M hangs up.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello? Fuck

Mickey dials another number. He rolls down the window to see one of his goons answer his cell phone across the street at the ATM.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Well, give it a try. 6699.

EXT. 27TH AND LOMBARD ST. ATM - CONTINUOUS

The goon punches in the numbers.

Screen shows message: "Insufficient Funds"

GOON

We have a problem, sir.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A door SLAMS. Mickey and Mr. Falucchi walk towards Jack.

Jack looks bruised and bloody. He lies on the ground. He looks up.

MICKEY

Where the fuck is my money, Jack?

JACK

Go to the ATM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Falucchi kicks Jack in the face.

MICKEY

There's nothing in that account,  
you little shit.

JACK

That's impossible. That's where  
the money is, I swear to God.

MICKEY

Stop. Fucking. Lying to me!

Falucchi whacks Jack with a baseball bat.

JACK

I have no idea, then. Someone must  
have taken it.

MICKEY

Then, I guess you're out of luck.

Mickey motions for Falucchi to get a BUZZSAW. Falucchi  
turns on the buzzsaw on his way over.

JACK

Whoa, whoa, whoa. I'll get you the  
money somehow.

MICKEY

You better, kid. Because I owe a  
lot of money, and I'm not gonna  
let a little shit like you ruin my  
business.

Mickey takes out a HAMMER and smashes Jack's hand with  
it. Jack screams in pain. Mickey gets up and heads toward  
the door.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Sweet dreams, princess. You better  
get some rest. You're getting me  
my money tomorrow. One way or the  
other.

Mickey turns out the light. Falucchi and Mickey exit.

Falucchi SLAMS the door to Jack's holding room.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

Why are we back at Jack's place?  
We know he's not here.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SEAN

I know, but I thought we could use  
some help.

Sean BUZZES Jessica's room a few times.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Jess, it's me. Open up.

JESSICA (O.S.)

Sean, it's three in the morning.

Jessica hangs up on him.

MICHAEL

That helped us out a whole lot.

SEAN

Just give me a minute.

Sean buzzes again.

JESSICA (O.S.)

(frustrated)

What?

SEAN

Jess, please let me up.

JESSICA (O.S.)

What do you want, Sean?

SEAN

I found someone who can help us.  
Can you please just let me up?

Jessica buzzes the door. Sean and Michael go in.

EXT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sean knocks on Jessica's door.

MICHAEL

So, who is this broad?

Jessica opens the door.

JESSICA

Who the fuck is this?

Michael pushes Sean through the doorway into the  
apartment and forces himself inside as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I'm the one who's gonna save your  
friend's life.

He shuts the door behind him.

INT. MICKEY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Mickey walks toward his bedroom closet to put his coat  
away. He opens the door and jumps back. Jimmy hangs dead  
in the closet.

A note is attached to Jimmy's collar: "Welcome home,  
Mickey. Paul sends his regards. M."

INT. WAREHOUSE - 5 AM

The lights are off in Jack's holding room. Jack has a  
nightmare.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. THE MARSHALL'S HOUSE - DAY - 1992

8 year-old Jack plays Nintendo with his friend, Tommy  
Marshall. YELLING is heard downstairs. Jack and Tommy  
listen and hide at the top of the stairs.

MR. MARSHAL

No, I'm not paying for that, Mr.  
Rockwell.

MICKEY

I'm sorry to hear that, Charlie.

Frankie shoots Mr. Marshall in the head. SILENCE. Tommy  
Marshall runs downstairs.

Frankie aims at Tommy. Jack runs down the stairs.

JACK

(inaudible)

Dad, no!

Frankie shoots Tommy without hesitation.

Mickey picks up Jack in his arms. He carries him out the  
front door.

Jack cries on his grandfather's shoulder.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. BASEMENT OF BODY SHOP - 6 PM - PRESENT DAY

A GUNSHOT outside the holding cell wakes Jack from his slumber. Then, a large THUD on the ground (Mr. Falucchi). The door slams open. Jessica, Sean, and Michael stand in the doorway.

SEAN

Let's go.

JACK

I don't understand.

MICHAEL

We'll explain later.

JACK

(to Sean and Jessica)  
How do you two know him?

JESSICA

We'll explain later! Come on.

The four run for an exit.

As they exit the front, numerous gang members come toward the garage. They carry automatic weapons. All the gang members load their weapons, and the four escapees stop where they are. They put their hands up.

JACK

Great rescue attempt. Did you even have a plan before you came here? Or did you decide to just wing it?

SEAN

You should be glad we came at all.

JACK

Like I owe you something? You were the one who put me here in the first place, you fuckin' prick!

SEAN

Oh, yeah? Well, you didn't have to fuck my girlfriend, man!

JESSICA

Ex-girlfriend.

JACK

YOU'RE the girlfriend?! THAT'S what this is about?! You're fucking pathetic.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK (CONT'D)

I didn't even know she was your girlfriend, so let it go.

JESSICA

I'm NOT his girlfriend!

MICHAEL

Shut the fuck up, all of you!

JACK

And then there's YOU. What the fuck are you doing here? Aren't you working for this prick?

SEAN

He DID work for Mickey. He doesn't now.

JACK

Excuse me. Was I fucking talking to you? And how the hell do you know anything about him?

A gunshot rings out.

MICKEY

Because he's Michael's son.

Long pause.

JACK

Is that true?

MICHAEL

Yes. You're both my sons.

MICKEY

(to Jack)

I knew you weren't part of this family. I should've killed you when I had the chance. Oh, well. Better late than never. Tie 'em up.

INT. BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jack, Sean, Michael, and Jessica sit tied up in separate chairs in the center of the warehouse.

JACK

I can't believe all that shit you told me was actually legit. Even the whole thing about Lewisburg?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael gives a slight smile.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY - 1984 - AFTERNOON

Michael cautiously walks into his cell. An older gentleman sits on the bottom bunk. CAL MANSFIELD, 60, is African American, calm and collected, with a very soothing voice and demeanor.

CAL

You must be the new kid. Michael Mercer, right? Heard a lot about you. You're famous around here.

MICHAEL

Yeah? Who the hell are you?

CAL

Name's Cal Mansfield.

MICHAEL

Haven't heard anything about YOU.

Michael dismissively hops on the top bunk and lounges.

CAL

So, a hit on the mayor, hunh? Pretty ballsy move, kid.

MICHAEL

It wasn't my decision. Rockwell wanted the hit. I thought I was getting a good payday for it, and maybe they'd finally leave me alone. Things didn't exactly play out that way.

CAL

Sounds like what happened to me. My employer . . . I believe YOUR employer's employer, let me take the fall for him.

MICHAEL

My employer's employer? What the fuck are you talkin' about?

CAL

You ever hear of Manuel Montenegro? He's better known by his associates as Muerte Negro. The Black Death.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

You worked for Muerte Negro? I always thought he was a myth.

CAL

Oh, he's real all right. I used to be one his closest associates.

MICHAEL

Then why did he burn you?

CAL

Mr. Monte Negro is an extremely careful man. Yes, he's allowed a select few to get close to him, but never close enough to bury him. In the business we work in, it's never safe to let anyone in, no matter how loyal.

MICHAEL

I wish I could've met him.

CAL

You're still young. You never know what could happen.

MICHAEL

All I know is that the next seven to ten aren't gonna go by fast.

CAL

Seven to ten? Ya know, you can walk out the front door sooner than you think, if you put your mind to it.

MICHAEL

Are you crazy, old man? How the hell am I gonna break out of here?

CAL

With my help.

Michael follows Cal throughout the prison.

MONTAGE

Cal deals and trades with guards and other prisoners.

Cal strolls up to one of the guards. He whispers in the guard's ear. The guard nods and walks away.

END MONTAGE

INT. LEWISBURG PENITENTIARY - 1987 - NIGHT

MONTAGE

A PRISON GUARD watches TELEVISION in a CONTROL ROOM. A riot breaks out in the dining hall. All the guards try to break up the fight.

There are 10 major EXPLOSIONS in a row. They leave massive holes in the walls of the prison.

Hundreds of inmates make a break for it, and many are shot on sight by the guards.

Bigger explosions ensue and the entire prison explodes.

Cal and Michael dart out into the woods to freedom.

END MONTAGE

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. BODY SHOP - PRESENT DAY - EVENING

Mickey punches Michael in the face.

MICKEY

I knew you weren't dead. I knew you'd come back one day.

MICHAEL

And now that I'm back, you're going to pay for everything you put me and my family through.

MICKEY

You know, you always were funny, Michael. I really liked you too. I'm sorry we had to fuck you like that. It was just business. You know that.

MICHAEL

Business. You know what's really funny, Mick? You've been at this shit your entire life, yet you still do "business" in the fuckin' sticks. Anyone with half a brain knows southwest Philly is the worst place to do anything. No one even calls it "The Devil's Pocket" anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY

You know why they call it that, don't you? They used to say the kids here were so bad that they would steal a chain right out of the devil's pocket. This was the place to be, a place to be somebody. Now look at it. Just a fuckin' hole in the wall.

JESSICA

If it's such a shithole, then why are you still here?

Jessup strolls out of the shadows.

JESSUP

Because no one will bother them down here. Not so much as a blip on anyone's radar.

SEAN

It's always the cops that are the real criminals.

JACK

Cap, why are you doin' this?

JESSUP

Jack, the world isn't so black and white. I got a daughter going through law school. My pension is shit. Not to mention, I raised YOU, you spoiled brat. Where was your god damn father, huh? What a fucking joke.

MICKEY

Jack, it seems that all the people you thought were your friends just end up disappointing you. What a shame.

SEAN

Leave him alone.

MICKEY

Oh, and what is my little backstabbing retard lackey going to do if I don't?

SEAN

I won't tell you where your money is, you sack of shit!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

JESSICA  
(worried)

Sean, what are you doing?

SEAN

Don't worry, Jess. I can handle this.

MICKEY

What was that?

SEAN

If you want your money back, you'll do exactly as I say.

Mickey aims his GUN at Jessica.

MICKEY

Or how about I just kill your little girlfriend right now?

Mickey's phone RINGS.

Mickey answers the phone.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Hello, sir. How are-

(beat)

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I hear you, sir. I'll have your money as soon as pos-

(beat)

Mickey puts his phone away.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Where's my money, you little shit?

MICHAEL

He doesn't know where it is. He's bullshitting you.

MICKEY

Then YOU must know where it is.

MICHAEL

That's right.

MICKEY

Tell me where it is, or both of your sons die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Michael sits smiling.

Mickey angrily grabs another GUN and cocks both. He points them simultaneously at Jack and Sean.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

NOW!

MICHAEL

You already have me. Let these kids go. You only need me. That's the deal. Let them go, and I'll tell you what you need to know.

Mickey points the guns at Michael.

MICKEY

Don't test me, Michael.

MICHAEL

Test you? Never.

Michael grins widely.

The lights all go out in the body shop.

A flash of gunfire goes off in the darkness.

When the lights come back on, the four hostages are untied by SWAT team members.

Mickey and his goons scatter. A shoot-out ensues.

Murphy, Jake, and Joel Thomas run into focus.

MURPHY

Remember me, you sons of bitches?

JAKE

Everyone stay where you are, or we WILL open fire.

As Mickey exchanges fire with the cops, he runs out of ammunition.

Mickey runs up the stairs towards Jessica's office. Up the stairs, he gets shot in the leg. In desperation, he takes cover inside the office. Gun fights continue.

MICHAEL

Jack! Sean! Both of you, get the hell out of here, now!

JACK

I'm going after Mickey!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MICHAEL

Don't worry about him. All three  
of you need to get out of here  
now!

SEAN

I'm with him, Jack.

JACK

Do whatever the you want. I'm  
going after him.

Jack angrily chases after Mickey, followed by Sean and  
Jessica.

Michael goes in the opposite direction, somewhere else in  
the garage.

Mickey limps out a back entrance to the office.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

As Jack runs after Mickey, he picks up a discarded PISTOL  
from the ground. He viciously cocks it.

JESSICA

Jack, what are you going to do?

JACK

I'm finishing this.

Jack runs up the stairs and through office.

SEAN

Jack, it won't change anything!

Jessica grabs Sean's shirt and looks him in the eye.

JESSICA

If you have ANY decency left,  
you'll stop him right now.

SEAN

(weighing his conscience)  
God damn it.

Sean runs after Jack.

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF GARAGE - NIGHT

Mickey limps down the alley. He falls next to a dumpster.

Jack angrily stands over Mickey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY

(exhausted)

Just do it already. You've been waiting all these years. Just fuckin' do it!

JACK

I'm gonna fuckin' enjoy this.

Sean exits the back door.

SEAN

Jack, no!

Two gunshots RING out.

MICKEY

Motherfucker! You son of bitch.

Mickey screams in pain. Mickey's kneecaps are bloody.

JACK

Walk it off.

Jack walks down towards the street.

Sean smiles in relief and follows Jack.

EXT. BODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Goons are arrested and placed in cop cars.

MURPHY

Jack!

JACK

Murphy, you're all right.

MURPHY

Just barely. Hey listen, I gotta round up some more of these assholes, but I'll see you later.

Murphy exits.

JAKE

Jack! How the fuck are you?

JACK

I could be better. Thanks for saving my ass.

JAKE

I tried to call, but no answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

I was a little preoccupied.

JAKE

I heard gunshots, pal. I don't have to arrest you, do I?

JACK

Fuck, no. He's still alive.

JAKE

You didn't walk him out?

JACK

He won't be walking anywhere any time soon.

Jack smirks.

JAKE

I'll send someone in after him.

Jake takes out his RADIO.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Hey, I need paramedics for an older Caucasian male, about seventy years of age. He's in the alley behind Reign's Auto Repair on 15th and Lombard.

VOICE ON RADIO (O.S.)

You got it, Jake.

JACK

So, when were you going to tell me that you knew everything, Jake? Were you gonna wait til they already killed me in there?

Jake chuckles a bit.

JAKE

I wanted to tell you, Jack, but it would've compromised the investigation. You understand.

JACK

What investigation? No one told me anything.

JAKE

You had your personal "investigation"? Well, I had my own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACK  
I don't understand.

JAKE  
Remember that first day you  
started your little scheme with  
the Mercer kid?

Jake points to Sean and Jessica. They passionately kiss.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Loverboy over there.

JACK  
Yeah. So?

JAKE  
You offered me a cut, and I told  
you I had to talk to a guy  
upstate.

JACK  
You went to see my Dad. No wonder  
he was so calm in there. Shit.

JAKE  
Your father has been my personal  
informant for quite some time now.  
I knew that he was a jailbreak  
from the Lewisburg incident. I  
offered him a plea bargain for  
reduced jail time, if he would  
cooperate with us. He was more  
than willing. He said "anything to  
see my son again." I wanted to  
tell you, but Michael insisted  
that he'd find you himself. It's  
not my place to get between a  
father and his son.

(beat)

JACK  
I can't believe that about Jessup.  
He didn't get away, did he?

JAKE  
We're still looking for him  
inside. He couldn't have gotten  
too far. You know, the funny thing  
about all of this is that Jessup  
threw you Sean's grand theft auto  
case. I guess someone up there  
wanted you two back together  
again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JACK

Yeah. So, that was all you guys in there? You cut the power and everything?

JAKE

We cut the power. But Mike saved you, kid. He knows how to get out of tight situations. You owe him your life.

JACK

Yeah. Where the hell is he, anyway?

JAKE

He's not going anywhere. We have a tracking device on him. According to our monitors, he's still somewhere inside the garage.

The body shop EXPLODES.

SILENCE. Jack stands in disbelief.

Jack runs toward the garage as it burns down. Sean and Jake both hold him back.

EXT. BODY SHOP - EARLY MORNING

FIRE TRUCKS battle the blaze. There is nothing left.

Jake slowly scans the area.

BEEP . . . BEEP . . . BEEP. Jake finds Michael's TRACKING DEVICE and WIRE.

JAKE

I'm sorry Jack. This is all I could find. They found Jessup's gun and badge in the ashes on the other side of the compound, along with some of his clothes.

Joel Thomas solemnly strolls up to Jack.

JOEL

I'm really sorry for your loss, Jack. And I'm sorry I accused you of anything. I was wrong.

Joel extends his hand to Jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEL (CONT'D)

No hard feelings?

Jack smiles, then punches Joel in the face.

JACK

Yeah, no hard feelings. Jackass.

Jack walks away, then turns around.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, Jake.

Jack tosses his BADGE to Jake.

JACK (CONT'D)

It's been fun.

Jack walks away, followed by Sean and Jessica.

JAKE

Where you off to next?

JACK

I don't know yet.

INT. NEWS CONFERENCE AT CITY HALL - NIGHT

News cameras and reporters crowd City Hall as the Mayor of Philadelphia gives a speech.

NEWS REPORTER

Mr. Mayor. Amidst the recent investigation into widespread corruption in the Philadelphia police department, have you chosen a new captain to replace Casey Jessup?

MAYOR

That investigation is still pending, but I am pleased to announce that one of our veteran detectives, Mr. Lieutenant Jacob Speriglio, will take over as our new Captain of the Philadelphia Police Department.

Jake smiles, everyone claps, and CAMERAS flash.

From the back of the room, Jack, now wearing STREET CLOTHES, smiles for his friend and slowly walks out.



EXT. CEMETERY - 1 YEAR LATER - LATE AFTERNOON

Jack walks up to his mother's GRAVESTONE and sets some FLOWERS down. After a moment, Jack comes back to Sean and Jessica, who wait by an OAK TREE. The sun sets behind the tree line.

Sean and Jack hug each other.

The three of them leave the cemetery, when Jack notices a girl at another grave site.

The name on the GRAVESTONE reads "JESSUP." Jack walks over to the gravestone to pay his respect to Jessup. The girl cries. STACEY JESSUP, 24, is short, blonde, blue-eyed, and strikingly beautiful. Her mascara runs along with the tears streaming down her face.

JACK

He was a good man . . . despite everything that happened.

STACEY

I know.

JACK

Stacey?

STACEY hugs JACK. She smiles a little.

STACEY

It's been so long, Jack.

JACK

Yeah, I know.

(beat)

Come grab a drink with my friends and I. We could catch up.

STACEY

I'd like that a lot.

EXT. CAFE, NEAR A RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Jack, Jessica, Sean, and Stacey laugh and drink BEERS.

STACEY

Wait. So, you two are brothers? I didn't know you had a brother, Jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Hey, I didn't either until a year or two ago. It's a long story, actually.

Jack's CELL PHONE vibrates in his pocket.

JACK (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Jack goes to the RIVER'S EDGE and answers the phone.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hello?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

How you doin', son?

Jack stands in shock.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Not happy to hear from your Dad?

JACK

You're supposed to be dead.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Well, I cheated death once, kid. You can bet your ass I did it again. I had to shake your friend, Speriglio. Nice guy, but I wasn't going back to prison again. You're not still a cop, are you?

JACK

No.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Good. Because I got a proposition for you.

EXT. VENICE, ITALY - CONTINUOUS

Michael casually strolls through the middle of The Piazza San Marco near Saint Mark's Cathedral.

MICHAEL

Come meet me in Venice. You can bring your brother and his girl.

JACK (O.S.)

What the hell is in Venice?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

A little operation I run out here.

JACK (O.S.)

What kind of operation?

MICHAEL

Remember how I said I had a friend  
help me bust out of Lewisburg?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. A DINER IN UPSTATE PENNSYLVANIA - 1987 - NIGHT

Michael and Cal sit laughing and talking at a booth.

MICHAEL

Fuck, man. I can't believe that  
worked. It was beautiful.

CAL

Hey, you're working with the best  
here. The Muerte Negro special.

Michael is confused.

MICHAEL

What did you say?

CAL

Michael. I haven't been completely  
honest with you.

Cal whispers to Michael.

CAL (CONT'D)

I'm actually Manuel Muerte Negro.  
The Black Death.

MICHAEL

You're fuckin' with me, right?

CAL

No, I'm not Michael. And I want  
you to take over for me.

MICHAEL

Excuse me?

CAL

Michael, the reason I got pinched  
in the first place is because I'm  
getting old. I'm losing my touch.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAL (CONT'D)

I need someone young and bright,  
full of potential, to take over  
for me.

MICHAEL

Why me?

CAL

Well, you're a crazy son of a  
bitch. You got balls. Not to  
mention, you just "died," so no  
one will go looking for you. And  
most importantly, I like you. You  
never killed anyone who didn't  
deserve it. It's a lot of money,  
Michael. And it's a great life.  
You can be whoever the hell you  
wanna be. It's fun as hell! So,  
what do you say?

MICHAEL

Rockwell still uses your services?

Cal smiles knowingly.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CAFE, NEAR A RIVER - PRESENT DAY - AFTERNOON

JACK

So, where's he now?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Cal? He's probably on a beach  
somewhere. I don't know. The  
important thing is that I want my  
boys with me on this. You'd love  
it here, Jack.

JACK

I don't know, Dad. I'm trying to  
live a decent life. Sean is going  
to school. We got a good thing  
here.

EXT. VENICE, ITALY - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

Jack, I may not have been around  
when you were a kid, but you're  
still my son. You weren't meant  
for an "ordinary" life. Just think  
about it, all right?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I sent tickets in the mail. I'll  
be in Rome on the 25th. Ciao, son.

Michael hangs up. He places the cell phone on a table and  
walks away into the distance.

EXT. CAFE, NEAR A RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Jack hangs up, smiles, and goes back to the table.

SEAN

School's great. I'm working on a  
bachelor's in computer science.

STACEY

That must be really hard.

SEAN

Yeah, you have no idea.

JESSICA

Sean is really good at that stuff.

Jack sits down and lounges comfortably.

JACK

Anyone want to go to Italy?

Sean, Jessica, and Stacey look confused at one another.

JESSICA

What's in Italy?

Jack smiles.

JACK

You have no idea.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END