

**BOONDOCK SAINTS 2: ALL SAINTS DAY**



**THE BOONDOCK SAINTS II**  
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by  
Troy Duffy

REVISED  
September 1, 2007

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## IMPORTANT NOTICE

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# **ALL SAINTS DAY**

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EXT. BOYLESTON STREET, BOSTON -- MORNING

The boulevard is empty, eerie silence. No cars, no people. A man walks down the middle of the street, long trench, dark shades. Though he does not speak, we hear...

MAN V.O.

There's two kinds of people in this world when you boil it all down. You got your talkers and you got your doers.

We recognize this man as ROCCO. He crosses Copley Square toward the looming dome of the Trinity Church.

ROCCO V.O.

Most people are just talkers. All they got is talk. But when all's said and done, it is the doers who change the world. And when they do that, they change us. That's why we never forget them...So, which one are you? Do you just talk about it? Or do you stand up and do something about it? Because believe you me all the rest of it is just coffee house bullshit.

FADE TO BLACK...

EXT. DEEP COUNTRYSIDE -- DAY

SUBTEXT: "Ireland"

From behind we see two men perched atop a boulder. A flock of sheep encircles them. Their army sacks and shotguns are nearby. They roll their own cigarettes with effortless synchronicity and light up.

CONNOR and MURPHY MacMANUS (30's) now have long hair with heavy facial growth. Rugged. Piercing eyes. Looking to the horizon...

MURPHY

Looks like a storm's comin'.

CONNOR

Aye.

EXT. FIELDS -- LATER

MOODY MUSIC: The brothers drive the flock across jewel green hills. Murphy cuts a sheep from a thicket and sets it off.

POPPA M V.O.

Peace, they say, is the enemy of memory. So it had been for my boys.

Connor shares some jerky with a sheep dog as the flock surges.

POPPA M V.O. (CONT'D)  
 For some time now, their past had felt  
 like a dream to them...faded and worn.

Murphy touches the faded Celtic Cross tattoo on his forearm. Connor sees. The music takes us to a secluded, pioneer-esque ranch.

CLOSE ON: POPPA M's (58yrs) face as he coughs and watches his sons approach from his rocking chair on the porch.

POPPA M V.O. (CONT'D)  
 And then suddenly, as if not a day had  
 passed...it was back. I could see it  
 in their eyes.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT

Poppa M and his sons eat a rustic dinner. It storms outside.

POPPA M V.O.  
 I could feel it, heavy in their  
 presence. Something calling them back.

Poppa M looks to his boys who just keep eating. DIP TO BLACK...

INT. FARMHOUSE, FRONT PORCH -- NEXT MORNING

Very early dawn, shadowy morning light. Connor and Murphy sip coffees and look out into the rain. Lightening lights up the flock.

Through the open door behind them, Poppa M stokes a warm fire.

Connor touch the Celtic Cross tattoo on his forearm. The boys look at each other as the rain suddenly stops and all the "little sounds" of morning cease. Something's amiss. Thunder. Ominous music as...

EXT. BOSTON, TRINITY CHURCH -- NIGHT

From behind, we see a man with a CREW CUT, staring at the dome of the Trinity.

SLO-MO, CLOSE ON: Crew Cut's boots as he paces toward. The threatening music bleeds over to...

EXT. FARM -- MOMENTS LATER

Just inside the trees, a pack of wolves stalk the sheep flock...

SLO-MO, CLOSE ON: A wolf's paws as it paces toward...

**We intercut between BOSTON and IRELAND as chaos erupts...**

BOSTON: Crew Cut quickly enters the church.

IRELAND: The wolves burst from the tree line.

BOSTON: A frantic priest in his 50's weeps and begs as Crew Cut slams him to his knees with a .9 mm to his head.

IRELAND: The wolves savagely attack the screaming sheep.

BOSTON: Muzzle flash, blood splatters on the altar.

IRELAND: BOOM! BOOM! Connor and Murphy blast shotguns at the wolves. One is hit, the rest retreat. The boys perform mercy killings on the wolf and one sheep.

Everything calms as Poppa M rushes up with a mag light and stops. He coughs roughly. Moody choral music begins...

POPPA M V.O.

"And they cried out, How long O'Lord  
dost thou not judge and revenge our  
blood upon them that dwell on the  
earth?"

EXT. FIELD -- LATER

The boys toss the wolf carcass onto a bonfire. It rains again.

POPPA M V.O.

And God said, "All will fear the wrath  
of the lamb. For the great day of  
their reckoning hath come."

Poppa M looks across the blaze to his sons. Connor and Murphy stare into the fire, bathed in the light of angry flames.

POPPA M

"And they that holdest my name shall  
come with the shaking of the earth and  
the roiling of the oceans."

EXT. FARM -- NIGHT

Downpour. A rugged old jeep tears through the mud. It stops at the farmhouse. Poppa M and the boys come out onto the porch. A dark figure with a fedora and rain slicker exits the jeep and hurries to the porch. Meet Uncle SIBEAL (62yrs). He wears a priest's collar.

SIBEAL

Something's happened.

EXT. CHURCH -- MORNING

Breaking news. REPORTER #1 is live from outside a church. Squads, coroner's vans, CSI etc. Police hold back crowds.

REPORTER #1

There is no new information on the victim found slain this morning inside Trinity Church. As you can see the size of the crowd here has increased substantially over the last couple of hours. People are demanding answers as to how a priest could be murdered in a church. But perhaps more shocking, we have confirmed that the body was ritualized with pennies in the eyes. Many remember this as the grisly calling card of the prolific vigilante killers known as the Saints, who went on a murder spree here in Boston.

NEWS FOOTAGE: People scream as they run out of a courthouse.

REPORTER #1 V.O.

A rampage that ended six years ago, when the Saints brazenly walked into open court...

NEWS FOOTAGE: A body is wheeled out on a gurney.

REPORTER #1 V.O. (CONT'D)

...and executed Mafia Don, Poppa Joe Yakavetta before a courtroom of terrified witnesses, then simply disappeared without a trace.

Grainy, unclear security footage of three men walking the court halls, two in heavy black jackets, one in a trench...

REPORTER #1 V.O. (CONT'D)

The now legendary security camera footage from that harrowing day, our singular tiny glimpse of these infamous and controversial killers.

We are back with Reporter #1 at the church.

REPORTER #1

As police have yet to confirm the Saints' possible involvement, the ominous question hangs heavy in the air. "Are they back?"

INT. FARMHOUSE -- NIGHT

Sibeal, Poppa M, Connor and Murphy sit around the table. The boys have a look of controlled anger. Presently...

MURPHY

The priest. Did they release his name?

SIBEAL

No. But I made a few calls, still got some friends in the diocese there. McKinney. Father Douglas McKinney.

The boys flash with recognition.

SIBEAL (CONT'D)

You knew him?

CONNOR

Knew of him. Everybody did. A regular Mother Theresa. Youth hostels, soup kitchens. Even made it into the newspapers sometimes.

Sibeal considers this. He genuflects and turns.

SIBEAL

Listen boys. I think it's best that ya just stay put and we'll try ta figure out what...

Connor and Murphy are out the door and headed for the barn. Confused, Sibeal looks to Poppa M, who just sips his coffee.

INT. BARN -- MOMENTS LATER

MOODY MUSIC: The boys begin to look more like "themselves" as the they cut their hair and beards with sheep sheers.

The brothers lift a chest from a hole in the barn floor. They load guns and money into black duffel bags and place their signature rosaries around their necks, clasping their hands in prayer...

INT. TRINITY CHURCH, ALTER -- MOMENTS LATER

Detective GREENLY (38yrs) is alone on the alter. Police line all around as Greenly stares at the body like the detective has seen a ghost. He turns and nervously staggers toward the front vestibule.

INT. VESTIBULE -- SAME TIME

Detectives DOLLY and DUFFY are scared. In hushed tones...

DUFFY

We need to keep our heads, here. It's probably not even them.

DOLLY

Of course it ain't them but that doesn't really matter, does it. Our skeletons just came screaming out of the closet. We're fucked.

DUFFY

We're not fucked.

Greenly enters from the church proper. Dolly and Duffy turn.

GREENLY

We are totally fucked!

EXT. RAPID FLASHBACK SEQUENCE, "ACCESSORY TO MURDER"

Greenly, disguised as a correctional officer, lets Connor, Murphy and Poppa M out of a paddywagon. FLASH!

The Saints enter the Suffolk Courthouse, undetected. FLASH!

Dolly, dressed as a civilian, pulls the fire alarm. FLASH!

The Saints execute Poppa Joe Yakavetta before many terrified witnesses, the alarm blaring in the b.g. FLASH!

INT. BACK TO PRESENT, VESTIBULE -- MOMENTS LATER

GREENLY

...and not just fucked, like elephant dick, pounded in the ass, no reach around, jungle fucked!

DUFFY

Now's not the time to panic, Green beans!

GREENLY

Oh, I disagree. Now's the perfect time to panic. We're all Accessories to...

DOLLY

Don't you fucking say it!

They all argue over one another. OFFICER #1 peaks his head in the front door. The detectives grind to a halt.

OFFICER #1

Her E.T.A. is ten minutes.

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- MORNING

CLOSE ON: a gravestone. "Paul M. Smecker, 1956 - 2003"

We reveal a pair of sexy female legs, expensive "Jimmy Choo" heels. From behind we see the woman rest a rose at Smecker's Grave. "Legs" turns and walks toward a waiting squad car in b.g.

EXT. CHURCH -- MOMENTS LATER

Dolly, Duffy and Greenly stand outside in the entry way of the church. Though still on edge, they have calmed.

DOLLY

I didn't even know he had a protege.  
What is this bullshit?

Duffy whips out his trusty note pad.

DUFFY

Special Agent Eunice Bloom, 32 years old. Smecker plucked her right out of class at Quantico.

GREENLY

Smecker hand picked her? Aw, man.  
This brawd's gonna be a nightmare.

DUFFY

She was assigned to OCD two years back.  
She can shoot a gun, set three course records during her training.

GREENLY

Great. A bull dike, Annie Oakley wanna-be. We gotta get rid of her.

DUFFY

She is also an authority on the Saints case. Which means Smecker must have walked her through it.

The cops suddenly flush with fear.

DOLLY

And the hits just keep on comin'.

INT. FARMHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Sibeal waits as Poppa M thinks, then shakes his head.

POPPA M

Naw...I'm in no condition. I'd just slow 'em down.

SIBEAL

Well, are ya at least gonna try ta talk them out of this?

Poppa M shakes his head.

SIBEAL (CONT'D)

We don't even know what this is yet! Somebody could just be tryin' ta get away with murder here!

POPPA M

Aye. Only there's about a thousand easier ways ta do that. Trust me. Someone's callin' them out, Sibeal. Ya kill a priest in a church and make it look like they did it. Bring 'em back with a vengeance. Don't know who. Don't know why. But someone thinks he's real fuckin' clever. Only one problem with his little plan.

SIBEAL

What's dat?

POPPA M

It worked.

Fear and frustration burst from Sibeal.

SIBEAL

Jesus Christ! D'er's too much we don't know and if you're won't at least try ta talk some sense into them, I will!

The door opens and in comes Connor and Murphy. Sibeal notes the change in appearance. The boys stand at the kitchen table's opposing end, hands in their pockets. Their resolve fills the room.

The brothers face off with Poppa M and Sibeal: a bizarre board meeting. Poppa M cocks a brow at Sibeal who clears his throat.

SIBEAL (CONT'D)

Exactly what do you intend to do?

Silence. Nobody moves. Connor withdraws a hand from his pocket and looks down. He flips a penny on the table. It clatters to a stop.

MURPHY

Every last motherfucker that had  
anything to do with it.

EXT. CHURCH -- LATER

A squad pulls up. Dolly, Duffy and Greenly turn.

DOLLY

Game time. How are we playing this?

DUFFY

Feds love to pull the divide and  
conquer routine. We hard line her.  
Stick together on this. Agreed?

DOLLY

Agreed. We're a brick wall.

They all nod and stiffen their resolve.

GREENLY

Let's rock this bitch.

Rockin' music fades in as a uniform opens the squad door.

SLO-MO: EUNICE BLOOM (32yrs) exits the squad and moves toward.

She is simply delicious: sexy, blonde hair, a woman's business  
suit, short skirt, brass rimmed specs. Each detective's face drops.  
Soon she is before them. Music cuts. She smiles and speaks with a  
southern drawl a la Doc Holiday.

EUNICE

(pointing)

You hafta be Detectives Dolly and  
Duffy. Am I right?

(extending hand)

Eunice Bloom. A pleasure.

Dolly and Duffy shake and manage a nod. Greenly is still enamored.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

And you must be Greenly. Smecker  
always said you were the funny one.

GREENLY

T'sup...I mean, what? Yeah, well,  
funny as in ha ha, though not like  
funny as in gay cuz...I'm not...played  
high school football.

She chuckles. Dolly and Duffy fume.

DOLLY  
 Look, with all due respect, Agent  
 Bloom...

EUNICE  
 Special.

DOLLY  
 Excuse me?

EUNICE  
 You see there's a "special" before my  
 "agent." If we are going to address  
 each other formally, I'd prefer if you  
 popped it in there. Makes me feel, I  
 don't know...special. Of course, I'd  
 hoped we could be a little more  
 personable. In fact, I'd like you to  
 call me Eunice.

The cops are dumbfounded. Duffy snaps out of it.

DUFFY  
 O'okay, Eunice. I don't see why the  
 fuck the Fed is...

EUNICE  
 Whoa, whoa, "fuck?" This isn't a  
 "fuck" situation, is it? I can see a  
 "God Damn" or two but why skip all the  
 way to "fuck" right off the bat? Let's  
 start slow and work our way up to it.

DUFFY  
 What is the Fed's interest in this?

The detectives harden, brick wall. Eunice furrows her brow.

EUNICE  
 Their interest, Detective, is capturing  
 the men responsible for the murders of  
 22 of Boston's finest criminals. Y'see  
 public perception is that these boys  
 stepped in, did our jobs for us and  
 then disappeared into thin air as we  
 fecklessly searched for them. The FBI  
 tends to take exception to such things.  
 They coulda sent anyone. They sent me.  
 Why do you think that is?

(beat)

Well, since we've broken the "Fuck  
 Barrier," allow me to be blunt.

(MORE)

EUNICE (CONT'D)

It is because I am so fucking smart that I make smart people feel like retards. Now, we seem to be getting off on the wrong foot here. I'd appreciate a bit of cooperation. Let's chalk it up to paying respect to the memory of a dearly departed mutual friend. A man who taught me everything I know.

After a moment of consideration, the cops concede with nods.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Lovely.

(re: crowd)

Now what's with the circus?

DUFFY

The victim was killed late last night. When people gathered for morning mass, they found the front entrance chained and padlocked. A locksmith came out, cut the chain and surprise, surprise. Cell phones. Half of them called the cops. Half of them called the media. But regardless...word's out.

Eunice turns and looks over the crowd.

EUNICE

And it looks like that's just the way somebody wanted it. What say we scrape the shit off this cow's ass, fellas? Detective Greenly? Escort a lady onto the crime scene?

GREENLY

What? No, yeah, no. Of course.

Greenly escorts her as Dolly and Duffy walk behind, mystified.

GREENLY (CONT'D)

Do you want a cup of coffee or something?

EUNICE

Never touch the stuff.

INT. VESTIBULE -- MOMENTS LATER

Eunice stands, looking down the aisle at the altar. Behind her, the Detectives are curios as Eunice slides on pink latex gloves.

She puts in ear plugs and all ambient sound ceases. She starts slowly down the aisle...

TOTAL SILENCE AS...Eunice inspects the smashed door of a confessional booth. She looks over the body closely then turns from the altar and walks to the detectives. She pulls her earplugs and all sound returns.

EUNICE

It wasn't them...but I'm sure you boys already knew that.

The detectives nod.

DUFFY

The two "V's." The victim and venue don't add up.

EUNICE

Let's go with the venue first. Our perpetrators are devout. They would never commit such an act on sacred ground. And as for the victim?

DOLLY

All their vics were criminals. Clearly not the case here. So, it wasn't them which means this is a local matter and it falls under our jurisdiction. No need for Federal involvement so with all due respect...we'll see you later, Special Agent Bloom.

Eunice stands right in front of Dolly.

EUNICE

Man, I hate it when people say that. "With all due respect." Because it is inevitably followed by a disrespectful remark. I'll give you an example. With all due respect, Detective, this matter falls under whatever jurisdiction I fuckin' say it does.

Dolly fumes. Duffy and Greenly share an "oh shit" look.

DUFFY

Uh, so...let's just...what can you tell us about the shooters?

EUNICE  
 Shoo-ter. Singular. And I can tell  
 you that he is left handed and how  
 shall I put this delicately...? He's a  
 short bastard.

DOLLY  
 (facetious)  
 One guy, lefty, short. Got it.

Eunice furrows her brow.

EUNICE  
 I'll show you what I'm talking about.

INT. CHURCH, ALTAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Close up on Greenly's enraptured face. We pull back and see he is  
 on his knees before Eunice and staring longingly between her legs.

EUNICE  
 Detective Greenly, you're the victim.

GREENLY  
 David. You can call me David.

EUNICE  
 Very well, David.

Duffy and Dolly stand behind Greenly, chest to chest, each mimicking  
 guns to the back of the kneeling cop's head.

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
 The Saints' signature stance. Copley  
 Plaza Hotel four years ago. Two men of  
 identical height put Yuri Petrova on  
 his knees and each dropped iron to the  
 back of his head.

This is torture for Greenly and he turns his head from Eunice's  
 crotch. She immediately adjusts him back into place.

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
 Eyes front, David. The position of the  
 victim and the angles produced by the  
 killers' stance created a unique  
 scenario. The bullets criss crossed in  
 the skull and exited the eye sockets.  
 Here, this did not occur. The rounds  
 moved on a straight trajectory through  
 the back of the victim's head and out  
 the front. Which happens when...

Eunice circles around, positioning herself between Dolly and Duffy. She aims both hands to the back of Greenly's head.

DUFFY  
...one guy's holding two guns to the back of your head.

EUNICE  
One guy.

INT. FLASHBACK, CHURCH -- NIGHT BEFORE

Crew Cut holds two guns to the back of the pleading priest's head. He fires and McKinney falls. Crew Cut steps forward and we see his face in the light. Piercing, ice blue, sociopathic eyes. WHIP PAN!

INT. BACK TO PRESENT, CHURCH -- MOMENTS LATER

EUNICE  
Now, the victim falls forward. If you please, David.

Greenly lays flat on his stomach.

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
The killer approached the body from the left side...  
(Eunice approaches)  
...and flipped him to the right.

DUFFY  
Left handed.

EUNICE  
Yep, southpaw.

INT. FLASHBACK, CHURCH -- NIGHT BEFORE

Crew Cut flips the body, showing little respect. He pulls out two pennies and looks at them. He chuckles. WHIP PAN...

INT. BACK TO PRESENT, CHURCH -- MOMENTS LATER

DOLLY  
But you said he was wicked short.

EUNICE  
The Saints were later determined to be five foot eleven inches tall. It's just dumb luck that the Russian and McKinney are the exact same height.

Eunice kneels, putting her pointer fingers just below Greenly's eyes.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

The rounds exited Petrova's eye balls.  
Here they came out the lower cheek.

She slides her fingers to Greenly's lower cheeks. He's putty.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Three, four inches below the eyes.

DOLLY

That puts him at five, seven-ish.  
That's not uncommonly short.

Eunice stands and points the a broken down confessional booth door.

EUNICE

The killer posed as a late night  
confessor. Once the victim entered the  
booth the killer had him isolated. No  
escape. Short stuff exits his  
confessional and kicks in the door of  
the priest's chamber...

INT. FLASHBACK, CHURCH -- NIGHT BEFORE

Crew Cut exits his confessional and kicks in the priest's door. He  
pulls the terrified cleric out. Close on a gash in the door.

EUNICE V.O.

...leaving a crescent shaped  
indentation which indicates that this  
cowboy was wearing a boot with a  
pronounced heel.

WHIP PAN!

INT. BACK TO PRESENT, CHURCH -- MOMENTS LATER

EUNICE

Gave him a couple inches. We're  
looking at about five foot five,  
gentlemen.

GREENLY

That's wicked short.

EUNICE

Wicked.

EXT. OPEN SEA -- DAY

We drift over open sea to a huge cargo freighter, the Killian  
Farris, plodding toward Northeast.

INT. SHIP'S DRY STORAGE LOCK -- MOMENTS LATER

Connor and Murphy stack grain. A MEXICAN SEAMAN (23yrs) appears...

DECK HAND

They're brawling in the hold! Better  
get your bets in now!

INT. SHIP'S HOLD -- MOMENTS LATER

Seamen cheer as a large, ruffian GIANT (33yrs) and a Latino fight. David and Goliath. Meet ROMEO (30yrs), pony tail, shorn sides and a perpetual smile. Romeo's hands are chained behind him.

Romeo bobs, weaves and fakes, avoiding many punches. The Giant spews angry French all the while. The boys step up as money moves and men bet. Connor to the same Mexican Seaman in Spanish.

CONNOR

Why are his hands chained?

MEXICAN SEAMAN

Romeo's fast, man. He says the  
Frenchman can't lay a hand on him.

MURPHY

But he can't hit him back.

MEXICAN SEAMAN

That's the bet. He's got to last five  
minutes.

MURPHY

(to Connor, English)

This guy's fuckin' crazy.

The brothers whip out money and give it to the Sailor.

BOTH

Fifty on the Mexican.

We track with the fighting. Tattooed across Romeo's back, "LA RAZA." Nearby, French ROUGHNECKS #1 and #2 scream in their native tongue to the Giant and he stops and rests.

ROMEO

You should never fight a Mexican,  
Frenchy. Pound for pound, the toughest  
mother fuckers on earth. Know why? We  
like pain. We like it, Pierre. I mean  
think about it, "tabasco sauce." What  
kinda fucked up people would even  
invent that shit?

The Giant swings but Romeo slides under his legs. Cheers! Romeo jumps up, swinging his hands under his feet, still bound but in front of him now.

ROMEO (CONT'D)  
 Don't be scared. Remember, I can't hit you. I ain't gonna hit ya.  
 (avoiding blows)  
 Ain't gonna hit ya. Ain't gonna...

Romeo catches his opponent's wrist and wraps his chain around. A kick in the stomach drops the Giant to his knees. Romeo locks the man's head between his legs, scissor hold.

ROMEO (CONT'D)  
 Ooooo. Found the loophole, bitch!

The Giant falls. Romeo keeps his wrist locked as he chokes him out.

ROMEO (CONT'D)  
 Aughtta be a lawyer! Got the 'fine print on y'ass! Pursuant to! Pro bono! Pari Pasu! I'll knock you out on contingency, mother fucker.

The Giant passes out and Romeo stands to cheers. Roughneck's #1 and #2 fume as Romeo takes a bow. The boys clap.

INT. HATCHWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Romeo emerges from the head, chains still on. Roughnecks #1 and #2 move down the hatchway toward him, wielding metal pipes. He looks at his chains.

ROMEO  
 Oh, shit. FIRE! FIRE!

The brothers emerge from the shadows, cutting them off.

ROUGHNECK #1  
 Out of zee way!

The boys speak French. At first, the Roughnecks are surprised but the argument escalates. The Roughnecks swing their pipes and in a brutal display, the boys dispatch them quickly, leaving one unconscious and the other gasping for air. The boys turn...

ROMEO  
 Whoa! Uh, merci, uh, si vous plait.

MURPHY  
 Just protectin' our investment. Ya made us fifty bucks.

ROMEO  
Oh, thank, God. Irish, huh? Finally  
some class. I'm Romeo.

CONNOR  
(shaking hands)  
Connor.

MURPHY  
Murphy. Why were you yellin' "fire"?

ROMEO  
I heard you were supposed to on t.v.

CONNOR  
That's if you're gettin' raped.

ROMEO  
Oh...I'd be more inclined to go with  
something like, "THAT DOESN'T GO THERE,  
MAN!"

They laugh as they move to the semi-conscious Frenchman.

LOW ANGLE: looking up at our trio, Romeo is in the middle.

ROMEO (CONT'D)  
We saved your entire fucking country in  
World War Two! Gee...thanks for the  
statue!

Romeo's foot smashes to camera, blacking us out.

INT. VESSEL, BERTH -- NIGHT

The boys slumber, side by side in hammocks. We pull close on them.  
Silence. They whisper in unison...

BOTH  
Quis praesumis profanus apud Dominus?  
(subtitles)  
Who dares trespass in the house of God?

Their eyes pop open.

INT. BERTH -- LATER

Murphy rigs a needle to an ink pen. Connor clicks on a hot plate.  
The boys listen intently to a tiny hand radio nearby.

RADIO ANNOUNCER V.O.  
People are still in shock as Father  
McKinney was a beloved local cleric.  
(MORE)

## RADIO ANNOUNCER V.O. (CONT'D)

His selfless contributions to the community too numerous to list. In related news, second generation crime boss, Concezio Yakavetta has not commented on whether he fears for his own safety.

The boys flash with recognition.

BOTH

Yakavetta?

INT. HIGH CLASS HOME, DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Rich, Italian decor, long table, laden with food. CAPOS 1-6 sit in utter shock, looking to their boss, CONCEZIO YAKAVETTA (37yrs) who heads the table.

CONCEZIO

So, there it is. I want everyone to feel free to share their thoughts.

He returns to eating. A moment of silence then the Capos burst into anger. Capo #1 slams a fist down and stands, silencing the lot.

CAPO #1

I can't believe none of us were consulted on this! The disrespect! We'd have never okay'd such a thing! A priest! It's an infamita!

CAPO #2

Yeah! Are we not Catholics, for Christ fucking sakes?!

CAPO #3

And just for simple revenge?! There's no business in it! You've put us all at risk here! The cops could be all over us!

CAPO #4

Forget the cops! What about these Saints fuckers?! These guys were long gone! And now you're trying to bring the devil right back to our doorstep?!

Concezio wipes his mouth, stands and adjusts his cuffs. He slowly circles the table as he speaks.

## CONCEZIO

Six years ago, with the backing of an adoring public, these vigilante fucks put my father on his knees and executed him...in public. Mi Patrigno, a blood relative and benefactor to all of you. Poppa Joe made you rich and his murder remains un-revenged...

A few roll their eyes at this verbal blunder.

## CONCEZIO (CONT'D)

This too, is infamita. These homicidal maniacs nearly wiped this family out. It's taken a lot of time to build ourselves up again, brick by brick. And now that we've re-acquiesced our original power, can we really afford to have these guys pop out of the woodwork someday and try to finish the job when we least expect it? Now, for those of you who have forgotten, let's recap. These fuckers walk into rooms full of gangsters...

(denotes surroundings)

Outnumbered, outgunned. They kill everyone...and leave.

Some look as if they are starting to get his point.

## CONCEZIO (CONT'D)

You think I don't know that each one of you's been waking up in night sweats over this the last couple years? These sons of bitches prison fucked us with no lube, wiped their dicks on our drapes and walked away! And we been living in silent fear ever since. Oh, we don't talk about it. Rape victims often don't. But it's there. Knowing they're still out there, somewhere. Thinking...what if?

Fear and realization.

## CAPO #4

Concezio is right. Pretending you don't got a problem don't solve nothing.

Heads nod in shameful agreement.

CONCEZIO

Thank you, Doctor Phil. So, let's take a moment to look at the serendiplious, diperous, serendip...

(frustration)

...type situation we find ourselves in here. There's a good chance they'll show. No catching us with our pants down this time. We can deal with them proactivitously. The cops were embarrassed by these guys too. With a second bite at the apple, they got every reason in the world to crank up the heat. And as for their doting public. I'd imagine they're gonna lose a few fans.

Heads nod all around. Sold.

INT. BERTH -- LATER

Murphy sits, bare chested on a crate. With the rigged pen, he tattoos his brother's back. Connor cooks something, in a pot, on the hot plate. The resin of anger is evident.

TATTOOS: Murphy's back has the crucified feet of Christ and Connor's shows Christ's downcast head on the cross.

CONNOR

The prodigal son, huh? He wants us, he's fuckin' got us.

MURPHY

But why would he do something so public?

CONNOR

Think about it. People figure we did it. Makes it more likely someone will drop a dime. Way easier to get to us in prison, isn't it, now.

The berth door is slightly ajar. In pops a bottle of Whiskey, then Romeo's head. He's expecting a cheer but the brothers have their backs to him. He's instantly taken by their ink.

MURPHY

But how would anyone recognize us?

CONNOR

You don't remember those sketches on the news channel?

MURPHY

Shit. That's right. Y'know, every time they show those composites on TV and then they catch the guy, it looks nothin' like him. But ours?

CONNOR

Just our luck. We get Leonardo fuckin' Divinci as a sketch artist.

Romeo listens with suspicion.

MURPHY

Maybe we should dye our hair.

CONNOR

What?

MURPHY

Yeah. These guys are always dyin' their hair. You know, like in "The Fugitive." It's covert and shit.

Connor smirks privately.

CONNOR

What color would you dye it?

MURPHY

I don't know...lighter, I guess.

CONNOR

Y'mean...blonde?

MURPHY

I didn't say that!

CONNOR

California, surfer boy, gay, gay blonde?!

MURPHY

I'm warnin' ya!

CONNOR

Just keep your hands off my ass back there and, "stay gold, Pony Boy."

Connor laughs heartily.

MURPHY

Fuck you!

Murphy stabs the ink pen into his brother's shoulder.

CONNOR

AAAAAH!

Connor bolts up, knocking over the pot. Hot water and pennies spread across the floor. Connor pulls the pen out.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

You motherfucker!

Romeo steps inside and sees the pennies.

MURPHY

Serves ya right!

The boys are just about to fight when...

ROMEO

Oh, shit.

The brothers snap their heads toward. A stunned Romeo points to them, then the pennies.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

I know who you are. You guys are the fuckin'....

MURPHY

SHUT IT!

Murphy moves behind Romeo, shuts the door and shoves him in.

ROMEO

Oh, this is so fucking cool, man. I'm from Boston. I love you guys. Shit, everybody does! I mean, holy fucking shit! Maybe I could get in on this, you know? Bring some La Raza ta this thing. Spice it up a little. Hey, is it true you guys say a prayer before you grease somebody?

Connor pulls a gun. The boys jump on Romeo and pin him to the floor. Murphy clasps a hand over Romeo's mouth. Connor puts the gun to Romeo's head. Their faces glaze over, religious ecstasy...

CONNOR

And an awesome wailing was heard throughout heaven...

Romeo's eyes go wide and muffled cries of terror are heard.

MURPHY

...as the terrible hand of the Lord  
struck upon the earth.

CONNOR

And as Almighty God created you...he  
now calleth you home.

He pulls the trigger - "click."

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Ooops. Busy signal. We'll hafta  
calleth back.

MURPHY

Let's have a shot while we're waitin'.

The boys laugh, snatch the bottle. Romeo is in shock.

ROMEO

That shit was NOT funny, man!

The brothers laugh harder. Romeo rolls on his side and slides a  
hand down the back of his pants. He seems relieved.

ROMEO (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you, Jesus. Thought I  
greased my drawers.

INT. BERTH -- LATER

The boys and Romeo smoke and pass the bottle around.

CONNOR

No.

ROMEO

But I got conex all over Bean Town.  
Romeo'll hook you up like a tow truck!

MURPHY

No.

ROMEO

Why not?!

MURPHY

We don't hafta give you reasons.  
Forget it.

ROMEO

It's because I'm Mexican, isn't it!

CONNOR

How dare you, sir, insinuate such a thing? The fact that you're a greasy spic's got nothin' ta do with it.

The boys laugh.

ROMEO

I'm gonna let you have that one. Look. I can do this. It's not rocket science. You two find bad guys doing bad shit and you kill them, right?

CONNOR

It's not that simple.

MURPHY

Yes it is.

CONNOR

S'pose you're right. I'd sorta hoped we were a little more artistic than that.

ROMEO

Well, you ain't. Can't you guys see it? This shit's fate, man. Like preordained type shit. Mea fucking Culpa! Why do you think you just happened to be in that hatchway today?

MURPHY

Oh, don't start gettin' all super fuckin' natural on us. We saw those guys goin' in there!

ROMEO

Ah, ha! That's what you say. I say it's because Jeeeesus wanted it that way!

CONNOR

Oh, no.

ROMEO

Fine. Then what exactly do you intend to do when you hit U.S. soil?

CONNOR

We'll go after all Yakavetta's people and operations till we get to the man himself.

MURPHY

Yeah, work our way up the food chain.

The brothers seem pleased with themselves.

ROMEO

So, what's your first gig? What's the first thing you gonna do?

The boys look to one another. They're stumped.

CONNOR

Well, I don't suppose we have a succinct plan, y'know, per se.

MURPHY

Yeah. It's not fully developed yet, y'know, as it were.

A slow smile splits Romeo's face.

ROMEO

You two need to chill in the green room, sip on some Pellegrinos and let your manager handle the details. And you better get my Cub Scout badge ready. Cuz if you want to kick Yakavetta in the nuts, let him know you're in town...Romeo's got an ace in the hole for you.

INT. / EXT. NEWS FOOTAGE, MAN ON THE STREET INTERVIEWS

HOT DOG VENDOR

These guys have gone "mad dog" here. They need to be put down.

CAB DRIVER

I think it's disgusting. I wish they'd have stayed gone.

PEDESTRIAN

I don't believe it for a second! No bleep-in way the Saints did it!

INT. BOSTON P.D., WAR ROOM -- MORNING

The CHIEF (50's) sits, arms folded. The detectives are present. Eunice stands before a wall adorned with crime scene photos, reports, Concezio and his Capos.

EUNICE

And that's all she wrote. Everything points in the same direction.

She taps Yakavetta's picture on the wall.

CHIEF

Why would Yakavetta want them back here? Him of all people.

DUFFY

To have them executed. Revenge. Oldest motive in the book.

GREENLY

The Saints killed his daddy six years ago, right? He was inside when that happened doing a nickel for extortion.

DOLLY

Yeah. From inside he could only do so much. Since he got out nine months ago, the Yakavetta's have regained their original strength. Looks like their clearing all their open accounts.

The Chief rubs his chin.

CHIEF

Well...it's a theory.

EUNICE

More than just a theory, Chief.

She nods to Duffy.

DUFFY

C.I.'s came back. Cold hits all around. Concezio Yakavetta and his six Capo Regime, all blood relatives, have disappeared.

CHIEF

So?

GREENLY

So, it fits. He's gone to the mattresses with his top brass. He's protecting them till this is over.

EUNICE

And word's been put to all his lieutenants that the Saints are to be taken out, on sight.

DOLLY

That means his resources on the streets are battening down the hatches, waiting for them to show.

CHIEF

Look, I been stone walling the media on this thing but the Mayor's been riding me like a rented mule here. I got half of New England thinking the Saints whacked a priest and the other half thinking their innocent. Its a powder keg. I'm talking riot gear at Celtics games, here. I could clear them of this murder, take the piss right out of this thing, keep the peace in the Commonwealth. Gimme one good reason why I shouldn't go public right now.

EUNICE

Walk with me, Chief. Let's talk.

He stands and she takes his arm as they exit. Duffy quietly closes the door and turns. Hushed tones...

DUFFY

This is not good. She's gunning for the boys hard.

DOLLY

This brawd, trying to put a feather in her cap is gonna get us locked up.

DUFFY

Just calm down.

GREENLY

And you know they'll send us to the Hoag. We put half those deranged sex freaks in there. I hope you guys like cock sandwiches. Cuz we'll be eating them for breakfast, lunch and dinner!

INT. PRECINCT HALL -- SAME TIME

The Chief and Eunice walk down the hall.

EUNICE

I understand you got a job to do, Chief. But if Yakavetta even sniffs that we're onto him, he puts a bullet in Napoleon's head, plants him at the bottom of the ocean and walks. This pint sized killer is the only thing that puts Yakavetta right in the middle of this. It is imperative that we find this man.

The Chief looks as if he is sold.

INT. WAR ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

In hushed tones.

DUFFY

We need to figure what we're gonna do when the boys show and start doin' what they do best. Cuz that's when the shit's really gonna hit the fan.

DOLLY

That's another thing. Everyone's assuming that they're going to come back. I mean, we got no way of knowing that for sure.

GREENLY

(ray of hope)

Yeah. That could totally happen. They could not come back.

DUFFY

What dream world did you two just slip into?!

They argue. Duffy snaps a photo of the dead priest from the wall.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Point blank! We know the boys. Is there any part of you that thinks they're are just going to let this slide? Believe this. They are either on their way...or they're already here.

EXT. BOSTON, DOCKS, PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Connor, Murphy and Romeo peaking over a concrete wall. Three sets of eyes.

Our trio is atop a dumpster, peaking over at the loading dock. Chinese Gangsters supervise unloading of crates onto a flatbed.

ROMEO

It's been all over the papers the last two years. Yakavetta's in bed with the Chinese. They're using international shipping routes to smuggle it in. This is Little Yaka's shit.

Connor and Murphy smile.

CONNOR

Let's follow 'em down the rabbit hole,  
Alice.

Murphy claps Romeo on the shoulder.

MURPHY

You just scored a few points, Rome.

ROMEO

Well, dust off my "Members Only"  
jacket.

(pulls set of keys)

Cuz the kid has also supplied the ride!

INT. CAR -- LATER

Murphy looks displeased. We hear a stressing motor. Romeo drives, Murphy sits shotgun. Connor is in back, loading guns. Pull back to reveal our trio rides in a '68 VW Bug. It is green with patches of Bondo, exposed engine, low-pro rims, neon runner board lights - a low riding "work in progress."

MURPHY

I thought you said your car was  
inconspicuous.

ROMEO

I don't like words that got 'spic'  
right in the middle. Besides, it  
is...where I live.

MURPHY

Where's that? Pimpville?

ROMEO

Hey! I hail from a colorful people.  
Besides, you wouldn't know style if it  
pitched a tent in your ass!

(looks into rear view)

What do you think of the ride, Conman?

CONNOR

The only way I could be more  
embarrassed right now is if I was  
ridin' a moped.

MURPHY

Yeah...while fuckin' a fat girl.

CONNOR

Yeah...rollin' through the gym at my  
high school reunion.

ROMEO

All right! I get the fucking point!

INT. WAREHOUSE -- LATER

CHINESE GANGSTERS #1-#5, shovel mounds of coffee grounds out of crates and pull kilos of white powder. Machinery noise in b.g.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: Three sets of eyes peaking over oil drums.

Our trio watches as a DOCK WORKER (22yrs) drives a forklift, unloading the crates from the flatbed and driving them through the huge open bay doors. The boys and Romeo huddle up.

CONNOR

O'kay, here's the plan.

EXT. "THE PLAN," WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

The "Queen" classic, Another One Bites the Dust, presides over this fantasy sequence. The boys, looking more "quaffed," do a pointless slow motion walk toward the forklift, throwing up their collars.

Romeo, also looking polished, executes a "Dan Tana" pistol whipping on the Dock Worker who perfectly out of frame.

INSIDE WAREHOUSE: The lift pulls to a stop before the gangsters, crate on the forks. Romeo is behind the wheel.

SLO-MO: Connor and Murphy pop from the crate and fire on their Asian foe, hitting each squarely in the chest.

SLO-MO: The boys leap down and light cigs as Romeo does the "one arm action star hang" off the side of the lift in b.g. WHIP PAN...

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

CONNOR

We skin out, go ta Doc's for a shot of Irish. We're home in time for tacos.

Murphy looks unsure. Connor turns to his brother.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

What?

MURPHY

Well, it's...uh...you know, it's...

ROMEO

It's genius. I can even drive an F-lift, man. Got my class "D" license and everything.

CONNOR

Now, dat's the spirit.

ROMEO

I need a gun.

CONNOR AND MURPHY

Forget it.

ROMEO

What the fuck? I'm in on this shit, man! I'm working here!

The boys look to each other. Murphy shrugs. Relenting, Connor pulls a metallic object and shoves it in Romeo's hand.

CONNOR

You can consider yourself a fuckin' pledge until we say different.

Romeo holds up the gun in displeasure, a tiny .22 caliber lady's purse pistol. Murphy snickers.

ROMEO

Can I consider myself your girlfriend, too?

CONNOR

That's what you get. Is there a problem?

ROMEO

(beat, fuming)

It's fine.

Connor scopes the warehouse. Murphy claps Romeo on the shoulder.

MURPHY

Don't worry, Rome. Shit like this builds character.

ROMEO

Yeah, the character of a little bitch.

MURPHY

Now, dat's just unprofessional.

He turns and joins his brother as Romeo continues sulking.

MURPHY (CONT'D)  
 What do we think?

CONNOR  
 I think Yakavetta murdered a good man  
 just to send us a message.

MURPHY  
 Well...let's send him one back.

As they spirit themselves off. DISSOLVE TO...

INT. WAREHOUSE -- LATER

CRIME SCENE: Crime scene workers toil. We do not see specifics of the scene, just enough to see the place is trashed and the bodies.

Greenly prowls the scene with his iPod playing. His musical choice is the 80's Nightranger standby, "Motoring." He riffs on air guitar while assessing. Dolly and Duffy look on...

DOLLY  
 (re: Greenly)  
 Why?

DUFFY  
 I don't know.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- SAME TIME

Eunice walks toward the crime scene with the CHIEF (50's).

CHIEF  
 Your boss, John Kuntsler called. Tells me you got a problem with authority.

EUNICE  
 Absolute horse pucky, Chief.  
 Unfortunately, authority's developed a problem with me.

CHIEF  
 And what's that?

They enter the...

INT. WAREHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

EUNICE  
 Well, y'see, I am currently in possession of a vagina.

CHIEF  
Oh, Jeez, that's not...

EUNICE  
So you spoke to Kuntsler. Anything  
else.

They reach the Detectives. Greenly, still rockin', doesn't notice.

CHIEF  
If it's confirmed that the Saints are  
back and too many bodies start showing  
up with pocket change...  
(re: his eyes)  
...he's gonna pull you and step in.

EUNICE  
Message delivered, Chief.

CHIEF  
Listen. I'll fend him off. Just work  
fast.

She smiles and nods. Greenly removes his ear pieces.

GREENLY  
It's not them.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- LATER

Eunice as she kneels at a body. She stands and pulls her ear plugs.

EUNICE  
It's them.

Greenly looks emasculated. Dolly and Duffy smirk at him. Eunice  
stands and prowls the scene, intense, intrigued, in her own world...

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
A wise man once told me. Where a man's  
actions are firmly bound to an  
unshakable faith one's worst nightmares  
become sudden, terrifying reality.

Pennies in eyes. Hands crossed on bodies.

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
Y'can almost smell the brimstone,  
can'tcha?

DOLLY  
What do you think happened here?

EUNICE

Oh, this was a plan that fell to pieces. A lot here doesn't make sense which is why it makes perfect sense. I believe things in our fair little city just got downright biblical.

EXT. FLASHBACK, WAREHOUSE -- EARLIER

On the flatbed, the brothers shovel coffee out of the final crate which rests on the forks of the lift. Below them stands the Dock Worker holding his bleeding head. Romeo covers him with his 22.

DOCK WORKER

You didn't have to bash me in the skull.

ROMEO

Sorry, man. We got a plan going, here. Technically, I was supposed to knock you out.

DOCK WORKER

Christ! You got a gun. You could have just pointed it at me and said SCRAM!

Connor points his gun at the Dock Worker.

CONNOR

SCRAM!

DOCK WORKER

You got it!

He runs off. Romeo turns up to them.

ROMEO

So, let's not let this one, small incident get in the way of...

CONNOR

Shut up and get behind the fuckin' wheel!

Romeo hops into the driver's seat.

MURPHY

Well, at least the plan is off to a winning start.

CONNOR

Go fuck y'rself.

They pull wrapped white kilos. Connor dips in a finger and tastes.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
It's heroin.

MURPHY  
How the fuck would you know?

CONNOR  
Fuck you. I know shit.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Romeo's winging it, jerky moves, grinding gears as the forklift staggers across the mammoth warehouse toward the gangsters at the opposing end. The crate blocks Romeo from view. He's driving blind as the rickety crate jiggles on the forks.

INSIDE CRATE: Connor and Murphy are sardined, back to back.

MURPHY  
Jesus! What the fuck's he doin'?!

CONNOR  
He can't see where he's goin'!

Murphy peaks through a crack.

MURPHY  
Shit! Tell him to go left, now!

Connor puts his mouth to a knot hole.

CONNOR  
Go left! Go left!

ROMEO  
What?!

Connor sticks his finger out the hole and points. Romeo wrenches the wheel and they narrowly avoid machinery. The crate rocks...

MURPHY  
I can't fuckin' believe I let you talk me into this! This is a stupid plan!

CONNOR  
I didn't notice you throwin' out any ideas, ya creative asshole!

MURPHY  
Fuck you!

The boys start elbowing each other in a close quarters scrap while hurling obscenities.

ROMEO

Hey! What's goin' on in there?!

INSIDE CRATE: Murphy suddenly stops, eyes wide as he looks through the crack. They are headed for a "Mechanic's Well." A long, rectangular cement hole in the floor six feet deep.

MURPHY

Jesus Christ! Tell him to stop!

Connor slams his mouth to the knot hole.

CONNOR

BRAKES! BRAKES! BRAKES!

A few of the Chinese turn as Romeo slams on the brakes, screeching to a halt just before the well. The crate slides right off and falls in, disappears from sight. CRASH!

A large cloud of coffee dust plumes. A wide eyed Romeo is exposed. The Asian gangsters stare in shock.

Hard techno music! Suddenly, Romeo whips it in reverse, cranks the wheel guns it and navigates the well. Speeds toward the gangsters.

MECHANIC'S WELL: (SLO-MO) The brothers burst from the debris, covered in coffee grounds and white powder. They draw their weapons and walk toward the ramp at the well's opposing end.

The Chinese pull and start firing. Romeo dives off and rolls behind some machines. The lift continues on target.

The brothers emerge and tear right in, firing at the gangsters.

Romeo fires his useless 22. In the ensuing fire fight the brothers kill all but Chinese Gangster #3.

The forklift crashes through the table with the stacked heroin.

SLO-MO: The brothers slam the final Gangster to his knees and level to the back of his head and recite the following in synchronicity...

BROTHERS

And shepherds we shall be, for Thee, my  
Lord, for Thee. Power hath descended  
forth from Thy hand, that our feet may  
swiftly carry out Thy command. So, we  
shall flow a river forth to Thee and  
teeming with souls shall it ever be.

(MORE)

## BROTHERS (CONT'D)

In Nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.

POP! POP! They kill him. DIP TO BLACK...

INT. WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Haunting music. Black and White film as Connor and Murphy take great care in ritualizing the bodies. They place pennies in eyes and cross hands over chests. WHIP PAN...

EXT. BACK TO PRESENT, WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Bodies are wheeled out in the b.g. as Dolly and Greenly talk privately with Eunice.

DOLLY

Just got a call from my best snitch.  
Never steered me wrong. He says its  
this guy.

(hands Eunice mug)

"Gorgeous" George Tuffano. He's  
trusted bruglione to Yakavetta but not  
blood. He's been left control of the  
streets. He's running all of it.

Eunice looks over the mug shot.

GREENLY

They call him "Gorgeous" cuz he likes  
his silk suits and jewelry. He's even  
got the 'out of season' fake bake going  
on, a real peacock, this guy.

EUNICE

Yeah, I heard of this rodeo clown.

Duffy approaches, hands Eunice a tiny bullet in a baggy.

DUFFY

Ballistics just dug it out.

They all look perplexed.

EUNICE

A twenty two? You gotta be kidding me.  
That's like bringing a knife to a  
gunfight.

GREENLY

Yeah, or like bringing a really small  
gun...to a gunfight.

They all blank stare Greenly for a moment. Moving on.

DUFFY

I don't know. Ballistics is reading three shooters. This is one of them.

EUNICE

Well, I'm having a hard time believing that one of the three most lethal individuals on the planet just switched over to bird shot.

DOLLY

Maybe we're reading it wrong. The priest was a frame job, right?

DUFFY

Yeah, maybe somebody's trying to eliminate some competition here.

Eunice considers this. The Detectives seem hopeful.

EUNICE

No, sir. It's them. But we just might have ourselves a change in the line up, here.

The detectives all look at one another nervously.

GREENLY

Fine, they're back. What's the plan?

EUNICE

Hell, we've just been called up to the big show. We are tracking multiple perpetrators, gentlemen. The plan? We keep our ear to the ground and try to figure out where Yakavetta's hiding. Napoleon. We find him and flip him. And as for the Saints...I'm gonna have me a face to face with these boys one way or the other.

She walks off. The cops look terrified.

DOLLY

Holy...fucking...shit.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

We see the hands of an OLD MAN (70) as he mists flowers in this lush environment. He ambles to a shop table, wearing a metal leg brace, circa 1950's and a corrective shoe, Polio. We do not see his face.

CLOSE ON: small black and white TV on table. Breaking news. Live from the crime scene...

REPORTER #3

Law enforcement has confirmed the Saints are back!

This gives way to...

INT. / EXT. NEWS FOOTAGE

The Saints pencil composites are shown. From the studio...

REPORTER #1 V.O.

It's confirmed. The five drug traffickers all involved in the heroin trade were victims of the Saints.

STATIC! CHANEL CHANGES! Bodies are wheeled out...

REPORTER #2 V.O.

...several having close ties to the Yakavetta Crime Family, confirming the long suspected merger of the Chinese Triad and the Mafia.

EXT. ALLEY -- LATER

CLOSE ON: A metal door opens revealing DOC (60's).

DOC

BOYS!

The brothers and Doc hug and greet as he ushers them in with Romeo in tow. The bar is closed, empty.

DOC (CONT'D)

Jesus, Mary and Joseph! I saw da nuh, nuh, news channel. Are ya boys all right?!

CONNOR

Sound as an Irish pound, Doc.

MURPHY

Is it too late for a shot?

DOC

Oh, the Lord told me you'd be comin! He said, "Doc, they're comin" and I was ta get evertin' ready. So I did. Evertin's ruh, ruh, ruh, it's all set.

ROMEO  
Uh, hem!

MURPHY  
Oh, this is our Mexican.

DOC  
(shaking hands)  
How are ya, lad? They call  
me...FUCK!...ASS!

ROMEO  
Nice to meet you, Fuck Ass, I'm Romeo.

INT. UPSTAIRS STORE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Doc turns on the lights and they all enter. There is a far more ornate and ancient bar up here: gothic pool table, dusty boxes, cots set up, blankets, towels, hot-plate etc.

THE BROTHERS  
Holy shit.

DOC  
The place used ta be an old speak easy  
in the forties. I only use it for  
storage, now.

Murphy is already opening a bottle of Irish.

ROMEO  
This is so fucking cool.

DOC  
Nobody even knows it's up here. You'll  
be safe.  
(points)  
You can get in and out the fu-fu-fire  
escape.

ROMEO  
You know what this is? This is our  
hide out, man! We got a hide out!

CONNOR  
What are you, fucking five years old?

MURPHY  
Hey, Rome, we got sheets and  
broomsticks. You could build yourself  
a fort.

ROMEO  
 Fuck the both of you!

INT. "HIDE OUT PARTY MONTAGE" -- NIGHT

Festive music. A brisket boils on the hot-plate. Romeo and the boys drink and relate the evening's antics to Doc. Dissolve to...

Later, they all enjoy an impromptu dinner on the pool table. The eating does not slow their banter and laughter. Dissolve to...

Later, music fades. Silence as Connor and Doc stare each other down across the pool table. Neither flinches. Murphy and Romeo watch with intrigue as Doc stifles his urge to pop off.

DOC  
 (concentration)  
 Not this time, ya little shit.

CONNOR  
 We'll see, old man.

A moment passes and Doc is literally shaking.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
 Would somebody please come over here  
 and...

DOC  
 FUCK!

CONNOR  
 ...me up the...

DOC  
 ASS!

The boys and Romeo burst into hysterics. Doc rages.

EXT. / INT. "BELLA SANTE SALON" -- MORNING

Eunice enters the swanky salon and moves across the lobby.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

"Gorgeous" GEORGE (47yrs) is face down as a female masseuse works his back, incense, mood music. Eunice silently slides in flashing her badge, a finger to her pursed lips.

Uneasy, the woman continues her work as Eunice lotions her hands. She covertly replaces the masseuse and motions her out of the room. Eunice digs in as the fatted mobster moans with pleasure.

GEORGE  
 Oh, yeah. Someone's been eating their  
 Wheaties. Yeah, get after it, girl.

Eunice grabs a large massage paddle with rubber fingers. She whips  
 George's towel off, winds up and smacks him on his bare ass, HARD!!

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 AAAAAH!

George involuntarily jerks and rolls off the table.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 WHAT THE FUCK!?

He bolts to his feet.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 You fucking bitch!

He rounds the massage table, arms outstretched. Eunice draws her  
 side arm and sticks it in his face, halting him dead.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Whoa, whoa, whoa.

EUNICE  
 What did you just call me?

GEORGE  
 Who are you?

EUNICE  
 Why, I'm a lady, George. That fact  
 alone demands a certain amount of...  
 (cocks hammer back)  
 ...cordiality.

GEORGE  
 I'm, I'm sorry I called you that.

EUNICE  
 Well, how courteous of you to  
 apologize. Courtesy is so important.  
 Don't you agree?

GEORGE  
 Y, yeah...I'm with that.

EUNICE  
 Good. Now sit your fat ass down.

George sits. Eunice reholsters, wiggles her skirt straight and sits on the massage table. George looks at her legs as she slowly crosses them. Trepidation as he covers his genitals. Eunice smiles as she flashes her FBI credentials. George relaxes.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

(with intent)

Where is...Concezio Yakavetta?

GEORGE

I don't know.

EUNICE

Yeah. There's a lot of stuff you don't know, Hoss. For instance, why aren't you safely tucked away in some ivory tower with all the other big wigs, sucking on cannoli and shrimp cocktail? Why are you the one he left on the streets, George?

GEORGE

Someone's gotta run our legitimate businesses. Someone's gotta make sure that...

EUNICE

Someone's gotta chum the waters.

GEORGE

That's bullshit and I ain't saying another fucking word to you.

EUNICE

Good. Then you can just listen. The jig is up. We know Concezio had that priest killed.

George snaps his head to Eunice in shock, then recovers.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Oh, surprise, surprise. Another thing you don't know, I reckon. But why would he tell you? You and your guys on the streets, you're his bait. Y'all just got thrown into a meat grinder.

Eunice goes to leave but stops and turns back.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Gorgeous George, huh? Expendable George is more like it.

(beat)

(MORE)

EUNICE (CONT'D)

*By the by, you got a pretty nice ass  
for a fat man.*

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT, "EL CAVA" RESTAURANT -- DAY

A Mexican joint, tucked away down by the docks.

ROMEO V.O.

You wanna find something in Boston that  
don't wanna be found you go to the  
Oracle, ese. My Uncle Cesar is hooked  
up with the Underground.

INT. RESTAURANT -- SAME TIME

The boys, Romeo and UNCLE CESAR (58yrs) sit in a booth. Cesar is  
noble looking, silver hair. Silence as he looks them over.

CESAR

Word is, Yakavetta's gunning for you  
boys hard. The whole city's on edge.  
I even heard he posted a reward like  
Jesse James style and shit. Any of his  
guys that take you out gets his palm  
crossed, two hundred and fifty grand.

ROMEO

Whew. A quarter of a mill for us?

CESAR

Us? What the fuck are you talking  
about "us?"

They begin to argue in Spanish.

ROMEO

*Uncle, why do you have to disrespect me  
in front of them?!*

CESAR

*Cool it, Mr. Big Shot! A year ago you  
were washing my pots and pans!*

ROMEO

*Well, I don't wash fucking pots  
anymore! I'm part of this, Uncle!*

CESAR

*Hey! This isn't my first bar-b-que!  
Now shut up and stop interrupting! Let  
me talk to them and I'll figure out  
whether your in on this or in your own  
fucking fantasy world!*

Romeo swallows his anger. Murphy speaks Spanish.

MURPHY  
*He's in. All the way in.*

Cesar looks at Murphy surprised. In English.

CESAR  
 Is my nephew pulling his weight?

Connor nods while tapping his chest.

CONNOR  
 Mucho corazon.

Cesar looks to his nephew with a new found respect and touches his hand. Romeo is very affected by this. Back to business.

CESAR  
 Gorgeous George is running the show for Little Yaka. Drugs, prostitution, sharking, the whole cha cha. If anybody knows where he is, it's that fat fucking pedico. I'll put it out on the wire.

INT. THE GREEN MACHINE -- LATER

Romeo quietly weeps as he drives. The brothers are "highly aware" and give respectful silence. As Romeo sniffles we show slow motion remembrances of Cesar nodding and giving Romeo a look of respect and then touching his nephew's hand.

Back in the Green Machine - an excruciating amount of time passes. Murphy tries to break the ice.

MURPHY  
 Hey, uh, maybe we should...

CONNOR  
 Shut up. Romeo's crying.

A moment of silence....then all three burst into laughter.

ROMEO  
 You fucking assholes!

INT. PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, LUXURY APARTMENT -- DAY

A sprawling high rise apartment, overlooking Boston: buffet table, plasma screen, etc. The Capos are taking advantage of the amenities. Concezio's not here. Capo #5 - #6 fill their plates...

CAPO #5

That shipment of "H" was gonna square our books for six months. Shit.

CAPO #6

We always bounce back. Besides, look at the bright side. Better the chinks than us, right.

CAPO #5

I guess. Like the boss said...  
(Concezio impression)  
"This is war. There's gonna be casuwalities."

They laugh. Suddenly, George enters with an overnight bag. The Capos are confused. Feigning a capitol mood...

GEORGE

Oh! Like the Roman Empire in here!  
Where's all the concubines and shit?

George laughs. Nobody else does. He looks at the food table. We pull close on shrimp cocktail and cannoli. A look of dread.

CAPO #3

George. What gives, here?

GEORGE

I need to see the Boss, right away.

CAPO #4

Jimmy the Gofer!

In hustles JIMMY THE GOFER (20's), skinny, weak looking.

CAPO #2

(to Jimmy)

Il cortina.

Jimmy draws back a large curtain, exposing a steel panic room. Next to the vault door, is a video screen which displays the unamused face of Concezio. His voice booms over loudspeakers.

CONCEZIO

Get over here!

GEORGE

Whoa!

George hustles over. He stands before the screen, confused.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Uh. Hey, Boss! I just came by to...!

CONCEZIO

Push the talk button, numb nuts.

GEORGE

Oh.

(he does)

Can you here me? Over.

CONCEZIO

I can hear you fine, Smokey and the Bandit. Now, what the fuck are you doing here?

GEORGE

Everything's in motion. All our guys are gunning for these Jesus Freaks. I figure, no need for me to be on the streets no more. So, which room do I take, eh?

CONCEZIO

You stupid motherfucker! I told you, you're on the streets till this is over! Now get the fuck outta here!

A terrified George hustles for the door.

CONCEZIO (CONT'D)

And don't come back here till I tell you to, you fat fucking waste of space!

George trips over his luggage. The Capos giggle.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

Cheap, depressing room. Crew Cut, in his underwear, repairs a broken rosary chain with string and puts it on. He pulls a shoe box from a shopping bag. The brand is "Hushes." Slogan: "Measure up to your dreams."

He puts on one shoe. Crew Cut stands before the mirror going up and down on the one shoed foot, noting the height that has been added. The shoe has been cleverly constructed to disguise the higher heel.

EXT. AUTO BODY -- EVENING

We are out back, among scrap cars. George talks with JO JO RHAMA (38yrs). Jo Jo is built like a fire plug and clearly a hoodlum.

JO JO  
A priest. The sick fuck.

GEORGE  
And he leaves all of us on the streets  
holding the bag while him and his are  
living it up at the Taj fuckin' Majal,  
not a care in the world.

JO JO  
So, until the Saints get popped, we're  
all lambs to slaughter?

GEORGE  
Yeah! And he don't care how many of us  
they wipe out in the meantime!

JO JO  
What do you need me to do, Skipper?

GEORGE  
Spread the word to all the brugliones.  
No bullshit. From your mouth to their  
ears.

JO JO  
Everyone? North and South? That could  
get a little dicey.

GEORGE  
Fuck their old grudges. All of them  
are in this, like it or not. Tell them  
everything we discussed.

JO JO  
Even the panic room thing?

GEORGE  
Sure.

JO JO  
Good. That's a nice ice breaker.  
They'll get a kick outta that. I  
didn't even know those things were  
real. I thought they made that shit up  
for that movie? With that brawd and  
that kid? With those guys in that  
house?

GEORGE  
Panic Room?

JO JO  
Naw, the other one.

GEORGE  
Stop fuckin' around! This is serious  
shit, here! Tell 'em we meet tomorrow  
night. I'll call you with the  
location.

EXT. AUTO BODY -- MOMENTS LATER

POV of binoculars as we see George exit the front of the auto body.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- SAME TIME

Crew Cut looks through his binoculars as he continues to bounce up  
and down on his special shoe. He smiles at the site of George.

INT. BOSTON POLICE DEPARTMENT, WAR ROOM -- NIGHT

A table laden with clip boards, bagged evidence, reports, etc.  
Eunice finds a baggy with a tiny wooden bead in it. Greenly enters.

GREENLY  
Tap's up and running on George's cell.

EUNICE  
(holds up baggy)  
What's this?

GREENLY  
Rosary bead. They found it pushed into  
the carpet near the victim. Father  
McKinney wasn't wearing a rosary so  
it's probably been there a while.

Duffy comes in with a stack of papers. He heaves it down.

DUFFY  
The results on all 864 prints found at  
the scene. All match churchgoers or  
clergy but one. The partial on the  
priest's watch is still unidentified.

Eunice looks perplexed. Dolly enters, sipping coffee.

EUNICE  
That's horse shit. Everyone gets  
printed nowadays. They're inking up  
snotgobblers in kindergarten, now.

DOLLY

It's a brick wall anyway. We know  
Napoleon was wearing gloves. Lab got  
zilch off the chain and lock. The  
pennies came up clean too.

EUNICE

(frustrated)

I'm gonna go powder my nose.

Greenly stares at her ass as she exits.

GREENLY

Aw, man. Daddy would knock that out  
like Mike Tyson.

Eunice suddenly re-enters the room with emergency.

GREENLY (CONT'D)

What?! I didn't say nothing!

Eunice is absorbed a photo on the wall of the priest's hand.

EUNICE

McKinney wore his watch on his left  
hand.

She turns and holds up the baggy.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Where was this found exactly?!

Duffy goes to a mock up of the victim's body position on the wall.

DUFFY

Right here, off his left elbow. Where  
are you going with this?

EUNICE

Dolly, get on the phone! Find out  
which wrist he wore his rosary on and  
if he was wearing it that night!  
Duffy, run that partial through DMV!  
David put it through INTERpol! Just  
get an I.D.! Now! Come on! Vamoose!

They all dart out. With fire in her eyes, she looks closely at a  
picture of the priest's wrist watch on the wall.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

You took your glove off, didn'tcha  
Cowboy. Now, why would you go and do a  
damn fool thang like that?

INT. FLASHBACK, CHURCH -- NIGHT

Crew Cut finishes ritualizing the priest and looks deeply at his victim. He removes a glove and places his tiny hand next to McKinney's large one. Silent rage. Bare handed, Crew Cut snatches the priest's rosary from about his wrist, breaking the bead chain.

INT. MAUSOLEUM -- MORNING

The brothers and Romeo walk through the Mausoleum. They approach a grave slate with respect. The name reads, "David Della Rocco." There is a picture of him. Murphy narrows his eyes and leans in.

MURPHY

What the...did they use his mug shot?

CONNOR

What? No.

MURPHY

You remember how he told us he was embarrassed cuz the guy had to hold up all his long hair behind his head?

CONNOR

Aye.

MURPHY

Look at that.

We see Murphy's finger denote a bad "airbrush" job.

MURPHY (CONT'D)

That's an arm.

Connor looks close.

CONNOR

Oh...that's fuckin' harsh.

The boys look at one another, then bust out laughing.

MURPHY

Y'er one of a kind, Roc.

ROMEO

So, am I as good as this guy, or what?

CONNOR

You, sir, are no David Della Rocco.

A sound. Instantly, the boys turn and level weapons. There stands ROY (32yrs) thick glasses, geeky. He drops his flowers.

ROY  
 Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Holy shit!  
 (beat, recognition)  
 HOLY SHIT! You're the Saints! I'm  
 Roy, it's an honor. Huge fan!

The boys reholster and look to one another. Disapproval.

CONNOR  
 We're developin' quite the cult  
 following in the old neighborhood.

The boys continue to chat with Roy as Romeo answers his cell.

ROMEO  
 Que pasa.

It's Cesar.

CESAR  
 I got that info you wanted, mijo.

INT. TANNING SALON -- NIGHT

The Salon Manager approaches the back door with keys in hand.

CESAR V.O.  
 The place is Tropical Tan on Bunker  
 Hill. It's where the fat fucking juedo  
 gets his fake bake at. He's got a  
 secret appointment. Once a week, never  
 misses. Eight o'clock, tonight.

The Manager lets George slip in. He steels into a tanning room. A Mexican towel boy has spied George. He picks up a phone...

INT. MAUSOLEUM -- MOMENTS LATER

Romeo snaps his phone shut and turns to the boys.

ROMEO  
 We got him.

ROY  
 (re: Romeo)  
 Who's this, your new sidekick?  
 (extends hand)  
 Pleased to meet you. I'm Roy.

ROMEO  
 How would you like me to sidekick you  
 in the ass, Roy?

CONNOR  
(giggling)  
Let's go.

The three walk for the door, leaving Roy behind.

ROY  
I, I didn't mean to...

ROMEO  
I'm sick of this shit! I've been  
breaking my balls, here and I get  
second banana billing! I...

MURPHY  
I, I, I. There is no "I" in team, ya  
selfish prick.

ROMEO  
Yeah?! Well, there's an "I" in "Fuck  
you!"

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

Moody music as our trio walks through the gravestones.

INT. "TROPICAL TAN," TANNING ROOM -- NIGHT

The brothers and Romeo sneak up to the tanning bed. George sings a Sinatra tune as his fat stomach props the cover up like a half open clamshell. Suddenly, Murphy leaps up and sits on the cover. George is being crushed beneath his weight. Connor kneels.

CONNOR  
Lovely voice. We'd like ya ta sing for  
us. What do ya say?

George struggles and nods. Murphy hops off. George spills out, hot pink Speedos. On all fours and breathing heavy...

GEORGE  
It's getting hard to be a fucking  
gentleman of leisure, here!

The boys pull weapons and throw him against the wall in a Jesus Christ pose, pinning his hands with their guns.

MURPHY  
We want the shooter you motherfuckers  
used on that priest.

GEORGE  
I don't know who it is.

The boys cock back the hammers on their weapons.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's the truth! Concezio didn't tell no one what he was doing cuz he knew nobody would have o'kay'ed it! The shooter's an independent contractor! That's all I know!

CONNOR

Where's Yakavetta hidin'?

GEORGE

The Prudential! Fortieth floor! Jesus Christ!

A ringing phone is heard. Romeo pulls George's Blackberry from nearby. He tosses it to Connor. Text message, "WHERE?"

CONNOR

You meeting someone tonight, George?

GEORGE

Yeah. The brugliones.

MURPHY

The what?

GEORGE

Yakavetta's racket chiefs. Street guys.

(suddenly brightens)

Your kind of guys. You could take a real bite outta crime here, huh? I could help you.

CONNOR

(re: phone)

What's this?

GEORGE

Nobody forgot what you guys did to us last time. They're staying indoors. I give out the location an hour before.

ROMEO

My Uncle's place is closed tonight. I got the key.

MURPHY

It's down by the docks. Dead as a doornail at night.

CONNOR

Yeah. You could set off fourth of July fireworks in dat place and nobody would hear. How's Mexican for you, George?

GEORGE

No difference to me. I think I just shit my Speedos, anyway.

INT. EUNICE'S MERCEDES -- NIGHT

Eunice drives. Her cell rings. She checks the I.D. then...

EUNICE

How do, David?

Greenly is at his desk. Alternating coverage.

GREENLY

Hey, DMV came up dry on the partial. INTERpol's still working it. Should only be another couple of hours.

EUNICE

Lovely. Anything else?

GREENLY

Yeah. Nothing big. We just dumped a text message from George's cell. Just two words. "El Cava." It's a Mexican joint down by the docks. He sent it to his enforcer, Jo Jo Rhama. Guess gangsters gotta eat too, huh?

EUNICE

I think I'll drop in on their supper, see if I can shake them up a little.

GREENLY

You need a body guard?

EUNICE

No thank you, Mike Tyson. Bye now.

GREENLY

Bye.

She hangs up and we are left with Greenly. Red handed.

GREENLY (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

INT. "EL CAVA," KITCHEN -- LATER

Close up, three shot. George, looking very uncomfortable, is flanked by the brothers. He is positioned to covertly view the restaurant from the kitchen.

We see NORTHSIDE BRUGLIONES #1 - #3 and SOUTHSIDE BRUGLIONES #1 and #2 are at the bar.

GEORGE

Just two more to go. Uh...You guys are gonna let me go, right?

MURPHY

We'll see, won't we.

George grimaces. Looks as if he'll cry.

GEORGE

Jesus, this is some embarrassing shit.

We see the three men from behind. George is still in his Speedos, which now have a pronounced shit stain in back.

INT. EL CAVA, BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Romeo, frazzled and in a busboy uniform, has got two blenders of margaritas going. The Brugliones mow through appetizers.

Northside doesn't interact with Southside and there is an empty bar stool between them. N.S. Bruglione #1 slides Romeo a platter.

N.S. BRUGLIONE #1

Yo, spicaroo. More nachos and mas salsa, capisce?

S.S. BRUGLIONE #1

Hey and I need a refill there, pepe?

ROMEO

Si, muchachos.

SOUTHSIDE BRUGLIONE #3 enters behind everyone. All suddenly turn, going for their guns.

S.S. BRUGLIONE #3

Whoa! Easy...Jesus.

Everyone calms. S.S. Bruglione #3 gives a respectful nod to the Northside guys but sits with his own.

INT. EL CAVA, KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

We do not see George just below frame as the boys are "working on him" in some way, putting on finishing touches. Romeo barrels in.

ROMEO

These dagos are getting antsy and I'm getting Spicaroo'd and Pepe'd. The kid's about to go Poncho fucking Villa out there!

CONNOR

Stick it out. Waitin' on one more.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Jo Jo exits his Cadillac and walks toward El Cava. There is a "closed for private function" sign on the door.

INT. JACKED UP SUV, NEARBY -- SAME TIME

Crew Cut watches Jo Jo. He dials his cell.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

From behind we see the Old Man gardening. He answers a ringing phone, nearby. We do not see his face.

INT. SUV -- MOMENTS LATER

The following conversation is in Italian.

CREW CUT

He is not with them.

OLD MAN

Are you certain?

CREW CUT

Yes. It is only the sons. They have a Spaniard with them. They will slaughter everyone.

OLD MAN

Let them. If you kill the sons...the father will come.

Crew Cut develops a sinister smile.

INT. EL CAVA, KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Connor watches Jo Jo greet the others. He turns to Romeo who is angrily cooking up a storm.

CONNOR  
The gang's all here.

Without missing a beat, Romeo slams the hot pans into a dish sink. He stands fuming with his hands on his hips.

ROMEO  
Gimme my fucking bee bee gun.

MURPHY  
Naw. You've earned your stripes, Rome.

Murphy throws him a .9 mm. Romeo smiles.

INT. BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

JO JO  
So....where's Gorgeous?

Suddenly, George comes rolling out of the kitchen, unconscious and tied, face down, to a bus cart. There is writing on his back. Everyone pulls their weapons and moves toward.

N.S. BRUGLIONE #2  
What the fuck is going on, here?

S.S. BRUGLIONE #2  
Where's that spic barkeep? Yo, Pepe!  
Where you at?!

As the gangsters achieve the cart, the brothers creep over the bar in the b.g. Brugliones look down on George, painted on his back...

S.S. BRUGLIONE #3  
"Erin go brah?" What the hell does  
that mean?

Connor and Murphy are standing 25 feet behind them.

MURPHY  
It's Irish for "You're fucked."

Hard core music as the Brugliones turn in horror. Everyone begins firing and we have slow motion gunplay to pulsating music.

Several are chewed up as chests explode and they are blown into George on the cart, knocking it over. George comes to.

Romeo appears and tears in, sending several more crashing into the salad bar.

Murphy, while firing, dives back over the bar as bottles explode. Connor rapid fires as he dives into a booth.

The boys rise and lay out a second barrage, blasting the rest into buffet tables and a soda fountain. The music cuts.

ROMEO  
Viva La Mejico, bitches!

George bolts up. The bus cart is still tied to his fat belly.

GEORGE  
Uh, I've seen the light! You guys have really turned me around on this! I'm like born again and shit! I swear!

MURPHY  
(to Connor)  
What do ya think? Let him go?

Connor slips one bullet in a revolver, spins the barrel and snaps it shut. He points it to George's forehead. George weeps in earnest.

CONNOR  
We'll let God decide if you get a second chance.

He slowly cocks the hammer back, pulls trigger, "click."

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Well, praise the Lord.

The terrified ex-gangster staggers toward an exit while wriggling out of his bonds. Just as he touches the door.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
George?  
(George turns)  
All good boys go to heaven.

George nods and exits. Romeo is confused as our trio gathers. Connor tosses the bullet he palmed to Romeo and he nods.

MURPHY  
Now, that was, perhaps the finest example of spiritual guidance that I have ever had the good fortune ta witness.

CONNOR  
Well, thank you very much. Mysterious ways. Mysterious ways.

SLO-MO: Suddenly, Eunice bursts through the kitchen door and levels her weapon at the brothers and Romeo. Romeo levels back.

Eunice fires as the boys dive on Romeo. Crew Cut is revealed behind our trio, firing from the shadows. Eunice and Crew Cut exchange fire as the boys reload.

Eunice hits Crew Cut in the side. The assassin has a moment of outrage but persists firing as he makes a hasty exit.

In the confusion it is a few moments before anyone realizes he is gone. Silence falls. Presently, Romeo and the boys bolt up. Romeo goes for the door and the boys level at Eunice.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Drop the gun! Drop it!

She "places" her gun on a nearby table.

EUNICE

Easy fellas. I'm alone.

The boys are before her as Romeo returns.

ROMEO

He's gone.

CONNOR

Who are ya?

EUNICE

My name is Eunice Bloom...and I'm your new guardian angel. A torch was passed to me by a mutual friend, gone but not forgotten.

The boys reholster. She drops her arms.

MURPHY

We heard about Smecker. He was a good man.

CONNOR

Aye. You have our condolences.

EUNICE

And you have mine.

They shake.

CONNOR

Connor

MURPHY

Murphy.

EUNICE  
Very well...Connor, Murphy.

The boys nod. Romeo points to the front door.

ROMEO  
Who the fuck was that guy?!

EUNICE  
That, I suspect, was the shooter you boys have been looking for.

The boys look at each other. Frustration. Anger.

ROMEO  
Fucking...what the fuck?! Who the fuck is this brawd?! And what the fuck's going on, here?!

EUNICE  
Let's speed this up before your new sidekick's got to dig any deeper into his impressive vocabulary.

The boys chuckle.

ROMEO  
Oh, no you didn't.

EUNICE  
I am an FBI agent who is controlling this investigation from within, in order to ensure that you gentlemen never see the inside of a prison cell. I am conspiring to do this with three like minded individuals who have aided you in the past. Though I have yet to inform them of my agenda because, well, girl's gotta have her fun.

MURPHY  
Dolly, Duffy and Greenly?

EUNICE  
The very same.

CONNOR  
How are the lads?

EUNICE  
Two of them are scared. One's just horny.

MURPHY

Bet'cha I can guess which one.

EUNICE

Bet'cha can but let's save it for group. Right now, we have a big problem.

CONNOR

What's that?

Eunice denotes the bodies.

EUNICE

This...simply won't do. We made a deal. The big fish step in if your body count gets too high and...

(re: carnage)

...you have been very naughty boys.

Rockin' music overtakes as we DISSOLVE TO...

INT. EL CAVA -- LATER

With Eunice directing them, the boys and Romeo restage the crime scene. With a squeegee they move pools of blood across the linoleum floor and re-position bodies.

The boys wrap Jo Jo's body in a tarp and put it in the Green Machine. Romeo creates blood splatter with a turkey baster.

Romeo and the brothers place the guns they used in the hands of dead gangsters as Eunice drops bullet casings in carefully chosen spots.

Romeo and the brothers leave with the utensils used to rig the scene. The music fades, leaving Eunice in the center of...

INT. EL CAVA -- LATER

Silence. She removes her ear plugs and the sound returns. We are on a very different looking scene. CSI, forensics, even Dolly and Duffy wait with baited breath. Greenly is not present.

EUNICE

O'kay. Here's how it all went down.

Dolly and Duffy open their notepads.

INT. FLASHBACK, EL CAVA -- NEVER

Northside stands facing off with the Southside. All brugliones are frozen in place. Eunice saunters down the middle. Cool music...

EUNICE

A secret gathering of the Brugliones.  
The topic of discussion? Weak  
leadership and betrayal.

N.S. BRUGLIONE #1

Yakavetta's hiding from these Jesus  
Freaks and making us look like pussies.

S.S. BRUGLIONE #1

And he's hanging all of us out to dry  
to boot.

A pause as they size each other up.

N.S. BRUGLIONE #2

All right. I'll be the first to say  
it.

EUNICE

The enemy of my enemy is my friend.  
So, even with all their old  
vendettas...

N.S. BRUGLIONE #2

...I say fuck the Yakavettas.

EUNICE

And there it is. Guess what comes  
next.

Eunice points to men as he moves down the line.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Red Rover. Red Rover.

S.S. BRUGLIONE #2

We're taking over.

EUNICE

Ah. Easier uttered than accomplished.  
The North End and the South End may as  
well be the Hetfields and the McCoys.  
These fellas...they just don't get on.

All the Brugliones yell over one another.

N.S. BRUGLIONE #3

Fuck you! The North End built that  
racket from the ground up!

S.S. BRUGLIONE #3  
 South End's been carrying your fucking  
 asses for years!

N.S. BRUGLIONE #3  
 15 percent?! In your dreams, asshole!

S.S. BRUGLIONE #3  
 Whoa! Just went up to twenty, fuck  
 stick!

S.S. Brulione #1 flashes a gun in his waist band.

S.S. BRUGLIONE #1  
 You want some of this, you mutt?!

N.S. Bruglione #1 pulls his weapon.

N.S. BRUGLIONE #1  
 Let's see what you got!

They all pull and level at one another. They freeze in place and  
 all yelling ceases as Eunice walks down the middle.

EUNICE  
 Oh, the cliché. A Mexican stand off in  
 a Mexican restaurant.

Eunice looks deeply at all the men as she turns a slow circle.

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
 They cut each other to pieces...and  
 nobody walked away. Who knows who  
 fired first. Could have been any one  
 of them. But somebody let it loose.  
 (pointing to men)  
 And duck, duck, duck...

Eunice stands before S.S. Brulione #2.

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
 Goose.

BOOM! They all start shooting as Eunice stands in the crossfire  
 unaffected. Men fall dead and we see the relevance of each thing  
 Eunice did to doctor the scene. WHIP PAN...

INT. BACK TO PRESENT, EL CAVA -- LATER

EUNICE  
 Yakavetta's lost control of the  
 streets.  
 (MORE)

EUNICE (CONT'D)

They're fighting over his throne. This was not the work of the Saints.

Heads nod agreement. Greenly enters and flashes a file to Eunice.

EXT. EL CAVA -- MOMENTS LATER

Press clamors for the story in the b.g. Eunice and the detectives are in a private spot. Greenly excitedly hands her the file.

GREENLY

INTERpol came through.

Eunice opens the file. Picture of Crew Cut. Dolly and Duffy read over her shoulder.

GREENLY (CONT'D)

You were right. Five foot five. Gotta be the shooter.

Eunice smiles and speaks to Crew Cut's photo...

EUNICE

Are you ready for your fifteen minutes, Sweetheart?

GREENLY

That ain't all. Short stuff's work visa was signed by a sponsor that doesn't exist and look at the date. Two months after Nine Eleven.

EUNICE

Someone maneuvered it through the system using false information during the highest alert in U.S. history.

DOLLY

Yakavetta's just a gangster. He ain't got the juice to pull that off.

EUNICE

You're darn tootin' he don't.

GREENLY

INS red flagged it like a motherfucker. It's a shit storm.

EUNICE

Something stanks like manure.

The cops nod. Eunice turns and starts to move away...

EUNICE (CONT'D)

We got someplace to be! Let's go!

INT. MERCEDES -- MOMENTS LATER

Eunice drives. The Detectives look nervous.

DOLLY

What is this? Where are we going?

EUNICE

It's time to revisit the scene of the crime.

EXT. MCGINTY'S PUB -- LATER

Eunice pulls to a stop. At the sight of the place, the cops turn white as a ghost. All exit the vehicle and walk toward.

GREENLY

It's after hours. I mean, if you wanted a drink then...

EUNICE

37 bodies later and we're finally back where it all began. Y'ever heard of the southern expression, "We have an elephant in the living room?"

She knocks on the door. The cops are mortified.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Hope you fellas brought some peanuts.

Doc opens it and lets them all into...

INT. MCGINTY'S -- CONTINUOUS

Connor and Murphy are seated at the bar. They turn. The cops are dumbfounded. Duffy turns to Eunice, mystified.

DUFFY

You knew all along.

CONNOR

What? Ya don't call. Ya don't write.

Dolly actually drops to his knees in abject relief. Greenly laughs and plants a kiss on Eunice's cheek. Doc pours shots. Eunice smiles as all her guys hug and make merry. DISSOLVE TO...

INT. MCGINTY'S -- LATER

Doc smiles from the bar as the group raises for a toast.

MURPHY

I'm glad we got the band back  
together...

(re: Romeo)

...even though our new bass player's  
kind of a retard.

They all laugh, cheers and drink. Conversations buzz all around.  
Eunice chats with the boys as she sips a cosmo.

CONNOR

So, where'd you learn ta shoot like  
that?

EUNICE

My Daddy was an old six gun shooter. A  
real cowboy.

MURPHY

Guess that makes you a cowgirl, eh?  
Thanks. Saved our asses.

EUNICE

Don't mention it. Now, we have a  
little business to go over before you  
celebrate in earnest.

She hands the INTERpol file to the brothers.

CONNOR

This is the guy?

EUNICE

That's the guy. He's a Sicilian  
immigrant, name of Ottilio Panza.

MURPHY

Five, five? He's short bastard isn't  
he?

EUNICE

Yes...and well put. He'll be front  
page news in the morning but we have to  
assume Yakavetta already knows we've  
ID'd his guy. We can't give him time  
to 'Plan B' us.

MURPHY

We're hittin' him tomorrow night. Dat soon enough?

Everyone else cuts their conversation and listens.

EUNICE

Should be. Where's it gonna happen?

CONNOR

The Pru.

DOLLY

The Prudential Building? What are you, cracked?

GREENLY

Why don't you just do it on center ice at a fucking Bruin's game?!

CONNOR

Dat's where the man is so dat's where we're goin'. No guts no glory, Green Beans.

MURPHY

In fact, we could use a few extra hands...that is if you fellas can still get yer Irish on.

GREENLY

Hey, I got balls for days, pally. I'm a fucking sack-o-matic.

They all chuckle.

DOLLY AND DUFFY

We're in.

EUNICE

(to all)

Well, you boys have fun. Connor, Murphy? Escort a lady to the door?

They each offer an arm and move her toward the door.

CONNOR

Y'sure you don't wanna hear the plan? I'm not tryin' ta brag or nothin' but this one's a real Picasso.

MURPHY

Aw, Jesus.

CONNOR

Hey.

EUNICE

School night. Got some homework to do.  
Besides, I'd like to critique your  
masterpiece with a fresh eye.

She stops at the door and turns. Her face shows concern.

MURPHY

What is it?

EUNICE

Something ain't right with this whole  
thing. Panza knew you were in there  
tonight and he just let it happen.  
Didn't lift a finger. I mean, if he's  
working for Yakavetta, why would he  
stand by and just watch all his guys  
get taken out?

MURPHY

That is...interestin'.

CONNOR

You think maybe we got another fox in  
the hen house here?

EUNICE

Starting ta look that way. Somebody  
pushed that visa through. Could have  
ourselves a gen-u-ine 'Ghost in the  
Darkness,' here.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- LATER

Crew Cut lies on the shop table. He's lost a lot of blood and is in  
shock. Using gardening utensils, the Old Man removes the bullet.  
We see his face for the first time. Unremarkable. In Italian...

CREW CUT

They still live...What if he does not  
come? What if...

OLD MAN

Shhhhh. He will come.

INT. BASEMENT -- NIGHT

The Irish GUN DEALER (30's) from the first film leads the brothers  
and Romeo through a basement to a large, steel vault door.

GUN DEALER

Expanded my operation, since I saw ya last. Word got out who may or may not have outfitted ya. Turns out ya got quite the underground followin'.

He swings the vault open. Romeo and the boys stand in angelic light at the gates of Heaven. Cheesy music as they enter...

INT. VAULT -- CONTINUOUS

Expanded indeed. Gleaming weapons everywhere. Sheer awe. Something catches Romeo's eye and he moves off. To boys...

GUN DEALER

Please, gentlemen. Preferred customers select from my private reserve.

He withdraws two Mahogany boxes.

GUN DEALER (CONT'D)

If I may make a suggestion.

He lifts the lids. In each box is a pair of Desert Eagle .50 cal "Black Outs". The triangular barrels have been fitted with matching triangular silencers. The boys are mystified.

MURPHY

I feel like that kid who found the gold ticket in the candy bar in "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."

GUN DEALER

Charlie.

CONNOR

Yeah...Charlie.

(picks up gun)

And I want an Oompa Loompa now, Daddy, now.

He pulls a few duffel bags.

GUN DEALER

Full accessory packages. I'm sure you'll find them useful.

Romeo suddenly appears and slaps down a metal box.

ROMEO

I'll take these.

The boys look to him. He snuffles. Red eyes.

MURPHY

Have you been crying again?

Romeo snaps to him, eyes wide in challenge.

ROMEO

Yeah! Tears of joy!  
(to Dealer)  
How much?

GUN DEALER

You guys are on the house.

MURPHY

(to Romeo)

Let's see.

Romeo withdraws two gold plated .45's, intricately engraved, pearl handles with a Mexican flag. The boys snicker.

ROMEO

What?

CONNOR

Nothin'.

ROMEO

Are you saying I look gay?!

MURPHY

No. You just hail from a colorful...

ROMEO

(to Dealer)

You don't know me. You think these  
make me look gay?

Romeo poses. The Dealer shrugs.

GUN DEALER

You look like you might have seen one  
up close.

EXT. COMMON HOME -- MORNING

This is a common home at the end of a cul de sac. The Old Man picks up the paper on his front stoop and shuts the door.

He opens the paper with shock. A big picture of Crew Cut on the front, "SAINTS INNOCENT, NEW SUSPECT IN PRIEST'S MURDER" He reads frantically. "New evidence discovered at the crime scene..."

OLD MAN  
Evidence?

He ambles into the house and to a...

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The Old Man moves to Crew Cut's bedside. He sees the rosary about the slumbering man's neck and rips it off. Crew Cut bolts awake!

                          OLD MAN  
Foolish, arrogant boy! What have you  
done?!

He whips Crew Cut with the rosary, until he cowers in the corner, weeping profuse apologies in Italian.

INT. PANIC ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Monitors show angles of the apartment outside. This small space is equipped for single living. Yakavetta is frazzled, baggy eyed in a robe. Jimmy the Gofer sits quietly as Concezio babbles to himself.

                          CONCEZIO  
That wiley old fox not as clever as we  
thought. Or maybe he played me from the  
git. Y-you think he played me?

                          JIMMY  
Uh, Boss. Maybe you aught not to be  
telling me this stuff. I'm just...

Concezio smacks him across the face.

                          CONCEZIO  
A little sensitivity, huh? You  
heartless cocksucker! I need to  
vindicate my feelings here! I can't  
tell those goombas outside! They'll  
serve up my balls over a plate of  
fucking spaghetti!

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

The Capos huddle up. Hushed tones.

                          CAPO #4  
Fuck that. We got a mutiny on our  
hands. Every ten cent wanna be with a  
gun is moving on us all over town.

CAPO #3

Yeah and our fearless leader ain't even  
come out of his little pussy room yet.

With this, the panic room door slides open and Concezio emerges holding a bag. He dumps a bunch of cell phones on the coffee table.

CONCEZIO

I want each of you to call your top  
button man. The best you got. I want  
them all here tonight. We rip this  
city a new asshole. It's time for us  
to reconnoiter our strength on the  
streets. We seize the day starting  
now...Carpel Tunnel, gentlemen, Carpel  
Tunnel.

All are relieved and words of approval flow.

CAPO #5

Glad to see you back among the living,  
Boss.

Nearby, Jimmy knocks over a bottle of wine, CRASH! Concezio dives back into the panic room. The door slides shut. DISSOLVE TO...

EXT. THE PRUDENTIAL BUILDING -- NIGHT

Dolly drives a laundry truck into the Pru's loading dock area.

INT. LAUNDRY TRUCK -- NIGHT

Dolly backs it up to the dock and pulls to a stop. He turns.

DOLLY

God speed.

Romeo, in a laundry uniform, emerges from the back pushing a loaded laundry cart. He enters a...

INT. UTILITY HALL -- MOMENTS LATER

At the hall's opposing end, two maintenance workers move toward. Romeo sees and quickly puts his head down. Soon, Romeo and the maintenance men converge. They turn, entering opposing elevators.

INT. ROMEO'S ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

As the doors close, Romeo looks into the opposing elevator. The maintenance men are Duffy and Greenly, ball caps, duffel bags.

As the elevator ascends, Romeo swipes off the laundry, pulls the false top. The brothers pop out in their usual garb. Weapons emerge and they gear up. Romeo looks unsure...

MURPHY

What.

ROMEO

Nothing.

CONNOR

Out with it! What the hell's the matter with ya?

ROMEO

Nothing! It's just...this is some heavy shit.

CONNOR

Ya did fine at your uncle's place.

ROMEO

Yeah, but we're going off a new script here. I'm just having a...period of adjustment.

MURPHY

You're about to have a period of gettin' yer ass beat!

ROMEO

Hey! You two ain't the only ones rollin' with no health insurance! Just let me do my thing. I'm absorbing this.

CONNOR

This is not the time for you to be absorbin' shit! Now, if ya freeze up when you get in there just point yer gay guns at 'em and fer Christ sakes, at least try ta look cool!

MURPHY

I thought you were all hot fer dis!

ROMEO

Oh, I'm hot! I'm fucking red hot! The kid's flamin' like Matt Damon in the Grande Camens!

Ding! Romeo has a look of dread.

CONNOR

This is you. Be on time.

Romeo firms himself up as the door opens.

ROMEO

I'll be there.

Romeo exits with the cart. The boys remain. The doors close. Connor and Murphy look at each other.

CONNOR

You ready fer dis shit, my dear brother?

MURPHY

(cocking .50 cal)

Let's do some gratuitous violence.

FLASH TO WHITE...

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A demolished environment. The towering windows are blown out, providing a threatening view of the city below. Here, Eunice stands, looking out over the panorama.

EUNICE

(to herself)

On a sultry Saturday in September the Saints saved seventeen souls...try saying that five times fast.

She turns and walks the marble floor which is like a runway, lined with pulverized statues. A long table of ravaged food extends.

Crime scene personnel toil. Ritualized bodies everywhere. Greenly is by the panic room. He pushes the "talk" button.

GREENLY

Come on. There's nothing to be afraid of. It's all over.

(turns)

He won't come out.

He joins Dolly and Duffy who stand on the periphery. Eunice is dead center, absorbing the scene when suddenly, FBI Agent JOHN KUNTSLER barrels in with his G-MEN #1 - #3.

KUNTSLER

Special Agent Bloom! You are hereby relieved of all obligation to this investigation.

He holds up his I.D. A collective groan from crime scene personnel.

KUNTSLER (CONT'D)

That's right, kids. This crime scene is now under the full jurisdiction of your beloved federal government. As of now, you will all report to me, Special Agent John Kuntsler.

The detectives look to Kuntsler's G-men as if squaring off.

KUNTSLER (CONT'D)

Don't let us interrupt you. Just don't forget to turn over everything you find. We have people standing by ready to take credit for all your hard work.

He chuckles as all return to work. Kuntsler turns to Eunice.

KUNTSLER (CONT'D)

So, how ya doin', Bloomy?

EUNICE

Just fine...Cunty.

Kuntsler's shit eating grin disappears. He leans in. Hushed tones.

KUNTSLER

Nice little science project you got going with these three goofballs.

(re: detectives)

You trying to turn them into your own little junior G-men? Well, you can put sprinkles on shit, Bloom, but it's still shit. So, you and your Keystone Cops can all go home now and let the professionals handle this?

EUNICE

Boy. I'd love to hear a gen-u-wine professional's assessment of a crime scene. How 'bout you, detectives?

Dolly, Duffy and Greenly chorus the affirmative. Kuntsler looks unsure then phonies up some bravado. Looks around...

KUNTSLER

O'okay. Seems pretty obvious. The door was broken down. We've got our point of entry. The assailants fired in this direction.

(points toward windows)  
(MORE)

KUNTSLER (CONT'D)

Explains the windows. The victims were...

EUNICE

There are three inaccuracies in what you just said. Number one, David.

GREENLY

If the windows were shattered by gunfire coming from inside the room, the glass would have been blown outward. As you can see, most of it is on the inside.

Kuntsler looks. Sure enough. His eyes widen.

EUNICE

Number two, Dolly.

DOLLY

Blood splatters in the direction of the rounds fired. If the assailants discharged toward the windows, the blood would follow suit. Here, the majority of splatter is in the opposing direction.

Kuntsler looks. Sure enough.

EUNICE

Number three, Duffy.

DUFFY

Trick question. There is no number three. He only fucked up twice.

EUNICE

(whistles)

Looks like Bloomy aced her science project.

Kuntsler's men look embarrassed.

KUNTSLER

That was just off the...I would have seen the blood thing...I haven't even had time to...

EUNICE

Why don't you let me take a crack at it, John? Won't cost you nuthin'.

KUNTSLER

And just why would I do that?

EUNICE

Cuz, tonight...mamma's right on time.

FLASH TO WHITE...

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- EARLIER

Eunice, alone, saunters before the huge windows which are now intact. Concezio holds court nearby. He is shaved and dressed. His Capos sit around in a loose semi-circle. There are six dangerous looking men standing shoulder to shoulder before them.

EUNICE

This evening's topic of discussion?  
Desperate times require desperate  
measures.

CONCEZIO

Desperate times require...some, you  
know, some desperate shit. Starting  
tonight, every one of you fat fucking  
slobs is back on the streets and  
earning your daily bread.

A chorus of protest.

CONCEZIO (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up!

(they obey)

We got no choice. You motherfuckers  
better get in touch with your 'inner  
gangster'. It's time to knock the dust  
off your ball bats! You break bones!  
You smash heads! You do whatever you  
gotta do!

EUNICE

Which brings us to the relevance of our  
new guests.

CONCEZIO

(to button men)

Each one of you is to stick to the guy  
that called you here like glue. You  
arm yourselves to the teeth, pick your  
own crews. These bible banging psychos  
will make an attempt. It's your job to  
blow their souless hearts out of their  
chests.

EUNICE

It's time to reclaim the streets with  
an iron fist.

CONCEZIO

We gotta take back what's ours with  
some sincere ironfistery.

WHIP PAN...

EXT. BACK TO PRESENT, ROOF OF PRUDENTIAL -- NIGHT

Eunice walks the roof with Kuntsler et al in tow.

EUNICE

Let's explain the glass, now. Why is  
most of it inside the room?

They halt before a window washing scaffold.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Here's why...or it will be "why" in a  
moment. Y'see, these boys. Well, to  
put it simply, they tend to get  
reeeeal...

FLASH TO WHITE...

EXT. FLASHBACK, SCAFFOLD -- NIGHT

CONNOR

Creative! It's a creative plan!

Duffy, Greenly and the boys descend the tower. Greenly works the  
controls as Duffy helps the boys tie on harnesses.

MURPHY

It's ridiculous! Probably based on  
some stupid shit ya saw in a movie!  
And here I am AGAIN all tyin' myself up  
with rope! What is the deal with you  
and rope?! Honestly!

CONNOR

It happens ta be a useful thing!

The boys start yelling over each other. Duffy turns to Connor.

DUFFY

You didn't get this from a movie...did  
you?

Murphy regards his brother, "well?" Pause.

CONNOR

The "Eiger Sanction," Clint Eastwood!  
And it worked like a fucking charm for  
him!

INT. JANITOR CLOSET -- SAME TIME

Romeo peeks out a cracked door at a Mafioso guard. LLOYD (33yrs), a janitor, gagged and duct taped to a hand truck. He has a shiner. Romeo looks through his wallet.

ROMEO

O'okay Lloyd Cranston of 135 Liberty  
Lane, apartment 3C.

(shows him wallet pic)

Lovely wife and kids. How old are  
they? Nevermind. Here's the  
situation, Lloyd. Me and a couple of  
friends of mine are fittin' to do some  
killin' here tonight. I'm talking  
bullets and blood, custom-wholesale  
slaughter. You following me, Lloyd-O?

(Lloyd nods)

Good. Now, I've run into a little  
snag. I need to figure out a tag line.  
You know, something cool to say when  
it's all over like..."I'll be back,"  
but mine, y'know? I need to own this  
one. I think this'll help me get  
through the quote, unquote event. I'm  
going to take your gag off and you and  
me are going to riff a little, o'okay?  
Let's have fun with this.

Lloyd nods and Romeo rips off his gag.

LLOYD

I can't believe you! I'm a fucking  
janitor. What do I know about bullets  
and slaughter and shit?

ROMEO

Not riffing, Lloyd! Now, I need an  
"Hasta La Vista" line, toute fucking  
suite and you're gonna help me think of  
one!

EXT. SCAFFOLD -- LATER

Eunice stands alone on the end of the scaffold.

EUNICE

And you can count on it like the U.S.  
mail. Through rain, sleet, hail or  
snow...something always seems to go  
wrong for these poor sons o' guns.

The scaffold suddenly stops.

CONNOR

What the fuck?

GREENLY

(hitting controls)

I don't know! It just stopped!

MURPHY

Well, get it fuckin' goin' again!

GREENLY

It won't turn back on! It just died!

BROTHERS

OH, SHIT!

The boys look over the edge. Long way down.

CONNOR

How much time?!

DUFFY

(looks at watch)

Sixty Seconds!

MURPHY

We gotta go now!

DUFFY

What are you talking about!?

CONNOR

If we're even a few seconds late,  
Romeo's dead! We gotta go!

(looking up)

We're down thirteen stories!

MURPHY

Eleven more to go! Ball park it!

They start counting out lengths of rope by feeding them through  
their hands and extending their arms out to the sides.

BROTHERS

One floor, two, three...

MURPHY  
 (miffed)  
 The fuckin' Eiger Sanction.

INT. JANITOR CLOSET -- SAME TIME

Lloyd struggles to think.

LLOYD  
 Uh..."Take that, suckers!"

ROMEO  
 Not cool enough.

LLOYD  
 Uh, "Merry Christmas, mother fuckers!"

ROMEO  
 Too sacrilegious.

LLOYD  
 Oh God, uh, how about "Eat it!"

ROMEO  
 What are we at, a buffet, now?

LLOYD  
 Good God, man! I'm a...

ROMEO  
 Hang on, you might be onto something  
 with the buffet thing, like with food,  
 y'know? Let's brainstorm on that idea  
 for a minute.

EXT. SCAFFOLD -- SAME TIME

The boys' ropes are secured and they each pull a Rambo knife.

MURPHY  
 TIME?!

DUFFY  
 JESUS CHRIST! SEVEN SECONDS...SIX...  
 FIVE...

INT. HALLWAY -- SAME TIME

Romeo, pushing his cart, jives down the hall toward the guard,  
 singing "La Couca Racha." The guard puts out a halting hand.

DUFFY V.O.  
 FOUR...THREE!...TWO!...

WHIP PAN...

INT. BACK TO PRESENT, LUXURY APARTMENT -- NIGHT

EUNICE

One...thing has always amazed me.

Eunice stands dead center. Everyone watches...

EUNICE (CONT'D)

How quiet it gets. You ever noticed that? It's hard to imagine that just a few hours ago, it was the God damn O.K. coral in here.

FLASH TO WHITE...

FANTASY SEQUENCE: Cool Country Western music!

CLOSE ON: A pair of cowboy boots pacing toward.

Eunice stands before the looming windows. The immaculate food table stretches before her.

She is now in full cowgirl regalia: Leather chaps, rawhide coat, boots, cowboy hat and a pair of gleaming six guns on her hips.

With the brim of her hat slung low, Eunice bursts into twirling gunplay with her Colts. She spins them all around, flipping them, catching them, etc. She holsters and stops.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

One thang I'm gon guarantee ya...

EXT. SCAFFOLD -- SAME TIME

First, Connor jumps off, then Murphy. They fall down and out in slow motion, knives in hand.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Eunice rolls the chamber of one of her Colts along her arm.

EUNICE

We gon have us a good time...

INT. OUTSIDE WINDOWS -- SAME TIME

The boys snap to a stop and swing in, toward the building. With their free hand they each pull a .50 cal.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

EUNICE  
 ...in the old barn tonight!

The Country Western music goes hard core!

SLO-MO: Two bullet holes pierce the windows behind Eunice as she levels her Colts. The mammoth panes shatter but stay in the frame.

SLO-MO: All gangsters bolt upright as their plasma screen explodes with the boys' rounds. Some pull weapons.

INT. HALL -- SAME TIME

Romeo pulls his .45's and takes out the guard. He kicks in the door and rushes in...

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

SLO-MO: The brothers smash through the glass. They fire as they swing over Eunice's head.

SLO-MO: Eunice leaps onto the table as the boys cut their ropes in mid air with the Rambo knives. The brothers land on their knees. Their momentum carries them, sliding on either side of the table.

SLO-MO: Eunice runs along the table top, crushing food and keeping pace with the boys as all three let the led out.

SLO-MO: The gangsters and button men return fire in chaos.

SLO-MO: Gangsters are torn up as they are blown over furniture, into walls. Romeo blasts. Slow motion gun battle.

SLO-MO: Yakavetta runs toward his panic room. At the last second, Jimmy the Gofer hip-checks him and dives in. The door slides shut.

For a few moments the gun battle rages around Eunice who stands in the center rapid firing at the gangsters.

EUNICE  
 YEEEEEEEE HAAAAAAW!!!

Soon it is over. The brothers slam Concezio to his knees and level to the back of his head. As he begs for his life...

BOTH  
 And shepherds we shall be, for Thee, my  
 Lord, for Thee. Power hath descended  
 forth from Thy hand, that our feet may  
 swiftly carry out Thy command.  
 (MORE)

BOTH (CONT'D)

So, we shall flow a river forth to Thee  
and teeming with souls shall it ever  
be.

Romeo watches in awe.

BOTH (CONT'D)

In Nomine Patris, e Filii, e Spiritus  
Sancti.

Boom. Concezio drops. Romeo's been waiting, guns up and...

ROMEO

"Who ordered the whup ass fajita!?"

MURPHY

What?

CONNOR

Whup ass fajita?

The brothers turn to each other.

CONNOR AND MURPHY

That's fuckin' stupid.

Eunice whistles in sympathy as she lifts her brim with a Colt.

EUNICE

Hold up, now.

Everything freezes in place. Eunice shuffles over to Romeo.

EUNICE (CONT'D)

Was that the best you could do?

ROMEO

It's just...I couldn't think...I

EUNICE

Shhhhhh.

(whispers in ear)

Ya broke down the door, didn'tcha?

Romeo snaps his head toward the entry with inspiration in his eyes.  
QUICK CUT: He breaks down the door. QUICK CUT: The brothers shoot  
Yakavetta. QUICK CUT: Romeo, guns up and once more with feeling...

ROMEO

Ding dong, motherfucker, diiiiing dong!

The brothers look at Romeo, then to each other.

MURPHY

Exactly.

CONNOR

You said it.

WHIP PAN...

INT. BACK TO PRESENT, LUXURY APARTMENT -- LATER

Eunice stands before the panic room door. She is totally disheveled. She swipes her hair back.

EUNICE

And that, gentlemen...is the sound of  
the fat lady singin'.

Everyone stands in shock, Kuntsler, his G-men, the detectives even crime scene workers. Greenly whispers to Duffy...

GREENLY

Should we...clap or something?

DUFFY

Shut up.

Suddenly, the panic room door slides open and Jimmy yanks Eunice inside. The door shuts. Everyone rushes toward.

KUNTSLER

Hey!

Duffy bangs on the door.

DUFFY

Eunice! Oh, shit! Eunice!

Greenly slams the talk button.

GREENLY

If you hurt her, you piece of shit, I  
will kill you! Do you fucking hear,  
me? I'll kill you!

Greenly wheels around, facing Kuntsler.

GREENLY (CONT'D)

Get a hostage negotiator down here and  
put some stank on it! He could be in  
there all...touching her and shit!

INT. PANIC ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Eunice has Jimmy pinned face down to the couch, arm twisted behind.

JIMMY

I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I wasn't gonna hurt you!

EUNICE

You bet your ass you weren't.

JIMMY

Just lemme explain. I have information, like pertinent information. Ouch! Look, I was listening to you out there and that's, like, exactly what happened. That's what made me think you were the person to talk to.

Eunice lets him go and stands. Jimmy sits up.

EUNICE

Yakavetta had a partner, didn't he.

Jimmy looks scared.

JIMMY

Yeah.

EUNICE

You saw this fella?

JIMMY

Yeah. It was only one time and just for a second but I think I could ID him. I don't know his name, though. Concezio always called him the "Old Man" except one time when he called him something else, like he fucked up and I wasn't supposed ta hear it.

EUNICE

What was it?

JIMMY

He called him...the Roman.

EXT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Panic room door opens and Eunice emerges with Jimmy in tow.

GREENLY  
 (re: Jimmy)  
 Did this little motherfucker...?

EUNICE  
 Easy, David. I'm fine. C'mon gents,  
 we're leaving. This is the Fed's  
 problem, now.

KUNTSLER  
 Hey! What happened in there? What was  
 said to you, Agent?

Jimmy is cuffed by two uniforms.

EUNICE  
 You got him in custody. Ask him  
 yourself. You're the professional.

She walks out and the detectives follow.

DOLLY  
 Yeah, professional moron.

EXT. PRUDENTIAL BUILDING, GROUND PLAZA -- NIGHT

There are coroner vans and moderate police activity here as Eunice  
 talks with the detectives who all seem perplexed.

DUFFY  
 I got no idea. That's just weird. The  
 Roman? What do you think it means?

EUNICE  
 Feels like our ghost ta me.

DOLLY  
 What do we do now? I mean, the  
 brothers ain't goin' nowhere until we  
 get Panza or they do.

EUNICE  
 We've all had enough excitement for one  
 night. Let's sleep on it.

EXT. ALLEY ACROSS FROM PLAZA -- SAME TIME

Crew Cut watches Eunice and the detectives from the dark alley. He  
 has shaved his head bald, giving him a sinister look.

INT. MCGINTY'S -- LATER

The place is empty except for Connor and Murphy having a celebratory shot at the bar and cleaning their weapons.

MURPHY

When's Romeo returnin' to the "hide out?'

CONNOR

Soon as he's done apologizin' to his uncle for wreckin' his restaurant.

MURPHY

And he should be sorry. The disrespect.

They chuckle as a loud knocking is heard. As Doc peeps through the spy hole and unchains the front doors...

DOC

Hold your damn horses!

He lets Greenly in and locks it behind him. Greenly takes a few steps in, stops and grabs his crotch with both hands.

GREENLY

Sack-o-matic, I said!

As the boys guffaw, BOOM! A shotgun blast through the door sends Greenly to the floor with a gaping wound in his back.

Crew Cut bursts in with a smoking pig nose shotgun hanging from a shoulder strap. He pulls two Sigs and rapid fires at the brothers.

The boys jump over the bar frantically try to reassemble their weapons. Connor and Murphy check their clips.

MURPHY

I got nothin'!

Connor racks his .50 cal and looks in the chamber.

CONNOR

One in the hole.

They see a shotgun behind the bar. Murphy grabs it. Just as they are about to stand, they hear Doc cry out.

DOC

Boys!

They stand and level. Crew Cut has Doc from behind, .9mm to his temple. Thick accent...

CREW CUT

Put dem down! Throw dem over!

The boys do not flinch. Crew Cut pushes his gun into Doc's temple hard. He cries out in pain.

CREW CUT (CONT'D)

Throw dem over!

The boys toss their guns over the bar. Crew Cut levels toward them, holding Doc in place. He whispers in Doc's ear.

CREW CUT (CONT'D)

Brothers, eh? Which one first? This one?

(re: Murphy)

Dee other, eh?

He cocks back his hammer. A silence POP! rings out from the shadows. Crew Cut's hand is hit. He drops, crying out in pain.

SLO-MO: Poppa M emerges from the shadows and moves to Crew Cut with a smoking, silenced Walther pistol in hand.

The brothers have just a moment of shock before Greenly chokes up some blood. They jump the bar and rush to him.

MURPHY

Jesus Christ!

CONNOR

Doc! Call da fuckin' ambulance!

As they hold Greenly and beg him to hold on, we move to Poppa M standing over Crew Cut. Crew Cut looks up at him in awe.

CREW CUT

You.

POPPA M

Where is the Old Man?

CREW CUT

Never.

Poppa M pulls two .38 revolvers. He snaps the rotary chambers out, puts one bullet in each gun, spins the chambers and snaps them shut. He holds them out to Crew Cut. The boys weep, oblivious to this.

MURPHY

Just hold on.

CONNOR

Hang in there, brother. They're  
comin'.

Greenly struggles to speak.

GREENLY

Naw, boys...it's over. Don't  
worry...proudest day of my life.

He seizes violently and dies. The brothers are in anguish. Crew Cut picks a .38 and stands. He and Poppa M level to each other's foreheads. Crew Cut is excited. Poppa M is calm, tranquil. The brothers bolt up in shock.

BROTHERS

Da!

POPPA M

Easy, boys.

The boys watch in horror, trying to figure it out. Poppa M motions for his opponent to go first. Crew Cut cocks his hammer back with a "click." The brother's eyes go wide.

MURPHY

What the fuck's he doin'?

Crew Cut pulls the trigger, "click!"

BROTHERS

JESUS CHRIST!

Connor rushes over and grabs up the shotgun.

CONNOR

I'm gonna blow this mother fucker's  
brains out, right now!

He cocks it and levels to Crew Cut's head.

POPPA M

CONNOR!

Connor stops. Poppa M holds out his free hand. Halt.

POPPA M (CONT'D)

Son...Daddy's workin'.

Connor lowers the gun. Poppa M pulls back the hammer, "click."

POPPA M (CONT'D)

Where is he?

Crew Cut is unsure of himself. He thinks. Shakes his head. The brothers focus on Poppa M's gun as he tenses on the trigger.

CONNOR AND MURPHY  
(whisper)

Come on.

Crew Cut clenches up, bracing for impact. Poppa M pulls, "click." The brothers drop to their knees and pray hard. Crew Cut recovers. He smiles, pulls back the hammer. In Italian...

CREW CUT  
Make me famous.

"Click!" Crew Cut's eyes widen in fear.

POPPA M  
(pulling back hammer)  
Where?

The brothers pray faster as Crew Cut thinks in horror.

CREW CUT  
FUCK YOU!!!

BOOM! Crew Cut falls dead.

INT. UNCLE CESAR'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- LATER

The boys sit at the kitchen table with Poppa M. Romeo is propped up on a counter, nearby. Cesar sets out coffee.

POPPA M  
I'm so sorry, boys. This is all my  
fault.

Cesar takes Romeo and leaves, giving them some privacy.

MURPHY  
What are ya talkin' about, Da?

Poppa M strokes the faded "butterfly" tattoo on the back of his hand. Presently...

POPPA M  
I was an immigrant to the U.S. in 1958.  
I was sixteen. I came to New York  
where my father, Jacob MacManus, was a  
cobbler.

(MORE)

POPPA M (CONT'D)

Had a little shop and I was to learn  
the family business. Mafia was  
everywhere in those days.

INT. FLASHBACK, COBBLER SHOP -- DAY

Italian THUGS #1-4 talk to JACOB MacManus (43yrs). In these  
flashbacks we will refer to young Poppa M as "Noah." NOAH (16)  
works in back but watches.

POPPA M V.O.

Simple extortion...protection money.  
But your grandfather was proud.

JACOB

I can't help ya with dat, lads. Ya got  
problems with your shoes, I'd be happy  
to have a look, got fair prices.

POPPA M V.O.

I just...watched.

Noah stands shaking as he watches his father beat to death. We fade  
into later as he holds his father's body, wailing. An Italian kid  
with a leg brace, LOUIE (18yrs), staggers in and hobbles to Noah.

LOUIE

Il ochio de dio! We gotta call the  
polizia, Noah! We gotta call somebody!

EXT. FUNERAL -- MORNING

Noah, Louie and a priest are the only ones present at this modest  
affair. Louie weeps. Noah is emotionless.

POPPA M V.O.

I buried my father, then I buried the  
men who killed him. Louie, my best  
friend, helped me...

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Noah holds a knife to Thug #1's throat at a card table. He has THUG  
#2's head pinned to the table top with a .38 cal. Nearby, Louie  
holds a large .44 magnum with shaking hands. Seated Thugs #3 and #4  
hands raised, are scared as they look at Noah's dead eyes.

THUG #3

Come on, kid. It was an accident.  
We can work dis out. Whatever you want.

THUG #4  
 He ain't gonna do shit.  
 (to Thug #3)  
 I'll take two.

THUG #3  
 What da fuck's da matter with you?  
 Can't you see...

THUG #4  
 I see just fine. Deal.

THUG #1  
 (in Italian, to Louie)  
 You're Italian, kid. Help us out here.  
 Put one in the back of his head and you  
 get anything you want!

LOUIE  
 I, I, I...am his friend.

THUG #4  
 Fuck him and fuck his friend. Deal the  
 cards! He ain't got the balls.

Noah shoots Thug #2 then cuts Thug #1's throat. The other Mafiosi  
 scream in horror. Louie kneels and weeps. Noah shoots Thug #3 in  
 the heart and calmly takes aim at Thug #4. He shoots him in the  
 throat and he is blown to the floor, grasping his bleeding neck.

Noah rounds the table and takes aim. The man is choking on his own  
 blood. Noah slowly lowers his gun and just watches.

INT. COBBLER SHOP -- AFTERNOON

Louie works on a pair of shoes. They are both a bit older.

POPPA M V.O.  
 It started out slowly. Just the ones  
 who were a threat to us.

MAFIOSO #1 and #2 talk to the stoic Noah.

MAFIOSO #1  
 Come on, kid. It's good for you, good  
 for us. We'll move it right out the  
 back of the place.

MAFIOSO #2  
 It'll never touch you. You got the  
 word of the Bonnavese family on that.

No response from Noah. Dead eyes.

MAFIOSO #1  
What's da matter with you, eh?

We see Louie peeking through the curtains.

LOUIE  
(whispering)  
Easy, Noah...easy friend.

MAFIOSO #2  
What are you, stupid or something?

He smacks Noah across the face.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Noah and Louie bury the bodies of Mafioso #1 and #2. Louie stops and rests. He watches Noah and thinks.

INT. COBBLER SHOP -- DAY

"CLOSED" sign in the door. Noah and Louie eat sandwiches.

POPPA M  
Then one day...

LOUIE  
Why should we not help others who  
suffer these Mafia thugs?

Noah puts down his sandwich. Louie talks to Noah with passion, m.o.s. and he listens while nodding his head.

POPPA M V.O.  
Then it began.

Over dialogue and music we see the following images...

Noah cuts out a chalk sketch on a large sheet of shoe leather.

Louie helps Noah make a "serious looking" leather vest.

Louie hobbles in with a sack. He dumps a bevy of handguns on a table. All different makes.

POPPA M V.O. (CONT'D)  
Louie would pick the marks and plan  
everything in detail.

Louie draws a map on a note pad and speaks m.o.s.

Holsters and bullet belts are sewn into the vest.

Noah loads the vest with guns as Louie tightens the buckles, stands back and looks Noah over. Ominous.

POPPA M V.O. (CONT'D)

And I would go in and do the jobs.

A mob boss and two body guards wait for an elevator. The doors open. Inside is Noah, dark jacket, English Mac (hat). He opens his coat, revealing the vest. He draws two weapons, executes them all and calmly hits a button. The doors close.

POPPA M V.O. (CONT'D)

I would execute, over and over again,  
those who had taken my father from me.

We do a montage of Noah killing Mafiosi in many different ways.

POPPA M V.O. (CONT'D)

So it went for years.

EXT. BACK TO PRESENT, KITCHEN -- LATER

We pan to the gaping mouthed brothers.

MURPHY

Jesus.

CONNOR

So...how'd ya end up inside, Da?

POPPA M

Back in '75, I did a hit, came out and  
the police were waitin' for me. He set  
me up, 25 to life.

MURPHY

Wait...why did he set you up?

POPPA M

Can't wait ta ask him.

CONNOR

Why didn't ya flip on him? Cut down  
yer time? The guy fucked ya.

POPPA M

I couldn't.

CONNOR

Why the hell not?

INT. FLASHBACK, PRISON PHONE VISITING AREA -- NIGHT

A picture of a woman with two babies is slammed to the glass.

EXT. BACK TO PRESENT, KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

POPPA M

He'd learned of the birth of my sons.

Connor and Murphy hang their heads. Connor looks up.

CONNOR

Do you know Louie's full name?

POPPA M

Aye.

The boys look at each other.

EXT. SIDE WALK OUTSIDE MCGINTY'S -- SAME TIME

Greenly's bagged body is about to be loaded into an ambulance. Eunice stops the EMTs, unzips it and touches his face. She weeps and then crushes into Dolly's chest.

He holds her and cries too as Duffy watches in anguish. Eunice's cell rings. She ignores it and Dolly pulls it from her pocket and tosses it to Duffy, never letting go of Eunice.

DUFFY

Hello.

Alternating coverage.

CONNOR

It's me. Put Eunice on.

Connor hands the phone to Poppa M. DISSOLVE TO...

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

Eyes still red from crying, Eunice covertly works at a computer. She types. Soon a picture of the Roman comes on up. Eunice looks at his face with trepidation and then...

EUNICE

I hope they do it slow...you piece of shit.

INT. ILLEGAL BOOK -- LATER

CLOSE ON: An old time phone being carried to a rear table.

We drift by a poker game and young Italian thugs, betting horses and sports. T.V.s and smoke are abundant.

The phone is set on a back table. PATRONAZZI (75yrs), an ancient Italian man drinking espresso picks up.

PATRONAZZI

Si.

It's the Old Man. In Italian, alternating coverage...

OLD MAN

Hello, old friend.

PATRONAZZI

Many years. Are you in need?

OLD MAN

Yes. I am making marinara and alas, I have run out of tomatoes. To help an old friend...how many can you spare?

Patronazzi looks up. Slowly, many of the young thugs turn.

PATRONAZZI

I am in good supply of tomatoes.

INT. UNCLE CESAR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

The boys slumber. We push in on their staggered profiles. They simultaneously take a deep breath. FLASH TO WHITE...

INT. DREAM SEQUENCE, FENWAY PARK -- DAY

The boys stand in a huge cement access corridor of Fenway Park. It is empty and quiet as a church. A man walks toward them. They struggle to see. Presently, we reveal ROCCO. He passes them.

ROCCO

Come on. The game's starting.

The brothers follow him. Red Sox emblems are abundant.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Funny thing about the Red Sox. We never gave up hope, y'know? It's what kept us going all those years. And they did it. They finally fuckin' did it. What are we all gonna do now, huh?

They emerge into the stands. Perfect baseball field, empty park.

ROCCO (CONT'D)  
I lost a lot of money on 'em. But I  
gotta admit. Always felt  
better...betting the underdogs.

Rocco walks on. The boys follow.

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND -- MOMENTS LATER

The boys stand on the mound. Rocco walks a circle around it.

ROCCO  
So, how's things going?

The boys drop their heads.

ROCCO (CONT'D)  
Yeah. I know. It's rough having your  
faith shaken.

The brothers have a pained expression.

ROCCO (CONT'D)  
But it happens to all of us.  
(beat)  
You know what's always tripped me out?  
How hundreds of years ago, a bunch of  
desperate gamblers in leaky ass ships,  
crossed the ocean blue. They had no  
clue what was on the other side of it.  
Took real balls. But they sailed into  
infinity and made it all the way to the  
shores of the New fucking World...  
(re: surroundings)  
...and all they had was their faith.  
I'm always surprised how so many people  
miss the simple fact that faith...is  
the reason all of us are even here.  
You can't underestimate the power of  
it. Shit, you were the ones that  
taught me that.

Rocco looks to his left and right. Secretly.

ROCCO (CONT'D)  
Listen, your my boys so I'm gonna give  
you some inside. The Sox are gonna do  
it again this year. The line in Vegas  
is huge. Put everything you got on it.

The boys look to each other. Eyes wide.

MURPHY  
Maybe we should.

CONNOR  
You're sure, Roc? You know this?

Rocco smiles.

ROCCO  
No...I just have faith. And for a second there, you almost did too. Y'see, it's contagious. And if enough people catch it...look out, baby.

A roaring cheer arises, shaking the very foundations of the arena. The boys turn in awe. The stands are still empty.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- LATER

They jolt awake and look to each other.

CONNOR  
While the wicked stand confounded...

MURPHY  
...call me with Thy Saints surrounded.

EXT. BOSTON COMMONS, JOGGING TUNNEL -- MORNING

Poppa M stands before Eunice. She hands him an envelope.

EUNICE  
He lives in York Maine. About 30 minutes from here. Better go quick. I logged on to an FBI database to get the info. Homeland Security does internal monitoring now. Only a matter of time before they flag it.

POPPA M  
Will they know it's you?  
(she nods)  
Will you be all right, dear?

EUNICE  
I hear Costa Rica's nice.

She looks at him as her eyes well up with tears.

EUNICE (CONT'D)  
I never thought I'd ask this of another human being but please...kill this man.

She is overcome and weeps. Poppa M holds her.

POPPA M  
It ends today.

INT. FBI HEAD QUARTERS, BOSTON BRANCH, KITCHENETTE -- LATER

Kuntsler pours a coffee. G-man #2 comes in holding a piece of paper.

KUNTSLER  
Anybody word from Bloom, yet?

G-MAN #2  
Nothing.

KUNTSLER  
I want that little Bayou Bitch in here.  
Something stinks about this whole  
thing.

G-MAN #2  
I'm having D.H.S. dump her IP and check  
for flags. See if she's been poking  
around.

INT. TRINITY CHURCH -- LATER

Poppa M, the brothers and Romeo walk kneel at the altar before a memorial to McKinney: Candles, pictures, cards, flowers etc.

As they pray, a dozen or so church patrons who are in the pews begin to realize who they are. Our foursome stands and walks back down the aisle. They make eye contact with a few people.

When the Saints are gone, the churchgoers gather in the aisle and stare at the front door in disbelief. Excited whisperings. One guy opens his cell phone. Then he thinks...and closes it.

INT. FBI HEAD QUARTERS -- MOMENTS LATER

G-man #2 excitedly gives Kuntsler a file. His eyes widen.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Kuntsler slaps the file down in front of Jimmy who is cuffed to a metal table. He looks at a picture of the Roman. Fear.

INT. SUV -- MOMENTS LATER

Kuntsler and his men speed along sirens blaring. Into walkie...

KUNTSLER

This is S.A.I.C., Jonathan Buford  
Kuntsler! Security code A4153B! I  
need an immediate R2 law enforcement  
override clearance!

FEDERAL OPERATOR V.O.

What is your specific request, Agent?

KUNTSLER

Everyone in the tri-state area with a  
gun!

INT. DEAD END STREET -- SAME TIME

The Roman's common, two story home looms in the b.g. at the end of a  
cul-de-sac. Walking down the middle of the street, is Poppa M:  
black trench, hat, dark shades. He opens the door and enters the...

INT. COMMON HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Poppa M listens, far off scratchy music. He moves quietly through  
the house, stopping at the foot of the stairs...listens. He removes  
his rosary, hangs it on the banister and moves on, pulling a weapon.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- SAME TIME

The Roman, swirls a tomato in a plate of salt and bites into it.  
Beside him, a horned phonograph plays 40's Jazz. Behind him, we see  
that the greenhouse is merely an extension of the home.

The Roman sits in front of a sunken fire pit at a low flame. Across  
the pit, an empty chair. Extended before him is a stunning garden,  
standing in stark contrast to the common house: vines, flowers,  
cobblestone walks, fountains. The center piece is a Turkish pool  
with pure white Lillys afloat.

Poppa M slowly approaches the Roman from behind. He holsters his  
weapon and sits. The Roman halts the phonograph.

POPPA M

Hello, Louie.

ROMAN

Noah.

Long pause.

POPPA M

We haven't much time.

The Roman smiles and gestures the surroundings.

ROMAN

My garden. She is beautiful, yes? Ah, but you. You are blind to beauty. You are a destroyer, Noah.

POPPA M

You know my reasons. You know why I did what I did.

ROMAN

But do you? You think it was for your father? No. You were born a killer. Death...is in the very blood that runs through your veins.

POPPA M

No.

ROMAN

Then explain this.

The Roman flicks a photo over. It lands in Poppa M's lap. It is the picture we saw earlier. A woman holding two babies.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You were not there to raise them. Not a single day. Yet, how closely they follow in the footsteps of their father. They have inherited your blood, Noah...your anger.

Poppa M looks at the photo deeply.

EXT. BEHIND GREENHOUSE -- SAME TIME

Outside, back wall of greenhouse. THUGS 1-5 from Patronazzi, hunker down here. They are all armed.

THUG #1

(whispered into walkie)

Remember, not a scratch on the Old Man.

INT. PARLOR, UPSTAIRS -- SAME TIME

We look out the bay windows. It is a straight shot down the slanted roof to the roof of the greenhouse. THUGS 6-8 stand quietly inside.

THUG #6

Got it. Wait for the signal.

INT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

A gloved hand grabs up Poppa M's rosary. Connor pockets it as he and Murphy silently climb the stairs.

INT. / EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS -- SAME TIME

S.W.A.T. teams load into vans. Squad cars speed through traffic.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Poppa M tosses the picture into the fire.

POPPA M

And you? What are you?

The Roman denotes his garden.

ROMAN

I am a creator. You see? Our very natures stood in opposition as old as the story of the scorpion and the frog.

POPPA M

Why...did you sell me out, Louie?

ROMAN

You can never understand.

POPPA M

25 years....try me.

ROMAN

I wanted to join with them. They were building an empire. Creating something and I was helping them! I used you, Noah, to eliminate their problems, to destroy their competition, to cut out their cancers. I earned my place among them.

Poppa M looks around.

POPPA M

Is this your place among them? Because all I see is a an old man, sitting in a garden.

ROMAN

Alas, the scorpion and the frog both lost everything, yes? I should have paid more attention to the story.

(MORE)

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Without you...I was no longer useful to them. They cast me out!

INT. SUV -- MOMENTS LATER

Kuntsler barks into a walkie...

KUNTSLER

The location is to be surrounded and secured upon arrival! Nobody goes in!

He suddenly looks out his window to the sky. In the distance, two other copters fly in the same direction.

KUNTSLER (CONT'D)

Are those fucking news choppers?!

INT. GREENHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

POPPA M

Why the priest, Louie? Why all this? Why, now?

ROMAN

Because I knew it would bring you and your sons. You would destroy the Yakavettas and clear my way. This time, I will take what is rightfully mine. Just a little piece, for my old age. After all, I have never been a greedy man.

The Roman puts the needle back on the record. Jazz plays.

INT. PARLOR, UPSTAIRS -- SAME TIME

THUG #6

That's it! Move!

Another Thug opens the bay windows. Thundering music!

INT. NEIGHBORING ROOM -- SAME TIME

BIRD'S EYE VIEW: Looking down on Connor and Murphy. They rapid fire their huge .50 cal's through the wall.

INT. PARLOR -- SAME TIME

SLO-MO: The heavy rounds blast through the wall and massacre the three Thugs as they are about to exit.

INT. BACK OF GREENHOUSE -- SAME TIME

All following visuals in slo-mo with slamming music...

Poppa "M" stands, throwing open his trench and revealing his leather vest, a six gun rig in the front. The Roman in awe.

The double doors crash in and men barrel through as Poppa M turns, pulls two weapons and fires upon them, hitting one.

The boys crash through the glass ceiling of the greenhouse on either side of Poppa M. They fire as they fall, hit the ground and roll.

Romeo bursts into the fray from inside the house, blasting away with his gold .45's, a shotgun hanging on his back.

The garden is being torn apart as the brothers, Poppa M and Romeo hit their marks and the hit squad returns fire. The boys dive behind fountains which are then pulverized.

The gun battle rages around the Roman who remains seated in the very mouth of madness. His heart breaks as his sanctuary is shredded.

Romeo fires as a large rack of wine behind him is torn apart.

Murphy fires over a statue and bodies crash into the pool.

Connor stands, firing in a Jesus Christ pose.

Poppa M drops his empty weapons and pulls two more, laying down a second barrage.

Romeo is simultaneously hit in the leg and shoulder. He falls, dropping his .45s. He struggles to fire the shotgun.

Poppa M takes one in the chest.

Connor is wounded in the shoulder but continues firing.

Murphy is hit in the leg but continues firing.

The boys and Romeo manage to take out the last of the Thugs, who are blasted into the Turkish pool. It is over. The music fades...

EXT. FRONT OF HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Squad cars screech to a halt as the chopper lands behind them. Kuntsler exits, shouting orders. Many officers level over their hoods as S.W.A.T. piles out and moves toward.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The Roman looks around, tears in his eyes. The boys hobble to their failing father who is on his knees.

CONNOR AND MURPHY

Da?

POPPA M

Boys. Help me up.

They get him to his feet. Poppa M turns to the Roman. He levels a revolver toward the seated man. With his last bit of strength...

POPPA M (CONT'D)

I'll see you in a minute, Louie.

Poppa M fires one right between the Roman's eyes. Poppa M crumbles. His sons lay him down.

CONNOR

Oh, no, no, no.

Poppa M smiles as he looks up at the sun through the blown out glass ceiling. A plume of butterflies escape.

POPPA M

It's a beautiful day.

MURPHY

Aye. It is...it is, Da.

He dies. The brothers weep. Nearby, Romeo is slumped and bleeding, on the edge of consciousness. A strange calm comes over the brothers as they stand and look to one another.

S.W.A.T. can be heard surrounding the perimeter. The boys look to Romeo. He smiles at them and nods. The brothers turn and walk into the house. The echoed voice of Poppa M.

POPPA M V.O.

And shepherds we shall be...

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Cops level over their squads. Media descends.

POPPA M V.O.

...for Thee, my Lord, for Thee...

INT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

SLO-MO: the boys move toward the front door.

POPPA M V.O.

Power hath descended forth from Thy hand...

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS -- SAME TIME

We cut to people around the country glued to their t.v.s Crowds hush in bars, airports, stores.

POPPA M V.O.  
 ...that our feet may swiftly carry out  
 thy command...

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The door opens and the boys walk out, guns down.

POPPA M V.O.  
 So, we shall flow a river forth to  
 Thee...

INT. GREENHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Romeo raises a weak hand as S.W.A.T. moves cautiously through a battle field of dead bodies.

POPPA M V.O.  
 ...and teeming with souls shall it ever  
 be...

EXT. FRONT LAWN -- MOMENTS LATER

SLO-MO: The boys stop in the middle of the lawn and look out over the massive presence. A policeman yells in his bullhorn, m.o.s.

SLO-MO, CLOSE ON: The brothers' guns fall to the grass.

POPPA M V.O.  
 In Nomini Patri...

SLO-MO: The brothers drop to their knees.

CONNOR  
 ...e fili...

SLO-MO: The brothers put their hands behind their heads.

MURPHY  
 ...e Spiritu Sancti.

DIP TO BLACK. The music fades...

SUBTEXT: "Seven days Later"

INT. / EXT. NEWS FOOTAGE

STATIC! CHANNEL CHANGE!

Crowds flood a cemetery. Poppa M's casket is lowered...

REPORTER #2

...hundreds took off work today to say good bye to the man Boston is calling simply, "The Father."

STATIC! CHANNEL CHANGE!

News desk. Insert of Romeo.

SALLY MCBRIDE

...still in a coma. The condition of Romeo Mata, the young Hispanic American allegedly operating with the Saints remains critical.

STATIC! CHANNEL CHANGE!

Outside Eunice's home.

REPORTER #2

...the search continues for missing Special Agent Eunice Bloom. As of yet, law enforcement has turned up nothing but have not ruled out foul play.

STATIC! CHANNEL CHANGE!

New footage of the aftermath at the Roman's home.

REPORTER #3

The young men, who's names Police are not releasing to the public have yet to utter a word since their capture. Even to their court appointed attorneys.

STATIC! CHANNEL CHANGE!

A mob of protesters chant, "Set them free."

INT. T.V. TALK SHOW, "BOSTON BANTER" -- DAY

Five guests, BALLPLAYER, COMEDIAN, ACTOR, POLITICIAN and a HOST are seated in the midst of an "audience in the round." The format is similar to "Politically Incorrect."

BALLPLAYER

It doesn't change anything. What they did is still more important. It's still the issue.

COMEDIAN  
They deserve medals.

POLITICIAN  
They deserve the death penalty.

Arguments erupt.

INT. PRISON HOSPITAL -- DAY

The arguments are heard as the boys awaken in their hospital beds at the same moment.

PRIEST V.O.  
Only God can judge!

ACTOR V.O.  
Oh, save it for group, father!

They are bandaged and hooked to machinery.

BALLPLAYER  
Well, I know this! They certainly  
don't belong in prison.

The boys turn and look out the windows at a group of cons in the yard, staring up at them.

HOST V.O.  
Oh, I don't know.

Connor and Murphy's faces split with evil grins. They mimic guns at the cons and gesture as if shooting them.

HOST V.O. (CONT'D)  
Maybe that's just the place for them.

FADE TO BLACK...