

# **BLACKFRIARS**

**A True Story**

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August 14th, 2015

TIGHT ON: The face of WALTER ROBINSON, early 40's, cold blue eyes and a kind smile, bald, handsome, not pretty.

WALTER

Look, I'm not gonna bullshit you.  
I'll talk, you write what you want.  
I got nothing to hide. I lost  
everything. Loyalty. Code of  
silence. None of these guys backed  
me up when I got in the shit. None  
of them cared. So I don't care.

**REVEAL: INT. A FACTORY FLOOR - DAY**

Walter sits at a grim factory table opposite an AUTHOR. Empty rows of sewing machines stretch behind him into the dark.

WALTER

Everything I tell you is the truth.  
My whole life is the truth.

AUTHOR

Your whole life is the truth?

Walter nods plainly.

AUTHOR (CONT'D)

That's a good line. I like that.

WALTER

Go ahead and use it.

AUTHOR

I will.

The Author opens his briefcase on the table, the top obscuring Walter's view of its contents.

He removes a TAPE RECORDER. As the Author closes the briefcase, we see a HAND GUN inside. Walter does not.

WALTER

What you want to hear about first?

The Author presses RECORD. A cassette begins to spin.

THE AUTHOR

I don't know. How about getting  
started at the force? Chapter 1.

The Author smiles nervously. Walter eyes his listener.

CUT TO:

A CHAPTER CARD

**Do Nothing, And Do It Well**

*Hendrix's ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER plays over...*

**EST. BOSTON - NIGHT - 1973**

Fenway, Charlestown High Bridge - the gritty industrial predecessor to the Zakim, The Gillette Factory, Dunkin' Donuts in 1970's narrow letter font...

WALTER (V.O.)

Well I came on the job in 1973.  
Assigned to District 5.

**EXT. BOSTON POLICE DISTRICT 5 - CONTINUOUS**

A YOUNG WALTER, 32, a fresh-faced, hulking block of a kid in BPD blue, walks up the stairs to a hulking block of concrete.

**INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - PROCESSING DESK - LATER**

Walter sits in a chair, waiting.

WALTER (V.O.)

Showed up with my uniform brushed,  
spit shine shoes. I had been  
waiting for this.

Walter nods to some passing COPS. They ignore him.

WALTER (V.O.)

I was finally part of the oldest  
and most prestigious police force  
on the planet.

**INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - PROCESSING DESK - CONTINUOUS**

WALTER (V.O.)

First night on the job. I was  
assigned the morning watch. Man, I  
thought we were gonna bust some  
heads. 12pm to 8am shift. Great  
shift. Bars empty out, brawls. I  
was ready.

Walter sits, hand on the holster of his gun, fucking ready.

WALTER (V.O.)  
They assigned me to Eddie Green.

Walter looks up, as...an older cop, handsome, maybe drunk,  
EDDIE GREEN approaches and stares blankly.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Nice guy. Good shape. Rugged guy.  
40's. Probably on the job 10 to 15  
years. Handsome looking guy.

EDDIE GREEN  
Robinson?

Walter stands eagerly.

WALTER  
That's me, sir.

EDDIE GREEN  
We're takin' the paddy wagon.

**INT. BPD PADDY WAGON - MOVING - LATER**

Eddie drives, Walter shotgun, eyeing the shotgun locked  
between them for the real shit.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I get in the wagon with him. We're  
ridin' around, get a cup a coffee.

Eddie sits at a red light, glances at the clock--12:20am.

EDDIE GREEN  
Alright we've fucked around enough.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And I'm thinkin', alright, here we  
go, we're gonna get into it.

EDDIE GREEN  
Gotta go to the cemetery.

**EXT. GETHSEMANE CEMETERY - LATER**

The Paddy turns into the gates of the GETHSEMANE CEMETERY.

WALTER (O.S.)  
Where we going?

EDDIE GREEN (O.S.)  
We'll see. We'll see.

**EXT. GETHSEAMNE CEMETERY - HILL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

The Paddy Wagon pulls in and joins 30 some-odd other BPD CRUISERS, all sitting with their lights off. Parks alongside.

**INT. PADDY WAGON - PARKED - CONTINUOUS**

Walter sits a beat, Eddie fiddling with his bag.

WALTER  
What is this?

EDDIE GREEN  
You want the front or the back?

A beat.

WALTER  
The front or the back what?

EDDIE GREEN  
We're gonna get a little rest.

WALTER  
Rest? I just got up. I just took a fucking shower.

Eddie opens a bag, and takes out his FLANNEL PAJAMAS.

**INT. PADDY WAGON - MOMENTS LATER**

Eddie Green changes into his pajamas in the back of the wagon, a sheet, pillow and egg crate mattress all set up.

EDDIE GREEN  
If there's a call, wake me up.

WALTER  
How you gonna get dressed?

EDDIE GREEN  
I'll get dressed. I'll get dressed.

WALTER  
This is...we're on the job here.

EDDIE GREEN  
You want to get ahead in this job, kid?

Eddie reaches for the dome light...

EDDIE GREEN (CONT'D)  
Do nothing, and do it well.

He hits it, Walter left in the dark, looking out over the graves, wide awake.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I was ready to kick ass. Bust heads. This was NOT...

**INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Walter at the desk of the gigantic CAPTAIN MOOSE HANLEY.

WALTER  
...what I signed up for.

Moose eyes his tough rookie cop.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
I'd like a transfer.

MOOSE  
What's the problem?

Walter says nothing.

MOOSE (CONT'D)  
No one gets a transfer. Unless they got a damn good reason.  
(beat)  
You don't have anything to tell me?  
About what's going on? On the morning watch?

Walter eyes his Captain.

CUT TO:

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY**

WALTER  
My father, one thing he said to me, don't be a tattle-tale. It was in your blood growin' up in Charlestown. Just didn't snitch.

The Author narrows his eyes, sizing up Walter.

CUT TO:

**INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Moose narrows his eyes, sizing up Walter.

MOOSE

Is it cause the guys are drunk?  
Sleeping? Digging in? Is that it?

WALTER

I just want to see a little more  
action.

Moose smiles at Walter's loyalty. Then-

MOOSE

You working out, kid?

WALTER

Yeah. Yeah, I'm working out.

MOOSE

Tell you what, you beat me in arm  
wrestling, I'll find something for  
you.

WALTER (V.O.)

He used to ask all the guys that,  
and then have them arm wrestle him.  
Moose was a monster guy.

Moose moves a bunch of papers aside on his desk.

MOOSE

Come on, let's see what you got.

Walter sits, rolls up his sleeve, an EAGLE TATTOO on his  
powerful looking forearm, he locks hands with the Captain...

And beats him handily.

MOOSE (CONT'D)

(pissed, flustered)  
Shit. What the fuck, Robinson?

Moose gets himself under control. He eyes Walter a beat,  
thinking, and then hands Walter a file with a wry smile.

MOOSE (CONT'D)

Report to SCIP unit. They got some  
action for ya. Undercover. Big  
opportunity.

WALTER

Thank you, sir.

**INT. SCIP UNIT - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

Walter sits with a bunch of other YOUNG COPS in uniform, listening to a couple of DETECTIVES in street clothes.

DETECTIVE

We're lookin' for volunteers to go undercover in the Deer Island Prison as gods.

NON-BOSTON COP

Gods, sir?

DETECTIVE

Guards.

The room BUSTS up.

WALTER (V.O.)

Guy there, from St. Louis, thought they wanted us to go in as gods.

(beat)

Job was to go undercover as prison guards, and figure out which guards were dealing drugs to the prisoners. Totally on your own, on the island. Brass balls shit.

DETECTIVE 2

If you're not interested, you can get out of here.

Everybody gets up to leave. Every single cop. Except Walter.

**INT. DEER ISLAND PRISON - VARIOUS - LATER**

Walter patrolling cell blocks in GUARD CLOTHES, alert.

WALTER (V.O.)

I was under for six months.

Walter working out with INMATES, getting stronger.

WALTER (V.O.)

Which, at the time, meant that they had to make you detective.

Walter hanging out with GUARDS in the break room, one counting more CASH than a guard should have.

**EXT. DEER ISLAND PRISON - SIX MONTHS LATER**

Walter escorts TWO GUARDS out in cuffs with BPD BRASS, Moose, the Detectives from the SCIP Unit.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I was made. Done with the uniform.  
Could operate on my own.

NEWSPAPER FLASHES, REPORTERS swarming Walter at the arrests.

**INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - DAY**

Detective Robinson sits at his desk, in street clothes.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I was on my way to being the best.

REPORTER JACK KELLY, a bright-eyed investigative reporter sits opposite Walter.

JACK KELLY  
You're the youngest detective in  
the history of the Boston Police.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And it was right about then I met  
Jack Kelly. He did a big piece on  
me. Good guy. Standup guy. But  
Jack's story really starts with the  
Blackfriars, and that came later.

CUT TO:

## CHAPTER CARD

**P-P-P-Pumford**

*The Coasters' YAKETY-YAK plays over...*

**EXT. ROOFTOP - SOUTH BOSTON - DAY**

WALTER (V.O.)  
There's a couple things in my years  
as a detective up to the  
Blackfriars that's important here  
to understand-

Walter glasses a DRUG DEAL in progress on the streets below with his binoculars. A DEA AGENT beside him.

WALTER

My guy's about to make the buy.

WALTER'S GUY, a bell-bottomed Latino heroin addict, approaches a long fur coated DEALER on the street.

**EXT. STREET BELOW - SOUTH BOSTON CONTINUOUS**

The Dealer pulls a DIME BAG from his furs.

DEALER

Show the dough, daddy-o.

Walter's Guy takes out a THICK WAD OF CASH.

WALTER'S GUY

Aquí, hombre.

And out of nowhere, SIRENS. A BLACK and WHITE rushes up.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - SOUTH BOSTON**

Walter and the DEA Agent share a confused look.

DEA AGENT

The hell is that? They with you?

Out of the BPD cruiser steps JOHN PUMPFORD, a large, golden-retriever of a man. Walter recognizing him...

WALTER

Pumpford?

**EXT. STREET BELOW - SOUTH BOSTON - CONTINUOUS**

The Dealer and Walter's Guy are cornered, nowhere to run.

PUMPFORD

Pppput yyy-your hands ag-ggainst  
the w-www-wall.

The Dealer and Walter's Guy share a look.

WALTER (V.O.)

Pumpford stuttered when he talked.

PUMPFORD

Ddd-dddoo it.

Pumpford proceeds to frisk them, finds the drugs, puts them back in the pocket, keeps frisking...and finds THE WAD OF BUY MONEY.

WALTER'S GUY

That's-

PUMPFORD

K-k-keep your mm-mm-mmmouth sh-sh-sh-sh-  
(melting down on the 'sh')  
Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-

WALTER'S GUY

I got it.

**EXT. ROOFTOP BELOW - SOUTH BOSTON - CONTINUOUS**

The DEA Agent and Walter watch dumbfounded as Pumpford TAKES THE WAD OF BUY MONEY, gets in his car, pulls off.

DEA AGENT

What the fuck? Did you see that?  
That fucking cop. He just stole our  
buy money.

The DEA Agent goes for his radio. Walter puts a hand out.

WALTER

Let me handle it. I know the guy.

**EXT. BOSTON STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter talking with Pumpford on the street.

WALTER (V.O.)

And I did handle it. But that's  
what you gotta understand. How  
something like this Blackfriars  
debacle happens.

WALTER

Pumpford, we got a problem.

PUMPFORD

What's the p-p-problem?

WALTER

You just robbed some guy.

PUMPFORD

(not hiding it at all)  
Ohhh. Who's the g-g-guy?

WALTER

He's an informant for the DEA. Give me the money.

PUMPFORD

Oh-oh-oh. I was just h-h-holding it for s-s-safe k-k-k-keeping.

WALTER

Give me the money.

PUMPFORD

Th-th-th-anks, W-w-walter.

**INT. A DRUG DEALER'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT**

Walter on a RAID with other DETECTIVES, rifling through a drug dealer's super chic mid-70's pad.

WALTER (V.O.)

The opportunity to put a little cream in your coffee. It was just everywhere.

Walter notices BOSTON COPS pocketing JEWELRY, WATCHES, MAKE-UP, VCR's, rifling through a RECORD COLLECTION.

WALTER (V.O.)

Nobody took their coffee black.

**INT. DRUG DEALER'S CONDOMINIUM - BEDROOM - LATER**

Walter walks into the Drug Dealer's bedroom.

WALTER (V.O.)

One raid, I go into a bedroom. I'm all alone. And I see a foot locker at the bottom of the bed.

Walter sees a BIG FOOT LOCKER at the bottom of the bed.

WALTER (V.O.)

And I open up the foot locker, and went Jesus Christ.

Walter lifts the lid without revealing the contents to us.

WALTER

Jesus Christ.

WALTER (V.O.)

I opened it again, and Holy Jesus.

WALTER  
Holy Jesus.

REVEAL: It is FULL OF CASH.

WALTER (V.O.)  
It was full to the brim of packets  
of hundred dollar bills. 10,000  
packets. To the brim. I'm thinking  
in my mind...My god, I don't know  
how much money is here. What do I  
do? Do I say there's nothing in  
here, and come back later and steal  
it? This could be the thing of a  
lifetime.

(beat)  
Nah, I can't do this. I just can't  
do this. It doesn't sit right. I  
thought, I could never be one of  
those guys.

Walter closes the foot locker.

**INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER**

Moose, Walter and OTHER COPS stand around as the cash is  
counted out on an AUTOMATIC BANK COUNTER.

WALTER (V.O.)  
They counted it with a counter.  
870,000 in cash. They counted. Back  
then, that's five, six million.

DA GARRETT BYRN, late 70's, walks in in a gray double  
breasted. Everyone gets serious.

WALTER (V.O.)  
DA Garrett Byrn, long time DA of  
Boston, he came in, wanted to know  
who found the money.

MOOSE  
Robinson.

GARRETT BYRN  
Are you fucking nuts?

Walter looks nervously to Byrn. Everyone watching, tense.

WALTER  
What do you mean?

GARRETT BYRN  
 Have you lost your fucking marbles?  
 There's almost a million dollars in  
 there. Cash.

WALTER  
 What do you want me to do?

GARRETT BYRN  
 I don't know. Could've called me.

Everyone LAUGHS. Walter trying to smile, nodding.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Byrn was joking...I think. But you  
 gotta understand, it was the Wild  
 Wild East.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

## **Blackfriars**

*James Brown's I GOT ANTS IN MY PANTS playing over...*

**INT. BOSTON GUN CLUB - DAY**

WALTER (V.O.)  
 And it was a blast!

BLAST! BLAST! Walter practices his shooting with ear muffs on. He unloads six rounds, DIRECT HITS on a SITUATION TARGET.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Summer of '78, it was a great time.  
 I was on top of the world. I'm not  
 a guy who likes to brag, I'm not  
 about that, but I was the best.

Walter looks around the empty gun club, no one else there.

He reloads his pistol, and tucks it into the side of his pants...and draws like a cowboy, fast and precise.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Wyatt Earp of the East.

**INT. WALTER'S CAR - MOVING - LATER**

Walter cruising on his own, in plain clothes.

WALTER (V.O.)

I was making busts, working on my own as a detective. I didn't even have to report to headquarters anymore. I don't know what happened to Eddie Green, doing nothing...

(beat)

I was doing everything, and doing it well.

Walter nodding along to the radio, the king of Bean Town.

WALTER (V.O.)

Headed right to the top. And that's when this Blackfriars thing hit.

**EST. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - SUMMER STREET - LATE NIGHT**

Downtown Boston. The Blackfriars Pub stuck between the Green Cigar Co. Smoke Shop and Arch Tavern Men's Bar.

A wood facade, **Blackfriars**, in black font. Windows advertising "After Work Disco" "Saturday Night Live!"

The awning missing above the door, just a skeleton of black metal bars. Summer Street is deserted at this hour.

We follow a LONE MAN in through the wooden front door.

**INT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - CONTINUOUS**

The Man passes through the empty upstairs, booths on his right, the old bar on his left...

And heads down the stairs to the basement.

**INT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Filled with CIGAR SMOKE, so thick you can barely see, a table sits under a single light where FOUR MEN play backgammon.

JACK KELLY

How much you down, Solmonte?

The Man we've been following takes a seat at the table, and we recognize him as...

Jack Kelly, the reporter who interviewed Walter earlier.

SOLMONTE, the overweight Italian owner of the establishment, makes a move on the board.

VINCENT SOLMONTE  
Keeps going like this, gonna have  
to crack open the safe.

A SMALL SAFE in the corner. DELAVEGA hands Kelly the dice.

DELAVEGA  
Roll for me, Jack.

Jack takes the dice.

DELAVEGA (CONT'D)  
You call that number I left?

JACK KELLY  
Nah. Not yet.

DELAVEGA  
Guy called like five or six times.

VINCENT SOLMONTE  
Bobby gets antsy, huh.

JACK KELLY  
Like James fucking Brown.

Jack shakes the dice, blows on them, and is about to roll, as-  
Vincent Solmonte's HEAD EXPLODES, blood and brains scattering  
everywhere. The table turns to the stairs, as-

BOBBY ITALIANO and BILLY IERARDI, two wise guys with 12  
gauges, walk in without a word.

Delavega SHOT point blank as he rises, he flies back into a  
closet, chest spraying red.

TWO OTHER PLAYERS, MEROTH and MEGARIAN frozen in their seats.

MEROTH  
Oh please god.

MEGARIAN  
No. No.

Ierardi and Italiano BLOW THEM AWAY simultaneously, both  
FLYING back from the backgammon table, chairs tumbling into a  
growing pool of blood.

Jack Kelly sits alone, holding the dice...shaking.

BOBBY ITALIANO  
Where is he, Jack?

BILLY IERARDI  
(hint of a lisp)  
Where'sth your friend at?

JACK KELLY  
I don't know.

**INT. BUICK SKYLARK - SUMMER STREET - SAME**

Opposite Blackfriars, BOBBY ZACHARY, mid-30's, a handsome, dark Italian, hair slicked back, intelligent eyes staring...

AS TWO LOUD SHOTS RING OUT, finishing off Kelly. A THIRD SHOT, a horrific and gratuitous statement.

Bobby Zachary swallows, and pulls off into the night.

**EXT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - DAY**

The Pub is surrounded by COP CARS, REPORTERS, SPECTATORS.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I was cruising, and it came on the radio, so I headed down there.

**INT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

Walter sees UNIFORMED COPS everywhere.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Scene was a mess. Blood everywhere.

A Cop passes Walter, leaving a trail of bloody footprints.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Guys leaving bloody footprints.

**INT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter walks down the stairs, and stops, taking in the scene.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I'll never forget the scene. It was a massacre. I've seen many guys shot, heads off. But nothing in mass like this. It was nauseating.

Walter sees a piece of Jack Kelly's face.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And then I saw Jack.

Walter fights a gag, and goes up the stairs for air.

**EXT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter walks back out into the sunlight.

WALTER (V.O.)

To see a guy I knew, and respected in there. We weren't close, but a guy I'd have called a friend, like that. It just, it got personal. But I wasn't homicide. Wasn't my case.

**INT. WALTER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter gets in his car, shell shocked.

WALTER (V.O.)

So I left. That was as much as I knew. Except what I was reading about in the Newspaper.

INSERT NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: THE BLACKFRIARS MASSACRE.

VARIOUS CLIPPINGS: FIVE SLAIN ON SUMMER STREET. KNOWN MAFIA ASSOCIATES. COCAINE DEAL GONE SOUR?

WALTER (V.O.)

There was a lot of buzz, but the truth was, no one knew anything.

INSERT BOSTON CHANNEL 7:

CHANNEL 7 ANCHOR

There are still no leads on the murders at The Blackfriars Pub, coming to be known as The Blackfriars Massacre, which took the life of one of Channel 7's own, Jack A. Kelly.

**INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Garrett Byrn, the DA we met earlier, SHOUTING at his ADA's.

WALTER (V.O.)

It was an election year, and the DA, Byrn, needed arrests.

**INT. BOSTON POLICE STATIONS - VARIOUS - NIGHT**

Those same ADA's shouting at various POLICE CHIEFS in their offices. One ADA shouting at our very own Moose.

WALTER (V.O.)  
They were turning up the pressure.

**INT./EXT. VARIOUS BOSTON SEEDY CLUBS - LATE NIGHT**

BOSTON COPS shouting at their STREET CONNECTIONS...in bars, in bathrooms, basements, backrooms...

WALTER (V.O.)  
They hit all their connections. The spots where there was talk. The Pussy Cat Lounge. German Club. Good Time Charlie's. Charlie's Bar. The Pink Squirrel. Looking for rats.

**INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAWN**

Garrett Byrn sits at his desk, he hasn't slept.

WALTER (V.O.)  
But nothing was stirring. Not a mouse. Much less a rat. Nobody knew anything.

CUT TO:

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY**

Reminiscing a beat, Walter grins.

WALTER  
And then he came forward.

The Author sits forward, perking up.

AUTHOR  
Bobby Zachary?

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

**Bobby Zachary**

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Bobby Zachary, the Italian we saw outside Blackfriars on the night of the shooting, sits alone at a steel table. He's sweating heavily, leg shaking, looking at the 2-way mirror, head POUNDING, we hear it, BOOM-BOOM, BOOM-BOOM, BOOM-

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE (PRE-LAP)

Boom.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

On the other side of the mirror, TWO HOMICIDE DETECTIVES stand with DA Garret Byrn and some other SUITS.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
Just got the call out of the blue.  
Guy was in the Charles Street Jail.

GARRETT BYRN  
What was he held on?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 2  
BPD picked him up on a B&E, trying  
to crack a safe in Back Bay.

Byrn eyes Bobby Zachary, he looks twitchy, sweating.

GARRETT BYRN  
He looks like an addict.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
Oh, he's definitely a user.

GARRETT BYRN  
Says he knows who did the murders?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 2  
(prideful)  
He says he can get 'em on tape.

Byrn looks to Detective 2, notices he's posturing for approval...and not giving the slightest.

GARRETT BYRN  
What's he want?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
Don't know, probably drop the B&E.  
Look the other way on the narcotics-

GARRETT BYRN  
Find out and get the tape.

Byrn walks out. The Detectives left feeling less than heroes, nodding at each other, they turn back and eye Bobby Zachary.

**INT. BOSTON POLICE HEADQUARTERS - HOMICIDE - LATER**

Zachary stands with his shirt off as Detectives 1 and 2 TAPE a MASSIVELY CONSPICUOUS RECORDER to his chest.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Way I heard it, they taped him up  
with a Kel-Set.

Zachary puts back on his silk shirt, the bulge still obvious.

He puts on a fancy scarf, his leather jacket. Zachary turns to the side, back to front. The Detectives nod, satisfied.

**INT. UNMARKED DETECTIVE CAR - LATER**

Zachary in the back, Homicide Detectives 1 and 2 up front, all staring at a CROWD filing into Fenway.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 1  
Come on, let's go.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Let's? Oh no. I go alone or I ain't  
going.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 2  
Like hell. It's against procedure.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
(shaking his head, sweaty)  
Ass and his Shadow, man. Ass and  
his Shadow.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE  
What'd you call me?

Zachary twitches, and eyes them a beat. Then leans forward to the front seats, getting familiar...

BOBBY ZACHARY  
A guy wants to cross a desert. So  
he takes an Ass, a donkey, cause he  
can't walk that far, you know.

The Detectives share looks, confused.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
But the guy he gets hot. I mean  
it's a desert, dig? There's no  
shade and he's real hot so he  
dismounts his Ass and cools off in  
its shadow. Ahh nice. Smart right?

Zachary wipes his nose, eyes watering.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
No. Not smart. Ass fell over dead.  
Heat stroke. The guy had to walk  
now. And he dies too, dig?

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 2  
What's this junkie talking?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Get your donkey killed, you ain't  
gettin' what you need anyway. So  
fuck your procedure.

Zachary eyes them, and then abruptly gets out of the car.

The Homicide Detectives share a look, and stay put,  
reluctantly watching Zachary disappear into the crowd.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Zachary claimed he was friends with  
Billy Ierardi from growing up.  
Could get him talking.

CUT TO:

**INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - LATER**

Byrn and his ADA's stand with Zachary and the Detectives.

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE 1  
He got him talking alright.

A hand places a TAPE into a TAPE PLAYER on the desk, plays:

BOBBY ZACHARY (ON TAPE)  
It was you?

VOICE (ON TAPE)  
(with a weird lisp)  
...yeah, me and Italiano. Went in  
there. We thot him. Thot 'em all.

Byrn stops the tape, looks to Bobby Zachary.

GARRETT BYRN  
That's William Ierardi on there?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
None other brother.

The Homicide Detectives posture for praise. Garrett nods, bestows it this time.

GARRETT BYRN  
You boys know what to do.

The Homicide Detectives grin.

*T. Rex's BANG A GONG playing over...*

**EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEXT - EVERETT, MA - NIGHT**

BOSTON SWAT bang down the door.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Arrest warrants were made out.

**INT. APARTMENT COMPLEXT - EVERETT, MA - CONTINUOUS**

Officers race in with shotguns.

WALTER (V.O.)  
For Italiano.

They surprise Italiano in bed, cuff him, slamming him into a pile of cocaine on a mirrored coffee table.

**EXT. SINGLE FAMILY HOME - EAST BOSTON - SAME**

Another SWAT TEAM, Walter in the crowd, BATTERY RAM a door.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And Ierardi. I made sure I went on that one.

**INT. SINGLE FAMILY HOME - EAST BOSTON - CONTINUOUS**

Walter runs into the bedroom upstairs, a PALE TOPLESS WOMAN screaming, as Billy Ierardi climbs out the window, and leaps, Walter aims, and BANG!

**EXT. SINGLE FAMILY HOME - EAST BOSTON - CONTINUOUS**

Billy Ierardi GRUNTS and contorts as he falls to the yard, holding his ass, GROANING.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Shot him in the air. Right in the ass. Kaboom. The guys loved that.

SWAT Officers wave in PARAMEDICS, all LAUGHING.

**INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY**

Garrett Byrn toasts his ADA's, the GLOBE HEADLINE on his desk-  
ARRESTS MADE IN BLACKFRIARS MURDERS. BYRN FAVORED TO WIN.

WALTER (V.O.)

Byrn had his arrests. He was a lock  
for re-election. He was gonna  
defeat Newman Flanagan no problem.

**EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON - DAY**

A COUPLE OF BPD COPS in uniform walking confidently.

WALTER (V.O.)

BPD prestige and honor were  
restored.

LOCALS not really paying any attention to their bravado.

**INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER**

Garrett Byrn and Moose meet with other BRASS.

WALTER (V.O.)

Now everything hung on keeping  
their key witness, Zachary, alive  
for trial to back up that tape.

GARRETT BYRN

They've gotten to guys before. We  
need someone incorruptible.

MOOSE

Yes, sir.

GARRETT BYRN

This is the BPD at stake for  
chrissakes. The prosecutor's  
office. All our heads will roll.  
Now who can we trust?

WALTER (V.O.)

And that's when they called me.

Walter just walks right into the scene, and sits down.

GARRETT BYRN

You understand the situation here,  
Robinson?

WALTER

I think so, sir.

GARRETT BYRN

I don't think you do. They're gonna  
come after the snitch. Try to kill  
him. They will. This is for real.

Byrn eyes Walter. Walter takes the stakes stoically, unafraid-

GARRETT BYRN (CONT'D)

This guy Zachary, he means  
everything to this department. He  
doesn't testify to back up that  
tape, case falls apart. They walk.  
We keep him safe, we keep him  
happy. No matter what.

WALTER

Of course.

GARRETT BYRN

I'm counting on you, son. This  
whole city is.

Walter nods, solemn.

WALTER

I'll protect him.

GARRETT BYRN

Good.

MOOSE

This guy's a tough guy, don't  
worry. You been working out,  
Walter? Want to do a rematch?

WALTER

In front of the DA?

Moose clears his desk. Other COPS coming in, placing bets in  
the bg. Walter sits opposite Moose, and goes over the top.

MOOSE

DAMNIT!

GARRETT BYRN

You got a big future, kid.

**INT. WALTER'S CAR - MOVING - LATER**

Walter drives, as Bobby Zachary sits shotgun, high, and singing along to Fleetwood's *Dreams*, he's pretty good...

BOBBY ZACHARY

(singing)

*Now here you go again. You say, you  
want your freedom. Oooo oooo oooo.  
Well, who am I to keep you down?*

Walter glances at him, annoyed. Zachary seemingly oblivious.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

*It's only right that you should  
play the way you feel it. But-*

Walter turns off the radio.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Hey, this is my time.

WALTER

This is *our* time, buddy.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Thought I did a nice Stevie Nicks.

WALTER

You some kind of impersonator?

Bobby wipes his nose, watery eyes taking Walter in.

**EXT. A CHARMING BRICK HOUSE - QUINCY - LATER**

Walter pulls up to a charming little row house in Quincy.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I'll be right back.

WALTER

Take your time.

Zachary heads into the house.

WALTER (V.O.)

I was told I was taking him to say  
goodbye to somebody, before we got  
out a town for a while to lay low.

**INT. WALTER'S CAR - PARKED - LATER**

Walter reading the paper, he looks up, as Zachary staggers from the house, high out of his mind, waves casually, stumbles over to the car, and gets in.

WALTER

Are you fucking kidding me?

Zachary eyes him a long beat, craning his neck forward to see Walter, and then collapses back, looking out the window as he whirls a finger--*let's go*.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me? I work narcotics, pal.

Zachary doesn't look at Walter, just whirls his finger again.

WALTER (CONT'D)

You don't whirl me *let's go*.

Zachary whirls his finger again, closing his eyes, asleep.

**EXT. PHONE BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER**

Zachary asleep in the back, Walter on the phone.

WALTER

He went and got high.

**INTERCUT WITH: INT. BPD DISTRICT 5 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - SAME**

Moose is lifting a weight at his desk, on the phone.

MOOSE

Relax, I know.

WALTER

You know?

MOOSE

Yeah, we gotta keep this guy happy. The drugs are part of it.

WALTER

I'm not laying down my life for a junkie, Moose.

Moose annoyed, drops the weight. It's very loud.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
What was that?

MOOSE  
Nothing. Look, this comes from on high. You know that.

WALTER  
It's my job to put these guys away.

MOOSE  
Your job's to protect him. Think of it as a leash, way to control the guy. We control his high, we control him.

Walter looks back to Zachary sleeping in the back of his car.

MOOSE (CONT'D)  
Just get him back here, you got a flight to catch.

**EST. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY**

Back in the day. Red and white tail fins of Trans World Airlines all over the tarmac.

**INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DEPARTURES TERMINAL - LATER**

Walter and Zachary walk through the Departures Terminal, up to Moose, who is holding THREE TICKETS...and standing with a GIANT OFFICER--BUTCHY O'NEAL.

MOOSE  
You're going to Sacramento.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Sacramento? Byrn said-

MOOSE  
Sacramento.

WALTER  
Why Sacramento?

MOOSE  
Furthest place from Boston.

WALTER  
This is a real CIA operation. How long we going for?

MOOSE

Not really sure right now. Butchy O'Neal here's going with you. Help you out watching him and stuff.

BOBBY ZACHARY

What the hell? This-this is not what me and Byrn talked about.

Walter looks to Zachary confused. Moose interrupts the moment-

MOOSE

We're flying ya first class, pal. Relax. You're in good hands here.

**INT. TRANS WORLD AIRLINES - IN FLIGHT - LATER**

A BUMPY FLIGHT. Walter and Zachary seated together in First Class. Walter looks out the window. Zachary beside him. Butchy across the aisle, holding a vomit bag.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

**Welcome to Sacramento!**

**EXT. SACRAMENTO - DAY**

Walter, Zachary and Butchy drive into the city.

WALTER (V.O.)

They told me when I got there, I'd go see the Assistant DA, and I'd get my marching orders.

**INT. SACRAMENTO MOTOR INN - LATER**

Butchy collapses on the bed, exhausted from the flight, so big, his feet hang off by half a foot. Zachary pacing.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I don't like this. I don't.  
(parts the hanging blinds)  
This is not what I agreed to.

WALTER

Just relax. Anything you want to eat, drink, don't worry about it.

Walter leaves. And Zachary picks up the HOTEL PHONE.

**EXT. SACRAMENTO SUPERIOR COURT - LATER**

Walter walks up the steps of the courthouse.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 So I go to get my marching orders.  
 See this ADA, Tommy...Can't  
 remember his last name.

**INT. SUPERIOR COURT - DA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter walks into see ADA TOMMY -- the NAMEPLATE on his desk only says "TOMMY."

WALTER  
 How are you, sir? Nice to meet you.

TOMMY THE SACRAMENTO DA  
 I'm gonna be up front with you. Get  
 the fuck out of my city by tonight.  
 I want you gone by tomorrow.

WALTER  
 What?

TOMMY THE SACRAMENTO DA  
 Didn't you talk to your DA? We  
 don't want you here. I got enough  
 problems, I don't want wise guys  
 coming from Boston to kill someone.

WALTER  
 Sorry, are you serious?

SACRAMENTO DA  
 Yeah, I'm serious. Get out of my  
 town by dawn.

CUT TO:

## CHAPTER CARD

**Get the Fuck Out of Sacramento!****INT. SACRAMENTO MOTOR INN - LATER**

Walter on the phone with Moose.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 I get back to the room, call up  
 Moose. This was before portable  
 phones remember.

WALTER

He wants me outta the state. Off  
the West coast.

MOOSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

Really?

WALTER

Yeah really. What do I do now?

MOOSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

I'll call you back.

Walter hangs up. Walter takes in Butchy, snoring...Zachary getting fidgety. The PHONE a moment later. Walter picks up.

MOOSE (O.S.) (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

You're on a flight tonight. We'll  
meet you at Logan.

Walter hangs up. Zachary smiles, satisfied.

**EXT. TRANS WORLD AIRLINES - IN FLIGHT - BLUE SKY**

TWA flies back East towards Boston over the Rockies.

**INT. TRANS WORLD AIRLINES - IN FLIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Walter sits on the plane, annoyed. Zachary's knee shaking, he waves over the FLIGHT ATTENDANT for another coffee.

WALTER

You just had a coffee? What's the  
matter with you?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I'm hurtin', man.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Sir? Can I bring you something?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Coffee. Black. Four sugars.

WALTER

You don't look much like a junkie.

BOBBY ZACHARY

What does that mean?

WALTER

You know, skinny, scrawny. I work with a lot of addicts. You got...good color. You look fit.

The Attendant brings the coffee. Walter watches, disgusted as Zachary opens FOUR SUGAR PACKETS, putting them one by one into his tiny little airplane coffee.

BOBBY ZACHARY

What are you saying, Walter?

WALTER

(not amused)

What are you saying I'm saying?  
Don't smile. Don't smile at me.

**INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - BAGGAGE CLAIM - LATER**

Walter, Butchy, Zachary, Moose and a COUPLE DETECTIVES stand around in a circle in their coats in the baggage claim. RANDOM TRAVELERS collecting their bags behind them.

MOOSE

Give me your guns.

WALTER

Guns? What for?

MOOSE

Well, cause you're going to Bermuda-

WALTER

The hell am I going to Bermuda for?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Alriiight, man. Going to Bermudaaa.

BUTCHY O'NEAL

I can't go to Bermuda.

MOOSE

Well, we can't make you go. That's fine, Butchy.

BOBBY ZACHARY

What? I was supposed to go with the other guy. This wasn't part of the thing. I want the other guy.

WALTER

What thing?

Moose notably responds to Zachary instead of Walter.

MOOSE

Robinson here would lay down his life for you, there's no one who's gonna protect you better.

WALTER

Why no guns?

MOOSE

Bermuda doesn't allow 'em. Police don't even carry guns. Nobody gets a gun through their customs, you just can't do it.

WALTER

I don't have any clothes. I don't have any shaving gear.

Moose hands Walter an ENVELOPE OF CASH.

MOOSE

Buy whatever you need. Now every Friday-

WALTER

Every Friday? How long am I gonna be there for?

MOOSE

We don't know. But every Friday we're gonna send you 500 dollars for you, and 500 dollars for Zachary. Spending money. Come on. You gonna miss your plane.

Walter looks to Zachary, to Moose, and takes out his GUN. Moose wraps up the gun, hands Walter THE TICKETS TO HAMILTON.

CUT TO:

#### CHAPTER CARD

### **Not-So-Wise-Guys**

#### **INT. THE MONTE CARLO RESTAURANT - BOSTON - LATER**

THE BOSS sits obscured in the chiaroscuro light plan of this old school haunt, lit much like the painting hanging on a wall beside--a reproduction of Caravaggio's ominous, almost gratuitous masterpiece: JUDITH BEHEADING HOLOFERNES.

Only The Boss's HAIRY HANDS extend from dark into the light as they pick at a plate of ZITI.

TIGHT: As one hand STABS a tube with a fork, marinara oozes.

BOSS (O.S.)  
Should have been the sixth body.

TWO COSA NOSTRA SOLDIERS in orange FILA 70's track suits, CARMINE MCCLANE and NICO WINTER sit opposite, not eating.

CARMINE MCCLANE  
He was supposed to be.

NICO WINTER  
We'll get him, boss.

They gaze into the unreadable dark. It's unsettling.

BOSS  
Yeah? Where?

NICO WINTER  
We're working on it.

The Boss's hand stabs another piece of ziti, takes it back into his darkness, presumably chewing.

BOSS  
He talks. We all go down. That happens. We don't protect you inside.

Winter and McClane unsure, then realize the meeting is over.

CUT TO:

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY**

The Author pauses the recorder.

AUTHOR  
The boss? What was his name?

WALTER  
(eyes the Author a beat)  
...truth is, I never knew.

AUTHOR  
(just a flash of relief)  
Right. Okay. Sorry. Go on.

The Author starts the recorder again, cassette spinning on.

## CHAPTER CARD

**Bermuda High**

*Electric Light Orchestra's DON'T BRING ME DOWN plays over...*

**EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HAMILTON, BERMUDA - DAY**

A TWA plane glides in low over turquoise waters, and touches down on the runway to paradise.

**EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter and Zachary step onto the disembarking stairs in sweaters, holding heavy coats...squinting as the sun hits.

BOBBY ZACHARY

...I dig.

**INT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - LATER**

Walter and Zachary watch as BERMUDA CUSTOMS open their bags, unrolling shirts, checking shoes, under the foot pads, incredibly thorough...and incredibly slow. The guys sweating.

**EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HAMILTON, BERMUDA**

Walter and Zachary exit CUSTOMS into a portico area to be greeted by THE BERMUDA POLICE.

Walter eyes them in their custodian British police hats, navy Bermuda shorts, and knee socks, very tan, walking up.

CARL ROSE

Welcome!

CARL ROSE, their Bermuda Police Liaison extends a cheery hand-

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)

(proper British accent)

Carl Rose. Bermuda Police. I'll be your local liaison.

WALTER

Hey, how you doing?

Zachary just nods.

**EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

Carl Rose leads them to his POLICE VEHICLE, very excited.

CARL ROSE

They didn't tell us what's going on. It's all been quite hush hush on our end.

Walter and Zachary follow him through the sunny car park.

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)

I suppose it would be inappropriate for me to ask, wouldn't it?

WALTER

Yeah.

CARL ROSE

Right. I won't ask then.

(beat)

It's still very cool. Gives us a chance to feel like regular double O sevens. The boys and I, we don't see a lot of action.

Zachary eyes a SEXY WOMAN walking past in a wrap.

ZACHARY

Looks to be plenty of action.

Rose grins a mouthful of poorly cared for British teeth.

CARL ROSE

That's hound chow, chap. Wait til you see the beach.

WALTER

We're laying low.

Rose opens the POLICE VAN DOOR for them.

CARL ROSE

Everywhere is low. It's Bermuda.

**EST. THE CASTLE HARBOR HOTEL - BERMUDA - LATER**

Red tile roof, 10 floors of shining white luxury, Bermuda's finest, looking out over the blue green harbor, yachts afloat-

CARL ROSE (O.S.)

Welcome to the Castle Harbor.

**INT. THE CASTLE HARBOR HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Carl Rose escorts Walter and Zachary in through the grand lobby. Walter looking around, in awe. Zachary more collected.

Carl Rose hits the elevator button.

CARL ROSE  
Booked you the Humperdinck.

WALTER  
The what?

*E. Humperdinck's CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF OF YOU plays over...*

**INT. THE ENGELBERT HUMPERDINK SUITE - MOMENTS LATER**

A door being opened by Rose, we STEADY CAM into the most ridiculous hotel room you can imagine...

A portrait of ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK, mustache and fake tan, in a weird red suit hangs opposite the entrance.

CARL ROSE  
Two balconies. Sunrise and sunset.

STATIC SHOTS OF: TWO BALCONIES.

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)  
Three bedrooms.

STATIC SHOTS OF: THREE BEDROOMS.

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)  
Kitchen and full bar.

STATIC SHOT OF: WALTER POURING HIMSELF A RUM.

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)  
Top of the line sound system.  
(beat)  
They call it surround sound. Brand new turn table.

HUMPERDINCK'S RECORD is actually spinning...Zachary pulls the needle up, and the music cuts.

WALTER (O.S.)  
The bed's messed up.

**INT. THE ENGELBERT HUMPERDINK SUITE - MASTER BEDROOM**

Rose and Zachary step in to see Walter kick the bed, and watch it ripple and jostle.

CARL ROSE

Water bed. What do they say? Two things are better on a water bed. One of them is sex.

(beat)

Wait. I messed up the line. One of them is sleep.

Walter and Zachary just staring.

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)

Alright, well, I'll let you get settled. If you need anything at all, don't hesitate to ring.

WALTER

Thanks a lot.

Carl Rose shows himself out. Leaving Walter and Zachary.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What room you want?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Guess I dig this one.

WALTER

All yours. Hungry?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Not really.

WALTER

Fine. I'm gonna go get something.

Zachary looks around, runs his hand through his hair. A beat.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Look, man. I know you don't like it, but I gotta get a fix here. Boston talked to Bermuda PD on this. They got a lot of dealers here. It was part of my deal.

WALTER

You make your deals with me.

Walter walks out of the bedroom. Zachary follows.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I'm hurting, man. You dig? I can't just...One of Rose's guys told me there's guys down on Front Street.

WALTER

No way am I taking you to buy.

BOBBY ZACHARY

It's Bermuda, man. Chill. Alright, just be chill. Bermuda High, baby.

Walter ignores him, opening the ROOM SERVICE MENU.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

You want to take me to the hospital then? Cause that's where I'm at right now, man, I-

Zachary sits. Stands. Sits. Stands. Sniffs... Sits. Stands.

WALTER

Christ. Alright. Get out of here.

Zachary wipes his watering eyes, nods, and goes.

WALTER (V.O.)

Honestly, I wanted some time free from the prick. I figured it was safe. It was...at that time.

**EST. FRONT STREET - HAMILTON - DAY**

The center of night life and seedy activity on the island -- it's still picturesque, full of TOURISTS, but you can pick out a few JUNKIES and LADIES OF THE NIGHT in the hoi polloi.

**EXT. FRONT STREET - SAME**

Bobby Zachary steps out of a store in a NEW WHITE PEAK-LAPEL SUIT, and GREEN FERRAGAMO DRIVING LOAFERS, BELT to match.

He starts down the street, confident, strutting.

Zachary looks around, his intelligent eyes flashing, finds...

A MAN IN A PANAMA HAT with a small mustache leaning against a PINK BUILDING.

The Man in the Panama Hat holds eye contact, and then turns, and goes into the pink building. Zachary heads over to the building, and disappears inside.

**INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - VARIOUS - SAME**

Walter inspects the bar, restless. Sits on one balcony. Then the other balcony.

Walter lies on Zachary's water bed, wiggles briefly, the bed starts to roll, he stops, letting it roll him.

Walter checks his watch, picks up the phone, dials ROSE.

WALTER

Rose?

CARL ROSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

Walter. How are you settling in?

WALTER

He's been down on Front Street for an hour. You know about the drugs?

A SILENCE over the phone.

CARL ROSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

Boston said to look the other way.

WALTER

I'm not so comfortable with that.

CARL ROSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

It's nothing to worry about. Long as he doesn't overdose.

(LAUGHS)

It's mostly middlemen here, moving product through. Not a rough scene at all. Really. You should go out, enjoy yourself.

(beat)

Do you golf?

WALTER

It's my job to look after him.

CARL ROSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

Mate, thousand miles of ocean on every side'll take care of that.

Walter stares out at the ocean, torn.

**EXT. CASTLE HARBOR GOLF COURSE - LATER**

Walter walks up to the first hole with his rental clubs and red Bermuda shorts bought from the pro shop. His muscular thighs very pale.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Mind if I join?

Walter turns, takes in an icon in the flesh--FRANKIE AVALON.  
Walter looks over his shoulder. Avalon is talking to him?

WALTER (V.O.)  
Frankie Avalon. It was Frankie  
Avalon!

**EXT. THE FIRST TEE - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter and Frankie walk up to the tee...Walter keeps eyeing  
Frankie out of the corner of his eye, not saying anything.

FRANKIE AVALON  
You wanna go ahead?

WALTER  
You're Frankie Avalon, aren't you?

FRANKIE AVALON  
Yeah.

WALTER  
I knew it. I am a HUGE fan.

FRANKIE AVALON  
No kidding.

WALTER  
Frankie Avalon, just out on the  
links. Wait til they hear.

FRANKIE AVALON  
So I'll go first then?

WALTER  
Oh please. Absolutely, Mr. Avalon.

Frankie tees up his ball, and hits a mediocre drive.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Hoah! Better golfer than a singer!

Walter tees up, stretches a bit with his club, and SLICES the  
shit out of the ball. Avalon clears his throat.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Feel like I'm golfin' for the queen  
here. Mind if I take a mulligan?

FRANKIE AVALON  
I'd prefer you not.

WALTER  
Oh...I can't tell if you're joking.

FRANKIE AVALON  
No mulligans in life. Why should  
there be in golf?

WALTER  
Good point. I respect that.

**EXT. CASTLE HARBOR GOLF COURSE - HOLE 3 - LATER**

Walter hits from a trap, SPRAYS sand. The wind sends it right  
in Avalon's face. Walter turns back, unaware.

WALTER  
On the green, baby.

TIME CUT TO:

Avalon holds the flag for Walter on a putt. Walter makes it,  
high-fives Frankie Avalon.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
YES!

WALTER (V.O.)  
I was just high-fiving him and  
everything. Like old buddies. I  
started to realize what kind of  
place I was in. A magical one.  
Where anything could happen.

WALTER  
You playing any shows down here or  
anything?

FRANKIE AVALON  
Just one at The Empire Room. Not  
really a big deal.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Guy was offering me a table,  
tickets, the whole thing.

WALTER  
Think you could you get me a table?

FRANKIE AVALON  
...sure.

**INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - LATER**

Walter walks into the suite, amped.

WALTER

You'll never believe who I just-

Walter looks around. Zachary is still gone.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What the...?

Walter grabs the phone, dials...Moose.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Moose, this is craziness.

MOOSE (O.S.) (FILTERED)

It's Bermuda. He'll be fine. Just let him do his thing. This was the deal. You stay out of Zachary's face. It's how he wants it. He's not going anywhere. Just enjoy.

The line goes dead.

**INT. THE EMPIRE CLUB - NIGHT**

Walter at his table--sitting on a plush, ocean blue bench with a massive SEASHELL back...he sips a Dark N'Stormy.

The MAITRE'D approaches with a SULTRY RED HEAD in a onesy split neck to navel in a wide V of tan flesh.

MAITRE'D

Captain Rose wanted me to introduce you to a dinner companion.

She sits beside Walter, and the Maitre'd steps back to reveal a sight line to Carl Rose, in a jacket, shorts and knee socks (Bermuda Formal). He toasts Walter from the bar, grinning.

SULTRY RED HEAD

So Captain Rose tells me you're a private detective on vacation?

WALTER (V.O.)

So I go to this broad-

CUT TO:

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY**

The Author, getting impatient, interrupts his subject.

AUTHOR  
Let's move things along.

WALTER  
Oh. I thought you wanted color and stuff? You said details.

AUTHOR  
The details are great, but Zachary, let's stay with him. Zachary.

Walter considers the Author, checks his watch.

WALTER  
Okay. Well what happened next with him was so weird. Should have been a sign to me now, looking back.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE EMPIRE CLUB - NIGHT**

WALTER (V.O.)  
My pal Frankie Avalon, he came on stage.

Frankie Avalon at the mic...Walter leans to his Red Head.

WALTER  
I golfed with him today.

The Red Head smiles, impressed.

FRANKIE AVALON  
Ladies and gentlemen. There are a couple people I want to acknowledge in the audience tonight. First of all, I want to introduce, a special guest, very special guest, the lead guitar player from the group Boston-

The crowd BUZZES. Even Walter cranes his neck, looking around-

FRANKIE AVALON (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, Bobby Zachary!

A SPOTLIGHT lights up Bobby Zachary, who stands, waving.

WALTER  
What the fuck?

Walter takes in Zachary, in a gaudy white panama suit.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
You gotta be shitting me.

SULTRY RED HEAD  
What's the matter?

WALTER  
(covering)  
Nothing. Nothing. Just shocked to see a Boston band member here.

SULTRY RED HEAD  
I know, it's so cool right.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Everyone knows the band, but no one knows the guitarist's name. They all believed it. I mean, who's gonna look that up?

FRANKIE AVALON  
Can we get you to come up and play a number with us?

Bobby Zachary politely demurs, sitting at his own SHELL TABLE between TWO GORGEOUS WOMEN.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And Zachary was sitting with two broads. One was pretty. Tan, with a long white dress. But the other. Oh man. The other was a knockout. Classy. Dressed to the nines. White halter, the whole thing. Hoah.

Walter stares at this BLONDE as Avalon starts his VENUS...

WALTER  
With a fucking junkie.

SULTRY RED HEAD  
What?

Walter eyes narrow, he looks back over at Zachary, furious.

**INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - LATE NIGHT**

Walter sits in the dark, nursing a glass of Rum, the better part of his way through a bottle of Gosling's.

And the door opens...Bobby Zachary walks in with the women, LAUGHING. They don't see Walter in the dark.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
It's a water bed.

WOMAN 1  
Oooo. You know they say there are two things that are better on a water bed.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Think I heard that somewhere.

A lascivious giggle, Zachary starts making out with the Brunette as the Blonde Walter had his eye on goes for the bar-

And Walter leaps out, grabbing Zachary off the Brunette.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
AHHHH!

WOMEN  
Oh my god!/Bobby?!

Walter SLAMS him into the wall.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
(relieved)  
It's you?!

WALTER  
Yeah, it's me. Who you expect? I got a mind to break your fucking head. You're supposed to be laying low. The lead guitar player from Boston?

Zachary pushes Walter off.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Don't push me, man.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
You're drunk.

WALTER  
Drunk? You're high.

Zachary just looks at Walter. And Walter pushes Zachary, who is surprisingly quick, and gets Walter in a headlock, Walter drives his legs...they slam into a TABLE, knock over a VASE.

And hit the floor as it SHATTERS, start rolling, GRUNTING.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Get...someone.

The Women run out.

WALTER

You think you can just prance around? While you got guys putting their lives on the line? You think this is a joke!? You junky piece of shit. People are dead! I'm not dying for you!

BOBBY ZACHARY

Get off a' me!

Carl Rose runs in with a couple of his Bermuda PD guys, all in jackets and shorts and knee socks. They take in the scrum, and start LAUGHING.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Get him off me.

Carl grabs Walter, a couple of his guys have to help, and they drag the two apart. Somebody finds the LIGHTS.

REVEAL: The living room is wrecked. Zachary pacing, his suit jacket torn. Walter is red, a mess, his head bleeding.

CARL ROSE

You two are a couple of wild chaps then, aren't you?

WALTER

(spits blood)

Fuck.

Rose tosses Walter a chunk of ICE from the bar. Walter holds it to his mouth.

WALTER (CONT'D)

He blew our goddamn cover. *Boston?!*

CARL ROSE

(fixing himself a G&T)

Just band troubles. Nothing the Castle Harbor hasn't seen before.

(MORE)

CARL ROSE (CONT'D)  
 Humperdinck once tried to castrate  
 Manilow on that very couch.

BERMUDA POLICE GUY  
 Really?

CARL ROSE  
 No, Clive.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 Manilow was castrated at birth.

A beat. Carl Rose starts GIGGLING. They all start CHUCKLING.

CARL ROSE  
 This guy's a laugh. Can't you just  
 enjoy him?

WALTER  
 While he's blowing our cover?!

CARL ROSE  
 Cover's in tact. I told the girls  
 you were the drummer.

WALTER  
 You think this is funny?

CARL ROSE  
 No. No, come on, boys. Let's go.

They exit, stifling LAUGHS. Leaving Walter and Zachary alone.  
 A long, tense beat, the two men eyeing each other.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 Why you care so much about me, man?

WALTER  
 I care about Jack Kelly. I care  
 about this trial.

Walter spits more blood, dabs his cut lip with the ice again.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 You? I hope they find you in an  
 alley soon as this shit blows over.  
 But until then, you're the asshole  
 who can put the bastards who blew a  
 good man away. We're going back to  
 Boston to start deposing you, and I  
 swear to god, I'm bringing you back  
 here over my dead body.

OFF Zachary's look.

**EXT. ISLAND OF BERMUDA - SUNRISE**

Dawn's rosy fingers reach up from the watery horizon as a TWA flight jets back West for New England.

**INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - LATER**

Walter passes through CUSTOMS AGENTS, Zachary, following with a SMALL DUFFLE, sweating. Moose waiting on the other side.

MOOSE

You're late. Grand Jury's waiting.

**EXT. SUFFOLK COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT - BOSTON - DAY**

The large gray blocks of the house of justice stand quietly.

**INT. CHAMBER OF THE GRAND JURY - DEPOSITION ROOM 3 - DAY**

Zachary gives testimony before DA Garrett Byrn, STAFF, and THE GRAND JURY, its 23 serving members listening intently.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I knew Ierardi from growing up. Our fathers managed some books together-

GARRETT BYRN

Can you lay out again why Ierardi was willing to speak with you?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I told 'em I was hearing things. Rumors, that Solmonte's boys were looking to get even. I made it out that I was warning him.

A GRAND JUROR, Cambridge-type in tweed, raises their hand.

GARRETT BYRN

You can just ask the question, you don't need to raise your hand.

GRAND JUROR

Okay sorry. So that's when Ierardi confirmed he did the killings, when you were warning him?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I mean we were just chatting. I said, you know, shit Billy, there's people out there, looking to do you harm. You know what about, right?

Byrn interrupts.

GARRETT BYRN

And that's when we got this.

Byrn's Assistant plays the TAPE AGAIN:

VOICE (ON TAPE)

(with a weird lisp)

...yeah, me and Italiano. Went in there. We thot him. Thot 'em all. We can handle Solmonte's people.

Byrn stops the tape.

GRAND JUROR

People?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Yeah, Solmonte's got a couple sons. Rough fellas.

A SECOND GRAND JUROR raises his hand.

SECOND GRAND JUROR

Mr. Zachary, we understand you're an addict?

Byrn looks to his Staff, shifting uncomfortably.

BOBBY ZACHARY

That's correct. I have an addiction I am currently managing.

SECOND GRAND JUROR

I respect that. God be with you on your journey. But is there a reliability issue there?

A long, tense beat.

THIRD GRAND JUROR

Were you on drugs when you met with Ierardi?

BOBBY ZACHARY

No, ma'am.  
 (winks)  
 Neither was the tape.

The Jury CHUCKLES, charmed. Byrn relieved, smiles at Zachary.

**INT. SUFFOLK SUPERIOR COURT - OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER - SAME**

Walter in a heated conversation with Moose.

WALTER

I didn't sign up for this, alright.  
 This guy's a true piece a' shit.  
 Put him in Bermuda jail, he can sit  
 on his ass until we go to trial, or  
 get someone else, you hear me-

MOOSE

No you hear *ME*.

A COUPLE OF PASSERSBY look over, Moose lowers his voice.

MOOSE (CONT'D)

This guy means everything now. He  
 talked to Byrn. You keep  
 antagonizing him, we are gonna  
 bring you back here, and put you on  
 traffic for the rest of your  
 miserable fucking career! Clear?!

Walter speechless, looks up as Zachary exits with Byrn, who  
 is patting him on the back. Zachary sees Walter, and smiles.

**EXT. SUFFOLK COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT - BOSTON - LATER**

Walter, silent and pissed, loads Zachary into Moose's car.  
 They pull off. And a MAROON OLDS' pulls out after them.

REVEAL: Nico Winter and Carmine McClane at the wheel.

**EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DROP-OFF AREA - LATER**

Moose fighting through the drop-off traffic, it's a mess.

**INT. MAROON OLDMOBILE - CONTINUOUS**

McClane trying to follow, the airport is insane.

NICO WINTER  
Stay closer.

CARMINE MCCLANE  
You wanna fuckin' drive?

NICO WINTER  
I hate the airport.  
(sees them pull over)  
There. Get me closer.

Carmine is cut off by a GIANT BUS.

CARMINE MCCLANE  
Fuck.

Nico just jumps out, starts walking, HORNS blaring.

CARMINE MCCLANE (CONT'D)  
Draw enough attention?

**INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - MOMENTS LATER**

Nico spots Zachary and Walter in the SECURITY LINE.

He gets in line himself...unseen, 20 bodies back. And notices...a GUY sent back through the metal detector.

Nico looks down at a HAND GUN he has stuffed into his belt.

Walter and Zachary disappear through security. Nico watches.

**EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - LATER**

Nico gets back in the car with McClane.

NICO WINTER  
I lost 'em.  
(off McClane's look)  
Piece. Couldn't get through the  
detector.

CARMINE MCCLANE  
Why'd you take your fucking gun?

NICO WINTER  
I don't know. I wasn't thinking.

CARMINE MCCLANE  
Throw it away, it's a gun. You can  
get another. Jesus.

NICO WINTER  
Just throw away my gun?

CARMINE MCCLANE  
Well, yeah. You fucking lost 'em.

Nico and McClane stare out their windshield a beat as it starts to sleet. McClane pulls into the awful traffic.

CUT TO:

**INT. TRANS WORLD AIRLINES - FIRST CLASS - LATER**

Zachary and Walter sitting in the first row, tense, quiet. Zachary looks to Walter, looks away. Looks at him again.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
What's the eagle for?

Walter looks down at the EAGLE TATTOO on his forearm.

WALTER  
United States of America. What's wrong with you?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
I don't know. Maybe you just like eagles?

WALTER  
Just like eagles?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Yeah, maybe you're a fucking ornithologist. I don't know what.

WALTER  
I'm a patriot.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Hey I love this country too, man.

WALTER  
I'm sure you do.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Serious. I was in Nam.

Walter puts down his drink, turns to Bobby.

WALTER  
Bullshit.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
42nd Airborne. Two tours.

WALTER  
You bulling me right now?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
I would not lie to you, Walter.

Walter studies Zachary.

WALTER  
Navy. '68 to '72.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
You got the seaman's look.  
(off Walter's stare)  
What?

WALTER  
Nothing...Airborne was hardcore.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Yeah. It put things in perspective.

Walter sips his drink, looks back to Zachary, taking in this surprising info about his ward.

CUT TO:

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY**

Walter stares off into the factory, reflecting a beat.

WALTER  
I took my job serious. Got stabbed once. I got shot. Run over. Had my nose broken twice. Lost teeth in fist fights. I was a good cop.

The Author listens to Walter wax on with his head in his hands, watching the cassette spin.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
I really was. That's why they chose me, out of 4,000 cops on the job, they picked me.  
(beat)  
I didn't care what Moose said.

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT STREET - BERMUDA - DAY**

WALTER (V.O.)

I followed him next time he went to go get a fix. Thinking if shit hit or he tries any more of his antics, I'd be there to nip it in the bud.

Walter keeps his eye on Zachary as he reaches that Pink Building, following the Man With the Panama Hat inside.

AUTHOR (V.O.)

This's when Carmine and Nico come in?

WALTER (V.O.)

Not yet, this was before. This was the business thing.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

**The Business Thing****EXT. SIDE OF THE PINK BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter creeps up a narrow alley beside the building, stepping over stray chickens picking at mango rinds.

He looks up to a window, well above his head. He puts his feet on either side of the walls of the alley, and starts using opposing pressure to shimmy his way up to a view.

Walter braces himself, between the walls, up about six feet.

WALTER (V.O.)

I'm expecting to see this guy sticking himself, I don't know what, junkie shit...but I look in.

Walter flexes his legs tighter, bracing as he leans into look-

WALTER (V.O.)

And Zachary's in there with a bunch of black chicks.

CUT TO:

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY**

AUTHOR  
What?

WALTER  
A bunch of Bermuda girls.

AUTHOR  
Orgy?

WALTER  
Shorts.

AUTHOR  
Sorry?

CUT TO:

**INT. PINK BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

Zachary and the Bermudan Women are folding and loading STACKS OF COLORFUL SHORTS into big duffels.

WALTER  
(from the window)  
What the...

Walter's shoes lose grip on the walls.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Shit!

He crashes down, SMASHING into a TIN TRASH BIN with a BOOM.  
Zachary and the Women look over at the sound. Zachary rises.

**EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER**

Zachary steps into the alley to find Walter limping off.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Walter?

Walter freezes, slowly turns. Zachary looks tense, nervous.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing out here?

WALTER  
...think the question's what the  
hell are you doing in there?

BOBBY ZACHARY

What?

WALTER

Don't diddle me. I saw. You're loading a bunch of shorts into bags with those black chicks.

Zachary smiles, relaxing, raises his hands all innocent.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You got me. Come on, I'll show you.

WALTER

(surprised, then)  
Yes you will.

Walter starts limping over.

**INT. PINK BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter and Zachary stand in the space, rows of garment bags, boxes of various apparel. The women folding the shorts. Walter starts sorting through the pastel cottons, confused.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Bermuda Shorts. The real deal, from Bermuda. Feel the breeze on your legs like you're on the island. I got a guy here, charges me two dollars a pair!

WALTER

...so?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I got a guy in Boston pays 12.

Off Walter's non-reaction.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

That's a 600% mark-up. Easy money.

WALTER

They're giving us money.

BOBBY ZACHARY

They give us a nice allowance. This is daddy money.

WALTER

You need money?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Who doesn't?

WALTER  
I'm serious.

A beat. Zachary considers opening up, sniffs, wipes his eyes.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
We're gonna go to trial eventually,  
man. Then what?

WALTER  
I don't know. You go back to doing  
whatever the bum fuck you did.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
I can't do the same old. Not after  
the trial. Not in Boston. Never.  
This's my getaway grubstake.

WALTER  
You can't be operating a business  
in witness protection. The band  
thing was some bullshit they put up  
with, but this, you can't do this.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
I don't mean to offend you, Walter,  
but you don't tell me what to do.

Walter looks from the shorts to Zachary.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
We been beating around it, cause I  
didn't want to hurt your feelings,  
but cards on the table: The table  
turned a while back.

Walter eyes him, angry, humiliated. A tense silence.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
Why don't you girls take a break? I  
can finish here.

The women rise, heading out. Zachary sits at the table,  
covered in a bunch of half-eaten Chinese take-out.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
Stop looking all angry. Sit down.  
Try some moo shoo. It's better cold-

Walter just stares at Zachary.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
How's your ankle? You need ice?

WALTER  
I don't need any ice.

Walter limps to the seat, pulls it back, and drops into it.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Don't be upset, man. This is all good. Second you get your hand out of my ass, I'll stop bein' a pain in yours. You dig?

Walter reaches for an egg roll, soy sauces it, chewing.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
You're too uptight. Live a little, you know. You know how many cops in Boston'd trade their left nut to be in your thongs?

Walter says nothing, just chewing.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
You can do whatever you feel like. I'm not gonna tell nobody.

WALTER  
I don't need your permission to do anything down here, alright. I may not control you, pal, but you sure as shit don't control me.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Okay. I'm just tellin' you how things work. You're by the book, I get it. But you're missin' out.

Zachary bites into his own egg roll.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
You could help. Getting through customs. We could be partners.

WALTER  
I don't make partners of snitches.

Zachary smiles.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
You know what a confidence game is?

Zachary chewing, mouth full.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

It's where we get the phrase con man. Thing is, it's not just a game, it's the way life works.

WALTER

Not the way my life works.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Why not?

WALTER

I like the truth.

Zachary LAUGHS, lights a cigarette, inhales, exhales.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I prefer the untruth. It gets a bad rap. Funny. You'd think lies could tell better fibs about themselves.

WALTER

What?

BOBBY ZACHARY

A lot of people, they think deception, it can only be bad.

WALTER

Awful philosophical for a junkie.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Mmm. Drugs open the mother wit, daddy-o. Take The Mechanical Turk.

WALTER

The what?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Little over 200 years ago, guy makes this machine--Mechanical Turk, claimed that this Turkish robot could beat anyone in chess. And he did. Robot was undefeated. Everyone, they all went mad. Couldn't figure it out. It was just...too good to be true. Light years ahead of where mechanics and that shit was.

(beat)

And they were right.

Zachary ashes his cigarette.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

There was a little midget inside  
The Mechanical Turk, who was really  
good at chess. You dig?

WALTER

Not really.

BOBBY ZACHARY

That's not even the interesting  
part. See, everyone believed it at  
the time. They believed this guy  
had invented this amazing machine.  
And a guy name Cartwright heard  
about this Turkish chess robot.

Zachary takes a final drag, stubbing out his cigarette.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

And he thought...well if someone  
can make a robot smart enough to  
play chess, I can make a mechanical  
loom. And he did. He went out and  
did it. A lie, a hoax, it motivated  
someone to build something that  
changed the world.

(beat)

Sometimes a little untruth...can do  
a lot a good.

Zachary opens his fortune cookie, and tosses one to Walter.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

So get your head out of your ass  
and open your eyes to the  
possibilities down here, huh?

Walter looks down, opens his cookie...reads his FORTUNE.

WALTER (V.O.)

Wish I could tell you I got some  
fortune that really summed all that  
up. I remember at the time thinking  
it'd be cool if I got something,  
you know, to do with all the stuff  
he was saying, inspirational.

TIGHT ON THE FORTUNE: A GOOD WAY TO KEEP HEALTHY IS TO EAT  
MORE CHINESE FOOD.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Come on, got some people I want you  
to meet.

**EXT. A.S. COOPER AND SONS LIMITED - LATER**

Walter follows Zachary between mahogany columns accenting grand white windows, into the jewel of Bermuda's Menswear.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I didn't realize, but he had me. He was reeling me in like a Rock Fish.

**INT. A.S. COOPER AND SONS LIMITED - CONTINUOUS**

The jingle of the door bell announces their entrance, and a WOMAN looks up from the register.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Allow me to introduce Penelope.

She shakes Walter's hand.

PENNY  
Call me Penny.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And Gwen.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
And Gwen.

Gwen steps out from a row of men's seersucker jackets. She and Walter lock eyes.

WALTER (V.O.)  
This Gwen...there was a lot of temptation over the years. Even in Boston. Women throwing themselves at you, in uniform. I've had my share of playing around with the girls. But she was different. She was the bait.

Gwen offers her hand.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And I took it.

Walter takes it.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Hook, line and sinker.

WALTER  
Have we met?

GWEN

Well, not formally. The night you two had your...disagreement.

WALTER

Oh. Oh right. Of course. You were wearing that halter?

GWEN

...I'm not sure, maybe?

BOBBY ZACHARY

See? The man's got an eye for fashion. I'm bringing Walter into the Bermudas.

WALTER

We didn't agree to anything.

GWEN

You think you can help?

Zachary and Penny share a look.

WALTER

Sorry, you two, you're in on this shorts thing?

GWEN

Penny introduced Bobby to the supplier at the store here.

WALTER

You don't sound like you're from Bermuda.

GWEN

I'm from Boston actually. I didn't want to be lame, cause of the band thing, and mention it, but-

WALTER

No. That's not lame. That's awesome. What part?

GWEN

Quincy.

WALTER

No kidding! I'm from Charlestown.

GWEN

Half my family's from Charlestown. What block?

WALTER  
Like Warren and Pleasant.

GWEN  
My uncle lived on Warren and  
Cordis.

WALTER  
That's two blocks. That's crazy.

GWEN  
Nuts.

Their eye contact lingers.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
I explained we wanted to make a  
little easy cash. All the music  
guys are diversifying right now.

PENNY  
Bobby was saying if you're not the  
front man, they just screw you.

Walter eyes Zachary, then Gwen looking at him.

WALTER  
Yeah. They really fuck ya.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
I thought our drummer here, he  
could help us move more shorts  
through customs. What do you say?

Walter eyes Zachary, looks to Gwen.

WALTER  
I'll think it over.

An awkward beat.

PENNY  
Hey, you guys busy this afternoon?

GWEN  
Oh yeah, we rented a boat. We're  
going water skiing. Do you water  
ski?!

WALTER  
Not really, but-

Zachary looks to Penny, Gwen...and Walter.

WALTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I don't know about this!

**EXT. OCEAN - DAY**

Zachary at the wheel of a SPEED BOAT in the harbor. Penelope smoking a cigarette and drinking a cocktail.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
You'll be fine.

REVEAL: In the water behind the boat, TWO BIG FAT SKI TIPS protrude from the water, attached to Walter's feet.

WALTER  
(tipping and bobbing)  
Hard to stay up right here.

GWEN  
I'll hold you steady.

Gwen treading water beside Walter, she steadies him.

WALTER  
So how long you down here for?

GWEN  
Guess until Penny gets sick of me.

WALTER  
I don't see anyone getting sick of you.

Gwen blushes. Walter eyes her. She giggles.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
What?

GWEN  
Nothing.

WALTER  
No, what is it?

GWEN  
I bet being in a band, girls just throw themselves at you all the time?

Walter fights a shit-eating grin hard as he can...loses.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I fell like a log.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Here we go, ready?

Zachary floors the boat, Walter pulls up, and over with a SPLASH, gets dragged brutally as he refuses to let go. Zachary stops. Walter comes up sputtering. Gwen LAUGHING.

WALTER

What are you laughing at?

GWEN

If you fall, just let it go.

TIME CUT TO:

Walter floating again before the triangle grip.

GWEN (CONT'D)

You got to just let it pull you along. Just lean into it. Don't fight it. Let it guide you.

Walter eyes Gwen, taking in those poignant words.

WALTER

Just let it pull me along?

GWEN

Yeah. Just let it pull you along. It's an amazing feeling when you let go, and just feel it.

Walter smiles, nods.

GWEN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get back in the boat. You steady?

Walter shakes his hips, turns his ski tips to right and left.

WALTER

Yeah, I'm under control.

GWEN

Good. But don't be too under control. You gotta let it take you.

WALTER

Let it take me. Got it.

Gwen swims to the boat, and Penny helps her aboard.

BOBBY ZACHARY

He doing okay?

GWEN

Yeah. He's actually really sweet.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I agree. Surprisingly cool.

PENNY

Think he's okay?

Zachary looks to Walter, gives him an A-OKAY signal.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You good?

WALTER

A-okay.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Think he's A-okay.

Zachary gases the engines, and the wake kicks up. Walter holds tight, his skis making their own wakes as he holds. And lifts from the water, he's bent over...gonna lose it.

GWEN

Ohhh, he's going over.

But Walter saves it, leaning back, leaning into it.

TIGHT ON: Walter's face, grinning ear to ear, as he walks on water for the first time, shooting across the harbor.

WALTER

WOOOOO!

Johann Strauss' *ON THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE* rises gently...

As Zachary begins to make a turn, Walter follows, letting his skis cut diamond drops off the ocean as they spray and turn.

Gwen gives him a thumbs up. Walter grinning, following the boat back across the harbor beneath the golden sun.

SHOTS OF: Walter's ski tips moving in parallel time, Walter looking around at the world passing him by gently, Walter figure-eighting, out of the wake, in, across, out, in...

GWEN

He's a natural.

Back on Walter's smiling face.

WALTER

I'm a natural.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I was a natural.

We ZOOM OUT as the boat continues, Walter following its every move just behind in time, like a watery, cosmic dance.

CUT TO:

**INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - LATER**

Zachary and Walter packing their suitcases.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
She's a sweet girl, huh?

WALTER  
My god. Classy too. Can't believe they called us back to Boston again, I mean the timing. Kazoo.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
She's not goin' anywhere.

WALTER  
Grand Jury can wait for a piece a tail like that.

Zachary LAUGHS.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Look, you got any cash?

WALTER  
What?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Cash. Whatever you got. I'm bringing in more shorts this trip.

Walter hesitates.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
I know Gwen and Penny would appreciate the extra business. I give 'em a cut.

Walter takes out his wad of cash, counts it.

WALTER  
That's a thousand. I want that back. And you tell Penny to say good things about me to Gwen.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
No need. She already likes you.

WALTER  
Did Penny say something?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
No.

WALTER  
Then how you know?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Look at you. Course she does.

Walter smiles, flattered.

WALTER  
Thanks.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
You're welcome, buddy. I'm gonna  
need you to carry this.

Zachary grabs a GIANT DUFFEL from under his bed, full of  
Bermuda Shorts, a rainbow of colors. He zips it up.

**EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY**

Zachary, carrying a big duffel, and Walter, with his own  
giant case, are whisked through customs as Walter FLASHES HIS  
BADGE, and greeted by Moose on the other side.

MOOSE  
You got some sun.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Guy's been in Bermuda, what do you  
want him to do?

Walter smiles to Zachary, nods, appreciating the support.

MOOSE  
You guys have chummed up, huh?

**EXT. SUFFOLK COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT - LATER**

Zachary exits the deposition. Walter waiting, smoking.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
It's fucking freezin' out here.

WALTER  
Gonna get a lot colder.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Not for us.

Zachary takes out a THICK WAD OF CASH.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
That's for you.

Walter pockets it fast, looks around, up at the courthouse.

WALTER  
What are you giving it to me here  
for? You crazy?  
(beat)  
How much money is in my pocket?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Ten grand.

WALTER  
Ten grand!? Jesus.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Guy went up to 20 a pair for the  
cornflower blue. Loved it.

WALTER  
I didn't even...how'd you move 'em?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Got a friend here, a clerk. He  
handles the back and forth.

WALTER  
That easy?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Could be 50 grand in your pocket if  
you help me out. With you signing,  
we can start shipping too.

A beat. Walter processing that.

WALTER  
That's more than I see in a year.

Walter looking down, a little ashamed.

WALTER (CONT'D)

They don't pay you so good putting  
your life on the line and what not.  
Doesn't make any sense.

Zachary smiles, puts a hand on Walters shoulder.

BOBBY ZACHARY

My dad, he used to say, the world's  
not fair. You figure out why, I'll  
make a buck how I can.

Walter looks up at Zachary, really hearing that.

**EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - LATER**

Zachary and Walter get out, and hand back their coats.

**REVEAL: INT. MAROON OLDMOBILE - CONTINUOUS**

Nico and McClane watching, Nico ready to get out. Nico takes  
out his gun, and puts it in the glove compartment.

CARMINE MCCLANE

Hold on.

They spot...Walter, wearing a "Bermuda Yacht Club" tank top  
as he heads into the airport.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HAMILTON, BERMUDA**

Zachary and Walter's TWA flight landing again.

WALTER

I want to meet the shorts guy.

BOBBY ZACHARY

So you're in?

WALTER

I didn't say that. I just want to  
meet him.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Sebald's having a yacht party  
tonight. I'll introduce you.

WALTER

A yacht party?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Yeah, you got something to wear?

**INT. A.S. COOPER AND SONS LIMITED - HAMILTON - LATER**

Walter stands in the mirror as Zachary oversees him trying on a Mint Green Leisure Suit...CLAPS.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
That's what I'm talking about.  
Mint, baby, mint!

WALTER  
Sebald thinks we're in Boston too?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Yeah. Rock stars are trend setters.  
He liked that. Why he's parting  
with the shorts so cheap.

WALTER  
Could be cheaper I was thinking.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
These are quality shorts.

WALTER  
I'm a quality negotiator.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
If you think-

WALTER  
Trust me.

Zachary puts an arm around Walter in the mirror.

ZACHARY  
Alright, Handsome. I trust you.

WALTER  
Gwen likes mint, huh?

PENNY  
She adores it.

Zachary hands Penny some cash. She goes off to the register.

WALTER  
I can pay for it.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You're protecting me down here and all. It's the least I can do.

WALTER

...thanks.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You're welcome, daddy-o. She's gonna eat you up like mint chocolate chip.

(massaging his shoulders)

Nummy num num.

Walter looks back in the mirror, smoothing his lapels.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HAMILTON, BERMUDA**

Another FLIGHT touching down, rolling to its gate. Carmine McClane and Nico Winter emerge into the sun.

**INT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CUSTOMS**

Carmine and Nico are flagged in customs, and a CUSTOMS AGENT takes their bags over to a table.

CUSTOMS AGENT

How long will you be on the island?

CARMINE MCCLANE

About a week.

CUSTOMS AGENT

(unzipping a bag)

Wonderful. Vacation?

NICO WINTER

Business vacation.

The Customs Agent starts unrolling shirts, feeling around, finds a toiletries bag, opens it, pulls out...A REVOLVER.

NICO WINTER (CONT'D)

Protection. I have a permit here.

CUSTOMS AGENT

Yes, sir. Unfortunately, we do not allow firearms on the island. You can check it with our office, and pick it up on your way out.

Nico eyes Carmine. As the Customs Agent opens McClane's bag, starts to search, and finds ANOTHER REVOLVER.

CARMINE MCCLANE

Shit.

CUT TO:

**EXT. THE SURETY - A 100 FOOT SCHOONER - HARBOR - NIGHT**

Walter and Zachary hit the raging party on the deck, dressed to the nines...Walter in his mint suit and PLATFORM SHOES.

WALTER

So where's this guy?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Relax. This is social, let's ease into the business.

WALTER

Right.

Walter nodding to the music, looking around.

WALTER (CONT'D)

So Gwen, what's she into? You know? Other than water skiing?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I don't know. Animals. Astrology.

WALTER

Like stars and shit?

BOBBY ZACHARY

No, no. Like the birth signs. Scorpio, Aires, that kinda shit.

WALTER

She's into that weird stuff?

BOBBY ZACHARY

All the ladies are. That planet poetry's like pussy nip.

WALTER

I don't know anything about it.

Zachary grabs two champagnes off a passing tray.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 Make it up. Everybody else does.  
 When were you born?

WALTER  
 January 8th.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 So you're a Capricorn. Sensitive.  
 Faithful. Tender.

WALTER  
 Yeah, like hell.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 No. That's good. They love that.

WALTER  
 What are you?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 Gemini.

WALTER  
 So what is that snitchy...junky?

Zachary LAUGHS. Then sniffs, wipes his watery eyes.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 Gemini. We're two. Talkative cats,  
 airy, creative, like moving around.

WALTER  
 What's Gwen?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 Why don't you ask her, Capricorn?

Walter turns, crowd parting, and sees Gwen in a pink body  
 suit...giant white platforms...Walter swallows.

TIME CUT TO:

Gwen and Walter dancing...not talking. Gwen shouts over music-

GWEN  
 I like your suit.

WALTER  
 Thanks. Got it today. It's *mint*.  
 (off her non-reaction)  
 ...You look good too.

GWEN

Thanks.

WALTER

So when were you born?

Gwen a little weirded out.

GWEN

It's not nice to ask a woman that.

WALTER

Oh no. I just. I mean what date?  
Like what's your birth sign?

GWEN

Oh. Pices. Are you into the Zodiac?

WALTER

The what?

GWEN

The Zodiac.

WALTER

No, no. I'm a Capricorn. Do I look  
like a Zodiac?

Gwen LAUGHS.

WALTER (CONT'D)

What?

Gwen LAUGHS again.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Capricorns. We're sensitive guys.  
You can't just laugh at us.

(beat)

So I hear Pices and Capricorns,  
they go good together.

GWEN

Not as good as Pices and Zodiacs.

WALTER

(dismayed)

Oh. Okay then.

Gwen smiles, charmed at Walter's cuteness, dances up closer to him. Walter pleasantly surprised. Walter gets his shoulders involved in his moves, starting to loosen up.

TIME CUT TO:

Walter and Gwen by the bar, a COUPLE moves away, leaving them with Penelope, Bobby Zachary and the Man in the Panama Hat.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Hey there! Great party!

Bobby Zachary nervous a moment, just a flash.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Uh, Walter, this is my friend  
Sebald I was telling you about.

Sebald, in the Panama Hat, extends his hand. Walter grabs it.

SEBALD  
Pleased to meet you.

WALTER  
Great party. This is your boat?

SEBALD  
Yes.

WALTER  
Gorgeous. Really.

SEBALD  
Thank you.

Zachary watching Walter butter Sebald up, looks to Penny.

WALTER  
No, I mean, wow. Must be expensive.

SEBALD  
Uh, well, I-

WALTER  
I'm kidding. I'm kidding.  
(beat)  
You ever feel like you overpaid?

Sebald looks to Zachary--wtf? Gwen and Penny trading looks.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
He's kidding. He means no offense.

WALTER  
No of course. No offense. I just, I  
would hate if you felt that way,  
that you're overpaying. That would  
be crummy. Feels crummy to overpay  
for something. Even if it is nice.

SEBALD

...true.

Walter fixes a weird stare on Sebald.

WALTER

I feel like me and Bobby, we feel like we're overpaying a little.

Sebald looks away from Walter's weird stare to Zachary.

WALTER (CONT'D)

We're music stars here, leaders of taste. We're not just selling. We're marketing.

SEBALD

Well-

WALTER

They're shorts. It's half a pants. Let's call it half.

SEBALD

The shorts?

WALTER

We'll give you a dollar a pair, and double our next order.

SEBALD

...sure.

Walter blinks, trying not to advertise his own shock at the easy victory, playing it cool...

WALTER

Good. Great. Look forward to being in business with you, Seb.

CUT TO:

The bar area, Walter passing shots, elated.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Was that incredible or what?!

GWEN

It was incredible!

BOBBY ZACHARY

He just folded.

PENNY  
Half a pants. I mean.

GWEN  
Where'd you learn to negotiate?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
The balls on this guy.

WALTER  
Not in the balls. It's in the eyes.

Walter repeats his weird negotiating stare.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Save my balls for other things.

Gwen giggles. Everyone LAUGHS, raising their glasses.

PENNY  
To a dollar a pair!

*A MONTAGE OF THE BOAT PARTY...*

WALTER (V.O.)  
I was on cloud nine.

\*Walter dancing, wildly, weird, but awesome.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And I'm not one to brag. But boy  
was I a dancer. Boy.

\*Walter dancing more, doing Travolta's knee up-and-downs, a Russian-Disco blend. Gwen loving it, LAUGHING.

\*Shots, more shots, more shots at the bar on the deck.

\*Zachary talking with the Guy in the Panama Hat.

\*Walter drinking more with Gwen, LAUGHING.

\*Dancing more, the CROWD loving him, Walter showboating.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Felt like the world was mine.  
Totally in control.

Walter motions for Gwen to duck, and he runs, and leaps, and DOES THE SPLITS as he leaps over her, lands it...

PARTIERS  
RIGHT ON! BEAUTIFUL, MAN! LOOK OUT!

And hits the railing, ENDO'ing, and NAILS HIS HEAD AGAINST THE HULL with a THUMP as he falls into the SEA.

GWEN

Oh my god!

**EXT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS**

Walter lies floating face down in the water. All the GUESTS LAUGH, think he's joking. Gwen LAUGHING.

A DRUNK GUY grabs a life-saver, and CHUCKS it, like 50 feet past Walter, nowhere close. Walter goes under.

**EXT. UNDER WATER - CONTINUOUS**

Walter starts to sink into the black water, his body rolls, his bleary eyes open, looking up at the lights of the boat.

WALTER (V.O.)

I knocked myself good. But I remember, looking up, through the water, and seeing 'em all laughing. They thought I was fooling around. I remember thinking, that was it. That was how I was gonna die. And all I was thinking about was...I felt happy, happier than I can remember feeling in a long time.

A LEISURE SUIT pierces the surface like a knife, Bobby Zachary diving down for Walter, he swims two strokes, and grabs his drunk, drowning protector.

He brings him to the surface as Walter's PLATFORM SHOES continue to sink...we hold on the shoes drowning a moment.

**EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - MOMENTS LATER**

Zachary emerges with Walter, who COUGHS, spits water.

VARIOUS GUESTS

Oh shit./That was for real./He saved him./Guitar guy saved him.

Zachary powerfully swims Walter to shore.

**EXT. PINK SANDS BEACH - MOMENTS LATER**

Both lie in the sand beneath the shining stars. Walter COUGHING. Zachary exhausted.

WALTER  
You saved my life.  
(LAUGHS)  
I'm the one supposed to save your  
ass.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Well, now you really owe me.

WALTER  
God, I thought that was it.

Walter lies back into the soft, warm sand...wasted. A long,  
pregnant silence.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
You know I was in a biker gang  
after the army. I wasn't always on  
the do good.

Zachary looks over at Walter.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
You kidding?

WALTER  
Ruby Emeralds Motor Club. I was  
fucking President and everything.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
You're just full of surprises.

WALTER  
Shit. Says the secret war hero.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Nah, serious, I figured you were  
one of those generational guys,  
cops back to the Mayflower shit.

Walter stares up at the twinkling stars, eyes hazy.

WALTER  
My Uncle was a cop.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Yeah. Big hero type?

WALTER  
Fucking idiot type.

Zachary LAUGHS. Walter LAUGHS too.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Drunk. Said I couldn't do it. Said  
I didn't have what it takes.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
You showed him.

Walter belches soft and low.

WALTER  
Not sure working for Boston shows  
anyone much anything. Father served  
the commonwealth 30 years for shit.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Thought he wasn't a cop?

WALTER  
Animal control. My father, he was a  
gentle kinda guy.

A quiet beat.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Hard being a soft man in C-town.

WALTER  
I didn't say soft. Who said soft?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Gentle. Whatever. Sorry. Shit look,  
my father, he was like that. Old  
man always said you gotta be tough  
or smart. Problem was...he wasn't  
either. Streets chewed him up. Got  
shot in a sour deal in sixty-one.  
Had to raise my sister, look after  
my mother. She got sick.

WALTER  
Jesus.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
My pops had it a little wrong. I  
had to get smart, and it was tough.

WALTER  
Man, I get it. Gotta pick a side to  
survive. Next thing, you so wrapped  
up in it...you're not even living.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
What I been trying to tell you.

Walter looks to Zachary, smiles.

WALTER

I dig.

The guys look back up to the stars.

WALTER (V.O.)

It's a lonely thing, a life of service, undercover and what not.

(beat)

Not sure how it happened with Bobby and me... but there was a true friendship that happened there.

A SHOOTING STAR passes in a slightly over-the-top fashion.

CUT TO:

**INT. SNOOKER HALL - FRONT STREET - LATER**

McClane and Winter step into the dark, smoke-filled SNOOKER HALL. They spot a BARTENDER in a bow-tie, and approach.

CARMINE MCCLANE

We're looking for Bermuda Ted.

THE BARTENDER

I'm Ted.

(off their looks)

I guess some people call me Bermuda Ted. It's really just Ted though.

NICO WINTER

Two G&T's, Ted.

Winter takes out a WAD OF CASH...way too much for the drinks. Ted the Bartender eyes the cash a long beat.

TED

Freddie, the door, mate, please.

A GUY looks up from his SNOOKER TABLE, puts his cue aside, and goes to lock the entrance. Ted opens the bar top.

**INT. SNOOKER HALL - KITCHEN - LATER**

Ted leads McClane and Winter into his kitchen.

TED

So what you looking for?

NICO WINTER  
Twenty-two's. Something automatic.

Ted eyes them...LAUGHS.

NICO WINTER (CONT'D)  
Did I make a fucking joke?

TED  
Sorry. I think someone's given you  
the wrong information.

Carmine looks to Nico...and grabs Ted by the NUTS, squeezes.

TED (CONT'D)  
Christ!

CARMINE MCCLANE  
How'bout the right information then-

TED  
Ah, Christ man, ahhh.

Carmine lets him go, Ted doubled over, COUGHING.

NICO WINTER  
They said you did weapons.

TED  
Bludgeons, blades...the bobbies  
don't even carry firearms.

McClane looks to Winter, dumbfounded.

NICO WINTER  
For fuck's sake.

CARMINE MCCLANE  
What the hell is this place?

WALTER (V.O.)  
It was heaven.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD  
**Died and Gone To Heaven**

*Electric Light Orchestra's MR. BLUE SKY plays over...*

**INT. PINK BUILDING - DAY**

Walter loading more Bermuda shorts into duffels, Walter tosses a pair at Zachary, Zachary tosses one back, LAUGHING.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Government paying while Bobby and I were making.

**INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - EVENING**

Walter pointing to an ORANGE COUCH in the suite, Zachary, Gwen and Penny looking on.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I was coming up with new colors all the time.

WALTER  
It's sherbert. Orange sherbert.

GWEN  
(shrugs)  
I like it.

PENNY  
I can talk to Sebald.

**INT. A.S. COOPER AND SONS LIMITED - DRESSING ROOM**

Walter modeling some PINK SAND COLORED BERMUDAS for Zachary, Gwen and Penny, strutting.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I got 'em to do Pink Sands, custom, like after the beaches.

Walter turns on his imaginary cat-walk.

**EXT. PINK SANDS BEACH - SUNSET -**

QUICK SHOTS: Of Walter and Zachary side by side, as a kaleidoscope of colored Bermudas flash across their thighs.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Cranberry Cocktail. Eggplant.  
Caribbean Breeze. Sahara Gold.  
Leprechaun Green.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
I feel like that's Kelly.

WALTER

It's Leprechaun green. Irish green.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Kelly says Irish too.

WALTER

Not like Leprechaun green.

GWEN

Clover Green?

Walter CLAPS, loving it, kisses Gwen.

**INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - LATER**

WALTER (V.O.)

We kept making trips back to Boston  
to hone Zachary's testimony.

Walter and Zachary arriving in Boston, Zachary carrying  
SEVERAL GIANT DUFFELS, Walter flashing his badge to customs.

**INT. BOSTON DEPARTMENT STORE - LATER**

WALTER (V.O.)

I got some local menswear guy there  
I used to work for to add our  
shorts to their racks.

Walter negotiating again, in a Boston Department Store.

**INT. SUFFOLK COUNTY SUPERIOR COURT - BOSTON - DAY**

WALTER (V.O.)

The case...it just felt...far away.

Walter looking out a window as Byrn deposes Zachary.

**EXT. PINK SANDS BEACH - EVENING**

Two pairs of empty bermuda shorts on the sand.

WALTER (V.O.)

Bermuda...ended up being the best  
thing that ever happened to me.

Walter and Gwen lying naked beside them, making love.

FADE TO:

**EXT. BERMUDA BEACH - EVENING**

Walter, Gwen, Zachary and Penny at a PIG ROAST on the beach, bon fire raging. LOCALS cooking tender pieces of swine.

SOME ISLANDERS playing steel drums...Gwen and Penny dancing around the fire, bodies grooving in the firelight.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Tough to beat this, huh?

WALTER  
Sometimes I think the wise guys  
actually found us, killed us. That  
we've just died and gone to heaven.

Zachary LAUGHS, raises his Dark N'Stormy to Walter.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Hear, hear.

They drink, and stare into the flames.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And then that storm of hell came  
crashing.

CUT TO:

## CHAPTER CARD

**The Blizzard of 1978****EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY**

A plane landing in a SNOW STORM, practically white out.

**INT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - CUSTOMS - LATER**

Moose flashes a badge, bringing Walter and Zachary through customs, Zachary holding another LARGE DUFFEL.

MOOSE  
Things have gotten fucked.

**EXT. BOSTON LOGAN AIRPORT - PARKING LOT**

Walter and Zachary step out into the flurries in flowery short sleeves and Bermuda shorts, and FOUR GIANT DUFFELS.

WALTER  
Shit it's cold.

MOOSE  
Yeah. It's Boston.

BPD Detectives meet them with coats, take them to the car.

**INT. MOOSE'S CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER**

Moose drives through the thick snow.

MOOSE  
Byrn lost the election.

WALTER  
What?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Who are we dealing with now?

MOOSE  
Flanagan's the new DA. He wants a  
sit down with you two. Today.

Moose FISH TAILS as he takes a turn, a STREET SIGN BLOWING in  
the gale force winds and snow.

MOOSE (CONT'D)  
They're saying 30 inches.

**INT. DA'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - LATER**

Walter and Zachary sitting in the waiting room, flowery  
shirts under their giant coats. Off the snow on his shoes-

WALTER  
What about...snow flake white?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
What?

WALTER  
As a color. For the Bermudas.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
I feel like that says cold. They're  
shorts. Hot weather apparel.

WALTER

Yeah, reminds you you're lucky to be wearing 'em. You know, enjoy the moment at hand. It's multi-layered.

Zachary nods, looking exhausted.

WALTER (CONT'D)

How you doing?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I'm alright. I'm alright.

WALTER

You haven't had a fix in a while.

Bobby Zachary pauses a moment, and then starts shaking his knee, wipes his nose.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I'm starting to hurt. For sure.

Walter eyes Zachary...*he wasn't hurting a moment before.*

WALTER

You want me to talk to someone?

BOBBY ZACHARY

Nah, nah. I don't know this Flanagan guy. I wanna be straight.

WALTER

I know him.

BOBBY ZACHARY

What's he like?

WALTER

An asshole.

Zachary LAUGHS.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN (PRE-LAP)

100,000 fucking dollars!

**INT. NEWMAN FLANAGAN'S OFFICE - LATER**

Zachary, Walter and Moose sit tightly packed on a couch.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN, tall and blonde, the new DA, stands behind Garrett Byrn's old desk, irate.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

I'm looking at a bill, this office  
is looking at a bill for 100 g's.  
(reading off a bill)  
10 grand at the Empire Club? 30  
grand at Sebald Apparel & Co?

WALTER

We're entertaining our hosts,  
trying to keep the relationship up.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

Two grand in water skiing rentals?  
What kind of circus was Byrn  
running here?

BOBBY ZACHARY

I stuck my neck out for you. He was  
taking care of me.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

You stuck your neck out for *him*. I  
just inherited this mess. Trial's  
at least three months away. Al  
Hutton's representing Ierardi. Got  
all kinds of motions up my ass. I  
could have gotten an extra three  
acres on the Cape for this kind of  
dough.

WALTER

Mr. Flanagan-

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

No, you shut up, Robinson. They say  
you're some kind of golden boy.  
They talking about your tan? Let me  
be clear, and this goes for you  
too, Moose.

Moose looks up, been trying to be invisible the entire time.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

If we don't get our conviction,  
after all this shit. If I have to  
sit in that mess, and answer those  
questions...you're done in this  
town, forever.

(beat, to Zachary)

And I'll hand you right over to the  
men we're trying to stop from x'ing  
your ass.

CUT TO:

## CHAPTER CARD

**Dark N' Stormy****EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - HAMILTON, BERMUDA**

A TWA plane landing in the middle of a THUNDER STORM.

WALTER (V.O.)

Weather was bad when we got back to Bermuda. Lightning. Thunder.

Lightning FLASHES. A thunder CLAP.

**EXT. LF WADE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TARMAC**

WALTER (V.O.)

Storm had finally caught up with us-

Carmine McClane and Nico Winter sit in their car, eyeing Walter and Zachary being picked up by Clive from Bermuda PD.

**INT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - LATER**

Walter and Zachary stand over a pile of shorts on the bed.

WALTER

I'm pulling the plug.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You can't pull the plug.

WALTER

Flanagan's not fucking around. We're inviting a shit storm here.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I need this, man. It's not a game-

WALTER

Listen to me, I'm your friend, I'm not gonna let 'em sell you down the river. You can trust me.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I do trust you. But you're not gonna be able to stop 'em.

CARMINE MCCLANE (O.S.)

No, you're not.

They turn to see Carmine and Nico stepping into the room with Steak Knives flashing in the light.

WALTER (V.O.)  
They caught us unaware.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Oh god.

WALTER  
Run, Bobby!

Nico swipes.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I grabbed Nico's knife hand, like  
they taught me at the Academy.

Walter grabs his arm.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And tackled him onto the water bed.

Walter TACKLES HIM ONTO THE WATER BED. The knife hits.

WALTER (V.O.)  
And Pop! The thing just blew.

Water EXPLODES everywhere, in a massive surge, rushing Nico off, and taking out Carmine in a roaring wall of water...

WALTER (V.O.)  
It was a miracle.

They're thrown into the glass, SMASH THROUGH with the water.

**EXT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS**

And are driven right up and over the balcony, in a human waterfall to the sand. Carmine and Nico disoriented a beat, then get to their feet...

NICO WINTER  
Shit.

Nico looks up at Walter and Zachary on the balcony above, and helps Carmine to his feet.

NICO WINTER (CONT'D)  
Let's go, let's go.

Walter climbs up on the balcony.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
What are you doing?

Nico and Carmine start running off down the beach, into the dark, Walter about to leap, and Zachary grabs him.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
They're gone. You gotta stay with  
me, there could be more. Others.

Zachary is genuinely terrified for his life. Walter nods.

**INT. CASTLE HARBOR - LOBBY - LATER**

Carl Rose and a bunch of his Bermuda Bobbies stand around as Walter explains the situation, re-enacting the water bed pop, and explosion of water that saved them.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I put Rose and his boys on alert.  
Our cover was blown.

**EXT. ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK SUITE - BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER**

Zachary looks out at the sea. Walter beside him.

WALTER (V.O.)  
Zachary was shaken up bad.

WALTER  
I'm taking you back to Boston. I  
can't protect you here anymore.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
I gotta stash more first.

WALTER  
Bobby. The shorts thing is done.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
But I'm gonna need to get away.  
Forever. I don't want to die, man.

Zachary starts tearing up.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
I'm scared, Walter. I'm so scared.

WALTER  
Come here. Come here.

Walter embraces Zachary, as Bobby breaks down in sobs.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
I can't die. I don't want to die.

WALTER  
I'm not gonna let that happen. It's  
okay, pal. You're gonna be fine.

Zachary releases Walter from the hug, pulls himself together.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
You promise me, man?

WALTER  
Yeah. I promise. I'm your friend.

Zachary eyes Walter.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
I got your back. Whatever happens  
with this case. You can trust me.

Zachary looks to Walter, and nods, wiping his face.

**INT. THE ENGELBERT HUMPERDINK SUITE - NIGHT**

Walter's BAGS are packed at the foot of his bed.

WALTER (V.O.)  
I said goodbye to Gwen that night.

He's naked, making love slowly to Gwen in the moonlight.

GWEN  
You have to go?

WALTER  
Yeah, baby. And listen, I haven't  
been honest with you.

GWEN  
What are you talking about?

WALTER  
I want to tell you the truth.

GWEN  
While you're making love to me?

WALTER  
Well...I thought.

Walter rolls off, looks at Gwen in the moonlight.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
Truth is I'm not in the band Boston-

Gwen's face is unreadable.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
I'm a detective.

GWEN  
It was all a lie?

WALTER  
Not all. All the other stuff is  
true. I am from Boston.  
Charlestown. Like I said.  
(beat)  
You taught me how to ski...

WALTER (V.O.)  
I told her...

WALTER  
We taught each other how to love. I  
had a job to do. I still do. I  
wouldn't be telling you any of this  
if I didn't care.

Gwen eyes Walter, and rolls away.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
I really do. I love you, Gwen.

Gwen is silent. Walter looking at her unresponsive back, sad.

WALTER (V.O.)  
It wasn't the way I wanted to leave  
things. I felt like an asshole. I  
really thought I was the bad guy.

FADE TO:

**EXT. DOCKS - LATER**

Carmine smokes. And the BOOM LIGHT on a Yacht comes on.

NICO WINTER  
Boss said these guys were legit.

CARMINE MCCLANE  
How legit?

NICO WINTER  
Cuban legit.

They approach the yacht, a CIGARETTE EMBER glowing in the dark moves to the dock, puts some HEAVY SHAPE down, and disappears again below deck. The BOOM LIGHT goes off again.

Nico and Carmine approach, and see the CUBAN FLAG hanging from the back of this dark vessel, nod. And then see...

A LARGE CRATE LABELED RAT POISON.

CUT TO:

CHAPTER CARD

## **Bermuda Low**

*Aerosmith's DREAM ON plays over...*

### **EXT. THE CAUSEWAY - DAY**

Walter drives a moped, Zachary behind him, arms around him. Bermuda PD escorting them at front and back.

WALTER (V.O.)

That was it.

They start across the causeway, a narrow road with ocean on either side that connects Hamilton and the big Bermuda island to St. David's island and the airport.

WALTER (V.O.)

We were on our way outta paradise.

### **EXT. THE CAUSEWAY - SAME**

McClane and Winter wait at a scenic turnout on the causeway, and get out of their vehicle with the heavy RAT POISON CRATE.

They pop it open, and remove TWO AK-47's, clips of ammo.

NICO WINTER

He doesn't leave this island.

Winter slaps his clip in, loads a round -- CLICK-CLICK.

### **EXT. THE CAUSEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Clive, at the lead of the miniature motorcade, wind blowing through the hair sticking out the sides of his bobby helmet.

WALTER (V.O.)

We were on our way out, crossing  
the Causeway, on the way to LF Wade-

And A RIP OF GUNFIRE HITS CLIVE!

He flies off his moped, rolls on the pavement.

The Moped crashes into a guard rail, and EXPLODES in a tiny  
little POP. Walter hits the brakes on his Moped, turns sharp.

He TACKLES Zachary off the back as a WAVE OF MACHINE GUN FIRE  
sprays across the top of the bike.

Carl Rose and Two Other Mopeds COLLIDE as they swerve, go  
sparking as they skid, the coppers running for cover.

WALTER

I thought there were no guns on  
this island?!

Carl Rose holds his helmet tight, as they crouch behind the  
overturned mopeds.

CARL ROSE

This is a first.

ANOTHER RIP of machine gun fire.

WALTER

You guys really couldn't carry  
guns? Really?

Walter glances up, THROWS A ROCK at Nico, who ducks.

WALTER (V.O.)

We were ambushed, pinned down.

CARMINE MCCLANE

It's over, you fucking rat.

NICO WINTER

Been on borrowed time since they  
missed you at Blackfriars.

Another RIP of gun fire. Walter looks to Zachary.

WALTER

What's he talking about? Missed you  
at Blackfriars? You were supposed  
to be at Blackfriars?

WALTER (V.O.)

Wheels started to turn for me.  
Right in the middle of all the  
action, things got real clear. How  
you hear about sometimes. I heard  
about guys having things like this  
in Nam. The clarity.

Another RIP of gun fire. Winter and McClane closing in.

WALTER

Ierardi was gonna kill you at  
Blackfriars?

Zachary terrified, just pinned down with the rest of the  
officers...and Walter grabs Zachary, starts to CHOKE him.

WALTER (CONT'D)

He didn't *talk* to you on a tape. He  
was gonna *kill* you.

CARL ROSE

Hey Walt? What are you doing there?

Zachary, eyes wide, his hands on Walter's wrists.

WALTER (V.O.)

I realized, here, see, that if  
Zachary was supposed to be killed  
at Blackfriars, then Ierardi was  
supposed to kill Zachary.

FLASH TO:

**BLACKFRIARS:**

Ierardi holding a shotgun in Jack Kelly's face.

*BILLY IERARDI*

*(hint of a lisp)*

*Where'sth your friend at?*

WALTER (V.O.)

And that meant, he sure as hell  
didn't talk to him.

**BPD HQ:**

Zachary stands with his shirt off as Detectives 1 and 2 TAPE  
a MASSIVELY CONSPICUOUS RECORDER to his chest.

WALTER (V.O.)  
The son of a bitch faked that tape.

**THE CAUSEWAY AGAIN:**

Walter's eyes wide, strangling Zachary.

WALTER  
You faked that tape?!

Nico and Carmine come around the mopeds, and see Walter on top of Zachary, choking him. They share a confused look.

WALTER (V.O.)  
They came around, saw me choking  
Zachary, trying to kill him myself.

Carmine looks to Rose and the guys, hands up, they shrug.

NICO WINTER  
Hey!

But Walter is locked on Zachary, who's going red.

WALTER (V.O.)  
It was Zachary's voice on the tape.

**OUTSIDE FENWAY:**

Zachary gets out of the back of the car alone, Homicide Detectives 1 and 2 watching him disappear into the crowd.

WALTER (V.O.)  
No one had watched him meet with  
Ierardi...

**THE CAUSEWAY AGAIN:**

WALTER (V.O.)  
He faked the tape.

WALTER  
This whole thing, it's all your  
fucking con. We got no case! It's  
your voice on that tape.

Zachary's eyes bulging. And a BARREL OF AN AK pokes Walter in the shoulder. He looks up, Nico and Carmine standing there.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 I didn't even see 'em I was so mad.  
 I was seeing red. And they poke me  
 with their AK, and I look up...

CARMINE MCCLANE  
 (smiles)  
 We'll take care of the rat.

Walter eyes them, and in a flash, grabs the barrel, and pulls it forward, from Carmine's hand, spins it, and FIRES...

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Thinking back on it, it was like I  
 was in slow motion...

AND WE GO *SLOW MOTION*: Three shots rip through Carmine's CHEST, he falls. Nico starts firing as Walter stands.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 I took rounds in the arm, the  
 chest, the leg...

*Walter taking a round in the arm, the chest, the leg.*

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Started to go down.

*Walter starts to go down, but draws up Carmine's Weapon like a cowboy drawing his shooter.*

WALTER (V.O.)  
 But I was too fast. I drew. Fired.

*SIX ROUNDS shaking Nico's body as he dances like a rag doll. He falls off the causeway into the ocean.*

*Walter drops. Carl Rose and Bermuda PD standing, getting their wits back slowly. SIRENS heard in the distance.*

WALTER (V.O.)  
 I saved his life, but it was all...

WALTER  
 ...for shit.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 You saved my life.

WALTER  
 (a finger to his lips)  
 Shhhh.

Walter closes his eyes as the SIRENS close in.

CUT TO BLACK.

CHAPTER CARD

**Spilling The Beans in Bean Town**

**INT. HOSPITAL - LATER**

Walter lies in a hospital gown, hooked up to an IV, his arm in a sling, leg elevated, gun shot wounds wrapped.

And Moose and Newman Flanagan enter, CLAPPING.

WALTER (V.O.)

They thought I was this big hero.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

Is there a hero in this room?

WALTER (V.O.)

And in many ways, they were right.

I was. I really was.

Walter smiles weakly. Moose approaches, rolls up his sleeve, offers his arm for arm wrestling.

MOOSE

Rematch?

(bursts out LAUGHING)

Hell of a job, kid. Hell of a job.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

You don't look so good.

MOOSE

Guy took three rounds.

WALTER (V.O.)

They didn't want to hear it. But I was still a cop. I still cared about the truth. After all that bullshit, it was all I cared about-

WALTER

It's about Zachary.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

What about him?

WALTER

The tape. You ever have the tape he got of Ierardi analyzed?

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

For what?

WALTER

It's not his voice on the tape.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

What are you talking about?

MOOSE

You been playing with the morphine button, buddy?

WALTER

No, look, Zachary...he was the target with Kelly that night. At Blackfriars. Him and Kelly. They thought they were selling secrets.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

Okay. Just get some rest.

WALTER

If Ierardi was supposed to kill him that night, that sure is hell ain't his voice tellin' his old buddy all about it.

MOOSE

Then whose is it?

WALTER

Zachary's. He did the lisp, the whole thing. He's a confidence man.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

Shut up, alright.

WALTER

Ierardi woulda killed Zachary if he'd been anywhere near him. Zachary made all this shit up. He faked the tape. He did it to save his ass, he knew they were already out to get him. Cracked that safe in Back Bay looking to skip town in a hurry with cash. It was all to save his own ass.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

I said shut up, Walter.

WALTER

It's the truth.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

The truth? We got too much riding on this to give a damn about the truth. We're gonna put these bastards away. Wash our hands.

WALTER

They're gonna find out. Probably already know. The trial's gonna blow apart on you.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN

Your career's gonna blow apart on you if you keep going on like this. You're a hero. You want to ruin that with the truth?

Flanagan stares at Walter.

NEWMAN FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Then keep your mouth shut.

Flanagan walks out, swatting a GET WELL BALLOON in his way aside. Moose eyes Walter, and follows Flanagan off.

CUT TO:

**EXT. BOSTON DISTRICT COURT - STEPS - LATER**

Ierardi and Italiano led down the steps of the courthouse by their lawyer, AL HUTTON, swarmed by REPORTERS.

WALTER (V.O.)

Al Hutton. Ierardi and Italiano's lawyer figured out the tape was fake. On his own. Ierardi knew he didn't talk to anyone. They got a voice expert in, identified the voice as Zachary's. It was declared a mistrial on the spot.

Newman Flanagan and Moose also on the steps, being swarmed.

WALTER (V.O.)

It was a humiliation for the new DA. For BPD. The level of incompetence at a new high.

**EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY**

Walter, unemployed, sits on a bench, crutches beside him.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Flanagan took my badge. Held me  
 responsible. Thought I leaked that  
 the tape was fake. It was bullshit.

**INT. CHARLES STREET JAIL - NIGHT**

Bobby Zachary alone in a jail cell, scared.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 He charged Zachary with perjury.

**EXT. CHARLES STREET JAIL - DAY**

Zachary leaves the jail, looks around, nervous, and gets in the passenger side of a Skylark idling for him at the curb.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 But he got off on a technicality.

**INT. APARTMENT COMPLEXT - EVERETT, MA - EVENING**

Italiano watches FAMILY FEUD on television, drinking a beer.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Guys who actually did the murders  
 got off. Walking free.

**INT. SIGNLE FAMILY HOME - EAST BOSTON - NIGHT**

Ierardi makes unromantic love to that Pale Woman we saw in his house during the raids.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Couldn't be charged again for the  
 same crime. Even though by then  
 everyone knew they were the ones  
 that did it.

**EXT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - DAY**

Spring rain falls in front of the boarded up old Blackfriars Pub. PEDESTRIANS passing.

WALTER (V.O.)

Nobody got anything on anyone. Not a cent of justice. Not a cent. It was all one big fugazi. No sense in it.

**EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY**

Walter stares blankly as he watches various PARK-GOERS pass in BERMUDA SHORTS IN BRIGHT COLORS.

WALTER (V.O.)

And I was just sitting on my ass, wondering how Bobby Zachary pulled one over on me. All of us.

Walter spots a GUY passing in CLOVER GREEN BERMUDAS.

WALTER (V.O.)

And thinking about Gwen.

CUT TO:

**EXT. A CHARMING BRICK HOUSE - QUINCY - DAY**

Walter pulls up to a familiar looking little house in Quincy.

WALTER (V.O.)

I got her address from an old contact I had in the county office-

Walter gets out with a BOUQUET OF MUMS.

WALTER (V.O.)

Thing is, I pulled up to the house. And I recognized it.

**EXT. CHARMING BRICK HOUSE - QUINCY - FLASHBACK**

Zachary staggers from the house, high out of his mind, waves.

WALTER (V.O.)

It's where I'd brought Zachary, before we left for the island.

**INT. A.S. COOPER AND SONS LIMITED - FLASHBACK**

GWEN

Quincy.

WALTER  
No kidding. I'm from Charlestown.

**EXT. CHARMING BRICK HOUSE - QUINCY - CONTINUOUS**

Walter stares at the house. He starts up the walk, knocks on the door. It opens, and he stares at Penelope.

PENNY  
Walter?

WALTER  
Is he here?

PENNY  
Who?

WALTER  
Zachary? He's here, isn't he?

Walter pushes past her.

PENNY  
Walter, wait-

**INT. PENNY AND GWEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Walter walks into the living room where he sees...

Gwen and Bobby Zachary. They're loading familiar DUFFLES full of CASH, a MASSIVE PILE OF TORN BERMUDA SHORTS on the floor.

WALTER  
Leaving town?

Zachary and Gwen stand, Penny following from behind.

PENNY  
Sorry. I didn't-

WALTER  
I brought you flowers.

Walter looks at Gwen, at the flowers. A beat, and he starts WHIPPING THEM into the wall, petals flying.

GWEN  
Walter.

He throws them down.

WALTER  
You were playing me? You were part  
of it?

GWEN  
You were playing me too.

WALTER  
It was all a lie?

Beat.

GWEN  
Not all of it. I taught you how to  
ski. You taught me how to...

WALTER  
Just stop.

Walter staring at the money, he takes in a load of their  
Bermuda Shorts, all torn up...

And SEVERAL BRICKS OF HEROIN BESIDE THEM.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
What the hell is that?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
(voice way different)  
Look nobody wanted to hurt anybody.

WALTER  
Is that your real voice? Jesus.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
(smiles kindly)  
What did Pushkin say--a deception  
that elevates us is better than a  
host of low truths?

Walter, just in shock, he lets himself fall back into a plush  
orange armchair...

PENNY  
I'll get him some iced tea.

WALTER  
That'd be nice...

Penny goes into the kitchen. Zachary and Gwen looking at  
Walter, unsure what his next move will be.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
We were moving drugs in the shorts?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 Did you really believe a guy paid  
 20,000 dollars for a duffel of  
 Cornflower Blue Bermuda Shorts?

Penny returns, puts the iced tea down for Walter. He looks at  
 it, takes a sip.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
 You knew I had to get away. Bermuda  
 Shorts don't pay *don't look back*  
 money.

WALTER  
 So you turned witness protection  
 into a drug import business?  
 (smiles, shakes his head)  
 I was the stooge.

GWEN  
 You were more than that.

WALTER  
 Was I?

Gwen can't hold Walter's eye contact.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 Why the band? Why Boston?

Zachary eyes Walter.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 You use an informant as a mule?

FLASH TO:

**EXT. FRONT STREET - HAMILTON - NIGHT**

Sebald watching Zachary go off with his packages...confident  
 in his "celebrity" pony.

CUT BACK TO:

**INT. PENNY AND GWEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Walter nods, getting it.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 Needed another reason to believe I  
 could get through customs clean.  
 (MORE)

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
They sure as hell weren't gonna  
involve a cop and snitch.

WALTER  
Are you even a fucking user?

BOBBY ZACHARY  
Needed a reason to get some freedom-

WALTER  
Guess I'm not much of a detective.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
You're a fine detective. You just  
believed what you wanted to  
believe. What made you happy.

A quiet beat.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)  
It wasn't personal. You were a good  
friend, Walter, god's honest.

WALTER  
You were too.

Walters face grows dour.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
But there's always a midget in the  
Turk.

GWEN  
What?

WALTER  
Nothing.

GWEN  
Please, Walter. Bobby's my brother.  
He's a good man. He doesn't deserve  
to go to prison. He was trying to  
help Jack. To help the Bureau with  
the Italians. He had to help  
himself too. He had to lie. We did.  
It doesn't mean I didn't care.

WALTER  
No, I get it. I really do.  
(beat)  
But you fucked me. I'm fucked.

BOBBY ZACHARY  
 Nobody knows anything. Nobody's  
 gonna find out.

WALTER  
 I'm going down, you're going down.

Walter stands, and his world begins to spin, he looks at the iced tea, Penny and Zachary sharing looks.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 You...

Walter's VISION DOUBLES, he tries to turn, and COLLAPSES on the crushed Mums...unconscious.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 They put drugs in the iced-tea.

**INT. PENNY AND GWEN'S HOUSE - SUNSET**

Walter wakes up on the mums, the sunset streaming in through the shutters...

WALTER (V.O.)  
 When I woke up they were gone. I  
 looked for 'em, but no trace...  
 (beat)  
 I never saw them again.

CUT TO BLACK.

CHAPTER CARD

**The end.**

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - EVENING**

The low sun streams in through the small factory windows. The Author sits there, studying Walter.

AUTHOR  
 That's it? That's the end of it?

WALTER  
 I have trouble believing it too  
 sometimes. I guess it's like  
 Zachary said. I wanted to believe.

AUTHOR  
 That ending holds water like  
 Zachary's fucking water bed.

WALTER

Uh, well...sorry to disappoint you.

The Author stops the tape, opens his briefcase, putting the recorder away, he takes a breath, trying to keep his cool.

AUTHOR

Off the record. Please.

Walter sees the guy is pushing, checks his watch, looks out at the fading sunlight a beat.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CHARMING BRICK HOUSE - QUINCY - LATER**

Walter sits in a car outside Zachary's house.

WALTER (V.O.)

Off the record. Truth is...I saw Zachary one more time. The day he died.

Walter holds a PRIMITIVE DETONATOR in his hand...As Zachary, Penelope and Gwen pile into Zachary's car.

**INT. ZACHARY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Zachary, Gwen and Penny all start climbing out of the bottom of the car, which has been CUT OUT.

**INT. WALTER'S CAR - PARKED - SAME**

Walter checks his watch, and hits the detonator switch. The CAR EXPLODES IN FLAMES!

CAMERA PANS DOWN: To see below the car, Zachary, Gwen, and Penny climbing into a man-hole cover below the car.

AUTHOR (O.S.)

Really? Who got him?

CUT TO:

**INT. THE MONTE CARLO RESTAURANT - BOSTON - NIGHT**

The Boss, face again obscured in the happenstance chiaroscuro of the restaurant's lighting.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Italiano. Ierardi.

Bobby Italiano and Billy Ierardi eye Caravaggio's ominous painting.

BOBBY ITALIANO  
 We were very sorry to hear about Carmine and Nico.

BOSS  
 Kids got what they deserved.

BILLY IERARDI  
 (weird lisp)  
 Well finith off the job.

BOSS  
 You were beaten to it.

BOBBY ITALIANO  
 By who?

BILLY IERARDI  
 You think it'th for real?

BOSS  
 Unclear. Everything's unclear.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 They put the bomb in the car, but then weren't sure they got 'em. That happens sometimes.

**EXT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

WALTER (V.O.)  
 There was a rumor that they'd ID'd the bodies from the teeth.

John Pumpford, the stutterer who owed Walter a favor, takes a MANILA FOLDER from Walter in the parking lot outside.

WALTER  
 There's three sets. Three offices.

PUMPFORD  
 No p-p-problem.

**INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Pumpford switching A FILE OF DENTAL X-RAYS for ANOTHER.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE MONTE CARLO RESTAURANT - BOSTON - NIGHT**

The Boss eyes his men, whites gleaming from the dark face...

BOSS

I want eyes on his body. I'm not going upstate on a dentist appointment. Capeesh?

CUT TO:

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - LATER**

Walter opposite the Author.

AUTHOR

Capeesh? Nobody actually says capeesh.

WALTER

I wasn't there for the conversation obviously. These are my words. But trust me, these wise guys, they're thorough. Very thorough.

CUT TO:

**INT. MORGUE - NIGHT**

Italiano and Ierardi break the rear door of the morgue open with a CROW BAR.

WALTER (V.O.)

They had to confirm the kill. Couldn't afford to let Zachary slip back into protection. Let the DA try to build a new case.

Italiano and Ierardi sneak through the morgue with a FLASHLIGHT, past desks and the front office.

**INT. MORGUE - FRIDGE - LATER**

Into the fridge...

WALTER (V.O.)  
 But Ierardi and Italiano ran into  
 the wrong guard. Guy had been in  
 Vietnam. Trigger finger. PTSD and  
 all that shit.

Ierardi and Italiano drop their flashlights...as they behold:  
 VINCENT SOLMONTE'S SONS...holding shotguns.

VINCENT SOLMONTE JR.  
 For our dad, you fucks.

And they start letting the blasts RIP, avenging their dad.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Guard snapped.

Ierardi and Italiano falling in an awful WAVE OF SHOT!

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. THE BLACKFRIARS PUB - FLASHBACK**

Delavega SHOT point blank as he rises, he flies back into a  
 closet, chest spraying red.

TWO OTHER PLAYERS, MEROTH and MEGARIAN BLOWN AWAY  
 simultaneously, both FLYING back from the backgammon table,  
 chairs tumbling into a growing pool of blood...

Jack Kelly sitting alone, holding the dice...shaking.

MATCH CUT TO:

**INT. MORGUE - FRIDGE - CONTINUOUS**

Ierardi shaking on the ground as life leaves him...lying on  
 top of Italiano...the murderers dead.

WALTER (V.O.)  
 Anyway, he got the bastards. Was a  
 real mess.  
 (beat)  
 Justice? I don't know. You tell me.  
 Maybe that's for another story.

The Solmonte Brothers stepping over the bodies...leaving  
 BLOODY FOOTPRINTS on the cold white tile as they exit.

WALTER (V.O.)  
This...this was just blood and  
incompetence.

CUT TO:

**INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY**

The Author nods, frustrated.

AUTHOR  
Blood and incompetence? That's a  
good line too.

WALTER  
Eh, you're the writer.

AUTHOR  
But you the story teller aren't ya?

The Author REMOVES THE GUN from his briefcase, training it on  
Walter. Walter raises his hands, not necessarily surprised or  
intimidated... or at least not showing it.

WALTER  
You didn't like the story?

AUTHOR  
(cocking the gun)  
I prefer the truth too.

Walter grins.

WALTER  
Thought you might have sorta picked  
up the whole truth's a relevant  
proposition thing by now, but-

AUTHOR  
Shut up, Walter. I know that rat's  
alive. Where is he?

WALTER  
Wish I knew.

Beat.

AUTHOR  
He wasn't your friend. There's no  
reason to protect him.

WALTER  
Bobby. Yeah, he was my friend.

AUTHOR

He betrayed you. He made you a fucking stooge. That's no friend.

A tense beat. Walter takes a breath.

WALTER

You ever heard the story of the Scorpion and the Frog?

The Author getting exasperated.

AUTHOR

No, I did not hear that fucking story, and I do not want to fucking hear it.

WALTER

I'd like to tell it to you. Bobby, he told it to me one time.

(takes a sip of water)

See there was a Scorpion and a Frog. And the Scorpion needed a ride 'cross a river cause his little burrow was flooding, so he asked the Frog for help. But the Frog, he was afraid Scorpion was gonna sting him. Mr. Scorpion says..."Mr. Frog, pally, that's crazy. I sting you in the river, we're both gonna fucking drown."

The Author moves the gun right into Walter's face, but he keeps on telling...

WALTER (CONT'D)

But sure enough, half-way across, Scorpion stings the Frog. And just before they drown, Mr. Scorpion asks..."aren't you gonna ask my why I did that?" And Mr. Frog goes...

(finishing confidently)

"I know why you did it."

The Author truly confused.

AUTHOR

Christ. I don't...why did he do it?

WALTER

Cause a Scorpion's a Scorpion and that's how they do. Don't matter what kinda story they're tellin' ya-

Walter smiles confidently.

AUTHOR

For fuck's sake, just tell me wh-

A Sewing Machine SMASHES over the Author/Hit-man's head. He drops, loses his gun.

BOBBY ZACHARY stands over him, shaking his head.

WALTER

Jesus!

BOBBY ZACHARY

What?

WALTER

Took long enough. I was running out of shit to say.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I was negotiating a new dye. Primrose Pink. It's amazing.

Zachary presents a pair of PRIMROSE PINK BERMUDA SHORTS.

WALTER

Primrose? That's Cherry Blossom.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Primrose sounds nicer. British. They're buying a British fantasy, via Bermuda. It's a whole thing.

WALTER

But the Japanese like Cherry Blossom. It should be Cherry Blossom. Cherry blossom season. Tokyo's banana for our Bermudas.

BOBBY ZACHARY

We'll ask the girls.

WALTER

We don't need to ask the girls.

BOBBY ZACHARY

We're asking the girls.

Walter gets up, glances at the unconscious Author/hit-man, picks up his gun.

BOBBY ZACHARY (CONT'D)

What we doing with him?

WALTER

Pack his ass with dope, drop him in the gutter outside the police?

BOBBY ZACHARY

In Malaysia, are you crazy? This isn't Bermuda, Walt. Not like the old days.

WALTER

I know a guy. I won't touch the drugs.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Think Boston'll track him down?

WALTER

If he survives his caning, and 80 years in jail.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I sorta feel bad.

WALTER

What for? He was gonna shoot your ass. And mine.

**EXT. FACTORY - MALAYSIA - MOMENTS LATER**

Walter steps outside their shorts factory, locking the door, puts the Author/hit-man's gun in his own Bermuda shorts.

He and Zachary start down a sandy stretch of Malaysian paradise, some LOCAL MALAYSIANS sparsely populate the beach.

WALTER

Gwen's gonna be with me on Cherry Blossom.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Well Penny likes Primrose.

WALTER

So it's two on two.

BOBBY ZACHARY

I just saved your life.

WALTER

After I saved yours.

BOBBY ZACHARY

But I saved yours before. I saved you first.

WALTER

In that ocean drowning bullshit? We been telling that story so long you're starting to believe it.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Bullshit. You were drowning.

WALTER

I was not. I'm a fantastic swimmer.

BOBBY ZACHARY

You were sputtering. You know. Don't you diddle me.

WALTER

Sputtering? I was laughing.

BOBBY ZACHARY

Laughing my ass. I saved you.

Their conversation fades as we start to PULL OUT.

WALTER (V.O.)

We all got a story. Some are worth telling. Some need a little extra.

We PULL OUT FURTHER from our storytellers.

WALTER (V.O.)

Good cop? Bad cop?

(beat)

Criminal? Friend? Truth?

And FURTHER.

WALTER (V.O.)

That's about perception. Justice too for that matter.

FURTHER still.

WALTER (V.O.)

So tell your story well. Your life might depend on it.

Walter and Bobby walk off into the sunset, arguing on, and we-

FADE TO BLACK.