

the little god

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"WITSEC: Inside the Federal Witness Protection Program"
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1 EXT. BOSTON, MA - THE FOUR HORSEMEN - LATE MORNING 1

Establish The Four Horsemen - A seedy bar off the beaten path.

SUPER: Boston, 1963

2 INT. THE FOUR HORSEMEN - SAME 2

Inside the dimly lit bar, the Bartender's TWO TEENAGE SONS haul CRATES OF ALCOHOL from a recent delivery into the back storage room. The BARTENDER, middle aged and balding, does some light cleaning behind the bar.

Despite the time of day, JOSEPH "THE ANIMAL" BARBOZA, 33, sits at the bar nursing a PINT. The Portuguese-American contract killer fits the Mafioso look as much as any Irish mobster or Italian wise guy. He chews on a straw and doodles idly on a NAPKIN.

The door opens, spilling daylight into the bar and framing MARK, 45, Boston native, into the doorway.

BARTENDER

Not open yet, come back in a couple hours.

MARK

Nowhere else is open yet and I could use a drink.

BARTENDER

Like I said, neither are we.

MARK

I'll pay extra. Come on.

The Bartender looks over at Barboza, who doesn't look up.

BARTENDER

Sorry.

But as Mark turns to go -

BARBOZA

Buy my next drink?

Mark turns, looks from the Bartender to Barboza. The Bartender shrugs noncommittally, which Mark takes as a yes. He walks up to the bar and sits next to Barboza, who drains his glass in one pull.

MARK

Thanks, this your place?

Barboza and the Bartender exchange a knowing look as he pours.

BARBOZA

So to speak.

MARK

Well thanks again. Say, these are pretty good.

Angle on Barboza's doodling: Captain Hook chases Peter Pan across three cocktail napkin.

The Bartender sets the drinks down and exits into the back room.

BARBOZA

They're okay.

MARK

Nah, man, those could be tracings. Mark.

BARBOZA

Joe.

The two men shake.

MARK

So are you some kind of artist or somethin'?

BARBOZA

(snorts)

That would explain the drinking at 11 in the morning. But no. These days I'm a building contractor.

MARK

I did some roofing a few years back. What company?

BARBOZA

Independent. I work alone. Family referrals, mostly. You?

MARK

Up until two days ago I was working construction where that new Carwright Hotel is going up. They shut us down mid day...

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
must be something political. Over
my head anyways.

BARBOZA
I'm sorry.

MARK
Not your fault. Anyway, my wife
thinks I drink too much, but I made
it two whole days, so....

Mark raises his glass and Barboza lifts his half heartedly in
return.

The Bartender has reappeared behind the bar, but he takes
care to stay out of earshot of the two men.

After a beat -

BARBOZA
Political, huh? What makes you say
that?

MARK
I dunno. Couple guys been coming
around the worksite. Same time
every Monday. Buttoned up suits, no
smiles. They'd just, watch us. I
seen the foreman talkin' with em' a
couple times. He's no ray of
sunshine to begin with, but after
they'd leave... shit, you keep your
head down when he walks by.

BARBOZA
He Irish?

MARK
(nods, a chuckle)
To the core. Except I never saw him
drink... must be the black sheep of
the family.

BARBOZA
And the guys that kept coming
around?

MARK
Italian. Or at least they looked
it.
(joking)
Why, you think they're connected?

BARBOZA
(shrugs)
Mmm.

A beat. Barboza eyes Mark, sizes him up.

BARBOZA (CONT'D)
One of 'em walk funny, like he has
a gimpy leg?

MARK
The hell'd you know that?

BARBOZA
(sotto)
Little prick.

Barboza takes a drink. And now it's Mark's turn to size Barboza up. Nice suit, slicked back hair. And it dawns on him...

MARK
Holy shit. Do you know those guys?

Barboza looks over. Shrugs. The hint of a smile. Here is a man who likes the attention and hates flying under the radar... even though he has to. He leans forward conspiratorially.

BARBOZA
Maybe I've done some business with
them in the past.

Mark looks at him with a mixture of respect and awe.

MARK
So you're like, connected? Like for
real connected?

BARBOZA
Connected? Like how?

He's playing dumb. Loving it.

MARK
Are you a.... a soldier?

BARBOZA
I look like I work for Uncle Sam to
you?

Barboza doesn't elaborate. Lets it hang there. Mark takes a drink, then dives back in.

MARK

All this violence recently goin' on
between the Irish and Italians...
they're starting to call it a war.

BARBOZA

That's a colorful way to put it.

MARK

Well, whatever you want to call it,
that FBI agent from the papers,
Paul Rico or whatever, he sure is
doing a shit job keeping it under
control.

At this Barboza can't help himself. He leans in closer.

BARBOZA

Can't control it? Who do you think
is pulling the strings?

MARK

Holy shit.

BARBOZA

Yup.

Barboza drains his beer and stands.

BARBOZA (CONT'D)

See you around... Mark.

With a wave to the Bartender, he exits. Mark sits at the bar,
awestruck at his brush with organized crime.

After a moment the Bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

Get you another one?

MARK

Sure.

As the Bartender pours -

MARK (CONT'D)

Say, you friends with that guy?

BARTENDER

What guy?

He sets the beer down.

MARK

You know, Joe. The guy who was just here. You know what he told me? He said th-

BARTENDER

Don't know what you're talking about. Just you here from the look of things.

MARK

Yeah, but he just sa-

BARTENDER

Hard of hearing? Trouble with your eyes? There wasn't nobody here but you.

MARK

(gets it, winks)

Oh, I get it. You're right. Just me here.

Mark takes a long drink, happy to be in on it. Angle on Mark, we hear the door to the bar open again. Mark turns to find Barboza standing behind him.

Barboza lashes out and grabs Mark by the hair, slamming his face down onto the bar. He crumples to the floor. Barboza crouches down and beats Mark to death. It's quick and brutal, quiet except for the sounds of Barboza's fist and Mark's head against the wood floor.

Barboza stands, one cheek bloody. He locks eyes with the Bartender, who stares back with an iron poker face.

The Bartender's two sons are frozen with CRATES in their hands.

With one hand, the Bartender mimes wiping the side of his cheek.

Barboza grabs a cocktail napkin with his Disney sketch and wipes the blood from his own cheek. He turns and looks at the boys, then back to the Bartender.

BARBOZA

Christ, can't keep my own mouth shut, can I?

He turns and as he exits -

BARBOZA (CONT'D)

Mind your pop, kids.

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

3

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DIVE BAR - NIGHT

3

The bar isn't crowded to begin with, but GERALD SHUR, late 20's, has isolated himself at the farthest booth from the action. He wears an off the rack suit with the tie loose around his neck and the sleeves rolled up. A long day has turned into a longer night.

SUPER: Washington, D.C., March, 1963

Closer now, we see the young lawyer is immersed in LEGAL PADS, stacks of MANILA FOLDERS, and a TAPE RECORDER. Lost in thought, he holds an ICE WATER to his forehead and stares down at a black and white mug shot of JOE VALACHI paper clipped to the inside of a folder.

Shur absentmindedly doodles around the words "La Causa Nostra?" on an otherwise blank legal pad and stares at the frozen, smug face. Writer's block.

He takes a sip of water and presses play on the tape recorder.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)

Come on, focus now. Let's get back to Chicago.

VALACHI (V.O.)

Okay, but like I said they weren't doing business in Chicago. That's where Isabelle's family lived. Alberichi had a secret place for them close to her parents, so she could tell Mikey she was visiting family.

Valachi has a distinctly raspy voice and sounds as smug as he looks in the photo.

FBI AGENT #2 (V.O.)

This is Michael's... amante?

He mispronounces "amante."

VALACHI (V.O.)

(over-enunciating)

"Un'Amante... Un'Amante. No, you two always this confused? She was Mikey's wife and Alberichi's mistress.

FBI AGENT (V.O.)
But they were...

VALACHI (V.O.)
Partners, yes. Family you could
even say. Not by blood, maybe, but
still.

FBI AGENT #2 (V.O.)
And when Michael found out...

VALACHI (V.O.)
Yup. Back of the head. Didn't
deserve to see it coming, the way I
see it.
(a beat)
Least it was quick. Not like if
they ever get a hold of me.

FBI AGENT #2 (V.O.)
Like Joseph Saupp was quick?

VALACHI (V.O.)
Like I said, it looked just like
'im. I admit it. I fucked up. But
when you're inside like that and
you feel the hairs on the back of
your ne-

Shur pauses the recorder as a WAITRESS, 50's, approaches the
booth, WATER PITCHER in hand.

WAITRESS
More water?

She says it with a raised eyebrow, all sass for the out of
place suit squatting in her section.

SHUR
Yes, please, thank you.

She sizes him up and she pours, looking down at the papers
strewn across the table. Decides to take pity - the sass
becomes playful.

WAITRESS
Sure I can't get you something a
little stronger?

SHUR
I don't drink while I work.

WAITRESS
What about when I work?

SHUR

Sorry.

WAITRESS

Well-

(tapping the blank
notepad)

- you've been here an hour. Looks
like it may be time to try a new
approach.

Shur considers it. A beat.

SHUR

No thanks, I'll be kicking myself
when I'm half drunk at 5:00 AM with
nothing to show for this thing.

WAITRESS

You mean "our thing?"

SHUR

Pardon?

WAITRESS

"La Cosa Nostra." It means, "our
thing." And I think it's spelled C-
O-S-A. I took Italian in high
school, probably back when you were
in diapers.

SHUR

Mmm... maybe.

WAITRESS

(flirting)

So what is it... our thing?

SHUR

Ahhh, it's, uh, classified.

If Shur was confident by nature he could have made this sound
very cool. Instead it comes out square.

WAITRESS

(sarcastic)

Must be for the President of the
YOU-nited States, huh?

Shur awkwardly shuffles some papers.

SHUR

Mmm-hmm.

A beat. He looks up. She hasn't moved.

WAITRESS

You know, when squatters like you
come in and don't order anything I
lose out on money from real
customers who could be sitting
here.

Shur peers around her. The bar is basically empty - only one
or two other booths are occupied. He laughs, can't help but
like her.

SHUR

I'll take a whiskey - neat.

She smiles and turns away.

SHUR (CONT'D)

And a menu please.

WAITRESS

Coming right up!

Shur looks down at the words. Mouths, "our thing" to himself
pensively.

4 INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

4

The full glass of water sits, untouched, next to a DIRTY
PLATE and FOUR EMPTY SHOOTERS. Shur takes a sip of whiskey
from the fifth and resumes scribbling furiously on the legal
pad. Off his determined look, we -

FADE OUT

FADE IN

5 EXT. SHUR'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

5

We fade in with the sunrise to establish Shur's home - a
quaint, one story house in the suburbs outside D.C.

6 INT. SHUR'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SAME

6

MIRIAM SHUR, late 20's, wakes up to find her husband's side
of the bed empty. Nothing new here.

7 INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

7

A kitchen with the signs of children - HIGH CHAIR, loose TOYS, etc.

Miriam, still in her pajamas, butters a piece of toast and puts it on a plate of bacon and eggs. She pours a cup of coffee, but instead of sitting down to eat she exits with the breakfast in hand.

8 INT. STUDY - SAME

8

Miriam opens the door of the study to find Shur banging away at a TYPEWRITER. The legal pad and files from the bar now occupy his desk. He wears an undershirt and underwear - his suit is thrown over the back of an armchair.

Shur looks up and flashes her a tired but triumphant smile.

SHUR

I thought I smelled bacon.

Miriam moves behind him and drapes her arms over his shoulders, scratching his belly as he types.

MIRIAM

(wrinkled nose)

And I thought I smelled whiskey. It barely covers the smell of you.

Shur takes a bite of bacon, holds it up for her to take a bite.

SHUR

I thought you liked the way I smelled.

MIRIAM

A shower would help bring that sentiment back.

SHUR

I'm almost finished.

MIRIAM

Well, I need to wake the kids in half an hour and then the bathroom will be a war zone. Chop chop.

She swipes a piece of bacon off his plate and walks toward the door.

SHUR
It feels like I'm going to the
principal's office today.

Miriam turns back to him.

MIRIAM
You don't often get sent to the
principal's office for good
behavior. Take advantage of this.

She exits. Shur takes a sip of coffee and then slaps both of
his cheeks a few times for a jolt of energy. Back to typing.

9 INT. THE WHITE HOUSE - LOBBY - LATER THAT MORNING 9
Note: The audience doesn't know we're in the White House yet.
Could be any government building.

Shur sits on a bench. A VISITOR'S BADGE hangs around his
neck. He clenches and unclenches his fist a few times, then
shakes his arm as if it's fallen asleep and he's trying to
get rid of the tingles. This is an early sign of MS, but Shur
doesn't know it yet.

A door near him opens and an AIDE steps out. Shur stops
moving his arm.

AIDE
They're ready for you.

Shur stands and follows him through the door.

10 INT. THE WEST WING - SAME 10

The Aide guides Shur through the West Wing. Urgent, focused
movement from the staff here.

11 INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - SAME 11

The Aide lets Shur into the Oval Office and exits. President
JOHN KENNEDY leans easily against the front of his desk.
Attorney General BOBBY KENNEDY, arms folded, faces him.

They turn to Shur as he enters.

SHUR
Hello, Mr. President.
(then, to Bobby)
Sir.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
You're young. Good. How are you
Gerald?

SHUR
I'm well sir, thank you.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
I read your report. Not sure Hoover
would agree with your conclusions
about organized crime, son.

SHUR
No sir, he wouldn't. He's wrong.

A beat while the bold statement settles. Kennedy walks around
his desk and picks up a copy of Shur's report.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
"During a secret ceremony, a boss
pricks the new member's trigger
finger with a needle, drawing drops
of blood, and then has him repeat
an oath. A piece of paper, often
times a picture of a saint, is
placed in the hand of the new
member and set on fi-"
(a beat)
Son, this sounds like a secret
club. I thought the threat here is
a growing criminal empire.

SHUR
It is, sir.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Pricking fingers with needles?
Didn't Tom and Huck do that? How am
I supposed to take this seriously?

A beat as Shur considers this.

SHUR
Mr. President... Jackie, your
children, your parents... would you
kill for them?

BOBBY KENNEDY
What kind of question is that?

It's harsh. How dare he ask his brother that? But the
President looks at him with interest.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Yes, of course.

SHUR
And what about the people you work with? Even the ones you don't like?

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
When you sit behind this desk, some days you do have to kill for them.

SHUR
Okay. And would you die for your family.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Yes.

SHUR
And those same people you work with?

A beat - everyone in the room knows what the Presidential response is. The President folds his arms.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
No.

SHUR
(gaining confidence)
That oath you scoff at, it blends the meaning of family and colleague in ways no one in the judicial system understands or respects yet. These men don't just kill for each other, most are also willing to die or spend a life in jail rather than betray the "family."
(a beat)
We cannot underestimate that bond any longer, sir.

The President is sold. He looks back down at the memo with interest.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
How did we get all this?

We can see Shur relax as he speaks.

SHUR
Joe Valachi. 54 year old enforcer... hitter, soldier, button man. Whatever you want to call it.

BOBBY KENNEDY
Means he's killed people.

SHUR
Valachi won't take credit for any of the murders - he claims he was always the driver. But the way he talks... I'd put money on him pulling the trigger.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
But with this code, all this heightened sense of honor, why talk to us now?

BOBBY KENNEDY
Self preservation? They can't all be willing to take the bullet.

SHUR
Exactly, sir. Last June we had him up in a federal penitentiary in Atlanta, quiet as could be. But Valachi began to suspect the Genovese family had gotten a man named Joseph DiPalermo inside to kill him. So one day Valachi grabs a metal pipe in the prison yard and beats Joseph to death with it.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
So?

SHUR
So it wasn't DiPalermo. It was a guy who looked like him named Joseph Saupp... just some forger with no mob ties. The prosecutors went nuts with it and made all this noise about the death penalty. I guess at that point it didn't matter if Valachi was an informant, the Genovese's thought he was. So we got him for real.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Will he testify?

SHUR
Depends on what you're willing to offer him. It won't be cheap though - he's a wily piece of work.

Kennedy's SECRETARY sticks her head in.

SECRETARY
Sir, you have the...

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
Of course, of course.

Kennedy stands, shakes Shur's hand.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Keep yourself available to my
brother.

(to Bobby)
Figure out what it'll take to get
him in a courtroom.

SHUR
Thank you, Mr. President.

BOBBY KENNEDY
Thank you, Mr. President.

The two men turn to leave.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY
And Bobby -

Bobby turns back.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Let's see about getting Mr. Valachi
a room for one in D.C.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

12 EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

12

A year has passed. This is Washington, D.C. still in mourning. Establishing shots of recognizable government buildings and statues.

People walk slowly, heads down. Patrons eat at a cafe. No one smiles.

A BUSINESSMAN sits on the steps of the Capitol Building, NEWSPAPER open in his hands as he stares off into space.

Outside the White House, there is a large gathering of FLOWERS, CANDLES, and PICTURES commemorating the late President.

We finally arrive at the U.S. Department of Justice.

13 INT. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE - OCRS DIVISION - DAY 13

A full office teaming with attorneys, secretaries, and aides. Not so organized chaos.

SUPER: U.S. Department of Justice, Organized Crime and Racketeering Section, 1964

HENRY PETERSEN, 43, arrives at his office with a CUP OF COFFEE and nods to his Secretary.

HENRY PETERSEN
Good morning.

She smiles back at him as he enters. The label on his office door reads: Henry Petersen, OCRS Chief.

14 INT. OCRS DIVISION - HENRY PETERSEN'S OFFICE - SAME 14

Henry has a fairly neat office. FRAMED PHOTOS depict his service as a marine in the South Pacific during World War II. In another photo, a younger version of himself poses in an FBI jacket.

Henry sets his coffee down. As he starts to take off his coat, the intercom on his desk buzzes.

HENRY'S SECRETARY (V.O.)
Gerald Shur to see you.

Henry pinches the bridge of his nose and takes a deep breath, then collects himself and presses a button to respond.

HENRY PETERSEN
Send him in.

Shur enters as Henry drops his coat across the back of his chair.

HENRY PETERSEN (CONT'D)
Morning Gerald.

Shur doesn't respond. Instead he begins taking PHOTOGRAPHS out of a MANILA FOLDER and laying them on Henry's desk.

SHUR
David O'Bannon. March, 1963.

In the picture, David's throat is cut from ear to ear.

SHUR (CONT'D)
Martin Russell. June, 1963.

Martin is sprawled out in a parking lot, blood pooling behind his head.

SHUR (CONT'D)
Perry Laughlin. July, 1963.

Perry is strapped to a chair, white shirt soaked through where the bullets riddled him.

SHUR (CONT'D)
They had some fun with Perry first.

HENY
Gerald...

SHUR
Brian Anderson... Jake Markowitz...
Benjamin Frazile.

Photo after photo falls onto Henry's desk.

SHUR (CONT'D)
You know what all these men had in
common? Besides being brutally
murdered?

HENRY PETERSEN
Gerald, why don't you have a seat?

SHUR
The Justice Department let them
down. We let them down. They
stepped up. They were ready to do
their duty as citizens and we
couldn't do right by them. Couldn't
protect them.

HENRY PETERSEN
Gerald, I've already seen the files
on all these men.

Shur takes one last photograph out of the folder and lays it down gently on top of the others. He finally sits, sinking into the chair as if exhausted.

Henry's eyes widen as he picks up the picture.

SHUR
Marcia Eangle was found in an alley
in Brooklyn two nights ago. 19
years old. That string sticking out
of her mouth? It's actually a rat
tail.

(MORE)

SHUR (CONT'D)

Coroner says she was still alive when they shoved it in her mouth. They broke teeth forcing her jaw shut.

HENRY PETERSEN

Jesus.

SHUR

Her crime was that she happened to be across the street from a truck that was hit in Queens back in January. Just walking home from class. The detective who took her statement, in an effort to make it sound like he was on top of his case, told a reporter he had an eyeball witness who attended St. Johns. How hard do you think it was for the Provachi family to find her after that?

HENRY PETERSEN

He should be the one charged for murder.

SHUR

I don't disagree. But sir, we have to start taking responsibility. We can't just sit by and pretend this is some grassroots organization. President Kennedy agreed that organized crime is a real threat to our country.

HENRY PETERSEN

Kennedy is dead, God rest his soul. President Johnson has turned his sights south, in case you hadn't noticed. You against racial equality Gerald?

SHUR

No sir, that's not what I'm saying at all. Why don't we go to him an-

HENRY PETERSEN

You might have had the late President's ear for a brief moment in time, Gerald, but you don't now. Nor will you find any support from our Attorney General. He's a little busy at the moment with the investigation in Dallas.

SHUR

It wouldn't be expensive sir,
that's what I'm trying to -

HENRY PETERSEN

Save it Gerald, just... save it. A
quarter of Bobby's staff is gone
and I've got my best attorney's
fighting Jim Crow laws. We're on
our own.

Henry's intercom buzzes again.

HENRY'S SECRETARY (V.O.)

Robert Poloquin for you.

HENRY PETERSEN

Robby! Get in here!

ROBERT PELOQUIN, 35, enters and hops up on a half dresser
against the wall.

ROBERT PELOQUIN

Morning, Gerry. Interrupting
anything important?

SHUR

More avoidable killings... so no,
apparently.

Shur stands, pulling out a STACK OF INDEX CARDS from inside
his coat pocket.

SHUR (CONT'D)

At the very least, sir, can we find
it in the budget to start
automating the information on these
cards?

HENRY PETERSEN

Where, Gerald? Where are we going
to find the money for computers and
staff?

SHUR

Me and Win have 400,000 of these!

ROBERT PELOQUIN

Uh, excuse me. Did you say 400-

SHUR

Thousand. Yes.

ROBERT PELOQUIN
How have those poor clerks not
ordered a hit on you yet?

Outnumbered and not taken seriously, Shur concedes defeat.

SHUR
Just a matter of time, I suppose.

Shur stands.

SHUR (CONT'D)
How many more witnesses are going
to die before we take action?

HENRY PETERSEN
I imagine Dr. King asked the
President how many more negros were
going to die before we paid
attention. Balancing the scales -
that's the job.

Shur turns to leave. When he gets to the door -

HENRY PETERSEN (CONT'D)
Gerald.

He turns back.

HENRY PETERSEN (CONT'D)
If you can get funding from another
agency I'll find an extra desk for
the computer and programmer.

Shur nods and exits.

Robert hops off the dresser and sits in the seat Shur had
just vacated.

ROBERT PELOQUIN
The FBI is more likely to spit on
him than help him out when he goes
knocking on their door with his
hands cupped.

HENRY PETERSEN
I have to give him some kind of
distraction.

ROBERT PELOQUIN
He still on that same crusade to
protect snitches and rats?

Henry picks up the picture of Marcia Eangle. He eyes it for a moment, then hands it to Robert.

HENRY PETERSEN
Another potential witness to mob activity.

ROBERT PELOQUIN
Killing young women. Stakes are getting higher.

HENRY PETERSEN
He's right, you know. We need to figure out a way to protect our witnesses.

Robert looks down at the picture of Marcia in silent agreement.

15 INT./EXT. ROAD - BOX TRUCK - NIGHT

15

We follow a BOX TRUCK carrying illegal goods down a dark, empty, two lane highway.

SUPER: The Canadian - U.S. Border, November, 1964

Inside now, with VINCENT driving and RALPH riding shotgun. Both men are soldiers in their 50's - lifers to the game. FREDO, 30's, sits forward in the backseat, his excitement bubbling just under the surface.

It's comfortably silent up front, but after a few beats Fredo can't help himself.

FREDO
Is it as big as they say?

VINCENT
What do I look like, a tour guide?

FREDO
They say it's one of the eight wonders of the world, right?

VINCENT
Seven.

FREDO
What?

VINCENT
Seven. There's seven wonders of the world. And that ain't one of 'em.

RALPH

How come I always hear about the eight?

VINCENT

It's just... you know... a term people use when they see something big.

FREDO

Still heard it's huge.

VINCENT

It's okay the first time you see it.

Silence for a moment.

RALPH

You hear about that malignan who went over a couple years back in some kinda metal ball?

FREDO

Did he die?

RALPH

Not a scratch on him from what I hear.

VINCENT

Bullshit.

RALPH

He's been making TV appearances about it. Called it the plunge-o-... somethin'. I dunno.

FREDO

(whistles)

Some balls.

RALPH

Those guys on the grassy knoll, now they had some balls.

VINCENT

The fuck you talkin' about? Didn't you read it?

FREDO

What?

RALPH
(ignoring Fredo)
Course I did. I look illiterate to
you? One man acting alone? It's
bullshit if you ask me.

FREDO
Read what?

VINCENT
(to Ralph)
Hang on a sec
(to Fredo)
You're part of this thing and you
haven't read the Warren Report?

FREDO
No.

VINCENT
Christ Fredo, even Lydia read my
copy when I was done. Don't you
watch the news?

FREDO
Not really. What is it?

RALPH
Kids... no sense of the world
around 'em.

VINCENT
Neither do you if you think Oswald
had help. Or Ruby for that matter.
It's spelled out for you right on
the page.

RALPH
Jack Ruby rubbed shoulders with
every connected guy in Dallas and
you're gonna tell me he didn't have
help gettin' in that basement?

VINCENT
I think you need to read it again,
my friend. Jack is a patriot, and
Oswald was just some fucked up
marine.

Up ahead the Border Crossing Station comes into view.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Here we go. Gimme your passports.
(to Fredo)
(MORE)

VINCENT (CONT'D)

You should read it, kid. Have your own opinion.

(to Ralph)

What booth is that Canuck in again?

RALPH

Second from the left.

16 INT./EXT. BORDER CROSSING STATION - TRUCK - SAME

16

Vincent pulls up alongside the booth as MARTY, 43, soft and susceptible, steps out. He eyes the truck knowingly before going through the motions - not his first time doing this.

MARTY

Passports.

Vincent hands them over with a distinct WHITE ENVELOPE under them.

VINCENT

Peaceful evening.

MARTY

Mmm. What is the nature of your visit to Canada?

VINCENT

Helpin' a friend move tomorrow. Calls me up the other day and tells me he needs somethin' bigger than his two seater. Now I'm stuck luggin' couches around on a Saturday.

Marty peers into the backseat where Fredo sits.

MARK

What's currently in the back of the truck?

VINCENT

Just a dolly for the big stuff. Why, you lookin' for a futon?

MARTY

One moment.

He turns and disappears inside the booth. Ralph fidgets but Vincent calms him with a look.

A moment later Marty comes back, sans white envelope, and hands the passports back to Vincent.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You're all set.

VINCENT
Have a good evening.

MARTY
Uh-huh.

The truck pulls away.

17 INT./EXT. ROAD - TRUCK - SAME

17

Ralph looks back at the Border Crossing Station through the rearview mirror.

RALPH
A little respect woulda been nice.

VINCENT
What? Whaddya want from him? He was fine.

RALPH
Not a please or thank you to be heard...

VINCENT
Oh would you leave it already?

LATER

Vincent smokes as he drives. As the truck rounds a bend, two Canadian Mounted Police on horses block the road.

FREDO
Woah, up ahead.

RALPH
The fuck are they doin'? Run 'em over!

As Vincent starts to decelerate -

VINCENT
And have to wash the blood off the truck?

Ralph opens the glove compartment and pulls out a PISTOL. He cocks it and sticks it into the shoulder holster concealed by his suit jacket.

The truck stops in front of the Mounties.

MOUNTIE #1
EXIT THE VEHICLE WITH YOUR HANDS IN
THE AIR!

RALPH
Here we go.

The three men get out of the truck - Vincent and Fredo on the left, Ralph on the right.

MOUNTIE #1
WALK FORWARD SLOWLY!

Both of the Mounties hold rifles loosely in their laps. AS the men approach they train the weapons on them.

VINCENT
Whassa matter? Couldn't find any
foxes to hunt?

The three men stop ten yards from the Mounties - Ralph has positioned himself away from Vincent and Fredo. Mountie #1 covers Vincent and Fredo. Mountie #2 has his rifle on Ralph.

MOUNTIE #1
Marty always was a scum. What's in
the truck?

VINCENT
Oh, you know Marty? Shouldn't be
any trouble then.

MOUNTIE #1
What's in the truck?

VINCENT
What? Upset you didn't get a taste?
We can always fix that. Let me see
what I can find in the glove box.

MOUNTIE #2
Stop dancing around the question.

VINCENT
Oh! The other one talks. You boys
look awful lonely out here.

The two Mounties exchange looks. Relaxed rifles fit tighter into their shoulders.

MOUNTIE #2
I said knock off the bullshit!

His rifle moves from Ralph to Vincent. The longer Vincent talks, the less attention is on Ralph.

VINCENT

Lemme take a swing at this. You boys caught wind of Marty's extra curricular activities. You wanted to say something, but ya didn't know how high up it was coming from. Woulda been a real pain in the ass to go to your commanding officer only to be transferred out to some remote town like Vancouver. So, instead of going home for a hand job you decided to play a little cowboy. Decided to hang out in the middle of the road the night of and wait f-

BLAM!

The shot from Ralph catches Mountie #2 in the head and he falls from his horse.

Mountie #1's horse jumps at the first shot as he tries to swing his rifle around.

BLAM!

The second shot goes through the horses neck. It buckles, taking Mountie #1 down with it. He cries out in pain and drops the rifle as the horse crushes his legs.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Christ, Ralphie! The horse?!

RALPH

What? It's not my fault the first shot spooked it.

The three men walk toward him casually as the horse finishes dying.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Those rifles, hard to use in close combat. I learned that in the war, but you Canadians wouldn't have a fuckin' clue about that, would ya?

Vincent snaps his fingers and points at the fallen rifle. Fredo hastily retrieves it.

Mountie #1 grits his teeth from the pain.

MOUNTIE #1
We were in World War II long before
the States!

Ralph turns to the other two incredulously.

RALPH
This fuckin' guy.

FREDO
You're not exactly in a position to
argue at the moment.

MOUNTIE #1
It's true!

RALPH
No matter, we had to bail you out
anyway. But enough about ancient
history. You married?

Mountie #1 nods.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Lemme see that ring.

Mountie #1 holds up his hand to show his wedding ring.

RALPH (CONT'D)
No, I mean lemme see it. Hand it
over.

Mountie #1 looks over at Vincent for some sympathy. Gets
none. He takes the ring off and grudgingly throws it up to
Ralph.

MOUNTIE #1
Are you going to kill me?

Ralph holds it up to one eye to examine, then he squats down.

RALPH
You see that empty spot on your
finger where that ring used to be?
It's a symbol. Ya know what for?

Mountie #1 shakes his head. Ralph gives Mountie #1's chest a
few taps with the pistol for emphasis as he talks.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Every time you look down at your
finger where that ring used to be,
I want you to think about your
wife.

(MORE)

RALPH (CONT'D)

I want you to think about your children. I want you to think about what might happen to them if you ever said anything that would make me have to look over my shoulder. Understand?

Mountie #1 nods dumbly. Ralph stands.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Good. Now close your eyes and count to 100 while we split.

Mountie #1 closes his eyes and takes a deep, relaxing breath.

BLAM!

Ralph tosses the ring down onto the corpse and starts walking back to the truck. Fredo stares at the body - he clearly didn't anticipate the kill.

FREDO

He, uh, he -

Vincent claps him on the shoulder.

VINCENT

Some guys enjoy the foreplay. Ralph and me... it's easier to do when they ain't crying. Come on, kid.

The two men turn and head back towards the truck, their silhouettes framed by the headlights.

18 INT./EXT. SHUR'S CAR - AFTERNOON

18

Shur drives with Miriam and his two kids - RON, 6, and ILENE, 9. Ilene holds a STUFFED ELEPHANT in her lap, evidence of their recent trip to the Zoo.

MIRIAM

Ron, can you tell me what your favorite animal was?

RON

The lions.

MIRIAM

Ooo, those were fun. Do you remember how to tell the difference between the boy lion and the girl lions?

A moment of silence while Ron thinks.

ILENE

The mane!

RON

I knew that!

MIRIAM

Ron, do you remember what a family
of lions is called?

ILENE

A pride!

MIRIAM

Ilene, honey, I was asking Ron.

ILENE

(with a smile)

I know!

Shur and Miriam share a smile.

ILENE (CONT'D)

How come the boy lion was sleeping
the whole time and the girl lions
weren't?

MIRIAM

Well, in Africa the girl lions do
all the hunting for the boy lions.
The boy lions are in charge of
making sure the pride stays safe.

ILENE

That's not very fair.

Another smile between Miriam and Shur - happy to see their
daughter thinking critically.

SHUR

It doesn't seem very fair, does it?

A beat.

ILENE

Daddy, are you sad you didn't get
to see them this time?

SHUR

I sure am, sweetheart.

ILENE

How come you didn't come with us
for that part?

Miriam's face suggests that part of the day worried her a bit too. This is another hint of Shur's undiagnosed MS.

SHUR

The lion exhibit was on the other
side of the zoo. Daddy had already
been walking a lot, so I got tired
and had to take a break.

RON

I didn't get tired.

MIRIAM

You did a great job.

ILENE

But how come you did?

SHUR

I just did, honey. Sometimes grown
ups get tired when they walk around
a lot.

ILENE

By why? Mommy didn't.

MIRIAM

Let's change the subject Ilene.

SHUR

Do you two want to play the car
game?

MIRIAM

Gerry...

RON

Yes!

ILENE

Yes!

SHUR

Okay, but no turning around.
Mirrors only. Ron, you go first.
What's the color?

Ron twists in his seat to check the rearview mirror.

RON

Ummm, red?

SHUR
Good job buddy! Okay Ilene, hold on
a sec.

Shur shifts lanes so that a new car is behind them.

SHUR (CONT'D)
Whenever you're ready.

Tongue out in concentration, Ilene strains in her seat to
check the rearview mirror.

ILENE
It's a grey one.

SHUR
You two are getting to be experts.
Pretty soon I'll start teaching you
how to tell what model of car it
is.

ILENE
Why do we need to learn that?

SHUR
Same as when we go out to a
restaurant or anywhere else in
public. Remember, be aware of your
surroundings and -

RON	ILENE
- Always know your exit!	- Always know your exit!

The kids have heard that saying more times than they can
count.

19 INT. JUSTICE DEPARTMENT - OCRS DIVISION - MORNING 19

Shur sits at his desk, drinking a coffee. Papers and Memos
ignored, his eyes are glued to the conference room at the
other end of the department.

SUPER: 1965

WINIFRED "WIN" WILLSE, 40's, a no nonsense ex-NY cop, walks
up and drops another MEMO on his desk - follows his eye line
to the conference room.

WIN
Thomas Kennelly pulled all the
files on the Magadinno family for
Robert last night.
(MORE)

WIN (CONT'D)

It's not just our attorneys in there. Looks like he has guys from Narcotics, Customs, the IRS, and a few others.

SHUR

They're not taking a pass at Stefano's crew, are they?

WIN

No idea.

SHUR

FBI in there?

WIN

Not sure.

SHUR

(joking)

What do you know?

WIN

I know they're not talking about getting all my index cards into a computer.

A beat.

SHUR

What the hell are they doing in there.

WIN

Something above our pay grade.

SHUR

Yeah, well, Tom owes me a lunch.

20

INT. COMMISSARY - LATER

20

Shur and THOMAS KENNELLY, 40's, fit, holding TRAYS OF FOOD, slide into cafeteria style tables in the commissary. There is a general buzz as attorneys, aides, and other employees eat around them.

Shur and Thomas have a good relationship and like to poke fun at each other.

SHUR

You know, this would never happen in high school.

THOMAS

What?

SHUR

The jock sitting with the nerdy kid
who asks too many questions in
class.

Thomas holds up a forkful of something that is probably
edible with a look of mild distaste.

THOMAS

I know. It's practically social
suicide. Here's to breaking
barriers.

SHUR

Cheers.

They each take a bite. Silence for a moment.

SHUR (CONT'D)

It looked like you were breaking
barriers this morning. Win said you
had reps from most of the agencies
in the office this morning.
Narcotics, Customs, the IRS...

THOMAS

Uh-huh. Plus Labor, Secret Service,
and ATF. Weird seein' them all play
nice.

SHUR

The FBI?

THOMAS

Hard pass. Apparently Hoover threw
a fit when he heard about it.

SHUR

(bitterly)

So it's true. Perfect.

Thomas consciously takes a bite of his food to avoid talking.

SHUR (CONT'D)

Hoover wouldn't let his boys pass
up on a meeting like that. Not
unless it was about something he
won't admit exists.

Thomas keeps chewing... maybe a little longer than necessary.

SHUR (CONT'D)

Thomas.

THOMAS

Yeah.

SHUR

Is organized crime back on the docket?

THOMAS

It is. And look, I'm sorry you weren't in there today. I know that's why you moved out to D.C. in the first place.

SHUR

What? No. It's fine.

A beat. It's not fine. Shur is an expert on the subject. But he swallows his pride in search of information.

SHUR (CONT'D)

So the target is the Magadinno family. And you're forming a strike team, just like with Hoffa and the teamsters.

THOMAS

Yeah. Sounds weird, right? Why Stefano? Why not Patriarca or someone bigger?

SHUR

It makes perfect sense. Medium sized fish. 150 members. Smaller but manageable. Easier to catch and you'll still get a lot of column inches when the arrests go down.

THOMAS

Not to mention only two mobsters have been prosecuted in Buffalo in the last decade. Any headway we make there is bound to be an improvement.

They eat in silent agreement for a moment.

SHUR

Who's leading the team?

THOMAS

Peloquin's point. I'm his second.

SHUR
(genuine)
Congratulations Thomas. You'll
finally have some real pull. When
do you leave?

THOMAS
Not for awhile. Lots to sort
through with so many agencies
involved. I'd say a year, minimum.

SHUR
The wheels of justice enjoy the
first gear. Any idea how you're
going to break in? Got any
potential CI's?

Thomas senses the angle.

THOMAS
Not yet. We'll figure it out when
we get in contact with the local
departments.
(a quick beat, then)
Look, lemme be straight with you.

He sets down his fork.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I'm on your side with this whole
thing. We should be more on the
ball with our witness and
informants. It's just... it's so
damn expensive. Too much time and
resources tha-

SHUR
No, yeah. I've heard it. I get it.

THOMAS
No one is volunteering to babysit
gutter rats pro bono, Gerry. 'Cept
maybe you.

SHUR
I'm not -

A beat. Shur switches gears.

SHUR (CONT'D)
The biggest families run New York,
Jersey, Boston, Atlantic City...
other parts of the East Coast,
right?

A nod from Thomas.

SHUR (CONT'D)

Which of those families have any kind of presence in towns west of the Mississippi... besides LA and Vegas?

THOMAS

(shrugs)

I don't think any.

SHUR

Exactly. None of them do. When's the last time a sanctioned hit went down in Idaho? Or Colorado? We don't babysit the witness. We hide them. 190 million people in this country... they'd be needles in a haystack.

THOMAS

Okay.

(thinking)

So, what, give them a fake name to use?

SHUR

Not a fake name. Have them legally change it. We get our witnesses and informants to enter a program that gives you a complete overhaul of your identity. New driver's license. New birth certificate. Hell... even a new social security card.

(a beat)

Think about it: how many of these guys feel like they're in too deep to begin with? Pitch it as a fresh start and I bet you get some bites.

Shur tries his best at a cliché Mafia accent.

SHUR (CONT'D)

We make 'em disappear. They take an extended vacation. The bosses know, but they don't know. See what I'm sayin'?

This gets a chuckle with Thomas, but then he's serious again.

THOMAS

It's a lot of red tape. Witnesses this could work for. Maybe. But what about the snitches? How do you stop the fox in the hen house?

SHUR

It's something to discuss. Maybe you assign someone to check up on the subject from time to time. Like a parole officer. And they would know going in that if they slip up... you know, maybe we slip up on keeping their location a secret.

THOMAS

Now that... THAT was a passable mob impersonation.

Tapping forefinger to temple -

SHUR

Think like thine enemy.

THOMAS

It's an interesting idea Gerry. But a lot of red tape. I just don't know if I can hang my hat on it.

SHUR

Think about it some more at least. Preferably in Buffalo.

Thomas nods and the two men go back to eating.

21 EXT. EAST BOSTON - BARBOZA'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MORNING 21

Establish a quiet, residential neighborhood with one story houses lining the streets.

SUPER: East Boston

Barboza sits on the stoop of his home, watching his daughter TERRI, 3, play with SIDEWALK CHALK on the driveway. He wears a bathrobe and drinks a CUP OF COFFEE. The NEWSPAPER sits untouched next to him.

Barboza grins while he watches his daughter play. Who says a contract killer can't enjoy the simple things?

For the first time that morning Barboza notices a car idling on the street a few houses down. The hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

BARBOZA
 Meu bem, come to papa.

TERRI
 Come see what I drew daddy.

BARBOZA
 Come on minha vida, time to go
 inside.

He stands, visibly anxious, eyes darting back and forth
 between his daughter and the car.

The car moves forward slowly and the back seat window rolls
 down. As Barboza steps down from the stoop and moves away
 from his daughter a PISTOL sticks out of the window.

BARBOZA (CONT'D)
 TERRI GET DOWN!!

SHOTS RING OUT!

Terri screams - helpless in the driveway. Barboza jumps up
 and down, moving as far away from her as he can and waving
 his arms to make himself an inviting target.

BARBOZA (CONT'D)
 HERE! RIGHT HERE YOU FILHO DA PUTA!
 COME ON!

Un-hit, Barboza ducks behind the side of the house and the
 car stops in front of his house. He fumbles with the SNUB
 NOSE REVOLVER in the pocket of his bathrobe and returns fire.

Shots pepper the house siding. One of Barboza's shots
 shatters the back windshield - the car accelerates away.

Barboza runs forward and scoops a crying Terri up with one
 arm. He retreats through the open garage, keeping his back to
 the house as he goes.

22 INT. BARBOZA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

22

Barboza sits at the kitchen table with his wife, JANICE
 BARBOZA, 20's, a polite, bright, and beautiful woman. A
 BOTTLE OF WHISKEY sits between them.

NOTE: Janice is criminally underutilized here, but she has a
 big part to play in our story.

There is a knock at the door and Janice stands to answer it.

BARBOZA
Sit back down!

It's sharp but not angry - maybe a little fear in his normally brash voice?

Barboza takes a pull from the bottle and stands. Tight on Barboza's back as he moves to the door, grabbing a SHOTGUN that leans against the wall as he goes.

BARBOZA (CONT'D)
Yeah?

JOHN PARTINGTON
John Partington, U.S. Marshals.

Barboza slowly opens the door, shotgun leveled at the hip. JOHN PARTINGTON, 31, stands in the doorway with one hand holding his badge out and the other holding his suit coat open. He looks young for his age, with sandy brown hair, blue eyes, and a lanky frame.

JOHN PARTINGTON (CONT'D)
Mr. Barboza, may I come in?

BARBOZA
Whatever.

Barboza turns his back on John and walks back to the kitchen. John enters, shuts the door, and carefully takes off his shoes in the doorway.

He surveys the DIY home defense system - makeshift metal plates on hinges that block the windows - as he follows Barboza into the kitchen.

Barboza sits but doesn't offer John a seat.

JOHN PARTINGTON
Quite the set up you have. Never can be too careful.

BARBOZA
Clearly.

Silence. Barboza takes another pull. John and Janice exchange a (charged?) look that Barboza misses.

JOHN PARTINGTON
Ma'am, I'm sorry to intrude.

Janice stands.

JANICE
Nonsense, can I get you something
to drink? Coffee? It's still early
enough.

She shoots Barboza and his bottle a look. This he catches.

JOHN PARTINGTON
Thank you, ma'am.

John sits across from Barboza.

BARBOZA
So whaddya want?

JOHN PARTINGTON
Is your daughter okay?

BARBOZA
She's fine. I keep her safe. What
do you want?

JOHN PARTINGTON
To talk about your options.
Frankly, they're running out.

Janice returns with the coffee and hands it to John.

JOHN PARTINGTON (CONT'D)
Thank you.

BARBOZA
Polite little fucker, ain't ya?

JOHN PARTINGTON
(shrugging)
Raymond called me a Boy Scout once.

BARBOZA
Raymond who? Not Patriarca.

John nods, sips.

BARBOZA (CONT'D)
Get the fuck outta here. You met
Providence's Public Enemy Number
One?

JOHN PARTINGTON
Served him a subpoena once.

BARBOZA
You're full of shit.

JOHN PARTINGTON

Funny enough, I almost did shit my pants.

(to Janice)

Excuse my French.

(then)

Reached into my coat for my badge, his boys thought I was going for my gun. That was almost it for Johnny the rookie.

BARBOZA

(sarcastic)

HA! Yeah, okay.

JOHN PARTINGTON

Listen, your current employer is actually why I'm here. I'm sorry to bring business into your home, but considering the circumstances...

He trails off.

JOHN PARTINGTON (CONT'D)

Is there a chance we could talk in private?

Barboza considers for a beat.

BARBOZA

Janice, adios.

She shoots him another dirty look and exits to the bedroom.

John reaches forward and grabs the whiskey, then pours a liberal amount into his coffee. Barboza regards him with interest.

BARBOZA (CONT'D)

Never met a man with a badge who wasn't an asshole. But you seem decent enough, so I won't string you along. Whatever deal you got, whatever idea you have about keeping my family safe. You can fuck right off with it.

JOHN PARTINGTON

Now that doesn't sound like The Animal I know.

(off Barboza's look)

What, you thought wise guys were the only ones who know your nickname?

(MORE)

JOHN PARTINGTON (CONT'D)
You've developed quite a reputation
on both sides of the aisle.

BARBOZA
Don't act like you know me.

JOHN PARTINGTON
But I do know you. You're a two
timing contract killer for hire.
You'll play on any side that pays
you. And you have. And I'm here to
pay.

BARBOZA
I'm no rat.

JOHN PARTINGTON
Sure, and Raymond isn't a snake.
(a beat)
I'm not here to pay you in money
Joe. I'm here to pay you in years.

BARBOZA
Not interested in bartering for
years off a sentence I haven't been
convicted of.

JOHN PARTINGTON
Not years off a jail sentence.
Years for a new life. Away from
here. Away from all this bullshit.

BARBOZA
You offering me a vacation? I can
pay for own plane ticket any time I
want.

JOHN PARTINGTON
There's whispers in the Justice
Department. Talk of helping men and
their families who come forward to
start a new life away from all
this.

BARBOZA
I've been working on the East Coast
my whole life. Why would I want to
go anywhere else?

JOHN PARTINGTON
California is 70 degrees and sunny
11 months out of the year.

He takes a big gulp of coffee, grimaces from the alcohol, and stands.

JOHN PARTINGTON (CONT'D)
If I give you my card is it just
gonna end up in the trash?

BARBOZA
No doubt.

John takes a card out of his WALLET anyway and lays it on the table.

JOHN PARTINGTON
You knew your life expectancy would
take a nose dive when you got into
this business. Don't harness your
daughter with the same short
lifespan.

John turns and exits. Barboza watches him go.

23 INT. TERRI'S BEDROOM - LATER 23

Barboza stands in the doorway watching Terri sleep. He has sketched beautiful drawings of Snow White's seven dwarfs on either side of her bed, watching her sleep.

Barboza notices a bullet hole in one of them. His fingers play with John's card, turning it over and over in his hands.

24 INT. BUFFALO COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING 24

Close on a COFFEE CUP that reads "Buffalo County Sheriff Department." Pull back to find it sitting under a COFFEE MAKER that Thomas is wrestling with in the corner of the kitchen.

SUPER: Buffalo, NY, 1966

Thomas turns to PAIGE, a middle aged cop, who is putting her BROWN SACK LUNCH in the fridge.

THOMAS
Something's wrong with the coffee
maker again. Could you help me out?

PAIGE
Don't drink coffee.

If the tone of her voice didn't give it away, her quick exit makes it clear she doesn't want Thomas to feel welcome.

With a sigh, he turns back to the machine. After another moment he gives up and puts the COFFEE CUP back in the cabinet above him.

25

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

25

Thomas walks into a large conference room that has been converted into a workplace for the strike team - each agency has quartered off a small amount of space to use.

Robert sits at a small desk that has been wedged into the back corner of the room. Thomas sits on the other side of the desk and drops a STACK OF FOLDERS down.

THOMAS

Still waiting for that welcome wagon to show up.

ROBERT

Don't hold your breath.

THOMAS

Might as well have a disease. Don't they know were trying to help?

ROBERT

Big Brother comin' in and hijacking their shop? Going after the same guys they've been hunting the last two decades? I'd chalk up shunning as a win.

THOMAS

Yeah, well, a hello would be nice.

ROBERT

We're not here to make friends.

THOMAS

Better diplomatic relations could help us, ya know.

ROBERT

So bake 'em a cake. What do you want from me?

THOMAS

How bout a coffee maker that works?

A knock at the open door interrupts them. GARY HOLMSTED, 32, a fully uniformed Canadian Mountie stands in the doorway. He holds the same (and full) coffee cup that Thomas had earlier.

GARY
Is this is the strike force outta
D.C.?

THOMAS
Where'd you get that?

GARY
(looking over his
shoulder)
Uhh, Paige got it for...
(trailing off)
I heard you guys are building a
case against the Magadinno family.

ROBERT PELOQUIN
That's right.

Gary approaches his desk. Some of the agents go back to work,
some keep their eyes on the conversation.

GARY
Well, you haven't reached out to
the Mounties yet.

ROBERT
So?

GARY
So at least a third of their
business takes place over the
border.

THOMAS
Our mandate is to halt the effects
of their business on the U.S. side.

GARY
How can you not see that the two
are related?

ROBERT
Who are you again?

GARY
Gary Holmsted. My boss spoke with a
Robert Peloquin... said he would be
sending me down to assist with the
strike team.

ROBERT
Yeah, that's me. I told him not to
send you. We have it under control.

GARY

Word goin' around is you've been at this for a couple months now with nothing to show for it.

ROBERT

Word from who?

Gary shrugs, takes a sip of coffee.

THOMAS

We're getting as many roadblocks from back home as we are from Stefano's family. We're still figuring out the best way to get ahead of them.

Robert shoots him a look - "what the hell are you doing?"

GARY

Stefano is an old prick. Smart though. Who's giving you trouble back home? FBI?

THOMAS

What makes you say that?

GARY

It wouldn't take a strike team to figure out Hoover can be stubborn.

THOMAS

He's doing everything he can to prove we're a waste of time and money.

GARY

(surveying the room)

Maybe he's not wrong. You trust all these men?

ROBERT

I picked them myself.

GARY

Mm. And do you periodically check this room for bugs.

ROBERT

We're in the Buffalo County Sheriff's Office. What, you think a couple of wise guys are posing as janitors?

GARY

Take that as a no.

Gary moves to set his coffee down on Robert's crowded desk, opts instead to hand it to Thomas when he can't find a free space. He drops down on his hands and knees and looks under the desk.

Thomas grudgingly holds the coffee as he and Robert exchange looks.

Gary examines the underside of the desk, then moves on his hands and knees to the conference table.

Two bewildered Agents hastily get out of his way as he crawls between their chairs and disappears under the table.

After an awkward moment he reappears. Adjusts his uniform as he stands.

ROBERT

You done yet?

Gary takes the coffee from Thomas and drops a BLACK RECORDING DEVICE onto Robert's desk.

A beat.

GARY

So where can I sit?

Off Thomas and Robert's shocked faces...

26 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

26

SUPER: Boston, October, 1966

Three Patriarca Mafiosos gear up for a job. The men load clips into guns and stuff them into various holsters.

MAFIOSO #1

I don't understand why the old man has to keep using him. We can handle this shit on our own.

MAFIOSO #2

Why do they call him "The Animal"?

MAFIOSO #3

I heard he beats men to death with his own hands. He never has to use a gun.

MAFIOSO #1

That would make him an idiot, not
an animal.

BARBOZA (O.S.)

Car gassed up?

The three men jump a little.

MAFIOSO #1

Took care of it this afternoon.

BARBOZA

Good.

Barboza steps forward to the table. Picks up a PISTOL, checks
that it's loaded, then holsters it. The three men watch him
warily.

BARBOZA (CONT'D)

I used to box.

MAFIOSO #2

Huh?

BARBOZA

The Animal. That's what they used
to call me when I boxed.

MAFIOSO #3

C-cool.

A beat.

BARBOZA

Also, I will beat your ass to death
with my hands if I have to. Let's
go.

He turns and walks towards the door. The three Mafiosos
follow.

27 EXT./INT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - CAR - MOMENTS LATER 27

AS the car carrying the four men pulls out of the parking lot
COP CARS LIGHT UP and descend on them. It's so quick the
driver doesn't have a chance to contemplate a getaway.

Barboza shakes his head, more annoyed than scared.

28 INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - LATER THAT NIGHT 28

The three Mafiosos and Barboza sit in a holding cell with a few other delinquents. Barboza sits away from the other men, staring off into space.

A COP approaches the cage.

COP
Bartolo, Matteo, Callisto. Let's go.

The three Mafiosos stand. One looks over at Barboza - who still hasn't looked at the men or the cop.

BARBOZA
No Barboza?

COP
Did I say Barboza shit bird?

BARBOZA
In all his vast riches Raymond couldn't scrape the bail money together for fourth, huh?

BARTOLO
Raymond who? Don't know what you're talkin' about guy.

BARBOZA
Oh, I see.

BARTOLO
Stay safe in their with that mouth.

The three men exit with the cop. Barboza keeps looking straight ahead, his brow furrowed in worry.

29 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAYS LATER 29

Barboza is cuffed to the small, metal table. He wears a prison jumpsuit and has a few days of stubble. A few beats while Barboza waits alone.

The door opens and Shur enters. He sits, setting a MANILA FOLDER down in front of him. Barboza eyes him coldly.

Shur matches his stare.

SHUR

My name is Gerald Shur. I'm with the Organized Crime and Racketeering Section at the Justice Department.

No response from Barboza. Shur looks down at the folder, opens it.

SHUR (CONT'D)

And you are... Joseph Barboza. AKA "The Animal." AKA "The Wild Thing." Suspected of armed robbery, extortion, and murder. "Suspected" being the key word there, I suppose. Finally brought in on weapons charges. Frankly, they're minor. You won't be in here for long, though you've indicated to the Warden that doesn't mean you'll actually walk out of here alive.

Shur lets this land, but Barboza doesn't give him a hint at what he's thinking.

SHUR (CONT'D)

Mr. Barboza? Do you believe your life is in danger?

No response.

SHUR (CONT'D)

Why didn't Raymond Patriarca post your bail?

Still nothing.

SHUR (CONT'D)

Does he have men in here? Men who aim to harm you?

Still nothing... Shur sighs, pinches the bridge of his nose.

SHUR (CONT'D)

It's a long drive back to D.C. Joe, am I wasting my time here? Shall we throw you back to the wolves?

Silence. A beat. Two beats. Finally, Barboza cocks his head a bit.

BARBOZA

You want me to talk? Let's get me fed and into isolation first. A steak, potatoes, asparagus or some other kinda rabbit food. I'll take a pint of chocolate ice cream. And while you're at it, I want to speak with John Partington.

BLACK

END OF PILOT