

GONE, BABY, GONE

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Based on the Novel by  
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PILOT  
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OVER BLACK, we hear THE RUMBLE OF A V8 CAR ENGINE...  
IDLING... VAGUELY THREATENING... As we CUT TO:

**EXT. BOSTON - STREET - NIGHT**

One way you know that this is Boston is that every parking spot is taken. CLOSE ON A CAR... it's ALARM BLARING... as we see a WOMAN (CAROLINE, 40s) rush down from her front porch to the street, clutching a COAT around her for heat. She clicks a KEY FOB --BLOOP-BLOOP-- silencing the alarm, but then sees--

Her passenger side window. SHATTERED.

CAROLINE

Dammit...

**INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

With Caroline as she rushes back inside, hangs up her coat, while speaking to someone offscreen--

CAROLINE

Matthew, honey, someone broke into  
the car. Finish that equation  
while I make a call, okay...

(then; no answer)

Matthew?

She turns, and FREEZES--

There's a MAN in the room. Standing next to her son MATTHEW (12), his math homework spread out on the coffee table. The man is tall, long-faced, his skin pock-marked and course. Dull, coin-slot eyes. A bandage across the bridge of his nose adding to the abundant creepiness... meet KEVIN HURLIHY. He's got one arm placed on Matthew's shoulder, the other casually holding a GUN.

Caroline just stares, frozen... as another THUG enters from the kitchen behind her... floor boards CREAKING underfoot.

KEVIN

Watch the street...

The thug nods, heads outside. We hear the screen door shut behind him. A HEAVY SILENCE... before Kevin finally speaks--

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You know who I am?

(off Caroline's nod)

So you know who I work for?

Caroline nods again. Kevin steps forward... scarily close.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

This thing you knew was out there... you knew you lived next to, around and within... but you could pretend you didn't.

(then)

Not anymore. Now it's found you...

Off Caroline's terror, as we go--

OUTSIDE - with the THUG... looking up as he notes--

A CAR appearing at the head of the street... classic MUSCLE CAR... LOUD... V8 MOTOR RUMBLING as it creeps forward...

BACK INSIDE - WITH KEVIN AND CAROLINE

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Remy Broussard...

CAROLINE

(surprised)

He doesn't live here anymore. We split up...

Kevin tsks tsks tsks... silencing her...

KEVIN

You don't want to do that. Try to convince me you don't matter to him anymore...

(beat)

If that's true... I really can do whatever I want right now...

THUG (O.S.)

Boss...

Kevin looks up, pissed, to see the Thug's concerned look. A beat, then Kevin crosses to the door where he sees--

THE MUSCLE CAR

Idling in the street in front of the house... silhouettes of four men inside, their faces' shrouded in the dark. Weird and unsettling. Kevin and the thug share a look, before the thug starts to advance down the path...

THUG (CONT'D)

You got a problem?

(then)

Why are you following us?

But before he can get close enough--

The car peels out with a SCREECH OF TIRES, rocketing away down the street... Just the ROAR of its engine as it disappears into black...

A beat, as the thug turns back to Kevin, who turns back to see Caroline in her doorway. The moment strangely broken-- hard to be scary when you're feeling fear yourself--

Caroline slams the door. Off Kevin,

**EXT. STREET - SOUTH BOSTON - DAY**

Find PATRICK KENZIE (31), seated in a beat up Plymouth parked across the street from a row of three-deckers tinged orange in the early morning light. Patrick sips a cup of coffee, listening to morning radio... some caller winning two tickets to a hockey game--

CALLER (O.S.)

*Oh my god, I've been calling all morning, this is so exciting...*

Patrick just listens... happy, in his element... eyes scanning the street when his cell phone buzzes--

CLOSE ON HIS PHONE - A message from "A. Dimassi": "*Can we hurry this up? I gotta be somewhere.*" Patrick exhales... a little annoyed. He looks up to see a group of neighborhood KIDS loitering nearby on their bikes.

PATRICK

(to one kid)

Hey King Huffy, come here will you?

One of the kids scowls, makes his way over.

KID

What did you say?

PATRICK

I said your bike's cool, where'd you get it?

KID

From your mother, she said I could have it or your car...

All his friends laugh.

PATRICK

Hardy har. This car's a classic, ask anyone. Hey listen, you see this guy around here, kind of hard to miss...

He holds out a PHOTO on his phone...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Name's Derik McGee. Big guy...  
looks like he coulda played ball.  
Actually he did play ball.

KID

Whatdaya want him for?

PATRICK

I'm a fan. Saw him run for three  
touchdowns vs. Millis High in '93.  
Heard he crashes around here, want  
to see if I can get an autograph...

KID

You a cop or something?

PATRICK

Do I look like a cop? Help me out  
I'll treat your boys to some Donut  
King.

The kid steps closer, checking out the photo. Patrick can tell he recognizes the guy.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I know you know everybody around  
here, you're a comer, I can tell...

But that's when he notices... one of the other kids... his eyes darting to something past the car.

Patrick turns, spots DERIK MCGEE as he turns the corner with a bag of groceries. TENSE FROZEN MOMENT as he spies Patrick and the kids eyeing him... AND HE KNOWS-- SO HE RUNS--

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Shit!

With Patrick now, as he leaps from his car, sprints across the street in pursuit-- A car horn blaring as we CUT TO:

THE CHASE... Derik with a healthy lead as he guides Patrick down a crowded morning sidewalk... weaving around people... crashing into others... before turning into--

AN ALLEY-- skinny and overgrown with weeds. Brick on one side, wood siding on the other. Two men running all out. Oddly quiet, just the PAD PAD of their shoes, huff of their breathing... the CHI-CHING of a chainlink fence door as Derik shoulders into it... popping it full off his hinges...

Patrick's eyebrows go up at the sight of this--

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 Guess he's still got it...

As he pursues Derik into--

**EXT. GROCERY STORE - BACK AREA - SAME**

Patrick appears, spins-- no sign of Derik-- until he hears a WHISTLE-- turns to see two WORKERS seated on lunch crates near the back door... one of them jerking a thumb inside--

As Patrick races past--

PATRICK  
 Thanks boys...

**INT. GROCERY STORE - SAME**

Patrick enters, immediately grins when he sees--

THE FRONT DOOR -- BLOCKED by a set of PALLETS being brought in on a cart. Patrick turns to the aisles... speaking loud enough to be heard-

PATRICK  
 Hey Derik, tough luck with the door  
 huh?

PATRICK'S POV -- as he creeps around the aisles...

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
 But listen you gotta know you can't  
 keep running from those child  
 support payments forever...  
 (beat)  
 Your ex-wife's lawyer ain't some  
 third-string cornerback... This  
 isn't the sectional  
 championships...

This, as he spins around into the next aisle, only to find--

IT'S EMPTY

Then... a bad feeling... as the SQUEAK of sneakers on linoleum makes him turn just in time to see--

DERIK

Who slams into Patrick like a freight train, lifting him full off his feet and through--

**EXT. GROCERY STORE - FRONT - SAME**

THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW at the front of the store. It EXPLODES outward in a hail of glass... as Patrick hits the ground flat on his ass... doubled over in pain...

ANGLE UP ON Derik, looming over him.

DERIK

It was regionals, asshole.

And with that, he's off again... glass clinking beneath his feet as he sprints away.

On Patrick... stunned, immobile, barely able to turn his head as he sees three versions of Derik turning the far corner... *Gone, baby, gone...*

**EXT. BOSTON - NEARBY STREET - SAME**

STAY WITH DERIK, as he turns another corner, checks behind him... sees no one in pursuit. Feeling good, he starts to slow... grins to himself... But that's when he sees-

LEGS... descending from a TIGHT BLACK MINI-SKIRT. Derik slows... as the wearer of said mini-skirt retrieves a set of keys from the gutter where she must have dropped them. She stands again, whips her auburn hair back off her face... as Derik approaches with a friendly smile...

ANGIE

Do I know you?

DERIK

You're Angie Gennaro, right? You were prom queen, MSM High. I went to Cathedral, but my girlfriend went to MSM. I remember you...

ANGIE

So you were at prom with your girlfriend, but you were looking at me the whole time?

Derik with a Cheshire Cat grin.

DERIK

You were there with Phil Dimassi, right? Didn't you two get married?

ANGIE

We did. Now we're not...

DERIK

I'm sorry.

ANGIE

Yeah, you seem sorry...

Smiles through all of this. Derik loving her attitude.

DERIK

God I remember your whole crew.  
Bubba Rugowski... Frankie Shakes...

(then)

Who was that runty guy always  
followed you around everywhere?

ANGIE

Patrick Kenzie. Believe or not,  
he's still following me around. We  
work together.

Beat. A sliver of concern crosses Derik's features...

DERIK

... doing what?

ANGIE

We're private investigators.  
Missing persons. Occasional skip  
trace... He's probably around here  
somewhere... ratty T-shirt... five  
o'clock shadow...

ALARM BELLS NOW. Derik turns to run and sees--

Patrick. Limping toward him. Gun out. Shit. Derik then  
spins to grab Angie-- his hand on her throat... but then he  
freezes...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(cool)

Not the worst idea, grabbing me.  
Patrick's a terrible shot. Me, I'm  
an ace. Though you'll have to take  
my word for it.

This, as Derik hears a CLICK. Looks down to see Angie has a  
.38 aimed right at his ribs. Off Derik, done for--

**INT./EXT. PATRICK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

With Patrick and Angie as they walk a handcuffed Derik back  
to Patrick's work car. Patrick wincing through his pain as a  
thought suddenly occurs--



PATRICK

(to Angie)

Funny, partner... I don't remember you wearing a mini-skirt this morning...

(off her silence)

How'd you catch him anyway? Let me guess... 'changing in the alley?'

ANGIE

Nope.

PATRICK

'Keys in the gutter?'

(beat)

It was 'keys in the gutter' wasn't it?

This, as he stuffs Derik in the back seat, climbs into the drivers seat opposite Angie.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Man, so hard to pick up those keys without flashing some leg... Which one did you favor? Right or left?

ANGIE

This conversation's over.

PATRICK

I hope it was the left. The left's my favorite.

ANGIE

Just drive, Skid, before I put you through your second window of the day.

PATRICK

Yes ma'am.

As he guns the engines mockingly, and they speed off--

END TEASER

ACT ONE

A echoey CLANK of metal... machinery WHIR... as we CUT TO:

INT. INDOOR GUN RANGE - DAY

A paper gun range TARGET slides into frame, stops with a loud CLANK. Brief moment of silence then--

BANG BANG. Two holes shot through it. QUICK CUTS now as we see--

ANGIE, in GOGGLES. Firing a .38 Special with intense concentration. BAM BAM BAM. She lowers the gun, unhappy about something. Then, with the assurance of a practiced shooter, she places it down next to two others: A 9MM GLOCK and a notably tiny SIG SAUER P238. She picks up the SIG, clicks off the safety, is about to fire off another volley when--

HER CELLPHONE BUZZES... A message from Patrick. "Call me."

EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY

As Angie exits into daylight with a purse big enough to hide Peru in--

VOICE (O.S.)  
How'd you do?

She turns to a CORNER STORE OWNER... sweeping the sidewalk in front of his place. Angie puts her phone to her ear, holds up her paper target for his inspection. He makes a face...

CORNER STORE GUY  
Not your best...

ANGIE  
Thanks a lot, Benny...

Benny shrugs... *just saying*... as Patrick comes on the line--

PATRICK (O.S.)  
*Hey, what are you up to?*

ANGIE  
Oh, you know... brunch with the girls.

INTERCUT:

INT. KENZIE AND GENNARO INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

With Patrick, already at the office.

PATRICK

Aw, how are Patti, Kim and Kathleen?

ANGIE (O.S.)

*Patti's still a boss but Kim's action has been better. Might need some oil. You at the office?*

PATRICK

Yeah, here with Tran. Just told her we found Mr. Running Back.

He looks toward a young woman, HAI MINH TRAN (23, law student), seated nearby with one knee up, absorbed in her phone.

ANGIE

Did you include the part where he put you through a window, or you leaving that out for now?

PATRICK

Don't worry, I've found a way to tell it where it sounds impressive...

(beat)

And speaking of impressive... my hunch panned out.

ANGIE

Did it now?

PATRICK

Once I made it clear he was facing a pretty serious parole violation, Derik flipped on a bunch of his fellow nogood-niks in the neighborhood, including the crew that conned Tran's grandmother out of the family heirlooms...

TRAN

They thought she'd be too embarrassed to get help.  
(channeling Wiz Khalifa)  
But this is 2018, bitches. We get it on our own...

ANGIE

(overheard her)  
I like this girl.

PATRICK  
Yeah, me too.

ANGIE  
I have to admit, Kenzie, I am a  
little bit impressed...  
(beat; no answer)  
You there?

PATRICK (O.S.)  
*Sorry... just luxuriating in those  
words... like a warm bath...*

ANGIE  
God almighty...

Back with Patrick, kicked back in his chair with a lovesick grin while Tran watches on... observing...

PATRICK  
(to Angie)  
Like how impressed, exactly? On a  
scale of one to "I want your love  
child," where do I sit?

ANGIE  
Was there anything else? Because  
you're about to be sitting on an  
empty phone line.

PATRICK  
Remy Broussard wants to meet.

Angie stops walking... knows the name.

ANGIE  
Did he say what about?

PATRICK  
You know Remy... Mr. Need To Know.  
But he asked for both of us, so...

ANGIE  
When did he say?

PATRICK  
An hour.

ANGIE  
Alright, I'll be there...

She hangs up. Something intense in her look, AS WE GO--

**INT. KENZIE AND GENNARO INVESTIGATIONS - CONTINUOUS**

Back with Patrick... taking a beat... something weird about that call he can't quite put his finger on...

TRAN (O.S.)  
So that was her, huh?

Patrick looks over at Tran.

TRAN (CONT'D)  
Your elusive partner. Can't believe I still haven't met this person...

PATRICK  
Yeah, well... she's been something of a stranger to me lately as well.  
(then)  
She and her husband are splitting. It's been rough on her. I've been handling most of the case work while she gets herself out from under it.

Tran nods, looks toward a frame on the wall. Angie's INVESTIGATOR LICENSE.

TRAN  
She's gorgeous.  
(then)  
You guys ever...

PATRICK  
Ever what?

TRAN  
... date?

On Patrick. Sideways look that says she hit a nerve.

PATRICK  
I mean... we've known each other since we were six.

Tran smells a story, pulls her chair closer. Patrick sighs... in for a penny...

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Neither of us had what you'd call a stable home life. Spent basically all our time together. Lost our virginity to each other when we were sixteen...

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(off Tran's GASP)

... then I did what guys do, pushed her away, right into the arms of my rival Phil...

(another gasp)

They got married, then I went and married Angie's sister Renee, our marriage lasted about as long as this cup of coffee...

Tran is straight up laughing now...

TRAN

Oh my god. What a mess.

PATRICK

You asked...

TRAN

So what does this mean?

PATRICK

What does what mean?

TRAN

She's single again...

(beat)

I saw you on the phone just now. Like Bugs Bunny with a pile of carrots...

On Patrick. Frozen for a microsecond by the question... Then, deflecting--

PATRICK

We're friends, Tran.

(beat)

Besides, nothing's final until she signs the papers. Wouldn't surprise me if it never happens...

As he grabs his jacket to go...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Angie's a great detective. You know what makes a great detective?

(off her look)

You can't ever let go...

Off Tran, as the sound of KNOCKING takes us to--

INT. BLACK EMERALD BAR - DAY

A door to a darkened bar swings open, revealing Patrick and Angie.

REVERSE on the bar owner, GERRY GLYNN (50s, unassuming).

GERRY

Hey Patrick, hey Angie. Can't let you in, just the boys today...

Patrick shoots Angie an annoyed look...

PATRICK

We're here to see Remy Broussard.  
(then)  
He called us...

Gerry takes a beat, then steps aside to let them into--

THE BLACK EMERALD. One of our principal locations for the season... A COP BAR... open to the public but favored by Boston's finest. Secretive, exclusive-feeling... And as they approach the back, Patrick trading some less than friendly look with the clientele... we finally meet--

DETECTIVE REMY BROUSSARD (early 40s, well tailored suit, cocky yet charming). Lord of his manor. As Patrick and Angie approach--

BROUSSARD

They there are... my two favorite gumshoes...  
(then)  
The blue collar Nick and Nora.

A half-smile from Patrick. Doesn't love this guy...

BROUSSARD (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Kenzie, you don't like Dashiell Hammett?

PATRICK

Before my time, Broussard.

BROUSSARD

You young kids, raised on television...

ANGIE

Patrick's more of a film guy. Always making me watch those Hong Kong flicks where the clips never empty and everyone dies in the end.

BROUSSARD  
 What, like John Woo?  
 (blows a raspberry)  
 Warmed over Peckinpah with none of  
 the subtext.

Patrick doesn't answer. Third wheel all of a sudden.

BROUSSARD (CONT'D)  
 What, your partner and I can't have  
 a little fun at your expense?  
 (then)  
 Or maybe it's standing in a bar  
 full of cops that's making you so  
 squirrely...

PATRICK  
 What's that supposed to mean?

BROUSSARD  
 (shrugs)  
 Just that half the people you know  
 are criminals and degenerates...

PATRICK  
 And the other half are cops. Don't  
 hold it against me...

ANGIE  
 My god boys, should I just ask the  
 barkeep for a ruler, settle this  
 once and for all?

On Patrick and Remy, chastened... momentarily...

PATRICK  
 You called us, Broussard...  
 remember?

BROUSSARD  
 (after a beat)  
 Look at that... days just started  
 and you're wrong already...

Patrick and Angie share a confused look... as Broussard  
 suddenly stands, buttons his suit jacket...

BROUSSARD (CONT'D)  
 Follow me...

As he heads toward the back stairs, and WE GO--



**INT. BLACK EMERALD - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Patrick and Angie descend the stairs with Remy, to find--

Caroline and Matthew. From the teaser... in the corner of this pool room with a couple of COTS, a stack of SCHOOLBOOKS, open SUITCASES. As if they're hiding out... which in fact they are...

CAROLINE

Hey Angie... thanks for coming...

Off Angie and Patrick's look of concern--

CAROLINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*It's not easy being a cop's wife...*

JUMP AHEAD NOW... Patrick and Angie seated with Caroline...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

The uncertainty... the hours...  
puts a strain on everything. And  
that's on a good day... the days  
without the guns and bullets...

On Patrick and Angie... listening... as Caroline shoots a look back to Remy... playing pool with Matthew on the other side of the room...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

When I told Remy I couldn't do it  
anymore, he didn't fight it. I was  
grateful for that. We put our shit  
aside for Matthew's sake...

(then)

But splitting up takes money, no  
way around it... so on top of  
everything else, Remy took a night  
job. Security at a club--

**INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

We see Remy, in a suit, standing in the wings of this crowded nightclub-- silhouettes of dancers, patrons CRISS-CROSSING in front of him-- Remy casually scanning, until he sees--

ACROSS THE WAY-- just a glimpse-- A MAN, his back to us, gripping a woman by the elbow, shaking her violently--

CAROLINE (O.S.)

*One night he saw a guy busting up  
his girlfriend... stepped in...*

(then)

*Only it wasn't just any guy...*

As Remy shoves the guy into a wall, revealing--

KEVIN HURLIHY... None too pleased...

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

It was Kevin Hurlihy.

(then)

I'm assuming you know who that is...

PATRICK

Unfortunately, yeah... He works for Jack Rouse, everyone's favorite Irish mob boss...

ANGIE

So what happened?

CUT TO - Kevin, yelling in Remy's face. We can't hear the words. Don't need to. CLOSE ON Remy's face, tensing with anger as Kevin levels his threats--

CAROLINE (O.S.)

*Things escalated... Remy lost control...*

Finally, Remy SWINGS A FIST, and on impact we slam back to--  
Patrick and Angie, with Caroline--

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

He broke Kevin's nose, a couple of his ribs. Kevin's been threatening Remy ever since... and it's escalating...

(then)

A few days ago, I went to pick Matthew up at the bus stop... and Kevin was there. The night after that, he was in our home...

(beat)

He gave Remy an ultimatum. He surrenders to Kevin or it's all out war.

On Patrick and Angie... realizing how bad this is...

ANGIE

Which is why you're here...

CAROLINE

For now... Remy thought it was safer. But we can't live like this.

(MORE)

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I don't even want to tell you what Remy was contemplating, but I wouldn't let him do that, not if there was some other way...

(beat)

That's when I thought of you. Remy hates asking for help... but we need it...

PATRICK

Help with what, exactly?

A beat. Caroline looking over to Remy... *your turn...*

B&W PHOTOS -- spread across the felt of a pool table. GRISLY CRIME SCENE... BULLET-RIDDEN BODIES splayed around a small ghetto kitchen.

BROUSSARD

This is... or was... a drug stash house in Field's Corner. Belonged to Jack Rouse. Someone did a full Benghazi on it, killed everyone and took the drugs...

PATRICK

Takes some stones... any idea who the doers were?

BROUSSARD

Once the shooting stopped, neighbors heard Vietnamese being spoken... and a muscle car engine. That's all we got for now...

(beat)

For our purposes... I'm more interested in what I didn't get...

He throws another photo down... Rail-thin criminal type in a tracksuit...

PATRICK

Who's that?

BROUSSARD

Skinny Ray Likanski. Rouses' preferred drug mule. We know from surveillance Ray made a huge delivery the night of the stash house robbery, plan was to catch him red-handed with the proceeds, flip him on his boss...

(then)

(MORE)

BROUSSARD (CONT'D)  
 Except now everyone's dead.  
 Everyone except Ray...

PATRICK  
 He wasn't there...

BROUSSARD  
 More importantly, neither was the  
 money... two hundred thousand  
 dollars...

Patrick and Angie share a look... then turn to face  
 Caroline... piecing it together...

PATRICK  
 You think Ray kept it, thinking no  
 one would be the wiser--

ANGIE  
 --and if you were to find him...  
 retrieve the money... you could  
 return it to Jack Rouse. Maybe  
 convince him to pull Kevin's chain  
 to repay the favor...

BROUSSARD  
 That's the general idea... but  
 first I gotta find Ray.  
 (beat)  
 And as we all know... when it comes  
 to serving up degenerates... you  
 two are faster than FedEx...

On Patrick. Weighing this... follows Angie's look over to  
 Carolina and Matthew... obviously in need of help. CUT TO:

**EXT. BLACK EMERALD - MOMENTS LATER**

With Patrick and Angie as they exit... Patrick mulling the  
 ask as Angie lights a cigarette...

ANGIE  
 What do you think?

PATRICK  
 (deep exhale)  
 Lotta if's here... even if we can  
 find the money... is that enough to  
 get Jack Rouse to side with Remy  
 over his own guy?

A moment between them... Patrick waiting on her answer.

ANGIE

Why are you asking me?

PATRICK

For starters... you know Jack Rouse.

ANGIE

My father knew him...

PATRICK

That's an understatement, the man's practically your godfather...

ANGIE

Look, I just know what Kevin's capable of. If Remy tries to take him head on he'll get killed... and then knowing Kevin he might just kill Caroline and Matthew anyway to put a point on it.

(then)

But if you can't stand the thought of helping Remy--

PATRICK

Did I say I can't stand the thought?

ANGIE

No. You raised some very reasonable points to disguise the fact that you can't stand the thought...

On Patrick... sensing some unnamed tension here...

PATRICK

Look, I'm not gonna leave these people hanging, you know that... but you're part-time, remember? If I'm gonna handle this by myself I need to know where I stand...

ANGIE

... except I'm not part time anymore.

PATRICK

You're not? Since when?

ANGIE

Since I signed the papers.

Beat. His tenor instantly softens.

PATRICK  
The divorce papers...

A moment as it sinks in.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
I didn't know...

Angie bites her lip... looking a touch vulnerable.

ANGIE  
I woke up this morning, saw them  
there. Same place they've been for  
the last two months. I thought  
maybe if I just did it, I'd feel  
better. That this cloud I've been  
under would finally be lifted...  
(then)  
So I signed... Tied the ribbon on  
twelve years of my life...

Back on Patrick. Knows what that must have taken.  
Unconsciously, he draws closer-- gently reaches up, lifts a  
strand of hair from her eyes... she leans into his hand for a  
moment, grateful for his touch. Then... meeting his eyes--

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
What are you doing, Kenzie?

PATRICK  
Just checking you out, Gennaro.  
Purely sexist, nothing more.

She smiles. They hang there... feeling safe... the world  
held momentarily at bay. And then--

The bar door opens behind them, breaking the moment. It's  
Broussard. Patrick turns to face him...

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Alright, Broussard. Let's see if  
we can't find your man...

As we go--

**EXT. BOSTON STREETS - ESTABLISHING**

Various shots of the city... mid-day traffic... BUSTLING...

EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY

Patrick pulls his car to a stop near the entrance to this massive public housing project. All around, kids play boxball, people sit perched on stoops, talking up to neighbors leaning out of windows... Southie life in microcosm...

PATRICK

Here we are... Old Colony Projects,  
ground zero.

ANGIE

(re: file)

Boy Remy wasn't kidding, they got zilch on this Skinny Ray fella. Last known address was last known in 1992. Crashes with various girlfriends around the city, and by various I mean half a dozen...

PATRICK

Good on you, Ray...  
(then; re: projects)  
Which one of them lives here...

ANGIE

One Siobhan Smythe...  
(then; realizing)  
Wait, I remember a Siobhan Smythe from high school. Didn't you two...?

PATRICK

Yeah... we certainly did.  
(then)  
Always thought she moved away.  
Guess she was just avoiding me...

ANGIE

Is she the one who attacked you with a knife under the park bleachers that one time?

PATRICK

Scissors. I prefer to think it was foreplay, she just wasn't that good at it...

A smile between them. The old dynamic coming back...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

There she is...

THEIR POV - Of SIOBHAN. 30s, straight outta Southie. Heals and tights, in a black leather moto jacket.

ANGIE

Nice jacket...

PATRICK

This is a waste of time. None of these girls are gonna talk to us. And for all we know Ray's got six others who aren't even on this list...

ANGIE

You're right...

(then)

Maybe we skin this cat another way...

PATRICK

Sounds good...

(beat)

... let me know when you figure that out.

ANGIE

Come on...

As she exits the car, and we cut to--

**EXT. PROJECTS - ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER**

Moving with Patrick and Angie as they cross deeper into the project...

ANGIE

Let's say your Ray...

PATRICK

Okay, I'm Ray. Nice to meet you. I like my girls in curlers and smoking Marlboro Reds...

ANGIE

... you got six girls you're counting on for food and shelter at any given moment... how do you keep 'em all happy?

PATRICK

Foot massages and a Cialis prescription?



ANGIE

... I'm thinking clothes. Like clothes they couldn't hope to afford on a hairdresser's salary. Like that Ralph Lauren number we just saw Siobhan sporting...

(then)

But if he's got six girls like her to keep in style, I'm guessing Ray's not paying full retail... in which case--

PATRICK

He's going to Sloopie...

Angie nods, as they turn the corner to see--

At the far end of an alley... SLOOPIE (17). 5' 3" of pure Dot Rat hawking stolen clothes out of a pair of giant trash bags...

WITH SLOOPIE NOW... selling her wares expertly to a couple potential buyers...

SLOOPIE

Look at this tote, thing retails for \$400. I'm giving it to you for a third of that.

PATRICK

And for another third, she'll even hack the security tag off it for you.

Sloopie turns to see Patrick and Angie there...

SLOOPIE

Patrick... Angie... wassup...

PATRICK

Just saying hi to our favorite neighborhood klepto...

ANGIE

We actually need your help with something. Looking to find Ray Likanski... any idea where he's crashing these days?

SLOOPIE

Ray? Nah... haven't seen him.

Patrick and Angie share a look... not buying it...

ANGIE

Of course you haven't. 'Cause a good salesperson like you looks out for their best clients. But don't worry... we're not trying to get him in trouble. He already did that for himself. We're trying to get him out of it...

SLOOPIE

I really haven't seen him.

She packs up her bags, starts to go. But as she does--

PATRICK

Well, that's good then. We can cross you off the list.

SLOOPIE

(turning back)

The list...?

Patrick's steps closer, speaking low and conspiratorial...

PATRICK

Between us... Angie and I are working for some pros up at BU... in the Emerging Infectious Disease Labs. Guess Ray's caught some kind of terrible new virus... makes Ebola look like a trip to the day spa. It's highly infectious, passes through contact... or money...

Sloopie's eyebrows go up at that...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Anyway we need to find him so they can get started on the cure. Here's their number if you do happen to see Ray...

He pulls a card from his pocket... hands it out to her. But as she considers it--

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Say Sloop... you're looking a little pale yourself...

Beat. Beat. Off Sloopie...

ANGIE (O.S.)

*I cannot believe that worked...*

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NEW LOCATION - LATER**

With Patrick and Angie as they exit their car...

PATRICK

Hey you got your methods, I got mine...

ANGIE

The card was a bold move...

PATRICK

(holds it up)

Coffee shop rewards card. Good thing she didn't look.

This as they arrive outside a rundown apartment building.

ANGIE

Here's the address she gave...

(beat)

Broussard should be here any minute, we should probably wait for him...

Just then-- A V8 ENGINE REVS LOUD from nearby. Patrick looks over, clocks a MUSCLE CAR (same as in the teaser) in the alley next to the building. A mean looking DUDE checking under the hood while another REVS the engine loudly...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Muscle car...

PATRICK

Yeah... just like Broussard's shooters...

They share a look... and a bad feeling... as the Dude revs the engine LOUDLY, and we go--

**INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

As Patrick and Angie top the stairs to the second floor, approach the apartment door...

ANGIE

Patrick... it's open...

He looks. Sees the door just slightly ajar... the sound of TV playing inside. Patrick nudges the door open... sees a TV tray dumped on the floor... signs of struggle...

Angie pulls her gun, as Patrick pushes the door in further, they enter and see--

INT. APARTMENT - SAME

A body. RAY LIKANSKI, his throat cut... BLOOD DRENCHING HIS SHIRT...

PATRICK

Jesus...

But then Angie catches out of the corner of her eye--  
movement from an adjacent room... a FLASH OF METAL--

ANGIE

Gun!

Patrick and Angie drop as she fires two shots into the doorjam... WOOD SPLINTERING ON IMPACT... then she and Patrick dive for cover-- anticipating what's coming as--

BAM BAM BAM BAM

Ray's killers move into the room-- two of them-- firing in tandem as they advance on our heroes... pinning them down... BAM BAM BAM... they trade shots, conserving ammo... smart... and just when it seems like Patrick and Angie might be done for--

BAM BAM! One of the killers goes down, shot in the chest.

ANGLE ON - Broussard, in the doorway, pistol still raised--

BROUSSARD

(calmly)

Drop the gun...

The killer looks at him... THEN RAISES HIS GUN HAND--

BAM BAM! Broussard shoots him, too. No choice.

On Patrick... sees the man's body drop, his face just a few feet away from his... AND HIS WRIST... bearing a distinctive TATTOO... *two Chinese characters...*

Patrick notes this, then races to the window to see--

PATRICK'S POV - The muscle car ROARING away down the alley. Too late.

This, as Broussard walks over, retrieves a DUFFEL BAG on the floor. Unzips it to reveal STACKS OF CASH.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

CLOSE ON THE BAG OF MONEY, as it's tossed into a car trunk...  
WIDEN to reveal Broussard as he slams the lid closed, walks around the car to where Patrick and Angie are waiting.

BROUSSARD

Black and whites are en route.  
Homicide, too...

(then)

Do we need to talk about what  
you're gonna say when they get  
here?

PATRICK

(by way of "no")

You asked our help locating a  
witness, he was dead when we found  
him, turned into a shootout, we  
don't know why.

(then)

*Definitely* wasn't about that bag of  
missing drug money you just put in  
your trunk...

A touch of stank on the last part...

BROUSSARD

You're a riot, Kenzie.  
(to Angie; genuine)  
Thank you...

She nods. As Remy turns to go--

PATRICK

So does that mean we're done?

BROUSSARD

(turns back; beat)

Something else you want to  
discuss...?

PATRICK

I don't know, maybe the fact that  
the same guys who shot up your  
stash house killed Ray and tried to  
kill us... that they knew about the  
money same as you and found him  
faster than we could...

(beat)

None of that concerns you?

A beat between them...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Angie, what's the only thing in  
this town scarier than Jack Rouse?

ANGIE

Someone who isn't scared of Jack  
Rouse...

PATRICK

And that's what we're dealing with  
here. Someone who wants to take a  
sledgehammer to ten years of  
gangland peace in this city... and  
neither you nor I have the  
slightest clue who they are...

(then)

Just hate to think I'm the only one  
asking those questions...

A glare between the two men... like it might actually come to  
blows. But then we hear the BLURP of SIRENS as a couple COP  
CARS arrive... breaking the moment...

BROUSSARD

(to Angie)

You know I'm glad to hear you're  
back full time now. Your partner  
could use a good night's sleep.

With that, Broussard waves, steps away to meet the cars. As  
he goes--

ANGIE

Just can't help yourself, huh?

PATRICK

(eyes still watching  
Broussard)

You mind if we make one more stop  
after this?

ANGIE

As long as it's not that Mexican  
place you like, I don't care where  
we go...

PATRICK

Well... I wouldn't speak too  
soon...

Off Angie's look of concern--

INT. CAMPAIGN OFFICE - DAY

Close on a campaign sign: "GENNARO FOR CITY COUNCIL."  
Others just like in other languages, PORTUGUESE, SPANISH,  
CHINESE characters... they toward us as door opens, revealing  
Patrick and Angie as they enter--

A campaign office, small but busy. People in and out. Desks  
with volunteers working phones. From a nearby desk, a woman  
(RENEE, mid-30s, dressed for business) notices them,  
approaches...

RENEE

Ang... what are you doing here?

ANGIE

Ask him...

Renee turns to Patrick with a suspicious glare...

PATRICK

(rapid fire)

"Hey, Patrick. Long time no see.  
You, too, Renee, you look sharp...  
congrats on the campaign, hear  
you're up in the polls. Just want  
to talk to one of your staff for a  
second, you won't even notice I'm  
here. But hey, good chance to  
catch up with your sister..."

And with that, he's gone, leaving the two sisters.

RENEE

I hate it when he does that...

As they watch Patrick venture deeper into this office--

RENEE (CONT'D)

Am I gonna regret this?

ANGIE

Only if Ma sees him...

ANGIE'S POV - of a sharp-dressed WOMAN (ANTONIA, 50s, her  
mother) seated inside a nearby office, on a chair talking on  
her cellphone. Their eyes meet in the moment... Antonia's  
expression neutral as she continues her call...

RENEE

I tried calling you. We drove by  
the house and there were no  
signs...

ANGIE

And...?

RENEE

And Mom was pissed. She's running for city council, the election is in three weeks and there's no signs on her home.

ANGIE

My home. And I got news for you... you're the campaign manager... if she's mad about the signs, she's mad at you, not me.

Beat. Renee's middle child syndrome starts to peek out--

RENEE

Mad at me?

(beat)

The election is in three weeks, I don't have time to--

(then)

*She better not be mad at me.*

ANTONIA (O.S.)

What are you two whispering about?

Angie and Renee snap to attention as Antonia suddenly appears, having wrapped up her call. A moment as she regards her daughter's sternly... her presence enough to command the moment.

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

Three weeks until the polls open. The hours I've spent... the phone calls... the money...

Beat. Beat. Angie readies for incoming-- But then--

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

(pointedly to Renee)

Is it too much to expect to have signs on my own house?

On Renee, steamed, as Antonia pulls Angie into a hug--

ANTONIA (CONT'D)

There's my baby, I've missed you.

ANGIE

Hi, Ma.



ANTONIA  
 (as they separate)  
 So I understand congratulations are  
 in order...

ANGIE  
 For what?

ANTONIA  
 You signed the papers.  
 (off Angie's surprised  
 look)  
 Oh, come on Angela. You think  
 you're the only Gennaro who has  
 this town wired?  
 (then)  
 So how does it feel?

ANGIE  
 (putting on a good face)  
 You know... I feel okay. Back at  
 work.

ANTONIA  
 I saw Phil yesterday, on the  
 avenue. He looked pretty good.

RENEE  
 Ma... what the hell?

ANTONIA  
 What, it's a good thing. There's  
 nothing to do in these situations  
 but get on with your life. I  
 should know. You make peace with  
 your mistakes... own them...  
 (then; brushing lint off  
 Angie's shoulders)  
 Try not to repeat them in the  
 future... for everyone's sake...

A moment between Antonia and Angie...

ANGIE  
 Something you want to say Ma?

ANTONIA  
 Oh, always...

Off Angie-- uh-oh... As we GO--

Close on a pair of CHINESE CHARACTERS, sketched out on a  
 notepad.

WIDEN to find Patrick, with a younger campaign worker (JAMES, 20s, Chinese). James sketching out the characters as Patrick describes it to him--

PATRICK  
(re: design)  
--so the second letter-

JAMES  
(corrects him)  
Character--

PATRICK  
Right, character. Sort of looked  
like a tree... Two swipes at the  
top... that's it...

He looks over to see Angie appear at his side--

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Check this out. James helped me  
recreate that tattoo I saw on the  
dead guy's wrist...

CUT TO THE PAPER... a close approximation of the tattoo...

ANGIE  
What's it mean?

JAMES  
They're both fairly common but I  
don't recognize the combination.  
The first means "receive, or  
accept." The second means "new."

ANTONIA (O.S.)  
"New Blood."

Patrick looks up, sees Antonia there. Angie and Renee with her. Uh-oh...

ANTONIA (CONT'D)  
(continuing the thought)  
New Blood was a rebel faction, back  
when the Triad ruled Chinatown.  
Split with the bosses to go their  
own way...

PATRICK  
Boss knows her history. How are  
you, Antonia?

ANTONIA

How am I? Well, according to the latest polls, I'm up just two points. Which means one false step, and my lead disappears. One bad headline, one pulled endorsement...

(then)

Or the phone call I just received, from my contact at the police union. Said my youngest daughter was involved in a gang shootout? Four dead bodies on the scene?

A beat, as Angie and Patrick share a sheepish look...

PATRICK

Well... we didn't kill any of them. If that's any consolation.

On Antonia. Silent. Clearly, it is not.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(to Angie)

Time to go?

ANGIE

Um-hmm. Yep...

But as they head for the door--

ANTONIA

*Nichols and Nye...*

ANGIE

(sighs)

Here we go.

(under her breath; to Patrick)

Don't say anything?

PATRICK

I won't.

ANTONIA

(to Angie)

Every time I speak to them they ask about you. If you're fully licensed yet... They're always in need of good female investigators. Harris Nichols is a friend, he'd see you for an interview today if I asked--

ANGIE

Thanks Ma, but I like where I am...

ANTONIA

Where you are is stuck in a partnership you only joined to hide from an unhappy marriage. And propping up someone who would otherwise sink without you...

PATRICK

Okay, I lied, I'm gonna say something--

(to Antonia)

Do you know how Harris Nichols makes his living? He keeps rich kids from losing their trust funds after they run down a jogger driving drunk. He spies on women bringing sexual harassment lawsuits against his buddies at the country club. You want to be on the side of good, Antonia, you might want to think about the difference between them and us.

ANTONIA

Which is what?

PATRICK

We don't care who's rich, who's connected, who's important. We care about what's right.

Antonia looks to Angie... who just smiles.

ANGIE

Sounds lame on paper, but I think he kinda sells it...

PATRICK

And I know you were smart enough not to take any money from Harris Nichols for your campaign, because from what I'm told he's been spending a lot of time in the Ukraine lately, drinking vodka with dirty oligarchs--

RENEE

You've made your point, Patrick--

ANGIE  
 (to Antonia)  
 And you've made yours.

A beat, as everyone takes a collective breath.

PATRICK  
 Well, this has been productive.  
 Thanks for the help, everyone...

He exits. After a beat-- Angie turning back to her mother.

ANGIE  
 That wasn't fair...

ANTONIA  
 Think about it, Angela. It's never  
 too late for a fresh start...

She exits. Off Angie, stuck in the middle--

**EXT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Patrick exits his car, his expression still heavy from  
 before... until he looks up and sees--

A WOMAN on his front stoop. Hospital scrubs beneath a green  
 canvas jacket. This is GRACE COLE. She rises as Patrick  
 approaches, then-- as he draws near-- spreads her arms wide  
 and falls forward--

GRACE  
 Catch me.

She falls forward into his arms... their bodies clutching  
 tight... faces nose-to-nose. They kiss deeply... then--

PATRICK  
 How'd you get away?

GRACE  
 Things slowed down... the residents  
 can handle it. I'll probably  
 regret saying that... but for now  
 anyway...

She smiles. They kiss again...

GRACE (CONT'D)  
 Hope you don't mind I just showed  
 up. I got a sitter for Mae,  
 figured we deserved some time  
 alone.

PATRICK

I mean she owes me a rematch at Uno  
but this gives me more time to  
strategize...

(off her smile)

Well, doctor. There's a shower and  
bed up there with your name on it.

GRACE

Sounds like heaven. But I think I  
want something else first...

Off Patrick's dawning look of delight--

**INT. PATRICK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

CRASH. Patrick and Grace collide with a dresser as they rush  
to remove clothes on the way to the bedroom. Off their heat--

**EXT. COLUMBIA PARK - BLEACHERS - NIGHT**

Empty horseshoe of wooden bleachers at the tip of the park.  
Ocean in the distance... quiet DIN of the water... THEN--

Angie appears. Sits on the bleachers, sips from a BEER as  
she stares out... lost in thought, as we hear--

*PATRICK (O.S.)*

*Angie finally signed the papers...*

INTERCUT:

**INT. PATRICK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SAME**

PATRICK AND GRACE, entwined beneath rumpled sheets...

GRACE

Isn't that a good thing?

PATRICK

Should be, yeah. I've been turning  
away work for weeks...

(beat)

But I'm just remembering now...  
what it felt like when you finally  
do cut the cord...

GRACE

(been there)

Emptied out. Wondering how you got  
there--

PATRICK

--you're so desperate for closure,  
for meaning... and then you sign  
and your realize... it's still not  
coming.

GRACE

--"Wherever you go, there you  
are..."

PATRICK

Some people can deal with that.  
Angie... I don't know...

GRACE

How so?

PATRICK

(deep exhale)

"Jimmy Suave"

(off her questioning look)

Her father, that's what they called  
him. For years he ran the book out  
of the White Rabbit with Morty  
Schwartz, and everybody loved him.  
Even the cops. Then one day, when  
Angie was fourteen, he vanished.  
Suspected mob hit. No body was  
ever found.

GRACE

My god...

PATRICK

One day her mother sat her down on  
the bleachers at Columbia Park...  
told her he's gone. That's it. No  
goodbyes. No funeral. Zip.

BACK TO ANGIE-- at the park...

*PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)*

*I'll bet you money she's there  
right now... communing with the  
ghosts...*

She looks down as her cellphone lights up with a text  
message: "Black Emerald. 20 minutes."

Back on Angie... seems to know what that means. As she rises  
out of frame, and we go--

INT. BLACK EMERALD - SAME

Angie enters, nods to a few cops as she passes through... approaching the basement steps at the back...

INT. BLACK EMERALD - BASEMENT - SAME

The door to the basement. Angie knocks twice, and the door opens to reveal--

BROUSSARD... behind him we see Caroline, stroking Matthew's hair as the boy sleeps soundly on one of the cots.

Angie regards them sympathetically, the air heavy with expectation... before turning her focus to--

A FAMILIAR DUFFEL BAG. Ray's money. Sitting in the center of a table nearby... Lit like the Arc of the Covenant... or Pandora's Box...

Off Angie, looking from the bag back to Remy... as we go BACK TO--

PATRICK AND GRACE-- as we left them--

GRACE

I'm sure she'll be fine. Just needs to get back to work.

Patrick nods. Then... a thought occurs...

GRACE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

PATRICK

(after a beat)

"Back to work..."

(then)

This cop we were with this morning... Broussard. He said the same thing. About Angie coming back full time. But he couldn't have known that. I only just found out myself.

(then)

And she knew where to meet him this morning. Didn't even ask me...

Another beat, before Patrick stands, rushes to get dressed--

GRACE

You're leaving?



PATRICK  
I'm sorry, babe... something I  
gotta do...

**INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The door opens, Angie enters, carrying a now familiar DUFFEL BAG. Ray's money from that morning... but what's she doing with it? And as Angie sets it down-- FROM BEHIND HER--

PATRICK (O.S.)  
Now I know what I was missing...

She turns to see Patrick there. Eyes him evenly.

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
Remy knows better than to ask Jack  
Rouse for mercy...  
(then)  
They want you to do it...

Off Angie, with some explaining to do--

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Continued with Patrick and Angie... the duffel bag of money on the floor between them...

PATRICK

So this was the plan all along,  
huh? Get the money to you, and you  
take it to Jack...

Angie takes a beat, moves to a chair. Rubs her face in her hands...

ANGIE

You said it yourself, I've known  
the man since I was fourteen. He  
loved my father... there's history  
there. Meaningful history...

Patrick absorbs this. Then, almost reflexively--

PATRICK

No.

ANGIE

(come again)  
"No?"

PATRICK

You can't do this. Finding the  
money is one thing, but making the  
ask? That's a whole other ball  
game.

(then)

Jack says no, Jack says yes... it  
kinda doesn't matter. Kevin's  
gonna know you stuck your nose in.  
Now you're in the crosshairs, too.

But Angie's already rising. Picks up the bag from the floor.

ANGIE

I'm doing this, Patrick. You don't  
have to like it...

(then)

You can just go home...

On Patrick, out of arguments. But as she nears the door--

PATRICK

You divorced Phil, you didn't  
divorce me.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)  
(beat; as she turns back)  
We're still partners, I get a say.

ANGIE  
(after a beat)  
Is that supposed to be a joke?

PATRICK  
I'm just saying, there has to be another way. If we put our heads together, there's nothing we can't figure out.

ANGIE  
Patrick, you're not listening. If I wanted you involved, you would have been involved. You were just supposed to help find Ray, that was gonna be the end of it--

PATRICK  
But why wouldn't you want me involved? We're partners, explain it to me...

On Angie... weighing her words...

ANGIE  
Look, my mother's right about one thing. My marriage didn't work, so I turned to you. Big deal, Phil and I were doomed anyway. I don't like saying it, but it's true.  
(then)  
But what's also true... is that this job won't support quiet nights at home with the family, Patrick. Look at Remy. Look at me. You want to walk the mean streets, play hero... sooner or later you have to choose.  
(then)  
Or more likely... the job will choose for you. Like when Kevin Hurhily comes knocking on your door one night. Or worse, at Graces'... with her daughter sleeping soundly upstairs...

On Patrick. Chilled by that thought...

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
You want to know why didn't I involve you? That's why...  
(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(then)

Because I've seen you with Grace,  
with Mae. The three of you work.  
If I were to suddenly become the  
reason it didn't...

A beat as that sits.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Now that I'm clear of the divorce,  
one thing just seems so obvious.  
We can have this, or we can be  
happy. But we can't have both...

(then)

... one of us should get to be  
happy, don't you think?

Patrick absorbs that. But then-- pulling on that thread--

PATRICK

So what are you saying?

(then)

... is this our last case?

Angie doesn't answer. A look that says she's almost afraid  
to. But before she can respond--

NOISE OUTSIDE. A LOUD CAR ENGINE. Both Patrick and Angie  
react, as Patrick goes to the window and sees--

The MUSCLE CAR from before. Idling out front. Doors already  
open, a couple FIGURES approaching the house...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

We've got company...

Angie joins him, sees the cars. Turns back to the bag of  
money. Patrick reading her mind...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You run with that they'll hunt you  
down...

ANGIE

Call for help, we lose the money...

Shit. No good options. Then-- a WHISTLE from outside...

THEIR POV - OF THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

A THUG standing there. Waving. Behind him, two others fan  
out to the other sides of the house. The message clear:  
you're surrounded... Off Patrick and Angie, AS WE GO--

**EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - SAME**

With the Lead Thug, as he watches the lights in the house suddenly go dark. A small grin from him. It's on... And as he pulls his own weapon... moves in closer... we CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Patrick's .45 Colt Commander, as he checks the clip... WIDEN to reveal him hunched in the dark, as Angie returns from scouting out the next room...

ANGIE

Two more out back...

As they hunker down together in the quiet... hearts racing...

PATRICK

How did they know to come here?

ANGIE

All I can think is they were surveilling Remy, followed me back here when once he gave me the money...

On Patrick... something about that striking him... but before he can fully process...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

There... front lawn.

Her POV - MOVEMENT... shadows outside the front door...

PATRICK

(dryly)

Jesus... I'm gonna die for Remy Broussard, aren't I? Why, answer me that?

On Angie... staying focused... still, the talk calms her...

ANGIE

Because you hate bullies. Because innocent people need our help.

(then)

Because you're a good detective. Good detective's can't let go...

A moment between them... oddly warm. But then--

PATRICK

There's gotta be another way...

ANGIE

Not again--

PATRICK  
I'm just saying--

ANGIE  
You always do this. Whenever guns  
come out, you lose your nerve and  
start talking about how there's a  
better way--

PATRICK  
Sometimes there is--

ANGIE  
(on a tear)  
You're a bad shot, you know you're  
a bad shot, I keep telling you to  
come to the range with me, you  
never do. Firearm use is a  
*perishable* skill--

THEN SHE STOPS. Turns to him with a stunned expression.

PATRICK  
What?

ANGIE  
There's a better way.

As we CUT TO:

BANG! The front door is shouldered open, admitting a couple  
of THUGS... guns drawn. They look around to see--

An empty foyer. Dark and quiet. And then... the lead thug  
smiles as he sees--

THE BAG OF MONEY... sitting on the floor. Abandoned. For  
the taking... As the SCREEEEECH of tires takes us--

**EXT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The muscle car peels away down the street, having retrieved  
what it came for. And as it roars away into the inky black--

REVEAL Patrick and Angie, emerging from the shadows of the  
house. Watching the car disappear with the money...

ANGIE  
God, I hope I'm right...

As she steps away to make a phone call, and we--

**END ACT THREE**

ACT FOUREXT. EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

An isolated field... just grass and gravel and blackness. City lights far in the distance.

Find Patrick and Angie there... waiting for something or someone. Patrick glances at his phone. "Missed Calls - 2" And a message from "Grace": "Everything okay?"

ANGIE  
(sees him eyeing his  
phone)  
Something wrong?

Patrick just shakes his head, covering... As suddenly--

HEADLIGHTS appear in the distance... Patrick and Angie watch as a DARK RED SEDAN pulls into the lot, comes to a stop a few dozen feet from them. DRIVERS SIDE DOOR opens, revealing--

KEVIN HURHILY.

Glares at the two of them evenly, before turning to the passengers side, opening the door for--

Another man. OLDER (60s). Craggy, no bullshit mug. Silver hair in a tight crew cut. He approaches, Kevin and another thug (same guy from the opening) falling in on his flanks...

MAN  
Angela... it's been a long time.

ANGIE  
Hi Jack. Sure has...

Meet JACK ROUSE. As we CUT TO--

MOMENTS LATER... Patrick with his arms raised as Kevin pats him down for weapons. And as he does--

JACK  
Remy Broussard? That's what this  
is about?

This, as Kevin moves from Patrick to Angie, searches her the same way...

ANGIE  
Remy knows he can't undo what he  
did to Kevin.  
(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Knows Kevin's pride won't let him back down, so he asked me to reach out to you to make it right. Along with the money that Ray Likanski stole from you...

KEVIN

(finishes)  
They're clean...  
(then; to Angie)  
Unless I need to get more thorough...

Flicking his eyes downward as he says it...

PATRICK

Don't even think about it...

BAM! Lighting quick, Kevin cold cocks Patrick, knocking him to the ground...

JACK

That's enough.

Kevin relents with a smile, as Angie moves to help Patrick up-- shooting an icy glare toward Kevin--

ANGIE

You really shouldn't hit my partner...

Kevin just grins... feeling invincible...

JACK

So where's the money now?

ANGIE

We lost it. To the same people that killed Ray, same people that shot up your stash house...

JACK

(beat; confused)  
So you brought me out here for what then? To pass out A's for effort?

Patrick and Angie share a look. Then... taking the plunge--

ANGIE

We're assuming with all that's happened, you're probably asking yourself the same questions we are. Who are these people?

(MORE)



ANGIE (CONT'D)

And how do they know so much about your operation?

(then)

I'm sure it's crossed your mind... that someone in your camp might be working with them...

JACK

(following)

And you think you know who this person is...

ANGIE

We do...

A loaded beat. Then... Angie points to Kevin.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

He's right there.

Kevin's eyes goes MURDEROUSLY DARK, as Jack chuckles--

JACK

How convenient...

ANGIE

They managed to find Ray and the money faster than we could, which was weird to begin with. Then the second the money was my hands, they came for it again. But the only way they could have known it was in play, was if they were following Remy Broussard to begin with...

On Jack... still listening... maybe a bit drawn in...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

So we're looking for someone who knows your operation inside and out, has a beef with Remy Broussard... and maybe's grown a little tired with the way you run things, Jack.

(beat)

Tired of waiting for you to name a successor. Tired enough to sell you out for a foot in the door of whatever's coming next...

THUG (O.S.)

This is bullshit.

ANGLE ON - Kevin's main Thug, cutting in--

THUG (CONT'D)

Those guys were threatening us  
outside the cop's house... why  
would they do that if Kevin was  
with them?

PATRICK

I think you just answered your own  
question...

Said as he reaches into his back pocket for a piece of  
paper... holds it out to Jack--

JACK

What's this?

Close on the paper - a familiar pair of Chinese characters...

PATRICK

It means "New Blood."

(then)

We saw it on the wrist of one of  
Ray's killers. If Kevin's thrown  
his lot in with them... chances are  
he's gonna have one, too.

A beat. Jack looks from Patrick to Angie, who only nods.  
Then he turns to Kevin, who scoffs--

KEVIN

You're taking his word over mine?

JACK

His? No.

(beat)

Hers? Maybe...

Kevin seethes... but Jack just holds his glare...

JACK (CONT'D)

Well? We don't have all night...

TENSE NOW. Kevin humiliated that he even has to be asked.  
But one look at Jack and he knows there's no choice. Starts  
to remove his jacket... hangs it over one arm as he reaches  
to unbutton his cuff. Tension building... as he pulls back  
the sleeve to reveal--

Nothing. No tattoo. Uh-oh...

KEVIN

Keep going?

Jack nods. In for a penny. Kevin huffs, shaking his head...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I've been with you since I was a kid. Fought for you. Killed for you.

(bitterly)

Guess there's always a limit, isn't there?

A beat. Everyone just waiting. And then-- *quick as a flash*--

Kevin tosses his jacket toward the thug, **DRAWS HIS GUN** to kill Jack... but before he can fire off a shot--

BANG BANG

He's hit twice in the chest... everyone turning to see Angie there, Sig Sauer in her hand... **SMOKING**...

Back on Kevin... still upright... staring at her with a questioning look...

ANGIE

Told you... shouldn't have hit my partner...

As we quickly **CUT TO**-- A SERIES OF FLASH CUTS--

FLASH -- from before Jack even arrived... Patrick hiding the Sig in a patch of high grass...

FLASH - replay of the earlier moment... Kevin knocking Patrick to the ground... only this time we see Patrick's hand find the Sig... and then slip it to Angie as she pulls him up.

RESUME PRESENT... on Kevin now... maybe realizing this all in his final moments... before slumping to the ground. Dead.

QUIET NOW... as Jack approaches Kevin's body. **KNEELS DOWN**... starts unbuttoning his other cuff...

On Patrick and Angie now... waiting... **STAY IN THEIR POV**, as Jack pulls back Kevin's shirt to expose his other wrist. We can't see it from here... only Jack's expression as he looks back up at us... inscrutable... *uh-oh*...

HOLD ON Patrick and Angie for a breathlessly long beat... UNTIL FINALLY WE **SMASH TO**--

**INT. BLACK EMERALD - BASEMENT - SAME**

CLOSE ON Remy, watching Matthew sleep. Trying to block out at the fear. He jumps as his **CELLPHONE** rings. REVEAL Caroline nearby, drawn by the sound.

REMY  
 (into phone)  
 It's Broussard...

We don't hear the caller... just watch his face...

REMY (CONT'D)  
 Yeah... Yeah, I understand...

He hangs up. Seems almost stunned...

CAROLINE  
 ... Remy?

And then... Broussard looks to her. Eyes moist with relief... *and he smiles*. Caroline absorbs that, hand to her mouth. It's over. Off their relief--

**EXT. EMPTY LOT - NIGHT**

Close on the TATTOO on Kevin's wrist... widen out to reveal his dead body stuffed into the trunk of Jack's car... And as the lid slams down it...

PATRICK  
 So who are these people, Jack?  
 How'd they get to Kevin?

JACK  
 Don't know. Don't really care.  
 When you've been doing this as long  
 as I have, you know nothing lasts  
 forever...  
 (then)  
 What I do know... is it only gets  
 uglier from here...

He looks to them now... speaks gravely...

JACK (CONT'D)  
 And whoever they are, they're  
 coming after you now, too.

With that, he goes. Just the crunch of gravel beneath the wheels as his headlights disappear into the night... then...  
 SILENCE...

Off our heroes--

**END ACT FOUR**

ACT FIVEINT. BLACK EMERALD - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A BAR GLASS... as a spoon taps against it-- TING TING TING. WIDEN TO REVEAL the glass in the hand of Gerry Glynn, the bar owner from earlier... as he takes the floor to address an unseen audience--

GERRY

A moment of your time, please...  
 (room QUIETS; then)  
 As everyone here can attest, this job takes a toll. When you swear an oath to serve and protect... puts the other vows in your life to the test...

WIDER NOW to see a packed house in the bar... mixture of plainclothes police and uniforms... wives, friends... all with drinks in hand, listening...

GERRY (CONT'D)

Many of us have strayed. Many of us have paid.  
 (some CHUCKLES)  
 It's not an excuse, just a fact. Doesn't make it any easier when things fall apart...  
 (then)  
 That's why when it happens to one of our fellow brothers-in-arms-- or in this case, a honorary sister--

He gestures to ANGIE across the room... looking slightly embarrassed as all eyes turn to her. Reveal Patrick and Renee are there, too... for moral support...

GERRY (CONT'D)

-- we gather here to welcome them back to the land of the long, lonely nights. You'll always have a place here, Angela.  
 (raises his glass)  
 But remember one thing. If you need to cry--

EVERYONE IN THE BAR

"--do it outside, the game's on!"

Everyone LAUGHS, TOASTS, DRINKS... a warm, family vibe to the affair. And off their camaraderie-- CUT TO:

A picture of a man (PHIL DIMASSI, Angie's ex), SMILING... a crude sign above his head that reads "THE EX!" THWUNK! A dart slams into his face dead center, as we--

REVERSE ON Angie, Patrick and Renee, watching half-amused as a POLICEMAN lines up another shot, fires away--

ANGIE  
(re: that picture)  
See that's just mean...

PATRICK  
I don't know... Phil got the house  
and you're back at your mother's  
old place. Seems like a fair  
trade...

RENEE  
So does this mean they had my  
picture up there when you and I  
split?

PATRICK  
Of course not. Tell her Ange...

Renee looks to Angie for confirmation, as Patrick gives her a silent "don't you dare say shit" gesture...

REMY (O.S.)  
Ms. Gennaro...

They look up to Remy Broussard approaching. looking like a new man... a weight lifted...

REMY (CONT'D)  
Narcotics division requests your  
presence at the bar.

Angie groans, pulls herself off her stool...

ANGIE  
Another round already?

REMY  
After what you did for me, you'll  
never pay for a drink in this town  
again...  
(beat; to Patrick)  
You either, far as it goes...

A coded way of saying "thank you," which Patrick returns with a nod. Stay with him and Renee, as Remy guides Angie away to the bar...

RENEE

Do I want to know what's he talking about?

PATRICK

Definitely not...

A beat as they watch Angie across the way... enjoying herself with the boys...

RENEE

She seems different... better...

PATRICK

You think?

RENEE

Yeah, I do...

(beat)

And I'm not like Ma, I'm not looking to tell her what should change or what shouldn't. I know better than to try and tell Angie anything...

(then)

I just want her to know it's not over for her. She can still be happy...

(then; loaded)

And so can you for that matter...

PATRICK

(confused)

Me?

Renee nods... speaking truthfully now...

RENEE

I know you, too, Patrick. You might have something good right now with Grace, and I think that's terrific, I do.

(then)

But know yourself, okay? Face yourself. You've been in love my sister since kindergarten. And she's been in love with you.

On Patrick, a bit stunned at her frankness...

PATRICK

You think so, huh?

He looks back at Angie across the way... LAUGHING...  
beautiful in the dark light of the bar...

Then... eyes lowered... vulnerable... the question he's most  
afraid to ask in the world...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

So why'd she marry someone else?

RENEE

Why did you marry me? Why did I  
marry you when I knew how you felt  
about her?

(then)

All of us just pinballing off each  
other for our entire lives... who  
knows why? Probably because it's  
comfortable in some way. Growing  
up how we did...

A solemn beat between them...

RENEE (CONT'D)

But now you're here. And she's  
there... having done the one thing  
in the world you never thought  
she'd do. She ended it. She let  
go.

(then)

So my advice to you is don't wait.

Off Patrick, as we CUT TO--

A ROW OF WHISKEY SHOTS. Pan up to find Angie, eyeing them  
wearily. She looks up to see Patrick approaching--

ANGIE

Help me Rhonda...

He smiles, takes the stool next to her. They each take a  
glass, raise them--

PATRICK

Toast?

ANGIE

(shakes her head)

Hashbrowns, easy on the butter.

An old joke. They clink, pour em back. Regard each other a  
moment.



ANGIE (CONT'D)

So... should we talk about that thing neither of us wants to talk about?

PATRICK

Yeah... probably should...

A beat between them... where to start...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Look I know you're probably rethinking everything in your life right now. I can't say I blame you. And I hear you about Grace, I definitely got alot to lose there...

ANGIE

But...

PATRICK

(shrugs)

This is what we do, Ange. We help people, and we're good at it. I spent my whole life with my father telling me I'd never amount to nothing in this town, I'd never have my tribe. Well, he was wrong on both counts. I found you...

(then)

So if I have to choose between this and happiness... I'm not sure where I come down.

(then)

... happiness might have take a friggin' walk.

On Angie. Absorbs that. She takes his hand, grips it tight. A nice moment... then--

ANGIE

I hate lying to you, Patrick.

PATRICK

You didn't lie.

ANGIE

No, but I definitely took the scenic route...

(beat)

And as much as I told myself I was protecting you... I was running from some things, too.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Things I should know better than to try to keep from you. Things that are better off out in the open...

On Patrick. Unsure where this is going, poised between dread and hope. Angie's phone suddenly buzzes... She looks at it heavily...

PATRICK

What's that?

ANGIE

The thing I need out in the open...

This, as she picks up her purse... turns to face him. Beautiful in the dark light of the bar...

PATRICK

You're leaving...

ANGIE

My ride's here...

Back on Patrick... reading between the lines. This, as we see-- OUT OF FOCUS IN THE DEEP BACKGROUND... a FIGURE opens the door the bar... lingers there, facing Angie across the way... but we can't make out his face yet... instead we--

HOLD ON PATRICK. Seems to sense the guy is there, but he can't bring himself to look. Or hide his disappointment. Instead he just nods...

PATRICK

Well... say hi to Phil for me.

ANGIE

It's not Phil...

Patrick reacts... it's not? He then turns to see--

THE FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY, as we rack focus to reveal--

Remy Broussard. Coat on, waiting for Angie. A beat, as Patrick meets his eyes... a bunch of dots suddenly connecting in his head...

ANGIE (CONT'D)

After I left Phil, I'd run into him here. He and Caroline had just split, we had that in common. Made it easy...

On Patrick. Swallows that bitter pill with no chaser. Then, putting on the best face he can--

PATRICK  
Well... just glad to know it's not  
the flashy suits.

ANGIE  
I mean... the suits don't hurt.

This, as she leans in and kisses him tenderly on the cheek.

ANGIE (CONT'D)  
See you tomorrow, partner?

A beat on Patrick. Musters a tight smile...

PATRICK  
Bright and early...

Angie exits. Patrick watching as she takes Remy's arm and  
they exit into the night...

Back on Patrick... alone at the bar... missed his shot yet  
again...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE