

# **Black Mass**

**screenplay by  
Mark Mallouk**

**based on the book 'Black Mass: Whitey Bulger,  
The FBI and a Devil's Deal'  
by Dick Lehr and Gerard O'Neill**

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WgaW

SUPERIMPOSE: **THIS STORY IS TRUE**

FADE IN:

SUPERIMPOSE: **SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA June 22nd, 2011**

INT. EMBASSY HOTEL/MANAGER'S OFFICE -- EVENING

It's claustrophobic in the tiny office. DEPUTY MARSHALL SULLIVAN and DEPUTY MARSHALL GIBBONS watch twenty-something Mississippi native JOSH BOND stare at FLIER. We can't see what's on it, but whatever it is confuses and terrifies Josh.

Finally, Josh manages a NOD. Deputy Sullivan and Deputy Gibbons share a look, their interest heightened.

DEPUTY SULLIVAN

How sure?

JOSH BOND

Ninety-nine point nine percent.

(beat)

I'm a hundred percent sure.

Deputy Gibbons goes, addresses someone we don't see.

DEPUTY GIBBONS

The building manager thinks it's him, let's not fuck this up. I want eyes on all the building's exits...

Deputy Gibbons is gone. Josh's nerves are fraying.

JOSH BOND

Anything else?

Deputy Sullivan nods, Josh's heart falls.

INT. EMBASSY HOTEL/ROOM -- NIGHT

A vacant room now a makeshift command center. A dozen lawmen in hushed conversations. Deputy Sullivan at the window with Josh looking across the way to **Princess Eugenia Apartments**.

DEPUTY SULLIVAN

Which one?

JOSH BOND

(pointing)

There. Number 303.

DEPUTY SULLIVAN

And which one is you?

JOSH BOND

Next door. 304.

FBI Agent SCOTT GARRIOLA, a bear of a man, enters the room and moves with purpose to Deputy Sullivan.

DEPUTY SULLIVAN  
Agent Garriola, this is Josh Bond.  
He manages both buildings. He's also  
the target's next door neighbor.

AGENT GARRIOLA  
How strong is your relationship?

JOSH BOND  
(quietly panicking)  
Dude, there is no relationship. I  
pass them in the hallway.

AGENT GARRIOLA  
Are they home?

DEPUTY SULLIVAN  
Visual confirmation on Greig. Standing  
by for visual on 'the man'.

AGENT GARRIOLA  
Do you have keys to 303?

JOSH BOND  
Yeah, but privacy laws and...

AGENT GARRIOLA  
(politely)  
Give me the fucking keys.

Josh hands them over. Agent Garriola and Deputy Sullivan whisper strategy to each other. Josh surveys the room, realizes nothing indicates an official operation.

JOSH BOND  
Wait, do you guys have a plan? Are  
you making this up as you go along?

Agent Garriola gives Josh a 'don't worry about it' look.

A HUSH claims the room as a MAN steps onto the balcony of #303. The Man is in a hat and a hoodie, his face obstructed.

AGENT GARRIOLA  
Is that him?

JOSH BOND  
I can't tell. Probably.

And as quickly as he appeared, The Man disappears inside his place, shutting DARK BLACK CURTAINS behind him.

DEPUTY SULLIVAN  
Did he make us? The arrest team is  
in the garage, they can raid now.

AGENT GARRIOLA  
 It's safer to lure him out down.  
 (to Josh)  
 Does he have a car?

JOSH BOND  
 No. But he's got a storage unit,  
 every tenant has one. What if I  
 notified him it had been broken into?

Agent Garriola likes that idea. Deputy Sullivan goes, taking all others with him. Josh's mind trying to process it all.

JOSH BOND (CONT'D)  
 You know, I went to Boston University.  
 All those years I heard his name. It  
 was like a myth, always in the  
 background. I figured he was in Europe  
 or South America or dead.

AGENT GARRIOLA  
 So did we.

Agent Garriola's radio crackles to life.

DEPUTY SULLIVAN (O.S.)  
 (through radio)  
 Arrest team in place.

AGENT GARRIOLA  
 (into the radio)  
 Roger that. Calling now.

Josh pulls his phone, his hands trembling.

AGENT GARRIOLA (CONT'D)  
 You can do this. It's just a call.

Josh finds **GASKO** in his directory and dials.

RING. RING. No answer. Each 'ring' smashing the silence.

RING. RING. No answer. Josh sweating more.

RING. RING. RING. No answer. Josh hangs up, exhales.

JOSH BOND  
 Now what?

AGENT GARRIOLA  
 You knock on his door. Tell him his  
 storage unit is broken.

JOSH BOND  
 Have you lost your mind? No way!

AGENT GARRIOLA  
 Calm down.

JOSH BOND  
 (holding up the Flier)  
 Did you read this? Armed and extremely  
 dangerous? Not just dangerous,  
*extremely* dangerous...

RING. Josh's Phone Screen Reads: **GASKO**

RING. RING. RING. Josh nervously answers.

JOSH BOND (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Hello? Yes, Carol I just called.  
 Someone broke into your storage unit.  
 Would you like me to call the cops,  
 or meet me there?

We faintly hear 'Carol' pass this on to someone else. Then  
 silence as we can't hear that someone respond. Then...

JOSH BOND (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Okay. I'll meet him in the garage.

Josh hangs up, Agent Garriola already out the door.

INT. PRINCESS EUGENIA APARTMENTS/HALLWAY -- NIGHT

A MAN locks the door marked #303. We only see his lower body.  
 From his walk we know he's supremely confident.

INT. PRINCESS EUGENIA APARTMENTS/ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

A QUIET HUM of the descending elevator. The Man wipes an  
 invisible mark off his pressed, white pants.

INT. EMBASSY HOTEL/ROOM -- NIGHT

Josh watching. CATHERINE GREIG aka Carol Gasko steps onto  
 the balcony. Their EYES LOCK. She registers something is not  
 right. Not knowing what to do, Josh weakly waves. Just then,  
 FBI Agents swarm. She's arrested without incident.

INT. PRINCESS EUGENIA APARTMENTS/PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

SILENCE. The Man walks to his locker. A DOZEN FBI AGENTS and  
 FEDERAL MARSHALS jump out with guns drawn, yelling over each  
 other...'**Stop**'...'**Hands up**'...'**Reach for the sky**'

The Man coolly raises hands, we finally see his face. It's  
 WHITEY BULGER aka Charlie Gasko for his years on the run.  
 Unmistakable intensity flares in his iced eyes but Whitey  
 doesn't act surprised, he won't give them the satisfaction.

AGENT GARRIOLA  
 On the ground. Now!

Whitey looks down, sees an OIL SPOT, takes a SMALL STEP AWAY.

AGENT GARRIOLA (CONT'D)  
Down. Now or I shoot.

Whitey kneels, then lies onto his chest. Agent Garriola cuffs him. Whitey's focus still on the oil spot.

AGENT GARRIOLA (CONT'D)  
You were gonna make me shoot you.

WHITEY  
I'd die rather than lie in that filth.

Whitey grins. As always, he's taken the power in the room.

INT. EMBASSY HOTEL/ROOM -- NIGHT

A nosey TENANT comes in to see what Josh is looking at. It's a busy scene outside now. Police lights. News vans.

TENANT  
Josh, oh my God, what the hell is going on? Who got arrested?

The Tenant follows Josh's look to apartment #303.

TENANT (CONT'D)  
(not believing)  
Charlie Gasko?

JOSH BOND  
Well, not exactly.

Josh hands her the Flier. Her face falls. We finally see...

THE FLIER: **FBI TEN MOST WANTED FUGITIVE: JAMES 'WHITEY' BULGER**

ROLL CREDITS OVER

FULL SCREEN: Boston Globe: **WHITEY BULGER ARRESTED** over a full front-page picture of Whitey's mug shot.

This fades to overlapping images of national and international newspapers, all with the Whitey arrest on page one. Along different images of television news stations breaking into programming. CNN. FoxNews. MSNBC. All the networks.

Intercut actual footage from Whitey's apartment: several holes cut in the walls containing a **cache of dozens of automatic weapons, several false ID's, over \$800,000 cash**

Different Sound from Different Reporters stands out...**sixteen years on the run...brother of Massachusetts Senate President Billy Bulger...FBI corruption...girlfriend Catherine Greig arrested as accessory...Informant scandal...FBI's Most Wanted**

One thing is clear -- This is the biggest story in the world

END CREDITS

**SUPERIMPOSE: BOSTON 1974**

INT. BASEMENT -- NIGHT

A dark, windowless basement. A hanging lightbulb the only faint light. WHITEY BULGER, hidden by shadows. He's in his forties but could pass for thirty. Very fit, very trim. Dressed modestly in jeans and a wind breaker. He watches...

A FIST to the face of JOHN MCINTYRE, bound to a chair, beaten badly. He's been on the business end of this for a while. The man dealing the pain is...

Whitey's partner STEVIE FLEMMI, a burly Italian gangster with a barrel chest and a gut to match.

MCINTYRE

I thought we were friends.

WHITEY

Shut up, you disloyal cunt. We know you're talking to that Statie.

MCINTYRE

Flannigan? He's my brother-in-law. Married to my older sis Margaret.

Flemmi looks to Whitey. They didn't know that. Whitey gestures Flemmi to proceed. BOOM. Another Flemmi fist.

MCINTYRE (CONT'D)

I told him nothing. I swear.

Flemmi swings a BASEBALL BAT across McIntyre's knees. An audible 'crunch' over McIntyre's screams of pain.

MCINTYRE (CONT'D)

Flannigan wasn't fishing, he was *giving* me information.

Flemmi readies to swing again. Whitey stops him.

MCINTYRE (CONT'D)

The Angiulos are gonna expand out of the North End.

FLEMMI

Bullshit.

MCINTYRE

They know about Killean and Winter Hill. We're vulnerable.

WHITEY

Italians coming Southie? Never.

MCINTYRE

It's already happening.

Whitey gives Flemmi the okay. Flemmi pulls a PLASTIC BAG.

MCINTYRE (CONT'D)  
Jimmy, our families go back. Please.

Flemmi pulls the bag over McIntyre's head. McIntyre bucks and struggles. Eventually, he stops fighting. Exhausted, Flemmi removes the bag but McIntyre is still barely alive.

This disappoints Whitey. He attaches a SILENCER to a GUN.

MCINTYRE (CONT'D)  
(barely audible)  
I thought we were friends.

WHITEY  
We were.

ZIP. ZIP. Two bullets into McIntyre's head.

EXT. SOUTHIE/ALLEY -- NIGHT

Whitey and Flemmi ascend the stairs. They gesture for TWO THUGS standing guard to take care of the mess. Flemmi is just now catching his breath.

WHITEY  
A decade in Special Forces and you  
can't kill a half dead man?

Flemmi laughs Whitey off. They turn out of the alley and boom, they're on West Broadway, Southie's busiest street.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- NIGHT

Whitey greeted with warm hellos and polite smiles from everyone he passes. Literally everyone knows him.

Whitey seamlessly moves from murder scene to Main Street. Welcome to Whitey Bulger's Southie.

MRS. CODY, a heavy-set older Irish woman, has spilled her bag of groceries. Whitey helps her collect the food.

MRS. CODY  
(Irish accent)  
As I live and breathe, Jimmy Bulger.

WHITEY  
Hello Mrs. Cody.

MRS. CODY  
When did you get out of Alcatraz?

WHITEY  
A while back.  
(re: the food)  
I see Shepherd's Pie ingredients.

MRS. CODY  
Indeed you do. You'll have to bring  
your mother for Sunday dinner.

WHITEY  
We'd like that.

Whitey gives a nearby KID a TWENTY and the grocery bag.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
Help Mrs. Cody with this. And I don't  
mean get it to her door. I mean put  
the food in the cupboard and fridge.  
Understand?

The Kid understands.

MRS. CODY  
Ain't you an angel Jimmy.

Mrs. Cody sees a BLOOD SPOT on Jimmy's windbreaker. She licks  
her thumb and rubs it off. Whitey gives Flemmi a smile.

MRS. CODY (CONT'D)  
Okay then. Off you go.

INT. TRIPLE O'S -- NIGHT

A working class bar. Beer drinkers, not a wine glass in the  
joint. All eyes on Whitey. Not the same happy vibes from the  
street. Still, reverent nods and greetings from the patrons.

Whitey and Flemmi walk past the bar into the kitchen like  
they own the place. O'NEIL, the bar owner, knows to follow.

INT. TRIPLE O'S -- NIGHT

Whitey and Flemmi are angry. O'Neil wears a sheepish look.

WHITEY  
Well this is a hot mess.

O'NEIL  
Those Dagos threatened to cut my  
throat. I got a family.

WHITEY  
They offered you half?

O'Neil nods.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
On everything? Cigarettes? Candy?

O'Neil nods.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
Generous. They made good on a payment?

O'Neil nods. This concerns Whitey and Flemmi.

O'NEIL

Help me out Jimmy. I have no options.

WHITEY

Options? Honoring our deal is the only option. Otherwise, your whore wife won't have the *option* of an open casket after I stick my knife in your stomach and lift till you're off the ground.

O'Neil knows Whitey speaks the truth.

FLEMMI

We'll be back for our money.

EXT. TRIPLE O'S-- NIGHT

Flemmi and Whitey standing outside.

FLEMMI

We're fucked. What are we gonna do?

WHITEY

Let me think about it.

FLEMMI

You wanna get something to eat?

WHITEY

Christ, you and your food. Go ahead. I gotta thing.

EXT. QUINCY -- NIGHT

Whitey parked in the darkness of a quiet alley.

EXT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Whitey checks if the coast is clear. It is. He moves to the door and slips in his key.

INT. LINDSEY CYR'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

There is LINDSEY CYR, Whitey's 23 year-old girlfriend. Her pleasant way a direct contrast to Whitey's constant simmering.

He's not there for her, he's there for his son, 6 year-old DOUGLAS. Blue eyes. White hair. A spitting image of Whitey.

INT. LINDSEY CYR'S APARTMENT -- LATER

The three have breakfast. Whitey's attention is fully on little Douglas who adores his dad. This is the only time we'll see Whitey HAPPY.

LINDSEY

You know, five AM is a little early  
for breakfast.

WHITEY

This is how it's got to be.  
(to Douglas)  
So I hear you got in a little trouble  
in kindergarten.

DOUGLAS

Timmy took my coloring pencils, so I  
punched him in front of the class.

WHITEY

Listen young man. Next time this  
Timmy kid takes your stuff, tell the  
teacher.  
(beat)  
Then punch him when no one is looking.

LINDSEY

(playfully)  
Jim Bulger, what kind of lesson is  
that for your son.

WHITEY

Go on buddy. Pick out your clothes.  
I'll help you get ready in a minute.

Douglas goes.

LINDSEY

Honey, I'm thinking Douglas should  
have your last name.

WHITEY

We already talked about this.

LINDSEY

But his classmates are asking and  
the teachers...

WHITEY

Tell those cows to mind their fucking  
business.

LINDSEY

Geez. Okay. Sue me for wanting our  
son to have Bulger as his last name.

WHITEY

It would be too dangerous.

LINDSEY

For who?

WHITEY  
For all of us.

INT. WHITEY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Whitey enters his simply furnished apartment. NOISE from the dark hallway. Whitey isn't jolted.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Jimmy? Is that you?

Whitey's MOM emerges from the darkness in her evening gown. He gives her a kiss on the forehead.

WHITEY  
Mornin' Mom.

MOM  
How was work?

Whitey sees his mom's aimlessness, turns her to her room.

WHITEY  
Let's get you back to bed.

INT. WHITEY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM -- MORNING

Dawn peeks through the window. The Spartan room Whitey spent his early years. Three books on his nightstand: **Patton: A Genius For War, American Caesar: Douglas MacArthur** and **The Art Of War**. Whitey climbs into his twin bed. SILENCE.

INT. CONNOLLY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Moving boxes everywhere, few things unpacked. It's very early but thirty-four year old Boston native JOHN CONNOLLY is already in his suit less the jacket he's ironing. He bubbles with nervous excitement, it's a big day for him.

His wife MARIANNE, stirs awake from the mattress on the floor.

MARIANNE  
Honey, I've never seen you iron.

John pulls on the jacket, models for Marianne.

CONNOLLY  
I want to make a good impression.

MARIANNE  
What time is it?

CONNOLLY  
Time to make a name for myself. Go back to sleep.

MARIANNE  
 (teasing)  
 You're sure taking this personally.

CONNOLLY  
 It's Boston, everything's personal.

EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY FEDERAL BUILDING -- MORNING

Connolly proudly walks the steps of the brick building of the FBI HEADQUARTERS. Connolly checks his reflection in the glass. He likes it. He adjusts his coat. He likes it better.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- MORNING

Connolly is the first to work. He walks the quiet hall past the wall of WANTED POSTERS. A motley crew of nasty men, the last featuring **GENNARO ANGIULO**.

INT. FILE ROOM -- MORNING

Rows and rows of FILE CABINETS. Connolly finds what he wants.

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE -- MORNING

On Connolly's desk, a stack of files labeled: **ANGIULO CRIME FAMILY**. Connolly pulls the first off the stack.

PHOTOS of a BLOODY CRIME SCENE. A DOCUMENT: **GENARRO ANGIULO -- FIRST DEGREE MURDER**. Connolly reads further till "**charges never filed**" then "**no witnesses**".

Next file. A DOCUMENT: **MIKEY ANGIULO -- CONSPIRACY TO TRAFFIC COCAINE**. Connolly reads further till "**charges never filed**" then "**witnesses uncooperative**".

Then, shot after shot of BRUTAL CRIME SCENES. Followed by...**FIRST DEGREE ASSAULT** and **ATTEMPTED MURDER** and **EXTORTION**. Followed by..."**lack of corroborating evidence**" and "**no witnesses**" and "**witness recants**" and "**lack of evidence**" and "**no first hand testimony**". It goes on and on and on and on.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Hustle and bustle of a midday office. Connolly oblivious to the noise, remaining buried in the Angiulo files.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

Calm and quiet. A totally different place but one thing is the same. Connolly in the Angiulo files.

INT. BULLPEN -- MORNING

FBI Agent JOHN MORRIS, thin bodied with a thin mustache, and several members of the FBI ORGANIZED CRIME UNIT, talk over the loud chatter and ringing telephones of the FBI Bullpen.

They look through the office window at Connolly.

SPECIAL AGENT FITZPATRICK, the toughest looking and toughest acting of the OCU, studies the new arrival carefully. He's by SPECIAL AGENT SONIAN, the youngest of the group.

MORRIS

Is that the same suit?

Sonian nods.

SONIAN

Been here thirty straight hours.

MORRIS

Great. A go-getter.

LAWRENCE SARHATT, Special Agent in Charge of the Organized Crime Unit, stops in on the conversation.

SARHATT

A knight in shining armor sent by Washington. He's a Boston native who is going to bring down the Mafia.

Sarcastic reactions from all the Agents.

FITZPATRICK

Heard that before. A young agent arrests five wops selling grass then he thinks he brought down the Mafia.

SARHATT

He arrested 'Cadillac Frank' Salemme.

Everyone recognizes that name, they're impressed.

SARHATT (CONT'D)

Story goes he saw 'Cadillac Frank' on the street, pulled his badge and took him down. No back up. No support. Actually took him to headquarters in a cab.

SONIAN

Just like that? 'Cadillac Frank' was on the lam from the FBI for twenty months and this kid just finds him?

Sarhatt nods.

FITZPATRICK

Too good to be true.

MORRIS

His performance review from the New York office is terrific.

(MORE)

MORRIS (CONT'D)  
Sighted for his 'resourcefulness,  
ingenuity and initiative'.

SARHATT  
He's reading up on the Angiulos.

Mention of 'Angiulos' gets the OCU's attention.

FITZPATRICK  
Does he have a way into the North  
End without being detected?

SARHATT  
No.

FITZPATRICK  
Does he have an informant who can  
break the Angiulo's wall of silence?

SARHATT  
No.

FITZPATRICK  
Then that's that.

SARHATT  
Quantico is desperate for a war cry  
against the Angiulos and the kid  
says he's got a plan.

FITZPATRICK  
I have a bad feeling about him.

SARHATT  
I have a bad feeling about everyone.  
That's part of being a good FBI agent.

Sarhatt and Fitzpatrick head to their offices.

Morris finds himself alone. His eyes catch those of DEBBIE  
NOSEWORTHY, a young secretary. She smiles. He smiles. Then,  
remembering he's married, Morris goes.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

SCREAMS of HUNDREDS of outraged South Boston Irish directed  
at BUSES carrying terrified BLACK STUDENTS through lines of  
armed National Guard. The buses stop in front of the old  
stone high school.

Connolly at the edge of the angry crowd watching BILLY BULGER  
argue with the CHIEF OF POLICE. Billy in his early thirties,  
already a STATE SENATOR.

BILLY  
 (into a Megaphone)  
 Shame on you, stuffing your social  
 experiment down our throat! Send  
 these kids back to their neighborhood.  
 This is South Boston High School. It  
 should be attended by children from  
 South Boston. No more busing! No  
 more busing! No more busing!

At Billy's urging, the crowd carries the chant, growing  
 angrier and louder, boiling close to full-blown riot. Billy  
 ALIVE WITH POWER.

Whitey, away from the fray, listening to his brother. His  
 eyes meet Connolly, recognizing his childhood neighbor.

Connolly heads towards Whitey. It's slow moving.

Two dozen UNIFORMED STATE POLICE arrive with City Commissioner  
 ROBERT DIGRAZIA. They're greeted with hostile jeers.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 (into a Megaphone)  
 City Commissioner DiGrazia is here  
 with his Gestapo troopers.

DiGrazia in Billy's face. He's six inches taller but Billy  
 doesn't back down.

DIGRAZIA  
 You're amplifying the situation.  
 You're a State Senator, act like it.

BILLY  
 (hissing)  
 Go fuck yourself.  
 (into the megaphone)  
 No more busing! No more busing!

A burning trash can is knocked over. Fist fights break out  
 throughout the crowd. It's a riot. Connolly gets clear of it  
 but to his disappointment, Whitey is gone.

EXT. STREET/BACK BAY -- DAY

Connolly knocks at a nondescript dark wood door. No answer,  
 he's not sure he's at the right place. Then, a small wood  
 slot opens, it's filled with BIG BLUE EYES.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
 (heavy Irish accent)  
 John Connolly?

Connolly nods. The door opens, Connolly steps inside.

INT. PRIVATE CLUB -- DAY

Connolly follows the IRISH HOSTESS down a dark hall that gives way to an old-Boston, men's-only, private club. A beautiful room. Tall book cases. Dark wood. The only women are servers. Connolly is very, very IMPRESSED.

On the wall, a hand-carved sign: "**May you live to a hundred years, with an extra year to repent**" -- anonymous Irish poet

A lunchtime group of businessmen, lawyers, politicians. Connolly is lead to Billy Bulger's table. Billy looks up from his BOSTON GLOBE Sports Page.

BILLY

Fucking Sox.

CONNOLLY

This place is unbelievable. I didn't know this existed.

BILLY

That's how we like it. Always remember the value of a low profile.

CONNOLLY

Okay, Billy. Or should I say Senator?

BILLY

Billy when it's just us. Senator when others can hear.

They shake hands. Billy gestures for Connolly to sit.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(admiring)

Special Agent John Connolly, FBI.  
Back in the neighborhood.

CONNOLLY

Never felt comfortable anyplace else.  
Who said you can never go home again?

BILLY

Probably some douche-bag poet. Will I see you at Dennis Condon's retirement party?

CONNOLLY

I didn't know you knew Agent Condon.

BILLY

I consider Dennis Condon a friend.

CONNOLLY

I met him when I was home for Thanksgiving two years ago.

(MORE)

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

He took me under his wing. Taught me how to make an name for myself as an agent.

BILLY

And how does one make a name as an agent?

CONNOLLY

Cultivate informants. Make splashy arrests.

BILLY

Splashy arrests like 'Cadillac Frank' Saleme.

CONNOLLY

You heard about that?

Billy smiles at Connolly's naivete.

BILLY

That's one way of saying it. I also heard about the anonymous tip you received in the mail.

It dawns on Connolly that Billy worked this from behind the scenes. Billy enjoys seeing Connolly piece it together.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Like I said, I consider Dennis Condon a friend.

CONNOLLY

I see you're still in Southie.

BILLY

Six blocks from Old Harbor. I don't believe in wandering, John.

CONNOLLY

And Jimmy is back from Alcatraz.

A cold look from Billy, holds it till Connolly gets the point.

BILLY

Actually this last stretch was Leavenworth. Nine long years, almost killed our Mother. He lives with her now. A good thing. Keeps her company. Keeps him out of trouble.

The WAITRESS brings a bowl of SOUP for Billy and Connolly.

WAITERESS

(heavy Irish accent)  
Onion Soup. And the filet medallions  
will be up soon, Senator.

BILLY

My friend will have the same.

The Waitress goes. Connolly loves the Waitress calling Billy  
'Senator'. He also loves Billy calling him 'friend'.

CONNOLLY

Onion soup. Terrible for the breath.

BILLY

Don't let anyone close enough to  
smell your stink. Where are you  
settling in?

CONNOLLY

Back in the neighborhood. I've been  
making the rounds, catching up with  
old friends.

Billy and Connolly locked into each other now.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

I've been looking for Jimmy.

Nothing from Billy.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

I've called but haven't heard back.

Connolly slides his phone number across the table. Billy  
doesn't take it.

BILLY

There's a natural order to things.  
He's my older brother but I feel  
I've got to watch out for him. It's  
unnatural but I feel it's necessary.  
I'd like you to help me, John. Could  
you help me do that? Can you help me  
keep my older brother out of trouble?

CONNOLLY

Only if I get a hold of him.

Billy assesses Connolly, decides they have an understanding  
and takes the number. Then, like the discussion never  
happened, Billy turns his attention back to the newspaper.

BILLY

Fucking Sox.

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Connolly's nose buried in Angiulo files.

RING. Connolly answers.

CONNOLLY  
 (into the phone)  
 This is Connolly. He's here now?  
 I'll be right down.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Connolly stops at the desk of ELIZABETH MOORE, his secretary.

CONNOLLY  
 Elizabeth, right? I need careful  
 attention paid to my phone messages.

ELIZABETH  
 That's my job.

CONNOLLY  
 This is very important. I need to  
 know every call I get while I'm away.

ELIZABETH  
 Every call. You got it.

Elizabeth smiles at Connolly's enthusiasm. She has it under control. Suddenly feeling foolish, Connolly goes.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Waiting in the reception area is Connolly's childhood friend, FATHER THOMAS MACKEY.

CONNOLLY  
 (signing the cross)  
 Heaven help us, the Vatican will let  
 anyone become a Priest.

Father Mackey and Connolly hug.

EXT. BOSTON -- EVENING

Father Mackey and Connolly walk.

CONNOLLY  
 I see it but I don't believe it. I  
 figured you'd end up a guy I got  
 paid to catch.

FATHER MACKEY  
 Me too. Then a gradual calling.

CONNOLLY

No strike of lightning? No 'Road to Damascus' moment?

FATHER MACKEY

I was sick and tired of being sick and tired. The places I was going. The people I was hanging with. The things I was doing. It was all wrong.

CONNOLLY

Some part of you was criminal minded. Does it ever bubble up?

FATHER MACKEY

Each of our minds will ask us to do ugly things. It's just a matter of legislating mind. Legislating the bad things.

CONNOLLY

You at Queen of the Holy Rosary?

FATHER MACKEY

Saint Monica's. The doors are always open if you need me.

They reach a sign: **WELCOME TO BOSTON'S HISTORIC NORTH END**

A very distinct neighborhood. Impossibly narrow cobblestone streets. Each building flush to the next. Claustrophobic.

CONNOLLY

Figured this wasn't a social call.

A SHOP KEEPER sees the outsiders, whispers to his ERRAND BOY who goes to the flag pole and raises the ITALIAN FLAG.

FATHER MACKEY

Boston is in trouble. The crime. The drugs. Kids aren't growing up in the same town we grew up in. Everyone knows it's the Angiulos. They operate unchecked. And now every Italian who saw the Godfather thinks they're a gangster. It's an epidemic.

CONNOLLY

I'm aware of the Angiulos.

Two ITALIAN HEAVIES in track suits appear from the heart of the North End. The Shop Keeper points out Connolly and Mackey. The Italian Heavies don't hide they're watching.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

We can't just go arrest them. We need actionable evidence. There are procedures.

FATHER MACKEY

Fuck procedures. Our city is at the crossroads.

CONNOLLY

I'm on it.

Father Mackey calms, knowing he's made his point.

FATHER MACKEY

Nice to have another good guy back in Boston.

CONNOLLY

That's me. One of the good guys.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

Connolly moves through the nearly empty bullpen. He's surprised to see Elizabeth still at her desk this late.

CONNOLLY

Shouldn't you be with your boyfriend?

ELIZABETH

Don't have one. Shouldn't you be home with your wife?

CONNOLLY

Why aren't you out with the girls?

ELIZABETH

I'm going to snuggle up with a book and get a good night's sleep.

CONNOLLY

Sounds boring but have sweet dreams.

ELIZABETH

Always do. By the way, messages are on your desk.

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Connolly thumbs through the messages, finds what he's been hoping for and is out of the office in a flash.

EXT. QUINCY BEACH -- NIGHT

Connolly's Plymouth in an isolated spot. Moonlight glistens off the Atlantic Ocean.

INT. PLYMOUTH -- NIGHT

Connolly takes in the dark black, quiet night. His eyes dart from side mirror to rear-view mirror. Nothing. Then, CLICK. Then, SWOOSH. In the passenger seat, one Whitey Bulger.

CONNOLLY

What the hell, did you parachute in?

No answer. Bulger eyes the Boston skyline across the harbor.

WHITEY

A couple of centuries ago, Bostonians used to hang bodies of pirates in the Harbor. A warning to wanna-be's. You know what that's called?

Connolly doesn't.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

The deterrent effect.

Connolly waits until he's certain the history lesson is over.

CONNOLLY

You should think about using your friends in law enforcement.

WHITEY

Who? You? You're my friend?

CONNOLLY

Yeah, me. Me and the FBI.

'FBI' intrigues Whitey.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

If the FBI is chewing on the Mafia, it would be hard for the Mafia to chew on you. I hear Angiulo wants you pinched. You heard that?

WHITEY

I hear lots of things.

CONNOLLY

And the vending machines. Word on the street is it could get bloody.

WHITEY

You don't think we'd win?

CONNOLLY

Maybe. But then another rival will rise up and come after you, then someone after them.

(beat)

You can't survive without a friend in law enforcement.

Connolly sees Whitey might be coming around.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

I have a proposal. Inform on La Cosa Nostra and let the FBI do the rest. Use us to do what they're doing to you. Fight fire with fire.

Whitey seems to like the idea but still hard to tell.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

An FBI Irishman from Southie looking out for you.

WHITEY

I've got a partner.

CONNOLLY

Steve Flemmi. I know. Come aboard, we'll protect you both.

WHITEY

(to himself)

You can't survive without friends in law enforcement.

CONNOLLY

Is that a yes?

Whitey leaves without answering.

INT. CONNOLLY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Marianne asleep. Connolly quietly slips into bed, kisses his wife on the forehead. She curls into him, barely waking.

MARIANNE

Did you save Boston?

CONNOLLY

I'm working on it.

Marianne drifts back to sleep. Connolly is buzzing.

INT. APARTMENT -- NIGHT

THERESA STANLEY, a modest woman in modest clothes, with her babysitter, CATHERINE GREIG, a young attractive blonde.

THERESA

So the kids were well behaved?

CATHERINE

Angels.

Theresa hands over ten dollars.

THERESA

Thanks for watching them.

(MORE)

THERESA (CONT'D)

Just needed to see a movie and clear my head. I didn't realize the Godfather II would be three and a half hours long. I mean, geez, get on with it.

DING DONG. She goes for the door. Again, DING DONG.

THERESA (CONT'D)

Hold your horses.

As soon as she turns the knob the door FLIES OPEN. Whitey pushes into the apartment, slamming the door behind him.

WHITEY

Hold my horses?

Theresa is thrilled by the unexpected visit.

THERESA

Jimmy, let me get myself together.

Whitey grabs her hair and pulls her close. She readies for a kiss. He holds his mouth just close enough to tease.

Then Whitey notices Catherine. It's like Theresa doesn't exist. Whitey loves how Catherine looks. Catherine loves how Whitey dominates Theresa.

THERESA (CONT'D)

(gathering herself)

My goodness, I nearly forgot you were there. Jimmy, this is my babysitter, Catherine Greig. Catherine just moved into the new condos over there on Dot street.

WHITEY

The light blue building?

Catherine nods. Whitey files the information away as his eyes devour Catherine. Theresa notices the mutual attraction.

THERESA

Have a safe walk home, Catherine.

CATHERINE

It was nice meeting you.

WHITEY

See you around the neighborhood.

Catherine goes. Theresa is in a pouting mood.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Fuck this. See you later.

THERESA  
Stay Jimmy. Please.

Whitey pushes her to her knees. Theresa goes to work, Whitey looks out to watch Catherine Greig walk away.

INT. BLACK CHEVY -- NIGHT

Whitey checks the time, decides to head into Quincy.

INT. LINDSEY CYR'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Whitey at Douglas' door. He watches little Douglas sleep. Whitey could do this all night. Then...

LINDSEY (O.S.)  
Didn't hear you come in.

The moment ruined. Lindsey standing in the hallway.

WHITEY  
Go back to bed.

LINDSEY  
Shhhh. Don't wake him. He's sick.

WHITEY  
(panicking)  
Sick? What? I'll call a doctor.

LINDSEY  
Calm down it's just a slight fever.  
He'll be fine in the morning.

WHITEY  
Okay, I'll see you later.

LINDSEY  
(flirting)  
Why don't you stay?

Whitey isn't interested, again. He leaves Lindsey hurt, again.

INT. TRIPLE O'S -- NIGHT

Music and drinking; business as usual. Whitey and Flemmi push through the crowd. They're suddenly surrounded by THREE HUGE ITALIANS and ANTHONY 'Fat Tony' CIULLA, an apt nickname for the six foot five, three hundred pound Italian enforcer.

CIULLA  
Gennaro don't appreciate you  
interfering with his business.

WHITEY  
I don't appreciate Gennaro in my  
neighborhood.

ITALIAN GUY

This ain't your neighborhood.

ITALIAN GUY #2

(to Ciulla)

Fuck this little Mick. Let me do him right now.

ITALIAN GUY #3

He's a pretty one. I'll let him suck my dick before I bust his brain.

ITALIAN GUY

You want to suck my dick pretty boy?

Fighting words but Whitey knows the odds. He's tough, not stupid. Whitey heads for the door.

INT. BLACK CHEVY -- NIGHT

Flemmi drives. Whitey fumes.

WHITEY

Fuck! Those mother fuckers!

FLEMMI

You want to take care of them?

WHITEY

Of course but we've got to be smart. Those guys are under Gennaro.

FLEMMI

Fat Tony is, sure, but the others are wishing. Gennaro throws them occasional work, but they're not family. They're always at The Wheel on Mystic River if you're lookin'.

Flemmi pulls up to Dunkin' Donuts.

WHITEY

Fucking Angiulos are crowding Southie and all you want to do is get fatter.

FLEMMI

I'm not here for the donuts.

Flemmi points to a waitress. She's DEBRA DAVIS, a beauty with a smile to match.

WHITEY

Does she know you gotta crush on her? Does she even know who you are?

Whitey senses Flemmi's nervousness. He goes to his wallet and pulls TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Tell her to treat herself to a new dress. She'll need it when you take her out for a nice lobster. Go on.

Whitey gestures Flemmi away.

EXT. DUNKIN' DONUTS -- NIGHT

Whitey goes to a PHONE BOOTH, pushes in a coin and dials.

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Connolly half asleep at his desk. His wall now covered with PICTURES of the ANGIULO CRIME FAMILY.

RING. The phone jolts Connolly awake. Connolly answers.

INTERCUT:

CONNOLLY  
(into the phone)  
Connolly.

Bulger in the PHONE BOOTH.

WHITEY  
(into the phone)  
Deal me in. If they want to play checkers we'll play chess. Fuck'em.

Whitey slams the phone down.

Connolly fired up, knowing how huge this could be.

INT. SARHATT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Fitzpatrick and Morris behind Sarhatt who sits at his desk reading a report. Fitzpatrick's suspicious eyes on Connolly.

SARHATT  
Is this a joke?

Connolly shakes his head 'no'.

SARHATT (CONT'D)  
(impressed)  
Unbelievable.

FITZPATRICK  
Whitey's parole listing is 'supervised release status'. It's against FBI rules to even consider him for development till that changes.

Sarhatt doesn't care, Fitzpatrick quietly fumes.

SARHATT

What gives? We've tried to lock Whitey in the past.

CONNOLLY

First off, it's Jimmy, he hates being called Whitey. And we grew up together Southie. He trusts me. He's family. Protect your family at all costs.

FITZPATRICK

Sounds like you're too cozy.

SARHATT

We can't protect him if he becomes the subject of a criminal investigation.

CONNOLLY

I know things are.

FITZPATRICK

You've never had a CI before. Not one. What makes you think you can handle Whitey?

CONNOLLY

Jimmy is a stand-up guy. Things are shaded. Jimmy may be gray but the Angiulos are pitch black. Jimmy can bring them down.

SARHATT

No murder. No drugs.

CONNOLLY

Never. Whitey isn't the Prince of Darkness. He's an entrepreneur on the wrong track.

Fitzpatrick takes a file off Sarhatt's desk.

FITZPATRICK

Our report on Whitey.

(reading)

'A vicious animal who will not take no for an answer'

(turns the page, reads)

'Violent decisiveness at any hint of betrayal'

(turns the page, reads)

'A ripened psychopath determined and disciplined to succeed above all else'.

CONNOLLY

That's not the Jimmy Bulger I know.

SARHATT

The information flows one way. From Whitey to the FBI. Don't let him use you. Don't let him use us.

CONNOLLY

I can run an informant.

Sarhatt huddles with Fitzpatrick and Morris, Connolly tries to listen but can't hear the whispered conversation.

FITZPATRICK

This is reckless. Don't do it.

SARHATT

We need a hail Mary. Our CI's are worthless. The guys we arrest won't talk. Four separate North End murders so far this month, we know it's the Mafia but can't prove it. All our information on the Angiulos is unactionable.

FITZPATRICK

Connolly isn't prepared. Not for Whitey.

SARHATT

(to Morris)

Do you have an opinion on this?

Morris gives a weak shrug. Sarhatt thinks it over. Then...

SARHATT (CONT'D)

Alright, we'll do it. But I'm putting a flag in the file. We'll revisit it later and see where we're at.

CONNOLLY

You won't regret it.

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE -- DAY

A FILE labeled: **TOP ECHELON INFORMANT: James 'Whitey' Bulger, code name 'Charlie'.**

A FILE labeled: **TOP ECHELON INFORMANT: Steve 'The Rifleman' Flemmi, code name 'Shogun'.**

INT. BLACK CHEVY -- NIGHT

Parked in the dark alley behind Triple-O's. Flemmi behind the wheel. Whitey and Connolly in the back.

WHITEY

Charlie?

Connolly nods.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

He gets Shogun?

CONNOLLY

The names get assigned randomly.

WHITEY

My sister has a poodle. Know what her name is?

CONNOLLY

Jimmy, come on...

WHITEY

Charlie. The dog's name is Charlie. I'd like to be 'Patton' or 'Custer'.

CONNOLLY

Informants don't pick their names.

WHITEY

I'm not an informant. I'm a liaison.

Connolly looks to Flemmi for help but only gets a smile.

CONNOLLY

I'll see what I can do.

WHITEY

Please do.

Connolly opens his notebook. He's ready to begin.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Okay. We start tomorrow.

Connolly shuts his notebook. If Whitey says they start tomorrow, they start tomorrow. He's already in charge.

INT. TRIPLE O'S -- NIGHT

Whitey and Flemmi through the backdoor. O'Neil waiting.

WHITEY

What'd I tell you about crowding me?

O'NEIL

You got fifteen calls. It's this girl Lindsey, she's wicked upset.

INT. LINDSEY CYR'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Panicked Whitey through the door. Lindsey exhausted, heaped on the floor. She's been crying for a long time.

LINDSEY

He was fine two days ago.

Whitey checks Douglas' room. He's not there.

WHITEY

Damnit Lindsey. Where is he? What do you mean fine two days ago?

LINDSEY

The doctor said Reye's Syndrome. It's a rare...

WHITEY

(interrupting)

Doctor? Stop. Just tell me where's Douglas? I want to see him. Now.

LINDSEY

Jimmy, he's dead.

A lightning bolt through Whitey. Shock. Anger.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

His fever spiked this morning. I took him to Mass General.

WHITEY

(disbelief)

Dead?

Something changes in Whitey. Something permanent.

LINDSEY

Jimmy, please.

Lindsey desperately needs comfort and affection, she reaches for Whitey. He backs away.

WHITEY

I never want to see you again. Never.

With that, Whitey is gone.

EXT. SOUTHIE/ALLEY -- NIGHT

Whitey pacing in the darkness. The pain of Douglas' death building to maximum force.

WHITEY

Nooooooo!

SORROW turns to FURY. Whitey boils with violent intentions. He PUNCHES the wall. Again and again, until his fists bleed.

Then Whitey makes the decision that someone needs to pay. He stalks to his car with purpose.

EXT. THE WHEEL -- NIGHT

Whitey in the shadows, coolly eyeing the front door. The three ITALIAN GUYS from Triple-O's stumble out.

EXT. THE WHEEL -- MOMENTS LATER

The Italian Guys in their car. TAP TAP. At the driver's window, it's Whitey. ZIP. ZIP. ZIP. Bullets fly from the SILENCER. The Guys are clearly dead but ZIP. ZIP. ZIP. ZIP. ZIP. ZIP. Until CLICK. CLICK. The gun is empty.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

The busy bullpen buzzes about 'The Wheel' murders. Connolly gets to his office where Sarhatt and Morris are waiting.

SARHATT

Connolly. I'm putting Morris on Bulger and Flemmi with you.

CONNOLLY

I work alone. This is about my relationship with Jimmy.

SARHATT

No go. Against regulations. Morris reviews and signs every 209 you file. He's your senior.

CONNOLLY

Don't handcuff me.

SARHATT

Grow up, Connolly.

That stings Connolly. Sarhatt goes.

CONNOLLY

I do the meetings alone.

MORRIS

For the time being. That's fine.

Connolly steps into his office, shuts the door behind him.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Partner.

INT. CHANDLER'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

Flemmi and Whitey watch in disgust as Anthony 'Fat Tony' Ciulla stuffs his fat face. Finally, Ciulla stops to talk.

CIULLA

I gotta be honest with you, this is making me nervous.

(MORE)

CIULLA (CONT'D)

I mean, after what happened at The Wheel. You know anything about that?

WHITEY

Nah. Could have been anyone, those guys had plenty of enemies.

CIULLA

Gennaro is kicking over every rock to find who did those guys. Irregardless, he wouldn't want me speaking with you.

WHITEY

Don't be a pussy. You see, I'm starting a horse operation and you're going to be my horse guy.

Ciulla laughs at the idea.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Gennaro's days are numbered.

CIULLA

Where is this coming from?

WHITEY

Don't worry about that. You work the tracks. You know the horses, the jockeys. Bribe them. Drug them. Do whatever you do.

CIULLA

Who is the muscle?

FLEMMI

You ask too many questions.

CIULLA

I liked you when you didn't talk.

WHITEY

Easy now. Just finish your meal. You've got work to do.

EXT. SUFFOLK DOWNS -- DAY

Ciulla tucks an ENVELOPE into a JOCKEY'S hand.

EXT. SUFFOLK DOWNS -- DAY

Ciulla puts an ENVELOPE in a bag. The JOCKEY sees this from the locker room mirror and gives Ciulla a knowing look.

EXT. SUFFOLK DOWNS -- DAY

Ciulla and Flemmi with loads of WAGER TICKETS. Smiles from ear to ear. Whitey is pleased but doesn't show it.

Horse in the starting gate, the starting gun goes BANG.

INT. TRIPLE O'S-- NIGHT

POP. Flemmi pours Ciulla a glass of champagne then drinks from the bottle himself. Flemmi sees Whitey's judging look, sets the champagne down.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Connolly, Morris watch Fitzpatrick and Sarhatt go through stacks of informant reports. They're disappointed.

FITZPATRICK

It's all worthless.

SARHATT

(to Fitzpatrick)

Maybe you were right. Whitey is more trouble than it's worth.

Sarhatt's message loud and clear to Connolly.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- AFTERNOON

Connolly and Marianne walk hand-in-hand down the sidewalk, watching NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS play in a park.

CONNOLLY

(fondly)

I played there every night of my childhood.

MARIANNE

Maybe we'll have little ones soon and they can play there too.

CONNOLLY

That's the plan.

(beat)

It's where I first met Jimmy. I was nine, meaning he was twenty, already a Southie legend. Anyway, I was getting beat up by this older kid. Jimmy kicked his ass and sent him on his way.

MARIANNE

You and Jimmy were friends back then?

CONNOLLY

No.

(MORE)

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

I was friends with Billy but had never met Jimmy. I was amazed he knew who I was.

(beat)

It was better than meeting Ted Williams.

EXT. BILLY BULGER'S HOME -- AFTERNOON

A Bulger family BBQ in full swing. Billy plays with his NINE CHILDREN. Whitey at the grill, his mom watching it all. Connolly and Marianne step through the gate. They're welcomed by Billy's wife MARY, who carries a newborn.

MARY BULGER

You must be John Connolly, I'm Billy's wife Mary. Billy says wonderful things about you.

That gives Connolly a thrill.

MARY BULGER (CONT'D)

And that makes you Marianne, welcome.

BILLY

All hail the guest of honor!

Billy gives Connolly a big hug. Connolly loves it all.

EXT. BILLY BULGER'S HOME -- LATER

Connolly sits with Billy, watching Marianne and Mary play with the children.

BILLY

You've got a good girl there Johnny boy, nice stock.

CONNOLLY

Thank you. That Mary is something else. Plus the kids, a home in Southie and a powerful job...

(gesturing to everything)

This is a dream. You're a lucky man.

BILLY

You'll get there Johnny boy, but luck has nothing to do with it.

(re: Whitey)

How's that working out.

CONNOLLY

He's giving great intel about...

BILLY  
 (interrupting)  
 Whoa. Whoa. I don't want to know  
 about that. Understand? Never.  
 (calming)  
 Generally speaking, it's working  
 out?

CONNOLLY  
 The week after I opened Jimmy's file  
 I got a letter of commendation from  
 FBI Director Kelley, along with a  
 yearly raise and a bonus check.

Whitey grabs his keys, gestures for Connolly to join.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
 (to Billy)  
 Excuse me.

Connolly runs to Marianne, gives her a quick kiss.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
 (quickly)  
 Duty calls.

MARIANNE  
 But...

Too late, Connolly is out the door with Whitey.

INT. BLACK CHEVY -- NIGHT

The moon rises over Boston. Whitey drives Connolly.

WHITEY  
 Know the heart attack Luigi Marsolla  
 had last week?

CONNOLLY  
 Yeah.

WHITEY  
 He faked it to duck a subpoena.

CONNOLLY  
 What else?

WHITEY  
 You're greedy.

CONNOLLY  
 Please, Jimmy.

WHITEY  
 Tommy Nee.

Connolly knows the name, pulls his notebook.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
He's in New Hampshire.

CONNOLLY  
Where?

WHITEY  
Nashua. Living on Hayworth Street.  
Driving a white Jeep Cherokee.

Connolly scribbles then he realizes what he is writing.

CONNOLLY  
We want The Italians, remember?

Something grabs Whitey's attention. He slams to a stop and jumps out of the car.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- NIGHT

Whitey runs to a DRUG DEALER and his CUSTOMER on the sidewalk.

WHITEY  
Get the fuck off my street.

DEALER  
Sorry, Jimmy. I hear you.

WHITEY  
You hear shit.

Customer runs off. Whitey PUNCHES the Dealer who falls down. PUNCH. PUNCH. PUNCH. Into the Dealer's bloody mess of a face. PUNCH. PUNCH. PUNCH. Again and again. It's brutal. The Dealer is unconscious, then one last unnecessary PUNCH.

A baggie of COCAINE on the ground, Whitey subtly pockets it.

INT. BLACK CHEVY -- NIGHT

Whitey back in the car like nothing happened. Connolly is very IMPRESSED.

EXT. OLD HARBOR HOUSING PROJECT -- NIGHT

Whitey and Connolly parked, looking at the housing project where they grew up.

WHITEY  
Gorgeous.

CONNOLLY  
The happiest times in my life, growing up there.

WHITEY  
They see 'projects'.  
(MORE)

WHITEY (CONT'D)

I see a high rise masterpiece. Christ, I spent my childhood with an Atlantic Ocean view from my bedroom.

CONNOLLY

That's what they'll never get. The love I have for this place. I cried when I got the transfer to Boston. Honest to God, Jimmy. Tears of happiness. Guys in the Bureau, they don't get it and they never will.

WHITEY

We bleed Boston blood.

INT. BAR/BACKROOM -- NIGHT

Whitey stomps in, throws the cocaine baggie at Flemmi who doesn't see the problem.

WHITEY

Look at the baggie?

Flemmi looks closer. He understands.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

(furious)

That's not ours. I'm sick of these fucking wops crowding us. The gambling. The machines. Now coke?

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Connolly and Morris watch Sarhatt read 209s. He's not happy.

SARHATT

(to Morris)

You signed off on this shit?

MORRIS

Come on, Larry. Baby steps. Crawl before you walk.

CONNOLLY

We got Tommy Nee.

SARHATT

Tommy Nee? No one gives a fuck about that Irish. I need to know what is inside Angiulo headquarters. First, we need to know *where* Angiulo headquarters is. I need evidence to present to a Federal Prosecutor. We've wasted half a year and over a million dollars. What can we show for it? Useless bullshit.

Sarhatt sizes up Connolly.

SARHATT (CONT'D)

I stuck my neck out for you and this is what I get? Fitzpatrick was right. I'm shutting Whitey down.

CONNOLLY

No you're not.

SARHATT

Excuse me?

CONNOLLY

(collecting himself)

I mean, he's trusting me more. We're close to a break through. Give me three more months.

SARHATT

I'll give you ten days.

INT. CONNOLLY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Whitey, Billy and Connolly at the dinner table. Marianne clears the meal. Whitey leans back in his chair. Marianne doesn't like how comfortable Whitey is making himself.

Connolly sits tall, feeling like a big man.

BILLY

(to Marianne)

I believe that's the best meal I've had in ages. Don't tell our mother.

WHITEY

I should probably get going.

CONNOLLY

Stay. I insist. It's still early.

Daggers from Marianne. Connolly ignores her, pours more wine for Billy and himself. Whitey gets up, takes in the apartment. Checking the mantle, flipping through the record collection.

BILLY

Marianne, how you taking to Southie?

MARIANNE

Well, it's different.

Clearly, Southie isn't the paradise that Connolly had pitched.

WHITEY

Damn straight it's different. You should get down to Saint Monica's. Do some charity work.

(MORE)

WHITEY (CONT'D)

It'll help you get some community pride. You've got catching up to do.

Connolly gives Marianne a desperate smile. She's not happy. Billy notices the exchange.

BILLY

Leave the lady be, Jimmy. She's settling in just fine.

Billy gives Marianne a smile that makes her feel less assured.

Whitey finds an ALBUM, sets it on the turntable.

An IRISH BALLAD that segues to an up tempo DRUM BEAT and soon the ballad is an IRISH JIG.

Billy and Connolly do their best Irish dances. Whitey leads Marianne in a dance. She resists at first but Whitey insists.

The beat grows FASTER. The dancing more frantic.

Whitey spins Marianne away. She's odd woman out.

For a moment, Connolly, Whitey and Billy form a circle. Laughing and dancing and singing. Bliss for Connolly.

Billy dances away with Marianne. Connolly and Whitey together in a dance. Then, Whitey leans into Connolly's ear.

WHITEY

98 Prince Street.

The music ROARS ON.

INT. SARHATT'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Connolly proudly relaxing in Sarhatt's chair. Sarhatt enters.

CONNOLLY

98 Prince Street.

SARHATT

The fuck are you doing in my chair?

CONNOLLY

Angiulo headquarters.

SARHATT

You're certain? 98 Prince Street?

CONNOLLY

One-hundred percent.

SARHATT

Jesus. We'll get O.C.U. on it now.

CONNOLLY

How about some congratulations?

SARHATT

We haven't made an arrest let alone a prosecution. This is a nice start but that's it, a start.

Connolly is disappointed.

SARHATT (CONT'D)

Connolly, warm up to this harsh truth.

(beat)

Life happens without applause.

INT. SEWER -- DAY

A tight, dank tunnel. Barely room for Connolly who wears a gray jump-suit labeled **Boston Water and Sewer Commission**.

Connolly checks his map with his flashlight. He takes a turn into yet another dark tunnel and comes to a LADDER.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE/BASEMENT -- DAY

Connolly comes through sewer grate.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE/HALLWAY -- DAY

Connolly reaches the top floor, pulls off his jumpsuit.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

A TIGHT SPACE. Fast food wrappers. Cigarette smoke. Coffee cups. Morris and Sonian watch through a small window. There is no visible action. They're frustrated.

Connolly looks through binoculars at 98 Prince Street, sees nothing worthwhile.

EXT. 98 PRINCE STREET -- TIME LAPSE THREE MONTHS

Tell-tale New England autumn gives way to winter. Red leaves fall off from trees. Snow begins to fall.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Connolly and other Organized Crime Unit observe.

Sonian operates a HIGH RANGE MICROPHONE. Morris listens through earphones. He doesn't like what he hears. Connolly takes the earphones. Worthless. The Agents are dejected.

Sarhatt on the phone, listening intently. He hangs up, and gestures Connolly and Morris over. He speaks in hushed tones.

SARHATT

That was Judge Compton authorizing a warrant to bug Prince Street. Not just the phones. The whole damn place. But we don't know what it looks like in there.

Connolly and Morris see the problem.

SARHATT (CONT'D)

Find the layout. Plant the bugs. And get this done right, we'll name the FBI building after you.

INT. BLACK CHEVY -- NIGHT

Whitey parked down by the water on Castle Beach in Southie. Flemmi in the front. Connolly and Whitey in the back.

FLEMMI

I've been in there plenty of times. What do you want to know?

CONNOLLY

It's better if you both go in. I want them to see you. That'll impress them. Let's show them how committed you are to helping the FBI take down the Mafia.

FLEMMI

I'm not sure that's a good...

WHITEY

(interrupting)  
Connolly is right.

CONNOLLY

Set up a meeting, any excuse, you go in, chat for a little while, you leave, we draw'em a picture: here are the windows, here are the doors. We'll all be heroes.

WHITEY

You're asking an awful lot.

CONNOLLY

I know that Jimmy. And the FBI appreciates what you're doing.

WHITEY

It isn't about me and the FBI. It's about me and you. I'll do this for you, but what will you do for me?

CONNOLLY  
 (cautious)  
 What are you asking?

WHITEY  
 I have a bad reputation. All unfounded  
 lies. And Billy is a State Senator.  
 I guess I'm saying, I'm a target.  
 People come after me to take a shot  
 at the proud Bulger name. The Bulger  
 name needs protection.

CONNOLLY  
 I understand.

WHITEY  
 I have a deal with the FBI. But do I  
 have a deal with John Connolly?

CONNOLLY  
 Just do this one thing for me.

Whitey knows he's got Connolly and he's milking it.

WHITEY  
 Walking into Mafia headquarters. I  
 must be crazy. Anything for a friend.

EXT. PRINCE STREET -- DAY

Whitey's Car turns the corner onto Prince Street.

ACROSS THE STREET --

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Connolly with Morris, Sonion, Fitzpatrick and Sarhatt. He  
 points out Whitey and Flemmi, more to show off than anything.

Sonian lifts a LONG LENS CAMERA. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

EXT. 98 PRINCE STREET -- DAY

Flemmi and Whitey coolly approach. TWO GOONS step out when  
 they reach the door and pat down Flemmi and Whitey.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Sonian's camera very active. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

EXT. 98 PRINCE STREET -- DAY

A Goon holds the door open. Flemmi and Whitey wait a moment,  
 posing for pictures, literally. Then, they head inside.

INT. SARHATT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sarhatt at his desk. Connolly and Morris burst inside. Connolly slams a NAPKIN onto Sarhatt's desk and joins Morris in pointing out what it says.

CONNOLLY

Two windows on the north side. A door here. Another here. A boarded window on the east side.

MORRIS

The bathroom in the back has a small window. A wall safe here.

Sarhatt allows himself a grin.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- NIGHT

Connolly and SIX AGENTS watch. 98 Prince Street is dark and quiet. It's time. Connolly grabs his walkie-talkie.

INT. VAN -- NIGHT

Morris at the wheel of the parked van with SPECIAL AGENT ED QUINN, AGENT TOM DELANEY and AGENT VERONICA YAGS. Morris' radio comes to life.

CONNOLLY (O.S.)

All clear.

MORRIS

(to the Agents)

Go.

EXT. PRINCE STREET -- NIGHT

Quinn, Delaney and Yags stagger like common drunks. When they reach 98 Prince Street they snap to efficiency. Quinn and Yags stand guard as Delaney works the lock.

CLICK. The lock is open. Yags nods to a VAN down the road.

INT. VAN -- NIGHT

SIX AGENTS in bulletproof vests. Guns ready. Just in case.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- NIGHT

Connolly sees Delaney get the lock.

CONNOLLY

(into radio)

They're in.

EXT. NORTH PRINCE STREET -- NIGHT

A CAR with TWO UNDERCOVER FBI AGENTS blocks the road. They pop the hood and feign engine trouble.

EXT. SOUTH PRINCE STREET -- NIGHT

Another CAR with TWO UNDERCOVER FBI AGENTS blocks the road. They're feigning engine trouble. The street is blocked.

INT. BUICK -- NIGHT

Sarhatt with THREE FBI AGENTS. His radio comes to life.

MORRIS (O.S.)  
Celtic pride.

That's the cue.

EXT. PRINCE STREET -- NIGHT

Sarhatt leads AGENTS carrying gear towards 98 Prince Street. Agent Yags holds the door. The Agents hustle inside.

INT. PRINCE STREET/BACKROOM -- LATER

Agent Yags plants a tiny MICROPHONE. Agent Quinn plants another. Then another. Soon, MICROPHONES and WIRES *everywhere*.

INT. PRINCE STREET/BACKROOM -- LATER

Agent Yags checks time, SIGNALS to the others. Time to go.

Quinn hums the **GODFATHER THEME**.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- NIGHT

Agents packed in the room. The RADIO crackles.

OVER THE RADIO: Quinn humming the **GODFATHER THEME**.

Everyone laughs.

Sarhatt pats Connolly on the back. Connolly beams.

EXT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

Whitey's Black Caprice rolling under the night sky then disappears into an underground highway tunnel.

EXT. TUNNEL -- NIGHT

The Caprice snaking lower and lower. Tunnel bulbs produce UNNATURAL LIGHT and an EERIE HUM. Whitey wears a face of man headed to war. He's going somewhere important.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- NIGHT

The Caprice emerges into the dark, starless night.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- NIGHT

The docks. Quiet and cold. Whitey and Flemmi wait.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Whitey and Flemmi on the hull. A MAN pulls a plastic sheet revealing BRICKS OF COCAINE.

INT. BLACK CHEVY -- NIGHT

Flemmi drives. Whitey eyes on the Boston skyline, assessing the city's vulnerability. Comprehending what's in his grasp.

WHITEY

It's midnight in Boston.

INT. PRINCE STREET/BACKROOM -- DAY

SIX GOONS watch television. GENNARO and MIKEY ANGIULO count money as TOWNSEND, a bloody mess, nervously waits.

GENNARO

We're square. But don't ever be late again or you won't leave so pretty.

Townsend goes.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Connolly listens. JUNIOR AGENTS scribble notes. Spools of tape record everything.

INT. PRINCE STREET/BACKROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Gennaro and Mikey same conversation.

MIKEY

Next time I'll call Whitey Bulger. That Mick will shoot anyone, anytime.

GENNARO

He does good work.

MIKEY

He's capable.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Connolly mutes his shock at the Whitey comment. He doesn't think other Agents noticed but he isn't certain.

INT. PRINCE STREET/BACKROOM -- CONTINUOUS

ON TELEVISION: A pack of HYENAS stalk a WATER BUFFALO.

GENNARO  
 (to the television)  
 Run!

Hyenas attack. The Water Buffalo falls. He's done for.

GENNARO (CONT'D)  
 Fuck you then.  
 (to his goons)  
 Survival of the strongest. The rest  
 are lunch. Should have seen them  
 coming.  
 (to himself)  
 Should have seen them coming.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Morris at the door, panic stricken, gestures Connolly over.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE/HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Morris and Connolly in the hallway.

MORRIS  
 We got a problem with Bulger.

CONNOLLY  
 That murder comment? It's just  
 gangsters blabbing. Don't worry.

MORRIS  
 Not Jimmy, it's Billy.

Morris hands Connolly a folder that reads: **75 State Street**

INT. BLACK CHEVY -- NIGHT

Whitey drives. Connolly quiet, his thoughts on Billy.

WHITEY  
 Your bosses going to thank me?

CONNOLLY  
 You're a liaison. We can't publicly  
 admit we know each other.

Connolly sees Whitey's disappointment.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
 Everyone knows what you did. Your  
 contribution is appreciated.

Not good enough for Whitey and Connolly knows it.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

How can I make this right?

WHITEY

You got tape of the Prince Street bugs? I would like to hear those.

CONNOLLY

Absolutely not. Jimmy, that's against regulations. There's a way we conduct business.

WHITEY

There is a way *I* conduct business. Walking into Mafia headquarters on behalf of the FBI isn't it.

CONNOLLY

It's illegal. I just can't.

WHITEY

Frankly John, you disappoint me. I thought you'd think of the idea yourself. Imagine if I knew they're every move. I could do more for you than you ever imagined.

Connolly knows he shouldn't. Then...

CONNOLLY

I'll think about it. Maybe I can make some copies. Maybe.

(looking out the window)

So, when are we going to meet Billy?

I've got dinner with my wife at eight.

INT. WHITEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Connolly, Whitey and Mom at the kitchen table enjoy a meal.

CONNOLLY

This is wonderful, Mrs. Bulger.

MOM

Jimmy tells me you're with the FBI.

CONNOLLY

Yes, ma'am, that is correct.

MOM

Your mother would be proud. She was a lovely woman.

WHITEY

An angel.

MOM

Eat. Eat. She'd want me to make sure  
you stay big and strong.

The front door opens.

BILLY

(singing)

Hey, did you happen to see, the most  
beautiful girl in the world?

Billy hugs Mom and presents her with FLOWERS.

MOM

Billy, don't spoil me. I'll get soft  
like that hag Ms. Cody.

WHITEY

Good to see you, Billy.

Billy and Whitey hug.

MOM

Let me make you a plate.

Billy sits. Mom disappears to prepare Billy's food.

BILLY

There's something you want to talk  
to me about?

CONNOLLY

You know Harold Brown?

Only those who watch close know 'Harold Brown' bothers Billy.

BILLY

He won one of the bids issued by my  
City Redevelopment Program.

CONNOLLY

He says that bid cost him a five-  
hundred thousand dollar bribe. Half  
of which went to you, half to the  
middle man attorney.

Billy doesn't flinch but rage boils in his eyes.

BILLY

So that's what he says. The question  
is who is he saying it to?

CONNOLLY

The FBI. Brown is facing five years  
for attempted bribery of building  
inspectors. He offered you up. He's  
been wearing a wire.

BILLY  
 (furious)  
 That dirty rat.

WHITEY  
 Disgusting. It's like everyone is a  
 stinking snitch these days.

Connolly checks if Whitey is kidding. Apparently he isn't.

BILLY  
 (calm again)  
 Well, I had no idea Brown was a  
 criminal. I'll have my office revoke  
 the bid first thing in the morning.

CONNOLLY  
 And the bribe?

A NASTY LOOK from Billy.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
 The alleged bribe?

BILLY  
 Any Brown contributions made to my  
 campaign will be returned post-haste.

CONNOLLY  
 I'm sorry to talk about this at your  
 mother's dinner table.

BILLY  
 I appreciate you bringing it to my  
 attention.  
 (beat)  
 I hear good things about you Johnny-  
 boy. Taking down those filthy Italians  
 who are ruining Boston. The Italian,  
 like the black, is a warm-weathered  
 animal. Never should be in Boston in  
 the first place. You stay on the  
 ball and good things lay ahead. Who  
 knows? I may be looking at Boston's  
 next Chief of Police.

Billy lets that settle in. Connolly loves it.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 I think that much of you. I do. One  
 day, I'll be Mayor. I'll need a  
 reliable man like you. You'll want  
 to retire with a Massachusetts State  
 pension, it makes a Federal pension  
 look third world. Johnny-Boy, welcome  
 to our family table.

CONNOLLY

Thanks Billy. It means a lot to me.

A dream for Connolly. He's happy. He's drunk. Then...

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

Jimmy, about the tapes. You promise you won't play them for anyone else?

WHITEY

You have my word.

Connolly nods. He'll do it. A small smile on Whitey's face.

The clock reads: **10:16pm** Connolly knows this may be the last straw with Marianne. He's too happy to care.

INT. VENEZIA -- NIGHT

Marianne alone at a table for two. She knows her husband won't show. Forgotten, again.

INT. ELIZABETH MOORE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Connolly, drunk, at the door. Elizabeth rubs sleep away.

ELIZABETH

How did you find my apartment?

CONNOLLY

I'm an FBI Agent.

Connolly leans in for a kiss. He doesn't get it.

ELIZABETH

I've never been with a married man.

Again, Connolly goes for a kiss. This time, he gets it.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- MORNING

Billy Bulger's **ST. PATRICK'S DAY PANCAKE BREAKFAST**. An utterly unique Boston social function. A packed room of **POLITICIANS** and **BUSINESS MEN**. Plates of pancakes. Cups of whiskey.

**BACK OF THE ROOM:** Connolly happily watching the glad-handing and big smiles of the Boston power structure.

**ON STAGE:** Billy Bulger at the podium.

BILLY

Hey, there's Governor William Weld.

Weld holds up his drink.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Next time he picks up a dinner check will be the first time.

Polite laughs from the crowd.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
John 'Whacko' Hurley. The name  
'Whacko' says it all.

A tired joke 'Whacko' heard before but he knows to laugh.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen, and I use the term loosely.  
Mary and I thank you all for coming.  
Let me be serious for a moment.

Groans from the crowd.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Today we honor St. Patrick for driving  
the snakes from Ireland. That, I'm  
afraid, is myth. The reality is much  
more impressive. Saint Patrick fought  
off the British and Romans. Brutal  
profiteers who regarded the Emerald  
Isle as a place for loot and  
decadence. He feared nothing, not  
even death, so complete was his faith  
in his mission.

Billy takes the mic out of the stand, paces the stage.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Today we Bostonians face a new  
invasion. Drugs and violent crime  
pulse through our communities. Hope  
has waned. But we now have fighting  
men who embody Saint Patrick's spirit.  
A round of applause for members of  
our State police in attendance.

Applause from the audience.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
If you wouldn't mind, there is one  
lawman I'd like to single out. A  
hometown Irish Catholic who grew up  
not a mile from here in the Old Harbor  
Housing Project. Now he's an Agent  
at the FBI. Recently named head of  
the Organized Crime Task Force.  
Boston's very own Saint Patrick,  
John Connolly!

Everyone cheers for Connolly who is genuinely stunned.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
Johnny boy, take a bow.

Connolly declines. Billy and the crowd insist. Connolly bows.  
Without question, the HAPPIEST MOMENT OF CONNOLLY'S LIFE.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Fighting back; a Boston birthright.  
From turning back profiteering British  
merchants over two-hundred years ago  
to rejecting busing, Bostonians have  
answered the call to fight, without  
consideration if that fight could be  
easily won, for what's just.

Cheers from the crowd.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Today, a new fight. So a working man  
can expect to live in a decent home  
in a safe neighborhood!

Constant cheers build to a steady ROAR.

BILLY (CONT'D)

We fight so our children, and children  
for generations to come, can share  
the Boston we hold so dearly in our  
hearts. We have an obligation to  
those who fought before us, an  
obligation to Bostonians who can not  
fight for themselves. And, perhaps  
most importantly, an obligation to  
fight for ourselves. To prove we're  
the men we hope we can be.

(beat)

I say, let's fight.

Everyone stands, yelling support.

BILLY (CONT'D)

To all snakes, get out of Boston!  
You'll find no shelter here.

Billy, tears in his eyes, raises his cup. Everyone follows.

BILLY (CONT'D)

To Saint Patrick.

EVERYONE

To Saint Patrick!

BILLY

To the fight.

EVERYONE

To the fight!

BILLY

To Boston.

EVERYONE

To Boston!

Everyone drinks and cheers. It's deafening.

BILLY

I will lead you! Will you follow?

A ROAR. Everyone follows Billy out the door.

EXT. BOSTON -- DAY

Boston's legendary ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE. Celebrating Bostonians line the streets. Bagpipes blare. A spectacle of a parade lead by Grand Marshall Billy Bulger who smiles proudly as he waves to his subjects.

CLOSE ON: Whitey in the shadows on this sunny day. His shirt reads: **FBI: FULL BLOODED IRISH.**

Billy spots Whitey in what must have been a preassigned location. They share a look only they can truly understand.

EXT. SUFFOLK DOWNS/HORSE STALLS -- DAY

Ciulla talks to JOCQUE who grooms his horse.

CIULLA

Third place.

Jocque nods. Ciulla hands him an envelope of CASH.

VOICE (O.S.)

Freeze!

STATE POLICE everywhere.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/HALLWAY -- DAY

Morris runs towards Connolly who gestures him to be quiet.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/STAIRWELL -- DAY

Connolly pulls Morris into the stairwell.

MORRIS

A horse fixing bust and Whitey...

CONNOLLY

Shut up. I already know.

MORRIS

Sarhatt told me we've got to shut Jimmy and Flemmi down.

CONNOLLY

Don't tell Jim or Flemmi. Got it?

MORRIS

John. It's over.

Morris can tell Connolly doesn't want this to be over.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Don't fight this. Let's get out now  
while our side of the street is clean.

Connolly isn't swayed.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

You're young. They'll be more cases.  
More informants.

Connolly considers for a moment. Then...

CONNOLLY

Don't tell Jim or Flemmi.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING/HALLWAY -- DAY

An office marked: **JEREMIAH T. O'SULLIVAN, FEDERAL PROSECUTOR**

INT. O'SULLIVAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

JEREMIAH T. O'SULLIVAN every part the distinguished attorney.  
Connolly barges in, his SECRETARY right behind.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. O'Sullivan.

CONNOLLY

Special Agent John Connolly, FBI.

O'SULLIVAN

I don't care if you're the Easter  
Bunny. Get out.

CONNOLLY

I can hand you the Angiulo brothers.

O'SULLIVAN

(gesturing Molly away)  
Okay. Thank you.

Irritated at Connolly, Molly pulls the door shut as she goes.

O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Quickly.

CONNOLLY

Jimmy Bulger and Steve Flemmi are  
FBI informants. My informants. I  
recruited them. That's off the record.

O'SULLIVAN

Whitey Bulger? A snitch? I don't  
believe it.

CONNOLLY

They got us in Prince Street. They're giving us information on the Angiulos.

O'Sullivan is interested. Very interested.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

A tiny problem. Bulger and Flemmi are peripheral players in a race track racket. Anthony Ciulla is rotating into witness protection. He's a fink with a thick rap sheet who fingered Bulger and Flemmi. They're listed in the indictment. Meaning we gotta close them. Meaning we never get the Angiulo brothers.

Connolly sees O'Sullivan's ambition getting the best of him.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

It'll be the biggest Mafia bust in history.

O'Sullivan is almost hooked.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, Ciulla is pissed at Jimmy and Flemmi on some old beef.

O'SULLIVAN

I'll drop Bulger and Flemmi from the indictment if you get me the Mafia.

INT. TRIPLE O'S/OFFICE-- NIGHT

Cash piled high. A rare SMILE from Whitey. Then...

FATHER MACKEY (O.S.)

Jim?

Whitey looks up. It's Father Mackey, his face somber.

INT. SAINT MONICA'S -- DAY

Mrs. Bulger in an open casket.

FATHER MACKEY

We celebrate departure.

A huge Catholic Church. Pews filled with MOURNERS.

FATHER MACKEY (CONT'D)

Because there is a reunion. We are not separated from one another.

Stoic Billy Bulger in the front pew, Connolly at his side.

FATHER MACKEY (CONT'D)  
 We will find one another again.

Past the highest BALCONY, sits Whitey, alone. He watches the service with DETACHED COOLNESS.

FATHER MACKEY (CONT'D)  
 We shall never be separated, for we are united with Christ eternally.

Father Mackey spots Whitey in the Balcony.

FATHER MACKEY (CONT'D)  
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.

Whitey backs into the darkness.

FATHER MACKEY (CONT'D)  
 For thou art with me.

INT. WHITEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN -- DAY

Billy and Connolly each with a beer at the kitchen table.

BILLY  
 A pity Jimmy couldn't serve as pallbearer with us.

CONNOLLY  
 He didn't want to embarrass you.

BILLY  
 Protecting the name. He's a good man.  
 (beat)  
 I remember me and you sitting at this same table two decades ago. You were working on my first campaign.

CONNOLLY  
 Stuffing envelops. Licking stamps till my tongue was dry.

BILLY  
 You were licking that young redhead volunteer too.

A laugh then Billy gets serious.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 You helped me become the youngest State Senator in Massachusetts history.

CONNOLLY  
 We were going to do some good.

BILLY  
 (offended)  
 We are doing some good.

Connolly feels like a heel because of his Freudian slip. Then, without a sound, Whitey is in the room.

CONNOLLY  
 I'm sorry for your loss, Jimmy. Your mother was a good woman.

WHITEY  
 Yes. Yes she was.

Connolly puts a reassuring hand on Whitey's shoulder in his time of need. Bad move.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
 (shooting daggers)  
 The fuck are you doing?

Connolly pulls his hand back. He's embarrassed and humiliated, having overestimated his roll in Whitey's life.

CONNOLLY  
 I've got to get back to Marianne.

Connolly sheepishly goes.

BILLY  
 Staying hidden at the funeral, that wasn't necessary.

WHITEY  
 Yes it was.

BILLY  
 You think you'll go on living here, or should we sell the house?

WHITEY  
 I think I'll stay right here.

Then, out of nowhere, jags of TEARS. Whitey's shoulders heavy as it all pours out. Billy is SHOCKED.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
 First Douglas, then Ma. Now I've got no one.

BILLY  
 (carefully)  
 Jimmy, you got me.

As soon as it began, the tears stop. Whitey back to normal, like it never happened. That's all the 'weakness' Whitey will allow himself.

WHITEY

Yeah, I guess I got you.

Billy couldn't feel more empty.

EXT. CONNOLLY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Connolly works his key. It doesn't turn.

A NOTE on the door.

INT. WHITEY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Whitey wearing headphones connected to a TAPE RECORDER. A spinning reel labeled: **PRINCE STREET: OCTOBER 26TH**. A dozen other tapes on the table labeled: **PRINCE STREET**.

KNOCK. Whitey doesn't hear. KNOCK. This time, louder. Whitey goes to the door. It's Connolly.

INT. WHITEY'S HOUSE -- LATER

Connolly on the sofa with Whitey. The glow of a televised Celtics game provides the only light. Connolly looks like he might start crying.

WHITEY

That's not part of the deal.

CONNOLLY

What?

WHITEY

Me watching you cry.

Connolly stifles his tears. Whitey contemplates Connolly.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

You can sleep on the sofa.

Whitey grabs his keys and is out the door.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- NIGHT

A light rain. Whitey walks in front of Theresa Stanley's home, sees the light is on, then **KEEPS WALKING**.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- LATER

Whitey in front of light blue condominiums.

EXT. CATHERINE GREIG'S CONDO -- LATER

Before Whitey can knock, the door opens. Catherine wears only a robe and a smile.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

Morris, Connolly and several FBI AGENTS with Sarhatt. Open files everywhere. Surveillance tape rolls.

GENNARO (O.S.)  
 ... fuck how bad his month was. We  
 get twenty percent. Kids to feed?  
 Fuck him, should have used a rubber...

Connolly stops tape. Sarhatt studies the file before him.

CONNOLLY  
 It's enough. Prostitution, drugs,  
 racketeering, even murder.

MORRIS  
 John is right.

Sarhatt gazes thoughtfully at Morris, then Connolly.

SARHATT  
 We don't have it.

Connolly disappointed but doesn't say anything.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- LATER

Surveillance tape rolls. Sarhatt listens intently.

MIKEY (O.S.)  
 ...How much?

VOICE (O.S.)  
 A million. You get half.

Connolly and Morris exchange impatient glances. It's late.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- LATER

It's very late. Coffee. Smoke. Surveillance tape rolls.

DONATO (O.S.)  
 Cut his off his hand.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Please, for the love of God...

SCREAMS. Hardened Agents flinch. Connolly stops the tape. Consideration from Sarhatt.

CONNOLLY  
 Hey guys, can you give us a moment?

The room empties. Only Connolly and Sarhatt.

SARHATT

I want to be positive before we go to the prosecutors.

CONNOLLY

You're in a tough position. Frankly, I don't know how you do it. But we've got enough. Someone will evaluate this very information and make the call to take down the Mafia. Is it going to be Lawrence Sarhatt or another asshole?

Sarhatt thinking. Then...

SARHATT

Call O'Sullivan. Let's drill those fuckers.

EXT. PRINCE STREET -- DAY

Heavy traffic of people and cars. CITY WORKERS at a manhole. A closer look shows the workers eyeing 98 Prince Street.

A DELIVER TRUCK slows to a stop.

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE -- DAY

Sarhatt watches the Delivery Truck, grabs his radio.

SARHATT

(into the radio)

Go.

EXT. PRINCE STREET -- DAY

FBI Agents, including Morris and Connolly, exit cars and the UPS truck. City workers, actually FBI AGENTS, pull weapons.

INT. PRINCE STREET/BACKROOM -- DAY

SMASH. The door flies open. Connolly leads FBI Agents into the room. Angiulos and their crew totally caught by surprise.

CONNOLLY

Gentlemen, put your hands on your heads and pray to Christ for mercy.

INT. O'SULLIVAN'S OFFICE -- EVENING

CLOSE ON: **GENARRO ANGIULO'S FBI SHEET** from the FBI wall. Connolly folds it and puts it back in his pocket.

CONNOLLY

Did I tell you or did I tell you?

POP. A happy O'Sullivan fills champagne glasses.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

Headquarters is very happy. I expect a Letter of Commendation and a raise, and that's for starters. How are the men you answer to?

O'SULLIVAN

Over the moon but I don't really care. I've got two more years obligation to the Commonwealth then I'm crossing over to the dark side.

Connolly doesn't understand 'the dark side'.

O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

My own defense practice. Start making real money.

CONNOLLY

Who is your replacement?

O'SULLIVAN

Don't know but my bet is Fred Wyshak.

CONNOLLY

Never heard of him.

O'Sullivan gestures to the small office across the hall. There works FRANK WYSHAK who looks up to make brief eye contact with Connolly, then right back to work.

O'SULLIVAN

Was kicking prosecutorial ass in New Jersey but returned to save his hometown of Boston.

The irony isn't lost on Connolly.

O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Or maybe it'll be someone else. Who cares? Cheers.

O'Sullivan raises his glass. Connolly forces a smile.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Wyshak nurses a beer. Sarhatt, exhausted, takes the stool next to him.

WYSHAK

Jesus, you look like shit.

SARHATT

This town is too much. I'm mulling a transfer back to Knoxville. I don't get why you natives are so happy to come back to Boston.

WYSHAK

I can't explain it to you. You'll never understand.

Wyshak gestures the BARTENDER for a beer.

WYSHAK (CONT'D)

Must be happy days at the Bureau with the Angiulo bust and all.

SARHATT

A spike of violence since the arrests.

WYSHAK

Probably a power vacuum. Gangsters reaching for the throne.

SARHATT

Maybe. Maybe not.

WYSHAK

Bring me a solid case. I'll make it.

SARHATT

It feels like we're shoveling shit that keeps coming and coming.

WYSHAK

Hang in there Sarhatt, you're doing God's work my friend. Who is the FBI's next big target?

SARHATT

No one in particular.

WYSHAK

Anything about Whitey Bulger?

SARHATT

(playing it cool)

What the word in the prosecutor's office about Whitey?

WYSHAK

Nothing. That's the point. He's been a known criminal in Boston since I can remember. I return twenty years later and nothing has changed. He's rumored for every crime from jaywalking to capital murder. Yet I haven't seen his name on a case.

SARHATT

Maybe it's rumor. Tall tales.

Wyshak gives Sarhatt a look, then softens.

WYSHAK

Maybe. I mean, fuck, he can't be doing half what he's rumored for. If so, Whitey Bulger is the most prolific criminal in American history.

(beat)

Anyway, fucking Knoxville?

INT. CONNOLLY HOME -- EVENING

Morris, in an apron, over the grill on the patio. Whitey and Flemmi in the living room. Connolly and a very angry Marianne in the kitchen.

MARIANNE

Why here? Why not go to John's?

CONNOLLY

We have.

MARIANNE

And how'd Rebecca like that?

CONNOLLY

(reaching)

You're stronger than Rebecca.

MARIANNE

When I agreed to stay with you we discussed boundaries. You gave me your word, Johnny.

CONNOLLY

This will be the last time.

MARIANNE

Aren't you breaking some rule? This has to be against regulations.

CONNOLLY

My relationship with Jimmy is a large reason I've keep getting promoted. It helped pay for this fancy new home you so desperately wanted.

Connolly has overstepped and he knows it.

MARIANNE

I'll be in our room. With the door locked.

INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE/DINING ROOM -- EVENING

A tape recorder plays. Connolly, Morris, Whitey and Flemmi listen intently.

CONNOLLY (O.S.)  
 (through the recorder)  
 Gentlemen, put your hands on your  
 heads and pray to Christ for mercy.

The guys laugh. Connolly rewinds and plays it again.

CONNOLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (through the recorder)  
 Gentlemen, put your hands on your  
 heads and pray to Christ for mercy.

Before Connolly rewind it again, Flemmi grabs the recorder  
 and HANDS THE TAPE to Whitey. Morris is shocked.

MORRIS  
 Wait. You can't...

CONNOLLY  
 John, be quiet.

MORRIS  
 But that's against...

Connolly gives him a 'be cool' look. Morris lets it go.

FLEMMI  
 (re: The Steak)  
 What'd you marinate this with?

MORRIS  
 Family secret.

FLEMMI  
 Best damn steak I ever had.

That made Morris' night. What FBI tape?

FLEMMI (CONT'D)  
 Seriously. Tell me the secret recipe.

MORRIS  
 Ground garlic and a little soy.

FLEMMI  
 That's it?

MORRIS  
 (proud)  
 That's it.

WHITEY  
 I thought it was a family secret.

Morris laughs this off but Whitey is deadly serious.

MORRIS  
 It's just a recipe.

WHITEY

No. It's a family secret and you gave it up just like that.

Morris looks to Connolly for help. He gets nothing.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Don't look to John. He can't help you. Spill your secret family today, maybe you spill about me tomorrow.

Morris turns white. Connolly scared now too. Silence holds the room for what feels like forever. Then...

MORRIS

I was just saying...

WHITEY

'Just saying' gets people sent to Alcatraz. 'Just saying' got me nine years in Leavenworth. Understand? 'Just saying' gets people killed.

Morris scared stiff. Silence. Then, Whitey and Flemmi LAUGH.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Just fucking with you Morris, it's just a recipe.

Morris tries to laugh along but he's not cut out for this.

Connolly points Whitey to TWO FRAMES on the living room wall. One features today's Boston Globe, the headline: **FBI STRIKE NETS ANGIULO, FIVE OTHERS**. Accompanied by a picture of Connolly escorting a cuffed Gerry Angiulo.

The second frame is EMPTY.

CONNOLLY

I look pretty good, right?

WHITEY

(re: Empty Frame)  
What's this about?

CONNOLLY

For the next Boston Globe story. Got the same set up for my office.

Whitey takes stock of Connolly's vanity.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

Let's have a toast.

Morris fills the glasses. Everyone raises their drink.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

To success.

WHITEY

Hell, we're just getting started.

They touch glasses. Everyone drinks except Whitey.

FLEMMI

Agent Connolly, I have a personal question. Where is your wife?

CONNOLLY

Marianne is a little under the weather. She's resting in our room.

\*

Everyone knows that's a lie.

WHITEY

Tell you what. I'll talk to her.

CONNOLLY

You're too generous. Thanks but...

Too late.

INT. CONNOLLY HOME/BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The doorknob wiggles. Marianne opens the door expecting her husband but gets Whitey.

WHITEY

You're embarrassing your husband in front of his friends.

MARIANNE

Mr. Bulger. I don't know what John told you, but I'm feeling ill. That's all. Please, no offense.

Whitey stares till Marianne gets it. Then...

WHITEY

If you're sick, you're sick.

Marianne manages a nod, closes the door. We hear a LOCK.

INT. WYSHAK'S OFFICE -- DAY

Wyshak buried in his work. Connolly at the door. All smiles. He slips into the office without a knock or 'excuse me'.

CONNOLLY

Am I interrupting?

He is, but Connolly comes in anyway and takes a seat.

WYSHAK

Special Agent John Connolly, I've heard a lot about you.

CONNOLLY

Good things I hope.

A shrug from Wyshak. Connolly was hoping for something warmer. He pulls a pair of CELTIC TICKETS.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

Tip-off in an hour.

Wyshak gestures to his work.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

Work. Work. Work. I know how it goes. Come by Bell-In-Hand after the game, I'll buy you a pint and you can meet some of the Agents.

WYSHAK

I've got enough friends. Why'd you come by. Do you have a case for me?

CONNOLLY

Just wanted to introduce myself seeing as we're both moving up the ranks. Maybe we can help each other along.

WYSHAK

Bring me cases. The bigger the better. That's all the help I need.

Wyshak's no-nonsense attitude shakes Connolly.

CONNOLLY

Okay then, I'll let you get to it.

WYSHAK

Since you're here.

CONNOLLY

Shoot.

WYSHAK

How come no one has done Whitey Bulger?

CONNOLLY

(quickly)

That won't work.

The answer and tone get Wyshak's attention.

WYSHAK

Excuse me?

CONNOLLY

(calmer)

I mean, what has Bulger done?

WYSHAK

Evidently everything. I'd heard the rumors but they're confirmed in my informant reports. Drugs. Extortion. Murder. But here's the thing. Each time we start a formal investigation. Poof. It goes away. He slips free.

CONNOLLY

Luck of the Irish.

WYSHAK

That's what you're going with?

CONNOLLY

Slander and lies from Billy's political opponents. Those Cambridge snakes will do anything to take Billy down. They can't stand power in the hands of a Mick from Southie.

Connolly's nervous evasiveness has gotten Wyshak to stop all pretense of working. He focuses squarely on Connolly.

WYSHAK

(deliberately)

How come no one has done Whitey Bulger?

CONNOLLY

I hear he's careful, never uses phones. That kind of stuff. Who did you say these informants were?

WYSHAK

I didn't.

CONNOLLY

Word is his criminal days are behind him. He and his partner have gone legit. Flemmi bought property in the Back Bay. Jimmy has condos in Southie.

WYSHAK

That's called money laundering. Christ Connolly, are you fucking with me? Is Whitey never using phones and being careful or is Whitey retired?

CONNOLLY

(overly defensive)

Fuck if I know. This is stuff I hear, I don't know if it's true.

WYSHAK

Do your job and find out.

Connolly gets up to leave.

WYSHAK (CONT'D)

And Connolly, I may be new around here but I am Federal Prosecutor for Justice Department of the United States of America. Next time you walk into my office. Knock first.

Connolly leaves, shaken to the core.

EXT. NORTH END -- NIGHT

TWO ITALIANS on a quiet sidewalk. A streetlamp provides the only light.

BANG. A gun shot. POP. The streetlight SHOT OUT. Darkness.

Barely visible, the Caprice crawls forward. Whitey leans out of the passenger window with a MACHINE GUN.

RAT-TAT-TAT. The Italians are down. The Caprice disappears.

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Whitey and Flemmi over the hull covered in COCAINE BRICKS. Ten times the amount from the first trip.

INT. TRIPLE O'S-- NIGHT

It's very late. Whitey and Flemmi count cash.

FLEMMI

Jim, I got to ask you. We've got more money than we can spend in ten lifetimes. You don't buy yourself expensive things. Why do you do it?

WHITEY

For the same reason anyone does anything...because they can.

Whitey double checks Flemmi's cash count.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

This is nine thousand, not ten.

Whitey sees Flemmi's thoughts are elsewhere.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

What's the problem?

FLEMMI

Debra is going to leave me.

WHITEY

It's a ploy. She just wants a proposal. All girls do this.

FLEMMI

No, she wants to marry someone else. Some Brazilian from Cambridge. Get a house in the suburbs with children and a golden retriever.

WHITEY

Next door to Morris. Just picture it. Morris and Debra grilling together in their faggoty-ass aprons.

Whitey laughs, Flemmi doesn't. Whitey doesn't like this.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Do you love her?

FLEMMI

No. I care for her, though.

WHITEY

That's rare enough. I never loved any woman aside from my mother. But that's a different matter, isn't it?

Flemmi still sulks. Whitey doesn't need Flemmi in this condition. It's bad for business.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

INT. BLACK CHEVY -- NIGHT

Flemmi drives Whitey. They listen to talk radio.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)

(through the radio)

As Billy Bulger considers a run for the Mayor's office. Supporters of front-runner Ray Flynn have already started their attacks. Here is Flynn backer Gerry Kieran.

GERRY KIERAN (O.S.)

(through the radio)

A vote for Billy Bulger is a vote for cronyism. A vote for intimidation. A friend in the State Senate, who wishes to remain anonymous for fear of retaliation, says, "working with Bulger impossible. It's like someone holding a gun on you. They don't have to use it, but it's there, as long as you see it, you act accordingly".

RADIO HOST (O.S.)  
 (through the radio)  
 An opening salvo from Kieran. Expect  
 more if Billy Bulger actually declares  
 his candidacy.

Whitey snaps off the radio. He's angry. They drive in silence.

Then, a faint THUMP. THUMP. Is that from the trunk? Whitey  
 and Flemmi ignore it.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

The trunk opens. Debra TIED and GAGGED. Eyes wide with horror.  
 She tries to scream. No sound. She tries to fight. No luck.

Whitey strolls away. His face not revealing the evil to which  
 he's a party. Flemmi wraps his hands around Debra's neck.  
 Her eyes show unimaginable terror.

FLEMMI  
 Don't be scared.

Flemmi CRIES a little while kissing tears off her face. His  
 grip tightens. Slowly, she loses her fight. Debra DIES.

Whitey walks back to the car.

WHITEY  
 Cold out, isn't it?

Flemmi nods.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
 Gonna be a harsh winter.

Whitey grabs shovels from the trunk.

EXT. WEST BROADWAY -- NIGHT

It's very late. All businesses are closed with one exception --  
**Ray Flynn Mayor election office.**

Two young VOLUNTEERS are escorted out by GERRY KIERAN, who  
 shuts off the lights and locks up behind them.

GERRY KIERAN  
 Okay girls. Be safe walking home.

GIRL  
 Sure thing Mr. Kieran.

The girls walk off into the darkness.

GERRY KIERAN  
 Gerry. Call me Gerry.

WHITEY (O.S.)

Okay, Gerry.

Kieran turns, faces Whitey iced eyes. No intro necessary.

GERRY KIERAN

I don't want trouble.

WHITEY

These streets are unsafe this time of night. I'll walk with home.

EXT. GERRY KIERAN'S HOME -- NIGHT

Whatever was said, Kieran got the point. In Kieran's modest yard, a sign: **Vote Flynn for Mayor!**

Kieran pulls it from the yard, sets it in his trash can.

INT. BILLY BULGER'S HOME -- MORNING

Barely dawn but Billy's home already in full-tilt. His nine children do whatever kids do in the morning. It's chaos.

Billy on the phone, not believing what he hears.

BILLY

(into the phone)

He did what? No. That can't be.

Whitey steps through the back door. The kids run for hugs screaming... '**Uncle Jimmy!**' ... '**Daddy! It's Uncle Jimmy!**'

Whitey SMILES. Whatever was confusing Billy now makes sense.

INT. BILLY BULGER'S HOME/DEN -- MORNING

Billy and Whitey in the modest den, away from the chaos. They laugh as Whitey recaps last night.

WHITEY

Then he drops the sign in the garbage.

BILLY

You're kidding me.

WHITEY

Hand to God. I should be your campaign manager.

BILLY

Politics is a blood sport but I don't need that kind of help. Hell Jimmy, I'm probably not running for Mayor.

WHITEY

Why not?

BILLY

I'm on the short list to be the next Chancellor of UMass. I'm giving it serious consideration. So try a keep a low profile. I don't need bad press.

WHITEY

I help out my kid brother and this is the thanks I get?

BILLY

Listen Jimmy, I appreciate you spooking that loud mouth fuck. But this is Boston politics, badmouthing comes with the territory.

Whitey notices an old photo on the mantle. It's of a one-armed man with a miserable look on his face. This is JAMES BULGER, Whitey's dad, the photo brings back NO HAPPY MEMORIES.

WHITEY

Did dad ever smile?

BILLY

I don't think so.

WHITEY

Why is this up?

BILLY

As a deterrent. I'll never be that weak. Kowtowing to some incompetent slave-driver for minimum wage. Having my every move dictated. Unable to provide for my family. Unable to influence. Unable to do the things that define a man.

Whitey understands *exactly* what Billy is talking about.

WHITEY

Anyway, I hope I didn't jam you up too bad with Kieran.

BILLY

(waving him off)

It's nothing. Don't think twice.

WHITEY

I do love the sound of 'Mayor Bulger'.

BILLY

Forget Mayor. We're Kings. The Kings of Boston.

INT. TRIPLE O'S/OFFICE -- DAY

A dank office. HALLORAN, a Bulger heavy, enters. He's nervous. Flemmi and Whitey suspect he's been snorting coke.

HALLORAN  
 You wanted to see me?  
 (beat)  
 Is it hot in here?

Flemmi looks to Whitey who gives the okay to proceed. Flemmi pulls a photo of middle-aged businessman, ROGER WHEELER.

WHITEY  
 Roger Wheeler, a Tulsa businessman,  
 recently purchased Hartford Jai Alai,  
 where I have business interests.  
 Unlike his predecessor, Wheeler is  
 no fool. We need him to go away.

Flemmi pushes Halloran an envelope of TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

HALLORAN  
 Consider it done, Jimmy.

INT. HALLORAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC. The apartment a mess. Halloran is a mess too, sitting on the floor and SNORTS COKE off his coffee table.

INT. HALLORAN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

SILENT and DARK. Windows closed, shades drawn. Paranoid Halloran in the corner, a TRAY OF COKE his only companion.

TAP. TAP. Someone at the door or Halloran is hearing things?  
 TAP. Halloran leans for a closer listen. Nothing. Then...

BANG. The door flies open. It's Flemmi. He assesses the room, knows what Halloran has been doing.

FLEMMI  
 Our problem in Tulsa is no longer a  
 problem. It's off. We'll need that  
 money back. Bring it by tomorrow.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Connolly, Morris and Sarhatt watch a very shaky Halloran who goes for a cigarette.

CONNOLLY  
 No smoking.

SARHATT  
 Okay, Brian. You got something you  
 want to tell us about Whitey Bulger?

HALLORAN  
I need guarantees first.

CONNOLLY  
Talk or walk.

Halloran musters his courage.

HALLORAN  
Whitey hired me to kill someone.

Morris looks to Connolly, gets nothing.

HALLORAN (CONT'D)  
Roger Wheeler. A big shot sports  
business man. Lacrosse or something.  
He was costing Whitey money.

SARHATT  
(to Connolly and Morris)  
You two know anything about this?

Morris and Connolly shake their heads. Sarhatt is suspicious.

SARHATT (CONT'D)  
Continue.

HALLORAN  
Huh? Oh, he paid me twenty grand for  
the hit then decided to do it himself.  
Now he wants his money back. I don't  
have it. He breached his contract,  
right? I could sue, right?

CONNOLLY  
How much of payment do you have left?

Halloran pulls TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS from his pocket.

HALLORAN  
You gotta protect me now. You gotta  
or I'm fucking dead.

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Connolly at a department search engine computer, types  
'**WHEELER, ROGER**'. The computer grinds. Finally.

COMPUTER SCREEN: **WHEELER, ROGER. MURDERED TULSA, OKLAHOMA,  
April 21. SHOT POINT BLANK. TWO .38 SPECIALS. NO WITNESSES.**

INT. TRIPLE O'S/OFFICE -- NIGHT

Flemmi and Whitey eat. The door flies open. It's Connolly.

CONNOLLY  
Did you kill Roger Wheeler?

Whitey gestures for Flemmi to shut the door. He does.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
The business man in Tulsa. Did you shoot him?

FLEMMI  
Calm down.

CONNOLLY  
I'm not going to calm down!

Flemmi rests his hand on his gun.

FLEMMI  
Calm down.

Connolly calms.

CONNOLLY  
What do you know about his murder?

Flemmi frisks Connolly looking for a WIRE. Nothing.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
Jesus, what's gotten into you?

WHITEY  
I should be asking you that question.

CONNOLLY  
I know you have a hand in World Jai Alai. Then the new owner gets shot.

WHITEY  
Say I did 'have a hand' in World Jai Alai. Why bring the attention of a murder? Huh? It's bad for business.

Makes sense to Connolly.

CONNOLLY  
Sorry. My job is wearing me down.

WHITEY  
I see it. I wasn't going to say anything, but I see it.

CONNOLLY  
Maybe we should put an end to this chapter of our relationship.

WHITEY  
You're upset. Don't make rash choices.

CONNOLLY  
But people implicating you in murder. Murder, Jimmy. I can't have that.

WHITEY

I can't have that either. Lies  
slandering the Bulger name.

CONNOLLY

Let's slow things down for awhile.

WHITEY

I risked my life walking into Prince  
Street to get your smiling face in  
the Boston-fucking-Globe. And you  
want to dump me now? No way. There's  
good information on those tapes. I  
should know. Want to come over and  
listen to them? Maybe I should play  
them for another FBI Agent.

The threat loud and clear to Connolly.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

By the way, how'd you hear that we  
were involved in Jai Alai?

CONNOLLY

Coke-head named Halloran. Anyway,  
sorry again.

Connolly goes.

FLEMMI

Fucking Halloran.

WHITEY

My people have a song about  
informants.

(singing)

Shadow of shame/ has never fallen  
our name/ may the food from my bosom  
you drew/ turn to poison if you turn  
untrue.

Flemmi stunned by Whitey's beautiful voice, then...

FLEMMI

What's that mean?

WHITEY

She's urging her son to die rather  
than inform. Gives you an idea of  
the Irish tradition of hating the  
informer. And, of course, you know  
what that means?

FLEMMI

What?

WHITEY

A great tradition of informing. How  
could you have one without the other?

INT. BULLPEN -- DAY

Morris and Connolly watch Sarhatt's office -- a HEATED EXCHANGE between O'Sullivan and Wyshak. O'Sullivan gets the last word. Furious, Wyshak storms out of the office.

INT. SARHATT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Morris and Connolly with O'Sullivan and an unhappy Sarhatt.

O'SULLIVAN

I considered Larry's request to have  
Halloran placed in Witness Protection.  
Despite Fred Wyshak's objections, I  
don't feel it's warranted.

Connolly and Morris do amazingly well containing their relief.

SARHATT

Halloran is a perfect candidate. He  
can put a murderer behind bars. If  
Halloran's telling the truth and we  
put him on the street he's dead.

O'SULLIVAN

Odds are this is a drug induced tall  
tale from a career criminal looking  
for a government paid pass to Arizona.  
A reminder from the prosecutorial  
world. We're after the Mafia.

SARHATT

We got the Mafia.

O'SULLIVAN

Exactly what they want you to think.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

Connolly walking O'Sullivan out.

CONNOLLY

You did the right thing.

O'Sullivan doesn't really care what Connolly thinks.

O'SULLIVAN

I'm retired from the prosecutor's  
office effective month's end. Wyshak  
will be filling my position.

He hands Connolly a BUSINESS CARD: **Jeremiah O'Sullivan:  
Criminal Defense Attorney.**

O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Hope you never need me.

EXT. SOUTHIE/ALLEY -- NIGHT

Quiet and darkness. Headlights off. Morris sweats nervously. Connolly opens Halloran's door.

CONNOLLY

Beat it.

HALLORAN

There's something I've been thinking.

CONNOLLY

Yeah?

HALLORAN

When I said Whitey killed Wheeler,  
why'd Sarhatt ask if you'd heard  
about it? I mean, how would you know?

Connolly pulls his GUN and points it between Halloran's eyes.

CONNOLLY

Out. Now.

Halloran gets no help from Morris. So he reluctantly goes.

INT. CONNOLLY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Morris feels Connolly's gaze but keeps his eyes forward. He can't take this much longer.

INT. HALLORAN'S CAR -- DAY

RED LIGHT. Halloran's eyes dart, never finding what he thinks he might be looking for.

Then, the Caprice alongside. Before Halloran can react, BANG. A torso shot sends him sideways. BANG. Another from Whitey.

EXT. SOUTHIE/STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Halloran drags his bleeding body. Whitey and Flemmi follow. BANG. BANG. From Whitey. Halloran falls, his gun flies away.

BRIGHT SUN blinds Halloran. Flemmi and Whitey stand over him, blocking the sun. They draw guns. TOTAL DARKNESS.

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

A champagne bottle emptied into glasses. Morris, Connolly, Flemmi and Whitey under the stars. Morris is very drunk. They all raise a glass, all but Whitey, who checks the time.

CONNOLLY

To Boston.

EVERYONE

To Boston.

Connolly, Flemmi and Morris drink under Whitey's judgment. He's had enough. The party is over, they walk to their cars.

FLEMMI

How's bachelorhood, Johnny?

CONNOLLY

Wonderful, with expert help from one Elizabeth Moore.

FLEMMI

Where'd you find her?

CONNOLLY

Same place lover boy found his Debra Noseworthy. Right in the FBI bullpen.

WHITEY

There's a condo available in my building. The unit underneath me. You should think about buying it.

CONNOLLY

Great idea. I'll check it out.

Morris slams his champagne, now drunk enough to act brave.

MORRIS

You hear the news? Halloran is dead. Shot in the face. And the chest. And the arms. And the back. And the legs.

Whitey looks from Morris to Connolly. This could be a problem.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

I gotta tell you, Whitey.

WHITEY

It's Jim.

MORRIS

Right, right. Jim, you scare me.

INT. CONNOLLY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Connolly drives. Whitey in the passenger seat.

WHITEY

Morris is a problem.

CONNOLLY

It's a rough patch. He'll be fine.

WHITEY

Not good enough.

CONNOLLY

I'll keep an eye on him.

WHITEY

And you? What's bothering you?

CONNOLLY

This new Federal Prosecutor.

WHITEY

Fred Wyshak, Boston native,  
transferred from Jersey. All business.  
Rising star. Replacing O'Sullivan.

Connolly surprised. Whitey gives a "what'd you expect" look.

CONNOLLY

He's looking to make a name for  
himself.

WHITEY

Bring him cases. I give you plenty  
of information.

Connolly regrets having brought Wyshak up.

CONNOLLY

Yeah. I'll bring him something. Don't  
think twice about it.

Beat. Beat. Beat.

WHITEY

Morris is a problem.

INT. STATE HOUSE -- DAY

Billy checks the polish of his shoes as he hands GRIFFIN, an elderly black man, a TWENTY and a wink for shining his shoes.

GRIFFIN

Thank you Senator, always a pleasure.

Billy is immediately flanked by his PRESS SECRETARY who he isn't happy to see.

BILLY

The answer is no. Don't ask again.

PRESS SECRETARY

The Globe is running an article  
regardless. It's important they get  
your side. You need to show you're  
not hiding from cronyism accusations.

Billy maintains a smile for the people he passes. From janitors to rival Senators, they all gesture respectfully. The State House is Billy Bulger's house.

BILLY

I don't think I have an obligation to tell anyone what I'm thinking.

PRESS SECRETARY

This is about perception.

BILLY

Governor Dukakis is on record saying there's never been any question about the integrity of the Senate since I've been President. What else do they need to hear?

PRESS SECRETARY

We need to hammer the message home. Your rivals are growing empowered. Bad press adds to their courage.

BILLY

All talk. No one dares to cross me.

PRESS SECRETARY

Your fireworks bill got killed.

Billy didn't know that bad news.

PRESS SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Happened this morning, I thought you knew.

BILLY

Mary is sick. I had to get the kids ready. I don't know anything that's gone on today. Any other bad news?

PRESS SECRETARY

You know about your brother, right?

Billy doesn't. His heart falls, knowing this can't be good. Press Secretary hands him the Boston Globe Lifestyle Section.

**A PHOTO: Whitey Bulger alongside gangsters Kevin Weeks and Pat Linskey holding a huge STATE LOTTERY CHECK**

INT. TRIPLE O'S -- DAY

Whitey eats at the booth near the kitchen. Employees prep the bar for the evening rush. Flemmi brings him the phone.

INTERCUT:

WHITEY  
 (into the phone)  
 Yeah.

BILLY  
 (into the phone)  
 The State Lottery, Jimmy?

WHITEY  
 Luck of the Irish I suppose. I was  
 gonna stop by the house and tell you  
 the good news.

BILLY  
 In what world is this good news?  
 Jimmy, your picture is in the Globe  
 alongside two known hoods.

WHITEY  
 We went in on the ticket. I personally  
 get a hundred and nineteen-thousand  
 a year for the next twenty-years.

BILLY  
 Jim, I know you think the lottery is  
 for retards. You'd never buy a ticket.

WHITEY  
 You should be congratulating me. Why  
 are you breaking my balls?

BILLY  
 How does this look?

WHITEY  
 You tell me?

BILLY  
 It looks like you elbowed your way  
 into someone's legit win.

WHITEY  
 (lying)  
 That's not what happened. I felt  
 lucky, went in on a ticket as a goof,  
 and won. Is that a crime?

BILLY  
 (resigned)  
 No Jimmy. I guess it's not.

Whitey realizes he put Billy in a jam.

WHITEY  
 Okay. No more hanging with 'hoods'.  
 No more pictures in the Globe.

BILLY

Thanks Jimmy. And, I guess, congrats.

Father Mackey enters, musters courage, and approaches Whitey.

WHITEY

I gotta go.

Whitey hangs up.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

A little early for the drink wouldn't you say Father?

FATHER MACKEY

I know what you've been doing. The drugs. The shakedowns for protection.

Whitey checks Father Mackey for a wire. He finds nothing.

FATHER MACKEY (CONT'D)

Come on Jimmy. It would be a violation of Church doctrine.

Whitey smirks.

FATHER MACKEY (CONT'D)

Don't you care about what you're doing to Southie?

WHITEY

Back off Father. Whatever you want here, I want more than you.

FATHER MACKEY

There's a Higher Power. We all answer. It's time for penance. Confession. Don't you have anything to confess?

WHITEY

Wives fuck their husband's friends. Husbands fuck their secretaries. Rape? Child molesting? Murderer? Ten Hail Mary's and an Our Father, the slate is clean. That's penance? Sell that shit somewhere else. I paid for my sins. I carried my cross. God took my time in prison. God and I are square.

FATHER MACKEY

This ends with you killed or in jail.

WHITEY

Save the sermon. I've got a guardian Angel.

Father Mackey tries to figure that comment as he goes.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS -- MORNING

EARLY SUN through the windows. Empty bullpen. Connolly confirms the coast is clear. He unlocks a door marked: **SECURE**

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Stacks of documents. Connolly copies information from one file to another. Morris flops into a chair. He looks terrible.

CONNOLLY

Christ. You look like shit.

MORRIS

Really? I feel wonderful. Hey, what are you doing? Updating informant files? Did we get new intel?

CONNOLLY

Did you know Hampton and Dawson hit that National Bank on Exeter? I didn't, until Whitey told us.

MORRIS

Whitey didn't tell us that.

CONNOLLY

Nick McRee has been running a speed distribution ring through high schools in Newton. High school kids for Christ sakes. Thank God for Whitey.

Morris finally gets it. Connolly crediting Whitey with other informant's intel. Connolly slides the reports to Morris.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

Sign the 209s.

MORRIS

We crossed the line.

CONNOLLY

Sign them.

MORRIS

Halloran.

CONNOLLY

Not our fault.

MORRIS

Whose fault is it?

CONNOLLY

Not ours.

MORRIS

Rebecca wants a divorce.

CONNOLLY

Give it to her. You tried. Focus on what's important. Your work. You're an FBI Agent for Christ's sake.

Connolly holds the pen out. A moment, then Morris takes it.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- NIGHT

A dull ROAR grows louder, it's a SEMI roaring down the street.

INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Whitey, Flemmi, and respective MUSCLE with a SEMI-TRUCK of furniture. A MAN smashes a lamp open. Hidden inside, white bags: **COCAINE**

Lamps. Tables. Chairs. All smashed. All filled with coke.

INT. SARHATT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Morris with Sarhatt and THREE SUITS. Connolly enters, looks to Morris for a clue. He doesn't get one.

SARHATT

John, this is Larry Brandt and Doug Matheson. They're with the DEA.

(pointing to the third man)

And this is Special Agent Wilson. He'll be taking over my position when I head back to Knoxville.

Agent Wilson is all business and Connolly knows it.

BRANDT

For years we've been getting reports from various informants that James 'Whitey' Bulger and Steve Flemmi are primary cocaine suppliers in Boston.

CONNOLLY

(genuinely stunned)  
Impossible.

MATHESON

Boston. Dorchester. Charlestown. Newton. Cambridge. Southie...

CONNOLLY

Southie. No. You have bad information.

MATHESON

We also hear Whitey and Flemmi are being protected.

Poker faces from everyone.

CONNOLLY

No. No truth to that.

MORRIS

Do you need help with surveillance?

BRANDT

Your help? No thanks. Consider this a professional courtesy call since we'll have major operations here in Boston. We're starting category 'A' surveillance on Whitey Bulger.

MATHESON

You never came across any of this? Bulger and drugs? The protection?

SARHATT

No.

Brandt and Matheson go. Sarhatt shuts the door behind them.

CONNOLLY

Bullshit. Jimmy hates drugs. He'd never bring it into Boston. And for Christ's sake not Southie.

WILSON

Tell that to headquarters.

Agent Wilson grabs the phone. Morris looks like he might faint. Connolly is scared too.

EXT. OLD HARBOR HOUSING PROJECT -- NIGHT

Midnight. Connolly alone on the bench. No one in sight. Then, without a sound, Whitey sitting next to Connolly.

WHITEY

We were tailed. Two that we saw, possibly more.

CONNOLLY

You lose them?

WHITEY

Dunno. Who are they?

CONNOLLY

DEA. Your office and car are bugged.

WHITEY

Shit. How long?

CONNOLLY

Recently. Maybe a couple of days. They think you're a kingpin. Is that true, Jimmy?

WHITEY

No.

CONNOLLY

Are you lying to me?

WHITEY

Does DEA know about our relationship?

CONNOLLY

They have suspicions.

WHITEY

Okay. We don't meet for a while.

CONNOLLY

You'll have to move offices.

WHITEY

Good idea. How's Morris?

CONNOLLY

Fine.

WHITEY

He's weak. Watch him.

Whitey sees this is all weighing on Connolly.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Keep it together Johnny-boy.

CONNOLLY

Look me in the eye and tell me you've got nothing to do with drugs.

WHITEY

(looking him in the  
eye)

I have nothing to do with drugs.

INT. BLACK CHEVY -- NIGHT

Flemmi and Whitey in the car. They're being followed.

FLEMMI

How did...

Whitey hushes Flemmi, turns the radio LOUD. Whitey whispers to Flemmi. Nothing we can hear. Flemmi nods.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- NIGHT

Whitey's car yanks to the curb. The tailing car slows but goes on. Whitey and Flemmi are clear. Wait, no they're not. A SEDAN appears from the opposite direction.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- NIGHT

Whitey and Flemmi walk the sidewalk opposite the parked Sedan with TWO MEN. Whitey spits in their direction, they know they've been made.

EXT. SOUTHIE -- NIGHT

Whitey and Flemmi like what they see. An OLD GAS STATION that's mid-renovation. A sign: **STIPPO LIQUOR MART**

EXT. OLD HARBOR -- NIGHT

Connolly walks his childhood haunts. DRUG DEALS taking place in the open. Dealers not worrying about the law.

A WOMAN, clearly high, SCREAMS at her KIDS who shouldn't be awake at this hour let alone on these streets.

Connolly is appalled. Connolly does nothing.

EXT. ST. MONICA'S CHURCH -- NIGHT

Connolly tries the locked door. He turns to leave when Father Mackey opens the door.

CONNOLLY

I thought the Church was always open.

FATHER MACKEY

Too much crime. Coke heads stealing artifacts to sell for a fix. I thought you would protect our neighborhood.

CONNOLLY

I'm doing the best I can.

Connolly knows that's a lie. Father Mackey knows that's a lie. They know it's a lie.

FATHER MACKEY

What if you made a change, followed a different path?

CONNOLLY

I won't allow myself thoughts that start 'what if'. There are too many of them and they're too upsetting.

FATHER MACKEY

Are you ready for confession?

CONNOLLY

Sometimes it's hard to figure out what God has in mind. I wonder if he's even paying attention.

FATHER MACKEY

How are your ugly thoughts, John  
Connolly? Are you able to legislate?

This is too much for Connolly. He leaves.

DOWN THE ROAD -- Whitey watched the whole exchange.

INT. ST. MONICA'S CHURCH -- NIGHT

Father Mackey ready to lock up. BOOM. The heavy doors swing  
open. It's Whitey, the last person Father Mackey expected.

WHITEY

What's your business with Connolly?

FATHER MACKEY

That's between me and John. I have a  
covenant with God. I can not and  
will not break.

WHITEY

Your covenant means you can not repeat  
what you hear under any circumstances?

FATHER MACKEY

That's correct.

WHITEY

Time for my confession.

INT. ST. MONICA'S CHURCH/CONFESSIONAL -- NIGHT

Father Mackey in one side of the confessional booth. Whitey  
in the other. Only a mesh screen separates them.

FATHER MACKEY

(crossing himself)

In the name of the Father and the  
Son and the Holy Ghost.

WHITEY

Forgive me Father, for I have sinned.

FATHER MACKEY

How long has it been since your last  
confession?

Whitey doesn't answer.

FATHER MACKEY (CONT'D)

You may begin.

Whitey makes sure he has eye contact. Then...

WHITEY

One time, this guy wouldn't say where my money was. I tried to beat it out of him but it strengthened his will. After hours of brutality? Nothing. So I took his eye out. Then I asked, 'should I do the other?'

(beat)

He told me where the money was.

(beat)

Then I put the barrel of my gun in his empty eye socket and blew his brains out.

Whitey holding eye contact, driving the point home. Father Mackey standing his ground. Beat. Beat. Beat. Then...

WHITEY (CONT'D)

And another time...

INT. ST. MONICA'S CHURCH -- LATER

Whitey leaves the confessional cool as can be. Moments later, Father Mackey steps out, horrified at what he's heard.

INT. STIPPO'S LIQUOR MART -- DAY

JULIE and STEPHEN 'STIPPO' RAKES with six-year old daughter NICOLE celebrate with friends and family. JOSEPH LUNDBOHM, Julie's Uncle, a Boston homicide detective, waves for silence.

LUNDBOHM

A grand day. Julie and Stephen have each worked two jobs, fixin' this place up themselves. True grit. An Irish gift. They've got it in spades.

(raising his glass)

To the Stippo's.

INT. STIPPO'S LIQUOR MART -- NIGHT

Julie hands change to the CUSTOMER.

JULIE

Thank you, Mr. Pippen.

PIPPIN

Good luck, dear.

Pippen goes. Julie excitedly picks up the phone.

INT. RAKES HOUSE -- NIGHT

Stephen cooking, Nicole drawing. Life is good. RING. He answers the phone.

INTERCUT:

JULIE  
(into the phone)  
It's really happening.

STEPHEN  
(into the phone)  
We did it. We really did it.

DING DONG.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
Doll, gotta go. I love you.

JULIE  
I love you, too.

They hang up. Stephen opens the door. Whitey and Flemmi push their way inside. Flemmi closes the door behind them.

WHITEY  
You know who I am?

Stephen manages a terrified nod. Flemmi sits with Nicole.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
Stephen, you've got a problem. The other packie owners in Southie want Stippo's gone. Can't blame them, can you? They asked me to kill you. You and your wife. You wanna die?

Stephen shakes his head 'no'.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
Good. Here is my solution. Instead of shooting you and your wife in the face, I buy the store?

STEPHEN  
Nikki, go play in your bedroom.

FLEMMI  
Let her stay. We love children.

STEPHEN  
The store isn't for sale.

WHITEY  
(exploding)  
Sell me the store, you cock-sucker, or I'll kill you here and now.

Nicole cries. Flemmi sets his GUN on the table.

FLEMMI

That man was just joking with your  
dad. Having a bit of fun.

Flemmi makes a face. She laughs, then grabs the gun.

STEPHEN

(barely audible)

No. Put it down, Nicole.

Flemmi takes it from her. Whitey pulls a PAPER BAG.

WHITEY

See this? There's sixty-seven thousand  
dollars in there.

STEPHEN

We put one hundred and seventy  
thousand into...

WHITEY

You take the bag. I take the store.  
Nicole keeps drawing ponies. You and  
your wife keep your faces.

Stephen knows there's only one move, he takes the bag.

INT. DINER -- DAY

A busy breakfast crowd. Lundbohm drinks coffee. Connolly  
slides into his booth.

LUNDBOHM

Runny scrambled eggs with English  
muffins, bacon and coffee. Right?

CONNOLLY

How did you remember?

LUNDBOHM

Something I picked up during my years  
as a detective.

CONNOLLY

So, what's up?

LUNDBOHM

My niece, Julie and her husband,  
Stephen just opened a liquor store  
in Southie. A few days ago Whitey  
Bulger and Steve Flemmi threatened  
to kill them if they didn't sell.

Connolly is now used to bad Whitey news. Poker face.

CONNOLLY

Witnesses?

LUNDBOHM  
 Besides Julie and Stephen? Yeah,  
 their six-year old daughter, Nicole.

CONNOLLY  
 (trying to stay cool)  
 Six years old?

LUNDBOHM  
 Flemmi even gave his gun to Nicole.

CONNOLLY  
 (genuinely shocked)  
 Christ.

LUNDBOHM  
 Whitey gave them less than half of  
 what they put in.

Connolly feels awful but fights through it.

CONNOLLY  
 Would Nicole wear a wire?

LUNDBOHM  
 Jesus Christ. With Whitey fucking  
 Bulger? She's six. 'No' is the answer  
 to that. Fuck. What kind of a question  
 is that? Jesus, Connolly.

CONNOLLY  
 If my help isn't needed...

No eating. No drinking. Two pros eyeing each other.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
 Tell you what. I'll look into it.

LUNDBOHM  
 Any help will be most appreciated.

Connolly eats. Lundbohm stays focused on Connolly.

EXT. GAS STATION -- DAY

Stephen half asleep as he pumps gas, hasn't slept lately.

WHITEY (O.S.)  
 Stephen.

It's Whitey. Behind him, Flemmi who taps the window, Nicole  
 recognizes him. She giggles and waves. Stephen is terrified.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
 A cop named Lundbohm is saying some  
 nasty shit about me.

STEPHEN

Jesus. Julie promised she'd keep her mouth shut. I'm sorry. She doesn't understand how things work.

WHITEY

Do us a favor and explain it to her? Otherwise I'm going to carve your daughter's cunt out and shove it down her mouth.

EXT. STIPPO'S LIQUOR MART -- DAY

A new sign: **SOUTH BOSTON LIQUOR MART**

Flemmi supervises PAINTERS as they paint a large green SHAMROCK on the exterior. As soft snow begins to fall.

INT. SOUTH BOSTON LIQUOR MART -- EVENING

DICK LEHR browses wine options. The Boston Globe Journalist looks more Boy Scout than investigative reporter but that's exactly what he is. Connolly emerges from the back.

CONNOLLY

Dick Lehr, as I live and breathe.

Lehr surprised to see a familiar face, extends a hand.

LEHR

John Connolly, how goes the FBI?

Connolly rebuffs the hand and gives Lehr a hug. Lehr wasn't expecting it seeing as he barely knows Connolly.

CONNOLLY

Couldn't be better. Hey, you jerks at the Globe should stop picking on Billy Bulger. That 75 State Street thing was nonsense.

LEHR

Influence peddling and bribery allegations against the President of the State Senate didn't seem like nonsense to my editors.

CONNOLLY

Just a misunderstanding.

LEHR

Didn't know you were such a Billy Bulger fan.

As soon as Lehr says 'Bulger', Whitey emerges from the back.

CONNOLLY  
 (to Whitey)  
 Dick Lehr, Boston Globe.

Lehr knows exactly who Whitey is. He can't believe an FBI Agent is making the friendly introduction.

WHITEY  
 (to Lehr)  
 Jim Bulger, South Boston Liquor Mart.  
 (to Connolly)  
 The rest will be delivered tomorrow.  
 You can count on me.

Connolly goes. Lehr processes what he just saw.

WHITEY (CONT'D)  
 (re: Lehr's wine)  
 On the house.

LEHR  
 Uh, thanks.  
 (beat)  
 What was Connolly doing here?

WHITEY  
 Buying liquor for the FBI Christmas party.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

The FBI Agents having a typical Boston Christmas party. A lot of beer, a little dancing and the Bruins on TV.

EXT. BAR/ROOF -- NIGHT

Light snow falls on Connolly and Elizabeth who share a bottle of whiskey. Connolly can feel Elizabeth eyes on him.

ELIZABETH  
 Where do you go and what you do when you're out all night?

CONNOLLY  
 Let's not talk about work.

ELIZABETH  
 It's Whitey Bulger, isn't it?

Connolly doesn't want to talk about it.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)  
 Thinking about the supervisor promotion? Don't worry. They'd be fools to pass you over.

Connolly doesn't want to talk about that either.

CONNOLLY

I got my divorce papers last month.

ELIZABETH

Why didn't you tell me?

CONNOLLY

I was afraid you'd want to get married. I'm not ready for that.

ELIZABETH

But you're okay with the divorce?

CONNOLLY

I am.

(beat)

Why do you stay with me?

ELIZABETH

Funny, I've asked myself that same question many times.

CONNOLLY

Well?

ELIZABETH

You're sexy. And smart. And ambitious. And when you choose to be, very kind. That's the honest to God's truth.

CONNOLLY

Honest but it's also stupid.

ELIZABETH

One more question about Whitey.

CONNOLLY

He prefers Jimmy.

ELIZABETH

Okay, Jimmy. You're so stressed. Not sleeping. It's affecting your mood, your health. Why do you do it?

CONNOLLY

When I was a kid, my mom told me not to stare into the sun. So when I was six, I did.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/OFFICE -- DAY

Connolly storms into Wilson's office.

CONNOLLY

You called Director Sessions to have Bulger and Flemmi shut down?

WILSON

Watch your fucking tone. In everyone else's 209s, I'm seeing Bulger and Flemmi implicated in rackets, numbers, drugs, extortion, and murder.

CONNOLLY

They helped us bring down the Mafia.

WILSON

It's pretty clear they just took over the Mafia's operations.

CONNOLLY

That's nonsense.

WILSON

Sessions wants me to keep Bulger and Flemmi open, for now.

CONNOLLY

What about my paperwork for the supervisor promotion? It should have come through last week.

WILSON

You haven't heard? Your request for a promotion has been denied.

CONNOLLY

(stunned)  
What? Why?

WILSON

The career board received a negative appraisal from a senior agent.

CONNOLLY

You bastard.

WILSON

It wasn't me.

INT. MORRIS' OFFICE -- DAY

Connolly into Morris' empty office. Noseworthy follows.

CONNOLLY

Where the hell is he?

NOSEWORTHY

He was just looking for you.

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Connolly ready for war but that eases when he sees Morris slumped in a chair. He's in a bad, bad, bad, bad way.

MORRIS

I guess you talked to Wilson.

Connolly doesn't want anyone seeing this. He shuts the door.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

You'd be a terrible supervisor. Your paperwork is sloppy. The supervisor position is structured.

CONNOLLY

You look like shit. Get it together.

MORRIS

I got a transfer to Quantico. I'm going to teach. Please say good-bye to Jimmy and Stevie for me, okay?

CONNOLLY

You're not going anywhere.

MORRIS

Oh, yes I am. It's a done deal. Wilson cleared my application.

Connolly sits across from him.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

I thought I was going to do good, you know? I actually thought that I could make a difference.

CONNOLLY

We put the Mafia out of business.

Morris is unmoved, Connolly knows Morris is done.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

Okay. You need a change. Go. Now.

MORRIS

You too, John. Retire or transfer. Before it's too late.

CONNOLLY

Thanks for your concern.

MORRIS

O'Sullivan and Sarhatt are gone, we're out of friends. And Jimmy is out of control. Murder John, he's killing on our watch.

CONNOLLY

That's enough.

MORRIS

Murder John. Murder!

Connolly SLAPS Morris' face. Morris back to reality. For the first time he makes eye contact with Connolly.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

You know I'm right. File your papers today. Now. While you still can.

Connolly actually thinks about it. Then...

CONNOLLY

I can't do that. And remember John. I love you. I trust you. I know you will never do anything to harm me, or Jimmy, or Stevie.

Morris understands what Connolly is saying.

MORRIS

You know when you crossed the line?

Connolly shake his head.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

When you crossed the line.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Wyshak with OFFICER SACCARDO look through the interrogation window at prisoner CHICO KRANTZ. Chico is stoic.

OFFICER SACCARDO

Ran a sports and numbers out of Heller's Cafe. Parlayed it into loan sharking. That into money laundering for New England's biggest criminals.

WYSHAK

Evidence?

OFFICER SACCARDO

Pictures. Some sound, it's hard to hear. Our budget is shit.

WYSHAK

This isn't Federal?

OFFICER SACCARDO

Just us States. It happened so fast we didn't pull in other agencies.

WYSHAK

Does the FBI know about this?

OFFICER SACCARDO

No. I'll call them if you want.

WYSHAK

Hold off for now. Has he talked?

OFFICER SACCARDO

Not a word. Total silence. Didn't even ask for a call. He'll take a while. I'll put on a pot of coffee.

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Wyshak enters Chico's interrogation room.

WYSHAK

I'm Federal Prosecutor Fred Wyshak...

CHICO

(interrupting)

Can you get me into the Witness Protection Program?

WYSHAK

Yes. Depends what you got.

CHICO

Whitey Bulger.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/WILSON'S OFFICE -- DAY

Connolly enters. Wilson and Fitzpatrick with MIKE PATERSON.

WILSON

Come on in, John. This is Mike Paterson. He's been inside for nine months on ten years for cocaine distribution. He has a proposal I thought you'd like to hear it.

PATERSON

I get years off, right?

Wilson nods.

PATERSON (CONT'D)

That prick said he'd take care of my old lady when I was inside. She's on the street now.

WILSON

Who said he'd take care of your girlfriend?

PATERSON

Whitey Bulger. He promised. Keep your mouth shut, do your time. I'll take care of Kimberly.

FITZPATRICK

You sold cocaine for Whitey Bulger?

PATERSON

Yes.

FITZPATRICK  
Where?

PATERSON  
Southie.

FITZPATRICK  
How much?

PATERSON  
I ran a crew of five. We cleared a  
hundred grand a month.

CONNOLLY  
(to Wilson)  
Let's talk.

WILSON  
No more talk.

INT. WHITEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN -- DAY

A concerned Billy and quietly angry Whitey with Connolly,  
who wishes he could disappear.

BILLY  
Retirement is a big step.

WHITEY  
You shouldn't hurry an important  
decision.

Billy gives Whitey a 'I'll handle it' look.

BILLY  
Take some family time and travel.

CONNOLLY  
I've got to make some real money.

Whitey feels his FBI protection vanish. Connolly sees it.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
I'm tired, Jimmy. I'm really tired.

Whitey grabs his coat.

WHITEY  
I get it. You put your time in.

CONNOLLY  
I'm retiring from the FBI. I'm not  
retiring from you.

Whitey is still upset, SLAMS the door on his way out. Connolly  
desperately wants Billy to understand.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
 You know, I hear your brother may be  
 involved in things that could get  
 him into big trouble.

Billy knows Connolly is right. But...

BILLY  
 (sighs)  
 Ever try to tell an older brother  
 what to do? There is a natural order  
 to things...

Billy trails into silence. Connolly and Billy share a look,  
 Finally acknowledging Whitey is a monster neither can control.  
 A monster that will doom them both.

Billy doesn't like how Connolly is taking this.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 Listen, the Chief of Police thing,  
 it's too early.

CONNOLLY  
 (defeated)  
 I understand.

BILLY  
 Grab your coat.

INT. PRUDENTIAL BUILDING -- DAY

DING. Elevator doors open. The 22nd floor. Connolly follows  
 Billy to a CORNER OFFICE. Big. Airy. Filled with Sun.

BILLY  
 Good views, right?

Connolly loves what he sees.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 I'm on the Board of Directors here  
 at Edison. We need a Chief of  
 Security. The position pays one  
 hundred and twenty thousand dollars  
 per. How's that work for you?

Total RELIEF on Connolly's face.

INT. VENEZIA -- DAY

An upscale lunch crowd. Morris across from Boston Globe  
 investigative reporter GERARD O'NEILL. O'Neill watches Morris  
 with deep honest eyes. He can spot a lie a million miles  
 away. Morris is really nervous.

MORRIS  
 (to Waiter)  
 Vodka on the rocks.  
 (to Gerard)  
 Thanks for meeting me, Gerard. How  
 are things at the Globe?

O'NEILL  
 Can't complain.

MORRIS  
 Seven and two to start the season. I  
 bet the Sox win the Series this year.

Morris laughs nervously. O'Neill smiles politely. Then,  
 Silence. O'Neill sees Morris is almost ready to talk.

O'NEILL  
 So, you called me.

MORRIS  
 Where is that waiter with my drink?  
 (beat)  
 You guys really stuck it to Billy  
 Bulger on that 75 State Street thing.

O'NEILL  
 That's not why you called me.

O'Neill knows Morris is ready, he pulls his note pad.

O'NEILL (CONT'D)  
 I've got to ask you. Is Whitey Bulger  
 an informant for the FBI?

Morris takes a moment. Then another. Then another. Then...

MORRIS  
 You have no idea how dangerous that  
 guy is.

O'Neill writes. Morris feels TOTAL RELIEF as he spills  
 information.

EXT. WOLLASTON BEACH -- EVENING

Sun setting. A frigid Boston evening. Lehr and O'Neill wait.  
 Fitzpatrick approaches. No time for formalities.

FITZPATRICK  
 What do you know?

LEHR  
 We know.

Fitzpatrick sizes them up. He knows they know.

FITZPATRICK

I can't have my name in print.

O'Neill and Lehr figured.

FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

Bulger. He's a fucking liability. You can never have the top guy be an informant. You have the top guy, he's making policy and then he owns you. The FBI is being compromised. That's what's pissing the shit out of me. I mean the FBI is being used.

Fitzpatrick crushes out his cigarette.

FITZPATRICK (CONT'D)

The root of the problem is seduction. Whitey took him.

(beat)

Connolly has gone native.

All Lehr and O'Neill needed to hear.

INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE -- DAY

CLOSE ON: PAGE 1 BOSTON GLOBE HEADLINE: **BULGER AND THE FBI: TALE OF TWO BROTHERS.**

Inexplicably, it's framed and hanging on the wall, alongside his "98 Prince Street" Boston Globe article.

Connolly stares through the gray, rainy afternoon at the gold dome of the State House. It seems immune to the darkness of it's surroundings. A KNOCK. It's Agent Sonian.

SONIAN

(re: Two Brothers  
article)

Why in the hell is that on your wall?

CONNOLLY

Any press is good press. Right? They don't mention my name but...

(seeing Sonian thinks  
he's crazy)

Anyway.

SONIAN

Wyshak convened a grand jury. He brought in Whitey's bookies, threatened each with ten years in the federal penitentiary. They all folded. Every one. And now his coke dealers are rolling too. Wyshak's going after Whitey and Stevie for RICO. He's got them dead red.

CONNOLLY

What do you have on Wyshak? I need some dirt.

SONIAN

That's your problem Connolly. You think everyone is an informant.

(beat)

Wyshak and Wilson think you're dirty. They're making a deal with Morris.

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

Connolly dials. Flemmi's ANSWERING MACHINE.

FLEMMI (O.S.)

(on machine)

It's Stevie. Do your thing.

BEEP.

CONNOLLY

Stevie, it's me. Call ASAP.

INT. SOUTH BOSTON LIQUOR MART -- DAY

RING. Whitey answers the phone.

WHITEY

(into the phone)

Yeah.

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

Connolly on the phone.

CONNOLLY

(into the phone)

Would you be interested in buying a set of steak knives for the low price of thirty dollars?

INT. SOUTH BOSTON LIQUOR MART -- DAY

Whitey recognizes the code. He is immediately out the door.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH -- DAY

Connolly out the booth and moving.

INT. PHONE BOOTH/SOUTHIE -- DAY

Whitey in a phone booth. Coins slam in. He dials.

INT. PHONE BOOTH/CHINATOWN -- DAY

Connolly at a phone booth in the back of a Chinese restaurant. A place assigned for just this situation.

CONNOLLY  
 (into the phone)  
 Wyshak is coming for you.

INTERCUT:

WHITEY  
 (into the phone)  
 When?

CONNOLLY  
 Tomorrow. Today. Now. I can't find  
 Stevie. Let him know.

WHITEY  
 What are the charges?

CONNOLLY  
 Everything. Extortion. Racketeering.  
 Murder. RICO.

No response.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)  
 Jimmy? Jimmy?

The phone dangles off the hook. Whitey ALREADY GONE.

INT. FLEMMI'S HONDA -- DAY

Snow falls. Flemmi navigating a busy parking lot while trying to ignore his new girlfriend PATSY SHANNON.

PATSY  
 You don't wanna get old alone, do  
 you, Stevie?

Flemmi shrugs.

PATSY (CONT'D)  
 Aw, come on, don't you want to hear  
 the pitter-patter of children's feet?

Flemmi backs onto the street. A CAR SCREECHES to a stop behind, blocking the way. ANOTHER CAR blocks the front. Flemmi is boxed in.

Flemmi thinks it's a HIT. Terrified, he tries to squeeze his fat body under the dash. Pathetic. Then, seeing it's only police, Flemmi gets out of the car.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Flemmi calmly approaches.

FLEMMI  
 Good evening, officers. I'd like to  
 call my lawyer. You know who I am?

STATE TROOPERS search Flemmi finding a GUN, KNIFE and a can of MACE. The State Troopers' confidence worries Flemmi.

FLEMMI (CONT'D)

Guys? My lawyer.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Whitey at a pay phone.

WHITEY

(into the phone)

John Morris, is that you?

INTERCUT:

Morris pale and sweating.

MORRIS

(into the phone)

Jimmy?

WHITEY

What are you thinking, blabbin' like that?

MORRIS

You got it all wrong.

WHITEY

They leaned on you, did they? So what you're saying is if I want to get you to stop babblin', I got to lean on you too, is that right?

MORRIS

(desperate)

Jimmy, please.

WHITEY

I can be at your house soon enough. Then I'll lean and we'll see...

Overwhelmed with terror, Morris gasps quietly and grabs his chest. He's having a HEART ATTACK. Literally.

EXT. BILLY BULGER'S HOME/DEN -- DAY

Billy stares at the phone. RING. He snaps up the receiver.

BILLY

(into the phone)

Hello.

INTERCUT:

WHITEY  
 (into the phone)  
 I'm looking for some legal advice,  
 Senator.

BILLY  
 Where are you?

WHITEY  
 Don't worry about it.

BILLY  
 They're turning up bodies. Six so  
 far. Christ, Jimmy. They've got a  
 line on sixteen more.

Nothing from Whitey.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 You want legal advice? Your alleged  
 crimes were committed while you were  
 working with the FBI. Turn yourself  
 in. Claim immunity.

Nothing from Whitey.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
 Please. Don't run. We'll figure it  
 out together.

Beat. Beat. Beat. Then...

WHITEY  
 I miss Mom. You ever miss Mom?

BILLY  
 All the time. May she rest in peace.

WHITEY  
 Okay, then.

Silence.

BILLY  
 Jimmy?

Too late. Whitey is already gone.

MONTAGE -- BOSTON

-- Whitey grabbing his FAKE PASSPORTS

-- A DIG SITE by the docks. Bodies being pulled.

-- Whitey pulling CASH from his apartment wall

- Several COPS searching Triple-O's.
- Whitey putting GUNS into a duffel bag
- A BODY pulled from a basement.

EXT. SUBURBS -- DAY

It's nearly Christmas. Lights and decorations on every home.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Connolly and Elizabeth with their YOUNG DAUGHTER laughing and smiling. Happy times.

A BLACK SUV parks. Another by the curb. Another behind it.

Connolly knows what's happening. He takes his daughter off his lap. A moment later he's outside offering his wrists.

FBI AGENTS arrest him and drive away. Elizabeth and his daughter watch in horror. Merry Christmas.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM -- NIGHT

A packed courtroom. Morris on the stand being questioned by Wyshak. Defendants Connolly and Flemmi with their LAWYERS. JUDGE MARK WOLF presides. Father Mackey a spectator.

WYSHAK

Bulger and Flemmi have been charged with twenty-one murders. At least eleven of which occurred while they were working as informants for the FBI. While they were being protected. Protected by you.

LAWYER

Objection.

WOLF

Sustained.

WYSHAK

Everything we've been discussing, your outrageous acts, these *criminal* acts. You did all this with the aid and assistance of John Connolly, isn't that right?

Morris hesitates, tries to keep himself together.

WYSHAK (CONT'D)

Full and complete disclosure, John. Or you're immunity deal is no good.

MORRIS

Yes.

WYSHAK  
Louder, please.

MORRIS  
Yes.

WYSHAK  
Yes, what?

MORRIS  
John Connolly and I did it together.

We continue to HEAR Morris' testimony as we see...

INT. PRISON -- DAY

Flemmi put in his 8X10 cell. CLANG. Iron door shuts.

MORRIS (O.S.)  
We dishonored our badge.

Flemmi assess his situation, finally realizing...

He's alone. He's alone forever.

INT. POLICE WAGON -- DAY

Connolly alone, hand-cuffed, in the rear of the wagon.

MORRIS (O.S.)  
We betrayed the trust of those we  
were sworn to protect.

Out the small window Connolly sees: **SOUTHIE**

Shady people. Broken homes. Boarded windows. Garbage  
everywhere. Junkies and Hookers in plain view.

Connolly hangs his head.

Southie is doomed. Connolly is doomed.

INT. BILLY BULGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Billy alone. His face fixed with crippling stress.

He clears his desk with an ANGRY SWING.

MORRIS (O.S.)  
We violated standards, integrity and  
regulations for personal gain.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Whitey's Car flies down an empty highway. Catherine Greig  
happily along for the ride wearing sunglasses and a shawl.

MORRIS (O.S.)  
All to the detriment of the citizens  
of Boston.

No disguise for Whitey. Only an empty expression of a man  
who will never look back.

FADE TO BLACK:

A LEGEND SCROLLS

**INSERT: Actual Footage of Morris Deflecting Press Inquiries  
Outside Courthouse**

John Morris retired from the FBI. He lives in Florida.

**INSERT: Actual Footage of Flemmi Hanging His Head In Court**

Steve "The Rifleman" Flemmi is serving a ten year sentence  
for extortion and money laundering.

He is awaiting trial on racketeering charges connected to  
extortion, drug running and murder.

**INSERT: Actual Footage of Billy Stumbling Under Questions  
from Massachusetts State Senate About Whitey's Whereabouts**

Billy Bulger resigned as Chancellor of the University of  
Massachusetts. His settlement cost tax payers over \$960,000.

He petitioned the State Retirement Board claiming 'housing  
allowance', adding \$32,000 a year to the largest public  
pension in Massachusetts history.

**INSERT: Actual Footage of Connolly Proclaiming His Innocence  
On the Court House Steps**

John Connolly was convicted of racketeering, obstruction of  
justice, and lying to the FBI. He was sentenced to ten years  
in federal prison.

On November 6th, 2008 a jury convicted Connolly of second-  
degree murder in connection with the Roger Wheeler killing.

He was sentenced to forty years in federal prison.

**INSERT: Whitey Bulger on the FBI 10 Most Wanted List**

Whitey Bulger was wanted on 18 counts of murder, conspiracy  
to commit murder, conspiracy to commit extortion, narcotics  
distribution, conspiracy to commit money laundering, extortion  
and money laundering.

He was on FBI'S Ten Most Wanted Fugitive List over a decade.

Then, June 22nd, 2011 in Santa Monica, California...

**INSERT: Actual Footage of FBI Arrest Scene Whitey's Condo**