

BLACK MASS

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May 6, 2013

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Cross Creek Pictures
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Le Grisbi Productions**

Scene #'s (04.23.2013)

WEEKS (V.O.)

Before we start, I want you to know
you people are scum.

FADE UP ON

INT. BARE WINDOWLESS OFFICE

KEVIN WEEKS, 43, thick set, sits in front of a tape recorder,
looking past us to someone we can't see.

WEEKS

I hate the FBI more than I love my
kids. I detest you gutless, soul-
less, low-life sons of bitches.
You're the lowest of the low. I
want that on the record, before we
start.

BLACKOUT

SUPERTITLE: **BOSTON, MA, NOVEMBER 12, 1999**

WEEKS

Number two, I ain't no fuckin' rat.
OK? The cop on the corner? You
guys? The DEA? I'd cut my nuts off
before I helped any one of you.

He lights a cigarette. We see he's wearing handcuffs.

WEEKS

Those rats, we slit their fuckin'
throats. Bury their bodies in the
tidals.
(drags on his cigarette.)
What I'm tellin' you is because of
what happened...
(he stops)
What transpired, later. What came
to pass.

He drags on his cigarette.

WEEKS

You can't rat out a rat, right?
Jimmy said that himself.

Off screen we hear a voice.

FBI AGENT (O.S.)

When did you first hear of him? How
old were you?

WEEKS

That's a dumb fuckin' question.

FBI AGENT (O.S.)
Why is that a dumb question?

WEEKS
You knew the first thing about South Boston you'd know that's a dumb question. It's like "When did you first hear about Santa Claus?" I knew Jimmy from before time. From before I can remember. Everybody did. Back then in Southie there were three things: Jesus Christ, the Red Sox, and James Whitey Bulger. Can we get some fuckin' coffee in here?

BLACKOUT

SUPERTITLE: **SANTA MONICA, CA, JUNE 22, 2011**

2 INT. EMBASSY HOTEL/MANAGER'S OFFICE - EVENING 2

Claustrophobic in the tiny office. A pair of DEPUTY U.S. MARSHALS watch a nervous twentysomething named JOSH BOND stare at a FLIER. We can't see what's on it, but whatever it is, it confuses and terrifies Josh.

Finally Josh manages a nod. The marshals share a look, their interest heightened.

FIRST MARSHAL
How sure?

JOSH
Ninety-nine point nine percent.
(beat)
I'm a hundred percent sure.

One of the marshals addresses someone we don't see.

SECOND MARSHAL
I want eyes on all the exits...

JOSH
(nerves fraying)
Anything else?

One of the marshals nods, and Josh's heart falls.

3 INT. EMBASSY HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT 3

A vacant room turned into a makeshift command center. A dozen lawmen in hushed conversations. The first Marshall is at the window with Josh looking across at the Princess Eugenia Apartments.

FIRST MARSHAL
Which one?

JOSH
 (pointing)
 There. Number 303.

The lead FBI AGENT on the operation enters the room, moving with purpose.

FIRST MARSHAL
 Agent Garriola, this is Josh. He manages both buildings. He's also the target's next door neighbor.

FBI AGENT
 How strong is your relationship with them?

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

FBI AGENT
 They home now?

FIRST MARSHAL
 Visual confirmation on Greig. Standing by for visual on 'The Man.'

FBI AGENT
 (at Josh again)
 You have keys to 303?

JOSH
 Yeah, but privacy laws--

FBI AGENT
 (politely)
 Give me the fucking keys.

Josh hands them over. A HUSH claims the room as a MAN steps out onto the balcony outside room 303. He is in a hat and a hoodie, his face obstructed.

FBI AGENT
 Is that him?

JOSH
 I can't tell. Probably.

As quickly as he appeared, The Man disappears inside again, shutting DARK BLACK CURTAINS behind him.

FIRST MARSHAL
 Did he make us?

FBI AGENT
 I don't know.

The lead FBI agent's radio crackles to life.

FIRST MARSHAL
(through radio)
Arrest team in place.

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

He nods at Josh who pulls out his phone, hands trembling.

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

Josh finds the name "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
Now what?

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

JOSH
Have you lost your mind? No way!
(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 (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Hello? Yes, Carol I just called.
Somebody broke into your, uh,
storage unit. Do you want 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 (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Okay. I'll meet him in the garage.

As Josh hangs up, the lead FBI man is already out the door.

4 INT. PRINCESS EUGENIA APARTMENTS/HALLWAY - NIGHT 4
 A MAN locks the door marked #303. We only see his lower body, but from his walk alone we know he's supremely confident.

5 INT. PRINCESS EUGENIA APARTMENTS/ELEVATOR - NIGHT 5
 QUIET HUM of the descending elevator. The Man wipes an invisible mark off his pressed white pants. We still haven't seen his face.

6 INT. EMBASSY HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT 6
 Josh watching. He sees CATHERINE GREIG, aka Carol Gasko, steps onto the balcony outside #303. She is late 50s, attractive.
 Their EYES LOCK. She registers something is not right. Not knowing what to do, Josh weakly waves.
 Before she can even react, FBI agents appear from nowhere and swarm over her.

7 INT. PRINCESS EUGENIA APARTMENTS/PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 7
 Silence. The Man walks to his locker. Suddenly:
 FBI AGENT FREEZE!
 FEDERAL MARSHAL Hands in the air!
 A DOZEN FBI AGENTS and FEDERAL MARSHALS jump out with guns drawn, yelling over each other.
 As The Man coolly raises his hands, we finally see his face. He is JAMES "WHITEY" BULGER, aka Charlie Gasko for his years on the run. To our shock, he is 81 years old. He moves like a man half that age.
 Unmistakable intensity flares in his iced eyes. But Whitey doesn't act surprised. Won't give them the satisfaction.
 FBI AGENT On your knees. Now!
 SECOND AGENT Face down! Flat!
 Whitey looks down at the oily, dirty garage floor.
 FBI AGENT (CONT'D) (impatient and angry) Down! Now! Or I shoot.
 WHITEY Sorry, fellas. No and no.
 FBI AGENT What do you mean, no?

WHITEY

You gave me two contradictory, orders. I can't be down on my knees and flat on my face at the same time, now can I? Give me an alternative.

FBI AGENT

There is no alternative.

WHITEY

I beg to differ, my friend. There are many alternatives. But let's start with this one: I stand here and don't move one fuckin' inch. What are you going to do about it?

FBI AGENT

Wiseguy, huh? Wiseguy to the end.

WHITEY

Me? I'm no wiseguy. I'm Irish, not Italian, remember?

SECOND FBI AGENT

How about we shoot you for resisting arrest?

WHITEY

I'm not resisting arrest. I'm only resisting getting down in the oily scum of this garage floor. So shooting me would be illegal.

Whitey is increasingly menacing. A detached, near-homicidal glare sets in. His tone is one of choked volcanic rage.

WHITEY

By the way -- just as a parenthetical aside -- it might interest you to know I would rather take a bullet right into my heart or straight into my left eyeball than lie down like a pig in this filth.

The two agents look at each other and at the other agents as well. Even at 81, Whitey is intimidating. They try to look confident. Finally, the lead agent speaks.

FBI AGENT

Cuff him.

Whitey stands there as a pair of FBI agents cuff him, his focus still on the oil spot.

WEEKS (V.O.)

I was surprised as everyone when they finally caught up with Jimmy...

8 FULL SCREEN: BOSTON GLOBE FRONT PAGE HEADLINE 8

"WHITEY BULGER ARRESTED" over Whitey's mug shot.

WEEKS (V.O.)

16 years and not a trace. The
second most wanted man on the FBI
list, right under Osama Bin
Ladin...

8A OVERLAPPING IMAGES 8A

National and international newspapers, all with Whitey's
arrest on page one. Television news stations breaking into
programming. CNN. Fox. MSNBC. All the networks.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Living the nice life in Santa
Monica California -- a whole lot
better than Saddam fuckin' Hussein
hiding out in a hole in the ground
with a rug and a fan. Better than
Bin Ladin hiding on the third floor
in Shitsville who knows where. But
then, Jimmy was born one step
ahead...

BLACKOUT

SUPERTITLE: **WEST BROADWAY, SOUTH BOSTON, DECEMBER 1974**

9 EXT. OUTSIDE TRIPLE O'S / SOUTH BOSTON - NIGHT 9

Freezing cold. KEVIN WEEKS, 18, thick-set Irish, is working
the door. as three tough Irish-American guys roll up. We can
only just hear their conversation over the traffic.

WEEKS

Sorry guys. I can't let you in.

BIG IRISH

I'm a friend of Jimmy's.

WEEKS

Still can't let you in. I'm sorry.

BIG IRISH

Who the fuck are you?

WEEKS

Last Saturday night, you were here
with some friends, 'round two,
three in the morning. You took a
leak up against the bar.

BIG IRISH

That's bullshit. Who is this prick?

WEEKS

We got restrooms for that. Go to Mulligan's. Two blocks up, make a right at the church. Mulligan's they don't give a fuck. They'll let you take a dump in the middle of the floor.

The other two guys LAUGH at this. The Big Irish relents.

BIG IRISH

OK. OK. We're leaving. No hard feelings.

He puts his hand out. Weeks goes to respond. But then:

Without warning Big Irish head-butts Weeks hard on the nose. Weeks is stunned. Staggered back. They make to go inside, but Weeks, disregarding the blood gushing out of his face, blocks the door. Shoves them back.

BIG IRISH

Oh? Badass, huh?

All three jump Weeks and begin beating the shit out of him. But Weeks fights back viciously...

10

INT. TRIPLE O'S - SAME TIME

10

Inside, WHITEY BULGER, 45, and STEVE FLEMMI, 40 sit at a small checker-clothed table lit by a bare bulb in a smoke filled room.

Whitey is striking, strongly built, exuding cold charisma. Flemmi is thick set, menacing.

WHITEY

You see, Patton understood the nature of war and the fate of a general. "For a thousand years or so Roman conquers, returning from wars, enjoyed the honor of triumph." You know, he's saying they had big parades. Trumpeteers. Musicians. They were celebrated. "The general rode in a triumphal chariot with his children in white robes. And a slave stood behind the conquering general, holding a golden crown, and whispering in his ear: All glory is fleeting."

We see now that with Whitey and Flemmi are two younger Irish gangsters, both smoking. Flemmi shakes his head in awe.

FLEMMI

Great fuckin' movie.

PETEY
Stone cold classic.

MICKEY
I musta missed it.

FLEMMI
Patton had stones big as fuckin'
boulders...

As the men continue to talk about Patton...

WEEKS (V.O.)
Jimmy's partner was Steve Flemmi.
They called Stevie "The Rifleman"
on account of he'd fought in Korea
and been decorated and shit. He
brought those killing skills home
to Southie. Flemmi was half
Italian, half Irish. It was the
Irish half Whitey took a liking to.

11 OUTSIDE 11

The fight rages on. Biting. Rabbit punches. An awesome melee.
Even though he's outnumbered three to one, WEEKS is getting
the upper hand...

12 INSIDE AGAIN 12

One of the young gangsters throws a handful of beer nuts into
his mouth. Chomps on them, then reaches into the bowl for
another handful.

Whitey's hand shoots out like a cobra, grabbing his wrist.

WHITEY
What the fuck you think you're
doing?

The young gangster looks mystified.

WHITEY
You put your disgusting fingers in
your disgusting mouth, which is
filled with disgusting bacteria,
then you put those same filthy
fuckin' fingers back in the bowl
that's sitting there for public
consumption?

PETEY
I... I... wasn't thinking, Jimmy.
I'm sorry.

WHITEY
That's right: you weren't thinking.
But I'm thinking.
(MORE)

WHITEY (cont'd)
 I'm thinking about the millions of
 lethal germs you just spread that
 even as we speak are fanning out
 across this bar like Rommel's
 Afrika Korps.

FLEMMI
 (joking)
 Jimmy, all due respect, but of all
 the ways you need to worry 'bout
 dying? That's the least of 'em...

A barman approaches Whitey. Discreet:

BARMAN
 Jimmy. We got trouble outside.

Whitey and Flemmi rise.

13

BACK OUTSIDE

13

A titanic tear-up spilling out into the middle of the street.
 By now Weeks is still standing. The other three are on the
 ground.

Whitey comes out in time to see Weeks putting the finishing
 touches to his three assailants. Kicks in the ribs for all.
 Panting hard and a bleeding mess, he points up the street.

WEEKS
 (at his assailants)
 Like I FUCKING told you: Mulligan's
 is two blocks that way. Make a
 right at the church!

Weeks walks into the bar, past the crowd watching this in
 awe. Flemmi follows him as Whitey walks out to the Big Irish
 lying in the gutter.

WHITEY
 Patrick.

The Big Irish heaves in the freezing night air. In agony.

BIG IRISH (PAT)
 What the fuck Jimmy? I been coming
 here for twenty years.

WHITEY
 Here.

He gives him his handkerchief.

BIG IRISH
 That prick is dead.

WHITEY
 Let me handle it.

BIG IRISH
I'll tear out his fucking eyes.

WHITEY
Paddy. I said I'd handle it.

14 INT. TRIPLE O'S / MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT 14

Weeks is trying to staunch the bleeding. Flemmi is with him.

FLEMMI
That guy you just beat on. That's Paddy McAloon. He and Jimmy go back forever. He's married to his cousin Kate. Betty. He's married to Betty Whatsername. You're in big fuckin' trouble. I was you I'd go out the fuckin' window..

He exits, chuckling. Weeks looks at himself in the mirror.

WEEKS
Shit.

15 EXT. STREET/SOUTH BOSTON - NEXT MORNING 15

PISSING RAIN. Weeks, his nose swollen, shelters under an awning, recounting last night's events to a friend.

WEEK
This prick was pissing up against the fuckin' bar. How the fuck was I supposed to know who he married to? Everybody comes in the joint is married to someone's fuckin' cousin..

A car SCREECHES UP. Whitey gets out. In shades, despite the rain. He strides towards them. Weeks' friend turns white.

FRIEND
I'll catch ya later.

The friend takes off at double speed. Whitey approaches. Stops a few feet away.

WHITEY
Get in the car.

Weeks hesitates. Whitey eyeballs him. Without an alternative, Weeks goes towards the car. Opens the passenger door.

WHITEY
In the back.

16 INT. CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS 16

Whitey drives, staring straight ahead. In the back, Weeks is terrified.

17 EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS 17

Whitey suddenly veers over to the curb and stops in front of a paint-and-body shop. He gets out. Walks into the shop.

Ten seconds later he comes back out with a BIG GUY. The big guy gets in the back next to Weeks. Doesn't say a word. Weeks starts to sweat double time. They drive off again.

WEEKS

So uh.. Where we goin'?

Neither of the other two answer.

18 EXT. M STREET/SOUTH BOSTON - DAY 18

The car rolls onto a waste land behind the ballpark. Still raining.

18A INSIDE THE CAR - CONTINUOUS 18A

Whitey kills the engine. They sit there. Just the sound of the wipers. And the rain.

The big guy looks sideways at Weeks. Weeks tries to read Whitey's eyes in the mirror behind his shades.

WEEKS

Jimmy, listen...

WHITEY

Shut up.

Whitey takes off his shades. Turns slowly in his seat.

IN A FLASH, Whitey grabs the big guy by the throat and SMASHES him in the face.

The man's cheekbone splits, spraying blood. Whitey springs to his knees and begins pounding the shit out the guy. Methodically. Skillfully. Blows raining in. Blood spatters up the window. Weeks sits paralyzed in the seat next to him.

Mid-beating Whitey pauses for an instant, his bloody right fist hangs in mid air. He turns his head and fixes Weeks..

It takes exactly two seconds for the penny to drop.

Weeks begins beating the guy too. BAM! BAM!

Whitey gets out and drags the guy out onto the wet ground. In the struggle the whole car shakes. The guy's shoes come off, his pants end up round his knees, Weeks punching him in the balls, following him out the door on his belly, into the mud, on top of the guy.

He and Whitey set about him. Soon the man's teeth are all over. His nose splattered across his face.

Eventually, both men stand up over him, panting, festooned in blood and mud.

Whitey reaches into his pocket and pulls out a Buck knife. Opens it and hands it to Weeks.

WHITEY
Cut his throat.

Weeks looks at the knife. Then back at Whitey.

WHITEY
You hear what I said?

With each heaving lungful of air the seconds pass. Whitey stares unblinking through the rain.

SUDDENLY, in one movement, Weeks kneels down and cuts the man's throat.

The man spews, kicks, and gurgles blood. Weeks looks down at his work. Breathing hard.

The big man stops kicking, his leg twitching in the flooded tire-ditch, running red with blood. CUT TO:

19 EXT. OPEN TRUNK 19

We see the big man, now stuffed in a green garbage bag, thrown inside. The trunk SLAMS shut.

The car drives away through the mud and deluge. MUSIC UP: "MACK THE KNIFE" by Louis Armstrong.

WEEKS (V.O.)
Three things come out of Southie.
Crab meat. Wiseguys. And cops...

20 INT. CONNOLLY'S APARTMENT - MORNING 20

Moving boxes everywhere, only a few unpacked. 34-year-old Boston native JOHN CONNOLLY -- strong, Irish, half-dressed for work -- is looking for something.

His wife MARIANNE -- slightly younger, attractive -- helps. Connolly unwraps a mirror, angles it so that he can look at himself as he finishes dressing and grooming. He ties his tie and straps on his revolver.

CONNOLLY
You know that I'm big and strong
and handsome and Irish, right?

MARIANNE
Thousands would argue -- except for
the Irish part. But I wouldn't
dare.

CONNOLLY

Well, in addition, I happen to be smart. In fact, I'm brilliant when you get right down to it. You know why?

MARIANNE

I'm panting with anticipation.

CONNOLLY

Hold that thought for later. I'm brilliant because I joined the Bureau and I married you.

MARIANNE

Ahhh! So I'm only the runner-up in that race, is that it?

CONNOLLY

Dead heat.

He starts for the door, then turns back.

CONNOLLY

Wish me luck.

MARIANNE

Good luck... but with all those things going for you, you hardly need it, right?

He smiles and kisses her.

21 INT./EXT. CONNOLLY'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING 21

A modest Plymouth. Connolly drives north through the old neighborhood -- the same one he grew up in.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Southie kids go straight from playing cops and robbers in the playground to doin' it for real out on the streets...

22 EXT. JOHN F. KENNEDY FEDERAL BUILDING - MORNING 22

Connolly proudly walks up the steps of the brick building of the FBI's Boston Field Office.

WEEKS (V.O.)

And just like back in the playground...

23 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / CORRIDOR 23

Connolly walks past the wall of WANTED POSTERS. A motley crew, the last featuring the most wanted of all, GENNARO ANGIULO.

WEEKS (V.O.)

... it weren't always easy to tell
which was which.

24 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - SOON AFTER

24

Connolly is being introduced to the ORGANIZED CRIME UNIT by
another FBI agent, JOHN MORRIS, late 30s.

MORRIS

John's a native of Southie. Grew up
in the Old Harbor. O'Callahan Way,
if I got that right...

CONNOLLY

That's right. Two doors down from
Donnelly's.

MORRIS

Cut his teeth in Baltimore and San
Francisco, then made the biggest
single collar of '72 in New York
when he took down our very own
Cadillac Frank Salemme.

As Morris continues to brief, we see:

25 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

25

An Italian mobster, FRANK SALEMME, buying a pretzel.

MORRIS (O.S.)

Third Avenue, New York City...

A hungover John Connolly passes by, pondering getting a
pretzel himself.

MORRIS (O.S.)

A face in the crowd suddenly clicks
with Agent Connolly here...

Connolly does a double take, recognizing Salemme. Salemme
knows it. He takes off running. Connolly takes off after...

MORRIS (V.O.)

Now you boys will get a kick out of
this...

26A EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

26A

Connolly -- with gun drawn -- has run Salemme down and has
him under arrest. Connolly reaches into his back pocket to
cuff him... then winces.

MORRIS (V.O.)

John gets Cadillac Frank's hands
behind his back when he realizes
he's got no handcuffs. And no car
either...

Offscreen, everyone LAUGHS.

27 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK) 27

Connolly -- with an angry Salemme in custody -- hails a cab.

The cab stops and they get in the back, Connolly still with gun in hand. At the cabbie:

CONNOLLY
FBI office, World Trade at Vesey
Street.

28 BACK TO FBI HEADQUARTERS / BOSTON - DAY (PRESENT) 28

MORRIS
OK, I'm done kissin' his ass.
You'll find him a straight shooter
and a go-getter...

As Morris continues, one of the other agents listening -- SARHATT -- mutters under his breath, sarcastic:

SARHATT
At last. A go-getter..

29 INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE - LATER THAT MORNING 29

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

PHOTOS of a BLOODY CRIME SCENE. A document: GENARRO ANGIULO -- FIRST DEGREE MURDER. Connolly reads down to the words at the bottom: "No witnesses," then: "*Charges never filed.*"

He looks through files and files of Mafiosi in Boston. Same results.

30 EXT. LANCASTER GARAGE / BOSTON - DAY 30

A mechanic is working on a souped-up blue Chevy. Whitey stands, arms folded, watching.

WEEKS (V.O.)
Whitey loved cars. One of his favorites was a Chevy that could do 200 miles an hour. If the cops were after him, it could send out a smoke screen, and oil slicks too...

TIGHT SHOT of SMOKE spitting out of the back of the car, enveloping Whitey. Then, an OIL SLICK. We see the police cars chasing Whitey spin out of control.

WEEKS (V.O.)
A fucking Batmobile. Real James Bond shit. Jimmy even had special panels in the doors to hide all sorts of shit. Shotguns. Machine guns...

ANGLE ON secret panels popping open one after another revealing a mini-arsenal.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Now it's doubtful Jimmy was ever gonna be in a high speed chase where'd he have to use that shit -- that car seldom left the garage. But you know what really got out? The myth of Jimmy's car.

We see Weeks pull up in his own car and walk towards Whitey.

WHITEY

(to mechanic)

Charlie. Give me a minute here.

The mechanic leaves. At Weeks:

WHITEY

You get any sleep last night?

WEEKS

Not much. I read the papers. He was--

WHITEY

(interrupting)

I don't want to hear his fuckin' name.

Whitey is suddenly stone cold. Weeks shuts up.

WHITEY

He was a rat. Now he's where every rat belongs. In the sewer.

(then)

I been watching you. You handle yourself good. You don't hesitate. You got something I like to see. How much you make on the door?

WEEKS

Twenty five bucks a night.

Whitey reaches in his pocket, pulls a manila envelope out. Stuffed with bills. Holds it out for Weeks.

WEEKS

That's a thousand dollars.

Weeks reaches for it. Whitey grabs his hand. Looks him straight in the eye.

WHITEY

Lie to your wife. Lie to your girlfriend. Don't ever lie to me. Understand?

(off Weeks' nod)

Now. Did you sleep last night?

Weeks looks at Whitey, searching his eyes for meaning.

WEEKS

Yeah. I slept.

Whitey studies Weeks. Doesn't blink. Then he releases his hand, giving him the cash.

WHITEY

Meet me at the Medway Tavern at six o'clock.

32

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

32

HUNDREDS of outraged South Boston Irish SCREAMING at BUSES carrying terrified BLACK STUDENTS through lines of armed National Guardsmen toward the old stone high school.

Connolly stands at the edge of the angry crowd watching a young State Senator named BILLY, early 30s, CHANTING into a megaphone:

BILLY

No more busing! No more busing! No more busing!

As the crowd eagerly follows his lead, Billy turns to a reporter:

BILLY

Where was I?

REPORTER

(checking his notes)

"It's a social experiment."

BILLY

Exactly. It's a goddamn social experiment and toying with the lives of good, honest, Irish-American families to do it. People who came to this country with nothing but empty stomachs and dirt under their fingernails to work together to build a community. Now suddenly it's "all-y all-y in come fuckin' free." Bullshit. South Boston schools are for South Boston kids. I'm not doing my job as State Fuckin' Senator if--

He stops as he sees two dozen UNIFORMED STATE POLICE arriving with CITY COMMISSIONER Robert DiGrazia. Greeted with hostile jeers by the crowd.

BILLY (CONT'D)

(into the megaphone again)

Ah, I see Commissioner DiGrazia is here with his storm troopers...

The commissioner immediately gets in Billy's face. He's six inches taller, but Billy doesn't back down.

DIGRAZIA

You're exacerbating the situation.

BILLY

Ooh, that's a big word.

BILLY

You're an elected official, Billy. Act like it.

BILLY

This community has a message for you, Commissioner. Go fuck yourself.

(into the megaphone again)

No more busing! No more busing!...

The crowd carries the chant, growing angrier and louder, boiling close to full-blown riot. Billy is alive with power.

A burning trash can is knocked over. Fistfights break out throughout the crowd. A riot ensues. Connolly watches as Billy surveys the carnage with satisfaction.

33 SIGN ON THE WALL OF A CLUB 33

"May you live a hundred years, with an extra year to repent"

33A INT. PRIVATE CLUB - DAY 33A

Connolly follows a hostess down a dark hall that gives way to a men-only, private club, Old Boston style. Tall bookcases. Dark wood. A lunchtime crowd of businessmen, lawyers, politicians. The only women are servers.

Connolly is led to a table. As the hostess puts the man's Scotch down, the man looks up from the sports page of the Boston Globe. It's Billy.

BILLY

You're Darrell Johnson. Fisk's knee is iffy after missing all last season. You need a catcher. Who do you buy: Munson or Tenace?

CONNOLLY

Neither.

BILLY

Why not?

CONNOLLY

Because I'm broke. I'm the fuckin' Sox. I can't afford Munson or Tenace.

BILLY
So what do you do?

CONNOLLY
I built the team around Fisk, so if
he's gone I gotta rebuild. I sell
Tiant, Rice...

BILLY
(incredulous)
You're selling Rice?!

CONNOLLY
... move Lynn to left, Yaz to DH --
even though that whole concept is a
travesty -- and if I'm buying
anyone I'm buying...

BILLY
Gary Carter.

CONNOLLY
Gary Carter.

CONNOLLY
Kid's a superstar in the making.
He's got a rifle for an arm, he can
hit like a motherfucker, and most
important he's a winner.

BILLY
He's perfect. Which is why it's
never gonna happen.

CONNOLLY
Not in a million fuckin' years. You
know why?

BILLY
Because it's the Sox.

CONNOLLY
Because it's the Sox.

BILLY
Fuckin' Sox.

CONNOLLY
Fuckin' Sox.

They clink glasses.

CONNOLLY
So what do I call you now: Billy or
Senator?

BILLY
Come on. I'm fuckin' drooling here.
Sing me "The Ballad of Cadillac
Frank"...

CONNOLLY
You want the bullshit FBI version
or the truth?

BILLY

Whichever's gonna make me laugh harder.

(off Connolly's laugh)

So how's tricks John? How's the wife?

CONNOLLY

Can't complain. How's your brother?

35

EXT. SOUTHIE - DAY

35

As Whitey rolls down the street, humming "The 1812 Overture," he is greeted with warm hellos and polite smiles from everyone he passes. Literally everyone knows him.

He comes upon MRS. CODY, a heavy-set older Irish woman, who has spilled her bag of groceries. Whitey bends down helps her collect the food.

MRS. CODY

(Irish accent)

As I live and breathe, Jimmy Bulger! When did you get out of Alcatraz?

WHITEY

(kind and indulgent)

It's been a long time now, Mrs. Cody.
(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. Hey, you know who I heard is back in town? Remember John Connolly?

MS. CODY

Oh yeah, he lives right over by, um.... near what's her name? The widow. The widow Mahoney.

Whitey nods, getting the information he wanted. He spies a neighborhood kid walking by.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy: 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. Whitey gives him a twenty.

MRS. CODY

Ain't you an angel, Jimmy.

We now understand that Billy is Whitey's younger brother.

BILLY

How is he? Jimmy's Jimmy. How else would he be?

CONNOLLY

I dunno. Sixty, seventy slayings in Southie these past coupla years, a fuckin' war zone it is, bodies showin' up all over... But not Jimmy. Nope. Jimmy and his Winter Hill boys are still out there. He must be doing something right.

BILLY

Or maybe he's just like you, Connolly. Maybe he's just lucky.

Connolly smiles.

CONNOLLY

I'm gonna level with you Billy. Cause I owe you.

BILLY

You don't owe me shit. You were a smart kid. Everybody else on that first campaign was drunk or stupid or both. You made your own way.

CONNOLLY

But you helped me when no one else did. I'm just sayin'...

BILLY

I know what you're sayin'. Let's call this what it is. You're whisperin' sweet nothings in my ear and jerkin' me off under the table to get to Jimmy.

CONNOLLY

Billy--

BILLY

Jimmy's business is Jimmy's business. It sure ain't none of mine.

CONNOLLY

I got an edict. Eradicate the Mafia. I know Whitey and Flemmi are muscling in on their numbers rackets, vending machines. And I know that ain't sitting well with the Italians.

BILLY

I don't want to hear this stuff.

CONNOLLY

We all need friends, Billy. Even Jimmy. Even you. No one gets there alone -- ain't that right, Senator?

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

BILLY

It's good to see you doin' so well, John. Really it is. Give my regards to the boys at the Plaza.

CONNOLLY

(re: the card)

You don't want to give Jimmy that, fine. Just tell him I'm back. Just tell him I said hello.

Billy picks up the number from the table. Reads it like its bad news.

BILLY

You think he doesn't know already?

37 EXT. QUINCY BEACH - NIGHT 37

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

38 INT. PLYMOUTH - NIGHT 38

Connolly takes in the dark, quiet night. His eyes dart from side mirror to rear-view. Nothing.

Then, CLICK. Then, SWOOSH. Suddenly, the passenger seat, one Whitey Bulger. Connolly is caught off guard.

CONNOLLY

What the hell, you parachute in?

WHITEY

(eyeing the city skyline)

You know, a couple centuries ago, Bostonians used to hang bodies of pirates in the Harbor. Did you know that?

CONNOLLY

I did know that, Jimmy. I did know that, as a matter of fact.

WHITEY

You know why?

This time Connolly is silent.

WHITEY

As a warning to anybody considering
a life of crime on the high seas.
You know what that's called?

Again Connolly doesn't.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

The deterrent effect.

CONNOLLY

History lesson over?

WHITEY

For now.

CONNOLLY

You look good, Jim-

WHITEY

You got five minutes.

CONNOLLY

I hear you been doin' good these
past few years. And I--

WHITEY

I know what I been doin', Connolly.
Because I'm the one's been doin'
it. What do you want?

CONNOLLY

In two days Gennaro Anguilo and his
brothers are going to have you
murdered.

WHITEY

Is that so? And how exactly do they
plan to achieve that?

CONNOLLY

That's the kind of information my
side gets. And that's the kind of
information we can *provide*.

WHITEY

(skeptical)
Just like that.

CONNOLLY

Just like that for people who have
friends in law enforcement. It's time
you considered cultivating some.

WHITEY

I'm no fucking rat.

CONNOLLY

It's not ratting. Consider it an alliance.

WHITEY

(still skeptical)

An alliance. Between me and the FBI.

CONNOLLY

No. Between you and me.

WHITEY

I already got a ally.

CONNOLLY

Right. And Steve Flemmi will be there at the garage too when the lead starts flying like fuckin' confetti. I can help you, Jimmy. And you can help me. The whole fuckin' game has changed. I'm not tryin' to clean up, Southie. Fuck that -- I love this place. I'm interested in the North End. Taking down the fuckin' wops. I'm interested in the Mafia. And I bet you are too.

Whitey considers this a moment.

WHITEY

You ever read "The Prince"?

CONNOLLY

Macchiavelli? Yeah, in college.

WHITEY

"A Prince should never make an alliance with one more powerful than himself for the purpose of attacking others... unless necessity compels him, because a Prince is a only Prince when he's not at the discretion of any one."

CONNOLLY

I'll give you a shorter quote. "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." An alliance like this doesn't weaken you, Jimmy. It makes you stronger.

WHITEY

That's five minutes.

He gets out of the car.

CONNOLLY

Will you think about it?

Whitey turns and looks at Connolly levelly.

WHITEY
Welcome home, Connolly.

He walks away into the night.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. QUINCY, MA - NIGHT 39

Whitey parks in the darkness of a quiet alley behind an apartment building. Waits a beat. Gets out of the car.

40 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 40

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

41 INT. LINDSEY CYR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 41

As Whitey enters, waiting for him is LINDSEY CYR, his 23-year-old girlfriend. Her pleasant way a direct contrast to Whitey's constant smoldering.

LINDSEY
(soft)
Hey babe.

But Whitey barely nods in her direction. He's not there for her. He's there for his son who is fast asleep in his room: six year-old DOUGLAS. Blue eyes. White hair. The spitting image of Whitey.

41A INT. CONNOLLY'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT (SAME TIME) 41A

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.

42 INT. LINDSEY CYR'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING 42

Whitey sits with Lindsey and Douglas while they eat breakfast. Whitey does not. But he is unusually relaxed -- doting and loving. Douglas pushes away his half-finished orange juice.

WHITEY
What are you going to do with the rest of that?

DOUGLAS
Not drink it.

WHITEY

Incorrect. You're going to down every drop. Pure Vitamin C. Freshly squeezed by your mother.

He waits for Douglas to obey. Which he does.

WHITEY

Good boy. Now tell me what happened in school yesterday.

DOUGLAS

Nothing much.

Whitey waits. Douglas looks at Lindsey. He sees from her expression that she has shared his news with Whitey.

DOUGLAS

Oh, I remember something that happened.

WHITEY

And what might that be?

DOUGLAS

I got into a little trouble. But it wasn't my fault. I swear to God.

WHITEY

You don't have to swear to God when you tell me something. Your word is more than good enough. I know you would never lie to me.

He lets his last words sink in.

WHITEY

So what was it? What happened that got you into trouble even though it wasn't your fault?

DOUGLAS

Timmy -- he's this kid who's always sticking his foot out and trying to trip me -- Timmy stole my coloring pencils off my desk when my back was turned. So I punched him in the face.

WHITEY

And that's why you think you got in trouble? Because you punched him in the face?

Douglas nods.

WHITEY

I must correct you, my darling boy. And I want you to listen very carefully -- finish your eggs;

(MORE)

WHITEY (cont'd)
 they're filled with protein and
 protein makes you strong -- I want
 you to listen very carefully
 because there's a lesson in what
 I'm about to tell you and you'll be
 able to use that lesson again and
 again throughout your whole life.
 You did not get into trouble
 because you punched this sneaky kid
 Timmy in the face. Not at all.
 (off the boy's confusion)
 You got into trouble because you
 punched this sneaky kid Timmy in
 the face IN FRONT OF OTHER PEOPLE.

Douglas bursts out laughing.

LINDSEY
 Jimmy! Do you really think--

WHITEY
 Yes. I absolutely do think!
 (to Douglas)
 So the lesson you must learn is:
 It's not what you do, it's when you
 do it, where you do it, and whom
 you do it to or with. You follow
 what I'm saying?

DOUGLAS
 (nodding)
 Punch people when no one is
 looking.

WHITEY
 Exactly! What a brilliant boy my
 Dougie is!

LINDSEY
 Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

WHITEY
 Don't say another word! The boy is
 learning. He's absorbing! Go get
 ready for school.

Douglas leaves.

WHITEY
 He's one magnificent kid. Reminds
 me of me.

LINDSEY
 I really want Douglas to have your
 name.

WHITEY
 I would love nothing more. But
 we've been over this, Lindsey.

LINDSEY

Don't you want him to grow up proud? Why shouldn't everyone know that he's your son? That's what names are for! Douglas Bulger! Just say it. Douglas Bulger!

WHITEY

It's too dangerous.

LINDSEY

Dangerous? Shouldn't you be thinking of Douglas instead of yourself?

Whitey turns firmer. A step away from cold.

WHITEY

I am thinking of Douglas -- what are you, stupid all of a sudden? Sometimes it's not possible to do what you know is right. Life isn't always simple... in case you hadn't noticed.

Lindsey frowns. Whitey gives her a look that says: "You know I'm right."

44

INT. WHITEY'S APARTMENT / SOUTHIE - LATER THAT MORNING

44

Whitey enters his own simply furnished apartment.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Jimmy? Is that you?

Whitey's MOTHER emerges from the darkness, dressed in a nightgown. She is in her 70s, Irish as corned beef and cabbage. He gives her a kiss on the forehead.

WHITEY

Mornin' Mom.

MOM

How was work?

WHITEY

Exhausting. I gotta go to sleep.

MOM

You still owe me 56 dollars. What do you say?

Whitey shakes his head. Knows what she wants. He goes into the kitchen, pulls out a deck of cards. Mother sits down as she grabs a pad and pencil.

Whitey shuffles the deck and starts to deal.

MOM

Gin.

WHITEY

Gin again?

MOM

What are you, not payin' attention?
Can't you see I'm after hearts? And
you just keep feeding me hearts.

WHITEY

I'm gettin' creamed here.

MOM

Didn't you learn nothin' in prison?
You got all those hours -- no one
taught you how to play gin?

WHITEY

Alright, let's not start this again.

REVEAL Billy cooking up a skillet of eggs. We get the idea:
they all live together, or at least come and go like they do.

BILLY

I just heard Old Mother Burke over
on Baker Street died. They didn't
find her for a month.

MOM

When they broke down the door her
cats had devoured the best part of
her.

BILLY

That's beautiful, Ma. Who's hungry?

Billy sits and starts dishing out the food.

WHITEY

I'll wait. I'll sleep first.

BILLY

OK. Hypothetical question. We're on
a plane and it goes down in the
desert. I'm dead. Jimmy's dead. Mom
survives. There's no food. Which
one of us do you eat first, Ma?

MOM

(without hesitation)

You.

BILLY

Why me?

MOM

I got dentures. Jimmy's wiry.
There's no way I'm gonna be able to
chew through Jimmy. You just look
more tender.

WHITEY

She's right. You do.

BILLY

(offended)
Tender how. Like fat?

WHITEY

Relax. It's a hypothetical question.

MOM

(at Jimmy, re Billy)
He looks tender, right?

WHITEY

He does. He looks real tender.

MOM

So I'd eat him.
(at Billy)
I'd eat you.

WHITEY

(enjoying this)
She'd eat you, Billy. And you know
what I think? I think she'd do it
even before she got real hungry.
(throws his cards in)
I'm gettin' creamed here.

He gets up to go to the head. Billy follows him. Out of
earshot of their mom now. Whitey unzips and takes a leak.

WHITEY

How's your friend Connolly?

BILLY

(deadpan)
He's come home to put an end to the
Mafia in Boston. Just like he did
in New York.

WHITEY

That so?

BILLY

Said something about needin'
friends in hard times.

Whitey looks at Billy. What passes between them is an arcane
understanding between brothers.

45A INT. BARE WINDOWLESS OFFICE

45A

Which we now understand is an FBI interrogation room. Back to Weeks giving his statement:

WEEKS

When the Mafia wanted to fuck with you, it wasn't always with goombah goon tactics: a bat cracking your skull, an arm twisted out of its socket. Sometimes they would REALLY fuck with you by turning your own people against you...

46 INT. WHITEY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

46

Whitey drives along with Weeks and another gangster named TOMMY KING: mid 30s, tough.

Suddenly a SIREN BLARES. Whitey looks back to see a Boston police car behind them. Whitey doesn't blink. The COP addresses them over a loudspeaker:

COP

Pull over to the curb and keep your hands on the wheel.

TOMMY

What's he stoppin' us for? You weren't doin' nothin'.

Whitey pulls over and the cop follows suit. The cop gets out and walks towards Whitey's window. Clearly Irish-American. Clearly Whitey knows him.

COP

Look what crawled out of the gutter.

WHITEY

Good afternoon, Officer Walsh. I was going sixty in a sixty-five mile an hour zone. Does that get me locked up for life?

TOMMY

Yeah! Why don't you do your fucking job instead of trying to jerk off on us, you pathetic stiff.

WHITEY

Calm down Tommy. I'm sure the officer didn't stop us by accident. You wouldn't be carrying a message, would you?

COP

I am, in fact. Gerry Anguilo sends his regards.

(MORE)

COP (cont'd)

He says he's confident you're not gonna cause any problems for him... because the only thing that would do is cause much worse problems for yourself.

TOMMY

Listen you guinea-licking turncoat motherfucker, you think because you're wearing some Girl Scout uniform you can--

WHITEY

Tommy! Can it.

King relents. Whitey turns to the cop again.

WHITEY

It's a sad day in Derry -- or Boston, for that matter -- when a native son takes up with the oppressor. There's a word for that. I think you know the one. And the penalty is death.

COP

Are you threatening me, Bulger? You threatening an officer of the law?

WHITEY

Oh no. Never. The last thing I would do if I were planning to harm you would be warn you in advance.

47 INT. TRIPLE O'S - THAT NIGHT

47

Tommy King is at the bar, drunk out of his mind. Mumbling to his drinking companion BUDDY LEONARD, mid 30s, equally soused.

TOMMY

So help me, I'm gonna do that cocksucker. That turncoat motherfucker...

From down the bar, Whitey perks up. Sharp:

WHITEY

Hey, hey, HEY! You're not fuckin' killing anyone. And you're not killing a fuckin' cop anytime. What are you, crazy?

TOMMY

Fuck you, Whitey.

He moves toward where Whitey. Leonard looks alarmed.

LEONARD

Hey, take it easy Tommy.

King raises his fist. Whitey looks at it. He is stoic, but oozing menace: enough to stop King in his tracks. King, red in the face and plastered, thinks the better of it. He backs off, lurching out of the joint.

LEONARD

He's just drunk, Jimmy. I'll smooth it all over. Don't worry about nothin'. I can take care of this.

WHITEY

Do I look worried?

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

As four huge Italians enter the bar. They immediately surround Whitey.

WHITEY

Why does it suddenly stink of garlic in here?

BIG ITALIAN

(ignoring the dig)

Mickey Maloney's been shakin' down bookies on East Broadway. Those bookies are our bookies. Gennaro don't appreciate people interfering with his business.

WHITEY

Guess we're even then. I don't appreciate Gennaro in my fuckin' neighborhood.

BIG ITALIAN

You don't own this neighborhood.

Whitey looks at him. Icy. Much like he looked at Tommy.

WHITEY

You know who *does* own this neighborhood, predominantly? Irish people. And there are very few, very few fucking Italians like you around here.

ITALIAN GUY #2

(to his pals)

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 #2

You wanna suck my dick, pretty boy?

A long pause as Whitey just stares the men down. Not intimidated in the least.

WHITEY

I think it's time you guys vacate the premises.

The Italians turn to go, but it's clear this ain't over.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Jimmy was gettin' squeezed left and right. It was mostly small stuff, but it added up. But after the visit from Anguilo's enforcers, then things turned real ugly...

48 INT. CAR / SOUTHIE - NIGHT 48

Whitey's man MICKEY MALONEY -- who the Italians just complained about -- is parked, eating a foot-long hot dog. A motorcycle pulls up alongside.

MOTORCYCLIST

Hey Mickey.

As Mickey turns, the biker SHOTS HIM through the window -- FIVE QUICK SHOTS -- then ROARS off through the red light.

49 INT. TRIPLE O'S - NIGHT 49

Whitey is in the back when one of his soldiers comes in.

PETHEY

They hit Mickey, in his car over St. Mark's. Five shots to head and chest.

Whitey boils with anger.

50 EXT. BOSTON STREET/PAYPHONE - LATE NIGHT 50

Whitey pulls up to a payphone just a block away from the JFK Federal Building.

He slides out of his car gracefully, removing a quarter from his pocket, and flips it with practiced aplomb, catching it and then depositing it in the proper slot as he arrives at the phone.

He pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and --ever watchful for germs -- uses it to hold the receiver as he dials. He waits for it to connect, then speaks:

WHITEY

Still at work at 9 o'clock? You're a diligent little mick, aren't you?

INTERCUT now with Connolly at his desk in the empty FBI office, just down the block.

CONNOLLY

Jimmy?

WHITEY

I'm parked on the corner. I figured maybe you'd like to truck your ass down here so we can take a nice, leisurely drive and check out some of the old sights.

We stay with Whitey as he listens to Connolly's reply, which we don't hear. Whitey hangs up and heads back to his car, humming Beethoven's 7th as he goes.

WHITEY

BUP-DE-DUM, BUP-DE-DUM,
BUP-DE-DUM, BUP-DE-DUM...

50A INT. WHITEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

50A

As he gets in, he has started conducting the music. He clicks on the car stereo and now the ACTUAL MUSIC BLASTS OUT, accompanied by Whitey's increasingly expansive gesticulations.

Connolly appears outside the car. Whitey seems entirely oblivious to him. Connolly KNOCKS on the window, gently at first and then with increasing force. Whitey doesn't look up until the symphony ends.

51 EXT. BOSTON STREETS (DRIVING) - SOON AFTER

51

Whitey speeds and weaves with great recklessness but great skill. He's exhilarated. Connolly is amused, terrified, and mystified all at once.

WHITEY

What I'm going to say I'm only going to say ONCE. If you and I are going to be affiliated, then I'm going to hold you accountable for every syllable I utter over the next three minutes.

CONNOLLY

I'm listening.

Whitey seems to take a mental detour into a fond memory.

WHITEY

Do you remember when we were all altar boys, John?

CONNOLLY

I do indeed, Jimmy.

WHITEY

No wonder the Bureau craves your talents.

Just as quickly, Whitey snaps out of his reverie.

WHITEY

So if I'm going to be involved in any way in a deal with the FBI, first, I don't need one penny of your fucking dirty cop money.

CONNOLLY

So far we're good with that.

WHITEY

Second, I will never hurt or adversely affect any of my friends or financial partners. Third, I will never do anything which will harm, impede, or otherwise slow the progress of the IRA in its inexorable march to liberation from the subhuman scum that comprises their British oppressors.

CONNOLLY

Amen to that, Jimmy.

WHITEY

However, I am not averse to seeing those illiterate wop garbage collectors who fancy themselves tough guy Mafiosos buried alive.

CONNOLLY

That's exactly what the Bureau wants too. La Cosa Nostra. That's our target. That's our mandate. We've got the same goal, you and me.

WHITEY

Fine. So fuck 'em. If they wanna play checkers, we'll play chess.

Connolly beams.

WHITEY

Now let's just be clear. I don't consider it ratting to help to crush those parasites. I consider it the performance of a civic duty.

CONNOLLY

I couldn't have said it better myself.

WHITEY

So we don't really need to make this conversation any more specific or elaborate than it's already been, do we?

CONNOLLY
I wouldn't think so, Jimmy.

WHITEY
(turning cold)
You wouldn't think? What is there
to THINK about?

CONNOLLY
Nothing. It's just an expression.
You can pretty much do whatever you
want, Jimmy. No one'll raise an
eyebrow... long as you're leading
us into some big busts.

WHITEY
And thereby advancing your glorious
career.

CONNOLLY
There's only one restriction from
our side.

WHITEY
And what's that?

CONNOLLY
You can't kill anyone. That's it.

Whitey stares icily at Connolly who grows increasingly
nervous. But silence seems to imply consent.

WHITEY
One more thing. You tell my brother
about this and I'll slit your
throat. Good night.

Whitey stops the car and winks. Connolly is thrown; is Whitey
fucking with him?

He gets out and closes the door. Whitey drives away.

52 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING / QUINCY - NIGHT 52

We see Whitey park his car and again use back alleys to make
his way to Lindsey's apartment. His nightly ritual.

53 INT. LINDSEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 53

Whitey stands at Douglas' door, watching him sleep. Whitey
could do this all night.

LINDSEY
Didn't hear you come in.

WHITEY
Go back to bed.

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

WHITEY
(concerned)
Sick? Sick with what? I'll call a
doctor.

LINDSEY
It's just a little fever. Chicken
pox. He'll be fine in a couple
days.

Whitey still looks concerned, but takes her at her word.

WHITEY
I gotta go.

LINDSEY
(flirting; takes his hand)
Why don't you stay?

But Whitey isn't interested. He slips out without so much as a
goodbye. Lindsey is hurt.

54 INT. WHITEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING 54

Once again, Whitey's in the kitchen at daybreak, playing gin
with his mother.

CUT TO:

55 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / FITZPATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY 55

Connolly, Morris, and Sarhatt stand in front of their boss,
the Special Agent-in-Charge of the Boston Field Office,
ROBERT FITZPATRICK, 50s.

Fitzpatrick is at reading a report on Whitey, prepared by
Connolly. Connolly is in salesman mode:

CONNOLLY
This is potentially the biggest
opportunity the Bureau will have
ever had in the history of the city
of Boston.

FITZPATRICK
I've always been a firm believer in
what my father used to say: "If it
seems too good to be true, then it
probably isn't."

CONNOLLY
And as my father used to say:
"Don't look a gift horse in the
mouth."

FITZPATRICK

If I remember correctly, that's how the Trojans lost the war.

CONNOLLY

This is the only way we're going to win this war.

SARHATT

Before we go flying any further off the handle, it might help to recall that Whitey Bulger is an ex-con and that his parole category is "Supervised Release Status" -- which we would be required to get withdrawn or be in violation of Bureau regulations.

CONNOLLY

So? Then we either withdraw or we violate! What we don't do -- unless we're clinically insane -- is blow this chance. And by the way, it's Jimmy not Whitey. The only thing you'll get out of him if you call him Whitey is a smack.

SARHATT

Is that so? We're supposed to cater to his whims?

CONNOLLY

If it gets us Anguilo, yeah.

FITZPATRICK

And what makes you think he'd be a reliable source and not a double-crossing asshole?

CONNOLLY

We grew up together in Southie. Whitey, his brother Billy, and me. That's a bond that doesn't get broken. If he gives his word, he'll keep it.

SARHATT

Great: now we're relying on the word of criminals.

CONNOLLY

Whitey's no ordinary criminal.

FITZPATRICK

You're right about that...

Fitzpatrick takes a file about Whitey off his desk. Reads:

FITZPATRICK

'A vicious animal who won't 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 is beginning to lose it now.

CONNOLLY

I cannot fucking believe -- pardon my French -- what I'm hearing! Looking over the reports I've seen, the guys you've been arresting have given you absolutely nothing, zero, nada. Four Mafia murders in the North End this month alone and you don't have a legitimate case on any of them. The Angiulos are cackling at us. We're a bunch of clowns to them. You *like* wearing a red nose and floppy shoes? If we're serious about bringing down the Italians, Jimmy is the only way.

SARHATT

What about these LSD experiments when he was in prison? Like a hundred times they gave it to him?

CONNOLLY

It was only fifty times. Anyway, who else they gonna experiment on? He got three dollars and three days off his bid for each trip. That's a hundred and fifty bucks and almost six months time off. Wouldn't you have taken that?

SARHATT

And I'm sure it didn't French fry his brain at all. Whitey Bulger wasn't the most stable guy in the world even *before* Uncle Sam dosed him with acid a hundred times.

CONNOLLY

I told you, it was only fifty.

FITZPATRICK

(torn)

What do you think, Morris?

Morris ponders this a minute.

MORRIS

I think we have more to gain than to lose. I think we go with Connolly on this one. Bring Whitey into the tent.

Fitzpatrick considers this a beat. Then:

FITZPATRICK

No drugs and no murder.

CONNOLLY

Goes without saying. Of course. No way.

FITZPATRICK

And he has to know we can't offer him protection if he becomes the subject of any criminal investigation -- which is an ongoing possibility.

SARHATT

An ongoing *certainty*.

CONNOLLY

(ignoring Sarhatt)
I'll make it crystal clear.

Another beat.

FITZPATRICK

OK. He's in.

Connolly beams.

56 INT. CONNOLLY'S OFFICE - LATER 56

We see a file labeled: **TOP ECHELON INFORMANT: James 'Whitey' Bulger, code name 'Charlie.'**

57 INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 57

WEEKS

I never knew Jimmy was an informer. I knew he had connections in the FBI. I just thought he had *them* on the take.

FBI INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

He never filled you in on any of this?

WEEKS

No, I just figured he'd maneuvered them, you know? Reshaped the battlefield. Like Whitey always did...

58 EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREET - DAY 58

Whitey gets out of his car and walks up the street. Humming CLASSICAL MUSIC again.

WEEKS (V.O.)

One of his first moves was against his own...

59 INT. STAIRCASE / WEEKS' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 59

Whitey knocks on a door. It opens. Weeks is standing there in his boxer shorts.

WHITEY

Get dressed. King has outlasted his usefulness.

60 EXT. OUTSIDE MULLEN'S CLUB - DAY 60

Tommy King stands jawing with a couple other Irish-American tough guys, taking nips out of a flask. Whitey pulls up. He rolls down the window to talk to Tommy.

WHITEY

We need you. We're looking for Suitcase.

TOMMY

Suitcase. What the fuck did Suitcase do?

WHITEY

He's a rat. He set up Mickey.

TOMMY

OK. Hang on a minute...

61 INT. MULLEN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS 61

TOMMY

Hey Paulie, you got my vest?

The barman reaches under the bar and hands Tommy a Vietnam-era Army surplus bulletproof vest.

TOMMY

Thanks. And gimme a shot.

He pours him a shot. Tommy sinks it.

TOMMY

Put it on my tab.

62 INT. WHITEY'S CAR - SAME TIME 62

Weeks is waiting with a goon named JOHNNY MARTORANO. The radio is playing Clapton's cover of "I Shot the Sheriff."

MARTORANO
Great fuckin' song.

WEEKS
It's reggae.

MARTORANO
What the fuck is "reggae"?

WEEKS
What are you, slow? Jamaican music.
Bob Marley did the original.

MARTORANO
Who the fuck is Bob Marley?

Tommy arrives -- wearing his flak vest -- and gets in the front seat, interrupting the conversation.

TOMMY
Hey Johnny. Kevin.

WEEKS
Fuck you wearing Tommy?

TOMMY
You like it? All the Guineas over South Street are wearin' 'em this season.

MARTORANO
Makes you look like a fuckin' fag is what it does.

TOMMY
We'll see who's the fag when it stops a coupla rounds.

ANGLE ON STEVE FLEMMI

Walking across the street toward them, carrying a small package. He hands it through the window to Whitey who removes three handguns. Hands them out, then speaks into a walkie talkie.

WHITEY
Everybody ready to head out?

We hear VOICES on the walkie chime in.

WHITEY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
OK, let's do it.

62A INT. WHITEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

62A

They travel in silence for a beat. Tommy looks pained. Broaches an unpleasant subject:

TOMMY

Listen Jimmy, that business the other night. I was way out of line.

WHITEY

Forget it Tommy. You were drunk.

TOMMY

I'm just sayin' it won't happen again...

WHITEY

Relax. But keep an eye on it, OK? Booze is for losers.

MARTORANO

You sure you're Irish, Jimmy?

LAUGHTER. Just then, in the back, Weeks SNEEZES. Whitey bristles. SILENCE. Martorano looks at Weeks, who is clueless.

WEEKS

What?

WHITEY

Who sneezed?

Weeks looks at Martorano. What the fuck is going on?

WEEKS

Uh. It was me, Jimmy.

WHITEY

I know it was you. You know how I know? 'Cause I felt it. I felt it on the back of my fuckin' neck. Are you sick?

WEEKS

No. I'm fine.

WHITEY

If you're fine then why did you sneeze?

WEEKS

I must have an allergy.

WHITEY

(growing enraged)
You sneeze all over the fuckin' car now, hey presto, we all get sick.

MARTORANO

How long you had the cold?

WEEKS

I don't have a fuckin' cold. I told you. It's hayfever or somethin'.

MARTORANO
 (at the others)
 I'm just saying if he's had it a
 week it's not contagious.

WEEKS
 I don't HAVE a fuckin' cold.

WHITEY
 Oh that's great. That's a big
 relief. Meanwhile my fuckin' neck
 is coated in fuckin' slime.

WEEKS
 I'm sorry. I won't sneeze again.

WHITEY
 You can't *control* if you're gonna
 sneeze. Do me a favor? If you're
 sick, stay home. Alright? I don't
 want you sneezing all over the
 fuckin' car. You hear me? Be a
 fuckin' professional.

WEEKS
 OK. I promise.

WHITEY
 You know what Kevin. Don't. DO NOT
 sneeze on me ever again.

WEEKS
 I promise. I won't sneeze.

WHITEY
 Jesus fuckin' Christ.

They drive. Whitey keeps wiping his neck, appalled. Unable to
 get past this. Then:

WHITEY
 Tommy, do me a favor.

TOMMY
 Sure, Jimmy. What?

WHITEY
 When you see him, give my regards
 to Mickey Maloney.

Without warning Martorano leans forward from the back seat
 and puts a pistol to the back of Tommy King's head and FIRES.
 Tommy's head EXPLODES. Blood SPLATTERS everywhere. Whitey is
 instantly furious.

WHITEY (cont'd)
 This is terrific. This just gets
 better and better. First a fucking
 sneeze, now this...

(MORE)

WHITEY (cont'd)
 If this was my car I'd have put a
 bullet in your fucking head by now.
 Look at this mess!

MARTORANO
 What'd I do?

WHITEY
 You shoot down. All the brains go
down! Not up!

Red with anger, he speaks into the walkie.

WHITEY
 Come in Stevie.

MARTORANO
 (quietly, to the others)
 You never really know how a head's
 gonna explode. Right?

FLEMMI (O.S.)
 (over walkie)
 Yeah, Jimmy.

WHITEY (cont'd)
 (into walkie)
 Stevie, do me a favor, run into
 Shelly's and get some Windex and
 some Armor All.

FLEMMI (O.S.)
 (over walkie)
 Arma what?

WHITEY
 The stuff that cleans fake leather.
 Gimme your hat.

Kevin hands over his Red Sox cap.

WHITEY (cont'd)
 Fuckin' covered in germs...

Whitey places the baseball cap on Tommy's bloody, no-longer-
 functioning head.

WHITEY (cont'd)
 That's it. Sleep it off you fuckin'
 rat. Fat lotta good your fuckin'
 flak vest did you today.

WEEKS
 Tommy's was a rat?

WHITEY
 It was Tommy ratted out Mickey to
 the North End. Good fuckin'
 riddance to him.

63 EXT. URBAN WATERWAY / BOSTON - NIGHT 63

A neglected area of town by a filthy waterway. Whitey watches as Martorano and Weeks drag Tommy's body to a freshly dug hole and dump him in.

WEEKS (V.O.)

As time went on, they buried so many bodies in that shithole, it became known as the Bulger Burial Ground...

64 EXT. BAR / SOUTHIE - NIGHT 64

We see Buddy Leonard, Tommy King's old drinking buddy, coming out of a bar, stumbling drunk.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Then there were the ones Jimmy didn't bother to hide. The ones he wanted people to find...

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Whitey jumps Leonard and pushes him into a waiting car. Whitey SHOTS HIM in the head.

65 EXT. CENTRAL BOSTON - LATER THAT NIGHT 65

We see Whitey walk away from that same car, leaving Leonard's corpse in it in a conspicuous spot right in the middle of the city.

Weeks pulls up in another car. Whitey casually gets in and they drive away.

66 SERIES OF CRIME SCENE PHOTOS 66

Of Leonard's body. Bulbs FLASHING. Reporters everywhere as the police try to keep them back.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Buddy Leonard was Tommy King's best friend in the Winter Hill gang. So Whitey was consolidating his power base. He was taking control, you know?...

67 INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 67

WEEKS

But you dumb fucks didn't seem to get it. Jimmy was a small town player who mattered only in Southie. A badass, but small time. The next thing you know, he's a goddamn kingpin. Because you let him be.

(laughing)

Mind you, I wasn't complaining...

67A EXT. MOVIE THEATER / SOUTHIE - NIGHT 67A

Whitey walks in with different girlfriend -- not Lindsey. On the marquee above them, "URBAN COWBOY."

WEEKS (V.O.)

Yeah, Jimmy was really feeling his oats...

67B INT. MOVIE THEATER / SOUTHIE - NIGHT 67B

Whitey and the girl sit watching John Travolta. Whitey is mesmerized.

WEEKS (V.O.)

He loved "Urban Cowboy." Not the story so much -- Jimmy was no redneck -- but Travolta's cowboy boots. And in no time at all, he found a bootery to his liking...

67C INT. BOOT SHOP / BOSTON - NIGHT 67C

LOW ANGLE: we see Whitey walking around in a brand new pair of custom-made COWBOY BOOTS and TIGHT JEANS. Checking himself out in the store's mirror.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Jimmy immediately connected with the guy who owned the place. He started hanging out there a lot...

We see Whitey paying the BOOT STORE OWNER in cash.

OWNER

(handing a bill back)
Jimmy, you gave me a hundred dollars too much.

WHITEY

(refusing it)
No I didn't.

68 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / BOSTON - DAY 68

Sarhatt is holding up the front page of the Boston Globe, with the headline: "**Gangland Slaying**" and a photo of Buddy Leonard's corpse.

SARHATT

What do we have here?

CONNOLLY

Must be the Italians. A warning to Winter Hill and the other micks.

SARHATT

Wouldn't be the Irish themselves, by any chance, would it?

CONNOLLY
Doesn't make sense. Why would
Winter Hill kill one of their own
and leave the body out where
someone's going to find it?

SARHATT
In-house squabble?

CONNOLLY
If it was that they'd bury the body
where no one could find it.

SARHATT
(sarcastically)
Well, what does your source Whitey
Bulger -- sorry, Jimmy Bulger --
have to say about this? Maybe he
can shed some light.

68A INT. CONNOLLY'S CAR (PARKED), QUINCY BEACH - NIGHT 68A

Connolly and Whitey meet covertly in the same oceanside spot.

CONNOLLY
My comrades are very antsy about
this Buddy Leonard thing.

WHITEY
Who do think did it?

CONNOLLY
The wops probably. But they're not
sure.

WHITEY
Course it was the wops. Who else
would it be?

Connolly takes this at face value -- it's the answer he
wants. Not eager to ask any follow-ups.

CONNOLLY
There's something else you oughta
know, Jimmy.

WHITEY
The Bruins need a new goalie. I
know.

CONNOLLY
Something you oughta know as we go
forward with this.

Whitey waits, stoic.

CONNOLLY
You're not the only one been
working with us.

Whitey's brow goes up ever so slightly.

WHITEY

Do tell.

69

INT. GYM / SOUTHIE - DAY

69

Whitey finishes an impressive weightlifting routine. Flemmi watches. They are alone except for a maintenance man emptying trash cans.

FLEMMI

Fuck man! Where do you get the energy for this shit?

Whitey walks slowly over to Flemmi and stops just short of him. He taps his head.

WHITEY

From here. Where everything comes from.

Flemmi looks utterly baffled. Whitey swigs some water.

WHITEY

Can I trust you, Stevie?

FLEMMI

What?

WHITEY

You didn't hear me?

FLEMMI

Of course you can trust me. You can trust me with your life.

WHITEY

(casually)

I'm glad. Cause I'm gonna tell you a series of facts. Fact number one: I'm making a deal with the FBI. Fact number two: I'm not a rat.

FLEMMI

(shocked)

You're informing to the FBI?

WHITEY

What did you just say? That you trust me completely, right?

FLEMMI

Yeah, but that was before you told me what you just told me!

WHITEY

I'm a little disappointed in you,
Stevie. More than a little,
actually.

FLEMMI

I'm sorry Jimmy. It's just a shock.
I mean, *informing*--

WHITEY

(interrupting)

There's informing and then there's
informing. Informing you should be
chopped up and thrown in a garbage
bag for. Informing you're the scum
of the scum. But it's not informing
when you're bringing down the
cocksuckers who deserve to be
brought down. Like the fuckin'
Brits in the Six Counties. Or the
wops in the North End.

FLEMMI

Fair enough.

WHITEY

Plus, in this case, there's a
bonus. A business opportunity.
Which is getting the FBI to fight
our war against our enemy while
they protect us doing whatever the
fuck we wanna do.

FLEMMI

(impressed)

Genius, Jimmy.

Whitey looks at him coldly.

WHITEY

Now, is there something you want to
tell me?

FLEMMI

(puzzled)

Not that I can think of.

Whitey continues to glare at him. Flemmi starts to sweat.

FLEMMI

Why you looking at me like that?

WHITEY

Take your time Stevie. No rush.

Flemmi sweats some more. He knows Whitey knows. No more use
pretending. Wincing:

FLEMMI

I was talking to the Feds myself.
Back in the Sixties.

Whitey slowly nods. His silence inviting more.

FLEMMI (cont'd)

Maybe a little longer than that. My
contact was--

WHITEY

Paul Rico.

FLEMMI

(stunned Whitey knew)
I had no fuckin' choice, Jimmy.
After that Barboza shit--

WHITEY

Rico was small time. John Connolly
is our man now.

FLEMMI

And who the fuck is John Connolly
when he's home?

WHITEY

The Bureau's Great White Hope in
Boston. A Southie like me. We grew
up together.

Flemmi takes all this in. It's a lot to process. He's
relieved that Whitey is including him, not furious with him.
But it's still a huge leap.

FLEMMI

So this is us now? This is what
we're doing?

WHITEY

(singing quietly)
*Shadow of shame
Has never fallen our name
May the food from my bosom you drew
Turn to poison if you turn untrue...*

Flemmi is stunned by Whitey's beautiful voice.

WHITEY

You know what that song's about?

Flemmi doesn't want to look stupid.

WHITEY

An Irish mother urging her son to
die rather than inform. Gives you an
idea of the great Irish tradition of
hating the informer. Of course, you
know what that also means.

FLEMMI

What?

WHITEY

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

69A INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

69A

WEEKS

From the get-go Jimmy saw his deal with Connolly as a blank check to do whatever the fuck he wanted. There was just one problem. That was news to the FBI...

69B INT. STRIP CLUB / SOUTH BOSTON - DAY

69B

As the dancers gyrate, a clandestine meeting is in progress in the back between Connolly and Morris and an obese, low-level mobster aptly named FAT TONY.

FAT TONY

What we do is, we bribe jockeys, trainers, racetrack officials. They make sure certain horses don't finish in the money.

CONNOLLY

And who's running this operation?

FAT TONY

Whitey Bulger and Stevie Flemmi.

69C INT. CONNOLLY'S CAR / EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT -
SOON AFTER

69C

Connolly and Morris are driving away after the meeting. Morris looks deeply rattled.

MORRIS

Jesus, John.

CONNOLLY

What?

MORRIS

(astonished)

What? Our prime informants are running a bribery and gambling operation, that's what!

CONNOLLY

It's nothing. I'll take care of it.

69E INT. JOHN F. KENNEDY FEDERAL BUILDING - NEXT DAY

69E

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

Inside it, JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN -- every inch the distinguished US attorney -- is at his desk when Connolly barges in, trailing a sputtering 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 goddam Easter Bunny. You don't barge in here like that.

CONNOLLY

I can hand you the Angiulo brothers.

That gets O'Sullivan's attention. He gestures his secretary away.

O'SULLIVAN

It's okay, Molly. And close the door when you go.

Irritated at Connolly, the secretary 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

(snorting)

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

CONNOLLY

Believe it.

O'Sullivan is surprised -- and impressed.

CONNOLLY

One tiny problem. Bulger and Flemmi are peripheral players in this racetrack fix. If they go down, we never get the Angiulos.

O'Sullivan is interested -- very interested. Connolly sees an opening he can exploit. He dangles the carrot some more.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)
It'd be the biggest Mafia bust in
FBI history. And it'd be on your
watch.

O'Sullivan mulls this, almost hooked. Then:

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

CONNOLLY
Done and done. Pleasure doing
business with you.

69F INT. CONNOLLY'S PLYMOUTH (MOVING) - EVENING 69F

Dressed for dinner, Connolly and Marianne drive through
Southie. Marianne looks like she's headed to the gallows.

MARIANNE
I can't believe you dragged me into
this.

CONNOLLY
Come on, get in the spirit of
things. It'll be fun.

70 INT. BILLY BULGER'S HOME / SOUTHIE - LATER 70

Billy and his wife, Whitey, and Connolly and Marianne are at
the dinner table, finishing up their meal. Connolly sits
tall, feeling like a big man. Marianne looks like she'd
rather be anywhere else in the world.

BILLY
Marianne, how you taking to
Southie?

MARIANNE
Well, it's different.

WHITEY
Damn straight it's different. You
should get down to Saint Monica's.
Do some charity work. It'll help
you get some community pride.
You've got some catching up to do.

Connolly gives Marianne a desperate smile. She's insulted,
being talked to this way. Billy gets up to put a record on
the turntable.

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

BILLY'S WIFE

Billy? Can we save the music for a little later?

BILLY

It's a good time to work off the dinner. Before coffee and dessert.

The MUSIC begins: an uptempo drumbeat. Billy begins to dance. Connolly is amused and starts to CLAP along.

BILLY'S WIFE

(to Marianne)

Billy's just a fool for music.

Billy's wife gets up and joins her husband. Enjoying themselves. Whitey watches, amused.

Billy dances over and pulls Connolly and Marianne up.

BILLY

Come on...

Marianne is resistant but Billy is insistent, and -- in his way -- charming. The beat grows FASTER, the dancing more frantic. Billy, his wife, and Connolly form a circle around Marianne, LAUGHING and dancing and singing along. Whitey doesn't join in (and Billy knows not to ask).

Some of Billy's kids come into the room and start dancing with everyone else too. As the song ends:

BILLY

Dessert!

The kids go wild.

71

EXT. BILLY BULGER'S HOME - LATER THAT NIGHT

71

Connolly and Whitey are on the porch. In the b.g., back inside, we can see Billy chatting with Marianne. Softer Irish music playing now.

CONNOLLY

It's good Flemmi's coming along with us. Makes things easier.

WHITEY

It helps that he's got some of that Italian blood inside him. So the wops accept him a little more -- the dumb fucks. So whatever he hears, ultimately, I hear.

CONNOLLY

You heard any more about the Buddy Leonard killing?

WHITEY
 (fronting)
 No. You?

A PHONE RINGING can be heard from inside the house.

CONNOLLY
 The Bureau's come round to
 accepting that it was the Angiulos.

WHITEY
 As they should.

CONNOLLY
 What about Tommy King? He's gone
 missing too.

WHITEY
 Probably in some cement somewhere.
 Tommy was a drunk and a loudmouth.
 Lotta people wanted *him* dead.

BILLY
 Jimmy! Phone for you!

Whitey goes inside. Billy hands him the phone.

WHITEY
 (into phone)
 Yeah... (listening) He's where...?
 Whaddya talking about?

Whitey goes pale. The first time we've ever seen him truly
 shaken.

WHITEY
 Which hospital?

72 EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 72

We see Whitey's car PEEL OUT.

72A INT. WHITEY'S CAR (MOVING) / SOUTHIE - NIGHT 72A

Whitey speeds through the Southie backstreets, his face fixed
 in grim determination.

WEEKS (V.O.)
 None of us knew that Whitey had a
 kid. He kept it a secret. Just like
 we never knew he was living with
 another woman and *her* four kids...

75 EXT. SOUTH SHORE HOSPITAL - NIGHT 75

Whitey's car SCREECHES to a halt in front of the hospital. He
 jumps out -- leaving it parked totally illegally of course,
 with the lights still on -- and rushes into the building.

76

INT. SOUTH SHORE HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

76

We see him racing down a corridor toward Lindsey, who is standing outside the ICU. She looks numb.

LINDSEY
It's Reye's Syndrome.

WHITEY
I thought he had chicken pox.

LINDSEY
I was giving him aspirin every four hours for days! His fever was high.

Whitey desperately looks around for a doctor.

LINDSEY
It's Reye's Syndrome! The aspirin made it worse!

WHITEY
What the fuck is Reye's Syndrome?

LINDSEY
His brain is swollen, Jimmy. His brain is swollen!

77

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

77

Douglas is on life support. Whitey sits staring at him, and at the medical machinery making their terrible noises. Time has gone by. He is unshaven. Exhausted.

Whitey closes his eyes to sleep.

DOUGLAS (O.S.)
(quietly)
Dad.

Whitey opens his eyes, surprised. He looks over at his son

WHITEY
Douglas?

DOUGLAS
Why don't I have the name Bulger?

WHITEY
Whaa?

DOUGLAS
You don't like the name Bulger?

WHITEY
No, Bulger's a very important name. But I, uh... your Uncle Billy, he's an important man.

(MORE)

WHITEY (cont'd)
 You know, Ted Kennedy and Tip
 O'Neil? They speak to your Uncle
 Billy. If you want something done
 in Boston, your uncle is the man to
 get it done. Bulger's an important
 name in Boston.

DOUGLAS
 So, why can't I have that name too?

WHITEY
 If you want the name, you can have
 the name.

DOUGLAS
 You would do that, Dad?

WHITEY
 Absolutely... I'm gonna go down
 there first thing tomorrow and I'm
 gonna have them redo your birth
 certificate so it specifically says
 "Douglas Bulger." You trust what I
 say, right? That's what I'm gonna
 do. That's what I'm gonna do. You
 listening to me?

The kid smiles at him. Then closes his eyes. The door CLICKS
 OPEN softly. And suddenly Whitey, who was sleeping in the
 chair, awakens from his dream. He seems disoriented.

The nurse who just entered looks at him, then at Douglas.

NURSE
 No change.

79 INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - LATER

79

Another day has gone by. Whitey is nursing a cup of coffee.
 Lindsey pokes listlessly at her shitty eggs.

WHITEY
 (quietly)
 I just want to take him home. We'll
 just bring him home and you'll stop
 work and take care of him. And I'll
 pay for everything.

LINDSEY
 (quietly back)
 Jimmy, he's brain dead. He's on
 life support. Our boy is gone.

Whitey just shakes his head, staring ahead. Won't accept it.

LINDSEY
 I don't... I don't want him like
 this. He's on life support. Think
 of that Jimmy. He'll never be...

She trails off into silence.

LINDSEY
I'd pull the plug myself.

WHITEY
I could never take a life that way.

HOLD ON Whitey and Lindsey at the table, nothing said between them.

FADE TO BLACK

WEEKS (V.O.)
After Douglas died, Jimmy became even worse, if that's possible. More intense. Even darker...

80 MONTAGE

80

We see Whitey and his men collecting money in bars, alleys, cars, his garage. Weeks has become his chief enforcer.

WEEKS (V.O.)
He had revenue streams coming from all over the place. Sharks. Bookies. Pimps. The vending machines. He even made up whole new streams, like the jai alai thing. And of course, he had his civic-minded side too...

80A INT. TRIPLE O'S - NIGHT

80A

Whitey is waiting at the bar with a man we don't know. The door opens and a third man walks in and heads toward them. Irish Irish -- not just Irish-American. JOE CAHILL, a veteran gunrunner for the Provisional IRA. The man with Whitey makes the introductions.

OTHER MAN
Jimmy Bulger, Joe Cahill.

CAHILL
(Belfast accent)
I know who Jimmy is.

Whitey smiles, flattered. A rare moment when he is with someone he holds in higher esteem than himself.

WHITEY
Let's go in the back.

80B INT. BACK ROOM / TRIPLE O'S - SOON AFTER

80B

On a small TV, Cahill shows Whitey a crackly VHS tape of British soldiers and the Royal Ulster Constabulary firing plastic bullets into crowds of Irish Catholics in Belfast.

Panic. SCREAMING. Injured children lying on the ground. Whitey is visibly moved.

CAHILL
So you can see what we're up
against. Pure evil.

WHITEY
I'm gonna get you the biggest
weapons cache you guys have ever
laid eyes on.

CAHILL
(raised brow)
I have to tell you, Jimmy: that
would be a rather large arsenal
indeed. We're not choirboys in the
Provos, you know.

WHITEY
Me either. Used to be, though.

85 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / BOSTON - DAY

85

Connolly and Morris stand in front of their boss Fitzpatrick, who's reading reports on crime in Boston. Not happy.

FITZPATRICK
Right now, Connolly, Bulger and his
crew are swanning around Southie
like fuckin' Vikings, rapin' and
pillaging and we can't touch them
because they're no longer
criminals... they're professional
criminal consultants. My question
to you is: have they actually given
us jackshit? Have they given us one
concrete thing we can fuckin' move
on?

CONNOLLY
Jimmy's been distracted. He's been
in Oklahoma.

FITZPATRICK
What the fuck is he doing in
Oklahoma?

CONNOLLY
A friend of his from Alcatraz died.
An Indian...

Their conversation continues in V.O. as we see:

86 EXT. THE GREAT PLAINS - DAY

86

Our CAMERA moves across the stark Oklahoma landscape until it finds a gathering of Native Americans at a traditional Chickasaw funeral.

Among all the Indians in their ceremonial dress, we see Whitey and the girlfriend who was with him at the movies, watching "Urban Cowboy."

CONNOLLY (V.O.)

They were gonna bury him in pauper's grave. Whitey arranged to have the body exhumed and moved to Oklahoma for a proper Chickasaw burial.

FITZPATRICK (V.O.)

(sneering)

Apparently Mr. Bulger's loyalty to his friends has no limit. Too bad we're not among them.

87

BACK TO FBI HEADQUARTERS / BOSTON - DAY

87

CONNOLLY

Fuck you, Fitz. After the fuckin' desert you've walked through the past five years? This is your ticket to the big time. And all you can do is bitch.

FITZPATRICK

No, you fuckin' listen, John. We're giving Bulger miles and miles of leeway and so far he's given us dick in return. I need to know what's inside Angiulo's headquarters. Hell, we need to know where Angiulo fuckin' headquarters even is. I need evidence I can present to a federal prosecutor.

CONNOLLY

But--

FITZPATRICK

You got two weeks. Two. That's it. Then I'm pulling the plug.

90A

INT. DENTAL OFFICE/ SOUTHIE - DAY

90A

Whitey is the chair having his teeth cleaned by an attractive dental hygienist named CATHERINE GREIG: blond, 20s. She leans over him, holding the mirror to Whitey tips on brushing.

CATHERINE GREIG

You gotta get that brush deep into the gum line if you don't want to get the gingivitis.

WHITEY

Like this?

Whitey moves the brush closer and continues to brush. We can see he's quite taken with her.

CATHERINE GREIG

Better.

WHITEY

If I keep seeing you, I'm gonna have the best gums in Southie.

Catherine smiles, catches Whitey looking at her cleavage.

CATHERINE GREIG

(re her tits)

From what I hear, I may not be up to your usual standards in that department.

WHITEY

Well, we could take some measurements tonight and just see about that.

CATHERINE GREIG

Why wait till tonight?

She reaches down into his pants and grabs him by the cock.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Catherine was married when Whitey met her. But she having problems with her husband, a cheating lowlife named Bobby McGonagle, part of the old Mullens gang...

90B INT. WHITEY'S CAR (MOVING) / SOUTHIE - NIGHT 90B

Whitey and Catherine are driving. Still just getting to know each other. Classical music on the radio, naturally.

CATHERINE GREIG

So before we go any further, I want you to know something. I know you killed Bobby's brother Donny.

90C FLASHBACK: EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREET - DAY 90C

Donald McGonagle is sitting in a car. Whitey seems to be casually walking by when he turns and opens fire with a handgun, SHOOTING him five times.

90D BACK TO PRESENT / WHITEY'S CAR (MOVING) 90D

WHITEY

That was a mistake. I didn't know Bobby's brothers were twins. I got the wrong one. They were fucking identical!

CATHERINE GREIG

So did you have to come back and kill the other one too?

90E FLASHBACK: EXT. BACK ALLEY, SOUTHIE - NIGHT 90E

Now Whitey SHOTS Paul McGonagle -- the identical twin of the man we just saw him kill.

90F BACK TO PRESENT / WHITEY'S CAR (MOVING) 90F

WHITEY

I don't like to leave a job unfinished.

Catherine nods. Doesn't seem bothered by this.

CATHERINE GREIG

I don't give a shit. Good riddance. Bobby and his whole family are worthless shitbags.

WHITEY

So you fucking my brains out now -- is that just to get back at your husband? You know, going with the guy who killed both his brothers and all?

CATHERINE GREIG

I'm going with you 'cause I like it.

Whitey puts his hand on her leg and starts to slide it up her thigh. She leans in towards him.

The car makes a sharp left turn, swerving to the curb and SQUEALING to a halt. Through the windows, we see the two of them going at it like there's no tomorrow. Nothing slow, tender, or gentle about it.

The windows start to fog up.

91 INT. BOOT SHOP / BOSTON - DAY 91

Nearly an office annex for Whitey now. Rows and rows of cowboy boots. Whitey sits at the counter with the owner, who's showing him a vintage pair of boots when he sees Connolly come in. John nods to the owner. By now he obviously knows him well too.

WHITEY

Eddie, you mind if I use your back room for a couple minutes?

OWNER

All yours, Jimmy.

92 INT. BOOT SHOT/BACK ROOM - SOON AFTER 92

Whitey and Connolly huddle in the back room.

CONNOLLY

So are we getting anywhere?

WHITEY

With what?

CONNOLLY

Come on, Jimmy. I'm copping a lot of heat here. You're not playing straight with me.

WHITEY

(snorting)

You G-men got memories shorter than your fuckin' cocks. I just gave you Vincent Barboza's home address, didn't I?

CONNOLLY

You know the only address I need, and it ain't a penny ante fuck like Barboza. I'm walking a fuckin tightrope here, Jimmy. I need to get a wire inside Anguilo's headquarters or I can't keep protecting you.

Whitey frowns, considering this.

WHITEY

OK. But first I need you to do something for me.

CONNOLLY

I been doing a lot of that lately.

WHITEY

You want your wiretap or not?

CONNOLLY

(unhappy)

What can I do for you?

WHITEY

I want all Anguilo's vending machines out of the Old Colony. I don't care how you do it. Burn the bars. Send in guys to smash the fuckin' things. But I need them gone.

CONNOLLY

I'll see what I can do.

WHITEY

(eyes him coldly)

You'll 'see what you can do'?

CONNOLLY

Don't treat me like one of your punks.

Whitey doesn't budge.

CONNOLLY

Consider it done. But now I need something from you. And not tomorrow, not next week. Now. Today.

WHITEY

(matter-of-fact)

When you leave for work tomorrow morning, after you've gone for your jog along the Harbor...

As Whitey talks, we see in intimate detail what he is describing:

93

SERIES OF SHOTS

93

Connolly's morning routine. Jogging along the Harbor, stopping at a diner...

WHITEY (V.O.)

.... After you've stopped at O'Rourke's for a black coffee and Danish which by the way cancels out the whole fuckin' point of the run...

Back home now, Connolly showered and dressed for work, at the breakfast table, kissing Marianne goodbye...

WHITEY (V.O.)

After you've read the sports page in the Globe, and kissed your wife goodbye and walked round to Pepper Street where you always park your car in the same fuckin' spot, which is very sloppy procedure for a fuckin' federal agent by the way...

We see Connolly getting in his Plymouth to go to work...

WHITEY (V.O.)

Right before you put your keys in the ignition, look in the glove-box. There'll be something in there for you.

Connolly opens the glove compartment. Inside is a manila envelope. He takes it out and opens it.

Inside are photographs. A building. A man entering the building. That man is Genarro Angiulo. Then others. Italian mobsters.

CONNOLLY
 (to himself)
 Holy fuck.

94 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / BOSTON - LATER THAT DAY 94

LOW ANGLE on a pair of cowboy boots striding confidently down the hallway. TILT UP to reveal they belong to Connolly. In his hands he is carrying a file folder...

95 INT. FBI STAFF MEETING - SOON AFTER 95

In front of the assembled group, Connolly triumphantly drops the file on the table.

FITZPATRICK
 What's that?

CONNOLLY
 Intelligence from our source over
 on Broadway.

Fitzpatrick and the rest of the agents look at the photos. The ones Whitey left in Connolly's glovebox.

SARHATT
 That's Prince Street.

CONNOLLY
 98 Prince Street, if you want to
 get technical about it. The
 headquarters of the Angiulo Family
 in the North End.

Fuck.

SARHATT

FITZPATRICK
 Fuck me.

FITZPATRICK
 Are you sure?

CONNOLLY
 An hour ago I got a wet shave in a
 barber shop across the street from
 there. Within fifteen minutes I saw
 Mikey Angiulo, Bobby Carozza, and
 Vincent "The Animal" Ferrara all go
 inside.

MORRIS
 This is a fuckin' atom bomb.

CONNOLLY
 (exultant, at Sarhatt)
 You wanna talk about who's a
 valuable asset? Huh, Tom? Ten
 fuckin' years of two-bit nobodies
 with Scotch on their breath tellin'
 us nothin'. Payin' 'em forty bucks
 to go get drunk and dick us around?
 (MORE)

CONNOLLY (cont'd)

This, on the other hand, is the kind of intel we get from James "Whitey" Bulger, gentlemen. No one else. This is day one people. This is where it begins..

96 MONTAGE

96

Meetings, discussions, blueprints, snapshots of the Anguilo headquarters as the FBI prepares to penetrate it. Over this, we hear fragments of the plan:

CONNOLLY

According to Bulger, the exits are here, here, here and here...

97 EXT. 98 PRINCE STREET / THE NORTH END - DAY

97

Nine a.m. on a Sunday morning. A van marked Boston Edison pulls up in front of the Anguilo family headquarters. Undercover FBI surveillance techs dressed as power & light workers get out.

They expertly jimmy the lock on the front door and enter the building...

CONNOLLY (V.O.)

Now to get a wire inside we gotta find a time the place is vacant. Best bet is between 9 and 10am on a Sunday...

97A SERIES OF SHOTS: INT. 98 PRINCE STREET

97A

As the techs plant listening devices in light fixtures, lamps, electrical sockets, on the phones, and so on and so on...

WEEKS (V.O.)

And so it began. Whitey delivered, and Connolly had his foot in the Italians' door at last.

(beat)

But Whitey was just getting started...

BLACKOUT

SUPERTITLE: **1981**

100 INT. JAI ALAI FRONTON - DAY

100

We see a few jai alai players -- Basque emigres mostly -- flinging the *pelota* against a wall at over 140 mph. In the grandstand we see Whitey, Flemmi, and Weeks watching. Confused.

FLEMMI

I thought this was lacrosse.

With them is a playboy businessman named JOHN CALLAHAN.

WEEKS (V.O.)

This clown Callahan was just a playboy businessman playing at being a gangster. In way over his head. Jimmy was taking him for ten grand a week, for protection. And all was right with the world till "World Jai Alai" came under new ownership...

102 INT. HOTEL BALLROOM / MIAMI - DAY

102

A press conference. Photographs. A man being introduced to the crowd.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

World Jai Alai would like to introduce its new President, CEO and Chief Operating Officer, Roger Wheeler...

APPLAUSE from the crowd.

103 INT. JAI LAI COURT - DAY

103

Whitey, Flemmi, and Weeks are with Callahan again. Also present, a low-level gangster and drug dealer named BRIAN "BALLOONHEAD" HALLORAN, mid 20s. Halloran looks jumpy.

CALLAHAN

(annoyed)

This new guy, Wheeler: he's not behind the big desk two minutes and he's got CPAs crawling all over the books, checking every fucking thing, the cashflow, the free meals, the parking lot receipts. Anal motherfucker. It's just a matter of time before he finds how much cash missing...

WHITEY

Why don't you make him an offer for the company?

CALLAHAN

I tried. The prick won't sell.

WHITEY

(at Flemmi)

You think his widow would sell?

FLEMMI

I have a feeling he could be persuaded. Balloonhead here could take care of that for us, couldn't you?

He turns to Halloran who swallows hard.

HALLORAN

(nervous)

Sure. Uh, whatever you want, Stevie. But, uh, isn't there any, uh, you know... alternative?

WEEKS

He's got a point. Puts us in a situation of taking down a civilian.

CALLAHAN

Well if you don't get rid of him, how's he supposed to go away?

Whitey has fixed his gaze on Halloran now. Not impressed with him. In fact, highly suspicious.

FLEMMI

So what's the upside downside?

CALLAHAN

The upside is we get our cut. The downside? There is no downside. What's to connect you to anything that happens to Wheeler?

FLEMMI

Well for one thing, everybody knows we got World Jai Alai.

CALLAHAN

Who's everyone? And even if they do know, any of them stupid enough to say boo about it?

Whitey still has his gaze fixed firmly on Halloran:

WHITEY

You know, I always felt "Thou shalt not kill" was a little bit strict. I mean, it's bad if you're killing the wrong person, someone who doesn't deserve to die. Terrible. A sin. But if you're murdering some rotten scumbag? In that case, you ask me, it's not only not "bad" to kill him, it's good to kill him. It's only right. You not only have a right to kill a cocksucker like that, you have an *obligation* to kill him. Mutilate the piece of shit. Shred the motherfucker. Leave more oxygen for the good and decent people in this world.

And the whole time Whitey just keeps staring at Halloran. Who looks like he might literally shit his pants.

104 INT. JAI LAI COURT / BATHROOM - SOON AFTER

104

Whitey is washing his hands. Very thoroughly, as he is wont to do. He hears SNIFFING in one of the stalls. Halloran comes out.

WHITEY
Feeling OK?

Halloran rubs his nose, trying to be inconspicuous.

HALLORAN
Yeah. No, fine.

WHITEY
(drying his hands now)
That's good to hear. You left before we worked our way through our dilemma. We do think there's an alternative, actually.

106 INT. WATERING HOLE - DAY

106

A typically nervous Halloran sits with Whitey, who is drinking ginger ale.

WHITEY
Sitting down here by my foot is a satchel with \$20,000 for you.

HALLORAN
(surprised)
\$20,000 for me to do the hit on Wheeler?

WHITEY
No, \$20,000 for you not to do the hit.

HALLORAN
I don't get it.

WHITEY
Take the money. Keep your cocksucker shut about what you heard. It's best you not get involved at this point.

Relieved, Halloran reaches down and picks the satchel up.

HALLORAN
Can I go then?

WHITEY
Don't you want to look inside? Make sure all the money is there?

HALLORAN
No, no. I trust you.

WHITEY
Trust is good.

108 EXT. SOUTHERN HILLS COUNTRY CLUB / TULSA, OK - DAY 108

WEEKS (V.O.)
But Jimmy didn't trust Halloran.
Would you trust a guy called
"Balloonhead"? To Jimmy, it was
worth the payoff to keep him from
fucking things up...

A car slowly pulls into a the parking lot. Johnny Martorano is behind the wheel. He looks into the rearview mirror and checks his fake beard. Puts on some clear, gold-rimmed glasses.

WEEKS (V.O.)
Three months later, Jimmy moved
against Wheeler in Tulsa,
Oklahoma...

Martorano spots Wheeler walking towards his parked Lincoln Continental. Martorano gets out of his car and moves toward him on foot, carrying a .38 revolver in a brown paper bag.

Wheeler opens the door to his Lincoln and gets in.

Martorano pulls the gun from the paper bag. Wheeler has barely looked up and registered what's happening when the Martorano SHOOTS HIM in the face.

Martorano calmly walks back to his car, gets in, and drives away.

110 INT. ANGUILO HEADQUARTERS / PRINCE STREET, BOSTON - DAY 110

Gennaro Anguilo is reading the newspaper. Headlines about the Roger Wheeler murder. Pondering it.

GENNARO ANGUILO
The micks got a hand in the jai
alai shit, don't they?

ANGUILO SOLDIER
Stupid fucking game.

GENNARO ANGUILO
I didn't ask you if you liked the
fucking game. I wanna know if this
has anything to do with Winter Hill?

ANGUILO SOLDIER
I don't picture them going to Tulsa
to kill somebody.

GENNARO ANGUILO
They would if he was getting in the
way of their business...

111 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/CONFERENCE ROOM / BOSTON - DAY 111

Connolly, Morris, and several other agents are listening to a recording of this same conversation taken from the wiretap.

GENNARO ANGUILO (ON TAPE)

*... That sick fuck Bulger and his
half-breed buddy Flemmi will kill
anybody any fucking time.*

112 INT. OUTSIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - SOON AFTER. 112

Morris and Connolly huddle in the hallway. Morris looks severely rattled now. Voices low.

MORRIS

Covering for Whitey on some little racetrack swindle was one thing, Now we got people on tape talking about him and Flemmi committing murder. This is a problem, John.

CONNOLLY

That? It's just gangsters talking shit. Like fucking housewives.

MORRIS

Maybe so. But it might start people asking questions.

CONNOLLY

When the techs finish with the reels, I'll make sure it gets filed away. Deep in the files.

MORRIS

(uncomfortable with that)

John, that's against the rules. You know that.

CONNOLLY

It's a little white lie to protect the bigger truth. You've see what Jimmy's given us. You want to jeopardize that? I don't want these tapes to be misinterpreted. Do you?

Morris is silent, but worried.

113 INT. OLD COLONY PROJECTS / SOUTHIE - DAY 113

Whitey walks up the stairs of his housing project with some groceries. As he walks he begins to hear a SIREN in the distance, getting LOUDER AND LOUDER. He looks curious.

114 INT. WHITEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 114

WHITEY

Mom, it's me.

He walks into the kitchen to find an unattended TEA KETTLE WHISTLING LOUDLY and boiling over. He takes it off the burner, then sees:

His mother face down dead on the kitchen floor.

Whitey falls on his mother's body, tears instantly pouring from his eyes.

115 INT. SAINT MONICA'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH / SOUTHIE - DAY 115

A huge Catholic Church. Pews filled with MOURNERS. Mrs. Bulger in an open casket.

PRIEST

We celebrate departure because there is a reunion. We are not separated from one another. We will find one another again...

A stoic Billy Bulger is in the front pew, Connolly at his side. Up up up above them, past the highest BALCONY, stands Whitey, alone, detached, watching the service coldly.

PRIEST

We shall never be separated, for we are united with Christ eternally.

The priest spots Whitey in the balcony. Whitey backs into the darkness.

116 INT. WHITEY'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - LATER 116

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

BILLY

It's a pity Jimmy couldn't be a 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. Working on my first campaign.

CONNOLLY

Stuffing envelopes. Licking stamps till my tongue was dry.

BILLY

You were licking that redhead volunteer too.

CONNOLLY
 (grinning)
 They taste different, you know.

They share a LAUGH at the memory. Billy turns serious.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 You helped me become the youngest
 State Senator in Massachusetts
 history. I don't forget a thing
 like that.

CONNOLLY
 We made a choice to do some good.
 Didn't we?

BILLY
 That we did.

Without a sound, Whitey is suddenly 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 hand on Whitey's shoulder. Bad move.

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

Connolly pulls his hand back like it's on fire. He's embarrassed at having overestimated his role in Whitey's life.

CONNOLLY
 I gotta to get back to Marianne.

Quickly and sheepishly, he exits.

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

WHITEY
 Yes it was. The fuckin' scumbag
 press'd have a field day,
 photographing you and me together.

Billy is silent, but his appreciation doesn't need expressing.

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

WHITEY

Where else am I gonna live?

He pours himself some tea and takes his cup of tea and walks down the dark hallway. He walks past his own bedroom and into his mother's.

117 INT. WHITEY'S MOTHER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 117

Whitey sits on the bed for a moment... then lies down on the bed, resting his head on her pillow.

120 INT. FBI SURVEILLANCE POST / NORTH END - DAY 120

Connolly and Morris are listening to reel-to-reel tapes of conversations at the Angiulos' 98 Prince Street headquarters. Boring as sin. Aimless, endless quotidian conversations about the Red Sox, chicks, the weather, etc etc.

124 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / FITZPATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY 124

Connolly and Morris sit with Fitzpatrick, playing him a surveillance tape.

CONNOLLY

Listen to this part.

GENNARO ANGUILO (ON TAPE)

...fuck how bad his month was. We get twenty percent. Kids to feed? Fuck him, shoulda used a rubber...

Connolly stops tape. Looks at Fitzpatrick hopefully.

FITZPATRICK

That's the best you got? That sucks. It's nothing.

Connolly looks sheepish.

FITZPATRICK

Keep trying.

126A INT. HALLORAN'S APARTMENT / SOUTHIE - DAY 126A

Halloran is snorting a shockingly large quantity of cocaine. On the TV, a news story about the murder of Roger Wheeler.

WEEKS (V.O.)

The jai alai hit turned out to be the story that wouldn't die. Jimmy giving Balloonhead the twenty grand had been a test. He knew Halloran was a coke fiend, but he wasn't sure just how fucked up he was. Whitey quickly got his answer...

136B INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT / SOUTHIE - LATE NIGHT 136B

We see Halloran having lo mein with his drug dealer and an affiliated Italian mobster and an. Halloran is even more wasted than before.

Suddenly he pulls out a revolver and at close range peels off some SHOTS, killing the dealer and splattering blood everywhere.

127 INT. FBI OFFICE / BOSTON - DAY 127

Connolly and Morris, still working the Anguilo case, are going over files and pictures of various Mafiosi when Sarhatt enters.

SARHATT

We got a walk-in in Interview Three. Says Whitey Bulger killed Roger Wheeler.

Morris and Connolly look at each other. Uh-oh.

128 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 128

Connolly, Morris, and Sarhatt watch a very shaky Brian Halloran as he goes for a cigarette.

CONNOLLY

No smoking, shithead.

SARHATT

Okay, Brian. You got something you want to tell us?

HALLORAN

I need guarantees first.

CONNOLLY

Talk or walk.

HALLORAN

I already told you. Whitey Bulger was behind the murder of that jai alai dude in Tulsa.

Morris looks to Connolly. Gets nothing.

CONNOLLY

What did some random jai alai guy have to do with Bulger?

HALLORAN (CONT'D)

Wheeler was costing him money. Whitey was pulling down good coin in jai alai till Wheeler came along. He didn't want to cut Whitey in for a piece of the take.

SARHATT

Whitey Bulger had a stake in jai alai?

(to Connolly and Morris)

You two know anything about this?

Morris and Connolly shake their heads. Sarhatt is suspicious.
Back at Halloran:

SARHATT (CONT'D)

Go on.

HALLORAN

Bulger paid me twenty grand to keep quiet about the hit. You gotta protect me. You gotta, or I'm fucking dead.

CONNOLLY

What weapon was used on Wheeler?

HALLORAN

I don't know; I didn't do the hit. I need some protection here!

CONNOLLY

So far you haven't told us anything to merit protection.

HALLORAN

I was at a meeting with Steve Flemmi and Whitey and this other guy, Callahan. Whitey said he thought Wheeler was going to be a problem. He said, "You think his widow would be willing to sell the franchise?"

Everybody just sits there. It's very quiet.

CONNOLLY

Would you take a lie detector test?

HALLORAN

No. They scare me.

CONNOLLY

They scare you? How?

HALLORAN

I don't know. You might start asking me other questions. Pretty soon, boom, you got me on fifteen other things I didn't even do.

CONNOLLY

Like killing your dealer in a Chinese restaurant? That's really why you're here, isn't it?

(MORE)

CONNOLLY (cont'd)
 It's all over the street. You know
 it's just a matter of time before
 we pick you up. So you thought
 you'd come in here with this
 fucking fairy tale and try to cop
 some immunity before the fact.
 Isn't that what's going on?

HALLORAN
 You want to talk about that, I want
 a lawyer. You want Whitey Bulger,
 let's make a deal.

The agents look from one to another.

CONNOLLY
 We have to think about it.

129 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / HALLWAY - SOON AFTER 129
 Sarhatt, Connolly, and Morris confer.

SARHATT
 What do you think?

Morris shrugs. Doesn't want to be in this conversation in the
 worst way. But Connolly is a rock.

CONNOLLY
 Let me do some snooping around.
 Hold him here for a bit.

130A SERIES OF SHOTS / SOUTH BOSTON - DAY 130A
 An anxious Connolly searching for Whitey at the Bootery, at
 Lancaster auto garage, at Whitey's apartment building. No
 luck.

131 INT. TRIPLE O'S - NIGHT 131
 Standing under an IRA banner, a clutch of Irish firefighters
 are singing the Irish nationalist anthem "The Rising of The
 Moon." A hat is being passed around. Dollars are pouring in.
 Flemmi is at the bar as Connolly sits down next to him.

CONNOLLY
 You seen Whitey?

FLEMMI
 Tomorrow's St. Paddy's day. I'm
 sure he's getting ready for the
 parade.

133 INT. WAREHOUSE - NEXT MORNING 133
 Billy Bulger's St. Patrick's Day pancake breakfast: a unique
 Boston tradition. A packed room of politicians and
 businessmen. Plates of pancakes. Cups of whiskey. The whole
 room done up in green, shamrocks and all that jazz.

Billy is on the dais.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Gentlemen -- and I use the term
loosely -- Mary and I and our nine
children thank you all for
coming...

GROANS from the crowd.

BILLY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Let me be serious for a moment.
Today we honor St. Patrick for
driving the snakes from Ireland.
But that, I'm afraid, is myth.

BOOs. Shouts of SHAME!

BILLY
No, no, the reality is actually
much more impressive. St. Patrick
fought off the British and Romans --
outsiders who sought to enslave the
good people of Ireland. Brutal
profiteers who regarded the Emerald
Isle as a place to loot and
plunder. But St. Patrick feared
nothing, not even death, so
complete was his faith in his
mission...

ANGLE ON Connolly as he enters through the back. He begins
moving through the crowd. We can see his nervous energy.
Billy takes the mic out of the stand and begins pacing the
stage.

BILLY (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Today we Bostonians face a similar
invasion. Drugs and violent crime
rampaging through our communities.
Outsiders want to force their
morals on us, in yellow
schoolbuses, making us lab rats for
their social science experiments.
Our community is battered. Hope has
waned. But we still have fighting
men who embody St. Patrick's
spirit. A round of applause for
members of our State Police in
attendance...

APPLAUSE. Connolly searches the crowd, trying to find Whitey.

BILLY (cont'd)
Now, if you wouldn't mind, there is
one lawman I'd like to single out.
A hometown Irish Catholic boy who
grew up not a mile from here in the
Old Harbor Housing Project.

(MORE)

BILLY (cont'd)
 Now a Special Agent of the FBI,
 recently named to the Organized
 Crime Task Force... Boston's very
 own Saint Patrick, John Connolly!

CHEERS for Connolly who is too preoccupied to notice.

BILLY (cont'd)
 Johnny boy, where are you? Take a bow.

Connolly declines, feigning modesty. Billy and the crowd
 insist. Grudgingly, Connolly bows. CHEERS from the crowd.

BILLY (cont'd)
 Today we fight a new fight. A fight
 so a working man can live in a
 decent home in a safe neighborhood!
 A fight to keep this city pure and
 true to the people who founded and
 built it...

Constant CHEERS build to a steady ROAR.

BILLY (cont'd)
 A fight so our children, and their
 children, and children for
 generations to come can share the
 Boston we hold so dearly in our
 hearts...

Everyone standing now, YELLING support.

BILLY (cont'd)
 So to all snakes, we say: get the
 hell 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!

As Billy steps down from the dais amid the drunken excitement,
 Connolly approaches and hugs him. WHISPERS in his ear:

CONNOLLY
 Where's Jimmy?

The city's legendary St. Patrick's Day Parade. Bostonians
 line the streets. BAGPIPES BLARE. At the head of the
 procession is Grand Marshall Billy Bulger, smiling proudly as
 he waves to his subjects.

Connolly is still searching the crowd for Whitey.

Finally he spies him: hiding in the shadows on this sunny day. Whitey's t-shirt reads **FBI: FULL BLOODED IRISH.**

Connolly approaches. Quiet, with barely controlled rage:

CONNOLLY

Did you kill Roger Wheeler?

Whitey looks back, cold as dry ice. Like he has no idea what Connolly is talking about.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

The businessman in Tulsa. Did you have him shot?

WHITEY

Calm down.

CONNOLLY

I'm not gonna calm down!

WHITEY

Then you're a fuckin' asshole.

CONNOLLY

I know you have a hand in World Jai Alai. Then the new owner gets shot. What am I supposed to think?

WHITEY

Do you think I killed him?

CONNOLLY

I dunno. That's why I'm asking.

WHITEY

Say I do 'have a hand' in World Jai Alai. Why bring attention with a murder? Huh? It's bad for business.

CONNOLLY

Maybe the dead man was even worse for business.

WHITEY

That's conjecture. I suggest you think these things through before coming round all John Wayne and making unfounded accusations. And maybe wait till you have some of that bothersome stuff they like to call "evidence."

Connolly fumes. Beat. The two stand in silence a moment, not looking at each other, just watching the parade.

WHITEY

How'd you hear we were involved in World Jai Alai anyway?

Connolly's heart sinks. It's clear what Whitey's question implies.

That he was involved. That he needs Connolly's help. That it would be in Connolly's best interest to give him a name.

Connolly swallows hard, deciding what to do. Whitey waits. Then:

CONNOLLY
Cokehead named Halloran.

WHITEY
What's he saying?

CONNOLLY
That you're behind Wheeler's murder.

WHITEY
Anything else I need to know?

CONNOLLY
He's getting out on bail tonight.

Without so much as a "thanks," Whitey turns and walks off through the crowd.

So does Connolly. He knows he's crossed the line.

134A ANGLE ON WHITEY 134A

TRACK WITH HIM moving through the crowd until he finds Flemmi.

WHITEY
Where's Kevin?

FLEMMI
I dunno. Around. Why?

WHITEY
We're going hunting.

135 INT. WHITEY'S BEDROOM - DAY 135

Whitey disguises himself. Fake moustache. Wig. Sunglasses.

136 EXT. PARKING LOT/ACROSS FROM TOPSIDE RESTAURANT - DAY 136

From his parked car, Kevin Weeks waits in the busy lot keeping watch with a pair of binoculars on the Topside across the street.

Two men walk out of the restaurant. One of them is Halloran.

WEEKS
(into walkie)
Balloon's in the air.

Halloran and the other man get in a car. They begin to pull out.

Suddenly, another car SCREECHES UP. Behind the wheel, Whitey in disguise.

WHITEY

Brian!

Halloran turns. Whitey raises a 30mm carbine. Lets goes three shots BLAM BLAM BLAM!

People in the parking lot hit the deck. SCREAMING. Taking cover behind cars, bushes, mailboxes.

The driver is hit once, right in the head; Halloran in the chest twice. The car drifts forwards and rolls into a wall.

The passenger door opens. Halloran staggers out. Whitey U-turns, blocking Halloran's exit, and FIRES FOUR MORE SHOTS.

Halloran falls, riddled with bullets. Onlookers still SCREAMING.

Whitey gets out and stands over the body. He produces two semi-automatic handguns and empties both into Halloran's body. ECHO of GUNSHOTS and the CLATTER of spent cartridges hitting the asphalt. Then, silence.

137

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / BOSTON - SOON AFTER

137

Fitzpatrick storms into Connolly's office.

FITZPATRICK

Brian Halloran was just gunned down in broad daylight. Tell me, how do we just let him walk out the door?

CONNOLLY

We're not a fucking hotel. He wouldn't even take a polygraph!

FITZPATRICK

(cutting him off)

He worked for Bulger! He coulda least given us a better understanding of what goes on with your good buddy.

CONNOLLY

Bulger's a small time racketeer. That's it.

FITZPATRICK

Correction: he was a small time racketeer. We've let him become a fucking warlord. I mean, how did word get out that Halloran was even in here?

CONNOLLY

You pointing a finger at me?

FITZPATRICK

Should I be?

CONNOLLY

I dunno how the shooter found out. People talk. What are we supposed to do? Put this piece of shit in the Witness Protection Program when we can't even validate one fuckin' thing he says?? And you point a finger at me? I'm using Bulger to take down the whole fuckin' Mafia and you point a finger at me?

FITZPATRICK

You fucking smoothies from Southie! You guys have some kind of sick fagot love for each another.

Enraged, Connolly lunges for Fitzpatrick's throat. The other agents pull him off.

FITZPATRICK

You're making my point exactly, Connolly. That's it. I want an end to this Bulger and Flemmi informer shit. You can't tell me they weren't connected to this killing! You CANNOT fucking tell me that!!

CONNOLLY

This program is too important!

FITZPATRICK

It's over! OVER!!

Sarhatt walks in. A stunned look on his face.

SARHATT

You gotta come hear this.

139A INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/CONFERENCE ROOM - SOON AFTER

139A

The G-men gather around the most recent Anguilo tapes, listening.

WEEKS (V.O.)

They finally hit the motherlode. They caught Anguilo and Zannino talking about bookmaking. Their loanshark business. Their use of arson. How they handle pimps and prostitutes throughout Boston...

As the evidence pours forth, satisfied smiles come over Connolly's and Morris' faces. FLASHING BULBS take us into:

140 SERIES OF SHOTS

140

Various North End mafiosi being arrested by the FBI and Boston Police in the full glare of the press. INTERCUT with sensationalist TV NEWS FOOTAGE of the arrests. We HEAR fragments of their reporting:

REPORTER (O.S.)

Covert wiretaps appear to have put the nail in the coffin for La Cosa Nostra in Boston, perhaps for good...

We see the famous SNAPSHOT of Gennaro Anguilo in a federal police car, sticking his tongue out.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Yeah, Anguilo thought it was all one big joke. Till he got life in prison.

SNAPSHOTS of Connolly in the Globe and various other newspapers, headlined: **"Mafia Hunter," "The FBI's Shining Star," "The Man who Cleaned Out the Underworld of Boston."**

WEEKS (V.O.)

Connolly was on top of the world. A fucking superstar. To celebrate, Whitey took him to Miami for a little R&R...

141 EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

141

Whitey and Connolly are on the beach together under sun umbrellas. Catherine Greig is with them.

142 INT. NIGHTCLUB, SOUTH BEACH / MIAMI - NIGHT

142

Connolly is dancing with a beautiful young woman. Whitey sits at the bar with Catherine, nursing a ginger ale...

WEEKS (V.O.)

They had a grand old time together. Whitey even got to be an FBI agent for a couple of minutes at the Miami airport...

143 INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

143

Returning to Boston, Connolly flashes his FBI badge to airport security. The attendant waves him through... but hesitates when he sees Whitey.

CONNOLLY

(re Whitey)

This is Special Agent Riley.

The attendant nods and Connolly and Whitey cut the long security line together.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Yeah, Connolly was the belle of the ball...

144 FBI TRAINING VIDEO

144

Crappy 1980s-era video. White chyrons on a blue background: "DEVELOPMENT OF FBI INFORMANTS: INFORMANT HANDLING." The blue dissolves to Agent John Connolly -- in an expensive suit and his now-trademark cowboy boots -- is sitting with an INTERVIEWER.

INTERVIEWER

John, my first question is, how do you go about targeting an individual to become an informant?

CONNOLLY

Well, keeping in mind the needs the Bureau may have and the areas of our concern, you want to set about having some type of a plan, what type of individual to target.

INTERVIEWER

And the needs might dictate certain targets.

CONNOLLY

Sure. These individuals when you make contact with them, they expect a certain aura to an FBI agent. A professional individual...

159 EXT. PARKING LOT / MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

159

CAMERA FLASHES. A police photographer takes pictures as Miami cops are gathered around the back of a car.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Course, not all of Whitey's associates were thriving. John Callahan was found dead in the trunk of a car at the Miami airport.

We see Callahan inside the trunk, a bullet in his head.

159A EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP / SOUTHIE - DAY

159A

Connolly is trading in his old Plymouth on a flashy new Caddy.

159B INT. PROSECUTOR O'SULLIVAN'S OFFICE / BOSTON - EVENING

159B

POP! A very happy Jeremiah O'Sullivan, the federal prosecutor, fills Champagne glasses for a staff party. Connolly and Morris are among those present.

O'SULLIVAN

This is a career-maker for you, John. Letters of Commendation, a raise, promotion, the whole shebang.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

For you too, no?

O'SULLIVAN

Tell you the truth, I don't really care. Enough of this public sector shit. I'm crossing over to the dark side.

(off Connolly's confusion)

I'm starting my own defense practice. Start making real money.

CONNOLLY

Oh. Good for you, Jerry.

But Connolly's well-wishing is transparently lame.

CONNOLLY

So who's your replacement?

O'SULLIVAN

Don't know for sure, but my bet is Fred Wyshak.

O'Sullivan gestures to the small office across the hall where sits FRANK WYSHAK. Diligently working even as the party rages. Doesn't look up from his papers the whole time Connolly is watching him.

CONNOLLY

Don't know the guy.

O'SULLIVAN

You will. He'll be your liaison now. He was kicking ass down in New Jersey but returned to save his hometown of Boston. Sound familiar?

The irony isn't lost on Connolly. O'Sullivan hands him a business card. It reads: **Jeremiah T. O'Sullivan / Criminal Defense Attorney.**

O'SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Hope you never need me.

150A INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

150A

WEEKS

O'Sullivan knew the problem even if Connolly didn't. Connolly was about to be a victim of his own success.

(MORE)

WEEKS (cont'd)

He made the original deal with Jimmy in order to bring down the Italians, and once they did that, he was a fuckin' hero. But he was stuck with the alliance. Like fuckin' NATO. And now the leverage shifted...

151 EXT. POLICE STATION / SOUTHIE - DAY

151

Flemmi's car with Whitey riding shotgun, is parked in front.

They are watching the precinct house's front door. Whitey seems agitated.

WHITEY

Your teeth are filthy, Flemmi. And your gums are swollen which means you have a lot of debris trapped underneath. Dirty teeth are the sign of a dirty man. You need to start using dental floss and mouthwash and you need to brush for three minutes twice a day.

FLEMMI

Is this what happens when you're fucking a dental hygienist?

WHITEY

It's sick. You're a sick fuck. What was in your mind -- what exactly was in your mind -- when you decided that your girlfriend's daughter was a good choice to suck your cock? Of all the mouths available for cocksucking in the greater Boston area?

Flemmi shrugs.

WHITEY

You already had the mother who'd fuck you senseless or do whatever else you told her. But no. You had to have her daughter too.

FLEMMI

Stepdaughter.

WHITEY

This is not a good time to correct me, Stevie. In fact, it's a horrible time. And I believe she's a prostitute to boot. Is that correct?

FLEMMI

You know she's a prostitute, Jimmy.

WHITEY

Do us both a favor, Stevie. Don't assume what I do or don't know. Just answer my question. She is or she is not a prostitute?

FLEMMI

She is. That makes it better, though, dunnit?

WHITEY

And a hopeless drug addict.

FLEMMI

I been sending her to rehab.

WHITEY

That doesn't make me feel better. Loose lips sink ships.

Flemmi sits quietly, nervously tapping on the steering wheel.

FLEMMI

I may have said a few things to her I shouldn't have said. I'm sorry, Jimmy.

WHITEY

Well, we'll take care of that, won't we?

FLEMMI

Yeah.

WHITEY

Take care of it in a complete manner.

FLEMMI

Yes.

WHITEY

To a satisfactory conclusion.

Flemmi nods.

WHITEY

And from now, you brush your teeth two times a day.

They now see a young woman coming out of police headquarters: DEBORAH HUSSEY, 17. Nubile, with a sense of style that tends toward the oldest profession.

WHITEY

Well, here's your darling now.

Whitey motions her over to the car. Deborah climbs in the back and find a Filene's bag full of clothes waiting.

HUSSEY
Is this for me?

WHITEY
Every stitch.

HUSSEY
Wow! Look at all this shit.

152 EXT. BOSTON STREETS / INT. FLEMMI'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY 152

Flemmi drives with Whitey in the front seat and Deborah in the back, examining her new clothes.

HUSSEY
So where we going?

WHITEY
Not far. I found a place where you can stay for awhile. Very comfortable.

HUSSEY
Sounds great.

WHITEY
It'll be very quiet. No one to bother you.
(at Flemmi)
You know how to get there, right?

Flemmi looks surprised. Back at Deborah again:

WHITEY
So what'd you talk about?

HUSSEY
Me?

WHITEY
You. Yeah.

HUSSEY
With who?

WHITEY
(is she for real?)
Where did you just come from?

HUSSEY
Uh, the police station?

WHITEY
So who would you be talking to in a police station?

HUSSEY
The police?

WHITEY

So what did the police say to you
and what did you say back to them?

HUSSEY

Nothing much. The usual.

WHITEY

And what would that be?

HUSSEY

You know. Drugs are bad.
Prostitution's illegal. Stuff like
that.

WHITEY

And did Stevie and I figure in this
scintillating conversation?

HUSSEY

They asked if I was involved with
you and I said no and they asked if
I was involved with Stevie and I
said no but that part was actually
a lie because I give him blow jobs.
I think one of the cops wanted a
blow job real bad but there was too
many people around.

WHITEY

What did they want to know about
us? Me and Stevie.

HUSSEY

If I saw you commit any crimes.

WHITEY

So what did you tell them?

HUSSEY

About you?

WHITEY

(getting annoyed)
About me.

HUSSEY

I said all I know is that you hang
out at Triple O's. I said you was
real clean and your clothes were
real clean. You don't hardly drink
any liquor or shoot drugs and that
you always say, "Don't believe what
you read in the papers." Was that
good?

WHITEY

Yeah, that was good.

153 INT. 799 EAST THIRD STREET / BEDROOM - SOON AFTER 153

Whitey, Flemmi, and Deborah enter the house, Deborah carrying the bag with newly bought clothes.

HUSSEY

Hey, this is wicked nice.

Whitey puts his arm on her shoulder. She smiles. Then his arms go around her neck.

Her eyes go wide and she begins to struggle. Whitey scissors her neck with his forearm and chokes her from behind to get more leverage.

Deborah fights like a rattlesnake as she and Whitey tumble to the floor. Whitey continues to choke the life out of her, jackknifing his legs around her and crushing several of her ribs.

Our CAMERA DRIFTS OFF them and onto Flemmi, standing alone in the hallway, looking down at his feet. Even *he's* scared by Whitey.

We stay on him for the rest of the killing, as his girlfriend's stepdaughter fights for her life, hearing her CRIES FOR HELP, her SCREAMS -- loud at first, then muffled. And then the silence.

Whitey enters the frame, out of breath. Without looking at Flemmi, he continues into the living room and lies down on the couch. He closes his eyes. Flemmi is still in the hallway. Numb.

WHITEY (O.S.)

If I fall asleep, wake me in an hour. We have dinner at Connolly's.

154 EXT. CONNOLLY HOME / BACKYARD - THAT EVENING 154

A new place: bigger and nicer than their old house. The new Caddy parked out front. In the back, Agent Morris is in an apron, grilling steaks on the barbecue. Flemmi watches. Whitey sits on a chaise lounge, sipping his usual ginger ale.

Meanwhile, inside:

155 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 155

Connolly stands with a very angry Marianne. Trying to keep their voices down.

MARIANNE

Why here? Why not go to Morris's, if he's gonna cook anyway?

CONNOLLY

We *have* gone to Morris's. It's our turn.

MARIANNE

And how'd Rebecca like that? Having these lowlifes in her house?

CONNOLLY

Be careful with the namecalling, will ya? Anyway, you're stronger than Rebecca.

MARIANNE

We agreed we would set boundaries, John. You gave me your word.

CONNOLLY

I'll tell you what. From now on, I won't have them come here.

MARIANNE

Anyway, aren't you breaking some rule with this? This has to be against regulations, socializing with these guys.

CONNOLLY

(bristling)

I'm not "socializing" -- I'm maintaining my relationship with my informant. And that relationship is a prime reason I keep getting promoted. Which helps pay for this fancy new home you so desperately wanted.

Marianne flares with hostility. Connolly immediately knows he overstepped. Through gritted teeth:

MARIANNE

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

156 INT. CONNOLLY HOUSE / DINING ROOM - LATER

156

Connolly and Morris eat their steaks with Whitey and Flemmi.

CONNOLLY

There's a Tulsa detective been calling us about Callahan's connection to Wheeler.

FLEMMI

That so?

CONNOLLY

Yeah, and he's like a dog with a bone. He won't leave it alone.

WHITEY

Well, that's too bad.

FLEMMI
 (at Morris, re the steak)
 This is fantastic. What'd you
 marinate this with?

MORRIS
 (smiling)
 Family secret.

FLEMMI
 Best damn steak I ever had.

Morris beams. That made his night.

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 but Whitey is deadly serious. Morris sees.
 Grows nervous.

MORRIS
 It's, 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. You spill your secret family
 recipe today, maybe you spill about
 me tomorrow.

Morris turns white. Connolly is worried now too. Silence
 holds the room for what feels like forever. Whitey is staring
 lasers at Morris.

MORRIS
 I was just saying...

WHITEY
 'Just saying' gets people sent to
 Allenwood.

(MORE)

WHITEY (cont'd)
 'Just saying' got me nine years in
 Leavenworth. Understand? 'Just
 saying' gets people killed.

Morris is scared stiff. So quiet you can hear the blood
 pumping through his veins. 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 visibly shaking.

Whitey turns his attention to a pair of frames on the living
 room wall. One features the front page of the Boston Globe
 with the headline: "FBI STRIKE NETS ANGIULO, FIVE OTHERS,"
 accompanied by a picture of Connolly escorting a handcuffed
 Gerry Angiulo.

WHITEY
 Nice trophy, Johnny.

CONNOLLY
 I look good, right?

Flemmi nods at the second frame, which is empty.

FLEMMI
 What's this about?

CONNOLLY
 For the next Globe story. Got the
 same set up in 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.

Everyone drinks except Whitey, who is pointedly looking at
 Connolly. Who looks unnerved by that cryptic remark.

FLEMMI
 Where's your wife tonight, John?

CONNOLLY
 Marianne's a little under the
 weather. She's resting.

Everyone knows that's a lie.

WHITEY

Tell you what. I'll talk to her.

CONNOLLY

(desperate to avoid)

Thanks, Jimmy -- you're too generous. She's fine...

Too late. Whitey's already up.

157

INT. CONNOLLY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

157

Marianne is reading when the locked DOORKNOB wiggles. She gets up and opens it, expecting her husband. But she gets Whitey. She blanches.

WHITEY

Come down and join us.

MARIANNE

I'm not feeling well. Thank you though.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

You're embarrassing your husband in front of his friends. That's what you're doing.

Marianne bristles, being talked to like this. But bites her tongue.

MARIANNE

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

Whitey puts his hand out and touches her forehead gently. She instinctively recoils, afraid.

WHITEY

You don't feel warm. You have any chills?

Marianne shakes her head. Nervous.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Normally you get the chills before a flu comes on.

Whitey reaches out and touches her throat.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Any soreness here?

Marianne shakes her head no. Openly scared now.

WHITEY (CONT'D)

Cause I don't feel any swollen glands either.

Whitey holds his hand on her neck for a long beat. Marianne is holding her breath.

WHITEY

I learned the hard way not to take chances with this sort of thing.

Whether Marianne knows about Whitey's son we don't know... but it's amazing how he can be at once wounded and menacing.

Finally, he releases her.

WHITEY

Well, better safe than sorry. Get some rest. We wouldn't want anything to happen to you.

Marianne is visibly trembling. Whitey turns and walks out.

Behind him, we hear the sound of the door hurriedly LOCKING.

162 INT. J.F.K. FEDERAL BUILDING / WYSHAK'S OFFICE - EVENING 162

O'Sullivan's old office, now with Fred Wyshak's name on the door. Wyshak is buried in his work.

CONNOLLY

Am I interrupting?

Connolly appears in the doorway, all smiles. He steps inside without a knock or so much as a 'May I come in?'

CONNOLLY

Special Agent John Connolly.

WYSHAK

I know. I've heard a lot about you.

CONNOLLY

(grinning)
Good things I hope.

Wyshak is blank. Connolly was hoping for something warmer. He pulls out a pair of Celtics tickets.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

A little welcome wagon present for you. Tip-off's in an hour.

Wyshak makes no move toward the tickets. Gestures to his work.

CONNOLLY (CONT'D)

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

WYSHAK

Do you have a case for me, Agent Connolly?

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. That's all the help I need.

Wyshak's no-nonsense attitude shakes Connolly. He turns to go.

CONNOLLY

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

WYSHAK

Since you're here...

Connolly brightens.

WYSHAK

.... How come no one has done Whitey Bulger?

CONNOLLY

(quickly)
That won't work.

The odd answer and hurried tone get Wyshak's attention.

WYSHAK

Excuse me?

CONNOLLY

(calmer)
I mean, what's Bulger done? He's small time. And a good asset.

WYSHAK

What's he done? Everything, evidently. Drugs. Extortion. Murder. I'd heard the rumors but these other informant reports make it clear. But here's the thing. Every time we start a formal investigation -- poof. It goes away. He slips free. How do you account for that?

CONNOLLY

(trying for charm)
Luck of the Irish.

WYSHAK

That's what you're going with?

CONNOLLY

Truthfully? It's all slander and lies from his brother 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.

WYSHAK

You don't think Billy Bulger's protecting his older brother? Just maybe?

CONNOLLY

No way.

WYSHAK

Really. Seems to me you'd have to believe in unicorns and leprechauns to think we could have the biggest crimelord in Boston be brothers with the most powerful politician in the state, and them not be helping each other out.

CONNOLLY

That's a mighty cynical view.

WYSHAK

Oh. I'm the cynic.

CONNOLLY

Billy would be crazy to be mixed up in anything Jimmy does. It's too brazen.

Connolly's nervous evasiveness has gotten Wyshak's antennae up high. He focuses squarely on Connolly.

WYSHAK

I'll ask you again: how come no one has done Whitey Bulger? He seems to be involved in every crime in this city and yet the Bureau keeps saying he's clean. It's only when another agency has an informant that I hear maybe Whitey isn't so squeaky clean.

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

From what I hear, 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

Christ Connolly, are you fucking with me? Is Whitey never using phones and being careful or is Whitey retired?

CONNOLLY

(defensive)

Damned if I know. Like I said, this is just stuff I hear, I don't know if it's true.

WYSHAK

Do your job and find out.

Wyshak puts his head back down over his work. Connolly turns to leave.

WYSHAK (CONT'D)

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

Connolly leaves, shaken to the core.

163 EXT. BOSTON - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING) 163

Christmastime. SUPERTITLE: 1991

164 INT. CATHERINE GREIG'S CONDO / QUINCY, MA - NIGHT 164

Decorated for the holidays. A fire in the fireplace. A tree. Christmas music plays in the b.g. Warm and cozy.

Whitey is at the dining room table writing Christmas cards. Dozens of gifts are stacked nearby, ready to go out, organized by code name.

Helping out, Catherine Greig takes an envelope, licks it and seals it.

CATHERINE GREIG

"Agent Orange"?

WHITEY

Yeah, he's an FBI agent named John Newton.

He slips money into the next envelope and hands it to her.

WHITEY

Write "Vino" on this one. For John Morris. He likes his wine. And that should go on top of the case of Merlot over there.

He takes a large amount of cash and puts it into another envelope and hands it to her.

WHITEY

Write "Zip."
(off her puzzled look)
Like Zip code. John Connolly. We share the same zip code. You see the big wrapped box over there? Put it on that one.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Flemmi once told me that every Christmas cost Jimmy up to thirty-five grand. With John Connolly at the top of Santa's list...

165A INT. BILLY BULGER'S OFFICE - DAY

165A

Connolly is in with Billy for a private audience. Hat in hand. Billy is not happy at what he is hearing.

CONNOLLY

Billy, you know I wouldn't come to you if it wasn't serious. If there was anywhere else I could turn. I know the last thing you need is to have Jimmy's business crossing paths.

BILLY

Your grasp of the situation is so keen, it makes me wonder why you are here.

CONNOLLY

This new prosecutor, Wyshak. He's got a hard-on for Jimmy. Which is bad for all of us.

BILLY

And you're telling me this why?

CONNOLLY

Maybe you can influence him. Make him listen to reason. Not trying to kiss your ass, Billy, but you're the most powerful man in Boston.
(beat)
In politics anyway.

BILLY

Wyshak's federal. I'm state. You know that.

CONNOLLY

What I know is, in Southie, what's written on some piece of paper is less important than blood, and honor, and loyalty.

Billy considers this long and hard.

CONNOLLY

I'm not asking you to help me --
I'm asking you to help Jimmy.

BILLY

Which in this case is the same thing, isn't it?

CONNOLLY

He's asked questions about you too, Wyshak.

This gives Billy pause. His face softens and grows kindly toward Connolly -- they are nearly brothers themselves.

BILLY

John, you know I have nothing but the utmost respect for you. Which is why I'm here to tell you, with all my heart, that if you ever come in my office with a fucked-up, mutual suicide pact suggestion like this again, you'll rue the day you even thought of joining the FBI.

Connolly is shocked.

BILLY

Jeannie will show you out.

166 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON / FITZPATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY 166

Sarhatt sits in his boss's office laying out two piles of informant reports. He picks up a file from one pile.

SARHATT

You see this? This report has information attributed to our "prized" informant Whitey Bulger.

He picks up a file from the other pile.

SARHATT

This is the same piece of information from one of our other informants, dated four weeks earlier.

Fitzpatrick looks at the two files. Sarhatt picks up another file from one pile.

SARHATT

This is information credited to our supposedly prized informant Whitey Bulger...

He pushes a file from the non-Whitey pile towards Fitz.

SARHATT

Same piece of information, dated six weeks earlier, from a different informant.

Fitzpatrick looks over the reports. Brow furrowing.

SARHATT

(re the Whitey pile)

In fact, if you take a look at this whole pile you'll find the same situation played out time and again from other sources. In fact, you'll find very little from Bulger that means shit. Anything relevant comes from our other informants.

FITZPATRICK

Jesus Christ. So what do we have here? Connolly is cherrypicking information from other informants and attributing it to Bulger?

SARHATT

Whitey's his big time informant. The more important he makes Bulger, the more important John Connolly becomes.

Fitzpatrick narrows his eyes. Not at all happy about this.

FITZPATRICK

Do some more digging.

171A EXT. SOUTH BOSTON DOCKS - DAY

171A

A UPS van is backed up to a cargo ship, unloading boxes straight onto forklifts. Flemmi signs for them.

He peeks inside. Enough weaponry to equip a small army.

171B EXT. SOUTH BOSTON DOCKS - LATER

171B

As the weaponry is loaded into the hold of the Valhalla, an eighty-seven foot trawler. Whitey, Weeks, and Flemmi watch. Weeks is reading through the manifest:

WEEKS

Eleven bulletproof vests, 300 hand grenades, 70,000 rounds of 7.62 ball ammo, three hundred AK-47 Klashna... Kalishnika...

WHITEY
It's Kalashnikov, dumbass.

WEEKS
(continuing)
Three hundred AK-47 Kalashn-
whatever assault rifles, half a ton
of Semtex plastic explosive, four
Redeye anti-aircraft missiles...

Whitey looks on, proud. A FOGHORN takes us to...

171C EXT. BOSTON HARBOR - THAT NIGHT 171C

As the Valhalla steams off into the night, TRACK OVER to Whitey's parked car. He sits inside, talking on an early '90s model satellite phone.

WHITEY
Your latest shipment of plowshares
is on its way.

INTERCUT with his IRA contact Joe Cahill, in a pub in Belfast.

CAHILL
You pull this one off, my friend,
and they'll put a statue to you up
in Victoria Square. I'll see to it
myself.

Whitey beams.

172 INT. UPSCALE BAR, CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT 172

Posher surroundings and clientele than the usual FBI hangouts. A very nervous John Morris sits at the corner of the bar, half-drunk on wine, talking to Connolly.

MORRIS
There's cool and confident and then
there's stupid, John... and you are
not stupid. Don't you see what's
happening here? Don't you feel the
wise closing on us?

CONNOLLY
(defensive)
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.
(MORE)

CONNOLLY (cont'd)
High school kids for Chrissakes.
Thank God for Whitey. You hear me?

MORRIS
And Halloran and Callahan?

CONNOLLY
Douchebags who got what was coming
to them. Not our fault.

MORRIS
So whose fault was it?

CONNOLLY
Not ours.

MORRIS
That'll sound great in court.
Fitzpatrick is going to go to
Washington. You know that, right?
He's going to show all the
informant files. And Wyshak is dead
set on hanging our asses on his
wall. We're fucked, John. *Fucked.*

CONNOLLY
(brave face)
I don't see it that way. The Bureau
wants results, we deliver results.
We've basically driven a stake
through the Mafia's black heart. We
did that: you and me, with the help
of Whitey Bulger, our number one
informant. Anything else is going
to be a sideshow. Trivia.

MORRIS
(losing it)
Except now we're stuck with Whitey,
and without the Italians, there's
nothing to rein him in.! And we
can't even pull back on his chain
because we're in too deep with him.
And he knows it!

Connolly frowns. Morris is not wrong.

MORRIS
See what I mean about a vise?

Morris finishes his wine and pours himself another big glass.

MORRIS
I put in for a transfer.

CONNOLLY
What? Don't be crazy.

MORRIS

I can't take the stress anymore.
I'm going to be a instructor at
Quantico.

Connolly just looks at him, shaking his head.

CONNOLLY

I guess those who can't do anymore
teach, right?

MORRIS

Fuck you, John. You wanna let
Whitey Bulger drag you down to hell
with him, be my guest. Enjoy the
ride. Me? I'm out.

The two men sit in silence a beat.

MORRIS

I thought I was doing good, you
know? I actually thought I could
make a difference.

CONNOLLY

(adamant)

We did make a difference. We put
the fuckin' Mafia out of business,
and if that ain't good, I don't
know what is.

MORRIS

So what are we doing now?

172A INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / BOSTON - LATER THAT NIGHT 172A

Late. Well after hours. An anxious Connolly is alone in the office, going through informant files from other agents' assets and gleaning information... which he types up in totally fictionalized reports he is crediting to Whitey.

He is way over the line now... and he knows it.

172B INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / MEN'S ROOM - SAME TIME 172B

A FLUSH announces that there is in fact someone else still in the building. Connolly doesn't know it. As the stall door opens, we see... it's Sarhatt.

172C BACK TO CONNOLLY 172C

Finishing up his illegal activities. To cover his tracks, he takes the original reports out of the informant files -- and BURNS them.

172D BACK TO SARHATT 172D

Walking down the hallway, heading right for where Connolly is breaking every rule in the book.

172E BACK TO CONNOLLY 172E

Still burning files. Suddenly, he alerts like a watchdog at the SOUND OF SARHATT'S HEELS on the tiled floor. Coming closer.

Fuck! In a panic, Connolly hurries to hide what he's doing.

INTERCUT the two as Connolly races to finish and Sarhatt draws ever closer.

ANGLE ON SARHATT

As he enters the office at last...

And finds it empty. By the skin of his teeth, Connolly is gone. Sarhatt is none the wiser that anything ever happened.

CUT TO:

172F EXT. CONNOLLY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT 172F

Three a.m. POURING RAIN. Connolly rolls in after being out all night. Tries his key in the lock. But it doesn't turn. He's puzzled.

Tries it again. Same result. It dawns on him what has happened: his wife has changed the locks. Livid, as he stands in the driving rain:

CONNOLLY
(to himself)
Are you fucking kidding me?!

172G EXT. WHITEY'S APARTMENT - SOON AFTER 172G

A soaking wet Connolly stands in the hallway KNOCKING on the door. Whitey opens up. Surprised to see him there.

WHITEY
You look like dogshit.

CONNOLLY
(sheepish)
Mind if I crash on your couch?

172H INT. WHITEY'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING 172H

Connolly wakes after spending the night on the couch. Cleans up and gets dressed for work.

He's walking out the door when he crosses paths with Whitey, just up. Both men aware of the absurdity of the situation.

CONNOLLY
(awkward)
OK. Uh -- thanks. See you out there.

WHITEY

Right. See you.

175A EXT. MAIN FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON DC - DAY

175A

175B INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS

175B

Fitzpatrick is seated in front of a SENIOR FBI OFFICIAL, who has all the files on Whitey Bulger in front of him.

SENIOR FBI OFFICIAL

Fitz, I appreciate you coming down here, and we've looked over all your files...

FITZPATRICK

(his heart sinking)

I'm sensing a "but" coming...

SENIOR FBI OFFICIAL

But we're going to need you to back off a little.

FITZPATRICK

Back off.

SENIOR FBI OFFICIAL

A little.

FITZPATRICK

How far?

SENIOR FBI OFFICIAL

Pretty much all the way.

FITZPATRICK

(aggrieved)

Bulger's playing us, Nick. He's making a fool of the Bureau and hiding behind his "informant" status to run roughshod over my fair city. And he's using us to cover for him!

SENIOR FBI OFFICIAL

And I'm distressed about that. But from where I sit, we have bigger priorities to consider.

FITZPATRICK

So you're telling me to do nothing.

SENIOR FBI OFFICIAL

No, not at all. I'm telling you we can't taint one of the most successful RICO prosecutions in the history of the Bureau just to get Whitey Bulger, psychopathic kingpin or no.

(MORE)

SENIOR FBI OFFICIAL (cont'd)

(beat)

But we have no objection to you
going after the agent who was
handling him...

177 INT. WHITEY'S APARTMENT / SOUTHIE - DAY

177

Whitey has Shostakovich's 7th Symphony BLASTING when something on the TV, playing softly in the b.g., catches his eye. He turns the TV up without lowering the music:

A TV news report. The Valhalla, in the custody of the Irish Coast Guard, off the coast of Ireland. Its captain and crew under arrest.

TV REPORTER (ON TV)

... the largest seizure of weapons
and ammunition in the history of
the Republic of Ireland...

Whitey looks shocked. As the report continues, he moves closer and closer to the screen. Growing increasingly furious. Worse than we've ever seen, which is saying something.

TV REPORTER (ON TV)

According to sources, the weapons
were bound for Northern Ireland,
and Irish terrorists fighting
against British rule...

WHITEY

Irish *terrorists*? You FUCK!

Whitey loses it. Starts throwing everything in sight around, SMASHING things, STOMPING on them, KICKING over lamps and end tables, sweeping knick-knacks off shelves, as we hear more details on the news and the bombastic classical music competing.

Whitey is a rage as he wrecks the entire apartment. He kicks the TV off of its stand and the plug snaps out of the socket.

He now moves towards the TV as if there's going to be more news coming from it. He moves closer to the now-blank screen, see a reflection of himself in it. Talking to the screen now:

WHITEY (CONT'D)

You think I'm not going to find
you, you fucking informant? You
think that when I do I'm gonna just
let you die? You motherfuckin'
INFORMER!!

CUT TO:

178 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS / BOSTON - DAY

178

Connolly sits with Sarhatt.

CONNOLLY
How'd they know about the ship?

SARHATT
McIntyre, the engineer. One of
Whitey's guys. Turns out he's also
a snitch for DEA. Customs too.

CONNOLLY
What's that got to do with
gunrunning?

SARHATT
Apparently he dined Whitey for the
guns, and for thirty tons of pot
that's set to come into Boston
Harbor this week too.

Connolly looks unnerved, but tries to maintain his cool.

SARHATT
Your boy's gone too far this time.
Way too far.

CONNOLLY
Where's this McIntyre now? I want
to talk to him.

SARHATT
No can do.

CONNOLLY
(blanching)
What do you mean 'no can do'? Yes
can do.

SARHATT
Sorry. He belongs to DEA.

CONNOLLY
OK, fine. Ask permission for us to
talk to him.

SARHATT
I did.

CONNOLLY
And?

SARHATT
No can do.

179 INT. WHITEY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

179

Whitey, Flemmi, and Weeks drive along. Whitey is still livid.

WHITEY
How come we still don't have any answers? How many fucking people were on that boat?

FLEMMI
I don't know. Six or eight.

WHITEY
Stevie, is it fucking six people or is it fucking eight people?

FLEMMI
Somewhere in there.

WHITEY
Do you know the difference between six and eight?

FLEMMI
(quietly)
Two.

WHITEY
Well, I'm glad we got that straightened out.

FLEMMI
Why don't we just kill 'em all?

WHITEY
Oh, that's a good idea. That'd solve everything, wouldn't it? Then we don't know who the rat was.

As Flemmi concedes the point, Whitey's eye goes to a young black guy openly dealing drugs on a street corner.

WHITEY
That fucking dealer, he's not one of ours, is he?

FLEMMI
No, he ain't.

WHITEY
That fuckin' prick. On my corner? Cutting into my action?

Without warning, Whitey downshifts, drives right over the curb and RUNS THE GUY CLEAN OVER. The dealer bounces off the top of the car. His baggies burst. Powder all over.

WHITEY
How many times do I have to tell these wayward opportunists? The fuckin' balls on that guy!

He drives off, leaving the drug dealer laying on the street, bones broken, bloody and dazed.

183 EXT. CASTLE ISLAND - NIGHT

183

Connolly and Whitey stand by the water near the Boston monument.

CONNOLLY

They can link you to the Valhalla. The engineer on the boat, your man McIntyre? He also happens to be an informer for the DEA. And Customs.

Whitey is quiet.

CONNOLLY

That means the Bureau doesn't control him.

WHITEY

I know what the fuck it means.

CONNOLLY

So what are we gonna do?

WHITEY

We?

CONNOLLY

OK: what are you gonna do?

183A INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

183A

FBI INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

How did Whitey get McIntyre into the house?

WEEKS

It was easy. He invited him to a party...

184 EXT. SOUTHIE STREET - DAY

184

Walking out of a liquor store is MCINTYRE. We recognize him from the loading of the Valhalla. He is carrying two cases of beer to a waiting car.

WEEKS (V.O.)

He didn't know we knew he was a snitch. Probably thought he would get more shit on us, the cocksucker.

Sitting inside the car is Steve Flemmi. As McIntyre gets in:

MCINTYRE

You owe me twenty four bucks.

Flemmi reaches into his pocket and hands him twenty-five.

FLEMMI
Keep the change.

186 EXT./INT. 799 EAST THIRD STREET - DAY 186

Flemmi's car pulls up outside the house, the same one where Whitey strangled Debbie Hussey. He and McIntyre get and carry the cases of beer inside.

FLEMMI
Kitchen's through here.

McIntyre follows Flemmi into the kitchen... where Kevin Weeks awaits.

WEEKS
Hey John.

McIntyre looks surprised. But that's only the beginning.

Whitey steps out from behind the door. McIntyre spots him out of the corner of his eye just as Whitey points a silenced Mac-10 machine pistol at him.

McIntyre SLAMS the beer crate against the door, pinning Whitey for a moment. He drops the crate and starts to run.

186A INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 186A

A race ensues that winds throughout the entire house. McIntyre running for his life. Racing up the stairs. Whitey shooting silent rounds PFFFT PFFFT PFFFT.

Down a hallway into a bedroom. In an out of rooms. Wood, glass, lamps, SHATTERING.

Weeks and Flemmi come up the opposite direction, guns drawn.

WHITEY
Do not kill him, do not kill him!

McIntyre crawls out of a window, along an edge, and climbs onto the roof.

187 EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 187

Hanging out a window, Whitey SHOOTS OUT onto the roof, two shots catching McIntyre in the leg and hand. He HOWLS in pain. Shingles SPLINTER.

Weeks comes up on the roof from the other side. He grabs McIntyre in a headlock. The two struggle on the pitched roof.

As they start to slide off, McIntyre punches Weeks in the face. Weeks loses his grip and slides off the roof, landing with a THUD and a GRUNT on a parked car in the driveway.

McIntyre crawls around the other side of the house, KICKS IN a window, and climbs back inside.

188 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 188

McIntyre runs down a hallway where everything looks clear. He stops to gather himself. Starts moving quietly.

Suddenly we hear six quiet POPS.

McIntyre's pants EXPLODE, blood SPLATTERING as we realize he's been shot six times in the legs. He collapses to the ground.

Whitey appears from the shadows, walking up on him with his silenced machine pistol.

WHITEY

These guns are so quiet.

He grabs McIntyre by the collar and starts dragging him down the hallway and into an empty bedroom.

188A INT. EMPTY BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 188A

McIntyre is bloody as hell, but conscious. Whitey and Flemmi hoist him into a chair. Flemmi handcuffs him.

MCINTYRE

(crying)

I'm sorry, Jimmy. I was weak.

WHITEY

What have you told them?

MCINTYRE

Everything. They have everything.

WHITEY

We're going to have to take you down to the basement.

McIntyre starts weeping.

WHITEY

John. Stop crying. It's unmanly.

But McIntyre continues sobbing uncontrollably. Weeks has hobbled into the room now, joining them.

WHITEY

JOHN -- stop that. Crying makes me feel very uneasy.

MACINTYRE

Jesus help me. I don't want to die...

WHITEY

John...

MACINTYRE

I have two children...

WHITEY

I know you do.

Gradually McIntyre pulls it together a bit.

MCINTYRE

Will you make it quick?

WHITEY

Lucky for you, we have to -- before you bleed out. I shouldn't, you know. You miserable treasonous fuck. But right now I got higher priorities than torturing you. You're a lucky man.

(at Weeks)

Kevin, help John up please.

With difficulty Weeks helps McIntyre to his feet. He and Flemmi drag him down the steps.

WHITEY

I'm gonna have to ask you a series of questions. Who you talked to, and exactly what you said. In great detail. You understand?

MCINTYRE

Yes.

They continue down the stairs toward the basement.

WHITEY

We'll bury you where we buried the others. Sort of a graveyard for the foolish and the fuckin' suicidal. And we're going to have to remove all your teeth because dental records are used extensively in identification, should they ever find your body. But don't worry, you'll be dead before we pull your teeth. Which is more than you deserve.

McIntyre is too distraught even to answer. They reach the basement and lay him down on the ground. McIntyre is literally trembling he's so frightened, not to mention the pain and the blood loss.

WHITEY

Alright, let's start. With as much specificity as possible....

189 EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT 189

Seen from outside as this grisly work goes on within.

190 INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT 190

Whitey, drained from the killing, is asleep on the couch.

191 INT. BASEMENT - SAME TIME 191

A hole has been dug in the exposed earth of the cellar floor. McIntyre's body is dumped in it. Flemmi noisily searches through a metal toolbox, finally emerging with a hammer and a pair of pliers. He hands Weeks the tools and a canvas bag.

FLEMMI

You put the teeth in this bag and you take this hammer and you smash 'em to powder. You lose the powder in the river on your way home. Got it?

WEEKS

(gulping)
Got it.

FLEMMI

I'm going to Dunkin' Donuts. You want anything?

WEEKS

I'm not hungry.

FLEMMI

I'll bring you a cruller.

As Flemmi exits Weeks kneels down, places the pliers in McIntyre's mouth and pulls as hard as he can. With great effort he finally manages to yank out a tooth. He drops it in the bag.

192 INT. KITCHEN/UPSTAIRS - LATER THAT NIGHT 192

With a box of donuts beside him, Flemmi is standing over the sink holding McIntyre's wallet, using a Zippo to burn everything in it, including the cash. Receipts, business cards, pictures of his kids.

On the living room couch, Whitey is still fast asleep, SNORING LOUDLY.

Flemmi watches him through the flames. Turns on the radio and tunes to sports talk radio, where the late night callers are up in arms about the Red Sox.

193 INT. FEDERAL PROSECUTOR WYSHAK'S OFFICE - DAY 193

A gathering of various law enforcement agents, including Connolly. Wyshak, addressing the group, is not happy.

WYSHAK

Well, McIntyre has vanished from the face of the fucking earth. Which seems to be a common phenomenon any time an informant says something incriminating about Whitey Bulger.

Wyshak is staring directly at Connolly, who is squirming. He looks haggard and pale, his old superstud aura dimmed.

WYSHAK

I want Whitey Bulger. If we have to arrest every lowlife in Boston to do that, we arrest them. Every loan shark. Every bookie. Every drug dealer. One of these guys is going to make me a case against Whitey Bulger.

A deputy approaches Wyshak and whispers in his ear. Hands him a copy of today's Boston Globe.

WYSHAK

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

Wyshak holds up the paper for all to see. On the front page is a photo of Whitey Bulger, Kevin Weeks, and another hood holding a winning LOTTO TICKET for \$13.4 million.

WYSHAK

Whitey Bulger just won the Massachusetts State Lottery.

193A INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

193A

Billy is on the phone, astonished.

BILLY

The Mass Millions Lottery, Jimmy? Really?

INTERCUT with:

194 INT. TRIPLE O'S - DAY

194

Where Whitey is on the payphone. As usual, holding it with tissue paper.

WHITEY

What can I tell you, baby brother? Luck of the Irish. I was gonna stop by the house and tell you the good news.

BILLY

In what world is this good news?

WHITEY

(hurt)
You should be congratulating me.
Why you breaking my balls?

BILLY

Jimmy, I know you think the lottery
is for retards. You'd never buy a
ticket. You know how this looks?

WHITEY

Enlighten me.

BILLY

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

WHITEY

That's not what happened. I went in
on a ticket as a goof. I won fair
and square.

BILLY

The odds had to be, what, thirty
million to one?

WHITEY

I guess I'm just lucky like that.

BILLY

Jimmy, your picture is in the Globe
alongside two known hoods!

WHITEY

You think I want my picture in the
papers, Billy? I *never* want my
picture in the papers. Every time I
turn around the mugs think I'm
responsible for some fucking crime.
And to top it off, it wasn't a
flattering picture.

197A INT. ROOFTOP / BOSTON - DAY

197A

A tall building somewhere in downtown Boston; we're not sure
where. A light snow falls on Connolly and Marianne

CONNOLLY

Thanks for coming. It means a lot
to me. Keeping up appearances and
all.

MARIANNE

It was the least I could do.

CONNOLLY

I got my divorce papers this
morning.

MARIANNE

It took longer than I expected.

CONNOLLY

It's strange to be surprised by something when you don't think should be surprised.

MARIANNE

Not that it matters anymore, but where did you go when you were out all night?

CONNOLLY

Let's not talk about work.

MARIANNE

Another woman I might have understood. Wouldn't have been happy about it, but I'd have understood. But Whitey Bulger? It was always Whitey Bulger.

CONNOLLY

He prefers Jimmy.

MARIANNE

I really don't give a shit, John.

CONNOLLY

(a sad smile)
Touché.

Beat.

CONNOLLY

Everything I did I only did for the greater good. You know that, right?

He looks at he hopefully. Marianne stays silent.

MARIANNE

One last question. All this time you've been working Whitey. Having him to dinner. You vacationed with him for Chrissakes! Taking his Christmas gifts. Does the Bureau know about all that?

CONNOLLY

(defensive)
That's the way you work an informant. You do things *for* them to get what you want *from* them.

MARIANNE

Then I guess I got to watch a master class on how to milk a source.

CONNOLLY

Thanks. I did my best.

MARIANNE

I'm talking about Whitey.

Connolly flushes. Marianne looks at her watch.

MARIANNE

We better go down. You don't want
to miss your own party...

As they head for the stairwell leading down into the
building, we realize they are on the roof of:

198

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS/BOSTON - SOON AFTER

198

A CHORUS of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" precedes cake and
APPLAUSE. A retirement party for John Connolly. Marianne is
among the guests.

WEEKS (V.O.)

The Director of the FBI William
Sessions himself traveled all the
way to Boston to single out this
Mafia-busting superstar for his
stellar career. How's that for a
kick in the ass?

For Connolly, though, the affair is a bittersweet one. The
party's piece de resistance is the master of ceremonies, the
one and only Billy Bulger. Making a speech:

BILLY

It's hard to overstate John
Connolly's contribution to the FBI
and his stellar work in dismantling
organized crime in Boston. His FBI
file is filled with commendations,
including eight from a succession of
FBI directors all the way from J.
Edgar Hoover to Mr. Sessions here.
Personally, when I think of John --
and I've known him since we were
boys -- I think of what the Roman
poet Juvenal said, better than I
could possibly say: "Consider it to
be the greatest of evils to prefer
life to honor. And for the sake of
life to lose all reason for living."

PARTYGOERS

Here! Here!

ANGLE ON CONNOLLY, melancholy.

WEEKS (V.O.)

It didn't take long for everything
to crumble after that...

200A INT. STATE POLICE STATION / BOSTON - DAY

200A

Wyshak and a STATE POLICE CAPTAIN look through the one-way mirror at a prisoner in an interrogation room.

STATIE CAPTAIN

Guy ran a sports and numbers racket out of Heller's Cafe. Parlayed it into loan sharking, and that into money laundering. Says he can give us some big fish.

WYSHAK

Evidence?

STATIE CAPTAIN

Pictures. Some sound, it's hard to hear. Our budget is for shit.

WYSHAK

(surprised)

This isn't federal?

STATIE CAPTAIN

Just us Staties. It happened so fast we didn't pull in any other agencies.

WYSHAK

So the FBI doesn't know about this?

STATIE CAPTAIN

No. I'll call them if you want--

WYSHAK

(stopping him)

Hold off for now. Has he talked?

STATIE CAPTAIN

Not a word. Didn't even ask for a call. He may take a while. I'll put on a pot of coffee.

200B INT. STATE POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

200B

WYSHAK

I'm Federal Prosecutor Wyshak--

PRISONER

(interrupting)

Can you get me in the Witness Protection Program?

WYSHAK

Depends what you have.

PRISONER

What if I have Whitey Bulger?

200C MONTAGE

200C

One interrogation room after another. And one low-end thug, drug dealer, and lowlife after another.

DRUG DEALER #1
You kidding? Bulger controlled everything...

LOAN SHARK #1
Hell yeah, he took his cut. And it wasn't small...

DRUG DEALER #2
Every month we paid our "rent" to work his corner...

CROOK #1
Sure, I was selling in Southie. Under Whitey's protection...

ANGLE ON Wyshak, who is obviously getting what he wants.

WEEKS (V.O.)
Once Wyshak took you G-men out of the loop, all the pieces fell in place. But it was that prick Morris who put the nail in the proverbial coffin...

200D INT. VENEZIA'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

200D

An ashen and exhausted John Morris walks into the restaurant.

WEEKS (V.O.)
"Vino." A guy who'd been taking envelopes of cash and cases of fine wine off of Jimmy for over a decade...

Morris is shown to a table where two men are waiting, O'NEILL and LEHR. Both early 50s. Morris extends his hand.

MORRIS
Special Agent John Morris, FBI.

O'NEILL
(shaking hands in return)
Gerard O'Neill, Boston Globe.

LEHR
Dick Lehr, same.

MORRIS
(as he sits)
Thanks for meeting me. I kinda feel like we should be in a confessional, though.

Morris tries to laugh at his weak joke. The journalists look at him with sympathy.

MORRIS

Everything I tell you has to be off the record. You understand that, right?

O'NEILL

Of course. We'll develop our own sources and corroborate everything anyway.

MORRIS

Then where should we begin?

LEHR

Traditionally? Begin at the beginning.

Morris pours himself a huge glass of red wine from the bottle that is already on the table and takes a deep breath.

200E EXT. WOLLASTON BEACH, BOSTON - EVENING 200E

Sunset on a frigid Boston evening. O'Neill and Lehr wait. It's Fitzpatrick who approaches this time. No formalities.

FITZPATRICK

What do you know?

LEHR

We know.

201A INT. WHITEY'S CAR (MOVING) / SOUTHIE - NIGHT 201A

Weeks and Whitey pull up at a newsstand. Whitey gets out to buy a paper. Weeks waits in the car.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Jimmy and I had this little ritual. Every day at midnight, we'd drive over to K Street and get the first editions of the morning papers. Jimmy would always turn to the crime pages first. But this time he didn't have to....

Whitey walks back to the car with the Boston Globe. On the front page: **"WHITEY BULGER: FBI INFORMANT SINCE 1975."**

Whitey folds up the paper and gets back in the car like nothing happened.

WEEKS

What's in the news?

WHITEY

Nothing.

204 INT. CONNOLLY'S CONDO - NIGHT

204

A small apartment where he moved after the divorce. The PHONE RINGS. Connolly picks up. Before he can even speak:

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

I'm not sure when it's comin' down exactly, but they're going to indict Bulger and Flemmi. You didn't hear it from me.

And the phone goes dead.

Connolly sits down in a chair. The news isn't completely unexpected. He thinks, tapping his fingers, wondering what to do. What can he do?

206 INT. TRIPLE O'S - NIGHT

206

Weeks sits at the bar. Connolly walks in.

CONNOLLY

Is the other guy around?

WEEKS

Go fuck yourself, Connolly. You got a lotta balls walking in here at a time like this.

CONNOLLY

Page him. Tell him I got something to tell him. Tell him it's real important.

207 CLOSEUP: A PAGER - SOON AFTER

207

With the message: "Zip came by. Important." REVEAL the pager in Whitey's hand. He deletes the message and pockets it again.

207A EXT. COPLEY SQUARE - NEXT DAY

207A

Connolly and Whitey sit on a bench. The first time we've seen them meet in such a public place. It doesn't matter any more.

CONNOLLY

They got you and Stevie on dozens of counts of extortion, racketeering, and other bullshit. They're still trying to make the murders stick, but they will. They got enough to put you away twice as long as Angiulo.

WHITEY

You tell Stevie yet?

CONNOLLY

No. I came straight to you.

WHITEY
It was Morris, you know.

CONNOLLY
I know.

Beat.

CONNOLLY
I gotta tell you, this isn't how I
pictured it ending. You?

WHITEY
I'm not much for daydreaming.

CONNOLLY
You used me, Jimmy.

WHITEY
It was an alliance, wasn't it?
That's how you pitched me from the
get-go.

CONNOLLY
I'll go to my grave believing I did
the right thing. That we did the
right thing. I won't lose a minute
of sleep over that.

WHITEY
(blasé)
I never did.

Connolly is silent.

WHITEY
I'll call you in a week. This same
time. Let me know what you know.
I'll--

CONNOLLY
Jimmy, there's nothing more I'm
gonna know. Ever.

WHITEY
Well, John. Then I guess I better
stay a free man. For all our sakes.

CONNOLLY
Good luck, Jimmy.

They shake hands. Then Whitey gets up and disappears into the crowd.

210 INT. MORRIS' HOUSE - NIGHT (2 A.M.)

210

The phone RINGS and Morris nearly jumps out of his skin.

MORRIS

Hello?

WHITEY (O.S.)

You ratted me out...

INTERCUT now with Whitey, in a phone booth.

WHITEY

You took my money and my goodwill
and you fucked me. For that I'm
gonna find you and I'm gonna kill
you and your family. You're a
fuckin' dead man.

The phone goes dead. Morris starts to hyperventilate. He drops the phone and convulses on the floor.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Morris had a heart attack on the
spot. Can you believe that?

211 EXT. MORRIS'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

211

Paramedics are rolling Morris out on a stretcher and loading him into an ambulance as his wife watches, distraught.

WEEKS (V.O.)

The bad news was, he survived. But
he never forgot Whitey's words. How
the fuck could he? I mean, he'd met
the guy.

211A INT. TRIPLE O'S - DAY

211A

Weeks is on the phone with Whitey, in his apartment.
INTERCUT. We stay CLOSE ON Whitey for his half. Not sure what
he's doing as he talks.

WHITEY

You're gonna hear a lot of nasty
shit about me, Kevin. When you do,
do yourself a favor?

WEEKS

"Don't believe what you read in the
papers"?

WHITEY

That's right.

WEEKS (V.O.)

*I didn't dare ask if it was true.
And right then, I didn't want to
know.*

WHITEY

One day I'm going to call and ask
you to help me.

(MORE)

WHITEY (cont'd)
It could be next week; it could be
ten years. Can I count on you?

WEEKS
Always.

WHITEY
(smiling)
"The true measure of a ruler is the
men he has around him."

He hangs up. Only now do we see that he is hastily packing to
flee.

211B EXT. SHOPPING MALL, BOSTON - DAY 211B

Flemmi gets in a small white Honda with his latest
girlfriend.

WEEKS (V.O.)
The DEA picked up Flemmi before I
could get to him...

DEA agents swoop from all sides. They yank open Flemmi's car
door. A revolver is pressed against his cheek.

DEA AGENT
One move and you're dead, Stevie.

The agent snatches the keys out of the ignition. In front of
a stunned crowd, Steve Flemmi is handcuffed and led away.

212 EXT. BANK / NORTHERN VIRGINIA - DAY 212

Whitey enters carrying a large athletic bag.

213 INT. VAULT 213

Whitey opens a safe deposit box and removes hundreds of
thousands of dollars in cash. Loads it into zippered bags.

214 EXT. PARKING LOT / NORTHERN VIRGINIA - THAT NIGHT 214

Cathy Greig drives her little Fiat into the lot. She leaves
it and walks towards Whitey, waiting on the other side with a
car of his own. Nondescript. One we've never seen before.

As she approaches:

WHITEY
Name's Baxter. Tom Baxter.

GREIG
So who does that make me?

WHITEY
Mrs. Tom Baxter. For the time
being.

He opens the car door for her. She gets inside. He does the same and they drive off into the night.

215 EXT. WHITEY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT 215

Whitey and Catherine driving.

WEEKS (V.O.)

Jimmy and Billy had an arrangement. If ever he had to go on the lam Billy was to go to the Quincy home of a guy named Eddie Phillips -- this guy they knew forever who drove Billy for years -- and wait til midnight.

A RINGING PHONE o.s. takes us to:

216 INT. EDDIE PHILLIPS' HOME, QUINCY - MIDNIGHT 216

Billy answers the phone.

BILLY

Hey Jimmy.

INTERCUT with:

217 EXT. PHONEBOOTH / SOMEWHERE IN KENTUCKY - CONTINUOUS 217

Catherine waits in the car while Whitey talks.

WHITEY

Hey Billy. You read the papers?

BILLY

Nah. They're only good for wrapping fish.

Whitey smiles.

WHITEY

I don't think you're gonna see me for a while. Tell the rest of the family I'm gonna be fine, I'm gonna be okay. It's time to retire and enjoy the fruits of one's labor.

BILLY

You sure you wanna do it this way?

WHITEY

You telling me there's another choice?

Now Billy smiles. Sadly.

BILLY

I'm gonna miss you, brother.

WHITEY

Me too.

A long pause.

BILLY

I hope this will have a happy ending.

We hear the line go dead.

217A EXT. CONNOLLY'S CONDO - DAY

217A

An unmarked US government car pulls up in front of the building. Two younger men with the unmistakable look of FBI agents get out. They approach the door and RING THE BELL.

Connolly opens the door like a man who knew what was coming.

FBI AGENT

John Connolly?

CONNOLLY

Do me a favor, boys -- professional courtesy wise? Don't go through the script like I'm just another fuckin' crook.

FBI AGENT #2

Aren't you?

217B INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

217B

FBI INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

What about you? Now that you look back on your time with Whitey Bulger, what's your opinion of him?

WEEKS

Honestly? If I saw him on the street and I was walking towards him, I'd probably just keep on walking.

MUSIC UP: an old 78 rpm recording of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," by the famous Irish tenor John McCormack. We CUT TO:

218 EXT. DESERT / SOMEWHERE OUT WEST - NIGHT

218

We see headlights illuminating a dark and lonely two-lane blacktop slicing through the desert. The CAMERA STARTS TO PULL BACK. We see the dashboard. The steering wheel. And then the backs of Whitey Bulger and Catherine Greig. She puts her head on his shoulder.

The CAMERA PULLS FURTHER BACK, then stops. We let the car speed away from us, disappearing into the void.

221A TITLES AND IMAGES UP:

221A

Flemmi in prison:

Steve Flemmi now is serving a life sentence.

Weeks out of same:

For giving information against Whitey Bulger, Kevin Weeks received a reduced sentence of five years in prison.

Morris in retirement:

John Morris testified against John Connolly in exchange for immunity from prosecution.

Billy with his grandchildren:

Billy Bulger left the Massachusetts State Senate and became Chancellor of the University of Massachusetts.

In 2003 he was forced to resign when it was revealed that he'd been in touch with his fugitive brother.

Connolly in prison:

In 2008 a jury convicted John Connolly of second-degree murder in connection with the John Callahan killing. He was sentenced to forty years in federal prison.

221B BACK TO WHITEY'S CAR

221B

Racing as fast as it can into the night.

James "Whitey" Bulger was on the run for 17 years before being arrested by the FBI in Santa Monica, California.

At 83 years old, he remains in federal custody awaiting trial on 19 counts of murder.

FADE OUT

CREDITS