

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS -- NIGHT

Nothing cheap here...

INT. WARREN DAVIS HOUSE; BACK DOOR -- NIGHT

A shadow, a MAN, moves across the back patio. Key in his gloved hand. Unlocks the door. Steps through. Alarm keypad already green. The man moves across the kitchen, into--

DAVIS HOUSE LIVING ROOM

where he stops. A burglar? Yes. But none of the tools-- not even a ski mask.

Handsome, mid 30's, NICK KELLY moves for the elegant stairs leading up to--

THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING

Hallways lead to bedrooms. Silently up, he's about to move when A TOILET FLUSHES.

He freezes. Lights trace a pattern from the master bedroom through the open door. A man walks to the bed. Uses a cell phone.

Powerhouse Hollywood Producer WARREN DAVIS makes a midnight call. Nick listens in.

WARREN

It's me. I can't sleep.

(and)

Of course I didn't, I told you,
I'm not taking pills anymore!

Warren punches a button on his night stand. Downstairs, Nick hears the insistent distant buzzer.

WARREN

Okay, I'm a drunk! I get it! So
you want me to add sleeping
pills to the mix as well?

Lights downstairs. Warren approaches the open bedroom door. Nick blends back into the walls.

WARREN

Look, part of your perk package
is I get to call you in the
middle of the freakin' night
and rag your ass if I want!
Lucky you!

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)
 (into the hallway,
 off the phone)
 COME ON, YOU STUPID COW!

Nerves jangled, Warren paces back again to the bedroom door. Half step into the hall. Nick makes like paint.

WARREN
 I didn't mean you! It's that
 spic housekeeper! I mean, GOD,
 this isn't the first time I've--
 (turns to the door)
 WILL YOU PLEEEEEEEZE HURRY UP!

On the stairs now, an elderly Mexican woman, roused from her sleep, ascends the marble steps. FILOMINA, 60+, carries a tray with whiskey, ice and a single glass.

FILOMINA
 I'm coming, sir.

She walks the short hall. Into the bedroom.

WARREN
 About time!

With their backs to him, Nick crosses the doorway and moves down the hall. Toward:

THE PRODUCERS WORK ROOM

Nick steps in, closes the door to a crack. Peers out and watches.

Filomina leaves. The bedroom door slams behind her. She plods down the stairs.

Nick closes the door. Clocks the room. Posters of movies on the walls. All produced by Warren Davis. Certificates, photos and all the trappings of a well heeled, well fed movie maker in Hollywood.

Nick moves to a large wall sized poster. Finds a recessed switch. Click. A secret door opens inward. Nick steps through into the passage.

INSIDE THE WALLS

Nick snaps on a penlight. It shines the way to a small hidden room. *Ah--! The treasure!*

Nick smiles. Produces a small digital camera. Dials up the first shot. A BRIGHT WHITE POP!

INT. CHEAP DIGS SOMEWHERE ILLEGAL -- DAY

-- the bearded Mexican man, JAVIER, 50+, snaps a fake DRIVER'S LICENSE photo of--

IVONNE PAZ SOLDAN-- 30, if that-- posed before a pull down screen.

She puts on her sunglasses. Nothing she can do, not the sunglasses, not the clothes, can hide the exotic *Latina* lushness that oozes from her very presence.

IVONNE

Un día, Javier.

JAVIER

Ten thousand dollars, gorgeous.

She ponies up the cash.

JAVIER

How you like now my Eeng-lish?
It is better, no?

IVONNE

It's better, yes.

They cheek kiss. She heads for the door.

INT. CHEAP STRIP MOTEL IN L.A. -- DAY

Nick packs his carry on. Zips it up. One last thing. The GREEN CANVAS WORKOUT BAG. Checks it. PACKED WITH CASH. ONE MILLION BUCKS. Zips it up. A horn BEEPS TWICE.

Nick gathers his shit. Opens the door. A cab waits.

EXT. LAX -- DAY

Establish.

INT. FED-EX AT THE AIRPORT -- DAY

Nick finds a shipping box. Grabs it. Moves to the counter. THE MEXICAN WOMAN smiles as he walks forward.

NICK

I need to ship this bag.

He holds up the green canvas bag.

IN MINUTES

the Mexican Woman has taped the box, dropped in the bag, seals it. Nick fills out the form.

MEXICAN FED EX WOMAN
What's the declared value?

NICK
It's dirty laundry. Cost more
to wash it than it's worth.

He pays cash.

EXT. LAX TERMINAL: DEPARTURES -- DAY

Nick cashes the cab. Shoulders his carry on. Walks
inside. Past a huge poster touting OSCAR NIGHT, FEBRUARY
22 on ABC. Nick uses his cell. Waits.

NICK
Let me talk to Black Irish.
(waits)
Now don't be difficult, Dennis.
He's sitting right there. Just
tell him it's Nick Kelly.
(listens, smiles)
You heard me right, you moron.
Nick Kelly. Been so long you
didn't recognize my voice?
(waits a sec then:)
Well, well, well. I hear you
been looking for me. No, I'm
not drunk, not yet, anyway.
I'll be in Boston at 7:50, your
time. Arrival gate 33. I was
wondering if you could make
your way clear to send a car
for me? For old times sake.
(laughs)
I sort'a knew I could count on
you. See ya then. Yeah, I'm
looking forward to it, too.

Clicks off. Pulls the sim card. Trashes the phone.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT, BOSTON; GATE 33 -- NIGHT

Cold, rainy, shitty.

Nick exits after the long flight. Shoulders his bag.
Waits. A black Mercedes stops. Four men get out. EDDIE,
the driver, and DENNIS his passenger. The two from the
back seat are thugs, all part of the extended Irish
"family".

DENNIS
Nick Kelly-- in the flesh.

NICK
Dennis, looking psycho as always.

Eddie gives Nick a pat down.

DENNIS
Nice tan.

NICK
Hooray for Hollywood.

EDDIE
He's clean.

Dennis tears open Nick's shirt, ripping buttons.

NICK
No tricks.

DENNIS
I gotta check, you understand.

They move to the car. Back door open.

DENNIS
Black Irish is looking forward
to seeing you.

NICK
I figured he might --

Dennis swings a sap, lays Nick out in the back seat.
They drag him in. Off they go.

INT. CRUMMY WAREHOUSE; SOUTH BOSTON -- NIGHT

Nick tied to a chair. Bloody and beaten. Dennis and
Eddie rummage through the carry on. Clothes scattered.
Wallet emptied, a stack of cash. A manila envelope sits
off to one side. Photo's inside. Pictures of paintings.

Dennis, bloody knuckles, checks out the pictures.

DENNIS
When did you become the art
lover, Nick?

NICK
You wouldn't know good art from
a comic book, douche bag.

Dennis punches him. Nick spits blood and laughs.

NICK
When's Black Irish gonna get
here, Dennis?

DENNIS
He can't be bothered.

NICK

You don't wipe yer arse without
his say so!

Dennis smacks him again. Nick laughs it off.

NICK

You're getting soft. Matter of
time before your sister knocks
you off and takes your job!

Snickers. Dennis wheels. Grabs up the cash.

DENNIS

This all the two million you
got left? Eight hundred bucks?

NICK

Show me a picture.

DENNIS

Say what?

NICK

Pick one at random, ya dry shite,
and show it to me.

Dennis grabs a picture, shows it to Nick.

NICK

Vincent van Gogh, View of the
Sea at Scheveningen, painted
eighteen eighty four. Stolen
from the Van Gogh Museum in
Amsterdam, two thousand two.
Current value, maybe eight
million.

DENNIS

Like you'd know...

Second picture:

NICK

Another van Gogh, Congregation
Leaving the Reformed Church in
Nuenen, same museum, same crime,
valued at ten million. You know,
there's a loophole in Dutch
law? Of course ya don't, ya
eijit! If the paintings aren't
returned in twenty years-- that's
two thousand twenty for you dim
witted apes-- whoever possesses
them will become the rightful
owners.

DENNIS

That's stupid.

NICK

Maybe that explains why you understand it! You might want to do yourself a favor and get Black Irish here before you piss away eighteen million bucks!

DENNIS

Total crap, ball-bag!

NICK

I'm the prodigal son returned bearing gifts-- but not for the likes'a you.

Dennis laughs. Slams another fist into Nick's face. Rocks him back. To the floor. Out cold.

EDDIE

Dennis, God damn it!

DENNIS

Shite...

(then)

Well, piss on him and wake him up.

He gets on the cell phone.

INT. CRUMMY WAREHOUSE; SOUTH BOSTON -- LATER

JIMMY "BLACK IRISH" COONAN could be your sweet old dad. Or a knife wielding lunatic intent on cutting out your heart. His choice, not yours.

He walks from the darkness toward Nick, now back in the chair, half awake and wet from piss.

BLACK IRISH

What's this, then? Oh, boyo, Nick, lad, look what's become of you.

NICK

You gaining weight there, Black Irish?

BLACK IRISH

Ah, you still got the mouth. I should ask if you're stupid for coming back. But the question is, have you got me money?

NICK

All and more.

BLACK IRISH

All and more! I like that! A man shouldn't go to his grave with a debt on his soul, I always say.

Dennis shows the pictures.

BLACK IRISH

What's this, then?

DENNIS

Stolen art, or so he says. Worth millions, or so he says.

BLACK IRISH

Ah, Dennis, you're not looking. Pictures taken at night with a flash camera. And not in a museum, by the looks of it. On someone's walls. Like fresh fruit sitting on a window sill.

(then)

You took these pictures yourself, now, didn't you?

NICK

There's more, Jimmy, and it's big.

BLACK IRISH

Is it, now?

NICK

Very big.

BLACK IRISH

Of course it is. Why else would you come back?

But the wheels turn and:

BLACK IRISH

(walks off)

Clean him up, bring him up to the house in the morning. And Dennis, no more of the rough stuff.

And like that, he's gone. Nick grins at Dennis. Dennis just wants one more shot. It shows in his face. But it's not going to happen. Not tonight, anyway.

INT. AIRPORT FED EX OFFICE; BOSTON -- DAY

A cab pulls up. Ivonne steps out, moves into the office. The ASIAN COUNTER CLERK responds instantly.

ASIAN FED EX MAN
May I assist you?

IVONNE
I'm here to pick up a box sent from Los Angeles, overnight express.

She hands over ID-- and smiles. He looks at it:

NEVADA DRIVERS LICENSE: TERESA PAULO: with Javier's photo of her.

INT. THE COONAN HOUSE -- DAY

Upscale, not too pretentious. Not bad for a rich mob leader. Set back from the street. Patrolled by "family."

Dennis tools up in his black Mercedes. He and Eddie hustle Nick out the back. Worse for wear. Change of clothes, a shower, a shave, a face like a bruised apple.

NICK
Same old dump--

Dennis shoves Nick toward the door. Eddie knocks. The door opens.

KATHERINE COONAN stands in the doorway. Dressed like a bank vault. Tight face, flashing eyes.

KATHERINE
Nick Kelly--

NICK
Mrs. Coonan.

Nick steps in. Katherine blocks the door.

KATHERINE
Not you.

DENNIS
Don't be daft--

KATHERINE
Jimmy says no. Wants to talk to Nick alone.

Dennis tries to look past her to see in-- she blocks his eyeline.

KATHERINE

You want me to bring him down
in his underwear to tell you
himself?

DENNIS

Not necessary, Missus.

Dennis backs off. Katherine closes the door.

INT. THE COONAN HOUSE; FRONT ROOM -- DAY

Nick gives the place the once over.

NICK

You got some new stuff. Black
Irish must be doing good by
you.

(she ignores him)
Not bad for a girl from the old
neighborhood, Katie.

KATHERINE

Save your breath, Nick, I'm not
feeling nostalgic.

NICK

Weren't you voted the girl most
likely to succeed?

He follows her to--

INT. THE COONAN KITCHEN -- DAY

Nick and Katherine enter.

NICK

Oh, I forgot, you never graduated
high school.

MRS. CONNAUGHT, 60+, chief cook and bottle washer, stands
at the sink. She turns. Spots Nick. Goes hard and tight.

NICK

Mrs. Connaught. You're still
here.

MRS. CONNAUGHT

And why wouldn't I be? I'm not
as cowardly and thieving as
some people I might mention.

NICK

Good to know you still think
about me now and then.

She stalks off. Nick gives Katherine the once over.

NICK

Tell me you're glad to see me.

KATHERINE

Frankly, I'm surprised you came back.

NICK

Had to.
(off her eyes)
You were here.

KATHERINE

"And her heart just melted in her breast." How romantic!

Katherine pours two cups of coffee.

NICK

Where's Jimmy? Upstairs in his underwear?

Nicks takes the offered cup of coffee. Tries to kiss her. She shies back.

Her eyes challenge. His respond. She goes to pick up her coffee--

He ambushes her mouth. Spills coffee. She doesn't shy back, doesn't pull away. In fact, after a fashion, leans into it now.

Too much-- steps back. Anger flashes-- and passion.

NICK

Sorry.

BLACK IRISH enters the kitchen-- dragging a comb through his slick hair.

BLACK IRISH

You got plenty to be sorry for, bucko.

NICK

I spilled--

Katherine turns, grabs a towel. Mops up.

BLACK IRISH

Least wise, it ain't blood. Not yet anyway. This mine?

He takes the other cup of coffee. Katherine rinses the towel in the sink. Turns when Black Irish prompts her for a kiss.

BLACK IRISH
Morning, love.

KATHERINE
You want breakfast?

BLACK IRISH
I could eat. Don't know about
Nick, here, his teeth are
probably sore.

NICK
Coffee's fine.

BLACK IRISH
Let's go talk, then. You and
me.
(then)
Have I told you today I love
you, dear?

KATHERINE
Not yet you haven't.

BLACK IRISH
Remind me later.

She favors him a smile. Black Irish walks out. Nick and
Katherine waltz a glance between them as he follows.

EXT. THE COONAN HOUSE; BACK GARDENS -- DAY

Black Irish and Nick stroll the outer landscaping.
"Family" bodyguards work the edges of the area.

BLACK IRISH
You'd be amazed who's buried
here, fertilizing these plants,
Nick.

NICK
Save it for the tourists. Coppers
been all over this place with
corpse sniffing dogs and God
knows what else.

BLACK IRISH
True. Not a drop of blood can't
be traced back to a shaving cut
of mine. That's why I had Dennis
bring you here. So you'd know
you'd be safe.

NICK
For as long as that lasts.

BLACK IRISH

I was stunned when you called.
I said 'how stupid is this lad?'
And then I thought, 'Nick Kelly
ain't no gacky.' And then, you
showed, and Dennis called-- and
I see you sitting in that chair,
all banged up and smelling like
piss--

(beat)

Gotta tell you, Nick. Wanted to
kill you myself. Get my hands
dirty, like the old days. It
would put me in Dutch with the
church, but for a back stabbing
little shit like you, it would
almost be worth it.

NICK

Why didn't you?

BLACK IRISH

You know why not! You're like
my own blood, you son of a bitch!
Nothing against your mother,
she was a fine woman, it's a
figure of speech.

NICK

Back stabbing little shit works
for me.

BLACK IRISH

If it wasn't for your old man,
God rest his black heart--

NICK

Yeah--

Nick gets caught in the thought-- it rushes him unawares--

SIX BRUTAL GUNSHOTS-- HAMMERING FAST AND HARD--

EXT. SOUTHIE RESTAURANT; TWO YEARS AGO -- NIGHT

Nick rushes to the curb from inside the restaurant--

*A car speeds away. His father lays on the sidewalk. Two
bodyguards in the street. Kicking. Bleeding. Screaming.*

*Nick drops next to his dad, rolls him over-- half his
head blown away. One lifeless eye, surprise and horror
showing white all around-- now it's Nick's turn to
scream.*

INT. THE COONAN HOUSE; DINING ROOM -- DAY

Nick and Black Irish sit at the table as Mrs. Connaught and one YOUNGER SERVANT, white, Irish and "family", set out breakfast. Katherine joins them with the coffee.

KATHERINE

May I?

BLACK IRISH

I have no secrets from you, my dear.

KATHERINE

(sits beside him)

And I almost believe that.

BLACK IRISH

Take a look at this woman, Nicky. Can't fool her. She knows what a worthless so and so I am and still she sticks with me.

NICK

Must be true love, Jimmy.

Mrs. Connaught gives Nick the evil eye and leaves, followed by her helper.

BLACK IRISH

Nick and I were talking about the night his father was killed.

KATHERINE

A terrible night that was.

BLACK IRISH

Indeed...

NICK

I heard you found the shooter.

BLACK IRISH

The day you split with my cash. Freelance black gang banger from Roxbury. Somebody got to him before I did.

He eats. Digs in like a starving man. Raised poor, old habits never die.

BLACK IRISH

God love Mike Kelly, but he had some enemies. Not that it mattered! You blamed me for it! Took my two million and split on me!

Nick watches the food spit from his mouth. Black Irish slams down his fork:

BLACK IRISH

Some said I should'a put a contract out on you! I didn't! I refused! Now you waltz back in-- all la ti da-- with your cool beach tan and all you get for your trouble is a good ass kicking-- a two million dollar ass kicking!

NICK

I had it coming.

BLACK IRISH

GA'DAMN RIGHT YOU DID! That and more, to balance my books.

He eats again, face red.

BLACK IRISH

Son of a bitch--

NICK

Back stabbing little shit, Jimmy--

BLACK IRISH

Watch your tongue!

NICK

But that's why I came back, to balance your books. And to balance mine.

BLACK IRISH

Yours? That's a laugh! What'cha got, eight hundred bucks and some pictures?

NICK

I know who killed my dad.

Katherine goes still-- looks at Black Irish--

BLACK IRISH

YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT! You got some idea, maybe! Hell, I got some idea! But you don't count! You stole from me, you get no consideration!

NICK

How about you get your money back? Does that buy me some consideration?