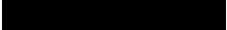


CITY OF GRAVES

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SUPER: BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - 1993

FADE IN:

EXT. WAREHOUSE IN SOUTHIE - NIGHT

A metro police car, steam rises from the tail pipe, idles steadily on the moist driveway.

DONNIE, 50, a stout Irishman, dressed in a police jacket, hobbles to the dented service door. He glances up, wincing in agony, at a security camera embedded in the corner.

INT. WAREHOUSE IN SOUTHIE - NIGHT

A news report flashes on the television: FOOTAGE OF THE CHARLESTOWN BANK ROBBERIES.

Beneath the television, a MAN has fallen asleep on a well-worn couch. LEO SMILEY, 65, gritty with slicked back hair and a Sport Illustrated magazine laid across his chest.

THUD -- THUD -- THUD -- LOUD BANGS AT THE DOOR.

LEO SMILEY
(raspy voice)
Who is it?

DONNIE (O.S.)
Leo, come on. Who do you think it
is? It's me. Open the fucking door.

Leo Smiley grabs his dusty-black walking cane, limping over, as the garage door rises:

Donnie steers the metro-police car inside. He steps out, dirty and exhausted like a soldier returning from war. The trunk pops open, Donnie, knees bent, pulls out a BLOOD DRIPPING BODY. He carries it over...

DONNIE (CONT'D)
(grunting)
There, he's dead.

LEO SMILEY
And you brought him here? What the
fuck are you doing?

DONNIE
No man left behind, right?

LEO SMILEY
That's not what we talked about,
Donnie. What happened?

DONNIE
I fuckin' killed him, that's what
happened.

LEO SMILEY
Yeah, I can fuckin' see that.

Donnie falls to his knees, gritting. Leo reaches to open
Donnie's jacket, a bullet wound gushes from his stomach.

Conversations fade -- focused on the body wrapped in blood-
soaked blankets on the couch: this man is BRADY O'MALLEY.

SUPER: ONE YEAR EARLIER

EXT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Taxi brakes SCREECH to a halt.

Brady O'Malley, early 30's, rises from the taxi as his hazel
eyes look upon a town house placed on a barren hillside. It
overlooks the slum housing projects.

Brady hikes up the steps, approaching a couple TRENCH COATS
smoking on the porch. Smug. Brady scans them over...

INT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Brady eases inside. Grim faces look back at him entering;
some are family, some not, others seem unfamiliar.

FATHER CLEMENS, an elderly but sturdy priest, comes over.

FATHER CLEMENS
Hello, Brady.

BRADY
Where is she?

FATHER CLEMENS
Back in her room, resting.

Brady walks down the bleak hallway.

FATHER CLEMENS (CONT'D)
She's fading quickly.

INT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

BRADY'S MOTHER lies in her bed, skin and bones, fragile, connected to tubes and monitors. NURSES bedside. Her back is exposed with SCARS and BURN MARKS.

Brady sits staring at her, intensely.

INT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE - STUDY ROOM - LATER

Brady is isolated in a chair, stern, finger pressed to his temple, scotch in the other. MOURNERS in the living room.

A scrawny BOY (10'ish) peeks around the corner.

BOY
Are you Brady?

BRADY
Yeah.

BOY
Hi, I'm Isiah.

BRADY
Isiah?

BOY
Apparently you're my cousin.

BRADY
(scoffs)
Apparently, huh? Smart. Yeah, that's right. You were in diapers the last time I saw you. Where's your dad?

BOY
He's died.

BRADY
Oh, shit I'm sorry. No one told me.

BOY
I barely remember you... Where have you been?

BRADY
Everywhere but here.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Brady stands at the curb, waiting, eyes watered, blowing warmth into his hands. He turns, face changes, eerily looking at something in the middle of the street in despair:

CUT TO:

EXT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

(this will be continuous throughout)

It's 1978.

Rain pours down, trickling across the neighborhood, as our attention moves through the barely lit street. It's peaceful and calm...

Until we hear HORRIFIC SCREAMS: a YOUNGER BRADY, 17, kneeled down in the mud, reaching across the street in agony:

For his PARENTS, who both lie face down in the street, flames burn over top of their MOTIONLESS BODIES.

Behind them is a BLACK BUICK torched in flames.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Brady snaps back to reality. He hears MUFFLED VOICES as Father Clemens trots down the hill behind him:

FATHER CLEMENS (O.S.)

Where to now, Brady? There's people back there that haven't seen you for a long time.

BRADY

I don't know any of those people.

FATHER CLEMENS

Those people are your family.

BRADY

The rest of my family just died in that room.

FATHER CLEMENS

Your mom's been suffering for many years. She's in a better place.

BRADY

Oh, yeah.

FATHER CLEMENS
(waving him over)
Brady, come over here.

BRADY
Look, Father Clemens, I'm late to
meet someone.

Father Clemens rips a dusty tarp off a RED HONDA.

FATHER CLEMENS
She would have wanted you to have
this. It should help you get to
whatever you're in a hurry for.

INT. RED HONDA - DAY (MOVING)

Brady drives through the gritty Boston streets. Knuckles
clenching the steering wheel, he zips through traffic.

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - DAY

The window cracks open, smoke escapes, as DETECTIVE MUSGRAVE,
55, inhales a cigar, watching a train pass through the
projects.

The passenger door opens. Brady plops down. The handsome,
blue collar prince, with life's tribulations etched in his
face. A small faded "BOSTON" tattoo runs down his forearm.

Det. Musgrave offers Brady a cigarette. Brady declines.

BRADY
So?

DET. MUSGRAVE
Brady, look, I've tried everything.
I have nothing connecting him to
any crime in the last fifteen
years. Leo Smiley's in the wind...
ok ... nobody can find this guy.
He's a fuckin Houdini. No trace of
him in two years. Nobody. I don't
know... I hate to say it... I
really hate to fucking say it, but
maybe it's time to let it go.

BRADY
(disgusted)
Let it go? Let it go? We're moving
forward. Just be ready. You can do
that, right?

Brady quickly exits.

DET. MUSGRAVE

Brady. Come on, let's talk about
this... Brady get back here.

INT. BRADY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The shades are drawn. No pictures on the wall. The place is bare. Brady chews his cereal at the table, staring at his cell phone, before he flips it open.

BRADY

Hey, can you still help me out?
Yeah, Yeah, I know the place. Yeah,
I'll be there.

EXT. "L" STREET - NIGHT

Brady stands under a flickering street light, hoodie pulled over his head as he analyzes two CORNER BOYS across the street over a barreled fire.

Brady walks over, then cut off.

FRED'S VOICE (O.S.)

Let him through. Brady's a friend
from high school. Come on, get the
fuck out the way.

FRED, a tall and skinny half-toothed drug dealer, waves Brady back around the garage. JUNKIES hidden in the shadows.

BRADY

What's up, Fred.

FRED

You sure you want to do this?

BRADY

Yeah. I have to do this...

FRED

No, you don't.

BRADY

... I guess I'd rather be dead...
than be a man who stood for
nothing.

Fred hands Brady a leather BACKPACK.

EXT. AMATEUR BOXING CLUB - DAY

Brady steps out, tosses the backpack over his shoulder. He looks down the block, cautiously, then moves down the street.

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR AROUND THE CORNER - DAY

Det. Musgrave leans back in his seat, eyeing Brady, moving with a purpose toward his apartment.

DET. MUSGRAVE
(on the radio)
You've got the green light. But
wait until he gets inside. That way
we can contain the situation.

Back doors to a tactical van fly open... FBI converge.

INT. BRADY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Brady darts in, clearing the table. He unzips his backpack. He takes two giant steps back, hands high in the air.

FBI breach the door, and slam Brady to the ground.

Det. Musgrave appears in the doorway, looking down like he's never seen him before. The FBI seize the backpack of cocaine.

DET. MUSGRAVE
Get this fuckin' guy's ass the fuck
out of here.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - DAY

CLASSICAL MUSIC plays in the background.

Well dressed LAWYERS, DOCTORS, POLITICIANS sit around a table engaged in a self-absorbed conversation.

The lonely eyes of EMILY DERRY, 30, staring off, dazed, as the conversations continue, she's lost, numb to life, and seems distant. Her smile restores her beauty, once she realizes she's here to mingle.

EXT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT VALET - DAY

Emily's dress sways across the hood of her white Mercedes. VALET holds the door. Before Emily can start the ignition --

A quirky COLLEAGUE fumbles over to the passenger window.

COLLEAGUE

Are you done for the day?

EMILY

Not yet. Still have work at the office.

COLLEAGUE

Have fun with that. I'll see you tomorrow... if your day in court doesn't kill you before that.

EMILY

Yeah. Tell me about it. Hey, thanks again for lunch. Good meeting.

The Mercedes pulls out, speeding through downtown Boston.

INT. ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Suits and secretaries maneuver through the hectic workplace.

Glass doors read: EMILY DERRY, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

A petite SECRETARY hands Emily a case file.

EMILY

What's this? You gotta be kidding me. This is today?

SECRETARY

The guy was already convicted with two kilos of cocaine. This is just the sentencing.

EMILY

(glances at her watch)
It's not the case I'm worried about. This is ridiculous. Next time, get it on my schedule.

SECRETARY

It was a last minute case.

EMILY

Yeah, obviously.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Brady leans over and whispers to his public ATTORNEY. He perks up when the JUDGE enters.

The JURY glances at the clock... doors burst open: Emily rushes in, scolded by the Judge.

JUDGE

Counselor, Emily Derry. Thank you for blessing us with your presence.

EMILY

Yes. Sorry, your honor. I was just given this case... I'm sorry your honor. Won't happen again.

JUDGE

Good. Don't blame your disorganization on the incompetence of your office.

Brady and his defense rise. Oaths are given. He looks over at Emily; she's flustered, caught off-guard as Brady stares right at her.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Mr. O'Malley, you've been charged with four counts of drug possession with the intent to distribute. You have been found guilty under section 405... you are hereby sentenced to three years, with possibility of parole after fourteen months... in South Bay...

The Judge slams the gavel.

In the back of the court room, Det. Musgrave stands to leave, smiling; pleased with the verdict.

Brady is strong-armed across the court room. He looks back to find Emily... before he's yanked away.

INT. SOUTH BAY PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Lights BUZZ overhead, suddenly turn off one-by-one down the line of cells blocks. Brady closes his eyes, lying on his mat.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rain pours down. Young Brady is kneeled down in the curbside mud. He reaches out, screaming in devastation:

His Mother is huddled around his Father, bleeding out. Over their shoulder a black Buick lights up in flames --

It EXPLODES.

Brady reaches for his burning parents. Torturous SCREAMS.

INT. SOUTH BAY PRISON SHOWERS - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Shower heads trickle down on three naked BLACKS, pinning Brady to the wet floor, while they spread his body.

BRADY
(yelling)
Guards... No... no... get the fuck
off me... no... Guards.

Brady slams his elbow, crushing one's jaw. He escapes, then stands, blood runs down his face.

GUARDS rush in swinging clubs.

INT. SOUTH BAY PRISON - VISITING CHAMBERS - DAY

Det. Musgrave appears troubled in his reflection off the thick window glare. Guards escort Brady inside, while Det. Musgrave watches him enter.

DET. MUSGRAVE
Hey, Brady.

BRADY
It's been a while.

DET. MUSGRAVE
I had to secure our contact.

BRADY
It's been eight months.

DET. MUSGRAVE
Brady, I know.

BRADY
No. You don't know shit. You don't
know what this is like.

DET. MUSGRAVE
You sound just like him.

BRADY
Yeah, whatever. You need to get me
the fuck out of here.

DET. MUSGRAVE
One more week Brady. I need you to
hold tight.

BRADY
Sure. If I'm not out in seven days
... it's over. I'll end it. Deal's
off.

DET. MUSGRAVE
I guess I'll see ya on the other
side, in seven days.

BRADY
Yeah. We'll see.

DET. MUSGRAVE
How's everything else?

Brady just stares, motionless.

DET. MUSGRAVE (CONT'D)
What?

BRADY
Now... you have six days, twenty
three hours, fifty nine minutes...
and let's say about forty seconds
now.

INT. SOUTH BAY PRISON - HALLWAY - DAY

Brady is shoved against the concrete wall. Guards move him
aside while the metal door is BUZZED open.

A burly inmate squeezes through the door, JOSEPH MCCARTHY. He
rams his shoulder into Brady passing.

JOSEPH MCCARTHY
What the fuck are you looking at?

Joseph McCarthy mean-mugs Brady while continuing.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

On the wall a gallery of mug shots. Primary guys.

A gangly but firm man with glasses, the FBI DIRECTOR, in a
freshly pressed suit, stands before a room filled with
intelligence and local agencies.

A handsome FED is eyeing Emily from across the table. She's not interested.

FBI DIRECTOR

First, we appreciate the assistance of the local police agencies and DA's office. We couldn't do this without you.

Emily perks up in her chair, curious.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Secondly... Now, if you did your homework, you would know that we recently have arrested a top soldier in Smiley's crew. Joseph McCarthy. He was the getaway driver in the 91' Hudson robbery.

(CLICK) The projector displays: a picture of inmate, JOSEPH MCCARTHY.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Joseph McCarthy... McCarthy's been privy to it all. It's just a matter of time before we get him to talk.

(CLICK) The projector displays: a picture of Donnie (who killed Brady in the intro).

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

There's Donnie... the backbone... the muscle... the brains...

(CLICK) The projector displays: a picture of LEO SMILEY.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

And that's him... Leo Smiley... and if for some reason you don't know this man... then please exit the room now. If you're here because you think you'll rise fast, due to the nature of this case... then get out. I want players. People that will make things happen.

The audience is attentive. Peach folders passed around.

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Look... I'm not going to lie... some people don't think we can do this... Maybe even some in this room. A lot of people think we're chasing a real live ghost.

(MORE)

FBI DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
But gentlemen... and ladies.
(he looks at Emily)
The choke hold Leo Smiley has on
this town and the poison he's
injected into this community with
bribery, drugs, extortion,
blackmail... it's unbelievable.

Emily notices across the room: a female agent, AGENT HARRIS,
blonde hair, perfect, uptight demeanor. Something's off.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH BAY PRISON - RELEASE CENTER - DAY

Weeks later, The metal doors CLANG open. Brady steps out,
back into the free world, relieved but owning nothing.

Det. Musgrave stands next to his unmarked squad car, his arms
crossed waiting with the back door held open.

DET. MUSGRAVE
It only took four days. I told you
I'd see you on the other side. You
coming or what?

INT. DETECTIVE MUSTGRAVE'S SQUAD CAR - DAY (MOVING)

Det. Musgrave stares straight ahead, stern, looking over at
Brady who is much the same in the passenger seat.

DET. MUSGRAVE
Are you ready to do this?

BRADY
Yeah. I've always been ready.

DET. MUSGRAVE
Good. Because your hatred is what
will get you through this...

Brady with a look of conviction.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Det. Musgrave slides a packet of information over to Brady.

DET. MUSGRAVE
Study that, until you're blue in
the fuckin' face.

Brady starts to review his cover...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emily looks up, notices Agent Harris leaving the table.

The FBI Director still lectures the agents, clicking through the projector of images: Leo Smiley, his right-hand Donnie, and Joseph McCarthy.

FBI DIRECTOR
These men around here... instead of
enlisting in the army at
eighteen... kids around here,
didn't get that chance. Instead,
they were enlisted into the next
generation of bank robbers. Trained
by their grandfathers... dads...
older brothers... It's handed down
from generation to generation...

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

A HOMELESS MAN is asleep, huddled in blankets. The black-tinted window of a Lincoln rolls down. It's Leo Smiley, reaching out with a hundred dollar bill.

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Leo Smiley is embedded in this
town. The roots are deep. Some
people love him like he's a hero.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Leo Smiley stands over a shivering MAN, at the edge of the pier, gun pointed -- BANG -- the body splashes into the bay.

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.)
... But most people feared him.

EXT. THE PORTS - NIGHT

Donnie puffs a cigar watching a few SOLDIERS carry bags of cocaine from a boat, over to the "MONTREAL BOYS".

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.)
He formed a syndicate of ruthless
gangsters, killers...
(MORE)

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
organized and funded by the drugs
they import from Vito Rizzuto up in
Montreal.

EXT. GHETTO STREET - DAY

A needle sticks out of the veins of a DRUG ADDICT lying
against the fence.

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.)
Heroin is their lifeline. Leo feeds
off the general public and bathes
in their misery.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The CORNER BOYS mean-mug the police as they pass.

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.)
He has eyes and ears everywhere.
This is his domain.

EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

KIDS play baseball, as Donnie watches his SON at bat,
cheering, fumbling his camera; overly excited.

Down the street, Leo Smiley watches from his Lincoln.

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.)
... their kids go to the same
school, play on the same t-ball
team... he represents everything
they are. Leo *is* Charlestown.

BACK TO:

EXT. COURTYEARD OF THE POLICE STATION - DAY

Det. Musgrave stands underneath a stairwell with a steaming
cup of coffee, sheltered from the rain.

Someone approaches, it's Agent Harris. Her eyes are kept to
the ground.

AGENT HARRIS
Hurry. What do you have for me?

DET. MUSGRAVE
Nice to see you too.

AGENT HARRIS
I don't have time for this shit.
What do you have?

DET. MUSGRAVE
He's out... Brady's in play. Let me
know how to proceed?

Agent Harris blends back into the crowd.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The FBI Director is still lecturing. The suits have dwindled,
now down to Emily and a couple intelligence officers.

The FBI Director closes his report.

FBI DIRECTOR
(looking around at their
faces)
Yeah... you all know why you're
here. You remember it like I
remember it. You remember like it
was yesterday. The damage Leo's
done is unforgivable and
unforgettable.

Emily's eyes widen (CLICK) the projector displays pictures
taken of a bloody and vivid crime scene:

SERIES OF SHOTS -- INSIDE A BANK VAULT -- DAY

Five years earlier.

- YOUNGER LEO SMILEY (55) stands in the entrance of the vault
with a shotgun pointed down at:

Hostages face down, shaking, crying --

A PREGNANT BANK TELLER and HEFTY SECURITY GUARD, the only
ones on their backs, facing up at Leo Smiley, sweating and
tense.

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.)
And that day... that day ... that
day can never be erased.

- Suddenly, the Hefty Security Guard, heroically, pulls a
gun, shooting -- he pierces Leo Smiley in the upper thigh --

SHOTGUN... CLICK... BANG.

Leo stands motionless, as he looks down, bleeding. His eyes tremble, stumbling from the bullet. He looks down at:

The pregnant Bank Teller gasping for air... blood stains her white dress. Her stomach shredded. She bleeds out. One last gasp.

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.)
He went from a small town crook to
America's most wanted with one
squeeze of the trigger.

- Leo Smiley's face is stunned. He looks at the smoke streaming from his shotgun, in disbelief, but still bleeding.

- He turns to the WHIMPERING Security Guard. Leo Smiley looks down. BANG --

BACK TO SCENE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The FBI Director (CLICK), the projector displays: pictures of the pregnant Bank Teller. Crime scene mark with homicide tape.

FBI DIRECTOR
He became a fugitive the second he
killed a twenty six year old under
grad from Boston College. A part
time job for her, so she could pay
for school. Six months pregnant.
She was going to have a baby boy.

Doors fly open. Agent Harris walks directly up to the FBI Director.

AGENT HARRIS
(whispers)
We might have a way in.

The FBI Director's face changes.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Dripping sinks, the toilet FLUSHES. Emily begins to open the stall door when -- CLANG -- someone enters. A WOMEN'S VOICE -- It's Agent Harris.

AGENT HARRIS
(on the phone)
I know. Yes, I know. But, what you
don't know is... Hold on...

Emily steps up on the toilet seat, legs shaking.

Agent Harris shoves open a couple stall doors, then squats
down. Unoccupied.

AGENT HARRIS (CONT'D)
Like I said... We don't know. But
what we do know is information's
being leaked from inside this
office. That's a fact. Yes. I will
call when I know more...

Emily's face in disbelief.

BACK TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A hand reaches high in the air, the FBI Director nods to a
young AGENT to speak.

AGENT
Sir?

FBI DIRECTOR
Yeah.

AGENT
Do we currently have someone on the
inside?

FBI DIRECTOR
We always have someone on the
inside. We're the fucking FBI...
but how deep that person is...
that's what matters... and if we
had that, we wouldn't be having
this conversation.

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