

LAST RESPECTS

John Farrell

EXT. DOWNTOWN BOSTON - DAY

A silver-gray HEARSE drives down Park Street from Beacon Hill and stops at an intersection at the corner of Boston Common.

Wind blows a spatter of rain over the windshield. The hearse waits for the light to turn green.

It does, but the hearse PAUSES as a POLICE CAR cuts quickly across an intersection one block down. As if prodded, the hearse cuts left—uphill in spite of the ONE WAY sign.

The hearse passes the OMNI PARKER HOUSE HOTEL on its right, long enough for the doorman to spot it.

DOORMAN

You're going the wrong way!

—before resuming its steady progress out of sight.

EXT. LONG WHARF - DAY

At the city's waterfront, a lonely truck sits with the call letters WCCB-TV, its microwave antenna opened in umbrella fashion, and the windshield wipers churning back and forth.

Within can be seen TWO TV CREW members and a woman REPORTER.

INT. THE WCCB-TV VAN - DAY

SHELLY HITCHENS, fortyish, sits in the front seat, looking at her report. Behind her, crew members RICHARD and ANNE quietly watch the monitors and wait for feedback from the station.

RICHARD

Hey, Shel. What time did you get up this morning?

SHELLY

How many times are you going to ask?

RICHARD

Is it really worth it?

ANNE

Lay off, Richard.

RICHARD

I'm just saying, the next thing they'll have her do is a traffic shot from the Route 2 bridge in Arlington.

Shelly glances in the rearview mirror and CATCHES SIGHT of the HEARSE coming down a narrow street—almost directly behind them —three hundred yards away.

SHELLY

Take a look at what I'm seeing. I thought State Street was one way.

Richard, checking his headset, taps her on the shoulder.

RICHARD

On in thirty seconds.

EXT. LONG WHARF – DAY

ANNE hauls open the slide door and JUMPS OUT with an unwieldy betacam. SHELLY opens her own door more slowly.

She watches the hearse directly as it proceeds down State Street. It makes an awkward right turn; stops under another ONE WAY SIGN; backs out and heads back up State Street.

Finally it TURNS RIGHT and DISAPPEARS in the distance.

SHELLY

(to herself)

Who the hell would get buried in the middle of a hurricane?

RICHARD

Okay, stand by!

SHELLY

No shit.

Shelly puts in her earplug and starts nodding to the sound of far-off ELECTRONIC voices.

She moves over beyond the van where Anne can get a shot of the SWELLING HARBOR WATERS behind her. Shelly straightens herself up to her full height and makes a half-hearted attempt to raise an umbrella.

SHELLY

(into the microphone)

Thanks, Bert. Like you said, the wind has reached us first, but I gotta tell you, the rain hasn't been far behind. As you can see behind me, the tide is already menacing, and we have two hours to go on a new moon high. Typical Labor Day in Boston.

She pauses for a moment, and then nods with a FORCED SMILE.

INT. THE VAN — DAY

RICHARD's monitor shows SHELLY SHARING A SPLIT SCREEN with the WCCB weatherman, BERT ARMSTRONG, a priggish, balding man.

SHELLY

(o.c.)

Yeah, I'll say. We're on our way to Moon Island. We'll keep you posted. No. It's definitely not a day to be driving...Bert.

RICHARD

Done.

He pulls off his headset.

EXT. LONG WHARF - DAY

ANNE puts the camera down.

ANNE

Okay, you're off.

SHELLY

What a chowder-skull. How long does he expect me to laugh at his cheesy jokes?

Richard pokes his head out.

RICHARD

We outta here?

Shelly chucks the microphone toward him.

RICHARD

Don't throw it at me. I'm not the one who gave you this assignment.

SHELLY

Let's just find some hot coffee.

She looks back toward State Street, searching for a sign of the hearse.

EXT. FRIEND STREET - DAY

The hearse pulls down FRIEND STREET, a narrow alley near construction work for Boston's BIG DIG. It comes to a stately halt in front of THE IRISH EMBASSY, a large pub.

The driver-side door of the hearse OPENS and out steps A TALL,

SLIM BLACK MAN. He is middle-aged, dressed in jeans, boots, shirt and leather vest—over which he has thrown a dusty long-tailed funeral coat. To this he ceremoniously adds a TALL HAT.

There is about this middle-aged COLONEL, even when he is not smiling, a sense of mirth and the unexpected.

Before he turns toward the back of the hearse, he catches sight of the street sign, FRIEND, and smiles.

THREE PARTNERS get out of the other side and help him disembark a BLACK CASKET. They are white: rugged Irishmen, all somewhat younger than the Colonel but no less formidable in appearance. Their names are SHALE, McGAHEY, and FERGUSON.

They open a portable trolley, place the casket on it and proceed to push it to the front door of the pub.

INT. THE IRISH EMBASSY PUB - DAY

TWO BARTENDERS clean up inside as the party comes in. The rest of the place, high-ceilinged, windowless and dark, appears empty. One man, behind the bar, has been watching the TV above his head. The other, coming in and out of the back room with a mop, stops to look at the newcomers.

He gapes at the COLONEL, who slowly removes his tall hat, holds it formally in front of his chest and smiles. He speaks with a West Irish intonation like the others.

COLONEL

Gentlemen, we're expecting only a small crowd to pay their respects, but any libations you can offer the bereaved will be much appreciated.

MAN BEHIND THE BAR

(to the other)

What's this about, Aido?

The man with the mop, AIDO, shakes his head.

AIDO

Colonel, what are you doing here?

COLONEL

What do you think, Aido? It's been a long time, eh?

The other man nods. He casts a glance at a SHOTGUN—FROM HIS VIEW—suspended under the lip of the bar. The COLONEL sees his eyes move and his smile grows wider.

COLONEL

Do you not remember what we spoke about...the last time you and me and the old man met?

Aido nods again. The other bartender, chewing on a toothpick, doesn't get the gist of their exchange and frowns.

In the DOORWAY at the back of the bar, a third man, DUFFY, pokes his head out slowly to watch. He is ARMED.

COLONEL

How is your man doing, by the way? Still his stately self? You can see, we brought a mutual friend—

Aido DASHES for the shotgun. The Colonel drops his hat, takes out a pistol and cuts him down with a single shot. MCGAHEY and FERGUSON GRAB the other bartender and throttle him.

As the Colonel steps over to the side of the bar where Aido lies, the Duffy makes a dash out the BACK DOOR.

He reaches it before a bullet CATCHES HIM IN THE RIGHT SHOULDER BLADE. He manages to PUSH his way out. SHALE CRIES OUT to stop him, but the Colonel doesn't lose his composure.

COLONEL

I'm after him. Try and keep our old comrade alive.

He strides toward the door.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

The wounded man, DUFFY, runs into the alley behind the pub and struggles into a small Honda.

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

A hundred yards up the street from the pub, SHELLY dashes across the plaza, holding the wilted umbrella over her head and trying the door on a local coffee shop. Like everything else, it's been closed early because of the storm.

SHELLY

There's got to be somebody selling
fresh coffee today.

The Honda comes CAREENING OUT of the narrow alley and almost hits her. She JUMPS OUT OF THE WAY.

SHELLY

You maniac!

The wounded man cuts across the street behind the pub and heads for a through-way that leads to the highway onramp.

Shelly catches sight of the COLONEL now. He calmly gets back into the hearse, pausing a moment to return his pistol to its shoulder holster before ducking behind the wheel. He starts the vehicle and heads out by a different route.

Shelly turns and starts back to the TV van, screaming Richard's name.

The Colonel glances at her, but pays her scant attention.

EXT. THE SOUTHEAST EXPRESSWAY - DAY

The COLONEL sidles up beside the Honda just as they drive through the Expressway tunnel. Both cars cut a HUGE SWATH in the water pooling at the base of the tunnel entrance.

Immediately as they come out on the other side and swerve off the exit, they enter the world of THE BIG DIG: both cars cut

across a narrow, steel girded makeshift bridge. Abandoned cranes and trucks everywhere tower over them.

In view of the Boston Herald building, Duffy drives into the hearse's side, cutting it off, and driving left under the highway, skirting under the pillars and back—OVER THE BROADWAY BRIDGE that heads to SOUTH BOSTON.

EXT. BROADWAY BRIDGE — DAY

The Colonel catches up again, and drives the Honda into the GUARD RAIL on the OPPOSITE SIDE of the road. The little car SHUDDERS to a halt at the end of the rail.

The Colonel stops the hearse, turns his wheels to the left and REVERSES the gears. He DRIVES the vehicle backwards into the small Honda and knocks it over the edge.

EXT. BASE OF THE BRIDGE — DAY

Duffy's car wheels up and over the short lip, careening down the bank and splashing down into the unhealthy green depths of the Fort Point Channel. The car sinks, but only deep enough to cover the right side facing up.

The Colonel pulls the hearse over to the other side of the bridge.

Duffy has enough time to pull himself out of the flooding car's right passenger-side window.

He hides underneath the arch of the bridge. He is bleeding profusely from the shoulder and is gashed on the side of the head.

The Colonel runs up to the side of the bridge in the rain and looks at the car. It has sunk a little further into the muck. He starts to descend—to make sure—but stops as he hears a gasp from the anguished man under the bridge.

The Colonel pauses, contemplating the situation. Then he straightens his coat.

COLONEL

You were a good man, Duffy. It was a shame you had to go this way.

EXT. THE IRISH EMBASSY PUB – DAY

The WCCB-TV van pulls up on a side street around the corner from the pub's front door.

INT. THE WCCB VAN – DAY

SHELLY points out the pub to RICHARD, who's behind the wheel, and ANNE, who crouches with the beta camcorder on her shoulder looking over his.

RICHARD

I know that place. That's a good pub, they get some good bands.

SHELLY

Yeah, what else do they get?

ANNE

You want me to call Bert Armstrong during the noon newshour and say we want to do an exterior from the front of the Irish Embassy?

SHELLY

I'm just saying that something's going down, and we're here. Get that beta rolling.

RICHARD

What's going on?

SHELLY

When's the last time you saw a hearse pull up in front of a pub?

RICHARD

You never heard of an Irish wake?

SHELLY

This is like a regular thing?

RICHARD

Back in Ireland, I think they had wakes inside the houses or the pubs.

SHELLY

Richard, this isn't Ireland. And the guy was black. Don't give me any black Irish shit, either. Even if it's a legit funeral, who would get buried with Hurricane Albert coming down on the city?

They all FREEZE as Anne points out the hearse's return. She shoulders her betacam.

Like before, the hearse glides up in front of the pub, looking not much the worse for wear, and the COLONEL gets out again.

The camera crew watches as he goes inside. Anne RECORDS it all.

RICHARD

You want to knock and see if they recognize you?

SHELLY

Annie, did you get that?

Anne puts the camera down.

ANNE

I got it, but I still don't know what the city's star weatherman is going to think of it.

INT. THE IRISH EMBASSY PUB – DAY

The COLONEL's THREE COLLEAGUES have bundled the dead bartender into a chair and pushed him out back. The COLONEL steps over the body of AIDO. SHALE shrugs as he comes in from the back room.

SHALE

Couldn't hang onto him, Colonel.
You fixed him good with that shot.

COLONEL

It's just as well. I think I've put
our friend Duffy to good use.

SHALE

Anyone else see you out there?

COLONEL

Some young woman, looked like she
got off the wrong bus. Nothing to
worry about. Let's get the casket
set up and start making some calls.

He smiles as he takes the cellular phone from Shale.

COLONEL

I think we're going to need a priest,
don't you?

INT. WCCB-TV VAN – DAY

SHELLY sits back in the passenger seat and turns to RICHARD.

SHELLY

Let's go to the police.

RICHARD

Shel, we're supposed to be at Moon
Island in, like, fifteen minutes!

SHELLY

Call Bert and tell him a tree fell over the goddamned roadway. I want you to take me to police headquarters on Morrissey Boulevard. It's the nearest I can think of.

He starts the van again.

EXT. BROADWAY IN SOUTH BOSTON - DAY

DUFFY, stumbles along the sidewalk for several blocks. He HALTS on one corner when a STATE POLICE PATROL CAR drives by. Too late, he realizes they've recognized him and his condition.

Duffy darts behind one of the store fronts and pushes his way through a pair of hedges. He darts back one more street and forces his way into the back stairwell of a red-brick building.

INT. THE RED-BRICK BUILDING - DAY

DUFFY climbs to the top of the back stairwell and falls into the main room of a gym. It's ratty looking, and only one person is present, JAKE FINN, bare to the waist and throwing karate kicks at a gym bag standing on a pole rooted to the floor.

DUFFY

I thought those things hung from the ceiling.

Jake comes over to him. He is dark-haired and dark-eyed. Handsome.

JAKE

What happened to you?

DUFFY

I told you one of these days I'd come
to a bad end.

JAKE

Let me call—

Duffy PULLS OUT a gun.

DUFFY

You ain't calling anyone. This is
what you do. You're going up to Dignam's
place—near the Blue Hills.

JAKE

What are you talking about?

DUFFY

You're gonna give him a message.

JAKE

Like hell. I won't go near the place.

DUFFY

Then you can die here with me. How's
that sound?

Jake moves closer cautiously.

DUFFY

You can try it, Jake. But I'll hit you
twice before you even lay a hand on me.

Jake nods slowly.

JAKE

So where is it?

DUFFY

Don't play dumb. Don't think I don't know you ain't been there before. You think everybody believes you got this real estate by working at the Transportation Authority?

JAKE

Just give me the message then.

DUFFY

Tell Dignam the Colonel's here. He'll know what it means. Then you do...whatever he wants.

Duffy starts to sag and Jake QUICKLY GRABS HIM. He hoists the man to his feet. Duffy revives momentarily—just long enough to stick the GUN BARREL under the younger man's chin.

In a swift move, Jake TURNS HIM END OVER END, and throws him on the floor. The gun falls useless out of his hand.

JAKE

You can tell him yourself. I'm through with all of your bullshit.

TWO TROOPERS appear in the front doorway.

TROOPER #1

Hold it there, Finn. Just keep your hands up and turn to face the wall.

JAKE

I did you a favor.

TROOPER #1

I said up against the wall, home boy.

Jake turns around—his eyes flashing the only sign of his reaction to the jibe. The two troopers cross to him and check

Duffy. He is dead.

TROOPER #2
The hell were you two doing?

JAKE
What, do you think I'm stupid? I
heard Miranda a few times in my
life, Timbo.

They grab him.

TROOPER #1
Fine. You play it that way. Make
our life simpler for a change.

EXT. HOLY TRINITY CHURCH - DAY

FATHER MICHAEL JENSEN pulls up in front of an old inner-city Catholic church in a beat-up Chevy Nova. He climbs out, covers his head from the rain with a valise as he runs up the sidewalk to the parish offices attached to the back of the church.

INT. CHURCH SACRISTY - DAY

He is surprised to hear the PHONE RINGING as gets in the door. Jensen ignores it, irritated, and takes off his coat. He passes through the sacristy to the altar. A large pot has been set at the foot of the steps leading to the high altar. It is already half full from the LEAKING DRIPS that have been falling down from the arch high above.

The phone continues to RING as he stoops to pick up the pot. Several drops strike him behind the neck. He hisses, runs back into the sacristy and returns with another empty pot. He substitutes this for the other and drags the full one back into the outer office.

Jensen drops the pot all over the floor just as he is about to reach the sink. He CURSES, swipes one of his discarded cassocks to wipe at himself, and finally picks up the phone.

JENSEN

(exhaling)
Well?

COLONEL
(v.o)
We're looking for a priest on this
stormy day.

Jensen frowns, trying to place the voice.

COLONEL
(v.o)
It's just a small office we're asking
you to perform, father.

JENSEN
How did you know where to find me?

COLONEL
(v.o)
We're expecting you to pay some last
respects, maybe say the De Profundis
if you can find it in your heart.

JENSEN
Where?

COLONEL
(v.o)
Where else but the embassy, father? You
know it well, I'm told. You're not above
sharing a drink with the fellas when
they've finished the day's work.

JENSEN
Look, colonel, it's been a long time—

COLONEL
(v.o)
Don't make us come looking for you, father.
We've dispatched a few of Dignam's
Yanks already. They're not a swift lot.

Jensen puts the receiver down slowly after he hears the dial tone on the other end.

INT. THE IRISH EMBASSY PUB – DAY

The COLONEL and the others have set the casket in the middle of the pub floor. The wooden chairs have all been rearranged around it in a semi-circle.

SHALE has lit a number of lamps and candles they have brought with them and set them at various points around the bar.

COLONEL

The atmosphere is grand, Shale. What about the CC cameras, Ferg?

FERGUSON looks up from his laptop.

FERGUSON

Already tapped into them. It will look like we're flying blind.

COLONEL

Good. Let's have those layouts.

Shale tosses him a small canvas bag. The Colonel pulls out a number of municipal street plans.

SHALE

Why don't you let me take this one, Colonel? The less everyone sees of you, the better.

The Colonel tosses the bag back at him good-humoredly.

COLONEL

It's all yours then. Remember, just kill the lines for the surrounding block. We don't want anyone from the utility outfits getting caught in the crossfire.

Shale goes through the back door with an equipment belt and bag.

INT. COLUMBIA POINT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

SHELLY is at the front desk with OFFICER CAMPETI, a young woman assigned to take down her report.

SHELLY

...he was black, dressed like for a funeral, too. But he was parked in front of the pub—

CAMPETI

Name of the pub, again, ma'm?

SHELLY

Ms. It's called the Irish Embassy.

At the desk in the rear office, the POLICE CHIEF looks up at her words.

CAMPETI

Friend Street. The North End. I think you should've gone to the city precinct.

SHELLY

I realize that, but it's been raining a tad and you guys are on higher ground.

Campeti misses the wisecrack as she continues to take down Shelly's information.

CAMPETI

Now, you say you can't be sure you heard gunshots?

SHELLY

That's correct. It sounded like shots—

CAMPETI

And what was your business in the area at the time?

SHELLY

I'm on assignment for Channel Four. You must watch the tube once in a while.

Campeti looks up at her for the first time and slowly smiles.

CAMPETI

Oh, you. The weather girl. I read they wanted to bump you off the prime-time beat and—

SHELLY

Look, don't you think you should get a patrol car over there, and see if anyone's hurt?

The chief comes over to the front desk.

CHIEF

There's a couple of squad cars on the way already, Ms. Hitchens. I appreciate your concern. I'm Chief Biels. I've got a report from Post Office Square.

SHELLY

You know something about it?

CHIEF

We will shortly. Had a patrolcar of ours call in from West Broadway. Car accident.

He opens the gate separating the office from callers and escorts her back to the doorway.

CHIEF

I watch you all the time. Don't think your bosses have the right person in front of the map, if you don't mind my saying...

EXT. PARKING LOT OF THE HEADQUARTERS – DAY

The CHIEF escorts SHELLY back to the van where her two co-workers are waiting, bored. RICHARD is on the phone with the station.

RICHARD

It's Bert and he's pissed that we didn't make it out to Moon Island.

She takes the phone from him.

SHELLY

Bert, I told you this before. We couldn't get there in this weather.

She pauses for a moment and hands the phone back to Richard.

SHELLY

Now he wants us to head out to Nantasket.

ANNE

You gotta be kidding me!

SHELLY

I'll tell you one thing, the cops don't seem too excited about what's happening.

She climbs back in the van as Richard turns over the ignition. Shelly puts a hand on his arm to PAUSE — as a POLICE CRUISER pulls into the station.

TWO TROOPERS get out and escort JAKE FINN from the back seat of the car to the rear entrance.

Instinctively, Shelly leaps out of the van to watch more closely.

Jake turns his head to look at her only briefly before they take him inside.

RICHARD

Shel, for Chrissake!

She reluctantly goes back to the van and climbs in.

INT. SIDE OFFICE IN POLICE STATION – DAY

The CHIEF and the TWO TROOPERS stand over JAKE. They uncuff him and sit him down.

CHIEF

Look, kid. We're not trying to put one over on you.

JAKE

That's what you said last time—

CHIEF

Last time was out of my hands. This time isn't. Did you see who shot Duffy?

JAKE

I didn't see anything. For all I know, Duffy shot himself, loading his damned gun.

TROOPER#1

(to chief)

His car's stuck in the slime underneath Broadway Bridge. Not gonna get it out, not in this weather.

CHIEF

Where was he coming from?

TROOPER#1

Probably downtown. No one else was with him, far as we can make out.

CHIEF

(to Jake)

So what was he saying to you?

No response.

CHIEF

Jake, you don't want to end up in the slammer again, not considering how nice Judge Pedden was to you first time around.

JAKE

I ain't going anywhere. I ain't saying anything. The guy just busted into my place already bleeding to death.

TROOPER#2

You helped along a bit with some of those fancy moves, we saw that much.

TROOPER#1

Yeah, whose to say he might not've lived a few more hours...

The chief takes one of them aside for a moment, whispering some orders. Finally he shrugs, acting disappointed.

CHIEF

Wouldn't hold up in court, though. You're right, kid. You lucked out on this one. We find another one of these guys up in your loft, though, and it won't be so good.

Jake gets up slowly, warily, and makes his way to the door.

INT. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

CAMPETI -who has been listening at the door- resumes her position as JAKE and the others come out of the side office. She tries to act nonchalant as he makes his way back out the door with the two arresting officers.

The CHIEF approaches her desk.

CHIEF

False lead on that one, June.

He gives her the ledger, and she shrugs noncommittal. The chief makes his way to the MEN'S ROOM, stops at the pay phone and drops in a quarter.

CHIEF

Mr. Dignam, please. It could be urgent.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

JAKE throws on his jacket and sets out on foot to the boulevard.

TROOPER#1

How much of a loan did Jacky Dignam make of you to run that karate shop—

JAKE

He didn't loan me shit—

TROOPER#1

Yeah, it's just a coincidence you're sitting over one of his favorite bars—

JAKE

If you don't mind, I'll walk back.

TROOPER#1

Don't do anything stupid, kid. This ain't a good time for your boss.

INT. IRISH EMBASSY PUB - DAY

The COLONEL comes back inside. He moves to the bar where

FERGUSON has set up a CB and PC laptop, and has begun scanning the police frequencies.

FERGUSON

Looks like the cops already found Duffy.

SHALE

You think he lived long enough to get the message to Dignam?

COLONEL

Even if he didn't, something tells me the police force did. We knew they'd be in on this deal.

SHALE

How can we be sure, colonel?

COLONEL

We call the Congressman. Invite him to take a little detour before he meets with our old comrade.

EXT. GAZEBO, NANTASKET BEACH – DAY

Nantasket Beach is about fifteen miles outside of the city on the south shore. The WCCB-TV VAN pulls up at a large, deserted GAZEBO overlooking the violent surf.

The slide door opens and ANNE jumps out with her camcorder, hurrying onto the gazebo to get out of the rain. SHELLY follows her. They huddle together for a moment, working out how they're going to do the shot.

Shelly tells Anne to wait for a moment and then runs back to the passenger-side window of the truck where RICHARD is sitting.

She grabs the cellular phone from RICHARD and dials the line to her station.

SHELLY

We're set up. How long before we're on again? An hour, what the hell! Then we're coming back for a break. I'm not sitting out in the rain for an hour.

She shuts the phone off and gives ANNE a pat on the back.

SHELLY

Bert's having himself a nice long lunch. We've got at least an hour and a half, I figure, before we're on again.

ANNE

Hallelujah.

INT. JAKE'S GYM – DAY

DUFFY'S body has already been removed. Jake stands passively, waiting for the field team to finish their report. ANOTHER TROOPER watches him with a look of disapproval on his face.

JAKE walks around his sparse loft, making sure all of his punching bags, trophies, and other paraphernalia are in place. ONE OF THE FORENSICS has been admiring the pictures on the wall: Jake with Billy Blanks; Jake with Norman Armstrong, etc.

FORENSIC

Those are some nice statues you got there. You a heavyweight?

JAKE

(nodding)

Haven't been sparring in a while, but I used to do the whole circuit. Been to Cuba, Rome, Germany...

FORENSIC

No kidding? What happened?

Jake looks at his feet.

JAKE

I had an accident. Injured my back.
Took me out of the loop for a while.

TROOPER

Ain't the only thing that took you out
of the loop, I hear.

Jake doesn't respond.

EXT. WHITEY'S BAR, PAY PHONE — DAY

When Jake is certain the forensics have packed themselves into
the patrolcars and gone, he dials.

JAKE

Hey, Rappo. It's Jake Finn. Yeah, no
one's here today. You suppose I can
come up there for a minute? I gotta
tell Mr. Dignam some things. Yeah,
you can call me—

The line has gone dead. JAKE puts down the receiver.

INT. JACKY DIGNAM'S ESTATE, BLUE HILLS — DAY

RAPPO HERLIHY, Dignam's lieutenant, walks into the living
room. RETIRED GENERAL JACKY DIGNAM is watching a European
soccer match on a satellite TV channel.

Dignam is a large man, sagging in facial features, but
otherwise robust looking.

RAPPO

Another phonecall.

DIGNAM

Who is it this time?

RAPPO

Jake Finn. Kid who runs the karate place over Whitey's bar.

DIGNAM

I remember the kid. They said he might be calling us.

RAPPO

Who said?

DIGNAM

The cops, jerko. Who calls us, doesn't want to identify, and then gives us a tip-off?

RAPPO

They hinting you should get rid of Jake? He ain't into any shit.

DIGNAM

You never know what some people are into. You and Baz go out to the bar and get him.

RAPPO

In this weather? I hate lightning.

DIGNAM

There won't be any lightning in a hurricane. How's our English friend?

RAPPO

We put him up in the money suite, on the top floor. Seems anxious to get on with the business.

DIGNAM

Tell Grania to come in here on your way out.

Rappo withdraws. The PHONE RINGS. This time it's the line next

to DIGNAM on the couch. He picks up the receiver. He listens for a moment.

DIGNAM
What is it?

No answer.

DIGNAM
I said what is it?

COLONEL
(v.o.)
Who's playing today?

Dignam frowns, placing the voice.

DIGNAM
(slowly)
It's an Italian game. No one you'd know.

COLONEL
(v.o.)
Live or a replay?

DIGNAM
Live.

COLONEL
(v.o.)
Myself, I'm in the mood for a replay,
Jacky. You think you can oblige me?

DIGNAM
Why don't you come up and find out for
yourself, colonel? You come this far.

He hangs up, frowning. He rises to his full height. He is a VERY large man.

EXT. THE IRISH EMBASSY PUB – DAY

The WIND is driving harder as FATHER JENSEN'S Nova drives carefully down the street. He pulls onto Canal Street to park. He pauses in his steps at the sight of the hearse.

Not another living thing in sight. He notes the lack of electricity or lights from anywhere on the block.

Some of the SEWERS are starting to back up. As he approaches the front door of the pub, it opens from inside and the silhouette of the COLONEL appears within.

INT. IRISH EMBASSY PUB – DAY

SHALE shows the priest to a seat near the casket. Candles are burning throughout the pub. The COLONEL switches off the portable phone. He stands behind the bar now, swabbing the counter and tossing what's left of the previous night's dirty glasses into the sudsy sink. FATHER JENSEN is watching him.

COLONEL

I suppose you'd be wondering who's lying in state.

JENSEN

How did you find all of us, colonel?

COLONEL

Don't sound so resigned, Father. I wouldn't kill a priest. Isn't my own uncle a prince of the church in Bujumbura? A friend of the Holy Father even. How would that reflect on him?

JENSEN

Dignam is on his way, then?

COLONEL

I have a feeling he may not hurry. I expect some other of his friends

will show sooner than that. That's why
I called you first.

The priest looks around at the dead electric lights.

JENSEN

Is it the storm?

COLONEL

It's convenient if I say it is. Storm
or no storm, this is the way it has to be.

EXT. CANTON AVENUE, SUBURB - DAY

The sky is darker as the afternoon is getting on. JAKE pulls up on his motorcycle in front of the gate that leads to JACKY DIGNAM'S. A BUZZER sounds as the gate opens for him.

INT. DIGNAM'S - DAY

The door is opened for JAKE by GRANIA, a sharp-faced thirty-ish woman whose vaguely hostile expression of indifference does not mar her beauty.

Her hair is cut short, Dolores O'Riordan-style, and she sports several earrings in both ears. She wears a dark tank top, dungarees and boots. Without saying a word she leads Jake into the living room area.

GRANIA

You made things easy for the old man.

JAKE just catches the comment before the older man welcomes him. Close behind him, Grania follows, the outlines of a broad-bladed knife under her shirt.

DIGNAM

Come in, Jake. What can I do for you?

JAKE

Mr. Dignam, Duffy's dead. I found him at my place.