

ONE LESS EGG TO FRY

Written by

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EXT. CALLAHAN CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - NIGHT - WINTER 1969

A LOW ANGLE - mist curls over an empty lot. The hum of a lone FLOODLIGHT cuts through the dark.

From inside the trailer - THUMP. Beat. Another THUMP - heavier.

CLOSE ON - frosted glass window. A shadow jerks in and out of frame.

MRS. FLANNIGAN (O.S.)

(shaky)

Jesus, Frank - go easy. We had to
set aside the money for Kathleen's
first communion-

CRASH ZOOM - Door flies open.

FRANK CALLAHAN (30s, Irish tough) explodes out, hauling PETER FLANNIGAN by the collar. Bloody knuckles. Blood down his A-shirt.

Frank drives a final punch - IMPACT SOUND - Flannigan's head CRACKS against the desk inside.

FRANK

Kathleen's communion can wait. I
need my money now. You chose to pay
God instead of me - there's a price
for that.

CUT TO - Mrs. Flannigan, trembling in the doorway.

MRS. FLANNIGAN

Frank, please-

WHIP PAN - Frank backhands her. She drops OUT OF FRAME.

In the corner, SEAN (late 20s) - MEDIUM CLOSE-UP, arms crossed, unreadable.

SEAN

Flannigan... I can't save you. Pay
him.

Flannigan, groaning, digs into his coat - pulls a wad of blood-soaked bills. CLOSE ON the stack hitting the desk.

Frank peels a \$100 and slips it into Mrs. Flannigan's bra.

FRANK

For the communion dress.

CUTAWAY – Frank drags Flannigan into the gravel.

MRS. FLANNIGAN
I'm calling the cops!

Frank laughs – LOW ANGLE, silhouette against the floodlight.

FRANK
Good. They owe me too.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOTEL – THE FOUR SEASONS LOUNGE – NIGHT

ON SCREEN:

Meanwhile... across the Commons.

Dim light. Old money hush. DOLLY IN to SUSAN and LIAM (50s, Irish mob royalty) at a corner table.

LIAM
So... what do you need from me,
Susan?

SUSAN
Liam, you're the Irish king of the
mafia.

LIAM
We call ourselves the Winter Hill
Gang.

SUSAN
(smirk)
Boys love to play with names. I
need things done.

LIAM
Such as?

SUSAN
Frank's been making choices his
whole life. Wrong choices.
I want to make sure he pays the
right price for them.

LIAM
That... I can arrange.

BLACK.

♪ "AGE OF AQUARIUS" — WARPED,
SKIPPING.

AUDIO DESIGN: EQ muffled, tape
warble. RADIO STATIC bleeds in,
swallowing the song.

ON SCREEN (lower left, minimal serif): Directed by... Written
by...

MONTAGE — THE DECADE BLEEDING OUT

CLOSE-UP — Nixon on a TV set in a shop window.

SLOW PUSH — The moon landing replay, grainy.

HANDHELD — Stonewall: smoke, sirens, protestors chanting
"We're here, we're queer — get used to it!"

HARD CUT — Draft lottery. A number drawn. A mother sobs O.S.

FLASHBULB STILL — Winter Hill Gang mugshots.

INSERT — A bloody \$100 dropped into a church collection
plate.

♪ Chorus returns — hollow, ironic.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE — NEW YEAR'S EVE — NIGHT

ON SCREEN:

NEW YEAR'S EVE 1969

OVER THE SHOULDER — Frank knots his tie. Blank face in the
mirror. Susan in the doorway — whiskey glass in hand.

SUSAN
I've got a headache.

FRANK
I can stay.

SUSAN
Go. Celebrate.
And get your act together for the
new decade.

FRANK
Happy New Year, Susan.

He exits. DOOR CLICKS SHUT.

INT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

Crowd crush. STEADICAM TRACK follows Frank to the bar.

FRANK
Whiskey.

A shift in the air. Frank turns - REVEAL SEAN. Frank pushes up his sleeves - bruised knuckles. Sean notices. Pushes his own sleeve up.

SEAN
And here I thought you were the
gentle type.

Frank almost smiles. Almost.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Bar noise muffled. Steam from a vent curls in the cold.

Sean presses Frank to the brick. Breath, scrape, heartbeat -
EXTREME CLOSE-UP on their hands.

Frank exhales, half a sob.

FRANK
I'm sorry.

Sean's hands cradle his face - holding him there.

SEAN
Shhh... I got you, Frankie.

INT. FOUR SEASONS LOUNGE - SAME

Susan - now alone. She lifts her glass.

SUSAN
(quiet, to herself)
To the end of Frank Callahan.
Till death do us part.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Sean kisses Frank's temple.

SEAN (V.O., OVERLAPPING)
I won't let anything happen to you.

FIREWORKS - WIDE SHOT ABOVE BOSTON SKYLINE.

FLASH - Frank & Sean, framed in the alley, briefly illuminated.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

HARD CUT TO BLACK.

ON SCREEN:

AFTERMATH - NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1970

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight cuts through the blinds like a scalpel. Frank lies on top of the covers. Fully clothed. Shoes on. His shirt is still open. One arm hangs off the bed.

The radio hums in the background - a DJ half-asleep, half-mourning.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)
"Welcome to the seventies, folks.
Hope you didn't bet the house on
love..."

Frank blinks. His face is wrecked. Not from the alley. From everything else. He sits up slow. Reaches for his shirt. Hesitates. Instead, he fingers the sparrow tattoo - and winces.

INT. DINER - MORNING

Sean sits in a booth. Same one as always. Coffee, half-drunk. A NAPKIN in front of him.

He clicks a pen. Writes in block letters:

THE PRICE YOU PAY.

Underneath: London. Berlin. L.A.

He sets the pen down. Looks out the window. Hope fading. But not gone.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
Rough night?

Sean smiles. Barely.

SEAN
Call it a decade.

INT. LIAM'S OFFICE - MORNING

Liam sits in the shadows. Cigar smoke. Velvet curtains drawn. Susan's envelope — now open — on the desk. Inside: photos. Documents. Frank's entire empire, exposed. Liam taps a photo of Sean.

He dials. Calm. Steady. Waiting.

GALLAGHER (O.S.)
Gallagher. Boston PD.

LIAM
Time to clean house, boys. I am
cashing in on a few outstanding
debts.

He leans back. Smoke curls from his mouth like a blessing turned curse.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(soft, final)
And let the blood rinse the floors
clean.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Frank shaves. Slowly. Precisely. He cuts himself. Lets the blood run. Doesn't flinch.

In the mirror, he sees Paul — watching silently from the hallway. Frank sees Paul → winces → wipes the blood → rolls down the sleeve again. That sparrow goes back into hiding. One last lie. Frank wipes the blood.

Puts on a tie. The sparrow still visible beneath his rolled-up cuff.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

The alley from last night. Quiet now. No fireworks. No ghosts. Sean lights a cigarette. Still waiting.

He looks up. We hear a car pull in. A door slam.

SEAN (V.O.)
(soft, uncertain)
He won't come.

Footsteps. Sean turns.

Frank stands at the end of the alley. Still bruised. Still bleeding. But there. They don't run. They don't kiss.

They just stand. Sean reaches out a handshake. Let the handshake linger half a second too long — just enough that it means more. Frank pulls him in for a "Bro Hug."

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - DAY (JANUARY 1, 1970)

A gray morning. Fluorescent light buzzes. Rain patters against the roof like a second hand ticking.

Frank and Sean stand at the drafting table. Coffee. Cigarette. Hungover from everything.

They speak. We don't hear them.

Only the faint hum of the wind outside. And the soft clatter of a pencil rolling off the desk.

They talk. Frank points to blueprints. The stakes on the page. But the tension is between them.

Sean moves closer. The talking stops.

SFX: THE HUM OF FLUORESCENT LIGHTS. RAIN AGAINST THE TRAILER ROOF. ONE SOFT EXHALE FROM FRANK — LIKE AIR LEAVING A SEALED VAULT.

SFX: FRANK'S BREATH CATCHES. BARELY AUDIBLE — BUT IT'S EVERYTHING. FRANK EXHALES. THE REST OF THE WORLD FADES.

No more words needed. Frank's back hits the desk. Paper crunches beneath him. Sean grabs his shirt—rips it open. Buttons fly.

SEAN
 (quiet, direct)
 I got your six, Frankie.
 Always did.

Frank gasps. But doesn't stop him.

SFX: THE FAINT SQUEAK OF THE DESK SHIFTING. THE CLICK OF A BELT BUCKLE. NOTHING RUSHED. NOTHING LOUD. JUST INTIMATE VIOLENCE.

Sean drops to his knees.

SFX: BOOTS HIT THE FLOOR. YEARS FALL WITH THEM

Frank shirtless, in boxer briefs, breath ragged. Sean rises.
 SFX: Shirt ripping. Buttons scattering like shell casings.

The two of them now: Bare skin. Tension. No more lies.

SFX: Blueprint paper crinkling beneath Frank's back — like maps getting rewritten. Sean pushes Frank flat to the desk. Sheets and plans sticking to sweat.

Frank squirms, breath catching— A quiet smile. Sean leans in.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 Don't fight this.

BLACK SCREEN. A distant CHURCH BELL tolls. Heavy. Ominous.

— a haunting, whispered recitation of the ****Apostles' Creed****
 — rhythmic, ritualistic — ****never overpowering**** the imagery,
 only underscoring it. No music, no choir — just the bell
 tolling and the slow, breath-like cadence of the Creed.
 (Note: *Ava Maria* will come later.)

VOICE (O.S.)
 I believe in God, the Father
 almighty, creator of heaven and
 earth...

BEGIN PREVIEW
 SEQUENCE:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

ON SCREEN:
 BOSTON, 1841

YOUNG FRANK (8) watches as his FATHER slaps his MOTHER. She
 reels back. Frank's small hands ball into fists. Then —

FATHER
(Gruff)
You got something to say Frankie?

Frank stand in fear with his moth open. The father looks at him and cracks him across the mouth. Frank reels back and hits the floor.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ look what you made me do. You better not grow up and be some kind of sissy. Not in my house.

VOICE (O.S.)
and in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit...

EXT. GRAVESIDE - DAY

ON SCREEN:
BOSTON, 1942

BOSTON, 1942

"White Christmas" by Bing Crosby plays - scratchy, warped - like it's coming from a distant radio nobody's listening to.

Rain. Mourners. Frank's MOTHER'S COFFIN is lowered into the earth. Her headstone reads: Margaret Callahan - Beloved Wife and Mother. 1920-1942

Frank stands beside his FATHER.

No umbrella. Just rain. Just silence.

FATHER
Callahan men don't cry, Frankie.

VOICE (O.S.)
born of the Virgin Mary

FATHER
(quiet)
Fine woman... fine woman.

Frank's nails dig into his palms. Blood wells.

CUT TO:

ON SCREEN: BOSTON, 1962

"Roses Are Red (My Love)" by Bobby Vinton crackles from the bedroom radio – warm, romantic, and completely wrong.

A man's back – strong, shirtless. The four-leaf clover tattoo on his shoulder glows in low light. SUSAN (early 30s) lies beneath him – eyes wide, frozen. This isn't love. It's ache wrapped in silk.

VOICE (O.S.)
suffered under Pontius Pilate,
was crucified, died, and was
buried...

Sean glances at her stillness – just for a second – then keeps moving.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

He descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead..

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH – DAY

ON SCREEN:
BOSTON, 1962, A
WEEK LATER

A wedding veil pulled over Susan's face.

SUSAN
(whispers)
Amen.

Frank at the altar – waiting.

PRIEST (O.S.)
I, Frank, take you, Susan, to be my
lawfully wedded wife...

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You may kiss the bride.

They kiss. We see both of them clearly – young, glowing, but shadows already forming.

A glint of priestly gold. Applause. Silence. Rice thrown.
"Just Married"

VOICE (O.S.)
 He ascended into heaven and is
 seated at the right hand of the
 Father; from thence he shall come
 to judge the living and the dead.

CUT TO:

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

ON SCREEN:
 BOSTON, 1963

Sean and Frank mid-laugh, sleeves rolled. Tattoo artist wipes ink from Frank's arm. The Sparrows applied to each man's forearm.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

BELLS CONTINUE TO TOLL

Frank naked (waist up) face down asleep on Sean's chest. Sean rises, shirtless. The clover on Sean's back reflects in the mirror.

SEAN (LOW)
 Bless me, Father, for I have
 sinned.

Frank turns over and looks at Sean intensely.

FRANK
 (laughs, then softens)
 You and that clover, Sean. You're
 my lucky charm. My angel in
 disguise.

SEAN
 We all want to believe in luck.
 Some of us even ink it on our
 backs.

Frank pulls Sean back into bed. He pulls out a photo of Paulie.

FRANK
 (holding out a photo)
 Susan and I been married eight
 months, and we just had our first
 child - Paul. We fooled around, you
 know, like everyone does.
 (MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
Guess she got pregnant right before
the wedding.

Good thing her parents haven't
figured that out. Irish Catholics
and sex before marriage don't mix.

Sean holds the laugh. Watches the photo. Doesn't say a word.

Frank doesn't notice. He keeps smiling.

VOICE (O.S.)
I believe in the Holy Spirit, the
holy Catholic Church,
the communion of saints,
the forgiveness of sins,
the resurrection of the body,
and life everlasting.
Amen.

The bell tolls louder. The final Amen fades into the darkness

—and the darkness becomes:

The final Amen fades into the darkness.

VERY FAINTLY — WARPED, DISTANT —

"Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" begins, like it's coming
from a cheap radio two blocks away.

EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE — JANUARY 5, 1970 — DAWN

FRANK (V.O.)
Boston. The city never really
sleeps — just pretends to.

A BELL TOLLS in the distance. Heavy. Ominous.

CAMERA pulls down from the skyline to a construction site —
half-finished steel jutting into the pale sky like broken
ribs.

The skeleton of a new Boston, built on backroom deals and
bribes.

FRANK CALLAHAN (37) stands at the edge of the site, a
cigarette burning in his fingers. A bulldozer of a man —
broad shoulders, heavy coat, built to withstand storms. But
there's something beneath the surface — a crack in the
foundation.

His eyes scan the city like he's waiting for an answer.

Behind him, a WORKER leans from a scaffolding:

WORKER

Hey, Frank! You comin' to mass or
what?

The song fades under the cold air.

Frank hesitates. Exhales smoke.

FRANK

Yeah. Yeah, I'll be there.

He flicks the cigarette – ash spiraling down, caught in the wind.

By the site trailer, another man lingers – JIMMY DOLAN (28), fresh-faced, too clean for this dirt. "Boston Building Inspector" stitched on his coat.

A WORKER passes behind Frank, hauling a rolled blueprint under his arm. The blueprint shifts, revealing a faded green clover decal stuck to the side of his hard hat – weathered, half-peeled. Gone in a blink.

Jimmy gives Frank a tight, unreadable nod.

Frank returns it – but his fingers curl inside his coat pocket.

ASH HITS THE GROUND—MATCH CUT TO—

A SWINGING INCENSE BURNER.

SFX: "Sons of God" begins – Folk Mass-style. Bright, lilting, faintly off-key.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH – MORNING MASS

Smoke curls upward, catching the morning light. The PRIEST's voice threads through the hymn, droning over the congregation.

Frank sits stiff beside his wife, SUSAN (40) – a woman who should've been a Kennedy widow by now. Regal. Sharp. Always watching.

Their restless son, PAUL (6), leans against Frank's arm. Frank crosses himself – mechanically, without meaning.

PRIEST (O.S.)
 The Lord sees all. The Lord knows
 our sins before we even confess
 them.

Frank's jaw tightens. A muscle ticks in his cheek.

The donation basket moves down the pew.

Susan takes the envelope from her purse — slides in crisp
 folded bills. Frank's bills. Kickbacks and payoffs,
 sanctified by the plate.

Frank watches. Susan never looks his way.

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And yet, He still loves. But only
 if we repent.

Frank mutters, almost swallowed by the hymn:

FRANK
 Not today.

PRIEST (O.S.)
 The Mass is ended, go in peace.

ALL
 Amen.

The final guitar chord of "Sons of God" bleeds under—

MATCH CUT TO—

A STACK OF CASH slamming onto a desk.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - LATER

The same crisp bills from Susan's hand, now bundled in rubber
 bands — unholy, undeniable.

Across from Frank sits MARTY CARBONE (50s) — developer, old-
 school gangster, a man who's never worked a day in his life
 but owns half the Boston skyline.

MARTY
 (cool)
 Jimmy Dolan won't play ball.

Frank lights a cigarette.

Smoke curls, same as in the church.

The song is gone. Only silence now.

FRANK
New kid. He'll learn.

MARTY
Or he won't. And then what?

Frank doesn't answer. The silence weighs. Marty leans in.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You let this kid blow the whistle?
We all go down.

Frank flicks ash into the tray. He already knows.

MATCH CUT TO—

A cigarette smolders in an ashtray.

INT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - 2PM

A dead hour. The kind of bar where time stopped decades ago.

Low light. The smell of old whiskey and older sins.

Frank sits at the bar. A full shot of whiskey in front of him. His coat still on, collar up. A man who doesn't wait—only watches.

Liam O'Malley (50) the Irish Mob Boss sits a stool away.

LIAM
You gonna take care of this mess
with Dolan?

Frank doesn't answer. He doesn't need to.

JOAN (50s), the bartender, tough as rusted nails, wipes down the counter with the same rag she's used all week.

In the background, two thugs sit in silence, just enough muscle to convince anyone of anything.

The door swings open.

Jimmy Dolan, a big shot in his own head, walks in like he owns the place. He doesn't.

Frank doesn't turn. He nods at Joan. She pours another shot.

Jimmy slides onto the stool next to him. He sees the glass, smirks, and pushes it aside.

JIMMY

Frank, I can't be bought.

Frank flicks ash from his cigarette.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I know you think you run things,
but that ship has sailed. Get your
team in line, play by the law, or
there'll be problems.

Frank finally looks at him. Still. Measured. Unbothered.

Then, dryly, deadly—

FRANK

So you can't be bought... or is it
won't be bought?

Jimmy holds his ground, leans in—a kid who still thinks he's
the one calling shots. Frank Stands. Full. Thick. In-Charge.

Frank smirks. Slowly, lightly, he taps Jimmy's cheek.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Everyone, Jimmy-boy, has a price.

Silence.

Behind them, one of the thugs moves to the door.

CLICK.

The lock slides into place.

Joan's eyes flick up. No surprise. No panic. She just keeps
wiping. She's seen this movie before.

Jimmy hears it. Feels it. Sweat forms at his temple.

Frank leans in close, voice mocking, casual, cold.

FRANK

Can't. Won't. Would. Could. It's
all the same.

He grabs Jimmy by the back of the neck. Not rough. Not yet.

FRANK (CONT'D)
See, I hire to attitude. Train to
skill. But I don't train cowards.

He lets go. Finger-taps Jimmy's chest. Then his cheek. The
thugs step forward.

Jimmy swallows hard. Real fear setting in.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And Jimmy-boy... you got neither
attitude nor skill that's of any
value to me.

A THUG GRABS JIMMY.

One yanks his arms back. The other locks an arm around his
throat. Jimmy thrashes – but it's too late.

JIMMY
No, no, Frank–c'mon, I can learn, I
can change–

Frank barely looks at him.

He sees his younger self in Jimmy's eyes – and erases him. He
picks up the knife. One sharp move – sinks it deep into
Jimmy's gut. Jimmy GASPS. Stiffens. Frank leans in, voice
low, final:

FRANK
No. You won't.

You'd always be a problem.

He yanks the blade back.

Blood blooms. Jimmy collapses.

CRACK.

A thug snaps his neck. His body drops like a bag of bricks.

FRANK
(cold, no feeling)
Problem solved.

LIAM
(flat, matter-of-fact)
And that, lad, is how this city
gets built.

They laugh. Not cruel – just efficient.

Frank steps behind the bar. Grabs a rag. Wipes the blade.

FRANK
The steel bites colder than the
blood.


He nods to Joan.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(calm, even)
Joanie – give us a round. Then
we'll clean up.

GLASSES CLINK.

A slow, silent toast. Fifteen seconds of whiskey. No one says
a word.

FRANK
Okay. Back to work.

 MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY – NIGHT

"Love Is Blue" – Paul Mauriat (1968) (plays slow, orchestral
– like noir scripture)

A black sedan idles near the edge.

Taillights glow like confession candles.

TRUNK OPENS.

Frank's breath hangs in the freezing air – White. Heavy.
Steam curling like smoke from a confession booth.

Gloved hands grip the bag. A pause.

HEAVE-HO.

SPLASH.

The water swallows Jimmy whole. Dark. Deep. Final.

ANGLE UP—
Frank watches.

Unblinking. A ghost in the snow.

He flicks his cigarette into the quarry.

FRANK (DRY, UNIMPRESSED)
Yep. No value to me, kid.

MONTAGE

Black sedan winding through the glistening Boston streets.

A family photo: "The Callahan's, 1968"

A bloodied rag tossed in a bar bin

Joan locking up O'Malley's. One last look at the door

Frank greased by an official—quiet, fast, forgettable

Sean buttoning a shirt alone in the mirror. Haunted

Susan, red lipstick. Flawless. Empty

Paul asleep in the moonlight, unaware of the storm

Liam, watching from the shadows

A firework test-launch—silent, suspended in air

FINAL IMAGE:

The quarry water, still. The ripples fade.

Dissolve into the silk folds of a bedsheet.

Then—

DISSOLVE TO:

The silk folds of a bedsheet.

We don't know whose bed yet... but we damn sure know it's not safe.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight slices through the curtains. Little feet tiptoe toward the bed. Frank's "asleep."

PAUL
(whispers)
Daddy... Daddy... wake up.

No response.

THEN—Frank ROARS and pounces. Paulie giggles in delight.

FRANK
Who woke up the Big Bad Wolf?!

PAUL
Meeeeeee, Daddy!

MATCH CUT TO:

A highball glass. Ice clinks. Swirls.

Music creeps in: ♪ "Sympathy for the Devil" - The Rolling Stones

NEON BUZZES.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

The sign flickers. Inside:

INT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

TV in the background:

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
"In Vietnam, the Tet Offensive
rages on..."

Channel switches.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
"Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. gave a
speech in Memphis—just hours before
his assassination tonight..."

Silence. A low mutter: "Son of a bitch."

But no one says more. Just whiskey, regret, and secondhand smoke.

CLOSE ON the highball glass - melting ice.

SEAN O'CONNELL (late 20s, sharp, controlled) swirls his whiskey. LIAM (50s, kingmaker, watching) nurses his scotch.

LIAM
Y'know, Sean...
You don't date much.

Sean smirks.

SEAN
Maybe I'm married to the job.

The Boys chuckle.

Jagger slinks in over the speakers: ♪ "Please allow me to introduce myself..."

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Boston's shadows run deep. A streetlamp flickers.

Frank smokes. Alone.

Then—Sean steps from the dark. Lean. Dangerous. Charged.

SEAN
Didn't think you'd show.

Frank shrugs. Looks away.

Sean gets close. Too close.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You go to confession today?

Frank says nothing.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Bet the priest didn't hear about
this.

SNAP—

Frank grabs Sean, slams him against the brick wall—

A second of tension—

Then a kiss. Hard. Desperate.

Sean grins through it. Breathless.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(low, smirking)
Good. Thought you forgot how.

A car engine ROARS nearby. Frank tenses.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(teasing)
Relax. Not the cops. Not your wife.

Frank pulls away. Turns to leave.

Sean grabs his hand. Pulls him back. A second kiss—softer, deeper.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Someday, Frank Callahan...
You won't let go.

Frank studies him. Eyes unreadable. Then — low, like an oath to himself:

FRANK
There's always a price.

He turns. Walks off into shadow. Sean watches. Still tasting him.

SEAN
(to himself)
Someday.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank idles in the driveway. Engine running. Headlights cut the cold.

In the window: Susan's silhouette. Still. Watching.

He kills the engine. Silence. Steps to the door. Pauses. Goes in.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Susan's in bed, book in hand. Perfect posture.

Frank enters. Loosens his tie. Drops his wedding ring on the dresser.

SUSAN
You're late.

FRANK
Long day.

SUSAN
Where were you?

FRANK
Out.

She looks at him now. Calm. Razor-edged.

Frank slides into bed.

SUSAN
Is that a new aftershave, Frank?
(beat)
I always hated how Sean smelled.
(beat)
Smell like that long enough..
there's always a price you pay.

Frank stares at the ceiling. Silent.

From somewhere – faint, almost imagined – Dusty Springfield's "The Look of Love" drifts in. A needle catching vinyl. A low hum under Susan's breath. The first whisper of strings curling like cigarette smoke through the bedroom.

FLASH - INT. BAR - NIGHT (MEMORY)

Dusty swells, warm and dangerous. Sean slides a beer toward Frank.

SEAN
You should leave Boston, Frankie.

FRANK
Yeah? You got a ticket?
(beat)
Been riding the same one-way track
my whole life.

The brass hits on Dusty's chorus – soft, but fatalistic – as Sean's eyes hold his a second too long.

DISSOLVE TO:

Black. The music bleeds, warps – like vinyl slowed under a hand. A chain clinks.

A curl of incense smoke drifts into frame – ritualistic, sacred – carrying a whispered, distorted “sons of God” in the haze. The words stretch, bend, almost break.

Incense morphs to cold breath. A wall. Boots. A zipper. Teeth. Two men caught between sin and surrender.

Sean steps forward, eyes locked.

SEAN
Say it, Frankie.

Frank’s jaw clenches. He turns away.

SEAN (CONT'D)
That’s what I thought.
(then – dead cold)
One day... you won’t get to refuse.

Footsteps vanish. Space empties. Cold rushes in.

V.O.
Amen.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT (PRESENT)

Frank jerks awake. Sweat.

FRANK
(soft)
Don’t go.

Susan’s hand rests on him.

SUSAN
Honey, I’m right here.

He exhales. Swallows it.

SOUND BRIDGE – His breath in the dark. Two men. Hungry. Unapologetic.

MATCH CUT TO: RED.

A heart-shaped box of chocolates opens.

The warped vinyl hiss of Dusty slows... ...then the pop of a live mic.

A 70’s elegant cover band slides in – gentle organ, brushed drums. ♪ “Roses are red, my love...”

ON SCREEN: VALENTINE'S DAY - FEBRUARY 14, 1970

Low light. Leather booths. Deals done in plain sight.

Susan, in black silk, sends a drink to Sean at the bar. He takes it. Approaches her booth. Slides in.

He flashes the holster in his jacket - deliberate.

Susan doesn't blink.

VALENTINE'S DAY - HIGH-END BOSTON BAR

ON SCREEN:

FEBRUARY 14, 1970.

A 70's elegant, cover band is singing "Roses Are Red (My Love)" by Bobby Vinton.

Low light. Leather booths. Deals done in plain sight.

Susan sends a drink to Sean at the bar. Sean takes it, approaches. Sits. Flashes the holster in his jacket.

Susan doesn't blink.

SUSAN

We both can't have him.

SEAN

So why does he keep coming back?

SUSAN

If he was yours, why is he still mine?

SEAN

And if he was really yours, why are we having this conversation?

SUSAN

Frank doesn't know.

SEAN

But I do. I always knew. And you never said a goddamn thing.

SUSAN

What's to say? You and Frank, Both Irish, so it's Irish blood in Paulie's veins.

SEAN

My blood.

SUSAN

I just don't remember.

(beat)

You'd think I would remember if it was... memorable.

(leans back, faint smile)

Roses are red, aren't they?

(beat)

I guess we can't be sure, can we?

A pause. The tension is so tight you could slice it with a razor. Susan lifts her drink. A silent toast. Then she stands.

The conversation is over. She's already won—or so she thinks.

Sean doesn't move. Doesn't argue. He just watches her. Unshaken. Susan lifts her drink. Sips.

Then, as if it's just another piece of small talk, a quiet, effortless knife:

SUSAN (CONT'D)

(cool, detached, eyes
sharp as glass)

Once you crack an egg, it's cracked.

She sets the glass down. No smirk. No pause. Just fact. And then she walks out the back.

INT. THE RESTAURANT CONTINUOUS FRANK ARRIVES

Frank walks in. The band still singing "Roses Are Red." He is, expecting Susan. Instead, Sean is waiting at the table. The power is shifting before his eyes.

He smiles. A little dangerous. A little knowing.

FRANK

God I love that song, haven't heard it in years.

SEAN (SMOOTH, EVEN)

Sit down, Frankie. I gotta fill you in. Rules just changed. Listen up.

CUT TO: OUTSIDE THE RESTAURANT.

The Lincoln Continental is parked across the street.

Two men are inside. Ben and Brenden. One speaks into a payphone. (We don't hear the words—just the visual.)

INT. THE RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Frank hesitates — a rare thing. Chair legs scrape. He sits.

In the distance, through the wall: faint music from the bar — Roses Are Red (My Love). Slow. Sweet. Almost out of tune.

Sean rolls up his sleeve. Ink: two sparrows — forever chasing.

Frank matches him — same sparrows.

From the shadows: two men step inside. Watch.

Sean locks Frank's hand across the table.

A waitress glances. Sean stares until she looks away.

SEAN

Susan thinks she's already won.
Let's prove her wrong.

HARD CUT TO — FAST, VISCERAL INTERCUTTING — FOUR LIVES, ONE COLLISION COURSE

CUT 1 - SUSAN / LIAM - BACKROOM DEAL

Shadows. Whiskey. The Roses Are Red melody still faint, bleeding through from somewhere unseen.

An envelope slides across the table.

Liam's hand gestures: a command.

Susan nods. Silence.

CUT 2 - FRANK / SEAN - HOTEL ROOM

Door SLAMS. Shirts RIP.

Frank's back hits the bed.

Sean's tattoo — lit like scripture.

The Roses Are Red melody now muffled, as if under water.

Mouths meet—

CUT AWAY before the world changes.

CUT 3 - PAUL -
HOME

Babysitter tucks him in. Plush hammer in his hands.

A tinny music box in the room picks out a few warped notes —
Roses Are Red, barely recognizable.

PAUL
G'night, Daddy.

CUT 4 - THE MEN IN THE CONTINENTAL

Cigarette burns. Radio static.

Ben and Brendan — watching. Waiting.

Somewhere in the static: the song again, ghostlike, like it's
been playing all night.

Gloved hands cock a pistol.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - POST-INTIMACY

Frank and Sean stare at the ceiling.

Skin cooling. Breath slowing. The Roses Are Red cover barely
audible through the thin hotel walls.

SEAN
Saints. Sinners. Sparrows.

FRANK
Save it for confession.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SUSAN'S CAR - FEBRUARY 15 - DAY

Still. Engine off.

In the silence, one last dying echo of the song from a car
radio outside.

Her reflection in the rearview, eyes forward.

The Virgin Mary statue trembles slightly on the dash.

SUSAN, behind the wheel.

Poised.

A tear slips down her cheek.

She doesn't sob. She doesn't blink.

Not a Kennedy widow.

A blade dressed in silk.

DISSOLVE TO:

The Virgin's cracked face → Susan's reflection in the rearview, identical crack of light across her cheek.

Then—

MATCH FLASH —

FRANK and SEAN, tangled in white sheets.

Frank's back arched.

Sean's mouth at his neck.

The tattoos visible.

Breath. Sweat.

A moment too intimate to be anonymous.

SMASH BACK TO:

Susan.

Eyes dry now.

Hand tight on the gearshift.

Then—just one whispered note of "Ave Maria".

Hold.

Cut to black.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON - LATE AFTERNOON - APRIL 10, 1970

A quiet street. Faint wind. Distant city hum. Under it - barely there - a low, indistinct rumble. It's not thunder. Not traffic. Just... something.

ON A PAYPHONE -

SEAN O'CONNELL. Half-shadow. Cigarette tucked behind his ear. Voice low. Razor calm.

SEAN
I'll take care of it. My way.
(beat)
You don't send someone else. Not
for this.

CLICK.

The receiver swings, clattering.

The rumble swells, just enough to lift the hairs on your neck.

Sean exhales slow - eyes locked ahead. We don't know what he means. And then-

A COLLIE bursts into frame, joyous.

O.S. BOY'S VOICE
Hey, doggie!

WHIP-PAN -

Six-year-old PAUL CALLAHAN charges after the dog.

Tiny sneakers slapping pavement, chasing something that won't stop.

FROM THE SHADOWS -

Sean watches. The cigarette glow pops in the gloom. The rumble lingers, like a held breath.

The dog turns into an alley. Paul slows, peering into the narrow space. The light falls away fast.

PAUL
What up, doggie?

Sean moves. Silent. Closer. The rumble deepens, becoming almost a pulse.

Paul steps inside. The shadows swallow him. A drip of water echoes. A SNAP somewhere deep in the alley.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Doggie?

Nothing. Just the stillness of brick and dark.

Sean closes in. A breath. Another.

SEAN
(low, almost teasing)
Damn, kid.

WHIP — PAUL
SPINS—

Sean lunges, GRABS him—

SEAN (CONT'D)
(snarling mock-threat)
GOTCHA! You're mine!

Paul SCREAMS—

Then Sean swings him up, flips him mid-air— CATCHES him.

Paul bursts into wild laughter. Throws his arms up like a champ.

PAUL
SEAN! YEAH!

Sean laughs, ruffles his hair. The smile never reaches his eyes.

SEAN
(mock-stern)
Paulie... you don't go chasing after
dogs.
(beat)
You gotta be smart.

Paul nods fast, eager to please.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(points)
Look around. Tell me what you see.

Paul spins on his heel. Does an exaggerated "spy check."

PAUL
(grinning, full-on
detective mode)
Like this, Sean?

Sean gives a hard look. Doesn't crack a smile. Then—he does it better. Sharper. Faster. Cleaner.

SEAN
No—like this.

Paul watches, wide-eyed. Impressed. Then—both burst into laughter. Sean tosses an arm around Paul's shoulder.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

Paul, full of ice cream and pride, kicks his feet under the table. The light is low. The tension is not.

Susan serves dinner—elegant, precise. Frank watches Paul—his son, his legacy, his warning.

VO (CHILDLIKE, GHOSTLY)
Bless us, O Lord...

Paul grins.

PAUL
Sean says I gotta be smart.

Frank freezes. Just for a second. A flicker. But Susan clocks it.

VO (CALM, REVERENT)
...and these, Your gifts...

SUSAN
(casual, but sharp)
When did you see Sean?

Frank stabs his fork into his steak. Too hard. Too fast. The sound is sharp, final.

PAUL
(innocent, proud)
He says you always gotta know who's
around.

Frank stabs his fork into his steak. Too hard. Too fast. The sound is sharp, final.

VO
...which we are about to receive...

Susan's eyes narrow. But her voice stays calm:

SUSAN
(gentle, watching)
Paulie, eat.

Paul shrugs. Digs in. Frank doesn't.

VO
...from Your bounty...

Frank stares at the plate. At the knife.

VO (BARELY A WHISPER NOW) (CONT'D)
...through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The silence is dense. The air too still. Something unspoken sits between them, hot and growing.

Words behind the words. An Irish-Catholic curse of silence.

They hung in kitchens and dinner tables like wallpaper.

Frank looks around the modest dining room. The wallpaper-floral, faded, flawless.

A framed photo: Frank, Susan, and Paulie. All smiles. Frozen in time. Of course it's perfect.

HE STABS HIS RARE LONDON BROIL. BLOOD SEEPS INTO THE MASHED POTATOES—PINK, SPREADING.

Frank exhales. Long. Tight. Like holding back a scream through his teeth.

SUSAN
(watching Frank, deadpan)
You want that cooked more?

FRANK
(cold)
It's fine.

Blood still spreading.

Pink into white.

Like rot under snow.

BLACK & WHITE.

Dead leaves. Fog.

The faint sound of Sean's laughter... or maybe a scream.

SUSAN (O.S.)
Paulie, thirty minutes then bath
time...

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - EARLY DAWN - APRIL 27, 1970 - BLACK &
WHITE

Fog curls low like breath held too long. Horse hooves echo faintly in the distance - Colonial ghosts patrolling modern sins. A hanging tree looms like a witness.

INT. EMPTY CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Harsh angles of Christ on the Cross. The Virgin Mary in shadow. Frank in the pew. Coat pulled close. Eyes red-rimmed.

His lips barely part. Each word catches on breath.

FRANK (WHISPERING)
Hail Mary, full of grace...

Beads slide through his fingers - then cinch in his fist, cutting into skin.

A PRIEST passes behind him, slowing. Watching. Frank doesn't look up.

FRANK (LOWER) (CONT'D)
...the Lord is with thee...

FRANK (HARDER) (CONT'D)
Blessed art thou among women...

INT. CONFESSIONAL - MEMORY OR FANTASY - UNREAL

A single shaft of light slices the screen. The mesh glows. No priest. Only Frank.

FRANK (V.O.)
...and blessed is the fruit of thy
womb, Jesus...

Silence. Then-

SEAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
That's not gonna save you, Frankie.

Frank flinches. Breath fogs the mesh. Empty.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - RETURN TO

Black and white bleeds into color. Frank exits the church.

Faintly— Ave Maria rises. Not clean. Warped. Submerged. Like it's coming from inside a tomb.

One cough — distant — then nothing.

OVERHEAD

Frank, small beneath towering
bronze soldiers.

A man praying to be spared from a war of his own making.

Hold. Let it ache.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY - MAY 13, 1970 - FIRST
COMMUNION MONTAGE

Sunlight.

The world glows, but something doesn't feel clean.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

SUSAN sits behind the wheel. Composed. Controlled.

A Jackie Kennedy resurrection:

Pillbox hat. Light gloves. A modest beige coat buttoned like armor.

She stares ahead. Graceful. Frozen.

But the engine hums—like a lie waiting to be told.

PAUL (O.S.)

♪ "Aaaaave Mariiiiiiia..." ♪

A child's voice. Sweet. Innocent. Unaware.

A man's hand appears—resting on his thigh.

FRANK, in the passenger seat. Immaculate suit. But the weight of him... like a corpse refusing to admit it's dead.

FADE INTO:

"Ave Maria" begins to swell—not heavenly, but echoing, warped, underwater.

Holy and haunted.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

Susan parks. Frank steps out. Paul (8) appears beside him—tiny, radiant in a miniature white suit.

Frank kneels, adjusts Paul's collar. His hands tremble like they remember the weight of a knife.

Across the street: That Lincoln.

Engine off. Window cracked. Smoke like a serpent.

INT. CHURCH - MONTAGE BEGINS

QUICK SILVER VISUALS—sacred vs. damned:

Little white shoes shuffle down the aisle—a line of second-graders in lace and suits, moving like lambs to altar.

Choir sways, robes brushing knees, singing as if to banish devils they know are still seated in the pews.

The Eucharist lifted—too slow, too reverent.

PAUL on his knees. Mouth open. Innocent. Vulnerable.

SUSAN in full First Lady poise, rosary beads glinting like teeth.

FRANK, eyes closed—lips moving like a man whispering his last defense.

SEAN, in the back. No tie. No mask. Eyes fixed on the boy.

DUALITY MONTAGE - COLLISION OF WORLDS

SPLIT SCREEN -

- ON Paul -

Paul's lips receive communion / Sean's lips split open in an alley.

Altar boy's white gloves / Bloodied knuckles.

- ON WEDDING -

Wedding photo of Frank & Susan / Flash of Sean & Frank in silhouette.

-ON CHURCH-

Holy water / Alley rain.

"Amen" / "Faggot" screamed from somewhere old.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - AFTER MASS

Crowds gather. Smiles painted. Cameras click.

Frank watches one thing- Sean. Emerging from shadow, like he belongs.

Their eyes lock.

FRANK (SOFT)
Proud you're here.

SEAN
Always got your Six.

Time stops- Then SUSAN slides in. Smile with no warmth. She smells the bond.

Frank panics, loud, safe, hetero-

FRANK
So... the Sox'll have a great season.

It dies on marble.

SEAN
Yeah. Great season.

Susan steps forward.

SUSAN (ICED HONEY)
Remember what I told you, Sean?

She reaches up-smooth, slow-adjusts his tie. Pats his chest. Like a mother. Like an owner.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Once you crack an egg...
(fake sip, fake smile)
SUSAN (LOW)
...it's cracked.

Beat.

SUSAN (SOFTER) (CONT'D)
 You're not the shadow anymore.
 You're the crack.

Leans in—Frank can't hear this.

SUSAN (WHISPER) (CONT'D)
 Frank always liked his love like
 his lies—
 Easy. Impossible to keep.

She glides off.

SFX: Church bells. Twelve tolls. At the tenth—

A girl on the sidewalk plucks a guitar string. Sings:
 Yesterday — raw, cracked, soul-deep.

Locks eyes with Sean. Winks. She's seen it all. Like the city
 does.

PAUL bursts through the crowd.

PAUL
 Hey, Sean!

Sean lifts him. Eyes full, but dry. Frank watches—haunted.

SEAN
 Ice cream?

Paul cheers. Innocence intact. Frank doesn't move.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CHURCH — CONFESSIONAL — NIGHT

Candlelight flickers behind the latticework. The organ hums
 softly — "Faith of Our Fathers" — echoing through empty pews.
 A small crucifix hangs. Crooked. Watching.

SUSAN enters. Slow. Measured. Composed like stone about to
 crack. She kneels. Breath trembling.

The panel slides open.

FATHER DANIEL (O.S.)
 Bless you, my child.

SUSAN
 It's been... too long.
 (beat)
 I don't feel peace, Father.

FATHER DANIEL (O.S.)
You sound troubled.
As Saint Francis reminds us — "Make
me a channel of your peace."

SUSAN
I feel jealousy.
I envy my own husband. I hate him...
for the life he's building. With
someone else.

Silence. Eight full seconds of holy stillness.

FATHER DANIEL (O.S.)
We are not the judge.
Nor the executioner. That belongs
to God alone. Let us pray to our
Mother in Heaven.

Susan nods. Barely. Eyes shut. Lips tight. But she doesn't
respond. She exits the confessional though her confession is
not finished.

INT. CHURCH

She steps out into the vast silence of the church.

Her shadow long. Her spine straight. Something is clenched in
her fist.

She walks down the center aisle.

FATHER DANIEL (O.S.)
(softly, beginning the
prayer)
Hail Mary, full of grace...

Susan keeps walking. Faster now.

FATHER DANIEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...the Lord is with thee...

She doesn't kneel. Doesn't genuflect. Doesn't look back.

SUSAN
(defiant)
Amen.

INT. NAVE - CONTINUOUS

At the Holy Water font, she opens her hand — The rosary.

She drops it in. Lets it sink.

The beads swirl in the water... round and round... until the surface ripple becomes—

A ROULETTE WHEEL spinning under bar lights. The motion identical. A faint shimmer of water still dances over the glossy black and red squares, just long enough for the brain to catch it without knowing why.

FATHER DANIEL (O.S.)
Blessed art thou among women...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - NIGHT - SLOW MOTION / SILENCE

"Faith of Our Fathers" again — off-key, slower, drowning in memory.

FRANK and SEAN at the dartboard. Sean lets fly — BULL'S-EYE.

Frank lights up — the Irish grin wide and reckless. He grabs Sean in a bear hug, spins him.

Laughter. Open mouths. But we hear nothing. Just fate crawling through the air like smoke.

Sean clings to Frank's shoulders — a moment suspended in joy. Innocent. Unaware.

SMASH CUT BACK - FULL SOUND SLAMMING IN

Darts thud. Glasses clink. Bar roar hits like a train. Frank and Sean break apart, catching their breath—

—and in that breath—

The clink of a glass becomes the hollow ring of a chalice. The dartboard's red circle bleeds into a stained-glass halo. The roar of the bar folds into the low organ hum of "Faith of Our Fathers."

INT. CHURCH - AISLE - NIGHT

We're back. No warning. Stained-glass saints watch from above. The crooked crucifix hangs like a broken verdict. Candle smoke curls toward the ceiling, slow and suffocating.

Susan stands at the doors.

VOICES (O.S.)
 (whispered, layered)
 Hail Mary, full of grace... Hail
 Mary...

She turns. Walks into the night.

VOICES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (overlapping, rising)
 Bless me, Father... Hail Mary... Our
 Father...

DIVE INTO THE WATER—

INT. HOLY WATER FONT - SURREAL - CONTINUOUS

The rosary sinks. Silver glints. Beads drift like sins.

Whispers swirl — childlike, dangerous.

VOICES (V.O.)
 Bless me... Hail Mary... Our Father...

The water bubbles—

CAMERA RISES THROUGH—

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A water fountain. The world above. Bright. Warm. Dangerous.

☞ "I Don't Know How to Love Him" begins — raw, simple,
 unvarnished.

EXT. ICE CREAM SHOP - JUNE 18, 1970 - AFTERNOON

A young woman in boots and a tank top sits on the curb.
 Mascara smudged.

She hums the song without meaning to.

☞ "I've been changed... yes, really changed..."

Then — she's gone. Swallowed by the city.

EXT. ICE CREAM TABLE - CONTINUOUS

PAUL (8) devours a chocolate cone. Legs swinging. Shirt untucked. Joy unfiltered.

Across from him - SEAN. Sunglasses on. Cigarette burning.

From somewhere in the city - faint at first - a street singer:

☞ "I don't know how to love him..."

PAUL
Daddy says you used to be the
fastest runner in all of Boston.

Sean leans forward, wets a napkin with his spit, wipes a smear of chocolate from Paul's cheek. A father's reflex.

SEAN
Fastest in the whole neighborhood.
Nobody could catch me.

PAUL
Bet you're too old to catch me now.

Paul BOLTS.

☞ "...what to do, how to move him..."

FLASH - 0.8 SECONDS - 1960s SUMMER

A 10-year-old Sean, barefoot, flying down a sunlit alley. Breathless. Untouchable.

BACK TO PRESENT - ICE CREAM TABLE -

SEAN
Damn kid.

SMASH CUT TO - DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Sean and FRANK. Breathless. Pressed against brick. Slick with sweat and fear.

☞ I've been changed, yes, really changed... - the singer's voice now echoing off the alley walls, as if she's there.

Sean leans in, kisses the sweat from Frank's brow - the same instinct he had with Paul, but now charged, dangerous.

SMASH BACK - ICE CREAM TABLE -

Sean still smirking.

SMASH CUT BACK - DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Low, urgent breathing. A moment they shouldn't have had - or the only one that was ever real.

SEAN

If we go... we don't look back.

☞ "...I don't see why he moves me..."

The melody swells - louder, fuller - until the singer's voice threads through decades, binding boy, man, and memory into one current.

FINAL NOTE - LONG, PURE -

It hangs in the air, impossibly sustained.

The world streaks past - storefronts, sunlight, blur of memory and motion.

☞ "I want him so... I love him... so..."

The GUITAR GIRL is still there - on the curb, strumming, staring.

A single line cuts through the noise - spoken, not sung:

GUITAR GIRL

I want him... so.

Sean turns. Mid-run. Just for a second.

Their eyes meet. She doesn't smile. Doesn't flinch. Just knows.

CLOSE IN ON SEAN'S EYES-.

CALLAHAN HOUSE - THAT EVENING

The kitchen hums with quiet. The scent of simmering sauce fills the air - warm, maternal, ritual.

SUSAN moves effortlessly-chopping onions, stirring the pot. She radiates control. Grace. A Kennedy wife in her prime.

PAUL (8) sits at the table, small hands gripping a crayon. Lost in his own world, humming as he draws.

PAUL
(casual)
Mom, I like the way Daddy is when
he's around Sean.

Susan freezes. Just for half a second. But it's enough.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(still drawing)
Daddy laughs a lot when Sean is
around. That makes me laugh.

Here, Daddy doesn't laugh much.

Susan forces a smile.

SUSAN
Paulie, you know Daddy is busy.
Lots on his mind.

Paul nods, accepting it. Keeps drawing. Then—

PAUL
Mommy, you like Daddy, right?

Susan's hands still. She recovers, moves to sit beside him—measured, soft.

SUSAN
Of course I do. Why do you ask?

Paul studies his drawing, thinking.

PAUL
Mommy, if you like someone... is it
okay to hold their hand?

Susan blinks. The air shifts. She smiles gently, stays calm.

SUSAN
Yes, Paulie. I like—
No, I love you. That's why Mommy
holds your hand.

Paul nods, satisfied.

PAUL
That's what I thought.
Then why don't you hold Daddy's
hand?

Susan inhales. But Paul's already moved on—

PAUL (CONT'D)
Sean holds Daddy's hand. And they
both smile.

They hold my hand too. And we all
smile. That's okay, right?
(innocent)
I like smiling.

Susan's throat tightens. She reaches for his hand, holding
it—gently, desperately.

SUSAN
Yes, my love. You should always
smile as much as you can.

Then—

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Now... let's see this wonderful
drawing of yours.

She turns the page—freezes.

A beach scene. Crude but perfect. Sean. Frank. Paul. Holding
hands. All smiling. Susan? Drawn far away. Small. Still.
Expressionless.

Her perfect world just cracked.

PAUL
That's me with Daddy and Sean at
the beach! We were laughing and
playing. Sean and I found a
seashell. He showed me how to hold
it up and hear the ocean.

Susan swallows.

SUSAN
And Paulie... who is this?

She points to the small, distant figure.

PAUL
(grinning)
Oh, Mommy! That's you!

Susan studies it.

SUSAN
I look sad?

PAUL
(shakes head)
No, Mommy. You look like you.
Always in charge!

Susan laughs. Hollow. She pulls him into a hug, kisses his temple. A mother's hold. But something else too—quiet grief.

Paul pulls something from his pocket.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Mommy, see if you can hear the
ocean.

He holds out a seashell. Susan takes it. Holds it to her ear.

A smile breaks — soft, surprised. A single tear escapes.

PAUL (CONT'D)
See, Mommy? That seashell from Sean
made you smile!

Susan still holding the seashell. Eyes wide. Breath shallow.

FADE IN:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Steel bones claw into the night sky. Floodlights hum.
Cigarette smoke drifts in the thick summer heat.

Sean zips up his jeans, stepping from the shadows. Frank follows. They walk in silence, shadows stretching long over dirt and steel.

INT. CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - NIGHT

Blueprints and getaway routes sprawl across a worktable. The O'Malley job—the clean escape that won't happen.

Frank lights a cigarette, gaze fixed on the half-built skyline. A long beat. Smoke curls upward.

FRANK
(low, uncertain)
One last job.

Sean exhales smoke, eyes still on the steel.

SEAN
(measured, teasing)
You keep saying that, Frankie.
Addiction to last jobs'll kill you.

Frank chuckles—hollow. Another drag.

FRANK
What if this was the last one?

Sean turns now. Watching him.

SEAN
What do you mean?

Frank shrugs, tapping ash against steel.

FRANK
(casual, not really)
Me and Susan... maybe it's run its
course.

Sean doesn't flinch.

SEAN
Frankie, you made your choice the
second you took her ring—
and you've been paying for it every
damn day.

Frank looks away, jaw tight.

FRANK
She's got the priest lined up. Says
Paul needs a "complete" home.
Like God's paying my mortgage.

Sean scoffs. Bitter.

SEAN
Yeah, well... I don't think God was
in that alley five minutes ago.

Frank almost smiles, then loses it. Breath shifts—he wants to
say it, can't.

Sean closes the space. Firm. Defiant.

SEAN (CONT'D)
If heaven's like that—and it's you
and me?
Hail Mary, full of grace.

Frank holds his gaze. Doesn't pull away.

FADE IN:

RADIO NEWSCAST (O.S.) (ECHOING, WARPED)

"Nixon calls protesters 'bums.'

'Love is free at Woodstock.'

'The war is still unwinnable.'

'The body count is high today...'"

SMASH CUT TO
COLOR:

A harsh wind through the trees.

Gallagher steps from the fog like judgment in shoe leather.

GALLAGHER
Jimmy's gone missing.

Frank tilts his head, feigning ignorance.

GALLAGHER (FIRMER) (CONT'D)
You wouldn't know anything about
that, would you?

Frank grins, all Sunday-suit devil.

FRANK
Paddy, you're my boy.
If I knew, I'd be on my knees quick
as I say, Hail Mary, full of grace.

Gallagher studies him. Then turns, walking. Frank follows.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

City noise dulls. Color drains.

Boots shift. Belt buckle clinks. Zipper.

Back meets brick. Fingers grip.

A sharp inhale. Rough exhale.

Frank steps closer. Gallagher lets him.

"White Rabbit" curls in — low, eerie, like it's coming from inside Frank's own skull.

EXT. BACK ALLEY — COLOR RETURNS

Gallagher adjusts his belt.

Frank leans against the wall, head tipped back, eyes closed — the afterburn of what just happened still on his skin.

FRANK (QUIET, TO HIMSELF)
Fuck... what am I doing?

GALLAGHER (SLY)
Hey — your secret's safe with me.
I'm a cop.
(beat, smirking)

Frank's hands slide into his coat pockets. When they come out — the rosary's in them.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)
Hell, you were already on your
knees.

Frank's fingers work the beads like a reflex. Too hard. Too fast.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)
Want me to be your priest?

Gallagher laughs — low, mean.

SNAP — the rosary splits in Frank's fist. Beads spill to the wet pavement, clattering like spent shells.

Frank stares down at them, breath visible in the cold. Gallagher walks away.

GALLAGHER O.S. (HOLLOW)
Frankie on your knees to pray.

Half-prayer, half-plea, murmured fast, desperate:

FRANK
Hail Mary, full of grace...

The wind kicks up. White Rabbit still curls faint in his head. Frank pulls his coat tight, keeps walking.

FLASHBACK - NEW YEAR'S DAY, COFFEE SHOP

Sean slides the napkin across the table. Coffee stain
bleeding into the corner. Ink in the center:
THE PRICE YOU PAY.

Frank stares at it. Doesn't touch it.

BACK TO PRESENT

His hand dips into his coat pocket. Same napkin. Same stain.

He unfolds it. New words under the old ones:
LONDON. BERLIN. L.A.

The wind lifts the edges like it's trying to take it from
him.

He grips tighter. Tucks it away. Walks on.

Doesn't look back.

INT. FRANK'S BATHROOM - JUNE 23, 1970

Frank grips the sink. Faded tattoo on his arm - ghosts inked
into skin.

SFX: A distant echo of Sean's voice: "I already got you."

Frank shakes it off. Lathers up. Razor glides - scruff
falling away until the moustache is clean, Magnum P.I. sharp.

From nowhere -

GALLAGHER (V.O.)
Hell - you were already on your
knees.

The razor slips - KNICK. A thin red cut blooms along his jaw.

Susan appears in the mirror.

SUSAN
You've been different lately.

She steps in close, cotton ball and alcohol in hand.

Presses it to his skin - sting.

Frank winces.

White Rabbit swells - still low, but pressing now.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY - JUNE 25, 1970

Steel bones claw at the sky. Heat. Noise. Sweat.

Frank - clean-shaven moustache catching the light - lights a cigarette, dials his flip phone.

A CONSTRUCTION JOE calls over the noise:

JOE
Callahan - you got a date tonight?
Nice shave...

Frank smirks faintly, says nothing.

SPLIT SCREEN:

LEFT - Sean at the bar, whiskey in hand. Phone rings. He answers.

SEAN
Go for O'Connell.

RIGHT - Frank shouting over jackhammers.

FRANK

I'm in a bind. Can you grab Paulie? Just an hour.

Sean pushes outside, noise fading.

SEAN
(mocking)
Pick up Paulie? I got him. But I'm
not signing up to be his dad.

FRANK
You? A father? Piss off.

SEAN
One hour. No bedtime stories.

FRANK
Fuuuuuuck you.

They laugh - the kind that only comes from years of shared ghosts.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Stillness. The hum of distant traffic. A bird lands, hops. Everything feels like it's waiting for something.

A BASEBALL arcs through the air - wobbly, unsure.

Paul tries to catch it - misses. It thuds softly in the grass.

He walks over. Picks it up. Stares at it like it betrayed him. A quiet kind of heartbreak only a kid can feel.

PAUL
(soft, uncertain)
I don't know how.

Sean kneels beside him. Eye-level. No lecture. No pressure. Just steady. Sean stands.

SEAN
One sec, Paulie.

He opens the trunk. Digs. Pulls out a smaller glove - worn, soft, broken in. Tosses the glove to Paulie, gently.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Try this one.

Paul slides it on. Wiggles his fingers. Feels the weight of it. Like it was waiting for him.

Sean steps back. Lobs the ball again - softer this time. Paul flinches-then catches it. Barely.

They freeze. Then: Laughter. Warm. Real. A boy and the closest thing he'll ever have to a father. The rhythm begins:

Ball. Glove. Ball. Glove.

The sound of childhood. The sun lowers. Shadows stretch. The world doesn't need to speak. This is it.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO THE SUNLIGHT SKY.

EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON:

A pair of Black girls-around 9 years old-jump rope, singing in time:

☞ "ABC... easy as 1, 2, 3..."

Two boys play handball, drumming palms against pavement like percussion. One little kid nails the Michael spin and all the others scream and laugh.

WIDE SHOT:

The joy is vibrant, the energy high—but it's all background color.

Foreground: Paul and Sean playing catch. Then Frank arrives. The contrast hits.

The black joy is free, unapologetic, communal. The white trio is trying to figure out how to connect.

They get thereâ€”barely. And only for a moment.

Catch continues – ball, glove, ball, glove. Sunlight filters through the trees. Sean and Paulie are locked in rhythm.

Across the field – FRANK approaches. Still in his work clothes. Tie loosened. Shirt sleeves rolled.

Watching them. Not jealous. Not angry. Just... unsure. Like he walked in mid-scene and forgot his lines.

Paulie waves.

Sean jogs to the car, pulls out a glove.

Frank tousles Paulie's hair.

Sean tosses the glove to Frank – soft, easy.

Then jogs back ten yards.

A soft, generous arc – the ball flies to Frank.

He catches it. Pro.

PAUL
Nice, catch, Dad!

Frank rolls his shoulder. Loosens up.

Then – the game shifts. A three-way rhythm now. Ball flying between them. Laughter. Missed catches. Overthrows. Dramatic dives.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Bring on the heat!

Another toss – fast and wild from Paul.

FRANK
Jesus, the Sox are gonna lose with
a catch like that!

Laughter. Frank throws to Sean.

SEAN
Is that all you got?

This is memory in motion.

THE CAMERA WIDENS –

The three of them framed in golden light. The ball arcs again. And for one perfect moment – They're just a family.

JUMP ROPE GIRLS
(sing in the distance)
ABC ..easy asy 1, 2, 3..do re me..

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BOSTON APARTMENT – NIGHT

DARK.

Flicker of TV light. Riot footage burns across the screen: – Nixon at a podium: "The silent majority will not stand for lawlessness." – Stonewall: fists raised, batons swinging, drag queens bleeding. – Vietnam: body bags, choppers, fire in the sky.

"Gimme Shelter" plays – warped, distant, raw.

In the dark: sounds of passion – urgent, imperfect. A sharp inhale. A whisper: "Oh God." A boot slides. Whiskey glass clinks. A gulp. Heavy breathing. A belt tossed.

They stumble into frame. FRANK and SEAN. Shirts half-on. Faces flushed. Hair a mess. Conquerors. Not in love – but cool with the conquest.

They collapse onto the couch. Frank leans forward, lit by the riot. Sean watches – eyes sharp. Tired.

SEAN
It's changing.

Frank doesn't blink.

FRANK
You don't get it.

SEAN
No?

Sean leans in.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I got kicked out of my mother's
house for this.
Got my ribs broken in the back of a
cop car. For this.

He grabs Frank's hand. Presses it to the sparrow tattoo.

SEAN (CONT'D)
And you? You just fucking hide it.

Frank jerks away. Stands. Paces.

FRANK
I've got a wife. A kid. A business.
You think I can march in the
streets? Raise a fist?

Sean laughs – brutal.

SEAN
Ready?
We're gonna make 'em ready.

Frank stops. Something breaks behind his eyes.

FRANK
Not all of us are looking for a
fight.

A beat.

SEAN
Then what the fuck are you looking
for?

Frank moves. Close. A hand to the back of Sean's neck.
Forehead to forehead. No kiss. Just breath. Held.

For one second – they exist. Then Frank pulls away. Too fast.
Sean watches him – ghost of a smirk, hollow.

SEAN (WHISPERS) (CONT'D)
One day, Frankie.

Frank walks out. Sean doesn't stop him. Silence.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. IRISH PUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT BLOOD DRIPS.

A match strikes. LIGHT - reveals Sean on his knees. Lip split. Eye swelling. Cheek bone purple. Concrete floor. LIAM towers over him.

LIAM

Never took you for a fucking fairy,
Sean.

SEAN

Never took you for a fucking
fascist, Liam.

CRACK - a boot slams into his ribs. Sean folds. Doesn't cry out.

LIAM

Knew your father. Built an empire.
Now look at you. A disgrace.

Sean spits blood.

SEAN

Your hands aren't clean.
And neither are your knees.

LIAM

(low vicious)

Your mother, what an Irish whore
she was. I had her, you know. In
the back of this bar. Maybe more
than once. (beat) Christ, I hope
you're not mine. (leans in,
whispering) God save us from you
people

The air shifts. Even the goons flinch. Liam grabs Sean's
wrist. Yanks up the sleeve. The sparrows.

Another blow. Sean hits the floor. Liam leans in - low,
vicious.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Your mother would be ashamed of
having a bugger for a son.

The bar holds its breath. Liam turns to leave.

Sean EXPLODES – off the floor, tackles Liam from behind. They crash into tables. Bottles shatter. Sean's fists pound – One. Two. Three.

He's dragged off. Still fighting. Liam wipes his mouth. Smiles through the blood.

LIAM (COLD) (CONT'D)
You'll die alone, Sean. And the
world'll thank us for it.

EXT. CEMETERY – OVERCAST AFTERNOON

Wind through the trees. Grey sky. SEAN (older, sharper) over a headstone:

LIAM K. O'MALLEY

"Beloved Father. Faithful Servant."

Sean scoffs.

SEAN
Beloved by who, Liam?

I should piss on it. But you don't deserve the water.

The wind picks up.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You were right about one thing,
though.

Flicks ash.

SMASH BACK TO
FIGHT

INT. IRISH PUB – BACK ROOM –

– mid-blow, glass flying. Sean breathing hard, eyes wild.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I didn't die alone.

Silence. The bar stills. Sean gets up, grabs his coat.

SEAN (QUIET, DARING) (CONT'D)
You want to come at me?
I fucking dare you.

He walks out. Never looks back.

SEAN (V.O.) (WHISPER) (CONT'D)
Never again.

BLACK.

A single sound cuts the dark —

A PHONE RINGING.

SOUND BRIDGE — A PHONE RINGING.

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S CONSTRUCTION TRAILER — NEXT DAY — 10:00 A.M.

Blueprints for Boston City Hall spread across the table.
Coffee cold. Stress baked into the walls.

The phone keeps ringing. Too long. Frank stares at it. Picks up.

FRANK
Callahan.

DETECTIVE GALLAGHER (O.S.)
Frankie.

FRANK
(smells it)
I smell a rat.

GALLAGHER (O.S.)
You might want to slow down and
hear this.

FRANK
Paddy, I got a thousand things—

GALLAGHER (O.S.)
Sean.

A pause. Frank freezes mid-breath.

FRANK
What?

GALLAGHER (O.S.)
Liam.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON STREET - MINUTES LATER

A TRUCK SCREECHES to a stop - tires smoke.

CAMERA POV - WAIST DOWN: DRIVER'S DOOR FLIES OPEN.

BOOTS HIT PAVEMENT.

Door SLAMS.

From a stoop-

GUY ON STOOP

Hey, you can't just paaahk there!

Frank, already moving-

FRANK

Piss off.

INT. LIAM'S CLUB - NIGHT

Low hum. Smoke coils in the air. Laughter sits on the edge of menace. This is Liam's kingdom - where deals are whispered and power wears a smirk.

The DOOR BANGS OPEN- Frank PUSHES in.

Liam reclines in his booth, flanked by muscle. Cigars. Scotch. Steel within reach.

LIAM

You look tense, Frank. Sit-

Frank grabs the nearest glass- SMASH - it explodes against the wall. The room freezes.

Frank crosses in two steps, hauls Liam halfway across the table by his collar.

The boys rise. Hands hover over guns. Nobody blinks.

FRANK

(low, lethal)

Tell me why I shouldn't scatter
your teeth across this table.

Liam doesn't flinch. Sits back slow. The grin creeps in - smooth, knowing.

LIAM
Maybe you're holding onto something
you don't need.

Frank's jaw tightens. Then—

FRANK
Keep your boys away from my Sean.

A ripple of shock. Wolves scent blood. Liam's grin dies —
replaced by something colder.

LIAM
So there it is.
(beat)
All this time, Frankie... never
figured out which side you're on.

Frank's fist connects. Liam's chair goes over.

BRAWL ERUPTS

Fists. Bottles. CHAOS. Tables flip. Smoke thickens with sweat
and blood.

GALLAGHER bursts in with two detectives.

GALLAGHER
(calm, razor sharp)
Frank. Let go.

Frank's knuckles drip. His breath is glass shards. Liam,
grinning through blood, turns to Gallagher—

LIAM
See, Frank? You're already one of
us.
Rewards aren't given — they're
earned.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gallagher SLAMS Frank into brick.

GALLAGHER
(low)
Next time? You're in the trunk. I
can't always save you.

Frank spits blood. Smirks.

FRANK

Next time, Paddy – you might be the
one who needs saving.

Frank bolts off the brick and knocks Gallagher well out of
his way.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DINER – NIGHT

Dingy. Never closes. Neon buzz hums. Coffee burns on the
warmer. A jukebox plays something sad from ten years ago.

Sean sits alone. Ribs still healing under his coat. Cigarette
burning, untouched.

The bell over the door JINGLES. Frank limps in – bruised,
torn jacket, one eye swollen, cheek split. He walks like a
man who got the truth beaten out of him and still didn't give
it up.

Frank slides into the booth, wincing. Rubs his jaw.

FRANK

Cat fight.

Sean smirks – tired, knowing.

SEAN

Must've been one hell of a cat.

Frank reaches into his coat. Pulls out a coffee-stained
napkin – same one from New Year's Day. The words still in the
center: THE PRICE YOU PAY. The stain, the creases, the weight
of months in his pocket.

He sets it on the table. Sean stares. Then flips it over, pen
in hand. Writes:

L.A. (crossed out) – Not far enough.

Montreal (crossed out) – Neither of us speaks French.

Dublin (double crossed out) – Fuck no.

London – circled.

Under it: Why not?

Frank watches. Says nothing. The jukebox clicks to a slower,
sadder track.

Frank reaches in again — lays a train ticket beside the napkin. Sean looks at him.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What about you?

Frank's jaw tightens. Swallows the truth.

FRANK
Don't worry.

SEAN
What about us?

Frank rolls up his sleeve. The faded tattoo. Sean rolls up his own — the match. They lock eyes. Time freezes.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Say it.

Frank opens his mouth — nothing.

FRANK
Just take the ticket.

Sean leans in, voice low.

SEAN
You need me here.

FRANK
I know.

Frank holds Sean's gaze — longer than he should. A flicker of something... almost a smile. Almost. Then it's gone.

SEAN
You son of a bitch.

They laugh — small, raw. Sean folds the ticket and the napkin together, like something worth keeping. Slips them both back into Frank's coat pocket.

SEAN (LOW) (CONT'D)
Then maybe I should be buying two.

For one heartbeat, they believe it. Frank stands. Moves to the door.

His hand hits the handle — a pause.

A half-turn. Not enough to meet Sean's eyes, but enough to know he's still there.

Then he's gone.

EXT. DINER AT NIGHT

Frank pauses at the door, fingers brushing the coat pocket where the napkin sits.

A breath. Then he steps into the cold.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - COSTUME PARTY - JUNE 30

ON SCREEN: COSTUME PARTY 1969.

A hairbrush drags through dark hair. Slow. Precise. Ritual.

SUSAN (41) sits at her vanity. Regal. Perfect. Lamplight catches the stillness in her face - a woman moments from turning to stone.

Behind her - FRANK (39) at the dresser, rolling down his sleeves.

A practiced intimacy. Quiet. Choreographed. Susan watches him in the mirror.

SUSAN
You always roll them down and
button them.

Frank, you're the Huntsman. Show it.

Frank freezes - just a beat too long. Then buttons anyway.

FRANK
What?

Susan sets the brush down. Rises. Deliberate.

SUSAN
Even in the summer. You always roll
them down before you leave.

She crosses to him. Rolls a sleeve up herself. Pauses.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Wait here.

She leaves. Frank exhales - tight, coiled.

ANGLE - THE MIRROR

As he moves, a crucifix catches in the reflection - small, tarnished, nailed above the door. Below it, on the wall, a commemorative plate with JFK and Jackie frozen in their perfect pose.

A reminder: faith, country, and the marriage that never cracks.

Susan re-enters with the shears.

Frank stiffens. Jaw clenches. A flicker of something dark in his eyes.

Susan's laugh is light - too light.

SUSAN

Oh, Frank... you think I'd stab you?

(smiles, soft and
dangerous)

I'd break a commandment for you?

(beat)

Then I would have to burn with you.

Surely you're going to Hell for
your actions...

Her fingers slide down his forearm - slow, deliberate - stopping on the sparrow tattoo.

She presses her thumb into it.

SUSAN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

...just not sure I'm ready for such a
commitment.

SNIP. Fabric falls. His arms are bare now - carved, tense, exposed. She studies him. Not admiring - assessing.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Now that's my Huntsman.

(beat)

But hunters... they always think
they're in control.

Frank says nothing.

One last glance - not at Frank, but into the mirror.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Father Daniel says he hasn't seen
you at confession lately.

Frank stays still.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Guess you've been an angel.

She brushes past him, fingers grazing his wrist. Frank tenses. She stops. Lingers. Leans in. A whisper. A bullet.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Frank... I know.
(beat, almost kind)
But if you think he's your
salvation, you're already damned.

She doesn't wait. Opens the closet. Pulls out her Snow White dress - black, red, velvet, and vengeance.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - LATER THAT NIGHT - WALKING HOME

Susan - Snow White, steel in her spine, blood on her lips.
Frank - the Huntsman. Leather belt, sleeves rolled - no place left to hide. Paul (7) - already dozing in Frank's arms.

They pass under a flickering streetlight. In the shadow of a brick wall, two men in sharp suits smoke and watch. They don't speak. They don't need to. Frank sees them. Keeps walking.

The picture of perfection. Until-

SUSAN
(flat, cutting)
Break it off with Sean. Now.

Frank doesn't blink.

They pass a group of college kids spilling out of a bar, laughing too loud. Among them, a Harvard girl holds hands with her girlfriend. Frank sees them. So does Susan.

Frank adjusts Paul. Keeps walking.

A young couple in evening clothes approaches. The man helps the woman over a curb, her arm looped in his.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
(soft, brutal)
What does he give you that I can't?

They walk on.

A drunk in a rumpled suit stumbles past. Another man leans in a doorway, taking a long pull from a bottle.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I'm not a fool.

Frank exhales – long, heavy. Home in sight.

They pass a church on the corner. Stained-glass windows glow faintly from within – a crucifix lit in blood-red and gold. The muffled sound of an organ leaks into the street.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
We are not getting divorced.

Silence.

They pass a statue of the Virgin Mary in a small garden, candles flickering at her feet. Susan glances at it. Without slowing, she makes the sign of the cross – fluid, automatic. Her eyes never leave Frank.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
We were raised Catholic.

So straighten up. Clean up this mess.

Frank's hand slips from Paul's back... rests on the axe handle. Just a flicker.

For a breath he is the Huntsman. And she, the queen with poison on her tongue.

They reach the brownstone.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Door clicks shut. Susan takes Paul, head limp on her shoulder.

SUSAN
(soft, motherly)
Time for bed, sweetheart.

They disappear down the hall.

Frank stands in the dark. Alone.

He sets the axe down – heavy on the hardwood. Turns on the radio.

Static – then: ♪ "Sugar, Sugar" by The Archies. Too sweet. Too fake.

Frank rubs the sparrow tattoo – freedom, love, escape. His hand tightens. Rubs harder. Like he could erase it.

But it won't fade. Neither will he.

He leans back. Eyes on the ceiling. Smoke in his throat. A song in his ears. A war in his chest.

He doesn't move. He doesn't break.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. ROOFTOP – LATE NIGHT

The city spreads below – dark veins of neon, smokestacks exhaling sin.

The wind cuts deep. Howling. Like the sky itself is praying.

From somewhere – a crackling radio, half-tuned, half-broken:

ECHO (V.O.)
"Our Father... who art in heaven..."

A BOOT on the ledge.

FRANK, barely lit. Arms out. Coat flapping like broken wings. One hand: a cigarette. Barely burning. The other: a bottle of whiskey. Half-dead. His sleeve is rolled up. The sparrow tattoo exposed – a mark of freedom. Or failure. Or both.

The city hums below. Like it's waiting for a verdict.

SEAN stands behind him. Ribs still sore. But standing tall. Watching. Ready.

SEAN
(quiet)
You know, Frankie...
Angels fall, too.

Frank doesn't turn.

FRANK
Yeah?
Then maybe that's what I've been
doing this whole damn time.

SEAN
Don't give me that martyr bullshit.
You jump – you don't go to heaven,
Frank. You go to hell. And you
leave me here.

Frank takes a long drag. Doesn't move.

FRANK

You already got me, remember?
Now you get to keep what's left.

Sean steps forward – slow, controlled. Like approaching a wild animal.

SEAN

What about Paulie?
You gonna leave him with your mess?
Or worse – let Susan tell him the truth?

Frank turns – fast. Eyes bloodshot. Something wild inside.

FRANK

You think I don't fucking know that?! Every time I look at him, I see you. I see me. I see what I ruined.

He stares Sean down.

And for one second – You think he's going over.

Sean closes the gap. Takes the bottle. Tosses it.

CRASH.

The sound rings. Like a church bell.

Frank flinches.

Sean grabs him – by the collar, by the soul – pulls him off the ledge.

SEAN

(voice shaking)
Not tonight, Frank.
Not like this.

Frank doesn't fight it. But he doesn't cry. He just breathes. One jagged inhale at a time.

FRANK

I can't fix it.
Any of it.

SEAN
(soft)
Then don't.
Just survive it. We survive it.

Frank looks at him. Really looks. Like he's seeing him for the first time.

FRANK
That ain't what they taught us.
You fall? You burn.

SEAN
Then let's burn together.

They stand in silence. The wind wraps around them.

Not redemption. Not forgiveness. Just grace.

FRANK
You wanna see who I really am?

SEAN
Yeah, Frank. I fucking do.
Talk to me.

Then — he grabs Sean's collar. Kisses him. Not gentle. Not sweet. It's violent. Brutal. Starved. Sean lets it happen. For a moment.

Then — shoves him.

Hard. Frank stumbles. Laughs.

But it's empty.

FRANK
Now you push me?
After all those nights? All those
fucking nights?

Sean steps forward. Fury rising. He nods at Frank's tattoo. Rolls up his own sleeve. A match. Grabs Frank's wrist. Over the sparrow.

SEAN
Say it then, Frankie.

Frank's lips part.

Nothing.

Sean shakes his head. Steps back.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Yeah. That's what I thought.

Frank exhales. A church bell rings in the distance. There is a distant gunshot. Frank hurls the bottle.

SMASH.

The sound echoes too long.

Glass explodes on concrete.

Sean flinches. Barely.

Frank presses fists to his temples – like he could crush the truth out of his skull.

Sean watches. Calm now. Cold.

FRANK
You think I don't feel it?
You think I don't wake up every
morning knowing I've got a son who
deserves better?

Sean flinches. Frank sees it. Steps closer.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You wanna know who I really am?
I'm the man who never should've met
you.
The man who never should've let
this happen.

SEAN
You blaming me now?

FRANK
(whispers)
I blame you for everything.

Sean nods. Something clicks.

SEAN
You know what, Frankie?
Mr. Frank Callahan?
Fuck you.

He walks past him. Shoulder hits hard. Doesn't turn around.

Frank watches him go.

The wind screams. The church bell tones in the distance.

Frank turns.

Looks down at the city.

FADE OUT.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Dim. Still. Cigarette butts in the ashtray. Coffee gone cold. Sean stands at the window. Eyes bloodshot. Last night still in his bones. He stares at the skyline. The same rooftop. Distant now. He opens a drawer. Inside: A folded train ticket. Still in the coat pocket. Frank must have slipped it in before leaving.

He stares at it. Then

CUT TO:

ON SCREEN JULY
1, 1970

EXT. BOSTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sean walks. Head down. The weight of decision in every step. A Berklee student strums a weathered guitar on the corner. He sings - raw, imperfect, beautiful:

BERKLEE STUDENT
(singing, faint but clear)
"The long and winding road... that
leads to your door..."

Sean stops. Breathes it in. Then he moves. Forward.

Through the glass doors-

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

A sunlit office glows with the sheen of freedom—stacks of glossy brochures: Morocco, Bali, the French Riviera. A spinning globe turns lazily. The scent of fresh paper and perfume lingers in the air.

CONNIE (mid-30s) - blonde, playful, effortlessly charming - leans over the counter like it's her stage. She lights up when SEAN walks in.

CONNIE
(grinning, teasing)
Sean, how very nice to see you.
(MORE)

CONNIE (CONT'D)
Why don't you take a girl like me
out on a date sometime?

Sean smirks, slick as always, but there's a flicker beneath it—something tight behind the eyes.

SEAN
(deflecting, smoothing his
hair)
Oh, Connie, I've been busy, you
know.

CONNIE
(mock gasp, hand to chest)
Well, I'll let that slide this
time... but I will be needing your
number.

Sean chuckles, shifts his weight, scanning the brochures.
He's stalling. SEAN Playin' bold, huh? Thought the guy was
supposed to ask.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
(laughing, leaning in)
It's the '70s, Sean. A girl can
take charge.

Sean exhales, nods. The light banter's slipping.

He leans on the counter.

SEAN
(flat, stripped)
I need to book a trip.

CONNIE
(excited, flipping open
her planner)
Oh, are you finally running off
somewhere? Morocco? Bali? South
America?

SEAN
(quiet, firm)
London.

That catches her. She leans back, surprised.

CONNIE
God save the Queen. So you fancy a
trip across the pond? Just you?

Sean hesitates. Then—

SEAN
(exhales, steady)
No. Three of us. Two adults. One
kid.

Connie's grin widens. She clasps her hands together like she's just found the center of the gossip galaxy.

CONNIE
Sean , you been holding out on me?
Oh, I must meet her. She must be
radiant. I hate her already.

Sean tries to smile, forces a laugh. But his eyes flick to the door. He wants this done.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
(playful, leaning in)
Come on, tell me. What's her name?
What's she like? How long's this
been a thing? I need details.

Sean swallows. His jaw tightens. The silence stretches.

SEAN
(too fast, too flat)
Frank.

Connie blinks – the laugh freezes halfway.

CONNIE
Frank?

Sean shifts, eyes dart –

SEAN
Frankie. Big Sox fan. Loud. You
know?

Connie studies him. Then smiles again—but it's softer now.

CONNIE
(smiling)
Well. You'll have to bring Frankie
around. I'd love to see the guy who
got you all twisted up.
(flipping through her
book)
When's the trip?

SEAN
(hurried)
July 5. First flight out.

CONNIE
(laughing, surprised)
That's in three days!

SEAN
Yeah. Three days. Three people.

She glances up at him again. Then—

CONNIE
(smiling, shaking her
head)
I do like this whole impulsive
thing you've got going.
(flipping a page)
Okay... return date?

A pause. Sean wasn't expecting that question.

His pulse ticks in his throat.

CONNIE (CONT'D)
(waiting, pen ready)
Sean?

SEAN
(low, distant)
One-way tickets.

Connie leans back. Her smile fades just slightly. She sees it now—whatever this is... it's real.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

A shiny black Lincoln idles across the street. Windows up. Air conditioning humming. A bubble of quiet, insulated from the city's heat.

Inside: SUSAN — composed, sharp, eyes locked forward. Beside her, LIAM — early 40s, clean-cut, a fixer with Wall Street polish and barroom instincts. A driver waits silently in front.

They sit still. Watching.

Through the travel agency window: Sean stands at the counter with Connie, laughing a little, shifting his weight. He hands over cash. It's small talk.

But Susan reads it like scripture.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY

CONNIE
(gentle)
You're up to something.

Well... your secret's safe with me.
(back to business)
Diners? Mastercard?

SEAN
(quiet. firm.)
Cash.

He peels off crisp hundreds. Hands them over. Connie takes them slowly. Eyes never leaving him.

A long pause. No punchline. No comeback. Just that smell of perfume and ink.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(finishes the transaction,
pockets his receipt)
He nods to Connie, turns toward the door.

SUSAN'S EYES STAY ON HIM. Calm. Cold.

Sean steps outside. Lights a cigarette.

The Berkeley kid is still playing.

Sean drops a \$5 bill in the guitar case. They share a look and a nod.

Sean walks down the sidewalk, casual but tight.

Susan watches every move — like she's memorizing his last day on earth. Then—she nods. Just once. Subtle. Precise.

LIAM
(quiet, looking at her
first, then Sean)
Time to wrap this up.

Susan says nothing.

FADE IN:

EXT. BOSTON BAR - EARLY EVENING

SEAN sits with the boys. A pint in hand, but his eyes are somewhere else. Distant. Detached. Thinking.

SOMEONE (O.S.)

Shots!

The bar rallies – voices rise, hands clap shoulders. Laughter swells. The noise of men trying to drown something.

Sean's pulled into it, smiling on autopilot. But he's not really there.

From across the room, LIAM enters. Cool. Controlled. Watching. Darts fly. Cheers echo. But Sean? Miles away.

Liam approaches, casual. Predator in plain clothes.

LIAM

So...You straighten yourself out yet?
Gonna end this embarrassment?

Sean turns. Eyes locked with Liam – inches away. Calm. Coiled.

SEAN

(deadly)
Liam. Piss off.

He rises. Steps outside – into the thick, electric Boston summer.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR – CONTINUOUS

The world hums – air heavy, headlights low. Sean walks, fists clenched, breath jagged.

He stops. Paces.

SEAN

(to himself)
I got to go through with this.

He pounds a fist into his palm. Once. Hard.

A rustle behind him. Sean spins – LIAM stands in the shadows.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(startled, breathless)
Christ.

A pause. Tension pulling like piano wire.

LIAM

(LOW, VOICE CURLING LIKE SMOKE)
Sean... What is it you think you have
to do?

Sean turns to him – eyes sharp, voice cold.

SEAN
(quiet, dark, final)
Like I said. Piss off.

He walks. Doesn't look back. Liam watches. Silent. Left in
the heat. Alone.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN: 1970 - 4TH OF JULY MORNING

ON SCREEN: JULY
4, 1970.

INT. CALLAHAN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The house is quiet. Boston sleeps. But in the dim glow of
dawn—we hear something we haven't heard before.

A GUITAR. Soft, deliberate plucking. Melancholy, intimate.

Frank sits alone, barefoot, in his undershirt, his acoustic
guitar resting against his thigh. Fingers pressing into the
strings—muscle memory from a life he never got to live.

Paul enters, sleepy-eyed, messy-haired. He stops in the
doorway, wide-eyed.

PAUL
(excited)
Daddy, you never play your guitar
anymore!

Frank looks up. Caught. A pause.

Frank exhales, nods for Paul to sit. Paul climbs up on the
couch beside him.

FRANK (SOFT, HESITANT)
Alright, Paulie. Let me sing this
one for you. It's kind of new... by a
man named James Taylor. He goes by
J.T.

PAUL (GRINNING)
Ooooooh, J.T.! That's a cool name!

Frank chuckles. Shakes his head. Paul tilts his head. Curious.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Daddy, you're cool. And you know
what?

BEHIND THEM, SUSAN ENTERS THE FRAME.

She stands in the doorway, unseen. Listening. Holding onto the past.

PAUL (SOFT, HONEST) (CONT'D)
Sean is cool. We are cool!

Frank stops playing for just a second. The weight of it hits him. He looks at Paul, all wide-eyed wonderment. He almost says something.

But instead—he starts picking again. He plays. His voice is rough, hesitant. Then—he sings. "Fire and Rain"—but slower. More broken.

FRANK
(he sings)
*"Just yesterday morning, they let
me know you were gone..." "Susan, the
plans they made put an end to you..."*

MONTAGE FLASHES—IN FRANK'S HEAD:

-The wedding night with Susan—he wanted to say I love you, but didn't.

-Sean, laughing, pulling him close—he wanted to say it, but couldn't.

-His father, a hardened Irish Catholic—Frank at 18, trying to prove something.

-Paul, as a baby, gripping his finger—Frank staring at him, knowing something was off, but pushing it down.

-Then—a darkness. A shot fired. Paul's body falling. Blood spreading in the alley.

-Frank's eyes snap open. Back to reality.

-The song ends. Silence.

PAUL JUMPS UP, CHEERING.

PAUL
DADDY! That was AMAZING!

Susan claps. A soft, small moment. She's been crying. The Kennedy way—wiping the tears before they can be seen.

SUSAN (SOFT, NOSTALGIC)
Wow, Frank... it's been a long time.

Paul runs over and HUGS Frank and the guitar.

PAUL
Maybe Sean could sing with you! He
said you guys used to sing
together. That would be COOL!
Mommy come over we all hug.

Susan comes over and they all do a group hug. Frank freezes. The moment is too much. Tears slip down his face. Paul pulls back, confused, but smiling. Frank finally lets go.

He looks at Susan—a woman who already knows what's coming.

FRANK (SOFT, BREAKING)
I... I love you, Paul.

PAUL (GRINNING)
Daddy, you don't have to say that.
I know it!

Frank laughs, shaky, wiping his face. He ruffles Paul's hair. Susan turns away. Hiding her emotions.

And then—Frank puts the guitar down. He won't play it again.

FADE OUT.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING JULY 4, 1970

A radio hums. Bacon sizzles. The smell of coffee in the air.

Frank, shirt unbuttoned, barefoot, relaxed, flips pancakes while Paul, now 9, drinks orange juice, swinging his legs under the chair. Frank hums "Fire & Rain" lightly.

Susan moves gracefully through the kitchen, a vision of effortless poise. She's putting on earrings, checking her reflection in the window.

A perfect family, a perfect moment. A lie.

THE PHONE RINGS.

Susan turns. Answers it.

SUSAN (BRIGHT, POLITE)
Hello?

A pause. Then—her smile fades.

Her fingers tighten around the phone cord.

LIAM (O.S.) (CALM, CONTROLLED)
We should talk.

Susan's jaw clenches. She glances at Frank. He's laughing with Paul.

SUSAN (QUIET, EVEN)
Where?

FRANK O.S.
Come on Paulie. Time for the beach.

PAUL
Yeah!

HARD CUT: TWO SPLIT SCREENS BEGIN

LEFT SCREEN: DARK - SUSAN & LIAM MEETING

RIGHT SCREEN: LIGHT - FRANK, SEAN & PAUL AT THE BEACH

EXT. COASTAL ROAD - FRANK & PAUL DRIVING TO THE BEACH

Right Screen - Warm, Sunlit, Breezy

Frank drives. Paul sits in the passenger seat, feet on the dash, sunglasses too big for his face.

Paul laughs. A kid, free. Beside him, Sean. Relaxed, arm out the window. The world feels weightless.

The cars arrives at the beach they get out with a cooler, chairs towels. Paul starts to head to the beach.

SEAN
Stop there young man. Aren't you
forgetting something?

PAUL
Dad, I am so little.

FRANK
What do we say?

PAUL
(slow and sad)
All for one...

SEAN
And..

SEAN, FRANK AND PAUL
(cheer)
ONE FOR ALL!

PAUL
I was just teasing you know, Sean.
I was going to help.

SEAN
Sure...Sure.

He picks up Paul and tosses him in the air and catches him.
They all laugh. They head to the beach.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED BACK ROOM - SUSAN & LIAM MEETING

LIAM
You know what you are asking of me?

SUSAN
Oh you are getting a conscious now?

They both laugh.

EXT. BOSTON BEACH - CONTINUOUS

PAUL
I bet I can outswim you today.

SEAN
Oh yeah? You been training?

PAUL (GRINNING)
Nope! But I got heart.

Frank smirks. Watches Sean watch Paul. Sean's eyebrow raises. Paul sees that and laughs.

FRANK
Heart's good, Paulie. Just don't
let it get you in trouble.
(to Sean, quiet)
Trouble always comes for the ones
with heart.

Sean's smile falters. He looks out at the ocean. Knows trouble is already here.

INT. DARKENED BACK ROOM - SUSAN & LIAM MEETING

A single candle lights the room. Liam's face moves in and out of shadow as he speaks, like he's slipping between priest and executioner.

Left Screen - Cold, Murky, Shadowed

Susan enters a dimly lit room in the back of an Irish pub.

Liam sits, calm, drinking whiskey. A couple of silent men stand behind him.

Susan, pristine white summer dress, red lipstick, the picture of an untouchable woman. She sits across from him. Unrushed. Controlled.

SUSAN
I assume you're not here to wish me
a happy Fourth of July.

Liam smiles. Leans forward.

LIAM
Your husband's in deep, Mrs.
Callahan.

Susan crosses her legs. Sips her drink. Unfazed.

SUSAN
Oh?

LIAM
We both know it. Just like we both
know who's got their claws in him.

Susan's expression doesn't change.

But her fingers tighten just slightly around her glass.

Liam notices. Enjoys it.

LIAM (CONT'D)
That man your husband keeps
chasing? He's gonna lead him
straight to hell.

A long silence. Susan finally speaks. Measured. Unshaken.

SUSAN
Hell is a real place, Mr. O'Malley.

Liam chuckles.

LIAM
Oh, Mrs. Callahan. We live in it.

EXT. BEACH - FRANK, SEAN & PAUL

Right Screen - Golden Light, Ocean Waves, Pure Joy. Paul runs into the surf, kicking up water. Sean and Frank walk along the shore, side by side.

SEAN
You ever think about leaving?

Frank watches Paul.

FRANK
Every day.

Sean waits. Frank turns. Meets his eyes. Sean looks away. Nods. He already knew the answer. Paul laughs, calling back to them.

PAUL (O.S.)
C'mon slowpokes!

They walk toward the water.

FADE IN: JULY 4TH, 1970 - THE FINAL CELEBRATION

EXT. BOSTON ESPLANADE - NIGHT

Fireworks crack against the sky: reds, golds, and whites reflected in the Charles River. The city breathes. Music swells.

FRANK, SEAN, & PAUL - THE FINAL GLIMPSE OF PEACE

Paul sits on Frank's shoulders, small hands gripping onto his father's hair, his face lit up by the fireworks. His laughter cuts through the noise.

Sean stands beside them, arms crossed, cigarette hanging from his lips, watching them both—his family.

Frank shifts, looking up at Paul, smiling in a way we've barely seen. Sean catches it. That rare, unguarded joy.

For a second—just a second—he lets himself believe this could be real.

Then—Paul tugs on Frank's hair.

PAUL (EXCITED, POINTING UP)
Daddy, look! It's the big one!

They all look up. A firework explodes. A perfect bloom of white.

CROWD
Ohhh

Frank lifts Paul higher off his shoulders, but something shifts. He slowly lowers Paul back to the ground.

PAUL
(surprised)
I wanted to see—

FRANK
(quietly)
You'll see better from here, kiddo.

Frank kneels, straightens Paul's little jacket, then stands beside him. Paulie is on Frank's RIGHT SIDE.

Then he reaches down and takes Paul's hand. Paul instinctively grabs it. Frank takes a hold of Sean's hand on his left. Sean barely looks at Frank and squeezes back.

Paul looks and smiles at them holding hands. Then with obvious simplicity.

PAUL
Wait! I should be in the middle.

Paulie goes between them and takes both of their hands, like that's the way it's supposed to be. He looks up at them both and smiles.

BOOM!

The biggest yet. A crown of red and gold, lighting up the whole goddamn sky. The colors reflect in their eyes.

CROWD
Ohhhh...Ahhhh...

FRANK
(low, hesitant)
Sean, can I ask you something?

Sean flicks his cigarette. Smirks.

SEAN
(teasing)
You want me to drive 'cause you want to drink more? Sure thing.

FRANK
No, I'm serious.

Sean studies him now. Feels the shift.

SEAN
If this is about confession, I'm not going.

FRANK
(cutting in)
No. Now give me a break.

A hesitation. Then—

SEAN
(softer)
Frankie, what's the question?

Frank swallows. Then ,quiet, raw, the closest thing to an 'I love you' he'll ever say

FRANK
If anything were to happen to me, I want you to take Paulie.

Silence. All sound fades. Freeze. Sean exhales. Then—with confidence, with love, no hesitation.

SEAN
(steady, certain, forever)
Frankie, of course I will take
Paulie.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank drives. Paul's asleep in the backseat - curled up, blanket tucked around him, peaceful.

Sean lights a cigarette. Takes a long drag. Frank doesn't look at him, but speaks:

FRANK
It's not too late, you know.

Sean turns. Studying Frank's profile. The way his knuckles grip the wheel.

SEAN
It was always too late, Frankie.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - NIGHT

A black sedan rolls through the empty streets.

Steam from the grates. Windows dark. Inside: LIAM. Calm. Focused. He opens a manila envelope.

ON PAPER:

SEAN O'CONNELL

PAUL CALLAHAN

He closes it. Nods to the driver. The car turns.

INT. O'MALLEY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

July 4. 11:30 PM. The heist begins.

Empty. Abandoned. Except it isn't. A few men wait in the dark.

Weapons loaded. Quiet as concrete. The wind howls between the beams. A deal is about to be made. A man is about to be erased.

INT. PAUL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Frank sits there. He leans forward - kisses his son's head.

FRANK (WHISPERED)
I'll be right here.

He picks up Paulie in his arms. Takes a small backpack.

EXT. CALLAHAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank places Paul gently into the car. Blanket. Teddy bear. Pillow.

He stands there for a moment watching his son sleep. From inside the house - Susan watches from the window. Still. Cold. Collected.

FINAL IMAGE:

The black sedan turns a corner.

Frank's car pulls away in the other direction.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - SUSAN AT THE WINDOW

The house is still. Silent.

SUSAN (WHISPERING TO HERSELF)
Don't go, Frank.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

A streetlamp flickers. The bar's neon buzzes-half-dead, like the people inside.

Frank pulls up. The engine idles. A shadow moves.

Sean steps out, cigarette burning low, dressed in black. A sharp contrast to the golden glow of the bar's windows.

Sean pulls out a gun. Checks the chamber. The click echoes in the silence.

Frank watches him. Sean glances at the rearview mirror. Paul is asleep in the back, small, curled up. Frank hesitates.

Sean's voice, barely above a whisper:

SEAN
Jesus, Frank.

Frank tightens his grip on the wheel, jaw clenched.

FRANK

Let's go.

INT. O'MALLEY'S BASEMENT - THE HEIST JULY 4 11:30 PM

A room built for secrets. Damp stone walls, a single light swinging overhead. Shadows dance across stacks of cash.

Frank and Sean move fast. Silent. Efficient. A rhythm built on trust. They work like men who have done this before. Like men who know there won't be a next time.

Bags filled. Guns loaded. They step outside. Breathing hard. For one moment- They almost made it.

Then- A COCKED GUN.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND O'MALLEY'S - NIGHT

Paul. Tied up. A gun to his head. LIAM stands there. Waiting.

His men form a wall between Sean and Frank-between them and everything they love. Liam grins.

LIAM

Took you long enough.

Frank sees Paul. His face goes white. Sean freezes. The gun in his hand shakes. Frank steps forward, but Sean grips his arm-stopping him.

FRANK (ROARING)

Let him go.

Liam tilts his head, feigning sympathy.

LIAM

You thought you could just walk away?

Frank's breathing turns shallow. The walls close in. Liam raises his hand. A nod.

GUNSHOT.

SPLIT SCREEN: PAUL FALLING / SUSAN ARRIVING

Paul is hit. His small body collapses. The ground drinks his blood.

Susan's car SCREECHES TO A STOP. She bursts out. Sees her son fall. Her face twists in horror.

FRANK'S RAGE / SEAN'S RECKONING

Frank loses it. Bare hands. No hesitation. He lunges at Liam, but the men close in.

Liam and his men open fire. Frank goes down. A bullet to the gut.

Sean rapid-fires.

Thugs drop like dominos. But it's too late. Sean points the gun at Liam. He fires. The gun is empty.

Liam turns. A last smile. He walks away.

Silence.

SPLIT SCREEN - FRANK & SEAN / PAUL & SUSAN

LEFT SIDE - PAUL & SUSAN

Susan crawls to Paul. Blood soaks her dress.

Paul coughs, eyes fluttering.

PAUL (WHISPERING, WEAK SMILE)
I got heart, Mom.
Lots of heart...

Susan presses her hands to his chest. Holding. Rocking. Breaking.

RIGHT SIDE - SEAN & FRANK

Sean cradles Frank. Blood mixing on the concrete. Frank blinks up at him, barely there.

SEAN
Frank—

Frank tries to speak, but the words snag in his throat. His fingers twitch at his coat pocket.

Sean notices – reaches in.

INSERT – SEAN'S HAND

Pulling out the folded napkin. Coffee-stained. Soft with wear. Faint smell of another life.

He opens it: THE PRICE YOU PAY... LONDON. BERLIN. L.A.

A raindrop hits the paper – or maybe it's blood.

Frank's lips move – barely.

FRANK (WEAK, HOARSE, FINAL)
You shoulda taken the train...
Used that goddamn ticket.

SPLIT SCREEN COLLAPSES INTO FULL FRAME – SEAN

Holding the napkin now, alone. Frank's hand falls from his collar. Still.

Sean's breath breaks. A sound he'll never forgive himself for making.

BLACK SCREEN.

A beat. Maybe two.

COLD. SHARP. DEADLY.

☞ "One Less Bell to Answer..." begins – not over an image, but over absence. The napkin's weight hangs in the dark.

Just her voice. No intro. No lead-in. Just loss. Just absence. Just the wound.

"One less egg to fry..."

SUPER 8 FILM MONTAGE – FADED BLACK & WHITE MEMORIES

Frank as a kid. Running barefoot in Boston streets.

Frank at 16, strumming his folk guitar.

Frank in uniform, young, clean-cut, laughing.

Frank and Susan, wedding bells, champagne toasts.

Frank holding baby Paul for the first time.

Frank & Sean, in a stolen moment. A real smile.

SONG BUILDS. HEARTBREAK SWELLS.

The reel slows. Flickers. Burns out.

FADE TO BLACK.
END.

FADE TO BLACK.
CREDITS ROLL.

37 seconds of silence.

FADE IN: 1992 - THE FINAL WORD

EXT. NEW ENGLAND CEMETERY - OVERCAST SKY

The sky is grey and endless. Rain drizzles, soaking into the earth. A cold New England morning.

Sean stands alone. Older. Wiser. More dangerous. His overcoat flutters in the wind, but he doesn't shiver. He never does.

Before him—four tombstones, lined in a row.

PAUL CALLAHAN 1962 - 1970 "He had heart."

FRANK CALLAHAN 1929 - 1970 "Some things never got said."

SUSAN CALLAHAN-O'MALLEY 1927 - 1992 "Love yourself. Everything else will leave you."

LIAM O'MALLEY 1924 - 1985 "God forgives. Men don't."

Sean reads them. One by one.

PAUL'S GRAVE - THE ONE THAT HURTS THE MOST

Sean stands at the smallest headstone. The simplest. The one that should never have been written.

A slow breath. His face never cracks—but inside, it's already broken.

SEAN (SOFT, ALMOST TO HIMSELF)
 You never knew, did you? (beat,
 cigarette ember glowing) Maybe that
 was for the best.

A flicker— Paul laughing, ice cream smeared on his chin.
 Another—Paul running into Sean's arms, dog leash in hand.
 Gone.

Sean takes something from his pocket. A seashell. Sets it
 gently on the stone.

The wind moves through the trees, whispering.

Like the ocean.

FRANK'S GRAVE - THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SAY IT

Sean reads Frank's epitaph. A slow, bitter smirk forms.

FRANK CALLAHAN 1929 - 1970 "Some things never got said."

He leaves a guitar pick. Sean lets out a quiet exhale that
 might have been a laugh.

SEAN
 (low)
 Once you crack an egg, it's broken.

SUSAN & LIAM - BURIED TOGETHER

Sean's eyes land on the last two tombstones. Side by side.

SUSAN CALLAHAN-O'Malley 1930 - 1992 "Love yourself. Everything
 else will leave you."

LIAM O'Malley 1928 - 1985 "God forgives. Men don't."

Sean smirks. Lights a cigarette.

SEAN (LOW, DARK AMUSEMENT)
 Well, Susan... guess you really did
 sleep with the devil.

3-second pause. A slow inhale of cold air. No sadness. No
 regret. Just the bitter taste of survival.

HE FLICKS HIS CIGARETTE ONTO LIAM'S GRAVE.

Turns. Walks away. Never looks back.

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS GO BACK TO ROLLING

43 SECONDS LATER -

ON SCREEN 2025

-Whiskey glass. Cigarette. The tattoo visible. A breath.

FADE IN: A LAVISH, ULTRA-MODERN OFFICE.

Sean's office is golden-hour glass and steel, but his tattoo—his past—is still ink-black. The last tie to the world he built, bled for, burned down.

Mahogany. Floor-to-ceiling windows. Power.

The forearm is aged, veined... but the tattoo remains.

-Sean. Older. Wiser. More dangerous.

-Behind him—a wall of framed photographs.

-Sean shaking hands with Harvey Milk.

-Sean with Bill Clinton, 1996.

-Sean at a 2008 Obama fundraiser.

-Sean at a 2015 Pride Parade, smiling.

-Sean with LGBTQ+ leaders, activists, presidents, billionaires.

Sean picks up a phone. Dials.

A dial tone. A click.

VOICE (O.S.) (CAUTIOUS, WAITING)
Who the hell are you?

Sean leans back. His voice like gravel and ghosts.

SEAN
The man you should've killed a long
time ago.

Calm. Steady. Eyes locked.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You tried to bury me.
You forgot I was a seed.

VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, Sir. Let me get him for you.

A HOLD LINE. THEN—A SECOND VOICE COMES ON.

Rough. Dangerous. Familiar.

HUSKY VOICE (O.S.)
Is this the Big Bad Wolf?

Sean smirks. But it's cold. Wolfish.

SEAN (LOW, LETHAL)
We need to clean things up. I don't
like where this world is heading.

Sean Hangs up. He leans forward. His hand drifts across his desk. A SINGLE PHOTOGRAPH. Sean picks up Paul's photo, his thumb covers part of the boy's face — like he's trying to protect him even now.

Then he slides his thumb back in place almost guiltily. That one unconscious movement says everything about the decades he's carried that secret.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(soft, final)
Your mother knew. I knew. Frank
never did. You never did. That's
the sin I carry.

FADE TO BLACK.

A quiet inhale. A faint exhale of cigarette smoke.
Then—Sean's voice, low, final. He rubs the sparrow tattoo
with hardened love.

SEAN (V.O.)
(soft, deadly, inevitable)
One less egg to fry.

That egg's already cracked.

FINAL SONG:

"Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out" — Eric Clapton
(Acoustic 1992)

SCREEN GOES BLACK.

SFX:

- Shoes scraping pavement - A zipper zips shut - Brick drags against brick - One sharp inhale

Then—across the black screen, in handwritten cursive, white ink:

*Bet the priest didn't hear about
this.*

FADE OUT.