

ONE LESS EGG TO FRY

Written by

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WINTER 1969 → JULY 4, 1970

BLACK.

A match STRIKES. A cracked statue of ST. FRANCIS.

EXT. CALLAHAN CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - NIGHT

Floodlight hum. Snow drifting sideways.

THUMP. Another THUMP.

Inside the frosted window - shadows jerk violently.

CONGREGATION (V.O.)
Lord, make me an instrument of your
peace.

The door BURSTS open.

INT. CALLAHAN CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

FRANK CALLAHAN (37) drags MR. FLANNIGAN(43) across the floor
by the collar. Bloody knuckles. Steam in the air.

FRANK
You chose to pay God instead of me.
You paid the wrong man.

He hits him again.

MRS. FLANNIGAN
Frank, please-

He backhands her. She drops.

CONGREGATION (V.O.)
Where there is hatred, let me sow
love.

In the shadows - SEAN O'CONNELL. Arms crossed. Watching.
Enjoying the scene.

SEAN
(easy)
Enough.

Frank doesn't turn.

Sean steps in. Catches Frank's wrist mid-swing. Firm. Controlled.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(firm)
Okay. Enough.

FRANK
Don't.

SEAN
Then don't make me.

ON SCREEN: BOSTON. WINTER 1969

Frank pulls free. Breathing hard.

SEAN
Flannigan... pay him.
Or you answer to Liam.

Flannigan fumbles – throws blood-stained bills on the desk.

Frank peels off a hundred. Slips it into Mrs. Flannigan's coat.

FRANK
For the dress.

The Flannigans scramble out.

CONGREGATION (V.O.)
For it is in giving that we
receive—

Frank exhales.

EXT. CALLAHAN CONSTRUCTION TRAILER – CONTINUOUS

Frank and Sean burst out. Bloody knuckles. The Flannigan's are seen running away.

SEAN
(low)
Francis... we need to talk about
getting out.

The **Boston Globe** paper on the ground: "The Record Nor'easter." Frank steps on it.

Sean drops his cigarette into the snow. Crush.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD:

ONE LESS EGG TO FRY

INT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

Dim. Cigarette haze. A jukebox hums low through the wall.

LIAM (40s). Still. Controlled. Doesn't need to raise his voice.

Placard on the wall "THE ALLMAN BROTHERS" in concert.

Frank drops an envelope on the table.

Sean stands beside him. Quiet.

Liam doesn't touch the envelope.

A beat.

LIAM
You're late.

FRANK
He stalled.

Liam looks at Sean.

Sean holds his gaze. Doesn't flinch.

LIAM
Did he?
(beat)
Liam opens the envelope. Counts -
slow.

Stops.

LIAM (CONT'D)
You're light.

Frank says nothing.

LIAM (CONT'D)
(to Sean)
You watching this?

Sean doesn't answer.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Next time... I go myself.

Liam passes two \$50 bills on the table.

LIAM (CONT'D)
And if I go... we don't talk about
money anymore.

A man at another table gets dragged up – bloodied.

Liam nods toward the door.

They drag the man out.

Frank watches.

Sean doesn't.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Go finish it.

Frank nods.

Sean lingers half a beat.

Then follows.

EXT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

Two TEENAGERS pass.

TEEN 1
Fuck the draft.

TEEN 2
What if you get picked?

They're gone.

The same man from earlier – beaten, barely standing – tries
to light a cigarette.

Frank and Sean step into frame.

No words.

Frank hits him first. Sean joins – faster, sharper.

The man drops.

Sean pulls a gun.

A beat.

Frank watches him.

Sean fires. Twice.

The body goes still.

Frank kneels. Removes the man's watch.

Sean nods for the wallet. Frank takes it

They walk off into the dark.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Steel beams rising. Hammers. Engines. Controlled chaos.

Frank moves through it like he owns it.

Sean walks beside him. Watching everything.

GALLAGHER (50s), plainclothes, BOSTON PD, leans against a car. Waiting.

JIMMY DOLAN(40s), city inspector - clipboard, pen tapping too fast.

Frank steps up.

Jimmy flips pages - stalling.

JIMMY

You're not cleared for the next phase. I got enough on my hands with the City Hall project.

Frank doesn't look.

FRANK

We're already in it. And fuck City Hall. They went around me.

Jimmy forces a smile.

JIMMY

That's not how it works. I need permits.

Frank steps closer.

Quiet.

FRANK

But this *is how we do it*. Stop by
the bar.

JIMMY

You'll have the permits.

FRANK

I'll be saying my rosary waiting
for you.

A beat.

Jimmy glances at Gallagher.

Frank pulls an envelope. Hands it to Gallagher. Gallagher
takes it. No look. No count.

GALLAGHER

You're behind.

FRANK

We'll catch up.

Jimmy watches the exchange.

Swallows.

Sean steps in.

SEAN

You're not built for this.

Sean holds his gaze.

Jimmy looks away first.

FRANK

We're good.

Frank walks off.

After a beat - Sean follows.

EXT. EDGE OF SITE - CONTINUOUS

Frank lights a cigarette.

Sean joins him.

Silence.

Work continues behind them.

SEAN
Jimmy's a problem.

Frank exhales.

FRANK
Then we solve it.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank enters.

On the radio, Diana Ross & The Supremes, "*Someday we'll be together*" plays.

Paul is at the table. Homework spread out.

Susan nearby. Watching.

PAUL
Daddy!

FRANK
Hey kiddo.

Paul runs to him. Frank scoops him up.

SUSAN
You're late.

FRANK
Yeah.

A beat.

She doesn't move.

SUSAN
Again.

Frank doesn't take the bait.

Paul pulls at him—

PAUL
Will you do my bath?

Frank hesitates.

Just a flicker.

FRANK
Not tonight.

PAUL
Mommy's not as fun.

A beat -

FRANK & PAUL
Get in. Get out.

Paul laughs. Runs off.

Silence settles.

Susan steps in. Takes Frank's shirt.

Smells it.

Just a hint.

SUSAN
I'll wash it.

Frank changes. Pulls on a black t-shirt.

She watches him.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Dinner in ten.

FRANK
I've got a meeting.

He grabs his jacket.

Moves for the door.

She steps closer.

Certain.

SUSAN
Your home's here.

A beat. She fixes his jacket collar.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
You remember that.

Frank opens the door. Turns back and clicks off the radio playing the Supremes song.

FRANK
(low)
I never liked that song.

Leaves.

Susan stands there. Holding his shirt.

INT. FOUR SEASONS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Old money hush. Velvet. Low piano somewhere.

SUSAN CALLAHAN sits across from LIAM O'MALLEY.

A crooner sings softly: "Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head."

LIAM What do you need from me, Susan?

Susan studies him. Not rushing.

SUSAN
You run this city.

LIAM
We call ourselves Winter Hill.

A flicker—Susan almost smiles.

SUSAN
Of course you do.

She sets her glass down.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
My husband's... busy.

Liam says nothing.

She lets that sit.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
And when he is...
(beat)
things get sloppy.

That lands.

LIAM
What are you asking?

She meets his eyes.

No blink.

SUSAN
I'm not.
(beat)

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I won't be embarrassed.

Silence.

Liam watches her. Reassessing.

LIAM
That can be arranged.

Susan lifts her glass.

SUSAN
I know.

She drinks.

INT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

Noise. Streamers. Cheap celebration.

Band playing Led Zeppelin, "*Whole Lotta Love*."

Frank pushes through.

Finds Sean.

Frank rolls up his sleeve. The swallow tattoo.

Bruised knuckles.

SEAN
Didn't think you'd come.

Frank exhales. Heads outside. Sean follows.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Cold air. Steam rising from the pavement.

The band inside can be heard, muffled.

Distant fireworks.

Sean pulls Frank into the alley.

Pins him to the brick.

FRANK
You're gonna regret this.

SEAN
I already do.

Frank grabs him. They exchange moments of passion in the dark.

Zippers. Breaths. Hushed.

Fireworks crack overhead. Light flashes —their faces light up for a moment.

Sean steps back first.

Frank watches him go.

Alone.

EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - DAWN

Steel bones of a half-built building. Wind cuts through it. Frank on the 4th floor, looking down at the steel beams.

He walks on the beams. Looking. His world.

A worker calls out below—

WORKER (O.S.)
Francis, you comin' to Mass or
what?

Frank hesitates.

FRANK
Yeah.

He flicks ash.

It falls through the steel below. Gone.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - MORNING

Incense smoke curls upward. Low murmur of prayer.

Frank sits beside Susan. Paul leans into him.

PRIEST (O.S.)
The Lord sees all.

The donation basket passes. Susan slips in crisp bills.

PRIEST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He forgives... if we repent.

FRANK
(to himself)
Not today.

Frank steps out of the pew.

BACK OF CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Gallagher stands near the exit.

GALLAGHER
You always leave at the sermon?

Frank stops.

FRANK
I figure you'll tell me the good
news.

A beat.

GALLAGHER
Maybe go to confession, Francis.

MATCH CUT TO:

Cash exchanging money for drugs. Hands only.

INT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - 2PM

Daylight leaks in. Bar mostly empty.

BIG BAD BRUINS sign on the wall.

Frank sits. Still.

Jimmy slides onto the stool beside him.

JIMMY
(matter-of-fact)
Frank, I can't be bought.

Frank doesn't look at him.

FRANK
Can't.
Won't.
Would.
Could.

A beat.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Same thing.

Jimmy stiffens.

JIMMY
You get your people in line.
Play it straight... or there'll be
problems.

Frank turns.

Slow.

FRANK
You're new.

Jimmy bristles.

JIMMY
I know how this works.

Frank nods once.

He places a hand on the back of Jimmy's neck.

FRANK
You don't.

He leans in.

Low.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You're a problem.

A beat— Frank moves. Fast.

A blade flashes low — buried under the bar line.

Jimmy jolts.

Frank eases him forward onto the bar.

LIAM sits in a booth.

LIAM
That's how this city gets built.

Frank doesn't look back.

FRANK
Wrap him.

EXT. ABANDONED QUARRY - NIGHT

"Love Is Blue" - distant. Warped by the wind.

A trunk CREAKS open. Two men - silhouettes. Body bag.

SPLASH.

Water swallows it whole. Ripples spread.

Frank watches. He flicks his cigarette.

It hisses out on the surface- Gone.

The ripples flatten.

Nothing left.

FINAL IMAGE

Black water.

Still.

CUT TO BLACK.

The black becomes-silk

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark.

Susan lies on her side. Eyes open. Frank beside her.

Breathing slow.

On his wrist- A watch. A faint blood smear across the face.

Susan sees it.

Frank shifts.

She closes her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Sunlight cuts across the bed.

Susan is already awake.

Watching Frank.

Little feet pad in.

Paul appears. Looks to Susan— Finger to lips. Ssshhh.

She smiles.

PAUL
(whisper)
Daddy...

He climbs onto the bed.

Frank jolts—

Grabs him—

FRANK
(growls)
Who woke up the Big Bad Wolf?

PAUL
Meeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Laughter. Pure.

She leans over. Takes Frank's wrist.

Casual. Almost affectionate.

With the edge of her nightgown— She wipes the blood from the watch face. Clean.

A beat.

She turns his hand. Studies the knuckles. Bruised.

She lets go.

SUSAN
Breakfast in ten.

She stands. Moves out.

Paul still laughing.

PAUL
Daddy... what happened to your hand?

Frank doesn't answer. He's watching Susan leave.

Frank gets up and throws the cover back the image bursts into the bar.

INT. O'MALLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

Bar sounds. NEON BUZZES.

Darts hit wood. Sean on the darts. Perfect bullseye.

THUNK.

THUNK.

Sean swirls his whiskey.

CALLAGHAN steps in.

CALLAGHAN

Liam - you see Frankie?
His name came across my desk.

Liam looks at Sean.

A beat.

Shakes his head no.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

I'll be in the area.

He exits.

Silence lingers.

Liam sips his scotch.

LIAM

Y'know, Sean...

A beat.

LIAM (CONT'D)

You don't date much. How about
Maureen down at the Travel Agency?
She always had a thing for you.

Sean smirks.

SEAN

Maybe I'm married to this job.

Sean finishes his drink. Heads to the alley.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Frank smokes.

Sean steps out of the dark.

SEAN (LOW)
You go to confession today,
Francis?

Frank says nothing.

SEAN (WHISPER) (CONT'D)
Bet your priest didn't hear about
this.

A beat—

Frank grabs him. Slams him against the brick.

Tension—

They kiss. Hard. Immediate. This isn't new. This is known.

Steam swallows them. Breath. Contact. Urgency.

A car engine ROARS nearby.

Frank freezes.

Sean pulls back—just enough.

Studies him.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You still count everything?

Frank—caught. Breathless. Mid-thought.

Sean almost smiles.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Relax.
(beat)

SEAN (CONT'D)
Not the cops.
(beat)

SEAN (CONT'D)
Still hiding behind her?

Frank doesn't answer.

SFX: They fall back into each other—quieter now. Less heat. More need. Zippers. Boots on concrete. Jackets on bricks.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Frank breaks first. Steps away. Already leaving.
He checks the street. Not for cops. For an exit.
Sean grabs his hand. Pulls him back.
Close again. But different now.
Quieter.

SEAN (LOW)
Francis... we need to get out.

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK
I'm an alley cat on my last life.

Sean studies him. Knows that's not the truth.

SEAN (WHISPER)
Someday, Frank Callahan...
(beat)

SEAN (CONT'D)
You won't let go.

Frank holds his gaze.

Then pulls free.

Walks.

BOOM. Frank collides with CALLAGHAN.

FRANK
Jesus, you got nothing else to do?

CALLAGHAN
Jimmy Dolan.

Frank doesn't react. Keeps moving.

Leaves the alley.

Callaghan turns to Sean.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)
You know anything?

Sean doesn't answer.

A beat.

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)
Another live one.

He exits.

Silence.

Sean stands there.

Counting something we can't see.

SEAN
(to himself)
Someday.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT CONTINUOUS

Frank's car idles.

On the radio, "WEDDING BELL BLUES" plays.

In the window: Susan's silhouette.

Frank watches her watching him.

He kills the engine.

He goes in.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Susan is in bed.

Book open. Spine unbroken. Perfect posture. Perfect control.

Frank enters.

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

Susan doesn't look up.

SUSAN
You're late.

FRANK

Long day.

A page turns. She sniffs lightly. Doesn't look up.

SUSAN

Is that a new aftershave?

Frank freezes—just for a flicker.

Doesn't answer.

Susan inhales.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Careful men are the most dangerous
kind.

Frank gets into bed.

Stares at the ceiling.

From somewhere—

Dusty Springfield. "The Look of Love."

Soft. Warped. A needle dragging memory across vinyl.

Frank lights a cigarette.

Susan watches the smoke rise.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Everything leaves a trace. You
talk in your dreams, Frank.

FRANK

Bullshit.

A beat. He falls fast asleep.

She turns the page.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank jerks awake.

Sweat. Breath caught in his throat.

FRANK

(soft)
Don't go.