

INT. CHARLES STREET BRASSERIE. NIGHT

A COSTELLO BUSINESS. THE RESTAURANT IS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT. ONE BARTENDER IS SWEEPING UP AND THE OTHER IS COUNTING THE TAKINGS. IN A DARKER ALCOVE OF THE BAR COSTELLO SITS ALONE AT A BROAD TABLE, DRINKING BRANDY. ON SOUND, CLASSICAL MUSIC. AS A KNOCKING IS HEARD COSTELLO LOOKS UP. A BARTENDER LETS BILLY IN. COSTELLO WATCHES BILLY APPROACH. WE HEAR HIM SIT DOWN.

COSTELLO
You got a girlfriend?

BILLY
No. No. What does that matter?

COSTELLO
Depends. I'm sure by now you know there's an informer in my crew. Cop. Staties or Boston Police Department, I'm not sure.

HE POURS BILLY SOME BRANDY. THEN STARTS TO DRAW A SKETCH.

BILLY
What about the FBI?

COSTELLO
It ain't the FBI. Ex-wife, an old girlfriend or stupid... That's what brings you down in this business.

BILLY
Stupid... Well, I guess that leaves me out.

COSTELLO
You know past days, situation like this... I would kill everybody. Everybody who works for me.

BILLY
Right. You know Frank, I look around at your other guys... They're all murderers, right? And I think, "could I do murder?" And all I can answer myself is, "What's the difference?"

COSTELLO
Give em up to the almighty.

BILLY

You see that's my point. You accuse me once, I put up with it. You accuse me twice, I quit. You pressure me to fear for my life, and I will put a fucking bullet in your head as if you were anybody else.

COSTELLO LOOKS UP. THIS IS NEW: BUT HE'S IMPASSIVE. AND IMPRESSED.

COSTELLO

You got something you wanna ask me?

BILLY

Look, you're seventy years old Frank, I'm just saying, okay? One of your guys is gonna pop you and as for running drugs, what the fuck are you doing? You don't need the money or the pain in the ass and they will catch you.

COSTELLO SMILES, AND CONTINUES WITH THE SKETCH. LATER HE WILL LIGHT UP THE PAPER.

COSTELLO

I haven't need "the money" since I took Archie's milk money in the third grade, and to tell you the truth, I don't need pussy any more either... But I like it. The point I'm making here is Bill, I've got this rat... Gnawing, cheese eating fucking rat... And it brings up questions, like... See Bill, you're the new guy... And the girlfriend... Why didn't you stay in he bar that night I got your numbers. Social security numbers. Everybody's numbers.

BILLY

Is there something that you just wanna go ahead and ask me, cause I'll give you a fucking answer, alright? Look at me. I'm not the fucking rat, okay? I'm not the fucking rat.

COSTELLO

Start with, you agree there is a rat?

BILLY

You said there is one. I base most of what I do on the idea that you're pretty fucking good at what you do.

COSTELLO

Sure, sure, all that aside... But you Bill, what would you do?

BILLY

How many of these guys have been with you long enough to be disgruntled? I mean you don't pay much, you know. It's almost a feudal fuckin' enterprise.

COSTELLO NODS, ACCEPTING THIS.

BILLY

The question is... Who thinks they can do what you do, better than you?

COSTELLO

Only one that can do what I do is me. A lot of people had to die for me to be me. You wanna be me?

BILLY

I probably could be you. I know that much. But I don't want to be you, Frank. I don't wanna be you.

COSTELLO

Heavy lies the crown... Sort of thing.

BILLY

Yeah.

COSTELLO

You know what I like about restaurants?

BILLY

The food? I don't know, what?

COSTELLO

You learn a lot, watching things
eat. There's a boat coming in, up
in Gloucester. French will give you
all the details.

COSTELLO LEAVES.