

"THE DEPARTED"

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 you know by now 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. Trust me. The ex-wife, an old friend or tupid...that's what brings you down in this business.

BILLY

Stupid...Well, that leaves me out.

COSTELLO

Past days, case like this...I killed everybody who works for me.

BILLY

Better safe than sorry, I suppose.

COSTELLO

On the other hand, back then, it was only five...or six...and French.

But COSTELLO, maybe, is sorry.

BILLY

I look around at your guys. They're all murderers right? I think "could I do murder?" And all I can answer myself is, "what's the difference".

COSTELLO

Give em up to the Almighty. Like that.

BILLY

Yeah, that's my point. You accuse me once, I put up with it. You accuse me twice, I quit. If you make me fear for my life, I 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 want to say to me, William?

BILLY

You're seventy fucking years old. One of these guys is going to pop you. As for running drugs, what the fuck. You don't need the pain in the ass, and they're going to *catch* you. And you don't need the money.

COSTELLO smiles, and continues with the sketch. Later he will light up the paper.

COSTELLO

I haven't needed "the money" since I took Archie's milk money in the third grade. Tell the truth, I don't *need* pussy any more, but I still *like* it. Point I'm making...you see...I got this rat...gnawing, cheese eating fucking rat...questions come up...questions...see, Bill, you're the new guy...and the girlfriend. Why don't you stay in the bar when I get the numbers. Your numbers. Everybody's numbers.

BILLY

Is there something you want to ask me, Frank?

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?

COSTELLO sketching.

BILLY

How many of these guys been with you long enough to be disgruntled? Who needs more money than you pay them? You don't pay much, you know. It's almost a feudal fuckin' enterprise. The question is, who thinks that they would do what you do better than you?

COSTELLO

Only one that can do what I do is me. You want to be me?

BILLY stares over a precipice: he knows this as well.

BILLY

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

COSTELLO

Heavy lies the crown...sort of thing.