

**BOONDOCK SAINTS**

INT. BOSTON POLICE STATION PRECINCT OFFICE DAY

The station is abuzz with the story. Connor and Murphy's names are on all tongues. A legend starts. Every available officer is in the room along with the homicide detectives.

Smecker walks right down the middle.

SMECKER

First of all, I'd like to thank whichever one of you donut munching, barrel-assed dip-shits leaked this to the press. That's just what we need now, some sensational story in the papers making these guys out to be super heroes, triumphing over evil. And let me squash the rumors now. These two aren't heroes.

(rolls his eyes)

They are two ordinary men who were put in an extraordinary situation and they just happened to come out on top. Yes, nothing from our far reaching computer system has turned up jack shit on these two. All we know is what we found out from their neighbors. And the general consensus is that they're... angels.

(pause)

But angels don't kill and we got two bodies in the morgue that look like they've been...

SMECKER

...serial crushed by a huge fuckin' guy.

## BOONDOCK SAINTS (2)

SMECKER

Television,... television is the explanation for this.

Smecker points toward the ceiling revealing a huge gaping hole in it just above the living room.

SMECKER

You see this is bad television.  
(again pointing out  
the hole in the  
ceiling)

The little assault guys creeping in through the vents and coming in through the ceilings. That James Bond shit never happens in real life. Professionals don't do that. So we've got this up here, which has novice written all over it. And all this down here that's simply a perfect textbook assassination. So here's our two possibilities. We either have rank amateurs that got lucky or consummate professionals that fucked up.

The detectives nod in agreement. They are now completely taken in by Smecker's spell.

SMECKER

Join me in a drink, gentlemen.

They go over and grab seats at the bar. Smecker mixes himself a gin and tonic on the other side. He is calming down now and going back into cool mode. He starts to tuck his clothes back in and fix his hair. He leans over the bar and sips his drink. The three detectives lean in.

SMECKER

With the exception of my coffee boy, you Boston detectives are starting to show signs of intelligence. So, I am going to make you privy to some information that you would not normally be. These men are all Russian mob. Not like those two peons in the alley the other day. These guys are all syndicate bosses and underbosses. I have a dossier on every man in this room. Since the Iron Curtain has gone down, the Russian syndicates have started to come here. And in the spirit of Glasnost the Soviets have opened their borders to the mafia. But the Italians, they're not convinced that the grounds in mother Russia are fertile enough for

organized crime yet. So they ain't ready to commit. The Russians are coming here anyway. They are unwelcome. What we have here, gentlemen, is possibly the beginning of the first international mob war... unless I've totally missed something.