

The Scavengers

by  
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"Every speech should be as fully flavoured as a nut or apple and such speeches cannot be written by anyone who works among people who have shut their lips to poetry."

J.M. Synge

"Any country that has a history of crazy guys with guns has a leg up when it comes to doing film."

Martin McDonagh

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGGINS POTATO FARM, KILKEE - DAY

A skinny and almost handsome lad of twenty-two digs frantically on the field of a farm. He is FERGUS HIGGINS. He's wheezing and frightened. After a half dozen picks to the ground, he quits, breathing heavily. He sinks the shovel into the soil.

He grabs from the ground beside him a bottle of POTEEN, and takes a hardy swig, grimacing at the powerful taste of the strong whiskey. He discards the bottle to his side, and wipes the sweat from his dirty face.

He lunges down to the ground and pushes a BODY into the shallow grave he has just finished digging. The body is of MICK HIGGINS, his father. He has a large gash in his head, with fresh blood dripping out of it.

Fergus begins to shovel dirt on top of his father's grave, heaving spastically.

EXT. HIGGINS POTATO FARM, KILKEE - LATER

Fergus runs across the field with all his might, drunkenly falling now and again, wincing.

He reaches a farmhouse-- his house. Panting, he opens the door and slips inside.

INT. HIGGINS FARMHOUSE, KILKEE - MOMENTS LATER

Fergus frantically races through the sparsely furnished, dimly lit, house.

He runs straight to a cupboard, and rummages through old plates and papers, discarding them behind his back in a panic. He's looking for something. And then, he finds it: A SIX-SHOOTER. He smiles and grabs it. In a hurry, he dashes out the house's front door.

EXT. HIGGINS FARMHOUSE, KILKEE - MOMENTS LATER

Fergus bolts through the green field heading towards the sea that glistens a mile or so on the horizon.

FADE OUT.

Title Credits Roll: The Scavengers

FADE IN:

EXT. HA' PENNY BRIDGE, THE LIFFEY RIVER, DUBLIN - DAY

A sunny day in Dublin, people busily cross the charming little white bridge. A JUNKIE sits in the middle of it, asking for change.

ROISIN (V.O.)

On a midsummer's night, twenty one years back, I was born in the sick-stained streets of dear dirty Dublin, the fair city that never sweeps.

JUNKIE

Spare change, please?

The junkie is completely ignored by the passerby.

EXT. KINVARA CASTLE, KINVARA - DAY

The old stone castle stands stoic with the dark Atlantic shimmering in the background, a beautiful, if bleak, sight.

ROISIN (V.O.)

But was orphaned a month after birth as me real mam was unfit for motherhood and adopted be a family from the quiet calm of County Galway at the age of four.

EXT. MAIN STREET, KINVARA - DAY

The main drag of Kinvara, with its few pubs and ramshackle shops, is beaten by rain.

ROISIN (V.O.)

My name changed from Roisin Malloy to Roisin Connelly, the proud tag of me adopted clan. Ireland's wild west became my playground...

EXT. SEASIDE BEACH IN KINVARA - DAY

A glorious summer day-- LITTLE ROISIN, eight years old, swims in the Atlantic, giggling and having a wonderful time. Other locals of various ages are likewise enjoying the water.

ROISIN (V.O.)

... and I could forever be seen swimming in the chill of the Atlantic.

EXT. SEASIDE BEACH IN KINVARA- LATER

Little Roisin, wearing goggles too big for her face, stands on the beach, with a plastic bag.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
But on occasion some bastardin'  
jellyfish would make their home on  
the waters of the bay...

Little Roisin jumps into the sea with the plastic bag and catches a jellyfish inside.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
...and I'd catch the wee feckers  
and stab them with sharp jagged  
rocks to murder them deadly, like.

Little Roisin violently stabs a jellyfish with a rock.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
And I'd feel like the princess of  
all of County Galway for keeping  
the Irish seas safe from the sting  
of underwater blackguards.

A group of children, Roisin's age, high-five her and run into the now safe ocean.

INT. CONNELLY HOUSE, CLOSET - DAY

Little Roisin hides in the closet, snickering like a bandit. She has a toy gun in hand.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
And when it would rain, which was  
near every fecking day in the west  
of Ireland, I'd play cops and  
robbers with me adopted brother and  
his mates.

LITTLE BRENDAN CONLON, ten years old, wearing a cop hat, opens the closet door, excitedly.

LITTLE BRENDAN  
(loudly)  
You're under arrest fer...

Little Roisin kicks him the crotch and the child falls to the floor, out of breath and speechless with pain. TWO BOYS laugh at little Brendan.

LITTLE ROISIN  
You won't be arresting me today, ya  
lube fecker.

YOUNG BOY  
Brendan, ya knob.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
And my wee life was full of  
happiness and surprise.

INT. CONNELLY HOME, ROISIN'S ROOM- NIGHT

CIARA and IAN CONNELLY, Roisin's adopted parents, stand by  
her bedside, arms around each other, smiling at their little  
Roisin.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
Me new mammy and da loved me as if  
I were their own.

CIARA  
You're a little wee angel, Roisin.

IAN  
Sweet dreams, darling.

LITTLE ROISIN  
Love ye mam, love ye da.

Ciara gives little Roisin a kiss.

EXT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA- NIGHT

A small seaside pub, the Atlantic glitters in the moonlight  
in the background. A weather-beaten sign reads "Connelly's."

ROISIN (V.O.)  
Me new da owned himself a pub,  
unimaginatively named Connelly's...

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA- NIGHT

Ian tends bar at his pub. Little Roisin sits atop the bar.

A couple of LOCALS sit at the bar. A trad session is  
happening in the corner of the pub.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
...which he would bring me to as a  
lass to integrate me into Irish  
culture.

LOCAL 1

Ian, did you hear a little Chinese fella out in Dublin did get murdered be a horse?

IAN

How do you get murdered be a horse?

LOCAL 1

It kicked the little fella in the head, like.

LOCAL 2

Aye, in Smithfield it happened. Fecking Chinese.

LOCAL 1

Fecking horses.

IAN

Would ye lads be watching your language when around me little girl? And I don't think a horse can rightly murder a Chinese fella. Sure, you can't put a pony on fecking trial, like.

LOCAL 1

I suppose so. I suppose so.

LITTLE ROISIN

Maybe we should. There would be a lot less murdered Chinese fellas if a horse knew he'd be held accountable for its crimes.

The locals laugh at the cute remark. Ian pats her head.

INT. CONNELLY HOME, KITCHEN- MORNING

Ciara prepares a full Irish breakfast. She puts black pudding in the frying pan, little Roisin by her side.

ROISIN (V.O.)

Me new mammy had no proper job, and kept busy keeping the house clean and me and my brother and da well fed and happy.

LITTLE ROISIN

What's in black pudding, Mam?

CIARA

All sorts of good things, Roisin.

LITTLE ROISIN  
Like what sort of good things?

CIARA  
Blood, for one.

LITTLE ROISIN  
Blood?

CIARA  
Aye, blood.

LITTLE ROISIN  
Whose blood?

Ciara kisses little Roisin's forehead, proud of her inquisitive nature.

CIARA  
It doesn't matter Roisin, so long  
as it tastes good and helps you  
grow.

Ciara tosses the finished black pudding on four plates to complete a full Irish breakfast.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
I was loved and loved back, and was  
the happiest little lass in all the  
world, and anything seemed  
possible.

EXT. CIARA'S CAR, MOVING, COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Ciara drives on a country lane towards Kinvara, happy and care-free.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
But everything changed one day when  
me mam was driving home from Galway  
after buying me a telescope for my  
thirteenth birthday.

A car driving in the wrong lane SMASHES into Ciara with sudden and shocking violence. Screeching tires BOOM, broken glass, blood and chaos abound.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
A German tourist was after a pint  
on his self-guided *The Quiet Man*  
tour and forgot that in Ireland you  
drive on the left side of the road.



EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A grim day at an eerie cemetery. People gather around Ciara's grave. A priest, FATHER REILLY, mutters over her grave inaudibly.

THIRTEEN YEAR OLD ROISIN stands weakly front and center, beside her father. She cries.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
I lost the person who loved me most  
in the world, and my world changed  
completely. With me dear new mam  
died my old way of life.

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA- NIGHT

Ian sits at the bar drinking from a bottle of Jameson in his empty pub.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
Me da fell into a universe of  
depression and despair, and escaped  
reality through boozing, like.

Ian puts his head in his hands, and begins to cry.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
He soon was considered an  
alcoholic, and by Galway standards,  
that takes some doing.

EXT. COW FIELD IN KINVARA - DAY

SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD ROISIN stares at the cattle in the field while sipping from a bottle of Buckfast. The cows stare back at her.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
When I was seventeen while staring  
at some cows and drinking Buckfast  
in a field I had a revelation about  
my existence. I was just a little  
Irish girl, twice orphaned, and  
would die an old Irish woman. I'd  
spend my life tending my home and  
rearing children with some bald  
dull oul get I'd be complacent  
enough to call me husband. I'd  
grow old and weary like millions  
before me in this small oul town  
and I'd die like everyone else and  
there was nothing I could do about  
it.

(MORE)

ROISIN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Grand adventures, and princesses  
 and fairies were idle fantasies for  
 children and dreams were merely the  
 fabric of fiction, unreachable for  
 a little Irish girl the like of  
 Roisin Connelly.

Roisin takes one last sip of Buckfast, and chucks the bottle  
 at a cow.

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA - NIGHT

ROISIN is at the bar serving a pint to an old stout TWEED  
 WEARING LOCAL.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
 As soon as I turned eighteen I took  
 up work at me da's pub. He was  
 pleased as it allowed him more time  
 to drink.

TWEED WEARING LOCAL  
 Did you hear Niall Keogh from Gort  
 did drown himself out in the Corrib  
 last night, Roisin?

ROISIN  
 I didn't, and I don't care.

TWEED WEARING LOCAL  
 (earnest reflection)  
 Must have had some sad thoughts  
 ticking in his brain, so, to do  
 something like that to himself.

ROISIN  
 I'd be surprised as a stray goat  
 bombed in Ulster if that feck had  
 any thoughts in his brain, never-  
 minding sad things.

TWEED WEARING LOCAL  
 (sadly)  
 Poor Niall. Straight to hell he's  
 going, I suppose.

ROISIN  
 Sure everyone dies, Rory.

The tweed wearing man takes a sip of his Guinness, lost in  
 his own melancholy thoughts. Roisin looks at him blankly.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
I knew that in that pub I'd remain  
the whole of me life, not  
withstanding the odd shopping trip  
to Dublin, wake in the North or  
wedding in London.

EXT. KINVARA CASTLE, KINVARA - DAY

The decrepit grey castle is being pounded by rain.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
Life is charged by the spinning  
wheels of routine, just as  
predictable as the weather.

EXT. MAIN STREET, KINVARA - DAY

The quiet little street, completely deserted, is swallowed  
with rain.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
It rains one day, it rains the  
next, ye get a spot of sunshine...

EXT. COW FIELD IN KINVARA - DAY

Rain falls on the cattle in the field. They chew cud,  
oblivious to the weather.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
...and then more fecking rain  
falling on top of you. You are  
born and then you die after a short  
dull life spent on Earth...

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA - NIGHT

Roisin automatically puts glasses away on a shelf, looking  
bored with life.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
...and there's nothing ye can do  
about it.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA - NIGHT

A powerful rainfall attacks the old wood structure of the old  
drinking establishment.

The tweed wearing man from earlier-- RORY CALHOUN stands outside the door with his fishing and drinking mate, DARRAGH MULLIGAN, slim. They smoke cigarettes.

RORY

It's raining like a wee gasur who can't hold his wee.

DARRAGH

Aye, and on such a holy day, like. It's a biteen disrespectful, so it is. To be raining on the day the babby of our Lord did rise again.

RORY

Do you think Jaysus would bother to have risen again had it been raining out there in holy Bethlehem, Darragh?

DARRAGH

Wasn't it Nazareth, now, Rory?

RORY

Eh?

DARRAGH

Wasn't it in Nazareth Jaysus did rise again?

RORY

Does it matter, like?

DARRAGH

It matters, aye. It may be raining in Bethlehem and be clear in Nazareth--

RORY

It doesn't fecking matter, Darragh, it's rain that's the crux of the matter, not Bethlehem.

DARRAGH

It's Nazareth I'm talking about, not Bethlehem at all, Rory.

RORY

(annoyed)

Would you feck off fer yerself?

Rory flicks his cigarette at Darragh's face.

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA - MOMENTS LATER

Roisin works the bar alone, a lone thunder cloud in the sunny room. The pub's full of folks celebrating Easter with a good few pints. A trad session swings in a corner of the pub, complete with fiddles, a bodhrain, guitars, etc. People are boisterous and drunkenly gay-- every table is full.

Rory and Darragh are perched at the bar, in seats they inhabit everyday, drinking.

DARRAGH  
(calling to Roisin)  
Roisin, do you think Jaysus would  
have rose again in the rain?

RORY  
For feck's sake.

Roisin confronts the two men, with a glass in hand, polishing it with a cloth.

ROISIN  
Eh?

DARRAGH  
Do you think Jaysus would have  
risen again in the rain, like?

ROISIN  
If Jaysus were killed in Ireland He  
wouldn't have had any choice. All  
it does is fecking rain here.

RORY  
But He wouldn't have been killed  
here, so. In Ireland we're  
friendly, not like them pakimen in  
the Mid-East.

ROISIN  
Bollocks! Jaysus couldn't live five  
minutes up in Belfast without being  
blown to skitter be a bomb. He's  
controversial in the North, so he  
is.

RORY  
Do you think it will be raining  
tomorrow, Roisin?

ROISIN  
(sarcastically, cruelly)  
"Do I think it will be fecking  
raining tomorrow?" No, it won't  
rain, and I shagged the Easter  
Bunny when he came hoppin' to me  
home this morning. Now feck off  
for yourselves, lads, I have work  
to do.

Roisin leaves to take an order at the other end of the bar.

EXT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA - LATER THAT NIGHT

The rain plummets down on the dark lit street of Kinvara.  
The lights of the pub are all that illuminate the area.

A man in a gardai outfit (cop uniform) runs towards the pub.

He slips, and falls into a puddle of mud. He gets up, falls  
again, and finally gets himself composed and stumbles into  
the pub, dripping with water and mud.

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA - MOMENTS LATER

The gardai enters the pub. He is BRENDAN CONLON, a young and  
slightly nervous cop two years Roisin's senior. He is in  
love with her, and believes she is in love with him.

The pub is significantly less crowded than before. Rory and  
Darragh still sit at the bar.

Brendan walks to the bar next to Rory and Darragh.

RORY  
Brendan Conlon, how's the craic, ya  
wee spa?

BRENDAN  
It's grand, Rory. How's things?

RORY  
Grand indeed.

BRENDAN  
Is Roisin here?

RORY  
She's in the jacks.

DARRAGH  
Any crime to be reporting now,  
Brendan, ya copper?

BRENDAN  
(with a sigh)  
Big-boned wee Kate Conaty did  
report her Cadbury Easter egg  
stolen from its basket.

RORY  
(mockingly)  
Any leads on that mystery, Brendan?

BRENDAN  
I'm thinking it was eaten by wee  
Coleman to spite her.

DARRAGH  
Aye. He's her brother.

RORY  
An obvious suspect. That's good  
police-work there, Brendan.  
(to Darragh)  
The crime in this town, eh?

BRENDAN  
(to himself)  
What I wouldn't do for a fecking  
murder in Kinvara to prove meself.

Roisin exits the bathroom, goes behind the bar, straight to  
Brendan, who inches away from Darragh and Rory.

ROISIN  
Brendan, you're dripping all over  
the fecking floor!

BRENDAN  
I'm sorry Roisin. It's raining,  
like.

ROISIN  
Raining, is it? I hadn't noticed.  
What brings you here, Brendan? Do  
ye want a pint of warm milk before  
you're off to bed?

BRENDAN  
No--

ROISIN  
What ails ya, then?

BRENDAN  
Just checking in on you, so,  
Roisin, as your lad's bound to do.

ROISIN  
Just want a wee check, like?

Brendan inches towards Roisin, placing his hand on her waist.

BRENDAN  
(suggestive but nervous)  
I was thinking we could spend the  
night together, like.

Roisin slaps his hand away.

ROISIN  
What would Father Reilly say to  
that?

BRENDAN  
Since when did you care about what  
Father Reilly thought?

ROISIN  
It's yer immortal soul I'm caring  
fer, not mine. Sure, we aren't  
married yet.

Brendan, smoothly as he can, but with some restraint, puts  
his hand back around Roisin's waste. He's persistent.

BRENDAN  
I was thinking we could have a  
little preview, y'know--

She grabs his hand with bitter force, and smashes it on the  
counter of the bar.

ROISIN  
A fecking preview? You'll have the  
rest of yer life to spend with me  
come fecking August, so don't be  
asking for previews. "We could  
have a little preview." Feck. I'm  
fine on me own, Brendan.

BRENDAN  
I just want to be your man, Roisin.

She coldly gives him some affection, and takes his hand.

ROISIN  
(with a faux sincerity)  
And a good one you are, Brendan, a  
great mighty thing.  
(MORE)



ROISIN (cont'd)  
Now go and get your sleep for you  
have a lot of crime-fighting and  
peacemaking to do tomorrow.

BRENDAN  
Bye Roisin. Be safe.

ROISIN  
I will Brendan, good night.

Roisin automatically kisses Brendan on his mouth. It's not romantic, but Brendan is thrilled as a schoolboy to receive it. Brendan retires from the pub chipperly.

EXT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA- LATER

The rain has let up a bit. The street deserted. A bell RINGS from the inside of the pub.

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA- MOMENTS LATER

Roisin rings a bell in her hand, indicating that the pub is closing. Only a few stragglers remain. All of them collect themselves to clear the pub. Rory and Darragh are at their usual seats.

ROISIN  
Closing time lads, finish your  
drinks.

Rory and Darragh gulp the rest of their Guinnesses.

RORY  
Have a safe walk home for yourself,  
Roisin.

ROISIN  
I will, Rory.

DARRAGH  
See you tomorrow.

ROISIN  
See ya so.

Rory and Darragh exit the pub.

Roisin sighs and marches to the pub door and locks it. She returns back to the bar and pours herself a pint of cider. She gulps the cider, sighing, as if thinking "thank fuck the day's over."

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA- LATER

Roisin washes a glass, alone in the lonesome pub. The rain from outside slams on the roof of the pub. After a moment a LOUD POUNDING is heard from the front door. Roisin is irritated.

ROISIN  
(annoyed yell)  
Who's there?

Nothing.

ROISIN  
It's half one, the pub's closed!

Another KNOCK.

ROISIN  
(extremely annoyed, loud shout)  
Is that you, Brendan? I told you, you aren't getting into my knickers tonight!

The KNOCKING persists, getting louder.

ROISIN  
(to herself)  
For feck's sake.

Roisin slams down the glass she was cleaning on the bar, and crosses the pub to the door.

She unlocks the door and opens it.

Fergus Higgins, dirty and wet, stands outside, trembling, weak and scared.

ROISIN  
(curtly)  
Did you not notice the pub is closed, fella?

FERGUS  
(weakly)  
I'm sorry, lady of the house, but I'm destroyed walking, and dying of thirst.

ROISIN  
You should have gone to the offy.

FERGUS

The off-license was closed, and I  
saw the lights on here. I have  
money.

Fergus takes from his pocket a wad of wet euros.

FERGUS

I need shelter from the cold rain,  
and could murder fer a pint. I'll  
pay double, like.

Roisin sizes him up. He's a mess, but has money, and seems  
harmless enough.

ROISIN

(sighing)

Oh, for feck's sake.

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA - LATER

Roisin, behind the bar, pours Fergus a pint of Guinness.  
Fergus sits slumped on a bar-stool, tired, dripping wet and  
filthy. Roisin finishes pouring the pint and slides it to  
Fergus.

FERGUS

Cheers.

ROISIN

You are filthy as a Wicklow sheep.  
Are you a traveling tinker whose  
lost his clan?

FERGUS

(glumly)

I'm not a tinker, no, and I have no  
clan. I don't have a friend in the  
world.

ROISIN

You must be a charming fella. What  
brings you to Kinvara, Mr.  
Friendly?

FERGUS

I'm after walking two days straight  
from Kilkee, County Clare.

ROISIN

Through the Burren?

FERGUS

Aye, and Cliffs of Moher to the south. I'm knackered from wandering.

ROISIN

Only eejit Yanks and German tourists are thick enough to be walking the Burren in the rain. And you're an Irish-born lad. Are you alright in the head, like?

FERGUS

Last I checked, aye, I was fine in the head.

ROISIN

Bollocks. You must be retarded.

An awkward silence. Roisin stares at him. He looks into his pint glass, earnestly.

FERGUS

Do the polis come here?

ROISIN

Why do you want to know?

FERGUS

I have my reasons.

ROISIN

Aren't you a queer fella.

FERGUS

Is it safe, so?

ROISIN

The only polis around here couldn't spot a cow in a chapel.

FERGUS

It's safe here, then?

ROISIN

Aye. It's safe. Why are you so afraid of the polis?

Fergus surveys her.

FERGUS

I'm on the run from the law.

ROISIN  
(surprised)  
Are you?!

FERGUS  
Aye.

ROISIN  
You?

FERGUS  
Aye, me.

ROISIN  
What'd you do, steal from the  
collection box at church?

FERGUS  
My crime's a bit worse than that.

ROISIN  
Did you molest a priest?

FERGUS  
No!

ROISIN  
In Dublin they found black man  
beheaded in the canal. Did you  
behead a black man?

Fergus takes a gulp of Guinness as if his life depends on it.

FERGUS  
There's no word for what I've  
done..

ROISIN  
No word?

FERGUS  
No word that I know.

ROISIN  
Fek off. You didn't do anything.  
That's the problem with lads these  
days, no one ever does fecking  
anything. You're no different than  
every other dull feck this side of  
the Atlantic.

FERGUS  
(angry, confessional,  
defensive)  
I murdered me Da!

ROISIN  
(pause, then surprised).  
Feck off! Did you really?!

Fergus looks at her and nods.

ROISIN  
You?

Fergus nods, again.

ROISIN  
Holy feck! I'm impressed.

Roisin smiles. Fergus, realizing he's safe, smiles back,  
nearly to himself. He's proud.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA- LATER

Fergus attacks another pint of Guinness, Roisin her own pint  
of cider. They're tipsy, on the highway to being smashed.  
Fergus' previous frightened and timid demeanor has  
transformed completely. He's now loquacious and confident.

ROISIN  
So, what's your name, stranger?

FERGUS  
Fergus. Fergus Higgins.

ROISIN  
Fergus? Feckin' Fergus? That's a  
horrible name. Is that why ye  
murdered your dad, fer namin' you  
Fergus?

FERGUS  
I had more reason than just that,  
like.

ROISIN  
Okay, then, Fergus. How'd ya kill  
your dad, did you shoot him?

FERGUS  
No.

ROISIN  
Did you stab him?

FERGUS  
No, I didn't shoot him and I didn't stab him. Sure, those are common ways to murder someone. You'd be hard pressed to find a murderer who hasn't stabbed or shot someone.

ROISIN  
Junkies out in Dublin do shank fellas with their needles.

FERGUS  
Isn't that stabbing?

ROISIN  
Not when if they give you HIV. That's more of an injection. You didn't inject yer dad, did ya?

FERGUS  
No! Injecting fellas with HIV is hardly a brave way to kill a man.

ROISIN  
I concur. That's a sissy oul way, and I do frown upon it.

FERGUS  
I'm glad.

ROISIN  
How'd you do it?

FERGUS  
Well, it was Good Friday, and since the pubs were closed, I was out farming for spuds on our spud farm, as you tend to do on spud farms...

EXT. HIGGINS POTATO FARM, KILKEE - TWO DAYS PRIOR

Fergus on the farm, digs for potatoes. His father, Mick marches over to him from inside the house, sweating, carrying a shovel. Mick is a grey haired tough old man, a patriarch.

FERGUS (V.O.)  
 ... escaping the drudge of the work  
 be thinking of Nirvana song lyrics,  
 when me da walks over to me from  
 inside the house, sweating like  
 some fool of a swine, as he always  
 did. And he says to me..

Mick approaches Fergus.

MICK  
 Fergus, I have some grand news for  
 you.

Fergus turns to face his father.

FERGUS (V.O.)  
 "Grand news" me hairy asshole.

MICK  
 I'm after meeting with Neabh Connor  
 and have arranged for you to marry  
 her.

Fergus glares at him, shocked.

FERGUS (V.O.)  
 Is this 19 fecking 06, I thought.

FERGUS  
 Neabh Connor?

MICK  
 Aye, and you are lucky ya can snag  
 a woman as fair as her.

FERGUS  
 Neabh Connor? The Cow of County  
 Clare?

Fergus repulsed, backs away from Mick.

FERGUS (V.O.)  
 She was called "the Cow of County  
 Clare" on account that she looked  
 like a cow.

MICK  
 Aye, the same Neabh Connor.



FERGUS

I won't be marrying Neabh, or any  
girl, cattle or fowl you try and  
knot me up with, you greedy owl  
miserly feck.

FERGUS (V.O.)

He wanted me to wed Neabh so to  
inherit land.

Fergus bravely stands up to his Dad.

FERGUS

I'm me own man, as strong as any,  
and stronger than most, and can  
decide fer myself me own  
destination in life. It's an  
Ireland free we live in.

Mick spits in Fergus' face, angry as hell and ready to swing.

MICK

(volcanically)

You fecking squinting gob-shite  
eejit! She's too good for the  
likes of a weedy lad like you.  
You're thicker than two planks of  
wood, and if you don't obey me I'll  
squash ya like a roach on the floor  
of a pub.

FERGUS

Why don't you try?

Mick grabs his shovel and raises it above his head.

MICK

May God have mercy on your soul.

Fergus raises his shovel above his head.

FERGUS

Or on your own!

Mick swings his shovel down towards Fergus, who dodges it,  
dashing to his left. The spade gets stuck in the ground.  
Fergus SMASHES his shovel upon his father's crown. His  
father crumbles the floor of the field.

INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA- MOMENTS LATER

Fergus beams from the telling of his tale. Roisin spellbound  
by him, falling in love, inches closer to him.

FERGUS

With a single blow, I smashed me  
shovel on his crown, splitting his  
head in half, blood spewing, and he  
fell to the ground like a sack of  
spuds.

ROISIN

(in awe)

Jaysus! Was it just the two of ye  
on the farm?

FERGUS

Aye, me mammy and brother were hit  
by a bus in Dublin ten years back.

ROISIN

Jaysus.

FERGUS

Bastards had to die and leave me  
with me feckin greedy oul worthless  
da.

ROISIN

Well, you're a free man now.

FERGUS

Aye, like Ireland in 1922. Free  
from the shackles of wicked  
oppression. I went and buried the  
oul feck in the field and took this  
from the house.

Fergus reveals from his pants the SIX-SHOOTER.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

I figured it wasn't stealing on  
account that me da was dead.

ROISIN

A gun?

Roisin grabs the barrel of the gun excitedly.

FERGUS

Aye, for protection while wandering  
through the cold night, and to fend  
off the searching law.

Roisin inches closer to Fergus, extremely attracted to him.

ROISIN

You're sure an individual, Fergus.

Fergus inches towards Roisin, likewise feeling lust in his loins.

FERGUS  
Aye, like I sense you are. We're  
the same, so.

ROISIN  
Well, I've never killed me da.

FERGUS  
I hadn't either since Good Friday.

ROISIN  
(suggestively)  
Would you maybe want to be spending  
the night at me house? To protect  
me, like, from the dangers of the  
world?

FERGUS  
I would.

ROISIN  
Grand.

They kiss.

FREEZE FRAME: On the kissing couple, Fergus' gun in hand.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
That rainy Easter night I found  
true romance in the lonesome west,  
love in a man unlike any other I  
had ever met before.

EXT. ROISIN'S ROOM, CONNELLY HOME - LATE THAT NIGHT

Roisin's small room is cluttered with books and ratty stuffed animals. A Mic Christopher poster graces the wall. Rain still falls, and slides along her window. A relaxed Roisin rests on her twin size bed, smiling to herself.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
A lad who stood up against  
oppression, where others just idled  
through their bleak existence. A  
lad who took advantage of life  
while he had it on Earth. We went  
back to me house, and he  
showered...

Fergus struts into the room, hair wet, and wearing clean clothes. Roisin, impressed, grins.

ROISIN  
You're much more handsome now.

FERGUS  
Aye, I'm clean, like.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
...and came out looking as handsome  
as a film-star. I gave him some of  
me brother's clean clothes.

Fergus jumps to the bed and embraces Rosin, kissing her  
passionately.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
I made love for the second time in  
me life. The first was with a  
drunk boy on the banks of the  
Corrib in Galway, but he had the  
stamina of a three peckered goat,  
and finished as soon as he entered,  
and I couldn't remember much the  
next morning anyway. This was  
better.

Roisin tears off Fergus' shirt.

INT. ROISIN'S ROOM, CONNELLY HOME-- SIX MINUTES LATER.

Fergus and Roisin lie in her bed, in post-coital  
conversation.

FERGUS  
I've never been overly keen on  
shagging, like. I do prefer to  
kiss.

Roisin gives Fergus a dreamy-eyed glance.

ROISIN  
A lad like you must have a lot of  
experience.

FERGUS  
Not really. There wasn't much call  
for a shag in Kilkee, never-minding  
kissing. The girls were a pack of  
ghoulish green-teethed wee giggly  
whores with no taste in men at all.

ROISIN  
That was the best shag I've ever  
had, anyway.

FERGUS  
Aye, me too.

ROISIN  
I do fancy you, Fergus.

FERGUS  
I fancy you, too, Roisin.

They kiss.

FERGUS (V.O.)  
After two days on the run, fearful  
I'd catch me death be the searching  
law or the cool of the wet weather,  
I found a girl who loved me for who  
I was, and wondered to meself, why  
didn't I kill me da in the years  
gone by?

The two lovers finish their kiss, and gaze at each other,  
love-struck.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CONNELLY HOME, KITCHEN- MORNING

Roisin cooks an Irish breakfast, humming as the frying pan  
sizzles. Fergus swaggers into the kitchen. He kisses Roisin  
hard on the mouth.

FERGUS  
Top of the mornin' to you.

ROISIN  
G'mornin', pet.

He kisses her on the cheek. He smells the Irish breakfasts  
and grimaces.

FERGUS  
I do hate Irish breakfasts.

ROISIN  
What?

FERGUS  
I'm a vegetarian, so I am.

ROISIN  
Are you?

FERGUS  
Aye.

Roisin stops cooking.

ROISIN  
What the feck for?

FERGUS  
Well, no animal has ever bothered me, and it's the mindless brutal slaughtering of a coward to kill a pig or lamb.

ROISIN  
Not like killing your da.

FERGUS  
Aye. If a cow did kick me every Sunday of the week, like me bastardin' father, then sure, I'd murder and eat the spotty fecker.

ROISIN  
You didn't eat your da, did you?

FERGUS  
That's surely frowned upon, and he'd taste like a pig's shite.

ROISIN  
Well, if you won't eat a fry, we have Wheetabix.

FERGUS  
I do like Wheetabix.

ROISIN  
Good, oh.

Roisin tosses him a box of cereal.

INT. CONNELLY HOME, DINING ROOM - LATER

At a dining room table Roisin, eats a fry, across from Fergus, who voraciously munches a bowl of Wheetabix.

ROISIN  
What's on the agenda today, so?

FERGUS  
I can't stay here.

ROISIN

Sure, I figured that much, like.  
There's nothing to do in Kinvara  
but stare at cows and peg rocks  
into the sea.

FERGUS

I'm thinking to travel north to  
Connemara and make a name fer  
meself.

ROISIN

In Connemara? Doing what? Fishing?

Fergus pulls out his gun, swinging around his finger like  
Clint Eastwood.

FERGUS

Robbing.

ROISIN

Robbing?

Fergus takes a bite of cereal.

EXT. CONNELLY HOUSE, KINVARA - DAY

The back of the Connelly house is a field with the forbidding  
Burren in the background. Bottles of Buckfast sit on a fence.

Fergus aims his gun at the bottles. Roisin stands next to  
him. Fergus SHOOTs, and misses his target.

ROISIN

What can you possibly rob in  
Connemara?

FERGUS

Pubs.

ROISIN

Pubs?

FERGUS

Aye, the banks of Ireland.  
Plundering pubs will put me face on  
every paper in the thirty two  
counties, like. And the film  
board would murder for a story like  
mine, and we'd finally get  
ourselves a proper film in Ireland.  
And when I've made meself a proper  
legend I'll move out to Rio.

Fergus shoots again, and misses the bottles, again.

FERGUS  
For feck's sake...

ROISIN  
You're a terrible shot. You  
couldn't shoot a two-legged dog  
tied to a post.

Fergus puts his gun in his pants and takes out a cigarette  
and lights it.

FERGUS  
I wouldn't want to harm a little  
wee dog, anyway. Sure, I could  
just walk up to a fella and shoot  
him point blank.

ROISIN  
Then you wouldn't miss.

FERGUS  
Aye, that's the point.

Fergus takes a drag from his cigarette, and exhales a cloud  
of smoke, trying to blow smoke-rings, but failing.

FERGUS  
Do you want to travel with me?

ROISIN  
Of course I do! You think I'd  
waste me life sitting on me arse at  
a pub watching the rain while  
you're out gallivanting like a gay  
man? And I have me da's car, which  
will make the travelling and  
getaways simple, like.

FERGUS  
You'd be an accomplice.

ROISIN  
An accomplice? Sure, we've already  
shagged, like.

Fergus smiles ear to ear, energized with love.

FERGUS  
Where should we begin?

CLOSE ON: Cash register. It opens, filled with euro bills.



INT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA - DAY

Roisin grabs a fistful of cash from the register showing it to a gun wielding Fergus.

FERGUS  
Jaysus H. Christ.

ROISIN  
Jaysus is right. Next to Stephen's Day, Easter's the highest pay-day of the year fer pubs, like. And, now, it's ours.

FERGUS  
I'm glad some good came from religion in Ireland, so.

ROISIN  
Aye.

FERGUS  
Our first robbery.

ROISIN  
Aye.

Fergus prepares to give her a kiss when: the pub door opens and Rory and Darragh stumble in, hung over. Fergus, scared, dives under the bar.

FERGUS  
(whispering)  
Is it the Gardai?

ROISIN  
(quietly)  
No..

Fergus sighs in relief.

RORY  
(to Darragh)  
No, I don't think that Collins settled fer an Irish breakfast--

DARRAGH  
Then why else would he have given up the six green fields of Ulster?

RORY  
He's a national fecking hero Darragh!

The two men approach the bar.

RORY  
How's things Roisin?

DARRAGH  
Pint of Guinness.

ROISIN  
(curtly)  
There will be no pints sold to ye  
fellas today.

RORY  
Wha'?

ROISIN  
The pubs closed.

RORY  
It's already high-noon, Roisin.

DARRAGH  
Aye, and the thirst is upon us.

ROISIN  
You're going to have to go  
somewhere else, so. Feck off, now,  
lads.

DARRAGH  
That's not fair.

ROISIN  
Life's not fair.

RORY  
Feck it, Darragh. Let's go to The  
Ol' Barge.

DARRAGH  
You lost yer two best customers,  
Roisin.

RORY  
Aye, for the day anyway.

ROISIN  
No loss.

Darragh and Rory exit the pub, slightly down-trodden. Fergus  
jumps to his feet, a bit scared.

FERGUS  
Did they see me?

ROISIN  
Of course not, and what matter if  
they did?

FERGUS  
Just being cautious, like. There  
might be a bounty out fer me head.

ROISIN  
Those fellas couldn't catch a  
turtle in a bathtub, never-minding  
a murderer for a bounty.

FERGUS  
Good oh.

ROISIN  
There's near a thousand quid here.

FERGUS  
That's enough fer petrol, a hotel  
and...

The pub door bursts open. Fergus crashes to the floor in  
fear, hiding. He holds his gun with both hands, ready to  
fire. Brendan limps in, wearing his gardai outfit.

BRENDAN  
Roisin!

ROISIN  
Brendan Conlon, the pub's closed!

BRENDAN  
I'm not here for a drink.

ROISIN  
Then why the feck would you go to a  
pub?

BRENDAN  
I'm here to see you, Roisin.

ROISIN  
Well, now you have seen me, and be  
off for yourself.

BRENDAN  
Can't I have a wee chat, like?

ROISIN

It's all your wee chats that make you such a horrible cop. You can't be chatting the day away when there's crime to be fighting, like.

Fergus sneezes from under the bar.

BRENDAN

What was that?

ROISIN

Wha'?

BRENDAN

There was a sneeze out from under the bar. Who's there?

ROISIN

Oh, aye. Get up Paddy!

Fergus gazes at her, she nods for him to get up. He shoves the gun in his pants and arises.

ROISIN

Paddy McDonagh, this is Brendan Conlon, Kinvara's finest.

FERGUS

Nice to meet you, Brendan.

BRENDAN

Same, Paddy. Why were you under the bar?

ROISIN

He was dusting.

BRENDAN

Dusting?

ROISIN

Aye, fecking dusting, as I've already fecking said. Me da thought I'd be needing some help with the pub, with his lazy arse being on Holiday in Boston, and suggested hiring a fella fer company, cleaning and protection, like, as I'm just an innocent wee girl. I hired Paddy.

BRENDAN

Well, that's me job, to protect.

ROISIN

Sure, you can't be everywhere at once, Brendan, as good a copper as you are. He's here in case some dirty tinker tries to take a shite on the floor while you're off catching robbers and rapists.

BRENDAN

Oh, aye. Fer protection, then.

FERGUS

She said so already, aye, for protection.

ROISIN

Now shouldn't you be away solving the mystery of who stole wee Kate Conaty's fecking egg, now, and not be nosing around this pub bothering me? Sure, I'm no suspect.

BRENDAN

Aye, I suppose so.

ROISIN

See ya, so, Brendan. We're in a hurry, and need to travel into Galway to go shopping, so don't be stopping by again today.

BRENDAN

(rejected)

I'll be seeing ya, Roisin.

Brendan retires out the door, defeated.

ROISIN

The lube.

FERGUS

I do hate coppers. Feckers. I'd have shot him between the eyes, splattering his brains on yer walls if he weren't a friend of yours, like.

ROISIN

He's just an oul wussy of a pussy wee girl. Like most cops.

FERGUS

Aye, not even carrying guns.

Roisin shoves all the money in a rucksack.

ROISIN  
Let's get rambling.

FERGUS  
Aye, off to Galway to pillage the  
wild west.

Fergus whirls his gun around his finger.

EXT. CONNELLY'S PUB, KINVARA - DAY

Roisin and Fergus, with a bottle of Jameson in hand, skip to  
Roisin's (Dad's) car, with the rucksack of cash.

Roisin jumps into the driver's seat, Fergus shotgun.

INT. ROISIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ROISIN (V.O.)  
We made our first robbery, and felt  
free as sea-birds flying high in  
the cloudy sky, living life free of  
the burdens of society....

Roisin turns the car's ignition on.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
Fergus thought to burn the pub down  
with gasoline as a symbol of  
burying the past, as the Yanks do  
in films, but seeing as to how  
petrol is so fecking dear this day  
and age, we let the pub stand.

Fergus cracks the bottle of whiskey open and swigs it, trying  
to hide a grimace.

EXT. KINVARA CASTLE, KINVARA - DAY

Roisin and Fergus coast by the castle, the Atlantic  
shimmering in the warm sun.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
With a noble career ahead of us,  
and a fecked life of boredom a part  
of the past, we road on to the wee  
city of Galway...

INT. ROISIN'S CAR, MOVING - DAY

Roisin and Fergus cruise along a country road. Roisin drives, Fergus sits casually in the passenger seat staring at the road ahead of him with cocky apprehension.

On the side of the road is a dead mutt, with its brain pouring out of its head.

ROISIN (V.O.)

While driving along a stone-walled road built during Famine times I noticed a dead dog with its life smashed out of its poor head and its wee brains pouring out on the roadside....

Fergus glances at the dog with detached amusement.

FERGUS

Look. A dog. Some sort of retriever or shepherd, do you think?

ROISIN (V.O.)

Fergus didn't seem to really mind, but seeing death made me glad to be alive making the best of the uncertain time we had left...

ROISIN

It's a mutt of some variety, so it is.

They drive on, leaving the dead mutt to decay on the road.

I/E. ROISIN'S CAR, HEADFORD ROAD, GALWAY, MOVING - DAY

Roisin and Fergus drive into Galway, with its fading green Cathedral dominating the small city's skyline.

ROISIN (V.O.)

Galway sat in the horizon: the gateway to Connemara and the greatest city in Ireland's west.

FERGUS

Galway. Fecking Galway. It'd be great if it weren't fer all the fecking Irish, like.

ROISIN

We are in Ireland... and Irish.

FERGUS

Feckin' scourge of me existence.  
In America they do have great  
cities with skyscrapers, freeways,  
grand monuments, gangs and crime.

ROISIN

Well, aye, it's America.

FERGUS

You can't take a wee in Ireland  
without the whole of the island  
bloody knowing it, like. Let alone  
kill your da. That's why we're  
different, me and you. We're open-  
minded.

They drive on into the city.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, EYRE SQUARE, GALWAY - DAY

A small, clean, standard hotel room. Fergus looks out the  
window, fake shooting pedestrians on the street.

FERGUS

I feel like your man did shoot  
President Kennedy. What's his  
name?

Roisin walks in from the bathroom, holding two bottles of  
Buckfast.

ROISIN

Wha'?

FERGUS

Your man did murder JFK.

ROISIN

Oswald.

FERGUS

Aye, Oswald. I feel like him.  
He's just a wee sissy. It's a lot  
easier to kill someone you don't  
know like. Not like killing your  
da. That takes guts, so it does.

ROISIN

I know, Fergus. You've said so,  
many times, and I love ya fer it.  
But let's not live in the past.



She tosses him a bottle of Buckfast. He smiles, leaves the window and saunters over to the bed, cheerily.

FERGUS  
Let's make Galway our bitch  
tonight.

ROISIN  
Aye.

Roisin sips the Buckfast and sits on the bed, facing Fergus.

ROISIN  
Buckfast does taste horrible.

FERGUS  
But it's good fer you, it's  
distilled be monks in Devon.

ROISIN  
Shut up and kiss me so.

He does, tossing his gun aside. Roisin grabs Fergus to ravage him. They fall onto the bed, kissing.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SEASIDE ROAD A MILE SOUTH OF KINVARA - SUNSET

A MAN stumbles wildly along the coast, cursing to himself with a bottle of poteen in his hand. His clothes are extremely dirty. His face is not seen.

MAN  
Fecking fecked eejit....

INT. PUB IN KINVARA - NIGHT

The pub is half filled with country men and women. Darragh and Rory, like statues, hunch over their usual seats at the bar, drinking.

Brendan enters the pub, dishevelled. He walks up to Rory and Darragh, worried.

BRENDAN  
Have ye fellas seen Roisin?

DARRAGH  
Aye.

RORY  
At noon. She closed Connelly's,  
the selfish little whore.

DARRAGH  
Closing her pub, and on a Monday.

Darragh guzzles some Guinness.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET, KINVARA - NIGHT

The cursing old man from earlier lurches onto Kinvara's deserted main street, still rambling off profane nonsense to himself, holding his bottle of poteen.

MAN  
Rip off his toes... and fingers...  
and feed his liver to pigs...

He swigs the last of the poteen and throws the bottle onto the street. The glass shatters.

INT. PUB IN KINVARA - NIGHT

Brendan, worried about Roisin, continues to try and get clues to her whereabouts by interrogating Rory and Darragh.

BRENDAN  
I'm after stopping by her house,  
and she not there at all. She said  
she was off to Galway to shop.

RORY  
That's a feeble excuse to close the  
pub, so it is.

BRENDAN  
I hope she's alright, so.

RORY  
Would you stop crying and whining,  
ya woman? You're like a school  
girl did skin her knee, so you are.  
And you call yourself a cop.  
She'll be back soon enough.

BRENDAN  
Aye, I suppose so.

DARRAGH  
Get a drink, sure.

The door of the pub opens and in staggers the drunken old man. His face should be recognized as: Mick Higgins, Fergus' dad. A wide gash crosses his forehead, covered in dried blood.

MICK  
(announcing to the pub)  
Have any of ye seen me murderin'  
lout of a son wandering 'bout these  
parts?

Rory and Darragh glance at each other, then at Brendan.

RORY  
Well, Dirty Harry. It looks like  
you have a job to do.

INT. GARDAI STATION, KINVARA - NIGHT

Mick sits in a chair, his head now bandaged, but still dirty as sin. He has a bottle of whiskey in hand, which he sips throughout. Brendan sits with self-conscious pomp behind a cluttered small desk.

MICK  
He twenty two and never kissed a  
lass, save his twelve Aunties, or  
worked a day in his miserable life.  
He's an indolent lad, the cause of  
his mammy and brother's early  
death. A dirty stuttering lout,  
with no intentions in life but to  
laze away the day dreaming of queer  
things and torturing me with his  
cheek. He's a gayboy, I'm  
thinking.

BRENDAN  
A gayboy?

MICK  
Aye, a gayboy.

BRENDAN  
How did he cause that slash in your  
head?

Mick remembers his wound and touches it, wincing.

MICK  
He broke me head with the clout of  
a loy, and me an unarmed man, with  
all the strength his wee cowardly  
girly arms could conjure up.

BRENDAN  
An attempted murder?

MICK

Aye, the fecker can't do anything right. The boy's too dim to commit a real murder, like a true Irishman.

BRENDAN

And what does he look like, your son?

MICK

A walking rat of a lad.

BRENDAN

A rat?

MICK

Aye, a rat, a rat...

BRENDAN

What's his name?

MICK

Fergus Higgins.

BRENDAN

Fergus is a horrible name.

MICK

He was a wrinkly fig of a babe, so I named him appropriately, like.

BRENDAN

Do you have a picture, maybe?

MICK

A picture?

BRENDAN

Aye, of your son.

MICK

Oh aye.

From his pocket Mick brings a picture. Brendan grabs it. It is of a teenaged Fergus hugging with joy a stuffed Easter bunny. Brendan recognizes him as "Paddy" and his expression changes into shock and fear. A pause.

BRENDAN

This is yer son?

MICK

Aye, the lily little bitch.

BRENDAN  
Paddy McDonagh?

MICK  
No, it's Fergus, as I've just said.

BRENDAN  
I've seen him.

MICK  
(excitedly)  
Have you?

BRENDAN  
Aye, this morning it was. With me  
fiance, Roisin.

MICK  
Is he here, in Kinvara?!

BRENDAN  
No... no... Left fer Galway they  
did, I think.

Mick explodes excitedly from his seat, and races for the  
door. Brendan follows him.

BRENDAN  
Where are you going?

MICK  
I'm off to Galway to murder me  
miscreant doormat of a son.

BRENDAN  
Let me go with you.

MICK  
Eh?

BRENDAN  
He has me fiance with him, as a  
hostage, like. I want vengeance.

MICK  
No, I want vengeance.

BRENDAN  
Aye. We both want vengeance. And  
I have a car.

MICK  
A car?

BRENDAN

Aye. And a gun.

MICK

Sure then... But I'll be the one to  
put a bullet in his bastardin'  
head.

Brendan nods in agreement, and extends his hand for a shake.  
Mick ignores it, and leaves.

INT. SALLY LONGS - NIGHT

People of all ages abound, students from the university  
mingle with working class men and women, drinking and having  
a grand time.

Fergus sits chatting to three generic pretty eighteen year  
old UNIVERSITY STUDENTS, loving the attention. None are as  
pretty as Roisin.

GIRL #1

What's yer name, stranger?

FERGUS

Fergus.

GIRL #1

Fergus?

FERGUS

Aye.

GIRL #1

That's a horrible name.

FERGUS

(with rising temper)

Well it's me fecking name, and ye  
better remember it, fer ye'll be  
hearing great things...

GIRL #1

You have a temper on you, so.

FERGUS

Is the mark of a great man.

GIRL #2

I believe it is.

FERGUS

I'm off to Connemara tomorrow to be making a name fer meself, to become a legend bigger than Collins, Pearse and O'Connell combined. Yankee big, like Dillinger. I have no secular prejudice.

GIRL #1

Yer progressive, then.

FERGUS

Aye.

Roisin arrives back from the bar carrying two drinks, a Guinness and a Bulmers, angry and jealous of the other girls giving Fergus attention.

ROISIN

Would ye loose harlots be off and start pawing dusty lads the equal of yer own dim minds. This is my lad, and there's no room for ye, you itchy wee whores.

GIRL #1

Sure, it's a free country.

GIRL #3

Aye, we can do as we please.

Roisin throws the contents of her pint glass at the girls, pouring cider on all three of them. They stand, prepared to fight.

ROISIN

Aye, a free country. Now get away.

GIRL #1

Ya bitch! I just did buy this blouse from Penny's this afternoon.

ROISIN

Feck off or I'll glass the three of ye, and it'll be more than cider that'll stain yer precious new clothes.

Roisin breaks her pint glass on the table, ready to stab the other girls. Fergus arises to calm the situation.

FERGUS

Now girls! Calm down! For feck's sake. She's right, she's me bird--

ROISIN  
And we're monogamous.

FERGUS  
Aye, like good Catholics.

GIRL #1  
You're a queer fella.

GIRL #2  
I bet you didn't even kill yer da.

GIRL #3  
Aye, just idle talk from a vacant  
mind.

The girls leave. Roisin stares after them. Fergus' eyes are on Roisin, impressed. He knows he has won the pick of the litter.

ROISIN  
Feckin' uni' girls. Filling their  
heads with useless shite.

Fergus takes a seat, relaxed.

FERGUS  
Sit down, Roisin, let's relax.

ROISIN  
(still staring after the  
girls)  
I need another pint.

Roisin leaves for the bar. Fergus stays seated, smiling to himself. He's never been popular with anybody, let alone four girls at once. He's bathing in glory. He takes a sip of his drink.

FREEZE FRAME: Fergus smiling to himself, with foam from the Guinness above his lip.

FERGUS (V.O.)  
Four girls fighting after the likes  
of me? Feck. I wish I could kill  
me da all over again.

INT. BRENDAN'S HOUSE, KINVARA - NIGHT

Brendan drunkenly stumbles to a cupboard. He opens it, and takes out a Kimberley's tin.



MICK (O.S)  
Kimberley's? Those are great owl  
biscuits.

Brendan opens the tin and brings from it an OLD-FASHIONED  
REVOLVER. It's rusty, but one-time surely beautiful.

BRENDAN  
Not Kimberley's, no.

He turns to Mick, who sips poteen in a glass on a ratty old  
chair, showing him the gun.

MICK  
That's a gun!

BRENDAN  
Aye. Good for shooting fellas.

MICK  
It's what guns do best.

Brendan stumbles to another ratty chair opposite Mick.

BRENDAN  
This is great craic. Poteen's  
grand, so it is.

MICK  
Fer gettin' drunk... Aye.

BRENDAN  
Tomorrow we'll head to Galway.

MICK  
For revenge.

BRENDAN  
We can't head out tonight.

MICK  
Aye. We can't drive bolloxed,  
like.

BRENDAN  
No, that's illegal. And we're  
sloshed.

MICK  
Aye. Pissed to the gills.

Brendan takes a sip of poteen, and grimaces at the taste, and  
nearly falls off his chair.

MICK  
Ya drunk feckin' bastard.

Brendan throws up all over the floor. Mick laughs.

INT. SALLY LONGS, GALWAY - NIGHT

Fergus and Roisin sit at the pub, pints in hand.

ROISIN  
Should we rob this place?

FERGUS  
Tonight?

ROISIN  
Right now.

Fergus looks around at all the people in the pub, slightly nervously.

FERGUS  
We can't.

ROISIN  
Why not? Aren't we pub robbers now?

FERGUS  
Aye, but...

ROISIN  
But what? Isn't this a pub?

FERGUS  
It is, like, but..

ROISIN  
But what?

FERGUS  
There's a lot of witnesses.

ROISIN  
It's only more people to brag of  
our bravery.

FERGUS  
We're in fecking Galway!

ROISIN  
Sure, an eejit knows that.

FERGUS

Our car's in a garage three blocks away, we can't make a getaway running down Quay Street with a rucksack full of swag, with eej Yank tourists staring at us with their blank eyes. We're fecking locked and it's a bad idea, so, to rob while drunk, like. The gun's in the hotel room, and besides, we're on holiday. We shouldn't work while on holiday.

ROISIN

I suppose you're right.

FERGUS

Aye. I am right.

ROISIN

Tomorrow we rob.

FERGUS

Aye, tomorrow our vacation's over.

ROISIN

And our adventure continues.

FERGUS

Aye.

Fergus and Roisin stretch across the table and kiss one another.

INT. BRENDAN'S HOUSE, KINVARA - NIGHT

Brendan sleeps on the floor of his house, on his vomit, passed out drunk. Mick sleeps in his chair, snoring loudly.

The gun sits visibly on a table, next to a knocked over empty bottle of poteen.

EXT. SALLY LONGS - NIGHT

The pub stands along many on the street; painted brightly, modern. The streets, however are fairly deserted. A few drunk couples fumble their way to wherever they may be headed. Roisin and Fergus exit the pub, hammered, embracing each other lovingly.

FERGUS

Where to now, lovely Roisin?

ROISIN

Let's go to the room, get some  
sleep so as to not waste away the  
day tomorrow.

FERGUS

Aye, we have a busy day ahead of  
us, so we do.

A car drives up besides Fergus and Roisin. A man in the  
backseat rolls down his window. He's a chubby red-headed  
TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD.

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD

Hey, fella, how much fer the lady?

The other lads in the car laugh idiotically.

FERGUS

(confused)

Wha'?

ROISIN

Feck off lads, and get a--

The fat man HEAVES an egg at Fergus' head, hitting him hard.  
Fergus winces in pain and grabs his head. Roisin holds him in  
shock.

FERGUS

Arg, ya fecker!

The car speeds away, its passengers laugh like hyenas.  
Fergus runs to the street, chasing the vehicle clumsily for a  
few yards.

FERGUS

Ya feckin' sissy bitch fecks, come  
back, ya!

The car is long gone. Roisin strolls up to Fergus, and grabs  
his shoulders to comfort him.

ROISIN

Don't worry, Fergus.

FERGUS

The fat ginger-haired little bitch.

ROISIN

Fergus, he'll wake up tomorrow and  
realize he's a sad fecker with no  
life.... or breakfast.

Fergus faces Roisin and cracks a half-smile.

FERGUS  
Aye... The fecker.

ROISIN  
Let's get you cleaned up and catch  
some sleep.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek. They walk down the street, Fergus embarrassed and angry about the egg incident.

EXT. BRENDAN'S HOUSE, KINVARA - MORNING

Brendan's house is a shabby cabin-like place in the shadow of the monstrous Burren. The sun tries to rise, but grey clouds obscure its glory.

INT. BRENDAN'S HOUSE, KINVARA - MORNING

Mick stirs on the couch, his head wrecked from drinking. Brendan lies on the floor curled like a puppy, snoring. Mick gets up and walks to the table where the gun and poteen bottle sit.

He takes the poteen bottle with greed and sniffs it, realizing with disappointment that it's empty. He glares at Brendan for a moment. He throws the bottle at Brendan's chest, waking him up.

BRENDAN  
Ar, ya fecker.

MICK  
Ye scavved all me poteen, ya lube.

Brendan tries to get up, covered in his own vomit, but falls down on his back, his head filled with pain.

BRENDAN  
For feck's sake...

MICK  
Come on lad, get up, clean yerself,  
and eat some toast. We need to get  
to Galway.

BRENDAN  
Galway, aye.. Galway.

Brendan finally is able to stand, still dizzy from the drink of the night before.

EXT. CAFE ON QUAY STREET, GALWAY - MORNING

The sky is overcast at a brightly colored restaurant sitting along charming Quay Street. Pedestrians hustle down the street.

Roisin and Fergus sit outside the restaurant, at outdoor tables. Fergus smokes a cigarette, drinking coffee, while Roisin eats a fry. Fergus has a slight welt on his head from the egg.

FERGUS  
(taking a drag)  
I do like a fag with me coffee.

ROISIN  
It's a horrible habit, and expensive.

FERGUS  
Life's short, like... and frys have like a billion calories. Smoking's healthier, so it is. And a lot of fellas like a smoke now and again. Like Humphrey Bogart and that cartoony camel.

ROISIN  
It's your own life to live.

FERGUS  
Is right it is. I'd be more partial to pubs if still smoke in them, you could.

The chubby red-haired track suit wearing lad walks down the street. Roisin notices him and stares at him, madly.

FERGUS (CONT'D)  
Sure, me oul great aunt in Cavan smokes like three packs a day, and she's fecking a million if she's a day, like.

ROISIN  
(confidentially)  
Isn't that the fella did peg you with the egg last night?

FERGUS  
Huh?

Roisin points at the red-haired boy, who is now down the street.

ROISIN  
That fat red-haired knacker over  
there.

Fergus looks.

FERGUS  
It fecking is, the bastard. Wait  
here, and I'll catch up with you in  
a minute.

Fergus discards his cigarette, and gets up from the table, anxiously. Roisin watches, proudly, taking a bite of he rasher.

EXT. QUAY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Fergus tails the red-headed lad down Quay Street, passing its many pubs, restaurants, and shops. He glares at the red-haired man's back, ten meters ahead of him.

EXT. CORRIB BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

The red-haired lad strolls along the bridge over the Corrib. Fergus follows, inching closer and closer.

Cars drive over the bridge, as children playfully walk in school uniforms passing Fergus and the red-haired lad.

The river roars below the bridge. Flocks of swans swim and yelp in the distance as the river's water greets the expanse of Galway Bay.

The red-haired man turns at the end of the bridge, Fergus just six feet behind him.

EXT. DOMINIC STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The red-headed lad turns onto Dominic Street, which is completely deserted. Its ramshackle store fronts are closed. Fergus, five feet behind the lad, pulls out his gun from his pants and aims it at his opponent. His hands shake.

FERGUS  
Hey, Fella..

The red-haired continues to walk.

FERGUS  
(loud)  
Fella!

The red-haired lad stops.

He turns around to discover Fergus pointing a gun at him.  
His bravado melts.

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD  
Who the feck are you?

FERGUS  
Ye can't be pegging eggs at fellas  
heads... and fer no reason at all.

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD  
Wha'?

BANG! Fergus shoots him in the knee. He falls to the ground,  
screaming in pain. Fergus goes up to him.

FERGUS  
You just can't fecking do that,  
like.

Fergus points the gun at the man's head for a second, then  
has second thoughts, putting the piece back in his pants.  
Fergus spits on him instead and runs away.

EXT. RESTAURANT ON QUAY STREET - DAY

Roisin picks at her black pudding at the restaurant, waiting  
for Fergus, patiently. Fergus runs up beside her.

FERGUS  
We have to get out of Galway,  
Roisin.

ROISIN  
Let me finish me pudding--

FERGUS  
Roisin, we have to go--

ROISIN  
There's just a bite left.

FERGUS  
I shot that fella...

She drops her fork and hugs Fergus.

ROISIN  
(excitedly)  
Did you?

FERGUS  
Aye.



ROISIN  
Is he dead?

FERGUS  
Let's go. We have to leave Galway  
before the gardai get to him, dead  
or alive. I'll go pay the bill.

ROISIN  
Feck the bill, we're feckin'  
robbers, like.

She kisses him on the cheek, and gets up. They make their  
getaway, Roisin skipping with happiness, Fergus moves more  
self-consciously cool and fidgety.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE, GALWAY - MORNING

A grey parking garage structure, unattractive and industrial  
looking. Roisin drives up to the MAN working the till.  
Fergus pays him twenty quid.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
With fond memories in our minds,  
breakfast in our bellies, a hang-  
over in our heads, and a red-haired  
knacker with a bullet in himself,  
we left Galway behind us. We  
didn't bother checking out of the  
hotel, as we were now bandits, but  
had to pay twenty quid to get out  
of the fecking parking garage.

They speed out of the grim looking garage, tires SCREECHING.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
Ye near have to be a robber to  
survive these days in rip-off  
Ireland.

I/E. ROISIN'S CAR, ROAD ALONGSIDE GALWAY BAY, SALTHILL,  
DRIVING - LATER

Roisin and Fergus drive along, the bleakly beautiful Galway  
Bay to the west, and the resort of Salthill to their east.  
FAMILIES and OLD FOLKS walk along the pedestrian path along  
the bay.

Fergus glares at them with acidic contempt.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
 Headed north to Connemara at  
 Salthill along Galway Bay we passed  
 a spot where as a child me second  
 mammy did teach me to swim.

A diving point and communal swimming area is to the lovers'  
 left. CHILDREN swim in the water, laughing.

A GIRL pedals in the water, learning to swim, with her MOTHER  
 at her side. Both smile.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
 I saw a wee lass did remind me of  
 me as a girl, pedaling like a sick  
 dog in the cold sea, with a smile  
 on her face made her look broken-  
 brained and foolish, but happy  
 nonetheless.

The girl's mother grabs her daughter, forcing a big embrace.  
 The girl laughs.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
 It made me sad. This wee girl  
 would go to school only to marry a  
 lad she'd meet at Uni', and slave  
 her life away in the kitchen and do  
 laundry until the day she meets  
 death and goes to her grave.

Fergus stares at the swimmers like they're morons.

FERGUS  
 Who the feck enjoys swimming in  
 fecking Ireland? Eejits. There's  
 never any sun here, like. It's  
 pure torture.

ROISIN  
 I was fond of swimming when I was  
 wee.

FERGUS  
 Were you?

He cuts her a glance like she's crazy.

FERGUS  
 Fecking mad.

INT. ROISIN'S CAR, ROAD OUTSIDE SPIDDAL, CONNEMARA, DRIVING -  
LATER

Roisin and Fergus are now out of the city, in the thick of the countryside, entering the otherworldly and stark beauty of Connemara. Stone walls abound, sheep, cattle, and the odd shebeen litter the countryside. Fergus smokes a cigarette as if it contained new life.

FERGUS

Y'know who I hate? Mic Christopher.  
I can't stand the whiny little  
cunt.

ROISIN

Well, I'm fond of him.

FERGUS

If he hadn't fallen down those  
stairs in Amsterdam and died, I'd  
kill him, like.

Roisin gives him a look of distaste.

ROISIN

To each their own.

FERGUS

Fecking Mic Christopher.

ROISIN (V.O.)

We entered Connemara, and the  
barren bleakness of it all did  
excite me blood.

There's a rotting dead cow in a field along the roadside.  
Fergus looks at it with excitement.

FERGUS

Look, a cow! It's fucking rotting,  
like!

EXT. MAIN STREET, SPIDDAL - LATER

Spiddal's a tiny Irish fishing village with a few homes, shops and pubs. It's the gateway to Connemara, a Gaeltacht town and hub to TG4 and Irish culture.

Roisin and Fergus drive on the main street.

ROISIN (V.O.)

At high noon we arrived in Spiddal,  
our first stop in Connemara.

A bright seaside pub is a block away to the west.

FERGUS

There's a pub, Roisin. Let's rob it.

ROISIN

Aye, fecking finally. I was thinking we'd never be able to rob something.

Roisin turns left into the pub's parking lot.

INT. SPIDDAL PUB - LATER

A country pub. Trinkets abound, posters in Irish riddle the wall, rusty model ships are above the bar, etc. A BARTENDER is behind the bar, and three FISHERMEN sit at the bar counter drinking cider. A GREYHOUND RACE is on the TELEVISION, and all the men in the bar, including the bartender, are glued to the glowing screen.

Fergus swings open the door of the pub, and enters as cool as he can with Roisin casually following. He looks at the surroundings, and cracks a smile to Roisin, who smiles back.

FERGUS

(whispering)

Like stealing candy from a retarded fat babby.

ROISIN

(winking)

Aye.

Fergus struts towards the bar, with Roisin by his side. The bartender and local drinkers, completely oblivious to their presence, glue their attention to the televised race.

FERGUS

(to Roisin, indicating T.V.)

Dogs.

ROISIN

I know, Fergus.

The race on the television is coming to an end. A scrawny little greyhound whizzes past the finish line. The three men at the bar suddenly, shockingly, become animated. The bartender remains glued to the screen.

SPIDDAL MAN 1  
(hitting the counter)  
Ah, ya fecking little bastard!

SPIDDAL MAN 2  
(laughing)  
That's a round on you, Ronin.

SPIDDAL MAN 3  
Aye, yer round next.

SPIDDAL MAN 1  
Argh, feck off lads.

The three are suddenly quiet again, staring at the glowing screen as another race begins. The pub is deadly quiet, save the race on T.V., the announcer's voice moving in a rapid Cork accent.

Fergus and Roisin stand at the bar, completely ignored. Fergus gives Roisin an "I don't know what to do" glance, she stares back at him like it's the easiest thing in the world to rob a pub, and he's failing like a moron.

Fergus stares at the three men, and then the bartender. He clears his throat, trying to get the bartender's attention. Nothing. He looks back at Roisin. She eyes him testily. Fergus looks, toughly, at the bartender.

FERGUS  
'Scuse me.

Nothing.

FERGUS  
(louder)  
'Scuse me!

BARTENDER  
(attention on the  
television)  
Quiet lad, after the race.

Fergus turns back to Roisin.

FERGUS  
(quietly)  
For feck's sake!

ROISIN  
(confidentially)  
"'Scuse me?!" Why don't you use the  
fecking pistol?

FERGUS  
The pistol, aye.

Fergus takes the gun out from his pocket.

FERGUS  
'Scuse me fella--

BARTENDER  
I said in a minute, lad.

FERGUS  
We don't have a minute!

The bartender impatiently turns to Fergus.

BARTENDER  
You can't wait fer a drink?

FERGUS  
It's not a drink we're after.

He points the pistol at the bartender's face.

BARTENDER  
What's this?

ROISIN  
A fecking gun, like.

FERGUS  
Aye, a gun.

The three locals, for the first time, notice Roisin and Fergus.

SPIDDAL MAN 1  
Holy Jaysus!

FERGUS  
This is a robbery!

ROISIN  
Give us everything in the till.

BARTENDER  
A robbery?

ROISIN  
Jaysus! Aye, a fecking robbery,  
now give us what's in the till or  
we'll shoot the three of ye,  
splatter yer brains on the rustic  
decor.

BARTENDER  
Okay! Jaysus.

The bartender pops open the cash register and claws out twelve euro and a bit of change.

The locals stare, shocked.

The bartender gives Fergus the money. Fergus hands it to Roisin, who begins to count it.

FERGUS  
(to bartender)  
That wasn't so hard, was it?

ROISIN  
This is only fifteen quid!

BARTENDER  
It's only noon, like. What'd ye expect, the fecking crown jewels?

FERGUS  
For feck's sake.  
(PAUSE)  
Well thank you anyway. And don't be telling the gardai or do anything stupid, like, or I'll come back and kill yer wife and shag yer sheep, after burning down this pub.

BARTENDER  
Call the polis over fifteen quid? Do you think I'm retarded?

Roisin and Fergus rush to the door.

FERGUS  
(cockily)  
Me name's Fergus Higgins, be the way, and this is Roisin Connelly. Remember those names, like. 'Cus soon enough, Ireland will never forget 'em.

They dart out the door.

BARTENDER  
(sighing)  
Fecking youth of Eire.

He goes back to watching the television.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, GALWAY - DAY

Mick, his head still bandaged and in ratty clothing, and Brendan, in a gardai outfit, stroll down the corridor of a hospital.

BRENDAN

It's good polis work you did, so,  
to bring us here. Maybe you should  
be a detective.

MICK

I'm not good at polis work, you're  
just awful. It's not everyday a  
fella is shot in Galway, like. And  
it the talk of town.

BRENDAN

It's a step closer, I'm thinking,  
to catching the bastard.

MICK

Of course it is. And only me eejit  
son wouldn't finish the job be  
killing the lad and leave a witness  
behind.

They get to a doorway and enter.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, GALWAY - LATER

The chubby red-haired lad is in a hospital bed, his leg cast and elevated. Mick sits on a chair, impatient. Brendan stands and interrogates the young lad.

BRENDAN

So this was a case of retaliation  
against yer anti-social behavior?

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD

Aye.

BRENDAN

You shouldn't be picking on fellas,  
throwing eggs at 'em.

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD

I know, and I've learned me lesson.

Mick grows noticeably irritated.



MICK

This isn't about this fat lad's  
moral shift in character, Brendan,  
but about the whereabouts of me  
bastard of a son!

BRENDAN

Oh, aye.

MICK

You did lose your train of thought.

BRENDAN

I'm sorry, Mick.

MICK

I know, Brendan. You're a sorry  
lad.

BRENDAN

(to the lad)

What did he look like?

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD

A sort of thin mousy fella.

BRENDAN

Mousy?

MICK

For feck's sake.

Mick stands irritably and shows the injured lad his picture  
of Fergus.

MICK

Is that the lad who shot you?

The lad looks at the picture, smiling, recognizing Fergus.

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD

Aye, aye! That's the rodenty  
looking fella!

MICK

There you go, Brendan, ya cop.

(to the lad)

Where did he go?

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD

I don't know, like. He shot me and  
ran.

MICK  
Aye, he's a coward.

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD  
I gathered that, like. Shooting an unarmed man.

BRENDAN  
Did nobody see where he went?

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD  
No... No....

MICK  
Of course no one saw where he went, or else we wouldn't be here talking to this fat fella.

BRENDAN  
We need to get clues.

MICK  
Fecking "clues." Jaysus.  
(to the lad)  
Where'd you egg him?

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD  
He had just come outside there at Sally Longs.

MICK  
Sally Longs?

TRACK SUIT WEARING LAD  
Aye.

Mick smiles.

MICK  
Well, Sherlock, let's go sleuthing in Sally Longs.

Mick leaves with Brendan to continue their search.

I/E. ROISIN'S CAR, ROAD IN CONNEMARA, DRIVING - DAY

Roisin and Fergus speed along the lonesome highway, bleak scenery passing them by. Mountains are in the distance, with a storm looming over them. Fergus has his gun in his hand, smiling.

A PRIEST strolls along the roadside ahead of them, minding his own business.

ROISIN  
 There's a priest. The fecker. I  
 do hate priests. Gayboy virgins  
 standing on pedestals, so they are.

FERGUS  
 Pull over.

ROISIN  
 (snappily)  
 Why?

FERGUS  
 I have an idea.

ROISIN  
 We have no business talking to a  
 wussy gayboy of a priest.

FERGUS  
 Just pull over, Roisin!

Roisin pulls the car over aside the priest, SHRIEKING to a  
 halt. Fergus rolls down his window.

FERGUS  
 How's the craic, father?

Fergus smiles, pointing his gun at the priest.

EXT. SALLY LONG'S PUB, GALWAY - AFTERNOON

The pub bathed in daylight, save the clouds from the overcast  
 sky. A busker performs outside the pub, playing guitar.

GIRL #1 (O.S.)  
 You're that blabbering odd lad's  
 da?

INT. SALLY LONG'S PUB, GALWAY - SECONDS LATER

Brendan and Mick stand interrogating the three girls Fergus  
 flirted with the night before.

The girls sit sipping Breezers, ridiculously dressed for a  
 night out on the town.

GIRL #2  
 (to the other girls)  
 Didn't he say he killed him?

MICK  
 He's all cheek and bloated lies,  
 the boy.

GIRL #1  
The gall of the little cunt.

BRENDAN  
(earnestly)  
Was he with a girl?

GIRL #1  
Aye, a fiery mouthy bitch.

GIRL #3  
She stained me new dress, like.

Brendan smashes his fist on the table, thinking Roisin is in some danger.

BRENDAN  
I'll kill the bastard...

MICK  
Did he say where he was going?

GIRL #1  
Some shite about making a name for himself out in Connemara.

MICK  
Connemara?

GIRL #2  
Aye.

MICK  
Girls, ye've been awful helpful.  
The best of luck to ye and yer future.

GIRL #1  
Sure thing, oul fella.

She sips her breezer, the others copying. Mick turns away from the girls, and talks to Brendan.

MICK  
Let's go, Brendan. We'll grab some chips out on Quay Street and start scavenging Connemara for the lump.

BRENDAN  
Aye. And Roisin.

They walk out of the pub.

INT. PUB IN LEENANE - EARLY EVENING

A FOOTBALL GAME blasts on the television. Manchester United are playing Chelsea. The folks in the pub watch the television with religious attention.

A dozen men huddle at the bar, and people sit at the many seats of the pub. The BARTENDER watches the game. Everyone is quiet for a moment

LEENANE MAN #1  
(to the television)  
C'mon Rooney, ya fat bastard!

LEENANE MAN #2  
Fecking Chelsea and their Spaniard  
cunts.

The pub gets quiet again, the televised game providing the only noise.

Roisin and Fergus enter the pub, the door swinging, but no one noticing. Roisin, her rucksack over her shoulder, and Fergus, gun in his hand, are ready to rob.

ROISIN  
The fucking tele is destroying our  
culture, like.

BANG! Fergus shoots the television.

The entirety of the pub leap to their feet, frightened.

BARTENDER  
Ye shot me fucking tele!

ROISIN  
(smiling)  
Now you have something to talk  
about.

They saunter up to the bar, much more in control than the previous robbery.

INT. BRENDAN'S CAR, MOVING- EARLY EVENING

Brendan and Mick cruise along the road, munching on curry chips from McDonaghs.

MICK  
I do love curry chips.

BRENDAN  
So does Roisin. My poor wee  
Roisin.

Mick scarfs a mouthful of chips.

INT. PUB IN LEENANE - EARLY EVENING

Roisin shoves a bundle of euro bills into her rucksack.

ROISIN  
Just over six hundred quid.  
Savage.

Fergus points his gun at various people in the pub, who all stare quietly at the robbers.

FERGUS  
Ladies and gentlemen, thank ye for  
drinking on a Tuesday.

Fergus takes a hundred euro bill from his pocket and puts it on the bar.

FERGUS  
I'd like to buy ye all a round fer  
being such good sports about it  
all.

Roisin zips up her rucksack. They walk backwards to the door.

FERGUS  
Tell the cops and reporters that  
I'm Fergus Higgins, and this is me  
bird, Roisin Connelly. Remember  
those names. We rob pubs in an  
Ireland free.

They exit. The pub is quiet, in a bit of a shock, for a moment. A local turns his glance to the bartender.

LEENANE MAN #1  
(to bartender)  
A pint, Martin. On that rodenty  
looking fella.

BARTENDER  
Feck off, Thomas.

The bartender slaps him with a dirty dish rag.

EXT. PUB IN LEENANE - EARLY EVENING

Hand in hand, Roisin skips a bit ahead of Fergus, happily.

The street's deserted.

FERGUS

That was fecking deadly.

ROISIN

Aye, it's fast becoming the best  
time of me life.

She kisses him.

Roisin's car's parked outside the pub. In the backseat is the priest from the road. He is tied up by duct tape and has a bandana in his mouth. Roisin and Fergus enter the car, happily. Fergus looks back at the priest.

FERGUS

Enjoying yourself, Father?

The priest shakes his head, scared. Roisin drives off.

INT. BRENDAN'S CAR, DRIVING - EVENING

Brendan drives down the road, tired. Mick's asleep in the passenger's seat. A love ballad plays on the radio. Brendan sings along, quietly. After a long moment his MOBILE rings. Mick stirs. Brendan answers it.

BRENDAN

'Ello?... Really?! I'll be there  
in a half hour... Alright... Bye,  
bye, bye...

MICK

What was that?

BRENDAN

There's been a robbery in a pub in  
Leenane by a lad named Fergus  
Higgins.

Mick smiles.

MICK

I can nearly smell the weasly wee  
feck!

EXT. FIELD OUTSIDE MAAM CROSS - EVENING

A rocky dead field in Connemara. The sun's falling and a full moon's on the rise, giving the landscape a lunar quality. The bridge from *The Quiet Man* is in the background, a black river flows under it.

Roisin's car is parked in the middle of the field. The priest kneels on the ground, duct tape binding his hands and legs. He is frightened, concerned for his life.

Fergus and Roisin stand facing him. Roisin yanks the bandana gag out of his mouth. Fergus points his pistol at the priest.

PRIEST

Are ye going to kill me?

FERGUS

Kill you? Sure, you haven't done anything to us.

PRIEST

You won't be getting much ransom for the like of me.

ROISIN

Is the Catholic Church of Ireland that underfunded?

FERGUS

We haven't taken you for hostage. We know the Church wouldn't likely give a shite about ye and yer lonesome celibate life. And we're not fecking monsters, like. We don't want to steal from God.

PRIEST

What do ye want, then?

Fergus steps closer to the Priest, very friendly-like.

FERGUS

Can ye marry us?

PRIEST

(bewildered)

Marry ye?

ROISIN

(surprised)

Marry ye?



FREEZE FRAME on Roisin's shocked face.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
 Marriage is a thing a woman is  
 doomed through obligation to carry  
 on with, for respect in a boring  
 society and life no longer was  
 dull...

FREEZE FRAME of Fergus aiming his gun at the priest, looking  
 as cool as he can, his face squinty and eyes googled.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
 ...but Fergus seemed to be a  
 different kind of lad, full of  
 life, and would make a fine husband  
 for a girl the like of me.

Roisin smiles and hugs Fergus.

INT. PUB IN LEENANE - EVENING

The shot television is on the bar counter. The Leenane  
 bartender rubs it affectionately. Brendan and Mick question  
 the bartender.

BRENDAN  
 What time was the robbery?

BARTENDER  
 During the Manchester match.

MICK  
 Aye, football.

BRENDAN  
 Was he with a girl?

BARTENDER  
 Aye. A pretty little thing. He  
 called his woman Roisin Conneely or  
 something.

BRENDAN  
 Connelly?

BARTENDER  
 Maybe...

BRENDAN  
 We have to be sure, now, and gather  
 the facts, like.

MICK  
Of course it's Connelly, you know  
that, Brendan.

BRENDAN  
And she was with him?

BARTENDER  
Aye.

Brendan slams his fist on the bar.

BRENDAN  
My Roisin?

BARTENDER  
He shot me fecking tele, the  
bastard.

The bartender rubs his broken television affectionately.

MICK  
Aye, he's a weak and lily-livered  
lad.

BRENDAN  
I'm gonna kill the bastard!

MICK  
No, *I'm* going to kill the bastard.

BARTENDER  
The both if ye can kill him.

MICK  
Aye. United, like.

BARTENDER  
Like Manchester.

Mick puts his hand on Brendan's shoulder, paternally.

EXT. FIELD OUTSIDE MAAM CROSS - EVENING

Roisin and Fergus face each other, dreamy-eyed, as the duct  
taped priest stands beyond them.

PRIEST  
And now I pronounce you Fergus  
Higgins and you Roisin Connelly,  
man and wife.

The three stand awkwardly for a moment.

FERGUS  
Aren't I suppose to kiss her on the  
gob or something?

PRIEST  
Oh, aye... aye. You- you may kiss  
the bride.

Fergus and Roisin engage in a passionate long kiss. When  
they finish they stare at each other, love-struck.

ROISIN  
What should we do with the priest?

FERGUS  
Oh, the priest, aye. Aren't we  
supposed to kill all witnesses?

PRIEST  
What?!

Fergus turns away from Roisin, goes to the priest and pushes  
him on his knees. He stands behind the priest execution-  
style, his gun nearly touching the priest's head.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
I thought you said ye wouldn't kill  
me!

FERGUS  
Oh aye, that was a lie.

PRIEST  
Don't do this! Please!

FERGUS  
Maybe you should be confessing your  
sins to God, so you can enter  
heaven to His embrace, and not be  
moaning to me like a babby, 'cus  
rules are fecking rules.

PRIEST  
(whimpering)  
Please.... Don't do this...

Roisin kneels down to the priest.

ROISIN  
Maybe you should be confessing,  
like.

PRIEST

Roisin... You don't want this...  
Can you help me?

ROISIN

He's a biteen set in his ways like.  
He murdered his da, and killing  
you, Father, is something I can't  
really prevent.

(whispering, teasing)

I think he may have been abused be  
the clergy when he was wee.

FERGUS

(seriously, angrily)

You better start yer confession,  
before it's too late!

ROISIN

(smiling)

Sorry, Father.

Roisin gets up and walks behind Fergus, his gun pointed at  
the back of the Priest's head.

PRIEST

I have... I have... nothing... To  
confess, so.

FERGUS

Bollocks! Ye never stole from the  
charity box, had impure thoughts  
about a nun, or abused a wee girl?

The priest closes his eyes in horror.

PRIEST

No...

FERGUS

C'mon father, you have to confess  
something!

PRIEST

Well... I've become a terror fer  
the drink..

ROISIN

Sure, that's hardly a crime,  
Father.

PRIEST

And... I have doubts.. Doubts about  
Catholicism.

FERGUS

(to Roisin)

This fecking guy, like. He's never done anything out of the ordinary. Give us something beefy, like, ya priest. Sure we all have dark secrets.

Fergus cocks the revolver.

FERGUS

You have ten seconds, priest. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six....

The priest closes his eyes in shame and fear. He opens them again.

PRIEST

Okay! I'll confess! I'll confess... I've never mentioned this to a soul, but need God's forgiveness.

(pause)

On... on.. on a lonesome rainy night in County Kerry, where I was sent at the time by the holy Church, I was after a drink and walking back to me rectory when I saw these beautiful eyes staring at me. These gorgeous brown eyes, just staring, like. And I felt something I never felt before. Not just love, although love was there, but lust. I was celibate me entire life, and never felt the need to make love, as I always knew I'd be a priest, and love-making is frowned upon be the church. But that night... that cold night, I couldn't help meself.

ROISIN

(teasingly)

Was it a beautiful lass, the same as Dierdre, with wavy brown hair and a voice like a siren of the sea?

PRIEST

No.. No...

The priest looks to the sky, his eyes filled with tears, and back down again towards the ground.

PRIEST  
 (pause, sniffing)  
 More of... more of a "nay."

ROISIN  
 Holy feck...

PRIEST  
 I had relations with that beautiful  
 mare for three weeks... and.. it  
 was a love that no one can ever  
 understand in this intolerant land,  
 and I was destroyed inside. I  
 asked to be sent to Connemara,  
 where I've been repenting me soul  
 ever since.

Fergus takes his gun away from the priest's head.

FERGUS  
 Fecking hell. We weren't really  
 going to kill you, Father. I told  
 you, we aren't fecking monsters.  
 And sure ya haven't done anything  
 to us. Jaysus. A horse?

ROISIN  
 Let's go, Fergus.

They leave for the car. The priest weeps and smashes his  
 head on the ground of the field, in shame. A sharp rock cuts  
 his cheek.

He desperately rub his duct taped hands on a jagged rock.

Fergus and Roisin get to the car. Fergus opens the driver's  
 door for Roisin.

FERGUS  
 There ya go, Mrs. Higgins.

ROISIN  
 Thank you, Mr. Higgins.

She kisses him, passionately.

The priest cuts through the duct tape on his hands, and  
 quickly tears off the tape binding his feet.

Fergus and Roisin are engaged in a romantic moment, still  
 kissing. When Fergus finishes kissing Roisin a ROCK FLIES  
 into his face, smashes above his eye, blood BURSTING. He  
 drops his gun in pain, and stumbles backwards, falling on his  
 ass.

FERGUS  
Owww! For feck's sake...

ROISIN  
What the feck?

The priest grabs Fergus' gun and points it at Fergus.

FERGUS  
Ya fecker... the same fecking spot  
as that fecking egg!

ROISIN  
You fecking priest!

The priest points his gun at Roisin. Fergus faints.

PRIEST  
Would you shut the feck up, ya  
loopy wee bitch!

Roisin glares at the priest with hate and anger. He stares back with malice, his gun pointed at her face. Then, after a beat, his expression turns from anger to sorrow.

PRIEST  
What the feck have I done?

He slowly turns the gun to his own head. Roisin shakes her head. The priest looks up to the sky.

PRIEST  
I'm sorry... I'm sorry.

BANG. Blood SPLATTERS from his skull, and he falls to the ground, dead.

ROISIN  
Holy Jaysus...

Fergus writhes on the ground, bleeding, and in near tears. Roisin stands still in complete shock.

FADE TO BLACK.

I/E. ROISIN'S CAR, FIELD OUTSIDE MAAM CROSS - LATER

Fergus and Roisin sit bewildered and shocked in her car at the scene of the violence. Fergus holds his wound, blood splattered on his face and dripping on his clothing.

FERGUS  
Murdering a priest could get the  
church after us.  
(MORE)

FERGUS (cont'd)  
 Maybe even the IRA. We can't  
 afford that, like, even though  
 they've disarmed.

ROISIN  
 We didn't murder him!

FERGUS  
 They'd never believe us, the fecks.  
 They're fanatical and never listen.  
 We should bury him.

ROISIN  
 Where?

FERGUS  
 A graveyard.

ROISIN  
 A fecking graveyard?

FERGUS  
 Aye, no one would ever look for a  
 corpse in a graveyard. There's a  
 deadly one in Carraroe.

They simultaneously open the car doors.

EXT. FIELD OUTSIDE MAAM CROSS - MOMENTS LATER

Roisin and Fergus drag the dead priest, his head half  
 missing, through the field and into the trunk of their car.  
 Fergus struggles now and again, wincing in pain due to his  
 wound.

INT. ROISIN'S CAR, COUNTRY ROAD, CONNEMARA, DRIVING - NIGHT

Roisin drives, Fergus bleeds in the passenger seat nursing a  
 bottle of Jameson.

FERGUS  
 Me head's torn apart, like... it  
 feels like a goat shat in it... I'm  
 thinking I may have a concussion,  
 like ...and I'm knackered... We  
 should stop for the night....

ROISIN  
 We can't just go to a bloody B&B,  
 Fergie.

FERGUS  
 A house... maybe...



ROISIN  
We're just outside of Carraroe, we  
can stop there, I'm thinking.

Fergus pours some whiskey on his wound, getting some in his eyes, and whimpers.

EXT. ROAD IN CARRAROE - NIGHT

Roisin drives along in Carraroe. She spots a worn old shebeen surrounded by stone-walls, and pulls into its drive-way.

EXT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - MOMENTS LATER

Roisin helps Fergus lurch towards the door of the miserable looking cottage. When they reach the door, she knocks powerfully. They wait a moment in silence. No one comes to the door.

ROISIN  
Feck...

She knocks again. They stand, Fergus about to collapse. After a moment the door opens. A wild-haired and dishevelled man lashes out with a large cane. He is NIGEL CLERY and is BLIND.

NIGEL  
Who's there?!

ROISIN  
We're two destroyed travellers,  
stranger, and need shelter from the  
cold night.

Nigel softens, and smiles kindly. He could use company.

NIGEL  
Oh aye... aye. Come on in for  
yourselves. Don't mind the mess.

Roisin smiles back at him, Fergus has near fainted. They step forward.

I/E. BRENDAN'S CAR, ROADSIDE, CONNEMARA - NIGHT

Brendan drives with Mick in the passenger seat, a sentimental tune playing on the radio, the two mouthing the lyrics. The song ends.

MICK  
I do love Delia Murphy.

BRENDAN

Aye, she does have a lovely voice.

MICK

Do you think we should stop for the night, copper, and get a biteen wink of sleep?

BRENDAN

Aye... aye. I'm knackered.

MICK

Do ye have any euro for a room?

BRENDAN

I have, but no place will be open this time of night.

MICK

For feck's sake... Pull over on the roadside, then. I need to take a slash.

Brendan pulls over.

INT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - NIGHT

The old shebeen's tiny and untidy, and lit dimly. A kitchen area is part of the living room. A few pictures hang on the wall, mostly of horses, ridiculously ajar. A placard reads "Home Sweet Home."

Nigel makes tea. Fergus is asleep on the floor, a blanket over him. Roisin sits slouched on a chair, staring at Nigel in awe, impressed.

ROISIN

Do you need help there fella?

NIGEL

No, no. And me name's Nigel Clery.

ROISIN

I'm Roisin, and me fella's Fergus.

NIGEL

Fergus? That's a great oul name.

Nigel stumbles blindly towards Roisin and hands her a mug of tea. And takes a seat opposite Roisin on a tattered chair.

ROISIN

Cheers.

NIGEL  
Is your man alright?

ROISIN  
He'll be fine, aye. He's a strong  
lad.

NIGEL  
Oh aye... aye. He'll be alright,  
so?

ROISIN  
Aye. An angry priest threw a rock  
at him, right in the head, like.

NIGEL  
Right, right. I apologize about  
the state of me home...

ROISIN  
It's fine, sure.

NIGEL  
I'm blind as a bat with no eyes and  
me wife passed away three months  
back.

ROISIN  
Did she?

NIGEL  
Aye.

ROISIN  
I'm sorry.

NIGEL  
Cancer of the brain.

ROISIN  
That's horrible.

NIGEL  
Aye, but isn't that life? And I'll  
always have sweet memories to keep  
me chin up, like.

ROISIN  
What was she like, yer wife?

Nigel smiles.

NIGEL  
Would you like to see a picture?

Roisin nods, smiling to herself.

EXT. BRENDAN'S CAR, PARKED IN A FIELD - NIGHT

Mick and Brendan sit in a field next to the car, prepared for sleep, backs leaned up against the vehicle. They share a blanket. A campfire blazes.

BRENDAN

Were you ever in love with a girl,  
Mick?

MICK

Aye, of course, so.

BRENDAN

Can you tell me about it?

MICK

Is that not a bit sentimental,  
like?

BRENDAN

I do like love stories.

MICK

Of course ye do, ya pansy.

INT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a picture of Nigel and his WIFE, a fat and very ugly woman. Nigel looks away from the camera, as a blind person may very well do, and his wife is missing a tooth. They look very happy.

Roisin holds the picture and looks at it with curiosity, she lies to keep Nigel cheerful.

NIGEL

That's me Mary.

ROISIN

Mary Clery?

NIGEL

She was known as the beauty queen  
of Ballinacree from Ulster to  
County Cork.

ROISIN

Aye, she's a stunning woman.

NIGEL

She had a voice on her like a wet cat, but I'm told her face was one to make Dierdre herself green with jealousy, and me the envy of Ireland's four fields for wooing her, so.

ROISIN

She is a beauty.

NIGEL

The beauty queen of Ballinacree. Of course I could never see her beauty meself. I'm blind, like.

ROISIN

Aye.

NIGEL

But I could see deep into her soul a way someone with sight could never know.

EXT. OUTSIDE BRENDAN'S CAR, PARKED IN A FIELD - NIGHT

Brendan and Mick continue their conversation.

MICK

It was October, and the oyster festival was raging in Galway, so I headed north from Kilkee to go on the piss with me mates. After a day full of eating oysters, as ye do at oyster festivals, I went fer pints at the Crane. That's where I saw her, Emma O'Brian, with her gorgeous red-hair, singing like a siren. Three months later she became Emma Higgins, and was the best damned wife in County Clare. She wanted children, but it seemed me seed couldn't harvest in her field. We tried everyday fer years, but nothing happened.

BRENDAN

That's sad.

MICK

Sad? It was fecking bliss. I shagged me pretty wife three times a day, like. Then, after eight years, she--

BRENDAN  
She was with child?

MICK  
Aye, babbies. Twins, like.

BRENDAN  
Jaysus.

MICK  
They were born nine months later.

BRENDAN  
Aye, that's what happens, like.

Mick backhands Brendan in the mouth.

MICK  
Shut yer gob, ya wee sissy.

BRENDAN  
Sorry, Mick. Jeez... Can you  
continue your story?

MICK  
Aye, if ya won't be interrupting  
with yer eejit schoolboy blather.

It begins to shower on the two of them. The fire is  
extinguished, smoke flying.

MICK  
For feck's sake.

INT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - NIGHT

Water now leaks profusely from the cottage's thatched roof  
from the rain outside. Roisin runs around putting pots under  
various leaks to catch the falling rain. Nigel is at the  
kitchen washing the tea cups in the dirty sink.

NIGEL  
You two can stay as long as ye  
like, so he can recuperate.

ROISIN  
We'll be on our way tomorrow, I'm  
thinking.

NIGEL  
Don't you feel like the two of ye  
are unwelcome, now.

ROISIN

I won't.

NIGEL

Ye're a happy couple, it seems.

ROISIN

(smiling)

Aye. He's a good lad, different than most boys.

She gives Fergus a loving glance. He's curled up in the corner like a fetus, fast asleep.

INT. BRENDAN'S CAR, PARKED IN A FIELD - NIGHT

Brendan and Mick are now cramped inside the vehicle. Rain pours from outside. Mick sprawls on the back seat, Brendan uncomfortably cramped in the front.

MICK

Me firstborn boy came out healthy and strong, and was the sparkle of me eye. I named him Michael, after meself. A befitting name for such a handsome lad. They called him "the Hercules of Kilkee" for his muscle and talent at hurling. And then crawled out Fergus, like a bitter afterthought.

BRENDAN

Fecking Fergus.

MICK

He was always a queer lad.

BRENDAN

Aye.

MICK

After the undertwelves hurling championship at Croke Park in Dublin, with Michael bringing Clare to sweet victory, he and me dear Emma were hit be a tour bus while crossing O'Connell Street. They died right there, their poor lives squashed out of them, with tourists gawking like broken-brained fools. Fergus was lagging behind, as usual, sickly and weak, and me with him trying to get him to catch-up.

BRENDAN

Jaysus.

MICK

Aye. The saddest day of me life.  
God took me wrong son, and I've  
been cursed ever since.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - DAWN

The rain from the night before has stopped. The sun rises,  
and the shebeen is revealed in light-- beaten, dirty, small,  
sitting in the shadow of a glen.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S)

Yesterday evening, during the  
Manchester/Chelsea match there  
was...

INT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - MORNING

Nigel listens to the radio report, slouched in his chair.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

... a reported armed robbery at  
Rory's, a popular pub in Leenane.  
The perpetrators of the crime have  
been identified....

Fergus, his head covered in dry blood, stands directly in  
front of the seated Nigel with his six-shooter pointed at the  
blind man's face. Roisin sleeps in the corner of the room, a  
blanket over her.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

.... as Fergus Higgins of Kilkee,  
County Clare, and Roisin  
Conneely... or Connelly of Kinvara,  
County Galway. They are considered  
armed and dangerous. If ye have  
any information--

Nigel turns off the radio. Fergus aims the gun at Nigel's  
face nervously, contemplating if it would be wise to murder  
the blind man.

NIGEL

How do you feel this morning, lad?

FERGUS

How'd you know I was awake?



NIGEL

I do hear exceptionally well on account of not being able to see.

FERGUS

Oh aye, aye.

NIGEL

That was you and your lass who did commit that robbery?

FERGUS

Aye, aye.

NIGEL

I suppose ye have to do what you have to do, like?

FERGUS

Aye.

Nigel smiles.

NIGEL

Would you like some breakfast, young fella? I do have Wheetabix.

Fergus lowers his gun, relaxed.

FERGUS

Aye, I do like Wheetabix.

INT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - MORNING

Fergus bends over Roisin, poking her irritably and excitedly to wake her up. After a few jabs, she wakes up. Fergus is in near tears in excitement.

ROISIN

What do you want, Fergus?

FERGUS

We were on the radio, Roisin.

ROISIN

Wha'?

FERGUS

Aye... the fecking radio! I've never had me name on a radio broadcast, like... "Armed and dangerous." Fecking hell. We're legends now, baby girl.

He gives her an ecstatic kiss. She smiles.

INT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - MORNING

Fergus, Roisin and Nigel sit at the small dining table in the shebeen, the two lovers munching on Wheetabix, finishing up cups of coffee. On the table is the picture of Nigel and Mary. Fergus takes out a cigarette.

FERGUS

Do you mind if I have a fag, fella?

NIGEL

No, go ahead for yourself.

Fergus lights a cigarette.

FERGUS

Thank feck. All these fecking smoking bans are ruining the pleasures of Irish life, like. Ireland free me arsehole. Ye aren't so bad, blind fella.

NIGEL

Me name's Nigel.

FERGUS

Thank you kindly, Nigel.

NIGEL

Me pleasure, Fergus.

Fergus smiles and looks at Roisin.

FERGUS

He's not such a bad fella, this ould blind man, eh?

ROISIN

No, Fergie, not at all.

Fergus notices the picture, and grimaces at Mary. He picks it up.

FERGUS

Jaysus... who's your woman in that picture with you?

NIGEL

Me Mary.

FERGUS

Your wife?

NIGEL

Aye.

FERGUS

She's a terror for the eyes, thank  
feck you're blind.

Fergus drops the picture, and makes a face to Roisin,  
scrunching his features, pointing towards Nigel.

ROISIN

Fergus--

FERGUS

Wha'? It's the plain truth of the  
matter, like.

NIGEL

She was a beauty, Fergus, and it's  
what is on the inside that matters  
to me, like.

FERGUS

Well, aye. You're blind, you don't  
have a choice.

NIGEL

That's right, Fergus. I don't see  
the ugliness of the world.

FERGUS

Where is she?

NIGEL

With God in heaven.

FERGUS

She's dead?

NIGEL

Aye, dead... dead.

FERGUS

You didn't kill her did you?

NIGEL

No, no, Fergus. It was cancer to  
the brain.

FERGUS

(sincerely)

Feck. I'm sorry fella. That's  
awful sad.

NIGEL

Aye. But sadness is just a part of life. To balance out the good things, like. Ye wouldn't want to be smiling and giggling like some fool of a schoolgirl the entire of your life, would you?

EXT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE, OUTSIDE ROISIN'S CAR - DAY

The car trunk opens, and Fergus and Roisin stand outside, staring in. Flies swarm, flying out. Fergus winces at the sight of the decaying corpse.

FERGUS

Holy fecking hell.

ROISIN

He's still dead.

FERGUS

Aye, and his head half missing, and brains pouring out.

ROISIN

And flies swarming.

FERGUS

How do flies get into a trunk?

ROISIN

Clever feckers.

Fergus closes the trunk.

FERGUS

We should lay-low here for the day, as we're wanted.

ROISIN

Aye, keep low-profiles, like.

FERGUS

And at midnight we head west to the graveyard be the sea and bury this mad fecker in a proper grave.

ROISIN

Aye.

EXT. PETROL STATION, CONNEMARA - MORNING

Brendan fills his car up with petrol, the sun shining. He is scruffy and dirty from the last day's travels.

Weary and exhausted, he's near at the end of his rope. He wants this search to end.

From inside the station's store exits Mick, smiling wildly. He's dirtier than Brendan, and still bloody from his head wound. He's comparatively chipper, happy to begin another day searching. In his hands are a fistful of Double Decker candy bars. He strides up to Brendan, who has just finished filling up.

MICK

Here you go, copper.

He tosses him a couple of candy bars. Brendan catches them.

BRENDAN

Double Deckers?

MICK

Aye. They were out of donuts, gumshoe. And I do love Double Deckers.

BRENDAN

They're decent sweeties, like.

Brendan and Mick enter the car, and drive off onto the barren heather and grey rock of Connemara.

INT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - DAY

Nigel is sitting on a chair, with Roisin sitting opposite him.

NIGEL

Is your man's head better?

ROISIN

Aye... He seems regular enough to me.

NIGEL

Grand, grand.

ROISIN

We're going to be heading out tonight. Thanks, fella, fer keeping us. A good man is hard to find.

Fergus runs in from outside, a shovel in hand.

FERGUS

Nigel, can we borrow yer shovel?

NIGEL

Aye. I don't have much use fer it.

FERGUS

I don't think we'll be bringing it back to ye.

NIGEL

That's fine.

FERGUS

Thanks a million. Jeez, you're a nice oul fella.

Fergus slams the door.

INT. BRENDAN'S CAR, ROADSIDE, DRIVING, CARRAROE - SUNSET

Brendan cruises along, Mick munching a Double Decker.

BRENDAN

I did get me first kiss from Roisin in Carraroe.

MICK

Did you?

BRENDAN

Aye, at a disco when in Irish camp. The best day of me life.

MICK

That's awful maudlin, Brendan.

BRENDAN

The whore.

They drive by Nigel's shebeen-- Roisin's car parked outside.

MICK

You need to grow some testicles fer yerself there, Brendan. There's more pleasures in life than just the love of a girl. Like the thoughts of murdering yer wicked son.

Brendan notices Roisin's car.

BRENDAN

That's her car.

MICK

Wha'?

BRENDAN  
That's Roisin's car!

Brendan pulls over, tires SCREECHING.

INT. BRENDAN'S CAR, OUTSIDE SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - SUNSET

Brendan and Mick look at the car and house, fifty yards ahead of them.

MICK  
What are we waiting fer? Let's go  
in and murder me son deadly, like.

BRENDAN  
I don't think that's a strategic  
move, Mick.

MICK  
You're awful sissy fer a cop.

BRENDAN  
They're on the defensive, like. It  
gives them an advantage. They may  
be expecting us, and shoot us  
through the door, like. They'll  
have to come out some time, and  
then we attack.

MICK  
Feck... More fecking waiting.

Mick takes a bite of his candy.

INT. SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - MIDNIGHT

Nigel, at his kitchen area, blindly prepares tea for himself. Fergus stands with anticipation beside the table, balancing himself on the shovel. Roisin paces around the room, looking at her watch.

ROISIN  
It's midnight, Fergus.

FERGUS  
Fecking finally. I thought it  
would never come.

Roisin turns to Nigel.

ROISIN  
We're off, Nigel.

NIGEL  
Ye won't be staying fer tea?

ROISIN  
No, no. We have a schedule to  
keep, so we do.

She takes from her pocket a hundred euro.

ROISIN  
Here, take this.

She puts the money in his hand.

NIGEL  
No... no. Ye need this more than I  
do.

ROISIN  
Bollocks. It's fer yer kindness  
and hospitality.

FERGUS  
Aye, and the shovel.

NIGEL  
I have no call fer money. I'm  
happy enough without it. I'm on  
the dole, and that feeds me enough,  
like.

ROISIN  
Thank you.

She gives him a little kiss on the cheek. He cracks a bit of  
a smile. Roisin walks to the door with Fergus.

FERGUS  
See ya so, Nigel.

NIGEL  
The best of luck to the two of you.

ROISIN  
Sorry about yer missus...

Nigel nods, understandably, his back to them. Fergus and  
Roisin leave. Nigel idles in the kitchen for a moment, then,  
accidentally, pours hot water on his hand. He mutters some  
profanity, in pain.

NIGEL  
Fer feck's sake...



INT. BRENDAN'S CAR, OUTSIDE SHEBEEN, CARRAROE - MOMENTS LATER

Brendan is asleep in the driver's seat, Mick likewise dozing off, until he sees: Fergus and Roisin. Roisin unlocks her car, getting in, and opens the door for Fergus, who tosses the shovel into the backseat, then enters.

Mick is excited as a schoolboy who received a first kiss from a girl, it's one the best moments of his life. Not looking at Brendan he smacks him in the face. He erupts from slumber, pissed.

BRENDAN

Wha'?

MICK

Look, ya lube!

Brendan sees the two in car. Fergus and Roisin share a kiss in the car. Brendan is outraged.

BRENDAN

The fecking bastard!

Roisin turns the car on, driving off. Brendan stares in shock.

MICK

Would you follow them, ya woman?!

BRENDAN

Aye, aye.

He does nothing. Mick hits him in the head.

BRENDAN

Ow! Ya fecker!

MICK

Tail them!

Brendan turns on the car and accelerates, tailing Roisin and Fergus, his headlights off for stealth's sake, keeping a safe distance behind.

I/E. ROISIN'S CAR, SEASIDE DIRT ROAD, CARRAROE - LATER

Roisin and Fergus drive. He's exploding with excitement, smoking a cigarette. She is calm but notably happy. They are oblivious to the car tailing them, a hundred meters behind.

They pull off to a small and bumpy dirt road. A graveyard is in the distance, its Celtic gravestones spookily illuminated by the moonlight.

FERGUS

It's a spooky oul place, so it is.  
Graveyards do scare me, like.  
Especially after dark.

ROISIN

We won't be visited be a ghost,  
Fergus.

Now at the parking lot, they park.

INT. BRENDAN'S CAR, SEASIDE DIRT ROAD.

Brendan slows the car down, staying out of Roisin and Fergus' sight, he's frightened.

BRENDAN

Why would they be going to a  
graveyard? The ghoulish fecks.

MICK

It does make it convenient for us,  
like, so it does. A graveyard's a  
fine place to murder a son. I  
won't have to be making funeral  
arrangements. Pull over Brendan,  
we can walk from here.

Brendan stops the car and pulls out his gun from the glove compartment.

BRENDAN

We have to torture that blackguard  
kin of yours before we kill him...  
blow-torch his fingers off, like.

MICK

Sure, we have no blowtorch. Give  
me the gun, Brendan.

BRENDAN

I want the gun!

MICK

I want the gun!

BRENDAN

It's me gun.

MICK  
You're a pansy ass girly we feck  
with no balls at all, so give me  
the gun.

BRENDAN  
Alright!

Brendan gives Mick the gun.

BRENDAN  
And I do have balls. Big balls, I  
do have.

Mick opens his door with anticipation, and jets out. Brendan follows, reluctantly.

EXT. GRAVEYARD PARKING LOT - LATER

Roisin opens the trunk. The priest is consumed by flies, decaying and rotted. Fergus plugs his nose.

FERGUS  
The smelly wee cunt...

ROISIN  
Let's grab him, Fergie.

They grab the corpse by the arm and pull him out of the car.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

Fergus and Roisin, with difficulty, drag the priest to through the graveyard. They stop at an open space between graves.

FERGUS  
This seems as good a place as any.

ROISIN  
Aye.

FERGUS  
I'll go fetch the shovel.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER

The spade of a shovel hits the ground of the cemetery. It slams into the ground, again. And again. And again.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Fergus digs a hole in the graveyard. His face and body covered with dirt, he is out of breath from the exercise.

He takes one last swing of the shovel, and throws the dirt beside him. He drops the shovel to the ground, and smiles. Roisin sits on a grave, admiring Fergus' labor.

FERGUS

Done!

ROISIN

I'll go grab the priest.

Roisin skips to the dead priest. She grabs him from behind, taking his armpits and throws him into the grave. She smiles at her work.

FERGUS

Teamwork.

ROISIN

Teamwork, aye.

FERGUS

This is me second grave dug in a week. I think I'd be a first-rate grave-digger, if I didn't have another occupation, like.

Roisin puts her hand on Fergus' shoulder, seducingly.

ROISIN

Sure, you are a lot more talented than that.

FERGUS

Aye, a legend, like.

They kiss passionately at length, alongside the many graves arising from the ground and a dead priest in a ditch, lit by the moonlight.

MICK (O.S)

Fergus Higgins!

Fergus ends the kiss, spooked and looks to the angry voice. He sees Mick with the ridiculously antique gun in his hand, and stumbles back, his face white as if he has seen a ghost.

ROISIN

Who in the feck are you?

MICK

His father, God forgive me.

ROISIN

Wha'?

MICK  
Stand aside, girl.

Mick pushes Roisin out of the way, and walks up to Fergus who cowers, crawling backwards. Mick gets right on top of Fergus, standing over his body, and points the gun at his head.

MICK  
Now, me boy, you rise up to retribution.

ROISIN  
You didn't even kill yer da, Fergus?!

FERGUS  
I did, Roisin, I did!

ROISIN  
And what? He rose from the fecking dead? Is he like Jaysus?

FERGUS  
This...this.. this...

ROISIN  
This, this, this, what ya stuttering lube, ya?

FERGUS  
He isn't me da, Roisin. He's just a mad thing, a drunken tinker, a raving maniac! Me da's dead, murdered..

MICK  
It'll take more than a girly wee tap of a loy to get rid of me, Fergus.

ROISIN  
You fecking lied to me Fergus! And me thinking I'm in love with a brave man, followed his heart, lived life on a whim, and would rid oppression from the world to make freedom his own!

Mick cocks the revolver, smiling.

MICK

Do you have anything to say, so,  
Fergus, before ye meet the devil in  
hell?

Fergus chokes up some bravery.

FERGUS

I'll be seeing you there, ya feck.

MICK

Aye.

Mick PULLS the trigger. NOTHING.

Fergus smiles ear to ear, realizing he's been saved. He  
kicks his father in the balls, who falls hard to the ground,  
wheezing in pain.

MICK

Ya fecker!

Fergus grabs the shovel and stands over Mick, the opposite of  
earlier.

MICK

You can't hit a man in the balls!

FERGUS

Trying to kill me, is it, da?! Yer  
own fecking son. May God have  
mercy on yer soul.

Fergus swings the shovel down hitting Mick in the head. He  
crumbles. Fergus spits on the body. He turns to Roisin, as  
coolly as he can.

FERGUS

Looks like we'll have to dig  
another grave, like.

ROISIN

We? Fecking we?

FERGUS

Aye, Roisin fer we're in love.

Brendan, who has been cowering out of sight, behind a  
gravestone comes out holding Fergus' six-shooter. He  
blunders sheepishly towards Fergus.

BRENDAN

Fergus Higgins! Freeze!

Fergus turns around to see a gun pointed at him, again.

FERGUS  
Fer feck's sake! What now?

ROISIN  
Brendan Conlon?!

BRENDAN  
Aye...

FERGUS  
The sissy gayboy copper from  
Kinvara?

Brendan SHOOTs Fergus in the knee, he falls to the ground,  
howling in pain.

FERGUS  
Argghhh! Me knee, ye shot my  
fecking knee.

BRENDAN  
Aye. And who's the sissy gayboy  
copper now, eh?

FERGUS  
Wha?!

BRENDAN  
Shut the feck up, you!

Fergus lies whimpering to himself. Brendan turn to Roisin.

BRENDAN  
How could ye betray me Roisin?

ROISIN  
For feck's sake...

BRENDAN  
Your loving fiance, did love ye  
since the day I first saw ye.

ROISIN  
You were four years old Brendan!

BRENDAN  
Aye, and love has just intensified  
with each passing day. And you  
betray me?

ROISIN

I never did love you, Brendan, and ya know that. You are a girly wee pussy and a terrible cop.

BRENDAN

Then why the feck did you agree to me proposal?

ROISIN

I didn't think I had a choice.

BRENDAN

I'll make sure that you don't again.

Brendan strolls up to the wounded Fergus and points the gun at his head.

BRENDAN

This time, it's loaded, ya feck.

He cocks the revolver when... BAM a shovel slams on his head, blood pouring from his skull, the gun flying.

Mick holds the shovel, his head bleeding.

MICK

You didn't even load the gun, ya fecking eejit.

Fergus looks at him, with shock.

FERGUS

Jaysus... Why won't ye fecking die, da? Why don't ye just fecking die?

Mick throws the shovel to the ground and helps his son up. Roisin looks on in confusion.

MICK

Get yourself up, son.

FERGUS

Do you want me to murder ye a third time?

MICK

You've made a man of yourself these past days, Fergus. A true Higgins. Ya aren't the weak wee sheep of a lad I thought you were. You made a pretty girl yer own...



ROISIN  
What the feck is going on here?

Mick holds Fergus up.

MICK  
You stood brave against cowards, me boy. Now we can on and spin terrific yarns and have great talk and adventures, like father and son.

FERGUS  
Feck off, da. I won't be your slave any longer...

MICK  
It's just yer wound talking. I'm proud of you, son.

BANG! Blood flies from Mick's head. He falls to the ground, dead. Roisin holds a smoking gun. Fergus limps around and looks at the corpse.

FERGUS  
Fecking finally. Jaysus, I thought he'd never die.

ROISIN  
You lied to me Fergus!

Fergus limps towards her in pain.

FERGUS  
Wha'?!

ROISIN  
Blathering on that yer da was dead, and playing with me heart.

FERGUS  
It's himself who's a liar, the lousy feck, lying out with an open head on him, making out like he was dead.

ROISIN  
A bullet did the trick.

FERGUS  
Aye... Thank you, Roisin.

Roisin points her gun at Fergus.

ROISIN

You made out like a great man you were, building romance on the power of a lie! You're just a fecking--

FERGUS

What about you? A bride to be, and not saying a fecking word, like!

ROISIN

Ye can break off an engagement, you can't unkill a man you boast is dead. You're an ugly liar, playing off you were a hero of men.

Fergus kneels down, grimacing in pain.

FERGUS

Roisin... I do love you. We can live a grand life together, full of spontaneous adventure, like a film... We're legends, like! I love you.

ROISIN

I thought I loved you, too. But you have to realize it's hard to trust a lad, did blather nonsense about killing his da, when just a measly weak tap he did give him.

FERGUS

I'm sorry, Roisin.

Roisin puts the gun to his head.

ROISIN

Feck sorry. Bye, Fergus.

BANG! Fergus dies, his head blown off.

ROISIN (V.O.)

Standing there in a graveyard with me husband's brain blown out of him, along with his da, me fiancée, and a suicidal priest, me stomach turned from the madness of all the bloodshed, but I did realize a thing about me life.

The headless bodies of Fergus, Mick, the priest, and Brendan with his head halved, lie in an almost religious, eerie, position around Roisin, standing in the middle of it all with a gun in hand.

Roisin walks away from the bloodbath and onto the beach below. The moon casts a reflection on the sea.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
The weather may be predictable, but  
life doesn't have to be dictated by  
the spinning wheels of routine.

Roisin sits on the beach and takes out a cigarette, lighting it.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
I may have lost the only Playboy of  
the Western World, and I'd grieve  
for me dead Fergus, but I had a  
life ahead of me.

Roisin walks along the beach towards her car.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
A short life maybe, but a life  
unbound. I won't have to be a wife  
and a mother, cleaning and slaving  
at a kitchen til the day I die.

Roisin gets inside her car, turning on the ignition.

ROISIN (V.O.)  
I can do anything I put me mind to,  
and after two days scavenging in  
Connemara with Fergus, I found  
treasure in a lonesome place.

Roisin drives away into the cold, cold Irish night.

FADE OUT.



