

BROKEN COVE

Written

by

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EXT. BROKEN COVE - NIGHT

High winds and torrential rain bombard the ruinous IRISH FISHING VILLAGE of BROKEN COVE into submission.

Under the cover of a dripping awning, an UNIDENTIFIED FIGURE draws deeply on the last, pathetic remnants of cigarette - before flicking the butt away, instantly igniting another. Waiting, watching.

EXT. BROKEN COVE. JETTY - CONTINUOUS

A FISHING BOAT battles violent seas to find safe haven in the harbour. Weathered men skillfully fight to secure a line.

A battered kit-bag is thrown from the boat. A man leaps across, finds his footing on the concrete jetty. Scuffed shoes, a threadbare overcoat, a battered TRILBY, this is SMITH. Intelligent eyes and a tired kilowatt smile contradict a predilection for violence.

Smith peers through the billowing spray to see the UNIDENTIFIED FIGURE approaching; REVEAL: the formidable INSPECTOR AMBROSE.

AMBROSE

I've got two of those hats. One to
shit in and one to cover it up
with.

Smith hoists his kit bag onto his shoulder. Awkward stand off.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Really sorry about --

SMITH

-- I know.

Smith looks past Ambrose further down the Jetty - to see two GARDA (IRISH POLICE), JOSEPH AMBROSE and ALFRED MAHONEY - keeping a respectable distance - but still a visible presence. Joseph, handsome, dapper even, has a PENNY TIN WHISTLE in his hand.

AMBROSE

Don't want no trouble. What
happened - well, what happened was
a feckin' --

SMITH

-- I'm here to bury my brother and
bury the hatchet.

AMBROSE
That's what worries me.

SMITH
Are we done - Inspector?

Ambrose steps aside and Smith eases past and along the jetty - past the two Constables. Smith nods his head, a subtle greeting.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Joe, Alf.

Smith. ALFRED JOSEPH
 Smithy.

Joseph, choked - braves it out but can't find the words. Smith acknowledges the condolences. Looks Joseph up and down -

SMITH (CONT'D)
Uniform suits you. Chip off the old
block.

Joseph forces a hollow smile. Smith moves out --

EXT. BROKEN COVE. PORT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

-- into the main road, kicking through the mud as he crosses to the BUS STOP.

The pseudo-sinister shape of an aged RANGE ROVER cuts a path through the rain. Inside; TWO inbred thugs, PATRICK KELLY and his heinously disfigured brother LINUS.

They step from the vehicle, striding over to Smith, ready to rumble.

PATRICK
Monaghan's want a word?

SMITH
They can have two; fuck off!

PATRICK
Said we were to insist.

SMITH
Tell the Monaghan's if they're
involved, I'll get to see them.

Linus threateningly grabs Smith's sleeve --

LINUS

They said...

Smith lashes out with devastating ferocity. Brutal and efficient; flooring Linus.

Patrick lurches forward to attack - BUT; Ambrose appears, cigarette still hanging from his lip, viciously forcing a thumb into Patrick's eye socket, throwing him to the ground.

AMBROSE

Now ladies. Play nice.

Behind Ambrose, Alfred and Joseph - a subtle threat - although not ultimately convincing. Joseph awkwardly wields his WOODEN POLICE TRUNCHEON.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Don't be drinking the water, Linus -
fish fuck in it.

Linus climbs to his feet - nursing a broken nose.

Ambrose grabs Patrick, lifting him by his collar.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

You're making the place look
untidy. Go home boys. Count your
chickens.

As Patrick Kelly breaks free he stumbles into Joseph. Joseph wavers - his apprehension manifesting in fear - which people like the Kelly's can sense - like pack animals.

Patrick snatches the truncheon from a petrified Joseph. BUT instantly, Ambrose calmly steps in ramming a finger into Patrick's already gouged eye. Patrick screams - drops the truncheon and scrambles clear.

Ambrose picks up the truncheon, hands it back to a shell-shocked and embarrassed Joseph.

The Kelly brothers get back into the Range Rover, watching Smith all the way. They wheel-spin off into town.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

You remember the Kelly Brothers?

Smith nods. Picks his sodden Trilby from the mud.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Be friendly to the natives.

Ambrose gestures to his POLICE CRUISER.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Can we give you lift somewhere?

Smith shakes his head. The knackered, decrepit BUS arrives - and Smith steps on.

Ambrose, Alfred and Joseph watch him take a seat as the bus pull away, towards town. Joseph starts nervously playing the tin-whistle - almost like a comfort blanket.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
There goes the neighbourhood.

Ambrose puts a reassuring hand on Joseph's shoulder - before heading to the car.

INT/EXT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Smith looks out of the dirty, broken rear window, metaphorically and physically moving out of the reach of the law.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW TOWN BRIDGE - LATER

The bus limps over the NEW TOWN BRIDGE, a rusty industrial relic to a more prosperous time. Below, an Ionized, rocky river-bed - and a watery tomb to several smashed vehicles, jutting from the rocks.

INT. BUS / NEW TOWN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Smith takes in the view; fights the bittersweet nostalgia rush.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW TOWN - LATER STILL

A desolate hick-town in the arse-hole of nowhere.

The bus pulls up, Smith steps down. It's familiar territory, but it's been a while.

Across the road; GOLIGHTLY'S BED AND BREAKFAST.

CUT TO:

INT. GOLIGHTLY'S BED & BREAKFAST - CONTINUOUS

Smith walks in, it's a well worn drinking hole masquerading as a B&B - but it's been years since anyone has paid to stay the night.

He takes a seat at the bar - absorbing the lack of atmosphere, the nicotine stained walls, the worn varnish on the bar. All familiar - all comforting.

OLD MAN GOLIGHTLY, old fart, appears, carrying a stack of PINT GLASSES - see's Smith, it jolts him - he drops the glasses.

MARY (O.S.)
Clumsy bastard!!!!

SMITH
What's wrong old man, you look like
you've seen a Ghost?

Slowly, the briefest glimpse of a smile creeps onto Golightly's seasoned face.

GOLIGHTLY
(at the top of his voice)
Mary!!!! Mary!! Put your draws on
woman, we got ourselves an
Epiphany!

MARY (O.S.)
What! What you jawing about now you
old flaccid --

MARY GOLIGHTLY, navvy landlady, steps from out-back. She recognizes Smith.

MARY (CONT'D)
-- well, sling a saddle on my back
and ride me till I fart!

She scurries over and throws her arms around him. Genuinely pleased to see him.

MARY (CONT'D)
Look at you, with the city boy hat.

She looks Smith in the eyes - remembering.

MARY (CONT'D)
Wish I could say it's good to see
you, Smithy, under the
circumstances n'all --

Mary doesn't let go of his gaze until she's satisfied - she's not fooled.

MARY (CONT'D)
-- and I've seen that look before.
Didn't suit you back then neither.
A man can't hide vengeance in his
eye.

She snaps out of her troubled reverie.

MARY (CONT'D)
You been up to the house yet?

SMITH
(shakes his head, no)
Just off the bus.

Golightly dangles a RABBIT FOOT KEY-RING.

GOLIGHTLY
Suppose you'll be wanting the old
bulldog again then?

MARY
Listen to you, like that Noah and
his boat thing.

GOLIGHTLY
Ark.

MARY
Ark my hole! What do the Hebrews
know about Arks? It was a feckin'
boat.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLIGHTLY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Golightly opens the garage door, hits the light. And there, before them, a mid-seventies old-school WHITE 5.3 Litre V12 JAGUAR XJ-S - bruised with the dust and detritus of years in storage - but still magnificent. Smith can't hide his smile.

MARY
The only thing that still gets his
dick hard.

Golightly throws Smith the keys.

GOLIGHTLY
Still turns over well enough. Just
sitting here rusting --

MARY
-- like the rest of us in Broken
Cove.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW TOWN. HIGH ROAD - NIGHT

The XJ-S purrs through town - every mile a memory.

I/E. JAGUAR XJ-S - CONTINUOUS

-- the harsh, picturesque landscape roll by.

EXT. COAST ROAD - NIGHT

The Jaguar races down the rocky coast road --

EXT. T-JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

-- and hammers to a muddy intersection. Smith hits the
peddle, right fork, inland, towards The Drift.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIFT - NIGHT

The Jaguar rumbles into the ramshackle, downtrodden mining
town, populated with the dregs of humanity, the full gamut,
the unemployed and the unemployable.

He cruises through the social wasteland; until he stops at a
row of unsavoury cottages.

Smith climbs out of the ride, scans his surroundings before
proceeding to the door of COTTAGE SIX.

But; from next-door, (COTTAGE FOUR) a brittle, skeletal man,
ED CONWAY, scurries away. Smith watches him for a moment,
recognizing him from a bygone time. Ed Conway doesn't see the
shadowy figure of Smith, too caught up in his own myopic
world.

Smith peers through the dirty window of COTTAGE SIX, then, instinctively reaches to the gutter above the window - retrieving a key - unlocks the door.

Behind him; DAPHNE D'MARCO, Venezuelan, slut-sexy, stoned and pregnant, steps out of COTTAGE FOUR - instantly recognizes him.

DAPHNE

Well, looky what the cat sicked up?

Smith recognizes her too.

SMITH

Daphne D'Marco. Still a Fiver-a-fuck?

She sucks her teeth, all attitude.

DAPHNE

-- half-price on Wednesday, uncle bitch.

Smith opens the door and tentatively enters, Daphne follows into --

INT. JIMMY'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

-- the dark hallway. A crucifix hangs crooked on the wall - Daphne straightens it.

DAPHNE

I'd offer my condolences, but I don't like you.

The repugnant atmosphere of stagnant damp air assaults the senses as they move through the unkempt bungalow.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

You back to kill people, right?

Smith doesn't answer. They move into the lived-in living area. Despite the wasteland of fast-food containers and empty beer bottles - it's obvious the joint has been ransacked - with a shattered rear window the point of entry.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

Your brother, he killed by Anheuser-Busch, no?

Smith throws her a daggered look.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Ok, inappropriate.

 SMITH
Jimmy have enemies?

 DAPHNE
 (shrugs)
Just himself.

Smith flicks clutter from the table - finds nothing. He continues searching the room.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
If you looking for nothing, then I
guess you found it, eh?

Daphne joins the search, boredom creeping in.

Smith moves the bedroom door open with his foot and peers inside, also ransacked.

She holds up a DVD 'Double Anal'.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
I borrow this?

He looks back at Daphne, nods. Satisfied, Daphne heads outside.

Smith notices something on the floor - he crosses, kicks other crud out of the way - to reveal a crudely handmade WOODEN MODEL SAILING SHIP, mast broken.

EXT. THE DRIFT - CONTINUOUS

Smith steps out of the bungalow, broken WOODEN SAILING SHIP in hand - only to find Daphne waiting at the door. She gestures down the road - to a black FORD EXPLORER - with TWO figures silhouetted inside.

 DAPHNE
Friends of yours?

Smith gets into the Jaguar, dumps WOODEN SAILING SHIP on the passenger seat and guns the engine.

Rear view mirror; where the EXPLORER indiscreetly follow.

Smith slows, turns off, the tail the still with him.

EXT. T-JUNCTION - CONTINUOUS

The XJ-S hammers through the junction.

CUT TO:

EXT. COAST ROAD - NIGHT

Smith floors the accelerator - the 5.3 litre V12 engine roars and ferociously lurches forward - vomiting mud behind.

The Ford Explorer begins to fall behind.

Suddenly; Smith skids to a halt and reverses --

EXT. DIRT TRACK - CONTINUOUS

-- slamming the Jaguar neatly down a dirt track.

Smith checks his mirror and see's the Ford lumber past.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

The XJ-S spits up a shit-storm of mud on the track up to the homestead.

The farmhouse nestles amongst derelict barns and stables.

ANNIE SMITH, a true frontiers-woman, strong in spirit, intimidating, kicks the door open and steps out onto the front porch - wielding an archaic 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN.

The Jaguar pulls up, Smith climbs out - leaves the engine running.

SMITH

Ma.

Annie looks at him; it's a hard gaze. Only the love a Mother could have and only the hurt a family can hide.

ANNIE

Is that a London hat?

The silence is uncomfortable - she de-cocks both barrels of the 12 gauge.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You staying for supper?

Smith shakes his head. She so desperately wants him to - but won't ask again.

Smith steps onto the porch.

SMITH
I'm gonna kill who did this to
Jimmy.

Annie is a strong woman - but the heartbreak is impossible to hide.

ANNIE
I know.

She hugs him - holds him so tight.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Don't make me bury another son.

Annie pulls away, regains her composure.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Home-brew still make you retarded?

Smith, nods, forever a child in his Mother's eyes. She gestures to the car.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Thought I'd seen the back of that
thing. Turn it off, it's running
rich.

Smith clicks off the engine - starts to head to the house - but deviates towards the barn.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Nothing in there - already looked.

He keeps walking. Annie heads inside eyeing him all the way.

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Smith slips the latch, lets himself in.

He fires up a PARAFFIN LANTERN - and instantly moves for an old wood-wormed DRESSER, tucked away rotting in the corner. A disturbed pattern of dust shows recent activity. Regardless, Smith prises the door open, cajoles an awkward panel from the floor, to REVEAL; a hidden compartment --

-- he forces his hand inside - and pulls out nothing, nothing but a dirty, broken TERRACOTTA TILE FRAGMENT.

Smith eyes instantly dart over to an archaic LOG BURNER nearby. He climbs to his feet, clearing the clutter away. To REVEAL; the hearth under the Log Burner is made from the EXACT SAME dirty terracotta tiles - complete with missing fragment. Smith grabs a rusty scythe from a nearby heap of tools and uses it to sweep under the burner - eventually hooking out a CANVAS BAG.

AMBROSE (O.S.)
You looking for something?

Smith spins to see Ambrose.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Been into see her?

Smith nods. Ambrose eyes the canvas bag.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
She still trying to peddle that
poison she calls home-brew?
(smirk)
Stuff rots my guts, gives me the
screaming trots.

They share a moment - an awkward sombre moment - and Ambrose chooses that silence to address an unresolved issue.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
About me and your Ma --

Ambrose, stares at his feet - searching for the words.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
-- it just happened, you know. When
our Glynis went, we just -- it
happened.

He finally looks up to see Smith shrug, half smile. It's cool with him.

Smith starts undoing the canvas bag - removes an ADDRESS BOOK.

SMITH
How did Jimmy die?

Ambrose clears his throat, choked.

AMBROSE
Slowly.

Smith's cold, hardening gaze forces Ambrose to continue.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Doc said someone tied him to a chair, beat him, broke shins - fingers, hands. Then put a Paraffin soaked rag in his mouth and set light to it.

SMITH

Can I see the body?

Ambroses' silence is enough to tell him there's nothing left to see. Smith fights his anger - instead turns his focus to the contents of the book - general scribbles and day-to-day stuff - the back of the book contains a list of SIX names.

AMBROSE

What you got there?

SMITH

Dunno. When we were kids me and Jimmy always hid shit n'stuff in here, so if anything hap --

Smith doesn't bother to finish his sentence. He scours the list:

SMITH (CONT'D)

Monaghan, I know. Carroll and Conway, that's it.

AMBROSE

Johnny Carroll? That drunken ejit died a day or two before Jimmy. Had a skinful, car went off the road, down by the bridge. Face became an integral part of his arse. Bag of weed in the glove-box.

Smith hands the list over to Ambrose.

SMITH

Recognise any of the others?

Ambrose scans the list - and nods.

AMBROSE

The usual, apart from Cathleen Hennessy, name don't ring no bells with me. But I can make some enquiries tomorrow, see what we get.

He hands the book back to Smith - it's another uncomfortable silence.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Beds made up.

Smith, throws him a look.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Been made up a week. She'd -- we'd,
like it if you stayed. Even just
for the night.

Smith, indecisive.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The 'family' table. A stilted atmosphere. Supper is finished -
Annie is clearing the table.

SMITH
I'm thinking of heading into town,
it's been a while.

ANNIE
Don't go causing no trouble,
raising hell, not tonight. Already
got one funeral tomorrow.

The words just slip out - the meaning has a delayed emotional
aftershock for Annie. Smith remains silent but she can read
him like an open book.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
You're going to see her, the
protestant tramp?

Smith speaks volumes by not answering.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Never had the sense you were born
with.

Smith attempts to protest, but thinks better of it.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
That harlot broke this family up.
Put that stupid rift between you
and James.

Annie fights back the emotion. Anger and grief fuel her
venom. Ambrose places a comforting, calming hand on top of
Annie's hand - but she snaps it away.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 He's barely cold in the ground and
 your sniffing round her - like a
 fly to shit!

She's got a point, Smith knows it.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 If she hadn't done what she done -
 you'd never have gone away, and
 Jimmy would still be --

She cuts off and walks from the kitchen. Ambrose throws his
 napkin down and leans across the table.

AMBROSE
 (sotto)
 You'll find her working at The Full
 Moon, down by Longacre.

Smith acknowledges the tip off - he knows where it is.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
 Watch your back, you hear. You're a
 fist full of trouble to these
 people and every inbred with a
 blade and a pulse knows you're in
 town - and why you're here.

Ambrose heads off to comfort Annie.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FULL MOON - NIGHT

Smith eases into the bar. A haven for societies undesirables.
 The TOPLESS WAITRESSES apply their trade - numb to the
 lecherous looks from the punters. These are not nubile young
 beauties - these are hardened working women with real time-
 worn bodies.

As Smith sidles to the bar he notices a familiar face - this
 is PASCAL, a tired looking and jaded drunk. The briefest of
 acknowledgements before Pascal is lured back into his drunken
 lechery. Smith gets THE BARMAN'S attention.

SMITH
 Looking for Moira Cowley?

Before THE BARMAN can answer, the owner of the joint appears,
 JOAN BRANNIGAN, seen it all, done it all, twice.

JOAN
If it's not the Prodigal Son --

SMITH
-- said the devil's whore.

JOAN
I'm my own whore, Smithy, the devil
don't get a look in.

She points off into a murky corner of the bar - and there she is, MOIRA COWLEY - remarkably unremarkable - serving, topless.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Beauty's only skin deep, ugly goes
through to the bone.

Joan peels off leaving Smith watching Moira work the prosaic punters. Eventually Moira sees him, ashen. She reigns her shock back in. He makes his way over.

MOIRA
What do you want Smithy, eh? Jim
needed you when he was alive, not
now. So piss off back to whatever
trouble you've crawled from.

SMITH
Can't do that.

MOIRA
Don't start spouting that blood is
thicker than water shit! It's too
late for that.

Smith gets Jimmy's book out - tries to show it to her.

SMITH
Jimmy had a list. Names. Some I
recognise, some I don't.

She's not listening.

MOIRA
Fuck off, Smithy.

Smith grabs her arm, roughly.

SMITH
I need --

A BOUNCER walks over.

BOUNCER

Moira?

Smith lets go.

MOIRA

He's just leaving.

BOUNCER

You heard the lady.

The BOUNCER grabs Smith's shoulder - but instantly, Smith clutches the bouncers hand, twisting it - sending him crashing to the floor - unable to move for pain.

SMITH

(calmly to Moira)

I need your help.

MOIRA

And I said fuck off!

Smith lets go of the Bouncers arm and walks out.

Moira watches him go - walking out of her life, again.

EXT. THE FULL MOON - CONTINUOUS

Smith crosses to his car. Two burly thugs, KEOGH and GARRICK, climb from the black FORD EXPLORER, swiftly moving towards him, intent.

As Smith unlocks the car door - Garrick slams a hessian sack over his head - whilst Keogh hammers a pulverising blow into Smith's kidneys sending him crashing to the ground.

Smith claws the sack from his head - arms blocking searching kicks from his aggressors.

Unexpectedly, Keogh is brutally clobbered across the head with a Whiskey bottle.

Before Garrick has chance to react, Click! The hammer cocking on a REVOLVER echoes at his temple.

Finally, reveal; Joan, waving the REVOLVER and holding the neck of the broken whiskey bottle.

Suddenly; WHOOP! WHOOP!! The Klaxon and headlights of a GARDA (POLICE) CAR exposes the guilty. Joan drops the bottle, pockets the revolver and Keogh and Garrick scurry away like cockroaches.

Bruised, Smith leans himself up against his car.

JOAN
Now we're even.

And Joan moves back inside. A moment later TORCHES blind Smith.

JOSEPH
Smithy?

Smith squints past the blinding torchlight to see Joseph and Alfred.

SMITH
Joe, Alfie.

JOSEPH
My old man told us you'd be heading
this way. Said keep an eye on you.

Smith drags himself up.

SMITH
Grateful you showed up when you
did. I promised my Ma I wouldn't
get into trouble.

ALFRED
I won't tell her if you don't.

SMITH
I'd appreciate that.
(beat)
You wouldn't happen to know who
those two bollocks were would you?

JOSEPH
One was William Keogh, for sure. We
arrested the gob-sheen last year,
drink-driving, I think. The other
one is called Garrick. Pretty sure
they both work for Red Jack's
outfit.

Alfred looks at Joseph, dumbfounded he proffered the
information.

ALFRED
Why don't you just go right ahead
and give the man their dates of
birth, Joseph.

JOSEPH
I don't know their dates off the
top of my head --

Slowly, it dawns on Joseph he may have been slightly loose
tongued.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(to Alfred, unsure)
He ain't gonna do nothing...
(to Smith, nervously)
You ain't gonna do nothing, are you
Smithy?

Smith shakes his head. Alfred nudges Joseph - they'd best be
off.

ALFRED
Smithy.

JOSEPH
Night Smithy.

Smith waves them off - and drops into the drivers seat of the
Jaguar - he starts the engine - but as he looks over his
shoulder to reverse; he see's Moira crossing the car park and
climbing into her TOYOTA HILUX PICK-UP jalopy.

Moira; starts the Hilux and begins to reverse.

Suddenly; she see's Smith in the rear-view mirror and nearly
shit's herself. She slams on the breaks - and she's out of
the cab.

MOIRA
You bastard! If I'd been wearing
knickers I'd have shit them for
sure!

Smith is silent, Moira calms, slightly.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Thought I told you to fuck off?

SMITH
You did. I recall.

MOIRA
So what you doing here Smithy?
Really? Looking for the people that
did this to Jimmy? Revenge? Is that
it, like it was with your Pa? Same
shit, different decade.

Smith, emotionless.

SMITH
Have you finished?

Moira is caught off-guard;

MOIRA
What?

SMITH
Have you finished?

MOIRA
No Smithy, I am far from finished.

SMITH
Well let me know when you are.

He waits - patiently.

MOIRA
(incredulous)
I am... I am... I am...

But he's taken the wind out of her sails.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
I am... I am finished. Fuck you and
the horse you came in on! Yeah, I'm
finished.

SMITH
Jimmy had a list.

MOIRA
You said.
(beat)
I don't know nothing about any
list.

SMITH
I just thought --

MOIRA
Well you thought wrong.

Silence. Moira softens, her emotional side, long buried,
starts to seep out.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Jim and me broke up, a year or so
back.

This is news to Smith - BIG news, on a personal level.

SMITH
I didn't know.

MOIRA
Why would you?

Silence again, both carrying too much baggage to think straight. Finally;

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Listen, if you're in town for a spell, you know, before you get yourself killed, or go a murdering, maybe we could; get drunk, fuck or something? Maybe?

It's a hard offer to refuse. Moira takes it as a 'yes'.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
On split shifts for the rest of the week, finish at ten.

She nods a farewell and climbs back in the cab - neither of them really aware of what they are doing.

She drives out of the car-park, leaving him standing, alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. COAST ROAD - NIGHT

The Jaguar XJ-S blasts along the coast road --

EXT. CRAGGY BAY - CONTINUOUS

-- gliding to a halt in a secluded bay. The angry sea ravaging the craggy coast line.

Smith grabs the WOODEN SAILING SHIP and climbs out. The crisp ocean air, like daggers on his skin.

He walks down to the waters edge and sets the model ship to sail. At first the vessel struggles with the tide, battered and tormented. But, finally it breaks free and embarks on its maiden voyage.

Smith washes blood from his hands. Waves smash onto the rocks - the sea breeze whipping his face. Undaunted, Smith moves further out into the water - letting the fierce waves break cathartically against his body.

Behind Smith, high, back on the road - a SHADOWY FIGURE watches - before driving off.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. SMITH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Smith, asleep. Wet shoes and trousers strewn across the floor. The door slowly opens and Annie walks in quietly. She carries a black suit with a starch pressed white shirt and hangs it on the wardrobe.

ANNIE

(sotto)

One of your old man's suits, you're
near as damnation the same size.
Can't have you going to your
brothers funeral looking like a Rag
and Bone man.

She quietly picks up Smith's shoes - puts them upright, tidy. Folds his trousers and shirt - lays them on the back of the chair.

Finally, she looks down at her son. Peaceful. His upper torso exposed - a battle weary body - scars from as many victories as defeats.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Just like your father. Promises
like pie-crusts, made to be broken.

She covers him with a blanket - finds herself staring.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(sotto)

You're so much like him. Always
have been. Strong, proud. Stubborn.
But stop trying to be him. Your
father was a self-made bastard. A
murdering, lying, cheating,
fornicating bastard.

She composes herself - leans over and kisses Smith on the forehead and moves back to the door.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(normal volume)

Good night, son.

SMITH

Night Ma.

The door shuts.

DISSOLVE:

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. KITCHEN - DAY

Annie takes a large boiling pan of water from the stove and carries it upstairs.

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smith enters the bathroom, carrying a small polished wooden box, he places it next to the sink. Turns the light on - catches his own reflection in the old, cracked bathroom mirror. He studies himself - but this isn't vanity - he's looking at himself, what he is - what he's become. The torment.

Annie enters with the boiling pan - snapping him from his soul-searching.

ANNIE

You won't find nothing in there --
nothing but the truth.

She pours the scalding water into the basin. As she is about to leave she sees the small wooden box by the sink - stops, stung. She opens the lid to reveal;

A bone handled CUT-THROAT RAZOR, a matching bone handled SHAVING BRUSH, cracked, dried-up soap bar, and a worn strop of seasoned leather (for sharpening the razor).

The sight of the blade obviously triggers a bygone memory - she softens for the briefest moment.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Wondered where it had gone.

SMITH

Only thing the old bastard left me.

Annie's austere mask reappears - she viciously slaps Smith around the face. Smith recoils, glares at her, insolent. She slaps him again across the other cheek.

ANNIE

Only I get to call him a bastard. I
earned it.

Smith's demeanour proffers an unspoken apology. Annie shuts the lid of the box - leaves the bathroom.

Smith wipes the steam from the bathroom-mirror and continues his soul searching.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. KITCHEN - LATER

Ambrose is heating shoe polish on the stove - working hard to get a deep shine into his already spotless shoes. He puts the hot polish down on the table - but a sudden glare from Annie makes him think twice - like a chastised child.

Smith steps down the stairs - Annie and Ambrose stop what they are doing to look at him. He's wearing his father's suit, it's slightly too tight for him. His face has several shaving nicks and he feels as uncomfortable as all hell.

AMBROSE

You look like an Englishman.

Ma slaps Ambrose - admires Smith, sadly.

ANNIE

Handsome. You're the spit of your Pa, devil rest his soul. But you need to lay off the pies.

Then she looks down at his dirty WET shoes.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You can take the boy out of the country but you can't take the country out of the boy.

Satisfied, Annie fills the kettle.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Drink? Calm the nerves.

Ambrose shakes his head (don't do it).

SMITH

No, thanks Ma.

ANNIE

And don't be thinking I can't see you Clarence Ambrose.

That rapidly wipes the smile from Ambrose face.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL CEMETERY -- DAY

An intimate gathering. Annie, Ambrose, Mary, Old man Golightly and Smith.

Reveal; the jaded drunk, Pascal, a haunted man of the cloth - performs the service.

In amongst other stragglers paying their respects are Constables Joseph and Alfred.

Away, back, behind the graves - Moira loiters by an old burnt out shell of a tree.

Smith's attention drifts from the sermon, first eyeing Moira - then beyond her; to a distinguished and tailored stranger, RED JACKS.

Annie, follows Smith's gaze - but she only gets as far as Moira. Annie throws her a withering look; a look that would turn Medusa to stone.

DISSOLVE:

The funeral finishes: The gathering dissolve away - dwelling in their own moments of grief.

THOMAS; a brutal looking BODYGUARD, ushers Red Jacks into a waiting BENTLEY MULSANNE; his hardened stare catches Smith's momentarily.

Smith is more interested in watching Moira leave. Pascal moves up beside him - taking a swig from his hip flask.

FATHER PASCAL

In the name of the father, son and
holy-fucking-spirit.

Smith turns - he doesn't smile - but his eyes betray he is genuinely happy to see Pascal. There is obviously a bond between these two.

SMITH

So, did 'they' come looking then?

FATHER PASCAL

(nods)

Told them we had another cause to
believe in.

A comfortable silence.

FATHER PASCAL (CONT'D)
 Guess suits fit just that bit
 snugger in the city these days,
 huh?

Amused, Pascal takes another swig from his hip flask.

FATHER PASCAL (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry about Jimbo, I really am.

Smith nods subtly, acknowledging Pascal's condolences.

FATHER PASCAL (CONT'D)
 How long you back for?

SMITH
 Until things get sorted. Not long.

FATHER PASCAL
 Sorted? Not long? Sorted and Not
 Long have sent a lot of business
 through this parish.

SMITH
 This time won't be any different.

FATHER PASCAL
 Well, when you find the cunt that
 did it - the best place to hide the
 body is in a graveyard.

Pascal takes another swig.

FATHER PASCAL (CONT'D)
 Saw you last night, King Cnut. Bit
 late in the day for a baptism.

Smith shrugs - mildly embarrassed.

FATHER PASCAL (CONT'D)
 There is no penance for us, Smithy.

SMITH
 You still play roulette?

FATHER PASCAL
 Every god-forsaken night.
 (beat)
 My conscience is my executioner.
 (beat)
 You going back to the house?

Smith shakes his head.

FATHER PASCAL (CONT'D)
Don't blame you. Can't think of
anything fucking worse. But duty
calls n'all that.

Smith smiles; then gestures in the direction of RED JACKS'
vehicle.

SMITH
Who's that?

FATHER PASCAL
Red Jacks, runs handful of nudie
gaffs outta the old Go Inn, out
Lassiter way. Overpaid and over
here.

SMITH
He's a Yank?

FATHER PASCAL
Someone has to be. General,
apparently. Stationed in
Londonderry during the troubles.
Married Leonard Sturriges widow.
She died a year or so back he's
been dying of a broken heart ever
since.

Smith takes the list from his pocket - third name down: RED
JACKS.

SMITH
Jimmy work for him?

FATHER PASCAL
Probably. Half the people in the
Cove have worked for Red at some
point - me included.

Smith eyes Pascal.

FATHER PASCAL (CONT'D)
Don't be eyeing me like that. I'm
on God's payroll nowadays not Red
Jacks. He has his fingers in a lot
of pies around here... and I like
pies. Friends in low places.

SMITH
You said half the people work for
him - who'd the other half work
for, Monaghan?

Pascal nods.

FATHER PASCAL
Simple folk, simple rules. That's
why I like this god forsaken town.

Smith's attention is drawn back to Moira climbing into her Hilux Pick-Up - her gaze momentarily meets his, the briefest of acknowledgements.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED JACKS HOUSE. MAIN GATE - DAY

Smith's Jaguar purrs past the wrought iron gates of Red Jacks handsome home.

Smith cruises the twelve foot perimeter wall - off the main drag - and onto a dirt track.

EXT. RED JACKS HOUSE. PERIMETER WALL - CONTINUOUS

Smith continues to case the wall - when he's satisfied he manoeuvres the Jaguar as close to the stonework as possible - and clambers onto the roof - and deftly transfers himself to the wall, and over --

EXT. RED JACKS HOUSE. GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

-- where Smith lands, heavier than expected, losing his footing and his Trilby. He picks himself up, mildly annoyed - dusts his knees off. A final adjustment of his shirt, and hat, and he moves onwards --

INT. RED JACKS HOUSE. HOUSEKEEPING - CONTINUOUS

-- into the staff quarters.

Smith moves past a door; inside several GOONS are smoking, drinking - he slides the door shut - tying the handles together with a wire coat hanger from a rail nearby.

He swiftly passes through the quarters into --

EXT. RED JACKS HOUSE. ORNATE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Red Jacks passes through the far side of the courtyard, accompanied by JULIUS MAYPOTHER, a weasly, unwashed, shit-stain of a man and Patrick Kelly.

With them, HANDSOME BASTARD, a dapper, dangerous-looking man in his late-thirties.

Smith slips into cover, waiting, just out of earshot of an animated discussion between Red, Handsome Bastard and Maypothor.

Thomas appears, whispers in Red's ear - which draws the conversation to an abrupt close.

Handsome Bastard, Maypothor and Patrick Kelly leave. Thomas escorts Red back inside.

INT. RED JACKS HOUSE. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Smith edges inside; to find Red ascending the ridiculously ostentatious stair case. The absence of Thomas is a growing concern when -- CLICK!

Smith freezes, feeling the pressure of a .45 pressed hard into his temple.

SMITH

You're light on your feet for a big salad dodging fella?

THOMAS

I could make this look like suicide.

Suddenly; Smith elbows Thomas across the jaw, the impact sending the .45 spinning across the floor.

Smith lashes out - a devastatingly accurate kick - making full contact with Thomas' knee-cap - sending him crashing down. Smith grabs Thomas by the throat - fingers tightening. Thomas fights back, but Smith's grip holds true - nullifying any resistance.

Smith forces Thomas' head down - before delivering several vicious RABBIT PUNCHES to the back of his neck - incapacitating him, indefinitely.

Smith drags himself to his feet, once again adjusts his shirt, adorns his hat -- strips the fallen .45 and discards it.

INT. RED JACKS HOUSE. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Red Jacks pours himself a 40 Year Old BRUICHLADDICH WHISKEY - he hears a noise behind - doesn't look around.

RED JACKS
You must be Smith, James' kin?

Slowly he turns - to face Smith.

RED JACKS (CONT'D)
You wearing that hat for a bet?

He offers Smith a drink, who declines.

RED JACKS (CONT'D)
Thomas?

SMITH
He'll live. May need a couple of days off.

RED JACKS
I'll send him and his overweight children to Florida, they can swim with Dolphins and consume carbohydrates.

Red swallows a gulp of whiskey.

RED JACKS (CONT'D)
You invited yourself into my house -
I assume some notion of revenge is on the agenda?
(beat)
Killing is your profession, am I right?

Smith doesn't answer - watching.

RED JACKS (CONT'D)
-- so if you are indeed contemplating killing me, mistakenly I hasten to add; please water the plants. The hydrangea was a present from my wife. God rest her soul.

SMITH
You were at my brothers funeral?

RED JACKS
(interjecting)
What, no courteous introduction?

SMITH
Not my style.

RED JACKS

By your attire, style isn't
something you are familiar with.

(beat)

Yes, I was at your brothers
funeral. Don't confuse my civility
with caring.

SMITH

Why? Jimmy and you friends?

RED JACKS

Friends, no. Nothing so quaint. As
to why? 411 days ago, my wife was
taken from us, from me, by
Sclerosis. An unholy, protracted,
fucking illness that caused her
great suffering --

Another slug of whiskey - another failed attempt at sobriety.

RED JACKS (CONT'D)

-- your James, kindly supplied her
with medication... substances, that
made her more... comfortable, in
her final months. For that, I will
be eternally grateful. Hence my
civility.

SMITH

Did my brother work for you?

RED JACKS

Everybody works for someone Mister
Smith.

SMITH

Even you?

RED JACKS

Even me.

Smith opens an ORNATE HUMIDOR - filled with expensive looking
cigars. He picks one up, sniffs it. Red actually looks
nervous.

RED JACKS (CONT'D)

Please don't infuse my cigars with
your unwashed proletariat fingers.
Do you have any idea what that is?

SMITH

Looks like a rolled shit.

RED JACKS
 Ignorance is such an uncouth
 dialect.

He crosses, snatches the cigar from Smith - places it back in the humidor. Takes out his silk Monogrammed handkerchief and wipes the humidor. He discards the handkerchief.

RED JACKS (CONT'D)
 That is a \$750 Gurkha.

Means nothing to Smith - now playing with a CIGAR LIGHTER.

RED JACKS (CONT'D)
 His Majesty's Reserve. Once rolled, these cigars undergo an infusion process that uses a whole bottle of Loius XIII Cognac.

Smith, fully, totally, unimpressed. Jacks, smiles uneasily - returns to his drink.

RED JACKS (CONT'D)
 Yes, James worked for me, indirectly.

SMITH
 -- and what profession are you in Mister Jacks?

RED JACKS
 (matter-of-fact)
 Pornography, mainly. There's big money in vagina. Always has been, always will be. The Cove was built on it. Fishing and fucking. Just ask your Ma, from what I hear she knows the history of this town better than most - had to marry an English soldier didn't she?

Smith doesn't rise to the bait.

SMITH
 And how was Jimmy involved?

RED JACKS
 We use novice girls, Mister Smith, young girls - to make video-tapes. Nasty ones. Gang-bangs, etcetera. Consensual not coerced.

SMITH
 What's the difference?

RED JACKS
Eighty Dollars a disc.
(afterthought)
That's nearly sixty Euro's to the
uneducated. Not my personal taste.
Ungodly.

His words hang in the air - then;

RED JACKS (CONT'D)
Sometimes these young ladies would
need a little something to ease
their nerves, overcome their
shyness --

SMITH
-- and that's where Jimmy came in?

RED JACKS
As I understand it, yes.

The words strike a sickening chord with Smith.

SMITH
Was Cathleen Hennessy one of these
girls?

Jacks shrugs.

RED JACKS
Who?

SMITH
Cathleen Hennessy?

RED JACKS
You asking me, or telling me Mister
Smith? Don't know the name. Should
I?

SMITH
Jimmy had a list, her name was on
it.

RED JACKS
Don't know anything about Ms
Hennessy or no list. Should I?

SMITH
Your name was also on his list. Why
would that be?

RED
Maybe it was his Christmas card
list?

Red shakes his head - gulps at his drink - empties the glass.

SMITH
So, where do these girls come from?

RED JACKS
Never asked. That troglodyte,
Julius Maypothor rounds them up.
Paid well for it too. Hitchhikers,
students, tourists, immigrants.
Anybody willing to sell their holes
for a few dollars a piece.

Smith stirs - uncomfortable.

RED JACKS (CONT'D)
I may be guilty of many things
Mister Smith, but your brothers
murder isn't one of them, no Sir.
Don't know anything. Don't want to
know. None of my fucking business.
It's a shame, what happened to
James, I almost liked him -- for a
drug dealer.

It's an ugly truth.

SMITH
I appreciate your honesty, Mister
Jacks.

Red turns for a refill.

RED JACKS
Honesty? You're in the wrong town
for honesty. I know what you're
thinking. Don't judge me. Not in
that hat. I know who you are; what
you are. What you've done. What
your Pa...

Red waits - but nothing - he turns, to find Smith gone -
suddenly the door bursts open and several burly henchmen
arrive - Thomas limps in after them, still struggling for
breath.

Red, undeterred sips at the fresh glass of Bourbon.

CUT TO:

I/E. JAGUAR XJ-S - DAY

Smith drives - smoking a \$750 Gurkha HMR. In the passenger seat; three more STOLEN CIGARS, the LIGHTER and MONOGRAMMED HANDKERCHIEF.

Suddenly; the Jaguar skids 20ft on the dirt road - reverses to a junction and deviates down the right-hand fork.

Reveal signpost: LASSITER VILLAGE

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. KITCHEN - DAY

Jimmy's wake is still in progress - mourners occupy the house. Annie pours Pascal a cup of tea he quickly loads it with a shot of brandy from his hip-flask. Ambrose attempts to comfort Annie - but she awkwardly avoids contact. The phone rings; Ambrose, thankful for the interruption, drags himself away and answers it.

AMBROSE

Ambrose.

INT. GARDA STATION - CONTINUOUS

The station house is quiet - as usual. Joseph is sat on the other end of the telephone, feet up in front of the fire - stirring a mug of tea with his TIN WHISTLE.

JOSEPH

Dad -

AMBROSE (V.O.)

You been sniffing the paraffin again? I'm at a fucking wake.

JOSEPH

You said call if I --

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose, pulls a door up - blocking out the incessant chatter from the mourners.

AMBROSE

Have you blocked the crapper again?

INT. GARDA STATION

Joseph uses the TIN WHISTLE as a straw - siphoning the tea from his mug into his mouth.

JOSEPH
(without missing a beat)
No. No. Not today. Alfie found
Cathleen Hennessy.

CUT TO:

EXT. LASSITER VILLAGE -- DAY

The XJ-S enters the village in a blazing trail of spray.

CUT TO:

EXT. GO INN -- DAY

The Jaguar purrs up to a closed down, low rent club. Smith gets out clocks the black Ford EXPLORER from the night before parked amongst several other vehicles.

Smith moves to the main door of the GO INN - but it's locked. He moves around to the rear--

EXT. GO INN. REAR

-- where he finds the door ajar. He enters, carefully.

INT. GO INN. CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Smith moves through a darkened brick labyrinth - steadily weaving towards the light - and the sounds of a woman in pain.

INT. GO INN. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smith slows, edges into the room.

REVEAL: a hard-core gang-bang; rough, nasty sex - videoed. It's a well lubricated machine (literally) girls, guys and bored technicians.

Smith stays concealed - unintentionally voyeuristic - before his attention is drawn to the two thugs; Keogh and Garrick (from the brawl outside THE FULL MOON).

Smith scours the floor - finds a pile of bricks, picks one. He gauges the weight, the grip, as he blatantly, fearlessly walks towards Keogh and Garrick.

Smith swings, the sickening thud of brick making contact with flesh and bone - Keogh hits the ground hard - incapacitated.

Smith reaches inside Keogh's jacket finds a 9mm and as Garrick realises just what is going on, Smith just, plain and simple shoots him in the thigh. As Garrick drops, Smith shoots him again - in the same leg.

The gang-bang stops, frightened chaos ensues. Smith ignores it - utilising the fear. He bends down next to a screaming Garrick.

SMITH

And you must be Garrick, right?

Garrick can't answer for the pain.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Not been shot before?

Garrick whimpers - Smith takes that as a 'no'.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Breathe through it, nothing vital
is hit. Just nod or shake your
head.

Garrick nods his head. Smith procures Garrick's REVOLVER - removes the bullets - and throws them across the floor.

SMITH (CONT'D)

(controlled, simmering)

You knew my brother, James Smith?
Jimmy Smith?

Garrick nods.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Who killed him?

Garrick shakes his head - he doesn't know. Suddenly; Smith explodes like a pressure cooker - viciously grabbing Garrick's head, slamming it hard into the wall, Smith's thumbs tearing at Garrick's face. Smith stares deep into his pained eyes - searching for the truth.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I find acute pain and fear are the
best cure for amnesia.

Again, Smith explodes - grinding Garricks head against the wall - scrapping the dermis away.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Who and why?

Garrick shakes his head desperately - he doesn't fucking know!!!! He pisses himself in undiluted fear. Smith releases him.

SMITH (CONT'D)

You work for Jacks - he sent you to kill me?

Garrick shakes his head.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Then what, a heavy handed hello? Warn me off?

Garrick nods.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Why?

Garrick shrugs helplessly.

SMITH (CONT'D)

From what? From who?

Garrick looks blank - he honestly doesn't know anything. Smith satisfied.

SMITH (CONT'D)

If I find you're lying, I will find you, I will murder you and all you hold dear. Do you understand?

Garrick nods - petrified.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Sorry it had to come to this, I truly am. This finishes here. Agreed?

Garrick nods again, concedes. Smith gestures to the bullet holes in his leg.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Apply pressure, when William comes 'round, get him to sort you out, okay.

Garrick tries to breathe through the pain.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Okay? You listening?

Garrick's forced to nod.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Make sure you change the dressing
twice a day. Stave off any
infection.

Smith gets up and calmly leaves the club.

EXT. GO INN - CONTINUOUS

As Smith walks to the Jaguar he strips Keogh's 9mm and throws the mag and shells across the car-park - before speeding off.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FULL MOON - NIGHT

Every piece of dog-shit, arse-hole that ever graced the face of the earth has found sanctuary in here tonight.

Joan, a strangled cigarette on her lip, hacks at a block of ice with an ice-pick, splintering shards into a whiskey glass - then pouring herself a generous glass of hard liquor.

Moira, waiting tables - her usual routine, brutally efficient, semi-polite. She approaches the bar with an empty tray, scouting for the next thirsty punter.

The door swings open and in steps Julius Maypother. Joan clocks him, necks her drink - finds it bitter - nudges Moira.

JOAN
Julius Maypother, never fucked with
a girl he wasn't related too.

Moira braces herself.

MOIRA
(to herself)
Shit!

Maypother arrives at the bar, snake-like, obscenely lecherous.

JULIUS MAYPOTHER
(laughing)
Didn't you used to be Moira Cowley?
(MORE)

JULIUS MAYPOTHER (CONT'D)
Recognise those shitty titty's
anywhere.

MOIRA
Come to pay your respects, Julius?
Buried Jimmy Smith today.

Maypother flips two pennies at Moira.

JULIUS MAYPOTHER
Go buy yourself something pretty.

MOIRA
Guess not. What do you want?

JULIUS MAYPOTHER
I'm hearing Red Jacks fellas
talking, Jimmy had a list?

MOIRA
Did he?

JULIUS MAYPOTHER
I need to know where it is, what's
on it.

MOIRA
Don't know nothing about no list?

JULIUS MAYPOTHER
Course you do.
(threatening)
You gonna make me jog your memory?

MOIRA
Are you deaf as well as stupid - I
said; don't know what you're
talking about.

Maypother moves in closer, grabs her arm.

JULIUS MAYPOTHER
I wanna know what Jimmy was doing
behind my back!

MOIRA
Then dig him up and ask him your
yourself!

He bends her arm to the point of breaking - before pushing
her across the floor.

JULIUS MAYPOTHER
Christ, almighty, I hate smart
mouthed sluts.

Joan interjects.

JOAN
You wouldn't know a smart mouth if
it was sucking your Mothers dick!
Leave her be Julius.

JULIUS MAYPOTHER
Go fuck yourself Grandma, this
don't concern you.

Joan necks a second glass - it's still leaving a bitter taste
in her mouth. Maypother turns his attention back to Moira.

JULIUS MAYPOTHER (CONT'D)
Tell me about the list or you're
gonna get yourself raped - again!

SUDDENLY; Joan slams the ice-pick - into Maypother's hand -
pinning it to the bar.

JULIUS MAYPOTHER (CONT'D)
(screaming)
BIIIIITCH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

MOIRA
That's Grandma Bitch to you,
Julius. Said leave her be.

Moira climbs to her feet - approaches the squealing
Maypother. Joan slides the bottle of bitter liquor across the
bar.

JOAN
Shit ain't worth drinking.

Moira swings the bottle of bitter liquor and cracks it across
Maypother's face. The bottle doesn't break! Moira looks at
the bottle, slightly surprised.

JOAN (CONT'D)
A bit harder Sweetheart.

Moira hits him again - this time it breaks.

Joan pulls the ice-pick from his hand - allowing a bloodied
Maypother to scurry towards the door - spiting a string of
inaudible threats and obscenities - Moira follows.

EXT. THE FULL MOON - CONTINUOUS

Smith's Jaguar rolls up as Maypothor staggers out of the door - pursued by Moira, shattered bottle in hand.

Smith watches the proceedings as he climbs from the car.

Maypothor starts his FLATBED FORD TRANSIT - the STARTER MOTOR squeals as the engine grumbles to life. The Ford lurches out of the car-park, passes Smith --

Maypothor fleetingly meets his gaze - but is visibly unnerved.

Smith crosses and they both watch Maypothor careering off in the distance.

MOIRA

I'm off in ten minutes. You're
buying me pie.

Moira heads back inside, Joan appears - gestures to the speeding flatbed.

JOAN

Julius Maypothor. Obviously a
friend of the family.

The name 'Maypothor' strikes a cord with Smith.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Your vengeance wont come cheap,
Smithy, not for the folks of Broken
Cove.

Joan heads back inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLIGHTLY'S B&B - NIGHT

The Hilux Pick-Up pulls up - with the XJ-S close behind.
Moira and Smith decant and enter the B&B.

Moira looks different now, face not so hard, every bit the woman-next-door.

INT. GOLIGHTLY'S B&B - CONTINUOUS

Old man Golightly looks up - double takes when he see's Moira and Smith.

GOLIGHTLY
(laughing to himself)
Had a feeling you'd be stopping by.

The place is empty - Moira and Smith take a booth.

MOIRA
Some things never change.

Golightly shouts over.

GOLIGHTLY
Inspector Ambrose rang for you
earlier, Smithy, said could you
give him a call at the house.

Smith moves to the bar. Golightly slides him the pay-phone -
tosses him some coins from the till. Smith throws Moira a
lingering look as he dials.

SMITH
It's me. How is she?

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose, sat with feet up reading the paper. Glasses perched
on the end of his nose.

AMBROSE
Sleeping.

SMITH
Good. You left a message for me to
call?

AMBROSE
Cathleen Hennessy. 17 year old,
from Kerry.

SMITH
And?

AMBROSE
And nothing. She's very much dead,
Smithy. Washed up in Lassiter Dam. Been there a while they reckon -
wildlife had themselves a picnic. County Morgue was next to fecking
useless. No medical report drawn up
because she was so badly
decomposed. No toxicology.

SMITH
Next of kin?

AMBROSE
Not yet. But we will. She had a juvenile arrest sheet as long as an orangutans dick. Mainly drugs related. Possession. In 2011 she was pulled down Killarney way - nabbed for Lude conduct, caught giving some punter a hand job in a fucking McDonalds --

INT. GOLIGHTLY'S B&B - CONTINUOUS

Mary finds Moira sat in the booth - delivers the drinks.

MARY
Been a while, Moira. Missed you up at the house.

MOIRA
Had stuff to be doing, you know.

Mary gestures over to Smith on the phone.

MARY
Bet you did.

Moira and Mary share a look. Smith finishes the call - and makes his way back over to the booth.

MARY (CONT'D)
Any-roads, that Pochine his Ma makes has given me the raging squirts. Just shouldn't do that to a girl.

Mary passes Smith as he arrives back at the booth.

SMITH
Ambrose found Cathleen Hennessy. Washed up in Lassiter a few weeks back.

Moira shrugs.

MOIRA
Who?

SMITH
Cathleen Hennessy. Names top of Jimmy's list.

Moira holds her hand out and impatiently beckons.

SMITH (CONT'D)

What?

MOIRA

Pull the rabbit out your arse -
The list.

Smith hands her the list; Cathleen Hennessy. Julius
Maypothor. Red Jacks. Sean Monaghan. John Carroll. Ed Conway.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Carroll died in a car prang, week or
so ago. Pissed up, stoned.

SMITH

Yeah, I heard. He and Jimmy
friends?

MOIRA

Not really. Carroll is... was, one
of Ed Conways' lackeys.

(beat)

Back in the day me and Jim used to
get our gear from him. A bit of pot
n'shit.

SMITH

N'shit?

MOIRA

Occasionally.

SMITH

And Jimmy?

Moira nods, acknowledging Jimmy's drug use.

MOIRA

Toked more than he ever sold.

SMITH

Coincidence, Carroll and Jimmy in
the same week?

Moira shrugs.

MOIRA

Maybe. But that bridge claims damn
near one a week, two in winter.

Smith wallows in the thought.

SMITH

Where can I find Ed Conway?

MOIRA

Dunno, used to have a place out Longacre. Daphne still gets her draw from him, I'll ask. Who you been to see so far?

SMITH

Red Jacks.

MOIRA

And?

SMITH

And nothing. Don't trust him as far as I could kick him. Sent some fellas to rough me up...

MOIRA

So somethings' got him spooked?

Smith shrugs.

SMITH

Maybe. Maybe, he's just doing what he's told. Maypothor's next. What'd he want with you?

MOIRA

Wanted to know who's on Jimmy's list. Told him I didn't know what he was blabbing about.

Moirra reaches and takes Smith's pint - starts necking it.

SMITH

First thing in the morning, gonna pay Maypothor a visit.

She's still drinking, until she's finished the pint - slamming the empty down on the counter.

MOIRA

First thing? Smithy, I've got a hangover booked for the morning.

Mary reappears see's the list on the counter - picks it up, reads the names.

MARY

Any list with the name Monaghan on it, can only mean bad news.

She hands the list back to Smith - deadly serious - all playfulness gone.

MARY (CONT'D)

Boom and bust, that's what we are here, Smithy. Fishing ain't worth shit nowadays. With the mines gone the banks foreclosed, Old Man Monaghan stepped in, picked up everyone's mortgages. Took on the debt. Never claimed a penny in rent, no sir. He bought loyalty. Now to some the Monaghan's may be the devil incarnate, evil through to the core - but to others they are Mister Jesus-Fucking-Christ and Mrs Virgin-fucking-Mary rolled into one.

(shouting to Golightly)

Golightly, you slow old bastard, where's Smithy's drink? 'Stepping Out' is thirsty work!

(beat)

Now, I've said my piece, I need to visit the ladies, your Ma's home-brew is a ripping me a new arse, so it is.

Golightly, over at the counter.

GOLIGHTLY

Sounds like you're already talking through it woman.

Mary winks at Moira.

MARY

Leave you two love birds at it.

Mary leaves - Golightly arrives deposits Smith's replacement pint - he also holds a glass of whiskey for himself. He salutes.

GOLIGHTLY

To absent friends.

They salute, then drink. Smith downs his pint in one long swig. Golightly smiles sadly and slips away. Moira and Smith sit in silence for far too long. Eventually;

MOIRA

So.

SMITH

So.

MOIRA

Where you been Smithy?

SMITH

Around.

MOIRA

Around? Umpteen years away - and
you've been, around?

He's not really proffering anymore information.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Working?

SMITH

(nods, reluctantly)
A bit. Here, there.

MOIRA

Guess there's always a need for
someone with your particular --
skill-set.

Long silence. Moira accepts he's not giving anything away.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

You know, after your Pa... 'they'
came looking for you --

Smith nods - he knew 'they' would.

SMITH

And?

MOIRA

They found me.

Silence. Smith, sickened to his core. Moira, painfully stoic,
refusing to let emotion in.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Pascal -- he came got me. Found
them.

(beat)

Jimmy picked up the pieces.

Smith says 'sorry' with a look - words are useless,
pointless. Moira digs deep, recovers - looks to change the
subject.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
My old man passed, six years this
December. The drink got him.

Smith, still numb.

SMITH
And the farm?

Moira shakes her head.

MOIRA
The Monaghan's stepped in - but by
the time the bank had finished it
wasn't worth a shovel of shit.

A long, long, comfortable silence.

MOIRA (CONT'D)
Do you wanna come back to my place
for a cup of tea?

SMITH
I don't drink tea.

MOIRA
I ain't got none.

DISSOLVE:

INT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN - NIGHT

Rain plays tricks on the windows - casting jumping shadows on
the two entwined bodies of Smith and Moira in the climatic
vinegar strokes of passionate sex.

EXT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

A VAN draws near, parking barely out of earshot - the engine
cuts. A dog, several CARAVANS down, barks like it's had it's
nuts cut off.

The door of the Van swings open and a FIGURE climbs down from
the cab - reaches into the back and grabs a JERRY CAN
containing fuel.

The FIGURE moves around the back of the caravan.

PROPANE GAS BOTTLES from the kitchenette sit just below the
window.

The gas pipes are cut - the valve wedged open - pumping out gas.

The Propane bottle is rolled under the trailer.

INT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

Smith and Moira relax in the post-coital haze.

EXT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

The FIGURE makes a trail of gasoline back to the van - throwing the Jerry Can into the back.

INT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN -- CONTINUOUS

Moira gets up - pulling on Smith's shirt. He tries to pull her back to bed.

MOIRA
My pelvic floor is not what it was,
Smithy. I'm gonna have a piss and
kick that fucking dog.

EXT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

The FIGURE climbs into the truck and starts the engine: The starter motor squeals: REVEAL; Julius Maypothor.

INT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

The whining of the starter motor on Maypothor's TRANSIT FLATBED - alerts Moira.

MOIRA
What's Maypothor doing here?

Smith slides his trousers on as Moira looks out of the window - she can see the shadow of the flatbed - then a light, a match - briefly illuminates Maypothor's face. Smith moves to the kitchenette...

EXT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

As Maypothor drives away - he drops the match - and a trail of flame shoots towards the trailer --

INT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

-- a vacuous detonation - a momentary implosion - followed a gaseous explosion; decimating the kitchenette.

Moira dives over the bed - pulling the mattress over herself as she falls.

Smith turns, the door becomes a makeshift shield - but he's caught by the blast and catapulted through the plywood and aluminium wall --

EXT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

-- and lands; smashing into the windscreen of Moira's Hilux.

Moira appears; staggers through the rain - her eyes land on Smith's body embedded in her windscreen.

Flames, rain - chaos. Moira staggers towards Smith - dragging him free from her windscreen.

Another gas canister ignites - disintegrating the remaining burning caravan - exploding like a malevolent confetti cannon - knocking them both to the ground.

Moira crawls over to Smith - who is bleeding heavily from shrapnel in his back and shoulder. She drags his body onto the back of her Hilux. She climbs into the cab - flips the visor, the keys drop - she reverses the vehicle over the burning remnants of her caravan and heads off into the night.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A loud knocking wakes Ambrose and Annie.

AMBROSE

What in Christ's name is --

ANNIE (O.S.)

Don't blaspheme Clarence.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose heads down stairs - Annie follows. He opens the front door to reveal; a drenched Moira.

MOIRA
It's Smithy!

She heads back to the van, Ambrose automatically follows.
Annie is frozen to the stairs, her heart can't take anymore.

EXT. SMITH HOMESTEAD - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose and Moira lift a battered and bleeding Smith from the van and move him to the house --

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-- where Annie watches from the stairs as Smith is laid on the KITCHEN TABLE, writhing in pain.

AMBROSE
He needs a doctor?

MOIRA
Nearest Doctor is in Lassiter.

Annie snaps out of her stupor. She's in business mode.

ANNIE
Call Pascal - he can sort this.

Ambrose hesitates, momentarily.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(stern - but controlled)
Now, Clarence, please.

Ambrose ducks away to make the call. Annie drops into action - a calm head - it's been a few years.

Smith and Annie's eye's meet, her smile works better than any painkiller.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
I need water. Hot water!
Hotter the better!
(to Moira)
Sheets. Airing cupboard, top of the stairs.

Moira dashes upstairs - whilst Annie grabs a bottle of her home-brew and empties it over Smith shoulder - then takes a gulp herself.

CUT TO:

INT. FATHER PASCAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A soulless abode for a man of the cloth - barren and lonely. The phone rings, annoyingly. A naked and tearful Pascal sits in and drab armchair in front of the outdated wireless - playing RUSSIAN ROULETTE with his REVOLVER. Through the tears and torment he raises the revolver to his head - and pulls the trigger --

Click!

Empty!

He opens the barrel to reveal where the bullet actually is - only one chamber away.

Finally, he answers the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

Moira, a solitary figure huddled on the porch, staring in through the window at Annie attending Smith's wounds.

Behind her - down the track - distant headlights approaching.

The door creaks open and Ambrose steps out. He drops an oversized POLICE OVERCOAT on her shoulders.

MOIRA

We were - at my place. I heard someone outside. Smithy went to have a look --

AMBROSE

Did you see anyone?

MOIRA

No.

AMBROSE

Any idea who it could have been?

MOIRA

No.

He knows she's lying - but his attention is drawn to the diarrhoea brown AUSTIN PRINCESS that pulls up. Pascal climbs out. Ambrose leads him into the house. Pascal and Moira share a silence.

Moira watches through the window as Pascal sets to work patching Smith up. Annie stares at Moira before crossing to the window and pulling the curtains shut.

Moira sits down on the stoop - transfixed by the rain, waiting.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. MOIRA'S CARAVAN - DAWN

The watery sunrise throws it's diluted rays onto the burning embers of the trailer.

Alfred and Joseph cordon off the area - behind them Ambrose pulls up in his POLICE CAR. He lethargically decants and approaches.

JOSEPH

-- well that's because you had my tin whistle stuck in your arse.

ALFRED

It wasn't 'in' my arse, Joey.

JOSEPH

Looked like it was 'in' your arse, Alfie!

ALFRED

What were you doing looking at my arse?

JOSEPH

I was looking at my tin whistle!

Ambrose arrives.

AMBROSE

(to Joseph)

Can't believe you came from my loins.

Ambrose ducks under the tape and crosses to where Moira is sorting through the carnage. She's still wearing his POLICE OVERCOAT - but now also wearing a pair of his oversized trousers - she finds the Jaguar Rabbit Foot key-ring.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

Mary Golightly says you can stay there till we sort this shit out.

MOIRA

It's okay, I'm gonna stay with Daphne. She could do with the company.

Ambrose takes a roll of cash from his pocket and offers it to her.

AMBROSE

Here. Ain't much. Just till you get back on your feet.

Moira looks at it - refuses.

MOIRA

Thank you. But I don't need charity.

She finds Smith's hat - straightens it. Finds Smith's shoe, then the other - throws them in the back of her Hilux.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Truth is, this done me a favour.

She climbs into her van and drives off - leaving Ambrose stood in the middle of the burnt out caravan.

CUT TO:

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. SMITH'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Smith lays in bed, bandaged. The door open and Annie enters with a cup of SOMETHING.

ANNIE

How you feeling?

SMITH

Been better.

ANNIE

That's what happens when you go get yourself all 'blowed' up.

Smith tries to get up.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?

SMITH

Gotta a score to settle.

Annie pushes Smith back to the bed.

ANNIE

No you don't, not today. The score
will still be there tomorrow. You
need time to heal. We all need time
to heal.

Annie hands him the cup of SOMETHING.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Drink this. Tastes like shit.

SMITH

What is it?

Annie, purposefully doesn't answer, just tips it into Smith's
mouth - holds his nose, like a child taking medicine.

ANNIE

Medicinal Moonshine. Pascal says
your kidneys are pretty banged up,
so you may be pissing blood a while
anyways.

SMITH

(incredulous)

You just drugged me?

ANNIE

Used to do it to your Pa all the
time.

Annie looks out of the window - to see the Toyota Hilux and
the Jaguar XJ-S racing up the dirt road to the house.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Now rest.

Smith lays back down - too weak, and too wise, to argue.

EXT. SMITH HOMESTEAD - CONTINUOUS

Moiri gets out of her van, Daphne climbs from the XJ-S hands
the Rabbit Foot key-ring to Moira as she takes Smith's shoes
and hat from the back. Daphne gets into the passenger seat of
the van and waits as Moira dumps the shoes, hat and keys on
the porch.

Moiri spots Annie looking at her through the window, stoney
faced. She walks away, climbs back into the Hilux and drives
off.

The van bounces down the track - but as it leaves the gate, turning onto the main road - TWO expensive RANGE ROVERS blast past, heading towards the house.

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Annie watches the RANGE ROVERS approach and pull up outside.

Heavyweight GOONS climb out of the vehicles - including Linus and Patrick Kelly. Then, out steps; GRACE MONAGHAN, a graceful matriarch - a beautiful bitch with an assassins smile. She removes her sunglasses - drawing attention to a heinous crescent scar across her cheek and eye - long since healed.

Annie reaches down by the door for the 12 Gauge shotgun - she kicks the door open --

EXT. SMITH HOMESTEAD - CONTINUOUS

-- and steps out onto the porch, levelling the shotgun at Monaghan.

ANNIE

Won't be no lynching today Grace
Monaghan, not unless I say so.

MONAGHAN

Annie --

ANNIE

Say your piece and be on your way.

MONAGHAN

Firstly, I offer my sincere
condolences for the recent
travesties bestowed upon your
family.

The GOONS attempt to spread out - tactically re-positioning themselves - but Annie halts them with a wave of the 12 gauge.

ANNIE

I may be old - but I will cut that
bitch in half if any of you move
again.

The GOONS back down.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(to Monaghan)
I'm listening.

MONAGHAN
I'm not here to cause trouble,
quite the opposite. I heard what
happened to your boy last night --

ANNIE
Bad news travels fast in Broken
Cove, don't it?

MONAGHAN
But I swear to you, on my sons
life, I had nothing to do with it.

ANNIE
Then why you here?

MONAGHAN
Out of respect for you, your
family.

ANNIE
Your kind know nothing of respect.
Those fancy clothes don't hide what
you are. A brazen harlot. Always
was, always will be.

MONAGHAN
(ignores the provocation)
I don't want to be on the wrong
side of a man blinded by grief,
driven by revenge, it's bad for my
health --
(beat)
-- and it's bad for business.
(beat)
Certain business associates, have
expressed concerns - they don't
appreciate the kind of heat that
someone like your boy generates. A
dog off the lead makes them
nervous. Makes them dangerous.

Annie's eyes give nothing away.

ANNIE
Dangerous? Let me tell you about
dangerous Grace Monaghan.
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

If I find out you, or any of your
'business associates' had anything
to do with what happened to either
of my boys, as God is my witness, I
will finish what I started. I will
come for you, in this life or the
next.

Monaghan, dignified, calm.

MONAGHAN

Annie --

ANNIE

Don't fucking 'Annie' me. Be on
your way --

MONAGHAN

Don't let what happened between us
cloud your --

Annie aims the shotgun - clearly with every intention of
using it.

ANNIE

I said be on your way.

Resigned, Monaghan slides her shades back on and climbs back
into the vehicle. The GOONS disperse, mount up. The RANGE
ROVERS roll away down the track - Monaghan watches Annie.

Annie, turns, picks Smith's belongings off the porch and
steps back inside --

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

-- and closes the door - de-cocking the 12 gauge and dumping
the shoes, hat and key-ring on the floor.

ANNIE

(quietly)

Did you get all that?

Reveal; Smith, propped up against the kitchen window.

SMITH

Uh, huh.

Annie walks off into the kitchen without looking at him.

ANNIE (O.S.)
Sleep while you can, there's no
rest for the wicked.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SMITH HOMESTEAD - DAWN

A beautiful picturesque sunrise - shattered by the growl of the Jaguars V12 engine kicking to life.

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose looks out of the bedroom window to see Smith driving off.

AMBROSE
There's a storm brewing, heading
into town.

ANNIE (O.S.)
Uh, huh.

CUT TO:

EXT. JM AUTOMOBILES - DAY

Julius Maypothor unlocks the doors to a 'working garage' and enters.

Across the road, Smith gets out of the Jaguar and crosses to Maypothor's flatbed - he leans in through the passenger window and places one of Red Jacks stolen CIGARS under the seat. He moves to the back and removes the JERRY CAN of PETROL. He flips the seal - leaving a trail of spilt fuel in his wake. He follows Maypothor into the workshop.

INT. JM AUTOMOBILES. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Maypothor unlocks the office door - hits the lights - barely illuminating the ramshackle hovel.

SMITH (O.S.)
Hello Julius.

Maypothor looks up, double takes, shocked to see Smith. He reaches under the counter but Smith stamps on his hand. His heel inflicting agony on Maypothor's wrist.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Surprised to see me? Moira Cowley
sends her condolences.

Maypother writhes in agony. Smith reaches under the counter
and removes a sawn-off shotgun - releases Maypother.

SMITH (CONT'D)
She tells me you want to know
what's on Jimmy's list?

Smith stamps on Maypother's fingers again - then smothers the
scream.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Why, Julius?

He releases Maypother - but Julius spits on him, a string of
blood and spittle hanging from his defiant traumatised face.

Smith waits for a reply - none is forthcoming. Two, sharp,
short, tooth-loosening punches rock Maypother's head back.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Your names on the list. Conway.
Jacks. Monaghan --

Smith pulls the list from his pocket.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Catheen Hennessy. Top of the list.
You know her? Jimmy know her?

Maypother, defiant, shakes his head. Smith studies his face,
his eyes. Suddenly, Smith grabs him by the hair - drags him
across the desk and slams him into his office chair.

SMITH (CONT'D)
She one of Red Jacks girls? You
find her - is that it?

Julius musters a pittance of resistance.

JULIUS MAYPOTHER
Fuck you Smith! You inbred bastard!
They've got you now! THEY'VE
FUCKING GOT YOU NOW!

Smith rapidly ties Maypother to the chair suppressing any
resistance with short, sharp punches to the sternum.

SMITH
Who?

Punch.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Who!?

Punch.

SMITH (CONT'D)

WHO!!!?

Punch. Punch!!

SMITH (CONT'D)

Who are 'they' Julius?

Maypothor, defiant.

Smith, takes RED JACKS MONOGRAMMED HANDKERCHIEF from his pocket - he pours petrol on it - and discards the JERRY CAN.

SMITH (CONT'D)

According to the County Doc, Jimmy had a rag forced into his mouth - soaked in paraffin.

(beat)

Then someone set light to the rag.

(beat)

My Pa only ever gave me two bits of advice; Don't wash your dick in another mans sink, and --

Smith forces Maypothor's head back and stuffs the handkerchief into his mouth. Smith snaps open a Red Jacks LIGHTER and ignites it.

SMITH (CONT'D)

-- if you build a man a fire, he'll stay warm for a day. If you set a man on fire, he'll be warm for the rest of his life.

Smith sets light to the rag. It burns slowly - frightening the living shit out of Maypothor. The flame approaches his mouth.

SMITH (CONT'D)

What kind of person would do that, Julius?

Smith just exits --

EXT. JM AUTOMOBILES - CONTINUOUS

-- crossing to the XJ-S, carrying Maypother's sawn-off shotgun. As he pulls away, Smith flips Red Jacks LIGHTER from the window - igniting the trail of petrol.

The Jaguar snakes away - as behind, JM Automobiles goes out of business in a squall of flame.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

The Triumph weaves through the desolate country roads at speed - flying past a shotgun ridden sign for: THE DRIFT.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIFT - LATER

The XJ-S rolls down the street and stops outside NUMBER FOUR (D'Marco's cottage).

Smith reaches for Maypother's shotgun and climbs out. As he approaches the door he can hear a RADIO - turned up annoyingly loud. The door is ajar, so he enters --

INT. D'MARCO COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

-- carefully, he moves through the hall, towards the music. He pushes the door to the room open with the muzzle of the shotgun to reveal:

Daphne, rolling the biggest REEFER she can handle. She looks up at him, utterly stoned.

 DAPHNE

 Nice hat. Did your Momma make it?

She amuses herself - then she's back to her reefer.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)

 Moira not home, she down at
 Golightly's. Pissed-on at seeing
 you again.

 (she looks at him)

 Bet you get that a lot, eh?

 SMITH

 Ed Conway?

DAPHNE
Eddie Bad breath?

She smiles internally to herself - not letting Smith in on her own joke.

 SMITH
You get your shit from him?

She nods.

 DAPHNE
His breath smell bad. Uses shit
from dog for tooth-of-paste.

 SMITH
Where can I find him?

 DAPHNE
Any gutter.

Daphne amuses herself again.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Why you wanna talk to Eddie Tooth-
of-paste? Same reason you talked to
Maypothor?

Smith doesn't answer. Daphne gestures to the POLICE SHORT
WAVE RADIO dumped in the corner.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Heard about his *garage* on the radio
- that you making toast?

She looks at him - he's not giving anything away - but she
don't really give a shit anyhow.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Ed's got bone'n a rag yard in
Longacre. It's a one legged *donkey*
town, shouldn't be hard to find.

She looks around again - Smith has gone, but he's left
MAYPOTHER'S SHOTGUN propped on the settee.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Hakuna Matata, uncle fucker.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIFT - CONTINUOUS

From a parked vehicle down the street; SOMEONE watches as Smith exits NUMBER FOUR, climbs into the XJ-S and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. JM AUTOMOBILES - DAY

A smouldering crime scene. Police vehicles and personnel litter the area.

INT. JM AUTOMOBILES - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose looks at the charred remains of Julius Maypothor.

CUT TO:

I/E. ED CONWAY'S RAG N'BONE YARD -- DAY

Smith, seated in the Jaguar - watches Ed Conway, on his cell-phone, pacing the yard - under a ramshackle lean-to of a WORKSHOP. As Smith climbs from the car he slides his TRILBY onto his head.

INT. ED CONWAY'S RAG N'BONE YARD - CONTINUOUS

Ed catches sight of Smith across the street, heading into the yard - but is so wrapped up in his telephone conversation he pays no more than a passing glance.

Smith continues his approach, head down - surreptitiously scanning the yard for other people. As Ed finishes his call his attention is now slowly being drawn to the figure splashing through the rain towards him.

ED

Can I help you, fella?

Smith slowly raises his head - rain pouring from the rim of the TRILBY; Ed rides a wave of panic as he recognizes Smith.

ED (CONT'D)

Smithy? B..b...been a long time.
Sorry to hear about Jimmy. He was
like a brother to me.

SMITH

Me to.

Ed, jarred.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You supplying Jimmy with gear for
Jacks girls?

ED
Not me, Smithy, Johnny Carroll. I
don't do that stuff anymore mate --

SMITH
You're lying Ed!

ED
What makes you say that?

SMITH
Your lips are moving.

Smith erupts - pummelling punches into Ed. It's an horrific sight as Smith systematically takes him apart.

Ed crawls across the wet floor - crying.

ED
(screaming)
I d..d..don't know anything!!!!

SMITH
I don't believe you Edward!

Smith stamps down on ED'S testicles - twisting his heel, crushing.

ED
STOP!!! PLEASSSE!!!

Ed lay breathing heavily in the mud - praying for the violence to stop. Smith, momentarily relents.

SMITH
Who killed Jimmy and why?

ED
(crying)
I.... I... don't know...

Again, Smith stamps on Ed's testicles. Ed screams, Smith calmly waits, until the wailing subsides.

ED (CONT'D)
(screaming)
They'll kill me!

SMITH
I'm gonna kill you Ed.

Smith reaches down and remorselessly drags a screaming Ed by the hair into --

INT. ED CONWAY'S RAG N'BONE YARD. WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS

-- the broken down workshop. He slams him into the wall.

Ignoring the screaming; Smith grabs a discarded screwdriver and thunders it into Ed's knee - holding his free hand over his mouth, smothering the scream.

SMITH
It's going to worse for you. Much,
much worse.

Smith turns the screwdriver slowly. ED drools uncontrollably - unable to speak - shock taking over.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Who killed Jimmy Ed?

ED
You did!! You Did!!

Smith stands; looks around, eyes the weapon of choice, a CLAW HAMMER - and crosses to the bench --

BAM!!! The door crashes open and the hulking silhouette of Patrick Kelly fills the doorway.

He tackles Smith, body-checking him hard, hoisting him into the air and smashing him into the workbench - wrestling him to the ground.

It's an ugly scuffle - fast and nasty. Smith reaches up to the bench - gripping the hammer - embedding it onto Patrick Cole's hand, splintering the bones. As Patrick recoils, Smith swings the hammer - burying it deep in his shoulder.

SUDDENLY; A shadow falls across Smith, before he can extricate himself from Patrick - a SYRINGE is ploughed into his back.

Smith spins to see Linus Kelly towering over him - instantly delivering a gruesome kick to Smith's face, sending him to the dirt. Smith fights to get to his feet, but as the drug takes effect he becomes still.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD MILL - DAY

Smith is slumped in a chair in the derelict mill. His hands bound behind his back - his feet to the chair legs.

Muffled sounds jolt him from his stupor - his world slowly crawls into focus - the fuzzy shapes of several bodies moving about.

Suddenly, a bucket of water is thrown over him - snapping his senses back to:

One eyed Patrick Kelly drops the bucket.

Smith forces himself to focus - recognizing Ed Conway, beaten and bandaged, necking aspirin and downing whiskey from the bottle.

The door grinds open and HANDSOME BASTARD enters - he's a well groomed and educated sociopath.

HANDSOME BASTARD
Thought they'd overcooked it on the
happy juice.

He looks at Smith, coldly. Studying him. Smith spits blood onto the expensive shoes.

The Handsome Bastard doesn't react. He picks up Smith's hat and tries it on. Smith squints - blood stinging his eyes.

HANDSOME BASTARD (CONT'D)
Was going to get me one of these -
but they're hard to find in this
neck of the woods.

He throws the hat back down - back to business.

HANDSOME BASTARD (CONT'D)
You are more of a pain in the arse
than colon cancer.

Handsome Bastard hammers a punch into Smith's solar plexus.

SMITH
(sputtering)
Are you flirting with me? Mister?

Handsome Bastard, amused.

HANDSOME BASTARD/SEAN
Monaghan. Sean Monaghan.

SMITH
(penny drops)
Monaghan? Junior.

SEAN
What do you think you know Mister
Smith?

Smith scans the room - it's a lose, lose situation - shakes his head, implying he knows nothing.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Enjoy the in-flight entertainment.

Sean gestures towards Linus and Patrick Kelly, who stand, eager to inflict untold misery on Smith.

Smith braces himself for impact --

-- as Linus kicks him full in the face - knocking the chair over - even Ed Conway looks away, revulsed by the impact.

Patrick Kelly picks the chair up - propping Smith back onto it. Blood freely pouring from the fresh gash across Smith nose.

Patrick Kelly punches Smith - exposing Smith's cheekbone. The chair and Smith crash to the floor once more.

Sean halts the attack, leans over to Smith.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I don't like to repeat myself.

SMITH
What?

SEAN
I said I don't like to --

He realises Smith is winding him up - but fails to see the joke and gestures for the brothers to continue.

Patrick Kelly wraps a rope around Smith's neck and drags him across the floor. Reveal: Linus Kelly holding a thin WOOD CHISEL and MALLET.

They grapple Smith's hand - force it open on the floor. Linus Kelly lines up the chisel and strikes it forcefully with the mallet - driving it through Smith's palm.

Smith barely suppresses the scream. As the pain rides through him - he nods, conceding.

Sean gestures for Linus and Patrick Kelly to pick Smith up. They hoist the chair and drag Smith back onto it.

SMITH
(laboured)
Julius Maypothor, pulled girls for
Red Jacks skin flicks --

Smith struggles, fighting the coursing pain surging through his body.

SMITH (CONT'D)
-- Jimmy, Jimmy, made a bit on the
side pumping 'em full of Carroll's
shit, right Ed?

Everyone looks to Ed - perfectly dropped in the shit.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Cathleen Hennessy was one of the
girls. Got high, gang-bang got
Roman, she ended up floating in
Lassiter --

Smith eyes the guilty faces.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You all had a go, maybe -- ?

Patrick Kelly throws a look to an impassive Sean - but's it's enough for Smith.

SMITH (CONT'D)
-- filmed it even?
(beat)
Jimmy knew, or found out, sold you,
one of your boys down the river,
threatened to go to the Garda?
Blackmail?

Sean and Smith exchange poker faces - Sean lets his 'tell' slip first.

SEAN
Inaccurate --

Smith spits blood onto the floor.

SMITH
-- but close enough?

Sean stares at Smith, trying to read him, then --

SEAN
 (to the Kelly brothers)
 Bring me that Cowley whore.

Undiluted rage rides through Smith - he strains at his bindings with such blood-vessel popping ferocity Sean actually steps back.

Linus drives an horrific punch into Smith's temple and quashes the threat - sending Smith crashing to the dirt.

PATRICK KELLY
 What about his old lady?

Sean shrugs it off. Too much hassle? Or Conscience pang?

SEAN
 Out of bounds. Leave her be.

Linus and Patrick Kelly leave.

Smith watches them depart - but he's slipping into unconsciousness.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 (to Ed)
 Take him over to the Go Inn - till
 it's time to chop him up and feed
 him to the crabs.

Sean leaves. Ed hobbles to his feet, picks up Smith's TRILBY HAT as the two remaining GOONS untie Smith and carry him outside --

EXT. OLD MILL - CONTINUOUS

-- and dump him in the boot of a VAUXHALL VAN. Ed deposits Smith's hat on top of him before slamming the tailgate.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW TOWN. TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

The Vauxhall bullets down the track, bouncing on the uneven terrain, tires barely finding purchase.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW TOWN BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

On the bridge, ticking over, a diarrhoea brown Austin Princess at the wheel: Father Pascal.

Pascal takes a swig from his hip flask, watching as the Vauxhall Van arrives at the bridge - travelling towards him.

Pascal hits the accelerator and the Austin lurches forward, speeding across the bridge.

Then; Pascal swerves, drastically, into the path of the oncoming Vauxhall.

A nanosecond before impact; Pascal makes the sign of the cross --

The two vehicles collide head-on in a sickening crunch!!

The Vauxhall Van is shunted into the bridge - punching a hole through the crude crash barrier.

Finally, the door of the Austin Princess swings open and Pascal falls out. Bloodied, he staggers towards the Vauxhall, revolver in hand.

Ed and the GOON attempt to crawl out from the twisted van. Pascal raises the gun and clinically discharges two rounds - one each in the head.

He blesses both of the bodies before reaching in and removing the keys from the ignition - cutting the screaming engine.

He unlocks the boot - inside a drugged, bruised, Smith.

Pascal lifts him out - and drags him back to the Austin. It starts, just.

Pascal wedges the car in gear - rolls forward - pushing into the beleaguered Vauxhall - nudging it further through the barrier - until, finally it plummets over the edge into the rocky river below.

Revving hard, Pascal forces the Austin Princess to limp back towards town.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIFT - DAY

The Kelly brothers Range Rover rolls to a stop opposite COTTAGE FOUR (belongs to Daphne D'Marco).

Linus doesn't seem convinced.

LINUS KELLY
She ain't here, Patrick.

PATRICK KELLY
Impatient bastard. Ed sells his
skunk to that D'Marco tramp, she
told him Cowley was staying with
her. We wait.

LINUS KELLY
Ed is a shit-for-brains waste of
fucking space, Monaghan should have
chopped his sack off and stuffed it
in --

PATRICK KELLY
(interrupting)
What does she drive?

LINUS KELLY
What?
(bored)
Dunno, some kinda of shitty pick-
up, I think.

Patrick Kelly gestures outside...

PATRICK KELLY
Like that shitty pick-up?

LINUS KELLY
Just like that shitty pick-up.

Moirra pulls up. They watch, as she grabs a small bag of
groceries off the seat and enters number four.

Linus and Patrick Kelly climb from the Range Rover and cross
the road - drawing weapons. Patrick Kelly listens at the door
- the radio is switched on.

INT. D'MARCO COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

BAM!!!! The door is kicked open and Linus and Patrick burst
in - Daphne is stood in the hallway in her bra and knickers,
JOINT hanging from her mouth, Maypother's sawn-off shotgun
resting on her hip - levelled at the intruders.

DAPHNE
Knocky. Knock!

She fires: Linus Kelly catches the blast full in the stomach, virtually cutting him in half - lifting him back through the door and dumping the two pieces of him unceremoniously in the street. She makes the sign of the cross.

Patrick Kelly ducks for cover as Daphne fires again, blasting a hole in the wall.

Patrick Kelly stares at the bloodied body of his dead brother - desperately trying and failing to assimilate his emotions. He creeps forward along the hall - gun held ready to shoot. He moves into the kitchen where he can see a reflection of Daphne - he slams his body into where she is hiding - managing to grab the shotgun. He raises his .45 to Daphne's head - but from nowhere, Moira appears, slamming a rusty meat cleaver down on his wrist - severing his hand.

Patrick Kelly screams - heading for the door clutching his bloodied stump - *dragging Julius Maypothor's sawn-off shotgun with him.*

Daphne and Moira both look down at the severed hand - still holding the .45. Daphne hands the REEFER to Moira - who takes a deep toke.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Are you gonna ring the Policia
mans' or am I?

CUT TO:

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

Ambrose is sat at his desk examining TWO clear EVIDENCE BAGS - one containing a CIGAR and the other containing a LIGHTER.

In the main office; Alfred is Googleling 'KLINGON SWEAR WORDS' and Joseph is rummaging in draws - looking for something.

In the background - Ambrose answers his cell-phone.

The main office telephone rings and Alfred leans back in his chair - stretching past Joseph for the receiver.

ALFRED
(lazily)
Yeah, hello.
(not really paying
attention)
You got who come in?
(suddenly listening)
(MORE)

ALFRED (CONT'D)
Patrick Kelly... right... and he's
missing a what?

Alfred leaps to his feet

ALFRED (CONT'D)
(shouting)
INSPECTOR!!!!!!

But; Ambrose bursts out of his office - on a mission of his own.

AMBROSE
There's a Linus Kelly hole in the
world. Intestines spread all over
The Drift.

ALFRED
Patrick Kelly is at a
veterinarian's on the outskirts of
Longacre, minus a hand.

Joseph leaps up - lost 'tin whistle' in hand - he sniffs it -
pulls his head away sharply.

JOSEPH
Arh! You dirty-arsed bastard!
You've done it again.

Ambrose and Alfred just ignore him.

AMBROSE
Did you say minus a hand?
(beat)
Careless.

JOSEPH
(confused)
Why, what's going on?

AMBROSE
You two get down to Longacre, I'm
heading out to The Drift.

Ambrose hands a scribbled note to Alfred.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
The address. Get some lads in hats
to meet me down there.

Just as Alfred and Joseph head out the door. Ambrose grabs
Joseph by the scruff of the neck.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)
Don't go and get yourself killed,
you hear me.

Joseph nods. It's a heartfelt moment. Ambrose straightens his
sons uniform - then Ambrose is out the door --

EXT. GARDA STATION - CONTINUOUS

-- and striding to his car - dials his cell.

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Annie answers the phone.

ANNIE
Hello?

EXT. GARDA STATION - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose reaches the car - climbs in.

AMBROSE
Have you heard from him?

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Annie looks straight at Smith, being sutured by Pascal.

ANNIE
No, why?

EXT. GARDA STATION - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose starts the car - reverses out of his parking space.

AMBROSE
All is not well in Denmark!
Maypother this morning, now Moira
Cowley and the D'Marco girl just
had a run in with the Kelly
brothers. Linus came off second
best in an argument with a shotgun.
I'm heading over there now, if you
hear from him, tell him to keep his
head down. Let me deal with it.

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smith is coming around - fast.

ANNIE

I will - be careful Clarence.

Annie puts the phone down and crosses to Smith - sutures weave across the wounds on his face.

Desperately Smith fights his nausea and delirium.

SMITH

(urgent, desperate)
Monaghan's snatched Moira --

ANNIE

(calmly)
The slut is safe. Clarence is on
his way there now. Linus Kelly
won't be no bother to anyone again.

Smith absorbs the information. Still trying to clear his head. Pascal throws him a bottle of generic pain-killers, Smith swallows a handful.

SMITH

How did you know where I was?

FATHER PASCAL

Your Ma asked me to keep an eye on
you - sorry I didn't get you out
sooner.

Smith gets up - catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror - the sight of the network of sutures weaving across his bloodied face.

FATHER PASCAL (CONT'D)

You may not be as pretty, but
you'll live.

ANNIE

Did you find what you were looking
for?

Smith nods. Annie looks out the kitchen window - not wanting to hear.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Jimmy involved?

Smith lies.

SMITH

No.

Annie knows he's lying - finally acknowledging the fact that Jimmy was really a bastard.

ANNIE

Monaghan's protecting her son. The curse of being a parent.

Smith starts to get dressed, pulling on his bloodied shirt.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

What do you think you are doing?

Smith is about to protest - when Annie hands him a fresh, ironed shirt.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

No son of mine is going to get himself killed in an un-starched shirt. It ain't Christian.

FATHER PASCAL

I'll wait in the car.

Pascal leaves. Smith hugs his Annie - she holds him tight. He breaks to the door.

ANNIE

Caleb.

Smith stops, silhouetted in the doorway - looks back at her.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Caleb, you don't need to do this.

They look at each other, both resolutely strong - yet screaming inside. Annie's giving him a way out -- will he take it?

EXT. SMITH HOMESTEAD - CONTINUOUS

Smith walks to the waiting car. Pascal drives them away.

INT. SMITH HOMESTEAD. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Finally, Annie allows herself to grieve.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DRIFT - DAY

The street is cordoned off and the full Garda (Police) circus is in town.

Ambrose is staring at Linus Kelly's corpse - it has an effect on him - but he shuts it out. A Garda approaches and speaks to Ambrose, just out of earshot - before he moves on.

INT. D'MARCO COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Ambrose enters COTTAGE FOUR - can smell the marijuana. He pushes past the plethora of procedural personnel. He registers the blood splatter on the walls, floor and door.

He enters the crowded kitchen - where Patrick Kelly's hand is bagged and tagged.

He moves to the living room - where Moira and Daphne are sat on the settee, flanked by a couple of no-nonsense Constables.

AMBROSE

Ladies.

DAPHNE

Inspector.

MOIRA

Inspector de Policia.

AMBROSE

(rhetorically)

Break-in and Entering? Self-Defence?

Moira and Daphne, both stoned, look at each other and nod. Ambrose acknowledges it - but doesn't believe it.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

I've just about had it up to my tired old testicles today, seriously. If it wasn't for the paperwork, and my lack of valid firearms license, I'm this close to shooting you two fragrant miscreants myself. And I've just been told Ed Conway has decorated the inside of his van, with the shit that passed for his brains - and the fat arse he was with - by driving of that bastard bridge.

(MORE)

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

The very same parent-less bridge
that drunken buffoon, John Carroll,
took a flying lesson off last week.
I got that dead Hennessy girl
washed up in the damn. Jimmy Smith
and Julius Maypothor having a
barbecue competition. Patrick Kelly
is gonna come last in a county
clapping contest and Linus, poor,
retarded, Linus Kelly, inside-out
in the fucking street! And the Pope
only knows what other carnage
awaits - before the sun sets in
this parish of the damned. I swear
to my God, your God, Allah, Buddha,
Bono and Elvis Aaron Presley, I am
going to retire, take up knitting --

DAPHNE

Knit yourself a bag for your tired
testicles?

Both Daphne and Moira try not to laugh - chastised by
Ambrose' withering stare. But; somehow, Ambrose seems to have
purged himself, he wipes his brow again - reigning it back
in.

AMBROSE

Break-in and Entering? Self
defence?

Moira and Daphne nod again.

AMBROSE (CONT'D)

First things first, where is Smith?

CUT TO:

I/E. THE DRIFT. PASCAL'S AUSTIN - DAY

Smith and Pascal sit silently - as the Austin Princess
cruises through the muddy roads.

CUT TO:

EXT. ED BRYNE'S RAG N'BONE YARD - DAY

The Austin pulls up next to Smith's XJ-S. As Smith gets out
Pascal hands him his REVOLVER.

FATHER PASCAL

I decided to give up gambling.

There's nothing more to be said. Smith crosses to the Jaguar, starts her up and they head back the way they came.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONGACRE VETERINARY CLINIC - DAY

Alfred and Joseph duck down, coming under fire from the window of the Veterinary Clinic. The lunacy of WOODEN POLICE TRUNCHEONS versus SAWN-OFF SHOTGUN blatantly obvious.

ALFRED

Patrick, put your hands up and --

JOSEPH

(corrective whisper)

Hand, hand.

ALFRED

Put your 'hand' up and step out where we can see you clearly.

BAM! The windscreen of the Police Car is shot out - spraying Alfred and Joseph in glass.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

Khest!

Joseph looks over to him.

JOSEPH

Did you just swear in Klingon?

Alfred nods, embarrassed.

Suddenly; another blast rings out, tearing the wing mirror from the car - peppering Alfred's shoulder with molten shot - spinning him to the ground.

Joseph grabs hold of the fallen Alfred and pulls him into cover.

ALFRED

I'm alright. I'm alright!!!

The door of the clinic is kicked open and Patrick staggers out - wielding Julius Maypothor's shotgun.

PATRICK KELLY

I will fucking kill you!!! Kill you all! Bastards!!!!

Joseph stands, fearless. His mind-set changed. Albert can see what he is going to do.

ALFRED

Joey, don't! Don't!

But, Joseph turns and marches toward the screaming Patrick Kelly. Patrick levels the shotgun --

-- Joseph hesitates, seemingly once again paralysed by fear.

But as Patrick Kelly's finger tightens on the trigger Joseph explodes and smashes his *wooden police truncheon* into Patrick Kelly's head. Cracking it like an egg. Patrick's body falls lifeless to the ground.

Joseph, in a state of shock, stares Patrick's corpse, the reality sinking in. Sickened to his soul with what he's just done.

His knees buckle - unable to hold back the tears. Alfred appears beside him. Joseph takes out the PENNY TIN WHISTLE and begins to play.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONAGHAN HOUSE - DAY

Smith pulls up outside Monaghan's House - although as grand as Red Jacks - this place is the epitome of class.

Thomas is stood on the other side of the gate. Smith sighs, bracing himself for the inevitable pain a battle with Thomas will bring.

Smith gets out; REVOLVER in hand, hanging by his side.

SMITH

How's the knee, Thomas?

Thomas is also holding a gun, also hanging by his side. Neither man adopting a threatening posture.

THOMAS

Bit sore.

SMITH

Arnica liniment, three times a day.

Thomas nods his thank you.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Changing sides? Red not paying enough?

THOMAS

It's a free market economy Mister Smith. A man's got to keep his employment options open.

SMITH

Guess so.

(beat)

So, how's this gonna play out Tom? Can I call you Tom?

THOMAS

I prefer Thomas -- but Tom's fine.

SMITH

This ain't your fight, Thomas. I ain't got grief with you. Think about it - we don't need to do this. Go home, kiss your kids good-night. Live to fight another day.

THOMAS

Kids are in Florida --

SMITH

Dolphins?

THOMAS

Dolphins.

SMITH

That's nice.

Thomas thinks about it - drops the counter-lever - and the gates swing open.

They exchange subtle acknowledgements of respectful gratitude, Smith gets back in the Jaguar and drives in.

CUT TO:

INT. MONAGHAN HOUSE - LATER

Smith walks through the house, no staff, no henchmen - makes him nervous. He follows the sound of Holst's The Planet Suite: 'Mars' echoing through the house --

INT. MONAGHAN HOUSE. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS

-- into a hall - where he finds Grace Monaghan, waiting for him.

MONAGHAN

Welcome to my humble abode.

Monaghan walks off, Smith tentatively follows into --

INT. MONAGHAN HOUSE. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

-- the office. Beautifully simple, classic, expensive.

Monaghan crosses to her desk - turns the music down, slightly.

MONAGHAN

Gustav Theodore Holst. Mars; The Bringer of War. Clears the cobwebs, helps me think.

SMITH

Big house, must get lonely since your old man died?

Monaghan, stung, covers.

MONAGHAN

Yes it does.

SMITH

And Sean Junior?

MONAGHAN

Sent him out of town.

SMITH

Out of harms way?

MONAGHAN

Something like that.

SMITH

How long you known?

MONAGHAN

About the girl? Couple of days. But it's not what you think, Smith. You're believing in the wrong truth.

SMITH

He over stepped the mark - coming
after my family, Jimmy was my
blood.

MONAGHAN

As Sean is mine.

(beat)

There are no innocents in this.
We're all guilty to a greater or
lesser extent.

Monaghan dials-in the combination for the wall-safe.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

Our families go back a long way.
Your father and --

SMITH

You destroyed my Pa --

MONAGHAN

Your father destroyed your father!
Not romanticising about the hero of
your childhood? Let's not dress
this up. Womanising, gambling and
murdering, only three things he was
good at.

Monaghan opens the wall safe - takes out a handful of old
papers and dumps them on the desk.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

Take them. Keys to this town. Every
deed I hold. Make you a rich man.
Let my boy be, walk away from this.

Monaghan rummages through the papers until she finds three
specific ones.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

Old man Cowley's farm. Golightly's
hovel, your Ma's place - need I go
on?

Smith stares at the papers - thinking through his options.
Monaghan opens the desk draw and takes out a piece of paper -
signs it.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)

All legal and binding.

She watches as Smith weighs up the options.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)
Like father like son.

That cuts Smith. Makes his mind up for him. He shakes his head.

SMITH
You think this can be settled with money?

Monaghan smirks, drops the deeds on the table.

MONAGHAN
Money is just Alka-Seltzer for the soul. Living with pain makes us who we are Smith. How we handle grief defines us.

Smith aims Pascal's REVOLVER at Monaghan, who doesn't flinch.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)
You're not the first man to aim a gun at me.

SMITH
But I may be the last.
(beat)
What's to stop me from killing you and taking the deeds anyway?

SEAN (O.S.)
Me!

Reveal; Sean pressing a .45 muzzle into Smith's temple.

SMITH
Like Mother like son.

Sean prises the revolver from Smith's fingers and deposits it on the desk.

MONAGHAN
For what it's worth, I'm genuinely sorry about your brother. But what had to be done, had to be done.

Smith stares at her coldly - so much so it unnerves her.

MONAGHAN (CONT'D)
Don't shoot him in here, that rug is a genuine Persian, gift from Red, imported from Iran, just as the Tsar was overthrown, apparently.

Sean forces Smith out of the office --

INT. MONAGHAN HOUSE. GRAND HALL - CONTINUOUS

-- into the hall.

SEAN

Predicable bog-jockey - I knew you
wouldn't let it lie.

SMITH

Cheap words - for such an expensive
education.

Sean slaps the butt of the pistol across Smith's neck -
pushing him forward. *Smith's TRILBY sent to the floor.*

Smith seizes the moment and aggressively manhandles Sean over
the balcony; sending both men crashing onto --

INT. MONAGHAN HOUSE. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

-- the staircase; falling 10 feet - SMACK!!!! - onto the
steps.

The brutalizing impact takes more out of Smith than it does
Sean, who recovers and drives a solid jab into Smith's face,
following through with a vicious kick.

Smith scrambles to get up - backing onto the landing - but
Sean is on him - jack-hammering blows into kidneys and ribs.

They have the blood lust now - blunt force trauma. Both men
intent on inflicting mortal damage on each other. It's ugly
and raw, a dirty blood-fest.

The two titans battle like erupting volcanoes. Eventually,
amidst the brutality, Sean connects with a punishing, jaw
shuddering, teeth shattering hook, dropping Smith.

SMITH

(spitting blood)

Must have really made your Mother
proud with the Hennessy girl --

Sean kicks Smith viciously - a driving, penetrating blow.

SEAN

The girl was an accident. Got out
of control. Fucking OD'd on us.

Sean retrieves the fallen .45.

SMITH

And Jimmy? Was he an accident?

SEAN

No. He was very fucking intentional
Smith. Been a long time coming.

The fire re-ignites in Smiths eyes.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I wanted to kill that little fucker
myself, make no mistake --

Smith, recoils -- did he hear that right?

SEAN (CONT'D)

-- but Johnny Carroll got to him
first.

Smith, stunned, confused. Struggling to assimilate.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Jimmy panicked, tried to take her
to hospital in Longacre --

SMITH

-- Carroll? No. Carroll was already
dead... he was already dead when
Jimmy --

Sean shakes his head.

SEAN

-- Carroll put his car off the town
bridge a couple of days before the
Garda found Jimmy's body, that's
all it was. Happenstance.

As the words cut through Smith like a rapier - Sean fires;
BAM! Smith is catapulted across the floor, his left shoulder
erupting, ragged by the .45 slug.

Sean; a cat playing with a wounded mouse.

SEAN (CONT'D)

You've been elusive, hard man to
track down, Smith. Tried, after you
shot my Pa up. Hired a couple of
nasty pieces of work, from the
smoke, work over the Cowley girl,
real bad, figured atrocities
carried out against the ones you
love - would bring you back.

(beat)

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

Never underestimate a priest with a gun. Never did find the bodies.

Smith forces his fingers into the bullet wound - an agonising attempt to stem the flow of blood.

SEAN (CONT'D)

My father, made me swear, on his deathbed; that your Ma and Jimmy were beyond reproach. On his fucking deathbed Smith - you were on his mind. Not me, his son, not his wife of thirty fucking years. You!

(beat)

He feared you. Told me to fear you. Why?

SMITH

(agonised, breathless)

I... let him live --

Smith fights to control his breathing - forces himself to his knees.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Let you live. He gave me his word. No harm would come to my kin.

SEAN

His word? Tell you what his word gave you - after, Carroll caved your brothers skull in, I got Jimmy's body, tied it up, burnt it.

(beat)

Couldn't take any chances - had to make sure you'd come back, Smith.

Sean watches as tears finally stain Smith's face - his spirit crushed.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I kept my oath to my Pa - when I killed your brother, he was already dead.

Sean puts the .45 into the base of Smith's skull.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Look at you now. Broken, like the rest of this fucking Cove.

SMITH

Your Pa - would be turning in his -
grave, if he could see what you
are, what you've done to this town.

SEAN

My father OWNED THIS FUCKING TOWN!
Left it to me! Your bastard Pa left
you nothing, nothing but an English
name, Smith - and that ain't worth
shit.

Sean's fingers tighten on the trigger until --

-- SUDDENLY; Smith lashes out --

-- BAM!!! Sean fires --

-- The bullet ripping a chunk of marble from the floor.

Sean; nothing at first - no sign of contact; but gradually
delayed shock registers on Sean's face - then, slowly, ever-
so-slowly a thin CRESCENT shaped trace of blood opens up
across his neck, cheek and eye.

In Smith's bloodied, bandaged hand; his fathers BONE HANDLED
CUT THROAT RAZOR.

SMITH

Only I get to call him a bastard. I
earned it.

Sean's wound opens further - to reveal a hideous slash across
his face. Smith watches the pained desperation in Sean's eyes
- the true fear of certain death. He staggers back on the
stairs - topples - crash landing, at the bottom.

Smith stares down at his beleaguered nemesis, numb, his fist
still clenched, almost ringing blood from his bandaged hand.

Smith turns, heavily, heading back up the stairs to confront
Grace Monaghan.

SUDDENLY; BAM! The lower left side of Smith's abdomen
explodes - .45 exit wound.

From the bottom of the stairs; Sean fires again - second
round hits Smith in the back.

He hits the ground - lungs screaming for air.

Slowly Sean climbs the stairs, blood freely pumping from his
neck.

He finds Smith bleeding out, but desperately trying to crawl for cover. He aims the .45 and squeezes the trigger - the gun jams! Sean discards it, annoyed.

Smith grips a table barely able to drag himself to his feet. He makes it to knees, glazed eyed and helpless, all motor and cognitive function gone.

Sean steps back and lashes out with a skull cracking kick.

Smith's face absorbs the full impact of the deathly blow - head bouncing like a rag-doll - before hitting the floor with a sickening thud.

Smith's body is still - bloodshot eyes fixed in a deathly stare - a dark halo of blood seeps from his skull.

Sean looks down at the body - picks the limp carcass up by the hair and drags him --

INT. MONAGHAN HOUSE. HALL - CONTINUOUS

-- through the hall - leaving a trail of blood.

Sean pick's up Smith's TRILBY, dusts it off and puts it on before he rounds the corner into the office.

INT. MONAGHAN HOUSE. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Monaghan registers the silhouette of Sean dragging Smith's body through the glass panelled wall.

MONAGHAN

I said not in here - it'll ruin the
Persian --

BUT; as Sean steps into view; Monaghan only recognizing Smith's HAT - grabs the REVOLVER off the desk and fires.

THUD!!! Sean is hit in the chest! THUD!!! A second shot hits him in the neck - sending Sean's dead body to the ground in a tsunami of blood - the TRILBY spinning across the floor.

Suddenly: Monaghan is hit with the reality of the situation - can see she's just shot Sean - SHE'S JUST MURDERED HER OWN SON!!!!

Horrificed; she slumps into her chair - overcome by grief she screams - it's involuntary, guttural - primeval.

She places the barrel of the revolver in her mouth and pulls the trigger, BLAM!!! Her last, embittered thought, wallpapers the office wall -- just as Ambrose arrives.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HILL CEMETERY - DAY

Father Pascal performs Smith's funeral - to a small congregation made up of the usual suspects; Annie, Ambrose, Mary, Golightly, Alfred and Joseph - and a few stragglers.

Moirira and Daphne loiter at the back - by 'lightning strike' tree.

Annie's hand reaches out, by her side, searching - finds Ambrose hand. Clasp's it tight.

Annie see's Moira - their gaze holds. Moira half hoping to find an allie, two women united in grief. Annie smiles, it's only the briefest glimmer of a smile - but it's there.

Suddenly, the truth dawns on Moira and she runs from the cemetery.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMITH HOMESTEAD - DAY

Smith appears on the porch, he looks an utter mess, kit bag slung over his shoulder.

His attention drawn to a familiar Hilux tearing up the dirt track towards the house.

He limps crosses the yard to the XJ-S. The pick-up skids to a halt nearby, and Moira steps out.

MOIRA

You never were great at goodbyes.

Smith dumps his kit-bag in the boot of the Jaguar.

SMITH

How did you know?

MOIRA

Your Ma smiled at me. She's never smiled at me.

Smith smiles - that sounds like Annie.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Why, Smithy?

SMITH

Even the Monaghan's owe someone -
maybe 'they' won't come looking for
a dead man.

He slams the boot of the Triumph.

MOIRA

Where are you going to go?

SMITH

Somewhere. Anywhere.

MOIRA

D'you need some company?

He SERIOUSLY considers it - for a heartbeat. He looks at her,
through her, cold.

SMITH

No.

She's stung - accepts this truth.

MOIRA

Ambrose gave me the deeds to my old
mans place. Said Monaghan released
them apparently, before she shot
herself. So, I'm a landowner now.
Guess you made me all respectable.

SMITH

Guess so.

MOIRA

Mary and Old Man Golightly too.

Smith eases his broken body into the car, fires up the
engine.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Will you be coming back?

SMITH

Maybe.

Smith pulls away. In the rear view mirror - Moira still
looking.

Is he going to stop?

No.

He hits the accelerator - and the Jaguar kicks up a trail of dirt as he heads somewhere, anywhere. The solitary image of Moira diminishing in the rear-view mirror.

The End