

FADE IN:

EXT. FORECOURT, SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

The forecourt of a shopping centre. Mid-morning. Not many cars or customers.

A Securicor van sits outside the shopping centre entrance, a uniformed driver waiting.

A Securicor guard walks out from the centre. He has a helmet and baton and carries two large metal cash boxes.

He raps on the back of the van, prompting a hatch to open. A container slides out and the guard slots the boxes into the container. It slides back in and the hatch closes.

The guard gets in the front of the van. The driver starts the engine and the van pulls out onto a dual carriageway.

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY

The van drives along the road, passing by suburban houses and bus stops. Traffic is light.

A car comes up behind the van, moving at speed.

INT. CAR - DAY

In the car are two guys, wool hats on head. One is JIMMY MULLEN (30, athletic, intelligent-looking), the driver is MAURICE CARMODY (30, tough, menacing). Jimmy has a paintball gun.

As they near the back of the van they pull the hats down over their faces, turning them into balaclavas.

The car swerves out and drives up alongside the van.

Jimmy rolls down the window. He aims a paintball gun out. As it overtakes the Securicor van he fires a volley of shots at the windshield. Paint splatters all over it.

INT. SECURICOR VAN - DAY

The driver, his vision completely obscured, slows down.

DRIVER
What the fuck...

The guard in the passenger seat frantically presses an alarm button beneath the dashboard.

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY

The van slows to a stop. The siren on top starts to wail loudly.

The car swerves in front of the van, parking sideways to block it. Jimmy and Maurice get out, Glock pistols ready. They go to either side window of the van.

A second car pulls up behind the van, trapping it. It parks sideways, blocking the lane. Two men get out. They are BARRY FOSTER (wiry frame, balding, moustache, 30s), and DECO SHERIDAN (a beefy, baby-faced 30-year old). They too have balaclavas over their faces and carry a Glock and a sawn-off shotgun.

At a nearby bus stop people watch on startled.

Jimmy points his gun at the driver.

JIMMY

Open the fucking door.

INT. SECURICOR VAN - DAY

DRIVER

What do we do?

PASSENGER

The window's bulletproof. They'll fuck off when they hear the cops coming.

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY

The small crowd at the bus stop is dispersing rapidly. One guy is too slow. Maurice points the gun at him.

MAURICE

(Shouting)

You!

The guy, dressed in a tracksuit and sporting a baseball cap and moustache, looks petrified. Maurice goes over and grabs him, shoves him to the side-window. He points the gun to his head.

MAURICE

(To driver)
Open it or I'll waste him.

INT. SECURICOR VAN - DAY

DRIVER
Jesus Christ.

PASSENGER GUARD
He's bluffing.

Maurice lowers the gun, shoots the guy in the leg. He collapses to the ground, screaming in agony, blood soaking over his trousers.

DRIVER
Jesus, pat. I can't be responsible
for getting someone killed.

He hits a button. The back door opens.

EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - DAY

Barry orders the guard in the back out and ushers him towards Maurice with the sawn-off. The two in the front are ordered out.

MAURICE
(Barking)
On the ground, hands behind head,
eyes down.

They do as they're told. The driver looks at the shooting victim on the ground, blood all over his tracksuit bottoms.

DRIVER
Are you all righ...

But the guy is up off the ground. He starts to help the raiders empty the boxes from the van into the boots of the cars, not a bother on his leg, just red paint. This is CARL DALY (28, slightly built). The guard curses under his breath.

Maurice holds the guards at gunpoint until all the cash boxes are in the boots of the cars. Then they get back in the cars. Carl gets in behind Jimmy and Maurice.

The cars speed away from the scene.

EXT. WASTE LAND - DAY

Smoke pours up from Jimmy and Maurice's burning car in a stretch of waste ground. Some kids, one clutching a football, stand around looking at it.

INT. LOCK-UP GARAGE - DAY

Jimmy pours liquid nitrogen from a large flask over a cash box in an old bath. Foggy white gas billows up as he pours.

Behind him, Carl smashes a cash box with a sledgehammer. The box shatters, shards of metal falling away to reveal wads of frozen solid notes. The rest of the gang observe.

MAURICE

There's a few people I'd love to have a go at with that liquid nitrogen.

BARRY

Don't talk to me about that shit. I had it put on me balls.

CARL

What?

BARRY

They use it for genital warts. It freezes them off.

MAURICE

You'd need the whole vat to kill what's crawling on you.

ALL

Hahahaha.

BARRY

Fuck off.

Carl stoops and feels the stiff money. It is frozen solid but is untainted by dye, the cold having deactivated the explosive dye pack.

CARL

There's nothing like cold hard cash, boys.

DECO

Fucking dye-packs.

JIMMY

(Concerned)

Don't go spending that yet, you hear me?

Carl slaps Jimmy on back.

CARL

Don't worry, Jimmy. We'll be at the labour tomorrow.

MAURICE

Someone's gotta pay the child support.

ALL

Hahaha.

Maurice goes up and massages his shoulder.

MAURICE

Relax, Jimmy. It went just like you said it would.

(Starting chant)

Champio-nes, champio-nes...

The others join in. Egged on by Maurice, Jimmy allows himself a satisfied smile.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

Jimmy drives past rows of identikit housing in humdrum suburbia. He pulls into the drive of a house, walks to the door.

A yellow Labrador barks at him from a side-gate. Jimmy goes to the dog and pets him through the railing. He goes to the front door, puts his key.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy ambles around the downstairs of his home - a modern, shining open plan kitchen/dining room; a lush sitting room.

On a mantle is a photograph of Jimmy and EMMA CONNOLLY (a pretty, diminutive brunette in her late 20s). In the photos they have their arms around each other, every bit the happy couple - at parties, on holidays.

He goes upstairs. He opens a door into a master bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight shining through the open curtains illuminates the empty double bed.

Some drawers are pulled out from a chest. They are ominously bare except for a bra hanging from the corner of the drawer.

Jimmy checks a wardrobe. The hangers are empty except for one or two dresses.

Jimmy, looking resigned, slumps down on the side of the bed. He takes out his mobile and dials.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello?

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Maureen, is Emma there?

A beat. Whispering on the other end of the phone.

WOMAN (O.S.)

She's out, Jimmy.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Tell her I called, would you?

WOMAN (O.S.)

I'll let her know.

Hang-up click.

Jimmy dials another number.

MAN (O.S.)

Yeah?

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Billy. It's Jimmy. I need you to do something for me.

EXT. PUB CAR PARK - DAY

BILLY DOYLE (a weasely little man in his mid-50s) crosses a pub car park. He looks around him cautiously as he approaches a car in the corner. Satisfied no-one is around Billy sits into the car. We see him chat to the man in the driver's seat for a few seconds.

INT. CAR - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

The driver is Garda detective KEVIN FOLEY (a plain clothes detective in his 30s).

FOLEY
Flanagan, yeah?

BILLY
That's what I heard.

FOLEY
Not the Tallaght boys?

BILLY
It's not 100 per cent, but that's what I heard. They were seen meeting the past few days.

A beat.

FOLEY
Flanagan?

BILLY
Yeah, Flanagan.

FOLEY
Right, Billy. I hope your information's a bit more useful this time.

BILLY
I'm just telling you what I know, Kevin. You can stop calling me anytime you like.

Billy gets out. He walks towards the pub as Foley drives off.

INT. PUB - DAY

Billy sits on a stool at the bar, next to a partition. The far side of the partition sits Jimmy, nursing a pint.

JIMMY

That wasn't Madigan.

BILLY

It was Kevin Foley. Madigan's replacement. You're not the only one retiring.

JIMMY

So this Foley's your new handler?

BILLY

That's a very technical term, Jimmy.

JIMMY

So's informer.

A beat.

BILLY

Are we good then, Jimmy?

JIMMY

We're good, but a word of warning. Robbie Carmody's out of prison soon.

BILLY

I figured it must be around now.

JIMMY

I was able to keep Maurice from coming for you. I won't be able to stop him.

BILLY

That prick Robbie Carmody would have got caught sooner or later anyway.

JIMMY

Maybe so, but he's still serving four years because of you.

A beat.

BILLY

Why didn't you let Maurice kill me, Jimmy?

JIMMY

You were always good to my mother.
Besides, I've always thought it a
shame to turn down an opportunity.

BILLY

I've done a good job keeping the
cops off your scent, that's for
sure. Did you ever read Flann
O'Brien?

JIMMY

Who?

BILLY

Flann O'Brien. He was a writer. He
had one rule for living. Turn
everything to your advantage.

JIMMY

Sounds like a sensible fella. You
be sensible and make yourself
scarce, Billy.

BILLY

I'm thinking of heading to
Scotland. Stephen's homeplace. Up
in the Highlands.

JIMMY

Sounds nice. Best of luck to you
both.

Jimmy drains his pint and leaves.

BILLY

Jimmy?

Jimmy stalls a second to hear what Billy has to say.

BILLY

You be careful now.

Jimmy turns and goes.

EXT./INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls into his driveway, enters his house. He
notices a coat on the rack and footsteps upstairs. He
walks upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma is unpacking a case as he walks in. She doesn't look at him. He stands at the door.

JIMMY

How's your ma?

EMMA

(Not looking at him)

Me da's home, the prick.

JIMMY

You shouldn't be so hard on your da.

EMMA

Why the hell not?

JIMMY

If your da wasn't such a prick you wouldn't be with me. You need to believe there's some good in us scumbags.

EMMA

Sigmund fucking Freud now, are ya?
Jimmy fucking Mullen, live-in psychiatrist....

He comes up and gently caresses her from behind, kissing her neck. She drops the clothes, turns around and kisses him.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Jimmy and Emma make love. Jimmy lies on top, thrusting into her. The bedsheets just about cover their naked bodies. Emma moans with sensual abandon.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - (LATER)

They lie in each other's arms, post-coital.

EMMA

Promise me it's the last time,
Jimmy.

JIMMY

I promise.

EMMA

I can't fucking stand it anymore.
When I hear something on the radio,
people talking about it in the
office. I never know if you're
coming home or not...

JIMMY

I told you, Emma. It's the last
time. This time next year we'll be
settled in Spain.

EMMA

We need to be settled.

JIMMY

We will be.

EMMA

It's not going to be just us.

JIMMY

(Smirks)

You thinking of bringing your ma
with us, are ya?

EMMA

No.

She turns to him, looks down and places his hand on her
stomach.

JIMMY

(Realizing)

Ah you're not serious...

She smiles up at him.

JIMMY

Oh my god.

INT. PRISON VISITOR ROOM - DAY

Maurice sits across a small table from his brother ROBBIE
in a prison visiting room. A few other prisoners
entertain visitors behind them.

Robbie is 34, cropped hair, built like a tank, mean-
looking but sluggish. His T-shirt is bone tight, showing
well-honed biceps. A long ugly scar runs down one side of
his face.

MAURICE

I've a good party planned for you, bro.

ROBBIE

It's not parties I'm concerned about.

MAURICE

You're not still banging on about Billy Doyle, are you? There's no proof he dobbed you in.

ROBBIE

You know as well as I Billy's the biggest snitch either side of the Liffey. That faggot has it coming.

MAURICE

You were careless, Robbie. Carrying out an armed robbery on your own.

ROBBIE

There's being careless and there's being grassed up. And you did nothing all the while I was in here.

MAURICE

Jimmy said to lay off him.

ROBBIE

You still do everything Jimmy tells you? Some things haven't changed then.

MAURICE

Thanks to Jimmy there's a nice bit of cash waiting for you when you get out. Jimmy's got brains. Pity he's leaving. Two of you together, we'd be some outfit.

ROBBIE

If Jimmy wants to head off, let him. Keep an eye on Billy Doyle. When I get my hands on him he'll confess.

Robbie extends his fist for Maurice to touch.

ROBBIE
Family, yeah?

Maurice touches his fist to Robbie's.

MAURICE
Of course, bro.

ROBBIE
I served four years, man. Four
years while you were out there,
living it up.

Maurice is chastened, in thrall to his older brother.

MAURICE
Yeah, Robbie. I know. We'll tear
it up when you get out, yeah?

Maurice rises.

MAURICE
I've to get me dole. Hang tight.

EXT./INT. DOLE OFFICE - DAY

Jimmy waits at the top of a long queue for a hatch in the social welfare office.

Maurice walks in. He looks around, sees Jimmy, then skips to the top of the queue and stands beside him.

The guy behind Jimmy, a hipster with John Lennon glasses and corduroy clothes, taps Maurice forcefully on the shoulder.

HIPSTER
(Annoyed)
Excuse me, there's a queue here.

Maurice turns around and just glares at him. The hipster quickly senses he's better off not making anything more of it. Maurice turns back to Jimmy.

MAURICE
In seeing the bro there, so I was.

JIMMY

How is he?

MAURICE

In good form now he's getting out.
I tell you, you and him together...

Maurice seems to realize he's talking a bit too loudly and quietens down.

MAURICE

... well, you know what I'm saying.

JIMMY

In another life, pal. That's all
over for me.

MAURICE

Here, you see Flanagan's men
outside.

JIMMY

I saw them.

MAURICE

Wonder what those gobshites want.

EXT. DOLE OFFICE - DAY

Two men lean with their arms folded against a BMW. They are ERNIE MALONE (40s, shaved head, muscular) and NIALL DUNLOP (mid 30s, scrawny but dangerous-looking). Their presence seems to be a statement.

Jimmy, Carl and Maurice emerge from the dole office.

MALONE

(To Jimmy)

Keith would like a word, Jimmy.

MAURICE

He can have two. Fuck off.

DUNLOP

He wasn't talking to you,
shithead.

MAURICE

We don't jump when Flanagan says
jump anymore.

MALONE

(To Maurice)
 If you're not jumping it's 'cos
 Keith doesn't need you jumping.

JIMMY

(To Maurice)
 Easy, Maurice. It can't hurt to
 drop in on an old friend.

Malone opens the back door for Jimmy.

MAURICE

(To Malone)
 He's not going anywhere without
 us.
 (To Carl)
 Get the car. We'll drive him
 there.

EXT. "MADEMOISELLES" - DAY

"Mademoiselles", a lapdancing club, situated on the
 basement floor of a converted Leeson Street townhouse.
 Access is by a flight of metal stairs that run down from
 street level by the porch of the building.

Maurice and Carl wait down the street in a car, eyeing
 the club. Its location is indicated by an unlit neon wall
 sign visible through the street-level railings.

INT. "MADEMOISELLES" - DAY

On several low stages in the cellar-like club, young
 women in thongs and bras sway lethargically around poles
 for the benefit of a handful of aging businessmen. Sultry
 soft rock music plays.

Malone leads Jimmy through the club, towards KEITH
 FLANAGAN, who sits by himself at the bar. Flanagan is late
 40s, bulging belly, thick coiffured hair in washes of gray
 and silver, and wears a suit. His wallet is on the bar,
 the edges of some notes visible inside.

FLANAGAN

Jimmy. Have a seat, enjoy the
 view.

Jimmy climbs up on a stool, glances around.

JIMMY

Don't mind if I do.

Malone departs.

FLANAGAN

Nice piece of work the other day, Jimmy.

JIMMY

You've lost me, Keith. I'm on the scratcher. You need a barman in here?

FLANAGAN

Hmh. Still the wisecracker. Well, good luck to you. You stick to the David Copperfield stunts, let the businessmen take care of the real money and we can all get along fine.

JIMMY

I'm still lost.

Flanagan leans across.

FLANAGAN

Let's not bullshit each other. There's things you can do in this city, and things you can't do. You start doing the things you can't do, then you've me to answer to. There's certain ... businesses ... that are off bounds.

JIMMY

I hope that's not all you brought me here for, Keith? To say that?

FLANAGAN

Just making sure we know where we stand.

JIMMY

Maybe you just wanted to see if I'd come.

FLANAGAN

It's not that long ago you were running errands for me, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Seems it.

FLANAGAN

You'd be foolish to think you could act with impunity, that's all I'm saying.

JIMMY

Don't worry, Keith. The city's yours. You're welcome to the kip.

FLANAGAN

Heard talk you were getting out, all right. People like me and you, Jimmy. We never get out.

JIMMY

We're nothing alike, Keith.

FLANAGAN

Huh. You haven't wised up that much then. You could have been one of my best men, you didn't decide to go your own way.

Jimmy nods towards one of the dancers.

JIMMY (CONT.)

That bird there's a cracker. Where do you get them, Keith? Are they Fedexed over or what?

Flanagan turns to look at the girl Jimmy's pointed out. Jimmy quick as a flash manages to swipe 100 quid from Flanagan's wallet and put it into his own pocket.

FLANAGAN

That one? That piece of merchandise is from Hungary. Beautiful country. Absolutely beautiful.

Flanagan turns back around to Jimmy. Jimmy gets off his stool.

JIMMY

Well, nice to see you again, Keith. I'd better shoot off.

Jimmy walks off.

FLANAGAN

Remember what I said, Jimmy.

Jimmy walks towards the exit.

Just before he leaves he spots Kevin Foley sipping a drink inconspicuously in the corner.

The plain-clothes cop is watching the Hungarian girl, every bit the jaded afternoon customer.

Jimmy smiles to himself, thinking his plan has worked perfectly - the Guards are keeping tabs on Flanagan.

EXT./INT. CAR - DAY

Maurice and Carl wait in the car outside "Mademoiselles".

CARMODY

There was a time Flanagan wouldn't ask for Jimmy. He'd tell him.

CARL

Flanagan's still not worth messing with.

CARMODY

Isn't he?

CARL

Come on, Maurice. He's still the biggest fish in the pond..

MAURICE

That's 'cos he's in the right business. Drugs. That's where the money is. This Dick Turpin bullshit is old. Without Jimmy to plan the jobs we're lost anyway.

CARL

I don't know.

MAURICE

Course you don't. You know fucking nothing. That's why I'm here to tell ya. Only reason Jimmy doesn't like drugs is his

mother dying, you know that. It doesn't make sense not to get into it.

Jimmy comes out of Mademoiselle's, gets in the car.

CARMODY

What was all that about?

JIMMY

Load a me bollix. He was just flexing his muscle.

MAURICE

Getting paranoid, is he?

Jimmy takes the hundred out of his pocket.

JIMMY

He'd want to be. Swiped this from his wallet, haha.

Maurice cracks a wide smile and slaps him on the shoulders.

CARMODY

Hahaha, you fucking maniac. First rounds on Keithy boy.

INT. LOWRY'S PUB - DAY

START MONTAGE - DRINKING SESSION

Pints of stout and lager and shots of tequila and whiskey are poured to a pulsating Celtic rock soundtrack.

Jimmy, Maurice, Carl, Deco and Barry knock back pints. Lowry's is a real dive, illegally cloudy with cigarette smoke, a triclour on the wall, "Tiocfaidh ar la" inscribed in the white segment, the customers in tracksuits and ski jumpers.

The gang laugh, joke and sing along in boisterous fashion. Their red-blooded mix of jocular and menace makes them seem like a cross between folk group "The Dubliners" in their prime and the droogs from "A Clockwork Orange".

END MONTAGE

EXT. MADEMOISELLE'S - NIGHT

A car pulls up outside "Mademoiselle's". Inside are Malone and Billy Doyle, Malone at the wheel.

BILLY

It's a long time since I cracked a safe, Ernie.

MALONE

It's an old one, Billy. Shouldn't take you five minutes.

They get out. Billy follows Malone into Mademoiselle's.

INT. FLANAGAN'S OFFICE, MADEMOISELLE'S - NIGHT

Malone and Billy enter a back office.

Waiting for them is Keith Flanagan, Kevin Foley and JOE MCKENDRON (40, a gaunt, beady-eyed, tough-looking guy).

When Billy sees Foley he freezes.

BILLY

Foley?

FOLEY

It's still Garda Foley to you, Billy.

FLANAGAN

Kevin here tells me you've been spreading some nasty little rumours about me, Billy. It's hard enough getting away with what you've done, without drawing heat for what you've not.

Malone steps behind Billy and closes the door. Billy gulps. This isn't going to end well.

FLANAGAN

It's about time we had a bit of a talk.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

On a packed dance floor Deco, Carl and Barry dance raunchily to some raunchy, bass-heavy R'n'B with some eager young things in short tight dresses.

Maurice and Jimmy stand on a walkway overlooking the dance floor. Maurice broadcasts drunkily into Jimmy's ear over the noise. They are both drunk, but Maurice particularly so.

MAURICE

It was never about the money for me, Jimmy. It was always about the buzz. Me, you, Carl. Fossie and Deco. The boys from Holywell, the way it's always been.

JIMMY

You'll have Robbie soon enough.

MAURICE

Robbie's Robbie. He's family and all, but, y'know... It won't be the same without you, Jimmy.

Jimmy nods his head towards a table in the corner where a few dolly birds nurse Bacardi Breezers.

JIMMY

Here, that bird was giving you the eye.

MAURICE

Wha'?

Maurice looks over at the table and assesses the different options.

MAURICE

Which one?

JIMMY

The blonde, you spanner. You'd want to be blind not to see those bedroom eyes.

Maurice looks over again and studies the girl identified by Jimmy. His pretty target hasn't looked over once.

MAURICE

It'll have to be bathroom eyes, bud, I'm on a schedule. You reckon she's game?

JIMMY

She's no clay pigeon.

MAURICE

I'll go and run the flag up the pole, wha'? Hahaha.

Maurice struts over to the table. Jimmy watches him utter a few words to the girl. A second later she pushes up on the bench and Maurice nestles in beside her.

Jimmy takes out his mobile. He types a text message.

INSERT - MOBILE PHONE SCREEN

"home soon"

BACK TO SCENE

A gorgeous girl has taken a position beside Jimmy. She eyes him coyly as she sips her drink.

GIRL

Hi. I'm Trisha.

Jimmy smiles at her, like he's thinking. He looks back down at the phone.

He hits "send".

He pockets the phone, finishes his drink in one go.

JIMMY

And I'm just leaving.

He smiles and heads for the exit. She looks after him, sulky with disappointment.

EXT. WASTE GROUND - DAY

A young boy leads two uniformed Gardai through wasteland. Rusting shells of cars, burnt out caravans and mounds of refuse line their route.

The boy looks terrified, his face pale and drawn. He clutches a football under his arm.

He stops and points to a hill of rubbish. The Gardai pass him and walk behind it.

They find Billy Doyle.

His naked corpse is tucked into a foetal position. The

bottoms of his ears have been sliced away to make them pointed like a rodent's. His body is covered with burn marks. Several fingernails are missing. The end of a broken snooker cue has been inserted in his anus.

One of the Gardas heaves on the ground. His partner is more stoic.

GARDA
(To colleague)
Looks like somebody put a tail on
a rat.

EXT. BEACH, HOWTH - DAY

Waves lap up the beach as Jimmy and Emma stroll along. In the background daytrippers amble about.

Fido runs alongside them, sprinting ahead then turning and falling back. Jimmy spots a branch washed up on the shore, picks it up.

He flings it. The dog chases after it excitedly, brings it back and drops it at Jimmy's feet. He hunkers down and pets it.

JIMMY
Thataboy, Fido.

EMMA
Nobody calls their dog Fido any
more.

JIMMY
He told me his name was Fido.

EMMA
(Laughing)
Would ya go on, ya eejit.

JIMMY
(Smiling)
I swear. I can talk to dogs. They
understand me.

Emma playfully kicks water at them both.

INT. STORE STREET GARDA STATION - DAY

Detective Inspector SEAN HEFFERNAN (50s, broad and imposing, a face that experience has turned into an

inexpressive mask) talks to Foley in Heffernan's office.

FOLEY

He was a hand-me-down from Madigan. I only talked to him a few times.

HEFFERNAN

Did he give any indication someone was onto him?

FOLEY

He was fucking useless. No leads at all off him.

HEFFERNAN

Someone thought he was worth doing that to.

FOLEY

Look on the bright side. One less scumbag on the streets.

HEFFERNAN

(Indignant)

Billy Doyle wasn't involved in anything major for years.

FOLEY

That we know of.

HEFFERNAN

Even if he was, I hardly think anyone deserves that.

Foley shrugs, playing the jaded, hardened cop.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Fido is leashed to a lamppost outside a classy restaurant. He chews enthusiastically on a fat juicy steak between his paws.

INT. RESTAURANT - SAME

Emma and Jimmy sit like accessories to the fancy meals laid in front of them in the cozy bohemian restaurant - steak for the gentleman, lobster for the lady. A waiter pours red wine into their glasses with appropriate gravitas. When he's done he bows serenely and moves off.

EMMA

I thought he was going to faint
when you took the steak out to
the dog.

JIMMY

He who pays the piper...

Jimmy picks up his glass.

JIMMY (CONT.)

Here's to Spain.

Emma joins in the toast.

EMMA

To us.

They clink and drink. Jimmy eyes up the steak, gathers his
utensils to tear into it.

EMMA (CONT.)

I love you when you're like this,
Jimmy.

He stops, fork halfway to his mouth.

JIMMY

Like what?

He pops the morsel of steak into his mouth and chews.

EMMA

You know. When you're here. Really
here. Not planning something.

Jimmy reaches down into a shopping bag at his feet. He
takes out a wrapped gift.

JIMMY

Here, I got you this.

Emma unwraps it. Inside is a diamond necklace -
sparkling, beautiful. She puts it on, smiling.

EMMA

It's beautiful.

JIMMY

Like you.

She smiles.

JIMMY
You're more than beautiful.

She reaches down to a shopping bag under the table.

EMMA
I got you something too.

She hands him a wrapped gift. He unwraps it. It is a "Learn Spanish" book. He seems bemused.

JIMMY
Thanks.

EMMA
Might come in useful.

JIMMY
I'm not totally hopeless. I have been practicing.

EMMA
(Smiling)
Oh?

Jimmy composes himself, as if preparing an elaborate speech.

JIMMY
What was it again? I'd practiced it...
(Thinking)
Damn.

EMMA
Seems you will need the book after all.

He looks at her, straight into her eyes.

JIMMY
Te quiero.

She is smitten.

JIMMY
How's that?

EMMA

That's perfect.

JIMMY

I thought the intonation might be a bit wrong. I might need some work on...

EMMA

It's perfect.

She leans across and kisses him.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

They make love - this time more slowly and sensuously than before, exploring every aspect of each other's body.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy opens the door, about to leave. It is morning. Emma, in her pyjamas, hugs him and kisses him goodbye.

EMMA

I thought we could stay in bed all day.

JIMMY

I've to sort a few things in me mother's gaff.

(Pause)

Robbie Carmody's out today. I'll have to drop in.

EMMA

That fucking eejit.

JIMMY

I have to be there.

Emma kisses him. She glances at the house opposite the street, a "For Sale" sign planted in its front garden.

EMMA

You think we'll sell the house? The one across the road's been up for sale for ages.

JIMMY

Don't worry about that. We can sell a bit under if we have to.

He steps out.

JIMMY
Don't forget to feed the dog.

He walks out.

EXT. HOLYWELL FLATS - DAY

Four blocks of council flats enclose a square courtyard. Concrete stairwells adorned with sketchy graffiti give access to the flats. We see a sign naming the place as "Holywell Flats".

Jimmy enters the yard from a tunnel entrance.

INT. JIMMY'S OLD FLAT - DAY

Jimmy packs things away into cardboard boxes. The flat, a typical small council flat, is almost completely empty, everything packed away.

It looks like it hasn't been lived in for a long time, just the bare furniture left.

Jimmy finishes packing a box. He looks around wistfully.

He takes a black bin liner, opens a drawer and starts dumping stuff into the bag.

He freezes. He reaches down into the bin liner, takes out something.

CLOSE-UP - MEMORIAL CARD

It is a memorial card for his mother, a pretty but prematurely aged young woman with a weak smile.

BACK TO SCENE

CARL (O.S.)
You need a hand?

Jimmy turns around, spots Carl at the door.

JIMMY
No, I'm all right.

Carl comes over, sees what Jimmy's holding.

CARL

Your mother. She was a great woman.

JIMMY
She had her days.

CARL
Memories, eh? Craic we had around
this place as youngsters.
Terrorizing the place.

JIMMY
Yeah.

CARL
You'll miss it.

JIMMY
I've missed it a long time. Time to
move on. What about you, Carl? What
are you going to do? You can't be a
gouger all your life.

CARL
A few more jobs, then I'm done.

JIMMY
You'd want to be.

CARL
Kathy has her sights set on a shop.

JIMMY
A shop? What kind of shop?

CARL
Ah, y'know yourself. The kind that
sells shit. Groceries, books,
whatever.

JIMMY
I can just imagine you. That's a
lovely head of cabbage for you, Mrs
O'Brien.

CARL
Fuck off, hahaha. Here, let me give
you a hand. We've to get to the
Carmodys quick.

Jimmy leaves the memorial card aside.

JIMMY

Right, clear these drawers into these bags.

As Carl takes the bin liner and starts clearing the drawers out, Jimmy heads into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He crouches by the bath, peels back a loose piece of board on the side, reaches his hand in.

He takes out a Glock pistol. He gives it a quick examination, checking there's a cartridge in it, then puts it back.

EXT. GANGWAY, FLATS - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Jimmy and Carl exit the top-story flat and walk along the gangway towards another flat at the end. As they approach they hear the sound of hip-hop and laughter from inside the flat.

INT. CARMODY'S FLAT - DAY

They enter to scenes of merrymaking. Deco, Barry, Maurice and Robbie are standing around drinking, cracking jokes.

The flat is decked out in all the latest designer furniture and electronics, belying its bleak exterior.

Jimmy and Robbie eye each other. Jimmy approaches and slaps Robbie on the shoulder.

JIMMY

Good to see you, Robbie.

ROBBIE

Likewise, Jimmy. Here you've been looking after the bro.

JIMMY

He's able to look after himself now.

MAURICE

Don't have much choice with this prick hightailing it off to Spain.

ROBBIE

Spain, is it? Sounds nice. Some people have all the luck.

MAURICE

It runs out for others, eh?
Hahaha.

Maurice and Robbie share a glance and a smirk.

JIMMY

Did I miss something?

MAURICE

Billy the snitch. He got his fifteen minutes.

Maurice takes an "Evening Herald" newspaper off the table, hands it to Jimmy.

Jimmy studies the open double-page spread. It is dominated by two photographs - a police mugshot of Billy Doyle, and one of a tarpaulin covering a body in waste ground. Another, smaller photo shows a pool cue, the word "grizzly death" captioned beneath it.

Jimmy feigns nonchalance as he scrutinizes the awful details.

ROBBIE

I always knew Billy'd make it big.

JIMMY

Guess he spat instead of swallowing for the wrong guy.

The Carmodys and the others laugh.

MAURICE

The only pity is we couldn't have a friendly chat with him ourselves, eh Robbie?

ROBBIE

Whoever did it did a bang up job.

MAURICE

You know the papers haven't the half of it.

ROBBIE

His snitching came back to him.
Karma. That's what it is.

MAURICE

Karma? That's what they teach you
in prison school, is it?

BARRY

Saves spending time in the
shower, wha'? Hahaha.

Robbie eyeballs Barry, whose contrition is immediate.

BARRY

Messing, Robbie. Messing.

A knock comes on the door.

MAURICE

Here, you better get that,
Robbie. You're living here now,
better do your bit. Can't be
waiting on you hand and foot like
those warders in Mountjoy, now,
can I?

ROBBIE

I suppose I'd better reintroduce
meself to the neighbours. Missus
Brady'll be complaining if I
don't, huh-huh.

Robbie strolls to the door.

Jimmy stares again at the photo of Billy Doyle in the
Herald.

Robbie opens the door to a female Garda. She has long
wavy dark hair tied back in a bob and is very easy on the
eye.

GARDA

I'm looking for Robbie Carmody.

ROBBIE

Yeah.

GARDA

You were meant to sign on at
Store Street Station today.

ROBBIE
(Exasperated)
I just got out today.

GARDA
Failure to meet the conditions of
your release can result in
reincarceration.

ROBBIE
What the fuck? I'm not meant to
sign till next week.

GARDA
You have the right to remain
silent.

She grabs his crotch.

GARDA (CONT.)
But I hope you don't.

She pulls open her Garda jacket to showcase a pair of
stunning breasts bulging out of a red lace bra.

Behind Robbie the jeers and laughter erupt. Robbie looks
back at the gang and leers.

ROBBIE CARMODY
Yiz are some bunch of queers, yez
know that.

Maurice opens a door to the bedroom. The "Garda" takes
off her cap and places it on Robbie's head. She sashays
past him into the flat, taking his hand as she does, and
leads him to the bedroom. The jeers and cat calls mount.

MAURICE
It's called re-education, batty
boy. Play nice, now.

Maurice closes the bedroom door on them.

Barry takes a seat on the edge of the couch nearest the
bedroom. He raises his hand.

BARRY
I call sloppy seconds.

MAURICE
You're a bleeding scumbag,

Foster.

BARRY

(Unfazed)

I need to get me hole.

MAURICE CARMODY

Go home to your girlfriend to get
your hole.

BARRY

She's after going and getting up
the spout. I'm not shagging two
people. That's just sick, that
is.

There is a pause of incredulity as the gang members look around at each other. Then they burst into another round of laughter. Barry is unfazed by the reception to his comments, only one thing on his mind.

Only Jimmy is at odds with the raucous atmosphere, still poring silently over the newspaper article. Maurice notices.

MAURICE

You all right, Jimmy?

Jimmy snaps out of it and puts down the newspaper.

JIMMY

Yeah, yeah. Just good to see
Robbie after all these years,
y'know.

He nods to the fridge.

JIMMY

You going to throw me out a can
or what?

Smiling, Maurice obliges.

INT. BEDROOM, JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Emma walks into the bedroom. A packed suitcase lies on the bed. The drawers that she'd cleared out before are cleared out again. She looks around puzzled and then heads downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy sits smoking a cigarette in the dark. Emma enters and turns on the light.

There is a half-drunk bottle of whiskey on the coffee table in front of Jimmy. She folds her arms across her chest.

EMMA

Jimmy, what's going on? Why are my clothes packed?

He looks numb.

JIMMY

You're going to Spain tomorrow, Emma.

EMMA

What are you on about?

JIMMY

You heard me. You're going tomorrow.

EMMA

I've to give notice at the accountant's. I can't just pack up and go.

JIMMY

Yeah, you can.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emma and Jimmy lie on their backs in bed, post-coital. Half-packed suitcases are on the floor beside them. Emma smokes.

EMMA

This has something to do with what happened Billy Doyle, isn't it?

Jimmy is quiet.

EMMA

You don't owe Billy anything, Jimmy. You were good to him. He should have been dead a long time ago, way he carried on.

JIMMY

Yeah, but there's should and there is. I got him into something.

EMMA

He made his choice. You don't owe Billy anything.

JIMMY

I have something to do, Emma.

EMMA

What good will revenge do?

JIMMY

It's not just revenge, Emma.

He touches Emma's stomach.

JIMMY

I've to do this for all of us. Go to Spain, find a place. I'll be over soon.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A small crowd of mourners watches Billy's coffin lowered into the ground. Jimmy stands among them.

PRIEST

...we commend the body of Billy Doyle to the ground, and all the souls of the faithful departed...

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (LATER)

Gravediggers fill in the grave as the priest shakes Stephen Walsh's hand. Stephen is Billy's age, but looks a lot less shady. He is cleaner and trimmer. His face is a map of anguish and loss, taking Billy's death hard.

Jimmy stands to the side, biding his time, waiting for the priest to depart.

INT. KITCHEN, STEPHEN WALSH'S HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy leans against the counter as Stephen pours milk into two cups of tea. He hands Jimmy a cup.

STEPHEN

I thought Billy was keeping away

from that guy lately.

JIMMY

You sure it was Flanagan?

STEPHEN

What other scumbag is capable of that?

JIMMY

Billy was...

(Struggles for words)

Billy was Billy.

STEPHEN

I almost didn't recognize the person the priest was talking about. Don't suppose anybody wants the truth about them read from the pulpit.

JIMMY

He wasn't a bad man, Billy.

STEPHEN

No, you're right. He wasn't a bad man. Not a good man, but not a bad man. He was mine.

Suddenly Stephen is overcome. He breaks down in tears.

Jimmy doesn't know what to do. Stephen gathers himself.

STEPHEN

Sorry, Jimmy.

JIMMY

No, Stephen. It's... it's a shit day.

Jimmy takes out his wallet, takes out a thick wad of notes in an elastic band. He drops it on the bench.

JIMMY

That's a little to tide you over, Stephen.

Stephen stares at the wad of cash, easily over 10 grand.

JIMMY

I owed Billy for a few odd jobs.

STEPHEN

He hardly earned all that.

JIMMY

Take it, Stephen. It'll help you
get out of here.

Jimmy squeezes Stephen's shoulder. Then he walks out.

Stephen stands staring at the money on the bench.

INT. STORE STREET GARDA STATION - DAY

Foley types away in his cubicle. His phone rings and he
answers.

FOLEY

(Into phone)

Foley.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Flanagan wants to see you.

Foley looks around warily, checking no one's in earshot.
The other Gardai in the open-plan work floor are all
preoccupied.

FOLEY

(Quietly)

(Into phone)

Use the fucking mobile.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Tonight at nine. The layby in
Mulhuddart. The one the traffic
cops used to use.

FOLEY

(Into phone)

Mulhuddart?

There is a "click" as Jimmy hangs up. Foley puts down the
phone and checks around him again to ensure he hasn't
been overheard. He returns to his typing.

INT. KITCHEN, STEPHEN WALSH'S - NIGHT

In the foreground, we see wad of cash on the table, the
exact place where Jimmy left it hours earlier.

In the background, Stephen Walsh sits on a chair. He stares numbly at the money. He gives the impression he's sat there staring at it for hours.

EXT. LAYBY, MULHUDDART - NIGHT

Foley, casually dressed, waits in a car in a layby off a quiet, tree-lined road. The area is where the city's last housing estates mesh with the countryside.

A stone hits his back windscreen. He looks behind him.

He sees someone standing in the shadow of the treeline. Foley gets out and walks towards him.

Jimmy emerges from the shadows of the trees, gun pointed at Foley. Foley freezes.

FOLEY

You're not one of Flanagan's.

JIMMY

Open the boot.

FOLEY

Hang on a minute.

JIMMY

Open the boot.

Reluctantly, Foley opens the boot of his car.

FOLEY

Look, we can talk about this.

JIMMY

Get in.

FOLEY

Ah Jaysus, come on. What do you want?

JIMMY

I want you to get in the fucking boot.

Foley climbs into the boot.

Jimmy looks in at him, hand out.

JIMMY

Keys.

Foley digs into his pocket, hands him the keys.

FOLEY

Look, I can make life a lot
easier for you.

Jimmy slams the boot shut.

INT. LOCKUP GARAGE - NIGHT

Foley sits, hands cuffed in front of him, ankles cuffed
to the chair, bare-chested, in the centre of the lock-up.

He watches as Jimmy pours liquid nitrogen from a vat onto
an iron dumbbell on the ground. The dumbbell freezes
instantly.

Jimmy picks up a hammer, smashes the dumbbell to
smithereens with it. Foley tenses.

Jimmy looks at Foley, walks over to him. He grabs Foley's
hand, spreads open the palm. Foley tries to resist.

FOLEY

Ah Jayses, hold on...

Jimmy pours a tiny drop of liquid nitrogen onto Foley's
palm. Foley shrieks. The liquid nitrogen evaporates
instantly.

Jimmy puts down the vat.

JIMMY

In tiny drops your body
temperature evaporates it.

Foley catches his breath. Jimmy nods over to a large
cylinder, marked "Property of UCD".

JIMMY

Lucky I've a full cylinder.

(Pause)

Imagine what that would do to
your hand?

(Looks at Foley's crotch)
Or other places.

FOLEY

I can help you.

JIMMY
Like you helped Billy Doyle?

FOLEY
I don't know anything about that.

JIMMY
Flanagan did a right job on him.
Why?

FOLEY
Billy must have ratted him out.

JIMMY
Someone had to tell Flanagan.

FOLEY
Flanagan has ears on the ground,
y'know.

FOLEY
You were Billy's handler.

FOLEY
Billy told me nothing about
Flanagan.

JIMMY
I know that's a lie. 'Cos I told
him to turn the cops onto
Flanagan, take the heat off my
guys. So now there's people gonna
be coming looking for me too. I
need to know who.

Jimmy picks up the vat of liquid nitrogen and approaches
Foley.

FOLEY
You were right. It was Flanagan.
Flanagan did Billy.

JIMMY
Did Billy talk about me?

Foley is silent. Jimmy walks closer with the vat.

FOLEY
Yeah.

JIMMY

Billy mentioned me?

FOLEY

Billy said you put him up to it.
I can talk to Flanagan, smooth
things over.

JIMMY

What else did Billy say?

FOLEY

That's it. This can all be sorted
out.

JIMMY

Did Billy say why he did it for
me?

Foley is silent. Jimmy walks over with the vat.

FOLEY

Yeah, he said... he said it was in
exchange for keeping Maurice
Carmody off his back.

JIMMY

And if that gets out I don't just
have Flanagan to contend with,
I've the Carmody brothers on my
back as well.

(Beat)

Who was there when Billy talked?

FOLEY

Me, Flanagan, Malone.

JIMMY

Anyone else?

Jimmy moves closer with the vat.

FOLEY

Yeah. One other guy.

JIMMY

Who?

FOLEY

I don't know his name.

Jimmy drops a little bit of liquid nitrogen on Foley's thigh. He shrieks.

FOLEY

(Frantic)

I don't know, I swear. I'D never seen him before. He was a skinny, beady-eyed fucker. He was some kind of specialist. I wasn't introduced. I left before...

JIMMY

Before what?

FOLEY

(Trying to phrase it delicately)

Before the interrogation started.

JIMMY

Before they tortured the fuck out of him, you mean.

(Pause)

Is that it? Those three? Flanagan, Malone and the mystery man?

FOLEY

Yeah, that's it. No-one else knows. Flanagan hasn't told anyone else. He's keeping it under his hat.

JIMMY

Hoping to use it against me.

FOLEY

I can go to him for you. Make a deal. I'll tell him what's going on.

JIMMY

What is going on?

FOLEY

We have to look out for each other here, don't we?

JIMMY

Do we?

FOLEY

We all have...

(Struggling for words)

... shared interests.

JIMMY

Shared interests. I like that.
That's good. Sums it up, doesn't
it? Sums up the whole business.

Beat.

JIMMY

People think I'm a hard man. In
this job you need them to. You
need them to or you're dead. But
I only ever killed one guy in my
life. I got my reputation early,
see. That counts for a lot.

A beat.

JIMMY

You know who that was?

Foley shakes his head.

JIMMY

Come on, you must have some kind
of reports on me.

FOLEY

Rumour is... rumour is it was Danny
Gallagher.

JIMMY

Danny Gallagher?

FOLEY

That's what I heard. Danny
Gallagher, your only suspected
killing.

JIMMY

You heard right. Wasn't a killing
though, it was an assassination.

FOLEY

Gallagher was a scumbag.

JIMMY

Yeah, he was.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. COUNCIL FLATS - NIGHT

DANNY GALLAGHER (40s, widow's peak, Leeds FC jersey) walks out from a council flat to his car.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Fucking scumbag. He'd been flooding the area with heroin for years. Wasn't till he started selling to me ma I took any interest in him.

Gallagher puts his keys into the car door. A gunshot rings out and Gallagher collapses, his shirt discolouring with blood. Two more gunshots make sure he won't be getting back up.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Took my childhood from me. Took more than that, took me ma. So it was an assassination, a public good.

A teenage Jimmy, a hooded sweater concealing his face, flees the scene.

END FLASHBACK

JIMMY

I made sure no-one got hurt since. None of my jobs, no-one did.

(Pause)

That must make me sound like a good guy, someone virtuous.

FOLEY

Yeah. Course it does. A victim of circumstance, that's what you are. I can see that. The guards could use someone like you.

JIMMY

I'm a murderer. Guards won't let that slide.

FOLEY

Gallagher was a scumbag. No-one cares about him.

JIMMY

Doesn't matter. I shot him. Never thought I'd blood on my hands, that there'd be anything to pay. But I guess there's a reckoning for everything.

A beat.

FOLEY

Why are you telling me this?

JIMMY

This is my confession, Foley. You're bearing witness.

FOLEY

I can help you. We've both been caught up... out of our depth. I see you're a good guy.

JIMMY

Yeah. But things change.

Jimmy picks up a pistol with silencer, aims at Foley's chest.

He fires. Foley recoils, a bloody hole forming in his heart, dead instantly.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Jimmy drives Foley's car into a field, near the layby where he met Foley.

He parks, gets out and opens the boot. With gloves on, he drags Foley's corpse out. He dumps the body beneath a bush.

EXT. PUB CAR PARK - NIGHT

Jimmy walks to a car park in a nearby pub. He finds his car, gets in.

He pulls out onto the road and drives off.

EXT. MADEMOISELLE'S - DAY

Jimmy hangs around a doorway across the road from Mademoiselle's. He has a hood up. He puts his hand inside

his jacket, fingers the Glock pistol inside. He waits, watching the door of the club.

Keith Flanagan and Ernie Malone walk out. They walk to a nearby car.

Jimmy has a quick look around. No pedestrians near. He starts to cross the road, his hand feeling the gun in his pocket.

Two Garda cars speed around the corner suddenly. They bear down on the club.

Jimmy spots them, ducks his head and keeps on walking past Flanagan and Malone. With his hood up and head down they don't notice him.

The Garda cars pull up by Flanagan's car. Several Guards get out and surround Flanagan and Malone.

Jimmy walks on up the street, not looking behind.

EXT./INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy is packing a suitcase in his bedroom. The front door bell rings.

He goes downstairs and answers it to Robbie and Maurice.

JIMMY

What's the story, lads?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

They're drinking mugs of tea Jimmy has prepared for them.

MAURICE

Cops found Flanagan's prints on the dead cop, traced a phone call back to Malone.

ROBBIE

It's only circumstantial. Him and Malone will be out soon. Now's the best time.

JIMMY

Best time for what?

MAURICE

What we talked about before.

JIMMY

You talked about.

MAURICE

It's like I've been saying all along, he's losing it. He's right for the taking. And now's the best time.

JIMMY

It's too risky. Even with Flanagan and Malone out of the picture.

MAURICE

With Flanagan and Malone gone, the whole command structure's gone. The rest'll be like headless chickens. Won't know what to do when we hit them.

ROBBIE

I know it's not your style, Jimmy, but we need you. We have to act fast.

MAURICE

Robbie's right. We can't pull off those bank jobs without you around to plan them. We do this one thing we're in business for the long haul.

Jimmy considers this.

JIMMY

(To Robbie)

How'd you know about his stash-house?

ROBBIE

I heard it in the 'joy. Few guys got into the skag, got a bit careless talking. But we have to hit it in the next few days, before Flanagan and Malone are back out. They only have them on circumstantial.

MAURICE

We'll never get a better opportunity, Jimmy. Flanagan fucked up, it's our turn to take over. Way of nature.

Jimmy sinks down into a chair.

JIMMY

You know that if you do this there's no going back. You and Flanagan are at war.

MAURICE

We're ready.

JIMMY

You'll never be able to sit down and talk with him again.

MAURICE

I'm not interested in anything he has to say. I'd as soon as kill him as talk to him. I just want his operation.

A beat.

JIMMY

Yeah.

MAURICE

(Excited)

Yeah?

JIMMY

Let's do it.

EXT. BEACH PROMENADE, SPAIN - DAY

The hot Mediterranean sun shines down on a beachfront promenade teeming with carefree tourists.

Emma, dressed in a light summer dress, walks along, staring out across the sea.

She takes out her phone, dials a number.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Jimmy here. Leave a message.

She puts the phone away. She carries on strolling,

looking out over the sea.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Jimmy, Carl, Barry, Deco, Maurice and Robbie drive through the city in a 6-seater taxi. Deco is at the wheel.

INT. BEDROOM, STASH-HOUSE - DAY

EDDIE BERGIN (20s, anxious, sweaty, bug-eyed) paces the floor. The reason for his anxiety is on the bed in front of him - hundreds of bags of cocaine and heroin stacked high.

An accomplice, the gormless-looking WAYNE REILLY, stands behind him.

BERGIN

This is fucked. Malone and Flanagan are in custody. We were meant to move this.

REILLY

What'll we do?

Bergin runs his hand nervously through his hair.

BERGIN

I don't know, do I?

REILLY

What were they doing with that cop anyway?

BERGIN

D'you think they tell me everything?

REILLY

They hardly killed him.

BERGIN

Fucking hardly. Wouldn't be that stupid.

REILLY

Someone'll come, tell us where to move it.

Bergin moves his hand through his hair again.

BERGIN
This is fucked.

EXT. BACK LANE - DAY

Carl and Jimmy march up a back lane behind a row of terraced houses. Jimmy scouts out the environment as he walks, counting the houses, glancing back behind them. Carl looks anxious.

CARL
This isn't like you, Jimmy. I
thought you said you were done.

JIMMY
A few more quid for Spain won't
hurt.

CARL
Yeah, but you're taking a lot of
risks all of a sudden. It's not
like you.

JIMMY
No risk, no reward, eh?

INT. KITCHEN, STASH-HOUSE - DAY

Bergin and Reilly smoke cigarettes as if it was a competition. A knock on the front door prompts Bergin to stub his out and enter the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bergin answers the front door.

To a FIST.

He is pushed back inside the hall by Maurice. Robbie and Barry stream in after him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Alerted by the commotion Reilly tries the back door. It is locked.

He jumps onto the kitchen sink-top and prepares to flee through the open window. He is about to bound out when an arm pushes him back in. He falls back onto the floor.

He looks up to see Jimmy poking his head in through the window and pointing a Glock at him.

INT. BEDROOM, STASH-HOUSE - DAY

Carl, Barry, Jimmy and Maurice stare in awe at the haul of drugs on the bed.

CARL

Jesus wept.

BARRY

There's enough coke here to resurrect Lazarus.

MAURICE

Say goodbye to crime, boys.
Welcome to the world of business.

Maurice starts to stuff bags of drugs into a rucksack.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Robbie holds Bergin and Reilly at gunpoint. They sit against the wall, their hands behind their heads. The door behind Robbie is open, providing a view of the front hall.

REILLY

(To Robbie)

You'll never get away with this.

BERGIN

(To Reilly)

Don't you know who this is? This is Robbie Carmody, the greatest armed robber in Dublin.

ROBBIE

(To Bergin)

Shut it.

EXT./INT. TAXI - DAY

Deco waits around the corner in an adjoining street. His phone rings, he answers.

INT. BEDROOM, STASH-HOUSE - SAME

The gang stuff the last of the bags of drugs into sacks.

MAURICE
(Into phone)
Bring the car round the front.

He hangs up, pockets the phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Robbie holds them at gunpoint. His expression has turned into a pained grimace.

BERGIN
(To Reilly)
... one day he turns up at a post office with a sawn off shotgun, runs in and grabs the dough. Comes back out, gets in his car and drives off.

Robbie grins desperately, steps closer to Bergin, pointing the gun at his face.

ROBBIE
Shut it.

BERGIN
(To Reilly)
Halfway down the road the fucking car stops. Hahaha.

ROBBIE
Shut it.

BERGIN
(To Reilly)
He forgot to fill it up with petrol. He has to leave the money there, do a fucking legger over garden walls. Left his DNA all over the bloody car.

Robbie takes out a knife from his belt and approaches Bergin.

ROBBIE
I told you to shut the fuck up.

The crew thunder down the stairs with their haul. Jimmy is out front. Through the doorway he sees Robbie going at Bergin with the knife.

JIMMY
(Shouting)
Fucking leave it.

Jimmy sprints into the living room and rugby tackles Robbie from behind, flattening him against the wall.

The knife drops. Bergin sees it, reaches across to grab it, but Maurice's foot steps on his hand. Maurice's other foot rears up into Bergin's face.

Jimmy and Robbie tussle, Jimmy punching Robbie in the kidneys, winding him, before Carl drags Jimmy off Robbie.

CARL
Leave it, lads. Jesus.

MAURICE
Fuck this shit. Let's go.

They scramble out to the hallway and to the front door.

Maurice opens the door a crack and peers out. Deco has the taxi parked in the nearest available space, a little up from the house.

Maurice looks about the street. A woman walks along the far pavement with a few plastic bags of shopping; a small girl skips on the roadside between parked cars. Nothing to worry about.

Maurice walks out with his sack, slides open the back door of the taxi, throws in the bag and climbs inside. The others follow suit.

Bergin stands up. He rushes out to the kitchen and rummages in a drawer, takes out a Sig Sauer automatic handgun and hurries out to the hall.

Reilly, frozen in position with his hands still behind his head, stares at him in disbelief.

Bergin opens the front door. He sees Barry climbing into the car, the last of the gang.

Bergin aims and shoots Barry in the back. Barry collapses on the pavement.

Immediately, Jimmy opens the front passenger door and fires off a shot.

Bergin ducks back inside. The bullet hits the wall by his head before he can shut the door.

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

Reilly jumps out the back window and sprints down the garden to the back wall. He jumps and pulls himself over the top.

He drops into the back lane and keeps running like he'd turn into a pillar of salt if he looked back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bergin has now retreated into the front living room. He opens the window and sticks his gun out.

BERGIN'S P.O.V

The taxi zooms up the street and round the corner, ferrying the gang away.

Plastic shopping bags spill oranges and tin cans into the gutter; the woman is out of sight, probably behind a car or in a doorway somewhere. The skipping rope lies ownerless on the road.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Barry lies across Carl's lap in the back street.

CARL

Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck...

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The taxi stops in front of the Rotunda Hospital. Carl and Maurice, wool hats pulled down and collars up to hide their faces, drag Barry's body out and place him on the ground.

They jump back into the taxi and it speeds off.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Carl looks back at the body of Barry on the pavement.

CARL

We can't just leave him there.

JIMMY

There's nothing we can do, Carl.
He's dead.

INT. LOWRY'S PUB - NIGHT

Jimmy, Maurice, Robbie, Carl and Deco huddle around a table in the corner. The atmosphere is subdued.

CARL
Here's to Fossie.

He raises his pint glass. They all clink dourly.

DECO
I can't believe he's gone. First
time we've lost a man.

ROBBIE
Way it goes. No use crying about
it.

Robbie takes a big slurp of his pint.

ROBBIE
Main thing is we won't be taking
shit from Flanagan or anyone else
again.

They clink glasses again, this time with forced vigour.

Jimmy rises, picks up his pack of cigarettes from the table and moves out to the beer garden.

EXT. BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

Jimmy dials his phone.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
Hey babe.

EXT. ROOFTOP, APARTMENT BLOCK, SPAIN - NIGHT

Emma stands on a rooftop garden in a block of apartments with a mobile phone. The Mediterranean glistens under moonlight in the background.

EMMA
(Into phone)
Hi. Did you get my postcard?

INTERCUT WITH JIMMY

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Not yet.

EMMA

(Into phone)

I've found a place. It's a bit bare but there's a roof garden.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Sounds nice.

EMMA

(Into phone)

It's not a pool but it'll do for a start.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

I can't wait to see it.

EMMA

(Into phone)

You don't sound too excited, Jimmy.

A beat.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Barry Foster's dead.

EMMA

(Into phone)

Jesus. How? Oh God, don't tell me. Get over here, Jimmy.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

I'll be over soon as I can.

EMMA

(Into phone)

Get over here, Jimmy. I need you.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

I will, babe. I love you.

Jimmy hangs up. He lights a cigarette, starts to smoke.

Robbie walks out. He approaches Jimmy.

ROBBIE

Thanks for sorting me out earlier,
Jimmy. I saw the red mist.

JIMMY

It's nothing, Robbie.

ROBBIE

These things happen, yeah?

JIMMY

Yeah.

ROBBIE

Thanks for coming today. You didn't
have to. Anytime you're back in
Dublin, you have the run of the
town. You're one of us, you hear
me. Always will be.

JIMMY

Yeah.

ROBBIE

We own it now.

JIMMY

No better men.

ROBBIE

Couldn't have done it without you.
Here, I want you to meet someone.

Jimmy follows Robbie back inside.

INT. LOWRY'S - NIGHT

They go to a room at the back of the pub where there's a
pool table and some arcade games.

At the table Joe McKendron lines up a shot. He looks up
mid cue when he sees them approach.

ROBBIE

Jimmy, meet Joe McKendron. Mate
of mine from the 'Joy.

Jimmy extends his hand to shake. Joe McKendron seems to smirk as he takes it.

INT. CORNER TABLE, LOWRY'S - NIGHT

Robbie, Jimmy, McKendron, Maurice, Carl and Deco sit at a corner table.

CARL

You out long, Joe?

MCKENDRON

A few months.

ROBBIE

You been working?

McKendron glances at Jimmy.

MCKENDRON

Doing a bit. Not much. Wondering if there's anything going?

MAURICE

There'll be some going all right. Hahaha.

Everyone at the table laughs.

Jimmy drains the last of his pint, gets up.

JIMMY

I'll be off, lads. I'll send you a postcard.

MAURICE

Stick around for another gargle.

JIMMY

Have to head.

Maurice gets up, gives Jimmy a hug.

MAURICE

Have the villa spotless when we're over to visit, yeah?

JIMMY

Sure thing.

MAURICE

Won't be fucking long either. I
could do with a holiday.

Everyone gets up, shakes Jimmy's hand. Except McKendron.

Carl rises.

CARL

I'll head as well, lads. See ya.

Carl and Jimmy exit.

The rest sit down, Robbie beside McKendron.

McKendron leans in and talks to Robbie.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy and Carl walk along the pavement.

JIMMY

You need to leave all this
behind, Carl.

CARL

A few more scores, I'm done.

JIMMY

It's gone too far as it is.

CARL

You have to make sacrifices.
Barry knew that.

JIMMY

Barry knew nothing. None of us
do.

CARL

You always said we were pushing
our luck. We just have to be more
careful.

CARL

What I say is bullshit, Carl. I
talk so much bullshit I even
convinced myself. That Robbie's a
headcase. He'll get himself
killed, and a few more with him.

CARL

I can handle myself, Jimmy. I'll quit when I decide it's time.

JIMMY

(Resigned)

Sounds like you've listened to me too much already. Just be careful.

KARL

I won't be in it for much longer. Just a few more scores.

JIMMY

Enough for the shop, yeah?

CARL

Yeah. Baby clothes.

JIMMY

What?

CARL

That's what Kathy wants to sell.

JIMMY

Baby clothes?

CARL

Bibs and all. Rattlers. She loves all that stuff.

JIMMY

Hahaha. Baby clothes.

Jimmy hails a taxi. One slows, pulls over.

JIMMY

Well, Look after yourself, Carl.

CARL

You too, Jimmy. I'll be over for a holiday soon enough.

They shake hands. Jimmy gets in, the taxi whisks him away.

EXT. DOG KENNELS - DAY

Jimmy is shown around dog boarding kennels by an enthusiastic manager. A variety of dogs observe the two

of them through wire mesh enclosures.

MANAGER

When do you want to drop the dog
in?

JIMMY

Today.

MANAGER

We have a space available. How
long do you want him kept here?

JIMMY

Not sure yet. Not long.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, DOG KENNELS - DAY

Jimmy signs some papers, the manager watches him.

MANAGER

We can arrange to ship him over
for another fee, once the
documents are supplied.

JIMMY

That's great. Thanks a lot.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy pulls up on the kerb outside his house. He walks up
the drive to the front door. He stops, looking to the
side gate.

There is no Fido barking to greet him.

He creeps over to the gate, opens it, walks down by the
side of his house into the back garden.

He looks around the corner of the house and surveys the
garden. All is quiet. No sign of Fido.

He creeps down by the fence to the end of the garden and
stops at the kennel. He reaches his hand into the kennel,
searches around the top of it and takes out a Glock.

He creeps up to the door of the conservatory. It isn't
locked and he slides it back across carefully before
entering the conservatory.

The door to the kitchen/dining room is slightly ajar.

Jimmy pushes it and it swings open.

Gripping the pistol, he enters the kitchen/dining room.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - DAY

Fido hangs by his neck from a rope attached to a light fitting.

Jimmy stares at his dog's suspended corpse.

He creeps around the rest of the house, checking all the rooms.

He goes back to the kitchen/dining area, stares up at his dog.

He spots a note tucked in between the noose and Fido's neck. He pulls across a chair and stands on it to retrieve the note. He unfurls it.

CLOSE-UP - NOTE

"Goodbye cruel world - Fido"

EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY

Jimmy drags Fido's body to the kennel. He puts it in.

He pats the dog affectionately one last time, then turns and walks back to the house.

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - DAY

Jimmy enters the kitchen/dining room.

He freezes as he spots something across the room.

A CORK NOTICEBOARD on the wall. Dozens of small reminder notes are stuck to it with pins. In the centre of the board is a picture postcard showing a sunny beach panorama. It is stuck in place with a massive steak knife.

Jimmy goes across and takes down the postcard. He flips it over and sees a message from Emma.

A return address - 143 Sunview Place, Palmeria - is written in the top corner.

Jimmy dials a number frantically on his mobile. Emma

answers.

EMMA (O.S.)

Hi babe.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Emma. I want you to listen to me, okay? I want you to pack your bags right now and get out of Palmeria.

EMMA (O.S.)

Jimmy, I've only rented the place.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

You can't stay there.

EMMA (O.S.)

Palmeria's where we said we'd start.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Just listen to me, Emma. This is no time to argue. Pack your bags now and get out. Move up the coast, tonight if you can.

EMMA (O.S.)

What's going on?

JIMMY

(Into phone)

There may be people going to that address.

EMMA (O.S.)

Jimmy, what have you done?

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Just get out.

EMMA (O.S.)

(Distraught)

Oh my god.

JIMMY

(Into phone)
 Don't worry, babe. You've plenty
 of time. Just get out as a
 precaution, okay.

EMMA (O.S.)
 I could go up to...

JIMMY
 (Into phone)
 Don't tell me where you're going.
 (Pause)
 I'll ring you later. Love you
 always.

He hangs up.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jimmy exits the house, pulling a roller suitcase behind
 him.

Maurice, Robbie and McKendron are ominously waiting by a
 car outside his house.

JIMMY
 Howya, lads.

ROBBIE
 Jimmy. Heading off already, are
 you?

JIMMY
 Flanagan's gang found where I
 lived. Killed my dog.

MAURICE
 Come take a ride with us, Jimmy.

JIMMY
 I'd rather get off, lads. Y'know,
 yourself. When it's not safe it's
 not safe.

ROBBIE
 (Insistent)
 Come with us, Jimmy

Jimmy and McKendron stare at each other.

JIMMY

Guess it'd be rude to refuse.

ROBBIE

Yeah, it would, Jimmy.

Jimmy gets into the car with them. McKendron drives, Maurice in the passenger seat. Jimmy and Robbie in the back. They pull off.

INT. CAR - DAY

They drive along.

JIMMY

So what's it to be, lads?

MAURICE

Joe heard a few things, Jimmy.
Something about you knowing about
Billy ratting out Robbie.

ROBBIE

We just want you to refute some
of them for us, put Joe's mind at
ease.

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

The car is stuck at traffic. Jimmy sits uncomfortably in the back.

INT. CAR - SAME

McKendron smokes, the front window down to let his smoke out.

Jimmy looks out the window. Pedestrians walk by, carefree.

Two beat Gardai turn the corner - a male and female. They stroll down the footpath, oblivious.

JIMMY

(Shouting out the window)
Go on yez fucking muppets.

The Gardai stop and look over.

ROBBIE

(Hushed, insistent)
Shut up.

JIMMY
 (Roaring)
 Go on you fucking scum. Filthy
 fucking pigs.

The Gardai march over to the car. The male officer is a big country buck, sour-faced and angry.

GARDA
 What do you think you're playing
 at?

MAURICE
 He's had a few, guard. We were at
 a football match.

ROBBIE
 He's just letting off steam.
 We'll take care of him.

JIMMY
 (To Garda)
 You banging that sow, are you? Ya
 fucking pig.

GARDA
 (To Robbie)
 I'll take care of him myself.
 (To Jimmy)
 Come on.

He opens the door, grabs Jimmy by the lapel and pulls him out.

Jimmy feigns pushing him away.

JIMMY
 Get away from me ya prick.

GARDA
 Resisting arrest, is it?

He punches Jimmy in the stomach. The force of it buckles Jimmy over.

ROBBIE
 Ah guard, there's no need for
 that. You'll hurt the fella.

The female Garda unhitches her handcuffs from her belt. The male Garda pulls Jimmy's arms behind his back and she

slaps them on him.

They drag him away. The Carmodys and McKendron watch on helplessly as Jimmy escapes.

EXT./INT. STORE STREET GARDA STATION - DAY

Heffernan walks across the work floor drinking a mug of coffee. He sees Jimmy being booked at the duty desk, the two arresting officers and the duty sergeant surrounding him.

Heffernan stops and observes. Something clicks with him. With his finger he beckons the arresting Garda over.

HEFFERNAN

What's the story with him?

GARDA

He started swearing at us. The lads he was with said he was drunk but there's not a trace of drink on him.

HEFFERNAN

That's Jimmy Mullen.

GARDA

You know him?

HEFFERNAN

I haven't heard from him in years. He used to hang around with Barry Foster.

GARDA

The guy who was killed?

HEFFERNAN

Yeah.

GARDA

Maybe he went straight.

HEFFERNAN

Maybe. Or maybe he got very good at what he does.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Heffernan and Jimmy stare at each other across a table in

a bare interview room.

HEFFERNAN

What's the story, Jimmy?

JIMMY

No story, inspector.

HEFFERNAN

I haven't heard from you in ages.
What brings you back to us?

JIMMY

I guess I have a few anger
management issues. Being straight
is stressful. It's not criminals
that go on shooting sprees, its
postal workers and the like.

HEFFERNAN

It's all fun and games with you
lot, isn't it?

JIMMY

Till someone loses an eye.

HEFFERNAN

There's no one here laughing,
Jimmy. Look around. There's no
one here to be impressed.

Jimmy shrugs.

HEFFERNAN (CONT.)

You used to hang around with
Barry Foster, didn't you?

JIMMY

God rest him. Brought back the
memories when I heard.

HEFFERNAN

So what's the deal? You're with a
few of your associates but you'd
rather spend time with the gardai
than with them. Why is that?

Jimmy is silent.

HEFFERNAN (CONT.)

There's been a lot of trouble

lately, Jimmy. A lot of people turning up dead. Even a cop.

JIMMY

I wouldn't know anything about that.

HEFFERNAN

Are you sure about that?

JIMMY

I've been clean as a whistle for years, inspector. Check my record.

HEFFERNAN

It's clean. Almost too clean.

JIMMY

You guards are paranoid. A lad does his best to go straight and you think the worst of him.

HEFFERNAN

It's an occupational hazard.

JIMMY

Sounds like you're clutching at straws if you're trying to lump me in with all that gangland stuff. That's for the penguin and the monk and the octopus and the 50-foot woman and all those boys.

HEFFERNAN

You gave your address as Holywell. Still living there after all these years?

JIMMY

No place like home.

INT. STORE STREET GARDA STATION - DAY

Jimmy exits the station.

Heffernan watches him leave with the arresting Garda.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy stares out the window of an unfamiliar bedroom. It

is unfurnished, only a bare mattress on a bed. Several mobile phones lie on the mattress.

There is no light in the room, only natural moonlight coming in the window.

Jimmy has a mobile in one hand and a Glock with a silencer in the other.

He looks out the window and dials a number.

INT. BEDROOM, JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Carl Daly lies on Jimmy's bed, a Glock pistol by his side. His phone rings, he answers.

CARL
(Into phone)
Jimmy? Where are you?

INTERCUT WITH JIMMY

JIMMY
(Into phone)
I'm laying low. Where are you?

CARL
(Into phone)
I'm at home.

A beat.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
What you doing?

CARL
(Into phone)
Just chilling. Kathy's watching something on TV.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
Anything good on?

CARL
(Into phone)
Same old shite. Some nature documentary.

JIMMY

(Into phone)
What is it? Gazelles? Zebras?
Lions?

CARL
(Into phone)
Fucking seals or something. Never
mind that. Listen, tell me where
you are, Jimmy. There's been a
misunderstanding.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
There's no misunderstanding. The
Carmodys are out to get me.

CARL
(Into phone)
It can all be sorted, Jimmy. They
just wanted to have a word with you
today.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
That's not the way it seemed.

CARL
(Into phone)
Listen, we can talk it out. Fuck's
sake, we've all known each other
since we were kids.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
I was running Billy, getting him to
take the scent off us, put it on
Flanagan. Flanagan found out.
McKendron knows, now Robbie knows.
My life's not worth living.

CARL
(Into phone)
It's not worth killing over, Jimmy.
You kept the cops off our ass.
Robbie'll understand.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
I'm surprised he hasn't sent you
after me and all.

CARL

(Into phone)

Not a chance, Jimmy. Tell me where you are. I'll come and get you. You can stay in mine till the boys calm down. Where are you?

JIMMY

(Into phone)

At home.

A beat.

CARL

(Into phone)

Right. I'll go and meet you somewhere, will I?

JIMMY

(Into phone)

You can meet me at home.

A beat.

CARL

(Into phone)

Okay.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

How long will it take you?

CARL

(Into phone)

It'll take me twenty minutes to get there.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Where are you, Carl?

CARL

(Into phone)

I'm at home, Jimmy. I told you. I'll meet you there, yeah? 20 minutes.

A beat.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

I'm sorry, Carl.

CARL

(Into phone)

Sorry? What are you sorry for?

JIMMY

(Into phone)

I'm sorry.

Glass shatters and blood splatters from Carl's head. Carl drops down with a thump on the floor, instantly dead.

There is the sound of heavy footsteps rushing upstairs and Joe McKendron dashes into the room. He sees Carl dead on the ground, swings his gun around frantically. He rushes to the open door of the ensuite and aims it in. no-one there.

He drops to the floor and checks under the bed. He stays on his knees, peers over the top of the bed and examines the room. He sees the curtains extend only to the sill - there can't be anyone hiding behind them. He looks around the room, empty except for Carl's corpse.

He is creeped out.

He runs out the room and barracks down the stairs. Caution dispensed with, he runs to the front door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see Jimmy is in the top bedroom of the house opposite his own, the one with the "For Sale" sign. From this position he has a clear view of his own bedroom, through which he shot Carl. He points the gun out the open window and tenses.

The front door of his own house opens. Before McKendron is even past the threshold Jimmy empties two shots into his chest, knocking him backwards inside the hallway.

Jimmy stuffs his gun in his jacket and runs downstairs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy checks the coast is clear before exiting the house. He darts past the "For Sale" sign by the garden wall and quickly crosses the road.

He drags McKendron's body back inside his own house and

closes the door.

INT. BEDROOM, JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy goes up to his bedroom. He sees Carl dead on the ground. He recoils instinctively at the sight, can't bare to look.

After a few moments he brings himself to face Carl.

He kneels down beside him, palms Carl's eyes closed.

He turns Carl over onto his stomach. He takes off his bomber jacket and puts it on himself. On the bedside locker is Carl's wool hat-cum-balaclava. Jimmy puts it on, rolled up as a hat. He goes downstairs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Deco waits in the driver's seat of a car around the corner from Jimmy's house.

Through the back windscreen we see Jimmy approaching quickly, his face covered with the balaclava.

Deco spots him in the rearview mirror and starts the ignition. Jimmy opens the back door and gets in.

DECO

Where's the other guy?

Before Deco has a chance to pull out Jimmy has a length of wire around his neck. He leverages his knees against the back of Deco's seat as he chokes Deco with it. After a few seconds Deco goes limp.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy backs Deco's car up into his driveway.

SMASH CUT

Jimmy drags Carl's body out to the open boot of the car and puts it in. Deco's body is already in the boot.

SMASH CUT

Jimmy drags McKendron's body out and dumps it in the boot, glancing around nervously to make sure no-one is watching.

SMASH CUT

Jimmy brings a racing bicycle out from his house and puts it into the back seat.

EXT. ROAD OUT OF THE CITY - NIGHT

Jimmy drives past the city's last business parks and warehouses.

EXT. MOTORWAY - NIGHT

He arrives into an isolated layby off an empty motorway.

He gets out and takes the bicycle out of the back seat. He props it against a tree and goes around to open the boot.

SMASH CUT

Jimmy finishes propping Carl, the last of the three, up in the back seat of the car. The other two are propped up seated in the front.

Jimmy takes a few steps back, takes out his gun. He points it at the windscreen. He riddles their bodies with bullets.

He removes the silencer, puts the gun away.

He gets on his bike and cycles off.

EXT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - DAY

Emma walks out from the arrivals hall of Dublin Airport. It is early morning.

She hurries ahead of the surge of passengers to the taxi rank. She climbs into the back of the first taxi.

EXT./INT. JIMMY'S CAR - DAY

Jimmy drives along a country road, the radio on.

NEWSREADER (O.S.)

Three men were shot to death in Dublin last night in what Gardai believe to be an escalating drugs feud. The three men were identified as Declan Sheridan, Joe McKendron and Carl Daly...

Jimmy glances up at a road sign ahead:

Welcome to Northern Ireland.

He drives on into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY

The taxi pulls up outside a block of council flats, almost identical to the Holywell Flats.

Emma pays the driver, gets out and walks towards a ground floor door. The taxi departs.

In the background, two men get out of a parked car and walks towards Emma.

As Emma searches for a key in her handbag, she is grabbed roughly by the arm. She turns around in shock.

EXT. FERRY PORT, LARNE - DAY

Jimmy waits in a long line of cars preparing to board a ferry in a dreary port.

A nearby sign gives the location:

Port of Larne, Northern Ireland.

Jimmy's phone rings. He checks it.

"Withheld number" on screen. He answers.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
Yeah?

EMMA (O.S.)
Jimmy?

JIMMY
(Into phone)
Emma. I said I'd call you in a few days.

MAURICE (O.S.)
No need for that.

Jimmy tenses.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
Don't touch her, Maurice.

MAURICE (O.S.)
It's not her I want.

A beat.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
How do we do this?

MAURICE (O.S.)
No ways like the old ways. A
straightener.

JIMMY
(Into phone)
I had to do it, Maurice. Billy
was worth his salt keeping the
guards off our back. I knew you
wouldn't understand.

MAURICE (O.S.)
He dobed in Robbie.

JIMMY
You don't even like the fucker.

MAURICE (O.S.)
He's family. He wouldn't have
done to me what you done. You
killed them all, Jimmy. Every
fucking last one of them. Your
fucking mates. My men.

JIMMY
(Angry)
(Into phone)
You sent them after me. What was
I supposed to do? Have that
hanging over me the rest of my
life? Don't lay this on me.

The cars ahead of Jimmy have all moved ahead into the
ferry. Port officials wave Jimmy on impatiently.

He swerves out of the queue and away from the ferry and
parks.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Okay, let's end this. But the girl goes free one way or another.

MAURICE (O.S.)

If you turn up Emma's safe. If you beat me you go free as well.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

If I don't?

MAURICE (O.S.)

She lives.

A beat.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

I have your word on that?

MAURICE

You have my word.

JIMMY

(Into phone)

Okay. Where?

MAURICE (O.S.)

The old brewery by Holywell.
Tonight. 10 o'clock.

There is a "click" as Maurice hangs up.

INT. CARMODY'S FLAT - DAY

CLOSE SHOT - MAURICE CARMODY

Maurice slips his mobile into his pocket.

CAMERA PANS

to show Flanagan, Malone, Dunlop, Bergin and the two men who grabbed Emma surrounding him. Emma is sandwiched between Maurice and Robbie on a couch.

The coffee table in front of them is stacked high with the recovered haul of cocaine and heroin.

FLANAGAN

(To Maurice and Robbie)

It's a good thing we're not emotional men. Emotional men can't let bygones be bygones. I need some new members, you two need a job. Once this business with Jimmy Mullen is over I don't see why we can't pool our resources.

EXT./INT. DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

Jimmy ascends a stairwell to the top floor of a disused brewery.

It is a vast empty space - concrete floor, detritus scattered around; two rows of pillars the length of the hall support the ceiling.

In the centre of the floor Maurice stands waiting.

Jimmy approaches and they face each other a few metres apart.

JIMMY

Where is she?

MAURICE

Robbie has her outside.

JIMMY

I want to see her.

MAURICE

You beat me you trade me for her.
Simple.

Maurice takes a gun out of his jacket, throws it away to the side.

MAURICE (CONT.)

That will ensure it. When either of us can't get up it can be used. Agreed?

JIMMY

Agreed.

Maurice takes off his jacket. Both men strip to their

waists.

Barechested and bareknuckle they close the distance, sizing each other up.

They begin to fight, knocking seven shades of shit out of each other.

EXT. CAR PARK, DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

Two cars pull into the empty car park outside the brewery.

Flanagan is at the wheel of the first with Malone in the passenger seat. Robbie is in the back with Bergin. Robbie has handcuffs on.

Niall Dunlop, Emma and the two guys who grabbed Emma at her mother's flat are in the second car.

The cars come to a stop.

INT. FLANAGAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Sounds of the fight come from a walkie talkie on the dashboard.

They wait and listen in silence.

INT. DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

Maurice knocks Jimmy to the ground.

MAURICE

C'mon, Jimmy. Don't make me feel
you're not trying.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

The car's occupants listen patiently.

MALONE

Want me to finish it?

Flanagan shakes his head.

FLANAGAN

Let them at it.

ROBBIE

(Frantic)

You gotta go in and finish
Mullen.

FLANAGAN

Your brother's an honorable man,
Robbie. You wouldn't begrudge him
this settling of old scores.

Robbie throws his eyes out the window in disgust but he's
in no position to argue.

INT. DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

Jimmy is back on his feet. He and Maurice slog it out
mercilessly some more.

Lips bleed and flesh bruises as the fight ebbs and flows,
one with the upper hand, then the other.

Eventually Jimmy knocks Maurice to the ground.

JIMMY

Let Emma go now and I'll stay
here, Maurice.

Maurice struggles back to his feet.

MAURICE

Can't do it, Jimmy. Fight's not
over.

Maurice charges at Jimmy.

SMASH CUT

We suddenly see the fight from a distance, the two men
small figures dwarfed by the empty cavernous space. The
hard leathery sound of knuckle on skin echoes around the
concrete walls.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Robbie is getting agitated.

ROBBIE

You have to go in.

Flanagan is himself getting impatient with the marathon
bout.

FLANAGAN

(To Malone)
Finish it.

Malone gets out of the car. He goes to the second car and drags Emma out. One of the other guys gets out and the two of them escort her towards the brewery.

INT. DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

Jimmy and Maurice, bloodied and bruised, are at stalemate. They observe each other between their raised fists.

All of a sudden Maurice drops his fists and looks over Jimmy's shoulders.

Jimmy looks behind him at what has grabbed Maurice's attention.

CLOSE ON

Malone walks into the hall with his gun to Emma's head. The other guy follows behind.

MALONE
Thought you might like to see
your moth's brains all over the
floor before we clipped you,
Jimmy.

A shot rings out and a bloody hole forms in Malone's forehead. He collapses. Quickly the other guy is dropped with a double tap in the chest.

ANGLE LOOSENS

Maurice holds the pistol he threw on the ground earlier.

Emma runs to Jimmy. He puts his arms around her and looks at Carmody.

Maurice points his gun Jimmy's direction. Jimmy tenses, pushes Emma way.

Maurice lowers the gun and fires. The shot takes out the walkie talkie on the ground by a pillar behind Jimmy.

Jimmy relaxes ever so slightly. Emma rushes back to his side, wraps her arms tight around him.

EMMA

(To Jimmy)
There's more outside.

JIMMY
(To Carmody)
What now?

MAURICE
Put her in the storeroom, where
we used to hide as kids. I'll
tell them you did this and took
her out back.

Jimmy grabs Emma and leads her to a stairwell the far end
of the floor.

JIMMY
Thanks, Maurice.

MAURICE
We're not finished, Jimmy. This
is just me keeping my word. After
you hide her you run. If I catch
you I'll kill you.

Jimmy and Emma run to the far end of the floor.

Footsteps thunder up from the near stairwell.

Maurice hides his gun behind a pillar before Dunlop and
the other guy emerge on the scene. They are shocked to see
the two bodies.

DUNLOP
What the...?

MAURICE
Mullen shot them. He took the
girl out back.

Maurice grabs Malone's gun off the ground and rushes to
the far stairwell.

MAURICE (CONT.)
Come on. I know this area.

The other two follow his lead.

INT. STAIRWELL, DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

They arrive at the top of a stairwell and look down to

see Jimmy charging down the last of the steps and sprinting out the back door of the brewery.

Dunlop takes aim and shoots. The bullet sparks against the concrete floor just behind Jimmy before he disappears outside.

They chase down the stairs after him.

EXT. DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

Jimmy runs to a skip by the wall, hops up on it and athletically pulls himself over the top.

He drops down the far side into a lane and runs.

INT. STOREROOM, DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

Emma curls up in a ball beneath an old table in a dank storeroom.

The door to the storeroom is open, and Dunlop, Maurice and the other guy thunder past the door in their pursuit of Jimmy.

Emma stays dead quiet and dead still. She listens as the sounds of footsteps recede into the distance.

EXT. DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

Maurice leads Dunlop and Bergin to a locked gate at the back of the brewery. Maurice prizes open a loose bar and slides through into the lane.

He looks around for Jimmy, doesn't find him.

He cocks his ear, hears distant footsteps.

MAURICE

This way.

He sprints off, the other two squeezing through the gap in the gate and struggling to catch up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy runs through empty back streets. It is a docklands area with disused buildings everywhere.

EXT. ADJOINING STREET - NIGHT

Two uniformed Gardai cruise along in a patrol car.

Jimmy runs across the junction in front of them. His manic barechest appearance immediately draws their attention.

DRIVER

Is there a fucking full moon or
wha'?

They speed up to the junction, round the corner. They catch Jimmy in their headlights.

Jimmy glances behind, sees the squad car and speeds up even more.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Maurice, Dunlop and the other guy turn a corner. Up ahead they see the back of the squad car following Jimmy.

They hastily retreat back behind the corner.

EXT. BACK LANE - NIGHT

Jimmy ducks down a narrow back lane.

The squad car stops at the mouth of the lane and the guards get out.

DRIVER GARDA

(Shouting)

Hey, you. Stop.

They chase after him down the alley.

The lane winds round a bend. Jimmy turns the corner and sees a wheelie bin against the wall.

He hops up on it and leverages himself up over the wall. He kicks the bin over with his feet before climbing over. He drops down into the yard of another disused factory. He races through it into the shadows.

One of the Gardas reaches the wheelie bin. He props it upright and mounts it, pulling himself to the top of the wall. It takes him an awful lot longer than it took Jimmy, and he struggles to catch his breath.

He sits atop the wall, looking around. No sign of Jimmy.

His colleague eventually arrives, puffing for breath.

GARDA ON WALL
Fuck this for a game of toy
soldiers.

He drops back down into the lane.

SECOND GARDA
Don't feel bad, Frank. He'd never
pass the drugs test. Hahaha.

The two of them walk back to their car.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy runs along the street towards the Holywell Flats,
which can be seen in the distance.

INT. BATHROOM, JIMMY'S OLD FLAT - NIGHT

We see the bath where Jimmy has a Glock hidden - his
destination.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jimmy pushes himself towards Holywell, towards the gun,
towards safety.

EXT. RIVER LIFFEY - NIGHT

Flanagan drives Bergin and Robbie along an empty
docklands road by the Liffey. Bergin is now in the front
seat.

FLANAGAN
You know, we could use someone like
you, Robbie. Someone who can get
things done.

ROBBIE
I'm up for that, Keith. You know it
was nothing personal. It was just
business.

FLANAGAN
Course. That's the type of attitude
I need. So where'd you think
Jimmy's gone?

ROBBIE

Could be gone to his house. Or his mother's flat.

FLANAGAN

If you lead us to him, you're a member of the crew.

ROBBIE

No problem, Keith. I'll get the fucker for you.

Flanagan pulls in along by the Liffey.

FLANAGAN

We'd better get those cuffs off you so.

Flanagan and Bergin get out. Bergin opens the door for Robbie and he steps out.

They are right by the Liffey wall. There is no-one in sight. Robbie waits for his cuffs to be undone, extending his hands.

FLANAGAN

(To Robbie)

You know what Dublin means?

(Pause)

Dubh Linn. The black pool.

Robbie waits.

Flanagan looks down into the black Liffey water.

He casually steps behind Robbie and pushes him into the river.

Robbie disappears with a splash, not even enough time to scream.

Flanagan and Bergin stand looking down at the ripples disappearing. A few seconds pass.

Flanagan looks at Bergin.

FLANAGAN

Where do they come from?

He gets back in the car.

Bergin takes another look down into the river, then gets

in the car. It drives off.

INT. STOREROOM, DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

Emma comes out from beneath the table. She creeps to the door and peers around the jamb.

Seeing the coast is clear she walks out tentatively.

EXT. DERELICT BREWERY - NIGHT

Emma creeps out from the brewery, nervously checking around for signs of life.

When she realizes the coast is clear, she runs down a street towards the quays.

EXT. QUAYSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

She comes to a corner, peeps around it onto the quay road.

A taxi can be seen in the distance, coming her way down by the Liffey road.

She waits for it to near, then runs out in front of it, hailing it frantically. It stops, framing her in its headlights.

She climbs in quickly, barely glancing behind her as it whisks her away to safety.

EXT. COURTYARD, HOLYWELL FLATS - NIGHT

Jimmy runs into the courtyard and across to the stairwell leading up to his mother's flat.

Stephen Walsh steps out of the shadows behind the stairwell.

STEPHEN
(Whispering)
Jimmy.

Jimmy stops and looks.

JIMMY
(Startled)
Stephen?

Stephen nods up towards Jimmy's mother's flat.

STEPHEN

There's someone in your flat.
They're waiting for you.

Jimmy looks up to the flat, catches his breath.

JIMMY

What are you doing here?

STEPHEN

Come on outta sight, Jimmy.

Stephen steps back into the shadow.

Jimmy steps into the shadow.

He is too late to see the glint of the steel blade in
Stephen's hand.

Stephen thrusts the blade into Jimmy's side. Immediately
he drops to the ground.

Stephen stands over him, stabs him several more times.
Blood runs freely from Jimmy's body.

Stephen stands up, puts the blade back in his pocket. He
pulls the hoodie of his sweater up over his head and
walks off towards the entrance to the courtyard.

Blood pools around Jimmy's body.

CLOSE-UP - JIMMY'S FACE

Jimmy's eyes glaze over. He knows it is all finished. A
dazed smile, the product of delirium, alights.

DISSOLVE TO

Emma walks along an empty Mediterranean beach, the waves
lapping at her feet. A strong sun beats down. Her light
summer dress hangs over the large bump of her stomach.

Her sad eyes scan the empty horizon as her hand absently
massages the bump.

DISSOLVE TO

Jimmy's eyes close, the vision slipping away from him. He
is dead.

EXT. HOLYWELL FLATS - NIGHT

Stephen Walsh exits from the Holywell flats. He shuffles away quickly down the street, head down, not looking behind him or to the side.

Just after he leaves a car pulls up outside the tunnel entrance to the flats.

Inside the car is Flanagan, Bergin, Maurice and Dunlop.

Bergin, Maurice and Dunlop get out and walk to the entrance. Maurice is sandwiched between the others - unaware of what happened his brother.

They disappear down the tunnel entrance to the courtyard.

Flanagan waits in the car. A few seconds pass.

There is the sound of a GUNSHOT from the courtyard.

Bergin and Dunlop emerge from the tunnel. They walk quickly to the car and get in. Flanagan drives them away.

FADE OUT