

"THE OUTSKIRTS"

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A flash car pulls up outside a pub on a busy main street. CILLIAN and JACK are in the car. Jack, driving, is mid-20s, well-built, an amateur rugby player and successful salesman. He's dressed sharply in a suit and tie. Cillian, mid 20s, is a mild-mannered sub-editor for a daily newspaper. He's dressed smart casual. They get out of the car and walk up the street.

EXT. BLOCKS OF FLATS - NIGHT

They walk towards looming blocks of council flats. There's sketchy graffiti on the walls, rubbish strewn about, streetlights smashed. It's a gloomy, stark, dimly lit landscape.

EXT. BLOCKS OF FLATS - NIGHT - LATER

They walk around the flats complex, eyes casting around, on the lookout. They see a rough-looking guy in his 30s sitting on steps smoking a cigarette. They look at each other, exchange a nod of agreement. They walk over to the guy. Jack leads the way, addresses the figure.

JACK

Hey, buddy... do you know where we
can score?

The guy looks at them suspiciously. He takes a deep drag of his cigarette, gets up, and struts off, not saying a word. Jack stares after him. Cillian looks Jack over, starts to laugh.

JACK

What?

CILLIAN

Hahaha.

JACK

(Impatient)

What?

CILLIAN

The fuckin' haircut, the shoes.
Jesus. Haha.

JACK

What?

CILLIAN

He thinks you're a fuckin' cop.

JACK

(Annoyed)

You think you can do better?

CILLIAN

I reckon I'll have to.

JACK

You have more of a "man of the people" vibe about you anyway.

CILLIAN

Oh, thanks, Jack. Or is that your way of saying I look like a scumbag?

JACK

Salt of the earth you are,
Cillian. Salt of the earth.

Jack and Cillian continue to walk around, looking for a dealer.

EXT. BLOCKS OF FLATS - NIGHT - LATER

They've done the rounds of the flats complex, no luck. They round a corner and see two teenagers, about 13, sitting on a wall talking, their BMX bikes propped up against the wall. They go over, Cillian leading the way this time.

CILLIAN

Hey, you know where we can score some hash?

The teenagers look them over. Especially Jack.

CILLIAN

(Re: Jack)

Come on, would a cop be so obvious as to dress like that?

Cillian grins at them. The two teenagers remain stony-faced.

CILLIAN

We used to buy here off a guy called Johnny.

TEENAGER 1

Who the fuck is Johnny?

CILLIAN

He had an ear-ring... bit of a scar on his neck.

JACK

Used to drive a little moped.

TEENAGER 2

(To Teenager 1)

That's Johnny Ryan, man. Billy's brother.

TEENAGER 1

(To Teenager 2)

Shut the fuck up.

CILLIAN

Johnny still around then?

TEENAGER 1

Nah, Johnny's gone.

CILLIAN

Gone? Okay. Maybe Billy's taken over the family business then?

A beat.

TEENAGER 1

What are you looking for?

CILLIAN

Just a bit of hash.

TEENAGER 1

Wait here.

The two teenagers hop off the wall, mount their bikes and cycle off around the back of one of the blocks of flats.

EXT. BLOCKS OF FLATS - NIGHT - LATER

Cillian and Jack are now sitting on the wall where the teenagers were. Jack smokes a cigarette.

From out behind the block of flats comes a guy, 20s, in a HOODIE, zipped down enough to reveal the top of a Manchester United jersey underneath it. He strides powerfully past the two guys, giving them a nod of his head to indicate for them to follow him. Jack and Cillian hop off the wall and follow Hoodie down an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

They're standing with Hoodie. He's holding out a small cube wrapped in tin foil. The foil is partially peeled back at the corner to reveal a brown chunk of hash. Hoodie burns the corner with a lighter and Cillian smells it.

HOODIE

That's good shit, that is.

CILLIAN

(To Jack)

Smells good.

Jack takes out his wallet. He takes out two 50s.

JACK

I'll take a hundred.

HOODIE

I thought you were just looking for a 20-spot or something, man.

Jack shrugs. A beat as Hoodie thinks.

HOODIE

Wait here, righ'?

He shoots off back the way he came. Jack and Cillian stand waiting for him. A beat.

JACK

You should find out when your drug dealer's going on holidays, Cillian. I thought I'd left this shite behind in college.

CILLIAN

The place hasn't changed much, has it?

JACK

Got worse, I'd say.

CILLIAN

Do you reckon that's Billy? I don't see a family resemblance.

JACK

Fuckin' sewer rats all look the same.

CILLIAN

I wonder where Johnny went.

JACK

I'd say Mountjoy's a good bet.

CILLIAN

Check your privilege, Jack. He could be CEO of his own company by now.

JACK

Married with 10 sprogs on welfare, more like. Can't way to get out of this fuckin' place.

Hoodie comes back. He stops by the boys, takes five chunks in tin foil out of his pocket and proffers it to them.

HOODIE

Righ'. There's an ounce for a hundred.

He peels back the foil of one chunk, shows them a brown corner. It's hard to see in the darkness. Jack hands over the two fifties. Hoodie hands over five little cubes....

A VOICE CUTS down the alley.

VOICE

(Shouting)

Pigs! Run!

It's Teenager 1, on a BMX bike. He cycles off quickly after shouting down the alley. Hoodie jumps into action.

HOODIE

That's the fucking cops, man. This way.

He sprints down the alley. Cillian and Jack, alarmed, run with him. They come out of the alley. Hoodie points down another alley.

HOODIE

Down that alley, lads. That'll
take you down to the main road.

He sprints off in another direction. Cillian and Jack heed his instructions and run down the alley. They see the main road at the end of the alley and sprint towards it.

CILLIAN

Get ready to fuckin' drop those if
you see a cop.

They keep running until they come out on a main street.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

They arrive back at the car. They're walking quickly, glancing behind them nervously, breathing heavily, hearts pumping. Jack unlocks the car and they sit in. He looks in the rearview mirror. There's no sign of cops anywhere. A beat.

CILLIAN

Man, get the fuck out of here.

JACK

We're out of danger.

CILLIAN

I'd rather make sure. Drive.

A beat.

JACK

I didn't see any cops, did you?

He takes the five chunks out of his pocket. He examines them. He peels back the foil corner of one. He brings the brown chunk to his nose. His face stiffens. He crumbles the corner with his fingers.

Agitated, he opens up another foiled chunk, does the same. And another.

He is FURIOUS now.

JACK

Fuck!

He hands a chunk to Cillian, who has already guessed the score from Jack's expression. He examines the substance with his fingers and nose.

CILLIAN

Turf. Long time since that happened too.

JACK

Dirty little scumbag.

Jack bangs the dashboard with his fist.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Jack and Cillian sup pints in the pub. Jack looks agitated, Cillian more sanguine.

JACK

How the hell are you so calm about it?

CILLIAN

Shit happens.

JACK

(Mimics)

Shit happens.

CILLIAN

We didn't get sorted. It's not the end of the world, Jack.

JACK

This is the weekend you planned, Cillian. Clarissa's coming... and Melanie, need I remind you?

CILLIAN

We'll just get pissed instead.

JACK

You want to get with Melanie,
yeah?

CILLIAN

I'm going to play it by ear.

JACK

Play it by ear? Jesus, do you want to or not? I got Clarissa to invite her for that reason.

CILLIAN

We'll see what happens.

JACK

You make things happen in this world, Cillian.

CILLIAN

Yeah yeah yeah. Everything's a sales pitch. What's it got to do with what happened anyway?

JACK

Women are sensual creatures. You get them stoned, you can multiply that by 100. Nothing puts a bird in the mood like a bit of blow.

CILLIAN

What can we do about it, man? Fuckin' nothing, that's what.

JACK

We go back.

CILLIAN

Go back to the flats?

JACK

We go back and look for him.

Cillian can't contain his amusement.

CILLIAN

Looking to get ripped off again.

Jack isn't amused. Cillian realises he's serious.

JACK

No. Looking to get what we paid that prick for. Or our money back.

CILLIAN

You're fuckin' serious. You're actually fucking serious.

(Beat)

Look, we got burned. It happens.
Deal with it.

But Jack isn't listening. It's not about the hash now for him. It's about something else.

EXT. PUB, CAR - NIGHT

They leave the pub and walk to the car. Jack unlocks the door remotely with his key as they approach it. Cillian opens the door and sits in. Jack stands outside the car.

JACK
Look, Cillian, you can do what you want. I'm going back.

CILLIAN
Come off it, Jack.

Jack walks off. Cillian watches him walk away in the rearview mirror. A few seconds pass as he thinks.

CILLIAN
Fuck it.

Cillian gets out of the car. He locks the door and catches up with Jack.

EXT. BLOCKS OF FLATS - NIGHT

They're walking around. There's no-one in sight.

CILLIAN
This is a waste of time. He's long gone.

Jack won't give up. A beat as they walk around some more.

CILLIAN
You got dropped from your rugby team, didn't you?

JACK
I'm still part of the squad, Cillian.

CILLIAN
I'm not a rugby expert, but there's a big difference between the squad and the team, isn't there?

JACK
(Annoyed)
I was injured. It takes a while to
break back in sometimes.

CILLIAN
It's okay, man. Relax.

JACK
What are you saying exactly?

CILLIAN
Maybe this gung ho adventure is
you trying to prove something to
yourself.

JACK
If I wanted to be psycho-analysed
there's people with better
qualifications than you.

Jack marches ahead. Cillian follows wearily.

EXT. BLOCKS OF FLATS - NIGHT - LATER

They stand in the shadows, leaning against a wall,
looking across a forecourt that is enclosed by blocks of
flats.

CILLIAN
Let's just get the fuck out of
here.

JACK
(Resigned)
You're right. The fucker's gone.
Lucky for him.

Cillian goes to walk out of the shadows. Jack's arm
springs across Cillian's chest, stopping him.

Hoodie has just turned up.

Hoodie walks across the forecourt with a bag slung over
his shoulder. He passes by the two of them, not noticing
them in the shadows. Jack's face lights up. Cillian's
sinks.

JACK
Come on.

Jack walks up behind Hoodie. At the last second Hoodie hears him and spins around. Jack surges towards him and rugby tackles him. The two of them fall to the ground. Hoodie manages to turn Jack over as they fall and rolls on top of him. Hoodie throws punches at Jack.

Cillian stands frozen, petrified.

Hoodie's satchel bag has come loose at the strap as they fell and it's lying on the ground beside them. It's buttoned up, the contents inside safe.

Hoodie continues to punch Jack. There's only one way this is going.

Cillian can't hold back any longer. He runs up and shoves Hoodie off Jack. Jack clambers to his feet, regains his breath.

Cillian stands over Hoodie. Cillian's shocked. He can't believe what he's done.

Hoodie rises. Cillian acts instinctively and punches him, knocking him back down. Hoodie rises again. Cillian goes to punch him, is blocked. The two of them exchange blows.

Jack comes to the rescue, punching Hoodie from the side, winding him. Jack and Cillian both punch the guy now. He falls to the ground. The two of them instinctively give him a kick. He rolls into a foetal position.

They give him a few more kicks on the ground for good measure. Hoodie is curled up in a protective ball now, moaning in pain.

Teenager 1 cycles around the corner on his BMX. He spots them. He turns and cycles back around the corner as quick as he can. Jack and Cillian see him. At the same time a window opens from a flat above and a voice rains down.

VOICE FROM WINDOW

What's going on down there?

JACK

Shit. We've to get out of here.

Jack races off.

Cillian still can't believe what's happened. It's been such a whirlwind.

He turns and starts to run after Jack. He sees the bag on the ground. Instinctively he picks it up by the strap and runs after Jack.

They run down the alleyway towards the main street. They run like hell. When they near the mouth of the alley they look behind them. They're not being followed. Relief sets in. They slow their pace and jog more leisurely.

Jack sees Cillian has the bag with him. Cillian smiles and raises it aloft like a trophy.

CILLIAN
I got his bag.

JACK
You got his bag.

CILLIAN
I got his fucking bag.

JACK
Hahaha.

They both laugh, spirits high after their adventure. Jack turns and shouts back towards the flats.

JACK
(Shouting)
Fuckin' sewer rats!

They jog out onto the main road.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

They arrive at the car and get in. They're full of adrenalin, hearts pumping. Jack fumbles around in his pockets.

CILLIAN
Get the fuck out of here, man.
There could be a posse rounded up.

Jack pats his pockets desperately.

JACK
Shit.

CILLIAN
(Worried)

What?

JACK
I lost the key.

CILLIAN
You're not serious.

JACK
Shit, we've to go back.

CILLIAN
(Hysterical)
What? You fuckin' serious? There
could be a fucking army of them
looking for us by now.

Jack flashes a cajoling smile at Cillian as he takes the key out of his pocket and brandishes it at him.

CILLIAN
You absolute cunt.

Jack laughs. He unlocks the car. They get in. He starts the car. He pulls out and drives at high speed up the road, cutting it very fine at the traffic lights.

Jack has an iPod attached to his car stereo. He shuffles the iPod menu, selects a track. Thumping techno music blares out of the car speakers.

JACK
That was a fuckin' blast, eh?

CILLIAN
It was a bit of a fuckin' laugh
all right.

JACK
Cunt thought we were fucking
rubes.

CILLIAN
We showed him.

JACK
He won't be messing with no farm
boys from here on in. Yeehaw.

CILLIAN

Since when you were a fuckin' farm boy?

JACK

I might buy a fucking farm some day, Cillian. Don't box me in. Hahaha. Yeehaw.

They laugh, still delirious with excitement. Jack cranks up the volume of the music till it bleeds out of the car out onto the street.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - LATER

They sit in the parked car in dead silence. Cillian stares into his lap.

CILLIAN

We've to go back, man.

JACK

Go back? We can't go fuckin' back.

CLOSE UP

The bag in Cillian's lap. It's open and inside it is stuffed with BAGS OF HEROIN. Several thousand euros worth.

EXT. CAR, STREET - NIGHT

They stand outside the car. It's parked down a quiet street. They pace around, dragging on cigarettes heavily, discussing what to do.

CILLIAN

We go back, Jack. We go back, find him, give it to him.

JACK

We can't go back.

CILLIAN

I don't want anything to do with this.

JACK

You think I want anything to do with this?

CILLIAN

We go back, give it to him.

JACK

You want to get killed? He'll have an army with him now.

CILLIAN

We explain to him, hand it back.

JACK

Explain what?

CILLIAN

We made a mistake. This isn't our thing. We have to give it back, Jack.

Jack

You know what this shit does to people? You think this is a drug? This is poison.

A beat.

CILLIAN

This has nothing to do with your sister, Jack.

JACK

No? Fucking wasting away from AIDS from a dirty needle has nothing to do with Sophie, has it not?

CILLIAN

Come on.

JACK

A bit of blow is one thing. But this shit... this shit's a fucking killer. We give it back to that scumbag, you know what we are? You know what we are? Murderers, that's what we are.

CILLIAN

Come on. People are going to use it anyway.

JACK

Not this. Not this exact bag. They'll use other stuff, they'll

buy other stuff. But not this. It won't be on my conscious.

CILLIAN

This is none of our business.

JACK

It's our business now. You know, this makes me feel better about giving that dirtbag a kicking.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - NIGHT

Jack drops the bag into a skip outside a building site. Cillian keeps watch. They hurry off quickly once the bag is placed.

INT. INTERNET CAFÉ - NIGHT

Jack is in a phone box in an internet café. He dials a number. After a few rings it's answered.

POLICE OFFICER

Newtown Garda Station. How can I be of assistance?

JACK

I've just discovered a bag of heroin in a skip. The skip's outside the building works on Sherrington Street.

POLICE OFFICER

Okay. When did you discover this?

JACK

Just there now. I saw a guy dumping it there. I went and checked the bag. It was full of drugs. It's in a skip on Sherrington Street.

POLICE OFFICER

Okay. What's your name, sir?

Jack hangs up. He comes out of the phone box, leaves the internet café. Cillian is waiting outside.

JACK

My sister used to hang around the city centre here when she was

using. She was like a fucking zombie. I couldn't help her. No-one could. She was dead long before she was in the ground. The worst part was how fucking embarrassed she made me. It wasn't meant to happen to a family like ours. My parents disowned her. Couldn't cope with it. That's what I think about most when I think about her. How ashamed I was.

(Beat)

We did the right thing, Cillian. Taking that shit off the street. We did what the police would have done.

CILLIAN

How much do you think it was worth?

JACK

I don't know. A few grand maybe.

CILLIAN

Some night, eh?

JACK

Yeah. Job done.

CILLIAN

Not quite.

Cillian takes out an ounce of hash from his pocket.

CILLIAN

This was in the bag too. I think we earned it.

Jack cracks a grin, slaps Cillian approvingly on the arm.

JACK

It's going to be a good weekend after all.

EXT./INT. CAR, COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Jack's speeds down a country road, green fields to either side. He has a black eye from the fight with Hoodie. In the car with him are his girlfriend CLARRISA, Clarissa's

friend MELANIE and Cillian. Jack's sporting a black eye from the encounter the other night.

Clarissa's in the front. She's blonde, bubbly, a bombshell. Melanie is quieter, more frumpily dressed. They come around a corner and a mountain comes into view in the distance. Cillian points it out.

CILLIAN

That mountain there? The house is just at the base of that.

JACK

Jesus, you literally are a mountain boy.

CILLIAN

There's a nice trail up the mountain. Might kill a few hours tomorrow.

CLARISSA

Hiking up a mountain trail? I thought we were here to have fun.

CILLIAN

A bit of hiking won't kill you.

CLARISSA

What do you say, Melanie? Want to spend hours walking up a mountain..

(lifts up the lump of hash)
... Or maybe sample the 'erb instead.

CILLIAN

No reason we can't do both.

MELANIE

Sounds okay to me. Get back to nature and all that.

CLARISSA

Ugh. I didn't realise I was spending the weekend with a bunch of treehuggers.

JACK

It won't be so bad.

CLARISSA

(To Jack)

You need to convalesce.

(Re: his black eye)

Look at that eye. Why can't you
play soccer instead?

CILLIAN

He wouldn't get the chance to hit
people playing soccer.

CLARISSA

Or get hit. Look at you. And
that's only training.

She kisses his eye.

CLARISSA

Is it wrong to like a guy with
scars?

JACK

Is it wrong to like you in a thong
bikini?

She makes a face of faux-outrage and slaps him on the
shoulder, but playfully. He laughs. She leans in and
gives him a kiss on the cheek.

EXT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The car pulls into the drive of a modest country bungalow
situated at the base of a mountain. There's nothing but
fields around for miles in every other direction.

INT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

They pile into the house.

CILLIAN

Here it is. Nothing too fancy.

They roam about the house, taking it in. Clarissa looks
out the large kitchen at the mountain.

CLARISSA

Great view though.

Jack comes up behind her and wraps his arms around her.
He rests his chin on her shoulder and looks down her
shirt.

JACK
Great view is right.

She elbows him away from her. Jack takes a cube of hash out of his pocket.

JACK
Peace pipe, Kemosabe?

Her eyes light up. She takes the cube off him.

CLARISSA
Where are the skins, big chief?

He takes skins out of his pocket and hands them to her. She goes over to a couch, sits and starts to skin up a joint.

Melanie is outside, looking across the fields. Jack sees her through the window. He nudges Cillian, nods out the window. Cillian takes the cue and goes out to Melanie.

EXT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Cillian and Melanie sit on the back lawn.

MELANIE
You're lucky to live in such a nice area.

CILLIAN
I live in Dublin.

MELANIE
But this is here for you.

CILLIAN
Yeah, I suppose. I don't come here much. Too many memories. It's not the same without ma and da.

MELANIE
At least its yours.

CILLIAN
My brother owns half of it.

MELANIE
Where's he?

CILLIAN

Australia. We'll decide what to do when he gets back. We might sell it.

MELANIE

It'd be shame to sell it. It's such a nice area.

CILLIAN

There's not really a lot for me around here anymore. If we sell it, I might use the money to go travelling myself.

MELANIE

I thought about going to Australia last year.

CILLIAN

Yeah?

MELANIE

Me and Clarissa were talking about it. Then she met Jack...

CILLIAN

That shouldn't stop you.

MELANIE

It was mostly her idea, I guess. I might go next year. It's hard to save money in a call centre.

CILLIAN

Tell me about it.

MELANIE

You're a journalist, aren't you?

CILLIAN

Kind of.

MELANIE

Kind of? What does that mean? Are you or aren't you?

CILLIAN

I'm a subeditor. It's technically part of the journalist family, but I don't interrogate people, I

don't go chasing up leads. I make sure everything is grammatically correct, there's no spelling mistakes.

MELANIE

A grammar nazi.

CILLIAN

Pretty much. Doesn't sound that exciting, does it?

MELANIE

Beats doing customer surveys.

A beat. Cillian glances to the house.

CILLIAN

You reckon they're at it yet?

MELANIE

They've probably broken your bed already.

They laugh.

INT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Jack and Clarissa are indeed shagging. Jack pumps away on top of a blissful Clarissa, the sheets covering them, bedsprings creaking and headboard banging against the wall.

INT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's night. The house is empty. All is quiet.

Then the sound of approaching singing and laughing is heard.

VOICES IN UNISON (O.S.)

"Helman's has the taste you love,
good feed gets better when you put
it all together with the one great
mayonnaise, good food loves
Helmans, so bring out the Helmans,
brings out the taste..."

The door opens and the four of them drunkenly fall into the room. They're singing, laughing, in good spirits. The

girls are done up for going out, Clarissa especially so in a tiny skirt.

CLARISSA

That's one hillbilly pub, Cillian.

CILLIAN

That's the classy pub in town.

MELANIE

They were pretty entertained by that skirt of yours.

Jack pulls Clarissa down onto his knee and squeezes her thigh.

JACK

Not as entertained as I am though.

CLARISSA

Brute.

Cillian comes out of the kitchen with cans and hands them around. Clarissa pulls herself away from Jack and starts to skin up.

JACK

Anybody remember this one?

(Launches into song)

"I think I'm going back to the things I learned so well in my youth...."

They all chime in boisterously and tunelessly.

ALL

"Now there are no games to only pass the time, no more colouring books, no Christmas bells to chime....."

INT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

The party's winding down. Cillian's rolling a joint. Jack takes Clarissa's hand, leads her into the bedroom. Melanie sees them leave, decides she'd better turn in too.

MELANIE

(Rising)

I'd better turn in.

CILLIAN

You should drink some water. Helps
with the hangover.

She heeds his advice, goes into the KITCHEN.

Cillian thinks for a second, scheming. He puts down the
joint, goes into the kitchen. She's at the kitchen sink,
pouring herself a glass of water. He comes up beside her.
He points out to the mountain, its bare outline visible
in the moonlight.

CILLIAN

Let me show you something.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Cillian shows Melanie an old wooden go-cart.
The wheels have been bent out of shape. She
seems unimpressed.

MELANIE

A go-cart.

CILLIAN

Not just a go-cart. Feel this...

He lowers his head, indicates for her to touch his head
in a certain spot. She puts her hand to it.

MELANI

Oh, a groove.

CILLIAN

That's all because of this. That
mountain road... Me and my brother
used to go-cart down it. We'd sit
in each other's laps, go as fast
as we could.

MELANIE

That's steep.

CILLIAN

Yeah. It was dangerous. Our father
warned us against it. One day his
warning came to pass. I was in
Bobby's lap, we hit a bump. I went

flying. I hit a rock on the side of the road, was knocked out cold. I was bleeding from my head too. My brother was hysterical, crying. He ran down to the house, told my father. I woke up in the hospital hours later. Had no recollection of it. They thought I was going to die or be brain damaged or something.

MELANIE

Fuck. That must have scared the shit out of them.

CILLIAN

Yeah. After that Bobby smashed the wheels of the go-cart. I think it really got to him. He would have been blamed, would have had to live with killing his brother. We never did anything like that again.

MELANIE

That was an awful thing to do to your parents. Was it worth the thrill?

CILLIAN

It took the sheen off it, that's for sure.

MELANIE

I hope it taught you a lesson.

CILLIAN

Sometimes you only get a chance to do something once before the wheels come off.

He leans in and kisses her. She yields to him, letting him wrap his arms around her.

INT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cillian and Melanie lie in bed kissing. He has his hand up her top. She takes the top off.

He undoes her jeans, pulls them off her. He pulls off her underwear, puts his hands between her legs. She closes her eyes, moans.

FLASHBACK

EXT. FLATS - NIGHT

Cillian punches Hoodie, knocking him to the ground.

END FLASHBACK

Cillian flips Melanie over on her stomach, handling her roughly. He pulls off his trousers. He kneels behind her, grabs her waist. She raises her butt to meet him, doggy-style. He inserts himself into her. She gasps. He starts to thrust inside her

FLASHBACK

EXT. FLATS - NIGHT

Cillian kicks Hoodie on the ground.

END FLASHBACK

He thrusts inside her, faster, harder. She moans. The bed creaks and rocks, the headboard thudding against the wall. He grins as he fucks her.

FLASHBACK

EXT. FLATS - NIGHT

Hoodie is a heap on the ground. Cillian kicks him relentlessly.

END FLASHBACK

Cillian is thrusting hard inside her, bringing her to orgasm. She's screaming now. He's gasping.

He stops, spent, and falls on top of her. She rolls into his arms, panting heavy.

INT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Melanie sleeps. Cillian is still awake. He slips out of bed, pulls on his shorts, and exits the room.

INT. CILLIAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Cillian enters the living room. Jack is sitting there alone, smoking a joint. He hands Cillian the joint.

JACK
Felt good, didn't it?

CILLIAN
It's good for what ails you all right.

JACK
Not the shag, man.

Cillian looks at him confused.

JACK
The other night. Jumping that guy.

CILLIAN
(Smiles)
Yeah. It was a rush.

JACK
They appreciate that, y'know. The girls.

CILLIAN
(Surprised)
You didn't tell them...?

JACK
No, no, no. But they know.

Cillian is confused.

JACK
I don't mean they don't know the details. They don't. They don't want to. But they get it. They sense it. If you're a man not to be messed with, they sense that. It draws them in. It's like... subliminal. It's like a magnetism, y'know.

CILLIAN
It was a rush. That guy had it coming.

JACK

Yeah. He did.

CILLIAN
It fuckin' made me feel better.

JACK
It made Melanie feel better too
from what I heard.

CILLIAN
Those walls are too thin.

JACK
Paper thin.

CILLIAN
Hahaha.
(Beat)
So are we going to form a
vigilante group? Clean up the
streets.

Jack laughs at the idea.

JACK
(Mimics De Niro in Taxi
Driver)
"Listen you screwheads, here is a
man who would not take it any
more. A man who stood up against
the scum, the dogs, the filth, the
shit..."

CILLIAN
"...All the animals come out at
night - whores, skunk pussies,
buggers, queens, fairies, dopers,
junkies, sick, venal..."

JACK and CILLIAN
(Jack joins in, in unison)
"... Someday a real rain will come
and wash the scum off the street."

They laugh wickedly, in good spirits. Cillian sparks up
the joint again and passes it over to Jack.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jack drops Clarissa and Melanie off outside Clarissa's
flat. Cillian gets out to say goodbye to Melanie.

CILLIAN

So... you want to go for a drink
this Friday?

MELANIE

Give me a call.

CILLIAN

I might just do that.

They kiss. Clarissa watches bemused. She glances back at Jack, in the driver's seat, who is equally amused.

Cillian gets back in the car. Melanie and Clarissa walk off to the flat. Jack and Cillian drive off.

EXT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY

Jack pulls up outside Cillian's flat. Cillian gets out. He stoops down to the driver's window to say goodbye to Jack.

CILLIAN

Thanks, man.

JACK

No problem, brother. Glad to see
you getting back on the wagon.

They bump fists through the window. Cillian goes into his flat. Jack drives off.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE, CILLIAN'S DESK - DAY

Cillian is at his desk at the Daily Tribune. The newsroom is an open-plan workflow.

He's sub-editing a page of the newspaper on his computer screen, typing in a headline into an empty text box.

Cillian's section of the workflow has a quiet intensity about it, sub-editors rigorously and diligently editing news pages on their machines.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE, PRODUCTION EDITOR'S DESK - NIGHT

Cillian carries printouts of news pages over to the production editor's desk. A clock on the wall gives the time as 10.55pm.

Three senior journalists - the EDITOR, the PRODUCTION EDITOR, and the DEPUTY PRODUCTION EDITOR - are standing at the desk, huddled over a printout of tomorrow's front page.

Cillian drops his printouts on the desk. They don't notice him. He glances at the front page. It has a picture of a politician coming out of parliament and a headline that reads, "Banks Won't Be Charged Says Flaherty".

EDITOR

(To production editor)
Have we a different picture?

PRODUCTION EDITOR

That's the best angle.

EDITOR

Yeah, but they're using it in The Times tomorrow. One of my spies told me.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

(Showing another picture)
We do have this one. It's a bit further away.

EDITOR

Use it.

Cillian walks away from the desk. He stops, thinks a second, turns back. He clears his throat.

CILLIAN

You could change that headline.

They all turn heads and look at him. Cillian, like a deer in headlights, braces himself.

CILLIAN

"Banks won't be charged says Flaherty." It's passive. It's too long. The Minister's the story, not the banks. Put him first. "Flaherty won't charge banks." That's active. It's also shorter. You'll be able to put it on two lines instead of three. Then you can make the picture bigger.

They all just keep staring at him. There's a moment of unbearable silence. Cillian squirms like a worm on a hook. The editor breaks the silence.

EDITOR

(To the two others)

Guy knows his Strunk and White.

The others laugh deferentially. Cillian, embarrassed, turns and walks away sheepishly.

EDITOR

(To production editor)

He's right. Change the headline.

Make the picture bigger.

A smile alights on Cillian's lips. He's convinced them. A small victory.

He suppresses the smile as he walks away, trying to take it all in his stride but he can't help but swagger a bit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Cillian walks home along a street. Two young rough-looking guys in tracksuits are walking his direction, taking up the footpath. They're not making any effort to make room for Cillian.

Cillian doesn't flatten himself against the wall to pass. He keeps a straight line. His shoulder bumps against one of the guy's shoulders as they pass each other. The guy spins around.

GUY

Fuckin' watch it, righ'.

Cillian keeps walking but looks over his shoulder and matches the guy's stare. Cillian doesn't flinch. The guy looks for a second like he's going to make an issue out of it, but then he just turns and walks on with his friend. Cillian walks on, swaggering a bit. Something's changed in him. He feels invincible.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Cillian skins up a joint, the late TV news on.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - NIGHT - LATER

Cillian sits stoned watching TV, a late-night movie. His phone beeps. He checks it, sees he's received a text message from Melanie.

Boring day at work. How was yours?

He smiles, starts to text back.

Same. Looking forward to Friday.

He sends it. A few seconds later he gets a text back.

Me too. ☺

INT. CILLIAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cillian's alarm goes off. He climbs out of bed, groggy, and turns it off.

EXT./INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Cillian walks into work. He goes to his floor, takes his place at his desk, turns on his computer. Another day.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY - LATER

MONTAGE

We see shots of Cillian busy at work - proofreading stories, writing headlines, cropping photographs.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Cillian talks to Melanie on the phone.

CILLIAN

(Into phone)

I was thinking Whelan's. Nine?

MELANIE (O.S.)

Sounds good. I'll see you there.

CILLIAN

(Into phone)

I could do with a drink after this boring week.

EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY - LATER

Cillian smokes a cigarette with a few colleagues outside the premises. They talk casually, chatting, laughing, complaining about bosses - the usual worker bee stuff.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

Cillian returns to his desk. He opens up a new page on his screen. There's a story to be edited, text overflowing from the space allotted under the blank headline box into an overflow box. There's a picture on the story.

Cillian starts to read the story in the text box.

CLOSE-UP OF TEXT

"A man has been found shot dead in north Dublin today. Laurence Phelan, of Connolly Flats, Dublin 1, was known to the Gardai for minor drugs offences. A motive for the shooting has not been established yet..."

ANGLE ON CILLIAN

Cillian casually glances at the photo of the dead man mentioned in the news story, this Laurence Phelan.

CLOSE-UP OF PHOTO

Laurence Phelan is a young man about 20. We recognize the face. It's the face of HOODIE.

ANGLE ON CILLIAN

Cillian STARES at the photograph. Recognition dawns.

Recognition... then horror.

FLASHBACK

EXT. FLATS - NIGHT

MONTAGE

Laurence Phelan lies on the ground. Cillian punches him. Cillian grabs the bag and runs down the lane with Jack. Cillian holds up the bag, laughing.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO CILLIAN

Cillian stares at the photo. It can't be. He rubs his hand through his hair, pressing his palm against his forehead.

He turns away for a second, looks back again.

It can't be. It can't be.

It is him. No question.

Cillian is absolutely distraught. He starts to breathe heavily. He stands up, looks around the newsroom. He feels a million miles away from the maze of cubicles, from the drones tapping away at their computers. He looks sick. He has to get out of there.

He hurries out of the newsroom, down a corridor and into the toilets.

INT. BATHROOM CUBICLE - DAY

Cillian leans over the toilet, vomiting into it.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY - LATER

Cillian comes out of the cubicle. He goes to the sink and cleans himself up.

He stares at himself in the mirror. He seems to be looking at someone he doesn't recognize.

EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

Cillian drags heavily on a cigarette. He's standing by himself, away from the office building.

In the background a group of other workers talk amongst themselves on a break, their carefree light-hearted manner totally at odds with Cillian's grave expression.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

Cillian comes back into the office. He looks pale as death. The production editor is standing by his desk looking for him.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

Cillian, I gave you page 4 ages ago.

CILLIAN

I'm sorry. I had to go out. I'll get to it now.

PRODUCTION EDITOR
We're going to print now.

Cillian looks at the clock, sees it's eleven.

CILLIAN
I'm sorry.

PRODUCTION EDITOR
Forget it. I passed it on to John. Don't go AWOL before print deadline again.

Cillian sits down at his desk.

PRODUCTION EDITOR
There's no more pages tonight, you might as well go home.

The production editor walks off. Cillian rises, grabs his coat, and exits, grateful to be out of there.

INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Cillian sits alone in his car. The car park is empty except for his car. He sits there in numb silence. Then suddenly he bangs his fists against the dash.

CILLIAN
Fuck!!! Fuck!!! Fuck!!!

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jack sits on a park bench eating a sandwich roll. He's huddled up in his coat, shivering slightly.

Cillian arrives, a newspaper under his arm. Cillian looks around, making sure there's nobody in earshot. There isn't.

JACK
Man, it's freezing. You got something against cafés?

Cillian throws the newspaper down on the bench beside Jack. It's open on the page with the photograph of Laurence Phelan.

JACK

What?

CILLIAN

Read it.

Jack glances at the headline.

JACK

Man killed in north Dublin. So?

CILLIAN

Look at the picture.

Jack, confused, looks at the picture.

It only takes a few seconds. His brow crumples in recognition at the face staring back at him.

Cillian paces about impatiently, waiting for him to respond, but Jack just keeps looking at the picture intently.

EXT. BENCH, PARK - DAY - LATER

They're both standing talking to each. They're both quite agitated, the tension is palpable.

JACK

Even if it's him...

CILLIAN

It is him. You know it's him.

JACK

It's nothing to do with us, man.

Cillian laughs mirthlessly.

CILLIAN

It's nothing to do with us? Can you guess why someone might have wanted to shoot him? Might it have something to do with him losing a couple of grands' worth of heroin?

JACK

Calm down, Cillian. Just calm the fuck down. We don't know why he got killed.

CILLIAN

Aw come off it.

JACK

He could have been involved in all sorts.

CILLIAN

We know what he was involved in.

A beat.

JACK

Okay, let's say this happened because of the drugs.

CILLIAN

You know it did.

JACK

What's that got to do with us?

CILLIAN

Everything. It's got everything to do with us. He'd be alive if he'd never met us.

JACK

You don't know that. This is the life he chose. He knew the risks.

CILLIAN

You don't feel anything?

JACK

I can see the bigger picture. What did we do, Cillian? What did we do really? We didn't do anything a cop wouldn't have done. If a guard comes across that guy and his bag of heroin, he confiscates the drugs. Now, is a guard guilty of killing him?

CILLIAN

A guard could have arrested him. Kept him in prison. Protected.

JACK

Like people don't get killed in prison. What alternative did we have? We did what a police officer would have done. I don't see how that makes you guilty.

CILLIAN

Me?

JACK

You took the bag.

Cillian freezes.

CILLIAN

I remember you fuckin' cheering me for it.

JACK

Yeah, I did.

CILLIAN

You didn't tell me to drop it either.

JACK

Look, I'm not blaming you. We both got caught up.

CILLIAN

I'm the one who wanted to bring it back. Remember that.

JACK

Okay, okay. Look, if we had went back to that guy with his drugs, who's to say we wouldn't be in the fucking papers dead ourselves. Is that what you want? At that stage it was him or us. He set all this in motion by ripping us off.

CILLIAN

A guy's dead, Jack.

JACK

And it sucks. But there's nothing we can do about it now. You should forget about this, Cillian. It'll eat you up if you don't.

Jack walks off.

CILLIAN
That's it?

Jack looks back at him but keeps on walking.

JACK
That's it. Get on with your life.

Cillian stares in disbelief as Jack walks off unbothered.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cillian's lies in bed. He's wide awake. He tosses and turns but can't get comfortable. It's impossible for him to sleep. He sits up in bed, squeezes his head between his hands.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - NIGHT - LATER

Cillian walks around his flat aimlessly. He's agitated, his thoughts heavy. He stops by the window, looks out at the street, up at the stars. He stares at the newspaper photograph of Laurence Phelan on the table.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - MORNING

Cillian's on the phone.

CILLIAN
(Into phone)
Hi, this is Cillian. I won't be in today. I've got a... a touch of the flu.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Cillian stands at the back of a crowded church. A coffin is on the altar-place, a picture of Laurence Phelan atop it surrounded by flowers. The priest says prayers behind the altar. Laurence Phelan's mother and sister cry inconsolably in the front pew.

INT. CHURCH - DAY - LATER

The congregation streams up the aisle and past the front pew to pay respects to the Phelan family, shaking their hands automatically, mouthing "Sorry for your trouble."

Cillian is among the stream of mourners. He passes before the sister, shakes her hand and gives the obligatory "Sorry for your trouble". The sister, SAMANTHA, eyes him wearily, not seeing him, looking through him, lost in a numb grief.

He passes before the mother, shakes her hand. He tries to utter the "Sorry for your trouble" mantra but nothing comes out his mouth. His voice cracks at the words. He just shakes her hand limply, avoids eye contact and moves on.

He looks away, moves away up the line, not looking back.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

He hurries out the church. It's a grey overcast day, the clouds looking like they might drop out of the sky any minute. He keeps on walking quickly away from it. He speeds up into a jog. He has to get out of there.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - NIGHT

Cillian sits alone in the dark. There's a half-drunk bottle of whiskey on the table beside him. His phone rings. He doesn't get up to go and answer it. He lets it ring out.

When it stops ringing, he gets up, checks it and sees he's received a voice message. He plays it.

MELANIE (O.S.)

Hi Cillian, this is Melanie. I haven't heard from you so I guess... well, that's it... Take care.

He listens to it impassively, no emotion passing his face. He turns it off, goes and sits down in the armchair again. He pours another whiskey.

INT. CILLIAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Cillian's alarm goes off. He crawls out of bed.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE, SEAN CUDDY'S DESK - DAY

Cillian walks over to SEAN CUDDY, a middle-aged journalist who is the newspaper's crime correspondent.

CILLIAN

Hey, Sean?

Sean swings around from his desk to see who's addressing him. He's a bit surprised to see Cillian. His brow crumples trying to place him.

SEAN

Hi.

CILLIAN

You wrote that piece about that guy getting shot.

(beat)

Laurence Phelan?

SEAN

Yeah, I did. Terrible story.

CILLIAN

My cousin used to know him. They went to the same school.

SEAN

That's awful.

CILLIAN

Yeah. It just got me thinking about it, y'know. I was just wondering... do the guards have any suspects for that murder?

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE, SEAN CUDDY'S DESK - DAY - LATER

Cillian and Sean talk at Sean's desk. Sean has an old news story open on his computer screen. The picture in the story shows a rough-looking, middle-aged crook being led out of a courtroom in handcuffs by a Garda. This crook is JIMMY SPAIN.

SEAN

Jimmy Spain. No drugs get sold in that area without his say-so. The guards always know who did it. Proving it's another matter.

CILLIAN

So, what, this Laurence Phelan guy was selling for him?

SEAN

Usually the way it works is these guys get the drugs on hock from a crime boss, in this case Spain. They pay back what they owe when they sell the drugs, keeping the markup for themselves. God forbid you can't pay it back.

CILLIAN

They wouldn't kill someone for a small amount though, would they? They'd give them time to make up the money some other way?

SEAN

They'd kill you for ten quid if they needed to send a message out. Spain has form in that. A real scumbag. Clever though. He has a series of legitimate businesses he hides behind.

Cillian stares at the picture of Spain onscreen.

EXT. BOOKIES - DAY

Jimmy Spain comes out of a bookies shop. He goes to an expensive car parked nearby and gets in. In the car is a DRIVER, 20s, rough-looking. The driver pulls out and they drive up the street.

PAN TO

Cillian in his car parked down the road. He pulls out and follows Spain's car.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Cillian follows Spain's car from a distance. He keeps a respectful distance and tails Spain as his car manoeuvres through different streets.

Eventually Spain's car turns into a gated apartment complex.

Cillian cruises past in time to see the gates automatically close on the car. The apartment complex has high walls, security cameras, and a parking lot full of expensive cars. Cillian keeps on driving.

EXT. FLATS - DAY

Cillian walks around the flats. He's wearing a tracksuit and hood to fit in.

He comes to the spot where they bought the drugs. He spots a new guy in Laurence's place - late teens, tracksuit, hanging around, looking shifty, obviously another dealer.

He finds a vantage point and watches from afar.

A motorcyclist pulls up. The motorcyclist removes his helmet, talks to the new dealer, giving him instructions.

Cillian recognizes the motorcyclist. He's seen him in pictures beside Spain. This is PAUL DALY, Spain's lieutenant.

Cillian films them with his phone. Daly drives off.

EXT. FLATS - DAY - LATER

After spending some time surveilling the area, Cillian decides he's hung around enough, doesn't want to draw any attention to him.

He ambles through the flats, back to where his car is parked.

He passes a young woman. The woman seems to recognize him, stops. She stops, calls after him.

SAMANTHA

Hey.

Cillian is surprised to be called. He turns around, looks the woman over. It takes him a second to recognize her.

Samantha.

Laurence's sister.

He is stunned, struggles to speak.

CILLIAN

Hey.

SAMANTHA

I saw you at the funeral.

CILLIAN
Yeah. Sorry for... for everything.

Awkward silence.

CILLIAN
It was really a terrible....

SAMANTHA
So how did you know Laurence?

CILLIAN
What?

SAMANTHA
You're not from around here
anyway.

Cillian struggles to come up with something.

CILLIAN
Em...

FLASHBACK

We see Laurence from Cillian's viewpoint, lying on the ground, getting kicked.... the Manchester United shirt visible beneath the hoodie.

END FLASHBACK

CILLIAN
(thinking fast)
... football.

SAMANTHA
You played with him?

CILLIAN
Yeah.

SAMANTHA
He was good.

CILLIAN
Yeah. Hard to mark.

SAMANTHA
He loved that 5-a-side.

CILLIAN

Yeah. He was good. I didn't know him that well or anything... But... When I heard...

SAMANTHA

He had a trial with Shamrock Rovers when he was 12.

CILLIAN

Yeah?

SAMANTHA

Yeah. If he kept his head down, might have went somewhere with it.

CILLIAN

I'm... I'm sorry. It's just so....

SAMANTHA

Me ma's giving everyone these mass cards. You better come up and get one now you're here.

She turns to walk on, giving him a nod to follow her. He stands flat-footed.

CILLIAN

I... I really should be getting off.

SAMANTHA

She'd love it if I gave another one out. Come on up.

She walks on. Cillian hesitates.

INT. FLAT - DAY

A small, cramped council flat. Pictures cover the walls - Samantha and Laurence as kids. Hands crossed looking angelic in Holy Communion clothes. Pictures with their mother too, but no father. A huge plasma TV dominates the wall.

Curtains are closed; a little light creeps in through a gap.

The door opens. Samantha enters. She looks back to the threshold where Cillian loiters uncertainly. She beckons him in.

He enters the room. He breathes in its atmosphere.

SAMANTHA

(Shouting)

Ma!

(pause)

She must have gone out. Sit yourself down. I'll make you a cup of tea.

CILLIAN

Don't trouble yourself.

SAMANTHA

It's no trouble. Place is dead around here, good to have some company.

(beat)

Sorry, poor choice of words.

She goes into a narrow kitchen area and puts the kettle on. Cillian's eyes scan the room. He sees the pictures of Laurence, playing football as a 5 year old. Other pictures of him and the family - a normal boy, a normal teenager, full of life. A life in pictures.

He gets up, goes up to one of the pictures, looks at it. Samantha comes out with the cups of tea.

SAMANTHA

He loved football. He had a trial with Shamrock Rovers under 12s.

CILLIAN

You said.

SAMANTHA

Did I? Sorry. I'm not making much sense lately.

Cillian takes the proffered cup of tea.

CILLIAN

There's no pictures of your da?

SAMANTHA

He decided he'd better things to do than look after a family. He's still alive somewhere. At least we never heard any different.

Cillian sips the tea uncomfortably.

SAMANTHA

If he'd been around, maybe
Laurence would be playing for
Rovers. Who knows, eh?

Cillian's expression agrees uncomfortably.

SAMANTHA

Tea all right?

CILLIAN

Yeah, it's really nice, thanks.

SAMANTHA

Place doesn't feel right without
Laurence. Just these pictures.

CILLIAN

Sure is a lot of them.

SAMANTHA

Ma put them up after he died.
Didn't look like this before.
Wasn't half as clean either with
Laurence messing the place up.
Fuckin' prick broke our hearts so
he did.

Awkward silence. Cillian takes a gulp of tea. Doesn't know what to say.

SAMANTHA

Tea's okay, is it?

CILLIAN

Yeah. Lovely. Thanks.

Awkward silence. Cillian scrambles for something to say.

CILLIAN

You mentioned a mass card.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, come on, I'll get you one.

She gives a nod of the head for him to follow. She leads the way to a door, opens it. Cillian follows her inside.

He now sees he's stepped inside

LAURENCE'S BEDROOM.

He scans the room.

Manchester United bedspread. Man United posters on the wall. Some pin-up girls. Some gaming magazines. Some hip-hop CDs. A watch, some jewellery. A line of Adidas sneakers by the wall.

Samantha opens a drawer, roots around inside.

SAMANTHA

Damn her anyway, she said she put them here.

She pulls open another drawer, roots around. She throws out pieces of clothing - getting a bit frantic now.

SAMANTHA

Where the fuck is it?

CILLIAN

It's okay. If you can't find them, don't worry.

SAMANTHA

She said she left them in here.

Samantha's voice is straining.

CILLIAN

It's okay.

Samantha slumps down on the bed, head forward in her hands. She sobs uncontrollably.

Cillian stands there frozen, not knowing what to do.

She sits there, heaving, shaking from crying, the tears flowing between her hands, down her face.

He goes to her, puts her hand on her shoulders. He sits there uselessly, not knowing how to comfort her. He's completely out of his depth.

She wipes her eyes.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry.

She stops crying, wipes her eyes with a handkerchief.

SAMANTHA

I can't find them. If you give me your address, I'll send one on to you.

CILLIAN

Yeah. Sure. Have you got a pen and paper?

She takes out her phone.

SAMANTHA

Just give me your number. I'll text you when I find them.

EXT. FLAT BLOCK - DAY

Cillian leaves the block of flats. He scurries away as fast as he can, guiltily. He looks back up at the flat, turns and walks away.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT, KITCHEN TABLE - DAY

Cillian goes through the notebook. He has a map of the city sprawled over the table. He has lines drawn over the map, indicating the routes Spain takes. Large X's dotted over the map indicate Spain's home, his businesses, his hangouts. Cillian's laptop is on the table. The screen shows a Google search box and results below. Typed into the search box is:

Buy chloroform online

He dials Jack's number.

JACK

Hey. You've been quiet.

CILLIAN

Hi. Yeah, I've been busy.

JACK

Busy? Not busy calling Melanie anyway. She's devastated.

CILLIAN

Look, Jack. We have to do something.

JACK

What are you talking about?

CILLIAN
Laurence?

Beat.

JACK
You need to stop thinking about
him.

CILLIAN
I can't.

JACK
Just forget about it.

CILLIAN
I was at his funeral.

JACK
What? What the fuck did you do
that for, Cillian?

CILLIAN
We put him there, Jack.

Beat.

JACK
Look, I'm going to hang up now.
You need to forget about this.

CILLIAN
How can we forget about it?

JACK
I can.

CILLIAN
You don't see his face when you go
to sleep at night? I do.

JACK
I sleep fine.

CILLIAN
We owe him.

JACK
Owe him what?

CILLIAN

Justice.

"Click" as Jack hangs up.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack's apartment. It's considerably more plush than Cillian's.

We hear smacking sounds in the distance. Something getting hit.

We pan through the apartment until we come to a small home gym.

Inside Jack sweats as he punches a punchbag, taking all his aggression out on it.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY

Cillian is looking at something on his laptop. His phone beeps on the table. He walks across the room, looks at the screen, sees the name of the caller:

SAMANTHA

He eyes the screen apprehensively.

A beat.

He puts the phone away, ignoring it.

He walks back to the laptop.

The phone rings. He looks across the room at it apprehensively.

He lets it ring out.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE, CILLIAN'S DESK - DAY

Cillian looks up old news stories about Spain online. He's spooning Chinese food from a carton into his mouth as he does his research, on a break. He doesn't notice the production editor walking up behind him.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

Cillian, can I have a word?

Cillian turns and sees the production editor is already walking back to his office. Cillian gets up and follows quickly.

INT. PRODUCTION EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Cillian arrives into the office, the glass wall giving a view of the workflow. The deputy production editor is already sitting in there along with the production editor. The production editor brandishes a printout of a news page.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

This was your story?

Cillian looks at the page.

CILLIAN

Yeah, I subbed it.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

It was a rape trial.

CILLIAN

Yeah. Charles Kelly I think his name was.

DEPUTY PRODUCTION EDITOR

That's what it says in the article you edited.

CILLIAN

That's what was filed. Is there a problem?

A beat.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

He was on trial for raping his niece.

The penny drops for Cillian.

CILLIAN

Shit.

DEPUTY PRODUCTION EDITOR

You just helped identify the victim.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

Luckily Mark here caught it before
it went to press.

CILLIAN

Shit.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

That's a civil lawsuit, Cillian.
Serious cash.

CILLIAN

I'm sorry. I should have caught
it. My mind, it's...

PRODUCTION EDITOR

You need to be on point in here.
Three hundred thousand people read
us every day.

A beat. Cillian looks like he's not really there, can't
focus on what's being said, can't take any of this
seriously.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

We can't have slips like that
getting through the system. You're
paid to notice things like that...

CILLIAN

Sorry. I can't do this.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

What?

CILLIAN

I'm sorry. I just can't do this
anymore. I quit.

The production editor and his deputy look at each other
stunned.

PRODUCTION EDITOR

We're willing to give you a second
chance, Cillian. There was no harm
done, we caught it in time. You're
a good subeditor. We can...

But Cillian is already out the door. The other two are
shocked by his rash decision. Cillian goes back to his
desk, grabs his coat. He marches out of the office. He's
no intention of coming back here.

EXT. FLATS - DAY

Cillian's hanging around the flats again. He's wearing a tracksuit and hoodie, looking the part to fit in. He's observing the new guy who's replaced Laurence, watching him hang around the tunnel, selling hash.

Paul Daly pulls up on the motorbike. The dealer hops on the back and they drive away.

There's no point Cillian hanging around anymore. He walks back to his car.

While walking down the road he sees Samantha walking by. He pulls up his hood, not wanting to be recognized.

She doesn't seem to recognize him. As he passes, he notices she has a BLACK EYE.

He's shocked. He stops, pulls down his hoodie, calls after her.

CILLIAN

Samantha?

She stops, looks at him.

INT. CILLIAN'S - DAY

He brings her into his flat.

CILLIAN

Sorry for not returning your call.

SAMANTHA

It's okay. You're busy.

CILLIAN

The truth is... Laurence and I weren't really friends. I didn't know him that well. Hardly at all in fact. Our relationship was... I was...

SAMANTHA

I get it.

(Beat)

You were a customer.

CILLIAN

Yeah.

(beat)

I'd no right being at the funeral really. I didn't know him really.

SAMANTHA

I didn't really know him either. That's the sad part about it. he was by brother but... We didn't talk. Not since we were kids. I was embarrassed of him, all the stupid shit he used to get up to. I just wanted to get out of there as long as I can remember.

(beat)

That's why I liked talking to you. I thought if you were a friend of Laurence, by talking to you I could get to know him. Could find out who my brother was.

Beat.

SAMANTHA

Now that he's dead, I'm ashamed. I never took the time to get to know him. Now I'll never have the chance. We'll never become a proper brother and sister. Whatever that is.

(beat)

I just feel numb. I'm mourning... but I'm mourning someone I didn't really know. It's like I'm not mourning the past, I'm mourning the future.

CILLIAN

Are you going to tell me what happened your eye?

SAMANTHA

Jimmy Spain happened. Walloped me, didn't he?

CILLIAN

Why?

SAMANTHA

'Cos I went up to him and told him I knew what he done. Guys like that, they don't care if you think it... they almost want you to think it... once you don't have the guts to say.

CILLIAN
It was him?

SAMANTHA
The dogs on the street know it was him.

(beat)
The dogs on the bloody street.

CILLIAN
You're lucky he only hit you. You have to be careful.

SAMANTHA
I had to do something.

CILLIAN
You could go to the cops...

SAMANTHA
(Smirking)
Go to the cops.

She gives a mirthless chuckle.

CILLIAN
I don't know.

Beat.

SAMANTHA
Thanks anyway.

CILLIAN
For what?

SAMANTHA
Laurence and you mightn't have been friends, but I wish he had a friend like you.

She leans in, kisses him on the cheek. He looks puzzled. She observes him. She leans in, kisses him on the lips.

He kisses her back. They wrap their arms around each other.

The doorbell rings. Samantha pulls away. She gets up, flustered, a little embarrassed.

SAMANTHA

I'd better go anyway.

Cillian gets up and goes to the

FRONT DOOR.

He opens it. Jack is standing there.

Jack pushes past him. He goes into the flat. Cillian follows him.

When Jack sees Samantha he is surprised.

JACK

Hi.

SAMANTHA

Hi.

He eyes her up and down - the tracksuit, the garish makeup, the black eye. She's every bit the flats girl, looks so odd here in Cillian's flat.

CILLIAN

Samantha, this is Jack.

SAMANTHA

I was just going. I'll leave you to it.

CILLIAN

I'll walk you out.

SAMANTHA

No, it's okay. I know the way. See you.

CILLIAN

See you.

Samantha leaves, closing the door behind her.

Jack stares at Cillian.

JACK
Who the fuck was that?

CILLIAN
Take a seat. I'll make you a
coffee.

Jack sits down.

A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER

Cillian returns with a coffee, hands it to
Jack.

JACK
So, are you going to tell me about
your new friend?

CILLIAN
That was Samantha.

JACK
Samantha, Yeah. I know her name.
Who is she?

CILLIAN
She's Laurence Phelan's sister.

JACK
Who?

Beat.

Just then the penny drops. Jack's jaw drops.

JACK
(Incredulous)
What the fuck... ?

CILLIAN
You heard.

JACK
Why the fuck are you hanging out
with his sister?

CILLIAN
I was at the funeral.

JACK
(apoplectic)

What? What the fuck did you do that for, Cillian?

CILLIAN
It's the least I could do.

JACK
You didn't have to do anything.

CILLIAN
We put him there, Jack. Me and you.

Beat.

JACK
I heard you quit your job.

CILLIAN
I've other things on my mind.

JACK
Other things. Hanging around where you don't belong.

CILLIAN
Where do you belong when you've blood on your hands?

JACK
Jesus Christ.

CILLIAN
I have it worked out now anyway.

JACK
What?

CILLIAN
The plan.

JACK
The plan. What the fuck are you talking about?

CILLIAN
Let me show you.

Cillian gets up, goes over to the table where he has his laptop and some papers. He beckons Jack over.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jack is looking dismayed and exasperated as he watches Cillian's laptop screen, sees the open pages of the notepad with notes written out, a map with a route marked out, with certain locations marked, with times written on it, at the pictures of Jimmy Spain and a few other of his henchmen taken clandestinely by Cillian.

JACK

You're not serious.

CILLIAN

I have his schedule worked out. Where he'll be, what time. He's never alone though. I haven't figured out the best time. It won't be easy, but we'll get an opportunity.

JACK

We won't be getting anything, mate. This is crazy.

CILLIAN

You don't want to solve this?

JACK

Solve what? It's done.

CILLIAN

It's not done. This fucker killed him, Jack. We can't let that go.

JACK

You want to kidnap a gangster?

CILLIAN

He has to be made to confess.

JACK

We don't even know if he did it.

CILLIAN

Yes we do. He did it. He did it all right.

JACK

It's no concern of ours.

CILLIAN

The cops won't do anything. You know that.

JACK

That's unfortunate, it really is. But it's just the way it is.

CILLIAN

It need not be.

JACK

Cillian...

CILLIAN

We can do something. We have to. We've no choice. You see that, don't you?

JACK

I'm really worried about you, man.

CILLIAN

Be worried about yourself.

JACK

What do you mean?

CILLIAN

Can you live without doing anything? Without making amends?

JACK

What is this? Some religious bullshit.

CILLIAN

Can you sleep at night?

JACK

I sleep fine.

CILLIAN

We owe him. We owe Laurence. That was his name, Jack. Laurence.

JACK

Fuck's sake. Look, let's just say you did manage to abduct this guy. What do you do then? You think he's going to spill the beans to you?

CILLIAN

There are ways.

Jack glances over at the other printout on the table. It's an article on Guantanamo Bay: the picture showing prisoners in orange jumpsuits being waterboarded, standing in stress positions, hoods over their heads. Jack looks back at Cillian warily.

JACK

Jesus Christ.

CILLIAN

He has to confess, Jack. He has to say it. He has to say he killed Laurence. **HE** killed him. He's the one responsible. He's guilty. Not us. Not me. **HIM**. I need to hear him say it.

Beat.

JACK

Let's just say you get that far without getting killed. You trap him. You make him confess. Then what? He's not going to turn himself in just because he tells you the truth.

CILLIAN

We tape it.

JACK

It's useless. It can't be used in court if it's gotten under duress.

CILLIAN

We get him to give us some evidence or something.

JACK

Evidence? What evidence?

CILLIAN

I don't know. The gun he used or something.

JACK

He probably didn't pull the trigger.

CILLIAN

He ordered it though. Fuck it, we can't just stand by.

JACK

There is no evidence. He won't go to jail, Cillian. In fact, you'll be the one to go to jail. And you think he's just going to forget about what you did to him? You're endangering your life, Cillian. And those around you. Think about that. This isn't just about you.

CILLIAN

We have to do something.

JACK

Look, this guy will end up dead sooner or later. They all do. Somebody will shoot him. It's the way it goes with these guys. Let nature take its course.

CILLIAN

You always have an answer, Jack. A nice convenient answer.

JACK

Yeah. Yeah I do.

CILLIAN

A nice convenient answer. Gets you out of having to do anything for anyone. Like your sister.

Jack glares at him. Cillian immediately regrets saying it.

CILLIAN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

Beat.

After a few seconds Jack gets up.

JACK

Go back to work, Cillian. Forget about this. Live your life.

Jack leaves.

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT, GYM ROOM - NIGHT

Jack is in his gym room, beating a punching bag mercilessly. The sweat pumps out of him.

Clarissa comes to the door, in just a nightshirt, and stands with her arms folded resting against the jamb staring at Jack.

CLARISSA

Did you speak to Cillian?

JACK

(still punching)

Yeah.

CLARISSA

What's his excuse? Melanie's in bits.

JACK

He doesn't have one.

CLARISSA

Doesn't have one?

JACK

He's gone nuts.

CLARISSA

What do you mean he's gone nuts?

JACK

He's gone nuts.

CLARISSA

What's wrong with him?

JACK

I don't know.

CLARISSA

He's your friend. You must have some idea.

JACK
(shouting, punching the bag
forcefully)
I don't' fucking know, okay.

CLARISSA
Jesus Christ. You're like a bear
yourself lately.

He stops punching the bag, catches a breath.

JACK
Sorry.

Beat.

CLARISSA
Are you coming to bed?

JACK
Yeah, I'll be up in a while.

She turns and walks away.

He turns back to the bag, takes a deep breath, and then starts pummelling it again.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Cillian tails SPAIN'S CAR through the city streets, always staying a few cars behind him. Daly is driving Spain's car, with Spain in the driver's seat.

They turn down a SIDE STREET.

Cillian turns down after them.

He sees that the road is a CUL DE SAC. Spain's car is nowhere to be seen.

Cillian carries driving up the cul de sac, intending to do a u-turn up at the end of it.

Spain's car pulls out from a side-lane behind Cillian and parks in the middle of the road. Cillian is TRAPPED.

Spain and the driver get out of their car and walk towards his.

Cillian sees them in the rearview mirror. His heart races.

Spain pulls open Cillian's door, grabs him by the lapel and drags Cillian out onto the road like a sack.

SPAIN

Why are you following me, you little prick?

Cillian opens his mouth but before he can speak Spain PUNCHES him in the face.

Cillian SPITS BLOOD.

SPAIN

Who are you?

Spain waits for Cillian's answer, but Cillian's too shook to speak.

Another PUNCH TO THE FACE.

Blood drips from Cillian's lips onto the asphalt. Daly takes Cillian's wallet out of his pocket and rifles through it.

SPAIN

Who the fuck are you?

Spain punches Cillian again. The driver holds up Cillian's laminated NUJ card for Spain to see.

DALY

National Union of Journalists.

Spain looks at the card, still holding Cillian's limp body by the lapel. He looks down at Cillian.

SPAIN

Which one?

Cillian spits out blood. Spain punches him again.

SPAIN

Which one?

CILLIAN

Tribune. Daily Tribune.

Spain registers this news.

SPAIN

Tell Sean Cuddy to mind his own
fuckin' business.

Spain punches Cillian once more, then kicks him a few
times in the ribs for good measure.

Spain and Daly saunter back to their car. They drive off,
leaving Cillian a bloodied heap on the ground.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH - DAY

Two RUGBY TEAMS SCRUM in the middle of a muddy park. A
small crowd watches the amateur game, roaring
encouragement.

Jack sits on the bench watching with the other
substitutes. He's togged out in shorts and jersey. He
watches the tackles go in, hears the roar of the small
band of supporters. The coach runs enthusiastically along
the sideline screaming advice. The other substitutes are
focused on the game, screaming encouragement.

Jack has a faraway look in his eye. He's looking at the
game, but seems to be seeing something else. He sees a
player running with the ball being smashed in a bruising
tackle, brought to the ground with a loud thud.

FLASHBACK - EXT. FLATS - NIGHT

Jack RUGBY TACKLES Laurence Phelan to the ground.

END FLASHBACK

Jack's vacant unseeing eyes stare out at the game.
Another CRUNCING TACKLE goes in on a player near to the
sideline. Jack's team-mates ROAR their disapproval but
Jack doesn't react.

FLASHBACK - EXT. FLATS - NIGHT

Jack stands over Laurence Phelan and KICKS HIM. And kicks
him. He keeps kicking him...

END FLASHBACK

Jack stares out at the pitch. The match is increasing in
intensity. Another tackle brings a player down, the ball
spilling loose...

FLASHBACK - EXT. FLATS - NIGHT

Jack looms over Laurence Phelan who's lying on the ground looking up at him. This time Jack isn't kicking him. This time Jack has a GUN in his hand, a Glock pistol. Jack has the gun pointed at Phelan, who is terrified. CLOSE-IN on Jack's finger on the trigger. He squeezes the trigger slowly...

END FLASHBACK

COACH'S VOICE (O.S.)
(Shouting, impatient)
Jack. Jack. Jack.

Jack SNAPS OUT of his reverie. The coach is staring at him. So are his team-mates. He realises his name has been called a few times.

COACH
Get in there.

He realises he's being brought on as a substitute. Jack gets up and runs onto the pitch. He gets into position for the restart. His team are kicking to the opposition. The ball goes up.

An opposition player collects it. He weaves past a few players, running Jack's way.

Jack lunges at him, misses him completely, falls on his face in the mud.

The player skips past Jack, heads for the try line. He's over. It's a score.

Jack gets up, looking dejected.

His team restart. He stands flat-footed as players run past him. He's not up to the speed of the game.

There's another high ball kicked. It's coming near to where Jack is standing. He sees it, starts to run towards the descending ball.

An opposition player goes up to collect the loose ball. Jack narrows his eyes, focuses on the player. He runs, jumps and wraps his arms around the player, missing the ball completely, knocking them both over.

Immediately the WHISTLE SOUNDS and the game stops. A few opposing players come over to Jack and crowd around him angrily, shoving him.

The referee comes over, still blowing his whistle furiously, trying to separate the players before a melee starts.

The other player gets up, dusts himself off. The referee goes up to Jack, reaches his hand into his back pocket and brandishes a red card to Jack's face. Jack's game is over before it's begun.

He trudges off the pitch, head down, past his coach and team-mates and straight to the clubhouse.

INT. CLUB HOUSE SHOWERS - DAY

Jack showers alone in the communal shower alone. The shower tap is turned to freezing cold. The icy water pours over him. He stands there, eyes closed, trying to numb his body, numb his thoughts.

He bangs the bottom of his fist against the wall in vain rage. He rests his forearm up against the wall, then slumps his forehead down on it, the water washing over him.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY

Cillian's bandaged up, a black eye, some bruising on his face. He's on the couch, watching the telly.

Samantha comes out of his kitchen. She has some dinner prepared for both of them, puts his plate down in front of him.

CILLIAN

Thanks.

SAMANTHA

You're welcome.

CILLIAN

You don't have to do this, you know.

SAMANTHA

It's good to have something to do.

She sees his phone on the table.

SAMANTHA

Lucky you didn't have your phone with you.

CILLIAN

Yeah. Thank heaven for small mercies.

SAMANTHA

Animals. Doing that just for a few quid.

(beat)

Probably some scumbags from around where I live.

CILLIAN

(smiles)

Could be.

SAMANTHA

Did you fight back? Was that why they battered you?

CILLIAN

I... might have just said something... Can't remember exactly.

SAMANTHA

Animals. We're not all bad, you know.

CILLIAN

(eating)

The food's good.

SAMANTHA

I used to cook for Laurence. Ma was in the factory. He liked it and all.

Cillian hesitates as he chews on his food, looks down at the morsel on his fork. He gathers himself, swallows.

CILLIAN

Thanks.

She reclines against him. He puts his arm around her. They watch telly.

INT. CILLIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cillian and Samantha lie in bed, post-coital, spooning, Samantha facing away from Cillian.

SAMANTHA

The last Sunday of every month, he visits his wife's grave. Only time he's really alone. I've seen him there. He sits beside it, has a cigarette. Only cigarette he smokes each month apparently. I thought about going up there, waiting with a knife. Just ending him there and then.

CILLIAN

You'd get in a lot of trouble.

SAMANTHA

If they caught me.

CILLIAN

Could you live with that?

(beat)

Taking someone's life?

SAMANTHA

Taking Spain's life?

(beat)

What I'd be scared of isn't taking his life. What I'd be scared of is I wouldn't be able to go through with it. I'd stand there, not able to plunge it in. He'd get the better of me. He'd laugh at me, laugh at Laurence. What use would that be?

She closes her eyes, snuggles back into him, drapes his arms tighter around her.

He stares past her shoulder at the wall, thinking.

EXT. CEMETERY GATE - DAY

Spain parks outside the graveyard. He gets out of the car, walks into the cemetery. He's holding a bunch of flowers.

EXT. GRAVE - DAY

He lays the flowers on a grave, takes away a withered bunch and discards them to the side. He steps back, looks down at the headstone:

MONICA SPAIN

It's coloured stone with a picture of her - a peroxide blonde.

The grave is immaculate, well looked after.

He takes out a pack of cigarettes, takes out one.

He lights it, smokes it.

A FEW MINUTES LATER

He stubs out his cigarette on a neighbouring tombstone. He walks away.

EXT. CEMETERY GATE - DAY

Spain comes out, gets in his car.

PAN DOWN

to Cillian, who is parked down the road. He has a pair of binoculars, not getting too close anymore.

EXT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY

Cillian drives home. He gets out of his car, goes to his flat. He sees Jack waiting for him, sitting on the doorstep.

INT. CILLIAN'S FLAT - DAY

Jack stares out a window. Cillian picks at some grapes from a bowl.

JACK

You're lucky he only beat you up.

CILLIAN

Luckiest man alive.

JACK

I don't suppose he knocked some sense into you.

CILLIAN

No.

A beat.

JACK

You know how many sales I make a week?

Cillian shakes his head.

CILLIAN

Can't say I do.

JACK

I make at least 15 sales a week. Sometimes 20. On a good week, 30.

Cillian takes in this information impassively.

JACK

You know how many I made last week?

Cillian shakes his head again.

JACK

Two. I made two.

(Beat)

I don't think I sound any different on the phone. I don't think I look any different... but it's like the customers see something I don't. Like they sense something. Some invisible shadow.

(Beat)

I never counted myself as superstitious, but it feels like something's been disturbed. I can't fool people anymore. I can't even fool myself anymore.

CILLIAN

It feels like we're cursed.

JACK

I'm in bed with Clarissa the other night, I can't get it up. Fucking

shit happens 80 year olds, man.
I'm trying to fuck her, and all I
can see is his face.

He turns around to Cillian.

JACK

Are you still doing your plan?

Cillian nods.

JACK

You haven't been scared off by all
that.

Cillian shakes his head. Jack pulls up a chair, sits down
opposite him, hunched forward with his elbows on his
spread knees, and eyes Cillian.

JACK

Okay. We do it.

(beat)

We capture him. We get him to
confess.

CILLIAN

(smiles)

I knew you'd come around.

JACK

Hear me out. We do this, we do it
right. We're not going to be able
to hand him over to the police.
You know that, right?

Cillian nods in agreement.

JACK

If he's guilty... if he confesses
to being guilty...

(Beat)

... and he refuses to hand himself
in...

(Beat)

... then we've no choice.

(Beat)

We kill him.

Jack stares at Cillian. A beat.

Cillian gives the slightest nod of his head. It's a deal.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Jack sits with Cillian across the entrance to the graveyard. In the back seat, there is a bottle of chloroform and two balaclavas.

TBC