

# **THE DEVIL'S OWN**

REVISED SCRIPT - JANUARY 31, 1996  
(REFORMATTED)

PINK REVISION - DATED 2/15/96  
YELLOW REVISION - DATED 2/20/96  
GREEN REVISION - DATED 2/21/96  
GOLDENROD REVISION - DATED 2/23/96  
BUFF REVISION - DATED 2/27/96  
CHERRYREVISION - DATED 3/4/96  
TAN REVISION - DATED 3/29/96

2ND BLUE REV - 4/2/96  
2ND PINK REV - 4/3/96

2ND YELLOW REV-4/4/96  
2ND GREEN REV-4/9/96

2ND GOLDENROD REV- 4/9/96  
2ND BUFF REV- 4/11/96  
2ND SALMON - 4/12/96

FADE IN

1 EXT. IRISH SEA - DAY 1

A small boat in the ocean on a beautiful sunny day. There is an intensity about the light, the image, that has the emotional power of memory.

A strong attractive man in his thirties is at the tiller. Next to him sits an eight year old boy, his son.

In the background, like a mirage, we see the misty green coast of northern Ireland.

SCREEN CARD: NORTHERN IRELAND, 1973.

2 CLOSE SHOT - FATHER AND SON - DAY 2

The boy looks up, his large blue eyes looking into his father's. The father smiles down lovingly at his son. He takes his son's hand and puts it on the tiller.

The boy beams with delight.

CLOSE UP - THE BOY'S HAND ON THE TILLER AS THE FATHER'S HAND HOVERS OVER IT PROTECTIVELY.

3 INT. DINING ROOM OF A MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE NORTHERN IRELAND - DAY 3

The FATHER, in vest and tie, is seated at the head of the table. The MOTHER and two GIRLS bring bowls of food from the kitchen. The eight-year-old BOY, seated on the other end, next to a 4 year old sister, tucks his napkin into his shirt, imitating his father.

From off screen a RADIO broadcasts the news.

RADIO (OC)

...Clashes between Catholics and Protestants in Northern Ireland. Three thousand Republican supporters defied the government ban as they tried to march the seven miles from Belfast down the M1 motor way to the prison camp of Long Kesh, in a protest against internment...

(CONTINUED)

3

CONTINUED:

3

Their sudden ATTENTION is to a knock on the door. The BOY runs through the short hallway at the front door and opens it.

ALL FROM THE BOY'S POV:

A MAN'S hand raised in front of his face to a wool skullcap. The hand pulls down on the "cap." It's a ski mask that covers the man's face.

RADIO (CONT.)

There was almost a serious mistake in the Falls Road area when an army patrol was ambushed by children who had been given realistic looking toy guns and uniforms for Christmas.

He pushes past the boy and STRIDES FAST to the dining room doorway. The boy hurries after and reaches the striding man's side. Looks into the room along the man's arm, which is now holding a MACHINE PISTOL.

The father's eyes go wide with surprise rather than terror...

The gun, directly in front of the boy, suddenly opens fire

BLASTING THE FATHER backward off his chair.

ANGLE ON THE BOY

He rushes over to his little sister and tries to stand protectively between her and the horror.

CLOSE ON

His pale blue eyes.

LEAD IN FROM YOUNG BOYS BLUE EYES.

SCREEN CARD. NORTHERN IRELAND - 1993

4

EXT. BELFAST - DAY

4

CLOSE ON: SAME BLUE EYES TWO DECADES LATER, FOCUSED, CAREFUL.

It is Frankie studying the road ahead.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

A Belfast road, upscale houses.

A van parked outside a big house, the sign reads McAuley Builders.

5 INT. VAN - DAY 5

Frankie, dressed in blue boiler suit taps the partition then turns to the driver SEAN, a wiry little guy. \*

RORY \*

Move around back, keep your eyes open. Alright? \*

SEAN \*

No problem, Frankie. \*

6 EXT. VAN - DAY 6

REAR OF THE VAN. The doors open, three more men, Dessie, Joe and Gerard get out carrying buckets rolls of roofing felt, bags. The van takes off. \*

MYSTERIOUS P.O.V. OF VAN

AS THE IRA MEN APPROACH THE HOUSE THEY ARE BEING WATCHED THROUGH BINOCULARS.

7 INT. BELFAST HOUSE - DAY 7

An upstairs room. The team go about setting up an ambush.

Frankie rolls out the roof felt to reveal an M60 machine gun. The others pull automatic rifles from various bags.

Joe studies the road.

GERARD \*

Where's the bloody convoy? \*

JOE

Five minutes.

FRANKIE \*

Cover the back, Joe. Dessie you hit the truck with the M60. We'll spray the armored car.

Frankie places the M60's tripod on a table, he looks out the window.

7 CONTINUED:

7

FRANKIE  
(SUSPICIOUS)  
There's no traffic?

\*  
\*  
\*

FRANKIE'S P.O.V.

The street has become suddenly quiet, another van has appeared across the street.

FRANKIE  
We've been set up.

\*

Frankie's P.O.V.

Two high speed civilian cars come roaring from opposite directions along the road.

GERARD  
SAS!

\*  
\*

Frankie grabs the M60.

7A EXT. REAR HOUSE-DAY

7A\*

Sean sees a SAS car roar along the alley, he throws the van into reverse, smokes the tires back out onto a main street, spins the van, takes off as gunfire riddles the side of the van.

\*  
\*  
\*

8 INT. HALLWAY HOUSE - DAY

8

The team barrel down the stairs to the sound of car brakes screeching, then gunfire from the rear.

DESSIE  
Hold it!

\*

FRANKIE  
Let's go, out the front.

DESSIE  
No, no wait.

FRANKIE  
Fuck waiting.

\*

Frankie doesn't wait, he charges the door, he and Joe are out followed by Dessie and Gerard.

\*  
\*

9 EXT. BELFAST HOUSE - DAY 9

As the IRA break out into the Garden, eight SAS men are tumbling out of the two cars.

The lead SAS man is already in the garden.

The SAS man and Frankie open fire at the same time, they are fifteen feet from each other - wild close quarters firefight. The SAS man is hit before he can properly raise his weapon.

The Garden turns into a battleground, the SAS firing to cover one of their men as he drags the dead SAS leader back. Frankie, Dessie, and Joe firing to cover their retreat into the house.

10 INT. BELFAST HOUSE - DAY 10

Heavy gunfire from the rear of the house, Frankie fires bursts out the door as the sound of helicopters and armored cars approaching fills the air.

11 INT. BELFAST HOUSE - DAY 11

Frankie, and Dessie on the floor beneath the front room window.

The room has been shot to bits.

Now a deathly silence, broken by a voice.

PRIEST'S VOICE

Lads, Lads, in the name of God, talk to me.

12 EXT. HOUSE - DAY 12

A lone priest stands in the garden waving a white handkerchief, behind him, on the road, a ring of armored vehicles, trucks, and jeeps - scores of soldiers.

PRIEST

It's useless lads.

Close up on Frankie's eyes, accepting the inevitable.

13 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 13

Pull back on those eyes as they anticipate something they don't want to see.

WHAM! A MEATY FIST COMES INTO FRAME

13 CONTINUED:

13

and smashes into the Young Man's face.

WIDE SHOT

to reveal the big, cold-as-ice BRITISH INTERROGATOR.

A STARK ROOM in which our Young Man is strapped into a chair. On the table in front of him is a single sheet of paper. A typewritten confession.

With his left hand the interrogator holds out a pen, while he looks up and studies

A LARGE WALL CLOCK WITH A SWEEP SECOND HAND.

That's what the pair of blue eyes had been watching a few moments earlier.

Both men watch it now as the second hand approaches the 30 second mark.

THROUGH EVERYTHING THEY NEVER MAKE EYE CONTACT

The interrogator slowly... almost tiredly... pivots his weight into position. The Young Man hold his breath.

Precisely when the second hand touches 30,

WHAM!

The back to the clock, waiting for it to hit the zero mark, left hand extending the pen.

Our sense is that this could go on forever.

WHAM!

A tiny trickle of blood works its way out of the Young Man's ear.

The interrogator EVER SO GENTLY uses his pinkie to lift some blood... examines it ...impassively and VERY GENTLY wipes it on the Young Man's shirtfront, then back to the clock... again the pen extended. Still no eye contact.

WHAM!

Across the room, M15 MAN watches.

14 EXT. PRISON - DAY

14

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

(Crumlin Road) prison courtyard - the M60 team - Frankie, Dessie, Joe and Gerard, are handcuffed together. They are surrounded by ten screws. A screw bangs on a steel door.

SCREW  
Four on for the Tunnel.

The steel door opens.

As the prisoners and escort are led in

CUT TO:

15 MYSTERY P.O.V.

15

FROM THE CELLS ABOVE THE COURTYARD,

Watching the prisoners being lead into the tunnel entrance.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. CRUMLIN ROAD - DAY

16

A van is parked on the side of the road. The Driver and passenger watch out through the windscreen. The passenger is MARTIN.

17 EXT. VAN - DAY

17

Martin's P.O.V. of the prison, a Victorian monolith. On the top floor, the barred windows of the cells. From one window a mirror flashes (or towel waves).

18 INT. VAN - DAY

18

Martin hits a stop watch.

MARTIN  
Go.

The van takes off.

19 INT. TUNNEL - DAY

19

The cortege of prisoners and screws wait at a gate that leads to a long tunnel.

(CONTINUED)



19 CONTINUED:

19

SCREW  
Four on for court.

The gate opens. The men are led in. Frankie is first. His look is focused. (He is counting seconds, silently).

20 INT. VAN - DAY

20

Martin is in the back of the van. A large circle has been cut in the floor. The walls and the back door of the van have been reinforced with plate steel. (it is a makeshift armored car). Several ropes hang from a reinforced crossbeam.

An IRA man molds a charge of semtex explosive into a cone. Martin checks his stop watch.

21 EXT. VAN - DAY

21

Van Driver's P.O.V. The van approaches a stretch of road between the old jail and the courthouse.

Close on Driver's P.O.V.

A manhole in the middle of the road.

22 INT. TUNNEL - DAY

22

In the middle of the tunnel, a Shaft of light from a grid where the manhole lets in air.

As the prisoners approach the light, Frankie bends to tie his shoe. The others, including Dessie are handcuffed together. They are halted.

Several screws move ahead.

Other screws stop with Dessie, Frankie etc.

23 EXT. ROAD - DAY

23

The van has stalled over the manhole.

24 INT. VAN - DAY

24

The IRA man places the Semtex charge on the manhole.

- 25 EXT. ROAD - DAY 25  
The van horn sounds loudly as it speeds forward twenty feet.
- 26 INT. TUNNEL - DAY 26  
The faint sound of the horn, the four prisoners suddenly crouch into the fetal position as:  
An explosion blows the manhole cover and grid down on top of the lead screws.  
Dust, smoke, metal, everywhere.
- 27 EXT. ROAD - DAY 27  
The van reverses back over the gaping hole in the road.
- 28 INT. TUNNEL - DAY 28  
Rope ladders, cutters and hand guns drop down among the badly injured screws.  
In the pandemonium Joe has a pistol, Frankie cuts the handcuffs with boltcutters. \*  
Dessie is on a rope ladder. Gerard points a pistol at several stunned screws, as:  
The gate opens further down the tunnel.  
Gerard opens fire at approaching screws.
- 29 INT. VAN - DAY 29  
Joe and Frankie have clattered into the inside of the truck where, Martin has opened fire out the back door at the sentry in the jail pillbox.  
Dessie clatters up into the van.
- 30 INT. TUNNEL - DAY 30  
Gerard is on the ladder, a screw has grabbed onto his legs, he turns to fire at the screw. Click, the gun has jammed. Another screw grabs him.
- 31 INT. VAN - DAY 31

(CONTINUED)

- 31 CONTINUED: 31
- Frankie desperately tries to pull Gerard up.
- FRANKIE  
Hold on Gerard!
- A tug of war between Frankie and the screws.
- 32 EXT. ROAD - DAY 32
- More Brits appear, fire on the van.
- 33 INT. VAN - DAY 33
- MARTIN  
Go. We have to go!
- CLOSE ON:
- 34 INT. TUNNEL - DAY 34
- Frankie as he watches Gerard fall back into the tunnel, as screws pile on top of him.
- FRANKIE  
No! No!
- 35 INT. VAN - DAY 35
- The van roars off, Frankie pounds his hand on the floor in rage. His eyes fill with tears.
- 36 EXT. BOAT COSTA RICA - DAY 36
- A deep sea fishing trip off the Costa Rican coast; Several Americans - Texan footballers turned bus. execs on a charter, they've had a good day. They chug beer give high fives as
- Frankie (the fishing boat mate) throws the last of the 50 lb tuna into the vast cooler.
- Frank moves efficiently past them, cleaning blood from the deck, then lifting tackle.
- 37 INT. CABIN - DAY 37
- He moves into the cabin, puts away tackle, the ships clock sounds five bells.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

Frankie stops what he's doing, moves to a radio, throws a switch, tunes a dial.

From the radio the chimes of Big Ben.

RADIO

This is World Service of the BBC broadcasting for London. The news at midnight....In the Sudan the U.N. comes under heavy fire. In Northern Ireland continuing rumors of a possible cease-fire...

A loud voice through the door, the lead footballer/fisherman call out.

38 EXT. CABIN - DAY

38

FISHERMAN

Hey, mate...Hey Irish. Four more.

The fisherman squeezes his empty can.

Frankie opens a cooler, tosses out four beers. The leader misses his, it hits the deck. He bends to get it as the boat rocks in the swell. Frankie get to him, manages to steady him before he falls, goes after the beer, retrieves it, gives it to the leader.

39 INT. CABIN - DAY

39

Frank re-enters. Newscaster voice is on the radio.

RADIO

In Parliament the prime minister continued to deny reports of secret contacts with the IRA while in Belfast the IRA issued a statement saying there could be no more peace without a just settlement.

40 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

40

Frankie walks off the dock, along the waterfront, the place bustles with early evening excitement. The fishing fleet is back, tourists gather to watch the huge trophy fish hoisted on jibs, trucks load the catch. Several people wave. Frankie waves back with his left hand, his right hand firmly in his pocket. His eyes dart around.

Frankie walks past a line of shops and bars open to the harbor and the sea. His eyes are searching, checking faces, movement ahead.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Then a hand reaches out from a doorway.

A voice: HEY!

Frankie moves, about to draw the pistol but the stranger has now grasped his right arm, defensively.

The Voice; Hey! Hey! a calming tone.

Frankie turns further to reveal that: It is Martin.

FRANKIE

Ya bastard!

Frankie goes to grab him by the arms, to embrace.

MARTIN

Oouch, watch the sunburn. You wouldn't believe the places I had to go to get here.

Frankie backs off slightly.

FRANKIE

God, its great to see you.

Martin nods towards a table overlooking the bay. As they walk Frankie throws his arm around Martin's shoulder friendly but impishly malicious. Martin jumps in pain.

MARTIN

Aaoooww! Fuck, Frankie!

FRANKIE

Sorry.

Frankie laughs.

41 INT. DOCKSIDE BAR - DAY

41

The table is open to the Pacific breezes and the dock. They drink beers.

FRANKIE

Is it true about the talks?

MARTIN

Yeah. We thought they were genuine, they lured us to the peace table, now they're going to shaft us.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

FRANKIE  
So stop talking.

MARTIN  
We've no bargaining chips.

FRANKIE  
What are they offering?

FRANKIE  
(Continuing)  
Withdrawal?

Martin shakes his head No.

FRANKIE  
(Continuing)  
The prisoners out?

Martin shrugs his shoulders.

MARTIN  
Talks.

FRANKIE  
(Growing anger)  
Talks!!

The waiter arrives with more beer. Frankie subdues his anger. Martin changes the subject.

MARTIN  
You heard about Joe?

Silence.

MARTIN  
(Continuing)  
He got caught in Germany, he's in some underground bunker jail.

A pause.

MARTIN  
(Continuing)  
Dessie's dead. Murdered in Albania.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

FRANKIE

Albania! What the hell are we doing in Albania?

MARTIN

Trying to buy gear, dropped his guard, some bastards slit his throat.

\*  
\*

Frankie is both angry and despondent.

MARTIN

(Continuing)

You know why I'm here.

FRANKIE

You're looking for a bargaining chip.

MARTIN

One last try that'll let us reach under the peace table and grab the Brits by the balls.

MARTIN

(Continuing)

I swear to God Frankie, if you can help us on this, they'll give us the lot, withdrawal and amnesty.

\*  
\*

Frankie sits deep in thought.

\*

FRANKIE

What did Gerard get?

MARTIN

Life plus 35.

CUT TO:

The two men stand at the open window of the bar as sun dips into the ocean.

\*

MARTIN

(Continuing)

Jesus would you look at that. Bit of a change from Crumlin Road jail eh?

Martin returns his attention to Frankie.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

MARTIN

(Continuing)

I need you to run the whole op. Frankie, there's no one I can trust with this one. It's too important. I promise you I'll be waiting... You pull this off and we're there.

FRANKIE

(Smiling)

And where is there?

MARTIN

Home....

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

42 INT. IMMIGRATION HALL, NEWARK AIRPORT - DAY

42

Frankie stand on line, he is neatly dressed.

An immigration official waves him forward.

At the booth the official swipes the Irish passport through a scanner and punches in the numbers. He studies a video screen.

CLOSE ON: video screen,

it reads - DEVANEY, RORY

15 PROCTOR ROAD

RAVENSDALE, COUNTY LOUTH, REPUBLIC OF IRELAND.

OCCUPATION - SALESMAN

VISA STATUS - B1, B2

The immigration official looks up at him, stamps the passport.

43 EXT. NEWARK AIRPORT ARRIVALS - DAY

43

A Lincoln Continental parked curbside, a note in the window announce DEVANEY.

Rory approaches the car, instinctively studies all around.



44 INT. CAR - DAY 44

An elegant middle-aged man waits. This is Fitzsimmons. Rory shakes hands.

FITZSIMMONS  
Welcome to America.

45 INT. CAR - DAY 45

The car takes off. Rory studies Fitzsimmons

RORY  
You're a judge are you?

FITZSIMMONS  
(Nodding)  
Criminal court.

Rory chuckles to himself.

RORY  
I don't know many judges, socially like.

They drive.

FITZSIMMONS  
(CONT)  
I'll tell you something...we could easily be in each  
others shoes.

Rory looks at him, questioningly.

FITZSIMMONS  
My father was born in Belfast. He got out of Belfast in  
the thirties. His brothers ended up on a prison ship  
in Belfast lough.

RORY  
The El Rahwah?

FITZSIMMONS  
Yes.

RORY  
My grandfather was on it.

45 CONTINUED:

45

The car travels over the Goethals Bridge, a magnificent view of Lower Manhattan. Rory stares out.

RORY  
Jesus, it's something else.

FITZSIMMONS  
Isn't it?

They drive quietly.

45A INT/EXT. THE CAR-MOVING-DAY

45A\*

The skyline disappears. They pass a large sign announcing STATEN ISLAND.

RORY  
What about these people I'm staying with, are they connected?

FITZSIMMONS  
No, they're clean. I've known him a long time. He served under my father.

Rory, looks out the window.

RORY  
These people know nothing about me.

FITZSIMMONS  
Nothing, I told them you're my cousin, trying to make it out here.

46 EXT. PLEASANT PLAINS, STATEN ISLAND - DUSK

46

The car pulls up in a rustic neighborhood.

RORY  
When I need the money, I'll need it quickly.

FITZSIMMONS  
Give me two hours notice.  
There's a package in the truck, everything's in it.

Rory takes his bag from the trunk, checks under the carpet,

FINDS A GUN,

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

puts it in his bag.

Rory and Fitzsimmons exchange glances.

47 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 47

The lights glow warm.

A plume of chimney smoke circles up to the starry sky.

He cases the house from a distance. Checks the left side. The right. Walks down the front sidewalk as the sedan MOTORS off.

He treads lightly up the steps. Stands on the wooden porch and peers in through the large bay window.

48 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 48

The doorbell rings. A twelve year old girl walks toward the door, her five year old sister pushes past.

ANNIE

Let me, let me.

The door opens, Rory stands in the doorway.

Annie is suddenly shy at the stranger.

ANNIE

(continuing)

Who are you?

RORY

Rory.

O'Meara is at the door, he shakes Rory's hand.

O'MEARA

He's a friend Annie. Nice to meet you Rory.

Tom walks Rory into the kitchen.

SHEILA

Hi, I'm the mother.

Rory shakes Sheila's hand, looks around.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

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Hi, I'm the mother.

Rory shakes Sheila's hand, looks around.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

RORY  
You've a lovely house.

O'Meara introduces him to the older girls, Bridget and Morgan. Morgan has been listening to a Walkman as she does homework. She takes the headphones off to smile shyly at Rory.

Rory picks up a cassette album that sits beside the Walkman.

CLOSE ON: the cassette, it's U2's Rattle and Hum.

Rory puts it back down.

RORY  
(continuing)  
I don't think it's as good as Joshua Tree do you?

She nods yes with an embarrassed smile.

As Rory turns the two girls look at each other. Bridget makes a dorky face at Morgan to indicate she thinks Morgan has acted like a nitwit.

SHEILA  
Dinner's almost ready, show Rory where to put his stuff Tom.

49 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

49

O'Meara shows Rory to the basement.

RORY  
Its very decent of you. \*

O'MEARA  
It's a favor to Fitz. \*

O'MEARA  
I haven't finished this place, but it's warm and  
eveything works. \*

Rory looks around.

O'MEARA  
Dinner's almost ready, why don't you unpack.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

RORY

Thanks. I hope I won't be in the way.

Sheila's voice from upstairs.

SHEILA

Hey you guys, dinner's ready.

RORY

I'll wash my hands.

O'Meara leaves.

Rory looks around, then takes the pistol, hides it in the space above the ceiling tiles.

50 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

50

The family are gathered around the dinner table. O'Meara nods to Annie. Annie bows her head.

ANNIE

For food and clothes, and all that grows, for family too, dear God thank you....and I hope Rory likes the basement, cause I don't.

RORY

Rory likes the basement a lot.

Sheila passes the food, its corned beef and cabbage. Rory lifts meat and cabbage onto his plate, cuts some, eats it.

RORY

(continuing)

This meat is lovely Mrs. O'Meara. What is it?

Tom and Sheila are shocked.

SHEILA

It's corned beef! I made it for you. I thought that it was all you ate over there.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

RORY  
(now slightly embarrassed)  
No, I'm sorry, I've never had it. Never even seen it.

O'Meara returns from the fridge, laughing, plants a can of Guinness beside Rory.

O'MEARA  
Now don't tell me you haven't seen this in Ireland either?

Rory lifts the can.

RORY  
I was baptized in it.

ANNIE  
You were baptized in beer!

Laughter, the rattle of cutlery amid the general chitchat. An idyllic family group.

51 EXT. BACK OF THE O'MEARA HOUSE - NIGHT

51

O'Meara comes out the door carrying a bag of garbage. He walks over to the garbage can and puts it in.

He turns around to go back in the house and finds himself looking down into the lighted basement window.

O'MEARA'S P.O.V. BASEMENT WINDOW - NIGHT

Rory sits on his bed, reading.

CLOSE SHOT O'MEARA - NIGHT

As he ponders this young man he has brought into his home. He then walks back into the house.

CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing O'MEARA through kitchen window coming up behind SHEILA who is cleaning the kitchen counter. He puts his arms around her and whispers something in her ear. The sound of intimate laughter. He takes her away from the window.

CAMERA PANS back down to Cellar Window. RORY has reacted to the sound of their laughter. He listens, puts down the book and looks up toward the window, pondering this new world and happy family whose life he has entered.

52 EXT. INWOOD - DAY

52

CLOSE ON A TEENAGER RUNNING

The camera PULLS BACK to reveal:

O'MEARA CHASING, FULL SPEED

straining the blue threads of his NEW YORK CITY POLICE UNIFORM

Close behind him:

OFFICER EDWIN DIAZ (40's), running hard. Just behind him:

A ROOKIE COP, followed by his older partner, A BLACK COP, JERRY.

The suspect reaches First Avenue and gets across just in front of the "pack" of traffic moving to the staggered lights.

O'Meara RUNS RECKLESSLY through the darting cars causing

BRAKES TO SCREECH, VEHICLES TO SWERVE,

as Diaz, the Rookie and Jerry stop for the traffic.

SPRINTING

O'Meara gains on the suspect. He's surprisingly fast.

Some GARBAGE MEN dragging cans block the sidewalk.

O'MEARA LEAPS OVER A PARKED CAR

and lands without missing a beat.

The suspect looks back over his shoulder for the first time, expecting to see a cop blocks behind.

O'MEARA IS CLOSING

The suspect turns it up a notch. Likewise O'Meara.

PEDESTRIANS STOP, WATCH, COMMENT

but it's no big deal to them as O'Meara

TACKLES THE SUSPECT

(CONTINUED)



52 CONTINUED:

52

In seconds, he CUFFS THE SUSPECT and pats him for a weapon.

Both of them HUFF AND PUFF.

Diaz arrives, not nearly as out of breath, then the Rookie, along with Jerry.

ROOKIE COP  
(To Suspect)  
Gotcha.

O'Meara exchanges a look with Diaz. To Jerry:

O'MEARA  
What'd he do?

JERRY  
(Clueless)  
It's the kid's collar.

All three look to the Rookie, who reaches into the suspect's inside coat pocket and extracts a TROJAN 3-PACK.

ROOKIE COP  
He racked this outta the 2nd Ave head shop. I  
witnessed him put it in his pocket.

O'Meara relieves him of the "evidence." Turns to the others:

O'MEARA  
He witnessed it.

O'Meara examines his torn pants knee. Beyond repair. He NODS pointedly at the Rookie.

O'MEARA  
Thirty five bucks.

He stares at the suspect for an explanation.

TEENAGER  
You know man I... I forgot like to pay for them.

ROOKIE  
(answering O'Meara )  
Wait - wait a minute. That's for brand new ones. You  
sure that can't be sewn sarge?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

The Rookie watches in disbelief as O'Meara uncuffs the teen.

O'MEARA  
(to the kid )  
Beat it.  
(to Jerry )  
Talk to him, Jerry. Straighten him out.

The suspect reaches for the Trojans.

O'MEARA  
Don't get greedy.

He saunters off.

O'Meara looks at the condoms, then calls out to him:

O'MEARA  
Hey!

The suspect turns. O'Meara TOSSES the pack.

O'MEARA  
These are dangerous times.

53 EXT. MANHATTAN - FIFTH AVENUE R LINE SUBWAY - DAY

53\*

Rory emerges from the subway, Central Park and 5th. \*

Above the New York din of taxi horns and sirens, a single trumpet blasting Irving Berlin's. \*

Rory follows the noise...,to reveal \*

a single jazz trumpeter, young, white, long haired, hippy look standing on the rim of the fountain in front of the Plaza Hotel, playing to a large gathering of tourists and passers-by. \*

Rory is transfixed. A temporary lull in the traffic allows the trumpeter's long notes to bounce off the glass walls of the Grace building and reverberate around the square. \*

As Rory watches, behind him on 58th, a street vendor pushing his steaming food cart, along the street, cuts into the path of a dilapidated yellow cab. The cab clips the food cart, shuddering it, spilling, some bread rolls onto the road. The cabbie - middle eastern is out - The street vendor, Hong Kong Chinese is incensed, he throws his bread rolls at the cabbie, horns blare, the trumpeter \*

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

plays on but now he's lost half his audience to the escalating verbal war between the cabbie and the vendor. \*

Now a very large black truck driver is out of his cab yelling abuse at the blockage. \*

The cabbie, exploding with anger, turns on the crowd, and Rory. \*

CABBIE  
You got a problem? \*

Rory looks around to see who the cabbie is enraged at, then realizes its him. \*

Rory laughs in disbelief. \*

As two cops stroll over to the accident-an air of sublimely jaded calm. \*

COP  
(to cabbie)  
Hey,hey,hey. \*

People start to calm down, one cop sorts out traffic as the other gets between the vendor and cabbie. \*

Rory wanders across the road, still mesmerized by the unique anarchy and joy of New York. He continues on to 53rd and Ninth. \*

54 EXT. NINTH AVENUE - DAY 54\*

Burke's Bar on Ninth. Rory cases the joint from across the street, checks the petty hoods hanging outside, studies along the avenue. \*

55 OMIT 55

56 OMIT 56

56A INT BURKE'S BAR - DAY 56A\*

Rory takes a stool at the bar, orders a beer, watches the action: watches a big boisterous Irish American man - BURKE - move through the bar, chat with some customers. \*

He meets a sinister looking young guy in the corner. This is TEDDY, Burke's sometime henchman. Burke whispers in Teddy's ear. \*

56A CONTINUED:

56A

Burke moves on, pats a hooker on the behind, go to the cash register, opens the drawer, checks the take, sorts, the big notes, pockets them. \*

Rory sips at a beer, pretends to study a newspaper but he's watching Burke, watching the body language that says this guy is boss. \*

Burke nods toward Teddy, they head toward a back room office, the door reads PRIVATE. They enter. \*

57 INT. BURKE'S OFFICE - DAY

57\*

Burke sits, Teddy slaps bundles of cash on a table. Burke lifts the phone, hits a speed dial button. \*

BURKE

Louis, lay off five at Aqueduct. \*

The door opens. It's Rory. Burke looks surprised, Teddy turns angrily. \*

TEDDY

What the fuck .....

BURKE

Hey, the john's across the hall pal. \*

Rory closes the door, Burke sits up, now angry. \*

RORY

Martin sent me. \*

Rory sits at the desk. \*

BURKE

You were out at the bar, right? \*

Rory nods yes. \*

BURKE

You like my joint? \*

RORY

It's a living. \*

BURKE

We can't all be on the front of the line, son, I do my bit for Ireland, I was sending crate loads of rifles over there before your daddy even thought of you. \*

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Rory unimpressed, looks around, at the air conditioning grills in the drop ceiling, then looks at Teddy. Instantly they don't like each other. \*

RORY  
What's out there? \*

BURKE  
The back alley. \*

RORY  
I wouldn't mind a bit of fresh air. \*

Rory is gone before Burke can object, he gets up motion to Teddy to wait. \*

57A EXT. ALLEY- DAY

57A\*

Rory waits for burke. \*

RORY  
You never know who's listening these days. \*

BURKE  
I have that place swept every month.... I hope you don't think you're coming over here to tell us what to do son? \*

RORY  
How's it going with the stuff? \*

BURKE  
It's going. Listen for the money you have I can get ten wire guided anti-tank missiles, go right into one of those Brit tanks, take out everybody inside. \*

RORY  
We're not interested. \*

BURKE  
Long range mortars, the most sophisticated yet. \*

RORY  
Forget it, we make our own. Martin told you what we need. You said you could get them. Now where are they? \*

(CONTINUED)

57A CONTINUED:

57A

BURKE

Stingers are top of the line now son, since they  
wiped the Russian air force in Afganistan they're top  
dollar. My Suppliers say they can sell them for twice  
the quote.

RORY

You told us a price. Two million.. If it's more, you  
make up the difference. When we chase the Brits out  
of South Armagh, we'll put up a statue to you.

BURKE

I don't know?

RORY

Look Mr. Burke, we'd be awful disappointed with you  
if we didn't get them.

Burke grabs Rory by the shirt.

BURKE

Are threatening, you little cocksucker. I get Teddy out  
here and you'll go out the front door in four plastic  
bags.

RORY

Now what good would that do Mr. Burke. There'd be  
somebody else tomorrow. We don't go away. Ask the  
Brits.

Burke pulls back from his anger.

BURKE

I'm a man of my word. If I said two million, then two  
million it is. Let's drink on it.

57B INT BAR - DAY

57B\*

Burke raises a glass of whiskey, toasts Rory

BURKE

Here's to six hundred years of struggle and twelve  
years in the Oak.

(CONTINUED)

57B CONTINUED:

57B

RORY

Slainte...There's a friend of mine here?

BURKE

(laughs) Sean. Fucking great kid. He was running outta bus fare waiting around for you gusys, I threw him a little work.

RORY

I want to see him.

57C EXT STATION HOUSE PARKING LOT- DAY

57C\*

O'Meara and Diaz pull in at the end of an eight to four and walk across to the house.

57D INT STATION HOUSE - DAY

57D\*

Shift change. The halls are crowded. Lots of banter.

AT THE DESK, manned by a rather young DESK SERGEANT:

Diaz signs the Return Roll Call the continues on. As O'Meara signs in...

DESK SERGEANT

All quiet on the Western Front?

O'MEARA

Long as it's cold it's quiet.

58 INT. PATROLMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

58

Diaz and the Rookie Cop from the shoplifter chase and another half dozen Police, are coming off the seven-to-three shift. Bulletproof vests are worn or hang in open lockers.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN  
COP

Hey.....heard you confiscated some heavy duty swag. And O'Meara let the perp walk.

DIAZ

(POINTING TO ROOKIE)

Look at the King of The Trojans, Mr. Ramses, over here.

(CONTINUED)

ROOKIE

Breaking the law is breaking the law.

DIAZ

O'Meara saved you from your self, man. You run that kid in for boosting condoms...soon you're making collars for spitting on the sidewalk.

ROOKIE

A guy who'd run from the police like that..Who knows what else he's got going?...Bad judgement.

DIAZ

O'Meara was making judgement calls the night your father forgot to use a rubber. If judgement had feet it would look like the sergeant.

OLDER COP

Don't you think there's more important shit going on out there?

DIAZ

That's what we're here for. Speaking of which (Holding up Rookie's vest) What is this an L-One? Might as well be wearing Reynolds Wrap (Indicates his own vest) Put your money where your heart is kid. Level Three-A top of the line Spectra. You'd be able to go head to head with any shooter in the city.

CUT TO:

58A INT.SERGEANT'S LOCKER ROOM-DAY

58A\*

More spacious. Less ratty. Bigger lockers. O'Meara sitting in Barca-Lounger nurses his knee. Jerry - the African-American Sergeant is on his way home.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

O'MEARA

I'm not blaming you, Jerry. It's just, where do these guys come from...you know, little common sense, measured response.

JERRY

He's a little aggressive, he'll be a good cop.



58A CONTINUED:

58A

O'MEARA  
Someday. If he lasts that long.

\*  
\*

JERRY  
(walking out the door)  
How's the wheels?

\*  
\*  
\*

O'MEARA  
Getting to old for this,man.

\*  
\*

O'Meara gets up slowly.

\*

59 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - EVENING

59

O'Meara's car turns into his block, covered with snow..

60 INT. O'MEARA'S CAR - EVENING

60

O'Meara looks down the street. He approaches his house and discovers a perfectly shovelled driveway and steps, large mounds of snow along the sides, a huge snowman.

61 EXT. GARDEN - EVENING

61\*

O'Meara gets out, admires the clean driveway.

O'MEARA  
What happened?

\*

SHEILA  
Isn't this fantastic. We finally have a clean driveway.

Rory smiles, leans on his shovel.

Then a snowball hits O'Meara. Bridget is the culprit. He turns, quickly scoops a snowball and fires back at Bridget. He's hit again, this time the culprit is Sheila. A snowball fight breaks out. Rory joins in - great family fun, until Annie is hit by a snowball, thrown by Morgan.

She doesn't like it, she starts crying.

Rory who is closest, scoops her up in his arms.

RORY  
There, there, don't cry.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Rory whispers something into Annie ear, her crying turns to conspiratorial laughter. Rory winks at her, puts her down and

-SUDDENLY RUNS VERY FAST AT MORGAN, ROARING IN MOCK RAGE.

MORGAN LETS OUT A SCREAM

ANNIE BUBBLES WITH LAUGHTER.

AS RORY CATCHES MORGAN.

ROLLS HER IN THE SNOW.

MORGAN SQUEALS IN MOCK TERROR - BUT HER SMILE, HER FACE TELL THAT SHE LOVES IT.

O'MEARA LOOKS AT SHEILA - A FATHER'S LOOK OF SUDDEN CONTROLLED PANIC AT THE FIRST SIGN OF RAGING ADOLESCENT HORMONES.

O'MEARA  
Right everybody, hot chocolate.

61B INT. O'MEARA HOUSE-LIVING ROOM

61B\*

Sheila sits frustrated in front of her computer as Morgan tries to explain to her how to retrieve a lost file. O'Meara comes down stairs and heads for the sofa. Just as he begins to settle down to watch television...

SHEILA  
We're outta milk.

O'Meara gets up and head and goes for his jacket.

61C EXT. O'MEARA HOUSE-FRONT PORCH

61C\*

Rory sits alone on front stoop taking in the calmness of it all. O'Meara comes out of the house putting on his jacket.

O'MEARA  
Hey, I gotta go get some milk. You want to go for a walk? Come on.

RORY  
Why not?

(CONTINUED)

61C CONTINUED:

61C

Rory follows O'Meara towards the street.

62 OMIT

62\*

62A EXT. STATEN ISLAND STREET-NIGHT

62A\*

As Tom walks, a neighbor, greets him, Tom waves back.

O'MEARA

How'd it go today?

RORY

Good. (Pause) You've a great family, Mr. O'Meara.

O'MEARA

It's Tom. What about your family?

RORY

They're all over the place. A sister in Australia, one  
in England. My da's dead. My ma's still in Ireland.  
(A beat)

O'MEARA

So how is it back there, - with the violence. Peter told  
me you're from outside Belfast.

RORY

It's sad. The place is a wasteland.

O'MEARA

Is there any point to it?

RORY

I don't know, I try to stay far away from it.  
That's why I left.

O'MEARA

Will it ever end?

RORY

God I hope so.

O'MEARA

Would you go back then?

Rory nods yes.

RORY

It's home after all.

(CONTINUED)

62A CONTINUED: 62A

They've arrived at a corner deli. They enter. \*

62B EXT. DELI - NIGHT 62B\*

O'Meara, grocery bag in hand, and Rory exit the deli. They pass a bar. \*

O'MEARA  
How about a beer? \*

RORY  
I'm dying for one. \*

They go in. \*

62C INT. LOCAL BAR - NIGHT 62C\*

O'Meara greets several patrons and Joe the bartender. \*

O'MEARA  
Hey Joe, you have any Guinness? \*

Joe nods yeah. \*

O'MEARA  
(continuing)  
Gimme two. \*

O'Meara puts a twenty on the bar as he introduces Rory to a big Italian-American guy - Johnny - who is in the middle of a game of pool. \*

O'MEARA  
Johnny, this is Rory Devanney. \*

JOHNNY  
Not another friggin Mick. Are you a cop? \*

RORY  
(laughs) No such luck I'm afraid.. \*

JOHNNY  
Jes, listen to that brogue, when did you get here? \*

RORY  
Last week. \*

Johnny, suddenly serious \*

62C CONTINUED:

62C

JOHNNY

Oh, ya did, that's interesting, I'm an immigration agent, stick your green card out on that table.

A flash of confusion from Rory then

O'MEARA

Stop ball busting. (To Rory) Johnny owns the deli, he sells rubbery cheese.

JOHNNY

Hey, those are fighting words.

Johnny turns to Rory, holds up the pool cue.

JOHNNY

You know what this is Irish, It's an Italian penis.

RORY

That's why its in your hand.

JOHNNY

(good natured)

Wow, a wiseguy. How about you have one in your hand. You and the good sergeant. Me and Joey, the Italians versus the Irish.

Rory looks at Tom, he nods yes, turns to Joe, nods toward the bag on the counter.

O'MEARA

Stick that bag in the cooler Joe.

CUT TO:

A game in progress. O'Meara playing. Rory watches, as he's about to shoot, Johnny shouts across the table.

JOHNNY

Hey, Rory, you hear about the Irish man tried to blow up a car?

O'Meara has been interrupted. Rory shakes his head no.

JOHNNY

Burnt his mouth on the tail pipe.

(CONTINUED)

62C CONTINUED: (2)

62C

Johnny laughs loudly at his own joke. O'Meara smiles a sarcastic smile, is about to take his shot.

RORY

Do you know how to get ten Italians into a phone box?

O'Meara gets up again.

JOHNNY

You tell me Irish.

RORY

Make one the boss and the other nine will crawl up his arse.

O'MEARA

Hey there's twenty bucks on this shot.

O'Meara sizes up for the vital shot.

CUT TO:

Rory handing ten bucks to O'Meara, who passes it plus his ten on to a very happy Johnny.

62D OMIT

62D\*

62E OMIT

62E\*



62F INT.O'MEARA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

62F\*

O'Meara and Rory enter, laughing, trying not to make too much noise. Suddenly it dawns on O'Meara that he has forgotten the milk. \*

O'MEARA \*

Oh shit. \*

Rory comes to the same realization. \*

RORY \*

Bollocks. We forgot the milk. It'll be no problem. I'll go back and get it. \*

O'Meara tosses his house keys to Rory heading for the front door. O'Meara heads up the stairs. \*

63 INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

63

O'Meara gives her a goodnight kiss.

ANNIE

Rory's going to tell me a story about a big fish.

O'MEARA

(To Rory)

You're on your own kid.

O'Meara leaves the room.

RORY

This is the story of the great eel of Lough Neagh, who lived many years ago, in a big lake just down the road from our house.

ANNIE

Is he still there.

63 CONTINUED:

63

RORY

Some people say he is, and some people say he's in  
Scotland

ANNIE

Is Scotland close to here?

64 EXT. O'MEARA HOUSE - VERY EARLY MORNING

64

It is still dark. There are no lights on in the house. The door opens and Rory  
walks out into the very early morning.

64A INT. PENN STATION - DAY

64A\*

Rory makes his way through the bustle of the station. At the central ticket area  
we see Sean, he's in perpetual motion, shuffling stamping a cigarette out,  
checking his watch.

Rory walks up on him from behind, bear hugs him.

RORY

Got ya!

A moment of shock, then Sean recognises his old comrade, breaks free. Sean  
(he's a former amateur boxer, which means he talks and walks with his  
shoulders - when he wants to make a point, he dips almost ready to throw an  
imaginary left, when he laughs he emphasises the point, by shadow boxing a  
few quick jabs. His body is constantly on the move, always boxing, always  
ducking, always laughing)

Now he shadow boxes a couple of rights in mock rage...

SEAN

'Fuck sake. Frankie.

Rory raises his hand, a stop signal

RORY

It's Rory.

SEAN

Rory, get away a that! Rory... Well, I'm Pascale.

RORY

(supresses a smile)

Pascale?

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED:

64A

Sean milks his apparent embarrassment, then.... \*

SEAN \*

Catch yerself on. I'm still the same auld Sean. I got  
away, remember. There's nobody after me. \*

Jesus it's good to see you. \*

They embrace again. A change of tone by Sean. \*

SEAN \*

I'd no choice, you know. \*

RORY \*

What are you talking about? \*

SEAN \*

Leaving youse there, in the house. The SAS were  
everywhere.. \*

Rory interrupts ... \*

RORY \*

Forget it, we're lucky we all got out alive. \*

A somber moment. \*

RORY \*

You heard about Dessie. \*

Sean nods yes. \*

SEAN \*

They'd like to finish us all. \*

RORY \*

It's a big boy's rules Sean, ya fuck up you're dead. \*

Sean nods, then doesn't want to dwell on it, looks around. \*

SEAN \*

Look at this place, did you ever imagine we'd end up  
here? Great isn't it? \*

(CONTINUED)

64A CONTINUED: (2)

64A

RORY  
You like it here?

SEAN  
I fuckin' love it

RORY  
Come on we got a train to catch.

SEAN  
Where are we going?

*64C ? 64D  
64E ? 64F*

*(SALMON PAGES) →*  
*(BLUE PAGES)*

*WANT  
MEET*

~~65 EXT. MONTAUK FISHING PIER - DAY~~

~~65~~

~~Rory and Sean walk along the pier towards a line of fishing boats. He's checking the names.~~

~~RORY  
What the hell's going on.~~

~~Rory stops at a fishing boat called Sea Girl.~~

~~RORY  
Here we are.~~

~~SEAN  
Here we are what?~~

~~Rory nods toward the Sea Girl.~~

~~RORY  
The Irish Republican Navy.~~

~~SEAN  
You're not serious?~~

~~RORY  
I am indeed.~~

~~SEAN  
I can't swim.~~

CUT TO:

\* 64C INT. DUTY ROOM - DAY

Several dozen Cops in twos and threes talk or mill around, awaiting roll call.

A Cop BANGS HIS NIGHTSTICK SEVERAL TIMES for attention.

A Cop  
Attention, fellas. Right after roll call, we're taking up a collection.

It gets their attention.

A Cop  
Dig deep. This one's important. A ten-thirteen for a fellow cop in distress.

(gravely)  
It's for the Edwin Diaz Driving Lessons Fund.

LAUGHTER. Cops call out AD LIBBED comments re. Training wheels for his patrol car, etc.

Diaz makes a show of shaking his head at their childishness.

The Rookie  
(to Diaz)  
You see? Being raised in the suburbs has its pluses. I took driver ed in high school.

Diaz  
impatiently  
Wake up man. How you think I get here every day?

A Cop  
Diaz never made high school.

O'Meara enters the room.

O'Meara  
Okay, fall in.

They line up, five abreast. O'Meara stands at the podium and checks off items on his computer printout as he delivers assignments.

O'Meara  
Acevedo, O'Connor. Sector A.  
Two-nine-three-five. Thirteen hundred

(CONTINUED)

64C CONTINUED: 1

meal. You're Rapid Response. Silvers and Walker. B Sector. Thirty-one-fifty. Thirteen hundred meal. Diaz. You're with me. C Sector. Everybody else same posts as yesterday.

(beat)

Glock requalification period ends in thirty days. I advise don't put it off. The range is sparse now and you can get your rounds off fast, etcetera etcetera. Questions.

No questions.

O'Meara

Pay a little extra attention out there. We're working short a car so stay close to your partner on any calls.

He steps away from the podium and a strong hum of conversation breaks out as everyone clusters again for talking and kidding around.

64D EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DAY

O'Meara and Diaz exit and walk to their patrol car.

WALK AND TALK

Diaz

This is getting ridiculous. I'm like the laughingstock of the house, man. I'm supposed to drive the car, you supposed to sit back and ride next to me like a gentleman. The stripes entitle you to that, no?

O'Meara

Absolutely.

Diaz

The guy who rides with a sergeant... he's called a chauffeur, no?

O'Meara

Yep.

Diaz

And that's me, right?

(CONTINUED)

64D CONTINUED: 1

They reach the patrol car. Diaz holds O'Meara's arm.

Diaz

So when you gonna let me do my job?  
When can I drive?

O'Meara

Tomorrow.

As O'Meara gets into the driver's seat, Diaz starts to walk around the car.

Diaz

You been saying that for three years.

64E EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY - DAY REV. 3/30/96 RMK

Rory stands on the deck of the ferry looking at the Wall Street skyline glistening in the sun.

CUT TO:

64F EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - DAY REV. 3/26/96 RMK

Rory exits the ferry and walks down the ramp toward a sleek skyscraper in front of which waits..Sean. Rory moves off to the side, the hint of mischief on his face.

CLOSE ON: Sean, dressed sharp, shifting from foot to foot, a bundle of energy, full of the devil, he eyes a great looking woman walking off the ferry, when..

RORY  
(voice disguised)  
That's my sister you bastard..

Sean whirls to..

Gotcha.. RORY

..a sly smile on his face.

SEAN  
Christ sakes Frankie..

RORY  
It's Rory.

SEAN  
Rory..Frankie.. whoever the hell you are, you almost gave me a bloody heart attack.

RORY  
You should be keeping an eye open.

SEAN  
What do you think I was doing?  
Jesus it's good to see you..

He takes Rory around in a heartfelt embrace. When they break Sean motions to the world around them.

SEAN  
Can you believe where we ended up?  
A couple of Taigs from the Falls Road....this place..there's jobs for the askin'..and that stuff..

(CONTINUED)



64F CONTINUED: 1

He motions to another great looking woman walking by. The woman turns, and gives Rory a smile.

RORY

..it's fucking heaven..

SEAN

Hey! Have you had one of these yet..

He points to a hot dog vendor.

RORY

I'm still feeling the effects.

SEAN

Yeah but the flavor's something else..you want to have a go again?

Sean already has his money out. Rory stops him.

RORY

Maybe in another life..

SEAN

This is another life Frankie..

RORY

Rory..

SEAN

Whatever..all I'm saying's there's real possibilities here...

Sean takes a can in the road underfoot like a soccer ball.

SEAN

When's the last time you played?

RORY

Who's got a memory that long.

SEAN

Remember the team?

He passes the can to Rory, who handles it expertly, dribbling it back and forth with ease.

RORY

A sorry lot we were.

He passes the can back to Sean..

(CONTINUED)

64F CONTINUED: 2

SEAN

Bollocks! We were the league  
terrors.

..Who taps the can on his shoe, once, twice..and sends it  
back to Rory.

RORY

You mean terribles..

SEAN

My arse..come on..

Sean back up..challenging, daring Rory.

SEAN

Come on..

Rory takes up the challenge, heads at Sean dribbling the can  
from foot to foot. Sean engages him. Blocking the can,  
trying to steal it. Rory turns back the other way. He almost  
makes it around Sean. But Sean manages to spin, trapping.  
Rory breaks away, kicking the can in front of him, he shoots  
for the score..and hits a car, used, but in mint condition.

Sean polishes the dent with his jacket.

SEAN

Hey! She's just been waxed..

RORY

Yours?

SEAN

(proud)

Bought and paid for. Ain't she  
grand?

RORY

(impressed)

Aye..

SEAN

That's what I'm saying..it's a real  
place here..it's a good place..even  
for a no account uneducated,  
fashion disaster like yourself..

RORY

And who appointed you the master of  
style?

He flashes open his jacket, revealing the label.

(CONTINUED)

64F CONTINUED: 3

SEAN

Calvin Klein himself.

Rory gives him a playful shove. Sean starts to shadow box Rory. For a moment they are kids again, rough housing in the back streets of Belfast. After a few swings..

SEAN

(serious)

We really gonna do this Frankie?

RORY

Aye Sean..We're really going to do it.

Rory fixes Sean with a look that leaves no room for equivocation. He enters the car. Sean takes a deep breath, not as convinced, not as committed.

64A CONTINUED: (2)

64

RORY  
You like it here?  
SEAN  
I fuckin' love it.  
RORY  
Come on we got a train to catch.  
SEAN  
Where are we going?

WHP 9 WHP

(BLUE PAGES)

WHP  
PAGES

65 EXT. MONTAUK FISHING PIER - DAY

65\*

Rory and Sean walk along the pier towards a line of fishing boats. He's checking the names.

RORY  
What the hell's going on.

Rory stops at a fishing boat called Sea Girl.

RORY  
Here we are.

SEAN  
Here we are what?

Rory nods toward the Sea Girl.

RORY  
The Irish Republican Navy.

SEAN  
You're not serious?

RORY  
I am indeed.

SEAN  
I can't swim.

CUT TO:

65A EXT BOAT - DAY

65A\*

The boat sails out of the harbor - reveal Sean in a big chunky life jacket trying to find his sea legs. Rory at the wheel laughing. \*

They're twenty miles out. Rory checks some charts, and his compass. \*

RORY \*

We're here.. \*

Sean looks around, empty sea to the horizon. \*

SEAN \*

Where? We're nowhere. \*

Are you seasick or something? \*

RORY \*

In a few weeks Martin'll be here with a ship. We put the stuff on board and head off over there. \*

Rory points east. \*

RORY \*

Home. \*

SEAN \*

To Ireland? \*

RORY \*

That's home isn't it. We're gonna sink Sea Girl and sail off into the sunset with a few bargaining chips in the hold. \*

SEAN \*

You think its all gonna work. \*

RORY \*

We wack a couple of helicopters in South Armagh, then the Brits have no way to supply the forts there. They'll have lost control of a quarter of the country, then we'll have something to bargain with. \*

65H INT. BURKE'S BAR - DAY REV. 3/29/96 RMK

Rory enters the empty bar. Burke is sitting alone doing his ledgers.

BURKE

Here he is..how are you Rory Devaney?

RORY

Well.

BURKE

You're going to be a hell of a lot better when you hear the good news..I get you anything? We've got some good oysters.. Guinness on the tap..

RORY

Just the good news, thanks.

BURKE

I've got the Stingers.

RORY

In your possession?

BURKE

Like the balls I was born with.

RORY

I'll need to have a look.

Burke smiles, demused.

BURKE

You're probably one of those guys who won't fuck on the first date.

RORY

I've no objection to that..it's getting fucked that I try to avoid..

Burke keeps his eyes riveted to Rory's. Rory does not blink.

BURKE

Fair enough.

CUT TO:

65I EXT. DESERTED BEACH - DAWN REV. 4/05/96 RMK

A box with official U.S Army markings is snapped open, the lid thrown back to reveal..

A Stinger missile. Two gloved hands lift the tube out of the box.

PULL BACK TO: Burke taking a Stinger out of the box as Teddy, Rory, and Sean, trying to hide his apprehension, look on. Through the trees, in the background: a small local airstrip.

BURKE

Is this a thing of beauty or what..god damn Dick of Death..

Burke pulls the shoulder mount out. Sean look over to Rory, questioning. Rory does not bat an eye.

BURKE

You know who you remind me of Rory..my mother..god rest her soul..

The drone of a small plane breaks the morning silence. Burke snaps the covers on the tube end off.

BURKE

...when my mother would go to a new butcher shop..

..snaps the scope up..the plane begins to taxi on the strip.

BURKE

..she'd never buy without a good close look at the merchandise either..she'd look at one side of a steak..and then (Brogue) " that's lovely..would you mind flipping it over" ..she'd look at the other side..

Burke sights the scope..switches the sonar guidance system on..a flat tone breaks the morning silence...scans the empty morning sky. Sean gets more nervous by the moment.

RORY

Who knows..Maybe we're related..

Burke looks over and winks at Rory.

BURKE

You never know do you..Hey Teddy..how many small planes you think go down every year?

(CONTINUED)

65I CONTINUED: 1

TEDDY

I dunno..lots..

The plane picks up speed on the runway.

BURKE

..and if one would say go down on a  
quiet Sunday morning..you think  
anybody would wonder..

The sonar beeps with more urgency.

TEDDY

Engine trouble...

As Sean understands what they're going to do.

SEAN

Fuck sake man!

More urgency...

BURKE

Listen to this Teddy..they sent us  
the only two men in the history of  
the IRA with respect for human  
life.

Burke plants his feet. The sonar is beeping like mad. The plane is lifting off into the air.

BURKE

But if it makes you boys feel  
better..

Burke points the missile right at the tree line..flicks the trigger guard off..

BURKE

You can say they gave their lives  
for a Free Ireland...

..his finger finds the trigger..Beep..Beep..beep.. The  
plane lifts over the tree line. The sonar locks in with a  
piercing whine. Sean looks at Rory, frantic.

SEAN

It's madness!

Rory doesn't bat an eye. Doesn't move a muscle as the plane clears the trees..comes into sight..

Burke's finger goes to squeeze..when at the last moment..

(CONTINUED)



65I CONTINUED: 2

Rory reaches over and hits the disarm trigger. The system shuts down. The plane passes overhead.

BURKE

I guess we got a satisfied customer.

Burke smiles at Rory, pleased with himself.

65L EXT. FITZ'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY REV.3/29/96 RMK

From someone else's POV. The door opens. A young woman, MEGAN, exits the townhouse, a knapsack on her back, and walks off.

ANGLE ON: The someone else. Rory watches her walk off. His eyes go to the second floor of the house, where Fitz stands beside a drape, also watching. Fitz nods. The drape drops.

CUT TO:

(DUALINE #86)  
65M EXT. CENTRAL PARK SKATING RINK - DAY REV. 4/10/96 RMK

Iceskaters of all sizes and shapes spin around the rink. Some are beginners, falling and flopping, others are sheer poetry in motion. Everyone has a good time.

Megan stands looking over the rink, watching the skaters below. The knapsack pressed between her legs and the fence.

Rory appears next to her, standing close, familiar.

MEGAN

Isn't it lovely the way they glide like that..not a care in the world...

RORY

Aye..

MEGAN

Did you ever try it?

RORY

Once when I was 11..I spent most of the time getting up from falling down.

She looks at him, a bit of a twinkle in her eye.

MEGAN

You don't know who I am?

He doesn't.

MEGAN

Michael O' Donahue's sister.

He takes a closer look..

RORY

Megan.

She brightens.

65M CONTINUED: 1

RORY

How's your Mum?

MEGAN

Not the same since they killed our Michael.

Megan turns to the skaters, forcing the anger away from herself. Envyng that freedom, the two of them stare at the skaters..and then at each other, for a brief, awkward moment.

RORY

I better be off.

He picks up the knapsack.

MEGAN

Travel safe Frankie..

RORY

You too..

He kisses her unexpectedly, lightly.

MEGAN

What I wouldn't have given for that when I was 13.

His smile lingers for a moment..and then he is gone.

65N INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT REV. 4/09/96 RMK

C.U. Megan's knapsack. PULL BACK TO: Rory. Pulling a section of the bathroom floor back, revealing a hollow space.

CUT TO:

65P INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT REV. 4/09/96 RMK

Sheila is preparing dinner. Annie is twirling around in her beautiful pink confirmation dress.

SHEILA

Sweetie tell Rory dinner is ready.

Annie runs off.

CUT TO:

65Q INT. STAIRS - NIGHT REV. 4/09/96

Annie tiptoes down the basement stairs. She comes to the bottom of the stairs, prepares to surprise..

Rory, who is about to place the bag into the hollow space when he hears her footsteps..

Quick as a minute, he slides the knapsack into the space, pulls the tile over it, and stands..just as Annie appears at the foot of the stairs.

ANNIE

BOO!

Rory rises, turns, startles.

RORY

You about gave me a heart attack!

ANNIE

(pleased)  
Mommy said dinner's ready..

RORY

Alright..that's a lovely dress.

ANNIE

(proud)  
It's for Morgan's confirmation tomorrow..

Rory picks Annie up.

65Q CONTINUED: 1

RORY  
Well..you're going to make a grand  
show of it.

As they head for the stairs..

ANNIE  
Are you married?

RORY  
No.

ANNIE  
Would you marry me?

RORY  
It'd be an honor..

Up the stairs they go.

~~53 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SUNSET~~

65B

~~Rory is singing, as the boat shugs along. Sean is at the wheel trying to steer. Rory checks ropes, rigs winches.~~

~~RORY~~

~~Oh,aaahhoo, I wish I was back home in Derry~~

~~(chorus)~~

~~In 1803 they sailed us to sea, away from sweet shores of Derry~~

~~Sean can barely steer straight, a swell spills the wheel on him.~~

65 #, E, L, M, N, P, Q ~~SEE YELLOW GOLDEN ROD IN (215) (265)~~ 65 #, M

- 66 OMIT 66\*
- 67 OMIT 67\*
- 68 OMIT 68\*
- 69 OMIT 69\*
- 70 OMIT 70\*
- 71 OMIT 71\*
- 72 OMIT 72\*
- 73 EXT. O'MEARA HOUSE - A SUNDAY MORNING 3 WEEKS LATER 73\*
- 74 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, O'MEARA HOUSE - MORNING 74\*

The second floor bedroom. The morning sun shines down in beams through a large picture window onto the bed where O'Meara lies asleep under the twisted sheet, bare arms and legs splayed in all directions, hair wild, mouth agape, dead to the world. Suddenly daughters ANNIE and MORGAN both in pajamas, burst into the room and start jumping up and down on the bed, chirping in sing-song voices:

ANNIE

Dad-dy, dad-dy, time to get up!

MORGAN

Good-morning!

O'MEARA  
(groggy)  
What, what, hey...

O'Meara pulls the sheet up, trying to cover himself.

O'MEARA  
Hey, what're you doin', come on, quit that!

ANNIE  
Oh, Daddy...

MORGAN  
Get up, get up, it's time for church!

The girls poke his bare chest, giggling. O'Meara pulls the sheet closer.

O'MEARA  
Hey, what is this, come on, quit it, get outta here.  
Geez, I'm not believing this! Sheila!

MORGAN  
(singing)  
Daddy love, my daddy love...

O'Meara finally pulls himself completely under the sheet, drawing his body into a ball:

O'MEARA  
Sheila!

The oldest daughter, BRIDGET, 14 enters and joins her sisters singing "Daddy Love":

BRIDGET  
I know you don't want to be lat for my confirmation.

O'Meara suddenly SPRINGS UP, looks at the clock, and JUMPS OUT of bed, wrapping the entire bedsheet around him.

O'MEARA  
Oh my god. SHEILA!

CUT TO:

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

75 INT. SAINT FRANCIS CHURCH - DAY

75

Full church.

BOYS AND GIRLS WEARING RED ROBES, MORGAN IS AMONG THEM.

Several pews back; The O'Meara family, and Rory, now dressed in conservative dark suit, white shirt.

Morgan looks over her shoulder,

O'Meara, Sheila and Rory smile.

The bishop moves in front of the confirmees.

BISHOP

Now that you have come of age you can renew the baptismal vows. And all the congregation can join you in reaffirming their strength in the church.

Do you renounce Satan.

MORGAN (AND ALL)

I do.

Close on Rory.

BISHOP

And all his earthly works.

RORY (AND ALL)

I do.

BISHOP

And all his earthly promises.

O'MEARA (AND ALL)

I do.

CUT TO:

75A INT CHURCH - DAY

75A\*

People file out for communion. The camera finds the O'Mearas and Rory as people rise for the communion. All the O'Mearas get up except Sheila and Annie. Rory stays sitting slightly edgey. Sheila sees that he is not taking communion.



75A CONTINUED:

75A

SHEILA  
(in a church whisper)  
You're not taking communion?

Rory shakes his head no.

SHEILA  
(continuing)  
Will you watch Annie?

RORY  
Of course.

Sheila gets up, Annie slides beside Rory.

ANNIE  
Why don't you go?

RORY  
Well sometimes you don't go if you don't feel good.

ANNIE  
(louder)  
Are you sick?

RORY  
(embarrassed)  
No, no.

Bridget returns, kneels

ANNIE  
But you don't feel good.

Bridget hears Annie's childish question, sees Rory embarrassed.

BRIDGET  
(whispered to Annie)  
Shut up.

ANNIE  
(combative)  
No, you shut up.

76 EXT. SAINT FRANCIS CHURCH - DAY

76

Crowds in front of the church and on the steps take pictures of families grouped around their red-robed Confirmer.

Off to one side is a NORAI MAN selling copies of the "Irish People"- The IRA's American Paper.

The O'Mearas emerge, cluster on the sidewalk: Diaz is there with girlfriend.  
They shake hands. Rory shakes hands with Diaz.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

Bridget and Morgan come running up to Rory.

MORGAN

(Excited)

Hey, we met some Irish people, they said they  
wanted to meet you.

Morgan takes Rory by the arm, drags him along, Bridget follows.

Morgan drags Rory over to the Noraid Man who shakes a collection tin and calls  
out

NORAID MAN

Britain get out of Ireland. Help the Irish prisoners.

It's too late for Rory to back off. Morgan has the man by the arm and is leading  
him over to Rory. The man has his hand out.

(CONTINUED)

NORAIID MAN  
(continuing)  
Joe Galvin, how are you?

RORY  
Hello.

NORAIID MAN  
I didn't get your name.

MORGAN  
It's Rory.

NORAIID MAN  
Morgan says you're from back home.

RORY  
I'm from Armagh.

NORAIID MAN  
Are you interested in getting the Brits out of our  
country? \*

Rory turns away. \*

RORY  
(As he leaves)  
No, I'm not political, thanks.

He takes Morgan with him. The man follows.

The Noraid Man shoves a copy of the "Irish People" \*

NORAIID MAN  
How can you not be political, for God's sake.

The Noraid man keeps coming. \*

NORAIID MAN  
Have you no interest in stopping murder and torture  
in Ireland? \*

76 CONTINUED: (3)

76

Finally Rory has had enough, he turns back to the man, in close, looks him in the eye, a killer look.

RORY  
(Softly through his teeth)  
Fuck off.

He turns to Morgan.

RORY  
(continuing)  
Those people are trouble.

CUT TO:

76A INT. MYSTERIOUS VAN - DAY

76A

Inside a surveillance van, a man trains a camera through two way glass, snaps photos of the Noraid guy and the people talking to him.

76B INT. O'MEARA HOUSE - DAY

76B

This is Sheila's party, lots of food, relatives and friends fill the house. The girls laugh and play with their cousins. Rory talks to Diaz.

RORY  
What I'd really love to do is get a car, big American car, convertible, and drive across America. Go to some of those places I used to see in the films on Saturdays - Cheyenne, Laramie, El Paso. *Om-a-ha*, Nebraska. *Om-a-ha!* What must that place be like?

O'MEARA  
Omaha, Is that in Brooklyn or Queens, Diaz.

DIAZ  
The Bronx man, another one of those mick neighborhoods, it's pronounce O'Maha, ya know like O'Meara.

Sheila cuts between the men, hands O'Meara a platter.

SHEILA  
Don't listen to these guys Rory. Cops are too smart for their own good.

CUT TO:

76C INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY 76C\*

There's a sing-song going on in the living room. \*

Diaz holds the crowd as he finishes a latino song. Great bursts of applause, then. \*

UNCLE BRIAN \*

Come on Rory. \*

Rory waves them away,he's embarrassed. \*

RORY \*

I can't sing \*

UNCLE BRIAN \*

Come on, Rory don't let the old country down. No Puerto Rican can get the better of us. \*

Rory takes up the challenge, he sings Back Home in Derry. \*

76D INT. KITCHEN - DAY 76D\*

As Rory sings in the living room, the phone rings, Sheila answers. \*

76E INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 76E\*

Rory finishes to much applause. Sheila is beside him. \*

SHEILA \*

You've a call Rory. \*

Rory is shocked. \*

RORY \*

Me? \*

76F INT. KITCHEN - DAY 76F\*

Rory on the phone,secetive. \*

RORY \*

Are you off your head ... Shut up. I'll meet you. \*

76G EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

76G\*

The guests have gone. O'Meara and Sheila clean up. Rory leaves quietly by the storm doors.

\*  
\*

76H INT.HOGS AND HEIFERS BAR - NIGHT

76H\*

The place is packed, a mixture of bikers and downtown club-hopper types. Hard rock on the juke box. Sean is in the corner with Teddy, they're knocking back tequilla slammers. Sean sees Rory from across the room. Burke sits at a small table. Sean comes over to Rory who eyeballs Teddy.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RORY

What are you doing with that fucker.

\*  
\*

SEAN

He's good people man.

\*  
\*

RORY

Good people? Good people, who do you think you're talking too. Didn't I tell you only to call me if you were in big trouble.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SEAN

What the hell is this Martin's dead man.

\*  
\*

RORY

I know.

\*  
\*

SEAN

Burke thinks the mission's over.

\*  
\*

Sean nods toward Burke in the corner. Rory goes over.

\*

BURKE

Your man's dead.

\*  
\*

Rory nods.

\*

BURKE

He was a good man. I guess that's the way things are over there. It was good doing business with you guys, maybe you can put this thing together again some time.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

76H CONTINUED:

76H

RORY

What are you talking about.

Burke looks at him.

BURKE

It's over.

RORY

No its not. Nothing's changed.

BURKE

You think you can handle this on your own.

Sean is completely shocked.

RORY

I want to see the merchandise.

BURKE

And the money.

RORY

I'll have it. See ya.

76I EXT. HOGS & HEIFERS - NIGHT

76I\*

The meat district, several biker types hanging out along the side street from Hogs & Heiffers. Teddy is in a doorway.

SEAN

I need something.

TEDDY

Are you sure this dickhead can come up with two mill.

SEAN

I told you he was nuts didn't I. Give's the pipe.

TEDDY

Now, Seany boy you're all out of credit.

SEAN

Jesus Christ this is no time to fuck about Teddy. I need a hit for my nerves.

(CONTINUED)



TEDDY  
We can come to some arrangement, right?

SEAN  
Right, right.

Sean paces anxious for a hit of crack.

*76 J, K, L (GOLDEN ROD & PINK PAGES) 76 J, K, L →*

OMIT

OMIT

INT/EXT IN PATROL CAR - MOVING - DAY

Late afternoon. O'Meara driving, cruising slowly on a major avenue, Diaz beside him. They don't look at one another as they talk. Their eyes scan the streets.

DIAZ  
He's still working construction with all those  
Jamaicans, Haitians, Bangladesh. Whatever the hell  
they are?

O'MEARA  
Kid's out there busting his ass.

DIAZ  
I don't blame him, to get out of your basement.

Something on a side street has caught his attention.

O'MEARA  
Hey.

THEIR POV:

LONG SHOT OF A YOUNG DOMINICAN MAN with his foot through a car  
window that he's just kicked in.

O'Meara cruises past the building line. Now they MOVE.

DIAZ EXITS FAST

(OUTLINE #94)  
76J EXT. CLOISTERS - DAY REV. 4/07/96 RMK

A Medieval castle perched above the Hudson river. A tour guide leads a group through.

GUIDE

..The Cloisters was dismantled stone by stone over a period of three years..brought over and reassembled in 1839..

Rory passes behind the group to find Megan looking out over the Hudson, a profound sadness on her face.

MEGAN

They caught him in Spain waiting for a light to turn green..SAS assassination squad..

Rory looks out into the distance. Whatever emotion he is feeling he pushes back.

RORY

What're the orders from Belfast?

MEGAN

You're to put the deal on hold until they can sort things out..

RORY

I'll give you back the money.

MEGAN

The Judge wants you to sit on it..he's afraid if they were on to Martin they'll trace it to him..

RORY

(bitter)  
A patriot through and through..

MEGAN

What do you do now?

RORY

Wait and see.

MEGAN

I saw an advertisement..in the paper..there's this nursing school here in the City.

RORY

Nursing. Here.

(CONTINUED)

76J CONTINUED: 1

MEGAN

Aye..Here.

RORY

There was this class, in school,  
where we'd learn all the names of  
all the States and cities  
here..great sounding names..Omaha..

He mimicks a broad American accent.

RORY

I always wanted to see what an  
Omaha looked like..or an Alabama...

MEGAN

Or Id-a-ho..what do you think an  
Idaho looks like.

RORY

Probably the same as a  
Missi-ssip-pi..

MEGAN

..Minnesota

RORY

Arkansas..great names..

He allows himself the moment of fantasy, and then..

RORY

..maybe in another life.

Megan's levity collapses. Tears come to her eyes.

MEGAN

Oh my God Frankie..

Fighting them back, she takes a deep breath and..

MEGAN

Martin was more careful than the  
lot of youse..

Her tone is almost fierce, on the verge of anger. Rory  
reaches over and lays his hand on her arm.

MEGAN

See, I never used to tear up like  
this at home, you know. But now  
every time I get the news..

(CONTINUED)

76J CONTINUED: 2

RORY

Something in the air..

They stare at each other for a long moment, and then out into the distance across the River.

76K INT. BURKE'S BAR - NIGHT REV. 4/2/96

Burke is putting the moves on a very willing woman, when Teddy taps him on the shoulder. Burke looks up to Rory coming through the crowded room. Burke's instinct tightens his gut, but he manages a smile as he whispers something in the woman's ear, which pleases her. She rises with a kiss, and melts into the crowd, passing Rory on the way.

Burke comes up to Rory, a look of condolence to go along with the tone on his voice.

BURKE

(concerned)

I heard about Martin..

Rory is a little surprised.

BURKE

Bad news always travels fast...was there family?

RORY

A wife..two kids..

BURKE

I'd like to send them something.. to help out..

RORY

It'd be most appreciated, I'm sure..We've got to postpone.

Burke is caught unawares. But he recovers quickly.

BURKE

Sure..no problem..I understand how these things go..I'll store the merchandise for you..just bring me the money..

RORY

My people..they want the money held back until things are sorted out back home.

Another curve ball. Before Burke can respond, man from the bar calls out, waving him over to join a group.

MAN

Billy..

BURKE

(congenial)

In a minute..

(CONTINUED)

76K CONTINUED: 1

His eyes go right back to Rory.

BURKE

I'll tell you Rory..I do feel bad about Martin and all..but these aren't soda cans you asked me to get for you..they're no deposit no return items..I'm out of pocket here for some serious dollars..You're putting me in a very awkward position.

RORY

I'm sorry Mr. Burke..that's the way it is.

Rory offers no more. Burke takes a long moment..

BURKE

(accepting)

Well..if that's the way it is..that's the way it is..keep in touch.

Rory turns and exits through the crowd. Passing Teddy bringing his black and tan.

Burke's expression stays fixed only until Rory is out of sight.

~~INT.~~ INT. WEBSTER HALL - NIGHT REV. 4/05/96 RMK

76L A rock and roll joint packed to the rafters. A live band fills the place with raucous tunes. A bevy of circus performers add a Felliniesque touch. Trapeze artists. Clowns. Fire eaters. Sword swallowers. Midgets. Giants.

Rory makes his way through the traffic, skirting the dance floor, filled with gyrating couples, until he comes to Sean and Megan sharing a drink, a laugh, a good time. The sight of them so carefree tugs at his heart.

SEAN

(drunk)

Come on and lighten a glass.

He hands Rory a glass of beer.

SEAN

To Martin..

MEGAN AND RORY

To Martin..

They clink glasses.

SEAN

And our new lives..

Rory looks at Sean.

RORY

You're awful quick to give it up, aren't you..It's not over..it's only on hold.

SEAN

Martin was the glue..they'll never put it back together without him..(to Megan) Will they?

By the look on her face Rory can see she agrees with Sean. The band breaks into a ballad. A great looking girl passes by...

SEAN

Hey darlin'!

Sean grabs the girl and goes waltzing off.

RORY

He's drunk.

MEGAN

How many years has it been since you danced?

~~76L~~ CONTINUED: 1

76L

RORY

It's been awhile.

MEGAN

Come dance with me.

She takes his hand, and leads him into the crowd. As they begin to dance Megan leans into Rory, resting her head on his shoulder, eyes closed, swaying to the music. Rory is stiff at first, but then something happens. He feels Megan close to him. He allows himself to relax for a moment, to be held..to dream.

77 OMIT

78 OMIT



79 INT. RMP POLICE CRUISER - DAY REV. 4/07/96 RMK

O'Meara and Diaz are cruising the neighborhood. O'Meara at the wheel. As Diaz talks, O'Meara's eyes scan the street.

DIAZ

Here's the way I figure..three more years..I got my pension in the bag..then if I can pick up this lease on that bar I was telling you about..down in PR..Hey, you know you want to throw some money in..

O'MEARA

Eddie what do I know about the bar business..

DIAZ

You're Irish ain't you?

In the distance their POV:

A 23 year old Dominican breaking in the window of a vehicle with a short metal bar. Diaz jumps out of the car, leaving his radio behind.

O'MEARA

Eddie! The radio!

Too late. Diaz is already running down the block, his gun out, his radio left behind.

Rushed, O'Meara picks up the radio.

O'MEARA

Central..This is 35 Sgt..We got a 10-22 GLA in progress on 213 off Broadway..give me a 10-85 one unit on the back.

CUT TO:

79A INT. CAR - DAY REV.4/10/96 RMK

The thief cannot get the radio out. In frustration he kicks open the glove compartment, rifles through. Nothing. He runs his hand under the seat, and comes up with a small leather case, which he unzips to find..a revolver!

CUT TO:

79B EXT. STREET - DAY

O'Meara sees the thief exiting the car with the gun in hand. He hits the brake, at the same time that he jumps out.

O'MEARA

Gun!! Eddie! Gun!!

The car keeps rolling forward. A car comes up behind O'Meara on the narrow street, blocking him. O'Meara tries to control the car in the growing chaos.

The cruiser rolls past Diaz. O'Meara is half in, half out of the moving car when..

DIAZ

Police!! Freeze!!

The thief hearing O'Meara, seeing Diaz, fires two wild shots at Diaz. Diaz dives between two parked cars. O'Meara's car rolls into a parked car. O'Meara jumps up, and runs after the thief who has taken off.

O'MEARA

Eddie! Keys! Radio!

A moment later both cops are running in pursuit...O'Meara behind the thief, Eddie on the far side of the street.

O'Meara sees the thief toss the gun down a stairwell, and head up an alley. O'Meara goes after the gun. He surfaces, the thief's gun in hand, just as Eddie runs past, turns the corner into the alley.

O'MEARA

Eddie I got the gun! I got the..

BANG! BANG!

CLOSE ON: O'Meara's face. His heart stops. He races forward, sprinting up the alley, his gun, and the thief's gun in hand...to a chilling sight.

Diaz stands over the body of the fallen thief, gun trained on the prone body, as blood leaks out of two bullet holes in the dead man's back. His face turned sideways, his blank eyes staring into infinity.

O'Meara's breath catches.

O'MEARA

Oh Jesus..In the back..you shot him in the back!

DIAZ

He shot at us!

(CONTINUED)

79B CONTINUED: 1

O'MEARA

He didn't have the gun! I have it!  
He tossed it!

Diaz turns white, as O'Meara holds out the thief's gun.

DIAZ

Oh shit..

There is a long tense moment, a silence stretching forever between the two men until Diaz reaches out pulls the gun from O'Meara's hand.

O'Meara's breathing becomes labored. He glares at Diaz, spins, walking away fast.

DIAZ

Where you going man?

O'Meara spins back on Diaz..his POV. The thief's gun is now on the ground, right by the thief's hand. He glares at Diaz.

O'MEARA

(angry, flustered)

I gotta get a bus! I gotta get the  
car! I gotta get the radio!

He looks at the body on the ground, and the gun laying next to it, and then up to Diaz.

DIAZ

The fucker shot at us Tommy!

O'Meara's rage and confusion swirl inside his head until he thinks it is going to explode. He turns and strides away.

CONTINUED. (3)

Diaz puts the gun down beside the dead man.

DESSIE

There, now its back where it belonged. He fucking  
shot at us man.

79A EXT. STREET - NIGHT

79A\*

Sirens and lights flood the scene. Cops, ambulances everywhere. Medic gather  
around the corpse.

MEDIC

Body Bag!

Diaz and O'Meara are hustled to an ambulance by medics and other cops.

O'Meara has blood on his hands. Medics, all gloved, pour alcohol over  
O'Meara's hands, swab off the blood quickly, efficiently.

MEDIC 2

Why didn't you use gloves man.

O'MEARA

He was Dying.

The medic checks O'Meara's hands carefully.

MEDIC 2

I ddon't see any cuts or scrapes. We'll do all the  
checks.

~~O'Meara and Diaz climb into the ambulance.~~

80 EXT. COLUMBIA PRESBYTERIAN EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

80\*

An ambulance departs, light flashing, as O'Meara and Diaz exit the ambulance  
and walk toward the Emergency room entrance.

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER TO THEM as they

WAL AND TALK

DIAZ

You gonna do the right thing here.

If you were wtching you'd think O'Meara was asking Diaz the time of day:

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

O'MEARA  
You shouldn't have shot him.

DIAZ  
Listen, he shot at us. No mother fucking thief is  
gonna get the drop on me.

O'Meara says nothing.

DIAZ  
What are you going to do?

They enter.

80A INT COLUMBIA PRESBYTARIAN EMERGENCY BATHROOM - NIGHT

80A\*

O'Meara is by the sink, stripped to the waist. He scrubs his arms fastidiously,  
almost manic. He rinses his arms off, dries them.

He smells his hands. he washs again.

~~80B INT STATIONHOUSE - NIGHT~~

~~80B\*~~

~~O'Meara and Diaz in a room along with the two Lawyers and the two Trustees.~~

~~Through the open door, AN AUTHORITATIVE VOICE:~~

~~CHIEF KELLY (OC)  
Where's Sergeant O'Meara?~~

~~A young Patrolman "hold open" the already open door. CHIEF JAMES KELLY  
(60's), an imposing figure, enters. He walks to O'Meara and shakes hands.~~

~~CHIEF KELLY  
You alright, Tom?~~

~~O'Meara nods.~~

~~Chief Kelly looks at Diaz.~~

~~Diaz stands erect nervously.~~

~~CHIEF KELLY  
You the shooter?~~

(CONTINUED)

80B INT. PRECINCT - DAY REV. 4/07/96 RMK

The mood is tense, as it is after any shooting. Cops mill around talking in small groups. Brass comes in and out.

CUT TO:

80C INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY REV. 4/07/96 RMK

O'Meara sits alone, deep in thought. Through the window the life of the precinct swirls around. The door opens CHIEF JAMES KELLY enters.

KELLY

(solicitous)

Tommy..you alright?

O'Meara looks up in a daze to Kelly holding out a cup of coffee.

O'MEARA

Guy took a couple of pops at us..Diaz shot him.

KELLY

He's on the way back from trauma now..When I heard it was you involved I wanted to be here.

He hands O'Meara the coffee.

KELLY

Sorry we couldn't make Morgan's confirmation..Mary Anne sent flowers.

O'MEARA

We got them..they were nice..

KELLY

Listen..you just take a few mintues ..when you're ready they're going to take your statement.

O'MEARA

Thanks Jim..

KELLY

We're going to be O.K. on this Tommy.

It is more of a question than a statement. Kelly fixes O'Meara with a look, trying to decipher anything that might not be..O.K. O'Meara holds his gaze firmly.

80C CONTINUED: 1

O'MEARA

Yeah..it was a clean shooting.

Kelly pats O'Meara on the shoulder and exits. O'Meara looks around the room. His eyes light on a line of officer's photos on the wall..photos of cops killed in the line of duty. O'Meara breaths out, collecting himself, steeling himself for what lays ahead.

CUT TO:

80D INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY REV. 4/07/96 RMK

O'Meara is in the midst of his statement. A tape recorder is going.

O'MEARA

We gave pursuit..the perp fired two shots at us..officer Diaz returned fire..and then I observed the deceased on the ground...

O'Meara takes a moment..

O'MEARA

..his gun next to his right hand..I moved the gun away ..just in case..I went to my car called for back up, and an ambulance..I secured the area..

O'Meara stops. Everyone looks around, satisfied. The tape recorder is turned off. Kelly looks around at all the others in the room, rises, a signal for all the rest. This interview is over.

He approaches O'Meara, helping him rise, walking him to the door.

KELLY

You did good Tommy..they'll be a Grand Jury, of course..but we'll be O.K. You talk to Sheila yet?

O'MEARA

Not yet.

KELLY

Best do it in person..You need a lift?

(CONTINUED)

80D CONTINUED: 1

O'MEARA

No..I'm good..thanks for coming down.

Kelly pats him on the shoulder.

KELLY

Call if you need me.

The door opens. Diaz, accompanied by a PBA rep stands there. The two men lock eyes for a moment. Kelly sees the interchange.

KELLY

You Diaz?

DIAZ

Yes sir..the perp shot..

KELLY

(sharp)

This your PBA delegate?

Kelly looks at the delegate.

DIAZ

Yes sir.

KELLY

Didn't he tell you you don't have to give a statement for 48 hours?

DIAZ

Yes sir.

KELLY

Take his advice.

Kelly touches O'Meara on the shoulder.

KELLY

Call if you need me Tommy.

Kelly reenters the office, closes the door. Diaz and O'Meara stare at each other for a moment. O'Meara breaks it off, and heads out of the precinct.

CUT TO:

~~80E EYE PRESENCE DMV REV 4/10/96 DMV~~

~~DMV... comes running up~~



80E INT O'MEARA HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

80E\*

It's late. Bridget, Morgan, Annie and Rory sit around the table, they're playing cards, OldMaid. Annie manages to pass the Old Maid (Queen of Hearts) card on to Rory, she squeals with delight.

The phone rings.

Bridget gets it.

BRIDGET  
Dad...Mom's out closing. Rory's here.

Bridget turns to Rory.

BRIDGET  
Dad wants to talk to you.

Rory takes the phone, listens.

RORY  
Sure.

Rory hangs the phone up.

81 OMIT

82 INT. MC COOL'S PUB - NIGHT

O'Meara is crouched over the bar. Rory comes in.

RORY  
You alright?

O'MEARA  
I didn't want to drive.

83 OMIT

84 OMIT

85 INT. CAR - NIGHT

Rory drives. O'Meara has his eyes closed.

81\*

82\*

83\*

84\*

85\*

NEW PAGES

NEW PAGES

80D CONTINUED: 1

O'MEARA  
No..I'm good..thanks for coming down.

Kelly pats him on the shoulder.

KELLY  
Call if you need me.

The door opens. Diaz, accompanied by a PBA rep stands there. The two men lock eyes for a moment. Kelly sees the interchange.

KELLY  
You Diaz?

DIAZ  
Yes sir..the perp shot..

KELLY  
(sharp)  
This your PBA delegate?

Kelly looks at the delegate.

DIAZ  
Yes sir.

KELLY  
Didn't he tell you you don't have to give a statement for 48 hours?

DIAZ  
Yes sir.

KELLY  
Take his advice.

Kelly touches O'Meara on the shoulder.

KELLY  
Call if you need me Tommy.

Kelly reenters the office, closes the door. Diaz and O'Meara stare at each other for a moment. O'Meara breaks it off, and heads out of the precinct.

CUT TO:

O'Meara is about to enter his car when Diaz comes running up to him.

80F CONTINUED: 1

DIAZ

Tommy..

O'Meara turns.

DIAZ

So..how'd it go in there?

O'MEARA

(tight)

Fine..

He turns to his car.

DIAZ

Fine..what does that mean? Fine..

O'MEARA

You shot him in the back Eddie..he was running away..he didn't have a gun..

DIAZ

He shot at us man!

O'MEARA

Revenge ain't police business Eddie! I'm not in the revenge business!

DIAZ

But you covered for me, right?

O'Meara glares at Diaz, says nothing. Gets in his car, and drives away.

81 OMIT

82 INT. MCCOOL'S BAR - NIGHT REV. 4/09/96 RMK

O'Meara sits at the bar drunk. Rory comes up to him.

RORY

So what is it we're celebrating here?

O'MEARA

Another day of brilliant police work.

RORY

The good guys won.

O'MEARA

The good guys shot an unarmed kid in the back.

O'Meara lifts his glass and drains it in one shot.

O'MEARA

Let's go home.

83,84 OMIT

CUT TO:

85 INT. O'MEARA'S CAR - NIGHT REV. 4/09/96 RMK

O'Meara has his head back, his eyes closed. As Rory drives down the Belt Parkway on the way to the Verrazzano bridge.

O'MEARA

23 years I get up every morning and I strap a gun on and I go to work.. I never gave it a thought..it was just..there..the badge..the bracelets..the gun.

RORY

Big boys rules.

O'Meara looks at him quizzically.

RORY

You pick up a gun, one day you're going to shoot someone or get shot by someone.

Something in Rory's tone tips O'Meara. He opens his eyes, regards Rory for a moment.

O'MEARA

Who are you?

Rory is silent for a moment...

85 CONTINUED: 1

RORY  
(deflecting)

I'm a leprechaun come to see you  
safely home.

O'Meara senses something else beneath the surface. He is  
about to speak..

O'MEARA

Pull over..

Rory goes O'Meara going green. He pulls the car onto the  
shoulder of the road, right by the Verranzano Bridge.

O'Meara staggers out of the car, and with the traffic  
whizzing by, vomits up the contents of his stomach. Rory  
watches over him, solicitous. When he is finished Rory  
hands him a handkerchief.

RORY

Feel better?

O'MEARA

No.

RORY

In the morning then..

O'MEARA

You ever have something that you  
knew would sit right here forever..

He touches the middle of his chest.

RORY

When I was eight some men came into  
our house and shot my Da dead in  
front of us.

O'Meara stares at Rory, stunned.

RORY

He was a lawyer..used to defend  
people who didn't necessarily agree  
with the way things were..

O'MEARA

Jesus..

RORY

For a long time that one sat with  
me right here.

He touches his chest

85 CONTINUED: 2

O'MEARA

Did they ever catch them?

RORY

You mean was there a happy ending  
to it all? It's an Irish story  
Tom..there are no happy endings..

Rory walks back to the car. O'Meara watches him, unmindful  
of the traffic whizzing by.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. O'MEARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT REV. 4/09/96 RMK

O'Meara and Rory exit the car. O'Meara stops to straighten  
himself. He looks at his house.

O'MEARA

After we bought this place..For the  
first two years..I would lay awake  
at night and wonder what the hell  
we had gotten ourselves into..funny  
how things work out..

RORY

You've a lovely family.

O'MEARA

Yeah..I'm lucky.

RORY

Luck of the Irish.

O'MEARA

Could be your luck.

Rory stares at O'Meara, then scans the block. It is not a  
bad thought.

O'MEARA

That's an American story.

Rory smiles briefly.

O'MEARA

I better get to bed..

RORY

I think I'll stay out a bit.

O'Meara heads for the house.

87 CONTINUED: 1

O'MEARA

At home you drive on the opposite  
side of the road.

RORY

Aye..

O'MEARA

You did pretty good for driving on  
our side.

RORY

My first time.

O'Meara hesitates for a moment.

O'MEARA

Thanks for the lift.

RORY

Don't mention it.

He looks at Rory, and enters the house. Rory leans against  
the car, looks at O'Meara's house, looks up and down the  
block. He breathes out deeply.

88, 89, 90, 91 OMIT

OMIT

92 EXT. GRAMERCY PARK - DAY

92

Rory carrying a

HUGE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS

the color visible through the clear wrapping. He goes up to a handsome Federalist townhouse.

93 EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

93

Rory rings doorbell, bouquet in hand.

The door opens, revealing a uniformed maid.

RORY

For Mr. Peter Fitzsimmons.

He hands her the flowers, a gift envelope tied to them, addressed to Fitzsimmons..

He hands her a slip to sign. As she signs it, he sees:

Through the door a rather grand entrance hall with a tall staircase. A small child plays on the staircase. An attractive young Nanny comes down the stairs.

NANNY

(To child)

Come on now. Time to take your bath.

She has a Northern Irish accent identical to Rory's.

As she takes the child by the hand she looks down at Rory. For a moment she seems surprised. Rory smiles politely at her and is about to say something when she turns around and goes upstairs with the child.

The maid hands him back the slip..

MAID

Thank you.

The door shuts.

RORY'S P.O.V. - THE TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Fitzsimmons appears in a second story window, looks at him and nods, then turns away.



94	OMIT	94*
95	OMIT	95*
96	OMIT	96*
97	OMIT	97*
98	OMIT	98*
99	OMIT	99*
100	EXT. THE UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY	100*

A cold day on the Central Park side of 5th Avenue.

A WOMAN WITH TWO DOGS

walks south, past the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

CLOSER

It's the long haired young NANNY from Fitz's apartment. One hand keeps a tight leash on the dogs. The other wheels a carry-on suitcase, the kind with the extendable handles.

A FIGURE CROSSES INTO FRAME FROM BEHIND

Slowly catches up until he is walking beside her.

It's Rory, hands dug deep into his pockets. He glances around to see if anyone is following.

RORY

(acting like a guy on a date)

Sorry I'm late.

He gives her a light kiss as if she's his girl.

NANNY

(continuing the pretense)

You're always late and I always forgive you.

He puts his arm around her and she leans into him.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

NANNY

God what I would have given for you to do that when  
I was fourteen.

He looks bewildered. She whispers to him:

NANNY

You don't have the slightest idea, do you?

He studies her face. After a bit:

NANNY

I'm Gerard Thompson's sister.

She smiles her assent, waits for her name, he can't remember.

MEGAN

It's Megan.

RORY

Megan?

MEGAN

I remember you hiding out in our house..

RORY

You've a great family, what about Don?

MEGAN

He's five more to do. What's in the bag?

RORY

Money.

Megan laughs.

MEGAN

Don't you know it isn't safe in Central Park.

RORY

It's safer than the Falls Park.

MEGAN

I want to help you Frankie.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: (2) 100

RORY  
You won't say that name to anyone will you.

MEGAN  
Never. Honest if you need any help, come and get me.

RORY  
Thanks, I know you mean it.

The DOGS stop to sniff out a squirrel. Rory reaches over, grabs the handle of the wheeled carry-on.

They continue walking,

ONLY NOW WITH RORY PULLING THE CASE.

She turns at the corner of 82nd. Crosses 5th Ave, leaving him standing alongside the park.

101 EXT. O'MEARA HOUSE - DAY 101

Rory approaches, carrying the suitcase. He enters the empty house.

102 INT. THE BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER - DAY 102

AT THE BASEMENT DOOR

Rory jams the back of a wooden chair under the doorknob, walks back,

STANDS ON THE BED

and removes several acoustic panels from the drop ceiling. He takes the airline bag full of money and stashes the bag out of sight above the ceiling panels, and drops the others back into place.

102A EXT POLICE ACADEMY - DAY 102A\*

O'Meara walks on 20th Street and enters the Police Academy \*

102B INT POLICE ACADEMY GYM - DAY 102B\*

The Boxing section of the gym. People work out in front of mirrors, on light and heavy bags, with jumpropes. \*

Chief James Kelly bangs at a heavy bag. \*

102B CONTINUED:

102B

O'Meara walks to him ... supports the bag with his body. Kelly bangs it at a leisurely pace.

KELLY

Someone from the neighborhood walked into the D.A.s office Whatever he's saying, it contradicts your story.

O'MEARA

Maybe he's lying.

Kelly is impassive. He bangs an extra-hard hook to the bag.

He steps away from the bag.

KELLY

The D.A. wants Diaz. They'll let you walk. The department won't fight your pension.

A pause.

O'MEARA

They asked you to roll me over.

KELLY

I asked them for the chance. They'll prosecute for perjury and obstruction of justice. On this one Tommy ... run. You've got your twenty in. Out on half pay at your age isn't so awful.

The reality sinks into O'Meara.

KELLY

You don't have a choice.

102C EXT. MONTAUK HARBOR-DAY

102C\*

Rory and Sean work on the boat. Rory checks the winch. Sean is speedy, skipping around more than usual.

SEAN

...What do you mean you heard nothing from home!.

RORY

(now angry)

Listen, there is no word to be had. No

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

102C CONTINUED:

102C

RORY (cont'd)  
communications, that's the orders, they'll be there on  
the day..

SEAN  
Have you got the money. They have to know you got  
the money.

RORY  
I don't trust those scumbags.

SEAN  
They've looked after me.

RORY  
So I can see.

SEAN  
What do you mean?

RORY  
I mean you better stay in a few nights, Sean, this is no  
time to loose your edge.

SEAN  
I'll be alright.

Rory checks the winches.

RORY  
Everything looks okay.

He checks some charts.

RORY  
It's a high tide on Wednesday. That's good, we'll  
have more time to load up and get out of the harbor.

He looks at Sean who fakes a look of agreement.

103 OMIT

103\*

104 EXT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

104

A small shop on Montauk Main Street

Through the window we see,

104 CONTINUED: 104

Rory AT A COUNTER with a SALESLADY

105 INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - DAY 105\*

Sheila is on the phone closing a real estate deal. \*

SHEILA \*

Mrs. Allison? Sheila O'Meara ..I have good news for  
you..the bank has approved the loan..I've set the  
closing for Monday..that's right..no it was my  
pleasure..you too.. \*

As Sheila hangs up the phone,she looks up to O'Meara standing in front of  
her,obviously in pain, despite the smile on his face. \*

Sheila hits her intercom. \*

SHEILA \*

Betty, I'm taking my lunch. \*

CUT TO: \*

106 INT. DINER - DAY 106\*

A waiter has just taken Sheila's order. He looks at O'Meara who is staring at  
the menu, his mind a million miles away. \*

SHEILA \*

Tom? \*

O'Meara looks up, food the last thing on his mind. \*

SHEILA \*

Can we have another minute? \*

The waiter disappears. Sheila takes O'Meara's menu from him. \*

O'MEARA \*

That Lopez kid..he didn't have a gun in his hand  
when he was shot..he tossed it.. \*

SHEILA \*

What? \*

O'MEARA \*

It was nuts out there..Eddie didn't see him toss it..I  
had the gun when he shot him..it was a wrong call. \*

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA  
So..so you covered for him.

O'MEARA  
I lied about how it went down..now the D.A.'s got a  
witness..

SHEILA  
Oh Jesus..

O'MEARA  
And we all get to tell our story to the Grand Jury.

SHEILA  
What's going to happen Tom..how does  
it end?

O'MEARA  
It ends here..with me..I'm taking my pension..I'm  
retiring.

SHEILA  
(angry)  
23 years..you never took money,you never abused  
your power, you never treated anyone unfairly...

O'MEARA  
I treated that dead kid unfairly..

SHEILA  
He shot at you!

O'MEARA  
And then he dropped the gun..he didn't know what  
the hell he was doing..he was stealing a radio for  
christ sake..you don't get killed for stealing a radio.

SHEILA  
(quietly)  
Tom..it's terrible he's dead..but there's not a cop on  
the street who doesn't make a mistake..and you  
didn't make it..Eddie did.

O'MEARA  
I lied! Don't you understand!

He catches himself

O'MEARA

Sorry..Look..there are things I said I would never do..

SHEILA

One time..you did it one time..that doesn't mean..

O'MEARA

Who knows Sheel..I can't do the job that way..I'm  
done being a cop.

SHEILA

But you love it.

O'MEARA

I love you..I love the kids..I love what we have  
together..I don't love being a cop anymore..I just  
don't..

Sheila takes a long moment to adjust to the sudden left turn her life has taken...

SHEILA

You know I was probably the only Irish girl in Queens  
who didn't want to marry a cop.

O'MEARA

Why didn't you tell me this before I proposed?

SHEILA

You never would have proposed.

CUT TO:



107 INT. O'MEARA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY 107

Sheila's head is on his shoulder.

108 EXT. THE FRONT OF THE O'MEARA HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER - DAY 108

The car BRAKES to a stop.

109 INT. THE CAR - SAME TIME- DAY 109

They both peer at the house. No sign of the second car.

O'MEARA  
Coast looks clear.

THE CAR DOORS OPEN SIMULTANEOUSLY

They hurry together down the front sidewalk.

They skip up the front porch. O'Meara slips in his key. Turns. Pushes inside.

110 INT. O'MEARA HOUSE - DAY 110

Wham! Wham!

O'Meara is WHACKED on the side of the head twice with a gun.

HE GOES DOWN ON ALL FOURS, DAZED.

The MASKED BURGLAR #1 who just rapped O'Meara now covers Sheila's mouth with his hands and PINS HER against the wall.

110 CONTINUED:

110

RUTHLESS, OVER THE EDGE \*

The MASKED MAN points the gun an inch in front of Sheila's eye, forcing her to look into the barrel. Indicates for her to be silent. \*

Sheila nods, yes. He removes his hand from her mouth and clutches her hair hard, gun barrel still in her face. \*

With his foot he pushes the dazed O'Meara onto his side and delivers TWO HARD KICKS to the gut, immobilizing him further.

Another MASKED BURGLAR comes down the staircase. A THIRD emerges from the basement. \*

Both take in the sight of the hostages.

CLOSE TWO-SHOT OF SHEILA AND MASKED MAN #1,

pulling her head back by the hair. He presses against her body.

More a groan than normal voice...

O'MEARA

Leave her alone.

The Second Burglar delivers a KICK to O'Meara's gut, then,

CRASH! A MILLION SHARDS OF GLASS EXPLODE INTO FRAME,

along with A LONG HANDLED GARDEN SHOVEL

thrust like a lance through the window pane. It hits the Lookout at the top of his spine,

DRIVING HIM FIFTEEN FEET ACROSS THE LIVING ROOM.

He SPRAWLS, FACE DOWN, his gun SKITTERING across the floor.

Sheila TUMBLES, dragged down by the his grip on her hair.

RORY LEAPS THROUGH THE WINDOW

TACKLES THE FIRST BURGLAR, rolling him into the living room as O'MEARA UPENDS THE SECOND BURGLAR.

SENDING HIS .45 PISTOL SPINNING ACROSS THE FLOOR \*

(CONTINUED)

Everyone regains their feet. Two separate, rough and tumble fights ensue, with  
FLYING FISTS, ELBOWS AND KNEES

Rory is locked with his opponent face to face, arms pinned to his sides by the  
bigger man.

The Irish streetfighter tilts back, then

SNAPS HIS HEAD FORWARD, SMASHING THE FIRST BURGLAR'S NOSE

Now he YANKS THE BURGLAR'S JACKET OVER HIS HEAD,

immobilizing his arms.

BAM BAM BAM

A SERIES OF UPPERCUTS ROCK THE BURGLAR'S FACE

while nearby O'MEARA FIGHTS THE SECOND BURGLAR. \*

The dazed BURGLAR #1 stumbles to his feet, sees \*

SHEILA CRADLING THE PHONE. She punches in three numbers.

SHEILA

Help! Send help! Twenty two forty Cornelia  
Avenue...

MASKED BURGLAR #1 YANKS THE PHONE OUT OF THE WALL. \*

She hollers into the dead phone:

SHEILA

Hurry!

REACHES FOR HIS GUN. PRESSES IT TO SHEILA'S HEAD.

O'Meara and Rory FREEZE \*

Flings sheila across the room.

MASKED BURGLAR

#1

Face the wall! Face it!

110 CONTINUED: (3)

110

She sprawls into O'Meara's arms, as the three of them turn and face the wall.

THE BURGLAR pulls out one of those Marlboro Zippo lighters, flicks it on. \*

RORY looks back over his shoulder, and sees \*

BURGLAR SETS FIRE TO THE DRAPES \*

He waits, watching it catch fire, then

all three BURGLARS exit the house.

Rory and O'Meara rush over,

RIP DOWN AND STOMP THE BURNING DRAPES TOGETHER

until the fire is put out.

O'Meara and Rory exchange a long look of relief and mutual respect mixed with thanks on O'Meara's part.

O'Meara goes over to Sheila. Hugs and comforts her.

THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW

they see two police cruisers

LIGHTS FLASHING, NO SIRENS

pulling up to the curb.

O'Meara starts to move out of Sheila's grasp.

O'MEARA

I'll just let them know --

She clings to him, won't let go, so...

THEY WALK TOGETHER OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

RORY'S POV (STILL INSIDE):

The cops jump out, guns drawn. O'Meara raises his hands to signal "it's okay."

Rory turns, moves to the big .45 pistol on the floor, picks it up and  
DISAPPEARS THROUGH THE DOORWAY \*

111 INT. THE BASEMENT - DAY 111

Rory quickly checks the basement ceiling is intact, then leaves by the storm doors. \*

112 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - A VERY SHORT TIME LATER - DAY 112

O'Meara is talking to one of the UNIFORMED COPS who responded to the call:

O'MEARA  
It's off the wall. These guys weren't crackheads.  
What are they doing on a B and E in the middle of the  
afternoon? They weren't walking off with the TV's.

UNIFORMED COP  
(shrugs)  
We'll let the detectives answer that one.

O'Meara's attention is caught by something outside.

O'MEARA'S POV: THROUGH THE WINDOW

RORY walking off briskly down the street.

REACTION SHOT

A PUZZLED O'MEARA, SUSPICION ALREADY CREEPING IN.

113 INT. O'MEARA HOUSE - NIGHT - ONE HOUR LATER 113

On the couch

The girls have returned and are consoling Sheila. In fact Sheila is consoling the girls as well. Meanwhile...

FINGERPRINT GUYS dust, talking among themselves.

A CARPENTER fits a piece of plywood over the broken window.

114 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT 114\*

Is speaking to a DETECTIVE, late forties, Italian-looking. \*

DETECTIVE

Any sign of --

BOOMING VOICE

-- IGNORANT STATEN ISLAND CRIMINALS...

A tall man in a Captain's uniform enters. This is CAPTAIN QUINN. \*

QUINN \*

... breaking into a cop's house? Hello O'Meara.  
Sheila seems okay. (beat) So where's the lad, the  
Irish hero?

O'MEARA

Must have wandered off.

Quinn pulls O'Meara to the side. \*

QUINN \*

You haven't gotten any crazy Colombians mad at  
you?

O'Meara gives a firm headshake, no.

QUINN \*

Middle of the day and they weren't teenagers. Seems  
weird. \*

O'Meara shrugs dismissively.

O'MEARA

Who knows. The world gets crazier every day.

114 CONTINUED:

114

Kelly pulls O'Meara to the side.

**KELLY**

You haven't gotten any crazy Colombians mad at you?

O'Meara gives a firm headshake, no.

**KELLY**

Middle of the day? They weren't teenagers? Seems off.

O'Meara shrugs dismissively.

**O'MEARA**

Who the hell knows Jim. The world gets crazier every day.

115 EXT. NONDESCRIP LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT

115

It's been converted to living lofts. Rory enters.

116 INT. LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT

116

Rory scans the five or six names on the mailboxes and continues in.

Climbs the staircase. There is one apartment per floor.

He stops on the second floor. Rings. Waits. the peephole opens, then the door opens, to reveal,

**SEAN, SURPRISED AND IMMEDIATELY CONCERNED**

**SEAN**

You alright?

Rory nods. Sean motions for him to hold up a moment...

**SEAN**

(calls inside)

Wait back in the bedroom, luv. I've got a bit of private business.

While they wait a moment Sean gives a BIG WINK, then opens the door wide to reveal to Rory:

The door opens. Rory walks in. Calm as a Spring day. Burke looks up from his ledger. Rory regards a thug with a black eye who comes to attention as Rory sits down opposite Burke. For a long moment Rory and Burke stare at each other. Then..

RORY

What's this all about?

Burke says nothing.

RORY

I asked you a question Mr. Burke.

Still nothing.. Without warning, Rory swings his gun around and..BOOM!! He blows a cap into the thug's knee. The thug goes down.

THUG 1

AAAHHH!!!

Rory swings the gun on Burke.

BURKE

Look..You didn't come here to kill me..I know you're perfectly capable of doing it but no me..no missiles.. and we both know you're not going to jeopardize..the cause..over a family of strangers..

RORY

Keep them out of this.

BURKE

I didn't put 'em in it..you did ..listen..I'm a businessman..and this is how it works..money comes in..money goes out..if more goes out than comes in, I'm out of business..I just want my money.

RORY

I told you the situation.

BURKE

Yes, well, I think Sean would like to talk to you about that.

RORY

I'll give him a call then.

BURKE

Well you could give him a call..if he was home..but he's not home.

(CONTINUED)



116 CONTINUED: 1

There is no mistaking Burke's meaning. Rory's mouth tightens, slightly.

BURKE

And if you ever want to see him again..

Burke holds his hand out.

BURKE

Give me the gun.

Rory hesitates.

BURKE

Can I show you something? I'm just going to reach down here..

As Rory's gun follows him, Burke reaches behind the desk slowly, and comes up with..Sean's leather jacket. He tosses the jacket on the desk, watching Rory's reaction. Relishing it.

BURKE

You know I'm not bullshitting you.. come on Rory Devaney.

With great reluctance, Rory hands over the gun.

BURKE

Atta boy..now come on..let's go see old Sean..

116A EXT. ALLEY - DAY

REV. 4/1/96 RMK

As the camera pans from above Burke leads a wary Rory through a junk strewn alley.

BURKE

I keep saying I'm gonna get this cleaned up but I never do..

Rory looks around at the shadows, trying to keep sharp, alert.

BURKE

It's not my nature to let things stay messy..I like things neat..orderly..

Burke comes to the rear end of a car parked under a tunnel leading to the darkened street beyond. From the shadows Teddy and two of his thugs emerge, armed.

BURKE

Resolved..

Burke pops the trunk of the car to reveal..Sean. Gagged, trussed, terrified. Ignited, Rory goes to move. On of the thugs raises his gun to Rory's head, stopping him cold. Teddy raises Sean's hand from inside the trunk. It is bloody, mangled. Two fingers chopped off.

Rory is impotent, enraged. Teddy flips Sean's hand back in the trunk.

Burke slams the trunk of the car, hits it once. The car takes off down the tunnel, disappearing down the street.

BURKE

Go get my money..we'll do the deal..as you can see time is of the essence.

Burke hands Rory back his gun, and with the smugness of a man in control walks back down the alley.

A sexy WOMAN slinks away, into the bedroom.

The furnishings are those of a poor boy who has recently come into money for the very first time, with top of the line stereo equipment, etc.

Rory looks around the entire place.

RORY

This is the few dollars in your pocket, is it.

SEAN

Not a tuppence on credit. All fully paid for.

Rory motions toward the rear bedroom.

RORY

And her?

SEAN

(smiles)

Cash and carry, too.

A silence while Rory examines the stereo for a bit, then:

RORY

I need you at my back when I take delivery.

SEAN

Why?

RORY

That tub of blarney bullshit you work for sent fookin' thugs into the O'Meara house to steal my money.

SEAN

(shocked)

Jesus Christ.

RORY

It was like being back in a flat on the Falls Road.

SEAN

(wryly)

Not much to be said for that, is there.

(beat )

Billy Burke. I oughten to be surprised.  
But I am.

RORY

I'll ask you a blunt question, Sean.

A brief wave of concern passes over Sean's face.

RORY

(off the surroundings)

Your loyalties are all in order, are they?

SEAN

I'll be there at your back in two more  
days. And I'll not hold that question  
against you, Frankie.

RORY

Good.

SEAN

You've feathered yourself a cozy little  
nest over there. Will your Yanks adopt  
you when this is over?

RORY

They're good people.

SEAN

It's what makes them dangerous. You  
know the rules, Frankie. Emotional ties  
and all that.

RORY

(reflectively)

What's the last emotional tie either one of  
us has had?

Sean's mood lightens.

SEAN

(motions to bedroom)

I was busy forming one when you walked

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEAN (CONT'D)

in. (beat) Look at the bright side of things. They didn't get the money.

A silence while Rory studies him hard. Sean isn't comfortable.

RORY

Who told you that?

Sean's face betrays confusion and guilt. He tries a smile.

SEAN

Well you did. You did when you came in. They almost got my money, you said.

Rory shakes his head no.

SEAN

You must have done. I didn't get it out of thin air.

A silence while Sean SQUIRMS.

RORY

(cold)

Sold me out for money? You traitorous bastard.

Sean's tone shifts to anger.

SEAN

I'm no traitor. It wasn't me tried to take the money.

RORY

It was. You sent them.

Sean's guilt is obvious. He becomes resentful and angry.

SEAN

I'm no traitor. I wanted to live like a human being for ten fookin' minutes.

RORY

(livid)

If you'd got that money, I couldn't make the purchase.

(CONTINUED)

SEAN

That's not what's eating you. You've gone dotty over people you're here to use.

Rory pulls out his pistol.

RORY

Never again, Sean.

He FIRES TWO SHOTS, one into each kneecap.

While Sean WRITHES ON THE FLOOR, he exits.

Sean pulls himself to the phone, dials a number.

118 EXT. BACK OF O'MEARA HOUSE - NIGHT

118

The house is dark

Rory goes in the back door.

119 INT. FIRST FLOOR OF HOUSE - NIGHT

119

Rory walks to the BASEMENT DOOR.

120 INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT

120

Rory turns on the light and walks down the stairs. He gets to the bottom of the stairs and sees O'MEARA on the other side of the room. O'Meara does not take his eyes off him.

O'MEARA

Who are you?

Rory does not answer.

O'MEARA

Did you bring this into my home?

Silence again.

O'MEARA

(Beat)

You didn't come from any life on the farm. Did you? It was all lies. Everything you told us. Wasn't it?

Silence.

RORY

I was raised in Belfast. My father was a lawyer, a good man who defended those they didn't want defended. So they killed him. I was eight years old when they broke into our house and shot him in front of our eyes. I was a child. So you know what I did? I closed my eyes and wished with all my might for the U.S. Cavalry to come, John Wayne and his lads, all dressed in blue, gallopin' down the Falls Road, comin' to thrash the bastards. But they shot him again and again and nobody came.

O'MEARA

That doesn't give you the right to bring it into my house!

RORY

No. No indeed...

O'MEARA

You can't stay here.

Rory nods. O'Meara decides.

O'MEARA (CONT)

Monday. Take tomorrow to find a place.  
(pause)

This silence is no longer tense, just uncomfortable. Rory breaks it.

RORY

My feelings for you, for all of you... none of that is a lie.

121 INT. O'MEARA KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

O'Meara, the only one awake, pours orange juice for himself. The phone RINGS.

O'MEARA

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

12

KELLY (VO)

Thomas, it's Kelly. Could you be here at eight o'clock?

O'MEARA

Sure. What is it?

KELLY

Come down. I'll fill you in.

122 EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

12

Long shot of O'Meara crossing the cold, deserted plaza.

He enters the building.

123 INT. HALLWAY OF ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

123

O'Meara exits the elevator, then through a door marked  
DEPUTY INSPECTOR JAMES KELLY, through a  
DESERTED OUTER OFFICE, into...

124 INT. KELLY'S OFFICE - DAY

124

O'Meara enters, scans, goes into cop-wary mode.

Along with Kelly are THREE UNFAMILIAR MEN.

KELLY

Sit down, Thomas.

he chair he indicates isn't really part of the group. It's sort of facing them all.  
O'Meara sits.

CAMERA PANS ACROSS

Two bright-and-shiny faces. Friendly enough.

KELLY

Marc Benjamin. Art Ferris. Supervising  
chiefs with the Bureau.

O'MEARA

The Bureau?

(CONTINUED)



No introduction for the THIRD MAN, whose face we don't see.

He's looking down, perusing a report.

KELLY

And this is Harry Spencer.

The third man looks up.

He flashes a pleasant smile and a nod. Nothing more.

O'Meara looks back to FERRIS and BENJAMIN.

O'MEARA

FBI? This shooting hasn't become a civil rights violation, has it?

KELLY

No.

Ferris hands O'Meara a photo.

INSERT: A PHOTO OF RORY FIVE YEARS YOUNGER, SMILING FOR THE CAMERA, A PRETTY GIRL BESIDE HIM.

FERRIS

Do you know this man?

O'MEARA

Rory Devaney. He's staying with us for awhile.

He looks at them questioningly. Cautious.

O'MEARA

What's this all about?

Ferris nods to Spencer, who hands O'Meara a dossier.

All four study O'Meara as he opens it.

INSERT: MUG SHOT, WITH PRISON NUMBER AND "FRANK DEVOY."

O'Meara studies it intently. Looks up at their impassive faces. O'Meara's face is a mixture of fright and wonder.

(CONTINUED)

He turns to the next sheet.

INSERT: PHOTO OF FIVE BRITISH SOLDIERS IN PUDDLES OF BLOOD  
ON A GRIM STREET.

He turns to another, then starts to flip through fast.

INSERT: IN RAPID SUCCESSION... HALF A DOZEN GRAINY,  
CAPTIONED PHOTOS. Blood. Uniforms. One blends  
into another.

He riffles the remaining sheets like a deck of cards. Closes the dossier. Looks  
up at

THE ACCUSATORY FEDS AND BRIT.

O'Meara registers a subdued horror.

The Brit hands a file card to Ferris, who reads it aloud.

**FERRIS**

Francis Rory McGuire, A.K.A. Frankie  
McGuire, A.K.A. Frankie the Angel, born  
7-27-66 Belfast, Northern Ireland. From  
December 85 to September 89, Unit  
Commander, Falls Road Active Service  
Unit, Belfast Brigade, Provisional Irish  
Republican Army. (pause) Known to  
have personally taken the lives of over 18  
members of the Crown Security Forces.

He sets down the paper.

O'Meara gives a little head shake of disbelief... not of the facts but of life in  
general. The sadness of it.

**BENJAMIN**

(an edge of irony)

Of course this all comes as a great shock  
to you.

**O'MEARA**

(aware of the suspicion)

Yes. It does.

(CONTINUED)

BENJAMIN

Do you contribute to the IRA? Legally, I mean.

O'MEARA

No.

FERRIS.

You're unique. All the Irish cops I know in New York go soft when it comes to the IRA.

KELLY

That's not only untrue, it's bigoted and it's stupid. There are different politics on the job just like in the community.

FERRIS

Neither of us have ever seen it.

KELLY

Your culturally deprived midwest backgrounds get in the way. Want to give me your theory on the Pope taking over America?

BENJAMIN

McGuire brought something home the other night in an airline bag. Any idea what it was?

O'Meara studies him for a moment.

O'MEARA

You've been watching my house.

No answer.

O'MEARA

How long?

No answer.

O'MEARA

(quietly)

Then you saw the break-in.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: [4]

O'Meara looks at all of them.

O'MEARA

You saw us enter our house, knowing who was inside.

O'Meara shakes his head in disgust, rises and goes over to Benjamin angrily, grabs him by the front of his shirt and holds him.

O'MEARA

You son of a bitch. I oughta...

O'Meara regains control and lets go.

KELLY

Tom, they want you to keep your family out of the house this afternoon. They're bringing him in.

FERRIS

He's violent. Probably armed. With a lot at stake. He won't go easy.

125 EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - DAY

O'Meara exits the building, stops at a phone, Dials.

O'MEARA

Sheila? (beat) Everything's fine. Listen up, close. I want you and the girls to get out of the house in the next twenty minutes. You hear me...? Just trust me, Sheila. No questions. Get the girls and get out.

(Beat)

No. And don't tell him why you're leaving.

(Beat)

- Do it, She. Now.

He hangs up and dials another number. As the phone RINGS,

CAMERA PULLS BACK

so we see O'Meara talking into the phone, but we can't hear him.... after a few sentences he hangs up. Walks purposefully across the quiet plaza.

125 INT. MEGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT REV. 4/05/96 RMK

Megan is watching the news of the shootout, when there is a tapping on her window. She turns to Rory. Opening the window, she lets him in...and then she sees the blood soaking through his jacket.

MEGAN

Oh God..

Rory starts to peel the jacket off to reveal a blood soaked shirt underneath.

RORY

It's just a graze..I'm O.K.

Rory sees O'Meara's photo flashing on the screen.

RORY

He didn't deserve this..he's a decent man that one..

MEGAN

I should get the Judge.

Rory stops her.

RORY

We got no friends here..help me with this.

Megan helps him peel his shirt off. He runs water from her tap onto his arm, cleaning the wound. Megan takes a sheet and rips a strip off.

RORY

I'm leaving for home tonight. I'm going to run the boat right up their damn arses.

MEGAN

You can't!

RORY

It's what I'm here for.

MEGAN

No! You're not here to die! That's not what you're here for! It's suicide!

RORY

(angry)  
Was it suicide when they ran at the cannon in 1619?

(MORE)

125 CONTINUED: 1

RORY (cont'd)

Or when they rose up with nothing but a bunch of pitchforks and shovels in 1760? Or during the Easter of 1916..if that's what it takes to get those British bastards off our backs then.. Yes! I'm committing suicide..just like we been doing for 600 bloody years.

He looks at her, his eyes full of rage..and conviction.

MEGAN

Then take me with you!

RORY

Next time.

But she knows there will not be another time..and so does he. She leans across the six inches dividing them, and kisses him flush on the mouth. He kisses her back, and then parts from her.

She pulls him back to her, as if holding him will keep him from what awaits him, protect him from his fate.

MEGAN

Just a while..stay just awhile..

He hesitates..and then takes her in his arms. he buries his mouth on hers, pressing his body to hers. His soul. everything he has held back for all the years, every passion he has denied himself. He pours it all into her.

They begin to make love. Furious, desperate, passionate love.

126 INT/EXT. IN CAR - MOVING - DAY

12

O'Meara drives home. Half a block from his house, he scans the street.

O'MEARA'S POV:

A parked car in which two FBI Men have the house under surveillance.

127 EXT. O'MEARA HOUSE - DAY

12

O'Meara slowly climbs the front steps. Enters.

128 INT. O'MEARA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

12

O'Meara walks through the dining room and into the kitchen.

RORY ISN'T THERE

He quickly checks the windows. Sees nothing. Then:

UNLOCKS THE BACK DOOR

Now he moves toward the basement. Stops at the hatch. Takes out something and slides it into his pocket.

O'Meara knocks once, and enters.

O'MEARA

Rory?

129 INT. THE BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

129

RORY STANDS ON THE BED, GUN IN HIS WAISTBAND,

his hand inside the open ceiling panel.

He quickly PULLS the panel back in place,

DROPS on to the bed and

SLIPS THE GUN under bunched-up blankets as

O'MEARA ENTERS

Rory looks up from his half-packed duffle, which rests on the floor.

RORY

I'll be leaving today.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

He motions toward three small gift-wrapped boxes on the table.

RORY (CONT)

There're a couple of little things for the girls. You'll pass them along for me, won't you?

O'Meara nods.

As they talk Rory continues to pack, taking his things out of the dresser and putting them in the duffel O'Meara sits down.

RORY

Did you ever hear the story of the Outlaw Chieftan, Red Hugh O'Donnell?

O'Meara shakes his head no.

RORY (CONT)

Took a British lord hostage so the rest of the Brits would leave Ireland. Only the Brits broke their word. Attacked Hugh's camp. Killed his wife. Red Hugh was so enraged he cut his hostage into little tiny pieces and escaped, sealing his fate as the scourge of Ireland.

O'Meara takes this in. Considers:

O'MEARA

So who's the good guy?

RORY

Well it's not an American story, is it? It's an Irish story. There are no good guys. God created man in His Own image. Except for the Irish - we're the Devil's Own.

He leans toward the now overstuffed duffel. Has trouble zipping it closed.

RORY (CONT)

Remarkable what one acquires after two months in this country.

(CONTINUED)



O'MEARA

Let me give you a hand.

He walks to Rory.

O'MEARA (CONT)

Squeeze it closed.

Rory grasps the center of the duffle and squeezes it tight, bringing the rows of zipper teeth close.

A HANDCUFF SNAPS ONTO RORY'S RIGHT WRIST

He pulls up, trying to break loose but

O'MEARA IS ALL OVER HIM,

Rory now face down on the bed,

O'MEARA WITH ONE KNEE ON HIS BACK.

CLICK. He slips the second bracelet on.

Rory sits up on the bed. Stares at his captor. Tries to read his face.

RORY

You're a fierce man Tom.

O'MEARA

I'm trying to save your life.

Rory is suddenly very clear, very focused. Not the slightest hint of hesitation or doubt.

RORY

Then what you're doing is wrong. I'm fighting a war, Tom. You're not the enemy.

O'MEARA

You killed eighteen British soldiers.

RORY

What the hell are Brits doing in my country, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

I couldn't answer that.

RORY

But you are. You're taking their side.  
Right now. Let me go.

Rory's hands are maybe a foot from where the gun is buried beneath the blanket.

O'Meara grabs his elbow.

O'MEARA

On your feet.

He pulls Rory up. Catches a split second STARE at something just above O'Meara's head.

O'Meara looks up. Follows the angle of the stare to one of  
THE CEILING PANELS, slightly ajar.

With one eye on Rory, O'Meara

JUMPS UP ON THE BED

and pushes the panel aside. He reaches in, pulls out

THE CARRY-ON BAG

Then jumps down off the bed.

O'MEARA

Is this what your friends were looking for?

Rory is blank-faced. O'Meara HEFTS the bag.

O'MEARA

What's inside, Frankie? Couple pounds  
of Semtex? Caps? Fuses?

He spins around. His eyes SEARCH for a hiding place.

O'MEARA

What else you got down here?

O'Meara grabs the bed mattress, and FLIPS IT on its side.

(CONTINUED)

CLUNK! The sound of metal hitting the floor.

O'Meara steps over the frame, pulls out the blanket and

SEES THE BERETTA.

Stoops down and picks it up.

O'MEARA

In case you run into any British soldiers?

O'Meara ZIPS OPEN the carry-on.

RORY

It's not your business Tom.

O'MEARA

You've made it my...

Peers inside. Doubletakes. Then DUMPS THE CONTENTS onto the floor.

TWO MILLION DOLLARS TUMBLE OUT

in banded stacks of hundreds.

VOICE (OC)

Trick or treat.

They both look up at

DIAZ

at the bottom of the stairs. He lowers his gun. Smiles.

DIAZ

Some kind a help you need.

130 INT. O'MEARA GARAGE - A SHORT TIME LATER - DAY

O'Meara opens the car trunk. Throws the carry-on bag inside. To Rory:

O'MEARA

Get in back. Get down on the floor. Flat.  
Eddie, you drive.

He opens the back door. Rory stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

13

Rory enters. Lies down on the floorboards. The two cops get in front.

O'Meara hits the remote. The garage door opens. They pull out.

131 INT/EXT. DRIVING PAST THE HOUSE - DAY

13

O'MEARA

Not too fast, hot dog.

They pass by one of the FBI vehicles. O'Meara gives a little salute.

Two more vehicles appear through the windshield, heading toward the house.

THEY WHIZ BY.

O'Meara turns around, looks back through the rear window:

SIX DIFFERENT VEHICLES SUDDENLY CONVERGE UPON THE HOUSE

FBI agents run out, heading for all four sides.

O'MEARA

(to Diaz, sharply)

Move. Move. What're you waiting for?

Diaz hits the gas. They zoom away. The house disappears from sight.

132 INT/ EXT. THE CAR - MOVING - DAY

132

Diaz drives. Rory is sitting up now in the back, still cuffed.

They drive around the Municipal Building, then up Park Row. Traffic is terrible. A van moves out, blocking their way.

O'MEARA

What's the hold up?

DIAZ

Gridlock with that fucking truck. Wait a minute...

Diaz puts the car in park, gets out and walks up to the truck, shouting and gesticulating at the driver. After a beat:

O'MEARA

I'm sorry. I had to do it.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

It doesn't matter now, does it?

A beat, then O'Meara leans his head out the window and shouts:

O'MEARA

Hey, hurry it up!

Without warning, Rory raises his leg and

SLAMS HIS HEEL INTO O'MEARA'S HEAD.

He keeps slamming him, again and again, kicking him senseless. O'Meara slumps in the seat, moaning, semi-conscious...

Diaz still remonstrates with the truck driver, unaware....

Rory quickly searches O'Meara's pockets, finds the keys to the cuffs and unlocks them, then grabs O'Meara's gun and

LEAPS FROM THE CAR

just as Diaz returns. Diaz freezes, hand on his own gun. A beat, then Diaz slowly starts to draw.

RORY

Don't!

DIAZ

Go to hell!

RORY

No, wait, you don't under -

DIAZ

- Go to hell!

RORY

Don't! PLEASE!

DIAZ

GO TO HELL!

RORY

Yes, I'm sure I will.

Diaz draws and fires as Rory does.

(CONTINUED)

DIAZ FALLS TO THE PAVEMENT, CLUTCHING HIS THROAT.

Rory GRABS at his side, where he's been hit.

He dashes around to the trunk of the car and SHOOTS OUT the lock. Drops the gun in his pocket then pops the trunk open. He grabs the bag of money.

INTO FRAME, OVER THE TOP OF THE TRUNK, A DIVING O'MEARA slams into Rory, knocking the money away.

They fight. Rory is focused on getting away with the money, O'Meara with stopping him.

IN THE DISTANCE, POLICE CARS APPROACHING

They continue to exchange blows. Rory ROCKS O'Meara one last time, sending him sprawling on the ground beside Diaz.

THE POLICE CARS COME CLOSER

Rory sees them... and is forced to run WITHOUT THE MONEY.

He slips off down a side street.

O'MEARA CRAWLS NEXT TO EDDIE

who is stretched out on the cold pavement, right hand still clutching his weapon.

O'Meara reaches out a hand and fingers the gold cross that hangs just beneath the fatal neck wound. He feels beneath Diaz's shirt, touches the Kevlar vest that was useless in saving his life.

IN AN INSTANT, THE PATROLMEN ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE

walkies talkies CRACKLING with the news.

PATROLMAN #1

Sir, can you hear me? Can you understand what I'm saying? The ambulance is on its way.

O'MEARA

(in a fog)

I'm a cop. He's a cop. We're cops.

133 INT. NEAR SOUTH STREET SEAPORT - DAY

13

Rory, moving along the street, sees several POLICE CARS creeping toward him from different directions, checking out people.

There are numerous Sunday tourists for the Seaport.

He melds into the crowd for a bit and stops at a stand selling hats. Buys one and puts it on.

He moves to a stand where a Peruvian sells alpaca sweaters. Buys one. He ducks into:

134 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

13

With Rory in the men's room, where he leaves his jacket hanging on a stall hook. He undoes his shirt and folds it over his bleeding shoulder, then pulls on the sweater.

135 EXT. UNDER MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DUSK

13

Rory, now in a DIFFERENT SET OF CLOTHES, stands among half a dozen HOMELESS PEOPLE gathered around a fire blazing into a 55 gallon drum.

A passing POLICE CAR pays no attention to him.

136 INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - NIGHT

136

Two DETECTIVES surround O'Meara in the wide open office area. Lots of background action.

They are taking notes. This doesn't feel quite like an interrogation. More like a serious talk.

DETECTIVE #1

How did it work?

O'MEARA

I sponsored a young Irish immigrant. End of story.

A UNIFORMED FEMALE OFFICER WALKS BY

DETECTIVE #1

Hey! You got my bulletin?

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE OFFICER

A.P.B. issued. The file photo's out and running.

And so is she. The detective leans over to watch.

DETECTIVE #1

Nice ass.

O'MEARA

(offended)

You know maybe I got the wrong department. I thought this was homicide.

He stands up. Detective #2 puts a protective arm on O'Meara's shoulder. Quietly:

DETECTIVE #2

Sergeant, if you don't sit down, and give me something to beat back the Feds, they are going to be wiping their asses with your uniform. Kelly or no Kelly.

O'Meara sits. Speaks slowly, as if he were repeating.

O'MEARA

He was packing to leave. So I called my partner. Got the suspect handcuffed with the intent to book him right here, in these offices.

DETECTIVE #1

Shame it didn't work out that way.

137 EXT. FITZSIMMON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

137

Megan, the young nanny, comes out of the house, walking two enormous dogs.

In the window above, we see an upscale New York party in progress.

CAMERA pans with Megan and stays back holding on her as she walks away from CAMERA.

When she gets to the park side, a figure comes out of the shadows and approaches her. It is Rory.

(CONTINUED)



137 CONTINUED:

13

CAMERA holds on the two of them as she takes him back towards the house.

138 INT. GROUND FLOOR OF FITZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

13

She unleashes the dogs, walks with Rory through the service areas. They hurry past the kitchen, to a staircase in the rear.

ON THE STAIRCASE

She stops for a moment, ahead of him, at the first-floor landing, sees that no one in the room is approaching, motions him on up.

SOUNDS OF THE PARTY filter through.

139 INT. THE ATTIC (4TH) FLOOR LEVEL - NIGHT

13

The servants' quarters. The ceilings are lower, windows smaller.

IN MEGAN'S ROOM

The front of the house, overlooking the park. It's cozy and feminine.

She locks the door. Helps get his jacket off. The bulge on his shoulder is caused by his shirt having been opened and doubled around as a padding to absorb blood.

She uses a scissors to cut away his undershirt. The wound isn't gushing blood, but it will continue to bleed unless something is done.

Rory can pretty much see the wound directly. As she wraps paper towels below it:

MEGAN

Squeeze that. I'll get adhesive.

She goes to the door.

140 INT. FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

140

Megan enters the crowded cocktails and hors d'oeuvres party. The GUESTS are New York movers and shakers.

FROM MEGAN'S POV:

Fitzsimmons in the study, watching a small tv.

THRU THE GLASS DOOR

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

14

THE TV PLAYS SILENTLY

Channel One News. Pictures of the Rory/Diaz crime scene, now cordoned off.

A Police SPOKESPERSON talks into the camera.

The MUG SHOT of Rory that the FBI showed O'Meara.

141 INT. DEPUTY INSPECTOR KELLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

14

The opposite feeling of the squad room. Total silence.

Kelly behind his desk. Head in his hands.

O'Meara on a chair, facing him. Not a word.

There's a clock ticking. It's ten o'clock.

KELLY (CONT)

How can I defend you, Thomas? I shot  
my wad yesterday, right in this room.  
Here I was protecting my twenty year  
veteran from the slurs of government  
ignoramuses. But they warned you,  
straight out. They told you the score.

O'MEARA

I was taking him in.

KELLY

Don't sell me that line of crap. You were  
trying to save him.

O'Meara doesn't want to admit it.

KELLY

And poor Eddie, he was just being a cop.  
Loving his job. Driving another bad guy  
downtown.

Kelly plunks himself back down behind the desk. At wit's end:

KELLY

You fucked everybody Tom - including  
yourself.

Kelly stands directly in front of O'Meara. Eye to eye.

(CONTINUED)

141 CONTINUED:

KELLY (CONT)

If you care about your wife, your family and what's left of your career, you ought to go home, go to bed, and stay there until this terrorist is caught. That's all Thomas.

142 INT. MEGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

She has finished putting butterfly bandages on Rory's wound.

RORY

I'm ready to believe you know what you're doing.

MEGAN

Remember the Decton Street ambush? I treated Brendan Mahoney that night.

RORY

And I remember his funeral a few days later.

She smiles, then becomes serious.

MEGAN

They've got your face on the telly.

He nods, unsurprised.

MEGAN (CONT)

There was a body on the street. Covered up.

RORY

A policeman.

He has a haunted look.

MEGAN

You did what you had to do.

Silence.

She pulls up the window shade over the bed. They sit beside one another on the bed, looking out at moonlit Gramercy Park.

(CONTINUED)

MEGAN

It's lovely, walking on those gravel paths.  
(long pause) There's neither of us will be  
going back home, will we?

He takes her hand. She fights back tears.

MEGAN

Can't I go with you?

He shakes his head. She buries her head in his lap. He strokes her hair.

She lifts up her head and faces him.

MEGAN

You know I love you.

He holds her face in his hands. As if to memorize the moment.

RORY

I want to think of you having a wonderful  
life here.

MEGAN

With you, Frankie. With you.

They both sense this will never happen but he gives her a look of love she will  
never forget.

He reaches out to her and kisses her , their passion embodying all their  
dreams.

143 INT. FITZSIMMONS'S HOUSE - LATER ON - NIGHT

Wee hours. The party is long since over. Fitzsimmons is reading.

He hears a door slam downstairs. Listens. Goes to the rear stairway.

The two dogs come up the steps. He pets them. A few moments later, a MAID  
follows.

FITZSIMMONS

Was that the outside door, Janet?

JANET

I had to walk the dogs. They were crying.

(CONTINUED)

FITZSIMMONS

Didn't Megan walk them?

JANET

She stepped out, stepped right back in.

He's surprised. As Janet goes back downstairs, he notices a STAIN on the carpet (where Rory stood briefly).

He examines the spot. Walks along the landing, sees a few more small spots. He walks upstairs to:

144 INT. MEGAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Knocks on the door. Several times.

MEGAN

Who is it?

FITZSIMMONS

I have to speak to him, Megan.

Some noises, then the door opens. Fitzsimmons enters.

Rory sits on the bed, a pair of pants hastily thrown on.

FITZSIMMONS

(to Megan)

Leave us alone.

She walks obediently out the door.

FITZSIMMONS

You never should have come here.  
You've got to leave.

RORY

How soon?

FITZSIMMONS

Now.

As Rory moves around the room, dressing:

RORY

The police have the money.

FITZSIMMONS

It's a loss. We write it off.

RORY

I'll get the weapons anyway.

FITZSIMMONS

That's not smart. There's a lot of people looking for you. Desperately. Get out of the country. Live to fight another day.

Rory places a gun on the dresser.

RORY

We're running low on other days.

FITZSIMMONS

They'll kill you.

Fitzsimmons walks to the door.

RORY

That might be. (slowly) But not until I finish this mission.

145 EXT. FITZSIMMONS HOUSE - DAWN

145

The sun rises over the East River and lights the front of the house. The door opens and,

a determined Rory exits the house, into a new day.

About twenty blocks away, at

146 EXT. POLICE PLAZA - DAWN

146

A haggard looking O'Meara

STEPS OUT INTO THE SAME DAY.

147 EXT. FITZSIMMONS HOUSE - DAY

147

Early morning. O'Meara walks up the imposing stoop. Rings the bell. Janet, the maid, answers. She studies his face for a moment, then:

JANET

Mr. O'Meara. Let me tell him you're here.

(CONTINUED)

147. CONTINUED:

They step inside. Even before she disappears...

FITZSIMMONS

Tom. Come in. Come in.

Fitzsimmons shakes hands with both of his. Walks them into the living room.

FITZSIMMONS

An American policeman dead at that boy's hands. My God, is it the same country our fathers came from?

O'MEARA

Can you point me somewhere, Fitz?

Fitzsimmons stares, too intense to have heard O'Meara:

FITZSIMMONS

Whatever bit of sympathy I had for their cause...

He shakes his head, no...

FITZSIMMONS (CONT)

When the violence hits this close... all their talk of freedom fighting is nonsense, isn't it? Ordinary terrorists.

O'MEARA

He had two million dollars with him.

Fitz expels a little WHOOSH of air. His tone says that he believes O'Meara has the answer to this:

FITZSIMMONS

Where did he get it?

A pause, then O'Meara bites the bullet.

O'MEARA

It will never leave this room, Fitz.

Another pause. Fitz knows what he means.

FITZSIMMONS

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Not a word you say. (beat) This isn't about Ireland or America. It's about a decent cop laying in the morgue because I trusted a man you brought to me. It's simple justice I want now. The kind of justice you've made your whole career.  
(beat)

O'MEARA (CONT.)

Give me a place to go. I need to find him.

A long pause. Fitzsimmon's face softens. He looks into O'Meara's eyes with feeling.

FITZSIMMONS

Tom... I wish to God I could help you.  
(beat) I know nothing.

O'Meara studies him for a bit.

O'MEARA

You're quite a man, Peter. A pillar of the Irish American community.

He turns and walks to the door. Looks back:

O'MEARA

I'll find him. And if he confirms that you knew who he was... Run.

O'Meara exits.

148 EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

O'Meara pops a quarter into a pay phone. Dials.

SHEILA'S VOICE (OC)

Hello?

O'MEARA

I'm okay. Listen to me.

SHEILA'S VOICE (OC)

Oh Tommy. Tommy. Where are you?

(CONTINUED)



O'MEARA

I can't talk, She.

Her voice is thick with emotion.

SHEILA'S VOICE (OC)

Oh Jesus...Poor Eddie. (barely audible)  
How did it happen Tommy? How could it  
happen?

O'Meara listens as she cries into the phone.

O'MEARA

Did Kelly call?

SHEILA'S VOICE (OC)

No. No. But -

O'MEARA

If he calls, lie to him. Tell him I'm asleep.  
Tell him -

SHEILA'S VOICE (OC)

- There was an Irish man. On the  
phone. He left you a message. I didn't  
understand.

O'MEARA

What? What?!

SHEILA'S VOICE (OC)

Where's Rory?

O'MEARA

- What did he say?!

SHEILA'S VOICE (OC)

We watched the news, the girls...

O'MEARA

TELL ME WHAT HE SAID.

There's a long pause.

SHEILA'S VOICE (OC)

"Frankie sails from Montauk on the  
'Lady.'"

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED: [2]

148

ON O'MEARA

reacting, as he stares out at the New York street.

149 EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

149

O'Meara hurries into the station.

150 INT. GRAND CENTRAL - DAY

150

Up on the L.I.R. schedule board, the train TIMES AND NUMBERS flick by. There it is. "Montauk." Track 18.

151 INT. THE PLATFORM - O'MEARA - DAY

151

waits, impatiently, for the train to arrive.

152 EXT. STREET IN JAMAICA, QUEENS - DAY

152

An industrial area. Small factories, small warehouses.

Rory walks purposefully down a dead end street. He heads for the ISLAND CONTRACT TRUCKING CO. "From a Van to a Trailer," a building at the end of the street.

153 EXT. TRUCKING COMPANY - DAY

153

Single story. Cinder block. Several box trailers and flatbeds, without tractors are parked near the building.

Rory walks around the side of the building. He finds a window. Looks in.

A SINGLE LARGE ROOM

serving as a transfer station for palletized goods.

Facing the doors is a flatbed tractor-trailer with an oversized pallet strapped on it. The pallet holds an array

OF STINGER MISSILES

Folded down from each of its four sides is a sheet metal panel, now lying flat; when folded into the upright position the four panels will form a box around the missiles.

Teddy and a HENCHMAN smoke cigarettes near the flatbed.

Burke, further inside, talks to a SECOND HENCHMAN.

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

15

Rory walks around to the door, pounds on it several times. It's opened by Teddy, who smiles in a nasty way.

154 INT. TRUCKING COMPANY - DAY

15

Rory steps in past him. Burke spots Rory and walks forward, along with the Second Henchman.

**BURKE**

New York's favorite fugitive! You sounded a little anxious on the phone. I see you're broken but unbowed. And missing a large package, from the looks of it.

**RORY**

Here's your chance to deliver for dear old Mother Ireland. Take our IOU, Billy. We'll raise the money again in a matter of months.

Burke gestures to his associates:

**BURKE**

Grab an eyeful, boys. Those are Belfast Balls. World renowned.

Burke is through with the compliments. He turns on Rory:

**BURKE**

I don't do business with cop killers, especially when they're broke.

Rory puts his left hand into his pocket... not too fast.

Burke, Teddy and both Henchmen

**DRAW GUNS IMMEDIATELY**

Rory freezes.

**BURKE**

Put just two fingers in that pocket and take out what's in it. Slowwww.

Rory extracts a .32 caliber pistol, squats a bit, drops it.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

We need the missiles, Billy. You know that as well as I.

BURKE

But do you know what they'll fetch me in a Middle East bazaar? Teddy. Jerry. Give him a tour of Jamaica Bay.

As they approach, Rory calmly pulls a gun and

In lightning fast succession, he

SHOOTS ALL FOUR OF THEM,

one shot apiece, with the pistol

Rory takes a few steps forward to check the bodies.

SWINGS THE PANELS INTO PLACE

He fixes them to one another at the corners with toggle fasteners. It now looks as though a large metal shipping container is strapped to the trailer. The sides of the container are stencilled:

JEFFERSON SUPPLY COMPANY

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

SHIP CHANDLERS

Rory activates the overhead door switch, climbs into the cab.

THE TRUCK PULLS OUT

onto the letter-strewn, dead end street.

155 EXT. THE DRY DOCK - SUNSET

155

Rory drives the truck right up to the edge of the pier.

The MONTAUK LADY waits - bow pointing towards the ocean, stern raised up in the air, attached by two THICK ROPES to a large winch.

Rory hurries around to the back of the flatbed. Cranks open the straps that hold the missile container onto the truck. Quickly, he pulls the straps around the entire pallet and ties them off into a makeshift cradle harness. Jumps down.

(CONTINUED)

155 CONTINUED:

Now he climbs the scaffolding that leads to the deck of the fishing boat. Scoots up to the boat's own power WINCH, that is used to lift the heavy fishing nets out of the water. Rory manuevers the winch line above the missile pallet, and HOOKS ON to the strap harness. He sets the winch in motion.

SLOWLY, THE MISSILES RISE OFF THE FLATBED

Rory maneuvers them over the ship's cargo hold.

156 EXT. MONTAUK HARBOR - A SHORT TIME LATER

O'Meara, in a car, races by the line of fishing vessels in the water.

157 EXT. ON DECK THE SHIP - NIGHTFALL

Rory finishes unloading the missiles into the cargo hold. Closes the hatch.

Now he looks up. Studies the rope lines that stretch from the stern to the dry dock winch.

He climbs up into the wheelhouse. Inserts the key and turns it to check the power systems. A board of lights FLASH ON. The engine is engaged.

Rory switches the power off. Turns around, and grabs an axe hanging next to the fire extinguisher.

He walks the axe over to the edge of the stern. Takes aim and starts

CHOPPING AT THE FOUR INCH THICK ROPE

He strokes evenly, ignoring the pain that shoots up from his shoulder.

The strands fray and break, fray and break until

THE HUGE LINE SNAPS IN TWO.

As the loose end falls into the water,

THE BOAT LISTS SIDEWAYS

Rory steps over to the other side of the stern, where the second rope now holds the entire weight of the one hundred and ten foot ship.

Preparing to swing the axe, he catches sight of

CAR HEADLIGHTS

speeding up to the dock.

(CONTINUED)

Rory starts in on the rope. Chop. Chop.

The car disappears behind the side of the dry dock. Then reappears, speeding with its HEADLIGHTS pointed toward the town.

Rory stops. Listens. Hears only the sound of the boat CREAKING. He CHOPS again. Stops. Hears a different sound.

He puts the axe down silently. Looks back at the rope, now half-frayed. Draws his pistol from his waistband.

Leaning in against the wall of the main cabin, he can make out the shadow of the scaffolding that butts against the ship.

A figure DARTS by. Rory takes aim. Moves forward to the edge of the cabin wall. Waits.

His eyes check the STRING OF LIGHTS that illuminate the sides of the dry dock. Now he listens.

A VOICE breaks the silence.

O'MEARA (OC)

RORY.

Rory tries locating O'Meara's position by his voice.

O'MEARA (OC)

It's over now. It's all over.

The boat CREAKS slowly, from side to side.

O'MEARA (OC)

Where can you hide?

Rory starts to backtrack, CIRCLING clockwise around the main cabin.

O'MEARA (OC)

Where can you go?

Rory reaches the first corner. Inches forward. Sees himself clear.

O'MEARA (OC)

Let's break the cycle. Right now. You and me. No more killing. No revenge. None of it.

(CONTINUED)

Rory finishes the circle. Comes upon O'Meara, ten feet ahead, HIS BACK TO RORY.

He's facing the stern. Speaks into the darkness.

O'MEARA

If we stop, if we put down our guns...

O'Meara stops, turns his head slowly around, instinctively conscious of RORY, POINTING HIS GUN STRAIGHT AT HIM

He stares, fearless and vulnerable, straight into Rory's eyes.

Rory blinks. Looks at his gun hand, as if it belonged totally to someone else. Wonders why the finger doesn't pull the trigger.

Suddenly there is a loud SNAP as the frayed winch rope gives way.

Simultaneously:

THE BOAT LURCHES FORWARD AT A SHARP ANGLE

RORY AND O'MEARA HURTLE TOWARDS THE BOW

tripping and sliding until

THEY CRASH INTO A FORE WALL, guns skittering.

Now the deck HEAVES UP in the other direction as the boat

RIGHTS ITSELF, SPLASHING INTO THE WATER.

When the rocking subsides, we see

O'MEARA, ON ALL FOURS

facing off fifteen feet from

RORY, ON ALL FOURS.

The guns lay between them. O'Meara's pistol four feet in front, and pointing the wrong way. Rory's a similar distance in front of him, but pointing at O'Meara.

They glance at each other. Down at the guns. Then back, eye to eye.

(CONTINUED)

RORY

Don't do it, Tom. Don't make me shoot you.

O'MEARA

There's another way.

RORY

It's not an American story. Remember?

O'MEARA

We can change it.

Rory shakes his head no.

RORY

It's an Irish story.

O'MEARA

We can change it!

The boat is DRIFTING NOW, out into the harbor. As it sways in the water, on deck

THE GUNS INCH BACK AND FORTH

RORY

How?

O'Meara has no answer.

RORY (CONT)

Go home. Go home to your island. I'll go home to mine.

O'MEARA

I can't do that.

Like two cats, they face off, backs stiffening, ready to pounce.

RORY

Neither can I.

Their eyes meet. Rory smiles.

(CONTINUED)



RORY

You see?

It's like a signal.

O'MEARA

Yes. I see.

INSTANTLY, THE TWO MEN DIVE FOR THEIR WEAPONS:

O'MEARA GRABS THE GUN, ROLLS...

RORY GRABS HIS GUN, BUT DOESN'T ROLL

HE FIRES OFF THE MARK AS O'MEARA FIRES.

BOOM BOOM BOOM! THREE BULLETS RIP INTO RORY'S TORSO.

He staggers back. Drops his gun.

O'Meara runs over. Props Rory up by his shoulders.

O'MEARA

God damn you! Damn you!

Rory is bleeding, everywhere. Quiet voiced:

RORY

Well then...

O'MEARA

Jesus... Jesus...

Rory coughs. He's going. He is barely able to whisper. O'Meara bends down to try to understand what he is saying.

O'MEARA

I can't, I don't know how.

Rory begs him with his eyes.

O'MEARA

I'm not a priest.

Finally O'Meara takes Rory's hand and crosses himself:

(CONTINUED)

O'MEARA

Oh, my God I am heartily sorry for having  
offended thee..

Rory reaches up and touches O'Meara's face.

O'MEARA

Are you sorry for all the sins of your past  
life?

Rory nods.

O'MEARA

Are you sorry for having offended God?

He nods again.

O'MEARA

Then in the name of the Father, the Son,  
and the Holy Ghost.....

Rory's hand falls away as he dies. O'Meara's voice drops:

O'MEARA

....I absolve you.

O'Meara cradles him in his arms, a father holding his dead son..

CAMERA PULLS BACK INTO THE SKY, LEAVING THEM SMALL FIGURES IN  
THE VASTNESS OF SPACE AND SEA.

FADE OUT