

T H E G U A R D

B Y

J O H N M I C H A E L M C D O N A G H

Final Shooting Draft - Containing all revisions

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10

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10

EXTREME CLOSE-UPS of cash, a condom and a small clear plastic bag containing two grams of coke, two Ecstasy tablets, and a tab of LSD with a smiley face.

BOYLE replaces the cash and the condom, gets up and strolls over to the other side of the bridge.

He fishes inside the plastic bag, takes out the LSD and swallows it --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the tab of LSD with a smiley face.

He tosses the bag. Looks out over the water at the sunrise.

BOYLE

What a beautiful fucking day.

11

INT. OPENING TITLES - DAY

11

OVERHEAD SHOT -- BOYLE asleep on his bed. Wearing only blue-and-yellow Marks & Spencer Y-fronts, and a white undershirt. His beer-belly peeping through.

A large poster of Daniel O'Donnell on the wall above him. An half-empty bottle of dessert wine on his nightstand, beside a copy of Sabatini's *Scaramouche*. Swimming trophies arrayed in a glass cabinet.

BOYLE throws an arm out suddenly, fighting some demon in his dreams, and wakes up.

BOYLE crosses his bedroom, still in his underwear, and scratching at his balls.

CLOSE on -- a blue shirt, with three chevrons, buttoned up over his paunch.

CLOSE on -- a navy tie sloppily knotted.

CLOSE on -- navy trousers awkwardly hopped into.

CLOSE on -- a utility belt, with handcuffs and baton, buckled up, showing its Garda Crest.

CLOSE on -- safety boots stamped down.

CLOSE on -- a navy tunic jacket, with three chevrons, buttoned up.

CLOSE on -- a navy cap placed firmly on his head.

BOYLE looks sourly at his reflection in a cupboard mirror.

12

EXT. CONNEMARA - DAY

12

Skyscapes, with banks of cloud, low horizons.

13

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

13

Garda AIDAN MCBRIDE waits by the door with two coffees.

BOYLE drives up. Gets out, looks around --

TWO LITTLE GIRLS are looking on.

MCBRIDE approaches BOYLE, holding out a coffee.

BOYLE

Who the fuck are you?

MCBRIDE

Aidan McBride, Sergeant.

BOYLE

Don't know ya.

MCBRIDE

I've just been transferred from
Dublin.

BOYLE

Big-city boy, hah? And here's me,
just a lowly country nobody.

MCBRIDE

"Lonely"?

BOYLE

Hah?

MCBRIDE

A "lonely country nobody"?

BOYLE

"Lowly". "Lowly".

MCBRIDE

Oh "lowly". I thought you said
"lonely".

BOYLE

Not too sharp on the uptake, hah?
You'll go far in this outfit.

BOYLE takes the coffee from MCBRIDE, sips it, grimaces,
and tosses it to the ground --

BOYLE

A fucking latte is my drink.

MCBRIDE

They told me cappuccino.

BOYLE walks off, smiling to himself.

14

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

14

A DEAD MAN slumped against a wall. Twenties, blond hair. A halo of blood and brain matter about his head from a single bullet wound.

Pages from a book stuffed into his mouth. "5 1/2" painted in red on the wall above his head. A pot-plant balanced on his crotch.

BOYLE and MCBRIDE survey the scene. A PHOTOGRAPHER taking photos with an archaic camera, the bulb popping.

BOYLE

What the fuck is he doing here?

MCBRIDE

He's the scene-of-crime photographer.
What do you--

BOYLE

Are you soft in the head or what?

(to the PHOTOGRAPHER)

Get out of here, Mick, before I tell your Mammy what you've been up to.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Sure it's all good clean fun,
Sergeant. I have what I need anyways.

He pats his camera and hustles out the door just as BOYLE shapes to give him a kick. MCBRIDE looks puzzled.

BOYLE

I'm worried about that lad, now.
He has an interest in the photographic arts that I can only describe as unhealthy.

(examining the DEAD MAN)

He looks like Brendan Foley.

MCBRIDE produces a pad and pen, noting the name.

MCBRIDE

You know him?

BOYLE

I knew his auld fella. He ran off with my second cousin. I say "ran off", the auld fella was in a wheelchair. He was a...what-d'ya-call-it?

MCBRIDE

Paraplegic?

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Spastic, yeah.
(pause)
Wheeled off.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the name "Brendan Foley",
underlined.

MCBRIDE

Brendan Foley. I'll get onto this--

BOYLE

I said he looked like Brendan Foley,
I didn't say it was Brendan Foley.

MCBRIDE looks at BOYLE.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the name "Brendan Foley", crossed
out.

BOYLE

This place is rented out to tourists.

MCBRIDE

I know. I'll check with the woman in
the office. I couldn't see any ID here.

BOYLE squats beside the DEAD MAN. He takes the pages from
his mouth and studies them.

MCBRIDE

Ah...Should you, ah...Should you be
removing those?

BOYLE

From the Bible, looks like. I knew
there'd be a fucking religious angle.

He tosses them aside. Looks at the DEAD MAN again.

BOYLE

He was a good-looking lad.
Lovely lips.

MCBRIDE shoots BOYLE a look.

BOYLE

The significance of the pot-plant
has me somewhat perplexed.

MCBRIDE

Maybe it's genus is a clue.

BOYLE

"Genus", hah? Fancy.

(CONTINUED)

He removes the pot-plant. Places his hand on the DEAD MAN's crotch and looks up at the ceiling, like some kind of weird psychic.

MCBRIDE

What the hell are you doing?

BOYLE

I have the gift. Did nobody tell ya?

MCBRIDE is confused.

BOYLE

You never interfered with a corpse before? It's great gas.

MCBRIDE

Ah now, listen, I don't think--

BOYLE

I'm just messing. Lighten up, for fuck's sake.

He pats the DEAD MAN's crotch. Stands up. Lights a cigarette.

MCBRIDE

I really don't think that was appropriate.

BOYLE

Ah, would you fuck off to America with your "appropriate", fucking Barack Obama.

MCBRIDE

I was only saying--

BOYLE

Any money in the house?

MCBRIDE

What? No. I mean, I haven't checked.

BOYLE

You haven't checked if there's any money in the house? What kind of a fucking guard are you, anyways?

MCBRIDE is at a loss how to reply.

BOYLE puts his hand to the wall --

BOYLE

Five and a half.

(pause)

Five and a half.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE (CONT'D)

(pause)

Now what the fuck would that mean?

MCBRIDE

There's a film called *8 1/2*. Fellini.

BOYLE looks blankly at him.

MCBRIDE

There's another film called *Se7en*.

BOYLE

Are you just going to list a load of fucking film titles with numbers in them? I can do that, sure. *Four for Texas*. *Robin and the Seven Hoods*. *Ten Thousand Bedrooms*. Is that your idea of police work, hah?

MCBRIDE

I was only saying.

BOYLE

Well don't say.

He blows smoke rings.

MCBRIDE

Maybe this is the killer's five and a half...halfth victim.

BOYLE

(feigning interest)

Go on.

MCBRIDE

Maybe he's killed four people before now, and he's maimed another lad. Cut off his legs maybe. Which would be the half. So this would be victim number five and a half.

BOYLE

Interesting theory. So what you're saying is, we may very well have a serial killer on our hands.

MCBRIDE

It's a distinct possibility.

BOYLE

Well that'd be a first for Galway. Won't the big-city boys be jealous about that when they find out?

MCBRIDE

They will indeed.

(CONTINUED)

14

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14

BOYLE

Not such a backward little town then,
hah?

MCBRIDE

No indeed.

BOYLE

That's right. Now go and see if
there's any money in the house.

MCBRIDE looks blankly at BOYLE. Then turns and exits.

BOYLE

Fucking serial killer. The idiocy
I have to deal with.

15

INT. HOSPICE (DOCTOR OLEYUWO'S OFFICE) - DAY

15

BOYLE, in uniform, sitting opposite the hospice's
physician, Doctor MOSES OLEYUWO. Fifty, Nigerian,
beautifully-tailored clothes. He is signing documents.

OLEYUWO

Six to eight weeks is the prognosis.

BOYLE

That's what they told me.

OLEYUWO

That is how long she has, then.

BOYLE

She looks fine. Healthy.

OLEYUWO

It is not what is on the outside that
counts, it is what is on the inside.
Eating away at you.

BOYLE

I just want her to be comfortable,
that's all.

OLEYUWO looks up. He signs a last document and closes
the file. Caps his ink pen. Pockets it. Sits back in
his chair and sighs.

OLEYUWO

I am sorry. I have been a little...
You get like this sometimes in this
line of work.

BOYLE

Sure don't I know well. I have the
same thing.

(CONTINUED)

OLEYUWO

Next of kin?

BOYLE

Yeah.

OLEYUWO

You do not have that many murders here, surely?

BOYLE

Drunk drivers. Suicides.

OLEYUWO

Ah yes. Of course.

BOYLE

I don't really give a fuck about the drunk drivers, to be honest. I've seen enough innocent people get killed. The suicides are tough, though.

OLEYUWO

What do you say to them? The family.

BOYLE

What can you say? You have to pretend to be sad, that's the main thing.

OLEYUWO

I know. Pretending to be sad is what they pay me for, I always think.

BOYLE

Yeah. Like newsreaders.

OLEYUWO

I am sorry?

BOYLE

Newsreaders. They always put on their sad faces and lower their voices when they have to announce a calamity, as if they really give a shite. They're all jolly at the end, then, as if nothing's happened.

OLEYUWO considers this. He nods.

OLEYUWO

I would never have made that analogy, but you are right.

He opens a drawer, dips in a hand and, like a magician, produces a bottle of Maker's Mark.

(CONTINUED)

15

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15

OLEYUWO

Will you join me?

BOYLE

I will.

OLEYUWO sets down the bottle, produces two glasses.
Starts to pour. Pauses.

OLEYUWO

You would not know how to play
Downfall, would you?

BOYLE

Downfall?

OLEYUWO opens another drawer and, like a magician,
produces Downfall, a children's game from the '70s.

BOYLE

Oh. Yeah.

OLEYUWO

(extremely pleased)

Yes? Very good.

He and BOYLE move in closer to the desk and start
setting up the game.

OLEYUWO

I used to play this game with my
brother all the time, when we were
children. He used to cheat, if you
can believe this.

BOYLE

He used to cheat at Downfall?

OLEYUWO

I know. Some people, you know.

BOYLE

I know. It makes you wonder.

They start to play.

16

EXT. HOSPICE - DAY

16

EILEEN BOYLE, a robust-looking seventy-year-old, is
sitting in the garden, reading a paperback. OTHER
PATIENTS stroll dolefully about the grounds.

BOYLE appears. Sits in the empty chair beside EILEEN.
He glances around, then takes a packet of cigarettes
from his pocket and passes them to her.

EILEEN surreptitiously tucks away the cigarettes inside
her voluminous clothing.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

What are you reading?

EILEEN shows him the book --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the Penguin paperback edition of Goncharov's *Oblomov*.

BOYLE

Never got into the Russians. They take too long getting to the fucking point.

EILEEN

Not even Dostoyevsky, no?

BOYLE

Ah come on, he was the main offender.

EILEEN

You have to hand it to him, he did well for himself, for an epileptic.

(pause)

Chekhov?

BOYLE

Overrated.

EILEEN

(after a pause)

Pushkin's Grandda was a black lad.

BOYLE

Is that right?

(pause)

Gogol was good.

EILEEN

He went doolally in the end, though, God love him.

BOYLE glances round, then takes a hip-flask from a side pocket and passes it to EILEEN. She quickly unscrews the top and takes a long swallow.

BOYLE

How are you settling in?

EILEEN

Alright, I suppose. They're all so fucking boring.

BOYLE

Who are?

EILEEN

The inmates. Gloomy.

She hands back the hip-flask.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

I suppose they have a right to be gloomy.

EILEEN

There's no need to make such a fucking song-and-dance about it.

The OTHER PATIENTS traipse by them gloomily.

BOYLE

I see your point. Rubbing it in, like.

EILEEN

Rubbing it in is right.

BOYLE

(after a pause)

How are those trainers suiting you?

EILEEN

They're the tops!

She swings her feet up from under her, revealing a brand-new pair of white Reeboks.

EILEEN

Reeboks!

She cackles wildly. BOYLE laughs.

INT. HANLEY'S BAR - DAY

BOYLE is drinking a pint and playing on a shoot-'em-up games machine.

MCBRIDE enters the bar, glances round, locates BOYLE.

MCBRIDE

Little early for a drink.

BOYLE ignores him, keeps playing.

MCBRIDE

You're still on duty.

BOYLE ignores him, keeps playing.

MCBRIDE

You've been gone all afternoon.

BOYLE turns and levels MCBRIDE with a cold, dead, thousand-yard stare.

BOYLE

Are you going to continue to make a series of declarative statements,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE (CONT'D)

or are you going to fucking tell
me something?

MCBRIDE is momentarily taken aback by the venom in
BOYLE's voice.

MCBRIDE

The murder over in Lettermore.
The victim's a John Doe. The--

BOYLE

Say that again?

MCBRIDE

The murder over in Lettermore?
The victim's a John Doe?

BOYLE

He's a John Doe, is he?

MCBRIDE

Yeah. It means--

BOYLE

I know what it fucking means. Go on.

MCBRIDE

The name and address he gave were
false, as far as we can make out.
We've sent off his prints--

BOYLE

Anything else? You're boring the
hole off me.

He turns back to the shoot-'em-up game.

MCBRIDE

I got a call from Galway. You're to
head in tonight to attend a briefing
from this fella who's over from the
FBI.

(checking his notes)

Special Agent Wendell Everett.

He looks at BOYLE, expecting BOYLE to share his
excitement.

BOYLE

So what?

MCBRIDE

Maybe it's about the murder.
Maybe he's got a psychological
profile on the killer or something.

BOYLE

It's drug smuggling.

(CONTINUED)

17

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17

MCBRIDE

What?

BOYLE

It's drug smuggling. Either that or they've had another fucking sighting of Whitey Bulger at some fucking museum.

MCBRIDE

But drug smuggling, I mean, that's pretty exciting--

BOYLE

Yeah it's fucking exciting. If you think standing on the fucking pier at Rossaveal in the pouring fucking rain for hours on end waiting for a fucking ship that's never going to fucking arrive is fucking exciting. Go get me a pint.

MCBRIDE

Sorry?

BOYLE

Go get me a pint. Are you deaf?

MCBRIDE is about to say something, but thinks better of it. He turns towards the bar.

BOYLE keeps playing the shoot-'em-up game, his face a blank.

18

EXT. GARDA STATION - DAY

18

Two Garda cars parked outside.

EUGENE MOLONEY -- a goofy nine-year-old, in a tracksuit -- wheelies past on his bicycle. He wheelies back --

And suddenly crashes to the ground. He groans in pain.

19

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

19

MCBRIDE is working at his computer.

BOYLE has his feet up and is writing in a book --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of a join-the-dots puzzle that reveals a rabbit.

BOYLE nods, pleased. Shows the image to MCBRIDE.

BOYLE

Rabbit.

(CONTINUED)

19

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19

MCBRIDE looks blankly at him. BOYLE flips the page to the next puzzle.

MCBRIDE

I'm not getting anything on any unsolved murders in the general vicinity. No maimings either.

BOYLE

What about missing persons? This serial killer fella could've buried them or something. Dissolved them in acid. Chopped them up into little pieces. Fiddled around with them...

He drifts off into a reverie, as if fantasising about necrophilia. The telephone rings. BOYLE answers it --

BOYLE

Sergeant Gerry Boyle. Cop-shop!

20

EXT. TELEPHONE - DAY

20

FRANCIS SHEEHY -- Dubliner, forties, black suit, Ray-Bans -- moves in and out of shot as he speaks, the Atlantic Ocean in the background --

SHEEHY

Hey there, little piggy. I've got some information on that murder last night.

21

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

21

BOYLE motions to MCBRIDE to pick up the extension. MCBRIDE does so, ever so gently.

INTER-CUT --

BOYLE

What murder?

SHEEHY

How many fucking murders have you had in the last twenty-four hours?

BOYLE

That's for us to know and you to find out.

SHEEHY

(after a pause)

That doesn't make any sense.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Do you have any information or are you just sitting there playing with yourself?

MCBRIDE looks at BOYLE.

SHEEHY

What did you say your name was? Boyle?

BOYLE

Sergeant Gerry Boyle, the last of the independents!

SHEEHY has no idea what BOYLE is talking about.

SHEEHY

The murder in Lettermore, if I have to be specific. The one with...occult overtones.

BOYLE

Occult overtones, yeah. Go ahead.

SHEEHY

Do you even know what I mean when I use the term "occult"?

BOYLE

Aleister Crowley, Anton LaVey, Simon Magus, that kind of thing.

MCBRIDE frowns, puzzled.

SHEEHY

Well done. Round of applause. Bouquet of red roses for the blue meanie. Anyways, it was Billy Devaney did for him. He's into all that black magick. That's "magick" with a "k". He told me last night when he was locked.

BOYLE

Little Billy Devaney? Sure he wouldn't hurt a fly.

SHEEHY

He didn't hurt a fly, did he. He put a bullet in the brain of your man.

BOYLE

Good point. Can I take your name, sir?

SHEEHY

Bozo the fucking clown.

(CONTINUED)

21

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21

BOYLE
(writing on a notepad)
Bozo...the fucking...clown.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the words "Bozo the fucking clown".

BOYLE
I didn't know the circus was in town.
SHEEHY slams down the receiver. Shakes his head.
BOYLE and MCBRIDE put down their telephones.

BOYLE
Little Billy Devaney, a serial killer?
Sure he's a lovely little lad.

22

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

22

BILLY DEVANEY sitting at a desk. Thirty, Italian looks.
White Tacchini T-shirt, shorts, socks, Nike trainers.

BOYLE and MCBRIDE enter. BOYLE carrying a file.

BOYLE
Been playing tennis, hah? Fucking
Andy Murray! You won't be playing
tennis again for a long time, boy!

DEVANEY
I was playing squash.

BOYLE slams his fist on the table --

BOYLE
There'll be no fucking squash courts
where you're headed, Ted Bundy of
the West!

There is silence for a moment as neither MCBRIDE nor
DEVANEY knows how to respond to this.

BOYLE sits opposite DEVANEY. MCBRIDE slouches against a
wall, a toothpick in his mouth. BOYLE opens the file.

BOYLE
Now...

MCBRIDE
What are you, Italian?

DEVANEY
No I'm not fucking Italian.
Why does everyone keep saying that?

MCBRIDE
Because you look Italian.

(CONTINUED)

DEVANEY

I fucking don't!

MCBRIDE

You do. Doesn't he look Italian?

BOYLE

William Montmorency Devaney...
You've got previous, I see.
From when you were over in England?

DEVANEY

That was a misunderstanding.

BOYLE

Aggravated sodomy?

DEVANEY

It was a total misunderstanding!

BOYLE

And what's this?...You were once
cautioned under the Bestiality Act?

DEVANEY

Ah man, that was fucking years ago!
I thought that'd all been forgotten
about.

(to MCBRIDE)

The same thing happened to Polanski.

MCBRIDE

What was it, a sheep or something?

DEVANEY

A llama.

(pause)

Stephen.

(to BOYLE)

I didn't even know it was illegal
to interfere with a llama, did you?

BOYLE

I would've assumed so, Billy.
Not that I'm inundated with a lot
of llama-related crimes around here.

DEVANEY

Sure wasn't this Mairtín McDonagh's
llama. Over in Lettermullen?
It must've happened when you were
away that time.

BOYLE

Mairtín McDonagh's llama? Oh yeah I
know him.

(CONTINUED)

MCBRIDE

The llama?

BOYLE

Mairtín McDonagh.

(pause)

William Montmorency Devaney, where were you at approximately nine in the pm last night? There or thereabouts, like.

DEVANEY

I was approximately in Hanley's battering Joey Brennan about the head until he lapsed into unconsciousness.

BOYLE

Joey Brennan? Now do I know him?

He looks blankly at MCBRIDE. MCBRIDE is unsure how to respond. He produces his pad and pen, noting the name.

BOYLE

Why were you battering this Joey Brennan?

DEVANEY

Ah man, he was doing my fucking head in. I was provoked, like. We were having a few jars, right, when he starts bringing up yet-a-fucking-gain this two hundred euros I owe him. Now he's had my computer that I lent him for the last year. So I says to him, "Give me back the fucking computer and I'll give you your euros." And he says, "I can't give it back, sure doesn't it have a virus." Which is the first I've fucking heard of it. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, he rears up at me screaming for his money. So I grab hold of the nearest thing that came to hand, which happened to be this antique blunderbuss my Granddaddy got from somewhere--

MCBRIDE

Antique what?

DEVANEY

Blunderbuss.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the word "blunderbuss" below the name "Joey Brennan".

(CONTINUED)

DEVANEY

I was showing it off, like, and the next thing I know I'm battering him about the head with it. Vicious, like, I'll admit.

MCBRIDE

What are you talking about? You shot him in the head, you stuffed pages from the Bible in his mouth, you put a pot-plant on his body, and you painted the number five and a half on the wall.

DEVANEY

Sweet-Jesus-on-a-stick! Ah now, lads, you've got me in here under false pretences. I thought this was about Joey Brennan. What the fuck?

BOYLE

The brutal murder over in Lettermore.

DEVANEY

Ah Jesus, lads. This was at nine pm, was it? Sure aren't I just after saying I was in Hanley's. I have about twenty witnesses. And Joey Brennan was alive when I left him, so you can't get me on that score. Wasn't he roaring at me, with his broken lip.

BOYLE

You said he lapsed into unconsciousness.

DEVANEY

Yeah. He lapsed into unconsciousness, and then after that he woke up.

BOYLE and MCBRIDE glance at one another. BOYLE with a sly smile on his lips.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the name "Joey Brennan" and the word "blunderbuss" crossed out.

BOYLE

That's the whole story?

DEVANEY

That's the whole story. Has he made a complaint?

BOYLE

He hasn't made a complaint, he's made a fucking nuisance call, it looks like.

(to MCBRIDE)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE (CONT'D)

Haul in this Joey Brennan and see what he's got to say for himself. See if we can charge him with wasting police time. Then get round to this gobshite's house and charge his Grandda with illegal possession of a firearm.

DEVANEY

Ah no!

MCBRIDE

I'm on it, Sergeant.

He exits.

BOYLE

"I'm on it, Sergeant." He thinks he's in fucking Detroit.

DEVANEY

You're not really going to charge my Granddaddy, are ya?

BOYLE

I don't know, Billy. Maybe we can come to some arrangement.

DEVANEY

Hah?

BOYLE

Are you familiar with the works of Jean Genet?

DEVANEY

(after a pause)

Hah?

BOYLE reaches out and places his hand over DEVANEY's. DEVANEY is freaked out, but doesn't move.

BOYLE

Are you familiar with the works of Jean Genet?

After a moment, DEVANEY slowly draws his hand away.

DEVANEY

I want a lawyer. And me Mammy.

BOYLE smiles thinly to himself.

BOYLE

You do look Italian, ya eejit.

EVERETT

These men are highly dangerous--

BOYLE raises his hand.

EVERETT

Yes, Sergeant?

BOYLE

I thought only black lads were drug dealers?

There is a long moment of silence. Someone coughs.

EVERETT

Excuse me?

BOYLE

I thought only black lads were drug dealers? And Mexicans? What do they call them? They have a word for them.

EVERETT

There is a word for you, too, sir, but I am not going to get into that right now. As I was saying, these men are highly dangerous--

BOYLE

Mules! Drug mules!

EVERETT and the OTHER GARDAI and DETECTIVES look at BOYLE. BOYLE remains blank.

STANTON leans in to the microphone --

STANTON

That's enough of your guff, now, Boyle. Apologise to the man.

BOYLE

Apologise for what?

STANTON

You know for what.

EVERETT

Racist slurs for one thing.

BOYLE

I'm Irish, sure. Racism's part of my culture.

The OTHER GARDAI and DETECTIVES look round, irritated --

GARDA

That's enough, now, Boyle. You're showing us up, man.

(CONTINUED)

A detective named JIMMY MOODY is particularly annoyed --

MOODY

You fucking knacker.

BOYLE

Ah fuck off back to Dublin, you.

MOODY

I'll take your fucking head off!

MOODY has to be restrained by the OTHER DETECTIVES.

BOYLE doesn't move.

STANTON

Now, now, lads, come on, not in front of the American.

(in an aside)

He's just messing with you, Agent Everett.

EVERETT leans in to the microphone --

EVERETT

Deliberately disrupting my lecture, for another thing.

BOYLE

Ah I'm just having a bit of fun, like. I don't mean anything by it.

EVERETT

We're talking about half a billion dollars' worth of cocaine here. You think that's a fit subject for levity?

BOYLE

Street value.

EVERETT

Pardon me?

BOYLE

Street value. You lads are always announcing a seizure of drugs worth a "street value" of ten million dollars, and twenty million dollars, and half a billion dollars, and I always wonder what street it is you're buying your cocaine on, 'cause it's not the same street I'm buying my cocaine on.

STANTON

That's enough, Boyle! We've had enough of your wisecracks for one day.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

STANTON (CONT'D)

If you continue on in this vein you'll find yourself on suspension.

BOYLE

I doubt that.

EVERETT

You doubt that? You've got some balls talking to your superior officer like that. If we were back in Atlanta--

BOYLE

We're not back in Atlanta, though, are we, we're in fucking Galway.

STANTON

That's it, Boyle. You can consider yourself--

BOYLE

You're not hunting four men, you're hunting three.

EVERETT looks at BOYLE for a long moment.

EVERETT

How's that?

BOYLE

McCormick's dead.

The OTHER GARDAI and DETECTIVES look at each other.

EVERETT glances at STANTON. STANTON shrugs. EVERETT looks back at BOYLE.

EVERETT

What makes you think he's dead?

BOYLE

Well let's put it this way, I hope he's dead, 'cause they've put him in the fucking morgue, anyways.

CLOSE on the image of McCormick.

MATCH CUT TO:

25

INT. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

25

OVERHEAD SHOT -- CLOSE on the face of the DEAD MAN from the cottage. Aka James McCormick. Laid out on a freezer tray.

EVERETT and STANTON look at the DEAD MAN. Then at BOYLE, who is standing nearby, playing with the big toe of another corpse, a blank look on his face.

SHEEHY

You know I never knew that. I didn't think anybody interesting was Welsh.

CORNELL

Dylan Thomas?

SHEEHY

Like I said, I didn't think anybody interesting was Welsh.

O'LEARY

"You will not get the crowd to cry Hosanna until you ride into town on an ass." Nietzsche.

SHEEHY and CORNELL look blankly at O'LEARY. Then --

SHEEHY

Yeah that's a good one.

CORNELL

Good quote, yeah, nice one.

Bright lights suddenly illuminate the interior of the car. O'LEARY glances into the rear-view mirror --

O'LEARY

Ah, fuck it. The guards.

O'LEARY brings the black car to a stop.

The Garda car following halts a little way behind it. MCBRIDE gets out. Switches on his torch. Approaches the black car. Shines his torch at the occupants --

O'LEARY and SHEEHY smile, CORNELL yawns widely.

O'LEARY

I wasn't speeding.

MCBRIDE

I know you weren't.

SHEEHY

One of the back lights out, guard?

MCBRIDE

No, you're fine there.

CORNELL

What d'you fucking stop us for, then?

MCBRIDE

Excuse me?

CORNELL

What d'you fucking stop us for,
then, you stupid fucking cunt?

MCBRIDE shines his torch in CORNELL's eyes.

MCBRIDE

Get out. The lot of you.

MCBRIDE steps back as O'LEARY, SHEEHY and CORNELL get out. O'LEARY and SHEEHY getting out into the road in front of MCBRIDE. CORNELL on the other side.

MCBRIDE

Nice friend you've got there.

SHEEHY

Ah, these English, you know, what can you do.

MCBRIDE

IDs, please.

SHEEHY

From Dublin, are you?

MCBRIDE

IDs, please.

SHEEHY

What's the name? I know a lot of the guards in Dublin.

MCBRIDE

You know a lot of the guards in Dublin.

O'LEARY

He's a very friendly fella.

SHEEHY

There's no harm in being friendly.
What's the name?

CORNELL

Let's get this over with, for fuck's sake.

MCBRIDE looks at CORNELL. CORNELL is completely relaxed. He casually lights a cigarette.

SHEEHY points his book at MCBRIDE.

SHEEHY

What's the name?

MCBRIDE

McBride.

(CONTINUED)

SHEEHY

Oh, McBride. McBride. We know all about you, McBride. Don't we know all about McBride, Liam?

O'LEARY

We do, Francis. Should we be using our real names, though?

SHEEHY

Sure what does it matter now, Liam?

O'LEARY

You're right, you're right.

MCBRIDE starts to retreat towards his car.

SHEEHY

We know all about you, McBride.

MCBRIDE

You know nothing about me.

He turns towards his car --

SHEEHY

Ah, stop, McBride. It's no use.

MCBRIDE keeps walking --

O'LEARY

Stop, McBride!

MCBRIDE stops, his back still turned --

SHEEHY, O'LEARY and CORNELL study him dispassionately. O'LEARY with a gun aimed at his back. He cocks it.

SHEEHY

Turn around, now, there's a good lad.

MCBRIDE

(closing his eyes)

No. I'll take it as it comes, if it's all the same to you. Show you up for the cowards you are.

SHEEHY

Suit yourself.

OVERHEAD SHOT -- O'LEARY shoots MCBRIDE in the back four times. He hits the tarmac. Dead.

SHEEHY

He took it well, I'll say that for him.

(CONTINUED)

O'LEARY

He was very philosophical about it.

SHEEHY groans. O'LEARY laughs.

CORNELL

Are we going or what?

SHEEHY

We have to dump the body.

CORNELL

I don't do manual labour.

O'LEARY

Ah, come on.

CORNELL

No, I'm sorry, but when I applied for the vacant post of international drug-trafficker it didn't say, "Must have experience of heavy lifting," alright?

He gets into the car. SHEEHY looks at O'LEARY. O'LEARY rolls his eyes. SHEEHY tosses his book into the car.

OVERHEAD SHOT -- SHEEHY and O'LEARY approach the body of MCBRIDE, as blood pools out from under it.

FADE TO BLACK.

29 **EXT. GALWAY CITY - NIGHT**

29

FADE IN on a HIGH-ANGLE SHOT -- a Garda car exiting the city.

30 **INT. GARDA CAR - NIGHT**

30

BOYLE driving, EVERETT beside him.

BOYLE

Into the West! You ever been to Ireland before, Wendell?

EVERETT

Can't say that I have, no.

BOYLE

Where are you from? Originally?

EVERETT

Wisconsin.

BOYLE

Where in Wisconsin?

EVERETT

Kenosha.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Kenosha, Wisconsin! So how did you
wind up in Tennessee?

EVERETT

How did you know I was in Tennessee?

BOYLE

Wasn't that where you were stationed
when you caught Tyrell Lee Dobbs,
the Knoxville Ripper?

EVERETT looks at BOYLE, impressed.

EVERETT

You been doing research on me,
Sergeant?

BOYLE

Ah, I'm sure you did the same with me.

EVERETT

Sorry, I didn't have the time.

BOYLE

Sure you're a busy man, I know that.
You know where I'd like to go?

EVERETT

No, where would you like to go?

BOYLE

Tupelo. Birthplace of The King.

EVERETT

My wife's from Mississippi. Jackson.

BOYLE

Is that right? How long have you been
married?

EVERETT

Eight years.

BOYLE

Any kids?

EVERETT

Two boys. Stokely's five, Huey's just
three months old. I've got a photo of
him here--

BOYLE

I don't want to see it.

EVERETT

Pardon me?

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

I don't want to see it. Babies all look the same. The only time a baby doesn't look the same as every other baby is when it's a really ugly baby. So unless you're about to show me a photo of a really ugly baby, I don't want to see it.

EVERETT

That is really fucking rude.

BOYLE

Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't.

EVERETT turns and glares out the passenger window.

BOYLE

Are you happy?

EVERETT is taken aback. He looks at BOYLE.

EVERETT

What?

BOYLE

Are you happy?

EVERETT realises BOYLE is being sincere.

EVERETT

Yes, I'm happy.

BOYLE nods.

BOYLE

I'd like to have a family some day. I'm too busy whoring around and getting fucked up at the moment.

EVERETT

I don't think you should be telling me this.

BOYLE laughs.

BOYLE

Y'know I was reading where they're smuggling the cocaine out of Colombia in little submarines now. Submarines they've built themselves, like.

EVERETT

That sounds insane, but actually it's true. You are correct.

BOYLE

Crafty little beggars. You have to admire their enterprise, hah?

EVERETT

No, Sergeant. You don't.

BOYLE laughs again. They drive on in silence, until EVERETT decides to continue the conversation for the sake of politeness.

EVERETT

You ever been to the States?

BOYLE

Yeah. Once. Orlando, Florida. Disneyworld.

EVERETT

You went with your family when you were a kid or something?

BOYLE

No, no, this was last year.

EVERETT

You went with a girlfriend?

BOYLE

Oh God no.

EVERETT

You went to Disneyworld on your own?

BOYLE

Yeah. Great gas it was. I had my picture taken with Goofy and everything. He's my favourite, Goofy.

EVERETT looks blankly at BOYLE.

EVERETT

You know, I can't tell if you're really motherfucking dumb, or if you're really motherfucking smart.

BOYLE laughs.

31 **EXT. SPIDDAL - NIGHT**

31

HIGH-ANGLE SHOT -- the Garda car entering the small seaside town.

32 **INT. BOYLE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM)- NIGHT**

32

BOYLE is sitting in a dressing gown, white undershirt and blue-and-yellow Y-fronts, watching Antonioni's *L'Eclisse* on DVD. He sips from a bottle of Corona.

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

There is a knock at the door. BOYLE sighs heavily. Picks up the DVD remote and stops the film.

33

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

33

BOYLE opens the door to reveal GABRIELA MCBRIDE, an attractive Croatian, pale, blonde, thirty.

GABRIELA

Sergeant Boyle?

BOYLE looks at her, impressed, but confused.

BOYLE

Ah listen, I think there's been a mix-up. You've the wrong night.

GABRIELA

I am sorry?

BOYLE

You're from the agency?

GABRIELA

No. My husband is missing.

BOYLE

Oh God, I'm sorry. Come in, come in.

She enters. BOYLE closes the door. She looks at him, standing there in his gown, Y-fronts and undershirt.

BOYLE

I'll just change into something a little less comfortable.

He exits.

34

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

34

GABRIELA is on the couch, looking at the kitsch decor.

BOYLE enters, in trousers and a white shirt, with two mugs of tea.

BOYLE

Nice mug of tea.

He hands her a mug, and sits beside her.

BOYLE

Now. Your husband's gone missing, you were saying? I didn't ask you your name, I'm sorry.

GABRIELA

Gabriela.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Gerry. So.

GABRIELA

My husband is missing. I think so, yes.

BOYLE

Name?

GABRIELA

Aidan McBride.

BOYLE

Aidan McBride. You don't mean the guard, Aidan McBride?

GABRIELA

Yes. He started working here today.

BOYLE

How long has he been missing?

GABRIELA

Since tonight.

BOYLE

Tonight? That's no time at all, sure. What is it now, two? He might be out on the tear somewhere.

GABRIELA

I am sorry, I do not understand.

BOYLE

He might be out on the lash. Drinking, you know. Crashed out somewhere.

GABRIELA

He does not drink.

BOYLE

(astounded)

He doesn't drink?

GABRIELA

He called me at eight o'clock and said he was on his way home. I have tried his cellphone, but it is dead.

BOYLE

Well there've been no accidents on the road, far as I know. I'm only after getting in meself.

GABRIELA

Would it be something to do with your work?

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Ah no. Ah no. You mean, has he gone undercover with the Mob?

(with a laugh)

Ah no. You'd have to head down to Limerick for that kind of excitement.

GABRIELA nods. They drink their tea.

BOYLE

How long have you been married?

GABRIELA

Three years.

BOYLE

Where are you from, Romania?

GABRIELA

Croatia.

BOYLE

Ah, Croatia. Good footballers, the Croatians. Used to be, anyways.

(pause)

Davor Suker. You know him?

GABRIELA nods. She puts two fingers to the pulse at her throat [a famous gesture made by Suker before taking an important penalty].

BOYLE

(delighted)

That's it!

There follows an awkward silence. They drink their tea.

BOYLE

Listen, I'm sure there's an innocent explanation, as they say. If we haven't heard anything by tomorrow evening, that'll be twenty-four hours, and I can put out a, uh...a, uh... a county-wide alarm.

GABRIELA

Thank you.

BOYLE

I'm sure he'll be fine. No need to worry.

GABRIELA gets up. BOYLE following.

GABRIELA

I am sorry I called so late.

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

BOYLE

No harm.

35

INT/EXT. HALLWAY/BOYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

35

BOYLE holds open the door for GABRIELA.

BOYLE

What did they used to call those things? On the telly?

GABRIELA

I am sorry?

BOYLE

APB!

(American accent)

"I'm putting out an APB!"

(with a laugh)

You never hear that anymore, do ya?

GABRIELA looks blankly at him.

BOYLE

Anyway.

GABRIELA

Thank you again.

BOYLE

Good luck. I'll see ye.

GABRIELA exits. BOYLE closes the door. He stands in the hallway for a moment, pondering. Then moves offscreen.

36

EXT. STRAND - DAWN

36

EVERETT is jogging along the strand at a quick tempo. He stops. Stretches. Looks out over the ocean --

EVERETT's POV -- a MAN is swimming way out among the crashing waves, wearing a wet-suit, a cap and goggles.

EVERETT looks on, impressed, as the MAN turns towards the strand and swims in. The MAN stands and walks in towards EVERETT, taking off his cap and his goggles, to reveal himself as -- BOYLE.

BOYLE

Chilly out, hah?

EVERETT looks blankly at BOYLE as he picks up a towel from the sand, and walks on up the strand.

37

EXT. CAFE - DAY

37

BOYLE is in casual clothes, wolfing down a large fried breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT opposite him, in a suit and tie, with a coffee and croissant. He puts a sugar cube in his mouth, sips the coffee.

EVERETT

You looked pretty impressive out there.

BOYLE

I was fourth in the Olympics.

EVERETT

Bullshit.

BOYLE

The Seoul Olympics in '88.
Lovely people, the South Koreans.
Lovely food.

EVERETT

Bullshit.

BOYLE

Fifteen-hundred metres freestyle.
I thought I was odds-on for the
bronze. The two Germans I was
prepared for, but fucking Salnikov!
He was supposed to be over-the-hill.
They never know when they're beaten,
the Russians. "The Monster in the
Waves" they called him.

EVERETT

You were fourth in the Olympics?

BOYLE

You don't get anything for fourth,
though. It's a cruel world.

EVERETT looks blankly at BOYLE. BOYLE smiles.

BOYLE

So, Kenosha, Wisconsin, you were
saying. Did you grow up in the
Projects?

EVERETT

What?

BOYLE

Did you grow up in the Projects?
Or do they not have the Projects
in Kenosha, Wisconsin?

EVERETT

No, I did not grow up in the Projects.
It may surprise you to learn,
Sergeant, that I actually come from
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT (CONT'D)

a very privileged background. By which I mean prep schools, Yale. I was a Rhodes scholar. I bet you don't even know what a Rhodes scholar is.

BOYLE

I do know what a Rhodes scholar is.

EVERETT

Enlighten me.

BOYLE

Like Kris Kristofferson.

EVERETT

Yes, Kris Kristofferson was a Rhodes scholar. That is correct.

BOYLE

"Privileged background", hah?

EVERETT

Summer in the Hamptons. Skiing in Aspen.

BOYLE

Skiing, yeah? I thought black people couldn't ski? Or is that swimming?

BOYLE and EVERETT look blankly at each other.

EVERETT

Ho.

(pause)

Ho.

BOYLE laughs.

BOYLE

So what d'ya have planned for the day?

EVERETT

Well obviously we don't know who killed McCormick or why. There was no useful forensic evidence found at the crime scene, so I thought we might start by canvassing the area around where the body was discovered. See if anybody heard anything, something they might have thought was relatively insignificant, but which in light of the murder may have a far greater importance. I mean, when I caught that sonofabitch Tyrell Lee Dobbs it was a result of something as seemingly inconsequential as a laundry mark, if you can believe that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT (CONT'D)

The guy had a personal hygiene issue that was almost pathological. The other thing to consider is that McCormick was probably in the process of reconnoitring drop-off points all along the coast. Our friends Sheehy, Cornell and O'Leary are no doubt in other parts of the country doing exactly the same thing. So I'll liaise with Inspector Stanton and Detective Moody, have them and their men start a coordinated push in all the relevant locations...

He trails off, realising that BOYLE is concentrating on his food and is not listening to him.

EVERETT

Sergeant?

BOYLE

I'm sorry, you lost me at "we".

EVERETT

We. You and I.

BOYLE

It's my day off. Did I not say?

EVERETT

It's your day off.

BOYLE

I've had it booked a good while. Ask Stanton.

EVERETT

We're investigating a murder and the trafficking of half a million dollars in cocaine--

BOYLE

Half a billion dollars.

EVERETT

--half a billion dollars in cocaine, and you're telling me it's your day off?

BOYLE

Twenty-four hours won't make any difference.

EVERETT

Twenty-four hours won't make any difference.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED:

37

BOYLE

They're always saying it does,
on those cop shows on the telly,
but it doesn't. Not in my experience,
anyways. And why are you always
repeating everything I say?

EVERETT looks at BOYLE, stunned. BOYLE finishes his
meal. Slurps his tea.

BOYLE

I did well there.

He gets up and leaves some money on the table.

BOYLE

My treat. I'll see ye.

He slaps EVERETT on the back and saunters off.

38

EXT. GALWAY TRAIN STATION - DAY

38

BOYLE, smartly dressed in a three-piece suit and tie,
bowler hat on his head, a rose in his buttonhole, is
waiting on the platform as a train pulls in.

Two young women emerge from the last carriage. Dressed
in tight tops and micro mini-skirts with stockings and
suspenders -- SINEAD MULLIGAN and AOIFE O'CARROLL.

BOYLE's face lights up. He smiles and tips his hat.

SINEAD and AOIFE spot BOYLE and give excited waves.
They totter towards him on their high heels.

39

EXT. SHOP STREET - DAY

39

BOYLE is marching down the street with SINEAD and AOIFE
on either arm, drawing surly looks from OTHER SHOPPERS.

AOIFE

You're not wearing your uniform,
Sergeant? I'm disappointed.

BOYLE

Day off.

SINEAD

Ah sure he still looks gorgeous,
doesn't he, Aoife?

AOIFE

A fine body of a man.

BOYLE

I always do my best for the ladies.
Make a bit of an effort, you know.

(CONTINUED)

AOIFE

Where are you taking us, to have your wicked way?

BOYLE

I have a room booked at the G.

SINEAD

Oh, fancy!

BOYLE

No expense spared.

AOIFE

Are we not a little too bohemian for the G?

BOYLE

Whether we are or we aren't, they'll have Sergeant Gerry Boyle to deal with if they don't like it.

SINEAD

He's power mad!

AOIFE

They say power corrupts.

BOYLE

And I'm corrupted absolutely, you'll find that out soon enough.

SINEAD and AOIFE give little squeals of delight.

BOYLE

I say we stop off on the way for a little lubrication.

AOIFE

Kinky!

SINEAD

That'll be extra, now, Sergeant.

BOYLE

Hah? What--

AOIFE and SINEAD giggle.

BOYLE

Oh, jeez, you're a dirty pair of little minxes!

EVERETT knocks on the door of a house with a breathtaking view of Connemara. Photos of Sheehy, Cornell and O'Leary in one hand. His FBI badge in the other.

After a moment, a WOMAN opens the door. She looks blankly at him. EVERETT flashes his ID.

EVERETT

Special Agent Wendell Everett, ma'am,
Federal Bureau of Investigation.
I was wondering--

WOMAN

(yelling, in Gaelic)
Bartley! There's a black man at the
door!

She looks at EVERETT, then turns and disappears inside.

EVERETT waits, puzzled.

BARTLEY appears, carrying an Art Deco lamp.

BARTLEY

(in Gaelic)
What can I do for you?

EVERETT

Ah. Do you speak English, sir?

BARTLEY

(in Gaelic)
This is Ireland. Go over to England
if you want to speak English.

EVERETT looks blankly at him, having no idea what he has just said. He holds up the photos.

EVERETT

I was wondering if you'd seen any
of these men over the last few days?

BARTLEY glances perfunctorily at the photographs.

BARTLEY

(in Gaelic)
No I haven't. And even if I had,
I wouldn't tell you. Now you'll
have to excuse me, I have to fix
this lamp. It was a birthday present
from my aunt in Australia. Good day
to you.

He closes the door. EVERETT looks blankly at the door.

EVERETT is trudging up the road. An OLD FARMER turns the corner ahead of him. EVERETT pauses, his photos at the ready. The OLD FARMER slowly walks down the length of the road towards him. As he reaches him --

41

CONTINUED:

41

EVERETT

Excuse me, sir. Special Agent Wendell
Everett, Federal Bureau of...

The OLD FARMER passes EVERETT as if he wasn't there.
EVERETT remains poised with his photos.

42

EXT. HURLING PITCH - DAY

42

A match in full flow. EVERETT can be seen getting
nowhere with the SPECTATORS as he shows them the
photos. Eventually, he gives up and traipses away.

EUGENE cycles up to him excitedly.

EUGENE

Are you the FBI man?

EVERETT

Yes I am.

EUGENE

Behavioural Science Unit?

EVERETT

Uh, no, I'm investigating the
smuggling of narcotics--

EUGENE

(disappointed)

Ah, drugs.

He cycles off. EVERETT nods to himself.

43

EXT. FIELD - DAY

43

EVERETT is sitting on a stone wall. A beautiful white
horse wanders over to him, curious. EVERETT shows it
the photos.

EVERETT

You know this guy?...What about this
guy?...You better start talking, pal,
or I'll take you downtown and throw
your ass in the slammer, you get me?

He smiles, gently patting the horse's muzzle, and
offering it a sugar cube from his pocket.

44

INT. G HOTEL (ROOM)- DAY

44

BOYLE pops the cork of a bottle of Cristal --

BOYLE

That'll be me in a minute!
Like Vesuvius, I am.

(CONTINUED)

SINEAD and AOIFE hold their glasses to the spuming champagne --

SINEAD

Cristal, hah!

AOIFE

You're the last of the big spenders,
Sergeant.

BOYLE

Nothing but the best for you two
hours! I mean that in a nice way.
No offence, like. *

He gets a glass for himself. *

SINEAD

P Diddy drinks Cristal. And Jay-Z.

BOYLE

No, no, Jay-Z started boycotting it.
Doesn't drink it anymore.

SINEAD

Why not?

BOYLE

The managing director of Cristal
made racist comments or something.
According to Jay-Z, anyways.

AOIFE

Ah sure everybody's racist nowadays.

SINEAD

Where's the harm?

BOYLE

Ah, God love the pair of ya!

JUMP-CUT to --

AOIFE finishing applying her lipstick in the bathroom. *

SINEAD (O.S.) *

Y'know, you're not in bad shape for
an auld lad.

BOYLE (O.S.) *

So my mother's always telling me. *

SINEAD (O.S.) *

Sergeant! *

AOIFE emerges from the bathroom. PAN ACROSS to reveal -- *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOYLE and SINEAD entwined on the bed, disrobing one another.

*

AOIFE

You're not that old, now, don't be listening to her.

*

BOYLE

I suppose I'm old enough to be your father.

SINEAD

Well you can think about that while you're fucking us, if that's what turns you on.

BOYLE

Oh God, Sinead, you are one sick puppy. I think I'm in love!

AOIFE kneels on the bed and takes a picture of BOYLE with her cellphone --

*

*

BOYLE

What's the craic?

*

AOIFE

It's just a little memento.

*

SINEAD

You can put it in your archive, Sergeant.

*

BOYLE

I know what I'd like to put in your archive.

SINEAD

The man's obsessed!

BOYLE yanks off SINEAD's tight-fitting top --

BOYLE

A-ha! A Wonderbra.

SINEAD

Now it can be revealed. I have very small breasts.

BOYLE

That's okay. I have a very small penis.

44

CONTINUED:

44

SINEAD and AOIFE laugh. BOYLE grabs hold of them and rolls them around on the bed as they squeal and giggle.

JUMP-CUT to --

BOYLE lying in bed in a hotel dressing gown, smoking a cigar, a glass of whiskey in his hand, watching --

SINEAD and AOIFE adjusting their stockings and suspenders, straightening their skirts.

BOYLE

This...is...the life!

*

SINEAD

Are we to assume you are satisfied with the service, Sergeant?

BOYLE

I'm totally drained, sure. I have no jism left.

AOIFE

Be giving us a good review at the agency, now.

BOYLE

Five stars. I only wish I'd brought my handcuffs.

SINEAD

Sure there's always a next time.

BOYLE

You'd be into a bit of bondage, hah?

AOIFE

Only for you, Sergeant, only for you.

They blow him a kiss, kick up their heels, and exit.

OVERHEAD SHOT -- BOYLE leans back into the pillows and sighs, a big grin on his face.

*

45

INT. GARDA CAR - DAY

45

PAN from the road ahead to BOYLE in the driver's seat, still smiling. Something catches his eye. He slows the car, frowning. Reverses. Stops.

*

46

EXT. LONELY SPOT - DAY

46

HOLD on BOYLE as he gets out of the car. He leaves the tarmac road and walks down a short, winding incline. He halts, taking in the scene.

BOYLE

Ah, for fuck's sake.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

REVERSE SHOT -- McBride's Garda car is parked in a lonely spot overlooking a deep lake.

MATCH CUT TO:

47

EXT. LONELY SPOT - NIGHT

47

McBride's Garda car surrounded by a FORENSIC TEAM. The location spectrally lit up.

*

47A

INT HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

47A

BOYLE and GABRIELA are at the bar.

*

*

GABRIELA

*

I do not understand. Just because his car is here, why does that mean he has killed himself?

*

BOYLE

It's a suicide hotspot. A lot of the locals have drowned themselves here. It's well known.

*

*

GABRIELA

But Aidan was not from here. We only arrived a few days ago.

BOYLE

Good point. But still.

*

They look out over the lake.

GABRIELA

Why do they kill themselves?

BOYLE

Ah sure, why does anybody kill themselves? It's mostly young men. The drink. Depression. Lack of sex. That's the main one, in my view. I bet you now, if I opened a brothel around here I'd cut the suicide rate in half.

GABRIELA

I do not think Aidan committed suicide.

BOYLE

Neither do I, to be honest with you. He didn't seem intelligent enough.

GABRIELA glances at BOYLE, but he is totally oblivious to the insensitivity of the remark.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

But you never can tell. Nobody knows who's going to outlive who these days. Of course, if it's not suicide, it's foul play. *

GABRIELA

Foul play?

BOYLE

Murder. Malice aforethought.

GABRIELA

But I cannot think of anybody who would have wanted to do something bad to Aidan.

BOYLE

He's a guard, somebody somewhere probably had a grudge against him. It's a more likely theory than suicide, in my opinion. Is there anything you can tell me about him that might have a bearing on this? Anything personal or--

GABRIELA

He is gay.

BOYLE

Hah?

GABRIELA

He is gay. You know, when one man puts his--

BOYLE

I'm familiar with the mechanics of it, yeah. I just didn't realise...

GABRIELA

Do you think he might have met someone here who did something bad to him? Like a...What do you say? *

BOYLE

A rent boy?

GABRIELA

Yes, a rent boy or something?

BOYLE

No, we don't get a lot of call for rent boys out this way. Far as I know, anyways. Maybe in town.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

47A

CONTINUED:

47A

BOYLE (CONT'D)

Why d'you marry him, then? For the visa, I suppose? *

She looks at him.

BOYLE

This is just between you and me.

GABRIELA

Yes. I get the visa and he looks...

BOYLE

Respectable.

GABRIELA

Yes, respectable.

BOYLE

It's a shame he still had to go through that rigmarole, in this day and age.

GABRIELA

Yes. He was a nice man.

(pause)

He is a nice man. *

48

INT. HANLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

48

EVERETT is at the bar, slightly inebriated, a half-drunk Guinness in front of him. Dressed in casual clothes that are stylish but quirky.

BOYLE enters and saunters up.

BOYLE

Wendell.

(glancing at his clothes)

Do you juggle as well?

EVERETT

Fuck you, Sergeant.

BOYLE laughs, hopping onto a stool beside him.

BOYLE

(to the BARMAN)

A hot whiskey, John-Joe. And a cold one while I'm waiting.

(to EVERETT)

Yourself?

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT

I'll have a Guinness.

BOYLE

Good man yourself.

(to the BARMAN)

I'll have the same.

The BARMAN starts pouring the pints. Gets BOYLE his whiskey.

BOYLE

Like the Fat Man said, if you've got to be careful not to drink too much, it's because you're not to be trusted when you do.

BOYLE knocks back the whiskey in one go.

BOYLE

Any luck?

EVERETT

Not a damn thing. The people here...

BOYLE

I know. It's like Compton, hah?

EVERETT

Exactly. They're certainly not too keen on talking to the law, that's for damn sure. Most of 'em don't even seem to speak English.

BOYLE

Ah, they speak English well enough. This is a Gaelic-speaking region, though. Did they not tell you that at Langley?

EVERETT

No, they did not tell me that at Langley, seeing as how Langley is the CIA, you idiot, not the FBI.

BOYLE

You didn't know that people in the West of Ireland speak Gaelic, and I'm the idiot?

EVERETT looks at BOYLE. Then nods, as if to say "touché". He finishes the pint in front of him.

EVERETT

How was your day off?

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Energetic. Listen, something's come up, and I'm not just talking about my cock. One of my men has gone missing. McBride. I found his car just down the road a-ways, in a known suicide spot. He was on duty at the time.

EVERETT

Any sign of foul play?

BOYLE

Not as far as we know at the moment.

EVERETT

You don't think it's suicide, obviously, so what are you thinking?

BOYLE

That fella McCormick murdered, and now a guard just disappears into thin air? It's too much of a coincidence.

EVERETT

Could be he stumbled onto something and got...

BOYLE

Whacked?

EVERETT

Whacked, yeah.

BOYLE

His first day on the job, too. Talk about bad luck.

EVERETT

Yeah. So where do we start?

The BARMAN serves their pints.

BOYLE

I say we start with these two lads and then take it from there.

(clinking glasses)

Sláinte.

(pause)

That's Gaelic.

EVERETT looks sourly at him.

INT. HANLEY'S BAR - LATER

On the tiny dance floor, an ELDERLY COUPLE is dancing to Liam Clancy's cover of "The Parting Glass".

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE and EVERETT idly watch them. Empty glasses, big and small, litter the bar in front of them.

BOYLE

What was the first case you ever solved?

EVERETT

Stealing an ostrich.

BOYLE

Hah?

EVERETT

Guy stole an ostrich, transported it across a state line. Something to do with the eggs.

BOYLE

Well I suppose it's more original than dealing crack. You ever had crack?

EVERETT

Do you think I would tell you if I had?

BOYLE

I've had it.

EVERETT

Yet again, I don't think you should be telling me this.

BOYLE

It was only the once, sure.

EVERETT

And how did you find the experience?

BOYLE

I enjoyed it. They tell you if you have one hit you're hooked, but that's just shite. Just propaganda they sell to the kids.

EVERETT

You're certainly an unconventional police officer, Sergeant Boyle.

BOYLE

Thank you.

EVERETT

That wasn't meant as a compliment.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Ah now, you're only messing, I know that.

(pause)

You ever kill anybody, Wendell?
In the line of duty, I'm saying.

EVERETT

No. Neither in the line of duty nor privately. Have you?

BOYLE

(sadly)

I wish.

(pause)

Cousin of mine in America has.
He was in the Gulf War. He was in
the same unit as Timothy McVeigh.
You know, the Oklahoma Bomber?

EVERETT

Yes, I know the Oklahoma Bomber.

BOYLE

He was a real little prick,
apparently. Played Michael Bolton
records all the time, really loudly.
Drove everybody pure mad.

EVERETT frowns, unsure whether to believe this.

BOYLE glances up and notices the CCTV camera in the corner. EVERETT follows his gaze. Then looks back at BOYLE. Then back at the CCTV camera.

EVERETT

What's so fascinating?

INT. BOYLE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

CLOSE on CCTV footage -- BILLY DEVANEY at the bar of Hanley's, in a heated conversation with JOEY BRENNAN.

EVERETT is on the couch watching the television, which is playing the CCTV tape. BOYLE enters with two mugs of tea.

BOYLE

Nice mug of tea.

He hands a mug to EVERETT and sits opposite.

EVERETT

Which one's Devaney, the Italian?

BOYLE

Yeah. So anyways, I had what I thought was a crank call saying the person responsible for killing McCormick was this lad Billy Devaney. Devaney's alibi was that he was in Hanley's on the night battering the head off Joey Brennan there.

EVERETT

So?

BOYLE

So maybe whoever made the crank call was in there that night, saw Billy--

EVERETT

--go crazy assaulting Brennan and decided to put him in the frame for McCormick as well.

BOYLE

Eggszactly!

CLOSE on the CCTV footage -- BRENNAN rears up in front of DEVANEY, who grabs a blunderbuss from off the bar and swings it at BRENNAN, cracking him over the head.

BOYLE

Jesus, he gave him a hell of a clout. He's strong for a little lad.

CLOSE on the CCTV footage -- BRENNAN throws a few weak punches, but DEVANEY keeps battering him with the gun.

EVERETT

What's that he's hitting him with?

BOYLE

A blunderbuss.

EVERETT

Right. I thought it was a musketoon. They look similar.

BOYLE nods, impressed by EVERETT's knowledge.

CLOSE on the CCTV footage -- BRENNAN is now unconscious on the ground. DEVANEY sits at the bar. TWO MEN appear and casually step over BRENNAN --

EVERETT

Freeze it!

BOYLE grabs the video remote and pauses the image --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on the CCTV footage -- the men are SHEEHY and CORNELL.

(CONTINUED)

50

CONTINUED:

50

EVERETT

Goddamn, it's Sheehy and Cornell!
They're here!

BOYLE

Now we're talking, boy!

HOLD on the image of SHEEHY and CORNELL.

51

EXT. GARDA STATION - DAY

51

Four cars are parked outside the station, none of them marked Garda vehicles, all with Dublin plates.

BOYLE, in uniform, drives up in his Garda car. Looks at the cars. Nods to himself.

BOYLE

The big city boys.

52

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

52

EVERETT and EIGHT DETECTIVES are crowded into the small station. Some on their cellphones, talking excitedly, others tapping at their lap-tops, others drinking coffee and conferring around a large map of Connemara.

BOYLE enters and looks around, grinning --

BOYLE

A big map. People pointing.
Must be important!

EVERETT and the DETECTIVES pause to look at BOYLE for a moment, then resume what they were doing.

BOYLE approaches EVERETT, who is at the map with TWO DETECTIVES, circling possible landing-points.

EVERETT

--Here, here, and here. That's just to begin with. Then we'll move up and down the coast, point by point--

He pauses, noticing BOYLE at his shoulder, smiling.

BOYLE

It's all happening now, hah?

EVERETT

(to the TWO DETECTIVES)

Excuse me a moment.

He takes BOYLE by the arm to usher him to one side, but BOYLE swiftly pulls his arm from EVERETT's grasp.

EVERETT

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to--

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Don't you ever fucking grab hold of me like that again.

EVERETT

And don't you ever speak to me like that again, Sergeant Boyle.

The station telephone rings. A DETECTIVE answers it.

BOYLE

Got your fucking zombies around you now, hah? Mobile phones, computers. Very fucking sophisticated--

EVERETT

We are all working together on a vitally important case, Sergeant. Now what I need from you--

BOYLE

What do you need from me, Wendell, apart from a cup of fucking coffee?

He looks defiantly at EVERETT.

The DETECTIVE on the telephone looks up --

DETECTIVE

Hey, Boyle, you've got a call. Some lad wants to talk to ya.

MOODY looks up from his computer, amused --

MOODY

His cat's probably stuck up a tree or something.

The OTHER DETECTIVES laugh.

BOYLE is still staring at EVERETT. EVERETT turns away.

EXT. CONNEMARA BOG - DAY

EUGENE is standing on the desolate bog, his bike and his dog, Jasper, beside him.

A Garda car approaches along the bog road. Halts close to EUGENE. BOYLE gets out.

BOYLE

Where is it?

EUGENE

Beyond.

BOYLE

Lead the way, so.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE moves off across the bog, the dog at his heels.
BOYLE follows at a leisurely pace.

After walking a short distance, EUGENE stops. His dog stops. BOYLE stops --

OVERHEAD SHOT -- they look down at a tarpaulin bundle poorly buried in a hole in the turf.

EUGENE

They didn't hide it very well. Sloppy.

BOYLE

They were probably out here after dark. It'd be a lonely auld job up here at night.

EUGENE

Yeah. Probably ghosts up here and everything. Poltergeists. *

BOYLE

I don't know about poltergeists, now. There's nothing to peg around. What were you doing up here anyways?

EUGENE

Wouldn't you like to know.

BOYLE

You'll be getting a belt, now, Eugene, if you carry on with that craic. Give me a hand here.

They crouch down over either end of the tarpaulin and lift it out onto drier ground.

OVERHEAD SHOT -- BOYLE and EUGENE unfold the tarpaulin to reveal two AK-47 rifles, six Glocks, a .357 Magnum, two thousand rounds of ammunition, Semtex explosive, and five timer power units. An IRA arms cache. *

BOYLE looks at EUGENE. *

EUGENE

What?

BOYLE

Hand it over.

EUGENE

Hah?

BOYLE

I'm not in the mood, Eugene.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE

I don't know what you're talking about.

*

BOYLE

You've taken something.

EUGENE

I have not!

BOYLE

You've taken something. You didn't even act surprised, for fuck's sake.

EUGENE

This is like the Birmingham Six all over again!

BOYLE

Hand it over, you little shit. Don't make me frisk you.

EUGENE

You're trippin', nigga, if you think you're gonna frisk me! I'll have you up on charges!

BOYLE

Do you want me to batter the hell out of you, Eugene? Because I will, boy, no questions asked!

EUGENE considers this. He puts his hand down inside his tracksuit bottoms and fumbles around --

BOYLE

What in the hell are ya--

EUGENE finally producing a Derringer -- a small, single-shot pocket pistol. He hands it to BOYLE.

BOYLE

It's tiny.

EUGENE

It's a Derringer. John Wilkes Booth used one to assassinate Abraham Lincoln.

BOYLE

I wouldn't have thought they'd do that much damage.

EUGENE

Ah, they get the job done, so I'm told. Although I can't see what use they'd be to the 'RA.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Maybe they're for killing little Protestants.

EUGENE laughs widely, showing the gaps in his teeth.

EUGENE

Killing little Protestants!
That's funny!

BOYLE pockets the Derringer.

BOYLE

Well, we better get them loaded
and be heading back. And not a peep
about this to anyone, d'ya hear me?

EUGENE

Let me have a go of one of them first. *

BOYLE

Are you off your head or what?
As if I'm going to--

EUGENE

That's not fair! I found them!
I didn't have to tell you at all,
ya bollix!

BOYLE makes a lunge for him that EUGENE deftly dodges.
EUGENE then swiftly changes tack, from anger to
pleading, clasping his hands in supplication --

EUGENE

Just give me a go of one of them and I
won't say a word to nobody, Sergeant,
I promise. *

BOYLE considers this. He looks at EUGENE's sad little
face. Then looks at Jasper's sad little face.

BOYLE

Which one?

EUGENE

(brightening up)
The AK-47!

BOYLE picks up one of the AK-47s. *

BOYLE

It's almost as big as you are,
for fuck's sake.

EUGENE

Ah go on, you promised!

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

I didn't promise anything.

He puts away the AK-47.

*

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

EUGENE

Ah, go on!

BOYLE comes up with the .357 Magnum. He checks that
it's loaded and hands it to EUGENE.

*
*

BOYLE

Be careful, now.

EUGENE hefts the Magnum, admiring it. BOYLE ducking out
of the line of fire.

*
*

EUGENE

It's okay if I let off a few rounds,
so?

BOYLE

Go on ahead for yourself.

EUGENE steadies himself. BOYLE takes a step back --

EUGENE fires off a shot that frightens the life out of
Jasper and throws EUGENE onto the seat of his pants.
After the shock has passed, his face lights up --

*
*
*

EUGENE

Guns are mad things, aren't they?

BOYLE grabs the Magnum.

*

BOYLE

Mad, yeah.

54

EXT. SALTHILL DIVING PIER - DAY

54

CORNELL is on the pier, looking out onto the promenade.
A leather briefcase beside him.

Inspector STANTON and Detective MOODY appear. They
approach cautiously along the pier, climbing the flight
of steps to CORNELL.

STANTON

Like a donkey fucking a hippopotamus,
it's party time.

CORNELL

What?

MOODY

Like a donkey fucking a hippopotamus,
it's party time.

CORNELL

What the fuck are you on about?

(CONTINUED)

STANTON

Sheehy said--

CORNELL

He was taking the fucking piss,
for fuck's sake.

CORNELL hands the briefcase to MOODY.

MOODY

That's nice. Is it real leather?

CORNELL

What am I, fucking cheap?

STANTON

It's all there, yeah?

CORNELL

Excuse me?

STANTON

It's all there?

CORNELL

No, it's not all there. I've skimmed
a few grand off the top.

STANTON

Hah?

CORNELL

Of course it's all fucking there.
This is the pay-off, yeah? We pay
you off and you and your pals keep
your noses out of our fucking
business, yeah? That's the dynamic
in this situation. So why the fuck
would I then cheat you out of your
money, hey? Why would I do that?
That would make no sense. That would
defeat the entire purpose of the
entire fucking interaction. Fuck me!

He shakes his head in despair as he descends the steps.
[We can see he has a gun tucked in at his back.]

MOODY

Somebody got out of bed on the wrong
side this morning.

As CORNELL walks off, he makes a sinister turn and looks
back at STANTON and MOODY, giving them pause.

*
*

BOYLE is sitting at the end of a row of seats, looking
blankly ahead.

(CONTINUED)

A door to the side opens -- STANTON and EVERETT enter.

BOYLE

Ah. The Irish-American Alliance.

STANTON

Don't start, you. You're in enough trouble as it is.

EVERETT

He's not in trouble, Inspector, we just need to clear the air is all.

BOYLE

(to STANTON)

What's wrong with your office?

STANTON

It's being redecorated. The fumes.

BOYLE

Redecorated again? What colour are you painting it this time, yellow?

STANTON

What d'you mean by that?

BOYLE

I don't mean anything by it.
It was an innocent-enough question.

EVERETT looks from BOYLE to STANTON, puzzled.

STANTON

You meant something by it, you prick.
Trying to cast aspersions.

BOYLE

I'm not trying to cast aspersions.
You've a very long and distinguished
service record. We all know that.

STANTON

Oh go fuck yourself, Boyle.

EVERETT

Listen, for the sake of this investigation, can we get past any personal animosity the two of you may have? It's unhelpful and it's unprofessional. We've got a serious job of work to do here. Which is why I want to apologise to you, Sergeant, for what happened this morning. It was out of line. There's no reason why we can't work together on this. I don't want you to think I'm freezing you out. That was never my intention.

BOYLE looks blankly ahead.

(CONTINUED)

STANTON

Answer the man.

BOYLE

Yeah, yellow. Same colour as your gazebo.

EVERETT sighs.

STANTON

Get the fuck out of here, Boyle.
I'm sick of the sight of ya.

BOYLE gets up, stretches, and goes to the door.

STANTON

(to EVERETT)

I told you he was pure thick.
This was a waste of time.

BOYLE pauses at the door. Glances at EVERETT --

BOYLE

Did you not know he has a gazebo, no?
I'll see ye.

He waves goodbye like James Dean in *Giant*, the door closing behind him.

STANTON

I don't have a gazebo, Agent Everett.

EVERETT

I don't care, man.

INT. AQUARIUM - DAY

SHEEHY and O'LEARY are looking into a tank filled with various marine animals. CORNELL appears.

CORNELL

I fucking hate rats, I swear to God.

SHEEHY

Did they try something?

CORNELL

No they didn't try something.

O'LEARY

Then what's the problem?

CORNELL

I'm just fucking sick and tired of the kind of people we have to deal with in this business.

(CONTINUED)

SHEEHY

What do you expect? We're drug-traffickers.

O'LEARY

The Dalai Lama's hardly going to be looking for a piece of the action.

CLOSE on a second tank. The faces of CORNELL, SHEEHY and O'LEARY appearing, distorted by the water and the glass as they watch the movements of a lobster.

CORNELL

It's dispiriting, though. I mean, what's the point? It's all so fucking meaningless.

O'LEARY

The money.

CORNELL

The money. Yeah. But how much money do you need to be happy?

SHEEHY

The whores.

CORNELL

The whores. Yeah. But I'm at a stage in my life where I'm looking for a more meaningful relationship. Y'know?

O'LEARY

I'm with you there. Monogamous.

A third tank. CORNELL, SHEEHY and O'LEARY framed by a large painting of a spider crab.

CORNELL

There's one guard Stanton can't vouch for, said he's too unpredictable.

SHEEHY

Don't tell me, let me guess. Boyle.

CORNELL

Yeah that's it.

Back to the first tank. CORNELL fascinated by the movements of a basking shark.

CORNELL

I like sharks. They're soothing.

CLOSE on the shark.

MATCH CUT TO:

57

INT. CHURCH - DAY

57

CLOSE on a crucified Christ.

BOYLE is in a pew beside the confessional. After a moment, the confessional door opens to reveal EILEEN, struggling to get up from her kneeling position.

BOYLE reaches her, and helps her up and over to a pew.

EILEEN

He was no use.

BOYLE

Sure what have you got to confess, anyways, at your age?

EILEEN

What's my age got to do with it? Pol Pot was in his seventies when he died.

BOYLE

I think Pol Pot's shenanigans were a little bit more malicious than anything you might've got up to.

EILEEN

Shows how much you know.

BOYLE

Oh really? You took part in a wild orgy or something? One of them bacchanals?

EILEEN

Ah, go 'way.

He sits down beside her.

BOYLE

Bust a cap in the ass of a homey?

EILEEN

(with a giggle)

"Bust a cap in the ass." Funny.

They sit in silence for a moment.

EILEEN

How are things in the world of law enforcement?

BOYLE

We've had a fella over from the FBI.

EILEEN

Oh! Behavioural Science Unit?

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Drugs.

EILEEN

Ah, sure.

BOYLE

Yeah.

EILEEN

What type of drugs?

BOYLE

Cocaine.

EILEEN

Cocaine. I could do with some cocaine. They say it gives you a lot of get-up-and-go.

BOYLE

It perks you up, alright. Helps you get off with the lasses, too. They're mad for the stuff.

EILEEN

Sure who can blame them?

BOYLE

True enough.

EILEEN

(after a pause)

What about amyl nitrate?

BOYLE

Hah?

EILEEN

What about amyl nitrate? What does that do for you?

BOYLE

What am I, a fucking drugs aficionado? What's with the interest all of a sudden?

EILEEN

I don't know. I feel like I've missed out.

BOYLE

You've missed out on amyl nitrate?

EILEEN

Generally, I'm saying.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

We've all fucking missed out generally. You're not alone there.

(pause)

What's going on in that tiny little brain? Come on, tell me.

EILEEN

I was thinking, I haven't listened to music in a long time. Live music, you know? A ceilidh band.

BOYLE

Sure if that's all that's bothering you, I'll sort something out for tonight.

EILEEN

You will?

BOYLE

I'll see what's on. Bound to be something good on somewhere. And it's not like you're that hard to please.

EILEEN

That's what they said to me at the orgy!

They laugh.

INT. EDDIE ROCKET'S DINER - DAY

AOIFE is sitting in a booth, sucking on a milkshake. She has a black eye and a bruised lip. Middle of the Road's "Chirpy Chirp Cheep Cheep" playing on the jukebox. She looks up --

BOYLE, still in uniform, is standing with his hands in his pockets. They look at each other for a long moment.

BOYLE

You've been in the wars, hah?

AOIFE

Yeah.

BOYLE

Who did that to you?

AOIFE

Just a fella.

BOYLE

Just a fella. Not a very nice fella.

AOIFE

There aren't any nice fellas.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Oh I wouldn't be too sure about that, now. That's a very pessimistic world-view.

AOIFE sucks to the bottom of her milkshake. BOYLE attracts the attention of a passing WAITRESS.

BOYLE

Two more of them, please. Chocolate.

The WAITRESS moves off. BOYLE slips into the booth.

BOYLE

What brings you back to Galway, Aoife? Nothing good, I'm betting.

AOIFE

I was told to come.

BOYLE

Who told you to come?

AOIFE

A fella.

BOYLE

A fella. The same fella who laid into you?

AOIFE

Maybe.

BOYLE

And what did this enigmatic fella have to say for himself?

AOIFE

It's about those pictures.

BOYLE

What pictures?

AOIFE

The photographs. From the G.

BOYLE looks blankly at AOIFE. Her head is lowered.

BOYLE

What about them?

AOIFE

I was told to tell you, you're to keep your head down, if you know what's good for you.

She looks up at him. He looks straight back at her. She lowers her head again, ashamed.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

And if I don't keep my head down,
what then?

AOIFE shrugs. The WAITRESS delivers the two milkshakes.

BOYLE takes a long suck on his milkshake. AOIFE looks up at him. He continues sucking on it. AOIFE smiles.

Then she glances up and her smile fades. BOYLE follows her glance --

SHEEHY has approached the table, a bottle of Sol in his hand. Bobbie Gentry's "Ode to Billy Joe" has started playing on the jukebox.

SHEEHY

Are we making any headway or what?

He slips into the booth, facing BOYLE, AOIFE in the middle. BOYLE puts down his milkshake.

BOYLE

Sheehy.

SHEEHY

Sergeant Boyle.

BOYLE

So it was a set-up from the start?
How d'ya work that?

SHEEHY

Ah no. Just a random thing. Heard on the grapevine there was a guard out in Galway was partial to the whores, decided to take advantage of it. Totally opportunistic on my part.

BOYLE nods. He and SHEEHY look at one another, until SHEEHY becomes aware of the song that is playing --

SHEEHY

This song freaks me out, man.
I mean, what did they throw off
the fucking Tallahatchie Bridge?

AOIFE

I always thought it was a baby.

BOYLE shoots a glance at AOIFE.

SHEEHY

Yeah? It could be a gun. It could be...It could be any fucking thing, when you think about it.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Bobbie Gentry said she didn't know what it was. It's supposed to be, y'know, mysterious.

SHEEHY

Who's Bobbie Gentry?

BOYLE

The singer. She wrote the song.

SHEEHY

Oh. Gives me the fucking creeps, anyways, whatever it is.

BOYLE

You know what gives me the creeps? Men who beat up women.

SHEEHY

That wasn't me, now. That was one of my overenthusiastic minions.

BOYLE

Cornell or O'Leary?

SHEEHY

You're very well-informed, Sergeant.

BOYLE

I like to keep abreast of current events.

SHEEHY

Good man yourself.

(pause)

No, I'm no fan of violence against women, and to be honest, I'm no fan of blackmail either. So as an added incentive...

He takes a stuffed envelope from his inside jacket pocket and places it in the centre of the table.

SHEEHY

Now.

BOYLE sucks on his milkshake.

BOYLE

What's the point in paying me off? You'll still have to pay off every other guard on the west coast.

SHEEHY looks blankly at him. Takes a slug of the Sol.

BOYLE

You've paid off everyone?

(CONTINUED)

SHEEHY

Enough as makes no odds.

BOYLE

Even Wendell?

SHEEHY

Oh, the Yank? No, I decided discretion was the better part of valour there. You know what Americans are like with their fucking "ideals".

(pause)

Sergeant, I'll say this now, just so's we're quite clear. This is a one-time-only offer. You cross me on this and you're finished. And this is not just about me. You can't just arrest me and it's over. There are men behind the men. Do you understand?

BOYLE

I understand, Sheehy. I understand.

SHEEHY

Good. Goodbye, amigos.

He gets up from the booth and exits.

BOYLE and AOIFE sit in silence. BOYLE rubs his temple --

AOIFE

Are ya alright?

BOYLE

That milkshake's after giving me a fucking milkshake-headache.

AOIFE

Oh I hate them.

(pause)

What are ya gonna do?

BOYLE

It's alright. It'll go in a minute.

He looks at her. She smiles. He gets up, leaving the money.

BOYLE

Buy yourself something nice, Aoife. I'll see ye.

He exits. AOIFE sits still a moment, then reaches out and grabs the envelope, putting it in her lap.

59

INT. G HOTEL (BLUE LOUNGE) - DAY

59

EVERETT and Inspector STANTON are seated in the baroque Blue Lounge. STANTON glancing at the decor.

STANTON

You know when you hear tell about
someone being liquidated? You know,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STANTON (CONT'D)

by the Mob, like? What does that actually mean?

EVERETT

It means they've been killed.
What else would it mean?

STANTON

Yeah, I know that. But does it mean they've actually been turned into liquid?

EVERETT

No, just killed.

STANTON

Yeah. I suppose turning someone into liquid would be too time-consuming, hah? It'd take ages.

He stares off into the middle distance. EVERETT looks blankly at him.

GABRIELA appears in the corridor to the lounge, dressed in a staff uniform. She approaches apprehensively. EVERETT stands, STANTON remains seated.

GABRIELA

You have found him?

EVERETT

No, I'm sorry, Mrs McBride. We just wanted to ask you a few questions. Please.

He motions GABRIELA to a seat. Sits opposite her.

GABRIELA

I thought Sergeant Boyle was--

STANTON

He's been relieved of those duties.

GABRIELA

Why?

STANTON

He's not right in the head.

EVERETT

I don't think we need to get into this with Mrs McBride, Inspector.

STANTON

Right you are, so, you'd know more than me, go ahead.

GABRIELA glances between STANTON and EVERETT.

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT

Mrs McBride, can you think of any reason why your husband may have chosen to disappear?

GABRIELA

No. I have told Sergeant Boyle all I know.

EVERETT

I understand that, but--

STANTON

Was he on the take?

GABRIELA

I do not understand--

STANTON

McBride. Was he taking money from people? Gangsters, like?

GABRIELA

He was a good man. Why would he--

STANTON

Ah, sure, we're all good men. The fact remains, he shows up in the West at the exact same time a bunch of drug-smugglers are planning to land half a billion dollars' worth of cocaine and then he suddenly goes missing? Sounds fishy to me.

EVERETT looks at STANTON, astonished.

GABRIELA

You are saying my husband is a criminal?

EVERETT

Hold on, now, just a minute--

STANTON

I'm saying many a blind eye'll be turned for that kind of money. And he is from Dublin after all.

GABRIELA stands, as does EVERETT.

GABRIELA

I thought you were trying to find my husband, but you come here to insult him?

EVERETT

I apologise for the insensitivity of Inspector Stanton's remarks, Mrs Mc--

(CONTINUED)

59

CONTINUED:

59

GABRIELA

I will only speak to Sergeant Boyle about this. Please do not come to my place of work again. Good day to you.

She turns and exits. EVERETT watches her go, then looks at STANTON, who is still seated.

STANTON

Touchy, hah? They're like that, the Romanians.

60

EXT. CONNEMARA AERODROME - DAY

60

BOYLE is sitting on the boot of his Garda car, smoking, watching a plane fly in from the Aran Islands.

A VW Beetle drives up and parks alongside. The driver is COLUM HENNESSEY. Forty, IRA. He gets out. Dressed in denim. Places a cowboy hat on his head. Tips it.

HENNESSEY

Sergeant.

BOYLE

Colum.

HENNESSEY takes a vial from his pocket and taps out a handful of multicoloured pills.

HENNESSEY

You want one of these?

BOYLE

What are they?

HENNESSEY

I have no idea. Libyan lad gave them to me. They're all different colours, look.

BOYLE

I'll pass, Colum.

HENNESSEY

I like the purple ones. They make you feel frisky.

He gulps down a handful.

HENNESSEY

Let's have a little look-see for ourselves.

BOYLE hops down from the boot, and opens it to reveal the IRA arms cache.

(CONTINUED)

HENNESSEY

Who was it found it?

BOYLE

Young lad.

HENNESSEY

We won't have any problems there?

BOYLE

No, he's a good lad. He's a bit cracked, anyways, so even if he said anything...

HENNESSEY nods. Flips open a notepad and consults it. Glances at the arms cache. Frowns.

HENNESSEY

This is the lot, yeah?

BOYLE

Yeah. What's the problem?

HENNESSEY

There's supposed to be two Kalashnikovs and six of these handguns. And a Derringer.

BOYLE

What's a Derringer?

HENNESSEY

It's like a baby gun. One of the gay lads used to like, ah... secreting them about his person.

BOYLE

There were gay lads in the IRA?

HENNESSEY

One or two, yeah. It was the only way we could successfully infiltrate MI5.

BOYLE nods. HENNESSEY looks at him.

BOYLE

What?

HENNESSEY

I mean, an AK-47, a Glock and a Derringer. That's a lot to go missing, like.

BOYLE nods. HENNESSEY looks at him.

HENNESSEY

I mean, what do you think happened to them?

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Maybe the mice ate them.

HENNESSEY

Hah?

BOYLE

Maybe the mice ate them.

HENNESSEY

I can't be after putting that in my report. "The mice ate them."

BOYLE

No?

HENNESSEY

Not really, no.

BOYLE

(getting worked up)

Well why don't you put in your report that Sergeant Boyle went out of his fucking way to do you boys a fucking favour and he got really fucking annoyed when you started asking him stupid fucking questions about a few missing fucking guns, trying to fucking catch him out as if he's just some kind of fucking gobshite!

HENNESSEY

Ah, there's no need--

BOYLE

You have your fucking explosives, don't ya? I mean it's not like you lads were ever that keen on getting in close for a scrap, now, was it? Blowing up Australians by mistake from a distance was more your modus operandi.

HENNESSEY

Ah, now, there's no need to be like that. I can see I've upset ya and I apologise for it, okay? And let's leave it at that.

BOYLE

(totally calm again)

I accept your apology, Colum.
You boys owe me one, though.
For going out of my way.

HENNESSEY

I'll put it to the High Command.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

BOYLE

Is there still a High Command?

HENNESSEY

There is.

BOYLE

Well I can't ask fairer than that.

HENNESSEY lifts the tarpaulin out of the boot and carries it to the rear of his VW. Takes out his keys --

BOYLE

The boot's at the other end, Colum.

HENNESSEY looks at BOYLE, then at the VW. He laughs.

HENNESSEY

I'm always doing that.

He lifts up the tarpaulin and traipses around to the front of the VW.

BOYLE shakes his head.

61

EXT. COASTLINE - EVENING

61

SHEEHY, O'LEARY and CORNELL silhouetted, looking down onto Spiddal pier. SHEEHY with a pair of binoculars --

SHEEHY's POV through the binoculars -- the pier is totally deserted.

SHEEHY

Nothing. Tomorrow night, so.
We're good to go.

CORNELL

Oh I hate that.

SHEEHY

What?

CORNELL

Americanisms.

62

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

62

SHEEHY, CORNELL and O'LEARY walk towards their car.

O'LEARY

What about the guard?

SHEEHY

I don't know. That's an anomaly.
Is that the right word? I don't
think it is.

(CONTINUED)

O'LEARY

Why? The guard, I mean.

SHEEHY

The blackmail didn't seem to bother him. And he didn't take the money.

CORNELL

Yeah? I'm impressed.

SHEEHY

I was, too, I have to say.

O'LEARY

Good luck to him.

CORNELL

It's not often you come across that kind of integrity. In our business.

They reach the car.

SHEEHY

Still.

CORNELL

Yeah we can't have that.

SHEEHY

We'll have to make sure he's out of harm's way.

They look at O'LEARY.

O'LEARY

Why is it always me, though?

CORNELL

Because you're a psychopath.

O'LEARY

I find that to be highly discriminatory against the mentally ill.

SHEEHY and CORNELL laugh. They open the car doors.

O'LEARY

And anyways, I'm a sociopath, not a psychopath. They explained that to me in Mountjoy.

SHEEHY

What's the difference?

O'LEARY

I can't remember. It's a tricky one.

They get into the car and drive away.

63

EXT/INT. NEACHTAIN'S BAR - NIGHT

63

A CEILIDH BAND is playing in the packed bar. BOYLE, in casual clothes, carries two pints and two whiskies on a tray to a booth where EILEEN is waiting. He sits --

EILEEN

Down the hatch!

They knock back the whiskies in one go.

EILEEN

What did Doctor Oleyuwo say to you?

BOYLE

What could he say?

EILEEN

He won't be too happy, me out gallivanting.

BOYLE

I told him I'd have him deported if he made any trouble.

EILEEN

You're a terror!

BOYLE

Ah, he's alright, though.

EILEEN

He is really. He's a good-looking man. Very distinguished-looking. Very dignified.

BOYLE

Ah, that's what they always say about auld black fellas. "He has great dignity." It's racist.

EILEEN

Is it?

(pause)

Sidney Poitier.

(pause)

They do say they have large penises. Black men.

BOYLE

That's just a myth.

EILEEN

(disappointed)

Is it?

BOYLE

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

EILEEN

Somebody was telling me--

Suddenly she almost doubles over, clutching her abdomen. BOYLE reaches out to her, she grabs his hand and squeezes it till the wave of pain passes.

BOYLE

Okay?

She sits up again. Nods. Takes a swallow from her pint. BOYLE watching her.

BOYLE

We shouldn't have come out.

EILEEN

No, no, I'll be alright.

They listen to the music. BOYLE still concerned.

EILEEN

Thanks for taking me out, Gerry.
You're a good boy. You've always
been a good boy.

BOYLE

Ah, stop.

EILEEN

You never gave me a moment's grief.

BOYLE

Ah, stop, now. We both know that's
not true.

EILEEN

Let's pretend that it is.

She holds out her hand. BOYLE grasps it.

BOYLE

Look at your little hands.

EILEEN/BOYLE

Almost like a real person's!

They laugh at their in-joke. EILEEN takes another swallow of her pint. They listen to the music.

EILEEN

Lovely music.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN on the PARISH PRIEST saying the mass in Gaelic.

(CONTINUED)

The church full of PARISHIONERS. BOYLE, smartly dressed, among them. As is EVERETT, quirkily dressed, the only black face in a sea of white faces.

PARISH PRIEST

(in Gaelic)

May the peace of the Lord be with you all.

PARISHIONERS

(in Gaelic)

And also with you. *

PARISH PRIEST

(in Gaelic) *

Let us offer each other the sign of peace. *

The PARISHIONERS turn to one another to shake hands --

As BOYLE does so, he sees GABRIELA is in the pew behind him. He smiles and shakes her hand. She smiles back.

The PARISHIONERS beside EVERETT converge on him, excited to shake the hand of an FBI man.

The PARISHIONERS file out, many loitering to gossip and smoke. They part for BOYLE and EVERETT, who have inadvertently found themselves alongside one another.

BOYLE

Never pegged you for a Catholic, Wendell.

EVERETT

Is that right?

BOYLE

Thought you'd be into one of those silly religions.

EVERETT

What exactly do you consider a silly religion, Sergeant?

BOYLE

The ones where they believe in aliens and spaceships and all that shite.

EVERETT

Scientologists.

BOYLE

I was thinking Baptists and Presbyterians, mainly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

BOYLE (CONT'D)

Sure it's all little green men in the
end, though, hah. I'll see ye.

He scoots off, having spotted GABRIELA.

*

EVERETT smiles wryly.

66

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE CHURCH - DAY

66

GABRIELA walking along. BOYLE saunters up alongside her.

*
*

BOYLE

How are things?

GABRIELA

Oh. You know.

(pause)

They say that "no news is good news"?

BOYLE

Yes, they say that, but it's not true.
No news is generally very bad.

GABRIELA looks at him for a long moment.

GABRIELA

You are a very honest man.

BOYLE

I'm sorry.

GABRIELA

No, it is good. I have not met many
honest men in my life. Even Aidan...

BOYLE

He had his reasons, I suppose.

(pause)

How are you feeling in yourself?

*

GABRIELA

I know it has only been a little
while, but the house...

BOYLE

It must feel awful lonesome.

GABRIELA

Yes...We were not in love, of course,
but companionship...It is very
important, yes?

BOYLE

Yeah. Especially out here.

GABRIELA

How do you deal with loneliness,
Sergeant?

BOYLE

I hire prostitutes.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIELA
(after a pause)
I am sorry?

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

I hire prostitutes. Good-time girls,
you know?

GABRIELA nods, considering this.

GABRIELA

But that is just sex, yes? That does
not help someone who is lonely.

BOYLE

It goes a long way, I have to say.
(pause)

I used to take a lot of crystal meth,
but I had to put a stop to it.

GABRIELA

It was bad for you health?

BOYLE

Yeth. I was a complete meth.

GABRIELA looks at him and laughs. They walk on.

BOYLE

I read. I listen to music. I watch
films. I go for a drink at the pub.
I go for lots of drinks at the pub,
actually. You should come with me
some time.

GABRIELA

Are you trying to...pick me up,
Sergeant?

BOYLE

No, no, no, no, no. God, no.
(pause)
Maybe a little bit.

GABRIELA

I do not think it would be right--

BOYLE

No, no, not now. Oh God, no. I mean
when we've got Aidan back safe and
sound, like. He can go off gallivant-
ing with his young fellas, and you
and me can go out for a few scoops,
and everybody's happy. And then, if
everything's gone well, and there's
nobody to stand in our way, we could
elope and leave this cruel world behind.
How's about that for a plan, hah?

GABRIELA

It is a very good plan.

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

BOYLE

It is indeed.

They smile, and walk on.

67

INT. HOSPICE - DAY

67

An open suitcase on a neatly-folded bed. BOYLE appears, placing his mother's clothes into the suitcase.

Doctor OLEYUWO is at the doorway.

OLEYUWO

We checked the dispensary. There was nothing missing, as far as we could tell.

BOYLE

She probably saved them up herself. She was always crafty like that.

OLEYUWO

She did not leave a note.

BOYLE

She didn't have to leave a note. What needed to be said?

There is a rosary on the bedside table, along with the Goncharov book. BOYLE tosses the rosary into the suitcase. Flips through the book. Pauses --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on the title-page. Eileen has written: "To Gerry. He dies in the end. Sad. Love, Mum."

BOYLE smiles. He places the book in the suitcase.

OLEYUWO

You do not seem surprised.

BOYLE

She was a proud woman. She was a brave woman.

(closing the suitcase)

She was my mother.

He goes to the door with the suitcase. Holds out his hand. OLEYUWO shakes it. BOYLE exits.

OLEYUWO glances around the room. Then exits, closing the door. HOLD on the empty room for a moment.

68

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

68

EVERETT is at the bar with his luggage, in a sober suit and tie. He pays for a coffee. Turns, pauses --

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE is sitting on his own, brooding, a pint and a whiskey chaser in front of him.

EVERETT hesitates, then decides to go over. BOYLE glances up at his approach. EVERETT motions to the empty seat opposite BOYLE. BOYLE nods. EVERETT sits.

EVERETT

I was sorry to hear about your mother.
I lost my father a few years ago.
It didn't hit me so much at the time,
it was only later...

BOYLE

It's tough, alright.

EVERETT

Yeah.

He puts a sugar cube in his mouth, sips his coffee.

BOYLE knocks back the whiskey.

BOYLE

So what's happening with the
investigation?

EVERETT

We've had reliable intelligence
they're down in Cork. We're going--

BOYLE

Who's down in Cork?

EVERETT

Sheehy, Cornell, O'Leary.

BOYLE

Where did this intelligence come from?

EVERETT

Garda sources.

BOYLE

Garda sources.

EVERETT

One of Stanton's informers.

BOYLE looks at EVERETT. Sips his pint.

EVERETT

The Naval Service are standing down in
this area, and we're now concentrating
the operation down there.

BOYLE

So you're moving on?

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT

Yeah. There's another agent in place already. I'm heading down there tonight.

(pause)

I'd like to thank you for your help. It was much appreciated.

BOYLE doesn't respond.

EVERETT

Well.

He finishes his coffee and gets up.

BOYLE

You take care of yourself, now, Wendell.

He holds out his hand. EVERETT, surprised, shakes it.

EVERETT

I will. Good luck.

BOYLE

I'll see ye.

EVERETT nods and moves off, carrying his luggage.

BOYLE sips his pint.

INT. BOYLE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

BOYLE pours himself a whiskey. Chet Baker's "Everything Happens to Me" can be heard playing.

He goes to a window and looks out at the sea.

There is a loud knock at the front door. BOYLE glances at the clock on the mantelpiece -- it is past midnight.

He puts down his glass, and crosses the room to a window that looks out onto the front path --

BOYLE's POV -- there doesn't seem to be anybody on the path, although the angle is deceptive.

He pauses, unsure.

EXT. BOYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOYLE opens the door, but there is no one there. He walks up the path and looks around.

He looks up at the stars, then returns down the path and goes back inside.

71

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

71

He picks up his whiskey and goes to the record player --

O'LEARY (O.S.)

No, leave it. I like Chet Baker.

BOYLE pauses. He turns around --

O'LEARY is sitting in an armchair, a gun in one hand, pointed at BOYLE, a whiskey in the other.

O'LEARY

You should get a dog. Or a parrot, maybe. Something to raise the alarm, y'know. Ned Kelly had a peacock.

BOYLE

I've always wanted a giraffe.

O'LEARY

A giraffe? That wouldn't work.

(looking up at the ceiling)

I mean, you'd have to put in a cupola or something. It'd be too expensive.

(motioning with the gun)

Sit yourself down, there, now.

BOYLE sits on an armchair opposite O'LEARY.

BOYLE

I thought you lads were supposed to be in Cork?

O'LEARY

It's called misinformation in the intelligence community.

BOYLE

Disinformation.

O'LEARY

Disinformation, then, smartarse.

(pause)

There's a boat coming in but there's nothing on it. It's just a blind.

BOYLE

You're down at Rossaveal, so?

O'LEARY

Close. Spiddal.

(pause)

Y'know, I don't know whether to kill you or just tie you up, make sure you don't do anything silly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

O'LEARY (CONT'D)

Do you have any rope and, ah...what-d'ya-call-it, masking tape?

BOYLE

There might be some down in the shed below.

O'LEARY

Ah, sure, I can't be traipsing around out there at this hour of the night.

They look blankly at one another.

BOYLE

You couldn't just let me be, no?

O'LEARY smiles. Sips his whiskey.

BOYLE

Why d'you kill McCormick, if you don't mind my asking?

O'LEARY

We thought he was an FBI informer.

BOYLE

You thought he was an FBI informer.

O'LEARY

Yeah. Turns out he wasn't.

BOYLE

Unlucky for Mister McCormick.

O'LEARY

(with a laugh)

Better to be safe than sorry, though, hah?

BOYLE

Right enough. You can't be too careful in your line of work.

O'LEARY

It's a hard life. Not a lot of people understand. I'm on tablets, like, for the stress. Lithium.

BOYLE

You'd want to be careful with that stuff.

O'LEARY

Sure I know well.

They look blankly at one another. BOYLE scratches at his crotch.

(CONTINUED)

O'LEARY

You alright there?

BOYLE

I think I might've picked up a little something I shouldn't've.

O'LEARY

Got a little fungi from dingle, hah?

BOYLE

I was with these two lasses. I got a bit carried away, like.

O'LEARY

Ran out of the auld prophylactics but decided to chance it? We've all been there. Where were these girls from? Not from around here?

BOYLE

Dublin.

O'LEARY

Ah, sure, Dublin. You've only yourself to blame.

BOYLE leaves his crotch alone for a moment. Sips his whiskey. Glances around.

BOYLE

Be nice if we had some dips. While you're making up your mind.

O'LEARY

Yeah, some nachos. Guacamole.

BOYLE

I mean we could be here a while.

O'LEARY

Ah we won't be here that long. This'll all be over soon.

BOYLE

Is that right?

O'LEARY

Yeah. Your future's so short it wouldn't stand knee-high to a midget.

BOYLE

"Knee-high to a midget"! Good one. You read it in a book, though, so it doesn't count. You've got to make them up yourself, epigrams.

O'LEARY looks sullenly at him.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

So what was the deal with McCormick?

O'LEARY

I've already said. We thought he was--

BOYLE

No, I mean--

O'LEARY

Oh, you mean all that other shite?

BOYLE

Yeah. What was all that about?

O'LEARY

It was just to confuse you lads.

BOYLE

Why five and a half, though?

O'LEARY

Fuck knows. I was locked, sure.

BOYLE nods. He puts one hand inside his crotch now and starts scratching, the other digging at his flies.

O'LEARY laughs, his gun held idly in his lap.

O'LEARY

Christ, they're eating you alive,
the beggars!

BOYLE

And McBride? You did for him, too,
I suppose?

O'LEARY

Ah that was pure happenstance.
He pulled us over for no reason.
He should've minded his own fucking
business.

BOYLE

What did you do with the body?

O'LEARY

Dumped him in the sea. The little
fishes will have eaten him away
by now. Not bad, though, hah?
Getting away with two murders?

BOYLE

You haven't gotten away with them yet.

O'LEARY

I admire your confidence, Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

71

CONTINUED:

71

BOYLE

I admire yours.

He draws the Derringer and fires -- *

Hitting O'LEARY in the chest, his gun dropping from his hand. He remains sitting up.

BOYLE crosses the room and picks up O'LEARY's fallen gun. *

O'LEARY *

Ah fuck. I think you've...I think you've done for me.

BOYLE

I think I have, yeah.

O'LEARY opens his shirt and studies the bloody hole. *

BOYLE *

Are the lights growing dim?

O'LEARY

Don't mock me.

BOYLE

It's good enough for ya.

O'LEARY

There were so many...so many things I wanted to do.

BOYLE

Like what, for fuck's sake? Running with the bulls at Pamplona?

O'LEARY

(crying)

I wanted to...I wanted to...

BOYLE

Jesus Christ, if there's one thing I can't stand it's self-pity.

He exits.

71A

INT. EVERETT'S CAR - NIGHT

71A

EVERETT's cellphone starts ringing. He flips it open --

EVERETT

Special Agent Wendell Everett.

72

INT. BOYLE'S HOUSE (BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

72

BOYLE is pacing the room, an archaic telephone with a long lead in his hand. Daniel O'Donnell looking down on him from the poster.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

It's Gerry Boyle, Wendell.

INTER-CUT --

EVERETT

Hey, Sergeant, what's up?

BOYLE

Where are you?

EVERETT

I'm almost into Galway.

BOYLE

You've got to get back here.
They're landing at Spiddal tonight.
Cork is a decoy.

EVERETT

(after a pause)

Listen, Sergeant, I know I'm an
American and I've had difficulty
adjusting to the Irish sense of
humour--

BOYLE

It's not a joke. I'm after having
run into O'Leary.

EVERETT

You ran into O'Leary?

BOYLE

Well he ran into me. I shot him.

EVERETT

You shot him?

BOYLE

In self-defence, like.

EVERETT

Is he dead?

BOYLE

Hang on.

TRACKING SHOT -- following BOYLE into the living room.
He looks down at O'LEARY, who is now quite dead.

BOYLE

He is now, yeah.

EVERETT

(after a pause)

No, no, no, no, no. It's Cork.
They're coming into Cork.

(CONTINUED)

72

CONTINUED:

72

BOYLE
(after a pause)
Well you know best. I'll see ye.

He hangs up.

73

INT. EVERETT'S CAR - NIGHT

73

EVERETT flips shut his cellphone. Continues driving.

EVERETT
Idiot.
(long pause)
Goddamn idiot.

74

INT. BOYLE'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

74

BOYLE opens a cupboard to reveal a Garda dress uniform wrapped in clear plastic. He lays it on his bed and admires it.

CLOSE on -- a blue shirt, with three chevrons, buttoned up over his paunch.

CLOSE on -- a navy tie briskly knotted.

CLOSE on -- navy trousers zipped up. A leather belt, with Garda insignia, buckled up.

CLOSE on -- fine black leather shoes quickly tied.

CLOSE on -- a navy tunic jacket, with three chevrons, buttoned to the neck.

CLOSE on -- a navy cap placed firmly on his head.

BOYLE now smartly dressed in the old-style uniform. He studies his reflection. Realises there is something missing.

The cupboard mirror swings into view to reveal --

BOYLE now armed to the teeth with the Glock tucked in at his belt and the AK-47 hoisted in one hand.

CLOSE on -- the Glock.

CLOSE on -- the AK-47.

BOYLE nods. Now he is ready for action.

75

EXT. CONNEMARA - NIGHT

75

HELICOPTER SHOT -- BOYLE'S Garda car speeds through the night.

76

INT. GARDA CAR - NIGHT

76

The AK-47 is propped up on the seat beside BOYLE. He glances down at the Glock tucked in at his belt. Removes it and places it on the passenger seat.

BOYLE

Got to be careful with that lad.
Don't want to do any damage to
meself.

77

EXT. GABRIELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

77

BOYLE drives up, honking the horn. Gets out.

GABRIELA opens the front door.

BOYLE

I'm not stopping, Gabriela, I've just
come to say...

GABRIELA

He is dead.

BOYLE

Yeah. I'm pretty sure of it.

GABRIELA

He killed himself?

BOYLE

No. He was murdered.

GABRIELA

He was murdered?

Tears well up in her eyes.

BOYLE

Yeah. They probably shot him, I think,
and then threw him into the sea.
It's unlikely we'll recover the body.
I thought you should know, anyways.

GABRIELA cries. She wipes at her tears, BOYLE reaching out at the same moment. Their fingertips touching.

BOYLE

I've finished off one of the lads
that did it. I'm just going down
now to sort out the others.

GABRIELA

What? Going where?

BOYLE

Down to Spiddal. There's a ship coming
in, I think.

(CONTINUED)

77

CONTINUED:

77

GABRIELA

A ship? How many are there?

BOYLE

I don't know. I just wanted to say...

They look at each other.

BOYLE

I just wanted to say, I wish I'd got to know you better. You're a lovely woman.

He kisses GABRIELA on the cheek. She embraces him. He embraces her in return. He gives a nod and turns away.

GABRIELA

Sergeant?

He gets back into his car.

78

INT. GARDA CAR - NIGHT

78

He reverses out without looking back. GABRIELA framed through his windshield.

79

EXT. GABRIELA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

79

GABRIELA

Gerry!

80

INT. GARDA CAR - NIGHT

80

BOYLE speeds along. Thinking of what might have been. Then he spots something up ahead --

81

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

81

EUGENE is walking along with his bicycle and his dog, Jasper. He hears the sound of a car and turns --

To see BOYLE at the wheel of the Garda car --

EUGENE salutes --

BOYLE returns the salute.

82

INT. GARDA CAR - NIGHT

82

The car passes EUGENE. BOYLE glances in his rear-view mirror. He smiles.

83

EXT. SPIDDAL PIER - NIGHT

83

THREE WHITE MEN are hauling bales of cocaine from the hold of the *Annabel Lee*, a sixty-foot ship, onto the pier, and from there to a pick-up truck.

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

SHEEHY and CORNELL are overseeing everything, guns in their hands.

CORNELL

He's taking his time, for fuck's sake.

SHEEHY

Yeah. I thought he'd got over his predilection for torture.

CORNELL

I'm not sure if you ever get over something like that. It's not like it's a hobby, is it. It's more a psychological hang-up.

SHEEHY

I suppose.

84

EXT. COASTLINE - NIGHT

84

BOYLE creeps up from the coastline, armed with his Glock and the AK-47. Darting in towards a wall at the beginning of the pier.

85

INT. PIER - NIGHT

85

BOYLE hunkers down behind a wall. Peeps over it, looking through a pair of pocket binoculars --

BOYLE's POV through the binoculars -- SHEEHY, CORNELL and the THREE MEN continue to load the bales.

BOYLE

Five. Maybe more on board. Don't like those odds, I have to say.

Despite the overwhelming odds, BOYLE readies himself to go in. Then he hears a sound and looks up --

BOYLE's POV -- a car is coasting down the hill towards him, in neutral, making little sound --

BOYLE is puzzled --

BOYLE's POV -- EVERETT pops up from where he has been hunkered down behind the wheel.

BOYLE is delighted.

The car glides to a stop in front of him. EVERETT slides out from behind the wheel, and joins BOYLE behind the cover of the wall.

BOYLE

What did I tell ya?

(CONTINUED)

EVERETT

I'm here, aren't I.

BOYLE

Good man yourself.

EVERETT

I've called for back-up.

BOYLE

Why?

EVERETT

Why? Because if we don't have back-up we're both going to die, that's why.

BOYLE

No one's going to come. It's just you and me.

EVERETT

What the hell are you saying?

BOYLE

You know what I'm saying.

EVERETT

But they can't...They won't just...

BOYLE

Half a billion dollars is a lot of money, Wendell.

(pause)

It's just you and me.

They look at each other.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

CORNELL turns and looks around the harbour. Pauses. Raises a pair of binoculars --

CORNELL's POV through binoculars -- Everett's car at the end of the pier.

He lowers the binoculars. Frowns.

CORNELL

Was that car there before?

SHEEHY comes up beside CORNELL. Looks along the pier --

SHEEHY

Yeah.

CORNELL

Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

87

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

87 *

EVERETT moves up from his crouch and looks through the pocket binoculars around the harbour.

EVERETT

Shit.

BOYLE

That's right.

EVERETT crouches down again. Looks at BOYLE, who has the Glock in his belt and the AK-47 in his hand.

EVERETT

I suppose that's what accounts for the presence of that monstrosity.

BOYLE

This is for you.

He offers the AK-47 to EVERETT, who pushes it away --

EVERETT

Are you crazy?! I can't start shooting off a Kalashnikov, it'll be an international fucking incident.

BOYLE

You'll have to. I'll need covering fire.

EVERETT

You'll need covering fire? What the hell are you planning on doing?

BOYLE

I'm going to go down there and arrest those lads for the murders of James McCormick and Aidan McBride, and for the lesser charge of smuggling cocaine.

EVERETT looks blankly at BOYLE.

EVERETT

Okay. A point I'd like to make.

BOYLE

Go ahead.

EVERETT

It's fucking suicide.

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

I know. Even if I get away with it the big boys'll be after me from then on, I'll have no peace. You can always go back to the States, but where can I go? That's the thing about the Irish, Wendell, they never forget. But I'm still going to go down there anyways.

(pause)

Now I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, these men are armed and dangerous, and you being an FBI agent you're more used to shooting at unarmed women and children--

EVERETT

Fuck you, Sergeant.

He puts his head in his hands.

BOYLE

Are you going to help me or what?

After a moment, EVERETT takes the AK-47 from BOYLE.

BOYLE

Good man. Tell me something. Have you ever been shot before?

EVERETT

Yeah.

He checks the AK-47 has been properly loaded.

BOYLE

Does it hurt?

EVERETT

No, not really. Yeah it hurts, man, what the fuck d'you think? You got any more ammo for this thing?

BOYLE unloads ammunition from his pockets.

BOYLE

They say the shock counteracts the pain, though.

EVERETT

Who exactly are "they", Sergeant?

BOYLE

I dunno. Just saying, like.

EVERETT

It hurts like hell, man, alright?
It hurts like hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They look at each other. BOYLE tilts his head. EVERETT
nods.

*
*

87A

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

87A *

They step out from cover, walking out onto the pier and striding purposefully forwards. *

BOYLE

So how many times have you been shot?

EVERETT

Three times.

BOYLE

Three times?! Jesus! You must be getting used to it by now, then, hah?

He looks blankly at EVERETT. EVERETT tries to remain serious, but can't help breaking into a smile. BOYLE grins. He takes the Glock from his belt.

EVERETT

Is there somebody you want me to call?
If you...

BOYLE

No, I don't have anybody.

(pause)

Just pin a medal on my body, like with those lads coming home from Iraq.

EVERETT

Fuck you once again, Sergeant.

BOYLE smiles. He takes a deep breath.

BOYLE

Thanks for coming back to help me,
Wendell, I appreciate it.

They look at each other. EVERETT nods.

EVERETT

I'll see ya.

BOYLE nods. He marches in --

EVERETT drops to the ground and goes into a sniper-stance, covering him --

88

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

88

MAN *1 pauses while loading a bale into the pick-up truck. CORNELL pauses also --

Their POV -- BOYLE marching towards them.

CORNELL is astounded. He grins.

(CONTINUED)

CORNELL

You've got to be fucking joking.

(CONTINUED)

88

CONTINUED:

88

MAN *2 and MAN *3 turn. SHEEHY turns also --

SHEEHY
(in disbelief)
It's the guard.

BOYLE keeps coming --

BOYLE
I'm here for Sheehy and Cornell!
The rest of you can go, if you've
a mind to!

MAN *1, MAN *2 and MAN *3 draw guns from their coats --

BOYLE
I'll take that as a no!

SHEEHY and CORNELL retreat as --

MAN *1, MAN *2 and MAN *3 open fire --

BOYLE returns fire with the Glock simultaneously --

EVERETT opens up with the AK-47, taking everyone on the
pier by surprise --

Killing MAN *1 and MAN *2 instantly, their bodies
dropping with the impact of the bullets --

CORNELL ducks down behind the pick-up truck. He draws
one gun, then a second from an ankle holster --

SHEEHY races towards MAN *3 on the ship --

BOYLE keeps coming --

89

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

89

SHEEHY jumps aboard. MAN *3 heads for the wheelhouse.
SHEEHY returns fire --

SHEEHY
Let's get the fuck out of here!

90

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

90

CORNELL
Are you kidding me?! This is better
than Christmas!

He readies himself, then steps out from behind the pick-
up truck and opens fire --

BOYLE returns fire --

EVERETT pauses in his shooting --

(CONTINUED)

105

CONTINUED:

105

BOYLE and SHEEHY thrown across the deck by the force of the explosion and disappearing amid the flames.

106

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

106

EVERETT flinches at the force of the explosion. Races along to the pier's end.

107

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

107

BOYLE looks up to find the ship burning around him --
BOYLE's POV -- no trace of Sheehy.

BOYLE reloads, gets up and moves cautiously along the gangway.

108

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

108

EVERETT stands impotently as the ship drifts out to sea.

EVERETT

Gerry!

109

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

109

SHEEHY is lying against a mound of pillows, on a bed covered in silk sheets. Blood from his midriff staining the sheets.

He raises his gun, sweat pouring from him, and aims it at the two doorways --

SHEEHY's POV -- there is no movement at either doorway.

He is so weak that he struggles against the weight of the gun. He lowers it for a moment --

BOYLE darts in at the right-hand doorway and fires a single shot --

Hitting SHEEHY in the upper shoulder, his gun dropping from his hand --

OVERHEAD SHOT -- SHEEHY slumps back, looking up at his reflection in the mirrored ceiling.

SHEEHY

Lucky shot.

BOYLE keeps his Glock aimed at him.

BOYLE

Ah now. Don't be a sore loser.

(pause)

Although I suppose it's not every day
you lose half a billion dollars.

(CONTINUED)

SHEEHY

What are you on about?

BOYLE

The cocaine.

SHEEHY

Two hundred million it is.

BOYLE

They're always fucking overestimating.
Didn't I know well.

SHEEHY

You don't know anything about anything. You're a stupid little man.

BOYLE

Oh I think I did alright for meself.
I did for you, Sheehy. And your pals.

SHEEHY

Who was up there firing that fucking cannon?

BOYLE

The FBI lad. He probably hasn't had this much fun since they burnt all those kids at Waco.

SHEEHY looks down at his wounds.

SHEEHY

Fucking O'Leary.

BOYLE

He wasn't the sharpest alright.
And the Englishman wasn't much better.
You should've hired Colombians,
they're more reliable.

A second explosion rocks the ship --

BOYLE staggers slightly, but regains his balance --

SHEEHY looks terrified --

BOYLE looks round --

BOYLE'S POV -- fire is licking the sides of the cabin.

BOYLE looks at SHEEHY and grins.

BOYLE

Bit of a predicament, hah?

SHEEHY

If I'm a dead man, so are you!

(CONTINUED)

BOYLE

Oh I wouldn't be too sure about that,
now. I wouldn't be too sure about that
at all.

SHEEHY

I'm not going to beg you to help me,
if that's what you're waiting for!
I know how to die!

BOYLE

Good for you, Sheehy. Good for you.

He laughs, then turns and faces a wall of flame. He
hesitates for just a moment, then summons his courage --

BOYLE

I'll see ye.

He runs and jumps into the wall of flame, disappearing.

The flames now encircle the bed, where SHEEHY lies
helpless. He screams.

110

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

110

The ship is completely aflame.

EVERETT watches as it is drawn out by the current.

FADE TO BLACK.

111

EXT. PIER - DAY

111

FADE IN on EVERETT standing at the end of the pier,
looking out onto the ocean, his arm in a sling. After a
moment, he hears a noise and turns --

The PHOTOGRAPHER seen earlier is kneeling to take a
shot of him. EUGENE and Jasper looking on also.

EVERETT

You from the Press?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Oh God no.

He blithely takes the photograph, the bulb popping, and
nods, pleased with the composition.

PHOTOGRAPHER

That's a good one, now. Moody.
You can use it for the cover of
your book.

EVERETT

What book?

(CONTINUED)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Ah, you yokes are always writing books about your fucking "experiences". Probably sell it to the movies, then. A fish-out-of-water story, hah? Lots of action, bit of humour, throw in a coupla young ones getting their kit off and you're well away.

EVERETT

You'd need a happy ending to sell it.

PHOTOGRAPHER

A happy ending? Sure didn't you foil a multi-million-dollar drug-trafficking operation and knock off a trio of drug barons to boot? What's unhappy about that?

EVERETT

We lost a good man.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Oh I wouldn't be too sure about that, now.

EVERETT

What are you talking about?

PHOTOGRAPHER

They never recovered a body, now, did they?

EVERETT

They don't need a body to figure out he drowned. No one could swim their way out of that. You'd have to be...

He pauses. A memory coming back to him.

EUGENE

A really good swimmer, yeah.

EVERETT looks at EUGENE's hopeful little face.

EVERETT

I'm sorry, son, but that was bullshit. He was never in the Olympics.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Maybe so. Sure it's easy enough to look up, anyways.

He turns and strolls off. After a moment, EUGENE and Jasper leave also. EVERETT turns back. Thinks.

FLASH on -- BOYLE in the Garda car.

(CONTINUED)

111

CONTINUED:

111

EVERETT (O.S.)

You know, I can't tell if you're
really motherfucking dumb, or if
you're really motherfucking smart.

BOYLE laughs.

BACK on EVERETT. He looks out over the ocean.

After a moment, he smiles.

T H E E N D