

THE BANSHEES OF INISHERIN

by

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6

EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY

6

PADRAIC arrives back at his own cottage, overlooking the grey sea, his dwarf donkey, Jenny, in garden (red ribbon & bell around her neck), his small pony, two cows & a calf in the next door field, his younger sister **SIOBHAN**, hanging washing. *

SIOBHAN

What are you doing home? Brother? What are you doing home?

PADRAIC

I knocked on ColmSonnyLarry and he's just sitting there.

SIOBHAN

Sitting there doing what?

PADRAIC

Sitting there doing nothing. Smoking.

SIOBHAN

Was he asleep?

PADRAIC

He was smoking, Siobhan! How do you smoke in your sleep, like?!

SIOBHAN

It wasn't just lit and in his hand?

PADRAIC

No. It was lit, it was up to his gob, it was down from his gob.

SIOBHAN

Have ye been rowing?

PADRAIC

We haven't been rowing.

(pause)

I don't think we've been rowing.

(pause)

Have we been rowing?

(pause)

Why wouldn't he answer the door to me?

SIOBHAN

Maybe he just doesn't like you no more.

SIOBHAN smiles, takes the empty basket back inside, leaving PADRAIC worried, looking out across the sea.

7

EXT. LANEWAYS - DAY

7

PADRAIC nods a hello as he passes the uniformed figure of **PEADAR KEARNEY**, Inisherin's only policeman, 50's.

PADRAIC

Officer Kearney.

PEADAR ignores him completely. PADRAIC loses his smile.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

(under breath)

Never says hello. Never fecking says hello.

8 **EXT. PUB - DAY**

8

PADRAIC comes to the local pub, a lonely building also overlooking the sea, empty table on the grass outside.

9 **INT. PUB - DAY**

9

PADRAIC nods to **JONJO**, 50's, behind bar.

PADRAIC

Pint, Jonjo.

JONJO starts pouring one. [All pints are poured from bottles - no pumps in the period.]

JONJO

Is Colm not with you?

PADRAIC

No.

JONJO stops pouring.

JONJO

Colm's always with you.

PADRAIC

I know.

JONJO

Did you not knock for him?

PADRAIC

I did knock for him.

JONJO

Well where is he?

PADRAIC

He's just sitting there.

JONJO

Sitting there doing what?

PADRAIC

Sitting there doing nothing. Smoking.

JONJO

Was he asleep?

PADRAIC decides against getting into that one again & just shakes his head. JONJO pours the rest of the pint.

JONJO (CONT'D)

Have ye been rowing?

PADRAIC

I don't think we've been rowing.

JONJO

Well it sounds like ye've been rowing.

PADRAIC

It does sound like we've been rowing.
Will I try him again?

JONJO

That'd be the best thing.

PADRAIC has a worried sip, then leaves.

10 **EXT. COLM'S HOUSE - DAY**

10

PADRAIC looks in through the window again. POV - No-one in the armchair now. PADRAIC knocks.

PADRAIC

Colm?

(pause)

Are you not coming out to the pub, Colm?

PADRAIC tries the door. It opens.

11 **INT. COLM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

11

PADRAIC enters. The dog, asleep in front of the fire, gives him a cursory glance, then goes back to sleep.

PADRAIC

Colm? The door was open, Colm. Are you..?

No-one there. Musical/esoteric details hang the brightly painted walls. PADRAIC sees the half-smoked cigarette in the ashtray, the mug of tea beside it, still warm; sees something far-off out the window. He picks up COLM's telescope from a shelf, looks out window.

POV THROUGH TELESCOPE - Far off, Colm walking away up the hill, already a half mile gone.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Where the Hell are you heading off to?

12 **EXT. LANEWAYS - DAY**

12

PADRAIC tries to catch up to the distant COLM along the winding, high-walled lanes, but COLM is going at some pace.

PADRAIC takes the next few corners as quickly as he can, but as he comes on a long straight stretch he realises COLM is nowhere to be seen.

PADRAIC

Is he scaling the walls or what is he up to?

PADRAIC climbs a wall and sees COLM scaling a wall into a distant field, in which there's a bull.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

He is scaling the walls. Well feck ya so! Although be careful of that bull, Colm...

COLM threatens the bull with a clenched fist and the bull backs sheepishly away.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Oh, okay...

COLM scales another wall and on through the next field.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Where's he going to? There's nowhere to go to.

13 **EXT. LANEWAY TO PUB - DAY**

13

PADRAIC trudges back to the pub. There's a peel of laughter inside. PADRAIC looks in the window. COLM is sitting at the bar, laughing with JONJO and **GERRY MULLINS**, another older regular.

14 **INT. PUB - DAY**

14

PADRAIC enters the pub and idles towards the jovial group, smiling. As he gets there, COLM loses his jocularity.

PADRAIC

Howdo!

GERRY

Howdo, Padraic!

COLM

Sit somewhere else.

PADRAIC

Hah?

A tension, COLM not even looking at him. The others look at each other.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

But I have me pint there, Colm...

JONJO

He has his pint there, Colm, from when he came in and ordered his pint before...

*

COLM

Oh, okay. I'll sit somewhere else, so.

COLM takes his pint and leaves the pub, sitting at the table outside, which we see through the small window, GERRY & JONJO a little perturbed by all this.

GERRY

Are ye rowing?

PADRAIC

I didn't think we were rowing.

GERRY

Well ye are rowing...

JONJO

Well ye are rowing. He's sitting outside on his own, like a whadyacall.

PADRAIC

It does look like we're rowing. I suppose I'd best go talk to him so. See what all this is fecking about.

GERRY

That'd be the best thing.

15

EXT. PUB - DAY

15

COLM is sitting there smoking at the table overlooking the island and the ocean, as PADRAIC comes out.

PADRAIC

Now I'm sitting here next to ya, and if you're going back inside I'm following ya inside, and if you're going home I'm following you there too, no matter how many walls you scale or bulls you threaten.

PADRAIC sits.

*

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Now if I've done something to ya just tell me what I've done to ya, and if I've said something to ya, maybe I said something when I was drunk and I've forgotten it, but I don't think I said something when I was drunk and I've forgotten it, but if I did then tell me what it was and I'll say sorry for that too, Colm. With all me heart I'll say sorry. Just stop running away from me like some fool of a moody schoolchild.

COLM

But you didn't say anything to me.
And you didn't do anything to me.

*

PADRAIC

That's what I was thinking, like.

COLM

I just don't like you no more.

PADRAIC is tremendously hurt by this, but tries not to show it as best he can.

PADRAIC

You do like me.

COLM

I don't.

PADRAIC

(pause)
You liked me yesterday!

COLM

Oh did I, yeah?

PADRAIC

I thought you did.

COLM

You know best, I suppose.

PADRAIC

(pause)
I like you.
(pause)
What's the matter with ya?
(teary)
You're me friend.

COLM gives him a look & returns to the pub, and PADRAIC is left there, unbelievably sad. He finishes his pint, almost choking on it, looks back at the pub and the men inside, then walks off home.

16

EXT. LANEWAYS - DAY

16

PADRAIC, lost in thought, passes **DOMINIC KEARNEY**, an odd fella, 20's, son of the policeman. He has a long stick with a tiny hook at one end.

DOMINIC

Padraic.

PADRAIC

(in passing)

Dominic.

DOMINIC walks along beside him. *

DOMINIC

What's the matter with ya?

PADRAICNothing's the matter with me (quietly)
for God's sake.**DOMINIC** *Look at this I found. A stick with a
hook. What would you use it for, I
wonder? To hook things! That were the
length of a stick away! Probably.

(pause)

Where ya going?

PADRAIC

Down here.

DOMINIC

As good a plan as any! D'you have a fag? *

PADRAIC

No.

DOMINIC

Ah you do, you always do. *

PADRAICColmSonnyLarry's at Jonjo's handing out
a rake of fags. Whoever's in the mood
for one.**DOMINIC**

Is he?!

PADRAIC

No.

DOMINIC slowly stops, as PADRAIC continues on.

DOMINIC

(You're behaving awful unusual!) *

17 INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY

17

PADRAIC sitting in a chair, staring into space, a newspaper on the table beside him. The walls are as equally brightly painted as COLM's, though a different colour, and far more bare. SIOBHAN enters with groceries, surprised to see him.

*
*

SIOBHAN

What are you doing here?

(pause)

Was the pub closed?

PADRAIC

No. It was open.

Perturbed, she sits in a chair across from him, on the other side of the table, facing more or less the same way, away from the window behind them, an image we'll repeat often.

SIOBHAN

Anything in the paper?

*

PADRAIC

Just the civil war still.

SIOBHAN

A bad do.

PADRAIC is staring into space. She stands, puts the shopping away.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Mrs McCormick's coming over later, Padraic, I couldn't avoid her. I don't know if you're going to be in or out, but you're usually out?

PADRAIC

Am I?

SIOBHAN

You are, yeah. You know you are.

PADRAIC

(far away)

I don't care, Siobhan. It's your house too.

All this behaviour strikes SIOBHAN as very strange.

18 EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DUSK

18

A moonlit night; washing in the breeze, animals sleeping, lamp and candle-light in the house.

*
*

PADRAIC, SIOBHAN & **MRS MCCORMICK**, a spooky-looking, white-faced, neighbour, 80, smoking a clay pipe through blackened teeth. SIOBHAN sews rose decorations on a black shawl, as PADRAIC refills the lamps around the room from a pail of Paraffin.

MRS MCCORMICK

Is it six years since yere Mammy and Daddy died, Siobhan, or is it seven years since they died?

SIOBHAN

It's seven years, Mrs McCormick, aye.

MRS MCCORMICK

Is it seven years? Doesn't time be flying?

PADRAIC

Aye. When you're having fun.

SIOBHAN

Be off to the pub, now, Padraic, if you're going to be annoying us.

PADRAIC

I don't have to be down there every night, do I?

SIOBHAN almost double-takes, MRS MCCORMICK just smirks.

MRS MCCORMICK

ColmSonnyLarry's scared him off, I suppose.

PADRAIC

What did you hear of ColmSonnyLarry?

MRS MCCORMICK

Didn't you and he used be the best of friends?

PADRAIC

We're still the best of friends.

MRS MCCORMICK

No ye're not.

PADRAIC

Who says we're not?

MRS MCCORMICK

(pointing at SIOBHAN)
She says!

PADRAIC

Ar for God's sake, Siobhan!

SIOBHAN

I said nothing of the like, Mrs McCormick, I was just chatting! Now you go off to Jonjo's, Padraic, and don't be getting under our feet, sure Mrs McCormick never gets a chance to come over for a chat...

SIOBHAN makes PADRAIC put on his coat.

PADRAIC

She never gets a chance cos you avoid her!

SIOBHAN

I do not avoid her!

PADRAIC

You hide behind walls if she's coming up the road!

SIOBHAN gives an embarrassed laugh as PADRAIC exits. She sits back down.

SIOBHAN

'Hide behind walls'.

SIOBHAN tries to smile, but MRS MCCORMICK just stares at her, smoking. They sit in awkward silence.

20 **EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS - NIGHT (DUSK?)** 20 *

PADRAIC looks at the FAR-OFF CANNON-FIRE ON THE MAINLAND; FLASHES, GUN RETORTS, SMOKE RISING.

PADRAIC

(Good luck to ye all. Whatever it is ye're fighting about.)

21 **EXT. PUB - NIGHT** 21

Music & liveliness inside, surprising PADRAIC as he arrives.

22 **INT. PUB - NIGHT** 22

COLM, the dog at his feet, playing fiddle in a session with two other MUSICIANS. The pub is unusually crowded. PADRAIC makes his way to JONJO at the bar. *

PADRAIC

I didn't hear there was to be a session.

JONJO

Last minute thing. Colm decided.

PADRAIC frowns. JONJO pours him a pint. For once there are some LOCAL WOMEN in the bar, mostly around COLM.

JONJO (CONT'D)

All the ladies love Colm, d'you know?
Always did.

PADRAIC

Yeah? That's not true.

DOMINIC comes in with his stick.

JONJO

You're still barred, Dominic. Out!

DOMINIC

You said barred until April.

JONJO

And what are we now?

DOMINIC

April!

JONJO

Well put that stick outside anyways and don't be bothering the women.

DOMINIC

There's women?! There is women! And good ones!

LATER. At a window table, PADRAIC and DOMINIC, gently drunk, watch COLM playing a slower, mournful tune, perhaps "I'm a Man You Don't Meet Every Day" as a LOCAL WOMAN (40's) sings.

LOCAL WOMAN

(singing mournfully)

"Well I took out my dog, and him I did shoot, all down in the County Kildare. So be easy and free, when you're drinking with me, I'm a man you meet every day."

DOMINIC

If we sat next to Colm, the women would have to talk to us too. And then we could get at them, with our small talk!

PADRAIC

I'm happy enough sitting here, now.

DOMINIC

Are ya, yeah? Are ya happy enough, yeah? Ah, I can't stand the maudlin ones...

(MORE)

*
*

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(calling out to COLM)

Play something dancey, Colm! To dance to. And not have that mope whining.

COLM stops playing, looking at them disdainfully, as does everyone else, PADRAIC looking away sheepishly, embarrassed, till COLM and the WOMAN continue with the song.

PADRAIC

Here, amn't I in enough trouble with him without your mouthing?

DOMINIC

What trouble in are you in with him?

PADRAIC

He just... doesn't want to be friends with me no more.

DOMINIC

What is he, twelve? Why doesn't he want to be friends with you no more?

PADRAIC shrugs. They watch him play, the regulars joining in on the final chorus, PADRAIC not.

23

INT. DOMINIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

23

Catholic paraphernalia on smoke-stained red walls. DOMINIC's pudgy policeman father, PEADAR, who we met earlier, asleep, naked on a chair, uniform hanging on the wall behind him.

It's a very weird image, & PADRAIC tries not to look at him, as DOMINIC puts his finger to his lips for them to be quiet.

DOMINIC

(whispered)

Daddy'll kill us if we wake him when he's been wanking.

...then tiptoes across to his naked father, quietly takes the bottle of poteen that's either on the table beside him or in his arms, then stealthily tiptoes back to PADRAIC. They look back at naked PEADAR a moment.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Do you like to look at men?

PADRAIC is confused/repulsed...

PADRAIC

No. Jesus..!

...and leaves. DOMINIC looks at his Dad a little longer.

DOMINIC

Yeah, me neither.

24

EXT. CASTLE RUINS (AT DUN AENGUS) - NIGHT

24 *

Castle ruins/ancient hillfort overlooking high cliffs. Poteen half-gone.

PADRAIC

And you won't get into trouble for taking his poteen?

DOMINIC

I will get into trouble but fuck it!

*

PADRAIC drinks. It's strong stuff.

PADRAIC

I saw cannon-fire and rifle-fire on the mainland tonight, did you see it?

DOMINIC

That'll be the civil war.

PADRAIC

Well I know that, sure! I just didn't think this far West it'd be sprawling.

DOMINIC

Me, I pay no attention to wars. I'm agin them! Wars and soap! Agin them I am!

*

*

*

PADRAIC hands the bottle back, & DOMINIC drinks.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

I'll tell you this much, we're good at chatting, aren't we, me and you? Your sister, does she like to chat?

*

PADRAIC

Not as much as most women, but she'll chat, like. She more likes reading.

DOMINIC

Reading?! Fecking Hell. Reading!

(pause)

And did you ever see her with no clothes on?

PADRAIC

(weirded out)

I didn't.

DOMINIC

Did you not, and you her brother?

(pause)

Not even as a child?

PADRAIC

I don't like to be chatting about these types of things, Dominic.

DOMINIC

What types of things?

PADRAIC

Sisters with no clothes on.

DOMINIC

You saw my daddy with no clothes on.

PADRAIC

And till the day I die I'll wish I hadn't!

DOMINIC

Sure don't I know it! The tiny brown cock on him!

PADRAIC takes the bottle back & drinks as he looks out to sea, almost talking to himself...

PADRAIC

What's the matter with him? Maybe bad news he's had?

DOMINIC

Daddy?

PADRAIC

No, ColmSonnyLarry. *

DOMINIC gets up to go, moodily, grabbing the bottle back.

DOMINIC

Didn't I tell ya I'd be off if you went whining about that lummox one more time? *

(leaning in) *

I tell ya, he didn't look like he'd had bad news tonight! It looked like a weight was lifted from his shoulders tonight!

DOMINIC heads off, leaving PADRAIC to think about that a while.

PADRAIC

Composing! Nice. I only... heh! I only just saw what month we changed to yesterday.

COLM looks at him blankly.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

More fool me!

Still nothing.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Changed to April.

(pause)

So, will I be calling for ya on me way to the pub later?

COLM just rubs his eyes with his hand, disconcerting PADRAIC.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

I will so! Anyways I'd better chase after these goons for they're... they're running away from me! Maybe they don't like me no more neither! Heh! I'll see you at two, so, Colm!

PADRAIC hurries after his cows. Once he's far away he looks back at COLM, who, disturbingly, still has his hand over his eyes.

29 **EXT. PRETTY PASTURE OVERLOOKING SEA - DAY**

29

PADRAIC happily pats the cows into a small new field.

PADRAIC

New grass now. Nice new grass. A nice new day, April the 2nd, nothing funny about that, and nice new grass.

30 **INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY**

30

PADRAIC finishes shaving in a MIRROR ON THE WALL with a single crack in it, as SIOBHAN reads.

SIOBHAN

You seem more cheery.

PADRAIC

No, just normal cheery! Why don't you come down for a sherry later? No need to be stuck inside on a nice day!

SIOBHAN

(bemused)

I will so.

PADRAIC wipes himself off, puts on a clean shirt.

PADRAIC

How's the book?

SIOBHAN

Sad.

PADRAIC

Sad? You should read a not sad one, Siobhan, else you might get sad.

SIOBHAN

Mm.

(pause)

Do you never get lonely, Padraic?

PADRAIC

Never get wha?

SIOBHAN

Lonely.

PADRAIC

No. "Do I never get lonely?" What's the matter with everybody? Jesus.

He exits hurriedly, leaving her a little more sad in the cracked mirror.

31 **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY** 31 *

PADRAIC walks off past JENNY, who looks at him longingly. *

PADRAIC

'Lonely'. Fecking Hell, like.

32 **INT. COLM'S HOUSE - DAY** 32

COLM, a look of depression on him, tries to play a tune on the fiddle, but can't come up with anything.

Pissed off, he starts making a screeching thunderous din a while, frightening his dog, till he stops just as suddenly, lowers the fiddle, and sits there staring, his dog just looking at him, confused.

33 **EXT. COLM'S HOUSE - DAY** 33

Chimney smoking. PADRAIC walks to door, raps on window. No answer. Looks in. No-one home?

PADRAIC

Colm? Are you coming out to the...?

COLM

You do have nothing better to do with your fecking time.

PADRAIC

I know I have nothing better to do with me fecking time, but there's better things I could be doing with me fecking time than to be calling up to ya at your house, Colm Doherty!

COLM

Like wha?

PADRAIC

Hah?

COLM

Like what could you be doing?

Long pause while PADRAIC thinks.

PADRAIC

Reading?

COLM

Reading, yeah? Me, yesterday morning, this I wrote...

COLM plays a lovely maudlin tune on the fiddle, then stops.

COLM (CONT'D)

And tomorrow I'll think up the second part of it, and the day after I'll think up the third part of it, and be Wednesday there'll be a new tune in the world, which wouldn't've been there if I'd spent the week listening to your bollocks, Padraic Suilleabhain. So do you want to take your pint outside or do you want me to take my pint outside?

PADRAIC takes his pint, starts going outside.

PADRAIC

I'll take my pint outside, cos it's a shite tune anyways, I wouldn't bother with it.

36

EXT. PUB - DAY

36

PADRAIC at table outside. Two horses look at him over a wall, & something about the loneliness of it all makes him want to cry. He drinks to stop it, as COLM and his dog come out, PADRAIC wiping his face as COLM sits.

COLM

I was too harsh yesterday.

PADRAIC

Yesterday, he says?! I know well you was too harsh yesterday! And today!

COLM

I just, ah... I just have this tremendous sense of time slipping away on me, Padraic, and I think I need to spend the time I have left in thinking, and composing, and just trying not to listen to any more of the dull things that you have to say for yourself. But I'm sorry about it. I am, like.

PADRAIC

(pause)

Are you dying?

COLM

No, I'm not dying.

PADRAIC

But... then you've loads of time.

COLM can see he isn't getting through to him.

COLM

For chatting?

PADRAIC

Aye!

COLM

For aimless chatting?

PADRAIC

Not for aimless chatting. For good normal chatting.

COLM

So we'll keep aimlessly chatting, will we? And me life'll keep dwindling and in twelve years I'll die with nothing to show for it bar the chats I've had with a limited man. Is that it?

PADRAIC

I said, not aimless chatting, I said good normal chatting.

COLM

The other night, two hours you spent talking to me about the things you'd found in your little donkey's shite that day. Two hours, Padraic. I timed it.

PADRAIC

Well it wasn't me little donkey's shite, was it, it was me little pony's shite. Which show's how much you were listening.

COLM

None of it helps me. Do you understand?
None of it helps me!

PADRAIC isn't quite sure if he does understand.

COLM (CONT'D)

That was the straw that broke the camel's back, anyways. The two hours of pony shite. *

PADRAIC

There was straw in it!

COLM looks at him, then gets up to go back in.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

We'll just chat about something else then!

But COLM has already gone inside. His dog looks at PADRAIC sadly a moment, then looks away too & goes inside himself, PADRAIC having to get up and help him with the door.

Framed in the window, PADRAIC sips his pint, looking at the horses over the wall, who also seem to turn away from him. He walks away home. *
*
*

37

EXT. PRETTY LANE NEAR THE PUB (OR ANYWHERE) - DUSK

37

SIOBHAN coming along, dressed pretty, rose shawl, as PADRAIC heads home, mopey.

SIOBHAN

What's the matter with you?

PADRAIC

Nothin'.

SIOBHAN

Aren't we going for a sherry...?

PADRAIC

Don't feel like it.

PADRAIC continues on.

SIOBHAN

(quietly)

No, I'm not having this again today.

SIOBHAN continues on, the pub appearing in the distance, lamps on against the darkening blue skies.

38

INT/EXT. PUB - DUSK

38

SIOBHAN bursts into the pub, to find COLM playing the fiddle. He stops as she gets to him. A lot of this can be overlapped.

SIOBHAN

What the hell's going on with you and me fecking brother?!

COLM

Don't come in here shouting the odds at me in the middle of the fecking day, alright Siobhan?

SIOBHAN

You can't just all of a sudden stop being friends with a fella!

COLM

Why can't I?

SIOBHAN

Why can't ya?! Because it isn't nice!

JONJO

Do you want a sherry, Siobhan?

SIOBHAN

No!

JONJO

Righty-ho!

SIOBHAN

Has he said something to ya when he was drunk?

COLM

I prefer him when he's drunk. It's all the rest of the time I have the problem with. *

SIOBHAN

Well what's the fecking matter then?

COLM

He's dull, Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

He's wha? *

COLM

He's dull.

SIOBHAN

(pause)

But he's always been dull. What's changed?

COLM

I've changed. I just don't have a place for dullness in me life any more.

SIOBHAN

But you live on an island off the coast of Ireland, Colm! What the Hell are you hoping for, like?!

*

COLM

For a bit of peace, Siobhan. That's all. A bit of peace. In me heart, like. You can understand that. Can't ya?

She can. She leaves.

39 **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DUSK**

39

PADRAIC feeding his pony & donkey. SIOBHAN returns, lost in thought. She tries to give him a smile but can't quite, and he can see that something's up.

*

40 **INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

40

In the middle of dinner, the two eat in silence a while.

PADRAIC

Do you think I'm dull?

SIOBHAN

No!

(pause)

Because you're not dull. You're nice.

PADRAIC

That's what I thought! I'm a happy lad!

(pause)

Or I was. Till me best friend started acting the gilly-gooly!

SIOBHAN

It's him, Padraic. Maybe he's just depressed.

PADRAIC

That's what I was thinking, that he's depressed.

(pause)

Well if he is, he could at least keep it to himself, like. Push it down, like. Like the rest of us.

The little donkey peeks her head round the open front door.

SIOBHAN

(to the donkey)

No, Jenny! Out!

PADRAIC

Ar she just wants a bit of company,
Siobhan...

SIOBHAN

Animals is for outside, I've told ya.

PADRAIC grimaces, and the donkey retreats.

PADRAIC

And... people don't be laughing at me
behind me back, do they?

SIOBHAN

No. Why would they be?

PADRAIC

I don't know. Because of me miniature
animals?

PADRAIC nods towards the donkey, whose nose and eye are still
peaking round the door.

SIOBHAN

No. They think it's nice. I think it's
nice. Just outside.

PADRAIC

And they don't think I'm dim, or
anything?

SIOBHAN

Dim?

(beat)

No.

PADRAIC

You don't seem very sure about it!

SIOBHAN

Of course I'm sure about it.

PADRAIC

Dominic's the dim one on the island,
isn't he?

SIOBHAN

He is, aye. By miles.

PADRAIC nods, then thinks about it some more.

PADRAIC

Hang on. By miles, and then who's the next dimmest?

SIOBHAN

Well I don't like to judge people in those terms, do I?!

PADRAIC

In what terms?

SIOBHAN

In the order of their dimness.

PADRAIC

I know you don't, and neither do I, do I? But try, like.

SIOBHAN

No, I won't try. There's enough judgey people on this fecking island. So, no, you're not dim. You're a nice man, alright? So move on.

SIOBHAN clears the dishes away, as PADRAIC cheers a little.

PADRAIC

I'm as clever as you, anyways! I know that at least!

SIOBHAN

Yeah, don't be (fecking) stupid. *

PADRAIC

Hah?!

She washes the dishes without response, & he just sits there.

41 **INT. PADRAIC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** 41

In their twin beds lit by moonlight, neither of them can sleep, and their clock's deep ticking doesn't help. And is that the sound of distant cannon-fire or thunder?

42 **EXT. CHURCH - DAWN** 42

Church bells peel over the island, calling all to Mass...

43 **EXT. LANEWAYS - DAWN** 43 *

...And all the ISLANDERS, mostly in black (?), trudge the island to the sound of the bells, as... *

44 **EXT. JETTY - DAWN**

44

The local PRIEST, who serves various islands, steps off the boat as it comes in and is met by PEADAR. They greet each other warmly, and head up towards the church, PEADAR with his arm over the PRIEST's shoulder, Church and State entwined.

45 **EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS - DAWN**

45

Bells continuing, ISLANDERS in background can still be seen distantly, as PADRAIC & SIOBHAN ride their pony & cart towards church, but stop upon meeting a bruised & bloody DOMINIC.

PADRAIC

What happened you?!

DOMINIC

Me Daddy discovered the poteen situation.

SIOBHAN

Ar Jesus, Dominic! You poor thing, you!

PADRAIC

What the Hell was he hitting you with?

DOMINIC

A kettle was the final thing! I wouldn'ta minded, but for the spout!

PADRAIC

Do you want a ride to church?

DOMINIC

Ar feck them gobshites.

SIOBHAN

Dominic!

DOMINIC

(teary)

But could I stay the night with ye the night? Just the one night, like?

SIOBHAN is very reticent about this, PADRAIC too, but...

PADRAIC

Well, just the one night, mind.

DOMINIC

Woo-hoo! Nice! I'll see ye for supper so! Woo-hoo!

DOMINIC continues on. SIOBHAN gives PADRAIC an irritated look, then he cicks the pony on towards church.

46

INT. CHURCH - DAY

46

Church full of ISLANDERS, as the PRIEST says Mass in Latin. SIOBHAN bored, PADRAIC keeping a surreptitious eye on COLM, a few pews ahead, who never looks back at him.

But now PADRAIC has started noticing people glancing at him & looking sheepishly away, as well as hearing snippets of conversation, such as...

MALE ISLANDER 1

Aye, stopped speaking to him.
Overnight, like.

FEMALE ISLANDER 1

Aye, but wouldn't you, like? *

Muffled laughter, coming from different places. Then...

FEMALE ISLANDER 2

Well he was always a bit that way
though, wasn't he? *

FEMALE ISLANDER 1

He was, he was. *

PADRAIC

A bit what way?!

SIOBHAN

Hah?

The PRIEST continues, muffling any further chat, until...

FEMALE ISLANDER 2

Him and his little donkey! *

PADRAIC

(loudly)
What about me little donkey?! No. What
about me little donkey?!

The whole church and even the PRIEST go quiet, and in the pause after, without COLM even looking round...

COLM

Stop talking about him.

After another tense pause, the PRIEST continues with the mass.

47

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

47

ISLANDERS leaving church & heading home, as the PRIEST shakes a few hands to wish them well. PADRAIC takes his hand, sadly, whispers in his ear, the PRIEST looking confused. He whispers it again, & the PRIEST nods vaguely.

COLM, in a dark little room that's revealed to be a confessional, as the PRIEST gets in the other side & opens the latticed divider, throwing a little light on him.

COLM

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.
It's eight weeks since me last
confession, I think.

PRIEST

Go on, Colm.

COLM

Ah, just the usual, I suppose, Father.
The drinking and the impure thoughts.
And a bit of pride, I suppose. Although
I never really saw that as a sin, but
sure I'm here now.

PRIEST

And how's the despair?

COLM

Not so much of it of late. Thanks be.

PRIEST

And why aren't you talking to Padraic
Suilleabhain no more?

COLM

(pause)

That wouldn't be a sin, now, would it,
Father?

PRIEST

It wouldn't be a sin, no, but it's not
very nice either, is it?

COLM

Who told you?

PRIEST

It's an island, Colm. Word gets around.

(pause)

Also... Padraic asked me to put in a
word, like.

COLM stares blankly.

COLM

I see.

PRIEST

So... yeah. It isn't him you have the
impure thoughts about, is it?

COLM

Are you joking me?! I mean, are you fecking joking me?!

This outburst can be heard by those waiting in the pews outside.

PRIEST

People do have impure thoughts about men too.

COLM

Do you have impure thoughts about men?

PRIEST

I do not have impure thoughts about men! And how dare you say that about a man of the cloth...!

COLM

Well you started it.

PRIEST

Well you can get out of me confessional right now, so you can, and I'm not forgiving ya any of these things until the next time, so I'm not!

COLM

I'd better not be dying in the meantime then, eh Father, I'll be pure fucked.

PRIEST

You will be pure fucked! Yes you will be pure fucked!

COLM storms out of the confessional and out of the church.

49 **EXT. LANEWAY TO PUB - DAY**

49

COLM angrily strides the lanes to the pub, outside which PADRAIC's pony & cart is tied, along with a few ISLANDERS in their Sunday best. They nod hello. He ignores them.

50 **INT. PUB - DAY**

50

Pub crowded, as it's Sunday. PADRAIC at bar, back to entrance, talking to GERRY & JONJO, as COLM comes in & slowly crosses to them.

GERRY & JONJO see him first, & from their scared reactions, PADRAIC knows COLM has entered, as COLM slowly comes up over his shoulder... then stands at the bar beside him.

JONJO

Um... pint, Colm?

Worried, Jonjo pours the pint.

COLM

(to PADRAIC)

If you don't stop talking to me, and if you don't stop bothering me, or sending your sister or your priest to bother me...

PADRAIC

I didn't send me sister to bother you, did I, she has her own mind, although I did send the priest though, you have me there.

COLM

What I've decided to do is this. I have a set of shears at home, and each time you bother me from this day on, I will take those shears and I'll take one of me fingers off with them, and I will give that finger to ya, a finger from me left hand, me fiddle hand, and each day you bother me more, another I'll take off and I'll give you, until you see sense enough to stop, or until I've no fingers left. Does this make things clearer to you?

PADRAIC

Not really, no!

COLM

Because I don't want to hurt your feelings, Padraic. I don't, like. But it feels like the drastic is the only option left open to me.

PADRAIC

You've loads of options left open to ya! How is fingers the first port of call?!

COLM

Please don't talk to me no more, Padraic. Please, Padraic. I'm begging you.

PADRAIC

(pause)

But...

JONJO

Shush, like, Padraic. Just, y'know, shush, like...

GERRY

Yeah, I'd shush, like.

PADRAIC

I will shush...

(pause)

Except... me and me sister were thinking you might just be a bit depressed, Colm. And, I'll tell you this much, fingers just confirms it!

(pause)

Don't you think, Colm?

COLM

(pause)

Starting from now.

He's serious. He holds up the five fingers of his left hand, then puts a finger to his lips. PADRAIC wants to say something more but can't, accepting it, perhaps with a nod, & perhaps COLM nods too. COLM drinks the whole of his pint in one, & exits the bar, leaving PADRAIC, GERRY & JONJO stunned.

JONJO

Well I've never heard the like!

GERRY

I've never heard the like! He must really not like ya, Padraic.

JONJO

Fingers!

PADRAIC

Jesus! He's serious, lads.

JONJO

He is serious. You can see it in his eyes he's serious. *

GERRY

Just because he thinks you're dull? Sure, that's going overboard.

PADRAIC

Who told you about the dull?

GERRY points at JONJO.

JONJO

Well I overheard it, like. What was I supposed to do? I don't think you're dull. Jeez, and if I cut something off meself for every dull person who comes in here, I'd only have me head left!

PADRAIC

Do you think I'm dull, Gerry?

GERRY

(slight pause)

No.

(pause)

That said... I did think the two of ye always made a funny pairing, like.

PADRAIC

No we didn't.

JONJO

Yeah ye did...

GERRY

Yeah ye did. Obviously ye did, cos now he'd rather maim himself than talk to ya.

JONJO

Colm was always more of a thinker.

PADRAIC

Hah?! Why's every...? I think!

JONJO

Ah you don't, Padraic.

GERRY

You don't, Padraic.

JONJO

Your sister does.

GERRY

Your sister does, aye, Siobhan does.

JONJO

You're more of a...

GERRY

Yeah, you're more of a... What is he? *

He looks at them both, lost, desperate.

JONJO

You're more one of life's good guys.

GERRY

You're more one of life's good guys, aye. Apart from when you're drunk.

JONJO

Apart from when you're drunk, aye.

They nod in agreement.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Ay yi yi, well I'll tell ya this much.
Ye two are awful mopey hosts.

SIOBHAN

Luckily you won't have to put up with
us more than the one night, so, and try
eating with your mouth closed.

DOMINIC

Where are we now, France?

SIOBHAN

Will you tell him, Padraic?

PADRAIC

(distantly)

Aye. Stop being a little fecking
bollocks, Dominic.

SIOBHAN

No... just about the mouth thing.

DOMINIC

Colm Doherty and his fat fecking
fingers! He probably couldn't even cut
through the blubber on them fingers!
Would you not want to have him do the
one finger, just to see if he was
bluffing, like?

SIOBHAN

No, we wouldn't.

DOMINIC

That's what I'd do, I'd have him do the
one finger, just to see if he was
bluffing, like. Cos if worst came to
the worst, he could still play the
fiddle with four fingers, I'll bet ya.
Or a banjo!

SIOBHAN

We don't want any of that. We just want
nothing to do with him no more.

DOMINIC

You don't. This gom does.

PADRAIC

I am a gom, is right.

SIOBHAN

You're not a gom.

DOMINIC

(pause)

Jeez, this is a depressing house.

SIOBHAN

Would you prefer your own so? I've heard it's a barrel of laughs.

DOMINIC

Well... touché.

PADRAIC

(pause)

Too wha?

DOMINIC

Ché. Touché. It's from the French. *

PADRAIC exchanges a look with SIOBHAN, worried he might've dropped a place in the island's dim pecking order. He drifts off again, which allows...

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

And how is it, Siobhan, that you were never married?

SIOBHAN

It's none of your fecking business how I was never fecking married!

DOMINIC

How isn't it?

SIOBHAN

How isn't it?!

DOMINIC

Was you never wild?

SIOBHAN

Wild? Was I never wild? I don't know what you're talking about, Dominic. Wild how? Angry? Cos I'm getting angry now, I can tell ya!

DOMINIC

'Angry'. Wild!

SIOBHAN

You just keep saying wild, Dominic!

DOMINIC

(hitting the table)

Wild!

SIOBHAN

My brother told you, didn't he, that you'd be out on the road if you started talking stupid to me?

DOMINIC

He said creepy, not stupid.

SIOBHAN

Well you've failed on both counts,
haven't ya?

DOMINIC

I have!

*
*

SIOBHAN

I'm off to bed and he's not staying
here another night, Padraic. I don't
care how depressed you are. I'd rather
have the donkey in.

She goes off to the bedroom.

DOMINIC

Foiled again! But 'faint heart', and
all that!

DOMINIC observes the distant PADRAIC a moment, & can see he's
in a bleak place, & unusually for DOMINIC, it touches him.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Here... Ye two, ye'll be alright.

PADRAIC

Will we be?

DOMINIC nods kindly, and PADRAIC almost smiles.

55 **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAWN** 55 *

PADRAIC loads his milk churns onto his cart and rides off. *

56 **EXT. LANEWAY OUTSIDE TOWN - DAWN** 56

We follow PADRAIC riding along, milk churns in back, the sun
rising, then rise up to reveal the island's small thatched
'town' for the first time, 3 or 4 colourful buildings/shops.

57 **EXT. SHOP/POST OFFICE - DAY** 57

Pony and cart tied in the square outside, PADRAIC rolls the
churn up to the shop and goes inside, to a little bell. *

58 **INT. SHOP/POST OFFICE - DAY** 58

Old lady shopkeeper, **MRS O'RIORDAN**, up a ladder, while MRS
MCCORMICK sits oddly on a strange chair, elbows on wide
knees, like a man. They nod a hello.

PADRAIC

Hello there, Mrs O'Riordan, I've the milk outside for ya, so it's the two weeks you owe me now, I think.

MRS O'RIORDAN *

Nobody has a lick o' news for us from your side of the island, Padraic. Are you going to be the same as them?

PADRAIC

I am, Mrs O'Riordan, I'm afraid. And I'm in a bit of a rush, so...

MRS O'RIORDAN *

(descending)

Your sister had no news. Eileen Coughlan had no news. Vincent Shaughnessy had no news.

PADRAIC

I suppose it's a poor oul week for news. But then it is, sometimes.

MRS O'RIORDAN

ColmSonnyLarry, he had no news.

PADRAIC

Did he not?

A smile from MRS MCCORMICK.

MRS O'RIORDAN

That man never talks.

PADRAIC

He talks sometimes.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Up himself.

PADRAIC *

I don't know about that, now. *

MRS O'RIORDAN

Fiona McKenna. She had no news.

PADRAIC

Aye, aye, anyways, so it's the two weeks you owe me for now, Mrs O'Riordan. As I was saying. *

She begrudgingly opens the till and is just about to pay him, when PEADAR, in uniform, enters, squeezes some produce, ignores PADRAIC. *

PEADAR

Ladies.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Oh, it's Peadar. Peadar always has a rake of news. What news have you, Peadar?

PEADAR

News, is it?

(thinks)

Fella killed himself, o'er Rosmuck way. Walked into a lake for himself. Twenty-nine and nothing wrong with him, the fool.

MRS O'RIORDAN

God love us!

PEADAR

No, not 'God love us". Fool. Another fella, Protestant of course, stabbed his missus in Letterkenny. Six times he stabbed her.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Good God, and did she die, Peadar?

PEADAR

She did die, aye. It wasn't with a spoon he was stabbing her. Killed the baby too.

MRS O'RIORDAN

He killed the baby too?!

PEADAR

Well the baby was still inside her, like. He didn't go out of his way to kill the baby. He just aimed well. Or well enough.

(yawning)

Two birds with one stone, as they say. And there's some kind of funny sheep disease going around Leitrum. Which is only to be expected, Leitrum's sense of hygiene. If not decorum.

MRS O'RIORDAN

That's a lot of news. This man has no news. Don't you not, No-Newsy?

PEADAR

Stukes never have news.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Stukes! Funny.

PADRAIC

There was a bit of news I remembered, Mrs O'Riordan.

(MORE)

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Dominic Kearney's father beat Dominic senseless with a kettle Saturday, and it's staying with me and me sister Dominic is, so's at least his father'll take a bit of a break from his beating of him, and him a policeman. Isn't that news?

PEADAR just stares at him.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Ar that Dominic's an awful little bollocks. That's no news.

PADRAIC

Still... he was in a bad way when I came upon him...

MRS O'RIORDAN

I'd beat him with a kettle meself if I wasn't old.

PADRAIC

It's news is all, I'm saying.

MRS O'RIORDAN

That's no news. That's shite news.

She puts his money on the counter, & he picks it up. *

PADRAIC

Alright so, Mrs O'Riordan, thanks for the... I'll see ya when I see ya.

A look between PEADAR & PADRAIC, as PADRAIC passes & exits.

59 **EXT. SHOP/POST OFFICE - DAY**

59

Quickly untying his pony and cart, PADRAIC sees COLM walking along distantly, saddening him somewhat, just as PEADAR strides up...

PEADAR

Because of the respect I have for Mrs O'Riordan, I didn't want to hit you in front of her...

PEADAR punches PADRAIC massively in the head & he collapses.

PEADAR (CONT'D)

And you can tell that skitter of a son of mine he'd better be home be teatime, or it's over to batter the both of ye I'll be, and your dreary fecking sister too!

PEADAR punches him a second time, then walks off, past the shocked COLM.

PEADAR (CONT'D)

Oh hello there Colm, will I see you at
Jonjo's tonight for that pint you owe me?

COLM

I owe you no...
(reluctantly)
You will, Peadar.

PEADAR

Good man yourself.

PEADAR continues away as if this is all in a day's work,
patting a passing child on the head. COLM comes over to the
concussed PADRAIC, helping him up, as MRS MCCORMICK watches
from the shop window.

*
*

COLM

Sure that man's mad.

COLM helps the dazed PADRAIC onto the cart, but PADRAIC is
swaying so dizzily up there that there's nothing to do but
hop up beside him and takes the reins himself. He cicks the
pony on, holding onto PADRAIC's arm so he won't fall off, &
they head out of town.

60

EXT. HIGH LANEWAY TO CROSSROADS - DAY

60

Riding along, PADRAIC mops his bloody face, more or less
recovered, COLM still with the reins. They ride along a
while, PADRAIC knowing he can't say anything but wanting to,
COLM knowing how awkward all this is.

PADRAIC glances at him a few times... then starts heaving
with massive uncontrollable sobs. COLM tries to ignore it,
but it's terribly sad. They ride on that way for what seems
like an eternity, then COLM gradually slows the pony down and
stops the cart at a crossroads.

He gently takes PADRAIC's hand, and it almost feels as if he
might hug him, and PADRAIC certainly wants him to, but
instead COLM gently places the reins in PADRAIC's hand, pats
that hand, gets off the cart and slowly walks away, head
bowed, down the right fork of the crossroads, marked by a
small blue statue of Mary, arms outstretched.

PADRAIC cries even harder, watching COLM's back as he gets
further away, then cicks the pony on, taking the left hand
fork towards home.

61

EXT. COLM'S HOUSE - DAY

61

On a chair on the grass overlooking the bay sits COLM,
smoking, thinking, his dog looking at him. He takes his
fiddle, plays a beautiful second part to his new composition.

PEADAR (CONT'D)

And why are you off to the mainland in the morning, Peadar? Oh thanks for asking, Colm, I'll tell ya why. They've asked for extra manpower for a couple of the...

(whispered)

...executions...

(normal)

....they're having, in case there's any kind of a to-do, like. Six bob and a free lunch they're paying me, and sure I'd've gone for nothing! I've always wanted to see an execution, haven't you? Although I'd have preferred a hanging.

COLM

Who are they executing?

PEADAR

The Free State lads are executing a couple of the IRA lads.

(pause)

Or is it the other way around? I find it hard to follow these days. Wasn't it so much easier when we was all on the same side and it was just the English we was killing? I think it was. I preferred it!

COLM

But you don't care who's executing who?

PEADAR

For six bob and a free lunch I don't care. They could be executing you! Why don't you come with me? You could write a miserable fecking song about it.

PEADAR laughs, COLM giving him a look.

PEADAR (CONT'D)

I'm only messing.

PADRAIC arrives outside to the sound of music. Sees COLM's dog out there, & as he ties his donkey loosely to a post, the donkey and the dog, old friends, give each other a lick and a nuzzle, and it breaks PADRAIC's heart.

Although after a second, it just makes him angry. He enters.

67A INT. PUB - NIGHT

67A

Bar quite full, COLM is playing fiddle, along with some STUDENT MUSICIANS, one on accordion, one on tin whistle or fiddle, and a handsome one, DECLAN, on fiddle. PADRAIC is at bar, on his 5th or 6th whisky, and JONJO is already worried.

*
***PADRAIC**

Who are them?

JONJO

Music students, I think, from Lisdoonvarna.

COLM shows DECLAN a new chord on the fiddle or accordion, placing his fingers in the correct places, and PADRAIC watches, almost jealously, before the band continue.

PADRAIC

He used to try to teach me them things once, but I could never figure them.

JONJO

What things?

PADRAIC

Chords. (But pronounced WITH THE 'H', as in CHALK)

JONJO gives him a sad look.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Another whisky, anyways, Jonjo.

JONJO

Jeez, you're going at it at a fair ould lick tonight, Padraic.

PADRAIC

And whatever anybody else wants, apart from that man...

(indicates COLM)

And apart from that man...

(indicates PEADAR)

GERRY

Jeez, thanks, Padraic, and you leave him alone, Jonjo, he can drink as quick as he likes, can't he, if he's paying? I'll have a triple whiskey, Jonjo.

PADRAIC & GERRY clink glasses/bottle, & PADRAIC knocks his whisky back in one, then turns, leans back against the bar, and stares at COLM hatefully.

67B LATER. DECLAN has taken COLM's place in the session, as COLM is chatting quietly to PEADAR again.

67B *

PADRAIC observes them, the betrayal of it, perhaps in SLOWMO, as he gets drunker and drunker, enough to concern DOMINIC.

DOMINIC

How are you doing there, Padraic? Don't you think we should be heading home for ourselves?

PADRAIC gently puts his hand on DOMINIC's face and playfully pushes it away, but PADRAIC's eyes have gone to the dark side... and he slowly ambles over to COLM & PEADAR...

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Ah Padraic, don't now...

... and PADRAIC puts his finger to his lips as he stares them down, the two big men just looking at him.

JONJO

(to DOMINIC in bg)

Go get Siobhan, Dominic, would ya?

DOMINIC dashes out of the pub.

PEADAR

What are you after, gobshite? Another beating, is it?

PADRAIC

You, copper, I'm allowed to chat to you, aren't I? It's just tubbyguts I'm not allowed to talk to. *

PEADAR

Actually, no, I'd rather you didn't talk to me neither.

This stumps PADRAIC for a moment.

PADRAIC

Hah? Well, anyways... do you want to know what the three things that I hate the most on Inisherin is? *

PEADAR

Not really.

PADRAIC raises his hand & starts to count on his fingers...

PADRAIC

(Re 1st finger, to COLM)

You won't be able to do this soon...

(1st finger)

One... policemen...

(2nd finger)

Two... pudgy fiddle-players...

(3rd finger)

And three...

(MORE)

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

wait, I had some funny thing for three,
what was it? I'll start again...

(he starts again)

One, policemen. Two...

He's forgotten that one too...

PEADAR

(helping)

Pudgy fiddle players...

PADRAIC

Pudgy fiddle players... *

(pause)

And, shite, what was three?

GERRY

(calling out)

Balloons!

PADRAIC

No, not balloons... I like balloons... *

MRS MCCORMICK

A death by suicide in cold water. *

PADRAIC and a couple of the others turn and give her a look.

PADRAIC

No, not a death by suicide in cold water. No, it's gone! It was some funny thing! *

COLM

Go back to your own gang now, Padraic.
I'm serious, now.

PADRAIC

Serious, are ya?! And talking to me,
are ya?!

With the loudness of this, the music slowly stops, as the tension rises...

68

EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

68

DOMINIC rushes the final laneway and gets to PADRAIC's house, knocks on the door, SIOBHAN opening it quickly...

DOMINIC

Padraic's out of his brains on whisky
and Colm's there, Siobhan, you'd best
come!

SIOBHAN rushes out with him...

Same scene continuing, the rest of the bar gone quiet...

PADRAIC

You, Colm Doherty, d'you know what you used to be?

COLM

No, Padraic, what did I used to be?

PADRAIC

Nice! You used to be nice!
(to the bar)

Didn't he not? And now, d'you know what you are? Not nice!

COLM

Ah well, I suppose niceness just doesn't last then, does it, Padraic? But shall I tell ya something that does last?

PADRAIC

What? And don't say something stupid like music...

COLM

(overlapping)
Music lasts...

PADRAIC

Knew it!

COLM

And paintings last. And poetry lasts.

PADRAIC

So does niceness!

SIOBHAN & DOMINIC come in, JONJO gesturing for SIOBHAN to wait a moment and not go steaming in...

COLM

Do you know who we remember for how nice they was in the 17th Century?

PADRAIC

Who?

COLM

Absolutely no-one. Yet we all remember the music of the time. Everyone, to a man, knows Mozart's name.

PADRAIC

Well I don't, so there goes that theory. And anyways, we're talking about niceness, not whatsisname! My Mammy, she was nice, I remember her. And my Daddy, he was nice, I remember him. And my sister, she's nice. I'll remember her. Forever I'll remember her.

This touches SIOBHAN, as it's something she's never heard him say before.

COLM

And who else will?

PADRAIC

Who else will what?

COLM

Remember Siobhan, and yere niceness? No-one will. In fifty years time, no-one will remember any of us. Yet the music of a man who lived two centuries ago...

PADRAIC

"Yet" he says, like he's fecking English! It'll be "Parameters" next!

SIOBHAN goes over to him, takes his arm gently.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

I don't give a feck about Mozart, or Borvoven, or any of them funny name feckers. I'm Padraic Suilleabhain! And I'm nice!

SIOBHAN

Come home, Padraic.

PADRAIC starts to go, then...

PADRAIC

(Re PEADAR)

So you'd rather be friends with this fella, would ya? A fella who beats his own son black and blue every night that he's not fiddling with him!

This takes PEADAR aback somewhat, as it does Dominic...

DOMINIC

(blushing, embarrassed)

I never told him that, Daddy! He's just drunk now!

PADRAIC

(to COLM)

You used to be nice! Or did you never used to be?

They look at each other a moment.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Oh God. Maybe you never used to be.

Saddened by the realisation, PADRAIC backs up and staggers out. DOMINIC heads blushing to a far corner, and SIOBHAN is left facing COLM alone.

SIOBHAN

I'll have a word with him, Colm. You don't need to do anything drastic. He won't be bothering you no more.

COLM

That's a shame. That was the most interesting he's ever been! I think I like him again now!

Laughter from the bar at this, then SIOBHAN turns back to COLM...

SIOBHAN

It was the 18th Century, anyways. Mozart. You said the 17th.

*

They stare at each other a moment, then she exits, and all is still quiet in the pub.

COLM

Well play a fecking tune, will ya, for Christ's sake!

The band strikes up again. COLM gives PEADAR a look, then takes his empty pint glass to the bar, and PEADAR looks daggers at the distant DOMINIC, who sheepishly looks away.

69A **EXT. ISLAND (INISHMORE) - DAWN**

69A *

A shot of the island in the lashing rain...

*

70 **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAWN**

70

...and PADRAIC's house in the rain, JENNY and the animals asleep in their barn, as a cock crows and PADRAIC awakes in the house.

*

*

71 **INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAWN**

71

Awaking to a dreadful hangover, & SIOBHAN not there, PADRAIC goes to the kitchen, almost vomiting. He wets a towel, wraps it round his head. Looks at the calendar - the days have been ticked off to April 5th, which is marked "Mam & Dad's". The water drips down his sickly face. *

72 **INT. SHOP/POST OFFICE - DAWN**

72

Still raining outside, as SIOBHAN, in the shawl with the rose pattern, enters MRS O'RIORDAN'S.

MRS O'RIORDAN

Siobhan Suilleabhain, well well.

SIOBHAN

I only came in for rashers, Mrs O'Riordan, I've no time to talk, I'm afraid.

MRS O'RIORDAN

(a look)

A letter came for you.

MRS O'RIORDAN hands her a stamped, green envelope. SIOBHAN notices it has already been carefully steamed open.

SIOBHAN

Fell open, did it?

MRS O'RIORDAN

Aye, in the heat, I suppose.

SIOBHAN glances at the cold rain pelting the window, then steps away from MRS O'RIORDAN and reads the letter with her back to her, MRS O'RIORDAN itching to talk about it.

MRS O'RIORDAN (CONT'D)

A job offer, is it?

SIOBHAN glances at her a second, then returns to the letter, infuriating MRS O'RIORDAN no end.

MRS O'RIORDAN (CONT'D)

A job offer... from a library on the mainland, is it?

SIOBHAN quietly folds the letter away.

SIOBHAN

Just the rashers please, Mrs O'Riordan.
About ten of them.

MRS O'RIORDAN stares, fuming, wrapping the rashers and slapping them into SIOBHAN'S hand... *

*

MRS O'RIORDAN

You never tell me anything!!

SIOBHAN takes the rashers, and goes to head out.

MRS O'RIORDAN (CONT'D)

Well it'd crucify him, your leaving! *

SIOBHAN stops in the doorway.

SIOBHAN

No-one's leaving!

She continues out.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

(quietly, to herself)

No-one ever leaves.

73 **EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING**

73 *

Trudging up the wild graveyard that overlooks the sea, wildflowers in hand, towel still around his head, still sick, he gets to his parents grave, a plain stone, for Micheal & Bridie Suilleabhain; who both died 5 April 1915.

PADRAIC

Ye were nice.

As he lays the flowers against the stone he vomits slightly on the grass of the grave, then cleans it away with his shoe.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Mammy.

He sighs at length, then his gaze is drawn to a boat that's heading from Inisherin to the mainland, on the back of which, in dress uniform, stands PEADAR, staring back at PADRAIC...

74 **EXT. BOAT - MORNING**

74 *

...And PEADAR makes a slow slit throat gesture with his finger towards PADRAIC...

75 **EXT. GRAVEYARD - MORNING**

75 *

PADRAIC only now remembers that bit about the night before and puts his head in his hands, as a dog's bark draws his attention to the beach below & the dark figure of a man and his dog playfully scampering around him, the man not paying it much attention as he stares out to sea. It's COLM.

PADRAIC has a long think about whether to go down and join him, or to leave him well enough alone.

COLM on beach, barefoot, staring out to sea, as PADRAIC approaches in background. COLM's dog runs up the beach to greet him, drawing COLM's attention. PADRAIC gives COLM a little wave as he greets the dog. COLM turns back to the sea in disbelief.

PADRAIC

Listen, I didn't come down to chat, I just came down to say that all that last night was just the whisky talking, Colm.

COLM

All what last night?

PADRAIC

All whatever it was I was saying.

COLM

What were you saying?

PADRAIC

Hah! Yeah, I can't remember much of it, but I remember the gist of it wasn't the best. You always know, don't ya?

COLM

What's that on your head?

PADRAIC

It's just a wet thing so me head'll not hurt as much, although it isn't really working...

PADRAIC takes it off, wipes his face.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

It's me Mammy & me Daddy's anniversary today.

COLM

So?

PADRAIC

True! Yeah, anyways, I just wanted to say I was sorry, Colm. Will we leave it at that?

PADRAIC offers his hand.

COLM

Why can't you just leave me alone, Padraic?!

PADRAIC

Hah?

COLM

I've already told ya, haven't I?!

PADRAIC

I know! I was just...

COLM

I mean, why can't you just leave me alone, Padraic?!

COLM puts his face in his hands, breathing panicked, maybe even crying, and PADRAIC doesn't know what to do or say, so he awkwardly half hugs, half pats him on the back...

COLM (CONT'D)

What are ya doing?!

PADRAIC

I don't know!

COLM

For fuck's sake, like! Hugging?!

PADRAIC

I wasn't!

*
*

PADRAIC awkwardly lets him go/is shrugged off, and moves back along the beach, as COLM regains control of himself, looking out to sea, shaking his head. After a few paces, PADRAIC stops and turns back to him.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

How's the tune coming along? I bet it's good be now!

COLM doesn't answer. PADRAIC is left hanging a while, goes to say something else, then thinks better of it. He waves the dog goodbye & continues away from COLM and the beach.

77

INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY

77

PADRAIC on a chair, staring into space, rain outside. There's a sound of quiet chomping, the donkey is eating a carrot from his hand, but PADRAIC is too hungover & depressed to enjoy it. SIOBHAN returns, groceries and letter in hand.

SIOBHAN

Ar for God's sake, Padraic, how many more times?

PADRAIC

I am not... putting me donkey... out in the rain... when I'm sad. Okay?!

SIOBHAN

Well stringy bits of shite I had to pick up yesterday when you let her in...

PADRAIC

There was no stringy bits in that donkey's shite. There was bits of straw, if there was anything, and that's all there was.

*

SIOBHAN

Maybe it was straw, so.

PADRAIC

It was straw.

Seeing how sad he is, she softens a little...

SIOBHAN

I'll get us our porridge.

SIOBHAN puts the groceries and letter to one side, & warms some porridge on the stove.

PADRAIC

Was I awful last night?

SIOBHAN

No, you was lovely.

PADRAIC

Well I know I wasn't lovely now, Siobhan...

SIOBHAN

You was lovely. About me, anyways.

PADRAIC

Well of course I'm lovely about you. What else is there to be about ya?

Touched, she gives him a smile, then goes back to the porridge. She looks at the letter a moment, then slips it quietly away into a pocket. Suddenly, there is a single quiet thump on the front door. PADRAIC glances at SIOBHAN, then goes over & opens it...

78

EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

78

No-one outside, confusing PADRAIC, until he sees, a couple of fields away...

POV - COLM climbing a wall, traversing a field, and climbing another wall, heading away from the house, something white on his hand...

And as PADRAIC watches him get further away, still confused, we notice, over PADRAIC's shoulder in the middle of the green front door, a small blood-spatter, which, as PADRAIC goes to close the door, he notices too, & is startled by...

PADRAIC

(pause)

The bang at the door?

SIOBHAN

Aye!!

PADRAIC

What was the bang at the door?

She gives him a look.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Err... it was... err... hard to lie, it was... err... the bang at the door was... a finger.

SIOBHAN smiles, confused, then loses her smile.

SIOBHAN

A wha?

PADRAIC

Finger.

PADRAIC holds out the bloody finger and she screams in horror, frightening the donkey.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Jesus, Siobhan, you'll frighten the little fella!

SIOBHAN

Throw it out! Throw it out, Padraic!

PADRAIC

I'm not throwing his finger out! It'll get dirt on it.

PADRAIC goes through to another room, as SIOBHAN stands there in shock. PADRAIC returns, cleaning the blood off his hands with the towel from earlier.

SIOBHAN

Where'd you put it?

PADRAIC

Shoobox.

(pause)

Well he's serious then.

PADRAIC

No I'm not fecking stupid. We've had this discussion!

SIOBHAN

You've got to leave him alone now, Padraic! For good!

PADRAIC

Do you think?

SIOBHAN

Do I think?! Yes, I do think! He's cut his fecking finger off and thrown it at ya!

PADRAIC

Come on, it wasn't at me.

(pause)

Well what are we going to do? We can't keep a man's finger!

She pulls her shawl on, grabs the shoebox and walks out the front door, slamming it. PADRAIC gives the donkey a look, then goes to the window and watches her striding away.

87

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

87

As SIOBHAN walks along the beach towards COLM's, shoebox under arm, a stunning sunset striking the water, she's suddenly stopped by the sound of a distant volley of rifle-fire coming from the mainland - FIVE SHOTS all at the same time, as if from a FIRING SQUAD. A pause, then another five shots. Perturbed, she continues on...

88

OMITTED

88

89

INT. COLM'S HOUSE - DUSK

89

A little later, COLM idles smoking, as SIOBHAN sits wincing at his bloody shears, the shoebox on a table between them.

SIOBHAN

Jesus, Colm. Did it hurt?

COLM

Hurt awful to begin with, I thought I was going to faint! But, funny, it feels fine now, in all the excitement. Would you like a cup of tea?

SIOBHAN

I won't, Colm. I only came up to give you your finger back.

COLM nods & looks out the window at the pretty sunset skies.

COLM

It's cleared up quite nice, actually.
And you wouldn't have thought it would.

Pause.

SIOBHAN

What do you need from him, Colm? To end
all this?

COLM

Silence, Siobhan. Just silence.

SIOBHAN

One more silent man on Inisherin,
good-oh! Silence it is, so.

She gets up to go...

COLM

This isn't about Inisherin. This is
about one boring man leaving another
man alone, that's all.

SIOBHAN

'One boring man"! Ye're all fecking
boring! With your piddling grievances
over nothing! Ye're all fecking boring!
(pause)
I'll see he doesn't talk to you no more.

COLM

Do. Else it'll be all four of them the
next time...
(indicating his left hand)
...not just the one.

SIOBHAN

(You're not serious.) *
(pause)
Well that won't help your fecking music.

COLM

Aye. We're getting somewhere now.

SIOBHAN

I think you might be ill, Colm.

COLM

I do worry sometimes! That I'm just
entertaining meself while I stave off
the inevitable.
(pause)
Don't you?

SIOBHAN

No, I don't.

PADRAIC sits at a distant table, quietly drinking but surreptitiously glancing over at COLM, who sometimes makes a note in a notebook, sometimes glances out the window, but never looks in PADRAIC's direction.

After a while the student musician, DECLAN, enters, joins COLM at his table, & they chat jovially for a time. After sadly watching this a while, PADRAIC quietly finishes his pint, returns the glass to the bar, shakes his head that he doesn't need another, and leaves the pub.

After a moment we see him framed distantly outside the window behind COLM & DECLAN, looking back at them, but neither pay him any attention as they chat. PADRAIC continues away.

96

INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY

96

MONTAGE. PADRAIC staring into space again, as SIOBHAN returns, sighs at the maudlin sight of him, then goes to her room & closes the door. He glances at her as she goes, knowing he ought to pull himself out of this, but unable to.

The donkey looks in thru the open door, confused at all the sadness, then toddles away again. MONTAGE ENDS.

97

EXT. HIGH LANEWAY TO CROSSROADS - DAY

97

PADRAIC riding along on his horse & cart, comes up on DECLAN the music student, who's walking along in the same direction. DECLAN smiles in acknowledgement as PADRAIC passes.

DECLAN

Howdo!

PADRAIC

Howdo. Do you want a ride?

DECLAN

I will, so! Thanks fella!

DECLAN hops up & they continue, DECLAN loving the scenery, until...

PADRAIC

Oh no...! You're not... You're not the student fella from Lisdoonvarna, are ya?

DECLAN

I am, I'm Declan. Why?

PADRAIC

They told me at the Post Office to try to find that student fella Declan from Lisdoonvarna. Yeah, a telegram came for ya. From your Mammy.

DECLAN

My Mammy's no longer with us...

*

PADRAIC

Not your Mammy, sorry, did I say your Mammy? No, your Auntie. Yeah, your Auntie. It's about your Daddy.

DECLAN

What about Daddy?

PADRAIC

A bread van crashed into him.

DECLAN

A bread van?!

PADRAIC

Yeah. Crashed into him.

DECLAN

And how is he?!

PADRAIC

(pulling a face)

It's sort of touch and go. That's why they said you'd best hurry home to him, lest he should die all alone.

DECLAN

Die?!

PADRAIC

Or... get worse all alone.

DECLAN

Isn't me auntie with him?

PADRAIC

She is, but all alone without you, I mean.

DECLAN

But this is impossible!

PADRAIC

It's not impossible. Bread van's crash into people all the time.

*

DECLAN

I know! That's what I'm saying! That's how me Mammy died!

DECLAN hops off the cart in tears and heads off towards town, then turns...

*

*

DECLAN (CONT'D)

If it's the same fecking bread van I'll kill them!

*

*

*

Declan heads on and, guiltily, PADRAIC continues on in the other direction, past the silent statue. *
*

98 **EXT. BOAT/JETTY - DAY** 98

MIST ROLLING IN, and as the boat that PEADAR IS RETURNING ON pulls up at the jetty, he notices...

99 **EXT. JETTY - CONTINUOUS** 99

SIOBHAN talking to a BOATMAN, discussing a payment/timetable or somesuch. Finished, she heads off along the misty jetty, irritated to see PEADAR hop off the ferry and tag along behind her.

PEADAR

What were you talking to the boat fella fer?

SIOBHAN

Oh, for none of your (fecking) business, I think it was. *

PEADAR

Of course it's me business. Aren't I the law?

She snorts loudly through her nose, mumbling something under her breath. *

PEADAR (CONT'D)

Hah? Well you can tell that whiny brother of yours I'll be around soon for that battering I owe him. *

SIOBHAN

(A battering?) That'd be good, actually. It might take him out of himself. *

Confused by all this, PEADAR stops & watches her continue on.

PEADAR

You're an awful strange lady. No wonder no-one likes ya!

100 **EXT. LANEWAY NEAR GRAVEYARD - NIGHT (DUSK?)** 100 *

Walking the misty lane, PADRAIC sees MRS MCCORMICK distantly coming towards him, head stooped... so he ducks into a field behind a graveyard wall & hides there till her footsteps pass & get more and more distant.

He slowly peaks up above the wall... and is startled at the sight of her standing right there, staring at him.

PADRAIC

Oh hello there, Mrs McCormick! I was just looking for me thing I dropped...

MCCORMICK has a faraway look in her eyes.

MRS MCCORMICK

A death shall come to Inisherin afore the month is out.

PADRAIC

A death, hah?

MRS MCCORMICK

Maybe even two deaths.

PADRAIC

Two deaths, jeez. Well that'd be sad!

MCCORMICK nods and moves off into the fog again, speaking over her shoulder as she goes.

MRS MCCORMICK

We shall pray to the Lord 'tis neither you, nor poor Siobhan, will be either of them.

PADRAIC

Well is that a nice thing to be saying?!

MRS MCCORMICK

I wasn't trying to be nice, was I? I was trying to be accurate.

She passes on, disappearing into the mist, and PADRAIC continues on the other way, disconcerted.

*

101 **INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

101

Asleep in bed, PADRAIC is quietly awoken by the sound of SIOBHAN crying. He rolls over to see her in the other bed, facing away from him, still crying.

PADRAIC

What's the matter?

SIOBHAN

(thru sniffles)

Nothing.

PADRAIC tries to sleep again, but SIOBHAN keeps sniffling.

PADRAIC

Well... could you try to do it a bit quieter? I'm trying to sleep, like.

SIOBHAN shuts up completely, and PADRAIC rolls back over facing away from her... but now the silence is deafening, PADRAIC feeling bad about it.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

I mean, you can do it a little bit. It was just really loud.

*
*

Silence again. He feels really bad now, but can't think of anything else to say, so he sighs and goes back to sleep.

101A **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 101A *

Pan from their bedroom window to a moonscape across the ocean, then, after an old-school time-jump bringing up the sunrise over the water...

*

101AA **INT. COLM'S HOUSE - NIGHT** 101AA *

COLM, in his moonlit bed or chair, looks at where his finger used to be, in front of the moon in his window. Content.

*
*

101AB **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - NIGHT/DAWN** 101AB *

...and we pan back to the window, as PADRAIC awakes and sits up in bed.

*

101B **INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 101B

PADRAIC notices SIOBHAN's empty bed has already been made. Feeling bad about last night, he idles into the living room - she isn't there either. He glances out the window - another misty day.

*

102 **INT/EXT. DOMINIC'S HOUSE - DAWN** 102 *

PEADAR lying naked on the double bed of his stark room, yawning, as in the next room, DOMINIC, pulls on a shirt and trousers. At one point during the scene we might notice some blood on the crumpled sheets that PEADAR is lounging on.

PEADAR

Aye, they're not all they're cracked up to be, really, executions. No-one cried. No-one fainted. Not a bit of puke! Stoic! Equals boring! You cried more just now, ya gom!

DOMINIC

Aye, well... maybe if it was their Daddy who was executing them, maybe then they'd have cried more.

DOMINIC quietly grabs a bottle and heads out with it, door banging behind him.

PEADAR

Well... touché!

103

EXT. CASTLE RUINS AT THE BLACK FORT - DAWN

103 *

The fog-strewn ruins, upon which sit PADRAIC and DOMINIC with the poteen bottle, both depressed, as the morning sun hangs low on the horizon. DOMINIC takes a drink and passes PADRAIC the bottle... *

DOMINIC

Me Daddy says he's going to kill you Sunday, for spilling the beans about that fiddling with me.

PADRAIC winces...

PADRAIC

Why Sunday? *

DOMINIC

It's his day off. *

PADRAIC

(pause)
'Kill me' kill me, or "Beat me up a bit" kill me?

DOMINIC

"Beat you up a bit" kill ya, I think. Although he did kill a man once. A little Japanese man.

PADRAIC doesn't really know what to say to that. Pause.

PADRAIC

I'm sorry for that spilling the beans on ya, Dominic. I was out of order that night.

DOMINIC

You was funny apart from that bit! That's why I don't understand why the fat fella threw the finger at ya. He seemed fine when you were slagging him.

PADRAIC

He did not. Did he?

DOMINIC

"That's the most interesting Padraic's ever been", he said. "I think I like him again now".

PADRAIC ponders this.

PADRAIC

Aye, I think the finger thing was more because I apologised the next day.

DOMINIC

Then maybe this whole thing has just been about getting you to stand up for yourself a bit. *

PADRAIC

Do you think? *

DOMINIC

Yeah, and be less of a, y'know... a whiny little dull-arse? *

PADRAIC takes a drink, hurt by the description.

PADRAIC

Well I have been less of a whiny little dull-arse, actually...

DOMINIC

Have ya, yeah?

PADRAIC

Just yesterday, hah! There's this musician fella Colm was getting along great with, and what did I do? I went and sent him packing from the island! *

DOMINIC

(Did ya?) How?! *

PADRAIC

I told him a bread van had crashed into his Daddy, and he'd have to be rushing home to him, lest he die!

DOMINIC slowly loses his smile and just looks at PADRAIC, taking all this in.

DOMINIC

Oh. That sounds like the meanest thing I ever heard.

PADRAIC

Hah? Well... aye, it was a bit mean, but he'll be fine once he gets home and finds his daddy hasn't been hit by a bread van. And how can that be the meanest thing you ever heard?! Your Daddy killed a little Japanese man! *

DOMINIC

I used to think you were the nicest of them. Turns out you're just the same as them.

*

PADRAIC

I am the nicest of them.

DOMINIC

I thought you were a happy lad.

PADRAIC

I am a happy lad.

DOMINIC shakes his head sadly as he heads away...

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Ar Dominic, now!

(calling out)

Well maybe I'm not a happy lad, so! Maybe being a happy lad just doesn't cut the custard any more!

DOMINIC

(to himself quietly)

Mustard.

(or just a wince)

*

*

PADRAIC

Maybe this is the new me!

*

DOMINIC glances back sadly, then continues on. PADRAIC notices DOMINIC has left his bottle behind, so he drinks a big gulp...

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Aye. Maybe this is the new me.

...then walks away with it in the opposite direction, drinking.

*

*

104 **EXT. BEACH - DAY**

104

COLM's house framed high above him, PADRAIC strides along the misty beach, finishes the last of the poteen to keep his anger up, tosses the bottle out into the thunderous surf, then heads straight up the bank and on towards COLM's house, it's chimney smoking.

*

*

105 **OMITTED**

105

106

EXT. LAKE - DAY

106

SIOBHAN stands at the foggy banks of the lonely lake, looking across at its bleak grey water, then looks down at her feet that are being lapped by the water, her shoes in her hand.

Across the water she now notices MRS MCCORMICK, outside her desolate shack on the distant opposite bank, staring back at us, sitting on, or standing on, a red chair.

The old woman slowly and strangely waves, and just as SIOBHAN is about to wave back, MCCORMICK's wave turns into something more of a beckoning... striking SIOBHAN as creepy, just as DOMINIC suddenly appears beside SIOBHAN, startling her.

DOMINIC

Howdo!

SIOBHAN

Jesus Christ, Dominic! Would you ever stop creeping up on people! You almost gave me a fecking heart attack!

DOMINIC

I wasn't creeping up on ya. I was sidling up on ya.

SIOBHAN

Between you and that ghoul! Jesus!

DOMINIC

I always call her a ghoul too! Because she is a ghoul! Jeez, we have a lot in common, don't we? Calling oul people ghouls and that.

SIOBHAN gives him a look as she dries her feet, puts her shoes back on.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Were you having a little paddle for yourself? Or were you just cleaning off the muck from them?

Another look as she gets to her feet.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

This is a great oul lake, isn't it? All the... water in it, and that. Em... I'm glad I caught you actually... because there was something I was wanting to ask you, actually. And, jeez, discovering how much we have in common, well it just makes me want to ask you even more!

SIOBHAN

We don't have anything in common.

DOMINIC

What I was... don't skip ahead... What I was wanting to ask you was... Jeez it's cold, isn't it! Your bony little feet must've been freezing! Yeah, what I was wanting to ask you was... something along the lines of... should've planned this, but what I was wanting to ask you was... You probably wouldn't ever want to... I don't know... to fall in love with a boy like me, would ya?

*
*
*
*
*
*

SIOBHAN looks at him, and there's such an earnestness, a sadness, yet a desperate hope in his eyes, that it doesn't warrant any kind of harshness.

SIOBHAN

Oh, Dominic. I don't think so, love.

DOMINIC

No, yeah, no. I was thinking. No.
(pause)
Not even in the future, like? Like, when I'm your age?

*

She shakes her head as kindly as she can.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Yeah, no, I didn't think so, but I just thought I'd ask on the off-chance, like, y'know? Feint heart and all that!
(pause)

Well there goes that dream!
(pause)

*

Well I'd best go over there and do whatever that thing over there I was going to do was.

*
*
*

DOMINIC heads off around the lake, then calls out...

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Oh, Siobhan? I think you'd best go find Padraic. Before he does anything stupid.

He waves, then carries on around the lake. SIOBHAN watches him go, sadly, noticing that MRS MCCORMICK is now gone, her empty chair left behind. SIOBHAN heads away herself, in the opposite direction.

*
*

COLM is dancing hand in hand with his dog, as he sings an old Irish song, "Aghadoe", the dog reluctant.

COLM

(singing)

"I walked from Mallow Town to Aghadoe,
Aghadoe..."

(to Sammy)

Come on, Sammy! You have to dance too!

(singing)

"I took his head from the gaol gate to
Aghadoe!"

(to Sammy)

That's it!

(singing)

"There I covered him with fern and I
piled on him the cairn..."

108 **EXT. COLM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

108

We see PADRAIC watching all this from outside the window, his heart leaping at the joy of the sight of them... & he seems to think better of it all, and walks away from the window...

COLM

(singing)

"Like an Irish king he sleeps in
Aghadoe."

109 **INT. COLM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

109

And COLM is just giving the dog a kiss at the end of the song and the dance...

...when PADRAIC kicks the door open, startling them, as they stand there, hands in paws...

PADRAIC

How are you, fatty? Dancing with your dog, is it? Well who else is going to dance with ya? Your poor dog has no say in the matter! And if you're too rude to be offering me a seat, I'll be taking one of me own accord!

COLM can only stand there, stunned, as PADRAIC sits...

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Now how's that for an oul hello?!

COLM

Have you gone fecking mental?!

PADRAIC looks thru COLM's telescope at COLM a moment...(POV)

PADRAIC

Have I gone fecking mental? No, I haven't gone fecking mental, actually.

(MORE)

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

And not only have I not gone fecking mental, I have ten fingers to prove I've not gone fecking mental. How many fingers do you have to prove you've not gone fecking mental?

COLM

(pause)

Nine fingers.

PADRAIC

Nine fingers! And nine fingers is the epitome of mental!

COLM gives him a look of surprise at the word.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

That's right, the epitome!

COLM sits opposite him, trying to keep himself in check but also bewildered. The dog gives PADRAIC a lick, and he likes it at first, smiling, then pulls his hand away.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

There'll be none of that! I didn't come here for licks! I came here for the opposite of licks.

COLM

What's the opposite of licks?

PADRAIC

Hah?!

COLM

What did you come here for?

PADRAIC

I didn't come here for anything, did I? I just came here to kick your door in and give you a slagging!

COLM

Well you've done that, so you can go now.

PADRAIC

Haven't finished yet, have I? Well, I've finished with your door, I haven't finished with your slagging.

COLM

We were doing so well, Padraic.

PADRAIC

I wasn't doing so well! I was doing terrible! I'm still doing terrible!

COLM

Alright, I was doing so well.

PADRAIC

Yeah, well it can't all be you you you, can it?

COLM

Yes it can.

PADRAIC

There's two of us in this!

COLM

No there isn't.

PADRAIC

It takes two to Tango.

COLM

I don't want to Tango.

PADRAIC

Well you danced with your dog!

Pause, and a moment of calm, finally, for both of them.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Talking of Tangos, how's your new tune coming along?

COLM

I just finished it, actually. This minute.

PADRAIC

(thrilled for him)

Did ya?! No, Colm! That's great, like!

COLM

That's why I was dancing with me dog. I don't usually dance with me dog.

PADRAIC

There's no harm in dancing with your dog! I'd dance with me donkey if I knew how! And she did.

(pause)

Is it good? Your tune?

COLM nods solemnly, almost disconcertingly convinced of how good it is, a conviction that PADRAIC gets, strangely.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

What's it called?

COLM

"The Banshees Of Inisherin", I was thinking.

PADRAIC

But there are no banshees on Inisherin.

COLM

I know, I just like the double S.H. sounds.

PADRAIC

Aye, there's plenty of double S.H. on Inisherin.

COLM

And maybe there are banshees too. I just don't think they scream to portend death any more. I think they just sit back amused, and observe.

*

PADRAIC

Portend?

Pause. COLM nods. Pause.

COLM

Yeah, I keep having thoughts of playing it for you at your funeral. But that wouldn't be fair on either of us, would it?

Hurt by that, but not quite sure why, PADRAIC can only plough on through.

PADRAIC

Well that's great that you've finished your tune! That's more than great! That's... really great! Isn't it?

COLM nods slightly.

*

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

So... do you want to meet me down the pub, Colm? We could celebrate your tune, like.

*

The clock strikes two, & PADRAIC points to it, a happy surprised smile, as COLM processes all this, rolling a ciggie.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Only if you like, like. But I could run up ahead. Order them in.

COLM

Why don't you do that, Padraic?

PADRAIC

Why don't I run up a...? And order them...? Well I will so!

PADRAIC stands, thrilled, gives the dog a pat.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Jeez, that went well! And maybe on the way I can find that student friend of yours, that Declan fella. I'd told him his Daddy was dying so he'd feck off home and leave us alone, but there's no need now! Sure he could join us!

PADRAIC ruffles COLM's hair on the way out. We see him happily striding away thru the window. COLM stares into space... *

109A **INT. COLM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 109A *

...Just as his dog quietly gets up, stretches nonchalantly, pads over to the blood-stained shears that are leaning against a wall, takes one of the handles in his mouth, and drags them away towards the open front door, glancing back sheepishly at COLM as he goes. *

COLM smiles, puts his cigarette out, goes over to him, gives him a big loving pat and a rub... and takes the shears away from him and heads upstairs. *

110 **INT. PUB - DAY** 110 *

Only JONJO in there as PADRAIC enters... *

PADRAIC

Two pints please, Jonjo!

... which confuses JONJO, though he doesn't rise to it, as he pours the pints. PADRAIC nods a thanks and heads over to COLM's table by the window.

JONJO

What are you sitting over there for when I'm over here?

PADRAIC shrugs, sipping his pint.

PADRAIC

I thought I'd just have a sit for meself, y'know?

(pause)

Wait for me friend.

JONJO

Are you fecking joking me?! Your four-fingered friend?! I mean are you fecking joking me?! *

PADRAIC

No I'm not fecking joking ya. He just needed a bit of tough love was all.

JONJO is just left there, flabbergasted, as PADRAIC sits there happily, looking out the window.

111 **EXT. COLM'S HOUSE - DAY** 111

AS A DENSE FOG ROLLS IN, COLM leaves his house, walking away up the lane, his dog barking from inside the window.

112 **INT. PUB - DAY** 112

PADRAIC still waiting, impatiently now, AS THE CLOCK STRIKES FOUR. Sound of footsteps to the pub door and PADRAIC resets himself... then the door opens and SIOBHAN comes in.

JONJO

Siobhan! Do you want a sherry?

SIOBHAN

No.

JONJO

Righty-ho!

She sits at PADRAIC's table, notices the extra pint.

SIOBHAN

What are you doing?

PADRAIC

Me?

SIOBHAN

Yes you.

PADRAIC

Nothing. Just drinking.

SIOBHAN

Not waiting?

PADRAIC

Not waiting.

JONJO

Well he is waiting, Siobhan, he's waiting for Colm Doherty.

PADRAIC

I amn't waiting!

JONJO

He just told me he was waiting.

PADRAIC

Tell-tale!

SIOBHAN

Come home with me, Padraic. I've something to discuss with ya.

PADRAIC

You've something to discuss with me? We've never discussed something before. That sounds... I don't want to discuss something.

SIOBHAN

Well you'll have to, cos I'm leaving.

PADRAIC

Leaving?

(pause)

Like, leaving? Like... not staying?

She nods, stands, and heads out. PADRAIC looks at COLM's untouched pint, looks at JONJO, and follows her out, the two lonely pints left behind.

113 **INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY** 113

No-one at home, wind blowing in SLOWMO the curtains of the open window, thru which we see COLM approaching the house along the foggy lane. He stops and throws something at the door, & it hits with a thud.

114 **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 114

Over COLM's shoulder, he throws another thing at the already bloody door, and the next of his fingers slides down it...

He throws the next... then throws the thumb.

115 **EXT. HIGH LANEWAYS - DAY** 115

PADRAIC following SIOBHAN through the fog as she strides along.

PADRAIC

But what about me?

SIOBHAN

What about you?

*
*

PADRAIC

I'll have no friends at all left.

SIOBHAN

You'll have Dominic.

PADRAIC

Ah here! And he's gone off me now too.
 What kind of a place is it when the
 village gom goes off ya?

(pause)

And who's going to do the cooking?!

SIOBHAN

That's your first question, is it?
 "Who's going to do the cooking?"

PADRAIC

Well it wasn't me first question, was
 it? "But what about me?" was me first
 question.

She gives him a look, and just then...

OUT OF THE SWIRLING FOG, COLM distantly appears, perhaps in
 SLOWMO, clambering over walls and thru fields, a strange
 lonesome figure getting closer to them, but there's something
 weird or lopsided about him.

PADRAIC waves & goes to call out but SIOBHAN stops him, as
 it's only now that they see the blood pouring from his left
 hand, all its fingers gone...

SIOBHAN

Oh God, no...!

As COLM clammers painfully over the wall onto the lane
 they're on, falls, gets up, approaches... and passes them,
 without even acknowledging their presence.

And they watch him go, appalled at the fingerless, bloody
 hand and the blood-trail it's left, as he gets further away,
 clammers over another wall, and disappears into the fog,
 SLOWMO ending.

116 **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY**

116

PADRAIC's door, with the blood-spatters. SIOBHAN winces at
 it, and they look around the grass for where the fingers may
 have fallen, but can't see anything in the fog. Confused,
 they go into the house.

117 **INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY**

117

SIOBHAN is putting the final few things in her suitcase, to
 PADRAIC's dismay.

PADRAIC

Now?! But you can't be leaving now!

SIOBHAN

I can be leaving now. I can't be waiting round for any more of this madness.

(pause)

What did you say to him, Padraic?

PADRAIC

Nothing really!

She gives him a look.

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

Well, I'd sort of had a chat with Dominic earlier, and a new sort of tack we thought I should try...

SIOBHAN

Oh God...

PADRAIC

More of a standing up for meself sort of tack. Well it was all going fine until he chopped off all his fingers!

SIOBHAN shakes her head, shuts her suitcase, & looks over the house one last time, tearfully.

SIOBHAN

Me books wouldn't fit. Would you look after them for me?

PADRAIC

Ar don't go, Siobhan!

SIOBHAN

They're all I have, really. Apart from the obvious.

For a split second he can't work out what that is, but then he does and they hug tearfully...

PADRAIC

You'll be back soon, won't ya, Siobhan?

SIOBHAN

Oh Padraic!

PADRAIC

Don't say "Oh Padraic!" Say yes!

She sobs, then smiles thru her tears, grabs her suitcase, and leaves, and PADRAIC watches her go from the window, up the misty lane to the bend, where she waves back at him...

*

123 **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY** 123

We follow PADRAIC towards his house and up its path, till he sees again the blood patch on the front door, and though there's still nothing on the grass below, with the fog now gone he now notices a little TRAIL OF BLOOD that leads away from the door and around the corner of the house...

...and as we slowly follow PADRAIC around the corner and BECOME HIS POV...

...we reveal first the TAIL, then the BACK HOOVES, then THE MOTIONLESS LITTLE BODY OF HIS DWARF DONKEY, a human THUMB and a little pool of bloody vomit in the grass around her lifeless mouth, as PADRAIC collapses to his knees beside her.

He touches her mane, he cradles her neck, he pulls her onto his lap, he pulls out a human finger that's stuck in her throat but it's no use, she's long gone. The cows, the pony and even his calf stand around watching in sad silence, also knowing she's gone.

124 **EXT. VARIOUS - DUSK** 124

Sunset across the island at some pretty spots we've seen before, including the castle ruins and gloomy cemetery.

125 **INT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DUSK** 125

Sun still setting, the animals look in the window, curtains billowing in the breeze, as PADRAIC sits in his chair, donkey corpse across his lap. He looks at SIOBHAN'S empty chair. *

126 **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DUSK** 126

Lit by lamplight, the animals stand watching as PADRAIC digs a grave in the grass behind his house. Beside the grave, the donkey has been delicately wrapped in SIOBHAN'S rose shawl (or PADRAIC'S patchwork quilt). *

The grave dug, he gently picks her up and places her down inside it, stays kneeling there, and says a tearful silent prayer for her. Then he gently shovels the earth down on her, as the other animals look away. *

PADRAIC

(Aye. I wish I could look away too.)

COLM

No, it's more...

He plucks the tune out on one of their fiddles with his good hand, then hands the fiddle back, covered in blood. The STUDENT repeats the tune squeamishly as COLM whistles along.

131 **OMITTED** 131

132 **INT. PUB - NIGHT** 132

Just then, PADRAIC enters, and JONJO & GERRY look at the dishevelled, bloodied, ashen sight of him, worried.

GERRY

Hiya there, Padraic! You're looking well!

The MUSICIANS now notice him, and slowly stop playing, which prompts COLM to finally notices PADRAIC too.

COLM

Keep playing, lads. It sounds lovely.

They quietly start up again, as COLM goes over to PADRAIC, his hand gently dripping as he goes. *

COLM (CONT'D)

I don't need your apologies. Alright?
It's a relief to me. So let's just call
it quits and agree to go our separate
ways, shall we? For good this time.

COLM's right hand is offered. PADRAIC just looks at it.

PADRAIC

Your fat fingers killed me little
donkey today. So no, we won't call it
quits. We'll call it the start.

COLM

(face falling)
You're joking me.

PADRAIC

Yeah, no, I'm not joking you. So tomorrow,
Sunday, God's day, around two, I'm going to
call up to your house, and I'm going to set
fire to it, and hopefully you'll still be
inside it. But I won't be checking either way. *

(pause)

Just be sure and leave your dog
outside. I've nothing against that gom.

(pause)

Or you can do whatever's in your power
to stop me.

(pause)

(MORE)

PADRAIC (CONT'D)

To our graves we're taking this.
 (pause)
 To one of our graves, anyways.

PADRAIC is about to turn and go, when suddenly he's grabbed one-handed by the hair by PEADAR coming in... *

PEADAR

Here, I've a bone to pick with you, dreary. Is that little gobshite of mine at your place again? *

PADRAIC

He isn't your little gobshite. He's everyone's little gobshite.

COLM

Leave him, Peadar. His donkey's just died.

PEADAR

(smiling)
 Did he? The little miniature fella? *
 Well, Jaysus, boys, I'll tell ya this *
 much...!

Suddenly, COLM smashes the smiling PEADAR in the face with a massive right-handed haymaker, PEADAR going down in a heap, the band stopping playing. *

And PADRAIC blankly looks at PEADAR lying there, looks at COLM equally blankly, then moves to the door, picks up his lamp and turns back to COLM.

PADRAIC

Two o'clock.

He exits.

133 **EXT. VARIOUS - DAWN** 133

Sunrise over the island and its watery horizon...

133A **EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAWN** 133A

...and over JENNY's freshly dug grave, a homemade white wooden cross now at its head, the sad cows sniffing at it...

134 **EXT. CHURCH - MORNING** 134 *

Nine in the morning. The church bells ring the ISLANDERS to church, and they approach from...

- 135 **EXT. HIGH LANEWAY TO CROSSROADS - MORNING** 135 *
- ...all quarters of the island, COLM one of them, walking alone, head bowed, past the statue of Mary.
- 136 **EXT. JETTY - MORNING** 136 *
- PEADAR meets the PRIEST off the boat again, who notices his black eye, and PEADAR tells him about it, still shocked.
- 137 **INT. CHURCH - DAY** 137
- PRIEST leading an old hymn that all the ISLANDERS (including PEADAR, JONJO & GERRY) are singing, bar PADRAIC. COLM notices him a few pews ahead, the reverse of how they were last time, but PADRAIC is the one not looking around today.
- 138 **EXT. CHURCH - DAY** 138
- PRIEST shaking hands as before, perhaps with JONJO & GERRY. He notices that PADRAIC hasn't greeted him, just gotten quietly onto his pony and cart and ridden away. *
- 139 **INT. CONFESSIONAL - DAY** 139
- Lattice light on COLM's face as the PRIEST listens.

COLM

Well... all the ones from the last time you didn't forgive me for... multiplied be two, of course.

(pause)

Definitely pride, this time.

(pause)

I killed a miniature donkey. It was be accident, but I do feel bad about it.

PRIEST

Do you think God gives a damn about miniature donkeys, Colm?

COLM

I fear he doesn't. And I fear that's where it's all gone wrong.

PRIEST

(pause)

Is that it?

COLM

Is what it?

PRIEST

Aren't you forgetting a couple of things?

COLM

No, I think I've covered it.

PRIEST

Wouldn't you say punching a policeman is a sin?

COLM

Ah here, if punching a policeman is a sin we may as well just pack up and go home!

PRIEST

And self-mutilation is a sin. It's one of the biggest.

COLM

Is it?

(pause)

Self-mutilation, so, you have me there. Multiplied be five.

Pause.

PRIEST

How's the despair?

COLM

(pause)

It's back a bit.

PRIEST

But you're not going to do anything about it?

COLM

I'm not going to do anything about it, no.

They sit there in the dark a while.

PRIEST

Twelve Hail Mary's and eleven Our Father's.

COLM winces at the severity of the sentence. The lattice slams.

140

EXT. PADRAIC'S HOUSE - DAY

140

The donkey's grave in the background, PADRAIC feeds and waters the pony, the cows & the calf. He gives them loads, and he gives the cows & calf a pat and a kiss goodbye & they seem to know something is up.

Over all this, and over the following sections of montage, we hear a letter that SIOBHAN has written, or is writing to him.

SIOBHAN (V.O.)

So come, Padraic. Leave there. Dominic can look after Jenny and the rest of your animals. They could move into the house together, the little goms!

145 **EXT. LAKE - DAY**

145

PADRAIC rides past the lake, passing MRS MCCORMICK on the opposite bank, Dominic's pole with the hook across her shoulders, staring at the water much more intently now...

SIOBHAN (V.O.)

So come now, Padraic, please...

146 **EXT. HILL ABOVE COLM'S HOUSE - DAY**

146

PADRAIC arrives at the hill looking down on COLM's house, its chimney smoking, and he halts the pony for a moment.

SIOBHAN (V.O.)

Before it's all too late.

He cicks the pony on, down to the house.

147 **EXT. COLM'S HOUSE - DAY**

147

COLM's dog is outside on the grass, as PADRAIC gets down from the cart and WITHOUT EVER LOOKING IN THE WINDOWS, pulls all the wood from the cart, stacks it at the door and under the windows, and splashes paraffin over it and up the walls to the thatched roof.

He lights all four oil lamps that are still on the cart, then notices COLM's dog looking up at him, confused...

So he lifts the dog onto the back of the cart... then takes the first lit lamp and SMASHES IT at the door, which goes up in flames, SMASHES the second under the window, and SMASHES THE REST against the other windows and under the thatch, all of which also go up...

The dog is standing staring on the cart now, agitated and confused, as the house is engulfed in flames. PADRAIC pats the animals to reassure them, and is about to lead the cart away, when... *

The sound of the clock inside the house CHIMING TWO is heard... *

...and PADRAIC stops, ponders a moment... then goes and looks in one of the burning windows for the first time... *

PADRAIC leaves the cows and takes a path down to the beach.

160 **EXT. BEACH - DAWN** 160

The figure is COLM of course, and he gives the dog a happy hug. PADRAIC arrives at the water's edge about fifteen yards along from them.

Up the bank behind them, COLM'S BURNED HOUSE STILL SMOULDERS, and a figure appears beside it...

161 **EXT. COLM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 161

It's MRS MCCORMICK, pole in hand, still wet and bedraggled, the cows idling nearby. She stands observing the two men on the beach (and we might notice here that one of the house's windows has been smashed out, a chair on the grass outside).

162 **EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS** 162

COLM lets the dog go, and looks out to sea, the dog slightly confused between him and PADRAIC.

COLM

I suppose me house makes us quits.

PADRAIC

If you'd stayed in your house, that would've made us quits. But you didn't, did ya, so it doesn't, does it?

COLM

(pause)

That finger of mine Siobhan brought back... just for the laugh I pinned it back on with a couple of thumb tacks...

COLM reveals his mouldy index finger pinned in place on his hand - it's black and rotten, & blood seeps painfully from the tacks where it's pinned. PADRAIC looks at it, blankly, then back out to sea.

COLM (CONT'D)

I only did it for the laugh, like. It's already gone rotten.

PADRAIC

(It matches the rest of you, so.)

COLM

(pause)

I'm sorry about your donkey, Padraic. Honestly I am.

PADRAIC

If you ate that finger, like Jenny ate your finger, that'd show you were sorry.

COLM

It wouldn't show I was sorry. It'd show I was mental.

PADRAIC

G'wan! Eat it, ya lump!

COLM unpins his finger painfully, then tosses it high into the sea, the dog disappointed. PADRAIC remains unmoved.

COLM

(What's that thing they say about vengeance...?) *

PADRAIC

(I don't fucking care, you fat ginger pig! *

(pause)

You're just talk.) *

(pause)

I was nice, before all this. I don't know what I am now.

COLM

You're still nice.

(pause)

You're just dull.

PADRAIC

I burned your house down, Colm! What else am I supposed to do, like?!

COLM almost smiles. They stare out to sea again, and the quiet mainland across the bay.

COLM

I haven't heard any rifle-fire from the mainland in a day or two. I think they're coming to the end of it.

PADRAIC nods.

PADRAIC

Ah, I'm sure they'll be starting it up again soon enough, aren't you? Some things, there's no moving on from.

(pause)

And I think that's a good thing.

163

EXT. COLM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

163

Up by the smouldering house, MRS MCCORMICK seems happy at the way this is playing out. She lazily hangs the pole across her shoulders...

164 **EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS**

164

PADRAIC

Anyways...

Pause. PADRAIC starts heading away...

COLM

Padraic?

Padraic stops.

COLM (CONT'D)Thanks for looking after me dog for me,
anyway.

PADRAIC looks at the dog for a moment.

PADRAIC

Any time.

PADRAIC continues away...

As COLM looks back out to sea and whistles his tune a few
moments, then lets it drift away to nothing...And MRS MCCORMICK, pole still across her shoulders, watches
it all, slightly disappointed...And the distance between the two men gets bigger and bigger
and bigger.165 **END**

165