

UPON THIS ROCK

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. IRISH TOWN SQUARE, 1851 - DAY

SUPER: IRELAND 1851

A MOB has gathered to hear a verdict in a poor and dirty town square. The people are angry, the mood is dark and frenzied.

A 7 year-old sandy-blond boy whose face is marked with worry (JONATHON BAILEY) huddles next to his bloodshot and shifty father (SEAMUS BAILEY).

MICHAEL MCTANNER stands shackled and guarded in the center of the murmuring villagers. He is unshaven and fidgety but resolute.

Standing beside him are his WIFE and 10 year-old son, CHARLES. Charles absorbs it all with sharp, intellectual eyes and a clenched jaw.

An elderly JUDGE emerges, steps onto a stool and opens a scroll as the crowd grows quiet.

JUDGE

Hear ye, citizens of the fair
village of Kilmoie, County Cork.
The matter has been decided.

McTanner glares at young Jonathon across the square. Jonathon shrinks in fear.

JUDGE

After due deliberation, this
assizes hereby finds that Michael
McTanner is guilty.

A mix of CHEERS and GASPS. McTanner shakes his head. His Wife begins to WAIL. Charles grabs his father tight.

JUDGE

Of the heinous crime of pillaging
coffins and buried possessions,
defiling the resting place of our
forefathers for his own benefit.
Having borne the pain of this
famine so heavily, this fair
village cannot -- and will not --
permit such vile actions.

The Mob ROARS. The Guards step in to restrain the rowdies from McTanner.

A piece of fruit flies at McTanner and lands at his feet. Charles grabs the fruit to throw it back but McTanner restrains him.

The Judge motions for silence.

JUDGE

And so, this criminal is hereby sentenced to 20 lashes.

The Wife's wailing crescendos.

JUDGE

And from this morn hence, Michael McTanner and all his family are hereby banished from this county and are never to enter its borders again.

The Mob CHEERS again. Stone-faced, McTanner comforts his Wife and Charles as the Guards lead them away.

Jonathon gawks at the unfolding events. Several VILLAGERS peer at Jonathon as they exit.

A passing FARMER smiles down at Jonathon and makes the sign of the cross.

Seamus places a hand on Jonathon's shoulder and leans towards his ear.

SEAMUS

(whispering)

You did the right thing, Jonathon. God'll bless you for it.

Jonathon and Seamus slowly walk away from the square.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A stone street bustles with people, horses, and carriages. It is dirty and dark.

SUPER: New York, 1887

Jonathon Bailey, softer now and forty-three, weaves through the crowded city streets. His clothes are ragged, his face worn and tired.

Jonathon stops to inquire at a storefront, then bows his head and moves along.

A few doors down, an elderly WOMAN waves to Jonathon. He smiles without stopping.

WOMAN
Top of the morning, Jonathon.

JONATHON
Hello, there.

WOMAN
(yelling after him)
Best 'a luck finding something!

Jonathon waves as he continues down the street.

He turns the corner towards an industrial building. Nearing the entrance, he spots a small, hand-painted sign on the ground: "Hiring -- NINA."

Jonathon stops, reads the sign, and then walks away.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

A tall, slender gentlemen of obvious wealth with a ruthless, clenched jaw, CHARLES TANNER, enters a lavish bank lobby.

As he removes his hat, a BANKER rushes the length of the lobby to take his coat. The sounds of his quick steps echoes through the lobby.

BANKER
This way, Mr. Tanner, right this way.

They walk together through the bank towards a back office.

INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY

With a look of weary arrogance, Tanner sits and waits across a desk from the Banker. The Banker examines the paperwork and WHISTLES in amazement.

BANKER
(laughing nervously)
Quite an ambitious project you have underway, Mr. Tanner. Almost terrifying.

The Banker looks to Tanner for a response, but gets nothing. He flips through more papers and sighs.

BANKER (CONT'D)
With these radical changes to the
building plans--

TANNER
Upgrades.

BANKER
Pardon?

TANNER
They are upgrades, guaranteed by my
architect to be perfectly sound.

BANKER
But, it's unheard of. You're
adding floors in the middle of
construction.

TANNER
Which will bring more revenue for
all of us.

BANKER
Of course. With these "upgrades,"
we certainly do understand the need
for additional financing. But to
be perfectly frank, I'm troubled by
the total costs incurred to date.
(looking over his glasses)
The Board, I can tell you, shares
my concerns. The numbers are
unfathomable.

Tanner stares back and repeatedly RAPS the chair arm with his
fingers.

TANNER
You've loaned more to other
businessmen. I know it. How do
you think the bridge was built?

BANKER
Yes, but usually they had other
assets for collateral. Office
buildings and such.

TANNER
As do I.

The Banker looks down at his pencil.

BANKER

They are funeral homes. A lot of them, to be sure, but the numbers are really not comparable.

TANNER

The funeral business is always good in this town. I bet we'll even have you for a client some day.

The Banker LAUGHS, then stops quickly.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Not for a while, I'm sure.

A bead of sweat crawls down his forehead under Tanner's glare. He finally clears his throat and closes the file.

BANKER

(nervously)

Well, you are certainly aware that we are not obligated to increase your financing in any way, even if you insist on these upgrades. Is there anything else I should know about the situation before I make my decision? Before we make it?

Tanner sighs, his eyes locked on the Banker.

TANNER

That I'm about to go elsewhere.

The Banker wipes his forehead. After a long, uncomfortable pause, he signals to the BANKER'S ASSISTANT, who hurries over.

BANKER

Franklin, I need this processed right away for Mr. Tanner. Go on!

Tanner stands, cane in hand, and strides to the door. The Banker stands and offers his hand, but Tanner passes by him.

TANNER

Good day.

The Banker watches him leave, then collapses into his chair. He wipes the sweat pouring from his forehead again. Looking down at the papers, he shakes his head.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Jonathon shuffles along the sidewalk by himself.

COLLIN, a 14-year old strapping boy with handsome features, surprises Jonathon from behind with a one-armed embrace.

COLLIN

Hey!

JONATHON

(startled)

Oh, Collin. Where'd you come from?

COLLIN

I finished my lessons early. I guess you didn't get any work today.

JONATHON

It's work enough just looking for work. Trust me, you'll see.

COLLIN

You heading home?

JONATHON

In a little bit. Why don't you go on along?

Collin grins slyly at Jonathon.

COLLIN

Can I come with you?

JONATHON

No.

COLLIN

Why not? Other kids--

Jonathon stops in his tracks and squeezes Collin's shoulder.

JONATHON

No! You heard me. Run along now, go on.

Collin sulks, then heads back in the other direction.

INT. IRISH PUB - DAY

With sunlight peaking in, the pub is full but subdued.

Three poor Irish chums, MCCARTHY, FEENEY, and MALLOY, sit around a wooden table with pints of ale. McCarthy and Malloy are in their early forties, but Feeney is in his mid-thirties and with less wrinkles.

The tall, gangly one, McCarthy, is drunk and leaning backwards on his chair. Malloy anxiously raps his hand on his own thigh. Feeney scours a small newspaper.

FEENEY
(struggling to read)
Coal gas man- man- What is this?

Malloy grabs the paper from him.

Jonathon enters the pub and walks over to the men.

MALLOY
It's another NINA, forget it.

JONATHON
No Irish Need Apply.

Jonathon grabs a seat and takes a swig of Feeney's drink.

MALLOY
You may not have noticed, but we ain't the most popular fellas here.

MCCARTHY
Too damn many of us, for sure.

MALLOY
(to Jonathon)
Any luck, Johnny-boy?

Jonathon shakes his head negatively.

GORDY, a stocky, energetic fellow wearing an odd derby hat, enters and scampers towards the group.

GORDY
Hey, hey!

JONATHON
Hey, Gordy.

GORDY

You fellas got the news?

McCarthy falls and sends his chair backwards, dropping him on his rear. The others ROAR.

GORDY (CONT'D)

(laughing with them)

I'm serious now. I got real news.

JONATHON

This should be good.

GORDY

They need to hire more guys for that office building. It's one of them mammoths, like that one in Chicago.

Malloy folds up his paper and leans forward. McCarthy stands up as Gordy steals his chair.

MALLOY

Oh yeah, I heard about that.

FEENEY

They're really high, ain't they?

GORDY

Sure, but now they're doing almost double the normal pay we get.

JONATHON

That ain't right, Gordy.

MCCARTHY

Double, he said.

GORDY

Almost. And get this, the rich bastard doing it is partial to us Irish.

McCarthy stops dancing and they all lean in. Gordy nods.

MALLOY

You don't say.

JONATHON

Who's the guy?

GORDY
 (shrugs)
 Not sure. Who cares?

FEENEY
 Exactly how tall is it?

GORDY
 (hesitantly)
 I've just heard rumors. It was
 supposed to be 12 at first. But,
 now it's gonna be 20.

Jonathon WHISTLES. Malloy flops back against his chair.

GORDY (CONT'D)
 That's why they need more men.

MALLOY
 No wonder the wage's high, they
 kill you before payday.

Feeney makes the sign of the cross.

FEENEY
 In nomines patris, et filiis--

MCCARTHY
 Cut it out, Feeney.

McCarthy smacks Feeney on the back of the head.

JONATHON
 Jesus, the damn thing'll fall over.

MALLOY
 Lot of fellas ended up planted with
 that Chicago one.

GORDY
 Sure, the ones like McCarthy.

They CHUCKLE, but Feeney still sulks. Jonathon scratches his
 head and leans back.

FEENEY
 What do you think?

JONATHON
 If they pay that much--

MCCARTHY
 Why not?

MALLOY

Sure. And if you're living off me,
Feeney, you're working there, too.

GORDY

You boys know the fix I'm in. I'm
in with or without you.

Jonathon nods and runs his hand through his hair.

JONATHON

(to Gordy)

How do we get in?

INT. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH - DAY

The elegant, marble church is dark, quiet and mostly empty.

Jonathon kneels as a candle display next to his sturdy, plain
wife, MAGGIE, who is visibly shaken. Her trembling hand
reaches to light a candle.

MAGGIE

God'll strike it down like the
rest, I tell ya. He'll strike it
down.

JONATHON

It's just a building. You're
gettin' hysterical over nothing.

MAGGIE

Oh, am I? We'll find out at the
rapture, won't we?

Maggie strikes another match and leans towards a new candle.
Jonathon rolls his eyes.

JONATHON

Jesus.

MAGGIE

Jonathon! Mind your tongue in
here.

Maggie makes the sign of the cross.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You're not a young man anymore, not
at all. You could fall, you know.
Have you come to think of that yet?
What'll become of your family then?

JONATHON
 And what'll become of it if I don't
 work?

MAGGIE
 (muttering, in Gaelic)
 Cha d'thiache.

Jonathon rests his hand on her shoulder.

JONATHON
 Yes, it is worth it. Maggie, I'll
 be careful. And the pay can do so
 much for us.

MAGGIE
 I can do without money, Jonathon.
 I can't do without you.

She puts a handkerchief to her lips and bows her head. He
 stares at the candles for a moment.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 You've already taken it, haven't
 you?

He nods. She makes the sign of the cross and lights another
 candle, shaking her head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 (tearing up)
 God help us. God help you.

Jonathon places an arm over Maggie's shoulders and looks over
 the candles.

JONATHON
 Maggie, you'll burn the church down
 before it's done.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DAY

The building is well underway with its frame extending 8
 stories up. The upper half of the frame is still exposed,
 but the base is filling in. Large stores of steel beams and
 supplies are stockpiled next to the building footprint.

An enormous hoist GROANS as it raises a steel beam up several
 stories. Scores of workers bustle around the framework of
 the building.

At the perimeter of the site, Tanner walks with an entourage towards a table that contains architectural drawings. Beside him walks a CONTRACTOR.

TANNER
(without looking at him)
If you can't do it, we will get
someone else, it's rather simple
that way.

CONTRACTOR
But you've changed the plans again,
and this rain has thrown everything
off.

TANNER
Don't blame nature. It's passive
and pathetic.

Tanner looks back over his shoulder.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Benton!
(to himself)
Where is that fool?

CONTRACTOR
We've done our very best, but with
all of the changes, you're making
it impossible.

Tanner turns a firm, steely eye to the Contractor.

TANNER
Your shortcomings are duly noted.
Now get off my site.
(shouting over his
shoulder)
Benton!

The Contractor storms off. Tanner returns to the plans.

Arriving at the table is BENTON, Tanner's short, pudgy assistant. He is huffing and puffing.

TANNER (CONT'D)
There we are.

BENTON
(panting)
Yes, Mr. Tanner.

TANNER
Are you done hiring the additional
crews yet?

BENTON
The last batch is starting today,
but-
(wiping his brow)
We always need more.

Tanner looks down at Benton, then turns skyward towards the
ever-growing building.

Scores of men scurry along the exposed girders at the top of
the frame.

TANNER
Any more lost this week?

BENTON
(thinking for a moment)
No, sir. Not since that last
Monday.

Tanner nods in approval and returns to the plans.

BENTON
Sir, there are only so many
contractors to hire or fire. And
slow work is better than none,
which is what we're getting in some
areas.

Tanner looks down at Benton and smiles.

TANNER
It's a terrific design, isn't it?
I'm sure you and our architects
will find a way.

Tanner pats him on the shoulder and exits. Benton leans on
the table, exhausted.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - MORNING

Jonathon, Malloy, Gordy, Feeney, and McCarthy all stand in a
crowd of young Workers listening to a gruff FOREMAN.
Jonathon's gaze is distant.

FOREMAN
Your first payday is Friday, then
every two weeks after that.
(MORE)

FOREMAN(cont'd)

Those fellas with experience have already been broken into your raising gangs and bolting up gangs. Rest of you start on the ground or decking inside with Jonesy.

The Foreman motions towards the large FOREMAN'S ASSISTANT standing at the front, who tips his hat.

Jonathon's buddies look at each other. Feeney gulps in fear.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

First day or two, take it easy until you get your bearings.

The Foreman motions towards Gordy and the others.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Especially the old man raising gang. We're here to make to building, not a cemetery. Any questions?

The Workers MURMUR amongst themselves, but no one speaks up. Malloy and McCarthy roll their eyes and shake their heads. Jonathon rubs his back and turns around to spit.

FOREMAN'S ASSISTANT

Let's move it!

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DAY

ON THE GROUND:

Amid the dust and debris, several Workers secure the chains around a pile of steel beams, then give a thumbs up and move to the next stack.

An OPERATOR running an enormous crane fastened to the chains pulls a lever. It violently jerks the pile of steel into the air.

ATOP THE BUILDING:

High on the building, Malloy and Feeney straddle a beam to weld a girder. McCarthy bounces across a nearby beam, carrying a box of materials on one shoulder.

ON A LOWER FLOOR:

Gordy and Jonathon secure a tieline as material is loaded on a platform.

Standing near the edge, Gordy grabs a grapple hook off of his belt, but fumbles it into the air. He reaches for it momentarily as the hook floats into the air.

JONATHON

Whoa!

Gordy pulls himself back just in time to grab a column and watch the hook fall. He gazes wide-eyed back at Jonathon, the color gone from Gordy's face.

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

Drunk and disheveled, McCarthy drapes his arms over Feeney and Malloy as they sing and sway. Gordy and Jonathon lean against the bar, sipping beer and smiling.

MALLOY, MCCARTHY, FEENEY

(singing)

Out from many a mud-wall cabin eyes
Were watching through the night.
Many a manly heart was throbbin for
That blessed warning light,
Murmurs passed along the valley,
Like the banshee's lonesome croon
(swinging their hands like
knives)
And a thousand blades were flashing
As the rising of the moon!

Jonathon, Gordy, and a few others CLAP. Jonathon swigs the last of his drink and slaps the mug on the bar.

JONATHON

And with that disgrace, I am off.

McCarthy hangs on Jonathon and BELCHES an inch from Jonathon's ear. Jonathon squirms away.

MCCARTHY

Come on now, one more. What's it gonna hurt?

Jonathon and Gordy fight towards the door.

JONATHON

(laughing)

No, no. Maggie's waiting.

MALLOY

Some of us are married too, you know.

JONATHON
 (smiling back)
 Aye, but not to Maggie.

They LAUGH and grab their drinks as Jonathon and Gordy EXIT.

FEENEY
 (belching)
 How's about another song?

Smelling it, Malloy waves a hand across Feeney's face.

MALLOY
 How's about you talk the other way?

McCarthy bends over and LAUGHS.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A little tipsy, Gordy shuffles down a dirty, deserted street late at night.

As Gordy passes an alley, an enormous THUG and a scraggly old man, WIRTZ, step out to block his path.

WIRTZ
 It's payday, ain't it, Gordy? The first one in a while.

Gordy freezes in terror. The Thug grabs Gordy by the collar and pulls him into the dark alley.

GORDY
 Whoa, wait--

The Thug SLAPS Gordy across the cheek.

GORDY (CONT'D)
 Okay, okay! I told you I can pay part of it, but not the whole thing. It takes time.

WIRTZ
 When I got the ship passage for your whole family, it wasn't bit by bit in little pieces. And I don't want to handle this in little pieces. Perhaps I should take this up with your boss.

GORDY
 No, no.

WIRTZ
I guess I'll have to consider this
an installment.

The Thug CRASHES Gordy's jaw with his fist. Gordy crumbles
to the ground and MOANS in pain.

THUG
And a reminder.

Wirtz reaches into Gordy's jacket and removes his money.

INT. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH - DAY

A young and earnest priest, FATHER HAP, walks around the
alter with the incense, making a noxious cloud.

Several pews back, Jonathon sits with his family. Feeney and
Malloy are in the pew behind them, next to Malloy's wife and
children. The men are all slumping and hung over.

Feeney peeks around then leans towards Malloy.

FEENEY
Where's Gordy?

Malloy shrugs.

MALLOY
Probably praying for death, like
the rest of us.

ACROSS THE AISLE:

McCarthy sits slumped over in the pew, next to his wife and
four children. His eyes are closed and his head begins to
fall towards his wife.

McCarthy's wife elbows him sharply in the ribs, jolting his
head up. He wipes his mouth, then wipes his hand on his
pants.

INT. REMOTE FARMHOUSE - DAY

A pretty and refined 16 year-old, ELIZABETH TANNER, enters
the back door of the kitchen, carrying a shotgun.

She sets the gun against the wall just inside the door and
attends to the dishes in the sink.

An old man's voice calls from the other room.

MICHAEL MCTANNER (O.S.)
Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH
Coming.

She sighs and wipes her hands on her apron. She pours a glass of water and heads towards the main room.

MICHAEL MCTANNER (O.S.)
Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH
I'm coming.

Elizabeth enters a darkened room with a bed by the window.

MICHAEL MCTANNER, now a very frail, elderly man, lies in bed with his eyes closed. He opens his eyes with a weak smile and takes the glass of water.

ELIZABETH
There you go.

MICHAEL MCTANNER
Thank you, dear. You've become a splendid help.

Elizabeth blushes as he takes a small sip.

ELIZABETH
You're giving me lots of practice. Father is always reminding me of how scarce things used to be in the old country.

He finishes another sip and Elizabeth takes the glass back from him and sets it on the table.

MICHAEL MCTANNER
He's right. Be glad you were born here.

ELIZABETH
I know. Still, I'm sure it was hard for you to leave.

Elizabeth begins to fold a blanket at the end of the bed, but doesn't notice Michael's face sinking.

MICHAEL MCTANNER
(sadly)
Eh, not so hard at all.

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tanner sits at his desk, surrounded by paper and plans. He is pouring through reams of building documents.

A name on the document suddenly catches his eye and he draws it closer.

After a quick inspection, Tanner shuffles a different pile of papers on the corner of his desk.

TANNER

Benton!

Tanner finds a specific file and drops the rest of the pile onto the desk. He scrounges through the papers for a particular list, finally finding it.

Tanner stands upright with the page.

He grabs his glasses and focuses on one name on the list: "JONATHON S. BAILEY."

TANNER

Benton!

The SECRETARY appears at the door.

SECRETARY

Mr. Benton's at the site, sir.

TANNER

Well, get him back.

She turns to scurry off.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Wait!

Tanner motions her over and thrusts the page in her face.

TANNER

Look, did you sign up this fellow?
He's one of the steel boys.

SECRETARY

An Irish fellow?

Tanner SMACKS the paper and scowls.

TANNER

Most of them are. Do you know him?

SECRETARY
 (shrinking away)
 No, sir, not really. There's so
 many of them.

Tanner paces around his desk, staring at the ground.

TANNER
 Find everything we have on this
 man. Everything.

She nods and hurries away.

TANNER
 And get Benton here!

Tanner turns to the window and SLAPS the wall with his hand.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - SUNDOWN

Wearily and dirtied, Jonathon and Malloy sit on a girder at the
 top of the building frame.

MCCARTHY (O.S.)
 Quitting time, boys!

They look down to see MCCARTHY dancing on a beam.

MCCARTHY
 Let's hit it.

JONATHON
 Alright, we're coming.

A little further below, a large, panting man (KEENAN)
 shimmies on his hands and knees across a beam.

MCCARTHY
 Slow down, Keenan, you maniac.

Terrified, Keenan glares up at McCarthy.

KEENAN
 We'll see what you have to say on
 the ground, ya' string bean.

MCCARTHY
 You mean that ground, way down
 there?

McCarthy LAUGHS and skips away on the beam.

Keenan wipes his forehead and looks down. His eyes clench as he coils back. He opens his eyes and begins to crawl again.

Jonathon and Malloy continue to sit on the beam, admiring the sunset.

Jonathon pulls some seeds from his pocket and slides them down the beam. A moment later, a bird lands to peck at the seeds.

MALLOY

Mm-mm. I do like this part of the day. Yes, I do.

Jonathon nods and sighs.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

Makes me think I can fly.

JONATHON

Just makes me want to.

MALLOY

Something like that.

They both watch the bird fly away. Malloy smiles and looks over Jonathon, who is sullen.

JONATHON

This is where you can breathe.

MALLOY

One of these days, old boy.

Jonathon sighs, not convinced. He leans over and wipes the remaining seeds off the beam before standing. Malloy stands too.

Jonathon walks towards the lift, with Malloy following.

INT. TANNER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Rain beats against the windows. Tanner wanders about his study, lost in the contents of a file of papers.

A SERVANT enters carrying a glass of wine on a tray.

Tanner stretches out his hand without turning back to the Servant.

The Servant rushes the glass into Tanner's hand, then EXITS.

Tanner sips the wine and ponders his reflection in the window. The rain continues to fall.

INT. IRISH COUNTRY COURTHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK, 1851)

A horde of Irishfolk squeeze into a meeting house for a trial. Jonathon Bailey (as a young boy) sits nervously in the witness stand.

Michael McTanner, still a young man, is handcuffed and sitting at a table. McTanner's Wife and his son, Charles, sit behind Michael McTanner.

The PROSECUTOR approaches young Jonathon slowly.

PROSECUTOR

Go on, son.

JONATHON

(hesitant)

I saw, I saw Mr. McTanner gesturing
at my father.

PROSECUTOR

Where was Mr. Tanner standing?

JONATHON

(thinking for a moment)

In the grave?

PROSECUTOR

In the grave.

Jonathon nods. The Prosecutor looks back at Michael McTanner for effect, but he doesn't flinch.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Was Mr. McTanner doing anything?

JONATHON

He was holding a shovel.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Objection.

The crowd MURMURS, but is hushed by the CRACK of a gavel.

JUDGE

Overruled. The citizens will
remain silent.

PROSECUTOR

At this point, what did Mr.
McTanner do?

Jonathon peers over at his nervous father, Seamus, sitting near the Prosecutor. Seamus nods to Jonathon.

JONATHON

He, he hit my father on the back
with the shovel.

PROSECUTOR

Thank you, Jonathon.

The Prosecutor takes his seat. Jonathon's eyes meet Michael McTanner briefly.

The grizzled DEFENSE ATTORNEY rises and scrutinizes Jonathon.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Curious. How was he able to stand
down in a grave and hit your
father, who you claim was outside
of the grave, on the back?

JONATHON

I guess he was reaching up.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

You guess? You think a man can
reach up from the bottom of a grave
and hit a man standing above ground
on the back?

The Defense Attorney mimics the action.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY (CONT'D)

Wasn't it your father in the grave
at that time?

JONATHON

No!

The crowd MURMURS.

INT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DAWN

As the morning light comes up, Workers mill about the base of the building.

The Foreman meets with several Supervisors in a hushed, secretive conversation.

A shrill WHISTLE cracks the air and the Workers begin to scatter into the building as the machinery ROARS to life.

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Tanner stares at a job application, engrossed. His Secretary peaks her head through the door. He waves her away.

TANNER
God, no. Out!

Before she can close the door, BENTON scurries in.

BENTON
You sent for me, sir?

TANNER
A-ha, I certainly did.

Tanner springs from his chair and grabs his coat. With a crooked grin, Tanner throws the application at Benton.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Do you know this man?

BENTON
I can't place the name. He's an employee?

TANNER
(nodding eagerly)
Where's he working today?

BENTON
I'm not sure. I, I can find out.

TANNER
That's the least of what you can do. Was he hired with anyone else?

BENTON
I don't know.
(closing his eyes)
Wait, I think he's part of that whole group of older fellas. He might be one of them.

Tanner puts his hat on.

TANNER
Well, I need a look at him.

BENTON
Now? But Mr. Mills --

Tanner heads out the back door. Benton follows after him.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - EVENING

Dozens of dirt-covered steel workers stream out of the building shell for the night.

INT. SUPERVISOR'S SHACK

Tanner and Benton stand in a makeshift shack nearby, watching the exodus through a window.

Two of Tanner's Henchmen sit in chairs, barely awake.

A fist POUNDS the outside of the door. The Henchmen look to Tanner for direction.

TANNER
Damn it.

Another POUNDING on the door.

SUBCONTRACTOR
Open up, Tanner, you bastard.
You're late on payments and I've
got people to pay.

The Henchmen open the door and swarm the Subcontractor outside the shack. After a few muffled YELPS and SMACKS, there is silence.

Tanner continues to watch the Workers leaving.

BENTON
There they are. Coming round the
far corner.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

Around the far corner of the building, a group of Workers appear in the shadows.

Within the group, Jonathon, Feeney, McCarthy, Gordy, and Malloy slowly emerge from the darkness, worn and filthy.

INSIDE THE SHACK

Tanner steps forward and presses against the window.

TANNER

(whispering to himself)

"May my enemy be punished like the wicked, my adversary like evil men. For what do the godless have when God cuts them off and takes away their life?"

Tanner's eyes narrow as Jonathon passes in the distance. Benton cringes.

INT. IRISH PUB - EVENING

Jonathon and his friends (Malloy, Feeney, Gordy, and McCarthy) sit around a table, drinking.

JONATHON

You're not gonna fall, Feeney.

GORDY

We'll be done before you know it anyway.

MCCARTHY

Oh good. I need some free time.

FEENEY

We'll be done, all right.

Tanner enters the pub with three Henchmen. He glances around the room, then strolls towards Jonathon's table.

At the sight of Tanner and the Henchmen, the Workers fall silent. Gordy's eyes pop open as he clumsily stands.

GORDY

Aren't you Mr. Tanner?

TANNER

Yes, I am, and good evening. Stay seated, please.

Gordy sits and slaps Malloy on the arm. The others are clueless.

TANNER

You gentlemen work on my building, correct?

Gordy nods. Jonathon examines Tanner, somewhat troubled.

GORDY

Aye, sir.

TANNER

You're doing a fine job. You too,
Mr. Feeney.

FEENEY

You know our names?

TANNER

(smiling)

Oh, I make it a point. I make it a
point. And Mr. Bailey here I
already know.

The others turn to Jonathon, surprised.

JONATHON

I'm not sure we've met.

Tanner SNICKERS and casually grabs a seat.

TANNER

We certainly have. I can't believe
you've never told your friends
about us.

Jonathon shakes his head, confused and nervous.

MALLOY

What's this, Jonathon?

JONATHON

I'm not--

TANNER

No matter. Things were different
then. Jonathon was much more
familiar with my father of a
slightly different name, Michael
McTanner.

Tanner's smile disappears into a snarl. Jonathon's eyes
widen.

TANNER (CONT'D)

I thought it'd come back to you.

JONATHON

(fumbling)

How did you? What happened?

TANNER

There's plenty of time to catch up.
That's not the reason I'm here.

Tanner leans forward and stares down the other men.

MCCARTHY

Why are you here?

TANNER

I want to tell you something, men.
I know how you live, believe me, I
know. I understand the struggle of
trying to find enough money for
your next meal, like you do.

Tanner scowls at Jonathon. Gordy and Feeney bow their heads.

TANNER (CONT'D)

The steel work on the building will
be completed eventually, and you'll
be back to fighting for the pisser
jobs, if there are any. You'll try
to work your aging bodies until
they break, never making enough to
stretch beyond where you are right
now.

Tanner slaps Feeney on the back. He flinches. McCarthy
sneaks a glance over at Malloy. Jonathon fidgets.

TANNER (CONT'D)

But I've got a proposition for you.
We're all from the same walk and
the same place, at least at one
time we were. And you're friends
of Jonathon here, so I think I can
help you out.

The men look at each other. Gordy and Malloy perk up.

MALLOY

What do you have in mind?

TANNER

What would you fellas say to jobs
inside the building once it's
built? And the pay would be more
than your current wage?

They start to loosen and smile.

MCCARTHY
You're putting us on.

FEENEY
I can't believe it.

JONATHON
That's awfully generous.

TANNER
Not for you, Jonathon. Just your
friends.

The smiles disappear. Tanner stands and pushes his chair in
forcefully.

TANNER (CONT'D)
It's quite simple, but I'll put it
in steel boy terms. You men will
get what I promised -- the jobs,
the pay, and more -- if you satisfy
your end of the deal. All you have
to do is never, never talk to or
consort with Mr. Bailey here.

JONATHON
What?!

MCCARTHY
That's crazy!

TANNER
I'm completely serious, gentlemen.
All you'd ever want for never
dealing with Jonathon again. But
I'd suggest you arrange something
more painful for him to satisfy me.

McCarthy slides his chair back to charge.

MALLOY
Never!

The Henchmen step in and the men freeze. Tanner POUNDS his
cane into the floor.

TANNER
Be careful what you say, Mr.
Malloy! Be careful or you will
face the same fate. It is your own
choice. Defy me if you like, but
mark my words.

(MORE)

TANNER(cont'd)

Not only will you never work for me again, no one else will ever hire you, Irish or otherwise. I assure you, you filthy wretches will be so depraved you won't be able to distinguish if you're barely alive or fully in hell.

Tanner sets his hat on his head.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Think very carefully, lads. I'm sure you can imagine the ways in which I can inconvenience your lives.

MCCARTHY

What's this all about?

TANNER

Mr. Bailey can fill you in. If you're wise, it'll be the last time you ever see with him.

Jonathon stands up from his chair, but the Henchmen step in closer.

JONATHON

Leave them out of this.

TANNER

Eye for an eye, the Good Book says, an eye for an eye. Consider this another banishment, Jonathon - New York style.

Tanner turns and walks to the door as the Henchmen back away. Tanner and his Henchmen EXIT.

EXT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Down the moonlit street, Feeney and Malloy approach the entrance to a decrepit slum building.

They peer up and down the street before ducking in the door.

Across the street, a hidden BLACK-COATED MAN lurks in the alley shadows, watching the apartment. He is tall and imposing, covered with a dark hat, gloves, and a trenchcoat.

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonathon sits in a chair by the fireplace. Malloy, McCarthy, Feeney, and Gordy sit around the fire, focused on Jonathon.

Jonathon's son, Collin, stands in the background.

As Maggie pours water into their cups, she waves Collin away.

MAGGIE

Collin, get to your bed. I told you once enough.

JONATHON

It's alright, Maggie. The boy should know this, too.

Maggie shakes her head in disapproval. Jonathon glances at his friends, then stares into the fire.

JONATHON

We lived nearby a large, old cemetery for one of the bigger towns, along with a few other families in the parish. This was after the worst of the famine, and we somehow survived enough. One night, my father was a ways out near the cemetery property when my mother sent me after him.

Jonathon takes a drink from his glass.

JONATHON

And that's when I started hearing an argument way in the distance.

EXT. IRELAND CEMETERY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK, 1851)

Jonathon (as a boy) creeps through a grove of trees, listening to the sound of two men ARGUING.

JONATHON (V.O.)

When I came upon their torch I jumped behind a tree. I saw my father arguing with another neighbor.

Jonathon scales the cemetery wall and slinks closer.

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonathon looks up at Malloy.

JONATHON

Michael McTanner, our boss's father. He often worked for the church and cemetery, you know, the coffins and grave diggin' sort.

Malloy nods and sighs.

EXT. IRELAND CEMETERY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK, 1851)

Michael McTanner and Jonathon's intoxicated father, Seamus, stand toe-to-toe next to an open grave, partially lit by the torch.

SEAMUS

(slurring)

What the hell you think you're doing?

MICHAEL MCTANNER

Don't even pretend to judge me, Seamus. Look at yourself first.

Seamus looks into the grave in shock.

SEAMUS

I'd never do this. You have any idea who this is?

MICHAEL MCTANNER

Of course I do. That's the point, my friend. Listen, don't get bent out of shape. If you help me tonight, you can get yourself a share.

McTanner tosses his shovel to the side and wipes his sweaty forehead. Seamus stumbles and shakes his head.

SEAMUS

No way. This is going too far, Michael, you filthy heathen!

MICHAEL MCTANNER

If we don't do it, we'll be the next ones in, and your family too. Just shut up and help me.

SEAMUS

Never.

MICHAEL MCTANNER

What's the problem? Are your arms
too tired from beating on Biddie?

Seamus swings, STRIKING Michael's jaw and sending him
reeling.

While stumbling back, Michael grabs his shovel off the ground
and spins, swinging the shovel wildly.

The shovel CRACKS Seamus squarely on the back.

Jonathon jumps out from behind the tree.

JONATHON

Papa!

Jonathon rushes towards his fallen father.

SEAMUS

(confused)

Jonathon?

Seeing the boy, Michael McTanner stumbles backwards and runs
off into the darkness.

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonathon's friends sit by the fire, engrossed by Jonathon's
story.

JONATHON

They charged McTanner with robbing
the grave of a famous nobleman who
according to legend was buried with
some valuables. Nobody was all
that sure about anything my father
ever said, so I had to testify.

Jonathon throws a piece of scrap into the fire, then peers
sadly over at Collin.

JONATHON

After the trial, he was whipped and
the whole family banished. I never
saw or thought of what became of
them, until now.

Malloy shakes his heads in amazement. Gordy leans back.

FEENEY

His boy landed on his feet alright.

GORDY

You're right about that.

JONATHON

Now listen to me, all of you. I've been running this through my head ever since the pub. I'm gonna' try to talk to him tomorrow and see if we can sort this out.

They nod.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

If that doesn't work, we'll see what happens. Maybe Maggie and I will head out to my sister's farm for a little while.

MCCARTHY

Nobody's going anywhere.

JONATHON

(waving him off)

No matter what, I'll figure something out. Just me. I'm not gonna let this cost you boys your livelihood.

MALLOY

What are you talking about?

MCCARTHY

Yeah, what livelihood?

JONATHON

I'm not kidding. This is my cross. You won't ever have to make that decision.

After a brief silence, McCarthy stands and steps towards Jonathon, offering his large hand.

MCCARTHY

There is no decision for us. That man doesn't own my friendship, and he never will.

Gordy pats Jonathon on the back. Jonathon stands to accept McCarthy's handshake.

INT. TANNER'S MANSION - NIGHT

Tanner sits at a desk by the candlelight, pouring over invoices and financial ledgers. He rubs his eyes.

Tanner's attention strays to a framed formal photograph on the corner of the desk of himself, his father (Michael McTanner), and his daughter (Elizabeth).

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonathon and Maggie lay awake in the dark on their mattress under a tattered blanket.

Collin and his 8 year-old sister, ERIN, lay on a mattress near the other wall. Collin is awake and eavesdropping.

Maggie rolls away from Jonathon.

MAGGIE

(whispering)

You really think he would change his mind?

JONATHON

Not really.

MAGGIE

You can't carry hatred around that long without it becoming a part of you.

JONATHON

I get the feeling it's all of him. I don't know, but I suspect it's what drives him in everything.

MAGGIE

What do you suppose we'll do?

Jonathon sighs.

JONATHON

We can stay my sister's for a while. At least enough to get some answers from you-know-who.

Maggie closes her eyes as a tear trickles down. Jonathon glances at her, then back towards the ceiling.

JONATHON (CONT'D)
God'll take care of us, Maggie.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - MORNING

On the ground, Feeney, Gordy, Malloy, and McCarthy shuffle towards the building lift with the other Workers.

The Foreman closely watches the Workers head to their posts, then whispers something to his Assistant. The Foreman points towards Jonathon's group as they walk into the building.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A battered warehouse on the water is stirring to life. A "NOW HIRING" sign hangs in the office window.

The Black-Coated Man stands with one hand on the shoulder of a tiny, elderly WAREHOUSE OWNER. The Black-Coated Man whispers in the ear of the Warehouse Owner, who is nodding.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PLANT - DAY

A small office trailer sits outside of the plant's fence. WORKERS are lined up at a desk to apply for the day's work.

Standing behind the desk, a pale PLANT MANAGER is staring towards the opposite end of the lot. He is looking at the Black-Coated Man, who is walking away from the plant.

The Plant Manager scratches his head and looks down at the cash in his hand.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jonathon walks down a sidewalk, peering at the door numbers. He stops at Tanner's office and walks inside.

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jonathon walks into the lobby, his worn hat in hand.

The Secretary looks up from her papers and frowns at his dirty face.

JONATHON
(clearing his throat)
Charles Tanner, please.

She lifts her eyebrows, waiting.

JONATHON (CONT'D)
Jonathon Bailey.

SECRETARY
Oh. Is he expecting you?

JONATHON
(shaking his head)
Can't say he is.

SECRETARY
What is this regarding, Mr. Bailey?
Not applying for a job, correct?

JONATHON
It's a matter he's familiar with.
I only need a moment of his time.

SECRETARY
I see.

The Secretary stands and walks to the door, then disappears into the back office.

Waiting and pacing, Jonathon notices the miniature model of the skyscraper on a table. Jonathon approaches it, amazed by the detail.

The door opens and Jonathon snaps back to attention. The Secretary returns to her desk and begins writing on a pad of paper.

SECRETARY
Mr. Tanner said that you may stop by his residence tonight around eight, if you like.

JONATHON
Tonight? I can't see him sooner?

SECRETARY
No, I'm sorry.

JONATHON
Tonight, sure.

SECRETARY
Here's the address. He asked that you come alone.

She hands the paper to Jonathon. He stares at it briefly.

JONATHON

If he's here, it won't take long.

SECRETARY

No, sir.

Jonathon nods and places the paper in his pocket. He glances at the door to Tanner's office before trudging to the exit.

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tanner looks down from his office window to the street. He watches Jonathon walk away down the sidewalk.

A wry smile creeps across his face.

INT. DOCKSIDE OFFICE - DAY

In a dingy, darkened room, Wirtz sits at a table sharpening a knife. A wolfish DOG sleeps under the table, chained to an anvil. A Thug sits on a table looking out of the one small window.

THUG

Here comes the guy.

WIRTZ

You let me handle this.

THUG

But he came to me.

Wirtz points the knife at the Thug. The door CREAKS open. From the dark opening, the Black-Coated Man enters. The Dog awakens.

WIRTZ

Come on in, fella. Come on in.

The Black-Coated Man nods at the Thug and steps forward. The Dog begins chewing on the anvil, watching the Black-Coated Man.

BLACK-COATED MAN

I'll make this brief. I understand that a Mr. Gordy Fischer owes you a certain amount of money.

WIRTZ

He does.

BLACK-COATED MAN
Mr. Fischer is one of our workers
and my employer needs to purchase
his debt from you.

Wirtz looks down and sees a bug on his arm. He flicks it off
with the knife.

WIRTZ
Did my associate here tell you how
much that bag of shit owes?

BLACK-COATED MAN
He did.

WIRTZ
Interesting.

The Dog's ears perk up. Wirtz eases back in his chair and
places the knife down on the table.

THUG
Why do you care about this guy?

WIRTZ
(to Thug)
What did I say about keeping your
mouth shut?

BLACK-COATED MAN
That's really not your concern.

The Thug hops off the table and paces behind Wirtz.

WIRTZ
It's okay. The debt plus interest.

BLACK-COATED MAN
Don't make me kill the poor chap
because you got greedy.

The Black-Coated Man removes an envelope from his jacket and
holds it up for Wirtz to see. Wirtz holds out his hand.

WIRTZ
What the hell. Give it here.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jonathon wanders through the city streets, noticing a sign in
a warehouse window stating, "NOW HIRING."

As Jonathon approaches, the elderly Warehouse Owner sees him and rushes out to change the sign, tacking a hastily-scribbled "Not" over the top of the "Now."

Jonathon continues into the doorway.

JONATHON

What happened to your sign, there?

The Warehouse Owner backs away from Jonathon, shaking.

WAREHOUSE OWNER

We ain't hiring no more.

JONATHON

As of what, 10 seconds ago.

WAREHOUSE OWNER

Sure.

JONATHON

Just hired the last guy, eh?

WAREHOUSE OWNER

(meekly)

Something like that. Yeah.

JONATHON

Really.

WAREHOUSE OWNER

Hey, what's it to you? Why don't you just get going instead of causing trouble?

Jonathon nods, looks around the area briefly, then exits.

The Warehouse Owner watches him depart, then sighs and bows his head.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - EVENING

Scores of men line up at a table at the base of the building. As the front of each line, two Clerks deliver and document the wages for the men. Malloy, Feeney, McCarthy, and Gordy wait anxiously near the front.

As Malloy and the others step up to the table, a Supervisor steps in and touches the Clerk on the shoulder.

The Clerk looks back briefly, then carefully reaches under his chair for four separate envelopes and delivers the envelopes to Malloy, McCarthy, Gordy and Feeney.

The four men walk away suspiciously.

MCCARTHY

What the hell was that all about?

Feeney peeks into his envelope.

FEENEY

Oh boy.

The others look in their envelopes of cash as the walk. They are all stunned. McCarthy scowls at the cash.

MALLOY

Son of a bitch.

Malloy looks up from his envelope and catches Gordy looking at how much Malloy got. Gordy looks away, embarrassed.

MCCARTHY

This ain't good.

INT. IRISH PUB - EVENING

Jonathon sits alone at the bar with an empty shot glass in front of him. His gaze is fixed on the glass, lost. His hands tremble slightly.

The stout, slovenly BARTENDER eyes him and walks over.

BARTENDER

Doing okay, here?

Jonathon looks up and nods.

JONATHON

What time is it?

BARTENDER

About quarter past seven.

JONATHON

Just one more.

The Bartender nods and reaches back for the whiskey bottle. Jonathon's stare returns to the glass.

INT. TANNER'S MANSION - EVENING

Jonathon sits in an opulent chair in a darkened study. Tanner sits across from him, smoking. Jonathon is mildly drunk.

TANNER

My mother passed away not too long afterwards. Ship fever. Yours?

JONATHON

She's, she's getting up there, but still alive.

TANNER

I see. From then on, I've been taking care of my father. He's getting up there too.

Tanner puts out his cigar.

JONATHON

I'm sorry about your mother. My father also passed away, shortly after you left.

TANNER

After we left? That's an interesting way to put it. We didn't leave anywhere, Jonathon.

(angrily)

We were thrown out! And all thanks to you and your dear family.

Tanner paces towards the wall of bookcases and places his hands on a shelf. Jonathon squeezes his hat and stares at the floor. After a long silence, Jonathon looks up.

JONATHON

(clearing his throat)

When I was very young, I used to ask a lot of questions about it. I was there, of course, like you. But your memory of things as a kid gets, well, it gets a bit jumbled over time, especially when you hear bits and pieces from others. I never got much by the way of answers. I was always told by the older people that it was a matter for the grown-ups, not to concern myself.

Tanner smiles.

JONATHON (CONT'D)
Charlie, I still don't have the
answers, not for you or for me.

Tanner turns around and leans back on the bookshelves.

TANNER
Sounds like your parents didn't
want to tell you much at all about
that trial.

JONATHON
No, but I was there.

TANNER
Like you said, you were a kid.

JONATHON
So were you.

TANNER
True, and there was a bigger
picture than either of us ever saw.

Tanner reaches into his coat pocket for another cigar.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Back then, most folks wouldn't have
believed a thing your father said,
having seen him drink and do
whatever else. I bet you didn't
know that.

Tanner lights a cigar. Jonathon stares out the window.

TANNER (CONT'D)
No matter, it wasn't much of a
secret. The problem for us was
that no one would doubt the words
of his young, innocent boy, even if
they were fed to him by his drunk
father.

Jonathon's hands turn to fists.

INT. IRISH COUNTRY COURTHOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK, 1851)

A crowd of Villagers sits in the meeting house for a trial.
Jonathon (as a boy) sits in the witness stand.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Now, Jonathon, you said you saw Mr. McTanner digging a coffin out, right?

JONATHON

(nervously)

Aye, sir.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

And you said he was arguing with your father, right?

JONATHON

Aye.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

So, what? Was he doing both at the same time?

JONATHON

I, I'm not sure.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Maybe you only saw arguing, but not digging up?

A long silence. Jonathon fidgets and looks at his father, Seamus.

JONATHON

Um-

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

You got there when they were arguing and no one was doing anything in the grave at that point, isn't that what really happened, young man?

JONATHON

No.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

You swore before God you would tell the truth, Jonathon. When you got there, no one was digging- they were just arguing, right?

JONATHON

No.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

From what little you saw, it's just as possible it was your father doing the digging, wasn't it?

JONATHON

No!

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

It was actually Mr. McTanner that was trying to stop what your father was doing in that grave, wasn't it?!

Teary and tormented, Jonathon points at Michael McTanner.

JONATHON

No! It was him! He dug the coffin out.

The Villagers MURMUR.

INT. TANNER'S MANSION - EVENING

Still seated, Jonathon gazes at Tanner. The Henchmen stand.

TANNER

Your performance was pathetic.

JONATHON

Your father never blamed us at the trial. He had a tongue, why didn't he use it?

TANNER

This is where you and I are so different, Jonathon, besides the obvious. You were never given the entire context. There is only one reason why the truth didn't come out in that trial -- your mother.

JONATHON

(bewildered)

She had nothing to do with it.

TANNER

Not exactly. She threatened to expose my father's affair, which for him had far worse consequences than that trial or any banishment.

(MORE)

TANNER(cont'd)

So, he was blackmailed by your mother to hold his tongue and listen to those lies by you and your father. He did to keep our family together.

JONATHON

That's impossible. Even if it's true, serves your father right for his adultery anyway.

Tanner walks behind Jonathon towards a bookshelf to put out his cigar.

TANNER

Watch your tongue, Jonathon, or I'll cut it out. How do you think that your mother was the only one to know about my father's affair?

Jonathon sinks in his chair and shakes his head.

JONATHON

No. That's not--

TANNER

I knew your mom never told you. But at the time, she was more than willing to expose it and ruin her own marriage if it meant not leaving.

(quietly)

But my father thought more highly of his own vows. You mother knew it and used it against him.

Tanner walks behind a pale Jonathon and whispers in his ear.

TANNER

(snickering)

And who can blame your mom, with all your father's beatings?

JONATHON

You lying--

Jonathon lurches to swing at Tanner but his head is immediately SLAMMED back against the chair by the arms of one of the Henchmen.

A knife is brought to Jonathon's throat by the Henchman. Jonathon GASPS for breath. Tanner steps into his line of sight.

TANNER

I could finish you now, you know,
and I wouldn't think any more of it
than dropping scraps into the
gutter for stray dogs to eat. I
could do that right now, but we
wouldn't nearly be even.

Tanner turns away.

EXT. TANNER'S MANSION - EVENING

The Henchmen throw Jonathon headfirst into the wet street.
Jonathon GRUNTS at impact.

TANNER

I remember when you were once
considered the village hero!

Bloodied, Jonathon pulls himself up to his knees.

TANNER (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

What ever happened, Mr. Bailey!

Tanner returns into the mansion, leaving Jonathon in the mud.

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Wet and swaddled in a blanket, Jonathon sits by the fire and
stares into the embers, utterly lost.

McCarthy and Collin sit nearby. Maggie brings in a drink to
Jonathon.

MCCARTHY

It's not right. I'll take him out
myself if I have to.

COLLIN

Me, too.

MAGGIE

(glaring at Collin)

Shush, boy! You don't know what
you're talking about!

JONATHON

Enough.

A long silence. Jonathon closes his eyes for a few moments, then opens them.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

(to McCarthy)

You said there's a fella at the wharf who's from my village, right?

MCCARTHY

The fisherman, sure. His name's Donovan. You think he can help?

JONATHON

He might know more than me about what happened, or at least about Tanner.

MAGGIE

What in the world will that do for you?

MCCARTHY

We can track him down.

COLLIN

I'll go with you.

Maggie glares at the boy.

JONATHON

No, Collin. You're gonna pack a bag for you and your sister. When we're done I'm taking the rest of you to my sister's farm. It's not safe here.

COLLIN

But--

MAGGIE

(to Collin)

Go on. Do it now.

Collin storms off to pack.

JONATHON

(to McCarthy)

After I drop 'em off, I'll be back to the city to take care of this.

MCCARTHY

I'm with you.

MAGGIE

I don't think you should come back,
Jonathon.

MCCARTHY

And I don't think you should leave.

JONATHON

I have to. I have some questions
for my mother.

Maggie turns and exits. McCarthy sighs.

INT. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH - MORNING

Churchgoers sing a hymn as Fr. Hap and two Alter Boys walk reverently down the aisle and towards the alter.

Jonathon and his family (Maggie, Collin, and Erin) sit somberly in one row, mouthing the words.

McCarthy, his Wife, and two Boys sit in the row in front of Jonathon. There are numerous available seats around them.

After Fr. Hap passes, Jonathon looks across the aisle and sees Feeney and Malloy arriving late with Malloy's Wife and three Daughters. They walk down the outside aisle and select a row across the main aisle, opposite from Jonathon.

As Malloy sits, his eyes meet Jonathon's. Malloy gives a subtle nod to Jonathon before sitting and staring forward.

Jonathon looks down and wrings his hands nervously.

EXT. WHARF - DAY

McCarthy and Jonathon walk along a rickety, wooden dock. It is foggy and quiet. They arrive at a closed door to a shack and McCarthy stops. He looks at Jonathon, then KNOCKS.

Inside, a few short footsteps plod towards the door. The door CREAKS open, revealing

DONOVAN, a tall, angular man with a jet black beard. He looks half-asleep and eyes McCarthy suspiciously.

DONOVAN

(shouting outside)

What the hell do you micks want?

After a tense moment, McCarthy LAUGHS and Donovan joins him, smiling.

INT. WHARF SHACK - DAY

Donovan stands at a dingy sink, scaling a pile of fish. McCarthy leans on his elbow against the countertop. Jonathon stands in the background, overwhelmed by the smell.

MCCARTHY

So, you remember these characters?

Donovan nods agreeably and chops a fish head off.

DONOVAN

Uh-huh. A nasty family, them ones.

Donovan turns around briefly to point his knife tip at Jonathon.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

You, I only heard about. But them, I knew.

JONATHON

Do you still know 'em? I need to fix this right away.

Donovan shakes his head negatively.

DONOVAN

Nah. There's no talking to that man anyway.

JONATHON

Please, you can help.

Donovan finishes the fish and then spikes the knife into the counter. He turns around to face Jonathon.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Look, no offense, but the last thing I want to do is get in the middle of a 30 year-old feud.

Jonathon drops his head. McCarthy pats Donovan on the shoulder.

MCCARTHY

We understand, mate.

JONATHON

(blurting)

What about the father? Tanner said
he's still alive.

McCarthy stops and looks at Donovan. Donovan measures up Jonathon and bites his lip. He wipes his hands on his apron and nods reluctantly.

DONOVAN

The old man's alive, huh?

Jonathon nods.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Okay. But then you get out of
here.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jonathon walks down a street sidewalk. He looks back to notice the Black-Coated Man on the opposite sidewalk. When Jonathon looks over, the Black-Coated Man darts into the closest store.

Jonathon turns the corner and walks faster.

After continuing down the street a block, Jonathon stops at an outdoor market and speaks with a Grocer.

After a few moments, Jonathon looks around for the Black-Coated Man, but doesn't see him. Jonathon nods and walks away quickly.

INT. MALLOY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Feeney and Malloy sip a bowl of soup by the fire. Behind them, Malloy's wife and children lay sleeping on the floor.

MALLOY

We'll find out how it went soon
enough, I suppose.

Malloy returns to his soup.

FEENEY

Either way, I'm thinking maybe I
should move on.

MALLOY

Move on? Where?

Feeney shrugs and looks back at the sleeping children.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

Gonna go fight the Injuns or something stupid like that?

FEENEY

Look, I appreciate all you've done for me, but this place just isn't right to me.

MALLOY

I told your brothers I'd watch out for you, and I have.

(patting him on the back)

This stuff will be settled soon. As long as you don't start taking after McCarthy, that fool, you'll be alright.

FEENEY

Mac hasn't doesn't anything wrong, other than stand by Jonathon. But it's more than that. There's too much trouble around here, especially now that we're marked.

Malloy stands and takes Feeney's bowl.

MALLOY

You won't be in trouble if you do as I say. That includes avoiding McCarthy for the time being. Worst thing you can do is make Tanner angrier at Jonathon.

Malloy walks away.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

Jonathon sits atop a small horse-drawn wagon, driving the wagon cautiously into the country.

In the back of the carriage, Maggie, Collin and Erin ride somberly with a few possessions.

EXT. IRISH FARM - DAY (FLASHBACK, 1851)

Jonathon (as a young boy) walks along a stone wall with his father, Seamus.

SEAMUS

It's not always enough to know what you know, boy. You have to make other people believe it too, you see?

Jonathon nods, lost. Seamus stops and squats down so he can look Jonathon in the eye.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

That's why you've got to listen to me. You've gotta say things the way I tell you to say 'em, and do it the way I say. Otherwise, people will think you're lying and you know what they do then, eh? So, can I trust you to say it right?

Jonathon shakes his head "yes."

SEAMUS

Good boy.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DAY

Gordy and McCarthy stand on the beams, guiding a new girder into place. As it sets in, Feeney and Malloy begin setting and rivoting the girder into place.

FEENEY

Have you been looking at all?

MCCARTHY

When would I have time for all that? I'm working here all damn day.

GORDY

It's not good, from what I've seen. I can't tell if it's any worse than usual or just, you know, the usual.

MCCARTHY

I feel like that about my bowel movements sometimes, but I don't spend the day worrying about it.

McCarthy winks at the others and smiles. Feeney CHUCKLES to himself.

The Foreman's Assistant approaches with a NEW WORKER. He taps Gordy on the shoulder and motions him to follow.

ASSISTANT

Need you a moment, Gordy.
 (motioning to New Worker)
 Guys, this is Anderson. He'll fill
 in on your crew for now, ok?

Malloy and McCarthy stare at the New Worker, then back to the Assistant, who is already walking away with Gordy.

The Assistant whispers in Gordy's ear as they head towards the lift.

Before getting on, Gordy glances back at the others and shrugs.

EXT. COUNTRY FARMHOUSE - DAY

A vibrant, elderly woman, BIDDY, hugs Erin and Collin simultaneously.

Nearby, Jonathon unloads several satchels of clothing from the wagon and throws them over his shoulder.

BIDDY

I can't believe it's you. You've
 grown a head higher, each of you!

Jonathon's sister, CAROLINE, emerges from the house and walks quickly towards them.

CAROLINE

What happened, Jonathon?

JONATHON

Sorry to barge in like this.

BIDDY

Is everything alright?

JONATHON

Yeah. We've just needed to get out
 of the city for a while. Hope it
 won't be long.

Maggie begins to shepherd Collin and Erin towards the house. The others follow. Biddy looks at Jonathon with concern.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Mind if I fill you in inside?

BIDDY

Of course, whatever it is.

Jonathon trudges along with the bags over his shoulder.

JONATHON

Oh, bit of a grudge, you might say.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DAY

McCarthy, Feeney, and Malloy sit against a stack of girders, shielding themselves from the wind while they eat a small lunch.

MCCARTHY

Christ, it's starting to get colder.

Feeney nods, but his eyes are fixated on a few Workers eating on the other side of the floor, including the New Worker.

McCarthy follows Feeney's gaze to the Workers, who are openly staring towards McCarthy, Feeney, and Malloy.

MCCARTHY (CONT'D)

Turned into a fine place, hasn't it?

FEENEY

It's definitely quieter, at least around us.

MALLOY

Where you think they got Gordy?

McCarthy shrugs and chews.

MCCARTHY

I guess he's working inside somewhere.

FEENEY

Already?

McCarthy and Malloy both shoot a glance at Feeney.

FEENEY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean it like that.

MALLOY

I know. Eat your food.

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Biddy slumps in a rocking chair, stunned. Jonathon is leaning against the wall with his arms folded. The bedroom is simple and quiet. She looks up at him, broken and teary.

BIDDY
Oh, Jonathon.

She wipes her nose as they both stare at the floor for a silent moment.

BIDDY (CONT'D)
And his father is still alive?

JONATHON
Seems so. Lives on a farm near the county line, west of Elm Grove.

BIDDY
So, what now?

JONATHON
Dunno. I've always had a plan for the kind of life I wanted - a good, quiet life, with friends. Doesn't always worked out, but I've always had that idea in my head.

Biddy nods.

JONATHON (CONT'D)
And now, for the first time, I don't have one. When I hear the words of that wretch, I boil over. Then I look at Maggie and at the kids, and--

Jonathon begins pacing around the room, shaking his head. She looks at him.

BIDDY
Let me give you a hint. The idea that could lead to you being dead is the foolish one.

JONATHON
I don't know. That depends on you.

She cocks her head towards Jonathon as he peers out the window.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

I need to know what happened. I know what you and Dad told me then was the right thing. I remember it as clear as the day we arrived and I've never doubted it. Not until now.

BIDDY

Jonathon, I'm your mother. How on earth could you believe that?

JONATHON

Because it could cost me my life!

BIDDY

Shsh! The children.

JONATHON

(calmer)

It's the least you can give me.

She closes her tearing eyes, then looks at him.

BIDDY

Listen to me, Jonathon. May he forgive me for saying this, but you know your father wasn't a saint. I think about him and pray for his soul every day.

JONATHON

From what I saw, you might want to pray for something else.

BIDDY

(sternly)

We all had our weaknesses back then.

She stands and approaches him.

BIDDY (CONT'D)

But he wasn't a grave robber. That I can promise you. McTanner never blamed him because he had nothing to do with it. I know it as sure as I know he's dead.

She makes a sign of the cross.

JONATHON

And this affair?

Biddy hesitates, then sits on the bed in front of Jonathon.

BIDDY

Oh, Jonathon. There is nothing to that. All you need to remember is that McTanner was banished because he was a graverobber. He was.

Jonathon nods in satisfaction. She cups his face in her trembling hands.

BIDDY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Jonathon.

They embrace.

INT. TANNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tanner throws a blueprint of the building across the room and into a table, shattering some glass.

Benton and a well-dressed ARCHITECT cower nearby.

TANNER

Well, we very well can't stop building right in between floors, can we?

Benton shakes his head.

BENTON

No, sir.

TANNER

It'd be a little drafty up there, eh?

Tanner smiles. The others hesitate, then try to mirror him.

ARCHITECT

If I may, sir. The original budget assumed fewer floors. The revisions have pushed us over.

TANNER

(bitterly to Architect)
My revisions, you mean.

BENTON

Mother nature has bitten us, too--

TANNER
Silence, Benton.

ARCHITECT
You can hardly hold us responsible
for that.

Tanner glares at him.

TANNER
Never test my views of
accountability.

Tanner bows his head and closes his eyes in thought.

After a tense silence, he clenches his hands into fists and
TAPS them on a table, sighing.

TANNER (CONT'D)
(with eyes still closed)
Is that financial statement up to
date, Mr. Benton?

BENTON
Only through last Sunday. Some
parts have grown worse still.

ARCHITECT
A second contractor has filed a
complaint as well.

Tanner nods and opens his eyes to look out the window.

A KNOCK at the back door.

A Henchman enters from the back door and approaches Tanner.
Tanner waves Benton and the Architect to leave the room.

As they depart, the Henchman WHISPERS in Tanner's ear. The
door closes behind Benton.

Suddenly energized, Tanner taps a finger on his chin.

TANNER
And the others?

HENCHMAN
(shrugging)
Quiet so far.

Tanner CLAPS his hands together.

TANNER

Let's put a little fire in their bellies.

EXT. SIDEWALK - EVENING

Malloy trudges along the city sidewalk after work, covered in dirt and grime.

He slows at a tailor's shop, where a man is getting fitted for a three-piece suit. Malloy stops to admire the suit through the window.

Three Coworkers suddenly pass behind Malloy on the sidewalk and smirk.

COWORKER

Fixin' to get somethin' fancy, Malloy?

Malloy is startled, then tries to shrug it off. The Coworkers LAUGH as they pass by.

Malloy continues on his way for a few steps, then stops.

Shaken, he glances back down the sidewalk towards an alley. Seeing nothing, he turns back and strides away.

EXT. IRISH PUB - EVENING

McCarthy and Feeney sip their beers at a secluded table towards the back of the pub. Malloy enters and makes his way back to them. As he sits, Feeney slides an extra beer in front of him.

The Black-Coated Man sits at the bar with his face covered by a paper. He glances towards the men, then looks away. Malloy catches the glance briefly, curious at the stranger.

MCCARTHY

Where you been?

MALLOY

I'm here, alright? Where's Gordy?

FEENEY

We don't know.

MCCARTHY

It's getting odd.

FEENEY

Ain't the only thing odd.

MCCARTHY

How about Jonathon?

MALLOY

Not a word.

Malloy looks over at the Black-Coated Man, who lifts his paper back up.

MCCARTHY

He'll take care of it all, one way or another. Maybe not the way I'd take of it, but don't you worry.

MALLOY

(hushed)

If you don't mind, I will worry about it. Jesus, this is our lives.

MCCARTHY

I'm aware of that, boy.

MALLOY

Lower you voice.

McCarthy stares Malloy down, then inspects the others in the pub.

Malloy jerks his head towards the Black-Coated Man at the bar. McCarthy glances at the man, then back to Malloy.

MCCARTHY

You're losing your senses, if you ever had any. Do you want me to cower in a corner here, like filthy rat?!

Malloy jabs at the table with his index finger.

MALLOY

(whispering harshly)

I'm trying to be stay prepared! You know damn well none of us could survive being blackballed like Tanner said. What if he actually follows through with this?

FEENEY

Wouldn't Jonathon move away? He said he would.

MALLOY

We don't know for sure.

MCCARTHY

He'd better not. He shouldn't have to.

FEENEY

But he said so.

MALLOY

So what if he does? It may not be enough.

Malloy peers up at the Black-Coated Man at the bar, who is looking away.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

(much quieter)

Tanner's venom has been brewing his entire life. It didn't sink in with me until today. I don't know a hatred like that. Who knows what it'd make him do?

FEENEY

Like what?

MALLOY

Worse than a black eye, I know that.

MCCARTHY

If you've thought about it that much, what do you plan to do?

Malloy shakes and bows his head.

MALLOY

Hell if I know. I just don't know.

A long silence. Simmering, McCarthy finishes the rest of his drink.

MCCARTHY

Last thing I'm gonna do is hide or pout or cry, or any of the other things that seem to be in your plan, Malloy.

McCarthy stands and puts on his jacket. McCarthy shakes his head in disgust and exits.

INT. COUNTRY FARMHOUSE - EVENING

Erin and Collin settle in to sleep on the floor near the fading fire, pulling a blanket over themselves.

Jonathon watches from the back of the room, leaning in the doorway. Caroline hands Maggie another blanket for Erin.

MAGGIE

Oh, thank you so much, Caroline.

CAROLINE

Whatever you need.

Maggie tucks the blanket around Erin, then turns back to Caroline. Caroline smiles.

MAGGIE

You're a blessing straight from God, I tell ya.

CAROLINE

Tomorrow we'll have a nice breakfast and get you all set up.

JONATHON

Not for me. I'm heading out.

BIDDY (O.S.)

You're what?

Biddy enters from the doorway.

CAROLINE

I'll find some more blankets.

Caroline looks at Jonathon and then hurries out of the room. Maggie approaches Jonathon.

MAGGIE

What do you mean?

JONATHON

Don't start. I'm going to start with old McTanner. We'll see where it goes from there.

Maggie starts to yell, then hesitates. She pats Jonathon tenderly on the chest.

MAGGIE
You do what you have to.

COLLIN
(leaning up)
Dad--

JONATHON
No. You're staying.

BIDDY
We need to talk about this,
Jonathon.

Biddy frowns with worry. Jonathon shakes his head "no."

ERIN
When can we go home?

Erin looks up at her parents. Maggie kneels by her side.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I miss my friends.

JONATHON
Bedtime, you two.

MAGGIE
(tucking her in)
I know, my dear. Get your rest.

Jonathon bites his lip and heads for the door, passing by Biddy. Biddy is biting her nails.

INT. GORDY'S HOME - EVENING

In a dark and dirty apartment, Gordy slouches in a chair while his portly, older wife, HELEN, wipes fresh blood off his forehead.

Helen casts a large, imposing shadow over Gordy.

HELEN
These beatings really are not good
for you.

Gordy winces and holds the rag to his head. Helen wipes her hands on the apron and sits in front of him.

GORDY
That so?

HELEN

This isn't good at all, Gordy. We barely live on what they haven't taken from you. We'd better pray this inside job pans out.

GORDY

It gets worse.

HELEN

Heavens, what now?

GORDY

It wasn't the same fellas that tagged me this time.

She steps back, her brow furrowed.

HELEN

Who was it?

GORDY

One of Tanner's boys. It seems he's purchased my debt.

Helen places her hands over her shocked mouth. Gordy flashes a bloody smile.

GORDY (CONT'D)

At least no more Wirtz, eh?

HELEN

Oh, dear God. What's wrong with this man? What is he planning to do, pay you then take it back?

Gordy shrugs and rubs the back of his neck.

GORDY

It'd be easier if he just paid less.

HELEN (CONT'D)

That Wirtz kept you alive so he could keep collecting. Will Tanner do the same?

GORDY

That's what I've been wondering in between the pounding in my head. I don't know what the game is or if I can stay here.

HELEN
What about the others? McCarthy?

GORDY
I've lost touch with them. I
dunno.

She places a tender hand on his cheek and squats down.

HELEN
I don't know how we could afford
you losing that job.

GORDY
I'm ashamed to say it, but I'm
starting to hope that Jonathon goes
ahead and leaves.

She stands as they both ponders the scenario.

HELEN
Would that take care of this?
You'd all get jobs on the inside?

GORDY
I don't know.

Helen picks up the water and starts to walk away.

HELEN
(shouting back to him)
How much do we still owe?

Gordy stares into space without an answer. A small tear runs down his cheek.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Black-Coated Man stands in a darkened alley with a black bag in his hand, looking across the street at the partially-open window of Jonathon's apartment.

The Black-Coated Man looks up and down the street for bystanders, but sees nothing.

He looks up again at the window as a slow stream of smoke emerges. Satisfied, he turns and hurries down the alley.

After a short moment, the first flickers of fire appear inside the window and the neighborhood begins to come alive.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
Fire! There's a fire!

INT. COUNTRY FARMHOUSE - MORNING

A small candle lights the stairs to an attic area.

Biddy climbs into the attic, then weaves through a clutter of crates. She sets a candle on a chest, next to a small wooden box.

Biddy opens the small box and removes a few bundles. Setting them aside, she pops out the false bottom of the box, revealing a stack of three letters.

Taking the letters in her hand, Biddy BLOWS the dust off the ancient envelopes. Turning them over, she inspects the ancient, unopened letters.

Biddy stares at them for a moment, then begins to peel one of the letters open.

EXT. REMOTE FARMLAND - MORNING

Jonathon rides his horse along the edge of a small grove of trees. He is searching the horizon for any sign that will help him. As he turns the corner, he spots McTanner's farmhouse on the top of a hill.

EXT. MCTANNER'S FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Jonathon rides on horseback around the back of McTanner's farmhouse and stops behind a tree to take a look inside. He steps down and ties his horse to a branch.

Jonathon walks quietly along the side wall of the house, then turns the corner.

As he approaches the front door, he looks in the window briefly. He continues on to the front door and gently places his hand on the doorknob.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Elizabeth stands at the opposite corner of the house, holding a shotgun up to her shoulder and pointing it straight at Jonathon.

INT. MCTANNER'S FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Jonathon sits upright in a chair, watching the shotgun still pointed at him by Elizabeth. Michael McTanner lays up in his couch bed, shaking his head.

ELIZABETH

Who?

JONATHON

Jonathon Bailey.

MICHAEL MCTANNER

It's okay, Elizabeth. I remember this man.

Elizabeth relaxes slightly.

MICHAEL MCTANNER (CONT'D)

I think you'd better leave us alone to talk.

ELIZABETH

Grandpa-

MICHAEL MCTANNER

Go on. Now.

She walks into the kitchen and out the back, SLAMMING the door.

MICHAEL MCTANNER (CONT'D)

A little too much of her father at times.

JONATHON

That's why I'm here, Mr. McTanner.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Collin is walking back to the house from the barn when Bidy meets him at the base of the porch, looking nervous.

COLLIN

What is it, Grandma?

She hesitates, then places a hand on his shoulder.

BIDDY

I need you to do something for me.

COLLIN

Sure, what?

BIDDY

Go get the carriage and horses ready. You and I need to catch up with your father.

Collin looks towards the house.

COLLIN

But they--

BIDDY

I'll worry about them. You just have to do what I say, understand?

He nods.

BIDDY

Go, and make sure you load up the rifle, too.

INT. MCTANNER'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Jonathon sits in a darkened living room across from Michael, who lies on his couch-bed, covered by a blanket.

Michael COUGHS weakly.

MICHAEL MCTANNER

(worried)

Oh dear Lord. Why would Charlie do that?

JONATHON

Revenge. I've tried talking to him, but the banishment is all he sees in me. Nothing else.

MICHAEL MCTANNER

My God.

Michael McTanner turns his face to the window.

MICHAEL MCTANNER (CONT'D)

All these years have passed and it's still with us. Every night I pray that I'll never think of it again. Every morning I wake up and look to the sun, but instead I feel its shadow.

JONATHON

Charlie said my father was the one robbing the grave. That you told him that.

Michael McTanner looks back at Jonathon, then drops his eyes and rubs his forehead with his hand. For a few moments, Jonathon watches him cry softly into his hands.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

I need your help, sir. It's not too late.

McTanner looks up at him.

MICHAEL MCTANNER

I wouldn't have noticed earlier, but you look much like your father. It's like talking right to him again.

Jonathon looks down, uncomfortable.

JONATHON

Do you still hate our family?

McTanner chews on the question for a moment.

MICHAEL MCTANNER

No, not you. You should tend to your family. You should go now.

Jonathon nods and stands.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DAY

Malloy walks through the stockpile area as Workers scurry about. He turns the corner around a pile of beams and catches a suspicious eye from a Worker.

Malloy sees the Foreman's Assistant, holding a clipboard.

MALLOY

Jonesy.

ASSISTANT

Hey there, how've you been?

MALLOY

Getting short on rivets up top. We'll be out by afternoon.

ASSISTANT
I'll get a batch on up. Is your
pal McCarthy showing up today?

MALLOY
Dunno.

The Assistant nods and writes a note in his pad as Malloy starts away.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Hey, Malloy. What's the word on
that Jonathon friend of yours?

Malloy turns around slowly and shrugs.

MALLOY
What do you mean?

ASSISTANT
Well, he got fired or something,
right?

MALLOY
Something like that.

ASSISTANT
I heard his place caught fire last
night, too. He alright?

MALLOY
I think.

ASSISTANT
You haven't talked to him about it?

Malloy shakes his head.

MALLOY
Haven't heard from him.

The Assistant nods and Malloy continues on his way.

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT - DAY

McCarthy walks through the charred rubble of Jonathon's apartment. He lifts a few timbers out of the way as he looks around. His face is angry and resolute.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Jonathon rides his horse towards the ever-growing city. He looks warily at all the passersby, worried that they are watching him.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DAY

Malloy and Feeney are both checking a vertical girder to make sure it is plumb. As they work, Feeney locks eyes with a Worker on the crew on the platform below them.

The Worker shakes his head at Feeney then smiles as his Coworkers.

Malloy catches the exchange and taps Feeney on the shoulder. He walks away towards a different girder and Feeney follows.

EXT. RURAL FARMLAND - DAY

Biddy and Collin ride along in the horse-drawn carriage. They approach the grove of trees near McTanner's farm.

INT. MCTANNER'S FARMHOUSE - DAY

Elizabeth sits and stares at McTanner while he sleeps. After a short moment, she stands and walks to a bookshelf.

She picks up an old photograph of McTanner and his young son shortly after their arrival in America.

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jonathon walks through the charred floor of his barren apartment, scanning the wreckage. The burnt furniture is covered with ash and soot.

Suddenly, the stairwell CREAKS with slow footsteps. A candlelight grows in the stairwell.

Jonathon crouches behind the remains of a table and reaches into his bag for a short knife. He FUMBLES the knife.

More FOOTSTEPS. Jonathon looks over the table. A shadow steps through the doorway: Fr. Hap.

FR. HAP
 (whispering)
 Is that you, Jonathon?

Jonathon peeks out.

JONATHON
 Father?

Jonathon stands. Fr. Hap grabs his own chest in fright.

FR. HAP
 Oh, my Lord! Jonathon.

JONATHON
 Father, you scared me to death.

FR. HAP
 I feared you were there already.

JONATHON
 Who told you?

FR. HAP
 In these times, Jonathon, it's
 probably best for you to hold off
 on too many questions.

They both smile.

FR. HAP (CONT'D)
 I've got a place for you to stay.

Jonathon looks around once more at the wreckage.

JONATHON
 I need to handle something first.

INT. MCTANNER'S FARMHOUSE - EVENING

Biddy stands in the hallway. With her hands shaking, she peels back her head covering and removes her gloves. Biddy pulls the old envelopes from her skirt pocket.

In the darkened room, Michael lays in his bed and sweats.

Elizabeth leads Biddy into the living room.

Once Biddy locks eyes with Michael, she stops immediately. The two gaze at each other. Choking up, Michael looks away slightly.

Elizabeth watches them for a moment, then backs away.

ELIZABETH
I leave you two in peace.

Elizabeth exits. Michael continues looking out the window.

MICHAEL MCTANNER
Your son told me what has happened
and I've been thinking about it all
day.

He looks back at her with sweat running down the side of his forehead.

Biddy walks over and applies a wet washcloth to cool his forehead.

MICHAEL MCTANNER (CONT'D)
Charlie was all I had, you know.
He didn't understand all that
happened. I had to tell him
something.

BIDDY
Another lie?

MICHAEL MCTANNER
(muttering in Gaelic)
Bha an t-eagel orm.

Michael closes his eyes and coughs painfully, almost crying. Biddy reaches to touch his hand.

BIDDY
We were all afraid in those days.

She pulls her hand back to her lap.

She takes the envelopes and places them on the table. He looks at the letters and bites his lip.

BIDDY (CONT'D)
I don't care why you said what you
said, but it should end with us. I
want the whole shame of it all to
die with us. You're a decent man,
Michael, in some ways better than
my Seamus. But we all make our own
sins and scars. There's no need to
pass 'em down.

MICHAEL MCTANNER

I know. I know.

Biddy wipes a tear from Michael's eyes, then stands.

BIDDY

I don't care what you say. Tell him another lie you like. But tell him something, something to fix what you've done. And keep him away from my Jonathon.

Biddy takes a few steps, then turns back with a stern glare.

BIDDY (CONT'D)

Damn you, Michael. You never should have told him about us.

She turns and exits.

EXT. MCTANNER'S FARMHOUSE - EVENING

Collin stands by the horse carriage, inspecting a back wheel. Elizabeth approaches with a pitcher and glass of water.

ELIZABETH

Water?

Collin looks up, startled. He stands and wipes the sweat from his brow.

COLLIN

Thank you.

She hands him the water and he gulps it down. She refills the glass.

COLLIN

Did a man come by here earlier, like us?

Elizabeth nods.

ELIZABETH

We usually don't have any visitors at all. Are you looking for him?

COLLIN

He's my father.

Further away, Biddy walks out of the farmhouse. Collin points at her.

COLLIN (CONT'D)
And she's my grandmother.

ELIZABETH
Oh. And you?

She offers her hand and he accepts it.

COLLIN
Bailey. Collin Bailey.

ELIZABETH
Elizabeth Tanner.

Collin's face darkens at the name.

COLLIN
Well, that answers that.

ELIZABETH
Answers what?

COLLIN
Well, there's bit of an old feud
between our folks, and it looks
like you and I are the next
generation of it.

Elizabeth is bewildered. Biddy approaches them with a firm stride.

COLLIN
(to Biddy)
What did he say?

BIDDY
Nothing you need to know, let's get
the horses.
(to Elizabeth)
You ought to get inside, dear.
He'll need your help.

Elizabeth looks back at Collin one more time and their eyes meet.

BIDDY (CONT'D)
Go on.

Elizabeth turns and runs up towards the farmhouse. Biddy watches her for a short while and shakes her head.

INT. BUILDING WORKSITE - EVENING

A group of Workers finish installing lathe for the interior plaster walls of the building.

As the Workers start to head out, Gordy pushes a crate of refuse through the cloud of dust.

The Supervisor appears around the corner, smoking a cigarette. As Gordy passes, the Supervisor places a hand on Gordy's arm, startling him.

SUPERVISOR

Gordy.

GORDY

(defensively)

I'm clearing out the north side.

SUPERVISOR

Easy, jumpy. We're done today.

The Supervisor ushers him aside, checking for eavesdroppers.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Nice shiner. Listen, I understand you might be in line for a better job, an inside job?

Gordy shifts and looks around. The Supervisor raises his eyebrows and blows his cigarette smoke.

GORDY

I dunno. Maybe.

SUPERVISOR

It's alright, you can talk to me. How do you think I got my job? Take my advice, buddy. You don't want to end up on the wrong side of those deals.

GORDY

I don't plan to be.

SUPERVISOR

Nobody ever does.

(quieter)

Listen up, duties are duties, and not everyone of 'em is gonna be spelled out for you.

(MORE)

SUPERVISOR(cont'd)

If you know what will make the boss happy, you make sure it's done and right soon.

Gordy trembles.

GORDY

Like the fire, eh?

The Supervisor smiles.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

You can't sit and wait for something nice to happen. You gotta earn it. That's the only way you'll ever work inside.

The Supervisor takes a last look around, then slides an envelope into Gordy's pocket.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Okay then, here's a bit of the upside from the boss. Now get back to work and keep your mouth shut about this.

The Supervisor struts away. Gordy secures the envelope and rushes to push his crate in the other direction.

INT. FARMHOUSE - EVENING

McTanner, pale and weak, tries to sit up in his bed. Elizabeth leans over and tries to help him.

ELIZABETH

Lay back, grandfather.

MICHAEL MCTANNER

No, no.

ELIZABETH

Tell me what you need. I can help.

He stops fidgeting and tries to concentrate for a moment.

MICHAEL MCTANNER

You need to send a rider to your father. I need to talk to him immediately.

ELIZABETH

You want him here?

MICHAEL MCTANNER

Yes, at once.

She nods. Elizabeth gets up to go, then stops.

ELIZABETH

Grandpa, is it true about a feud?

McTanner stares at her, taken aback.

MICHAEL MCTANNER

What did they tell you?

ELIZABETH

It wasn't--

MICHAEL MCTANNER

Just get him for me, hurry.

Elizabeth nods and hurries to the door.

INT. ST. JOHN'S RECTORY - NIGHT

A ragged Jonathon sits at a table in the rectory kitchen. Fr. Hap serves him soup and sits. Jonathon takes a sip.

FR. HAP

For now, what do you need?

JONATHON

We took most everything already. I had a funny feeling something like this could happen.

FR. HAP

The church can help you find things, if it'll help.

JONATHON

We'll make do. That's one benefit of not having much in the first place.

FR. HAP

You have a family and thank God none of them were hurt.

They sit in silence for a few moments as Jonathon eats. Fr. Hap fidgets with his ring.

FR. HAP (CONT'D)

You can stay as long as you like.
I imagine you're planning to get
back to Maggie shortly.

Jonathon looks up at Fr. Hap and cups his mouth with his hands.

JONATHON

She doesn't even know yet.

Jonathon begins to cry, then boils with hatred as he shakes his head.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

They have no idea what he's done.
Our home, everything.

FR. HAP

I've been trying to hold off saying
this, Jonathon, but you mustn't
seek vengeance. For the Lord
alone, you know.

JONATHON

For the Lord and Mr. Tanner.

FR. HAP

He'll answer for it someday.

JONATHON

Not soon enough.

Fr. Hap clasps Jonathon's arm.

FR. HAP

It burns in me to see what
happened, or to see you leave. But
if it's the best for everyone,
Jonathon, you need to do it. Think
of your children.

JONATHON

How can you counsel me like that?
You know it's not right.

FR. HAP

Of course it's not! But we are men
of faith. There is no other
counsel for us.

Fr. Hap stands and paces.

FR. HAP (CONT'D)

(calmer)

It'll take a lot of time and a lot of prayer to find any peace with this! That peace may not settle until we're on our deathbeds many years from now.

JONATHON

I'm worried about tomorrow, not years from now.

Fr. Hap nods and walks towards the darkened window.

FR. HAP

I know. Even if you disregarded God's word on this, you shouldn't seek vengeance. This is a dangerous man we're talking about.

JONATHON

That he is. More than I ever thought.

Jonathon takes a couple more sips of his soup, then puts the spoon down.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

I miss Maggie's cooking already.

Fr. Hap smiles.

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

McCarthy slumps at the bar holding his hand over an open candle. He is on the verge of passing out.

The Bartender shakes his head in disgust and tosses the towel down.

BARTENDER

Hey Mac, it's time you got on home.

MCCARTHY

Hopefully it's not burned down by now.

BARTENDER

That's it.

As the Bartender reaches to grab the glass in front of him, McCarthy smacks it to the ground, CRASHING the glass.

Several others standing nearby turn around at the sound. One Patron grabs McCarthy's shoulder.

PATRON

What's your problem, pal?

McCarthy swings around and punches the Patron in the jaw, then falls over on top of him.

Someone grabs McCarthy off the ground, but he starts swinging again as the bar erupts into mayhem.

As McCarthy scuffles with an ever-growing crowd, he gets pulled away towards the door by FEENEY.

FEENEY

Let's go!

MCCARTHY

Get off me, Feeney.

Feeney drags McCarthy quickly through the pub doors and out into the street. They stagger down the street and catch their breath.

Feeney rubs his head from a blow. McCarthy walks with his eyes mostly closed and blood trickling from his ear.

FEENEY

Ah Jesus, McCarthy. What are you doing?

INT. GORDY'S HOME - NIGHT

Gordy and his wife, Helen, sit at a table covered with dollar bills and an envelope. They both look shocked.

HELEN

It's blood money.

GORDY

I don't know what it is.

HELEN

It's blood money is what it is.

GORDY

It's a lot of money, that's for sure. But it may not be blood money.

She kneels in front of him and holds his head in her hands, staring into his eyes.

HELEN

(forcefully)

Listen to me. You are all little chips to him, chips he'll play at any time. He doesn't want Jonathon out of sight. He wants him gone. It won't end until Jonathon is really hurt. What do you think this money is for?

GORDY

I don't know what he'll do, or anybody else for that matter. It's all too much right now.

Gordy tears up and winces in pain.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - MORNING

Malloy and Feeney walk through one of the top, uncovered floors and come across a small mob of Workers gathered in the corner.

As they approach, they notice McCarthy in the middle of the murmuring Workers.

MCCARTHY

How many of you have had trouble gettin' paid on time? Or at all? Now you've all heard what happened to Bailey's apartment the other night, and don't think it was an accident. Maybe that talk of unions isn't so bad. 'Cause you might be next, lad!

A few of the Workers grunt in agreement; others walk away.

MALLOY

(to himself)

Holy Mary.

MCCARTHY

We need to stand together or we'll get pick off one by one.

Malloy and Feeney begin backing away from the group, when the Assistant steps out and motions to Malloy.

ASSISTANT

Hey!

Malloy halts and turns back to the Assistant. Feeney walks away without breaking stride.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

What have you heard about this stuff?

MALLOY

Not much.

MCCARTHY

(in background)

Anyone who thinks he can tell a man who his friends are lays claim to God's role! If we stand up, he will be struck down.

The Assistant points at McCarthy.

ASSISTANT

(suspiciously to Malloy)

You're with this crowd, right? Is all that true?

MALLOY

I dunno. First I've heard of it.

Malloy pats Assistant on the arm and tries to make a quick exit.

The Assistant watches Malloy leave, then turns his attention back to McCarthy. He pulls out a small club and walks towards the crowd.

ASSISTANT

Alright! That's enough of this!

INT. ST. JOHN'S RECTORY - MORNING

Jonathon awakes with a start, sweating and shaking. He looks around the tiny rectory bedroom but nothing stirs.

Jonathon props himself on his elbow, he reaches below his pillow to find nothing. He looks over to see that Fr. Hap is still sleeping.

Jonathon slowly sits up and prepares to sneak out of the room.

EXT. BIDDY'S FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Biddy and Collin ride down the quiet trail to the farmhouse. Biddy turns to Collin sternly.

BIDDY
Now, when you drop me off, I need
you to do something.

COLLIN
What?

BIDDY
Unhook the lead horse and head back
to the city.

COLLIN
What?

BIDDY
Listen to me. Your father is in
trouble. I've been thinking about
that family this whole way back.
They'll never give in.

COLLIN
What do you want me to do?

He pulls the horses to a stop at the farmhouse.

BIDDY
Anything to get him out of there!
No matter what, you need to find
him and tell him he's in more
danger than he thinks.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DAY

Tanner paces around the base of the skyscraper with two
Contractors, looking at the plans in his hands.

Benton scurries towards the group, huffing and puffing.

BENTON
Mr. Tanner!

TANNER
(lost in thought)
Hmm.

BENTON
I need to speak with you.

TANNER
Do you know they charged us the
wrong rate for the wrong door
material?

BENTON
No, sir.

TANNER
(to Contractors)
There isn't the time and certainly
not the money for everything to be
done twice around here.

BENTON
Sir--

TANNER
And what happened to that wall on
the sixth floor?

BENTON
Mr. Tanner! It's your father.

Tanner stops instantly.

BENTON (CONT'D)
He wants you to see him and said it
was urgent.

Tanner rushes from the worksite with Benton following.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Jonathon looks through the glass displays at several guns for
sale. The STOREOWNER eyes him.

STOREOWNER
What kind you looking for?

JONATHON
Not sure. What about this one?

Jonathon points at the smallest in the collection.

STOREOWNER
Pretty tiny for most people. Why
not something a little nicer, like
this one?

The Storeowner reaches for another gun and places it on the counter. Jonathon flips the tag and balks at the price.

JONATHON

Can I get a few bullets for the price?

STOREOWNER

Sure.

Jonathon nods.

JONATHON

I'll take it.

Jonathon reaches into his pocket for the money.

EXT. TANNER'S MANSION - DAY

Jonathon lies in wait outside of Tanner's mansion, secluded by imposing green shrubbery.

His eyes scan the area for any sign of Tanner. His right hand fidgets around the handle of his gun. His breathing is heavy.

From behind Jonathon, four horses GALLOP by, pulling a large black carriage.

The carriage races to the front step of Tanner's mansion. As it stops, the carriage door busts open and Tanner leaps to the ground before running up the stairs and inside.

A Guard jumps from the carriage right behind Tanner and rushes into the house.

Jonathon watches as the house explodes to life. Through the window, several people are seen and heard bustling about.

Jonathon climbs up on his haunches and check that he still had his gun. He takes a short step, then stops, watching the explosion of activity.

After a short while, Tanner emerges with the Guard and a Helper right behind him. They are carrying two small bags.

The Guard and Tanner leap into the carriage and it races away with incredible speed.

Jonathon watches the carriage race away, stunned.

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Michael McTanner slumps in a chair by the window, sunlight shining in on his face. Elizabeth sits at his side. Michael COUGHS.

MICHAEL MCTANNER
Tell him, I don't know. Your
father believed in me. He believed
in me. He shouldn't be ashamed in
leaving Ireland, not like my shame.

Michael's eyes close, then slowly reopen.

ELIZABETH
Grandpa, you should rest, please.

MICHAEL MCTANNER
I loved my family.

A tear forms as his eyes close. He's fading.

MICHAEL MCTANNER (CONT'D)
Loved them. My Charlie, my poor,
poor Charlie.

Michael's head sinks and his body becomes still. Elizabeth watches wide-eyed and leans forward, scared.

ELIZABETH
Grandpa?

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DAY

Benton walks briskly next to the Banker and two well-dressed GENTLEMEN towards a construction shack.

BENTON
He's not here, I told you. Can't
we address this when he returns?

BANKER
We've tried that on several
occasions, Mr. Benton, as you are
well aware.

BENTON
But look at the progress we've
made.

BANKER

Yes, all of it over budget and
without your last payment.

The two GENTLEMEN reach the shack and swing the door open. One leaps up the stairs into the shack, then returns and shakes his head.

BENTON

He's not even in town.

BANKER

(to Benton)

He has made a fool of us for the last time. Please advise him that he has until the close of business to catch up on the missed payment. In the meantime, I suggest you finish what you can today. Without the payment, the project will be shutdown tomorrow until we decide otherwise.

The three men stride off angrily.

As Benton watches them leave, a lightning flashes through the sky, with a loud RUMBLE of thunder immediately after. Benton looks skyward as the rain begins to fall.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Malloy and Feeney shake the rain off their shirts as they trudge up the dirty stairs to Malloy's apartment.

MALLOY

That's about the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

FEENEY

We haven't seen McCarthy and Gordy and you don't want to go looking for them?

MALLOY

They're gonna be find. They're probably just laying low like you should be doing.

They reach the top of the stairs and turn down the hallway.

FEENEY

You know that's not true.

Malloy stops in front of his door, frozen. Hanging on the door is the brand new suit that he previously looked at in the store window.

FEENEY (CONT'D)
What's this?

Malloy leans against the doorway and hangs his head.

MALLOY
Oh Jesus.

Feeney's face slowly turns to a scowl and he turns and walks back down the stairs.

MALLOY (CONT'D)
Feeney, it's not that.

As Feeney continues down the stairs and out of the building, Malloy looks back up at the suit and shakes his head.

INT. FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tanner stands in the bedroom doorway and removes his hat. He walks to the bed and kneels by Michael McTanner, who is dead and covered with a blanket.

Tanner gently takes his father's hand and holds it to his face. Elizabeth stands in the background.

TANNER
Did he say anything?

ELIZABETH
(sniffling)
A little, but it was hard to make sense of it, with the fever and all. I can't be sure, but I think it had to do with the Bailey's.

Tanner looks back at her, surprised.

TANNER
What do you know about the Baileys?

ELIZABETH
He became upset after their visit.

Tanner springs to his feet and approaches Elizabeth.

TANNER
Their visit? Who was here?

ELIZABETH
Mr. Bailey. And then later his
mother with her grandson.

TANNER
They were here?

He shakes her shoulders. She nods.

ELIZABETH
(crying)
Yes.

TANNER
What did they want?

ELIZABETH
I don't know. Grandpa insisted on
talking privately with them.

Tanner turns away, trembling in a rage.

TANNER
You are going to tell me everything
about this, down to the last word.

ELIZABETH
Yes, Father.

TANNER
(to himself)
As if it's not enough to take his
home, they had to rob him of a
peaceful passing, too.

Tanner SLAMS his hand on the table, sending a plate to the
floor. Elizabeth shrieks away.

Tanner gazes back at his father. Calming himself, Tanner
moves towards the body.

He touches the blanket over his father's chest and sits. He
stares at the body, transfixed.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Pack your things. We are returning
to the city at once.

Before leaving, Elizabeth notices Biddy's letters on the end
table. Undetected, Elizabeth slips the letters under her
apron as she leaves.

INT. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH RECTORY - NIGHT

Fr. Hap kneels on the floor, leaning against his bed. A bible sits open in front of him on the bed. Fr. Hap leans on his elbows with his face in his hands.

INT. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

In an empty church, Jonathon kneels before the intention candles with his head bowed.

JONATHON

(praying to himself)

What do you want from me? Were things going that well for us you had to kick us headfirst into the pig slop? I don't know how Maggie leaned on you so much. I don't know how to make this whole thing right.

Jonathon takes the matches into his hand.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

You must like what fire does, eh? Even this was turned against us.

He lights a few candles. As the fire grows, he suddenly stops and begins laughing to himself.

JONATHON (CONT'D)

Now I'm the one burning the church with votives.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Maggie kneels against the bed of her sleeping daughter. Maggie tucks the blankets in, then pulls her hands together to pray. She bows her head.

EXT. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Outside the rectory is a courtyard and small garden with a statue of the Virgin Mary, barely lit by the moon. Rain falls softly.

A Dark Figure SNEAKS to the wall alongside the church and hides in the shadows. Along the wall, the moonlight reveals that it is

Gordy, drunk and dazed. Gordy peers in the church window and spots

Jonathon, kneeling and praying by the intention candles inside the church.

Gordy crouches again, panting. He pulls a knife out of his pocket and looks at it. He squints and leans his head back.

Suddenly, FOOTSTEPS SLOSH towards the garden.

Gordy ducks and hides.

Feeney stumbles around the corner and through the garden to the back entrance of the rectory.

As Feeney disappears, Gordy is crouching and panting. He stares the moonlit statue of Mary and starts to cry. As his crying becomes more intense, he drops the knife and runs away from the church.

INT. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Fr. Hap opens the door and peeks out. Feeney stands trembling in the dark rain.

FR. HAP
Feeney, you're shaking.

FEENEY
(sniffling)
Is Jonathon here?

Fr. Hap hesitates, but Jonathon emerges from the back room. Fr. Hap quickly ushers Feeney inside.

JONATHON
What's the matter with you? I said
that no one is to come here.

FEENEY
It's McCarthy, he's dead!

FR. HAP
Oh, my Lord.

Feeney crumbles to one knee and begins sobbing. Fr. Hap bends to comfort him. Jonathon is paralyzed with shock.

JONATHON
Are you sure?

FEENEY
 (nodding)
 Aye, he went off the building.

FR. HAP
 No.

JONATHON
 What happened? Tell me what
 happened, Feeney.

FEENEY
 They said he fell off, but he
 wasn't even working. They threw
 him off the site this morning.

JONATHON
 What about Gordy?

FEENEY
 Haven't seen him lately either.

Jonathon's eyes begin to well with tears.

He shuffles towards the open doorway and places his hand on
 the door as if to close it. He hesitates, then steps through
 the doorway to the outside step.

FR. HAP (O.S.)
 Jonathon?

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - NIGHT

Jonathon stumbles around the outside of the building in the
 rainy mud.

JONATHON
 (screaming)
 You couldn't just deal with me,
 Tanner?!

He grabs a rock and throws it at the walls, where it SMASHES
 and falls to the ground.

JONATHON (CONT'D)
 This is just a little game to you,
 you bastard! Come on and fight for
 yourself, for once in your life!

Jonathon launches a second rock at the building, which
 CRASHES through a window.

From out of the shadows, Jonathon is TACKLED and slammed to the ground by Fr. Hap and Feeney.

FEENEY
What are you doing?

JONATHON
Get off me!

FR. HAP
(whispering)
Shut up!

JONATHON
I'm tired of shutting up.

The men flail about on the ground. Fr. Hap tries to cover Jonathon's mouth, but Jonathon shakes his head free.

Feeney PUNCHES Jonathon across the face, knocking him out. Feeney squeezes his own hand in pain. Fr. Hap quickly looks around, then scrambles to his feet, dragging Jonathon up to a sitting position.

Feeney stumbles to his feet.

FR. HAP
(to Feeney)
Grab his other arm.

INT. JONATHON'S APARTMENT - DAWN

Collin stands in the middle of his family's burnt out apartment. It is in shambles.

With the tip of his shotgun, Collin lifts the edge of a burnt mattress in the corner. Underneath is a small, comic book with burns around the edges. He drops the mattress down.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DAWN

A POLICEMAN padlocks the gate to the building site. Nearby, the Banker and his two Gentlemen assistants nail a written notice to the outside posts.

Once the Policeman finishes, they all EXIT.

Standing back from the gate, scores of Workers shake their heads and walk away.

EXT. OUTSIDE IRISH PUB - MORNING

Collin appears from the alley shadows and turns into the neighboring pub.

INT. IRISH PUB - MORNING

Collin closes the door behind him and looks through the sunlit smoke.

There are only a few people in the bar, including an elderly DRUNK talking at the bar with the stout BARTENDER.

As Collin walks towards them, the Bartender looks up.

BARTENDER

Aren't you Jonathon Bailey's boy?

Collin slows his approach and nods cautiously.

COLLIN

Aye.

BARTENDER

Holy Christ. What brings you around here?

COLLIN

I'm looking for my father.

BARTENDER

Son, he ain't been in here in a long time, not since that visit from Mr. Tanner. I ain't seen any of those fellas since McCarthy's, well, you know.

DRUNK

It's not right.

COLLIN

What about McCarthy?

The Bartender looks at the Drunk, then back at Collin.

BARTENDER

He's dead. Took the short way off the building. Rumor has it he was helped.

DRUNK
You didn't hear that here.

BARTENDER
That's for sure.

COLLIN
He's dead?

DRUNK
Yep. The whole building was shut
down last night. That's why these
other fellas are in here.

Collin leans against the bar, stunned.

BARTENDER
Where was your father heading?

Collin looks up at the Bartender, then races out of the pub.

INT. TANNER'S MANSION - MORNING

Tanner walks through his home office and throws his bag on
the desk. Benton and three Henchmen stand by for their
orders.

TANNER
I've been gone one day!

BENTON
Sir, their minds were made up.

Tanner rubs his face, trembling.

TANNER
Did you call our attorney? I want
them sued.

BENTON
He called us. You've already been
sued.

Benton reveals a handful of papers from behind his back and
places them on the desk edge. Tanner nods.

TANNER
(softly)
Everyone out.

The Henchmen turn to leave.

BENTON

Sir?

TANNER

Forget the rest of this and tend to my father's funeral as I instructed. Now.

Benton nods and scurries out of the room. As the door slams, Tanner slides down into his chair and places his head in his hands, almost crying.

Tanner reaches into the top drawer of his desk and removes a small, folded envelope. He quickly opens the envelope and drops several pills into his hand.

Tanner throws the pills into his mouth and swallows. He shudders as they go down.

A KNOCK at the back door to the office. The door opens and the Black-Coated Man appears. Tanner raises his head.

BLACK-COATED MAN

You sent for me?

Tanner shakes his head, still getting over the pills.

TANNER

We're moving to the end of the plan, effective immediately.

Tanner flashes a maniacal gaze back at the Black-Coated Man.

TANNER (CONT'D)

Take out all of them.

BLACK-COATED MAN

Yes, sir.

The Black-Coated Man nods and exits. Tanner grabs a bottle of alcohol from under his desk and takes a large drink.

TANNER

All of them!

EXT. ST. JOHN'S CHURCH RECTORY - DAY

Jonathon, Feeney, and Fr. Hap stand in the back alley with Jonathon carrying a small bag over his shoulder.

FR. HAP
 Jonathon, I beg you. Go to your
 family.

JONATHON
 Not yet.

FEENEY
 Father's right. We'll find you
 when it's safe.

Jonathon shakes his head.

JONATHON
 I need answers. This is not over.

FEENEY
 Then take my horse.

Jonathon shakes Feeney's hand.

JONATHON
 You'll find Malloy?

Feeney nods. Jonathon hugs Fr. Hap.

FR. HAP
 God be with you, Jonathon Bailey.

JONATHON
 You fellas may need his help, too.

Jonathon turns and hurries down the alley towards the corner.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - DAY

Gordy's bloodied face is slammed against a fencepost by two
 of the Henchmen. The Black-Coated Man stands behind them.

GORDY
 Uugh!

A fist to the stomach doubles Gordy over.

HENCHMAN #1
 Where the hell is he?

Gordy falls to one knee and spits blood, gasping for air.

GORDY
(panting)
He's left town for good. He's gone
by now.

Henchman #2 shakes his head and slaps Gordy across the face,
sending him to the ground.

HENCHMAN #1
Word is he's got a gun. That right?

GORDY
I dunno.

The Black-Coated Man steps in wearily and squats down on his
haunches. His face terrifies Gordy.

BLACK-COATED MAN
Gordy, Gordy. I can give you a
deal, but--

HENCHMAN #2
He doesn't deserve it.

BLACK-COATED MAN
Maybe you don't deserve it. You
have failed me so far.

Gordy tries to sit up in a panic. Henchman #1 steps in and
kicks Gordy back to the ground.

BLACK-COATED MAN
If you were able to tell us where
he is, your debt could be forgiven.

Henchman #2 leans over to Gordy, revealing a gleaming dagger.

HENCHMAN #2
(whispering)
I'm happy you don't know anything,
because that means it's our
pleasure.

Henchman #1 pulls Henchman #2 back from Gordy. Gordy buries
his head in his hands, crying.

The Black-Coated Man stands but bends with his hands on his
knees.

Gordy doesn't look up.

GORDY
 (meekly)
 No more?

BLACK-COATED MAN
 None of these reminders.

Gordy looks up, panting.

EXT. TANNER'S MANSION - DAY

With his shotgun hidden in his jacket, Collin creeps along a stable wall behind Tanner's house and peers at the windows.

Collin spots Elizabeth in one of the upper bedrooms.

Collin sneaks around a row of hedges to get a side view of that same room. As he gets into position and crouches, he slips and falls into the mud.

A gun COCKS behind his ear.

GUARD (O.S.)
 That's enough right there.

Collin looks up to see two roughneck Guards. One of the Guards kicks the gun from Collin's hand and picks it up.

They drag Collin to his feet and lead him to the stables.

GUARD
 Let's find out what is so important to you.

COLLIN
 I don't mean any harm, I was being chased and--

A heavy nightstick CRACKS Collin in the back. Collin collapses to the ground and cries in pain.

GUARD
 (chuckling)
 I didn't see anyone behind you, lad.

The Guard grabs Collin by the hair and lifts him to his feet. They slam Collin against the stable wall, his face bloodied.

INT. IRISH PUB - DAY

A figure slinks through the back door of the pub and through the back office. He peers out into the pub where several Workers are drinking.

The Bartender passes by the office door without seeing the figure.

An arm reaches out and pulls the Bartender into the back room. The Bartender reaches back to swing at the man who grab, then sees that it is Jonathon. The Bartender stops short of hitting him.

BARTENDER
Jesus Christ!

JONATHON
Shush.

Jonathon peeks out into the bar.

JONATHON (CONT'D)
Any of my mates out there?

BARTENDER
No.

JONATHON
Any of Tanner's?

The Bartender shakes his head.

BARTENDER
But your boy was looking for you earlier.

JONATHON
Collin?

He nods. Jonathon's face sinks.

JONATHON (CONT'D)
Oh God. Where was he headed?

BARTENDER
He didn't say, he was looking all over for you.

Jonathon stares at the Bartender for a moment, then slap him on the arm and races out the back door. The Bartender stands against the wall, watching the door slam shut.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Malloy collapses face-first into a puddle. He feels a bleeding gash on his head. Malloy's hand finds a pipe on the ground, which he grabs.

Malloy spins and swings the pipe wildly, SMACKING a HENCHMAN on the jaw.

The Henchman reels backwards. Malloy scrambles to his feet and flees down the alley.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - AFTERNOON

Next to a pile of trash lies Gordy. His face is bloodied and his eyes are open, but dead.

INT. TANNER'S MANSION - AFTERNOON

A frayed Tanner walks down the hallway towards the back door to his basement. A shotgun leans against the doorway. Tanner climbs down the stairs to a small dimly-lit cellar.

Collin is tied to a chair, beaten and terrified. The Guards part to stand behind him.

TANNER

So, the boy who saw my father just before his death! How was it?

COLLIN

I didn't know-

A Guard PUNCHES Collin across the jaw.

TANNER

He deserved much better than that. You are the son of a son of a snake who deserves, well, a snake's death.

Tanner grabs Collin's hair and raises a knife.

COLLIN

No!

The Guards grab Collin's head tight and Tanner cuts a small gash into Collin's cheek.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

Aaagh!

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Aaagh!

Elizabeth stands on the higher steps, looking down on the men. The men are startled by her scream. She is shaking.

TANNER

Elizabeth, get out of here!

ELIZABETH

What are you doing?!

One of the Guards starts towards the stairs. She backs away. The Guard stops in his tracks.

ELIZABETH

Don't you come near me, any of you!

TANNER

You don't understand.

ELIZABETH

Yes I do, Father, better than you.
I know what you're doing to these
people and for no reason.

TANNER

You've been lied to.

She tries to rush her father.

A Guard steps in and grabs her. The Guard carries her back up the stairs screaming and kicking.

ELIZABETH

I hate you! I never want to see
you again!

The door SLAMS behind them as they reach the top.

Tanner stands at the bottom of the stairs, stunned and furious.

TANNER

(muttering)

These people are trying to tear my
family apart. And now infecting my
daughter with these lies.

Tanner KICKS Collin in the chest and he falls backwards in his chair.

TANNER (CONT'D)
 (to Guard)
 Get to the building. Bring him.

INT. TANNER'S MANSION - DUSK

Elizabeth sits on an elegant coach in the front parlor, crying softly. Outside the window, a Guard paces along the porch.

Elizabeth removes the ancient letters from her pockets and carefully opens the first envelope.

INT. WOODEN SHIP - DAY (FLASHBACK, 1852)

Michael McTanner, young and in his forties, huddles with other PASSENGERS in the cargo area of a famine ship.

Michael is sitting next to a young PRIEST, who writes on a piece of paper as Michael dictates.

MICHAEL MCTANNER
 My dear Biddy. It is now a month since I left and your face still haunts me.
 (gulping)
 We are traveling to America like so many others to start over. I only pray that I haven't left someone that no longer cares for me. Your eyes carried me through my toughest times, and it breaks my heart to know that I'll never see those eyes again, at least not ever with the same feelings.

Michael and the Priest lock eyes while he struggles for the next words.

MICHAEL MCTANNER (CONT'D)
 I could not tell Charlie the truth about what I did. I blamed the whole incident in the cemetery on your husband, though we both know that is a lie. I cannot tell him.
 (MORE)

MICHAEL MCTANNER(cont'd)

He is all I have now and I cannot bear to raise a son that despises me as you do. Please forgive me, my love.

The Priest stops writing and wipes his brow.

MICHAEL MCTANNER (CONT'D)

Forgive me, Father.

Michael bows his head.

INT. TANNER'S MANSION - DUSK

Elizabeth sits and reads the letters, mesmerized.

MICHAEL MCTANNER (V.O.)

I know God will punish me someday for what I have done. But I pray that my sins are never visited upon my children, at least no more than they already are.

Elizabeth carefully folds the letter.

A loud THUMP comes from outside, then a body drops to the porch floor. Elizabeth coils in fright.

The front door cracks open as footsteps enter the house. It is Jonathon, who locks eyes on Elizabeth. She seems relieved.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DUSK

Henchman #1 breaks open the chain securing the padlock and rips the gates open.

HENCHMAN #1

Let's go.

Henchman #2 grabs Collin by the scruff of his shirt and leads him to the front door of the building. Both Henchmen look around to see that no one is watching.

EXT. TANNER'S MANSION - DUSK

Jonathon and Elizabeth are both hurrying towards his horse.

ELIZABETH

Hurry!

Puffing, Jonathon quickly mounts the horse. Elizabeth is carrying the letters behind him.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Wait, take these with you.

She hands him the letters. Jonathon takes them and puts them in his jacket pocket.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

He won't likely believe your word.

Jonathon looks down at her and nods.

JONATHON

Thank you, Elizabeth Tanner.

He kicks the horse and quickly gallops off.

As Jonathon departs, Elizabeth steps back onto the porch and notices the Guard, still unconscious on the ground.

She hesitates, looks around, then goes down the porch steps and around the side of the horse towards the stable.

INT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DUSK

Jonathon steps through the open doors of the massive building.

He approaches the construction lifts and looks up the shaft as far as he can. He hears a slight pinging and voices up high.

Suddenly, Jonathon turns away from the lifts and runs to the stairwell. As he pushes the door open a lead pipe CRACKS Jonathon in the ribs. He collapses to the floor, with Biddy's letters falling to the ground.

The Black-Coated Man emerges from the shadows holding a lead pipe. He picks up the letters and examines them curiously.

TANNER (O.S.)

I'll take those.

Tanner emerges from around the corner carrying a small flask and revolver. He is slightly bleary-eyed.

Tanner takes the letters from the Black-Coated Man and continues towards the foyer.

TANNER (CONT'D)
Upstairs with him.

INT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DUSK

Alone, Tanner wanders through the abandoned halls of his building. In his hand, he carries the open letters.

Tanner enters the grand lobby and looks up at a magnificent arched ceiling with some unfinished wall molding.

He laughs to himself.

TANNER
(maniacally)
This is me. This is mine! Who
dares to take it away from me?

He raises his arms in triumph and walks towards the stained-glass windows, where some light peaks in.

TANNER (CONT'D)
I built this! It can never be
taken from me just as it can never
be taken from the earth - we are
one!

Tanner grabs a rag from the windowsill and throws it over a hanging rod. He lights a corner of the rag on fire.

Using the fire as a lantern, he looks back down at the letter.

TANNER (CONT'D)
(trembling)
I listened to you, father. I swore
by you. And these, these are your
final words to me.
(shouting upwards)
I slaved for you! To redeem you!
(quieter and teary)
And I defended you. I knew a
father that I admired, but it was
ruse. You were a coward. In every
way, a two-faced coward.

Tanner reaches over and grabs the rag's fire with his bare hand. He pulls back and stares at his burnt hand.

EXT. TOP OF SKYSCRAPER - DUSK

With the aid of a Henchman #1, the Black-Coated Man pulls Jonathon through the fog and across the skyscraper's roof.

Jonathon reaches for a beam, but Henchman #1 easily wrenches Jonathon's hand free.

JONATHON
What are you doing?!

As they drag Jonathon towards the roof edge, he sees Henchman #2 holding Collin. Collin is gagged and bloodied.

JONATHON (CONT'D)
Oh God no. Collin!

Collin offers a muffled cry.

JONATHON (CONT'D)
God help us.

TANNER (O.S.)
Settle down, Bailey.

Through the mist, Tanner appears walking along the roof edge.

JONATHON
Tanner! Let my son go! He isn't part of this. This isn't right.

Jonathon notices Tanner's burnt, bleeding hand with the other hand holding the letters.

TANNER
If you don't mind, Johnny, I'm in no mood for a lecture on right and wrong, or on truth and fiction for that matter.

JONATHON
I could care less what you think is the truth. You can kill me, kill all my friends, but let Collin go. It won't change what happened in Ireland.

TANNER

As if you know what happened. You know, lies aren't such a bad thing for everybody as long as nobody ever learns the truth. That's when a lie is hurtful.

Collin and Henchman #2 notice black smoke starting to rise from lower in the building.

Tanner lifts Biddy's letters for Jonathon to see. He stares at it for a moment, then chuckles to himself.

TANNER

Unhand him.

Henchman #1 hesitates, but Tanner nods him off. Henchmen #1 and the Black-Coated Man step away. The smoke grows thicker.

TANNER

You think me to be deranged and twisted simply for believing my father's story, even though you're guilty of the same offense. I was wrong, Jonathon. And you were wrong.

The others all notice the smoke, which is growing in intensity. Henchman #1 coughs and moves towards the stairs.

HENCHMAN #1

Sir, there's a fire!

Tanner remains locked on Jonathon as he approaches.

TANNER

I remember the feel of Ireland, the wind on our faces when we'd run along the banks as children. We stared out over the valley at the edge of the world. That was true. And everything else I've tried to know since then has failed me.

Tanner hands the letters to Jonathon. Jonathon takes them.

TANNER (CONT'D)

So welcome to my twisted world.

Tanner gives Jonathon a wry smile, then takes two steps towards the edge.

Suddenly, Tanner steps right off the building. Tanner's body disappears into the smoky mist.

Jonathon stumbles backwards.

JONATHON

Oh, my God.

Stunned, Henchman #1 begins to run towards the stairs, with Henchman #2 following.

HENCHMAN #1

Save yourselves!

Watching Tanner fall, the Black-Coated Man steps away from Jonathon towards the edge.

Jonathon ELBOWS the Black-Coated Man sharply in the stomach and stumbles backwards. The Black-Coated Man doubles over.

Jonathon swiftly KNEES the Black-Coated Man in the head, sending him reeling to the ground.

As the Black-Coated Man struggles for breath, Jonathon grabs Collin. They run to the stairs as Collin rips the gag off.

INT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DUSK

Jonathon and Collin run down the smoky stairs, coughing and wheezing. They are covering their mouths with their shirt necks. As they reach one of the landings, they see

Henchman #1, collapsed and leaning against the wall. His eyes are starting to close.

As they pass by him, a SHOT rings out from above.

Jonathon looks up the stairwell and sees the Black-Coated Man. He is several floors up but pointing a gun down at them.

Jonathon grabs Collin and jumps back towards the wall as a second SHOT strikes the railing.

They begin running down the stairs again.

EXT. BUILDING WORKSITE - DUSK

Jonathon and Collin race out of the building -- coughing and stumbling over each other. As they run towards the street, Jonathon quickly halts in his tracks as he sees

Elizabeth, standing twenty feet away next to a horse-drawn wagon.

She is pointing Collin's shotgun towards them. Jonathon and Collin both freeze.

Elizabeth SHOOTS right over their shoulders towards the building door.

They turn around and see the Black-Coated Man. He is standing in the building doorway with a bloody wound in his chest.

The Black-Coated Man drops his gun, then collapses to the ground.

Collin runs to Elizabeth, who is shaking and still holding the shotgun.

Collin calmly takes the gun from her grip and leads her to the back of the wagon. Jonathon follows, quickly jumping up to the seat and taking the reins.

COLLIN

It's okay. It's okay.

Collin rushes her into the back of the wagon. As he climbs in, she falls into his arms and they gallop away.

As Jonathon, Collin and Elizabeth race from the scene, they stare back at the building engulfed in flames.

FADE OUT.