

DAMIEN

Written by

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FADE IN:

THE PARK SLOPE SECTION OF BROOKLYN, 2015.

EXT. THE STREETS OF A MIDDLE CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD.

DAMIEN COLLINS, 28, ruggedly handsome, ruffled weatherbeaten appearance, ambles along 7th Avenue.

Damien peers inquisitively into various shop windows until he reaches McGovern's Bar and Grill where he hesitates a moment before entering.

Damien stops occasionally to check behind him.

INT. MC GOVERN'S BAR AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS

Damien looks around the interior for a moment before approaching bartender and owner TOM MCGOVERN, 40, partially bald and portly.

At the far end of the bar, a MAN, the only other occupant, sits on a bar stool, his head lowered in a drunken stupor.

DAMIEN

Would that be draft beer you have?

Damien points to the beer tap.

DAN

Yep, it's made right here in Brooklyn. Would you like a glass or a growler?

DAMIEN

I've a bit of a thirst so I'll be taking the growler.

Damien flips a bill on the bar.

Tom fills a growler from the tap and slides it to Damien.

Damien takes a long, deep drink.

TOM

I'll say you had a thirst. How'd you like it?

DAMIEN

Not too bad at all.

Damien drains the rest.

TOM
Like Another?

DAMIEN
I would that.

Tom does a quick refill and slides it to Damien.

Damien takes a deep drink.

TOM
Are you new here to the
neighborhood?

DAMIEN
I am that. Do you happen to know
Peggy Ryan? She frequents your
establishment I've been told?

Tom hesitates a bit suspiciously before answering.

TOM
You're not a cop by any chance?

Damien grins.

DAMIEN
No. I'm no copper, that's for
sure.

TOM
The gal I'm thinking about has
black hair, brown eyes and is real
pretty. Sound like her?

DAMIEN
It does that. Like the living
picture of the lady. Could you
tell me where she lives?

Damien slides a large bill across the bar to Tom.

Tom quickly sticks the bill in his pocket.

TOM
Pretty sure she lives in that five
story apartment building two blocks
down on tenth street. Don't know
which apartment.

DAMIEN
I'm obliged.

Damien drains his beer and exits the bar with a wave of his hand.

EXT. 7TH AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Damien saunters along for two blocks before viewing the tenth street sign. He checks behind him constantly.

Damien proceeds down tenth street until he reaches a five story apartment building number 363.

Damien opens the door to the lobby and scans the mail boxes for names.

INT. FIVE STORY APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

He focuses on the name P. Ryan, apartment number 312, but presses the button for another apartment.

Moments later the buzzer sounds and Damien pushes open the door.

Damien eyeballs the elevator for a moment before he enters the stair well and begins ascending.

He checks his watch as he proceeds upward to the second floor.

Moments later he steps onto the third floor landing.

Damien fumbles around in his pockets as he searches the apartment numbers.

He continues to search through all his pockets as he spies room 312.

Damien takes hold of the doorknob, turns it, but its apparently closed tight.

He takes a deep breath and knocks softly on the door.

Moments later he knocks harder with no response from inside.

Damien pulls out his wallet, inserts a credit card into the lock. He fidgets with it a bit until he's able to push it open and step inside.

INT. APARTMENT 312 - CONTINUOUS.

Damien checks the living room, the dining room and the bedroom before entering the kitchen.

He opens the refrigerator selects a Coor's light beer can. He flips it open and sips it as he meanders about.

Damien ambles aimlessly about the apartment checking out the wall pictures and the photo's scattered about the rooms.

He checks the windows and peers out to scan the street.

Poking through a kitchen drawer he checks the sharpness of various knives.

Hearing the sound of someone approaching and the clicking of a key in the latch he sits on a living room sofa.

Seconds later the door opens and PEGGY RYAN, 25, beautiful, dark haired, brown eyes, enters.

Peggy carries grocery packages directly to the kitchen counter without noticing Damien.

Once she sets them down she becomes startled as Damien rises from the sofa.

PEGGY (SCREAMING)

Jasus Christ man, you've frightened me half to death. Who is the dam fool that let you in here?

Peggy's loose clothing shows her to be a few months pregnant.

DAMIEN

Calm down now, Peg. It's taken me a while to find where you've run off too.

PEGGY (SCREAMING)

Run off is it? Is that himself, the famous rugby player standing there acting like someone hurt his bloody feelings?

DAMIEN

For God sake Peg, I've been out of me bloody mind searching for you.

PEGGY (SCREAMING)

Oh, you poor soul. Have you stopped running with your biker mates and getting snookered with that all weekend long pub drinking?

DAMIEN

For the love of God Peg, I know
I've done you wrong, but I'm come
here to make it up.

Damien takes the can of beer he's been holding and drains it.

Peggy, almost hysterically crying, rushes straight at Damien.
She punches his chest over and over before trying to reach up
to his face.

Damien hangs his head shamefully, offers no resistance, his
large muscular frame as if fending off a gnat.

PEGGY (SCREAMING AND CRYING)

Make it up is it? And how do I
deal with this?

Peggy pats her stomach.

DAMIEN

Peg, I didn't know you were in a
family way till Annie Roche told
me. My right hand to God.

Damien raises his right hand.

Peggy laughs.

PEGGY

For the Lords sake man we were
living together. It wasn't just a
shift or two. Was it?

DAMIEN

No, do you think I'd come all this
way from Dublin if you were just a
shift?

Peggy is startled.

PEGGY

And what may I dare ask are your
intentions Mister Damien Collins?

DAMIEN

It's to tell the lovely Miss Peggy
Ryan that by god she's not having a
son or ours born out of wedlock.

PEGGY

Well, you big oaf if you're asking
me hand in marriage why don't you
say so?

Damien grins sheepishly.

Peggy reaches up to embrace Damien.

With ears of joy in his eyes, Damien lifts her off the floor and they kiss passionately.

FADE OUT.