

HEAL & PREY

by

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INT. HOUSE - DAY

Bare walls. Dim lit hall hides carpet that's seen better days.

LOUD television from the sitting room, emanates throughout the house.

Front door opens. Inveterate student ERIN DONLON 19, enters.

She removes her rug sack, hangs it on the back of the door. Bends down, picks up mail from the floor, scans. Raises her head.

ERIN

Only me ma.

Erin walks to, enters the...

SITTING ROOM

Where MARY DONLON late 30's, stares at television, eyes fixed to the screen.

A large plastic pill case divided into sachets, various days, times of day, on a coffee table in front of her. Half glass of water, cigarette packet, ashtray, lighter.

Erin picks up the remote, turns down the television.

Photo of a man in a hi vis jacket with a young girl atop his shoulders, on the wall overhead.

ERIN

How about I make us some lunch?

Mary slowly takes her eyes from the screen, blankly nods. Turns back to the television.

Erin sighs. Exits to the..

KITCHEN.

She turns on the cooker.

INT. PRISON - DAY

DEAN CALLAN early 40's, grabs a recent picture of himself and two other inmates off the cell wall, gathers the rest of his belongings.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Mary stares at the television.

Erin enters kitted out in a smart business suit, completely unrecognizable.

She kisses her mother on the forehead.

ERIN  
Going to wish me luck?

Mary's eyes don't leave the screen.

Erin waits, nothing comes. She picks up her mothers plate, exits.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dean crosses the street to a bus stop. Checks the timetable. Sits down beside an OLD MAN.

Next to the old man, Erin. Dean leans forward, looks in Erin's direction, likes what he sees. Erin blushes, turns her head.

Bus arrives.

INT. BUS - DAY

Empty. Old man gets on, flashes his pass, sits in front seat. Erin follows, walks half way down the aisle, sits. Dean close behind, sits opposite.

Bus departs, Erin jolts nervously, regains her composure. Dean smiles.

Phone in Erin's pocket BEEPS. She checks her messages, opens new.

CLOSE ON phone screen...

CHARLIE: PICTURE ATTACHED.

Erin opens the picture, looks. She places the phone back in her pocket, smiles, punches the air.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Someone's in good form.

Dean moves closer. Erin can't hide her joy.

ERIN  
Got the job I was after.

DEAN  
Nice one.

ERIN  
What I've wanted to do, ever since  
I was a little girl.

DEAN  
Lets celebrate?

Erin taken aback.

ERIN  
Sure we've just met. You could be a  
murderer for all I know.

DEAN  
Could, but I'd make an exception in  
this case.

Dean smiles, Erin laughs, smitten.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
You go all the way?

ERIN  
Excuse me?

DEAN  
Into town.

Penny drops. Erin smiles.

ERIN  
(embarrassed)  
Yes. Sorry.

DEAN  
Wow me too. See it's fate. We've  
got to celebrate.

Erin smiles, nods.

Bus stops, people board. Dean moves across, sits beside Erin.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Erin and Dean exit the bus, walk to a pub, enter.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Through the hall into the sitting room. Mary stares at a loud  
television.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Cosy booth. Dean and Erin drunk, down drinks, exit.

INT. - HOTEL - NIGHT

Dean wobbly, stands at a small reception area. RECEPTIONIST turns walks inside to a back office. Erin drunkenly slips by, creeps up the stairs.

Receptionist returns, hands Dean a key. Dean nods, exits up stairs. Receptionist walks into back office, sits down, puts his feet up, watches television.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In the room they grope and grab. Erin pushes Dean on to the bed and he removes his shirt.

Erin smiles, grabs her bag, exits to the bathroom.

Dean removes the rest of his clothes. Gets under the covers.

Bathroom door opens. Look of delight on Dean's face turns to horror. Two bullet holes appear in his head.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Erin dresses. Puts the gun in her bag, exits.

Dean lays in bed, blood spatter all over the headboard and wall.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Erin sneaks down the stairs, past the receptionist who is too busy watching television to notice. Exits the hotel.

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

She walks to the bus stop. On the way takes the gun from her bag, wipes it, tosses it in the Liffey.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Erin sits on the bus, stares out the window.

EXT. SUBURBS - NIGHT

Erin gets off the bus. Walks towards a housing estate.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Two brick shithouse Detectives examine the crime scene, remove their gloves. Walk into the bathroom.

Detective 1 flushes the toilet, puts down the lid, sits.  
 Detective 2 sits on the edge of the bath.

DETECTIVE 1  
 Cleaning house, or revenge?

Detective 2 contemplates, looks at Detective 1.

DETECTIVE 2  
 Who's go is it?

DETECTIVE 1  
 Yours.

Both men stare out the bathroom at dead Dean, for a beat.

Detective 2 puts his hand in arse pocket, pulls out a fifty.

DETECTIVE 2  
 Died too quick for revenge, no mess  
 either. And no signs of torture.  
 House cleaning it is.

Hands the score to his partner.

DETECTIVE 2 (CONT'D)  
 Fancy I'm a winner too. Be three in  
 a row if I'm right.

Detective 1 can't hide his disappointment, mutters  
 profanities under his breath. Detective 2 delighted.

Both men stand, exit the room.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Student Erin enters the sitting room carrying two plates. She  
 hands one to her mother, sits.

They eat, watch television. CLOSE ON both.

NEWSREADER (O.S.)  
 Convicted killer Dean Callan was  
 shot dead at a Dublin hotel last  
 night, in what Gardai describe as a  
 gangland execution.

Mary's chewing rhythm slowly grinds to a halt. Her demeanor  
 suggests she is back in the room for the first time in years.

NEWSREADER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Mr. Callan released from prison at  
 lunchtime yesterday, received a  
 life sentence in 2001 for the  
 murder of innocent council worker  
 Joe Donlan.  
 (MORE)

NEWSREADER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Mr. Donlan was killed when he  
witnessed the shooting dead of two  
high profile gangland figures.

Tears roll down the Mary's face.

NEWSREADER (OS) (CONT'D)  
Gardai are investigating if today's  
murder was carried out by  
associates of the two men but have  
not ruled out the possibility it  
may have been members of Mr.  
Callan's own gang.

Both eat in silence, finish their meal. Mary stands  
unsteadily, finds her legs. Takes Erin's lunch plate, walks  
to the kitchen.

Erin turns off the television. Takes her mobile phone from  
her pocket. She opens her messages and deletes one.

Stands, walks to the

KITCHEN

Joins her mother, who is washing up. She grabs a tea towel,  
dries up.

From the kitchen back to the sitting room.

Picture on the wall...

A man in a Hi Vis. Young girl on his shoulders.

FADE OUT.