

THE LAST LINK

Written by

Pierce Lay

piercelay@yahoo.com
00 353 (0) 86 22 494 16

April 2018

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - DAY/NIGHT

The endless VOID. Stretches to infinity before us. Distant lights of a billion trillion, long dead STARS, to guide the way...

As the smooth tones of a NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON TYPE joins us on VOICE OVER:

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON TYPE (V.O.)

The Universe. It's stars. Within them, the ingredients of life itself. The smallest of atoms that make up the human form, traceable back to these crucibles of light. For one, to look up into the night sky and not to feel small or insignificant, dwarfed by its enormity, but instead to feel its immensity, its capacity, within our very selves, because this, the undoubtable essence of who we are and from whence we come. A level of connectivity th-...

The needle is yanked from the record with a HARSH SCREECH!

N.D.T. type CUT OFF, mid flow. Replaced by...well lets just say, something a little less urbane:

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)

Cheers for that big man. Not bad though...but I'll take it from here all the same. Let's have a look at this white horse of another colour from a different angle and see how she rides, will we?

Leisurely stroll through the Universe no more, WE turn sharply, with new found purpose and hurtle towards and through the MILKY WAY GALAXY at breakneck speed!

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)

Sure yis never do know your luck in the big city, am I right?

Destination PLANET EARTH. Coming up front and centre...

Followed by a quick zip round its side to hover over the motherland herself...

IRELAND

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)

Ahhh yeah, there she is. Ohh wait,
no. Hang on a sec. Back up.

The EARTH begins to SPIN RAPIDLY IN REVERSE. Takes an ever so brief trip, backward in time.

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)

There we go, that, should, just
about, do it. Steady as she goes.
Nice one.

Earth slows to a rest. Little island of Eire returned, floating there in all her glory, in the middle of the North Atlantic.

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)

Right yis are. I'll be back later
on to give yis a heads up, don't
worry about that...But for now,
well, I guess...Have a good 'un.

CUT TO:

"80'S CAMCORDER HOME VIDEO"

Young BOY (7), looks up and smiles, right into the camera. Attention quickly turned to the Christmas Tree across the room and more importantly the NEW BICYCLE awaits him underneath...

"SAME HOME VIDEO - LATER"

Boy, now joined outside by a GIRL (10). Both wrapped up good and warm against the cold.

The Girl keeping a protective pace alongside him, while he takes the first tentative pedal of his Christmas present along the path...

Boy's head turns. Glances over his shoulder. Straight into the camera once more. Moment's simplicity captured perfectly...

As the IMAGE and all around it DRAW STILL...

...for its PORTRAIT, of childhood happiness and innocence, to be...

...FOREVER FROZEN IN TIME AND PLACE.

CUT TO:

"WWF SATURDAY NIGHTS MAIN EVENT - CIRCA 1989"

MEAN GENE OKERLUND interviews THE MACHO MAN RANDY SAVAGE, backstage at the Coliseum.

THE MACHO MAN RANDY SAVAGE

...And let me tell yah something Mean Gene, the here and now, not the why. Ooooooh, yeahhh!!! Wrestling's saviour, there's the rub. Come and go, divide and conquer, rise and fall, but through it all? The one constant. The one ir-re-futable constant! Right here in front of yah! The Macho Man Randy Savage! Ooooooh, yeahhh!!! The man of moments. Essentia made flesh, Mean Gene. So sweet you can almost taste it. Ooooooh, yeahhh!!! Can. You. Dig it!?!?...Ooooooh, yeahhh!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOKYO - SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Off the main thoroughfare. Secluded. Small shop front. One among many, but the QUIRKY HANDMADE SIGN, swings above it's door, stands this one out...

HAJIME'S PLACE

Scrawled across it in extra LUMINOUS YELLOW PAINT, to lead the way inside...

INT. HAJIME'S PLACE - CONTINUOUS

A MAN. Dressed in a well worn, FURRY GREEN FROG COSTUME. Stares straight ahead. EYES super intense.

HAJIME

Ribbbbbit!

Without warning, he takes off across the room, with a HOP AND A SHRIEK!

This is HAJIME, early forties, and this his place. A sort of off the beaten track, Tokyo dining experience if you will. Caters to the HIPSTER/AVANT GARDE CROWD and right now its version of a dining room stands about HALF FULL.

HAJIME (CONT'D)

Mawhaaa!...Wa, wa, wa, wa, wahhhh!

Hajime stops SCREAMING GIBBERISH for a moment. Hops languidly in place, in front of a Japanese hipster couple. KICHIRO and EMIKO, early twenties.

He GURNS AND CONTORTS his body, to ludicrous effect. All for their entertainment. Which, in truth, they can't seem to get enough of. LAUGHING eagerly.

Suddenly, Hajime dives down. Buries his face in Kichiro's crotch, where he sits. Lets loose a series of over the top GURGLES AND SLURPS, the deeper he burrows...

Kichiro HOWLS with laughter. Looks across to his girlfriend, for confirmation of the acts hilarity. Which Emiko readily supplies, capturing the moment for posterity via her CAMERA PHONE.

Then with a start, Hajime pops his head out of Kichiro's lap. Takes to swiveling his gaze about the room. Sternly eye's his other PATRONS. One by one. Points a stark, WARNING FINGER in their direction.

HAJIME (CONT'D)

You not turn away. You face face.
No. Turn. Away! No, no, no, no.

When, interlude over, he gets right back down to fake blowing some Hipster dick of an evening...you know, as you do!

While the room and its Occupants, CRACK UP WITH LAUGHTER all around him.

EXT. HAJIME'S PLACE/STREET - LATER

Entertainment over for tonight, Kichiro and Emiko take their leave, along with the rest of the Diners.

Hajime, sees them on their way, in his own...inimitable style.

EXT. TOKYO MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The ever familiar, NEON COLOURS of it's skyline. Psychedelic in their outline. Dominate the eye. Might even say...like something straight out of a movie.

Beneath it. TOKYO CROWDS. All hustle and bustle...as still fresh with merriment, Kichiro and Emiko, fall easily in step amongst it all.

EXT. TOKYO MAIN STREET - FURTHER ALONG - NIGHT

On impulse, Kichiro pulls a giggling Emiko away from the Crowds and down a secluded ALLEYWAY...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Far enough. He presses her up against a wall. They begin to kiss. Hungrily.

In their hurry to lust though. Missed by them. The fact, that they are not alone...

A CURIOUS CLOUD OF BLACK MIST

Follows their journey into the alleyway. Now to begin a SLOW CREEP. Low along the floor. In their direction...

Passion taking hold. Kissing soon turns to more. Kichiro's HANDS go a wandering. Help themselves to a squeeze of Emiko's ample arse...and in the process, accidently DISLODGES HER PHONE from her pocket, where it DROPS TO THE GROUND BELOW.

EMIKO

Ummm...Kichiro?

Far too busy for such trivial matters!

EMIKO (CONT'D)

Kichiro!

With much reluctance, he pulls himself away from the crook of her neck. Mock scowls and bends to retrieve the fallen device.

All the while, the...

BLACK MIST

Continues its trek. Unimpeded. Draws closer. Beginning to RISE UPWARDS...

Never one to let an opportunity go to waste, Kichiro decides to put his mouth to good use, while he's down there...

Emiko closes her eyes. Arches her head back. MOANS softly. Lost to the world around her.

Which coincidentally, is the exact moment when the...

BLACK MIST

Finally reaches them. Levels off. To position itself, directly in front of Emiko's oblivious face!

EMIKO (CONT'D)

Ummmm...

For the tiniest fraction, Emiko's eyes, flutter open...its long enough though, for her to become CONSCIOUS of the MIST'S PRESENCE...

Slowly, she opens her eyes wider. Adjusts her focus, in an effort for a clearer view...

EMIKO (CONT'D)

(Low, unsure)

Kichiro...?

Curiosity. Turned to intrigue. Replaced by mesomerism. The WISPY PHENOMENA ensnaring her in its unearthly grasp!

Emiko powerless to stop herself from reaching out a hand and try touch it!

WHEN WITH HORRIFIC SPEED!

THE MIST SHOOTS STRAIGHT DOWN HER HALF OPEN MOUTH!

Immediately, her body begins to SHUDDER VIOLENTLY from the attack upon it!

Below, blissfully ignorant Kichiro. More than happy to take her CONVULSIONS, as testament to his skill and touch.

The Mist wastes no time in gaining full control over Emiko. Body fast becomes RIGID, AUTOMATON LIKE...though it's in the EYES the greatest change occurs...

Their natural SOFT BROWN disappearing, soon to be consumed wholly, by an...

UNMERCIFUL BLACKNESS!

With brute economy, "She" wrenches Kichiro up, by the hair. His initial annoyance at the development, quickly turned to true fear. Forced as he is, to confront the VACUUM of her stare.

KICHIRO

...Emiko?

"Her" answer, an abrupt about face. Turns. Slams him up against the wall, in her stead. Effortlessly pins him there, a hand clasped tight around his throat.

"She" takes a moment to OBSERVE his struggle and terror with a peculiar, detached, TILT TO THE HEAD .

When, with the merest flick of "Her" wrist...

"SHE" SNAPS HIS NECK DEAD!

Released, Kichiro's lifeless corpse, crumples to the ground at her feet. Where she remains to stand over it. Nothing but a cold, empty abyss, emanating from eyes, now complete...

OPALS OF ABSOLUTE DARKNESS!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUBLIN CITY - MORNING

A NEW DAY, starts to chug its way into life across the capital of the Emerald Isle...

INT. FLAT - DUBLIN - DAY

IMAGES...

Blurry, indistinct...

SOUNDS. Someone or "*something*". In the midst of a LIFE OR DEATH STRUGGLE!...

BLINK...

That's better, little more clarity.

Still DIM and GLOOMY, but we can at least recognize we're indoors now. Small, cramped space...

BLINK, BLINK...

Now she's cooking...although we wish she bloody wasn't!!!

What an absolute shithole! Grubby. Stinking. Cesspit of a place. An old boarded up and abandoned ONE ROOM FLAT. Part of a derelict and soon to be condemned complex. Real spot of last resort for the waifs and strays of this world.

And those SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE we heard?...

Come right now from just one of those very strays:

A long, yellow bearded, down and out, CRUSTY OUL LAD. Squats in the middle of the room. Trousers about his ankles. Like a demented Santa, with no fucks left to give. STRAINS for all he's worth, in defiance of an uncooperative shite!

Looks up. Clocks the eyes on him.

OUL CRUSTY

What the fuck you think you're
staring at?

The owner of our P.O.V., rouses himself, from the filthy, threadbare mattress served as last nights bed and sits up...

Say hello to ANTHONY KEOGH (26). Small, frail, vulnerable and much like the days old clothes he's been sleeping in, an undeveloped, unsure sensibility, hangs off him like a second skin. Better days, you'd hope, have been seen.

OUL CRUSTY (CONT'D)

I said what are you staring at, you
thick fuck?

Anthony gives his head a shake. Clear last nights cobwebs away. Then quickly makes the decision to go back to minding his own business.

OUL CRUSTY (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right, you dozy
bollicks.

Instead, Anthony turns his attention to doing a snap inventory of the meagre POSSESSIONS about his person. Laying them out on the mattress as he goes...

ON MATTRESS:

A) One well used and charred GLASS PIPE.

B) Two small empty PLASTIC BAGGIES, noticeable BROWN POWDER RESIDUE, inside both.

C) Cheap NOKIA MOBILE PHONE.

D) A TABLET BLISTER PACK, popped empty.

E) Disposable CIGARETTE LIGHTER.

F) A POUCH OF TOBACCO...yep, you guessed it in one, EMP-TY.

A frown creases his brow. Anthony scoops up the pipe, phone and lighter. Leaves the rest where it can stay and quickly gets on about his way out of the flat...

Careful to sidestep Oul Crusty and his continued exertions...not to mention, the cantankerous arm the miserable old fuck swats his way for no good reason at all!

Anthony reaches the BUSTED IN WINDOW serves as entrance/exit to this wondrous abode and throws his leg over the sill.

OUL CRUSTY (CONT'D)

(All smiles)

Wait pal! Lend an oul lad a smoke
before you go, will yah?

Anthony turns from the window. Slight twitchiness, as he makes an effort to get his mouth to working.

ANTHONY

D-d-don't h-have any b-bud.

Oul Crusty drops the smile as quick and HOCKS a wad of spit onto the floor.

OUL CRUSTY

Useless cunt then aren't yah? Go
on, fuck off!

Anthony, sans claim to the contrary, drops his head low, hunches himself back round, and gets on with doing just that...

EXT. COURTYARD/FLAT - DUBLIN - CONTINUOUS

Typical grey and drizzly Dublin morn there to greet him...

As Anthony extricates himself from the window. Makes the short drop to the concrete below.

He pulls up his collar. Ready for the off...when he HEARS from the flat just vacated:

OUL CRUSTY (O.S.)

Hang on! You're not that little
stuttering fucker Johnnie Mac is
looking for, are yah?

The NAME hangs in the air. Stops Anthony dead in his tracks.

OUL CRUSTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Wants to make you one of his
 special boys I bet..."huh"?

The very idea, breaks Oul Crusty out into UNCONTROLLABLE
 CACKLES of phlegmy laughter.

Cackles which, as Anthony finally shakes himself free, gets
 to moving...

...trail long after him, across the courtyard.

EXT. STREET - DUBLIN - DAY

Anthony trudges along the street...

At one in his SURROUNDINGS...that is to say, they're every
 bit as beaten down, derelict and forgotten as he is.

EXT. STREET - FURTHER ALONG - DAY

TWO POLISH LABOURERS...

Take a smoke break, from emptying a shop gone belly up.

Seeing them, Anthony makes a detour across the road.
 Approaches. Sheepishly MIMES the universal to "bum a ciggie".

Eventually, Worker # 1 takes pity and looses one from his
 pack, as much to be rid of the sight of him as anything.

Together, they watch him slink away, down the street:

WORKER # 2
 (Snorts)
 Jestes idiota. Leniwe Irlandzkie
 odpady!

Gets an "Ahh, what are you gonna do?" shrug of the shoulders
 in response from Worker # 1, before they toss their butts and
 get back to it.

EXT. CANAL BANK - DUBLIN - DAY

Anthony, eyes on constant shift, drags deep and needy from
 the cadged smoke as he trods the narrow, overgrown path of
 the canal bank...

From where, parallel across the water, sits a...

LUAS TRAM LINE AND JUNCTION STOP

Which, at that very moment, has a TRAM easing to a slow halt by it...

ON TRAM

A dapper dressed ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, sits by the window. Suddenly LOCKS EYES on the gawking Anthony outside. Slowly rises from his seat. Points a long, fateful finger, unmistakably in Anthony's direction.

Anthony, taken aback, checks behind him a beat...

No one or nothing there.

He fixes his gaze back towards the Tram...

ON TRAM

Only to find the Elderly Gentleman, firmly ensconced in his seat. Eyes front. Heedless to his very presence...like he never even moved to begin with.

Anthony, scratches the side of his head. Attempts to shake it off.

ANTHONY
(Quietly to himself)
B-b-bleedin' n-nutter.

While the junction clears, the Tram picks up speed once again and glides smoothly away, out of sight, on up the track.

INT. ATTIC/LANDING - EVELYN'S HOUSE - SAME

A dark and dusty attic...

Into which pops the head of DARREN SIMPSON (32). Scowl, plastered across his face like it's claimed squatters rights. He forces out a SIGH and begins to poke about the dimness with the FLASHLIGHT in his hand.

As below on the landing...

Wife KIM (29), small, petite even. Hair clipped short, into an easy to manage, no fuss bob, waits patiently, holding the small step ladder in place. Their toddler daughter, MEGAN, playing nearby at her feet.

KIM
See anything?

Up in the attic, Darren's scowl only increases.

DARREN

Jaysus, any chance you could gimme
a second, you think?

Kim bites her tongue. Chooses to smile down at Megan instead.

Meanwhile Darren moves the LIGHT over to the far wall. Where
at last it falls on TWO CARDBOARD BOXES...

ANTHONY AND KIM

Labelled in felt tip marker, on their respective fronts...

DARREN (CONT'D)

Yeah got them. Hang on.

...and with a hoist and further GROAN, he stretches out an
arm.

EXT. BRIDGE/CANAL BANK - DAY

A tired and weary looking IRON METAL BRIDGE, traverses the
dirty waters of the Canal...

Underneath it. Down by the waters edge. Out of sight of
prying eyes. Anthony, can but listen as fellow junkie TOMO,
reminds him of his place on the totem pole.

TOMO

These or nothing. Take it or leave
it.

Pasty sweat beginning to form about his face, despite the
brisk temperatures, "nothing" right now, is not much of an
option for Anthony.

So with a jaded nod of the head, into his jeans pocket he
digs, to cobble together whatever coinage he can find.

Done, he extends what he has across. Tomo, takes one look at
the medley of copper and brass being offered to him:

TOMO (CONT'D)

Fuck sake. Taking the piss, even
for you.

But he doesn't turn his nose up at it either. Tomo snatches
them off him and makes sure to count every last cent.

When ready, he pockets his payment and retrieves a BOX OF
TABLETS from inside his jacket. Slides out one of its BLISTER
PACKS. Tears off FOUR TABS exactly. Stops. Looks at Anthony.
Decides to HALVE the amount and extend this over instead.

Anthony, looks forlornly at the paltry TWO TABLETS.

TOMO (CONT'D)

Extra strong, you'll be grand.

(Pause) Look, like I said. Fucking take it or leave it. No skin off my nose.

Window for further discussion slammed firmly shut, "take it", is exactly what Anthony has to.

EXT. GARDEN - EVELYN'S HOUSE - SAME

Down by the garden gate, Kim waves off Darren and Megan in his beat up works Van. Gets a QUICK TOOT of the horn in reply...

She stays put after they've gone. Takes a good, long LOOK down the street, in the opposite direction...

NO ONE ON THE HORIZON

Swallows a curse under her breath, before she turns heel, back up the garden path and into the house.

INT. LUAS TRAM - DAY

Freshly "medicated" Anthony. Snug in his seat. "GOOFS OFF" with the easy pace and soothing flow of the moving Tram...

While across the aisle, a blue rinse OLD DEAR, can't help herself, but throw some serious side eye and a disapproving TUT or three, at the lamentable spectacle of today's youth he represents.

INT. KITCHEN - EVELYN'S HOUSE - SAME

Kim, alone in the kitchen...

Recently cleared out. Packing boxes. Neatly stacked against one wall.

She moves over to the window. Contemplates the SMALL WELL TENDED GARDEN out back a moment.

Turning from it, she walks across to the kitchen table. Picks up her phone. Checks for messages, on the off chance. Nothing doing.

Returns the phone to the table. Finds her hand drifting across to a FUNERAL MEMORIAL CARD, lies nearby. Lifts it a second and reckons with the picture on it's front.

KIM

I don't know. Do you?

No answer forthcoming, she hesitates on what to do with the card. Eyes drawn again to the WINDOW AND GARDEN OUT BACK...

She proceeds to the nearby counter top. Positions the card just right, facing out the window towards the garden. Done, she allows herself a sad smile.

Then with purpose, she retrieves phone, keys, switches out the light and closes the door behind her.

EXT. STREET - HOUSING ESTATE - DAY

Eyes unfocused. Much unsteadiness of foot. Anthony shambles his way up the road.

INT. HALLWAY - EVELYN'S HOUSE - SAME

Kim shrugs herself into her coat. As she does. Eyes fall upon an ENGRAVED PLAQUE. Rests atop another of the packing boxes in the hallway.

Picks it up. Silently reads its SCRIPT...

ON PLAQUE:

...AWARDED TO EVELYN HUGHES IN RECOGNITION OF HER TIRELESS WORK IN THE FIELDS OF FOSTER CARE AND CAMPAIGNING ON BEHALF OF CHILDHOOD VICTIMS OF INSTITUTIONAL ABUSE...

When the cheery DING DONG of the doorbell, breaks her reverie.

Kim, turning towards it. SILHOUETTE behind the glass. Unmistakable to her eyes.

EXT. DOORSTEP - EVELYN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Anthony, sways in place on the step.

Kim opens the door. One look at his face. Tells her all she needs to know.

ANTHONY

A-a-alright s-sis.

INT. HALLWAY - EVELYN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kim closes the door behind Anthony. Rests her weight on the handle. A brief moment to herself, before she turns to face him...

Her EXPRESSION says more than words.

Anthony, right away starts to shifting on the spot.

ANTHONY

Ahh d-don't s-start.

KIM

Don't start?

Anthony drops his eyes to the floor.

ANTHONY

J-just t-t-tired t-that's all.

Kim, too many times round the block to buy that. She does her best to maintain the stern reproach look and attitude...but it's far from a natural fit. Shoulders soon sagging, she nods wearily in towards the kitchen.

KIM

Go on, get in.

Anthony, doesn't need to be told twice. Kim watching him go a second, before she removes her coat with a small SIGH and drapes it back up on the hook with a heavy hand.

INT. KITCHEN - EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

Anthony plonked at the table, like a runty, sad sack of spuds. Eyes far away.

Kim finishes fishing a kettle out of a packing box. Moves to the sink, glancing over her shoulder as she does.

KIM

Wakey wakey.

Anthony stirs himself in the chair. Finds half a dull smile. Makes an effort to maintain something resembles focus.

Kettle filled. Kim takes it and switches it on. Done, she leans back against the counter top. Folds her arms.

KIM (CONT'D)

Tell you, good job Megan is gone with Darren. He'd a done his nut you in that state.

Anthony rubs his palms into his face.

ANTHONY

T-told you, n-nothing w-wrong with me. J-just t-tired is all.

Kim rolls her eyes, but lets it drop. Instead, turning at the waist she picks up the FUNERAL MEMORIAL CARD. Walks the couple of steps to the table. Places it gingerly down in front of him.

KIM

Here. Memorial card. Don't know...thought you might like one.

Anthony, looks to it. Doesn't say anything...but the cards presence alone, is enough to act as a sobering agent.

Kim, hovers in place a moment. Slightly at a loss at what to say or do. Then, remembering the tea, she heads back across to busy herself with some mugs and leave him to it.

Anthony makes no effort to pick up the card. Just skews his eyes down, uneasily, in its direction. Until. Eventually. A tentative hand. Tilts it up a notch. Allows for the first proper look...

ON MEMORIAL CARD:

Photo of a woman. Early sixties. Dark hair, flecks of grey. Kind, open face. Caught smiling unawares by the camera. All the more engaging for it. Written underneath...

EVELYN HUGHES NEE MAGUIRE R.I.P 1946 - 2008

Anthony, quick to return the card flat to the table. Pushes it gently away. Eyes closing over.

ANTHONY

(Low)
T-thanks.

Kim, looks across. Nods simply. Quick to break the UNEASY SILENCE that follows by moving across and pulling open a cupboard door.

KIM

Hungry? Might be some biscuits or something left behind. Let's have a look and see now...

Anthony, gives a weak wave of the hand.

ANTHONY

N-no. I'm g-grand.

Kim closes the cupboard back over. Finds herself standing on ceremony...until the WHIR AND BOIL of the kettle comes to the rescue and she makes a bee line.

Anthony, left alone, to pick absently at a pock mark on the table top.

Finally, brew ready, Kim comes over and takes the seat opposite. Gets a small nod of thanks as she slides his mug across.

She, delicately, cups hands around her mug. Lets it cool and considers her brother over its rim.

Anthony, holds onto his melancholy. Eyes down.

Until, can't be put off any longer:

KIM

Been nice if you'd shown your face at the funeral?

His jaw clenches tighter.

KIM (CONT'D)

I know it's hard for you Anthony. The emotions of it and all that. Little overwhelming. I do. (Pause) Just, I don't know, would've been nice is all. She was the closest thing we had to a Ma, after all's said and done. Did her best, for both of us. Despite the bleedin' system. More than our own ever did.

Anthony squeezes his eyes shut. Starts a slow, yet determined SHAKE OF HIS HEAD. Side to side. Manages to manifest a DISTURBING LEVEL OF INTENSITY quickly, into such a simple gesture.

Kim, recognizing the danger signs. Holds both hands up.

KIM (CONT'D)

OK, OK, OK, I won't. I'll stop. OK.

Takes the metaphorical step back needed. Sips her tea. Gives him the time to regain his composure. Waits. Tries a different tact.

KIM (CONT'D)
 (Breezily)
 You wouldn't believe the size
 Megan's got. Right little puddner
 so she is.

Anthony's head lifts. Spark of interest.

KIM (CONT'D)
 Yeah, bundle of trouble and
 mischief. All are at that age I
 suppose.

Beginnings of a smile.

ANTHONY
 B-be g-good to s-see her s-
 sometime.

Kim nods, noncommittal.

KIM
 Yeah, sure. Uncle Ant Ant.

Drops eyes momentarily to her mug. Take's another sip.

ANTHONY
 (Trying)
 H-how's D-Darren?

Kim, a little straighter in her chair.

KIM
 Darren? Ahh, you know. Fine, I
 suppose. Extra bit of work here and
 there wouldn't hurt. Not a lot of
 new kitchens need fitting during a
 recession, that's for sure. What
 can you do though? Plenty worse
 off. It'll get better.

Kim, looks to keep the discourse going.

KIM (CONT'D)
 (Off hand)
 You see much of...What's her name?
 Siobhan, was it?

Stumbles right on into another touchy subject. Anthony clamming back up as he indicates he hasn't.

Kim, takes it into consideration, treads lightly. Doesn't give up that easily.

KIM (CONT'D)

Ahh probably better off, what?
 (Pause) That oul wan of hers?
 Always trying to be something she's
 not? The Da had the right idea. Get
 out while the goings good.

She passes a LAUGH across, more in hope than anything...but it's not parried back. Anthony, withdrawing in on himself once again.

Another AWKWARD SILENCE looming into range.

This time however, Kim takes the bull by the horns. Pushes away from the table. Stands.

KIM (CONT'D)

OK then. Got the boxes out of the
 attic. Well I didn't, Darren did.
 Anyway, old videos and stuff.
 Probably just shite. Keys go back
 to the Council on Monday, so
 anything you leave behind'll be
 thrown in the skip. Have a look
 yourself. Upstairs in your old
 room.

INT. BOX ROOM - EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

Room barely big enough to swing a cat...

Anthony, hangs on its threshold. Staring. Like the rest of the house, it's mostly cleared out, save a small wooden bed frame and matching locker, over against the wall.

The BOX with "ANTHONY" on it from earlier, lies just inside the doorway.

Finally, Anthony steps inside. Reaching down, he drags the BOX the short distance across to the bed frame. Where he perches on its edge, to begin a RUMMAGE through the childhood memories saved within...

INSIDE BOX:

A) Pannini football sticker albums...

B) Old School Notebooks & Reports...

C) MIX of 80s era VHS MOVIE TAPES - HELL COMES TO FROGTOWN; BLADE RUNNER; BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA; PREDATOR; SALUTE TO THE JUGGER; ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK; LETHAL WEAPON; THE ROAD WARRIOR; THEY LIVE; TREMORS; TANGO & CASH; THE TERMINATOR; DIE HARD; ROBOCOP etc...

D) TOY ACTION FIGURES - HE MAN; WWF WRESTLERS; BRAVESTAR; THUNDERCATS etc...

E) Miscellaneous Posters, Books, Odds & Ends...

Anthony lifts the head. Finds his mind lent to wandering about the tight confines. Struggling to concentrate.

He tries to force his attention back down to the box...but the will or want, is just not there. He gives up, sets to closing the lid over...

When, something catches his eye. Towards the bottom. He reaches a curious hand in to retrieve it...

THE MACHO MAN RANDY SAVAGE ACTION FIGURE

Anthony looks to the toy. Its little plastic form, rendered in minute, extravagant, muscular detail...

Knee high, shiny yellow boots and tight purple trunks; Atop the head, a super bright, day glo bandana; Sunglasses with the word "Madness" stenciled lavishly across their front; The final touch, a cape, draped across his prodigious shoulders, with enough plume to make a peacock blush. As in life, OTT to the Macho Max!

Anthony, continues to weigh him in the palm of his hand. Clearly a connection to happier times. MEMORIES of a thousand matches past, flood his brain:

WWF COLOUR COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

(Distant)

...The Macho Man Randy
Savage...Climbs to the top
rope!...Going for his patented
Flying Elbow Drop finisher!...There
it is!!!

On a smile and a whim, Anthony drops the plaything down, in to his jacket pocket, and returns reluctantly to the present.

This time, he finishes closing up the box, without further distraction. Shunts it far underneath the bed frame. Stands to. No more time given to dawdling, out the door he goes.

EXT. DOORSTEP/GARDEN - EVELYN'S HOUSE - DAY

Anthony and Kim say their good-byes on the doorstep and he gets on his way, down the path...

Kim watches him leave, before, despite herself, she shakes her head and quickly follows after.

KIM

Wait.

Pulling out her purse. She takes a TWENTY EURO NOTE from it.

KIM (CONT'D)

Here. Just take it.

Anthony feigns reluctance...although it's false pride, no real fight put up when Kim shoves it into his hand.

That concluded, they stand. Uneasily at first. Look to one another. Until, Kim leans in and pulls him to her in a TIGHT EMBRACE. Whether he likes it or not.

She releases him. To head on his way out the gate for sure this time...

Leaving her to remain in place. Forever minding after.

EXT. DRUG REHAB CENTRE/STREET - DAY

Liquorice all sorts of MEN and WOMEN. File out of the whitewashed new build...

A few break off into a SMALLER GROUP. Light up, soon as they hit the pavement.

Among them, SIOBHAN LEWIS (23). Bottle blonde, with plenty of front and attitude when needs be...and for the kind of circles she runs in, a looker, who knows it.

She doesn't have long to chit chat, as a second hand RANGE ROVER soon pulls up nearby and she says her farewells.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Behind the wheel, her mother, PATRICIA, late 40s. Smile, already carefully chosen and set, when Siobhan climbs in.

PATRICIA

Hi, darling. How was your meeting?

Siobhan, mirrors the smile perfectly.

SIOBHAN

Great Mam. Really, really great,
you know.

PATRICIA

Wonderful. (Pause) Sure you must be
starving. How about the Woolshed?

SIOBHAN

Ohh you read my mind. Been dreaming
about their chicken wings all
morning. Be the best.

PATRICIA

Great. Woolshed it is then.

Cause for another round of smiles both ways...before Patricia
gets them on their way.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

Anthony, emerges from his hiding place, a little down the
street...

Watches after the Range Rover...when with a slump of the
shoulders off he heads.

EXT. CENTRAL BANK STEPS - CITY CENTRE - LATER

Nothing to do. All day to do it. Anthony sits on the cold,
stone steps lead up to the bank.

World goes on, all around him...

EXT. LIFFEY BOARDWALK - CITY CENTRE - LATER STILL

Eyes to the ground, Anthony walks. Alone unto himself...

As DAY begins the turn to EVENING across the RIVERS PLANE
beneath.

EXT. LANEWAY/CITY CENTRE - LATER STILL

Hidden from public view once more...

Twenty euro note. Burns a hole in his pocket. Anthony hands
it across to a hatchet faced DEALER...

Receives a SMALL BAGGIE OF HEROIN and ONE SLEEVE OF TABLETS
for his troubles, in return.

EXT. FLATS COURTYARD - NIGHT

Back where the day began. Eyes on a swivel. Cautious. Anthony moves with whatever stealth he can muster, across the courtyard. Careful to keep to its shadows...

Up ahead, the BUSTED IN WINDOW to the abandoned Flat stands out. Risk for sure. Not like he's got a surplus of options though, is it?

Quick last check all round. Then. Satisfied as best can be, he gets to stepping...

Doesn't even make it to number three, though, when...

THE HARSH REV OF AN ENGINE!

Cuts through the air like a knife.

Anthony immediately jerks his head in the SOUNDS DIRECTION...

Only to be...

LIT UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE!

By the full beam...

HEADLIGHTS OF A WHITE HI ACE VAN!

Lurks in the dark, to take off and shoot...

TOP SPEED STRAIGHT AT ANTHONY!!!

Panicked, Anthony scurries to get out of its path and TRIPS over his own two feet, to fall face first to the ground.

Recovers and lifts his head, just in time, to see what is surely his doom....

VAN CHARGES FORWARD! HE AT ITS COMPLETE MERCY!

When with a teeth jarring...

TURN AND SQUEAL OF THE TIRE!

The Van skids to a DEAD STOP!...mere inches from pancaking Anthony's hapless mush into the concrete!

The passenger door of the Van swings open and with surprising agility, for a man his bulk and size, out onto the tarmac leaps...

JOHNNIE MAC

Thirties. Shell suit connoisseur. Gold jewelry aficionado...and one man, small town, reign of absolute fucking terror!

Who right now is as happy as a pig in the muddiest of shit's, at the sight splayed out before him.

JOHNNIE MAC

Ahh Jaysus, would you lookie here, huh?

With good instinct, Anthony scrambles backwards on his arse. Fast as he can.

Johnnie, not in a rush any longer. Slows his roll.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Didn't I just say to you Paudie, that looked like little Anthony Keogh right there? Didn't I, huh?

PAUDIE, late twenties, stone faced. Fresh from the drivers side. Sneers his assent, as he eye fucks the grounded Anthony.

PAUDIE

You did boss, yeah.

Johnnie spreads his arms wide. Begins to enjoy himself.

JOHNNIE MAC

And lo and behold, what do you know, huh? But...here's the thing. I don't understand. He must've heard I'm looking for him, by now. He would have now, wouldn't he, huh?

PAUDIE

He would've boss, yeah.

JOHNNIE MAC

And sure everyone knows how it goes, don't they, huh?

Anthony holds his hands up in supplication.

ANTHONY

J-J-Johnnie I-I-I..

Johnnie smiles patiently. All the time in the world...

WHEN IN AN INSTANT!

His whole facade changes to one of pure violence! Vaults across the space between them. To deliver not one, not two, but...

THREE SAVAGE KICKS!

Straight into Anthony's ribs.

Anthony YELPS like a dog. Curls into a ball.

When just as quickly, Johnnie returns to being the Dalai Lama incarnate, thirst for cruelty satiated, at least for now.

He hunkers down to attend to the stricken Anthony...

Gently pats his head and takes an almost tender grasp of his chin, in a meaty, gold sovereign clad paw. Turning his face up to look into his own.

JOHNNIE MAC

It really couldn't be any simpler,
sweetheart. I call. You come
running. Got it?

Johnnie "assists" Anthony with the affirmative nod.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

There we go, that's the fella. Now.
You know what this is about, don't
you? Bitch friend of yours. Little
stash of my finest. Safekeeping.
Sure enough, time to collect? She's
nowhere to be found. Not very nice
now, is it?...Annnndddd!...Cherry on
the fucking cake! She's put word
out the Guards've got their hands
on it. Huh?

Johnnie overacts bewilderment of the tenth degree.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, nooooooo! Say it
can't be so. Can it? (Beat) No it
fucking can't. A lot of birdies in
a lot of places, me. And one of
those very little birdies politely
told me, the Guards? Don't know
fuck all about anything, as per
usual. Haven't got their grubby
little mitts anywhere near what's
mine.

(MORE)

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

So it seems, your oul Siobhan here, for some reason best known only to herself, is trying to pull what we'd call, a fast one, now isn't she Anthony? So I'm sure you can see why that'd be getting me a little bit worked up now, so to speak?

ANTHONY

S-she's t-t-trying t-to g-get c-c-clean.

Johnnie GUFFAWS loudly. Lets go of Anthony's chin and straightens.

JOHNNIE MAC

I "b-b-bet" she is, sunshine. Back home to Mammy even. So I've heard. Mend the fences. New beginnings and all that shite. You couldn't make it up.

Another scornful CHUCKLE from him, before he slaps his hands together. With finality.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

No more fucking around. Done playing kiss chase with this bitch. It's the fucking principle not the cost. So you're gonna deliver a message. Couldn't be simpler if it was born in Cork. Where. Is. My. Product? Got it? Good. Tell her she has until lunchtime tomorrow to get her arse down to the Yard.

Johnnie stops. Allows himself the time, to partake in a real, slow smile, of some relish.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Ohh, and of course now, if for whatever reason, she doesn't want to come see me? That's fine to. Yup. Because then, well, I guess I'll just have to impose meself on this fresh little start of hers, won't I? Pay her and the Mammy a visit. Make her see you're never really out of my reach, no matter how clever you think you're being.

Johnnie looks over his shoulder. Winks at Paudie. Who's eyes have never left Anthony, the whole time.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)
 Might even bring a couple of the
 lads with me for company. Some
 right dirty pups, huh? If you catch
 me drift.

Anthony certainly does.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)
 (Slow and deliberate)
 Good lad.

And right there, despite what's gone before, the INFLECTION
 of those last two words from Johnnie...

"GOOD LAD"

Draw a...

REACTION FROM DEEP WITHIN ANTHONY'S EYES

Just for a flash. Gone. Almost before you'd know it. Banished
 back where it came from.

Johnnie though, sure didn't miss it. Causing him to stay a
 moment longer to regard Anthony.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)
 (Faintly curious)
 Yeah...life can be a real fucker
 sometimes, can't she, huh?

When, with a last killer smile and wink, he turns to WHISTLE
 his way on merrily, back to the Van...with Paudie, a step
 behind.

Anthony, left where he is, on the ground, in the cold and the
 dark...as their LIGHTS AND ENGINE, slowly recede away, back
 into the night.

INT. ABANDONED FLAT - NIGHT

Anthony, drags himself across the floor of the thankfully
 empty flat and drops himself down on the mattress in the
 corner...

Tenderly he fingers his bruised mid section. Grimaces in
 pain. Gives up. Lays back and STARES at the ceiling...

ON CEILING:

**Damp. Mold ridden. Disgusting. It's WHITE VENEER long since
 smeared over with HEAVY PATCHES OF GREY AND BLACK.**

Then Anthony, of all things, starts to LAUGH...

Lets it roll out of him. Long and unvarnished. Fill the room...but the longer it continues, the more OFF KILTER it becomes...

Anthony's body, racks with it's force. Till finally. At its PEAK. Anthony scrunches his eyes shut. Snaps his head. Furiously. From side to side. All the while, beating himself about it with clenched fists...

IN AN UNVOICED SCREAM AND CRY OF IMPOTENT FURY AND RAGE!

Reality's a bitch though. Comes at him in the form of his bruised ribs. Brings him COUGHING AND SPLUTTERING back to the here and now.

Slowly, with effort, he guides himself back down. Gets his breathing, somewhat, under control. Enough so he can get himself sitting up, at least.

First port of call. His pockets. Sift out their contents. Until he has his hands on his GLASS PIPE, LIGHTER and most importantly, BAGGIE OF HEROIN.

Next, with a practiced hand, he tips the powder into the pipe. Jostles it to the bottom of the bulb. Gets a flame going underneath...

POWDER BEGINS TO BUBBLE AND VAPORIZE

Anthony clasps his mouth tight around the top of the pipe. Sucks the vapors deep. Needfully. Hard into his lungs. Over and over.

Until, eventually, fill gotten. Body beginning to relax. He casts the pipe aside. Eases himself back down into the mattress...

When out of a HAZY CORNER OF HIS EYE he spots...

THE MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE

Dropped onto the mattress in the search of his pockets.

Anthony picks him up. Holds him aloft. Above his face. Soooo tiny. Soooo far away. Twists and turns the little moveable limbs, to his own made up amusing...

Soon though, the full effects of his high begin to take over. The Macho Man, left to fall by the wayside, the mattress enveloping him whole...

Again, the CEILING slides into view...but this time with EYES ANEW...

ON CEILING:

GREY, BLACK and GRIMY no more...

Slowly, it becomes an EFFERVESCENT KALEIDOSCOPE OF INTENSE BRIGHT COLOUR...

Full of PATTERNS AND SHAPES. A frightening absorption to their bloom...

They slowly FLOAT APART...then MELD SEAMLESSLY BACK TOGETHER...all with their own unique, timing and fluidity...a STATE OF CONSTANT FLUX...in which to get truly lost...

Their HUES so vivid to ANTHONY'S EYES...it's as if he can REACH OUT A HAND and TOUCH THEM...

It's not long but, until his EYELIDS, start to grow heavy...a slow, gradual, closing up of the shop...bit by bit...until, at last...

They gently, lower down all the way...

...and off he drifts...

...to the only peace he really knows.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMAZON RAINFOREST - DAY

Lithe, bronzed legs. Barefoot. Pumping hard. Rush, helter skelter, through the RICH GREEN OF THE RAINFOREST...

Stop and turn on a dime. Their owner, MASUKABI. Proud, young, warrior of the Ti Awa tribe. BLOOD smeared across his face. Looks fearfully back behind him...

Naught but the PRETERNATURAL BEAUTY of the forest to be found. Eerily still and quiet.

Masukabi's breath rises in jagged rasps. Eyes like jack rabbits. The oppressive heat hanging heavy in the air.

When...

A soft, innocent, CHILD'S GIGGLE perforates the fold.

Masukabi's eyes bulge! He lifts the bronze tipped spear in his hands. Jabs in a frenzy at the air. Every direction. Terrified!

As TWENTY FEET AWAY...

Like a magical conjuring. From out of the dense thickets, MATERIALIZES...

A SMALL TRIBES BOY

No more than ten years old. Unremarkable in every way. Except for, the...

BLACKNESS OF HIS EYES!

Masukabi, starts to come apart at the seams. Spear jabs more desperate. SCREAMS at the "Tribes Boy":

MASUKABI
...iAlejate! iAlejate!

Who makes no attempt to move. Just observes Masukabi, there in his fear...an all too familiar TILT TO THE HEAD as he does.

When, with another IMPISH GIGGLE, he disappears. Back within the thickets. Seamlessly as he emerged.

The SILENCE left in his wake. A horror all of its own making.

Masukabi fights for control of himself. Eyes. Heart. Breath. All racing. Until, nothing left for it, off Masukabi takes, at a sprint again.

Pushes himself. Harder and harder. His ETHEREAL SURROUNDS lost in a BLUR OF MOTION...

When, lungs at bursting point, he can run no more. Stops. Readies his stand. Finds a tree. Back firm against it. Raises his spear and poises in anticipation...

Eyes flash to every little MURMUR...but no threat feels fit to present itself.

Then a...

RUSTLE!

In the bushes. To his left...

Masukabi springs round. Primed to meet it head on. Spear hovering...

Nothing there. All serene and undisturbed.

Masukabi holds his position. Breath on a knife edge.

WHEN!!!

Out of nowhere the...

"TRIBES BOY" LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR!

Teeth stripped! Descends upon Masukabi! Overpowers and consumes him! With raw, animal like ferocity!

All that remains, Masukabi's...

SCREAMS OF PAIN AND HORROR as they...

ECHO UP AND AWAY, out, through the...

...CANOPY OF THE RAINFOREST.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY/NIGHT

MASUKABI'S LAST MOMENTS...

Play out in GRAINY BLACK AND WHITE. On the screen of an OLD TUBE TV/VHS PLAYER combo.

Hand. Remote control. Into view. Pauses the picture on what's left of Masukabi's desiccated corpse.

Smack bang in the centre of the room...

JACK SMERCONISH

Uncrosses the SNAKESKIN COWBOY BOOTS he rests atop his desk. Drops them to the floor with a WALLOP. Leans forward and runs both hands through the thick hair of his mullet to exclaim:

SMERCONISH

God-Damn it!

He hits eject on the remote. Reaches across, pulls the tape from the machine. Quickly replaces with another, from the messy pile stacked high on his desk. Presses play...

ON TV SCREEN:

Murder of the Japanese hipster Kichiro, in the alleyway, from earlier...

No matter how many times he watches it on repeat, Smerconish still can't believe his own eyes.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
God-fucking-damn it!

Presses stop on the remote control. Nothing happens. Gives it a shake. Tries again. Still no joy. Temperamental, plastic piece of shit! Patience already at an all time premium, Smerconish hurls it against the nearest wall. SMASHING IT TO PIECES!

Smerconish stands. Switches the TV off manually with an abrupt snap. Time to think. He interlocks his fingers atop the crown of his head and paces. Back and forth.

Suddenly, an idea! Renewed gusto, he makes for the bottom draw in his desk. Pulls it open. Rows of MANILA FOLDERS inside. Smerconish dances his fingers along them, until he finds THE ONE he wants.

Straightens. Back kicks the drawer shut. Conducts a rapid flick and scan through the pages of the FOLDER. Engrossed. More and more convinced as he reads.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
Yep. No doubt...son of a bitch.

Longer he keeps the folder open though...a faint LUMINESCENT GLOW seems to want to EMANATE UP and break loose from the pages...but Smerconish SLAPS THE FOLDER SHUT, before it gets the chance.

He turns and makes a quick start for the door. All business. Catches himself. Back. Swipes his STONEWASH DENIM JACKET off the chair and goes again.

Pauses in front of the door a second. Running the situation through his mind, one last time. Then. With a shake of his mane and a puff of the cheeks:

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
I mean God-motherfucking damn it
people!

He gives a determined yank and pull of the door and steps right on to it...

INT. GIANT GLASS ATRIUM/GANGWAY - CONTINUOUS

Straight into a GLASS STRUCTURE OF EPIC PROPORTIONS...

Vast. Stretches. Far. Wide. High. Low. As the eye can see.

Manila folder clasped between his teeth. Smerconish throws on his jacket and sets a heading for the vertiginous GLASS GANGWAY bisects this monstrosity.

Steps out onto it and starts off down its seemingly, never ending path...

The CLICK CLACK of his boot heels. The only SOUND REVERBERATES OUT into the infinity of the space...

Where on closer inspection. Underneath each heel. With every step Smerconish takes. Further away...

We see the GLASS he leaves behind, choosing to...

CRACKLE AND SPLINTER

...in its defiance.

INT. GANGWAY - GIANT GLASS ATRIUM - FURTHER ON - DAY/NIGHT

At last. An end, of some sort, reached. Smerconish. Now faced by a COLOSSAL GLASS DOOR, disappears high into the apex above...

In the confines of its gleaming contours, his own CRYSTAL CLEAR REFLECTION, waits to stare back at him.

Smerconish, completely ignores it. Instead, puts his shoulder to good use. Grinds and toils. Agonizingly slow. Finally, edges open a GAP, just big enough for him to rapidly dive through...

Before...

With the NASTIEST OF SNAPS! The Door, instantly seals itself. Shut tight, once more!

...and a moment later, follows the pattern of the gangway...

Its ENTIRE VENEER. From top to bottom...

CRACKLING AND SPLINTERING

...on Smerconish's leaving.

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY/NIGHT

Barren. POST APOCALYPTIC. Expanse of sand and dirt. Underneath a BLEACHED SKY...

In the far distance. GIANT SAND WORMS. Slowly undulate across the plains. Open mouths. SHRIEK UNHEARD to the heavens above...

Smerconish, doesn't bat an eyelid. Just pulls his collar tight, against the first RUMBLE of an approaching SANDSTORM and keeps on his way...

EXT. WASTELAND - FURTHER ON - DAY/NIGHT

Each step. More of a struggle than the last. SANDSTORM gathers pace...

Smerconish stops. Squints into the near distance. Spots a...
FIGURE ON THE HORIZON...

EXT. WASTELAND - FURTHER ON STILL - DAY/NIGHT

Smerconish approaches slowly. Finding himself coming face on...with perhaps the biggest BRUTE of a man he's ever seen!

A one eyed, battle scarred heathen. Clad in steam punk leather and chains. In his hands. A medieval looking SPIKED MACE. Which he swings before him, lazily marking the territory stands between him and Smerconish.

BRUTE

Little flower, no pass. Go away,
little flower!

Smerconish, couldn't be less in the mood if he tried.

SMERCONISH

For Christsake! I need to see him
you dumb son of a bitch!

BRUTE

No pass little flower! Go away!

For emphasis. The Brute SLAMS THE MACE into the ground. Right in front of Smerconish's feet. Leaves a MASSIVE DIVOT in its wake.

Smerconish, looks down. Takes his sweet, ever loving time to wonder upon the Brutes handiwork. Then, slowly lifts his gaze. Cocks an eyebrow. Crooks a finger. Beckons the Brute closer.

SMERCONISH

Now you just listen here, you big
wild eyed maniac.
(MORE)

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)

I done told you I need to see him.
 So either, you step aside and let
 me on through or I'm gonna have to
 kick that ugly, chrome dome ass of
 yours, from here to kingdom come.
 Comprende?

The Brute wastes no time with his answer. SNARLS. Hefts the mace even higher above his head this time. Readies a strike of absolute destruction, to rain down upon Smerconish's head, once and for all...

BRUTE

I said. Little flower no...

...but before he can finish either the sentence or the movement...

Smerconish rolls his shoulders and is in on him in a flash. Closes the distance and delivers a KICK FOR THE BLEACHERS square to the BRUTE'S NUTS!

Just enough time for the surprise and pain to register on the Brute's face. When just like that...

PFFFF!!!...

He EVAPORATES into the air. Gone. Path, left free and clear.

Which Smerconish, with a wry smile of satisfaction to himself, makes the most of...

EXT. HEART OF THE WASTELAND - DAY/NIGHT

SANDSTORM RAGES...

Duels Smerconish almost to a standstill. He fights to press on. As over his shoulder, the CYCLONE, at the storms centre, swiftly closes ground...

Up ahead. A small desolate SHACK. Stands out in the wilderness...and it's there, to which Smerconish drives...

He falls hard and fast against its door. Tugs. Pulls. Heaves. For all he's worth...but the door is not for giving!

Smerconish, looks behind him once more. CYCLONE sweeps all before it. Anxiety increasing. Turns back. Strains harder.

SMERCONISH

C'mon, you two bit piece of shit!

Unleashes a barrage of THUMPS AND KICKS! All bounce futilely off the doors thin wooden frame. No effect at all.

Last chance saloon time. Smerconish, hops back a few steps. Sets his jaw and lowers his shoulder...then with an ALMIGHTY ROAR! Charges!

When...

Just before bone makes crunching impact with wood. THE DOOR. Glides gently inward. With consummate ease...

...to send Smerconish...helplessly tumbling...head over heel...into the MURKY VACUUM awaits beyond!

INT. SHACK - DAY/NIGHT

The interior of the "SHACK"...

An OLD FASHIONED THEATRE. Of grandiose elegance and design...

Where, right now, upon the ornate stylings of its proscenium arch STAGE there stands...

A tall, THIN MAN. Asian features. Archaic in their nature. Cadaverous frame, swamped, by the long oriental robes he wears.

In a taloned, bony hand, he holds aloft to the light, a BESPOKE DAGGER, admiring it's bejeweled intricacies...

When with a sudden turn...

HE LETS IT FLY!

THUD!

Whither it sinks deep into the wood of a SPINNING WHEEL!

Barely misses the throat of the crude HALF BEAST/MAN ABOMINATION, unlucky enough to find itself, bound tight to it's front!

Back, either side of the Thin Man. Two, blunt nosed, PYGMY CREATURES. At heel. Act as cheerleaders. WHOOP AND HOLLER with delight, his every action!

WHILE DEEP IN THE THEATRE'S RECESSES...

Deposited flat on his back. Smerconish. OPENS HIS EYES...

Head up. Takes a measure of his new surroundings and all it offers. Quick to hone in on the STAGE and its OCCUPANTS.

And with no time like the present, he's up on his feet and off down the LONG AISLE to confront them..

Reaching the lip of the STAGE, Smerconish draws to a stop. CLEARS HIS THROAT.

The Thin Man. Deigns to offer nothing but his back. Even as he responds:

THIN MAN
(Croaks)
Yes?

Smerconish digs in his top pocket. Whips out an ID. Flips it open.

SMERCONISH
Smerconish. Omega Division.

Ever. So. Slowly. The Thin Man rotates around. Considers Smerconish. With rheumy, water filled eyes. Distinctly not impressed by what he finds. A LIGHT SCOFF and as soon returns his back.

Despite himself, Smerconish, lets the slight pass. Just.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
Anyway, reason I'm here is, I just about spotted the darnedest thing, over in one of my sectors and I was kinda hoping, maybe, you can help me shed some light on it...

As he speaks Smerconish pulls out the MANILA FOLDER from inside his jacket. Gestures with it.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
You see, there's only an honest to God, straight up, rogue and unauthorized, Agent of Cancellation...RUNNING WILD LIKE A FRIGGIN' MONGOOSE WITH A FIRECRACKER UP ITS ASS ON MY TURF!!! AND NOW COLOUR MY DICK BLUE, BUT I THINK YOU MIGHT JUST HAPPEN TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT, COCHISE?

Interest newly piqued. The Thin Man pauses his next throw. Lowers the dagger in his hand. Turns once more to eye Smerconish.

Just in time to see Smerconish throw the MANILA FOLDER. Down. Onto the floor. Where it lands and with a life all its own...

MANOEUVRES ITSELF TO OPEN FACE UP!

CONTENTS of its pages. RISE UP in the air. Their VISUALS. To CORRESPOND SEAMLESSLY with Smerconish's words. Fully formed in that same DIGITAL LUMINESCENT GLOW, we got a brief glimpse of earlier.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)

As of zero four hundred hours today, Link Eight and Nine of the Core Energy Factor, C.E.F. for short. On Experiment 942861 or as the hairy ass natives like to call it, Planet Earth. Have found themselves well and truly nullified. That's completely ass fucked for the cheap seats...

The VISUALS beside him adjust. Show TWO PASSPORT STYLE PHOTOS. Kichiro. Masukabi. On the word "nullified". A large RED X. Superimposes itself. Across their respective faces.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)

On further investigation, by yours truly, it also turns out Links One to Seven, have had their tickets punched to, would you believe it?...

The PASSPORT PHOTOS of Kichiro and Masukabi. Quickly joined by a further SEVEN. Each of varied sex, race, religion and creed. And each also, with their own individual...

RED X STAMPED ACROSS THEIR FACES

The PHOTOS present themselves in TWO COLUMNS. Five and four. One atop the other. An OMINOUS BLANK SPACE, left at the end of the bottom column...

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)

Now, as you well know, that leaves just one last link, holding this whole cluster of fucks together...

The BLANK SPACE fills...with a PHOTO OF ANTHONY.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)

And if that...that, sorry sack of shit right there, goes bye byes before sun up, day after tomorrow? Well then...

The TWO COLUMNS OF FIVE DISAPPEAR. Replaced. By an IMAGE OF PLANET EARTH. Spins serenely on her axis...

...but not for long...

She begins to SHAKE and CRACK from within. An OVERLOAD OF ENERGY. From the core. Seeps out. Soon to engulf the entirety of the planet in a FIERY INFERNO!

Until at maximum core overload. The Earth consumes itself. In a giant...

SUPER IMPLOSION!

Nothing but the CHASM OF SPACE left in its wake.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)

So my question to you, fuck face
Skeletor is, just what in the holy
hell of damnation, you think you're
playing at?

The Thin Man remains perfectly still. Saying nothing. Until. His dry, cracked lips. Begin to peel back. Over pointy, rotting teeth. Break out into a DEVILS SMILE.

THIN MAN

(Trying the name for size)
Smer-connn-ish...Smer-connn-ish...

His two Pygmy minions. Quick to pick up on their Master's INCANTATION. With high pitched, fevered enthusiasm. As they spin in circles at his feet.

PYGMY MINIONS

(In unison)
Smer-connn-ish...Smer-connn-ish...

Enough of this freaky ass shit! Smerconish takes a step towards the stage.

SMERCONISH

Listen here you long, greasy streak
of piss...

THIN MAN

(Roars)
SILENCE!!!

The Thin Man LETS FLY THE DAGGER still in his hand. Buries it. Hilt deep. Right between SMERCONISH'S BOOTS!

Simultaneously...

He, the Thin Man, expands to an IMPOSSIBLE SIZE...EYES FLARING BLOOD RED...with a FACE now turned truly DEMONIC!

Old and frail no more, he TOWERS ABOVE Smerconish. Who can't help but find even his smart ass mouth, stayed and silent, by this sudden, swift turn of events.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)

You dare challenge me? You dare!
Nothing is for you. I decide. I and
I alone. All belongs to me. Even
you...Smer-connn-ish!

And to illustrate the point, he reaches down. His giant hand. Effortlessly, plucks Smerconish off the floor. Holds him at arms length, finding much to enjoy, in the STRUGGLES AND SQUIRMS of his limbs.

Until, bored with it all. He simply opens his hand. Purses his lips and...

BLOWS SMERCONISH AWAY!

Like nothing more, than the merest spec of dust.

End over end. Smerconish SPINS! Further and further. Faster and faster...

The stage and its Curios falling far, far away and out of reach. Only, the DISTANT ECHO of the Thin Man's LAUGH and his Pygmies INCESSANT YAPS, to accompany him...

As on, within, this SWIRLING VORTEX OF TIME AND SOUND, he finds himself increasingly ensnared...

That no matter how much he TOILS AND BATTLES against...the inevitable DARKNESS it contains...soon closes in from all sides...

Until, in the end, all efforts exhausted...

...the NOTHINGNESS PREVAILS.

INT. GANGWAY - GIANT GLASS ATRIUM - DAY/NIGHT

Back where he started...

Smerconish awakens in the middle of the gangway. Shaken but not broken. Rubbing his temples he loops himself awkwardly to his feet.

A bit of ballast beginning to return underneath him, he throws a GLOWER, off, to the distant bearings of the Thin Man:

SMERCONISH

Yeah, well. We'll just see about that, partner.

Then, with a sharp turn, he hot foots it back in the direction of his office and the Omega Division...and as he goes, the...

CRACKED AND SPLINTERED GLASS

...from his outward journey. Slowly ...

MENDS ITSELF OVER

...with every, passing step, closer to home.

INT. LABORATORY - OMEGA DIVISION - DAY/NIGHT

Busy. Working Lab. Sterile. Pristine...that just so happens to be populated entirely by, a bunch of...

GREEN SCALY LIZARD CREATURES IN BRILLIANT WHITE LAB COATS!

Top of the room...

Chief Scientist, ORVILLE ALPS, magnificently leathery. Right now, bent over a CARCASS of indeterminate origins, spread out on the mortuary slab before him.

Ever so carefully, he picks up his scalpel and starts to move his hand inside the open torso. Concentration absolute. Precision of the highest order required.

When...

SMERCONISH (O.S.)

Hey Orville! Orville my man!

Orville's HAND SPASMS UNCONTROLLABLY...

Scalpel going swiss cheese on any and every organ. Slice and dice. Work ruined. Orville's head slumps to his chest.

As down by the Lab's entrance...

Smerconish, sets a path straight for him...

A pissed off, husky FEMALE TECH steps out from behind her work station. Attempts to cut him off at the pass...

FEMALE TECHNICIAN

Hissss, hiss! Hissssss!

...but Smerconish, wheels right on round her with practiced abandon...

SMERCONISH

What can I tell you honey. Up to here with work. Haven't had a minute, but I'll call you soon, I promise.

...to skip the rest of the way on up, in short order, to where Orville awaits.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)

(Arms wide)

Buddy!

Orville folds his arms firmly across his chest.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)

C'mon, don't be like that. Whatever happened to bygones be bygones? Besides, I said I was sorry?

Orville REMONSTRATES very much to the contrary.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)

Well I meant to. That's gotta count for something, right?

Orville starts to stamp back and forth behind the slab. PROTESTATIONS only increasing in fervour.

ORVILLE

Hiss? Hiss, hiss? Hiss! Hissss!
Hisssssss!

Smerconish, little choice but to try wait it out.

SMERCONISH

Hey that's unfair. That wasn't entirely all my fault...

Orville pays no heed. Plenty about plenty, to get off his chest.

ORVILLE

Hiss hiss hiss! Hisssssss!

SMERCONISH

OK, yeah. Now that one, was all me, I admit.

Orville's stream of complaints shows little sign of coming to a finish anytime soon. Smerconish's goodwill in listening though, is another matter.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
(Pronounced)
Orville.

The change of tone. Causes an immediate reaction in Orville. Turns his head away. Refuses to meet Smerconish's eye.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
(Definitive)
Or-ville.

Slowly, little choice. Orville raises his gaze.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
You. Owe. Me.

Orville, tries his damndest to reach for a fresh batch of objections, he really does...but under the hard stare from Smerconish now, deep down, he knows it's a hopeless cause. Instead, he visibly sags and awaits the inevitable.

Smerconish already saddling up beside him, arm around, give him a squeeze.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
Anyway, it's the teeniest, tiniest, most insignificant, wouldn't even notice it if you could, type of favour. Cross my heart and hope to die in Utah.

In spite of himself, something in Orville manages to look up, with even a glimmer of hope:

ORVILLE
Hiss?

Smerconish answers, by lightly turning him around. To face toward the back of the laboratory, and POINT in beyond.

Orville. Full blown coronary on the spot! A million and one reasons why no! Never!

All of which, Smerconish conveniently ignores, with a nod and a smile, as he gently ushers and guides his friend on back there.

INT. REAR OF LABORATORY/STORAGE FACILITY - DAY/NIGHT

A frosted cabinet. Opens. A trembling, leathery green hand reaches inside...

As across from it, Smerconish leans back on his elbows against a counter top. Casually crisscrosses his boots at the ankle.

SMERCONISH

C'mon, just grab the damn thing already!

Orville freezes in place. Stares daggers over his shoulder.

ORVILLE

Hiss hiss hiss hiss!...Hissssss!!!

Smerconish looks to the heavens.

SMERCONISH

Sure, sure. And it was the same, the first thousand times you said it as well, Orville. Just get a move on, will you?

Finally, Orville finishes his business at the cabinet. Makes damn certain he secures each and every one of its many locks up. Good and tight.

Done, he turns cautiously round. To be greeted by the smiling face of Smerconish, waiting with open hand.

Still about as far from happy as a lizard can get, Orville delicately places, a SMALL GLASS TUBE CANISTER, into Smerconish's palm...

Who no sooner has it in there. Than with an adroit flick of the wrist. Sends the CANISTER. Arching. High in the air. To catch easily. One handed. Behind his back.

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)

Yee haaawww!

Orville, doesn't just have kittens...no, he has the whole friggin' pet shop and caboodle!

ORVILLE

Hiss hiss hissssss?

SMERCONISH

(Slaps him on shoulder)
Yeah, like a damn fox I am!

Smerconish's eyes narrow. Takes a good look down at the CANISTER...

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
Now lets see how that big
freakazoid...

...to see, SWIRL FLAWLESSLY, behind its glass...

SMERCONISH (CONT'D)
...likes a taste of his own
medicine for a change.

...a WISPY MIST OF PURE WHITE ORIGIN!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUBLIN CITY SKYLINE - DAWN

Last of the NIGHT gives way to a new DAY...

EXT. CANAL BANK - DUBLIN - MORNING

ANTHONY'S EYES...

Wide. Large. Off into the far distance.

Sits alone on a small metal bench. Near waters edge. Slight shiver against the early morning chill...

Comes to and looks to the roll up cigarette, holds betwixt his fingers. Almost burned to its end. He shakes off the ash and raises it to steal a last drag. Done, he casts the butt out to the grimy water beyond...

...where he watches it...bob and eddy...on the surface.

Ready, he reaches into his jacket, pulls out his cheap Nokia phone. Gets to typing a quick text message.

Finished. Sent. Phone back where it belongs. Zips his jacket. Stands and starts on his way down the embankment.

INT. BEDROOM - LEWIS HOUSE - MORNING

Siobhan, opens her bedroom door a CRACK...

Checks the landing outside. Reassured. Closes it softly and brings the MOBILE PHONE in her hand, back to her ear:

SIOBHAN

(Whispers)

No it was nothing. But listen yeah, right. What's taking so long?

(Pause) I only went along with this because it was your fucked up plan to begin with, remember? You said everything'd be sorted and we'd be gone by now? I need to get out of here. We both do. Leave this poxy shithole behind, nothing in it but bad luck.

In danger of wearing a hole in the carpet as she paces.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Easy for you to say, you're not the one sitting on a grand of that nut jobs gear. (Pause) Yeah, yeah, sure...Should never have let you talk me into coming back here. Never. Stupid idea. She's doing me bleedin' head in. (Pause) Me Ma? Who do you think? (Pause) Safe, yeah, right. (Pause) Ask me hole, would ya! Bitch couldn't give two fucks when I was a kid. No, more interested in looking like little miss perfect for the neighbors.

Siobhan pulls up short.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

No. Not for ages. Don't have the patience for him right now. Why? What's he got to do with anything? (Pause) OK, but...wait. Why? What'll that do? (Pause) OK. OK. Yeah. Alright! If you say so. I will. (Pause) After tonight though that's it, right? No more hanging around. Promise? (Pause) OK. (Pause) I love you. OK. Bye.

Call ended. She drops the phone on the bedside locker. Flops back on the bed. Face in her hands. No sooner down then she's up though. PHONE VIBRATES with a message received. Springs to retrieve it...

ON PHONE SCREEN:

Need c u cant wait jm looking 4 u. A

Siobhan rests the phone in her lap. Doesn't need long to think. Taps out a quick response...

ON PHONE SCREEN:

Bandstand. 2 hours. S

Pauses. Adds for good measure...

XXXX

Hits send. Which is the very moment she HEARS. From the bottom of the stairs:

PATRICIA (O.S.)
Sweetie, I've made you a bit of
breakfast. Do you want me to bring
it up?

Siobhan, closes her eyes, grits her teeth.

SIOBHAN
No thanks Mam. I'll be down in a
sec.

PATRICIA (O.S.)
OK lovely. Don't let it get cold
now.

SIOBHAN
Don't worry, I won't.

Siobhan stands. Walks over to the wardrobe mirror. Stares at herself, head on.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
Just a little bit longer. A little
bit longer.

Then, with a quick dry run of her best, "Happy Times Smiles" face. She resets internally and heads for the door.

INT. CELL - GARDA STATION - MORNING

Rubber mattress in the corner. On it. YOUNG LAD, late teens. Shock of red hair. Sleeps one off.

Cell's VIEWING GRATE. Slides back with a scrape. PAIR OF EYES peer in:

PAIR OF EYES
Up and at them Redzer! Sure it's
time for your rub and tug, son!

Head like a bears arse, REDZER slowly begins to come round. Recognize his predicament. All too familiar. Buries his head back into the mattress with a GROAN.

As a mirthful CHUCKLE escapes the Pair of Eyes and they snap the grate shut, to get to work on the lock with a JANGLE OF KEYS.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - GARDA STATION - MORNING

TOMO "REDZER" YARDS. Fully awake now. With the hangover to prove it. Slouches behind an interview table...and if looks could kill, right now, he'd make Jack the Ripper look like a clumsy amateur!

Object of his affection, GARDA PAUL MALONE (33). Wake up caller extraordinaire and country boy to the core. Shovels he calls hands, rest easy on the table top in front of him, as he meets Redzers death stare with nothing but an affable smile.

Behind him. One leg propped nonchalantly against the wall. His partner, GARDA COLM QUINN (29). Blue shirt of his uniform. Sized nice and tight. Better to show off his gym muscles.

Quinn, pushes jauntily off the wall. Begins to strut.

GARDA QUINN

You're fucked. You know that right?

Redzer, says not a word. Just switches his glare from Malone to Quinn.

GARDA QUINN (CONT'D)

Absolutely, one hundred percent, without a shadow of a bleedin' doubt...F.U.C.K'D.

GARDA MALONE

Right up the arse.

GARDA QUINN

Balls deep. You were caught red handed this time Redzer. Ha! You like that? "Red handed Redzer"?

GARDA MALONE

Not too shabby.

GARDA QUINN

I kill meself sometimes. I really do.

Redzer, certainly no fan of the double act.

GARDA MALONE

Bad time for a spot of drink
driving, gombeen.

GARDA QUINN

(Leans on table)

The least, the very least. Should
of made sure to empty the car
first. What?

GARDA MALONE

That not lesson number one in being
a toe rag? Always get rid of the
evidence. You dozy, stupid
bollicks.

GARDA QUINN

Hey, easy now. Credit where it's
due Malone. Good oul Redzer here,
gonna clear up a nice backlog of
house burglaries for us. Being that
much of a fuck up, got to involve
some sort of skill.

Malone throws an AUDIBLE SMIRK in Redzer's direction. Who
right now, would sell his soul to the devil himself, for his
hands around either of their throats.

GARDA QUINN (CONT'D)

Way I see it? Your previous? Three?
No scratch that. More like five.
Minimum.

GARDA MALONE

At least.

GARDA QUINN

And, in with the big boys this time
to. No more young offenders for
you. Literally, like I said...

Quinn enthusiastically MIMES: "Fucked".

REDZER

(Limit reached)

Why don't you go fuck yourself,
hair gel!

Quinn affects terrible injury to his person...

GARDA QUINN

Ohh, snappy comeback.

...before he casually meanders round Redzer's side of the table.

GARDA QUINN (CONT'D)

Could do that I suppose, yeah.
Always up to give meself a little
treat. Or better yet, you could cut
the hard man act, kid. Give the
thousand yard stare a rest, save
the eyes.

He perches on the table edge. Looks straight at Redzer.

GARDA QUINN (CONT'D)

You know what and more importantly,
who, we really want. Nod in the
right direction is all. Help us.
Help yourself. Then, well...who
knows what can get lost in the
shuffle around these parts.

GARDA MALONE

Either that, or get ready to spend
a nice bit of your twenties hoping
to remember what a pair of tits
feel like, boyo.

Quinn eases off the table. Smiles, spreads his hands, simple as.

The rest...left for Redzer to chew.

INT. S.H.O. OFFICE - GARDA STATION - LATER

Garda Quinn, with Malone to his rear. Printed out CRIMINAL RECORD SHEET in his hands...

Passes it across the desk to the Station House Officer in Charge, SGT. ALAN EVANS (46). A man for whom the phrase self-discipline, could have been personally invented...polite way of saying, the stick up his arse is, "mucho grande"!

ON CRIMINAL RECORD SHEET:

A MUG SHOT PICTURE OF JOHNNIE MAC.

While Sgt. Evans continues to scan down the sheet, Quinn gets him up to speed.

GARDA QUINN

John Joseph McNamara, Sir a.k.a.
Johnnie Mac, a.k.a, to himself
anyway, The Mac Daddy.
(MORE)

GARDA QUINN (CONT'D)

Local fella, runs a small crew out of the flats down Dolphins Way. Had the eye on for a while. Uses a shitty...

Sgt. Evans raises an eyebrow at Quinn.

GARDA QUINN (CONT'D)

...Sorry Sir. A shoddy, little scrap metal yard as a front. Couple of raids a while back, but nothing to show for it. Somehow always manages to get anything incriminating off site beforehand. Drugs. Extortion. Bare knuckle fights. If there's a dishonest quid to be made, he'll dip a toe. Latest is armed robbery. Those recent spate of Cash and Carries up and down the M-25? We're liking him.

GARDA MALONE

Word just in is he's got a big one planned for tonight.

Sgt. Evans drums his fingers lightly on the table. About as animated as he gets.

SGT. EVANS

Another fine upstanding member of the community indeed.

He squares the sheet neatly onto his desk. Studies his Officers. Carefully.

SGT. EVANS (CONT'D)

And you're both confident in the Intel?

GARDA QUINN

Yes Sir, very. Really think we've got him this time. Informant has every reason to be cooperative.

GARDA MALONE

Aye Sir, solid.

Sgt. Evans, still needs another moment or two. Has an internal debate ongoing. Sheet on his desk. Two Officers in front of him.

Finally...

SGT. EVANS

OK then. No time to waste. I'll get the ball moving on operational support this end. You two, eyes on, asap.

Music to their ears.

SGT. EVANS (CONT'D)

However...I have been made aware of certain, previous endeavours by yourselves gentlemen, occurred before my recent appointment?

Their zest duly tempered.

SGT. EVANS (CONT'D)

Needless to say, this station, and more importantly, your careers, can do without any repeat performances. Do I make myself clear?

GARDA QUINN

Of course, Sir. Not a chance. Lessons learned.

GARDA MALONE

That was a total one off, Sir. Never happen again.

SGT. EVANS

I would like to hope so. Your last S.H.O. had his own, unique, way of conducting affairs, so I've heard. Rest assured but, on my watch, the words rash and reckless don't appear in any dictionary I'm familiar with. Ever. Ducks in order. T's crossed. I's dotted. No embarrassments, period. Dismissed.

INT. CORRIDOR - GARDA STATION - CONTINUOUS

Door to Sgt. Evans office, barely shut behind them, a bouncing Quinn, already with his hand in the air, looking for that "All American High Five" from his partner.

Malone, looks from the hand, to him. Gives a wry shake of the head and walks away, up the corridor...

GARDA MALONE

Jaysus, gimme strength.

As completely undeterred...

GARDA QUINN
Maybe a hug then?

...a grinning Quinn, trots right on after.

INT. KITCHEN - LEWIS HOUSE - DAY

Overcooked. Greasy. Full Irish breakfast. Stares up limply from the plate...

Siobhan, stifles a sigh, and reaches for the red sauce. Throwing a glance across the kitchen to where Patricia, bent double, fills a snazzy dishwasher with the mornings pots and pans:

SIOBHAN
This is lovely Mam. Thanks.

Patricia, pops her head up. De rigueur smile, present and accounted for.

PATRICIA
My pleasure darling.

Siobhan takes her time. Cuts up a sausage.

SIOBHAN
(Offhand)
Ohh did I mention I'm meeting Sarah for a coffee this morning?

Patricia, keeps her face in the dishwasher.

PATRICIA
Ohh, are you? OK. (Beat) Sarah?

SIOBHAN
Yeah, Sarah, you know? Girl from the meetings. Dad works in banking. Mam owns a little flower shop. Out near Skerries.

PATRICIA
OK, right. Sarah.

Patricia, turns and looks across.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
You know me love, head like a sieve.

They share a SMALL LAUGH.

Siobhan, the one draws it to a close. Imitates a face, befits gastronome heaven, and drops her eyes back down to the plate.

Patricia, holds with her a mite longer, before she returns to finishing up at the dishwasher.

Done, she closes the door. Straightens. Takes the time to dry her hands on a tea towel.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

So are you going anywhere nice for your coffee?

SIOBHAN

Hmmm? No, probably just some place in town. Nothing fancy. (Pause) Is that OK?

PATRICIA

Of course it is, honey. Of course. Why wouldn't it be? I'm not your jailer, heaven forbid.

Another little, collective LAUGH between the two...stretches out just a tinge too long.

INT. MCDONALDS TOILET - DUBLIN - DAY

The FLUSH of a toilet...

Anthony exits a stall. Heads to the sink. Quick wash of the hands. Looks up to catch his REFLECTION in the mirror.

Goes back down for an extra drop of water. Uses it to try style the birds nest atop his head, into something resembles fashionable.

Done. Attention turns next to the T-shirt under his jacket. Runs a hand down it. Try and smooth out some of its many creases. Next, a fiddle with the waist band of his jeans. Get them sitting a little better on the hips.

Steps back. Gives himself the once over. Front. Side...what the hell...even a little "Blue Steel" for good measure!

Right then, a dog tired, MCDONALDS EMPLOYEE wheels a mop and bucket into the facilities. Catches the show.

Anthony, belatedly realizing he has company. Starts. Rights himself. Drops back to the sink. Pretends to rinse the hands once more.

ANTHONY
 (Through the mirror)
 H-H-How's it g-going?

A half hearted, laconic shrug, all the enthusiasm the Toilet Cleaner can muster, as he hauls the mop from the bucket and drops it to the tile, with a...

...LOUD WET SPLOSH.

INT. HALLWAY - LEWIS HOUSE - DAY

Patricia by the stairwell. Car keys in hand. Watches Siobhan slip on her coat.

PATRICIA
 It's no bother really?

SIOBHAN
 I'll be fine Mam, honestly. Air will do me good.

PATRICIA
 I don't have anything else to do. Sure I may as well?

Siobhan closes her eyes a beat. Turns slowly to face her.

SIOBHAN
 Mam, please.

PATRICIA
 What? All I'm doing is offering you a lift?

SIOBHAN
 You know what I mean.

Siobhan moves closer. Places a soft hand on her Mother's arm.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
 Listen Mam, I know where you're coming from. Everything you've gone through lately. Dad. Me. Can't be easy. Just right now, all I need is a bit of trust, you know? More so I can prove to you than anything. You get me?

PATRICIA
 Honey I do trust you, it's not that.

(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I just worry you'll bump into someone and they'll offer you something...

SIOBHAN

It won't. It's not going to happen. Not this time.

Siobhan moves her hand from the arm. Rests it instead against Patricia's cheek.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

So stop with the worrying, OK? Don't want anymore grey hairs, do we?

Patricia, light chuckle. Hand going reflexively to her hair.

While Siobhan, makes sure to hold eye contact...

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Everything's going to be grand. Your little "Shi Shi" promises, alright?

...smile and lean in with a kiss, to seal the deal.

EXT. PARK - DUBLIN - DAY

Leaves on the trees. Beginning to turn. Park. Pretty much deserted this time of year and hour...

EXT. BANDSTAND - PARK - SAME

Hidden away in a corner. The Bandstand...or what's left to pass for one, in anyway...

As along its chipped and rusted handrail, THE MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE merrily dances...

Anthony, hand at the tiller, smiling absently to himself.

When, he HEARS from behind:

SIOBHAN (O.S.)

Having bleedin' fun there, are ya'?

He turns, flustered. Caught in two minds. Hastily shoves the toy away. Deep into his pocket.

ANTHONY

I-I w-was j-ju...

SIOBHAN

Does he now.

 ANTHONY

W-wants you t-to g-go see him. T-
today. T-the yard.

 SIOBHAN

Or?

Anthony, keeps eyes on his runners.

 SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Or what Anthony?

 ANTHONY

C-come t-to your M-Ma's house.

Siobhan, looks out into the park again. Takes her time.

 SIOBHAN

(Muses)

Well bottom line is, I can't give
him what I don't have. Right?

Unspoken agreement from Anthony.

 SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

I don't know. Maybe, little more
time, sort something out. (Pause)
It's just, you know, with trying to
get meself together and all the
rest. Lot of stress right now.

 ANTHONY

I k-know. I t-told him t-that.

Siobhan, takes a long pull of her cigarette. Comes down off
the handrail. Wedges in beside Anthony on the bench.

 SIOBHAN

You know me better than I know
meself sometimes, don't you
Anthony?

She drops a hand on his thigh. Gives it a playful little
squeeze. Anthony's eyes, immediately going to it. When he
looks back up. Finds Siobhan. Smiling intimately.

 SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Honestly Anthony, this kinda hassle
is the last bleedin' thing I need.
I get me head clear and sorted?
Fine, yeah. No bother.

(MORE)

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

But right now? Too much to be
dealing with...ahh I don't know...

She trails off, looks away, downcast. Hand, leaves his leg as she does.

Anthony, left to ponder her dilemma.

Not for long either...

ANTHONY

I-I c-could go t-talk to him s-
suppose?

Siobhan, looks at him. Quizzical.

SIOBHAN

You? I don't know Anthony. (Pause)
Why, do you think that'd do any
good?

Anthony, grows a trace in stature.

ANTHONY

Yeah, I c-could t-tell him w-what's
what. M-man to man.

Siobhan, makes a meal of considering.

SIOBHAN

I mean, yeah. You're right.
Definitely be great for someone to
have me back like that...

ANTHONY

B-be no b-bother. T-trust me. I'll
t-take c-care of it.

Siobhan, returns her hand to his thigh, accompanied by the most radiant of her smiles.

SIOBHAN

You really are something Anthony.
So good to offer to do that for me.

He receives another from her line of kisses on the cheek.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Just say I need a little bit
longer, alright? If you can keep
him off me back for a day or two,
brilliant...

Anthony stops her. Puts his own hand on top of hers a second.

ANTHONY

B-but y-you need t-to do s-something for m-me first, a-alright?

Siobhan waits.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

M-make s-sure y-you keep t-the head d-down. O-out of s-sight, j-just in c-case. Don't w-want him t-to find you. Anything t-to happen.

Siobhan can't help but throw her head back and LAUGH.

SIOBHAN

Jaysus, Anthony. Me? Chance'd be a fine thing. My life right now? Nothing but meetings and trying to pull me Ma's head out of me arse, every time I stop sudden.

He joins with the LAUGH. As they sit, side by side, a moment. In genuine ease.

ANTHONY

M-missed t-this.

She pauses. Looks to him. Her smile this time, a little more awkward, before she quickly looks away, back out...

SIOBHAN

Yeah. Me to Anthony. Me to.

...into the park, to hide herself in its gentle sway.

EXT. SCRAP METAL YARD - DUBLIN - DAY

BULL MASTIFF DOG!!!

Rips through the quiet! Teeth stripped. Neck muscles bulging. Strains against it's chain...

All around it. Old, rusted BANGERS OF CARS. Hunks of TWISTED METAL. Every shape and size, fight for space...

Middle of all the chaos. An oversized, off white, PREFAB UNIT. In sore need of a lick of paint.

The "Mac Daddy's" base of operations...

INT. PREFAB UNIT - SAME

Large plasma TV. On a wall in the corner. Right now, plays a random LUNCHTIME NEWS FEATURES PIECE...

ON TV SCREEN:

A REPORTER visits a vast WAREHOUSE ART INSTALLATION. The floor of the building, covered with HUNDREDS OF BEAUTIFUL, DELICATELY CRAFTED CERAMIC FIGURINES. Varied design and representation...

REPORTER

"...painstaking creation of each individual piece. Inspired to celebrate the upcoming cen..."

The SOUND on the screen swiftly turned to MUTE...

From across the room...

Where Johnnie Mac sprawls on a faux, red leather sofa. He throws the remote down on the cushion beside him and listens closely, to whoever's on the other end of the MOBILE PHONE, currently pressed to his ear.

Eyes though. Never leave the TV SCREEN.

JOHNNIE MAC

(Into phone)

You don't say, huh. Last night?
 (Pause) No. No. (Pause) Really?
 You'd be surprised how far I can throw. Don't worry, he knows what side his bread is buttered. (Pause)
 No. Just keep ears, eyes, arseholes and whatever else open. What you're paid for.

Ends the call abruptly, no need for any further niceties. Phone, going the way of the remote.

Attention still rooted on the TV...

BACK ON TV SCREEN:

VARIOUS SHOTS of the INSTALLATION now from DIFFERENT ANGLES. A chance to really appreciate the skill and passion involved. Interweaved with the Reporter interviewing the ARTIST themselves. A fresh faced twenty something, full of bright eyed, bushy tailed, enthusiasm.

Johnnie doesn't bother to unmute it. Instead, hunches a little forward. Elbows on knees. Watches. Beginnings of a callous smirk finding his lips.

As meanwhile...

Up the far end of the Prefab...

Paudie, sits at a table, next to a fella answers to the delightful moniker of SCUMMY KEV (24).

In front of them an OPEN LAPTOP. Both riveted by the YOU TUBE VIDEO it currently plays...

ON LAPTOP SCREEN:

A bare chested, ANGRY YOUNG MAN. Hands already taped for a fight. Paces furiously. SHOUTS down the camera films him:

ANGRY YOUNG MAN

"...and that's a fact, you little two bit fucking runt! I want my reckoning! In the name of the Brennans! Have you the bollicks, have yah! Madzer Davy? Lord Jaysus Christ himself, gimme half the chance and I'll show you mad, you dir...

Viewing pleasure interrupted, from down on the sofa...

JOHNNIE MAC (O.S.)

You know what I'd love, huh?

Paudie quick to reach across and close over the laptop. "Mr. Angry" cut off mid tirade.

PAUDIE

What's that boss?

Johnnie runs a vague hand across the stubble on his chin. Juts towards the TV.

JOHNNIE MAC

That, right there. Go on in, some night like. Yeah. Take me time. Stamp over, every last one of those things. Grind them right down, into the dirt, you know? Your mans face while it's happening. Be a picture.

Johnnie leans back into the sofa. Arms stretching out along its back.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)
Yeah, now that'd be the thing
alright.

Scummy Kev, looks blankly from the TV to Johnnie. Decides to pipe up his support.

LITTLE KEV
Yeah, fucking art shite.

Johnnie, makes a slow break from the TV. Lock eyes on Kev. Keep them there to. Without a word. Long enough for him to start shifting a little uncomfortably in his seat.

Lucky for him, the moment broken...

When another of Johnnie's lads, STEO, late teens, keen and gormless in equal measure, bungles his way into the Prefab. Big bag of McDonald's food under each arm.

First bag, immediately plopped down on the table, in front of Johnnie...

STEO
There you go, Johnnie.

...before he fetches himself and the other up to where Paudie and Scummy Kev sit.

Johnnie, minds after him a beat. Then turns his attention to the food instead. Lays it out carefully. Piece by piece. A veritable kings feast.

Makes no move to dig in though. Just looks to it. Frowns sourly.

JOHNNIE MAC
(Low)
McFlurrie.

Up at the other table, Steo stops, Big Mac half way to his gob.

STEO
What's that, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE MAC
(Real slow)
Mc-Flur-rie.

Steo glances down at the table in front of Johnnie. A feed fit for an army...but yes, he's right, no McFlurrie.

STEO
 Emmm, I definitely asked for one.
 Stupid bitch, she must've forgot to
 put it in the bag. Right dozy
 trollop, what Johnnie?

Steo attempts to laugh it off. Goes back to his burger.

Johnnie, remains stock still where he sits.

JOHNNIE MAC
 (Mincing)
 "Right dozy trollop, what *Johnnie*?"

Just that. No more. Silence. Descends like a dark cloud over the Prefab.

Steo, not a complete idiot though. Gulps down his piece of Big Mac, without tasting a bit. Quickly drops the rest on the table and rises tentatively to his feet.

STEO
 Sorry...Boss. I'll go back and get
 you one, right now, will I.

Johnnie offers him nothing. Lets him answer the question for himself as he stares with dull eyes and Steo, wisely, hurries himself down...

STEO (CONT'D)
 Sorry about that, boss. Sorry.

...and out the door.

Johnnie SNIFFS and reaches for a fistful of fries. Barely gets the first into his mouth, before the door pops back open and Steo, peeks his head, warily, round the side.

STEO (CONT'D)
 Sorry again, boss. Sorry. But
 there's some stupid looking shite
 called Anthony, here to see you?
 I'll tell him to fuck off?

Johnnie, literally chews it over.

JOHNNIE MAC
 No. Send him in. Get me another
 apple pie to while you're at it.

STEO
 Will do, boss. No bother.

Steo, gets himself to it, pronto.

Soon replaced by the figure of Anthony. Shuffles up the steps. Stands awkwardly in the doorway. Eyes to the floor.

Johnnie, in no hurry to put him at ease.

Finally:

JOHNNIE MAC
Your Ma shite you out in a barn or
something?

Anthony catches on. Takes a step further inside. Closes the door over behind him.

Johnnie, biggest concern, what he shoves down his gullet next.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)
So. You're here.

Anthony, does his best to lift his eyes.

ANTHONY
S-she n-needs more t-time.

JOHNNIE MAC
Does she.

ANTHONY
W-when s-she g-gets her-self s-
sorted, c-come see you t-then.

Johnnie throws two McNuggetts down the gap. Chews. Sits back. Eyes like piss holes in the snow, while he reckons Anthony.

Then...

His face creases with amusement. Full one eighty. Lets himself CHUCKLE lightly.

JOHNNIE MAC
Isn't this something, huh? Yes in-
fucking-deedy.

Leans forward, slaps his thighs with both hands.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)
Like from that film. Couldn't get
his hole. Puts it on a pedestal,
huh? Your man, the virgin.

Smile, shows no sign of leaving his face anytime soon, as he narrows his consideration of Anthony.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

So let me get this right. So it's straight in me head, you know. That little *cunt*...

Anthony can't hide the slight bristle.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Ohh yeah, I said *cunt*. Because a *cunt*? Is exactly what she is. That *cunt* goes and pulls a fast one on me, or tries to at least. Yet, here you are, ready to take what's coming? Now if that doesn't take the fucking biscuit, I don't know what does.

Johnnie rises from the sofa. Takes a step towards Anthony. Probes him even closer with his eyes.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Please, oh please tell me, she's at least let you get the oul baldy fella wet, once or twice, huh?

From up top, Paudie watches on intently with Scummy Kev beside him.

As Anthony squirms at the question.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Ohh my Holy Fucking Christ! She hasn't! You couldn't make this up. What are yah doing?

Johnnie lets a SHORT WHISTLE escape between his teeth. Squares right up on Anthony. Who instinctively braces himself, for the blow he's sure is coming.

Instead, gets an almost fatherly arm draped about his shoulders.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

I truly do not know. I just don't.

Johnnie, takes the opportunity, to make a good, close up examination of Anthony's face.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

(Eventually)

Balls but...wouldn't think it, first glance. But yep, definitely an inkling of a little pair in there somewhere.

Johnnie finishes up with a playful chuck under his chin. Releases the arm from around him and returns to his place on the sofa.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

So, she needs more time. And I get you, what, as collateral, huh? The long and the short of it.

Anthony, nothing he can add, so keeps quiet. Leaves Johnnie to mull.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Sure, you only get one go around, don't yah? Right you are sunshine. I'll give your little crush more time, if that's what you want. It's not without it's responsibilities though. You here today. Manning up for your woman? Until she makes this right...or until I get bored. You are mine. Do with as I wish. Understood?

Anthony, nods sheepishly.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

You know. No. I just don't think that's going to do under the circumstances. No. It won't. I'm going to need to hear you say the words. Sell me on it Anthony. Convince me I'm making the right decision..."Yes Johnnie, I belong to you".

Anthony struggles. Eyes flit about. No solace to be found. Anywhere. Scowling Paudie. Sneering Kev.

Johnnie cups a hand to his ear.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Waiting.

Anthony clears his throat.

ANTHONY

Y-yes J-J...

JOHNNIE MAC

Up. Eye's up. There's a..."good lad".

Exactly the reaction Johnnie was going for. That START again. Deep in ANTHONY'S EYES. Causing him to look up and be met by the smiling, anticipating, face of Johnnie Mac.

ANTHONY

Y-yes J-Johnnie, I understand. I b-
belong t-to you.

Delighted, Johnnie CLAPS his hands together.

JOHNNIE MAC

There we go. Wasn't so hard now,
was it? (Beat) OK, enough fun and
games for today. Brass tacks time.
You're in luck sunshine. Turns out
might be a man short for a little
something got brewing tonight. Talk
about timing, huh? Perfect chance
to break you in. (Pause) Back here
at eleven. Or else, little missy,
deals with the "c-c-c-
consequences"! Right?

ANTHONY

(Weakly)
R-Right.

Johnnie. This time. All out on the smile.

JOHNNIE MAC

That's the spirit!

I/E. UNMARKED GARDA CAR/STREET - DAY

Anthony steps out of the Scrap Yard. Onto the street. Exit captured through the CAMERA LENS of Malone. Snaps multiple shots in quick succession.

GARDA QUINN (O.S.)

Hello? Now who are you, yeah little
prick?

As Malone continues to click away, beside him, Quinn starts to drum lightly on the steering wheel, keeping time with the LOW HUM OF MUSIC, rises from the CD player...

Nothin' But A Good Time by Poison.

GARDA QUINN (CONT'D)

Can you feel it partner? Can you
feel it in the air?

Malone lowers his camera a fraction. Raises an eyebrow.

GARDA QUINN (CONT'D)
 Redemption brother. Past sins
 forgotten. Might even catch the eye
 of the top brass, this one. Play
 the cards right.

Malone returns to his camera.

GARDA MALONE
 How about we just get the bastard
 first, OK?

GARDA QUINN
 Ohh we'll get him. Don't you worry
 about that. I'm telling you, I can
 feel it.

He lets loose with a DRUM SOLO as the CHORUS hits.

GARDA MALONE
 Yeah? Well let's just hope your
 intuition is better than your
 fucking taste in music, that's all
 I can say.

GARDA QUINN
 This? Poison baby! Classic shit.
 Gotta have love for the eighties.

GARDA MALONE
 Classic *shite* more like it.

Quinn keeps to his groove. Spirits not for dampening.

GARDA QUINN
 No learning some people. There
 really isn't.

Malone, all he can do to suppress a grin, as he ZOOMS FOCUS
 back onto the Scrapyard.

EXT. IFSC/DOCKLANDS - DUBLIN - DAY

Massive glass edifice of the Irish Financial Services Centre.
 Rises up, all about. Hive of Dublin commerce and activity...

Removed. Distinctly out of place amongst it all. Anthony.
 Sits on the steps of an adjacent building. Eyes pinned
 forward. Mind elsewhere. One phrase. On repeat within the
 CONFINES OF HIS HEAD:

JOHNNIE MAC (V.O.)
 ...Good lad...Good lad...

Fixates on the words. Adrift in a sea of his own making.

When...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Holy fuck, would yis look at the
tits on that?

Anthony turns his head. Guardedly. To witness, quietly settling down on the steps across from him, a...

YOUNG MAN

Close to his own years. Polar opposite, though. This fella, hale and hearty. Construction worker. Hard hat. Dusty jeans. Mud caked boots. Every aspect of him, imbued with a vigor and vitality.

He grins confidentially over at Anthony, unwraps a deli roll, relishes a generous bite and directs his attention to a WINDOW ACROSS THE STREET...

ON WINDOW:

The inside of a CORPORATE GYM. Where just now, one of it's members, a FIT BRUNETTE in tight spandex, she jogs on a treadmill, faces out.

The Construction Worker stretches himself out on the steps. Nary a care in the world as he leans back to better appreciate the view.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Wouldn't mind half a chance to
drain all the juice from those
oranges, would yah?

Anthony stares to him. Unsure in his reaction.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (CONT'D)

Yup, I tell you now. That there?
The kind of bird makes you want to
run outside, howl at the moon and
thank whoever to fuck, you where
born a bloke. And no mistake.

With that he levels a SIGH of much satisfaction and contentment, out to the universe at large...before he gets back down to the important business at hand and tears another chunk out of his roll.

As Anthony, continues his wonder upon him.

EXT. STREET - DUBLIN - LATER

Anthony drifts aimlessly. Mind revolving...

Comes up on a Post Office. MIDDLE AGED WOMAN FUND-RAISER outside. Shakes her bucket at PASSERSBY.

WOMAN FUND-RAISER
Please donate and support cancer
research. Thank you.

Anthony pulls up short. Stares. Deliberates. Takes a decision. Turns heel. Back the way he came.

EXT. BUS STOP/STREET - DUBLIN - DAY

Anthony, fifth in line, as the BUS pulls into the stop...

Doors open. Exactly FOUR PEOPLE manage to elbow off the jam packed carriage.

Anthony waits his turn. Makes to follow the other PASSENGERS on board. DRIVER holds up a hand.

BUS DRIVER
Full up bud. Four on, four off. New
health and safety. Be another along
soon enough. Sure check the
timetable.

Slaps the doors shut in Anthony's face. Takes off out of the stop.

Anthony steps back. Looks round for a timetable. Finds a tattered sheet. Plastered in graffiti. Unreadable.

He takes a long look in the track of the bus. Another to the sky overhead. Dark clouds. Promise of rain.

Nevertheless, decision's been made and he plans on keeping to it. Up comes the collar and he starts walking...

EXT. STREET - DUBLIN - LATER

Rain coming down at a steady clip now...

Anthony, at the bottom of a lengthy hill road. Starts up it. Just about visible at the top. A set of CEMETERY GATES.

EXT. CEMETERY - DUBLIN - DAY

Row after row of headstones. Stretched out before us...

Over in a corner. The cemetery's CARETAKER rests on his hoe. Listens, with patience, to the slightly sodden figure of Anthony.

Needs a second, but ultimately, he points Anthony in the right direction, to a spot over the ways.

EXT. GRAVE SITES - CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Anthony moves through the row of headstones. Studies them carefully. One by one. Until at last, HE FINDS IT...

ON HEADSTONE:

**EVELYN HUGHES nee MAGUIRE - Born March 9th 1946 Died
September 22nd 2008**

Anthony stands quiet. Wrings his hands.

Gradually, he manages to lower himself down. Onto his haunches. Closer. Extends an arm. Marble cold to the touch. Fingers softly trace the outline of her name.

Tears fill his eyes. Leans in. Hugs himself tight to the stone. Like he never wants to let it go. Cheek pressed firm.

ANTHONY
(Whispers)
S-sorry I let y-you d-down.

EXT. CEMETERY GATES/STREET - LATER

Anthony takes his leave of the cemetery. Emotions still bubbling under the surface...

Waits, at least, until he's put what he considers a decent distance between him and it, before he reaches down into his pocket. Pulls out the SLEEVE OF TABLETS.

Pops two from the foil. Throws them down dry. Pauses. Another two. For good measure. Receives a modicum of relief in the act alone. Gets on his way down the road...

EXT. STREET - FURTHER ALONG - DAY

Desired effect, attaining...

Anthony VIEWS THE WORLD through a...

FOG OF DETACHMENT

Soft. Unthreatening. Just the way he likes it.

Lolls along the path. No direction in mind. All the time in the world to get there...

Eventually, he holds his head up long enough, to spy across the road a..

TRI-VISION BILLBOARD:

Currently ADVERTISES the latest, greatest BRAND OF TOOTHPASTE. Guaranteed to leave your teeth whiter than white. Just like the BEAUTIFUL BLONDE WITH THE "BOBBY DAZZLER" in the image.

Vacant, idiots grin finds Anthony's face as he continues to stare, listlessly across...

TRI-VISION BILLBOARD:

The INDIVIDUAL SLATS of the board begin to make their turn. Next advertisement on the way. One by one. Rote. Mechanically precise...

When all of a sudden...

THEIR STEADY FLOW BECOMES DISJOINTED. Methodical flip interrupted. Sense of timing and order abandoned...

SPEED RAMPED UP EXPONENTIALLY!

SLATS begin to FLIP AND CHANGE to the FRENZIED BEAT OF AN UNKNOWN DRUM!

Indiscernible to the human eye. IMAGES but a BLUR!

Across the street, Anthony watches. Caught in it's grip. Even in his heavily anesthetized state, a sense of something not quite right, breaking through...

TRI-VISION BILLBOARD:

The SLATS MOVE AND CHANGE at a RATE SHOULDN'T BE POSSIBLE!

Until at last...

A HIDEOUS CRESCENDO REACHED!...THEY SNAP TOGETHER SHARP!

TO REVEAL!

GLARING DOWN AT ANTHONY!

THE FACE OF THE THIN MAN!

IN ALL HIS DEMONIC GLORY!!!

Anthony, shook to his very core. Stupor shattered. Staggers backwards. Gut punched. Wants to look away. Can't. Stumbles out into the road...

STRAIGHT INTO THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING LORRY!

Only a last second swerve and **BLAST OF THE HORN** from its **DRIVER** enough to avert disaster!

The **NEAR MISS** jolting him free. Anthony gets out of the road. Climbs back up onto the path.

Confused. Afraid. Breaking. Still, he steadies himself to **STEAL ANOTHER GLANCE** across...

TRI-VISION BILLBOARD:

Only to be met by MISS BLONDE AMBITION herself. Returned. Front and centre. Toothbrush in hand. Winsome smile all day long.

Anthony, never more lost and alone.

I/E. BUS/ROAD - LATER

At least a seat got on board this time...

Even if Anthony does slump there in the uneasiest of dwells. Gaze drifting out the window. To the road whizzes by...

...except, its his **OWN FAINT REFLECTION**. Trapped within the spider web glass...he minds the most.

EXT. HEUSTON TRAIN STATION - DUBLIN - DAY

Anthony's bus pulls up outside the busy station. Off he pitches, to shamble inside...

INT. HEUSTON STATION/DEPARTURES - DAY

TRAVELLERS to and fro along the platforms...

Anthony, sits, safely ensconced now, on one of the hard plastic seats, make up the small Departures Area. Somewhere to be out of the weather.

Eyes again. Off into the emptiness. The DIN of the station slowly ebbing away. Overrode by the INTERNAL CLAMOUR:

JOHNNIE MAC (V.O.)
 ...Belong to me...Good lad...Good
 lad...

JOHNNIE'S VOICE and its jocular cadence. Begins to DISTORT. Starts to MORPH inside Anthony's brain. To take on an OLDER, MORE FURTIVE STRAIN:

VOICE OF OLD (V.O.)
 ...Good lad Anthony. Good lad.
 You'll always be one of my good
 lad's, now won't you Anthony?

Externally ANTHONY'S EYES TWITCH.

VOICE OF OLD (V.O.)
 Don't cry now. Good lad's don't
 cry. Sure they don't, Anthony?...

Right there. On the floor of the Heuston Station Departures Area. For the BRIEFEST OF FLASHES. Conjured, deep from the pits of Anthony's damaged psyche. The owner of the voice MATERIALIZES:

BROTHER KILLIAN

Mid fifties, jowls, thinning grey hair. Wide leer. Dressed in full Christian Brothers garb. The WHITE of the RABAT COLLAR by his neck, stands out, especially, against the BLACK of his HABIT ROBES.

Anthony squeezes his eyes shut. Shakes his head. Forces the image. Back to its prison.

Slowly, he recovers himself. Enough to open his eyes. Where, ahead of him, the TRAIN DEPARTURES BOARD, drifts into tender focus.

Anthony, drawn by hazy remembrance, to a random listing...

ON DEPARTURES BOARD:

A205 TO GALWAY - DEPARTS 19.10

Anthony, speaks aloud, without realizing...

ANTHONY
 G-G-Galway...A-always t-thought'd
 be n-nice there.

...and a guileless smile finds his features.

EXT. NEWMANS 24HR WHOLESALE/FORECOURT - DAY

A massive warehouse. Lively forecourt. Business booming....

WORKERS hurry to fill orders. FORKLIFTS speed out the doors. Load crates of fresh produce into the many waiting VANS and TRUCKS...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE - NEWMANS 24HR WHOLESALE - SAME

Scene from the forecourt below, plays out on the small screen of a top of the range SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM...

Business owner, SHANE NEWMAN, forties, perma-tanned. In the midst of proudly showing off his tech, to his captive audience of Quinn, Malone and Sgt. Evans.

NEWMAN

Best money can buy. Put them in last month. No expense spared.

Sgt. Evans nods succinctly.

SGT. EVANS

Impressive, sir. Very impressive. Again, I'd like to thank you for your cooperation, on such short notice. I'm sure something like this can come as quite a shock to the system, but...

NEWMAN

Hey ain't it the fucking world we live in Sarge, more's the pity? Tell the honest truth, when we signed that new deal with The Regency, it got the old town halls itching more than a bit, I can tell you...

He RAPS his knuckles atop one of the surveillance monitors.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Hence these little beauties. Sure, you always got to be three steps ahead of the robbing bastards, don't you? No resting on the laurels. The old man, God rest him...

He indicates a rather, severe looking PORTRAIT PAINTING that hangs on the wall.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)
 ...made sure to teach me that.
 (Beat) If nothing fucking else, the miserly bollocks, wha'?

Newman lets loose a GUFFAW, to go along with the robust slap he gives the shoulder of Sgt. Evans.

SGT. EVANS
 Indeed.

Evans smile, cut any thinner and it'd be anorexic. Promptly directs attention to Quinn and Malone behind him.

SGT. EVANS (CONT'D)
 Two of my best. They'll do all they can to minimize disruption to your business. Rest assured, we aim to bring this to the swiftest, safest conclusion possible. On that you have my guarantee.

EXT. CAR PARK/NEWMANS 24HR WHOLESALE - DAY

Quinn and Malone accompany Sgt. Evans to his waiting CAR and DRIVER.

SGT. EVANS
 ...all access points covered?

Quinn, scurries to keep pace.

GARDA QUINN
 Yes Sir, all points. We'll have units in position here and one at the scrapyard. Myself and Garda Malone will be leading the charge.

Evans reaches his car. Halts. Turns at the open door.

SGT. EVANS
 Good. Remember, eyes on the prize gentlemen. I'd hate to have to regret my kind words in there.
 (Pause) And who knows, all goes without a hitch, no telling what your futures could hold.

A last look and affirmative nod to both. Then it's inside the car he dips, and his Driver gets them on their way.

Side by side, Quinn and Malone watch him go.

GARDA QUINN
What did I say?

GARDA MALONE
Yeah, well, that ginger shitehawk
better be on the money, or I'm
gonna be feeding him his fucking
kidneys.

GARDA QUINN
You and me both brother. You and me
both.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DRUG REHAB CENTRE - EVENING

Group of MEN/WOMEN. All ages. Sit around in a tight circle...

Right now. HELEN, slightly plump, mousey blonde, has the
floor. Dabs at her eyes with a tissue.

HELEN
...and I just...I just didn't know
what to do. That was the point I
knew I had to change. (Pause) Poor
Mr. Mittens, I don't even remember.
How could I do that to him? How?

Floodgates come unstuck for poor old Helen.

As across the circle, Siobhan looks on. Poker faced.

A slender, earnest young man. Spectacles. Roll neck jumper.
Rises from his seat and scoots across to pat Helen softly on
the arm. Fresh tissue to hand. JONATHAN (28), Group
Counsellor. Well practiced, if unearned, gravitas to his
manner.

JONATHAN
It's OK Helen, it's OK. We are all
here for you.

He turns to the Group as a whole.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
You know what that was everybody?
That, right there? That, was a
clarification of the self. A moment
of ownership. Indeed it was. And a
beautiful thing to behold.

Helen EMPTIES HER NOSE into her tissue.

Some in the Group, nod solemnly. Wanting more. Others, a new found interest in the soles of their shoes.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Is it hard to achieve? No doubt.
But hard is what we want. What we
crave. What we yearn for. And I'll
tell you why. What you need to do?
Right now. Visualize your struggle
as an orb, OK? Bare with me. An
orb, that is ready and *wanting*, to
bathe the path of your journey in
its ever wondrous light. Guide the
way for you. Except. Your orbs
power source? Is your own struggle
to understand. Make sense? Good.
So, the harder the struggle?
Greater the light.

Jonathan strives for meaningful eye contact wherever he can get it.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Helen's experience here today is
what we must all hasten towards.
Together. As one. Recognizing and
owning, all those precious
frailties of the soul, that make
you the extra special, unique human
beings, each one of you truly are.
Remember like I always say. As much
DI-discovery as *RE*-covery.

He finishes by taking both of Helens hands in his own.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

On behalf of everyone, I want to
say thank you Helen. Thank. You.
For sharing. For allowing us to
feel as you feel. And I know,
wherever he may be. Mr. Mittens?
Would be proud, proud in the
knowledge, that his sacrifice was
not in vain. Yes he would.

Helen smiles stoically. Gives it her best oul college try to hold it together. While Jonathan sets to leading a virile ROUND OF APPLAUSE...

Which of course, Siobhan makes sure to be seen to join in with...even as she sneaks a sly eye, towards the slowest moving clock of all time, up there on the wall.

EXT. DRUG REHAB CENTRE/STREET - EVENING

Siobhan exits the building...

Quick gander at the cars parked along the street...

When she HEARS:

ANTHONY (O.S.)
(Exaggerated whisper)
S-S-Siobhan!

Turns around to see Anthony. Head poking out from the alleyway next door.

Back to the parked cars. Rapid, urgent, double check. Coast still clear, for now. Turns back. Advances on Anthony. Takes hold of his elbow and frog marches him away down the alley, out of sight...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Far enough...

SIOBHAN
What the fuck are you doing here?
Me Ma'll be along any second. She
can't find you here!

ANTHONY
I-I n-needed t-to t-tell you. It's
s-sorted.

SIOBHAN
You should've just texted me.

Curiosity gets the better of her.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)
What did he say?

ANTHONY
D-Don't worry. It's-sorted.

SIOBHAN
Yeah, but how? What?

ANTHONY
Gonna d-do a b-bit of work for h-
him.

SIOBHAN
You?

PATRICIA (O.S.)

Siobhan!

They turn. Caught bang to rights. Patricia at the mouth of the alley. Locks target on Anthony.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

You!

Wastes no time. Marches straight for him. Siobhan moves quicker to intercept.

SIOBHAN

Ma stop wait, please.

PATRICIA

Don't Siobhan, just don't. Not anymore. I can't. Hasn't the likes of him done enough? Hasn't he? And yet here you are? With this...this...little scumbag! Look at the state of him.

SIOBHAN

Ma...I told him to leave me alone. I did. But he won't.

Anthony, struck mute.

PATRICIA

(Shouting)

Make you happy does it? Does it? Ruining a young girls life? She's told me all about what the likes of you got her involved in.

Siobhan works overtime to manouver her away...

SIOBHAN

Leave it Ma, you're right. He's not worth it.

...but a fire has been lit.

PATRICIA

You should be ashamed of yourself. Nothing but a dirty junkie. That's what you are. Waste of good air! Corrupting my poor daughter...

Siobhan becomes more desperate in her attempts to quieten her Mother. The increasing tirade beginning to draw the attention of ONLOOKERS, from up top the Rehab Centre.

SIOBHAN

Ma let's just go please. Leave it!
You said it, he's a waster. Let's
go.

Patricia makes one last lunge to try get round Siobhan.

PATRICIA

I swear to you, if you come near my
daughter again I'll do fucking time
for yah! I will. I swear! Honest to
God fucking time! Bastard!

When at last, Siobhan manages to get some momentum going and
wrestles her away, up towards the street...not so much as a
backward glance spared in Anthony's direction.

Who remains exactly where he is. Staring after. Mouth at half
mast.

EXT. STREET/DRUG REHAB CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

Head down Siobhan steers the still livid Patricia past the
Rubberneckers and the Centre, on towards their car...

Just as Group Counsellor, Jonathan, alerted by the commotion,
approaches.

JONATHAN

Siobhan? Mrs. Lewis? Ohh my gosh is
everything alright?

PATRICIA

And you can fuck right off to four
eyes!

Jonathan steps back. Aghast. Last pretences to middle class
respectability, well and truly shed for Patricia.

Siobhan, public mortification complete, scrambles even
harder, to get the freshly liberated, unbridled fury, that is
now her Mother, away and gone for good.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - SAME

Anthony, still stuck fast to the spot in their wake...

EXT. DUBLIN CITY SKYLINE - SAME

As WE leave him there to make an abrupt detour...

SHOOT UP into the SKY. Experience a BIRD'S EYE VIEW over Dublin's fair city. Accompanied by the return of a...

FAMILIAR VOICE:

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
 Story? Me again. So anyhow's, how's she cutting?

Up. Down. Swoop. Sail. Along the rooftops. Through the streets...

The many SIGHTS AND SOUNDS the City, she has to offer...

EXT. DUBLIN HOUSING ESTATE - EVENING

When WE peel to an abrupt stop. Middle of a SINK ESTATE...

Grey. Dreary. Rundown. Graffiti strewn. Concrete jungle. Kinda place hope said, "Get to Fuck" a long time ago...and then hijacked luck along with it for the ride!

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
 Somewhere like this. Where it all began I suppose. Nature or nurture? End of the day, when all's said and done, talking stopped, scores tallied. F'all difference does it really make?

From a ways off, the first FAINT CHORDS OF A VIOLIN start up, as we...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF SHOTS:

- A) A new born BABY...
- B) As a CHILD, learns to ride a bicycle...
- C) GROWN UP, graduates college...

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
 You are what you become...

- D) First day at WORK...
- E) Falls in LOVE...

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
 Cold and the hard of it. No escaping...

F) Gets MARRIED...

G) CHILD of his own now...

H) All the joys and adventures of FAMILY LIFE...

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
Where's and why's?...Matter less
and less as the time goes by...

I) 40th Anniversary Party. MARRIED COUPLE, into their 70's.
Surrounded by LOVED ONES. A life well lived...

J) Hand in hand on a veranda, Couple sit...WATCH THE SUNSET
in peace filled retirement...

The violin...SNAPS A STRING!

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
Except...Not every life is some
neatly packaged, consumer friendly,
anodyne, tick all the boxes, fuck
fluff, shove it up your hole,
scumbucket advertisers marketing
jizz dream...now is it, gorgeous?

BACK TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - EVENING

Quick about face and WE RETURN to where we left Anthony...

Finally gets his legs to moving. Turns and starts to SHAMBLE
AWAY, deeper into the DARKENING ALLEY...

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
Nope, it sure is not. Some poor
fuckers? Lucky to get ten cents for
the little they were born with up
top in the first place. Nevermind
the bleedin' shape it's knocked
into in the intervening...

...slipping further along it...

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)
Yup, best hope, keep learning the
same lesson, over and over. You
never know, some part of it might
even stick one day...

...into its surrounding gloom...

ANONYMOUS (V.O.)

Long walk round. When, you dozy
fuck, a short hop and a skip to
your left is all you
need...(Beat)...But then even a
blind man can hit the bowl once in
a while, you bother the time to
point his cock in the right
direction...And ain't t-that...the
rub, boys and girls?

...until eventually, Anthony, he's lost to us from view,
altogether.

EXT. GPO CLOCK/O'CONNELL STREET - EVENING/NIGHT

The HANDS of the old, famous clock. Speed up. RACE through
the hours. Come to a dead stop for us, at exactly...

TEN MINUTES TO ELEVEN

Along with the SKY overhead. Subject to it's own equal, brisk
turn, trades the early EVENING DUSK for the full...

DARK PITCH OF NIGHT!

I/E. UNMARKED GARDA CAR/STREET - NIGHT

Unmarked Garda Car. Discreetly squared away, in a dark
alcove, across the street from the SCRAPYARD...

Couple of FRESH FACED RECRUITS occupying the front seats. The
"Eyes On". LOW SQUAWK of their police two way breaks the
silence:

GARDA QUINN (O.S.)

Tango Niner, this is Operation
Command, over.

Fresh Face #1 first to the handset.

FRESH FACE #1

Command this is Tango Niner.
Receiving. Over.

GARDA QUINN (O.S.)

Any movement on target Dragon Fire?
Over.

FRESH FACE #1

Negative Command. Target Dragon
Fire remains in situ. Over.

GARDA QUINN (O.S.)
 Received. Keep those eyes peeled.
 Over and out.

Fresh Face #1 returns the handset to its mount. As a juvenile
 SNIGGER escapes from Fresh Face #2.

FRESH FACE #1
 What? Bleedin' Dragon Fire? I know.

Fresh Face #2 says nothing, just keeps to the snigger...until
 at last, #1 cottons on, wrinkles his nose...

FRESH FACE #1 (CONT'D)
 Ohh its like a dead rat!

...and quickly buzzes down the top of his window.

INT. PREFAB UNIT/SCRAPYARD - SAME

HEAVY TECHNO MUSIC BLARES...

Tonight's crew. Present and accounted for. Bar one. As...

Up top...

Paudie, in close quarters, quiet confab with Johnnie. Comes
 to a close. Johnnie fishes out a wad of notes. Peels off two
 twenties. Hands them over to Paudie, who double times it,
 with a speedy exit, out the back way.

While...

Down front...

Scummy Kev and Steo argue clueless over a CAMERA PHONE. In
 front of them. A little ball of wiry muscle, prison tats and
 hyperactivity, goes by the name MADZER DAVY (27)...

Stripped to the waist, he bounces nimbly on the balls of his
 feet, ready for action.

Johnnie Mac, soon stomping his way down to join them.

JOHNNIE MAC
 C'mon, lets go will yah!

Scummy Kev jerks the phone away from Steo.

SCUMMY KEV
 This gobshite here, isn't it?
 Doesn't know his arse from his
 elbow, telling me what to do!

STEO

Who you calling a gobshite, you smelly bastard?

SCUMMY KEV

You, yah gobshite! Why, what are you going to do about it?

Johnnie Mac grabs the phone. Pushes them out of the way.

JOHNNIE MAC

Get to fuck! Useless as tits on a nun. Both of yah!

Quick fiddle and the phone's good to go.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Right there, Madzer?

Two thumbs up from the man himself, Johnnie FRAMES HIM IN THE VIEWFINDER and hits record.

JOHNNIE MAC (O.S.) (CONT'D)

On you go then lad! Both barrels!

Which is exactly what Madzer gives it. Drops immediately into a fighters crouch. Hands up high. Bobs and weaves. Peppers the air with a flurry of lefts and rights, as he saddles on up INTO THE CAMERA:

MADZER DAVY

Alright there you Jimmy Brennan! Mouthing off like a good thing. Back to posting your poxy little videos again, are yah? Wanting to defend the family name, wha'? "Do I have the bollicks?" Who the fuck are you? I'll tell you now, what I'll do to you, I get me hands on yah boy! Sweet baby Jaysus! I'll leave you in a worse state than that dozy muppet you call a Daddy...

He moves his face EVEN CLOSER into the camera.

MADZER DAVY (CONT'D)

You do know what his nickname is now, don't you Jimmy? After the beating he got from me last time? Sure him? Your Daddy? He's oul Shite in a Bucket! Yep, as sure is sure, that's who he is! Now and forever.

(MORE)

MADZER DAVY (CONT'D)

Didn't come out of his caravan for a week, so he didn't. In there, shiteing in a bucket, afraid to come out, he was.

Yep. That's your Daddy, Jimmy. Good Oul reliable, Shite in a Bucket!

He whips his fists up, true and proper.

MADZER DAVY (CONT'D)

And let me tell you now, these two beauts right here'll do the very same thing to you! So challenge accepted boy. Oul lad. Uncles. Son. Matters not a fuck to me. One dirty Brennan is as good as the next. So pile all your dole monies together. Name the time and the place. And I'll fucking be there! 'Cause you better believe, there's never been a Brennan born of his mother I can't beat to fuck!...So come on! Let's be having yah!!!

His ROAR TO ARMS, quickly joined in by the Other Three, off camera...as meanwhile...

...the TIME in the CAMERAS CORNER, flips it's way ever closer to eleven.

EXT. STREET/SCRAPYARD GATES - NIGHT

Anthony, stands in front of the gates. Hesitates.

INT. UNMARKED GARDA CAR - SAME

Fresh Face 1 and 2 sit up. Take notice.

EXT. STREET/SCRAPYARD GATES - SAME

Anthony looks away. Off down the street...

Still time to change his mind. Who could blame him? Owes her nothing now.

He doesn't though.

For whatever stupid arse reason, known only to his own idiotic sense of logic, he keeps his word, pushes open the gate and steps on through.

INT. PREFAB UNIT - NIGHT

Party in full swing now!...

Johnnie Mac, Scummy Kev and Madzer in a race for an answer...just who can Hoover up a FAT LINE OF COLOMBIA'S FINEST the quickest!

Steo, off by himself. World of his own. Throwing shapes to the MUSIC to beat the band. Stops a moment when he hears an almost inaudible, MEEK KNOCK on the Prefabs door...

Opens it. Anthony, there on the threshold.

Just in time for Johnnie Mac to lift his head up from the table, wipe his nose and settle eyeballs upon him...

JOHNNIE MAC

What do you know, huh? There he is.
For a second, I thought you were
gonna stand me up.

...with a grin stretches from ear to ear.

EXT. BACK ALLEYS - NEAR SCRAPYARD - NIGHT

Paudie, mission complete. On his way back towards the Scrapyard. With due care. Sneaking his way through the blind spots and alleyways dot the place...

MOBILE PHONE pressed to his ear as he goes:

PAUDIE

(Whispers)

Well I don't know do I? Who knows what goes through the head of that fat psycho fuck, one second to the next? No one can guess. Why do you think I've had enough? (Pause)
Look, I don't really have time for this now, Siobhan. (Pause) It could be anything. Probably wants a chance to stretch his arsehole out, knowing him...Or maybe not! I don't know. Look, just calm down, will ya! What's done is done. You did what you had to do. Keep him off your back for a bit, won't it? Can't change it now.

Paudie crouches behind some bushes to...

WATCH THE WATCHERS

Spies unseen, on the UNMARKED GARDA CAR across the street.

PAUDIE (CONT'D)

Important thing is, like you said,
me and you, we get gone, out of
this shithole, once and for all.
Everything'll be different then.
And we will, trust me. Money from
tonight's score plus what we get
from selling on his gear, we'll be
well sorted. (Pause) I know, yeah,
but what can you do? Nothing. Look
I have to be making tracks. I'll
call you later. (Pause) Yeah. Me
to. Yeah. Bye.

He ends the call. Shoves the phone down into his pocket.
Grabs hold the top of a mesh fence...

PAUDIE (CONT'D)

(Ruefully to himself)

Women.

...and heaves himself up and over, to continue on with his
surreptitious shortcut.

INT. PREFAB UNIT - NIGHT

Raucous an understatement...

Johnnie, fully at home. Him and his Boys. Indulge. Drink.
Drugs. The lot. Anthony, despite his proximity, clearly on
the edge of the festivities. Ill-equipped in this sea of
testosterone.

Paudie rejoins, slipping quietly back inside. His eyes,
making a brief pit stop on Anthony, before they carry on
through with their purpose, to catch Johnnie's and give him
the "Good to go" nod, he's been waiting for.

Johnnie rises to his feet. A thunder CLAP of his hands. Order
called.

JOHNNIE MAC

Right you dirty bunch of
reprobates! Let's get cracking!

I/E. UNMARKED GARDA CAR/STREET - NIGHT

Fresh Face 1 and 2 all business now...

Watch as the Scrapyard gates are dragged open by Steo and the HI ACE VAN rolls out, into the street.

FRESH FACE #2
At fucking last.

Fresh Face #1 on the handset:

FRESH FACE #1
Command. Tango Niner. Stand by.

Steo, quick to clatter the gates shut behind him and jump in the back of the Van. Paudie behind the wheel. Doesn't waste a second. Takes off, out of there, down the road, like he's shot out of a canon.

Fresh Face #2, carefully starts the cars engine.

FRESH FACE #1 (CONT'D)
(Into handset)
Command. We have movement.
Commencing pursuit.

I/E. COMMAND VEHICLE/NEWMANS 24HR WHOLESALE - SAME

Holed up in the shadows, on the outskirts of the warehouse. Garda Quinn white knuckles the two way.

GARDA QUINN
Roger Tango Niner. Eyes on, all the way. Safe distance now. Don't spook the bastards.

Turns to the ever impassive Malone sits beside him in the cab. Pumps his fist triumphantly in the air...and reaches down to CRANK THE VOLUME on his FAVORITE CD another notch...

Tearin' Down The Walls by Poison

...his "game time" tune of choice.

I/E. UNMARKED GARDA CAR/STREET - SAME

Off in pursuit they go. Fresh Face #2 guiding them out of their hiding place. Starts to pick up the pace as they leave the Scrapyard gates in the rear view...

FRESH FACE #1
Roger that Command. Don't worry we got this.

Famous last words...

SMASHHHHH!!!

When out of a blind alley, a beat up OLD BANGER, crashes side on into the UNMARKED GARDA CAR! Knocking it for six and crippling it on impact!

Couple of TEENAGE SKANGERS, quick to hop from the Banger. Have it away on their toes. With a WHOOP AND A HOLLER. Job done. Money earned.

The slow, dull realization of just "WTF!" has happened, dawning on the two whiplashed Gardai inside.

FRESH FACE #1 (CONT'D)
Awww Jaysus. You've got to be
shitting me!

A little salt for that wound perhaps?...

Right then, the HI ACE REEMERGES, from where it was parked up down the road. To fly by. Hundred miles an hour. In the opposite direction...

CHEEKS OF A BARE ARSE

Pressed, good and tight, against the BACK WINDOW, for the Gardai to kiss goodbye!

As long into the night, they scarper.

INT. BACK OF HI-ACE - SAME

Cue the CELEBRATIONS.

I/E. UNMARKED GARDA CAR/STREET - NIGHT

Fresh Face #1 gropes about groggily on the floor for the handset.

FRESH FACE #1
Ughh...Command? This is Tango
Niner...

I/E. COMMAND VEHICLE/NEWMANS 24HR WHOLESALE - NIGHT

Quinn, outside the vehicle. Slowly and methodically. Bangs his head, repeatedly, against its side panel.

While Malone, can only sit and broil behind the wheel.

INT. BACK OF HIGH ACE - NIGHT

Johnnie Mac beams...

JOHNNIE MAC

Up there for dancing, huh? Little piggies'll never learn! There's always a Plan B with me! I know what they have for breakfast before it's bleedin' cooked! Why? Because I'm the fucker who sells it to them, aren't I! Go on the Redzer! My boys are loyal! Loyal to the Mac Daddy!

His ELATIONS echoed readily by the rest...

...Anthony the odd man out.

I/E. FRONT OF HI ACE/MOTORWAY - NIGHT

Paudie, puts the foot down...

...and a SIGNPOST for the M11 MOTORWAY zips past the window.

INT. BACK OF HI ACE - NIGHT

Johnnie barrels his way down the Van. Zeroed on Anthony. Gives him a good, meaty slap to the thigh as he squeezes in next to.

JOHNNIE MAC

The man himself. Do I have a treat for you!

Johnnie reaches into his inside pocket. Comes out with a SMALL GLASS VIAL. Filled to the brim with a FIERY RED POWDER.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Feast your eyes on this little beauty, huh?

He flicks the outside of the glass with his fingernail as he presents it for Anthony's inspection.

Anthony looks from it to Johnnie. Uneasy. Sense of apprehension. Not to mention it rubs up against his recently acquired, vague notion, of somehow getting cleaned up.

ANTHONY

I d-don't know...W-w-what is it?

JOHNNIE MAC

What is it? Why? You a gluten free
bleedin' junkie or something, now?

Johnnie LAUGHS and pulls Anthony closer, down into a semi-playful headlock.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Why this here me oul flower, is
only the dogs very bollicks. Me own
special brew. PCP. Angel Dust. See
the world anew.

He twists the cap off. Sifts a HEFTY LINE of the stuff out, onto the back of the hand, he holds curled around Anthony's neck.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Go on, get it into yah then. Never
let it be said I don't look after
me boys.

Johnnie angles the hand up under Anthony's nose. Still he hesitates though.

In no mood to take no for an answer, Johnnie squeezes with his shoulder to the back of Anthony's neck. Forces his face down. Makes the decision for him.

Anthony, left with little to no choice but to SNIFF THE POWDER UP off Johnnie's bare skin.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

There we go. Like a mother's milk.

Only when every last grain of it is dissapeared does Johnnie release his hold on Anthony's neck. Let's him sit back up with a COUGH AND SPLUTTER. Skin already turning to fire.

Johnnie leans back in his seat. Delights in the spectacle.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Tasty, huh?

Anthony's EYES A BLAZE. Gallop rapidly about the interior of the Van...

ANTHONY'S POV:

Effects of the POWERFUL HALLUCINOGENIC already starting to rage through his 'effed up system...

Everything inside the Van. Colours. Shapes. People. Becomes increasingly more **EXTREME AND TERRIFYING** in their **WAYS AND FEATURES...**

When, ever so casually, from the side, the...

FACE OF JOHNNIE MAC

Leans casually into view. Anthony freezes on it. Forced to watch, as its...

SKIN SLOWLY MELTS AND DRAINS AWAY

...to leave nothing but a...

HORROR OF BLOOD AND SINEW!

...in it's place, which...

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)
(Rasps hellishly)
GOOD LAD!!!...

...and throws its head back to unleash a **BLOODCURDLING HOWL** to the skies!

EXT. M11 MOTORWAY - SAME

The HI ACE shoots along...

...as the **HOWL**, escapes up through its roof, to slowly dissolve, away and gone...

...into the trace of a dark and lonely night.

EXT. NEWMANS WHOLESALE 24HRS - NIGHT

Warehouse grounds. Garda operation. In the process of being broken up and shut down...

INT. COMMAND VEHICLE - SAME

Quinn and Malone, side by side. Eyes straight ahead. Neither saying a damn word.

Below, the CD PLAYER skips to the next track on the album...

Every Rose Has It's Thorns by Poison

Enough's enough. Limit breached. Malone, stretches down. Hits eject. Takes the CD in hand. Curtly SNAPS it in half...then throws it out the window for good measure.

Quinn, offers not a word of protest.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

A medium sized Warehouse. Sign above reads:

LENEHANS CASH & CARRY

Main outer shutters. Pulled closed for the night. LIGHTS from inside, though. Shine out. Hint at activity...

INT. LENEHANS CASH & CARRY - SAME

Skeleton crew of NIGHT SHIFT WORKERS. Go about their business on the shop floor...

NIGHT MANAGER, middle aged, grey, balding, shuffles past. Bag in hand. On towards his GLASSED OFF CORNER OFFICE...

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In he comes. Heads straight for the SAFE. Over behind his desk...

Bends down. Unlocks. Empties the BAG OF CASH he carries inside. To go along with the rest of the DAYS TAKINGS.

Done, secures the safe closed again and heads back out onto the floor.

EXT. LAY-BY/M11 MOTORWAY - NIGHT

Under cover of darkness. Paudie, with the help of Scummy Kev and the WHIR OF A POWER TOOL, works at the front of the Van...

All set, they quickly clamber back on board and take off out of there.

INT. BACK OF HI-ACE - NIGHT

Primed and ready. Balaclava's pulled down. Weapons of choice to hand...

Huddled in the corner. Anthony. EYES. Behind the wool of his mask. Stand on stalks. His own HEARTBEAT, deafening to his ears.

As the Van's ENGINE REVS and they noticeably PICK UP SPEED...

INT. LENEHANS CASH & CARRY - NIGHT

Same shit. Different night...

Low, dull energy point of the shift. All so very rote and familiar...

Instantly flipped on it's head when...

BAMMMMMM!!!!

THE HI ACE BULLDOZES THROUGH THE SHUTTERS OF THE WAREHOUSE!!! WITH THE HELP OF A CRUDE CAST IRON BATTERING RAM BOLTED TO ITS FRONT!!!

Each and everyone. Duck and cover.

The Van careens to a hard stop. Out jumps Johnnie to take charge. The Others not far behind...

Immediately, Johnnie PINPOINTS the Manager. Heads straight for him. While the Others make a quick start to herd and corral the small band of Workers...

Anthony dithers. Doesn't move far from the back of the Van. Spectator in the round. Pick axe handle held limply in front of him. EYES. Struggle for focus. Race a million miles an hour. Back and forth. All over the warehouse...

Until at last, they FALL IN with Johnnie. Follow, as he races towards his prey...

THE MANAGER

Something about the Man's face. Holds Anthony in state. Transfixed...

Johnnie reaches him...

JOHNNIE MAC
The very fella!

...and by way of introduction WHACKS the stock of his sawn off shotgun, deep into the pit of the man's stomach.

The Manager drops like a stone. Johnnie though, doesn't miss a beat. Grabs him back up, by the scruff of the shirt...

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)
 Jaysus, it's no time for a rest
 sunshine.

...to drag him roughly, on his hands and knees, across the
 floor, towards his Office.

Anthony, EYES RIGID on them, the whole way...

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Johnnie throws the Manager inside. Stiff against his desk.

JOHNNIE MAC
 Let's go. Arse in gear. Open that
 fucking safe!

The Manager holds up his hands. Pleads.

MANAGER
 OK, OK. Please, I have a heart
 condition.

A double take from Johnnie.

JOHNNIE MAC
 Do I look like a fucking doctor to
 you?

He catches hold of the Manager anew. Pulls him real close and
 personal like. Brandishes the oily barrel of the shotgun
 right under his nostrils.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)
 Open that fucking safe or I'll give
 you a bypass up the hole with this.
 Understood?

He tosses him back in the direction of the safe. Just with a
 little too much force this time. Because the Manager, doesn't
 just smack into it, but PITCHES OVER THE TOP and tumbles to
 the floor behind.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)
 Fuck me! How's that for a bedside
 manner, huh?

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR/MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Anthony, still cemented firm to the spot. EYES. Like saucers.
 See everything. As they stare straight through the GLASS and
 INTO THE MANAGERS OFFICE...

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Down on the floor. Behind his desk. The Manager spies the PANIC ALARM BUTTON on it's underside...

Johnnie, taking his time in coming round the desk. Opportunity presents itself. Will he take it? Now or never?

The Manager...

GOES FOR IT!

Darts his arm underneath for the button. Fast as he can.

PRESSES IT!

Goes to pull the arm back out just as quick...

Unfortunately though, not quickly enough. Right then and there, Johnnie appearing round the side...

CLOCKS THE ARM

On the tail end of its return journey. Loses no time in putting one and one together:

JOHNNIE MAC

Ohh you cheeky little bastard!

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR/MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Anthony WATCHES as Johnnie sets in with the kicking's...

When suddenly...

HIS EYES DO A QUICK START

Flit up the Office wall. Behind the two men. To hold tight on the...

AIR DUCT

From which Anthony is loath to bare witness, to the first, quiet...

SWIRL OF BLACK MIST

...that lightly SEEPS its way, inside the Office.

EXT. COMMAND VEHICLE/NEWMANS 24HR WHOLESALE - SAME

An atmosphere, with all the pizazz of a wet blanket...

Quinn and Malone mooch about outside. Tails between their legs. Try and avoid eye contact where possible.

When from the Command Vehicle's cab...

Their police two way CRACKLES into life:

DESPATCH (O.S.)
 ...Silent alarm triggered at
 Lenehans Cash and Carry.
 Jamesbridge Industrial Estate. All
 units...

Life raft in the middle of the ocean. Quinn and Malone SHARE
 A LOOK...and grab the fucker with both bleedin' hands!!!

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Johnnie, at FULL FURY. A savage sight.

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - SAME

The SOUND of his relentless beating. Overflows from the
 Office. Out onto the shop floor. Workers beginning to get
 spooked. Paudie and the rest in a battle to retain order...

MADZER DAVY
 Shut up! Don't fucking move!

Even their nerves not immune though, to the RACKET he
 creates. Fraying at the edges.

SCUMMY KEV
 Keep still! Keep still! I'm fucking
 warning yah!

Paudie, the one left to bite the bullet, try restore order,
 as he breaks ranks and heads for the Office....

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Beaten, bloodied mess. What's left of the Manager tries to
 crawl away. Not that Johnnie's having any of it...

JOHNNIE MAC
 Ahh don't be trying to leave now,
 sweetheart. Fun's only starting!

Paudie, into the office. Round the desk in a flash. Grabs
 Johnnie by the shoulder.

PAUDIE

Johnnie! For fucks sake!

Johnnie spins, immediately smacks Paudie's hand away. Ready to go eyeball to eyeball. Consumed in his rage. Paudie, takes the wise decision. Back's up a step.

PAUDIE (CONT'D)

Look, listen. OK. OK. It's alright.
We just need to know what's going
on, boss?

JOHNNIE MAC

(As if obvious)

Fucker hit the silent alarm, didn't
he?

Johnnie, can't help himself. Dives down to pull the poor, hapless Manager's head up, point it in Paudie's direction...

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

Didn't you, huh? Go on. Tell him.

...and work the jaw like a ventriloquists dummy.

JOHNNIE MAC (CONT'D)

(Mocking)

"Yes I did, because I'm a dirty
tinkers fuck, so I am!"

Johnnie spits in his face and backhands him upside the ear.

Panic already gripping Paudie on the spot.

PAUDIE

Then Jaysus fucking Christ! The
Guards'll be on their way! We have
to go. Now!

Johnnie, allows himself to stop. Hearing him. Slowly straightens. First sign of something resembles comprehension breaking through.

JOHNNIE MAC

You know, you're right. Yeah. We
do.

PAUDIE

OK then, good. Let's fucking go.

Johnnie nods, turns with Paudie, to have it away, make good their escape...

When...

At the very last second, he whips back round. Jumps in the air. To deliver. One. Final. SICKENING! STAMP! CRUNCH! To the back of the Manager's head. All and any signs of life. Extinguished on hateful impact!

Rage replaced by a perverse, new found sense of relief and relaxation, Johnnie, turns back to Paudie with an easy smile:

JOHNNIE MAC

Now we can go.

I/E. WAREHOUSE FLOOR/MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Anthony, testifier to it all. His attention however, isn't on Paudie and Johnnie as they head for the door...

No. Right now, his mind is fully consumed, by the EXPANDING CLOUD OF BLACK MIST. Snakes down the wall on their leaving...

...compass firmly set for the lifeless heap of the Manager.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

In. Out. Over and through. Steadily the BLACK MIST channels itself about the Manager's body...

Until, at last, the EYES POP BACK OPEN...

...their OPALS OF BLACK laid bare!

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - SAME

Anthony, wits end. Well and truly reached...

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE - SAME

The "MANAGER" rises incrementally, from behind the desk. Leering face. Quick to find and LOCK FAST on Anthony...

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - SAME

The PICK AXE HANDLE falls from Anthony's hands. Drops to the floor with a HOLLOW CLANG...

He starts to hyperventilate. Stagger backwards...

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Nothing but the "MANAGERS" FACE to be found. Dominates all...

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - SAME

Anthony turns, claws his way past the Van and careens out through the broken in shutters. Desperate. Delirious. In his overwhelming need for escape...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Hard into the night. Anthony RUNS. For all he's worth....

Internally, his MIND starts to COME APART AT THE SEAMS...

VOICES spilling forth. RING OUT into the COLD NIGHT AIR all around him...

SMERCONISH (V.O.)
...listen here...you wild eyed
maniac...

THIN MAN (V.O.)
...All belongs to me!...

SIOBHAN (V.O.)
...he's not worth it...

MASUKABI (V.O.)
...iAlejate! iAlejate!...

JOHNNIE MAC (V.O.)
...the world anew...

KIM (V.O.)
...closest thing to a Ma...

HAJIME (V.O.)
...Ribbbbbit!...

Frantic, Anthony strains every fibre for more haste, except...this is one adversary can never be outrun.

EXT. STREET - FURTHER ON - CONTINUOUS

Clear of the Industrial Estate now. Anthony stops. Doubles over. Squeezes his head painfully between his hands.

PATRICIA (V.O.)
...waste of good air...

OUL CRUSTY (V.O.)
...little stuttering fucker...

BRUTE (V.O.)
...flower no pass...

His EYES anxiously comb the area. For somewhere. Anything.
That he can run to...

When...

Something STIRS IN THE SHADOWS across the street. Draws his
attention...

He squints hard. Some kind of...FIGURE. Strangely shaped.
Bulky. Comes closer. Moving into the WEAK LIGHT...

To step out and reveal...

A LIZARD IN A LAB COAT!

HISSES AND SPITS HOSTILE INTENT IN HIS DIRECTION!

Anthony reels in terror! Need for flight never more urgent.
Eyes tripping!

Then he spots it. Stands out to him. Calling, even. Not too
far ahead. Familiar turf...

A BLOCK OF FLATS

...and with no time like the present, he drops his head and
flees for its "safety", with everything he's got.

EXT. COURTYARD/BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT

A SURREAL SEA OF CONCRETE stretches out. Bathed in the SODIUM
VAPORS of the STREET LIGHTS above...

Just waiting for Anthony to come a darting into...

Which he assuredly does. Stops. Makes a QUICK STUDY of the
surrounds. Settles on the DARK HOLLOW towards the rear of
the flats and gets his arse moving again...

EXT. REAR OF FLATS - CONTINUOUS

Anthony rushes full tilt, around a blind corner to...

CRASH HEADFIRST!

Into a small, skinny BOY. No more than seven or eight. Idles quietly, next to his BICYCLE, in the middle of the path.

Anthony upended. Knocked flat on his back by the collision. The Boy untouched and unmoved.

From his position on the ground, ANTHONY'S EYES travel up and over the Boy's form. Come to recognize, the SOFT PURL OF WHITE MIST, spools effortlessly about his person...

Until finally, upon reaching his face, Anthony HEEDS two things:

First, the BOY'S MOUTH IS SEALED COMPLETELY SHUT and second of course, that his EYE'S are...TWO OPALS OF PURE WHITE!

The Boy takes a small, half step towards Anthony. Proffers a hand down. Anthony, not ready though. Panics. Scurries backwards and away...

ANTHONY

N-N-No. G-Get away, l-leave me...

...scrambling to his feet, angle rashly around the Boy and seize away, as fast as he can...

EXT. REAR OF FLATS - FURTHER ALONG - CONTINUOUS

A place beyond even despair now, Anthony tries door after door on the BOARDED UP FLATS he finds back there. Without success. All firmly secured...

When, down at the end of the row. He spots a LOOSE PLANK OF WOOD at the bottom of a door. Flapping in the wind. Godsend!

He dashes for it. Pries and pulls. Just about manages to create a SMALL GAP. Big enough, if he bends and contorts his body, to squeeze through...

INT. ABANDONED FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Anthony collapses inside, onto the floor...

No time for resting on his laurels. Quickly turns and wedges the plank back over, behind him, best he can.

Won't do. Climbing hastily to his feet. He grabs hands on whatever nearby JUNK he can find. Shoves that up to. Tight against the doorway. Full bastion.

Done, he lets himself slink backwards. Deeper. Into the murk of the flat. Allows it to encircle him. EYES, though. Remain steadfast on the door, all the way...

No further he can go, as his back touches against the far wall. Lets himself slide slowly down it. Onto the floor. Knees pulled tight to his chest. As. EYES AGAPE. He awaits the inevitable...

The SILENCE soon broken, by a SOFT RHYTHMIC TAPPING against the outside of the door...

Anthony, buries his head. Hands packing his ears.

ANTHONY

P-p-please n-no. G-go a-away...P-
please. N-no, n-no, n-no...

To which the TAPPING, does. Stops. Easily as it began. SILENCE returned. Anthony, knows better however. Stays where he is. Head still hidden away, rocks himself, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards...

Until he HEARS...

BOY (O.S.)

(Finely)

Anthony.

Head, forced to raise. Look upon the Boy. As expected. Appears before him. Mouth. Lips. Still sealed tight. Nevertheless, his VOICE. Echoes out. Crystal clear to Anthony's ears.

BOY (CONT'D)

Smerconish sent me.

The name. Something of a small balm for Anthony's troubled mind.

BOY (CONT'D)

Can't stay here. No good. Still out there.

ANTHONY

(Warily)

W-what d-do I d-do?

BOY

Same. Always the same. Morning's light. Always a chance.

Again the OFFER OF THE HAND from the Boy...and this time, at least, Anthony...

...REACHES UP AND GRASPS IT.

EXT. REAR OF FLATS - NIGHT

Back out into the night. The Boy leading the way. Anthony, a step behind...

In and out, through the maze of flats, they navigate. Until a...

PATCH OF OPEN GROUND

Waits for them. Pointing the way forward.

The Boy doesn't break stride. Heads straight for it. Not Anthony, but. Again he falters. Something inside dictating. Its grip too tight to break. Holds him fast where he is. Caught between the HALF LIGHT and SHADOWS...

The Boy reaches the centre of the open ground. Alone. Exposed. Turns for Anthony. Finds him where he cowers. Scared. Just long enough for their EYES TO CONNECT when...

THE "MANAGER" STRIKES!

His resurrected form, from out of nowhere. Charges at the Boy. Forces him to the ground...

Anthony recoils. Further back and away. The darkness hemming him in...

The Boy's brief struggle, to little avail. Soon overpowered and subdued by the "Manager's" might and want...

Anthony, unable to turn his face away...

The Boy, from the ground, turns his head. Strives. Once more. To seek Anthony out. Within the murkiness. Have him hear his VOICE:

BOY
Remember. Morning light.

Anthony, tears falling. Gives sign that he has heard...

Only for the "Manager" to follow with the Boy's gaze. Find Anthony for himself. With a FACE contains nothing remotely close to solace, in it's naked intent!!!

Anthony, immediately lurches away from it. Turns and takes flight, all over again...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Away from the Tower Block. Out to the open streets. Anthony thrashes past. Eyes on sprockets. As there and then, all about him, the...

VISIONS FROM HIS DREAMS COME TO LIFE! STALK THE STREETS!

While within the...

CONFINES OF HIS BANJAXED MIND

The memories of their ORIGINAL FOMENTERS, rise from what's left of his addled senses, to SPLICE AND COMPETE for prominence, in the here and now...

VISIONS/FOMENTERS:

HAJIME, complete with furry green frog costume, hops blithely up the middle of the road. The **LIZARD IN HIS LAB COAT**, not far behind...

MATCH CUT TO:

SCENE(S) FROM: THEY LIVE/HELL COMES TO FROGTOWN...80's B MOVIE SFX at it's finest...LIZARD/FROGMEN/ALIENS abound...

BACK TO:

The **MOON**, above in the night sky. It's exterior, filled with the taunting **FACE OF THE THIN MAN**...

MATCH CUT TO:

SCENE(S) FROM: BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA...it's villian LO PAN, takes centre stage...

BACK TO:

The **ONE EYED BRUTE** charges forward. **SPIKED MACE** swinging wildly above his head...

MATCH CUT TO:

SCENES(S) FROM: SALUTE TO THE JUGGER/THE ROAD WARRIOR...their POST APOCALYPTIC WASTELANDS...and the rag tag bunch of JUGGERS, MOHAWKERS AND SMEGA CRAZIES that populate them...

BACK TO:

The "piece de resistance"...Up ahead of Anthony...props himself up casually, on a low wall...**COWBOY BOOTS** crossed at the ankles...

SMERCONISH
Hey partner!

MATCH CUT TO:

80's LEGENDS: Kurt Russell and Rowdy Roddy Piper...in their John Carpentered, matinee idol primes...mulletts at the ready...

BACK TO:

Anthony spins helplessly. Round and round. Lost in a WORLD WHIRLS INCESSANTLY out of his control...

Midst of the MAELSTROM. A moments peace. EYE OF THE STORM. Peering out through its HAZE, Anthony manages to notice...

AN APPARITION

Hovers over near the ENTRANCE TO A PARK. Across the street.

The Apparition certainly female in form, yet still, frustratingly vague in its true definition. It BECKONS Anthony, forwards, towards it...

Anthony wavers, unsure...

When suddenly...

The Spectre BLANCHES. Starts to GESTURE urgently. Down the street, behind Anthony...

He turns. Looks. Past all his other DREAMS and NIGHTMARES. Clear as day...

THE "MANAGER"

Relentless. Pushing forward. Absolute in his single minded pursuit.

Anthony returns to the Apparition. Again she calls him on. To her. Ready to show the way. When on, into the park, she disappears.

Anthony, makes his choice. Wavers no longer...

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

On and through the park, the Apparition travels. With effortless grace. Further and further...

At all times, just managing to remain, ever so tantalizingly out of the trailing Anthony's reach and identification...

He slips and gropes his way further along in her thrall. She, the only hope for LIGHT in the DARKNESS attacks all sides.

Until, far enough. Destination reached. Responsibility fulfilled. She turns at length. Faces Anthony. All around turned still and quiet. Then simply...

FADES AWAY INTO THE ETHER

Before Anthony had the chance to truly know. All that's left behind. The "haven" for which she guided him...

A SMALL DILAPIDATED PUBLIC TOILET

Anthony, looks from it, to throw a nervous glance, back over his shoulder. Finds nothing but the...

COLD AND EMPTY DISQUIET

...of the park's four corners waiting for him.

Nothing for it, but to trust, he takes the plunge.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - CONTINUOUS

Anthony bursts in through the door. Skids across the wet floor. Stops himself. Eyes on a swivel. Met by the very definition of a dead end...

Except, wait, is he...

A LONE TOILET STALL

Off in the corner. Rickety wooden door. Half open. CREAKS on its hinges. Bidding him.

What choice?

Anthony lunges for it, slings himself inside and SNAPS the bolt shut behind...

INT. TOILET STALL - CONTINUOUS

Anthony perches on the edge of the toilet seat. Eyes hopping. Lost for the next step...

He works to try and get his breathing under control. Little joy. Eyes absently, in their panic, falling to a SPOT OF GRAFFITI, decorates the inside of the toilet door...

ON TOILET DOOR:

THINGS I HATE:**1: VANDALISM****2: IRONY****3: LISTS**

Anthony stares blankly at it. No reaction.

Until at last, something does click inside his head. A fevered search of his pockets ensues. Their CONTENTS spilled out, across the stall floor, in his hurry...

ON FLOOR:

Tobacco pouch - Rolling Papers - Nokia Phone - Drug Baggies - Macho Man Action Figure - Tablet Blister Packs - Cigarette Lighter.

The DRUG BAGGIES. First port of call. Anthony picks them up. Promptly scours his fingers along the insides. For any and every, tiny residue, that might remain. Then rubs the fingers desperately into his nostrils and SNUFFS HARD...

No effect. So next it's to the BLISTER PACKS. Non starter to begin with. All popped completely empty anyway. Throws them away in disgust...

Maybe a cigarette. Help calm the nerves. Tries, but his hands shake so badly, rolling is next to impossible. The TOBACCO POUCH dropped and spilled from his lap.

Fresh out of ideas. Chooses the most familiar and easily available option to him of course. GIVES UP. Closes his eyes. Drops his head. Shakes it side to side. Lets his fists beat against it. More and more violently. That old SILENT SCREAM building up inside...

But this time however, before it can reach its pinnacle, he HEARS:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Another little pity party for
yourself, that it?

Anthony's head shoots up. Eyes straight for the door. Remains firmly bolted shut.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Down here dipshit.

And down Anthony looks...

To be greeted by the unholy sight of...

THE MACHO MAN RANDY SAVAGE ACTION FIGURE! SPRUNG FRESH TO LIFE!

Stands square up. Hands on hips. With a grin plastered across his mug, says, he's the man not only ate all the shit...but you better believe came back for seconds!

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE
Ooooooh, Yeahhh!!!

Anthony flattens himself against the cistern. Far back as he can.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)
Hell of a pickle you got yourself
in, kid. And that ain't no lie...

Words failing. Anthony, couldn't look away if his life depended on it.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)
Unjustifiably jus-ti-fi-able.
Justifiably un-just? Ooooooh,
yeahhh!!! There's the rub!
But...you're forgetting the cream,
kid. Don't ever do that. No sir.
The cream. Always rises to the top.

The Macho Man begins to loosen up. Pimps and preens across the piss spattered tile. Drops a pop and roll into his shoulders as he goes.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE
So we've seen the cards and the
verdicts in. (Beat) Ha! They
stacked against yah like a
motherfucker! So? What else is new?
Hell, think you're the first? What
are you waiting for? There's the
door? Take off on another one of
your runs, why don't 'cha? One more
ain't gonna matter. Is it? Seems to
be all you good for. Run and hide.
Hide and run. Next hole for you to
climb into can't be too far along
down the road.

Macho gives him the hard stare. Then. SPRING BOUNCES OFF THE WALLS. Uses them to propel himself up. Land on the BOG ROLL DISPENSER. Next to Anthony's head.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)

Or here's an idea. How about you
just reach on down and grow a
fucking pair?

Anthony's already furrowed brow, creases even more. Fear and confusion.

While The Macho Man throws his head back and LAUGHS stridently.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)

I know harsh and simplistic, right?
But what did you expect? I ain't
called The Macho Man for nothing.

He takes a moment to get himself comfortable. Sits down. Edge of the dispenser. Little legs dangling over the side. Kicking heels.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)

(Lower)

Thing is for some folk kid, harsh and simple is all there is. This life ain't gonna brook any other luxury. No way. No how. Maybe only victory you really get? Chance to look that big bad, right back in it's ugly eye one time, tell it, fuck you, I ain't breaking.

Anthony stays silent. Stares off.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)

Yeah, some real bad shit happened to you. (Pause) Ain't no doubt, kid. Ain't. No. Fucking. Doubt. Believe me, I know. Put you lying down here on the mat a minute. (Pause) Thing is though, you still got what it takes, kid. In there. I seen it. Just needs to be channelled right is all. Get you on your way, crawling across the ring, grab hold of a rope or two and start climbing.

Anthony, still far away inside. Effort to get his mouth working:

ANTHONY

I-I d-d-do...

Stops himself dead. Takes a deep breath. Fights hard for focus. This time:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
I don't get any of it.

A quiet smile from the Macho Man.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE
There. We. Go. A beginning. All else to follow. (Laughs) Who really does kid? You ask me? Some just got a better line in buying the bullshit they sling is all. Don't bother to stop and look back as they go along. I don't know. Maybe that's the way to do it. Because I tell yah one thing for sure, sometimes it just hurts too damn much to know and feel in this world.

He hunkers a little closer to Anthony.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)
You wanna know the hardest thing in life, kid? Breaking the habit. No, not just that junk and shit down there you been messing with. All of it. In it's many ugly ass shapes and disguises. As much the head as in the hand. See it don't just deaden the mind awhile. No. Eventually, you let it, that habit son of a bitch will stifle the spirit whole...and you won't even realize.

Macho cranks and rolls his neck out. Continues.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)
What then? When you can't hear what you need to, inside yourself? What then? Well, I ain't no soothsayer, kid, but I'd say you got three choices, when all's said and done. You rage and hate. Wail and bitch. Let it eat you up. Till there's nothing left. You can withdraw. Run away. A new splash of paint will make it all better, won't it? (Pause) Or. Number three. You strain that ear even harder. Deep down inside.

(MORE)

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)

Till you hear it tell you what you know to be right. No matter how tough. No matter how hard it might be. You *choose* to listen to the motherfucker. Truthfully. Then? When you know? When you really know? Goddamn it kid! Thennnn! You let that cry out. You let it be heard. Hell, fill the skies with them I say!

Anthony looks upon his unlikely sage.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)

Choices, kid. Hard and tough. What we are. Which one you gonna be? Hell, you know better than most, plenty enough of the other kind sucking air round these parts already. When you make up your mind on that, all else...lap of the Gods kid, lap of the Gods.

The Macho Man, spreads his arms.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)

No one or nothing but you. No junk. No tea and sympathy. Even a chesty, fine bit of fine. No siree. None of them worth a damn thing, not until you find what you need to. All. By. Yourself. (Pause) Past is always gonna be there kid. Can't change it. No matter how much we'd like to. Trick is, not to get trapped or lost inside it no more. I know, easier said than done...but then most things usually are.

The Macho Man jumps down from the dispenser. Stands front and centre of Anthony once again.

MACHO MAN ACTION FIGURE (CONT'D)

When all's said and done kid, it ain't nothing but a "cup of coffee in the majors". The whole damn thing. Over before you know it. (Pause) Time now to make your choice. So, what's it gonna be? Face down on the mat? Or get to climbing that turnbuckle? (Softly) Ooooooh, yeahhhhh!!! Can. You. Dig it!?!?

And with that he falls silent, back to his inanimate state.
Anthony, left alone, to weigh the question.

EXT. SKY - PRE-DAWN

The NEW DAY about to begin its bleed into the LAST OF THE NIGHT across Dublin...

EXT. PARK - PRE-DAWN

FROM HIGH ABOVE WE WATCH...

The "Manager" HAUNT the parks environs...

EXT. TREE TOP - PARK - SAME

ANTHONY'S EYES...

For the first time since we met. Truly alive. Strength and purpose within them. Tracks the "Manager's" every movement below...

Until, he closes them at large. Savors a deep breath inside...

As WE...

CUT TO:

RAPID FIRE MONTAGE OF SHOTS:

A) Planet Earth as seen from space...

B) Neon lights of Tokyo...

C) Amazon Rainforest...

D) A LUAS TRAM...Elderly Gentleman at the window...

E) Glass Pipe, powder inside BUBBLES & VAPORS...

F) Kim, his sister, with daughter Megan. Quietly feeding ducks by a pond...soon to be joined with a hug, by husband Darren.

G) Various 80's MOVIE CLIPS; Predator; They Live; Blade Runner; Salute of the Jugger; Tango & Cash etc all flash by...

H) WrestleMania 3. Pontiac Silverdome March 29 1987...Macho Man Randy Savage...ascends to the top rope...poised...in front of 90,000 screaming, adoring fans...

I) LENEHANS CASH & CARRY...SIRENS BLARE all around...Quinn & Malone lead the GARDA SURGE...into the Industrial Estate they SCREECH...Johnnie, Paudie and the rest...cornered like rats in a trap...every man for himself...

J) Siobhan, stayed, in her childhood bedroom...waits for a phone that won't ring...

K) Patricia, alone at the table in her fancy kitchen...another glass of wine to drown it with...

L) Foster mother, Evelyn, up close...SMILES...

M) DUBLIN CITY, in her everlasting glory...warts and all...

BACK TO:

Anthony...

OPENS HIS EYES

To see the "Manager". Stands at the base of his tree. When finally, the mans akin features, FULLY COALESCE AND FORM, into those of the real villain...

BROTHER KILLIAN

Gloats and leers his EVIL up towards Anthony.

This time though, Anthony Keogh will not be found wanting. Ohh no! Will not cower. Falter. Run away or hide. No. Instead he pulls himself up to his full height...

Atop a tree. In the middle of a shitty park. In nowhereville Dublin City. For the...

WORLD TO BARE WITNESS!

Clothes abandoned! Stripped right down to nothing but a pair of ill fitting, dirty jocks and the runners he wears on his feet. T-shirt tied tight about his head into a makeshift bandana. By way of Macho tribute...

Pale skinned. Bony framed. Yet I tell you he...

POSITIVELY GLOWS

...in the faint, pre dawn light.

Slowly rising both string bean arms. Triumphantly aloft above his head. He LOCKS EYES with his TORMENT, lurks below, one final time...

To LOUDLY EXCLAIM, out, into the far reaches of the COSMOS...

ANTHONY
Ooooooh, yeahhh!!!

...before out from the tree he...

LEAPS...

TO SAIL MAJESTICALLY THROUGH THE AIR...

FOR THE GREAT UNKNOWN BELOW...

As the IMAGE and all around it DRAW STILL...

...for it's PORTRAIT..."?????"...to be...

...FOREVER FROZEN IN TIME AND PLACE.

DISSOLVE TO:

I/E. POFFO RESIDENCE - LARGO, FLORIDA - DAY

Randy Mario Poffo a.k.a. The Macho Man Randy Savage. Dressed down in what passes for his everyday wear. Conducts an ON CAMERA SHOOT INTERVIEW by his outdoor deck, for Inside Wrestling Magazine. Circa 2001...

RANDY MARIO POFFO
...that's just whatever it is,
we'll find out when life's over,
whatever, reflecting on it, what
happens and why it happens...I
don't believe in taking anything to
the grave, you know what I mean?...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.

