

REBEL CITY

Written by

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A dial tone RINGS -- again. And again.

OVER BLACK;

The receiver CLICKS --

SEAMUS (V.O.)
... I know, I know.

JONJO (V.O.)
Where the fuck are you, Seamus?

No reaction.

JONJO (V.O.)
Your flight landed four hours ago.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
Wasn't on it.

JONJO (V.O.)
I didn't hear that.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
I... I ran into some bother, okay?
Needed to sell the ticket--

JONJO (V.O.)
Do you understand the severity of
this situation, brother?

SEAMUS (V.O.)
Ah Jesus, don't be like that.

JONJO (V.O.)
Is this a fuckin' joke to you?

SEAMUS (V.O.)
Course it's not. I had something
come up, is all.

JONJO (V.O.)
He'll die. You hear me? He's gonna
fuckin' die. I need you here, now.

A long silence.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
Send me through some more cash,
I'll be on the next flight over.

JONJO (V.O.)
I'll come get you.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
That's ridiculous.

JONJO (V.O.)
You at home?

SEAMUS (V.O.)
Yer in London Jonjo. You just gonna
pop over to Cork and pick me up are
yer? I'm not a feckin' kid, boyo.

JONJO (V.O.)
Are you at home?

SEAMUS (V.O.)
(beat, then)
I am, yes.

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

START ON -- A RAIN SPLATTERED WINDOW

Reflected in it: The troubled FACE of JONJO FAGAN, late 30s.

JONJO
(checks his watch)
Right, it's 4pm. Flight permitting,
I'll be with you by 8 o'clock.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
8 yer say? Can it be later? There's
something I've gotta do first.

JONJO
I'll be at yer house for 8 o'clock.
And you'll be ready to go, with yer
bags packed. Do you understand me?

No reaction.

JONJO
You owe me, Seamus.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
I know, brother. I know.

JONJO
Then don't let me down.

Hangs up.

POP WIDE --

Jonjo slumps down on a bench. Strong and resolute by nature,
he has the haunted look of a man in deep despair.

Nurses and patients scuttle past him as we -- PRELAP:

ERIN (V.O.)
There's no other way?

JONJO (V.O.)
What would you have me do?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

We see a bed. On one side. Jonjo. The other, his wife ERIN.
They are comforting their ailing son DYLAN, no more than 7 years old. Laughing and joking. Nothing but love.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Jonjo and Erin are lent against opposite walls of a corridor.

ERIN
You can't go back there.

JONJO
You heard what the doctors said. We don't get that transplant, he's--

ERIN
There's got to be another way.
Can't we just send him more money?

JONJO
And have him spend it again? Or make up some nonsense about why he wasn't able to fly over in time?

A silent moment. Finally:

ERIN
I can't lose you both.

Jonjo peels off the wall, approaches her.

She nestles her head in his chest.

JONJO
Nobody's losing anything.

Erin pulls away. There's love here but it's broken.

ERIN
... Sounds like you've already made your mind up.

JONJO
We're running out of time, Erin.
Dylan is running out of time. We can't just sit around hoping for some kind of miracle to happen.

ERIN
We've still got a couple of days.
He's top of the waiting list.

JONJO
Seamus is a match. He's two hours
away. He can fix our little boy.

Erin ponders for a beat -- hates the idea of this.

ERIN
(sighs, nods)
Okay.

JONJO
I'll be back by midday tomorrow.

ERIN
We'll be waiting.

Jonjo stares at her for a beat. Wants to pull her close and say more, knows he can't. Not right now.

Jonjo nods goodbye, stomps down the corridor.

ERIN
Call me when you land.

JONJO
(calls back)
Always.

We hold on Erin as she watches Jonjo walk away. Uncertain if he's ever coming back...

BLACK. MAIN TITLES:

REBEL CITY

EXT. CORK AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jonjo strides out of the exit. Flags down a cab. Hops in.
The car pulls away...

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Jonjo stares out the window. Pensive.

EXT. CORK - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The city skyline sparkles. Alive. Vibrant.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER LEE - NIGHT

We track Jonjo's taxi as it drives alongside the River Lee guiding us into Rebel City.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Crossing St. Patrick's bridge...

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

... Jonjo stares out, the scenery flashing past. Memories of yesteryear coming back. The city lights coming into view, as:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The taxi enters the city centre. Coasting past:

1: City Hall.

2: Shandon Steeple.

3: Quadrangle in UCC.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A residential street. Quiet. Parked cars hug the curbs.

Jonjo's taxi rounds a corner, pulling up outside a row of old houses. In serious need of an upgrade.

EXT. SEAMUS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jonjo RAPS on the door. All the lights are off.

He peers through the front window. No movement.

Checks his watch.

JONJO

Prick.

EXT. SEAMUS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jonjo scrambles over the fence.

Lands on a pile of rubbish bins. Causing a CLATTER.

JONJO

Fuck's sake!

Scrambles to his feet. His clothes covered in grime. Rotten food. Wipes down his trousers.

Catches sight of a neighbour staring down at him from her bedroom window. Jonjo offers her a polite nod.

Glances the empty yard. Spies a row of garden gnomes. His face softens -- moves over. Seven ornaments on display.

Picks up:

JONJO
... Dopey.
(sighs)
Nothing changes eh, Seamus.

Around the neck of the 'dopey' gnome -- a house key.

INT. SEAMUS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A basic kitchen. Jonjo lets himself in. Flicks the light switch -- nothing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

... Shuffles his way in. Knocking his knee against some furniture in the process. Yells in frustration.

Feels the walls. Finds a light switch.

And now we see the living room. A throwback to the 70s. Floral wallpaper. The room cluttered with odd looking ornaments of ducks. Plastic sheets cover the dated couches.

Black and white photograph's adorn the walls. Sixty years of family memories. Wedding pictures of the Fagan clan.

Nobody familiar to us. Until;

Jonjo's eyes settle on a picture of him and his two siblings. SEAMUS and ANN MARIE. The happiness of youth.

He places it back gently on the mantelpiece.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jonjo stands at the foot of the stairs.

JONJO
Seamus?

No reaction.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jonjo hovers in the doorway.

His face lit up by a florescent light strip, flickering over a batch of cannabis plants in the corner of the room.

To the side of this:

An unkempt bed. Crushed beer cans, used up vodka bottles and stumped cigarette's piled up high on an ash stained plate.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jonjo takes a piss.

Turns to wash his hands. His attention zeroes in on the bathroom mirror. Scribbled in marker pen:

READS: *Tintin. 6pm.*

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jonjo plugs a lava lamp in. Lights up the room. Makes himself a cup of tea. Phone to his ear.

JONJO
(into receiver)
You're a cunt. Hear me?
(checks his watch)
... It's 8.15. I said bags packed.
Ready to go. Call me back, no
excuses. I'm not interested in 'em.
Just... Just hurry up, yeah?

Hangs up.

Sips his tea. Spits it out. Checks the milk. Out of date.

A RAP at the door.

JONJO
'bout fuckin' time.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jonjo stomps over to the door. Another RAP. More aggressive.

JONJO
Just use yer feckin' key--

Opens it, as--

-- CRACK! -- a fist to the face. Jonjo reels backwards into the wall. His tea flies everywhere.

Before he can blink--

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- He's dragged into the living room.

A flurry of heavy blows to his face and body. In a spin. Disorientated. Hard to see clearly. As--

-- Jonjo HITS the ground. Hard.

Three brooding men eyeball fucking him.

BOGDAN, leader of the pack. A face of a thousand thieves. All tattoos, scars and a permanent scowl spits at him.

JONJO
Get yer fuckin' hands off me!

BOGDAN
(growls)
Where is she?

JONJO
D'yer hear what I said?

BOGDAN
I asked you a question.

JONJO
And I answered.

Bogdan HEADBUTTS him. Jonjo's head SLAMS into the carpet, blood pours from his nose. Dazed. Hurt.

Bogdan whips out a hammer, raises his hand, when:

The second man steps in. This is Bogdan's brother VICTOR.

VICTOR
Wait. It's not him.

Bogdan hesitates. Steps back. His gaze ice cold.

BOGDAN
You sure?

VICTOR
Seamus is not so... Jowly.

Jonjo wipes his face, blinking fast. Scurries up against the wall -- takes in the three faces.

The third man loiters by the door. Watching silently. He's the youngest of them. And the smartest. This is RAVI.

Bogdan perches on the end of a chair. Lights up a smoke.

BOGDAN
You a thief?

JONJO
I'm sure as shite not 'jowly'.

Bogdan chuckles, studies him.

Jonjo dabs his nose.

BOGDAN
Nothing here for you, thief.

JONJO
Couldn't agree more.

BOGDAN
Go.

Jonjo scrambles to his feet. Moves towards the door--

-- Ravi steps forward. Blocks Jonjo's path. Eyeballs him.

RAVI
He's not a thief.
(off Bogdan's look)
The photographs.

Bogdan strolls over to the mantelpiece. His eyes settle on the same image we saw earlier -- Jonjo, Seamus and Ann Marie.

BOGDAN
You're a liar...
(stares at him)
And a coward, huh?

JONJO
Be that as it may, boyo. I'm not
the one bringing two donkeys and a
fuckin' hammer to a remonstratation.

They share a strong willed glare. Hard to know which way this is gonna go. Finally:

Bogdan tosses the photograph.

Steps into Jonjo's space.

BOGDAN
Where's Seamus?

JONJO
You tell me.

BOGDAN
(smiles, then)
So you're the big bad brother he
shoots his mouth off about...?

JONJO

(shrugs)

Sorry to disappoint you fella but
as yer can see, I'm not big. I'm
certainly not bad and if he doesn't
show his ugly face soon enough I'm
not gonna be his brother either.

Suddenly Victor and Ravi move in behind Jonjo, slamming him
up against the wall.

Bogdan stares at his cigarette. Ponders.

BOGDAN

Give him a message from me. Tell
him he has until midnight to return
Florenta to our camp for her
wedding or we'll find him and rip
his balls off with her dead mouth.

Jonjo's eyes are fixed on the cigarette.

JONJO

Not a problem. I can do that.

(then)

Who shall I say left the message?

Bogdan burns the cigarette into Jonjo's hand. He does his
best not to squirm, no good -- too hard to hide the pain.

Bogdan leans in closer.

BOGDAN

(whispers)

Bogdan.

Victor and Ravi toss him to the floor.

They stomp out.

BOGDAN

(calls back)

Midnight.

Jonjo staggers to his feet.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

... Stumbles to the sink. Runs the cold water.

Sticks his hand under the tap. Grimaces. The pain easing.

Whips out his phone. Dials.

JONJO

(into receiver)

Seamus, Seamus, Seamus, voicemail again... So you know how I said you were a cunt? Well, I take that back. You're beyond cuntish.

(wipes his bloody nose)

See, I just had the pleasure of meeting Bogdan. Delightful fuckin' chap... Gotta say, it's nice to see you're making new friends, brother. Now for the love of God call me back and get yer bony arse home!

Hangs up.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jonjo sits in silence. A plaster across his broken nose. Staring up at the clock. Almost 9pm.

Jumps to his feet, pacing. Irrked.

His eyes settle on the family photograph of him, Seamus and Ann Marie on the floor.

JONJO

(sighs, sotto)

Must be off my fuckin' rocker.

Storms out the house...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

... Down the drive. Stopping short of the road. Lights up a smoke. His eyes finding a blacked out four wheel drive.

It's nestled in amongst a line of parked cars.

The slightest of movements from inside the vehicle. Hard to see clearly -- SILHOUETTED FIGURES fidget...

A cigarette lights up -- its small flame softly swelling in the darkness.

Jonjo stares over for a lingering beat, turns;

-- marches down the road.

An engine GRUMBLES to life. The car's headlights awaken.

Jonjo keeps marching, senses movement. Ignoring it.

Behind him:

The car crawls along, watching. Stalking.

Jonjo picks up the pace...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

... Rounds a corner, walking faster and faster...

The 4X4 turns. Still following, as:

Jonjo drops his smoke, darts left--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

-- SMASHES open a wooden gate.

Sprints down a cobbled alleyway. Tight. Claustrophobic.

Weaving his way through dustbins and second hand clutter.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

... Emerges out the other side. Breathless.

Shuffles to the corner of the road.

Peers round--

-- The 4X4 motoring down the road. Coming towards him.

Jonjo -- thinking fast.

Rolls under a nearby parked car. Waits. Anxious.

EXT. UNDER THE PARKED CAR - NIGHT

The 4X4's engine PURRING loudly as it closes in.

Pulling to a stop right outside the alleyway.

Suddenly Jonjo's phone RINGS.

He quickly fumbles it free from his pocket.

SCREEN READS: Erin -- *her face as the caller ID.*

Cancels the call. Hits silent.

Watches on. Tense. Staring at the 4x4's shiny wheels.

The car door opens. A pair of RED BOOTS drop down. Stride over to the alleyway. Stopping by the gated wooden exit.

VOICE (O.S.)
(from the inside the car)
Whatcha see?

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

Nothing.

Red Boots marches back towards the car.

Jonjo's eyes track their every move.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)

He won't have got far.

Red Boots climbs back into the car. SLAMS the door shut.

... The 4X4 pulls away.

Jonjo, frozen to the spot, waits until it's nothing but silence. Lets out a huge sigh of relief.

Dials Erin. Straight to voicemail...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jonjo strides along, on edge. Eyes bouncing all directions, searching for the 4X4.

Stops outside a semi-detached house. The porch light is on. Has one more look around. Coast is clear.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

... Approaches the house.

RAPS on the door.

After a moment a FIGURE opens up. This is MAUREEN, early 30s. Her wide grinning smile fades the instant she sees Jonjo.

JONJO

Maureen.

Lost for words.

JONJO

My sister home?

Maureen, collecting herself -- nods.

JONJO

Why'd she not answer the door?

MAUREEN

She's... She's in the back room.

Jonjo nods, steps past.

Maureen -- too slow to react.

MAUREEN
No, wait Jonjo, yer can't--

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Pitch black.

FOOTSTEPS.

Maureen's muffled voice growing louder, as:

The door swings open. Suddenly the lights switch on.

CHORUS OF VOICES
SURPRISE!!!

And silence.

Jonjo takes in the room.

Well decorated. Balloons on display. A colourful cake in the middle of a lavishly set dinner party.

Overhead, a banner is draped across the table:

READS: *Happy Birthday Michael...*

Blank faces of varying ages stare at Jonjo.

His eyes finding:

ANN MARIE FLANNAGAN, early 30s. Kind face. Bright eyes.

She's clutching a camera, aimed directly at her brother. Slowly she lowers it. Greeting him with a hardened stare.

JONJO
Sorry, I...
(then)
Can we ta--

MAUREEN
We're busy.

JONJO
Wasn't talking to you, Maureen.
(to Ann Marie)
It'll just take a minute.

Ann Marie just stares. Immovable.

JONJO
... I'm looking for Seamus.

ANN MARIE
(coldly)
What happened to yer face?

JONJO

Nose job.

ANN MARIE

Definitely an improvement, Jonjo.

BERNIE FLANNAGAN, 70s, lights a cigarette. Leans over to Maureen's husband PADRAIG, 40s. A balding, gentle faced man.

BERNIE

(loudly)

Jonjo... Padraig, is this the rotter who killed her baby?

PADRAIG

Bernie, shh.

Jonjo locks eyes with Padraig. He smiles hello, awkward.

JONJO

Is that what you're telling people?

Ann Marie lowers her eyes.

MAUREEN

... She hasn't told people anything that wasn't true.

JONJO

Keep yer opinions to yerself, love. This is a family matter.

MAUREEN

You don't frighten me, arsehole.

JONJO

Oh we're sharing thoughts now are we? 'Cos I've got plenty of stories about you that Padraig here might wanna hear... *'Mucky Maureen'*...

MAUREEN

Shut yer mouth, Jonjo!

PADRAIG

No need for that kinda talk.
(off Maureen's glare)
From the both of you, I mean.

Silence. Until:

ANN MARIE

Maureen's more of a sister to me than you've ever been a brother.
(then)

As for Seamus, I don't know where he is and quite frankly, he can be dying in a gutter for all I care.

Padraig hears something, moves over to the door. Listens.

PADRAIG

Sorry folks, can we keep it down?
(off everybody's look)
Michael's gonna be here soon.

MAUREEN

Oh shut up Padraig, you big feckin'
blow horn. 'Cos of you he already
knows about the bloody party--

ANN MARIE

He already knows?

PADRAIG

Ah Jesus, Maureen, yer weren't
meant to tell her!

ANN MARIE

You'd have thought four people
could keep a secret. It's hardly a
plot to kill fuckin' hitler!

PADRAIG

You didn't want him coming home
early. It was tricky to explain.

MAUREEN

And to be fair to my Padraig, he
was only looking out for Michael.
(off Ann Marie's look)
Yer wouldn't let him have his keys.

PADRAIG

Aye, he was worried. Thought you
were up to no good. Told me he was
gonna sneak in through a window.

BERNIE

My nephew might be a simple lad but
even he knows something's afoot
when yer taking his keys, love.
(stumps out her smoke)
... Could yer not have just changed
the locks or something?

Jonjo pours himself a drink.

JONJO

(scoffs)
Can see it now... Michael hunting
down yer Mediterranean lover with a
Flannagan's cornetto in his hand.

Ann Marie swipes the drink off him. Downs it.

A beat. Eyeball fucking him. Then:

ANN MARIE

Get out.

JONJO

We need to talk.

(steps in, quietly)

In private. Please.

ANN MARIE

Maybe tomorrow.

JONJO

Has to be now.

ANN MARIE

Shame.

They trade strong willed glares. Movement behind.

The group hang their heads, as:

PADRAIG

... Oh shite.

MICHAEL FLANNAGAN loitering in the doorway, 40, timid by nature. He's sporting a goatee and glasses.

Bernie pulls a party popper.

BERNIE

Surprise you old bastard!

MICHAEL

... Front door was open. I knocked.
Quite a few times, actually.

Catches sight of Jonjo. Visibly stiffens.

MICHAEL

(nods hello)

Jonjo...

JONJO

Nice goatee there, Michael.

Michael shifts, uncomfortable.

Ann Marie moves over, holds the door open.

ANN MARIE

As yer can see this is a family
affair and you're clearly not
welcome, Jonjo. So do what you do
best eh and fuck off...

JONJO

Not leaving without answers. I need
to find Seamus. It's important.

(MORE)

JONJO (CONT'D)

(then)

And if this is a so-called 'family affair' then where exactly are our fuckin' family? Dad, Seamus... You too good for 'em all nowadays?

ANN MARIE

... Just leave us alone.

JONJO

Aye that's it, isn't it? Yer still a stuck up cow. Same as ever.

ANN MARIE

I won't ask you again.

(off his defiance)

Get out of my fuckin' house!

Ann Marie grabs a kitchen knife off the side.

JONJO

(growls)

Go on then. Make me.

She charges at Jonjo -- *who doesn't move*.

Padraig and Maureen leap in front, pulling her back.

MAUREEN

Ann Marie, stop it!

Holding her up against the wall.

ANN MARIE

Who do yer think you are? Who in God's name do yer think you are?! Yer turn up here, like nothing... Like nothing happened. Ten fuckin' years, Jonjo. Ten years and not a letter. Not a phone call. Nothing.

(voice cracking)

Strolling into my home. All blasé. Calm as a feekin' monk. And after what went on...

(crying, then)

... So where have yer been, Jonjo? Were you ashamed, is that it? I mean yer didn't even come to her funeral. We had second cousins carrying mam's coffin...

Jonjo lowers his eyes. This lands. Hard.

ANN MARIE

(beat, then)

I'm okay. Let me be.

Padraig and Maureen release her.

Ann Marie -- calmer now. Places the knife down.

Steps in closer.

ANN MARIE

Where were you whilst she lay there
dying in a dingy fuckin' hospital
bed? After that arsehole Magee and
his scumbag pal Cormac--

MICHAEL

Ann Marie. Enough.

She locks eyes with Michael. His voice firm. Shakes his head.

After a long moment, she relents. Goes over to the side and
pours herself a large scotch.

ANN MARIE

(sotto)

Yer a fuckin' disgrace of a man.

MICHAEL

Follow me, Jonjo.

(off his doubt)

There's a pub not far from here
where your brother hangs out.

JONJO

Appreciate that. Thanks.

Michael exits.

JONJO

(to the room)

Sorry for the interruption.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Michael steps outside. Jonjo follows...

ANN MARIE (O.S.)

You seen dad?

Turns -- Ann Marie is standing in the doorway. Clutching her
tumbler. Cold eyes.

Jonjo shakes his head, no.

ANN MARIE

He's not getting any younger.

Ann Marie refuses to look away. Sips her drink.

Jonjo rummages inside his jacket. Whips out a photograph.

JONJO

... Dylan.

(off her confusion)

That's yer nephew's name. He's in a bad way. I don't find Seamus, he won't make it through the week.

Places the photograph on the side.

JONJO

For your family album.

(holds her gaze)

I'm sorry I couldn't visit under better circumstances...

Steps outside.

Ann Marie stomps down the hall. SLAMS the door shut. Finishes her drink. Her eyes finding the photograph.

She stares at it. At Dylan and Erin.

After a long moment, her face softens. There's a genuine love hiding underneath her hardened shell. Family's family.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jonjo climbs in. The engine is running. Michael's eyes are on the road. Tense. Pulls off...

They drive in silence. Finally:

JONJO

Happy birthday by the way.

MICHAEL

Cheers.

JONJO

How's work?

MICHAEL

Grand.

JONJO

That's good. Economy being the way it is and all.

MICHAEL

And you? Can't imagine there's much industry for '*cricket bat*' carrying debt collectors over in London.

Jonjo skirts the dig. Politely smiles.

JONJO

No. They use phones over there.
They're a very advanced city.

(then)

... I'm a journalist nowadays.

MICHAEL

Sport or gossip?

JONJO

Political affairs.

Michael yawns, leans over to the radio, turns on some classical music. Drowns out any chance of a conversation.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

The splattering's of homes dotted around vast fields on the outskirts of Cork. The city's skyline in clear view.

Beyond a row of hedges:

Michael's car approaches an old country pub. Pulls up nearby.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Turns off the engine.

Jonjo glances out the window. His face softens.

JONJO

Sure this is the place?

MICHAEL

Aye. Yer know of it then?

JONJO

(nods)

Dad brought me here for my first
pint. Didn't want me mam to know.

Michael leans across to the backseat, rummages.

Reveals a handgun.

Trains it on Jonjo -- he just stares. Gives nothing away.

JONJO

Did I miss something here?

MICHAEL

(softly)

I've... I've thought about this
moment for a long time. What I'd
say to you. How I'd do it. Jesus,
the rage inside me. Lasted years.

JONJO

I'm sor--

MICHAEL

Sorry? Means nothing to me.

JONJO

I understand that you're upset,
that you want someone to blame but
I don't have time for this. My boy--

MICHAEL

Boy?! You've got some nerve saying
that to me. My boy would have been
10 next birthday. 10... He'd be
going off to big school soon.

The comment hangs in the air for a beat.

JONJO

(quietly)

Wasn't my fault Michael and you
know it. You really gonna shoot me
for something somebody else did?

MICHAEL

You can't talk your way outta this!

And silence. Michael's gun hand shaking slightly.

Jonjo's eyes narrow.

JONJO

... Is that Ann Marie's?

MICHAEL

(beat, then)

It is, aye.

JONJO

Ah...

MICHAEL

What?

JONJO

She won't be happy 'bout you waving
that thing around in public.

Michael hesitates.

JONJO

Think about it. You go shooting her
brother without her knowing. Not to
mention using her own gun to do it,
she's gonna go fuckin' mental.

(then)

She could lose her job over this.

MICHAEL

Her job? I've got a gun pointed at your face Jonjo and you're talking about her losing her feckin' job?

JONJO

I'm serious. That's a registered gun. Police handler's only.

MICHAEL

Are you hearing yourself?

JONJO

Loud and clear, brother. Are you? You drive an ice cream van. You're hardly Tony fuckin' Soprano.

Michael's eyes bulge. Furious.

Slaps Jonjo around face.

JONJO

You did not just fuckin' slap me!

MICHAEL

I did. And I'd do it again. And again. And again. Now shut up!
(then, respectfully)
... Any last words?

JONJO

Jesus, you're not gonna do it.

MICHAEL

I am and I will.

JONJO

Right. Then fuckin' do it.

MICHAEL

Okay. I will.

Jonjo stares hard at him.

JONJO

I'm waiting.

MICHAEL

(ponders, then)
Just... Not in the car. I can't be messing it up. She'd have my balls in a vice if I get blood all over these seats. Just had 'em cleaned.

JONJO

I'm not moving.

MICHAEL
I can't be fuckin' shooting you in
the car. Don't be an arse, Jonjo!

Nothing but daggers. Jonjo shakes his head, sighs.

JONJO
Fine.

Climbs out.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

Jonjo stands by the road, eyes fixed on Michael as he slowly
moves around the car to face him.

JONJO
So this is it then?

MICHAEL
Aye.

Jonjo steps in close. Presses his forehead against the barrel
of the gun. Michael does his best not to buckle.

JONJO
Since you plan on pulling that
trigger, you can look me in the
fuckin' eye whilst you do it boyo.
(beat, then)
And be sure to tell Ann Marie...
Tell her, she coulda done better.

Michael's eyes widen.

MICHAEL
The fuck does that mean?

Nothing.

Steps back.

MICHAEL
What the fuck does that mean,
Jonjo?
(off his silence)
I run a respectable business. I'm
well liked in this community.

JONJO
(shrugs)
I always liked her high school
fella better. What was his na--

MICHAEL
Keith O'Dwyer?! He was a fuckin'
arsehole. An absolute shitb--

In a flash Jonjo slips under the gun, drives an elbow into Michael's jaw. *CRACK!* Follows it with a brutal uppercut.

Michael collapses in a heap on the floor.

Jonjo scoops up the gun.

MICHAEL
(spits blood)
The hell d'you do that for?

JONJO
I'll be keeping the gun.

MICHAEL
You can't. She'll kill me.

JONJO
Shoulda thought of that before you
went all Charles Bronson on me.

Michael scrambles to his feet, scurries over to the driver's side of the car.

JONJO
Where you going?

Michael jumps in. Locks the doors.

JONJO
(taps on the glass)
Yer can't just leave me here.

MICHAEL
(from inside the car)
Gimme the gun.

JONJO
No.

MICHAEL
Then sort yourself out.

The car REVS -- skids away at pace.

JONJO
Arsehole!

Jonjo kicks the back of the car as it moves off.

Stands in the middle of the country lane, watches on as the car disappears out of sight.

Whips out his phone. No signal.

JONJO
(sotto)
Bollocks.

Takes in the fields. The country pub nearby.

EXT. THE RISING SUN PUB - CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

Near to the entrance, underneath the street lights, a group of men are huddled around a pimped up car.

A PIKEY dressed in a bright blue 60s style bowling shirt, with immaculately quaffed hair, counts out a stack of notes.

POP WIDE --

Jonjo marches towards the pub. His eyes zeroing in on a bag of pills being exchanged by the men.

Suddenly they all stop talking.

All eyes on Jonjo. Suspicious.

PIKEY
Yer buying, fella?

JONJO
No, ta.

PIKEY
Then what the fuck yer staring at?

JONJO
(shrugs, sarcastic)
You look famous, is all.

PIKEY
I am fuckin' famous.

Jonjo carries on towards the entrance.

PIKEY
(calls out)
Yeah keep walking yer nosey cunt.

Jonjo, fighting the urge not to turn back and beat the living shit out of the pikey -- pushes open the pub door...

INT. THE RISING SUN PUB - NIGHT

... Full of hard working locals. A karaoke bar at the end of the room. A drunken punter sings Blur's Parklife -- *badly*.

Jonjo's eyes scan the tops of heads. No sign of Seamus.

Approaches the bar.

JONJO
Looking for Seamus Fagan. Know him?

A freckle faced, chirpy BARMAID smiles at him.

BARMAID
Unfortunately so.

JONJO
Know where I can find him?

BARMAID
God almighty. You as well?
(off his look)
Had a bunch of gypsies asking after
him too.

JONJO
What did you tell 'em?

BARMAID
Same as I'll tell you. When that
mouthy mongrel's in here you'll
know about it... 'Cos he's either
pissed out of his head and arguing
with his dad or he's out front
selling dodgy shite with Tintin.

JONJO
Tintin?

BARMAID
Dickhead in the bright bowling
shirt. Thinks he's fuckin' Elvis.
(then)
He was in here a wee minute ago.

Jonjo nods thanks, stomps towards the door...

EXT. THE RISING SUN PUB - CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

... And back out into the carpark.

Two MEN from Tintin's group are still there, supping pints.

Jonjo strides over to them.

JONJO
Where's Tintin?

MAN #1
Just missed him, pal.

Points towards a car, disappearing into the night.

JONJO
Any of you know his buddy, Seamus?

MAN #2
Aye.

JONJO

Seen him?

MAN #1

Not today, no.

Raised VOICES -- a CHEAPLY DRESSED WOMAN emerges from the side of the pub, shouting at a man as he walks away cursing.

She stares over at Jonjo & company.

Gives them the finger. Lights a smoke. Perches on a wall.

MAN #2

Sheila the Shag. Ask nicely and she'll blow yer for a cup of wine.

MAN #1

Aye. And a small one at that.

The two men burst into a fit of wild laughter.

JONJO

(studying them)

... Are you two high?

MAN #2

Absafuckinlutely! Gotta batch of Colombia's finest if yer wanna buy?

JONJO

Nah, I'm good... So did Tintin say where he was going, fellas?

Collective shake of heads, nope.

MAN #1

Yer best bet's one of those shitty rave clubs in town. It's where all the finest pillheads go these days.

JONJO

Got a name for one of those clubs?

MAN #2

Jesus, man. Do we look like Cork's fuckin' tour guides? Get a taxi.

The two men squabble over a fat joint.

Jonjo marches off -- past SHEILA THE SHAG, who smiles invitingly at him as he strides back into the busy pub...

INT. THE RISING SUN PUB - NIGHT

... Navigates his way over to a pay phone. Searches the taxi cards stuck to a notice board.

Dials a number. Waits. His eyes scan the room.

PICKS OUT an elderly FIGURE shuffling through the main doors, in an overcoat and flat cap. Jonjo watches him with interest as he trundles up to the counter. Pulling up two bar stools.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
FRG taxi's.

JONJO
(into receiver)
Rising Sun pub into town, please.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Name?

JONJO
Jonjo Fagan.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Okay. Five minutes.

The operator hangs up. Jonjo checks his watch:

READS: -- 10.45PM.

He weaves his way over to the FIGURE. An unused bar stool to the side of him. On it sits a bright YELLOW FLASK.

This is BRENDAN FAGAN. Jonjo's father (60s). He's sat at the counter reading the financial times.

JONJO
Anyone sat here?

Brendan's eyes flick up from his newspaper, finding Jonjo. Surprised. Quickly rescues his shock. Says nothing.

A beat. He lifts the up flask up, sets it on the counter.

Carries on reading the paper.

JONJO
Looking for Seamus. Seen him?

BRENDAN
Not gonna say hello to yer mother?
(off Jonjo's confusion)
You've just taken her seat.

Jonjo stares at the flask.

JONJO
You're joking, right?

No reaction. Jonjo unscrews the flask. Looks inside:

JONJO

Ah Jesus, you're not joking.

BRENDAN

Had it made, special. Yellow's yer mother's favourite colour, see.

JONJO

What's Ann Marie think to this?
(off his look)
... She doesn't know?!

BRENDAN

Grave diggers pulled yer mother's coffin up after the funeral.

JONJO

Why would you have 'em do that?

BRENDAN

Couldn't get five minutes peace off her in forty years. So I like that she sits by my side now. Quietly.
(off Jonjo's disgust)
Leave off. Yer sister still visits the grave. Keeps it tidy and all. It's fine, she's happy. I'm happy.

JONJO

Does she not ask yer what's in the fuckin' flask, dad?

BRENDAN

Nah. She thinks I'm losing my faculties. Let's me carry it about like some sorta feckin' rag doll.
(thinking, then)
So, I hear yer boy's in trouble.

JONJO

Aye.

The comment hangs in the air for a beat. Jonjo rummages inside his jacket. Pulls out his wallet. A photo of Dylan.

Hands it to Brendan.

BRENDAN

Hmm. He has my eyes.

JONJO

Your eyes?

BRENDAN

I gave 'em to you. Now I've given 'em to the boy. My strong DNA, see.

JONJO
Most appreciated.

Awkward silence. Then:

BRENDAN
Seamus came by this morning. We had
breakfast. Then he left in a rush.
Dropped his wallet on the way out.
(sups his pint)
Settle in, lad... I'm sure he'll
show his face soon enough.

JONJO
Can I see it, the wallet?
(off Brendan's defiance)
C'mon, it might have a contact
number I can use to reach him.

Brendan, incredulous -- whips out an old wallet.

BRENDAN
(slides it over)
Don't be thieving nothing. Man's
wallet is his own business.

Jonjo flips it open.

Inside we see:

*An old family photograph, a driver's license, credits cards,
some loose change and in the pouch: A KEY on a silver chain.*

Glances at Brendan, eyes on his newspaper.

-- *Jonjo discreetly steals the KEY & CHAIN...*

JONJO
(slides the wallet over)
Here have it back. Nothing in it.

Neither man looks at the other. Until:

JONJO
... I'd best be going. Got a taxi
picking me up, so...

BRENDAN
Look, I get why yer left... And I
know what yer did for Seamus, okay?
(then)
But yer could have written, lad.
I've a grandson I've never met.

Brendan summons the bartender across.

BRENDAN

Two shots of whisky, ta.

(then)

And I'd be lying if I said I was okay with what happened. Took me a long time to stop hating you, boy.

JONJO

Hating me... Like I was the one responsible for everything?

BRENDAN

You brought the world crashing down on us. I couldn't take a piss at work without somebody following me.

JONJO

How inconfuckinsiderate of me. I had to leave the bleedin' country.

BRENDAN

Then yer shoulda said no.

Silence. Finally:

JONJO

Yer knew what Magee was gonna do if Seamus didn't clear that debt. But yer just buried yer head. Yer let 'em come looking for him. Yer let Magee and Cormac force their way into our house and hurt mam and Ann Marie--

BRENDAN

(gritted teeth)

I was a fuckin' cop, Jonjo. Yer sister, was a cop. You... You were--

JONJO

A criminal?

BRENDAN

Wasted potential.

JONJO

Seamus shot a fuckin' horse in the head, dad. A horse, that's all!

BRENDAN

Aye and not just any old horse, lad. Paddy Magee's prize racehorse.
(leans in closer)

And perhaps it's slipped yer mind, but Magee owns this fuckin' town.

RAISED VOICE (O.S.)

TAXI FOR JONJO.

Jonjo sighs -- *some things aren't worth arguing about.*

JONJO
Seamus drops by, have him call me.
(gets up)
Nice seeing yer, dad. Take care.

Brendan grabs his arm.

BRENDAN
You've not shared a conversation
with me in almost a decade. Least
you can do is share a drink.

JONJO
I don't drink anymore.

They trade strong willed glares.

Jonjo sweeps up the shot. Downs the whisky. His eyes linger
on Brendan for a beat. Stomps away.

Brendan watches him leave, a deep routed sadness etched
across his face.

EXT. THE RISING SUN PUB - CAR PARK - NIGHT

Jonjo storms out of the pub. Spits the whisky into a bush.

Sheila the Shag is stood by his taxi.

JONJO
(approaching)
I'm not interested. Fuck off.

SHEILA THE SHAG
I'm not selling.

JONJO
Then get outta my way. I've got
somewhere to be.

She opens the taxi door for him.

SHEILA THE SHAG
Yer Seamus' brother, right?

Before he can speak--

SHEILA THE SHAG
... Seen pictures of you at yer
grandparents house.

Glances at Sheila the Shag, measuring her.

JONJO

How d'yer know it was me
grandparent's house? Seamus likes
telling everyone it's his own pad.

SHEILA THE SHAG

Place was full of black and white
photos, figured it wasn't his.

(scoffs)

Besides, If yer brother owned a
house he'd have sold it by now.

Warming to her.

JONJO

So what d'yer want?

SHEILA THE SHAG

Yer brother owes me.

Jonjo sighs, starts to get into the taxi.

JONJO

Get in line, love.

SHEILA THE SHAG

... We kicked about for a bit. Had
an 'arrangement'...

JONJO

(stops, realising)

He was yer pimp? Jesus, what the
fuck! He's a drug dealer. A pimp.
Anything else I need to know?

SHEILA THE SHAG

He runs with the Cunningham
brothers. Know 'em?

JONJO

Never heard of 'em.

SHEILA THE SHAG

Plastic paddy's. From London. Been
here a few years. They've got a
warehouse on the outskirts of town.
They deal contraband. Guns mainly.

(whips out a napkin)

Address is on it. When you find him
you tell him I want my ring back.
It was my mother's. Only thing I
ever treasured. Bastard stole it.

JONJO

Stole your ring?

SHEILA THE SHAG
 Yesterday. I was mid... I was
 working at the time.
 (then)
 That ring's my pension. If he
 doesn't give it me back. I'll be
 going to the police about it.

JONJO
 What's it look like, this ring?

SHEILA THE SHAG
 It's got an 'S' on it. For Sheila.
 (then)
 Password into the Cunningham's
 place is '*biscuit*'. No doubt yer
 little twat of a brother is there.

Jonjo nods, starts to climb into the taxi.

-- hesitates.

JONJO
 Hey... If you know who my brother
 hangs out with, why've yer not gone
 and got the ring back yerself?

SHEILA THE SHAG
 (scoffs, strolls away)
 ... 'Cos the Cunningham's are
 fuckin' mental. That's why.

Jonjo sits on this for a beat. Climbs into the cab.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

As the taxi moves off, Jonjo weaves the stolen KEY through
 his fingers... Pulls out his phone. Dials Seamus.

Voicemail full. Frustrated he hangs up.

Slips the key's silver chain around his neck.

Stares at the screen saver of Erin and Dylan. Dials.

ERIN (O.S.)
 (receiver)
 Hey.

JONJO
 Hey.
 (then)
 How's the little man?

ERIN (O.S.)
 Sleeping. Seamus with you?

JONJO
Almost. We got held up. I'm on my
way to collect him now.

A pregnant beat. Then:

ERIN (O.S.)
Jonjo?

JONJO
Honestly. Yer know what he's like.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Erin sits on a bench, she's holding a teddy bear. Stroking
its hair. Comforting.

ERIN
You coping?

JONJO (O.S.)
(receiver)
Me? Course. Be lying if I said it
wasn't weird being back here, but--

ERIN
But no...

JONJO (O.S.)
No, no bother. Promise. In and out.
Nice and discreet.
(pause, then)
So, I was thinking. When this is
all sorted. When Dylan's fixed--

ERIN
We'll talk.

JONJO (O.S.)
... Aye. That's what I was
thinking. Be good for us to talk.

A long silence.

ERIN
Stay safe.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Jonjo, hanging on her every word. Forlorn.

JONJO
(into receiver)
You too... I'll be in touch.

Hangs up. His face wracked with torment.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up outside a busy street. Jonjo hops out.

Taxi driver winds the window down.

TAXI

There's a path along the river.

Jonjo nods thanks, moves off...

EXT. RIVER BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Jonjo moving fast, determined. Checks his watch --

READS: -- 11.15PM.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

A high fence protects acres of disused warehouses, docks etc. The River Lee in the background.

Loitering outside a large, iron door is a group of men. All smoking, shooting the breeze.

Jonjo climbs through a gap in the mesh fencing. Strides over to them. The biggest BODYGUARD glares at him.

BODYGUARD

Private property. Fuck off.

Jonjo keeps walking.

Bodyguard opens up his jacket, revealing a HANDGUN.

BODYGUARD

You deaf?

JONJO

Here to buy a packet of biscuits.

Bodyguard hesitates. Jonjo stares up at a CCTV feed.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

DISCO MUSIC on full volume. An overweight SECURITY GUARD reads the horse racing guide. In front of him:

Warehouse CCTV feed on a monitor screen.

POP WIDE --

A large, congested space. More of a meeting room than a storage facility. Wooden crates are stacked around the sides.

In the corner we see a pole dancing podium. A STRIPPER performs on it, to the lingering eyes of armed men. Chilling across a bunch old couches -- smoking dope, drinking beer.

Next to the podium sits three more women, scantily dressed and bored shitless. Thumbing through gossip magazines, retouching their nails. But hey, it's a paycheck right?

GAZ (O.S.)
C'mon sugar tits faster, do the
chopper. Do the fuckin' chopper!

The stripper stops, confused.

GAZ CUNNINGHAM, 30s, lean and hard bodied, snorts a line of coke off a leather couch. Jumps up, approaches the stripper.

This guy lives in his own hype. Thinks he's Scarface.

GAZ
Shift over.

Gaz pushes the stripper to the side, grips hold of the pole. Swings himself upside down. Holds the 'Chopper' position.

GAZ
See what I'm talking about?! This
is how you do it, sweetheart. Sexy!

Drops back down, gyrates his arse into the pole.

GAZ
And gimme some hip action, yeah?
Seen more horn on a bulls fuckin'
head than outta your groin darling.

BARRY (O.S.)
Pack it in. We're working here.

Gaz jumps down. Strolls over to a large table, submerged in cash. Illuminated by a dimly lit light bulb, swinging above.

Sat at the table, counting the notes on a digitised scale is BARRY CUNNINGHAM, 40s, a strong jawed, taciturn type.

GAZ
Just saying bruv... Bird's got the
gerth of a fuckin' sandpit.
(grins)
She should use it properly, know
what I mean?

Barry smirks, snorts a line of coke. Goes back to counting the money. His eyes drift over to a well suited man. DIGGER.

Watching him studiously. Clearly unimpressed. Digger has the face of a criminal, and carries a perpetual grimace.

BARRY

What?

DIGGER

(shrugs, it's nothing)

We good?

BARRY

When it's all here, we'll be good.

A door opens, the bodyguard leads Jonjo in.

Gaz stares at him.

GAZ

Christ in a dyke... What's this
look like, an open house? We're in
the middle of a fuckin' deal here.

BODYGUARD

Knew the password, Gaz.
(waves Jonjo's gun)
And he was packing this.

Bodyguard sets the gun down on the table. Steps behind Jonjo.

Silence. All eyes on Jonjo. Hard faces, suspicious eyes.

BARRY

I don't know you.

(then)

Recognise him, Gaz?

GAZ

Nah.

BARRY

Digger?

DIGGER

Can't say I do.

Gaz studies Jonjo's gun with interest.

Digger, irritated -- slaps a duffle bag on the table.

DIGGER

Here's the second instalment. It's
all there. Now where are the goods?

BARRY

In a minute.

DIGGER

My mistake. For a moment there I
thought I was the fuckin' client.
(then, calmer)
(MORE)

DIGGER (CONT'D)
I've other business to be attending
to, so can we just get on with it.

Gaz leans forward. Eyeball fucks Digger.

GAZ
He said... In. A. Minute.
(lights a joint)
We've been burnt before, mate. We
ain't taking no fuckin' risks.

DIGGER
Fuck off. You know I'm legit.

GAZ
Not you, geez.
(points to Jonjo)
Him.

Jonjo shifts, uncomfortable.

Gaz jumps up, swaggers over to Jonjo.

GAZ
You're either lost bruv, or you're
a bleedin' copper. Which one is it?

JONJO
Neither. Looking for Seamus Fagan.

Gaz SLAMS Jonjo into the wall. Lifts his shirt.

JONJO
Enjoying that, are yer?

Gaz finishes patting him down, steps away.

GAZ
(to Barry)
He's clean. No wire.

JONJO
Like I just said, need to speak to
Seamus is all. Is he here?

GAZ
Do we look like some kinda missing
person's bureau, mate?

BARRY
Who gave you the password?

Jonjo -- ponders. Finally:

JONJO
... Tintin.

GAZ

(sighs)

Tintin? Fuckin' muppet. Told you he was a mouthy little prick. Shoulda never let Seamus talk us into having him on the payroll, Bazza.

BARRY

(rolls his eyes)

Lovely, why don't you tell him our fuckin' pin number as well, Gaz?

Gaz shifts on the spot, embarrassed.

BARRY

How do you know Tintin?

JONJO

Friend of my brother's.

BARRY

Brother?

JONJO

Seamus Fagan.

Gaz's eyes widen.

GAZ

Oh, your Seamus' brother?

(off Jonjo's nod)

Shit, I can see it now. He's a top bloke, Seamus. *Loves a good vagina.*

JONJO

(playing along)

Aye. Seeing some gypsy girl, right?

Gaz says nothing, moves over to a counter, snorts a line of coke. Spins, clearly buzzed.

GAZ

Told me a story about you once. How you made some bloke, some vet shag a goose to clear off all his debts.

(scoffs)

What was it you called that...?

JONJO

Retribution.

GAZ

That's it. Retribution! Brilliant.

(then)

We should use that one, Barry.

Silence.

Barry, getting the measure of Jonjo. Until:

JONJO

So you boys gonna tell me where
Seamus is then or what?

BARRY

... Jonjo Fagan. The nasty bastard
who ran with Paddy Magee. Then one
day, he just upped and disappeared.
(off Jonjo's ignorance)

Oh we know why, son. Seamus talks.
But our silence is golden. Nah, I'd
be more concerned about your mouthy
brother shooting his chatter off to
that IRA bloke. Know what I mean?

Barry offers him a poisonous smile.

Suddenly Digger uprights.

DIGGER

Oh for feck's sake! I don't give a
shite about yer man's dirty little
secrets... I mean Jesus, we're
right in the middle of our
negotiation here, Barry.

Barry raises a calming hand.

JONJO

All I want is my brother.

DIGGER

Clearly, he's not here, man. So
fuck off and let us do our thing!

Jonjo stares hard at Digger.

JONJO

... Wait a second. I know you.

Digger shifts on the spot. Barry's ears prick up.

DIGGER

Well... I'm well known.

JONJO

Nah... Seen you before, boyo.
(thinking, then)
You're pals with my dad.

GAZ

Your dad, as in the ex-copper?

JONJO

Aye. The ex-copper.

Gaz rounds on Digger. Steps in close.

GAZ
You a fuckin' copper, sunshine?!

DIGGER
Don't be fuckin' ridiculous! I
should scrap this deal right now.
Go buy my guns off somebody else.

BARRY
Easy, Digger. No need for that.

Gaz slaps Digger around the head.

GAZ
Liar!

Digger spins. Nose to nose with Gaz.

DIGGER
The fuck are you calling a liar?!

Gaz HEADBUTTS Digger. His nose CRUNCHES. Falls backwards,
grabbing Gaz by the hair -- dragging him down to the floor.

As they grapple wildly, arms and elbows. Like pigs in shit --
Gaz's phone spills across the floor, landing near Jonjo.

He discreetly covers it with his foot.

BARRY
Quit pissing about!

DIGGER
He's biting my nipple. Get off yer
fuckin' animal! Get off my nipple!

BARRY
Gaz, leave it out!

Barry leaps to his feet -- yanks Gaz off Digger.

Jonjo seizes the initiative -- pockets Gaz's phone. Unseen.

BARRY
Everybody take a fuckin' chill
pill, alright?!

DIGGER
Yer bit my bastard' nipple, yer
crazy shite.
(re: his bloody shirt)
Look at the feckin' mess!

Barry grips his amused brother's jaw. Furious. He doesn't
need to say anything -- *Gaz knows he's crossed a line.*

BARRY

Digger, our sincerest apologies.

Digger composes himself.

BARRY

Gaz. Get our client a drink and
then go show him the merchandise.

(to Jonjo)

You, get lost. We don't know where
your brother is. He comes and goes.
Come back here again, you're dead.

Gaz obeys, leads Digger out.

Jonjo nods goodbye, starts towards the exit -- to the side:

The security guard studying his racing guide. Jonjo catches
sight of the CCTV monitor. Zeroes in on some moving images.

Outside: Armed officers swooping in. Taking down the
Cunningham's crew. Nobody in here's noticed.

Jonjo stops -- knows he'll be arrested if he steps outside.
No choice. Needs another way out. Turns back.

JONJO

Mind if I use your bathroom?

BARRY

Are you taking the piss?

JONJO

I've cancer of the cock. Plays
havoc with my bladder.

BARRY

(uncomfortable, then)

Erm, sure. Corridor on the left.

Jonjo nods thanks, moves towards the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

... Moving faster now --

-- Finding the toilet door.

Steals a look over his shoulder. At Barry, oblivious --
snorting a line of coke off the table.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

... Steps inside.

It's a tight space with a small window.

He scans the room. Thinking fast...

JONJO
(mutters)
Fuck...

Whips off his jacket, wraps it around his hand. Makes a fist.

Waits. Still waiting...

Suddenly raised VOICES.

Screams of "Police, drop your weapons!"

And now he's PUNCHING the window glass through with his wrapped hand. Clearing it of any broken shards.

Peeks out from behind the door. Unseen.

JONJO'S POV

The warehouse -- a blur of bodies scrambling.

Barry flipping over a table, whipping out an MP5 machine gun.

Gaz -- fleeing -- being manhandled to the ground by Digger, who pulls out a set of cuffs. And then:

Rapid GUNFIRE.

Jonjo quietly locks the door, spins --

-- leaps up, squeezes through the tight window gap.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

... Scrambles out. Hitting the dirt hard.

More shouting and GUNFIRE in the distance.

Jonjo sneaks along the side of the building.

A swirl of red and blue squad car lights can be seen illuminating the area. Police radios echo all around.

Jonjo takes a breath --

-- and sprints for the gap in the nearby mesh fencing.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Dashes down a dark passageway, stopping short of the end. Breathless. Glances back, nobody's coming.

Smartens himself up...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

... Emerges into the hustle and bustle of the red light district. Seedy and threatening.

Instantly casts his gaze over a group of men huddled around a cluster of homeless people. They are handing out fliers.

It's the Romanians -- Bogdan. Victor and Ravi.

JONJO

Bollocks.

They turn towards Jonjo, he darts back into the alleyway.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Presses himself up against the wall. Hidden in the shadows. Waiting silently as the trio swagger past.

Leans out and watches on, as they disappear down the street.

Whips out Gaz's phone. Brings up Tintin's contact details.

Dials. Straight to voicemail.

TINTIN (O.S.)

Guessing yer a lucky motherfucker.
Why? 'Cos yer got Tintin's number.
Now leave me a message. Yer might
get yerself a call back. Or not...

JONJO

(into receiver)

Hey, this is Jonjo Fagan. Seamus' brother. I'm looking for him. He's a hard man to find. Heard you boys kick around together. Any chance you can call me back? Not on this phone. My number's 07524617540.

Hangs up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jonjo approaches a junkie, slumped on the floor. Wrapped in a thick blanket. Off his face. On his lap he has a flier.

Jonjo picks it up. Studies the image. A fresh faced blonde. Her name scrawled underneath it.

This is Florenta -- Seamus' girl.

Pockets the image.

Catches sight of something familiar.

A HOOKER, touting for business, whispering untold promises to a driver -- after a moment the car pulls off. A client lost.

She sighs, lights up a smoke.

JONJO

Hey!

The hooker glances over. Strolls away.

Jonjo starts across the road after her.

JONJO

Hey?

(then)

Rosie!

Hooker turns back, surprised. And now we see her properly.

ROSIE, 30s, high cheekbones, petite frame -- in need of a good meal. Bright eyes and scraggy, combed back hair.

Her face softens, no longer the hardened lady of the night.

ROSIE

... Jonjo?

(adjusts her dress)

Talk about a blast from the past.

JONJO

What's the craic?

ROSIE

Last I heard of you, you'd quit the drink and fucked off to Europe to become a scholar or something.

JONJO

What are yer doing out here?

ROSIE

What's it look like? Working.

(off his shock)

Ever since Kenny died money's been a bit tight for me and our lass...

Jonjo lowers his eyes.

JONJO

Yeah, about Kenny--

ROSIE

Yer know they pulled his police pension! Said he'd not been in the force long enough. Fuckers.

JONJO

I'm so sorry.

ROSIE

Long time ago now, Jonjo. Never caught the coward that shot him, mind. Cops say it was a hate crime.

JONJO

Don't s'pose you've seen my brother around the way? I'm in a bit of a bind. Need to find him.

ROSIE

Not tonight, no. He's been kicking about with some blonde girl lately.

Jonjo shows her the flier.

ROSIE

Aye, that's her. Think she worked over at Desmond's... *On the sly.*

(off Jonjo's confusion)

It's a brothel. Those religious gypos don't do that kinda thing.

JONJO

(sighs)

But Seamus pimped her out anyways.

ROSIE

Can't miss Desmond's place. Two streets down. Big flashing light above the door. Says "Cum in."

JONJO

Divine.

Jonjo pulls out his wallet. Hands Rosie a wad of notes.

ROSIE

Just 'cos yer copied me algebra homework back in the day doesn't mean I'm taking yer cash, now.

JONJO

C'mon. For old time's sake.

ROSIE

Fuck the old days.

She turns, stomps away. Jonjo chases after her.

JONJO

Rosie!

ROSIE

I'm not an invalid, alright?

JONJO

I'm sorry. Didn't mean to offend.

ROSIE
 (beat, then)
 I won't take yer charity but I'll
 happily take a drink off yer.

Rosie points to a bar over the road...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Packed and loud. Skin and smoke. Wannabe VIP booths litter the sides. Low-class hookers every which way. Shitfaced.

Girls dance with guys, who want one thing and one thing only.

JONJO
 ... So how long yer been working
 the streets?

ROSIE
 It's temporary.

JONJO
 Kenny's brother know you're out
 here at night?

ROSIE
 (rolls her eyes)
 Aiden? He pretends not to notice.

They squeeze into a gap at the counter. Jonjo calls over the bartender -- orders a beer and an orange juice.

Suddenly his eyes go cold...

Beyond bartender's face:

A MAN dressed in a white suit and covered in gold chains.
 This is CORMAC O'GARA, 40s -- *Paddy Magee's right hand man*.

CLOSE IN ON CORMAC

His face wears its fighting scars like a badge of honour.

He's shouting aggressively at a HOOKER, slapping her across the cheek. She doesn't argue back -- *wise choice*.

Cormac drags her off towards the bathroom.

Rosie catches sight Jonjo's face. Nothing but coiled hatred.

She places a hand on his. Firm.

ROSIE
 Leave it be, Jonjo.

He holds Rosie's gaze for a tense beat, shrugs her off --

-- moves through the crowds.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A grotty bathroom. Covered in graffiti. A row of cubicles. Two urinals and a cracked mirror over filthy water basins.

Jonjo enters, sees Cormac but can only see the back of his head. Cormac is taking a piss at a urinal.

To the side of Cormac:

The hooker. Lip bleeding. Bent over, skirt pulled up. Waiting to be drilled by her drunk client.

HOOKER

It's not a fuckin' peep show!

CORMAC

You heard the bitch. Bathroom's out of order, pal.

Cormac turns --

-- sees Jonjo reflected in the mirror. Eyes widen.

CORMAC

Jonjo Fagan...?

Flustered. Starts to fasten his zipper.

CORMAC

You've got some balls showing yer face around here again, boyo!

Not quite finished on the zipper, as --

-- Jonjo, up in his space. SLAMMING Cormac face first into the tiled wall. Again. And again.

Blood splatters the walls.

Plunges Cormac's head into the water basin. Turns on the tap, drowns him a little --

-- drags him over to the hand dryer -- hits the button.

The hot air burns Cormac's face. He screams in pain.

Jonjo hurls him to the floor.

Stomps on his balls.

Boots him over and over in the gut.

JONJO
 (maniacal)
 Where's Magee now eh? Not so
 fuckin' tough without yer pal by
 your side, are yer?! C'mon Cormac,
 kick me in the gut, do what yer did
 to Ann Marie. Do what yer did to my
fuckin' sister, yer piece of shit!

Cormac tries to crawl away, Jonjo scoops him up and hurls him
 through a cubicle door --

-- SLAMMING his head into the porcelain toilet.

Swings him round.

JONJO
 She lost her baby! She can't have
 kids 'cos of you. You ugly fuck!

UNLOADS a barrage of punches at Cormac's bloodied face.
 Cormac slumps down, unconscious.

Jonjo, eyes bulging. Turns:

The hooker -- watching on, petrified.

HOOKER
 Is he dead?

Jonjo says nothing, stomps out.

The hooker stares at Cormac. Nothing but a bloody pulp.

She rummages inside his pockets, takes all the money from his
 wallet. Runs out the door...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jonjo -- on the move, pumped. In need of air. Threads his way
 through the packed crowd. Faces. Voices. Eyes. Everywhere.

Rosie calls him over, only Jonjo's in a rage fuelled daze.

ROSIE
 (touches his arm)
 Hey, Jonjo.

She can see the demonic look in his eye.

ROSIE
 Ah Jesus, what did yer do?

JONJO
 Stay safe.

Jonjo slaps a note on the counter, keeps on walking.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

... Exits the club. Stomps down the street, breathless. Heart beating fast. Gets a good distance away from the nightlife.

Stops suddenly. His hands shaking.

Bends over, slows his breathing down. Trying not to have a panic attack. Gradually easing up, his eyes finding:

A bold SIGN flashing brightly on the street corner.

SIGN READS: *"Desmond's Place. Cum in."*

Jonjo uprights. Starts across the road towards it, when:

A 4X4 pulls up FAST in front of him. A blacked out window lowers, revealing a brutish looking man (DEVLIN).

DEVLIN

Get in. Try running, I'll pop yer
knee out of its socket.

Jonjo, too tired to fight the threat, nods.

The back door opens. A steroid friendly freak with tattooed everything climbs out. Jonjo notices his shoes. RED BOOTS.

Red Boots beckons Jonjo over.

INT. 4X4 (IN MOTION) - MOMENTS LATER

An uncomfortable silence. Jonjo is wedged in between Red Boots and his broody pal. A human battering ram.

Up top, Devlin reads a paper. Another heavy set MAN drives.

JONJO

I've really gotta be somewhere,
fellas. No time for excursions.

RED BOOTS

Did I say yer could talk, chappy?

JONJO

No. Did I ask for permission?

RED BOOTS

Watch yer fuckin' mouth, before it
gets the rest yer head in trouble.

DEVLIN

Relax, Jonjo.

JONJO

I am relaxed. Very fuckin' relaxed.

Devlin stops reading. A pause. Then:

DEVLIN
Find it kinda peculiar...

JONJO
What, that yer happen to know my
name and I didn't ask why?

DEVLIN
Nope... That you got into a car
with a bunch of strangers and
didn't ask where we were heading.

The loaded comment hangs in the air for a beat.

DEVLIN
Strikes me as peculiar, is all.

JONJO
I know who you boys are.

DEVLIN
Good lad. Then you'll know to talk
when yer told to fuckin' talk.

Devlin glances back, a flicker of menace in his eyes.

Jonjo diverts his gaze. Doing his best to act calm.

INT. THE MACKLIN HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A modest family home.

Adorned in Irish memorabilia and political portraits of
fallen heroes.

Jonjo is led down the hallway by Devlin -- the sound of
SINGING getting louder and louder, as we:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

... Step into what can only be described as a temporary cake
factory in disarray.

A large dining table brimming with an assortment of
beautifully designed cupcakes.

On the kitchen counter:

Flour and cooking utensils everywhere.

An Irish Folk song plays quietly. Drowned out by the booming
VOCALS of a figure. His back turned, busy decorating a
fanciful orange birthday cake with glittered frosting.

DEVLIN

Aiden.

(unheard)

AIDEN!

And now we see the FIGURE. This is AIDEN MACKLIN. A similar age to Jonjo, only the years have been kinder.

Dressed in a cooking apron, covered in cake ingredients.

AIDEN

Jonjo Fagan...

(smiles)

Come here, gives us a hug.

They embrace.

AIDEN

Jesus, man. What's it been?

JONJO

Long time.

AIDEN

Too long.

Aiden studies him. Then:

AIDEN

Apologies for the mess. It's my twin girls birthday tomorrow. I've been tasked with the cakes.

(off Jonjo's look)

Oh don't worry. Ciara took 'em to her parents for the night. It's just us here. Nobody else.

Aiden smiles, hard to read.

DEVLIN

Need us for anything more, boss?

AIDEN

Not right now, Devlin. We've some catching up to do. Wait outside.

As Devlin closes the door behind him, Jonjo catches sight of his gun holster flapping freely underneath his jacket.

Aiden moves over to the counter.

In front of him:

Two birthday cakes. Only, one is orange. The other pink.

AIDEN

(scoffs)

I think little Keeva's colour blind. Most girl's love pink. Her room is wall to wall feckin' orange. Haven't the heart to ask her if she thinks it's pink though. We all just let her get on with it.

JONJO

So you've got twins?

AIDEN

Aye, other one's called Enya. And no not like that stupid fuckin' singer. It's her granny's name. I was guilted into it. By the wife.

Hands Jonjo a serrated knife.

AIDEN

... Whilst yer here, trim off that excess icing on the pink one for me, ta.

Jonjo nods, takes the knife. Sets to work.

Aiden moves over to the drinks cabinet.

AIDEN

Drink?

JONJO

I'm good, thanks.

AIDEN

Suit yerself.

(pours a whisky)

So, what's the reason behind this rare appearance. Just visiting?

JONJO

Came to pick up Seamus.

AIDEN

Right. What for?

JONJO

Family stuff. Don't s'pose you've seen him about?

AIDEN

Not for while, no.

Aiden's gaze fixed on Jonjo -- measuring him.

Jonjo pretends not to notice. Keeps on trimming the icing.

JONJO
How's Ciara doing these days?

AIDEN
Grand.

Aiden moves over to a kitchen drawer. Pops it open.
It's stacked full of mobile phones. Rummages through them.

AIDEN
... I hear yer shared a drink with
my Kenny's Rosie tonight?

JONJO
(casual)
Hardly. Bumped into her. Felt
obliged to say hello.

AIDEN
Girl's never been the same since...
(tails off, then)
It's my niece that worries me most.
I mean sure, I drop in on them now
and again with cash and food but...
(sighs)
Her mammy's an addict. And once a
junkie, always a fuckin' junkie.

Aiden settles on a mobile phone.

-- shuts the drawer. Faces Jonjo.

AIDEN
Anyways, it's only a matter of time
before Rosie OD's and then the
child can come live with us.
(sets the phone down)
Here. Seamus left me this earlier.

Hits loudspeaker. Goes to answer phone message:

SEAMUS (O.S.)
(receiver)
Aiden it's Seamus. I... Look I've
been working for Paddy Magee's crew
and well... Well we've been doing
some dodgy shite. And I know, I
know I've done wrong by you before
so I'm gonna be leaving town
tonight. For good. Yer have my word
on that. Never see my face again,
okay? I just need yer to meet me at
the corner of Washington street
around 7.30 tonight. I'll fill you
in on everything then. Don't wanna
be doing it over the phone. Bye.

Cancels the call.

Aiden watches Jonjo for a reaction. Finally:

JONJO

Did yer meet him?

AIDEN

He didn't show. My men waited for an hour... That's when they headed over to yer grandpa's house, saw you coming out, all busted up.

(then)

Any idea what he was jabbering on about? Not like him to get nervy.

JONJO

I've no clue, sorry.

AIDEN

(ponders, then)

Seems strange, don't yer think?

JONJO

Strange?

AIDEN

That Seamus would develop a conscience right around the time his long lost brother turns up.

JONJO

I wouldn't go that far. He was helping me out with something.

(off Aiden's impatience)

He's donating a kidney to my boy.

Aiden moves over to the kitchen side. Stares at a picture of him and his brother, KENNY. Good times.

AIDEN

Gotta say it breaks my heart to hear that. In a good way I mean. 'Cos when I think of our Kenny...

JONJO

I'm sorry. Didn't mean to--

AIDEN

We never found the fucker that murdered him. But then if he was smart he probably got out of Cork.

His venomous eyes find Jonjo.

AIDEN

Not that you'd know. I mean you disappeared not long after, right?

JONJO

... Magee. We'd had a falling out.

AIDEN

Yer mean Seamus shot his racehorse
after it lost him a ton of money
and Magee, in turn, knocked yer
mammy to the floor and killed her.

(sets the photograph down)

That kinda falling out, eh?

JONJO

I wasn't welcome in Cork. Magee
thought there'd be repercussions.

AIDEN

Pass me that knife, will yer?

Jonjo stares down at the knife, slowly picks it up.

Aiden reaches across and wraps his hands around Jonjo's. A
firm grip. His eyes laced with malice.

AIDEN

... Careful now. Yer could kill a
man with that thing.

Aiden steers the blade towards his own heart. Eyes fixed on
Jonjo as the blade touches Aiden's chest.

A tense moment. Aiden chuckles. Lets go.

AIDEN

Yer so serious these days Jonjo.
Leave it on the side for me, I'll
use it in a minute.

Jonjo obeys, relief sweeps over him. Checks his watch.

JONJO

I've really gotta get going.

AIDEN

Gimme yer phone.

Met with an incredulous stare.

AIDEN

C'mon. Phone.

Jonjo offers a polite smile, hands it over.

Aiden studies the screen saver. Dylan and Erin.

AIDEN

Beautiful family, Jonjo. That's a
man's wealth, right there.

(accesses the phone)

(MORE)

AIDEN (CONT'D)

I'm giving you my personal number.
When yer find Seamus yer to call
me. Direct. Understand? I'll have
someone come collect yer both.

JONJO

We'll need to be pushing on. Gotta
get back to London.

AIDEN

Then we'll drop yer at the airport.
Just need a word with him, is all.
(hands back the phone)

If Magee's dealing gear without our
permission, I wanna know about it.

Jonjo nods goodbye, heads towards the door.

AIDEN

And Jonjo?

Turns back.

AIDEN

(cold)

Don't make me come find yer both.

Aiden's eyes flicker with menace. He turns up the Irish folk
music. Sings gleefully, as he goes back to icing his cake.

Jonjo sits on the threat for a beat, exits.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The 4x4 pulls up on the edge of the city limits.

Jonjo hops out, marches off.

The car doesn't move -- Devlin and co watching him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jonjo moving faster, peers round the corner -- the 4x4's on
the move now. Following him.

JONJO

Bollocks.

Jonjo glances all directions.

Spies a side street -- sprints down it...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Onto a busier road. People queuing for late night clubs.

Jonjo keeps walking, nothing behind him.

His phone RINGS. Glances the screen. Unknown caller.

JONJO
... Hello?

TINTIN (O.S.)
(beat, then)
You found him?

JONJO
Tintin?

TINTIN (O.S.)
In surround sound.

JONJO
Look I'm short on time. Have yer
any clue where he might be? Did he
mention what he was up to tonight?

Silence.

TINTIN (O.S.)
... Meet me at 2.30am. Corner of
Washington Street.

Hangs up.

Jonjo checks his watch --

READS: -- 01.30AM.

BOGDAN (O.S.)
Hey thief, deadline passed an hour
ago. Where's your piece of shit
brother hiding my sister?!

Looks up to see Bogdan stomping towards him.

JONJO
I'm working on it.

BOGDAN
Bullshit. You're protecting him.

JONJO
Fuck off.

BOGDAN
New deal. A trade. You for our
sister. See how he likes that.

Coming at him from across the road: Victor.

Glances behind: Ravi.

Shit. He's hemmed in. Catches sight of an alleyway.

Races down it.

BOGDAN

Grab him!

The gang gives chase...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Storms out of the dark passage onto a busy road. Slips past a couple of drunk pedestrians.

Bogdan's voice calls out from behind.

Jonjo. Searching --

-- spies a church.

Tonight it's an all night soup kitchen for the homeless.

Races towards the main doors...

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The rabble of Cork line up for food. A few have taken to sleeping on the benches. Others pray.

Jonjo takes in the nave. Searching for somewhere to hide -- a *line of sinners queue up for confession...*

He speeds to the front of the queue. Offers a dishevelled MAN some money to step aside. He obliges.

INT. CONFESSION BOOTH - SAME TIME

Jonjo dives inside the confession booth. Drags the curtain across. Catches his breath. A brief respite. Then:

PRIEST (O.S.)

(from behind the grill)

Are you ready to confess your sins?

JONJO

What?

PRIEST (O.S.)

Your sins, child. Are you ready to confess to God and ask forgiveness?

JONJO

Not really, no.

Jonjo pulls back the curtain slightly. Stares out at the nave. Bogdan, Victor and Ravi charge in.

Scanning the crowds for Jonjo...

PRIEST (O.S.)
... And yet you're here. God has
guided you to this point.

JONJO'S POV

Bogdan's crew -- prowling the aisles, row by row.

Jonjo closes the curtain tight. Stares at his phone. At an image of Dylan and Erin...

JONJO
(ponders, softly)
Ah, I dunno... Trying to make sense
of my past, thought I'd moved on.
(beat, then)
No, I have moved on. I'm a better
person now. But this fuckin' place--

PRIEST (O.S.)
Language, child. You're in the
house God.

JONJO
Sorry, father.

A quiet moment.

JONJO
These people, they bring me back to
the man I was. The man I hated. But
I'm not here for them, I'm here for
my boy. I just... I can't help but
want to rip Magee's vile head off.

PRIEST (O.S.)
... As in, Paddy Magee?

JONJO
Aye, Paddy Magee.

PRIEST (O.S.)
That's unfortunate.
(then)
But the man does have an ugly mug,
so if it fell off his shoulders...

Jonjo peeks through a gap in the curtain. Bogdan's gang
stomping out of the exit doors...

JONJO
God would forgive?

PRIEST (O.S.)
Can't see why not.

Jonjo nods thanks, climbs out...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

... Jonjo strides into the firecracker vibe of a drunken city, its revellers winding down for the night.

He lights up a smoke, takes in the surroundings. Bogdan and his crew are nowhere to be seen.

... Jonjo starts towards a bold sign flashing brightly at the other end of the street.

The closer we get, the easier it is to see. It's the brothel sign from earlier...

SIGN READS: *"Desmond's Place. Cum in."*

INT. DESMOND'S RECEPTION - NIGHT

'Hooker' red lighting sets the tone. Hard to see clearly. Everything is shadowed and ominous. The place looks more like a Chinese takeaway after a drunken brawl, than a brothel.

Jonjo takes in the room.

Broken chairs and an upturned table. Tacky portraits of pointless scenery hang lopsided across the walls.

The place seems deserted.

His eyes settle on a flier. One with Florenta's face on. It's pinned by a knife to a thick, padded door.

Jonjo stares at the picture.

HUSKY FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
We're closed.
(sarcastic)
Renovations.

Turning to see, a cigarette spark up in the corner.

Moves in closer:

CHANTELLE -- a middle aged Filipino WOMAN dressed up to the nines and sporting a fat lip, sucks on her smoke.

JONJO
Gypsies?

CHANTELLE

Fuckers came in earlier wanting
their sister. Told 'em I didn't
know the door code, couldn't help.

(off his confusion)

... As in, into *Desmond's*. I'm just
their call up girl.

Points to the CCTV in the corner:

CHANTELLE

The eye decides if you can come in.

The phone on the counter RINGS.

Chantelle saunters over to it. Answers.

CHANTELLE

Yeah.

(listens, then)

Sure.

Hangs up.

In the light we can now see she's actually a ladyboy.

CHANTELLE

Boss wants to see you.

Jonjo stares up at the CCTV. Curious.

JONJO

The boss?

She nods. The door CLICKS.

He steps inside...

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Moving up the tight stairwell.

A heavy set THUG with tattoos for skin, skulks at the top.

Searches Jonjo. Satisfied -- he RAPS on another door, it
opens up. He leads Jonjo through...

INT. DESMOND'S - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

... And along a corridor of rooms, past two more THUGS, sat
by a monitor screen. The reception area on display. They
barely register Jonjo -- more interested in their phones.

Stopping outside room 23.

HEAVY DISCO BEATS vibrate from behind the door.

INT. ROOM 23 - NIGHT

Jonjo strolls in. The thug closes the door after him.

It's dimly lit, everything is black and shiny.

The music deafening. A disco ball swipes across the room.

To the side: A bunch of monitor screens flicker. The eyes and ears of the whole building.

On one screen, a bright white room:

Masked men and women in their underwear, chopping heroin.

Suddenly, the CRACK of a WHIP.

Jonjo's eyes finding TWO FIGURES, tucked away behind a PRIVACY SCREEN. Loitering around a four poster bed.

A BALD MAN with his back turned and his wrists handcuffed to a length of chain, is bent over the end of the bed.

Behind him:

A cocaine addled DOMINATRIX whips him. Again and again.

The bald man lifts his head, catches sight of Jonjo. Spits out a mouth gag. Smiles. This is PEG LEG PETE.

PEG LEG PETE

Jonjo!

He turns down the music.

JONJO

... *Peg Leg Pete?*

PEG LEG PETE

Just Pete these days.

(wiggles his leg)

Still got the stump but it's less of a peg, more of a foot.

Jonjo stares uncomfortably at Peg Leg Pete's leather chaps. His pasty buttocks on display.

PEG LEG PETE

Reinforced fibre glass.

(taps his leg)

Some NASA shite. Fantastic.

JONJO

So what's the craic?

PEG LEG PETE

How d'yer mean?

JONJO
This place... Desmond's?

PEG LEG PETE
(shrugs)
It's me conformation name. And it
has a better ring to it. More
continental sounding than Pete's.

Dominatrix drops the whip. Moves over to a dressing table.
Snorts multiple lines of coke off it.

PEG LEG PETE
Yer here for Seamus' thing?

JONJO
(going with it)
... Aye.

Points to a compact METAL BOX on the side.

PEG LEG PETE
Thought as much. Said he'd be back
to pick it up. Never showed.

Jonjo studies the box. Then casts his gaze on Peg Leg Pete.

PEG LEG PETE
What?

JONJO
Yer seen what's in this?

Met with a blank expression.

JONJO
C'mon Pete, don't be acting like a
fuckin' retard. Have yer seen
what's in it or not?

Silence. Jonjo staring hard at him. Until:

PEG LEG PETE
(chuckles)
Yeah, yeah I was snooping, but it's
one of those top-of-the-line
military boxes. Impossible to get
in the fuckin' thing. Open it wrong
and it destroys what's inside. Fuck
knows how Seamus got his hands on
that kinda gear, but whatever you
boys have on Paddy Magee, it's safe
as a nunnies fox hole in there.

JONJO
Magee?

Pete fastens a leather belt around his neck, tightens it.

PEG LEG PETE

Yeah.... Seamus told me he'd stolen something from a vault in Magee's club. Said he needed somewhere to hide that box for a few hours...

(pause, realising)

Ah, you don't know nothing do yer?

JONJO

Magee's got a nightclub?

PEG LEG PETE

Yer conning bastard, Jonjo!

JONJO

What's the name of Magee's club?

PEG LEG PETE

Evelyn's.

Pete pulls a metal chain from underneath the bed.

JONJO

Evelyn, as in Magee's sister?

PEG LEG PETE

Jeez. Forgot how much of a crafty cunt you were, boyo...

(attaches the chain to his neck belt)

Reminds me, check out that drawer.

JONJO

So you've seen Seamus today then?

PEG LEG PETE

Aye. This afternoon. When he dropped the box off.

Jonjo turns away, examines the metal box -- *hmm...*

An idea forming -- grabs at the KEY around his neck, slots it into the lock. Turns it. CLICK: -- pops open. Peers inside...

JONJO

Seamus say where he was going?

The metal box's contents:

A singular USB stick. Studies it. Discreetly pockets the hardware and quietly shuts the box. Turns back, all casual...

Peg leg Pete's checking his neck chain. Nice and secure.

PEG LEG PETE

He did, aye. Now c'mon man, check out the top drawer. We'll talk shop in a minute... It's our songs.

JONJO
Songs... As in, our school band?

Peg Leg Pete's face lights up. A child again.

PEG LEG PETE
Aye. Found our old recordings in me
dead grannies loft. Had 'em made up
special. When Seamus told me he was
gonna be seeing yer, I had a batch
made for you too. Go on. Listen.

JONJO
Look I gotta go, man. I'm sorry.
(then)
Where was Seamus heading?

Met with a defiant stare off Pete.

JONJO
Ah Jesus, yer still the same sulky
bastard aren't yer?! Sick in the
head and a constant pissin' whiny
moaner! Fine. Yer want me to listen
to the songs. I'll listen to the
fuckin' songs. But then yer gonna
tell me where Seamus is! Deal?

PEG LEG PETE
(beat, then smiling)
Deal. Now check the top drawer.

Jonjo rummages. Pulls out an MP3 player. Stares at Pete.

PEG LEG PETE
Go on then. Track 6. Beautiful.

Jonjo feigns interest. Turns away, searches the tracks.

Dominatrix packs away her suitcase of porno pain.

PEG LEG PETE
And where d'yer think you're going?

DOMINATRIX
Time's up.

PEG LEG PETE
The fuck it is! There's still 3
minutes on the clock, girly! Yer
don't finish, yer don't get paid.

Peg Leg Pete turns away, assumes the position.

PEG LEG PETE
Now... In yer own fuckin' time.

Dominatrix sweeps up the metal chain attached to Pete's neck belt. Yanks his head back.

PEG LEG PETE
That's the way. Nice and firm.

Dominatrix picks up a baton...

THWACK! - THWACK! - THWACK!

Peg Leg Pete's face goes red. YELPS in pain. His eyes bulge.

PEG LEG PETE
Yer stupid fuckin' alien, that was
my ball sack not my arse!!!

He swings round -- punches her in the face. Splits her lip.

Dominatrix clutches her mouth.

Peg Leg Pete turns away.

PEG LEG PETE
(calmer)
Now do it again. Properly.

Dominatrix's eyes full of scorn.

She glances at his prosthetic leg -- rips it off.

PEG LEG PETE
The fuck are yer doing, woman?!

JONJO

Listening to a folk song -- and now we're listening with him.
A sense of youthful adolescence. A happier time.

Behind Jonjo:

Dominatrix unloads a torrent a brutal blows to Peg Leg Pete's head with the prosthetic body part.

He fights back, whipping out a pocket knife --

-- SHANKING her with it. Over and over.

It's a relentless, violent opera.

They both strike out -- blow after bloody blow until neither can fight on.

JONJO
(back turned, listening)
Pete, this is absolutely fantastic.
I'd forgotten how good we were.

Peg Leg Pete sags down on the bed, dying. His chains tangled.

Dominatrix collapses on top of him, clutching the prosthetic leg -- soaked in Peg Leg Pete's blood.

And finally the music stops.

JONJO
Wait 'til I show this Er--

Jonjo -- facing Peg Leg Pete. Mouth agape.

JONJO
What in the shite...

Glances the room. The door's still closed.

He shuffles over to the bed for a better look.

Peg Leg Pete's face is a bloody pulp. Dominatrix is not faring any better. A pocket knife binding the two of them.

JONJO
... Are yer dead?

Peg Leg Pete stirs, a dying fight back.

JONJO
Pete?

Almost dead...

JONJO
Pete, I know yer in spot of discomfort here. Truth be told yer look fuckin' terrible, man... But I've gotta ask yer 'cos I need to know. Where was Seamus heading?

Beckons him closer.

PEG LEG PETE
T... Tintin.
(touches the MP3 player)
Good tune, eh?

Peg Leg Pete slumps dead.

Jonjo stares at him, forlorn.

Then at the monitor screens. Two of Pete's men in the corridor. Another one on the stairs. All armed.

He glances the room for an exit.

Moves over to the window. Lifts up the black blind. Tugs at the iron grills on the window. Welded on.

JONJO
Christ...

Rifles through the drawers, tossing all sorts of sexual toys onto the floor.

JONJO
(mutters)
Tell me you've got a gun, man.

Nothing -- *no guns anywhere.*

JONJO
Fuck.

Thinking hard. Whips out his phone. Reluctantly dials.

Waits... CLICK:

AIDEN (O.S.)
(receiver)
Wasn't expecting to hear from yer
so soon, Jonjo. Found Seamus then?

JONJO
Not quite. Need a favour.

AIDEN (O.S.)
Go on.

JONJO
I'm stuck in a brothel.

AIDEN (O.S.)
That's your business.

JONJO
Yer not hearing me, Aiden. I can't
get out. I've two corpses in a room
with me and a bunch of fuckin'
meatheads camped outside with guns.

AIDEN (O.S.)
Corpses?

JONJO
... Peg Leg Pete.

AIDEN (O.S.)
From school?

JONJO
Aye. Killed with his own leg, by an
irate prostitute...

Pause.

AIDEN (O.S.)
And how is this my problem?

JONJO

I gotta find my brother, you wanna talk to my brother... Pete gave me a heads up on where he might be.

AIDEN (O.S.)

Where's that then?

JONJO

Claustrophobia makes me forgetful.

A silent moment.

AIDEN (O.S.)

... Fair enough. Hang tight. I'll get back to yer. No guarantees.

Hangs up.

JONJO

Aiden?

(sighs, troubled)

Fuckin' bollocks, man.

Jonjo moves over to the door. Locks it. Slumps down against the wall. Eyes fixed on the monitor screens.

His phone RINGS:

JONJO

(not looking)

Thank Christ! Yer got someone coming over then?

ERIN (O.S.)

Coming over? What's going on?

JONJO

Oh hey, sorry didn't see the number. It's nothi--

ERIN (O.S.)

You sound stressed.

JONJO

Ah... This damn place, it brings out the worst in me.

ERIN (O.S.)

Are you at the airport?

JONJO

Almost. You alright?

ERIN (O.S.)

Me? Fine.

JONJO
Yeah?

ERIN (O.S.)
Yeah.

JONJO
(beat, then)
Erin, what are yer not telling me?

Silence.

Jonjo visibly tense.

JONJO
Erin?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Erin, slumped against a wall. Phone to her ear. Pensive. Her eyes puffy from crying.

ERIN
It's nothing. Like I said, I'm fine... Just tired.

JONJO (O.S.)
I don't believe yer. What's going on? Is Dylan--

ERIN
Dylan's sleeping. It's just... This whole bloody thing, it's tough.

JONJO (O.S.)
... I know. I'm sorry.
(then)
It's gonna be okay. Promise.

ERIN
Is Seamus with you?

A pregnant beat.

JONJO (O.S.)
He is, aye.

ERIN
I'd like to talk to him.
(wipes her eyes)
To thank him for what he's doing.

INT. ROOM 23 - SAME TIME

Jonjo -- on his feet -- pacing...

JONJO

He's... in the bathroom right now.

(then, scoffs)

Besides, you'll have plenty of time to thank him. He's gonna be freeloading under our roof for God knows how many months after this.

ERIN (O.S.)

Why are you lying to me, Jonjo?

JONJO

(firm, restrained)

Look, we're on our way. I'm about to book our flights, so I'd best--

ERIN (O.S.)

Hurry home.

JONJO

Yes. Exactly.

(then)

Daft to say this given it's only been a few hours but, with you been so far away... I really miss yer.

A long silence.

ERIN (O.S.)

I'd better get back to Dylan.

JONJO

(keeping it together)

Of course. Just... Tell him his daddy loves him very much...

The line goes dead.

Jonjo sits on the end of the bed. Heartbroken.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

Erin cups her face in her hands. Breaks down.

We slowly PULL AWAY to reveal:

Dylan's hospital door closed. Through the glass we see doctors and nurses frantically trying to revive him.

INT. ROOM 23 - NIGHT

A deathly silence. Jonjo takes in the corpses. Grim.

Suddenly he zeroes in on the monitor screens.

A MAN wearing a balaclava storms into the reception carrying a gun. Pistol whipping ladyboy Chantelle. She drops to floor.

The masked man then picks at the security lock. Pops it open. Stares up at the CCTV feed. Steps inside as ...

The screens turn to white noise. The CCTV link's been cut.

JONJO

Oh shite.

Jonjo paces. Dials Aiden's number. Straight to voicemail.

AIDEN (O.S.)

I'm not available. Call me back
another time.

Hangs up.

JONJO

Not fuckin' now, Aiden. Jesus!

Jonjo moves over to door. Presses his ear up against it.

Listening. Waiting...

And now we hear SHOUTING. Followed by a physical struggle. Choking, inaudible dialogue --

-- then the single SHOT of a silencer cutting through the air. THUDDING into its victim...

Jonjo backs off. Thinking fast. Eyes scanning the room. Searching for a weapon. Anything will do.

Charges over to Peg Leg Pete and the prostitute. Swipes Pete's pen knife. It's tiny. Needs something bigger.

Pries the prosthetic leg from the prostitute's dead hand.

Waits by the door, leg raised. Ready to strike.

FOOTFALLS approaching fast. STOPPING at the door.

On the other side:

A SHADOW looms. Visible underneath a crack at the base.

-- Silence.

Jonjo's hands grip the prosthetic leg with white knuckles.

The door handle turns. Then turns again. Locked.

-- A KNOCK.

JONJO

Fuck off cunt. I'm armed!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Open up.

Jonjo, uncertain.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

C'mon, open up. Don't make me shoot
the handle, man.

JONJO

(no choice)

Alright then. But no funny shite,
yer hear me?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Just open the pissin' door.

Jonjo unlocks the door, steps back.

The masked man enters. Gun by his side. After a moment he
lifts up his balaclava revealing his face.

It's Digger.

JONJO

What the fuck are you doing here?
(off his look)
... Aiden sent yer?

DIGGER

He did.

JONJO

But yer a cop. I just saw yer take
down those Cunningham brothers.

DIGGER

Which is why I can't be long.
Station house thinks I've got the
shits. My Superintendent let me nip
to the pharmacy for some meds.

JONJO

The shits?

DIGGER

Aye...

(then, rehearsed speech)

And en route I happened to receive
a call from an informer of mine
claiming he saw the Cunningham
brothers enter Desmond's exotic art
establishment earlier this evening
to acquire some '*professional
dancers*' for a night of frivolous
entertainment.

(MORE)

DIGGER (CONT'D)

On examining the crime scene, it appears that an altercation took place over a disagreement concerning, most probably, money's owed and...

(pushes past Jonjo)

Excuse me.

Takes aim: *PHFT! - PHFT! - PHFT!*

Digger unloads on the corpses. Riddling them with bullets.

JONJO

What the fuck are yer doing?!

DIGGER

In my expert opinion, it seems a violent act occurred during this dispute. According to my informant, the brothers then fled the scene with the weapon.

Bags the gun he's just fired. Smiles.

DIGGER

A weapon which I happened to stumble across an hour ago during the Cunningham warehouse raid.

JONJO

Where's this informant?

DIGGER

He wishes to remain anonymous.

JONJO

But you've already caught 'em red handed for arms dealing...

DIGGER

(sighs)

Out within two years these days.

JONJO

No court in their right mind would buy the crap you've just spouted.

DIGGER

... I have a witness.

JONJO

A witness?

BOYLE (O.S.)

Me.

Meet RAY BOYLE, 20s, an ambitious upstart. Devoid of any notable morals. He's clutching a duffle bag.

DIGGER
Did yer get the tapes?

BOYLE
(raises the bag)
Aye. All today's and yesterday's.
Covered em' in bleach.

DIGGER
Grand. Be sure to burn 'em.

BOYLE
Yes sir.

JONJO
Sir? Yer a feckin' cop too?

Nods.

DIGGER
Seems he'd come to collect his
missus when I found him unconscious
from a nasty blow to the head.

BOYLE
Bastards must've blind-sided me
during their getaway.

JONJO
Then how does that make you a
fuckin' witness?

BOYLE
I heard 'em.
(glares at Jonjo)
I'm an audible witness.

JONJO
So who's yer missus?

Digger and Boyle stare blankly at the dead hooker.

JONJO
Unfuckinbelievable. And what was
her name, the late 'Mrs. Boyle'?

BOYLE
We weren't married yet. But her
name was, um... Tiger Lily.
(off their looks)
Oh fuck off then. Fine! Minnie.
That normal enough for yer?

DIGGER
Call it in Boyle.

JONJO

All this just to bring down two low
rent arms dealers...

BOYLE

(into his radio)

This is Garda Boyle. I'm at a
brothel not far from Market street--

He moves into the hallway.

DIGGER

Cunningham's have nothing to do
with this situation, Fagan. There's
two reasons and two reasons only
why this is going on. Firstly,
because Aiden Macklin instructed me
to clean up yer feekin' mess. And
we all know that when someone from
his organisation calls in an order
you don't fuckin' dither. And
secondly, 'cos he pays his
housekeepers handsomely. If yer
know what I mean?

JONJO

Can I go now, officer?

DIGGER

... Bringing down those two English
cunts is a nice bonus, is all...

Jonjo -- still waiting for an answer. Digger nods.

DIGGER

Yer weren't here. And I'll tell
Aiden yer said thanks then shall I?

A smug expression forming on Digger's face.

Jonjo nods thanks, point taken. Stomps out...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

... And takes a breath -- *at what he's just seen.*

Lights up a smoke, allows himself a moment to collect his
thoughts. Checks his watch.

TIME READS: 2.23AM.

Spies an off license across the road...

INT. 24 HOUR OFF LICENCE - NIGHT

Marches up to the counter. Intense expression on his face.

The clerk stares at him.

Jonjo takes in the spirits on the shelf behind. Then:

JONJO

Vodka.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

... Picking up speed, chug-a-lugging the vodka down fast.
Wincing as it hits the back of his throat.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rounds a corner -- buzzing. Instantly spies Tintin in his
blue bowling shirt, hanging around near an alleyway.

Drops the empty bottle to the ground. It SMASHES.

Tintin -- on his phone, pulls it away. Spins towards Jonjo.

TINTIN

No way, man. Yer the cheeky fuck
from the Rising Sun.

Jonjo keeps moving -- wild eyes. Grabs Tintin by the shirt.

TINTIN

The fuck are yer doing?!

Drags him into the alleyway -- and launches him across a row
of bins. Stomps on his phone. Tips rubbish over him.

Kicks him in the ribs. Again and again.

TINTIN

(squealing)
Get off me, yer cunt! Get off!!!

Jonjo SLAMS him up against a wall. Eyeball fucks him.

JONJO

I'm in no mood for anymore
bullshit. Now where's my brother? I
know yer saw him earlier tonight.

TINTIN

(faster)
I did. He wanted to meet up, give
me back some pills. And I was...
(pauses, then)
I was ordered to meet him anyways.

JONJO

By Magee?

TINTIN

Seamus was owed some money for the last job he did. I was told to take him over to Evelyn's club for payment. Haven't seen him since.

JONJO

So yer got Magee's phone number?

TINTIN

(shakes his head)

Order didn't come from him. Came from his sister. She runs the club.

Jonjo studies Tintin -- *knows the kid's telling the truth.*

JONJO

Take me there.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They walk in silence.

Tintin's eyes down at his feet.

JONJO

... How many of Magee's crew are at this club?

TINTIN

Dunno. A few. They hang out there.

(then)

He's a top lad, your Seamus.

JONJO

Good to know, coming from a drug dealer, pimp or whatever the fuck you are--

TINTIN

I just sell the pills, man. Not like Seamus, he...

Jonjo stops. Glowers at him.

JONJO

He what?

(off Tintin's defiance)

Want me to beat it out of yer?

A pause. Finally:

TINTIN

Seamus was in debt to Magee. For that stupid racehorse he shot.

JONJO

Nah. I cleared that debt years ago.

TINTIN

Magee wouldn't let it go. Seamus never had the heart to tell yer. Said you'd moved on. Had a good life, a family. That you were a better man for it...

Suddenly Jonjo spins, DRIVES a FIST into Tintin's face. He collapses on the floor, tries to get up.

Jonjo kicks him back down.

JONJO

Yer lying fuck, yer just told me Paddy Magee owed Seamus money for that last job!

SLAMS a foot down on Tintin's throat.

JONJO

Don't be screwing with me, boyo.

TINTIN

(choking)

Jesus, I'm not, okay?! Magee would take a cut of whatever yer brother earned. Said they'd be quits soon.

After a long moment Jonjo releases Tintin.

Tintin, on his back -- coughing and spluttering

TINTIN

(breathless)

... Least that's what I'd heard.

Jonjo lights up a smoke. Ponders. Then:

JONJO

And what else have yer 'heard'?

TINTIN

... Seamus was doing something for Magee's crew. Wouldn't let me in on it. Said it was some dark shite.

Jonjo catches sight of Devlin's 4X4 parked up nearby.

Stares hard at it. Movement inside. He's being watched.

TINTIN

Evelyn's is over there by the way.

Glances across the road at two HEAVY's outside a nightclub.

Jonjo stumps out his smoke, starts across the road.

TINTIN

Hey Jonjo?

Turns back, locks eyes with Tintin.

TINTIN

Yer should know... Evelyn asked me
to call yer. She knows yer coming.

Tintin struggles to his feet, sprints off down the road.

Jonjo's face hardens. A glint of the old warrior in his eye.

Whips out his phone and the flier of Seamus' girl, Florenta.

At the bottom of the sheet -- *a mobile number.*

Dials it. Straight to automated voicemail.

JONJO

(into receiver)

Jonjo here. I'm at Evelyn's
nightclub. I'll be waiting for yer.

Hangs up.

Stomps towards the club...

INT. EVELYN'S UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

WE TRACK Jonjo as he weaves his way through a packed
subterranean dance floor.

A TATTOO FACED MAN known as KRAMER, sits at a table with a
few goons, downing shots -- all smoking Methamphetamine.

Kramer's one of Magee's crew.

Jonjo spots him through the crowd. Moves towards him, his
eyes scanning everywhere. Takes in the CCTV.

KRAMER'S TABLE

Kramer, girl on his lap, eyes on some playing cards.

Jonjo slides up next to him. Whispers in his ear. Kramer
double glances, pushes the girl off his lap.

An argument quickly starts up between Jonjo and Kramer.

The music's too loud to hear what they're shouting about but
it suddenly gets out of control. Jonjo EXPLODES in a frenzy
of violence, SLAMMING Kramer's face into the table.

The goons leap up, tackle Jonjo to the ground.

INT. EVELYN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The loud music VIBRATES faintly.

Jonjo is dragged into a shabby neon room by a couple of goons. Flanked by a bloodied Kramer, clutching his nose.

The low level lighting gives the room an interrogatory feel.

The goons force Jonjo into an arm chair. Strap him down.

CRACK! Kramer SMASHES a fist into Jonjo's face.

KRAMER

Prick!

Kramer -- ready to go again, when:

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Enough!

Kramer stops mid-punch, as;

Jonjo, collecting himself -- catches sight of a desk at the end of the room. A shadowy FIGURE sits behind a bank of security monitors, working through a stack of paperwork.

This is EVELYN MAGEE, early 30s.

Stylishly suave, she leans into the light offering us an intelligence from behind pencil thin glasses.

After a beat, Evelyn smiles at Jonjo like an old friend.

EVELYN

What an unexpected surprise, Jonjo.

JONJO

We both know that's a lie.

EVELYN

I see you've not lost your charm.
(re: the monitors)
Any particular reason why you're
starting fights in my club?

JONJO

Sure. I've got a reason.

Off her silence.

JONJO

Kramer's a cunt.

Kramer, beating Jonjo to death with his eyes.

Evelyn pulls out a tissue, places it on the desk for Kramer, he slopes over and takes it -- wipes the blood from his nose.

JONJO
Where's Paddy?

EVELYN
Unavailable. Why are you here?

JONJO
I've come for Seamus and I know
you've got him. So let's trade.

Evelyn lights up a cigarette.

Rises from her chair.

JONJO
I'm not looking for any trouble.

EVELYN
Interesting... And yet I seem to
recall Paddy telling me how you
once beat a barman unconscious 'cos
he served you the wrong stout...

Saunters over to Jonjo. Offers him a drag.

He leans forward -- sucks it up. Then blows the smoke at her.

JONJO
... Apocryphally can be a funny
fuckin' tool, Evelyn. Like how
Kramer over there once told me that
you sucked off yer brother in
preparation for the day yer met yer
very own Prince Charming.

She glares at Kramer. He shifts, uncomfortable.

JONJO
Course given yer hellish aversion
to the cock it's a fuckin'
challenging story to believe.

Evelyn forces a smile through tight lips.

KRAMER
He's making it up, Evelyn.

EVELYN
You can leave us now, Kramer.

KRAMER
But--

EVELYN
I'll be seeing you later.

She holds Kramer's gaze. Hard line. Kramer stomps off,
glowering at Jonjo as he exits.

Silence. Until:

EVELYN

You know you're not meant to be here, Jonjo. That was the deal...

JONJO

... Like I said, I wanna trade.

EVELYN

Go on.

JONJO

It's in my pocket. I can't reach.

Evelyn stares at him, studies his eyes carefully. After a moment she slides a hand inside his trouser leg pocket.

Slowly pulls out the USB stick.

JONJO

Seamus took it from yer. I'm bringing it back, okay?

EVELYN

I admire your gumption.

JONJO

It's a gesture of goodwill. Me and Paddy are quits. I just want my brother back, it's important.

Evelyn places the USB stick on the side. Opens up a drawer, pulls out a pair of surgical gloves.

EVELYN

(thinking, then)

For my 14th birthday I had my hair cut nice and pretty. Some of the girls at school threatened to bring eggs in and ruin my fancy new look. Called it a '*birthday bump*'...

(pulls on the gloves)

So I decided to fight fire with fire. Brought in my own eggs. Told them all they'd get egg in their faces, if they tried anything.

Jonjo's eyes are drawn to the two goons, busy laying down sheets of plastic across the carpet.

EVELYN

Course, none of them had brought any eggs in. They'd said it to make me paranoid. Kids can be so cruel.

Evelyn pops open a cabinet. Rummages.

EVELYN

Those little shits took my bag and soaked me in my own fucking eggs.

She whips out a WRENCH.

JONJO

Oh come the fuck on! A wrench?

(thinking fast)

Am I missing something here, love?

'Cos I haven't brought any eggs.

EVELYN

Oh but you have, Jonjo.

(re: the USB stick)

Ever thought that this thing wasn't taken for leverage but for love?

Jonjo stares on, confused.

EVELYN

That maybe that deadbeat brother of yours was doing you a favour?

The two goons drag Jonjo's chair onto the plastic sheets.

JONJO

(squirms wildly)

Jesus, this is not necessary! I have my family waiting for me.

EVELYN

Should have thought about that before you showed your face again.

She moves in behind him...

JONJO

What the fuck's on that USB?

EVELYN

I think you know. Paddy warned you, that if you ever showed your face again, there'd be repercussions.

Raises the wrench up, as:

AIDEN (O.S.)

And what might they be, Miss Magee?

Evelyn hesitates.

Aiden, in the doorway. Flanked by Devlin and Red Boots.

EVELYN

Aiden... Mr. Macklin, what are--

Aiden takes in the plastic sheets, the set up.

AIDEN
This a bad time?

EVELYN
(lowers the wrench)
Best if you called back a little
later. This a private affair.

Aiden stares at her blankly.

AIDEN
Devlin, upload whatever's on that
USB. Then transfer it to my phone.
(unties Jonjo)
So, where's Seamus then?

Evelyn says nothing.

Aiden moves up close to her.

AIDEN
Tintin told me Seamus was here.

EVELYN
He's not now. Sorry.

Aiden smiles, then suddenly RIPS one of Evelyn's diamond earrings out. She falls to her knees, yelps in pain.

Blood gushes from her delicate lobe.

Evelyn's two goons back away, on edge.

AIDEN
Wrong answer. Do that again and
I'll cut the whole fuckin' ear off.

EVELYN
(grimaces)
He... Kramer took him to see my
brother. Paddy wanted a word.

AIDEN
Took him where?

EVELYN
No idea. Paddy's not been himself
lately. He's just moved house. Only
a few people know his new location.

AIDEN
And I'm meant to believe he
wouldn't tell his own sister?

EVELYN
He's paranoid of his enemies
finding him. Clearly, I'm an
obvious target for information.

BAM! The door SMASHES open --

-- Bogdan, Ravi and Victor storm into the room, dragging along a battered Kramer. Hurling him to the floor.

Devlin and Red Boots pull out their guns, as do Bogdan's crew. It's a Mexican stand-off with Jonjo sat in the middle.

OVERLAPPING VOICES -- guns switching targets.

Jonjo uprights, pleads for calm. Finally, a respite:

BOGDAN
Are you fucking with us, thief?

RAVI
Where's our sister?!

JONJO
With my brother.

BOGDAN
We know this already! So why the fuck you ring me?

Aiden casts his gaze over Jonjo, curious. Then:

JONJO
'Cos Kramer here's gonna take us to them. Right, Kramer?

All eyes on Kramer. He glances at Evelyn, clutching her ear. She nods, yes. Petrified.

BOGDAN
Fine. Let's go.

AIDEN
Not happening, gypo.

Bogdan puts his gun to the head of Kramer.

BOGDAN
No Kramer, no trip.

KRAMER
Jesus man, don't let him kill me,
I'll take yer where yer need to go!

Aiden, eyes on Bogdan, thinking hard -- signals for his men to lower their weapons. They reluctantly obey.

... As do Bogdan's gang.

AIDEN
What's yer name?

BOGDAN

Bogdan.

AIDEN

Alright Bogdan, we'll take separate cars. But Seamus is ours, got it?

Bogdan barely nods yes, drags Kramer out.

Devlin glances at his PDA, steps in close to Aiden.

DEVLIN

Upload's encrypted.

EVELYN

I... I know the code.

AIDEN

(to Devlin)

Stay with her. Search the office.
Find out what they've been up to.
Soon as it uploads, send it across.
(faces Jonjo)
And you, you're with me.

JONJO

Wait, that USB's mine.

AIDEN

Not anymore.

Aiden strides out...

INT. 4X4 (IN MOTION) - NIGHT

Jonjo stares out at the city lights, flashing past his face. All the while the aggressive eyes of Red boots glare at him.

Up top, Aiden lights a smoke. Says nothing.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. EVELYN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Devlin SLAMS a fist into Evelyn's face. She collapses in a heap. Tries to crawl away. He grabs her hair--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. 4X4 (IN MOTION) - NIGHT

Jonjo, staring at his phone -- at Erin and Dylan's happy faces smiling back at him on the screen saver.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. EVELYN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Evelyn -- pleading with Devlin. Pointing at her desk. His eyes flick to it, she swings for him. A fight back of sorts.

He catches her punch -- unleashes a barrage of blows.

Evelyn slumps to the floor, unconscious.

Devlin stomps over to the desk, sifts through the paperwork, accounts -- unaware, as Evelyn's eyes peek open...

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

Bogdan's car speeds down the road. Shadowed by Aiden's 4X4.

INT. 4X4 (IN MOTION) - NIGHT

The atmosphere is tense.

Jonjo's eyes drift towards something;

JONJO'S POV

Through the windscreen we see a convoy of white vans speeding out of an oncoming driveway. The cars race past them --

Bogdan's car narrowly misses being hit by the fleeing vehicles, before turning into the driveway.

Jonjo and Aiden glance back -- watching on as the white vans disappear into the night...

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

A large farmhouse with surrounding fields as far as the eye can see. The area is entrenched by darkness.

No other civilisation for at least a mile.

Beyond the main house:

A BARN

The stark beam of a car's headlights creeping out of it.

Unseen, from inside the barn:

We hear a car ENGINE spluttering towards a slow death. The ignition being restarted over and over...

FARMHOUSE

Aiden's 4x4 pulls to a stop near the entrance.

Bogdan's car is parked up, rocking wildly. A fight going on.

Jonjo climbs out, takes in the farmhouse. Only one light can be seen, coming from a ground floor room.

Aiden, Red boots and another heavy are staring over at:

TWO MEN speeding out of the barn, catching sight of Aiden's crew -- and scrambling over a nearby fence to escape.

RED BOOTS

Want me to follow 'em boss?

AIDEN

Nah. Have Digger pick 'em up before they get into the city.

Red Boots nods, whips out his phone -- makes the call.

Suddenly raised VOICES --

-- Ravi and Victor stumble out from the back of their car, dragging a rabidly defiant Kramer by the hair.

They hurl him into the boot. Slamming it shut.

Bogdan bowls over to Aiden.

BOGDAN

We go in together, yes?

AIDEN

Any reason why yer beating Kramer in? He could still be useful.

BOGDAN

It's fine. He's not dead.

JONJO

I wanna go in the house first.

All eyes land on Jonjo.

JONJO

Me and Magee have history. Gimme a minute of his time, man to man.

BOGDAN

No way.

And now Ravi and Victor are flanking Bogdan. Hard faced.

RAVI

(Romanian)

I don't trust him.

VICTOR
(Romanian)
I don't trust any of these cunts.

BOGDAN
(Romanian)
They try and fuck us, we'll kill them all. Agreed?

Victor and Ravi acknowledge Bogdan's threat with their eyes.

JONJO
I only want my brother. If he's in there, I need to know he's alright.

Aiden takes Bogdan off to the side.

AIDEN
You a man of honour, Bogdan?

BOGDAN
Of course... Are you?

Jonjo watches on as they talk in hushed tones. We don't hear what's being said. Finally:

Bogdan's cold gaze lands on Jonjo.

BOGDAN
Okay. Go.

Aiden blocks Jonjo's path.

AIDEN
Yer can talk to Magee. Just talk.
Nothing else. I want him alive.

Jonjo nods, strides past and up the steps...

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Eerily silent.

A bright light flickers across the wooden floors. Coming from a room at the end of the hallway.

Jonjo edges his way along, tense. Fists clenched.

His eyes scanning everywhere. Stopping at the illuminated doorway, turning in to see:

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

An open fire in full form. The CRACKLE and SNAP of flames.

Sat close to it, wrapped up tight like a newborn baby, we see a hunched FIGURE. The light dances across his face.

This is PADDY MAGEE, 50s. A paler version of himself. Gaunt and frail, his eyes refusing to lose their menace or energy.

He slowly turns his head towards the door.

For a lingering moment Magee's face betrays nothing. Then:

MAGEE
(casually)
Where's Kramer?

JONJO
Kramer?

MAGEE
I have eyes and ears everywhere,
boyo. I know he brought you here.

JONJO
Then you'll know I'm not alone.

A tense silence.

MAGEE
(sighs)
Funny how empire's fall, right?

JONJO
Can't say yer look good.

MAGEE
Yer sound disappointed.

JONJO
Well, I'm looking at a corpse.

MAGEE
... So, why now?
(off Jonjo's look)
Ten years of nothing and now yer
come looking for payback?

JONJO
Sorry to disappoint yer, but I
didn't come here for that shite.
I'm here for my brother.

MAGEE
Ah, good old Seamus.

JONJO
Where is he?

MAGEE

Where he chooses to be...

(ponders, then)

Ironical world this. Yer know, I've
spent a lifetime instilling fear
into folks and now look at me.

(laughs)

Like a modern day Howard Hughes.

JONJO

We're not playing this game, Paddy.
I'm running outta time here.

Met with a ferocious stare.

MAGEE

Aren't we all.

JONJO

You'd like that wouldn't yer? Me
putting you outta yer misery.

(steps in closer)

But by the look of it, nature's got
in there first. Damn fuckin' shame.

MAGEE

Nature...? Try pancreatic cancer.
Dead in a matter of months.

JONJO

That must really fuckin' hurt.

Magee forces a thinly veiled smile.

JONJO

Now where's my brother? I know he
came to see you earlier on.

MAGEE

He did, aye.

JONJO

No doubt wanting money owed to him,
so he could fly his girl to London.

MAGEE

(scoffs)

Is that what you believe?

(then)

Okay. What's in it for me?

JONJO

We have your sister.

MAGEE

Sweet Evelyn...

(colder)

Yer can keep her.

Jonjo, barely holding it together, moves over to a cabinet. Thinking fast. Pops it open. Rifles through it.

MAGEE
He's not in there, Jonjo.
(calls out, playful)
Seamus, Seamus you in there?

Jonjo grabs a batch of pills. Hovers them over the fire.

And now we see a hint of doubt in Magee's eyes.

MAGEE
I can get more meds, yer prick.

JONJO
Really, on a Saturday night? Not
many pharmacies open now 'till
Monday. That's a long time out here
on yer own. Think of the pain...

The comment hangs in the air. Finally, Magee sighs:

MAGEE
Angus.

Movement in the doorway, Jonjo's eyes flick over to a hulk of a man. This is ANGUS. Magee's private bodyguard.

MAGEE
Take him to his brother.

Off Jonjo's incredulous stare.

MAGEE
What, feels too easy? Thought I'd
be harder to break down?
(then)
I'm done. Now get outta my fuckin'
house and let me die in peace.

JONJO
You'll never have peace. I hope you
die the way you deserve too.

MAGEE
Likewise. Say hi to Aiden for me.

They share a lingering look.

MAGEE
Always liked him and his brother.

Magee smiles, his eyes drifting over to the fire. He watches the flames. Deep in thought.

Jonjo, rage personified, fights the urge to skull crush him.

-- moves towards the door...

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

... Strides out, Angus by his side.

Bogdan's pack surround him like flies on shit.

BOGDAN
Where's Florenta?

JONJO
Angus is taking us there now.

Content. They give Jonjo a wide berth.

AIDEN
And Magee?

JONJO
Inside. He's got the cancer.

Aiden beckons Red Boots over.

AIDEN
Stay with Magee.
(to Angus)
You, big man... In my car.

Angus obeys, moves towards it, flanked by Aiden's heavy.

Bogdan turns to Ravi and Victor.

BOGDAN
(Romanian)
*I'll go with them, you stay here
incase they're lying to us.*
(to Aiden)
Okay. I will follow.

Everybody hops into the two cars. The engine's start up.

Red Boots and Victor move towards the house.

VICTOR
You coming, Ravi?

RAVI
In a minute.

Victor steps inside, as does Red Boots.

Ravi lights up a smoke, watches the cars exit, leans against the wall, takes in the silence.

Puffs on his smoke. Thinking -- honing in on something...

EXT. FARM - BARN - NIGHT

... Rounds the corner, eyes drawn to the open barn door.

Headlights flashing.

Stumps out his cigarette. Grips hold of his gun.

Quietly creeps towards the barn.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Magee gingerly leans over, grabs a bottle of scotch.

Red Boots and Victor hover in the doorway. Magee glances at them both, smiles politely.

MAGEE

Drink?

Victor shakes his head, no.

MAGEE

Persse's Galway Whisky, 1858.

Bought the cunt for 90 grand.

(pours a glass)

Have it on special occasions.

Red Boots steps forward, takes the glass.

Magee smiles, pours himself another.

INT. 4X4 (IN MOTION) - NIGHT

Silence. Angus drives.

Aiden, gun on his lap -- catches sight of Jonjo, staring at him in the rear view mirror.

AIDEN

Something on yer mind?

JONJO

You said yer wanted to know what
Magee's up to. Magee's back there.

AIDEN

And he'll still be there later.

Whereas I have a funny feeling

Seamus might be long gone.

(then)

Everything okay? Yer seem tense.

Jonjo's eyes settle on Aiden's gun, acts casual.

JONJO
Just wanna get home to my family

AIDEN
Don't we all.

Aiden glances back, watches him for a beat.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Magee watches the flames dance over the open fire.

Red Boots stands by the window, sips his scotch. Hates it.

Victor remains by the door.

MAGEE
Thing about power is it's
pointless. You're always striving
for something that doesn't exist.
Then one day yer look around and
yer just don't give a fuck anymore.
(off Red Boots' look)
Why, right? 'Cos you've finally
realised the futility of it all.
And the people that yer did all
this for, the ones that mattered to
yer... Well, they're either dead or
not worth the fuckin' effort.

Red Boots places his drink down.

RED BOOTS
Getting all philosophical, Magee?

MAGEE
Impending death does that to a man.
(stares at Victor)
No... Just realising that all my
gains. My actions, they've brought
me a life that I fuckin' loved. And
I guess I'm gonna miss it, is all.

VICTOR
Once you're gone old man, the next
big shot appears.

MAGEE
Yer say that like I should be sad
or something. Why? I'm the fuckin'
big shot. Besides, you only live
for you, right?

VICTOR
In your case, yes.

Magee's hand inches towards a cigarette box.

EXT. FARM - BARN - NIGHT

Ravi -- pressed up against the barn wall, slides along...

Reaching the door -- spins into:

INT. BARN - NIGHT

A set of headlights flickering in his face. Slips past this, catches sight of a white van. The bonnet is raised.

The engine smoking a little.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The two cars pull up in a deserted lay-by.

Their headlights illuminating the surrounding darkness.

INT. 4X4 - NIGHT

Angus turns the engine off.

ANGUS
He's over there.

Jonjo glances out at the darkness.

JONJO
Where?
(no reaction)
For fuck's sake.

Starts to get out -- hesitates.

JONJO
Yer coming, Aiden?

AIDEN
I'll wait here.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Jonjo clambers out, stomps through the wet fields, struggling to see ahead of him.

BOGDAN (O.S.)
You lying to me again, thief?

Glances back -- Bogdan is lent against his car, watching.

JONJO
Do I look like I've got all the fuckin' answers, man?

Bogdan sparks up a smoke. Says nothing.

INT. 4X4 - SAME TIME

Aiden checks his gun clip.

Angus sits, uncomfortable. Feeling the eyes of Aiden's other HEAVY penetrating his skull from the backseat.

Aiden's phone RINGS.

AIDEN
(into receiver)
Well, what's she saying?

INT. EVELYN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Devlin, phone to his ear -- dazed expression and a heavy gash on his brow. Staring at a shattered computer screen.

DEVLIN
Nothing. Bitch snuck up on me,
boss. Put a wrench over my head.

INT. 4X4 - NIGHT

Aiden -- eyes on Jonjo trudging off into the dark fields.

DEVLIN (O.S.)
(receiver)
... But I did manage to find out
about what they've been doing...

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

An OAK TREE sits at the top of a hill.

Jonjo stumbles towards it.

JONJO
... Seamus?

Nothing.

JONJO
Seamus, it's Jonjo.

Still nothing.

JONJO
(calls out)
He's not here, fellas!
(sotto)
Fuckin' arsewipe, Magee.

Thinking. Searches his pockets.

INT. 4X4 - NIGHT

Aiden, on his phone -- listening. Stern faced.

DEVLIN (O.S.)
(mid-conversation)
... USB file's uploaded. Sending it
over to yer now.

AIDEN
Good. And Devlin, make sure you
find that bitch.

DEVLIN (O.S.)
Yes boss. And then what?

AIDEN
Do what yer need to do.

Aiden hangs up.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Jonjo scrolls through his phone.

Contact number -- *Seamus*. Hits dial.

After moment his face hardens. Listening. Realising.

Slowly his eyes fall to the floor -- underneath his feet:

The faint sound of a ring tone.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Ravi glances inside the van driver's window. Empty.

Catches sight of:

A blood trail leading off towards the back of the van.

Turns his torch app on.

Shuffles along, his eyes finding:

A blood soaked trainer in the dirt.

Reaches the van's double doors.

Pulls at the handle. A door creaks open. A sudden gush of
cold air hits him. Freezing.

Shines his torch app inside the van...

It's a mobile fridge, with at least a dozen dead women. Piled on top of each other.

Face drops --

Staring right at him, the glazed eyes of a corpse:

Florenta.

Ravi stumbles backwards.

RAVI
Oh fuck. No. Victor!
(louder)
VICTOR!!!

Sprints outside...

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Ravi's faint cries can be heard. Victor dashes outside.

Red Boots glances out the window.

RED BOOTS
What's going on?

Magee shrugs, sips his scotch.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Ravi running hard towards the front door --

Victor bursting outside, gun raised.

VICTOR
(Romanian)
What is it?!

Ravi, can barely talk...

VICTOR
Ravi?

His look says it all.

VICTOR
No...

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Jonjo, on his knees, digging frantically with his hands.

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Magee sits very still, savouring his drink.

Red Boots phone RINGS.

MAGEE
Mind if I smoke?

RED BOOTS
(distracted)
Suit yerself.

Answers the call.

RED BOOTS
Yes, boss?

AIDEN (O.S.)
(receiver)
Seems Magee's been shipping bodies
to the North American black market.
Female organ trafficking.

Magee carefully pops open the cigar box, revealing:

A REVOLVER

-- grips the handle.

AIDEN (O.S.)
(receiver)
Don't let him out of yer sight. Or
let those gypsies near him. We need
to know who his US contact is.

RED BOOTS
Why?

AIDEN (O.S.)
So we can put a stop to it.

Suddenly:

BAM! The front door flies open.

Heavy FOOTFALLS --

Ravi and Victor rounding the corner, wild eyes. Guns raised.

Red Boots draws his pistol.

RED BOOTS
Back the fuck off!

RAVI
Get out of our way?!

Red Boots, refusing to move.

INT. 4X4 - SAME TIME

Aiden, phone to his ear -- listening.

AIDEN
What's going on over there?

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Jonjo, still digging -- and now we see skin...

INT. DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

OVERLAPPING VOICES -- neither side backing down.

Magee slowly raises his gun, unnoticed. His eyes fixed on Victor, Ravi and Red Boots.

VICTOR
Move away or we shoot you too.

RED BOOTS
... Nah, can't let yer do that yer gypsy cunt.

RAVI
Try and stop us!

BANG!

A GUNSHOT reverberates around the room.

Everybody ducks for cover. Until:

RED BOOTS
(lifts his head)
Oh fuck.

All eyes on:

Magee, blood splattered across the back wall. Gun in his mouth, head slumped forward -- dead.

INT. 4X4 - NIGHT

Aiden -- listening. Finally:

RED BOOTS (O.S.)
Magee's just shot himself, boss.

Aiden, irked. Hangs up.

AIDEN
(mutters)
Fuckin' coward.

Hops out of the car --

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

... Moves towards Jonjo.

Catches sight of Bogdan, taking a call -- screaming in Romanian. Jumping in his car -- speeding away.

Aiden's phone BEEPS.

Opens up Devlin's USB file, mid-stride...

THE OAK TREE

Jonjo, on his knees, pulling out an arm...

JONJO
Please God, no.

Still digging...

And now we see the HAND -- the pinky finger -- a RING.

Sheila the shag's 'S' ring.

JONJO
No, no, no, no, no...

Tugs the hand free, pulling more of the body out of the mud.

Shaking with fear, as he unearths a face.

A man --

SEAMUS

Jonjo just stares at him for a moment. Stunned.

Slumps down on the floor. Reels Seamus in.

JONJO
(breathless)
Christ, no... Why, brother. Why'd
yer not come to me sooner. Yer
never fuckin' listened, did yer?!
(voice breaks)
It's not right... *It's not right.*

And now he senses something. Jonjo's eyes lifting, to see --

Aiden, stone faced. Gun in his hand.

AIDEN

Yer scumbag brother sold Magee that Romanian girl. Paddy wasn't best pleased when he realised she had a load of gypsies looking for her.

Tosses his phone to Jonjo.

AIDEN

But by then she was dead, already.

Jonjo stares at the phone blankly.

AIDEN

Press play. Go on.

JONJO

(regrouping)

... What am I looking at?

Aiden raises his gun.

AIDEN

Press. Fuckin'. Play.

Jonjo incredulously clicks open the file...

VIDEO PLAYBACK

Grainy CCTV footage of an alleyway.

A street thug running towards us, clutching a stolen handbag.

Behind him GARDA KENNY MACKLIN gives chase. Street thug suddenly stops, faces the onrushing officer.

Kenny tackles him to the ground. SLAMMING street thug up against the wall. Frisking him, when:

Out of nowhere a HOODED MAN steps free from the shadows, draws a gun. *PHFT!* Kenny's head splatters all over the wall.

He slumps dead.

Hooded man hands street thug his weapon.

Street thug races away.

In the limited visibility of the night lights we see the partial face of our hooded man -- Jonjo Fagan.

END OF VIDEO PLAYBACK

Jonjo stares hard at the screen, ashamed.

Aiden snatches the phone back.

AIDEN

I knew, I fuckin' knew it was you!
 Didn't wanna believe it though. Not
 my pal, Jonjo. No fuckin' way.
 That's why I held off all these
 years. Never had any evidence...

JONJO

I'm sorry, Aiden.

AIDEN

We grew up together. You, me,
 Kenny. Blood brothers, remember?

Aiden, getting angrier -- pacing up and down.

JONJO

What d'yer want me to say to yer,
 man? Seamus was hiding, they'd
 kicked Ann Marie so fuckin' hard
 her baby died right there inside
 her. They were threatening to kill
 my family. My own mam... *She died*
and I fuckin' watched it happen.

(voice cracks)

... I had no choice, Aiden.

AIDEN

We always have a choice. Yer coulda
 come to me.

(then, coldly)

Kenny was yer friend, Jonjo.

JONJO

I didn't know it was Kenny,
 alright? I didn't know...

Aiden stares at his gun, tormented.

JONJO

They told me it was some rookie cop
 who was refusing to cooperate. That
 he wouldn't look the other way.

AIDEN

How could yer not know it was him?

JONJO

It was an alleyway. There was no
 light, I couldn't see his face.

AIDEN

And if you'd known it was Kenny,
 would you have still done it?

They lock eyes. Jonjo's face hardens.

Aiden storms towards him. Eyes filled with vengeful fury.

AIDEN
Fuckin' answer me!

JONJO
(screams)
In a heartbeat! My family is all
that matters. And now my brother's--

AIDEN
Dead... Just like mine.

Aiden stares at Seamus' corpse.

AIDEN
All these years I've lived with the
pain of knowing that my brother
died because of what he stood for.
For who he was... And 'cos of the
hate people had towards me.

Presses the gun against Jonjo's brow.

AIDEN
God, I've wanted to find the man
who pulled the trigger, so badly.
(then, colder)
And now here we are...

Jonjo closes his eyes -- *knows it's over.*

A long, silent moment. Finally:

AIDEN
(lowers the gun)
Normally, you'd be dead already.

Jonjo slowly opens his eyes.

AIDEN
But that's too fuckin' easy.
(points to Seamus)
You did this. You're the reason
he's gone. You let Magee walk all
over him and now he can't get up.
And yer gotta live with that 'till
the day yer die, boyo.

Aiden wheels round, marches off.

AIDEN
(calls back)
Don't be coming back here. Yer not
welcome in Cork. Not now. Not ever.

Aiden climbs into the car, fires off one last forlorn look at
his old friend, cradling Seamus like a baby.

AIDEN
You fuckin' deserve each other.

The 4X4 REVS -- screeches away...

Jonjo watches on, as the car races out of sight. On the horizon the sun is starting to rise.

Jonjo fumbles for his phone. Dials... CLICK:

BRENDAN (O.S.)
(receiver)
Hello.

JONJO
(in receiver)
Dad, it's me--

BRENDAN (O.S.)
D'yer know what time it is, boy?

JONJO
I need yer help... It's Seamus.

Jonjo breaks down, exhausted -- destroyed inside. Clinging to his brother, stroking his hair, mumbling incoherently...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

The sky battles night and day. Jonjo still clutches Seamus.

The GRUMBLE of a car engine getting nearer, as;

Headlights slice through the leftover darkness, catching hold of Jonjo's haunted face.

POP WIDE --

An ice cream van crawling to a stop. After a moment Brendan clambers out of the passenger seat -- jogs up the hill...

Reaching the oak tree, slowing down to a heartbroken halt.

BRENDAN
(then, nervous)
... Jonjo?

He slowly lifts his head.

JONJO
I'm sorry, pa. I couldn't save him.

Brendan, fighting the shock -- takes a knee.

Gazes at his two sons.

BRENDAN
Nobody could.

Strokes Jonjo's face. Kind eyes.

JONJO
I... I need his body.
(firmer)
My son, my son needs--

BRENDAN
It's okay. We've brought the van.
Figured you'd need to chill him.
(off Jonjo's look)
Seamus told me yesterday. Said he
wanted to help his big broth--

Struggling to keep it together.

BRENDAN
(takes a breath)
Okay. Let's do this.

Jonjo nods, climbs to his feet. Grabs hold of Seamus' legs.

The two men carry Seamus' limp corpse down the hill towards
the back of the ice cream van. Hoisting him inside.

INT. ICE CREAM VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Jonjo opens the passenger door, climbs into the front.

A bulkhead separates the driver's section from the storage
freezers in the back.

Ann Marie is sat at the wheel, ashen faced.

Jonjo stares at her, waiting -- finally:

ANN MARIE
Where's dad?

JONJO
Saying his goodbyes.

Jonjo glances down at his hands, shaking. Grips the dash.

ANN MARIE
You okay?

JONJO
Not really, no.
(then)
Yer gonna go see him?

ANN MARIE
I'd rather not. I've a better
picture of Seamus in my mind.

The comment hangs in the air. Raw. Then:

ANN MARIE
Got a call from a pal over at the
hospital. Seems somebody did a
number on Cormac O'Gara last night.

JONJO
(detached)
Yeah?

ANN MARIE
He's in a coma. Doctors aren't sure
if he's gonna wake up again.

Ann Marie's eyes fall to the bruised, cut knuckles of Jonjo.

ANN MARIE
(then, with love)
Thank you.

Jonjo shies away. It's too much to deal with right now.

The door opens, Brendan jumps in. His eyes puffy from crying.

BRENDAN
We good to go, love?

ANN MARIE
Aye. Where too?

BRENDAN
Got an old mate over at the docks.
He'll be able to sort us out.

Ann Marie starts the car.

Brendan glances at Jonjo, no words needed.

EXT. DOCKS - DAWN

The ice cream van pulls in. A ferry, harboured. Small time
cargo being loaded onto it via a gangway.

Jonjo and Brendan hop out. Brendan pulls Jonjo close.

BRENDAN
Yer know, there's a chance his
organs won't be any good now.

JONJO
No. They have to be.

Brendan -- takes in the desperation on Jonjo's face.

BRENDAN
 (ruffles his hair)
 I'll see to Seamus' death
 certificate. Dylan's gonna be okay.
 You just get home and be with him.

Brendan strolls away -- heads towards the ferry's gangway.

A THICK SET MAN recognises him, they embrace.

Jonjo lights up a smoke, watches them talk in hushed tones.

Ann Marie climbs out of the ice cream van, moves around to Jonjo. Side by side. Takes a drag of his cigarette.

ANN MARIE
 Yer a cunt... But yer our cunt
 Jonathan Joseph Fagan.

She reaches out a hand. Grabs his. They glance at each other,
 just the slightest of looks -- *but it's enough.*

JONJO
 Michael's not gonna be happy 'bout
 me taking his ice cream van.

ANN MARIE
 Michael? Michael's in the feckin'
 dog house for losing my bloody gun.

POP WIDE --

Brendan shakes hands with the thick set man, strolls back
 towards Jonjo and Ann Marie. We can't hear what's being said.

After a moment, they all embrace -- PRELAP:

A phone RINGS again and again. Until: CLICK:

ERIN (O.S.)
 (receiver)
 Hey...

INT. FERRY - LOWER DECK - DAWN

Nestled amongst rows of delivery trucks -- the ice cream van.

JONJO (O.S.)
 How is he?

INT. ICE CREAM VAN - SAME TIME

Ferry lights splice the interior. A freezer HUMS quietly.

ERIN (O.S.)
 Still here. He's smiling actually.
 (then)
 ... And Seamus?

We MOVE in closer on the freezer.

Brendan's bright yellow flask rests on top of the lid.

EXT. OCEAN - DAWN

The ferry cuts through the icy waters.

JONJO (O.S.)
 We'll be with you soon.
 (then, gently)
 I love you, Erin.

ERIN (O.S.)
 I know... Stay safe.

EXT. FERRY - UPPER DECK - DAWN

Jonjo stands by the rails, exhausted. The wind in his hair.

JONJO
 (into receiver)
Always.

HOLD ON JONJO'S SUNLIT FACE -- *his pain slowly melting away.*

FADE TO BLACK.