

The Infiltrator

by
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4/9/07

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INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY

Dim light. Frozen slabs of beef dangle from hooks. A TAPE RECORDER on the greasy floor.

FREDDIE 'SCAP' SCAPA (30's) sits crosslegged, eating sausages off a paper plate. Quick methodical bites, like a military man in the mess hall. Scap's shirtless, covered in religious tattoos. Angels, a Catholic Cross. A pistol pokes out the back of his jeans.

Scap licks the juice off his fingertips, stands. He moves past the sides of beef, finally arriving at KEVIN FULTON (30's) hanging upside down between two pink carcasses, ankles roped to a hook in the ceiling.

Fulton is completely still. Not even a breath. There's duct tape over his eyes. A dirty bandage on his forehead. His arms and legs are tied.

It's very likely Fulton's dead.

Scap starts circling him. Scap's seething, a beast of adrenaline and testosterone. His melodic Irish accent comes out in clipped, rapid-fire bursts.

SCAP

D'ya reckon I enjoy this? Bit of a rush? Bollix. Awful. Nasty business. Sickens me to death. Only reason I can do what I do, and even look meself in the mirror is because what you done, boyo--to me, to your mates, to your poor wife, to every wee baby from Dublin to Derry--is just about as foul a thing as a fella can do. But I reckon that's why they call you Stakeknife, ain't it? Because you stuck every last one of us right in the heart.

No answer. Without another word, Scap whips out the pistol and fires three DEAFENING SHOTS an inch from Fulton's eardrum. Still Fulton doesn't stir.

Finally Scap rips the tape off Fulton's eyes. They're open. Hateful red pinpricks. Scap cocks the pistol.

FULTON

I told you, me name ain't Stake--

BANG! A noise behind them.

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. HARBOR, GIBRALTAR - NIGHT

A fortified English town perched on the tip of Spain. Yachts fly the Union Jack. Warehouses, cranes, a car park. Across the bay, oceanfront apartments sit below a prehistoric peak, the rock of Gibraltar.

UP TITLE: 'February, 1993. One Month Earlier.'

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

A GUARD STATION. A drowsy Royal Marine, MCNAB, reads the paper. The newspaper headline: 'Bomb Explodes in World Trade Center.' His radio chirps.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

He back yet? I've a job for you two.

MCNAB

(Irish accent)

He's still in the garage. I'll fetch him.

McNab starts to trudge towards a warehouse.

EXT. SMALL BOAT - NIGHT

Down the way, two more Royal Marines lug a crate of life preservers off a boat. The older of the two is Fulton. Here he's taut, muscular. Darkly handsome despite bags under his eyes. A radio at his hip.

With him is CONOR VALERA (19) still very much a boy. Conor sneaks glances at Fulton like most boys do football stars. Melodic Irish accents.

FULTON

First time in Spain? Mind your fingers.

CONOR

Nah, I went down to Barcelona last Christmas. Big hairy wank it was.

FULTON

Ya thought so? Me wife's always sayin' how much she loves Barcelona. Lovely churches, she says.

CONOR

(backpedaling)

Oh, aye. Those are grand. Reckon it's just the girls I didn't like.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

An open-air hangar of steel frames. European cars stacked on top of each other. McNab enters, flips the light switch. The florescents stay off. He grumbles, moves through the maze of cars towards a BATHROOM.

MCNAB

Mate, will ya hurry it up! The sergeant's already called twi--

McNab STOPS in his tracks.

The rear window of an old Packard has been SMASHED. An odd SQUEAKING around the corner. Like sneakers on a basketball court.

McNab peeks around the corner, horrified to see:

A TOWERING MAN, thick-fleshed, face covered by a black balaclava, garrotting another MARINE from behind. The marine's feet, inches off the floor, squeak against the cement.

McNab inches back, draws a gun, crouches against a tire.

MCNAB (CONT'D)

Oh Jaysus--oh Christ--

McNab reaches for his radio. He doesn't notice one of the car doors begin to OPEN silently behind him...

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Fulton and Conor keep walking with the life preservers. Conor eyes Fulton's GOLD WATCH.

CONOR

This is gonna sound thick, but can I ask ya a question? What kind o' watch is that?

Fulton looks down at his watch.

FULTON

Cheap one. Think from the surplus. Why?

CONOR

No reason. Just wonderin'.

A beat. They keep moving with the life preservers.

CONOR (CONT'D)

That the surplus on Bridge street?

Fulton smiles a little.

FULTON

Aye, lad. That's the one.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

CRACK! McNab's face bursts through a car window.

TWO MASKED ASSAILANTS yank him out, throw him onto the floor. One stuffs a rag into his mouth, the other pulls out a silenced pistol, blasts open McNab's kneecap. A muffled scream. Tears flood out of his eyes.

They pull the rag out of McNab's mouth, lean down. Even with the mask, McNab can see one of his assailants is a WOMAN with black garnet eyes. GRACIE MORRISON.

GRACIE

(Irish accent)

Ya know who we are?

McNab nods. The other assailant leans in. DEAN RAFFERTY.

DEAN

So ya know what happens if ya lie to us, son?

McNab eyes LIAM HEGAN, the masked ogre, tossing the dead marine into a car trunk. McNab nods again.

DEAN (CONT'D)

The Admiral. Has he any more security?

MCNAB

I-I don't know. Maybe one or two.

GRACIE

Any family with him?

MCNAB

I think--his daughter. Few of her kids.

Gracie gives Dean an anxious look.

DEAN

Feck.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Fulton and Conor reach the guard station. They put down the life preservers. Fulton sees Conor anxiously biting his lower lip.

FULTON

Wee bit nervous, are ya?

CONOR

Em--no sir.

Fulton pats him on the arm.

FULTON

Just remember to roll down your windows.
You'll do fine.

CHIRP! Fulton's radio BEEPS.

DEAN (O.S.)

You're clear.

Fulton and Conor remove the life preservers. Underneath:

- 1) A camera with a large flash.
- 2) An Armalight automatic rifle, U.S. military-grade.
- 3) A bomb. Semtex plastic explosives in a tupperware box.

They're IRA.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

McNab's hands and legs are tied. Liam puts him inside a car trunk, points a pistol. McNab grits his teeth.

MCNAB

Please, mate--

Liam hears the accent, pulls his mask up.

LIAM

Irish?

McNab nods, terrified.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Have ya no feckin' pride, son?

Liam closes the trunk, doesn't shoot. He moves back to Dean and Gracie. Masks lift up, radios buzz.

FULTON (O.S.)

Hold your position. Conor's bringing the van 'round.

Gracie puts a nervous hand on the small of Dean's back.

GRACIE

Tell him, love.

DEAN

Em--sir? There's wee ones on the boat.
Target's grandkids.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Conor looks up at Fulton, awaiting the order. Fulton eyes a massive YACHT behind them.

FULTON

This is war, Dean. Try not to forget so.

Fulton slides the rifle over his shoulder, slips a balaclava over his face.

EXT. YACHT, DECK - NIGHT

Classical music plays below. Fulton treads quietly, bomb under one arm, rifle and camera over his shoulder. He moves past a window.

INSIDE: military accolades, pictures of a smiling family, a grandfather in an ENGLISH ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM.

Fulton spots BOYS PAJAMAS on the floor. He eyes them, keeps moving. He finds an air-conditioning vent, nestles the bomb inside. He pulls up a metal receiver.

EXT. CRANE - NIGHT

Seventy feet tall, near the yacht. Fulton climbs the ladder, perches on a platform high above the boat. He takes the camera off his shoulder.

FULTON'S POV - CAMERA

Fulton focuses on the bomb. ZOOMS IN on the receiver tip.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The rest of the IRA team looks up, watches. Breath held.

INT. IRA VAN - NIGHT

In the car park. Conor quickly rolls down the two front windows. He ducks, covers the back of his neck.

EXT. CRANE - NIGHT

Fulton aims the camera at the bomb. Three..Two..One...

FLASH! He snaps a photo.

A beat. Nothing. Fulton aims at the antenna, snaps another photo. Nothing. His radio beeps.

DEAN (O.S.)

Somethin' wrong with the trigger, sir?

Fulton aims the camera one last time...

FLASH! Suddenly dazzling light fills the entire harbor. SPOTLIGHTS illuminate Fulton perched in the crane, the IRA team by the garage.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Car doors burst open as thirty ENGLISH AGENTS flood out, rifles pointed. THE LEAD AGENT holds a bullhorn.

LEAD MI-6 AGENT
(English accent)
This is MI-6! Drop your weapons!

CRACK! Without warning, two of the spotlights explode. The agents look around, confused. No one fired a shot.

EXT. CRANE - NIGHT

Fulton seizes his microsecond of opportunity.

FULTON
(into radio)
Belt 'em.

The harbor erupts into chaos.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

THE IRA TEAM opens fire, fans out into the garage. MI-6 AGENTS duck, firing back. Car windshields shatter. Another spotlight inexplicably crackles off.

LEAD MI-6 AGENT
Get me a visual on that fucking shooter!

CONOR'S VAN squeals out of the car park, beelines for the garage. Bullets ping through the sidewalls.

FULTON slides down the crane, fires rifle blasts at MI-6. One agent goes down, shot in the leg.

Another spotlight sizzles out.

EXT. GARAGE, ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Perched above the melee is the final member of Fulton's team. ALASTAIR GLASS (40's) lean, ratty. A Catholic Cross around his neck.

Alastair squeezes off rounds from a silenced Barret Light 50, a US-made sniper rifle. He makes impossible shots through windows, cracks between car doors. TWO MI-6 AGENTS snap and crumple, chests blossoming open.

Alastair spots Conor's van shrieking into the garage below. He crosses himself, starts climbing down a ladder.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

MI-6 agents snake towards Dean and Gracie, caught behind a forklift. Liam and Alastair dart into the van.

Dean SCREAMS, pitches backwards onto the cement, exposed. He clutches his stomach, fingers turning red, fires back.

EXT. YACHT - NIGHT

Fulton runs for the van, rifle clattering. Agents spot him, whirl the remaining spotlight. The lead agent eyes the beam dancing across the ship. Suddenly he panics--

LEAD MI-6 AGENT

Wait, not on the--

The spotlight lands directly on Fulton's bomb. A red light blinks on the antenna tip.

CRACK! An ORANGE FIREBALL devours the yacht.

Fulton slams shoulder-first into the side of his van. Instantly the side windows of every car within fifty yards all SHATTER simultaneously.

Broken glass rains down on everything in the harbor. The remaining spotlight explodes. Total darkness.

INT. IRA VAN - NIGHT

The door slides open, Fulton ducks inside. Conor's terrified, unhurt. Alastair and Liam huddle in the back, reloading. Bullets begin cutting through the sidewalls.

FULTON

Take us home, son.

Conor screeches backwards towards Dean, Gracie. Alastair and Liam fire at the agents through back windows.

EXT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Agents hop on motorcycles, start up vans. THE IRA VAN screeches to a halt. Gracie darts in, motions to Dean.

GRACIE

He took one in the gut.

Fulton grabs Dean's legs. Bullets clang at Conor's ear. The boy stomps on the gas.

GRACIE (CONT'D)

Conor, wait--

Dean's only halfway inside when the van takes off...

EXT. WAREHOUSES - NIGHT

The van rushes through the harbor with Dean dangling out the side door. Red lights flash. MI-6 tears towards them.

INT. IRA VAN - NIGHT

Fulton and Gracie try to yank Dean in. He's barely breathing. Hands slip on blood. Gracie looks up, scared.

GRACIE

For Chrissakes--slow down!

A TIGHT ALLEY approaching, a slim space between two warehouses. The upper half of Dean's body heads straight for the wall...

FULTON

Almost have him...

Fulton's grunting, straining, pulling Dean slowly in...

EXT. WAREHOUSES - NIGHT

MI-6 motorcycles gaining...twenty yards behind...ten...

INT. IRA VAN - NIGHT

All eyes on the alleyway. Gracie's hands slipping...

GRACIE

Goddamit! Fecking stop!

To Gracie's horror, Conor looks at Fulton. Fulton looks back at the British, inches behind them, and shakes his head, no. Don't stop. Conor pounds on the gas.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A rush of sparks. The van slams hard through the alley. Dean's body grinds up against the wall as he's ripped from the doorway.

As soon as Dean hits the ground, an MI-6 motorcycle collides with his midsection. Front wheel rising, rider flipping off, break-neck into a wall. A van hits the bike, fishtailing, metal grinding, overturns. The alleyway is a nest of steel and smoke.

The IRA van rattles on.

EXT. HARBOR, GIBRALTAR - DAY (NEWS BROADCAST)

An AMERICAN REPORTER stands in front of the wreckage of The yacht. A GRAPHIC: 'Terror in Gibraltar'.

REPORTER

Four dead and a half-dozen wounded last night when the Provisional Irish Republic Army clashed with England's international anti-terrorist unit, MI-6.

EXT. STREETS, BELFAST - DAY (NEWS BROADCAST)

QUICK CLIPS: 1970's. Belfast looks like Beirut. Catholics and Protestants riot. Tear gas, armed soldiers, a tank.

REPORTER (V.O.)

The attack, thought to have been planned for months, is only the latest in the Provisional IRA's twenty-five year campaign to end British rule in Northern Ireland.

INT. PRESS ROOM, LONDON - DAY (NEWS BROADCAST)

ENGLISH ADMIRAL MONTCLAIR (70's) addresses a sea of reporters.

ADMIRAL MONTCLAIR

The quality of IRA weapons has diminished. We're seeing fewer men joining the ranks than ever before. We are now in the twilight of our long war with these terrorist killers...

REPORTER (V.O.)

The IRA's intended target was Admiral Charles Montclair, a Unionist sympathizer with personal ties to former English Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY (NEWS BROADCAST)

Firefighters dig through the wreckage of the yacht.

REPORTER

Though fortunately Montclair and his family had been warned by MI-6, and moved off their yacht just hours before it was decimated by the IRA.

EXT. ROADSIDE, BELFAST - DAY (NEWS BROADCAST)

Police cars. Caution tape. The scene of a gruesome triple-homicide. POLICEMEN bag NAKED BODIES by the roadside.

REPORTER (V.O.)

In related news, this morning Irish Police identified the bodies of three well known IRA-members--Sean O'Bannon, Gerry Strait, and Declan Kennedy--by the roadside in Belfast, Northern Ireland.

GRAPHIC: Mugshots of three IRA MEN. Not Fulton's team.

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All three were found shot twice in the back of the head. So far police have not disclosed whether any are believed to be involved in the Gibraltar attack, but--

PULLING BACK from the broadcast. We're in:

INT. DIRTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Peeling paint. Water drips from the ceiling. Trash scattered about the floor. Coffee cups, takeout.

A JITTERY MAN rocks back and forth in a tattered chair, watching the American news program. A brown DUFFEL BAG at his feet.

He quickly shuts off the TV. We never see his face.

INT. FULTON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Working-class. Mismatched furniture. The repeated hiccup of a record skipping in the other room.

Fulton makes love to his wife, FIONA. She's lovely. Slim, freckled shoulders, strawberry hair. His shirt stays on.

The act is tender, intimate. Fulton and Fiona focus intensely on each other's eyes. A slow build. After a moment, Fiona tilts her head back like she's had an orgasm. She squeezes his shoulders. Soft voices.

	FULTON	FIONA
Did you--		No.

Fulton pulls her close, they keep making love.

FIONA
Go anytime you want. Don't think I can.

They continue. After a moment it's clear Fulton's no longer turned on. Eventually he rolls over. They lie on their backs, staring up at the ceiling.

He touches her leg. Fiona gets up to change the record.

INT. FULTON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bob Dylan plays. 'Subterranean Homesick Blues'. Fiona's in the living room. Fulton, shirtless, eyes the purple bruise he's kept hidden under his shirt.

FIONA (O.S.)
How was London?

FULTON
Deadly dull. Ya see, I picked up that LP
ya asked for?

He puts on a dress shirt, covers up the bruise.

FIONA (O.S.)
Aye. This is it playin' here.

Fulton listens to the familiar Dylan tune.

FULTON
Do we not have this one already, love?

FIONA (O.S.)
Not in this order.

FULTON
Bleedin' obsessed, you are.

On the bedside table, a HOME PREGNANCY KIT.

INT. FULTON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Stacks of records. A keyboard, a guitar in one corner.

Fiona wears a bra and a skirt, stands in front of the mirror. She examines her breasts.

FIONA
Me nans look like they're saggin' to ya?

Fulton enters, no pants on, brushing his teeth. Their relationship is comfortable, not new.

FULTON
Hope so. I quite like a saggy nan. Sag
'em down to China, I say.

She gives him a look. He eyes her, still quite taken.

FULTON (CONT'D)
They're lovely, Fiona. Lovely like the
rest of ya.

The record changes to the uptempo: 'I Want You.'

FULTON (CONT'D)

Oo, this one I like. C'mere, give us a twirl.

Fulton takes her up in his arms, starts to dance with her, his mouth full of toothpaste. He twirls her, plants a toothpaste kiss on her cheek.

FIONA

Bleedin' nut! Put your trousers on.

The phone starts to ring, Fiona goes to answer it. Fulton heads back to the bedroom to dress.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Oh, Kevin, meant to ask. Ya busy Saturday? School's doin' a fundraiser.

INT. FULTON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Fulton enters, puts on his church clothes.

FULTON

No problem. You playin' this time?

No answer. Fulton continues dressing.

INT. FULTON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Fulton enters to find Fiona's mood has changed significantly. She holds the phone, anxiously flips TV channels till she finds the NEWS.

ON THE TV: a picture of DEAN. Text: 'Gibraltar Bomber'.

REPORTER (O.S.)

--bomber identified as Dean Rafferty. A suspected IRA terrorist, Mr. Rafferty--

Fulton stares at the news. Secretly stricken with guilt, He reveals nothing but surprise.

FULTON

Jaysus. Jaysus Christ.

Fiona covers the receiver.

FIONA

His sis. She thought he's in Dublin.

(into phone)

We're watching it now. Sweetheart, I'm so sorry...you sure? Aye, call me back.

She hangs up. Fulton stares at the news. Fiona glances at him, wheels turning in her head.

FULTON

What?

FIONA

You knew, didn't ya? I can see it on your feckin' face. You knew what he was up to, and ya just sat there, pulling your plum!

FULTON

(scoffs)

Dean and me went down the pub a few times. That don't mean he tells me Army business.

Fiona starts picking clothes off the floor, getting angrier. The phone starts ringing again.

FIONA

But you said yourself, ya do jobs for them. Through the office, ya said!

FULTON

Just wee things, I said. Takin' packages across town and that.

She goes into the bedroom, pissed.

FIONA (O.S.)

Big things. Wee things. Still helping feckin' terrorists, aren't ya?

Fulton eyes the news. Dylan keeps singing 'I want you...'

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Old Roman Catholic. Parishioners milling about.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Organ music, a PRIEST up front. People filter in. Fulton dips a hand in the baptismal font, crosses himself, sits.

Scattered throughout are the members of Fulton's team, their families. Conor's with his MOTHER, Alastair's with his WIFE. Liam has his arm on the back of a teenage BOY.

Around the families, no one makes eyes contact.

GRACIE enters alone. People glance at her, whisper. She sits in the back. The music stops.

PRIEST

The Lord be with you.

Fulton squeezes Fiona's hand.

FULTON/FIONA
And also with you.

Gracie doesn't pray. She just stares at the back of Fiona's head.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Mass is over. A few YOUNG BOYS play Gaelic football in the field behind the church.

INT. RECTORY - DAY

The priest sits behind his desk. Fiona pokes her head in.

PRIEST
Mrs. Fulton. What can I do for you?

Fiona enters, looking a bit sheepish.

FIONA
Em--I wanted to talk to ya about Kevin?

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Fulton plays Gaelic football with the boys. He moves down the field soloing (toeing the ball into his hands). Just before he reaches he goal, TWO YOUNG BOYS (12) rush up and tackle him. Fulton falls, cries out.

FULTON
That's a foul there, lads! That's a foul.

INT. RECTORY - DAY

The priest looks grave.

FIONA
I mean--I knew when we got married it was part of his life. I just don't think I realized how big a part.

PRIEST
Exactly how involved is he?

FIONA
He goes on these work trips to London, reckon he could be doin' anything.

PRIEST
Is there more ya could do to find out what's really goin' on?

FIONA

(a little embarrassed)

Aye. But it's just--when Kevin's 'round me, he's the sweetest thing ya ever met. If he is this--other thing too--reckon he'd have to be like one of them mentallers, right? Split down the middle? Terrifying, that is.

The priest thinks.

PRIEST

If ya don't mind me asking--are you and Kevin planning to have a family one day?

FIONA

We been tryin'.

PRIEST

Then I think that's another important question. What kind of children will ya raise, if their father is a terrorist?

Fiona looks out the window, watches Fulton playing with some of the little boys. He catches sight of her, smiles.

She gets a chill.

EXT. FALLS ROAD - DAY

Snare drums, trombones, men in orange sashes. A PROTESTANT PARADE marches through the Catholic neighborhood. POLICEMEN with assault rifles stand guard. Not a celebration, more a display of English authority.

Down the way, men walk into an UNMARKED BUILDING.

INT. HIBERNIAN CLUB, MAIN ROOM - DAY

An IRA bar, poolhall. A whirlwind of chatter. Two MUSICIANS play guitar, sing a ballad.

GUITARIST

This Ireland of mine/ Has for long been
half free/Six counties are under/ John
Bull's tyranny.

Gracie stands by a table. Men walk up, leave flags, flowers. Alastair and Liam drink solemnly next to her.

LIAM

Ya hear about Seamus? Found him in Newry,
by the side of the road. Naked as the day
he's feckin' born.

ALASTAIR

(makes a face)

Oi. Thought we agreed about the swearin'?

LIAM

Feck off, Alastair. An oul granny you are.

Alastair keeps staring at him. Liam backs down.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Jaysus. Fine. If it makes ya happy, no swears for a week.

ALASTAIR

Aye, right. Believe it when I see it.

LIAM

Eh? Care to bet a fiver on that?

ALASTAIR

You're on.

FULTON AND CONOR enter front. Conor holds flowers. The boy now wears a cheap GOLD WATCH identical to Fulton's.

FULTON

Sure you're alright?

Conor nods, twirls the flowers, nervous. Gracie spots them approaching, unable to mask her contempt. Other IRA men nod respectfully to Fulton as he passes. Conor puts the bouquet down on the table. Liam and Alastair stand.

CONOR

I can't tell ya how sorry I am.

Gracie doesn't say anything.

FULTON

(soft)

Come on, Gracie. Lad's apologizing here.

Gracie MUTTERS inaudibly.

FULTON (CONT'D)

Eh?

GRACIE

I said, *how 'bout you?* You apologizing?

Fulton's vitriol quickly flares up.

FULTON

What d'ya think woulda happened if we stopped?

(MORE)

FULTON (CONT'D)

Reckon James Bond takes us alive? Dean
was feckin' gut-shot, for Chrissakes.

GRACIE

(quiet, re: Conor)

Still never would of happened if his oul
man been drivin' us.

Conor looks down at the floor, ashamed. Fulton drags
Gracie into a corner, pissed.

FULTON

Goddamit, Gracie. Ya know how rotten it
felt, givin' that order? Gonna give me
feckin' nightmares it will. The boy too.
Now, I don't want to lose you as well,
but if this is gonna be a feckin'
problem, we gotta talk about a transfer.

A beat.

FULTON (CONT'D)

Are we square?

Gracie looks away.

GRACIE

Aye. We're square.

Conor looks at Alastair and Liam expectantly. The boy
opens his mouth to speak--

ALASTAIR

Don't put us in the middle, lad.

AT THE BAR Guinness and Poteen (Irish Whiskey). Fulton
and Conor approach. Fulton puts up two fingers. Two black
pints appear. Fulton and Conor take them into the corner.

FULTON

How's your oul man?

CONOR

They're cuttin' him open again Tuesday.
Bills are gonna be murder.

Fulton looks around. When he's sure no one's watching, he
pulls out a wad of bills, stuffs it in Conor's pocket.

CONOR (CONT'D)

Jaysus--sir, I can't take that--

Fulton takes a long gulp of beer.

FULTON

I find out ya spent that on Poteen,
there'll be hell to pay.

INT. BACK ROOM, HIBERNIAN CLUB - DAY

A huge Irish flag. The inner sanctum. Three IRA MEN sit
around a table looking at a TUBE MAP OF LONDON.

IRA MAN

We strike Queensway in the early evening.
Maximize impact.

Fulton approaches, hands out beers and orders.

FULTON

No. No tube stations. Military targets
only. Roadblocks. Bases. We want dead
soldiers here, not civilians.

At another booth sit TWO BOMBMAKERS. Red eyes, coffee
cups. Their jackets are covered in brown dust. Fulton
walks up, makes a sour face.

FULTON (CONT'D)

You two smell like a monkey's arse.

BOMBMAKER #1

Sorry, sir. Took nearly eight hours to
grind down all the fertilizer.

FULTON

Aye? What kinda grinder you using?

BOMBMAKER #1

Just his mam's. Think it's a Mr. Coffee.

Fulton writes something down on a piece of paper. He
folds it, gives it to the bombmakers.

FULTON

Take this to the restaurant supply on
Brook street. Talk to Eamon. He'll fetch
ya the proper grinder.

Fulton turns to exit.

BOMBMAKER #2

Sir? Remember me brother Scotty? Ya said
he could help the Cause? He's at the bar.

INT. HIBERNIAN CLUB, MAIN ROOM - DAY

Fulton goes behind the bar, pulls out a small WRAPPED
PACKAGE. He scans faces at the bar, finds SCOTTY.

It's a TWELVE YEAR-OLD BOY looking around shyly at all the hard faces. Fulton approaches, gives him the box.

FULTON

Waverly Billiards. Fella called Grady.

As the boy scampers off, Fulton catches sight of an OLD BULLDOG tethered to a post outside. Fulton's held power over everyone in the room, but for some reason seeing this dog scares the wits out of him.

A SCARRED HAND settles on his shoulder. Fulton turns, expecting the worst.

DARCY (O.S.)

Kevin.

MR. DARCY (40's) has a face like dried meat. A cigarette dangles from his cracked lips.

FULTON

Mr. Darcy. I thought ya were in Newry.

DARCY

Walk with me, boyo.

They move towards the door.

MR. DARCY

We've a bit of an emergency. How'd your team like another trip overseas?

EXT. HIBERNIAN CLUB - DAY

The clattering PROTESTANT PARADE marches by. Darcy takes the bulldog's leash. He eyes the shuttered windows above.

DARCY

Lookit this shite. No bricks, no bottles. Happened to our pride, Kevin?

FULTON

We got some kick left. Lot of fine soldiers out there. We just need to arm 'em properly.

Darcy nods, unconvinced. He stares out at the parade.

FULTON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about Gibraltar. Feckin' MI-6--

DARCY

Forget Six. Got another job for ya.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

We're high up behind a billboard watching the parade march on the street below. Fulton and Darcy keep talking.

We can't hear what they're saying.

EXT. HIBERNIAN CLUB - DAY

Back on Fulton and Darcy. Whispers.

FULTON
Someone replacing Dean?

MR. DARCY
New man from Enniskillen. Freddie Scapa.
You'll like him. Bit rough 'round the
edges, but a good soldier.

An odd look crosses Fulton's face.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)
Ya know him?

FULTON
Seen his older brother in H-Blocks.
Freddie must be new to the ranks?

MR. DARCY
He was green-booked in ninety one.

FULTON
(miffed)
Two years? No disrespect sir, but you're
sure we need another wee pup on the team?

Darcy shifts, uncomfortable.

DARCY
I don't know how to say this, so I'll
just give it to ya straight: on this one,
Scap's runnin' lead.

Fulton's face twists in anger.

FULTON
What? You gotta be feckin' joking me--

DARCY
Lower your voice.
(quietly)
This ain't me decision. Scap's got the
whole Army Council backing him.

FULTON

One bollixed job in fifteen years and
some feckin' runt takes me place? What's
so special about this new boy?

Darcy drags on his cigarette.

DARCY

Kevin. We both know it wasn't the one job.

Fulton clams up, hurt. They both stare at the parade.

FULTON

Who's this fella we're sendin' down a hole?

DARCY

Scap has the details for the hit. He'll
inform you of the target once you land.

Fulton starts to walk off, pissed.

FULTON

Aw, bollix to ya.

MR. DARCY

Watch it, son! Don't forget who you're
talking to!

Fulton keeps walking. It's starting to RAIN.

EXT. BELFAST STREET - TWILIGHT

Fulton's truck drives too fast down residential streets.

INT. FULTON'S TRUCK - TWILIGHT

Blaring music. Fulton's agitated, slows to a stop. He
pulls out a cell phone.

FULTON

Hey, hon. No, gimme an hour. I'm droppin'
by the record store. Aye, love ya.

Fulton looks out the window. He's outside HIS HOUSE. He
can see Fiona hang up the phone inside. Fulton stares at
her sadly, like she's miles away.

EXT. FULTON'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Fulton drives off. After he's gone, his garage door
begins rattling open.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - TWILIGHT

MR. VALERA (50's) lies in a bed. A respirator over his face, wires and tubes snake out from under the covers.

Conor enters, holding a newspaper. He pulls up a chair.

CONOR

(whispers)

I did alright, da. Bleedin' terrifying it was--but kinda exciting too. I think Kevin, maybe Mr. Darcy are gonna help out with some o' the bills as well.

The machines whir. Conor opens the paper to the sports section, finds the football scores.

CONOR (CONT'D)

Anyways, I brought ya the Telegraph.

(reading)

Glentoran beat Portadown. One-nil...

EXT. CATHOLIC NEIGHBORHOOD - TWILIGHT

Fulton's pickup glides past lower-class apartment towers. Irish flags. Curbs painted green, white, and orange.

Up ahead, a massive PEACE WALL. An oppressive hedge of corrugated steel separating the Catholic side from the Protestant side.

Fulton drives through a break in the wall, heads into...

EXT. PROTESTANT NEIGHBORHOOD - TWILIGHT

Curbs painted red, white, and blue. Porches fly the Union Jack. Graffiti reads 'IRA Wankers Ran Away in 69!'

Fulton drives towards the edge of town. At last he reaches a shelled-out OFFICE BUILDING, gutted by a recent bomb. A vacant construction site at the base.

Fulton's pickup approaches, he kills the lights. Three CONSTRUCTION VANS squat at the base of the building.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - TWILIGHT

Rain pouring in sheets. Fulton trudges through the mud, approaches the first van. He puts his ear up to the door, waits for something.

No sound. Fulton moves to the second van, puts his ear up to the door. Again, nothing.

Fulton puts an ear up to the third van. Two MUFFLED VOICES inside. The sound of a BRASS BAND. Fulton listens.

One of the voices is his own.

FULTON'S VOICE (O.S.)

Who's this fella we're sendin' down a hole?

DARCY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Scap has the details for the hit. He'll inform you of the target once you land.

The door slides open. The van is full of SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT: microphones, headphones, a laptop computer.

A well-groomed, bookish man, BILL CHILDS (50's) sits on a stool, listens to a recording of Fulton and Darcy. A steel partition blocks off the van's DRIVER.

FULTON

How'd we do?

CHILDS

(stiff English accent)

I swear, Kevin. Half the time I need a bloody translator.

Fulton hops in. He's a spy for the British.

INT. FRU VAN - TWILIGHT

Moving through Belfast streets. Stacked folders read: 'Force Research Unit. Belfast. Confidential Report.'

Childs clicks on the laptop, manipulating the quality of the recording. He seems distracted.

FULTON

What the feck was James Bond doing in Gibraltar? Why didn't you tell them we had it covered?

CHILDS

Mi-6 can bugger off. Half their rank-and-file still don't believe we exist.

FULTON

I just don't see why we never share intel. It doesn't make any sense.

CHILDS

This is an open market, Kevin. Top marks go to any agency to catch you boys with your trousers down.

FULTON

Ugh. Please don't say 'you boys'.

EXT. MIDDLE-CLASS PROTESTANT NEIGHBORHOOD - TWILIGHT

The van rolls on. The neighborhood slowly becomes nicer. Less graffiti, garbage.

INT. FRU VAN

Fulton looks anxious now, guilty. Childs keeps typing.

FULTON

I didn't kill anyone, did I?

CHILDS

Don't worry about it.

FULTON

I feckin' did, didn't I? Shite.

CHILDS

The FRU pulled five people off that boat. You could've killed four of MI-6's, we'd still be saving lives.

FULTON

You didn't answer me question.

Childs looks up.

CHILDS

Ballistics said you shot one fellow in the hip, alright? He's in a wheelchair.

FULTON

(quiet)

The rifle raises a bit after the first shot.

CHILDS

(changing the subject)

By the way, I brought you a little something. Look under the seat.

Fulton pulls out a BRIEFCASE. Inside is IR£20,000 and an EP. Fulton pockets the money, unfazed. He eyes the record. It's a single off Bob Dylan's 'Empire Burlesque'.

FULTON

(impressed)

How?--There are less than a hundred of these. Fiona's gonna shit her cacks.

CHILDS

I still don't know how you listen to him.
My cats make better music when they fancy
a shag.

EXT. UPSCALE PROTESTANT NEIGHBORHOOD - TWILIGHT

The van glides into the fanciest neighborhood in Belfast.
No graffiti, no flags.

INT. FRU VAN - TWILIGHT

Fulton and Childs listen to the conversation we missed
earlier. The noise from the parade has vanished.

DARCY'S VOICE (O.S.)

(digital, distorted)

Something's come up in New York. One of
our investors ran into trouble. Someone
nicked a lot of money from us, Kevin. Lot
of money. We need him down a hole.

CHILDS

Didn't give you much in the way of names.

Fulton ignores him. The tape continues.

DARCY'S VOICE (O.S.)

...Freddie Scapa. You'll like him.

FULTON

Ever heard of this fella? Scap.

CHILDS

Just rumors from Enniskillen. He's
shouldering his way through the ranks
pretty fast down there.

FULTON

If he's anything like his brother, he
should be a feckin' pushover.

EXT. UPSCALE PROTESTANT HOME - NIGHT

The van heads towards a LUXURY HOME of brown brick. A
mailbox marked 'Morley.'

INT. LIVING ROOM, SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Pictures of an Irish family. A billiard table. Half-eaten
bowls of curry steam in front of the TV. The FRU clearly
just kicked out a family in the middle of supper.

DIGNAN, a balding agent with a broken arm, stares out the
window with binoculars. Childs and Fulton enter.

CHILDS

Kevin, you remember agent Dignan.

AGENT DIGNAN

Street's secure, sir. Morleys are at granny's till morning.

CHILDS

(brushing Dignan off)

We can see ourselves out.

Dignan exits. Fulton picks up a pool cue.

FULTON

Mind if I break?

Childs sits in a chair. Tone changing, serious.

CHILDS

Why don't you have a seat.

FULTON

It just get a bit chilly in here?

Childs eyes the couch. Fulton puts down the cue, sits.

CHILDS

I spoke to Headquarters today. You're not going to like this. They want a transfer.

FULTON

Where to?

CHILDS

Kent.

Fulton's face falls. He's heartbroken.

FULTON

You're putting me behind a bleedin' desk?

CHILDS

Kevin, the fact is nobody ever thought we'd see an agent rise to your level. Consider this an opportunity to quit while you're leading the pack.

FULTON

No. Somethin' else is goin' on. You don't transfer a fella at the top of his game.

CHILDS

(frustrated)

Read between the lines. You heard Darcy. Gibraltar threw us into suspicion.

FULTON
(rising to his feet)
Because you didn't tell MI-6 we had a man
inside! Jaysus! Just 'cause Darcy's a bit
vexed--

CHILDS
He didn't name the target. We don't even
know what the bloody job is.

Fulton scoffs. He starts pacing, picks up the pool cue.

FULTON
Y'know what happens if I get transferred?
Some poor sod in the states winds up in wee
bits and pieces. Or worse, some fecking
family. Not forgetting if the RA see that
money, it's more arms for more boys.

CHILDS
Look, if this is more guilty-Catholic
shit--trust me, it's not worth the energy.

FULTON
Childs, come on. Ya known me fifteen
year. I know feck-all about desk work.
Being in the field. Savin' lives. That's
all I ever been good at me whole life.

Fulton meets eyes with Childs, pleading. A beat.

CHILDS
Just--let me ring headquarters. But I
can't promise they'll agree to anything.

EXT. LAND'S END RECORDS - NIGHT

Back in the Catholic neighborhood, a record store closes
up for the night.

An old blue TOYOTA pulls up, stops.

INT. KITCHEN, SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Fulton opens cabinets until he finds the whiskey. He
pours himself two stiff shots, tosses them back. He puts
down the bottle, on edge. At last he glances up.

Childs stands in the doorway, cell phone in hand. Fulton
looks at him expectantly. A long silence.

FULTON
Well?

The corner of Childs' mouth flickers into a half-smile. Fulton breathes a sigh of relief.

FULTON (CONT'D)
Jaysus. Ya feckin' scared me there.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Fulton and Childs walk towards the van. The driver waits.

CHILDS
I'll be escorting you personally. As soon as you learn the identity of the target, you will tell me immediately. Understood?

Fulton nods. He pulls a stack of bills from his pocket. IR£10,000. He hands it to Childs, gets in the van.

FULTON
For Fiona's music school? Make it look anonymous?

CHILDS
Will do, Kevin.

Childs shuts the door, watches as the van drives away.

INT. FULTON'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The door rattles open, Fulton's pickup enters next to a blue Toyota. Fulton steps out, moves to the back of the garage. He digs around until he finds the PAINT CANS.

FULTON
Love?

No answer. Fulton pries loose the lid of one of the cans. It's full of bills. IR£150,000. He takes the remaining £10,000, hides it in the paint can, snaps the lid tight.

INT. FULTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fulton enters, holding the new record. Fiona lies on her side, facing the other direction. Fulton whispers.

FULTON
Love? I know I said I'd help out at the fundraiser. Real sorry. They're sendin' me back to London.
(then)
You'll never guess what I found at Land's End though--

Fiona turns around. She's wide awake. Her makeup is running.

FIONA
I went to the record store, Kevin.

FULTON
Wha'?

FIONA
Just get out.

Fulton holds up the record.

FULTON
Love, let me explain something to you--
She stands, her sadness turns quickly to anger.

FIONA
Get out of me fucking bedroom, Kevin!

INT. FULTON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom door slams hard in his face. Fulton talks through the door.

FULTON
I'm not a bleedin' terrorist, love. I swear to Christ I'm not.

No answer. Fulton sits on the couch, turns on the TV. He flips channels until he reaches the NEWS.

EXT. ROADSIDE, BELFAST - NIGHT (NEWS BROADCAST)

Yellow tape. Police. Body bags.

REPORTER
...where two more suspected IRA-members have been found, both shot twice in the back of the head. Police have still found no suspects...

INT. FULTON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fulton changes the channel.

FADE OUT.

EXT. JFK, AIRSTRIP - DAY

Raining. A 747 touches down. Tires squeak on concrete.

INT. JFK, CUSTOMS - DAY

It's one week after the World Trade Center bombing, and HOMELAND SECURITY AGENTS watch closely as the foreign passengers deboard.

Fulton moves through a line, listening to music on headphones. He looks around at all the security agents. No one's paying any attention to him. Instead, MIDDLE-EASTERN MEN are being searched, led into back rooms.

A CUSTOMS AGENT sees Fulton approach. He eyes the brown hair, the light skin. He looks at Fulton's passport.

CUSTOMS AGENT

What's the purpose of your visit to the United States, Mr. Bard?

FULTON

Business.

THUD! Fulton's passport is stamped. Approved.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Gray, industrial. A YELLOW CAB glides through the rain towards Manhattan.

EXT. BEST WESTERN - DAY

A dingy red brick hotel in Hell's Kitchen, an old Irish neighborhood now halfway gentrified. Fulton's cab pulls up. He steps out into the cold.

INT. FULTON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Fulton enters his cramped room. He can hear the bustle of the city outside, but all that's visible through the window is a wide billboard: a pair of Levi's Jeans.

Fulton spots a slip of paper on the bed. A NOTE:

"Algonquin Hotel. Restaurant. 9:30. Clothes in closet.

- Scap"

Fulton's temperature rises. Already he's getting the runaround. He checks his watch: 9:40am. He crumples up the note.

Fulton opens the closet. A cheap navy blue blazer hangs up. He begrudgingly puts it on. It's ill-fitting, short in the sleeves. One of the lapels won't sit right.

INT. ALGONQUIN HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Dark wood. A glitzy imitation of Old New York style. Well-dressed families drag luggage.

Fulton walks in wearing the jacket, feeling out of place. He passes a banquet hall, glances inside.

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY

OLD-MONEY CONSERVATIVES crowd the tables. A brunch fundraiser. A thick businessman with blood-red cheeks gives a speech up front. WILL CAVANAUGH (40's).

CAVANAUGH

...let's get down to brass tacks. It's been made abundantly clear over the last several weeks that our homes, our places of business, are not as safe as we once imagined. Meanwhile defense spending has been steadily declining since ninety-one. With your generous donations, you're helping Meyer Dynamics make our streets safer, our homes more secure...

Fulton moves on, amused that one failed bombing would cause such paranoia.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Fulton enters. He spots Conor, Alastair, Liam, and Gracie sitting at a far booth. They're with a FIFTH MAN, his face obstructed by a pillar. The mood is jovial.

Fulton approaches, finally sees FREDDIE SCAPA.

Hardly the sociopath who strung Fulton up in the meat locker, here Scap's tattoos are covered up by his jacket. The team listens with rapt attention as Scap talks to Gracie. Scap's thick accent comes out in manic bursts.

SCAP

...lookit the yanks during the revolution, right? They got English soldiers marching up the streets. Protesters with their heads blown off. Who's Washington, right, but some poor colonist tired of gettin' fistfucked by King George, decides to fight back? Ya call us terrorists...all of Yankdom's founded by feckin' terrorists.

The rest of the team smiles, nods.

ALASTAIR

Sorry to interrupt. Scap, this is Kevin
Fulton. Kevin, Freddie Scapa.

SCAP

Howyeh.

Fulton nods, sits. Scap leans in, whispers.

SCAP (CONT'D)

Alastair says ya been usin' some shite
camera triggers? That so?

FULTON

(annoyed)

I wouldn't call 'em shite. I built those
triggers meself.

SCAP

Sure. Listen. I know a shop. You'll go
down there tomorrow. They've somethin' ya
can't find in Ulster.

FULTON

Why don't we send Conor? I want him to
get as much experience possible.

Scap eyes Conor at the far end of the table.

SCAP

G'wan. Lad's thick as two short planks.
Can't afford him bungling it.

Fulton's anger flares up. Scap turns to Gracie, subtly
turning his back on Fulton. Fulton's had enough.

SCAP (CONT'D)

Like I say. Only difference 'tween us and
the yanks is we haven't won the war yet--

FULTON

(interrupting)

Wait. Scapa. You ain't related to Mikey
Scapa, are ya?

Scap stiffens visibly. A beat.

SCAP

Ya knew Mikey so?

FULTON

Ran into him in prison. Bombmaker right?

Scap nods.

FULTON (CONT'D)

I heard a funny story about Mikey. Not sure if I believe it or not. Actually, you could probably shed some light.

Liam and Alastair exchange a nervous look. A beat.

SCAP

Reckon I could.

Everyone starts gradually LOOKING AWAY as Fulton talks. Scap never takes eyes off Fulton.

FULTON

Heard back in eighty-nine, Mikey's in a barn with this other bomber. Young fella. Two days they're in there, grinding down fertilizer. Reckon the smell must of got to 'em or something, because right as they're about finished, the two of 'em start goin' at it. Ya imagine? Two hard RA boys shagging in the middle of this barn? Now Mikey, he got a wife and kids at home. Guess he thinks shaggin' this fella feels better than shaggin' his wife. Up and leaves 'em. Moves in with this fella. Meanwhile the bomb goes off, kills a few English. Poor Mikey, he tells this cunt everything. Who ordered the bomb, who did the planning. Long story short, turns out this other fella's a feckin' tout. So not only is poor Mikey going to prison for spilling his guts to a spy, now everybody in H-Blocks knows he's a poof.

(turns to Scap)

But like I say. Just something I heard.

A pall has fallen over the table. Everyone looks away. Scap has NO REACTION. He's perfectly calm.

WAITERS appear. A server puts a plate of eggs in front of Scap. Scap pushes out his chair and walks away.

Fulton glances at a menu, snaps to a waiter.

FULTON (CONT'D)

The feckin' eggs Benedict.

INT. BATHROOM, RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Two stalls. Scap enters, locks the door. There's a bit of a look in his eye. Not anger, just intense focus.

He stands at the sink and rolls up his sleeves, revealing his tattoos. Scap starts washing his hands.

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY, RESTAURANT - DAY

Outside, a STIFF LAWYER knocks on the bathroom door. No answer. He waits a moment, knocks again.

STIFF LAWYER

Hello?

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Fifteen minutes later. Waiters refill water. Fulton's carving up his eggs, chewing big bites. Hushed tones.

ALASTAIR

Just sayin' maybe he's got a point, sir.
The camera cost us the last two jobs.

Gracie eyes Scap's meal, now cold.

GRACIE

Ya think he's alright?

FULTON

Ask a question, the boy hides in the
jacks. Feck we supposed to do with that?

Gracie looks nonplussed. Fulton leans in, whispers.

FULTON (CONT'D)

Alastair. Who's the fella we're sendin'
down a hole?

ALASTAIR

(whispers)

There's a man in the ballroom. Cavanaugh.
Runs some big defense contractor.

FULTON

Aye. When are we doin' him?

ALASTAIR

No--sir, Cavanaugh ain't the target. He's
the one payin' for breakfast.

INT. BATHROOM, RESTAURANT - DAY

Scap pisses at the toilet. He's MUTTERING something indistinguishable to himself. Loud knocks on the door.

STIFF LAWYER (O.S.)

Sir, I saw you go in there. For
Chrissake, there are two stalls!

Scap stares at the wall. He's concentrating extremely hard on something, measuring how to play Fulton.

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY - DAY

STIFF LAWYER

Listen, asshole. I don't know who you--

The door swings open. Scap stands in the doorway with a big SMILE on his face. The scowling lawyer looks down, takes a step back. His anger deflates in an instant.

LAWYER

What the fuck--

Scap, smiling wide, has his dick out and is freely PISSING on the lawyer's loafers.

INT. FOYER, RESTAURANT - DAY

Everyone puts on coats, confused as Scap appears beside them like nothing's happened. He walks calmly to the door, refusing to look at Fulton.

GRACIE

Everythin' alright, sir?

SCAP

Grand. Conor, fetch the van.

Conor glances over his shoulder. Behind them, a group of WAITERS all race towards the bathroom.

EXT. ALGONQUIN HOTEL - DAY

A BLACK TOWNCAR parked across the street watches as well-dressed couples from the fundraiser mill about, waiting for cars. Cavanaugh shakes hands with everyone, smiles.

Fulton and his team slip through the crowd.

INT. TOWNCAR - DAY

CHILDS dials a number on his phone. He watches Fulton pull out his cell, check the caller ID, hang up. Childs hits redial. Fulton doesn't answer.

EXT. BRYANT PARK - DAY

Dead trees covered in snow. A few scattered families. The IRA van waits by a stone walkway.

A LIMO pulls up, the rear door opens. Fulton and Scap step out of the van. They don't make eye contact.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Driving uptown. Fulton and Scap sit across from Cavanaugh. Here, Cavanaugh's accent subtly rolls up and down like he's trying to sound a bit more Irish.

CAVANAUGH

Will Cavanaugh.

(shakes Scap's hand)

You must be Mr. Scapa. We've heard nothing but good things.

SCAP

Fine to meet ya.

Fulton extends a hand. Cavanaugh shakes it, almost an afterthought. His eyes stay on Scap.

CAVANAUGH

Darcy mentioned you're from Enniskillen?
I went to Holy Trinity.

SCAP

Yer jokin' me. Where'd ya go to secondary?

Cavanaugh turns a bit sheepish.

CAVANAUGH

Actually, my old man moved us here when I was seven. Think he was sick of getting his balls shot off by the Proddies.

Scap's smile fades. Cavanaugh isn't Irish enough to say 'Proddies'.

FULTON

Well, from the looks of it, ya haven't done too poorly. Saw ya in the ballroom, had that lot wrapped 'round yer wee finger.

Cavanaugh seems annoyed that Fulton is speaking to him.

CAVANAUGH

I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name?

FULTON

Kevin Fulton.

CAVANAUGH

Don't get the wrong idea, Mr. Fulton. I meant what I said in there. The way I see it, you and I are fighting imperialism. Seems a far cry from some raghead strapping a bomb to his chest.

FULTON
(with a smile)
Aye. You and I'd rather find a nice
Protestant boy. Strap it to him.

Cavanaugh chuckles, uncomfortable.

INT. HALLWAYS, CAVANAUGH'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Sprawling but short on taste, the penthouse is a pantheon to Cavanaugh's Irish heritage. Walls lined with football jerseys, photos.

Cavanaugh leads them down the hall. Fulton eyes a photo of Cavanaugh on the golf course with George H.W. Bush. He whistles, impressed.

They arrive at an oak door. Cavanaugh holds it open for Scap, nervously steps in the way before Fulton can enter.

CAVANAUGH
No disrespect. I was told I'd only be
dealing with Mr. Scapa.

Fulton nods, uncomfortable. He waits outside.

INT. STUDY, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Lined with books. Oriental rugs, club chairs. A wet bar.

CAVANAUGH
I get you some poteen? I've an aunt in
Cork, makes it for me in an old
chamberpot. Knock the piss outta you.

SCAP
I'll have a gargle. Cheers.

Cavanaugh takes out a mason jar of whiskey, pour two glasses. Scap takes one.

CAVANAUGH
Sit. Sit. I don't know how much Darcy
told you about what I do...

Scap doesn't drink, sits ramrod straight at the desk.
Cavanaugh spins the combination on a wall safe.

SCAP
He said you did a bit of work for NORaid.
Fundraisin' and that.

INT. HALLWAY, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Fulton can hear muffled voices. He's missing everything. His ears perk up at a sound: the FRONT DOOR opening.

INT. KITCHEN, PENTHOUSE - DAY

MRS. MOIRA CAVANAUGH scoops a bowl of ice cream for her son CASEY (10). He's playing a Game Boy. She's lovely, looks a bit like Fiona.

MOIRA CAVANAUGH

I'll see you Wednesday, sweetheart. Make sure daddy drops you off on time, okay?

The boy nods, not paying attention. Mrs. Cavanaugh looks up, startled to see Fulton.

MOIRA CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Oh--excuse me. Moira Cavanaugh.

FULTON

Kevin Fulton. Lovely to meet ya.

Fulton bends down to say hi to Casey. He doesn't notice Moira's face screw up the moment she hears his accent.

FULTON (CONT'D)

What's that ya got there, son?

MOIRA CAVANAUGH

(sharp)

Casey. Go to the living room.

Casey runs off with his ice cream. Mrs. Cavanaugh produces a choleric smile.

MOIRA CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

And I suppose you're just another friend from out of town?

Before Fulton can respond, she storms off, leaving the ice cream carton sitting on the table.

INT. STUDY, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Cavanaugh pulls a MANILA ENVELOPE out of the safe.

CAVANAUGH

The problem is that a good chunk of your funding comes from passing the hat at O'Leary's pub in Poughkeepsie or wherever the fuck.

(MORE)

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Means we have to keep the national office here, plus regional offices in Boston, Chicago...combine that with everything I skim off Meyer, it gets to be a helluva lot to keep track of.

He hands Scap the manila envelope.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

His name is Finch.

Scap opens the envelope. THREE PHOTOGRAPHS: A gaunt, SALLOW-FACED MAN (40's) skittering into a ratty MOTEL.

INT. IRA VAN - DAY

Conor drives. Scap sits shotgun, holds the envelope.

SCAP

You all know the drill. Liam, Alastair.
You report to my room for first briefing.

Liam and Alastair nod. Fulton watches, frustrated, as Scap puts away the manila envelope. Being out of the loop is making his skin crawl.

EXT. BEST WESTERN - DAY

The team walks in. Fulton takes Scap's ear. Whispers.

FULTON

Oi. Mate. Who's the target?

SCAP

Take it easy. You'll be briefed after Gracie.

Fulton waits a moment until everyone else is inside.

FULTON

Look, I'm sorry for that shite about Mikey. Outta line, it was. You gotta understand I'm not used to takin' orders.

SCAP

I can see that. All ya need to know is his name is Finch. He's some low-level bookkeeper workin' for Cavanaugh, skimmed off almost five million intended for us.

FULTON

Much appreciated.

Scap turns around, walks back towards the street.

FULTON (CONT'D)
You're not comin' up?

SCAP
Left something in the van.

INT. FULTON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Fulton sits down on the bed in front of the mirror. He pulls out his cell, starts dialing. Childs picks up.

CHILDS (O.S.)
We need to talk. Scap's not--

Click. Fulton instantly HANGS UP. An odd reflex. He keeps staring at himself in the mirror. At the LAPEL on his jacket. It's still not sitting right. He stands.

Fulton starts patting down his jacket, staring at himself. He whips off the jacket, pats the sleeves, hands moving faster. He throws open the closet, reaches in his suitcase, pulls out a pocket knife.

He starts SLASHING at the lining of the suit, shredding it to ribbons. He yanks something out of the lining.

It's a tiny microphone and wire. Scap's bugged him.

Fulton stands in front of the mirror, barely able to control his rage. He starts taking off his belt.

INT. IRA VAN - DAY

Parked down the street. Scap crouches in the backseat of the van, cigarette to his lips, listening to Fulton on large headphones. A small TAPE RECORDER next to him.

THROUGH THE HEADPHONES: various SOUNDS. Fulton's soft footsteps. People talking, laughing. DING! An elevator door opening. A long silence. Then loud noises, people coming and going. Fulton's in the lobby.

From outside the van comes the sound of a CABBIE HONKING. Scap listens, hears the honking through the headphones.

Fulton's right outside. Scap looks up, confused. Suddenly the van doors BURST OPEN.

FULTON stands in the doorway, eyes blazing. He holds his belt in one hand, the wire in the other.

SCAP
The feck are ya--

Fulton yanks Scap out of the van. The cigarette falls out of Scap's mouth as...

EXT. STREET - DAY

CRACK! Fulton PUNCHES Scap hard in the jaw, drops him.

Instantly Fulton's on top of him, WHIPPING Scap over and over with the belt. Scap puts his hands up, but it's no use. Fulton's possessed.

FULTON

Fecking gobshite! Fecking culchie! When Darcy finds out about this, he'll send you back to Eniskillin so feckin' fast--

PASSERSBY start turning their heads. Eventually Scap lies still. Adrenaline pumping, Fulton throws the microphone down, crushes it with his heel. He starts walking away, satisfied. He looks up, sees Conor watching by the hotel.

FULTON (CONT'D)

Aw shite. Conor, g'wan inside! This is 'tween me and--

IN THE NEXT INSTANT:

Fulton's lifted clean off his feet. His face slams into the door of a parked car. The car alarm starts BLARING. More heads turn. Blood starts pouring down Fulton's face.

Scap yanks Fulton up, KICKS him once, tremendously hard with the steel toe of his boot, right in the groin. Fulton drops to the gutter, clutches his stomach, and THROWS UP.

Scap plucks his still-lit cigarette off the ground, rolls Fulton over, leans down on him. Fulton is cowed.

SCAP

(whispers)

G'wan and tell Darcy whatever ya please. He's the one gave me the order. But mention me brother again, boyo--

Scap takes a drag, stubs the butt out on Fulton's cheek.

SCAP (CONT'D)

And next time I'll burst ya proper.

Fulton screams. The car alarm blares. Scap walks away. Conor can't look at Fulton. He scurries back inside.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Industrial. Lower West Side. A van chugs up the ramp, parks next to a black towncar.

INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Childs sits in the driver's seat. A BRIEFCASE next to him. Fulton opens the door, looks over his shoulder, enters. He's cleaned himself up. There's a bandage above his eye, a black burn on his cheek.

Childs lifts up Fulton's bandage. The cut's nasty.

CHILDS

Christ. You're going to need stitches.

Fulton pushes his hand away.

FULTON

Childs, who is this guy? He's a bleedin' mentaller.

CHILDS

Next time pick up your phone. I just got these from headquarters.

Child opens his briefcase, hands Fulton a folder. It's full of lo-res, faxed PHOTOS. Color drains from Fulton's cheeks.

FULTON

Scap did this?

Fulton eyes the first photo: naked bodies by the roadside. Faces splayed open, arms bent backwards.

CHILDS

Keep going. There are six more.

Fulton flips through. Each picture is more gruesome than the last.

FULTON

Jaysus. I knew this one. Sean O'Bannon.

CHILDS

He was one of ours. They all were.

FULTON

You're joking me. O'Bannon was a tout?

CHILDS

You didn't hear that from me.
(puts away the pictures)
You're familiar with the Nutting Squad?

FULTON

Aye. Internal security boys.

CHILDS

Headquarters believes Scapa has just
joined their ranks. He's been assigned to
work with you--

FULTON

(grim)
Because Darcy knows I'm a tout.

Childs starts the car.

CHILDS

He's a bloody spymaster, Kevin. Best in
the game.

INT. SCAP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A baseball game on TV. Scap stands shirtless, ramrod
straight. Notched with cuts from Fulton's belt and
covered in tattoos, he looks like a demon.

Scap starts moving around the hotel room, tapping on the
wall with his knuckle. He opens the closet, taps.

CHILDS (V.O.)

What's fucking frightening is that out of
the twelve he's killed, only seven were
actually spies. The other five confessed
to spying just to stop the interrogation.

Scap turns the TV up to full volume. The ballgame is
deafening.

INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Moving up the Hudson river. Childs drives, Fulton sits
shotgun, anxious as hell.

FULTON

Is it too late to pull out?

CHILDS

Run now, they'll know you're a spy. Best
scenario, just do the job and walk away.
The Council has no reason to suspect you.

FULTON

What about the target? This fella Finch.

CHILDS

Headquarters has granted you permission to go ahead with the job.

Fulton's head is spinning.

CHILDS (CONT'D)

I know you don't fancy it, Kevin. But a successful kill is the only way we can bolster your cover.

INT. SCAP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Scap unpacks a small black box. He removes another microphone, a hand-drill. He opens the closet, starts drilling through the wall.

The blaring baseball game covers up all the noise.

INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

FULTON

Do me a favor? Poke around. Find out about Finch.

CHILDS

You said he was just some bookkeeper.

FULTON

Just--tell me he doesn't have a family. Tell me he's a feckin' murderer or something.

INT. SCAP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A mound of plaster on the floor. Scap is slick with sweat. He takes out the wire and microphone, slides it through the hole in the wall.

INT. CLOSET, FULTON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The mic pokes into Fulton's closet, nearly invisible.

INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Parked in an alleyway. Fulton opens the door, starts to get out. He looks desperate.

FULTON

Please, mate. If I ain't savin' lives, I'm just some gobshite terrorist who lies to his wife.

He bundles up, starts to trot off. Childs calls out.

CHILDS

Kevin. You're saving your own.

Fulton doesn't respond.

INT. FULTON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fulton enters. He can hear Scap's TV playing quietly through the paper thin walls. Fulton crouches against the far wall, pulls out his cell.

INT. MUSIC SCHOOL, BELFAST - DAY

Fiona sits on a piano bench with a TEENAGE BOY. He's playing Bach. She closes her eyes, listens, happy.

A knock. Another MUSIC TEACHER enters. The boy stops.

MUSIC TEACHER

Phone for you. Says it's an emergency.

INT. MUSIC SCHOOL, FIONA'S OFFICE - DAY

Messy stacks of CD's, songbooks. Fiona answers the phone.

FIONA

'Lo?

INTERCUT Fulton, crouched against the wall, frightened, face bandaged up.

FULTON

Hey, love.

She doesn't say anything. As Fulton talks, he comes closer and closer to tears.

FULTON (CONT'D)

I know. Ya don't have to say nothing. I just wanted ya to know if I haven't been straight about a few things...you gotta trust me that it's for your own good. Will you do that, love? Will you just trust me on this?

A long beat.

FIONA

(soft)

I just wanna know me husband, Kevin.

INT. SCAP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Scap perches next to the closet, wearing headphones. The tape recorder rolls. He listens to Fulton's conversation.

FULTON (O.S.)
No. Ya don't.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SKYLINE MOTEL, BROOKLYN - SUNSET

The squalid motel where we first saw Finch. Families bustle up the street. A WHITE VAN parked down the way.

INT. ALASTAIR'S VAN - SUNSET

Alastair sits with Liam, eyes the motel. Liam pisses into an empty whiskey bottle. Finch's photo on the dashboard. Religious programming plays on the radio. An EVANGELIST.

LIAM
D'we have to listen to this? Sounds like a right wank, this fella.

ALASTAIR
(slaps the dash)
Oi! I knew it! You owe me a fiver!

LIAM
'Wank' ain't a swear. I say wank in front of me mam.

ALASTAIR
It is so a swear!

LIAM
No. Shite. Gobshite. Shitearse. Those are swears.
(off Alastair's look)
What? Just clearin' up the rules I was.

Alastair's radio chirps.

SCAP (O.S.)
D'ya have a visual?

Alastair eyes the motel. Still no sign of Finch.

EXT. O'BRADY AUTO BODY - SUNSET

Industrial. Vinegar Hill, Brooklyn. An Irish-owned yard full of chopped cars. WORKMEN milling about. Gracie loads a crate of EXPLOSIVES into another van. Conor loads ammo into pistols. Scap talks on a radio.

ALASTAIR (O.S.)
Still nothin', sir.

Fulton pulls up in a van, begrudgingly hands two bags marked WINSTON VIDEO to Scap. Scap glances at the bandage above Fulton's eye, a permanent reminder of submission.

SCAP
Cheers.

Gracie sees the bandage too, nods to Fulton. After he turns away, Gracie SMILES to herself.

Scap opens the bags. They're full of VIDEO EQUIPMENT. Electronic receivers, remote controls. He grabs Conor.

SCAP (CONT'D)
Oi. Dirty Harry. Ever seen these before?

Conor shakes his head.

SCAP (CONT'D)
Well then listen up. 'Cause you got the most important job of all, right.

Fulton watches as Scap and Conor move into a corner. Scap takes out the triggers, starts teaching Conor how to connect the wires.

SCAP (CONT'D)
Infrared, these beauties. No more feckin' about with cameras, radios that don't work. Change the whole game, they will.

Fulton watches Scap stuff a .357 under Conor's belt.

SCAP (CONT'D)
Stick with me, lad. We'll make a man of ya tonight.

Fulton looks away, pissed.

INT. ALASTAIR'S VAN - NIGHT

The sun's gone down, a black sky. Alastair watches a few people exit the motel.

A rented black FORD EXPLORER pulls up. It looks just a little out of place.

ALASTAIR
Hello, love.

A tall BLONDE MAN exits the SUV. He's wide as an oak, wears a white collared shirt. Clearly muscle. The explorer idles.

LIAM
(nervous)
Bit big, isn't he?

As the Blonde walks into the motel, Alastair reaches in the backseat, starts unpacking his rifle from its case.

A moment later the Blonde exits the motel with FINCH in his shadow. The bookkeeper carries a BROWN DUFFEL BAG.

ALASTAIR
(into radio)
We got movement here.

EXT. O'BRADY AUTO BODY - NIGHT

Scap snaps twice. Everyone else goes quiet.

SCAP
Has he a bag, a briefcase with him?

ALASTAIR (O.S.)
Aye. And he's got company, too. The yank say anythin' about security?

FULTON
How many guys?

SCAP
(ignoring him)
D'ya have a clean shot?

INT. ALASTAIR'S VAN - NIGHT

Alastair looks up and down the street, spots A POLICE CAR at the end of the block.

ALASTAIR
Negative.

SCAP (O.S.)
We're on our way.

Alastair squints, eyes the Blonde enter the Explorer.

ALASTAIR
That big fellah. He look familiar to ye?

EXT. O'BRADY AUTO BODY, LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Everybody's moving. Scap tosses his keys to Conor.

SCAP

Let's go, son.

Fulton catches the keys, tosses them back to Scap.

FULTON

Conor rides with me.

A terse look from Scap. Fulton won't back down.

FULTON (CONT'D)

I'm not askin' you for permission.

Fulton watches crestfallen as Conor looks to Scap for confirmation. Scap nods.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Perched seven stories above the IRA, Childs sits in his towncar with binoculars. He watches the IRA load a crate into Fulton's van, flood out of the body shop.

EXT. STREETS, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Finch's Explorer weaves through traffic. He's heading east towards a greener neighborhood.

A WHITE VAN trails two car lengths behind.

ALASTAIR (O.S.)

He's headed East on Flushing.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - NIGHT

Conor tears through lots, following Scap. Fulton sits in the passenger seat. A crate, detonators in the backseat.

SCAP (O.S.)

Be there in five.

Fulton eyes Conor anxiously biting his lower lip.

FULTON

Pull over.

INT. SCAP'S VAN - NIGHT

Scap eyes the REARVIEW MIRROR.

SCAP

What's this shite?

Behind him, Fulton's truck PEELS OFF into the alleyway.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - NIGHT

Idling. Fulton reaches over, thrusts open Conor's door.

FULTON

Listen to me. I want ya to walk away.

CONOR

Wha'? Sir, if this is about Scap--

FULTON

Scap's only half of it. There's something I been wantin' to tell ya--I'm not-- everything we're doin' with the Army--

CONOR

Sir?

Fulton struggles to tell Conor he's a spy. He can't.

FULTON

You just ain't cut out for this shite, lad. After seeing ya in Gibraltar, I never shoulda let you take another job.

CONOR

(crushed)

Why--Why are you telling me this now?

FULTON

I made a mistake. I'm sorry. Now get out of the feckin' car.

CONOR

Reckon I made a mistake...

Conor closes his door, throws the van into drive.

CONOR (CONT'D)

I should of ridden with Scap.

(into radio)

Heading East to Flushing.

Fulton stares out the window, ashamed.

EXT. REDDING AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Finch's SUV glides past a gate marked 'REDDING AIRFIELD. PRIVATE.' It heads down a stretch of blacktop towards a cluster of dimly lit aviation buildings. Beyond them are hangars, a few private jets, a thin strip of tarmac. The airfield is flanked by fields of weeds, fences.

Finch's SUV disappears behind the buildings.

INT. ALASTAIR'S VAN - NIGHT

Rolling up to a fence on one side of the airfield.

ALASTAIR'S POV - RIFLE SCOPE

Alastair can see a small TURBOPROP PLANE on the tarmac, engine whirring. Finch's SUV glides towards it.

ALASTAIR

(into radio)

He's going for a plane. We gotta hit him now!

INT. SCAP'S VAN - NIGHT

Scap drives right through the gate towards the airfield.

SCAP

(into radio)

Box him in. Conor, take the arse.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Fulton's van screeches to a fence on the other side of the airfield. Doors open. Fulton and Conor throw on balaclavas, cock pistols.

They hop the fence, start racing through the tall weeds towards the tarmac.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

The WHIR of the turboprop engine drowns out all sound. Finch's Explorer pulls up, stops twenty yards away.

The door of the plane opens, SIX MEN filter out. They're clean cut, well-dressed. A nervous energy. Eyes peering into the dark. Hands lingering inside coats. They can't see anything past the hangers and fields.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Fulton and Conor wait behind a hangar, masks on. Fulton watches the tarmac through binoculars.

FULTON'S POV - BINOCULARS

At last FINCH pokes his head out of the Explorer, duffel bag in hand. The other men greet him, shake hands, talk.

BACK TO SCENE

FULTON
(into radio)
This doesn't feel right. There's too many
of them.

SCAP (O.S.)
(ignores him)
We're running silent. Wait for my signal.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

The plane's engine whirs as Finch and his men begin to move towards the plane in a slow procession.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Twenty four leather seats. Finch boards the plane first, anxious. Men filter in around him and sit wordlessly.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

THE PILOT flips switches, eyes the blackness beyond the tarmac. A VOICE through his headphones.

VOICE (O.S.)
Two-oh-one, you're clear for takeoff.

The pilot squints. He spots a small BLACK SHAPE moving by one of the hangers. It's nearly invisible.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

Everyone's inside. The last man shuts the door behind them. Finch looks off into the darkness, starting at last to relax. Fingers loosening on the duffel bag.

The tall Blonde walks to the cockpit door, knocks.

BLONDE OAK
Clear.

The Blond returns to his seat. A long beat. The plane doesn't move.

Finch's man stands again, walks to the cockpit door, knocks. No answer.

He slowly opens the cockpit door...

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

BLONDE OAK
What in--

Blood all over the controls. A tiny hole in the window.

The pilot lies facedown in his seat, shot through the eye. A frantic voice through his headphones.

VOICE (O.S.)

There's someone on the tarmac! Repeat,
there's someone--

Instantly a WHITE VAN squeals up to the nose of the plane, stops. The doors burst open, TWO MEN IN BALACLAVAS race out, attach a SMALL DEVICE to the nose of the plane.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Blonde backpedals out of the cockpit, horrified.

BLONDE OAK

Shooter! Everyone d--

CRACK! The front of the plane explodes in a massive gust of flame.

Everything turns sideways.

The plane's nose rips off, metal shredding, a tin can. Finch and his men are hurled about like ragdolls, limbs hammer against sidewalls.

A sickening noise outside. The rattle of GUNFIRE building, coming from all sides. Windows begin to shatter, one after another.

Finch lies on the floor, dazed, bleeding. He looks around in horror, sees seats on fire, men screaming, pushing for the exit door. Blood everywhere.

Finch pulls a pistol from his belt, starts crawling for the door.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

Men rush out of the plane, guns drawn, firing blind into the dark. They all race for the SUV, trying to save themselves.

Finch pokes his head out, sees MEN IN BALACLAVAS on all sides, firing on them from hangers, fields. They're surrounded.

Finch watches in horror as one by one his men crumple, collapsing onto the tarmac in a pile.

Without a word, Finch starts running as fast as he can in the other direction, towards the aviation buildings. A bullet sinks into his arm. He cries out.

INT. AVIATION BUILDING, TERMINAL - NIGHT

Unlit. Finch rushes in as--CRACK! A shower of sparks by his head.

A MAN IN A BALACLAVA races in behind him, gun drawn, fires. Finch darts down a hallway.

EXT. TARMAC - NIGHT

Finch's remaining men fire from the cover of the downed plane. Off in a hangar, one of the IRA men stumbles and FALLS, shot through the chest.

Finch's last man, the Blonde, spins like a top and collapses. Two more IRA rush for the plane.

INT. AVIATION BUILDING, TERMINAL - NIGHT

Finch's tail reaches the other end of the short terminal. No sign of the bookkeeper.

The mask comes off. It's Fulton.

Fulton looks around, spots an open door. A dark stairwell leading down to a basement. He darts down the stairs.

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

A labyrinth of grimy stone corridors. Fulton pedals down the stairs. FOOTSTEPS echoing faintly in the dark.

Fulton begins to follow them...

INT. AVIATION BUILDING, TERMINAL - NIGHT

One of FULTON'S TEAMMATES rushes in. Mask on, gun drawn.

INT. BOILER ROOM, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Fulton pads silently forward. He hears the footsteps STOP, right around the corner...

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

The plane is a mess of broken bodies. Two IRA step in, masks on, finishing off the downed men.

One of them grabs Finch's duffel bag, opens it, looks inside.

GRACIE

Feck me.

INT. BOILER ROOM, CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Steel heating ducts, tubing. Fulton enters slowly...

FINCH huddles behind a table. Not even a breath. He can see Fulton's outline in the dim light.

Silently Finch draws his pistol.

ON FULTON

Turning his back to Finch, blind...

ON FINCH

Slowly standing, reaching out with the pistol...

SZZZZ! Suddenly all the lights hiss on.

Fulton spots Finch's shadow behind him--

BANG! A shot rings out, echoing off the walls. A miss.

Fulton whirls--BANG! He fires back, reflex. Finch yelps, falls to his knees, shot in the thigh.

Lights flicker above. Fulton steps forward, aims the pistol. Finch, on his knees, puts his hands up.

Finally he speaks.

FINCH

(thick Irish accent)

Please, mate--I know ya--

The accent momentarily throws Fulton off.

FULTON

What?

FINCH

You're a British agent.

INT. BOILER ROOM, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

FULTON'S TEAMMATE, hand on the transformer, races through the dimly lit corridors. He can hear Finch crying out.

INT. BOILER ROOM, CENTRAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Fulton points the gun, confused.

FINCH
Please--please, mate!

FULTON'S TEAMMATE rushes inside, gun drawn. He sees Fulton pointing the gun. Sees Finch on his knees.

Fulton looks to his teammate. Back to Finch.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Stakeknife--

BANG! Fulton shoots Finch in the cheek. Finch coughs once. Then slouches to the ground, dead.

Fulton's teammate pulls off his mask. It's CONOR.

A long beat.

CONOR
They got Liam, sir.

Fulton nods.

FULTON
Go fetch the car.

Conor nods, rushes off. Fulton looks down at the man he just shot, crosses himself.

EXT. STREETS, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A white van speeds back towards the city.

INT. IRA VAN - NIGHT

Conor drives. Scap sits shotgun, opens the duffel bag. He pours everything out.

SCAP
Jaysus fecking Christ.

Inside is a change of clothes and \$2,400.

In the backseat, Liam's massive frame is sprawled across Fulton and Alastair's laps. Blood pours out of his chest. He's hyperventilating.

FULTON
Keep the pressure on.

Alastair has his hands on Liam's chest. Everything is slippery. Liam's getting dizzy.

LIAM
Alastair--

ALASTAIR

Aye, mate?

Liam smiles, his teeth are stained red.

LIAM

You owe me a fiver.

ALASTAIR

(soft)

I'll pay ya next time I see ya.

Liam laughs. His breath starts coming in quick gasps, faster and faster. Then abruptly it stops.

Silence. Up front, Scap stares off into the dark.

SCAP

Who was he? Finch.

FULTON

He was Irish. Sounded like Galway maybe.

SCAP

Spoke to ya, did he?

FULTON

Aye. Asked me not to shoot.

POLICE CARS scream past, head in the opposite direction.

CONOR

I--I heard something.

SCAP

Aye?

CONOR

The target said 'Stakeknife'. Just before Fulton did him.

SCAP

That true, Kevin?

Fulton shakes his head, stares out the window.

FULTON

He was saying all kinds of shite.

SCAP

Don't anybody worry about anything. I'll sort it all out.

INT. FULTON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fulton walks in, nerves frayed. He grabs his cell, starts to dial. He eyes his reflection in the mirror. He looks like death. Bandaged, bags under his eyes.

Again he starts patting down his coat, looking for some invisible wire. He tears it off. He strips down to his undershirt and boxers.

He starts TEARING APART the hotel room. Checking behind the TV, ripping the covers off the bed, checking the closet. He's frantic, paranoid.

He doesn't find Scap's wire.

INT. BATHROOM, FULTON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fulton enters, clutching his cell. He turns on the sink, the shower. He starts flushing the toilet repeatedly.

The room is a cacophony of running water. Quickly he dials Childs' number.

INTERCUT: INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Childs sits behind the wheel, not far from the hotel.

CHILDs

Kevin?

Fulton paces, water rushing all around him.

FULTON

He knew I'm a tout.

Childs sits up, stiff.

CHILDs

Who, Scap?

FULTON

Fecking Finch. The target.

CHILDs

That's impossible.

INT. SCAP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Scap stands with his monitoring equipment, headphones up to one ear, listening to Fulton. He can't hear anything but running water.

His other hand holds a cell. He talks to Darcy.

SCAP
You on a secure line?

INTERCUT: INT. UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY

MR. DARCY stands in front of a mirror. We can't discern his location.

DARCY
Aye.

SCAP
We hit Finch. No money.

Darcy is silent.

SCAP (CONT'D)
I checked with one of my contacts at NORAIID. He said the guy wasn't even on the feckin' payroll.

DARCY
All the details came from Cavanaugh. If that wormy cunt thinks he can use army men to sort his dirty laundry...

SCAP
Understood.

INT. FULTON'S HOTEL BATHROOM / TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Fulton's pacing. The room feels small.

FULTON
Childs, what the feck is going on? Who was this guy?

CHILDS
Try to calm down. Do you have any idea why you were sent to kill him?

FULTON
I don't know. It looked like there was some kind of deal going down.
(then)
Finch said some queer word too.
'Stakeknife' I think.

CHILDS
Jesus Christ.

Fulton stops pacing.

FULTON
You've heard it before?

CHILDS

Kevin, Stakeknife is what British Intelligence calls you.

FULTON

Then who--

CHILDS

I have no bloody idea. Meet me at the church down the block. We'll talk there.

INT. SCAP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT / UNKNOWN ROOM - DAY

Scap keeps talking to Darcy, listening to Fulton.

DARCY

What about Fulton. Do we still have reason to suspect him?

SCAP

He shot the target himself. Conor vouched for it.

DARCY

Did he now?

SCAP

Conor heard the target say something too. 'Stakeknife' or some shite.

A beat.

DARCY

You're absolutely positive that was the word he used?

SCAP

Aye. Why?

THROUGH THE HEADPHONES Scap hears the water shutting off in Fulton's room.

INT. FULTON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fulton quickly changes back into his clothes.

INT. SCAP'S HOTEL ROOM/ UNKNOWN ROOM - NIGHT

DARCY

Few months ago we interrogated this tout out of Newry. Most of his intel was shite, but he said one thing gave us all a good scare. This fella heard from his handler there was one tout at the very top of the pile.

(MORE)

DARCY (CONT'D)

Workin' his way right into the heart of the RA.

(then)

Said the Brits called him Stakeknife.

SCAP

Jaysus. So the hit--the feck did Cavanaugh get mixed up in all this?

DARCY

I don't know. But up your surveillance on Fulton. If he's this Stakeknife, we could be talking 'bout the biggest spy in the history of the RA.

SCAP

Aye sir.

THROUGH THE HEADPHONES: Scap hears the sound of Fulton's door opening.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Scap peeks out, watches as Fulton steps into the elevator. Scap waits until the doors close, then heads for the stairwell, following.

INT. BATHROOM, FULTON'S HOUSE - DAY

PULLING BACK from Darcy as he hangs up.

He's in Fulton's home in Belfast.

INT. KITCHEN, FULTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Fiona drinks tea at the breakfast table with MRS. DARCY. Fiona glances towards the bathroom.

FIONA

He alright? Been in there awful long.

MRS. DARCY

He's probably just on a business call.

Fiona leans in.

FIONA

(whispers)

Can we not pretend anymore? I know Kevin works for them, too.

Mrs. Darcy gives her a blank look.

MRS. DARCY

Them, love?

Fiona sits back, sips her tea. An awkward silence.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

So what's new with you? Any luck with the wee one?

Fiona looks down, a little embarrassed. Mrs. Darcy reads her instantly.

MRS. DARCY (CONT'D)

Love! Love, that's so exciting! When did ya find out?

FIONA

Last night. I still have to go to the doctor, just to be sure.

MRS. DARCY

Oh, Kevin must be jumpin' out of his skin!

FIONA

Actually--last time we talked, we had a bit of a row. I haven't told him yet.

Mr. Darcy enters, wiping his hands on his jeans.

DARCY

I apologize. Bedlam down at the office.

MRS. DARCY

Hon, Fiona has wonderful news. Tell him, love.

Before Fiona can speak, the DOORBELL rings.

FIONA

Let me just fetch this.

Fiona goes to answer the door, looks out the front window. A truck out front. It's marked 'Donovan & Son'.

Fiona opens the door. A MAN in a WHITE UNIFORM stands in the doorway. We only see the back of his head.

UNIFORMED MAN

Lookin' for Kevin Fulton?

Fiona glances at the Darcys. They're talking animatedly.

FIONA

I'm Mrs. Fulton. Can I help ya?

EXT. STREET, HELL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Fulton walks cautiously away from the hotel, making his way towards a CHURCH down the block.

EXT. BEST WESTERN - NIGHT

Scap hangs up the phone, exits the hotel. He spots Fulton at the end of the block.

Scap starts following quickly.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

A few people coming and going. Fulton spots a BLACK TOWNCAR parked at a curb, starts moving towards it.

FIFTY YARDS BEHIND HIM

SCAP follows. He watches as Fulton moves closer and closer to the car.

ON FULTON about to open the door of the towncar when--

TOURIST

You can leave us here. Thanks.

A YOUNG COUPLE steps out of the car. Fulton eyes the DRIVER.

It's not Childs. The towncar pulls away.

SCAP (O.S.)

Kevin!

Fulton turns, sees Scap moving towards him. If Fulton's blood pressure rises, he doesn't let on for an instant.

FULTON

You talk to Darcy?

Scap watches the towncar roll off, curious.

SCAP

Aye. We're goin' after the yank tomorrow.

FULTON

Best to hit him at home. Keep it quiet.

SCAP

Agreed. Darcy said somethin' else too--

(quiet)

Much as personally I think you're a bit of a cunt, on account of your work tonight, he's askin' I take ya off watch.

FULTON
(skeptical)
Is he now?

SCAP
Sends his apologies for wirin' ya up. You understand we just had to be sure.

Fulton snorts, starts walking away. He doesn't buy it.

FULTON
Alright. We're done here.

SCAP
Kevin--

FULTON
Ya think I'm some gasur? Fella says you're off watch, really he just shoved the wire a wee bit further up your arse.

Fulton keeps walking. Finally Scap calls out.

SCAP
Bang on, Kevin! No use in lyin' to ya. You're absolutely feckin' right.

Fulton turns. Scap eyes the church behind them.

SCAP (CONT'D)
Now I got a few more tricks I can use, if ya like. But I'd rather we sit down like feckin' men. Chat this thing through.

FULTON
Aye. Let's have a feckin' chat.

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Candles. A few parishioners. Fulton and Scap kneel in the front pew. Whispers.

FULTON
If Darcy thinks I'm this big spy, why don't ya just pull me in for questioning now? Get the whole thing over with.

SCAP
Honestly? Protocol. I gotta have proper evidence first.

FULTON

(nods)

Reckon if the Council strung up everyone suspected of snitchin', wouldn't have much army left.

SCAP

Bang on.

A beat. The two of them stare up at the cross.

SCAP (CONT'D)

Know what I don't understand with all these touts? Why anyone would want the feckin' job in the first place.

FULTON

How d'ya mean?

SCAP

Say you are this big spy like Darcy thinks. I was lookin' at your file, right, some o' these jobs--take that oul fella from MI-6. One with the bomb in his oven--

FULTON

Dyer. Reckon we rigged his whole flat.

SCAP

That's what I'm talking 'bout. If ya are workin' for the Brits, why would ya ever want the job of killing your own so?

FULTON

Well I ain't working for the Brits. So these fellas, I dunno how they look themselves in the mirror.

(then)

Just a bunch of mentallers probably. Think it's for the greater good of stopping the war.

Scap nods. A long beat. More whispers.

SCAP

Ya know that story ya told, when ya's blaggardin' me at breakfast? Ya missed the best part. Me brother fessed up to that other fella, right, but it wasn't after the bomb went off. It was before. The Brits knew exactly where that bomb was going, and still they let six people die. Women, wee kids. Just to protect this one fella.

(MORE)

SCAP (CONT'D)

Reason I'm telling ya this is 'cause all these snitches I been putting the screws to, when I ask 'em how they can do what they do, every one of 'em uses the exact same words you just did: the greater good. But at the end of the day, all you touts, you're still just a bunch of hard murdering bastards. So where's the feckin' good in that?

Scap crosses himself, pats Fulton on the back, stands.

SCAP (CONT'D)

See ya back at the hotel.

Scap walks to the confessional. He knocks twice on the priest's side.

SCAP (CONT'D)

Ya decent, Father?

Fulton sits alone in the front pew. He stares up at the Cross, realizing he just confirmed Scap's suspicions.

EXT. CAVANAUGH'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Snow falls on the Central Park apartment tower.

INT. FOYER, PENTHOUSE - DAY

A muffled MAN'S VOICE coming from Cavanaugh's bedroom.

The DOORKNOB jiggles. A lockpick scratching. The door opens. The IRA team floods in, silent. Pistols, no masks.

Scap motions with his hands. They fan out.

INT. KITCHEN, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Fulton and Conor move quickly through the room. Something catches Fulton's eye, he furrows his brow.

The ICE CREAM still sits on the table. It's all melted.

INT. HALLWAY, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Fulton and Conor approach the bedroom. A MAN'S VOICE right around the corner.

Pistols cock. Fulton takes a deep breath. Quickly they turn the corner...

INT. BEDROOM, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Empty. The voice comes from the ANSWERING MACHINE.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
...at the office is asking about you. I
didn't know if you're planning to come in,
so I cancelled tomorrow's appointments...

The closets are open, GUTTED. Loose clothes on the floor.
The place is a mess. Scap enters, surprised.

FULTON
Took off in a hurry.

SCAP
There must be something we can use. Get to
work.

INT. STUDY, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Fulton tears through drawers, files. They're all EMPTY.

Fulton spies one of the few pieces of paper left: an
EARNINGS REPORT from Cavanaugh's defense contractor,
Meyer Dynamics. The numbers are all in the millions.

INT. LIVING ROOM, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Alastair and Gracie tear the room apart.

Eventually Alastair spots a picture on the wall. AN OLD
MAP. His eyes settle on Spain, wheels turning.

INT. KITCHEN, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Conor flips through the mail on Cavanaugh's counter.
Bills, take-out menus. He tosses them away.

At last he flips to a small YELLOW ENVELOPE, tears it
open. A grin creeps across his face.

CONOR
Gotcha, ya slippery gobshite.

INT. STUDY, PENTHOUSE - DAY

Fulton hears muffled VOICES from the bedroom. Scap and
Alastair. He peeks around the corner.

ALASTAIR
(muffled)
...no, it was only that blonde fella I
remember seeing.

SCAP
(muffled)
And you're sure it was in Gibraltar?

ALASTAIR
 (muffled)
 Aye, he was MI-6. Swear on me mother.

Fulton listens, curious.

CONOR (O.S.)
 Sir, you might want a look at this.

Fulton turns. Conor hands him the letter. It's marked:
 'St. Sebastian's Elementary. Casey Cavanaugh. Grade 5.'

CONOR (CONT'D)
 He's got a wee cub.

Conor looks up at Fulton for approval. Fulton grins.

FULTON
 Good man. Go tell the others.

As Conor walks out, Fulton's smile slowly turns sickly.

INT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S - DAY

After school. Uniformed BOYS AND GIRLS run down the hall.
 Moira Cavanaugh walks with one of Casey's TEACHERS.

MOIRA CAVANAUGH
 Is he making any more friends?

TEACHER
 A few. To be honest, he just doesn't seem
 that interested in other people.

Mrs. Cavanaugh spots a cluster of boys, confused.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 Everything alright?

MOIRA CAVANAUGH
 He was here just a second ago.

EXT. ST. SEBASTIAN'S - DAY

By the Hudson River. Moira exits the school.

MOIRA CAVANAUGH
 Casey, honey?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Moira moves farther down the block, starting to look a
 little nervous. She peers down an alley...

Then she STOPS in her tracks.

Casey sits in the passenger seat of a WHITE VAN. Fulton is in the driver's seat.

Moira starts running towards the truck, horrified.

MOIRA CAVANAUGH

Casey! Casey, get out of there!

Casey's paying attention to something inside, doesn't look up. Scap steps out from behind the van, blocks Moira's path.

MOIRA CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Get the fuck away from my son.

SCAP

Easy, love. Don't do anything stupid. We just want to have a wee chat.

Moira looks over her shoulder. They're all alone.

INT. VAN - DAY

Casey watches as Fulton plays his GAME BOY. Super Mario. Fulton clumsily presses buttons. Mario is quickly killed by a turtle. Fulton puts down the game, frustrated.

FULTON

Those fellas are impossible!

CASEY

You have to jump on their heads.
Let me see it.

Casey takes the Game Boy, plays. Fulton watches impressed as the boy jumps on a turtle's head.

FULTON

Bleedin' genius you are.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mrs. Cavanaugh looks anxiously at her son.

SCAP

Your husband thought it'd be gas to send a few of his mates on a wee errand.

MOIRA CAVANAUGH

I don't know anything about that. We--we divorced two years ago.

SCAP

When's the last time you saw him?

MOIRA CAVANAUGH

He dropped Casey off in the middle of the day. That was Monday.

SCAP

Say where he's going, did he?

Moira shakes her head, no.

MOIRA CAVANAUGH

He--he was crying. Kept saying 'I fucked up' 'I fucked up'. Then he said he couldn't see me or Casey for a while.

Scap pulls out a photo of FINCH.

SCAP

How 'bout this fella? You ever see him hanging 'round?

Mrs. Cavanaugh eyes the picture for a moment.

MOIRA CAVANAUGH

No.

INT. VAN - DAY

Fulton watches as Casey beats the level.

FULTON

Well done, boyo.

Casey looks out the window, sees Scap talking to his mom.

CASEY

Are you guys looking for my dad?

The question hits Fulton hard. Casey looks up at him, expectant. A beat.

FULTON

No, mate. We're just havin' a chat with--

CASEY

He's at the summer house.

Casey resumes his video game. Fulton feels something caught in his throat.

FULTON

Told ya that, did he?

CASEY

I heard him tell his friend on the phone.

Fulton doesn't say anything. Casey glances up at him.

CASEY (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

Fulton's eyes have started WATERING. He looks away, out the window.

TAP! TAP! Two quick knocks on the door. It's Scap. Fulton quickly wipes his eyes, opens the door for Casey.

FULTON

G'wan back to your mam.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Casey runs to his mother. Mrs. Cavanaugh picks him up, kisses his face, relieved. She watches as Scap and Fulton pull away in the truck.

INT. VAN - DAY

Fulton drives. Scap stares straight ahead.

SCAP

Get anything off the cub?

FULTON

No.

A long silence.

SCAP

Wife said he's got a place out in Long Island. Summer house. Reckon we check there next.

Fulton stares straight ahead.

FULTON

Grand.

EXT. BEACH, MONTAUK - NIGHT

No life for miles. A distant lighthouse throws intermittent flashes of light on WILL CAVANAUGH.

He walks with a cell in one hand, a tumbler of his aunt's whiskey in the other. Winds blow sand off the bluffs.

CAVANAUGH

No, just put three million in Casey's account. And he's not to see any of it till he's eighteen, understand? Thanks.

Cavanaugh hangs up. A gust of wind blows sand into his face. Some lands in his whiskey.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

Shit.

Cavanaugh turns, walks back towards a luxurious two-story BEACH HOUSE carved into the bluff. Stilt supports, a staircase leading down to the shore. A dock, a boathouse.

As Cavanaugh eyes the house, an odd LOOK crosses his face. Surprise changing slowly to dread.

Flashlights flicker through the windows of his house.

Cavanaugh eyes his glass of whiskey. He drinks it, sand and all, then starts walking quickly to the boathouse.

INT. KITCHEN, BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Fulton stands at the BACK WINDOW watching Cavanaugh duck into the boathouse. His radio beeps.

SCAP (O.S.)

Reckon this is a dead end, boys. Let's g'wan back.

FULTON

Meet ya out front.

Fulton spots Alastair heading out the back door...

EXT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Underneath the house. Alastair pads softly down the steps towards the dock, rifle drawn. Fulton pokes his head out.

FULTON

Allie, we're headin' off, mate.

Alastair glances at the boathouse. A beat. He turns.

ALASTAIR

Aye, sir.

Alastair starts trudging back up the stairs. Just as he's about to enter the house...

The WHIR of an engine starting up.

FULTON

(to self)

Feckin' hell--

Fulton watches as a MOTORBOAT lurches out of the boathouse.

Alastair rushes towards the dock, raising his rifle. Fulton darts out the house behind him.

The motorboat carves a white path out to sea...

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Alastair perches on the edge of the dock. Aims his rifle. Slowly following the boat...

FULTON

Allie--wait--

BANG! A single shot echoes out over the ocean.

Cavanaugh crumples, splashes down into the water. The boat continues for a moment, slows down, stops.

FULTON (CONT'D)

We needed him alive.

YELPS out on the water. Cavanaugh's splashing around.

ALASTAIR

Cheers.

INT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Cold, black. Suddenly Cavanaugh's horrified face breaks through the surface. Bubbles spew from his mouth as his head is thrust downward.

Finally he's yanked up into...

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Scap throws Cavanaugh down onto the dock. Cavanaugh chokes and sputters, clutching his bloody leg. His voice is a hoarse whine. Fulton looks on.

SCAP

Ya fancy us your errand boys now, ya plastic paddy?

CAVANAUGH

Please--Mr. Scapa, I'm loyal! Ask Darcy! Ask the council!

Scap steps on Cavanaugh's leg. Cavanaugh SCREAMS.

SCAP

Aye, you're feckin' Gerry Adams.

CAVANAUGH

Wait--you don't understand! A man came to my office! Guy with a northern accent.

Scap glances at Fulton, eases up on Cavanaugh's leg.

CAVANAUGH (CONT'D)

He had records. Every dollar I've sent you boys since sixty nine. Even what I took from Meyer! He was going to drag my whole fucking family through the mud!

Scap bends down.

SCAP

Give me one good reason why I should listen to this shite.

CAVANAUGH

On my mother. He gave me the pictures of Finch. Fed me every line. I'd never even seen the poor guy before that!

Cavanaugh keeps groveling. Fulton takes Scap's ear.

FULTON

What d'ya think?

SCAP

Go fetch Conor.

FULTON

What for?

SCAP

(a look)

'Cause I feckin' ordered ya to.

Fulton exits, miffed. Scap turns back to Cavanaugh.

SCAP (CONT'D)

This fella from Ulster. He got a name?

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

The IRA team hovers at the top of the stairs, listening.

FULTON

Conor, Scap wants to see you. Rest o' ya wait by the van.

Conor walks slowly down the steps, enters the boathouse. Just as Fulton's about to enter behind him--

SCAP (O.S.)
Shut the door, son.

The door shuts in his face. MUFFLED VOICES within. Fulton cracks the door open.

He can see Scap put the PISTOL in Conor's hand.

SCAP (CONT'D)
(muffled)
Told ya we'd make a man outta ya.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Conor holds the gun. Cavanaugh starts scooting backwards, horrified.

CAVANAUGH
Wait--I answered your questions! I've been loyal twenty five years--

SCAP
That don't matter one way or another.

Conor looks down at Cavanaugh, scared to pull the trigger.

SCAP (CONT'D)
G'wan, lad. Shut him up.

Conor starts lifting the gun, hand trembling. Cavanaugh presses up against the back wall.

CAVANAUGH
Mr. Scapa, can I have another glass of whiskey first? Please just get me one more glass of--

BANG! Cavanaugh slumps down, shot through the heart. Conor stands still, confused.

He didn't fire a shot.

Scap turns. FULTON stands in the doorway, pistol in hand.

FULTON
Reckon he's man enough already.

Scap scowls as Conor rushes out, ashamed and relieved. Fulton follows.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE, SIDE - NIGHT

Conor walks quickly up the bluff.

FULTON

Mate!

Conor doesn't turn around. Fulton catches up. Conor wipes tears from his eyes, embarrassed. They whisper.

CONOR

Sorry for hesitating. I just--kept thinkin' how he kinda looked like me oul man.

Fulton takes the gun away from him.

FULTON

Jaysus. Conor, what can I do to get ya to quit this shite?

CONOR

I can't. Mr. Darcy said, long as I kept working, he'd pay some of da's bills.

Fulton eyes Scap moving up the beach.

FULTON

Feck Darcy. I'll pay 'em in full.

CONOR

What? Sir--that's fifteen thousand quid.

FULTON

It's done. Just promise me this is the last you do for the Army.

CONOR

Sir, really, I can't ask ya to--

Fulton motions to Scap, heading up the hill.

FULTON

(more urgent)

D'ya wanna end up like that one there?
'Cause that's where you're feckin' headed.
Now I can get ya a job workin' shipping
too. Just promise me you're through.

A long beat. Conor eyes Fulton, looking at him earnestly. He eyes Scap walking up the hill, blood on his hands.

CONOR

Aye. Alright.

Fulton's eyes light up.

FULTON

Good man. Now g'wan back to the van.

Conor shuffles up the hill. He turns halfway.

CONOR
Sir? Thank you, sir.

Fulton nods. He hangs back a moment, waits for Scap to catch up.

FULTON
Cavanaugh's man. You get a name?

Scap keeps walking, pissed.

FULTON (CONT'D)
Oi! I'm feckin' talking to ya here.

SCAP
Just said it was some baldy fella with his arm in a sling.

PANIC flashes across Fulton's face, then disappears.

SCAP (CONT'D)
Buncha bollix, if ya ask me.

FULTON
No doubt.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A luxury suite. Childs lies in bed, watching 'Howard's End'. An empty room service tray next to him.

His cell rings.

CHILDS
Morning.

INTERCUT: EXT. DIGNAN'S HOME, BELFAST - DAY

Child's other field agent, Dignan, approaches his middle-class home. His arm is still in a sling.

Dignan checks over his shoulder, a reflex.

AGENT DIGNAN
They're hittin' the tube station at Queensway. Dunno the date yet.

CHILDS
Excellent. Stay on it. We're making this top priority.

AGENT DIGNAN
Aye, sir.

CHILDS

Oh, by the way. I got you a little something. Check the Telegraph.

INT. DIGNAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Dignan takes a piece of junk mail off the table. A notice from the Belfast Telegraph. He opens it. A pair of WORLD CUP TICKETS fall out. Ireland vs. England.

AGENT DIGNAN

(grins)

Deadly. Thank you, sir.

CHILDS

Do me a favor. Don't bet on the Irish this time.

Childs' call-waiting beeps. A RESTRICTED NUMBER.

CHILDS (CONT'D)

I'll see you soon.

(clicks over)

Hello?

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Fulton drives out of the hotel parking lot alone, cell to one ear. His eyes are red, distant.

FULTON

I want to meet up.

EXT. BRIDGE, CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Fulton waits under a bridge, shivering. A black towncar pulls up. Fulton keeps his hands in his pockets, opens the door.

INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Childs watches confused as Fulton gets in the backseat.

FULTON

Drive.

CHILDS

What in God's name--

Fulton pulls out a PISTOL.

FULTON

Let's not, eh?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK, BRIDGE - NIGHT

The towncar glides off under the bridge.

INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Fulton grab's Childs' BRIEFCASE. He keeps the pistol trained on his handler.

FULTON

What's the combination?

CHILDS

Kevin, you're making a huge mistake--

FULTON

I know you and Dignan have been playin' me. Now what's the feckin' combo!?

Fulton digs the gun hard into the back of Childs' skull.

CHILDS

Enough! Five-two-five.

Fulton opens the briefcase, digs through papers.

CHILDS (CONT'D)

If you'd just let me explain--

Fulton pulls out a FOLDER. Photos of Finch. Papers read: 'Agent Eamon Finch. Force Research Unit.'

FULTON

You sick old cunt. You sent me to kill one of ours.

CHILDS

He was a whistleblower, Kevin. He knew the identities of our top men, you included. He threatened to go to MI-6.

FULTON

So what! You're all feckin' Brits, ain't ya?

CHILDS

Don't be naive. If Six finds out we've let you kill English civilians, they'd shut down our whole unit.

Fulton's head is spinning, trying to follow the corrupt logic.

FULTON

Why not keep me informed? Why all the cloak and dagger with Cavanaugh?

CHILDS

We knew Finch fled to the States. Setting up the yank was just a bonus, a way to cut out a chunk of RA funding.

(then)

Watch, in one minute Darcy's going to call. He'll suspect British intelligence, but he won't be able to pin a thing on you. He's going to bring you home.

FULTON

This is bloody sick. I didn't sign up for this.

CHILDS

You want to play James Bond, join MI-6. There's a reason they can't get half the intel we can.

The car reaches a stoplight. Fulton's phone starts to RING. He checks the caller ID.

FULTON

Scap.

The cell keeps ringing. Fulton looks from the phone to the handler.

CHILDS

Kevin, you have to understand. This is all for the greater good.

Fulton's face screws up.

FULTON

Aw, bollix to ya.

He opens the door, steps out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fulton answers the phone.

FULTON

'Lo?

INTERCUT: EXT. PADDY REILLY'S - NIGHT

A few drunks exit the Irish pub. Scap talks out front.

SCAP

Gave Darcy the yank's blackmail bit. He thinks likely the Brits are behind the whole feckin' thing.

Fulton speaks softly so Childs can't hear him. It's as if he now trusts the IRA more than his own organization.

FULTON

What's our next play?

SCAP

He's bringing us home, boyo. We're havin' a gargle down at Paddy Reilly's if ya feel like joinin' us.

FULTON

See ya soon.

Fulton hangs up, eyes Childs. The handler was absolutely right.

CHILDS

Kevin. Remember whose side you're on.

FULTON

You're all so fucking dirty, does it really matter anymore?

EXT. PADDY REILLY'S - NIGHT

A FEW DRUNKS arguing outside. A white van pulls up. Fulton steps out into the cold, pulls up his collar.

He trudges slowly towards the bar.

INT. PADDY REILLY'S - NIGHT

Fulton opens the door. Instantly his FACE FALLS.

FULTON

Aw, Jaysus--

The room is empty. No patrons, no bartender. Half-empty beers sit on the counter.

A CREAKING behind him. Fulton starts turning his head...

CRACK! The butt of a pistol connects with the back of Fulton's skull. He crumples.

CUT TO BLACK.

Ragged breathing. A VOICE in the dark. A familiar speech.

SCAP (O.S.)
 ...but I reckon that's why they call you
 Stakeknife, ain't it? Because you stuck
 every last one of us right in the heart.

Three GUNSHOTS, loud and incredibly close. Silence. Scap
 rips the duct tape off Fulton's eyes. We're in:

INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY

Fulton hangs upside-down amid the sides of beef. The room
 is dark, disorienting. All Fulton can see is Scap's
 tattooed chest rising and falling.

FULTON
 I told you, me name ain't Stake--

BANG! The door bursts open behind them.

GRACIE
 We're ready, sir.

Scap nods. He looks at Fulton, a grim smile tugs at the
 corner of his mouth.

SCAP
 I'm gonna ask ya one last time. You never
 took money from British Intelligence?

FULTON
 No.

SCAP
 Fair enough. You've a visitor to see you.

Fulton's ears perk up. FAINT CRIES grow louder from the
 other room.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 What are you doing! Let go o' me!

Gracie drags a WOMAN inside. Her hands and feet are taped
 to a steel chair. There's a BLACK HOOD over her face.

Fulton realizes instantly who it is.

Fiona.

Fulton starts screaming, squirming, a worm on a hook.

FULTON
 No! NO! Gracie stop it! Gracie, what are
 ya doing?!

GRACIE
(smug)
Now we're square, sir.

Gracie exits. Scap drags Fiona's chair, sets her down face to face with Fulton. Fiona can't see anything.

FIONA
Kevin?!

FULTON
Love, just do anything he says! He can't hurt ya.

Scap rips off Fiona's hood. Fulton looks in her eyes.

FIONA
What--what's going on?

Scap presses 'RECORD' on the tape player.

FULTON
(whispers)
I'm so sorry.

Scap quickly wraps duct tape over Fulton's mouth. He starts circling the both of them.

SCAP
Love, the Army just wants ask ya a few questions. You can start by stating your name.

She looks at Fulton. He nods.

FIONA
Fiona Fulton.

SCAP
Good. Now, how long have ya been married to Kevin here?

FIONA
Three--three years.

Fulton starts to speak, muffled. Scap talks over him.

SCAP
And during that time, what did your husband tell you he did for a living?

FIONA
He said--he was in shipping.

SCAP

Meanin', far as you knew, he was bringing home what? 'Bout thirty thousand a year?

FIONA

Thir-thirty two.

Fulton looks on, confused.

EXT. MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE - DAY

DUMBO, Brooklyn. The squat warehouse sits in an industrial pit under the Manhattan Bridge overpass.

Alastair and Gracie wait by a van, smoking. Another van pulls up. Conor steps out.

CONOR

Where's Kevin?

ALASTAIR

Son, you were told to wait at the hotel.

Conor tries to move past, anxious.

CONOR

What are ya doin' to him in there?

Alastair grabs his arm.

ALASTAIR

Lad, this is an order. G'wan back to the hotel. We'll call ya tomorrow.

INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY

Scap keeps circling Fulton and Fiona.

SCAP

Now Mrs. Fulton, I understand you found some money in the house the other day?

FIONA

(nods)

The pa-painter found it. In the garage.

Fulton speaks, muffled. In an instant--CRACK! Scap strikes him hard in the face.

SCAP

You will shut your fecking mouth until I am finished with her!

Fulton swings back and forth by his ankles, goes silent.

SCAP (CONT'D)
How much money was it, love?

FIONA
Three hundred thousand quid.

SCAP
Sounds like a bit much for a fella
driving a boat. Don't it, Mrs. Fulton?

Fiona's eyes start to water. She won't look at Fulton.

FIONA
Y-yes.

Scap crouches down next to her.

SCAP
(softer)
I'm sure you've no idea where that money
came from. Let me explain. Spies like
your husband, traitors working for the
Brits, lot of 'em are paid in cash.
Course, they can't spend any of it.
Raises too much suspicion. Before today,
the most we ever recovered was two
hundred thousand Punt. That was from a
fella been spying nearly ten years.
(puts his face close to hers)
So in the case of your husband, Fiona, I
reckon he's been lying to you every
single minute, of every single day since
first you two met.

Fiona looks at her husband. TEARS starts to rolling down
her cheeks. Satisfied, Scap moves on to Fulton.

SCAP (CONT'D)
Can you not see what you're doing to her,
boy? All ya have to do is tell us where
you got the money. She can go.

Fulton squirms. Scap leans in close to him.

SCAP (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I'm sure we can find some nice RA boy to
raise your wee baby.

Fulton stops squirming. His eyes go dull.

SCAP (CONT'D)
(amused)
Oh. Has she not told you yet?

TEARS begin to stream out of Fulton's eyes and trickle down into his hair.

SCAP (CONT'D)
That's just about the saddest thing I've ever heard.

Fulton speaks, muffled. Scap rips the tape off his mouth.

FULTON
(softly)
I'm Stakeknife.

Grim satisfaction crosses Scap's face.

SCAP
Louder.

FULTON
I'm Stakeknife.

Fiona looks up at her husband, confused and humiliated. The tape player keeps rolling.

EXT. MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE - DAY

Conor's truck rattles slowly away from the warehouse.

INT. VAN - DAY

Conor looks guilty, conflicted. As he pulls past the side of the building, he notices an OPEN GATE around back.

Conor looks over his shoulder, sees Alastair talking to Gracie. Conor turns the wheel, starts heading around to the back of the meat packing lot.

INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY

Fulton can't look at his wife.

FULTON
For the last fifteen years I've worked as the top field agent for a British Intelligence agency called the Force Research Unit.

SCAP
(businesslike)
Give me the name of your handler.

FULTON
Bill Childs.

SCAP

Are there any other field agents you're aware of?

FULTON

No. Their identities are all kept secret.

SCAP

You're lying to me. I won't be havin' that...

FULTON

I swear to Christ I'm not.

Scap pulls out his gun, touches it to the back of Fulton's head. Fiona cries out.

SCAP

Ya really wanna die for them, Kevin?

Silence from Fulton. Scap cocks the pistol.

SCAP (CONT'D)

Last chance...

Click. Another gun cocks behind Scap.

A long silence. Scap slowly turns around, keeps his gun on Fulton.

CONOR stands in the doorway, pistol pointed.

CONOR

Drop--drop it.

FULTON

Conor, get out of here!

Scap looks confused, keeps the gun on Fulton.

SCAP

Lad, don't kid me now. I know ya can't pull the--

BANG! Conor fires at Scap's feet. Scap looks confused, sad. Never breaking eye contact with Conor, Scap gently places the pistol on the floor.

CONOR

Slide it to me. Face the wall.

Scap kicks the gun AWAY from Conor. It disappears into a dark corner. Conor starts breathing faster.

SCAP

Lad, do ya know what you're doing...

CONOR

Face the fecking wall!

Scap puts his hands up, faces the wall. He's right next to the tape player.

Conor plucks a knife off a rack, starts cutting the tape around Fulton's arms. He keeps the pistol on Scap.

CONOR (CONT'D)

(quiet)

You alright, sir? If I cut ya down, you ain't gonna hurt yourself?

FULTON

Please. Conor--this has nothing to do with you.

Conor starts SAWING at the rope holding Fulton's feet.

SCAP

Right now you're helping the biggest, juiciest tout in the history of the IRA. Do you have any idea--

CONOR

Shut up!

SCAP

...what they'll do to you?

BANG! Conor fires another shot. It sinks into a side of beef. He's almost through the rope at Fulton feet.

SCAP (CONT'D)

Or to your poor mam?

SNAP! The rope holding Fulton breaks. Fulton falls onto the floor, dizzy.

EXT. MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE, SIDE - DAY

Alastair pisses. Just as he zips up, he sees--

ALASTAIR

Aw, no.

CONOR'S WHITE VAN sitting behind the warehouse. Alastair starts running towards the front.

INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY

Conor cuts the tape at Fiona's feet. Fulton, dizzy, clutches her face.

FULTON
Love, you alright?

Fiona nods, frantic. Scap looks down at the tape player.

SCAP
Son, on this tape player is Fulton's
confession. All I'm gonna do now is bend
down and play it for ya. You can decide.

FULTON
Conor, give me the gun!

Scap's fingers light down on the tape player. He presses
rewind, then play. VOICES.

SCAP'S VOICE (O.S.)
Give me the name of your handler.

FULTON'S VOICE (O.S.)
Bill Childs.

SNAP! The last of Fiona's bonds are cut. Fulton yanks her
out of the chair.

FULTON
The feckin' gun, lad!

CONFUSION creeps across Conor's face. He takes a step
away from Fulton. The tape continues.

SCAP'S VOICE (O.S.)
Are there any other field agents that
you're aware of?

FULTON'S VOICE (O.S.)
No. Their identities are all kept secret.

Conor turns slowly towards Fulton.

CONOR
(confused)
Kev-Kevin?

FULTON
He threatened me wife! He made me say it!

Conor starts pointing the gun at Fulton. Scap steps away
from the wall.

SCAP
Hand me the gun, Conor.

Conor whirls the pistol back to Scap. Fulton moves with
Fiona slowly towards the door.

FULTON
 (desperate)
 Conor, please. I care about you so much.
 I'd never do anything to hurt--

GRACIE (O.S.)
 Conor!

BANG! TWO GUN BLASTS go off at once.

IN THE NEXT INSTANT:

- 1) CONOR sinks to the floor, shot through the neck.
- 2) SCAP falls to a knee, a bullet cuts into his leg.
- 3) GRACIE stands in the doorway, pistol smoking.
- 4) FULTON AND FIONA are gone.

EXT. MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE, REAR - DAY

Fulton tugs Fiona outside. He spies the chain and lock on the double doors. Quickly he slams them shut, locks them--

INT. HALLWAY, MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE - DAY

CRACK! Gracie hits the doors full force. They hold fast. She watches through the cracked doorway as Fulton drags Fiona towards CONOR'S VAN.

INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY

Scap winces, down on one knee.

ALASTAIR
 Don't move, sir. Let me fetch a doctor.

Gracie bursts in.

GRACIE
 They're in the van.

Scap rises to his feet, pained.

SCAP
 (to Alastair)
 You ride with Gracie.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

The engine grinds, catches. Fulton stomps on the gas, launching them out of the lot towards a cluster of dilapidated warehouses.

EXT. MEAT PACKING WAREHOUSE, FRONT - DAY

Gracie and Alastair jump into one van, Scap limps into the other. The vehicles shudder to life, rattle out of the parking lot.

EXT. WAREHOUSES - DAY

Fulton's van winds around corners, approaching a BUSY STREET. He starts to slow down.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton looks at Fiona. She's terrified.

FULTON

Love, you okay?

She's too shaken to answer.

FULTON (CONT'D)

Are ya okay?!

She nods. Fulton motions to the busy street. He reaches over, opens her door.

FULTON (CONT'D)

What I need you to do, I need you to get out the car, find a policema--

CRACK! Out of nowhere Scap's van slams into Fulton's side door.

Fulton's van spins like a top, windows shattering. Fulton's AIRBAG EXPLODES, fills the van with white smoke. Fiona jolts in her seat.

The van shudders to a stop.

EXT. WAREHOUSES - DAY

Scap's van screeches to a halt. The REVERSE TAIL LIGHTS flash on. He's going to hit them again...

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fiona sees the van backing towards them, gathering speed. She slams her door shut.

FIONA

Kevin, back up!

Fulton looks over the top of his airbag, stunned. He hits reverse, screeches backwards, unable to turn the wheel.

EXT. STREETS, DUMBO - DAY

Fulton's truck hurtles backwards into the street, narrowly missing oncoming traffic. Cars squeal, honk. The van crashes backwards through a fence, stops in a CONSTRUCTION SITE.

The IRA vans blast out into the street. A STATION WAGON clips the back of Gracie's van, smashes into a lightpole.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton's airbag slowly begins to deflate as Scap's van hurtles towards them.

Fulton stomps on the accelerator, launching them into traffic as he fights with the wheel.

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE OVERPASS - DAY

The three vans tear through the industrial neighborhood, weaving around the columns of the Manhattan Bridge. Fulton's van scrapes dizzily up against other cars.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton looks in the REARVIEW MIRROR, sees Scap holding the radio to his mouth. Fulton motions quick to Fiona.

FULTON

The radio! Give me the radio!

Fiona hands him the radio. Fulton turns it on.

SCAP (O.S.)

Do you have a shot?

ALASTAIR (O.S.)

Thirty seconds.

Horried, Fulton looks left, catches flashes of GRACIE'S VAN weaving through traffic. He can see Alastair taking out his RIFLE.

Instantly Fulton grabs the back of Fiona's neck.

FULTON

Put your head down!

INT. GRACIE'S VAN - DAY

Running parallel to Fulton's. Gracie's speedometer needle inches higher as Alastair loads a round into his rifle...

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton races forward, sees Alastair's window starting to ROLL DOWN...

INT. GRACIE'S VAN - DAY

Alastair aims the rifle...

ALASTAIR'S POV - RIFLE SCOPE

Following Fulton through the whirlwind of traffic...

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton SWERVES LEFT, smashing into Gracie's van. Alastair drops the rifle.

EXT. ONRAMP, MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY

Fulton's van screeches past a stopped POLICE MOTORCYCLE. The siren roars to life as the cop squeals after Fulton, onto the bridge.

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY

A massive four-lane suspension bridge with subway cars running underneath.

The three IRA vans tear down the shoulder, motorcycle caught in the middle.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton spots the COP in his rearview.

SCAP (O.S.)
(through radio)
Lose the cop.

Fulton eyes Gracie's van inching up behind the motorcyle. Fulton puts his head out the window, taps his brakelights.

FULTON
Mate, behind you!

Fulton watches in horror as Alastair points his rifle...

EXT. MOTORCYCLE - DAY

The MIDDLE-AGED COP speeds after Fulton, oblivious.

COP
(into radio)
Ten-eighty-eight, heading northbound on
Manhattan--

CRACK! His helmet splits in two.

EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - DAY

The motorcycle FLIPS SIDEWAYS, spinning into other lanes
of traffic, under a TRUCK.

The IRA vans batter through the pileup, grind against the
guardrail. They follow Fulton down the offramp into
Manhattan.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton spins the wheel, doubles back. Gracie's van is
right behind him. Fulton clutches the radio.

SCAP (O.S.)
Hit him again.

ALASTAIR (O.S.)
I'm out of rounds, sir.

EXT. STREETS, MANHATTAN - DAY

The vans charge through narrow streets towards the FDR.
Fulton breaks off towards an ALLEY...

INT. SCAP'S VAN - DAY

Following close behind.

SCAP
(into radio)
Cut right! Box him in.

INT. GRACIE'S VAN - DAY

Gracie pounds on the gas, lurching around the alley...

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Fulton's just about to break free when--

GRACIE'S VAN screeches out in front, blocking him off.
Fulton brakes hard, skids to a stop.

SCAP'S VAN screeches up behind them. He's boxed in.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Idling. Fulton watches as Alastair hops out, rifle pointed. Fulton looks Fiona up and down.

FULTON
You hurt anywhere?

FIONA
I--I don't think so.

Outside, Alastair motions with the rifle.

ALASTAIR
Out o' the van, Kevin!

Fulton pokes his head out the window.

FULTON
Promise you'll leave me wife out of this!
I'll come along quietly.

ALASTAIR
Ya know we can't do that, mate!

Fiona spots Scap stepping out of his van. She squeezes Fulton's hand.

FIONA
Please--don't leave me alone with him.

Scap moves closer. Fulton looks at his wife. A tense beat. Alastair cocks his rifle...

ALASTAIR
Last chance, Kevin!

Fulton pulls up the radio, looks at Alastair.

FULTON
(into radio)
How many bullets ya got, mate?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Alastair goes white.

Fulton's van LURCHES FORWARD. Alastair starts scrambling backwards into the van as...

INT. GRACIE'S VAN - DAY

CRACK! Fulton's van connects, starts PUSHING Gracie's van backwards into the street and towards a DITCH on the far side.

Alastair and Gracie fall backwards, limbs flailing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fulton keeps pushing. Metal grinds metal as Gracie's van OVERTURNS, falls backwards into the ditch.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton hits reverse, guns it, takes off towards the FDR.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Scap runs to the end of the alleyway, watches as Fulton disappears onto the freeway.

A few PASSERSBY gather across the street, eye the wreckage of Gracie's van. Gracie's pulling herself out, limping onto her feet. Alastair is a bloody mess.

Scap starts running towards the ditch. He pulls out his cell phone, starts to dial.

EXT. STREET, UPTOWN - DAY

Light snow beginning to fall.

Fulton's van exits the freeway uptown, a safe distance away. It shudders to a stop next to a coffee shop.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton takes one look at his wife, disheveled and shivering. His eyes start watering.

FULTON

Love, I'm just so fecking sorry.

Fiona doesn't look at him. She stares straight ahead.

FIONA

(quiet)

So it's true then? Everything ya said back there?

A beat.

FULTON

Yes.

She opens her door and gets out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fiona walks towards a congested intersection. Fulton steps out of the car, follows quickly behind her.

FULTON

Love, listen to me--I know after what I just put ya through, there isn't anything I can do to put us right again. I know that. But let me be straight with ya now--

He catches up, blocks her path.

FULTON (CONT'D)

Every lie I told, every single one was to keep you outta harm's way.

She starts walking around him.

FIONA

Oh, and didn't that work out just lovely?

He grabs her arm.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Let go o' me.

FULTON

Will ya just listen--

FIONA

I said get your feckin' hands off me!

Fiona bursts into tears, collapses onto the ground. Fulton kneels down beside her.

FULTON

I know how ya must be feelin'--

FIONA

Ya know feck-all, Kevin! I loved you so much. I would've given up me music, me church, anythin' ya'd asked of me. And then to find out ya been lyin' with every breath...have ya any idea how much that hurts? That kind of betrayal? Like havin' the life ripped out of ya.

She rises to her feet, wipes the tears from her eyes.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You don't deserve to see me feckin' cry.

She runs across the street, hails a passing cab. The driver slows down. Fulton hesitates a moment.

FULTON
(blurts out)
Fiona, they'll find you.

She climbs into the back of the cab.

INT. CAB - DAY

The CABBIE starts to take off.

FIONA
The airport.

CABBIE
Which one?

FIONA
Closest one.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The cab enters traffic at a red light. Fulton runs up to Fiona's closed window.

INT. CAB - DAY

Fiona doesn't roll down the window.

FULTON
(muffled through glass)
I'm sorry, love. You can't go home yet.

She doesn't look at him.

FULTON (CONT'D)
Any place you could go--ma's, Aunt
Cora's--they'll be waiting. They'll drag
you back over and over to get to me. It's
either that or, or I turn meself in.

FIONA
Don't you even put that responsibility on
me!

EXT. CAB - DAY

Fulton looks ahead. The light changes green. Cars start moving forward. He has thirty seconds to change her mind.

INT. CAB - DAY

Fulton speaks quickly through the glass.

FULTON

(muffled)

Love, while I was working for the RA, the only reason I never put a bullet in me own head is 'cause I knew when I came home at night, I'd get to be near ya. And the one thing I never lied about, from the day we met to this very moment here, is that I love ya with every inch o' me. Right now, all I'm askin' is that ya let me protect you. Least until I see this thing through. Then, time comes and we're in the clear, fine. We'll split up if that's what you want. But I'm askin' ya to stay with me now because, love, I'd sooner serve meself up to those boys on a platter before I ever put ya in danger again.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The cab takes off. Fulton watches, stricken with guilt as it glides away. A long beat.

Then the BRAKE LIGHTS turn on. Fulton's face lights up. He starts running towards the cab.

INT. BALLROOM, BELFAST - DAY

A wedding reception. Young couples dancing. Mrs. Darcy dances with a YOUNG BOY.

Mr. Darcy stands off in one corner talking into a cell.

DARCY

Is it done?

INTERCUT: EXT. O'BRADY'S AUTO BODY - DAY

Bustling with activity. A tow-truck pulls Scap's mangled van into the yard. Scap sits at a table. A bandage around his leg.

SCAP

Slipped away.

Darcy scowls.

DARCY

This isn't like you, Freddie.

SCAP

I already called some boys. He so much as steps off a plane in Ireland, he's takin' the long dive.

TWENTY YARDS BEHIND SCAP

Gracie stands outside the window of a beat up old TRUCK, she's talking to the DRIVER. Alastair sits shotgun, a bloody mess, arms broken.

GRACIE

Sure he'll be taken care of?

DRIVER

(light Irish accent)

Doctor's a friend. He's in good hands.

Gracie moves around to the passenger side. She eyes Alastair's bloodstained shirt.

ALASTAIR

Do me a favor, love. Don't go chasin' him all over creation.

GRACIE

We gotta send a message. You know that.

Alastair shakes his head.

ALASTAIR

Just mind yourself. If ya dragged in my wife, I'd be the one comin' for you.

The car pulls off.

EXT. INTERSTATE 495 - DAY

Snow's falling harder. Fulton's van speeds out of the city towards Long Island.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fiona sits in the passenger seat. She stares out the window, ambivalent.

FULTON

(soft)

Love? I need ya to tell me everything that happened back home.

A beat.

FIONA

I was havin' tea with the Darcys when your painter showed up. I let him poke around in the garage, next thing I know he's flashing a stack of bills.

FULTON

And Mr. Darcy, how did he react?

FIONA

He didn't say much of anything. Just had this sly little grin.

FULTON

(fuming)

Of course.

Fiona keeps staring out the window.

FIONA

That night two boys came 'round, handed me a plane ticket. Told me not to ask questions.

(then)

Why's all this important?

FULTON

Because I didn't hire any painter.

Fiona turns to him, confused.

FIONA

Then who was that fella with the busted arm?

Fulton's knuckles clench on the wheel.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Kevin, look out!

The car in front of them has STOPPED. Fulton slams on the brakes, screeches to a halt. A beat.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Who--

FULTON

He's from me agency. Reckon they knew Darcy'd be at the house, used that to cut me loose.

FIONA

Why--why would they do that?

FULTON

Dunno. Either they think I'll squeal to another agency, or they made a deal with Darcy somehow, or...honestly love, I got no feckin' idea.

EXT. INTERSTATE 495 - DAY

Fulton's van rattles away from the city.

EXT. LONG ISLAND BEACH - DAY

A two-lane road by the shore. Rustic cottages. Not a soul in sight. Fulton's van glides along, finally arrives at a run-down old MOTEL. The lights are on.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Fulton steps out of the van, sees the CLERK behind a desk. He opens Fiona's door. She steps out into the cold.

FIONA

Where are we?

FULTON

Just somewhere you can sit tight for a few hours. That alright?

Fiona nods. Fulton starts handing her his cell phone, credit cards, all the money in his pockets.

FULTON (CONT'D)

If I don't call by midnight, then you're safe. G'wan and buy a ticket home.

He brushes her hair back, kisses her face.

FULTON (CONT'D)

I love you. I'll be with ya soon.

Fulton starts moving back to the van.

FIONA

Wait--I thought you said it wasn't safe to go back?

FULTON

Not while I'm alive, I said.

Fulton gets into the driver's seat. Fiona realizes what he's planning to do, moves to the window.

FIONA

Kevin. You don't have to do this.

FULTON

These boys've been fighting twenty-five years, love. They ain't lettin' up now.

Fulton starts the car.

EXT. O'BRADY'S AUTO BODY - DAY

Scap looks at a thick file on Fulton, talks on his cell.

SCAP

His mother-in-law lives in Sligo, put a few boys outside her house too. Grand.

Gracie's phone rings. She checks caller ID, confused.

GRACIE

Sir, reckon you want to take this.

Scap covers the receiver.

SCAP

Not now, Gracie.

(into phone)

Think he's got an aunt living in Dublin as well. Why don't ya--

Gracie thrusts the buzzing phone at Scap.

GRACIE

Sir. It's Fulton.

Scap takes Gracie's phone, incredulous.

SCAP

Kevin?

INTERCUT: INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton drives fast along the deserted beach.

FULTON

Listen up, boyo. I got a proposition for ya.

SCAP

Aye?

FULTON

I'm headin' out to the yank's place now. If ya don't wanna show, grand. You can feck-off back to Ulster, I won't mail ya to your poof brother in wee bits and pieces. How's that suit ya, ya feck?

Scap shakes his head, amused.

SCAP

You got some big hairy bollix, mate. I give ya that.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE, MONTAUK - DAY

Snowing hard.

Fulton's mangled van pulls up the long driveway. He steps out into the cold, looks around. The only building for miles is the lighthouse. The beam glitters through the snow.

Fulton reaches into the trunk of the van, pulls out the box of EXPLOSIVES and DETONATORS.

INT. SCAP'S VAN - DAY

Scap and Gracie drive in silence down I-495. Blankets cover up the firearms in the backseat.

INT. KITCHEN, BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Fulton rolls the plastic explosives into strips. He takes the infrared triggers, pries them open, examines them. He starts setting them at different frequencies.

His eyes settle on the OVEN.

EXT. STREET, MONTAUK - TWILIGHT

The sun's beginning to set. Cottage windows are shuttered up, covered in frost. The whole town is shut down for the off-season.

A RUMBLE. A lone VAN glides past a deserted church.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The only sign of life is Fulton's mangled van parked at the end of the long driveway.

SCAP'S VAN approaches, stops.

Scap and Gracie step out. They open the trunk, grab radios. Scap loads ammo into an Armalight rifle. Gracie pulls out a shotgun.

Scap eyes the two-story beach house. All the lights are on. There's a LOW HUM filtering out from inside.

The two of them approach the house slowly, guns drawn. Scap motions left. Gracie trots around to the side of the house.

As Scap moves towards the front door, the LOW HUM keeps getting louder and louder, rising in pitch until...

INT. LIVING ROOM, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

A head-splitting cacophony of electrical WHIRRING and GRINDING.

Fulton has turned everything on.

TV's blare news. Music screams over multiple stereos, creating an unintelligible cloud of discord. Smoke alarms whine.

Scap enters slowly, rifle aimed. He yells into his radio. It's worthless, he's completely drowned out by the din.

SCAP

Is----he--?

An inaudible response. He moves to the TV. Just as Scap reaches out to shut it off...

REALIZATION hits him. He darts for the hallway as--

ANGLE ON: the TRIGGER nestled behind the TV. It BLINKS.

CRACK! The TV EXPLODES, launching shards of glass all over the room.

INT. HALLWAY, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Scap crouches against the wall, breathing hard. Fulton's nowhere in sight. The house keeps screaming.

Gracie enters, gun drawn. Scap shakes his head, yells.

SCAP

--touch--anything!

Gracie nods. Scap motions towards the kitchen doorway.

INT. KITCHEN, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

All the kitchen appliances rattle. Radios blare. An ocean of noise. Thick smoke fills the room, emanating from the oven.

Gracie enters slowly through a swinging door.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

The front door opens. TWO BLACK BOOTS step over the broken TV. They're totally silent under all the noise.

INT. KITCHEN, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Gracie peers around a corner. She opens a window, coughs smoke. She eyes the basement door, throws it open.

No sign of Fulton.

Gracie begins to pedal down the stairs, shotgun trained on the darkness.

Suddenly Gracie FREEZES.

Through the swinging kitchen door, she catches flashes of FULTON. His pistol is pointed right at her heart.

There's a sad look on Fulton's face. He doesn't want to pull the trigger.

A beat.

The door swings between them. Music blares. Smoke alarms scream.

Gracie yanks up her shotgun...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Scap inches tentatively inside, rifle drawn as--

Two muffled THUMPS downstairs. Barely audible. Scap races back down the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

The room shrieks. A massive HOLE in the kitchen door. Scap rushes through the smoke, finds Gracie lying on the floor with blood dribbling out of her chest.

Fulton's gone, he's taken her shotgun.

Scap looks around, rifle pointed. He spots BLOOD on the floor, the tread of a BOOT stamped into it. Another footprint beyond that, by the back door.

Scap raises his rifle, pads slowly out the door.

EXT. STAIRCASE, BEACH HOUSE - SUNSET

Scap moves down the crooked staircase, under the house. The din from inside gradually dies down.

Wood creaks under Scap's feet. A long beat...

Then Scap STOPS, confused.

He spots FULTON standing far out on the beach, in plain sight. He's holding a hand out.

Scap raises the RIFLE to his eye, aims.

SCAP'S POV - RIFLE SCOPE

Fulton's out of focus, too far away for a shot. Scap adjusts the sight.

Gradually Fulton comes into focus:

He's looking straight back at Scap. In his outstretched hand is a small black REMOTE.

BACK TO SCENE

Scap looks up at the underside of the house. Wrapped around all four stilts are EXPLOSIVE CHARGES with little red lights on them.

One by one, they all begin to BLINK.

SCAP
(nods)
Right.

EXT. BEACH - TWILIGHT

Fulton watches as--

CRACK! a MASSIVE EXPLOSION rocks the foundation of the house. Instantly it COLLAPSES, tumbling over Scap in great chunks and cascading down the sandy bluff onto the beach.

A long beat as the house settles.

EXT. BLUFFS, WRECKAGE - TWILIGHT

A smoking pile of charred wood, steel, and glass running up and down the bluffs.

FULTON steps over the rubble, shotgun pointed, kicking up chunks of sidewall to make sure he's finished the job.

At last Fulton kicks over a hunk of wood, sees Scap lying on the sand, wheezing, inches from death.

Scap's face is a mess of blood and burnt flesh, one of his eyes is sealed shut.

Scap looks up, his lips cracking open slightly to reveal bloodstained teeth. He lets out a wheezy LAUGH.

SCAP

Fella--I want ya to meet. Oul--mate o'
mine...

Fulton looks down at him, gun pointed.

FULTON

Aye?

FADE OUT.

EXT. CHURCH, MONTAUK - NIGHT

Snow falls on a tiny Catholic church. An empty parking lot. A light on inside.

Scap's van pulls up, stops.

INT. CHURCH, MONTAUK - TWILIGHT

Empty pews. The oak door cracks open. Fulton enters slowly. One hand hovers an inch from the pistol tucked into his trousers.

He eyes the CONFESSIONAL, walks slowly towards it. His footsteps play off the stone walls.

Fulton reaches the booth. He knocks twice, as Scap did earlier, enters.

INT. CONFESSIONAL - TWILIGHT

Fulton shuts the door behind him. A long beat. An obscured FACE moves behind the wooden screen.

Fulton slowly pulls out his pistol. a muffled VOICE from behind the screen. A familiar BRITISH ACCENT.

CHILDS (O.S.)

(whisper)

Is Fulton dead?

Fulton's voice is barely a whisper.

FULTON

Aye.

As Childs talks, we MOVE SLOWLY through the screen to reveal his calm, bloodless face.

CHILDS

(whisper)

Don't feel bad, Freddie.

(MORE)

CHILDS (CONT'D)

If this all seems a bit cold to you,
remember: the more you kill, the closer
we get to the heart of the RA. Everything
you're doing, no matter how much you hate
it, it's all for the greater good.

(then)

I'll see you back home, Agent Stakeknife.

Childs opens the door, exits. Fulton stares down at his
pistol.

He doesn't pull the trigger.

FADE OUT.

INT. ALCOVE - NIGHT

Near total darkness. Chattering voices outside, street
sounds. We're behind TWO PEOPLE, a man and a woman,
sitting on a bench, in silhouette.

FULTON

I'm leavin' it up to you, love. If you
want to go back, they can't hurt ya. I'll
make sure too ya see a check every month.
But there won't ever be a return address.

A beat.

FIONA

And if I want to go with you?

FULTON

Then most likely they'll never find us.
But there'll always be that chance.
Either way, we'll be together, we'll try
to bring up a family as best we can.

A long silence. Slowly she takes his hand. They step
outside into...

EXT. STREET, BARCELONA - NIGHT

A crowded street in front of an old SPANISH CHURCH.
Busses coming and going, tourists taking pictures, kids
playing.

Fulton and Fiona are gone.

FADE OUT.

END

THE INFILTRATOR