

The Infiltrator

by
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INT. MEAT LOCKER - DAY

Dim light. Frozen slabs of beef dangle from hooks. A tape recorder on the greasy floor. Next to it, a pack of cigarettes, an expensive bottle of Scotch, nearly empty.

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, shaved head. His entire body is covered in religious tattoos. Angels, a Catholic Cross. Steel-toe boots on his feet.

Scap snatches up the booze, walks to a corner. He takes long pulls until he finishes the bottle, then tosses it into the trash. The bin is cluttered with empty bottles, cigarette butts.

He's been here for hours.

Scap turns, moves past the sides of beef, gathering speed. He pulls a PISTOL out the back of his bluejeans.

At last he arrives 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
yer mates, to yer 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 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.

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.

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

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

A GUARD STATION. A drowsy Royal Marine, MCNAB, reads the paper. The 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. Handsome despite the 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 birds 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
 Cheap one. Think from the surplus. Why?

CONOR
 No reason. Just wonderin'.
 (then)
 That the surplus on Bridge street?

FULTON
(smiles)
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, put down the life preservers. Conor anxiously bites his lower lip.

FULTON
Wee bit nervous, are ya?

CONOR

Em--no sir.

Fulton pats him on the arm.

FULTON

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

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 Armalite 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

We're at 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 softly, 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?

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 at MI-6. One agent goes down, hit 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 slings the rifle over his shoulder, 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. 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.

The instant Dean hits the ground, an MI-6 motorcycle collides with his midsection. Rider flipping off, break-neck into a wall. A van hits the bike, fishtails, overturns. The alleyway is a nest of steel and smoke.

The IRA van rattles on.

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS

Over credits, a collage of gritty ARCHIVAL NEWS FOOTAGE:

EXT. PEACE WALL, BELFAST - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

1970's. Muscled ENGLISH MEN build a tall wooden hedge, a PEACE WALL cutting through the center of the gray city.

ENGLISH NEWSREADER (V.O.)

The first peace wall was erected today in Belfast, Northern Ireland. Separating the city's Catholic and Protestant districts, the wall was constructed by British forces in an attempt to curb recent violence from the Provisional Irish Republican Army.

EXT. DEMOLISHED PUB, BELFAST - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

An ambulance. Men running. Chunks of charred brick.

IRISH NEWSREADER (V.O.)

Three more deaths in the Protestant district of Shankill last night. The IRA claims bombings will continue until British rule in Northern Ireland comes to an end.

EXT. THE MAZE PRISON - DAY (NEWS BROADCAST)

BRITISH SOLDIERS lead SUSPECTS into a squat prison.

ENGLISH NEWSREADER (V.O.)

The suspected IRA members will be interned here at the Maze Prison, several miles south of Belfast. They will not receive trial.

EXT. STREETS, DERRY - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

Bloody Sunday. The conflict intensifies as ENGLISH SOLDIERS clash with IRISH CIVILIANS. Tear gas, shouts.

IRISH NEWSREADER (V.O.)

Violence erupted again Sunday, when English soldiers opened fire on a crowd of catholic civil rights protestors. Thirteen civilians were killed.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

1980's. Thousands of mourners. A sea of flowers and cards. Posters of a YOUNG MAN with long red hair.

ENGLISH NEWSREADER (V.O.)
 Nearly 100,000 Irish Nationalists gathered
 in mourning today for the funeral of IRA
 hunger-striker Bobby Sands. Sands, twenty
 seven, died while protesting poor
 conditions in the Maze Prison.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL, BRIGHTON - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

A palatial English hotel gutted by bombs. Police officers
 hold back crowds.

IRISH NEWSREADER (V.O.)
 Though Prime Minister Thatcher escaped the
 blast, the IRA issued her this warning:
 'Remember, we only have to be lucky once.
 You will have to be lucky always.'

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

1990's. AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL (70's) addresses reporters. We
 recognize him from the family picture in Gibraltar.

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

EXT. HARBOR, GIBRALTAR - DAY (NEWS BROADCAST)

Firefighters dig through the wreckage of the Admiral's
 yacht.

IRISH NEWSREADER (V.O.)
 The IRA's latest target, Admiral Charles
 Montclair, was tipped off by British anti-
 terrorist unit MI-6, and moved from his
 yacht just hours before it was destroyed.

EXT. PEACE WALL, BELFAST - DAY (NEWS FOOTAGE)

The peace wall is now twenty feet tall, reinforced with
 steel, and covered in graffiti: 'Brits Go Home!'

Grim-faced IRISH POLICE bag BODIES in front of the wall.

ENGLISH NEWSREADER (V.O.)
 ...and in Belfast today, the bodies of
 three more IRA-members were discovered,
 each shot twice in the back of the head.
 So far police have found no suspects.

END CREDITS.

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 an American news program on Admiral Montclair. A tan 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 you 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 against one wall. 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 you?

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--I meant to ask. Ya busy Saturday? School's doin' a fundraiser.

INT. FULTON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Fulton dresses, eyes the guitar in the corner.

FULTON

No problem. Ya gonna let me play 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, reveals nothing but surprise.

FULTON

Jaysus. Jaysus Christ.

Fiona covers the receiver.

FIONA

His sis. She thought he was in Dublin.

(into phone)

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

She hangs up, glances at Fulton. Wheels turning.

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.

The phone starts ringing again. Fiona's getting angrier.

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 teenaged BOY.

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

PRIEST

The Lord be with you.

Fulton squeezes Fiona's hand.

FULTON/FIONA

And also with you.

Gracie stares at the back of Fiona's head, silent.

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

Em--I wanted to talk to you 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 the 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

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 headers, right? Split down the middle? Terrifying, that is.

PRIEST

If ya don't mind me asking--are you two 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 the boys. He spots her, smiles. Fiona 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. Liam drinks solemnly next to her. He pulls a card out from under the seat.

LIAM

Got somethin' for ya. Sorry it ain't more--

Gracie opens the card. It's a beautiful pencil sketch of Dean's face. The words 'We'll Miss You' written above it.

LIAM (CONT'D)

Me son made it.

Gracie looks at the card, touched.

GRACIE

It's beautiful, Liam. Tell him thanks.

Liam nods. Alastair steps out from the back room, an awful look on his face. Dread and anxiety. He sits with Liam, takes a gulp of beer. A silent beat.

LIAM

Feck's the matter? What'd Darcy say?

Alastair eyes Gracie, lowers his voice.

ALASTAIR

He just told me who's replacing Dean.
(then)
Freddie Scapa.

Liam's gaze falls down into his beer.

LIAM

That the fella from Eniskillen done all
them churches.

Alastair nods. Suddenly Liam looks very uncomfortable.

LIAM (CONT'D)

I heard he wasn't workin' anymore.

ALASTAIR

No. Darcy said he asked to run with us, specifically.

LIAM

Jaysus. The feck for?

ALASTAIR

Ya got me. Who knows what goes on in the head o' that feckin' mentaller.

FULTON AND CONOR enter front. Conor holds flowers. He 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. 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

Come on, Gracie. Lad's apologizing here.

GRACIE

(under her breath)

How 'bout you? You apologizing?

Fulton's vitriol quickly flares up.

FULTON

What d'ya think woulda happened if we stopped? 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 had 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 nightmares it will. The boy too. Now, I don't want to lose you as well, but if this is gonna be a problem, we gotta talk about a transfer.

(MORE)

FULTON (CONT'D)

(then)

Are we square?

Gracie looks away.

GRACIE

Aye. We're square.

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

ALASTAIR

Don't put us in the middle, son.

AT THE COUNTER 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 gulp of beer, glances at Alastair, Gracie.

FULTON

Just keep it to yourself.

INT. BACK ROOM, HIBERNIAN CLUB - DAY

A huge Irish flag. The inner sanctum. Three IRA MEN (30's) sit at a table, eyeing 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 (20's). Red eyes, coffee cups. Their jackets are covered in brown dust. Fulton walks up, makes a sour face.

FULTON (CONT'D)

Jaysus. 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 scribbles on a piece of paper, folds it.

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? You 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, A SCARRED HAND settles on Fulton's shoulder. Fulton turns, a bit uncomfortable.

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.

(as they move for the door)

(MORE)

DARCY (CONT'D)
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 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?

DARCY
Fella from Enniskillen. Freddie Scapa.
You'll love him. Bit of a hardchaw, but a
good soldier.

An anxious look crosses Fulton's face. He quickly
swallows it down. Darcy notices.

DARCY (CONT'D)
Ya know him?

FULTON
Knew his brother in H-blocks. I didn't
think Freddie was still active.

DARCY

He's been working on a special assignment for us. We been tryin' to keep him out of the spotlight.

FULTON

How's he do followin' orders?

DARCY

I don't know how to put 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. This ain't me decision. Scap's got the whole Army Council backing him.

FULTON

One bollixed job in fifteen years and some cunt takes me place? What's so special 'bout this new boy, he's got everybody eating out o' his hand?

Darcy drags on his cigarette. He doesn't want to answer.

DARCY

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

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

FULTON

Who's the 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. Billy Bragg's 'Which Side Are You On'.
Fulton's agitated, slows to a stop. He pulls out a cell.

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 is the oppressive steel PEACE WALL. 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 sit 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 the 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.

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. A steel partition blocks off the van's DRIVER. Stacked folders read: 'Force Research Unit. Belfast. Confidential Report.'

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

FULTON

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 that catches 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. Fewer flags.

INT. FRU VAN

Fulton looks sheepish now, guilty. Childs keeps typing.

FULTON

I didn't kill anyone, did I?

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

(looking up)

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

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 BLACK 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 love him.

FULTON
Ever heard of this fella? Scap.

CHILDS
We kept tabs on him until about a year ago. Bit of a ghoulish history--church bombings, abductions--

FULTON
What happened a year ago?

CHILDS
It was the strangest thing. He was shouldering up through the ranks as fast as anyone we've ever seen--all of a sudden he just went silent.

(MORE)

CHILDS (CONT'D)

Fell off our radar completely. This is the first we've heard since. I'll be honest, big player like that, it worries me a little.

FULTON

(scoffs)

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.

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. The Morleys are at granny's till morning.

CHILDS

(brushes 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.

Childs eyes the couch. Fulton sits, confused. A beat.

CHILDS (CONT'D)

Do you recall the day we first tapped you on the shoulder?

FULTON

Aye. Day after the funeral. Right clever that was.

CHILDS

So you remember what I told you, yes? How you'd most likely see three or four years in the field before we'd transfer you to Kent.

(then)

I spoke to headquarters this morning.

Fulton's face falls. He's heartbroken.

FULTON

Wait--you're putting me behind a bleedin' desk?

CHILDS

Kevin, the truth is nobody ever thought we'd see an agent rise to your level. Consider this a chance 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! 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 starts pacing. He picks up the pool cue, nervous.

FULTON

So what, we're just gonna let Scap carve up some poor sod in the states then? Or worse, some feckin' family? Because that's what happens if I get transferred. Not forgettin' if he gets hold of that money, it means more arms and more feckin' funerals I gotta go to.

CHILDS

Look, if this is some guilty-Catholic thing for you--we can't save everyone, Kevin.

FULTON

Mate, come on. Fifteen years we been waitin' to get these cunts on the run.

(MORE)

FULTON (CONT'D)

Don't throw me in some basement now, not with peace right around the corner.

CHILDS

Kevin--

FULTON

Just let me save one more.

Fulton meets eyes with Childs, pleading. A beat.

CHILDS

(sighs)

I'll 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 a shot, throws them back, on edge.

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

As soon as you learn the identity of the target, you will tell me immediately. In the meantime, I'll have headquarters start asking around about Scap.

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
(nods)
See you in New York.

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

INT. FULTON'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Fulton's pickup enters next to a blue Toyota. He steps out, moves to the back of the garage.

Love? FULTON

No answer. Fulton digs around, finds the PAINT CANS. He pries one open. It's full of bills. IR£150,000. Fulton takes the remaining £10,000, hides it in the paint can.

INT. FULTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fulton enters, holding the new Dylan 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. You'll never guess what I found at Land's End though--

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

FIONA
I went to the record store, Kevin.

Fulton looks at her dumbly, the record in his hand.

FIONA (CONT'D)
Just get out.

FULTON
Love, let me explain something to you--

She stands, her sadness turns quickly to anger.

FIONA
Get out of me fecking bedroom, Kevin!

INT. FULTON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom door slams hard in his face.

FULTON
I ain't a bleedin' terrorist, love. I
swear to Christ. All I want is peace.

No answer. Fulton sits on the couch, turns on the NEWS.

EXT. PEACE WALL, 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
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 spots Conor, Alastair, Liam, and Gracie sitting at a far booth, away from the other diners. They're with a FIFTH MAN, his face obstructed by a pillar.

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. He's placed his napkin in his lap.

Scap's thick accent comes out in manic bursts. The rest of the team listens, engaged. Nods, smiles. Though just below the surface sits an unspoken tension, a fear of imminent violence.

SCAP

This whole war. It's just history feckin' repeating herself. Lookit the yanks during the revolution, right. They got English soldiers marching up the streets. Protestors gettin' their heads blown off. And who's Washington, Jefferson, any o' these oul fellas? Just a buncha poor colonists, same as us. Tired of gettin' fistfucked by the Crown, decidin' to fight back.

(then)

And ye call us terrorists? All of Yankdom's founded by feckin' terrorists.

Gracie smiles.

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'd like him to--

SCAP

Don't be a pain in me hole, mate. Just do as yer told.

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 ain'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 glances around to make sure none of the other tables can hear him.

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 stares at Fulton, stone-faced.

FULTON

Heard back in eighty-one, 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's 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.

(MORE)

FULTON (CONT'D)

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 VISIBLE REACTION. He looks perfectly calm.

WAITERS appear. A server puts a plate of eggs in front of Scap. Without a word, Scap puts his napkin back on the table, and walks off.

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. He stares in the mirror, an odd look in his eye. Not anger exactly, just intense focus.

He rolls up his sleeves, revealing muscular forearms covered in tattoos.

Scap begins mechanically 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

...well maybe he's got a point. 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--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, like he's deciding what to do with
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?

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.

Scap and the 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. Scap and Fulton step out of the van.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

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

Scap won't acknowledge Fulton. Not even a glance.

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 as 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
 (quickly becoming sheepish)
 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 you 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. Scap stares out the
 window, unsmiling.

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. Scap 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. Cavanaugh notices Scap eyeing a mason jar behind the bar.

CAVANAUGH

You care for 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 pulls down the mason jar, pours a glass.

CAVANAUGH

You mind drinking alone? Little early for me.

SCAP

No.

Scap takes his glass, drinks.

CAVANAUGH

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

Scap sits ramrod straight at the desk, finishes the Poteen. Cavanaugh spins the combination on a wall safe.

SCAP

He said you did a bit o' work for NORAIID. 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. 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 counter.

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. 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

All o' yis 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.

EXT. BEST WESTERN - DAY

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

FULTON

Oi. Mate. Who's the target?

SCAP

Easy now. I'll brief ye 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 coming up?

SCAP

Left somethin' 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, cigarette to his lips. He casually scans a newspaper while he listens 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.

Scap puts down the newspaper, listens close. We see he was looking at pictures of ratty women, escorts.

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 ye--

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 throws 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 and Alastair watching by the hotel.

FULTON (CONT'D)

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

IN THE NEXT INSTANT:

Scap lifts Fulton clean off his feet, slams his face
through the window of a parked car. The car alarm starts
BLARING. More heads turn. Blood starts pouring down
Fulton's face in sheets.

Scap yanks Fulton out through the car window and 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, kneels down on Fulton's chest. Fulton looks
up at him, terrified.

SCAP

(whispers)

G'wan and tell Darcy whatever ya please.
He's the one gave me the order. But
mention me family 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 picks up his
newspaper and walks away.

Alastair and Conor can't look at Fulton. They scurry back
inside the motel.

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 and laptop
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 had headquarters do a bit of digging.

Child hands Fulton a laptop. A low-res IMAGE on the screen. Fulton stares, color draining from his cheeks.

FULTON

Scap did this?

The image: naked bodies by the roadside. Faces splayed open, arms bent backwards.

CHILDS

We're still collecting data. So far we believe there are seven.

Fulton scrolls through the photos. 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.

(then)

You're familiar with the Nutting Squad?

FULTON

Aye. Internal security boys.

CHILDS

Headquarters believes Scapa joined their ranks sometime in the last year. 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 spyhunter, Kevin. Best in the game.

INT. SCAP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Scap's newspaper sits folded by the tv.

In bed, Scap fucks one of the ESCORTS. She's whisper-thin, her back is splotched with acne. In contrast to Fulton and Fiona's tender lovemaking, the act here is primal, ugly.

Scap's standing behind her, pounding away silently, his eyes joyless and flat. Her face is mashed down into the pillow. She lets out muffled, guttural grunts.

Scap doesn't look at the girl. He doesn't even seem to be present in the room, instead he just stares at his reflection in the mirror.

CHILDS (V.O.)

What's bloody 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.

Notched with cuts from Fulton's belt and covered in tattoos, Scap looks like a demon.

INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Moving up through Chelsea. Childs hands Fulton a folder from the briefcase. Fulton takes it, anxious as hell.

CHILDS

I've prepped a file on him. Maybe there's something we can use. You can bet Darcy sent him a file on you as well.

FULTON

Is it too late to pull me out?

CHILDS

Run now, they'll know you're a spy. Best scenario, just do the job and walk away. The Army 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 stares out the window, watches families walking up and down the river. His eyes glaze over.

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

Two glasses of Scotch on the nightstand.

Scap stands in the doorway with the girl. We see now she's very young, unattractive. She eyes Scap's tattooed chest, a bit frightened. It's clear she doesn't want to stick around.

Scap peels a fifty off a roll of bills, whispers something in her ear. She hesitates, nods. He hands her another fifty, and she exits.

Scap sits alone on the corner of the bed, slick with sweat. He eyes the two glasses of Scotch for a moment.

Then quickly downs them both.

INT. TOWNCAR - NIGHT

Childs and Fulton keep driving uptown.

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

Scap stares at the closet, stands. He turns on the television. A baseball game plays.

Scap keeps turning up the volume until the television is deafening. He opens his suitcase, pulls out a small STEEL CASE.

Inside: a microphone, wire, a hand-drill. He crouches down in the closet and begins drilling through the wall.

The blaring baseball game covers up all the noise.

After he's finished, Scap 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.

Fulton stuffs Scap's file under his coat, trots off.

CHILDS

Kevin. You're saving your own.

Fulton doesn't respond.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

There's a tremor in Fulton hand as he opens the door of his room. He hears laughter down the hall, looks up.

He spots Scap's escort leaving Conor's room.

Conor has an embarrassed, boyish grin on his face. He pecks the girl on the cheek.

Fulton quickly scurries back into his room.

INT. FULTON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fulton can hear Scap's TV playing quietly through the paper thin walls.

Fulton crouches against the far wall, flips through SCAP'S FILE. It's a sad, violent history, made up of photos, clippings, intelligence briefings:

Old pictures of Scap with his brother, Mikey. They're in football jerseys, grinning. At church.

Clippings: 'Terrorist Mikey Scapa Sentenced to Ten Years', 'Inmate, Scapa Slain in Cell'.

After that, the photos quickly turn violent. Scap in a riot, a brick in his hand. Bricks become pistols, rifles. Photos of bombed-out churches. Body bags.

Fulton finishes the file, throws the pages in a trashcan. He eyes them for a moment. Paranoid, he pulls a lighter from his suitcase, begins burning the pages.

Hands trembling, he picks up his cell, starts to dial.

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.

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--I just wanted you to know how much I love ya. And 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 ya please just trust me on this?

FIONA

(soft)

I just wanna know me husband, Kevin.

INT. SCAP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Scap perches next to the closet, wearing headphones, listening in on Fulton's conversation.

FULTON (O.S.)

No. Ya don't.

In Scap's lap is a MANILA FOLDER, a file on Fulton. He stares down impassive at an ancient photo, taken when Fulton was still in his teens.

Fulton's dressed in black, at a funeral.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SKYLINE MOTEL, BROOKLYN - SUNSET

The squalid motel from Finch's photo. 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. A photo of Finch on the dash.

ALASTAIR

(hushed)

I'm just sayin' it explains why the Brits have been three steps ahead lately.

LIAM

What do they reckon he is then? MI-6?

ALASTAIR

Not sure. All I know is he had a bleedin' wire in his hand.

(a bit bitter)

If it's true, it explains too him doin' feck-all to save Dean.

Liam finishes pissing, puts the whiskey bottle outside.

LIAM

I dunno. You and Gracie can think what ya like. I've seen Kevin do his share o' nasty shite over the years. Not sure I buy him as a tout.

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 lot full of chopped cars. MECHANICS in a garage. Gracie loads a crate of EXPLOSIVES into a van. Conor loads ammo into pistols.

Scap paces, a manic general, clutching a radio.

ALASTAIR (O.S.)

Still nothin'.

SCAP

Keep an eye out. We're nearly finished here.

Scap spots Fulton approach in another van. He motions to Gracie, takes her ear.

SCAP (CONT'D)

Gracie. Wanted ya to know, I heard what happened to your boyfriend.

Gracie eyes Fulton scornfully as he exits the van.

GRACIE

Fiancé.

SCAP

Aw Jaysus, love. Real sorry, I am. If there's ever anything I can do for ya...

GRACIE

Thank you. That means a lot.

Scap notices Gracie watching Fulton approach.

SCAP

(whispers)

Don't worry. He won't be around much longer.

Gracie nods, returns to her post. Glancing at the bandage above Fulton's eye, she hides a SMILE.

Fulton begrudgingly hands Scap two bags marked WINSTON VIDEO.

SCAP (CONT'D)

Cheers.

Scap moves to a table, 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 today.

Scap moves Conor into a corner, away from Fulton. He takes shows Conor how to connect the trigger wires.

SCAP (CONT'D)

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

(MORE)

SCAP (CONT'D)
(finishes attaching wires)
Do us a favor and load these into the
van. Ye can ride with me today.

CONOR
Aye, sir.

Scap moves towards the van.

CONOR (CONT'D)
Wait. Sir. How much do I owe ya? For the
bird last night.

SCAP
Aw, don't worry about that. Gotta make a
man o' ya somehow.

Scap stuffs a .357 under Conor's belt, trots off towards
the van. He calls out over his shoulder.

SCAP (CONT'D)
And stop calling me 'sir'. Sounds like ya
got a bug up yer arse.

Conor smiles. Fulton looks away, pissed.

INT. O'BRADY BODY SHOP, GARAGE - NIGHT

Scap enters the garage. He's holding a small brown
PACKAGE under one arm, speaks to a MECHANIC.

SCAP
Mate. Ya got a mailbox 'round here? Gotta
send me girl a wee something.

INT. ALASTAIR'S VAN - NIGHT

The sun's going down, the sky is turning black. 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, ain't he?

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

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Scap moves quickly down the street, towards a postal drop box. He carries the small brown package in his hands.

It's marked: 'Aislin McCormick. 81 Ashgrove Rd. Eniskillen. Ireland.' There's no return address.

Scap opens the mailbox. He glances down at the package briefly, deciding whether or not to send it.

For just a moment, an odd, almost sad look flits across Scap's face. As if sending the package is something he cares deeply about.

His radio chirps.

ALASTAIR (O.S.)

We've got movement here.

Quickly he dumps the package into the mailbox, yanks up his radio. He starts running back towards the body shop.

SCAP

Has he a bag, a briefcase with him?

EXT. SKYLINE MOTEL - NIGHT

Alastair and Liam watch as the Blonde exits the motel with FINCH in his shadow. The bookkeeper carries a TAN DUFFEL BAG.

ALASTAIR

Aye. And he's got company, too. The yank say anythin' about security?

INT. O'BRADY AUTO BODY - NIGHT

Fulton stands with Conor and Gracie. A radio in his hand.

FULTON

How many guys?

Scap comes out of the garage, cuts him off.

SCAP

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 entering the Explorer.

ALASTAIR
That big fellah. He look familiar to ye?

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

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. SCAP'S VAN - NIGHT

Scap tears through lots. One hand on the wheel, one hand clutching a radio. A crate of explosives in the back.

SCAP
Be there in five.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - NIGHT

Conor follows Scap. Fulton sits shotgun, 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 van 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 seein' 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 outta 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 goin' 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. AVIATION BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Scap's van stops behind the buildings. Scap hops out, opens the trunk. He rips opens a crate of explosives, sets up a receiver. A red light glows.

Scap pulls out a tiny black REMOTE, throws a balaclava over his face.

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.)
(ignoring 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 spins like a top and collapses.

A lone IRA SHOOTER rushes for the plane. Legs pumping, a pistol in each hand.

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 after him. Mask on, gun drawn.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN - NIGHT

The plane is a mess of squirming, broken bodies.

The IRA shooter steps into the flaming cabin, mask on, pistols outstretched. Sickeningly calm, he moves methodically from body to body, shooting each downed man twice in the face.

The last living man on the plane lies twitching, face charred, next to Finch's duffel bag. It's the Blonde.

The shooter points a pistol, pulls the trigger--CLICK. He's out of rounds.

BLONDE OAK
(wheezing)
--wait--

Without a word, the shooter begins STOMPING down on the Blonde's skull. The heel of his boot turns the man's face into pulp.

Satisfied, the shooter grabs Finch's duffel bag. He tears it open, looks inside.

SCAP
Feck me.

INT. BOILER ROOM, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

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

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

CONOR
Jaysus.

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

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

ALASTAIR
Keep the pressure on.

Everything is slippery. Liam's getting delirious.

LIAM
Allie? You'll--come up with somethin'--

ALASTAIR
What's that?

LIAM
To tell me boy.

ALASTAIR
(soft)
I will, mate.

Liam's breath starts coming in quick gasps, faster and faster. Then abruptly it stops. Gracie looks away.

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

Eh?

CONOR

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

Scap glances in the rearview at Fulton. A curious look
that vanishes quickly.

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's frantic, paranoid.

He begins TEARING APART the hotel room. Checking behind the TV, ripping the covers off the bed.

He doesn't find Scap's wire.

INT. SCAP'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Scap enters, phone to one ear. He looks haggard, exhausted as well.

SCAP

Aye. See ya soon.

Scap hangs up. He pours himself a glass of Scotch, downs it. He turns, notices something on the carpet. A faint RED STAIN.

Scap lifts up his boot. Caked into the tread are nasty red bits of blood and skull. Leftovers from the Blonde.

Scap takes off the boot, opens his suitcase, pulls out a long knife. With one shoe on, he moves to the sink and begins obsessively scraping at the tread of his boot, washing it clean.

There's a little red splotch that's not coming off. Scap keeps scrubbing, building in intensity until at last he gives up. Disgusted, he throws the boot in the back of the closet.

He takes another long drink, finishing the bottle. Then he moves to his tape recorder.

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 holds headphones up to one ear, listens to Fulton.
He can't hear anything but running water.

His other hand holds a cell. He talks to Mr. 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 me contacts at
NORAIID. He said the guy wasn't even on
the feekin' 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

D'ya know what it means?

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

Oh?

SCAP

Aye, but there's something else. Reckon the boy heard the target say the word 'Stakeknife'.

A beat.

DARCY

You've heard this before, have you?

SCAP

Aye.

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

INT. FULTON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fulton changes quickly back into his clothes.

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

SCAP

Few months ago I interrogated this tout out o' Newry. All his intel was shite, so I never brought it up with the Council... but this fella said he heard from his handler, there was one tout at the very top of the pile. Workin' his way right into the heart of the RA.

(then)

Said the Brits called him Stakeknife.

DARCY

Jaysus. So the hit--any idea how Cavanaugh got mixed up in all this?

SCAP

Not yet.

DARCY

I'll speak with the Army Council. In the meantime, 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 hurries back inside to put on a new pair of shoes.

He heads for the stairwell, following Fulton.

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, 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 exits the hotel. He walks quickly, spots Fulton at
the end of the block.

Scap begins to follow him, a bit drunk now.

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 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 lyin' to ya. Yer 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 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 haul me in for questioning now? Get it over with.

SCAP

Honestly? Protocol. I gotta have proper evidence first.

FULTON

Smart. Reckon if ya dragged in everyone the Council suspected of snitchin', we wouldn't have much army left.

SCAP

Bang on.

(then)

Ya know, I was lookin' at your file yesterday. Wanted to ask about Mary Norrish.

Fulton keeps looking straight ahead.

FULTON

What d'ya wanna know about her now?

SCAP

Well, she was a teacher o' yours, right? Walked into a pub on the wrong side of town. Caught a bit of friendly fire.

FULTON

Aye. So?

SCAP

So from what I understand, ya spent quite a bit o' time with poor Mary. Even moved in with you and yer ould man, didn't she?

Fulton's getting a bit uncomfortable.

FULTON

Me da fancied her for a minute there,
after me mam died. To be honest, I always
thought Mary was a bit ganky.

SCAP

Oh, aye.

(then)

Just out o' curiosity, what kind of a
teacher was she?

A beat.

FULTON

She was a music teacher.

Something resembling a smile flits across Scap's face.

SCAP

Just seems a little queer, this bird's
fresh in the ground from some RA bomb,
few months later you start showin' up at
pubs, rabbiting on about the Cause.

(then)

It's funny, I hear a lot o' these
intelligence agencies, they rush in after
funerals, do their recruiting while boys
are still out for blood.

FULTON

(scoffs)

G'wan. There ain't a single boy in Belfast
hasn't lost someone to the RA. Shit mate,
look at you. Or was that a proddy snuck
into Mikey's cell there? All due respect.

Scap's smile disappears. For a moment it looks like his
anger might flare up again.

SCAP

(terse)

What Mikey got, ain't nobody to blame but
him. And ye can bet if I was in that
cell, I'd o' stuck him meself.

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

SCAP (CONT'D)

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

FULTON

How d'ya mean?

SCAP

Say you are workin' for the Brits. Some of these jobs ya pulled, yer killin' MI-6, English civilians. Must make ya feel like a right heel, killin' yer own people so.

FULTON

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

(then)

Bunch of mentallers probably. Think it's for the greater good of stopping the war.

Scap nods. A beat.

SCAP

Ya know that story ya told, when ya's blaggardin' me at breakfast? Ya missed the best part. Mikey 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. Reason I'm telling ya this is 'cause all these snitches I been putting the screws to, just before I nut 'em, I like to ask how they can do what they do. They all got different reasons, right, but sooner or later the same three words come out the mouths of every single one o' these cunts. They're the same three words that just came outta yours: the greater good. Now to me, that's gas. 'Cause at the end of the day, all you touts, you're still just a bunch of murdering bastards, same as us. So where's the feckin' good in any o' that?

Scap crosses himself. He 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 and stares up at the cross.

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 moves quickly through the kitchen. Something catches his eye, he furrows his brow. The ICE CREAM still sits on the table. It's all melted.

INT. HALLWAY, PENTHOUSE - DAY

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

Pistols cock. Conor takes a deep breath. Quickly they turns 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 room is a mess. Closets are open, GUTTED. Loose clothes on the floor. Fulton 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

Scap and Alastair 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, 'twas only that big blonde fella I
remember seein'.

SCAP
And you're sure it was in Gibraltar?

ALASTAIR
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 o' 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? Ya ever seen him
hangin' about?

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

Scap sits shotgun, 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
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. HALLWAYS, BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Scap stalks through the house with a flashlight and a
rifle. No sign of Cavanaugh.

SCAP
(into radio)
Reckon this is a dead end, boys. Let's
g'wan back.

INT. KITCHEN, BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Fulton stands at the back window watching Cavanaugh duck
into the boathouse.

FULTON
(into radio)
Aye. 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, ye plastic paddy?

CAVANAUGH

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

Scap leans on Cavanaugh's leg. Cavanaugh SCREAMS.

SCAP

Aye, you're feckin' Bobby Sands.

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 close to Cavanaugh.

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'm feckin' ordering 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.

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 out o' ya.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Conor holds the gun. Cavanaugh starts scooting backwards,
horrified. Scap stands behind Conor, stone-faced.

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 puts a hand on Conor's arm.

SCAP (CONT'D)

(whispers)

G'wan, son. The next one'll come easy.

This frightens Conor even more. Hand trembling, he begins to lift the gun...

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. 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 as long as I kept working, he'd pay some of da's bills.

Fulton eyes Scap moving up the beach, wiping blood on his bluejeans.

FULTON

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

CONOR

What? No, that's fifteen thousand quid.

FULTON

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

CONOR

Really, I can't ask ya to--

Fulton motions to Scap, heading up the hill.

FULTON

(urgent)

D'ya wanna end up like that one there, feckin' ice in your veins? 'Cause that's where you're headed.

(then)

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, cold and impassive.

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? Thanks.

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, quickly vanishes.

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.

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 outside.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fulton answers the phone.

FULTON

'Lo?

INTERCUT: EXT. PADDY REILLY'S - NIGHT

A few drunks exit the Irish pub. Scap talks on a cell out front. He's walking quickly towards a mailbox down the block.

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.

Scap hangs up the phone. He pulls out another small brown package. Again he gives it the same, sad glance.

It's addressed to a different woman. 'Regan Tuohy. 769 Woodbridge Rd. Newry. Ireland.' No return address.

He quickly drops it in the mail slot.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fulton hangs up, eyes Childs. His 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.

Scap nods. He turns back to Fulton, grim-faced.

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 won'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 leans down next to Fiona. She squirms, a scared animal.

SCAP
Shh. Shh. It's alright now, love. The Army's just got a few questions for ye.

Scap begins circling both of them.

SCAP (CONT'D)
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 Fiona, 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
(softly)
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 given these big
cash bonuses after they do a job. 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 some cunt 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,
boyo? 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'll find some nice RA boy to
raise your wee baby.

Fulton stops squirming. His eyes go dull.

SCAP (CONT'D)

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. Scap stands over the two of them, unmoved.

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 pulls out the pistol from the back of his jeans.

SCAP

You're lying to me. I won't be havin' that...

FULTON

I swear to Christ I'm not.

Scap touches the gun 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 th--

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, turns and 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
Give 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.

INT. SCAP'S VAN - DAY

Scap pounds on the brakes, the van screeches to a halt. He looks over his shoulder, throws his van in reverse.

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.

FULTON
Put your head down!

Just as Fulton grabs the back of Fiona's neck--CRACK!

INT. SCAP'S VAN - DAY

Scap leans down on the accelerator, smacking the back of Fulton's van.

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 accelerates ahead of Scap, 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. SCAP'S VAN - DAY

Scap watches as the cop yells into a walkie-talkie.

SCAP
(into radio)
Lose the cop.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - DAY

Fulton eyes his rearview mirror, spots Gracie's van inching up behind the motorcycle. Fulton puts his head out the window, taps his brake lights.

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.

Scap and Gracie's 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. Fulton'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

Outta the van!

Fulton pokes his head out the window.

FULTON

Promise you'll leave me wife out of this!
I'll come along quietly.

SCAP (O.S.)

Ya know we can't do that, Kevin.

Fiona turns, sees Scap stepping out of his van. Fiona squeezes Fulton's hand.

FIONA

Please--don't leave me alone with him.

Scap steps 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.

Scap watches in horror as 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 Fulton disappear onto the freeway.

A few PASSERSBY gather across the street, eye the wreckage of Gracie's van. Alastair and Gracie are pulling themselves out, limping. Gracie bleeds from one arm.

Scap starts running towards the ditch, pulls out a cell phone.

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 make us right again. I know that. But let me be straight with ya now--
(blocking her path)
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.

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.
(MORE)

FULTON (CONT'D)

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.

Darcy hangs up on him, pissed.

Scap cracks a knuckle, moves to Alastair and Gracie. They sit at a table, Alastair wraps a bandage around Gracie's arm.

SCAP (CONT'D)

You two did fine work today. I'm seeing 'bout some plane tickets now.

GRACIE

If it's all the same to you, sir, we'd rather stay on. Finish this properly.

SCAP

Ye sure about that? Reckon you can do more to help the Cause back in Ulster.

Alastair finishes bandaging Gracie's arm, stands.

ALASTAIR

The Cause ain't got nothin' to do with it, sir.

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 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, confused)

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 would they do that? I thought--didn't you say you were their top agent?

FULTON

I thought I was.

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 Fulton's file, talks on his cell.

SCAP

His sister lives in Sligo, put a few boys outside her house too.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

What about the wife?

Scap eyes Gracie, lowers his voice.

SCAP

I don't reckon she knows anything. You just concentrate on Fulton.

Gracie's phone rings. She checks caller ID, confused.

GRACIE
Sir, think you want to take this.

Scap covers the receiver.

SCAP
Not now, Gracie.
(into phone)
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
home 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 drives the new van down I-495. Gracie sits next to him, silent. Alastair sits in the backseat, nervous.

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, Gracie, and Alastair step out. They open the trunk, grab radios. Alastair and Gracie load ammo into Armalite rifles. Scap 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 three of them approach the house slowly, guns drawn. Scap motions left. Alastair and Gracie trot 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, shotgun pointed. He yells into his radio. It's worthless, he's completely drowned out by the din.

SCAP
--Gracie---he--?

An inaudible response. Scap moves to the TV. Just as he reaches out to shut it off...

REALIZATION hits him. Scap 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, moves slowly upstairs.

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.

EXT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Scap pads silently into the master bedroom, shotgun pointed. No sign of Fulton.

The house keeps shrieking...

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, rifle 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 rifle...

INT. HALLWAY, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Alastair moves tentatively down the hall, rifle drawn as--

Two muffled THUMPS in the next room. Barely audible.
Alastair races around the corner.

EXT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Upstairs, Scap can't hear the gunshots.

Fulton's nowhere in sight. Confused, Scap enters the bathroom and shuts the door, blocking out the din.

SCAP

(yells, muffled into radio)
Gracie? Alastair? Can ye hear me?!
Fulton's not here! Ye gotta get the feck
out o' the house!

INT. KITCHEN, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

The room shrieks. BULLET HOLES in the kitchen door.

Alastair can't hear Scap screaming through the radio. He rushes through the smoke, finds Gracie lying on the floor with blood dribbling out of her chest. Fulton's taken her rifle.

Alastair spots BLOOD on the floor, the tread of a BOOT stamped into it. He starts moving slowly out the back door...

INT. HALLWAY, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Scap rushes back towards the kitchen, shotgun pointed as...

EXT. STAIRCASE, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Outside, Alastair pads softly down the crooked staircase under the house.

INT. KITCHEN, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Scap bursts in, sees Gracie lying dead on the floor. His face falls.

The house keeps screaming...

EXT. STAIRCASE, BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Underneath the house, Alastair STOPS in his tracks, confused.

He spies FULTON standing far out on the beach, in plain sight. He's holding a hand out.

Alastair raises the RIFLE to his eye, aims.

ALASTAIR'S POV - RIFLE SCOPE

Fulton's out of focus, too far away for a shot. Alastair adjusts the sight.

Gradually Fulton comes into focus:

Fulton's looking straight back at Alastair. In his outstretched hand is a small black REMOTE.

BACK TO SCENE

Alastair looks up at the underside of the house.

Strapped to the stilt supports are four EXPLOSIVE CHARGES with little red lights on them.

One by one, they all begin to BLINK.

ALASTAIR
(nods)
Aye.

EXT. BEACH - TWILIGHT

Fulton watches as--

CRACK! a MASSIVE EXPLOSION rocks the foundation of the house. Instantly it COLLAPSES, tumbling over Alastair 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, rifle pointed, kicking up chunks of sidewall to make sure he's finished the job. He spots Gracie's body lying sprawled near the top of the hill.

Fulton keeps digging. Off in one corner, a charred FIST sticks out from under a sheet of metal. Fulton slowly pries it up, points the rifle.

It's ALASTAIR, a mess of blood and broken bones.

Fulton keeps digging carefully through the rubble, rifle pointed.

There's no sign of Scap's body.

Confused, Fulton pulls the phone out of Gracie's pocket, trudges slowly up the hill, rifle in hand.

INT. SCAP'S VAN - TWILIGHT

Fulton climbs inside Scap's van, puts the rifle down in his lap. The keys are still in the ignition.

He pulls out his phone, hands shaky, dials. It picks up on the first ring.

FIONA (O.S.)
(anxious)
Kevin?

Relief washes over Fulton's face.

FULTON
Hey love.

FIONA (O.S.)
Are ya alright?

FULTON

Aye. I'm fine.

Fulton eyes a pack of Scap's cigarettes on the floor. He bends down, picks them up, pops one in his mouth.

FULTON (CONT'D)

Just hold tight, I'll be there in twenty minutes.

FIONA (O.S.)

Will we be able to go back home?

Fulton sits back up, doesn't respond. He STARES out through the windshield.

OUTSIDE

the door of the other van is open.

Scap stands directly in front of Fulton, shotgun pointed at Fulton's face.

A beat.

FIONA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Kevin?

FULTON

I love y--

INT. FIONA'S MOTEL ROOM - TWILIGHT

Fiona sits on the edge of the bed, clutching the cell.

THROUGH THE PHONE: CRACK! A gunshot. Then the low whine of a CAR HORN.

FIONA

Kevin?

(no answer)

Kevin?!

No answer. The car horn keeps blaring.

Then the line goes dead.

INT. FULTON'S VAN - TWILIGHT

Blood, broken glass. Fulton's body lies sprawled across the wheel.

Scap pockets Fulton's phone. The horn dies as Scap peels Fulton off the wheel and drags him out of the van.

Scap climbs into the driver's seat, starts the car. He lights up a cigarette and drives off.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Fulton lies dead on the ground. The falling snow begins to form little piles on top of him.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CHURCH, MONTAUK - NIGHT

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. Scap enters silently, his palms sticky with blood.

He eyes the CONFSSIONAL, walks slowly towards it. His footsteps play off the stone walls.

Scap reaches the booth. As before, he knocks twice, then enters.

INT. CONFSSIONAL - TWILIGHT

Scap shuts the door behind him, exhausted.

He reaches under the seat, pulls out a BLACK BRIEFCASE.

An obscured FACE moves behind the wooden screen. A muffled voice, a familiar BRITISH ACCENT.

CHILD'S (O.S.)
Agent Stakeknife?

Scap opens the briefcase. Inside:

- 1) A fat stack of bills.
- 2) A bottle of Scotch.
- 3) A manila folder.

SCAP
(distant)
Aye.

CHILD'S (O.S.)
Is Fulton dead?

SCAP
Aye.

CHILDS (O.S.)

Outstanding.

(then)

I've spoken to headquarters. If we continue like this, they see no reason why we couldn't have you on the Army Council within the next year. If you're up to it, of course.

Scap's eyes are focused somewhere else.

SCAP

Where are ya gonna bury him?

A beat.

CHILDS (O.S.)

Excuse me?

SCAP

It can't be in Milltown, right? Cause the Catholics think he's a traitor. And it can't be with the proddies, cause he's killed a dozen o' theirs. And I know ya ain't takin' him back to England, right, cause what Brit wants to be buried next to some feckin' terrorist?

(then)

So I guess we'll just leave him out there by the sea.

A beat.

CHILDS (O.S.)

Is something bothering you, Freddie?

SCAP

Reckon I'm just wondering how long it's gonna take before what happens to Fulton, happens to me.

(then)

And then where it is exactly ya plan on burying me.

CHILDS (O.S.)

Freddie, relax. You've nothing to worry about. Fulton never had the stomach for this work. His guilt, his remorse had been an issue for years. To be perfectly blunt, we've never had that problem with you.

Scap stares down at the money in the briefcase.

SCAP

Aye.

CHILDS (O.S.)

(miffed)

I'll see you back at home.

Childs exits the booth.

Scap reaches into the briefcase and opens the manila folder.

Inside is a picture of Agent Dignan.

Scap twists opens the bottle of Scotch and begins to drink.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FULTON'S HOUSE, BELFAST - DAY

A van outside. It's loaded up with boxes, clothes. All of Fulton's possessions.

INT. FULTON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A plane ticket to Barcelona sits on top of a stack of cardboard boxes. Everything's been packed away.

Fiona seals shut a box of records. Her priest, now in plainclothes, stands in the kitchen doorway, sipping tea.

PRIEST

Thanks again for the donations.
You sure there's nothin' I can do to
convince you to stay now?

FIONA

Really, Father. I'll be alright. I just
need to go someplace a bit sunnier for
awhile. Clear me head.

PRIEST

(sadly)

I understand. Do ya some good, that will.

The doorbell rings. Fiona looks up.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Expectin' someone?

FIONA

Probably the movers.

EXT. FULTON'S HOUSE, BELFAST - DAY

Fiona opens the door. There's no one outside.

A SMALL BROWN PACKAGE sits on the doorstep. It's marked 'Fiona Fulton'.

There's no return address.

Fiona looks up and down the street. It's entirely empty except for a TRUCK rattling away in the distance.

Fiona picks up the package. Slowly she begins opens it.

It's stuffed with cash. Thousands and thousands of Irish Pounds.

Fiona looks up, watches the truck as it turns a corner and disappears.

INT. SCAP'S TRUCK - DAY

Scap drives away in silence.

As he stares out at the road, very slowly his expression starts to CHANGE.

Gradually Scap's cold stare falls away.

Dread and remorse begin to crawl silently across his face.

FADE OUT.

END

THE INFILTRATOR