EXT. CONNEMARA, WEST COAST OF IRELAND - DAWN

HELVETOPTER SHOT -- a red car speeds through the barren landscape, veering wildly, just as the sun is rising, glints of light breaking the darkness.

INT. RED CAR - DAWN

FIVE YOUNG MEN are passing a whiskey bottle around. Public Enemy playing on the CD player.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

A Garda police car is parked in the road.

INT. GARDA CAR - DAWN

Garda Sergeant GERRY BOYLE behind the wheel. Staring off into space.

EXT. CONNEMARA - DAWN

The red car zooms along at breakneck speed --

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

Eventually shooting past BOYLE in his police car --

INT. GARDA CAR - DAWN

BOYLE barely reacts --

Suddenly there comes the sound of screeching brakes, and the boom of a high-impact car crash --

BOYLE unhurriedly starts the car.

EXT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE

The red car has slammed straight into a side wall of the bridge. A YOUNG MAN has been thrown clear, the OTHER FOUR crushed inside the car.

BOYLE drives up. Gets out beside the YOUNG MAN, who is covered in blood. He squats, putting a finger to the YOUNG MAN's throat. He is dead.

BOYLE approaches the concertinaed car.

INT. RED CAR - SUNRISE

CLOSE on BOYLE as he looks inside. He winces.

EXT. BRIDGE - SUNRISE

BOYLE returns to the YOUNG MAN. Goes through his pockets --
EXTREME CLOSE-UPS of cash, a condom and a small clear plastic bag containing two grams of coke, two Ecstasy tablets, and a tab of LSD with a smiley face.

BOYLE replaces the cash and the condom, gets up and strolls over to the other side of the bridge.

He fishes inside the plastic bag, takes out the LSD and swallows it --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the tab of LSD with a smiley face.

He tosses the bag. Looks out over the water at the sunrise.

BOYLE
What a beautiful fucking day.

INT. OPENING TITLES - DAY

OVERHEAD SHOT -- BOYLE asleep on his bed. Wearing only blue-and-yellow Marks & Spencer Y-fronts, and a white undershirt. His beer-belly peeping through.

A large poster of Daniel O’Donnell on the wall above him. An half-empty bottle of dessert wine on his nightstand, beside a copy of Sabatini’s Scaramouche. Swimming trophies arrayed in a glass cabinet.

BOYLE throws an arm out suddenly, fighting some demon in his dreams, and wakes up.

BOYLE crosses his bedroom, still in his underwear, and scratching at his balls.

CLOSE on -- a blue shirt, with three chevrons, buttoned up over his paunch.

CLOSE on -- a navy tie sloppily knotted.

CLOSE on -- navy trousers awkwardly hopped into.

CLOSE on -- a utility belt, with handcuffs and baton, buckled up, showing its Garda Crest.

CLOSE on -- safety boots stamped down.

CLOSE on -- a navy tunic jacket, with three chevrons, buttoned up.

CLOSE on -- a navy cap placed firmly on his head.

BOYLE looks sourly at his reflection in a cupboard mirror.

EXT. CONNEMARA - DAY

Skyscapes, with banks of cloud, low horizons.
EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Garda AIDAN MCBRIDE waits by the door with two coffees. BOYLE drives up. Gets out, looks around -- TWO LITTLE GIRLS are looking on. MCBRIDE approaches BOYLE, holding out a coffee.

BOYLE
Who the fuck are you?

MCBRIDE
Aidan McBride, Sergeant.

BOYLE
Don't know ya.

MCBRIDE
I've just been transferred from Dublin.

BOYLE
Big-city boy, hah? And here's me, just a lowly country nobody.

"Lonely"?

BOYLE
Hah?

MCBRIDE
A "lonely country nobody"?

BOYLE
"Lowly". "Lowly".

MCBRIDE
Oh "lowly". I thought you said "lonely".

BOYLE
Not too sharp on the uptake, hah? You'll go far in this outfit.

BOYLE takes the coffee from MCBRIDE, sips it, grimaces, and tosses it to the ground --

BOYLE
A fucking latte is my drink.

MCBRIDE
They told me cappuccino.

BOYLE walks off, smiling to himself.
INT. COTTAGE - DAY

A DEAD MAN slumped against a wall. Twenties, blond hair. A halo of blood and brain matter about his head from a single bullet wound.

Pages from a book stuffed into his mouth. "5 1/2" painted in red on the wall above his head. A pot-plant balanced on his crotch.

BOYLE and MCBRIDE survey the scene. A PHOTOGRAPHER taking photos with an archaic camera, the bulb popping.

BOYLE
What the fuck is he doing here?

MCBRIDE
He's the scene-of-crime photographer. What do you--

BOYLE
Are you soft in the head or what?
(to the PHOTOGRAPHER)
Get out of here, Mick, before I tell your Mammy what you've been up to.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Sure it's all good clean fun,
Sergeant. I have what I need anyways.

He pats his camera and hustles out the door just as BOYLE shapes to give him a kick. MCBRIDE looks puzzled.

BOYLE
I'm worried about that lad, now. He has an interest in the photographic arts that I can only describe as unhealthy.
(examining the DEAD MAN)
He looks like Brendan Foley.

MCBRIDE produces a pad and pen, noting the name.

MCBRIDE
You know him?

BOYLE
I knew his auld fella. He ran off with my second cousin. I say "ran off", the auld fella was in a wheelchair. He was a...what-d'ya-call-it?

MCBRIDE
Paraplegic?

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
Spastic, yeah.
(pause)
Wheeled off.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the name "Brendan Foley", underlined.

MCBRIDE
Brendan Foley. I'll get onto this--

BOYLE
I said he looked like Brendan Foley, I didn't say it was Brendan Foley.

MCBRIDE looks at BOYLE.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the name "Brendan Foley", crossed out.

BOYLE
This place is rented out to tourists.

MCBRIDE
I know. I'll check with the woman in the office. I couldn't see any ID here.

BOYLE squats beside the DEAD MAN. He takes the pages from his mouth and studies them.

MCBRIDE
Ah... Should you, ah... Should you be removing those?

BOYLE
From the Bible, looks like. I knew there'd be a fucking religious angle.

He tosses them aside. Looks at the DEAD MAN again.

BOYLE
He was a good-looking lad. Lovely lips.

MCBRIDE shoots BOYLE a look.

BOYLE
The significance of the pot-plant has me somewhat perplexed.

MCBRIDE
Maybe it's genus is a clue.

BOYLE

(CONTINUED)
He removes the pot-plant. Places his hand on the DEAD MAN’s crotch and looks up at the ceiling, like some kind of weird psychic.

**MCBRIDE**
What the hell are you doing?

**BOYLE**
I have the gift. Did nobody tell ya?

MCBRIDE is confused.

**BOYLE**
You never interfered with a corpse before? It’s great gas.

**MCBRIDE**
Ah now, listen, I don’t think--

**BOYLE**
I’m just messing. Lighten up, for fuck’s sake.

He pats the DEAD MAN’s crotch. Stands up. Lights a cigarette.

**MCBRIDE**
I really don’t think that was appropriate.

**BOYLE**
Ah, would you fuck off to America with your “appropriate”, fucking Barack Obama.

**MCBRIDE**
I was only saying--

**BOYLE**
Any money in the house?

**MCBRIDE**
What? No. I mean, I haven’t checked.

**BOYLE**
You haven’t checked if there’s any money in the house? What kind of a fucking guard are you, anyways?

MCBRIDE is at a loss how to reply.

BOYLE puts his hand to the wall --

**BOYLE**
Five and a half.
(pause)
Five and a half.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE (CONT'D)
(pause)
Now what the fuck would that mean?

MCBRIDE
There's a film called 8 1/2. Fellini.

BOYLE looks blankly at him.

MCBRIDE
There's another film called Se7en.

BOYLE
Are you just going to list a load of fucking film titles with numbers in them? I can do that, sure. Four for Texas. Robin and the Seven Hoods. Ten Thousand Bedrooms. Is that your idea of police work, hah?

MCBRIDE
I was only saying.

BOYLE
Well don't say.

He blows smoke rings.

MCBRIDE
Maybe this is the killer's five and a half...halfth victim.

BOYLE
(feigning interest)
Go on.

MCBRIDE
Maybe he's killed four people before now, and he's maimed another lad. Cut off his legs maybe. Which would be the half. So this would be victim number five and a half.

BOYLE
Interesting theory. So what you're saying is, we may very well have a serial killer on our hands.

MCBRIDE
It's a distinct possibility.

BOYLE
Well that'd be a first for Galway. Won't the big-city boys be jealous about that when they find out?

MCBRIDE
They will indeed.
BOYLE
Not such a backward little town then, hah?

MCBRIDE
No indeed.

BOYLE
That's right. Now go and see if there's any money in the house.

MCBRIDE looks blankly at BOYLE. Then turns and exits.

BOYLE
Fucking serial killer. The idiocy I have to deal with.

INT. HOSPICE (DOCTOR OLEYUWO'S OFFICE) - DAY

BOYLE, in uniform, sitting opposite the hospice's physician, Doctor MOSES OLEYUWO. Fifty, Nigerian, beautifully-tailored clothes. He is signing documents.

OLEYUWO
Six to eight weeks is the prognosis.

BOYLE
That's what they told me.

OLEYUWO
That is how long she has, then.

BOYLE
She looks fine. Healthy.

OLEYUWO
It is not what is on the outside that counts, it is what is on the inside. Eating away at you.

BOYLE
I just want her to be comfortable, that's all.

OLEYUWO looks up. He signs a last document and closes the file. Caps his ink pen. Pockets it. Sits back in his chair and sighs.

OLEYUWO
I am sorry. I have been a little... You get like this sometimes in this line of work.

BOYLE
Sure don't I know well. I have the same thing.

(Continued)
OLEYUWO
Next of kin?

BOYLE
Yeah.

OLEYUWO
You do not have that many murders here, surely?

BOYLE
Drunk drivers. Suicides.

OLEYUWO
Ah yes. Of course.

BOYLE
I don’t really give a fuck about the drunk drivers, to be honest. I’ve seen enough innocent people get killed. The suicides are tough, though.

OLEYUWO
What do you say to them? The family.

BOYLE
What can you say? You have to pretend to be sad, that’s the main thing.

OLEYUWO
I know. Pretending to be sad is what they pay me for, I always think.

BOYLE
Yeah. Like newsreaders.

OLEYUWO
I am sorry?

BOYLE
Newsreaders. They always put on their sad faces and lower their voices when they have to announce a calamity, as if they really give a shite. They’re all jolly at the end, then, as if nothing’s happened.

OLEYUWO considers this. He nods.

OLEYUWO
I would never have made that analogy, but you are right.

He opens a drawer, dips in a hand and, like a magician, produces a bottle of Maker’s Mark.

(CONTINUED)
OLEYUWO
Will you join me?

BOYLE
I will.

OLEYUWO sets down the bottle, produces two glasses. Starts to pour. Pauses.

OLEYUWO
You would not know how to play Downfall, would you?

BOYLE
Downfall?

OLEYUWO opens another drawer and, like a magician, produces Downfall, a children's game from the '70s.

BOYLE
Oh. Yeah.

OLEYUWO
(extremely pleased)
Yes? Very good.

He and BOYLE move in closer to the desk and start setting up the game.

OLEYUWO
I used to play this game with my brother all the time, when we were children. He used to cheat, if you can believe this.

BOYLE
He used to cheat at Downfall?

OLEYUWO
I know. Some people, you know.

BOYLE
I know. It makes you wonder.

They start to play.

EXT. HOSPICE - DAY

EILEEN BOYLE, a robust-looking seventy-year-old, is sitting in the garden, reading a paperback. OTHER PATIENTS stroll dolefully about the grounds.

BOYLE appears. Sits in the empty chair beside EILEEN. He glances around, then takes a packet of cigarettes from his pocket and passes them to her.

EILEEN surreptitiously tucks away the cigarettes inside her voluminous clothing.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
What are you reading?

EILEEN shows him the book --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the Penguin paperback edition of Goncharov's *Oblomov*.

BOYLE
Never got into the Russians. They take too long getting to the fucking point.

EILEEN
Not even Dostoyevsky, no?

BOYLE
Ah come on, he was the main offender.

EILEEN
You have to hand it to him, he did well for himself, for an epileptic.
(pause)
Chekhov?

BOYLE
Overrated.

EILEEN
(after a pause)
Pushkin's Grandda was a black lad.

BOYLE
Is that right?
(pause)
Gogol was good.

EILEEN
He went doolally in the end, though, God love him.

BOYLE glances round, then takes a hip-flask from a side pocket and passes it to EILEEN. She quickly unscrews the top and takes a long swallow.

BOYLE
How are you settling in?

EILEEN
Alright, I suppose. They're all so fucking boring.

BOYLE
Who are?

EILEEN
The inmates. Gloomy.

She hands back the hip-flask.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
I suppose they have a right to be gloomy.

EILEEN
There's no need to make such a fucking song-and-dance about it.

The OTHER PATIENTS traipse by them gloomily.

BOYLE
I see your point. Rubbing it in, like.

EILEEN
Rubbing it in is right.

BOYLE
(after a pause)
How are those trainers suiting you?

EILEEN
They're the tops!

She swings her feet up from under her, revealing a brand-new pair of white Reeboks.

EILEEN
Reeboks!

She cackles wildly. BOYLE laughs.

INT. HANLEY'S BAR - DAY

BOYLE is drinking a pint and playing on a shoot-'em-up games machine.

MCBRIDE enters the bar, glances round, locates BOYLE.

MCBRIDE
Little early for a drink.

BOYLE ignores him, keeps playing.

MCBRIDE
You're still on duty.

BOYLE ignores him, keeps playing.

MCBRIDE
You've been gone all afternoon.

BOYLE turns and levels MCBRIDE with a cold, dead, thousand-yard stare.

BOYLE
Are you going to continue to make a series of declarative statements, (MORE)
BOYLE (CONT'D)
or are you going to fucking tell
me something?

MCBRIDE is momentarily taken aback by the venom in
BOYLE's voice.

MCBRIDE
The murder over in Lettermore.
The victim's a John Doe. The--

BOYLE
Say that again?

MCBRIDE
The murder over in Lettermore?
The victim's a John Doe?

BOYLE
He's a John Doe, is he?

MCBRIDE
Yeah. It means--

BOYLE
I know what it fucking means. Go on.

MCBRIDE
The name and address he gave were
false, as far as we can make out.
We've sent off his prints--

BOYLE
Anything else? You're boring the
hole off me.

He turns back to the shoot-'em-up game.

MCBRIDE
I got a call from Galway. You're to
head in tonight to attend a briefing
from this fella who's over from the
FBI.

(checking his notes)
Special Agent Wendell Everett.

He looks at BOYLE, expecting BOYLE to share his
excitement.

BOYLE
So what?

MCBRIDE
Maybe it's about the murder.
Maybe he's got a psychological
profile on the killer or something.

BOYLE
It's drug smuggling.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

**MCBRIDE**

What?

**BOYLE**

It's drug smuggling. Either that or they've had another fucking sighting of Whitey Bulger at some fucking museum.

**MCBRIDE**

But drug smuggling, I mean, that's pretty exciting--

**BOYLE**

Yeah it's fucking exciting. If you think standing on the fucking pier at Rossaveal in the pouring fucking rain for hours on end waiting for a fucking ship that's never going to fucking arrive is fucking exciting. Go get me a pint.

**MCBRIDE**

Sorry?

**BOYLE**

Go get me a pint. Are you deaf?

MCBRIDE is about to say something, but thinks better of it. He turns towards the bar.

BOYLE keeps playing the shoot-'em-up game, his face a blank.

**EXT. GARDA STATION - DAY**

Two Garda cars parked outside.

EUGENE MOLONEY -- a goofy nine-year-old, in a tracksuit -- wheelies past on his bicycle. He wheelies back -- And suddenly crashes to the ground. He groans in pain.

**INT. GARDA STATION - DAY**

MCBRIDE is working at his computer.

BOYLE has his feet up and is writing in a book --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of a join-the-dots puzzle that reveals a rabbit.

BOYLE nods, pleased. Shows the image to MCBRIDE.

**BOYLE**

Rabbit.

(CONTINUED)
MCBRIDE looks blankly at him. BOYLE flips the page to the next puzzle.

MCBRIDE
I'm not getting anything on any unsolved murders in the general vicinity. No maimings either.

BOYLE
What about missing persons? This serial killer fella could've buried them or something. Dissolved them in acid. Chopped them up into little pieces. Fiddled around with them...

He drifts off into a reverie, as if fantasising about necrophilia. The telephone rings. BOYLE answers it --

BOYLE
Sergeant Gerry Boyle. Cop-shop!

EXT. TELEPHONE - DAY

FRANCIS SHEEHY -- Dubliner, forties, black suit, Ray-Bans -- moves in and out of shot as he speaks, the Atlantic Ocean in the background --

SHEEHY
Hey there, little piggy. I've got some information on that murder last night.

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

BOYLE motions to MCBRIDE to pick up the extension. MCBRIDE does so, ever so gently.

INTER-CUT --

BOYLE
What murder?

SHEEHY
How many fucking murders have you had in the last twenty-four hours?

BOYLE
That's for us to know and you to find out.

SHEEHY
(after a pause)
That doesn't make any sense.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
Do you have any information or are you just sitting there playing with yourself?

MCBRIDE looks at BOYLE.

SHEEHY
What did you say your name was? Boyle?

BOYLE
Sergeant Gerry Boyle, the last of the independents!

SHEEHY has no idea what BOYLE is talking about.

SHEEHY
The murder in Lettermore, if I have to be specific. The one with...occult overtones.

BOYLE
Occult overtones, yeah. Go ahead.

SHEEHY
Do you even know what I mean when I use the term "occult"?

BOYLE
Aleister Crowley, Anton LaVey, Simon Magus, that kind of thing.

MCBRIDE frowns, puzzled.

SHEEHY
Well done. Round of applause. Bouquet of red roses for the blue meanie. Anyways, it was Billy Devaney did for him. He's into all that black magick. That's "magick" with a "k". He told me last night when he was locked.

BOYLE
Little Billy Devaney? Sure he wouldn't hurt a fly.

SHEEHY
He didn't hurt a fly, did he. He put a bullet in the brain of your man.

BOYLE
Good point. Can I take your name, sir?

SHEEHY
Bozo the fucking clown.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BOYLE
(writing on a notepad)
Bozo...the fucking...clown.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the words "Bozo the fucking clown".

BOYLE
I didn't know the circus was in town.

SHEEHY slams down the receiver. Shakes his head.

BOYLE and MCBRIDE put down their telephones.

BOYLE
Little Billy Devaney, a serial killer?
Sure he's a lovely little lad.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

BILLY DEVANEY sitting at a desk. Thirty, Italian looks.
White Tacchini T-shirt, shorts, socks, Nike trainers.

BOYLE and MCBRIDE enter. BOYLE carrying a file.

BOYLE
Been playing tennis, hah? Fucking
Andy Murray! You won't be playing
tennis again for a long time, boy!

DEVANEY
I was playing squash.

BOYLE slams his fist on the table --

BOYLE
There'll be no fucking squash courts
where you're headed, Ted Bundy of
the West!

There is silence for a moment as neither MCBRIDE nor
DEVANEY knows how to respond to this.

BOYLE sits opposite DEVANEY. MCBRIDE slouches against a
wall, a toothpick in his mouth. BOYLE opens the file.

BOYLE
Now...

MCBRIDE
What are you, Italian?

DEVANEY
No I'm not fucking Italian.
Why does everyone keep saying that?

MCBRIDE
Because you look Italian.
DEVANEY
I fucking don’t!

MCBRIDE
You do. Doesn’t he look Italian?

BOYLE
William Montmorency Devaney...
You’ve got previous, I see.
From when you were over in England?

DEVANEY
That was a misunderstanding.

BOYLE
Aggravated sodomy?

DEVANEY
It was a total misunderstanding!

BOYLE
And what’s this?...You were once cautioned under the Bestiality Act?

DEVANEY
Ah man, that was fucking years ago!
I thought that’d all been forgotten about.

(to MCBRIDE)
The same thing happened to Polanski.

MCBRIDE
What was it, a sheep or something?

DEVANEY
A llama.
(pause)
Stephen.
(to BOYLE)
I didn’t even know it was illegal
to interfere with a llama, did you?

BOYLE
I would’ve assumed so, Billy.
Not that I’m inundated with a lot of llama-related crimes around here.

DEVANEY
Sure wasn’t this Mairtín McDonagh’s llama. Over in Lettermullen?
It must’ve happened when you were away that time.

BOYLE
Mairtín McDonagh’s llama? Oh yeah I know him.
MCBRIDE
The llama?

BOYLE
Mairtín McDonagh.
(pause)
William Montmorency Devaney, where were you at approximately nine in the pm last night? There or there-abouts, like.

DEVANEY
I was approximately in Hanley’s battering Joey Brennan about the head until he lapsed into unconsciousness.

BOYLE
Joey Brennan? Now do I know him?

He looks blankly at MCBRIDE. MCBRIDE is unsure how to respond. He produces his pad and pen, noting the name.

BOYLE
Why were you battering this Joey Brennan?

DEVANEY
Ah man, he was doing my fucking head in. I was provoked, like. We were having a few jars, right, when he starts bringing up yet-a-fucking-gain this two hundred euros I owe him. Now he’s had my computer that I lent him for the last year. So I says to him, “Give me back the fucking computer and I’ll give you your euros.” And he says, “I can’t give it back, sure doesn’t it have a virus.” Which is the first I’ve fucking heard of it. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, he rears up at me screaming for his money. So I grab hold of the nearest thing that came to hand, which happened to be this antique blunderbuss my Granddaddy got from somewhere--

MCBRIDE
Antique what?

DEVANEY
Blunderbuss.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the word “blunderbuss” below the name “Joey Brennan”.

(CONTINUED)
DEVANEY
I was showing it off, like, and the next thing I know I'm battering him about the head with it. Vicious, like, I'll admit.

MCBRIDE
What are you talking about? You shot him in the head, you stuffed pages from the Bible in his mouth, you put a pot-plant on his body, and you painted the number five and a half on the wall.

DEVANEY
Sweet-Jesus-on-a-stick! Ah now, lads, you've got me in here under false pretences. I thought this was about Joey Brennan. What the fuck?

BOYLE
The brutal murder over in Lettermore.

DEVANEY
Ah Jesus, lads. This was at nine pm, was it? Sure aren't I just after saying I was in Hanley's. I have about twenty witnesses. And Joey Brennan was alive when I left him, so you can't get me on that score. Wasn't he roaring at me, with his broken lip.

BOYLE
You said he lapsed into unconsciousness.

DEVANEY
Yeah. He lapsed into unconsciousness, and then after that he woke up.

BOYLE and MCBRIDE glance at one another. BOYLE with a sly smile on his lips.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the name "Joey Brennan" and the word "blunderbuss" crossed out.

BOYLE
That's the whole story?

DEVANEY
That's the whole story. Has he made a complaint?

BOYLE
He hasn't made a complaint, he's made a fucking nuisance call, it looks like.
(to MCBRIDE)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE (CONT'D)
Haul in this Joey Brennan and see what he's got to say for himself. See if we can charge him with wasting police time. Then get round to this gobshite’s house and charge his Grandda with illegal possession of a firearm.

DEVANEY
Ah no!

MCBRIDE
I'm on it, Sergeant.

He exits.

BOYLE
"I'm on it, Sergeant." He thinks he's in fucking Detroit.

DEVANEY
You're not really going to charge my Granddaddy, are ya?

BOYLE
I don't know, Billy. Maybe we can come to some arrangement.

DEVANEY
Hah?

BOYLE
Are you familiar with the works of Jean Genet?

DEVANEY
(after a pause)
Hah?

BOYLE reaches out and places his hand over DEVANEY’s. DEVANEY is freaked out, but doesn't move.

BOYLE
Are you familiar with the works of Jean Genet?

After a moment, DEVANEY slowly draws his hand away.

DEVANEY
I want a lawyer. And me Mammy.

BOYLE smiles thinly to himself.

BOYLE
You do look Italian, ya eejit.
EXT. GALWAY CITY - NIGHT

Establishing shots of Galway Cathedral, Spanish Arch and Eyre Square.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

FBI Special Agent WENDELL EVERETT -- forty, black, suit and tie -- and Garda Inspector GERRY STANTON -- forty, white -- are at a lectern beside a projector screen. EVERETT speaking into a microphone --

EVERETT
--A sixty-foot ship called the Annabel Lee. We lost track of it when it left the Dominican Republic three weeks ago. The DEA believe it to have somewhere in the vicinity of half a billion dollars in cocaine on board. It may well be--

STANTON leans in to the microphone --

STANTON
Half a billion, lads. That’s half a billion.

UNIFORMED GARDAI, including BOYLE, and PLAIN-CLOTHED DETECTIVES, are seated facing EVERETT and STANTON.

EVERETT
Uh, thank you, Inspector Stanton. Yes, half a billion. It may well be that it will land here. It may well be that it will land in Cork. It may well be that it will land in Northern Ireland. It may well be that it will not come anywhere near these shores. You must be vigilant, however.

EVERETT nods to a FEMALE GARDA, who has very long and shapely legs, seated at a projector.

EVERETT
The men we believe to be involved in the trafficking are Francis Sheehy-Skeffington and James McCormick, out of Dublin and Limerick respectively. Liam O’Leary, also out of Dublin. And Clive Cornell out of London.

The images of the four men appear on the screen. They are white and in their thirties and forties. [Sheehy we have seen earlier. McCormick looks vaguely familiar.]

BOYLE stares at the image of McCormick.

(CONTINUED)
EVERETT
These men are highly dangerous--

BOYLE raises his hand.

EVERETT
Yes, Sergeant?

BOYLE
I thought only black lads were drug dealers?

There is a long moment of silence. Someone coughs.

EVERETT
Excuse me?

BOYLE
I thought only black lads were drug dealers? And Mexicans? What do they call them? They have a word for them.

EVERETT
There is a word for you, too, sir, but I am not going to get into that right now. As I was saying, these men are highly dangerous--

BOYLE
Mules! Drug mules!

EVERETT and the OTHER GARDAI and DETECTIVES look at BOYLE. BOYLE remains blank.

STANTON leans in to the microphone --

STANTON
That's enough of your guff, now, Boyle. Apologise to the man.

BOYLE
Apologise for what?

STANTON
You know for what.

EVERETT
Racist slurs for one thing.

BOYLE
I'm Irish, sure. Racism's part of my culture.

The OTHER GARDAI and DETECTIVES look round, irritated --

GARDA
That's enough, now, Boyle. You're showing us up, man.

(CONTINUED)
A detective named JIMMY MOODY is particularly annoyed --

MOODY
You fucking knacker.

BOYLE
Ah fuck off back to Dublin, you.

MOODY
I’ll take your fucking head off!

MOODY has to be restrained by the OTHER DETECTIVES.

BOYLE doesn’t move.

STANTON
Now, now, lads, come on, not in
front of the American.

(in an aside)
He’s just messing with you,
Agent Everett.

EVERETT leans in to the microphone --

EVERETT
Deliberately disrupting my lecture,
for another thing.

BOYLE
Ah I’m just having a bit of fun, like.
I don’t mean anything by it.

EVERETT
We’re talking about half a billion
dollars’ worth of cocaine here.
You think that’s a fit subject for
levity?

BOYLE
Street value.

EVERETT
Pardon me?

BOYLE
Street value. You lads are always
announcing a seizure of drugs worth
a “street value” of ten million
dollars, and twenty million dollars,
and half a billion dollars, and I
always wonder what street it is you’re
buying your cocaine on, ‘cause it’s
not the same street I’m buying my
cocaine on.

STANTON
That’s enough, Boyle! We’ve had
enough of your wisecracks for one day.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
STANTON (CONT'D)
If you continue on in this vein you'll find yourself on suspension.

BOYLE
I doubt that.

EVERETT
You doubt that? You've got some balls talking to your superior officer like that. If we were back in Atlanta--

BOYLE
We're not back in Atlanta, though, are we, we're in fucking Galway.

STANTON
That's it, Boyle. You can consider yourself--

BOYLE
You're not hunting four men, you're hunting three.

EVERETT looks at BOYLE for a long moment.

EVERETT
How's that?

BOYLE
McCormick's dead.

The OTHER GARDAI and DETECTIVES look at each other.

EVERETT glances at STANTON. STANTON shrugs. EVERETT looks back at BOYLE.

EVERETT
What makes you think he's dead?

BOYLE
Well let's put it this way, I hope he's dead, 'cause they've put him in the fucking morgue, anyways.

CLOSE on the image of McCormick.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

OVERHEAD SHOT -- CLOSE on the face of the DEAD MAN from the cottage. Aka James McCormick. Laid out on a freezer tray.

EVERETT and STANTON look at the DEAD MAN. Then at BOYLE, who is standing nearby, playing with the big toe of another corpse, a blank look on his face.
EXT. CONNEMARA - NIGHT
A black car speeding through the desolate countryside.

INT. BLACK CAR - NIGHT
LIAM O'LEARY is at the wheel. CLIVE CORNELL in the passenger seat. SHEEHY in the back, reading Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea*.

SHEEHY
--Schopenhauer.

O'LEARY
I'd say Nietzsche.

SHEEHY
Nietzsche. You haven't even fucking read any Nietzsche.

O'LEARY
I have, too. Ah...*The Antichrist*.

SHEEHY
Quote me something, then.

O'LEARY
"What does not kill me--"

SHEEHY
Ah, for fuck's sake. Every child knows that one.

CORNELL
Bertrand Russell.

SHEEHY
Bertrand Russell. Will you listen to him. The fucking English. Everything has to be fucking English. Name your favourite philosopher, and lo and behold, he's fucking English.

CORNELL
He's Welsh.

SHEEHY
Hah?

CORNELL
Bertrand Russell was Welsh.

SHEEHY
Bertrand Russell was Welsh?

He considers whether or not to take issue with CORNELL's statement, but then accepts it might be true.
SHEEHY
You know I never knew that. I didn’t think anybody interesting was Welsh.

CORNELL
Dylan Thomas?

SHEEHY
Like I said, I didn’t think anybody interesting was Welsh.

O’LEARY
"You will not get the crowd to cry Hosanna until you ride into town on an ass." Nietzsche.

SHEEHY and CORNELL look blankly at O’LEARY. Then --

SHEEHY
Yeah that’s a good one.

CORNELL
Good quote, yeah, nice one.

Bright lights suddenly illuminate the interior of the car. O’LEARY glances into the rear-view mirror --

O’LEARY
Ah, fuck it. The guards.

EXT. CONNEMARA - NIGHT

O’LEARY brings the black car to a stop.

The Garda car following halts a little way behind it. MCBRIDE gets out. Switches on his torch. Approaches the black car. Shines his torch at the occupants --

O’LEARY and SHEEHY smile, CORNELL yawns widely.

O’LEARY
I wasn’t speeding.

MCBRIDE
I know you weren’t.

SHEEHY
One of the back lights out, guard?

MCBRIDE
No, you’re fine there.

CORNELL
What d’you fucking stop us for, then?

MCBRIDE
Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)
CORNELL
What d'you fucking stop us for, then, you stupid fucking cunt?

MCBRIDE shines his torch in CORNELL's eyes.

MCBRIDE
Get out. The lot of you.

MCBRIDE steps back as O'LEARY, SHEEHY and CORNELL get out. O'LEARY and SHEEHY getting out into the road in front of MCBRIDE. CORNELL on the other side.

MCBRIDE
Nice friend you've got there.

SHEEHY
Ah, these English, you know, what can you do.

MCBRIDE
IDs, please.

SHEEHY
From Dublin, are you?

MCBRIDE
IDs, please.

SHEEHY
What's the name? I know a lot of the guards in Dublin.

MCBRIDE
You know a lot of the guards in Dublin.

O'LEARY
He's a very friendly fella.

SHEEHY
There's no harm in being friendly. What's the name?

CORNELL
Let's get this over with, for fuck's sake.

MCBRIDE looks at CORNELL. CORNELL is completely relaxed. He casually lights a cigarette.

SHEEHY points his book at MCBRIDE.

SHEEHY
What's the name?

MCBRIDE
McBride.

(CONTINUED)
SHEEHY
Oh, McBride. McBride. We know all about you, McBride. Don’t we know all about McBride, Liam?

O’LEARY
We do, Francis. Should we be using our real names, though?

SHEEHY
Sure what does it matter now, Liam?

O’LEARY
You’re right, you’re right.

MCBRIDE starts to retreat towards his car.

SHEEHY
We know all about you, McBride.

MCBRIDE
You know nothing about me.

He turns towards his car --

SHEEHY
Ah, stop, McBride. It’s no use.

MCBRIDE keeps walking --

O’LEARY
Stop, McBride!

MCBRIDE stops, his back still turned --

SHEEHY, O’LEARY and CORNELL study him dispassionately. O’LEARY with a gun aimed at his back. He cocks it.

SHEEHY
Turn around, now, there’s a good lad.

MCBRIDE
(closing his eyes)
No. I’ll take it as it comes, if it’s all the same to you. Show you up for the cowards you are.

SHEEHY
Suit yourself.

OVERHEAD SHOT -- O’LEARY shoots MCBRIDE in the back four times. He hits the tarmac. Dead.

SHEEHY
He took it well, I’ll say that for him.

(CONTINUED)
O'LEARY
He was very philosophical about it.

SHEEHY groans. O'LEARY laughs.

CORNELL
Are we going or what?

SHEEHY
We have to dump the body.

CORNELL
I don't do manual labour.

O'LEARY
Ah, come on.

CORNELL
No, I'm sorry, but when I applied for the vacant post of international drug-trafficker it didn't say, "Must have experience of heavy lifting," alright?

He gets into the car. SHEEHY looks at O'LEARY. O'LEARY rolls his eyes. SHEEHY tosses his book into the car.

OVERHEAD SHOT -- SHEEHY and O'LEARY approach the body of MCBRIDE, as blood pools out from under it.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. GALWAY CITY - NIGHT

FADE IN on a HIGH-ANGLE SHOT -- a Garda car exiting the city.

INT. GARDA CAR - NIGHT

BOYLE driving, EVERETT beside him.

BOYLE
Into the West! You ever been to Ireland before, Wendell?

EVERETT
Can't say that I have, no.

BOYLE
Where are you from? Originally?

EVERETT
Wisconsin.

BOYLE
Where in Wisconsin?

EVERETT
Kenosha.

(continued)
BOYLE
Kenosha, Wisconsin! So how did you wind up in Tennessee?

EVERETT
How did you know I was in Tennessee?

BOYLE
Wasn’t that where you were stationed when you caught Tyrell Lee Dobbs, the Knoxville Ripper?

EVERETT looks at BOYLE, impressed.

EVERETT
You been doing research on me, Sergeant?

BOYLE
Ah, I’m sure you did the same with me.

EVERETT
Sorry, I didn’t have the time.

BOYLE
Sure you’re a busy man, I know that. You know where I’d like to go?

EVERETT
No, where would you like to go?

BOYLE
Tupelo. Birthplace of The King.

EVERETT
My wife’s from Mississippi. Jackson.

BOYLE
Is that right? How long have you been married?

EVERETT
Eight years.

BOYLE
Any kids?

EVERETT
Two boys. Stokely’s five, Huey’s just three months old. I’ve got a photo of him here--

BOYLE
I don’t want to see it.

EVERETT
Pardon me?

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
I don't want to see it. Babies all
look the same. The only time a baby
doesn't look the same as every other
baby is when it's a really ugly baby.
So unless you're about to show me a
photo of a really ugly baby, I don't
want to see it.

EVERETT
That is really fucking rude.

BOYLE
Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't.

EVERETT turns and glares out the passenger window.

BOYLE
Are you happy?

EVERETT is taken aback. He looks at BOYLE.

What?

EVERETT

Are you happy?

BOYLE realises BOYLE is being sincere.

EVERETT
Yes, I'm happy.

BOYLE nods.

BOYLE
I'd like to have a family some day.
I'm too busy whoring around and
going fucked up at the moment.

EVERETT
I don't think you should be telling
me this.

BOYLE laughs.

BOYLE
You know I was reading where they're
smuggling the cocaine out of Colombia
in little submarines now. Submarines
they've built themselves, like.

EVERETT
That sounds insane, but actually it's
true. You are correct.
BOYLE
Crafty little beggars. You have to admire their enterprise, hah?

EVERETT
No, Sergeant. You don’t.

BOYLE laughs again. They drive on in silence, until EVERETT decides to continue the conversation for the sake of politeness.

EVERETT
You ever been to the States?

BOYLE

EVERETT
You went with your family when you were a kid or something?

BOYLE
No, no, this was last year.

EVERETT
You went with a girlfriend?

BOYLE
Oh God no.

EVERETT
You went to Disneyworld on your own?

BOYLE
Yeah. Great gas it was. I had my picture taken with Goofy and everything. He’s my favourite, Goofy.

EVERETT looks blankly at BOYLE.

EVERETT
You know, I can’t tell if you’re really motherfucking dumb, or if you’re really motherfucking smart.

BOYLE laughs.

EXT. SPIDDAL – NIGHT

HIGH-ANGLE SHOT -- the Garda car entering the small seaside town.

INT. BOYLE’S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM)– NIGHT

BOYLE is sitting in a dressing gown, white undershirt and blue-and-yellow Y-fronts, watching Antonioni’s L’Eclisse on DVD. He sips from a bottle of Corona.
CONTINUED:

There is a knock at the door. BOYLE sighs heavily. Picks up the DVD remote and stops the film.

INT. HALLWAY – NIGHT

BOYLE opens the door to reveal GABRIELA MCBRIDE, an attractive Croatian, pale, blonde, thirty.

GABRIELA

Sergeant Boyle?

BOYLE looks at her, impressed, but confused.

BOYLE

Ah listen, I think there’s been a mix-up. You’ve the wrong night.

GABRIELA

I am sorry?

BOYLE

You’re from the agency?

GABRIELA

No. My husband is missing.

BOYLE

Oh God, I’m sorry. Come in, come in.

She enters. BOYLE closes the door. She looks at him, standing there in his gown, Y-fronts and undershirt.

BOYLE

I’ll just change into something a little less comfortable.

He exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

GABRIELA is on the couch, looking at the kitsch decor.

BOYLE enters, in trousers and a white shirt, with two mugs of tea.

BOYLE

Nice mug of tea.

He hands her a mug, and sits beside her.

BOYLE

Now. Your husband’s gone missing, you were saying? I didn’t ask you your name, I’m sorry.

GABRIELA

Gabriela.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE

Gerry. So.

GABRIELA

My husband is missing. I think so, yes.

BOYLE

Name?

GABRIELA

Aidan McBride.

BOYLE

Aidan McBride. You don’t mean the guard, Aidan McBride?

GABRIELA

Yes. He started working here today.

BOYLE

How long has he been missing?

GABRIELA

Since tonight.

BOYLE

Tonight? That’s no time at all, sure. What is it now, two? He might be out on the tear somewhere.

GABRIELA

I am sorry, I do not understand.

BOYLE

He might be out on the lash. Drinking, you know. Crashed out somewhere.

GABRIELA

He does not drink.

BOYLE

(astounded)

He doesn’t drink?

GABRIELA

He called me at eight o’clock and said he was on his way home. I have tried his cellphone, but it is dead.

BOYLE

Well there’ve been no accidents on the road, far as I know. I’m only after getting in meself.

GABRIELA

Would it be something to do with your work?

(Continued)
BOYLE
Ah no. Ah no. You mean, has he gone undercover with the Mob?
(with a laugh)
Ah no. You’d have to head down to Limerick for that kind of excitement.

GABRIELA nods. They drink their tea.

BOYLE
How long have you been married?

GABRIELA
Three years.

BOYLE
Where are you from, Romania?

GABRIELA
Croatia.

BOYLE
Ah, Croatia. Good footballers, the Croatians. Used to be, anyways.
(pause)
Davor Suker. You know him?

GABRIELA nods. She puts two fingers to the pulse at her throat [a famous gesture made by Suker before taking an important penalty].

BOYLE
(delighted)
That’s it!

There follows an awkward silence. They drink their tea.

BOYLE
Listen, I’m sure there’s an innocent explanation, as they say. If we haven’t heard anything by tomorrow evening, that’ll be twenty-four hours, and I can put out a, uh...a, uh... a county-wide alarm.

GABRIELA
Thank you.

BOYLE
I’m sure he’ll be fine. No need to worry.

GABRIELA gets up. BOYLE following.

GABRIELA
I am sorry I called so late.
CONTINUED:

BOYLE

No harm.

INT/EXT. HALLWAY/BOYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOYLE holds open the door for GABRIELA.

BOYLE

What did they used to call those things? On the telly?

GABRIELA

I am sorry?

BOYLE

APB!

(American accent)

"I'm putting out an APB!"

(with a laugh)

You never hear that anymore, do ya?

GABRIELA looks blankly at him.

BOYLE

Anyway.

GABRIELA

Thank you again.

BOYLE

Good luck. I'll see ye.

GABRIELA exits. BOYLE closes the door. He stands in the hallway for a moment, pondering. Then moves offscreen.

EXT. STRAND - DAWN

EVERETT is jogging along the strand at a quick tempo. He stops. Stretches. Looks out over the ocean --

EVERETT's POV -- a MAN is swimming way out among the crashing waves, wearing a wet-suit, a cap and goggles.

EVERETT looks on, impressed, as the MAN turns towards the strand and swims in. The MAN stands and walks in towards EVERETT, taking off his cap and his goggles, to reveal himself as -- BOYLE.

BOYLE

Chilly out, hah?

EVERETT looks blankly at BOYLE as he picks up a towel from the sand, and walks on up the strand.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

BOYLE is in casual clothes, wolfing down a large fried breakfast.

(CONTINUED)
EVERETT opposite him, in a suit and tie, with a coffee and croissant. He puts a sugar cube in his mouth, sips the coffee.

EVERETT
You looked pretty impressive out there.

BOYLE
I was fourth in the Olympics.

EVERETT
Bullshit.

BOYLE
The Seoul Olympics in '88. Lovely people, the South Koreans. Lovely food.

EVERETT
Bullshit.

BOYLE
Fifteen-hundred metres freestyle. I thought I was odds-on for the bronze. The two Germans I was prepared for, but fucking Salnikov! He was supposed to be over-the-hill. They never know when they’re beaten, the Russians. “The Monster in the Waves” they called him.

EVERETT
You were fourth in the Olympics?

BOYLE
You don’t get anything for fourth, though. It’s a cruel world.

EVERETT looks blankly at BOYLE. BOYLE smiles.

BOYLE
So, Kenosha, Wisconsin, you were saying. Did you grow up in the Projects?

EVERETT
What?

BOYLE
Did you grow up in the Projects? Or do they not have the Projects in Kenosha, Wisconsin?

EVERETT
No, I did not grow up in the Projects. It may surprise you to learn, Sergeant, that I actually come from

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
EVERETT (CONT'D)
a very privileged background. By which I mean prep schools, Yale. I was a Rhodes scholar. I bet you don't even know what a Rhodes scholar is.

BOYLE
I do know what a Rhodes scholar is.

EVERETT
Enlighten me.

BOYLE
Like Kris Kristofferson.

EVERETT
Yes, Kris Kristofferson was a Rhodes scholar. That is correct.

BOYLE
"Privileged background", hah?

EVERETT
Summer in the Hamptons. Skiing in Aspen.

BOYLE
Skiing, yeah? I thought black people couldn't ski? Or is that swimming?

BOYLE and EVERETT look blankly at each other.

EVERETT
Ho.

(pause)

Ho.

BOYLE laughs.

BOYLE
So what d'ya have planned for the day?

EVERETT
Well obviously we don't know who killed McCormick or why. There was no useful forensic evidence found at the crime scene, so I thought we might start by canvassing the area around where the body was discovered. See if anybody heard anything, something they might have thought was relatively insignificant, but which in light of the murder may have a far greater importance. I mean, when I caught that sonofabitch Tyrell Lee Dobbs it was a result of something as seemingly inconsequential as a laundry mark, if you can believe that.

(MORE)
EVERETT (CONT'D)
The guy had a personal hygiene issue that was almost pathological. The other thing to consider is that McCormick was probably in the process of reconnoitring drop-off points all along the coast. Our friends Sheehy, Cornell and O'Leary are no doubt in other parts of the country doing exactly the same thing. So I'll liaise with Inspector Stanton and Detective Moody, have them and their men start a coordinated push in all the relevant locations...

He trails off, realising that BOYLE is concentrating on his food and is not listening to him.

EVERETT
Sergeant?

BOYLE
I'm sorry, you lost me at "we".

EVERETT
We. You and I.

BOYLE
It's my day off. Did I not say?

EVERETT
It's your day off.

BOYLE
I've had it booked a good while. Ask Stanton.

EVERETT
We're investigating a murder and the trafficking of half a million dollars in cocaine--

BOYLE
Half a billion dollars.

EVERETT
--half a billion dollars in cocaine, and you're telling me it's your day off?

BOYLE
Twenty-four hours won't make any difference.

EVERETT
Twenty-four hours won't make any difference.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BOYLE
They're always saying it does,
on those cop shows on the telly,
but it doesn't. Not in my experience,
anyways. And why are you always
repeating everything I say?

EVERETT looks at BOYLE, stunned. BOYLE finishes his
meal. Slurps his tea.

BOYLE
I did well there.

He gets up and leaves some money on the table.

BOYLE
My treat. I'll see ye.

He slaps EVERETT on the back and saunters off.

EXT. GALWAY TRAIN STATION - DAY

BOYLE, smartly dressed in a three-piece suit and tie,
bowler hat on his head, a rose in his buttonhole, is
waiting on the platform as a train pulls in.

Two young women emerge from the last carriage. Dressed
in tight tops and micro mini-skirts with stockings and
suspenders -- SINEAD MULLIGAN and AOIFE O'CARROLL.

BOYLE's face lights up. He smiles and tips his hat.

SINEAD and AOIFE spot BOYLE and give excited waves.
They totter towards him on their high heels.

EXT. SHOP STREET - DAY

BOYLE is marching down the street with SINEAD and AOIFE
on either arm, drawing surly looks from OTHER SHOPPERS.

AOIFE
You're not wearing your uniform,
Sergeant? I'm disappointed.

BOYLE
Day off.

SINEAD
Ah sure he still looks gorgeous,
doesn't he, Aoife?

AOIFE
A fine body of a man.

BOYLE
I always do my best for the ladies.
Make a bit of an effort, you know.

(CONTINUED)
AOIFE
Where are you taking us, to have your wicked way?

BOYLE
I have a room booked at the G.

SINEAD
Oh, fancy!

BOYLE
No expense spared.

AOIFE
Are we not a little too bohemian for the G?

BOYLE
Whether we are or we aren’t, they’ll have Sergeant Gerry Boyle to deal with if they don’t like it.

SINEAD
He’s power mad!

AOIFE
They say power corrupts.

BOYLE
And I’m corrupted absolutely, you’ll find that out soon enough.

SINEAD and AOIFE give little squeals of delight.

BOYLE
I say we stop off on the way for a little lubrication.

AOIFE
Kinky!

SINEAD
That’ll be extra, now, Sergeant.

BOYLE
Hah? What--

AOIFE and SINEAD giggle.

BOYLE
Oh, jeez, you’re a dirty pair of little minxes!

EXT. HOUSE. DAY.

EVERETT knocks on the door of a house with a breathtaking view of Connemara. Photos of Sheehy, Cornell and O’Leary in one hand. His FBI badge in the other.
CONTINUED:

After a moment, a WOMAN opens the door. She looks blankly at him. EVERETT flashes his ID.

    EVERETT
    Special Agent Wendell Everett, ma'am,
    Federal Bureau of Investigation.
    I was wondering--

    WOMAN
    (yelling, in Gaelic)
    Bartley! There's a black man at the door!

She looks at EVERETT, then turns and disappears inside.

EVERETT waits, puzzled.

BARTLEY appears, carrying an Art Deco lamp.

    BARTLEY
    (in Gaelic)
    What can I do for you?

    EVERETT
    Ah. Do you speak English, sir?

    BARTLEY
    (in Gaelic)
    This is Ireland. Go over to England if you want to speak English.

EVERETT looks blankly at him, having no idea what he has just said. He holds up the photos.

    EVERETT
    I was wondering if you'd seen any of these men over the last few days?

BARTLEY glances perfunctorily at the photographs.

    BARTLEY
    (in Gaelic)
    No I haven't. And even if I had, I wouldn't tell you. Now you'll have to excuse me, I have to fix this lamp. It was a birthday present from my aunt in Australia. Good day to you.

He closes the door. EVERETT looks blankly at the door.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

EVERETT is trudging up the road. An OLD FARMER turns the corner ahead of him. EVERETT pauses, his photos at the ready. The OLD FARMER slowly walks down the length of the road towards him. As he reaches him --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

EVERETT
Excuse me, sir. Special Agent Wendell
Everett, Federal Bureau of...

The OLD FARMER passes EVERETT as if he wasn’t there. EVERETT remains poised with his photos.

EXT. HURLING PITCH - DAY

A match in full flow. EVERETT can be seen getting nowhere with the SPECTATORS as he shows them the photos. Eventually, he gives up and traipses away.

EUGENE cycles up to him excitedly.

EUGENE
Are you the FBI man?

EVERETT
Yes I am.

EUGENE
Behavioural Science Unit?

EVERETT
Uh, no, I’m investigating the smuggling of narcotics--

EUGENE
(disappointed)
Ah, drugs.

He cycles off. EVERETT nods to himself.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

EVERETT is sitting on a stone wall. A beautiful white horse wanders over to him, curious. EVERETT shows it the photos.

EVERETT
You know this guy?...What about this guy?...You better start talking, pal, or I’ll take you downtown and throw your ass in the slammer, you get me?

He smiles, gently patting the horse’s muzzle, and offering it a sugar cube from his pocket.

INT. G HOTEL (ROOM)- DAY

BOYLE pops the cork of a bottle of Cristal --

BOYLE
That’ll be me in a minute!
Like Vesuvius, I am.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SINEAD and AOIFE hold their glasses to the spuming champagne --

SINEAD
Cristal, hah!

AOIFE
You’re the last of the big spenders, Sergeant.

BOYLE
Nothing but the best for you two hoors! I mean that in a nice way. No offence, like. *

He gets a glass for himself. *

SINEAD
P Diddy drinks Cristal. And Jay-Z.

BOYLE
No, no, Jay-Z started boycotting it. Doesn’t drink it anymore.

SINEAD
Why not?

BOYLE
The managing director of Cristal made racist comments or something. According to Jay-Z, anyways.

AOIFE
Ah sure everybody’s racist nowadays.

SINEAD
Where’s the harm?

BOYLE
Ah, God love the pair of ya!

JUMP-CUT to --

AOIFE finishing applying her lipstick in the bathroom. *

SINEAD (O.S.)
Y’know, you’re not in bad shape for an auld lad. *

BOYLE (O.S.)
So my mother’s always telling me. *

SINEAD (O.S.) *
Sergeant!

AOIFE emerges from the bathroom. PAN ACROSS to reveal -- *

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE and SINEAD entwined on the bed, disrobing one another.
AOIFE
You’re not that old, now, don’t be listening to her.

BOYLE
I suppose I’m old enough to be your father.

SINEAD
Well you can think about that while you’re fucking us, if that’s what turns you on.

BOYLE
Oh God, Sinead, you are one sick puppy. I think I’m in love!

AOIFE kneels on the bed and takes a picture of BOYLE with her cellphone --

BOYLE
What’s the craic?

AOIFE
It’s just a little memento.

SINEAD
You can put it in your archive, Sergeant.

BOYLE
I know what I’d like to put in your archive.

SINEAD
The man’s obsessed!

BOYLE yanks off SINEAD’s tight-fitting top --

BOYLE
A-ha! A Wonderbra.

SINEAD
Now it can be revealed. I have very small breasts.

BOYLE
That’s okay, I have a very small penis.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SINEAD and AOIFE laugh. BOYLE grabs hold of them and rolls them around on the bed as they squeal and giggle.

JUMP-CUT to --

BOYLE lying in bed in a hotel dressing gown, smoking a cigar, a glass of whiskey in his hand, watching --

SINEAD and AOIFE adjusting their stockings and suspenders, straightening their skirts.

BOYLE
This...is...the life!

SINEAD
Are we to assume you are satisfied with the service, Sergeant?

BOYLE
I’m totally drained, sure. I have no jism left.

AOIFE
Be giving us a good review at the agency, now.

BOYLE
Five stars. I only wish I’d brought my handcuffs.

SINEAD
Sure there’s always a next time.

BOYLE
You’d be into a bit of bondage, hah?

AOIFE
Only for you, Sergeant, only for you.

They blow him a kiss, kick up their heels, and exit.

OVERHEAD SHOT -- BOYLE leans back into the pillows and sighs, a big grin on his face.

INT. GARDA CAR – DAY

PAN from the road ahead to BOYLE in the driver’s seat, still smiling. Something catches his eye. He slows the car, frowning. Reverses. Stops.

EXT. LONELY SPOT – DAY

HOLD on BOYLE as he gets out of the car. He leaves the tarmac road and walks down a short, winding incline. He halts, taking in the scene.

BOYLE
Ah, for fuck’s sake.
CONTINUED:

REVERSE SHOT -- McBride’s Garda car is parked in a lonely spot overlooking a deep lake.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. LONELY SPOT - NIGHT

McBride’s Garda car surrounded by a FORENSIC TEAM. The location spectrally lit up.

INT HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

BOYLE and GABRIELA are at the bar.

GABRIELA
I do not understand. Just because his car is here, why does that mean he has killed himself?

BOYLE
It’s a suicide hotspot. A lot of the locals have drowned themselves here. It’s well known.

GABRIELA
But Aidan was not from here. We only arrived a few days ago.

BOYLE
Good point. But still.

They look out over the lake.

GABRIELA
Why do they kill themselves?

BOYLE
Ah sure, why does anybody kill themselves? It’s mostly young men. The drink. Depression. Lack of sex. That’s the main one, in my view. I bet you now, if I opened a brothel around here I’d cut the suicide rate in half.

GABRIELA
I do not think Aidan committed suicide.

BOYLE
Neither do I, to be honest with you. He didn’t seem intelligent enough.

GABRIELA glances at BOYLE, but he is totally oblivious to the insensitivity of the remark.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
But you never can tell. Nobody knows who's going to outlive who these days. Of course, if it's not suicide, it's foul play.

GABRIELA
Foul play?

BOYLE
Murder. Malice aforethought.

GABRIELA
But I cannot think of anybody who would have wanted to do something bad to Aidan.

BOYLE
He's a guard, somebody somewhere probably had a grudge against him. It's a more likely theory than suicide, in my opinion. Is there anything you can tell me about him that might have a bearing on this? Anything personal or--

GABRIELA
He is gay.

BOYLE
Hah?

GABRIELA
He is gay. You know, when one man puts his--

BOYLE
I'm familiar with the mechanics of it, yeah. I just didn't realise...

GABRIELA
Do you think he might have met someone here who did something bad to him? Like a... What do you say?

BOYLE
A rent boy?

GABRIELA
Yes, a rent boy or something?

BOYLE
No, we don't get a lot of call for rent boys out this way. Far as I know, anyways. Maybe in town.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE (CONT'D)

Why d’you marry him, then? For the visa, I suppose?

She looks at him.

BOYLE

This is just between you and me.

GABRIELA

Yes. I get the visa and he looks...

BOYLE

Respectable.

GABRIELA

Yes, respectable.

BOYLE

It’s a shame he still had to go through that rigmarole, in this day and age.

GABRIELA

Yes. He was a nice man.

(pause)

He is a nice man.

INT. HANLEY'S BAR - NIGHT

EVERETT is at the bar, slightly inebriated, a half-drunk Guinness in front of him. Dressed in casual clothes that are stylish but quirky.

BOYLE enters and saunters up.

BOYLE

Wendell.

(glancing at his clothes)

Do you juggle as well?

EVERETT

Fuck you, Sergeant.

BOYLE laughs, hopping onto a stool beside him.

BOYLE

(to the BARMAN)

A hot whiskey, John-Joe. And a cold one while I’m waiting.

(to EVERETT)

Yourself?

(CONTINUED)
EVERETT
I'll have a Guinness.

BOYLE
Good man yourself.
(to the BARMAN)
I'll have the same.

The BARMAN starts pouring the pints. Gets BOYLE his whiskey.

BOYLE
Like the Fat Man said, if you've got to be careful not to drink too much, it's because you're not to be trusted when you do.

BOYLE knocks back the whiskey in one go.

BOYLE
Any luck?

EVERETT
Not a damn thing. The people here...

BOYLE
I know. It's like Compton, hah?

EVERETT
Exactly. They're certainly not too keen on talking to the law, that's for damn sure. Most of 'em don't even seem to speak English.

BOYLE
Ah, they speak English well enough. This is a Gaelic-speaking region, though. Did they not tell you that at Langley?

EVERETT
No, they did not tell me that at Langley, seeing as how Langley is the CIA, you idiot, not the FBI.

BOYLE
You didn't know that people in the West of Ireland speak Gaelic, and I'm the idiot?

EVERETT looks at BOYLE. Then nods, as if to say "touché". He finishes the pint in front of him.

EVERETT
How was your day off?

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
Energetic. Listen, something's come up, and I'm not just talking about my cock. One of my men has gone missing. McBride. I found his car just down the road a-ways, in a known suicide spot. He was on duty at the time.

EVERETT
Any sign of foul play?

BOYLE
Not as far as we know at the moment.

EVERETT
You don't think it's suicide, obviously, so what are you thinking?

BOYLE
That fella McCormick murdered, and now a guard just disappears into thin air? It's too much of a coincidence.

EVERETT
Could be he stumbled onto something and got...

BOYLE
Whacked?

EVERETT
Whacked, yeah.

BOYLE
His first day on the job, too. Talk about bad luck.

EVERETT
Yeah. So where do we start?

The BARMAN serves their pints.

BOYLE
I say we start with these two lads and then take it from there. (clinking glasses)
Sláinte. (pause)
That's Gaelic.

EVERETT looks sourly at him.

INT. HANLEY'S BAR - LATER

On the tiny dance floor, an ELDERLY COUPLE is dancing to Liam Clancy's cover of "The Parting Glass".
BOYLE and EVERETT idly watch them. Empty glasses, big and small, litter the bar in front of them.

    BOYLE
    What was the first case you ever solved?

    EVERETT
    Stealing an ostrich.

    BOYLE
    Hah?

    EVERETT
    Guy stole an ostrich, transported it across a state line. Something to do with the eggs.

    BOYLE
    Well I suppose it’s more original than dealing crack. You ever had crack?

    EVERETT
    Do you think I would tell you if I had?

    BOYLE
    I’ve had it.

    EVERETT
    Yet again, I don’t think you should be telling me this.

    BOYLE
    It was only the once, sure.

    EVERETT
    And how did you find the experience?

    BOYLE
    I enjoyed it. They tell you if you have one hit you’re hooked, but that’s just shite. Just propaganda they sell to the kids.

    EVERETT
    You’re certainly an unconventional police officer, Sergeant Boyle.

    BOYLE
    Thank you.

    EVERETT
    That wasn’t meant as a compliment.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
Ah now, you're only messing, I know that.
(pause)
You ever kill anybody, Wendell?
In the line of duty, I'm saying.

EVERETT
No. Neither in the line of duty nor privately. Have you?

BOYLE
(sadly)
I wish.
(pause)
Cousin of mine in America has.
He was in the Gulf War. He was in
the same unit as Timothy McVeigh.
You know, the Oklahoma Bomber?

EVERETT
Yes, I know the Oklahoma Bomber.

BOYLE
He was a real little prick,
apparently. Played Michael Bolton
records all the time, really loudly.
Drove everybody pure mad.

EVERETT frowns, unsure whether to believe this.

BOYLE glances up and notices the CCTV camera in the corner. EVERETT follows his gaze. Then looks back at BOYLE. Then back at the CCTV camera.

EVERETT
What's so fascinating?

INT. BOYLE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

CLOSE on CCTV footage -- BILLY DEVANEY at the bar of Hanley's, in a heated conversation with JOEY BRENnan.

EVERETT is on the couch watching the television, which is playing the CCTV tape. BOYLE enters with two mugs of tea.

BOYLE
Nice mug of tea.

He hands a mug to EVERETT and sits opposite.

EVERETT
Which one's Devaney, the Italian?
BOYLE
Yeah. So anyways, I had what I thought was a crank call saying the person responsible for killing McCormick was this lad Billy Devaney. Devaney's alibi was that he was in Hanley's on the night battering the head off Joey Brennan there.

EVERETT
So?

BOYLE
So maybe whoever made the crank call was in there that night, saw Billy--

EVERETT
--go crazy assaulting Brennan and decided to put him in the frame for McCormick as well.

BOYLE
Eggszactly!

CLOSE on the CCTV footage -- BRENNAN rears up in front of DEVANEY, who grabs a blunderbuss from off the bar and swings it at BRENNAN, cracking him over the head.

BOYLE
Jesus, he gave him a hell of a clout. He's strong for a little lad.

CLOSE on the CCTV footage -- BRENNAN throws a few weak punches, but DEVANEY keeps battering him with the gun.

EVERETT
What's that he's hitting him with?

BOYLE
A blunderbuss.

EVERETT
Right. I thought it was a musketoon. They look similar.

BOYLE nods, impressed by EVERETT's knowledge.

CLOSE on the CCTV footage -- BRENNAN is now unconscious on the ground. DEVANEY sits at the bar. TWO MEN appear and casually step over BRENNAN --

EVERETT
Freeze it!

BOYLE grabs the video remote and pauses the image --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on the CCTV footage -- the men are SHEEHY and CORNELL.
EVERETT
Goddamn, it’s Sheehy and Cornell!
They’re here!

BOYLE
Now we’re talking, boy!

HOLD on the image of SHEEHY and CORNELL.

EXT. GARDA STATION - DAY

Four cars are parked outside the station, none of them marked Garda vehicles, all with Dublin plates.

BOYLE, in uniform, drives up in his Garda car. Looks at the cars. Nods to himself.

BOYLE
The big city boys.

INT. GARDA STATION - DAY

EVERETT and EIGHT DETECTIVES are crowded into the small station. Some on their cellphones, talking excitedly, others tapping at their lap-tops, others drinking coffee and conferring around a large map of Connemara.

BOYLE enters and looks around, grinning --

BOYLE
A big map. People pointing.
Must be important!

EVERETT and the DETECTIVES pause to look at BOYLE for a moment, then resume what they were doing.

BOYLE approaches EVERETT, who is at the map with TWO DETECTIVES, circling possible landing-points.

EVERETT
--Here, here, and here. That’s just to begin with. Then we’ll move up and down the coast, point by point--

He pauses, noticing BOYLE at his shoulder, smiling.

BOYLE
It’s all happening now, hah?

EVERETT
(to the TWO DETECTIVES)
Excuse me a moment.

He takes BOYLE by the arm to usher him to one side, but BOYLE swiftly pulls his arm from EVERETT’s grasp.

EVERETT
I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to--

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
Don't you ever fucking grab hold of me like that again.

EVERETT
And don't you ever speak to me like that again, Sergeant Boyle.

The station telephone rings. A DETECTIVE answers it.

BOYLE
Got your fucking zombies around you now, hah? Mobile phones, computers. Very fucking sophisticated--

EVERETT
We are all working together on a vitally important case, Sergeant. Now what I need from you--

BOYLE
What do you need from me, Wendell, apart from a cup of fucking coffee?

He looks defiantly at EVERETT.

The DETECTIVE on the telephone looks up --

DETECTIVE
Hey, Boyle, you've got a call. Some lad wants to talk to ya.

MOODY looks up from his computer, amused --

MOODY
His cat's probably stuck up a tree or something.

The OTHER DETECTIVES laugh.

BOYLE is still staring at EVERETT. EVERETT turns away.

EXT. CONNEMARA BOG - DAY

EUGENE is standing on the desolate bog, his bike and his dog, Jasper, beside him.

A Garda car approaches along the bog road. Halts close to EUGENE. BOYLE gets out.

BOYLE
Where is it?

EUGENE
Beyond.

BOYLE
Lead the way, so.
CONTINUED:

EUGENE moves off across the bog, the dog at his heels. BOYLE follows at a leisurely pace.

After walking a short distance, EUGENE stops. His dog stops. BOYLE stops --

OVERHEAD SHOT -- they look down at a tarpaulin bundle poorly buried in a hole in the turf.

EUGENE
They didn’t hide it very well. Sloppy.

BOYLE
They were probably out here after dark. It’d be a lonely auld job up here at night.

EUGENE
Yeah. Probably ghosts up here and everything. Poltergeists.

BOYLE
I don’t know about poltergeists, now. There’s nothing to peg around. What were you doing up here anyways?

EUGENE
Wouldn’t you like to know.

BOYLE
You’ll be getting a belt, now, Eugene, if you carry on with that craic. Give me a hand here.

They crouch down over either end of the tarpaulin and lift it out onto drier ground.

OVERHEAD SHOT -- BOYLE and EUGENE unfold the tarpaulin to reveal two AK-47 rifles, six Glocks, a .357 Magnum, two thousand rounds of ammunition, Semtex explosive, and five timer power units. An IRA arms cache.

BOYLE looks at EUGENE.

EUGENE
What?

BOYLE
Hand it over.

EUGENE
Hah?

BOYLE
I’m not in the mood, Eugene.
EUGENE
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

BOYLE
You’ve taken something.

EUGENE
I have not!

BOYLE
You’ve taken something. You didn’t even act surprised, for fuck’s sake.

EUGENE
This is like the Birmingham Six all over again!

BOYLE
Hand it over, you little shit. Don’t make me frisk you.

EUGENE
You’re trippin’, nigga, if you think you’re gonna frisk me! I’ll have you up on charges!

BOYLE
Do you want me to batter the hell out of you, Eugene? Because I will, boy, no questions asked!

EUGENE considers this. He puts his hand down inside his tracksuit bottoms and fumbles around --

BOYLE
What in the hell are ya--

EUGENE finally producing a Derringer -- a small, single-shot pocket pistol. He hands it to BOYLE.

BOYLE
It’s tiny.

EUGENE
It’s a Derringer. John Wilkes Booth used one to assassinate Abraham Lincoln.

BOYLE
I wouldn’t have thought they’d do that much damage.

EUGENE
Ah, they get the job done, so I’m told. Although I can’t see what use they’d be to the ‘RA.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
Maybe they’re for killing little Protestants.

EUGENE laughs widely, showing the gaps in his teeth.

EUGENE
Killing little Protestants! That’s funny!

BOYLE pockets the Derringer.

BOYLE
Well, we better get them loaded and be heading back. And not a peep about this to anyone, d’ya hear me?

EUGENE
Let me have a go of one of them first.

BOYLE
Are you off your head or what? As if I’m going to—

EUGENE
That’s not fair! I found them! I didn’t have to tell you at all, ya bollix!

BOYLE makes a lunge for him that EUGENE deftly dodges. EUGENE then swiftly changes tack, from anger to pleading, clasping his hands in supplication—

EUGENE
Just give me a go of one of them and I won’t say a word to nobody, Sergeant, I promise.

BOYLE considers this. He looks at EUGENE’s sad little face. Then looks at Jasper’s sad little face.

BOYLE
Which one?

EUGENE
(brightening up)
The AK-47!

BOYLE picks up one of the AK-47s.

BOYLE
It’s almost as big as you are, for fuck’s sake.

EUGENE
Ah go on, you promised!

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
I didn't promise anything.

He puts away the AK-47.
CONTINUED:

EUGENE

Ah, go on!

BOYLE comes up with the .357 Magnum. He checks that
it's loaded and hands it to EUGENE.

BOYLE

Be careful, now.

EUGENE hefts the Magnum, admiring it. BOYLE ducking out
of the line of fire.

EUGENE

It's okay if I let off a few rounds,
so?

BOYLE

Go on ahead for yourself.

EUGENE steadies himself. BOYLE takes a step back --

EUGENE fires off a shot that frightens the life out of
Jasper and throws EUGENE onto the seat of his pants.
After the shock has passed, his face lights up --

EUGENE

Guns are mad things, aren't they?

BOYLE grabs the Magnum.

BOYLE

Mad, yeah.

EXT. SALTHILL DIVING PIER - DAY

CORNELL is on the pier, looking out onto the promenade.
A leather briefcase beside him.

Inspector STANTON and Detective MOODY appear. They
approach cautiously along the pier, climbing the flight
of steps to CORNELL.

STANTON

Like a donkey fucking a hippopotamus,
it's party time.

CORNELL

What?

MOODY

Like a donkey fucking a hippopotamus,
it's party time.

CORNELL

What the fuck are you on about?

(CONTINUED)
STANTON
Sheehy said--

CORNELL
He was taking the fucking piss, for fuck's sake.

CORNELL hands the briefcase to MOODY.

MOODY
That's nice. Is it real leather?

CORNELL
What am I, fucking cheap?

STANTON
It's all there, yeah?

CORNELL
Excuse me?

STANTON
It's all there?

CORNELL
No, it's not all there. I've skimmed a few grand off the top.

STANTON
Hah?

CORNELL
Of course it's all fucking there. This is the pay-off, yeah? We pay you off and you and your pals keep your noses out of our fucking business, yeah? That's the dynamic in this situation. So why the fuck would I then cheat you out of your money, hey? Why would I do that? That would make no sense. That would defeat the entire purpose of the entire fucking interaction. Fuck me!

He shakes his head in despair as he descends the steps. [We can see he has a gun tucked in at his back.]

MOODY
Somebody got out of bed on the wrong side this morning.

As CORNELL walks off, he makes a sinister turn and looks back at STANTON and MOODY, giving them pause.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

BOYLE is sitting at the end of a row of seats, looking blankly ahead.

(CONTINUED)
A door to the side opens -- STANTON and EVERETT enter.
BOYLE
Ah. The Irish-American Alliance.

STANTON
Don’t start, you. You’re in enough trouble as it is.

EVERETT
He’s not in trouble, Inspector, we just need to clear the air is all.

BOYLE
(to STANTON)
What’s wrong with your office?

STANTON
It’s being redecorated. The fumes.

BOYLE
Redecorated again? What colour are you painting it this time, yellow?

STANTON
What d’you mean by that?

BOYLE
I don’t mean anything by it. It was an innocent-enough question.

EVERETT looks from BOYLE to STANTON, puzzled.

STANTON
You meant something by it, you prick. Trying to cast aspersions.

BOYLE
I’m not trying to cast aspersions. You’ve a very long and distinguished service record. We all know that.

STANTON
Oh go fuck yourself, Boyle.

EVERETT
Listen, for the sake of this investigation, can we get past any personal animosity the two of you may have? It’s unhelpful and it’s unprofessional. We’ve got a serious job of work to do here. Which is why I want to apologise to you, Sergeant, for what happened this morning. It was out of line. There’s no reason why we can’t work together on this. I don’t want you to think I’m freezing you out. That was never my intention.

BOYLE looks blankly ahead.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

STANTON
Answer the man.

BOYLE
Yeah, yellow. Same colour as your gazebo.

EVERETT sighs.

STANTON
Get the fuck out of here, Boyle.
I’m sick of the sight of ya.

BOYLE gets up, stretches, and goes to the door.

STANTON
(to EVERETT)
I told you he was pure thick.
This was a waste of time.

BOYLE pauses at the door. Glances at EVERETT --

BOYLE
Did you not know he has a gazebo, no?
I’ll see ye.

He waves goodbye like James Dean in Giant, the door closing behind him.

STANTON
I don’t have a gazebo, Agent Everett.

EVERETT
I don’t care, man.

INT. AQUARIUM - DAY

SHEEHY and O’LEARY are looking into a tank filled with various marine animals. CORNELL appears.

CORNELL
I fucking hate rats, I swear to God.

SHEEHY
Did they try something?

CORNELL
No they didn’t try something.

O’LEARY
Then what’s the problem?

CORNELL
I’m just fucking sick and tired of the kind of people we have to deal with in this business.

(CONTINUED)
SHEEHY
What do you expect? We’re drug-traffickers.

O’LEARY
The Dalai Lama’s hardly going to be looking for a piece of the action.

CLOSE on a second tank. The faces of CORNELL, SHEEHY and O’LEARY appearing, distorted by the water and the glass as they watch the movements of a lobster.

CORNELL
It’s dispiriting, though. I mean, what’s the point? It’s all so fucking meaningless.

O’LEARY
The money.

CORNELL
The money. Yeah. But how much money do you need to be happy?

SHEEHY
The whores.

CORNELL
The whores. Yeah. But I’m at a stage in my life where I’m looking for a more meaningful relationship. Y’know?

O’LEARY
I’m with you there. Monogamous.

A third tank. CORNELL, SHEEHY and O’LEARY framed by a large painting of a spider crab.

CORNELL
There’s one guard Stanton can’t vouch for, said he’s too unpredictable.

SHEEHY
Don’t tell me, let me guess. Boyle.

CORNELL
Yeah that’s it.

Back to the first tank. CORNELL fascinated by the movements of a basking shark.

CORNELL
I like sharks. They’re soothing.

CLOSE on the shark.

MATCH CUT TO:
INTERIOR. CHURCH - DAY

CLOSE on a crucified Christ.

BOYLE is in a pew beside the confessional. After a moment, the confessional door opens to reveal EILEEN, struggling to get up from her kneeling position.

BOYLE reaches her, and helps her up and over to a pew.

EILEEN
He was no use.

BOYLE
Sure what have you got to confess, anyways, at your age?

EILEEN
What's my age got to do with it? Pol Pot was in his seventies when he died.

BOYLE
I think Pol Pot's shenanigans were a little bit more malicious than anything you might've got up to.

EILEEN
Shows how much you know.

BOYLE
Oh really? You took part in a wild orgy or something? One of them bacchanals?

EILEEN
Ah, go 'way.

He sits down beside her.

BOYLE
Bust a cap in the ass of a homey?

EILEEN
(with a giggle)
"Bust a cap in the ass." Funny.

They sit in silence for a moment.

EILEEN
How are things in the world of law enforcement?

BOYLE
We've had a fella over from the FBI.

EILEEN
Oh! Behavioural Science Unit?

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE

Drugs.

Ah, sure.

BOYLE

Yeah.

EILEEN

What type of drugs?

BOYLE

Cocaine.

EILEEN

Cocaine. I could do with some cocaine. They say it gives you a lot of get-up-and-go.

BOYLE

It perks you up, alright. Helps you get off with the lasses, too. They’re mad for the stuff.

EILEEN

Sure who can blame them?

BOYLE

True enough.

EILEEN

(after a pause)

What about amyl nitrate?

BOYLE

Hah?

EILEEN

What about amyl nitrate? What does that do for you?

BOYLE

What am I, a fucking drugs aficionado? What’s with the interest all of a sudden?

EILEEN

I don’t know. I feel like I’ve missed out.

BOYLE

You’ve missed out on amyl nitrate?

EILEEN

Generally, I’m saying.
BOYLE
We've all fucking missed out
generally. You're not alone there.
(pause)
What's going on in that tiny little
brain? Come on, tell me.

EILEEN
I was thinking, I haven't listened
to music in a long time. Live music,
you know? A ceilidh band.

BOYLE
Sure if that's all that's bothering
you, I'll sort something out for
tonight.

EILEEN
You will?

BOYLE
I'll see what's on. Bound to be
something good on somewhere. And it's
not like you're that hard to please.

EILEEN
That's what they said to me at the
orgy!

They laugh.

INT. EDDIE ROCKET'S DINER - DAY

AOIFE is sitting in a booth, sucking on a milkshake.
She has a black eye and a bruised lip. Middle of the
Road's "Chirpy Chirp Cheep Cheep" playing on the
jukebox. She looks up --

BOYLE, still in uniform, is standing with his hands in
his pockets. They look at each other for a long moment.

BOYLE
You've been in the wars, hah?

AOIFE
Yeah.

BOYLE
Who did that to you?

AOIFE
Just a fella.

BOYLE
Just a fella. Not a very nice fella.

AOIFE
There aren't any nice fellas.
BOYLE
Oh I wouldn't be too sure about that, now. That's a very pessimistic worldview.

AOIFE sucks to the bottom of her milkshake. BOYLE attracts the attention of a passing WAITRESS.

BOYLE
Two more of them, please. Chocolate.

The WAITRESS moves off. BOYLE slips into the booth.

BOYLE
What brings you back to Galway, Aoife? Nothing good, I'm betting.

AOIFE
I was told to come.

BOYLE
Who told you to come?

AOIFE
A fella.

BOYLE
A fella. The same fella who laid into you?

AOIFE
Maybe.

BOYLE
And what did this enigmatic fella have to say for himself?

AOIFE
It's about those pictures.

BOYLE
What pictures?

AOIFE
The photographs. From the G.

BOYLE looks blankly at AOIFE. Her head is lowered.

BOYLE
What about them?

AOIFE
I was told to tell you, you're to keep your head down, if you know what's good for you.

She looks up at him. He looks straight back at her. She lowers her head again, ashamed.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
And if I don't keep my head down, what then?

AOIFE shrugs. The WAITRESS delivers the two milkshakes.

BOYLE takes a long suck on his milkshake. AOIFE looks up at him. He continues sucking on it. AOIFE smiles.

Then she glances up and her smile fades. BOYLE follows her glance --

SHEEHY has approached the table, a bottle of Sol in his hand. Bobbie Gentry's "Ode to Billy Joe" has started playing on the jukebox.

SHEEHY
Are we making any headway or what?

He slips into the booth, facing BOYLE, AOIFE in the middle. BOYLE puts down his milkshake.

BOYLE
Sheehy.

SHEEHY
Sergeant Boyle.

BOYLE
So it was a set-up from the start? How d'ya work that?

SHEEHY
Ah no. Just a random thing. Heard on the grapevine there was a guard out in Galway was partial to the whores, decided to take advantage of it. Totally opportunistic on my part.

BOYLE nods. He and SHEEHY look at one another, until SHEEHY becomes aware of the song that is playing --

SHEEHY
This song freaks me out, man. I mean, what did they throw off the fucking Tallahatchie Bridge?

AOIFE
I always thought it was a baby.

BOYLE shoots a glance at AOIFE.

SHEEHY
Yeah? It could be a gun. It could be... It could be any fucking thing, when you think about it.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
Bobbie Gentry said she didn’t know what it was. It’s supposed to be, y’know, mysterious.

SHEEHY
Who’s Bobbie Gentry?

BOYLE
The singer. She wrote the song.

SHEEHY
Oh. Gives me the fucking creeps, anyways, whatever it is.

BOYLE
You know what gives me the creeps? Men who beat up women.

SHEEHY
That wasn’t me, now. That was one of my overenthusiastic minions.

BOYLE
Cornell or O’Leary?

SHEEHY
You’re very well-informed, Sergeant.

BOYLE
I like to keep abreast of current events.

SHEEHY
Good man yourself.
(pause)
No, I’m no fan of violence against women, and to be honest, I’m no fan of blackmail either. So as an added incentive...

He takes a stuffed envelope from his inside jacket pocket and places it in the centre of the table.

SHEEHY
Now.

BOYLE sucks on his milkshake.

BOYLE
What’s the point in paying me off? You’ll still have to pay off every other guard on the west coast.

SHEEHY looks blankly at him. Takes a slug of the Sol.

BOYLE
You’ve paid off everyone?

(CONTINUED)
SHEEHY

Enough as makes no odds.

BOYLE

Even Wendell?

SHEEHY

Oh, the Yank? No, I decided discretion was the better part of valour there. You know what Americans are like with their fucking “ideals”.

(pause)

Sergeant, I’ll say this now, just so’s we’re quite clear. This is a one-time-only offer. You cross me on this and you’re finished. And this is not just about me. You can’t just arrest me and it’s over. There are men behind the men. Do you understand?

BOYLE

I understand, Sheehy. I understand.

SHEEHY

Good. Goodbye, amigos.

He gets up from the booth and exits.

BOYLE and AOIFE sit in silence. BOYLE rubs his temple --

AOIFE

Are ya alright?

BOYLE

That milkshake’s after giving me a fucking milkshake-headache.

AOIFE

Oh I hate them.

(pause)

What are ya gonna do?

BOYLE

It’s alright. It’ll go in a minute.

He looks at her. She smiles. He gets up, leaving the money.

BOYLE

Buy yourself something nice, Aoife. I’ll see ye.

He exits. AOIFE sits still a moment, then reaches out and grabs the envelope, putting it in her lap.
INT. G HOTEL (BLUE LOUNGE) - DAY

EVERETT and Inspector STANTON are seated in the baroque Blue Lounge. STANTON glancing at the decor.

STANTON
You know when you hear tell about someone being liquidated? You know,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
STANTON (CONT'D)
by the Mob, like? What does that actually mean?

EVERETT
It means they've been killed. What else would it mean?

STANTON
Yeah, I know that. But does it mean they've actually been turned into liquid?

EVERETT
No, just killed.

STANTON
Yeah. I suppose turning someone into liquid would be too time-consuming, hah? It'd take ages.

He stares off into the middle distance. EVERETT looks blankly at him.

GABRIELA appears in the corridor to the lounge, dressed in a staff uniform. She approaches apprehensively. EVERETT stands, STANTON remains seated.

GABRIELA
You have found him?

EVERETT
No, I'm sorry, Mrs McBride. We just wanted to ask you a few questions. Please.

He motions GABRIELA to a seat. Sits opposite her.

GABRIELA
I thought Sergeant Boyle was--

STANTON
He's been relieved of those duties.

GABRIELA
Why?

STANTON
He's not right in the head.

EVERETT
I don't think we need to get into this with Mrs McBride, Inspector.

STANTON
Right you are, so, you'd know more than me, go ahead.

GABRIELA glances between STANTON and EVERETT.

(CONTINUED)
EVERETT
Mrs McBride, can you think of any reason why your husband may have chosen to disappear?

GABRIELA
No. I have told Sergeant Boyle all I know.

EVERETT
I understand that, but--

STANTON
Was he on the take?

GABRIELA
I do not understand--

STANTON
McBride. Was he taking money from people? Gangsters, like?

GABRIELA
He was a good man. Why would he--

STANTON
Ah, sure, we're all good men. The fact remains, he shows up in the West at the exact same time a bunch of drug-smugglers are planning to land half a billion dollars' worth of cocaine and then he suddenly goes missing? Sounds fishy to me.

EVERETT looks at STANTON, astonished.

GABRIELA
You are saying my husband is a criminal?

EVERETT
Hold on, now, just a minute--

STANTON
I'm saying many a blind eye'll be turned for that kind of money. And he is from Dublin after all.

GABRIELA stands, as does EVERETT.

GABRIELA
I thought you were trying to find my husband, but you come here to insult him?

EVERETT
I apologise for the insensitivity of Inspector Stanton's remarks, Mrs Mc--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GABRIELA
I will only speak to Sergeant Boyle about this. Please do not come to my place of work again. Good day to you.

She turns and exits. EVERETT watches her go, then looks at STANTON, who is still seated.

STANTON
Touchy, hah? They’re like that, the Romanians.

EXT. CONNEMARA AERODROME - DAY

BOYLE is sitting on the boot of his Garda car, smoking, watching a plane fly in from the Aran Islands.

A VW Beetle drives up and parks alongside. The driver is COLUM HENNESSEY. Forty, IRA. He gets out. Dressed in denim. Places a cowboy hat on his head. Tips it.

HENNESSEY
Sergeant.

BOYLE
Colum.

HENNESSEY takes a vial from his pocket and taps out a handful of multicoloured pills.

HENNESSEY
You want one of these?

BOYLE
What are they?

HENNESSEY
I have no idea. Libyan lad gave them to me. They’re all different colours, look.

BOYLE
I’ll pass, Colum.

HENNESSEY
I like the purple ones. They make you feel frisky.

He gulps down a handful.

HENNESSEY
Let’s have a little look-see for ourselves.

BOYLE hops down from the boot, and opens it to reveal the IRA arms cache.

(CONTINUED)
HENNESSEY
Who was it found it?

BOYLE
Young lad.

HENNESSEY
We won't have any problems there?

BOYLE
No, he's a good lad. He's a bit cracked, anyways, so even if he said anything...

HENNESSEY nods. Flips open a notepad and consults it. Glances at the arms cache. Frowns.

HENNESSEY
This is the lot, yeah?

BOYLE
Yeah. What's the problem?

HENNESSEY
There's supposed to be two Kalashnikovs and six of these handguns. And a Derringer.

BOYLE
What's a Derringer?

HENNESSEY
It's like a baby gun. One of the gay lads used to like, ah... secreting them about his person.

BOYLE
There were gay lads in the IRA?

HENNESSEY
One or two, yeah. It was the only way we could successfully infiltrate MI5.

BOYLE nods. HENNESSEY looks at him.

BOYLE
What?

HENNESSEY
I mean, an AK-47, a Glock and a Derringer. That's a lot to go missing, like.

BOYLE nods. HENNESSEY looks at him.

HENNESSEY
I mean, what do you think happened to them?

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
Maybe the mice ate them.

HENNESSEY
Hah?

BOYLE
Maybe the mice ate them.

HENNESSEY
I can't be after putting that in my report. "The mice ate them."

BOYLE
No?

HENNESSEY
Not really, no.

BOYLE
(getting worked up)
Well why don't you put in your report that Sergeant Boyle went out of his fucking way to do you boys a fucking favour and he got really fucking annoyed when you started asking him stupid fucking questions about a few missing fucking guns, trying to fucking catch him out as if he's just some kind of fucking gobshite!

HENNESSEY
Ah, there's no need--

BOYLE
You have your fucking explosives, don't ya? I mean it's not like you lads were ever that keen on getting in close for a scrap, now, was it? Blowing up Australians by mistake from a distance was more your modus operandi.

HENNESSEY
Ah, now, there's no need to be like that. I can see I've upset ya and I apologise for it, okay? And let's leave it at that.

BOYLE
(totally calm again)
I accept your apology, Colum. You boys owe me one, though. For going out of my way.

HENNESSEY
I'll put it to the High Command.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
Is there still a High Command?

HENNESSEY
There is.

BOYLE
Well I can’t ask fairer than that.

HENNESSEY lifts the tarpaulin out of the boot and carries it to the rear of his VW. Takes out his keys --

BOYLE
The boot’s at the other end, Colum.

HENNESSEY looks at BOYLE, then at the VW. He looks.

HENNESSEY
I’m always doing that.

He lifts up the tarpaulin and traipses around to the front of the VW.

BOYLE shakes his head.

EXT. COASTLINE - EVENING

SHEEHY, O’LEARY and CORNELL silhouetted, looking down onto Spiddal pier. SHEEHY with a pair of binoculars --

SHEEHY’s POV through the binoculars -- the pier is totally deserted.

SHEEHY
Nothing. Tomorrow night, so.
We’re good to go.

CORNELL
Oh I hate that.

SHEEHY
What?

CORNELL
Americanisms.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

SHEEHY, CORNELL and O’LEARY walk towards their car.

O’LEARY
What about the guard?

SHEEHY
I don’t know. That’s an anomaly.
Is that the right word? I don’t think it is.
O'LEARY
Why? The guard, I mean.

SHEEHY
The blackmail didn't seem to bother him. And he didn't take the money.

CORNELL
Yeah? I'm impressed.

SHEEHY
I was, too, I have to say.

O'LEARY
Good luck to him.

CORNELL
It's not often you come across that kind of integrity. In our business.

They reach the car.

SHEEHY
Still.

CORNELL
Yeah we can't have that.

SHEEHY
We'll have to make sure he's out of harm's way.

They look at O'LEARY.

O'LEARY
Why is it always me, though?

CORNELL
Because you're a psychopath.

O'LEARY
I find that to be highly discriminatory against the mentally ill.

SHEEHY and CORNELL laugh. They open the car doors.

O'LEARY
And anyways, I'm a sociopath, not a psychopath. They explained that to me in Mountjoy.

SHEEHY
What's the difference?

O'LEARY
I can't remember. It's a tricky one.

They get into the car and drive away.
EXT/INT. NEACHTAIN'S BAR - NIGHT

A CEILIDH BAND is playing in the packed bar. BOYLE, in casual clothes, carries two pints and two whiskies on a tray to a booth where EILEEN is waiting. He sits --

EILEEN
Down the hatch!

They knock back the whiskies in one go.

EILEEN
What did Doctor Oleyuwo say to you?

BOYLE
What could he say?

EILEEN
He won’t be too happy, me out gallivanting.

BOYLE
I told him I’d have him deported if he made any trouble.

EILEEN
You’re a terror!

BOYLE
Ah, he’s alright, though.

EILEEN
He is really. He’s a good-looking man. Very distinguished-looking. Very dignified.

BOYLE
Ah, that’s what they always say about auld black fellas. “He has great dignity.” It’s racist.

EILEEN
Is it?
(pause)
Sidney Poitier.
(pause)
They do say they have large penises. Black men.

BOYLE
That’s just a myth.

EILEEN
(disappointed)
Is it?

BOYLE
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)
EILEEN

Somebody was telling me--

Suddenly she almost doubles over, clutching her abdomen. BOYLE reaches out to her, she grabs his hand and squeezes it till the wave of pain passes.

BOYLE

Okay?

She sits up again. Nods. Takes a swallow from her pint. BOYLE watching her.

BOYLE

We shouldn't have come out.

EILEEN

No, no, I'll be alright.

They listen to the music. BOYLE still concerned.

EILEEN

Thanks for taking me out, Gerry. You're a good boy. You've always been a good boy.

BOYLE

Ah, stop.

EILEEN

You never gave me a moment's grief.

BOYLE

Ah, stop, now. We both know that's not true.

EILEEN

Let's pretend that it is.

She holds out her hand. BOYLE grasps it.

BOYLE

Look at your little hands.

EILEEN/BOYLE

Almost like a real person's!

They laugh at their in-joke. EILEEN takes another swallow of her pint. They listen to the music.

EILEEN

Lovely music.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

FADE IN on the PARISH PRIEST saying the mass in Gaelic.

(CONTINUED)
The church full of PARISHIONERS. BOYLE, smartly dressed, among them. As is EVERETT, quirkily dressed, the only black face in a sea of white faces.

PARISH PRIEST
(in Gaelic)
May the peace of the Lord be with you all.

PARISHIONERS
(in Gaelic)
And also with you.

PARISH PRIEST
(in Gaelic)
Let us offer each other the sign of peace.

The PARISHIONERS turn to one another to shake hands --

As BOYLE does so, he sees GABRIELA is in the pew behind him. He smiles and shakes her hand. She smiles back.

The PARISHIONERS beside EVERETT converge on him, excited to shake the hand of an FBI man.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The PARISHIONERS file out, many loitering to gossip and smoke. They part for BOYLE and EVERETT, who have inadvertently found themselves alongside one another.

BOYLE
Never pegged you for a Catholic, Wendell.

EVERETT
Is that right?

BOYLE
Thought you'd be into one of those silly religions.

EVERETT
What exactly do you consider a silly religion, Sergeant?

BOYLE
The ones where they believe in aliens and spaceships and all that shite.

EVERETT
Scientologists.

BOYLE
I was thinking Baptists and Presbyterians, mainly.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BOYLE (CONT'D)
Sure it's all little green men in the end, though, hah. I'll see ye.

He scoots off, having spotted GABRIELA. *

EVERETT smiles wryly.
EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE CHURCH – DAY

GABRIELA walking along. BOYLE saunters up alongside her.

BOYLE

How are things?

GABRIELA

Oh. You know.
(pause)
They say that "no news is good news"?

BOYLE

Yes, they say that, but it's not true. No news is generally very bad.

GABRIELA looks at him for a long moment.

GABRIELA

You are a very honest man.

BOYLE

I'm sorry.

GABRIELA

No, it is good. I have not met many honest men in my life. Even Aidan...

BOYLE

He had his reasons, I suppose.
(pause)
How are you feeling in yourself?

GABRIELA

I know it has only been a little while, but the house...

BOYLE

It must feel awful lonesome.

GABRIELA

Yes...We were not in love, of course, but companionship...It is very important, yes?

BOYLE

Yeah. Especially out here.

GABRIELA

How do you deal with loneliness, Sergeant?

BOYLE

I hire prostitutes.

(Continued)
GABRIELA
(after a pause)
I am sorry?
BOYLE
I hire prostitutes. Good-time girls, you know?

GABRIELA nods, considering this.

GABRIELA
But that is just sex, yes? That does not help someone who is lonely.

BOYLE
It goes a long way, I have to say. (pause) I used to take a lot of crystal meth, but I had to put a stop to it.

GABRIELA
It was bad for you health?

BOYLE
Yeth. I was a complete meth.

GABRIELA looks at him and laughs. They walk on.

BOYLE
I read. I listen to music. I watch films. I go for a drink at the pub. I go for lots of drinks at the pub, actually. You should come with me some time.

GABRIELA
Are you trying to...pick me up, Sergeant?

BOYLE
No, no, no, no, no. God, no. (pause) Maybe a little bit.

GABRIELA
I do not think it would be right--

BOYLE
No, no, not now. Oh God, no. I mean when we've got Aidan back safe and sound, like. He can go off gallivanting with his young fellas, and you and me can go out for a few scoops, and everybody’s happy. And then, if everything’s gone well, and there’s nobody to stand in our way, we could elope and leave this cruel world behind. How’s about that for a plan, hah?

GABRIELA
It is a very good plan.
BOYLE
It is indeed.

They smile, and walk on.

INT. HOSPICE - DAY

An open suitcase on a neatly-folded bed. BOYLE appears, placing his mother's clothes into the suitcase.

Doctor OLEYUWO is at the doorway.

OLEYUWO
We checked the dispensary. There was nothing missing, as far as we could tell.

BOYLE
She probably saved them up herself. She was always crafty like that.

OLEYUWO
She did not leave a note.

BOYLE
She didn’t have to leave a note. What needed to be said?

There is a rosary on the bedside table, along with the Goncharov book. BOYLE tosses the rosary into the suitcase. Flips through the book. Pauses --

EXTREME CLOSE-UP on the title-page. Eileen has written: "To Gerry. He dies in the end. Sad. Love, Mum."

BOYLE smiles. He places the book in the suitcase.

OLEYUWO
You do not seem surprised.

BOYLE
She was a proud woman. She was a brave woman. (closing the suitcase)
She was my mother.

He goes to the door with the suitcase. Holds out his hand. OLEYUWO shakes it. BOYLE exits.

OLEYUWO glances around the room. Then exits, closing the door. HOLD on the empty room for a moment.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

EVERETT is at the bar with his luggage, in a sober suit and tie. He pays for a coffee. Turns, pauses --
BOYLE is sitting on his own, brooding, a pint and a whiskey chaser in front of him.

EVERETT hesitates, then decides to go over. BOYLE glances up at his approach. EVERETT motions to the empty seat opposite BOYLE. BOYLE nods. EVERETT sits.

EVERETT
I was sorry to hear about your mother. I lost my father a few years ago. It didn’t hit me so much at the time, it was only later...

BOYLE
It’s tough, alright.

EVERETT
Yeah.

He puts a sugar cube in his mouth, sips his coffee.

BOYLE knocks back the whiskey.

BOYLE
So what’s happening with the investigation?

EVERETT
We’ve had reliable intelligence they’re down in Cork. We’re going--

BOYLE
Who’s down in Cork?

EVERETT
Sheehy, Cornell, O’Leary.

BOYLE
Where did this intelligence come from?

EVERETT
Garda sources.

BOYLE
Garda sources.

EVERETT
One of Stanton’s informers.

BOYLE looks at EVERETT. Sups his pint.

EVERETT
The Naval Service are standing down in this area, and we’re now concentrating the operation down there.

BOYLE
So you’re moving on?

(CONTINUED)
EVERETT
Yeah. There's another agent in place already. I'm heading down there tonight.
(pause)
I'd like to thank you for your help. It was much appreciated.

BOYLE doesn't respond.

EVERETT
Well.

He finishes his coffee and gets up.

BOYLE
You take care of yourself, now, Wendell.

He holds out his hand. EVERETT, surprised, shakes it.

EVERETT
I will. Good luck.

BOYLE
I'll see ye.

EVERETT nods and moves off, carrying his luggage.

BOYLE sups his pint.

INT. BOYLE'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

BOYLE pours himself a whiskey. Chet Baker’s “Everything Happens to Me” can be heard playing.

He goes to a window and looks out at the sea.

There is a loud knock at the front door. BOYLE glances at the clock on the mantelpiece -- it is past midnight.

He puts down his glass, and crosses the room to a window that looks out onto the front path --

BOYLE's POV -- there doesn't seem to be anybody on the path, although the angle is deceptive.

He pauses, unsure.

EXT. BOYLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOYLE opens the door, but there is no one there. He walks up the path and looks around.

He looks up at the stars, then returns down the path and goes back inside.
INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He picks up his whiskey and goes to the record player --

O'LEARY (O.S.)
No, leave it. I like Chet Baker.

BOYLE pauses. He turns around --

O'LEARY is sitting in an armchair, a gun in one hand, pointed at BOYLE, a whiskey in the other.

O'LEARY
You should get a dog. Or a parrot, maybe. Something to raise the alarm, y'know. Ned Kelly had a peacock.

BOYLE
I've always wanted a giraffe.

O'LEARY
A giraffe? That wouldn't work.
(looking up at the ceiling)
I mean, you'd have to put in a cupola or something. It'd be too expensive.
(motioning with the gun)
Sit yourself down, there, now.

BOYLE sits on an armchair opposite O'LEARY.

BOYLE
I thought you lads were supposed to be in Cork?

O'LEARY
It's called misinformation in the intelligence community.

BOYLE
Disinformation.

O'LEARY
Disinformation, then, smartarse.
(pause)
There's a boat coming in but there's nothing on it. It's just a blind.

BOYLE
You're down at Rossaveal, so?

O'LEARY
Close. Spiddal.
(pause)
Y'know, I don't know whether to kill you or just tie you up, make sure you don't do anything silly.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
O’LEARY (CONT’D)
Do you have any rope and, ah...what—d’ya-call-it, masking tape?

BOYLE
There might be some down in the shed below.

O’LEARY
Ah, sure, I can’t be traipsing around out there at this hour of the night.

They look blankly at one another.

BOYLE
You couldn’t just let me be, no?

O’LEARY smiles. Sips his whiskey.

BOYLE
Why d’you kill McCormick, if you don’t mind my asking?

O’LEARY
We thought he was an FBI informer.

BOYLE
You thought he was an FBI informer.

O’LEARY
Yeah. Turns out he wasn’t.

BOYLE
Unlucky for Mister McCormick.

O’LEARY
(with a laugh)
Better to be safe than sorry, though, hah?

BOYLE
Right enough. You can’t be too careful in your line of work.

O’LEARY
It’s a hard life. Not a lot of people understand. I’m on tablets, like, for the stress. Lithium.

BOYLE
You’d want to be careful with that stuff.

O’LEARY
Sure I know well.

They look blankly at one another. BOYLE scratches at his crotch.

(CONTINUED)
O'LEARY
You alright there?

BOYLE
I think I might've picked up a little something I shouldn't've.

O'LEARY
Got a little fungi from dingle, hah?

BOYLE
I was with these two lasses. I got a bit carried away, like.

O'LEARY
Ran out of the auld prophylactics but decided to chance it? We've all been there. Where were these girls from? Not from around here?

BOYLE
Dublin.

O'LEARY
Ah, sure, Dublin. You've only yourself to blame.

BOYLE leaves his crotch alone for a moment. Sips his whiskey. Glances around.

BOYLE
Be nice if we had some dips. While you're making up your mind.

O'LEARY
Yeah, some nachos. Guacamole.

BOYLE
I mean we could be here a while.

O'LEARY
Ah we won't be here that long. This'll all be over soon.

BOYLE
Is that right?

O'LEARY
Yeah. Your future's so short it wouldn't stand knee-high to a midget.

BOYLE
"Knee-high to a midget"! Good one. You read it in a book, though, so it doesn't count. You've got to make them up yourself, epigrams.

O'LEARY looks sullenly at him.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
So what was the deal with McCormick?

O'LEARY
I've already said. We thought he was--

BOYLE
No, I mean--

O'LEARY
Oh, you mean all that other shite?

BOYLE
Yeah. What was all that about?

O'LEARY
It was just to confuse you lads.

BOYLE
Why five and a half, though?

O'LEARY
Fuck knows. I was locked, sure.

BOYLE nods. He puts one hand inside his crotch now and starts scratching, the other digging at his flies.

O'LEARY laughs, his gun held idly in his lap.

O'LEARY
Christ, they're eating you alive, the beggars!

BOYLE
And McBride? You did for him, too, I suppose?

O'LEARY
Ah that was pure happenstance. He pulled us over for no reason. He should've minded his own fucking business.

BOYLE
What did you do with the body?

O'LEARY
Dumped him in the sea. The little fishes will have eaten him away by now. Not bad, though, hah? Getting away with two murders?

BOYLE
You haven't gotten away with them yet.

O'LEARY
I admire your confidence, Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BOYLE

I admire yours.

He draws the Derringer and fires --

Hitting O'LEARY in the chest, his gun dropping from his hand. He remains sitting up.

BOYLE crosses the room and picks up O'LEARY's fallen gun.

O'LEARY

Ah fuck. I think you've...I think you've done for me.

BOYLE

I think I have, yeah.

O'LEARY opens his shirt and studies the bloody hole.

BOYLE

Are the lights growing dim?

O'LEARY

Don't mock me.

BOYLE

It's good enough for ya.

O'LEARY

There were so many...so many things I wanted to do.

BOYLE

Like what, for fuck's sake?
Running with the bulls at Pamplona?

O'LEARY

(crying)
I wanted to...I wanted to...

BOYLE

Jesus Christ, if there's one thing I can't stand it's self-pity.

He exits.

INT. EVERETT'S CAR - NIGHT

EVERETT's cellphone starts ringing. He flips it open --

EVERETT

Special Agent Wendell Everett.

INT. BOYLE'S HOUSE (BEDROOM/LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

BOYLE is pacing the room, an archaic telephone with a long lead in his hand. Daniel O'Donnell looking down on him from the poster.

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
It's Gerry Boyle, Wendell.

INTER-CUT --

EVERETT
Hey, Sergeant, what's up?

BOYLE
Where are you?

EVERETT
I'm almost into Galway.

BOYLE
You've got to get back here.
They're landing at Spiddal tonight.
Cork is a decoy.

EVERETT
(after a pause)
Listen, Sergeant, I know I'm an
American and I've had difficulty
adjusting to the Irish sense of
humour--

BOYLE
It's not a joke. I'm after having
run into O'Leary.

EVERETT
You ran into O'Leary?

BOYLE
Well he ran into me. I shot him.

EVERETT
You shot him?

BOYLE
In self-defence, like.

EVERETT
Is he dead?

BOYLE
Hang on.

TRACKING SHOT -- following BOYLE into the living room.
He looks down at O'LEARY, who is now quite dead.

BOYLE
He is now, yeah.

EVERETT
(after a pause)
No, no, no, no, no. It's Cork.
They're coming into Cork.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BOYLE
(after a pause)
Well you know best. I'll see ye.

He hangs up.

INT. EVERETT'S CAR - NIGHT

EVERETT flips shut his cellphone. Continues driving.

EVERETT
Idiot.
(long pause)
Goddamn idiot.

INT. BOYLE'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

BOYLE opens a cupboard to reveal a Garda dress uniform wrapped in clear plastic. He lays it on his bed and admires it.

CLOSE on -- a blue shirt, with three chevrons, buttoned up over his paunch.

CLOSE on -- a navy tie briskly knotted.

CLOSE on -- navy trousers zipped up. A leather belt, with Garda insignia, buckled up.

CLOSE on -- fine black leather shoes quickly tied.

CLOSE on -- a navy tunic jacket, with three chevrons, buttoned to the neck.

CLOSE on -- a navy cap placed firmly on his head.

BOYLE now smartly dressed in the old-style uniform. He studies his reflection. Realises there is something missing.

The cupboard mirror swings into view to reveal --

BOYLE now armed to the teeth with the Glock tucked in at his belt and the AK-47 hoisted in one hand.

CLOSE on -- the Glock.

CLOSE on -- the AK-47.

BOYLE nods. Now he is ready for action.

EXT. CONNEMARA - NIGHT

HELICOPTER SHOT -- BOYLE's Garda car speeds through the night.
INT. GARDA CAR – NIGHT

The AK-47 is propped up on the seat beside BOYLE. He glances down at the Glock tucked in at his belt. Removes it and places it on the passenger seat.

BOYLE
Got to be careful with that lad.
Don’t want to do any damage to meself.

EXT. GABRIELA’S HOUSE – NIGHT

BOYLE drives up, honking the horn. Gets out.

GABRIELA opens the front door.

BOYLE
I’m not stopping, Gabriela, I’ve just come to say...

GABRIELA
He is dead.

BOYLE
Yeah. I’m pretty sure of it.

GABRIELA
He killed himself?

BOYLE
No. He was murdered.

GABRIELA
He was murdered?

Tears well up in her eyes.

BOYLE
Yeah. They probably shot him, I think, and then threw him into the sea.
It’s unlikely we’ll recover the body.
I thought you should know, anyways.

GABRIELA cries. She wipes at her tears, BOYLE reaching out at the same moment. Their fingertips touching.

BOYLE
I’ve finished off one of the lads that did it. I’m just going down now to sort out the others.

GABRIELA
What? Going where?

BOYLE
Down to Spiddal. There’s a ship coming in, I think.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GABRIELA
A ship? How many are there?

BOYLE
I don’t know. I just wanted to say...

They look at each other.

BOYLE
I just wanted to say, I wish I’d got to know you better. You’re a lovely woman.

He kisses GABRIELA on the cheek. She embraces him. He embraces her in return. He gives a nod and turns away.

GABRIELA
Sergeant?

He gets back into his car.

INT. GARDA CAR - NIGHT

He reverses out without looking back. GABRIELA framed through his windshield.

EXT. GABRIELA’S HOUSE - NIGHT

GABRIELA
Gerry!

INT. GARDA CAR - NIGHT

BOYLE speeds along. Thinking of what might have been. Then he spots something up ahead --

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

EUGENE is walking along with his bicycle and his dog, Jasper. He hears the sound of a car and turns --

To see BOYLE at the wheel of the Garda car --

EUGENE salutes --

BOYLE returns the salute.

INT. GARDA CAR - NIGHT

The car passes EUGENE. BOYLE glances in his rear-view mirror. He smiles.

EXT. SPIDDAL PIER - NIGHT

THREE WHITE MEN are hauling bales of cocaine from the hold of the Annabel Lee, a sixty-foot ship, onto the pier, and from there to a pick-up truck.

(CONTINUED)
SHEEHY and CORNELL are overseeing everything, guns in their hands.

CORNELL
He's taking his time, for fuck's sake.

SHEEHY
Yeah. I thought he'd got over his predilection for torture.

CORNELL
I'm not sure if you ever get over something like that. It's not like it's a hobby, is it. It's more a psychological hang-up.

SHEEHY
I suppose.

EXT. COASTLINE - NIGHT

BOYLE creeps up from the coastline, armed with his Glock and the AK-47. Darting in towards a wall at the beginning of the pier.

INT. PIER - NIGHT

BOYLE hunkers down behind a wall. Peeps over it, looking through a pair of pocket binoculars --

BOYLE's POV through the binoculars -- SHEEHY, CORNELL and the THREE MEN continue to load the bales.

BOYLE
Five. Maybe more on board. Don't like those odds, I have to say.

Despite the overwhelming odds, BOYLE readies himself to go in. Then he hears a sound and looks up --

BOYLE's POV -- a car is coasting down the hill towards him, in neutral, making little sound --

BOYLE is puzzled --

BOYLE's POV -- EVERETT pops up from where he has been hunkered down behind the wheel.

BOYLE is delighted.

The car glides to a stop in front of him. EVERETT slides out from behind the wheel, and joins BOYLE behind the cover of the wall.

BOYLE
What did I tell ya?

(CONTINUED)
EVERETT
I'm here, aren't I.

BOYLE
Good man yourself.

EVERETT
I've called for back-up.

BOYLE
Why?

EVERETT
Why? Because if we don't have back-up we're both going to die, that's why.

BOYLE
No one's going to come. It's just you and me.

EVERETT
What the hell are you saying?

BOYLE
You know what I'm saying.

EVERETT
But they can't... They won't just...

BOYLE
Half a billion dollars is a lot of money, Wendell. (pause) It's just you and me.

They look at each other.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

CORNEILL turns and looks around the harbour. Pauses. Raises a pair of binoculars --

CORNEILL's POV through binoculars -- Everett's car at the end of the pier.

He lowers the binoculars. Frowns.

CORNEILL
Was that car there before?

SHEEHY comes up beside CORNEILL. Looks along the pier --

SHEEHY
Yeah.

CORNEILL
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)
EXT. PIER - NIGHT

EVERETT moves up from his crouch and looks through the pocket binoculars around the harbour.

EVERETT
Shit.

BOYLE
That's right.

EVERETT crouches down again. Looks at BOYLE, who has the Glock in his belt and the AK-47 in his hand.

EVERETT
I suppose that's what accounts for the presence of that monstrosity.

BOYLE
This is for you.

He offers the AK-47 to EVERETT, who pushes it away --

EVERETT
Are you crazy?! I can't start shooting off a Kalashnikov, it'll be an international fucking incident.

BOYLE
You'll have to. I'll need covering fire.

EVERETT
You'll need covering fire? What the hell are you planning on doing?

BOYLE
I'm going to go down there and arrest those lads for the murders of James McCormick and Aidan McBride, and for the lesser charge of smuggling cocaine.

EVERETT looks blankly at BOYLE.

EVERETT
Okay. A point I'd like to make.

BOYLE
Go ahead.

EVERETT
It's fucking suicide.
BOYLE
I know. Even if I get away with it the big boys'll be after me from then on, I'll have no peace. You can always go back to the States, but where can I go? That's the thing about the Irish, Wendell, they never forget. But I'm still going to go down there anyways.

(pause)
Now I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, these men are armed and dangerous, and you being an FBI agent you're more used to shooting at unarmed women and children--

EVERETT
Fuck you, Sergeant.

He puts his head in his hands.

BOYLE
Are you going to help me or what?

After a moment, EVERETT takes the AK-47 from BOYLE.

BOYLE
Good man. Tell me something. Have you ever been shot before?

EVERETT
Yeah.

He checks the AK-47 has been properly loaded.

BOYLE
Does it hurt?

EVERETT
No, not really. Yeah it hurts, man, what the fuck d'you think? You got any more ammo for this thing?

BOYLE unloads ammunition from his pockets.

BOYLE
They say the shock counteracts the pain, though.

EVERETT
Who exactly are "they", Sergeant?

BOYLE
I dunno. Just saying, like.

EVERETT
It hurts like hell, man, alright? It hurts like hell.

(CONTINUED)
They look at each other. BOYLE tilts his head. EVERETT nods.
EXT. PIER - NIGHT

They step out from cover, walking out onto the pier and striding purposefully forwards.

BOYLE
So how many times have you been shot?

EVERETT
Three times.

BOYLE
Three times?! Jesus! You must be getting used to it by now, then, hah?

He looks blankly at EVERETT. EVERETT tries to remain serious, but can't help breaking into a smile. BOYLE grins. He takes the Glock from his belt.

EVERETT
Is there somebody you want me to call? If you...

BOYLE
No, I don't have anybody.

(pause)
Just pin a medal on my body, like with those lads coming home from Iraq.

EVERETT
Fuck you once again, Sergeant.

BOYLE smiles. He takes a deep breath.

BOYLE
Thanks for coming back to help me, Wendell, I appreciate it.

They look at each other. EVERETT nods.

EVERETT
I'll see ya.

BOYLE nods. He marches in --

EVERETT drops to the ground and goes into a sniper-stance, covering him --

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

MAN *1 pauses while loading a bale into the pick-up truck. CORNELL pauses also --

Their POV -- BOYLE marching towards them.

CORNELL is astounded. He grins.

(Continued)
CORNELL
You’ve got to be fucking joking.
MAN *2 and MAN *3 turn. SHEEHY turns also --

   SHEEHY
   (in disbelief)
   It's the guard.

BOYLE keeps coming --

   BOYLE
   I'm here for Sheehy and Cornell! The rest of you can go, if you've
   a mind to!

MAN *1, MAN *2 and MAN *3 draw guns from their coats --

   BOYLE
   I'll take that as a no!

SHEEHY and CORNELL retreat as --

MAN *1, MAN *2 and MAN *3 open fire --

BOYLE returns fire with the Glock simultaneously --

EVERETT opens up with the AK-47, taking everyone on the
pier by surprise --

Killing MAN *1 and MAN *2 instantly, their bodies
dropping with the impact of the bullets --

CORNELL ducks down behind the pick-up truck. He draws
one gun, then a second from an ankle holster --

SHEEHY races towards MAN *3 on the ship --

BOYLE keeps coming --

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

SHEEHY jumps aboard. MAN *3 heads for the wheelhouse.
SHEEHY returns fire --

   SHEEHY
   Let's get the fuck out of here!

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

   CORNELL
   Are you kidding me?! This is better
   than Christmas!

He readies himself, then steps out from behind the pick-
up truck and opens fire --

BOYLE returns fire --

EVERETT pauses in his shooting --

(CONTINUED)
EXT. PIER - NIGHT
BOYLE running and firing along the pier --

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT
SHEEHY returning fire --

EXT. PIER - NIGHT
EVERETT jumping up and running along the pier, still firing --

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT
A fusillade of bullets raking the ship --
SHEEHY and MAN *3 ducking for cover --

EXT. PIER - NIGHT
BOYLE reaches the end of the pier and jumps --

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT
Landing on the deck, to then turn and fire upwards --
Shooting down MAN *3 at the wheel --
SHEEHY emerges from cover and opens fire on BOYLE --
BOYLE returns fire --

EXT. PIER - NIGHT
EVERETT races for the ship, continuing to fire --

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT
SHEEHY turns his gun on EVERETT --

EXT. PIER - NIGHT
Hitting EVERETT in the upper shoulder --

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT
BOYLE hits SHEEHY in the stomach --

EXT. PIER - NIGHT
EVERETT staggers back, but continues to fire --

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT
Hitting cans of petrol that explode in a massive fireball --
CONTINUED:

BOYLE and SHEEHY thrown across the deck by the force of the explosion and disappearing amid the flames.

EXT. PIER – NIGHT

EVERETT flinches at the force of the explosion. Races along to the pier’s end.

EXT. SHIP – NIGHT

BOYLE looks up to find the ship burning around him --
BOYLE’s POV -- no trace of Sheehy.

BOYLE reloads, gets up and moves cautiously along the gangway.

EXT. PIER – NIGHT

EVERETT stands impotently as the ship drifts out to sea.

EVERETT

Gerry!

INT. CABIN – NIGHT

SHEEHY is lying against a mound of pillows, on a bed covered in silk sheets. Blood from his midriff staining the sheets.

He raises his gun, sweat pouring from him, and aims it at the two doorways --
SHEEHY’s POV -- there is no movement at either doorway.

He is so weak that he struggles against the weight of the gun. He lowers it for a moment --

BOYLE darts in at the right-hand doorway and fires a single shot --
Hitting SHEEHY in the upper shoulder, his gun dropping from his hand --

OVERHEAD SHOT -- SHEEHY slumps back, looking up at his reflection in the mirrored ceiling.

SHEEHY

Lucky shot.

BOYLE keeps his Glock aimed at him.

BOYLE

Ah now. Don’t be a sore loser.
(pause)
Although I suppose it’s not every day you lose half a billion dollars.

(CONTINUED)
SHEEHY
What are you on about?

BOYLE
The cocaine.

SHEEHY
Two hundred million it is.

BOYLE
They’re always fucking overestimating. Didn’t I know well.

SHEEHY
You don’t know anything about anything. You’re a stupid little man.

BOYLE
Oh I think I did alright for meself. I did for you, Sheehy. And your pals.

SHEEHY
Who was up there firing that fucking cannon?

BOYLE
The FBI lad. He probably hasn’t had this much fun since they burnt all those kids at Waco.

SHEEHY looks down at his wounds.

SHEEHY
Fucking O’Leary.

BOYLE
He wasn’t the sharpest alright. And the Englishman wasn’t much better. You should’ve hired Colombians, they’re more reliable.

A second explosion rocks the ship --

BOYLE staggers slightly, but regains his balance --

SHEEHY looks terrified --

BOYLE looks round --

BOYLE’s POV -- fire is licking the sides of the cabin.

BOYLE looks at SHEEHY and grins.

BOYLE
Bit of a predicament, hah?

SHEEHY
If I’m a dead man, so are you!

(CONTINUED)
BOYLE
Oh I wouldn’t be too sure about that, now. I wouldn’t be too sure about that at all.

SHEEHY
I’m not going to beg you to help me, if that’s what you’re waiting for!
I know how to die!

BOYLE
Good for you, Sheehy. Good for you.

He laughs, then turns and faces a wall of flame. He hesitates for just a moment, then summons his courage --

BOYLE
I’ll see ye.

He runs and jumps into the wall of flame, disappearing.

The flames now encircle the bed, where SHEEHY lies helpless. He screams.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

The ship is completely aflame.

EVERETT watches as it is drawn out by the current.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PIER - DAY

FADE IN on EVERETT standing at the end of the pier, looking out onto the ocean, his arm in a sling. After a moment, he hears a noise and turns --

The PHOTOGRAPHER seen earlier is kneeling to take a shot of him. EUGENE and Jasper looking on also.

EVERETT
You from the Press?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Oh God no.

He blithely takes the photograph, the bulb popping, and nods, pleased with the composition.

PHOTOGRAPHER
That’s a good one, now. Moody.
You can use it for the cover of your book.

EVERETT
What book?

(CONTINUED)
PHOTOGRAPHER
Ah, you yokes are always writing books about your fucking "experiences". Probably sell it to the movies, then. A fish-out-of-water story, hah? Lots of action, bit of humour, throw in a coupla young ones getting their kit off and you're well away.

EVERETT
You'd need a happy ending to sell it.

PHOTOGRAPHER
A happy ending? Sure didn't you foil a multi-million-dollar drug-trafficking operation and knock off a trio of drug barons to boot? What's unhappy about that?

EVERETT
We lost a good man.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Oh I wouldn't be too sure about that, now.

EVERETT
What are you talking about?

PHOTOGRAPHER
They never recovered a body, now, did they?

EVERETT
They don't need a body to figure out he drowned. No one could swim their way out of that. You'd have to be...

He pauses. A memory coming back to him.

EUGENE
A really good swimmer, yeah.

EVERETT looks at EUGENE's hopeful little face.

EVERETT
I'm sorry, son, but that was bullshit. He was never in the Olympics.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Maybe so. Sure it's easy enough to look up, anyways.

He turns and strolls off. After a moment, EUGENE and Jasper leave also. EVERETT turns back. Thinks.

FLASH on -- BOYLE in the Garda car.

(CONTINUED)
EVERETT (O.S.)
You know, I can't tell if you're really motherfucking dumb, or if you're really motherfucking smart.

BOYLE laughs.

BACK on EVERETT. He looks out over the ocean.

After a moment, he smiles.

THE END