

BANDIT

Episode ONE

Ray Hyland

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INT. COURTROOM, DAY

JUDGE

Having served this country and its borders for longer than
I care

to remember now, it has become clear to me where the
problem lies.

You Mr. Murphy are symptomatic of the disease that blights
these
communities. You and your breed of criminal, whose contempt
of

law and order in this state is of itself contemptible-

*We cut to see Tommy Quinn looking down at the door, one
hand in his pocket*

JUDGE

-Excuse me Mr. Murphy. Am I boring you?

Tommy looks up at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT, DAY

*We see an Aer Lingus plane landing. In the arrivals area a
man walks through. He is about 40 years old . This is
Michael Murphy. He spots a friend waiting for him.*

EXT. MOTORWAY, SAME

*We follow the Michael Murphy as he sits in Peter's car,
driving up north towards Drogheda. En route we take in the
Boyne bridge and other well known points along the way.*

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM, DAY

*The music soundtrack drowns out the ranting of the Judge as
Tommy looks up at the harp behind him.*

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH, DAY

*We see a lady playing a harp at a funeral. We get a closer
look at the coffin and the framed photo on the lid. It's a
man of about 70 years old, Mick Murphy Senior.*

The close relatives sit in the front row include his wife Barbara, his two sons Tommy and Michael, their wives Liz and Judy and Michael's daughters Sarah Jane (17) and Lisa (8)

Lisa is seen singing a religious hymn.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD, DAY

Mick Senior is buried as the mourners look on. In the nearby car park two men in suits sit in their car. These are detectives Kelly and Jordan.

CUT TO:

INT. GARVAN'S PUB, DAY

The mourners have relocated to the pub now. There is a sombre atmosphere as Sarah Jane sings an old Irish ballad. Barbara looks off into the distance. Tommy and Liz don't pay much attention to each other.

Judy is at the bar ordering a drink. Michael comes over.

MICHAEL

Here I'll get those.

BARMAN

It's grand Michael, open bar there.

MICHAEL

Who's paying for that?

The barman shrugs and walks away.

JUDY

Can't do a thing right, can you?

MICHAEL

Just trying to be civil Judith

JUDY

I can keep up appearances for a day I suppose. Wouldn't be sure about everyone else.

Judy walks back to the table leaving Michael to survey the various ticking timebombs around the lounge.

At the front door two detectives turn up with two uniformed Gardai. They see Michael Murphy and ask him to come along with them. He barely makes an argument.

Tommy shakes his head, gently rubbing the harp symbol on his pint glass.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. COURTROOM, DAY

We zoom back out from the harp behind the Judge's head to see him still talking.

JUDGE

...your misguided sense of honour Mr. Murphy, was always
inevitably
going to lead to your downfall. The only surprise is how
long it
came to pass.

We see Tommy tapping the the wooden panel in front of him. The camera closes up on his wedding ring.

CUT TO:

Int. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM, DAY

We see Michael Murphy is sitting in the interview room, his tie opened. His hands reveal no wedding ring. The two detectives, Jordan and Kelly sit across from him.

JORDAN

It's unfortunate now that we had to do this today Michael
but
as you know, we couldn't take it for granted that you would
come in
by yourself.

MICHAEL

No?

JORDAN

No. John?

KELLY

Thanks Eddie. Right well just to let you know we have the
right to detain you

for 24 hours. If this goes well and you help us as best you
can, we will try to get
this all done a bit sooner. That sound okay with you?

MICHAEL

Jesus, I must say you're being very civil. What's this then
the
new charter? A happy informant is a helpful informant.

KELLY

That's basically it yeah.

*Michael has a think about something. He takes a look at
Jordan, seemingly recognising him.*

MICHAEL

You worked in Dundalk a few years back didn't ya?
Would've been there when Ger Sweeney was a sergeant?
Yeah I never forget a face!

JORDAN

Good memory. We might need that-

MICHAEL

I'd say you'd remember that fella Charlie Benson.
Remember him?

CUT TO:

Ext. Terraced street, Dundalk, day

We flashback to a man walking down a street. He is carrying
his newspaper. This is Benson.

MICHAEL

(voiceover)

Yeah aul Benson. Harmless enough fella people thought...

Cut to:

Int, Benson's House, day

Benson is going about making some tea in his kitchen. We
follow him into his sitting room. There sits a massive TV
in the corner. It doesn't really go with the pokey
surroundings.

MICHAEL

(voice over)

Type of fella who'd keep himself to himself...

As Benson watches tv and drinks his tea, suddenly he is set upon by men in balaclavas. As the older man tries to struggle one of the masked men strikes him hard with the butt of a shotgun. They lead Benson out into the street where a small crowd has gathered. With Gardai looking on from their squad car at the top of the street, Benson is launched into the back of a waiting van. Some people chase the van as it drives away.

MICHAEL

(voiceover)

How long was he coming into a room just like this.

Telling youse all you needed to know. And then when he needed you, youse were nowhere to be seen.

Some life for him. Ran out of his house.

I suppose he knew what he was getting himself into.

Probably the only mistake he made was expecting your help when things went to shit.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM, SAME

JORDAN

Maybe you should wonder why things did go to shit Michael. Where do you think we found Benson?

At a neighbourhood watch meeting?

Charlie Benson was a caretaker in a national school, got a little bit too fond of the children. He was in the shit with us if any of the parents were to come forward so he made a deal.

KELLY

Can we get back to this now Michael?

MICHAEL

Well. I'd hate to see you waste a trip up from Dublin. Bet the

locals lads got a right land when you two turned up! Still best to make use of the place while it's here wha?

JORDAN

You been following the news while you were away then Michael?

MICHAEL

When I could yeah. Some cutbacks for you lads now. Stations being

closed down, no more overtime. Gonna have to make ends meet somehow won't ye? Jesus it was bad enough

in the good times, really have to keep our eyes on youse
now!

KELLY

Well rest assured Michael, myself and my colleague
are well remunerated and very well motivated. That's all
that should concern you now.

MICHAEL

Glad to hear it! Right then 24 hours and then I can go?
Okay. You have some questions to ask me, ask them.

*Detective Jordan hits the record button on his audio
equipment.*

JORDAN

Okay, for the record here begins interview with Michael
Murphy on
October 16th 2014. Right so, Michael. Let's begin. Spain.

MICHAEL

Spain?

JORDAN

Spain.

CUT TO:

INT. GARVAN'S PUB, DAY

*A few friends are gathered at the smoking area at the back
of the pub. Tommy stands at the front listening.*

LIAM

What's going to happen now?

TOMMY

What do you mean?

LIAM

Things are going to change man. Yer man is back now for one
thing.

TOMMY

So?

LIAM

Tommy man! Look if those fuckers keep putting the squeeze

on us there won't be anything left. We have to do something
about it.
Fight back!

TOMMY
Your blood's up is it Liam?

LIAM
Look I'm sorry. Yeah I feel really shit about it Tom,
saying this
to you today, but your brother
has left us in a right mess. Now it's not too
late to do something but we have to do it soon.

TOMMY
Well it'll have to wait either way now won't it?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM, DAY

We see Michael Murphy having a stretch as Jordan and Kelly observe him.

KELLY
Come on now Michael, get it off your chest.

MICHAEL
Great life for you fuckers. You come into this town,
sleep in a B & B, sit in a car all day taking notes.
Judging us all, observe and report.
I wonder how you'd like it.

KELLY
Well thankfully there's no reason to put on a
surveillance team on my house. I don't deal
drugs and I don't sell red diesel.

MICHAEL
Boom!

CUT TO:

Ext. GARVAN'S PUB, SAME

We see a dubbed up Honda Civic outside Garvan's pub. The Civic is revving its engine hard, upsetting the funeral mourners inside the bar. A few of the mourners come out and a row breaks out between the driver and them.

KELLY
(voiceover)

You know as we are talking, right now, there's probably
some

other incident going on in the town. We'll send
a squad car down and it'll be the usual shit. They'll
tell us to fuck off, mind our own business. After
a while it's tempting to leave you all to it, but
we don't. This place has a chance if you let it.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM

MICHAEL
Fuck sake.

Michael looks at the detectives with derision

CUT TO:

INT. GARVAN'S PUB, DAY

Tommy is chatting with a man in a white van. The man is
called Shaggy, probably because of his unkempt hair. Shaggy
has made a little effort in dressing for the funeral. He
takes off his black tie and lack blazer. He throws on his
denim jacket while Tommy continues to talk to him.

TOMMY
I would've preferred to delay this another day to be
honest.

SHAGGY
That makes two of us. Fuck me Tommy, I'm a wreck.
Been drinking for three days, gettin the cold sweats.

TOMMY
Nerves?

SHAGGY
Fuck no, not nerves. Fuckin drink!

TOMMY
Fuck sake Shaggy!

SHAGGY

Well, I'm sorry! Jesus.

TOMMY

Look, just get the first hour done, that's all motorway.
Then you'll
be at the port. They won't check you
down there bar you crash into the fuckin boat.
Just relax okay?

SHAGGY

Easy for you to say.

TOMMY

Well shite, maybe I should do the drive and you can bury
your father then what?

SHAGGY

Okay, okay sorry.

*Barbara is getting a sermon off an older lady. This is Mick
Senior's sister Maura.*

MAURA

Aw sure he had a very life Mick did. God love him.
Sure we all did. Twelve of us, our poor mother. You
only had four in your family didn't you Barbara?

BARBARA

That's all Maura.

Maura's lecture is cut short by Judy

JUDY

Sorry Aunty Maura, your lift is outside there.

MAURA

Oh Jesus, is that the time? Well I always say we shouldn't
leave
it so long. And then it's too late.

BARBARA

I know, I'll see you now Maura, I will be in touch.

JUDY

Jesus she'd put years on ya. Are you okay?

BARBARA

I'm fine !

JUDY
Sorry, I'll not ask again.

BARBARA
Did himself say anything to you?

JUDY
Himself? What before he was hauled off to
the Garda station. No, not much.

BARBARA
I know he hasn't done right by you Judy but
he's my son and well-

JUDY
I know, I know. But if he is back to stay, he's not moving
back in.
I'm sorry now, but no!

*We pan across to a drunken young hoodlum who is getting a
bit too close to Tommy.*

MONGAN
I just wanted to pay my respects you know?

TOMMY
Grand Brian, I appreciate that.

MONGAN
Na, ye know, ye know, I'm sorry now, Sorry

TOMMY
Okay Mongan, good chap.

*Tommy nods to his friends Stephen and David. They soon come
over.*

MONGAN
Ah your sending the heavies in wha?

TOMMY
Na no, just thanks very much coming Mongan, appreciate it.

MONGAN
Yeah, I know we've had a few fallings out. But I just
wanted to pay
respects you know.

STEPHEN
Okay, thanks Mongan.

MONGAN
Who's that? Get off me. Get your hands off!

DAVID
Come on Mongan now.

MONGAN
Get off me now, I know things, I know!

Mongan doesn't heed the warning instead pushing David away. David accidentally falls into the table full of drinks causing a furore. The lads drag Mongan out the back to put some manners on him. Mongan attempts a punch but misses badly. Stephen floors Mongan with a punch of his own. Tommy rubs his face in frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSSLARE PORT, DAY

We see a few establishing shots of Rosslare. Soon we are following Shaggy's white van.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE, NIGHT

Shaggy pulls into the warehouse. He gets out of the car and is immediately greeted by a German Shepherd. Shaggy nearly jumps back into the van with fear.

A man whistles and then comes across. He is of Arabian descent. This is Salim.

SALIM
Hey, Clinto, down! DOWN!

Salim grabs Clinto's collar. He acknowledges Shaggy.

SALIM
I'm sorry about him, he hasn't been eating properly.
Think he wants more red meat in his diet
but the vet reckons he needs an operation. You ever
clean up after a dog with diarrhoea?

Salim passes Clinto off to his colleague.

SALIM

Right now, now we can talk business yes?

Salim pulls a gun on Shaggy. The nervous Irishman drops immediately to the floor, causing Salim to laugh out loud.

SHAGGY

Fuck sake man, what's goin' on?

SALIM

Your friend Tommy still owes money from the last batch, the last delivery. I think now you see why he made you come alone. Bad friend.

SHAGGY

No, his dad, his dad died. The funeral was today. He couldn't come here.

SALIM

Oh yes, an Irish funeral. Very important. Everyone must pay tribute, drink til they drop. I get it, I understand.

Salim puts his gun away, smiling.

SALIM

Okay then. Okay. You have something now?

SHAGGY

He gave me a bag. Check it if you like.

SALIM

Okay, well where is it?

Shaggy gets up slowly, facing the gunman properly. He promptly opens the van door and grabs a rucksack. He wonders whether to hand it to Salim.

SALIM

Come on, haven't got all night have I?

Shaggy walks over and hands him the bag. Without much tact Shaggy, stands too close to Salim. Eventually he gets the hint and steps back. Salim has a look in the bag.

SALIM

You tell Tommy. You can tell him I am sorry to hear about his father.

Salim throws the bag over his shoulder. Moments later a forklift truck comes along with a pallet load of cardboard boxes. Shaggy second guesses himself again.

SHAGGY

Will I open the back of the van?

SALIM

That would be best.

SHAGGY

Okay

Salim looks on as the forklift goes around to the back of Shaggy's van. Shaggy looks back at Salim, smiling nervously. The forklift successfully deposits its load in the back. Shaggy closes the door.

SALIM

Wait!

SHAGGY

What, what's wrong?

Another man appears with a net of footballs.

SALIM

These will keep you fit.

Salim takes one of the balls out of the net. He shows Shaggy the secret that lies inside. Salim peels the panel of the football revealing a stash of tablets.

SALIM

How you like that Irishman?

SHAGGY

Very clever, haha, very good!

The two men share a mutual giggle for a moment. Then Salim gives him the hint to get going.

SALIM

You're very nervous aren't you?

SHAGGY

Ah it's the drink, was hard at it at the funeral.

SALIM

Aah, that's it. Why didn't you say so?

Salim clicks his finger. One of his men disappears for a moment.

SALIM

I'm not a big drinker myself.
So when you fella's talk about you hangovers,
the fear huh? Haha oh dear!

The man returns with a small package. He hands it to Shaggy.

SHAGGY

What's this?

SALIM

That will take your mind off it.
You'll glide home man, I guarantee!

SHAGGY

Well, thanks I suppose.

Awkwardly, Shaggy stands around for a moment too long. Salim gets impatient.

SALIM

Well, I ain't gonna fuckin' drive them out of here as well
am I?

Shaggy gets the hint again and swiftly gets back in the van.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM, NIGHT

The clock on the wall reads 10.15. Michael sits with his arms folded. Jordan's phone goes off. He checks the number.

JORDAN

I have to take this.

Jordan steps out into the hall.

JORDAN

Howya. Yeah I'm gonna stuck here for a while yet.
I'm sorry, but it's important. Well he doesn't
care if you're ovulating! Yes I care, of course I do!
Okay give me half an hour, I'll call ye back. Okay, grand.

Jordan ends the call and goes back inside. He sits back down in front of Michael

The two detectives look back at him.

JORDAN

You want to go home now Michael?

MICHAEL

What's that?

KELLY

Leave. Would you like to leave?

MICHAEL

What's your game pal?

JORDAN

Well I know we said we can keep you
for 24 hours but I don't think that's necessary now.

MICHAEL

Do ye not no?

KELLY

You not keen to go then?

JORDAN

Ah sure he probably doesn't have
anywhere to stay do ye?

MICHAEL

Don't you be worrying bout that?

KELLY

Nowhere to stay? Ah he can stay here can't he?

JORDAN

Not really. There's no-one on duty here til the morning.
You were right about those cutbacks Michael!

MICHAEL

Ah here you two are fuckin clowns. Here, I'm off,
where's me coat.

KELLY

We can pick this up again at any time.

MICHAEL

Go fuck yourself. Did you get that on your
tape? I said you can go and get fucked ye prick.

CUT TO:

Int. Tommy & Liz's house, Night

Tommy Murphy looks like he's had a very long day. He slumps onto the couch. A few seconds later Liz joins him. She tries to comfort him but he sits up.

TOMMY

Fuckin, what a day.

LIZ

Can I do anything?

TOMMY

Hmmn? No you're grand. Might take a shower?

Liz sighs to herself.

TOMMY

Ah don't start.

LIZ

I didn't say anything!

TOMMY

Just leave me be yeah?

LIZ

Sure I never went near ya! You barely talked to me all day either-

Tommy stands up and grabs his car keys.

LIZ

You can't drive in that state.

TOMMY

I'm grand, go on I'll see ya in the morning.

LIZ

Fuck sake. You only came home to get rid of me.

TOMMY

Ah fuck it Liz. Stop putting yourself in the centre for once.

Tommy heads out the front door, leaving his wife cursing him on the couch.

LIZ

Fuckin prick.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S JEEP, NIGHT

Tommy barrels along the country road, squinting hard and rubbing his face impatiently. He rings a friend on his phone.

TOMMY
(on phone)
Shags? What's the story?

Cut to:
Int. Shaggy's white van, same

SHAGGY
Yeah all good man. All good.

TOMMY
Where are ye now?

SHAGGY
Eh just gone past the airport, should be another hour or so.

TOMMY
You sound a bit out of it, you alright?

We see Shaggy has a joint lit between his fingers. Instinctively he waves the smoke away in front of him and opens the window beside him, even though Tommy can't see him.

SHAGGY
No, I'm grand. On me way, I'll see ya soon.

Tommy hangs up and keeps driving, arguably too fast on these small roads. He almost goes into a ditch swerving to avoid a blue van coming the other way

CUT TO:

Ext. County Road, Same

The blue van that almost collided with Tommy drives on. The driver, Breen curses the driver of the other car.

BREEN
Fuckin eegit!

CORCORAN

Will ye fuckin be careful?
We're supposed to speed up on the
getaway, not before we arrive!

Corcoran turns to the hatch window into the back of the van. You all set boys? Only about 3 minutes now.

The van is seen driving into an industrial estate. We jump cut to seeing the crew break into a warehouse. We jump again to see the driver reversing into the warehouse. Soon the thieves are loading a strange looking machine into the back of the van.

Out of nowhere a security car arrives at the front door and out jumps a watchman. He shouts for the lads to stop but one of them draws a sawn off shotgun and shoots at him.

CORCORAN

Come on let's go the fuck. Let's go!
The crew get the machine into the back of blue van, shut the doors and take off into the night.

CUT TO:

Ext, housing estate, Night

Michael is getting out of his friend(Peter's) car. He stops for a moment to talk to the driver.

PETER

Are you sure she's gonna go for it?

MICHAEL

Sure it's my house man!

PETER

Still though rather you than me!

MICHAEL

Thanks for the lift smart arse.

Peter pulls away. Michael takes a look up the street. Soon he is climbing over a wall into a back garden. Once in the garden he seems confused for a moment. Soon he regathers his thoughts and scales another wall and then another one. Finally he is at his destination. His wife's house.

He checks the back door but it's locked. All the lights are off as well. After a moment he pats himself down and finds

a key. He tries it but the locks are changed. A light comes on in the kitchen.

Michael can see his wife in the window. She can't seem to see him for a moment but he steps in a bit closer and she sees him looking back at her.

CUT TO:

INT. BLUE GETAWAY VEHICLE, NIGHT

Corcoran sits in the passenger seat while Breen the driver guns the engine for all it's worth.

BREEN.

Where is it?

CORCORAN

Where is what.

BREEN

Fuck I must've missed a turn back there. This isn't the right road.

CORCORAN

Fuck's sake

BREEN

Shut up the fuck. Here hold on.

Murph grinds the van to a halt, causing the lads in the back to rush forward.

THIEF 3

Fuckin hell man!

BREEN

Sorry. Ah shut up fuck!

Breen attempts to reverse the van but on the narrow country roads it is virtually impossible. Foolishly he goes back too far, causing the van to land in the ditch. The van crashes into the trench with a huge crescendo.

CORCORAN

Jesus christ man!

BREEN

Shite, hold on!

CORCORAN

Jesus!

Breen tries in vain to gun the engine but the van isn't going to move anywhere for them.

Corcoran manages to climb out. Breen then too. Breen holds his head. Meanwhile the two thieves in the back are trapped by the embankment.

THIEF 3

Help! We can't get out! Help!

BREEN

Shut up, trying to think.

CORCORAN

You're some cunt.

Corcoran goes around to the side of the van. He manages to get the side door open.

Breen is getting something from the driver's seat.

CORCORAN

Where are you off ta?

BREEN

We have to split up. This is gone!

CORCORAN

What in the-

BREEN

Look I'll see ya.

Breen runs away up the road.

CORCORAN

You better hope not! Next time I see you,
you're dead! Ye hear me?

Corcoran helps the others out. They are all standing by the van.

CORCORAN

Are ye alrigh?

THIEF 4

Yeah grand.

CORCORAN

I am gonna kill him. I swear to fuck
he's a deadman.

THIEF 3

He's right though. We can't stay here.

CORCORAN

yeah.

THIEF 4

We should get off the road altogether.

CORCORAN

Right, grab what you need.

Corcoran and the other thieves grab their gear and climb over the gate into the nearby field. They start jogging into the darkness, with their torches held low.

CUT TO:

Int. Garda Station , Night

Jordan and Kelly look like they are wrapping up for the night. They lock up the building and make their way out to the car park.

KELLY

What time you on in the morning?

JORDAN

Supposed to be eleven but I'll see how tonight goes.

KELLY

Jesus you could sound more enthusiastic. Not every day a woman drives sixty miles to get a ride.

JORDAN

Ha, fuck off! Anyway what are you gonna get up to?

KELLY

I'll make me way man. Don't worry about that.

CUT TO:

EXT. Dunleskin Road, Night

Shaggy and his white van have nearly made it home only to arrive at a Garda Checkpoint. He is about fifth or sixth in

line and feeling paranoid. He sticks on the air conditioner, waves his hand around the cab to try and get rid of the smell of hashish. The car in front are waved forward and it's nearly his turn.

CUT TO:

INT. GARVAN'S PUB, SAME

Tommy is having a pint in the same pub as earlier. The barman comes over to him. The clock on the wall reads 2.15.

BARMAN

If you like I can stick around for another while.

TOMMY

Na, no I'll be heading after this. Thanks Jimmy.

Tommy checks the clock again and then his phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDA CHECKPOINT, SAME

Shaggy gets to the top of the queue. The garda on duty waves him down and comes around to the driver side. Shaggy cautiously rolls down the window.

SHAGGY

Everything okay Garda?

GARDA

There's been an incident in a nearby town. We are stopping all goods vehicles as a precaution. Can I have a look in the back?

SHAGGY

Eh, yeah, yeah.

In his nervousness Shaggy nearly hits the garda with the van door as he gets out. He walks around to the back and opens the back doors.

After a few moments the garda speaks.

GARDA

What's with the footballs?

SHAGGY

What's that? Oh eh the local team put in an order with some crowd in Dublin, I was just picking them up.

GARDA

Okay, grand. Go on so.

Shaggy exhales deeply, closing up the back of the truck.

CUT TO:

INT, REEVES GUEST HOUSE, NIGHT

Jordan is watching tv while he sits up in bed. His phone goes off.

JORDAN

Yep. You find it okay? Yeah facing the house with the gate. Hold on I'll come out now.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, NIGHT

Detective Kelly is chilling a bit of wine and cleaning up the room a bit. A knock comes to the door. Kelly goes to answer it.

KELLY

Where's Davina?

A woman stands in front of Kelly. This is Tanya.

TANYA

She couldn't make it. Double booked.
Will I do okay?

KELLY

I suppose you'll have to. Come on in.

CUT TO:

Int. Reeves' Guesthouse, Same,

Jordan leads a woman into his room. This is Jane, his wife.

JANE

Ah this isn't too bad. Very cosy.

JORDAN

Yeah it does the job. No Sky on the tv though.

JANE

Oh you're missing the golf. Sure you can go a few days without it.

JORDAN
yeah suppose. So-

JANE
So-

JORDAN
Better get started!

JANE
Yeah-

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM, SAME

Kelly is talking to Tanya.

KELLY
Did you have to travel far?

TANYA
Carrickmacross. Davina was stuck in Enniskillen so
she told me to surprise you.

KELLY
Well that was nice of her.

TANYA
The same terms apply, house rules etc.

KELLY
Grand yeah!

TANYA
You bought wine?

KELLY
Yes, is that okay?

Tanya checks the label

TANYA
It's okay.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY'S KITCHEN, NIGHT

Michael nurses a cup of tea. Judy looks on unimpressed.

JUDY

You've some cheek Mick, turning up like this.

MICHAEL

It's late I know.

JUDY

It's about three years late is what it is.

MICHAEL

Look I don't want to row with you. I know
you want to lay into me here.

JUDY

I don't. I don't want to lay into you at all.
I don't want you here in this house full stop.
If any of my crowd heard you were here
you'd be dead.

MICHAEL

Jesus, it's my house!

JUDY

Would ye stop would ye. Your house.
It's your name on the deeds, that's about it.
I can get them changed down the council
offices at any time.

MICHAEL

But you haven't.

JUDY

No Mick, I haven't. Maybe I was waiting for you
to arrive in one day with a big bunch of fucking
flowers and an apology. Or maybe I was too busy
raising your two daughters.

MICHAEL

Righ, right, okay. Look you win.

JUDY

I win? Do I look like a winner?

MICHAEL

You'll wake up the girls

JUDY

Don't! Don't fuckin start Mick, I'm warning ye now.

MICHAEL

Look. If you want you can give out fuck to me tomorrow or later today, whenever it is bleedin' is. I know your mad, you've every right to be. I just, I just haven't slept in nearly thirty hours. I buried my father this morning, I was arrested at the funeral by two clowns and I just need, I just need-

JUDY

The spare room is made up. I've to work tomorrow, early. I want you gone by...ah here I don't think this is a good idea-

MICHAEL

No, the spare room is perfect. Just for tonight, I promise.

JUDY

Fuck ye anyway Mick. You knew if you came back tonight I couldn't-

MICHAEL

what?

JUDY

You're a sly aul fucker, you know that. Be quiet going up the stairs. Fuck sake.

MICHAEL

Thanks Judy.

CUT TO: LIZ & TOMMY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

We see the clock radio on Liz's bedside reads 02.40. She is asleep in their bed, alone when she hears a noise. She sits up and takes a look out the window. Nothing there. Liz then turns on the bedside lamp and looks around the bedroom. She finds her dressing gown and puts it on.

CUT TO:

INT. GARVEY'S BAR, SAME

The barman looks over to Tommy

BARMAN

Still no word from him?

TOMMY

He's takin' the piss now.

Almost on cue Tommy's phone rings.

TOMMY

Where the fuck were you?

SHAGGY

I'm sorry man, there was a checkpoint out the town there.
Got held up.

TOMMY

Well it's too late to leave the van off now. Where are you?

SHAGGY

In the town now, will I come over to ya?

TOMMY

Ye will not! Keep driving onto the garage.

Tommy opens the latch on the side door of the lounge and walks out into the night. He sees Shaggy's white van driving away in the distance and keeps walking towards his own jeep.

Just as he's about to get in something catches his eye.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ AND TOMMY'S HOUSE, SAME

Liz is walking through the house, checking on the doors, lights etc. After a few minutes she convinces herself there is no intruders and goes back to her room. She checks her phone but no messages. She is clearly upset.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUINN'S PETROL STATION. SAME

Shaggy taps the top of his steering wheel impatiently. Just then his phone rings

TOMMY

Shags? Yeah it's me.

SHAGGY

Now, you're delaying me!

TOMMY

Shut up. It's me car. They've
fuckin messed it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARVAN'S PUB CAR PARK, SAME

We see Tommy's jeep has had it's tyres slashed and the doors covered in graffiti with the legend 'tick tock!'

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNLESKIN, DAY

It is daylight again in the town.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMYARD BARN, DAY

Corcoran and his two thief friends are waking from their sleep, after finding shelter in a hay barn overnight.

CORCORAN

What time is it?

THIEF 3

Shit, nearly 7am, be bright soon.

CORCORAN

We need to get going.

THIEF 4

I think we should split up. Three of us together, it doesn't look good.

THIEF 3

We're gonna head back towards the road.

CORCORAN

Right, I'll go this way.

Corcoran leaves the other two lads to it, instead taking his chances in the fields.

INT. JUDY'S HOUSE, DAY

Lisa, Judy and Michael's daughter is getting ready to go to school. Inquisitively she notices the spare room door slightly opened. She takes a peek in and sees someone asleep in the bed. She has a look in a but further but Judy suddenly pulls her back out.

JUDY
(whispers)
Don't be so nosy!

LISA
Who is that? Is that dad?

JUDY
C'mon you'll be late for school.

CUT TO:

Int. JUDY'S CAR, DAY

Lisa is sitting up front with her mother.

LISA
Mammy...why is daddy sleeping in our
house?

JUDY
He was very sad about his daddy. Your grandad.
So I told him he could stay the night to cheer him up.

LISA
And is he staying for good now?

Judy pauses in thought for a moment.

JUDY
I'm only after thinking, you never did your
homework from the other night. Here get your
journal out and I'll write you a quick note.

Cut to:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

We see a man in his early seventies standing at a large display. The display carries a large whiteprint of plans. It carries the name 'DUNLESKIN' on the right hand corner. The elderly gent looks quite healthy for his age, despite his advancing years. Sitting in front of him are four men and lady looking quite business-like. The older man's name is Malachy Kennedy Senior.

SENIOR
And so here we have it. Our team has been working on
this project for the last two years. I am very proud of
them.

A lot of hard work and long hours have gotten us to this
point
and we are now optimistic that we can see it through to
the finish line. I'm going to now hand you over to our
details man,
my son Malachy.

Junior stands up and takes charge of the conference.

JUNIOR

Thank you! Okay well details indeed.

CUT TO:

INT. BARBARA'S KITCHEN, DAY

Barbara comes into the kitchen with a couple of men's suits, presumably her recently deceased husband's. There is already a selection of gentlemen's clothes on the table, shirts etc. She goes about folding these. The cordless house phone rings beside her. She picks up.

BARBARA

Hello? Oh howya Maura. Yes, thanks for calling.
No, no just up at the house doin' a few bits. What?
No, there's no need honestly. No really now Maura, sure
I've a load to do, keepin myself busy.
No, really now I was delighted with the turn out
yesterday, but I just need a day or two you know?

(Pause)

Well yeah I should be here but-

(Pause)

If you really want to come over it's no problem-
(Pause)

Grand so, well I'll be here anyway. Okay, okay, bye.

Barbara hangs up.

BARBARA

(talking to herself)

Haven't seen the woman in four years, fuck sake.

Barbara goes back to her peaceful ritual of folding shirts.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

Malachy Junior remains at the top of the room, explaining his big plans to the group.

JUNIOR

Really here what we are looking to do is a complete regeneration, a rebirth if you will. This town has so much potential. It's location is ideal in attracting those heading both north and south. Not only will the project create jobs in construction for the next four years but after that the retail area will create employment going forward. Dare I say it, this project is vital to the town. Now I've been talking for a while. If anybody has any immediate questions I'll be glad to field them.

For a moment all is quiet. Then the lady raises a hand. This is Deirdre Kane.

JUNIOR
Deirdre, go ahead!

DEIRDRE
Firstly thank you both Malachy and your father for the excellent presentation. Like you say the project has great potential. Now, you must forgive me, I'm still settling into this area but I would be quite familiar with the location. The petrol station, just on the left side of your plan there. Would I right in saying that the owner Michael Quinn recently passed away?

JUNIOR
Eh yes, Mick Senior sadly died there last week. Pancreatic cancer-

DEIRDRE
Yes, I read that. But I'm not sure now.
(Pause)
Can you explain to me the land agreement that's in place between yourselves and the Quinn family?

JUNIOR
Well yes I'd be happy to you. Mick Quinn Senior had an agreement with my father that stood since 1973. The agreement was a thirty five year lease with an option to buy upon completion. The option was not taken in 2008 and since then the two parties have continued the contract on a yearly basis. It is expected now that his son's Michael and Tommy will agree to surrender the land in the next couple of weeks.

One of the other suits pipes up. This is Sheridan.

SHERIDAN
Surrender? That family? I'm sorry for being flippant. Can you describe your family's current relationship

with the Murphy's?

JUNIOR

Well I would say it's fine you know? There have been no issues with payments as long as I can remember-

SHERIDAN

Michael Murphy Junior was arrested by Gardai yesterday-

KANE

(Interrupts)

I didn't hear that-

JUNIOR

I don't know if that's relevant to what we are discussing here to be fair.

SENIOR

Michael, the son has been living abroad for a number of years. He has very little say in the day to day affairs of the petrol station and its business.

SHERIDAN

Well that might change now that his father has passed. As the eldest son of the family I think you know the potential problems that might occur.

JUNIOR

We intend to deal with any issues when the time comes-

SHERIDAN

(standing up)

Well unfortunately or fortunately, that time appears to be now. Look, I am as impressed as anybody else with your plans for the town. If everything falls into place as you hope I can see great things ahead.

But I feel you might be a wee bit premature in hoping for us to sign off on anything today.

(looks around at the others)

KANE

He's right I'm afraid folks. I think going on what I've heard and the information I have to hand, the best course of action might be to arrange an informal chat with the immediate family. His wife, sons. After that, well I hope we can move forward quickly for you.

The meeting breaks up. Malachy Senior and Junior put a brave face on it but you can tell they're fuming. As the other suits leave father and son stay behind.

JUNIOR
Fuck it.

SENIOR
Yer man was on the ball anyway.

JUNIOR
Sheridan? Yeah a real go getter.

SENIOR
Ah. Come on let's get lunch.

JUNIOR
What are we going to do about this?

SENIOR
The Murphy's? I wouldn't worry about it. Leave it with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETROL STATION, DAY

We see a single car filling up outside. A man walks into the small store once the task is complete.

INT. PETROL STATION, SAME

In the shop Sarah Jane sits lazily behind the counter. Her friend Aoife stand on the opposite side. They are having a chat, Sarah Jane not looking too concerned about being professional.

AOIFE
Jesus, what time did you get to bed last night.

SARAH JANE
It was late enough. Maybe 3 or 4. I wasn't drinking much though, only had a few bottles didn't really feel like it.

AOIFE
Did many go up to the house after it?

SARAH JANE
No, well a few. Tommy wasn't too keen on people piling in. Just a few older people, some of them were ancient. Talking loads of shite!

AOIFE
And eh, did Ger turn up?

SARAH JANE
No, why?

The customer arrives up to the desk to break up the conversation temporarily.

SARAH JANE
Hiya, that's 24.75 including the petrol, thanks.

CUSTOMER
Cheers.

SARAH JANE
And your change, thanks.
The chat resumes...

AOIFE
I thought he might've dropped in.

SARAH JANE
Nope!

AOIFE
Not cool!

SARAH JANE
Ah I didn't expect him to. Sure his dad would give him loads of stick. It's still right between him and-

AOIFE
And the man who we won't mention!

SARAH JANE
Yes! So embarrassing seeing him get taken away like that yesterday.

AOIFE
Aye but I can't imagine he liked it either.

SARAH JANE
He knew it was coming.

AOIFE
Did you get to talk to him at all?

SARAH JANE
No, I was more worried about uncle Tommy to be honest.

AOIFE

Ah yeah. Is he okay?

SARAH JANE

Yeah, well he says he is. He texted me there earlier saying
he needed
to clear his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST, DAY

We see a man on a dirtbike, gliding through the woodlands, skillfully making his way around the hedges and trees. He is moving at a great speed. On a couple of occasions it looks like the bike might go from under him, but he always pulls it back at the last minute.

After a few moments we hear an extra engine and then see another bike in the rearview mirror. The bike zooms by, forcing the first biker to pull in to make space. We see the first bike come to almost a full stop. Tommy Murphy is identified as the surprised rider.

Tommy starts up again and pursues the cheeky rival. An unexpected race begins, with both riders getting up close and personal with each other. After a few moments they come to a clearance with Tommy eventually taking the lead.

When they reach the clearing he pulls up, the second bike follows suit. Tommy lifts his helmet off then the second rider does the same. It is his brother Michael.

TOMMY

Fuck sake! When did you get out?

MICHAEL

last night, slept in Peter's.

TOMMY

What they ask ye about?

MICHAEL

Everything, Spain.

TOMMY

And what did you say?

MICHAEL

Ah nothing they don't already know.

It was alright. How did yesterday go
after I left?

TOMMY

So-so. Long aul day now. That fuckin eejit Mongan was
there. Stephen decked him, shouldn't have but-

MICHAEL

Fuck him. Mouthin' was he?

TOMMY

Ah you know yourself. So what's goin on with you?

MICHAEL

What me? Nothin' much now.

TOMMY

Are ye stayin' around?

MICHAEL

You want me to stay around?

TOMMY

Sure yer your own man. Don't need me tellin'
ya what to do? Not much future round here but.

Michael smiles and gestures to the valley below.

MICHAEL

See that there. That's our future.

Tommy looks down to where Michael is pointing.

TOMMY

You know something I don't?

MICHAEL

Loads little brother, loads!

CUT TO:

Int. Industrial Estate, Day

Gardai are on the scene of the previous night's robbery.
Detective Jordan is chatting to one of the uniformed
gardai. The gardai has handed him a piece of paper

JORDAN

What's this now?

GARDA

That's what they took. It's basically
an industrial sized washing machine. Makes
it quicker to dye the diesel.

JORDAN

I see. Did we get anything from the
security guard?

GARDA

Well he's still in a fair bit of shock. Says
he's never been shot at before.

JORDAN

Poor fella.

GARDA

Yeah well, al he said was that only
one of the crew spoke. He's pretty
certain he wasn't local anyway, maybe Cork.
Hold on a second.

The Garda takes a call on his in car radio.

GARDA

They're after picking someone up in Dunleskin. Maybe Cork
accent.
They're saying the van has been found too.

JORDAN

Maybe Cork? If I heard Cork
I'd be sure enough of it.
Anyway tell the lads to speed things up here.
I'll chat to you later

Jordan leaves with the diagram of the machine in his hand.

CUT TO:

INT. PETROL STATION, DAY

Tommy and Michael bring back the two dirt bikes on a
trailer driven by his Jeep. The Jeep has cardboard covering
up the graffiti. They park up at the garage at the back of
the petrol station.

TOMMY

Have you been up to Ma's house?

MICHAEL

Ah I might head up later.

Michael sees Sarah Jane coming out the back of the shop with a box. She dumps it in the bin and makes eye contact. He tries to wave at her but she blanks him.

MICHAEL

Have plenty of women who
are pissed off at me without
me goin lookin for more.

TOMMY

Ha, right yeah!

Sarah Jane heads back into the shop.

Meanwhile Shaggy's white van comes into the garage at the same time. He gets out, looking tired and weary.

MICHAEL

Is that Luke?

TOMMY

yeah, we call him Shaggy now
on account of the hair.

SHAGGY

Gentlemen!

TOMMY

Story?

SHAGGY

Not much now. How's things
Mick?

MICHAEL

Grand now, yourself?

SHAGGY

Good yeah-

TOMMY

Do you have that stuff?

Shaggy goes to the back of the van and retrieves the bag of footballs. He brings it out to the lads and lies it at their feet.

TOMMY

Very good. So which one is it?

SHAGGY

Wha?

TOMMY

Which ball?

SHAGGY

Shite, I thought it was all of them.

TOMMY

What?

SHAGGY

I wasn't thinking.

Tommy starts going through the bag of balls.

TOMMY

All of them? Who do ye think we are?

SHAGGY

Sorry man.

TOMMY

Fuckin hell!

Tommy starts shaking each ball but that isn't working.

MICHAEL

Hold on a second.

Michael grabs a football and bounces it off the ground.

SHAGGY

What are you doing?

TOMMY

Right yeah!

After going through two or three balls they found the odd one out. Tommy inspects the the rogue ball. He peels away the dud panel and pulls out a big blue plastic bag.

TOMMY

Good stuff. Shaggy you had me worried there for a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. Garda Station, Day

Breen, the driver of the blue getaway van is now locked up in a holding cell. He impatiently bangs at the inside of the door.

BREEN

Hello? Hello? Can anyone
hear me? Hello?

GARDA

Keep it down in there.

BREEN

I want to talk to someone.

GARDA

Quiet!

BREEN

Look, I want to tell you something.
About the job. About Corcoran.

GARDA

Who?

BREEN

The guy I was doing the job with.
Corcoran is his name.

GARDA

Hold on there a second.

The garda goes off down the corridor. Meanwhile Breen waits patiently in his cell.

CUT TO:

EXT. Large green fields, day

Corcoran looks a tired man. He is barely able to stand up straight as he walks along the uneven ground below him.

CUT TO:

INT. BARBARA MURPHY'S HOUSE, DAY

Barbara, mother of Tommy and Michael, is going through her late husband's wardrobe. She takes his suits and other clothes and puts them out on the bed. She puts some things in a black plastic bag.

She comes across a photo from a long time ago and puts it to one side. But her face shows no emotion in these actions.

CUT TO:

INT. PETROL STATION, DAY

Sarah Jane and Tommy are doing a stock take in the back.

SARAH JANE

Did you not order more gas?

TOMMY

No, I never thought of it. We've enough there
for another week.

SARAH JANE

Okay.

TOMMY

So, will you be planning to ignore
your father for the foreseeable future?

SARAH JANE

Fuckin not you as well?

TOMMY

Ah I'm only askin!

SARAH JANE

He's wantin me to make the first move,
just so he doesn't lose face. Fuckin child!

TOMMY

Well, hate to say it but that's a bit
childish too.

SARAH JANE

No it's not! Besides I am a child, I am
entitled to act like that.

TOMMY

Even though you're not!

SARAH JANE

Exactly!

Their conversation is cut short by a young man who arrives
in at the back. This is Joey. He immediately inspects
Tommy's Jeep.

JOEY

Afternoon folks.

TOMMY

Hey. You here to collect it.

JOEY

Yep. Jesus they done some job on it.

TOMMY

Yeah. I know who as well.

JOEY

Who?

TOMMY

It's the Mongan's. Bunch of knackers.
A few of the lads gave one of them
a few clatters in Garvan's the other day.

JOEY

Oh yeah, heard about that.

TOMMY

They're just thick as shite.
How long do you reckon?

JOEY

Leave it with me for a day or two. I don't think
you'll need a respray but I'll make sure.

TOMMY

Good man.

CUT TO:

INT, BARBARA'S HOUSE, DAY

It is getting near sunset.

Barbara goes about doing a few other chores in the house,
before making herself a cup of tea. Soon she realises she
only has the ticking clock on the wall for company. She
decides to head out.

Just as she opens the front door she sees a car coming into
the driveway. After a few seconds she realises who the
driver is. Mal Kennedy Senior

SENIOR

Barbara.

BARBARA

Hey there Malachy.

Malachy Senior comes towards her, offering her a kiss on the cheek.

SENIOR
I'm very sorry.

BARBARA
Thank you.

SENIOR
I would've liked to be there but
I wasn't sure how I would have been received-

BARBARA
Oh no, not at all. No problem.

SENIOR
Did I catch you on your way out?

BARBARA
Well-

SENIOR
I should've called in advance.

BARBARA
No it's fine. Is there something-

SENIOR
Well yes, actually. Do you mind
if I come in for a minute?

BARBARA
Well, okay.

SENIOR
Thanks very much.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ AND TOMMY'S HOUSE, NIGHT.

Liz is watching television. A figure catches her eye in sitting room window. Then a knock on the front door and laughter. Liz runs out to the hall and sees a plume of smoke coming from the carpet floor near the letterbox.

She rushes out to the kitchen and comes back with a towel. She pats out the smoke but realises there is an awful smell left behind.

CUT TO:

INT, JUDY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Judy is carrying a laptop and a glass of wine into the kitchen. Lisa, her youngest daughter is already at the table drawing in a colouring book.

JUDY

It's time for bed little lady

LISA

Ah ma, five more minutes!

JUDY

you said that five minutes ago. Bed!

Lisa sighs and packs up her colouring things.

JUDY

Daddy wasn't back at all was he?

LISA

Nope.

JUDY

Okay, well brush your teeth as well won't ya?

LISA

Okay!

Judy looks at her watch and bites her lip.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ & TOMMY'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Tommy Murphy parks a small Micra outside the house and walks inside. Once there he sees Liz on her knees in the hallway. She is cleaning a stain off the carpet.

TOMMY

What's goin on?

LIZ

Fuckers! They threw a stink bomb into the letterbox. Fuck sake!

TOMMY

Ah for jesus sakes.

Tommy immediately turns and heads back out.

LIZ

Where are ye off to now?
It's the Mongan's again isn't it?

CUT TO:

EXT, MAL SENIOR'S HOUSE, NIGHT

Michael Murphy spies the large house from the hedges in the garden.

CUT TO:

INT, BARBARA'S HOUSE, NIGHT

SENIOR

Aul Mick built you a good house here.
He was always a great craftsman.

BARBARA

Any time you start saying nice things
about my husband I get worried.

SENIOR

Look Barbara. I didn't come here to fight,
or issue ultimatums. But we need to sort
out what we're going to do. Because
I want the best for you, the best for Tommy. As
well as Judy and her girls.

BARBARA

And Michael?

SENIOR

Well yes, him too. I realise that this isn't
ideal but I wanted to come speak to you
personally before it is taken out of both our
hands.

BARBARA

Mick didn't keep me informed of all
his agreements.

SENIOR

I appreciate that. He probably didn't
want to worry you with things. I
can understand that. But we need
to make a plan so everyone is secure for the future.

BARBARA

And by everyone you mean the Kennedy's?

SENIOR

Now Barbara-

The phone rings cutting off Malachy in mid sentence.

BARBARA

Hello? Oh hi? Yes.

Barbara hands Malachy the phone.

BARBARA

It's for you.

SENIOR

Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. SENIOR'S HOUSE, SAME

Michael Murphy has found his way into Mal Kennedy's home.
He is looking at some children's
art on the refrigerator.

MICHAEL

I have to be honest Mal. I don't think you're
grandson is much of an artist.

SENIOR

What?

MICHAEL

I know they say they improve very quickly
but I wouldn't be too optimistic with this
fella. Sure my Lisa was like fuckin
Carravaggio at his age.

SENIOR

Where are you?

MICHAEL

Where do ye think I am ye prick!

In your kitchen, in your house!

SENIOR

I don't want to have to call the police now Michael. Just get out-

MICHAEL

You think it's okay? To come into my mother's home, two days after my father was buried. To come into her home after all you've done?

SENIOR

Okay, calm down.

MICHAEL

I'm calm, I'm relaxed. I just want you to know, you come into my family home you think you can get to me? Now you know I can get to you!

Michael hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE, NIGHT

Tommy Murtagh is driving the Micra into a housing estate. Tyres screech as he seemingly reaches his destination.

Tommy gets out of the car and heads towards a front door. He knocks on the door and it is answered by a middle aged woman.

WOMAN

Hello?

TOMMY

Where is he?

Tommy looks into the hallway and sees who he is looking for. The teenager(Nicholas) spots Tommy and runs up the stairs. Tommy pushes the mother out of the way and runs up after him.

MOTHER

Wait on! Where are ye going?
You can't come in here!

TOMMY

Shut yer mouth!
Where are ye goin ye little fuck!

Tommy storms up the stairs and into the boys room. Nicholas sits still on the bed, waiting for the worst.

MOTHER
He is only fifteen!

Tommy doesn't heed the mother's warning. Instead he opens up on Nicholas.

The mother realises she needs help and runs next door.

Tommy is thrashing the boy with magazines, taking a break only to kick something in the room. The small television is the first to go.

TOMMY
You think you can destroy my property?
You think you can mess with my family?
How do you like it, wha?

Tommy finally relents on the boy. The youngster looks up at him, realising he could have gotten a lot worse.

Tommy heads back down the stairs. He passes the mother at the front door.

As he goes out into the driveway he realises the foolishness of his actions. A gang of men, aged from about seventeen onwards have surrounded the house.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE, NIGHT

An Audi A3 drives into a warehouse, an old man shutting the large door behind him. The old man is Dunne.

Shaggy steps out of the car and looks at the set up of the warehouse. Large plastic containers are stacked as far as the ceiling.

SHAGGY
Business good then?

DUNNE
Well can't complain. You know as much
as I like these personal calls if you wanted

to change the order-

SHAGGY

Nah no the order is fine. Actually there was something else.

DUNNE

Well let's step into my office.
How's Tommy doing by the way?

SHAGGY

Aw grand, ye know....

As the two men walk away from the large room of containers high up in the rafters we see a shape of a man looking on. Corcoran has turned up.

CUT TO:

INT, HOUSING ESTATE, NIGHT:

But Tommy isn't doing grand. Far from it. He's taking an awful beating from the locals. Finally sirens are heard in the background and the gang disperse. But it might be too late for Tommy Murtagh.

End of episode 1

