

# **My Time**

by  
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**MY TIME**

FADE IN:

**INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY**

DÓNAL Ó CAOIMH, who speaks with an Irish accent, stands before his class of eager college students.

**DÓNAL**

So, tell me what you think.

One of the students, KELLY, raises her hand.

Dónal points to her.

**KELLY**

Why'd they have to send him to prison?  
He was just expressing himself.

**DÓNAL**

Homosexuality was not the most popular  
activity in the Nineteenth Century,  
Kelly.

**CALEB**

I thought he was married.

**DÓNAL**

He was, Caleb, but he was fond of  
the boys. He's what's known as a  
man's man.

The class begins to laugh. Dónal looks up at the clock.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Well, young people. Our time has  
drawn to a close for the week. Let  
me remind you that your book reports  
on the Picture of Dorian Grey are  
due on Monday. I trust you completed  
them.

Some of them roll their eyes.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

All right. Get out of here. My  
wife's expecting me. And as you  
boys will find out all too soon,  
when the wife wants something...

**BOYS**

They always get it.

Group laughter.

**DÓNAL**

Especially when she's pregnant. Get out of here. Have a good weekend.

He gathers up his things as the students egresses the classroom.

**EXT. CAMPUS PARKING LOT**

Dónal nearly skips through the parking lot. A colleague, PROFESSOR JAMES (JIMMY) LARKIN, comes up to him.

**JIMMY**

Dónal!

**DÓNAL**

Jimmy! How's your weekend looking?

**JIMMY**

Heading to the beach with my graduate student.

**DÓNAL**

You are a scoundrel.

**JIMMY**

What can I do? I'm young. Have a Ph.D. in philosophy, which affords me so much time to play.

**DÓNAL**

That's why you studied philosophy.

**JIMMY**

You cracked the code. On the midterms, I had this awesome weekend set up and I did not want to grade papers. So, I walked in, wrote W-H-Y? And walked out. Do you know what the answer was?

**DÓNAL**

Why not? I'm stupid.

**JIMMY**

You'd have gotten an A. You know one schmuck wrote two books on WHY. Idiot. I gave him a C. He protested. I upped him to a B plus. I made an excuse to the head of my department that it was a test in thinking in simple ways. Worked. That little prick.

Dónal gets to his car.

**DÓNAL**

Try not to be too much of an asshole  
this weekend.

**JIMMY**

Try not to be too pussy whipped.

**DÓNAL**

You are an eejit.

Jimmy vanishes down the parking lot as Dónal opens his car  
and gets in.

**INT. DÓNAL'S CAR**

He starts the car and turns on his CD player. ROSIE by The  
YOUNG DUBLINERS starts. He has a picture of his wife,  
Bébhinn, on the dashboard. He sings his heart out with the  
song.

**DÓNAL**

Now Rosie, You're losin' the spot,  
love/The fire used to shine in your  
eye/Now, tell me you haven't stopped  
dreamin'/That you still reach out  
for the sky/For this life, it's no  
bed of roses/It's not all it's cracked  
up to be/But in the end there's always  
you and me...

Rosie, sweet Rosie/Money don't grow  
on trees/But if I thought for just  
one second it did/I'd be down on my  
bended knee.

Now we'll take our tea and a lemon/  
A match that was made in the Heaven/  
Two lovers that walk in on this town/  
We don't need a ball or a gown/Now  
tell your dear Ma not to worry/You  
won't need for nothing with me/Now  
let the rivers run down to the sea.  
Rosie, sweet Rosie/Money don't grow  
on trees/But if I thought for just  
one second it did/I'd be down on my  
bended knee...

**INT. DÓNAL'S LIVING ROOM**

Flashes of blood. Screams. Commotion. A bloody knife.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD**

Dónal's car blazes by as the musical interlude plays.

**INT. DÓNAL'S CAR**

He taps out the beat on the steering wheel as the interlude ends and the lyric starts up again.

**DÓNAL**

Rosie, sweet Rosie/Money don't grow  
on trees/But if I thought for just  
one second it did/I'd be down on my  
bended knee/But if I thought for  
just one second it did/I'd be down  
on my bended knee Yeah/I'd be down  
on my bended knee!

He pulls into his driveway and parks his car.

**EXT. DÓNAL'S DRIVEWAY**

He bounds from the car, excited, and heads for the door, which he sees is slightly open.

**DÓNAL**

Bébhinn, you left the front door  
open! Women. Bébhinn?

**INT. DÓNAL'S LIVING ROOM**

He enters, puts his brief case down on the chair by the door and looks around.

**DÓNAL**

Bébhinn? Are you here?

Dónal looks a bit concerned.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Bébhinn?

His breathing quickens as he moves into the house.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Where are you?

He looks toward the kitchen and sees blood on the floor. His breathing really quickens as he races to the kitchen.

**THE KITCHEN**

As he reaches the kitchen, panic  
covers his face.

**DÓNAL**

Bébhinn!!!

On the floor, surrounded by a pool of blood is the lifeless body of his wife, BÉBHINN, a knife protruding from her chest.

He rushes to her and instantly pulls her into his arms, pulling the knife from the gaping wound and tossing it down.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Bébhinn! Wake up! Please! Oh,  
God!

Police sirens BLARE in the b.g. and grow closer. Finally the emergency lights flash into the house. Dónal continues his pleas.

Police officers break in the door and point their weapons at Dónal.

**POLICE**

Freeze!!!

Dónal continues to cry as the officers take positions around him.

**EXT. VIRGINIA STATE PRISON - NIGHT**

A crowd of anti-death penalty protesters gathers outside.

**EXT. ROAD TO PRISON**

A single car rolls down the road.

**INT. LOGAN'S CAR - MOVING**

Father LOGAN MCCARTHY drives toward the prison. He pulls into the parking lot and parks.

Off in the distance, he can see the protesters. He takes his Bible off the seat and gets out of the car.

**EXT. VIRGINIA STATE PRISON - DAY**

A crowd of anti-death penalty protesters gathers outside.

**INT. HOLDING CELL**

An older Dónal stares hard. His face is covered in a sweat.

On the other side of the bars, RÓISÍN GALLAGHER, early thirties, holds his hands tightly. After a moment, she nods and she leaves.

**EXT. ROAD TO PRISON**

A single car rolls down the road.

**INT. LOGAN'S CAR - MOVING**

Father LOGAN MCCARTHY drives toward the prison. He pulls into the parking lot and parks.

Off in the distance, he can see the protesters. He takes his Bible off the seat and gets out of the car.

**EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT**

Logan stands outside his car, takes a deep breath, locks his car and walks toward the prison.

**PRISON FRONT VISITOR'S ENTRANCE**

Róisín, who speaks with no irish accent, exits the prison with CALEB and DORA and stops them at the top of the steps. All are dressed in business attire.

**RÓISÍN**

Caleb, take the brief to the White House. I don't think you have a prayer of getting in, but try.

**CALEB**

What if they say no?

**RÓISÍN**

You're a lawyer. Think of something. Dora, you have the governor. You might have a better chance there. Try hard.

**DORA**

I will, Róisín.

**RÓISÍN**

I'll try the Court. They've agreed to see me.

They all look at each other for a moment.

**RÓISÍN (CONT'D)**

Both of you, say a prayer.

**CALEB**

I don't pray.

**RÓISÍN**

Do it anyway.

They all take a moment.

**RÓISÍN (CONT'D)**

All right. Go. Go, go, go.

They all take off to their cars and blaze out of the parking lot.

As they take off, Logan passes them, heading inside.

**INT. HOLDING CELL**

Dónal sits alone in the cell, staring off into space. Warden MARCUS WASHINGTON, a tall almost regal black man in his mid-50's, approaches the cell.

**WASHINGTON**

Inmate Ó Caoimh.

Dónal rises.

**DÓNAL**

Warden. To what do I owe the pleasure?

**WASHINGTON**

Wanted to find out if there was anything we could do to...

**DÓNAL**

...what?

**WASHINGTON**

Is there anything we can do?

**DÓNAL**

I had a box with some personal effects in it. I'd like to...

**WASHINGTON**

I'll see what I can do.

**DÓNAL**

Thank you.

**WASHINGTON**

I noticed that you have no visitors on your list. Aside from your lawyer.

**DÓNAL**

My parents are too old and not quite all there. Couldn't see them coming all the way just for this. I didn't think it was proper to have my siblings make their first trip to the United States be to watch me die.

Washington nods.



**WASHINGTON**

There is someone who has requested  
to spend some time with you.

Guards escort Father LOGAN MCCARTHY to the cell. When he  
sees the man he hisses his dialog.

**DÓNAL**

Sin an rud is lú a  
theastaíonn uaim.  
Sagart.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

That's all I need. A  
priest.

Logan inclines his head but does not speak.

**WASHINGTON**

This is Father McCarthy. Is it all  
right for him to come in?

Dónal says nothing, but he motions for him to enter. The  
Guard opens the door and Logan enters. After a moment, the  
Warden and the Guards leave them. Neither sits for a moment.

**DÓNAL**

It's Warden Washington's first  
execution. He seems a bit nervous.

Logan seems to be a bit short for words.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Well, Father, we can't stand here  
all night, can we?

Dónal takes a seat on the bunk, while Logan sits on a chair.  
Dónal looks around the cell.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Ná bí róbheag is ná bí rómhór leis  
an gcléir. Be neither intimate nor  
distant with the clergy.

Logan's expression does not change as Dónal looks around the  
cell.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

No clocks.

Logan speaks with an American accent that is slightly colored  
with Irish.

**LOGAN**

No clocks. I heard they don't want  
you thinking about it.

Dónal busts out laughing.

**DÓNAL**

Thinking about it? What the hell do they want me to think about? The weather? That's one good practical joke.

**LOGAN**

I have a watch, Dónal. May I call you, Dónal?

**DÓNAL**

Call me what you wish, Priest. You're married?

**LOGAN**

Yes. I'm Episcopal.

**DÓNAL**

Catholic light.

**LOGAN**

That's what they say. Do you object?

**DÓNAL**

One man of God is as good as another. Or as bad. You wear the same clothes.

**LOGAN**

Most people wouldn't notice.

Logan's expression does not change, but he studies him.

**DÓNAL**

I quit smoking a year before all this started. I thought it would prolong my life. Another practical joke. More like God shitting on me. What I wouldn't give for just one now. Just one.

Again, Logan's expression does not change.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Why you? Why are you here?

**LOGAN**

To help you.

**DÓNAL**

Into the next life?

**LOGAN**

We all greet God in our own way.

**DÓNAL**

I have not been Catholic for many years, Father. Is it because I'm Irish?

**LOGAN**

Perhaps.

**DÓNAL**

You're Irish? You look Irish.

Logan nods.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

You don't have an accent. Not much of one.

**LOGAN**

I came here when I was three.

**DÓNAL**

An bhfuil Gaeilge agat fós? An bhfuil tú fós in ann í a labhairt?

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Do you still speak Irish? Can you still speak the language?

**LOGAN**

Tá. Tá Gaeilge agam fós.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

Yes. I still speak Irish.

**DÓNAL**

Cén chaoi a bhfuil Gaeilge agat fós?

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

How is it you still speak Irish?

**LOGAN**

Labhair mé Gaeilge aige baile le mo mháthair, m'athair, mo thriúr deartháir agus beirt deirfiúr. Cheap m'athair go mbeid sé críonna ár dteanga a choimeád. Ach lasmuigh den tig, labhraíomar Béarla.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

I spoke Irish at home with my mother, my father, my three brothers and two sisters. My father thought it wise for us to keep our language. But outside our home we spoke English.

**DÓNAL**

Your Irish is good. My compliments.

**LOGAN**

Thank you.

**DÓNAL**

And I guess I shouldn't presume that no one would understand me.

**LOGAN**

It's all right. Worse things have happened.

**DÓNAL**

What is your given name? What are you called?

**LOGAN**

Logan. Logan McCarthy's the name.

**DÓNAL**

Logan? It means Valley. Good Irish name. Valley McCarthy.

Both laugh a little.

**LOGAN**

My father loved the movie Logan's Run.

**DÓNAL**

I see.

**LOGAN**

My mother objected. She wanted me named after her father, Liam. But my father won. It's a good name. And a good movie.

**DÓNAL**

Aye. I know this movie. It's a good one... No clock.

**LOGAN**

Do you really want to know the time?

**DÓNAL**

I don't want to know.

Moments pass without a word.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

So, do you want to know?

**LOGAN**

Know what?

**DÓNAL**

Do you want to know about me?

**LOGAN**

I read the papers. I read the transcripts of the trial too.

**DÓNAL**

And you believe that fiction?

**LOGAN**

Should I?

**DÓNAL**

It's not important.

**LOGAN**

I'm not here to pass judgment upon you, Dónal.

**DÓNAL**

I thought that was your job.

**LOGAN**

That's God's job.

**DÓNAL**

You should tell that to the jury.

**LOGAN**

God also offers forgiveness.

Dónal flashes an angry glare.

**DÓNAL**

Can He offer forgiveness to the jury for convicting an innocent man?! I am sorry, Father. I am a bit stressed. Forgive me.

**LOGAN**

I understand. I can't imagine what it must be like to be sitting where you are. Of course, our Lord does.

**DÓNAL**

Well, I don't think my situation trumps His.

**LOGAN**

I wouldn't think so.

**DÓNAL**

How do you sit there so calmly, knowing what's going to happen to me tonight? Is it because it's not going to happen to you?

**LOGAN**

I can't say that I'm not relieved to be sitting here instead of there.

**(MORE)**

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

But what good would it do for me to be upset? How could I help you that way?

**DÓNAL**

How are you going to help me? You have a key in your pocket?

**LOGAN**

I'll help with your soul.

**DÓNAL**

You go ahead and help my soul. I have no use for it.

**LOGAN**

Is that really true?

**DÓNAL**

Father, I've spent thousands of hours thinking in my cell. No one to talk to. I tried talking to God. But the door never opened.

Logan laughs a little. Then Dónal joins him.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I know. I know. We pray to God. We ask for some things. Sometimes the answer's no. I know all the philosophical and epistemological arguments. But when you sit alone in a cell twenty-three hours a day, convicted for a crime you did not commit, philosophy is of no comfort. Neither is God... You have nothing to say?

**LOGAN**

What do you want me to say?

**DÓNAL**

Nothing. There's nothing left. What time is it? Don't tell me. I don't want to know. Why can't they just do what the Russians do? They walk you into a cell. They don't tell you the day or the time. They don't tell you why you're going into that room. There is nothing in the room--that should be a clue to you. And they blow your brains out. .45 caliber. Not much left to talk about.

**LOGAN**

A lot to clean up.

Dónal starts to laugh at him and Logan joins in.

**DÓNAL**

You'd think I wouldn't be able to laugh at anything. But I can. There's a certain clarity that comes to you when the time of your death is known to you.

Dónal leans against the wall and draws a rectangle with his finger on the wall.

**LOGAN**

What are you doing?

**DÓNAL**

Drawing a window. You'd think they would let you at least look out a window on your last day. Of course, what would I see? It's dark. Anti-death penalty protesters. And there are the ones who want me cold out there. That is what I would see... Why are you really here, Father?

**LOGAN**

I told you. It's not complicated. I saw that no one was on your list to be with you at the end. Everyone needs someone. Your lawyer, she's off begging the Supreme Court to spare your life. She may not be here in time. I'll be here.

**DÓNAL**

But why you?

**LOGAN**

Why not me?

**DÓNAL**

I couldn't do your job.

**LOGAN**

Why's that?

**DÓNAL**

Sadness. You're always around sadness. Funerals. Executions.

**LOGAN**

You forgot about weddings? They're joyous, happy occasions.

**DÓNAL**

If it weren't for a wedding, I wouldn't be here.

Logan laughing a bit.

**LOGAN**

You have a penchant for irony.

**DÓNAL**

At least I'm good at something. Marriage, I wasn't. That's not true. I loved my wife. I may not have always shown it. What husband does? She was not perfect either. We had our ups and downs. More ups than downs. But we were always together. I'm still trying to think of how anyone could think I could do that to her. Some things are mysteries.

**LOGAN**

I understand you were a college professor.

Dónal nods.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

You were a professor of English Literature? Two Ph.D.'s. You also hold a doctorate in Philosophy? Author of, at last count, four novels and two historical dramas based on Irish icons.

**DÓNAL**

You are wondering how a man of my vast intellect ended up here?

**LOGAN**

I wouldn't put it in those words.

**DÓNAL**

It's a long story. Do you have time?

**LOGAN**

I have all the time that God allows.

Dónal studies him for a moment, gathers his thoughts.



**DÓNAL**

I was born on the Island of Inishmore.

**LOGAN**

The Aran Islands?

**DÓNAL**

The largest. As a young man, much younger than most, I took to reading. I was less than three when I could read on an adult level. My father was a university professor at UCG Galway.

**LOGAN**

It's a good University, I hear.

**DÓNAL**

Indeed.

**LOGAN**

What did he teach?

**DÓNAL**

English Literature. I know it sounds odd. He was passionate about English even though his first language, as was mine, was Irish. I think it had something to do with Shakespeare. He loved those plays. At least that is what it seemed.

**INT. DÓNAL'S FATHER'S LIBRARY (FLASHBACK)**

A YOUNG DÓNAL enters the library where his father sits, reading.

**LOGAN (V.O.)**

Must have had an extensive library.

**DÓNAL (V.O.)**

Indeed, he did. It was a dream for a young man who loved to read. We had a large house. Thousands of books in the library.

Dónal wanders through the library, watching the scene of his father and his young self.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Many different languages, but most in English. My father conversed with me in English all the time.

**(MORE)**

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Not so much with my brothers and sisters. I was the special one to him. The eldest.

Young Dónal takes a book from his father's hand and sits down next to him, devouring the book, page after page, as rapidly as he could turn them.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I would spend hours of time, after my studies were concluded, reading. Book after book after book. Stories filled my mind.

DÓNAL'S MOTHER enters and strokes his head. He smiles up at her.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

We were home schooled by my mother, also a teacher, and my father. After all, who would be better? I was in awe of him. As the time came, my father asked me where I wanted to go to college. And I asked him if he would be insulted if I went to Trinity.

**END FLASHBACK**

**LOGAN**

Dublin? Why Dublin?

**DÓNAL**

I felt it would be difficult being in the same university where my father taught? Especially since I wanted to study the same things. He taught me so much already. And I wanted a change. I wanted something more cosmopolitan.

**LOGAN**

But you didn't want to leave Ireland?

**DÓNAL**

Not just then. And it was Trinity! The minds that walked those halls. So many amazing and brilliant people. Sebastian Barry. Samuel Beckett. Eavan Boland. John Boyne. John Butler Yeats. William Congreve. Anne Enright. Brendan Kennelly.

**(MORE)**

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Patrick MacDonogh, Thomas MacNevin,  
Bram Stoker. Now, there's a writer  
you can sink your teeth into.

A wry look stretches across, Dónal's face. And then a faux  
look of revulsion covers Logan's as the both begin to laugh.

**LOGAN**

Now, that was horrible.

**DÓNAL**

Forgive me. I'll refrain. But,  
Logan, think of those people.  
Jonathan Swift. John Millington  
Synge. Trevor White. Pádraic  
Delaney. And don't forget Oscar  
Wilde. There was a man's man.

Logan busts out laughing at Dónal's intended joke. It's not  
the funniest joke in the world, but they both laugh  
uncontrollably for quite a while. Slowly, the laughter dies  
down to a trickle of chuckles.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I haven't really laughed in a quite  
a while. It feels good.

**LOGAN**

It is.

**DÓNAL**

Trinity. It was daunting. I was  
only seventeen when I matriculated  
to Trinity.

**EXT. TRINITY COLLEGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

TEEN DÓNAL wanders through Library Square, a look of awe on  
his face.

**LOGAN (V.O.)**

I've been there. Must have been awe  
inspiring for a young man from the  
West.

Teen Dónal wanders the streets around Trinity, his eyes  
darting from place to place, drinking it in.

**COLLEGE STREET**

Teen Dónal walks up to an OLD MAN on the street.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

An bhfuil a fhios agat féidir liom  
pionta a fháil?

**OLD MAN**

What? I don't speak Irish, boy.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

I'm sorry. Do you know where I can  
get a pint?

**OLD MAN**

A pint, is it? Doyle's down at the  
corner of College and Townsend.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

Thank you, sir.

**OLD MAN**

Be on wit ye.

Teen Dónal smiles broadly and heads down the street.

**COLLEGE STREET AND TOWNSEND STREET**

Teen Dónal finds Doyle's. He looks at the facade for a  
moment, then enters.

**INT. DOYLES**

Tentatively, he enters and sits at the bar. The BAR TENDER  
comes to him.

**BAR TENDER**

Haven't all day, boy.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

Pint, sir. Guinness. Please.

The Bar Tender draws the draught and places the pint on the  
bar. Teen Dónal places a five pound note on the bar. The  
Bar Tender quickly makes change and places it in front of  
him. He slides a one pound note his way.

The Bar Tender smiles as he takes the note and walks away.  
Teen Dónal takes a sip and smiles warmly. After a moment,  
he takes out a pad and a pen and begins to write feverishly.

**EXT. DUBLIN STREET**

Teen Dónal walks starry-eyed through the streets, then looks  
ahead.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

I finished my pint.

Modern Dónal's voice comes from Teen Dónal's mouth.

**DÓNAL (V.O.)**

I walked around the city all night.  
Hour after hour, drinking it in.

**END FLASHBACK**

Teen Dónal MORPHS into modern Dónal and the streets become the cell again.

**LOGAN**

Drinking?

**DÓNAL**

One pint only. I wasn't literally drinking it in. I'd been to Dublin before, but I was always with my family. I was on my own. I had to write it down, all of it, so I wouldn't forget it. It was my first attempt at a book. Sold a grand total of a thousand copies.

**LOGAN**

Not bad for a seventeen year old.

**DÓNAL**

True. At first, it seemed like a lot, but then I was insulted. Until my father reminded me, as you have, that I was seventeen. Of course, didn't Mozart compose his first symphony at age eight?

**LOGAN**

He did that.

**DÓNAL**

I had to acknowledge the fact that I was no literary Mozart.

**LOGAN**

No, but you were you. I think you quite a talented writer.

**DÓNAL**

You've read my work?

**LOGAN**

Three of them. You paint with words. Few of them too. You're not verbose. You seem to use just the right words.

**(MORE)**

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

I've always wanted to be able to write a novel. To dream those people into life. It's an amazing thing.

**DÓNAL**

I always wanted to see them adapted to the big screen. But I never seemed to sell enough to attract Hollywood.

**LOGAN**

The Boulevard of Broken Dreams to most.

**DÓNAL**

Would have been nice.

Dónal smiles a bit, a distant look on his face.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

My first day of my third year, as I accustomed myself to being back at school, I saw a face... actually, I saw eyes. I mean, the eyes were in the face, but...

**LOGAN**

I understand.

**DÓNAL**

I know this sounds like the subject more suited to a pop love song, but it is true. She stood there... A goddess. At first, my feet wouldn't move. Not an inch. But then, as if by some unseen hand, I moved. Have you ever felt that?

**LOGAN**

I have. It's magical.

They both laugh.

**DÓNAL**

It's amazing. She was amazing. So young. Just eighteen. Her birthday was just before she left home for school. So untouched by the vagaries of the world. Ah, she was... everything.

Dónal leaps to his feet.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

'My name is Dónal,' I said, since that's my name. I was so formal. I was sure she thought I was a total git or a huxter. But I was wrong. She found me charming.

**LOGAN**

She was your first girlfriend?

**DÓNAL**

Ar ndóigh níorbh í.  
Bhí go leor cailíní  
'am ar scoil.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Of course not. I had many girlfriends  
in school.

**LOGAN**

A lot of girlfriends?

**DÓNAL**

Aye. Did that. I'm not making out that it was my looks, of course. And maybe it wasn't a lot.

**LOGAN**

What do you think it was that attracted them to you?

**DÓNAL**

It did help that I had read all the books in the library and could recite them from memory. That's what I think. I could write very well in Irish, English, French. My Russian and Czech are pretty good too.

**LOGAN**

A truly educated man.

**DÓNAL**

A lot of good it'll do me now.

**LOGAN**

Was she your wife? The one you married?

**DÓNAL**

Aye, she was. Bébhinn. That was her name. Bébhinn Ó Domhnaill. It means fair lady. And she was. She was perfect.

**LOGAN**

Where was she from?

**DÓNAL**

Burton Port.

**LOGAN**

Donegal.

**DÓNAL**

It's a beautiful place. We visited many times before we came to America. After a while, her parents and family thought we were the perfect couple, as if God Himself had smiled upon us and brought us together.

**LOGAN**

What did she study?

**DÓNAL**

Music. She was the most amazing pianist. The music danced from her fingers. She could play violin and viola also. Her voice, it was an angel's voice.

**LOGAN**

My daughter plays piano. She's seven.

**DÓNAL**

She's your angel. Good for you.

**LOGAN**

Her mother teaches music. And she plays organ in our choir.

**DÓNAL**

You're fortunate. Two angels. Music is magical to me. I used to wonder where it came from. The composer... where does he find that vision. Writing, that's one thing. You can write what you see. And people can read it. But music... how do you make it create that image in your mind with no words to fix the portrait.

**LOGAN**

It is amazing. And how do the musicians translate that? From the page to the ear. It's mystifying.

**DÓNAL**

That was always an enigma to me.

**(MORE)**



**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

No matter how many times I listened to Bébhinn play, it never ceased to amaze me. One of her composing colleagues would write something that no ear had ever heard, save the composer's. And she would sit with the pages in front of her. All these little dots and lines. And then... magic.

Logan smiles genuinely. Dónal's mood changes and he looks on mournfully.

**LOGAN**

So, you and Bébhinn?

**DÓNAL**

I felt as if the world revolved around her. We spent so much time together. Traveling the streets of Dublin. Talking. Laughing at stupid jokes. You know how you make fun of other lovers when you're not in love, and then you do the same things?

**LOGAN**

I know that well enough.

**DÓNAL**

I would feel her lips against mine and wonder if people were watching. But not caring if they were. Wanting them to be envious of me for belonging to her. I hate to use a cliché, but the sun rose and set with her. The moon kissed her every night.

Her eyes, Logan. I had never seen such a color before. It was truly miraculous. Blue would cheapen the currency of the word, for they were not that. Green would fail description. They were something different. I have never seen their like before or since... I will never see those eyes again.

**LOGAN**

Perhaps...

**DÓNAL**

Perhaps what? Heaven?

**LOGAN**

Well...

**DÓNAL**

Most don't think I'm going that way.

**LOGAN**

It doesn't matter what they think.  
It only matters what God thinks.

**DÓNAL**

Father, I do not believe there is a  
god.

**LOGAN**

Please don't say that, Dónal. Please  
don't even think...

**DÓNAL**

Why would God bring the most beautiful  
thing in the world to me, let me  
love her, make her love me,  
unreservedly, make me a slave to our  
love, and then, not only does He rob  
me of all that, He makes me pay the  
ultimate price for something I did  
not do?!

Dónal rises as if pulled by some unseen force, but makes not  
threatening gestures toward Logan.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

How could anyone think I could do  
such a heinous thing? Her murderer  
was free! Free! And my Bébhinn is  
in the ground! Cold and dead! And  
I will be soon too.

The guards come to the cell, but Logan waves them off.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Breathnaigh, creideann  
siadsan fiú go bhfuil  
mé ciontach! An  
gceapann sibh go  
ngortóinn fear Dé?

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Look, they even believe me  
guilty! You think I would  
hurt a man of God?

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

There's nothing here to worry about,  
gentlemen. This is my friend.

The guards shake their head and they start to walk away.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Is there any word from my lawyer?

One of the guards shakes his head and they walk away.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Of course, they think I murdered my wife. So, I guess I can understand their concern. It's a dangerous man who can murder the thing he loves most in the world.

**LOGAN**

And your lawyer?

**DÓNAL**

She won't succeed with the Court. She knows it. I know it. But she must go through the motions. The State wants me dead and dead I will be.

Even the Governor of Virginia turned down my case. They'll try again, but... You know, it doesn't matter now if they found a video on line that showed my wife's murderer. State law would not allow it to be entered in my defense and the State would murder me. President doesn't care. And only a pardon would help.

But that's not going to happen. It's an election year. I am prepared in my mind and in my heart that today is my last. I have been for a long time. Everyone has their time. It's my time. And that is what it is.

**LOGAN**

As long as you're alive, there's still hope, Dónal.

**DÓNAL**

Logan, trust me. I have been here for almost eight years. That is a long time here. Many do not last that long. I have known over twenty men who walk down that very hall.

Dónal laughs.

**LOGAN**

You laugh again?

**DÓNAL**

I call it the Green Mile, even though it's not green. You know the book? The movie?

**LOGAN**

I've seen it. And I read the book first.

**DÓNAL**

It's about a good man, an innocent man, who walks the Green Mile. As I will. Do you remember why they call it the Green Mile?

**LOGAN**

Vaguely.

**DÓNAL**

The floor, the linoleum on the floor was green. When you walk to your doom, they call it walking the "last mile". In that book, since the floor was green, they called it...

**LOGAN**

...The Green Mile.

**DÓNAL**

Sin é. Is é an míle glas é, ach níl an t-urlár glas.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Yes. It's the green mile, but the floor's not green.

He laughs a bit.

**LOGAN**

Níl.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

No, it is not.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

You find it easy to laugh?

**DÓNAL**

It might seem ironic to you, but I really am at peace with this. More or less.

**LOGAN**

Peace?

**DÓNAL**

A Dhia, deonaigh dom an suaimhneas chun glacadh le rudaí nach féidir liom a athrú; misneach chun rudaí a athrú nuair is féidir; agus gaois chun an difríocht a aithint.

**LOGAN**

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change: Courage to change the things I can; And wisdom to know the difference.

**DÓNAL**

That's right... You have nothing to say about that?

**LOGAN**

I can't fault your reasoning.

**DÓNAL**

You know, they let us talk some times. The condemned. They let us sit together. Thanksgiving. Christmas. Fourth of July. Other times, you talk to the other condemned through the walls. We are not supposed to, but they don't enforce that rule. I suspect they think we would plot an escape.

Logan laughs a bit. Dónal joins him.

**LOGAN**

Some grand conspiracy.

**DÓNAL**

I suppose. It makes no sense, but, rules are rules. But condemned people have little reason to follow rules.

**LOGAN**

I can see why. Do you make friends?

**DÓNAL**

You try not to become friends, because you know that, in all likelihood, your friend is going to die. I mean, everyone dies. But we have dates. Times. We have methods. We know this. It's with us all the time.

That's why they bring us here. Away from the others. For the finale. It's one thing to watch us walk away, lawyers meetings, doctors, etc. But to know it would be that moment... plus, there are preparations that are not pleasant and they wouldn't want to do that with the others in the next room.

He leans against the wall.

**LOGAN**

What are you thinking?

**DÓNAL**

What I would not give for one cigarette right now. I will spare you the gallows humor. I know cigarettes are bad. So many things are bad... But I would like that cigarette.

**LOGAN**

Even if it were allowed, I don't smoke.

**DÓNAL**

That's one thing you should not do, Priest. It's not good for you. And you have a reason to stay healthy. You have your whole life ahead of you. And cigarettes are bad. Every cigarette you smoke robs you of seven minutes of life. At this point, I can't spare seven minutes. So, no cigarette.

He laughs. Logan joins him.

**LOGAN**

You like to make jokes about this.

**DÓNAL**

What else would you have me do? Read a book? I read quickly, but what then would be the point?

**LOGAN**

There is one book...

Dónal instantly turns dark.

**DÓNAL**

...Please save me your priest's talk. I could recite your book from memory and not get one letter or period out of place. I do not need to read it again. If it were a cigarette it would be of more use to me!

Anger fills him as he flops to the bed. Dónal finally looks over at Logan and eyes him angrily.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

No words, Father? Nothing in your book? I have never known a man of the cloth to be so abstemious with his words.

**LOGAN**

I'd rather you not be with yours.

**DÓNAL**

You are infuriating, Father. You would be better use to me if you were a cigarette.

Many silent moments pass. Dónal flops back on his bed, sweat pouring down his sweat-covered face.

Logan opens his Bible and reads.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

It is like a blinking contest.

**LOGAN**

Excuse me?

**DÓNAL**

I feel as if you were waiting me out. You have no place to go?

**LOGAN**

I'm here. I told you. I'll be here till the end. I'll be here as long as you need me. If you tell me to go, I'll go. If you want me to stay I'll stay. If you want me to converse, I'll do that. If you want me to simply sit here...

**DÓNAL**

Why?

**LOGAN**

It is my belief that every person needs to have someone in their final hours on earth. It is their time. They may spend it as they wish. I am here for you, Dónal, not me.

Dónal eyes him suspiciously. Then his gaze softens.

**DÓNAL**

What about you?

**LOGAN**

What about me?

**DÓNAL**

What events in your life brought you to this prison cell on this day?

**LOGAN**

Why would you want to know about me?

**DÓNAL**

Right now, you are the only friend I have.

Logan smiles slightly, appreciatively as he places his Bible aside.

**LOGAN**

Me. Okay. Well, that's a fun story. Of course, you can decide for yourself if it's a fun story or not.

**DÓNAL**

I need a fun story.

**LOGAN**

Let's begin. My father, Conner... His friends called him Con... He was a character. A twin. My uncle's name was Cormac. Everyone said my father was a wild man when he was young. It was worse when they emigrated to America. He was a ladies man. Mr. Party. From what I hear, he drove my grandparents crazy.

**DÓNAL**

Sounds like a fun guy.

**LOGAN**

From what I heard, yes. On the other hand, Uncle Cormac was quiet, studious and abstained from the activities that my father felt most appealing. My grandparents were quite devout. And my father's ways were not theirs. When it came time for college, he wanted to be a lawyer.

**DÓNAL**

Why a lawyer?

**LOGAN**

Well, he thought that after seven years of college, he could make a lot of money with little effort.

**(MORE)**



**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

It was always about women and money and fast cars with my dad. He smoked cigarettes. He drank alcohol.

Dónal starts laughing, stimulating a laugh reflex in Logan.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

Dabbled in drugs. Had more girlfriends than stars in the heavens. Responsibility was not part of it.

**DÓNAL**

Wild Con! Where would he get the money?

**LOGAN**

From a lawyer.

Logan laughs harder forcing Dónal to as well.

**DÓNAL**

I think I would have liked to have met your father when he was a young crazy man.

**LOGAN**

If you like to party, it would have been fun.

**DÓNAL**

So, a lawyer just gave him money?

**LOGAN**

That would be too easy. Nothing with my father was ever easy. No, my father was lucky...

**DÓNAL**

Lucky?

**LOGAN**

In a way. He was driving home from his summer job at the factory before senior year of high school. Passing over the train tracks, his car stalled. And he tried to get it started. But the car wasn't that good, and the train came. Instead of getting out of the car -- he loved that car, but it was a piece of crap -- he tried to the end to get it started and the train hit him.

**DÓNAL**

My God! How bad was he hurt?

**LOGAN**

Not that bad. Lucky, I guess. But, the lawyer and doctors made it look worse. And he got enough to go to college and law school without a part time job. He put all the money into college and my grandparents could say nothing.

**DÓNAL**

So, Cormac was the good twin and Conner was the evil.

**LOGAN**

Exactly. And for my father, school was never difficult. Uncle Cormac had to work at it.

**DÓNAL**

Are they identical?

**LOGAN**

Fraternal. But you'd be hard pressed to tell them apart. I never met my Uncle Cormac. Just know him through pictures. Half way through college, he started coughing. It would not stop. Finally, when he coughed up blood, he went to a doctor. It was lung cancer.

**DÓNAL**

He smoked?

**LOGAN**

Never. Not once. My father was the smoker.

Both men stop talking for a while. Logan seems a bit emotional.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

Uncle Cormac did everything right. My father did everything wrong. And lung cancer killed my uncle before he turned twenty. Before life could begin.

**DÓNAL**

I am very sorry, Logan.

**LOGAN**

He was a good man. Everyone said so. He did everything right.

Logan takes a deep breath to clear his emotions a bit.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

They went to different colleges. Father to Princeton. Uncle Cormac to Virginia State. My father paid Uncle Cormac's tuition.

**DÓNAL**

That was nice of him.

**LOGAN**

It was. When the end was near, my father drove all night. Didn't sleep. He wanted to see his brother. It was shocking how fast the cancer ate away at him. One day, he was a fine, strong young man. The next... My uncle woke up and seemed to be ready to beat the cancer as soon as my father walked in the room.

**DÓNAL**

Brothers can do that. It's that fraternal energy. It can be healing.

**LOGAN**

Not this time. The next day, they tried to wake my uncle. But he wouldn't wake up. My father was having breakfast down stairs in the cafeteria. When he heard that my uncle wouldn't wake, he ran up to his room.

As soon as he walked in, Uncle Cormac opened his eyes. It seemed to all that he was going to pull through. My father went to his bedside and took his hand. Even though they were so different, there was love there that nothing could stop.

After a few minutes, Uncle Cormac pulled my father close. My father never told anyone what he said. It was just between the brothers.

The next day, as the funeral arrangements were being made, my

**(MORE)**

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

father called Princeton and asked what it would take to change his major. He wanted to be a man of God. At one moment, he was a crazy wild man, and the next, he put all that aside.

When he graduated, he moved back to Ireland. He wanted to be home. Married my mother. They knew each other when they were younger. I came along and soon after they married.

**DÓNAL**

That is a sad and wonderful story, Logan.

**LOGAN**

I wish it wouldn't have taken the death of my uncle to teach my father the meaning of life.

**DÓNAL**

What about you?

**LOGAN**

What do you mean?

**DÓNAL**

Born into the ministry?

**LOGAN**

Hardly. I had too much of my father in me. I knew everything. I fought. I drank. I chased women. Everything was about self-gratification. My father knew what I was doing. Took a lot of heat from the congregation. I was the typical preacher's son. If there was a rule, I'd break it.

**DÓNAL**

Your father didn't preach to you?

**LOGAN**

He did. But he had a style all his own. I was arrested for DUI.

**DÓNAL**

Bad boy.

**LOGAN**

Good thing they didn't find the bag of weed under my seat. It was for a party.

**DÓNAL**

You'd think they'd legalize that crap instead of ruining people's lives.

**LOGAN**

Probably agree with you on that.

**DÓNAL**

So what did dad say?

**LOGAN**

I was hung over. He sat me down in the kitchen. Poured some coffee for me. He had tea. He didn't say anything. We just sat there, drinking coffee and tea. I don't know how long it was before I said something. Could have been five minutes. Could have been an hour. But he didn't say a word till I did.

**DÓNAL**

What did you say?

**LOGAN**

Probably the stupidest thing I could say. "Dad, I guess I'm grounded, right?"

Dónal laughs. At first, Logan tries to staunch the laugh, but even he cannot.

**DÓNAL**

Was that being a smart ass or just the drunk talking?

**LOGAN**

Probably a bit of both. I don't remember what I was thinking. Actually, what I was thinking was, life as you know it is over.

**DÓNAL**

What did he say?

**LOGAN**

That I wasn't grounded.

**(MORE)**

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

I was seventeen and he told me that the Court would punish me. That sobered me up a millisecond. In Virginia, it could be a felony. That was something I didn't want to hear about. I gulped my coffee down in one shot.

**DÓNAL**

No hair of the dog?

**LOGAN**

Not a chance. My mind was filled with all the possibilities of what could happen to me. And I knew that drinking more would be a bad idea. I was pretty sure my girlfriend's father would end our relationship. She was with me and she was drunk too.

I can remember that time as if it were happening right now. So, he also told me that I would have to use my own money for a lawyer. I had a job and I put a lot of money away for college.

**DÓNAL**

Lawyers. It's like flushing money away.

**LOGAN**

True. But, I wasn't going into that courtroom without one. Cost me a bundle. But, I walked away with a six month suspension and a \$1,000 fine. I think my father had something to do with it, but he never said. I was grounded by the judge. And I never took a drink again. Except for the Sacrament. I told my dad that I wanted to follow him into the ministry.

**DÓNAL**

You have any sons?

**LOGAN**

Three.

**DÓNAL**

Teenage?

**LOGAN**

Eldest just turned thirteen.

**DÓNAL**

Any signs that he's like you and your father?

**LOGAN**

Sad to say, yes. Don't remind me.

Dónal laughs.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

I keep telling him the stories about me and his grandfather. I even had my father tell him. He thinks what we did was cool.

**DÓNAL**

Maybe he'll get in trouble early and get it out of the way before he drives.

**LOGAN**

I pray about it every day.

**EXT. SUPREME COURT PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Róisín parks her car, grabs her things and rushes into the building as fast as she can.

**INT. HOLDING CELL**

A GUARD comes to the cell with a phone in his hand. He enters the cell and places the phone on the desk.

**GUARD**

There's a call for you. Lawyer.

The words sober Dónal. His breathing increases and his eyes dart around the cell.

**DÓNAL**

Calls from lawyers. Never good.

Finally, he struggles to his feet and goes to the phone. His hand shakes as he picks up the receiver.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Dónal Ó Caoimh.

**INT. SUPREME COURT BUILDING**

Róisín sits at a desk.

**RÓISÍN**

Dónal. Róisín here.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN HOLDING CELL**

**DÓNAL**

What's the word?

**RÓISÍN**

I'm waiting for the justices. One's stuck in traffic. The other two are reading my motion now. As soon as I hear from them, I'll call you.

**DÓNAL**

Hope it's good news.

**RÓISÍN**

As do I. I just wanted to keep you in the loop.

**DÓNAL**

I appreciate it.

**RÓISÍN**

Caleb's with the Governor. Governor's in a meeting. Dora's waiting for the President.

**DÓNAL**

Wonderful.

**RÓISÍN**

Stay strong. Be in touch.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - END INTERCUT**

Dónal hangs up the phone. The Guard comes and takes it away. Dónal sits down, still shaking slightly. It takes quite a while for Dónal to calm down.

**LOGAN**

May I get you something?

**DÓNAL**

Water would be nice.

**LOGAN**

Guard? We need some water.

Instantly, the Guard brings a bottle of water. Dónal nearly downs the bottle in one draw.



**DÓNAL**

I guess my nerves were not as strong  
as I thought.

**LOGAN**

It's understandable.

Dónal nods as he leans against the wall.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

Your lawyer, no matter how scant the  
possibility, is subconsciously a  
link to hope.

**DÓNAL**

You learn that in seminary?

**LOGAN**

Life. And I have a degree in  
psychology.

**DÓNAL**

I'm not crazy yet.

**LOGAN**

I hope your lawyer cares enough about  
your case to...

**DÓNAL**

She's my cousin. Second generation  
Irish American.

Dónal goes inside himself for a while, as Logan reads his  
Bible. Finally, Dónal turns back to Logan.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

From the moment Bébhinn and I met, I  
found it almost impossible to think  
of anything but her. I tried to  
write. I tried to follow my lessons.  
I would sit in class and just wonder  
where she was, even though I usually  
knew since I memorized her schedule.

**LOGAN**

Cupid's arrow struck you hard.

**DÓNAL**

Aye, did that. Damn near knocked me  
off my feet. Being away from her  
was pure torture. I wondered if she  
was thinking the same thing.

**LOGAN**

Was she?

He looks sheepishly at Logan.

**DÓNAL**

Aye. I remember walking... actually, damn near running to be with her after class. And I tried to stop from running. But as soon as I slowed down to a fast walk, I found myself accelerating again.

Then, I thought that I didn't want her to see me running. Didn't want to appear too eager. And then, I saw her. She hadn't seen me yet. And she was running too. And when we saw each other, we both smiled broadly. Laughed at our silliness.

**LOGAN**

The perfect love affair.

**DÓNAL**

It wasn't perfect.

Logan hums the first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth.

**LOGAN**

What happened?

**DÓNAL**

I was her first boyfriend.

**LOGAN**

Uh oh.

**DÓNAL**

I never really felt this strongly for a girl before in my life, all twenty years. I started writing stupid poems, short stories about being in love. I have never in my life written such crap. And it was a mountain of crap.

**LOGAN**

She found them?

**DÓNAL**

Indeed, she did. I was up to my arse in stupid. I was in love. And it's as strong now as it was then.

**LOGAN**

What happened?

**DÓNAL**

We had just come back from Christmas break. We went first to my home on Christmas Eve. Then, in the morning, we took a boat and went to her family's home. Everything seemed fine.

**EXT. Ó DOMHNAILL HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK**

A cab pulls up to the front year and Bébhinn and Teen Dónal get out and grab presents from the boot. Teen Dónal pays the driver. The harsh winter wind whips Bébhinn's hair around her face. Teen Dónal looks like he is going to die.

**BÉBHINN**

You know, this will go a lot better if you don't look like you're ready to vomit.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

I am ready to vomit.

**BÉBHINN**

They'll love you just as much as I do. Don't be a little boy.

The door opens and Bébhinn's parents, MOIRA, who looks attractive but worn by the years living near the sea, and ALISTER, a burly fisherman, who's face has been worn hard by years on the sea, and sisters MUIREANN and SORCHA pour out.

They all immediately embrace her.

**MRS. Ó DOMHNAILL**

Bébhinn, my dear.  
Merry Christmas.

**MRS. Ó DOMHNAILL (CONT'D)**

Bébhinn, Nollaig Shona.

**BÉBHINN**

Merry Christmas.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Nollaig Shona.

Dónal stands off to the side like a social leper. Alister goes to him and shakes his hand.

**ALISTER**

I suppose this is the lucky guy?

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

Is dócha é seo an buachaill báire?

**TEEN DÓNAL**

He is.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Is é.

**BÉBHINN**

Daddy, this is Dónal. This is my father.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Dhaidí, is é seo Dónal. Seo é m'athair.

Alister shakes his hand hard.

**ALISTER**  
Dónal. Call me  
Alister.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**  
Dónal. Glaoch Alister  
orm.

**TEEN DÓNAL**  
Yes, sir, Alister.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**  
Glaofaidh cinnte, a Alister.

**ALISTER**  
This is my wife, Mrs.  
Ó Domhnaill.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**  
Seo í mo bhean chéile,  
Moira Bean Uí Dhomhnaill.

**MOIRA**  
You may call me Moira.

**MOIRA (CONT'D)**  
Féidir tú ghlaoch orm.

**TEEN DÓNAL**  
All right.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**  
Go raibh maith agat.

Dónal seems a bit nonplussed at the informality.

**BÉBHINN**  
These are my sisters, Muireann  
Sorcha.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**  
Sandiad mo dheirfiúracha,  
Muireann agus Sorcha.

They greet. Moira motions to the house.

**MOIRA**  
Well, it's cold out  
here, and there's a  
Christmas feast on the  
table. Let's get  
inside.

**MOIRA (CONT'D)**  
Bhuel, tá sé fuar amuigh  
anseo, agus tá féasta na  
Nollag ar an tábla. Isteach  
linn go gasta.

Dónal gathers up the gifts and heads in with the others.

#### INT. Ó DOMHNAILL HOUSE

The family is gathered round the table that is filled with turkey, ham, Brussels sprouts, roast potatoes, stuffing and various vegetables, with stuffing, gravy etc.

**MOIRA**  
Well, Dónal, as our  
guest, would you like  
to say grace?

**MOIRA (CONT'D)**  
Bhuel, a Dhónal, mar ár  
gcuairteoir, ar mhaith  
leat an t-altú roimh bhia  
a ár?

**TEEN DÓNAL**  
I'd be honored.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**  
Ba bhreá liom é.

They all join hands.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Thank you Lord for the  
fellowship around this  
table, for the good  
friends, for the hearts  
of love that manifested  
themselves through  
hands that prepared  
this wonderful feast.  
Bless us as we eat and  
bless us as we  
fellowship. In Jesus'  
Name, Amen.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

Bail na gcúig arán agus an  
dá iasc, A roinn Dia ar an  
gcúig mhíle duine, Rath ón  
Rí a rinne an roinn Go  
dtige ar ár gcuid is as ár  
gcomhroinn. Trí Chríost  
ár dTiarna, Áiméin.

**ALL**

Amen.

**ALISTER**

Good words. But there  
are stomachs to fill.  
And mine is quite  
willing.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

Dea-fhocail. Ach tá goilí  
le líonadh. Tá mo cheannsa  
breá sásta go líonfar é.

**EXT. HILL NEAR Ó DOMHNAILL HOUSE**

Alister leads Dónal up on a hill near the house.

**ALISTER**

I got you an extra  
present that I wanted  
to give you privately.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

Fuair mé féirín breise a  
theastaigh uaim a thabhairt  
duit go príobháideach.

He hands him a box. Inside is a really nice pipe.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

Thank you, Alister.  
I've never smoked one  
of these.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Go raibh maith agat, a  
Alister. Níor chaith mé  
ceann acu seo ariamh cheana.

**ALISTER**

Part of your  
qualifications to be a  
man.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

Cuid de na cáilíochtaí le  
bheith id' fhear.

Alister primes his own pipe and then hands the pouch to Dónal who mimics him. They both light up.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

The missus doesn't  
like the pipe in the  
house. So I come here.  
When you get married,  
you'll find there are  
some limitations.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

Ní maith le bean an tí an  
píopa a bheith sa teach.  
Mar sin, tagaim anseo.  
Nuair a phósann tusa,  
feicfidh tú go mbíonn roinnt  
srianta I gceist.

Dónal smiles as smoke billows up around them.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

I'm sort of on uncharted ground here, Dónal. I can tell by the way you are with my Bébhinn that I don't have to have that talk. She's my first.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

Rud nua é seo domhsa a Dhónail. Is féidir liom a fheiceáil ón dóigh a bhfuil tú le Bébhinn s'againne nach gá domh an comhrá sin a bheith agam. 'Sí mo chéad iníon í.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

I would never hurt her, sir. She's the most amazing person I've ever met.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Ní ghortóinn go brách í. 'Sí an duine is fearr a casadh orm ariamh í.

**ALISTER**

That's good to hear.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

Is maith sin a chloisteáil.

Just then, looking down the hill, Bébhinn exists the house. She looks a bit frantic.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

Well that doesn't look good.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

Bhuel ní amharcann sé sin go maith.

Dónal looks a bit queasy.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

I've seen that look before. You have your work ahead of you.

**ALISTER (CONT'D)**

Tá an ghnúis sin feicthe cheana agam. Tá obair mhór romhat.

Dónal looks hard at Bébhinn and sees she's not happy.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - END FLASHBACK**

Dónal snaps back to reality.

**DÓNAL**

We were not living together. We'd not shared a bed at our parents' houses. Somehow, her sisters and her mother, who seemed to like me as much as my parents loved her, decided she was far too young to be so involved.

We wanted to go back to Dublin to celebrate New Year with our friends there. We drove back and, it was then that I noticed a bit of a change. Subtle.

**(MORE)**

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I thought, perhaps, that I was making too much of it.

Anyway, New Year went fine enough. But when we woke in the morning, she seemed even more different. I feared she was pregnant. But that was the least of my worries.

Dónal goes inside himself a bit.

**LOGAN**

You know we don't have a whole lot of time, Dónal.

**DÓNAL**

Oh, who's with the gallows humor now?

**LOGAN**

Maybe my stand up career isn't over.

**DÓNAL**

Wouldn't say that. Anyway, we had met for lunch as was our habit.

**EXT. COLLEGE STREET AND TOWNSEND STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Dónal meets Bébhinn outside Doyles. She looks on the verge of tears.

**DÓNAL (V.O.)**

Anyway, we had met for lunch as was our habit. She looked off. I thought at first it was the cold. But then I saw that tear.

A single tear falls from Bébhinn's face.

**DÓNAL (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

That damn tear.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

What's the matter, Bébhinn?

**INT. DOYLES - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Teen Dónal and Bébhinn walk to the back of the near-empty pub. Quiet enough for two erstwhile lovers to vanish into the dark for a private chat. He looks to the WAITRESS.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

Two pints.

They sit at a table in the back. The waitress brings two pints and places them in front of them.

**WAITRESS**

You'll be having lunch today?

**TEEN DÓNAL**

Em, we'll think about it and call okay?

**WAITRESS**

Sure.

The Waitress walks away.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

You've been acting strange lately, Bébhinn.

**BÉBHINN**

I know. It's hard to explain.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Tá a fhios agam. Tá sé Deacair a mhíniú.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

You're not pregnant, are you?

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Níl tú ag iompar clainne, an bhfuil?

**BÉBHINN**

Ach no! Jesus, get those thoughts out of your head!

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Ara níl! A Mhuire Mháthair, cuir na smaointe sin as do cheann!

**TEEN DÓNAL**

I didn't think so really. Just, you know, wanted to be...

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Níor cheap mé go raibh i ndáiríre. Ní raibh ann ach, tá a fhios agat, ag iarraidh a bheith ...

**BÉBHINN**

Well, you don't have to worry about that.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

~~Bhuet~~, ní gá duit a bheith buartha faoi sin.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

So, what do I have to worry about?

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Céard a chaithfidh mé a bheith buartha faoi mar sin?

Bébhinn turns away and takes a sip of her Guinness.



**BÉBHINN**

You're the first boy  
I've ever been close  
to. I wasn't allowed  
to date when I was  
home. You were kind  
of a shock to my family.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Is tú an chéad bhuachaill  
a raibh mé mór leis. Ní  
raibh cead agam a bheith  
ag siúl amach le daoine sa  
bhaile. Chuir tú ionadh ar  
mo mhuintir.

Teen Dónal begins to palpitate a bit. He sips his Guinness.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

I'm confused. I don't  
want to hurt you. I  
just don't think I  
love you anymore.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Tá mearbhall orm. Níl mé  
ag iarraidh thú a ghortú.  
Ach ceapaim nach bhfuil mé  
i ngrá leat níos mó.

Shock writes itself across Teen Dónal's face as Bébhinn bursts into tears. Tears well up in Teen Dónal's eyes and he looks frantic.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

Don't say that.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Ná habair é sin.

**BÉBHINN**

I'm sorry.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Tá brón orm.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

What did I do?

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Céard a rinne mé?

**BÉBHINN**

Nothing. It's not  
you. You're perfect.  
I'm just not ready, a  
ghrá. This is so  
intense. I don't know  
how to feel it. And  
my mother and sisters  
feel that I'm too young  
and our relationship  
might distract me from  
my studies.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Dada. Ní dhearna tusa dada.  
Tá tusa foirfe. Ach nílimse  
réidh a ghrá. Tá sé seo  
iontach díochra. Níl a  
fhios agam cén chaoi ar  
cheart dom aireachtáil.  
Agus ceapann mo mháma agus  
mo dheirfiúracha go bhfuil  
mé ró-óg agus go bhféadfadh  
ár gcaidreamh m'aird a  
thógáil ón staidéar.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

But I help you with  
your studies. The non-  
musical ones.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Ach cabhraímse le do  
staidéar. An stuif nach  
mbaineann leis an gceol.

**BÉBHINN**

I know. I know. But  
still. I'm only  
eighteen. You're older.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Tá a fhios agam. Tá a  
fhios agam. Ach fós féin.  
Níl mé ach ocht mbliana  
déag d'aois. Tá tusa níos  
sine.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

I'm only twenty-two.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Níl mé ach fiche is a dó.

**BÉBHINN**

You're older and much wiser.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Tá tú níos sine agus I bhfad níos críonna.

She folds into his arms and both sob quietly. It's all he can do to hold back his own tears.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

You need time. I can see that. I can see that now.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Tá am ag teastáil uait. Feicim sin. Feicim sin anois.

She turns to face him.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I won't call you or try to see you for a week. Let's take some time apart and see how we feel.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Ní ghlaofaidh mé ort ná ní dhéanfaidh mé iarracht thú a fheiceáil ar feadh seachtaine. Tógfaidh muid am saor óna chéile agus feicfidh muid cén chaoi a n-airíonn muid.

Her eyes say she wants him, but she cannot speak. He wipes the tears from her eyes and smiles tenuously.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Go home. Get ready for the term to start. I'll call you on Friday. I'll see you on Friday.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Gabh abhaile. Faigh faoi réir do thú an téarma. Glaofaidh mé ort Dé hAoine. Feicfidh mé thú Dé hAoine.

She nods tenuously and gets up. Slowly, she walks toward the door. As she gets to the door, she looks back and smiles a bit, then leaves.

Teen Dónal shakes a bit. He quickly downs the rest of his pint and hers.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - END FLASHBACK**

Dónal stares off into space as if he was really seeing the events. He smiles. But there are tears in his eyes. Even Logan has some moisture in his own.

**LOGAN**

You know, Dónal, we don't have all night.

Dónal breaks into laughter.

**DÓNAL**

Now you're getting into the spirit of this dialectic.

**LOGAN**

Thank you.

**DÓNAL**

You know, drinking that much Guinness that fast is not a great thing to do.

**LOGAN**

I wouldn't think so.

**DÓNAL**

I like Guinness, but I truly believe it was meant to be sipped.

**LOGAN**

I have done that. The first pint I ever shared with my father. I thought a big gulp would be a good idea. Felt like I was going to vomit.

**DÓNAL**

I almost did. Could have been the chat as well. All right. As I said, I was her first boyfriend. She'd known no other. I think her mother sincerely thought that she might just get a bit careless and bring home something earlier than intended.

**LOGAN**

Babies do complicate things.

**DÓNAL**

Aye. We were careful. Very careful.

**LOGAN**

So, her mother scared her?

**DÓNAL**

Aye. That was it. And her sisters. The old Dónal, the one before Bébhinn, he'd have just said, well, this one's tainted and moved onto the next. There was always a sufficient number of nexts to be had in Dublin. But there was no next after her. Not Bébhinn. There would be a hole in my heart the size of the world if she was not in my world.

Dónal smiles longingly, then turns slightly melancholy.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

There is a hole in my world, Logan.

At first, Logan seems to want to say something, but he refrains as Dónal seems on the verge of tears.

**LOGAN**

There's a bigger hole in the world too.

Dónal smiles tenuously.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

So, obviously, you stayed together. What happened?

**DÓNAL**

After she left Doyles, I wanted to speak to her. I wanted to run after her and beg her not to go. I wanted to tell her how much I loved her. But she knew that. I wanted to tell her what she meant to me. But she knew that too. I wanted her to tell me why she did not love me, especially since I knew that to be a lie. I can still smell her scent. I can feel her lips against mine. Slight taste of Guinness on them.

He chokes a laugh. Tears fill his eyes.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

It's strange thinking of these things now.

**LOGAN**

Why? What's wrong with remembering the past?

**DÓNAL**

Because there'll be no future.

**LOGAN**

With God's love there's always a future, Dónal.

Dónal says nothing. Grits his teeth.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

You bristle at the mention of His name.

**DÓNAL**

Again, Father, God's name means  
nothing to me. Not now.

**LOGAN**

I believe He's speaking to you now.

The tumult reads in Dónal's eyes.

**DÓNAL**

I wish I could hear Him.

**LOGAN**

In time. When the time is right,  
He'll open your ears. And your heart.

**DÓNAL**

He best work quickly.

Logan laughs a bit. At first Dónal does not, but soon, he  
joins in.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Every time my heart tightens, you  
free it, Logan. Go raibh míle maith  
agat.

**LOGAN**

Tá fáilte romhat. So what happened?  
How was that week for you?

**DÓNAL**

Pure torture. Fortunately, the term  
had not yet begun and it allowed me  
to wallow in self-pity sans damage  
to my studies. It was difficult  
enough to be away from her when we  
were together. To be away from her  
under these circumstances...

Dónal laughs a bit.

**LOGAN**

What's that for?

**DÓNAL**

Laughing? Young love. So foolish.  
The things we do for love. Sounds  
like a song.

**LOGAN**

It is. Seventies, I think. Don't  
remember the band.

**DÓNAL**

10cc.

**LOGAN**

10cc.

**DÓNAL**

Right.

The both laugh a little bit. Logan seems to start remembering, nodding his head.

**LOGAN**

Too many broken hearts have fallen  
in the river. Too many lonely souls  
have drifted out to sea. You lay  
your bets and then you pay the price  
The things we do for love. The things  
we do for love.

**DÓNAL**

Communication is the problem to the  
answer. You've got her number and  
your hand is on the phone. The  
weather's turned and all the lines  
are down The things we do for love...  
The things we do for love.

**DOWN THE HALL**

The guards look down the hall at Dónal and Logan.

**HOLDING CELL**

Logan and Dónal harmonize.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL**

The things we do for love. Like  
walking in the rain and the snow  
when there's nowhere to go, and you're  
feelin' like a part of you is dying.  
And you're looking for the answer in  
her eyes. You think you're gonna  
break up then she says she wants to  
make up...

They try to make the high notes, but fail.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Ooh, you made me love you Ooh, you've  
got a way Ooh, you had me crawling  
up the wall...

They both break into laughter, uncontrollable laughter.

**DOWN THE HALL**

The guards look shocked.

**GUARD**

Now that's not something you see every day.

**HOLDING CELL**

Dónal and Logan continue to laugh.

**LOGAN**

Didn't know you could sing.

**DÓNAL**

If you can call that singing. You're not so bad yourself.

**LOGAN**

It's the Irish in us.

**DÓNAL**

Must be.

It takes a bit of time for their laughter to subside.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

If anyone watched this who didn't know what was going on, they'd think we were insane.

**LOGAN**

Sanity's overrated anyway.

**DÓNAL**

Probably.

Logan stars at him for a moment.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

What?

**LOGAN**

I'm assuming you got back together?

**DÓNAL**

Oh, that. Well, up till then, that was the longest week of my life.

**LOGAN**

What did you do?

**DÓNAL**

I went back to my flat. Pulled out a piece of paper and a pen and I wrote a letter to her.

**LOGAN**

Thought you said you wouldn't contact her for a week.

**DÓNAL**

I said I wouldn't call her or try to meet with her.

**LOGAN**

Sneaky bastard.

**DÓNAL**

Aye. Well, I wrote this heart-felt letter saying that I knew we were young and inexperienced. And that we both maybe got involved too quickly. But, I said this, I'd rather take the chance that we might not make it and spend the time together, than to just let it die now.

**LOGAN**

That was it?

**DÓNAL**

That's the truncated version. Five pages front and back. The real letter was a bit more verbose. Brevity has never been my forte.

**LOGAN**

Jesus. Did you think she was going to read the entire thing?

**DÓNAL**

Of course she would.

Dónal laughed.

**LOGAN**

Eejit.

**DÓNAL**

Young and in love.

**LOGAN**

Dangerous thing, love.

**DÓNAL**

Aye. But, I couldn't help myself. So, I got up early, posted the letter and went for a long walk. I mean, I walked. Hours and hours and hours.

**(MORE)**



**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I'd stop in for a bite to eat or pint here and there, but I walked.

I think I walked the whole of Dublin. Probably not, but it felt like it. My feet felt like it. As the sun set, so did I. I was about three miles away from my flat, and too tired to walk back, so, I hired a cab. Fell into bed and slept for almost twelve hours.

When I woke, I felt empty and full at the same time. I knew that, no matter what happened, part of my life would always be better for having known her, and I expressed that in the letter. So, I waited. I'm not by nature a patient man. But I had done what I could and that was all I could do.

**LOGAN**

How long did she make you wait?

**DÓNAL**

Five days. I avoided, as best I could, places I knew she might go. I didn't want to make it appear as if I was stalking her. I really wanted honestly to give her time. I came back from the library to see a message on my answering machine. It was her. She asked me to meet her at Doyles. So, to Doyles it was.

**INT. DOYLES - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

There are a few tables filled. Waitresses put pints on them. And in the back, where Teen Dónal and Bébhinn had sat before, there she was. She looks radiant.

Tenuously, he traverses the space between the door and the table.

She smiles a delicate smile.

**DÓNAL (V.O.)**

For the first time since I'd met her, I could not read her.

Teen Dónal looks nervous, sweating. He motions to the chair.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

May I sit?

**BÉBHINN**

Of course, silly.

Clumsily he moves his chair a bit close to her so there's little table between them and sit.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

I ordered a pint for you.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

Thanks.

He sips his pint.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Sure doesn't that hit the spot?

**BÉBHINN**

Aye, it does. I got your letter.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

I was a bit overzealous with my words.

**BÉBHINN**

They were good words. But there were a few too many.

She laughs a bit.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

Perhaps.

**BÉBHINN**

Brevity is not your forte.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

True enough.

Many pregnant moments pass without a word. A sip here and there.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Do you have something to tell me?

**BÉBHINN**

Aye. I do.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

Well, feel free.

**BÉBHINN**

I love you, Dónal. I always did. I never stopped. I think I really just needed time to think about what I really felt. I cried for two days. Then, I went back to Burton Port. I didn't tell you. I confronted my mother and sisters. And I told them that I was never as sure about anything in my life as I was that I was in love with you.

Teen Dónal's lip quivers and tears fill his eyes. She reaches out and touches his face. Wipes the tears.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Don't cry, love. It's all right. We're together. I told my mother and my sisters that you were the only man for me. And I said that I was going to marry you.

Shock writes itself across his face.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

I thought I was the one to ask you to marry me.

**BÉBHINN**

You are. Of course, you are. And I know when the time comes, you'll ask me. And I'm telling you in advance that when the time does come, the answer's yes.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

That's brilliant, Bébhinn. Just brilliant.

They slam into an intense embrace and kiss hard and passionately.

**TEEN DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Bar keep. Two more pints.

**BÉBHINN**

But, Dónal, we haven't finished these.

**TEEN DÓNAL**

We'll need more.

The embrace again.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - END FLASHBACK**

Dónal reclines on the bunk, a satisfied grin on his face.

**DÓNAL**

I can't tell you how many pints we  
downed that night. Or how stupid we  
must have seemed to those watching.

A look of sadness and melancholy replaces the smile.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Love to go back to that moment.  
That's the time when I get most angry  
at my current circumstances. And I  
think of the evil men and women called  
prosecutors who do not seek justice.  
They only care about convictions and  
their own careers. If there is a  
Hell, there's a special place for  
people like that. I will never  
forgive them. No matter what.

**LOGAN**

I can understand your rancor. I  
think I'd find it difficult to forgive  
them myself.

**DÓNAL**

I actually wish them harm.

**LOGAN**

Ní bhíonn torthaí ar Chrann an  
díoltais.

**DÓNAL**

The Tree of revenge does not carry  
fruit. I can hear my mother saying  
that. Try that when you're sitting  
here, Logan.

**LOGAN**

Have to give you that one. It's a  
fine saying though.

**DÓNAL**

Fine indeed.

**LOGAN**

Tabhair maithiúnas do do naimhde i  
gcónaí; ní chuirfidh aon cheo eile  
isteach orthu mar é.

**DÓNAL**

Always forgive your enemies; nothing annoys them so much. Oscar Wilde.

**LOGAN**

Now there's a man's man.

Dónal burst into laughter, followed by Logan.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

Would you do it? If you were released, would you take revenge on the prosecutors, the cops?

**DÓNAL**

If I got out? I would take revenge, but not in a physical way. That time has passed. There is no need. But I would ruin them professionally with my pen.

**LOGAN**

Tá an fuath cosúil le deoch a ólaimid, ag súil go maróidh sé an duine eile.

**DÓNAL**

Hate is like a poison we drink, hoping it will kill the other guy. I've heard that before. I don't know the origin.

**LOGAN**

Neither do I. Might have picked it up in priest school.

**DÓNAL**

Very funny. No, Logan, these men and women, they took my wife's murder personally and focused all their venom and animus on the wrong target. They're mindless creatures who need to be taught a lesson. Like Mike Nifong.

**LOGAN**

The Duke Rape Case?

**DÓNAL**

What punishment did he suffer for torturing innocent boys? Disbarment? Was that really good enough for what he did? He should have served the time that they would have had he gained a conviction.

**(MORE)**

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

That would have been just recompense. He served only one day in jail for contempt of court. He was ruined in some ways, the bankruptcy, but he should have suffered far worse.

One of the guards comes with a cart on which sits two trays of food.

**GUARD**

Dinner time. The Warden said to bring two, since you had company.

**LOGAN**

Is that normal?

**DÓNAL**

I don't know. This is my first time.

**GUARD**

Normally the Warden shares it with the... inmate. But he didn't want to disturb your conversation.

**DÓNAL**

What's on the menu?

**GUARD**

Roast beef. Corn. Mash potatoes. Chocolate cake.

Dónal smiles.

**GUARD (CONT'D)**

And unsweetened ice tea. I might be able to get some ice cream if...

**DÓNAL**

I won't need it. Logan?

**LOGAN**

This is fine. Thank you.

The Guard opens the cell door, ushers the cart in and leaves.

**DÓNAL**

Well, Logan, my friend, join me in my most superfluous meal.

**LOGAN**

Not sure I have much of an appetite.

**DÓNAL**

I'm the one who's not supposed to be able to eat. Come on. Enjoy.

Tentatively, Logan brings his tray off the cart. They both begin.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Seems as though the cooks have outdone themselves. It's pretty good. I love corn and mashed potatoes.

**LOGAN**

I've always been fond of the combination.

**DÓNAL**

I miss the lumps.

**LOGAN**

Lumps?

**DÓNAL**

My mother, since we had a rather large family, mashed quickly. She left lumps. Most would not appreciate it, but I loved the lumps. Reminds me of my mother. And the corn. It just adds something to the potatoes.

**LOGAN**

I had always imagined prison food as pretty unpalatable. But this is truly not bad.

**DÓNAL**

They get the cakes from an ex-con who donates enough for the entire population once a month. He learned how to bake here and feels the need to give back. I'm rather fond of that arrangement. And I'm glad it was this day. I'm surprised I can eat.

**LOGAN**

I heard that the warden at Sing Sing said that no one ever ate the last meal.

**DÓNAL**

It's understandable. Even if fear didn't fill every breath, there's a certain futility in eating something.

**(MORE)**

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

You're going to die. There's no point.

**LOGAN**

Why are you able to eat?

**DÓNAL**

You don't know?

Logan shakes his head.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

You.

**LOGAN**

Me?

**DÓNAL**

Your company has given me a sense of... comfort. It's eased my mind.

**LOGAN**

I'm glad I could have that effect on you.

**DÓNAL**

I wish we had met outside of all of this.

**LOGAN**

Perhaps it would not be the same. Circumstances being different...

**DÓNAL**

True. But for now, you have been pleasant company during these most darkest of hours.

They continue to eat in silence for a bit.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

What's wrong?

**LOGAN**

I don't know how to say this, but...

**DÓNAL**

Say it.

**LOGAN**

I'm beginning to feel sad for what's going to happen to you.



**DÓNAL**

Don't be. The one thing that was most important to me in the world is gone. In some ways, it feels like the world is dead without her. So why be in it? Well, my friend, time waits for no man. Let's finish our feast and get on with the merriment.

Logan laughs.

**LOGAN**

You are a fascinating man, Dónal.

**DÓNAL**

As are you.

**INT. COURT OFFICE**

Róisín enters the chambers and paces, waiting for the justices who soon enter and take seats. She looks a bit crestfallen. She stands before the three justices.

**CHIEF JUSTICE**

Ms. Gallagher, we've read your brief. The arguments, while compelling...

**RÓISÍN**

Mr. Chief Justice, please...

**ASSOCIATE JUSTICE 1**

We understand your issues, Ms. Gallagher. And we also are aware of your familial ties to the condemned. But we can find no compelling issue in this brief for which we can even grant a stay of execution.

**RÓISÍN**

The Virginia law is capricious. The twenty-one day rule is clearly unconstitutional. It takes the issue of new evidence off the table since only the original trial court can review new evidence...

**ASSOCIATE JUSTICE 2**

We know that, Ms. Gallagher, but the rule has been upheld since there are other routes to...

**RÓISÍN**

Mr. Justice, we all know that the only avenue left is for a stay of  
**(MORE)**

**RÓISÍN (CONT'D)**

execution and an appeal to either the Governor of Virginia or the President of the United States.

**CHIEF JUSTICE**

And both have declined...

**RÓISÍN**

Yes, that is true. The police looked only my client as the perpetrator. His fingerprints were at the scene. It was his house. He was holding the murder weapon in his hand. Of course he was! He pulled it out of the his wife. Of course he was covered in her blood. He picked her up, crying his eyes out, screaming for help!

The police never once looked for the perpetrator. The only looked at my client. If you knew him, knew them, you would know that he could never have done this. We have additional evidence, but no one will listen.

**CHIEF JUSTICE**

Ms. Gallagher, while your defense of your client is...

She looks near frantic.

**CHIEF JUSTICE (CONT'D)**

Perhaps we can take another look at the brief and see if we can find something.

**RÓISÍN**

There's little time.

**ASSOCIATE JUSTICE 1**

We're aware of the time. We'll come back in a half an hour.

The justices leave, and Róisín crumples into a chair, shaking.

**INT. HOLDING CELL**

The two men finish their meal.

**DÓNAL**

That was rather satisfying.

**LOGAN**

Much better than I expected. Good cake.

**DÓNAL**

Indeed. I think more condemned men should actually eat their last meal.

**LOGAN**

If it were that one, it'd be worth it.

Dónal seems to go inside himself for a moment.

**DÓNAL**

A great machine is working right now.

**LOGAN**

Machine?

**DÓNAL**

Death Machine. There are dozens of people intimately involved in taking me to my death. They're all over. Out there. I don't fault them. Except the prosecutors and judges. The police. They should burn in Hell, if there is a Hell. They're supposed to seek justice. But they don't. They seek convictions.

**LOGAN**

I agree. I've seen their rush to justice.

**DÓNAL**

The police and prosecutors never looked for the genuine perpetrator. The husband is always the first suspected. And there I was, blood on my hands and a murder weapon in my hand. I can imagine how it looked. But they never listened. Not once.

Tenuous smiles appear on both their faces.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I finished my Masters. Bébhinn finished her Bachelors. I had, with my father's influence, secured a fellowship at Columbia and she would begin study at Julliard.

**(MORE)**

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

We had always talked about America. I had visited with my family when I was younger. The whole trip was a blur. A wonderful blur. I wanted to go back.

And as I talked about it, my dream became our dream. With her talent, Julliard was not a difficult situation. She sent tapes of her playing. Her grades were exemplary. Her playing was miraculous. I wish you could hear it. She would give private concerts only for me.

Dónal smiles as he speaks about Bébhinn.

**LOGAN**

I wish I had known her. I wish I had known you before all this.

**DÓNAL**

Yeah. But these are the cards. This is the hand. I'm a man. I'll face it like man. There'll be no fear. No trembling. No begging to be freed. I'll just go to sleep.

**LOGAN**

What if it was the electric chair?

**DÓNAL**

That's a different story. It's gruesome. Either way, in minutes, no matter what the discomfort, I'll be gone.

Dónal goes quiet again.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

You know right now, there's a great big machine right down the hall. Outside the walls. It's like a little organism. And it's only mission is my death. They're putting chairs in the witness room. The curtain to the death chamber is closed so no one can see anything until I'm center stage.

They get the IV's ready. The alcohol swabs. Wouldn't want to give the condemned man an infection.

**(MORE)**

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Paramedics do that. Doctors are not allowed to participate other than to make sure that the condemned is actually dead.

They check the straps. Make sure they're secure. I don't know why. Where would I run? They won't let me out.

Logan smiles a bit, but seems uneasy.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

The guards are going over their procedures. They're checking the phones to make sure they work just in case there's a stay. But there won't be; we know that. But they have to make sure the phones are connected nonetheless.

Security is tightening. Protesters are protesting. Lawyers, judges, governors and even the President, they are all on alert.

Oh to be Russian.

He laughs.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

You know nothing of this?

**LOGAN**

Afraid not.

**DÓNAL**

There are three drugs they use. The used to use Sodium thiopental, but the only American manufacturer stopped producing it. It's an anesthetic. It's primarily used so that the inmate won't feel the pain of the last drug.

But, they've now been using Pentobarbital's FDA-approved human uses include treatment of seizures and preoperative sedation; it is also approved as a short-term hypnotic. It has some other uses, including lethal injection.

**(MORE)**

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Pancuronium bromide is the second drug administered. It's a non-depolarizing muscle relaxant, causes complete, fast and sustained paralysis of the skeletal striated muscles, including the diaphragm and the rest of the respiratory muscles. This would eventually cause death by asphyxiation. But they don't wait that long.

The third is Potassium Chloride. It stops the heart. Instant cardiac arrest. And death. Sans the use of the initial drug, it can be quite painful. For a moment. That's the reason for the first. Of course, no one knows if the first really works because the second paralyzes you so you can't tell them how painful it is.

**LOGAN**

Do you really think it hurts?

**DÓNAL**

Well I haven't done it yet. I'll tell you after.

Dónal waits for a moment, then breaks into laughter. Logan shakes his head as he fights the urge to laugh, but eventually can't resist.

**LOGAN**

Why do they keep you in one prison on Death Row, then here for execution?

**DÓNAL**

It only makes sense. We sit there for years waiting to zapped. We know when one of us is going. We all know. But, well, you get to know the guards around you. They get to know you. You become a human being to them, not just a walking corpse. These guards here don't know us. The Warden doesn't. It's easier to kill a man when you don't know him.

**INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE**

Washington has a box in front of him. Dónal's name is written in marked on the side.

He looks somewhat tortured as he looks through the effects.

He then pulls out some other papers and reads them intently. After a while, he leans back in his chair and seems to be pondering something.

His Secretary, MARYLOU, sticks her nose in.

**MARYLOU**

Warden, the Superintendent is here to see you.

**WASHINGTON**

Right on time. Send him in, Marylou.

The superintendent of prisons, ROMAN JESSUP, enters with a manila envelope in his hands. The two men shake hands across the desk.

**WASHINGTON (CONT'D)**

Good to see you, Roman.

**ROMAN**

I'd rather see you over a nice barbecue lunch and some sweet tea.

**WASHINGTON**

That would be a nicer occasion.

Washington looks at the envelop.

**WASHINGTON (CONT'D)**

Is that it?

**ROMAN**

Signed, sealed and delivered.

He hands over the envelop. Washington holds it for a while and then slowly open sit. The heading reads: ORDER FOR EXECUTION OF SENTENCE.

**ROMAN (CONT'D)**

First one's always the hardest.

**WASHINGTON**

This is one day I hoped never to see.

**ROMAN**

Judge and jury spoke. It's our job to follow their will, Marcus.

**WASHINGTON**

Doesn't mean I have to like it.

**ROMAN**

No one likes it.

**WASHINGTON**

I feel like I'm committing murder, Roman.

**ROMAN**

Murder is the unlawful taking of a human life. Due Process has been followed. There've been years of appeals. The judge has signed the warrant. The appeals have run out. No indications of executive clemency. It's our job to carry out the will of the Court.

**WASHINGTON**

I know this is what I signed up for, Roman. I know it's part of the job. But, something... it bothers me about this one.

**ROMAN**

You know what he did.

**WASHINGTON**

I know what they say he did. I was curious when I saw the date coming. I got a copy of the transcripts of the trial. Something just doesn't feel right. Stuck in my craw, Roman. And you can't say we haven't gotten it wrong before. How many men have been released because DNA proved them innocent years after prosecution? How many innocent men weren't so lucky? Judges and juries aren't infallible.

**ROMAN**

What got you thinking about this?

**WASHINGTON**

My first execution. What do you think? And that box. That box.

**ROMAN**

There's a reason Death Row isn't here. It's easier if you don't get emotionally involved with the condemned.



**WASHINGTON**

I'm human. I know they say it's easier if you don't know the man, but it isn't.

**ROMAN**

I'm glad you feel that way, Marcus. We really all should. The law's not perfect. Neither are we. But we have a job to do. It's best you focus on that.

**WASHINGTON**

Yeah.

Roman takes a moment, then leaves the office.

Washington pulls the Death Warrant out again and reads it.

**INT. HOLDING CELL**

Dónal and Logan finish a laughing session.

**DÓNAL**

I have another one.

**LOGAN**

I don't know if I can handle another one. But go ahead.

**DÓNAL**

Three men, a Frenchman, an Italian, and a Jew, were condemned to be executed. Their captors told them that they had the right to have a final meal before the execution. They asked the Frenchman what he wanted.

"Give me some good French wine and French bread," he requested. So they gave it to him, he ate it, and then they executed him.

Next it was the Italian's turn. Give me a big plate of pasta," said the Italian. So they brought it to him, he ate it, and then they executed him.

Now it was the Jew's turn. "I want a big bowl of strawberries," said the Jew.

**(MORE)**

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

The Guard protested, "But they're not in season!"

"So, I'll wait..." replied the Jew.

Logan busts out laughing. And Dónal nearly spits with laughter. The two men are in hysterics for quite some time.

**DOWN THE HALL**

The guards look down, quizzical looks on their faces.

**HOLDING CELL**

After a while, the laughter dies.

**DÓNAL**

Bébhinn and I used to tell each other jokes all the time. We'd do our best to get funnier and funnier jokes and tell them at the most inopportune times.

**LOGAN**

Like when?

**DÓNAL**

During sex.

**LOGAN**

That must have gone over well the first time.

Trickles of laughter.

**DÓNAL**

Keeps things fresh. It's amazing when you feel that comfortable with someone that you can just tell jokes when you're under the covers.

**LOGAN**

My wife and I aren't quite that comfortable telling jokes in bed.

**DÓNAL**

You should try it.

**LOGAN**

Perhaps... So, you came here to the US.

**DÓNAL**

Yeah. We came here. As I said, I'd been here before, but Bébhinn had only ever been to London, Liverpool. She was a Beatles fan. And we went to Paris to the Louvre. She loves art and history. I do too.

**LOGAN**

We all have a lot in common. My wife and I honeymooned in London and Dublin. She insisted that we take the train to Liverpool and take the ferry to Belfast, then down to Dublin. She's third generation Irish. She'd never been.

**DÓNAL**

Must have been as exciting for you as New York was to us. We came in June. Decided to go early so we could travel around. We sent our things ahead and one of my cousins arranged an apartment for us.

As this sequence transpires, Dónal begins to get misty.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I loved watching her face as we walked the avenues. It was a warm spring, but the weather, no rain, it was perfect. Bébhinn was like a little baby seeing the possibilities in life all at one time. The giant buildings seemed like great trees growing out of the ground.

She wanted to go see Julliard. It was the first time. She had auditioned in Ireland. I took such joy in her discovery. I never saw her face look like that.

We walked into the main building. She looked like she was going to shake apart she was so excited. It was like she had this sixth sense about the place and she quickly found the music department and her future piano teacher.

**LOGAN**

What did you do?

**DÓNAL**

I backed off as they talked. It was her time, not mine.

He starts humming the first Promenade from Pictures at an Exhibition, by Modest Mussorgsky. The smile and look of fond remembrance is beguiling.

**LOGAN**

Pictures at an Exhibition.

Dónal nods as he continues humming. Soon, he finishes the Promenade. A warm satisfied smile stretches across his face.

**DÓNAL**

She played the whole thing from beginning to end. People gathered from all over the music department to listen as the music wafted its way from room to room. It was magical. This beautiful young girl played music far beyond her years and captured the hearts and minds of everyone.

Both men fall silent for a moment.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

It was pure magic. I remember, while we were in the Louvre, I mentioned that I loved Pictures at an Exhibition. When we got back to Dublin, she had the sheet music in front of her and played it for me. She played it at sight. I never got tired of her playing that. I never tired of her playing. And now I only hear it my head. I had so much of her music on my iPod. But they won't let me have it here.

**LOGAN**

Do you want me to ask the Warden?

**DÓNAL**

It won't help. Tell me, Father, why would God create something so beautiful as my Bébhinn, something so talented, and then snuff her out? Erase her life as if it didn't matter to Him? And then, to top it off, murder me for it?

Logan is in a quandary, at a loss for words.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I know there's no answer to that question. One of the many mysteries of the All Mighty. I prayed, O God did I pray when I was first arrested. Please, O God, bring back my Bébhinn. Make her breathe again. Make her live again.

Her blood covered me. My hands. My arms. My chest. My face. The smell of it intertwined with her perfume. Vanilla and coconut. Our favorite aromas.

I sat there as these animals berated me. Accused me. I was in such shock that they, who knew nothing of us, could make such an accusation! Never in my life did I hear such vile words leveled against me!

I waited for God to answer, and then He did. He had me shuffled off to county jail to be held for arraignment for double murder.

**LOGAN**

Your unborn child.

Dónal nods, anger still in his eyes.

**DÓNAL**

Funny how it's okay to abort the unborn, but I get charged with murdering my daughter along with my wife. You almost have to laugh at the irony.

**LOGAN**

You know I'm opposed to both.

**DÓNAL**

I would hope so.

**LOGAN**

I feel so inert.

**DÓNAL**

Interesting use of words. Logan, you are far from inert. You've made this time much easier for me.

**(MORE)**

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I would have been sitting here, hour after hour getting angrier and angrier, thinking nothing but hate-filled thoughts until they dusted me off.

He pats the wall.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I'm fine now. I just wish they'd let me have my things.

**LOGAN**

Things?

**DÓNAL**

Memories. Pictures. My iPod. And a cigarette.

**INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE**

Washington has Dónal's iPod on his desk and it's plugged into portable speakers. Beautiful piano music emanates from the speakers and fills the room.

He looks at some of the pictures in Dónal's album. A stack of legal pads are bound with rubber bands. He gently pulls the bands off and he looks at the handwriting. It's in Irish.

**WASHINGTON**

What the hell is this?

After pondering it a bit, he re-binds them and puts them back in the box. He then pulls a pack of cigarettes from the box. They're unopened. He laughs a bit. He then picks up the phone and dials.

**WASHINGTON (CONT'D)**

Roman. I have to talk to you.

**INT. HOLDING CELL**

Dónal and Logan laugh until Washington appears, flanking by two guards with Dónal's boxes in their hands.

**DÓNAL**

Warden.

**WASHINGTON**

I've been going through your personal effects to... Well, I've discussed this with the Superintendent and he agrees that you may have your personal

**(MORE)**

**WASHINGTON (CONT'D)**

effects for whatever time you have left.

**DÓNAL**

Thank you, Warden.

The third Guard opens the cell and the other two deposit the boxes on his bunk. He holds up an unopened pack of cigarettes.

**WASHINGTON**

I've decided to keep these, since smoking is not allowed.

**DÓNAL**

Oh, Warden, please, let me... I just want to hold them. I have no fire. But...

Washington considers it for a moment.

**WASHINGTON**

That is true. All right.

He hands the pack to Dónal who holds them like a holy relic.

Logan smiles as he watches Dónal.

Dónal opens the pack and pulls one of the cigarettes out. He smells the aroma and savors it.

**DÓNAL**

I know it's a filthy habit. But what I wouldn't give for a match right now. I know, we're never satisfied. Thank you, Warden.

**WASHINGTON**

You're welcome. If there's anything I can do to...

**DÓNAL**

This is good. This is very good. I appreciate it.

Washington says nothing more and walks away with the guards.

Dónal places the cigarette in his mouth and mimes lighting it.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

It's not perfect, but it'll do.

**LOGAN**

I wish I had a match. What else is in there?

**DÓNAL**

My life.

Dónal leaps up and started looking through the rest of the material. First thing he pulls out is a rosary.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Look what we have here.

**LOGAN**

I'm shocked.

**DÓNAL**

My faith is shaky, but not completely absent.

He puts the rosary in his pocket and pulls out a stack of books out of the box.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

A man can't truly be alive without his friends. James Joyce. Bram Stoker. Jonathan Swift. Oscar Wilde. A man's man.

**LOGAN**

A man's man.

They both laugh a bit.

**DÓNAL**

I've seen those electronic readers they have now. They look awesome.

**LOGAN**

I have one. They are. You can carry your entire library in your hands.

**DÓNAL**

I only wish.

**LOGAN**

What's that?

**DÓNAL**

Photo album.

Dónal pulls it out and holds it reverently.



**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

This is the last album we put together. It's all New York, Princeton and Virginia.

**LOGAN**

It doesn't start out in New York.

**DÓNAL**

Yeah, about that. Bébhinn had this idea that if you write the information on the back of the picture, even if you mixed them up, you'd know which was which, so she mixed them up in the albums.

**LOGAN**

That's odd.

**DÓNAL**

She was amazing. Not perfect. But actually, it was one of the things that made her perfect for me.

**LOGAN**

How do you know any chronology?

**DÓNAL**

Well, you have to think Bébhinn.

**LOGAN**

Think Bébhinn?

**DÓNAL**

Think Bébhinn.

**LOGAN**

How do you think Bébhinn?

**DÓNAL**

It's too difficult to actually explain. So, look at this. I got an electronic camera when we got here. I just kept shooting and shooting as she explored New York. These here, they're at the top of the Empire State Building. She had never seen a building so tall in her life. She felt like she was able to speak to God.

**LOGAN**

Really?

**DÓNAL**

It was so adorable. I felt like I was meeting her all over again. And this set here, we took these down in Greenwich Village. She said she almost felt like she was back in Dublin. I didn't get that part. It reminded me more of parts of London.

**LOGAN**

It does, doesn't it?

**DÓNAL**

We spent hours and hours just walking around New York. Eating. Drinking. We hit every Irish Pub we could.

**LOGAN**

That's a lot of Guinness.

**DÓNAL**

Aye. Young and in love. The world in front of us.

**LOGAN**

How do you feel when you see these?

**DÓNAL**

Mixed. Obviously. I see all these pictures. Constant smiles. Laughing. Even when we were not together, we always were. I remember walking into my first class in New York, teaching, and one of the students wore the same perfume, and it was all I could do to concentrate on the lesson. I couldn't stop thinking about her. Even now, she's with me always.

A tear descends from Dónal's eye. He quickly wipes it away.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Isn't this silly?

**LOGAN**

No. No it's not. It's perfectly natural.

**DÓNAL**

I would give the world to hold her one more time. To watch her with our child.

Tears burst forth like a gusher. Like a child, Dónal folds into Logan's arms.

**LOGAN**

It's okay, brother. Let it out.

Logan looks tortured as he holds Dónal, rocking him back and forth like a father holding his small son.

**INT. COURT OFFICE**

Róisín holds her cell to her ear.

**RÓISÍN**

I understand that, but they do realize we can't wait?... They're going to execute him if I can't get a stay!... I'll wait! They won't! Unless we can get a stay, they'll execute him. Do you get that?! Fine! Fine!

She hangs up and tosses her cell into her brief case. She's near apoplectic, frantic. She picks up her phone again and dials.

**RÓISÍN (CONT'D)**

Can you get me the governor? I'll wait.

**INT. HOLDING CELL**

Logan and Dónal have returned to their previous positions.

**DÓNAL**

Thank you, Logan.

**LOGAN**

No thanks required.

**DÓNAL**

I've been living in hate for so long I forgot how much I love her and miss her.

**LOGAN**

That's nice how you say that.

**DÓNAL**

What way?

**LOGAN**

Present tense. You love her, not loved her.

**DÓNAL**

I'll never not love her. And I do hope there is a life beyond this one where we can reunite with our child.

**LOGAN**

Then I believe you will.

Dónal smiles tenuously.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

When was the happiest day in New York?

Dónal smiles.

**DÓNAL**

That's easy. She loved Central Park.

**EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY - FLASHBACK**

Dónal sits on the footsteps, smoking a cigarette.

He spies Bébhinn walking across the traffic to him. He quickly crushes out the cigarette.

She kisses him.

**BÉBHINN**

Ach, you know I hate smoking. You smell like a pub.

He pops a mint into his mouth and kisses her again.

**DÓNAL**

How's that?

**BÉBHINN**

You'd have to take shower to get that filthy smell off you.

**DÓNAL**

Ah, but you still love me.

**BÉBHINN**

Of course I still love you, you eejit. It's the feckin' smoking I can do without. So, why are you playing hooky? Don't you have a class to teach?

**DÓNAL**

I gave them all private study assignments. And I wanted to spend time with my best girl.

**BÉBHINN**

Best girl?

**DÓNAL**

My only girl.

**BÉBHINN**

And you'll remember that.

**DÓNAL**

I will.

**BÉBHINN**

So, we're going to stand here all day?

**DÓNAL**

Over there.

He points to Central Park.

**BÉBHINN**

I thought there'd be somewhere more private.

**DÓNAL**

That's for later.

They kiss and head off.

#### **CENTRAL PARK DRIVEWAY**

Dónal and Bébhinn walk arm in arm.

**BÉBHINN**

So, why are we playing hooky?

**DÓNAL**

Why not?

**BÉBHINN**

Of course.

**DÓNAL**

Our lives since we came to New York have been insane. Classes. Study. Parties. More study. I thought that we'd just take some time to ourselves in the middle of the day and not tell anyone where we are.

**BÉBHINN**

I like your thinking, young man.

**UMPIRE ROCK**

Bébhinn looks at the bedrock that was scoured by glaciers with amazement.

**BÉBHINN**

What is this?

**DÓNAL**

Bedrock.

**BÉBHINN**

What are all the lines?

**DÓNAL**

About four hundred and fifty million years ago, this entire area was covered by a mile high glacier.

**BÉBHINN**

Wow. Really?

**DÓNAL**

The stones that the glacier carried at its base scoured the rocks.

**BÉBHINN**

That's amazing. How do you know this?

**DÓNAL**

One night, in a fit of insomnia -- you were sound asleep -- I turned on a documentary and it was about Central Park. It was quite interesting. Then, after it concluded, I crawled into bed next to you and drifted off to sleep with loads of information in my head. Good craic.

**BÉBHINN**

You amadán.

**DÓNAL**

Amadán am I?

**BÉBHINN**

A handsome one.

She kisses him and they walk off.

**CENTRAL PARK ARCH BRIDGE**

Dónal helps Bébhinn up and she sits at the apex of the bridge. Slowly they kiss, gently, not too hard.

Dónal folds into Bébhinn's arms.

**DÓNAL**

I love it here.

**BÉBHINN**

New York?

**DÓNAL**

Central Park. It's one of the few places I've seen in the US that's remotely peaceful.

**BÉBHINN**

How many places have we been? We haven't been out of the Five Boroughs yet. I'm sure there are peaceful places all over America.

**DÓNAL**

Holding you is peaceful.

**BÉBHINN**

Ah, you're such a romantic, Mr. Ó Caoimh.

**DÓNAL**

You inspire me to be that, Ms. Ní Domhnaill.

They giggle a bit.

**BÉBHINN**

You know, I can tell your hiding something from me.

**DÓNAL**

And what would that be?

**BÉBHINN**

If I knew it would not just be suspicion.

**DÓNAL**

Can I keep anything from you?

**BÉBHINN**

I don't think so. Spill it.

**DÓNAL**

I was offered a teaching position at George Washington University as soon as I complete my Ph.D. Wonderful starting salary.

**BÉBHINN**

Washington?

**DÓNAL**

Aye. The same. Fast track to tenure.

**BÉBHINN**

That's amazing. I thought you wanted to go back to Dublin.

**DÓNAL**

I did. I do. I would. But this...

**BÉBHINN**

It's an amazing opportunity.

**DÓNAL**

A friend of mine is selling his condo in Alexandra cheap. I saw pictures. Beautiful.

**BÉBHINN**

Sounds amazing. But...

**DÓNAL**

What?

**BÉBHINN**

There's something. Not sure...

She jumps down from the railing and slowly slinks away. He follows.

#### **BETHESDA ARCH STEPS**

Hand in hand, Bébhinn and Dónal walk up the steps.

**DÓNAL**

It's unusual for the beauteous Bébhinn to be so abstemious with her words.

**BÉBHINN**

When you're off in Washington, what will I do?

#### **TOP OF BETHESDA ARCH STEPS**

Bébhinn leans against the rail.

**DÓNAL**

I was hoping that you'd come with me.

**BÉBHINN**

And what about my education?



**DÓNAL**

I talked to some people at the University. They said it would be no problem for you to continue your graduate work there.

**BÉBHINN**

Leave Julliard?

**DÓNAL**

I know it's a lot to ask. I know it was your dream. And if you really want to stay here, I won't take the job.

**BÉBHINN**

Dónal, you'd do that for me?

**DÓNAL**

I can't imagine living a day without you.

She embraces him tightly.

**BÉBHINN**

If you're that unselfish, how can I be selfish?

Dónal looks her in the eyes.

**DÓNAL**

What do you mean?

**BÉBHINN**

You eejit. Take the job.

He hugs her and kisses her.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

Stop it. We're in public.

He smiles broadly.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

There's something else. What is it?

Dónal seems to fidget a bit as Bébhinn helps herself up to sit on the rail.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

You're going to make a girl wait all day?

**DÓNAL**

I think you'll need to close your eyes for this one.

**BÉBHINN**

A surprise, is it?

**DÓNAL**

Indeed.

Bébhinn closes her eyes. Dónal fishes something from his jacket pocket. He finally finds the ring box in his pocket.

**BÉBHINN**

I do have a class this afternoon.

**DÓNAL**

Patience.

**BÉBHINN**

This sun's a bit bright too. I might get a sunburn if I sit here too long.

Dónal descends to one knee and opens the box.

**DÓNAL**

Open your eyes.

As her eyes spy the gorgeous Claddagh ring with a diamond for the heart in the box, she nearly falls back over the rail. Dónal grabs her to stop her from falling.

**BÉBHINN**

Oh my. Dónal.

**DÓNAL**

Bébhinn.

**BÉBHINN**

Is that...

**DÓNAL**

Aye. It is.

She slips down from the rail and stands, nearly shaking as she takes the box from him.

**BÉBHINN**

How can you afford this?

**DÓNAL**

That wasn't what I expected you to say.

**BÉBHINN**

But it's...

**DÓNAL**

Will you marry me, Bébhinn?

**BÉBHINN**

Aye. I will, you eejit.

She pulls the ring from the box and holds it up in front of her.

**BÉBHINN (CONT'D)**

How can afford this?

**DÓNAL**

Well, with the salary George Washington is going to pay me, we can.

**BÉBHINN**

It's so beautiful, Dónal. So beautiful.

He takes the ring from her and slowly places it on her finger. Bébhinn can't take her eyes off the ring.

**DÓNAL**

I hope it's not too heavy. Don't want it to affect your playing.

**BÉBHINN**

Eejit. My friends at school already think you're the greatest. This will most certainly solidify their opinion of you.

The two lovers look deeply into each other's eyes and then kiss passionately.

**MONTAGE:**

- A) Bébhinn and Dónal walk arm-in-arm down the steps.
- B) Bébhinn, barefoot, seems to dance around in the courtyard, admiring her ring and her man as Dónal looks on in awe.
- C) Dónal helps as Bébhinn walks around the rim of Bethesda Fountain.
- D) In a row boat, on Central Park Lake, the two lovers float among the other boats.
- E) The two lovers, like little children, run about the Great Lawn and play.

Dónal finally tackles her and they fall to a clump on the grass.

F) Dónal takes out his camera and starts taking pictures of her, as she plays fashion model. She even does a little Irish Dance.

G) The two lovers wander off, hand-in-hand toward the exit, then turn and embrace.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT - END FLASHBACK**

Dónal sits, holding his photo album, gazing at the pictures of Bébhinn from that day. A slight tear appears in the corner of his eye.

**DÓNAL**

If I could have one day back, just one, that would be it. There were times, you know what they're like, when you fall in love with your girl all over again, and you think of that one day, both of you do, at the same time, and you know it's that moment. That was the one.

**LOGAN**

It's the kind of thing that keeps you alive. Sorry.

**DÓNAL**

Don't be. Be happy that you have that opportunity. Don't worry about me. Bébhinn will always be with me. What was it like when you asked your missus to marry you?

**LOGAN**

I was on geek patrol. That's what my ten year old calls it. Geek patrol.

**DÓNAL**

Geek patrol. Sounds gruesome.

**LOGAN**

It used to be that teenagers started with the lingo. Now, that's not a requirement. They start so young. He was playing with my iPod when he was like four. Anyway, we told him about the time I proposed to his mother. He thought it was too gross. Too much kissing.

**DÓNAL**

Geek patrol.

**LOGAN**

Indeed. What else is in the box?

Dónal looks inside. Sitting under some things is his Touch iPod.

**DÓNAL**

This can't be.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Ní fhéadfadh sé...

**LOGAN**

What is it?

**DÓNAL**

My iPod. It's charged.

**LOGAN**

That's amazing.

Dónal turns it on.

**DÓNAL**

You have to see this. It's the one thing I just can't describe. Come sit next to me. This was her last recital at Julliard.

On the iPod, the image of a piano sitting alone on the stage appears.

In a moment, Bébhinn walks to the piano. She stands in front of the piano.

**BÉBHINN**

My name is Bébhinn Uí Caoimh. I'm going to play a piece that is my husband's favorite. Pictures at an Exhibition by Modest Mussorgsky.

She sits and begins.

**INT. JULLIARD CONCERT HALL - FLASHBACK**

Bébhinn plays her heart out as...

Dónal watches, a rapturous look on his face, as piece after piece flows from her fingers.

As she finishes the piece, sweat pouring from her brow, she looks up at Dónal...

Who smiles broadly.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - END FLASHBACK**

Dónal and Logan smile as they watch the video end.

**LOGAN**

She was amazing.

Dónal smiles tenuously and nods.

**WASHINGTON**

Dónal.

The voice breaks the moment as they look up to see the Warden.

**WASHINGTON (CONT'D)**

I'm sorry, but we have to get prepared.

One of the guards brings clothes in for Dónal to change into.

**WASHINGTON (CONT'D)**

Father, if you want to step out...

**DÓNAL**

He can stay.

**WASHINGTON**

If you wish.

They leave the clothes with Dónal and leave.

**DÓNAL**

Got to get all dressed up for the big event.

**LOGAN**

You sure you don't want some privacy?

**DÓNAL**

Living in prison as long as I have, modesty is of little concern.

Dónal starts to change into his death cloths as Logan averts his eyes.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

The next thing is they'll bring in the paramedics to hook up the leads for the EKG. They want to make sure when my heart seizes up. It would be horrible if they let my heart start beating again without a mind to run it.

**LOGAN**

Are you all right, all things being considered?

**DÓNAL**

I'm fine, Logan. The idea that I got to see that angel one last time before the end, it makes it all the easier to do. I wonder if they'll let me listen to her play on the way out.

**LOGAN**

I can ask the Warden on your behalf.

Dónal looks at him, takes a moment to consider his offer and smiles. His respiration increases slightly and he begins to perspire.

**DÓNAL**

Sure. I'd appreciate that.

**LOGAN**

Are you sure you're all right?

**DÓNAL**

It's becoming a bit too real now. At least it's not the electric chair or gas. Horrid ways to go. Hanging's not too good either.

**LOGAN**

Yeah.

**DÓNAL**

Be nice if I could go out in something more stylish.

**LOGAN**

I don't think they'll be paying attention to your haberdashery.

**DÓNAL**

Probably not. Bébhinn's parents are there. I heard. They wouldn't see me. They, for some reason, believe the tripe. Maybe, if you get the time, you could talk to them.

**LOGAN**

If I can.

**DÓNAL**

You know what's really sad is that once I'm gone, they'll never know who murdered my wife. And they won't care. Just one more corpse. Logan, my parents have arranged for me to be buried in Ireland. I left enough money for someone to accompany me. Would you mind serving in that role?

**LOGAN**

I'd be honored.

**DÓNAL**

I wish they could have come, but they're just too old. I spoke to them on the phone last week. You're going to laugh. I asked them to have the priest mention me in Mass.

**LOGAN**

I wouldn't laugh.

A Guard approaches.

**GUARD**

There's a call for you.

Dónal's breathing increases as he takes the phone from the Guard.

**DÓNAL**

Róisín?

**INT. COURT OFFICE - INTERCUT**

Tears pour down Róisín's face and she shakes.

**RÓISÍN**

I... I did all... I couldn't...

**DÓNAL**

It's all right, Róisín. We both know it was a long shot.

**RÓISÍN**

They wouldn't listen. Fucking assholes!

**DÓNAL**

We're in no short supply of those, are we?

Róisín composes herself.



**RÓISÍN**

I really am sorry.

**DÓNAL**

It's not your fault.

**RÓISÍN**

They wasted so much time. I'll never get there in time.

**DÓNAL**

You're already here. In my heart. Just know that I am innocent.

**RÓISÍN**

There was never a doubt.

**DÓNAL**

I need you to do me a favor.

**RÓISÍN**

Anything.

**DÓNAL**

Before Bébhinn's parents go back to Ireland, make them believe I didn't do this.

**RÓISÍN**

I will.

**DÓNAL**

Give my best to everyone.

**RÓISÍN**

I will. I love you, Dónal.

**DÓNAL**

I love you too.

**INT. HOLDING CELL - END INTERCUT**

Dónal hangs up and the Guard takes the phone away. Dónal's breathing increases. He does his best to control it.

**LOGAN**

You still have your rosary?

Dónal nods and retrieves it from his other pants.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

Perhaps it'll take your mind off of...

**DÓNAL**

You have a different one.

**LOGAN**

I was a chaplain in the Marines. I know the Catholic rites well.

**DÓNAL**

Could we do it in Irish?

Dónal kneels and crosses himself. Logan joins him.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL**

In ainm an Athar, agus an Mhic, agus an Spioraid Naoimh, áiméan.

Creidim i nDia, an tAthair  
Uilechumhachtach, Cruthaitheoir nimhe  
agus talún, agus in Íosa Críost a  
Aonmhac-san, ár dTiarna, a gabhadh  
ón Spiorad Naomh, a rugadh ó Mhuire  
ógh...

**DOWN THE HALL**

Guard One looks at the other as Dónal's words drift down the hall.

**GUARD ONE**

What the hell is that?

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (O.S.)**

A d'fhulaing páis faoi Phontius  
Píoláit, a céasadh ar an gcrois, a  
fuair bás agus a adhlacadh, a chuaigh  
síos go hifreann...

**GUARD TWO**

The Apostle's Creed. They're speaking Irish.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (O.S.)**

A d'aiséirigh an treas lá ó mhairbh,  
a chuaigh suas ar neamh, atá ina  
shuí ar dheis Dé, an tAthair  
Uilechumhachtach...

**GUARD ONE**

Irish? Hell of a language.

**GUARD TWO**

I heard my grandfather and his  
brothers and sisters speak it all  
the time.

**HOLDING CELL**

Logan and Dónal continue to pray the rosary in Irish.

**WITNESS AREA**

Witnesses are led into the witness room.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (V.O.)**

As sin tiocfaidh sé chun breithiúnas  
a thabhairt ar bheo is ar mhairbh.

Creidim sa Spiorad Naomh, sa naomh-  
Eaglais Chaitliceach, i gcomaoín na  
naomh, i maithiúnas na bpeacaí, in  
aiséirí na colainne, agus sa bheatha  
shíoraí. Áiméin.

**HOLDING CELL**

Dónal's hands grasp the rosary and roll the beads between  
his fingers.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL**

Ár nAthair, atá ar neamh, go naofar  
d'ainm, go dtaga do ríocht, go  
ndéantar do thoil ar an talamh, mar  
a dhéantar ar neamh.

Ár n-arán laethúil tabhair dhúinn  
inniu, agus maith dhúinn ár bhfiacha,  
mar a mhaithimidne dár bhféichiúna  
féin, agus ná lig sinn i gcathú, ach  
saor sinn ó olc. Áiméan.

**DEATH CHAMBER**

Correctional officers check the straps on the death bed and  
lay out the IV's.

**HOLDING CELL**

Dónal moves ahead with each Hail Mary.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL**

'Sé do bheatha, a Mhuire, atá lán de  
ghrásta, tá an Tiarna leat.

Is beannaithe thú idir mná agus is  
beannaithe toradh do bhroinne, Íosa.

A Naomh-Mhuire, a Mháthair Dé, guigh  
orainn na peacaigh, anois agus ar  
uair ár mbáis.

**(MORE)**

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Áiméan.

**EXECUTION ANTE ROOM**

Paramedics prepare the drugs to be used in the execution.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (V.O.)**

'Sé do bheatha, a Mhuire, atá lán de ghrásta, tá an Tiarna leat.

Is beannaithe thú idir mná agus is beannaithe toradh do bhroinne, Íosa.

A Naomh-Mhuire, a Mháthair Dé, guigh orainn na peacaigh, anois agus ar uair ár mbáis.

Áiméan.

**HOLDING CELL**

Sweat pours from Dónal's brow as he prays.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL**

'Sé do bheatha, a Mhuire, atá lán de ghrásta, tá an Tiarna leat.

Is beannaithe thú idir mná agus is beannaithe toradh do bhroinne, Íosa.

A Naomh-Mhuire, a Mháthair Dé, guigh orainn na peacaigh, anois agus ar uair ár mbáis.

Áiméan.

Dónal looks deep into Logan's eyes. Logan looks almost as tortured as Dónal.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Glóire don Athair, don Mhac is don Spiorad Naomh, mar a bhí ar dtús, mar atá fós, is mar a bheidh go brách le saol na saol.

Áiméan.

**LOGAN**

Ó a Íosa, maith dhúinn...

**LOGAN & DÓNAL**

...ár bpeacaí, saor sinn ó thine ifrinn, agus stiúir anam gach n-aon

**(MORE)**

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

go flaithis Dé, go háirithe iad siúd  
atá i bhfíor-ghéarghá do thrócaire.  
Áiméan.

**WARDEN'S OFFICE**

Washington looks up at the clock. His respiration increases and he wipes sweat from his brow. He picks up the death warrant and exits the office.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (V.O.)**

Go mbeannaítear dhuit, a Bhanríon  
Naofa, A Mháthair na Trócaire, go  
mbeannaítear dhuit, is tú ár mbeatha,  
ár mílseacht is ár ndóchas.

Is ortsa a screadaimid, clann bhocht  
dhíbeartha Éabha, is chugatsa suas a  
chuirimid ár n-osnaithe, ag caoineadh  
is ag gol sa ghleann seo na ndeor.

**HOLDING CELL**

Their shared energy brings their prayers to a fever pitch as they go through the rosary.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL**

Iompaigh orainn, dá bhrí sin, a  
Choimirce, a chaomh-uasail, do shúile  
atá lán de thrua, is nuair a bheidh  
deireadh lenár n-íobairt ar an saol  
seo, tabhair radharc dúinn ar thoradh  
do bhroinne, Íosa, a Mhaighdean Mhuire  
róthrócaireach, róghrámhar, ró-mhilis.

**OUTSIDE WARDEN'S OFFICE**

Washington nods to Marylou.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (V.O.)**

Guigh orainn a naomh-Mháthair Dé,  
ionas gur fiú sinn gealltanais Chríost  
a fháil.

Áiméan.

Marylou nods back and exits the office.

**HOLDING CELL**

Logan and Dónal look at each other for a moment as they prepare to finish.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL**

A Athair Shíoraí, gur cheannaigh  
d'Aonmhac dúinn, lean bheatha, lean  
bhás, is lean aiséirí, aoibhneas  
síoraí na bhFlaitheas, tabhair dúinn,  
achainímid ort, do ghrásta, ionas ag  
machnamh dúinn ar na mistéiribh seo  
na Corónach Mhuire...

They stop for a moment, both bathed in sweat.

**LOGAN & DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

...go dtiocfadh linn do thoil naofa  
a dhéanamh agus an t-aoibhneas síoraí  
sin do shroisint, trí Íosa Críost ár  
dTiarna.

Áiméan.

They cross themselves.

**DÓNAL**

Haven't done that in a while.

**LOGAN**

Well, I'm glad I could share it with  
you.

A clarity seems to come to Dónal's eyes. He rubs his beard.

**DÓNAL**

Think there's time for a shave? I  
don't want my parents to see me in  
such a disheveled way.

**EXECUTION ANTE ROOM**

Washington goes to the three phones on the wall. He picks  
up the first phone.

**WASHINGTON**

This is Warden Washington. Phone  
check... Thank you.

He picks up the second.

**WASHINGTON (CONT'D)**

This is Warden Washington. Phone  
check... Thank you.

He picks up the third.

**WASHINGTON (CONT'D)**

This is Warden Washington. Phone  
check... Thank you.

**HOLDING CELL**

Dónal quickly shaves and then combs his hair.

The paramedic comes in the cell with EKG leads in his hands.

**PARAMEDIC**

I have to fix the leads.

**DÓNAL**

Do your job.

Dónal opens his shirt and the Paramedic affixes the leads and then tucks the wires into Dónal's pants pocket. The Paramedic leaves.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Logan, I'd ask you to make sure my things get to my parents.

When not directly addressing Logan, Dónal develops a thousand yard stare.

**LOGAN**

Of course. I'll take them personally.

**DÓNAL**

There's something else.

He reaches into the box for the legal pads.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

This is my last novel. It's a fiction based on real events. It's about the murder of my wife. I wrote it in Irish so no one would know what's in it. Can you translate it and get it to my publisher? I wrote to her and she said she'd look for it. I was going to have my father...

**LOGAN**

Of course I'll do it.

Dónal nods and places the manuscript back in the box.

**DÓNAL**

This all seems so surreal.

**LOGAN**

That's one way to describe it. Would you like to give me your confession?

They both sit close to each other on the bunk. They cross themselves.

**DÓNAL**

In ainm an Athar, an  
Mhic agus an Spioraid  
Naoimh. Tá os cionn  
naoi mbliana ann ó bhí  
mé ar an bhfaoistin.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

In the name of the Father,  
and of the Son, and of the  
Holy Spirit. My last  
confession was over nine  
years ago.

Logan flashes an incredulous look. Dónal shrugs.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Tá aiféala orm mar  
gheall orthu seo agus  
mar gheall ar na peacaí  
uilig a rinne mé le  
linn mo sheanshaoil.  
Tá an iomarca acub ann  
le lua san am atá fanta  
ám. Tá dhá cheann ann  
atá thar a bheith dona.  
Ní raibh mé ann chun  
mo bhean chéile a  
chosaint. Agus  
dúnmharú.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I am sorry for these and  
all the sins of my past  
life. They are too numerous  
to mention in the time I  
have left. There are two  
that are most egregious.  
I was not there to protect  
my wife. And murder.

Logan glares at him and begins to breathe harder.

**INT. PRISON DAY ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK**

A bunch of inmates sit around a table playing cards. One  
man, DUSTIN COLB, looking nervous and sweating.

**DUSTIN**

He's here?

One of the others, INMATE, starts laughing.

**INMATE**

Yeah. Per-trial hold. Couldn't  
make bail. Want a million cash since  
he's not a citizen. Why you care?

**DUSTIN**

Fuck him. He'll get his.

**INMATE**

What the fuck you talking about?

Dustin sneers a bit.

**DUSTIN**

I was looking for some easy cash.  
The house was supposed to be empty.  
Bitch was home.



**INMATE**

What bitch?

**DUSTIN**

His bitch.

SEÁN MCCARTY, who sits at a neighboring table, his ears perk up.

**INMATE**

Ó Caoimh?

**DUSTIN**

Broke in. Bitch is sleeping on the sofa. Had a bunch of music paper on her. I tried to get out, but she woke up and started screaming. I punched her, but that bitch had some fight in her.

Seán tosses his own cards away. Seán speaks with an Irish accent.

**SEÁN**

I'm out. Gotta piss.

Seán walks up the steps to his cell, but then heads into another.

#### **DÓNAL'S CELL**

Seán sits down on Dónal's bed, while Dónal turns to see him.

**DÓNAL**

Come in. Make yourself at home.

**SEÁN**

Don't mind if I do.

**DÓNAL**

Can I do anything for you, Seán?

**SEÁN**

I just heard something  
you'll want to know.

**SEÁN (CONT'D)**

Tá mé díreach théis rud  
éicint a chloisteáil a  
mbeadh spéis agat Ann.

#### **PRISON DAY ROOM**

A bunch of prisoners gather around, looking up the showers. Seán stands near them.

#### **PRISON SHOWERS**

Dustin showers up. Several other inmates are in the showers.

Dónal enters, a towel wrapped around him. He has a look of death in his eyes.

He goes up to one of the showers and turns it on, putting his towel on a hook. He starts soaking himself.

As if by an unseen signal. The other inmates leave him and Dustin alone.

#### **PRISON DAY ROOM**

Seán sees the other prisoners leave the shower and nods to some playing cards on a table. The men begin to fight. The guards sound the alarm and rush into the Day Room.

#### **PRISON SHOWERS**

Dustin begins to breath a bit harder as the sound of the fight filters up. Dónal mutters under his breath.

**DÓNAL**

You fecking bastard.

From his towel, he pulls a plastic shiv. He quickly stalks his prey.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

You murdered my Bébhinn, you fecking bastard.

**DUSTIN**

Now wait...

Like a tiger, he's on him and viciously stabs and stabs and stabs. Blood pours from the manifold holes as Dustin desperately attempts to fight back. Blood gurgles from his mouth as he attempts to scream for help.

Finally, he falls dead and silent.

Seán enters and takes the shiv.

**SEÁN**

Get cleaned up. Lockdown!

Dónal, huffing and nearing like an animal, stares at the lacerated body, blood pouring down the drain.

**SEÁN (CONT'D)**

Now, dammit! Get cleaned and back to your cell!

Quickly, Dónal snaps back to life and gets under the showers.

**HOLDING CELL - END FLASHBACK**

Logan is not able to speak.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Ó Mo Dhia, tá doilíos  
croí orm faoi mo pheacaí  
uilig, de bhrí gur  
chuir said fearg ortsa  
a mhaitheas gan teora.  
Is tá rún daingean  
agam, le cúnamh do  
naomhghrásta, gan fearg  
a chur ort aríst go  
brách agus mo bheatha  
a leasú. Áiméan.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

O my God, I am heartily  
sorry for having offended  
you and I detest all my  
sins, because I dread the  
loss of heaven and the  
pains of hell. But most  
of all because I have  
offended you, my God, who  
are all good and deserving  
of all my love. I firmly  
resolve with the help of  
your grace, to confess my  
sins, to do penance and to  
amend my life. Amen.

It takes a moment for Logan to gather his wits.

**LOGAN**

Don aspalóid, is leor  
a bhfuil tú ar tí a  
fhulaingt.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**

For absolution, what you  
are about to suffer is  
sufficient.

**DÓNAL**

Go raibh maith agat, a  
Athair.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Thank you, Father.

They both cross themselves.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Can't be much time left.

Logan shakes his head. Dónal pulls a cigarette from the pack and puts it in his mouth. He mimes lighting it, eliciting a bit of a laugh from Logan.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Death must be so beautiful. To lie  
in the soft brown earth, with the  
grasses waving above one's head, and  
listen to silence. To have no  
yesterday, and no tomorrow. To forget  
time, to forgive life, to be at peace.

**LOGAN**

He was a man's man.

Tears well up in Logan's eyes.

**DÓNAL**

I know telling you not to cry is useless. But you need not shed tears for me. You believe I go to see my Bébhinn.

**LOGAN**

I do.

**DÓNAL**

Do you think God would forgive me that one little transgression? I mean, it is one of the Big Ten.

**LOGAN**

He already has. I know it.

**DÓNAL**

Thank you, Logan. You've made this last day wonderful.

**LOGAN**

Thank you.

**DÓNAL**

For what?

**LOGAN**

For being my friend.

**DÓNAL**

The same to you.

Logan seems to be in shock. Before he can say a word...

Washington appears at the bars with Roman Jessup.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

I don't suppose you have a pardon in that envelope.

**WASHINGTON**

I wish I did. This is Superintendent Roman Jessup.

**DÓNAL**

Sir.

Roman nods at him.

**WASHINGTON**

Father, if you wish, you may stay with the condemned or go to the witness area.

**DÓNAL**

I'd prefer he stay with me. Is that all right, Logan.

**LOGAN**

Of course.

**DÓNAL**

Warden?

**WASHINGTON**

Yes?

**DÓNAL**

Would it be too much for me to listen to my wife playing for me? You can hide the iPod so none of the witnesses can see it.

**WASHINGTON**

I don't... it's not...

**ROMAN**

It's not procedure.

Washington glares at Roman.

**DÓNAL**

Please. A dying man's last request?

Roman seems to relent.

**WASHINGTON**

I suppose it won't do any harm.

**DÓNAL**

Thank you.

**LOGAN**

Warden, his effects. At his request, I'm taking them with me.

**WASHINGTON**

Is that your wish?

**DÓNAL**

Yes, Warden.

**WASHINGTON**

They'll be here in the cell waiting for you.

**LOGAN**

Thank you.

Dónal looks at the men surrounding him.

**DÓNAL**

Well, gentlemen, I have an appointment to keep. Shall we get on with it?

The guards surround Dónal and lead him out of the cell. Logan whispers AD LIB prayers.

**WITNESS AREA**

The witnesses wait, staring at the curtained window. Alister and Moira sit in the front row.

**MOIRA**

When will it happen?

**ALISTER**

Soon. Very soon.

**THE GREEN MILE**

Washington leads the Death Procession toward the execution chamber.

**EXECUTION CHAMBER**

The Death Procession enters the room. Dónal stops for a moment and looks at the bed. Logan continues to drone on.

**WASHINGTON**

Are you all right?

**DÓNAL**

I'm fine. It just takes your breath away when you see it in front of you for the first time.

Dónal looks up at the clock on the wall and smiles.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

A clock.

Logan stifles a brief laugh.

At Washington's nonverbal command, the guards attempt to lead him to the bed, but he moves too quickly and mounts the bed himself.

Instantly, the guards strap him down. A slight smile traces itself across his face.

Dónal is under control but still breathing heavier than he normally would.

The paramedics insert the IV's and check that they flow well. They then hook the EKG up.

The guards pull a cover up to his chest.

The sound of the clock on the wall CLICKS away the seconds.

Logan, now holding the iPod, looks to Washington who nods to him. Logan places one of the ear buds into Dónal's ear that is on the side not seen by witnesses. He turns it on. He then makes sure the iPod can't be seen.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**  
Go raibh maith agat.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**  
Thank you.

**LOGAN**  
Tá fáilte romhat.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**  
You're welcome.

**DÓNAL**  
Déanfaidh tú cinnte go bhfuil an fhírinne ar eolas acub?

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**  
You'll make sure they know the truth?

**LOGAN**  
Déanfaidh. Geallaim duit é. Go mbeannaí Dia dhuit, a chara.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**  
I will. You have my word. Go with God, my friend.

Dónal nods his head.

**DÓNAL**  
The fear of death follows from the fear of life. A man who lives fully is prepared to die at any time.

**LOGAN**  
Mark Twain.

Dónal smiles.

Washington looks at the clock.

**WASHINGTON**  
I'm sorry, Father, but we have proceed.

**LOGAN**  
Of course.

Logan goes to Dónal's right hand and clasps it.

**LOGAN (CONT'D)**  
See you on the other side.

Logan takes a picture of Bébhinn from the time of their engagement and places it inside Dónal's shirt near his heart, then steps aside and begins to pray softly. Dónal smiles broadly.

Washington nods to one of the guards who opens the curtains to the witness room. As he steps in front of Dónal, but not enough to block the view of the witnesses...

Dónal, with pleading eyes, spies his wife's parents. They look at him with a mixture of anger and sadness.

**WASHINGTON**

Dónal Ó Caoimh, you have been found guilty by a jury of your peers and sentenced to be put to death by a judge in the Common Wealth of Virginia by the lethal injection of chemicals that will cause your death. Do you have any last words?

Dónal nods. Washington places a microphone that is suspended above Dónal's face so that he may speak.

**DÓNAL**

Alister and Mrs. Ó Domhnaill, it saddens me and makes me happy at the same time to see you again. I wish we could have seen each other under happier circumstances. I know you want me to apologize to you for murdering Bébhinn, but only a guilty man could do that. So I can't apologize for something I didn't do. Death ends a life, not a relationship. I go to be with her now.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

A Alister agus a Bhean Uí Dhomhnaill, tá brón orm sibh a fheiceáil ach ag an am céanna tá áthas orm. Ba bhreá liom dá mbeimis théis a chéile a fheiceáil ar lá níos sona. Tá a fhios agam go dteastaíonn uaibh go ngabhfaidh mé leithscéal libh as Bébhinn a dhúnmharú, ach ní féidir ach le fear ciontach é sin a dhéanamh. Mar sin ní féidir liom leithscéal a ghabháil as rud éicint nach ndearna mé. Cuireann an bás deara leis an mbeatha, ní le caidreamh. Beidh mé léi as seo amach.

Both of Bébhinn's parents wear looks of anguish.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

The guilty one was punished already. I love Bébhinn for all time.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

Gearradh pionós ar an té a bhí ciontach cheana féin. Beidh mé i ngrá le Bébhinn go brách na breithe.

A look of realization covers Moira's face. Then her Alister's face changes.



Logan watches from the side, continuing to pray, tears in his eyes.

Dónal smiles and looks to the Warden.

**DÓNAL (CONT'D)**

It's okay, Warden. I'm ready.

Washington hesitates for a moment, and then steps forward. He looks at the phones on the wall, then the clock. It clicks toward eleven.

**WASHINGTON**

Dónal Ó Caoimh, no stays having been issued, we will now commence with execution of sentence. May God have mercy on your soul.

**DÓNAL**

Thank you for your kindness, Warden.

Washington nods and steps back.

**WASHINGTON**

Proceed with execution of sentence.

**EXECUTION ANTE ROOM**

The paramedics press buttons on the execution machine.

A plunger in a vial descends, pumping the liquid out.

**EXECUTION CHAMBER**

Dónal, listening to his iPod, smiles as his HEARTBEAT grows louder and louder. Dónal's breathing increases and he smiles.

Suddenly, his breathing slows and his eyes become hazy and close. His HEARTBEAT begins to slow as well.

His breathing stops, but the HEARTBEAT, though slowing, continues.

His heartbeat stops suddenly. His eyes open slightly and there's still a slight smile on his face.

Dead silence.

Bébhinn's parents look on at Dónal, then the curtains close.

Washington steps forward to take the iPod away.

Logan, on the verge of tears, steps forward.

**LOGAN**

Not yet, Warden. He's still there.  
Give him a moment.

Washington stops.

**WITNESS AREA**

Crying uncontrollably, Mrs. Ó Domhnaill clings to her husband, who also tears up. After a moment, they rise and leave the room.

**EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT**

Logan, carrying Dónal's things, heads to his car. He places the boxes on the roof of the car and gets his remote out to unlock the doors. He looks back at the prison. No protesters.

He opens the door and places the boxes on the front seat and gets in the driver's side.

**INT. LOGAN'S CAR**

He starts the car and goes to put it in gear.

The hearse carrying Dónal's body rolls by.

Logan breaks into tears, sobbing almost uncontrollably. After a moment, he gathers himself together. He takes out Dónal's iPod and plugs it into his car radio. He presses the first song, Already Gone by John Byrne.

**EXT. PRISON PARKING LOT**

His car rolls away from the prison.

FADE OUT: