

FADE IN

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD, MOYMET, JUL 1977 - DAY

A ruined, ancient church nestles amongst a hotchpotch of graves in an unkempt little graveyard.

One gravestone stands out among the rest. It is larger and newer than the others. It is brilliant white marble, topped with a Celtic cross

In front of it is a freshly dug grave.

A coffin is carried by pall bearers to this grave. They place it carefully on the ground.

At the graveside are the elderly widow, ANNIE (76), her four sons and four daughters, plus the PARISH PRIEST (56) and other mourners.

PARISH PRIEST

In the name of the Father, the
Son and Holy Spirit... Amen.

The mourners all weep and console each other as they make the sign of the cross.

PARISH PRIEST (CONT'D)

In sure and certain hope of the
resurrection to eternal life
through our Lord Jesus Christ, we
commend to your keeping, Almighty
God, our dearly departed brother
Bartholomew, and we commit his
body to the ground. Earth to
earth, ashes to ashes, dust to
dust.

One of the grieving daughters, MÁIRE (39), looks up and watches as a silver Cortina pulls up just outside the graveyard gate.

Two IRA MEN, wearing black balaclavas and DPM combat jackets, get out of the car. They thread their way through the long grass and falling gravestones.

Other mourners become aware of them and look shocked and scared. The mourners look nervously at each other.

The IRA men arrogantly step up to the coffin and drape an Irish tricolour over it. They produce two automatic pistols, which they cock in an exaggerated manner.

Máire pushes past the other mourners to get to the IRA men. She furiously rips the flag off the coffin and brandishes it at them in her clenched fist.

MÁIRE

What do you think you playing at?
This is my daddy's funeral for
Christ's sake!

IRA MAN #1

We're here to honour a fallen
comrade..

MÁIRE

My daddy wasn't your comrade.

IRA MAN #1

He was an IRA soldier, so he was.

MÁIRE

He left the IRA over fifty years
ago!

IRA MAN #2

Once a member, always a member of
the Republican Brotherhood.

MÁIRE

He didn't support your mob - he
wanted nothing to do with you.
He thought you were all just a
bunch of murderers!

The IRA men step forward towards Máire threateningly.

IRA MAN #1

Put that flag back - now!

MÁIRE

What are you going to do - shoot
me?

The IRA men hesitate.

IRA man #2 looks down at the gun in his hand.

MÁIRE (CONT'D)

Take your flag and go! Fuck off!
Just fuck off will you!

Máire violently shoves the flag into IRA man #1's
stomach. He reels back in surprise.

The two IRA men stand their ground for a moment. They
look at each other.

IRA man #1 silently jerks his head towards their car.

IRA man #2 punches the air aggressively as he eyeballs the mourners.

IRA MAN #2
(shouts)
Tiocfaidh ár lá!
(Our day will come!)

The IRA men turn and leave the graveyard without a word.

All the mourners breathe a sigh of relief.

A distraught Máire begins to cry and is comforted by her sisters and Annie.

MÁIRE
Mammy - I've never used that word
in my life! I can't believe that!

ANNIE
I know love, I know. There,
there. Don't let it worry you.
Your daddy would have been proud
of you, so he would...

They watch coldly as the IRA men get back in their car and drive away at high speed.

FADE OUT

THE END