

THE QUISLING

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FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHERN IRELAND

TITLE: DONEGAL BAY. AFTERNOON

Coastline barely visible through the drizzle.

EXT. COASTAL ROAD

PIECES OF SILVER hotel. White road-sign creaks in the wind.
Bundoran 7 miles, Sligo 14 miles.

TWO SCHOOLBOYS pass a soccer ball back and forth.

Ball drifts towards car parked in front of the hotel.

LIAM O'CLERY (mid-30s) tall, spins around, concentrated, gun
drawn, as soccer ball thuds against car.

Car's driver, FLANAGAN, (early 30s), short, muscular,
intense, has gun trained on the boys.

O'Clery kicks the ball back. Guns replaced.

O'Clery hands Flanagan an airline ticket.

O'CLERY

Tonight. Shannon. Red eye.

Flanagan reads ticket.

FLANAGAN

Los Angeles? I thought . . .

O'CLERY

We fly into San Francisco two days
later. You'll meet us there.

FLANAGAN

Us? You're taking her with you?

O'Clery nods.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)
 Fuck that! You, me, alone. In,
 out, the job's done. Back in
 Ireland before they know we fucking
 left. That's the way it should be.

O'Clery leans into the car.

O'CLERY
 I want her in on it. I have my
 reasons. If I don't finish it, you
 do it with her. San Francisco.
 All three of us.

Flanagan curses. He slams the car into gear. Eyes fixed on
 O'Clery, Flanagan screeches out of the parking lot.

Boys grab their soccer ball as Flanagan roars past.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO. TWO DAYS LATER.

TITLE: POLO GROUNDS. MIDDAY.

Soccer game. SEAN CONLON, (early 30s), jostles with
 defenders as he calls for the ball.

Ball crosses to Sean. He slips past defenders and volleys
 ball into goal.

Supporters cheer.

JOSEPH CONLON (50s) shouts to the crowd.

JOSEPH
 That's my boy. That's my boy,
 Sean.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE. SAME.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE's (60s), English lawyer, hands binoculars to
 his driver, SAS AGENT (40s).

SAS AGENT
 That's your Plan B?

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
 Joseph and Sean Conlon.

SAS AGENT
 The boy doesn't know?

Barclay-Smythe shakes his head. Looks at watch.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
Time to go. Our guests will be
arriving soon.

SAS AGENT
Guests? Both of them? You'll be
lucky.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
(nodding to the soccer
field)
I never trust to luck.

Limousine drives off.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT. LATER.

Aer Lingus 747 arrives.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO TERMINAL.

Line divides: Non-US and US citizens.

SAOIRSE WHITE (mid 20s), an Irish beauty, apprehensive, in
non-US line. She holds her passport.

A MOTHER and her CHILDREN stand between her and Liam O'Clery.

INT. CUSTOMS OFFICE.

Barclay-Smythe watches the passengers through a window.
Points out O'Clery to SAS Agent.

Signals flash between the Agent and US CUSTOMS POLICE. TWO
AGENTS push their way into O'Clery's line.

PASSPORT CLERK waves Saoirse forward. Takes her passport.

Passengers and clerks conscious of customs police in line.

PASSPORT CLERK
Vacation, Ms. White?

Saoirse nods.

PASSPORT CLERK (CONT'D)
How long will you be in the States?

SAOIRSE

Two weeks at the most. Hopefully
less.

Clerk stamps Saoirse's passport and waves her through.

Saoirse glance at O'Clery. SAS agent sees this. Grabs her
passport.

Passport clerk hurries mother and children through.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Can I have my passport back,
please?

Customs police wait as O'Clery gives his passport to the
clerk. Two customs police ram O'Clery against the counter.
A scuffle as they handcuff him. SHORT SAS AGENT grabs
O'Clery's passport.

SHORT AGENT

Edward James. English?

O'CLERY

From Liverpool. What is this?

SHORT AGENT

Do you know a Liam O'Clery?

O'CLERY

Never heard of him.

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL jerks O'Clery face up. Barclay-Smythe and
O'Clery face-to-face. Recognition.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

He asked if your name is Liam
O'Clery?

O'CLERY

No. It's Elizabeth. I'm Queen of
fucking England.

As customs police shuffle O'Clery off, he fights, never
taking his eyes off Barclay-Smythe.

SAS Agent holds up Saoirse's passport.

SAS AGENT

Saoirse White. Do you know that
man?

She shakes her head.

As O'Clery passes, the SAS Agent looks from him to Saoirse. Suddenly O'Clery leg lunges and catches Agent in the groin.

He collapses. Saoirse struggles free. O'Clery fights like a madman.

Saoirse grabs her passport. Slides into a women's restroom.

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM

LARGE WOMAN before mirror applying makeup oblivious to O.C. screams.

Saoirse dives into stall.

INT. STALL

Saoirse locks the door. Replaces coat, blouse and skirt from holdall.

BACK TO TERMINAL.

SAS Agent clutches his groin.

SAS AGENT
Sonofabitch! Get him out of here.
And find that woman. She's with
him.

Agents rush O'Clery towards "Employees only" exit. Barclay-Smythe joins the SAS Agent.

SAS AGENT (CONT'D)
No sign of Flanagan.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
He's here somewhere. I can smell
him.

EXT. TARMAC

Agents force O'Clery into police car.

BACK TO TERMINAL.

People watch action on tarmac.

Flanagan mingles in crowd. He watches the women's restroom.

BACK TO WOMEN'S RESTROOM

Saoirse exits stall. Stares at large mirror and wraps a scarf tightly over her head. Large woman watches.

Saoirse washes her face, removing all traces of makeup. Large woman stares, open-mouthed.

WOMAN

You'll never get a man looking like that.

SAOIRSE

I'll get him.

She exits.

BACK TO TERMINAL

Saoirse mingles with the crowd. Stops at drinking fountain, checking.

SAS Agent grabs her. Drags her through door marked "Authorized Personnel Only."

INT. STAIRWELL

Agent forces Saoirse down the stairs.

An arm circles Agent's neck. A jerk, a snap and the Agent drops dead at Flanagan's feet. He grabs Saoirse and exits the stairwell.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO TERMINAL -- STREET

Flanagan pushes Saoirse into cab.

INT. CAB.

Flanagan leaps in beside Saoirse. He grabs her neck, choking her.

FLANAGAN

What the fuck happened back there?

SAOIRSE

That English lawyer, Barclay-Smythe, was waiting. Whole thing was a set-up.

Flanagan releases her.

EXT. INTERSTATE 101

The taxi heads past Candlestick Park toward downtown San Francisco.

BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO TERMINAL -- STREET

Agents look up and down street. Limousine pulls up alongside Barclay-Smythe.

Back window opens.

Unseen occupant has walking stick with a silver goose head.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
We have O'Clery.

OCCUPANT
And Flanagan?

Barclay-Smythe shakes his head.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
One agent dead. Flanagan's out there somewhere. There's a woman with him. We go to Plan B.

The hand rubs the goose head slowly.

OCCUPANT (O.C.)
The boy's young. There will be objections.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
Then deal with them.

Window closes. Limousine drives off.

EXT. BLOCK OF APARTMENTS -- LATER

Sean Conlon's Harley motorbike slips into his parking space.

YOUNG WOMAN on back holds a soccer bag and Sean's bag.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT

O.C. giggling.

Sean and woman enter.

INT. BEDROOM

Sean Conlon and young woman tumble into bedroom. She pulls off his soccer shirt and shorts and pushes him on the bed. Takes off her clothes and leaps on top of him.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF APARTMENT BLOCK.

SAS agent on motorbike watches.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO MISSION DISTRICT. SAME.

WHORES solicit outside seedy hotel.

Saoirse and Flanagan exit taxi.

SAOIRSE

Here? Are you fucking kidding me?

FLANAGAN

Anglo-Saxon fuckers won't sully
their expensive Italian wing tips
looking for us in a place like
this.

Flanagan sizes up the whores. He points to one of them. She looks Saoirse up and down.

WHORE

A threesome?

Saoirse shakes head.

INT. HOTEL.

Saoirse, Flanagan and whore enter.

MANAGER watches television,

MANAGER

One room?

SAOIRSE

Two.

MANAGER

Ninety dollars for the night.

Manager takes money. Hands them each clean sheets and keys.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
You'll need these.

Flanagan takes keys. One for Saoirse. She enters apartment.

FLANAGAN
Get some sleep. Tomorrow we've got
work to do.

Flanagan and the whore enter the next apartment.

INT. APARTMENT.

Saoirse spreads the clean sheet over the grimy bed.
Collapses on the bed, fully clothed.

O.C. Sound of Flanagan and whore having sex in the next
apartment.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO -- NEXT MORNING

PARKING LOT, OFFICE BUILDING,

Sean's Harley roars into a place. Sean grabs his briefcase.
Enters office building.

INT. OUTER OFFICE OF LAW FIRM.

TITLE: CU GLASS DOOR: "THE LAW OFFICES OF PATRICK FINLAY AND
ASSOCIATES."

SANDRA, a young legal secretary, sorts morning mail. Sean
staggers in.

SANDRA
So who was last night's poke in the
sack?

SEAN
Can't remember names. Twins.
Maybe triplets. Already forgotten.

She slaps him. Points to Finlay's office.

SANDRA
Emergency meeting. Coffee?

Sean nods.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Get it yourself. Don't keep the
boss waiting.

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE

Sean joins members of the law firm around large table.
MICHAEL FINLAY, head of the table, rubs the silver gooseneck
handle of his walking stick.

Sandra enters with coffee for Sean. He puckers a kiss.
YOUNGER MALES snicker. OLDER MALES and FEMALES scowl.

FINLAY
Last night Liam O'Clery was
arrested at San Francisco
International.

Younger members, confused, mouth name. Lost.

Older lawyer, PETER CAFFERY, bangs the table for silence.

CAFFERY
English want his immediate
extradition.

Finlay nods.

FINLAY
Her Majesty believes O'Clery is a
Commander in the New Free Ireland
Republican Army and is still a
threat to peace in Northern
Ireland.

CAFFERY
Her Majesty "believes," does she?
Well she may be Her Majesty, but
she'll need more than a "we
believe" if we're going to hand him
over.

Agreement among older lawyers.

CAFFERY (CONT'D)
What about Flanagan?

Finlay shakes his head.

Younger members mouth name.

CAFFERY (CONT'D)

The pair are always together. Can we assume Her Majesty believes Flanagan is here too?

Finlay nods.

FINLAY

O'Clery will need the best defense counsel to prevent expedition.

CAFFERY

Be proud to represent him, Michael.

Agreement from older members.

CAFFERY (CONT'D)

Who's prosecuting for the Crown?

FINLAY

Sir George Barclay-Smythe, Queen's Council.

Older members whistle.

YOUNG LAWYER

(mock English accent)

Sir George Barclay-Smythe, Queen's Council.

Caffery turns on him.

CAFFERY

Don't be fooled by the name or title. He's suave, sophisticated and ruthless. He spreads sardines like you lot on his toast for breakfast.

Turning back to Finlay.

CAFFERY (CONT'D)

He'll be wanting Flanagan too.

FINLAY

He claims the pair of them were involved in a car bombing in Gibraltar.

SEAN

Does this Sir George Barkley-
Whatever have proof this pair were
in Gibraltar at the time of the
bombing?

CAFFERY

Praise be. The boy's woken after a
night of debauchery.

Laughter.

Finlay holds up his silver goose head stick. Silence.

FINLAY

Preventing O'Clery's extradition is
top priority. If you win, you're a
god. If you lose, you're a horse's
ass.

Stunned silence as Finlay tosses the file to Sean.

CAFFERY

Blessed Mary, Mother of God,
Patrick, the boy still pisses his
pants when opposing council
objects. He's only two years out
of . . .

Finlay raises the silver goose head handle. Silence.

FINLAY

Think you can handle it?

SEAN

Handle it and win.

Snorts of disgust from older members blend with cheers from
younger.

WOMAN ATTORNEY

At least it'll keep him off the
streets and in his own bed.

Laughter. Finlay holds up his cane.

FINLAY

A case like this, you don't trust
anyone—not even those you share
your bed with.

Finlay gestures end of the meeting.

Younger members congratulate Sean. Older group slouches off, grumbling.

FINLAY (CONT'D)
Get over to the Federal Building,
Sean. Meet your client.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING AT THE CIVIC CENTER -- LATER

Sean parks his motorbike. Grabs briefcase.

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE.

Barclay-Smythe and the SAS Agent watch Sean enter the Federal Building.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
And so begins Plan B. Enter the
sacrificial lamb.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING

EMPLOYEE gives directions to Sean.

INT. VISITING ROOM

Small, windowless room. Sheet of thick Plexiglas separates prisoner from attorney.

Sean waits, excited. Digs in briefcase, pulls out file.

Whirr as prisoner's side door opens. O'Clery, handcuffed, orange prison suit, stares down at Sean.

Door behind him whirrs shut. O'Clery returns to door and pounds on it.

O'CLERY
Joseph and Mary. This is one
hundred percent pure Anglo-Saxon
bullshit. I want a real fucking
lawyer, not some bottom feeding
ladies' man.

SEAN
My name's Sean Conlon. I am a real
lawyer. Law offices of Patrick
Finlay. And I'm damn sure not
going to lose this case.

O'Clery turns back and flattens his face against the Plexiglas.

Sean backs away.

O'CLERY
Conlon, Finlay. That's two Irish
names I'm hearing.

Sits, eyes fixed on Sean.

O'CLERY
Born in the Old Country, were you?

SEAN
County Kerry. Brought to the
States when I was five years old.

Sean grabs file.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Tell me about Gibraltar. The
bombing there.

O'CLERY
So it's Gibraltar he's saying?

He laughs.

O'CLERY (CONT'D)
Are you married, Sean Conlon?

Sean shakes his head.

O'CLERY
Women falling over themselves to
climb into bed with Sean Conlon,
hotshot young lawyer, I'm guessing.

SEAN
The extradition orders claims you
were responsible for . . .

O'CLERY
Sow your wild oats before settling
down, is it? Is that what you're
doing, Sean Conlon? Had the chance
to marry myself. Not in the cards,
if you know what I mean.

Sean stares at O'Clery in frustration.

SEAN

If you're gonna keep shoveling shit at me, you'll be sitting on the next flight back to Heathrow, and I'll be at San Francisco International waving good fucking bye.

O'Clery stares at Sean.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Why take a chance and come to the States?

O'CLERY

The real question is, How come that upper-class, mealy-mouthed, lying motherfucker was waiting for me at the airport?

Pause

O'CLERY (CONT'D)

No answer? Try this one: Why you, fresh meat? I'm not small potatoes, you know. That English lawyer thinks he's got me by the balls. Won't let go easily.

Sean looks confused.

O'CLERY (CONT'D)

(yelling)

For fuck's sake do your homework! He's got me, but he wants Flanagan too. He's a greedy fucker. He's using you to flush out Flanagan, fresh meat.

SEAN

Like it or not this piece of fresh meat, as you call me, is all that stands between you and the rest of your life in the Tower of London.

O'Clery laughs.

O'CLERY

Tower of--? Get your fucking head out of your ass, Sean Conlon. It's Her Majesty's Prison in Maghberry, Northern Ireland will be my home 'til I'm wheeled out in a coffin.

SEAN
Give me something. Anything.

O'Clery leans forward, head against the Plexiglas.

O'CLERY
Flanagan's still out there.
There's a woman with him. Ask
her.

SEAN
What's her name?

As Sean prepares to write, O'Clery taps his head.

O'CLERY
If it's up here, the bastards won't
get their hands on it—unless you
crack. Will you be cracking, Sean
Conlon?

Sean puts down his pen.

O'CLERY
Saoirse White.

SEAN
How do I find her?

O'CLERY
You don't. She finds you.

O'Clery jumps up and strides to the door.

O'CLERY
Some marry, settle down, raise a
family. Not for me. Not in the
cards, if you know what I mean.

Pounds on door. It whirrs open, O'Clery exits, and door
clangs shut.

Sean jams file into his briefcase.

EXT.

Sean emerges from the Federal Building into a media frenzy.
Cameras, flashlights, microphones.

REPORTERS
Is it true you representing Liam
O'Clery in this high profile case?
Why you, an inexperienced lawyer?
(MORE)

REPORTERS (CONT'D)

Do you think you have a chance
fighting the extradition order?

SEAN

No comment.

Sean repeats this as he forces his way through the reporters.

Sean mounts his motorbike.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(to himself, mocking the
reporters)

"Why a lawyer like you with no
experience?" "What'll be your
defense?" Headline: Young lawyer
takes on Her Majesty's biggest gun
and blows his aristocratic ass out
of the water.

His cell phone rings. He listens.

SEAN (CONT'D)

"Jug O'Punch" tonight, Da. I
remembered. See you!

Ends call. Rides off.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO

Streets of San Francisco. Sean weaves his way back to the
office.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "JUG O'PUNCH"-- THAT NIGHT

Raucous singing of "The Patriot's Game" from inside.

Sean removes helmet and parks his motorbike.

Joins in singing.

CUSTOMERS (O.C.)

"And now as I lie here, my body all
holes,/ I think of those traitors
who bargained and sold./ I wish
that my rifle had given the same,/ /
To that quisling who sold out the
patriots' game."

Sean enters the pub.

YOUNG SAS AGENCT in car watches Sean enter pub. O.C. Cheers.

Takes out cell phone. Dials.

YOUNG SAS AGENT
Lawyer kid just arrived on his
Harley. Nice bike.

Listens

YOUNG SAS AGENT (CONT'D)
I'll check in every twenty minutes,
unless I see anybody else.

Smiles.

YOUNG SAS AGENT (CONT'D)
Am I what? Enjoying the Paddy
music? Fuck you too!

Ends call.

INT. "JUG O'PUNCH"

Crowded. Customers wave to Sean, slap him on back.

Piano man nods to where young men play darts.

Joseph passes around the pub shaking a collection box.

JOSEPH
Money for the Irish widows and
orphans' fund. Dig deep, folks.

MICHAEL SCOTT puts a bill into Joseph's collection box.

SCOTT
There's five dollars. Now piss off
and let me throw my darts.

JOSEPH
Five dollars? Is that all? It's
your father himself looking down
from heaven at you, Michael Scott.

Michael fishes out another bill.

SCOTT
There. Anther five. That's ten
dollars for the memory of my da.
Now will you piss off?

A thin young man, DOUGIE MURPHY, confronts Joseph.

MURPHY

Widows and Orphans' fund, my ass.
Rifles and bombs for fucking
terrorists is more like it. Did
you not hear? The war is over.

JOSEPH

Twenty years ago I'd have taken you
out back and wiped that stupid grin
off your face, Douglas Murphy. To
hell with it. Outside, you and me,
right now.

MURPHY

Here's a dollar. Buy yourself a
drink, old man.

JOSEPH

Old man, is it?

He tears up the dollar bill and grabs Murphy.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Call yourself Irish? Ha!

MURPHY

If you love Ireland so much, why
the fuck did you leave it? And why
here? Six thousand miles away?

Sean steps between Joseph and Murphy.

SEAN

Back off, Dougie!

MURPHY

God bless Ireland and thank God I
don't live there.

Joseph grabs Murphy and wrestles him to the ground. Sean
pulls his father off and drags him to the piano.

JOSEPH

(shouting at Murphy)

Did you ever crawl through snow on
your belly, a rifle in your hand?
No. English troops all around?
No. Did you ever cut off the
finger of a hostage and mail it to
his wife? No.

MURPHY

And that makes you Irish? When was
the last time you went back to the
Old Country? Ten year ago?
Twenty? Thirty?

Sean and the dart players hold Joseph back.

JOSEPH

As God is my witness . . .

Sean pulls his father to the piano. They join in the
singing.

BACK TO STREET.

Deserted.

BACK TO INT. CAR.

Young SAS Agent checks his rear-view mirror. Click of high
heels.

Tap on window.

Saoirse's face half-hidden. Cleavage. Young SAS agent rolls
down the window.

SAOIRSE

Open for business?

YOUNG SAS AGENT

Maybe later. I'm on duty.

SAOIRSE

I can make it a quick—if quick is
what you're looking for.

Saoirse leans into the car, takes the cigarette from the
Agent's mouth. Drags, blows the smoke in his face.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Share a cigarette, or whatever else
you want to share.

YOUNG SAS AGENT

Fuck off! I'm busy!

SAOIRSE

Five minutes tops—if it's tops
you're looking for.

Young agent unlocks the passenger's door.

YOUNG SAS AGENT
Make it a quick.

SAOIRSE
Quick it'll be.

Flanagan leaps in the passenger side. His knife slices the Young agent's throat.

Flanagan and Saoirse watch the Agent die.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
I told him it would be a quick.

Flanagan rips the cell phone from dead Agent. Crushes it with his heel.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
How did you know he was SAS?

Flanagan taps his nose.

BACK TO "JUG O' PUNCH".

Sean at bar.

BARMAN
Rumor has it you're defending Liam
O'Clery himself.

Sean nods. Barman shakes his hand. Two pints of Guinness appear. Barman refuses money. Tells other customers about Sean.

Sean carries two Guinness to father at table.

SEAN
Lá breithe shona duit! Happy
birthday! Thought I forgot, didn't
you? Ma-God rest her soul-would
never forgive me.

Sean pushes envelope in front of his father.

Joseph opens it. Airline ticket.

SEAN (CONT'D)
It's off to Shannon Airport with
you. Then back to Bundoran and
Donegal Bay for you, Da. The Sligo-
Leitrim Mountains.

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

Driving along the Tulland Strand.
Out in the Atlantic Ocean, rocks:
Fairy Bridge, Wishing Chair and
Puffing Hole.

Joseph relives the moment.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Then it's south on the Sligo road
to that pub you're always talking
about.

JOSEPH

Did I ever tell you how Michael and
myself would wait outside that pub
on Saturday night and play tricks
on the drunks?

He laughs.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Our favorite was turning a farmer's
horse 'round so it's facing the
back end of the cart. Then we'd
wait until he came out and . . . In
the ditch! Ha!

Pause.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Sure it's many a riotous, laughing
time we had. Pair of us always up
to no good. I loved that Michael
like my own brother.

Smile vanishes.

Joseph stuffs airline ticket back in envelope and slides it
back to Sean.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Get your money back, son. When I
return to the Old Country, it won't
be on your money. I'll buy the
ticket myself.

Waves off his son's protests. Swallows back his drink.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

And in the names of Saint Joseph
and Saint Patrick, how much longer
does a man have to wait before his
son gets him another drink on his
birthday?

Sean pockets the envelope. Rises and heads for the bar.

Hearing "The Rising of the Moon." Joseph leaps to his feet.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Now's the time for all true-blooded
Irishmen to stand up and be
counted.

Sings as he pushes his way to the piano.

CUSTOMERS

"And come tell me Sean O'Farrell,
tell me why you hurry so/Husha
buachaill hush and listen and his
cheeks were all a glow/I bear
orders from the captain, get you
ready quick and soon/For the pikes
must be together by the rising of
the moon."

EXT. STREET

Flanagan and Saoirse outside pub.

FLANAGAN

Sitting on their asses, drinking
green beer once a year, and singing
IRA songs. And that's supposed to
make them fucking Irish.

Saoirse pulls an old, torn photo from her pocket.

CU: two young men, armed with rifles, pose.

SAOIRSE

Twenty years is a long time.

They enter the bar.

BACK TO BAR

Wolf-whistles greet Saoirse. End when Flanagan appears
alongside her.

Sean, standing at the bar, watches the pair reflected in the
mirror.

Singing stops. All stare at the pair.

Flanagan moves around the room staring into customers' faces.
Saoirse stands next to Sean at bar.

Flanagan grabs Michael Scott.

 FLANAGAN
Name?

 SCOTT
Who wants to know?

Flanagan grabs Michael Scott's testicles and squeezes.

 SCOTT (CONT'D)
Scott. Michael Scott.

Flanagan hurls him aside.

 MURPHY
(confronts Flanagan)
Take it easy. We're all friends
here.

Flanagan pulls Murphy's tie and stares into him face.

 MURPHY (CONT'D)
Douglas Murphy. Friends call me
Dougie.

 FLANAGAN
I'm not your friend, Douglas
Murphy.

Flanagan throws him aside. Grabs the Piano Player.

 FLANAGAN (CONT'D)
Too quiet for my liking. If it
don't get loud soon, I'll set fire
to your fucking piano.

All sing.

Flanagan passes through customer. Each man gives his name.

 SEAN
Who's he looking for?

 SAOIRSE
An Irishman.

 SEAN
Nothing but Irish here.

 SAOIRSE
Irish-Irish or bullshit-Irish?

SEAN
What's your definition?

SAOIRSE
Some live it, some play it.

SEAN
The Troubles are over. The Good
Friday Agreement . . .

SAOIRSE
Troubles over? Just like that?
Politicians sign papers. All cozy,
cozy. Forget the past.

Signals to the barman

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Whiskey.

SEAN
Irish-Irish or bullshit-Irish
whiskey?

She smiles.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Haven't seen you here before.

SAOIRSE
Haven't been here before.

Saoirse downs whiskey without taking her eyes off Sean. He
signals another.

SEAN
What's his name? This man your
friend is looking for?

SAOIRSE
What's your name?

SEAN
Sean Conlon.

SAOIRSE
That's not the name.

SEAN
Sorry.

SAOIRSE
Don't be.

Nods towards Flanagan

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

If it was, you'd be dead by now.

Sean stares from her to Flanagan and back.

SEAN

Should talk to my Da. He knows everyone and everything Irish in San Francisco. Bullshit-Irish that is.

She smiles. He grabs his chance.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I play for The Shamrocks, an Irish-American soccer team. Tomorrow night, six o'clock, the Polo Grounds. Need directions?

SAOIRSE

Who says I'm coming?

Moment broken up as Flanagan heaves a drunk into a nearby chair.

SEAN

Looking for someone myself. Name of Saoirse White. Wouldn't know her, would you?

She downs her next drink and joins Flanagan.

SAOIRSE

Nothing here. Let's go.

Sean rises.

SEAN

I didn't get your name.

SAOIRSE

I didn't give it. Maybe next time—if there is a next time.

Saoirse and Flanagan exit.

EXT. STREET

Flanagan slams Saoirse against the wall.

FLANAGAN

"Maybe next time"? What the fuck did that mean? You wanna stay alive, you forget about "maybe next times."

She pushes away from him and strides to a phone booth.

EXT. ALLEY

OLDER SAS AGENT rides up on motorcycle. Sees the pair. Dials his cell phone.

OLDER AGENT

Jesus, it's him. Flanagan. And she's with him. Where the fuck are you? Answer your fucking phone. It's Flanagan and the girl I'm telling you. I need backup.

INT. PHONE BOOTH

Saoirse checks phone book. Rips out page.

EXT. STREET

Saoirse pushes the torn page in Flanagan's face.

SAOIRSE

The one in there. Sean Conlon. Says he's looking for Saoirse White.

They leave.

EXT. ALLEY

Older Agent watches them leave.

OLDER AGENT

Are you asleep, you dumb shit? You were supposed to watch them. They just left the pub. Where the fuck are you?

INT. BAR

Barman slaps two Guinness before Sean and his father. All in bar cheer.

BARMAN

No paying for drinks for you pair tonight. It's proud I am to know you. Does your Da know?

JOSEPH

What the hell's he's talking about?

PIANO MAN

Your boy is defending Liam O'Clery himself.

Cheers.

JOSEPH

Man like O'Clery'll be needing a lawyer with notches on his belt. Not some novice straight out of law school.

SEAN

It's two years out I am, Da. Finlay gave me the case. I'm going to win it—for you.

Cheers.

BACK TO STREET.

Older Agent looks at the dead young Agent. He dials.

INT. DINING ROOM, BRITISH EMBASSY--SAME.

Barclay-Smythe sits at dinner with various dignitaries.

WAITER whispers in his ear.

Barclay-Smythe follows the waiter to a phone. He listens.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

Did anyone see you? Good. You know what to do.

He rejoins the dinner group.

BACK TO EXT PUB.

Older Agent opens the car door.

INT. CAR

He rifles through Young Agent's pockets taking money and ID.

BACK TO EXT.

He opens the trunk and takes out a gallon can of gasoline.

A quiet prayer before he pours the gasoline inside the car.

Stands back and tosses a match into the car and drives away.

Car explodes.

Customers spill out of pub to watch.

EXT. OUTSIDE SEAN'S APARTMENT. SAME.

A gloved hand unlocks the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM, SEAN'S APARTMENT

Flanagan and Saoirse enter. Flashlights.

Map of Ireland on wall. Flanagan holds up a soccer trophy.

FLANAGAN

Most Valuable Player. Sean Conlon.

He spits at the trophy and rubs it clean with his coat.
Replaces trophy and continues searching.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Maps, music, souvenirs,
leprechauns. Bullshit-Irish
plastered all over the place.

Saoirse pulls out file from Sean's briefcase. Flanagan
rifles through it.

SAOIRSE

Lawyer. Two years out of law
school. He's defending Liam.

Flanagan laughs. He grabs the brief and smells it.

FLANAGAN

Got Anglo-Saxon bullshit smeared
all over it.

Saoirse reads the brief.

SAOIRSE
He works for Finlay and Associates
Law Firm.

O.C. Sound of motorcycle. Flashlights off. Flanagan peers out of window.

BACK TO STREET OUTSIDE SEAN'S APARTMENT

Motorcycle, lights off, parks across from the apartment building.

BACK TO INT, SEAN'S APARTMENT

FLANAGAN
The boy's got a visitor. We'll be back.

SAOIRSE
I'll be back.

Flanagan rams her against the wall. One hand is over her mouth, the other grabs her breast squeezing it hard.

FLANAGAN
If it's a quick fuck you need, I can give it you anytime. Or you can buy yourself one.

She shakes herself loose.

SAOIRSE
He's involved. Conlon, SAS, that English lawyer, Finlay. Our young lawyer's deep enough in shit to keep us both busy.

FLANAGAN
And if your boyfriend doesn't get Liam off?

Gestures slit throat. They exit.

BACK TO OUTER ROOM, LAW FIRM -- NEXT MORNING

Sandra sorts through morning mail. Sean staggers in. She helps him to his private office.

SANDRA
Hide in here before Finlay sees you. I'll get you some coffee.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE

Sean drops into chair behind his desk. Opens brief.
Brightness of page too much.

Sandra enters with coffee.

SANDRA
Boozing with the old man again? Or
some slut you picked up?

Sean opens his drawer. Bottle of aspirin. Sandra massages
his neck.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
A woman phoned. Business or
pleasure?

SEAN
She leave a number?

SANDRA
No. Says she'll be in touch.
Soft, sexy, Irish.

Sean tries to look at the brief again.

SEAN
What time's the arraignment?

SANDRA
Two.

Turns to leave. Stops.

SANDRA (CONT'D)
Word is this Barclay-Smythe
character swallows minnows like you
daily by the thousands.

Sean gestures her to leave.

SEAN
I'll leave in a few hours.

Swallows more aspirin.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF LAW FIRM -- AFTERNOON

Sean, still hung over, fumbles with keys. Finally opens the
door, throws in his briefcase and gets inside.

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE

Finlay watches Sean leave. Grim-faced.

EXT. COURTHOUSE.

Sean enters.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM.

Sean washes his face. Barclay-Smythe enters and stares at Sean.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

Young, good-looking, brash, a ladies' man, determined to scratch and claw his way to the top on the back of Liam O'Clery. You must be Sean Conlon. Born in Northern Ireland, Bundoran, County Donegal. Moved south to Killarney when still a baby. How am I doing?

SEAN

Older, coiffured, arrogant, upper-class English prick. You must be Barclay-whatever your name is.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

Smythe. Sir George Barclay-Smythe.
(stares at Sean)
Born in Bundoran, raised in Killarney. I see.

Sean holds out a still-wet hand. Barclay-Smythe refuses it.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE (CONT'D)

A Mr. Jack O'Roarke will testify he was with O'Clery in Gibraltar at the time of the bombing. If we want to save time--

SEAN

I get paid by the hour.

Barclay-Smythe exits.

INT. COURTROOM

TV cameramen and press photographers. O'Clery sits at the defense table, bailiffs nearby.

Sean stumbles in and sits next to O'Clery who never takes his eyes off Barclay-Smythe.

SEAN

Who's Jack O'Roarke?

O'Clery bursts out laughing. Bailiffs try to control.

O'CLERY

(shouts at Barclay-Smyth)

So it's Jack O'Roarke himself who's playing Judas for you, is it?

Bailiffs control O'Clery.

BAILIFF

All rise for Judge Rebecca Smith.

JUDGE REBECCA SMITH (50s), female, African-American, enters. Gestures for everyone to sit.

Bailiffs wander through the crowd, pointing fingers at anyone who moves or whispers.

JUDGE

The Crown demands the immediate extradition of Liam O'Clery back to England to stand trial for a terrorist act: a car bombing in Gibraltar.

O'Clery leaps to his feet.

O'CLERY

Gibraltar it's going to be, is it? Not Manchester, or Liverpool? It's Gibraltar, you've chosen.

He laughs.

O'CLERY (CONT'D)

I wasn't there. Never been there. It's fucking bullshit top to bottom and he knows it.

Bailiffs wrestle O'Clery back to his seat.

JUDGE

Order! You'll have your day in court, Mr. O'Clery.

O'CLERY

Not if he gets his fucking way.

JUDGE
Order. Sit Mr. Smythe.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
That's Sir George Barclay-Smythe,
your Honor.

Murmurs around the courtroom. Cameras flash. Anxious bailiffs.

The judge stares at the Sean. She consults her notes.

JUDGE
Mr. Conlon?

SEAN
For the defense, Your Honor. What we have here is the illegal and unwarranted arrest of an Irish national on U.S. soil.

JUDGE
Counsel will approach the bench.

Both lawyers approach the bench.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
We are here to set bail and a trial date, Mr. Conlon, not to argue the case.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
At that time, your Honor, the prosecution will offer a witness willing to testify that O'Clery was in Gibraltar at the time of the bombing.

JUDGE
Does Mr. Conlon know the name of this witness?

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
He does.

SEAN
A witness for the defense will contest that, your honor.

JUDGE
His name?

Click as Barclay-Smythe opens his monogrammed notebook.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Mr. Conlon, you need to name your witness.

SEAN

At this time, my witness prefers to remain anonymous, your honor.

Barclay-Smythe's notebook and pen disappear.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

The Crown's witness, Jack O'Roarke, is available whenever needed.

JUDGE

And your anonymous witness, Mr. Conlon? Can you guarantee he'll be here for the trial?

Sean nods, unconvincing. Barclay-Smythe chuckles. Gestures his apologies to the Judge.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

So am I to understand, Mr. Conlon, that you have a witness who might or might not appear?

SEAN

The Defense requests a continuance, your Honor.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

Given the seriousness of the charge and the violent character of the prisoner, my government requests no delay in the trial.

JUDGE

You have two days to name and produce this witness, Mr. Conlon.

Judge gestures them back to their seats.

Sean leans to O'Clery as a bailiff grabs the prisoner.

SEAN

Who is this O'Roarke?

O'CLERY

A bullshit traitor, a quisling, who lied about Gibraltar.

SEAN

And where is Saoirse White?

O'CLERY

'Tis a lot of questions you have,
fresh meat. Don't be looking for
Saoirse White. She's already found
you. They've both found you.

Sean stares after O'Clery as he is shuffled out of the
courtroom.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

If you need help finding your
witness—.

SEAN

I know where she is.

The notebook and pen reappear.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

Ah, a she. No doubt the woman who
traveled here with O'Clery. She's
probably with Flanagan now.

Sean tries to ignore him.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Do you know why your client risked
leaving the Emerald Isle and
journeyed to San Francisco?

Pause.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE (CONT'D)

I thought not.

SEAN

Do you?

Barclay-Smythe laughs.

BARCLAY-SMTHYE

But of course I do. Be assured,
Mr. Conlon, I make it a point to
know everything. That way I never
lose. Losing is not in my
vocabulary.

Barclay-Smythe exits.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM

Sean pushes his way through crowd to the restroom

INT. RESTROOM

Sean checks all stalls before dialing.

SEAN

Sandra, Sean. Has that woman phoned again?

BACK TO LAW OFFICE

Sandra hands the phone to Finlay.

FINLAY

Finlay here, Sean. A woman? No, nothing. A Mr. Flanagan phoned. He wants to meet you on Embarcadero, inside Pier 28. That's right. 28. Left-hand side, after your go under the Bay Bridge. He says you're to go alone. He'll be waiting.

EXT. EMBARCADERO, PIER 28 -- LATER

Sean parks his Harley outside. Walks to shops. All closed. Looks around.

He leaps aside as a large black car roars down the Pier.

INT. AGENTS' CAR

Younger Agent-driver slaps the Older Agent on the shoulder.

YOUNGER AGENT

Fucking brilliant. He's stuck inside with us this side and the Pacific Ocean the other. Flanagan's got nowhere to go. He's a dead man.

Young Agent stops car.

OLDER AGENT

There's the lawyer prick. Where the hell is Flanagan?

Sound as pickup roars up behind them.

OLDER AGENT (CONT'D)

Get out of the fucking car. The bastard'll kill both of us

BACK TO EXT.

The pickup smashes into the Agents' car forcing it through the metal railing and into the Bay.

Flanagan gets out of the pickup. He fires his gun at the sinking car.

He turns and grabs Sean.

FLANAGAN

You miserable lying motherfucker.
Who knows?

SEAN

Who knows what? I swear on my
mother's grave. I spoken to no
one. I phoned my office. My
secretary gave the phone to Finlay
who said you'd be here.

Flanagan releases Sean.

FLANAGAN

So now we know, don't we?

Sean looks puzzled. Flanagan laughs.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Fresh meat. It's a good name for
you. You're fucking lost.

Face turns grim.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

Liam's my friend, my only friend.
If you don't get him off, I'll make
you eat your own balls.

He rams his gun into Sean's groin.

SEAN

O'Clery told me a Saoirse White has
the proof I need about Gibraltar.
Where is she?

Flanagan looks over the railing one more time before getting into his pickup.

FLANAGAN

Word is you're playing soccer
tonight.

Flanagan screeches down the warehouse. Sean dials on his cell.

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE -- LATER.

Finlay waits with Barclay-Smythe.

FINLAY
(listening to phone)
Both dead?

Puts down the phone.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
Flanagan?

FINLAY
The boy says Flanagan suspects
there's an informer in the firm.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
Well isn't that perceptive of him?

FINLAY
Which means Flanagan knows who it
is.

Barclay-Smythe rises and prepares to leave.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
Fortunately that's something that
concerns you. Not me.

He exits.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD -- THAT EVENING

Corner kick for The Shamrocks. LARGE DEFENDER blocks Sean. Michael Scott shouts from the midfield.

MICHAEL
Move, Sean! That guy's all over
you.

The defender pushes Sean aside and pounds the ball down the field. Obscene gesture from Michael.

COACH of Shamrocks screams at Sean.

COACH
Conlon, get your head in the game
or I'll pull you out.

Sean's not listening. Sees Saoirse take a place in the stands. Sandra follows Sean's gaze.

INT. RESTAURANT.

Barclay-Smythe sips a cup of coffee. Watches table where Finlay and slumped, unseen FIGURE talk.

BACK TO SOCCER FIELD.

Sean fights free from large defender and finds an open space. Ball floats across. Sean bicycle kicks past the goalkeeper. Players surround him.

MICHAEL

Mary, Mother of God that was a thing of beauty. Pity your Da's not here to see it.

Sean rushes to the sideline. Sandra rushes forward, but Sean's eyes are fixed on Saoirse.

INT. RESTAURANT -- SAME

Finlay joins Barclay-Smythe. Figure has left.

FINLAY

He's suspicious. Thinks O'Clery's figured out more of the puzzle.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

Which he has. A whispered word here. Another there until voila! O'Clery gets what he wants, and I get I want.

Pause.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Everyone has their secrets. My job is find them and use them. Don't look so troubled? You Catholics need only spend a minute or two in the confessional, say a few "Hail Marys," and all is forgiven. If only it was that easy.

Finlay slouches out of the restaurant

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE -- SAME

Flashlight on a locked file cabinet. Wire opens lock.

Flanagan shuffles through files. Opens one and reads. Takes out photo. Reads writing on back before stuffing photo in his pocket.

BACK TO SOCCER FIELD.

Game over. Sean looks for Saoirse. She's gone.

Sandra jumps onto the back of Sean's Harley. Agents follow them.

EXT. OUTSIDE SEAN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Sean pulls into parking space.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- SEAN'S APARTMENT

Saoirse pulls back the drape. Watches Sean and Sandra.

EXT. OUTSIDE SEAN'S APARTMENT

Sean looks for his keys.

SANDRA
Want me to look?

Stuffs her hands in his pocket, playing with him. Sean pulls her hand out.

As he touches apartment door, it opens a fraction.

Sean peers through the partially opened door. Sound of shower.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- LIVING ROOM

Sean switches on lamp. Moves to a closet and opens it. Various items, including an old flat soccer ball, fall out. Kicks ball aside and grabs baseball bat.

Light from bathroom.

Sean edges forward. Pushes open the door.

INT. BATHROOM

Sean rushes inside. Nothing. Switches off shower.

INT. KITCHEN

Sean and Sandra enter. Saoirse leans against the counter, drink in hand.

Sandra slaps Sean's face before exiting into the living room. Sean follows.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Sandra near the front door.

SANDRA

You've got ten seconds. Clock's running.

Saoirse enters sinking into a chair.

SAOIRSE

Should I leave?

SEAN

No.

SANDRA

Yes.

She waits.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Five seconds. Three, two, one. Time's up!

She picks up the flat soccer bag and hurls it at Sean.

BACK TO PARKING LOT

The two agents watch Sandra exits and hail a taxi.

FIRST AGENT

Lawyer man probably couldn't get it up.

They laugh.

SECOND AGENT
Better stick around in case
Flanagan or the woman come.

INT. SEAN'S LIVING ROOM

Saoirse signals to Sean.

SAOIRSE
Pull the blinds and switch the
light off. They're watching.

Saoirse locks the front door. Sean follows her.

BACK TO KITCHEN

Only light is outside streetlight.

Saoirse offers Sean a drink. He takes it. She signals for
him to whisper.

SEAN
You broke into my apartment.

SAOIRSE
The door was open.

SEAN
I never leave it open.

SAOIRSE
Then I broke in.

Clinks glasses.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Sorry about your date. Was she
your date? She'll forgive you. Do
you want her to forgive you?

SEAN
You broke into my apartment.

SAOIRSE
So you keep saying. You could
phone the police. Or turn me over
to those two agents waiting
outside. It'll save a phone call.

Saoirse exits the kitchen and heads for the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Sean follows Saoirse into the darkened room.

SAOIRSE
Night light?

Sean switches on a bedside lamp.

SEAN
Saoirse White?

She nods.

SEAN (CONT'D)
White. English?

SAOIRSE
Irish head to toe. O'Roarke's
selling out Liam.

SEAN
You'll testify?

Saoirse laughs. Nods to parking lot.

SAOIRSE
You think they'll let me?

She takes a newspaper out of her pocket.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
All here. You can read it later.

She crosses to laundry hamper. Pulls out underwear covered
in hearts.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
What do you look like in these,
Sean Conlon?

She pulls out more clothes. Deposits newspaper deep inside.
Dumps dirty clothes on top and closes hamper.

SEAN
We have laws to protect you from
those people.

Saoirse smiles.

SAOIRSE
Not your game, Sean Conlon.
Different game, different rules.
(MORE)

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Your problem is, you don't know the rules.

She looks around

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Nice place you've got yourself, Sean Conlon. Three nights in sleazy motels, far from home. That's me.

SEAN

You could stay here.

She shakes her head.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Why San Francisco? Why now?

SAOIRSE

Twenty years ago O'Clery's father was killed in a police raid. His father's best friend sold him out.

SEAN

Terry McGrath

SAOIRSE

The quisling. The Judas who began it all. I was still a baby.

SEAN

God, when do you people let go of the past?

She knocks him to the bed and leaps on top of him.

SAOIRSE

We let go of the past when it fucking well lets go of us. Bullshit-Irish like yourself will never understand that. Battle of the Boyne. Annual Orange Day Parade. Bonfire of all things Catholic. Potato famine. Deportations. The past flows through our veins.

Pushes face closer.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

You think that British lawyer's letting go of the past?

SEAN

What about the arrest at the airport, and the extradition?

SAOIRSE

Wake up and smell the shamrocks. You think the Queen wants Liam? No. You think Her Royal Majesty even knows who the hell he is? No. That lawyer is hiding under her royal petticoats. He wants O'Clery and Flanagan. He's got one. He's trying to get both.

SEAN

What of McGrath? You think he's here in San Francisco?

SAOIRSE

Asking or telling?

She stands and swallows back her drink.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Drink up.

Sean swallows back his drink. Sees white powder in glass.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

It'll help you sleep. Clear out the fog in your brain.

Sean collapses on bed. Saoirse holds up a book. Sean's bedside reading.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

W.B. Yeats. Easter 1916. Mother's milk for Irish-Irish.

She lies down beside him.

INT. BEDROOM -- LATER

CU: Bedside clock: nine pm. Both asleep, fully clothed.

Saoirse eyes flick open. Sound picking apartment lock. She slides into the living room.

Hides under clothes dumped in closet.

BEGIN SERIES:

--Two agents appear, guns drawn. Flashlights. Guns drawn.
--Smaller Agent enters Sean's bedroom. Sean asleep.
--Rifles through drawers. Glances in clothes hamper.
--Opens closet door. Old flat soccer ball falls.
--Flashes light inside. Closes door.
--Smaller Agent puts soccer ball in Sean's bed.
--Saoirse, in closet, hears agents exit.
--O.C. Sound of car driving off.
--Saoirse exits closet.
--Checks window before exiting.

END SERIES.

EXT. MISSION DISTRICT -- LATER

A taxi pulls up outside sleazy motel.

INT. TAXI

DRIVER faces Saoirse.

DRIVER
Not a place for tourists, miss.

SAOIRSE
Who said I'm a tourist?

DRIVER
Working girl?

SAOIRSE
You could say that.

She hands him the fare and gets out.

EXT. STREET.

Neon signs flash "All nude girls" and XXX movies. Saoirse enters hotel.

INT. HOTEL.

DESK CLERK likes what he sees. Looks for her "John."

SAOIRSE
Mr. Goodwrench?

Desk clerk checks register.

CLERK
Room 6. Down the hallway, on your
left.

Watches her walk down the hallway.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Lucky bastard.

Saoirse knocks a rhythm on the door of Room 6.

SAOIRSE
An cat itheann tú, agus ithe an
diabhal an cat. May the cat eat
you, and the devil eat the cat.

Door opens a crack. Gun pokes out. Flanagan's face.
Saoirse barges in.

INT. ROOM 6

Room dark except for by "All Nude" neon sign from across
street.

FLANAGAN
He's got the newspaper? Not that
it'll help. All the proof in the
world won't add up to a blind fuck
against that English lawyer.

Giggling sound from bed. Saoirse points her gun. Naked
prostitute.

PROSTITUTE
Threesome? Cost extra.

SAOIRSE
Póg mo thóin!

PROSTITUTE
What did you just say, bitch?

SAOIRSE
Kiss my ass!

PROSTITUTE

Fuck you!

Looks around.

SAOIRSE

Where the fuck do I sleep?

FLANAGAN

Cot in the corner. Fresh sheet.
Unless you want to share our bed.

Saoirse lies on cot. Flanagan rejoins prostitute.

PROSTITUTE

Both Irish? Tourists?

Light switched off.

FLANAGAN

No. We're here to kill someone.

The prostitute laughs drunkenly.

Flanagan and prostitute make love.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM -- NEXT MORNING

Sean wakes, hugging the old flat soccer ball. Grabs alarm clock. 7 a.m. Staggered up.

SEAN

Saoirse?

Room to room calling her name.

INT. MOTEL ROOM--SAME

Flanagan shakes Saoirse awake. Writes something on piece of paper.

FLANAGAN

Meet me at this hotel tonight.

Moves to door. Saoirse looks at prostitute "sleeping" in bed.

SAOIRSE

What about her?

FLANAGAN

Sound sleeper.

He pulls back the sheet. Body falls, neck broken.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)
Shouldn't have guessed we were
Irish.

He moves to door.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out of here quick as
you can.

Saoirse grabs her stuff and rushes out.

INT. FOYER

Desk clerk whistles as Saoirse passes.

CLERK
Leave the room tidy?

SAOIRSE
Only one dead body.

Wolf-whistle and laughter as she exits.

INT. LAW OFFICES -- LATER

Sandra bangs around. Everyone avoids her.

Finlay gestures for her to come to his office.

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE

Finlay hands Sandra a cup of coffee.

FINLAY
A woman at his apartment?

Sandra nods.

FINLAY (CONT'D)
Irish? Was there a man with her?

Shakes head.

FINLAY (CONT'D)
If you see the two of them together
again, phone me immediately.

She sips coffee.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING -- LATER

Sean's Harley roars into the parking lot.

He enters building.

INT. VISITING ROOM

Sean enters the room.

The door on the prisoner's side whirs open and O'Clery enters.

SEAN
How do I find her again?

O'CLERY
For my defense or your pleasure?

SEAN
We need her testimony.

O'CLERY
She gave it to you last night.

Sean stares at him.

SEAN
She drugged me.

O'Clery laughs.

O'CLERY
She left when your visitors came.
Did you know you had visitors?
'Course you didn't. Gonna have to
learn to live in this world, fresh
meat--and quick. If not--.

Leans back.

O'CLERY (CONT'D)
Your boss, Finlay. Irish, is he?

O'Clery slaps the photo Flanagan stole from Finlay's office against the Plexiglas.

CU: Finlay and Barclay-Smythe.

O'CLERY (CONT'D)
If you didn't tell the Englishman
about meeting Flanagan, who did?

SEAN
Finlay is McGrath?

O'CLERY
I'm not saying yes, and I'm not
saying no. Know a man's friends,
you know him. Your boss threw you
in the ocean for that Anglo-Saxon
shark. Why you? I ask myself.
Something you should be asking
yourself.

Stares intently at Sean.

O'CLERY (CONT'D)
Sean Conlon. 'Tis a good Irish
name.

SEAN
You said that last time.

O'CLERY
Your mother dead. Father, Joseph
Conlon.

SEAN
He moved to County Kerry after his
brother was killed by the Royal
Ulster Constabulary. Raised me
alone. Satisfied?

Pause.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Cut the crap! I'll ask the
questions.

O'Clery's studies Sean's face.

O'CLERY
Joseph Conlon. Brother killed by
Royal Ulster Constabulary you say.

Rises suddenly, walks to the door and bangs on it.

SEAN
I need to see Saoirse again.

O'Clery exits without looking back.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Where is she? Tell me! Tell me!

The door clangs shut.

Sean collects his papers and exits.

INT. OUTER OFFICE -- LAW FIRM -- LATER

Sandra sorts morning mail. Sean enters and marches to Finlay's office. Door locked.

Sean shouts at the door.

SEAN

In God's name, whose side are you on?

SANDRA

He's not in there.

SEAN

Out drinking with Sir Whatever-his-fucking name-is? They're like this.

SANDRA

And you're like this with your Irish colleen. How was she? Did you get yourself a good Irish fuck in the sack?

Sean yells at Finlay's closed door again.

SEAN

I'm going to win. O'Clery wasn't in Gibraltar at the time of the bombing.

He looks at Sandra.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Phone that English prick. I want a meeting with him and O'Roarke immediately.

SANDRA

He's already phoned. Tomorrow night. Nine. Just you, him and O'Roarke. Parking Lot overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge.

SEAN

Why there? Why at that time?

SANDRA

Didn't say. Take it or leave it. That's all he said.

He leaves the office.

Sandra waits before knocking on Finlay's door. It opens.

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE

Sandra and Finlay watch as Sean mounts his Harley.

FINLAY

Young, stubborn and clueless.

SANDRA

You should have chosen someone else.

FINLAY

I was told to choose him.

He picks up the phone and dials.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Sound of lock being picked. Flanagan enters. Shuts door and moves to Sean's desk. Rummages through it.

Opens closet. The flat soccer ball falls out. Flanagan traps it beneath his foot.

Searches closet. Finds a metal box. Breaks lock. He sorts through papers. Finds what he wants. Replaces box and soccer ball and closes closet.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING

Guard talking on phone. Scribbles note and walks to cells.

INT. JAIL CELL

Guard slips scribbled note to O'Clery. Reads it then scribbles notes on back and hands it to guard.

EXT. UNION SQUARE

Flanagan stands among the tourists watching street performers.

BACK TO FEDERAL BUILDING

Guard phones number on the paper.

BACK TO UNION SQUARE

Street phone near Flanagan rings. He listens. Grim smile.

INT. TAXI, MISSION DISTRICT - EARLY EVENING

Another sleazy motel. Saoirse sits in taxi.

TAXI DRIVER

Not your kind of place, lady.

SAOIRSE

Heard that before.

She hands slip of paper to driver. He reads it and pulls into street.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

There's a car following us. Extra hundred if you lose him.

TAXI DRIVER

You either know this City, or you don't. And if you don't--

His foot hits the accelerator.

EXT. STREET

The taxi speeds up, crossing lanes.

INT. BEDROOM, SEAN'S APARTMENT -- SAME

Sean dumps clothes hamper upside down. Folded newspaper, "Irish Times," falls out.

Sean stares at photograph on front page.

SEAN

Holy Mother of God!

He looks at his watch and stuffs the newspaper back in with dirty clothes.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Sean roars off on his Harley. Saoirse emerges from shadows and heads for his apartment.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING

Sean parks. Enters building. A motorcyclist pulls up nearby.

INT.

Sean stands in front of the desk sergeant. He phones.

DESK SERGEANT

Says it's late. Doesn't want to talk to you.

SEAN

Tell him I've a meeting with O'Roarke. And a lead on someone he's looking for.

The Sergeant relays message. He holds his ear away from the phone as O'Clery screams.

DESK SERGEANT

Answers still "No."

Sean exits.

EXT. SEAN'S APARTMENT COMPLEX -- LATER

Sean dismounts his Harley.

Motorcyclist takes up position across the street.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT

Sean enters. Kicks old flat soccer ball. It smashes into a kitchen cupboard.

INT. KITCHEN

Sean flicks on light. He's about to kick the ball again when he sees Saoirse, sitting on a barstool.

SAOIRSE

That ball's seen better times.

She hands him a drink. He waves it off.

SEAN
You lied to me. Your name's not
Saoirse White. You're Liam's
sister, an O'Clery.

SAOIRSE
So I lied to you.

He produces newspaper.

SEAN
That's you standing next to your
brother, Liam.

SAOIRSE
And Jack O'Roarke. He wasn't in
Gibraltar either.

Saoirse taps the soccer ball into the living room.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Game's in the next room. Want to
play?

She exits. Pours two glasses of wine.

SEAN
So what do I call you? Saoirse
White or O'Clery?

SAOIRSE (O.C.)
Whatever. Answer to both.

INT. LIVING ROOM.

Sean enters with wine. Saoirse stretches out on the sofa.

SEAN
So Liam comes looking for Terry
McGrath, the quisling.

Sits down.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I think it's my boss, Finlay.

SAOIRSE
A month ago Liam got word McGrath
was living in San Francisco.

SEAN

Bait on the Englishman's hook?

Saoirse nods.

SAOIRSE

O'Roarke was in prison for fifteen years to life. Makes a deal. Passes the word about McGrath in San Francisco to Liam.

SEAN

Then they wait for him at San Francisco airport. O'Roarke's willing to testify Liam's the Gibraltar bomber and--

SAOIRSE

O'Roarke and his family are flown to the States. A new name, a free man--until the next time his services are needed.

SEAN

Same as Finlay. McGrath.

SAOIRSE

One small problem. Flanagan wasn't with Liam at the airport.

SEAN

I meet with O'Roarke tomorrow night. Nine. Parking lot overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge. I'll show him the newspaper. Couldn't be in Bundoran and Gibraltar at the same time.

SAOIRSE

Maybe the Queen herself will send you a letter of congratulations. Knighthood. A seat for you to park your ass in the House of Lords.

SEAN

If I have to fly in the whole town of Bundoran. I'll win this case.

Saoirse leans closer to Sean.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Small world. Bundoran, County Donegal? My father's from there.

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

Talks about this pub on the Sligo road.

SAOIRSE

The Pieces of Silver. Have you not been there?

Sean shakes his head.

Saoirse stands, holds out her hand and pulls Sean to his feet.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

When this is over, Sean Conlon, we'll meet at that pub.

She leads Sean to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Saoirse slowly strips Sean to his underwear.

SAOIRSE

Wait here--or in bed. Your choice.

She goes to the bathroom.

Sean jumps into bed and strips off his underwear.

Saoirse reappears, naked, and gets into bed.

They wrap themselves in each other's arms.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

I'll be waiting. Back in the Old Country. Far from all this.

SEAN

"And we shall have some peace there. For peace comes dropping slow."

SAOIRSE

The words of the Bard himself.

Sean exaggerates Yeats' voice.

SEAN

"Dropping from the veils of the morning . . ."

SAOIRSE
 . . . to where the cricket
 sings."

Sean switches off the light. Sound of tender, passionate lovemaking.

EXT. STREET -- LATER

Motorcyclist reaches for his cell.

A hand snakes around his neck. A twist of his head and his neck breaks.

Flanagan crushes the cell.

BACK TO BEDROOM

Sean gazes at sleeping Saoirse. He kisses her cheek.

He slides out of bed and moves towards bathroom.

SEAN
 "There midnight's all a glimmer,
 and noon's a purple glow. And
 evening's full of the linnet's
 wings . . . "

INT. LIVING ROOM

A figure looms in front of him. One blow and Sean collapses on the floor.

INT. BEDROOM

Flanagan storms into the bedroom and switches on the light. He hurls back the sheets, dragging the naked Saoirse out of bed and striking her across the face.

FLANAGAN
 You fucking stupid whore! The note
 said contact me immediately.

SAOIRSE
 Didn't say whether before, during
 or after Mr. Goodwrench had
 finished fucking his whores?

He hits her again. Stands above her, clenching his fists. Saoirse grabs the sheet and covers herself.

FLANAGAN

If it wasn't for your brother--.

He flings her clothes at her. Enraged, he hurls objects against the wall.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Flanagan opens the liquor cabinet. Finds Irish whiskey. Swallows it down.

Crosses to the map of Ireland, rips it from the wall, tears it to shreds and sprinkles the pieces over Sean.

Saoirse stares at unconscious Sean.

SAOIRSE

He's Liam's attorney.

Flanagan grabs her by the throat and drags her to her feet.

FLANAGAN

You stupid cow! You don't get it, do you?

He stares at Sean.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

I should skin him alive, slowly, painfully before your eyes--and then skin you.

He releases her and hurls more objects about the room.

SAOIRSE

He says he's meeting with The Englishman and O'Roarke tomorrow. Nine in the evening. Golden Gate parking lot.

Flanagan drags Sean to the bedroom and closes the door.

Grabs Saoirse and throws her out of the apartment ahead of him.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - LATER.

A tap on the door. A key fits in the lock. Joseph Conlon enters. Empty.

JOSEPH
Sean? You home?

Sees bedroom door closed.

Joseph quietly opens closet door and open metal file cabinet.
Looks through it. Checks. Curses.

Exits apartment.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sean wakes on floor.

SEAN
Saoirse? Saoirse?

Opens bedroom door and calls out.

Looks at clock. Throws on clothing and exits.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Sean's Harley races through the streets.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

Sean pulls into the parking lot. He dismounts his Harley.

Mingles with the tourists watching the sunrise behind the
Golden Gate Bridge.

Time passes. Slowly tourists and cars leave.

Only one car, abandoned and jacked up with back wheel missing
left in lot.

Sean stands at protective wall.

Group of men arrive. Get out of car.

They're dressed in Bermuda shorts and Hawaiian shirts take
pictures of Golden Gate Bridge.

Another car arrives. Sleek, black.

Barclay-Smythe and SAS Agent get out. Walk to Sean.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
Mr. Conlon meet Jack O'Roarke, the
Crown's star witness.

SEAN

Bullshit. I know what Jack
O'Roarke looks like. I've seen his
photo.

SAS Agent leaps at Sean. He wraps masking tape across Sean's
mouth. His hands are tied.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

And now we wait—silently.

Silence broken when the abandoned car falls off the jack.

The "tourists" pull out their guns and move towards the car.
A shot rings out and an agent collapses. Barclay-Smythe
dives behind the SAS Agent as shots ring out.

SAS AGENT

Time's up, Flanagan.

Shot rings out. The gag is ripped from Sean's mouth and he
is dragged backward.

Car headlights reveal Flanagan holding Sean, trapped against
the protective wall.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

You're surrounded, Flanagan.
You'll get a fair trial. You have
my word.

Flanagan laughs maniacally.

He whispers in Sean's ear.

FLANAGAN

Sold me out, didn't you? Knew I'd
love to get my hands around
O'Roarke's fucking throat.

SEAN

I was set up. It's not O'Roarke.
They broke into my apartment last
night. They have the girl.

FLANAGAN

You stupid piece of shit. Can't
put the pieces of the fucking
jigsaw puzzle together, can you?

Pause.

FLANAGAN (CONT'D)

You don't get O'Clery off, I'll
come back from Hell, or wherever
the fuck I am, rip out your heart
and eat it in front of you.

He hurls Sean down and leaps over the protective wall to the
sea below.

Agents rush to protective wall.

They pump bullets into the sea below.

Flashlights search for Flanagan. Nothing.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

We can only hope that Flanagan is
dead. Her Majesty is most grateful
for your service.

SEAN

Her Majesty doesn't give jack shit
about any of this. You're using
her too.

SAS Agent knees Sean in the groin.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

First I get O'Clery.

SEAN

Where's the girl? What did you do
with her?

Barclay-Smythe gestures to the sea below.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

Ask him. He's the one who took
her, not us.

He dusts down Sean's rumpled shirt.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Think Mr. Sean Conlon, think!

Pause.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Do I have to spell it out for you?
Joseph Conlon says he has a brother
who died for the cause.

Deep sigh. He knocks Sean on the head with his knuckles.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE (CONT'D)
 Wake up! You were--what? Five
 years old. Living in Killarney.
 Sudden rush to Shannon airport.
 Midnight. Why?

Looking at the SAS Agent.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE (CONT'D)
 Good Lord, how stupid can these
 Irish be?

Pause.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE (CONT'D)
 I want O'Clery. Either in court,
 or--.

Signals to the agents. They all pile into the limousines and
 speed away.

Sean looks over the barricade searching in the shadows below.

BACK TO SEAN'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Sean staggers in. He throws open the closet. The old flat
 soccer ball falls on him. Picks it up and walks to sofa.

Stares at old flat soccer ball.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE (V.O.)(CONT.)
 You were--what? Five years old.
 Living in Killarney. Sudden rush to
 Shannon airport. Midnight. Why?

Ball still in hand, Sean stares into the mirror.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. SOUTHERN IRELAND. 25 YEARS EARLIER.

EXT: SCHOOL PLAYGROUND, KILLARNEY. DUSK.

Two five-year-old boys, EAMMON and SEAN, play soccer. A
 WOMAN gestures to Eammon.

WOMAN
 You'd better get yourself home too,
 Sean. It'll be dark soon.

Eammon hands the soccer ball to Young Sean.

EAMMON
Keep it 'til tomorrow.

He runs to his mother. Sean heads home, dribbling the ball before him.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO LIVING ROOM. -- PRESENT

Sean stares down at the ball.

EAMMON (V.O.)(CONT.)
"Keep it 'til tomorrow. Keep it
'til tomorrow. Keep it 'til
tomorrow."

Again Sean stares into the mirror.

BEGIN FLASHBACK.

INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM, KILLARNEY -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Young Sean asleep, the soccer ball cradled in his arms.

Darkness shattered by light. Joseph shakes his son awake.

Throws clothes into suitcase.

JOSEPH
Get yourself out of bed, boy.
We've no time to waste.

Blanket wrapped around Young Sean. Swept up into his father's arms. Sean gestures to soccer ball.

SEAN
It's Eammon's.

JOSEPH
He'll find it later.

Sean bawls.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Would you hush yourself up, boy?
There's no telling who'll hear your
wailing.

Snaps suitcase shut. Sean grabs soccer ball. They rush off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, COUNTRY ROAD -- LATER

Cars race through the night.

INT. REAR CAR

Joseph peers into the darkness. Young Sean, asleep, arms wrapped around soccer ball.

INT. SHANNON AIRPORT -- EARLY MORNING

Private Lounge. Joseph, surrounded by agents. Young Sean wanders to large window overlooking tarmac.

Watches last passenger enter a nearby walkway onto jet.

Agent gestures for Joseph and Young Sean to enter walkway.

INT. AIRPLANE.

Joseph and Young Sean take their seats.

EXT.

Jet taxis runway in Shannon.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO LIVING ROOM -- THE PRESENT

Sean heaves the soccer ball at the mirror. It shatters. Sean staggers out of the apartment.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Sean drives through the streets.

Stops outside "Jug o'Punch" pub.

He dismounts and staggers to the pub.

INT. "JUG O'PUNCH"

Men gathered around piano singing "Kelly the Boy From Killane." Joseph singing with them.

SINGERS

"Say, what wind from the south
brings a messenger here, /With a
hymn of the dawn for the free?"

Sean enters pub. He pushes through the customers and grabs his father.

JOSEPH

What the hell is this? And in
front of my friends too. Get your
hands off me!

SEAN

We've never gone back to Ireland.
No letters, no Christmas cards, no
birthday cards, no nothing.

He pushes his face into Joseph's.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Those men guarding us at the
airport all those years ago. Who
were they?

Wolf-whistle interrupt the confrontation.

Saoirse enters, her eyes fixed on Joseph.

Joseph pushes Sean aside.

JOSEPH

Out of my way, boy. I've got some
singing to do.

He joins the group at the piano.

Saoirse gestures to Sean.

SAOIRSE

I'll be in the lounge.

Chorus of wolf-whistles as she exits bar and enters lounge.

Cries of encouragement as Sean follows her.

PIANO MAN

The women have always liked the
Conlon men.

Joseph feigns smile as he watches.

INT. LOUNGE

Sean joins Saoirse.

SEAN
Flanagan may be dead.

Saoirse shrugs.

SAOIRSE
Hard man to kill.

SEAN
I'll buy the drinks.

She throws dollar bills on the table.

SAOIRSE
I'll buy my own.

Sean picks up her money and crosses to the bar.

INT. BAR

Joseph makes his way to a corner. He phones. A few words before he rejoins the group at the piano.

INT. FINLAY'S HOME -- SAME.

Finlay clicks phone off and dials another number.

FINLAY
She's at the "Jug O'Punch."

Puts down phone.

BACK TO LOUNGE.

Sean puts two whiskeys on the table. Saoirse raises her glass.

SAOIRSE
To a different time, a different
world—for both of us.

She nods towards the bar.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
That was him, your Da, right?

He nods. She pulls out a document from her purse.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Your birth certificate. Flanagan
took it.

SEAN
Stole it.

Opens document.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Joseph Conlon. Brother killed.
Moved to Killarney with his son,
Sean. So?

Sean laughs. Saoirse stone-faced stands.

SAOIRSE
No Conlon died. Your father had no
brothers. Name Conlon. Changed
when he moved to Killarney.

Sean stares at her.

SEAN
His real name is--

She crumbles birth certificate into a ball. Drops it on
table. Leaves.

Sean stumbles to the bar.

BACK TO BAR

Sean pushes customers aside and grabs the Piano Man.

SEAN
Where is he?

The Piano Man points to the bathroom.

PIANO MAN
Taking a leak.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM

Sean crashes in. He grabs his father. Both glare at each
other.

JOSEPH

Go ahead, say your piece.

SEAN

Who are you?

JOSEPH

Who the hell are you to ask? Did you grow up with dawn to dusk curfews? No. With soldiers patrolling the streets you live in? Streets you walk and play in? No. Did you ever find yourself, at eleven-years-old, staring down the barrel of a gun? No. That was my life, not yours. Fighting for Ireland stole my youth.

SEAN

You betrayed a friend.

JOSEPH

Try saying "No" when you're staring through eyes, bloodied and swollen from fists that pummel your face to mush. You see your lady friend, stripped naked, beaten unconscious, grown English soldiers leering down at her, threatening rape, cigarette burns on her legs and arms. And all this will stop if I answer that one question: Where would they find him?

Sean releases his father.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Two days later, a black cross appeared on our front door. Judas. Marked for death. I had no choice. Escaped south to Killarney. New name, new life. Even then I wasn't safe in Ireland..

Pause.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Even there I waited for one of those who once called me their friend, to come for me. Never safe.

Pause.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

San Francisco. Far, far away.
Until that Anglo-Saxon prick found
that here was a way to dig the fox
from his lair. But he only caught
one. So he used you to flush out
the other, Flanagan. There, I've
said my piece.

He pushes his son aside.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

A few more drinks, a couple of
songs and I'm headed home. You win
your case and let come what may.
I'm tired, tired of it all.

He exits.

INT. BAR

Joseph exits the bathroom. Customers stare at him.

JOSEPH

Sing up, men. All Ireland's
a'listening. Sing as if you'll
never sing again.

He launches into "A Nation Once Again."

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

"When boyhood's fire was in my
blood/ I read of ancient freemen./
For Greece and Rome . . ."

The customers join in.

Sean staggers into the bar.

SAS agents rush in. One grabs Sean.

YOUNGER AGENT

Where the fuck is she?

JOSEPH

'Tis Her Majesty's agents come
knocking, lads. Sing up.

Customers yell words of the song in agents' faces.

SINGERS

"And then I prayed I yet might see/
Our fetters rent in twain,/ And
Ireland, long a province, be./ A
Nation once again!?"

Agents hurl Sean and customers aside.

Sean exits.

EXT.

Sean staggers out of pub and stands in middle of the street.
Guinness in hand.

SEAN

We are gathered here in the sight
of God to re-baptize Sean, son of
Terry McGrath, the quisling.

More Guinness over his head before crossing himself.

SEAN (CONT'D)

In nomine Patris et Filii et
Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

His father exits pub. He stares at his son.

SEAN (CONT'D)

O'Clery'll listen to me. He'll
call it off. He'll listen to me.

He watches his father go. Dances a little jig in the middle
of the street.

SEAN (CONT'D)

"If you're Irish come into the
parlor, There's a welcome here for
you. If your name is . . . If
you name is . . ."

Collapses in street.

INT. COURTROOM -- NEXT MORNING.

Courtroom packed. Attorneys seated. Real JACK O'ROARKE sits
next to Barclay-Smythe.

O'Clery enters, handcuffed. Eyes fixed on O'Roarke.

Sean holds a note up to O'Clery. CU note: "Terry McGrath. If I win, you leave my father alone." O'Clery glances at note before fixing again on O'Roarke.

Sean pushes the note into O'Clery's eyes again. He lurches forward and rips it with his teeth. Police restrain him. O'Clery spits note out on the table.

EXT. STREET.

Taxi pulls up.

CAB DRIVER
Sure it's this place you want?

SAOIRSE
Sure.

CAB DRIVER
Much better places . . .

SAORSIE
I said I'm sure.

She exits cab and enters motel.

BACK TO COURT.

Joseph Conlon enters. O'Clery leaps up. Stares at him. Bailiffs force him down.

BALIFF
All rise for Judge Rebecca Smith.

Judge Rebecca Smith enters and gestures for all to sit. Looks at the document before her.

JUDGE
I understand we are here to determine whether the defendant, Mr. Liam O'Clery, should be expedited back to Britain to stand trial.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
That is correct, your honor.

Judge glowers at Barclay-Smythe. She looks down at her notes.

JUDGE
Mister Smith for the prosecution.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
Need I remind, your honor, that's
Smythe. Barclay-Smythe. Sir
George Barclay-Smythe.

Judge stares at him until he sits.

JUDGE
And Mr. Conlon for the defense.
What is the prosecution's case?

BARCLAY-SMYTH
It is the crown's contention that
Mr. Liam O'Clery is guilty of the
murder of two British citizens in
Gibraltar.

O'CLERY
So it's Gibraltar and two murders,
is it?

Bailiffs struggle to control O'Clery.

BARCLAY-SMYTH
The crown will call Mr. Jack
O'Roarke . . .

Liam is on his feet staring at O'Roarke.

O'CLERY
What's the deal, Jack? How many
pieces of silver?

Judge bangs gavel.

JUDGE
Mr. Conlon. Please control your
client.

O'Clery sits.

SEAN
The defense will prove that my
client was, beyond any reasonable
doubt, not in Gibraltar at the time
in question, and that Mr. O'Roake
is an unreliable witness.

He sits. Judge gestures to Barclay-Smythe.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
I call Mr. Jack O'Roarke as my
first witness.

O'Roarke on stand. Uncomfortable under unblinking stare of O'Clery.

INT. SLEAZY MOTEL.

Saoirse enters.

SAORISE
(to desk clerk)
Did a Mr. Goodwrench check in?

Desk clerk checks books. Shakes head.

Saoirse exits.

BACK TO COURT.

O'Roarke in witness chair.

JUDGE
Your witness, Mr. Conlon.

Sean glances at his father before crossing to O'Roarke.

SEAN
Mr. O'Roarke, can you tell us about a shipment of arms hidden off the Welsh coast? Agents seized them.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
Objection, your Honor. Irrelevant. Opposing counsel seems to need a geography lesson. Gibraltar is a long way from the Welsh coast.

JUDGE
I'll allow defense council to continue. This had better be pertinent, Mr. Conlon.

SEAN
Permission to enter an exhibit, your Honor?
(Judge nods)
A copy of the "Western Mail," a Welsh newspaper. Among those arrested for the illegal arms shipment was Jack O'Roarke. He was convicted. Fifteen years.

O'Roarke looks to Barclay-Smythe.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
 Objection. Mr. McGrath has
 forgotten that it is Mr. O'Clery on
 trial, your Honor.

JUDGE
 I'm giving you a short rope, Mr.
 Conlon. Don't hang yourself.

SEAN
 How long have you served, Mr.
 O'Roarke?

O'ROARKE
 Two years.

SEAN
 Speak up!

O'ROARKE
 Two years.

SEAN
 Two years, not fifteen, for illegal
 arms shipment? Her Majesty is
 lenient--when she chooses to be.

Barclay-Smythe rises. Judge gestures

JUDGE
 What's your point, Mr. Conlon?

SEAN
 A deal. O'Roarke's testimony for
 reduction of his sentence.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
 Objection, your honor. We are here
 to discuss a bombing in Gibraltar
 for which Mr. O'Clery is clearly
 responsible.

EXT.

Saoirse moves toward a different sleazy motel. Stops when
 she sees an SAS agent questioning a prostitute.

Saoirse covers her head and moves on.

BACK IN COURT.

Sean whispers in O'Clery's ear.

SEAN

It was twenty years ago. For the love of God, let it go. The man is my father.

O'CLERY

What about me? I lost a father too.

JUDGE

Mr. Conlon.

Barclay-Smythe looks from Sean to Joseph Conlon. Smirks.

SEAN

Permission to enter another exhibit, your Honor.

Judge nods.

Sean glances at O'Clery before holding up a newspaper.

SEAN (CONT'D)

"The Irish Times," Mr. O'Roarke. A respectable newspaper, correct?

A blown-up photo from the newspaper. A graveside with mourners.

SEAN (CONT'D)

A funeral. Do you recognize anyone, Mr. O'Roarke?

O'Roarke looks to Barclay-Smythe.

SEAN (CONT'D)

"Mourners gather in Bundoran, on the west coast of Ireland, at the graveside of Mrs. Margaret O'Clery," the defendant's mother, with his sister, Saoirse.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

Curiously sentimental but--.

The Judge gestures for him to sit.

SEAN

What is the date on the newspaper, Mr. O'Roarke?

O'Roarke again looks to Barclay-Smythe.

SEAN (CONT'D)

February 18. Same day as the bombing. Funeral at 11 a.m., bombing at noon.

Turns to Barclay-Smythe.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Maybe it's not me who needs a geography lesson. I know that Bundoran is on the West coast of Ireland and that it is long way from Gibraltar.

The Judge stands.

JUDGE

I want both attorneys in my Chambers immediately. The bailiffs will clear the court.

She exits followed by Sean and Barclay-Smythe. The bailiffs hustle people out of court. O'Roarke and O'Clery remain.

Two SAS agents slide alongside O'Roarke.

O'CLERY

'Tis some new-found friends you have there, O'Roarke.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS

Judge paces the floor as the attorneys enter.

JUDGE

One thing you should learn before returning to England, without the prisoner, Sir George Barclay-Smythe, Americans deplore the waste of their hard-earned tax dollars.

Click as Barclay-Smythe's monogrammed notebook appears.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

I shall make a note of that, your Honor.

Judge gives him a withering look. He closes his notebook.

JUDGE

I don't know what game you're playing, Sir George, and I doubt Her Majesty knows either.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)
I'm going to demand a full
investigation of your actions.

The Judge exits. Barclay-Smythe shows what he wrote in his notebook to Sean. CU: "You win. You lose. I never lose."

INT. COURT

O'Clery's gaze fixed on O'Roarke who squirms in his chair.

Judge and two attorneys enter.

JUDGE
The court finds Mr. O'Clery
innocent of the charges. You are
free to go.

The bailiffs take the handcuffs off O'Clery.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
You perjured yourself Mr. O'Roarke.
You'll remain in custody until a
later date.

The Judge exits. As the bailiffs lead O'Roarke out, O'Clery shouts.

O'CLERY
Until we meet again, O'Roarke.

Barclay-Smythe walks up to Sean.

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
I'll leave you alone to celebrate
your victory.

He exits, laughing to himself.

Sean holds out his hand to O'Clery. No response.

INT. "JUG OF PUNCH" -- THAT NIGHT.

Celebration. Huge cheer as Sean enters. Irish whiskey thrust in his hand. He downs it. All congratulate him.

SEAN
Have you seen my father?

BARMAN
Thought he'd be the first one in
here celebrating.

He slaps another whiskey in front of Sean.

BARMAN (CONT'D)
I'm proud to know you, Sean.

Sean downs the whiskey. He forces his way through the crowd and exits.

EXT. SEAN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Sean's Harley roars up. He leaps off, rushes to the front door.

Door unlocked. Sean rushes in.

INT. APARTMENT

The door slams behind Sean. O'Clery, gun in hand, gestures Sean forward.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sean and O'Clery enter.

Joseph sits in a chair, Saoirse's gun against his head.

O'CLERY
Time for confession, McGrath.
Neque enim mea culpa, mea culpa,
mea maxima culpa. In the name of
the Father and the Son.

Sean moves towards Saoirse. O'Clery blocks him.

O'CLERY (CONT'D)
It's only your father we're
wanting.

Sean backs away.

SAOIRSE
(to O'Clery)
Five minutes alone with both. You
promised.

O'Clery looks at his watch then at Joseph.

O'CLERY
The clock's ticking, McGrath.
Story needs an ending.

O'Clery exits.

JOSEPH

I was sorry to hear of the death of your mother. A beautiful woman she was. A very beautiful.

SAOIRSE

Forget my mother. My father was your best friend. You sold him out.

O'CLERY (O.C.)

Tick, tock, tick, tock.

SEAN

I'm begging you. If it wasn't for me, your brother would be on a flight to England, right now.

Eyes fixed on Joseph, Saoirse points the gun at Sean.

SAOIRSE

You're forgetting who gave you the newspaper. That makes us even.

(to Joseph)

Tell me about my father, Michael O'Clery.

JOSEPH

A fine man. A good man. Loved that man like a brother I did.

SEAN

Jesus, you can't do this. He's my own father. You and I made love.

Joseph buries his face in his hands.

JOSEPH

No, no, no! Holy Mary, Mother of God forgive me.

O'CLERY (O.C.)

Two minutes.

Joseph faces Saoirse.

JOSEPH

Best let your brother in! Let's get this over with.

SEAN

No. You don't know what you're saying.

JOSEPH

(facing Saoirse)

All I ask is that you're the one who pulls the trigger, not him.

Saoirse points the gun at Joseph as O'Clery enters.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

If I'm to die, let a member of my own family do the killing.

Saoirse and Sean looks from him to O'Clery and back.

SAOIRSE

What's he saying? A member of his own family?

O'CLERY

Time for full confession, McGrath.

JOSEPH

Why does a man betray his best friend? Because the SAS caught that man in bed with his best friend's wife, your mother. They tortured me. When I wouldn't speak, they tortured her before my eyes. They tortured my family. I couldn't take it. I told them where to find my best friend.

Saoirse shakes her head in disbelief.

O'CLERY

Time for full confession before you die, McGrath.

JOSEPH

(to Saoirse)

Liam's your half-brother. Same father, different mothers.

SAOIRSE

And Sean? He's my . . .?

O'CLERY

He's your twin brother.

SAOIRSE

Twin?

(to Liam)

And you knew this all along.

Liam smiles. She slaps him across the face.

JOSEPH

Michael, Liam's father, was a fighting man. No time for loving. No time to share the bed of his wife. Always too busy working for the Cause.

(and then)

After Michael's death, I escaped to Killarney. There was only time to take one of you. The rest you know.

Saoirse shakes uncontrollably. Sean's belly heaves. Tries to hold down the vomit.

O'CLERY

San Francisco. A safe place. Anonymity. Forever. Until-. You tell them, McGrath.

Pushes his gun into Joseph's face.

JOSEPH

Barclay-Smythe wanted Liam. He checked SAS files. San Francisco. Then he had someone tell Liam.

O'CLERY

O'Roarke. A mutual friend, a mutual enemy. So many like that.

JOSEPH

He knew Liam'd come looking.

O'CLERY

A turn of the screw and that English lawyer gets the son of Terry McGrath, Sean here, to defend Liam.

Saoirse grabs O'Clery.

SAOIRSE

And you knew this? From the beginning?

O'CLERY

Our mother's dying words to me.
Your twin brother and sister are
Terry McGrath's love children.
(and then; laughing)
How the fuck was I to know my half-
sister was a brotherfucker?

He laughs. Her nails rip at his face. The gun drops.

O'Clery, laughing, invites Joseph to pick it up.

O.C. Cars and motorbikes roaring down the street.

O'CLERY (CONT'D)

Time's up!

He makes the sign of cross over Joseph as he jams his gun
against his head. Sean lurches across the room, crashing
into him. A blow knocks Sean aside.

O'CLERY (CONT.) (CONT'D)

First the father, then the son.

A shot rings out. Sean rushes to his father who sinks to his
knees.

Son and father stare at O'Clery who clutches his chest.
Turns to face Saoirse who shot him.

Blood trickles down O'Clery's shirt. He smears some on
Saoirse's face.

O'CLERY (CONT'D)

I knew this day would come. Who'd
have guessed it would be you?
(and then)
That fucking Englishman planned the
whole thing.

He turns again to shoot Joseph. Collapses as a shot rings
out. Joseph clutches his arm.

The front door explodes. SAS agents rush in. Tall Agent
grabs Saoirse. Takes gun from her.

TALL AGENT

(to O'Clery)

You're still alive! We'll make
sure you suffer.

Agents drag O'Clery from the room. The Tall, Thin Agent
grabs Saoirse and exits. Joseph moans.

SEAN
My father's been shot!

The Tall Agent smacks Sean across the face with the gun. He collapses. All agents exit.

O.C. Sound of cars and motorbikes leaving.

EXT. OUTSIDE SEAN'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Lights from police cars and ambulances. Joseph, arm in a sling, is wheeled to an ambulance.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Detectives comb the place for evidence. Sean, a bandage on his face, sits on the sofa. A paramedic enters.

PARAMEDIC
Do you want to ride with your
father?

Sean shakes his head. Paramedic leaves.

O.C. sirens.

INT. OUTER OFFICE -- LAW FIRM -- NEXT MORNING

Sean staggers in the front door.

SANDRA
He's . . .

Sean pushes her aside and rushes into Finlay's office.

INT. FINLAY'S OFFICE

Sean crashes in. Barclay-Smythe collects files.

SEAN
Where the hell is Finlay?

BARCLAY-SMYTHE
Incapacitated. Probably at mass.
An attack of conscience. One day,
he'll visit the confessional before
putting a gun in his mouth and--

He takes a hand mirror from a desk drawer and looks at himself. He carefully adjusts his tie and runs his hand over his hair.

SEAN

And her? Where is she?

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

Out there somewhere. She's no use to me now. Time for me to leave. A taxi, and then a plane ride back across the pond to jolly olde England and civilization. It feels so good to say "Good-bye" to the colonies.

Sean grabs the mirror from Barclay-Smythe.

SEAN

Saoirse, she's . . .

BARCLAY-SMYTHE

Your twin sister. Don't you think I knew that, from the beginning.

(and then)

And you and she--. Good God, the things you Irish get up to.

He exits.

BACK TO OUTER OFFICE

Sandra watches Sean exit Finlay's office and cross to his own.

INT. SEAN'S OFFICE

Sean packs his belongings in a box. Sandra enters with a cup of coffee. He doesn't accept. She places the cup on his desk.

SANDRA

Soccer game tonight. I could come by after work if--

She exits.

EXT. NORTHERN IRELAND. ONE MONTH LATER.

THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN OF BUNDORAN, COUNTY DONEGAL --NOON.

A slight drizzle. A rental car pulls up at a signpost.

INT. CAR

Sean stares at the signpost before continuing.

EXT. SLIGO ROAD

Sean stops car outside the Pieces of Silver.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Sean takes his suitcase from the trunk.

INT. HOTEL

Two signs on desk: "Rooms Available" and "Manager in bar."

Sean puts down suitcase. Walks down narrow passageway to bar.

INT. BAR

Customers talk to the MANAGER behind the bar. Others play darts.

SEAN
Room for one?

The manager pushes the registration book at Sean. He signs it.

MANAGER
Is that McGrath I'm reading?

SEAN
It is. Sean McGrath, son of Terry McGrath. I'm here looking for my twin sister, Saoirse O'Clery.

The customers turn to glare. Hardened faces, cold eyes.

FADE OUT.

THE END