

SMASH 'N' GRAB

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A hot pink van cruises down the street, drastically standing out amidst the sea of cars in the dense traffic.

The van pulls off the main road and parks along the side of the street, right next to a popular American bank.

INT. VAN

A duffel bag is unzipped.

A shotgun is loaded.

Gloves are put on hands.

A fresh magazine is slammed into a handgun.

Boots are tightened.

Arms slide into coat sleeves.

SEAMUS looks out the window of the van, at the bank. His nose has recently been broken.

Everyone speaks with an Irish accent.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

That's the score. Inside that bank is two million dollars. Our ticket to freedom. Our ticket back home. It's a simple smash an' grab job. One simple heist, and it's all over.

FREEZE FRAME ON SEAMUS

SEAMUS (V.O.)

That handsome devil is me, Seamus Monohaghn. I'm who you would call the brains of the group, though that's not sayin' much.

END FREEZE FRAME

SEAMUS

Right, here we are. You lads ready?

GERRY

This is a shite idea, if you ask me.

FREEZE FRAME ON GERRY

SEAMUS (V.O.)

That pain in the arse is Gerry. I guess you could say he's the "responsible one." What that really means is, he's a pussy. But, on the other hand, he keeps us outta trouble most of the time, and he's also me best mate.

END FREEZE FRAME

MICHAEL turns around from the driver's seat and looks back at Gerry, scowling.

MICHAEL

Well, no one did ask you, now did they? Keep your fuckin' mouth shut. You're not pussy footin' your way outta this one.

FREEZE FRAME ON MICHAEL

SEAMUS (V.O.)

That chap there is Michael. He's one hell of a driver, and excellent with money.

END FREEZE FRAME

BOB

Nobody is pussy footin' outta nothing. Jesus, I'll tell ya, if I had twenty quid for every time some fuckin' bastard tried to cop-out of a fight with me, I'd be a rich man, I tell ya. We're goin' in hard and fast, and we're comin' out the same way. No worries, right Seamus?

BOB's accent is so strong that it is hard to understand him.

FREEZE FRAME ON BOB

SEAMUS (V.O.)

And that scrappy fella is the toughest, meanest, drunkest, most Irish person in the States, and
(MORE)

SEAMUS (cont'd)
probably the most Irish person
I've ever met period: Bob.

END FREEZE FRAME

Seamus looks a bit nervous, but he nods his head anyway.

SEAMUS
Right. Let's do it.

Seamus puts on a stocking over his head, and his pals do the same.

They get their weapons ready, and Seamus places his hand on the handle of the back door of the van.

He turns to his pals.

SEAMUS
Gents, there's no way this can go
wrong.

Seamus flings open the door.

EXT. VAN

Seamus, Bob, and Gerry jump out of the back of the van.

FREEZE FRAME

JOHN (O.S.)
There was just no way that could
have gone right, was there?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Seamus sits in the interrogation room of the police department, handcuffed.

DETECTIVE JOHN BURTON stands on the other side of the table, leaning over it, staring down Seamus.

FREEZE FRAME ON JOHN

SEAMUS (V.O.)
That arrogant American puff is
Detective John Burton, but I
usually call him Johnny-Boy, just
to piss 'im off. Probably not the
wisest choice for someone in my
situation. We go way back, me an'
(MORE)

SEAMUS (cont'd)

him.

END FREEZE FRAME

SEAMUS

It was a perfect plan, Johnny-Boy.

Seamus winks.

JOHN

Oh, yeah, I can see that. So perfect that here you are, in my custody once again. Guess what, Seamus? This time, you're staying in prison. We're going to have a long chat later, you and I.

John motions to a POLICE OFFICER, who grabs Seamus by the arm and lifts him up out of his chair, leading him away.

Seamus looks back at John.

SEAMUS

You mean you're not coming to bed with me this time, Johnny-Boy? I'm hurt!

JOHN

Oh, fuck off, Seamus.

SEAMUS

I'll miss you, sugar! Can't wait to have that talk later! Honey! Sweetie!

Seamus is tugged through the doorway, but he manages to pop his head back inside the room to blow John a kiss.

INT. CELL - DAY

Seamus is un-cuffed and tossed inside his cell.

The GUARD locks it and walks away.

SEAMUS

What, you mean you're not going to tuck me in!?

Seamus sits down on the cot and stares at the wall.

FREEZE FRAME

SEAMUS (V.O.)

But see, the plan really was perfect. Though, I suppose you're wonderin' why I'm here in police custody awaitin' me fate if the plan was so perfect. Well, this is where it gets interestin', so take out a pen and paper, and get ready to take notes, 'cause I'm gonna school you.

INT. PUB - DAY

CAPTION: ONE WEEK EARLIER

Cold, frothy beer fills a stein and it's slammed onto the bar top next to three others.

The bartender, OLD MAN GARY, looks out into the bar.

OLD MAN GARY

Pints are ready!

FREEZE FRAME ON OLD MAN GARY

SEAMUS (V.O.)

That fine chap is Old Man Gary. He's not really relevant to our story, but I'll tell ya, he pours some fine drinks, and is more than willing to put up with rowdy Irish fucks like ourselves. He's probably the only American I'd have at me wedding, if I ever got married, that is.

END FREEZE FRAME

Seamus, Gerry, Michael, and Bob are all sitting at a table, eating peanuts and chatting.

Michael turns to Old Man Gary.

MICHAEL

Then bring 'em on over here. What kinda shite service are you offerin' here?

OLD MAN GARY

The kind where you got off your own lazy ass and get your drinks. This isn't Burger King, so don't expect to have it your way.

GERRY

I do believe Old Man Gary just served you, Michael!

Everyone starts laughing, including Old Man Gary.

Michael gets up, grabs his pint, and walks back to the table, sitting down.

BOB

The fuck is that shite?

Michael takes a swig and looks at Bob.

MICHAEL

What?

BOB

Don't "what," me. You know what.

SEAMUS

Yeah, where the hell's me beer?

Michael calmly sets down his beer and looks at them.

MICHAEL

I'll let Old Man Gary handle this one.

Michael leans back towards Old Man Gary's direction.

MICHAEL

I do believe you say it best.

Old Man Gary stops wiping down his bar and looks at the table.

OLD MAN GARY

You get your own fucking beer, or you don't drink.

Seamus, Gerry, and Bob all stand up and head towards the bar.

BOB

You're pushin' it, Old Man Gary. You're pushin' it!

OLD MAN GARY

Son, I will wipe my ass with your head if you keep it up.

Everyone laughs, and they each grab their pints of beer.

FREEZE FRAME

SEAMUS (V.O.)

And that was life for us. That's how it went. We made the best out of our situation, but all of us missed home, didn't have much money, and were easily bored. Therein lied our problem, and how the trouble really began. It was our own fault, really. Well, it was more my fault than anyone else's, but me mum said it was rude to pass the blame onto other people. So, I'm sharing it. But I'm gettin' ahead of meself.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Three men are playing golf on a lush golf course.

RICHARD "DICK" PATTERSON, CARTER WILKINS, and SMITTY, all of whom are British.

Smitty hits his ball and it goes a nice distance, landing smoothly on the green.

RICHARD

Nice swing, Smitty, but stand aside and let me show you how real men golf.

Richard sets up his shot and swings hard.

FREEZE FRAME

SEAMUS (V.O.)

If there's something we Irish can't stand more than most Yanks, it's the British. I mean honestly, is there anyone more pig-headed than a Brit with money? I don't care what you say, the answer is no. And this one in particular, Richard "The Dick" Patterson. What a fuck-head.

END FREEZE FRAME

Richard has swung too hard, and misses the ball. He groans, and quickly tries to hide his irritation.

SMITTY

You missed.

RICHARD

That was a practice swing, you twat.

Richard readies himself to take another swing.

SMITTY

'Course it was, Dick.

Richard straightens back up and looks at Smitty, angry, nostrils flaring, gritting his teeth.

RICHARD

What did you just call me?

SMITTY

Nothing, Richard. It was an accident.

RICHARD

I'll bet. Carter, three wood.

Carter takes the three wood out of the golf bag.

RICHARD

Hit Smitty with it. Hard.

Smitty puts his hands up defensively and slowly starts backing away.

SMITTY

Richard, boss, really, I'm sorry.
I didn't mean it!

Carter advances towards Smitty.

RICHARD

Aye. I'm sure you didn't. Carter,
hard. Really fucking hard!

Smitty drops his golf club and takes off running.

Carter runs after him. Smitty starts screaming.

RICHARD
Cheeky fucker.

Richard's cell phone rings -- he answers it.

RICHARD
Richard Patterson.

In the b.g., Smitty continues running and screaming, with Carter gaining on him.

RICHARD
What!? He doesn't know who he's
dealing with! I'll show him, don't
you worry about that. No, no.

In the b.g., Smitty runs across the other side, screaming, and Carter cracks him in the legs with the golf club, dropping him.

Richard casually glances back and looks forward again.

RICHARD
No, I'm just enjoying a game of
golf. I'll be back in town right
away.

In the b.g., Carter raises the golf club and brings it down repeatedly while Smitty kicks and screams at him.

EXT. EMPTY BUILDING - DAY

Richard shakes hands with a BUYER in front of an empty old building, having just sold the property to him.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
The Dick is one of the most
powerful Brits in the States, and
one of the most influential men in
this city, period. He has his
hands in all sorts of pies here,
and not all of 'em are exactly
legal. Sure, he does real
estate...

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

The inside of the club is brimming with life.

Flashing lights, booming music, scantily clad DANCERS,
DRINKERS, the works.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
...and he owns a few hot spots and
night clubs.

A MAN and WOMAN place pills into each others mouths.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
But then there was the
trafficking...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Several MEN and WOMEN place stacks of money into counters
and tie them off.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
...the money laundering...

EXT. RIVER - DAY

POLICE pull a body out of the river and bring it to the
shore.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
...and the fact that anyone who
dares to cross him winds up in the
river or completely disappears all
together.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard sits behind his desk, puffing a cigar, smiling while
he's on the phone.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
He's a scam artist. A thug. No
different than the gangsters in
London. Most importantly, he's a
dick. A big, black, crooked
fuckin' dick. The kind you see in
those fetish pornos.

Carter stands behind him, arms crossed.

FREEZE FRAME ON CARTER

SEAMUS (V.O.)
That big fucker is Carter, The
Dick's enforcer and right-hand.
You don't want him havin' to have
a talk with you, it usually ends
(MORE)

SEAMUS (cont'd)
up in bruising' and a lot of
swelling'.

END FREEZE FRAME

Richard hangs up the phone triumphantly.

RICHARD
Add another thirteen grand to our
profits for the week. Ventura
Apartments just broke!

Sitting in a chair in the corner is SELINE.

She scoffs, rolling her eyes, and puffs on her cigarette.
She exhales.

FREEZE FRAME

SEAMUS (V.O.)
And that sexy little minx is
Seline. Don't let her looks fool
you, she's as dangerous with a gun
as a cornered junkie. She's got a
black heart, and I'm not sure
where her loyalties exactly lie,
but I do know this: She absolutely
fuckin' hates her boss. Jesus,
look at her. The things I'd do to
her... Moving on!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A limo pulls up in front of an apartment building.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
Anyways, I suppose I'm tellin' you
all this because I want to make
one point very, very clear:

Carter gets out of the limo, walks up the apartment building
steps, and lets himself in.

A moment later, two muzzle flashes appear in one of the
windows, accompanied by the sound of silenced shots.

Carter calmly exits the apartment building, walks down the
steps, and gets back into the limo.

INT. LIMO

Carter gets situated and takes off his black gloves.

Richard is sitting next to him, looking irritated by the fact that he had to come out at all.

RICHARD
Everything go all right?

CARTER
Not a problem.

RICHARD
Good. I want a drink.

FREEZE FRAME

SEAMUS (V.O.)
You do not want to owe him money.
Period.

INT. CELL - DAY

Seamus sits in his cell, looking extremely bored.

The Guard walks over to his cell, peering inside.

GUARD
Hey, Irish boy. Detective Burton
wants to know if you're ready to
chat.

SEAMUS
I'm rather comfortable at the
moment, but if you leave a
message, I'll be sure to get back
to him.

The Guard chuckles, walking away from the cell.

A moment later, John appears in front of the cell and
unlocks it.

JOHN
Come on, sunshine. Let's get this
over with.

Seamus stands up, beaming at John.

SEAMUS

Only if you promise to be gentle with me, Johnny-Boy. Me arse is still tender, you know. You haven't broken me in yet.

JOHN

Cute.

SEAMUS

You think so? I tried to look my best just for you, sweet cheeks!

JOHN

Come on, asshole. You're wasting time.

Seamus chuckles, stepping out of his cell.

INT. POLICE STATION

SEAMUS

I see it's still strictly business with you, Johnny-Boy. You like that with your wife, too?

John ignores him and continues walking with him through the station.

SEAMUS

How's life between the sheets these days? You keepin' her satisfied? 'Cause, you know, if she needed some spark between her legs, I'll show her a good time.

John throws Seamus inside the interrogation room and closes the door behind them.

SEAMUS (O.S.)

Rape!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Seamus is bent over the table and he looks back at John, licking his lips seductively.

SEAMUS

I'm ready for you, baby.

DAVID (O.S.)

Sit down, Seamus.

Seamus turns his head to see DETECTIVE DAVID SKAGGS standing in the corner of the room.

SEAMUS

Okay, I don't do gang-bangs.
Sorry, fellas.

JOHN

Seamus, you of course remember my partner, Detective Skaggs.

Seamus straightens up.

SEAMUS

Of course I do. I remember his wife a bit better, though.

Seamus purrs like a cat.

David takes a quick step towards Seamus, who puts his fists up, mock-swinging.

SEAMUS

Come on! Put 'em up, put 'em up!

DAVID

I'm going to knock that stupid fucking grin off your drunken Irish face.

JOHN

David, that's enough.

SEAMUS

Yeah, David. That's enough. You better settle down now. You heard daddy.

JOHN

Seamus, shut the fuck up and sit down.

Seamus chuckles and sits down.

David and John sit down across the table in front of him. They stare him down.

Seamus lifts his leg and imitates a fart.

SEAMUS

I'm bored. What d'you want?

DAVID

We want to know how it all went down, Seamus.

Seamus looks at David.

SEAMUS

That might be what you want, but it's not what John wants.

JOHN

Oh? And tell me, Seamus, what do I want?

SEAMUS

(gay accent)

You don't have to pretend anymore. It's okay, I want you, too.

JOHN

Stop fucking around, Seamus. The longer you dick around, the longer this is going to take, and we can be here all night. We're getting paid, so it's all the same to us.

SEAMUS

What a coincidence! So am I.

DAVID

I don't know if you noticed, but you're in custody with us. We got the money. We've got your boys. You've got shit.

Seamus chuckles.

SEAMUS

If only it were that simple, fellas.

DAVID

What do you mean?

JOHN

He doesn't mean anything. He's talking out of his ass and trying to get you to buy in to it. Don't.

SEAMUS

Well look at you, Mr. Detective. Aren't we the smarty-pants?

JOHN

That's right, Seamus. So tell me, what's a small-timer like you doing trying to handle something as big as a bank heist?

SEAMUS

Hey! What are you trying to say?

JOHN

You're a shitty crook, that's what.

SEAMUS

I resent that. Where's my lawyer! I won't hear these slanderous comments!

JOHN

Just look at your track record. Like that liquor store you tried to rob?

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Seamus bursts into a liquor store, a hoodie pulled tight over his head, obscuring his face.

His hand is in his hoodie pocket, pointed like he has a gun.

SEAMUS

Give me all your fuckin' money!
Empty the register! Now!

The CLERK looks at him, smirking, and flips him off.

CLERK

Fuck you, mother bitch!

Seamus is taken aback.

SEAMUS

What? The fuck you say to me? Do you want me to put a bullet in your fuckin' head?

CLERK

Yeah? You gonna shove your finger through my skull?

Seamus reaches over the counter and opens the register.

The Clerk grabs onto Seamus' arms, and the two get into a headlock.

The Clerk grabs a bottle of wine and cracks Seamus over the head with it.

SEAMUS

Ow! Fuckin' bastard!

CLERK

Come on, punk bitch!

The Clerk hits Seamus again and Seamus lets him go and backs up.

The Clerk throws the bottle at his head, and hits him dead on.

Seamus stumbles back.

SEAMUS

Ow! Fucker! Stop!

The Clerk grabs another bottle and chucks it at Seamus.

The bottle smashes against a shelf, spraying Seamus with wine.

Seamus turns around to leave, and runs right into a display rack, knocking it over, tripping him to the ground.

Seamus gets up and runs for the door, only to be hit in the back with another bottle.

CLERK

Come back and have some more medicine, you punk bitch!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Seamus shifts in his chair uncomfortably.

SEAMUS

That was...That wasn't me. It was someone else.

DAVID

Uh huh. Or how about that time you tried to mug that couple? We busted you for that one.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A MAN and WOMAN walk down an alley, arms linked.

Seamus jumps out from behind a dumpster, a pipe in his hand.

SEAMUS

Your wallet and purse! Hand them
over! Now!

The Woman screams, pulls mace out of her purse, and sprays
Seamus in the face with it.

SEAMUS

Ah! Fuckin' hell!

The Woman then kicks Seamus in the balls, dropping him to
his knees.

The Man grabs a trash can lid and whacks Seamus over the
head with it, dropping him to the ground, clutching his head
and moaning in pain.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

SEAMUS

But I still managed to get out of
serving time for that one, didn't
I?

JOHN

You charged them with aggravated
assault. I couldn't believe you
won.

SEAMUS

That's why I love America.

DAVID

There's no "Get-Out-Of-Jail-Free"
card for you this time.

SEAMUS

I never said there was. Can I go
back to my cell now?

JOHN

No. I want to know how it all
happened. From the beginning.

Seamus leans in close.

SEAMUS

Do you really, really want to know?

DAVID

Yes.

Seamus leans back in his chair, smiling.

SEAMUS

I'll tell you in the morning.

David stands up, pissed off.

DAVID

Son of a bitch, I swear to God -

JOHN

Stop. If he wants to go back to his cell, that's fine. The longer this takes, the longer he's in our custody, and the more his jail time will go up for not cooperating with us.

Seamus beams.

INT. CELL - DAY

Seamus is locked back in his cell, and he lays down on his cot, looking up at the ceiling.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

Stupid Yanks. They always think they're so smart. Most don't know their arse from their elbow. I planned to tell them everything, but, it's in me nature to be a pain in the arse, so I was doing it to the max. Now, where were we? Right, oweing The Dick money.

INT. HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Seamus and Gerry are inside a bathroom, messing around with the plumbing.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

For us, honest work was hard to come by. Not only because there was very little to be had, but also because we're not very good
(MORE)

SEAMUS (cont'd)
at anythin'.

Gerry ruptures a pipe and water starts gushing out of it, drenching the floor, with no end in sight.

SEAMUS
Hurry! Tighten the thing!

Gerry begins tightening another section of the pipe, rupturing it more.

The toilet begins to overflow now.

SEAMUS
The fuck you doin'?

GERRY
You told me to tighten the thing!
I tightened the thing!

Seamus wraps his hands around the pipe, trying desperately to stop the leak.

SEAMUS
Not that thing! The other thing!

Gerry throws down his wrench.

GERRY
Why don't you fuckin' do it then,
Mr. Know-It-All!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Hours and every cleaning and plumbing crew in the city later, the PLUMBING BOSS walks out of the front door of the flooded house, meeting Gerry and Seamus in the street by their work van.

PLUMBING BOSS
You boys are fired.

Seamus and Gerry look at each other.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Michael walks up the steps of an apartment complex and steps inside.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

Now, that's not to say that all of us were completely useless. Michael usually managed to come up with schemes that generally brought in money. For a while.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Michael sits in the living room of an apartment, an ELDERLY COUPLE sitting across from him.

He's got a briefcase open and is holding up a sheet of paper, going over it with the couple.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

At the moment, he's working on an insurance scam. Now, if the candidate qualified, then for the low price of one hundred dollars down, they got a claim number and a phone number to call, where a representative would set it up for them.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Michael steps out of the apartment, shaking the hands of the couple.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

He'd hand them a fake business card with a fake name, and be on his way. I don't know how on God's green Earth he pulled it off. Jesus knows I couldn't. Michael just had a way with words.

Michael walks away from the apartment complex, smiling.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

I gave his current venture a week before it was found out to be a scam.

INT. PUB - DAY

Bob sits at the bar, downing a beer.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

And Bob, well, Bob was good for two things. Gettin' shit-faced...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Bob gets slugged in the face in an alley, shakes it off, and knocks the hell out of his OPPONENT.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
And back-alley brawling.

A group of SPECTATORS throw down their money, apparently very unhappy that Bob has won the fight.

Bob picks up the money, laughing and jeering at them.

He takes out a cigarette and lights it.

EXT. TOMMY'S DEN - NIGHT

Seamus, Gerry, Michael, and Bob all make their way up to the doors of Tommy's Den.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
Now, the one thing we all could do relatively well was gamble, and there were two places to really do it in the city. The dog tracks, and Tommy's Den.

The group enters the joint.

INT. TOMMY'S DEN - NIGHT

Inside Tommy's Den is all sorts of ways to gamble. Slots. Craps. Poker. Black Jack. Roulette. Baccarat. The works.

The group walk through the place, branching off at the various tables and games they want to play.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
Tommy's Den was a gambler's wet dream, and the closest any of us would get to Vegas. Sure, it was sleazy, but it got the job done.

Seamus goes and gets chips, and sits down at the Black Jack table.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
I was feelin' good, and fared pretty well at Black jack, so Black Jack is where I stayed.

Seamus plays for a while, doing pretty well.

Bob plays the Craps table and is getting pretty rowdy.

Michael enjoys Roulette.

Gerry, well, he plays it safe with the slots, right next to an OLD LADY.

CU - DEN DOOR

Richard walks through the door, with Carter on his right side.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

And who should walk in but The Dick himself, honoring us all with his presence. The Dick didn't like a lot of things, if any at all, but if it involved earning money, he was all for it. What a stupid chisler.

Richard and Carter make their way through the Den, all eyes on them.

Richard sits himself down at the Black Jack table, right by Seamus.

The other PLAYER at the table cashes out and walks away.

Richard looks at Seamus, grinning.

RICHARD

Care to play?

Richard looks at Seamus' chips, then back at him, smiling even wider.

RICHARD

I see you're a big winner tonight.

SEAMUS

Well, I wouldn't exactly say I'm a BIG winner -

Carter smacks Seamus across the back of the head.

CARTER

The Guv'na says you're a big winner, you're a big winner! Got it?

RICHARD

Carter, relax.

Seamus rubs the back of his head and looks at Richard.

SEAMUS

How much does a lap dog like that cost? I've been lookin' for a monkey to slap people for me.

Richard chuckles, as does Seamus, but then Richard suddenly stops and is completely serious.

Seamus stops laughing too, and clears his throat, apparently now very uncomfortable.

RICHARD

Do you know who I am, Irishman?

Seamus nods his head.

SEAMUS

Aye.

RICHARD

Then show some fucking respect and watch what you say.

Seamus nods his head, then looks to the Dealer.

SEAMUS

I'm gonna go cash out.

Seamus starts to stand up.

RICHARD

Sit. Play a few rounds. You might win something.

Seamus looks around for his friends, all of whom are distracted.

He sits back down, nodding his head.

SEAMUS

Yeah. Okay. We'll play.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

What a fuckin' retard.

And the two play. Hand after hand, they play.

For the most part, they're evenly matched. They exchange

wins and losses.

Eventually, they come to a final hand.

Seamus looks at his cards, smiles, and drops three one hundred dollar pieces down.

DEALER

Host bets three hundred dollars.

Richard looks at his cards, a blank look on his face.

He sets three one hundred dollar pieces down, then throws a five hundred dollar piece down, and another.

RICHARD

I see your three hundred, and I raise you to one thousand.

Seamus sits there a moment, grinding his teeth.

He reaches across to the dealer and takes some chips from the Dealer.

DEALER

Sir, unless you have the money, you can't take these chips.

SEAMUS

Relax, I got it.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

I didn't have it, but there's no way I could lose.

Seamus raises Richard to two thousand.

RICHARD

You seem very confident in your hand, Irishman.

SEAMUS

What can I say?

RICHARD

Or you're bluffing. Do you expect me to fold?

SEAMUS

No, Mr. Bond. I expect you to die.

Seamus chuckles and Richard just looks at him.

RICHARD

I don't follow. Are you threatening me?

SEAMUS

What? No! Of course not. It's from a movie. You know, James Bond?

A look of confusion spreads across Richard's face.

SEAMUS

You're jokin'!

Seamus looks to Carter.

SEAMUS

He's jokin', right?

Carter looks just as confused as Richard.

Seamus looks back at Richard, laughing.

SEAMUS

You're serious? This is hilarious. How can an Irishman know more about British pop culture than a Brit? Don't you watch the telly?

RICHARD

No. I prefer to keep myself in reality, not off in some fantasy land like a child.

Seamus stops smiling, surprised.

SEAMUS

Oh. Well, never mind, then. Let's just play.

Richard takes out a check and writes out a number onto it.

DEALER

Sir, you have to use the house chips.

RICHARD

Don't tell me what to use.

Richard sets the check down. Ten thousand dollars.

He looks at Seamus, as does the Dealer.

DEALER

Sir?

Seamus thinks for a moment, stressed.

After a bit, he nods his head.

SEAMUS

It's all right. I'll accept it,
and I'll match it.

DEALER

Very good, sir. Gentlemen, if you
will show your cards, then.

Seamus flips his cards. Twenty.

He smiles, triumphantly.

Richard looks apparently dismayed.

RICHARD

Wow. Twenty. I wasn't expecting
that. That's really good.

Seamus reaches over to grab the check, but Richard grabs his
wrist to stop him.

He looks at Seamus and smiles a cruel smile.

RICHARD

Unfortunately, it's not good
enough.

Richard flips his cards over. Twenty one.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

Fuckin' hell.

Richard starts laughing.

Seamus rests his hands on his head, suddenly dizzy.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

There's no way I could've lost.
Where the hell was I goin' to come
up with twelve thousand dollars?
He'd kill me.

Richard lights a cigar and stands up.

He shakes Seamus' hand, who still looks very disoriented.

RICHARD
Not bad, old fellow. Not bad.
What's your name, Irishman?

SEAMUS
Seamus.

RICHARD
Well, Seamus. You play a good game
of Black Jack, I'll give you that.
I'll just take my money and be on
my way.

Seamus releases Richard's hand and looks at the floor.

SEAMUS
I don't - I don't have that kind
of money.

The smile quickly fades from Richard's face and is replaced
with anger.

RICHARD
What!?

The Dealer picks up a radio.

DEALER
We have a situation on the floor.
Tommy, we need you out here. Now.

Richard stands there staring at Seamus in shock.

RICHARD
Carter, break this cock sucker's
neck.

CARTER
Right away, Guv'na.

Carter takes a step towards Seamus.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Just a moment! Hold on!

INT. TOMMY'S DEN, OFFICE - NIGHT

Richard and Seamus sit in front of TOMMY, who is behind a
desk.

Carter stands just behind Richard.

TOMMY

I know that he owes you money, but you can't kill him.

FREEZE FRAME ON TOMMY

SEAMUS (V.O.)

That sheister is Tommy. If you guessed that he owns Tommy's Den, my hat is off to you. If you didn't have a clue, get the fuck outta here.

END FREEZE FRAME

Relief spreads across Seamus' face.

SEAMUS

Thank you.

TOMMY

Not in my joint. It's too messy, then there's clean up, and paperwork. It's just ugly.

The relief fades from Seamus' face.

Richard points at Seamus.

RICHARD

You're a fucking dead man.

TOMMY

Mr. Patterson, if I may interject for a moment.

Richard snaps his attention to Tommy.

RICHARD

What?

TOMMY

Well, if you just kill him tonight, then you have no hope of ever seeing that money, you know what I mean?

RICHARD

I'm listening.

TOMMY

Well, nobody wants to be out money, and as a man of your stature, I would like to think

(MORE)

TOMMY (cont'd)
 that you pride yourself on being
 as efficient as possible in all
 aspects. Correct?

RICHARD
 Uh huh.

TOMMY
 So, give him some time to come up
 with the money. If he doesn't come
 up with it, you can kill him.
 Hell, I'll help you kill him right
 here in the den if need be. See,
 if there's one thing I've learned
 in all my years of running casinos
 and gambling dens, it's that
 people always come through with
 the payment if you put the squeeze
 on them. Isn't that right, Seamus?

Seamus clears his throat.

SEAMUS
 Uh, yeah, right. Just give me some
 time, I'll get you the money.

TOMMY
 See what I mean? I know a thing or
 two about this, Mr. Patterson. I'm
 sorta like you, in a way.

Richard points at Tommy.

RICHARD
 You're nothing like me. You're not
 even on the same fucking block as
 me, all right? You've done your
 share of talking, now shut up, or
 I'll be on you next, you bloody
 wanker!

Tommy clears his throat and nods his head, looking down at
 his desk.

Richard turns his attention to Seamus.

RICHARD
 You've got a week to get my money.
 Don't think about running, cos
 I'll find you. It's the money, or
 your life. I don't care how you
 get it, just get it. Got it?

Seamus nods his head.

CARTER

You're lucky the Guv'na's such a generous man, cos if he wasn't, I'd gladly have broken your neck earlier. I don't like you. Nobody gets to call me a monkey.

Richard gets up and he and Carter begin to leave.

SEAMUS

Don't forget lap dog!

Carter turns around.

CARTER

What?

SEAMUS

I also called you a lap dog.

CARTER

If I knew what that meant, I might be inclined to take offense.

Richard and Carter leave the room, slamming the door behind them.

Seamus exhales loudly.

Tommy looks at him.

TOMMY

You better get that money. They mean business.

SEAMUS

Yeah, I will.

TOMMY

Those are some heavy dudes. I mean, I really wouldn't want to be in your shoes right now.

SEAMUS

Yeah, that's great, thanks. I don't need any comments from the Peanut Gallery.

TOMMY

Okay, okay. That's all I'm going to say.

Tommy sits there a moment, thinking.

TOMMY

Man that was really rotten luck,
though. I mean, what are the odds
of -

SEAMUS

Oh, fuck off!

Seamus gets up and walks away.

INT. TOMMY'S DEN - NIGHT

Seamus steps out of the office and makes his way through the Den.

On his way through he notices Seline watching him, smoking a cigarette, looking very seductive.

She seems to know exactly what's going on.

Seamus looks away from her and gathers his friends.

INT. UNCLE TOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Seamus, Gerry, Bob, and Michael sit around a kitchen table along with another man, UNCLE TOM.

UNCLE TOM

That's rotten luck. What are you
going to do?

FREEZE FRAME ON UNCLE TOM

SEAMUS (V.O.)

That's Uncle Tom. Tom's not his
real name, but since he was
willing to take in an Irish
immigrant such as meself, the name
seemed kind of appropriate. He
keeps a roof over me head for
cheap, and his wife's a decent
cook.

END FREEZE FRAME

GERRY

Rotten luck seems to be a bit of
an understatement, there Uncle
Tom. I think it's safe to say that
you are completely fucked, without
(MORE)

GERRY (cont'd)
a shadow of a doubt.

SEAMUS
You guys are me mates, shouldn't
you be tryin' to cheer me up?
You're doing a shite job, if you
are.

MICHAEL
As much as I don't like the ugly
bastard, Gerry's got a point, bud.
Where in all of God's green Earth
are you goin' to get twelve
thousand dollars in a week? You
currently have no job, and last
time I checked, your savings are
nearin' on empty.

BOB
I could fight for it.

Everyone looks at Bob.

BOB
(Not decipherable)
What? It's a good idea, if you ask
me. I could go round for round in
the ring, all day every day. I
don't give a fuck. Show me me
opponent and I'll knock 'em flat
for you. Don't you worry about a
thing, Seamus me boy, I'll set you
right.

UNCLE TOM
Bob, you really need to work on
your English, boy. I didn't
understand a word you just said.

BOB
I'm just sayin' I kick arse, you
know? I'll be in the den watchin'
the telly.

Bob gets up and walks out of the kitchen.

Seamus sighs.

SEAMUS
There's gotta be somethin' I can
do to raise that kinda cash.

Uncle Tom stands up.

UNCLE TOM

Well you fellas have fun trying to figure that out, but I've got to get to bed. Some of us have jobs to go to in the morning. I'll let you know if I come up with anything. Good night.

Uncle Tom exits the kitchen.

MICHAEL

Well, I suppose there is one thing we could do...

EXT. DOG TRACKS - DAY

Seamus, Gerry, Michael, Bob, and a pretty woman, AMY, walk up to the entrance of the Dog Tracks.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

When you lose a lot of money while gambling, the only logical way to get it back is to gamble some more. It makes perfect sense, just ask anyone at Gambler's Anonymous.

INT. BENNY'S PLACE - DAY

Seamus and Michael sit in BENNY's office.

Benny is currently counting some money. He wraps a rubber band around it.

BENNY

You're sure you're good for this?

FREEZE FRAME ON BENNY

SEAMUS (V.O.)

That fat ass loan shark is Benny. I was introduced to him courtesy of Michael. I should kick his arse for it.

END FREEZE FRAME

Seamus and Michael both nod their heads.

BENNY

Good. Remember, it's a grand plus ten percent interest. If you don't come up with it in a week, I break your legs and give you another week. If you still don't have it, guess what happens?

SEAMUS

You break our arms?

Benny looks at Michael.

BENNY

This guy is funny, Michael. I don't like wise-asses, you know that. You willing for vouch for this fuck-head?

MICHAEL

No worries, Benny. You'll get your money back.

BENNY

Plus ten percent!

MICHAEL

Plus ten percent. It's a sure thing.

INT. DOG TRACKS - DAY

Seamus walks up to the betting window at the Dog Tracks.

SEAMUS

A thousand large on number 4,
Atlantic Thunder.

GERRY

I don't know about that, Seamus. It's twelve-to-one odds. I think you'd be safer going with -

SEAMUS

(to Gerry)

Shut up, I know what I'm doing.

Seamus turns his attention back to the BOOKIE.

SEAMUS

Number 4.

EXT. DOG TRACKS, STANDS - DAY

Seamus and the group are in the stands, waiting for the race to start.

And who should walk behind Seamus but Richard himself, followed closely by Carter and Seline.

Richard grabs onto Seamus' shoulder, surprising him.

He turns around.

RICHARD

What a coincidence it is, finding you here.

SEAMUS

Richard. Yes, indeed.

Richard looks out to the track and then back at Seamus.

RICHARD

I hope you're not here betting to get me my money. I'd hate for you to be in even further.

SEAMUS

No. Of course not. I'm just here for fun.

Richard squeezes his shoulder and walks away.

Carter bumps his shoulder into Seamus and Seline leans in close to him.

SELINE

Good luck.

Seamus watches Seline walk away, she turns and looks at him a moment, and then turns around.

GERRY

Well, this should be fun, huh Amy?

Amy looks at Gerry, not amused.

AMY

I don't know why you asked me to come. I hate the dog tracks. I think the way they treat those dogs is just absolutely cruel. If it hadn't been for Seamus, I wouldn't have come at all.

FREEZE FRAME ON AMY

SEAMUS (V.O.)

That's Amy. Gerry's had the hots for her for months, but has gotten absolutely nowhere. It's kinda sad, really. But it's not his fault, exactly.

END FREEZE FRAME

INT. SEAMUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Seamus and Amy are against his bedroom wall, having sex quite aggressively.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

She's got a thing for me, and I'm happy to oblige. Over. And over. And over again. I feel bad cos Gerry's me best mate an' all, but what he doesn't know won't hurt him, I suppose, and I don't have the heart to tell him.

EXT. DOG TRACKS, STANDS - DAY

Gerry looks out at the field, somewhat uncomfortably.

BOB

What's cruel about it? They make the dogs run. It's what dogs do. Next thing you know you're goin' to be bitchin' bout the way they milk cows, or how I scratch me balls. It's nature. Get over it. Goddamn woman.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentleman, welcome to the Dog Tracks. We've got an exciting race for you today, and if you'll direct your attention to the tracks, the race is about to begin.

SEAMUS

All right, here we go.

AMY

I'm telling you, Seamus, you should've gone with Petunia.

A pistol is shot and the race begins.

SEAMUS

What kind of fairy fuckin' name is Petunia? You'd have to be off your rocker to bet on a dog like that. There's no way in hell she's winnin'. It's number 4. I'm tellin' you.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And the winner is Petunia!

SEAMUS

Son of a fuckin' bitch!

AMY

I told you.

Seamus begins kicking the railing of the stands and storms away.

Seline watches him go.

EXT. DOG TRACKS - DAY

Seamus stands out front of the dog tracks, fuming.

A moment later, Richard, Carter, and Seline walk out to meet him.

RICHARD

You'll never guess what I just heard, Seamus.

Seamus rolls his eyes and turns to face Richard.

SEAMUS

You're right, I won't. What?

RICHARD

It seems you borrowed some money from a friend of mine.

INT. BENNY'S PLACE - DAY

Richard shakes Benny's hand and hands him a bag of cash.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

The bastards were in bed together.
Richard bought him out years ago
for a share of his profits.
Un-fuckin'-believable.

EXT. DOG TRACKS - DAY

Seamus looks down at the ground, not believing his luck.

RICHARD

And here you are, down at the
tracks. Betting, no doubt about
that. Unlucky, mate. You just keep
digging a deeper grave for
yourself, don't you? You bloody
git. You just don't learn, do you?

SEAMUS

It looks that way.

Seamus looks at Seline, who has pity in her eyes. She
quickly looks away.

RICHARD

Well guess what? Me an' old Benny
had a chat. You not only now owe
the original twelve thousand for
me and the grand for him, but
because of your situation and how
unreliable you are, your debt has
now just more than doubled.

SEAMUS

What!?

RICHARD

That's right, sunshine. \$25,000
large. Six days. Have a nice day.

Richard and Carter walk away.

Seline brushes into Seamus and puts something in his hand.

She walks away, without looking back.

Carter opens up the limo door for Richard, who gets in.

Carter then gets in, as does Seline.

Seamus looks at the small piece of paper in his hand and
watches the limo drive away.

SEAMUS

FUCK!

Gerry, Bob, Michael, and Amy walk outside to meet Seamus.

GERRY

What was that about?

SEAMUS

My debt just got increased.

MICHAEL

Shite. How much are we talkin' now?

SEAMUS

25 large.

BOB

Fuck me.

AMY

Wait, what are you guys talking about? What debt?

Gerry takes Amy by the arm and starts to lead her away.

GERRY

Nothing at all, sweetheart. It was just a little wager, is all.

AMY

Bullshit. I hate it when you guys lie to me.

The two walk further away, out of visible range and out of ear shot.

Seamus sighs.

MICHAEL

It'll be all right, man. We'll figure somethin' out. I'm still bringin' in money with my insurance deal.

SEAMUS

It's not goin' to be all right. I'm fucked. Hard. In the arse.

BOB

Makes me think of prison.

Seamus and Michael look at Bob curiously.

BOB

Don't go there.

Seamus looks at Michael.

SEAMUS

She gave me her number.

MICHAEL

Who? Amy?

SEAMUS

No, dumb ass. we all have Amy's number. That skirt that works for Richard.

MICHAEL

The hot one?

SEAMUS

No, the big one in the suit that looks exactly like a man. Yes, the hot one.

MICHAEL

What for? She wanna fuck you before you die?

SEAMUS

Get serious.

MICHAEL

Just sayin'. Maybe she fancies you.

BOB

I'd fancy her against the wall with her legs spread.

Again, Seamus and Michael look at Bob.

BOB

It's been a while, all right?

MICHAEL

Maybe she wants to help.

SEAMUS

Yeah. Maybe.

MICHAEL
You gonna call her?

SEAMUS
No I'm not gonna call her. A girl
like that...she's the last thing I
wanna get mixed up with.

MICHAEL
All right, just makin' sure. Damn.

GERRY (O.S.)
Oi! Move your arses! Amy wants to
know when we're shoppin'!

SEAMUS
Nobody is fuckin' shoppin'!

AMY (O.S.)
You said we were, you asshole!

SEAMUS
I lied! Shut it!

Seamus, Michael, and Bob begin walking.

BOB
I could kill 'em.

SEAMUS
Bob?

BOB
Yeah?

SEAMUS
Keep it shut.

INT. CLUB - DAY

Seamus and Michael walk through the empty club and head up
the stairs.

INT. CLUB OFFICE

Leaning over the table, snorting a line of cocaine, is MARK,
the club's manager.

Sitting beside him is TRISHA, who looks like nothing more
than a common tart.

MARK

Oh, yeah. That's good. That's good.

FREEZE FRAME ON MARK

SEAMUS (V.O.)

And that, me friends, is Mark. He manages this little club, and does a piss-poor job of it too, if you ask me. He's a bit of a poof, and as you can see, he's quite the junkie.

END FREEZE FRAME

Trisha rubs his back, smiling.

TRISHA

Take it easy, big guy. You're going to give yourself a heart attack.

FREEZE FRAME ON TRISHA

SEAMUS (V.O.)

That's Trisha. She's Mark's...well, I don't really know what she is. I just know she's supposed to be good in the sack, and if she's associated with Mark, she's probably got every venereal disease known to man, and maybe even a couple not known.

END FREEZE FRAME

Mark rubs his nose, inhales, and then exhales.

MARK

It's all good, baby. We're good.

The office door opens up and Seamus and Michael step inside.

Mark looks at them, beaming.

MARK

Fellas! Haven't seen you in a while. What brings you to my humble abode?

Michael looks around at the lavishly decorated office.

MICHAEL

There's nothing humble about this place, Mark.

Mark looks around his office, shrugging.

He points at the coke on his desk.

MARK

Care for some?

MICHAEL

No, thanks. I've been keeping my nose clean these days.

SEAMUS

This isn't a social call, Mark.

Mark looks at Trisha.

MARK

Get this stuff cleaned up and put away, would you, doll?

TRISHA

What do I look like?

MARK

You look like the fuckin whore that you are. Now, do what I pay you to do, and clean this shit up. This ain't no free ride, bitch.

Trisha gets up, fuming.

TRISHA

You're such an asshole in front of your friends, Mark. I don't know why I put up with your shit.

MARK

You put up with my shit because I pay you to. Without me, you'd be just like any other crack whore on the streets.

In anger, Trisha wipes the cocaine off his desk, right onto the floor and on Mark's lap.

Mark stands up in surprise and anger.

MARK

What the hell?

TRISHA

You pick it up, dickhead. I'm going out.

Trisha storms past Seamus and Michael, who watch her leave.

MARK

Yeah go back out to the streets where you belong!

Mark wipes off his lap and sits back down.

He motions for Seamus and Michael to sit down as well.

MARK

Make yourself comfortable. What's mine is yours, and all that shit.

SEAMUS

No, we're not staying. We just need a favor.

MARK

Yeah, I know. I uh, got off the phone with Richard not long ago.

Confusion spreads across their faces.

MICHAEL

What the hell, man?

MARK

What? He bought me out a while ago. You'd know that if you came by once in a while.

SEAMUS

So, what? You answer to him now?

Mark chuckles.

MARK

Uh, yeah. He keeps the place operating. It's just business, guys. Don't take it personal. You guys are still my buds.

MICHAEL

We need money.

MARK

No can do. I'm under strict instructions to not loan out any money to an Irishman by the name
(MORE)

MARK (cont'd)
of Seamus, or any of his
affiliates.

MICHAEL
Then don't tell him.

MARK
Ha. He keeps track of all the
money. He's in charge of my books.
There's nothing I can do.

MICHAEL
Give us a gig, then. Something
that we receive the profits for.

Mark looks at them.

MARK
Can you play any instruments?

SEAMUS
Does beat-boxin' count?

MARK
No.

MICHAEL
No.

MARK
Can you sing?

SEAMUS
No.

MARK
Do you have any special skills at
all?

Seamus opens his mouth to answer -

MARK
Not drinking or fighting?

Seamus closes his mouth and shakes his head, as does
Michael.

MARK
I can't do it, guys. I'm sorry. I
wish I could help, but The Dick is
really gunning for you.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Thanks anyway, Mark.

The two turn around and begin walking out of the office.

MARK

Good luck, Seamus. It's been nice knowing you.

SEAMUS

Get fucked, Mark!

Mark starts laughing. He then stops, thinking.

MARK

Good idea.

Mark picks up his phone and dials a number.

INT. CLUB

Seamus and Michael walk through the empty club, heading for the door.

MICHAEL

Don't worry, boy-o. We'll figure somethin' out. We just have to explore all avenues, is all.

SEAMUS

Yeah. I plan on it.

MICHAEL

That doesn't mean you should call that woman. She's trouble, mate.

SEAMUS

I'm not gonna fuckin' call her, all right? Get off me back about it.

MICHAEL

All right, all right.

INT. UNCLE TOM'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Seamus sits in his living room, a beer in his hand -- and who should be sitting there with him, smoking a cigarette, but Seline.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

Yeah, I called her. I know.

SELINE

I'm glad you decided to call.

Seamus nods his head.

SEAMUS

Yeah, me mates didn't think it was a good idea, but I figured I'm all ready fucked, so what the hell, you know?

SELINE

That's certainly one way to look at it.

SEAMUS

I don't normally associate with Brits. They can't be trusted.

Seline puts out her cigarette and leans in towards Seamus.

SELINE

I feel the same way about the Irish. My parents were killed in a bombing back home. I resent you and your people more than anyone, but this is business, and we do have at least one thing in common.

SEAMUS

What's that?

Seline leans back.

SELINE

We both hate Dick.

Seamus sits there a moment, thinking. He hesitates.

SEAMUS

You - you are talking about Richard, yeah?

SELINE

I'm not a lesbian, Seamus.

SEAMUS

Right. No, yeah, of course not. I was just - I wanted to make sure we were on the same page, you know?

Seline smiles.

SELINE

You need to relax. I'm not here to fuck you, and I'm never going to. Once you get that notion out of your head, we can start.

SEAMUS

Pft. That's...not even in the same plane as me head. Hadn't even crossed me mind.

SELINE

Good.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

I was lyin' out me arse. I wanted to fuck her three ways from Sunday, and she knew it. Probably turned her on. Christ, what a fox.

Seline looks at Seamus' beer and sighs.

SELINE

It's rude to drink in front of a guest and not offer them anything.

Seamus sets his beer down and stands up.

SEAMUS

You want anythin'? What can I get you? A beer? You want a beer.

Seline smiles wider.

SELINE

I don't want anything, thank you.

SEAMUS

But, you just said -

SELINE

It was for future reference.

SEAMUS

Reference. Right.

Seamus sits back down.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

She was playin' with me. What a bitch. God, it made me horny.

SELINE

Let's get serious, then.

SEAMUS

Okay.

SELINE

Realistically, there's no way you can get Richard his money in time. You know it, I know it, and he knows it. He's not expecting you to. He's playing with you, You're running around like a chicken with his head cut off, and he's enjoying every minute of it.

SEAMUS

Why?

SELINE

He's bored. It's not about the money. He has more money than he'll ever spend in his lifetime. And he's untouchable. So when you're loaded, bored, and untouchable, making things interesting become a real challenge. He likes feeling like God. He's in control, and he loves it.

Seamus nods his head.

SELINE

So you're going to surprise him by taking away that control.

SEAMUS

Sounds great. How?

INT. UNCLE TOM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Seamus, Michael, Gerry, and Bob are sitting around the kitchen table.

Seamus has a busted lip and a black eye.

Bob's leg is wrapped in gauze.

Michael's arm is in a sling and he has a gash in his head.

Gerry is unscathed.

GERRY
I told you it was a shite plan.

SEAMUS
Shut up! It's your fuckin' fault!

AUNT NANCY enters the kitchen.

AUNT NANCY
Good morning, guys.

FREEZE FRAME ON AUNT NANCY

SEAMUS (V.O.)
That's Aunt Nancy, and yes, it's her real name. She's a hell of a cook, and a real sweet peach of a lady.

END FREEZE FRAME

She actually gets a look at the guys and her eyes become wide with concern.

AUNT NANCY
Oh, my! What happened to you guys?
Did you get into another fight
last night at the pub?

GERRY
They only wish, my dear lady.

Aunt Nancy looks at Gerry, who doesn't have a scratch on him.

AUNT NANCY
How come they look like they went
through a meat grinder and you
don't have a single mark on you?

GERRY
I'm the smart one, I guess.

BOB
He's a fuckin' pussy, is what he
is.

Aunt Nancy gives Bob a sharp look.

AUNT NANCY
I've told you before I don't like
you using that kind of language at
the kitchen table. Don't make me
tell you again, or I'll raise my
(MORE)

AUNT NANCY (cont'd)
voice, young man.

Bob shifts uncomfortably in his seat and looks down at the table.

Aunt Nancy goes to the fridge and pulls out some orange juice.

AUNT NANCY
So, which one of you is going to
tell me what happened?

She is met by silence and turns around.

Everyone is pointing at Seamus, who is completely oblivious because his face is in his hand.

He looks up and sees everyone pointing at him.

SEAMUS
Oh, piss off.

AUNT NANCY
Seamus?

SEAMUS
Ma'am?

AUNT NANCY
Tell.

SEAMUS
There's nothin' to tell, ma'am.
You guessed it. Bar fight.

Aunt Nancy takes her glass of OJ and begins to leave the kitchen.

AUNT NANCY
The next time you boys decide to
pick a fight, make sure it's
against somebody smaller than you.

As she exits the kitchen, Uncle Tom enters the kitchen.

He takes one look at the guys and starts laughing.

UNCLE TOM
I'm not going to ask what
happened. I don't even want to
know.

He turns around and exits the kitchen.

Seamus kicks Gerry's leg under the table.

GERRY
Ow! What the hell?

SEAMUS
It was your fault. Bastard.

EXT. HIGH-END RETAIL STORE - DAY

INT. CAR

Seamus, Gerry, Michael, and Bob all sit in a car in the parking lot, just by the entrance of a high-end retail store such as Target or Kohl's.

SELINE (O.S.)
You're going to get him his money.

SEAMUS (O.S.)
How?

SELINE (O.S.)
Ever pulled off any big jobs?

SEAMUS (O.S.)
Nothin' I would consider real big.

Inside the car, Bob is getting antsy.

BOB
Where is it? It's not here. I think she's playin' with us, Seamus. I don't like it. I'm tellin' you, I hate it.

SEAMUS
Relax, Bob. It's goin' to be here. Just give it a minute.

GERRY
For the record, I think this is fuckin' stupid, and I don't very much care for it at all.

SEAMUS
What's your problem?

Gerry looks at Seamus, anger in his eyes.

MICHAEL

Yeah, mate. You've been pissy all mornin'. Amy turn you down again last night?

Seamus, Michael, and Bob start laughing.

Gerry mock laughs.

GERRY

The fuck you laughin' at, Seamus?

SEAMUS

Seriously, what's your deal?

Gerry looks out the window of the car.

GERRY

It's comin'.

Outside, an Armored Truck is slowly cruising through the parking lot.

SELINE (O.S.)

I've seen an armored car around town. I've been watching it, actually. I know where it stops and when.

SEAMUS (O.S.)

What are you gettin' at, here?

SELINE (O.S.)

You're going to hit it. There's usually quite a score to be found in them. To make sure, you're going to hit it at its last stop.

SEAMUS (O.S.)

Why you helpin' me? What's in it for you?

Seamus puts on his gloves, as does everyone else.

They put stockings over their heads.

The Armored Truck parks itself in front of the store.

SEAMUS

Get ready, gents.

Seamus looks at his watch.

SEAMUS

One minute.

SELINE (O.S.)

The satisfaction of watching the disappointment on his face. And I want thirty percent of your takings. I want out.

SEAMUS (O.S.)

So why don't you just leave?

SELINE (O.S.)

I don't have the money to get far enough away. He'd find me and kill me if I just up and left. He's smart, he doesn't pay us enough for us to ever be out of his reach.

Seamus continues looking at his watch and then at his mates.

SEAMUS

It's time. Let's do it.

EXT. PARKING LOT

The four run out of the car, leaving it running.

They make it to the armored truck just as the back door opens, and ARMORED GUARD #1 is about to step out.

Seamus runs up to him and grabs him by his collar, brandishing a knife.

SEAMUS

Give us the fuckin' money!

Armored Guard #1 punches Seamus in the face twice, causing Seamus to stumble back, dazed.

Armored Guard #1 then grabs his shotgun and pumps it.

ARMORED GUARD #1

Eat this, shithead!

Seamus quickly moves out of the way of the open door.

SEAMUS

He's got a fuckin' shotgun!

BOOM! Armored Guard #1 fires a shot and pumps again.

By now, ARMORED GUARD #2 has gotten out of the driver's side door, his handgun out and ready to do some damage.

SEAMUS

Hit 'em with the mace!

Gerry begins spraying mace all over the place, hardly getting any inside the door of the truck, but saturating Seamus with it.

SEAMUS

Ah! Son of a bitch! Fuckin' watch what you're doin'!

Armored Guard #1 fires again from inside the truck.

Bob has gotten into a scuffle with Armored Guard #2, and is trying the wrestle the handgun out of his hand.

Gerry starts running for the car.

SEAMUS

Where the fuck you goin'?!

Armored Guard #1 leans out of the truck and fires at Seamus, who jumps behind a newspaper dispenser.

SEAMUS

Break for it!

Seamus takes off running back to the parking lot.

Armored Guard #1 jumps out of the back of the truck, aims at him, and fires, narrowly missing.

Gerry speeds away in the car.

SEAMUS

Fuckin' motherfucker!

Bob knees Armored Guard #2 in the groin and takes off running.

Armored Guard #2 steadies himself and then takes off after him.

ARMORED GUARD #2

Son of a bitch!

Armored Guard #1 fires at Seamus again, who takes cover behind a car, and then turns to his partner, who is chasing after Bob.

ARMORED GUARD #1
Where the hell are you going? You
can't leave the truck like that!
Goddamn it!

And suddenly, Michael is on Armored Guard #1, trying to wrestle the shotgun away from him.

Michael pins him against the side of the truck, knees him a few times, pries the gun away, and cracks him across the face with the butt of the weapon, knocking him to the ground.

Michael aims the weapon, and pulls the trigger. Click.

Michael looks at the gun.

MICHAEL
Son of a bitch. Empty.

From out of nowhere, a MAN cracks Michael's arm with a bat, hard, causing him to drop the weapon.

Michael looks at the man, shocked.

MICHAEL
Where the fuck did you come from?

The Man cracks Michael across the head, sending him to the ground.

Seamus runs up and shoulder tackles the Man, sending him to the ground.

He lifts Michael up and the two begin running away.

SEAMUS
C'mon, we gotta go, mate.

Sirens can be heard in the distance.

Armored Guard #1 stands up and grabs his shotgun.

ARMORED GUARD #1
Yeah you better run! Pussies!

Seamus flips him off, not stopping.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Bob runs through a neighborhood, Armored Guard #2 in hot pursuit.

ARMORED GUARD #2
There's no escape! Stop running!

BOB
Get fucked!

Armored Guard #2 fires a shot at Bob, but it goes wide.

Bob cuts across a lawn, and hops a fence into someones backyard.

As he lands, a bulldog comes charging out at him, and begins tearing at his leg.

BOB
Ah! Stupid fuckin' mutt!

Bob thrashes his legs and kicks at it, trying to break free.

Meanwhile, Armored Guard #2 has made it to the fence, and is starting to climb over it.

He looks over the fence and sees Bob struggling with the dog.

ARMORED GUARD #2
Gotcha, sucker!

Armored Guard #2 takes aim, but loses balance just as he shoots.

The dog whines, and suddenly is no longer attacking Bob.

Bob looks at the fence and Armored Guard #2 pops his head up, looking at the yard.

Bob stands up.

BOB
Nice shootin', ace!

Bob stumbles away as fast as he can with his wounded leg, and Armored Guard #2 jumps over the fence.

He continues shooting at Bob, who is soon gone from sight.

He glances at the dead dog.

ARMORED GUARD #2
Shit. Not again.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Seamus and Michael continue slowly running through an alley.

A car suddenly pulls up to the entrance of the alley and the passenger door opens.

It's Gerry.

GERRY

C'mon. Haven't got all day.

A wave of relief crashes across Seamus' face, and he and Michael run to the car.

They get in and Gerry speeds away.

INT. CAR - DAY

Michael lays down in the back seat, clutching his arm.

Gerry looks ahead, not saying anything.

Seamus looks at Gerry, then out his window, and then back at Gerry.

SEAMUS

You mind tellin' me what the fuck happened back there? What was that all about?

GERRY

It was fucked, so I bailed.

MICHAEL

You don't leave your friends behind like that, you bastard!

SEAMUS

I've got half a mind to kill you, if you weren't me best mate.

Frustration crosses Gerry's face and he slams on his breaks, suddenly stopping the car.

He looks at Seamus.

GERRY

Your best mate? Yeah, we're real buds. Cos real mates fuck each others women!

SEAMUS

What the fuck are you talkin'
about?

GERRY

Amy, you prick!

Seamus looks down at his feet.

SEAMUS

Oh.

GERRY

Yeah. Oh.

SEAMUS

How'd you find out?

EXT. CLUB - DAY

Seamus and Michael get out of the car and head for the club doors.

INT. CLUB

Gerry sits in the driver's seat, Amy is in the passenger seat, and Bob is in the back.

AMY

What are we doing here? It's
closed during the day.

GERRY

We know the owner, Mark. They're
gonna ask him for a favor or two.

Bob chuckles.

BOB

Don't worry love, it's not the
same kind of favors Seamus gives
you.

Amy's jaw drops and Gerry's eyes widen.

He turns to Bob, whose smile suddenly disappears. He clears his throat.

GERRY

What did you just say?

BOB

Nothin'.

Gerry turns to Amy.

She looks at him with remorse in her eyes.

AMY

I'm sorry Ger, you weren't
supposed to find out.

INT. CAR - DAY

Seamus shifts in his seat, uncomfortably.

SEAMUS

Sorry, mate.

GERRY

Sod off. I don't want your fuckin'
apologies.

INT. UNCLE TOM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The four are still sitting around the kitchen table.

MICHAEL

Well, since that fell through,
what's left?

SEAMUS

No clue.

Bob stands up.

GERRY

Where you goin'?

BOB

Down to the pub.

Seamus looks at his watch.

SEAMUS

It's eleven thirty.

MICHAEL

What are you, an alcoholic?

BOB

What are you? Me mum?

INT. PUB - DAY

An empty mug of is slammed down onto the table.

Bob swallows a mouthful of beer.

BOB

Much better.

It is now clear that he is not alone. In fact, everyone has joined him, even Gerry.

Old Man Gary looks at them from behind the bar.

OLD MAN GARY

You pussies want another round?

BOB

Keep 'em comin'!

OLD MAN GARY

I told you I ain't your fucking servant. Bring your empty mugs back up here.

Everyone looks at Gerry.

GERRY

What?

MICHAEL

Go get 'em, junior.

GERRY

What makes you think I'm gonna be bitch?

BOB

Cos you left us behind. Now go get 'em or I'll kick your arse.

SEAMUS

I second that notion.

MICHAEL

Indeed.

GERRY

Right. I'll do it, then.

Gerry picks up all four mugs and takes them over to the bar.

Michael looks at Seamus.

MICHAEL
Have you told Seline?

SEAMUS
I'm sure she has seen the news.

MICHAEL
I hate to say I told you so, but I
told you not to call her.

SEAMUS
Piss off. It woulda worked if we
coulda pulled it off.

The pub door opens up.

Carter and Seline step through the door and spot Seamus.

CARTER
Quickest way to find an Irishman?
Hit the bars.

The two make their way over towards the table.

Seamus looks at Carter.

SEAMUS
I don't much care for stereotypes.

CARTER
It's not a stereotype when it's
true.

Bob stands up and looks Carter up and down.

BOB
Your kind isn't welcome here. Fuck
off, fairy boy.

Carter looks at Seamus.

CARTER
What'd your friend just say to me?

SEAMUS
He told you to fuck off. Are you
deaf?

Carter turns and looks at Bob.

BOB
Whatcha starin' at, sugar pie?
Want a kiss?

Carter suddenly grabs Bob by his shirt and flings him across the pub, crashing onto another table, breaking it.

Seamus and Michael immediately stand up, on the defensive.

MICHAEL

The fuck you think you're doin'?

A shotgun is heard getting pumped and Carter looks towards the bar.

Old Man Gary has it pointed at Carter.

OLD MAN GARY

I don't put up with that kind of bullshit. Get out now, or I'll blast a hole through you.

CARTER

Stay out of this, old man.

SELINE

Cool it, Carter.

Carter turns and looks at Seline, who has a "don't say a word back to me" look on her face.

Carter stands down and Seline looks at Seamus.

SELINE

Mr. Patterson wants to see you.
So, if you please, come with us.

Seamus composes himself.

SEAMUS

Yeah, sure, okay. Why not?

Seline and Carter motion for Seamus to start walking and he does.

The three exit the bar and Bob slowly gets up off the ground, groaning.

BOB

What you runnin' away for!? Huh!?

Bob stumbles a bit and falls back down.

GERRY

Take it easy, Bob.

BOB
I'll kick his arse!

MICHAEL
Shut up, Bob.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Richard sits behind his desk, puffing a cigar, and counting a large stack of money.

The door to his office opens and Seline steps in, followed by Seamus, and finally, Carter.

CARTER
Look what we found in the gutter.

Richard smiles and sets the money down.

RICHARD
Ah, Seamus, my boy! Good to see you, lad. Have a seat.

Seamus shakes his head.

SEAMUS
I'd rather not sit.

Richard's smile fades.

RICHARD
It wasn't an offer.

Carter shoves him towards a seat.

CARTER
Sit down.

Seamus sits down in a chair and looks at Richard.

RICHARD
Funny thing happened today, Seamus. I didn't get my newspaper today for some reason, and well, my day just isn't complete without the news, so on a whim, I turned on the telly. Guess what I saw?

SEAMUS
Your mum naked?

RICHARD
Carter?

CARTER
Guv'na?

RICHARD
Hit him. Really fucking hard.

Seamus turns towards Carter's direction.

SEAMUS
Now, hold -

CRACK! Carter clocks him in the face. Hard. Breaking his nose.

SEAMUS
Ah! Fuckin' shite!

Seamus pinches his nose to try to stop the bleeding.

SEAMUS
Seline, get him a tissue before he bleeds all over my carpet.

Seline walks out of the office and returns a moment later, handing him a tissue.

SEAMUS
Thanks doll.

Seamus puts the tissue to his nose, mopping up the blood as best as he can.

Seline smacks Seamus across the back of his head.

SELINE
Smart ass.

Richard looks at Seamus, who glares back.

RICHARD
You ready to be serious?

SEAMUS
Never.

Richard takes a puff on a cigar.

RICHARD
Let me give you some advice, Seamus. If you're going to hold up an armored truck, bring weapons.
(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)
 Now, I know these are desperate
 times for you, but really, come
 on. You're just being sloppy.

SEAMUS
 That's just my style.

RICHARD
 Well, it's not mine. Quit fucking
 around, you hear? The last thing I
 need is for you to get nabbed and
 then you start pointing fingers at
 me. Not that I'd ever be arrested,
 but it's bad press none the less.

SEAMUS
 I'll do my best to not hurt your
 image.

Richard puts out his cigar.

RICHARD
 Be sure that you do. Next time, I
 won't be so nice.

Seamus stands up and heads for the door.

RICHARD
 Oh, and Seamus?

Seamus turns and looks at Richard.

RICHARD
 I do appreciate the effort. You're
 a pretty stand-up guy. It'll be a
 shame when I kill you.

Seamus walks out the door and Richard chuckles.

INT. UNCLE TOM'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Seamus sits on the couch, watching TV.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
 And so I sat and watched the clock
 tick away the minutes I had left
 in my life. I was fucked.

There's a knock on the door.

Seamus gets up and answers it. It's Seline.

SEAMUS

Hello there.

SELINE

Are you going to stand there and stare at me all night, or are you going to invite me in?

Seamus stands away from the door and motions for her to come inside.

The two go into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Seamus goes to the fridge and pulls out two beers.

He hands one to Seline, pops his open, and sits down at the kitchen table.

Seline does the same.

SELINE

You're pretty much useless, aren't you?

SEAMUS

Thanks for the self-esteem boost, doll.

SELINE

I'm sorry, but I mean, c'mon. I all but did the whole operation for you. I couldn't have spelled it out for you any simpler.

SEAMUS

I don't much care for guns.

SELINE

You were going up against an armored truck. Did you really think any other way would've worked?

Seamus throws his beer across the kitchen.

SEAMUS

I don't care how it worked, all right? I've been stressin' about this since it happened, and you know what I realized? No matter what I do, he's goin' to kill me. Why am I goin' to bust me arse and
(MORE)

SEAMUS (cont'd)
 worry meself into a bloody heart
 attack when the outcome is the
 same either way? No matter what,
 I'm a dead man. I've accepted
 that, and I'm goin' to enjoy the
 time I have left. That all right
 with you?

Seline sets her beer down, stands up, and heads for the
 fridge.

SELINE
 As a matter of fact, it's not all
 right with me.

She pulls another beer out of the fridge, cracks it open,
 and hands it to Seamus.

She sits back down.

SELINE
 You're my ticket out.

Seamus looks at her a moment and takes a drink from his
 beer.

SEAMUS
 Why don't you just knock off a
 truck or bank, then?

SELINE
 With what free time? Every waking
 hour of my life, I'm with The
 Dick.

SEAMUS
 Why'd you start workin' for him?

SELINE
 I grew up on the streets, became a
 tart. He found me, took me under
 his wing. That's all you need to
 know.

Seamus nods his head.

SEAMUS
 I'm guessin' you've got another
 job in mind me for me?

SELINE
 What makes you say that?

SEAMUS

Cos you're here again, and you're certainly not usin' me for me sexy body.

SELINE

Not yet.

Seline winks at Seamus, who beams.

SEAMUS

Easier than the armored truck?

SELINE

Depends on how you look at it. Ever seen Point Break or Heat?

SEAMUS

Get the fuck outta here.

Seline smiles at him seductively.

SELINE

You're going to kick me out before dessert?

Seamus goes to respond, but can't find the words.

SELINE

Calm down, sugar. You're getting all flustered on me again.

SEAMUS

I just, I don't know if I should even attempt another job. What's the point?

SELINE

What if I told you I knew how to get you the money and get rid of The Dick for good?

SEAMUS

Well then maybe I'd be interested.

Seline stands up.

SELINE

Good. Let's talk in a more private setting, then.

Seline walks out of the kitchen.

Seamus gets up and begins to follow her.

SEAMUS

Hold on a sec, where do you think
you're goin'?

INT. LIVING ROOM

Seline unbuttons her pants, and unzips them.

She heads for the stairs.

SEAMUS

Hang on a minute, you can't just -

Seline walks up a few steps, pulls down her pants some, exposing some very sexy panties that show off her excellent ass, and turns towards Seamus, who looks up at her in amazement.

SELINE

Come on, pilgrim. You'll like what
I have in mind.

Seline continues to walk up the stairs.

Seamus watches her for a moment, shakes his head, and runs up the stairs after her.

INT. SEAMUS' BEDROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

Seamus and Seline are under the covers of his bed, Seline smoking a cigarette.

Both are naked, sweating, and out of breath.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

I tell you, it was the greatest
ten minutes of me life. What a
minx. The fire. The passion.

SELINE

You remember everything I told
you?

SEAMUS

Yep.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

In truth, I had no clue what the
fuck was goin' on. I was so amazed
I couldn't even tell you me own

(MORE)

SEAMUS (cont'd)

name.

Seline gets up.

SELINE

'k good. I'm going to get a shower
and leave.

Seline heads for the bathroom.

SEAMUS

Want me to join you?

SELINE

Easy, tiger. Wouldn't want you
exploding all over yourself again.

Seline closes the door and Seamus lays back down, laughing
to himself.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Seamus sits there, staring out into the station.

The Guard walks in front of the cell.

GUARD

Lights out. Sweet dreams,
jailbird. See you in the morning.

The Guard turns off the light to his cell and walks away.

SEAMUS

I'm scared of the dark! Won't you
come cuddle with me and keep me
safe, big boy!?

GUARD (O.S.)

No talking!

Seamus smiles and lays down, pleased with himself.

TIME LAPSE - THE NEXT MORNING

The Guard comes and whacks the bars with his nightstick.

GUARD

Wake up! Time to talk.

Seamus sits up in his cell.

SEAMUS

I told you we didn't need to talk about it. It was just a one night thing. You agreed that you wouldn't get attached, and we'd move on.

The Guard opens the cell door and looks at Seamus.

GUARD

What do you tell someone with two black eyes?

SEAMUS

What's that?

GUARD

Nothing they haven't already been told twice. Keep your mouth shut. Let's go.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Seamus sits in the interrogation room, twiddling his thumbs.

A moment later, the door opens and John walks, as does a new face.

CAPTAIN STEVENSON, a pudgy, balding man.

Seamus looks at the captain.

SEAMUS

It's always nice to see a fresh face. How do you do?

Cpt. Stevenson looks at Seamus and doesn't return his warm smile.

CPT. STEVENSON

Are you always a smart ass?

SEAMUS

What ever do you mean?

Cpt. Stevenson looks at John, who shrugs, sighing.

JOHN

This is what he does.

SEAMUS

Is this your new partner,
Johnny-Boy? David get replaced?

Cpt. Stevenson looks at Seamus.

CPT. STEVENSON

I'm the captain of this police
station, Seamus. I am personally
overseeing this investigation
myself, starting with our little
chat right now.

SEAMUS

Ah, you're the big cheese, eh?

CPT. STEVENSON

If that's how you want to put it,
yeah.

Seamus looks at John.

SEAMUS

Why is it always that the fat ones
are in charge, Johnny-Boy? Is it
cos they can't get out there and
do the running around themselves?

John stifles a chuckle with a cough and looks away.

Cpt. Stevenson pulls out his chair and sits down across from
Seamus.

CPT. STEVENSON

John here might fall into your
little distractions, but they
won't work on me.

SEAMUS

I guess I better stop trying then,
huh?

CPT. STEVENSON

That's the first smart thing I've
heard come out of your mouth.

Again, Seamus looks back at John.

SEAMUS

I don't like him, Johnny-Boy. He
hurts me feelins. Send him away or
I'm not sayin' shite.

CPT. STEVENSON

It doesn't work that way, I'm afraid.

Seamus leans back in his chair, crossing his arms, looking smugly at Cpt. Stevenson.

JOHN

Sir, maybe you should just let me talk to him one-on-one.

Cpt. Stevenson sits there a moment, fuming, and then stands up.

He looks at John.

CPT. STEVENSON

You have an hour. If you don't make him sing like a canary, I take over, and you're off the case.

JOHN

Yes, sir.

Cpt. Stevenson steps out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

John sits down and Seamus chuckles.

SEAMUS

It sure is easy to get him goin'.

JOHN

Yeah, try working with him. Now, let's get started, shall we?

SEAMUS

David's gettin' ready to transfer me boys, ain't he?

JOHN

That's right. You'll be joining them at the state prison tonight.

SEAMUS

How long have we known each other, John?

John stops to think for a moment.

JOHN

Four years now, I suppose. Back when I was still a uniform.

SEAMUS

Yeah, that's right. You broke up that bar fight.

JOHN

And was there for the attempted liquor store robbery, your DUI, your drug possession -

SEAMUS

I told you that wasn't mine!

JOHN

Yeah, yeah, whatever you say, Seamus. What's your point?

SEAMUS

Me point is, you've known me for a long time, and you know I'm not as dumb as I seem.

JOHN

Okay?

SEAMUS

Then you know tonight isn't going to be as simple as you say.

John loosens his tie.

JOHN

Just tell me about the robbery.

Seamus looks at John and smiles.

EXT. UNCLE TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

Seamus, Michael, and Gerry wait outside Uncle Tom's house. It's early morning.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

So I'll entertain the copper. What's the harm in that? The reality of the situation is this, though: It was fucked from the very beginnin'.

A bright pink van cruises down the street towards the house.

MICHAEL
The fuck is that?

GERRY
Oh, no. No. Please, don't tell
me...

The van pulls up into the driveway, and Bob leans out the window honking the horn, laughing.

Everyone looks at it, awe-struck.

Bob gets out of the van and looks back at the van.

BOB
Have you ever seen anythin' so
pretty in your whole life?

SEAMUS
Bob. What. The. Fuck.

Bob looks at Seamus, confused.

BOB
What's your problem? You said get
a van that won't draw any
attention, so I did.

GERRY
Bob, it's hot pink. How the bloody
fuck is that not goin' to draw
attention?!

Bob looks back at the van.

BOB
The hell you talkin' 'bout? That's
not pink. D'you think I'd get a
pink van for fuck's sake?

MICHAEL
You did get a pink van! Jesus
Christ, Bob. Whose bright fuckin'
idea was it to let Bob go? You
know he's color blind.

BOB
The guy said it was paisley!

GERRY
What shade do you think paisley
is!?!

SEAMUS

All right, that's enough. We'll
make do with what we have. It's
done. No use bitchin' 'bout it
now.

BOB

(under his breath)
Assholes.

Seamus stands there, looking at the van.

SEAMUS

(to himself)
It'll be all right.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

All right me arse! It was a pink
van. Pink. Bright, hot, vibrant
pink. We'd stick out like a gay
black man at a Jewish convention.

INT. UNCLE TOM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

The four stand around the kitchen table, looking at drawings
and blueprints of a bank.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

The guys and I went over the plan
one last time, just in case there
was any confusion. Naturally,
there was confusion.

BOB

The fuck you talkin' 'bout,
Seamus?

Seamus looks at Bob in frustration and then back down at the
table. He explains everything.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

It really wasn't too difficult.
The first floor of the bank was
the terminals, the tellers, and
the vault. The remaining floors of
the building were for offices,
accounting, maintenance,
conference rooms, and the like. We
only needed to stay on the ground
floor. Three security guards in
the whole place. It was goin' to
be a cake walk.

Gerry looks at Seamus.

GERRY
And all this came from Seline?

SEAMUS
Yep.

GERRY
And she got all this from who?

SEAMUS
An insider.

GERRY
And you trust this?

MICHAEL
Oh, shut up, Gerry. For Christ's
sake just go with it.

Gerry puts his hands up defensively.

GERRY
I'm just sayin'.

Seamus looks at Gerry, annoyed.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
He and I had a talk the night
before and patched things up. I
told him I wouldn't see Amy
anymore and he told me he wouldn't
get jealous anymore.

EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Seamus knocks on an apartment door and Amy answers it.

She sees Seamus and immediately her face lights up.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
So, I went and told Amy. I figured
it was best to do it face-to-face.

INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Amy sits on the couch, sobbing, Seamus trying to comfort her.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

I tried me best to comfort her.

INT. BEDROOM

Seamus climbs off of Amy and pulls up his pants.

She lays there, smiling.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

I did a pretty good job,
apparently. I won't mention that
to Ger, though.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

And we're back to square one.

The hot pink van cruises down the city street, sticking out
like a sore thumb amidst the heavy city traffic.

The van pulls off the main street and parks beside the bank.

INT. VAN

Seamus places his hand on the handle of the back door of the
van.

He turns to his pals.

SEAMUS

Gents, there's no way this can go
wrong.

EXT. VAN

The three jump out of the back of the van, run for the bank
doors, and dart inside.

INT. BANK - DAY

The four charge into the bank.

SEAMUS

Nobody move!

GERRY

Hands up, heads down!

BOB

Get your fuckin' hands up where we
can see 'em!

A SECURITY GUARD attempts to move on them, but Bob spots him immediately and points the shotgun at him.

BOB

Don't think 'bout playin' hero,
pal. I'll blow a big fuckin' hole
where your head used to be.
Understand?

The Security Guard puts hands up, nodding his head.

BOB

On the ground.

The Security Guard does as he's told and the three move through the bank.

SEAMUS

Empty the drawers. Now.

Seamus throws a duffel bag onto the counter and a TELLER opens the drawers and begins stuffing money into the bag.

Gerry looks around the bank and points at a man in a suit. The MANAGER.

GERRY

You! Open the vault. Now!

EXT. BANK - DAY

The alarm suddenly sounds, blaring loudly into the streets.

A moment later, Seamus, Bob, and Gerry come running out the front of the bank and jump into the back of the van.

Seamus no longer has his mask on.

A Security Guard runs out after them, shooting at them with his pistol.

The van speeds away, leaving the Security Guard in the dust.

INT. VAN

MICHAEL

What the fuck happened in there?

BOB
Just fuckin' keep goin'!

MICHAEL
I thought you guys had it under control?!

GERRY
We did until Bob lost his cool and Seamus fucked up!

SEAMUS
Don't even point the blame on me!
I didn't see that desk there, all right?!

Sirens can be heard in the distance.

MICHAEL
Shite. Great, it's the filth!

SEAMUS
We're fine. Slow down up here and merge into traffic.

MICHAEL
Do you want to be the driver?

SEAMUS
Well, no, but -

MICHAEL
Then shut the fuck up!

EXT. CITY STREET

The van swerves in and out of traffic, and with a very sharp turn, pulls off a main road and into a parking garage.

GERRY (O.S.)
The Dick is not goin' to like this!

JOHN (O.S.)
Hold it. The Dick?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Seamus looks at John.

SEAMUS
You know him?

JOHN
You are talking about Richard
Patterson, right?

SEAMUS
Johnny-Boy, I'm impressed. You've
got the intelligence of at least a
third grader.

JOHN
What's he got to do with this?

SEAMUS
Where do you suppose that money
was goin'?

John sits there a moment, stunned at this revelation.

A moment later, Cpt. Stevenson enters the interrogation
room.

CPT. STEVENSON
I just got word there's been a
shootout downtown. I'm going to
investigate.

JOHN
Yes, sir.

Cpt. Stevenson exits the room and John looks at Seamus, who
is smiling.

JOHN
What's going on, Seamus?

SEAMUS
I have no idea. You're the
detective.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The four get out of the van and make their way to a car.

GERRY
Now what?

INT. BENNY'S PLACE - DAY

The four enter Benny's Place with a bag of money.

SELINE (O.S.)

Once you get the money, you're going to go to Benny's and give him the money you owe him, with interest.

Seamus sets the bag down on Benny's table.

Benny opens it, looks inside, and looks back at Seamus, laughing.

The two shake hands.

EXT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

The four walk up the steps to Richard's office.

SELINE (O.S.)

Then you're going to pop by The Dick's place. He'll be happy to see you, I'm sure.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE

Richard is leaned over his desk, apparently shouting, and extremely pissed off.

SELINE (O.S.)

You're going to tell him that under Benny's guidance, you left all the money with him.

EXT. UNCLE TOM'S HOUSE - DAY

The four pull up into Uncle Tom's house, a squad car is there waiting for them.

John and David are standing beside it, waiting for them, smiling smugly.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

John looks at Seamus, waiting to hear more.

SEAMUS

Now, as to what happened at Benny's Place today, well, your guess is as good as mine. I guess Richard went to go get his money.

INT. BENNY'S PLACE - DAY

Richard, Carter, and Seline walk through Benny's Place and approach him.

Benny isn't alone, however. He's got two other THUGS counting money with him.

Benny looks up at Richard.

BENNY

Hey! Richard! Look what I got?
Turns out your Irish friend came
through after all. I got all my
money back, plus interest. How
about that, huh?

RICHARD

Yeah, that sure is something. I'm
here to collect my share of it.

Benny looks at Richard, confused.

BENNY

What the fuck are you talking
about, Richard? I ain't got your
cut. This is all my money.

Richard chuckles.

RICHARD

That's real cute, Benny. Now,
please cut the bullshit, you
stupid fucking wanker. Give me my
money. Now.

Benny is now clearly getting irritated, and his Thugs are no longer counting money. They're on the defensive.

BENNY

And I told you, this ain't your
money. It's mine.

Richard turns to Carter.

RICHARD

Carter, will you please knock this
cock sucking git around and get my
money for me?

CARTER

Sure thing, guv.

Carter takes a step towards Benny and his two thugs draw weapons.

Seline immediately draws her pistol, as does Carter.

RICHARD

Looks like we have a situation here.

BENNY

No. There ain't no situation here, Dick.

Benny reaches under his table and grabs a shotgun, setting it onto the table, smiling.

BENNY

See, you might have your hand in my business, but you don't own it. This is my money. I don't know anything about where your money is. You're going to turn around and leave right now. You got a problem, take it up with your Irish friend.

The two sides stare each other down, the tension rising.

Finally, Richard looks at Carter.

RICHARD

It's all right, Carter. Relax.

Richard slowly reaches for Carter's wrist and it looks like he's going to make him lower his weapon.

However, in a flash, Richard takes the gun from Carter and shoots Benny a couple times.

All hell breaks loose.

Benny's side opens fire. Richard's side opens fire.

Carter takes out another weapon.

Seline drops to the ground and a moment later, the shooting stops.

Carter stands there, shot up and bleeding, but alive.

Richard is on the ground, dead.

CARTER
Sons of bitches.

Carter looks at Seline, who is on the ground, looking at him, weapon pointed at him.

CARTER
The fuck were you doing?

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Carter falls to the ground, dead.

Seline stands up and looks around at the carnage.

She then grabs the bag and stuffs the money back into it.

She walks past Richard's body, stops, and spits on it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

John sits down on the table, leans close to Seamus, and looks him in the eyes.

JOHN
Where's the rest of the money,
then?

SEAMUS
Ask your partner.

John looks at Seamus, confused.

JOHN
What do you mean?

Seamus leans back in his chair, smiling.

SEAMUS
I told you, Johnny-Boy. It's not
as simple as you thought.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A Prisoner Transport Vehicle cruises down the street.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN

Gerry, Bob, and Michael sit in the back, handcuffed and in orange jumpsuits.

The three look at each other, smiling.

David sits in the passenger seat of the vehicle, with another cop driving.

David looks out the window and then at the driver.

DAVID
Stop the van.

COP
What?

COP
Stop the van! Look!

The cop slams on the breaks and the van stops suddenly.

The Cop looks around.

COP
I don't see anything.

David turns and looks back at the prisoners.

DAVID
Hold on, boys.

The Cop turns to David.

COP
What?

EXT. CITY STREET

A semi comes barreling out of a side street and slams right into the side of the transport van, knocking it onto its side.

The impact pops open the back doors of the van.

Michael, Gerry, and Bob slowly climb out of the van, sputtering and gasping.

The three look at the semi.

The door opens and Seline jumps out of the cab.

SELINE
I figured you fellas would like
this ride better.

The three smile and runs towards the semi.

INT. CELL - DAY

Seamus stands in his cell as he's locked in.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

See? I told you. It wasn't exactly what Johnny-Boy thought at all. I suppose, like him, you're wondering what the hell just happened. It's quite simple, really.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Seline walks through an alley and meets up with David.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

Unknown to The Dick, Seline had continued her skin trade to save more money so she could eventually leave. It just so happened that David was one of her customers, and a good one at that.

EXT. BANK - DAY

John and David stand outside the bank, getting statements.

All around them is a slew of COPS going about their jobs.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

Once I got into my little predicament, Seline saw the perfect opportunity to recruit him, just in case someone fucked up and we got caught.

INT. POLICE STATION, EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

David is in the evidence room, counting the confiscated money.

SEAMUS (V.O.)

David was responsible for checking in the money and entering it as evidence, and he did just that.

David puts a duffel bag of money into a locker and then drops the other duffel bag out the open window to Seline, who is waiting for him.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
Just not all of it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The semi truck barrels down the highway.

INT. SEMI TRUCK

Seline, Gerry, Michael, and Bob are all in, smiling. The duffel bag of money in the cab behind them.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
Then I'd provide the distraction
at the station so David could help
me buds get away.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

David and the other Cop stand beside the wrecked transport van, while Cpt. Stevenson stands there chewing them out.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
David would take the heat from the
captain. He'd surely get
suspended, and then he could meet
everyone Fiji, for an overdue
vacation.

INT. CELL - DAY

Seamus lays down in his cot, looking up at the ceiling.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
And that's the way it went down.

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - DAY

Michael, Gerry, Bob, Seline, and David all splash around in the water at a beautiful tropical beach in Fiji.

The group is having an excellent time and views are breathtaking.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
And if you thought that I've been
telling this story from a prison
cell...

Seamus sits in a beach chair, under an umbrella, drinking out of a coconut.

He sets it down, as well as a laptop.

He looks out at his friends in the water, who motion for him to join them.

SEAMUS (V.O.)
...then you haven't been payin'
attention, have you?

Seamus gets up from his chair, takes his shirt off, and runs towards the water to join his friends.

THE END