

THE WILD WEST

Episode 1: "Cowboy Song"

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INT.FARMHOUSE - DAY

In a grand sitting room FITSY (50) leans back in his seat, staring at the wall and puffs a fresh cigar - he savours it. He wears a very fine suit. We could be in 1800s America until we hear a distinctly Irish accent:

TIERNAN (O.S.)

But there had to be a reason they called it that.

FITSY looks across the room in annoyance at four of his GOONS: TIERNAN (28), MARK (23), DAVID (30) and RONAN (35) - all wearing suits and deep in conversation as they do up their ties and fix their buttonholes. To an outsider it would look like a family preparing for a wedding.

MARK

Aye, the Celtic Tiger is a bit specific like.

RONAN

It's probably just one of those things. The news needed a name for it so they just made something up.

TIERNAN

They wouldn't just make something up.

MARK

Sure we'll google it.

RONAN

On what?

MARK takes out his IPHONE 3G.

MARK

I can do it on my phone.

RONAN

Can ya fuck.

MARK

Yeah, can get internet anywhere...

MARK holds the phone up trying to connect to 3G, but they're too far out in the country.

RONAN

Anywhere, yeah?

MARK

Shut up, just give me a second-

FITSY

Would ya ever shut up?

The four men immediately stand to attention. We see FITSY was not staring at the wall, but a map of Ireland, with various locations slashed out.

FITSY (CONT'D)

I'm trying to figure out where the Wean is hiding and I have to listen to all your aul moaning and jibbering?

They mutter apologies to the ground.

FITSY (CONT'D)

On today of all days? On my good mother, may she rest in peace, it was called the Celtic Tiger because it's extinct now. The good times are over. That's it.

TIERNAN

Yes sir.

RONAN

It won't happen again. Just try not to get worked up it's bad for your heart.

FITSY nods and goes back to his cigar - it relaxes him.

FITSY

He's out there somewhere and he's hunting us right now.

RONAN

They say he fought in Afghanistan, that's why he's so good with a gun.

TIERNAN

(nodding)

I heard he used to be a Gard, that's why he's so good at getting away from them.

MARK

I heard he's 7ft tall and can carry a horse on his back.

FITSY glares at them. They all stop and go back to fixing their suits.

TIERNAN

We'll need to go soon if we want to  
be at the church before-

There is a knock at the door. They all freeze.

FITSY

(whispered)

What- is that?

TIERNAN edges to the wall to peer out the window.

TIERNAN

It's ok, it's just some kid.

The room relaxes.

TIERNAN (CONT'D)

I'll go see what he wants.

FITSY

If he's collectin' for Trócaire  
tell him we've already got a box.

He smirks into his cigar.

FITSY (CONT'D)

State of this country they should  
be the ones sending us money.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The KID (14) wears eclectic, shabby clothing. TIERNAN arrives at the door and eyes him warily.

KID

Is this Sheehan's farm?

TIERNAN

It is, where'd you come from?

KID

Town.

TIERNAN

Town? How'd you get here?

KID

Walked, just.

TIERNAN  
Why? What d'you want?

KID  
Someone called 'The Wean' sent me.  
Sent me to find Fitsy Sheehan, is  
he here?

TIERNAN swallows.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TIERNAN wheels the KID into the sitting room, FITSY looks up  
- confused.

TIERNAN  
Tell him.

KID  
(nervously)  
The Wean sent me to find Fitsy  
Sheehan.

FITSY sits forward.

TIERNAN  
And what were you to do when you  
found him?

KID  
I'm to tell him that the Wean is  
looking for him and he wants his  
money-

FITSY  
Where is he?

The KID looks a little confused.

FITSY (CONT'D)  
Where did you meet him for him to  
tell you this?

KID  
He's staying up in the town, has a  
room at that hotel on Fullers  
Street.

RONAN  
The Saloon.

FITSY begins gesturing at his men.

FITSY

Go on, what are you waiting for? Go  
on up and get him!

After a moment of hesitation the four GOONS grab their  
things quickly and file out of the house. Their cars can be  
heard peeling away outside.

FITSY (CONT'D)

What else about him? What else?

FITSY stands and paces.

KID

What else?

FITSY

Yes, what did he look like? How old  
was he?

KID

He's young, younger than your lads.

FITSY

He's young is he? Ok, that must be  
where he got the name from. What  
else? C'mon now.

FITSY continues pacing with his back to the KID.

KID(O.S.)

He wore a cowboy hat- and a bandana  
around his face. All the women in  
the bar were trying to buy him  
drinks, but he wouldn't let them -  
doesn't drink, said it makes you  
slow, and he's fast, fastest hands  
in the West of Ireland they say.  
Fastest horse too, best smuggler in  
the world, gards can never catch  
him and all I want-

FITSY looks up at this, he turns to see the KID (THE WEAN)  
pointing a six-shooter at him.

THE WEAN

Is my money, Fitsy.

The cigar falls from FITSY's mouth.

FITSY

You wee-

He moves towards THE WEAN, but THE WEAN aims the gun purposefully at FITSY. FITSY stops and holds his hands up.

FITSY (CONT'D)  
Alright, fair enough, you caught me. A thousand euros, was it?

THE WEAN  
Two thousand.

FITSY smiles.

FITSY  
It's in the Trócaire box.

THE WEAN doesn't move.

THE WEAN  
Go on so.

FITSY slowly grabs the Trócaire box and opens it, showing THE WEAN the wad of cash inside.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
Pass it to me from there.

FITSY throws the box, THE WEAN catches it without taking his eyes off FITSY.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
Was that so feckin' hard?

THE WEAN begins backing towards the door, but pauses before he leaves.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
You're not gonna come after me once I leave are you?

FITSY  
No- no of course not.

THE WEAN shoots FITSY in the leg.

THE WEAN  
Well you're definitely not now.

THE WEAN races from the farmhouse. FITSY hollers in pain, then grabs his Nokia 2310 from the table and fists a number into the pad. He puts it to his ear.

FITSY  
Tiernan! It was him! He was the Wean! Get back here!

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

THE WEAN runs from the farm and down the country road. He stops at an open field and puts four fingers in his mouth and whistles.

After a moment a horse comes galloping over the hill. A two year old colt named DESPERADO JOE, he is saddled and a cowboy hat is tied around his neck.

THE WEAN pats DESPERADO before hopping into the saddle and fixing the cowboy hat onto his head.

The sleek black cars of the goons appear at the end of the road, racing rapidly towards THE WEAN. THE WEAN just smiles. He rides away through the fields on DESPERADO without looking back.

The cars stop and the GOONS step out to watch him.

MARK

Can we follow him?

TIERNAN tests the mud of the field with his foot, it takes his shoe.

TIERNAN

Not on these tires.

They watch as THE WEAN and DESPERADO hop a hedgerow into the next field.

RONAN

Fuck sake, that's the big day ruined.

INT. BAR - DAY

It's an old man bar out in the countryside, locals sip their pints whilst the barwoman - SINÉAD (53), wipes the counter.

After a moment MAGGIE (19, a punky young woman covered in piercings) enters in a dirtied wedding dress. All eyes fall on her as she approaches the bar. Her phone is continually buzzing in her hand.

SINÉAD

What can I... can I help you?

MAGGIE

Could I just get a glass of water please.



SINÉAD  
Of course.

SINÉAD places the pint glass of water on the bar.

MAGGIE  
Thanks.

She submerges her phone in the glass then sits down on a stool and breathes a sigh of relief.

SINÉAD  
Have you just come from a-?

MAGGIE  
Cork city, yeah- do you have rooms here?

SINÉAD  
I- just the spare room above, are you looking for somewhere to stay?

MAGGIE  
Just for a small time.

SINÉAD  
That shouldn't be a problem and would-

She thinks for a moment then lowers her voice.

SINÉAD (CONT'D)  
Would you like a change of clothes?

MAGGIE  
That'd be amazing.

The door opens.

SINÉAD  
I can sort you something-

The entire bar has gone quiet. SINÉAD looks up to see THE WEAN approaching the bar. He takes the stool one away from MAGGIE and puts his cowboy hat on the counter. As he sits, all the other patrons clear out of the bar.

THE WEAN  
A cold one please Sinéad.

SINÉAD places a Calippo on the counter. THE WEAN goes to take it, but SINÉAD moves it away.

SINÉAD

First you can go outside and take your horse around back. Nobody's going to be coming in if they know you're here.

THE WEAN rolls his eyes, but slinks from the stool without argument and exits. MAGGIE has been staring transfixed at THE WEAN the entire time.

MAGGIE

He has a horse?

SINÉAD

(nodding)

Desperado Joe he calls it, feckin' cowboy.

MAGGIE

Where'd he get it.

SINÉAD

During the boom people loved buying trophy horses for their kids and their fancy estates. Once the recession hit they were the first thing to go, most people just set them loose- suddenly Ireland had a wild horse population for the first time in over a hundred years. They met in a wee place- oh, actually, I'm sworn to secrecy on exactly where he met him.

SINÉAD taps her nose, smiling.

MAGGIE

They told me things were different out West.

SINÉAD

He'd be different no matter where he was.

MAGGIE

Who is he?

SINÉAD

Goes by The Wean, locals know him, locals don't like him, but there's much worse people out there than him, so he's a bit of a well kept secret round these parts.

SINEAD shakes her head.

SINEAD (CONT'D)  
I'll say this about him though, if  
you want something taken from one  
side of this country to the other  
without the Gard's knowing -  
there's no one better for the job.

MAGGIE  
Is that right...

SINEAD  
And you? Are you on the run as  
well?

MAGGIE  
Something like that.

SINEAD steps out from behind the bar.

SINEAD  
Come on then, let's get you your  
disguise.

INT.UPSTAIRS BAR - DAY

SINEAD leads MAGGIE into a musty attic bedroom. It is  
clearly the bedroom of a young girl.

SINEAD  
It's not the Ritz-Carlton, but I've  
no problem you staying. The clothes  
in the wardrobe might fit you and  
the shower is just in there if you  
need- the towels should be grand.

MAGGIE  
Was this room-

SINEAD  
My daughter's, yeah.

They look at the photos of a punky young teen with a similar  
style to MAGGIE.

MAGGIE  
Is she-?

SINEAD  
I'm afraid so... gone to nursing  
school over in England, so don't go  
stealing her stuff now.

She smiles when she says it.

MAGGIE

I won't.

SINEAD

She had a similar style to  
yourself, mad for the aul' tattoos  
as well.

MAGGIE

I don't have any tatt-

But she has just left.

INT. BAR - DAY

MAGGIE comes down the stairs in fresh clothes, her hair  
still slightly wet from the shower when she hears voices  
from the bar.

MCILHATON(O.S.)

It's a bit quiet in here don't you  
think?

SINEAD(O.S.)

It's a Sunday afternoon.

She peers around the door to see two Garda: MCILHATON (42)  
and LYNCH (25), with pads and pens in hand.

MCILHATON

Exactly, mass got out over an hour  
ago.

SINEAD

Sure, you're here now, can I get  
you a drink?

MCILHATON

Ah... no, no we won't, we're here  
on business, looking for a couple  
of persons of interest.

SINEAD just nods.

MCILHATON (CONT'D)

Have you heard any news of a  
runaway bride? There was to be a  
wedding this morning in Finbarr's  
in the city, but the bride has gone  
missing.

SINÉAD  
The cathedral?

MCILHATON  
Yes, a bit of a high profile affair  
I'm to understand. Her husband is  
particularly desperate to find her.  
We have word she got picked up by a  
lorry driver on his way to  
Waterford City, but she got dropped  
off not far from here.

MAGGIE rolls her eyes and begins sidling to the back door.  
She looks and sees that THE WEAN is pressed against the wall  
on the other side of the doorway, looking exactly as fearful  
as she does. They lock eyes.

MCILHATON (CONT'D)  
The other is the Wean, there was a  
sighting over at Sheehan's farm-

SINÉAD  
The Wean is just a rural myth- do  
you see a horse outside?

MAGGIE watches as THE WEAN slips out the back door.

MCILHATON  
You wouldn't mind if we had a  
little look around, would you?

MAGGIE hears this and goes to follow THE WEAN.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE exits through the back door and finds THE WEAN fixing  
the saddle on DESPERADO JOE.

MAGGIE  
They call you the Wean?

THE WEAN doesn't turn to look at her.

THE WEAN  
Sure do, missy.

MAGGIE  
Which way are you going?

THE WEAN  
East of here, away from the sun  
down.

MAGGIE approaches and places her hand on DESPERADO JOE's side. The horse acknowledges her.

MAGGIE  
Is he fast?

Now THE WEAN turns to look at her.

THE WEAN  
As the wind.

MAGGIE  
Can you take me to Belfast?

THE WEAN  
Belfast? That's a three day trip,  
probably five with two people.

MAGGIE  
That's fine.

THE WEAN  
Do you think I have nothing better  
to do than-

MAGGIE  
Please can we just go? Now!

THE WEAN  
Missy, you don't even have supplies  
for a-

MAGGIE  
I can pay you!

THE WEAN  
Hurry up and get on.

THE WEAN helps her up into the saddle, then hops up himself.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
Why're the gard's after you?

MAGGIE glances back at the bar.

MAGGIE  
Those aren't the gard's.

THE WEAN starts DESPERADO out in a small trot around to the front of the bar. The lads inside spot them through the window.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? We have to go!

Just as the two men run out of the bar, THE WEAN shoots out one of the wheels on their car.

As he turns DESPERADO around, he tips his hat to the men.

THE WEAN  
Afraid you'd have to wake up fairly  
early in the morning to-

But the men are running around the corner. SINÉAD bursts out of the bar.

SINÉAD  
My car! You wee bastard!

The men peel around the corner in their actual car.

THE WEAN  
Shit-fire.

DESPERADO JOE begins pelting down the road as the car gains ground, slowly at first, but it accelerates rapidly.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
Hold on!

MAGGIE wraps her arms around THE WEAN and tucks her head into his shoulder as he pulls on the reins, leading DESPERADO JOE to leap over the fence on their left, they do not slow down as they race through the fields.

The car continues slowly, following from a distance along the road.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

THE WEAN walks DESPERADO JOE through a field by the reins, MAGGIE stays on his back.

THE WEAN  
How did you get to Sinéad's from  
Cork city?

MAGGIE  
I just hitch hiked, then the fella  
giving me a lift asked to see up my  
dress so I got out in the middle of  
nowhere, just started walking and I  
found the bar.

THE WEAN  
He wanted to see up your dress?

MAGGIE

Sorry, how old are you?

THE WEAN shrugs at her.

THE WEAN

I dunno, haven't really been counting.

MAGGIE

And where exactly are your parents?

THE WEAN

I was raised by coyotes out in the wilds.

MAGGIE

There are no coyotes in Ireland.

THE WEAN

They say there're no snakes either, but I've met a few.

MAGGIE

That's stupid.

THE WEAN

How would you know? How old are you?

MAGGIE

I'm 19.

THE WEAN does a double take of her.

THE WEAN

You don't look that old.

MAGGIE

That's because 19 isn't old.

THE WEAN

Do you have a job?

MAGGIE looks away.

MAGGIE

Not right now, I was doing a tech course, but I guess I won't be showing up for school any time soon... do you-?

THE WEAN

Outlaws don't go to school.



MAGGIE  
How have you gone this far without-

THE WEAN  
How much money do you have?

MAGGIE thinks.

MAGGIE  
A million euro.

THE WEAN is sceptical, but curious.

THE WEAN  
You don't have a million euro... do you?

MAGGIE  
I do, how much do you normally charge for your smuggling services?

THE WEAN very obviously lies whilst looking at everything except MAGGIE.

THE WEAN  
A... About a million euro- usually.

He glances at her to see if his ploy worked.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
But, I could do ye a deal-

MAGGIE  
We can work it out later.

THE WEAN  
Did you win the lottery?

MAGGIE  
It's my fiancé's money, he's loaded.

THE WEAN  
What's that?

MAGGIE  
Loaded? It means he's rich-

THE WEAN  
The fiancé thing.

MAGGIE  
My husband- or the man I was meant  
to marry, but I didn't- did you not  
notice the dress?

THE WEAN looks for a dress.

THE WEAN  
What dress?

MAGGIE  
When we were at the bar-

THE WEAN  
Who is he?

MAGGIE  
His name's Jason.

THE WEAN  
That's not a very Irish name.

MAGGIE  
His da's from New York.

THE WEAN  
Feckin' yanks.

MAGGIE  
Says you in the cowboy hat.

THE WEAN looks at her.

THE WEAN  
Cowboys aren't from America,  
they're from the Wild West.

MAGGIE  
When you heard that did you think  
it meant the West of Ireland-?

THE WEAN  
We're here.

MAGGIE looks up and sees they are at the foot of a country  
estate. The manor of which is enshrouded by trees and  
overgrown shrubbery.

MAGGIE  
We're staying here?

THE WEAN  
Just for the night.

EXT. BAR - DAY

SINEÁD is changing the tire on her car, muttering under her breath. When a real garda car pulls up to the bar. JOHN (38) steps out of the car, he is quickly followed by his PRIVATE (23). SINEÁD stands to greet them.

SINEÁD  
Well, Detective.

JOHN  
It's Inspector, Sinéad.

She smiles, they've done this before.

PRIVATE  
How could you think they were  
gards?

The PRIVATE takes diligent notes throughout the conversation.

SINEÁD  
I didn't recognise them, but they  
said all the right things.

JOHN  
What things?

SINEÁD  
I offered them a pint and they  
turned it down.

JOHN  
Ah, good lads, maybe we could use  
them on the force.

JOHN nudges the PRIVATE. SINEÁD points down the road.

SINEÁD  
They chased them away down towards  
Killowen.

JOHN  
The outlaw and the runaway bride.  
That'd be a good one for aul'  
Quentin Tarantino, hah? Hah?

He nudges the PRIVATE again, but they're too professional.

SINEÁD  
I'm worried about them.

JOHN  
(serious)  
No you're not, not yet, but you  
would be if you knew who she was...  
or who's after her.

SINÉAD  
Who's after her?

JOHN taps his nose.

JOHN  
I'm afraid that's classified. No  
need to go worrying yourself,  
Sinéad.

SINÉAD  
Is there anything I can do?

JOHN  
You can tell me where he stays.

SINÉAD  
Do you not think I would have been  
doing a lot more for him if I knew  
where he was staying?

JOHN  
You've been helping him elude us  
for quite some time now, I know  
you're not telling me everything.

SINÉAD  
I can't have you taking him and  
putting him in that same system I  
was in.

PRIVATE  
We could arrest you for obstruction  
of-

JOHN calmly closes the PRIVATE's mouth.

JOHN  
(earnestly)  
If he's involved with her then he's  
in trouble this time Sinéad, real  
trouble.

SINÉAD  
(sighs)  
I know where he found his horse.

INT. MANOR - EVENING

MAGGIE goes through the dusty bookshelf. She takes a book out, inspects it, then adds it to one of two piles on the table. THE WEAN enters with a bucket of food.

THE WEAN  
What are you doing?

MAGGIE  
You said we'd be on the road for a few days, and no harm, but there's not a load of chat outta ya.

THE WEAN  
You can't bring them. The more weight we add the harder it is for Joe.

MAGGIE  
That's just the maybe pile. I'll only bring one or two.

THE WEAN rolls his eyes and walks outside with the bucket.

MAGGIE follows him, but keeps her distance.

EXT. MANOR - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE leans against the doorway and watches as THE WEAN holds the bucket up for DESPERADO JOE to eat out of.

MAGGIE  
Do you live here?

THE WEAN  
Sometimes.

MAGGIE  
How did you find it?

THE WEAN  
It's Joe's old house.

THE WEAN rubs JOE's neck.

MAGGIE  
And no one has ever come back looking for their stuff?

THE WEAN

There's loads of these. Big empty houses all over the place- they're fancy too like. Never came across anyone else.

MAGGIE

They must all be second homes, just left empty after the crash.

THE WEAN

What is that?

MAGGIE

The crash?

THE WEAN

Aye, I've heard other people say it.

MAGGIE

It's just- actually I don't really know me-self. The recession. People lost their jobs and their money... so then they lost all the stuff their money was paying for, like their country estates. Would the banks not have come and taken this stuff-

She looks to him, but THE WEAN isn't listening, he's talking to DESPERADO JOE.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I guess we're deep enough in the sticks. Is there anything for people to eat here?

THE WEAN

There's apples in the kitchen.

MAGGIE wanders back into the house.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)

Bring one for Joe!

INT. MANOR - CONTINUOUS

We follow MAGGIE through the house, now able to appreciate it's regal nature and it's dustiness. There are framed family photos in the hall. Medals and trophies from a child prodigy in dressage.

She enters the kitchen and finds the bag of apples on the counter. She takes three.

EXT. MANOR - CONTINUOUS

MAGGIE hands two of the apples to THE WEAN and takes a bite of her own.

THE WEAN goes to give both apples to DESPERADO JOE.

MAGGIE  
One of them's for you.

THE WEAN considers this.

THE WEAN  
I don't like apples.

MAGGIE  
We haven't eaten all day. It's  
fruit, it's good for ye.

THE WEAN begins trying to slip it into JOE's bucket.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Do not give it to the horse! You  
need your energy for the road.

THE WEAN  
Why do you want to go to Belfast so  
badly?

MAGGIE  
I need to get to England and I  
don't have a passport- don't need  
one when you're getting the ferry  
from the North.

THE WEAN accepts this.

THE WEAN  
How many tattoos do you have?

MAGGIE  
Why would I have any tattoos?

THE WEAN  
All the-

He gestures around his face - meaning her piercings.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
Why all the piercings but no  
tattoos?

MAGGIE

My ma never liked tattoos... Said  
it doesn't matter how many  
piercings you get, they're all  
temporary, but tattoos-

A branch snaps in the distance. They all hear it and are  
silent for a moment, but they hear nothing further.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

C'mon inside now, it'll be dark  
soon.

INT. MANOR - NIGHT

THE WEAN rummages through a storage room within the manor  
and throws out a sleeping bag to MAGGIE.

MAGGIE

Can I not sleep in the bed  
upstairs?

THE WEAN

You'll need that for the road, we  
could be camping out under the  
stars every night. You're better  
off getting used to it now.

MAGGIE

Is there any blankets or anything?

THE WEAN

Aye, there are, but we won't be  
bringing them. We've to pack light  
for-

From outside they can hear DESPERADO JOE whine, then a male  
voice.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)

Joe!

THE WEAN immediately runs towards the door when TIERNAN  
steps in front of him.

TIERNAN

Alright kid?

THE WEAN instinctively punches him in the balls. As he  
doubles over, THE WEAN scrambles towards the other exit,  
grabbing MAGGIE by the hand to lead her as he does.

They run up the stairs.



THE WEAN removes his gun from it's holster and hands it to MAGGIE.

THE WEAN  
Hide this on yourself.

She takes it and hastily puts it in her waistband, covering it with her hoodie. THE WEAN has already taken out his pocket knife and rolled it into the bandana around his neck.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
Get to the window and-

MCILHATON grabs THE WEAN from behind and yanks him backwards.

MAGGIE rushes forward to try and help him, but TIERNAN steps in front of her.

TIERNAN  
That's enough now Maggie, I don't  
wanna hurt you.

MAGGIE  
Sound.

She clocks him in the jaw. He buckles over. She hurts her hand.

TIERNAN  
For fu-

MAGGIE pushes past him, but now RONAN and MARK catch her and grab her under each arm.

TIERNAN (CONT'D)  
Don't hurt her.

TIERNAN speaks from behind his hands.

TIERNAN (CONT'D)  
He'll be here soon.

INT. MANOR - NIGHT

MAGGIE and THE WEAN are bound by the hands and feet to chairs in the upstairs bedroom as the GOONS mill about. THE WEAN does not stop struggling against his restraints the entire time, but they ignore him.

MCILHATON  
No, y'see at that time there were  
four booming economies in the East.  
(MORE)

MCILHATON (CONT'D)

Hong Kong, Singapore, South Korea  
and Taiwan- all experienced huge  
growth, so at that time, in the  
economic world, they became known  
as the four tigers. Now, the only  
other country in the world  
experiencing a similar boom at the  
time was Ireland, so it became  
known as the celtic tiger. That's  
where the name comes from.

TIERNAN

(to RONAN)

I told you there had to be a  
reason.

RONAN

He could be talking out of his hole  
for all you know.

LYNCH sticks his head in the door.

LYNCH

I haven't found his gun, but I'll  
keep looking.

RONAN

Did we search her?

MCILHATON's phone vibrates.

MCILHATON

Keep your hands off her. They're  
almost here.

The men all begin to file out, except RONAN who shoves MARK  
back into the room.

RONAN

Stay and watch them ya fool.

MARK glances nervously at the captives.

THE WEAN

I thought ye lads worked for Fitsy.

MARK

Who do you think he works for?

THE WEAN

His wee brother.

MARK  
His half brother.

THE WEAN  
Fitsy too scared to come on his  
own?

MARK  
She's the one we're after, you just  
happened to be here, but don't you  
worry. I'm sure he'll put in some  
one on one time with ya.

THE WEAN spits on the floor.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Ah here, none of that. This is a  
nice place.

MAGGIE clears her throat.

MAGGIE  
Could you get me a glass of water  
please?

MARK  
What? Naw-

MAGGIE  
Please, I'm just a bit dehydrated,  
I don't think it would be good for  
me to get too dehydrated.

She says it in a knowing way and MARK understands.

MARK  
A-aye, sorry, of course.

MARK takes one look back, then hurries out of the room.

MAGGIE  
We have to go!

THE WEAN  
How did you do that?

MAGGIE  
Do you have a plan to get out of  
here?

THE WEAN  
Watch this.

THE WEAN uses his mouth to dig his pocket knife out of his bandana. He then places it gingerly on his shoulder, sliding it down his arm and into his hand.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
Bet ye they don't teach you that in school.

He attempts to saw at the binding, but the knife slips from his hand almost immediately and falls to the floor.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
Shit-fire.

MAGGIE rattles in her chair.

MAGGIE  
Are you joking?

THE WEAN struggles against his chair again in frustration and growing desperation.

Their chairs knock into each other.

THE WEAN  
Ah, you bitch!

MAGGIE  
Wait! Shut up!

MAGGIE is able to reach the binding on THE WEAN's left hand.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
I think I can-

She undoes the knot.

He raises his left hand, now free.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Now do mine-

THE WEAN is already undoing his other hand.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
You cheeky-

THE WEAN  
I'm right handed, this'll be faster.

He sweeps his knife off the floor and cuts out his feet.

Then he swiftly cuts MAGGIE out of her bindings.

MAGGIE

Which way?

But the WEAN is already sneaking out of one of the doors, crouched low to the ground. MAGGIE follows suit.

INT.HALLWAY - NIGHT

As they sneak down the hallway, they can see MARK approaching slowly with a glass of water, his gaze is fixed on it as he seems desperate not to spill it. His tongue sticks out of his mouth in concentration.

MAGGIE yanks the WEAN into a wardrobe nearby. They are pressed against each other in the dark as they watch the shadow of MARK go past the door.

THE WEAN

You're not a pedo are ya? Is that why you're taking me to Belfast?

MAGGIE

Shut up! I'm barely 19.

She peaks out of the wardrobe to check the coast is clear.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Come on.

They scramble down the hallway, just as they make it to the stairs, they hear a glass shatter on the ground a few rooms away.

MARK (O.S.)

Fuck! Lads!

THE WEAN leads MAGGIE through the shadows of the house as some of the GOONS run around past them, trying to get to MARK to find out what the commotion is.

EXT. MANOR - NIGHT

THE WEAN leads MAGGIE out a kitchen side door. Within and around the house the GOONS can be heard searching for them. Lights begin coming on and turning off as rooms are searched.

They make for the trees surrounding the house. Once safely hidden, they breathe. From this vantage point they can see the front of the house where TIERNAN waits.

MAGGIE

Now what?

THE WEAN scans the area through a bush.

THE WEAN

We grab Desperado Joe and make for  
the horizon, I'll leave you back at  
Sinéad's-

MAGGIE

What? No, you've to take me to  
Belfast!

THE WEAN

There's too much heat on you- look  
at this mess!

MAGGIE

All the more reason to stick  
together, I'm the one who freed  
you.

THE WEAN

Aye, but then I freed you! So we're  
even!

He quiets as a car can be heard pulling up to the house. A sleek, black BMW and out of it steps JASON (29, dirty Limerick accent, covered in tattoos) and FITSY now sporting a cane and a bandaged leg. MAGGIE's breathing stops when she sees JASON.

TIERNAN

You made it-

JASON

She's not been hurt, has she?

TIERNAN

No sir, just tied her up a bit.

JASON

Good, no one's to hurt her, but me.

TIERNAN

Aye, we got that loud and clear.

JASON

And who's this other fella she's  
with?

FITSY

The Wean, he's just a- well, he's  
just a wean, we only found out  
today, he's a smuggler-

JASON  
And he has a horse?

TIERNAN  
Thinks he's a cowboy.

THE WEAN  
(under his breath)  
I am a cowboy.

JASON  
Go on so, take me to her, I can't  
wait to string that little bitch  
up- I'll keep her tied to my bed  
for the next-

FITSY  
Relax now Jason, you don't want to  
hurt her too much.

JASON punches his hands together to calm himself, he's  
getting too worked up.

TIERNAN  
Uh- th-this way.

MARK rushes out of the house and whispers something in  
TIERNAN's ear. TIERNAN's eyes go wide.

TIERNAN (CONT'D)  
Or how about a wee cup of tea  
first.

JASON  
Aw, d'ye know wha? I haven't had a  
cup of tea all day, we go for it.

They enter the house and the lights of the kitchen now  
illuminate THE WEAN and MAGGIE.

THE WEAN  
Was he...

He can't look at MAGGIE, she can't look at him.

MAGGIE  
Please, you have to take me out of  
here. I can't go back to him,  
please. He'll kill me- and if he  
doesn't... I'll kill myself,  
please, I can't go back.

Her desperation hangs in the air as THE WEAN weighs this up.

THE WEAN  
I could kill him for you.

It's an empty offer. She almost laughs.

MAGGIE  
Would you do that for me?

THE WEAN adopts a macho facade.

THE WEAN  
(shrugs)  
I've killed before. It's not a big deal.

Now she does laugh.

MAGGIE  
Ya have, me hole. How many people have you killed?

THE WEAN  
Just one.

She stops laughing.

MAGGIE  
What?

THE WEAN  
I killed me ma when I was born...  
That's what they told me, like.

It hangs in the air for a long time.

MAGGIE  
Is that...? You didn't-

They hear the cry of DESPERADO JOE from around the back of the house.

THE WEAN  
This way!

They skulk through the trees.

EXT. MANOR BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The garden is filled with cracked old statues and overgrown hedges that were once well kept.

They see MCILHATON wrestling with the reins as DESPERADO JOE pulls against him. RONAN watches him, leaning against an ornate pillar, smoking a cigarette.



RONAN  
What are you even trying to do?

MCILHATON  
(struggling)  
I'm- trying- to-

RONAN  
We can't take him with us, we've no  
horse box, just leave him go.

MCILHATON  
We need to tie him up- so they  
can't get away-

RONAN  
They're not going anywhere lad,  
sure they're-

MARK bursts out of the back door, panting.

MARK  
Have ye seen them?

MCILHATON  
Seen-?

RONAN  
Fuck sake. You let them go?

MARK  
They were there when I left-

MCILHATON  
You left them-?

RONAN  
It doesn't matter, leave the stupid  
horse, come on, we'll find them.

MCILHATON  
But they'll come for the horse if  
they're-

RONAN  
Leave. The. Horse.

RONAN gives MCILHATON a pointed look. They all enter the  
house.

THE WEAN  
They make it too easy sometimes.

MAGGIE

No, wait-

But THE WEAN has already ran from the trees to DESPERADO JOE. He grabs the reins and rubs the horse's neck as MAGGIE rushes up to him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

We shouldn't-

RONAN (O.S.)

They make it too easy sometimes.

They turn to see RONAN in the doorway.

THE WEAN

Shit-fire.

RONAN

You really couldn't wait more than 5 seconds?

THE WEAN

Quick Maggie! Get on-

RONAN fires his gun in the air. DESPERADO JOE immediately flees, yanking the reins out of THE WEAN's grasp as he runs across the huge garden.

MCILHATON

(to ronan)

How did you-

RONAN

He's literally just a wean, can we stop acting like he's some criminal mastermind. He's more pokemon cards than sense.

THE WEAN

Don't even like pokemon-

RONAN levels the gun at THE WEAN.

RONAN

Take them back upstairs, do not let the bosses hear you.

MAGGIE raises up THE WEAN's gun that had been hidden in her waistband. RONAN points the gun at her, but hesitates.

RONAN (CONT'D)

What are you-

MAGGIE  
If you don't let us go right now,  
I'll shoot myself.

MARK  
What?

MAGGIE  
You'll be in more trouble than me  
if I'm hurt. I'll tell him you did  
it.

MCILHATON  
Just grab her.

She points the gun at her stomach.

MAGGIE  
If you move I will put a bullet  
through my stomach, I swear to god-  
you've no idea how much I want to.  
Do you want that blood on your  
hands?

RONAN's hand is shaking. MAGGIE puts her other hand on THE  
WEAN's shoulder and begins backing away slowly.

RONAN  
Don't move.

MAGGIE  
You can't shoot me.

FITSY comes to the door suddenly.

FITSY  
What's going on?

MCILHATON  
We can't shoot her or she'll shoot  
herself.

FITSY takes in the situation.

FITSY  
Just shoot him.

THE WEAN's eyes go wide.

THE WEAN  
Wait-

FITSY shoots THE WEAN in the shin. He immediately crumples.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)  
(to maggie)  
Ahh! You dumb bitch! You got me  
shot! My fucking leg-!

MAGGIE  
Oh my god- I'm so sorry-

As her attention goes to THE WEAN she is caught off guard and MARK tackles her to the ground, knocking the gun from her hand. RONAN instantly rushes over.

RONAN  
Careful with her!

He throws MARK off her. She immediately goes for the gun and points it at her stomach, but RONAN catches her hand and holds it downwards. The shot is fired into the ground - she was really going to do it.

RONAN (CONT'D)  
You're not-

THE WEAN throws himself into RONAN, freeing MAGGIE.

THE WEAN  
Just run!

MAGGIE stands, but is restrained by MARK.

JASON (O.S.)  
There she is.

They all freeze as they see JASON stood in the doorway.

JASON (CONT'D)  
The bride to be, or are ya still  
the bride to be once the wedding  
day's over? The bride who was meant  
to be- maybe? Terrible luck me  
seeing ye either way.

He begins walking slowly towards her. She is still frozen.

JASON (CONT'D)  
I was fairly sore standing in front  
of my whole family and god waiting  
on ya.

THE WEAN  
Make him more sore! Shoot him  
Maggie!

RONAN punches THE WEAN in the gut, silencing him. JASON laughs, then looks back to MAGGIE.

JASON  
I thought you never wanted to be a  
mother.

He caresses her face, then looks around at the lads.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Take her inside, I haven't finished  
me tea-

Torches flash across the garden. JOHN's voice can be heard through a megaphone.

JOHN (O.S.)  
Alright, The Wean, your outlaw days  
are over, we've the place  
surrounded, now come out with your  
horse up.

THE WEAN and the GOONS all look up and say in unison.

TOGETHER  
Shit! The Gards!

There is a new scramble as the lads make to run inside.  
JASON grabs MAGGIE and begins to drag her towards the house.

JOHN  
That'll be enough of that now.

It's JASON's turn to freeze as JOHN points his gun at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You may hand over the bride and the  
cowboy to us.

JASON grins a wicked smile, he drops MAGGIE before firing his gun at JOHN, who ducks around the corner.

Shots begin to fly across the garden as MAGGIE scrambles behind a water feature for cover. Bullets ping at the statues, chipping them away as the fuzz closes in.

She sees THE WEAN lying still on the ground. She crawls to him.

MAGGIE  
Are you ok? I'm so sorry-

THE WEAN  
Shut up! I'm just playing possum.

MAGGIE  
What do we do now?

THE WEAN  
You should go with the Detective-

MAGGIE  
The police? Hardly-

THE WEAN  
They'll protect you better than I  
can- they can put you in witness  
protection or something-

MAGGIE  
I don't need protecting. I need to  
get to England.

THE WEAN  
Why?

She looks at him pleadingly under the shouting and gunfire.

MAGGIE  
Because I'm pregnant.

THE WEAN doesn't understand the significance, but can see  
the conviction in her face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
And fuck the police, like.

THE WEAN laughs.

THE WEAN  
Then we better hightail it out of  
here, missy.

They crawl for a bit until out of firing range. Then MAGGIE  
helps THE WEAN to his feet and gives him support as he limps  
along with her towards the treeline at the end of the  
garden.

EXT. FRONT OF THE MANOR - NIGHT

JASON, FITSY and the GOONS (sans TIERNAN), sprint out of the  
front of the house and leap into their cars as the gards  
close in. MARK is in the drivers seat and fires up the  
wagon.

MARK  
Is everybody here?

JASON

Just go.

MARK

If you're not here, raise your  
hand-

JASON

Just go!

They peel away as the PRIVATE rushes after them on foot, giving up and throwing their hat on the ground in frustration.

EXT. CLEARING - NIGHT

Shouting can still be heard in the distance. DESPERADO JOE nervously paces along the fence-line on the other side of the trees.

THE WEAN

Easy, Desperado.

He calms the horse with ease as MAGGIE opens the gate into the next field.

THE WEAN helps her up, then hops up onto the saddle himself, struggling a little with his leg.

THE WEAN (CONT'D)

Did we forget anything?

As they look out, the sun is beginning to rise.

MAGGIE

Nothing worth going back for.

JOHN

That's far enough, kid.

They turn to see JOHN standing below them, gun in hand and panting slightly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come away with me now, we'll get ya  
to a hospital, get that leg taken  
care of.

THE WEAN

I'll give it to ya, you were close  
this time Detective.

JOHN  
I'm an Inspector, ya little  
bollocks, now stop running away.

THE WEAN  
Not running away, we're going to  
Belfast.

He leads the reins and DESPERADO JOE begins trotting away.  
As the PRIVATE bursts onto the scene with their gun out.  
They aim it at THE WEAN.

PRIVATE  
I've a clean shot, Detective.

JOHN knocks the PRIVATE's gun away in annoyance.

JOHN  
You're not going shooting him. He's  
just a wean.

They watch as the pair ride away on DESPERADO JOE, into the  
sunrise.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
How did the other lads fair?

PRIVATE  
They got away... Except for one of  
them.

EXT.MANOR - NIGHT

The gards place an arrested TIERNAN in the back of the van.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LATER

JASON, FITSY and the remaining GOONS tend to their wounds  
from the day, LYNCH hands out cold beers. Everything is very  
calm.

JASON explodes, slamming his fist onto the table.

JASON  
How the fuck do we find them now?

FITSY  
They can't travel that fast if  
there's two of-

JASON  
We've no fucking way of knowing  
where the fuck they've gone!



Everyone is silent.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Does no one have any fucking ideas?

MARK  
I'm trying to google it, but the 3G  
is just really bad-

JASON throws his beer at MARK, it smashes against the wall.

FITSY  
That's enough of you and your  
feckin' googling now!

RONAN  
I know of someone...

They all turn to him as he lights his cigarette, leaning  
halfway out the window.

RONAN (CONT'D)  
A bounty hunter from the east.

LYNCH hands JASON a fresh beer. He brandishes it at RONAN.

JASON  
If you don't stop pausing for  
effect I'm going to stick this beer  
up your hole.

RONAN  
Goes by the Black Rider sometimes,  
but most people know him as Wexford  
Red.

JASON nods.

JASON  
Wexford Red, that rings a bell- and  
they say he's good?

RONAN  
If they're on the island, he'll  
find them faster than anyone else  
can.

JASON  
Go now. Find him, pay him whatever  
he wants, but have him bring her  
back to me alive and unharmed.

RONAN nods and rises to leave.

FITSY

Mark, you go with him too, make  
sure the job gets done. Don't  
disappoint me now.

MARK

I won't dad.

EXT. FIELDS - DAY

THE WEAN and MAGGIE sit by a stream, DESPERADO JOE drinks  
whilst MAGGIE delicately bandages THE WEAN's leg. THE WEAN  
is clearly thinking hard about something.

THE WEAN

Do all pregnant women have to go to  
England? It's not...?

MAGGIE

What?

THE WEAN

It's not where babies come from? Is  
it?

MAGGIE thinks for a second.

MAGGIE

I'll tell you when you're older.

FADE OUT.